

AWA
Saturday Night
Wrestling

October 15th, 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 the AWA National Champion, Calisto Dufresne, charging down the aisle, title belt in hand, and smashing Supernova in the back of the skull with the belt.]

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!

[The fight continues 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. By my side as always is the three-time Announcer of the Year, Bucky Wilde.

BW: That's right, Gordo. We are on the road to SuperClash III - the biggest night of the year - and all the pieces for what's gonna happen on Thanksgiving night are starting to fall into place.

GM: SuperClash III is just over a month away and tonight, we're going to find out exactly where that big event will go down plus one other piece of information that the front office has told us is a game-changer for the AWA. In addition, we've got a gigantic triple Main Event here tonight in Dallas plus appearances by Raphael Rhodes, the debut of Dick Sullivan, plus so much more. It's a jam-packed show so we're going to head right up to the ring to Phil Watson for our opening matchup!

[Up in the ring, we see a portly man with curly brown hair that is starting to go grey. He is cleanshaven, but his face reveals years of experience. He

wears plain blue trunks and boots with no kneepads, and a blue sweater with "HUGH" stitched in white letters. The fans give him a mild reaction.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit.

Already in the ring, from Wheeling, West virginia, weighing two-hundred forty-eight pounds...

...HUGH JENNER!

[Jenner raises his hand, drawing a few more cheers and respectful applause. A middle-aged woman in the fifth row cheers wildly, and he waves to her.]

GM: Hugh Jenner is a veteran of the sport, Bucky.

BW: And his wife still goes to every show. Hugh's a nice guy; even I like him! But the man was never cut out for this business, Gordo. He's way too nice for this.

PW: And his opponent, about to make his way down the aisle!

GM: Well, I wonder who his opp...

[Gordon is cut off by the abrupt vocal open to "Saz O Avaz Mahdor" (Track 9; Shabeh Vasl Album - <http://www.tirip.com/person/12.htm>). The fans stand up and give a loud mixed reaction for a man we have not seen in almost two months.]

GM: ...Sharif!

BW: He's back?!

[Indeed he is. The massive Iranian flag and reddish-brown bisht are unmistakable. His white kaffiyeh is tucked back at the sides, revealing his weather-worn face with neatly-groomed mustache and goatee. The black-haired Persian man heads straight down the aisle, flag raised in one hand and a 'numbah won' index finger pointed skyward on the other.

The reaction gets less mixed and more boos as Count Adrian Bathwaite exits the backstage area into the arena behind Sharif. Resplendent in a sequin-covered ruby-red sportcoat, paisley tie, and khaki slacks, the silver-haired Eurasian manager is using his cane to assist him to the ring. His free hand gently holds a saucer level, upon which is a proper Wedgewood teacup.]

GM: And unfortunately, it seems that Count Adrian Bathwaite is back as well. So much for Sharif's opportunity to learn about all the lies Bathwaite has fed him.

BW: Slander, Gordo! If you value your personal property, I wouldn't slander Adrian. His lawyers eat guys like you for breakfast. Possibly literally.

[Sharif enters the ring and waves his enormous flag proudly as the music fades and he is introduced.]

PW: Introducing first the manager, Count Adrian Bathwaite!

[BOO!]

PW: He represents... from Shiraz, Iran... weighing two-hundred-fifty-five pounds...

...SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

[The reaction is a blend of boos and cheers. Some people will just never cheer a Muslim, and some still feel that he's no good. Others think he's a legitimate victim of Bathwaite's scams, and some recall what exactly he did the last time we saw him. But the people are loud. Sharif strips off his bisht, revealing a white sirwal tucked into shiny gold hooked boots made to resemble galesh. A shiny gold sash adorns his waist, and the former Olympian flexes his impressive-yet-scarred physique to the nearest camera.]

GM: The Sultan certainly has stayed in shape. He's a few pounds under his normal fighting weight, and that lost weight doesn't seem to be muscle.

BW: Yeah, Gordo, they ain't lazy in Iran. The Sultan has been training like crazy, no doubt. Count Adrian wouldn't have it any other way!

[Jenner removes his sweater, and both men go to mid-ring for the opening bell.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Count Adrian is a parasite. The last time we saw him, he promised that the Sultan would publicly apologize to Calisto Dufresne, as well as the man who blatantly attacked Sharif as he had Dufresne in the Camel Clutch!

BW: The King! And Adrain said Sharif would bow to him, too!

GM: While our legal team tells us we can't say the man's name on the air any longer, I'm sure all of the fans remember. Sharif was robbed of the AWA National Title by a man no longer in our company. Collar-and-elbow tieup, and Sharif getting Jenner up against the turnbuckles... Jenner turns it around at the last second! Smart veteran move!

BW: Hugh ain't stupid... he's just dumb. There's a difference. Look, clean break! He should be takin' advantage an' doin' whatever damage he can! Otherwise, he has no chance!

GM: Sharif seems puzzled at the clean break. In fact, he seems upset!

[Sharif is shouting and pointing at Jenner, who is bamboozled... probably both at the fact that the Sultan is angry at him, as well as the incomprehensible nature of his accent.]

BW: That's because Adrian has trained the Sultan well. Sharif knows that a clean break is a sign of disrespect! It says "you're so insignificant, I don't need to hit you".

GM: It does not!

BW: It does in Sharif's mind! Bathwaite's a motivational genius!

GM: Bathwaite is a professional brainwasher! Another tieup, and an armwrench by Sharif! Into a fireman's carry, and an armbar on the mat. The Sultan with very crisp mat wrestling, as always. Probably the most fundamentally sound man in professional wrestling today, as evidenced by his Olympic appearance and Asian Games medals.

BW: Well... now that the King is gone, maybe. But don't forget Marcus Broussard! Or the champion, Calisto Dufresne, for that matter!

GM: Both are outstanding. Neither were Olympians.

BW: Neither of them tried to become one... they wanted a paycheck, daddy.

GM: That is a fair point, Bucky Wilde. Sharif transitioning into an overhand wristlock, getting his man on his stomach. The Sultan with no problems maneuvering Jenner any way he pleases. Pulling up on the... OH MY.

[With the overhand wristlock intact, Sharif straddles Jenner... almost as if he were going for the Camel Clutch... uses the overhand wristlock to lift Jenner's upper body off the mat, and then buries one of those hooked boots right into the bent lower back! Jenner flops facedown to the mat.]

GM: Sharif working the arm and the back as well, using those illegal boots to his adv-

BW: They ain't illegal, Gordo!

GM: They should be! Sharif with another armwringer as Jenner rises... into the wristlock... shoots in... AND A BIG OVERHEAD SUPLEX! HE SMASHED HIS MAN INTO THE CANVAS!

[The fans cheer for the impressive suplex, executed with perfect form. Jenner bounces off the mat into the ropes, and uses the ropes to pull himself up. He throws a feeble kick to Sharif's midsection as the Sultan advance, and another... these have no effect as Sharif answers with an overhand chop to the chest.]

BW: Hugh fightin' back, but he ain't got nothin'. That suplex knocked the wind out of him.

GM: Irish-whip to the far ropes, and Jenner eats an elbow as he rebounds!

[Unfortunately for the West Virginian, he falls back into the ropes... turning into them and ending up leaning chest-first on the middle rope. Sharif shoots straight for the far side of the ring as soon as he sees that.]

BW: He might need a straw to eat anything after this... hobby horse!

GM: Sharif leaps and crashes down across the back! Driving the neck and chest of Jenner into that rope! Jenner cannot breathe... he bounces right out of there as the Sultan steps off, and he is completely defenseless at the moment!

BW: Sharif's pullin' him up! He don't like bein' disrespected, Gordo!

GM: AND A SIDE WAISTLOCK SUPLEX CRUSHES JENNER TO THE CANVAS ONCE MORE! Absolutely physical! Sharif wasting no time... he's facing his man east!

BW: Hugh's just too nice. In fact, he was already just about facing east anyway!

GM: He had nothing to do with that, but if he is smart, he'll have everything to do with submitting... CAMEL CLUTCH IS APPLIED!

[Sharif leans way back in the notorious finishing hold. Jenner's arms flail uselessly atop Sharif's knees, and the referee calls for the bell immediately!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Sultan breaks the hold immediately, a clear departure from his normal modus operandi. He claps his hands together in the 'knocking off dust' motion as Count Adrian Bathwaite reenters the ring.]

PW: HERE IS YOUR WINNER... SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

["Saz O Avaz Mahdor" starts again, as Sharif goes to the nearest camera to declare that "IRAN! IRAN! NUMBAH WON!". Bathwaite jabs a prone Jenner in the ribs with his cane as the crowd boos him.]

GM: Hugh Jenner no match for Sultan Azam Sharif here, and we go back to the replay.

[The slo-mo instant replay shows Sharif dragging Jenner up to standing by the back of his hair. He reaches in and clamps on a rear waistlock, stepping to the side as he does so that he is not directly behind Jenner, but rather at a forty-five degree angle. As soon as the hands clasp, he pops the hips into the lift, taking Jenner up in an arcing motion over his head. Pivoting as he falls, Sharif plants the back of the shoulders of Jenner into the canvas, sending the veteran's lower body tumbling over so that he ultimately ends up on his face after the impact to the upper back.]

BW: If you kids wanna learn howta suplex a man at home... don't. But if you DID, this is the man ta look at. Sharif doesn't just lift an' fall straight

back in a normal back suplex, he goes side-overhead with it an' just crushes a guy. It takes years of trainin' ta know howta do all the little things a move like that needs. So no, little Billy, you can't suplex your sister like this even if she did steal your Legos. Use a normal back suplex until y... I mean, don't try this at home.

[The next replay is the Camel Clutch. Sharif tucks in Jenner's arms one at a time before cupping the chin and sitting way back with it.]

BW: And this is why the Sultan can use the Camel Clutch for submissions while everybody else eventually gets theirs broken. He takes his time, daddy. You gotta set the move up first. Tuck the arms... do it right. If ya do it right, it's unbreakable except by strength alone... no amount of technical skill will do anything for ya once you get in that position. Your winner is Sultan Azam Sharif, an' Jason Dane is up with him and the Count!

[We cut back in to see Sharif and Bathwaite on the interview platform with Jason Dane. Sharif is waving his big Iranian flag, and Bathwaite is still sipping from his cup of tea.]

CB: Incredible, isn't it? My tea is still piping hot. My man, the Sultan, overmatches these dirt farmers in no time.

JD: But the last time we saw Sultan Azam Sharif, Count Bathwaite, was while you were recuperating from the injuries you suffered at WrestleRock. He was in the ring with AWA National Champion Calisto Dufresne, and he had him in the Camel Clutch! Only a last-second save by a former AWA wrestler prevented him from becoming-

CB: Enough! You dimwitted Plebe, of course I know what happened! And it never should have happened!

JD: You made that statement several weeks ago, and what I want to know is... why would you undermine your own charge's career like that?! You should be doing everything to... AAAAAGH!

[Bathwaite dumps the remainder of his hot tea down Jason's shirt, and grab the mic from him while he recoils.]

CB: Don't presume to tell me what I should be doing, you needle-necked serf! I am a man of standing! I am blooded! You have no idea what the lives and the responsibilities of nobility are, because you're a dirt farmer who was born to serve! Just like all of these lowborn peasants in the audience!

[BOOOOOOOOO!]

CB: The highest rank of nobility gets the first take in the spoils! That is why, when that cowardly Juan Vasquez was dispatched, and the bravery of the great champion Calisto Dufresne triumphed, as well as the cunning of the mastermind Louis Matsui... when the order of wrestling was restored to its proper place, the King is the one who deserved the first title match! And I know you're all afraid to say his name, but my lawyers have reached an

accord with his lawyers as royalty understands nobility... King Mark Langseth should have had the first title match and everyone knows it!

['OH HE SAID THAT NAME' POP!]

CB: But the Sultan acted presumptuously! He overstepped his high station, and though he would have gotten the next title shot after King Langseth, he failed to wait his turn. And I know he did it because those rats in the AWA offices, absolutely thrilled that I was injured, refused to allow my man a fair shot at that putrid thug Supernova! But even so, he needed to observe his station. And so, Sultan, it is time. Apologize!

[Bathwaite hands the microphone to Sharif.]

Normally, the Sultan goes at his mic time with great gusto. But the usual enthusiasm is not there. Instead, there is a hesitation. The crowd senses it and implores him not to do it. But he does.]

SAS: Dot is right, Count Batwaite... I did owe Mistair Culista Defrensy a opology. Mistair Calista Dufrensy, I diddunt know dot vat I do vas wrong! I opologise to you, you are deh shampwon, un you dazairve to be deh shampwon!

[BOOOOOOOOOOO!]

CAB: And the other one.

[The Sultan looks quizzically at Bathwaite.]

CAB: To King Langseth. He's no longer here but he's wat...

SAS: I'm not gonna opologise to dot overaited jehbronie!

[HUGE POP! Bathwaite turns white as his eyes bug out... he was not expecting that reaction.]

SAS: Mistair Defrensy, him I wronged. But dot phony King Longset, he wrong me! Un den he run out of deh AWA, un he lucky he did! If he evair show his face in AWA again, I gonna teach him vat a real Royulty is! Olympic shampwon! Ashun Game shampwon! He make us all bow to him before, but next time, I gonna make him bow to Allah! Vat I gonna do to his bock... HE GONNA HAVE A PERMUNUNT BOW!

CAB: NO! Sultan... no! You can't speak like that to a King!

SAS: If he vas King, he nevair would have intairupt a shampwonship motch! Even if I was wrong to make shallunge, Mistair Culista Dufrensy was kind to ovairlook dot un grant me dot motch! Dank you, Mistair Dufrensy, Allah bless you for dot, un dot jehbronie Longset attock Mistair Culista Defrnysy too?!

This is vat I think of dot phony King! *HAAAAAAAAACK*PHUG*

[The Sultan drops a King-size loogie on the interview platform, and the crowd is loving it!]

SAS: Dot's vhy, since dot phony King ruin my motch, I gonna get it bock fair! Deh vay ve do it in oldest country in deh vurld, Shiraz Iran! I gonna vin my shampwonship motch in deh ring! At SupairClash! I'm gonna STEAL DEH SPOTLIGHT! CAMERAMAN, ZOOM!

[Sharif flexes for the camera, as an incredulous Bathwaite paces in the background, wiping his brow with a cloth. The crowd cheers the 'rebellion' as we go back to the broadcast booth.]

GM: FINALLY! Sultan Azam Sharif showing his OWN mind, and Count Adrian Bathwaite is beside himself!

BW: I can't believe it, Gordo! He... he... he hocked a loogie at the royal throne!

GM: The King isn't in this company anymore, Bucky! And from the sounds of it, he might want to stay gone! Sharif is absolutely incensed about what happened... but he's decided, all on his own, to channel that frustration to a worthy goal! He is declaring himself for the Steal The Spotlight match at SuperClash!

BW: He better rein it in and get back under Bathwaite's control... or the only thing he's gonna steal at SuperClash is our time. He needs the Count, Gordo! Otherwise... he's just Hugh Jenner with Olympic wrestling skills!

GM: Without Bathwaite, he had Calisto Dufresne beaten. With him, he couldn't defeat Supernova. I think time will tell exactly how Sultan Azam Sharif will be better off. Sultan Azam Sharif is in Steal The Spotlight and the road to SuperClash III is getting hotter than Texas asphalt here tonight in the Crockett Coliseum! It's time for our first commercial break of the night but 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 the scene fades into a shot of Jackson Haynes' back. The Tennessee madman is in his dressing room, facing a mirror on the wall. He's wearing his familiar black duster. Hanging on the wall beside him, is his trademark floppy tri-cornered cowboy hat.. He doesn't bother to turn towards the camera, as he begins to speak.]

JH: I thought someone was tryin' to play a practical joke when they told me that Jack Lynch wanted me in a First Blood match, but it turns out, it was nothin' but the sad truth.

[A sigh.]

JH: I knew ya' probably didn't like it when ya' little brother got his melon split wide open by Danny, but I didn't know that it would drive you outta' your damn mind, boy.

A First Blood match?

[He chuckles.]

JH: In this sport, there's a fine line 'tween bravery and stupidity...

[At that moment, Haynes spins around to face the camera. The bone-chilling sight of the red facepaint with the stars and bars of the Confederate flag has once again been painted on Haynes' face.]

JH: ...and ya' just crossed it, Jack Lynch.

[His eyes open wide, filled with a madness and fury beyond anyone's comprehension.]

JH: 'Cause ya' didn't challenge me to a wrasslin' match. Ya' didn't challenge me to something confined to that wrasslin' ring and restrainin' me with a set of rules. What ya' did, Lynch, was throw any common sense ya' had right out the window! What ya' did, was prove that you have sense of self-preservation!

Ya' challenged me to a _fight._

[He slowly shakes his head in disbelief at Lynch's audacity.]

JH: No pinfalls. No submissions. The only objective bein'...to make the other man bleed.

And I guarantee you, there ain't another man in the AWA that knows how make someone bleed better than Jackson Haynes.

[An ugly, disturbing grin forms on that terrifying red mask of paint.]

JH: This ain't 'bout Violence Unlimited and The Lynch Brothers. This ain't 'bout who's the best in the world or the National Tag Team Titles. This ain't 'bout you gettin' revenge for what Danny to your brother. *This* is 'bout one man, bein' too damn big for his britches, placin' himself in a situation that he just ain't prepared for.

[Haynes points towards his chest.]

JH: 'Cause you've stirred up something evil in me, that I thought didn't exist in me anymore, boy, and now ya' gotta' live with the consequences!

It doesn't matter if you draw first blood...'cause I'm sure as hell gonna' be drawin' second blood, third blood, fourth...and I figure, I just ain't gonna' stop...

[He puts on his cowboy hat and flashes a look promising nothing but horrific things.]

JH: ...'til there ain't a single damn drop left to bleed.

[Fade out...]

...and back to the interview platform where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the Antons, who are both rocking the purple and white Northwestern letterman jackets.]

MS: Nick, Alex, the Stampede Cup tournament didn't quite turn out as you would have liked. My question is, what's next for the Antons?

AA: Mark, to say we were disappointed with our performance in the tournament would be an understatement. We let down our fans, we let down our alma mater, we let down our trainers at the Combat Corner, we let down our family, and our dear Mama Anton, God bless her! Most of all, we let down each other...

NA: STEGGLET! You see, my brother and I? We don't like making promises we can't keep. But that's exactly what happened at the Cup! The trainers at the Combat Corner thought we should get a bit more work done on our fundamentals, the basics. And they're right.

AA: For any other team, that might be humbling... But not the Antons. We believe in hard work, we have no problem getting back to basics and deep inside, my brother and I know just how good we can be. So management can keep on setting them up, like those two sad sacks in the ring right now, and we'll just keep knocking them down!

NA: And just in case you think we've forgotten! There are a couple of punks we owe a beating to for their little sneak attack... ADAM! Brother Cain, you big doofus! I get the sense you two are into Revelations and all that. Well, your day of reckoning will come. And on that day? We're going to get Old Testament all over your punk carcasses! Let's go, Alex!

["Go U Northwestern," as performed by the Northwestern University Marching Band, starts to play over the arena speakers, as the Antons leave the interview area.]

MS: Let's go to ring announcer Phil Watson for the introductions.

[Phil Watson is in the ring with a blond man with shoulder-length hair and a beefier man with a tall, black mohawk.]

PW: The next match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, at a total combined weight of 487 pounds, Allen Allen...

[The blond man flicks his hair arrogantly, to the crowd's displeasure.]

PW: And Madhouse... MCWESSON!

[The bulky mohawked man slaps his chest and raises his fist. The AWA fans boo.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Nick has his eyes locked on the ring as he makes his way down the entrance ramp, occasionally slapping the hand of a fan on the near side of it. Alex, however, is trying to slap hands and high-five as many fans as he can.]

PW: They hail from Chicago, Illinois at a total combined weight of 547 pounds, Nick and Alex...

THE ANTONS!!!

[When Alex reaches the ring, he steps through the ropes and heads towards their corner, pointing a warning finger and jawing with his opponents as he does so. Nick walks along the apron towards the corner and climbs onto the middle rope. He rests his hands on Alex's shoulders, who raises his arms in the air, pointing to the sky, as the music fades to a stop.]

GM: It looks like it's Alex starting it off for the Antons. And in the opposite corner, it looks like Allen-

BW: Allen!

GM: Yes, Allen-

BW: Allen!

GM: You're not planning on doing that for the rest of the match, are you? Anyway, he seems to be telling McWesson that he's got this covered.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Alex Anton and Allen-

BW: Allen!

GM: Circling each other... They lock up... And Alex Anton with a go-behind! Takedown!

BW: Not just a regular takedown, Gordo. He lifted Allen off the mat and slammed him into the mat! That's a bit of the fundamentals with Alex Anton's height and weight ad-

GM: Cover! Just one! Anton's back to his feet. He's picking his opponent up as well.

BW: Snap suplex! Cover!

GM: One! Two! Kickout!

BW: And, again, Anton is first back to his feet. Again, he's staying on-

[Boo!]

GM: Cheapshot to the jaw takes Alex Anton by surprise.

[And earns Allen Allen a respite, as he rolls away from Anton and towards his corner. He slaps the hand of McWesson and we hear him shout, "Get your ass in there!" A scowling McWesson steps through the ropes and over his still-recovering partner. With one hand behind his back, he holds up the other hand, open-palmed, as he approaches Alex Anton.]

GM: Is he suggesting a test of strength?

BW: With his reach and weight advantage, of course he would.

GM: I'm not sure it's as straightforward as that with Madhouse.

[Alex Anton looks around at the crowd's mixed reaction to McWesson's challenge. He shrugs and takes hold of the offered hand, with a bit of uncertainty as he does so. He shifts his position slightly as McWesson brings the other hand out. Thinking that McWesson seems intent on seeing this through, Anton reaches out with his other hand...

...and the crowd erupts in a chorus of boos.]

GM: A rake across the eyes puts Alex Anton on the defensive! The referee is warning McWesson, but he ignores it to plant a boot in Anton's gut. And now he is just raining blows across his back... knee lift. Oooh! Massive clothesline!

[McWesson follows it up with some stomps, then gets in a mount position and starts raining punches on Alex Anton's face. Referee Scott Von Braun starts a five-count, but McWesson is up at four. He turns to an increasingly agitated Nick Anton in his corner and yells something at him. We don't get to hear it, but it draws Nick into the ring.]

GM: We do apologize to our fans of Greek descent and would like to state for the record that the views of Madhouse McWesson in no way reflects the views of the AWA.

BW: While you do that and while Von Braun's restraining Nick Anton, McWesson's choking the life out of Alex with that boot across the throat. A stomp to the breadbasket! He hits the ropes!

GM: The referee's indicating a tag!

BW: A low Yakuza kick to Alex's face! Cover!

GM: The referee's saying no. I think Allen Allen might have made the blind tag!

[Indeed, here comes the other Double A, waving his partner away. He goes for the cover, but the referee's slow to the count, occupied as he is by an irate Madhouse McWesson.]

GM: Here we go! One! Two! Kickout!

BW: Von Braun's ineptitude gives Anton the break he needs, but Allen Allen might have other ideas.

GM: He's calling for the... A2?

BW: The Allen Assassin, Gordo. A legdrop bulldog. Although, he probably shouldn't be waiting for Alex to get into position like this.

[Allen is, indeed, motioning and yelling for Alex Anton to get up, while slapping his thigh in anticipation. Slowly, Anton gets back to his feet, doubled over and holding his midsection.]

BW: Here it comes!

[POP!]

GM: Anton moved! He might have been playing possum. Or it might have been instinct, but the A2 missed! And Anton takes Allen down with a clothesline... Allen is quick to his feet... And he gets knocked down again by a shoulder tackle! And where is McWesson going?

[A quick cut shows McWesson walking up the aisle, waving disgustedly at the action in the ring.]

BW: I'm guessing he thinks Allen Allen dug this hole for himself and he doesn't want any part of the rescue effort.

[Allen Allen has managed to pull himself to the ropes, yelling at his departing partner. Alex Anton, meanwhile, looms over him, smiling. The realization dawns on Allen as to who he is stuck in the ring with. He glances behind him and immediately tries to claw his way out of the ring. Anton is having none of it, as he drags Allen by the leg to the centre of the ring.]

GM: Allen is kicking and fighting as hard as he can.

BW: Oh, but he's trapped, Gordo. Literally.

GM: Physically, too, as Alex has his arms trapped... Underhook powerbomb! That's it, Bucky, he's done.

BW: I don't think so, Gordo...

[Alex pulls Allen Allen's limp body back up and points to his brother, to cheers from the crowd. He pulls Allen to his corner and tags in Nick. Nick heads to the top rope, as Alex lifts Allen Allen onto his shoulders.]

GM: Here comes Nick! Clothesline off the top!

BW: That's it. Now he's done, Gordo!

[Don't speak too soon, Bucky. Nick Anton picks Allen up again. He searches the arena for a camera, and having found one in the right position, holds Allen up facing it. We hear him yell, "ADAM! Yea, do I walk! Through the valley! Of the shadow of death!" before lifting Allen onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry.]

GM: Fireman's carry driver!!!

BW: He might have just killed Allen Allen!

GM: I think the Antons are sending a message to the First Family. Cover! One! Two!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here are your winners... Nick and Alex... THE ANTONS!!!

BW: Well, Gordo, I think... Message sent.

GM: Yes, Bucky, but is the message received?

[Alex enters the ring and the brothers hug, before the referee holds their hands up in victory.]

GM: A nice win for the Antons and that might be just the ticket to turning things around for them. But you can bet they'd like a shot at the First Family as well in the near future.

BW: I'll do ya one better, Gordo.

GM: Oh?

BW: I just got word from my sources that the Championship Committee has put it on the books - two weeks from tonight, the Antons meet the First Family!

GM: Wow! Big news there for the Antons, fans, and news that they're going to be very excited to hear, I'm sure. And speaking of tag teams, let's go back up the aisle to the interview area where I understand Mark Stegglet is standing by with The Aces! Mark?

[The scene cuts to the interview stage. Mark Stegglet is flanked by the Aces, "Sweet" Stevie to Stegglet's left and "Delicious" Danny to his right. The Aces wear blue jeans and powder blue Aces shirts with the sleeves, neck, and lower-half cut off. Childes has his arms crossed over his chest. Tyler looks back and forth between Stegglet and his partner.]

MS: Two weeks ago. The AWA fans witnessed a bit of hostility between you, Stevie, and AWA official Scott Von Braun. Gordon Myers pointed out a history between your father and Scott Von Braun. What exactly is the story to that?

[Childs eyes Stegglet, but doesn't move towards the mic. Instead he pushes it over towards his partner.]

DT: The only important thing about that story is it's history, Mark. What happened two weeks ago is also history. Right now, the Aces are looking towards the future. We can't change the past. In our future, we want to see us earning a shot at the National Tag Team Champions, Violence Unlimited.

MS: The situation has really intensified between the National Tag Team Champions, Violence Unlimited, and the Stampede Cup Winners, the Lynches.

DT: Exactly, Mark. The Aces love a good fight just like the next team. We're going to let the those two teams settle their issue. Which brings me to my next point. I've seen the rankings the past few weeks. I've noticed the Blonde Bombers are at the number two position with the Aces at number three. This is something the Aces aim to correct at SuperClash.

MS: Are the Aces challenging the Blonde Bombers to a match at SuperClash?

[Tyler can't help but smile and nod his head. Big cheer from the crowd.]

DT: Oh yeah, baby. Larry Doyle. I don't know what hole you've been hiding in, but pop your head out of it for just a moment to hear what I've got to say.

[Tyler's smile gets broader.]

DT: The Blonde Bombers. Versus. The Aces. SuperClash. Whaddya say, baby? Let's see who really is the number two ranked team in the AWA.

[Another big cheer from the audience.]

DT: You hear that, Mark? These fans want to see that match take place. The Aces want that match to take place. Like we said after the Stampede Cup, we've got our eye on the prize. That prize is fifteen pounds of gold which says we're the best tag team in the AWA.

[The Aces leave the scene. Stegglet looks back at the camera.]

MS: A big challenge for the Aces. Will the Bombers accept? We'll find out in the near future, I'm sure. For now, let's go back down to ringside for more action!

[We crossfade down the aisle to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from New York City weighing in at 205 pounds... Kenny Porter!

[The good-looking young blonde pumps a fist to the cheers of the crowd.]

PW: And their opponent... coming down the aisle and escorted to the ring by Ivan Kostovich and Vladimir Velikov... from Jackson, Mississippi... weighing in at 286 pounds...

"REDNECK ROYALTY"... DIIIIIIICK SULLLLLLLIVANNNN!

[The crowd jeers the sight of the Russian contingent, especially throwing some boos in the direction of the big Southern brawler - the newest addition to their group. Sullivan looks like he just stepped off a bar stool as he strides down the aisle in a dirty red t-shirt and stained white baseball cap. He's wearing a pair of jeans and cowboy boots, complete with a mouthful of chewing tobacco as he steps through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: In comes the big Southerner and- look out!

[Sullivan doesn't waste a moment in coming across the ring, balling up his fist, and slamming it into the side of Porter's skull, sending the youngster falling backwards.]

GM: There's the bell! Here we go!

[Sullivan yanks Porter into a side headlock, shoving his throat down on the top rope...

...and dragging him along the length of the ring, raking the skin off the neck of the young man.]

GM: Good grief!

[Shoving Porter back into the buckles, Sullivan smashes his red elbow pad-covered arm down across the forehead. Referee Marty Meekly steps in, shouting at Sullivan...

...who threatens a backhand in the direction of the official, sending the referee scurrying away.]

GM: Watch out in there, referee...

[Suddenly leaning over, Sullivan wraps his mouth around the nose of Porter, digging in with his teeth, causing Porter to cry out in pain.]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting him, Bucky!

BW: I can see that, Gordo.

[The referee starts a five count, Sullivan breaking at four and driving home a fist into the bridge of the nose he just gnawed on. He promptly grabs an arm, flinging him across the ring into the turnbuckles...

...and dropping a stunned and staggered Porter with a back elbow under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! That'll wreck your dental work.

[Backing into the ropes, Sullivan walks back to the middle...

...and leaps up, dropping a crushing kneedrop down across the forehead of Porter, rolling through to a seated position on the mat. Sullivan smirks at the protesting official, nodding to a smiling Ivan Kostovich.]

GM: Porter rolls out of the ring to the floor, trying to escape this wild man from Mississippi... no such luck though cause Dick Sullivan is going out after him, fans.

[Sullivan reaches down, hauling Porter off the floor...

...and promptly SLAMS his face into the ring apron, letting him fall back down to the thinly-padded floor.]

GM: Sullivan sends him hard into the apron! Goodness.

[The brawler grabs the bottom rope, repeatedly stomping the downed Porter on the floor as the official starts a ten count.]

BW: Dick Sullivan is six foot three and nearly three hundred pounds, Gordo. The man is double tough and he's ALWAYS looking for a fight. If you could add up all the nights he's spent in a little town jail cell for bustin' some punk kid in the chops down at the saloon, you're lookin' at a pretty nice sentence.

GM: Sullivan is notorious for being one of the toughest and meanest men in the business. A long-time friend and former tag team partner of Sweet Daddy Williams, they ran wild all over the South for many years and picked up a whole lot of gold and green in the process.

BW: That's why Williams was so taken aback two weeks ago when he was talking about Sullivan. Those two are like best friends, Gord- OHHHH!

[Bucky's reaction is to the sight of Kenny Porter's blonde-hair covered skull being slammed into the steel ringpost, sending Porter down to the floor in a heap, clutching his head in his arms.]

GM: That could be a disqualification right there, Bucky!

BW: It could be but it looks like Marty Meekly's just gonna warn the heck out of him. To be honest, Gordo, I'm not even sure Sullivan would care if he was disqualified except for the fact he'd be out the winner's purse in this match.

[Pulling Porter off the mat, Sullivan slings him under the ropes, yanking his head back over the edge of the apron...

...where he SLAMS his elbow down across the windpipe, causing Porter to gasp for air as Sullivan shoves him back into the ring before rolling in behind him.]

GM: Both men back in - the referee was very lenient with his count out there.

[Sullivan pulls Porter to his feet, holding him by the back of the head, and CRACKS him under the chin with a stiff uppercut blow that sends Porter down to a knee. Shaking his head, the Southerner pulls Porter into a front facelock, slinging his arm over his neck...]

GM: Uh oh. Look out here.

[Sullivan powers Porter into the air, holding him high for a moment, and then DROPS him straight down on top of his head!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BRAINBUSTER!! HE SPIKED HIM!!

[Sullivan applies a light press, nodding to the camera as the official counts to the three.]

GM: Dick Sullivan is victorious here in his debut tonight in Dallas. An impressive win over young Kenny Porter, Bucky.

BW: Porter didn't really stand a chance at any point in this one. Let's look at the replay...

[The shot fades to a slow motion replay with Sullivan dropping Porter with the back elbow to the jaw.]

BW: First, the big back elbow. That big red elbowpad driven right up into the mush of Porter knocks him flat. And then...

[A second shot, this time of Sullivan sending Porter headfirst into the steel ringpost.]

BW: Few men in wrestling can outbrawl Dick Sullivan - especially when he gets out there on the floor. That's his home turf and he's got a definite home field advantage.

[Sullivan hoists Porter into the air, dropping him on his head.]

BW: And there's the brainbuster... and I promise you this, there ain't no one - and I do mean no one - gettin' up from that, daddy. Dick Sullivan the big winner here tonight.

GM: Fans, Jason Dane is standing by with Sweet Daddy Williams! Jason?

[We crossfade back to the interview platform where Dane is indeed standing by with the Hotlanta fan favorite.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Sweet Daddy Williams, we just saw one of your best friends, Dick Sullivan, victorious here in his debut. Your thoughts?

SDW: Man, I don't quite know what to say, JD. Dicky... he ain't never been completely right in the head, ya know? That's why we got along so well. We both like to drink beer, chase women, and fight the good fight inside that ring. But to see him walk out here with Kostovich and Velikov...

[He shakes his head.]

JD: You're obviously very upset by your former partner's choice in associates.

SDW: Darn right I am, JD. I don't know what's gotten into Dicky but this ain't him. The Dicky Sullivan I know wouldn't stand back to back with no stinkin' America-hatin' pukes for any reason. Now... I don't know, JD. Is it the money? Is it-

[Suddenly, Sweet Daddy Williams cuts off as he spots Kostovich, Velikov, and Sullivan approaching the platform.]

JD: Gentlemen, please... that's not what this is about.

[Velikov mounts the platform first, snatching the mic away.]

VV: It is of no concern to you, Comrade Dane... nor you, fat man... why Comrade Sullivan chooses to stand beside proud Russian warriors. He will answer questions when he is ready to answer questions.

[Williams shakes his head again, glaring at his former partner.]

VV: It is sad story you tell, Williams. It makes me... how you say... cry like baby. You lost your friend?

[Velikov sneers.]

VV: Awww, poor fat man. Cry for me, fat man. Cry like the big baby you are.

[Williams snatches the mic back, interrupting.]

SDW: You keep it up, Velikov. You keep talkin' that trash and see what happens to ya.

[Velikov balls up his fists, ready for a fight. Williams seems happy to oblige when suddenly Ivan Kostovich intervenes.]

IK: Mr. Williams, if you wish to prove something to these...

[He looks disdainfully at the AWA faithful.]

IK: ...fools about how tough of a fighter you are, I suggest we do it not here on this stage. But there...

[He gestures towards the squared circle.]

IK: ...in that ring.

[Williams nods, ripping off his windbreaker jacket with a "We ain't gotta wait!"]

IK: I'm sure. I'm sure you'd love to run right down there and make us...

[He pauses, smiling.]

IK: Choke on our words. But Mr. Velikov will only compete in a Championship Committee sanctioned matchup. So, in two weeks time, Mr. Williams... we will see you in that ring. And perhaps then you will understand exactly why your former partner has traded up in the world.

[Kostovich sneers at Williams as he leads his two men away from the platform.]

JD: A challenge has been made! Sweet Dad-

SDW: You bet your life I accept, JD! Those no-good Russians have been runnin' 'round this joint since Day One layin' the badmouth on good, hard-working Americans and this is one patriot who ain't 'bout to take it no more! Velikov, you want a fight with this old son of a gun? I'll see you in two weeks...

[He speaks his final word with disdain.]

SDW: ...comrade.

[Williams turns away, exiting the interview platform to the cheers of the crowd.]

JD: The match is on! Vladimir Velikov takes on Sweet Daddy Williams in two weeks, 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 hold on a panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd for a moment before "Tom Sawyer" by Rush kicks in to a HUUUUUGE roar from the crowd!]

BW: What? Why is the Stench brother coming to the ring? He isn't scheduled to be here tonight!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the youngster of the Lynch brothers and as it does so the screams of the ladies in attendance nearly drown out his entrance music. The youngster is, as always, dressed in his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them, his two knee pads and wrestling boots are also white.]

GM: He might not be scheduled but he's dressed to go!

[He comes to the ring in a slight jog as the fans reach over the barricade and slap his hands.]

BW: There needs to be a limit as to how many Stenches can be in the building at one time. I'm having a hard time breathing.

GM: The Lynches are a Texas institution.

BW: They should be in a Texas institution.

GM: Travis has a microphone.

BW: Oh joy, time to listen to the Stench runt speak.

[The smile Travis had upon his face as he came to the ring has faded and he begins to speak.]

TL: Rex Summers, the quote unquote heart throb of the industry, the so-called champion, the man who begged and pleaded with the AWA Championship Committee to keep me as far from him as possible, cause he knew what was coming. Rex knew he was going to suffer... he knew that he was going to be beaten pillar to post for daring to lay a finger on my father!

So I was force to don a mask and become the Red Baron just to gain a minor and I mean minor amount of vengeance for Blackjack!

[The crowd cheers in approval.]

TL: And suffer he did. But just before I had the claw fully locked in...

[Travis runs his free through his hair and shakes his head side to side for a brief moment.]

TL: He slipped away; and in traditional Summers fashion, he ran with his tail between his legs!

[Travis paces to the ring rope and kicks the bottom rope before leaning over the top rope.]

TL: So I'm daring you to be a man Summers! I'm daring you walk down that aisle and face me in the ring as a man! I'm daring you to show everyone here in Dallas...

[Travis is drowned out by the fans as they cheer for the mention of Dallas.]

TL: ...that you are actually a man and not a yellow-belly!

[Travis begins to motion with his free arm.]

GM: Travis motioning for Summers ...

BW: Doesn't he realize Summers isn't out here?

GM: Of course he does, Bucky. He's daring him to come to the ring.

TL: Come on Summers! Come on!

[Travis paces to the center of the ring and exhales deeply.]

TL: I'm waiting Summers... these fans are waiting! COME ON! COME ON YELLOW-BELLY! MAN UP!

[The crowd cheers as if the daring Summers to come to the ring as well. Travis rolls out of the ring and tosses a chair into the ring. He slides back under the bottom rope and opens the chair.]

TL: I've got all night, boy!

[Travis sits down.]

TL: And I'll wait right here all night if I have to...

[The lights dim and a moment later a voice calls out over the PA system:]

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 before "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 stands at the entryway with a mic in hand and the slightest of smirks playing at his face.]

RM: Hello, and welcome once again to...Saturday...Night...SHOWTIME!

[Marley pauses as the crowd cheers, though not nearly as loudly as when he interrupted James Monosso. For his part, Lynch raises from the chair and walks back and forth in the ring, a baffled expression on his face.]

RM: Now, I know that you're probably a bit confused, after all...you're not (literally) an escaped mental patient who's wasting the time of all of the great fans here in the arena, and the MULTITUDES hanging on our every word at home...

But, you see...I was sitting in the back watching you asking for Sexy Remy to man up and come down to the ring for his whuppin', and it occurred to me that we could be here for a really...REEEEEEEAALLY long time.

So, I said to myself 'Self, let's move things along a bit...'Travis...buddy...let's give these people something to do other than try to figure out how many siblings you have hidden on that ranch down in Texas. You and me. One on one.

TONIGHT!

What do you folks say?

[The crowd roars in excitement, waiting on Travis's reply. Travis leans over the top rope for a brief moment just staring beyond Rick Marley towards the entrance way, waiting for Rex Summers to magically appear.]

TL: I know he's hiding somewhere in the back, Rick... I know he's back there in his dress, hiding behind a curtain hoping no one sees him.

[The crowd cheers as Travis mocks Rex Summers.]

TL: But you're right. He's not coming out here tonight, he's afraid and he needs to be cause when I get my hands on him... hell hath no fury like a Lynch!

[Travis looks at Rick Marley for a second and nods.]

TL: So, let's do it Rick! Let's give fans here in Dallas something they won't forget!

[Travis tosses the microphone to the referee as the crowd roars their approval as Marley heads down to the ring, slapping hands as he goes... sliding under the bottom rope, he climbs to the second rope, holding up his right hand to the crowd, then backflipping into the ring as they roar in approval.]

GM: And here we go, Bucky! Travis Lynch wasn't going to go anywhere until he got a match with Summers, but Rick Marley came out to give the fans a show instead...with Travis Lynch's younger sister sitting in the front row to take it all in!

BW: I just hope that the ring collapses so that we don't actually have to sit through this, daddy.

“DING DING DING”

[With the bell, Marley and Lynch both move forward, slapping hands, then circling one another, looking for an opening.]

GM: The two fan favorites showing some real sportsmanship before we get underway.

BW: I know, it's terrible. How am I going to stay awake through this love fest? I'm warnin' you, daddy: if these two hug, I might be sick.

[Marley darts forward, trying a collar and elbow tie up with the much larger Lynch...who returns the favor. Marley attempts to jockey for position, but is simply not in the same class power-wise to the youngster, who shoves back hard, sending Showtime tumbling across the ring.]

GM: Look at the power from Lynch there, Bucky! He just tossed Rick Marley across the ring like he was a rag doll!

BW: Marley doesn't weight much more than a rag doll. The man's legally a midget in Texas.

[Marley rolls to his knees, looking around for a moment and shaking his head as Lynch smiles at him, gesturing him forward for another try. "Showtime" comes to his feet as he warily eyes up the youngest of the Lynch brothers, then shrugs and moves forward once again...another collar and elbow tie up provides the same result for Marley as he finds himself on his back once again...thrown down by the much stronger Lynch.]

GM: Marley going back to the well and finding out that they grow 'em big in Texas, Bucky!

BW: And we may have found someone even dumber than the Lynches, Gordo. How stupid do you have to be to try the same thing after it didn't work the first time?

[Marley rolls quickly back to his feet as Lynch follows him across the mat. Lynch pushes Marley back into the ropes and sends him in for a ride with an Irish whip...]

BW: That's not what you want to do with this guy...

[Marley rebounds off of the far ropes as Lynch charges after him, looking for a clothesline. Marley ducks and keeps going to the near ropes, rebounding

again as Lynch rebounds off of the far ropes...and Marley goes airborne, only to get caught as he attempts a high cross body on the young texan.]

GM: OH! But Lynch catches the high flier, shifts his grip and plants him with a big body slam!

BW: That's right. A good big man will always beat a good little man in a fight. It's simple numbers, daddy.

[After the resounding slam, Lynch hoists Marley up to his feet, firing off a couple of stiff shots that stagger the dark haired cruiserweight before taking a step back and thundering forward, crushing the smaller man to the mat with a running clothesline, then is quickly over and leaps, driving a knee across the smaller man's forehead. He reaches over, hooks the leg and goes for a cover, earning a two count.]

GM: NO! Strong kickout by Marley as Lynch grabs him by his hair and brings him to his feet.

BW: Watching Summers seems like it rubbed off. Lynch isn't giving Marley a chance to squirm away...he's staying right on top of him and keeping up pressure. That's the way you win.

GM: Did you just compliment Travis Lynch?

BW: ...NO!

[Lynch hoists Marley up again, sending him into the ropes once more as charging forward, crushing into Showtime with a shoulderblock that puts him on the canvas once again...though this time Marley rolls free of the ring to shake out the cobwebs, leaning hard against the ring apron.]

GM: This can't be how Showtime was expecting this match to go, Bucky... Travis Lynch's strength has dominated the high flier.

BW: I think that the Stench boy may be more than that midget can handle... he's bitten off more than he can chew.

GM: That remains to be seen...

[As Marley rests, the official blocks Lynch from going out to get him... but eventually Travis's impatience gets the better of him and he reaches over the top rope, grabbing Marley by the hair and pulling him up to stand on the apron on the outside. Marley fires off a series of punches that breaks Lynch's grip as the big Texan and the high flier exchange punches. Marley ducks, grabbing the 2nd rope and fires a shoulder into Travis Lynch's mid section...then a second...then a third, then releases as Lynch staggers away, grabs the top rope, hops up and springboards off of it, catching Lynch with a springboard flying headscissors that sends the young man to the canvas for the first time in the evening.]

GM: Great Googly Moogly! Marley with a breathtaking move there, Bucky...and now he's right back in this thing!

BW: You've got to watch those high fliers, daddy. It seems like everything's going wrong, then they pull off one move that belongs in a circus and all of a sudden they've got you on your heels.

[Marley is quickly to his feet, as is Travis. Lynch charges, taking a wild swing at Marley, who ducks under, turns and leaps, connecting with a textbook dropkick that puts Lynch back on the canvas. Both Marley and Lynch are quickly up. Lynch charges, but gets caught with a deep armdrag takedown. Both men quickly back up and Lynch is caught with a second armdrag takedown. Quickly back up, Lynch charges once more, only to get caught with a drop toe hold, banging his head off the ground and stunning him for a moment. Marley quickly floats up and locks on a reverse chin lock.]

GM: Marley with an impressive string of moves that seems to have taken the youngest Lynch brother a bit off of his game.

BW: That's not hard to do...just ask him to count to eleven with his shoes on.

GM: Now Marley is pulling back as the official checks for a submission... he's limiting Travis Lynch's air supply, making the bigger man's size work against him...a good strategy from Showtime...

[Lynch grits his teeth in pain, reaching back, trying to remove Marley from his perch...and finally accomplishes this by lurching to one side, sending the smaller man rolling away.]

GM: Lynch with a desperation move there that breaks that chin lock Marley had on him...and look who's showing his face.

[Rex Summers has come out of the back and is quietly making his way towards the ring, unbeknownst to either Travis Lynch or Rick Marley.]

BW: Rex picked his moment, Gordo. While the youngest Stench is stuck in a match with the that pipsqueak in there, he'll come deal with this problem once and for all!

[Marley comes to his feet as Lynch starts to climb up the ropes... but Summers is there, screened from the referee's view. As Lynch pulls himself up, Summers reaches down and blasts Lynch in the face!]

GM: NO! Summers insinuating himself into the match and nailing Lynch, who staggers back...RIGHT INTO A CASTING CALL SUPERKICK FROM RICK MARLEY!

BW: Whooooo Daddy! Summers just cost Lynch the match!

[As Lynch falls, Summers ducks back down. Marley grabs Lynch, picks him up, and...]

GM: The Limelight! Marley hit the Limelight, and here's the cover for one! Two! Three!

BW: Rex Summers with the win... and there he is over to lay one on that Stench's little sister!

GM: Marley's looking up the aisle at Summers with a frown on his face, then down at Lynch...

[Rex reaches out and grabs Travis's sister by the face and kisses her against her will, as she struggles the whole time to pull away from his grip. As soon as he's done, she slaps him hard across the cheek. Rex just smirks and then begins to swivel his hips towards her, then turns and heads off before Travis can recover. Marley shakes his head...]

GM: Rick Marley scores a tainted victory here tonight... but the real story might be what we just saw out of Rex Summers. This man has essentially declared war on the entire Lynch family! We saw him assault Blackjack Lynch, the father, about a month ago at Homecoming and now he just... he just...

BW: Can't say it? He smooched Lynch's sister! He laid one on her! He gave her a couple tickets to the Tonsil Hockey game! He just counted her teeth with his tongue! He just-

GM: Bucky, please.

BW: Want some more?

GM: I'd rather not. And you can bet that Travis Lynch is going to be even MORE upset at Rex Summers after that. The rivalry between those two men is far from over. And speaking of rivalries that aren't finished yet, what about the one between Eric Preston and the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton, Bucky?

BW: We thought it might end a week ago in Houston when they were scheduled to go one on one. But we were wrong.

GM: We weren't there live in Houston but having seen the tape since then, I can safely say it was one of the most bizarre matches I've ever seen. Let's go back a week ago to Houston, Texas to a special arena event matchup between Eric Preston and Anton Layton!

[We crossfade to handheld footage marked "LAST WEEK IN HOUSTON" where inside the ring we see Anton Layton down on his knees being hammered with right hands by Eric Preston. The voiceover is not pre-taped however.]

GM: There you can see that Eric Preston has a big advantage already as we join this match in progress... a scene that became quite familiar throughout the match.

BW: Layton just wouldn't put up a fight, Gordo. He'd show a flurry of offense from time to time but mostly, he played defense and he played it like Bill Buckner in October.

GM: The Prince of Darkness seemed to be taking a page out of the playbook of James Monosso from the Stampede Cup, simply allowing Preston to work him over at times.

BW: It's a bizarre strategy to steal. Look how well it worked out for him.

[Preston delivers a big kick to the face of Layton, knocking him back down to the mat where he promptly rolls to the floor.]

GM: Here you see what seemed to be another part of Layton's strategy in this match. Countless times, he rolled outside the ring - almost as if he was trying to lure Preston out there.

BW: And Preston didn't back down from that. The kid kept going out to the floor. Ohh!

GM: Preston whips him into the steel barricade there!

[The Combat Corner graduate hooks a loose side headlock, hammering the stunned Layton with clenched fists to the temple. Suddenly, the shot cuts ahead to deeper into the match where Preston rushes across the ring, leaping into the air with a big clothesline on a cornered Anton Layton.]

GM: A big running clothesline there but Layton continued to play his twisted little game. He kept his hands down, he stayed off the attack, and he just let Preston pummel him.

BW: It was almost like he WANTED him to hurt him, Gordo.

GM: You're right, Bucky. That is what it seemed like.

[We cut to later in the match where Layton has managed to get himself tied up in the ropes, Preston just hammering him with right hands to the skull as the crowd roars in response.]

GM: And here's the key moment in the match. Layton had managed to get himself trapped in the ropes and Eric Preston just would not stop beating on him. The referee stepped in, trying to intervene... but Preston accidentally knocked him down right there.

BW: That was no accident.

GM: Bucky! It certainly was! Eric Preston had no intention of knocking down the official. It was a complete accident. But the referee did not see it that way and immediately called for the bell, disqualifying Preston in the process.

[And then we see that, Preston looking on in shock, glaring at referee Marty Meekly as Layton slinks off down the aisle towards the locker room. We hold there for a moment before fading back to real time where Anton Layton has joined the announce duo. There's a big grin on the face of the Prince of Darkness as he stands before the camera in a set of black wrestling trunks and boots.]

GM: Fans, as you can see, we have been joined out here by the man we just saw competing in that match in Houston, Anton Layton. Mr. Layton, can you explain what we just saw?

AL: What you saw, Gahhhdahhhn Myers, is the next step towards Eric Preston's Day of Baptism.

GM: His... what?!

AL: With each passing moment, Eric Preston stands in the glare of the light, holding himself up as a hero to these people... but inside... down deep... in the places we don't like to look at when we pass a mirror... Eric Preston's darkness grows, Gaaahdaaahn. The shadows crawl over his intestines, rising up through his pancreas, tearing past his gall bladder...

GM: What is this - an anatomy lesson?

[A cold glare hits Myers.]

AL: You dare to mock me, Myers?

GM: I didn't-

AL: YOU DARE TO MOCK THE MASTER'S FAVORITE SERVANT?!

[Gordon looks flat out terrified now.]

AL: The shadows are tearing through Eric Preston as we speak, the darkness enveloping all that he is and all that he hopes to be. You can feel it, Eric... just like you felt it against Monosso... just like you did in Houston against me. You feel it as a part of you. You know what it makes you capable of. You know that it strengthens your every action.

It makes you strong. It makes you powerful. It makes you unstoppable.

[A smile.]

AL: It makes you... MINE.

Ehehehehehehe.

Ehehehehehehehehehehehe.

EHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEH.

[Layton continues to cackle as he walks off camera, leaving a shocked Gordon Myers behind.]

BW: Will you NEVER learn not to antagonize these people, Gordo? Layton looked like he wanted to hand you your lunch... THROUGH your stomach!

GM: That man is twisted! He's out here talking about taking control of Eric Preston! He's out here treating Preston like he's some kind of personal property to be had!

BW: Why is that a surprise to you? Layton's made no secret for months now that he wants Preston to join him in the Unholy Alliance!

GM: Is Layton even still IN the Unholy Alliance? When is the last time we've seen him working together with Childs or Monosso or any of those guys?

BW: Never doubt the Unholy Alliance.

GM: I see. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but before we do, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by with one of the teams who will be competing in tonight's Main Event. Jason?

[We cut backstage to where we find Jason Dane standing alongside two of the most detested men in the AWA, National Champion "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard. Dufresne is clad in a sleeveless black t-shirt that reads "HUMAN HOT SAUCE" in white text across the front and a pair of blue jeans. His long blond hair is pulled into a tight pony tail and the National Title rests over his left shoulder. Broussard stands next to him, dressed in a black dress shirt, collar left open, and tan slacks. Broussard focuses on the camera, but every now and again sneaks a look at the gold. Dane gets the signal from the cameraman and begins...]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. I'm here with the two men who will do battle against Supernova and Stevie Scott tonight, they being Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard. Gentlemen, we have a rematch from the Stampede Cup tonight. Will we finally have a winner in these battles amongst the four of you?

CD: Does a bear crap in the woods, Dane? Unfortunately, time expired at the Stampede Cup before I was able to show my technical prowess and reverse that Solar Flare and have Supernova tap out. Marcus and I are sick of these two running around here like they deserve a crack at this...

[Dufresne pats the National Title lovingly.]

CD: ...and we're finally going to put that ridiculous notion to rest tonight.

[Dane waves the microphone over to Broussard.]

MB: I've said it time and again. There is a clear line of demarcation between the contenders and the pretenders, and it's very simple to see. Wherever we are standing...

[Broussard motions to himself and Dufresne.]

MB: ...is where the line ends. Supernova, Stevie Scott, Robert Donovan, even my former pupil Eric Preston, they're on the other side. The side where dues still have to be paid, where you still have to earn your stripes. We?

We are the entitled. We are the ones whose resume and credentials are beyond reproach. In the grand scheme of the AWA, the pecking order is us... and everyone else. Tonight's merely an exhibition of the blindingly obvious.

JD: Marcus, you've made no secret the fact that you want a shot at the National Title yourself. How can this match show the Championship Committee that you're deserving?

MB: This match will show nothing new, Dane. I am and will continue to be who I've always been, and that is the very finest ring technician the AWA has ever seen. Like I just said not a moment ago, my credentials are beyond reproach. I don't have to prove anything to anybody, because all my dues were paid a long time ago. I earned my invitation to the VIP club when Jesus wore short pants, Dane, I am the standard against which every other champion in this great organization is measured.

I don't have to show that I'm deserving. That was done a long, long time ago.

[Broussard looks at Dufresne and nods emphatically, a gesture that Calisto returns, albeit after a moment or two.]

CD: Dane, some of the questions you throw out there make me wish your sister was up here holding the microphone. At least she gives us something to look at, despite her advanced age. And speaking of advanced age, the dinosaurs on the Committee are losing their vision if they think that there's anyone in this building who deserves a title shot other than the man next to me.

[Dufresne claps Broussard on the back in turn, eliciting a dark stare.]

CD: You see, ever since my crusade against injustice began at Wrestlerock, only Marcus Broussard has been there every step of the way to help cleanse this organization of the filth that plagues it. And if that doesn't deserve a title shot at SuperClash, I don't know what does. Right after we get rid of Stevie Scott and Supernova, of course.

JD: So if the two of you win tonight, you will face Marcus Broussard at SuperClash?

CD: You can rest assured, Jason, that once Supernova and Stevie Scott are finally in my rearview that I will be the first person in Stegglet's office to plead for a match against the great Marcus Broussard. You have my word on it.

[An attempt at a genuine smile from Dufresne.]

MB: And that is why this team right here is on a level that Supey and Stevie couldn't imagine. Because we trust each other.

Because we are the genuine article. And when we give each other our word... we stick with it.

[Broussard looks to Dufresne and extends a hand, which Calisto shakes for a second before Broussard disengages.]

JD: It's shaping up to be a most interesting main event. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

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 Tulsa, Oklahoma, had better get ready because the AWA is coming to town on Friday, October 21st, for another night of AWA arena action! The Tulsa Convention 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: The National Champion, Calisto Dufresne, will be in action this Friday night! How about "Hotshot" Stevie Scott? Dick Sullivan and Vladimir Velikov will be in tag team action against The Aces!

[The shot changes back to Stegglet.]

MS: 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 on a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with Skywalker Jones. Jones is dressed sharply in a pin-striped suit, designer sunglasses and as always, has a big grin on his face. Behind him stands his personal ring announcer, Buford P. Higgins, dressed stylishly in his all-white suit and feathered fedora hat. He holds an open umbrella for Jones, apparently shielding him from the harmful rays of...the ceiling lights.]

JD: Skywalker Jones, you've been on one heck of a hot streak since you've joined the AWA, but you've kept mostly silent. However, I understand that

you requested this time because you have an important announcement to make concerning tonight's card?

SJ: Jason Dane, JASON DANE! Why does Skywalker Jones have to say a single word? I'd just be wasting my breath! I'm all over the highlight reels! Skywalker Jones generates more buzz every time he steps into a wrestling ring than ten Eric Prestons combined! People stop what they're doing just to see me shock and amaze! The fact is, Skywalker Jones is doing just fine by going out there and giving the people what they want to see!

[He stops and flashes that million-dollar grin, adjusting his tie and looking around, before turning back towards the camera.]

SJ: ME! ME! ME!

[He emphasizes each word with a point towards his chest. In the background, Higgins synchronizes his movements with Jones', also pointing at him, while saying "YOU! YOU! YOU!"]

SJ: And that's exactly why Skywalker Jones is out here right now, Jason Dane. 'Cause tonight, Skywalker Jones was supposed to have a match! But, I guess the idea of facing Skywalker Jones is just too intimidating for some of these guys. I guess the idea of being outclassed and embarrassed in front of thousands of people by the fastest rising star in all of professional wrestling gets them a little weak in the knees and a little dizzy in the head, 'cause my opponent pulled out! Little man claimed he was sick with a 107 degree fever! Can you believe that!?

[In the background, Higgins shouts, "He's scared, playa"! They all are!"]

SJ: Well, Skywalker Jones just isn't the type of man that'll let down his adoring fans! You people will get your match, 'cause right here, right now, Skywalker Jones is laying down an open challenge!

[Jones cups a hand to his ear.]

SJ: Don't you hear it? That's opportunity knocking for somebody! A chance to share in my great, big spotlight! Now's not the time to get stage fright, people! It's ti-

[Suddenly, the opening guitar riffs of Smashing Pumpkins' "Zero" come blaring through the PA system as the crowd responds with a healthy pop. From the entrance portal emerges fellow Combat Corner alum "Carolina Crusher" Jeff Jagger. Jagger is dressed in a black sleeveless t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans. His medium length brown hair is tucked back behind his ears, exposing a very irritated look on his face. Jones stares at Jagger with annoyance as the North Carolina native approaches the three men. Dane sticks a camera in Jagger's direction without a question...]

JJ; It's time for you to _shut. Up!_

[Pop!]

JJ: I didn't think it was humanly possible for you to manage to be any more of a jerk than you were while we were in the Combat Corner, but Lord have mercy, you are.

[A shake of the head from Jagger.]

JJ: For months on end, me and the rest o' the fellas had to sit through hours of training while you rambled on an' on 'bout how you were the next big thing. How you weren't even sure why you were even enrolled in the Combat Corner since you had more talent in your little pinky than Todd Michaelson had in his whole body. For months on end me an' the rest o' the fellas couldn't wait to get you in the ring an' knock that stupid smirk off your face.

[A somewhat confused look plays across Jagger's face.]

JJ: But for some reason, Todd never let me get that shot. Probably didn't want me damaging the goods before they got a chance to be put on display.

[A shrug.]

JJ: Fair enough. Well, the goods have been on display for a few months now, an' so has your mouth. An' while these fans sure have no problem seein' you fly around the ring, I think they also would have no problem seein' your mouth closed either.

[A roar of approval from the Dallas faithful.]

JJ: So it seems like now's a good o' time as any. You wanted a fight?

Well now you got one.

[Jagger steps towards Jones and Higgins.]

JJ; See ya' in 20, boys.

[With that, Jagger spins on his heel and storms back through the entrance portal, crowd cheers following him through.]

JD: Jeff Jagger... Skywalker Jones... coming up just a little later and what a matchup that should be! But now, let's go down to ringside for our next match!

[Cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing by with a man dressed in long blue trunks with red laceless boots. The name "HENRY" is printed down one side, and a red fireball is printed on the other. He also wears white wristbands. The man has a husky build and wears his hair in a dirty blond brushcut.]

PW: The next match is scheduled for one fall with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first, from Stone Mountain, Georgia and weighing in at 240 pounds...

HENRY PORTEN!

[There is a smattering of cheers, as Porten throws a few shadow punches and a couple of knee lifts for good measure.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Tomoyasu Hotei's "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" starts to play over the arena speakers. Louis Matsui emerges with a smirk from the entranceway. He is followed closely by the scowling seven-footer, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, dressed in a black singlet, with the Japanese flag emblazoned on the outside of the right thigh and the flag of the United States of America on the outside of the left thigh. Matsui points with his thumb over his shoulders at Mizusawa, who raises both his arms in the air. Both men start to make their way down the aisle.]

PW: Hailing from Tokyo, Japan; weighing in at 420 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Louis Matsui, he is MAMMOTH . . . MIZUSAWA!!!

[As Matsui walks to the ring, he pays little attention to the fans on either side of the aisle, although he is still smirking. The towering Mizusawa, on the other hand, walks slowly behind his manager, glaring at the crowd.]

GM: The last time we saw MAMMOTH Mizusawa compete was in March at The Main Event until he made his return two months ago to save Matsui from a situation he put himself in...

BW: He was being assaulted by Robert Donovan. That's right. Our Longhorn Heritage champion... Attacking a defenseless non-competitor!

GM: This is MAMMOTH's first match after nearly seven months.

BW: I'm just glad to see him by Louis' side; I hear Donovan is incensed!

[MAMMOTH Mizusawa steps over the ropes to enter the ring. He heads to his corner, where he is joined by Matsui, who has climbed onto the ring apron but staying on the outside. As the music starts to fade, he is giving some instructions to Mizusawa, before climbing back down to the ringside area and leaving his charge in the ring for the opening bell.]

"DING! DING!"

GM: Henry Porten is circling the giant warily, while Mizusawa stands his ground, motioning for Porten to bring it on...

BW: Speaking of bringing it on...

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, we are joined right now by Louis Matsui himself.

LM: Always a pleasure, Bucky, and you're welcome, Gordon.

[Tired of waiting, Mizusawa lunges for Porten, hoping to trap him in the corner, but Porten deftly sidesteps him and launches a kick to the side of the big man's thigh.]

"THWAAACK!!!"

GM: Some smart strategy from Henry Porten, trying to charlie horse the muscle, maybe take the legs out from under Mizusawa.

"THWAAACK!!!"

GM: And another!

BW: Those kicks look and SOUND punishing, Gordo.

LM: But does it look like my client is fazed, Bucky? He is still standing. Very few things and very few people faze MAMMOTH Mizusawa. Just like very few people faze me.

[Now Porten is letting loose with his fists on Mizusawa, who does a good job of covering up with his hands, which leaves his midsection exposed to a knee lift. And another...]

GM: Caught! The giant caught Porten's knee... He has him by the leg!

"SMAAACK!!!"

GM: And he swats Porten with an open hand to the top of his head!

BW: Just like that, Porten's laid out. We all forgot just how strong the giant is and how devastating one of his blows can be.

LM: That's right, Bucky. There are some big men in this business who overestimate their own strength... Let's face it, I took a shot from Robert Donovan and got right back up. Henry Porten's not getting up from that!

[MAMMOTH rolls Porten onto his belly. He picks Porten's leg up by his ankle and slams his knee into the mat.]

GM: Now it's MAMMOTH's turn to work on the leg.

BW: Speaking of Donovan, you got some sort of payback two weeks ago with that loaded briefcase shot. But I hear the Longhorn Heritage champ is not happy.

LM: See, what Donovan needs to know is that it's just business. He put me out of action for a couple of weeks, I lay him out. S'far as I'm concerned the TV champ and I are even.

GM: Why the heck do you keep referring to him as the television champ?

[Mizusawa continues working on Porten's knee with a couple of knee slams and a MASSIVE leg grapevine. Failing to make the smaller man submit, he drags him towards the ropes by the ankle and lays it on the bottom rope.]

GM: Hold that thought... MAMMOTH might be going for something big here...

BW: Anything this seven-footer does is BIG, Gordo!

[MAMMOTH hits the ropes on the far side and with a loud bellow jumps off his feet, aiming for Porten's prone leg.]

GM: A massive sigh of relief as MAMMOTH misses! Porten rolled out of the way!

LM: A small setback for my client, Gordon. Now, as to why I refer to that cheap piece of metal around Donovan's waist as the television title? Because that's what it is, Gordon.

GM: A hobbling Henry Porten trying to stay out of the giant's reach...

LM: Yeah, he'll get him eventually. The Championship Committee created that title so they'd have some cheap piece of tin to bring out here to have defended on TV, so they can protect the only title that really matters and their precious former champ. Well, we saw how well that worked...

GM: Uh oh! Mizusawa caught Porten... But Henry Porten is just throwing those elbows back, trying everything he can to get away from MAMMOTH!

[Mizusawa has one arm wrapped around Porten's waist, but the elbow shots to the face keeps him from finishing what he has in mind. Frustrated, MAMMOTH rears his head back and butts it against the back of Porten's.]

BW: A HUGE headbutt just switched Porten's lights off.

LM: And most of all, much like the champ? Longhorn heritage means NOTHING to me!

GM: And a MASSIVE overhead waistlock throw! Porten very nearly got folded in half with that one!

LM: Donovan wants to hold on to some past glory, but that man right there in the ring? He is the future of this sport. And we are done with this one!

[The sound of a headset being removed and placed roughly on the table is heard, while in the ring, Mizusawa hits the ropes again and comes off with a big splash onto Henry Porten.]

GM: Cover... One! Two!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner...

MAMMOTH MIZUSAWA!!!

[Louis Matsui climbs into the ring to raise his client's hand in victory. The boos from the crowd are suddenly silenced...]

BW: Uh oh!

[By the appearance, at the top of the entrance ramp, of Robert Donovan.]

GM: The Longhorn Heritage champion is here and he does not look pleased!

[Indeed, the champ starts to stride purposefully towards, the ring, his eyes locked on the man who hit him with a loaded briefcase two weeks ago. Unsurprisingly, having noticed Donovan's arrival, MAMMOTH Mizusawa stands his ground, while Matsui tries to peer comically around his charge.]

GM: Fans, we've got to commercials, but we'll do our best to update you on this potentially massive collision!

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 back to live action where Robert Donovan is in the ring, mic in hand, staring a hole right through MAMMOTH Mizusawa, who is now on the entrance ramp. Behind him is Louis Matsui, backing slowly away from the ring and the Longhorn Heritage champion.]

GM: Fans, we thought we were going to see these two big men collide yet again, but at the last moment, Louis Matsui sounded the retreat and pulled his client out of the ring, just as Donovan was entering. The Longhorn Heritage champion has got the mic and we understand he has something to say to Matsui, or Mizusawa, or both...

[Donovan turns his head from Matsui and Misuzawa long enough to accept the microphone offered to him by Phil Watson, then slaps that glare right back on the treacherous duo. He reaches down and unhooks the Longhorn Heritage title from around his waist, holding it up for the pair to see.]

RD: First of all, Matsui, since you can't seem to get it right...this is the Longhorn Heritage Championship. I'm willin' to defend it like a television title, but that ain't its' name, and every time you open your mouth and that falls out, I get more an' more...

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: Irritated.

[Donovan almost cracks a grin.]

RD: Now, despite the fact that you just spent several minutes insultin' this belt in my hand in every fashion possible, including that old "piece of tin" line, I'm willin' to bet that if I offered the big man there a shot at it, the both of ya'd be all over it. An' since I said I'm willin' to bet...

[Donovan steps back from the ropes, leaning down and putting the Longhorn Heritage Championship belt on the mat, standing up behind it and pointing at Misuzawa with his now-free hand.]

RD: ...I might as well go ahead an' let ya know just _what_ I'm willin' to bet.

[Donovan pauses again as the crowd cheers what is clearly a challenge.]

RD: Here it is, big man -- you, me, SuperClash, the Longhorn Heritage championship on the line...an' since your manager here has shown how willin' he is to step in the ring and get his hands dirty...

[Donovan reaches around his back, grimacing briefly.]

RD: ...when I successfully defend that belt, when I show you just how that Longhorn Heritage continues to live, I get five minutes in the ring...

[Donovan points again...at Louis Matsui!]

RD: With you, Matsui!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the suggested stipulation. Matsui's eyes go wide at the thought of getting in the ring with Donovan, frantically shaking his head as he backpedals down the ramp, quickly making his way out of view.]

GM: The challenge has been issued for SuperClash! The Longhorn Heritage Title versus five minutes in the ring with Louis Matsui! What a challenge! But will Matsui and Mizusawa accept?

BW: No way! No way, no how! Matsui should tell 'im to stuff it!

GM: Louis Matsui can talk trash on the Longhorn Heritage Title as much as he wants but we both know how much he'd do to get that gold into his client's hands. But is he willing to put his OWN well-being on the line? We're going to try to find out before we go off the air here tonight but for now, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

[As we crossfade to the ring, we find Skywalker Jones' personal ring announcer standing in the squared circle.]

BPH: Ladies and gentleman, have no fear...'cause here comes, the man without peer! He comes in tonight, weighing in at an unimaginably, impossibly FLAWLESS...TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS! Aw yeah, little Jeffrey Jagger's getting the privilege of being outmuscled, outhustled, and OUTCLASSED by the man, tonight! [BOO!] Hailing from Hot Coffee, Mississippi! It's the undefeated, unchallenged, uncanny, unflappable, UNTOUCHABLE...

Sky. Walker.

[As Buford takes a deep breath, several voices in crowd yell out "JONES!" The announcer stops, grins and wags his finger at the crowd.]

BPH: Nuh uh, playas! Not so fast!

[He takes another deep breath.]

BPH:

JOONNNNN
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. 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. However, Jones waves him off, choosing instead to grab onto the top rope and somersaulting into the ring! He lands on his feet with his arms outstretched as if to say, "TA-DAH!" as the cheerleaders and Higgins applaud him.]

GM: He's been undefeated so far, but Skywalker Jones faces his toughest test in the AWA yet, in the form of Jeff Jagger.

BW: "Toughest test"!? Are we talking about the same guy here, Gordo?

[Phil Watson is then handed back the microphone, as Jones loosens up in the corner.]

PW: And his opponent! Hailing from Charlotte, North Carolina... He stands five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs in at two hundred ten pounds, please welcome... "CAROLINA CRUSHER"...

JEFF...

JAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGERRRRRR!!!

["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: After what happened on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, I'm sure Jagger has some revenge on his mind. That was blatant disrespect shown towards him by Jones and Buford P. Higgins, when they interrupted his interview.

BW: What, he's going to beat up Higgins, now? He's a defenseless announcer! Some hero!

[As Jagger reaches the ring apron he grabs the top rope and turns to play to the crowd...]

"OHHHHH!"

BW: Yeah, get him!

GM: JONES JUST PEARL HARBORED JAGGER! The bell hasn't even rung yet!

BW: But I'm sure Jagger just got his bell rung, Gordo!

[...and is immediately knocked off the apron by a dropkick from Jones!]

GM: What a disgusting lack of sportsmanship from Skywalker Jones! This is the type of wrestler you support, Bucky?

BW: That's killer instinct...that's the sort of thing that separates successful wrestlers from the Jeff Jaggers of the world!

[As Jagger gets back to his feet, Jones grabs onto the top rope and leaps on, springing off with a HUGE plancha onto Jagger!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Skywalker Jones hits Jagger with the crossbody to the outside!

[Jones gets back to his feet and then plants a foot on Jagger's back, striking a superhero pose, as Buford P. Higgins comes up to him, snapping a picture on his camera phone! Big time boos!]

GM: Oh come on, that's enough! There's no need for any of that!

BW: Haha! Look! It's already posted on Twitter!

GM: Stop messing with your cell phone during a match!

[Jones pulls Jagger back to his feet and tosses him under the ropes, following him in and hitting him with stomps, as the referee calls for the bell.]

"DING DING!"

[As the bell rings, Jones immediately drops down for a pin, but Jeff Jagger is able to kick out.]

GM: Skywalker Jones trying to get the quick win as soon as the bell rang, but Jagger kicks out in time...as this match officially begins after that sneak attack from Jones.

BW: Who are you trying to kid, Gordo? Jones would've been in firm control of this match with or without the pre-match stuff. The fact he saw an opening and took it shows that he's the real deal.

GM: Give me a break! He's a cheater!

BW: If you're not cheating, you're not trying!

[Jones pulls Jagger to his feet and whips him into the corner, following him in and nailing his fellow Combat Corner rookie with a jumping knee. Landing back on his feet, he hooks a front facelock and takes Jagger over with a snap suplex. He rolls back up to his feet and kicks Jagger into position, standing beside him as he pretends to brush imaginary dirt off his shoulder.]

GM: We've seen this before!

[However, instead of deadleaping into the air for his patented jumping elbowdrop, Jones proceeds to do a series of freestand squats and THEN deadleaps his full 40-inch vertical into the air...

...and hits nothing!]

GM: OH! He took too much time and misses the elbow! See what I've been telling you, Bucky? Jones wastes far too much time showboating and being arrogant and it costs him!

BW: That's just one missed move! He's still undefeated, ain't he? He hasn't lost a thing!

[Getting back to his feet rubbing his elbow, Jones is met by a dropkick aimed right at his left knee from Jagger, hitting him with pinpoint accuracy!]

GM: He might not be undefeated for long! A big dropkick to the knee sends Jones down! I think we know what Jagger's gameplan is here!

BW: If Jagger can take out Jones' legs, he'll be shutting down a big piece of his arsenal. That's a big "if" though.

[Jagger then proceeds to grab the still downed Skywalker Jones by the heel and yanks his left leg high into the air, before smashing his knee back down into the canvas!]

GM: OH! Tremendous impact on that knee once again!

[Jagger then turns the still hurting Jones over, dropping a hard elbow onto his leg. Jones lets out a scream of pain, before Jagger repeats the process, dropping two more elbows on his fellow Combat Corner alum's leg!]

GM: Jagger showing the fruits of his labor from the Combat Corner, working the heck out of Skywalker Jones' left leg with technical precision.

BW: He was trained by Todd Michaelson! I ain't gonna' put much faith in what he taught anybody.

GM: Skywalker Jones was trained by Todd Michaelson, too!

BW: That's just what Todd likes to tell people. No way he had anything useful to teach to a natural talent like Jones!

[Continuing his legwork, Jagger grabs Jones' leg and attempts a spinning toehold, only to be shoved off as he turns, sending him right into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Jagger is shoved off! Skywalker Jones isn't done, yet!

BW: It's way too early to be going for the submission, rookie!

[As he spins around, a hobbled Jones is there, catching him right in the throat with a cross chop. As Jagger is stunned by the blow, Jones grabs Jagger and whips him towards the ropes, only to pull him back in, nearly taking his head off with a Yakuza kick!]

GM: BIG BOOT FROM JONES! Jones looked like he was going to send Jagger into the ropes and then he reeled him right back in for that one!

[Jones is slow to get up, limping over to Jagger. This time, he doesn't perform any theatrics, getting straight to the point and leaping up into the air as high as he possibly can, dropping a BIG elbow onto Jagger's chest!]

GM: And this time, Skywalker Jones hits the 40-inch vertical elbowdrop! Here's the pin...NO! Only two!

BW: That looked like it was only about 35 inches, Gordo. Jones' leg might be bothering him a little.

[Not moving as blindingly quick as he usually does, Jones pulls Jagger to his feet. He tries to whips Jagger into the corner, but the Carolina Crusher reverses it. Jones stops just short and kips up as Jagger follows him in, landing behind him. He winces a bit on the landing, but as Jagger spins around, Jones is ready...]

"SMMMMAAAACK!"

GM: OHHHH! SUPERKICK BY JONES!

BW: Every time Jones has hit that superkick, it's led right to the end of the match, Gordo!

[To his credit, Jagger stays on his feet, but the lights are on and nobody's home. Jones boots Jagger in the midsection and then places him into a standing headscissors, hooking both arms.]

GM: Wait a minute, I think he's going for the Billion Dollar Bomb! Todd Michaelson's trademark move!

BW: HA! He's going to finish off one of Michaelson's Combat Corner suck-ups with his own move! I love it!

[However, as he tries to lift Jagger up for the move, Jones' knee seems to buckle. He tries to lift Jagger up once again, but this time, Jagger straightens up, sending Jones over with a back bodydrop!]

GM: NO! Jagger reverses it! It looks like Jones' leg gave out on him!

BW: I knew using one of Michaelson's crummy moves would backfire!

[As Jones gets up limping, Jagger kicks him right above the kneecap, sending Jones down to his knees. He then grabs Jones in a front facelock and drops back, drilling him with a DDT!]

GM: DDT FROM JEFF JAGGER! ONE! TWO!

BW: NO!

GM: TH-NO!!! Jones got the shoulder up! So close!

BW: Oh man, my heart! Don't scare me like that, Jones!

[Jagger is feeling it now, pumping his fists, as the rest of the crowd cheers him on. He pulls Jones up to his feet and takes a step back, before diving in...]

GM: OH! A chopblock right to the knee!

BW: That's illegal, dangit! He can't do that!

GM: Only in football, Bucky! There's no penalty flags here!

[Jones howls in pain, as Jagger grabs Jones' legs, intent on locking him into a scorpion deathlock, only for Jones to suddenly reach up and jab him in the eye with his thumb! Heel pop!]

GM: Jagger going for the Last Rites...but a thumb to the eye breaks it up!

[A badly limping Jones then goes for a leaping sidekick, but Jagger is able to duck under...]

GM: Leaping kick by Jones ducked...AND JAGGER HITS A LEG LARIAT OF HIS OWN!

[Jagger drops down for the pin, but Jones once again manages to kick out!]

GM: Only two! Once again, Jeff Jagger came extremely close to getting the win!

[Jagger slaps his hands on the mat in frustration, before pulling Jones to his feet. He tries to whip Jones into the ropes, but Jones reverses it.]

GM: Jagger with the whip...no! Reversed...

[On the rebound, Jones goes for a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker, but loses his grip in mid-move, as his knee gives out on him. Jagger lands behind him...]

GM: CAROLINA CLUTCH! JAGGER COUNTERS JONES, RIGHT INTO HIS PATENTED SLEEPERHOLD! JAGGER'S GOT HIM!

BW: Don't let this Combat Corner loser put you to sleep, Jones! You'll never hear the end of it!

GM: For the last time, they're both from the Combat Corner, Bucky!

[Jones flails his arms for the ropes, but Jagger drags him away from them, drawing a big cheer from the crowd. As Jones begins to fade, he suddenly ducks down and maneuvers himself behind Jagger, lifting him into the air and PLANTING him with a back suplex!]

BW: WHAT A COUNTER! Be fair and balanced, Gordo! Call it like it is!

GM: Skywalker Jones was fading fast in that sleeperhold and yes indeed, Bucky... he impressively counters with a back suplex.

BW: See? Was it that hard?

[Jones and Jagger both stay down, still weary from the punishment they've taken. Jones grabs the ropes, pulling himself to his feet, as Jagger rolls onto his stomach.]

GM: I give Skywalker Jones praise when he deserves it, not when he's acting like an out of control egomaniac!

BW: But that's the best time to do it!

GM: And what about you? You don't give Jeff Jagger any credit at all!

BW: I give him credit for surviving this far, but it's about to be all over for him!

[Jones drags Jagger back to his feet and looks to be setting up for a neckbreaker. However, as he twists Jagger's head around onto his shoulder, he suddenly reverses course, spinning back into the other direction...and DRIVES Jagger's face into the canvas!]

GM: Skywalker Jones showing that tremendous creativity in the ring again...
I don't even know how to describe what he just did!

BW: What'd I tell you? It's over! After a move like that, how can it NOT be over!?

[From the outside, Buford P. Higgins shouts, "YOU GOT HIM, PLAYA! YOU GOT HIM!" as Skywalker Jones rises to his feet, limping worse than before. He nods his head at Higgins and then drags Jagger to the nearest corner... before he begins climbing the turnbuckles!]

GM: Skywalker Jones is going for it all right here...he wants to finish off Jeff Jagger NOW!

BW: Usually, he'd leap up onto the rope in one go, but that knee must really be hurting.

[Jones stares down at Jagger from above, shaking his head at the North Carolina native, before throwing his arms back and leaping off, spinning forward in a full somersault...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE "IN YOUR FACE DISGRACE"...

[...but Jagger rolls out of the way...]

GM: NO! JAGGER MOVES!

[...and...]

BW: JONES LANDED ON HIS FEET!

GM: Unbelievable! But...he landed hard on that left knee again!

[Jones further aggravates his weakened knee, grabbing it almost immediately upon landing. Jagger immediately shoots in...]

GM: OH! KNEEBREAKER ON JONES! Jagger's going for the Last Rites!

[And once again goes for the Last Rites, but as he does so, Jones grabs Jagger by the hair and yanks him into a small package!]

GM: OH! JONES WITH THE INSIDE CRADLE...AND A HANDFUL OF TIGHTS!

[The referee doesn't notice as he counts Jagger's shoulders down...for the three!]

"DING DING DING!"

GM: Not like this!

BW: YES! Exactly like this! The winning streak continues!

GM: Jeff Jagger was on the verge of victory, but Skywalker Jones STEALS the win with that cheap pin! I can't believe it!

BW: Believe it, Gordo! You wanna' talk up Jagger, but he's just another Michaelseon-created Combat Corner flop!

[Take it away, Buford!]

BPH: Your inevitable winner, the STILL undefeated...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath!]

BPH:

JOONNNNN
NNNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

[Instead of the usual mix of cheers and boos, Jones is greeted by a huge chorus of jeers from the crowd. He dismisses the boos with a wave of his hand, as he limps over to a dejected-looking Jeff Jagger. Jones spins Jagger around and proceeds to talk some serious trash to the North Carolina native!]

GM: Come on! He's already stolen a victory, there's no need to rub it in any further.

BW: On the contrary, Gordo, I think Jeff Jagger needs to be reminded of his failures as much as possible.

[Jones holds his hands out and mimics the ref's count, slapping his hand down onto his open palm three times, before holding up three fingers in Jagger's face, as the cameras pick up their conversation...]

"What'cha got to say to me, now!? NOTHING! 'Cause you ain't on my level, son! You ain't EVER gonna' be on my lev-"

[BIG POP!]

GM: OHHHHHHHH!

BW: WHAT A SORE LOSER!

GM: JAGGER JUST TOOK DOWN JONES...AND HE'S LOCKING IN THE LAST RITES!!! HE'S HAD ENOUGH!

[Security hits the ring, as they and Buford P. Higgins try to pry Jeff Jagger off Jones, who furiously pounds on the mat in pain as he's being punished by the Last Rites. Finally, they manage to pull Jagger off, leaving Jones on the mat writhing in pain.]

GM: Jeff Jagger had that hold in deep, Bucky, and he wasn't ever going to let go! He nearly ripped Skywalker Jones' leg right off him!

BW: A cheapshot and a sneak attack. THAT'S what Michaelson teaches this kids, Gordo.

GM: I don't believe that for a second. Jeff Jagger lost this match through some shady tactics and then had to listen to Jones run his mouth in his direction. Who can blame him for what he did?!

BW: I can! And the Championship Committee should too! Fine this kid tonight!

GM: Give me a break. Fans, an outstanding showdown with an unfortunate ending but we may not have seen the last of the issue between these two young men. A little later tonight is the first part of tonight's big Triple Main Event and this one... well, this one could be a Main Event anywhere on the planet as Caleb Temple and Jeff Matthews team together against Alex Martinez and a partner of his choice. But before we go to the ring for that showdown, let's go over to the interview platform to hear from that Hall of Fame Dream Team... or Nightmare Team... of Temple and Matthews.

[The long-missed sound of "Carmina Burana" explodes from the PA and the arena plunges into darkness. A single spot hits the entrance, and out from behind the curtain step Jeff Matthews and Caleb Temple. Matthews wears 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.

Temple wears black jeans and silver buckled boots, his bare torso 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, whipping his black and silver rat-tailed hair back, away from his pale face. The 42-year-old legend, now finally free of his addictions, looks healthier than he has in a decade. In body, spirit and in mind. The two men make their way to the interview platform, and the Trinity, South Carolina native motions for the microphone.]

CT: Ten years ago, I stood on atop the world. Atop a pile of scarred, broken, burned, bleeding and beaten bodies. Some of the things I did to get there, I regret. Some, I do not. Some of the deeds, I wish to atone for. And some, I wish to see to completion.

[He looks at Matthews.]

CT: There was a man of honor, a family man. One of the few to push me to my very limit. And in my quest to destroy him, I hurt his family, his wife and children. I carry the weight of that shame with me, and now I have a chance to find my redemption, by helping him achieve one final goal.

And then there was another.

The man whose throne I usurped.

From him, I not only claimed victory. His throne, his gold, his glory.

[He grins demonically.]

CT: I claimed his wife to be my own... and to carry my line.

His loss... became my Truth.

She's almost ten years old now, Alex. A beautiful child. The light to my darkness... except in her eyes.

[His own dark eyes glint.]

CT: I've walked through hell, Alex. Beaten addictions which almost cost me my wife, my child, my life. And the thing I regret more than all of that... is that when I took your title, your wife, I didn't take your career.

Now, ten years later... my friend and I intend to set right our mistakes.

Don't we?

[He tosses the mic to the Madfox.]

JMM: Some would believe that I have gone off the reservation. That after all these years, I have lost a sense of who I am or what I stand for. But that couldn't be further from the truth. You see, what actually has happened is that I am finally clear. My mind, my thoughts... I have clarity.

I became everything that people thought was destroying me. When in actuality, Caleb helped me realize exactly who I was. We had our battles, we spilt so much blood, and in the process... we made mistakes. We both had battles within ourselves. But never once did anyone not know what Caleb was. My family is my life.

His family is his.

[Jeff smirks]

JMM: I had my family. And I thought I had a friend in Alex. All these years, the man who took me to the limit... the man who made me realize and appreciate life... was Caleb Temple.... my friend. And we will end the charade that is your career... Alex. When we are done, you won't even be able to walk away from it all...you will be taken out on a stretcher.

[Matthews drops the mic, both men echoing each other's movements as they stretch their arms out in a Jesus Christ Pose as we fade to black.]

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

Kid #1: It's so hot.

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

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

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

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

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

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

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

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

SDW: And me!

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

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

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

And then back up to live action where we find Mark Stegglet standing in the backstage area alongside Melissa Cannon. Melissa is dressed in a red and white "COMBAT CORNER" t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans.]

MS: Welcome back, fans, and with me at this time is the longtime ring announcer for the AWA who made her return at Homecoming - Melissa Cannon!

[Melissa nods.]

MS: Melissa, two weeks ago, Holly Hotbody took your spot inside that ring doing your ring announcing duties. What happened?

MC: Holly Hotbody. She's what happened, Mark.

MS: What do you mean?

MC: They announced I had travel issues. My travel issues were four flat tires at my house outside of town. My travel issues were apparently caused by an old hag of a tramp in clothes totally inappropriate for her... well, according to my neighbors anyways.

MS: Are you saying Holly Hotbody slashed your tires?

MC: That's exactly what I'm saying, Mark. And for someone who talked such a big game at Homecoming, she sure was quick to get the heck out of the ring when I showed up two weeks ago.

But Hotbody, I've played this game before. I've played the game where I play the role of the quiet, soft-spoken ring announcer who just wants to do her job while the veteran wrestler tries to call me out week after week to draw me into a match.

I've played it... and I've played it with someone I respect a whole hell of a lot more than you.

[She grins.]

MC: So, let's cut to the chase, Hotbody.

You want me in the ring?

[A smirk.]

MC: You got it. Two weeks from tonight, the first women's match on Saturday Night Wrestling EVER... it's going to be me and you one on one in the middle of the ring.

Oh, and Holly... the last time I played this game?

[Cannon nods.]

MC: I won.

[And with that, she walks out of view leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: The challenge has been made! Melissa Cannon wants Holly Hotbody in the ring two weeks from tonight! Will Miss Hotbody accept? That's the question we await an answer to. Now, let's go back down to ringside for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... on his way to the ring...

#Its all right...

GM: After two weeks, we're finally going to find out who Alex Martinez found to be his partner.

#Its all right...

BW: You really think he found anyone?

#Its all right...

GM: The rumors were running wild that Martinez was having issues locating a partner. We're about to find out if he was able to do so.

#I'm just....

[And in anticipation of finding out, the crowd gets...]

A LITTLE CRAZY!

[But as Fight's "Little Crazy" blares over the arena, only Alex Martinez steps out. No one else accompanies him. Still slow moving, Martinez nevertheless maintains a deliberate pace, as he walks to the ring. Entering it, Phil Watson looks to him, raising a brow. Martinez gestures for the microphone.]

AM: And my partner tonight is...

[The crowd holds its breath in anticipation.]

AM: No one at all. Seems like no one wanted to take on Matthews and Temple. Ain't no one stepped up to the plate. So, I'm gonna do what I set out to do two weeks ago...

I'm gonna take these men on all by myself!!

[The crowd roars but that reaction is short-lived as Jon Stegglet emerges from the curtain, shaking his head. The interim Chairman of the Championship Committee is hustling down the elevated ramp, almost as if he's afraid to not cut this off before it happens. Stegglet reaches the ring, stepping through the ropes as he produces his own mic.]

JS: Alex, I have no idea what you're thinking but I've said this before - this is not happening!

[The crowd jeers but Stegglet continues anyways.]

JS: I gave you a chance to find a partner... and you know why I did that, Alex? Because I had a hunch you couldn't find one. In truth, there probably are more than a few guys in our locker room who would love a shot at those two... but the fact is, you've done nothing around this place since showing up to make anyone care at all what happens to you. You've kept to yourself. You've done your own thing. And you haven't given a damn what happens to anyone else. I wanted you to understand that, Alex.

[Martinez looks a bit puzzled.]

JS: But that said, I will NOT allow you to compete in a handicap match against two killers like Matthews and Temple. We BOTH know better than most what they're capable of on their own - let alone together. Waiver or no waiver, you're injured and I'm not putting you into that situation...

[Martinez interrupts.]

AM: Jon, don't you push me on this. I looked, and there was no one available. That's the end of the story. So, Temple, Matthews, get your sorry carcasses out here so I can finish this.

[But it's not the sound of Metallica's "One" that erupts over the loudspeakers. No, it's the sound of a wailing violin, the unmistakable sound of the instrumental beginning to "When You're Evil" by Voltaire. And by now, everyone knows who that brings.]

AM: You? You want a part of this?

[The masked mystery known as the Minion walks out, boldly, and steps to the ring in a determined fashion, pulling a cordless microphone out from his voluminous costume.]

MINION: You looked, did you, Mighty Martinez. Did you look to the north, and to the man who once strode across the AWA like a colossus? Did you seek out, perhaps old friends. Did you seek to form a new alliance with someone?

I think we all know the truth, Martinez. You did not try at all. These months have made you weak, in body and in spirit. You are afraid, Martinez. Afraid of Jeff Matthews and Caleb Temple.

And afraid of the Dragon.

You sought no one, knowing that this man Stegglet would protect you. You come out here bold, but I know the truth. You're terrified. And you want only to find some convenient way to save face.

[Martinez shakes his head, looking across the ring. He steps forward, drawing within reach of the masked man.]

AM: You think I'm scared. Let me show you exactly what I'm gonna do to Temple and Matthews.

[Spurred on by adrenaline, Martinez wraps his hand around the Minion's throat and lifts him in the air. Given the bulky nature of the Minion's costume, it's awkward, but he gets him in the air, and a moment later, brings him down to the ROAR of the crowd!]

GM: FIREBOMB! Alex Martinez has just firebombed the Minion!

BW: You can bet the Dragon won't be happy about this!

[And suddenly, the crowd erupts in jeers as Jeff Matthews and Caleb Temple come tearing down the aisle towards the ring. Martinez gets back up, fists at the ready...]

GM: No, no, no!

BW: Here comes the craziest cavalry I've ever seen!

[Matthews is the first one through the ropes, immediately getting caught with a big boot to the side of the jaw by his former friend, a blow that knocks him flat to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: He drops Matthews like a bad habit!

[Temple slips through next, jumping on Martinez' back. He wraps one arm around the big man's throat as he simply hammers his face with hard forearm shots with the other arm. Martinez struggles against him, trying to fight the wild man off.]

GM: Temple's got his back and Martinez is taking a whole lot of punishment here! He's gotta get Temple off him before Matthews gets back to his feet, Bucky!

BW: Good luck with that! There's few things in this world as focused as a determined Caleb Temple!

[Blindly reaching back, Martinez manages to grab two hands full of the King of the Death Match's hair...

...and violently snaps him down to the canvas to another big cheer!]

GM: He throws Temple down!

[Martinez drops down to his knee, grabbing his long-time rival by the hair and SMASHING him with a right hand to the face!]

GM: Ohh! There's a whole lot of anger behind a shot like that!

[A second crushing blow lands as well, Temple lifting his arms to try and cover his face but Martinez ignores it, throwing a third shot to the skull as well.]

GM: Martinez is just hammering Temple!

[But suddenly, the crowd rumbles into a roar as Jeff Matthews has regained his feet...

...and THROWS himself into a full body tackle, knocking Martinez down to his back.]

GM: Ohh! Matthews breaks it up!

[The Madfox takes his turn, hammering away with right hands to the skull of his former friend. Martinez absorbs several blows before reaching up, grabbing the Hall of Famer by the throat, and rolling him over to his back.]

GM: Martinez reverses it!

[The Last American Badboy turns up the heat, quickly throwing hammering blows to the temple of the Madfox.]

GM: He's all over him, Bucky!

BW: What the heck is going on out here?!

GM: Martinez is whooping his former friend! He's whooping the Minion! He's whooping Temple! The big man is letting loose months of pain, anger, and frustration right here and now!

[But as Martinez continues to work over the Madfox, Caleb Temple rolls from the ring...

...and returns with a steel chair gripped in his hands!]

GM: Oh no!

BW: Temple's got a chair!

GM: Martinez doesn't see him! Martinez is completely unaware! Martinez doesn't know what's-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHH! What a shot! Right across the back!

[Martinez crumples under the impact of the steel chair blow across the upper back, snapping his head back in a whiplash-type motion before he falls down to the mat. The crowd roars in jeers as a sneering Temple stands over him,

steel chair in hand. He leans down, grabbing the Madfox with his other arm and pulling Matthews to his feet.]

GM: A vile, criminal steel chair shot by Caleb Temple puts the big man down and-

[Suddenly, the dogs of war leap into unified action, stomping the head of Martinez repeatedly!]

GM: They're going for the kill here tonight in Dallas! They're going after that head they concussed a few weeks ago! This is disgusting, fans! Absolutely disgusting!

BW: Looks pretty smart to me!

[The beating continues for several more moments before a sea of AWA officials and security hits the ring, being waved down the ramp by a flustered Jon Stegglet who is still at ringside. As they pass, our camera cuts to Stegglet who shouts, "GET 'EM THE HELL OUT OF HERE!"]

GM: We've got a whole lot of people in there - you can see AWA referees, backstage workers, security... trying to get this situation under control. Let's... fans, let's take a quick break and try and... yeah, we'll be right back.

[The officials and security try to wedge themselves between Matthews, Temple, and Martinez 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. And then we fade back to the AWA ring where some semblance of control has been re-established. Now, Jon Stegglet is watching from inside the ring as Temple and Matthews are forced back down the ramp. A dazed Alex Martinez is getting back to his feet with the help of a pair of beefy security guards.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. As you can see, during the break, order was restored. What a crazy scene that was but right now, you can see Caleb Temple and Jeff Matthews being escorted back up the aisle with the Minion. Jon Stegglet's still in there... and you can see him asking Martinez to leave the ring...

[But the big man shakes him off, waving for a mic.]

AM: Steggs... you can see this... this doesn't end just cause you want it to.

[Stegglet reluctantly nods his head.]

AM: You have to give me a match with them!

[Stegglet holds firm, shaking his head in response. A frustrated Martinez fires back.]

AM: How much longer do you think I'm going to keep askin' ya to give me a match before I just take matters into my own hands? I'll get 'em, Jon. I will. If you won't do it in the ring, I'll go to the locker room... I'll go to the parking lot... I'll go to the streets... I'll do whatever it takes to end this crap with the Dragon.

[Stegglet waves for a mic of his own.]

JS: Alex, we had a deal two weeks ago and it still stands. You want a match with those two? You find yourself a partner and we'll make that happen. That's the deal.

[Martinez eyes his long-time friend for several moments before finally nodding his head.]

AM: Fine! Come hell or highwater, I will find a partner!

[The interim Chairman of the Championship Committee has to smile at his friend's fire.]

JS: Alex, I think I've got an idea for you.

[The crowd buzzes.]

JS: You make me a promise, Alex. You make me a promise you won't do anything stupid. You won't charge them in the locker room. You won't hunt them down in the parking lot. Promise me that.

Promise me that you'll wait...

[Pause.]

JS: ...until SuperClash!

[The crowd ROARS at the thought of that huge tag team showdown taking place at the biggest show of the year.]

JS: If you can make me that promise, Alex, then I think I have an idea for you.

[Martinez glares at his friend for several moments... and then nods.]

AM: You got a deal, Steggy.

[Stegglet grins again.]

JS: Now, I'm not going to tell these people my idea quite yet but let me say one thing to you, Alex. You looked around the AWA locker room for a partner. And while I believe there were several great partners to be had, I think this particular situation might call for a different approach.

[Martinez looks confused.]

JS: Let's just say, sometimes to get the job done...

[A smile.]

JS: ...you gotta go to extremes.

[Stegglet claps his friend on the shoulder, jerking his head towards the entryway. The two men walk out together, animatedly talking to each other off-mic as the crowd buzzes with interest.]

GM: Did I just hear that right, Bucky?

BW: What the HELL is Jon Stegglet doing getting involved in this situation? Why is he helping Martinez get a partner?!

GM: The man wants a fair fight! And he wants it at SuperClash! It'll be Alex Martinez and perhaps a very Extreme partner taking on Jeff Matthews and Caleb Temple at SuperClash III and I can't wait to see it, fans! But SuperClash is still over a month away and we've still got a pair of Main Events to go here tonight. Right now, let's go backstage and hear from one of the men who will be in one of those Main Events - Jack Lynch!

[Jason Dane stands backstage with Jack Lynch. The eldest Lynch brother, dressed in black, as always, stands alone, arms at his side. His face is partially obscured by the cowboy hat he wears.]

JD: Tonight, Mr. Lynch, you go in the ring against one half of the National Tag Team Champions, Jackson Haynes.

[A nod from Jack.]

JL: That's right. We all saw what Jimmy did last week. Now its my turn. And I tell ya what, Jase, I just can't wait. I haven't forgotten what happened at the Cup. I haven't forgotten what it felt like to get pummeled by Haynes as we fought outside the ring.

I'm just itchin' to get me another piece of big Jackson. And thanks to men like Jon Stegglet, I'm gettin' my chance.

JD: Not only are you facing one of the strongest, toughest men to ever lace up the boots in the AWA, but you're doing it in a first blood match. Tell me, Mr. Lynch, how do you prepare for a match like this?

JL: Well, Jase, I'll admit right now, that my life ain't exactly been preparing me to _not_ bleed. But here's the deal. Men like Jackson Haynes? They're forces of nature. Ain't no strategy for fightin' someone like him. Ain't wrestlin' him.

What ya do with a man like Haynes? Ya plant your feet in the middle of the ring, ya lift your chin, and you lift you fists, and you take it to him before he takes it to you. And that's just what I aim to do.

Haynes? You already know I'm not gonna back down from ya. I may not have the rep you got for fightin', but believe me when I say I can hold my own. I've been in plenty of scrapes in my life, and I'm lookin' forward to showin' ya a thing or two.

JD: Things have escalated quickly between you and your brother and Violence Unlimited..

JL: Let me stop ya right there, Dane. Because there's somethin' that we need to get clear on. Normally, two teams go at each other the way it is between VU and Jimmy and I, and its about hatred. But there's no hatred in my heart, and none in Jimmy's either. And unless I miss my guess, the same is true about Morton and Haynes. Nope, this is about somethin' stronger than hate.

This is about pride.

I got nothin' but respect for the two men in VU. And I suspect, after they lost that cup to us, they got respect for the Lynches. But there's unfinished business between us.

See, they got those gold belts around their waist, and that means they're the best in the AWA. But Jimmy and I, we've got a Cup that says we're the best tag team in the world. That means that there's two best teams walkin' around.

And we all know there's only room for one.

And until we settle this, well, its gonna be cats against dogs. Lynches against VU. Tonight? Tonight I take the first step towards provin' who's best. I got a world's worth of respect for Haynes.

But I still know I'm better.

So tonight, Jackson Haynes, you're gonna bleed first. And the world is going to see just who is better.

Now, as my father would say, the time for talkin' is over. Let's do this.

[Jack Lynch steps away, prepared to go to war as we fade back down to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a FIRST BLOOD match!

[The crowd ROARS in response.]

PW: There is no countout, no disqualification, no pinfalls, no submissions, and no time limit! The only way to win is to draw FIRST BLOOD on your opponent!

[More cheers!]

PW: Introducing first... from Dallas, Texas...

[DEAFENING CHEERS! "Hard Row" by The Black Keys kicks in to get the crowd going even more.]

PW: Standing 6'7 and weighing in at 250 pounds...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAACK LYNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[On perfect cue, the curtain flies apart and the lean and lanky eldest son of the Lynch clan, Jack Lynch, steps into view. The crowd roars at the sight of him as he throws the right hand into the air, held in the form of the dreaded Iron Claw. The tall Lynch is, as always, 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. Lynch takes his time getting to the ring, and takes his coat and cowboy hat off before he enters. Once inside, he goes to his corner, waiting for his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening guitar riff of Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" kicks in to a roar from the crowd.]

PW: From Moscow, Tennessee... standing 6'6 and weighing in at 310 pounds... he is one-half of the AWA National Tag Team Champions...

He is The Hammer...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAACKSON HAAAAAAAAAYNES!

[The guitar work continues until the crowd joins in on the first lyrics.]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[Haynes tears through the curtain on cue, a wild look in his eyes as he leans down, slapping the wooden platform with both hands. He points out to the roaring crowd, nodding his head as he turns towards the ring...

...and breaks into a lumbering sprint down the elevated platform!]

GM: HERE! COMES! TROUBLE!

[Haynes has his half of the AWA National Tag Team Title belts slung over his shoulder. As he comes through the ropes, he grabs one end by the strap, swinging it around and around over his head to the roar of the crowd as he points at Jack Lynch...

...and then tosses the gold over to referee Scott Von Braun who quickly hands it off to a ringside attendant and calls for the bell as the music fades.]

GM: And from the words of these two men earlier tonight, I'd say we're in for one heck of a fight, Bucky.

BW: Both of these guys have had some legendary fights before - Lynch's series of matches with Ebola Zaire are some of the bloodiest and most violent in Texas history... and Haynes had some nasty, nasty fights with "Maniac" Morgan Dane to boot.

GM: This is gonna be something else, Bucky.

[Haynes marches out to the center of the ring...

...and promptly shoves Lynch a few steps back with both hands.]

GM: Ohh! The Hammer trying to assert himself in the-

[Lynch immediately retaliates, not with a shove...

...but with a right hand to the temple!]

GM: Here we go!

[Lynch keeps throwing, raining down right hands to the side of the head, knocking Haynes all the way back to the corner.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Lynch's back SLAMS into the buckles violently as Haynes winds up his right arm, barreling across the ring...]

GM: OHHH! BIG RUNNING CLOTHESLINE!!

BW: Well, he ain't gonna split Lynch's melon of a head open with a clothesline.

GM: No, he's certainly not.

[Grabbing Lynch around the head and neck, Haynes snapmares him down into a seated position on the canvas...

...and then CREAMS him with a crossface forearm to the cheekbone!]

GM: Oh, what a shot!

[A second crossface connects from the other side...

...and then a quick and violent series of them from the right side leaves Lynch down on his back, covering up his face with both hands.]

GM: Jack Lynch instinctively covering up here. That's what you've gotta do in a First Blood match, right?

BW: Absolutely. A First Blood match is very interesting because you have to play as much defense as you do offense. Obviously, to win, you've gotta split someone open. But if you go all out on offense, you leave yourself exposed. Lynch is doing the right thing here by turtling up and protecting his face.

[But it leaves his torso exposed to a hard kick to the ribcage!]

GM: Ohh! Again, that won't bust anyone open but a kick like that certainly will do some damage.

[Haynes grabs Lynch by the hair, dragging him off the mat to his feet...

...where Lynch throws his arm out, breaking Haynes' grip, and throwing a hard right hand to the temple!]

GM: Oh! Big right hand by Lynch to fight back! Another shot there!

[Lynch tees off again, throwing blow after blow to the skull of Haynes.]

GM: Jack Lynch is firing right hands! That's a man looking to split his opponent's head wide open, fans!

[But Haynes cuts off the flurry with a knee buried up into the midsection. He promptly grabs a handful of hair, flinging Lynch through the ropes and down to the floor.]

GM: Uh oh. You do NOT want to be outside the ring with Jackson Haynes! He's a very dangerous man out there surrounded by all that steel and concrete, fans.

[Haynes drops down to the floor as well, burying another boot into the ribs of Lynch before dragging him off the protective mats...

...and scooping him up into the air for a moment before violently slamming him down to the floor!]

GM: OHHHH! Good grief!

BW: Haha! I love it!

GM: Since when are you a Jackson Haynes fan?

BW: Since he focused his rage at a loser like Jack Lynch!

[Haynes nods at the slightly bummed out crowd, balling up his fist...

...and then DROPPING it down between the eyes of Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! A big time fistdrop!

BW: Check him! Check him, ref!

[Scott Von Braun drops to his back, rolling out to the floor. He moves to kneel next to Lynch, checking his forehead...

...and comes up waving it off, saying the man is still not bleeding.]

GM: The fistdrop didn't get the job done there... and I'm not sure Jackson Haynes is disappointed by that!

[Haynes shoves Von Braun aside, dragging Lynch up by the hair. He grabs an arm, flinging him towards the railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL HE GOES!

[Lynch leans against the railing, his arms slung over it to stay on his feet...

...and Haynes charges him, throwing up his leg at the last moment to drive a big boot into the jaw of Lynch, flipping him backwards over the steel barricade and into the front row at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LYNCH GETS PUT INTO THE CROWD!

[The crowd reacts with a mixed response to the aggressive assault of Jackson Haynes considering it is aimed at their hometown hero. A fired up Haynes ignores the mixed reaction, moving over the barricade to pull Lynch up off the floor...

...and gets caught with a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Lynch caught him with-

[The crowd audibly gasps as Lynch grabs the stunned Haynes by the back of the head...

...and SLAMS his face into a vacated steel chair seat!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: That might do it, Gordo! He may have split him open right there!

[Haynes rests on his knees, his face against the steel chair seat. Scott Von Braun peers over the barricade, trying to check the Hammer for a cut. Seeing none, he waves for the match to continue. A dazed Jack Lynch pushes off his own knees, dragging Haynes up by the hair.]

GM: Both men back to their feet. No blood yet, fans.

[Lynch raises his arm, smashing an overhead elbow down across the forehead of the man from Moscow, Tennessee.]

GM: Oh! Another shot to the forehead!

[Lynch spins Haynes around, hurling him back over the railing and back into the ringside area. Lynch hurdles the barricade, following after him and dragging him off the floor...

...and SLAMMING his skull into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! He just smashed his head into the hardest spot of the ring, fans! And again, Scott Von Braun moves in to check...

[...and promptly waves it off.]

GM: No! No blood!

[An angry Lynch SMASHES Haynes' skull into the ring apron again!]

GM: Another one! He did it again!

[Lynch shouts "CHECK 'IM!" and Von Braun quickly obliges...

...but again waves for the match to continue.]

GM: The match goes on!

[Lynch shoves Haynes under the ropes into the ring before reaching up to grab the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron.]

GM: Lynch moves in...

[And the crowd ERUPTS as Lynch holds up his fingerless black glove, calling for the dangerous Lynch Iron Claw!]

GM: He's calling for the Claw! And that could CERTAINLY split Haynes' head wide open!

BW: You got that right. I've seen many a man bloodied up over the years after being caught in that clawhold. If Lynch hooks that in, this thing could be over in a hurry.

GM: Haynes is starting to stir... getting back to his feet...

[But as the big man turns around and spots the Claw in position, he swiftly brings up a boot to the midsection of Jack Lynch.]

GM: Ohh! Haynes cut off the Claw!

BW: Smart move.

[Haynes hooks the doubled-up Lynch in a front facelock, promptly bringing up a knee into the torso. A few more clinched knees follow before Haynes releases, shoving Lynch back to the corner.]

GM: Haynes marching in, grabs Lynch by the hair...

[And delivers a thunderous headbutt between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! That's another move that can split someone wide open in a hurry!

BW: Few things are more devastating than skulls clashing. It could easily bust someone open.

[Von Braun steps in, forcing Haynes back to check on Lynch...

...but waves for the match to continue.]

GM: Still no blood, Bucky.

BW: These are two tough guys. I don't expect someone to bleed easy.

[Haynes yanks Lynch from the corner, pulling him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: This ain't trying to split someone open!

[Haynes reaches down, trying to hook his arms around Lynch's waist.]

GM: He's going for a powerbomb! He's trying to powerbomb Jack Lynch!

BW: Haynes don't give a damn about making the man bleed! He's just trying to beat him up! Maybe even hurt him!

GM: He is one-half of the National Tag Team Champions facing one-half of the Number One contenders. He very well could be looking to try and hurt the man before they have that title match.

[But before Haynes can lift him up, Lynch straightens up, backdropping Haynes right over the ropes, sending him crashing down on the apron!]

GM: Ohh! The powerbomb attempt is countered into a backdrop and Haynes hits the canvas INCREDIBLY hard, Bucky!

BW: Right down on his spine on that edge of the ring. There's very little give there, Gordo. It's like landing on solid concrete!

[Lynch drops to a knee, trying to recover as Haynes does the same out on the floor.]

GM: Both men down... both men trying to get back to their feet to take an advantage...

[Lynch pushes up to his feet, running a hand through his hair before turning towards Haynes who drags himself to a knee out on the apron.]

GM: Lynch moves in on Haynes...

[And Haynes explodes with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Holding a handful of Lynch's hair, Haynes throws right hand after right hand after right hand to the mush. He breaks his grip, rearing waaaaaay back with the left hand instead...]

GM: Big lef-

[HUGE CHEER!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW! CLAW!

[The crowd is roaring as Jack Lynch has the Iron Claw wrapped around the skull of Jackson Haynes, trying to draw blood from the forehead of the Hammer.]

GM: Lynch has got the Claw in deep! He's got it locked on!

[A desperate Haynes grabs Lynch's wrist with both hands...

...and then DROPS down off the apron, snapping Lynch's arm down across the top rope, breaking the grip!]

GM: He broke it! Jackson Haynes with a desperation move to break the Claw but he got the job done!

[Out on the floor, Haynes runs the back of his hand over his forehead, checking for crimson. Seeing none, he reaches under the ropes to grab a dazed Lynch by the ankle, yanking it out from under him...

...and then dragging Lynch under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Haynes pulls him out again!

[Grabbing two hands full of Lynch's hair, Haynes swings him around...]

GM: Look out!

[...and SLAMS his opponent's skull into the wooden timekeeper's table!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE TABLE HE GOES!!

[Lynch's upper body is strewn across the timekeeper's table as Haynes pulls himself up on the apron...

...and STOMPS Lynch's face into the wooden table!]

GM: Good grief! I think that Claw might have woken up Jackson Haynes! He suddenly seems a lot more interested in busting Jack Lynch's head wide open!

[Reaching down, Haynes drags Lynch up to his feet, standing on the wooden table as the Hammer stands on the ring apron...

...and tugs him into another standing headscissors!]

GM: He's gonna powerbomb him! He's going for it again!

BW: WHERE?!

GM: He's standing on the apron! He's gonna powerbomb him to the floor, I guess!

BW: The floor? The apron? The table? He's gonna break this kid's back!

[But before Haynes gets the chance, Lynch yanks both legs out from under him, knocking Haynes down to his back...

...and keeps his grip on both legs, dropping to his back to catapult Haynes into the air...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL RINGPOST!! MY STARS!!!

[Haynes drops to the floor, head buried in his arms as Lynch rolls off onto the wooden ringside table. He stumbles towards Haynes as Von Braun moves to meet him there. Lynch reaches down, pulling Haynes to his back...]

GM: Blood! We've got blood!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Lynch looks down at the now-bloody forehead of Jackson Haynes...

...and lets go of his hair, allowing Haynes to slump down to the floor. The Texan rolls under the ropes to the cheers of the crowd, raising an arm to pay tribute to them.]

GM: Jack Lynch has done it! He used that catapult into the post to bust open the head of Jackson Haynes and he has won this First Blood match, Bucky.

BW: I hate these Lynches! Why can't anyone ever just... hurt them... make them bleed... put them on ice?! WHY?!

GM: Let's take a look at the replay here of the closing moments...

[We cut to a slo-mo replay where we see Jackson Haynes pulling Jack Lynch into a standing headscissors out on the apron...]

BW: So, the Hammer had a good idea here. He was gonna snap Lynch in half with a powerbomb outside the ring. I like that attitude! I like that type of goal-oriented persona!

[Lynch yanks the legs out from under Haynes, dropping him to his back.]

BW: But noooooo! That idiot Lynch had to do some kind of cheating here, pulling tights... maybe some leg hair... who knows with those Lynches. They're a bunch of no-good cheaters, Gordo.

GM: Can you just try to be impartial here?

BW: Where the Lynches are concerned, there's no chance of that.

[Lynch falls back, slingshotting Haynes into the air...

...where his head SLAMS into the ringpost!]

BW: Some more Lynch trickery here. More rules being broken, I'm sure. And then Haynes' head hits the steel. Isn't that a DQ? If it's not, it should be.

GM: Give me a break. Fans, a big win for Jack Lynch here as he- uh oh. Cut the replay, guys. Cut it!

[We cut back to live action where a bloodied Jackson Haynes has rolled back into the ring, squaring up on Jack Lynch...]

GM: This could be bad. This could be REAL bad. There's been some very intense battles between these two men over the last six weeks and-

[Haynes starts firing off words at Lynch...

...who returns Haynes' shove from earlier in the match!]

GM: Lynch shoves him away! He's not about to listen to-

[Haynes rushes forward, throwing right hands to the skull of Lynch, battering him back into the corner. The Hammer hops up to the middle rope, throwing a clenched fist at the skull...]

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

[Haynes lifts his big left hand, planting a kiss on it as he measures his man...

...and SMASHES the left hand down across the eyebrow!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Haynes drops down off the ropes, pointing to the corner...

...where sure enough, Jack Lynch has a stream of blood leaking from a now-split eyebrow.]

GM: Lynch is busted open as well!

[Haynes is laying the badmouth on Lynch from a few feet away...

...but gets cut off as a bloodied Lynch barrels out of the corner, throwing himself into a huge spear tackle, knocking the National Tag Team Champion flat!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A SPEAR!!

[Lynch balls up his right hand, hammering Haynes' skull over and over to the roar of the crowd...

...but soon, Haynes rolls it over, putting Lynch on his back and returning the favor with heavy right haymakers!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! This one's not over! This one's not over, fans!

[The fight continues to bounce back and forth, Lynch having the edge for a moment and then Haynes getting the advantage.]

GM: Haynes pulls him off the mat... big whip...

[A rebounding Lynch gets hoisted off the mat in Haynes' arms...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: STANDING SPINEBUSTER!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[An irate and bloodied Haynes drops to the mat, rolling out to the floor where he shoves aside the timekeeper. He grabs the timekeeper's chair in his right hand, flinging it recklessly over his head into the ring.]

GM: Look out!

BW: We saw this wild chair-flinging Haynes two weeks ago!

GM: We certainly did and Haynes just threw another chair in there! What the heck is he doing, Bucky?

BW: I have no idea!

[Haynes rolls back in, grabbing one of the chairs and folding it up...]

GM: The Hammer's got the chair! He's coming after Jack Lynch with the chair and-

[Winding way back with it, Haynes pauses for a moment...]

Suddenly, James Lynch comes tearing down the ramp towards the ring to the cheers of the crowd. After a moment, Danny Morton emerges as well, rushing towards the ring.]

GM: Here comes their partners! James Lynch and Danny Morton are heading down the aisle to the ring!

[James Lynch grabs the chair in Haynes' hands, blocking his swing. But Haynes' power is too much for Lynch, ripping the chair out of his grip and then turning his focus to the younger Lynch brother. Danny Morton climbs through the ropes before his partner can act though, throwing himself in front of Lynch. He shakes his head at a fired-up Haynes as James Lynch moves to his brother's aid, helping him off the mat to his feet...]

GM: James Lynch is helping Jack to his feet... what a fight that was!

BW: Was? What makes you think it's over?

[Haynes glares over his partner's shoulder at the Lynches as Danny Morton speaks to him. With a short nod, Haynes shoves Morton aside, pointing a finger at Jack Lynch, shouting at him.]

GM: Haynes wants Jack Lynch to bring the fight to him! He wants more!

[Lynch leans down, grabbing the other thrown chair in his hands as he stalks towards Haynes, ignoring his brother's protests.]

GM: Oh my stars... this can't be good...

[Jack Lynch marches across the ring, chair in hand, stopping just before the bloodied Jackson Haynes. Haynes glares at his bloodied opponent...

...and then flings his chair down to the mat.]

GM: Huh?

BW: Oh no.

[Haynes pauses, staring at Lynch for a long moment...

...and then extends his hand.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! After a bloody fight like they just went through, Jackson Haynes just offered his hand to Jack Lynch! He just offered a show of respect to Jack Lynch!

[Lynch accepts, shaking Haynes' hand before turning away to join his brother in the opposite corner.]

GM: Wow! What a show of respect from BOTH of these men towards each other! They may be destined to meet for those National Tag Team Titles but they're showing you can do things the right way in this business still, fans! I love it!

BW: Haynes is an idiot! He should have waffled him with the chair!

GM: You WOULD want that.

BW: Of course I would!

GM: Fans, let's go to the Money Pit!

[Suddenly, the O'Jays' "For the Love of Money" blasts through the Crockett Coliseum and all heads turn to the section of the interview area that is now set up for The Money Pit. A deep voice cuts over the top of the classic track...]

"Ladies and gentlemen...

TODD MICHAELSON!"

[The camera cuts to a "set" made of wooden walls that are painted and dressed to be a mock-up of a bank vault. There are also various stacks of (presumably) fake money and bags of money all over the ground. Sitting in the middle of it on a wooden stool, Todd Michaelson is dressed to the nines, a smile plastered across his face.]

TM: Welcome to The Money Pit!

My guests tonight, PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES!

[The crowd erupts in a chorus of boos as the Playboy, looking uncharacteristically smart in a rather loud blue lounge suit rather than his wrestling gear, accompanied by his lovely manager Big Mama in yet another black evening dress, stroll down to the ring. Behind them, "Dirty" Dick Bass, also clad in a suit, albeit rather an ill-fitting one and of course wearing his black Stetson and clutching the lovely bullwhip "Delilah".

JC: Thank ya kindly, Todd! Great to be back here on the Money Pit.

TM: Last time you were here, you told us that Playboy Enterprises were hiring. In fact, it was that night that you made your offer to the Gentleman, Jack Holland...

[Casanova scowls.]

JC: And ya know what, Todd? That proves that none of us - even the Playboy himself - is perfect. I got sloppy, I got sentimental, I wanted to take the opportunity to help out a young man who was down on his luck - and I lumbered myself with that useless lump of junk as an employee.

[He gestures to the unsmiling Dick Bass.]

JC: As ya can see, since then, the quality of my associates has improved dramatically.

TM: The rumors have it that yourself, Big Mama, and Dick Bass may soon be joined in Playboy Enterprises by someone else...

[An approving smile from Johnny C.]

JC: Ya sure do keep your ear to the ground, don't ya, Todd? Yeah, it's true, the reason y'all were denied the pleasure of our company a few weeks ago on Saturday Night is that we've been kinda busy. We've been around the country, we've been checking out places for some talent worthy of the spot, and we like what we see.

TM: I think I heard you even took a trip to the Combat Corner?

JC: Sure did. And some of the greenhorns there have got the potential to fit in pretty well to Playboy Enterprises.

TM: Of course, there's one man a little closer to home who has got that potential as well.

[Casanova looks puzzled.]

JC: I don't think I got ya meaning there, Todd?

TM: Well, a month ago, you teamed with 'Red Hot' Rex Summers...

BM: Oh yeah... we sure did!

[She licks her lips as she speaks, causing the Playboy to glare at her.]

JC: We did indeed, and as a one-night thing, that was fine. Even if he did manage to get the match thrown out because he couldn't keep his hands off the old man. But as a member of Playboy Enterprises?

[He shakes his head.]

JC: You're misinformed, Mr Michaelson. We ain't got no room for any prancing pretty-boys who are more worried about looking good than fighting hard in this organization.

[Big Mama looks disappointed. Todd Michaelson - as you can imagine from that quote - looks stunned. Heck, even BASS looks like he may crack a rare smile at Casanova's hypocrisy.]

JC: No, we're looking for a man more in the image of my good friend Dick Bass here. Someone who's rough, and tough, and ready to do whatever it takes to get Playboy Enterprises to the top. And when we find him?

[He pats Michaelson on the shoulder.]

JC: We'll make sure you're the first to know, Todd.

[Big Mama kisses her man on the cheek as Bass steps from the background and stands next to Michaelson. He glares at the action camera as he begins to speak.]

DB: It goes a little something like this Todd. We looked over the landscape and saw first hand what makes the world go-round here in the AWA and it's quite simple.

TM: And what would that be?

[Bass smirks]

DB: The more friends you got- the better.

[Michaelson chuckles and nods in agreement as Mama and Casanova clap their approval. Bass snarls as he continues.]

DB: You have Percy Childes and his group of misfits. You have the Stenches. You _HAD_ Royalty and and the list goes on and on. The AWA has had this gang mentality for quite sometime Michaelson. Nobody is man enough anymore to step into this ring and take care of business by themselves. Johnny, Big Mama and myself figured this out. We tried to walk the path alone. We were men amongst thugs and we were getting buried no matter how tough and talented we are.

[Big Mama and Casanova nod in agreement as Michaelson can't help but nod his head as well. Bass takes in the disagreement from the booing crowd before continuing.]

DB: So when Casanova gave me the opportunity to join the Enterprises, I jumped at the chance. My daddy always said if you can't beat'em- join'em. So we banded together and became a formidable team.

[Casanova slaps Bass on the shoulder as Mama claps.]

DB: But just like any first class business, were always looking to expand. Three is good Todd, but four is better. After those Stenches cheated us out of a sure tag title win with their underhand tactics, we decided to scour the country for another person to add to the team. We looked high and we looked low for another wrestler who was rough and rugged like us. We went and scouted other federations in the area. We even went to the Combat Corner to check out the talent, looking for that diamond in the rough.

[Bass pulls out a crumpled piece of paper that he unfolds. He shows it to Michaelson.]

DB: Right here is the list we put together. On this list could be one lucky man Todd, who will join the exclusive group of top notch talent that *IS* Playboy Enterprises! But like my partner Johnny said Todd. When we make our decision- you'll be the first to know!

[And with that, the Playboy Enterprises entourage makes their exit from the Money Pit and we 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 Oklahoma City had better get ready because the AWA is coming to town on Saturday, October 22nd, for another night of AWA arena action! The Abe Lemons Arena will be jam-packed on Saturday night when the AWA's biggest and brightest stars arrive!

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

MS: Raphael Rhodes will be in action! The young lion, Supernova, will be in the house! The Longhorn Heritage Title will be on the line when Robert Donovan meets Pedro Perez! Plus, a big tag team battle royal!

[The shot changes back to Stegglet.]

MS: Tickets are available now at your local Ticketmaster outlets or on Ticketmaster.com so get your seats now so you can be in the house LIVE next weekend in Oklahoma City!

[We fade to a graphic with all the show details before going to black.

And then coming back up from black on the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing with Jon Stegglet.]

JD: Welcome back, fans. Jon Stegglet, two weeks ago you promised the world that we would find out tonight exactly where SuperClash III would be taking place. Earlier this week, we learned the decision was down to Memphis, Tennessee and Los Angeles, California. Have you made your decision?

JS: The front office has considered the bids from both cities carefully and they have made their decision.

SuperClash III will take place on Thanksgiving Night - Thursday, November 24th...

...LIVE from the DeSoto Civic Center in Memphis, Tennessee!

JD: A huge announcement! Congratulations to the city of Memphis! What tipped the scales in their favor?

JS: As you know, Jason, the AWA front office truly appreciates wrestling history and there are very few cities in this country as rich in wrestling history as Memphis. We thought it was only fitting to add our page to the wrestling history books in that great city as well.

JD: Big news for sure.

JS: But that might not be the biggest news about SuperClash, Jason.

JD: Oh?

JS: We were struck by the volume of cities across the country that wanted to see SuperClash this year. And as nice as it was to hear mayors and City Councils trying to sway us, it was even better to see the outpouring of affection from the people - the fans of the AWA - that wanted us to come to their hometown.

In fact, some of these cities don't even get WKIK on their local cable network and are seeing the AWA online every week. Those people wanted to see SuperClash as well...

...and for the first time ever, the entire world will get the opportunity to see SuperClash as it happens LIVE.

[Dane looks shocked.]

JD: I don't understand.

JS: In addition to the announcement of Memphis as the host city, I am pleased to announce that for the first time ever, SuperClash III will be presented LIVE worldwide on Internet Pay Per View!

JD: Whoa!

JS: No commercials, no time delay, no worrying about running long. The AWA is coming to Internet Pay Per View on Thanksgiving Night and the entire world will be able to see exactly what everyone's talking about as it happens.

Of course, the show will be available for free one week later on WKIK for anyone who missed it but for that one week only, it'll be exclusively on the Internet.

JD: That's a huge announcement, Jon!

JS: I know. We're all so excited about it and we really feel that SuperClash III has the potential to be the best one yet.

JD: Thanks for the time, Jon! You heard it here first, fans. SuperClash III will be in Memphis, Tennessee on Thanksgiving Night but if you're not in the Bluff City, you can join us LIVE on Internet Pay Per View for the very first time! Now, EVERYONE around the world can be a part of SuperClash III AS IT HAPPENS! Incredible! Fans, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling but before we go to the ring, let's take a look at some words recorded earlier tonight with one of the teams in our big Main Event!

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT!" where Jason Dane is standing on the elevated interview platform.]

JD: All right, fans, I want to introduce to you two men who are set to face Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard later tonight in tag team action... and perhaps, the two are finally on the same page... please welcome Stevie Scott and Supernova!

[The two emerge from the entranceway and head to the podium. Stevie is wearing his usual casual attire of the silky flower-dy shirt, bermuda shorts and loafers sans socks. Supernova is already dressed in his wrestling attire and face painted. As the duo reaches the podium, Supernova stops to howl at the cheering crowd.]

JD: Gentlemen, tonight, you get another shot against Dufresne and Broussard in tag team action... going into the Stampede Cup, it's safe to say the two of you weren't exactly seeing eye to eye on everything. But is that the case in tonight's rematch?

S: Jason, the fact you got the two of us out here together is probably a good sign, wouldn't you think?

JD: Well... is that the case, Stevie?

HSS: Listen to the youngblood, Dane-o. That's something real men can do...we may have differences on certain things, but when it comes down to it, we can lay it all aside for a common goal and a common cause.

S: You see, Jason, Stevie and I may each march to the beat of a different drummer most of the time, but tonight, we're singing the same tune... and

that is, we want to get our hands on Dufresne and Broussard and let it be known that we are mad as hell and not gonna take it any more!

HSS: And here's the scary thing for those two clowns, Dane-o...the more me and 'Nova hang out? The more we mesh. The more we begin to compliment each other. The more we begin to understand what the other is doing. You take us by ourselves, and you'll be hard-pressed to find ANY man in the AWA that can take us down.

[Stevie smirks a li'l bit.]

HSS: But when you put us together and see us begin to function like a well-oiled machine? There won't be ANYONE who can stop us...and certainly not two buffoons like Calisto "Craigslist's Number One Customer" Dufresne and Marcus "Take My Ball And Go Home" Broussard.

JD: But what of the National title... both of you are laying claim to a shot at that belt, and meanwhile, Calisto Dufresne doesn't seem like he's eager to defend it against either of you.

S: Jason, I trust the Championship Committee enough to know that Dufresne is gonna defend it against a worthy contender... now, whether that's me or Stevie, that remains to be seen. And I won't lie to you that I believe I have the rightful claim of being that worthy contender... but that being said, I'll give Stevie his due and say he has as much of claim to it as I do. Whoever it is the Committee deems worthy of getting that opportunity, I'll be satisfied... because we both know it's not gonna be Broussard, as much as he believes that will be the case, and we both know that, whichever one of us it is, will be more than ready for whatever games Dufresne wants to play!

[Stevie nods.]

HSS: That's the beauty of it all, too, Danish. See, all that time I spent with Dufresne in the Southern Syndicate? It wasn't for naught. I know his tendencies. I know his strengths. And I know his weaknesses all too well. So if I get first crack at him? I already got a gameplan in place. And if 'Nova gets him first? He's got access to all the inside info he'll need.

S: But right now, our first concern is tonight's match. Yeah, we didn't beat them at the Stampede Cup... they didn't beat us either... but tonight, we're gonna make sure there's a beating and that there isn't gonna be anybody saved by the bell like the last time! Because the Stampede Cup may not be at stake any longer... but you can bet there's a lot of personal stuff at stake!

HSS: Oh, it's personal, alright. Like I've said before, Dufresne, I knew good and well what you and Waterson were up to while we were running in the Southern Syndicate...and I've been waiting a long time to get my hands on you.

And as for you, Broussard, I'll just wait, like, 10 minutes until something happens that you don't like for you to start crying and run away like the little punk you are.

[And then, Stevie and Supernova turn to each other and exchange a high five. Supernova turns to the crowd to howl again.]

JD: There you have it, fans, these two men don't appear to be having any problems working together now... that match and more still to come!

[We crossfade from the interview platform back to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the ring.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with TV Time Remaining! Introducing first...

[The sounds of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" fill the air as does a cascade of boos from the Crockett Coliseum crowd.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 497 pounds...

First, from San Jose, California... he was the first man to ever hold the AWA National Title... the San Jose Shark... MARRRRRCUS BROUUUUSSSSSAAAARD!

And his tag team partner... from Avery Island, Louisiana... he is the current AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION... the Ladykiller... CAAAAALIIIIISTOOOO DUUUUUFRESNNNNNNNE!

[The crowd jeers even louder as Dufresne and Broussard make their way through the curtain dressed for battle. The National Title belt is secured around the waist of the Ladykiller as he and the San Jose Shark make their way down the elevated platform through a hostile crowd.]

GM: These two men are no fan favorites, that's for sure.

BW: Good thing too. If there's anything that sucking up to these fans has shown us over time, it's a first class ticket to Nowhere. Just ask Juan Vasquez! Ahahahaha!

GM: Oh, you're a real riot.

[Broussard steps through the ropes first, going into a short spin before shouting something at a ringside fan. Dufresne follows behind, taking off his title belt and striking a pose, holding the gold above his head as the crowd showers him with boos (and the occasional partially-filled water bottle)]

GM: Two of the most unpopular men you will find in or out of a locker room.

BW: How can you say that? Did you see how many men rushed to their aid when Juan Vasquez tried to sneak attack them at Wrestlerock?!

GM: Sneak atta- you're delusional!

[The music fades as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Metallica's "Seek And Destroy" kicks in to a phenomenal reaction from the AWA faithful.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 488 pounds... first, from St. Louis, Missouri... he is a former two-time AWA National Champion...

"HOTSHOT" STEEEEEEEEEEEVIEEEEEEEEE SCOOOOOOOTT!

And his tag team partner... from Venice Beach, California...

THIS...

IS...

SUUUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The face-painted young lion bursts through the curtain to a huge reaction from the crowd. After a moment, the veteran former National Champion steps out behind him. Scott stands at the top of the aisle, smirking with his hands on his hips in the direction of their opposition as Supernova goes crazy, moving from side to side on the ramp, howling to the cheering fans as he pummels his own chest...

...and then breaks into a sprint, charging down the aisle towards the ring where Broussard and Dufresne are waiting for him. Stevie Scott gets a "What the eff" look on his face and then breaks into a dash as well.]

GM: HERE THEY COME!!

[Supernova rushes closer and closer, the opposition waiting for him...

...and TAKES FLIGHT, soaring over the ropes and wiping out a shocked Calisto Dufresne with a flying tackle!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[The AWA's Senior Official, Johnny Jagger, quickly signals for the bell to start the match as Marcus Broussard grabs Supernova by the hair, hammering him with a double axehandle across the neck as the young man starts to rise. A second blow sends Supernova falling back into the buckles...

...but a third never lands as Stevie Scott steps in, grabbing Broussard's arms. He swings the first National Champion around, dropping him with a right hand on the button!]

GM: Ohh! We've got a fight on our hands in the Main Event!

[Scott pulls Broussard up, signaling to his partner.]

GM: Double whip...

[And the Scott/Nova duo sends the Shark sailing through the air with a double backdrop, sending him crashing down hard on the canvas. Supernova lets loose another howl, hammering his own chest as he pulls Calisto Dufresne off the mat.]

GM: Another whip by both men...

[A well-placed double back elbow knocks the National Champion off his feet as Scott steps out to the apron, slapping his partner on the shoulder before he does so.]

GM: Stevie Scott steps out and Broussard rolled out after the big double backdrop. That leaves the National Champion inside the ring with the man he says will never wear that title belt, Supernova.

BW: Marcus and Calisto seemed to be caught off-guard there. Where the heck is Ben Waterson? Ben would NEVER have let that happen!

GM: It's a good question, Bucky. Where the heck IS Ben Waterson? The Agent To The Stars is nowhere to be seen and has not been seen all night for that matter. Shouldn't he be out here to help guide his team, Bucky?

BW: Why ya asking me?!

GM: You're a former manager! It's an insight you can provide! As a former manager, would you have EVER not been at ringside for a match of this magnitude for your clients?

BW: Well, I wouldn't... but I ain't Ben Waterson. If Ben's not here, he's got a damn good reason for it, Gordo. He ain't the smartest man in the business for nothing. Plus, remember, neither of these men are under contract with Ben Waterson. He may have common goals with them but he's under no obligation to be out here with them.

GM: I suppose that much is true.

[While the announcers debated, Supernova scooped Dufresne into the air, dumping him down in a big slam...

...and then leaps sky high, dropping a high impact elbow down in the chest!]

GM: OHHHH! So much impact there!

BW: Get out of there, champ!

[And wisely, Dufresne does exactly that, rolling out to the floor...

...and waving off Supernova, heading towards the elevated rampway.]

GM: Dufresne's... is he leaving?!

BW: Darn right he's leaving! This punk kid shows him no respect and the Ladykiller's EARNED respect, Gordo!

GM: Calisto Dufresne hasn't earned a single thing including that title belt he stole from a man who'd been assaulted by nearly a dozen men!

BW: Are you still crying about that? Get over it, Myers!

[Dufresne gets around the corner, heading towards the ramp...

...but Stevie Scott is having none of that, dashing down the length of the ring apron and diving off with a sloppy crossbody on a shocked Dufresne!]

GM: STEVIE WIPES HIM OUT!!

[An angry Hotshot takes the mount, hammering away at the skull of the National Champion with right hands...

...which leaves him exposed from the backside where Broussard grabs Scott by the hair, hauling him to his feet...]

GM: Broussard just saved-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEFIRST INTO THE RAMP!! RIGHT INTO THE ELEVATED WALKWAY!

[Broussard stands over the downed Scott whose back just slammed into solid wood, laying the badmouth on him...

...when suddenly, Supernova arrives at ringside, drilling Broussard with a pair of right hands that puts him down on the protective mats right next to Stevie Scott.]

GM: Supernova puts down Broussard!

[Grabbing Dufresne by the hair, Supernova swings him back under the ropes into the ring. He grabs the middle rope, pulling himself back up on the apron...

...where the San Jose Shark rushes into action, grabbing the leg and preventing Supernova's return to the ring!]

GM: Oh, come on! Get in there, referee!

[Dufresne quickly gets back to his feet, drilling Supernova with a right hand to the skull. He grabs the face-painted young lion around the head for a snap mare...

...and then drops straight down, snapping his throat down on the top rope!]

GM: OHH! What a move by the champion!

[Broussard gives a hard shove from the floor, sending a stunned Supernova crashing down to the mat. Dufresne quickly applies a cover, waving for the referee to count.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! And that's all!

BW: That's a slow count, Jagger!

GM: It was not! Fans, remember, this match has a time limit of TV Time Remaining. We gotta be off the air on time this week due to college football airing right after us so that gives us about six minutes of air time left to go.

[Dufresne regains his feet, laying in some hard stomps on the upper body of Supernova, driving him under the ropes and out to the floor where Broussard is waiting for him.]

GM: Oh, come on! Broussard needs to get back up on the apron! This is a tag team match - not a legalized mugging!

[A pair of knees to the gut leaves Supernova easy prey as Broussard grabs a handful of tights...

...and HURLS him over the barricade into the ringside area!]

GM: What the-?!

[The San Jose Shark rolls back into the ring, regaining his feet next to Dufresne and joins the champion in waving like madmen for the official to count out the young lion.]

GM: We've got a count going on Supernova. And I think Broussard believes if Supernova gets counted out, HE'LL get the shot at Calisto Dufresne as SuperClash III in Memphis, Tennessee!

BW: He should! If Dufresne and Broussard win this thing, they should face each other on Internet Pay Per View! How great would that be!

GM: Not great at all in my opinion.

BW: What?! They're two of the best wrestlers in the world!

GM: Oh, I don't doubt their abilities. And it very well could be a fine match. But these people DESERVE to see either Stevie Scott or Supernova get that shot at the title. They want to see it and they SHOULD see it at SuperClash!

BW: I disagree. If you give these morons out here what they want, they'll always think they can get it! Make 'em suffer a bit!

[The count reaches six as we spot Supernova climbing to his feet, trying to clear the cobwebs as he approaches the ringside barricade. Inside the ring, Broussard implores the referee to count faster but at the count of seven, Supernova is back inside the railing...

...and Marcus Broussard slides out to go after him!]

GM: Right han- blocked!

[BOOM!]

GM: 'Nova with a right hand of his own!

[The process repeats a few times. Broussard with a right hand that is blocked aside in favor of a Supernova haymaker instead. A trio of big blows from Supernova knocks Broussard back a bit...

...which allows a handful of hair and a big throw over the metal railing into the ringside area!]

GM: SUPERNOVA RETURNS THE FAVOR!!

[Swinging around, Supernova points a finger of warning at Calisto Dufresne who backpedals a bit, lifting his hands to beg off as the young lion slides back into the ring.]

GM: And I don't think Calisto Dufresne wants ANY part of Supernova, fans!

BW: Can you blame him?! The man paints his face! He's obviously got something to hide!

[Supernova paces across the ring, stalking Dufresne back into the corner...

...where the Ladykiller lashes out with a boot to the gut, swinging Supernova back to the buckles.]

GM: Look out here...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[A hard chop by Dufresne connects solidly on the chest of Supernova who simply glares at the Ladykiller.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: He didn't feel it, Myers!

GM: He certainly didn't!

[Dufresne shakes his head in shock, throwing a second big chop...

...and getting another glare in response. An angry Dufresne throws a third.]

GM: Three big chops and-

[Supernova steps out of the corner, going in a big power flex with a howl as he approaches and drills Dufresne with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by Supernova!

[The Ladykiller scampers back to his feet...

...and gets dropped again!]

GM: Another knockdown! Supernova's just getting set up and he's just droppin' him over and over again.

[This time as Dufresne gets up, Supernova surges forward, scooping him up...

...and pressing him high overhead!]

GM: Gorilla press! He's got him WAAAAAY up there!

[Supernova holds him high for several moments, letting the crowd soak in the moment...

...and then hurls him down hard to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Big slam by a big man!

[Nova looks out to the crowd, throwing his head back in a howl as he drags Dufresne to his feet, pushing him back to the corner...

...and slaps the hand of Stevie Scott who just got up on the apron.]

GM: The tag is made to the Hotshot!

[Scott quickly takes a spot on the middle rope, balling his fist.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[And then Scott leans over, sinking his teeth into the forehead of the Ladykiller!]

BW: He's biting him! He's biting him!

[Scott jumps down, grabbing Dufresne by the arm.]

GM: Big cross-corner whip by the two-time former champion... here he comes!

[The Hotshot races in, arm outstretched.]

GM: Running clothesline in the corner! A whole lot of impact behind that one!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Scott rushes across the ring again, SLAMMING Dufresne's face into the top turnbuckle, sending him staggering out of the corner and down facefirst to the mat to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: He's got him down and-

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Stevie Scott walking to the corner...

...and swinging around, stomping his foot once!]

GM: He's calling for the Heatseeker! If he hits the superkick, it's good night for Calisto Dufresne! If he hits the superkick, it's good night for ANYONE he hits with it!

[Scott stands at the ready, prepared to let the big kick fly. Dufresne slowly climbs to a knee, pushing up to his feet...

...slowly turning around as Scott coils up.]

GM: HEATSEEK-

[But before he can uncoil the superkick, Stevie Scott has his planted leg grabbed by Marcus Broussard who yanks it out from under him, taking Scott down.]

GM: Ohh! Broussard trips him up and-

[Scott lashes out with a kick to the mush of the San Jose Shark, knocking him back down on the floor as Scott tries to get back into the fight...

...and gets drilled with a superkick from the Ladykiller, a blow that sends him falling back into a tag!]

GM: TAG! TAG!

[Supernova quickly rushes in, dishing out right hands all over Dufresne.]

GM: He's beating the tar out of the National Champion!

BW: We've got less than three minutes to go in the time limit!

[An angry Broussard pulls Stevie Scott under the ropes to the floor, hammering away on him as Supernova drops Dufresne with a running clothesline... and then with a running back elbow...]

GM: Dufresne just can't seem to get on track against Supernova!

[Supernova pulls him up again, firing him to the ropes.]

GM: Off the far side...

[The face-painted young lion hoists Dufresne up by a leg, dropping him hard facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: FLAPJACK!! FLAPJACK!!

[Supernova climbs to his feet, pounding his chest with another big howl as he drags a dazed Dufresne back to his feet by the arm, firing him into the ropes...

...and then rushing back to the opposite corner, throwing his back into them!]

GM: He's calling for the Heat Wave!

[The youngster breaks into a dash, leaping high into the air several feet out of the buckles, crushing the Ladykiller against the corner turnbuckles!]

GM: HEAT WAVE! HEAT WAVE!!

[Supernova steps back, allowing Dufresne to stumble out of the corner, collapsing down on the mat. The Venice Beach native leans over, flipping the Ladykiller onto his back. He grabs the National Champion's legs, tying them up...

...and then stepping through into the Texas Cloverleaf!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE!! SOLAR FLARE!!

BW: Oh my god, there's too much time left!

GM: Supernova's got this hold applied with over a minute to go in the time limit! Dufresne is trapped in the center! It's last over a minute or it's give this thing up!

BW: You forgot about Plan B!

GM: What's Plan B?

BW: BROUSSARD!!

[The crowd roars as the San Jose Shark peels away from Scott, climbing up on the apron. But as he attempts to step through the ropes, Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps in, blocking his path, keeping him from getting involved in the outcome of the match.]

GM: Jagger blocks his path! Johnny Jagger won't let Broussard make the save!

BW: What?! Why?! Why does he get to do that?! What right does he have to do that?!

GM: It's a judgment call! The referees in the AWA are trying to regain some law and order around this place! They're making decisions to try and keep matches from getting out of hand!

BW: GET OUT OF HIS WAY, JAGGER!

[But the temporary delay is all Stevie Scott needs to grab Broussard by the leg, yanking it out from under him, causing the San Jose Shark's jaw to bounce off the apron!]

GM: OHHHH!

[With Broussard cleared out, Stevie Scott stands guard, keeping an eye on the ring as Supernova leans back, Dufresne screaming in agony as the referee drops to all fours, checking for a submission.]

GM: The Ladykiller's trapped! He's got nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, and no one to save him!

BW: We've got just under a minute remaining!

GM: Supernova's got it locked! You'd need the Jaws Of Life to break this hold right now, fans!

BW: Hang on, champ! Hang on!

[The referee is in the perfect position, watching and waiting...

...and then suddenly, he leaps up, waving his arms!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Supernova releases the hold, looking to Johnny Jagger with disbelief in his eyes as Jagger grabs his arm...

...and raises it in the air!]

PW: Your winners of the match by submission... the team of Stevie Scott and SUUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOOVAAAAA!

[The crowd EXPLODES again at the announcement!]

GM: He did it! He did it! Supernova made the champion submit!

[A shocked Supernova looks down at Dufresne who is wrecked with pain, crawling towards the ropes to get out of the ring.]

GM: Supernova had the Solar Flare locked in and he wasn't about to let go until he heard that bell! He got the champion to submit and Supernova may have just-

[Suddenly, a voice rings out.]

"Hey, champ..."

[All eyes turn towards the entryway where Jon Stegglet has emerged, mic in hand.]

JS: Whenever you stop hurting enough to open your eyes, open them up in the direction of the ring and look at the guy who just made you quit...

[Pause.]

JS: Take a look at the guy who you'll be defending the title against at SuperClash.

[With a grin, Stegglet walks out of view as the crowd ROARS in celebration at the announcement. Supernova looks even more shocked now, a dopey grin on his face as Stevie Scott rolls in...

...and shakes his partner's hand.]

GM: What a night! Supernova is going to SuperClash to battle for the AWA National Title... and he just made the champion quit! What's gonna happen on Thanksgiving Night when those two meet again?! So long everybody!

[A celebrating Supernova looks out at the roaring crowd, still grinning at the announcement the entire world just heard...

...as we fade to black.]