

AWA
Saturday Night
Wrestling

October 29th, 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 Supernova leaning back, having trapped the National Champion, Calisto Dufresne, in the Solar Flare leglock. Marcus Broussard is up on the apron, trying to get back into the ring to help his partner...

...but Stevie Scott intervenes, yanking Broussard's leg out from under him and pulling him down to the floor.

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?!

[Supernova stands in the center of the ring, smiling at the reaction of the crowd to the big announcement 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: Halloween is two nights away, Gordo, but I saw Supernova backstage already in costume. You know what he's dressed up as?

GM: I'm afraid to ask.

BW: Someone who thinks he's got a shot to become the National Champion in less than one month's time! Ahahahaha!

GM: You're a real riot. Fans, we are less than a month away now from Thanksgiving Night in Memphis, Tennessee - less than a month away from SuperClash III which will be LIVE for the very first time on Internet Pay Per View! The DeSoto Civic Center will be red hot on November 24th when Supernova challenges Calisto Dufresne for the AWA National Title! We're going to find out a whole lot more about that matchup as well as the rest of the lineup for the big event later tonight but right now, let's head up to the ring for our opening matchup!

[We crossfade up to the ring where the combatants are already in the squared circle as a graphic explains exactly who they are.]

Dick Sullivan vs Teddy Holt

GM: Dick Sullivan starts us off here tonight against- ohh!

[The crowd jeers as Sullivan rushes across the ring, drilling Holt with a right hand in the mush. Referee Mickey Meekly quickly calls for the bell to start the match as Sullivan delivers a second right hand to the jaw, knocking Holt down to a knee.]

GM: Sullivan is all over him!

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Sullivan delivers a crushing knee to the side of Holt's face, knocking him down in a heap on the canvas. Outside the ring, Ivan Kostovich shouts his encouragement at his new signee as Sullivan grabs the top rope, delivering stomp after stomp to the head of Teddy Holt.]

GM: Good grief, Bucky!

BW: Dick Sullivan is one of the toughest son of a guns you'll ever run across in this sport, Gordo. There's a reason he survived all those years in those tough Southern territories down in Georgia and Oklahoma and the Carolinas. You don't survive places like that without being able to put up a heck of a fight.

GM: Teddy Holt is certainly finding out how tough Sullivan is right now.

[The series of stomps forces Holt under the ropes causing Meekly to step in, forcing Sullivan several steps back...

...and giving Ivan Kostovich the opportunity to slam several forearms down across the throat of Holt!]

GM: Oh, come on! Keep your eyes open, referee!

[Kostovich backs away, leaving Holt gasping for air as Sullivan moves back in, grabbing Holt by the legs...

...and falling back, SNAPPING Holt's throat into the bottom rope!]

GM: Ohh! The throat gets smashed into the ropes!

[Getting back to his feet, Sullivan threatens the official as he shoves past him, dragging Holt to his feet by the hair. A hard right hand to the jaw sends Holt falling back into the corner.]

GM: Sullivan with another right hand to the mark... look out here...

[Grabbing an arm, Sullivan fires him across the ring.]

GM: Here comes Sullivan across!

[And a running back elbow to the jaw leaves Holt sprawled back in the corner, arms draped over the ropes. Sullivan promptly buries a pair of boots into the midsection of Holt as the official protests.]

GM: Dick Sullivan is really taking it to this young man in the early moments of this one.

BW: If he keeps going like this, there ain't gonna be any late moments, Gordo.

GM: You may be absolutely right about that, Bucky.

[Pulling Holt from the corner, Sullivan promptly scoops him up, slamming him down hard to the mat...

...and then immediately leaping up, crushing the side of Holt's face with a well-placed stomp!]

GM: Ohh! That'll do some damage to your dental work.

[Sullivan backs into the ropes, bouncing off to drop his pad-covered elbow down across the face of Holt.]

GM: Elbowdrop! And into the cover... he gets one... he gets two... he gets- oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Sullivan pulls Holt off the mat by the hair, shaking his head back and forth. He keeps his grip on the hair, ignoring the referee's protests as he pulls Holt up...

...and tugs him into a front facelock.]

GM: Uh oh. We've seen this before, fans!

[Sullivan powers Holt into the air in a vertical suplex position, holding him for several moments...]

GM: Look at him letting the blood flow down into the head of Holt and-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRAINBUSTER!! BRAINBUSTER BY SULLIVAN!!

[Sullivan immediately floats into a cover, smashing his forearm down into the cheekbone of Holt as the official quickly counts.]

GM: And that's all she wrote there, fans.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Sullivan promptly gets to his feet, dragging Holt off the mat...

...and CHUCKS him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: COME ON!! THE KID'S HAD ENOUGH!!

[Sullivan sneers at the jeering crowd, waving a hand towards the ring announcer.]

GM: Looks like he's calling for a mic, Bucky.

BW: Dick Sullivan's apparently got something to say.

[Sullivan grabs the mic as Ivan Kostovich joins him inside the squared circle.]

DS: SUUUUDAAAAKOV!

[A wad of saliva drips from his mouth to his chin, just hanging there disgustingly.]

DS: I know yer listenin', booooy! I know yer out there somewhere watchin' me show these people what they been missin'! A real man who can wind up and kick somebody's teeth down their damn throooooat!

That's me! That's Dick Sullivan!

[Kostovich grabs the mic.]

IK: We know you're watching, Kolya. You're sitting home and wondering if you should come back. You're trying to delude yourself into thinking you can handle Comrade Sullivan here... Redneck Royalty. You're trying to convince yourself you can defeat your Uncle Vladimir.

You're trying to believe you can get the best of me.

[Kostovich sneers.]

IK: It will not happen, Kolya. Give it up. Walk away. Save yourself while you can.

Because if you come back... I promise you... it will be the worst mistake of your life.

[A nod. Sullivan grabs the mic back.]

DS: I got a message for my old pal, Sweet Daddy Williams! Listen up, son. Put down the hero sandwich and get real close to the TV screen! Tonight, yer gonna fight my buddy Vlad. And he's gonna hurt ya. He's gonna hurt ya real bad.

But nowhere near as bad as I'M gonna hurt ya if ya get in my face... I promise ya that.

[Sullivan spikes the mic down to the mat, walking away with a grinning Ivan Kostovich.]

GM: Dick Sullivan and Ivan Kostovich with some threatening words towards Kolya Sudakov AND Sweet Daddy Williams, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure Williams didn't hear them.

GM: Why is that?

BW: 'Cause Dick told him to put his sandwich down. Nothing gets between Williams and his food.

GM: I'd like to see you tell Sweet Daddy that in person later tonight when he comes out here to fight Vladimir Velikov!

BW: With pleasure.

GM: I'm gonna hold you to that, Bucky.

BW: You think I'm afraid of that fat goof? I could take him with one arm tied behind my back!

GM: Boy, I'd love to see that. Fans, later tonight, "Dirty" Dick Bass will represent Playboy Enterprises when he challenges Robert Donovan with the Longhorn Heritage Title on the line. Now, let's go backstage where Playboy Enterprises is standing by!

[Backstage, Johnny Casanova - clad in a blue lounge suit once more, rather than his normal wrestling gear - and Big Mama, in an evening gown, flank 'Dirty' Dick Bass. Bass is looking ready to wrestle, bullwhip in hand, as Jason Dane gingerly approaches the trio.]

JD: Dick Bass, are you excited by the chance to challenge for Robert Donovan's Longhorn Heritage title tonight?

[As Bass is about to answer, Johnny Casanova steps forward.]

JC: Whoa... hold it right there, Jason Dane! Ya been reporting for however long, and ya still ask stupid questions like that, taking time away from my man Dick's preparation for his match tonight?

[He turns to Bass and grips him on the shoulder briefly.]

JC: Relax for a minute big guy, I got this one. Ya know something, Jason. Playboy Enterprises has been around for some time now. We got the name, we got the clothes, we got the girls - and between the two of us, we got so many girls it's getting kinda hard to fit them in the hotel rooms...

[Big Mama, in the background, looks unamused at this comment.]

JC: ... but there's one thing which we don't got just yet. We ain't got the gold.

[He pauses.]

JC: Until now. Ya see, Mister Robert Donovan... Ya sure are a big, tough, guy. Ya sure do have a lot of guts. Ya may even be a darn shootin' champ. I got no problem with ya Robbie. I know that my former associate, Louis Matsui, has been running ya down, calling that belt a TV title, and so on. Well, that's up to him. As far as I'm concerned, that title is a great thing to have, and it'll look good in the Playboy Enterprises trophy cabinet.

[He smiles.]

JC: Because, believe me, Robert - it WILL end up in the Playboy Enterprises trophy cabinet. Cause for all of your size, and your strength, and your skill - Dick Bass is not only just that little bit better than you - and he's got two things that ya just don't have. And those two things are gonna make all the difference.

[Smirking, Casanova points at himself and Big Mama, before Bass takes the mic from him.]

Bass: Ya' see Dane, once again my partner in crime hit tha' nail right on the head. Since I've joined up with Playboy Enterprises, we have been headin' straight to tha' top. Before we were over looked, we weren't even a blip on the AWA radar but now were getting recognized for the powerhouse we are. Now people are opening their eyes and realizing that maybe Playboy Enterprises are a big deal after all.

[Bass points at the screen with a meaty finger.]

Bass: Robert Donovan make no mistake about it partner. Right here [points at himself and the duo standing behind him] is as real as it gets. Sure you're a big giant Donovan. You're all over the TV screen every week and I have to admit I like your style and probably in a different lifetime, I might even actually like ya'. But what I like is that gold title around yer' waist Donovan. I came to the AWA to become a champion. I came here to show the World that I could hang with all the Vasquez's, Scott's and the like. Tonight I will show the world that no matter how big, bad or tough you *think* you are- when ya' climb into tha' ring Dick Bass...

[snarls]

Bass: You're gonna hurt. Casanova and Big Mama brought me into the Playboy family Dane [smirks] and I think it's only fitting I bring something back to show them my appreciation.

[Bass glares into the camera as Casanova smacks him on the shoulder and laughs arrogantly.]

JD: Dick Bass is a man who sees gold in his immediate future! Can he upset the big man's plans for SuperClash III? We'll find out later tonight but right now, fans, we've got to take a break!

[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, a panning shot of the Combat Corner, the crowd waiting to see what's next.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where the entire world is waiting to see just what the AWA's Championship Committee has put together to fill out the lineup for Thanksgiving Night in Memphis, Tennessee. If you can't be in Memphis live, make sure you join us LIVE on Internet Pay Per View for the very first time! It's gonna be a heck of a night - I know we're going to find out more matches for the big event throughout the night but right now... oh brother... let's go up to the ring to Ben Waterson.

[We crossfade to the ring where "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson is indeed standing. To his right, we see a thin young man in red and white trunks tugging the top rope to stay loose.]

ATTSBW: Ladies and gentlemen... it is your distinct honor and privilege at this time to be graced with the presence of a man who stands above all other men in this sport. By an athlete who sets the bar night in and night out. By a competitor who knows no equal.

And by a professional wrestler who is the FUTURE of this sport.

Making his way down the aisle...

"The Future"... PEEEEEEEEEDROOOO PERRRRREZZZZ!

[The young Latino walks through the curtain to a outpouring of jeers from the crowd. Perez is wearing a hooded black tracksuit, jogging in place as "They Reminisce Over You" plays over the PA system, drawing even more jeers from the fans.]

GM: This young man is sick in the head, Bucky.

BW: How DARE you speak that way about the future of our sport?!

GM: The future? Are you kidding me? What in the world has this young man done to warrant anyone calling him that? All he's done since his debut is come out here and imitate Juan Vasquez! He's wearing the same style ring gear as Vasquez... uses the same music...

BW: But he's ten times the competitor that Juan Vasquez could ever dream to be!

GM: You're out of your mind as well if you believe that.

[Reaching ringside, Perez shrugs out of the jacket, reaching down and tearing away his pants to reveal a pair of silver trunks. He smirks at the crowd, grabbing the top rope and wiggling his rear end to the jeers of the crowd...

...which brings young Barry Botwin rushing across the ring, grabbing the top rope to slingshot Perez over the ropes into the ring!]

ATTSBW: HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THAT! YOU CAN'T-

[But as Botwin turns his focus towards Waterson, the manager beats a quick retreat out of the ring.]

GM: Ben Waterson is running for it... and oh good grief, really?

[The loud "CLUNK!" heard soon gives way to the voice of Ben Waterson.]

ATTSBW: Yes, really, Myers! You think I'm going to stand back and let you slander the Future of this industry on commentary?!

GM: There's that "Future" moniker again. I was just asking Bucky what in the world this young man has done to earn that name.

ATTSBW: You've gotta be kidding me, Myers. Do you even bother to open your eyes during these matches anymore? Just watch!

GM: I AM watching and right now, Perez is getting thrown around the ring like a ragdoll by young Barry Botwin out of Tampa, Florida.

ATTSBW: Pedro's just luring him in. Keep watching.

[Backed into the corner, Perez gets rocked with a series of big haymakers to the jaw before he's grabbed by the arm, fired across the ring into the opposite set of buckles.]

GM: Ohh! Hard into the corner goes your man, Mr. Waterson.

ATTBW: For an unbiased commentator, you sound pretty happy about that, Myers.

BW: Doesn't he? You see what I put up with out here at ringside?

ATTSBW: Just makes your announcing awards more impressive, Bucky, since you had to carry Father Time over here.

[Botwin marches across the ring, throwing a big cowboy boot into the gut of Perez to double him up.]

ATTSBW: Why is this idiot Botwin wearing cowboy boots? Who ever heard of a cowboy out of Florida?

GM: Mr. Waterson, while we're watching your man take a whole lot of punishment here, perhaps you can give us your thoughts on what happened last time in that big tag team Main Event where your men, Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard, fell short against Supernova and Stevie Scott.

ATTSBW: First off, Myers... if you ever paid any sort of attention at all, you would know that Dufresne and Broussard are NOT "my men" as you put it. Neither man is under any sort of contractual obligation to myself or to Waterson International. However, I share a close friendship with both men and was sickened to see the way they were treated two weeks ago by the AWA front office.

GM: Are you kidding me?

ATTSBW: Not at all. That whole thing was a set up. Did you see the smug look on Stegglet's face when he announced the Main Event for SuperClash? Well, that's nothing compared to the look that'll be on Calisto Dufresne's face when he foils Stegglet's plan and puts Supernova down for a three count live on Internet Pay Per View.

GM: Will you be at ringside for that match?

ATTSBW: If the champ requests my services, he'll have them. But right now, Myers, there's a showcase of pure wrestling talent in the ring that you're choosing to ignore. I know it's hard to focus in your advanced age but let's give it a shot, shall we?

[Waterson coincidentally draws the focus back to the ring as Pedro Perez backflips out of a belly to back suplex attempt, taking Botwin's knee out from under him with a dropkick.]

GM: A nice counter to the suplex there by your man Perez, I'll give him that much.

BW: You're going to have to give him a lot more than that soon, ain't that right, Ben?

ATTSBW: Absolutely right, Bucky.

GM: What is that supposed to mean?

[After a middle rope dropkick to the chest knocks Botwin flat, Perez drops a leaping fistedrop between the eyes before getting a two count.]

ATTSBW: Nearfall there for the Future of this sport. Don't worry, Myers, I'll do your job for you.

GM: My apologies but what is Bucky talking about?

[Pulling Botwin off the mat, Perez fires him into the ropes.]

ATTSBW: Mexican whip... Botwin ducks the clothesline... HIPTOSS!
HIPTOSS! MAH GAWD, A HIPTOSS!

GM: You seem to be avoiding the question.

[Perez bounces off the ropes, leaping off the mat, and crashing down with a better-than-usual-executed senton splash.]

BW: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

GM: Hardly.

[Perez rolls over into a lateral press, again only earning a two count before Botwin gets the shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: A near fall there for Pedro Perez. Are you happy with what you're seeing out of Perez here tonight?

ATTSBW: I'm always happy with what I see out of Pedro Perez. The man is on the verge of cracking the Championship Committee's biased Top Ten rankings and when that happens, the sky is going to be the limit for him.

GM: You think he's a Top Ten contender for the National Title?

ATTSBW: He may not be quite there yet, Myers, but when you're talking about the Future of our industry, you're talking about a man who has the entire world in his hands. Todd Michaelson knew it. He had him ready to graduate to the main roster... but he was missing something. With me in his corner, he found it.

GM: But it's not like he's had a very impressive win streak since coming to the AWA. In fact, Robert Donovan-

ATTSBW: Robert Donovan is not a concern to me or Pedro Perez.

GM: What does that mean?

ATTSBW: Exactly what I said.

GM: You seem to be dodging a whole lot of questions here tonight, Mr. Waterson.

[With Botwin pushing up to a knee, Perez winds up his right hand, pointing out of Ben Waterson.]

ATTSBW: Oh yeah! Here it comes, Myers!

[Perez throws the haymaker, putting everything he has behind it.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The blow knocks Botwin backwards to the mat. Perez shakes his hand, wincing in pain from the blow...

...and then promptly points to the corner where he slingshots up to the top rope, pointing out to the jeering fans.]

GM: HE LEAPS!

[Perez sails through the air in a seated position and DROPS a leg down across the throat and chest!]

GM: A legdrop off the top!

ATTSBW: And in the House Of Waterson, we call that the Toluca Jam! You can call it the end for young Barry Botwin.

GM: One... two... and there's the three.

ATTSBW: Gordon Myers, you didn't annoy me as much as usual here tonight. I think you deserve a reward. I'm going to give you a scoop right here and right now.

GM: Oh?

ATTSBW: Mr. Wilde here mentioned earlier that soon Pedro Perez would earn more than you giving him credit for a mere counter. What he means is that on Thanksgiving Night - The Future takes one step closer towards coming true. At SuperClash III, Pedro Perez... is going to STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT!

GM: He WHAT?!

ATTSBW: That's right! Pedro Perez is no longer going to be knocking on the door of the Championship Committee to earn their attention - he's going to kick that door down! He's gonna win Steal The Spotlight and then, Gordon Myers? All bets are off.

GM: I can't believe it!

ATTSBW: Believe it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got a victory celebration to attend.

[The loud "CLUNK!" is heard once more as Ben Waterson joins Perez in the ring, celebrating his victory to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Pedro Perez is the second man to enter Steal The Spotlight!

BW: You're shocked, aren'tcha? Admit it, Gordo!

GM: I'm shocked that Ben Waterson would put his client in that position, yes.

BW: What?!

GM: In my view, Pedro Perez is nowhere NEAR ready for a match of that magnitude! Steal The Spotlight... my stars, MAMMOTH Mizusawa - a legitimate giant in this sport - has won that match two years running! What chance does someone like Pedro Perez have?

BW: The best chance of all! Just wait, Gordo! He'll show ya on Thanksgiving Night and then you'll be eating a serious dose of your own words!

GM: We'll see about that. Fans, speaking of SuperClash III, two weeks ago, we found out that Calisto Dufresne will be defending the National Title in Memphis, Tennessee against the Number One contender and the winner of this year's Memorial Day Rumble, Supernova! Earlier today, Supernova asked Jason Dane to join him outside the Crockett Coliseum. Let's take a look...

[Words appear on the screen: EARLIER TODAY]

AWA interviewer Jason Dane is standing outside the Crockett Coliseum where fans are lined up to buy tickets for the show. Many of the fans have now noticed the camera filming and are waving and cheering.

JD: A lot of fans waiting for tickets for tonight's Saturday Night show... I can tell a lot of people are excited to get in here for all the action at the Crockett Coliseum... and the reason I'm out here is because somebody asked me to be here and...

[He then stops as now some of the fans noticing the camera have noticed somebody approaching and are cheering. Jason turns to look in the direction fans are pointing.]

JD: And here comes that somebody... it's Supernova!

[And the camera now pans over to show that, indeed, the face-painted blonde wrestler known as Supernova is walking toward the arena. And yes, his face is painted yellow and black, even though he's just arriving at the arena. Also noteworthy is a T-shirt he wears, black with these words in yellow lettering:

OCCUPY SUPER CLASH

OK, so SuperClash isn't two words, but given the size of the lettering on his shirt, you aren't gonna fit that on one line!

As Supernova approaches, he cups his hands to his mouth and howls, drawing a louder response from the fans lined up to buy tickets.]

JD: Supernova, welcome... I have to ask you, what is it with this shirt?

S: Jason, we've all heard the talk about Occupy Wall Street, about how certain people think certain guys on the upper crust are oblivious to what people who aren't as high in income are dealing with... and while I'm not one to take anything away from somebody who earned their way to the top, I know there are plenty of people in this world who think their status in the upper crust means they are somehow more special than anyone else!

[He then turns to the fans who are now less concerned about tickets and more concerned about the presence of Supernova.]

S: Yet you look at these people here, and I'm willing to bet that the bulk of them, while not making seven figures a year, went out and earned everything they got, appreciated what they did earn and know what it truly means to work your way to the top! And it's these people I can relate to... I was just somebody toiling in the California territories, just happy to have a chance to wrestle, then when I got the call from the AWA that they wanted to see what I can do, I saw it as a great opportunity!

[The fans cheer as Supernova turns back to Jason.]

S: But the one thing I never lost sight of was this: Just because the AWA gave me an opportunity, it didn't mean I could just rest on my laurels... if I was going to get to the top, I had to earn my way there!

And that's the problem I've got with Calisto Dufresne... he didn't earn his way to the top like he wants people to believe. He leveraged his way into a match thanks to backing Bobby Taylor into a corner when all Taylor wanted was to settle an old score. Then Dufresne disappears for months after City Jack earned himself a victory over Dufresne, and as others are in that ring night after night, earning their keep, he stays in hiding and has half the AWA roster do the work for him so he can become the National champion.

In a nutshell, Jason, Dufresne is one of those guys who is out of touch with what it means to earn your way to the top... and that's why I declare my movement to take the National title to be Occupy SuperClash! Because I can guarantee you that, just as I've been earning my way to the top by proving it in that ring, I'm gonna earn my way to the National Championship by facing Dufresne one-on-one, pushing him to the limit, and doing exactly what I did to him last Saturday Night, and that's beating him in the ring!

That's what Occupy SuperClash is all about... you want to be on top, you better earn it by proving it in the ring and doing it with your own God-given talents!

[And then he motions to the fans again.]

S: And these people here, I know most of them believing in earning what they get... and I have no doubt they'll be all for my movement!

[The fans' cheers indicate it would be so. Supernova now turns to the fans and greets them, happily signing autographs for those who want them.]

JD: All right, fans, Supernova declaring his title quest to be Occupy SuperClash and he says he'll earn that AWA National title in the ring! One can only wonder what Calisto Dufresne will have to say about this!

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

BW: OCCUPY SUPERCLASH?! Oh, that's just fitting! For weeks, all I've heard about is these dirty, stinky, whining hippies on the streets of America telling people how they want to take MY MONEY and give it them for things

like roads and schools and a bunch of pinko crap like that! It's fitting that a guy who wears makeup would join up with them and adopt that movement as his way of trying to rally people behind him to win the title!

GM: Your money?

BW: Well, maybe it's Mama's... but that don't change a thing, Gordo! People like me, my Mama, and Calisto Dufresne - we're in the one percent! And we earned it! You don't get none of it, Supernova! You don't get my money and at SuperClash, you don't get the Ladykiller's title!

GM: We'll see about that... but it certainly seems like momentum is on the side of Supernova as he heads towards SuperClash and his date with destiny. Fans, we've gotta take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[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 BC Da Mastah MC.]

BC: When I'm sittin' at home flippin' the dial...
The only place I wanna be is showin' Gomer Pyle...
They got the Jetsons, Mama's Family, and the AWA...
Yeah, you know I'm talkin' 'bout W-K-I-K...

YO! YO! YO! GO! GO! GO!

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out to the back where we hold on a panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum crowd for a moment before we hear "Saz O Avaz Mahdor" over the PA. Sultan Azam Sharif, clad in his flowing reddish-brown bisht, is stepping through the ropes to a loud mixed reaction from the Crockett Coliseum crowd. The white kaffiyeh hides much of Sharif's head, but it is undeniably him. He is waving his enormous Iranian flag. Across the ring is a well-built mixed-race young man with short black hair, black-and-red trunks, and matching elbowpads, kneepads, and boots.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. We're about to see Sultan Azam Sharif in action, and joining us in the broadcast booth at this time is his manager, Count Adrian Bathwaite.

CAB: And I see that Buckthorn has even provided a fresh cup of tea. Good show, Bucky. I don't suspect this will take long at all, though. The Sultan is up against some needle-necked serf from the rank-and-file, I see.

GM: That's Mark Hoefner, a rookie who may go places in the future.

BW: But he's only goin' one place tonight, Gordo. And it ain't the Sizzlah~!

CAB: The what?

GM: They don't even have those in Tex...

BW: SHHH! Introductions!

PW: Our next bout is scheduled for one fall and a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first, to my left... from Shenandoah, Pennsylvania... weighing in at two-hundred twenty-nine pounds...

...MARK HOEFNER!

[The youngster pumps his fist into the sky, to a very mild reaction.]

PW: His opponent, to my right. Introducing first the manager, Count Adrian Bathwaite!

[BOOOOOO! The camera gets a shot of the Eurasian manager, standing as his name is called. He is decked out in an intentionally-faded plaid sportcoat, a black sequined undershirt, black pants, and light pink tie.]

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

...SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

[Sharif slaps both sides of his well-muscled chest. Now divested of his outer garments, the Persian grappler's battlescarred physique is now visible. He has black hair neatly done in a Caesar hairstyle, a neatly groomed mustache and goatee, and an intense stare in his grey eyes.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Collar-and-elbow tieup. Hoefner is very aggressive, but the Sultan using that against him. He let Mark back him up and then swung him with his momentum into the ropes. And a heavy forearm into the ropes! You've tricked this man into believing that fair play is disrespectful, Adrain Bathwaite!

CAB: Tricked? You addle-headed peasant, that's exactly what it is! If you don't think a man merits your full effort, what do you think of him, then?

GM: There's a difference between full effort and violating the rules!

CAB: What would a commoner know about rules more than his betters, who _make_ the rules? Look here! The Sultan with a brilliant bit of chain wrestling. Going through different holds to maneuver his man where he wants him.

[That is in fact what is happening. After a pair of hard forearms to the sternum, Sharif applied a front facelock, used a single-leg to take him down while transitioning into a hammerlock, then into an arm bar so he could walk his man into the middle of the ring, then into a half-nelson to drag him up and an abdominal stretch to finish it.]

GM: Unquestionably, Sharif can technically wrestle circles around the majority of men in this sport. But at SuperClash, with the caliber of men in the Steal The Spotlight match, he will likely find that much more difficult to do.

BW: Why?

GM: ...I just said why. The caliber of opponent.

BW: Gordo, unless there's gonna be somebody in that match named Broussard, Dufrense, or Laaaaa... uh, someone gets rehired by the AWA... no, I don't think it's gonna be much harder for him to matwrestle his opponent. The trick'll be in keeping the match in that style, right Adrian?

CAB: Absolutely. If an opponent drags it into a gutter brawl, the way these filth-ridden rotters are wont to do, that's the only chance they have. But look, see? It isn't that easy!

[As this analysis had gone on, Hoefner was using his elbows to clear out of the Stretch. He got some space, jumpkicked the Sultan in the chest, and jumped in the air for a Superman punch... only to get his arm caught and tucked into an underarm wristlock. Sharif grabs the other arm in the same hold, and hurls his man straight overhead with a stunning suplex!]

GM: WHAT A SUPLEX! We've seen that one before, that double armlock suplex...

CAB: It is an inverted Tiger suplex, not that you know much about technical nomenclature.

BW: Hoefner's in big trouble already!

GM: He's a young man who has formed a decent tag team with Matt Ginn on untelevised events, they have even scored some wins against some of the other rookie and journeyman teams, but as a single he has not broken out. And unless he puts the breaks on Sharif's momentum immediately, he won't. When these suplexes start, it's usually the beginning of the end.

CAB: That it is, Myers. Look, here comes the gutwrench! Right over his head!

[The crowd 'ooohs', as the Sultan's unconventional gutwrench suplex goes clean over his head... he swivels, and smashes the man down hard, like bouncing a ball.]

BW: He could pin him right now. That's not far removed from a gutwrench powerbomb.

GM: With Steal The Spotlight in the very near future, Sharif looking to get a big wave of momentum heading into that match. So, Adrian Bathwaite, are you and your man on the same page about this?

CAB: What are you implying, you... yes. You know, yes, I'll answer that. Now my man is doing it the right way. And you just watch what he's doing to this peasant in the ring. This is exactly what you'll see at SuperClash... better competition or not!

[Sharif reaches down and hooks his man by the waist, lifting as if for a side suplex or side backbreaker. But he does not stop when he gets his opponent level... instead he swings his foe up, so that his foe's legs go over his shoulder, and flings him back over his shoulder! The momentum causes Hoefner to land on his upper back.]

GM: WHAT WAS THAT?!

BW: I think he just INVENTED a suplex!

CAB: That's a Persian Suplex, Bucky. And now, we're going to see how it all ends. This part will look quite familiar.

[Sharif flips Hoefner over, drags him just a few feet to get him facing East, and applies the dreaded Camel Clutch.]

GM: That's it! The Camel Clutch is applied, and once he gets it there... Hoefner isn't strong enough to stand a chance.

"DING! DING! DING!"

["Saz O Avaz Mahdor" begins immediately, and the fans boo as Sharif does not relinquish the hold.]

GM: And again with this! How did you trick him into thinking this was sportsmanlike?!

CAB: Hey, if that dirt farmer can't take it, he's in the wrong sport! Best to put on those feminine pads and play your yank excuse for 'football' if you're that squeamish about injury or exertion! This is the sport of kings! And after my man steals the spotlight and gets an honest, legitimate shot at the title, it will be known as the sport of sultans!

PW: The winner of this match... SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

[Sharif relinquishes the hold at the count of four, and celebrates in the ring. That last bit, with the extended camel clutch, has turned the mixed reaction largely negative.]

GM: Bathwaite has left the broadcast position. He's not letting Sharif participate in an interview... and no wonder why, after what we heard on the last show. Sharif finished his man off before I could even bring that up, but...

BW: So don't bring it up! Instead, let's look forward! SuperClash is gonna be exciting, but I wonder exactly who else will be in that Steal The Spotlight match!

GM: Well, we already know that it'll be Pedro Perez joining Sultan Azam Sharif in that elimination match but there are a lot of other top flight competitors who may be looking to join them there. I understand that later tonight during our first SuperClash Control Center, Jason Dane will be revealing more names for Steal The Spotlight but right now, let's go backstage where I'm told the Antons are standing by!

[Mark Stegglet is standing by with the Antons, Alex and Nick, in matching purple-and-white Northwestern Wildcats letterman jackets.]

MS: Gentlemen, you asked for it and tonight, you step into the ring against the First Family. Your thoughts?

AA: Mark! If we had known how easy it was, we would have asked that the match take place at the big one! After all, that's what the Aces did, so I don't see why they shouldn't throw a bone to a team like the Antons...

MS: But what about your opponents tonight?

AA: Without looking past those two, no, three halfwits, having this match tonight just clears our schedule for something more important at SuperClash! A chance to prove not just how much we belong in this company, among these teams, but also how ready we are to be challenging for the top spot. You know what? Damn right I'm looking past the First Family!

NA: STEGGLET! What my brother is saying is that tonight? It doesn't get any more basic than this: we owe those doofuses a beating. Or, rather, they owe us and we're here to claim our pound of flesh! It's payback, plain and simple, and the Antons thrive on simplicity. We don't care if it's the loudmouth; we don't care if it's his Wookie brother; we don't even care if Mrs. Clause herself gets involved... As with all made-up things, they don't stand up against a dose of hard-hitting reality. The First Family like to bring up the Lord's good book? What we'll do to them will be pure Old Testament!

AA: And after that? Maybe the Championship Committee wants to consider us for something bigger at SuperClash. Not a title match, obviously, but, hey, has a tag team ever been part of Steal the Spotlight? Could be a first

and just what the Antons need to claim their spot right near the very top. All I'm saying is, gentlemen? Think about it.

[The brothers stalk off camera, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: The Antons are looking past the First Family and they want to STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT on Thanksgiving Night! Gordon, Bucky - back to you at ringside!

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

GM: Tag team action about to go down here on Saturday Night Wrestling between two teams who are, quite frankly, on the outside looking in right now. You've got Violence Unlimited and the Lynches locked in constant combat to see who is the best team in the world and you've got the Blonde Bombers and the Aces right behind them. But where do the First Family and the Antons fit in? We may be about to find out.

[Watson speaks!]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... accompanied to the ring by Eve... they are Adam and Brother Cain...

THE FIRRRRRRST FAAAAAMILYYYYY!

[Brother Cain lifts a massive arm to jeers from the crowd as Adam leaps up on the midbuckle and begins shouting at the fans.]

PW: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 547 pounds... from Chicago, Illinois...

[The sounds of "Go U Northwestern" by the Northwestern University Marching Band kicks in over the PA system to a cheer.]

PW: Nick and Alex...

THE ANNNNNNNNTONNNNNS!

[The curtain parts for the two powerful young brothers from the Windy City. Nick is the first one through, his hair shaved close to the head in a buzz cut. He tugs at the straps on his purple singlet with the image of a wildcat's head on the left thigh.

Alex is right behind him, a bit more chiseled in physique than his older brother. He has short black hair and a well-trimmed goatee. He wears a similar purple singlet with "NU" on the right thigh and "AA" on the left thigh. He whoops it up as he comes through the curtain, pure energy in comparison to his brother who stares stoic down the ramp at the ring.]

GM: Here comes the two young brothers!

[Alex claps Nick on the shoulder and with a swing of an arm towards the ring, the two powerhouses begin the long march down the elevated walkway towards the squared circle where their two opponents await them.]

GM: The Antons are heading to the ring and they look fired up, Bucky!

BW: They look more focused than we've ever seen 'em... and they better be if they want to get involved with Steal The Spotlight! Pedro Perez would eat these two up for lunch!

GM: Pedro... what?!

[The Antons hit the ring hard and heavy, immediately tearing into the nearest person...

...who just happens to be Brother Cain.]

GM: Uh oh!

[A swarm of fists and forearms from the two 270 pound brothers batter the masked man back against the ropes. Adam stands outside the ring on the floor, shouting instructions as each brother grabs an arm, firing Brother Cain across the ring...

...and toppling him with a lunging double shoulder tackle!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN GOES BROTHER CAIN!

BW: He... what the heck?! How did they do that?!

[Not finished, Alex Anton pulls Brother Cain up to his feet by one of his massive arms, wheeling him around to throw him into the turnbuckles. Ignoring Scott Von Braun's shouts to get one man out of the ring, Alex grabs Nick by the arm, firing him in after the masked man...

...RIGHT INTO A SPEAR TACKLE!]

GM: OHHHH, MY STARS!!!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Brother Cain being absolutely wrecked by a Nick Anton spear tackle known as the Wildcat Attack. A focused Nick Anton springs back to his feet, throwing his arms apart in a roar...

...and then pointing a muscular arm outside the ring at Adam, the First Man.]

GM: Uh oh! Adam better start praying... fast!

[Nick Anton dashes across the ring, sliding out to the floor where he starts pursuing Adam around the squared circle as Alex Anton drags Brother Cain back to his feet.]

GM: Alex Anton hooks him!

[The powerful arms of the younger Anton wrap around the torso of Brother Cain, pausing for a moment before Anton pops his hips, hurling Cain up, over, and halfway across the ring before he crashes down to the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! What a show of power that is!

[A fleeing Adam runs right into the ramp, scrambling up onto it and heading for higher ground as Nick Anton climbs up on the ramp, glaring down it after him as his brother gives a shout.]

GM: Wait a second! There's no way!

BW: Try telling them that!

[Alex Anton ducks down behind a wobbly Brother Cain, powering him up in an electric chair lift as Nick Anton scales the ropes, waving a powerful arm in the air to the roars of the crowd...

...and LEAPS OFF THE TOP!]

GM: CLOTHESLINE OFF THE TOP!!

[The high impact blow flips Brother Cain through the air, dumping him down onto the canvas with a crushing thud!]

GM: AIR! ANTON! CONNECTS!

[Alex Anton flips Brother Cain to his back, planting both palms down on the chest and fully extending his arms as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Holy cow! The Antons just OBLITERATED The First Family, Bucky!

BW: You talk about the Antons being on the outside looking in... that may have just changed drastically, Gordo!

GM: The Antons just showed the entire AWA that they mean business and when they say they want to Steal The Spotlight at SuperClash III, they may be capable of doing exactly that!

BW: Adam ran out of here like a thief in the night. We may never see him again as fast as he was running, Gordo.

GM: You may be right about that. The Antons with an impressive victory here over the First Family and this could mean the start of big things for them here in the AWA, fans. We'll be right back - don't you dare go away!

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

MS: Hello, fans! And welcome to the AWA Live Event Center! I'm Mark Stegglet and you fans in San Antonio, Texas, had better get ready because the AWA is coming to town on Friday, November 4th, for another night of AWA arena action! The Rose Palace 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 Title will be on the line when Calisto Dufresne defends the gold! MAMMOTH Mizusawa will be in the building taking on Travis Lynch! Plus, the Blonde Bombers will be in action as well!

[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 back up to live action backstage to Jason Dane, who is standing next to the rookie Alphonse Green. Green is wearing a pair of blue jeans and an AWA t-shirt, with his hair cut in a perfect Moe Howard-ish haircut.]

JD: I'd like to introduce my next guest at this time, a young man who has recently put together a string of victories at live events after starting off his AWA career on a low note, Alphonse Green!

[Green waves to the camera, a broad smile crossing his face.]

JD: Now, Alphonse, before I start this interview, I'd like to show the folks at home some recent highlights of some of your victories, if I may?

[Green nods his head in approval as Dane notions to roll a clip. The camera fades, and some stills from recent live events pop up on screen, all of them with Alphonse Green defeating various local talents, usually by the skin of his teeth.]

JD: [Seemingly trying to keep a straight face.] You've put together a nice string of impressive wins there, Alphonse.

[Green nods his head enthusiastically.]

AG: Yup! Now, some of those guys have given me a run for my money, but without the love and support of the AWA faithful, I wouldn't have put together this win streak! I think these people out there in AWA-land have finally realized that I am not a bad guy, and for that, I will love and appreciate them in return!

JD: Your win streak has definitely not gone without notice by the match makers here, and in two weeks time, you're going to be put to the test in your toughest challenge to date. Your opponent has also put together a nice streak at recent events. He's the controversial Colonel, P.W. de Klerk!

[There's a slight pause, as Green ponders the situation.]

AG: Oh, yea, that guy.

[Dane nods his head.]

AG: He comes in this country, running his mouth, telling about how superior he is and how he doesn't want to lower himself to fight certain people?

[Green turns to the camera, anger in his eyes.]

AG: That sort of thing might fly in the third world country you come from, BUT THAT'S NOT THE WAY WE DO IT IN AMERICA! That's what makes our country great! We don't discriminate against anyone here. Small or tall, fat or thin, black or white! We treat everyone here with the respect and dignity they deserve! I've heard what you've had to say on TV and at live events, and I'm tired of you runnin' your mouth, and most importantly, each and everyone of these awesome people are sick and tired of you too! In two weeks time, I'm gonna do what Tim McGraw says to do in his hit song "Courtesy of the U.S. of A" - I'm gonna put a foot on your behind, it's the way of the U.S.A!

[Dane obviously knows that Green was completely wrong, but seeing the fury building in Green's eyes, decides against correcting him. The flabbergasted look on Dane's face tells it all.]

JD: I, uhh...

AG: Yes?

[The look of anger fades off of Green's face, as Dane composes himself.]

JD: I wish you the best of luck, but before you go, there's something I'd like to bring up, if I may?

AG: Sure!

JD: Well, before the show tonight, I put up a poll on the AWA website. It's an opinion poll, asking the AWA fans if they think that you have what it takes to be a star in this sport. Not only that, but I've been polling random audience members tonight, and I will be doing that at live events. Just a feedback thing, you know?

[Green nods his head.]

JD: Don't worry, nobody will be able to see the results of this poll until two weeks from tonight, before your big match with de Klerk. No pressure or anything.

AG: I don't feel any pressure, Jason. I know that all my Greeniacs out there will continue to show me their love and support. I believe in them, and they believe in me, and I will ride their wave of support all the way to the top of the AWA! I love you guys! WHOOOOOO!!!!!!

[With that, Green bounces off camera, as Dane looks on. Dane turns to the camera, and shakes his head slightly in disbelief as we crossfade back to a man standing in the middle of the ring. He has straight, shoulder-length brown hair, a trimmed beard and muscular build. Wearing a tweed blazer complete with elbow patches and a mensa emblem on the crest.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this match is scheduled for one fall and has a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, he is the only certified genius in AWA, "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno!

[Manny bows with a flourish and swipes the mic from Phil Watson's hand.]

MI: Thank you, my assembled cretis, I shall endeavor to free you from the shackles of your ignorance...for as Elbert Hubbard once said "Genius may have its limitations, but stupidity is not thus handicapped". In order to break the shackles upon your limited intellects, I have prepared a passage from Henry V by the Bard himself...

Ahem...

What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin;
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more methinks would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse;
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with ---

[With the crowd jeering their lesson, the lights dim and "Saints of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue cuts in over the PA system as "Showtime" Rick Marley emerges from the back, absent quite a bit of his fanfare. The dark haired cruiserweight is shaking his head as he moves down towards ringside, slapping hands with the fans as he goes.]

BW: That idiot Marley doesn't appreciate culture, Daddy! How dare he interrupt his betters!

GM: I'm just glad it's over.

BW: You have no appreciation for culture.

[Marley hits the ring at a sprint sliding under the ropes and smiling at Mr. Mensa as he reaches through the ropes for his own mic as the Mensa member glares at him.]

MI: How DARE you interrupt me while I perform one of the finest pieces of-

RM: Dude. Shakespeare? On a WRESTLING show? Really?

You'll have better luck with a nice little limerick...and the audience can call along.

Ready?

Hey guys, THERE ONCE WAS A MAN FROM NANTUCKET...

[The crowd erupts into applause as Marley turns away from Imbrogno to being his poem...but quickly turns to boos as a now outraged genius charges the fan favorite from behind and clubs him in the back of the head with the mic, sending him stumbling into the ropes and rebounding chest first off of them and into a textbook dropkick to the back of Marley's head, flooring him. Imbrogno tosses his mic out of the ring as he rants at Marley, accusing him of being too stupid to understand true greatness...]

DING DING DING

GM: Imbrogno showing a bit of a temper at what he took as a slight from "Showtime" Rick Marley.

BW: He didn't TAKE it as a slight, Gordo...it WAS a slight. Our little brains don't understand true greatness like Imbrogno understands. He was trying to broaden our horizons!

GM: Right now it looks like he's looking to broaden a hole in Marley's skull.

BW: I'm comfortable with that too.

[Imbrogno continues to berate Marley as he pulls the smaller man to his feet and hits a textbook European uppercut that staggers him back into the ropes, where he receives two more for good measure.]

GM: Look at the way that Marley's head is snapping back from those European Uppercuts, Bucky! Textbook move from Imbrogno.

BW: That's because he knows all about textbooks, Gordo! The guy writes 'em for fun!

[Imbrogno pulls Marley off of the ropes, then nails a front kick to his mid section that he follows up immediately with a leaping knee to the neck that floors Marley once again. Imbrogno smiles, nodding to the crowd and pointing to his head before bouncing off of the ropes and hitting the prone Marley with a running front flip senton splash, then rolling over and hooking the leg.]

1! 2!

GM: NO! Strong kickout from Marley as Imbrogno begins to argue with the official about a slow count...

BW: Slow count from a slow man. It only makes sense, Gordo.

[After berating the official for a moment, Imbrogno shakes his head and stalks over to Marley, who has risen to his hands and knees and plants a kick to his side with a smirk on his face as boos cascade down.]

GM: The fans don't seem to appreciate the efforts of Mr. Mensa, Bucky.

BW: They don't appreciate true genius, Daddy. They just keep pulling for mental incompetents like Marley or those Stench brothers...

[Imbrogno grabs Marley by the hair and pulls him to his feet, locking on a front chancery...then shakes his head and begins to turn him over for a reverse neckbreaker...]

GM: Looks like Imbrogno has scouted out Marley's Rewrite, Bucky. He had him set for a vertical suplex, but thought better of it.

BW: You go back to that well too often and you're gonna lose out to a guy like Imbrogno. He's not called "Mr. Mensa" for nothing, Gordo.

[As soon as Imbrogno has Marley turned over, Marley gets a burst of energy. Before Imbrogno can drop to a seated position to complete the move, Marley runs up three ropes he's facing and springs off of the top, backflipping over the top of Imbrogno and hitting a modified DDT on the way down!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! WHAT A MOVE FROM SHOWTIME!

BW: I'm sure that was illegal.

[With both men laying on the canvas, the official starts his count...with both using the ropes to come to their feet at six. Imbrogno charges Marley who leapfrogs over the top, then immediately rolls to his back as Imbrogno rebounds off the rope and gets caught by Marley's feet on the way back, getting launched into an odd sort of toss across the ring, where he lands with a thud and comes up clutching his lower back.

Marley springs immediately into motion, coming to his feet and racing forward and hitting a low dropkick to Imbrogno's back as he stretches off of the canvas!]

BW: Marley's cheating, Daddy! He can't hit a guy when he's down like that!

GM: Imbrogno started this match out by clubbing Marley over the back of the head with a microphone!

BW: But that was BEFORE the match started, so it was legal.

[Marley is up as Imbrogno comes to his feet and charges, only to be caught in a deep armdrag takedown. Back up to his feet once again, but only to raise up into a textbook flying headscissors takedown from Marley that sends Imbrogno skidding across the ring and pounding the apron in frustration as Marley points to the side of his head with a smile and winks at Mr. Mensa.]

GM: Marley is mocking Imbrogno, and the genius doesn't like it one bit!

BW: That's because Manny Imbrogno is a legitimate genius...like Albert Einstein! Rick Marley is a mouth breather who gets amused by shiny things! They're not in the same category.

[Imbrogno comes to his feet and meets Marley with a collar and elbow tie up. Imbrogno comes out ahead, putting the smaller man into a side headlock , which Marley quickly pushes him out of, sending Imbrogno into the ropes. Marley goes down onto his belly as Imbrogno hops over top, hitting the far ropes as Marley comes back to his feet. Seeing an opening Imbrogno attempts a high cross body on Marley, who leaps and catches him with a layout dropkick to the mid section in mid air that sends him crashing to the canvas.]

GM: Another amazing move from Marley as he continues to earn that 'Showtime' nickname, Bucky.

BW: He got lucky again. Brains will win out in the end, you'll see.

[Imbrogno is struggling to his feet, gasping for breath as Marley comes back to his vertical base and charges the ropes perpendicular to Imbrogno, rebounding and catching him from behind in a running one handed bulldog. Marley climbs to his feet once more and lowers into a crouch as Imbrogno struggles up to his vertical base...]

GM: CASTING CALL SUPERKICK! Marley nailed him with that superkick and

dropped Mr. Mensa like a bad habit, Bucky!

BW: One reversed move and that pipsqueak turned it around. It's infuriating, Daddy.

[Marley moves over and hauls Imbrogno back to his feet once more, locks in the front facelock and spins...]

GM: Limelight! Limelight! He nailed it solid, and the cover will be academic.

BW: You used that term just to rub it in, didn't you?

1.....2.....3!!!!

DING DING DING!

PW: Your winner by pinfall...

"SHOWTIME" Rick Marley!

[Marley rises to his feet, his hand quickly raised by Senior Official Johnny Jagger to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Another impressive victory for Rick Marley and that young man has been on quite the roll since making his return back at Homecoming. What does SuperClash have in store for him? We may find out later tonight in the Control Center! But right now, let's go back to the interview area where Mark Stegglet is standing by!

[Cut up to the interview area where Mark Stegglet stands, microphone at the ready, with a big smile on his face.]

MS: Fans, Mark Stegglet here with the "Hollywood Man" Larry Doyle. Larry--

[From stage right steps the squishy, lumpy mouth that walks like a man. Dressed in a puce and black checker patterned suit, Doyle has the kind of unseemly grin you might find on a dog caught eating from the litter box. Adjusting his thick-rimmed glasses with tape in the middle to hold them up, Doyle glares at Stegglet before nodding slowly.]

MS: Larry, thanks for joining me today. Everyone's been wondering where the Blonde Bombers have been these last few months. After announcing that you had big plans for the team both you and your men went off the grid.

LD: That's correct Mark, thanks for the history lesson. You're doing better than that sweatstain Daaane ever did, I can tell you that much. We've been hard at work setting up the next step in the evolution of the Blonde Bombers and paving the way to the championship.

MS: Next step?

LD: You're darned right sonny-Jim. Look at this suit! This is a one-hundred percent polyester 3-piece! This is success you're looking at right here.

MS: But this next step? Could you elaborate?

LD: Backstage dealings, my friend! Politics! The Bombers are on the cusp of a #1 contenders match with those in-bred cloning victims the Lynches. One more dinner with one more member of the Championship Committee and forget about it. We'll be in like Flynn.

MS: Last week the Aces issued a challenge to the Bombers--

LD: Whoa, whoa ... let me just stop you right there. The Aces? What are they? #3 contenders? My boys are #2. Why in the world would we want to take a step down? Who are these guys anyway? I've sure as heck never heard of 'em.

MS: Stevie Childes--

LD: Who?

MS: --and Danny Tyler.

LD: Still not ringing a bell. Who have they beaten? My boys have beaten Juan Vasquez and Alex Martinez!

MS: Some say that the Bombers have been resting on their laurels--

LD: When your laurels are this big you can rest on 'em. Laurels like king-sized beds! The Aces simply aren't on our level.

[The crowd cheers as "Sweet" Stevie Childes and "Delicious" Danny Tyler come out on stage and into view of the camera to the left of Mark Stegglet. Both men are wearing AWA t-shirts and jeans. Stegglet looks a bit surprised. He turns and faces the the Aces.]

MS: The Aces have joined us on stage.

DT: I heard what you said in the back, Larry. Since you're out here, I'll reiterate the challenge from two weeks ago. Aces. Bombers. SuperClash.

[More cheers from the crowd. Doyle scowls.]

DT: Don't even bother to brush us off, Larry. You don't know...

[Childes cuts off his partner.]

SC: No need to get into a war of words, Danny. If you're in like Flynn with the Championship Committee, Doyle, why don't you have them make this a number one contenders match?

[Big cheer from the crowd. Doyle restrains laughter.]

SC: Whoever wins at SuperClash, gets a chance to face the National Tag Team Champions, be it Violence Unlimited or the Lynches. Surely, even you can't turn down something like that.

[Finally, the "Hollywood Man" busts out laughing. Mockingly holding onto Stegglet for support, Doyle points at the two Aces.]

LD: Wow, wow I knew you two kids were ignorant but do you really know absolutely nothing about how the business works? In what world does the number three team get to be number one without beating the number one team?

[Doyle assumes the manner of a pre-school teacher as he talks down to the Aces.]

LD: See... we're number two, those low-browed caveman throwbacks the Lynches are number one... so give it a week, the Bombers beat the tar out of those La Brea rejects--

[Doyle turns to Stegglet.]

LD: La Brea tarpits if you didn't know. It's a very clever reference.

[Back to the aces.]

LD: One title shot later and, next thing you know, the Blonde Bombers FINALLY get what's coming to them. To us! Speaking of... BOYS!

[Taking a step back from the increasingly annoyed Aces, Doyle gets behind the wrestlers he manages.]

MS: Ah... the Blonde Bombers and Masked Menace have joined-

[A (what else) menacing look from the masked titan, Larry Doyle's muscle, and current meat shield the Masked Menace silences Stegglet. Snatching up the microphone, the Menace takes a half step towards the interviewer, sending him packing in obvious fear.]

LD: How you like those apples, kiddies? Now run along. You have your answer and your betters are done with you.

[Tyler's face turns a bit red.]

DT: As anyone on the Championship Committee will tell you, Larry, the Number One Contenders prove they deserve that spot by who they beat. Which means when the number three team challenges you, you don't balk at the idea. You step up and face it to pad the resume any further.

[Tyler pats Doyle on the shoulder like a parent would pat a child who

doesn't understand.]

DT: That's okay. The Championship Committee also takes into account when teams are AFRAID to accept a challenge. And having a team who DUCKS credible challenges... well. They don't make for good champions do they?

[Childes can't help but shakes his head at his partner.]

RB: No. Hell no, Larry!

[Stepping up to Tyler, "Ravishing" Robert Baldwin pokes the Ace in the chest.]

RB: You're the mouthpiece, is that it? The brains? Let me tell you mister brains, I'm just about to punch your brain pan up and off to leave a jagged, bloody stump with a floppy adams apple danglin' free!

["The Machine" Johann Avalon steps forward.]

JA: Now, now Rob... cool your head.

[Doyle dances forward, crowding in on Johann.]

LD: Thank God. Robert, you need to stand down! We don't need these two for any-

JA: After all, we don't want to fight angry when we stomp these chumps. I, for one, want to enjoy it...

[Pulling out his own hair, Doyle seems to go into shock as the Aces get nose-to-nose with the Bombers and security floods the interview area. Childes pulls Tyler away from the confrontation, keeping Tyler from instigating things further with words.]

GM: It's getting tense back on the interview platform! But does that mean the challenge has been accepted? Will the Blonde Bombers face the Aces at SuperClash III on Thanksgiving Night?

BW: Were you not even listening, Gordo?! Larry says no way! The Bombers got nothin' to prove against those two punks! The Aces? More like the Jokers! Ahahahaha!

GM: Hilarious. Fans, coming up next, we've got tag team action so let's go up to the ring!

[We cut to the ring, where two wrestlers stand discussing strategy. One is a six-two Caucasian man with a slightly bulky wrestler's build. He has black hair, grey trunks, black boots, and white knee pads. His partner is a black man, a bit taller, with long black dreadlocks, white trunks, black knee pads, and grey boots. he has a muscular upper body, but lacks muscular definition elsewhere.]

GM: The two men you see here, Alex Worthey and J.P. Driver, have been gelling as a team with several impressive performances in untelevised events. We shall see if they can parley that into success here on Saturday Night Wrestling.

PW: The following contest is a tag team match. It is scheduled for one fall, and a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first, in the ring. At a total combined weight of five hundred and seven pounds...

...ALEX WORTHY and J.P. DRIVER!

[The two young wrestlers answer to their names by raising their arms high. The reaction is moderate at best.

Then, the opening loop of "So What'Cha Want" by the Beastie Boys starts up over the PA, and the lights dim down. Multi-colored spotlights and strobe lights flash all over the place. A pair of individuals strut out from behind the curtain, moving in time to the music... oh, yes, it's the Rave. Unless someone ELSE blew up a Sherwin-Williams, and came straight to a wrestling show right afterward.

They are quite possibly the most bizarrely-attired individuals in the history of the AWA. They have hair dyed in a rainbow of colors, and wear matching shiny silver vests with Lazer-Tron sensors attached to them. Shizz Dawg OG, whose nationality is... hard to tell, certainly something unusual... is wearing dark green denim baggy pants with patches in various bright neon colors, and banana yellow-and-turquoise laceless 'moon boots'. He has seven bandanas tied around each arm, one for each color of the rainbow (if you count indigo as a color). His wristbands are brass-colored thick metal things, and he is wearing orange goggles. His tag team partner, Jerby Jezz, is... a completely different obscure nationality. Aside from the vest, he wears baggy fire-engine-red denim pants with patches in various dark-but-vivid colors, and deer-hunter-orange-and-violet laceless 'moon boots'. He seems to have wrapped his arm in multi-colored rubber bands, and he wears the same brass-colored thick metal wristbands as his partner. He is wearing sunglasses with triangular rims in opaque colors... checkered orange-and-teal on one side and fuschia on the other.

The fans make a loud reaction as the goofy "time travelers" strut on down to ringside like they own the place.]

BW: Gordo, these two look like they just finished a falls count anywhere match in a Crayola factory. Against Rainbow Brite and the Kool-Aid Man.

GM: I might pay to see that one.

BW: It'll be my first act as Senator. I'll book that match!

GM: I don't think Senators can do that.

BW: Well, they ain't doin' much ELSE nowadays, so why not?

[The Rave leap into the ring, and go into some bizarre gyrating dance which is apparently big in 2032. At the end of it, there's a loud POP, as colored streamers shoot out of their brass wrist units. The referee starts demanding that they clean up the mess, but The Rave ignore him. They huddle up, as their music dies down, discussing strategy.]

PW: Their opponents... From New Seattle, in the year 2032... at a total combined weight of three-hundred ninety-two pounds...

...JERBY JEZZ and SHIZZ DAWG OG... THE RAVE!

[Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG start headbutting each other in the shoulder, raising a fist to the sky as they do. The fans react to the wacky duo with a buzz.]

GM: That is some kind of motivational ritual they go through, apparently.

BW: That, or they're trying to scramble some brain cells loose from the outer casing so they can use them for the match.

[*DING*DING*]

GM: Alright. It will be J.P. Driver starting off with the Dawg OG.

BW: SHIZZ Dawg OG.

GM: I'm not saying that. It's probably vulgar.

BW: Whoa. Gordo is up on his 2032 slang? You don't even know the names of moves from fifteen years ago!

GM: Collar-and-elbow... no, the Dawg OG is absolutely confused and doesn't know what Driver is trying to do.

[Indeed, the Raver's eyes bug out as he goes back to his corner, where Jerby Jezz is... doing something with the tag rope. He starts complaining that his opponent was groping him. Both Rave members start complaining to the referee, who looks at them like they're fools. They get that a lot.]

Then Driver just punches OG in the side of the head.]

BW: What a cheap shot!

GM: Well, the Dawg OG was bamboozled by a simple collar-and-elbow, and he paid the price for turning away from his opponent! J.P. Driver with some quick punches, and he is sticking and moving in there. J.P. doesn't like to go toe-to-toe, but tonight he has over sixty pounds on his opponent! Armwringer by Driver, and he takes him to the corner. Tag to Alex Worthey.

[Worthey steps in, and lays into Shizz Dawg OG with a brutal European Uppercut, sending him down. Driver still has the arm, so he kicks OG in the head and hands the arm off to Worthey, who applies a stepover armbar.]

GM: Driver and Worthey with a 'baton pass' on that hold. You do not see that nearly as often as you used to, Bucky Wilde.

BW: Oh, I know it. In the old days, that was the usual way you did an exchange. Keep a hold on a guy. Then the double-team move got popular as refs got lax in callin' DQs for them. So we got 1970s tactics against 2030s tactics! Nice!

GM: Worthey transitions to a chicken wing. This man was trained in Europe, Bucky Wilde, and is knowledgeable about submissions.

BW: Yeah, he's about a point-oh-oh-oh two on the Raphael Rhodes scale.

GM: He's much younger and has a lot to learn before he approaches that level. Worthey elevates his man, and slams him down on the chickenwinged arm! And a kneedrop right to the point of the elbow!

[Worthey simply reaches out his hand, as he has slammed his opponent in his corner. Driver tags in, as Worthey keeps his knee pressed on Shizz Dawg OG's arm. The dark-skinned Tampa native runs off the far ropes, and drives an elbow to the shoulder of Shizz Dawg. Jerby Jezz runs in, but is cut off by the referee.]

BW: Hey, now! I'm detecting a conspiracy, Gordo. They let Worthey and Driver double-team, but not The Rave! I bet he's workin' for the Senatorial campaign of whoever I beat in 2016!

GM: Are you insinuating that Max Meekly traveled back in time?

BW: Max Meekly can't travel ANYWHERE in time! He'll probably be out of position with a late count when the clocks turn back next week, and end up in 2009 again!

GM: Whaaaaaa?

[Driver picks up OG, whips him off the ropes, and hits a big jumping elbowsmash into the left shoulder of Shizz Dawg OG. Shizz is holding his arm, which is now in major pain. He clamps on an overhand wristlock, and drags him back to the corner.]

GM: Very rapid tags by Driver and Worthey. There is another one, and the baton is passed again. Worthey now with the overhand wristlock, and Driver stomps OG in the point of the elbow!

BW: OW! That funny bone ain't funny when a guy stomps on it!

GM: Very smooth tag team work. I wonder if Driver and Worthey are making a case to 'promote' themselves into the tag team division?

BW: Yeah, yeah, but you gotta win for that! All they've done is made some nice quick tags and used a few holds. That ain't gonna get you wildstylin' in 2032, Gordo.

GM: But it can get you a victory in 2011. Worthey sits OG up, and now... some kind of combination stretch and armbar! This looks painful!

[Worthey has OG seated, plants a foot between his legs so he can't slide away, locks a chicken wing on with one arm, and pulls back with a half-nelson with the other... twisting OG violently sideways.]

BW: Looks? Try IS.

GM: There's no way that the Dawg OG can get out of... LOOK AT THAT!

[Jerby Jezz has seen enough. He stops fiddling with the tag rope, runs down to one corner, runs up the ropes, and launches a flying front dropkick into the back of Alex Worthey's head! Jezz lands flat on his back, and Worthey slumps backwards as the blow knocks him for a loop!]

BW: That's one way to get out of it! Skyriding in New Seattle, Gordo!

GM: Skywriting?

BW: Skyriding! It's like wildstylin', but with a hooperglide instead of a ring!

GM: I'm afraid the madness is spreading. Jerby Jezz rolling out of the ring, but the damage is done. Shizz Dawg OG is up, and... a double stomp down low as the referee is admonishing Jerby Jezz!

BW: What a cheater!

GM: Yes, OG broke the...

BW: I mean J.P. Driver!

GM: Driver runs off the far ropes with a dashing back elbow! The Dawg OG is down, and Driver exiting the ring... some tit-for-tat there! The Dawg OG is up and... trying to get towards his corner! But Alex Worthy, from his back, applies a leglace! Dawg OG is down, he can only reach a neutral corner!

BW: There's the tag! Jerby Jezz is in!

GM: Bucky, that's the neutral corner. That's not a... what?!

[Max Meekly also argues that the tag isn't legal... so Jerby Jezz holds up the tag rope. It does indeed stretch all the way to the Rave corner... because Jezz has been adding to its' length with spare tag ropes! Meekly is completely at a loss for how to handle this, so Jezz just runs by him, and soccer-kicks Alex Worthey in the face!]

BW: That tag rope is Y2032K compliant!

GM: YOU CAN'T DO THAT!

BW: These are legal kicks!

GM: I mean, you can't just change the ring equipment! Max Meekly is stopping this, because you cannot use an altered tag rope to gain an unfair advantage like that!

[Meekly is laying a count on Jerby Jezz, backing him away from a rising Alex Worthey. Jezz puts up his hands placatingly, then halts Meekly in mid-count... grabbing him by the collar and making him duck.

Because Shizz Dawg OG has grabbed that twenty-five-foot long tag rope, ran into the ring and jumped... using the rope to clothesline everything in an arc from the Rave corner. Mainly Alex Worthey, who is taken head-over-heels by the crazy tactic!]

BW: Well, now I guess ya CAN use an altered tag rope to gain an unfair advantage!

GM: The Rave makes the rules and discipline of wrestling into a mockery again. Jerby Jezz gets out, and finally there is a legal tag! The Dawg OG gets out of there, holding that left arm, and Jerby Jezz comes in via the top rope... FLYING BACKSPLASH! JEZZ IS ON HIM FOR THE PIN!

[Meekly goes down and counts... "ONE!". Suddenly, Jezz bounces up to his feet in horror, pointing at the referee. He shakes his head, as if relieved that he didn't accidentally pin a guy. THE HORROR!]

GM: I... he... why?!

BW: In the year 2032, daddy, pinfalls are verboten!

GM: But he can't BELIEVE that! It's one thing to put on this silly performance and pretend to be time travelers but... they can't seriously believe this! They can't let this get in the way of his chances to win!

BW: Prove they ain't time travelers, Gordo.

GM: Because it's impossible!

BW: They KNEW Texas was going to win the World Series this year, daddy!

GM: But they didn't! They lost!

BW: You obviously ain't spoke to many Texas fans!

[Meanwhile, Jerby Jezz manages to pick up and slam the much-larger Worthey while Gordon pleads for sanity. Jezz drops a leg, then picks the

South Carolinian up again. He whips him to the far ropes, and ducks down... clearly meaning to back body drop him over the top rope. Worthey counters this by dropping to his knee with a violent running European Uppercut that sends Jezz backwards head-over-heels over the top rope instead!]

GM: WHAT A SHOT! Alex Worthey sending Jerby Jezz flying back to 1996!

BW: Bring back some footage for the Hall Of Fame Committee, Jerb!

GM: No kidding. Driver has gone over there, and throws him back in... they don't want any outside-the-ring shenanigans with The Rave! That's where they are dangerous!

BW: That's... amazingly sensible. Maybe these kids are turnin' a corner!

GM: Worthey with a side backbreaker, running Jezz over to his corner! Tag made to Driver, who hops back up on the apron after retrieving Jezz! And now he's entering via the upper level! Second rope on the inside... nails Jerby Jezz with a double axehandle across the sternum as Worthey holds him in place! That could do it!

BW: One... two... no! The future lives, Gordo!

GM: The Rave are durable despite their size! Driver picking up Jezz, sending him off the ropes! Big back body drop! Driver picking up Jezz again... turning him around for his devastating reverse neckbreaker...

[J.P. Driver gets Jerby Jezz in position for the reverse neckbreaker, but a streak of color comes from the side, as Shizz Dawg OG runs in, grabs the prodigious dreadlocks of Driver, jumps, and spikes him head-first into the mat! He turns and starts shaking his partner...]

GM: The Dawg OG with the bulldog-like move, using the hair of Driver! And here comes Worthey! And here comes Meekly! It has broken down into chaos now!

BW: Alex Worthey laying into Shizz Dawg now... he shoulda just let Max Meekly handle it!

GM: Meekly yelling at both of them... look at the Dawg OG, he is in histrionics!

[Yes, he is. Shizz Dawg grabs Meekly by the shirt, pleading his case that Alex Worthey should be disqualified. Meekly yells at him and sends him back to the corner. Satisfied, Worthey turns and heads back to his corner...]

[* C L O N K ! *]

GM: WHAT THE...

BW: What a double axehandle by Jerby Jezz!

GM: HE'S GOT ONE OF THOSE STREAMER LAUNCHERS! THOSE THINGS THEY WEAR TO THE RING... THEY ARE MADE OF BRASS! AND HE KNOCKED WORTHEY OUT WITH IT!

BW: Huh? I didn't see a weapon, I was mesmerized by the ring attire!

GM: The Dawg OG handed it to him when he ran in, after the bulldog! And now he's after Driver... no! Driver counters with a spinning heel kick, and the brass wristlauncher goes flying!

BW: Driver's the legal man, too! But now, he's outnumbered!

GM: J.P. Driver picking up Jerby Jezz, and slamming him down. Off the ropes... COME ON!

[The attempt at a running move off the ropes ends when Shizz Dawg OG, from the apron, knees J.P. Driver in the back as he runs off the ropes! Driver falls on his face, holding his back. Shizz Dawg reaches in, grabs him by the dreads, and pulls him out between the ropes. He punches him repeatedly in the face, desperately trying to stun him. Driver's back is now on the second rope, with his upper body leaning out over the apron... this position makes it hard for him to fight back.]

BW: The Shizz Dawg is out for vengeance on how brutally he was treated in the early part of the match.

GM: It's a wrestling match! Are they supposed to ask him nicely before working on his arm?!

[Jerby Jezz runs over and tags. Now that Shizz Dawg OG is the legal man, Jezz climbs up to the top rope. OG, who is still out on the apron, reaches up and links hands with Jerby Jezz, who is on the top rope. Jezz jumps, and Shizz Dawg OG assists him with a front-flip legdrop... to J.P. Driver's upper body as he is draped over the second rope! The crowd goes nuts for the maneuver!]

GM: OH MY WORD! DID YOU SEE THAT?!

BW: COULD YOU MISS THAT?! THAT'S ALL OVER, DADDY!

GM: J.P. Driver and Jerby Jezz plummet to the concrete floor! But the Dawg OG had ahold of Jerby Jezz' arms, and kept him from smashing his back and head into the concrete! But Driver got no such mercy! Jerby Jezz is laid out on top of Driver... and the Dawg OG gets in the ring! HE is the legal man... and there's no question what is going to happen here!

BW: Superior countout victory!

GM: Meekly up to five... Alex Worthey is only now coming to after being smashed in the face with five pounds of brass! J.P. Driver landed hard on the floor after that unbelievable flying legdrop... and Jerby Jezz rolls in the ring at the count of nine, just to add insult to injury!

BW: Away from Meekly, so he doesn't break the count! That's it!

[*DING*DING*DING]

GM: The Rave have stolen it!

BW: STOLEN IT? Exactly how was that cheating?

GM: The brass weapon on Worthey, and then that... that unnecessarily dangerous move on Driver!

BW: Actually, linking the hands not only let Shizz Dawg add his strength, but it kept Jezz from bashing his head on the floor...

GM: I meant for Driver! He could have landed right on his head!

BW: It's a wrestling match! Are they supposed to ask him nicely before working on his head?!

GM: ...

[The fans react loudly with mostly boos, as "So Whatcha Want" begins again. The Rave start dancing like fools in celebration of another countout classic.]

PW: The winners of this contest... as the result of a countout... THE RAVE!

GM: Bucky, you take the replay... this is the Castrol High Performance Replay Of The Week!

[We cut to the replay of Shizz Dawg OG running in and driving down Driver with the hairpull facebuster. He does indeed seem to have something stuffed into the leg of his pants... and when he goes to 'check' on Jerby Jezz, the replay shows us that it's the brass streamer launcher, which he gives to Jezz, sliding it under his partner who is face down.]

BW: Now, here you see the Shizz Dawg givin' his partner the speech. "DO IT FOR THE FUTURE, DADDY! SENATOR WILDE NEEDS A NEW PAIR OF SHOES!"

[The next clip is the bash to the head of Alex Worthey with the brass object. Jerby jumps, with a flying forearm-like collision with his opponent, the metal implement striking the temple of Worthey.]

BW: Then he lays into him with the flying forearm. In the year 2032, everything you see here is perfectly legal, and that is good enough for me! I am future Senator Wilde and I approve this message!

[Finally, the assisted tumbling legdrop from the top to the apron. Jezz is on the top rope, and his hands are linked with SHizz Dawg's. Shizz Dawg steps forward and pulls his partner off the top as he jumps, creating a catapult-like

motion. Jezz flips over, and his right leg strikes Driver right across the chest. Driver, who had been dazed by OG's assault, was laying face up with his back on the second rope, and his upper body right over the apron. When the legdrop hits him, it drives his upper back down into the apron, sending his lower body flopping through the ropes, and he crashes to the floor like a ton of bricks. Jerby Jezz' legs hit the floor, but Shizz Dawg manages to sink his legs and drp his center of gravity... thus not falling off the apron with Jezz, and keeping his partner from hitting the floor at full steam.]

BW: Last but not least, this move. This is not easy to set up, but if they get it... well, I can't imagine any human being getting back in the ring by ten after this. Well, maybe Monosso. Or Martinez. Or Morton or Haynes. But anyway, this is The Rave's game. They work hard all match to get someone set up for some insane outside the ring move that wipes you out, and hey... if ya get up, they just do it again. That wasn't necessary this time... the winners are the Rave, and guess who's dumb enough to talk to them?! I got 'forty-two seconds' on the 'how long before Jason Dane's head explodes' pool.

[Back up to the interview platform. The Rave are doing some cross between The Robot and that weird one-person Wave thing which two people "pass" between each other. Jason already knows this is going to be mentally painful.]

JD: Rave, you just scored a big win. But there's a long hill to climb in the AWA tag team ranks.

SDOG: Listen, Benedict.

JD: Jason.

JJ: History has branded you 'Benedict', after the infamous traitor Benedict Arnold, and for 'Eggs Benedict', which is what you end up looking like after your treachery is revealed to the world and justice is done, jacksaw! We just wildstyled out to the inframax with the future two-time World Tag Team Champions, the Mechanics!

JD: That was Alex Worthey and J.P. Driver.

SDOG: Excriminations! We shouldn't drop the AQ about your future or it could flow out the wrong way! Filbritz it, Jerby Jezz!

JJ: Herpy cow! Erase what I said off the intertubes! What I should say is... we wildstyled out to the inframax against a great young wildstyle duplex that could be Hall Of Fame some day but that's just prospectability. Now we will move on to the mission! Senator Wilde! The borscht will flow free!

SDOG: But we did the calculations! And we know the next set of scrumunders that are destined to make the world fall under the cold cold terror of the thing we can't talk about or everyone will disappear into a white crackling void of null time spenergy! And that is the Hive!

JJ: Hive, we made sure that you will have to kroove into the... oh, what's it called in this year? The 'ring'! You will have to kroove into the ring and wildstyle with The Rave! It will happen in Tupelo, it will happen in San Antonio, it will happen in... oh, I can't say it, the tragedy of 2014 is so close and I had ancestors there...

SDOG: It doesn't matter! We won't let you help them stop us from stopping them to let you do the things we can't say that you and they were going to come up with if we don't stop them before they get us back first! And you can quote us on that!

[It wasn't exactly forty-two seconds, but Bucky is now in the running for the pool. Jason's jaw is slack and he seems to be having to reboot his mind.]

JJ: So all you winhaving jaggos out there!

[Jerby points to the fans. Who are apparently "winhaving jaggos". I don't know what that means either.]

JJ: Come to your local AWA shows... they don't call these 'battleruns' yet, do they?

[Jason's head shakes, in a delayed reaction as he has to process that he was asked a question.]

JJ: Come and watch history be made, then unmade, then RE-made! Rave!

JJ and SDOG: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

[The Rave run off, and we cut down to ringside, as Jason's mind has broken and he cannot initiate a segue.]

BW: Y'know, Gordo. I think when they say "borscht", they don't mean Russian cabbage soup.

GM: I gave up trying to understand them four seconds into their initial appearance. When we come back, fans, it's time for the first ever women's match on Saturday Night Wrestling so stick around 'cause we'll be right back!

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we crossfade back to the Crockett Coliseum and a panning shot of the wild crowd.

Suddenly, the opening riffs of Smashing Pumpkins' "Zero" come blaring through the Crockett Coliseum PA system as the crowd responds with a solid pop. From behind the curtain emerges "Carolina Crusher" Jeff Jagger. Jagger is clad in a pair of blue jeans and a form-fitting white t-shirt with the state of North Carolina on the front. His medium length brown hair is tucked behind his ears as he approaches Jason Dane in the interview area. The music dies down and Dane begins.]

JD: Jeff, welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling. You asked for a few minutes of airtime today, and I think I have an idea what - rather, who - you want to talk about.

JJ: I think everyone in the state of Texas knows who I'm out here to talk about... Skywalker Jones!

[Heel pop!]

JD: Two weeks ago, the two of you put your undefeated records on the line and Jones managed to pin you, with the assist of a handful of tights.

JJ: He pinned me, Jason. That's all that matters. My pops bein' the legendary referee that he is always told me that if you blame the official for not catchin' somethin' or not seein' somethin' that you're just makin' weak excuses. And if there's one thing I darn sure ain't, it's weak.

JD: So what is it that you want to discuss, if not the underhanded tactics?

[The Carolina Crusher waves a hand at the assertion.]

JJ: The underhanded tactics don't make one bit o' difference to me. You don't think I knew exactly what kinda egomaniac I was climbin' into the ring with? I trained with the man for months. I shoulda been better prepared for it and not let myself get into a position like that. I knew he'd pull the tights, leverage the ropes, whatever it took to not lose.

JD: Not lose? Interesting choice of words.

[Jagger nods at Dane.]

JJ: That's right. Skywalker Jones likes winnin' - who doesn't? - but, at the end of the day, the most important thing to him is that zero at the end o' his record. Winning is secondary to not losin' for this man. And after what he did two weeks ago, there's only one thing that I know for sure. That "O"...

[A smile.]

JJ: ...has got to go!

[Pop!]

JJ: So, I'm askin'...

[Jagger catches himself.]

JJ: ...no, I'm _tellin'_ you all that tonight, on Saturday Night Wrestlin', that Skywalker Jones an' I are gonna do this again! And this time, when I twist him into a pretzel in the middle of that ring, he'll be wishin' Todd was here to pull me off o' him.

So Skywalker, ole' buddy, why don't you get your backside out here so I can plant you firmly on it!

[The crowd responds heartily as Jagger turns towards the entrance portal, waiting expectantly. After a moment, a huge chorus of boos announce the arrival of Skywalker Jones, dressed in a gray suit. He's followed behind by the umbrella-toting Buford P. Higgins, as always, dressed in his all-white suit. Jones still walks with a slight limp from his last encounter with Jagger. He makes his way to the interview area, regarding Jagger and Dane with

about as much respect as a piece of chewing gum stuck to the bottom of his shoe, before taking Buford's gold microphone to speak.]

SJ: Am I hearing you right, little man? You want a rematch?

[A look of disbelief forms on Jones' face as Higgins screams, "Ain't gonna' be a rematch!" in the background.]

SJ: You must be outta' your dang mind!

[Heel pop!]

SJ: Do you actually **think** I'm gonna' step into the ring with you again, after what you did to me? After I beat you, you put Skywalker Jones in the Last Rites and tried to end his career! You could've done permanent damage! And after all that, you think Skywalker Jones is gonna' let a low-life, bottom-feeding sore loser like you cling onto his coattails for one more moment of glory?

[Jones shakes his head.]

SJ: Nuh uh! I already gave you an opportunity of a lifetime by allowing you to bask in my greatness, Jagger! There ain't gonna' be a second time! I'm done with you! You ain't getting another chance at Skywalker Jones, 'cause you don't deserve it!

[And with that, Jones piefaces Jagger, sending him down to the ground! Big time boos!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Jagger pulls himself back up, Jones continues to berate him.]

SJ: You're nothing, Jagger! You ain't nothing but a disgrace! So hang your head low, march your butt back behind the curtain, and tell your second-rate referee of a daddy that his son is nothing but a loser-

SMACK!

[BIG POP!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Jagger just decked him!

BW: Jones is right! Jeff Jagger ain't nothing but a sore loser, daddy! He just hit the man for telling the truth!

GM: The truth!? Jones was being nothing but insulting! In fact, he hit Jeff Jagger first!

BW: And then Jagger hit him back! What ever happened to turning the other cheek!?

[Jones falls backwards, stumbling back onto the rampway. Higgins and Jason Dane immediately flee the scene, as Jagger follows after Jones. He grabs Skywalker by the scruff of his neck and leads him down the aisle, running faster as they get closer towards the ring and THROWING him over the ropes!]

GM: OH! Skywalker Jones may have refused a rematch, but Jagger's determined to make him pay inside a wrestling ring, one way or another!

BW: This is an outrage, Gordo! You can't just viciously attack people because they beat you fair and square! Is this the sort of garbage Michaelson teaches these kids?

GM: Jones hardly won fair and square, Bucky. If anything, Jones has had this coming to him for a long time with his antics.

BW: So you're condoning this?

GM: You condoned what happened to Juan Vasquez!

BW: That's different...I don't like him!

[As Jagger enters the ring, Jones gets to his knees and holds up his hands, begging Jagger to show him mercy. Jagger holds up a fist and turns to the crowd, who cheer him on. He goes to unload on Jones, but the moment of hesitation allows Jones to seize his opening and jab a thumb into Jagger's eye!]

BW: Yeah! Fight back!

[Jones whips Jagger into the ropes. However, Jagger reverses it, nailing Jones with a leg lariat as he comes back! POP!]

BW: NO!

[The crowd then goes wild, as Jagger once again locks Skywalker Jones into the Last Rites!]

GM: THE LAST RITES! Jagger's got Jones locked in again!

BW: Skywalker Jones is still wearing a suit! He wasn't scheduled for a match tonight! This isn't fair, Gordo! This is a travesty! A miscarriage of justice!

GM: There's no official and there's no referees out here. Jones is in big trouble! Jagger just might break his back with this move!

[As Jones screams out in pain, Jagger sits back, placing even greater torque in the move. Suddenly however, the crowd's attention shifts to the outside of the ring, where a huge, hulking African-American male in an all-black suit has jumped the guardrail and into the ring.]

GM: Wait a minute! Who is that!?

[Jagger is completely unaware of the new person in the ring, as he's hit in the back of the head with a vicious lariat!]

BW: I... I've seen him before, Gordo! He was one of Michaelson's students at the Combat Corner! His daddy used to be a big deal in Gulf Coast Wrestling...Hercules Hammonds!

[The newly identified Hercules Hammonds yanks Jagger to his feet and whips him into the ropes. As he does so, he immediately runs into the adjacent ropes and then proceeds to collide with Jagger in the center, colliding into him from the side with a vicious diving shoulderblock that nearly sends him flying out of the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[Still not done, Hammonds grabs Jagger in a gutwrench and lifts him into the air, over his shoulder. He holds Jagger there for a split-second, before sitting down, driving Jagger back down into the canvas face-first! His dirty now work done, Hammonds helps a hurting Skywalker Jones back to his feet. It doesn't take long, before the still injured Jones is laying the badmouth on the fallen Jagger.]

GM: That was devastating power put on display by Hercules Hammonds. Simply devastating.

BW: What a find, Gordo! What a find! Did you see how easily he manhandled Jagger!? Between Hammonds and Jones, I just have to wonder how many other mega prospects Michaelson's been holding back at the Combat Corner!

[Jones and Hammonds exit the ring, as Buford P. Higgins reemerges from wherever he was hiding during all of this, clapping loudly, shouting "Hercules! Hercules! Herculeeeeeesss!!!" He produces his golden microphone, handing it to Jones. Jones turns his attention back to the ring, where Jagger is still laid out from Hammonds' attack.]

SJ: I told you, little man...Skywalker Jones was done with you! After what you did to me, you didn't think I was gonna' come back prepared!? I went and found myself the biggest dang insurance policy I know! You remember our old friend, Hercules Hammonds, don'tcha?

[Jones points to the massively built Hammonds, who towers at least a head above both him and Higgins.]

SJ: And I'm telling you right now, you ain't ever gonna' get Skywalker Jones like that again, Jagger! 'Cause Skywalker ain't got the time to deal with small fry like you, anymore! Skywalker's got his sights on bigger and better things...

...like SuperClash 3!

[A big, obnoxious grin forms on Jones' face.]

SJ: 'Cause it's time for Skywalker Jones to embrace his destiny! It's time for Skywalker Jones to take what's rightfully his! It's time for Skywalker Jones... to STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT!

[Huge boos!]

SJ: And if you got a problem with that, son...

[A chuckle.]

SJ: ...tell it to someone that cares.

[And with that, the trio make their exit to the boos of the crowd.]

GM: I can't believe that man! Skywalker Jones went out and brought in Hercules Hammonds and they just laid out Jeff Jagger!

BW: Forget all that, Gordo - we just got hit with HUGE news! Skywalker Jones wants in on Steal The Spotlight! He wants to join the elimination match!

GM: You're right, Bucky. That IS huge news but I've got a feeling we haven't seen the end of this one at all. Jeff Jagger is NOT going to let this one slide, fans.

BW: If he's smart, he will. Which means he obviously won't.

GM: Fans, it's time for the first women's match in the history of this television show! I can't wait for this. Melissa Cannon will be on one side of the ring and on the other... this young lady, Holly Hotbody!

[We crossfade to a pair of white, platform boots. The camera slowly pans up, catching a flash of tanned, shapely legs and white hot pants. Next, we see a taut, toned midsection, before the camera continues upwards, lingering on ample cleavage, barely contained in a white, cropped tank.]

Voice: Up, buddy!

[Upon command, the camera moves up, revealing the smirking visage of Holly Hotbody, her auburn hair falling straight down her back. The camera pans, showing the young woman standing before an AWA banner.]

Holly: You like to think you're so smart, don't you, Melissa? When really, you're an idiot.

[She folds her arms across her chest, clearly proud of herself.]

Holly: See, this match tonight? Is exactly what I wanted, after you dared put your nasty, little hands on me! It's just a shame that it took me, keeping you away from your precious microphone, to make you finally woman up and make it happen. But whatever.

[She rolls her eyes and waves a hand through the air.]

Holly: At least the day is finally here and I personally can't wait to beat the Hell out of you.

See, judging from the fact that you were running your mouth recently, it's apparent that you still haven't learned that you don't screw with your superiors. Because when you do, you only end up humbled and humiliated. I gave you the first lesson, when I took over your job and quite easily overshadowed you. You get your second and final lesson tonight, when I grab you by that ratty weave, drag you around that ring, and put you out of all of our miseries!

You've been floating around AWA like some sort of Queen Bee, since you beat that old has-been. But a fluke win doesn't make you suddenly matter, especially in the presence of true greatness.

[She raises her arms with a flourish.]

Holly: But you'll see that for yourself tonight. And the AWA masses will get a taste of real beauty and talent.

[With that, we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is the first women's match in Saturday Night Wrestling history!

Introducing first...

[The sounds of "Milkshake" by Kelis rings out over the PA system, drawing a mixed reaction from the crowd.]

PW: From Malibu, California...

HOLLLLLLLLLLYYYYYY HOOOOOTBOOOODYYYYY!

[Cue the wolfwhistles as Hotbody steps from behind the curtains. Holly wears a low-cut, cropped, white tank top, barely containing her ample cleavage. The words "Club Holly" written across the front in red, varsity-style letters. She also wears a pair of white, high-rise, boy-cut shorts, red lacing along the sides. She completes the look with white, vinyl, knee-length,

platform boots and her auburn hair falls straight down her back. She surveys the crowd with a grin before sauntering to ringside.]

GM: It's time for the in-ring debut of Holly Hotbody - and to be sure, Bucky, she's not just another pretty face.

BW: She's certainly not. Hotbody has competed in promotions all over the world - Europe, Asia, and of course, here in America, and has been a champion in just as many places. Melissa Cannon may have bitten off more than she can chew here tonight.

GM: The fans seem to be a bit split on Miss Hotbody.

BW: She's breathtaking... but a bit of a she-devil to boot.

GM: That about sums it up.

[Along the way, she ignores the outstretched hands of the fans, treating the aisle like her own personal catwalk. She makes a show of seductively entering the ring through the top and middle ropes before backing down to the corner, turning her head to look at the crowd for a moment.]

PW: And her opponent...

[AC/DC's "Big Gun" kicks in to a big cheer.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas...

MELISSA CAAAAAAAANNONNNNNNN!

[The crowd ROARS to life for the young woman who strides confidently through the curtain. She glares down the aisle, standing in mid-thigh black skintight trunks and a silver top similar to what you'd see out of a female MMA fighter. She points a finger down the ramp at Hotbody who steps out of the corner, waving for Cannon to bring the fight to her.]

GM: Holly Hotbody's not backing down, Bucky!

BW: You think she's afraid of the friggin' ring announcer, Gordo?

GM: Melissa Cannon proved she's more than just the ring announcer last March at The Main Event when she defeated her mentor, Lori Dane, in the middle of the ring.

BW: She beat a retired old lady SEVEN MONTHS AGO!

GM: Don't let Lori hear you call her an old lady... or Todd for that matter.

[Cannon stomps down the elevated ramp towards the ring, a picture of focus and determination as she glares at Hotbody who seems to be backing down a little bit.]

GM: Holly Hotbody is about to find out how we do things down in Dallas, Texas, fans. Every single member of the AWA roster - man, woman, whatever - have to bring the fight and if Hotbody wants to compete here, she's going to have to show us something right now.

BW: You take a look at that top and you still want her to show us something? You dirty ol' dog.

GM: That's not what I meant at all.

[Cannon steps through the ropes, pointing a finger at Holly again...

...who starts waving her arms like a madwoman.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: What's she doin', Gordo?

GM: I have no idea.

[Suddenly, a buzz breaks out from the AWA faithful, eyes turning towards a section of the crowd where a young lady is pushing and shoving her way through the fans...

...and suddenly hurdles over the barricade, throwing a right hand to the jaw of a security guard who tries to intervene, stunning him enough for her to dive headfirst under the bottom rope, springing to her feet and drilling Cannon with a double axehandle to the back of the head!]

GM: Who the heck is that?! Someone has just come out of the crowd and is going after Melissa Cannon!

BW: I don't know who that is! I don't recognize her!

[The brown-haired athletic-looking woman dressed in blue jeans, a black top, and tennis shoes wastes no time in putting the boots into the ribs of the downed Cannon as a grinning Hotbody looks on in joy, applauding the attacker's every move.]

GM: I don't know who this is either but she's really doing a number on Melissa Cannon. She got the edge with the sneak attack and now she's all over Cannon!

BW: And if the fans were split on Hotbody before, they're not so much now.

GM: No, not one bit.

[Hotbody waves for her partner-in-crime to bring Cannon to her feet, holding her arms behind her as Hotbody approaches, shouting in the face of the former M-DOJO student.]

GM: Come on now! There's no call for this!

[Hotbody is right up in her face, pointing and screaming...

...and then steps back, swinging her hand up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: She slapped her! She slapped Melissa Cannon right across the face!

[Still holding the arms, the mystery woman chops on a wad of bubble gum as a smirking Hotbody winds up again...]

GM: Not again! Where the heck is security with all this going on?!

[Hotbody unleashes, slapping her across the face again!]

GM: This is ridiculous! Somebody needs to stop this!

[Hotbody grins, waving at her helper who shoves Cannon forward into a boot to the gut. She grabs Cannon by the hair, tugging her into a double underhook.]

GM: No, no! Don't do this!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good god! She spiked her, Bucky! She spiked her with a double arm DDT right on top of the skull!

BW: A whole lot of impact there!

[Hotbody sits up, a dopey grin on her face as her ally continues to lay the kicks into the ribs of the downed Cannon...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: LORI DANE!! LORI DANE!!

[The Queen of Extreme comes tearing down the ramp, a steel chair clutched in hands.]

GM: Dane's comin' and she's bringing the hardware!

[The sight of Lori Dane with a chair in her hands is enough to send Holly Hotbody and her accomplice out of the ring as Dane steps through the ropes, angrily taking a wild swing with the weapon. She shouts something in Hotbody's direction as she stands over her former student, protecting her from further harm.]

GM: Holly Hotbody and her friend are heading for the hills and thank the stars for Lori Dane, fans! Lori Dane just saved her former friend and student from that brutal assault!

[Suddenly angry once more, Hotbody backs down the ramp, shouting back towards Lori Dane as she makes sure they're leaving before leaning to check on Melissa Cannon with the aid of a couple of AWA medical team members.]

GM: We've got some help out here for Melissa but man, I didn't see that one coming at all. Lori Dane, the woman who Melissa Cannon defeated in the first women's match in AWA history, just saved her from Holly Hotbody and... and who the heck was that other woman?

BW: I have no idea but you talked earlier about Jeff Jagger not being done with Skywalker Jones, I've got a feeling this one is FAR from over, Gordo.

GM: I think you're absolutely right about that, Bucky. Fans, we've got to take another quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 to the interview area, where Jason Dane stands with microphone in hand across from an older man. The interviewee stands a bit over six feet tall and is in decent shape for a man in his late 50's. His blue eyes and thinning grey hair show his years better than his physique, while his facial structure and pale skin give a clue to his bloodlines.]

JD: Welcome back, wrestling fans. I have the pleasure of standing here the father of a minor wrestling legacy. Judd Marley, who we saw with the Wild Cards in the Stampded Cup, and AWA's own Rick Marley. He's a former champion in his own right: "High Flying" Sean Marley. Mr. Marley, a pleasure to be here with you today, sir.

[Minor cheer goes through the crowd.]

SM: The pleasure's all mine. I'm just happy to see my boy Rick back here in AWA.

[Polite applause.]

JD: Speaking of your son, Showtime made a big debut here several weeks ago. While the fans were excited to see his return, do you think it was wise of him to antagonize a man as...well...unpredictable as James Monosso?

[Sean's face hardens a bit.]

SM: This is a business...and I'm sure that Monosso understands that his is a business. What Rick did was a bit brash, and if I had my choice, he'd have stepped in on just about anyone other than him...

JD: Towards the end of your career, you saw Monosso, didn't you? He was starting off in the same promotion that you retired in.

SM: That was a long time ago...I hardly...

JM: BUDDY!

[Dane whips his head around as if he had heard gunshots, and Sean Marley turns pale. Both men's eyes grow wide as the menacing form of James Monosso slowly enters the picture. Monosso, a burly, broad--shouldered man who towers over both of the people on the interview stage, stands directly between Dane/Marley and the exit. He is wearing a ragged grey sweatshirt and threadbare black jeans. The wild-eyed menace with the stringy greying black hair approaches very slowly, grinning a nasty grin.]

JD: MONOSSO?! You're... you're supposed to be touring Japan!

JM: Yeah, funny story about that. Anyway, I'll get to that in a minute. I saw my old friend Steve Marley out here...

SM: ...Sean.

JM: Sure, sure. And boy, did it bring back memories. Memories of the good old days, isn't that right, Sean? Of course, Huey Lewis reminds us that the good old days aren't always good. Or was that Bruce Spingsteen?

SM: It was Billy Joel.

JM: Right, right. Those washouts from the eighties all look the same to me, Stan. Oh, right, SEAN. Like I just said... all look the same to me. Just how the washouts of the nineties... that'd be me... look to these people. We're all the same, Sean. Names that they sometimes remember in a haze, that they forget as soon as the subject changes. And before long, not even remembered at all. You're familiar with that, am I right?

SM: What are you getting at? What do you want?!

JM: I could ask you the same thing, Sam... Sean! Sean, sorry. See, you're a long way from Scranton... or is it Poughkeepsie? Allentown! Right, again, those burnout dead cities are hard to keep straight now that they're crippled and washed from the public eye. Like us, Sean. Just like us, you and I.

Oh, but I think I know why you're here. And I approve, Sean, I approve. Tell the people why your son Rick is going to be joining you on the long, dark road to obscurity. Tell them!

SM: I'm not here to say any such thing, James...and you know it. Rick's his own man, and while I haven't always agreed with what he's done, he's done well for himself in this sport. He...

JM: You know, Sean, I'd like to tell a story. AWA officials tell me I go on too long with these, but... well, if they'd like to try and come stop me, that's fine. My schedule's free. Ah, but that's the punchline. Why I'm not in Japan right now... it's funny. Priceless, really. But first, the story;

Some years ago, I don't remember when, in Syracuse, New York... I was on the card. I was a former world champion, still a hot commodity. I was

second-from-top match against a veteran who was big in the area. People liked him. And he was a good wrestler. I remember getting taken down a lot. He couldn't hurt me, but if he kept it up, I might have got tired and got pinned with a roll-up or something. I know my weaknesses.

So I nail him in the ear with a forearm, dizzy the guy up a bit. And then, the Get Out Of Here. That's good to get a breather. And maybe blow out a guy's knee or back if you're lucky. And in Syracuse, the guardrail is up close, so I could throw him straight out into the crowd. Which I did. I mean, I always did that when it was close enough to reach. AWA actually moved the guardrail back when they signed me... I mean, I could probably get Dane over that thing, and maybe little Ricky. Well, I'll try... but I digress.

So he lands and his back hits a chair. The guy in the chair got out of there just in time. With obesity what it is down here in Texas, if I tried it here, the guy would have been too slow to move, and my opponent probably would have bounced back into the ring.

[The crowd boos the insults.]

JM: Anyway, my opponent's back is hurt. So I go out, snatch him up for a backbreaker. But I'm standing right in front of the railing, because I had to reach over and get him. And I get an idea. 'Why use my knee?', I thought. 'Wouldn't the guardrail do a lot more damage?'

Turns out... boy, does it ever! I drove the guy down, pushed as hard as I could on his chin and his thigh... CRUNCH! Or was it SNAP?

You heard it better than I did, Sean. How did it go?

[Sean Marley glares, and the fans jeers grow louder, as they now understand where this is going.]

JM: After that, they carted the guy out on a stretcher, and he wasn't seen again. The promoters came up to me, and said that was great... please don't ever do that again, but now everyone hates you and we're going to give you title shots and sell out arenas all over the territory. Which they did. Then they sold the promotion to Chris Jurkschat up in Toronto so he could expand his territory, and then... well, my life went on and I kept getting paychecks. But that other guy?

Gone. Forgotten. Out of sight, out of mind. I didn't even remember all this until Percy Childes showed me the tape after Rick Marley tried to make a fool of me on television to make his big hero comeback.

I mean, I would have remembered you, Sean... if you were the only one. If anyone had made any big deal about it at all. But, tell the truth... I put away a lot of guys that I never saw again afterwards.

And that's what you came here to tell little Ricky, isn't it?

JD: ...my god...

[Sean glares at Monosso... and shakes his head sadly.]

SM: I came here to warn Rick about not trusting the guy that he's in the ring with to do the right thing... something that I learned the hard way in MY career. You see, some guys don't care about what's best for the sport...and they surely don't care about what's best for the fans. All the care about is one thing: watching out for number 1.

What you did was inexcusable, James. You were a veteran and you should have known better. This business is about beating your opponent, yes. But it's never - it SHOULD never be about CRIPPLING your opponent. But you...

[He stares dead in Monosso's eyes.]

SM: You never gave a DAMN about that, did you? You were more interested in trying to wring a little more cash out of your bookings. You didn't give a damn if I had a wife and kids to feed as long as you got a bump in your paycheck.

We all know this business is hard, but the boys in the back all know to respect the business... but you never got that memo, did you?

JM: Yeah, yeah, yeah... tell you what. I always show this sport the same respect that the promoters over the years have shown me. ALWAYS.

But I feel kinda bad, Sean. I mean, all these years you've been trying to train suckers in order to make up for your lost time. So you've really led so many lambs to slaughter because of me. That's why I did a little experiment. I wanted to see if what happened to you was my fault, or whether you just had a bad back and it happened to go just then.

Which is why I got kicked off the Japanese tour! Turns out it really WAS my fault... that backbreaker move works on anyone. But now I know why Morton and Haynes left Japan... those little Japanese guys break WAY too easy! I mean, I had to push down on YOU a whole two seconds!

[BOOOOOOOOOO!]

JD: THAT'S DESPICABLE! YOU DELIBERATELY CRIPPLED A MAN JUST FOR-

JM: It was for science! Also, I bet Nenshou that it WAS possible for a gaijin to be kicked off a Japanese tour for being too violent. So it was a double win!

SM: What's wrong with you, son? Are you really that touched? This isn't any way to make a living, boy...but even if it was, the last thing that you're gonna see is my boy across the ring from you, lunatic...he--

JM: Well, don't worry. If you want, I have ways to do a neck or a leg or both arms. At the same time, even! So little Ricky might not share your EXACT fate, Sean. But it all ends up the same.

Gone. Forgotten. Out of sight, out of mind.

And you'd have to be _INSANE_ to think otherwise!

[With that, Monosso stalks off to the jeers of the crowd as the elder Marley looks on, glaring at the man that ended his career and now has his sights set on his son.]

GM: I can't... did we just hear that correctly, Bucky? Did James Monosso just ADMIT that he ended Sean Marley's career years ago?

BW: That's exactly what he said! And what the heck is Rick Marley thinking about now? How can he be sitting in the locker room and not be absolutely terrified about what happens next? When he takes on James Monosso, that madman's gonna do the same thing to him!

GM: We saw Rick Marley in action earlier tonight but he obviously had no idea about this situation. My stars, what in the world is going to happen when Marley finds out?

BW: You think Marley didn't know that his daddy got crippled by Monosso? He got his career ENDED by Monosso?

GM: There's no way! If Marley had known that... I can't even imagine. Try to imagine it, Bucky. What would you do if confronted by the man who essentially ended the chance of your father doing what he loved to do?

BW: Ain't enough bodies in the world to keep me from tearin' that guy's throat out.

GM: Exactly. Now, imagine you're Rick Marley.

BW: Ain't enough bodies in the world to keep me from rippin' MY OWN throat out if that was the case.

GM: Oh, you're a real riot. Fans, this situation just got very, very serious between James Monosso and Rick Marley in a hurry. We'll try to catch up with Rick Marley again here tonight to see if we can get a comment but... whew. That's a bombshell. Let's go down to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The Russian National Anthem kicks in to a HUGE negative reaction from the patriotic crowd.]

PW: From Russia... weighing in tonight at 303 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Dick Sullivan and Ivan Kostovich...

VLAAAAADIMIIIR VELLLLLIKOOOOV!

[The bulky Russian strides through the curtain, proudly swinging the Russian flag back and forth on a wooden flagpole. He's dressed in a black singlet with a red hammer and sickle on the belly. Ivan Kostovich follows, smirking at the jeering crowd as Dick Sullivan brings up the rear, the heavy metal Russian chain dangling from his left hand.]

GM: This is quite the trio, Bucky.

BW: Ivan Kostovich has assembled a team that could really do a number on the entire AWA, Gordo. Velikov and Sullivan are two of the meanest, nastiest, toughest veterans you'll find in our industry. They're gonna tear that creampuff Williams in half tonight.

GM: Do you think these two men might form a threat for the National Tag Team Titles?

BW: VU is tough, I'll give 'em that. But Velikov and Sullivan have got something they don't.

GM: What's that?

BW: The brilliance of Ivan Kostovich in their corner.

GM: Oh brother.

[The trio step into the ring, the flag still waving back and forth as the music starts to fade.]

#WHO WANNA SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TANIIIIIGHT?#

[The crowd explodes at the self-performed sounds of "I'm Gonna Be Your Sweet Daddy"]

PW: And his opponent... from Atlanta, Georgia... weighing in tonight at 302 pounds...

SWEET! DADDY! WILLLLLLLLLLIAAAAAMMMS!

[The crowd roars once more as Williams bursts into view. Clad in a pair of bright red trunks with "SWEET DADDY" written in script across the rump and a bright white windbreaker jacket with the same on the back, Williams strides down the aisle, leaning down to slap the outstretched hands coming in his direction.]

GM: There he is, fans! The man from Hotlanta, Georgia whose got all the fans in his corner!

BW: That and twelve dollars might get him a coffee at Starbucks. When are you gonna learn, Gordo? Playing nice with these nine-to-five filth ain't

nothing but a one way ticket to mediocrity. Sure, they scream when he comes to the ring but does that give him gold? I don't think so.

[Williams reaches the ringside area in a hurry, whipping off his windbreaker and hurling it down to the elevated wooden platform. He points a finger at Velikov who is standing alone in the middle of the ring...

...and then turns, glaring a hole right through his former tag team partner and friend Dick Sullivan who is at ringside, still holding the Russian chain in his hand.]

GM: That's not a friendly look.

BW: No, it's not. Williams feels betrayed by Sullivan and he may have a reason to but I think Sullivan did the right thing.

GM: What?!

BW: Before Sullivan hitched his wagon with Kostovich, where was he, Gordo? Where was he?

GM: What do you mean?

BW: He was on the PCW payroll when they got bought, right?

GM: Right.

BW: And as Sweet Daddy Williams' good friend and former tag partner, he should have been a lock to make the AWA roster, right?

GM: Well, I don't know about-

BW: Admit it, Gordo! I heard that Williams INTENTIONALLY froze his supposed good friend out so that he didn't have to give up his share of the spotlight, daddy!

GM: That's just not true, Bucky.

BW: No? That's what Kostovich told me... and I bet that's what he told Dick Sullivan as well.

GM: Ivan Kostovich is trying to manipulate the situation and it's just not right.

[Referee Scott Von Braun signals for the bell as Williams moves in, locking up with Velikov...

...who promptly drives a knee into the gut, knocking the wind out of the Atlanta favorite's sails.]

GM: Nice shot by Velikov to open the matchup!

[With Williams doubled up, Velikov slams down a forearm across the shoulders, knocking him down to all fours. A swift boot to the ribs flips the fan favorite over onto his back...]

GM: Ivan Kostovich is shouting encouragement to the big Russian, cheering him on here. This would be a big win for Velikov as we head closer and closer to SuperClash III. A win here might even be enough to earn Velikov a spot in Steal The Spotlight, Bucky.

BW: It could, it could.

[Winding up his arm, Velikov slowly drops a big elbow...

...and completely whiffs, slamming into the canvas as Williams rolls out of the way. The crowd cheers as Williams pulls himself to his feet, greeting the rising Velikov with a right hand to the jaw.]

GM: Big right hand by the Sweet Daddy!

[Williams connects with a second haymaker and a third.]

GM: He's fighting back! The big man's got a rally going!

[But Velikov cuts it off, burying a boot into the flabby midsection of his opponent. The Russian grabs him by the arm.]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed by the Sweet Daddy!

[Velikov hits the far side, rebounding off...

...and gets LAUNCHED high overhead, crashing down hard to the canvas below courtesy of a big backdrop!]

GM: THE RUSSIAN HITS THE CANVAS HARD!!

[Williams backs to the corner, slapping himself across the chest as he raises his right arm...

...and then sprints across the ring, blasting Velikov with a lunging clothesline as he gets to his feet!]

GM: Williams takes him down again!

[At a shout from Kostovich, Velikov rolls out to the floor, staggered from the two big blows from the fan favorite who now has the crowd rockin'.]

GM: And Velikov gets out of town in a hurry! He wants absolutely no part of Sweet Daddy Williams, Bucky.

BW: Oh, that's rich. It's still early, Gordo, and believe me, by the time this is over, that fat slob is gonna wish he'd never even look cross-eyed at Velikov.

GM: We'll see about that.

[The camera cuts out to the floor where Velikov is walking with Ivan Kostovich, the elder Russian giving lots of advice in his foreign tongue as Velikov nods in agreement. Dick Sullivan stays in the corner, a mouth full of chewing tobacco as he glares into the ring, rubbing his chin thoughtfully.]

GM: The referee starts up the ten count... Velikov's gotta get back in there before he reaches the count of ten or this match is over.

BW: Thank you, Obviously The Magnificent. I'm sure most of our fans have never seen professional wrestling before so that's useful information for them.

GM: What's your problem? You're especially feisty tonight.

BW: I'm having to watch Sweet Daddy Williams. The Lynches are out of the country and I can't even enjoy a show in peace. You have to trot this fat cow out here in front of me.

[Velikov pauses, huddling up with Kostovich for a moment as they look up at a pacing Sweet Daddy Williams...

...and then rolls back into the ring, climbing back to his feet. The big Russian glares at Williams for a moment as the referee steps between them...]

GM: Von Braun with a few words to both men - and here we go again. Back to the action!

[But not quite yet as Williams turns to the crowd, a slight "U-S-A!" chant starting to bubble under the surface.]

GM: And these fans are starting to show their patriotic pride here tonight in Dallas, Texas!

[An angry Velikov claps his hands over his ears, shaking his head violently back and forth as Williams encourages the chant, trying to rile up the fans even more.]

GM: Oh yeah! The United States of America is standing tall in the Crockett Coliseum and these Russians hate it!

[A quick cut outside the ring to Kostovich shows him also with his hands over his ears, shouting "SHUT UP!" to the ringside fans which just eggs them on even more...

...when suddenly Velikov rushes forward towards Williams, catching a looping left hand on the jaw!]

GM: He caught him coming in! And another one! There's a third!

[Williams winds waaaaaaaay back, swinging his right arm around and around to the roar of the fans...

...and DROPS Velikov with a huge haymaker! The Russian promptly rolls out of the ring again but this time, Williams rolls out after him, grabbing the Russian from behind as he approaches the ringside barricade.]

GM: Big looping right hand! A second! He's all over him out on the floor!

[Grabbing Velikov by the head, Williams smashes an overhead elbow down across the forehead, knocking the Russian down into a seated position on the floor...

...and then swinging around, fists balled up as Ivan Kostovich approaches from the blind side.]

GM: Williams caught him! Kostovich was coming for him and Williams caught him!

[The Russian backs down, begging off as Williams stalks him around the ring...

...and comes face to face with his former partner as Kostovich seeks refuge behind Dick Sullivan. Sullivan stands stoic, not making a move towards Williams but allowing himself to be used as a shield.]

BW: Now what, fat man?! Now what do you do?!

GM: That's his former friend! His former partner! You're right, Bucky - what DOES he do?

[Williams holds his ground, glaring at Sullivan as he ponders his next move...

...and with a shake of his head, he rolls back into the ring under the ropes as Velikov does the same on the other side of the ring.]

BW: Hah! What a coward! I KNEW he didn't want any part of Dick Sullivan, Gordo! He knows Sullivan will bust 'im in the chops and take his lunch money to boot!

GM: I don't know about all that. I think Sweet Daddy is still just shocked he's in this situation with his former friend. Maybe he's giving him another chance to change his mind.

BW: Or maybe Williams needs to go change his shorts at the thought of facing off with Sullivan!

[As the Russian and the Atlanta native collide again, Williams grabs an arm and quickly executes an armtwist, pausing a moment before slamming his elbow down across the twisted limb.]

GM: Ohh! Williams may be looking to take that arm out - take that Sickle out of play.

BW: It's gonna take more than an elbow to the arm to take the Sickle out.

[Williams twists the arm again, causing Velikov to flip over to his back...

...and then drops an elbow across the arm again, yanking up on the limb in an armbar.]

GM: Williams puts him down, cranking on that arm.

[A quick cut to the floor shows Kostovich slamming his balled-up fists onto the mat, shouting instructions. As we cut back to the ring, we find Velikov reaching up and digging his fingers into the eyes of Williams, breaking the armbar effort, leaving a blinded Sweet Daddy flailing about on the canvas.]

GM: Oh, come on, referee! Scott Von Braun HAD to see that!

BW: Williams said something about Velikov's mother! Did you hear that?

GM: He did not!

BW: He did! And that makes it completely justified!

[Velikov climbs back to his feet, laying in kick after kick to the back of the blinded Williams as the crowd jeers. The series of kicks forces Williams back out to the floor as Velikov steps down behind him, grabbing him by the hair...

...and SLAMMING his sternum into the ringside barricade!]

GM: Into the steel! The referee needs to get in there and stop this kind of thing! This is completely uncalled for!

[Velikov rolls back in as the referee reads him the riot act. Ivan Kostovich races around the ring, burying a kick into the chest of the kneeling Williams as the referee is distracted by Velikov.]

GM: Kostovich just nailed Williams! Come on! This is out of control!

[Grabbing a handful of Williams' hair, Kostovich drills him with a right hand to the skull...

...to which the Atlanta fan favorite responds by shoving him down to the floor! Big cheer!]

GM: That's it! Get up, Sweet Daddy! Let him have it!

[Williams pulls himself up on the apron as Velikov moves in, smashing a forearm down across the back of the head. He grabs a front facelock, slinging the fan favorite's arm over his neck...

...and powers him up into the air, dumping him down in a sloppy vertical suplex!]

GM: Whoa my! I think the weight was almost too much there for Velikov but somehow he got him up and over...

[Getting to his feet, Velikov drops a three hundred pound legdrop across the chest, rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd cheers as Sweet Daddy Williams fires a shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Just a two count! Williams is out at two!

[An angry Velikov gets to his feet, shouting at Von Braun as he backs down to the corner, hopping up to the midbuckle...

...and leaping off, knee aimed at the chest!]

GM: KNEEDROP!

[But the Sweet Daddy rolls aside again, causing Velikov to smash kneefirst down on the canvas. Williams pops up to his feet, grabbing the leg, tying it up...

...and dropping back in a figure four!]

GM: Figure four! Williams hooks in the figure four!

[The crowd roars as Williams sits back, applying press to the legs of Velikov who cries out in pain. He instantly slams his arms into the canvas, screaming for mercy as the fan favorite tries to force a submission out of him!]

GM: Williams has the hold applied! He's got it locked in in the middle of the ring! There's no way out of this, Bucky!

BW: He's gotta find a way! Williams CAN'T win tonight! I won't allow it!

GM: YOU won't allow it?! What the heck?!

[With the Crockett Coliseum crowd screaming their support for Williams, Velikov suddenly reaches up with both arms, wrapping them around the kneeling Scott Von Braun in a sloppy embrace...]

GM: What the-?!

[Seizing the moment, Ivan Kostovich slides into the ring, digging his fingers into the eyes of Williams...]

...and yanking back hard, raking the eyes!]

GM: Oh, come on! That's a DQ!

BW: Von Braun didn't see it! That was a brilliant move by Velikov and Kostovich! They knew exactly what they wanted to do in that situation and they just cost Williams a victory, I think!

GM: It's not over yet, darn it!

[Velikov gets back to his feet as Kostovich exits before the referee sees him. He delivers a few stomps to the head of Williams before dropping down to his knees, wrapping his hands around the throat.]

GM: That's a choke! He's choking Williams in front of the referee!

BW: Maybe a little bit of desperation being shown by the Russian now. He talked about what this win might mean for him and now he's showing how far he's willing to go to win it.

[Velikov gets up, dragging the fan favorite up by the hair, throwing him back into the corner and laying in a heavy boot to the midsection.]

GM: Velikov grabs the arm... big whip...

[Williams slams hard to the opposite corner, clutching the ropes to stay on his feet as Velikov charges across...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[The crowd roars as Williams raises his boot, catching Velikov on the chin!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter!

[The blow connects hard, sending the Russian falling back as Sweet Daddy hops up on the midbuckle, throwing himself off in a crossbody!]

GM: OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd roars at the bell as Williams springs to his feet, throwing his arms up in the air in triumph...]

...and promptly gets DRILLED from the backside with a chain-wrapped fist to the back of the head, knocking him flat!]

GM: OHH! SULLIVAN USED THE CHAIN ON HIS FORMER FRIEND! MY GOD!

[A sneering Sullivan looks out at the jeering crowd before looking down at his former tag partner now motionless at his feet.]

"Didn't have to be this way, hoss! It didn't!"

[Ivan Kostovich joins Sullivan in the ring, all grins as he shouts something in Russian at the downed Williams.]

GM: Kostovich is loving this! This is sickening! I can't believe Dick Sullivan would do this to his former friend! How could he, Bucky? How could he?

BW: I've been waiting for this moment for years, Gordo! I always knew someday it would come to this. Dick Sullivan was too much of a real man to ever be friends with that cream puff!

[Kostovich says something to Sullivan who unwraps the chain from around his fist, letting it dangle down on the canvas as Velikov slowly gets back to his feet, laying in a few boots on the downed Williams.]

GM: And now Velikov's back up to join in on this. Velikov and Sullivan, stomping and kicking the downed Sweet Daddy Williams in unison and... wait a second... what is Kostovich doing?

[The cruel Russian manager shouts instructions to the two men, each one of them grabbing the steel chain and stretching it out between them.]

GM: No, no! We've seen this before! This is what Velikov and Kolya Sudakov used to do to people! This is the same kind of thing that injured guys like Rick Marley a few years ago! Somebody needs to stop this!

[Kostovich reaches down, dragging Williams up to his knees with two hands full of hair.]

GM: Kostovich is trying to get the big man up... trying to get-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: SUDAKOV! SUDAKOV!

[The Russian War Machine comes tearing down the ramp dressed in street clothes with a neckbrace secured around his neck. Kostovich throws Williams back down to the mat, frantically pointing down the ramp as Sudakov steps into the ring...

...and rushes forward, catching his Uncle with a clothesline that takes the Russian over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: SUDAKOV CLEARS OUT VELIKOV!!

[He swings around, arm at the ready...

...but Sullivan is ready for him, ambushing him with a series of right hands to the jaw, shoving Sudakov back against the ropes where he buries a knee into the midsection.]

GM: Sullivan's fighting back!

[Grabbing Sudakov by the arm, Sullivan fires him across. Sudakov hits the far ropes, rebounding off to duck under a wild left hand attempt to hit the ropes again, bouncing off...]

...and KNOCKING Sullivan flat with a leaping shoulder tackle!]

GM: OH YEAH! OH YEAH! COME GET SOME, DICK SULLIVAN!

[Sullivan scrambles back to his feet, ready to continue the attack...]

...but the sight of Sudakov's right arm cocked and ready sends Sullivan diving out of the ring and out to the floor where Ivan Kostovich grabs ahold of him to prevent him from going back in! A fired-up and furious Sullivan shouts in the direction of the ring, struggling against Kostovich as Sudakov stands at the ready, the crowd roaring behind him 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. Jason Dane stands between Kolya Sudakov and Sweet Daddy Williams who is wincing as he holds the back of his head.]

JD: We are back live here in Dallas. Gentlemen, what do you have to say about what we just-

[Williams interrupts.]

SDW: SULLLLLLIVAAAAAN!

[A furious Williams leans over, grabbing the back of his head.]

SDW: I didn't... I didn't want to believe it, man. I thought it was a mistake! But it ain't no mistake. You sold your soul... you made a deal with the Devil... and now you've gotta live with your decisions...

[Williams breathes heavily.]

SDW: You took that chain... you...

[He winces again.]

SDW: You hit me from behind with it!

[Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: Next time? It's my turn!

[The crowd roars as Williams shoves away from Dane, falling back into the corner.]

JD: Mr. Sudakov, we haven't seen you in weeks and now you're back here wearing that neckbrace. Why?

KS: Jason Dane, Kolya came to Dallas tonight with no idea what to do. Kolya just knew he needed to be here. Kolya heard what Sweet Daddy say a few weeks ago. He say if Kolya needed a partner, he'd be there.

[Big cheer!]

KS: And Kolya knew that Sweet Daddy would need someone here tonight to watch his back... and that's what Kolya did, Jason Dane. I watch Sweet Daddy's back!

JD: But your neck... that brace...

KS: Dick Sullivan drop Kolya with the brainbuster. He try to take Kolya out.

[Sudakov lifts a finger, wagging it.]

KS: But Sullivan didn't - how you say - get the job done!

[Another big cheer!]

KS: So, now? Now it's Kolya's turn. Sweet Daddy's turn. We're ready.

[Pause.]

KS: For SuperClash.

[BIG CHEER!]

SDW: SULLIVAN! VELIKOV! YOU THINK YOU'RE BIG AND BAD?!

[Williams jerks a thumb at Kolya Sudakov.]

SDW: THIS MAN IS BIG AND BAD!! THIS MAN IS TOUGH!! THIS MAN IS THE RUSSIAN WAR MACHINE!!

[Then a thumb at himself.]

SDW: And I'm the Sweet Daddy and the two of you know what I'm all about. So, at SuperClash, it's gonna be us versus the two of-

[Sudakov holds up a hand, shaking his head.]

KS: No, no... not the two of them...

[Pause.]

KS: The three of them!

[HUGE CHEER!]

KS: KOLYA WANT KOSTOVICH TOO!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring now as Williams nods his head.]

SDW: Two on three at SuperClash?! As an old friend would say... let's hook 'em up!

JD: You heard it, fans! Sweet Daddy Williams and Kolya Sudakov are looking for a handicap match at SuperClash against Vladimir Velikov, Dick Sullivan, AND Ivan Kostovich! Will the Russian accept the challenge?! We'll try to find out here tonight! Right now, let's go backstage to my partner-in-crime, Mark Stegglet, who is standing by with the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton! Mark?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where we do indeed see Anton Layton, cloaked in his usual black robe standing next to Mark Stegglet. Stegglet looks a little more nervous than usual.]

MS: Thanks, Jason. Fans, I am here with Anton Layton who says he has a very unique challenge for one, Eric Preston. Mr. Layton, the floor is yours.

[Stegglet slowly extends the mic.]

AL: Eric Preston tries my patience. For weeks now, I have made Eric Preston the proverbial offer he can not refuse. He was offered my guidance, my talents in taking him beyond his current state and to another level - to another dimension of greatness. But time and time again, Eric Preston has elected to shun me. Preston has chosen to believe that standing alongside Todd Michaelson will take him to the Promised Land.

Eric Preston is wrong.

But it is not just me who Preston snubs with these choices - it is my Master. And that is simply unacceptable, Mark Stegglet.

[Stegglet slowly pulls the mic towards him.]

MS: Is your Master... angry?

[Layton softly chuckles.]

AL: My Master does not grow angry with Eric Preston, Stegglet. He is ENRAGED! You have filled the Master with the flames of fury, Eric Preston. The flames that have scorched my back as punishment for being unable to deliver you to him. My Master has seen the future in his flames and it is you and I, standing side by side in service to him, surrounded by gold.

Yet you do not share his vision.

But my Master has given me one more opportunity. One more chance to sway you to our cause.

[Layton nods.]

AL: And it will occur at SuperClash.

MS: So, the challenge is ma-

[Layton jerks the mic back.]

AL: No, no, no, Mark Stegglet. That is simply Step One. Eric Preston will beat me in a straight-up match... I have no doubt of that. My Master has no doubt of that.

But what my Master is unsure of is how Preston will fare when the flames are pushed to HIS back. How will HE respond? What will HE do?

[Layton softly chuckles again.]

AL: At SuperClash, we will find out. This will be no ordinary match between us at SuperClash, Eric Preston.

For we? We will be at the Master's Mercy.

Ehehehehe...ehehehehehehehehe.... EHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEH!

[Layton suddenly goes silent, jerking away from Stegglet and walking out of view.]

MS: Anton Layton wants Eric Preston at SuperClash... at the Master's Mercy?! I shudder to think of what that means. Fans, at this time, we're going to go out to the parking lot area where I'm told someone has just arrived to the building for tonight's show!

[We cut to the exterior of the Crockett Coliseum, where the camera focuses on a black stretch limo that is coming closer, eventually pulling up near a rear-entry door. The driver of the limo quickly exits the vehicle and scampers around towards the rear door, where he waits.]

GM: Someone is showing up to Saturday Night Wrestling in style!

BW: You clearly didn't catch my arrival in the company helicopter earlier, did you, Gordo?

[After a few moments, the driver hears a knock on the window and reaches over and opens the door. The first thing we see is a long, toned female leg peeking out from behind a sparkling blue evening gown. Another leg follows it and from the vehicle emerges a stunning blonde woman. Behind her exits a tall brunette in a red evening gown. The procession continues as a busty red-head in a black sequined dress and an exotic-looking bombshell with jet black hair, clad in a pink dress, exit the limo and look back inside the vehicle.]

BW: Whoever this is has got some serious taste, daddy! I'd give my right arm for five minutes so I could just bury my face in-

GM: Easy, tiger!

[Finally, from the limo emerges the AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. The boos can be heard from inside the arena as Dufresne grabs the championship and holds it over his shoulder. The Louisiana

native is clad in a long-tailed black tuxedo with a matching bow tie, and black dress shoes that shine like mirrors. His long blond hair is pulled back into a tight pony tail and he flashes a Cheshire Cat grin at his entourage.]

BW: The champ is here! The champ is here! See, this is classic sophistication right here. No silly teenage girls screaming like banshees for Travis Lynch for no reason anyone can figure out. Calisto Dufresne is showing us exactly how a champion should carry himself!

GM: Well, he's clearly feeling good about himself considering he quit right in the middle of that ring two weeks ago!

[Dufresne takes two ladies on each arm and begins marching towards the entrance. The limo driver holds that door open for the group as well and the cameras follow the champion and his gaggle of women through the halls of the Crockett Coliseum. As the group approaches the curtain towards the aisle leading to the ring, the familiar tones of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kick in over the PA system and the boos manage to increase in volume.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne looks like he's making his way down to the ring!

BW: YES! I wonder if the champ needs someone to hold his ladies while he climbs into the ring...

[As the group emerges from the entrance portal the camera shot switches to the traditional view. Dufresne beams at the crowd, looking confident and cocksure as always. He bows deeply, his tuxedo's coattails sweeping behind him as the women grin widely to the crowd. Eventually the group makes its way towards the ring and Dufresne climbs directly into the ring, making no attempt to hold the ropes open for the women. They all manage to climb into the ring as Dufresne demands a microphone from Phil Watson. He stands in the center of the ring, soaking in the jeers from the crowd for long moments before finally raising the microphone to his lips and speaking.]

CD: You're welcome, Dallas.

[A self-righteous nod.]

CD: You're welcome for showing you ladies that aren't 200 pounds overweight. You're welcome for showing you how to dress in a \$2,000 tailored tuxedo and not tight-fitting, grease-stained t-shirts from the big and tall section. You're welcome for me just gracing you with my presence.

That's what a real champion does. He sets the bar so high that it's not even possible to go over it.

[Dufresne pauses, pacing around a bit; dark clouds forming on his brow.]

CD: Which brings me to last week. Which brings me to Supernova.

[Big pop for the man who made Dufresne submit two weeks ago.]

CD: Go ahead, cheer for that face-painted freak. He'll howl right back at you and you all can carry on like the inbred rednecks that you are.

See, Supernova _needs_ your cheers. He _needs_ your adoration. Because that's all he will _ever_ have!

[The Ladykiller's pace and tone pick up a bit as he continues his rant.]

CD: Supernova, you may have earned yourself a shot at the National Title at SuperClash, but you can rest assured that there is a zero percent chance that you walk out of Memphis with _my_ title.

[The champion rubs the National Title lovingly.]

CD: The reasons you will be going home empty-handed are inside this ring and obvious to anyone with two eyes. You walk around town in ragged t-shirts and ripped jeans. Your champion walks around in Christian Dior tuxedos.

[The four women in the ring smile, and smooth out Dufresne's tuxedo for him.]

CD: You hang out in Dallas dive bars, talking to any random tavern wench that gets WKIK in their trailer and thinks your face paint is pretty. Your champion surrounds himself with Perfect 10 models.

[Dufresne jerks a thumb over his shoulder with his entourage.]

CD: You pulled up to the show tonight in a mid-size sedan and share hotel rooms on the road to save money. Your champion rolls around in limos and jet sets around the world in private jets.

[A confident nod from the champion.]

CD: You walk around everywhere howling like a madman; allowing your emotions and adrenaline to drive your every move. Your champion is a master chess player in everything he does; carefully thinking six moves ahead of you.

[The boos intensify as Dufresne continues to go on.]

CD: You-

[But that's when the boos turn to cheers as somebody has just emerged from the entranceway and is headed down the ramp.]

GM: Here comes the challenger at SuperClash, Supernova!

BW: What gives him the right to be here? Not only does everything Dufresne has said apply to this face-painted goof, but now he shows another reason

why he's not good enough to be champion... he can't get his own interview time schedule and has to interrupt Dufresne's time?

[Supernova has his face painted, dressed in blue jeans and wears his "OCCUPY SUPER CLASH" T-shirt. He steps between the ropes, walking right up to Dufresne, whose expression hasn't changed much... although Dufresne looks a bit taken aback when Supernova snatches the microphone from him.]

S: Yeah, Calisto Dufresne, here you are living in your material world...

[A slight smile.]

S: And I most definitely believe you are a material girl!

[The insult draws the cheers of the crowd and the ire of Dufresne.]

S: OK, so I'm weak when it comes to a punch line for a joke, but the one thing I'm certainly not weak at is what I do in that ring! But more importantly, you talk about how I hang out in the Dallas dive bars, but the people that are in those bars... well, they are the type of people who do a lot to prop up your lifestyle.

Like the man who works in the oil fields every day so you can have gasoline to put in your limousine.

Or the woman who works in a factory sewing threads so you have the cloth that makes up those Christian Dior tuxedos of yours.

Or the man who spends his days working on a ranch outside the city, getting his hands dirty, so you can have that prime rib you feast on for dinner.

Or the woman who tends to your every need on those private jets because she wants to ensure there's enough money to put food on the table for her kids.

In other words, Calisto, those people in the bars are the people I represent because, while they may not have all the luxuries in the world, they are happy for whatever they got because they know they earned it... and if it wasn't for them, you wouldn't have all the luxuries you've got!

And as I told the people before the show, you are simply a man who is out of touch, who represents nothing but materialistic things and believe that they somehow make you better than anyone else.

Well, I am here to tell you...

[And now he walks up to Dufresne and gets close to his face.]

S: YOU'RE DEAD WRONG, PAL!

[Dufresne, despite his chessmaster rant earlier, seems to lose his cool a bit as Supernova approaches him, and gives the young star a two-handed shove in the chest, backing him up a few steps. Seeing Supernova stumble a bit brings a smile to the champion's face, but that smile quickly disappears as Supernova lunges forward, tackling Dufresne back into the corner.]

GM: Look out! It's breaking down in Dallas, Texas!

[Supernova grabs the middle rope, throwing a trio of shoulders into the midsection of the National Champion. He straightens up, grabbing two hands full of Dufresne's dress shirt...

...and YANKS hard, ripping the expensive shirt open, sending buttons flying everywhere!]

BW: What the-?!

GM: He ripped that shirt clean off the man!

[The Venice Beach star winds up, driving an open-handed slap down across the pectorals of Dufresne to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot across the chest!

[A grinning Supernova winds up again, delivering a second skin-searing slap to the chest before grabbing the shirt again, yanking hard and tearing the fabric apart, ripping the dress shirt much to the dismay of Calisto Dufresne and his lovely ladies.]

GM: He's tearing that shirt apart! So much for the - what did he call it? A Christie Eeyore shirt?

BW: Christian Dior, you ignorant wretch!

[Supernova grabs Dufresne by the arm, flinging him from corner to corner. He throws himself back into the buckles, cupping his hands to his mouth and letting loose a big howl to the crowd...

...and breaks into a sprint, charging across the ring!]

GM: HEAT WAVE!!

[Supernova leaves his feet, sailing towards the corner. Dufresne dives to the side...

...but Supernova extends his arms, grabbing the top rope and preventing himself from smashing into the buckles!]

GM: Dufresne moved but Supernova stopped himself short and-

[A big running clothesline alongside the ropes takes Dufresne off his feet. Reaching down, Supernova grabs the tuxedo tails, pulling hard as Dufresne struggles against his grip.]

GM: He's ripping and tearing at that tuxedo to boot, Bucky!

BW: This is awful! Absolutely awful!

GM: Supernova throws the tuxedo down to the mat - now what?!

[Reaching down, Supernova drags Dufresne up by the hair...

...and gets a thumb stuck into his eye!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Dufresne!

BW: Cheapshot?! This whole thing is a cheapshot by Supernova, Myers!

[Reaching down, Dufresne unhooks a leather belt from around his waist, pulling it out into the open...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohh! Dufresne whips him across the back with that leather belt!

[The Ladykiller winds up again, lashing it down across the wide back of the Number One contender, sending him staggering over into the ropes...

...where Dufresne loops the leather belt around the throat of Supernova!]

GM: Oh no! He's got the belt around the throat! He's trying to strangle the life out of Supernova!

[But the fan favorite twists into the pressure, coming face to face with Dufresne and cracking him with a right hand that knocks him down to the mat, the belt falling out of his hand. Supernova leans over, grabbing the legs of Dufresne.]

GM: Solar Flare! Solar Flare! He's gonna hook it on him again!

[The Ladykiller begins frantically kicking his legs, trying to avoid being trapped in the dreaded submission hold again. Supernova tries to hang on but the champion proves to be too wriggly, dragging himself under the ropes to the elevated ramp...

...and dragging himself out of his own pants in the process!]

GM: Oh my!

[The crowd ERUPTS into laughter at the sight of Calisto Dufresne, now standing in only his underwear out on the ramp. An angry Dufresne rushes down the ramp towards the back as Supernova mockingly puts on the shredded remains of the tuxedo jacket, strutting around the ring in it.]

GM: Supernova has embarrassed and humiliated the National Champion here tonight less than one month away from SuperClash in Memphis, Tennessee where Supernova will receive his shot to take that title belt from around the waist of the Ladykiller!

BW: This is awful! That tuxedo costs more than Supernova's car! He should be forced to pay Calisto Dufresne back in full for the cost of that tuxedo, Gordo!

GM: I don't know about all that. But Supernova is standing tall, walking tall, and looking good in my estimation, Bucky - as well as in the estimation of all these fans, I'd gather!

BW: Who cares what you and these morons think?!

GM: Supernova does! The people do! What a moment! And Calisto Dufresne has gotta be humiliated here tonight in Dallas, Texas, fans! We've gotta take another quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

[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 El Paso, Texas had better get ready because the AWA is coming to town on Saturday, November 5th, for another night of AWA arena action! The Memorial Gymnasium 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! Yuma Weaver is on the card! Plus, the Antons collide with "Playboy" Johnny Casanova and "Dirty" Dick Bass in tag team action!

[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 El Paso, Texas!

[We fade to a graphic with all the show details before going to black.

And then fading back up on a panning shot of the Crockett Coliseum. After a moment, the O'Jays' "For the Love of Money" blasts through the Crockett Coliseum and all heads turn to the ring where a pair of stools have been set up over a red carpet. A deep voice cuts over the top of the classic track...]

"Ladies and gentlemen...

TODD MICHAELSON!"

[The spotlight hits as Todd Michaelson steps into the ring, mic in hand as he waves to the crowd and takes a seat on one of the stools.]

TM: Thank you. Thank you all so much. Ladies and gentlemen, my guest this week on the Money Pit... he is the interim Chairman of the Championship Committee and my best friend... JON STEGGLET!

[The crowd cheers for Jon Stegglet as he quickly joins his friend in the ring, warmly shaking hands with him.]

TM: Steggs... the whole world is talking about SuperClash, just under a month away now. We already know some of what we'll be seeing that night and in just a few moments, Jason Dane is going to tell us more in the Control Center... but I understand you had a very special match you wanted to announce in person to the entire world here tonight.

[Stegglet nods, taking the offered microphone.]

JS: Thanks, Todd. SuperClash III is coming - it's less than a month away from going down LIVE on Thanksgiving Night from the DeSoto Civic Center in Memphis, Tennessee where, for the very first time, the AWA will be going LIVE on Internet Pay Per View as well. We're all very excited about this big jump for the American Wrestling Alliance and we want to make sure that when you put down your hard earned money on Thanksgiving Night, you're doing so for the very best wrestling action in the world today.

[Big cheer!]

JS: As many of you know, some of the AWA's stars are currently on a tour of Japan. We sent out guys like Ricky Armstrong and the Southern Stallions to get a little bit of experience in a completely different part of the wrestling world. With them, we also sent Rex Summers, the Lynch Brothers, and the National Tag Team Champions, Violence Unlimited, to promote SuperClash as well as to compete on some shows for Tiger Paw Pro, our partner promotion in Japan. So, that's why none of those competitors are with us here tonight in Dallas.

[The crowd boos that announcement.]

JS: However... just because they're not here, that doesn't necessarily mean they can't make headlines here in the States as well. At this time, it gives me great pleasure to announce two more matches for the SuperClash lineup.

"Red Hot" Rex Summers has been walking around the AWA for months now disparaging the good name of PCW by carrying that title belt over his shoulder and around his waist. Travis Lynch believes that he can take that belt and restore his family's honor.

At SuperClash, we're going to give him that opportunity. Travis Lynch vs Rex Summers with the PCW Title belt on the line!

[BIG CHEER!]

JS: But that's not all. There is a prize to be held - the honor of being known as the greatest tag team on the planet. Two teams believe that honor to be theirs.

On one side of the ring, we will have the team who won the 2011 Stampede Cup tournament - the legendary Lynch Brothers.

On the other, the National Tag Team Champions and the winners of the 2010 Stampede Cup tournament - Violence Unlimited.

At SuperClash III, we will answer the question - who is the greatest tag team on the planet?

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

JS: Two big matches, one heck of a night. It's gonna be one for the ages! I personally can not wait for SuperClash III.

[Michaelson interrupts.]

TM: That's a heck of an announcement, Steggs... but from what I understand, that's not the only reason you're out here tonight on the Pit. Spill it.

[Stegglet smiles at his old friend.]

JS: Busted.

[Stegglet exhales sharply, shrugging his shoulders.]

JS: Just before last year's SuperClash, the AWA was honored to bring to you fans a man who has had a career that is nothing short of legendary. A man who first came to play a role as special enforcer for a match that needed the sort of discipline only he could bring.

I'm talking, of course, about Alex Martinez.

[Cheers go up from the crowd.]

JS: Alex and I have known each other for years. And I don't mind saying that it was me who helped bring him to the AWA. So that's why this is so

hard. Because tonight? Tonight, I might have to send Alex home permanently.

[The fans' booing lets Stegglet know how unpopular his decision is.]

JS: I cannot, in good conscience, let Alex Martinez continue to fight an army all by himself. I don't think anyone, myself included, knows the full extent of his injuries. And it doesn't matter to me anymore whether or not the AWA is legally liable for his pain and suffering.

Right now, the only thing that matters is the well being of my friend.

So, Alex, I want you to come out here. And you better have a partner. Because if you don't, then there will be no match at SuperClash. And there will be no more Alex Martinez in the AWA. So, Alex, now is the time...

[There's no music this week. Just the roar of the crowd as Alex Martinez steps out from the back. Dressed in a black T-shirt and a pair of blue jeans, the lights reflect brightly off the silvered lenses of his mirror shades as the giant stalks down the aisle. He ignores the crowd as he moves towards the ring. Despite his determination, he moves with an obvious limp. And once on the apron, he pauses, shaking his head, trying to regain his equilibrium, before entering the ring. Martinez stalks forward, swiping the microphone out of Stegglet's hands.]

AM: Ya know somethin' Steggy? I woulda thought, by now, that you, of all people, knew what I was all about.

See? What's defined me has never been bein' big or bein' strong. It's the fact that, no matter how many times I get knocked down, I get back up. Ya know how many people have counted me out over the years?

Hell, you were there the first time Temple came after me. You were there when he stole everything from me. Everyone thought that was the end - You thought that was the end.

But I kept on goin', didn't I?

Some people, they just never learn. So ya wanna know if I'm ready to go home? Far from it. I need a partner? Well, I got myself a partner.

[As the crowd cheers, Martinez smirks.]

JS: Who?

AM: Oh, its someone that everyone here in the AWA knows. Someone that Matthews and Temple ain't gonna be happy to see. Someone whose return to Texas is long overdue...

JS: Do you mean...?

[Another smirk from Martinez.]

AM: I mean the _only_ person I need to take on Matthews and Temple. I mean a guy who is gonna shock the world. A guy that I can guarantee won't turn tail and run. He's a hero here in the AWA.

Someone everyone misses.

Give it a minute's thought, and everyone here will figure out who I'm talkin' about. You should all know there's only _one_ guy I'd choose.

[The anticipation from the fans is a tangible thing.]

AM: Last year, SuperClash happened because of one guy. One guy made it all happen, put all the pieces together. One man's plan was what brought things crashin' down around the ears of a lot of people.

JS: I want a name, Alex.

AM: And I'm going to give you a name...

[But before he can, the crowd reaction alerts Martinez to the presence of the masked Minion, who stands outside the ring, a cordless microphone brought to his concealed face.]

AM: You got somethin' to say, then you come in the ring to say it.

Minion: I will do no such thing, Mighty Martinez! Not after your attack last week. Time and again, you have been given the chance. No more chances given to you. You say you have a partner? Well, The Dragon has sent me with this message.

You have defied him for the last time. You were told to leave. Told to enjoy your life in obscurity. But you refused. And so, the Dragon sent his horde against you. And though you have been injured and defeated, still you refuse to be a reasonable man. This angers the Dragon. And now, it is time to feel his wrath.

At SuperClash, you and whoever you have found that is foolish enough to stand at your side, will battle against the two men destined to destroy you, Jeff Matthews and Caleb Temple. But, if you can defy fate. If you can overcome your destiny, then know this. The Dragon will send no other men against you.

The Dragon will come _himself_ and cast you into the darkness!

[The crowd "ooooohs" at the announcement that the identity of the Dragon - at long last - may be revealed very soon.]

AM: That's all that I needed to hear. You tell the Dragon that I'll be standin' on top of the broken bodies of Matthews and Temple, waitin' for him.

Minion: Do not be so certain. Your foolhardiness has carried you far, but it will carry you no further.

For, Mighty Martinez, you shall never make it to SuperClash...

[And on cue, Caleb Temple and Jeff Matthews come tearing through the curtain, charging down the elevated ramp towards the ring. Todd Michaelson quickly gets his friend, Jon Stegglet, out of the ring as Martinez squares up to fight the attackers off.]

GM: Look out! Look out!

[Matthews is the first one through the ropes, immediately catching a right hand on the jaw that sends him falling back into the buckles. The big man turns to face Temple who promptly tackles the legs of Martinez, wrapping himself around the long limbs, tangling him up...

...and that gives the Madfox a chance to throw himself into a back elbow, knocking the big man down to the mat!]

GM: They've got him down! They've got him down on the mat!

[Temple quickly gets back to his feet, laying in kicks to the ribs of the downed Martinez as Matthews gets to his knees, hammering away with fists to the skull...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Steel chair in hand, Martinez' savior dashes down the ramp to the ring, ducking through the ropes, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOT!! RIGHT ACROSS THE BACK!!!

[The blow with the chair knocks Caleb Temple through the ropes, sending him out to the floor...

...and as Jeff Matthews climbs to his feet, wheeling around to face Martinez' savior.]

GM: I can't believe it! It's been... how long?! How long has it been?

[Matthews shouts, "YOU!?" with the crowd roaring in response...]

GM: It's Adam Rogers! THE NATURAL IS HERE!!

[Rogers and Matthews stand over the downed Martinez in a stand-off, Rogers wielding the steel chair as he takes a protective stance over the seven footer!]

GM: Adam Rogers is the partner! He's got to be!

BW: Are you SERIOUS?!

GM: It's gonna be Martinez and Rogers vs Temple and Matthews at SuperClash! My stars, what a showdown that'll be! And if Martinez survives that one, the Dragon will be waiting for him!

[Matthews slowly backs up, shaking his head in disbelief...

...and slips through the ropes to the floor, retrieving the Minion and Caleb Temple before making their back down the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Oh yeah! Adam Rogers just saved Alex Martinez from Caleb Temple and Jeff Matthews... and we've got a tag team match coming up at SuperClash III that'll be as big as any tag team match in AWA history! That's a match that could Main Event ANYWHERE in the world, Bucky!

BW: It's huge - no doubt about it. But what the heck is Rogers doing here?! What business does he have in getting involved in this?

GM: Adam Rogers has a history with Caleb Temple and Jeff Matthews... and when Jon Stegglet told Alex Martinez that he might need to go to extremes to find his partner, it looks like Martinez bought into it! Adam Rogers has returned to the AWA and he'll be teaming with the Last American Badboy on Thanksgiving Night! Incredible! Fans, we've got one more commercial break before it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

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 a shot of the SuperClash III logo which fades away to Jason Dane standing in front of a bank of television monitors showing various AWA action upon them.]

JD: Welcome everyone to the SuperClash Control Center - your source for all the information about the big event coming up on Thanksgiving Night in Memphis, Tennessee!

Now, thanks to Jon Stegglet, we already know a big portion of the lineup of action...

[The shot changes to a graphic with the National Title between two photos of Calisto Dufresne and Supernova.]

JD: The National Title will be on the line when Calisto Dufresne defends the gold against the Number One contender, Supernova! It'll be Occupy SuperClash for the face-painted young lion from Venice Beach on Thanksgiving Night!

[The graphic changes to the two teams involved in the National Tag Team Title Match.]

JD: Violence Unlimited puts the gold on the line against James and Jack Lynch! Who is the best tag team in the world? We'll find out in Memphis.

[We cut to a shot from moments ago with Adam Rogers fending off Caleb Temple and Jeff Matthews with a steel chair.]

JD: And speaking of tag team matches, this is going to be a big one. Alex Martinez and Adam Rogers teaming up to face Caleb Temple and Jeff Matthews in what can only be described as an All-Star Showdown. Two Hall of Famers teaming to take on two men on the ballot for this year.

[Cut again to another graphic - this one showing the PCW Title belt and the two men who will challenge for it.]

JD: Travis Lynch will get a chance to restore his family's honor when he challenges "Red Hot" Rex Summers with the PCW Title belt on the line.

[The shot cuts back to Jason Dane.]

JD: Those are the matches we know about officially - now let's add some that have been signed right here tonight. We saw these two teams square off earlier tonight but at SuperClash III, they will determine who is the Number One contender to the National Tag Team Titles. It'll be the Blonde Bombers taking on the Aces!

Earlier tonight, Anton Layton made a mysterious challenge and we have learned that Eric Preston has accepted. It'll be the Master's Mercy at SuperClash for the Prince of Darkness and the Combat Corner graduate.

[A graphic comes up that reads "STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT"]

JD: It has become an annual tradition - ten men battling it out to see who will be the sole survivor and earn ANY match of their choosing. And this year, two men who believe they should be the Number One contender will use Steal The Spotlight to try and win that shot at the gold. That's right... it'll be former two-time National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, captaining one team and the original National Champion, the San Jose Shark, Marcus Broussard as the captain of the other.

We know that Sultan Azam Sharif is in. We know Pedro Perez is in. We now know that Skywalker Jones is in. That's five. We need five more for this annual event and we'll be announcing those in the days to come.

[The graphic fades back to Jason Dane.]

JD: It's the biggest night of the year for the AWA and this year, we're going worldwide on Internet Pay Per View for what should be the biggest SuperClash in AWA history! Fans, you do not want to miss it. The DeSoto Civic Center is close to a sell-out so if you can't be there in person, make sure you join us LIVE on Internet Pay Per View for SuperClash III!

[We crossfade from Dane back down to ringside where Dick Bass is already in the ring, causing a ruckus as he cracks Delilah several times. Big Mama and "Playboy" Johnny Casanova are all smiles down at ringside as they cheer on the tough guy from Florida.]

PW: The following contest is our MAIN EVENT of the evening! It is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA Longhorn Heritage Championship!

Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Tampa, Florida... weighing in at 265 pounds...

"DIRRRRRRTY"

DIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIICK

BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASS!

[Bass throws the bullwhip into the air, sneering at the jeering crowd. The burly brawler hands the whip off to Big Mama out on the floor as he backs into the corner. Bass wears simple blank trunks, kneepads, and boots. He twists the end of his handlebar mustache as he waits for the arrival of his opponent.]

GM: Dick Bass is the challenger, ready for battle - but before we get there, let's hear from the champion!

[A quick cut to the back reveals two men. One man is holding a microphone -- the intrepid Jason Dane. The other man, who happens to be significantly larger than Dane, is obviously dressed to fight. The Longhorn Heritage Title strapped around his waist, fists taped up, hair tied back, and otherwise ready to go is one seven foot two inch Robert Donovan.]

JD: In mere moments, Rob, you defend the Longhorn Heritage Championship against "Dirty" Dick Bass. The history of the Longhorn Heritage title isn't that long, but you and the former champion have seemed willing, even eager, to defend the title as often as possible. Why is that?

[Donovan grins.]

RD: I'm glad you asked, Jason. This belt right here around my waist...

[Donovan gives the title a nice loud smack, for emphasis.]

RD: ...if I have it my way, it's up for grabs every night. I ain't gonna pretend to know what made Nenshou defend it so often -- probably tryin' to raise himself above what he felt Longhorn Heritage was supposed to be about. No matter his motivation though, much as I dislike the man, I ain't gonna take anything away from 'im -- he was a fightin' champion, right up until I ripped the belt off his waist.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: ...so, bein' that the first champ was a fightin' champ, how could I do anything but defend it the way he did? Maybe Nenshou didn't know it, but by bein' so willing to fight anybody for the strap, he actually emulated Longhorn Heritage, maybe in the most profound way possible. He went out

at every opportunity an' he fought anybody willin' to step in the ring. He didn't back off from a challenge, unless it was at Childes' behest. Wonder if it'd make him mad to know he emulated that Longhorn Heritage way more than any o' the words that came outta Percy's mouth denigrated it?

[Donovan chuckles.]

JD: What do you think of tonight's challenger?

RD: I don't know too much 'bout Dick Bass, but let's be honest, he ain't that hard a guy to figure out. He openly, happily calls himself, "Dirty" -- which most people might take as me tryin' to insult the man, but this title around my waist was gained in dirty fightin' , defended by dirty fightin', and championed by dirty fightin'. He wants to get dirty? Good. I got no problem with that.

[Donovan unstraps the title and puts it over his shoulder, giving the camera a better shot.]

RD: Now, like I said, I don't know the man personally, but I am familiar with the company he keeps. Good ol' Johnny Casanova...who, might I add, is in the best shape I've ever seen 'im in.... Well, let's just say if Bass is really as "Dirty" as he claims, he's in good company, 'cause Casanova's a real snake. But like I said, this is the Longhorn Heritage championship, an' I ain't gonna back down from a challenge.

[Donovan grins.]

RD: You wanted a shot at this title, Bass? Well, now it's yours...Dick.

[Donovan stares straight-faced into the camera, while an AWA exec probably curses under his or her breath.]

RD: Now, Dane, I know there's at least one more question you gotta ask before I can walk outta here, so go on ahead an' ask it.

JD: Of course. You issued a challenge for SuperClash, to defend the Longhorn Heritage championship against MAMMOTH Misuzawa. You added a stipulation to that match...if you defeat the gargantuan MAMMOTH, you get five minutes in the ring with his manager, Louis Matsui.

[Dane pauses.]

JD: It isn't hard to figure out why you'd like to get your hands on Matsui -- he took full credit for what happened to Juan Vasquez, and you've been very open about how much you took exception to it. You also, however, have said you'll defend the Longhorn Heritage title against all comers, so why would you force Misuzawa into agreeing to this stipulation?

[Donovan arches an eyebrow briefly, then smiles.]

RD: Now, Jason, are you suggestin' I'm a hypocrite?

[Dane moves to respond, but Rob holds up one hand, shaking his head.]

RD: It's all right, 'cause you ain't wrong. I just got through sayin' that fightin' is what this title is all about, but then I make somebody -- a man who by all accounts, even after a long break, is a more than worthy challenger -- jump through some BS hoop to get his shot. Why?

[Donovan's grin fades rather abruptly.]

RD: It's my best chance to finally get even on the champ's behalf, Dane. I ain't a coward, and I ain't gonna back down from a challenge, an' truth be told, if Matsui turns this down on his client's behalf, I'll still fight MAMMOTH. I'm gamblin' that Matsui's arrogance -- an' the fact that he saw Misuzawa hoist me up like a sack of potatoes an' drive me into the mat -- are gonna lead him to acceptin' the challenge, no matter how bad an idea it is for him personally.

[The gleam in Donovan's eye suggests that it would be a very bad idea, indeed.]

RD: An' just in case you're thinkin' o' turnin' this down, Matsui, lemme let you in on a little secret. I may be a good guy, but I ain't a nice guy, an' if you hide from me for too long, you hide from what you got comin' for too long...well, like I said, I'm a good guy, but I ain't a nice guy, an' at least if you have to face me in the ring, you got my word that you ain't in danger o' anythin' but gettin' beat up between the ropes, an' after that five minutes o' pain, it's over.

You run from me too long, Matsui, an' I'll just settle for catchin' you in a parkin' lot...an' there won't be no bell to ring after five minutes to pull me off of your sorry ass.

[Donovan's glower stays focused on the camera until the picture cuts away back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Metallica's "Turn The Page" starts up to a big cheer from the Dallas, Texas crowd.]

PW: Standing seven foot two inches tall and weighing in tonight at 345 pounds... from Pensacola, Florida... he is the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

ROOOOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNOOOVANNNN!

[The seven footer tears through the curtain with a big roar to the cheering fans. He throws his arm up into the air, swinging it around to the cheers of the fans before he slaps the title belt draped over his shoulder.]

GM: Robert Donovan loves that Longhorn Heritage Title. It means SO much to him, Bucky.

BW: The heritage of a place that drew a handful of fans to a stinky, cowpie filled rodeo grounds? Of a place where legends in this industry had to fight on dirt floors for peanuts? If that's what Donovan's fighting to remember, I'd just as soon forget it.

GM: Of course you would. So would people like Percy Childes. And Louis Matsui. But Robert Donovan's not going to let them forget what that title belt represents - what it stands for. That title belt represents everything that Donovan and the legends you mentioned fought for in that rodeogrounds. It represents names like John Wesley Hardin, Casey James, Tex Violence, Bishop, Brody Thunder and a heck of a lot more just like 'em. It represents this company wanting to pay tribute to those same men and the spirit that made the Longhorn Wrestling Council one of the most legendary promotions in the history of our sport!

BW: Oh, put away your pom-poms, Gordo. No one needs you to sit here and cheerlead for a dead promotion and a bunch of has-beens and never-weres who as "legendary" as you claim they were, couldn't keep that joint afloat. Personally, I think Percy's right. I think Louis is too. That title belt being named after that place is a disgrace!

GM: Don't let Robert Donovan hear you say that.

[Donovan steps over the ropes into the ring, holding the title belt high above his head to the roars of the crowd. He grins, patting the title belt with his free hand and giving it over to AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger who holds the title belt overhead and then hands it out to the timekeeper.]

GM: Two big men from Florida are about to tangle with the Longhorn Heritage Title belt on the line.

[The referee gives some final words to both men and then calls for the bell. Both men instantly come together in a collar and elbow, struggling against one another.]

GM: Donovan's got a ten inch height advantage on Bass. Dick Bass is used to being the bigger man in the match at 6'4 and 265 but that's not the case here tonight, Bucky.

BW: That's why he's gotta live up to his name here tonight, Gordo.

GM: Bucky!

BW: He's gotta fight dirty! That's all I meant!

GM: Oh, okay.

[The seven footer easily powers Bass back into the corner...

...and then steps back, smashing his open palm down across the chest of Dick Bass, leaving a bright red welt of a handprint across the pectoral of Bass who cringes, staggering away. Donovan cracks a grin as Bass stumbles down the length of the ropes.]

GM: Donovan really caught him there!

[Bass reaches the neutral corner, still wincing as Johnny Casanova climbs up on the apron, reaching to embrace "Dirty" Dick to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Haha! And it looks like Dick Bass needs a hug, Bucky.

BW: Playboy Enterprises is turning into a well-oiled machine and you're just bitter about it, Gordo. "Playboy" Johnny Casanova is just letting Bass know that he's got his back.

[Casanova drops down off the apron, shouting at the mocking fans as Bass points a warning finger at Donovan, shaking his head back and forth.]

GM: Bass doesn't want to feel that again - that's for sure.

[After a few moments, the two men tangle up again, this time Bass using some momentum to push Donovan back...

...but the big man quickly swings him around, pushing Bass to the buckles and landing a second big overhand chop to the chest!]

GM: OHHH!

[Bass again recoils, staggering away down the length of the ropes as Donovan chuckles at the reaction.]

GM: It's like getting whapped in the chest with a frying pan, fans! And Dick Bass just felt it twice!

[This time, an angry Bass wheels around, rushing Donovan with a right hand to the jaw. A second one lands as well and a third sends Donovan falling back into the turnbuckles. "Dirty" Dick promptly wraps his hands around the throat of the champion, squeezing the air out of him as the big man struggles against his grip.]

GM: That's a blatant choke! Get in there, referee!

[Breaking the count at four, Bass steps back, throwing a big boot into the gut of Donovan. He clubs him across the back of the neck with a forearm smash, knocking him down to a knee where he grabs a loose side headlock and begins hammering away with fists to the face.]

GM: Dick Bass is really taking the fight to the Longhorn Heritage Champion early on in this match.

BW: Bass may be on the verge of taking some gold home for Playboy Enterprises and just imagine how excited Big Mama would be about that, daddy.

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Bass swings Donovan around and smashes him facefirst into the top turnbuckle. A second slam into the buckles follows before Bass slams his forearm into the back of Donovan's head, knocking him down to his knees with his upper body pressed into the buckles.]

GM: Donovan's down in the corner...

[Bass grabs the top rope, planting his knee into the back of Donovan's head, pushing his face into the buckles. The referee steps in again, starting a five count. At the count of four, Bass again backs off, allowing Donovan to slump over, his upper body hanging over the middle rope...

...and as Bass gets the referee distracted, allowing Big Mama to interfere, pulling down on the back of Donovan's head, choking him on the ropes!]

GM: Come on! Big Mama is blatantly breaking the rules here, fans!

BW: She's trying to give Donovan a big hug. He should be grateful!

GM: She's choking him!

[Casanova moves in, nudging Big Mama aside...

...and PASTING Donovan with a right hand to the jaw, sending him falling back down to the canvas as Casanova smirks at the jeering crowd, blowing his clenched fist.]

GM: What a right hand by Casanova!

[A sneering Bass approaches the downed Donovan, stomping him repeatedly in the chest. A big leaping stomp to the sternum leaves Donovan clutching at his chest, gasping for air. The rough and tumble Floridian drops down to the mat, grabbing Donovan by the head and slamming his fist repeatedly into it before shoving him back down to the mat, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Bass covers him for one! For two! For- no, just a two count there for the challenger.

[Bass questions the official, climbing up to his feet. He balls up his fist, dropping it down between the eyes!]

GM: High impact fistdrop by the challenger! Another cover - but again, only a two count before Donovan powers out of the pin attempt.

[Bass gets to his feet, unleashing a series of kicks to the ribs, forcing the seven footer under the ropes and out to the floor. The referee backs him off, reprimanding him for the attack while Johnny Casanova drags Donovan up by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The big whip into the railing by Casanova leaves Donovan leaning against the railing, his arms draped over the steel barricade. The Playboy slinks away, ignoring the jeers of the crowd as the referee turns to start a ten count on the Longhorn Heritage Champion.]

GM: Johnny Jagger's going to start a count here. He didn't see that sneak attack by Johnny Casanova. Playboy Enterprises is doing a number on Donovan out here - it's a three on one and it's not right, Bucky!

BW: Oh, please. Lil' Big Mama is gonna do damage to a seven foot tough guy? At worst, it's a two and a half on one.

[At the count of six, Donovan drags himself back to his feet using the steel railing, stumbling towards the ring. He uses the ropes to pull himself up onto the apron where Bass greets him with a pair of right hands to the skull.]

GM: Donovan's trying to fight back - a right hand of his own! And another!

[Bass slips a knee into the midsection from inside the ring, grabbing a handful of hair as he drags Donovan down the apron...]

GM: He's gonna put him into the post! Look out!

[But as Bass tries to slam the champion's skull into the steel, Donovan raises his massive leg, using his foot to block to smash into the post.]

GM: He blocked it! Donovan blocked it!

[With a hard back elbow, Donovan sends Bass staggering away as the seven footer climbs back into the ring, hammering him with a double axehandle across the upper back, sending Bass falling chestfirst into the ropes...]

GM: The champion's trying to fire back now... trying to regain some momentum in this match...

[Reaching down, the seven footer pulls both of Bass' legs up off the mat, a big grin on his face...

...and delivers a hard kick to the midsection to the cheers of the crowd!]

BW: That was a low kick, Gordo!

GM: I don't think so. Referee Johnny Jagger says it was above the waist.

BW: He's as blind as you are!

[Donovan turns around, pulling the legs of his challenger over his shoulders as he faces away from Bass, walking out to the middle of the ring...

...and PLANTING Bass with a thunderous double leg slam!]

GM: Good grief! What impact!

[The seven footer drops down, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Donovan gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! Just a two count there as well! The champion thought he had him there but no dice.

[Donovan pushes up to his feet, holding up three fingers to the official who shakes him off. He leans over, dragging Bass up by the arm...

...and flinging him into the nearest set of turnbuckles, rushing in behind him with a running clothesline in the corner!]

GM: OHHH! Big clothesline by the seven footer!

[Grabbing the arm again, Donovan fires him from corner to corner, charging in after him...

...and SMASHING him against the buckles under his 345 pounds!]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[With the halfway point in the match reached, Donovan gives a shout as he holds up his massive hand...

...and wraps it around the throat of the dazed challenger!]

GM: He's calling for the chokeslam! Donovan wants to put his challenger THROUGH the mat and end this thing right here and now!

[But a desperate Dick Bass has other ideas, frantically reaching up and raking his fingers across the eyes to temporarily blind the champion.]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot by Bass!

[Grabbing Donovan by the hair, Bass drills him with a headbutt to the bridge of the nose to stun him. Tucking his head under the chin of Donovan, Bass drops down to a knee to smash the seven footer's jaw into his head!]

GM: Jawbreaker! Nicely executed by the challenger! And that could very easily turn the tide in this one.

[Donovan falls backwards into the corner as Bass gets back up, burying right hands into the ribs of the seven foot champion. He grabs the big man by the arm, yanking him towards himself...

...and drops him with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Dick Bass is showing off that power and brawling skills that have made him one of the toughest competitors in this entire business. He's showing off exactly why he was one of the hardest guys to beat in PCW and why he continues to be the same way here in the AWA. Playboy Enterprises is a stronger force with a man like Dick Bass involved.

[A quick camera cut outside the ring shows Big Mama clapping proudly as Bass drops into another lateral press, hooking a leg.]

GM: Bass gets one... he gets two...

[But Donovan powers out at the count of two, breaking up the pin attempt. An angry Bass grabs him by the hair, hammering him with fists to the skull before dragging him up again.]

GM: Both men back to their feet... irish whip by Bass...

[A rebounding Donovan ducks under a wildly swung clothesline, bouncing off the far ropes...

...and CONNECTING with a running big boot under the chin!]

GM: BIG BOOT!! HE GOT IT ALL!!!

[Donovan throws his arms apart in a "it's over" gesture as he leans down, yanking Bass up off the mat, hooking his arms around the torso...]

GM: He's going for it all!

[With a roar, Donovan hoists Bass up off the mat, twisting him around in the air...

...and DRIVING HIM INTO THE MAT!!!]

GM: GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB!!

[Donovan drops down to his knees, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner... and STILL AWA LONGHORN HERITAGE CHAMPION... ROOOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNOVANNNN!

[The seven footer retrieves his title belt from the official, holding it high overhead to the cheers of the crowd as Johnny Casanova pulls Dick Bass from the ring, helping his partner back to his feet as Big Mama fumes nearby.]

GM: Robert Donovan has done it! He has retained the title here in a tough-fought battle with Dick Bass, fans.

[Donovan mounts the middle rope, holding the title up to a roar from the fans...

...when suddenly Donovan's celebration is interrupted by jeers from the crowd. The object of their disdain? One Louis Matsui, dressed in a navy blue suit, lavender shirt and red tie. He has a mic in hand as he saunters down the ramp. Following close behind is the scowling seven-footer, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, dressed in a white dress shirt, a black jacket and matching trousers.]

LM: Well, well, well... Congratulations, Robert Donovan... One more week, one more successful TV title defense... Whoa, whoa, whoa! Hold on there, hoss! You issued a challenge two weeks ago; we're here to answer, but you need to calm down and keep your hands to yourself, so we can get in that ring and tell you, face-to-face, man-to-man.

GM: What does Louis Matsui know about man-to-man?

[There's a bit of a pause in the action as Matsui and Mizusawa make their way to the ring, stepping in where MAMMOTH immediately steps up into the face of Robert Donovan. The camera zooms in, showing a scene where the two giants are staring each other down, while Louis Matsui paces behind his charge.]

LM: Donovan, Donovan, Donovan... You say it irritates you when I call that title of yours the Television title. Yet, you don't hesitate putting it on the line against my client? Are you that desperate to get your hands on me? Is that the kind of man you are? The kind of champion? Or are you foolhardy enough to think that you stand a chance against someone like MAMMOTH Mizusawa, with the backing of the Matsui Corporation?

You see, there is nobody better to wear the Television title than my client. When it comes to TV, you don't do it better than Louis Matsui and the Matsui Corporation. We know TV and we know what these mindless hordes want to see. Your Longhorn heritage means nothing to someone who is the FUTURE of this business. Someone like MAMMOTH Mizusawa. Who better to redefine what that title stands for?

Unfortunately, MAMMOTH Mizusawa is meant for bigger things... Two-time Steal the Spotlight winner; he has the opportunity to make it three-for-three. Hell, when the National champion is done with a certain painted freak, when they're done squabbling over who the next number one contender to the title is, maybe Mr. Dufresne would like to finally acknowledge our role in making his reign possible and acknowledge my client's solid claim to a shot at the big prize. [Leaning forward from behind Mizusawa.] That's where this man belongs! He's taken former champs out before; he'll have no trouble doing it again. He does not need to be fighting for some second-grade nod to the past!

So, Donovan, as much as we would love to tear that cheap piece of metal from your hands, melt it down and recast it in MY glorious image, the answer is going to have to be-

[He is interrupted by Mizusawa placing his massive hands over the microphone. He steps around the giant, looking up at him, not expecting this. With a reassuring nod from MAMMOTH, Matsui reluctantly relinquishes the mic. Silence as Mizusawa brings the mic up to his lips.]

MM: Robert... Donovan... We... Accept...

[The crowd is abuzz at the reply, but we can audibly hear a "What?!" from Matsui, followed by a long string of no's as he shakes his head vehemently.]

MM: You... Me... Longhorn Heritage title... You win? You get...

[Pointing to Matsui, who looks like he might burst a vein.]

MM: ...him!

[Louis Matsui is positively apoplectic now. Mizusawa doesn't react to Matsui's tantrum, still glaring at Donovan.]

MM: But!

You.

Won't.

WIN!

BANZAI!!!

[MAMMOTH drops the mic as Tomoyasu Hotei's 'Battle Without Honor or Humanity' starts to play. He backs away from the Longhorn Heritage champion and exits the ring, with Matsui scampering after him before he is left alone in the ring with Donovan.]

GM: My stars, can you believe it?! The giant has spoken and he has spoken in great volume! At SuperClash III, it'll be a Clash of the Giants when Robert Donovan and MAMMOTH Mizusawa go to war with the Longhorn Heritage Title on the line... and if Donovan wins, he gets five minutes in the ring with Louis Matsui!

BW: That can't be right! Mizusawa didn't understand! There's a language barrier involved here - we need a translator!

GM: Mizusawa has accepted the challenge and man oh man, I can NOT wait for SuperClash! Fans, we're out of time! We'll see you next time... at the matches!

[Mizusawa backs down the ramp, eyes still locked on Donovan as Matsui reads him the riot act...

...and we fade to black.]