



[We fade in from the sounds of "Good Times" to static.

Flickering, flashing into life the screen fills with white text on a black screen. A high-pitched whine plays to emulate poorly insulated speakers in an old television experiencing interference from a cathode ray tube. This effect is both jarring and irritating to the viewer. For some it threatens to initiate a seizure.

The words themselves could cause a few eyebrows to cock as the curiosity of television viewers everywhere is piqued.]

ToS (Text on Screen): The following is a paid advertisement. The views and opinions expressed in this segment do not represent the views or opinions of WKIK, it's owners or their affiliates.

[Fade to black. Fade in again on a stranger to the wrestling scene. Wrestling fans everywhere grow alarmed as, perhaps, their favorite promotion's flagship program is pre-empted! How could this be?

Grim-faced, this apparent infomercial host seems less like a salesperson and more like a criminal. His olive-toned skin is unusually pale, suggesting that he never sees the sun. This appearance is augmented by the round, reflective sunglasses he wears. His receding hairline forms an exaggerated widow's peak, his overbite, pointed ears and large nose suggest rodent heritage and he, in general, seems unpleasant before he ever even opens his mouth. Then ... he does.]

MH: Hello. My name is Moishe Horowitz, attorney-at-law. You may have heard of my firm; Horowitz, Lowenstein and Bilker, as we regularly service the entertainment industry and have significant connections to the wrestling business...

[Pregnant pause. And with that reveal we know that this is no infomercial. Horowitz grins ingenuously, his over-large upper teeth reinforcing his previous impression of a rodent.]

MH: You may, also, be familiar with my current client. His history with the wrestling industry has been the primary part of his journey through

manhood. He's been in the industry since 1996 and, frankly, if there's a man who's made a bigger impression on the industry as of late I have yet to meet him. Cameraman, please, widen the shot.

[Said shot is widened. Sitting in a black leather desk chair is a blurred and polarized specter of a man. Set against the bright white of what is now clearly an office wall he seems unnaturally dark and, well, green. Dressed in a navy suit and matching, broad-brimmed hat something about him seems very off, yet familiar. A deeper focus is achieved and William Craven comes clearly into view, a large glass of red wine clutched in one hand, eyes downcast and his sullen mood apparent.]

MH: Say hello to William Craven. As you might infer, Mr. Craven is feeling a bit out of sorts. You see, approximately one year ago my associates and I brokered a proxy deal with the American Wrestling Alliance whereby a "worldwide talent" would be allowed to maintain anonymity among the majority of the staff, thus protecting his identity from being revealed, spread over the Internet and the surprise of his debut thus spoiled for the fans of the promotion. That talent, obviously, was Mr. Craven himself. The term specified in this contract was to be no more than one year as we found the perfect point for him to make himself known. In the meantime the AWA would use Mr. Craven in no more than three speaking engagements and one competitive appearance; that being the Memorial Day Rumble.

Therefore, his contractual obligations fulfilled, Mr. Craven bided his time, looking for the perfect time to make his long-anticipated and much-hyped entrance into the AWA. His manipulations and extra-contractual actions as "the Dragon", while extremely aggressive, are completely within the accepted norm for behavior in a wrestling promotion. I could cite precedent until I turned blue and lost consciousness but I think that anyone who has watched even one hour of professional wrestling can see that this is a violent business with few, if any, rules. What rules there are seldom see the light of day as they tend to detract from the viewing audience's enjoyment. Even in these cases they seldom have any real impact as the wise promoter knows better than to put his personal feelings ahead of his product.

[Sipping at his wine in the background, Craven grimaces then looks off into the distance. Probably a wall off-camera. Maybe a wall hanging.]

MH: We here at Horowitz, Lowenstein and Bilker extend our condolences to the Martinez family and, to a lesser degree, to Jon Stegklet. Jon, I understand that your offices have, as of yet, been unresponsive to our attempts to discuss this situation. We advise you to change this behavior immediately, sir, as we are prepared to take these matters before a judge and chase both the AWA and it's very large coffers all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court; thus making your partners and your company the unfortunate victims of your personal feelings.

Now I believe that Mr. Craven would like to say a few words.

[Panning over and zooming in on the bizarre beast man who looks to be dressed for his day in court. The suit and hat look inappropriate on Bill in

spite of the fact that they're clearly tailored to fit him perfectly. He, likewise, looks uncomfortable in them, presumably having been convinced to bear the burden of such an ensemble at his lawyers' behest. When he speaks, Bill's voice is lower than normal, it's gravelly quality enhanced by his tense mood.]

WC: In a time long fled I was hailed as the king uncrowned. Stepping into the Empire my long strides shook the very foundation laid by the greatest of champions long gone by. "The future of wrestling" they called me. Mine was the greatest of glory and it was mine ... if only I could reach out and take it...

But there was a second ... a man of greater stature who garnered attention from the masses by virtue of his mere presence. He, too, was called "the future of wrestling". The differences between us were negligible and were a matter of degree; not nature. He was hailed the greatest of his time and I ... a paltry fourth...

The critics, heh, the critics, they damned me with their faint praise, calling me "rookie of the year", never so much as taking a backwards glance to see the beginnings of my career, three years hence. In the end my exile from the Empire, my fall from grace, reached it's terminal velocity. I was stricken, a pariah, blackballed and cast out; no more to dance upon the world stage.

[The faintest hint of wistfulness enters Bill's voice as he waxes on his favorite subject; his past.]

WC: 1999, the year that placed me upon a pedestal only to be toppled by Alex Martinez. Martinez ... my better in height alone, exalted above all others by the very people who claimed to guide me towards my destiny!

[Okay, wistful's the wrong word. Craven pulls himself back, grabbing his own face and squeezing at his cheekbones with one hand while the other removes his hat and puts it on his knee. When it comes away we see that Bill's pinky nail gave his jaw line a small cut as a tiny rivulet of blood trails down towards his neckline. Intercepting the trickle Horowitz jams a monogrammed handkerchief into Bill's collar, gingerly insinuating himself into, and then out of, Bill's shot.]

WC: And what did Alex Martinez have to offer? The ... the surfer persona that the fool had tried to sell had fallen flat elsewhere and so he instead brought this persona to bear upon the world of ... what, exactly? A jack-booted thug whose only purpose in life was to brawl in a fashion more well suited to a night club than a wrestling ring. Oh, yes, he had the violence but, again, the skill wasn't there.

Oh, Alex ... I know that you wonder why I hate you... Hate, what an odd word. One I scarcely ever use. Still ... there it is. Do you remember in 2002? You stood aside that straw man Styles and smiled cockily as I was revealed Kinsey's partner. You were so sure of yourself, weren't you? I still remember you asking, over and over--

[Mockingly.]

WC: "What!?"

[Bill bugs his eyes out, clutching at the air.]

WC: "Why!?"

[Clawing at his neck, Craven pantomimes an escape from an unseen assailant.]

WC: And, in the end, you were frantic as I held you down and opened up your neck with my TEETH! Oh ... if only I could have found your jugular before the match was called. In the end ... you never knew why the person who hated you more than any other in the entire world wanted to end your miserable life. Now, Alex, if you're aware enough to understand what I'm saying to you, then understand this; you are a thief...

[Grinding his sharpened teeth, Bill lurches to his feet, seemingly more out of instinct than any conscious effort.]

WC: You had your moment in the sun ... then you had mine ... then you had the moments of dozens of others! Why do you think it was so easy to swing so many to my cause? They didn't even know it was me! All they knew was that it was an opportunity to take the head of the one man in wrestling who had taken glory for himself due the dozens, maybe hundreds of men whose spots he stole, who didn't have the connections to get the deals he got! They knew that, as always, the story was about one man and one man alone; Alex Martinez... They knew this and they knew they had to make this story the last one for the, aheh, "Last American Badboy"...

[Reaching down to retrieve his fallen hat, Bill uses it to gesture rather than keep his bald, green head warm.]

WC: Think back, Alex, if even you know your name now that I've crushed your brainpan beneath my heel, think of every contact we've had. The looks of flame I've given you. All the times that we've crossed paths and never again did any promoter make a match between us. They knew... They knew because I told them. I told them that I wanted to take you apart, limb from stretched limb and claim my role as the true legend of wrestling. Instead they kept us at a distance or, worse, put us on the same side in matches against other factions. My orders were clear; do no harm ... to Alex Martinez. In each case they made clear that you were integral to their show's success and I ... I was expendable.

You, you would come in from nowhere, drop your own name to any who would listen, do your pratfalls and a few feats of strength then breeze back out while I worked day and night to be the best in the business! No matter how much more I did than you ... you were the show, I was the sideshow and they made sure that I knew that.

You stole my role, you stole my spotlight and YOU STOLE MY LIFE!!!

[His shriek alarming his lawyer, Bill lets his head loll low as Horowitz steps back into frame.]

MH: William, bubala, keep it together. We got a message here.

[Stepping back again, Horowitz is gone. Craven breathes a moment more before speaking again.]

WC: Flash forward; the AWA. The deal is struck, my path is clear and I stood ready to claim _my_ place and the prestige and glory that had so long eluded me was within grasp. Mere weeks before I thought to make myself known and ... imagine my surprise as I find the same toad squatting there as before. You didn't see me, Alex, and, this time, I said nothing to those in power. I used the anonymity I'd garnered to stay out of sight. I knew your friendship with Jon ... and so decided he didn't need to know of my presence. So ... when you debuted ... so did my Minion.

The rest, as they say, is history. Now ... the law is, as always, on your side, Alex. Hm? This time the law is Jon Stegglet...

It's funny to think. The very man who shouted to the heavens his horror as I crushed lesser talents such as the Demon Boy and McBaine, who traded barbs with Todd Michaelson and was nothing more than a seat-filler with a big mouth now holds sway over his own "Empire". Now, Jon, you may think of me as what I was; a man out of control, little more than a hobo fresh off the trainyard with a knife up his sleeve. Then, however, I thought of nothing but the violence. Now ... I understand that this business is more complicated than that. Sometimes you have a man who doesn't read what he signs, doesn't understand what he's done and, consequently, welches on his agreements.

[Breathing deep, Craven gives the camera his trademark "shark-toothed grin".]

WC: Understand, please, Jon ... this time the law is on _my_ side. You haven't a legal leg to stand on. You are, at this moment, nothing more than a suit playing spoiler; a common trope that shows you to be anything but impartial. It would behoove you to change your position, Jon, as you are not the only man holding power over the AWA. You have partners and they have already heard my case.

[Still smiling, Bill's brow twists into a scowl giving him the appearance of a green-skinned joker.]

WC: Do the right thing, Jon. Do it now. Do it before your partners do it for you. My time is now and, one way or another ... I'm taking it.

[Smile dissolving, Bill glowers at the camera as we fade to black.]

After a moment, we fade back up to the familiar sight of the old WKIK Studios. A large monitor has been hung on the wall of the studio set where a lengthy desk has been set up. Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde are seated at the desk - Myers in a subtle black suit and white dress shirt while Bucky is dressed to impress in a deep crimson sportscoat over a hot pink dress shirt. He's holding up a handmade sign that reads, "SENATOR WILDE IN '12" with a big polished toothy grin on his face.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to a very special New Year's Eve edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. We are coming to you live here from our old home, the WKIK Studios, in Dallas, Texas where we will be taking a look back at our biggest night of the year, SuperClash 3. We'll also be seeing what has happened in the AWA since that night in some of our arena events over the past month. Plus, we will also have a couple special live matches here in front of this lucky crowd here inside the Studios.

[The crowd cheers as the camera pans across the small studio audience, revealing the ring set up in its old place in the WKIK Studios.]

GM: Bucky Wilde, 2011 was one for the ages and who knows just what 2012 will bring!

BW: You know who knows? The Rave. And they've told me all about it. Calisto Dufresne is going to go undefeated in 2012 - keeping the National Title locked around his waist. Those idiot Lynch boys are gonna get flattened by the Aces to make sure the National Tag Team Titles are in the right place. And don't even get me started on that big oaf Donovan.

GM: That "big oaf" as you call him has gotta be thinking about two weeks from tonight when he'll get five minutes inside that squared circle with Louis Matsui.

BW: I don't want to talk about that, Gordo. It ain't right. It ain't fair. It's another example of how crooked this company's front office is. The Championship Committee is as crooked as my mama's gardener's back is... and that Jon Stegglet is the worst of 'em all, daddy.

GM: I see. Nonetheless, that WILL happen in two weeks' time but Robert Donovan is going to be in action later here tonight, defending the Longhorn Heritage Title against one of Larry Doyle's Blonde Bombers. We don't know which one... but we know the gold WILL be on the line and that should be an exciting way to end 2011, Bucky. Speaking of ending 2011, throughout the night, we're going to be taking a look back at some of the AWA's biggest moments and matches throughout the past 365 days. We're gonna start right there with what was arguably the most shocking moment of 2011. And to do that, we've gotta look back at Wrestlerock - the 4th of July - where Juan Vasquez was defending the National Title against a masked man known as the West Memphis Assassin - a hidden identity that Vasquez was quite familiar with. He knew it was going to be a tough night... but he didn't know how tough. Let's take a look at the closing moments of that match and the disturbing moments that followed it.

[We fade to footage marked "WRESTLEROCK - VASQUEZ VS WMA" as Vasquez has taken the mount on the masked man, hammering away at his skull with big right hands and then pulling at the eyehole of the mask, ripping and tearing at it. As the challenger covers up, Vasquez reaches for the back of the mask, tugging at the laces on it!]

GM: HE'S TRYING TO GET THAT MASK OFF AGAIN!!

BW: He's got it loose!

[The challenger fights him off with a flurry of punches but the laces hanging loose from the back tell that Vasquez was partially successful in what he was trying to accomplish. The champion struggles to his feet, wincing as he hobbles across the ring to the corner where the masked man is trying to adjust his disguise...]

GM: The champion's moving in on him, pulling him back to his feet by the mas-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW!! THE ASSASSIN KICKED HIM LOW!!

[The blind mule kick catches Vasquez in the groin, stunning him in time for the Assassin to spin around...

...and bury his right thumb into the side of the champion's neck!]

GM: SPIKE!! HE'S GOT THE SPIKE!!

[Vasquez IMMEDIATELY plants his feet and DRIVES backwards, smashing the Assassin into the corner, breaking the hold before he gets a chance to really get it locked in.]

GM: The champion counters it! He's got the challenger dazed in the corner!

[Leaning over, the champion powers him up over a shoulder...]

GM: He's setting for the City of Angels!

[Vasquez staggers out of the corner, ready to smash the back of the challenger's head into the mat...

...but the wriggling Assassin frees himself, rolling through into a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Vasquez rolls through it at the last moment, grabbing the legs of the challenger, and flipping through into a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The Assassin powers up, bridging up to his feet off the canvas, rolling through the move and hooking in a backslide, pulling the champion down to the canvas...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Vasquez kicks out JUST in time, scampering to his feet as quickly as he can...

...and THROWING the right cross at a kneeling Assassin who somehow slides to the right to avoid it, pulling the off-balance Vasquez down to the canvas in a crossface hold!]

GM: WHOA! WHOA!

BW: Where the heck did THAT come from?!

[Vasquez slips his good leg underneath him, rolling out of the crossface submission hold, sliding to his feet...]

GM: Back up agai-

[The champion throws the desperation right cross again, again coming up empty on a sidestep that turns into the Assassin wrapping his arms around the waist from behind, smashing Vasquez facefirst into the corner, and rolling back into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: BRIDGE!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Vasquez JUST barely fires a shoulder up again, exasperation on his face as he tries to get back up...

...and gets trapped in the arms of the challenger, hooking him in a bearhug type hold. The champion grabs for the mask just as the West Memphis Assassin pops his hips, taking the champion up and over, releasing the belly-to-belly throw in mid-attempt...]

GM: Vasquez slipped out of the belly to belly!

BW: No he didn't! The Assassin let him go!

GM: But why would he-

[And suddenly it becomes apparent why he let him go as Juan Vasquez gets up...

...with the mask gripped in his hand!]

GM: He's got the mask! He's got the-

BW: Gordo! LOOK!

[The camera zooms in as the formerly-masked man lowers his arms from his face...

...to reveal a very familiar face.]

GM: MARCUS BROUSSARD?!

[The FIRST AWA National Champion smirks as he stares across the ring at a wide-mouthed Vasquez whose first word is the same that we're all thinking.]

"YOU?!"

[Broussard nods, still smiling...

...a grin that quickly vanishes when Vasquez sucks down the pain in his injured leg, charging hard, and SPEARS a shocked Broussard nearly out of his boots, hammering him with unforgiving right hands!]

GM: WHY?! WHY WOULD MARCUS BROUSSARD DO THIS?!

BW: For all the reasons he said, Gordo! It was Vasquez who dragged Marcus out of retirement last summer... and for what?! For the greater glory of Juan Vasquez! He USED him to win that WarGames and then left him high and dry when the Shark needed him! Of course! It all makes sense! It all makes perfect sense!

[An angry Vasquez batters Broussard for several more moments before pulling off, shaking his head in rage. He stands, hands on hips for a moment...

...and then reaches down, dragging Broussard up to his feet, tossing him over his right shoulder!]

GM: He's going for the City of Angels! He's gonna drop the Shark on his traitorous skull!

BW: TRAITOROUS?! You've got a lot of nerve, Myers! Marcus Broussard did EVERYTHING to help Juan Vasquez last year and where the HELL did it get him?!

GM: Right now, it got him up in the City Of Angels - right where he belongs if you ask my opinion!

BW: Nobody asked for your opinion, Myers, 'cause it doesn't mean sq-

[A male voice fills the arena, sarcastically rapping... If you can call it rapping...]

"Our National champ, his name is Juan,
He doesn't quite know his reign is done.
The trap is sprung, the doors he can't unlock,
He meets his end here at Wrestlerock..."

GM: What the... who is that? Who is that talking?

[Vasquez freezes in his tracks as well, looking for the source of the voice...

...and then he spots him.

Standing at the entranceway is one Louis Matsui, wearing a dark blue suit, lavender shirt, red tie, black-framed glasses, and his signature smirk. He's got a mic in hand.]

GM: MATSUI?!

BW: The plot thickens!

[Matsui, still grinning, speaks.]

LM: Did I not tell everyone that they will rue the day they decided to make Louis Matsui an afterthought? Most of all you, Vasquez, you whom I thought I had humbled, but instead of giving props to my client who pushed you to your limits and made you a better champion, you grew more cocksure and thought you were done with MAMMOTH Mizusawa and the Matsui Corporation.

Let me tell you this, Vasquez, you can forget MAMMOTH, but you will NOT forget what's about to happen to you tonight. Your victory over my client nearly cost me and my Corporation everything!

Thankfully, I know my business and Louis Matsui always pays his debts... But what is going to happen to you, Juan?

It's far from business. This is as personal as it gets.

[A struggling Broussard breaks free from Vasquez' grip, throwing a right hand to the jaw. The champion retaliates, the fight breaking loose inside the ring as the two men go to town on one another.]

GM: What the heck is he talking about? What's going to happen to Juan Vasquez?! What is going to-

BW: WHOA!

[The sudden exclamation from Bucky Wilde happens as someone sprints past the announce position, having entered the ringside area from the crowd, dashing up the ringsteps where he promptly unlocks the cage door, rushing into the ring...]

GM: NENSHOU!!

BW: But he ain't alone, Gordo!

[Percy Childes is quickly to ringside as well, shutting the cage door behind his charge as Vasquez wheels to defend himself against the incoming Asian Assassin!]

GM: Vasquez is in a fight for his life here!

[Vasquez catches the incoming Nenshou with a right hand to the jaw. A second one staggers him as well. Grabbing the arm of the enigmatic one, Vasquez fires him across the ring...]

GM: Nenshou off the ropes...

[But he ducks under a clothesline attempt, rebounding off with a dropkick that strategically hits the injured knee, knocking Vasquez down to his knees!]

GM: Ohh! He takes out the knee!

[Childes shouts something in Japanese to Nenshou who stands over the kneeling Vasquez...]

BW: How many times, Gordo?!

GM: What the heck are you talking about?!

BW: How many times have you seen Juan Vasquez standing over someone on their knees like this, ready to deliver that right cross?! He ain't doin' that right now, is he?!

GM: You shut your mouth, Bucky!

[Nenshou suddenly grabs at his throat...

...and then SPEWS green mist point blank into the eyes of the National Champion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MIST!! HE SPRAYED THE MIST INTO THE EYES OF THE CHAMPION!!

[Vasquez collapses down to his back on the canvas, rolling back and forth as he screams in pain at the blinding fluid just spat into his eyes. Marcus Broussard immediately jumps on him, hammering his skull with right hands over and over again.]

GM: I don't understand what the heck is happening here, Bucky! What in the world does Matsui have to do with this?! And what is Nenshou doing in there with Marcus Broussard?!

[The camera pulls back, showing Nenshou and Broussard working together

to stomp the heck out of the National Champion, Nenshou taking care to focus on the injured knee of Vasquez as Childes shouts encouragement from ringside.

We crossfade to later in the assault where Sweet Daddy Williams and the Lynch Brothers dash by, sprinting past the brawling taking place beyond the curtain...]

GM: YEAH! COME ON, GUYS!!

[The foursome tears down the aisle towards the ring, hitting the ringside area hard as Sweet Daddy Williams knocks Percy Childes down, trying to get the cage open...

...but a hard swung chair by Alex Epstein keeps Williams from opening the cage! James Lynch jumps up on the side of the cage, trying to climb it...]

GM: Matsui's not so smug now!

[The manager certainly looks a little more concerned at this point, shouting directions to the men inside the ring. Nenshou quickly obliges, climbing the cage wall and smashing the fingers of James Lynch, knocking him back down to the floor. An angry Jack Lynch grabs for a chair, smashing the side of the cage himself as he shouts in a general direction...

...when suddenly Anton Layton, Ebola Zaire, and Polemos arrive at ringside!]

BW: ALLIANCE!!

[Zaire goes straight for Jack Lynch, grabbing him around the throat and tumbling over the ringside barricade. James Lynch promptly leaps up on the timekeeper's table, hurling himself off onto Polemos as Anton Layton and Travis Lynch trade blows to the roars of the crowd!]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is still trying to get in there! He's still trying to-

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Vladimir Velikov arrives, promptly BASHING Williams in the back of the head with the Russian chain. Ivan Kostovich, his head heavily bandaged grabs Williams...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and SLAMS his head into the steel cage! Matsui cackles as he waves for the cage to be unlocked again. The Russians enter along with Matsui and a dazed Percy Childes.]

LM: Might be a little safer in here, Percy.

[With a gesture from Kostovich, Velikov offers half of the Russian steel chain to Broussard. Perez flings Vasquez towards them...

...where they nearly decapitate the National Champion with a steel chain assisted clothesline!]

GM: Good god... this is... fans, this is awful to watch. If this wasn't such a newsworthy event, I'd tell the truck to take us off the air.

BW: Don't you dare! I want to watch this tape again for the rest of my life!

[The rulebreakers are standing around the motionless Vasquez, high-fives and laughs being shared all around. The cage starts to become useful protection for them as bottles of water and cups of soda begin showering the ring, smashing into the steel and then soaking the canvas as well as those inside it.

A quick cut to the crowd shows a pair of young children - a boy and a girl - clinging to their mother's leg. Tears are running down the girl's cheeks as she watches her hero be destroyed before her very eyes. A loud "SMASH!" is heard from off-camera, a blow that causes the boy to shield his eyes behind his mother.]

GM: Come on! I can't believe this! I can't believe this is happeni- I'm begging someone, anyone, we need help out here! Anyone who can hear my voice, please stop this right now!

[HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: SUPERNOVA! SUPERNOVA! COME ON, KID!!

[The face-painted fan favorite dashes to the ring, immediately rushing to the cage door...

...where Alex Epstein is still standing, slamming the chair into the door to keep the good guys from getting in. Supernova desperately looks around, trying to find another way in...]

GM: Climb the cage, damn it!

BW: Oh, it worked real well for Lynch!

[Supernova sees no other choice, trying to do the same thing. He digs his fingers into the steel, climbing bit by bit up the cage wall. Vladimir Velikov whips at the climbing fan favorite with the chain but Supernova does not give up, still inching his way up the wall!]

GM: He's getting up that cage! Supernova is scaling the cage!

BW: Then what?! He's got a ring full of people to deal with! You're cheering this kid to get in there into the SAME situation that Vasquez is in!

[Supernova reaches the top of the cage, pulling himself up onto the small area between the two cages. He leans down, pulling the lever to unlock the trap door between the middle and bottom levels of the Tower of Doom before quickly moving over to the door, flinging it open...

...and dropping down inside, raining down blows on anyone in sight!]

GM: RIGHT HAND!! RIGHT HAND!! RIGHT HAND!!

[Supernova is hitting anyone and anything anywhere near him, trying to clear some space. A spinning right hand sends Velikov stumbling away. He turns around...]

BW: MIST!!

[A second blast of the vile green spray catches Supernova right in the eyes, knocking him down to the mat where the rulebreakers swarm him, stomping and kicking the fan favorite to the jeers of the crowd. An angry-looking Broussard pulls Supernova up, tugging him into an inverted facelock...

...and swings him around, DRIVING him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: GODSEND!! Man, I haven't seen that in ages!

GM: I've never seen anything like this!

BW: Maybe Taylor in Toronto?! Epstein in... wherever the heck he was when he got destroyed! This is the worst thing we've ever seen here in the AWA! Worse than Ron Houston! Worse than Vernon Riley! Worse than everything!

[There's a few more stomps and kicks to the downed Supernova and Vasquez as the gloating continues. Matsui raises the mic again, chuckling as he taps the top of it to make sure it's still working.]

LM: Heck of a night, huh?

[The crowd jeers loudly. A well-thrown cup of beer hits the cage, the liquid splashing in onto Matsui. He looks disgusted for a moment, wiping his brow clean before a smile comes back.]

LM: Not even YOU idiots can spoil this night. There's too much hard work that went into this night to let ANYONE spoil it. See, these... Arrangements... They were tough to pull off, even for a genius like Louis Matsui.

Hey Juan... you listening?

[He chuckles to himself.]

LM: You see, Juan... Don't get me wrong; there's no shortage of people who hate you in this sport... But I will admit, even the best of minds needs some help sometimes. So I had to reach out to someone with as devious a mind, if not more so, than yours truly. A fellow mastermind, if you will...

And well... he kept telling you that you should...

Consider. Yourself. Warned.

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as one more person hurdles over the barricade, racing up the ringsteps...

...and immediately shakes hands with Louis Matsui!]

GM: It can't be!

BW: IT IS! HE'S BAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

[The camera zooms in, catching the grinning face of the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson for the first time. He takes the offered mic from Matsui.]

ATTSBW: Well...

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers again before he says a word, bottles and cups being thrown even in larger quantities towards the ring at this point.]

ATTSBW: Can't say I missed you guys but...

I warned you, Vasquez. I warned you not to cross me.

[Waterson looks down at the unconscious Vasquez.]

ATTSBW: This is no fun. Pick him up, boys.

[Broussard and Perez quickly oblige, each holding an arm to keep him on his feet. Waterson inches closer, staring at the motionless National Champion with a grin on his face.]

ATTSBW: You took everything I had in my life and left it a pile of...

[He snaps his fingers.]

ATTSBW: Wouldn't want to get fined my first night back, would I?

[He smirks...

...and then SLAPS Vasquez across the face!]

ATTSBW: Did you feel that?! God, I hope so. I hope you felt all of this. The figure four... the mist... the chain... I hope you felt every single bit of it.

Because it's just a taste, Juan. It's just a taste of what you've got coming to you.

When Louis called me, I knew I had to be a part of this...

[He spreads his arms on "this."]

ATTSBW: Because this is the start of a new chapter in my life, Juan. The chapter that ends with you... NEVER... WRESTLING... AGAIN!

[The crowd boos wildly as Waterson draws closer to his rival.]

ATTSBW: See, Juan... most of the people in this ring... they don't want you to come back from this. They're hoping you never come back from this.

[He shakes his head.]

ATTSBW: I'm different. I want you to come back. Because I want to do this again... and again... and again... and again... until there is nothing left of you to do this to.

This is a moment, Juan. A moment in time that changes everything.

[He nods.]

ATTSBW: Thanks for having me here. Wouldn't have missed it for the world, champ...

[Waterson turns to walk away as Broussard throws Vasquez back down to the canvas. But suddenly the manager stops, shaking his head...]

ATTSBW: Hrm. Something doesn't sound right about that.

[He scratches his chin for a moment and then snaps his fingers again.]

ATTSBW: I knew I was forgetting something. I've got a promise to keep...

[A grin.]

ATTSBW: ...to an old friend. Maestro?

[A spotlight erupts, illuminating the stage where the post-show concert will be held. Only the stage is currently filled...

...with ZZ Top who look nervous about what they're about to do considering what Joe Petrow pulled on them earlier.

And suddenly, the sounds of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in to one of the loudest shocked responses in AWA history...]

GM: No, no, no. This can't be true! This can't be happening!

...and lights up Calisto Dufresne, standing in the middle of the Hell that the darkness has brought to the American Wrestling Alliance. Dufresne nods his head, quickly powerwalking up the aisle before anyone else can come out of the locker room.]

GM: I... not like this...

[Dufresne drops down to the mat, planting a single finger on the chest of the motionless National Champion...

...and orders a shocked Meekly down to the canvas.]

BW: COUNT, YOU IDIOT!

[Meekly raises his hand, slapping the mat once.]

GM: Don't do it, Mike!

[He raises his hand again, slapping the mat a second time.]

GM: Juan... come on, kid... come on...

[Meekly raises his hand a third time, looking around at the intimidating faces all around, closes his eyes...

...and SLAPS the canvas a third time, immediately rolling aside to call for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: This can't be happening... it's like... this is some kind of nightmare, right?

BW: We ain't in Dallas, daddy! THIS is reality! We've got a new National Champion, daddy!

GM: No, no... it can't be true...

[Waterson picks up the mic again.]

ATTSBW: I got a feeling no one else can do this justice, champ... lemme take a crack at it...

After an epic encounter... one of the most grueling matches in AWA history...

[Laughs all around inside the ring.]

ATTSBW: Here is your winner...

...and NEWWWWWWWW AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION...

CAAAAAAAAAALIIIIIIISTOOOOOO DUUUUUUUFRESNNNNNNNE!!!

[Outside the ring, Ivan Kostovich snatches the title belt off the timekeeper's table, walking back into the ring...

...where he hands it over to the Ladykiller who eagerly accepts it.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne... my god, fans... Calisto Dufresne is the new AWA National Champion!

[The crowd falls to a hush for the most part, shocked and horrified by what they just saw. Calisto Dufresne looks down at the title belt for a long moment, and then lifts it, hoisting it high into the air!]

GM: That can't be his! This whole thing - this just can't be happening, Bucky!

BW: Oh, it's happening, Gordo! And it's the greatest night in AWA history!

GM: This can't be! This is impossible!

[The Ladykiller stands tall, soaking up the explosive jeers from the Durham, North Carolina crowd, the title belt held above his head like some kind of a statue as trash begins to fly even fiercer now as we fade back to the inside of the WKIK Studios where Gordon Myers is shaking his head at the man standing next to him - the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson who has a big grin on his face.]

GM: Fans, it is one of the most disgusting things I've ever seen perpetrated in all my years in this business... and this man, Ben Waterson, played a large role in it happening.

[The stylishly-suited Waterson leans over the mic.]

ATTSBW: That's right, Gordo! I DID play a role in that happening! I played a HUGE role in that happening! Louis Matsui likes to claim that he put that whole thing together but I think we can all see, he can't even keep that big, nasty giant of his under control - let alone mastermind an attack like that.

GM: You're actually proud of this?!

ATTSBW: You're damn right I'm proud of it! Oh, and MAMMOTH... if you need some managerial advice, gimme a ring. Gordon Myers, you don't understand. You fail to understand what Juan Vasquez is - what he represents. Juan Vasquez represents everything that is WRONG with this business!

GM: WHAT?!

ATTSBW: You heard me, Myers! Juan Vasquez is a selfish, self-absorbed, arrogant individual who doesn't give a damn about anyone but himself. Just like Alex Martinez is... and we all saw what happened to him at SuperClash. The modern hero to these people is a man of questionable integrity and shady morality.

You people should be thanking me! You should praise me for what I did at Wrestlerock. Instead, you boo me.

[Waterson shakes his head as he gets booed by the WKIK Studios crowd.]

ATTSBW: That's fine. I didn't do what I did at Wrestlerock for you. I did that for me. I did that to show Juan Vasquez that no one... and I mean NO ONE gets away with humiliating Ben Waterson like Vasquez did to me.

When I ran the Southern Syndicate, I was obsessed with glory... with gold... with money.

[Another shake of the head.]

ATTSBW: I have a new goal. I want Juan Vasquez' head on a friggin' pike, Myers.

GM: You're disgusting, Waterson!

ATTSBW: I want to sit upon my throne as the TRUE royalty of this industry - the King of Professional Wrestling - and I want to look out over my subjects who cower in fear at the sight of Vasquez' head removed from his body. My enemies must understand... they must know what they get themselves into when they stand against the family... MY family... the Waterson Family.

And Juan Vasquez, Lesson #1 begins and ends with you.

Like you saw in that clip, I was hoping you would come back from what we did to you. I was practically begging for it.

Because I'm not done with you, Vasquez. Not by a long shot.

[A smirk.]

ATTSBW: Consider. Yourself. Warned...

[A chuckle.]

ATTSBW: ...amigo.

[Waterson turns to walk away, leaving a disgusted Gordon Myers behind.]

GM: I can not believe the words of a man like Ben Waterson. Ben Waterson is not only proud of what he helped do to Juan Vasquez back at Wrestlerock - but he says he's gonna do it again! Unbelievable. Fans, one other thing you saw in that clip was the desperate attempt by Supernova to help Vasquez in that situation. Supernova had one heck of a year in 2011, winning the Memorial Day Rumble, winning the Tower of Doom, and coming oh-so-very-close to winning the AWA National Title at SuperClash. Jason Dane caught up with Supernova earlier this week to get his thoughts on what went down at SuperClash so let's listen in on that right now. Jason?

[We cut to Jason Dane standing in front of an AWA backdrop. Next to him is Supernova, who is wearing blue jeans, a black AWA T-shirt and his face painted black and yellow.]

JD: Supernova, you came close to becoming the AWA National Champion but Calisto Dufresne got away with the win. How soon do you believe a rematch is coming?

S: Wow, Jason, you sure sound like you are pretty pumped for a rematch between Dufresne and the 'Nova! I'm sure all these fans out there watching would be pumped for a rematch! I know I'd be pretty fired up about a rematch with that snake Dufresne!

But as much as I'd like to have that rematch, I know there's a long line of guys who have had it up to here with everything that's gone down in the AWA and they know which two guys were at the center of all... one of them being Louis Matsui and the other being Calisto Dufresne! And it just so happens that one of those guys who wants a crack at them has just come back to the AWA!

JD: I think we all know who you refer to... former National champion Juan Vasquez!

S: You better believe it... first of all, to Juan, it's great to have you back! You were the one who inspired me to kick it up a notch and, when you were taken out of the picture, I knew I had to step up my game and make it clear to everyone that I was not going to let the inmates run the asylum! But I know, just because Juan Vasquez is back, that I can't just rest on my laurels, but I'll have to keep stepping up my game... not because I want that rematch so badly, but because I know Juan Vasquez is going to demand the best from me and anyone else who believes in the things he stands for!

JD: But what about that rematch... how soon do you believe we can expect that?

[Supernova laughs a bit.]

S: Jason, you just won't get off that subject, will you? Hey, I don't blame you -- inquiring minds want to know, after all! I know I'll get my chances down the line, whether it's for the National title or just for a chance to knock some sense into Calisto Dufresne... although I'll be the first to admit that's easier said than done!

[Another laugh.]

S: But I know Stevie Scott has been waiting for his opportunity to get Dufresne in the ring and, while I may have been pushing my case when I had that title shot due to me, I'm not going to get greedy. If Stevie wants his shot, I won't stand in his way... in fact, he'll have my full support!

I know Robert Donovan started that call to arms for everyone who was fed up with what Dufresne and Matsui pulled -- he already took Matsui down a few notches after he beat MAMMOTH Misuzawa and I know he'd love to do the same to Dufresne. So if Donovan wants his shot, he'll get my support as well.

And I've already told you I know Vasquez wants a crack at Dufresne again -- and when he gets that shot, I'll be in his corner!

You see, Jason, as much as I want another shot at Dufresne... another shot at the National title... I know a lot of others do as well, so the best thing to do is let others get their shot and I'll wait for the next opportunity to come. Because in times like this, you can't afford to just think about yourself and doing things on your own. You've got to work together to achieve a common goal and that means you have to keep guys like Dufresne and Matsui guessing!

And do you know why that is, Jason?

[Jason pauses for a moment as if he is thinking.]

JD: Why don't you tell us, Supernova?

S: Because if you try to do things all on your own, and only think about yourself, that makes their job too easy. All they have to do is prepare for one man and never worry about anybody else. But by working alongside somebody, and letting each guy have his turn, you force them to think about who might be coming for them next. You get them worried, they panic and then they start rushing into decision... and sooner or later, it backfires on them and then you seize that opening!

The way I see it, with Donovan, Stevie, Vasquez and myself -- and no doubt others who want their shots as well -- all taking our turns at Dufresne and Matsui, we force them to not just prepare for one of us, but for all of us. And at some point, we'll have them surrounded and their only option will be unconditional surrender!

JD: Supernova, you keep bringing up Louis Matsui... don't tell me you have your sights set on MAMMOTH Mizusawa!

S: Jason, the man I have my sights set on is Louis Matsui, for the simple fact that he, along with Dufresne, engineered that entire scheme to take Vasquez out of the picture! Robert Donovan knew this and that's why he laid out the challenge to Matsui, and why he did what the champion doesn't normally do, and that's issue a challenge to a challenger!

And when Donovan laid it all out, Matsui does the same thing he's always done... run and hide behind Mizusawa!

You see, Jason, I respect Mizusawa as a wrestler and I respect the fact that he's seldom been pinned, has never submitted and has beaten some of the best the AWA has had to offer. What I don't respect is the leech that clings to him, a leech that Mizusawa just doesn't understand he needs to remove if he really wants to get anywhere.

So, Mizusawa, if you can't figure out that leech Matsui is doing nothing to help your career, then I just may have to do you a favor...

[A laugh.]

S: And that's remove the leech!

[With that, he cups his hands to his mouth and howls again, before walking off camera.]

JD: Did I hear that correctly? Is Supernova challenging the giant from Japan? What will be the response from Mizusawa, and for that matter, from Louis Matsui?

[Cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: A big challenge made by the man who is still the Number One contender to the AWA National Title, Supernova, as he looks to tangle with the Japanese giant himself, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, Bucky.

BW: Supernova is dumber than I thought - which says a heck of a lot, Gordo. He's talking about getting into the ring with the man who has caused more damage than Godzilla himself, daddy! Mizusawa is angry after losing to Donovan at SuperClash and if he's gotta take it out on someone... like Supernova... then we're in for one heck of a treat.

GM: Speaking of MAMMOTH Mizusawa, as we go to break, let's take a look at another big moment in 2011 - the return of the giant during Robert Donovan's Call To Arms!

[We crossfade to a shot of Louis Matsui in the ring, surrounded by the AWA's fan favorites with Robert Donovan glaring a hole right through him.]

LM: Nothing you do to me is going to cost Nenshou the Television title! Nothing you do to me is going to take the National title away from Calisto Dufresne! And NOTHING you do to me is going to bring Juan Vasquez back! I did what I said I'd do... That's nothing any of you can take away from ME!

[Matsui throws the mic down, arms spread apart in celebration...]

RD: You have a real interesting way of lookin' at the world, Matsui. You think this is some kind of an old black and white movie - where the cowboys in the white hats won't hit a guy in glasses 'cause he just can't bring the fight to 'em.

[Matsui lowers his arms, looking puzzled.]

RD: Maybe once upon a time, I lived in a world where I wouldn't deck a man who couldn't fight back...

[Pause.]

RD: ...but that day's long gone... amigo.

[And with that, Donovan unleashes a jaw-cracking haymaker that catches Matsui solidly in the face, knocking him down to the canvas to a THUNDEROUS roar from the crowd!]

GM: OH YEAH! DONOVAN DECKED MATSUI! BW: There was NO call for that!

GM: Are you kidding me?! Did you hear the things he was saying?! Did you hear him boasting about what he did to Juan Vasq-

[Suddenly, the sounds of "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity" fills the air.]

GM: What the-?

BW: Oh my god.

[A HELLACIOUS ROAR hits the PA just a moment before someone emerges from the entrance tunnel... someone we haven't seen for quite some time... and someone who looks more than a little angry at this particular moment in time.]

GM: MIZUSAWA! MIZUSAWA! THE GIANT HAS RETURNED!

[The camera pans up MAMMOTH Mizusawa's giant frame, covered in black slacks and a t-shirt with Japanese kanji written on it. His face is red with rage as he shakes with fury...

...and then starts towards the ring to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Mizusawa's headed for the ring! He's headed towards the ring!

BW: Donovan's darn lucky he's got all the guys in there with him! He's gonna need it!

[The giant makes it to the ring in near record time, grabbing the top rope and pulling himself up onto the apron. He glares inside the ring at Robert Donovan who has squared his body to face the monster...

...who points at the fallen Matsui before bringing his hand up to his throat, dragging a thumb across it!]

GM: Oh my stars. Fans, we're almost out of time! We've gotta go!

[Mizusawa steps over the top rope, promptly drilling an incoming Ricky Armstrong with a backhand chop. He grabs both members of the Rockstar Express, SMASHING their skull together in a noggin knocker! A swarm of fan favorites come towards him, the giant throwing them aside almost as quickly as they approach him...

...until soon it's Mizusawa coming straight for Donovan! Cut to black.

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...

We open up to the backstage area where Johnny Casanova, Big Mama and "Dirty" Dick Bass stand with Jason Dane.]

JD: Welcome back, folks. My guests at this time are the members of the Playboy Enterprise, who say they have huge news!

[Casanova beams as Big Mama looks a little confused. Dick Bass is as happy as always, scowling underneath his black Stetson with his arms crossed over his barrel like chest.]

Casanova: That is right, Dane! _FINALLY_ Playboy Enterprises has found the newest member of our little family!

[Dane looks excited. He looks behind himself, up at the ceiling and around Bass.]

JD: Well, who is it and where are they?!

[Casanova beams again as Big Mama looks at him indifferently.]

Casanova: Hold ya horses Dane, not so fast! This is a ***BIG*** event kiddo! This kind of announcement can't be revealed in some stinky locker room Dane, it has to be ***OUT*** in front of our ***people***!

JD: So I'm thinking later tonight then?

[Casanova laughs as Bass just shakes his head obviously annoyed with Dane. Big Mama fake smiles.]

Casanova: Wrong again Dane! Ya don't make the appointments for us, we do! We were going to reveal tonight, but it's too big for this dump of a building! We thought about SuperClash, but again this world breaking announcement would overshadow the ***WHOLE*** card! And being the gentlemen...

[lovingly puts his finger under Big Mama's chin as he gazes at her]

Casanova: And beautiful young lady, [turns back to camera] that we are... we just couldn't bring ourselves to do that!

[Casanova beams as Bass smirks. Dane looks confused.]

JD: Too big of an announcement for SuperClash? When will we get to see this new member?

[Casanova is now looking annoyed.]

Casanova: Well if ya would shut that pie hole of yours, I'll tell ya Dane!

[Casanova smirks as he teases Dane by hesitating.]

Casanova: Ya really wanna know, Dane?

[Dane looks irritated.]

JD: Yes, I do.

Casanova: So does the rest of the world, baby! OK then!

[points at the camera.]

Casanova: Saturday Night Wrestling! Two weeks from tonight, Playboy Enterprises will unveil the newest member!

[Casanova tilts his head back and laughs as Bass cracks a small smile and nods at the camera. Big Mama looks indifferent but tries to smile, obviously not knowing any of this.]

JD: Folks, you heard it! A new member of Playboy Enterprises will be revealed two weeks from tonight!

Casanova: That's right, baby! Playboy Enterprises just got a whole lot more dangerous!

[Casanova tilts his head back and laughs again as we fade back to Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde.]

GM: There it is, folks! Bucky, who could be the third member of Playboy Enterprises? Any guesses?

BW: My head is swimming with names, Gordo. It could be anybody! I know Johnny Casanova and the crew have been searching all over the country looking for that perfect piece to fit in the Enterprise. Your guess is as good as mine. I'll tell ya' tho', I'm excited to find out, daddy.

GM: I couldn't agree more, Bucky. Mark that date on your calendar, folks! Saturday Night Wrestling! Two weeks from tonight, that promises to be a barn burner itself! We will find out just who is the next member of Playboy Enterprises! And now I understand, we have some footage of Casanova in action from a recent arena event. Let's take a look at that right now!

[We crossfade to dimly-lit footage (obviously from an arena event) with the caption - "Jack Stephens Center - Little Rock, Arkansas" as we fade to the ring where we see a short man with blonde hair, wearing a pair of black trunks with white flashes on.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Dallas, Texas... Jonny Jackson!

[A small amount of applause for the wrestler awaiting his opponent. Robert Palmer's 'Addicted To Love' kicks in, and Johnny Casanova strides out confidently, followed by Big Mama. As the pair get in the ring, with the fans booing them, Casanova sits on the second rope to allow Mama to get in the ring.]

BW: This is a rare treat, Gordo! Johnny Casanova doesn't step in the ring in singles matches that often anymore, being busy as the chairman of Playboy Enterprises!

GM: Certainly true that Casanova has been busy recently. As well as the battle royal victory in the pre-show for SuperClash, he's been wrestling in tag matches with Dick Bass pretty often. That said, last time out in singles action, he LOST to Bass in the Steal the Spotlight qualifier.

BW: And I still think it's a crying shame that one of the best teams in the AWA were forced to fight it out!

PW: And his opponent, from Hollywood, California! Accompanied by his manager, Big Mama, and weighing in at 205 pounds... 'Playboy' Johnny Casanova!

[Mama kisses Casanova on the cheek before dropping to the mat and rolling to the outside, where she immediately starts jawing with some fans.]

GM: Newcomer Jonny Jackson immediately going for a handshake with Casanova, and you have to ask whether he's ever seen the Playboy in action!

BW: Johnny C is a man of honor, Gordo, and I'll thank you not to make remarks like that about him!

[Indeed, Casanova actually shakes Jackson's hand, much to Myers' surprise, before offering a test of strength which the lighter man accepts... only for Casanova to kick him in the stomach!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Smart tactics by the Playboy there!

[As the fans boo, Casanova spits on his fist and scores with a trio of right hands to the face of the rookie, sending him staggering back.]

GM: Casanova now grabbing his opponent, and whipping him to the corner, and then charging in with an avalanche! That's gotta hurt, with 300 pounds or whatever smashing into the young man!

BW: 300 pounds? Who are you trying to kid, Gordo, Casanova is a shade over 200 - you heard that in his ring entrance!

GM: If Casanova's a shade over 200 pounds, then I'm aged 21.

BW: And people call me cynical...

[Back to the action, Jackson staggers out of the corner into a clothesline from the Playboy, putting him down hard. Casanova smiles and steps out onto the apron.]

BW: We're gonna see the Playboy fly, Gordo! He hasn't gone up top for a long time, this IS a treat!

GM: I'm not so sure, Bucky. I seem to remember WHY he stopped going up top...

[And Jackson gives us a reminder, with Casanova taking so long to climb up there that the young man is able to hit the ropes, causing Johnny C to crotch himself on the top turnbuckle and fall off. Big Mama screams in anguish as she sees him fall, and the crowd immediately start cheering Jackson on.]

BW: Jackson with a kick to the head here, and a few stamps! Gordo, he deliberately caused Johnny to crotch himself there - you can't defend that low blow!

GM: Hey, if you can't beat them, join them!

BW: Good to see you're admitting that this lowlife will never beat the Playboy, Gordo.

[Jackson may be about to prove Bucky wrong here, as he drops an elbow on Casanova, leaps to his feet, and follows with a diving knee drop from the second rope.]

GM: I think Casanova may be in trouble here, Bucky!

BW: He'll come up with something, Gordo - he always does!

[Currently, he's curled up in a fetal position, and Bucky's optimism appears somewhat misplaced.]

GM: Not so sure! Jackson pulling Casanova to his feet, and landing a couple of left hands... Casanova responds with a right, and down Jackson goes!

BW: Look at the power from Casanova there!

GM: Hey! He just dropped something, didn't he! Casanova was curled up in a ball, and must've reached into his tights for something, then he smashed Jackson in the face with it and dropped it!

BW: Are you seeing things, Gordo? There's nothing on the mat.

GM: That's because Big Mama was on hand to retrieve it! Casanova must've had a chain or knuckles or something, and hit Jackson with that, then dropped it, and Big Mama took it before the referee saw it! Casanova lands a couple of elbows, and I think he's stolen this one!

BW: Gordo, those comments may be libellous! Casanova reached deep inside of him, he landed a perfect punch, and Big Mama slapped the mat to help urge her man on! The only thing you've got right is that he HAS won this one!

[Indeed he has, as the Playboy locks on a sleeper, and the referee gets no response from Jackson. The official quickly lifts the arm up, letting it drop three times before he calls for the bell.]

PW: Here is your winner... "PLAAAAAYBOY" JOHNNY CAAAASANOOOOVA!

[Casanova springs to his feet, ordering the referee to raise his hand as we fade back into the WKIK Studios.]

BW: A big win for the Playboy! And boy, I'll tell ya those Antons are in trouble when Playboy Enterprises gets their hands on 'em. Those punk brothers are gonna get laid out by the slickest operation running.

GM: You can expect we will see those two teams collide at some point in the early part of 2012 as the AWA's tag team division continues to be the leader in our sport. It was a big year for tag teams in 2011 as we saw two teams stake a claim at being the top team in our sport. The Lynch Brothers, Jack and James, made their debut back in March and didn't lose a single match for the rest of the year as they bulldozed their way through the roster and won the 2011 edition of the Stampede Cup. Violence Unlimited, the team that won the Cup in 2010, finally captured the National Tag Team Titles this year as well. That set the stage for those two world class tag teams to clash at SuperClash 3 to see who really is the best in the world - a match that featured yet another big moment from 2011, the return of the former National Tag Team Champions - the Bishop Boys. Let's take a look at the closing moments from that big tag team showdown right now!

[We crossfade to footage marked "SUPERCLASH 3" where Jack Lynch has Danny Morton pushed back into the corner, standing on the middle rope throwing gloved right hands to the skull when Jackson Haynes slips in behind him, hammering him with a forearm across the back. Two more blows connects before Haynes ducks under, hoisting Lynch up on his shoulders as he backs out of the corner, allowing Danny Morton to hop up on the middle rope.]

GM: What in the world?!

[A wary Morton steps up, placing a foot on the top rope... and then pushes up with both feet, trying to keep his balance as he stands atop the ropes.]

GM: MY STARS! DANNY MORTON'S ON THE TOP ROPE!! DANNY MORTON IS GONNA FLY!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Morton takes flight, connecting with a flying shoulder tackle that propels Jack Lynch off the shoulders of Jackson Haynes, sending the Texan sailing through the air and CRASHING down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH MY STARS AND GARTERS!!! WHAT A MOVE BY VIOLENCE UNLIMITED!!!

[Haynes throws himself across the chest of Jack Lynch, waving for the referee to count...

...but Mickey Meekly waves it off, pointing at James Lynch who is back on his

feet as Danny Morton rushes towards him, bullrushing Lynch back into the corner, driving shoulder after shoulder into the ribs of James Lynch!]

GM: James Lynch is the legal man!

BW: It don't matter! They're gonna do it to him too!

"TWENTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TWENTY MINUTES!"

[But this time, it's Danny Morton who hoists James Lynch upon his shoulders in an electric chair lift as Jackson Haynes scales the ropes from outside the ring, stepping up to the middle rope...

...and then giving a whoop to the crowd as he puts a foot on the top rope, slapping his right arm!]

GM: Oh my stars! He can't do this, Bucky! He can't do this!

BW: YOU tell him that!

[Lynch starts throwing clenched fists to the skull of Danny Morton, trying to knock him off balance...

...and just as Jackson Haynes comes sailing off the top rope, awkwardly throwing his right arm out for a clothesline, James Lynch tucks his head, leaning forward...]

GM: THEY MISSED! THEY MISSED!

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: ROLLUP BY LYNCH!!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEE-

[But at the last possible moment, Danny Morton FIRES a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the tight cradle!]

GM: NO! NO! NO! MORTON'S OUT AT TWO!!

[A shocked James Lynch pushes up to his feet, backing Mickey Meekly in the corner with three fingers held high.]

GM: James Lynch thought it was a three! I don't blame him! I think half the building thought it was a three count, Bucky.

BW: It was just about as close as you can get, Gordo. We almost saw the titles change hands right there.

[Lynch drags Morton off the mat, throwing a right hand to the jaw... and another... and another. He grabs Morton by the arm, firing him into the ropes...]

...where a dazed Jackson Haynes slaps Morton on the shoulder, blind tagging himself into the match.]

GM: Haynes with the tag!

BW: What the heck is he thinking?! He just hit the mat incredibly hard off that missed top rope move! He shouldn't be back in the ring yet!

[Lynch leapfrogs over Morton, turning his back on the incoming Haynes who DRILLS him in the back of the head with a clothesline!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: It's like getting clubbed in the skull with a baseball bat, Gordo!

[An irate Haynes doesn't go for a pin attempt, instead pulling Lynch back to his feet. He grabs him by the arm, firing him towards the corner...]

...where Lynch leaps up to the midbuckle, blinding leaping backwards and turning into a crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Haynes kicks out at two, causing a "ohhhhhh" to echo through the arena.]

GM: He almost got him there!

[Now it's Lynch's turn to pull Jackson Haynes off the mat, grabbing him by the arm.]

GM: Lynch with a whip- no, reversed by Haynes!

[Lynch grabs the top rope, kicking his legs up to avoid the charging Haynes...]

...who slams on the brakes, spinning around to catch Lynch's legs over his shoulders.]

GM: What the-?!

[With both legs trapped, Haynes SWINGS Lynch down over his head, SLAMMING him down to the canvas with a double-legged slam!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[Haynes collapses atop the downed Lynch.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as James Lynch slips a foot over the bottom rope, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Foot on the ropes! Foot on the ropes! James Lynch just barely escaped the pinfall right there again!

[A frustrated Haynes pushes up to his knees, grabbing Lynch by the hair and hammering him with clenched fists to the skull!]

GM: James Lynch just narrowly avoided the three count there but Jackson Haynes isn't done with him, Bucky!

[Haynes glares at the referee before pulling Lynch into a standing headscissors. He nods to the crowd, reaching down to hook the younger Lynch brother around the torso. With a shout, Haynes hoists Lynch up...]

GM: He's going for the powerbomb! This is what he tried to do to James Lynch at the Stampede Cup!

BW: If he hits it, it's over!

GM: HAYNES LIFTS!!!

[But in a scene reminiscent of the Stampede Cup, James Lynch somehow uses Haynes' own momentum against up, dragging him down into a cradled rana!]

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

[The crowd echoes Gordon's cry as Danny Morton nearly rips James Lynch's head off his shoulders with a diving clothesline to break up the pin attempt!]

GM: We almost saw a replay of the Stampede Cup right there but Danny Morton wasn't about to let that happen, Bucky! Morton with the diving save and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch rushes across the ring, catching Morton with a clothesline that causes both men to topple over the ropes. Morton sails all the way down to the floor while Lynch manages to smash down onto the ring apron!]

GM: JACK LYNCH CLEARS OUT DANNY MORTON! MY STARS!

[James Lynch pushes up to his feet, looking out to where his big brother is laid out on the apron. He shakes his head, turning to grab Jackson Haynes by the hair...

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

GM: Ohh! Right hand by Haynes!

[The Hammer throws a second haymaker... and a third, battering Lynch back into the corner. The Tennessee grabs Lynch by the arm...]

GM: Cross-corner whip!

[Haynes fires him across the ring, slamming into the buckles.]

GM: Ohh! Lynch hits the corner hard!

[With a shout, Haynes tears across the ring, throwing his leg up...]

GM: OHHHH! BIG BOOT TO THE JAW!!

[Out on the apron, we spot Jack Lynch dragging himself to his feet using the ropes just as Danny Morton does the same thing on the floor.]

GM: Haynes just nailed that big boot to the- OHHHH MY STARS!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch runs down the apron, throwing himself off the apron to connect with a flying knee to the jaw of Danny Morton, knocking both men flat on the canvas!]

GM: LYNCH TAKES OUT MORTON AGAIN!! MY GOODNESS, BUCKY!!

[Jackson Haynes turns to the outside, looking out over the ropes at his partner who is laid out on the floor. The Hammer slams an arm down on the ropes, turning back towards James Lynch who is leaning against the buckles...

...and the Tennessee native charges across the ring towards the corner!]

GM: CLOTHESLI- FEET UP!! FEET UP!!

[The two feet in the mush sends Haynes staggering backwards as Lynch hops up on the midbuckle...

...and leaps off, cracking Haynes in the jaw again!]

GM: DROPKICK OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!!

[Lynch pushes up to his knees, crawling towards the downed Haynes, diving across him.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SO CLOSE!! JAMES LYNCH WAS A HALF COUNT AWAY FROM THE NATIONAL TAG TEAM TITLES!!

[The younger Lynch brother pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands as the crowd buzzes at close the challengers came to a title victory. He slams his open palm on the canvas a few times before dragging himself up to his feet just as his big brother rolls under the ropes.]

GM: Jack Lynch is back in as well! Morton's still down on the floor!

[James and Jack Lynch each grab Haynes by the arm, firing him into the ropes.]

GM: Double whip by the Lynches...

[And as Haynes rebounds off, he gets caught with a double back elbow that sends him staggering back towards the ropes. Jack signals to his brother as he moves in on Haynes.]

GM: Jack's got Haynes... scoop slam!

[James steps out to the apron, grabbing the top rope...

...as his brother yanks on it, catapulting James over the ropes, and squarely down across the chest of a prone Jackson Haynes!]

GM: SLINGSHOT SPLASH!!!

[James reaches back, hooking a leg as Jack Lynch takes up a defensive posture, making sure Danny Morton doesn't rush in and break up the pin.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Again, the crowd deflates as Jackson Haynes slips a leg over the bottom rope.]

GM: AGAIN! AGAIN, A FOOT ON THE ROPES SAVES THE NATIONAL TAG TEAM TITLES!

[Jack Lynch kicks the ropes in frustration, swinging to turn his attention towards the floor where Danny Morton is pulling himself up on the apron. Lynch moves in to stop him from getting into the ring, throwing a right hand to the skull.]

GM: Morton and Lynch are fighting it out! Lynch is hammering away!

[But Morton fires back, throwing a forearm to the jaw. He grabs Lynch by the hair, dragging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Oh no... no, no, no!

[Morton slings Jack Lynch's arm over his neck, looking to suplex him over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Danny Morton is trying to suplex him to the floor!

[As Professor Pain struggles to get Lynch up into the air and over the ropes, James Lynch gets back to his feet, again hammering away with right hands, finishing up with a thrust kick to the chest that puts Jackson Haynes back

against the buckles. Lynch leans over, hoisting the Hammer up to sit him down on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: James Lynch has set him up top!

[The crowd buzzes as Lynch starts to climb. A quick camera cut shows Jack Lynch fighting off Morton, stepping out to the apron where the two men continue to trade blows...

...until Lynch blocks a right hand and then sinks his fingers into the skull of Morton!]

GM: CLAW! JACK'S GOT THE CLAW ON MORTON!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the Iron Claw slapped on Danny Morton's head. Again, the crowd seems split as they equally cheer Morton to break the hold and Lynch to tighten his grip.]

GM: JACK LYNCH IS FORCING MORTON DOWN TO HIS KNEES ON THE APRON!! THAT CLAW IS IN DEEP!

[The camera cuts back to the ring as James Lynch steps up to the top rope, trying to balance himself, the crowd buzzing with anticipation...

...and then leaps up, hooking Haynes' head with his legs!]

GM: HEADSCISSORS OFF THE TOOO-

[But the crowd's buzzing suddenly becomes louder as Jackson Haynes, holding on for his life, prevents the rana!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! OH MY STARS!!

[The crowd grows louder still as Haynes pulls Lynch up, holding him up upon his shoulders...]

GM: HAYNES HAS GOT HIM UP!! HAYNES HAS GOT-

[Haynes suddenly leaps, sailing through the air, and DRIVES Lynch to the canvas with a thunderous sit-out super powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd is absolutely roaring now as Haynes throws himself across Lynch's chest!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEE-

[But at the last possible instant, Jack Lynch throws himself onto Jackson Haynes, breaking the pin to the ROAR of the crowd!]

GM: MY STARS AND GARTERS, WHAT A NEARFALL FOR THE CHAMPIONS!!

[Suddenly, Jack Lynch's attention jerks back to the apron where someone has jumped up onto it.]

GM: Wait a second! Someone is on the apron! Who the-

[The camera cuts, showing quite clearly who is on the apron drawing Jack Lynch's attention in his direction...]

GM: THAT'S DUANE HENRY BISHOP! WHAT THE HELL?!

BW: WE HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN A YEAR!

GM: THE BISHOPS WERE SUSPENDED INDEFINITELY A YEAR AGO! HE CAN'T BE HERE!

[The referee and the sudden sea of security at ringside seem to agree, rushing to the ropes where Jack Lynch is angrily shouting at Duane Henry Bishop, trying to keep the two men away from one another. Jackson Haynes climbs to his feet, hands on hips as he looks at the fracas unfolding on the other side of the ring...]

...which makes him completely unaware as yet another individual arrives on the scene, a very large man diving headfirst under the bottom rope before getting to his feet.]

GM: NO! NO!

BW: CLETUS LEE BISHOP IS IN THE RING!! HE'S IN THE RING!!

GM: HAYNES DOESN'T SEE HIM!

[And as soon as the Hammer turns around, Cletus Lee Bishop dashes across the ring, EXPLODING with a charging big boot under the chin, flipping Haynes backwards and down to the canvas...]

...where Cletus Lee throws a dazed James Lynch on top of him before stepping out to the apron, dropping down to the floor where the crowd greets him with a barrage of hatred as Duane Henry grabs Jack Lynch by the arm on the other side of the ring, absorbing a series of punches as the referee spins around!]

GM: NO! IT WAS BISHOP! YOU CAN'T COUNT IT, MICKEY!

[But completely unaware of what happened, Mickey Meekly drops to the canvas...]

GM: NO!

[Meekly raises his hand and slaps the canvas once... twice...]

GM: NO!

[And a third time seals the deal as Meekly springs to his feet, signaling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Your winners... annnnnd NEEEEEEEEW AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

THE LYNNNNNNNNCH BROOOOOTHERRRRS!

[The crowd explodes with a mixed reaction, unsure of what to think about the title change. An also unaware (and slightly confused) Jack Lynch raises an arm in triumph as Duane Henry Bishop makes his exit through the crowd alongside Cletus Lee, leaving a shocked crowd behind.]

GM: The Lynches are the new National Tag Team Champions but... but when they find out HOW it happened, you know they're not going to be happy about it.

[Lynch helps his little brother to his feet, raising his hand as Meekly brings the title belts to them. Danny Morton rolls under the ropes into the ring, kneeling next to his unmoving partner with a look of disbelief on his face. He questions the official who points to the Lynch brothers as we crossfade back into the WKIK Studios to Gordon and Bucky who have been joined by an unwelcome guest.]

GM: The Bishop Boys made a surprising return and in the process, they cost Violence Unlimited the National Tag Team Titles. And as you can see, we have been joined here at the desk by Cousin Bo Allan, Duane Henry Bishop, and Cletus Lee Bishop - the former National Tag Team Champions, the Bishop Boys. Mr. Allan, I have to ask - to the best of my knowledge, you three are STILL suspended! You guys don't even work here anymore! What in the world are you doing here?

[The WKIK Studios erupts in boos yet all three Bishops are smiling - yes, even Cletus Lee. Bo holds up a piece of paper for one and all to see.]

CB: Why, Myers, I thought you'd be SO happy to see us again. I'm so disappointed.

BW: I'm happy to see you guys!

[Gordon just sighs.]

CB: Now, Myers, sometimes my hearing just ain't right. Did I hear you say we don't work here anymore?

[Gordon nods his head vigorously.]

GM: That's exactly what I said.

CB: Well, bucko, _this_ says otherwise.

[Bo holds the piece of paper up.]

GM: Is that an official AWA contract?!

CB: Give the man a prize, because that's absolutely correct!

[Gordon stammers.]

GM: But... wait a second... I don't-

CB: Woah, hold on there, Myers, you might have a stroke. Now before you get all up in arms about the whole "suspended" deal, let me sum up what's happened for you.

BW: Oh goody, a story.

[Bo nods]

CB: A couple of months ago, the Bishops' beloved great uncle Merle passed away.

BW: I'm sorry to hear that.

CB: Well, with the bad comes some good. See, Merle was a very prudent man, owned himself a whole chain of hardware stores. Not only that, he was very smart when it came to the stock market. So, to sum it up, Merle was a fairly rich man. And do you know who ended up with a large portion of his earnings?

BW: The Bishop Boys!

CB: Correct, Bucky! Good answer.

BW: Thanks.

[Bucky smiles at Gordon, who looks unimpressed.]

CB: Once we had that money, we knew exactly what to do. We went to the Committee and offered them a nice portion of the money, a large fine that we would pay if they agreed to end our suspension. And those suits never can turn down some greenbacks, so here's what you've got.

[Bo holds the contract up once more.]

CB: A brand spankin' new contract for me and The Bishop Boys. Hahaha. We are back in business.

[Bucky claps. Gordon looks repulsed.]

GM: Okay, that explains that, but what about your actions at SuperClash?

CB: What about them?

GM: The Bishops Boys showed up and cost Violence Unlimited the National Tag Team Titles!

[The fans boo. Bo rolls his eyes and is about to respond when Duane Henry butts in.]

DHB: Now you just wait one minute, Gordie. Where was this outrage when WE were robbed of the titles by those dang Rough N Ready punks, huh?! We never got ourselves a rematch, because the dang security 'round here is a bunch o' useless pukes.

GM: Now hold on, YOU attacked the security! It's your own fault you were suspended.

DHB: Semantics. If those idiots couldn't control Cooper and Somers, then they DANG sure ain't controllin' us. But y'know somethin'? Rough N Ready's old news 'round here.

GM: Be that as it may, you still haven't explained SuperClash.

DHB: You want answers? Okay. What you had there were two revolting fan-huggin' teams who respect each other somewhat. I came out of the crowd because I was bored. That match needed a jolt. And by God, we were the answer.

GM: But why Violence Unlimited?

[Duane Henry shrugs.]

DHB: We coulda gone after those Lynch pukes just as easily. But there is one thing we wanted. We wanted somebody else to feel what it's like to get screwed out of their titles. That just means VU were in the wrong position at the wrong time. And, Gordie, I know what you're gonna ask next.

[Gordon raises an eyebrow.]

GM: Enlighten me.

DHB: You wanna know what happens next between us and Violence Unlimited.

GM: Good guess.

DHB: War. Flat out war. Violence Unlimited? You want a piece of us? We ain't hard tah find. You just name the time an' place. Bring everything ya got, and we'll bring it just as bad. You'll find out real hard just how limited ya are.

[Duane Henry and Cletus Lee walk off. Bo sticks around a few seconds to wave the contract in Gordon's face before leaving too.]

GM: Unbelievable. I hope Violence Unlimited makes short work of them

BW: Haha! The REAL Bishop Boys are back! And I'm loving every minute of it.

GM: I can't wait to find out what Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes have to say about that.

BW: Well, you're gonna have to, 'cause I hear they're in Japan working the Tokyo Dome for New Year's. Big money over there this week.

GM: They are indeed overseas but you can be sure when they come back in two weeks for Saturday Night Wrestling, the Bishop Boys better keep one eye over their shoulders at all times, fans. The Bishop Boys made a shocking return at SuperClash as did Juan Vasquez. But they weren't the only ones who returned to the AWA at SuperClash, Bucky.

BW: You're talking about the Butcher!

GM: I certainly am. As you may recall, the Steal The Spotlight match had a mystery man entered into it... a man who ultimately revealed himself as Bruno Verhoeven, the alleged son of the legendary Otto Verhoeven. And to make things even more intriguing, we learned that Verhoeven had been competing in the AWA for months as a member of the First Family - Brother Cain!

BW: I always thought there was something familiar about Brother Cain and now we know the truth. It was the Butcher all along.

GM: Bruno Verhoeven made an immediate impact upon his return, at one point destroying every member of BOTH teams out there for Steal The Spotlight. He made it clear that he's here for himself - and only himself.

BW: You know, Gordo, I was impressed with that big lummo Brother Cain but he lacked drive and initiative while he was on the leash of that preacher man, Adam. Now though? Big Bad Bruno is running wild without a leash.

[We crossfade to a shot of Bruno Verhoeven walking down an aisle. The heavily muscled, 6'8" tall German's eyes are fixed on the ring. His left arm is heavily tattooed, featuring a devil and skeleton angel wrestling among several other, religious symbols. Bruno's hair is shaved down to a crew cut. His ring attire consists of long slacks covered in an urban (grey and black) camo pattern, black wrestling boots and black, fingerless gloves. Gordon and Bucky provide the voice-over.]

GM: Bruno Verhoeven has been very active since his return. He has shown up at every house show we did in December, demanding competition or victims, as he called them.

[We see Verhoeven on a microphone in the center of the ring, bellowing into it, and, although we only have the visual, the strain on his flushed face gives

us an indication of his volume.]

BW: He didn't ask for competition, he asked for ... let me quote this gem ... "victims for the slaughterhouse". Whoever in the front office ran the shows obliged.

[We see Futurestar rushing down the aisle to meet him. Cut to a different arena and another aisle and bulky Joseph Puckett lumbers down to ringside, intent to teach the rookie a lesson. Finally, Henry Porten steps through a curtain, hesitation obvious on his face.]

GM: Some brave men were ready to confront "the New Butcher". The results were ... concerning.

[Cut to Bruno bombarding the masked Futurestar, who is tied up into the ropes, with a barrage of boxing punches: Jabs, body blows, a fierce right hook. Cut to Puckett trying to cover up on the mat as Bruno stomps down on his head before launching himself high up in the air and coming crashing down with an elbow drop right to the neck. Young Henry Porten ducks a clothesline only to be hit by a massive Verhoeven shoulderblock on the rebound.]

BW: No ring rust, no waiting for orders, no mercy ... the kid really impressed me every night he went out there.

GM: Impressed you? It was a terrible exhibition of brutality and bloodlust.

[Verhoeven shakes Futurestar like a rag-doll while he has him locked up in a Full Nelson. He flings Porten from one side of the ring to the other with a Fallaways Slam. Puckett is nearly decapitated by a running big boot.]

BW: Brutality, bloodlust ... yeah, exactly what I meant.

[The scenes change more rapidly now. Verhoeven hits an uppercut, a short-arm clothesline, steps on the chest of Futurestar, ties up Porten in the ropes, hits a shoulderbreaker, executes a Full Nelson Bomb, chokes the life out of Puckett while the referee tries to pull him off.]

BW: Bruno Verhoeven was not content with showing up during the biggest card of the year and making both his opponents and his partners angry at him...

GM: ...a fact that may come to haunt him sooner rather than later...

BW: ...he is obviously on a warpath and there is no telling where it will lead it him.

[Verhoeven pushes Henry Porten over his head in a military press before chucking him to the outside. Futurestar falls prey to a powerbomb. Puckett's arms are flailing desperately as he is stuck in a bear hug.]

BW: German... warpath... meh, that does not fit very well. I have to work on

my metaphors for the kid.

[Bruno flings Futurestar shoulder first into the ring post. Puckett is crushed beneath the German's bulk thanks to a belly-to-belly suplex. Verhoeven _launches_ himself over the top rope onto Porten with an over the top rope suicide dive that belies his mass.]

GM: The outcome of his matches were the same... the referee stopped each and every one of them since Bruno made no move to end the onslaught.

[We see almost identical scenes of Verhoeven hitting each of his opponent with a Slaughterslam and a host of referees jumping in between "the New Butcher" and the crumbled bodies of his victims.]

Cut to Verhoeven standing in the ring with a house mic. Again, it seems to be different arenas and different times, probably after those matches. This time, we can hear his heavily accented, booming voice.]

BV: MORE!

[Switch.]

BV: MORE!

[Switch.]

BV: MOOOOOORE! I vant more! More opp'nents!

[Switch.]

BV: More victiems!

[Switch.]

BV: More blood for ze Slaughterhouse! Giff more! Giff bett-uh men! I vill show! I vill prove!

I am ze Son of Verhoeven!

[Cut back the studio. Bucky has a huge grin on his face while Myers looks disgusted.]

GM: Bruno Verhoeven's rampage continues into the new year. Who will try to stop him next?

BW: Uh, uh... may I chose somebody? There are so many guys I would like to see him wreck. One of the Lynches perhaps? Supernova? That no-good turncoat Stevie Scott?

GM: Only time will tell, fans, but 2012 could be a very big year for the man who says he is the son of a legend. Speaking of the sons of a legend, let's talk about the Scott Von Braun situation.

BW: Oh, let's!

GM: Fans, you may recall that on the final edition of SNW before SuperClash, Scott Von Braun was injured while officiating a match - falling victim to a dive to the floor from Stevie Childes of the Aces. We all believed it was accidental but... well, Childes informed us at SuperClash that it was anything but an accident.

BW: It was intentional and it was long overdue, if you ask me! We learned at SuperClash a dark secret, Gordo - the dark secret of Scott Von Braun! He made his legacy beating up on... little people!

GM: That's no dark secret.

BW: But what he did to Stevie Childes' father... to Percy Childes' brother... THAT was a dark secret. And when it was exposed to the masses, Scott Von Braun cried, Gordo... he actually cried in humiliation!

GM: And if that wasn't enough, he was brutally assaulted - in front of his own family - by the Aces who have apparently aligned themselves with this piece of work... joining us right now... a man who had a very busy SuperClash... and a successful one, by his count. He is the new manager of the Aces, as well as of James Monosso. Here is... the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

[The studio audience boos as the rotund short bald manager enters the studio. Percy is wearing a white knit sweater with a dark-green-and-brown triangular pattern on it, along with black slacks. His dark mustache and goatee are neatly trimmed, and his brown eyes seem to convey a relaxed expression. He approaches the broadcast position and shakes Bucky Wilde's hand, and then Gordon's as well... Myers looks almost guilty to shake his hand, but he does. Percy then takes a seat next to the other two.]

GM: Percy Childes, I suppose the first thing we should say is congratulations on your men going two-and-oh at SuperClash.

PC: Why, thank you, Gordon. I'm glad to see that you could rise above your grudges and vendettas for a moment to say that.

GM: The first question I have is that of your newest acquisition, The Aces. First, are they here?

PC: Oh, no, Gordon. 'Tis the season for my nephew Steven... and the young man I wish was also my nephew, Danny... to get away from the drudgery of winter and go to a place more worthy of them. I believe they're in Cancun today, but I could be wrong as they booked their own vacation. Even though we have a pleasantly mild winter thus far, frankly, Texas isn't good enough for The Aces anyway.

GM: Now, we saw that cowardly attack on Sco...

PC: Is it cowardly when the police arrest a physically inferior lawbreaker?

GM: What? I'm sorry, what was that question?

PC: If a sixty year old man intentionally runs someone over in his car, or does some unsavory things with a child, or steals a great amount of money... when the police come for him, are they being 'cowardly'? They're (probably) younger and in much better shape. The old man doesn't have any chance. And what if he resists arrest because he thinks he is innocent? Won't they bring him down? Are they cowards?

GM: That has nothing to do with...

PC: EVERYTHING. It has everything to do with it. Scott Von Braun is a common criminal. Justice needed to be done, and it was done. The Aces did what was right to a man who had crippled a lightweight and got away with it, and who has basically stolen from a great number of wrestlers with his shoddy and corrupt officiating over the years. Now, he is paying for his crimes, and is in no condition to commit more crimes. It's sad that it took so long to get this justice delivered, but the authorities who should have stopped him were propping him up because he's a Von Braun. His last name gave him everything in this business, until the name of Childes took it all away.

Get used to that, by the way.

GM: This is terrible! And now, the Von Braun family is trying to lead a boycott of the AWA until...

PC: Until the AWA fires myself and The Aces. That would trigger a massive breach-of-contract and unlawful termination lawsuit against the AWA, so I feel confident that it won't happen. It would also trigger a massive defamation and lost-wages lawsuit against the Von Braun family, far larger than the one they're already going to face. This is America, Von Brauns. If you don't like me, sue me and we'll settle it in court. I can assure you that you'll be hearing from my lawyers soon enough!

GM: Where have we gone when a wrestling feud gets settled in a courtroom?

PC: Civilization, Mister Myers. Civilization. This is a dispute that I will handle. The Aces do not need to concern themselves with it for a second. They're the Number One Contenders, and have no need that they should be targeted by the dying vestiges of a once-proud name. They'll be too busy exposing the local wrestling 'dynasty' for the frauds that they are!

GM: You're not talking about the Lynches, are you?

PC: Of course I am! The Lynch family has never left Texas, because that's where the old man has built his network of corrupt officials, paid-off referees, and an athletic commission with several family members seated on the board of trustees! They'd never venture out into another territory, because their bread is buttered here. The Texas landscape of professional

wrestling is built such that all Lynches will succeed regardless of ability. Another sad example of people clinging on to their nostalgia so desperately that the superior new talent is not allowed to shine.

GM: With all due respect, Percy... the Lynches won the Tag Team Championships in Mississippi.

PC: This is still a Texas promotion! That referee was brought up to Mississippi... my lawyer advises against revealing the backstory of the Meekly family and their relations with the Lynches, but Wikipedia has the details for the inquisitive. And that referee conveniently missed Bo Allan bringing in the Bishops to put out Violence Unlimited! HOW DO YOU MISS THE BISHOP BOYS?! I can assure you, Cletus Lee Bishop is NOT a ninja! They have the combined stealth of a herd of buffalo, and will proudly tell you that because their style is to go directly at their enemy with overwhelming force. That was conveniently missed by the official, for the benefit of the Lynch Family!

BW: Watch it, Percy! You were talkin' about lawsuits earlier. I hear those Lynches and Meeklys go after everyone who lays out the truth about them!

PC: My legal team is well-equipped for such an eventuality, Bucky, but thank you for the concern. The Aces will very soon defy the odds and make it impossible for even the hierarchy to keep those titles on their golden boys any longer.

GM: Indeed, on to a new subject. James Monosso. At SuperClash, he got a highly controversial pin over Rick Marley in very... un-Monosso-like fashion. I implore our fans to check the replay on internet Pay Per View, as it was an outstanding contest. But Monosso's strategy...

PC: Yes, of course, that was from me. Remember, it was Marley who had the big grudge. Why would we worry about anything other than winning?

GM: Actually, Monosso did eventually snap and start with his usual brutality. More interesting is your role in that whole feud. It seemed rather sudden... James Monosso suddenly remembering that he was the one who injured Sean Marley all those years ago. Because you reminded him. It seems that you instigated the whole affair.

PC: I didn't decide that interrupting James Monosso's airtime was the smartest way to make a big comeback to AWA! Rick Marley did, and if I decided that he should suffer for it, why is that surprising?! As for James... you can take the tiger out of the jungle, but you can't take the jungle out of the tiger. The mad Monosso will be true to himself in the end. But I want everyone to consider this: James Monosso has been ranked in the top five for the majority of the past year. He has just pinned a man with Hall Of Fame credentials, one of the best in the sport and a former World Champion. Rick Marley is undeniably great; not for one moment would I discount his ability, and if he made a request for managerial services, no sane man would delay a half-second before making a contract offer. But James Monosso defeated him, and is now ranked number two. James has a message about

that, and in the interests of filtering out some... less pertinent thoughts he might express, I will read a statement from him at this time.

GM: A statement from James Monosso.

[Percy unfolds a piece of paper from his pocket, and reads it aloud.]

PC: "Whereas I have been in the top five for most of my AWA career, and am now ranked number two following a victory over one of the most decorated stars in the sport... I am announcing my intent to compete for the National Title. I understand and acknowledge that, as the number one ranked contender as of this proclamation, Supernova may be granted a shot before me. However, should anyone... and I mean ANYONE... ranked lower than me as of this writing somehow acquire a championship match before I do, without first defeating me in a match, then I promise you that person will not make it to the ring."

GM: That didn't sound like Monosso's wording.

PC: I did reword it to be a bit more formal. But the content...

GM: Yes, that seems like something he would say. And something that you would encourage.

PC: Is it unfair? He's ranked number two, I'd say he deserves a title match.

GM: Percy, our time is up, but I have one last question. A question that ties directly in with your sudden push to get James Monosso a title shot.

...where is Nenshou?

PC: Right this moment? Osaka. I believe he has a match there this evening.

GM: So, is he out of...

PC: That was your one question, Gordon. Have an excellent New Year. I know that I will!

[Percy stands up, shakes Bucky's hand again, and leaves.]

GM: Huh. That was evasive.

BW: Maybe he lost his services and doesn't wanna talk about it.

GM: That makes sense. But I'm thinking it wouldn't be that straightforward. 2012 will certainly tell that story as well, Bucky. But one story that was told in 2011 was one last run for one of the greatest superstars to ever lace their boots, a former AWA National Tag Team Champion and one of the popular men to ever step foot in a wrestling ring - City Jack! We reached out to Jack this week to get his New Year's wishes for all of his fans plus let's take a look

at the closing moments of that epic steel cage showdown he had with Calisto Dufresne earlier this year!

[Crossfade to footage marked "THE MAIN EVENT - MARCH 26th, 2011" where with Calisto Dufresne down in a seated position, City Jack approaches from behind, yanking off the padding covering his right forearm and elbow, throwing it aside to a huge cheer.]

GM: Oh my stars! What does he have in mind here?

[Pulling Dufresne's head back, Jack looks down at his bloodied rival's exposed face...

...and SLAMS his exposed elbow down into the eyesocket of the Ladykiller!]

GM: OHHH!

[Jack measures his man, shaking his head at him, and SLAMS the elbow down into the eye again!]

GM: Again! Again!

BW: Stop him!

[The crowd roars as Jack throws another elbow into the eye... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: City Jack is raining down elbows on the eyesocket of Calisto Dufresne! This could be a little bit of an eye for an eye - Biblical Justice, if you will!

BW: Stop him!

GM: The referee's right there... the referee is trying to get him to stop...

[BIG SHOCKED REACTION!]

GM: Jack shoved the ref! City Jack just knocked the ref down!

[A frustrated City Jack shouts something in the downed Michael Meekly's direction as Jack turns his focus back to the kneeling Dufresne, slowly raising his exposed elbow as high as he can...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW!! DUFRESNE CAUGHT HIM LOW!!

[With Jack stunned, Dufresne pops up, hooking a front facelock. The crowd roars with anticipation as Dufresne tries for his trademark DDT...

...and Jack charges forward, slamming the back of Dufresne's head into the steel mesh!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Dufresne slumps down to the mat, falling between the ropes and ending up between the ropes and the steel cage. A weary Jack reaches over the ropes, pulling Dufresne to his feet...]

GM: Oh no.

[With the Ladykiller on his feet, facing the steel mesh, Jack grabs the long blonde locks and shoves his bloodied face into the steel!]

GM: OHHH!

[And the crowd roars as Jack rakes the face back and forth, ripping and tearing the flesh of his rival on the steel!]

BW: This guy is a savage animal, Gordo!

GM: Jack's trying to bleed him dry! He's making Dufresne pay for every single moment of pain he's felt over the past year and a half, Bucky! He wants him to- ohhh!

[The crowd roars in echo of Gordo as Jack throws a Metropill to the back of the head, smashing Dufresne's face into the steel!]

GM: Good grief!

[Holding Dufresne's face against the steel, Jack throws three more Metropills to the back of the head, repeatedly driving the face into the mesh...

...and then breaks into a dash, bouncing off the far ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: HERE! HE! COMES!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: RUNNING METROPILL TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!!

[The crowd roars for the impact of Jack's arm smashing the back of Dufresne's head, driving his face into the steel once more before the Ladykiller slumps, bloodied and battered, down to the mat. Shaking his head, Jack grabs Dufresne by the arm, dragging his motionless body under the ropes into the middle of the ring. Jack holds up his arm, slapping the exposed elbow again...]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Again?!

GM: Jack's going for more of those elbows to the eye! He leans over to grab- ohh! Dufresne caught him with a kick to the head!

[Rolling to his side, Dufresne throws a haymaker from left field, popping Jack on the jaw and sending him stumbling backwards into the ropes where he comes charging back off...

...and gets backdropped RIGHT into the steel wall!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JACK GOT BACKDROPPED INTO THE MESH!! HE LANDS RIGHT ON HIS HEAD ON THE MAT!!!

[An exhausted Dufresne stumbles forward, collapsing onto Jack's prone form.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: FOOT ON THE ROPES!! FOOT ON THE ROPES!! JACK GOT THE FOOT UP THERE!

[A furious Dufresne slams his fist into the mat a few times, screaming at Michael Meekly...

...and then drops down to a knee, unzipping the side of his boot and digging into it.]

GM: Wait a second! Dufresne's going for something! He's going for something inside that boot!

[And the crowd loses their collective minds as he stands up, holding something into view.]

GM: A lighter! He's got that Zippo lighter he used back at the first SuperClash!

BW: Fire it up! Fire it up! Fire it up!

GM: Shut up, Bucky! We can't have this happen! We can't-

[Michael Meekly believes the same thing, shouting at Dufresne who is holding the lighter in front of his eyes, gazing into the flame as he waits for City Jack to stir...

...and then gets shoved down by Dufresne who threatens to throw the fire at Meekly if he gets in his way again!]

GM: There's no one to protect City Jack! There's no one to stop this maniac, Dufresne!

[The Ladykiller shouts out so all can hear...]

"HOW 'BOUT A LITTLE FIRE, SCARECROW?!"

[...and as a dazed City Jack starts to rise, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs, stumbling around...]

GM: No, no, no! Jack! Jack, look out!

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[The blinding fireball that put City Jack on the shelf for over a year...

...goes flying past him as he ducks it!]

GM: HE MISSED!! HE MISSED!!!

[And Jack reaches out, wrapping up Dufresne in his massive arms. With a loud bellow, Jack powers Dufresne way up into the air, popping his hips...

...and DRIVING Dufresne down to the canvas with a thunderous belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: METROBOOM!! METROBOOM!!!

[Jack stays on Dufresne, motionless as the referee dives to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the bell as an exhausted City Jack immediately pushes up to his knees, shoving away the prone Dufresne like he wants nothing more than to never have to touch him again. Jack puts his hands on his hips, breathing heavily as he tilts his head back, eyes tightly closed.]

PW: Here is your winner...

CITY JAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

[The crowd bursts into a dull roar once more as the referee steps forward, raising one of Jack's arms into the air.]

GM: City Jack, at long last, has done it! He has taken eighteen months - heck, he's taken SEVEN years of heartache, of struggles, of battles, of overcoming EVERYTHING put in front of him - and he has vanquished Calisto Dufresne in the center of this steel cage tonight inside the Crockett Coliseum, Bucky!

BW: I'm in shock, Gordo. Absolutely in shock.

GM: The man from Liberty, Kentucky had his life destroyed - put in shambles - by the Ladykiller, Calisto Dufresne, but on this night, it is Jack with his hand - and his head - held high! City Jack has defeated the man who has haunted him for seven years, Bucky!

BW: I never thought I'd see it happen. I thought -after everything he'd done - Dufresne had his number. I though the Ladykiller could survive anything that Jack threw at him.

GM: But it's City Jack standing on top of the mountain tonight in Dallas, Texas!

[Jack struggles to his feet with the aid of the official, standing over the downed Dufresne...

...as we fade to pre-taped footage of the AWA logo'ed backdrop with a familiar face to the AWA fans - the former tag team champion, City Jack. Dressed in jeans and red & green sweater that hugs the much wider frame of the retired wrestler, Jack looks to be in good spirits since last seen. He has a bit of a bushier beard and his problematic eye looks better.]

CJ: Fans! Friends! City Jack here, droppin' to pay all you wonderful people a little ol' visit from this retired fossil from 2011.

[Jack cracks a toothy smile.]

CJ: Now I ain't 'bout to get in that there ring any time soon - breakin' my heart as much as it does! Naw, naw, naw... just here at this amazin' AWA event, visiting some friends before the hol-i-days and thought...

[Jack sort of scratches his upper most chin.]

CJ: You know, I'm visiting my friends here and I always see the good people of Kentucky... but you all -

[The Liberty native points to the camera.]

CJ: The AWA fans - you're my friends too! And I always, around this time, want to wish ALL my friends the happiest, most joyous and the best NEW YEAR you can have!

[Jack smiles again and gives a winking nod to the camera before the shot fades.]

Cut to a black screen as the words, "ON DVD & BLU-RAY" fade in. Fade to a night shot of a rock wall and tower in an exotic locale, if the tropical foliage surrounding it is any indication. A gruff male voice is heard.]

M: [V/O] It's one of the strongest forts in the Orient...

[A garrison of soldiers, dressed in eighteenth century British military attire, marches along the wall.]

M: [V/O] Manned by some of the best men in the Imperial army and navy...

[Shot of a British officer yelling an order. A soldier lights a cannon fuse. The gun fires a powerful shot.]

M: [V/O] The best weapons the East India Trading Company could buy...

[A shot of a very blond, slightly effete man, in sharply-cut eighteenth century garb looks through a telescope, raises an eyebrow and sneers. Cut to a ragged group of men, hiding in the shadows of the thick vegetation, in the dimly-lit night. Their leader, a young man with long brown hair pulled back in a ponytail, an ear-ring in one ear and a meticulously-trimmed goatee, takes a step forward, saying as he does...]

YM: And we're going to take it.

[Cue the jaunty pirate music, as we see shots of men sneaking about in the dark, interspersed with shots of the young man sneaking up on British soldiers, incapacitating them with blows to the head, and an obligatory swordfight. Cut to the very blond, slightly effete man, a cup of tea in hand.]

VBSEM: [In a crisp English accent.] I want to know who it is and I want him brought to me... And make sure someone's watching her!

[A shot of the young man, gagging a British soldier as he struggles against his binds. A female voice is heard behind him.]

F: [V/O] Oh, and who might you be?

[The young man turns around and finds a buxom blonde, so buxom, her breasts are spilling out and threatening to burst her corset.]

YM: Robin... Cock Robin... Captain Cock Robin! At your service...

[A barrel-chested, shaggy-haired, full-bearded old man comes bursting into the room, holding off two British soldiers with his cutlass. He yells at the young man, and we realize it's the gruff-voiced man from earlier...]

GVM: ROBIN!!! A little help!

[Cut to the very blond, slightly effete man, as he slams his teacup down on a wooden desk...]

VBSEM: Robin!

[Cut to the buxom blonde, seemingly in the throes of passion...]

BB: Oh, Robin!

[A black screen and the words, "JONATHAN LONGFELLOW..." followed by a shot of the young man, one hand on his hip, while he gives his opposite shoulder a shrug.]

YM: What? Too much Cock Robin for you?

[Black screen, again, and the words, "ARCHIBALD WOOSTER..." Shot comes back on the very blond, slightly effete man as he draws a sword, narrows his eyes and hisses...]

VBSEM: I'm going to cut that little c-

[Black screen and the words, "INTRODUCING: HOLLY OAKES..." The buxom blond smashes two jugs onto the heads of two soldiers.]

BB: That's for calling me Boob Lady!

[Again with the black screen and the words, "BLACK BART ROBERTS..." Close-up shot of the shaggy-haired, bearded old man, his eyes wide and darting from side to side...]

GVM: We are not the only pirates around here!

[The young man sneaks around in the dark and backs into someone else. He turns around and comes face-to-face with a slight Asian man, the poor man's Jackie Chan, if you will...]

PMJC: Robin!

[Black screen and the words, "LUCIUS LEE..." The shot fades back to the one before.]

YM: [In a hushed tone.] What are you doing here? You're spoiling my job!

[A massive figure walks into the frame. Cut to the black screen and the words, "ALSO INTRODUCING..." Cut to a shot of a scowling seven-footer whom the AWA fans will recognize as one MAMMOTH Mizusawa...]

PMJC: My island! I get first dib! You not happy, you take it up with Crashing Bour-der!

[Black screen, again, and the words, "MAMMOTH MIZUSAWA..." We then see a montage of swordfights, cannons being fired, someone getting thrown off

the wall, accompanied by a Wilhelm scream, before the screen goes black. The word "IN" fades in, then the film title in a stylized script: "PIRATES OF THE ORIENT."

We fade back to live action inside the studio.]

GM: Welcome back to this special New Year's Eve edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, as we tick down the minutes and seconds to 2012 - where I have just been told that as the clock strikes midnight, Jon Stegglet will appear here LIVE in the studio with us to announce some matches for the first Saturday Night Wrestling of 2012! So, make sure you stick with us all night because you know that'll be big news, fans!

BW: I don't have to stay awake til midnight for that, Gordo.

GM: Why is that?

BW: 'Cause I'm buddies with The Rave. They'll already know what happened on the first show of the new year!

GM: I'm sure. There are a whole lot of competitors happy to see 2011 left in the dust and 2012 on the horizon but perhaps no one more excited about it than Eric Preston.

BW: Preston had to deal with blood feuds with James Monosso AND Anton Layton this year.

GM: Both rivalries that he won, Bucky.

BW: Can you ever really WIN a war with James Monosso?

GM: A good point. But with Layton and Monosso in his rear view mirror, you would expect that Eric Preston may have his eyes on a bigger prize in 2012. We're going to join, in progress, this match between Eric Preston and Madhouse McWesson. Preston is coming off an impressive win at SuperClash and has said his stated goal is gold in 2012.

BW: But Preston, he just- I don't know, Gordo. I'm not sold on him. He's easily distracted, he gets off track easily. He got sucked up into battling with Monosso and Layton on their own terms, he's not ONCE done something I would consider wise career move.

GM: Certainly, challenging James Monosso to a towel match wasn't a wise decision-

BW: Or agreeing to a match that he didn't know the rules to. Defend that, will you please?

[Gordon can only nod in agreement.]

GM: You've got a point there, Bucky Wilde, it was a very emotional year for Eric Preston. And perhaps he did not make the most prudent career choices.

But when it comes to heart and desire, the will to win, Eric Preston has proven beyond a doubt just how much heart and desire he has, just how physically and mentally tough he truly is.

BW: Heart don't pay the pills, Gordo, heart don't win ya championships. We're gonna find out this year if he's got what it takes to break on through, or if we've seen the best of Eric Preston.

GM: Again, well said Bucky.

BW: Naturally, baby, naturally. Announcer of the Year, what else would you expect?

GM: Don't know how to answer that. Anyhow, here's the Preston match, taped from the Oman Arena in Jackson, Tennessee, with Jason Dane and Colt Patterson on the call. Preston looks crisp and looks like he healed up, and he also has some interesting comments afterward. Let's go to it.

[Gordon and Bucky turn towards the big screen as we crossfade to the midst of a match, labeled "DECEMBER 2, 2011." As we join, the mohawked McWesson lopez on the outside as Preston throws a fist to the crowd on the inside.]

JD: McWesson hit the floor hard, a tremendous clothesline by Eric Preston-

CP: Who's back in the ring playing to the crowd, typical.

[Preston hollers one more war whoop to the crowd, then turns around and breaks into a dead sprint, and then hurls his body over the top rope and DOWN onto the still recovering McWesson! The crowd roars as hops right back to his feet, running on adrenaline, and throws McWesson back in.]

JD: An unbee-lievable dive from Eric Preston, he picked up the seven ten split there, Colt! Preston is as consistently exciting as any wrestler on the roster!

[Preston slaps a hand while still on the outside, then turns around and hops back onto the apron and scales the nearest corner...]

JD: Preston... measuring Madhouse McWesson, waiting for the opportune moment, he will fly!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

JD: Double axehandle from off the top rope, there it is! McWesson staggers all the way- no, he takes a header right in the center of the ring.

[Eric dives for a cover as the crowd counts along...]

JD: ONE! TWO! TH- No sir, McWesson gets that shoulder up! Madhouse McWesson is still in the match!

CP: Should have hooked the leg, Jason, Eric Preston needs to pay attention to those details if he wants to get to the next level.

JD: We can agree on that, Colt Patterson. Eric Preston needs to refine the edges of his game to get where he wants to be. But it's Preston to his feet, bring McWesson up by his hair- big right hand, big right hand. Whip to the ropes, Preston with a fist to the breadbasket!

[Preston pats his knee and runs to the far ropes, as the fans start to buzz at the oncoming Dream Machine... but as the South Carolina native goes for the knee, McWesson dodges it entirely and then turns to the fans, pointing at his head and roaring with laughter.]

CP: Madhouse got out of the way but he's not being very smart about it. Preston just ran right by him and turned around, no harm no foul.

JD: Not a smart move by McWesson, and Preston is laying in wait...

[When the big man turns around, Preston wraps his hands around the waist of McWesson, pops his hips, gets that Z in his knee and LAUNCHES the Mohawked One halfway across the ring with a massive overhead belly to belly!]

JD: UP AND OVER, THERE WE GO! AMAZING SHOW OF STRENGTH FROM PRESTON!

[Preston doesn't mince words this time, getting up and diving onto McWesson, tying up his legs and leaning forward, slipping his left arm underneath McWesson's and grabbing the half nelson, then winding his right arm around and clutching the left wrist of McWesson, pulling it hard against his face...]

CP: There it is, Dane, Cobra Clutch Crossface, maybe the most dangerous move in all of wrestling!

[Preston cinches it in, and it doesn't take long for McWesson to holler out a submission to the referee, who quickly calls for the bell!]

"DING DING DING!"

JD: He submitted! Madhouse McWesson with the submission after being locked into that deadly hold, and that might be a move that shoots Eric Preston to the top of the AWA. Nobody has countered it, Colt Patterson, no one's been able to withstand that Cobra Clutch Crossface.

CP: Well, Dane, when you've got something workin' for ya, smart people stick with it. We'll see how far Preston rides that hold.

[The shot quickly shifts to Eric Preston standing in the middle of the ring with Max Meekly, as Phil Watson makes the announcement.]

PW: The winner of the match, in a time of 7:42...

ERIIIIIC PRESTOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNN!!

[The ref raises Preston's hand and the crowd roars, causing Preston to crack a grin. Eric pumps a fist at the crowd and then slaps a hand over his heart, then motions for Watson to give him the house microphone.]

EP: Jackson, Tennessee, give yourselves a round of applause. You guys kick all kinds of tail.

[The crowd applauds for themselves as Preston joins in, smiling.]

EP: You know, it's been one hell of a long year, and you guys have been behind me every step of the way, and I appreciate that. Believe me, it's a lot easier to stare down guys like James Monosso and Anton Layton when you've got thousands of people chantin' your name and cheerin' for you. I appreciate ya, I love ya, and I'm tellin' ya this right now: hold on tight folks, because we're about to take it to another level.

[LUDICROUS SPEED~!]

EP: I have never been someone who asks for a hand out. Throughout my whole career here in AWA, I haven't asked for a damn thing, and I'm not about to start. I told you guys that I would give you something to be proud of, and I did that by keeping my head down and chuggin' along, by starin' down every challenge. 2011 was a good start, but it was just that: a start.

I have always believed that you don't ask for anything. You earn it. You outwork everybody else and you force the people with the power to give you what you want. And we all know, that's a great ideal, that's a great way for things to happen in a perfect world, but this is far from a perfect world.

I had to punch Jim Watkins in the mouth to get the ball rolling on a match with James Monosso. I had to force my way into the Memorial Day Rumble, after people stopped sending me schedules and faxes. I had to pay my own way just to get to a bunch of events, until I forced the AWA to start paying attention to me. I love the AWA and I love the people who pay our salaries, but if you guys think I'm going to wait for someone to give me what I want, dammit, you've got another thing comin'.

[The crowd rallies in support of the homegrown superstar, clapping and whooping it up as he pauses for a moment.]

EP: And I think you know what I'm talking about.

I have gone nose to nose with the darkest and the dirtiest men the AWA has to offer. I've rolled my sleeves up, I've gotten my hands dirty, I've earned my stripes a thousand times over. Every crazy match you can think of, I've

been in it. Last Man Standing, Towel Match, Master's Mercy, you name it, jack, and I've been in it and I've found a way to get to the winner's circle.

When they told me to pay my dues, I hopped in the ring with Juan Vasquez. When they told me to prove I was tough, I made James Monosso black out from the pain. When they told me to perform under pressure, I beat a babbling lunatic in a match that only he knew the rules to. Take a look at the record books, brother, you look up the last six months. There's nobody with a better record than me. Big show, small show, on TV, off TV, normal match or something else, I've earned my stripes a thousand times over.

And yet I stand here today with zero National Title shots to my name. With zero shots at the Longhorn Heritage title to my name. I have jumped through every hoop you can put in front of me, if I pass any more tests I'll be eligible for a doctorate.

[Preston looks at the crowd and speaks slowly, deliberately.]

EP: I want a National Title shot and I want it soon.

[The crowd explodes in cheers as Eric nods his head emphatically, just getting warmed up.]

EP: Supernova, Rob Donovan, you guys know I've gotten nothin' but love and respect for you, and I'm not saying anything that I wouldn't say if you were standing right in front of me. I have done everything a man can do to show he's worthy of a title match, and it's about time that I get what's coming to me.

In 2011, I conquered the darkness. In 2012, I conquer the champions.

[Preston puts the mic down for a moment as the crowd applauds their approval.]

EP: But I'm not about to just put my hand out and what for the welfare check, that's not how I roll, and you all know that. Just to prove myself, just to cement myself as a worthy contender, I'm throwing out this challenge. And not just to the wrestlers, but to Jim Watkins, Jon Stegglet and the rest of the suit wearers.

I've got an open contract. Anytime you want, put me in the ring with someone in that top ten list. Marcus Broussard, Stevie Scott, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, Nenshou, you set 'em up, I'll knock 'em down. I'll show you what a champion looks like.

And last thing, before I go... Rick Marley. Don't think I didn't hear what you said. Don't think my ears didn't burn just a little when you dropped my name.

[Eric turns and walks toward the camera.]

EP: I've got a thing or two I'd like to say to _you_, my man. I'm not gonna attack ya, I'm not gonna backjump ya, but I will find ya and we'll set a few things straight. Man to man.

[Preston drops the mic and holds his hands up to the crowd as we cross back to the WKIK Studios.]

GM: So, Eric Preston has made it very clear, fans. He wants gold in 2012 - be it the National Title, the Longhorn Heritage Title - heck, he might just go grab a partner and go for the National Tag Team Titles!

BW: But you notice, Gordo, he just HAD to say something to Rick Marley there at the end. He's all, "I want gold! Give me title shots! Oh, and I want to get something straight with this other guy too!" That's exactly how he ended up sidetracked for so long with Monosso and Layton. Eric Preston's inability to focus on his long-term goals continues to haunt him as we head into 2012.

GM: We'll see about that. 2011 also saw the debut of several young superstars who quickly became considered the next generation here in the AWA. Men like the Lynches, Rex Summers, Pedro Perez, Jeff Jagger, and of course, Skywalker Jones.

BW: Skywalker Jones walked into SuperClash with one goal - to Steal The Spotlight. Now, he may not have won the match that night but I don't think you can deny that he was the talk of the town that night, Gordo.

GM: Jones is one of the most athletic men I've ever seen in action and his arsenal of high impact and high flying moves is quite simply breathtaking. The man truly is a treat to behold in the ring - despite his horrific attitude problem that saw him repeatedly reprimanded in the Combat Corner. We were in Tupelo, Mississippi recently in a match that was SUPPOSED to feature Skywalker Jones. But instead... well, you can see for yourselves, fans. Take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "TUPELO, MISSISSIPPI" where Phil Watson is standing in the ring.]

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring...accompanied by his brother Will Blue...weighing in at 183 lbs...from Anderson, South Carolina...

ANDY BLUE!

[The camera cuts to two small, blonde, and pasty-looking men. One of them lifts his arms into the air to general indifference from the crowd.]

JD: Andy Blue, one-half of the Blue Brothers, here to take on Skywalker Jones.

CP: Are you sure that's a wrestler? I see women in the crowd bigger than he is!

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, Skywalker Jones' personal ring announcer...
Buford P. Higgins!

[Higgins as always, is dressed to the nines in an all-white suit and fedora. However, he doesn't seem to be in his usual jubilant mood.]

BPH: Folks, I got some bad news for you.

[He shakes his head.]

BPH: Skywalker Jones ain't gonna' wrestle tonight!

[Huge boos from the crowd!]

BPH: I'm sorry, but Skywalker Jones is emotionally distressed, people! He can't perform up to his amazing standards when he knows he got robbed! He can't do it while the wounds of SuperClash and Steal the Spotlight are still weighing heavy on his mind! But...he made sure we got a suitable replacement!

[Higgins nods excitedly.]

BPH: That's right! We gots ourselves a replacement! Ahhhhhh sookie, sookie now! You're all lucky tonight! People, you don't understand! Tonight, you get the privilege of seeing the debut of your very own, hometown hero! So get outta' that seat and get up on your feet! From right here in Tupelo, Mississippi! He is the first, second, third...fourthfifthsixthseventh... eighth, ninth, AND tenth wonder of the world! Ladies, look at that body...look at that body...he works out! He is the immortal...

Hercules!

Hercules!

HERCULEEEEEEEEEEEEEES!

[Deep breath now!]

BPH:
HAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNDDDDD
DDSSSSSSS!!!!

["Chief Rocka" by Lords of the Underground begins to play as all eyes turn to the top of the entrance way, where we see the massive Hercules Hammonds emerging from behind the curtains. Hercules is a sight of pure physical intimidation, with his shaved head, neatly trimmed goatee and a fierce, intense scowl. He has no pads, tapewrap, gloves or any other effects...just simple black trunks and boots. He stalks his way down towards the ring, eyeing his opponent like a fresh piece of meat.]

JD: Skywalker Jones refusing to wrestle tonight, but what a replacement! That's a specimen right there, Colt. The son of the legendary Hercules

Hammonds of Gulf Coast Wrestling fame. Six feet, five inches and nearly three hundred pounds of pure muscle.

CP: His daddy was known for his legendary strength but from what I've heard, he's even bigger and stronger!

JD: Andy Blue's certainly got his work cut out for him tonight.

CP: Heck, you could throw in his brother and they'd still be at a disadvantage.

"DING DING DING!"

[As soon as the bell rings, Andy Blue darts across the ring and begins pounding away at Hammonds in the corner, blasting Hercules with rights and lefts...and quickly realizing that none of the blows have the slightest effect on him.]

CP: Try another strategy kid, 'cause this one ain't working!

[Hammonds stares down Blue, who looks around with some hesitation, before running into the ropes and coming back with a dropkick...to no effect. He quickly gets back to his feet and attempts another dropkick, only to be harmlessly swatted away!]

JD: Blue can't even budge Hammonds!

CP: I gotta' give Blue some credit...he's persistent. Maybe kinda' stupid for not running away...but he's persistent.

[Blue once again bounces back to his feet, but Hammonds has had enough, flattening him with a clubbing forearm. He then catches his opponent with a thrusting kick to the chest that sends him tumbling across the ring!]

JD: Woah! What a kick!

[Blue crawls over to the corner, where Hammonds pulls him to his feet, setting him up for what looks to be a hip toss. However, this unlike any hip toss we've ever seen as Hammonds launches him out of the corner...sending him flying across three-fourths of the ring!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

CP: I've literally seen thousands of hip tosses in my lifetime, but never one like that! He almost threw him out of the ring!

JD: What an awesome display of power by Hercules Hammonds!

[Hammonds comes up from behind and applies a cobra clutch on a kneeling Andy Blue. He ragdolls Blue for a few seconds, before suddenly yanking him

up from off the canvas and back on his feet. He then muscles Blue up into the air while the cobra clutch is still applied and drops him across his knee with a backbreaker!]

CP: Holy cow! He might've broken Blue in half with that one!

JD: A cobra clutch backbreaker! Simply devastating!

CP: Wait a minute...what's that idiot doing!?

[From the outside, Will Blue has climbed to the top turnbuckle in some misguided attempt to save his brother. A shout of "Watch your back, playa'!" from Higgins catches Hammonds' attention as he turns towards Will Blue. Nevertheless, he leaps towards Hammonds...]

JD: CAUGHT!

[Still holding Will Blue, Hammonds tosses him into the air, catching him and driving him into the canvas with a powerbomb!]

JD: Huge powerbomb on Will Blue!

CP: I told you that putting both of the Blue Brothers in there wouldn't change a dang thing!

[Hammonds chucks Will Blue out of the ring, as Andy Blue slowly gets to his feet. Spotting Blue rising, Hammonds quickly runs into the ropes and then launches himself at Blue, sending the South Carolina native flying across the ring with a high-impact diving shoulderblock!]

JD: What a flying shoulderblock! He calls that the Tupelo Torpedo!

CP: Hammonds almost knocked Blue into the second row with that one. If it wasn't for the ropes, he just might have!

[Dragging Andy Blue back towards the middle of the ring, Hammonds yells out, "I AIN'T DONE WITH HIM YET!" and then grabs his opponent into a gutwrench. With Blue still on his knees, Hammonds deadlifts Blue up and over his shoulder, before sitting down and driving Blue face-first into the canvas!]

JD: If it wasn't over before, it has to be now. Hercules Hammonds laying Andy Blue out with that face-first powerslam!

CP: I thought you were a wrestling historian, Dane. That's his daddy's move! The Hammonds Hammer!

JD: Hammonds places a foot on Blue's chest...and there's the one...two...three.

"DING DING DING!"

JD: A dominating victory for Hercules Hammonds.

CP: I can't believe Michaelson was putting out junk like Aaron Anderson and Ricky Armstrong in the AWA, when he had a guy like this in the Combat Corner!

[Take it away, Buford!]

BPH: Give it up for your winner!

Hercules!

Hercules!

HERCULEEEEEEEEEEEEEES!

[Deep breath now!]

BPH:

HAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNDDDDD
DDSSSSSSS!!!!

[The crowd gives a pretty decent amount of cheers amongst the scattered boos for their hometown boy. Hammonds flexes his biceps and sticks out his tongue towards the camera as we fade out.

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 live coverage of the WKIK Studios - a nice panning shot showing the cheering fans as they wait to see what's next for them.]

GM: Welcome back, fans! 2011 is on its way out the door and 2012 is knock, knock, knockin' to get in. We've had a lot of fun here already

tonight, taking a look back at the year in review and looking ahead to what's to come in 2012. Don't forget - as midnight strikes, Jon Stegglet will join us here at the desk to announce the lineup for the first Saturday Night Wrestling of 2012 just two weeks away. But before that, let's go to the rin-

[Suddenly, Gordon is cut off as two crazily-attired young men rush into the studio!

For some reason, The Rave are here, and they look AWFUL. Jerby Jezz (who is of indeterminate race, somewhat pale reddish-tinted skin along with hair that is dyed orange, purple, green, and tan) and Shizz Dawg OG (a different indeterminate race, darker but with slightly Asian features... his hair is dyed pink, banana yellow, cyan blue, and indigo) look like they've not slept recently. They're haggard, and their multi-colored outfits (dyed jeans and crazily-patterned shirts that look like the contents of a bowl of Froot Loops) are disheveled. They run up to Bucky and fall to their knees, yelling in loud panicky voices.]

Rave: SENATOR WILDE! SENATOR WILDE!

GM: Gentlemen... The Rave... you're not scheduled to...

JJ: Frazz it, jacksaw! We need the Senator, and this can't wait! Reality itself could unravel and shatter at any moment!

GM: Oh. Well, I can't argue with that.

[Gordon's tone is equally sarcastic and resigned. The Rave look around nervously.]

BW: What's goin' on, boys? Got any tips on betting the playoffs? You guys made me a mint at the World Series!

SDOG: No, Senator Wilde, we have to report something awful has happened! We timeslid back to 2032 after we took on those traitorous bees... and everything was on the upcrush. Totally normish. But after SuperClash... did you see it?! Did you see the paradox?!

BW: Pair of docks? What's that slang for?

JJ: Senator Wilde! It was never supposed to flow that way! You see, when we rocknihilated those dumb drones, they couldn't show up backstage at SuperClash! So the extra backstage passes... they gave them to Bo Allan! And... and... you don't understand! The Lynches snarfed the titles!

GM: What's wrong with that?

SDOG: EVERYTHING! Everything changed! We timeslid back to 2032, and they were wearin' bobby socks and button-up shirts! Wildstyling was ruined! Ruined FOREVER! They were still 'pinning' and 'submitting' and... oh man, there were still those scrubtaking 'disqualification' things that went out with Autotune and wheeled vehicles! Frally!

JJ: I even saw some jacksaw help an oldcrep across the travelstream! And somebody else snarfed up a stranger's creditcube and RETURNED it! Society got translitized into complete loseweakens! All because the Lynches won the titles! All because... because...

BW: Of you?

[Horried, the Rave drop to their knees and start begging for forgiveness.]

JJ: Please don't have your futureness exile us to the Narco-Syndicalist Commune Of Toledo when we timeslide back, Senator!

SDOG: Jerby Jezz... he might not even BE Senator in 2032 now!

[Now it's Bucky's turn to be horried.]

BW: Well, DO SOMETHING!

JJ: We'll fix right what was made wrong to right the wrong which was never going to be fixed in the second place that replaced the first place! And there's only one way to do that!

SDOG: We gotta snarf those titles away from the Lynches! But... but...

JJ: But this era is so backwards, so fubcut, that... you can't win the titles on a superior countout victory!

[Both members of the Rave look shocked and horried.]

BW: Never mind that! As your Senator, I'm ordering you to go pin the Lynches! Get those titles and secure my... I mean, our future! Society depends on it!

JJ: Yes, Senator Wilde! Rave!

Rave: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

[The Rave run out at top speed. Gordon just shakes his head, as Bucky puts his head in his hands.]

BW: The Lynches... they're going to cost me my Senatorship!

GM: And make the world a better place, apparently.

BW: A world where I'm not in power can't be a better world than one where I am! Someone has to put down the Lynches! Anyone!

GM: The incident that the Rave are referring to, fans, happened just days before SuperClash. During a match that took place in Knoxville, Tennessee... do we have footage?

[Gordon looks out beyond the camera, to the film director. Gordon nods.]

GM: It appears that we do. Take a look at what happened at the end of a match between The Rave and The Hive...

[We cut to a match, already in progress. Jerby Jezz is laying on the apron on one side of the ring, and both Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket (wearing nearly-identical-but-not-quite yellow and black bodysuits and masks) are in the ring with Shizz Dawg OG. The fans are cheering! There's no event commentary; we hear Gordon and Bucky commenting from the studio.]

GM: Here we pick up, as you see, on the double team. A beautifully executed double back elbow on the Dawg OG. He is nearly out of it. Queen Bee cheering at ringside as her men ascend to the top turnbuckles on opposite sides of the ring.

BW: Bunch of cheaters. I don't know exactly how these guys screwed up the future, but I bet it's why they wear masks! Criminals hiding from justice, no doubt.

[Jerby Jezz gets up, runs over to where Bumble Bee was climbing up the top rope, and yanks him backwards off the top rope! Bumble Bee falls all the way to the floor!]

GM: There you see it... a horrible fall, some fifteen feet onto solid concrete! But it was about to get worse!

[Yellow Jacket jumps down from the top rope, and runs across the ring to get at Jerby Jezz. But referee Mickey Meekly stops him, as he's not the legal man. Jerby Jezz enters the ring, and helps up Shizz Dawg OG.]

BW: That no-good bee is trying to cheat and back-jump the Rave, but Mickey Meekly making a good decision for once!

GM: Watch The Rave here!

[Shizz Dawg Irish-Whips Jerby Jezz off the ropes, backs up to the ropes... and back body drops his own tag team partner all the way over the top rope to the floor! But that causes him to land on Bumble Bee with a high-flying senton! The problem? Queen Bee was checking on him at the time, and she is hit too!]

GM: A careless attack by the Rave, and look what happened! Queen Bee is hurt!

BW: She's a licensed manager who tries to mix it up with the men way too often, Gordo. That wasn't careless by the Rave, that was careless by her!

[Yellow Jacket rushes outside the ring to check on the Queen. Jerby is out of it, laying atop Bumble Bee... who is more out of it. And the referee starts to count.]

GM: It was academic from here. Bumble Bee suffered a ruptured back muscle from that fall, and Queen Bee had a dislocated shoulder from the impact. The Hive get counted out here... and they indeed have been out on injury since. The story that Bo Allan got backstage passes meant for the Hive is actually quite plausible, though this whole time travel story is obviously bunk.

BW: Gordo. They knew who won the World Series. I believe them, and now I believe that the Lynches are the ruination of society. Actually, I already believed that. But now I got proof!

[After the countout, we cut back to the studio.]

GM: Well... the Hive is back in action, and we'll see them later tonight try to get some payback on The Rave here in the Studio! That will be an outstanding matchup! But when you talk about what may be an outstanding matchup in 2012, Bucky, you've gotta talk about Calisto Dufresne taking on Sultan Azam Sharif!

BW: Do I?

GM: Sharif was the sole survivor at SuperClash in the Steal The Spotlight showcase - a victory that puts him in line for a shot at the National Title. Now, you may recall that Sharif and Dufresne have met for the title once before... and on that night, Sharif seemed to have the National Title within reach. But outside interference plagued the finish to that match and Dufresne managed to escape with the title.

BW: That's one way to look at it. I look at it as the Ladykiller once again proving that he's better than ninety-nine percent of the wrestlers in the world. Whether you're an Olympic champion, a former National Champion, a PCW champion - whatever. Dufresne is quite simply better than you and he ALWAYS finds a way to win.

GM: Bucky, we may disagree on whether or not Sharif can defeat Dufresne for the title... but we MUST agree that that's the match Sharif should take with his Steal The Spotlight win, right?

BW: Well, uhh... ummm...

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky. Bathwaite may be trying to pull some kind of chicanery with that victory but we all know that Sharif wants Dufresne back in that ring with the title on the line.

BW: Count Adrian Bathwaite knows best. And if he thinks Sharif should cash it in for a shot at the title, that's what will happen.

GM: And if he doesn't?

BW: I guess we'll find out in 2012.

GM: Well, we certainly won't find out about it here tonight. Fans, Sultan Azam Sharif was scheduled to compete here tonight live in the WKIK Studios but I've been told that on his way to the building here tonight, Sharif encountered some kind of travel issues and will be unable to compete. But I am also told we hope to have him in action in two weeks' time on the first Saturday Night Wrestling of 2012! But we do have a replacement match set to go in his place so right now, let's go down to the ring to Phil Watson!

[Crossfade to the ring where in any other promotion, Tomoyasu Hotei's "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" might be met with cheers, but not in the AWA, since it simply heralds the arrival of one Louis Matsui. The bespectacled, portly Asian is accompanied by a taller, more muscular Asian: the scowling seven-footer, MAMMOTH Mizusawa.]

GM: For a man who has a date with destiny in the form of our Longhorn Heritage champion in two weeks' time, Louis Matsui doesn't look too worried.

BW: Does he look like he's worried, Gordo? Mister Matsui is a smart man; I'm sure he has everything under control.

GM: He'd better have a plan. Although, I don't really see any way out... What's going on now?

[We see that Matsui has stopped halfway down the aisle to yell at and gesticulate wildly at a fan. We see him trying to reach for the sign the fan is holding, but it is just out of his reach. A shot of the sign shows that it reads, "MATSUI FEARS DONOVAN." Another sign which reads "DONOVAN'S GONNA KILL YOU" can be seen not far behind the first one. Not able to reach the sign, Matsui motions for MAMMOTH to grab it. While Matsui fumes, the giant actually cracks a smile behind his back. Instead of making a move for the sign, he prods his manager towards the ring. Even as Matsui yells and gestures, MAMMOTH merely nods and continues wrangling him down the aisle.]

PW: Hailing from Tokyo, Japan; weighing in at 420 pounds and accompanied by Louis Matsui, he is...

MAMMOTH MIZUSAWA!!!

[Reaching the ringside area, Matsui still keeps turning back to look at the signs and to spot any other similar ones. Mizusawa, meanwhile, grabs the top rope, pulls himself onto the apron, steps over the ropes and into the ring. His opponent, already in the ring, has on a pair of nondescript blue tights, black knee pads and white boots. The rest of him is almost similarly nondescript, from the light brown crew cut hair to the toned upper body, but not too spectacular everywhere else physique.]

GM: Young Jacob Prior, at 24 years of age, is a local talent hoping to one day graduate from the Combat Corner and earn a place in the AWA locker room... this is a chance for this young man to showcase his talents just as

much as it's also an opportunity for our front office to scout some exciting new blood, Bucky.

BW: At 6-foot-3, 257 pounds, I think Mister Prior might just have his dreams shattered here tonight... Along with his rib cage...

GM: Will you stop?

BW: A ruptured spleen... Kidneys...

GM: Bucky!

BW: Oh, we'll be seeing exciting new blood tonight, Gordo... all over the mat.

GM: And there's the bell...

[And there goes Prior, rushing Mizusawa, who tries to hit the smaller athlete. Prior ducks the attempt, hits the ropes and hits a clubbing forearm across MAMMOTH's upper back on the rebound.]

GM: And the giant simply shrugs it off. He's challenging Prior to try it again!

[Prior hits the ropes again, but this time, goes low and attempts a single leg takedown. Mizusawa simply kicks him off. He turns around quickly and levels Jacob Prior with a massive clothesline!]

BW: A crushed trachea... A fractured clavicle, or two...

[Not quite, Bucky, as MAMMOTH hits the ropes and lands a huge leg drop across Prior's chest.]

BW: Yep. He's done.

GM: But Mizusawa isn't, I think. MAMMOTH is just dominating this match!

BW: After the loss to Donovan, I think the monster just needs to let off some steam.

[After a couple of crushing stomps to the limp body of Jacob Prior, MAMMOTH reaches down and wraps his hand around his face. Prior starts flailing as MAMMOTH appears to apply pressure.]

GM: Mizusawa has the MAMMOTH Crunch applied... Oh my stars! He just pulled Prior to his feet! By his face!

[Mizusawa releases the claw hold and, instead, wraps his hands around Prior's throat and neck. He lifts...]

BW: TUSK CRUSHAAA!!!

GM: And it's all academic from here. One! Two!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner...

MAMMOTH MIZUSAWA!!!

GM: A strong showing by the big man.

BW: Really, Gordo, were we expecting anything less? All this match proved is that MAMMOTH Mizusawa has not lost anything since the events of SuperClash.

[Matsui is in the ring, celebrating Mizusawa's victory. He motions for his client to pick Prior up and hold him. Mizusawa looks puzzled, but does as he is told...]

GM: Oh, come on! The match is over!

BW: Look at Mister Matsui go! He's just teeing off on poor Jacob Prior.

[Indeed, Matsui even throws in some boxer-like footwork. We can just hear what he is shouting as he goes to town on Prior.]

LM: You want five minutes in the ring with me?

[A punch.]

LM: You want five minutes in the ring with me?

"SMAAACK!"

[Matsui backhands Prior across the face.]

LM: That's what five minutes in the ring get you! [Hoisting two thumbs up.]
MAMMOTH Slam!

[MAMMOTH shakes his head and drops Prior.]

LM: DO IT! DESTROY HIM!!!

[Still shaking his head, Mizusawa backs away from his manager. He steps over the top rope and drops to the floor.]

LM: I've got to do everything myself!

[Matsui removes his suit jacket, tosses it away and begins stomping on the barely-moving body of Jacob Prior, as Mizusawa backs his way up the aisle.]

GM: What we are seeing, folks, is Louis Matsui falling off the deep end... And I don't think Mizusawa wants anything to do with it.

[In fact, MAMMOTH watches from the aisle, as Matsui rolls out of the ring. He accosts some ringside fans, shoving a skinny teenager off his chair and grabbing it. He grabs another steel chair for good measure. He throws one into the ring and slides under the ropes with the other.]

GM: Oh, come on now! Somebody stop this! He's going to try to end this kid's career before it even begins...

[Matsui swings the chair wildly at the referee who tries to come between him and Prior.]

BW: You want to get in there and try, Gordo?

[Matsui drops the chair near Prior's head. He lifts Prior's head and slides the folded chair under it. Matsui then goes to pick up the other folded steel chair.]

LM: DONOVAAAAN!!! THIS IS ON YOU!!!

[Matsui brings the chair up, ready to strike, but it is pulled out of his hand by MAMMOTH Mizusawa, who has returned to the ring.]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! The giant grabbed the chair!

[A shocked Matsui circles away from the giant who places himself between Matsui and Jacob Prior, holding his hands up in front of him and speaking to Matsui in Japanese.]

GM: Matsui does NOT look happy about what just happened in there! These two men - I can't tell you at all what the heck they're saying - but they're really laying into each other verbally!

[Matsui tries to pick the chair up and MAMMOTH has to physically restrain him. Still speaking calmly in Japanese, he pushes Matsui towards the ropes as officials and trainers rush the ring. Senior Official Johnny Jagger and a trainer pull Jacob Prior, who is just starting to stir, out of the ring, while Mizusawa holds Matsui, wide-eyed and spitting, against the ropes.]

GM: Louis Matsui wanted to send a message to Robert Donovan but MAMMOTH Mizusawa just intercepted that message in the middle of the ring, Bucky.

BW: What the heck just got into the giant?

GM: I have no idea. He wouldn't let Matsui attack this young kid with that chair and I don't know who could blame him for that! Mizusawa may have just saved this youngster's career, Bucky!

[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.]

We crossfade back up to pre-taped footage in Tupelo, Mississippi where Phil Watson is standing in the middle of the ring.]

PW: Introducing first from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... THE SOUTH PHILLY PHIIIIIGHTEEEERRRR!

[The Phighter, greeted by a smattering of boos, climbs the turnbuckles and gives some hand gestures that can't be shown on TV in return.]

JD: The South Philly Phighter doesn't seem to be in a very festive mood tonight.

[Camera gets a close-up of the Phighter's t-shirt, a faded green Eagles shirt with many holes and stains decorating it.]

CP: His Eagles got knocked out of the playoffs, so no Super Bowl for the Dream Team. Phillies lost to the World Series champions. The year's been rough on the man from South Philly.

PW: And his opponent... From Bernice, Oklahoma... "BIG CHIEF" YUMA WEAAAAVVVVEEERRR!

[Weaver holds up his hand as the crowd cheers for the fan friendly brawler.]

JD: I talked with Yuma earlier in the night and he told me that 2012 is the year he wants to shoot for the Longhorn Heritage title and become the first Combat Center graduate to capture AWA gold.

CP: Good luck! This guy's got to get a long line and, even if he makes it, would have to topple the seven footer, Robert Donovan. I just don't see that happening.

JD: But who saw a resurgent Donovan capturing the Longhorn title in 2011? If Weaver puts his mind to the task, he'll make it.

* DING *

JD: There's the bell to start off this match and it looks like Weaver wants to... wants to start this off with a a handshake.

CP: He does know who he's in the ring with? The Phighter's not -

[Before Colt could finish, the Phighter snorts out a glob of snot into the outstretched hand of Yuma Weaver, drawing ire and revolution from the crowd.]

JD: Disgusting! Why would he do that?

CP: Sinuses blocked?

[The Phighter laughs it up while Yuma just looks down at his goo-ridden hand. With the South Philly native returning jeers from the crowd, Weaver's looks back up.]

JD: Weaver's got that snot-soaked hand up! The Phighter doesn't see it!

CP: Turn around, you idiot!

[The Phighter, hearing the fans' commotion, turns and... WHAP! Down goes the Phighter, crumpling to the mat as the crowd cheers!]

JD: A HUGE TOMAHAWK CHOP CRUSHING IN THE SKULL OF THE PHIGHTER!

CP: Usually we see Weaver do that off the top rope, but I guess getting a handful of snot usually makes you do just what comes naturally.

JD: Whatever the case, the Phighter's down and it looks like Weaver STILL wants some retribution for that revolting display by the South Philly Phighter!

[Weaver drags the Philly native up and pushes him into the near corner. Weaver then sends a slicing chop to the chest of the Phighter, waking up the man a bit.]

JD: Those chops of Yuma Weaver are painful SOUNDING, Colt!

CP: You know a chop hurts when you can hear it from cheap seats

[Weaver, eyes lit, raises his hand again as the fans count along after each chop...

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

CP: I think he put a couple more rips into that t-shirt of the Phighter.

JD: Blistering chops by Yuma Weaver as the Phighter in a bad way!

[The Phighter clutches his chest as the coughs over the ropes. Weaver, though, doesn't relent as he grabs the Phighter and whips him hard into the far corner post.]

JD: Weaver with a powerful Irish whip to the far corner... Looks like things are getting from bad to worse here for the Phighter...

[Weaver gets in a three point stance as he watches the Phighter clutch his back in pain.]

CP: This... This won't end well.

[The former collegiate All-American and NFL pro charges at the Phighter just in time for the Philadelphia native's eyes to go wide with shock just before being SMASHES down to the mat.]

JD: WEAVER WITH A RUNNING TACKLE that LEVELS the Phighter! Weaver wants the Phighter to remember the night he disrespected him!

CP: He does? Did you see the way the Phighter's head bounced down on the mat? By the looks of it, I don't think the Phighter's going to remember anything.

[Indeed, a camera close up on the Phighter shows an almost drunken dazed look.]

JD: The ref's down, looking at the Phighter now... and... Yes, he's signalling for the bell! This one's over!

* DING * DING * DING *

PW: Your winner, by way of KNOCKOUT... "BIG CHIEF" YUMA
WEAAAAVVVEEERRR!

JD: Yuma Weaver with a POWERFUL display in such a short span tonight!
Impressive way to end the year and certainly a great starting point for 2012!

[We crossfade from a celebrating Weaver back to the WKIK Studios where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Yuma Weaver, the Native American, ends 2011 in a strong way with a win in Tupelo over the South Philly Phighter. The Combat Corner keeps on putting out some of the best young talent in the world and it's only a matter of time until one of those young lions captures their first piece of gold.

BW: If Percy Childes speaks the truth, Gordo, those "young lions" might have to go through James Monosso to get to that gold... and I wouldn't wish that on my worst enemy.

GM: Not even the Lynches?

BW: Hrm. Circle takes the square, Gordo. I WOULD like to see the Lynches have to tangle with the Madman from Happy Valley.

GM: Right now, we're about to see that Madman in action as James Monosso takes on Rene Rousseau in Biloxi, Mississippi! Let's take a look!

[We open to a crowd, from a show in Biloxi, Mississippi. The lighting is more dim than a normal TV show, giving a 'live event' kind of environment. They're packed in, and they cheer as "Compter Les Corps" by Vulgaires Machins rolls over the PA.

After a moment, a dark-haired, well built young man with white trunks, boots, kneepads, and ring jacket runs through the entranceway, slapping hands as he jogs down the aisle. He has a big broad smile, showing off his pearly white teeth.

The announcers are heard - apparently doing their voiceover live from inside the WKIK Studios.]

GM: Here you see the French-Canadian star Rene Rousseau, a multiple-time champion in the Great White North. He gave Nenshou all he could handle back in August, and now he's going to take his best shot to take down the number two contender to the National Title, Bucky.

BW: Ha ha ha ha!

GM: What's so funny?

BW: Look at this hand-slapping baby-kissing goody-two-shoes idiot.

[Rousseau jumps up on the apron, and runs down the apron pumping his fist. The fans cheer the heartthrob from Quebec. He steps through the ropes with a lot of energy, and jogs around the ring working the crowd up.]

GM: Rene Rousseau is very athletic, very technically skilled, and has tremendous stamina.

BW: Those are good plusses. The negative? He's about to face James Monosso.

[Yes, he is, as "Compter Les Corps" is abruptly cut off by the eerie shrill piano of "The Theme From Halloween". The cheers turn to loud boos as "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes steps through the curtain. The short chubby manager is wearing a black, brown, and navy knit sweater and navy slacks. A bald man with a dark goatee and mustache, Percy is carrying his crystal-tipped cane in one hand, and strolling leisurely down the aisle with a slight grin on his face. Behind him looms the tall, wide-shouldered form of James Monosso. Clad in a pale green "PROPERTY OF STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION" T-Shirt over a single-strap black singlet with silver trim, the madman stalks down the aisle as if he's trying to sneak up on the ring. His hunched-over posture doesn't manage to disguise his big, solid, powerful frame. Monosso's boots share the black-wih-silver trim color scheme, and he uses electrical tape as wristbands.]

GM: That's a fair point. James Monosso has had a career resurgence of an almost unprecedented nature these past two years. In 2011, he won some major matches and lost some as well, but even his losses haven't really curtailed his momentum. And at SuperClash, he defeated "Showtime" Rick Marley under controversial circumstances, solidifying his contendership for the National Title.

BW: He might be focused on a tangible goal, Gordo. Does that scare the heck outta you or what?

GM: It's a terrifying prospect. You'll forgive me if I don't wish him well, since one of the many uncalled-for things he did this year is to assault me for no reason.

BW: Oh, there were reasons. You need to be a more neutral broadcaster, Gordo. Like me.

[Childes stays on the floor after reaching the ring, heading on over to his corner and taking a seat at ringside. Monosso rolls under the bottom rope, and slowly gets to his feet... staring at Rousseau with a nasty grin on his face. The popular French-Canadian seems a bit unnerved.]

GM: Let's go up for the introductions.

DING

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, and a fifteen minute time limit!

Introducing first, to my right. From Montreal, Quebec, Canada... weighing in at two-hundred-twenty-seven pounds...

...RENE ROUSSEAU!

[CHEER! Lots of female voices are heard as the handsome youngster shakes his fist to the fans. Their approval helps him shake off the intimidation factor. Monosso turns his head sideways in a crooked sort of manner, giving the fans a hateful glare. Then he points at them and starts screaming. "YOU'RE THE ONES WHO ENCOURAGE THEM!", he can be heard to shout.]

PW: And his opponent. Introducing first, the manager... "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

[BOOOOOO!]

PW: He represents, to my right. From The State Of Confusion... weighing two-hundred-eighty-eight pounds...

...JAMES MONOSSO!

[The boos are tremendous, but they don't bother the maniac nearly as much as the cheers for Rousseau did. He focuses his attention back on the former Canadian champion. Rousseau steps up, his feet moving with almost boxer-like footwork. He waves Monosso on, and the opening bell rings.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Rene Rousseau showing no fear, and he is waving the madman on.

BW: He's scared to death, daddy. Look at his feet shake!

GM: Rousseau using footwork, constant motion, and... easily evading the first attack!

[The crowd cheers as Rousseau dodges Monosso's lunge. James stops, stands up straight, and just gives Rene a cold glare. Rousseau waves him on again.]

BW: This ain't bullfightin', kid. That won't help you.

GM: It will if he can get Monosso to open himself up.

BW: For what, exactly?

[Monosso lunges again... but stops! Rousseau ducks out of the way, but wasn't expecting a feint. He ends up within arms reach of Monosso, and eats a big right hook that drops him like a rock!]

GM: And Monosso with a rare display of foresight, lures Rousseau in and decks him!

BW: He's a twenty-five year veteran or something like that, daddy. Don't be surprised when Monosso occasionally gets the lucidity to pull off a veteran move.

GM: Monosso descending on Rousseau with stomps... now to his knees and blatantly choking the man! Bouncing the back of Rousseau's head off the canvas! And biting his face! This is sheer brutality!

BW: Rene Rousseau ain't gonna be pretty for much longer... all these ugly chicks in the crowd who were screaming for him earlier sound awful quiet now!

GM: Look at that, Monosso hooking two fingers in Rousseau's nostrils, and pulling him up by the nose! And he's twisting the nose... big haymaker to the nose! That was a deliberate effort to break the man's nose!

BW: You say that like it's a bad thing.

GM: Hard body slam by Monosso. And choking Rousseau with his foot! Come on, this isn't wrestling, this is violence!

BW: Uhhh, yes, Gordo. Wrestling is violent. Almost like it's a combat sport or somethin'.

GM: You know what I mean! Heavy elbow across the back of a rising Rousseau. Monosso backing the young Quebecois to the ropes... he's pushing back the head, leaving him wide open... big chop to the esophagus, taking the wind out of Rousseau! Pushing the head back again... and an overhand punch this time. And another! Another! Monosso frantically raining down hammer-like blows to the chest! And finally referee Mickey Meekly backs him up!

BW: Let him go! Who cares if Frenchy's in the ropes? He wouldn't be doin' any better out in the middle of the ring!

GM: Rousseau on his hands and knees with a trickle of blood coming from his nose... and Monosso smashes him in that nose with a knee smash!

BW: I mean, Rene's got a beak on him. Well, he did. I think his nose is gonna be flatter than a French crepe after this!

GM: Monosso pulls up Rousseau, Irish-Whip... Rene ducks the clothesline! But not the back elbow! Monosso adjusted and hammered him in the head with the elbow. So far, James Monosso just mauling with a brutal brawling style. Double axehandle to the back of a rising Rene Rousseau! Rene has not been able to get anything going here.

BW: Well, he's got a bit of a bloodflow going.

GM: James Monosso lifts up Rene Rousseau. Punch to the ribs. Another! He's backed Rousseau up to the ropes, and a headbutt to the nose! Rousseau almost knocked out of the ring with that!

BW: Look at his eyes, daddy! That kid don't know where he is! And he might be better off that way!

GM: Another Irish-Whip by Monosso...

[This time, Rene immediately drops to a baseball slide to stop his momentum! He turns around, and catches the madman on the button with a sensational dropkick! The fans cheer the clever maneuver!]

GM: WHAT A TURNAROUND, AND A HUGE DROPKICK BY ROUSSEAU!

BW: I think the surprise staggered Monosso more than the impact. He knocked him off balance!

GM: Armdrag by Rousseau! Monosso up, and another armdrag, this one into an armbar! James Monosso powering right up, but a leverage move by Rene Rousseau takes him right down. Rousseau with the armbar, and he's finally gotten control against the lunatic.

BW: Control don't mean anything if ya can't do nothin' with it. But I'll tell ya, armdrags and armbar might do more against Monosso than against most. You weaken his limbs, you might have a shot of stealin' one.

GM: "Stealing" one? Sound wrestling isn't theft, Bucky.

BW: You know what I mean.

GM: Rousseau stepping over Monosso, getting a wide base. Monosso to his knees, and he uses his free arm to pull Rousseau's left leg under him... pulls the French-Canadian down! That will rob the hold of its effectiveness. Rene Rousseau trying to transition to an arm scissors... and does! Good adaptability by Rene Rousseau, and Monosso has to reach the ropes... he gets his left foot under the bottom rope! Referee Mickey Meekly calling for the break, and gets it.

BW: Kid, you gotta work that hold for four seconds. Really, don't be a slave to the rulebook, or you'll get annihilated against guys like Monosso.

GM: I shudder at the concept of there being more quite like James Monosso. The madman gets to his knees, and Rene leaps at him before he can get all

the way back up. Armwringer by Rousseau! And he twists again to tighten it! A third time! Rene Rousseau wants to take that left arm home with him!

BW: That's fair, because he's gonna be goin' home without half his nose.

GM: Monosso backs him up to a corner.

[Meekly asks for the break. James holds his free arm out to the side. Rousseau slowly lets go and spreads his arms out in the "clean break" posture. Monosso also puts his arms out in the "clean break" posture, and slowly backs away.]

GM: A clean break?

[Just as Rousseau seems to relax a bit... Monosso drives his forehead into the nose again! The loud CRACK drops the Canadian to the canvas!]

BW: Ha ha! Yeah, he cleanly broke his nose!

GM: What a dirty trick! Monosso kicking away... pushing back Meekly! That could be a disqualification!

BW: You disqualify Monosso for a tiny shove that pushes you back a step? He's gonna make it worth his while. If Meekly enjoys havin' ambulatory function, he'll leave that DQ alone.

GM: Monosso hoisting up Rousseau... lifting him on his shoulders! This could be the Happy Valley Driver!

[James runs to the opposite corner, and spikes Rousseau chest first into the top turnbuckle! This bounces both men out of the corner on the rebound, and Monosso uses that momentum to push Rousseau's chest up in the air, still holding his leg... and slams him over backwards onto his back!]

GM: YES, IT IS! Happy Valley Driver, and he could get the pin after that, possibly!

BW: Or he could torture him.

GM: Monosso ripping at the nose and mouth with a fishhook! Come on, this has no place in wrestling! And he lifts him up with that fishhook! This is savage!

BW: This is what happens when you go up against Monosso.

GM: Monosso with the Irish-Whip to the corner! Rousseau hits the buckles hard! Head of steam built up, Monosso charges in... Rousseau leapfrogs! Monosso hits the buckles! Rousseau slings him to the opposite side to take advantage! Another hard collision with the corner! And here comes Rousseau...

[Rene tries to drive the shoulder to the midsection, to drive the wind out of the big man. But Monosso shuffles to the side at the last moment, and Rousseau goes between the turnbuckles to collide shoulder-first with the post!]

GM: NO!

BW: Idiot!

GM: Rene Rousseau was trying to knock the wind out of Monosso, but it backfired! The young French-Canadian is in possibly the worst place he can be!

[His shoulder is against the steel, his chest is laying on top of the second buckle, and his head is next to the ringpost. The fans stand and scream for him to move, because everyone knows what he's in position for.

Monosso wastes no time stepping to the apron on the same side as Rousseau's head, and lining him up... he runs down the apron...]

[* C L A N G ! *]

BW: CONCUSSIONIZER!

GM: THAT NEEDS TO BE BANNED! Rene Rousseau has just been knocked into the middle of next week... GOOD LORD, DON'T LET HIM DO IT AGAIN!

[* C L A N G ! *]

[The boos are vehement, as Monosso takes three steps back down the apron, and again throws a running kick to the side of Rousseau's head, sandwiching it between the ringpost and the sole of his boot, using it to stop the momentum of his two-hundred eighty-eight pound frame. Rousseau's body falls back into the ring, and he's not doing much but stirring slowly.]

BW: Ya don't just go and stop somebody from doin' a wrestling move, Gordo.

GM: That is NOT a wrestling move! It's an illegal tactic!

BW: No, it ain't. It's a kick with the flat of the foot, legal as a wristlock. All the damage comes from where the guy is.

GM: Monosso off the ropes... KING KONG KNEEDROP! Why? Why not just pin the man?

BW: He's makin' sure. How many times has somebody kicked out of a move that should of finished them?

GM: There is nobody in wrestling, today or any era, who would kick out from two consecutive Concussionizers, Bucky Wilde. And you know that! AND HE'S PICKING HIM UP?!

[Yep. Monosso hooks on a front facelock on the semi-conscious Rousseau to drag him to a kneeling position. He then turns it over in reverse neckbreaker position and straightens up, leaning forward to pull Rousseau off his feet. He has the chin cupped, and is bending the neck over his shoulder in the infamous Hangman submission.]

GM: SANITY CHECK! STOP THE MATCH!

[And to his credit, Mickey Meekly does just that.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Hey, I didn't see him tap out!

GM: Of course he didn't! He's out of it!

BW: He's still moving!

GM: He's been robbed of his senses... COME ON, BREAK THE HOLD! THIS CAN BREAK A MAN'S NECK, AND ROUSSEAU ISN'T CONSCIOUS ENOUGH TO PULL UP ANY OF HIS WEIGHT!

[*DING*DING*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: We need to get the Mythbusters to work on the urban legend that ringing the bell a bunch of times will cause someone to stop a postmatch attack.

GM: That's not funny! The Sanity Check is still on!

BW: If he'd worked on the arms a bit more in the match, maybe he wouldn't have had this problem.

GM: Finally, Monosso lets go... by dropping into a neckbreaker! The AWA has to start fining him for this! This is far from the first time he's done that, and there's no provocation at all!

BW: Percy tells me that he does get fined. Quite a bit.

GM: I hope the decision gets reversed!

BW: Well, I hope you have a great time at Mickey Meekly's funeral if that happens.

PW: The referee has ruled that Rene Rousseau can not continue! He has stopped the match, and awarded it to...

...JAMES MONOSSO!

[Percy Childes has finally entered the ring, and he raises Monosso's hand. "The Theme From Halloween" starts playing as the crowd boos mightily.]

GM: Why do we continue to reward this man for trying to put people out of this business?

BW: Tryin'? Look at Rene Rousseau, Gordo!

[The camera gets a good closeup of Rousseau. A medic is shining a light in his glazed eyes, his nose is covered in blood and seems much flatter than it was when the match started, and a second medic is putting a stabilizer on his neck as a precaution.]

BW: Look what he did to that man. In what, five minutes tops? If that? Who in their right mind would step in the ring with James Monosso?

GM: Well, I just realized something, Bucky. Calisto Dufrense might have no choice but to do just that. Very soon.

BW: ...

[A slow 'I hadn't thought of that' gasp issues from Bucky as we see the medics call for the stretcher.]

BW: ...that ain't funny, Gordo.

GM: Didn't you hear Percy Childes' comments?

BW: ...

GM: James Monosso is on a mission in 2012 - and that's a terrifying thought. Fans, we'll be right back after this break!

[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 a shot of the locker room area following an event in Tupelo, Mississippi. The cameraman is following behind Melissa Cannon who is dressed in her ring gear, fresh off a match with local talent Sherri O'Connor.]

Cameraman: Nice match out there.

MC: Thanks. That girl is tough though. She gave me a shot to the jaw that makes me think twice about ordering steak tonight.

[The cameraman chuckles as they enter through the locker room door. Melissa turns around with an arched eyebrow.]

MC: Really? You think you can follow me into the women's locker room with that camera on your shoulder?

Cameraman: It was worth a shot, right?

[Cannon flashes a grin and a wink in the cameraman's direction before she strides through the door, shutting it behind her.]

Cameraman: Alright. Who else is back here we can talk-

[A voice rings out.]

"What are YOU doing in here?"

[The cameraman turns back to the voice, edging closer and closer to the door until he nudges it slightly open with the camera lens. The sneaky shot reveals a grinning Holly Hotbody standing in front of Melissa Cannon, a duffel bag at her feet. She's clad in a silver halter top and skinny jeans, completing the look with stiletto heels, her auburn hair styled in a "bumped" ponytail that falls down her back.]

MC: Get away from my stuff!

[Cannon takes a few steps closer, shoving Holly backwards into the metal lockers! Hotbody grabs the locker to brace herself, keeping herself from falling to the floor as she shouts in response.]

HH: How ungrateful! I go through all of the trouble of packing up your things and _this_ is the thanks I get?

[Holly shakes her head and then smirks, folding her arms across her chest.]

HH: After SuperClash and the way that Melanie and I beat the hell out of you and the crone, it's obvious that your fifteen minutes of fame are up. The AWA doesn't need you anymore because I've pretty much rendered you obsolete. See, I left you humbled, humiliated, and exposed for the no-count, no-talent that I've always said you were. Now, the only thing left to do is say au revoir!

[Holly smiles wide and waves.]

MC: Is that so?

HH: [nods] Yeah, I even called you a cab to the airport. I figure the AWA can make an official announcement of your retirement or whatever tomorrow. [waves her hand] The faster we can get this ugliness behind us, the better. Here, let me help you.

[Holly walks over to grab a bag, when Melissa stands in her way, arms folded across her chest.]

MC: Touch it and I break your arm.

[Holly places her hands on her hips, eying Melissa as if she's gone insane.]

MC: If you think that win, which you only got by pulling every dirty trick in the book, is going to get rid of me, then you're dumber than you look!

[An incredulous Holly opens her mouth to respond but Melissa cuts her off.]

MC: I'm not going anywhere, Holly. Never was and never will be. See, I've worked my tail off to get where I am. And no one's going to take that away from me...

[She glares at Hotbody.]

MC: Least of all someone like you. Now, get out of my dressing room now before I THROW you out!

[Holly smirks, raising her arms and backing away.]

HH: Whatever. I tried to make this easy on you. But we can do this the hard way too. [shrugs] Your funeral.

[Holly turns on her heels before looking over her shoulder for a parting shot.]

HH: I always get what I want, Melissa. And if SuperClash wasn't proof enough, well, I'd pay very close attention to these next few weeks, if I were you. [smiles] Bye!

[Holly walks off, shoving the door into a caught cameraman. Holly leans forward, planting a kiss on the camera lens before we fade back to the interior of the WKIK Studios.]

GM: How about that, Bucky? I think we all thought SuperClash might have been the end of the situation between Melissa Cannon and Holly Hotbody but I think we were wrong.

BW: Hotbody seems like she won't be happy until she's the last woman standing in the AWA. First, it was Cannon and Dane. Next, who knows? Maybe Queen Bee or Big Mama!

GM: And the scary thing is, Holly Hotbody is not alone in this. At SuperClash, we saw her with a very talent - and very dangerous - partner in Melanie Brown, the woman known as the Modern Day Miracle. We still don't know very much about this young lady but that's about to change as I understand we've received some video of her training at the nearby Lone Star Women's Wrestling Academy. Why don't we roll that footage and see what Melanie Brown is capable of?

[Words appear on the screen: "Courtesy Lone Star Women's Wrestling Academy."

We fade to what appears to be a backstage area. The footage, while clean, appears to be of a lower quality. And we have a woman who revealed herself at SuperClash, "The Modern Day Miracle" Melanie Brown. She is a brown-haired woman dressed in a baby blue singlet and wrestling boots. She is fiercely chewing a wad of gum -- but as she speaks, you can tell she pushes the gum to the side of her mouth.]

MB: Those of you in El Paso got a special treat if you watched the Internet pay per view SuperClash 3 -- you got to see the best student of Stephanie Harper's women's wrestling academy. There I was, alongside the great Holly Hotbody, proving my athletic superiority against a woman who is merely a footnote in history and a woman who will be lucky enough to even be a footnote.

But as for me, the legend of the Modern Day Miracle has just begun.

[A grin, followed by Brown blowing a bubble. It pops and then she continues speaking.]

MB: And now, because of the superior talent and ability that I possess, the AWA has requested I make another appearance -- meaning the match you are about to see will air on AWA programming. And it will be yet another chapter in the forming legacy of the Modern Day Miracle -- many wrestlers today, male or female, may be talented, may be accomplished may even be legends -- but they are not a Modern Day Miracle.

There is only one Modern Day Miracle in wrestling and you are looking at her.

[She gets a smug look on her face as we then cut immediately to a wide shot of a wrestling ring -- the only shot you get. You can make out Melanie Brown standing on the left side of the ring and, on the opposite side, a young woman with long black hair dressed in a red singlet and white wrestling boots.]

ST: And we are set for our next contest -- and as this is being taped for the American Wrestling Association, I'll introduce myself -- this is Stan Thomas calling the action at this special show put on by the Lone Star Women's Wrestling Academy at the El Paso County Coliseum -- joining me is Lori Wilson.

LW: And as I understand it, Melanie Brown was insistent that this footage be sent to AWA.

ST: I think she just wants to keep her name out there, Lori.

LW: Some might say she's letting success go to her head.

ST: Regardless, what a match that was at SuperClash 3 and certainly a big day for one of the Lone Star's finest students -- and we are set to go as "The Modern Day Miracle" Melanie Brown takes on Jenna Jacobs.

[The bell rings and the two wrestlers circle each other.]

ST: And here we go... a lockup and a side headlock by Brown... what can tell you us about Jacobs, Lori?

LW: I understand she's pretty young and still learning the ropes of the business but she could be a good test for Brown.

ST: And Jacobs pushing Brown off into the ropes... nice shoulderblock by Brown to take her down and look at this.

[You can tell Brown is taunting Jacobs and can barely make out her words.

"You think you can compare to a Modern Day Miracle?"]

LW: I wouldn't get too cocky if I was Brown.

ST: I know you well enough from your wrestling career that you never got cocky.

LW: What I always believed was that you never underestimate an opponent.

ST: Jacobs back to her feet and both women circling again... another lockup and this time it's Jacobs with the side headlock.

[Brown is quick to push Jacobs into the ropes.]

ST: And Brown going for a clothesline... Jacobs ducks and nice dropkick!

LW: And look at Jacobs staying on the attack... dragging Brown right up and a quick bodyslam!

ST: Jacobs now drops an elbow... and now Brown quick to roll out of the ring.

[As the shot stays wide, you can't really see Brown, but you can hear her arguing with a few ringside fans.]

ST: I don't think Brown expected a quick assault from Jacobs.

LW: That's what is called underestimating an opponent, Stan... Brown is good but has plenty to learn about what it truly takes to be a top wrestler.

ST: The referee putting the count on Brown but she comes back onto the apron.

[Brown motions to Jacobs, complaining to the referee to get her to back away, even though Jacobs is still standing in the center of the ring.]

ST: Evidently Brown wanting to be sure Jacobs allows her to get back into the ring.

LW: She seems to be wanting to play some mind games with Jacobs, but Jacobs isn't falling for it.

ST: Brown now getting right into Jacobs' face... I can't quite hear the words being said.

[Suddenly, Brown hauls off with a slap right to Jacobs' face.]

ST: Oooh... what a slap by Brown!

LW: She's trying to intimidate Jacobs... and Jacobs with a quick shove!

ST: Brown not expecting that! And now she charges forward... pushing Jacobs back into the corner!

[The referee tries to get between the two women, but as he does, Brown hauls off with a hard punch to the face of Jacobs.]

LW: And look at that... Brown throwing the rulebook aside.

ST: The referee warning her but Jacobs looks dazed from that shot... Brown pushing past the referee and grabbing Brown... hooks her up and a nice snap suplex!

LW: And Brown just taking her time... again, she can't be looking past her opponent.

ST: Perhaps she just may be carefully measuring up... Brown pulling Jacobs off the mat and sends her into the ropes... and look at that standing dropkick, catching Jacobs right in the face!

[Brown kips up to her feet and brags to the crowd.

"Now that's what a Modern Day Miracle can do!"]

LW: Impressive dropkick, but again. I'd warn Brown about not getting too cocky.

ST: You've worked with some of these wrestlers in Stephanie Harper's academy... what can you tell me about them?

LW: You have a lot of wrestlers with plenty of potential, but you always run into those who think they can do it all and that they are on the fast track to the top... it's too bad Brown had that mindset, as she is talented, but that doesn't mean she has success guaranteed for her.

ST: Brown back on the attack... now pulling Jacobs up and into an abdominal stretch.

LW: This is a basic move but it can do a lot of damage to the spine and abdomen -- and look at this, Stan.

ST: The referee checking on Jacobs but that allows Brown to use the ropes for leverage.

[As the referee looks up, Brown is quick to release the ropes.]

ST: And now the referee sees the ropes shaking and is questioning Brown.

LW: And look at this... nice counter by Jacobs!

ST: Jacobs with a hiptoss to counter the abdominal stretch... now she's going right after Brown. Another pickup... nice bodyslam!

LW: Jacobs doing the right thing in staying on the attack.

ST: And now Jacobs has Brown up... sends her into the corner and there's a hard chop!

LW: Jacobs with the Irish whip... what could she be setting her up for?

[Jacobs turns to the crowd momentarily for approval, then comes rushing at Brown.]

ST: Brown with a foot right in the face! Jacobs is dazed!

LW: Well, that was a mistake by Jacobs... she hesitated and it cost her.

ST: And now Brown with a kick to the midsection... hooking Jacobs around the waist.

LW: And there's the Northern Lights suplex... she calls it the Miracle Finish.

ST: And there's the three count... this one is over.

LW: I talked about staying on the attack and not taking too much time. Well, Jacobs made that mistake and it was Brown who was able to capitalize for the victory.

ST: And while Brown is still relatively new to wrestling, she has had more time honing her craft and it showed tonight -- for those AWA fans watching, we appreciate the chance to show you footage of tonight's show -- and who knows, we might do this again in the future.

LW: Well, only if Brown gets more insistent on more time in the spotlight.

[As the shot fades, we can see Brown in the ring, raising her arms in victory as we go back to the desk at the WKIK Studios.]

GM: An impressive victory there for Melanie Brown who is hoping to make more appearances here in the AWA in 2012. Who knows, Bucky? 2012 may be the year that women's wrestling takes the AWA by storm!

BW: If Holly Hotbody has her way, it certainly will be, Gordo.

GM: But speaking of taking the AWA by storm, let's talk about-

[Gordon's words trail off as someone walks into view. His hair is dirty and matted as he grabs at it with his hand. He's in a pair of filthy blank sweatpants and a white t-shirt that has seen better days.]

GM: Um... Mr. Layton?

[It is indeed the man known throughout the wrestling world as the Prince of Darkness. Layton shakes his head back and forth, staring at the floor as Myers speaks to him again.]

GM: Anton Layton... you're not scheduled to be out here right now. In fact, I don't think you're scheduled to be out here at ALL tonight.

[Layton still doesn't respond.]

GM: Mr. Layton, can we help you with-

AL: Help me?

[Layton shakes his head.]

AL: Help me, Gawwdaaahn? No one can help me. Nothing can help me.

[Layton leans over, smashing a clenched fist down on the wooden desk, causing Bucky Wilde to scurry out of the way.]

GM: Sir, you're obviously quite upset about what happened at SuperClash when you lost to Eric Prest-

AL: Lost? I didn't lose that night, you pathetic twit.

GM: I beg your pardon but you gave up in that Cobra Clutch Crossfa-

AL: You fools measure a man's success and failure by wins and losses - notches with a pencil in a book to record the history of combat. You mark them down - one by one - accounting a man's worth by how many times he can play by your rules and achieve... victory?

[Myers looks puzzled.]

GM: Okay, but your other stated goal in that match was to bring Eric Preston to your Master... you obviously failed in that as well.

AL: My Master.

[Layton chuckles deeply in his throat, a discomfoting noise.]

AL: My Master sent me forth from the depths to do his bidding... and then when I needed him the most... when I was trapped in a hold that saw the air strangling from my lungs... when I was begging and pleading for him to come forth and smite Eric Preston, the pretender, to free me...

[He shakes his head, still looking at the ground.]

AL: He was nowhere to be found, Gordon. My Master... has forsaken me.

GM: What are you saying?

AL: I am saying he has left me! He has abandoned me! He does not hear my cries! He does not answer my questions!

My Master... has turned his back on me.

[Layton seems distraught at this, slamming his arm into the table a few more times, causing Gordon Myers to take a couple of steps back.]

GM: Mr. Layton, what are you going to do? For as long as I've known you - both here and outside the AWA - you have been driven by your desire to do what your Master required of you. Where do you go from here?

AL: Where?

[Layton lifts a hand, rubbing it over his eyes.]

AL: Where do you go when you have nothing left? I am a man alone... a man abandoned... a man betrayed... I have nothing.

I am nothing.

[Layton pauses.]

GM: What about the Unholy Alliance?

[Layton cocks his head to the side like a golden retriever.]

AL: The Unholy Alliance?

GM: Do you still align yourself with Percy Childes?

[Layton pauses again, stroking his chin.]

AL: Perhaps... yes, perhaps...

[And a distracted Layton simply walks away, leaving a confused Gordon Myers behind.]

GM: Fans, I have no idea what in the world just happened there. Anton Layton seems to be in a very bad place but... well, let's take a look at these highlights from the closing moments of this year's Memorial Day Rumble!

[We crossfade to the end of the Rumble match itself where Anton Layton goes sailing over the ropes to the floor.]

BW: We're down to six! Stevie Scott, Supernov- look out!

[Trying to seize an opportunity, Nenshou dashes towards Supernova, throwing himself into a spinning heel kick...

...but as the two men get tangled up, we end up with both men standing on the apron!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! They almost both went to the floor!

[Slipping off the top rope strand where he was crotched to the apron,

Stevie Scott slips around the ringpost to where Supernova and Nenshou are standing!]

GM: Are you kidding me?! There's three men on the same side of the apron!

BW: It's getting a little crowded over there!

[Supernova greets the incoming Hotshot with a right hand... and another... and another. He spins around, doing the same to Nenshou...

...but a knife-edge chop dangerously close to the throat from Nenshou sends him stumbling back where Stevie Scott tries to throw him off the apron!]

GM: Supernova's in trouble here! He's hanging onto the top rope, trying to stay up there...

[Scott hammers his fist down onto Supernova's arms, trying to break his grip on the top rope that is saving him from certain elimination...

...but 'Nova releases the rope on his own, slamming a backfist into the temple of the Hotshot. A second one connects as well, stunning the former National Champion back against the post!]

GM: Supernova's battling with Nenshou again!

[The camera catches Nenshou and Supernova trading blows on the apron, the crowd roaring with every blow that just might knock the other man to the floor to eliminate them...]

GM: We've got a dogfight on our hands and-

[Supernova turns his back to the ropes, hooking his arm around the top as Nenshou moves in again...

...and just as Stevie Scott rushes forward, ready to uncork another Heatseeker, Supernova leans back, using the ropes to flip back into the ring, and just narrowly avoiding the superkick that lands solidly on the jaw of Nenshou, knocking him to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! NENSHOU'S GONE! NENSHOU'S GONE!!

BW: WE'RE DOWN TO FIV-

[And Supernova leaves his feet, scoring with a big dropkick that sends Stevie Scott sailing off the apron as well, crashing down to the floor!]

BW: FOUR! THE FINAL FOUR!!

GM: The crowd is on their feet! Who is it gonna be?! We've got Sultan Azam Sharif, Supernova, Kolya Sudakov, and Hamilton Graham! One of these four men are going to walk out of here as the new Number One contender to the AWA National Title!

BW: And all four of these men entered in the last five! The luck of the draw - so very important in a match like this! Some people can survive without it but this year, it has proven to be VERY important indeed.

GM: And look at these four men all staring one another down.

BW: And this is when you start looking at making an alliance. Something temporary to get you an edge. And when I look at that ring right now, Gordo, I see a very obvious alliance.

[Kolya Sudakov is in a fighting position, ready to strike at any moment...

...when suddenly Sultan Azam Sharif tires of waiting, burying a hooked boot into the midsection of Supernova. Sharif hammers Supernova with forearms to the jaw before drilling him with double axehandles across the back, knocking him down to all fours.]

GM: Sharif's absolutely hammering Supernova! These two have had one of the fiercest rivalries running in the AWA for months - even dragging several other individuals into it.

BW: Including Kolya Sudakov.

GM: It didn't take much dragging for Kostovich and the Russians to stick their nose into that feud, no.

[A hard hooked boot into the ribs of Supernova rolls him to his back, Sharif standing over him and jabbering away at him in... some English.

Sudakov stares at the two men, watching his current ally batter his former friend.]

GM: Kolya Sudakov needs to make a choice here!

BW: He's made his choice, Gordo! He'd like to stay employed so in reality, he has no choice! He's gotta help Sharif win the Rumble!

GM: WHAT?!

BW: I told you I thought I knew what Kostovich was telling him and I think it's pretty clear right now. Kostovich is not interested in Sudakov's personal glory. He wants Sharif to win this thing... and I think Kostovich told Sudakov to help Sharif win this Rumble at all costs!

GM: We all remember Sudakov stepping over the top rope, eliminating himself in The Main Event so that Sharif could win the #30 slot so you very well could be right, Bucky!

[Hamilton Graham stops Sudakov from doing anything, drilling him with a kidney punch that stops the Russian short. A double axehandle to the back of the neck knocks Sudakov to his knees where Graham flattens him with another headbutt, knocking him flat on his back. The crowd roars as the veteran delivers a couple stomps before backing to the corner, pushing himself up to the middle rope...]

GM: It's like something out of a dream, Bucky.

BW: Enjoy your moment, Gordo.

[Graham stands tall, spreading his arms wide, and just falling forward, SMASHING his skull into a downed Sudakov!]

GM: FALLING HEADBUTT OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE BY GRAHAM! WHATTA MOVE!

[Graham rolls around on the canvas, clutching his own skull in pain as Sudakov does the same a few feet away. Across the ring, Sharif has managed to get Supernova back up, throwing knee after knee into the gut on the ropes before grabbing the arm...]

GM: Whip by Sharif... reversed!

[The Sultan bounces off the far ropes...

...but SLAMS the point of his hooked boot into the throat of Supernova when the face-painted young lion sets too early for a backdrop. 'Nova stumbles backwards, gasping for air as he grabs the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: Supernova's in some serious trouble here... look at Sharif!

[Sharif charges forward, ready to put Supernova out of the match...

...but Supernova ducks down, backdropping Sharif over the top rope!]

GM: SHARIF GOES OVER...

BW: ...BUT NOT OUT! HE HANGS ON! HE'S ON THE APRON!!

[Supernova spins around, battering Sharif with right hands to the skull, trying to knock him off the apron...

...which leaves him vulnerable to a blow to the back of the head from the strong forearm of Hamilton Graham.]

GM: Hamilton Graham, the former World Champion, is showing that this is NOT a three dog race! Hamilton Graham is in this thing to win this Rumble, Bucky!

BW: Well, of course he is... don't mean it's gonna happen though, Gordo.

[Graham grabs Supernova's tights, racing towards the ropes...

...but at the last moment, Supernova reverses the grip!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Graham goes high over the ropes, crashing down to the floor at a much harder speed and impact than a man of his age should be doing. The crowd boos the elimination but quickly start to applaud Graham for his efforts.]

GM: These fans are letting Hamilton Graham know how much they appreciate what he just did out here. A great performance by a true legend of our sport and-

[Supernova turns around, sprinting towards Sharif who is still out on the apron...

...but a rushing Kolya Sudakov interrupts the attack, hitting a Russian Hammer to the side of the head that knocks 'Nova flat!]

GM: Ohh, come on!

BW: What's your problem now?

GM: I'm sick of seeing Kolya Sudakov do the dirty work for Velikov, for Kostovich, for Bathwaite, for Sharif! He needs to be his own man - just like Jim Watkins said!

BW: And look where it got him. I'd shut my trap if I were you, Gordo.

[Sudakov moves to the ropes, helping Sharif back into the ring. Sharif pats Sudakov on the shoulder, moving in on the downed Supernova.]

GM: Uh oh... look at this, fans...

[Sharif flips Supernova onto his stomach, turning him towards Mecca...

...and settles in, sitting on the back of the downed fan favorite. He reaches down, hooking Supernova's arms over his legs before hooking his hands under the chin!]

GM: Camel Clutch! Sharif locks it in!

[The crowd jeers as Sharif cranks back on the hold, bending the neck and back of the fan favorite. Sharif nods at the jeering crowd, shouting at Supernova to submit.]

GM: Is Sharif trying to get Supernova to quit? Those aren't the rules!

BW: Sharif's not familiar with these battle royals. This should be good enough!

[Sharif jerks the Venice Beach young lion's head and neck to the right... then to the left... then back to the right...]

GM: Sharif's jerking his head back and forth, putting incredible strain on the head and neck...

BW: This could be a sneak preview of what Sharif's going to do to Juan Vasquez when the National Title is on the line! Could Sharif be showing us how he's going to win the National Title?

GM: It's not over yet, Bucky! He's still gotta throw him out!

[After several more moments, Sharif breaks the hold, lifting both of his arms in victory. Sudakov glares at Sharif, shaking his head as the Iranian grappler walks around the ring, flexing his muscles and berating the crowd who are jeering him.]

GM: And what's Sudakov going to do if that happens?

BW: The same thing he did at The Main Event! He's gonna throw his sorry carcass over the top and thank the stars that he's still employed and in this country, Gordo!

GM: This is ridiculous. This can't happen!

[Sharif moves back to the downed Supernova, dragging him up to his feet. He pulls him over towards the ropes, trying to muscle him over the ropes...]

GM: Sharif's trying to get 'Nova over the top!

[Supernova falls over the ropes, slumping down on the apron again. An angry Sharif reaches down, dragging Supernova back to his feet, drilling him with a right hand... and another... and another.]

GM: Sharif's hammering Supernova, trying to knock him off the apron...

[A hard headbutt knocks Supernova down to a knee, Sharif's hands grabbing the rope for leverage...]

GM: Another hard shot but 'Nova continues to hang on!

[Suddenly, Supernova springs to his feet, grabbing the top rope...

...and SLINGSHOTS Sharif over the ropes, sending him crashing down to the thinly-padded floor! HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: HE'S GONE! SHARIF'S GON-

[Sudakov sprints across the ring, looking to knock Supernova off the apron...

...but still holding the rope, 'Nova simply drops down, pulling the top rope down with him as Sudakov goes sailing over the ropes, crashing down to the floor alongside his comrade! DEAFENING ROAR!]

GM: SUPERNOVA WINS IT! SUPERNOVA WINS IT!

[An exhausted Supernova falls through the ropes into the ring. Senior Official Michael Meekly slides in, raising a stunned Supernova's hand.]

PW: Here is your winner of the 2011 Memorial Day Rumble...

SUUUUUUUUPERRRRRRNOOOOOOOOVAAAAAAA!

[The crowd EXPLODES in cheers again as Michael Meekly helps Supernova to his feet, the face-painted warrior throwing both arms up in the air, celebrating his victory.]

GM: Supernova has done it! Supernova has outlasted twenty-nine other men to win the Memorial Day Rumble - and the future shot at the AWA National Championship!

[Supernova scales the ropes, pointing out to the roaring crowd as we fade to black.

We fade up from black on a shot of a waving American flag, dancing in slow motion in front of a bright blue sky. A soft instrumental - very patriotic, very marchy - plays in the background as a voiceover comes over it.]

"In 2012... you will have a choice to make."

[The flag is slightly covered with somewhat transparent shots of American images - the White House, Mt. Rushmore, an eagle...]

"In 2012... you will be able to change the course of history."

[The Washington Monument... the Grand Canyon... the Golden Gate Bridge.]

"In 2012... you can make the right decision."

[The shots change to those of great Americans - George Washington, JFK, Bucky Wilde...

...huh?]

"In 2012... vote Bucky Wilde as Announcer of the Year."

[More shots of Bucky - each more ridiculous than the one before it. First, a shot of Bucky riding a horse, a saber in his hand as he points towards the camera. Then, Bucky riding in a military jeep, dressed in all camo as he lifts a rocket launcher onto his shoulder. Finally, Bucky on a tank, the gun barrel strategically placed between his legs as he spins around on it.]

"It's the right thing to do."

[We freeze on a still shot of Bucky in front of a waving flag.]

"Paid for by the Committee To Elect Bucky Wilde As The Announcer Of The Year and Mama Wilde."

[Bucky turns to the camera, dressed much like Uncle Sam.]

BW: I want YOU to vote for ME!

My name is Buckthorn Wilde and I approve of this message.

[A big grin, completely with a digitally enhanced sparkle as we fade to black.]

And then back up to the darkish Oman Arena where the former two-time National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, is in the ring with the AWA's resident genius, "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbroglio. Imbroglio seems to have the upper hand at the moment.]

JD: Standing side headlock by Manny Imbroglio, but Scott able to push him out of it...Imbroglio rebounds off the far side, dropdown by the Hotshot...here comes Imbroglio back and now a leapfrog by Stevie Scott.

[Manny hits the ropes again and rebounds again toward Stevie, who catches him under the chin with a standing dropkick.]

JD: Hiiiiigh dropkick by Scott! Back on his feet, elbowdr-

[Seeing it coming, Manny rolls out of the way. He gets to his feet, looking at the crowd with a smile and points to his temple. Only problem? Stevie held up from dropping the elbow and is standing right behind him.]

JD: Imbroglio thinks he outsmarted the former National Champion! He's got no idea Stevie Scott is standing behind him!

[That is, until Stevie gets a full head of steam, leaps to the right of Imbroglio and over the ropes, dropping Manny's throat across the top rope in the process. Pop!]

MS: He does now.

JD: Beautiful high-flying move by Stevie Scott! He's already on his feet and ascending to the top rope from the outside, waiting on Imbroglio to get to his feet...MISSILE DROPKICK CONNECTS!

MS: What's up with all the dropkicks?

JD: Well, they have proven to be effective. Stevie with the cover...one...two... but Mr. Mensa able to get a shoulder up in the nick of time.

[Stevie, back on his feet, waves a finger in the air in a circular motion and heads into a corner, where he starts stomping his foot to signal the Heatseeker. The crowd pops in anticipation.]

JD: And here we go, Stevie's calling for the Heatseeker! Manny slowly back on his feet...

[And Stevie times it to make his move at the same time, stepping forward and snapping his right leg at Manny's head...but Manny is able to duck it.]

JD: Missed! Imbrogio has done his homework and saw it coming!

MS: Manny's too smart for homework.

[Manny spins around first and charges with a clothesline attempt, which is blocked by Scott and countered into a crucifix!]

JD: What a counter by Stevie Scott! One! Two! And once again, Imbrogio escapes just before the three count!

[Both men scramble quickly to their feet, where Manny jabs a thumb to the eye of Stevie. Heel pop!]

JD: Eye gouge by Imbrogio! He gets a warning from Johnny Jagger, but he simply ignores it as he shoves Stevie into a corner and drives a knee hard into his abdomen!

[Manny does it twice more for good measure, then snapmares Scott out of the corner and follows him out to apply a rear chinlock.]

JD: And now it's Imbrogio in control as Stevie fights to get back to a vertical base...now grabs Imbrogio by the wrist in an attempt to power out of the hold.

[And he does, pushing into a top wristlock. The two end up in an apparent stalemate, so Stevie decides to break it...by jabbing a thumb into Imbrogio's eye! Big pop!]

JD: How about that? Turnabout is fair play for Stevie Scott, as he returns the favor to Manny in the form of an eye gouge!

[With Manny temporarily blinded, Stevie takes the opportunity to deliver an inverted atomic drop, but does not release the waistlock, and combos it with a release Northern Lights Suplex.]

JD: Great series of moves there by the former National Champion, and I've got to say, Mark Stegglet...this is the best we've seen Stevie Scott in the ring in a long time.

MS: I'd have to agree. Maybe it's taken a while to recover from the neck injury he suffered a year ago, but he looks to be back in old form here tonight.

[Stevie retreats to the far corner, putting himself into a position for the Heatseeker once again, but does not stomp his foot this time.]

JD: Manny slow to his feet, and here it comes...HEATSEEKER! And that'll be it as here is the count....one, two and three! Stevie Scott gets the win here in Jackson, Tennessee!

[Scene cuts to Scott standing in front of an AWA banner alongside Dane, who holds a mic like usual. It appears that the interview is joined in progress as well and was after Stevie's match as he is in his ring attire.]

HSS: You know something, Dane-o? After Steal the Spotlight and SuperClash III, I've taken a little time to do some thinking. And it's occurred to me that I may have gotten a little soft. A little too lackadaisical with my approach.

[Stevie shakes his head.]

HSS: Well, no more.

The problem with Stevie Scott lately has been a simple one, Jason.

I simply forgot who I was.

[And now he nods.]

HSS: It wasn't too long ago when the name Stevie Scott was synonymous with the most cunning and most talented wrestler in the business today. But since I've come back and changed the side that I'm fighting for...well, maybe, just maybe, I softened up. Maybe I forgot that I'm dealing with men that are hungry, that are arrogant, that are hell-bent on revenge or just proving their tarnished legacy shouldn't be tarnished. When that's a man's motivation, he'll stop at nothing to accomplish his goals.

[Steviesmirk~!]

HSS: And neither will I.

The old Stevie Scott is back, kids.

Get ready for one helluva ride.

[Cut back to the studio.]

GM: And you can add Stevie Scott to the list of men who believe they have something to prove in 2012, Bucky.

BW: The Hotshot's been looking to get his hands back on that National Title belt ever since he came back. 2012 might be when he finally gets his chance at it.

GM: And if you're Calisto Dufresne, sitting back in the locker room area watching all of these people come out here and put their names in line to challenge him for the gold - men like Supernova, like Robert Donovan, like Eric Preston, like Stevie Scott, and of course, like Juan Vasquez...

BW: Not to mention Sultan Azam Sharif, Marcus Broussard, James Monosso, and who knows who else.

GM: Exactly. How can Dufresne sit comfortable? How does he not be afraid to even walk down the street with that title belt in his hands?

BW: Easy, Gordo. It's like I've said several times now. Calisto Dufresne is better than ninety-nine percent of the men who will ever step into the ring with him.

GM: That's an arguable point but even if it's true, what happens when he meets the one percent?

BW: Maybe we'll find in 2012.

GM: Maybe we will. Fans, we've got tag team action up next here on Saturday Night Wrestling so let's go up to the ring for action!

[A capacity crowd is standing and cheering as Phil Watson stands in center ring.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall and a twenty minute time limit!

[The opening litle organ ditty of "So What'cha Want" by the Beastie Boys starts up, and the fans react with boos. From the curtain steps some horribly garish and clashing array of colors... yes, it's The Rave. Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG are here; Jezz is wearing bright shiny silver cargo pants with streaks of red, burnt orange, periwinkle, and thistle all over them. He has a tank top which is green, but tie-dyed blue and red. Shizz Dawg is wearing baggy pants which is white on one leg and banana yellow on the other leg, but has many patches of every possible color all over it. His top is a sleeveless 'muscle' shirt (even though he's not very muscular) which is a shiny goldish material with brown, pink, and navy blue zebra stripes on it. Both men have thick bronze wristbands which look more like a steampunk item than anything, and both have a whitish-silvery vest of some kind with some strange chrome and red plastic device attached to the front.

This time, we have from-the-event commentary.]

GM: And here comes the Rave. Bucky Wilde, what on Earth are they wearing?

BW: Gordo, it looks like they couldn't decide what color attire to wear, so they just went with them all, daddy. They might be wearin' colors that nobody's ever imagined yet. In the year 2032, everything but black is the new black.

GM: Some of those patches on the Dawg OG's pants look like they've discovered new frequencies of light, yes.

[Jezz and Shizz sway and dance on down to the ring, and then leap into the ring to the mixed reaction of the crowd. They spend a bit of time dancing around and showboating for the crowd.]

GM: I see that overwrought theatrics haven't gone out by 2032.

BW: Watch what you say about my team, Gordo.

GM: The Rave is "your team"?

Bw: Apparently so, since I sent them back in time!

GM: NO rational human being can believe that.

BW: NO rational human being should play the lottery, but someone wins it every time.

GM: That... might be the worst analogy you've ever attempted.

BW: I'll have better ones in time for my Senatorial acceptance speech.

["So What'cha Want dies down, and is replaced by the crazed electricoustic sound of Trans-Siberian Orchestra playing Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight Of The Bumblebee" at high speed. Another mixed reaction ensues, as a shapely woman in a yellow-and-black bodysuit and mask leads out two wrestlers in similar attire. Queen Bee, Bumble Bee, and Yellow Jacket jog down the aisle, slapping hands all the way.]

GM: And here comes the Hive!

BW: Traitors! The Rave tells me that Queen Bee is an alien who is using hypnotic pollen to make the world into mindless drones like these two in order to create a hive mind collective out of the whole planet!

GM: The Rave probably got that out of a comic book.

BW: In the year 2032, comic books are the highest form of literature.

[The Hive slides under the bottom rope, and immediately start pointing at The Rave accusingly and with a threatening posture. The Rave steps up,

and these teams are having a bizarre shouting match. It's bizarre, because the Hive's part in it is completely pantomimed as they don't speak.]

GM: There is a lot of friction between these two teams, as The Rave's ludicrous claims that the Hive somehow will betray the human race in the future ballooned into an incident in Knoxville, Tennessee where The Rave injured Bumble Bee's back and Queen Bee's shoulder with a careless attack.

BW: Queen Bee was the careless one. For an evil alien, she's not all that bright.

GM: Let's go up for the introductions.

DING

PW: Introducing first, to my left. From New Seattle in the year 2032... coming in at a total combined weight of three hundred eighty-two pounds...

...Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG... they are...

...THE RAVE!

[On cue, Jerby and Shizz flourish with their arms, and streamers shoot from their brass wristbands in all directions, all colors, and with an 'oooh' from the crowd.]

PW: Their opponents, introducing first the manager, Queen Bee. She represents, to my right. At a total combined weight of three hundred thirty-eight pounds...

...Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket...

...THE HIVE!

[Also on cue, both Hive members pick up big handfuls of the Rave's streamers, and throw them in the air in a mockery of the Rave's intro pose. The outrage is so great that Jezz and OG immediately attack!]

*DING*DING*DING*

BW: In the year 2032, you do not touch a man's streamers!

GM: I guess not! The Rave furiously attacking, and the Dawg OG throwing Yellow Jacket out of the ring.

BW: How can you tell them drones apart?

GM: Bumble Bee with a solid yellow top with the wide black stripe running shoulder-to-hip bandoleer style, with the bee-striping on the trunks, bottom of the legs, and the arms. His mask is yellow with the black striping around the face. Yellow Jacket with the striping up top, the black trunks with the

yellow striping further down the legs and the arms. The mask has a different striping pattern. They're very similar, but not exactly the same.

[As Gordon describes their attire, Jerby and Shizz start choking Bumble Bee on the middle rope. Shizz has his knee in the back of the neck to press down on him, and Jezz is hammering down with stomps and clubbing blows on the back. Referee Marty Meekly gets in there and orders Jezz out of the ring. Jerby stomps his feet and shouts that he hates these archaic rules before reluctantly going to his corner. Immediately, he starts fiddling with the tag rope.]

BW: Yeah, yeah, what I want to know is why this evil alien is having her minions wrestle in the AWA. They're way too small. Maybe this is how she punishes drones for messing up their pollination tasks...

GM: Bucky!

BW: Or... *gulp* maybe she's gonna spread her hypnotic pollen to AWA crowds! I mean, they're easily brainwashed, look at Supernova's popularity!

GM: *sigh* The Dawg OG snapmaring Bumble Bee into the center of the ring, and applying a standing surfboard. Knee to the back; surprisingly sound maneuver and strategy from The Rave. I get the feeling they're not the fools that they let on to be, and are using this future nonsense as a shield to get away with illegal activities. Look at Jerby Jezz, altering the tag rope again!

BW: Hey, they just know that they have to HAVE a tag rope.

GM: We told them last time that they can't alter the length!

BW: He's not altering the length, Gordo, he's replacing it with a bicycle chain.

GM: WHAT?!

[Yes, that's exactly what he's doing. Jezz grips the Tag Bicycle Chain and cheers his partner on. Marty Meekly hasn't noticed that yet.]

GM: HE CAN'T DO THAT!

BW: Obviously he can, because he did. Logic, Gordo.

GM: They are NOT from the future, and cannot be allowed to get away with what could be quite literal murder if they use a bicycle chain on a man!

BW: Prove that they're not from the future.

GM: Prove that they are!

BW: No, Gordo, that's not how arguing works. You're the one who is demanding changes, you're the one who is making claims, so you furnish evidence.

[As this banter goes on, Bumble Bee powers up, so Shizz Dawg transitions into a headlock. Bumble shoves him off the ropes and drops down, Shizz Dawg jumps over, then Bumble Bee pops up and leapfrogs. He then crouches down, and as Shizz Dawg runs off he jumps into a twisting cross-chop across the chest of Shizz Dawg OG. The crowd cheers the agile move! Jerby decides to be a rebel and runs in the ring to get a hiptoss!]

GM: Bumble Bee getting out of trouble, and tag made to Yellow Jacket! The Hive is in, and there's a big double kneesmash to drive Jerby Jezz out of the ring! Now they have the Dawg OG... off the ropes, and a double jumping back elbow is beautifully executed!

BW: Creepy mind-controlled drones working in perfect unison... I'm tellin' ya, daddy, The Rave came back to protect humanity, and these people are cheerin' the aliens!

GM: This is a wrestling match, Bucky, not a science fiction battle between time travellers and alien invaders.

BW: ...she already got you, didn't she?

GM: Yellow Jacket with a backbreaker, and tagging out to Bumble Bee. Bumble Bee setting up... MY WORD! A SLINGSHOT OVER THE TOP ROPE INTO A TUMBLING BACK SPLASH!

BW: Only a mindless drone would attack with his injured body part.

GM: The back injury has healed, Bucky. Bumble Bee gets up, and executes a chop to the Dawg OG. Tag back out to Yellow Jacket. Great continuity by The Hive, as always. Bumble Bee whipping the Dawg OG to the ropes, and... WHAT WAS THAT?!

[That was this... Bumble Bee did a sliding on-his-knee martial arts-looking punch to the stomach of Shizz, stopping his momentum and bouncing him back... and an onrushing Yellow Jacket stepped off his partner's shoulder to flip over the Dawg OG with an amazing Sunset Flip which actually drove the Dawg onto his back instead of just rolling him over! He holds it on for a two-count before Dawg kicks his face.]

BW: Whatever it was, he got a two count with it!

GM: Yellow Jacket to his feet, pulling up OG... but getting his face raked! Tag out to Jerby Jezz!

BW: Both teams are really fast movers, daddy. It's almost impossible to keep any of these guys isolated in a corner.

GM: That's true. Every man in the ring is under two-hundred pounds; fifteen years ago, none of them would have gotten the opportunity in a place like the AWA, but the sport has evolved.

BW: Just like it eventually evolves into wildstyling. The Rave must feel like they're wrestling cavemen.

GM: The cavemen are putting it to The Rave right now, as Jerby Jezz walks into a hiptoss! Yellow Jacket with the Irish Whip, and the tag as he does! Jacket drops down in front... and a big... uh, I guess he just got stung!

[That's Gordon's reaction to seeing Jezz run, jump over Yellow Jacket, and get a face full of beestripe as Bumble Bee hits a high-jumping butt bump.]

BW: They probably DO have stingers grafted in with alien bio-techno-ology! These guys are creepier than Craven!

GM: No. No, they're not.

BW: ...all right, point well taken.

GM: Bumble Bee putting Jerby's head between the legs, piledriver setup? No, that's the old "bell ringer"! Jerby Jezz is stunned!

BW: I'm stunned, because I haven't seen that move in twenty years!

GM: Bumble Bee tagging out, and... going for a backslide on Jerby Jezz? Why do this AFTER you tag?

[Bumble gets Jerby partway over, bent over his back.,. and Yellow Jacket bounces off the ropes with a clothesline to the exposed neck of the New Seattle native, taking him all the way over! Bumble Bee lets go as Yellow Jacket keeps running, rebounds off the ropes, and heads into his partner... who tosses him up flapjack style and all the way down onto Jerby Jezz with a splash!]

GM: THAT is why! The crowd loving these innovative double team moves and combinations by The Hive! Yellow Jacket for the cover... hooks the leg... and the Dawg OG breaking it up with a kick to the head!

BW: Yeah! Fight for our future!

GM: The Dawg OG blatantly kicking and stomping Yellow Jacket repeatedly! Marty Meekly has to get him out of there!

BW: He's trying, but Bumblin' Bee ran in and now he's got two people to push back!

GM: Bumble Bee nails the Dawg OG with a hard right hand, but now Meekly getting him back to his corner! He's turned his back on The Rave... they're both up...

BW: HEY!

[The crowd explodes as Queen Bee comes flying off the top rope with a satellite headscissors takedown on Shizz Dawg OG to propel the illegal man out of the ring!]

BW: AUTOMATIC DISQUALIFICATION!

GM: I agree with you; had the referee seen it! Queen Bee protecting her men from the illegal double team, but now Jerby Jezz has grabbed her by the arm! He's winding up... Yellow Jacket blocks the punch!

BW: No! That would have been a blow struck against the alien menace!

GM: That would have been striking a woman!

BW: ALIEN. MENACE. Alien chicks are fair game! And she attacked them first!

GM: Yellow Jacket is battering Jerby Jezz! Off the ropes... AND THE DAWG OG PULLED DOWN THE TOP ROPE! YELLOW JACKET CRASHED TO THE FLOOR!

BW: Serves him right!

GM: And the Dawg OG following up with an elbowdrop off the apron! What an insane maneuver! Had he missed... well, even worse, that can break your hip if you HIT!

BW: But Jerby's in the ring! Superior Countout Victory is close at hand!

GM: Jerby Jezz is moving over there! Shizz Dawg pulling up Yellow Jacket, and he's handing him up to Jerby Jezz! Jezz climbing the ropes... what...

[Jezz sits on the top rope, pulls Yellow Jacket up on the ropes, and throws him down to Shizz Dawg OG... who makes as if to catch him, but at the last minute, he changes his mind and dives out of the way!]

BW: SILVERFISH HAND CATCH!

GM: HE THREW THE MAN FROM THE ROPES TO THE FLOOR! THERE WAS NO CATCH!

BW: Yes there was... but it was a Silverfish Hand Catch! That's the name of the move!

GM: That's a deliberate effort to permanently annihilate a man!

BW: Yes, but it's harder to put Deliberate Effort To Permanently Annihilate A Man on a T-Shirt than it is Silverfish Hand Catch!

GM: ...

[As Gordon faces this impenetrable logic, Queen Bee rushes over to Yellow Jacket's side. The Rave both enter the ring and begin celebrating their certain Superior Countout Victory. Then... they see Queen Bee checking on Yellow Jacket. Immediately, they grin... and Shizz Dawg OG irish-whips Jerby Jezz to the ropes!]

GM: NO! NOT AGAIN!

[No, it won't happen again... because Bumble Bee nails a ducked-over Shizz Dawg (who was expecting his partner) with a kneelift, then catches an onrushing Jerby Jezz around the waist... and falls back into the ropes with a Hotshot!]

BW: Aw, come on! Bumbling Bee isn't the legal man!

GM: Legal man nothing... The Rave were deliberately trying to get two-for-one and injure Queen Bee again! There was nothing accidental about it!

BW: In the year 2032, two-for-one is still a good deal!

GM: Bumble Bee slides out to help his partner! Yellow Jacket is hurt, and he's helping him back to the corner!

BW: How is THIS legal?!

GM: It isn't any more illegal than anything else happening outside the ring, Bucky! But here comes The Rave!

[Shizz Dawg OG and Jerby Jezz rocket through the ropes with stereo tumbling planchas, and all four men hit the concrete!]

BW: WOO HOO! That's two giant leaps for men, and one big sidestep out of danger for mankind!

GM: A suicidal maneuver by The Rave pays off! Everyone is laid out at ringside, but The Hive clearly took the worst of that!

BW: The only drawback is they didn't get the alien mastermind with that.

GM: Bucky Wilde, for the last time, this is a wrestling match! There are no aliens, there is no time travel, you'll never be a Senator, and what's at stake here is positioning in the hunt for the National Tag Team Championships!

BW: They also said the earth was flat, man would never fly, and Stevie Scott was better than Marcus Broussard. And that was all proven wrong, too!

GM: ...

BW: Now watch The Rave save humanity, as they throw in Yellow Jacket to finish him!

GM: Bucky, that's Bumble Bee! The Rave have the wrong man!

[Indeed they do. Shizz and Jezz roll Bumble Bee into the ring, and as Shizz returns to his corner, Jerby Jezz hoists him up for a body slam. Oops... Bumble Bee rolls him up in a small package!]

GM: HE ROLLS HIM UP! ONE... TWO... THRE... NO! HE ALMOST GOT HIM!

BW: Meekly, you imbecile! That's the wrong drone!

GM: The similar costumes have confused Marty Meekly, and Bumble Bee going to town on Jerby Jezz with a vengeance! Off the ropes... flying tumbling shoulder tackle by Bumble Bee! And he gives the Dawg OG a dropkick to send him off the apron! Bumble Bee is a house on fire! Grabbing Jezz by the hair... what impact on the split-legged faceslam to the mat! The Hive member who was injured just one month ago is rolling now, and quite literally as he rolls to his feet and plants the soccer-style kick to the ribs of Jerby Jezz!

BW: This whole match has been at a crazy pace; it was too easy for The Rave to make this mistake! Those cheating costumes should be illegal! Why can't more tag teams dress as distinctively as The Rave?

GM: Because noone else has such blatant disregard for the human retina, Bucky.

BW: Maybe not QUITE as distinctively as The Rave... you know what I meant!

GM: Bumble Bee sending Jerby Jezz to the corner, and following in... STINGER SPLASH!]

[No, that's not a real-world move reference; he did the Heat Wave, but turned around into a butt bump!]

GM: Take a seat, Jerby Jezz!

BW: AUGH. That was awful, Gordo! Leave the bad puns to me!

GM: Bumble Bee setting Jerby Jezz on the top rope in the neutral corner! He backs up... here he comes... NO!

BW: Shizz Dawg OG with the baseball slide! He tripped that dumb drone onto his face as he was running at Jerby Jezz!

GM: AND JEZZ OFF THE TOP WITH A KNEEDROP TO THE SMALL OF THE BACK! Targeting the injury!

BW: *whew* The good guys will still win in the end.

GM: Jerby Jezz with the tag, and I can't believe that Marty Meekly hasn't noticed The Rave's tag rope isn't a rope anymore.

BW: He's a Meekly. I can't believe that he's noticed there's a match going on.

GM: The Dawg OG up on the second rope, on the inside. Jerby Jezz handing Bumble Bee up to him!

BW: LOOK OUT! Ha, Jezz caught Yellow Jerky coming in and kicked him in the gut! And body slammed him down, beautiful!

GM: AND THE DAWG OG BODY SLAMS BUMBLE BEE OFF THE SECOND ROPE NEXT TO HIS PARTNER!

BW: Now Jezz bodyslams Shizz off the ropes onto the pile of drones! Then he flip sentons on the pile! A four-man bodyslam pile! Ha, I guess you'd call that a Grand Slam, Gordo!

GM: It was punishing to The Hive, for sure! Unorthodox offense, and Shizz Dawg OG is now the legal man. Stomping away at the back of Bumble Bee! With the flying kneedrop and the second rope body slam, that back has to be hurting now!

[It is... Bumble Bee is clutching his back as he gets up.]

GM: The Rave abusing the five-count as Jezz enters without a tag... DOUBLE VERTICAL SUPLEX ON BUMBLE BEE! That could do it, but no cover is made!

BW: Of course not! Superior Countout Victory or bust!

GM: Jezz back to the corner. The Dawg OG calling over... oh, come on! Jerby Jezz... IS WRAPPING THAT BICYCLE CHAIN AROUND THE TOP TURNBUCKLE!

BW: Tag rope! It's a tag rope! 2032 style!

GM: IT IS NOT! Dawg OG winds up with the head of Bumble Bee...

[The darker-skinned Rave member goes for the turnbuckle smash into the bicycle chain-wrapped turnbuckle... but Marty Meekly pulls Bumble Bee back!]

BW: Hey! Meekly can't put his hands on a wrestler! Not even a mindless hypnotized drone!

GM: I agree, but he's seen the bicycle chain! The Rave trying to defend themselves against these charges... look!

[Bumble Bee rolls out of the ring, and Yellow Jacket rolls in!]

BW: HEY! THE MINDLESS DRONES SWITCHED!

GM: Meekly just pulled the bicycle chain off and threw it down to the floor!
But The Hive have done the switcheroo again! Dawg OG turns around...

[* W H A C K ! *]

GM: ...AND YELLOW JACKET HAMMERS HIM WITH A BRUTAL ROLLING
ELBOW! HE MAY HAVE KNOCKED HIM OUT!

BW: How can you justify this, Myers?!

GM: You can't! But there's the cover, the hook of the leg... and the Dawg
OG kicks out at the last instant! This crowd thought he had it!

BW: This crowd is a bunch of hypocrites for cheering these pod people
zombie insect spawn alien mind-controlled things!

GM: Yellow Jacket up and he is hot! Lifts up the Dawg OG, and ear claps
him!

[* C L A P ! *]

GM: In comes Jerby Jezz and there's one for him!

[* C L A P ! *]

GM: And one for OG!

[* C L A P ! *]

\

GM: And one for Jerby!

[* C L A P ! *]

GM:... and EAR CLAPPED BOTH OF THEIR HEADS TOGETHER!

[* CLAP-CLUNK ! *]

GM: Yellow Jacket is on fire! There's the tag back to Bumble Bee! Jerby
Jezz rolls out to the apron, and The Hive whip the Dawg OG to the ropes... a
double back elbow! And here they go, to opposite corners! They're looking
for the Buzzworthy!

BW: ...deja vu, Gordo!

GM: OH NO! JERBY JEZZ...

[Yes, it's the exact same sequence of events that led to Bumble Bee's injury!
Jezz grabs Yellow Jacket this time, and makes to throw him to the floor
(again)... but this time, Queen Bee is there to run and hit a flying drop toe
hold off the apron... she jumps like a dropkick and scissors Jezz's legs,
causing him to stumble off the apron. Yellow Jacket is indeed pulled down,

but with a relatively low-impact landing. Both men hit the floor with some amount of control, and continue to brawl.]

GM: QUEEN BEE PREVENTS A REPEAT OF KNOXVILLE!

BW: Queen Bee cheats more than every manager in the AWA combined!

GM: BUMBLE BEE HITS THE FLYING LEGDROP SOLO! He might have the Dawg OG... one, two... AND THAT WAS AS CLOSE TO THREE AS IT GETS!

BW: The future is saved!

GM: Had both Hive members hit with the Buzzworthy...

BW: Coulda. Woulda. Shoulda. Didn't.

[* C R A S H ! *]

GM: OH NO!

[Outside the ring, Jerby Jezz shoves Yellow Jacket into the railing! He grabs a steel chair!]

GM: Jerby Jezz has a chair!

BW: HIT THE ALIEN! SAVE HUMANITY!

GM: She's a woman, Bucky! Jerby Jezz sliding into the ring with that chair... Queen Bee slides into the ring to grab it from him!

[Queen Bee grabs the chair, and Jezz lets go. Then Marty Meekly turns around from where Bumble Bee is trying to make Shizz Dawg OG submit with an abdominal stretch, and sees Queen Bee in the ring with a chair!]

GM: NO! Marty, it wasn't her!

BW: I knew it! Queen Bee gave you some of that hypnotic pollen! You're siding with the enemy!

GM: Jezz slides back out... HE'S GOT THE BICYCLE CHAIN NOW!

[As Shizz Dawg OG counters the abdominal stretch with a hiptoss, Bumble Bee flips over with it and lands on his feet! He turns and lifts OG in slam position... and Jezz jumps off the top rope with a bicycle chain assisted double axehandle to the small of the back! Bumble Bee falls backwards, with Shizz Dawg OG on top!]

GM: NO! MEEKLY WAS EJECTING QUEEN BEE! HE DIDN'T SEE THE CHAIN!

BW: But he sees the aftermath!

[Jerby Jezz is discarding the evidence, as Marty Meekly sees Shizz Dawg OG on top of Bumble Bee...]

GM: NOT LIKE THIS! ONE...

BW: YES!

GM: TWO...

BW: YES!

GM: THRE... NO!

BW: NO! WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?!

GM: THE PIN WAS BROKEN UP... BY JERBY JEZZ?!

[And once he's done that, Shizz Dawg OG gets off of Bumble Bee with a horrified look. The Rave stand up and deflect Meekly's incredulous protest by pointing outside the ring.]

GM: I... I don't believe this! They had the match won!

BW: But not by Superior Countout Victory!

GM: This is insane! They can't possibly believe their own story!

BW: Why else would they have just passed up a pin, Gordo?! How else would they have known who won the Series this year? They're from the future, I'm tellin' you!

GM: The Rave throwing Bumble Bee out of the ring! Jerby Jezz follows him out!

[Jerby Jezz body slams Bumble Bee on the concrete! Queen Bee runs over there... but he gives her an eyerake!]

BW: You show that alien, Jerby! I mean, she probably has compound bug eyes, so that move would really hurt!

GM: He eyeraked a woman! How low can you go?

BW: As low as it takes to save the world, daddy!

GM: Jezz hoisting up Bumble Bee, and he's setting him on the ring barricade! Bumble Bee's lower back is on the railing, and the Dawg OG going up top!

BW: You thought he had a bad back before?! Bumble Bee's gonna get his stinger snapped off along with his legs!

[The crowd is on edge as Shizz Dawg OG is on the top rope... and he leaps...]

GM: OG OFF THE TOP... YELLOW JACKET!

[Yellow Jacket has recovered, and he runs into Jerby Jezz with a knee to the back! Jezz stumbles forwards and OG slams into him off the top! The Rave members hit heads and collide with the barricade, causing Bumble Bee to fall over the barricade into the first row!]

BW: NO!

GM: WHAT A DISASTER!

[The fans cheer the saving of Bumble Bee, but Yellow Jacket seems confused. The referee is looking right at his partner and counting, so a switch won't work. He reaches over the railing and scoops up Bumble Bee... eventually gets him up, and carries him towards the ring...]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[...but not in time.]

BW: TRAVESTY!

GM: The bell has gone, and the only thing that could have transpired was a double countout!

BW: Not a Double Superior Countout Defeat! The Rave got robbed!

GM: They robbed themselves by passing up the pinfall! Let's get the official word!

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has counted both teams out of the ring! The result of this bout...

...A DOUBLE COUNTOUT!

GM: What a wild, out-of-control affair this was! I am sure we've not seen the last of these two teams, as nothing was settled here!

BW: And as crazy as this was, daddy... they're signed to fight each other all over Texas and beyond the next couple months!

GM: Fans, you won't want to miss that! I am sure that both The Hive and The Rave will have a lot to prove when they meet up again!

BW: Yeah. Mainly, The Hive want to take over the world and The Rave want to save it!

GM: Pay no attention to the man who has been blinded by the mental image of himself at the Capitol Building.

[In the meanwhile, Queen Bee is gathering her troops in the ring. They discuss this (well, Queen does all the talking), and after that, she raises her team's hands. The crowd cheers this self-made decision!

Then the Rave dive in and start brawling with The Hive some more!]

BW: FOR THE FUTURE!

GM: THE RAVE STILL WANT SOME OF THE HIVE!

[Until Yellow Jacket atomic drops Jerby Jezz over the top rope, anyway. Bumble Bee then Irish Whips Shizz Dawg OG in one direction while Yellow Jacket Irish-whips Queen Bee in the other direction... she springs onto the second rope and bounces back with an Asai moonsault to flatten an oncoming OG! OG rolls out of the ring, and The Rave heads for high ground as TSO's "Flight Of The Bumblebee" plays to indicate a Face Moral Victory!]

GM: The Rave is heading back to New Seattle, fans! I cannot believe they made the single most boneheaded mistake I have ever seen... absolutely inexplicable!

BW: There is one, and only one, explanation.

GM: Which is?

BW: THEY REALLY ARE FROM THE FUTURE.

GM: Oh, please... fans, we'll be back after this!

[We fade away from the Hive's celebration to a shot of the PCW World Championship belt, slightly spinning to reveal every angle of it. A voiceover begins.]

"It was once the greatest promotion in the South."

[The shot fades into a still black and white photo of Travis Lynch smashing a right hand into the side of The Lost Boy's skull.]

"A place where rivalries ran deep."

[Jack Lynch hooks the famed Lynch Iron Claw on the head of Ebola Zaire, blood streaming from between his fingers.]

"And blood ran even deeper."

["Maniac" Morgan Dane has the edge of a steel chair seat jammed into the throat of a downed James Lynch. The voice of Dane is heard over the shot.]

"I never fought anywhere else that was quite like it."

[Larry Doyle smashes his cowboy boot over the skull of Rex Summers.
Doyle's voice is heard.]

"When you were able to make your name in Texas, you knew you could carry that name anywhere in the sport with pride."

[Blackjack Lynch locks his own Iron Claw on The Mad Russian.]

"I wanted to build a company where wrestlers wanted to come work... and that the fans would line up to come see."

[The shot fades back to the PCW Title belt as the voiceover returns.]

"Premier Championship Wrestling - Then And Now. Coming soon on DVD, Blu-Ray, and Digital Download!"

[We slowly fade to black.

And then come back on footage marked "STAMPEDE CUP" where Robert Donovan steps through the ropes, carrying a wooden kendo stick in his well-taped hands.]

GM: He's got the kendo stick and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE DRILLS NENSHOU ACROSS THE BACK!!

[The Longhorn Heritage Champion collapses in the corner, arms draped over the top rope.]

GM: No, no, no... don't do this, Rob!

[Shaking his head, Donovan smacks the cane into the canvas a few times before winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Three big shots with the kendo stick across the chest leaves Nenshou wincing in pain, big red welts quickly forming on his pectorals. Suddenly, Percy Chiles is up on the apron, shouting at the referee...

...and just as suddenly, he's diving off the apron, Robert Donovan having taken a king-sized cut at the head of the Collector of Oddities!]

GM: He missed! He missed! Donovan tried to take his head off!

[Nenshou stumbles out of the corner, weakly raising his right arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!!

[Donovan throws the cane aside as he drops down into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd jeers as Percy Childes reaches in, throwing his man's leg over the bottom rope!]

GM: He almost had him! Donovan had the title won right there if it hadn't been for Percy Childes and-

[The crowd EXPLODES as Donovan rolls from the ring, stalking after Childes who is quickly backpedaling, shaking his head as he begs for mercy.]

GM: Donovan's got Childes on the run! He's running for his life, Bucky!

BW: Can you blame him? This big idiot nearly took his head off with that cane and-

GM: He's got him! Donovan's got him!

[The crowd roars as Donovan holds Childes by the shirt, shaking him back and forth before winding up his right hand...

...and getting caught with a baseball slide, both feet jamming into his face and sending him down to a knee on the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Nenshou keeps his man safe... for now.

[Nenshou stands tall on the apron, grabbing the top rope as Donovan starts to get back to his feet...

...and leaps up to the middle rope, springing backwards into a moonsault!]

GM: MOONSAULT!!

[The backflipping champion catches the off-balance Donovan on target, knocking him down to the floor again. He stays on top, waiting for a count...

...which takes a bit longer as Scott Von Braun is forced to exit the ring to make the count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- SHOULDER UP AGAIN!!

BW: What a joke that was! He had him beaten right there, Gordo, and you know it! That old fossil Von Braun took an eternity to get out there to count the pin.

[Nenshou seems to agree, climbing to his feet and grabbing Von Braun by the throat, backing him up against the apron.]

GM: He's got Von Braun, the referee for this match, by the throat!

[The referee lifts his hands, begging for mercy as Nenshou strangles him against the ring apron... and a shout from Percy Childes brings Nenshou's focus back to Donovan, shoving a gasping Von Braun aside as he drags Donovan off the floor by the hair, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Donovan throws Nenshou towards the railing, stopping him at an arm's length and pulling him back towards him...

...knocking him flat with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: What a shot by Donovan! He's got Nenshou rocked and down on the floor once again!

[Pulling the champion off the floor, Donovan chucks him up on the apron. He rolls under the ropes himself, grabbing the trash can and throwing it down to the mat before he reaches over the ropes, hooking a front facelock.]

GM: What the heck is he going for here?!

[Donovan pulls Nenshou over the ropes, leaving his feet draped on the top rope while still in the facelock...]

GM: Robert Donovan is bringing the spirit of Tex Violence to the Stampede Cup here in Atlanta!

[Donovan holds the facelock for a long moment, looking out at the roaring crowd...

...and DRIVES Nenshou skullfirst into the mangled trash can!]

GM: MODIFIED DDT!!

[He rolls Nenshou to his back, diving across his chest!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[But at the last moment, Nenshou fires a shoulder off the mat, just barely avoiding the three count!]

GM: He kicked out! The champion kicked out again!

[Shaking his head at Von Braun, Donovan pushes up to a knee. He stays there for a long moment, breathing hard as he grabs the ropes, dragging himself to his feet. He shouts "THAT'S IT!" to the crowd as he leans down, dragging the rulebreaker up by the hair and burying a boot into the gut.]

GM: Donovan's got him! He's gonna finish him right here!

[The challenger wraps his arms around the waist again, gutwrenching the champion up into the air...

...but Nenshou flips free in mid-lift, landing on his feet behind Donovan where he blindly throws a thrust kick back, catching Donovan in the back of the knee, putting Donovan down to a knee.]

GM: Donovan's down to a kn- look out!

[The crowd roars as Nenshou runs, springing off Donovan's bent knee, and DRIVES a kneesmash into the face!]

BW: SHINING WIZARD! SHINING WIZARD!!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: KICKED OUT!! DONOVAN KICKED OUT!!

BW: Neither one of these guys wants to lose this, Gordo! They're both putting everything they've got and THEN some into this thing! Nenshou doesn't want to lose the title and Donovan doesn't want to walk out of here tonight knowing he failed in taking the one thing he wants more than anything else in the world!

GM: Nenshou's back to his feet... what's he... ohh! He threw that dented trash can down on Donovan's face!

[Leaving his feet, the champion drops both legs down across the badly-dented trash can, smashing his face underneath!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Facebuster by the champion!

[Nenshou again rolls into a lateral press as Von Braun drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[And again, Donovan fires a shoulder off the mat, leaving a look of shock on the face of the Asian Assassin who is usually expressionless.]

GM: Nenshou can't believe it - and I think that's the first time I've been able to tell what he was thinking by looking at him! He's usually stoic in there - a rock - totally focused!

[The champion gets up, shaking his head in disbelief as he gestures out to Percy Childes who responds by sliding a steel chair under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Nenshou's got a chair! He's got a steel chair and-

[Wielding the chair, the Longhorn Heritage Champion stands over the downed Donovan. He slams the chair into the canvas a few times, getting ready to swing it at the big man's skull...]

GM: He's ready! He's waiting!

[The seven footer slowly pushes up off the mat, taking a knee...]

GM: Oh my stars! Donovan's in trouble! Donovan's in big trouble here!

[Rearing back with the chair, Nenshou violently swings it down towards the exposed skull of his challenger...]

GM: LOOK OUUUUUUT!

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: HE BLOCKED IT! DONOVAN BLOCKED IT!

[The challenger climbs to his feet, struggling to rip the steel chair out of the champion's grasp. They battle over the weapon, trying to get it free from one another.]

GM: They're fighting over the chair! Who's gonna get it?! Who is going to get control of the steel chair?!

[The seven footer slams a knee up into the gut of Nenshou, snatching the chair free from his grip. He swings around with it, ready to deliver some thunder...]

GM: MIST!

[But this time, Donovan's ready for it, lifting the steel chair up to absorb the brunt of the blinding green mist!]

GM: DONOVAN BLOCKS IT WITH THE CHAIR!

[Donovan lowers the chair with a smirk as Nenshou again looks on in shock...

...just before the challenger SLAMS the chairback edge into the throat of his opponent!]

GM: He hit him in the throat! No more mist!

BW: No!

[Nenshou crumples backwards, staggering away as he grabs his throat with both hands. He slowly turns back around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE CROWNS HIM!! HE CROWNED THE CHAMPION!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Donovan uncorks a vile chairshot to the skull, knocking Nenshou flat. With a shout, Donovan spikes the chair down hard to the mat, the weapon actually bouncing as it hits the canvas. Donovan shakes his head to the cheering crowd, holding up one finger...

...and yanks Nenshou to his feet, pulling him into a gutwrench!]

GM: He's got him! The challenger's got him hooked!

[And with a mighty lift, he flips Nenshou over in the gutwrench...

...and DRIVES Nenshou down onto the folding chair!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan drops down to the mat, diving across the chest as he tightly cradles both legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: DONOVAN'S DONE IT!! DONOVAN'S DONE IT! WE'VE GOT A NEW LONGHORN HERITAGE CHAMPION AND HE DID IT IN TRUE SOUTH LAREDO STYLE, BUCKY!

[We abruptly cut from the shot of the victorious Donovan to live action backstage at the WKIK Studios where we get an extreme closeup of Larry Doyle. Seriously, "Hollywood"... try trimming those nose hairs a bit.]

LD: Cut it, cut it, cut, cut, cut.

[Doyle wipes his brow with a handkerchief, leaving a sweaty smear behind.]

LD: I don't know what to do any more, I really don't. This isn't how it was supposed to go, sports fans.

When I first brought the Bombers to the AWA, we were supposed to run right over everyone - the Rockstars, the Russians, Rough N Ready, the Bishops, everyone! Whoever you idiots put in front of us, we were supposed to put them right back down for a three count!

[Doyle shakes his head.]

LD: But it didn't happen that way. We couldn't get on track... and worse yet, we turned into a laughing stock. People made fun of us for carrying buffet tables to ringsides and talking about wanting a hot tub next to the ring.

[Another violent shake of the head.]

LD: People forgot exactly who the Blonde Bombers are... and who are the Blonde Bombers, Wink?

[He pauses, cupping his ear.]

LD: That's right. The best tag team on the face of God's green Earth. We're the team that went into Texas and made old man Lynch have to change his Depends when we slapped his boys around like his ball and chain should've done when they were still little kids in the sandbox!

We're the team that went into New Orleans and fought with Sweet Sensation all over the state of Louisiana in some of the best matches that... well, none of you ever saw since that place didn't have television. But it happened! I know it happened! I've got tapes of it! I can prove it!

[Doyle runs a hand through his unwashed hair, clenching his fist in the direction of the camera.]

LD: But because we mentioned a water slide... because I used Saturday Night Wrestling to practice my stand-up routine... the Championship Committee thought we were a joke.

We've had chances to prove them wrong.

SuperClash 2 - a shot at the gold.

[Doyle makes a noise with his mouth that sounds quite like a sputtering balloon.]

LD: Nothing. We choked. The biggest match we could've possibly had and we folded like that gambling degenerate Gordon Myers does with pocket queens.

So, we went away for a while and tried to figure out what was next. We changed some things. Exchanged some personnel at ringside. Even changed poor Nova's name for pete's sake.

[He grumbles.]

LD: Johann Avalon. Johann?! Who would pay good money to see someone named Johann wrestle?!

We came back, full of fire and bluster, and knocked off the biggest super-team that the AWA could throw at us! We were on top of the world!

[Doyle lifts a finger... no, not that one.]

LD: And then proceeded to do absolutely nothing. Nothing. Zero. Zilch. Nada.

[He shrugs.]

LD: We choked again at the Cup. Embarrassing. You know how hard it was for me to come out here and proclaim us to be "the show" when we kept choking harder than Lori Dane on a Saturday night?

[Doyle smirks.]

LD: What? I hear she eats her food too fast.

And then we went to SuperClash III - another shot to get on track... and not only did we lose... but the ultimate insult went down there.

[Doyle shakes his head, really looking emotional.]

LD: I! GOT! OUTSMARTED!

ME! LARRY DOYLE! THE GREATEST MANAGERIAL MIND OF ALL TIME!

I got outsmarted by...

[Doyle spits.]

LD: Percy Childes.

Percy Childes, you listen close and you listen now, you bald-headed, pencil-necked geek of the week...

You think you're gonna get away with what you did to me? With what you did to Bobby and Johnny? With what you did to the legacy of the Blonde Bombers?

[Doyle pauses, scratching his chin.]

LD: Aw hell... who am I kidding... you'll probably get away with it. You probably already have. 'Cause when I called the Championship Committee about facing the Aces in a rematch tonight, they told me no. When I asked about facing the Antons tonight, they told me no. When I asked about taking on Playboy Enterprises tonight, they told me no.

No, no, no, no, no. No one's said "no" so many times since Jason Dane's Prom Night.

They had other plans for the Bombers. They have other plans for me.

[Doyle shakes his head.]

LD: Robert Donovan.

["Hollywood" Larry Doyle laughs.]

LD: Robert Donovan?

[More laughing.]

LD: ROBERT DONOVAN?!?

[Doyle is red-faced from laughing now, spittle gathering at the corners of his mouth.]

LD: Don't you people think I know what's going on here? Don't you think I get it? I've seen the writing on the wall. I've heard the YouTube videos from ex-employees - they already know it too.

Robert Donovan?

"The Championship Committee would like to wish the Blonde Bombers and Larry Doyle the best in their future endeavors..."

[A smirk.]

LD: "...oh, and make sure you show up to face Robert Donovan first."

[A shake of the head.]

LD: Robert Donovan? Yeah... that sounds about right.

[Doyle piefaces the camera lens, shoving it aside as he strides out of view and we fade back to the interior of the WKIK Studios where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

PW: And it is for the AWA LONGHORN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Another big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

#REACH OUT AND TOUCH FAITH!#

[The sounds of Depeche Mode's "Personal Jesus" cranks to life over the WKIK Studios PA system, drawing boos from the AWA faithful. A few moments later, "Hollywood" Larry Doyle strides into view to the jeers of the fans. Dressed in a pair of bright green slacks and a matching sportscoat over a sunburst yellow dress shirt, Doyle simply shakes his head. He stands with his hands on his hips, enduring the abuse of the crowd as he watches and waits. Doyle quickly walks to the ring, climbing the ringsteps where he moves through the ropes, revealing his one dress shoe and one trademark cowboy boot as he snatches the mic away from Phil Watson.]

LD: If this is truly it, then we're going out the way it should always be.

Ladies and gentlemen, I proudly present to you...

The highlights of the night!

The skill and the power! The men of the hour!

And the team who ALWAYS steals the spotlight!

Tonight, on this night... they are the TRUE originals!

"BEAUTIFUL" BOBBY BALDWIN!

"LOVE MACHINE" JOHNNY NOVA!

THEY ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD and they ARE THE SHOW!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...

THE BLONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNDE BOMMMMMMMBERRRRRRRRRRS!

[Doyle violently spikes the mic to the mat, shouting "TRY TO FOLLOW THAT!" at Phil Watson who begrudgingly picks the mic off the mat as the Blonde Bombers make their entrance. Baldwin and Nova are in matching lime green tights - Nova in trunks while Baldwin wears the full-length pants. Both men also sport matching vests over their well-toned and well-tanned bare chests as they make their way down to the ring. Nova grabs the middle rope, dragging himself up on the apron before stepping through the ropes. Baldwin follows, slingshotting himself over the ropes into the ring. Baldwin moves to embrace Doyle as Nova takes the mic from Watson.]

JN: And noooooow, the manager of champions, the greatest mind in our sport, the uncrowned Manager of the Year, and the unrecognized GREATEST INTERVIEW OF 2010...

Ladies and gentlemen...

HOLLYWOOD... LAAAAAAAAARRYYYYY... DOOOOOOOYLLLLLLE!

[Doyle raises one arm, soaking up the jeers of the crowd as Phil Watson takes his mic back, a little angry as he does so. The referee moves to Doyle, asking him a question.]

GM: So, which of these men will challenge for the title?

[Doyle huddles up with his men as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Metallica's "Turn The Page" starts up to a big explosion of cheers from the WKIK Studios crowd.]

PW: Standing 7'2 and weighing in at 345 pounds... from Pensacola, Florida... he is the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

ROOOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNNNOOOVAAAAAAN!

[The big man strides through the curtain in a pair of blue jeans and a white wifebeater style shirt that reads "BLOOD FOR BLOOD" in red script across the front. He lets loose a roar as he holds the title belt high in the air in his heavily taped right hand, earning a big cheer from the crowd as he stares at the three men in the ring.]

GM: There he is, fans, the man who has had one heck of a 2011 and is looking to carry that right into 2012! In 2011, we saw him defeat Nenshou to become the Longhorn Heritage Champion and in many ways, he was the man who stood up and took the place of Juan Vasquez as the leader of this locker room when they went to war with the agents of darkness that were polluting this company.

[Donovan reaches ringside, tossing the title belt through the ropes into the ring before dragging himself up onto the apron...

...where both Baldwin and Nova rush him!]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[Larry Doyle exits the ring to the floor, shouting encouragement to both of his charges as they throw blows to the skull of Donovan...

...who responds by grabbing a handful of hair on both men, SLAMMING their skull together!]

GM: OHHHH! A meeting of the minds!

[Donovan swings a leg over the ropes, climbing into the ring. He promptly grabs Johnny Nova by the hair...

...and HURLS him over the ropes, sending him crashing down to the barely padded floor below!]

GM: DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES NOVA!! And I guess that means that Rober- excuse me, Bobby Baldwin is challenging for the Longhorn Heritage Title here tonight in Dallas, Texas on New Year's Eve!

BW: And what an awesome way to wrap up 2011! We're just over ten minutes away from 2012 and if Bobby Baldwin wins the Longhorn Heritage Title right now, I'm gonna buy champagne for this entire building, daddy!

GM: Somehow, I don't think these fans would make that trade.

[Grabbing Baldwin under the arms, Donovan physically hurls him back into the buckles. Donovan stalks in, throwing a back elbow into the jaw of one-half of the Blonde Bombers. Larry Doyle shouts instructions to his man from out on the floor as Donovan grabs an arm...]

GM: Big whip from corner to corner by the seven foot beast from Pensacola!

[Donovan barrels across the ring, rushing at top speed...]

GM: AAAAAVAAAAAALAAAAANCH-

[Baldwin dives out of the way, forcing the seven footer to SLAM chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Donovan missed the big charge! He tried to put Baldwin THROUGH the turnbuckles but he slammed his sternum into the corner!

[Baldwin swings the big man around, throwing forearms to the chest to the jeers of the crowd. Grabbing the top rope, he switches to a series of rising knees into the ribcage...

...until Donovan simply reaches up, shoving Baldwin down to the mat!]

GM: Man oh man! Look at the power on the part of the Longhorn Heritage Champion!

[Donovan marches out of the corner, grabbing Baldwin by the hair. Baldwin frantically throws a trio of right hands to the midsection, trying to battle out of the grip...

...but a crushing headbutt stops him short, knocking him down to a knee!]

GM: Ohh!

[Donovan raises both hands over his head, slamming them down in a double axehandle between the eyes that knocks Baldwin flat on the canvas...

...and then leaps in the air, dropping a high impact elbow down into the ribcage!]

GM: BIG ELBOW BY THE BIG MAN!!

[Donovan rolls into a cover, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[Larry Doyle leaps up on the apron just as Baldwin slips a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Doyle was on his way in there, fans!

BW: Prove it, Gordo! He's just trying to give his man some advi-

[Donovan springs to his feet, grabbing Doyle around the throat with both hands. Big cheer!]

GM: DONOVAN'S GOT DOYLE BY THE THROAT!!

[Which is Johnny Nova's cue to jump up on the apron, moving to save his manager...

...and instead gets Donovan's left hand around his throat as well!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got 'em both!

[Donovan shoves Doyle aside, hoisting Nova into the air...

...and DRIVING him down to the floor with a chokeslam off the apron!]

GM: OHHHHHHHH! NOVA IS DONE!! HE'S FINISHED!!!

[Donovan swings around just as Robert Baldwin is coming for him from the blind side, driving a boot into the midsection. He hooks Baldwin around the waist in a gutwrench...]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[The seven footer powers Baldwin up into the air, flipping him over...

...and DRIVING him down to the mat with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB!!

[Donovan drops to a knee, slamming an open hand down on the chest of Baldwin as the official drops down to all fours.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The seven footer gets back to his feet, raising both of his arms over his head, celebrating his victory.]

GM: Robert Donovan with a dominant victory over Bobby Baldwin using that devastating gutwrench powerbomb! Donovan retains the Longhorn Heritage Title right here tonight in the final Saturday Night Wrestling of 2011! The big seven footer just-

[An enraged Larry Doyle climbs through the ropes, promptly pulling off his cowboy boot...]

GM: Doyle's got the boot! He's got the boot in his hands and-

[Donovan swings around, spotting Doyle charging at him...

...and LAYS HIM OUT with a big boot under the jaw!]

GM: OHHHHH! HE DROPS LARRY DOYLE AS WELL!!

[The seven footer looks down at the stunned Doyle... and then out at the roaring crowd. He nods to them...]

"MATSUUUUUUUI!"

GM: Uh oh! We talked earlier tonight about Louis Matsui trying to send a message to Robert Donovan - well, I think Donovan's about to reply to that message with one of his own, fans!

[Donovan yanks the limp Doyle off the mat by the hair, tugging him into a gutwrench position...]

BW: No, no, no! You can't do this, Donovan! You can't do this!

GM: He's gonna do it!

[The seven footer hoists Doyle into the air, flipping him over...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a ring-shaking released powerbomb!]

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: HE POWERBOMBED LARRY DOYLE!! LARRY DOYLE IS FINISHED, FANS!!

[Donovan stands over the laid out Blonde Bombers, celebrating his final triumph of 2011 with the crowd roaring for him. He takes the title belt from the official, holding it high over his head with both hands as he mounts the midbuckle and 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 as we fade from that, we go to footage marked "WRESTLEROCK" where we can see the mammoth structure known as the Tower of Doom has been assembled and is ready for action. The voice of Phil Watson is heard over a panning shot of the steel prison.]

"The following contest is the TOWER OF DOOM!"

[We cut right to footage of Stevie Scott throwing a haymaker that Sudakov blocks before throwing a right hand of his own. A second one knocks the Hotshot back against the mesh as Sudakov winds up.]

GM: Right hand! Another! Another! He's hammering away at the Hotshot!

[Sudakov grabs Scott by the hair, SLAMMING his face into the mesh to a mixed reaction from the crowd!]

GM: OHH! FACEFIRST TO THE STEEL!

BW: And that didn't take too long, Gordo!

GM: It certainly didn't - the fight broke down into the steel right away!

BW: There's not even room to stand up there! How the heck are these two fighting?!

[Sudakov attempts another slam into the mesh but Scott plants both his hands against the steel, blocking Sudakov's smash...

...and DRIVES his elbow back into the ribs of Sudakov. A second blow breaks the grip and allows Stevie Scott to return the favor, grabbing a handful of head, and SMASHING Sudakov's face into the steel!]

GM: OHHH! SCOTT SENDS SUDAKOV INTO THE STEEL!!

[Sudakov stumbles away, falling back into another wall of the small cage, the whole Tower rocking under the movement...

...as we crossfade to later in the match where we find Tyler Lee leaning over, fresh off the trapdoors becoming unlocked. He pulls open the trapdoor between the top and middle levels and gets drilled with a short kick to the face by Sudakov!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by the Russian War Machine!

[Sudakov quickly shoves Lee aside, dropping through the trapdoor, and falling down to the middle level.]

GM: Sudakov drops through to the second level!

[From outside the cage, Corax and the Mercenary slip through...

...and just before the trapdoor closes again, Tyler Lee makes a lunge!]

GM: LEE'S THROUGH!! LEE'S THROUGH!!!

[Lee's entire upper body is wedged through the trapdoor, trying to get down to the middle cage while The Mercenary grabs his leg from the upper level...

...and a HARD upkick to the jaw by Lee breaks the Mercenary's grip, allowing Lee to slip through...

...and FALL straight down onto his upper back on the mesh of the middle cage!]

GM: OHHHH! MY STARS, WHAT A FALL!!

[We crossfade again to later in the match where Jim Watkins and Ivan Kostovich come into the top cage, immediately throwing bombs at one another to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: IT'S THE 1980s ALL OVER AGAIN!!

BW: Man, I wish.

[The announcers fall silent for a moment, letting the roar of the crowd as seeing Jim Watkins hammer Ivan Kostovich relentlessly with blows to the skull fill the air...

...and then the loud "CLAAAAANG!" of the steel cage as Watkins SMASHES Kostovich's head into the mesh!]

GM: What a shot! Right into the steel!

[We crossfade again, finding Adrian Bathwaite and Kolya Sudakov in the bottom cage arguing with one another.]

BW: Sudakov's trying to leave the cage but Bathwaite's not having any of it!

GM: Why not? The goal's to get out of there!

BW: Yeah, but having Sudakov in the bottom cage gives the Foreign Legion a good shot at stopping ANYONE who tries to get out!

[The argument is getting heated with Sudakov dropping a "I DON'T WORK FOR YOU!" punctuated with a shove to the chest!

We crossfade again to later in the match where Vladimir Velikov drops down to join his nephew in the bottom of the Tower and immediately marches across the ring, shoving his nephew hard in the chest. He points to Bathwaite, screaming at Sudakov in Russian, and then shoves him a second time.]

GM: Come on, Kolya! Stand up to these guys! Be your own man!

BW: We've been through this before, Gordo. He can't! If he wants to stay employed in this company, he can't do a single thing that Ivan Kostovich doesn't tell him he can do!

[Velikov shoves Sudakov again, shouting at him again...

...and this time, Sudakov shoves back, knocking Velikov down on his rear to the roar of the crowd!]

BW: WHAT THE-?!

GM: YES! YES! DO IT, KOLYA!

[We cut again to the top of the Tower where Jim Watkins and Supernova are smacking Sultan Azam Sharif back and forth between them to the roars of the crowd!]

GM: Right hand by Supernova! And one by Watkins! Another by 'Nova! Another by Watkins! They're battering Sharif back and forth like a pinball, Bucky!

[Another cut goes to Vladimir Velikov who stumbles up to his feet, shouting at Kolya Sudakov from across the ring, marching towards him...

...and shoving him with both hands in the chest again!]

GM: Velikov shoves him back and-

[BOOM!]

GM: RIGHT HAND BY SUDAKOV!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Kolya Sudakov knocking Vladimir Velikov flat with a right hand. The big Russian scrambles back to his feet...

...and gets RUN! RIGHT! OVER!]

GM: SICKLE!! SICKLE!! SUDAKOV HITS THE SICKLE ON HIS UNCLE!!

[The AWA fans ERUPT at the sight of the Sickle being used on Sudakov's abusive Uncle, knocking him flat...

...as we crossfade again to later in the match where Watkins grabs Kostovich by the ponytail, charging across the second level...

...and HURLING him into the mesh, sending Kostovich staggering away where he falls facefirst down onto the mesh of the second level!]

GM: Watkins is on top of Kostovich up there and- look at this!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Jim Watkins getting down and dirty, raking Kostovich's face back and forth across the sharp steel mesh, ripping and tearing at the flesh of the wealthy Russian power broker.]

GM: WATKINS IS TRYING TO RIP HIM WIDE OPEN, FANS!

[We cut again to deeper in the match where Sultan Azam Sharif stomps Watkins into the steel a few times before moving to help the bloodied Kostovich to his feet. Ivan nods his thanks to Sharif, joining him in stomping Watkins into the steel mesh.]

GM: We've got a two on one on Watkins here... look at Kostovich, directing traffic in that middle cage...

[Sharif pulls the bloodied Watkins up as Kostovich moves to the opposite side of the cage...]

GM: Sharif with the whip...

[And Kostovich CRUSHES Watkins across the chest with the Russian Hammer smashing squarely on his sternum!]

GM: OHHH! THE RUSSIAN HAMMER ON JIM WATKINS!!!

[Kostovich walks away, taunting the AWA fans through his blood-covered vision, shouting at the fans as we crossfade again. This time, we see Supernova catch a faceful of powder in the eyes just as he attempts to hook the Solar Flare on the bloodied Kostovich.]

GM: OHH! POWDER IN THE EYES!!

[With Supernova blinded, Ivan Kostovich again makes a run for it, crawling to the trap door...]

...where Jim Watkins is waiting!]

GM: Watkins is trying to get through as well!

[Kostovich throws a few right hands but Watkins fires back with one of his own...]

...and SLAMS the trapdoor down on top of Kostovich's head!]

GM: OHHHHH!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KOSTOVICH FELL THROUGH ONTO THE MERCENARY!!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Kostovich and the Mercenary tangled up on the canvas as we crossfade again...]

...to where Ivan Kostovich is putting the boots to Jim Watkins in the bottom cage alongside Adrian Bathwaite.]

BW: Down to four! Kostovich and Watkins in the bottom cage, Supernova and Sharif in the middle cage!

[Speaking of which, we cut to the middle cage where Sharif is putting the boots to Supernova in the corner of the middle cage. He yanks Supernova off his feet, pulling him into a side waistlock...]

GM: He's gonna suplex him on that mesh!

[Sharif powers him up, ready to drop him down...

...but Supernova backflips over the top, landing on his feet behind Sharif!]

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[At the sound of the buzzer, Supernova makes a break for the trapdoor, flinging it open...

...and getting wrapped up in a rear waistlock from Sharif!]

GM: Sharif hooks 'Nova! He's got him around the waist and-

[The crowd ROARS in shock as Sharif powers Supernova into the air in the waistlock, DUMPING him down on the back of the head and neck with a German Suplex on the mesh!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS!! WHAT A DANGEROUS MOVE THAT WAS!!

[Another cut reveals Sharif pulling Jim Watkins into position as he settles in...]

GM: Oh no! He's going for the Camel Clutch! Sharif's gonna sink that Clutch in on Watkins!

[Sitting down on the back, Sharif hooks the beefy arms over his legs as he cups his hands under the chin, pulling back hard!]

GM: CAMEL CLUTCH! CAMEL CLUTCH IS SUNK IN!!

[Sharif jerks and yanks Watkins' head and neck from side to side, wrenching the upper body of Jim Watkins as he cries out in pain.]

GM: They're trying to punish Jim Watkins here! They may be trying to put the man in the hospital right here!

BW: With the amount of blood that Watkins has lost, I'll be surprised if he's not going to the hospital anyways, Gordo!

[From the level above, Supernova pushes up to his knees, shouting out support for the eldest member of his team. He pulls at the trapdoor, trying to yank it open but the locks hold.]

GM: He can't get the trapdoor open! There's several seconds left,

Bucky!

BW: And that gives Sharif all the time in the world to put Watkins in a hospital bed tonight!

GM: But they should be getting out of there! They should be exiting the ring!

[Kostovich kneels down in front of Watkins, taunting his bloodied rival...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He slapped Watkins across the face! Unbelievable!

"BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[Supernova promptly RIPS the trapdoor open. He lowers his legs through, hooking his fingers in the mesh...

...and then kicks off, swinging through the door...]

BW: What the-?!

[...and lets go, sailing a few feet through the air and DRILLING Sultan Azam Sharif with a dropkick on the jaw!]

GM: YES!! YES!! WHAT A SHOT BY 'NOVA!!

[Supernova pops back up to his feet, grabbing a fleeing Ivan Kostovich by the arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Get him, 'Nova!

[Supernova backs to the corner, letting loose a howl before he charges across, throwing himself into the air...

...and SMASHING Kostovich in the corner!]

GM: OHHHH! HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER!!

[Supernova peels away from Kostovich, pulling Sharif off the mat. He hammers Sharif with right hands, battering him back into the corner. Grabbing an arm, he fires Sharif across from corner to corner...

...and then charges in after him, leaving his feet again!]

GM: HEAT WAAA-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BATHWAITE PULLED SHARIF CLEAR!!

[The crowd jeers as Adrian Bathwaite steadies his charge, having successfully pulled him out of the way of the corner splash. Bathwaite quickly moves across the ring, unlocking the cage door...

...and essentially SHOVING Kostovich out it to the floor!]

GM: KOSTOVICH IS OUT!!

BW: One more, Gordo! If they get Sharif out, it's over!

[Bathwaite attempts to do exactly that, dragging his man towards the corner where the door is open...

...and finds an exhausted and bloodied Jim Watkins standing in front of it, shaking his head!]

GM: WATKINS BLOCKS THEIR PATH!! JIM WATKINS AIN'T GOIN' OUT LIKE THAT!

BW: He's... he's what?! Gordon Myers, what is WRONG with you tonight?!

[Watkins has his fist balled up, shaking his head more now, trembling with rage...

...and then lashes out!]

GM: BOOM! HE DROPS BATHWAITE WITH A RIGHT HAND!!

[And then starts throwing at Sharif, a series of haymakers to the jaw...

...and then FLOORS him with a big swinging uppercut, knocking him off his feet before he turns and exits the cage, slamming the door behind him!]

GM: WATKINS IS OUT!! WE'RE DOWN TO TWO!!

BW: It comes down to Supernova and Sharif! Just like it started!

[We cut a little deeper into the match yet again where Supernova has whipped Sharif across the ring before sprinting across, leaping high...]

GM: OHHHHH! HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER!!!

[Supernova crushes Sharif in the corner, turning to throw him down to the middle of the ring...

...and then points at the staggering Bathwaite who is leaning against the buckles! He shouts at him.]

"OPEN THE DOOR!"

[Bathwaite backs off, hands raised, shaking his head.]

"OPEN! THE! DOOR!"

[The manager continues to refuses, shaking his head again...]

GM: He won't do it! It's the moment of truth and Bathwaite won't do it!

[Grabbing Bathwaite by the arm, Supernova fires him across the ring to the opposite corner.]

BW: NO, NO! THIS CAN'T HAPPEN!

[Supernova points at Bathwaite with both arms, nodding his head to the roars of the crowd...]

...and sprints across, leaping into the air!]

GM: HEAT WAVE!! SUPERNOVA HITS THE HEAT WAVE ON BATHWAITE!!

[Bathwaite collapses to the canvas under the impact. The fan favorite reaches down into Bathwaite's pocket...]

...and pulls out the key for everyone to see! He looks back, spotting Sharif crawling across the ring towards him...]

GM: Sharif's coming! He's trying to get there in time!

[And with a shake of his head, Supernova moves to the corner, unlocking the padlock holding the door shut, swinging the cage door open...]

He pauses, taking another look back at the crawling Sharif...

...and then walks down the ringsteps, stepping onto the floor!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the Marine Corps Anthem starts playing once again. Supernova stumbles around the corner of the ring, joining Tyler Lee, Corax, and Jim Watkins in celebrating their victory.]

And with one final cut, we find a bloodied Jim Watkins holding a flagpole with the American flag in the air.]

JW: Now... get up... everybody up...

[With the flag held high, Watkins throws a hand over his heart.]

JW: I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE... TO THE FLAG... OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA...

[The crowd speaks the Pledge along with Watkins, filling the air with patriotism.]

JW: AND TO THE REPUBLIC... FOR WHICH IT STANDS... ONE NATION... UNDER GOD... INDIVISIBLE... WITH LIBERTY... AND JUSTICE... FOR ALL!

[Watkins throws the mic down, falling into an embrace with Supernova as a "U-S-A!" chant starts up and we fade back to the WKIK Studios where the fans are counting down.]

GM: Welcome back, fans! You can hear the countdown going here in the WKIK Studios as these fans here in Dallas, Texas, are counting us out of 2011 and into 2012! All of you folks at home - shout it loud so we can hear ya!

[A panning shot of the celebrating crowd reveals the partygoers in novelty sunglasses, holding plastic glasses of presumably apple juice, using noisemakers and smacking balloons around.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The air fills with sirens and cheering, "Auld Lang Syne" playing loudly over the WKIK Studios PA system. We spot AWA superstars like Sweet Daddy Williams, Jeff Jagger, the Antons, and several others hanging out in the crowd, slapping high fives and embracing the fans.]

GM: HAPPY NEW YEAR, FANS! WELCOME TO 2012!

[There is an extended panning shot, showing off the party going on in the WKIK Studios. Finally, the camera comes to rest on Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde who have been joined by Jon Stegglet at ringside.]

GM: Fans, it was one heck of a 2011 and we at the AWA know that 2012 is going to be just as big, just as exciting, just as thrilling... and Jon Stegglet, you're out here to prove it to us.

JS: That's right, Gordon. A Happy New Year to you both and to all of our fans - and I want to thank Bucky for not trying to give me a New Year's kiss.

[The crowd laughs even if Bucky doesn't.]

JS: I wanted to come out here tonight and tell all of our great fans that 2012 is going to be the biggest year yet for the AWA and to prove it, we've got one heck of a lineup planned for our first Saturday Night Wrestling of 2012 coming up in two weeks.

Now, we all know that Robert Donovan is going to face Louis Matsui for five minutes. That's gonna happen.

We also know now that Playboy Enterprises is going to reveal their newest member in two weeks. That's gonna happen too.

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: But here are a few things that you did NOT know was going to happen in two weeks' time.

In two weeks' time, Supernova will take on the Japanese giant, MAMMOTH Mizusawa!

[Big cheer!]

JS: Also in two weeks' time, Raphael Rhodes will cash in the National Title shot he's been waiting FAR too long to use when he meets Calisto Dufresne for the gold!

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: Wait one moment, Mr. Stegglet... it was my understanding that Calisto Dufresne had refused to appear at all AWA events!

JS: You've got good sources, Gordon. In fact, earlier today, I was in my office and I received a FedEx envelope. This FedEx envelope.

[Stegglet holds up the easily identified envelope. He pulls out the letter enclosed.]

JS: There's a whole lot of legal verbiage in this so I'll give you the highlights.

[Stegglet begins to read out loud.]

JS: To all applicable parties of the Championship Committee... Due to the recent actions of a crazed co-worker... Calisto Dufresne does not feel that it is safe to report to work... And has been confined to an undisclosed location for fear of bodily harm.

The appearance of one Juan Vasquez... who is clearly mentally unstable and harbors an incomprehensible animosity towards Mr. Dufresne... makes for an unsafe working environment.

[A shake of the head.]

JS: Until the matter surrounding Mr. Dufresne's safety and well-being is adequately addressed... he will not be participating in any AWA-sanctioned events... Please contact our firm when the erratic behavior exhibited by Mr. Vasquez can be properly corralled... and it becomes safe for Mr. Dufresne to return to work and lead the company forward... towards an era of honesty and fair play. Regards, T. Morris Dunham, attorney-at-law.

[Stegglet folds the letter back up, sticking it in the envelope.]

BW: Sounds pretty clear to me, Stegglet. Calisto ain't showing up until you make things safe around here for him... namely locking up Vasquez and throwing away the key.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: It certainly sounds that way, doesn't it? But I have to say - between the Von Brauns and Craven... not to mention a wrongful termination suit from another former employee... I'm getting pretty sick of dealing with lawyers this month, guys.

GM: But what can you do about it?

JS: Funny thing about that. As it turns out... it's not my problem anymore.

GM: Huh?

[The crowd buzzes with confusion.]

JS: Gordon, what's my title currently?

GM: You're the Chairman of the Championship Committee.

JS: Not quite, old friend. I'm the INTERIM Chairman of the Championship Committee.

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: As of 12:01 AM...

[Stegglet checks his watch.]

JS: ...which has now passed, I no longer fill that position for this company. I will, of course, return to my ownership and management role but as far as running the show from the Committee...

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: Well, that's in someone else's hands now.

GM: Who?

[Dramatic pause...

...and then the Marine Corps anthem kicks in. The crowd EXPLODES as the curtain parts and "Big" Jim Watkins steps in, dressed in a black sportscoat, blue jeans, and cowboy boots. He makes his way to the desk, a big grin on his face as he shakes hands with all three men standing at it.]

GM: Mr. Watkins, welcome back!

JW: God bless ya, Gordon... it's great to be back. First, I want to thank Jon Stegglet for the excellent job he's done while I've been attending to business. It ain't an easy job and I'm guessin' Jonnie can attest to that one now.

[Stegglet nods with a smile.]

JW: A whole lot of crazy has come and gone and come again since I've been on the shelf... and there were a whole heck of a lot of things that went down at SuperClash that this ol' cowboy ain't too happy about, boys.

But there will be time for all that.

[Watkins snatches the FedEx envelope.]

JW: First thing's first...

[Watkins tears the envelope and the sheet of paper within in half to a big cheer.]

JW: I ain't never been a big fan of lawyers so Mr. Dufresne if you please... you can tell your law dog to stick this here letter where the sun don't shine!

[Big cheer!]

JW: And I'll make this real clear for ya. You WILL show up in two weeks' time to defend the National Title against Raphael Rhodes. And you WILL not pull any kind of legal crap to try and get yourself out of it.

`Cause if you do?

[Watkins grins.]

JW: I'm gonna strip that title off your waist, declare it vacant, and we're gonna crown ourselves a champion that we can all be proud of!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the idea of that!]

JW: Happy New Year, champ.

GM: So long everybody!

[Watkins grins as he drops the mic, the crowd roaring as we fade to black.]