

4th Anniversary Show

March 24th, 2012
Fair Park Coliseum
Dallas, Texas

[As we fade in from black, we find a weary-looking Jim Watkins sitting behind a desk in a very generic looking office-type room. Watkins looks like he hasn't slept a wink as his eyes are bloodshot and there's a hefty amount of facial hair stubble on his usually clean-shaven face.]

JW: For those of you who do not know, my name is Jim Watkins and I am the Chairman of the Championship Committee for the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Watkins takes a deep breath, slowly exhaling.]

JW: Tonight was supposed to be a joyous night - a night of celebration. The AWA was celebrating four years since its inception here tonight with the great fans of Dallas, Texas and every man in that locker room was looking forward to showing our appreciation to all the fans here in the building and all the fans around the world who continue to bless us week after week with their love and support, spending their hard-earned dollars to see us do what we do better than anyone else.

[A sharp exhale, an angry look crossing his face.]

JW: That's what it was SUPPOSED to be. However, as some of you are already aware, there was an... incident... that occurred last night at a live AWA arena event in Westwego, Louisiana.

During what was already a chaotic evening due to inclement weather that resulted in several wrestler absences and a complete reshuffling of the scheduled lineup for the night's matches, we had a...

[Watkins pauses, choosing his words carefully.]

JW: ...controversial incident occur. The National Champion, Calisto Dufresne, was scheduled to defend his title in the night's Main Event last night in his home state however due to the reshuffling and a backstage assault on his replacement opponent, he found himself without an opponent. Mr. Dufresne took it upon himself to challenge any individual in the building to a defense of his title.

Former AWA competitor Mark Langseth answered that challenge. While Mr. Langseth is still under contract with the American Wrestling Alliance, he is also still serving an indefinite suspension and should not have been allowed to compete last night or any other night until the AWA front office said so.

However, the match DID happen and through the course of events, Mr. Langseth DID win the match with the aid of former AWA employee Joe Petrow and WAS announced as the new National Champion. Former associate of both of these men and current AWA competitor Dave Cooper was also involved with this incident. All three men fled the arena following the impromptu title defense with the AWA National Championship title belt.

As of this moment, this will be the one and only time that you will hear those three names mentioned here tonight on this broadcast. Mr. Cooper's scheduled match this evening with Yuma Weaver has been indefinitely postponed and Mr. Cooper has been barred from the building until we can ascertain what - if any - AWA rules he has violated.

[Watkins seems to be absolutely fuming even though he's trying to keep control of his emotions.]

JW: The AWA Championship Committee, myself included, and several members of the AWA front office including Todd Michaelson, Jon Stegglet, and Bobby Taylor met both in-person and via conference call throughout the night, attempting to determine the best course of action to take in regards to the AWA National Championship. These meetings are still underway as I speak and will continue throughout tonight's broadcast until a decision is reached.

AWA competitor Calisto Dufresne has informed the company that due to last night's incident, he has no intention on being in the building tonight. He has been placed on a leave of absence by the front office until this situation becomes clearer. Due to these circumstances, the advertised matchup between Mr. Dufresne and Robert Donovan will NOT take place. We hope to find a suitable replacement opponent for Mr. Donovan before the night's conclusion.

[Watkins pauses, very obviously putting down a sheet of paper he was reading from. He glares into the camera.]

JW: As the Chairman of the Championship Committee, I take full responsibility for what happened last night in Louisiana. Although I was not personally at the event - nor were any other AWA front office personnel due to the horrible storms that have struck this area in recent days - I do feel responsible for not providing the same level of oversight as I would to one of our televised events. This is a situation that never should have happened and it did... on my watch.

I have offered my resignation to the AWA Championship Committee and front office effectively immediately. However, they have elected not to accept it. For that, I am grateful and I offered my strongest possible apology to the Championship Committee, the AWA front office, every single employee of the AWA - wrestlers, referees, announcers, ring crew, production staff - all of 'em.

And most of all, I offer my greatest apology to you - the fans of the American Wrestling Alliance.

On a night that should have been pure fun and celebration, we all have been left with the taste of ash in our mouths by individuals that we believed had been dealt with some time ago.

Though we can't bring you the show that was advertised, I can tell you that as I walked through the locker room moments ago, I found talented men and women who are tirelessly working as we speak to assure that you will see a show that is worthy of the high standards of quality and athleticism that has defined this company over the past four years. These are folks who know who pays their rent and are willing to do whatever it takes to make sure you all have a good time watching this show here tonight.

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: We can't undo what's been done over the past twenty-four hours. But we WILL move forward. We will make a decision before this night is over and we WILL tell you what that decision will be.

[Watkins shakes his head tiredly.]

JW: This has been one of the worst couple days of my life, I tell you that. No matter what anyone says, I feel like I let a lot of people - a lot of good people - down. But I can also tell you - with the utmost confidence in what I say - that those individuals who thought this would break us... those that thought that this would knock us down should know that when I look around that locker room and see men like Juan Vasquez... like the Lynches... like Supernova... heck, even guys like Marcus Broussard, Percy Childes, and the guys in Waterson International. When I look around the AWA offices and see men like Todd Michaelson, Jon Stegklet, and Bobby Taylor...

I know that we may be down right now. We may have gotten caught with a suckerpunch when we least expected it that knocked us on our collective asses - pardon my language...

But I also know that these are men and women with guts... with inner strength... with the type of determination to be the best at what they do, that they WILL get back up. They WILL continue to fight. And they WILL make what happened last night a footnote in the course of AWA history.

So, to the fans of the AWA, I invite you to sit back in your chair tonight and enjoy. I invite you to watch the very best in the world do what they do best. I invite you to forget about what happened less than twenty-four hours ago and do what you've done for us for four years now.

Cheer us. Boo us. Get up on your feet and shout at the top of your lungs for us. Watch our shows. Buy tickets to your local event. Go online and write reviews about us. Tell your friends about what you saw. Go buy your favorite wrestler's t-shirt or poster.

Do what YOU do better than anyone else. Support us and show the world that we WON'T be knocked down for the count.

We WILL become bigger, better, and STRONGER than ever before.

We WILL go to the next level.

And we WILL do that because of you.

[A slight smile emerges.]

JW: Now put a smile on your face... `cause it's a party, damn it.

[A chuckle.]

JW: Enjoy the show.

[Fade to black.]

We fade back up on footage marked "March 15, 2008." It has been desaturated to black and white - showing a slow motion shot as we pan over the WKIK Studios and hear the voice of Gordon Myers on an AWA show for the very first time.]

GM: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It is my great honor and privilege to be the first person to utter a word on this, the premiere episode of Saturday Night Wrestling brought to you by the American Wrestling Alliance.

And for the first time in well over a decade, professional wrestling... real professional wrestling has made its' home in the Lone Star State here in Texas. We are live in Dallas, Texas at the WKIK studios for what promises to be an exciting two hours of action.

[The opening words from the very first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling echoes away, leaving that black and white shot of the empty WKIK Studios...

...that slowly turns into the Crockett Coliseum.

As we see the empty Crockett Coliseum, the home of so many magical AWA moments, we hear the words describing some of those epic moments that have happened over the past four years.]

"Ladies and gentlemen... after twenty-eight minutes and six seconds of hard-fought action... your winner of the match...

And the FIRST AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION...

MAAAAAARRRRCUS BROUUUUUSSARRRRRRD!"

"JUAN VASQUEZ?!? ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!"

I CAN'T EVEN HEAR MYSELF THINK IN HERE, GORDO!

THESE FANS ARE GOING CRAZY! JUAN VASQUEZ HAS COME TO THE AWA!"

“Tin Can Rust is pushing that flagpole into the cut - driving that splintered wood into the open wound on the forehead of Stevie Scott! Stevie is begging for mercy! Screaming for help!”

[And many, many more as we also see slow-mo footage of the moments we’re hearing commentary for. After a minute or so of this, we fade to a live shot of the interior of the Fair Park Coliseum, a roaring sell-out crowd on their feet within. Fans are jammed into the two sets of bleachers that run the full length of the building on two sides as well as hundreds of steel chairs that have been set up on the floor for ringside seating.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, it is already a night filled with mixed emotions as we come to you LIVE from the Fair Park Coliseum here in Dallas, Texas for the Fourth Anniversary Show!

[A panning shot of the building shows the ring set up in the center of everything - red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom surrounding a plain canvas with ring aprons. Thin black mats surround the perimeter of the ring, giving a slight cushion from falling on solid, unforgiving concrete. Steel barricades have been set up to surround the ringside area, keeping the fans safely away from the action. The railings actually seem a little further away from the ring on this night. There is no elevated rampway to the ring, the AWA opting for a traditional railing-lined aisle. Also nowhere in sight is any interview platform or Money Pit set. This is a very stripped-down style setup for the growing promotion as they reach back to basics on this special night.]

GM: Moments ago, you heard the announcement made by Jim Watkins, the Chairman of the Championship Committee and prior to that, I’m sure many of you have seen... certain videos online about what happened last night in Westwego, Louisiana at a live AWA event. Now, we have been asked by the Committee as well as the front office to keep our discussion of what happened last night in very vague terms until they have determined the appropriate course of action so for right now, all we can say is that two of tonight’s scheduled matches are off... and we do not know the status of the AWA National Title.

BW: That’s it?

GM: For now, that’s it. Throughout the night, we’re going to have Jason Dane and Mark Stegglet desperately trying to get us more details and my personal sources say that the entire AWA office staff is hoping to have a major announcement here tonight before we go off the air. The AWA is celebrating our fourth anniversary here tonight in front of our hometown fans in what should be a really fun and exciting night of action... but fans, I would be lying if I didn’t say there was a sense of something... bad... wrong... I’m not sure what the right word is... hanging over the celebration tonight. But right now, we’re going to head straight up to the ring to Phil Watson for tonight’s opening matchup!

[We crossfade to a closeup of Phil Watson who is looking quite dapper on this night.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. And to keep outside interference in check, both Johnny Casanova AND Scotty Mayhem will be handcuffed to one another for the duration of this match.

[Some cheers from the crowd for that.]

BW: I've been looking forward to this since it was announced, Gordo.

GM: As have I. Jeff Jagger is one of the young rising stars here in the AWA and this is a big test for him as he takes on the veteran brawler, "Dirty" Dick Bass.

[On cue, the ear-splitting sound of a cracking bullwhip fills the air.]

PW: Introducing first... being accompanied to the ring by the self-proclaimed CEO of Playboy Enterprises, "Playboy" Johnny Casanova...

[There's more sounds of bullwhips being cracked as a grinning Casanova steps through the curtain, clad in a sparkling black suit with the collars of a tuxedo jacket a bright and shiny gold. He nods at the jeering crowd with a big grin on his face, pulling his dark sunglasses down a notch as he drops to a knee, pointing back to the entrance curtain...]

PW: From Tampa, Florida... weighing in at two hundred and sixty-five pounds...

"DIRTY"

DICK

BAAAAAAAAAASS!

[The jeers grow stronger as Casanova rises to his feet, clapping his hands over his head as the always "happy" Dick Bass powerwalks through the curtain. The burly brawler is sporting his trademark black Stetson cowboy hat along with a black leather vest. Underneath, we can spot his pot belly hanging over his black wrestling trunks. He flashes a scowl at the nearby cameraman as the duo begins making their way down the aisle. Casanova brings up the read, strutting like a peacock as he taunts the ringside fans.]

GM: And here they come, fans... not exactly how I'd choose to kick off this celebration.

BW: Why not? These are two of the biggest stars in our entire promotion - both of 'em future champions if you ask me. 2012 is gonna be the year for Playboy Enterprises, daddy!

GM: If they can get on the same page with their newest member, I might buy into that. With Scotty Mayhem on their side, the sky could certainly be the limit for the Enterprises.

[Bass rolls under the bottom rope, taking a knee and immediately uncoils his trusty bullwhip named Delilah, threatening to crack it in the official's direction. Marty Meekly sidesteps, warning Bass for the threat and retorting with the threat of a DQ before the match even starts.]

GM: Get that thing away from him, Marty. This guy's not playing with all the cards in the desk if you ask me, Bucky.

BW: No one asked you, Gordo. Dick Bass is one of the toughest, roughest, and don't forget meanest men in the wrestling business - which also makes him very, very dangerous, daddy.

[Bass has some choice words for the official before hanging his Stetson over the ringpost. He fires off a few more words before coiling the bullwhip there as well. Johnny Casanova, standing on the apron, has some words for Marty Meekly as well...

...which turns into shouts of protest when a slightly-smirking Meekly gestures to the floor where a pair of AWA officials are holding a set of prison-issued handcuffs.]

GM: Oh yeah! Lock him up!

BW: This isn't right, Gordo! Johnny Casanova is one of the finest professional wrestlers in the world and they want to handcuff him like he's a common felon like these cretins in the front row!

GM: He agreed to this, Bucky! He agreed to do this!

BW: That doesn't make it right!

[Casanova kicks the ropes, shouting at the referee who continues to insist that he go down to the floor and get handcuffed.]

GM: The referee says he's gotta do it! He signed the contract, he legally obligated himself to be handcuffed to Scotty Mayhem here tonight at ringside!

[An angry Casanova shouts at the referee one more time before dropping to the floor...

...where a waiting official quickly snaps the metal cuff over his wrist to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Fans, it should be mentioned that these are not your every day police handcuffs. These are prison issued which means that the cuffs are made to fit any man and the chain in between is two feet long.

BW: That's right. And Johnny Casanova requested these cuffs specifically from what I was told. He wasn't about to stand out here four inches away from that creep Mayhem in a set of normal cuffs!

[With Casanova secured, "Zero" by the Smashing Pumpkins begins to blare over the PA, bringing the crowd to their feet for the Combat Corner graduate.]

GM: And here comes the Carolina Crusher!

[Jeff Jagger breaks through the curtain, pumping a fist to the cheering crowd as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent who hails from Charlotte, North Carolina... he is escorted to the ring by Scotty Mayhem and Big Mama... weighing in at two hundred and ten pounds...

He is the Carolina Crusher...

JEEEEEEFF JAAAAAAGGERRRRR!

[A grinning Jagger nods at the reaction, reaching over the railing to embrace a young fan. He's wearing blue wrestling pants with "CAROLINA" going down one leg and "CRUSHER" going down the other in white print. He's also rocking white boots with "JJ" on the sides.

Scotty Mayhem is a few feet behind him, sporting a lime green zebra print spandex shirt tucked into black spandex pants and white cowboy boots. His white jammer sunglasses cover his wild eyes but not his wild hair which is tucked under a matching lime green bandana. He pauses, doing a full spin to the cheers of the crowd before pointing to his longtime friend with a "YEAAAH! That guy! Right there!"

Big Mama is the last one through, applauding those who've gone before her as she walks in a wine-colored sequined dress with a matching purse and black high heel pumps.]

BW: Hold on a second here, Gordo. What the heck... what right does SHE have to be out here?! This has NOTHING to do with her whatsoever!

GM: She's Scotty Mayhem's manager, Bucky!

BW: So what?! Mayhem's not competing in this match! She's got no right to be out here and if I was the referee, I'd be telling her to kick rocks right about now. That gold digger has no business being out by the ring and she's just looking to cause trouble if you ask me, Gordo.

GM: Well, nobody asked you so I think she stays! Oh, and as far as the "gold digger" comment is concerned, you'd do well to remember that SHE is the one with the cash in Playboy Enterprises, Bucky.

BW: Right! From all her gold digging!

GM: From the inheritance she received several months ago. In fact, she's the reason that Playboy Enterprises exists at all! She's been bankrolling the whole thing!

BW: Call it what you want, Gordo, but I know what's behind those lustful eyes of hers.

[Jagger pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes to more cheers. He grins as he hops onto the second buckle, waving to the fans as the ringside official approaches Scotty Mayhem to put his side of the handcuff on. Mayhem points a finger at Casanova, inching closer to him.]

GM: It's time for Scotty Mayhem to get his handcuffs on... and he doesn't look too excited about it, Bucky.

BW: No one's going to be excited about it. They may have agreed to it. They may have signed a contract for it. But no one's going to like the idea of being handcuffed to someone else out here at ringside.

[Mayhem has a few words for Casanova as the referee clicks the handcuff shut around his wrist.]

GM: The cuffs are on!

[Big cheer! Jagger leans over the ropes, shouting something at Casanova...

...which gives Dick Bass an opening to rush across the ring, driving a forearm into the back of the Carolina Crusher to the boos of the crowd! Marty Meekly swiftly calls for the bell to start the match.]

GM: Here we go! A sneak attack before the bell by "Dirty" Dick Bass and we're underway with the opening match here on this Anniversary celebration!

BW: And that's a typical rookie mistake - especially from one of Michaelson's students! You NEVER turn your back on an opponent... and you sure don't do it against Dick Bass!

GM: I've gotta agree on that one, Bucky. Dick Bass is one mean customer and he's wasting no time here on WKIK!

[A few more forearms across the back knocks Jagger down to his knees near the corner. Bass pushes his chest into the ropes, reaching through to hook his fingers into the mouth of Jagger, tearing at his face with a fish hook.]

GM: Oh, come on! Blatantly illegal move right there in front of the official!

[The referee's count reaches four before Bass releases and then crowns Jagger with an overhead elbow down across the forehead, sending Jagger falling back into a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Jeff Jagger's gotta get off the mat. He can't stay down like this and hope to fight off a veteran like Bass.

[Grabbing the top rope, Bass lets loose a shout as he plants the sole of his boot into the throat of Jagger, leaning back to use the ropes for leverage.]

GM: He's choking him now!

BW: And Bass is looking to turn this into a good ol' fashioned brawl right out of the gate, Gordo. There ain't nothing he likes better than a fist fight... well, maybe there is. He told me earlier today that he was hoping to turn this match into a street fight! So maybe he likes a street fight better!

GM: Street fight or not, Bass needs to keep this within the confines of the AWA rulebook, Bucky, and this choke doesn't apply!

[Bass breaks the illegal hold at four again, leaning down to drag Jagger up to his feet where he violently slams home an overhead slap across the chest, making it echo throughout the arena.]

GM: Good grief! What a chop by the man from Tampa, Florida!

[Casanova shouts out, "AGAIN! AGAIN!" from the floor, earning a jerk of the handcuff chain by Scotty Mayhem. Bass nods to his partner before rearing back for a second chop...

...which gives Jagger a split second to spring out of the corner, connecting with a reverse knife-edge chop across the chest to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: And Jagger fights back with a chop of his own!

[The surprising blow staggers Bass, causing him to stumble backwards a couple of steps. Jagger quickly tries to follow up but Bass, the ever-tough Florida native, steadies himself and throws a right hand!]

GM: Right hand blocked by the Carolina Kid!

[And Jagger immediately throws a right hand of his own, bouncing it off the skull of Bass to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: The kid's firing back!

[A second right hand lands... and a third... and then a big looping left into the midsection.]

GM: Jagger's throwing big bombs from the outfield fence!

[But Bass isn't done, wildly throwing a right hand that Jagger easily avoids with a duck, grabbing him on the spin...]

GM: UP!

[And Jagger DROPS him down across a bent knee in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: DOWN!

[Bass winces as he tries to steady himself, getting caught with a boot to the gut before Jagger SNAPS off a dropkick, sending Bass sprawling to the canvas where Jagger quickly covers him.]

GM: Jagger gets one! He gets-

[But the mean-spirited veteran is out before the two count even comes down...

...and ends up trapped inside a side headlock, Jagger letting loose a whoop as he tightens up the hold.]

GM: Jagger's got that side headlock in, really wrenching the head and neck of the opposition.

[The camera zooms in on Jagger, clenching his teeth as he squeezes as hard as he can. But the powerful Bass soon works both men back up to their feet, walking backwards and then pushing Jagger off towards the ropes.]

GM: Bass throws him off... rebounds off...

[Bass throws a wild right arm, aiming to take Jagger's head off with a clothesline but the Combat Corner graduate easily avoids it, hitting the far ropes...

...and ducks under another sloppily-thrown clothesline attempt, hitting the ropes a third time...]

GM: Jagger back to the middle and-

[And topples Bass with a hastily-thrown crossbody block, taking both men down to the canvas!]

GM: Jagger knocks him flat!

[Opting not to cover, Jagger scrambles to his feet, dashing to the ropes behind him and rebounding towards a recovering Bass, leaving his feet again...]

GM: Crossbod-

[The crowd jeers as Bass holds his ground, snatching Jagger out of the sky!]

GM: He caught him! He caught him! Now what's he gonna do with him?!

[Bass sneers as he walks across the ring with the smaller man.]

GM: Jagger's trapped in the grasp of Dick Bass and this can NOT be good, fans! The power and size edge definitely go to Dick Bass and he is showing it right here and now.

[Bass walks forward a few more steps closer to the ropes, letting loose a growl before he drops back, hurling Jagger overhead and down to the canvas with a fallaway slam!]

GM: Ohh! Overhead throw by the veteran and that'll do a number on Jeff Jagger for sure!

BW: And that's what this punk kid gets for trying to show up Dick Bass, Gordo!

GM: Show him up?! I didn't see that at all.

[An angry Bass rains down boots to the side of Jagger's head, forcing him near the ropes with a series of stomps. Bass plants his boot on the side of Jagger's face, again using the ropes for leverage to smash his opponent's face into the mat.

A quick camera cut to the floor shows Johnny Casanova slapping the ring apron, shouting his approval...

...which suddenly gets cut off when Scotty Mayhem steps up into the face of the Playboy!]

GM: Uh oh. This looks like trouble in... well, I wouldn't necessarily call Playboy Enterprises "paradise" but you get the idea.

BW: Casanova has every right to cheer for whoever he wants!

[Mayhem and Casanova exchange heated words, shouting at one another with the official trying to settle them down from inside the ring.]

GM: Bass pulls Jagger back off the mat, shoving him back into the corner now.

[With the official distracted, Bass shoves his thumbs into the eyes of his smaller opponent, Jagger screaming in pain as the big brawler tries to blind him.]

GM: Oh, come on! Get in there, referee!

[The referee wheels around, demanding a break which Bass does at the count of four again.]

GM: Another illegal act by Dick Bass who has controlled most of the action up to this point, Bucky.

BW: What did you expect, Gordo? We're talking about a former PCW World Heavyweight Champion. We're talking about a guy who terrorized the entire

Stench family for years! Dick Bass withsmacking around the Stenches' old man while Jagger was still hanging off his mama's apron strings!

GM: Would you stop?!

BW: What? What part of what I just said isn't true?

GM: You know very well which part of that isn't true.

BW: He WAS a former PCW World Champion!

GM: Never mind.

[Staying on the offense, Bass drives a back elbow into Jagger's jaw, whiplashing him back into the buckles again. A rising knee into the midsection has Jagger gasping for air in the corner.]

GM: Bass needs to let the man out of the corner, fans! Marty Meekly needs to assert himself and gain control of this thing.

[Pulling Jagger's hair back, Bass DRIVES a big right haymaker into the jaw, knocking Jagger into a seated position in the corner. The referee steps in, forcing him back which Bass happily does, arms raised as he pleads innocence to the referee's accusations.]

GM: And finally, Marty Meekly is able to get control of one of these guys.

[Bass walks back into the opposite corner, giving a shout as he charges across the ring.]

GM: Say good night, punk!

["Dirty" Dick comes barreling in, trying to smash his knee into Jagger's face!]

GM: RUNNING KNEEEEE!

[But at the last second, Jagger rolls out of the way, causing Bass' knee to slam into the turnbuckle.]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Bass hobbles out of the corner, grabbing at his knee as Jagger tugs on the ropes, pulling himself back to his feet. He measures Bass as the brawler turns around...

...and eats a snapping jab to the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Sharp right hand by the Carolina Crusher! And a second! There's a third one now!

BW: What the heck is this - a boxing match?! Do your job in there, Meekly!

[Casanova echoes Bucky's shouts from outside the ring as Meekly steps closer to the action, warning Jagger against the closed fists. Jagger nods at the official...

...and then sweeps Bass' hurt leg out from under him with a big kick to the back of the knee!]

GM: Ohh! That'll take the big brawler down!

[With Bass down on the mat, Jagger grabs him by the boot, straightening out the leg and lays in kick after kick to the injured limb. Casanova again tries to get the referee to stop the assault, trying to move closer to the official...

...and nearly getting yanked off his feet by Scotty Mayhem!]

GM: Aha! Casanova forgot there for a split second that he's chained to his fellow Playboy Enterprises' partner, Scotty Mayhem. He doesn't have his usual free range to do what he wants tonight.

BW: Don't you dare call that freakshow a member of Playboy Enterprises! He doesn't deserve to be mentioned in the same breath as that elite organization!

GM: Dick Bass is down on the mat and he is hurting, Bucky.

BW: This isn't looking good right now, Gordo. He could have a dislocated knee, a torn ACL, a ruptured patella, who the heck knows? And with Johnny not able to give him a breather, this could be trouble.

[Back in the ring, Jagger grabs the foot again, trying to inflict more punishment...

...but the brawler lifts his other leg, using it to shove Jagger away.]

GM: Bass battling back, trying to get some distance between himself and the Carolina Crusher.

[But as soon as Bass gets back to his feet with the aid of the ropes, Jagger kicks the knee out from under him again, taking him right back down to the mat to again to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Dick Bass for the second time... and look out here...

[Holding the foot of the injured leg, Jagger winds up and drops a big elbow across the knee sending howls of pain from the injured Bass into the air. With Bass' leg pinned down under his arm, Jagger grabs the ankle and yanks up, torquing the injured knee in a leglock.]

GM: Jagger's turning up the pressure on the leg, trying to get a submission out of Playboy Enterprises' tough guy. The referee's right in there, trying to see if Bass wants to give it up.

[Bass quite promptly lets the official know where he can go when asked.]

GM: I guess that's a "no."

BW: Of course it is! You're not gonna beat Dick Bass into submission with an elbow drop to the leg!

[Jagger leans back, putting more pressure on the knee and earning another screamed refusal to quit before he breaks the hold. The Combat Corner graduate gets back to his feet, still holding his grip on the foot...

...and twists the injured leg into a spinning toehold!]

GM: He's going for the figure four! One of the signature moves from Jagger from all those years of watching Jeff Matthews apply the Foxtrap to opponents!

[But Bass has other ideas, kicking him off in mid-application of the hold, a powerful counter that sends Jagger sailing through the ropes and all the way out to the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: OHHHHHH! What a counter by the big man! That one caught Jeff Jagger completely by surprise and he get propelled out to the floor the hard way, fans!

[Johnny Casanova immediately tries to go after Jagger but Mayhem holds his ground, struggling against the weight of the Playboy. Casanova is shaking, biting his lip as he tries to battle free. Inside the ring, the referee is checking on Bass who kneels on his good leg while trying to rub some life into the hurting one.]

GM: Casanova is trying to take a cheap shot on Jeff Jagger but thankfully those handcuffs and Scotty Mayhem are preventing that from happening.

[Using the ropes, Bass pulls himself to his feet, shaking out his leg before he steps through the ropes. He gingerly lowers himself to the floor, heading over to where Jagger is on all fours.]

GM: Dick Bass is coming out here after Jeff Jagger and that can't be good news for the Carolina Crusher.

BW: It sure can't. You talk about a man who knows how to hurt someone outside the ring? You're talking about Dick Bass, daddy!

[But as Bass draws near, Mayhem drags Casanova to stand in his path.]

GM: He's blocking him! Scotty Mayhem is blocking Dick Bass from attacking Jeff Jagger! He won't let him take advantage of his friend out here on the floor.

BW: Get him out of the way! What right does Scotty Mayhem have to get involved in this match? The handcuffs were supposed to PREVENT him from getting involved in this match! Ah, there we go!

[Bucky's approval is for Johnny Casanova who returns the favor from earlier, pulling Mayhem back towards himself and leaving a clear path for Bass to go after Jagger. Mayhem and Casanova are again at each other's throats, shouting at one another as Bass delivers a pair of kicks to the ribs, having to steady himself after each.]

GM: The referee's gotta get a count started otherwise Dick Bass will stay out there all day, fans.

[Bass pulls Jagger off the floor by the arm, slinging him backwards into the railing. Jagger tries to rally back with a pair of right hands but a knee to the gut cuts him off followed by two booming overhead elbows to the back of the neck.]

GM: The referee should be counting here but it seems like he's too busy trying to keep Casanova and Mayhem from killing each other out here on the floor!

[And with the official distracted, Bass lifts an electrical cord off the floor, wrapping it around the throat of Jagger, yanking back on it. Jagger's eyes grow big at the sudden lack of oxygen, struggling against the strangle.]

BW: That moron Mayhem is making his own plan backfire, Gordo! He was supposed to be out here to help even up the odds but he's actually HELPING Playboy Enterprises by not keeping his temper under control.

GM: I hate to agree with you, Bucky, but you're right on the money with that one. Keeping his cool has always been a challenge for Scotty Mayhem even dating back to his days in Florida.

[Finally releasing the chokehold on Jagger, Bass rolls him under the ropes into the ring as the referee questions why Jagger is gasping for air. Bass holds up his hands, pleading innocence as the camera cuts to show Big Mama clapping as he watches the action.]

BW: Wait a second... who is that hussy clapping for, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure who Big Mama is clapping for. I would speculate she might be cheering on Jeff Jagger as he is Scotty Mayhem's friend and she is Scotty's manager.

BW: But isn't she still a member of Playboy Enterprises?

GM: I believe she is, yes.

BW: So why in the heck would she be cheering for Jagger if she's part of the Enterprises?! She should throw her support behind Dick Bass!

GM: I'm afraid I don't have an answer for that, Bucky.

BW: I still wanna know why she's out here, Gordo. There's no need for her to be out here ruining this match!

GM: Ruining this... she hasn't even done anything! She's standing in a neutral corner clapping!

BW: Exactly! She's ruining the match by just being here!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We're at the halfway point in the time limit for this one as Bass pulls Jagger off the mat again, moving him back into the corner...

[Bass draws another referee's warning as he digs his thumb into the eye of Jagger, applying pressure until he rakes across them!]

GM: Oh, come on! That's a blatant rake of the eyes, Bucky!

BW: The referee warned him. What more do you want?

[A smirking Bass ignores the protesting official and then leans forward, sinking his teeth into the forehead of his opponent!]

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

[Jagger screams out in pain as Bass gnaws on his forehead!]

GM: Come on, referee! Get in there and stop that!

BW: Maybe he's just hungry, Gordo. Did you see the spread in catering tonight? Disgusting.

GM: There's no excuse for this, Bucky. This is professional wrestling!

BW: You're right. Jagger probably tastes worse than the spaghetti in catering.

[Bass backs off at the count of four, chuckling as Jagger drops to the canvas, clutching his forehead and checking for blood. He turns slightly, pointing a finger at Mayhem and shouting a few words in his direction as Mayhem shakes with anger. He turns again, turning his attention towards Big Mama, telling her to "get out of here!"]

BW: You tell her, Dick! Get her out of here! She doesn't belong out here!

GM: Bucky, Big Mama carries a valid manager's license and her client is by the ring. Since she hasn't been barred from ringside, that means she can be down here if she pleases by my book!

BW: Your book is a pop-up scratch and sniff that you STILL need the Cliffs Notes for! But if she's gonna be out here, the least she can do is pick a side, daddy. Don't stand in a neutral corner and clap the whole time! Make a commitment! Are you out here rooting on your teammates in Playboy Enterprises or have you thrown your lot in with that loser Jagger?

[Jagger crawls out to the middle of the ring on his hands and knees as Bass stalks behind him, measuring his every movement...

...and buries a well-placed boot into the ribs, flipping Jagger onto his back!]

GM: Ohh! Big kick to the body!

BW: And Bass needs to be careful with those kicks, Gordo. His knee is pretty banged up. It would be real easy to lose your balance and go toppling over on one of those.

[Bass swings his arm around a couple of time, looking to drop an elbow into the ribs...

...but Jagger rolls aside, causing Bass to crash down to the canvas!]

GM: He missed! Jagger avoided the big elbowdrop!

[An angry Bass pushes up to his feet, going for the elbow a second time...]

GM: Jagger avoids the second one!

[Bass shakes his head as he gets back up, letting loose a shout as he goes for a third...]

GM: He missed it again! Three big elbows attempted and he missed all three thanks to timely rolls by Jeff Jagger! The youngster just barely avoided the last one there but he managed to get out of the way in the nick of time.

[Jagger quickly scampers to his feet, helping the rising Bass to his feet where he hooks him around the waist, hoisting him into the air...

...and dropping him across his knee!]

GM: Ohh! Atomic drop by Jagger!

[Bass staggers, clutching his tailbone as Jagger charges past him, hitting the ropes in front of Bass...

...and flattens him with a hanging clothesline!]

GM: Oh my! Big time clothesline by the kid from the Carolinas!

[Jagger pops right back up, hitting the adjacent ropes where he rebounds off...

...and BURIES an elbow, driving it into the throat of Bass!]

GM: A driving elbow to the throat! Jagger might want to think about a cover right here but...

[He pops back up again, standing over Bass...

...and firing up the crowd, waving his arms for noise.]

GM: He's got this crowd on their feet, cheering him on...

[And leaps into the air, dropping a leg across the upper body!]

GM: Ohh! Standing legdrop by Jagger! He got a lot of impact on that!

[Jagger promptly rolls into a lateral press, earning a two count before Bass lifts a shoulder.]

GM: Two count only off the legdrop... and where is Jeff Jagger going now?

[The crowd cheers as Jagger backs to the nearest corner, hopping up to the middle rope. He again waves his arms, bringing the crowd to their feet before he leaps off his perch...

...and SLAMS home a legdrop across the chest!]

GM: Picture perfect legdrop off the middle rope! That might do it right there, fans!

[Jagger again rolls over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Jagger covers for one! He's got two! He's got-

[Bass fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Another two count there for the Carolina Crusher.

[There's a slight shake of the head by Jagger as he pushes back to his feet, leaning down to drag Bass up by the arm. He throws a forearm to the jaw, sending Bass stumbling backwards to the ropes. Jagger approaches, grabbing the arm to throw him off.]

GM: Irish whip by Jagger... Bass comin' back and...

[Jagger ducks down, hoisting the incoming Bass up across his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

GM: He's got him up! He's got Bass across the shoulders and-

[Jagger does a quick turn and with a shout, he shoves Bass off his shoulders, bringing him crashing down gutfirst across a bent knee!]

GM: OHH! GUTBUSTER BY JAGGER!!

[The Carolina Crusher drops down, rolling Bass to his back.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd groans as Bass again gets a shoulder off the mat. A quick camera cut to ringside shows a frantic-looking Johnny Casanova tugging at his blonde locks, shouting encouragement to his partner-in-crime as a grinning Scotty Mayhem looks on as well.]

GM: Two very different reactions to what we're seeing in the ring, Bucky.

BW: Johnny Casanova's been around a long, long time, Gordo. He knows when someone's in trouble and Dick Bass is certainly in trouble right now.

GM: Jeff Jagger is really taking it to the veteran brawler at this stage of the matchup. He's been impressive since his debut and everyone is talking about his precision inside the ring, Bucky. He's like a surgeon in there.

BW: He's impressive for sure but he'd better stay on Dick Bass if he wants to stand a chance of winning this one. I've been following Bass' career for a while now and this guy is an animal. If you don't stay on top of him, really keeping up the pace, he'll make you pay for it.

[Bringing Bass back to his feet again, Jagger grabs the leg, tucking it underneath the Florida native as he hoists him into the air...

...and drops the injured wheel across his bent knee in a shinbreaker!]

GM: Ohhh! Bass is in a whole lot of pain after that!

BW: He sure is. You can hear 'im screaming down the block, daddy!

[Pinning the injured leg to the mat by stepping on the ankle, Jagger drops down with a knee to the limb!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: All that weight down on the leg. Bass needs to find a way back to his feet and he needs to do it fast, Gordo.

[Jagger drops a second knee... then a third, Bass screaming in pain with every blow. Rising to his feet, he grabs both legs, pulling them up...

...and looking around to the crowd, getting a giant roar from the crowd!]

GM: And I think we all know what's coming next, fans! He's going for the Last Rites!

[Bass tries to struggle against it, flailing about, trying to wiggle free.]

GM: Bass is trying to get out of this - he doesn't want to get locked in this submission hold!

[But Jagger steps through, twisting the legs...

...and rolls him over into the scorpion deathlock hold he calls the Last Rites!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT ON! The trademark hold that Caleb Temple had so much success with over the years! Jeff Jagger grew up watching Temple score victory after victory with this very hold and now he's mastered it for himself!

[Bass is howling in pain as Jagger leans back in the punishing hold!]

GM: Bass is trying to fight it - trying to hang on! He's in obvious pain and those ropes may simply be too far away for him, Bucky!

BW: Look at Casanova!

[Casanova throws his free arm under the bottom rope, trying to grab at his ally's hand to aid him...

...but Mayhem again drags him away, earning a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Mayhem wouldn't let him help Bass!

[The two Playboy Enterprises' members are again at each other's throats on the floor, shouting at one another as Bass' cries of pain fill the air...

...which makes a desperate Casanova do a desperate thing.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CASANOVA KICKED MAYHEM LOW!

[The low blow leaves Mayhem down on a knee, allowing Casanova to easily drag him close enough to the ring for the Playboy to reach under the ropes, grabbing the hand of Dick Bass, and dragging him the extra couple feet to the ropes. The referee swings around, shouting at Casanova for his interference.]

GM: The referee saw it! He should disqualify Bass for that!

BW: What a genius move by Casanova! This match was almost over and Johnny once again pulls a rabbit out of his hat and shows everyone why he's one of the smartest men in the business, daddy!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Five minutes left in the time limit as Jagger breaks the hold, shouting at Johnny Casanova. The referee is yelling at Casanova too. He's trying to deny it but we all saw it, Bucky - even you saw it!

BW: So what? I think it was brilliant and I'm willing to give him credit for it!

[Someone who is not willing to give him credit for it is Jeff Jagger who rolls out to the floor, confronting Casanova who backs off, holding up his free hand and gesturing to the other trapped hand.]

BW: Oh, big man! Jagger's gonna pick on a one-armed man!

GM: Casanova started this, Bucky!

BW: That don't make it right, Gordo!

[On the other side of the ring, Dick Bass rolls out to the floor, clutching his lower back in obvious pain.]

GM: Bass is out on the floor now as well. He's having a lot of trouble getting around after being trapped in the Last Rites.

[Bass walks over to the timekeeper's table, shouting at Phil Watson to get out of his seat. He chases Watson away, leaving his metal seat unattended but when he turns around to retrieve it...

...he finds Big Mama standing right in his path!]

BW: What the HELL?!

GM: Big Mama is in Bass' way! Big Mama won't let him get the chair! She's telling him no! She's telling him to win the match on his own!

BW: Who the HELL is she to tell Dick Bass how to win a match?! He was winning matches when she was waiting in the parking lot after the show for someone to give her the time of day!

[Bass shouts at her, ordering her to move but she stands her ground.]

GM: Big Mama is showing tremendous courage here! She's refusing to move! She's refusing to step aside! She's-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Bass reaches out and SHOVES her down to the floor!]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! WHAT A- WHAT A- fans, I don't think I can say on the air what that man deserves to be called! What a pathetic excuse for a human being, laying his hands on a woman like that!

BW: She had it comin'!

GM: She WHAT?! How in the world can you even say that, Bucky?! No one - no woman - EVER has that coming to her!

[An angry Bass shouts at the now-downed Big Mama as he picks up the metal chair, folding it up as he turns back towards the ring...

...and gets CAUGHT with a baseball slide dropkick under the ropes from Jagger that sends Bass sailing backwards, falling into the steel barricade at ringside as the crowd EXPLODES in cheers for Jagger!]

GM: Jeff Jagger just caught Bass with that dropkick!

[The Carolina Crusher rolls to the floor, kneeling down next to Big Mama to check on her condition.]

GM: We may need some help out here for Big Mama. That animal, Dick Bass, shoved her down to the concrete like she... like she was nothing, Bucky!

BW: She's absolutely nothing, Gordo! To Dick Bass, if you get in his way of winning, you're nothing but an obstacle to be dealt with and if you ask me, Big Mama just got dealt with!

GM: You're disgusting! Jeff Jagger is showing why he's one of the classiest guys in this business by stopping to check on Big Mama before he heads after his opponent. Who knows what Bass was going to do with that chair, Bucky. We all thought he was going to use it on Jagger but he very well could have used it on Big Mama!

[Jagger gets a word from Big Mama that she's okay before he peels away, grabbing Bass by the back of the head and rolling him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: We've got about three minutes left in this match and if Jeff Jagger wants the win, he's going to need to pick up the pace and finish off Dick Bass right now, fans.

[Jagger rolls in as well, climbing to his feet just as Bass reaches his feet as well. The crowd roars as Jagger fires a right hand to the skull and then jeers as Bass connects with one as well.]

GM: An exchange of right hands by both men!

[Jagger throws a second right hand... and eats a second as well!]

GM: Back and forth they go, both men looking for an edge!

[Jagger throws a third... and a fourth... and a fifth, all landing squarely before Bass can retaliate. When he finally does, it's a big looping right hand that Jagger easily ducks under.]

GM: Jagger ducks the haymaker...

[As Bass swings all the way around, Jagger catches him with a boot to the gut. He promptly hooks a side headlock, swinging an arm around in the air to signal to the crowd!]

GM: He's calling for a bulldog!

[Jagger dashes a few feet towards mid-ring...

...but the powerful Bass throws him off, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Jagger hits the corner hard!

[The Carolina Crusher stumbles out, staggering around towards Bass who stampedes in, swinging his right arm...]

GM: LARIA- ducked by Jagger!

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN!"

[And as Bass sails past the Combat Corner graduate, Jagger spins around, leaping up...

...and clamping his arms around the head and neck as he applies a sleeperhold!]

GM: SLEEPER! THE CAROLINA CLUTCH IS APPLIED!!

[Bass urgently begins swinging his arms, looking for a way out of the effective hold.]

GM: Bass is running out of time! He's gotta find a way out!

BW: He's trying, Gordo! He's fighting it, swinging his arms, trying to grab onto anything!

[A desperate Johnny Casanova pulls himself up on the apron, reaching out again for his partner's arm...

...and gets violently YANKED down to the floor by a fuming Scotty Mayhem!]

GM: OH MY! MAYHEM IS UP AND HE'S HOT UNDER THE COLLAR!

[Mayhem dives atop the now-downed Casanova, hammering away with right hands at him as the Playboy tries to cover up and defend himself. The

referee shouts at the fight outside the ring while trying to check Dick Bass for signs of life.]

GM: The referee is distracted - he's not sure what to do! He wants to keep this fight on the floor under control but Jeff Jagger's got Bass in some serious jeopardy here!

[Jagger swings the flailing Bass to the side, causing Bass' left arm to smack the referee in the back of the head, knocking him down to a knee.]

GM: Ohh! The referee got hit right there! He's not out but he's certainly down with the time limit waning on this matchup! We're almost down to the sixty second mark and-

BW: What in the heck is she doing?!

[As Bass drags himself towards the ropes, an angry Big Mama pulls herself up on the apron, gesturing for Jagger to bring Bass closer. Ever the sportsman, Jagger angrily shakes his head in response but Bass is dragging himself closer and closer towards the ropes.]

"SIXTY SECONDS!"

[Big Mama rears back with her purse as Bass gets within range, trying to get his fingertips wrapped around the top rope...]

BW: She's gonna hit Bass with that loaded purse!

GM: He's got it coming after what he did to her earlier in-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd react as Big Mama's purse swing connects...

...right on the temple of Jeff Jagger as Dick Bass somehow manages to avoid the blow!]

BW: She hit Jagger! She hit Jagger!

[Big Mama puts her hands to her mouth in shock as Jagger drops to the mat like he's been hit with a brick. She stands on the apron stunned as Bass promptly rolls over.]

GM: No, no!

BW: It backfired, Gordo! She went to hit Bass and she hit Jagger in the skull instead! I love it! That's what she gets for turning her back on the man that made her!

GM: Big Mama is absolutely beside herself, fans! She's in shock at what just happened and- no!

[A barely-conscious Bass throws himself across the out cold Jagger as the referee wheels around, throwing himself to the mat where he slaps the canvas three times!]

GM: Unbelievable!

[The crowd is enraged at the result as the referee pushes to his knees in a daze, signaling for the bell.]

GM: The match is over... this one is over but- I can't believe what we just saw, Bucky.

BW: I can! She always was worthless!

GM: Give me a break.

[Outside the ring, Casanova and Mayhem's brawl breaks up at the sound of the bell, both men rising to see what happened. Mayhem looks shocked as the referee raises Dick Bass' tired arm in triumph as the official outside the ring unlocks the cuffs, allowing Casanova to dash into the ring to celebrate his partner's victory.]

GM: Casanova's in there now, jumping up and down like he won the National Title.

[The Playboy loops his arm over Bass' shoulders, helping the big man to his feet as he slaps his partner on the chest in congratulations.]

GM: Dick Bass has won this one thanks to... well, some bad interference from Big Mama.

[Casanova raises Bass' arm, pointing to his partner, and then turning his attention to Big Mama who still looks stunned at what she causes. Casanova is shouting at her, taunting her as he and Bass exit the ring, making their way back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Scotty Mayhem is in now, kneeling down next to Jagger to check on him. He doesn't even know what happened, fans. Mayhem is looking around at the crowd, looking for answers.

BW: And you notice that Big Mama ain't offerin' those answers up. She knows how mad Mayhem is gonna be about this one.

GM: Mayhem? How mad is Jeff Jagger going to be about this? In these unusual times where we don't know the status of the National Title, every victory is so important. Jeff Jagger had this match won... he told her no, he told her he didn't want her aid. And in the end, Big Mama cost Jeff Jagger this matchup against "Dirty" Dick Bass. A big win for Bass here tonight even if it was under controversial circumstances.

BW: You can't fault Dick Bass for that, Gordo. He's not the one who jumped on the apron and tried to knock somebody senseless. I told you - I told the world that Big Mama was nothing but trouble and I think Jeff Jagger would say I'm right right about now, daddy!

GM: Either way, Playboy Enterprises picks up a big win here tonight on the Fourth Anniversary Show but I can't help but thinking this rivalry is far from over, Bucky.

BW: Maybe it's not but I bet Big Mama's gonna have some 'splainin' to do to Jeff Jagger when he wakes up.

GM: You're absolutely right, I'm sure. Fans, we're just getting started here on this special Anniversary edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. We're going to take a quick break but before we do, let's check in with Jason Dane who is in the backstage area trying to get us some answers. Jason?

[We crossfade back to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing in front of a door that reads "MEETING IN PROGRESS - DO NOT DISTURB!"]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. And as you can probably guess, I am standing right outside a room in the backstage area of the Fair Park Coliseum where we've seen various members of the AWA front office as well as the Championship Committee coming in and out all night long. This is the place, fans. This is where they are trying to figure out what exactly happened last night in Westwego, Louisiana... and what to do from here.

I plan on being here all night long to try and get some answers as soon as they come avail-

[Dane's eyes go big as Bobby Taylor, co-owner of the American Wrestling Alliance, walks into view. He doesn't look happy as he tries to get past Dane into the room.]

JD: Mr. Taylor? Mr. Taylor, can we get a few words?

[Taylor looks at the camera with a grimace and then curtly nods.]

JD: Mr. Taylor, can you tell us EXACTLY what happened last night in Louisiana?

BT: To be honest, Jason, I'm not entirely sure of that myself yet.

JD: Can you tell us when you found out something had happened?

[Taylor nods again.]

BT: I was at home last night here in Dallas, going over some plans for tonight when I got the phone call that something had happened. The whole thing was fuzzy - no one seemed to be quite sure what happened, what went wrong, what was...

[He trails off.]

BT: It's a bad situation, Jason... I can tell you that much.

JD: We've been asked not to mention the parties involved by name but can you tell us - do we have a new National Champion?

[Taylor pauses as if he's considering the right way to answer that.]

BT: I can tell you that in Westwego, there was the announcement of a new National Champion, yes.

JD: That seems like a dodge of my question.

[Taylor gets a slight smirk.]

BT: It does, doesn't it? Now if you'll excuse me...

[Taylor pushes his way through the door where several loud voices can be heard from inside. The door swings shut as Jason Dane re-takes his spot in front of it.]

JD: We know that a new National Champion was announced last night in Westwego... but what does that mean? We'll try to find out before we go off the air tonight, fans, so don't you dare go away!

[We fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then back up on the glittering gold that makes up the AWA Longhorn Heritage Title belt. As the camera shot pulls back, we see "Red Hot" Rex Summers standing in front of a generic AWA backdrop, the gold belt slung over his shoulder. Mark Stegglet is standing by his side.]

MS: Welcome back, fans, and as you can see I am standing backstage with the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion, Rex Summers! Mr. Summers, you told the world that you would be defending the title here tonight but I am being told you have changed your tune.

[Summers glares at Stegglet.]

RS: I haven't changed a single thing, Stegglet. I have every intention of defending this title whenever and wherever I can. And I walked into this building tonight with the intention of defending the title right here to celebrate the AWA's Four Year Anniversary.

But things change, don't they?

[A slight grin.]

RS: After last night, a whole lot of things have changed, haven't they?

[Stegglet looks nervous.]

MS: Mr. Summers, you are aware that we've been asked not to discuss that particular situation, correct?

RS: I heard something about that, yes.

MS: I trust that you'll be honoring that request in this interview.

[Summers pauses, tapping the title belt on his shoulder.]

RS: Mark Stegglet, what does this belt mean?

MS: I don't follow.

RS: What does this title belt that rests on my shoulder mean?

MS: It means you're the Longhorn Heritage Champion.

RS: Correct. What else?

MS: I'm not-

RS: Mark Stegglet, to the best of your knowledge, is there currently another singles champion in the American Wrestling Alliance?

[Stegglet does not answer.]

RS: Judging by your silence, I'm guessing the answer is "no." And if that answer is no, Mark Stegglet, what does this belt represent?

MS: What are you getting at?

RS: What I'm getting at as you put it is that this title hanging over my powerful shoulder means that I am the one and only singles champion in the AWA. I am Number One! I am the man on top of the mountain! This belt makes me the best in the world and it means that when someone wants to be the best, they gotta come through me to do it.

So yes, the front office bumped me from the show so they can try to make the fans feel all warm and fuzzy after what happened last night. They want to make memories - good memories to make the fans believe they're still in control of this place.

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: Mr. Summers, I think you've crossed the line, sir.

RS: Stegglet, you haven't even seen me start to cross the line. The front office needs to realize that they're not in control any more... they're not in charge.

I am. This title is. And with this title around my waist, Waterson International is calling ALL the shots.

[Stegglet speaks up again.]

MS: Speaking of which, where is your manager, Ben Waterson?

RS: He's around. He's got other business to attend to. But you'll be seeing him later tonight - guaranteed.

Now I know you need to throw this back to the ring for some... something or another that won't be able to touch what I'd bring to this show. So, I'll let you do that.

But before I do, I have three words for anyone out there watching this who thinks they can take this belt... for anyone who thinks they can knock this man off the mountain... for anyone who thinks they've got what it takes to be the ONLY champion in this company.

[A smirk, lifting his powerful right arm in a single bicep flex.]

RS: Bring it on.

[And he blows a kiss in the direction of the camera as Stegklet wraps up.]

MS: The words "card subject to change" may never be truer than right here tonight. Rex Summers has been bumped from the show by the front office... what else is going to happen here tonight? Let's go down to the ring for more action and find out!

[We crossfade from a posing Rex Summers to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[Ian McKellen's voice booms over the PA:]

"Because there is no land of tolerance. There is no peace. Not here, or anywhere else."

[Strobe lights set up around the entrance way start to flicker just as the famous theme to Halloween by John Carpenter begins to play.]

PW: From Berlin, Germany... weighing in at 285 pounds...

He is the Butcher...

BRUUUUUUUUUNOOOOOOO VERRRRRRHOOOOOOOEVEN!

[As the haunting and ominous tune continues to play, Bruno Verhoeven's massive frame comes into view. For a moment, the young German's eyes wander around the arena, disgust obvious on his face. He spits on the ground once, then marches toward the ring, not acknowledging the crowd at all anymore. His movements are tense, almost rigid, and his jaw is working all the time.]

GM: Look at the size of this man, Bucky.

BW: Six foot eight... nearly three hundred pounds of massiveness. This guy certainly has the physical tools to be a future champion and tonight, I believe he'll take his first steps towards accomplishing that goal, Gordo.

[Bruno slowly climbs the ring steps, pushes down the top rope and climbs over it into the ring. Verhoeven takes a moment to glare at the referee before he moves into the center of the ring and raise a gloved fist above his head. The salute lasts only a few seconds before he lumbers back into his corner.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Rush's "Tom Sawyer" kick in over the PA to a huge reaction from the hometown fans!]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 260 pounds...

TRAAAAAAVISSSSS LYNNNNNCH!

[The entrance curtain pulls back to reveal the youngest of the Lynch brothers and as it does, the screams of the ladies in the crowd nearly drown out the music.]

GM: And listen to this reaction, fans!

[The youngster is, as always, dressed in his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them. His two kneepads and wrestling boots are also white as he breaks into a slight jog down the aisle, the fans reaching over the railing to slap his arms and shoulders.]

GM: This young man is one of the most popular competitors in the entire AWA. The youngest wrestling member of the legendary Lynch wrestling family - and the final man to hold the PCW World Title as well, Bucky.

BW: I'm not opposed to that particular title being eliminated but I do have to say I think it's pretty fishy that Lynch decided to retire the title AFTER he won it. He was all about that gold and what it meant - the history and all that jazz - until he won it and then it was, "Welp, we're done. Hang it on the shelf, pops!"

[As Lynch nears the ring, a lovely blonde leans over the railing, pulling him into an embrace and planting a kiss on the cheek before security is able to free up the young powerhouse. Travis shakes his head as he rolls under the bottom rope, springing to his feet to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Travis Lynch gained the biggest victory of his career about a month ago at All Star Showdown when he defeated Rex Summers to earn his family's legacy - the PCW World Heavyweight Title. But now, that title is a thing of the past and his future is staring him dead in the eye, fans.

[An always-angry Verhoeven fires off a series of angry German words in the direction of the Texan who shrugs them off, pacing back and forth as referee Mickey Meekly gets between the two and signals for the bell.]

GM: And here we go!

[Verhoeven slowly strides to the center of the ring, never taking his eyes off Lynch who is still pacing back and forth...

...and then raises a powerful arm into the air.]

GM: Oh my, fans... Bruno Verhoeven is calling for a test of strength!

BW: And I love the idea of this, Gordo. Travis Lynch is always running around flexing his muscles like some kind of a bodybuilder and what better way to break his spirit than to show him that he's not even the strongest man in this match.

[Lynch looks a bit surprised but nods as he edges out to the center of the ring, obviously expecting a trap. Finding none, he slowly raises his muscular arm to match Verhoeven...]

GM: This should be very interesting.

[The Texan entwines his fingers with the German's then raises his other arm to do the same thing...

...and the two bulls come together, smashing chest to chest as they each try to overpower the other!]

GM: Look at all those muscles rippling and shaking as these two powerhouses try to push the other to the mat...

[Verhoeven steps back, turning the wrists of his opponent.]

BW: The German's got the edge!

GM: He certainly does. Verhoeven is trying to force Lynch to his knees!

[With a roar, the mighty Butcher forces Lynch down... down... and all the way down to both knees to the disappointment of the crowd.]

GM: Travis Lynch just got overpowered by the new Butcher and look at the delight on the face of Bruno Verhoeven!

BW: That's a moral victory right there. That's how you get inside an opponent's head, daddy.

[But Lynch is not one to give up without a fight as he slips his right leg underneath him, taking a knee as he starts to push up against his opponent's power...]

GM: Lynch is fighting it! He's trying to get back to his feet!

[A surprised German shakes his head back and forth, trying to keep the pressure on but the roaring crowd seems to give Lynch even greater strength as he pushes up to both feet...]

GM: He's up! Travis Lynch is up!

[And he ducks his head under the armpit of the German, using his strength to muscle Verhoeven up and over, sending him crashing down to the canvas in a modified suplex that breaks up the test of strength!]

GM: Oh my! Nice move by Travis Lynch to get out of the knucklelock and-

[And as Verhoeven regains his feet, Lynch throws a dropkick that sends him through the ropes and out to the floor to another big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Travis Lynch has cleared the ring, fans! He sends Verhoeven all the way down to the floor with that dropkick! Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back with more action here on WKIK!

[We fade on a shot of an angry Verhoeven pacing around the ringside area.

The shot comes to a close up of the face of former AWA star, City Jack.]

CJ: Former AWA National Tag Team Champion, City Jack, here to talk to you about a serious issue here in America...

[The camera dramatically pulls back to show a restaurant "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks".]

CJ: The most important meal of the day! Breakfast!

[The shot cuts to Jack, sitting down in a booth, with a big plate of pancakes.]

CJ: Now just looky here, all these fluffy flapjacks, smothered all on by every flavor of syrup you can imagine! Topped with all the butter in the world your eyes can see!

[As City Jack grabs a forkload of pancake, the shot zooms to Jack's bearded face, eye's bulging wide.]

CJ: This here meal's enough even for this hungry hoss!

[Jack shovels the mass of butter, syrup, and pancake into his mouth and chews with a smile on his face.]

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

[The shot then cuts to a green screen of Jack in front of quick, blown-up shots of all the breakfast foods the restaurant offers.]

CJ: Not a flapjack fanatic? No problem! We've got ahm-lets! Eggs of any kind! Waffles! Bacon! Sausage! Breakfast burritos! Oat-meal! Soups! Dishes o' fresh fruit! Cre... Cra...

[Jack smiles as the background picture remains stuck on a crepe, with the worlds "World Famous Savory Crepes". Jack points to the words.]

CJ: Them things!

[The shot then cuts to Jack, back in the booth, but this time with every imaginable food item the restaurant offers.]

CJ: Why, if you're like me and can't decide? Get 'em all! Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks offers ALL sort of combos your heart - and stomach -

[Jack pats his protruding gut.]

CJ: Can desire!

[Jack waves his hand across the plethora of breakfast items in front of him.]

CJ: So when you're hungry and looking for somethin' to fill your gullet -

[Jack holds up a cup of coffee.]

CJ: Or just looking for a quick cup o' joe, come on down to Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks! For locations, just go on that wide webbed world and put in "Flapjacksforjacks.com" and make your way to a place near you!

[Jack smiles, winks with a nods... and then rams another big wad of pancake into his face.]

CJ: Ammnnd temlll mfJacmk mmssemt ffmmya!

[City Jack holds up a fork as "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks" pops above his head with the website address pulsating below Jack's face.

And we fade back to live action where we find Travis Lynch teeing off in the corner, throwing big knife-edge chops across the chest of the larger man!]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and- ohh! What a chop that was!

BW: You could hear that one up in the cheap seats, daddy!

[Reaching out, Lynch grabs Verhoeven by the arm, attempting an Irish whip but the bigger man reverses it, sending the Texan smashing into the buckles. He staggers out...

...and gets flattened with a running double axehandle hammer across the sternum!]

GM: Ohh! Verhoeven takes a page out of Ivan Kostovich's playbook with that old Hammer blow to the chest and that one really took a lot out of Travis Lynch.

BW: It sure did. Lynch is down, he's having trouble breathing, he's grabbing at his chest. Verhoeven hit the mark perfectly with that shot.

[Standing over his prone opponent, Verhoeven angrily kicks away at the arm, sweeping it off Lynch's chest...

...which gives him an open target as he leaps up, dropping an elbow down in the sternum!]

GM: Ohh! A near three hundred pound elbowdrop to the chest!

[Verhoeven rolls into a pin attempt, earning a two count before Lynch kicks out.]

GM: A two count there for the Butcher.

[The German pulls Lynch to his feet by the arm, just slinging him into the nearest set of buckles where he charges in, connecting with a running corner splash!]

GM: Avalanche in the corner!

[But as Lynch tries to stagger out of the buckles, Verhoeven shoves him back into the corner, squaring his shoulders.]

GM: Look out here...

[The big German tees off, throwing a right hook to the ribs followed by a left to the other side of the body. A trio of right hands find the upper ribcage before a straight left catches Lynch right on the bridge of the nose, knocking him to a knee.]

GM: Good grief! A barrage of boxing-quality blows to the body and face in the corner!

[Grabbing Lynch by his hair, Verhoeven unloads a massive headbutt to the skull that knocks Lynch flat, sending him down into a seated position against the buckles where he promptly plants his boot against the Texan's throat!]

GM: That's a choke! That's a blatant choke, fans!

[The official rushes in, starting a count on the illegal hold. But Verhoeven keeps it applied until four, slowly walking away just before the official can disqualify him. He strides out to the center of the ring, gesturing with his arms for the crowd to react. He nods at the rabid boos he receives as he turns back towards the corner...

...and rushes in!]

GM: Here comes the Butcher!

[Verhoeven stampedes towards the corner with the goal of planting his rear end into the face of Travis Lynch who narrowly avoids the charge, causing Verhoeven to SLAM his back into the buckles!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Lynch uses the opportunity to hop up on the middle buckle, measuring the German as he staggers out of the corner...

...and leaps off, snaring his head, and SLAMMING his face into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG OFF THE SECOND ROPE!!

[The popular Texan rolls Verhoeven to his back, diving across his chest!]

GM: Lynch covers! He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[The crowd groans as Verhoeven fires a shoulder off the mat in time!]

GM: Ohhh, so close right there for the Texan, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, but close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades. I heard that somewhere once.

[A fired-up Lynch rolls into the straddling mount, winding up his right hand and powering it down onto the skull of the German!]

GM: Big right hand on Verhoeven! And another! There's a third!

[The referee steps in, making a count but Lynch gets up at the count of two, shaking his head as he reaches down to haul the Butcher to his feet by the arm, firing him into the nearest set of buckles. With a whoop, he hops up on the midbuckle, raising his right hand...]

GM: Here comes the thunder!

[Lynch brings the big right hand down again and again as the crowd counts along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[The hometown hero hops down off the buckle to a big cheer from the crowd. He instantly grabs Verhoeven by the arm again, going for another whip...

...but the big German refuses to go along with it, reversing the momentum and sending Lynch smashing into the buckles where he staggers out into a big boot that knocks him flat!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: That might do it, Gordo!

[The Butcher settles into a pin attempt.]

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

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Just a two! Only a two count right there, fans!

[Verhoeven glares at the official who reiterates that it was only a two count as the near-three hundred pound Butcher retakes his feet, reaching down to drag Lynch off the mat by the hair...

...and then wraps his powerful arms around the torso in a bearhug!]

GM: Oh my! A big bearhug applied by Verhoeven here!

BW: And I like this move from him, Gordo. He's taken a bit of punishment. We're not sure exactly what kind of mileage he gets out of his gas tank so this is a smart move. He slows the match down, he fights at his own pace, and in the process, maybe he takes some wind out of Stench as well.

GM: Verhoeven's got it locked in, physically lifting the smaller man off the mat and ragdolling him back and forth, back and forth!

[The referee steps in, checking for a submission but Lynch quickly screams a refusal.]

GM: What does a hold like this do to a man, Bucky?

BW: A hold like this can break a man. In the right hands, you can bust up ribs with this. You can pop a lung with it. But even in the wrong hands, if you hold this tight enough, you suck the air out of an opponent. Lynch and Verhoeven are chest to chest here. What Bruno should do is wait for Lynch to take a deep breath and then crank it in deeper. Really tighten up that bearhug to try and take all the room away to breathe.

GM: You sound quite experienced with this hold.

BW: When I managed Hillbilly Watson back in '92, he used the bearhug to bust up a whole lot of people.

[As Lynch refuses to submit again, Verhoeven charges forwards, slamming Lynch's spine against the buckles. The big German steps back, again throwing hooking blows to the body before a ripping uppercut knocks Lynch down to a knee.]

GM: Those punches are really doing a number here on Travis Lynch tonight, fans.

[With two hands full of hair, Verhoeven drags Lynch back to his feet, swinging him around into a full nelson.]

GM: From the bearhug to the full nelson and I wouldn't have thought that Verhoeven would be bringing the submission-based attack here toni-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd's reaction comes as Verhoeven powers Lynch off the mat in the full nelson, THROWING him down onto his back with a slam!]

GM: Good grief! A full nelson slam by Verhoeven!

[Lynch's chest is heaving rapidly as he tries to recover while Verhoeven slowly approaches his head, raising his fist...

...and then deliberately drops the clenched fist down on the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Slow-mo fistdrop by the Butcher!

[Planting both hands on the chest of Lynch, Verhoeven applies another cover.]

GM: Cover for one! For two! For-

[But again, Lynch is out before the three count falls.]

GM: Lynch kicks out again!

[Verhoeven rises to his feet, unleashing a series of stiff kicks to the ribs that has Lynch rolling under the ropes and out onto the apron before the referee steps in to push the Butcher back.]

GM: Travis Lynch is right out here by us, trying to get a second wind to keep this fight going, fans.

[The Butcher leans over the ropes, pulling Lynch to his feet on the apron...

...and then hooks his massive hand around the Texan's throat!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: I'm outta here, Gordo!

GM: You sit down!

BW: You come with me!

[Verhoeven looks to try and hoist Lynch into the air but the Texan desperately wraps his arms around the ropes, resisting the lift.]

GM: Lynch is fighting it!

[An angry Butcher releases his grip on the throat, hammering a double axehandle across the skull. He leans forward, hooking a front facelock, and brings Lynch over the ropes hard in a suplex!]

GM: Suplex! A whole lot of impact right there, fans!

[Verhoeven again attempts a cover.]

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

[The Texas kicks out again!]

GM: Travis Lynch will NOT stay down, fans! Verhoeven is hitting him with everything he's got and he still can't keep him down for a three count.

[The German drags Lynch off the mat, firing him towards the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip... Lynch off the far side...

[And as the Butcher sets for a backdrop, Lynch catches him with a boot under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him!

[Verhoeven stumbles backwards towards the ropes as Lynch approaches, going into a full spin...

...and CRACKING the Butcher with a discus punch, sending Verhoeven sailing over the ropes where he crashes down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: That was a HARD fall, Gordo!

GM: It certainly was!

[Lynch collapses down to a knee as the referee starts a ten count on the downed Verhoeven.]

GM: The referee has started a count and Verhoeven is NOT moving after getting hit with that discus punch. Travis Lynch has used that discus punch to great effect over the years, knocking several people out cold, and you have to wonder if he just did exactly that, Bucky.

BW: Get up, Butcher!

GM: Bruno Verhoeven had this match pretty well in hand it seemed but he got caught on that backdrop attempt and then got smashed in the skull with the discus punch. The referee's count is up to four already.

BW: Verhoeven still hasn't budged, Gordo.

GM: The count to five... now to six...

[The crowd begins counting along with the referee, getting closer and closer to the ten count needed to end the match.]

GM: Travis Lynch's powerful discus punch may have just claimed another victim here tonight in Dallas, fans. We're up to seven now.

BW: I think this one's over. He STILL hasn't moved!

GM: Eight... Lynch must have caught him absolutely perfectly, Bucky. He must have coldcocked him.

BW: This is incredible. I don't even recall seeing Soup Bone Samson knock someone out cold like this and his fists were like solid steel.

GM: We've got nine...

[And finally...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The referee turns to the ring announcer, speaking through the ropes.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, Bruno Verhoeven has been COUNTED OUT of the ring. Therefore your winner is...

TRAAAAAAVIS LYNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[A slightly-dazed Lynch has his arm raised by the referee. Lynch doesn't look exactly pleased with the announcement despite the heavy cheers of the capacity crowd.]

GM: Travis Lynch is your winner by countout... and Bucky, this young man now has victories over Rex Summers and Bruno Verhoeven in his last couple of matches. You have to believe that the Championship Committee may be starting to take notice of him.

BW: I'd imagine the Championship Committee ain't takin' notice of much right about now, Gordo.

GM: Well, that's true. Fans, if you're just joining us, we started tonight with a major announcement by Jim Watkins. Last night at a live arena event in Westwego, Louisiana, an... incident... occurred surrounding the AWA National Title. At this time, we are being heavily restricted on what we can and can not say regarding that incident but there is a high level meeting going on in the locker room area with the Championship Committee as well as several members of the front office including co-owner Bobby Taylor who we saw earlier tonight. Those folks are meeting to determine exactly what happened last night in Westwego and what to do from here. We've got Jason Dane and Mark Stegglet back in the locker room, getting reaction from the various AWA competitors - in fact, Jason is camped out at that meeting, waiting to get us any information that he can. This incident sure has marred what was supposed to be a night of celebration, Bucky.

BW: It sure has. We've already had a couple of great matches and I'm sure we'll see more before the night is over but no matter how great a show we put on here tonight, it's like there's a cloud hanging over us. Last year, we talked a lot about the darkness that seemed to hang over the AWA - this is different, Gordo... very different.

GM: It's because what happened last night in Louisiana was a blatant and direct assault on this company. The individuals involved made a bold strike at the core of this company in an attempt to hurt the owners, the wrestlers, us, the fans - everyone who is involved with and who loves this promotion. That makes things very personal for a lot of people, Bucky.

BW: Amen, daddy.

GM: And that's not the only thing causing a dark cloud to hang over the proceedings here tonight. Folks, while we celebrate the anniversary of this great company, we also have to stop and remember some of the men who are unable to join us tonight, not because they have not been scheduled for any matches, but because they are unable to compete due to injuries. Men like Alex Martinez, who spent the better part of the last year battling the likes of Caleb Temple and Jeff Matthews, sent by The Dragon, who turned out to be William Craven; even men like Anton Layton, who despite his dastardly past, did not deserve what was done to him by the likes of Percy Childes and Nenshou. And, of course, the latest athlete added to the injury list, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, who was attacked, for no apparent reason, by a man he thought was his partner, in a match for Japan's Tiger Paw Pro two weeks ago.

BW: That one was a big surprise to me, Gordo. When you think of a man - a giant - like Mizusawa, you think of him as bulletproof... as unstoppable. I mean, think about the number of times we've seen him defeated in an AWA ring. I can count 'em up on one hand, I think. So, to see him laid out like he was in Japan was shocking.

GM: It certainly was. And as Jason Dane mentioned on All-Access, the front office has been extremely unhappy and disappointed with this turn of events and demanded an explanation from Tiger Paw Pro. Tiger Paw Pro management have apologized for allowing this to happen, but, as expected, even they do not know the reasons for the violent attack by the man known as the American Mastodon. However, I have word that a representative of the Mastodon has been in touch with the AWA and requested time, in the AWA ring, for the man himself to explain his actions. That's right, folks, in two weeks, the American Mastodon will be at Saturday Night Wrestling and while we don't know what this means, or what he'll say, suffice to say, the AWA front office is VERY interested in hearing it. Fans, we're going to take another quick break but before we do, I understand that Mark Stegklet has caught up with another guest. Mark?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegklet is standing.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Fans, as you might guess, there has been a lot of talk back here all night long in the locker room area about what went down in Westwego last night - the Westwego Incident, I've heard several people refer to it as. AWA officials have asked us all to be very careful what we say about the situation on the air until they've had sufficient time to investigate the situation and figure out what to do next. But still, there just seems to be a lot of people who are not happy about what went down.

[Mark steps to the side as the face-painted wrestler known as Supernova steps into view.]

MS: Joining me at this time is a man who is certainly at the center of this controversy here tonight - Supernova. Supernova, I'd like to, if I may, ask you a few quick questions about last night.

S: [nodding] Sure, Mark -- what do you want to know?

MS: Well, I don't know what you have to say about what happened in Westwego -- as I was just telling everyone, there's not a lot we can say on the air, but perhaps you have something to say to the fans? After all, we know how much the fans respect you and how much you care for them.

S: [sighing] Mark, it's just really hard to know what to say? I mean... I'm trying to respect what Jim Watkins asked of everyone, what Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegklet, Todd Michaelson... what they all asked of everyone... and, you know, I gotta be out there for The Money Pit tonight, but...

[A pause, as Supernova appears to be careful as to what he says.]

S: Jim Watkins, I do have to say to you that what happened wasn't your fault. Honestly -- there were a lot of us who couldn't make it that night. And part of me can't help but feel that all of us let you down -- let the AWA down. You know what I'm saying?

MS: Well, I don't think anybody with the AWA feels it's anyone's fault.

S: Yeah, I understand what you are saying... it's just that when I talked about how grateful I am for what the AWA has done for me and the opportunities I received... I just keep asking myself if there was something I could have done, had I been there that night.

[Another long pause.]

S: All I can do is just go out there and continue to do what I do best, and that's make those AWA fans happy. But I can promise you this... it's not just guys like William Craven who I'm gonna stand up to.

It's guys who are trying to tear at the very foundation of the AWA who I will stand up to should I ever see them... and that's a promise.

[Stegglet speaks up.]

MS: And you... of all people... really feel the sting of this situation knowing that you were supposed to be in Westwego to challenge for the National Title last night. What happened? Why weren't you there?

[Supernova grimaces.]

S: To be honest, Mark... I was pulled from the event. After what happened last time on the Money Pit when I couldn't make it due to travel problems, the AWA informed me that due to the weather, they were afraid that I wouldn't make it here tonight. They put out a declaration to every single person scheduled here tonight - if you weren't already in Westwego, get back to Dallas ASAP to save this show.

[Stegglet winces.]

MS: And that must be the hardest part of all for you to deal with. You were supposed to be there. You were supposed to face the National Champion. You... if you were there, perhaps none of this happens.

[Supernova slowly nods.]

S: Mark, you're saying the same things out loud that I've been saying to myself all day long.

[With that, Supernova walks up the hallway and off camera.]

JD: All right, fans, there you have it... Supernova is a man who may be feeling a bit guilty here tonight in Dallas. We'll be right back after this break.

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

[Shaw fades away to be replaced by BC Da Mastah MC.]

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

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

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out to a backstage shot. Mark Stegklet is standing in front of a generic AWA backdrop alongside the short, pudgy form of "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. Percy, a bald man with a dark goatee (which almost seems to be a very dark grey rather than a black) is wearing a black blazer, white undershirt, black tie and pants. He has his crystal-tipped cane in one hand and is glowering with a very upset demeanor.]

MS: Welcome back, fans... Percy Childes... earlier in the week, at the AWA headquarters, we were filming an interview when all of a sudden, "Showtime" Rick Marley arrived and made some allegations about you and your long-term plans here in the AWA!

PC: Mark Stegklet, if you actually knew my long-term plans, I would have seen to it that you never made it to the arena tonight! And that goes double for Rick Marley! He's snooping around, sticking his nose in my business! And that, Rick Marley, is unforgivable. I wouldn't take it personally if you opposed us in the ring. That's a professional move. But when you spy on me, and try to sabotage my working relationship with my men, that's a personal move. You wouldn't like me when I make it personal... and I'm not the one you've angered the most.

Rick Marley, the days of your career are numbered. You'll go the way of your father, but this time, it won't just be happenstance. This time, it will be quite intentional. And I know that many others have tried... and many of those are legends. Craven, Holliday, Whitecross, the list goes on. This isn't an effort to intimidate you. This is a message for the others. This is a message for those who will come after you, so that they will know to keep it in the ring. No one crosses me, Marley. No one.

But ask Brian Von Braun, Vernon Riley, Ron Houston, and Anton Layton if you don't believe me.

JD: Well, then I'd have to ask... hey!

[Jason's next question is interrupted as he is rudely shoved aside by... Ben Waterson? The "Agent To The Stars" is here, and he has a nervous, frenetic expression and matching body language. The infamous manager is dressed to impress in a olive green suit... that looks a little bit wrinkled. His usually spotless white dress shirt has what we can only assume is a coffee stain on the front. He doesn't look his usual self. Percy's reaction is a raised eyebrow.]

ATTSBW: Percy! Percy, thank god I found you. You know what's coming, right? You saw what he did to Matsui. We're next. You know that, right? I mean... Pedro's a good kid but-

PC: Relax, Ben. I'm one step ahead of you. He's here.

ATTSBW: "He?"

PC: I think you know who I mean.

[It's Waterson's turn to raise an eyebrow.]

ATTSBW: Him? Really? And he'll do it?

[Percy slowly nods.]

PC: It's been arranged. He'll do whatever you say until such time you release him back to my control.

[A still-frantic Waterson quickly nods, showing some signs of relief.]

ATTSBW: Okay, yeah, that'll work. Only...

[He trails off.]

PC: What?

BW: You know that if Vasquez survives this... he'll be coming for you next.

[Percy lets a light smirk escape.]

PC: That won't be a problem.

[Percy then turns to Stegglet and the camera.]

PC: We're done here. Get out of our way.

[Percy handpalms the cameraman away as he walks out of view. Waterson also leaves, nervously looking around him as if worried that Vasquez will leap upon him at any moment.]

MS: Fans, we just saw...

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: To be honest, I'm not entirely sure what we just saw. Some kind of deal it appears involving Percy Childes and Ben Waterson perhaps? We'll hopefully find out more as the night goes on. But for now, let's go back down to ringside to Gordon and Bucky! Guys?

[We crossfade from the shot of Mark Stegglet back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Thanks for that, Mark, and you're right, what DID we just see, Bucky?

BW: You think that high level discussions between the two smartest managers in our business would be clear to us peons?

GM: Well, who is this "he" that both men referred to?

BW: With the Agent To The Stars and the Collector of Oddities involved, couldn't it be just about anyone?

GM: I suppose you're right. Fans, our first hour of action here on the our big Anniversary Show is coming to an end. We've seen victories by Travis Lynch as well as Dick Bass and in a few moments, we're going to see Juan Vasquez step into the ring against Pedro Perez, a man who has been duck-

[Suddenly, the sounds of Soul Coughing's "Super Bon Bon" fills the air.]

GM: Uh oh. Fans, I was afraid of this.

[The curtain parts and Marcus Broussard, dressed to compete, comes striding down the aisle with a fired-up look on his face. He wastes little time in making his way down to the ring, snatching a mic from Phil Watson before climbing the steps, and moving through the ropes into the ring. He drags a thumb across his throat and the music abruptly cuts out.]

MB: Never let it be said that the AWA doesn't know how to throw a party.

Of course, what happened in Westwego last night turned it into one heck of a surprise party for the front office.

[The crowd jeers as Broussard gets an arrogant smirk on his face.]

MB: Not to say that I condone what happened in Louisiana but...

[He pauses.]

MB: Well, let's just say, there IS something to admire about people who've had their fill of the stuff the front office and the Championship Committee are shoveling and rise up to do something about it.

That's why I'm here tonight.

[Broussard walks over to the ropes, leaning on them.]

MB: I'm here to make a statement. You all know what that is?

A statement is like what the American Wrestling Alliance made four years ago when they announced that Marcus Broussard was the first person they had signed to be a part of this company.

A statement is like what the AWA made when they put the San Jose Shark in the tournament to crown the first National Champion.

And a statement is like what the AWA made to the wrestling world when they were able to stand up and promote yours truly as the greatest professional wrestler in the world today when I was carrying around the gold.

[Broussard pauses.]

MB: As much as it pains me to say it, maybe Stevie Scott is right. Maybe none of that means anything anymore. Maybe these kids look around the locker room now and they look past me. They think I'm washed up. They think I'm a hasbeen. They think that I had my moment of glory four years ago and when I lost the title to that neanderthal oaf, I lost everything.

And you know what?

Maybe they're right too.

[The crowd buzzes at this show of humility from the usually arrogant former National Champion.]

MB: But I don't believe that. I don't believe it for a second. I'm still the man who the AWA was able to build a talent roster around because they knew that if I was on board, the AWA meant serious business. I'm still the man who carried this company on my shoulders as the first man to wear that National Title belt.

Hell, I'm still the man that made you people lose your minds when I came back to be a part of WarGames.

And in case you've all forgotten, I'm STILL the man who helped orchestrate one of the most brilliant plots in wrestling history last year at Wrestlerock...

...amigo.

[The crowd jeers at the reminder.]

MB: So, with all that in mind, this moment... me, Marcus Broussard, the greatest National Champion of all time... the FIRST National Champion of all time... not being included on a momentous night like this?

This makes me sick.

And I will not leave this ring until someone makes it right.

[Broussard leans against the buckles.]

MB: I mean it... you can tell Preston and Marley... Vasquez... the Lynches... anyone back there waiting to come on that they can go back to the hotel, pop a cold one, and take it easy because as far as I'm concerned, unless Old Man Watkins and his cronies jammed back into that stuffy office trying to figure out how to pull their rear ends out of the first get me an opponent out here that is WORTHY of my time, this show stops right now.

[Broussard smirks as he lowers the mic, waving towards the locker room.]

GM: Marcus Broussard is staging a sit-in, fans! He says he's not going anywhere until he gets an opponent! What is going to happen now as this show comes to a grinding halt? We'll be right back so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

Kid #1: It's so hot.

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

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

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

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

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

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

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

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

SDW: And me!

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

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

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

And then fade back up to the ring where Marcus Broussard is still standing, now showing his lack of patience as he paces back and forth across the ring. As we fade in, we catch him in mid-sentence.]

MB: -think I'm bluffing or something, Watkins? I know you're back there and I know you can hear me! Get somebody out here right now or I'm going to-

[Suddenly, Broussard's cut off by the sounds of a song that would likely only be familiar to diehard AWA fans... which thankfully there are several of in the Fair Park Coliseum as they ERUPT in cheers!]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: There's no way, Gordo. There's no flippin' way.

[The song? "Livin' After Midnight" by Judas Priest. And the man who walks through the curtain with no ring announcer bringing him in?]

GM: It is! It is! "SPITFIRE" BUDDY LAMBERT IS HERE!

BW: I can't believe it!

GM: Buddy Lambert has just walked through that curtain to an enormous reaction from these fans. If you recall, fans, Buddy Lambert was a part of the AWA in the very early days but due to an injury, he vanished from the promotion and has not been back until tonight!

BW: And if you want to talk about an AWA Original, Gordo, this guy was not only on the first show like Marcus Broussard was... he was in the FIRST match!

GM: What a surprise here tonight in Dallas - and look at the San Jose Shark! He's in shock!

[Broussard certainly does seem surprised as he looks down the aisle to find Lambert waving to the crowd before starting his jog down the aisle to the ring. He's clad in basic wrestling trunks, pads to match, and white boots -- and is sure to slap as many hands as possible on the way to the ring, alternating sides along the guardrail. His waist-length white ring jacket that

is sequined with an image of flames coming up from the bottom and has "Spitfire" emblazoned on the collar in red stitching dangles off his body as he reaches the ring, grabbing the middle rope to pull himself up on the apron.]

GM: The crowd is surprised, we're surprised, Broussard's surprised! What a moment here for the Fourth Anniversary Show and even if it's just for one night, it's great to see Buddy Lambert back in an AWA ring.

[On the apron, Lambert shoots a fist into the air to the cheers of the crowd before launching himself over the top rope into the ring. He promptly pulls off his ring jacket, revealing a slightly out-of-shape torso before he hands the jacket off to a ringside attendant.]

GM: We're gonna need a referee out here, guys. If anyone's listening in the back, I think we just got ourselves an impromptu matchup here on the Anniversary Show.

[Referee Marty Meekly comes dashing from the back, diving under the ropes into the ring. He trades a few quick words with both men before calling for the bell.]

GM: And here we go! Fans, I have to say that during all my preparation for this night, wondering if the front office had any surprises up their sleeves for us... I never thought it would be this. I never thought we'd see Buddy Lambert, the Spitfire himself, back inside an AWA ring.

[The young man from Brentwood, Tennessee claps his hands together, moving to his right as he tries to loosen up. The San Jose Shark, obviously upset, mirrors the movement, looking for an opening to strike.]

GM: And if the Spitfire has kept in shape over the years, this could be an outstanding matchup, Bucky.

BW: And if he hasn't, Marcus will make mincemeat out of him.

GM: A former competitor for the legendary Mid-South Wrestling, Lambert certainly has the pedigree to give the San Jose Shark all he wants and then some but we're about to find out if the years have been kind to this young man.

[The two men come together in the center of the ring in a collar and elbow tieup, jockeying for position right off the bat. Broussard swiftly shows off his technical skills, grabbing Lambert by the wrist and twisting his arm.]

GM: Broussard immediately grabs a bodypart and twists it, going to work early on a limb. The San Jose Shark certainly loves to isolate a body part and punish it, Bucky.

BW: He does... and I gotta say, seeing Lambert in that ring really takes me back. Remember that first Memorial Day Mayhem and the big tournament? Ahhh, we was goin' to Sizzler back then, Gordo.

GM: You certainly were.

[Lambert looks for an escape, struggling against the armtwist...

...and then counters it into one of his own, bringing the Shark up onto his tiptoes. Lambert nods to the cheering crowd as he cranks on the arm, trying to turn up the pressure...]

GM: Broussard's getting a little of his own medicine right here, Bucky.

BW: Don't worry. He'll be out of it soon enough.

[Lambert brings his elbow from overhead down across the bicep, drawing out a yelp of pain from the former champion. A second elbow lands as well before Broussard simply backs up, grabbing the top rope with his free hand to cause the referee to step in to force a break.]

GM: Marty Meekly calling for a break and Lambert wastes no time in breaking, backing off too for a nice clean break.

BW: Ugh.

GM: Ugh?

BW: This is why Buddy Lambert never amounted to a thing in the AWA, Gordo. Clean breaks? Please. You gotta be ready to get dirty. You gotta waffle a guy with a right hand on the break... maybe kick 'em in the babymaker.

GM: Bucky!

BW: I'm just telling you what it takes to be a winner.

[After a few moments of circling, the two men come together again, this time Broussard hooks a side headlock before quickly taking Lambert down to the canvas with a headlock takeover!]

GM: The Shark takes him down to the mat, really grinding away with that side headlock...

[Wrapping his arms around Broussard's torso, Lambert rolls him back onto his shoulders, earning a two count before the San Jose Shark rolls back the other way.]

GM: Lambert had a nice counter there to turn it into a pin attempt but it just wasn't enough to keep him down for a three count.

[Broussard stays seated for several moments, cranking on the side headlock...

...and then gets rolled to his shoulders again, earning a much longer two count before he slips back onto offense.]

GM: That was closer, Bucky!

BW: What did I tell you earlier about "close"?

GM: Still, something like that has to make Marcus Broussard a little uneasy.

[Lambert gets his legs underneath him on the canvas, forcing the former National Champion back to his feet, shoving him off to the ropes...]

GM: Broussard off the far side...

[The fan favorite sidesteps, propelling Broussard up, over, and down hard on his back with a hiptoss!]

GM: Ohh! High impact hiplock takeover!

[Lambert backs off, measuring his man as he regains his feet, and gets CLOCKED with a dropkick that sends him sailing through the ropes, crashing down in a heap on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: What a dropkick! Lambert really caught him with that, Bucky!

BW: Even a stopped clock is right twice a day, Gordo.

[A fuming Broussard gets back to his feet, slapping the canvas in frustration as he paces around the ringside area, a ten count going the entire time.]

GM: Buddy Lambert's waving him back into the ring but Broussard doesn't seem like he's in a hurry. You think he took this kid too lightly when he saw him come through the curtain?

BW: You're talking about a guy who - to the best of my knowledge - hasn't wrestled in about four years, Gordo. Why WOULDN'T the former champion take him lightly?

GM: You just can't take anyone lightly in this business, Bucky.

[At the count of eight, Broussard pulls himself up on the apron, pointing a finger at Lambert as he shouts at him.]

"NO! I DON'T want fries with that... punk!"

[As Bucky cackles, the crowd jeers.]

GM: What exactly is he implying, Bucky?

BW: I thought it was pretty clear, Gordo. He thinks Lambert's a drive-thru jockey, daddy!

[Broussard steps through the ropes and immediately gets rushed by Lambert who apparently didn't take that comment too well as he shoves the San Jose

Shark back into the corner and rocks him with a right hand to the jaw... and a second... and a third... and a fourth... and a fifth!]

BW: Get him off the man, referee!

[Marty Meekly looks frantic, waving his arms back and forth to try and calm Buddy Lambert down as the Spitfire continues to hammer away at Broussard!]

BW: What the heck is going on here, Gordo? Has it been so long for him in the ring that he's forgotten how it's done?

GM: Buddy Lambert is living up to his nickname right now, fans!

[He finally breaks off the attack, grabbing his opponent by the arm to fire him across the ring where the San Jose Shark smashes hard into the buckles, staggering back out...

...and gets popped with an overhead elbow smash to the noggin that sends Broussard down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[Lambert quickly dashes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off...]

GM: ELBOW!

[A high, leaping elbowedrop connects, cracking Broussard across the sternum before Lambert rolls into another pin attempt.]

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

[But the San Jose Shark kicks out at two, not about to lose like that. A fired-up Lambert quickly takes the mount, grabbing Broussard by the hair, and hammering away with right hands!]

GM: Right hand! And another! And a third!

[The crowd is cheering as Marty Meekly again steps in, trying to get Lambert to break off the clenched fists.]

BW: This guy is out of control! They should throw this match out, call Marcus the winner, and send this punk redneck back to the speakeasy they dragged his stinkin' carcass out of, daddy!

[Lambert breaks off the attack, letting loose a big warcry to the crowd who echoes it.]

GM: This young man is fired up, Bucky! He's so happy to be out here in front of all these fans again.

[Lambert leans down, pulling Broussard up by the hair. A well-placed right hand sends the San Jose Shark tumbling back into the corner. Lambert promptly leaps up to the midbuckle, lifting his fist again...]

BW: Again?!

[But the Spitfire only is able to land a handful of punches before Marcus Broussard slips out from under him, reaching up to grab a handful of the back of Lambert's trunks with his right hand...

...and YANKS him off the middle rope, causing the back of his head to SLAM into the canvas at a violent impact!]

GM: OHHH! Oh my stars, Bucky... this might be over right now.

[An angry Broussard launches into a storm of stomps to the head and neck, forcing Lambert to roll under the ropes and out to the floor. The San Jose Shark doesn't waste any time in stepping out to the apron. He grabs Lambert's hair, pulling his head and upperbody closer to the ring.]

GM: What's he trying to do here?

[With Lambert's face pressed against the apron, Broussard STOMPS down on the back of the head, causing him to snap back to the floor, instantly reaching up with both hands to cover his face.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: He just stomped his face into the hardest part of the ring!

GM: That could have caused a serious facial injury, fans! We can't see Buddy Lambert's condition quite yet but...

[Broussard drops down off the apron, still looking quite angry as he hauls Lambert off the floor by the hair...

...and SLAMS his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Oh, come on! Referee, you gotta do something about this!

[Marty Meekly finally slides to the floor, shouting at Broussard who glares at him before shoving Lambert under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: The San Jose Shark brings him back in... rolling back in himself now...

[Broussard measures the downed Lambert, walking across the ring, and SLAMMING his knee down into the skull with a leaping kneedrop!]

GM: OHHH!

[The first National Champion applies a lateral press, grinding his forearm bone into Lambert's cheekbone while doing so.]

GM: Meekly counts one! He counts two! But that's all!

[An angry Broussard shoves himself into the mount, returning the favor by hammering away with right hands to the face!]

GM: Those are closed fists, referee!

BW: So were Lambert's when he did the same thing earlier in the match.

GM: And the referee made him break off that attack, Bucky.

BW: Not quick enough in my book.

[As Broussard finally gets back to his feet, he drags Lambert up with him, throwing him bodily back into the buckles. He immediately slams a boot into the midsection before hooking a front facelock, dragging the young man out of the buckles...

...and snapping him over with a suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Big snap suplex nearly takes the man out of his boots!

[Broussard doesn't even attempt a pin this time, simply sitting up and glaring out at the jeering crowd.]

GM: There have been times when Marcus Broussard was one of the most popular men in this company and there have been times, like now, when is one of the most hated.

[The San Jose Shark slowly takes his feet, backing to the corner where he hops up to the middle rope.]

GM: Look out here...

[Broussard slowly raises his right fist into the air while jerking his left thumb towards himself...

...and then leaps off his perch, smashing his clenched fist into the skull of Lambert!]

GM: Middle rope fistdrop by the Shark! And that might be it, fans!

[Broussard nods to the crowd as he applies another cover.]

GM: The fistdrop gets a one... it gets a two... it gets a-

[But Lambert fires a shoulder off the canvas! An angry Broussard pops immediately to his feet, raining down stomps on the raised shoulder. The referee steps in again, forcing Broussard back, who shoves the official aside, walking back in and DROPPING a knee down on the offending shoulder, causing Lambert to cry out in pain!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Marcus Broussard needs no friends and takes no prisoners. You want to keep lifting that shoulder off the mat, he might break it right now!

[Kneeling on the shoulder, the San Jose Shark grinds his knee back and forth on the joint while hooking the arm under his armpit, cranking back on it.]

GM: A modified armbar applied!

[Hanging onto the arm, Broussard gets back to his feet and drops the knee once... twice... and a third time before he cranks back on the arm again, causing Lambert to howl in agony.]

GM: Buddy Lambert's arm is being ripped out of its socket by Marcus Broussard but the kid refuses to quit - continuing to hang on, Bucky.

BW: Lemme know how that works out for him when he's only got one arm to put his pants on with.

[Broussard, sensing no submission is coming, climbs back to his feet, breaking the hold. Lambert immediately rolls to his stomach, trying to shield his shoulder from further attack...

...but the San Jose Shark wastes no time in launching another barrage of stomps aimed at the shoulder, forcing Lambert under the ropes and out to the floor again.]

GM: The referee tries to step in but Broussard just moves right past him, heading out to the floor now...

[Once on the floor, Broussard grabs a handful of the back of Lambert's trunks, wheeling the young man around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE POST! SHOULDERFIRST INTO THE STEEL RINGPOST!!

[Lambert instantly crumples to the floor, clutching his shoulder in pain. Broussard leans down, grabbing the young man by the wrist as he steps past him...

...and YANKS the arm, pulling Lambert's shoulder into the post!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Broussard repeats the brutal move, slamming flesh against steel repeatedly. After a few more smashes into the post, he releases his grip, allowing Lambert to slump to the padded floor in pain.]

GM: That arm's gotta be hanging on by a thin, thin thread at this point in the matchup, Bucky.

BW: Marcus is putting on a clinic on how to physically dissect an opponent. All those chumps in the Combat Corner should ignore Michaelson and watch this match instead, daddy.

[As the count reaches six, Broussard tosses his hurting opponent under the ropes into the ring before rolling back in.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring now.

[Broussard pulls the injured Lambert up by the arm, whipping him into the nearest set of buckles.]

GM: Whip into the corner! Goodness! A whole lot of impact right there!

BW: And that may not look like it's going after the shoulder but I can guarantee you that hitting the buckles that hard will shake every part of Buddy Lambert's body.

[Lambert stumbles out of the corner into a high bodylock.]

GM: Belly to belly!

[Broussard pops his hips, twisting Lambert around in the air, and DRIVING him down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! That'll do it!

[But the San Jose Shark instead flips Lambert to his stomach, grabbing at the hurting arm...

...and SLAMMING it backwards in a Fujiwara Armbar!]

GM: Fujiwara! He's got it locked in! He learned this hold from the master of it - Hall of Famer Jeff "Madfox" Matthews - and he's got it expertly applied!

BW: Look at the grip! Look at the positioning! Look at the torque! This is a master of the sweet science of professional wrestling, daddy!

GM: Lambert's trying to hang on but the pain is-

[The referee quickly signals for the bell.]

GM: That's it!

[But Broussard doesn't seem about to let up on the hold, still cranking back on the arm!]

GM: Oh, come on! Enough's enough! You got the submission - you won the match! Let the man go!

[Broussard angrily shakes his head at the referee's orders, continuing to crank back on the arm.]

GM: He's trying to break the man's arm!

BW: Oh, he's already done that. Now he's trying to make sure Lambert NEVER tries to come back again!

GM: This is horrible! This guy is sick! What kind of people do you associate yourself with, Bucky Wilde?! What kind of-

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: STEVIE SCOTT!

[The wild-eyed Hotshot comes tearing down the aisle, a metal bar of some kind in his hands. He dives under the bottom rope and comes up swinging, narrowly missing a baseball-style swing at the head of a fleeing Marcus Broussard!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! That was close, Bucky! Too close!

BW: This guy is a maniac! Something has snapped inside of Stevie Scott's feeble little mind and he's lost it! He just attempted major bodily harm on Marcus Broussard with some kind of... what the heck is that?!

[The camera cuts closer to show a piece of rebar gripped in Stevie Scott's right hand.]

GM: That's rebar, Bucky! That reinforcing steel you'd see at a construction site! Where the heck did he get that?

BW: Better question - how the heck does that belong inside a WRESTLING ring?!

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky. It doesn't. But desperate times call for desperate measures sometimes and Marcus Broussard was not going to release that hold until he'd ended Buddy Lambert's ability to use that arm.

BW: You think Stevie Scott gives a damn about that? He wants Broussard!

[Scott flings the rebar down to the mat, waving for the mic.]

GM: It looks like the former National Champ's got something to say, Bucky.

[Scott raises the mic, pointing down the aisle with his free hand.]

HSS: NOW things are getting interesting!

[The crowd cheers Scott's manic behavior.]

HSS: You want to break a man's arm?

[Stevie angrily slaps his own arm.]

HSS: Come break my arm!

[The crowd roars as Stevie paces around the ring, nodding.]

HSS: We're linked, Broussard... you and I. And there's only one way we can break the link so one of us can slink off into the sunset a broken man...

[He turns his head slightly, cupping his hand to his mouth and "whispering."]

HSS: That's him, by the way.

[He turns back towards the aisle where Broussard continues to retreat.]

HSS: Only one way, Shark.

[He nods to the already-cheering crowd.]

HSS: Two words. Five letters. I! QUIT!

[HUUUUUUUGE CHEER! Stevie spikes the mic to the canvas, waving an arm to invite Broussard back to the ring but the San Jose Shark's having none of that particular idea.]

GM: You heard it, fans! For the second time now, Stevie Scott has challenged Marcus Broussard to an I Quit match! How much longer can Marcus Broussard ignore the challenge?!

BW: He should accept it! Stevie Scott is mixed nuts, daddy! He's challenging a ring general - a Van Gogh of the canvas - to a submission match?! The man barely knows a wristlock from a wristwatch and he wants to tangle with a man who has got the SoCal Clutch AND the Fujiwara plus who knows what else in his arsenal? It's like bringing a slingshot to a gunfight and believe me, the San Jose Shark can rid the AWA once and for all of this punk by making him quit in the middle of the ring.

GM: Will the San Jose Shark accept the challenge? Fans, let's go backstage to the locker room area where I'm told Jason Dane has an update on what's going on in that high-level meeting about the Westwego Incident! Jason?

[We crossfade back to the backstage area where Jason Dane is still standing outside the meeting room.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Just moments ago, a very agitated Jon Stegglet walked out of that room. He wouldn't tell us much but he did admit that all possible scenarios are on the table right now. There is a lot of heated discussion going on in there - we can hear raised voices on a pretty regular basis. Mr. Stegglet also let us know that they are desperately trying to get an answer for us before the end of the night but at this point, he is not willing to guarantee that will happen.

We've also been told that the AWA legal team has reached out to YouTube to try and get some videos posted by the parties in question removed from that website.

But here's an exclusive directly from me, Gordon...

[Dane looks around before speaking.]

JD: MY sources are telling me that the video that is currently on YouTube is not the only one out there. I'm being told that the men involved with this incident have documented the ENTIRE night and are currently preparing to release that footage to the public. You can bet that news will REALLY drive the-

[Suddenly, the door swings open as a furious Todd Michaelson storms out.]

JD: Todd... err... can we get a-

[Michaelson glares at his brother-in-law.]

TM: Who?

JD: What?

TM: Who are your sources?

JD: What are you talking about-

TM: You think we're not watching our own show in there? We all just heard what you said. That video can't get out... not until we've had a chance to review it. So, I need to know who in the hell your sources are and if we can get that footage in our hands.

[Dane looks uncomfortable.]

JD: Todd, you know I can't-

[An angry Todd Michaelson interrupts.]

TM: No! I don't know what you can and can't do. But I can tell you what I do know. I know that there's a reason you have a job in this business and you're looking at him. I gave you the job working for me in PWR... I put in the good word for you in Los Angeles with Blue... I got you hired here.

So, spare me what you can and can't do, Jason.

[Dane looks stunned at being publicly dressed down but stays silent.]

TM: Didn't make a dent, did I?

[Michaelson shakes his head.]

TM: You don't understand how serious this is. You think it's just a game... some scoop for you to land to make yourself a hero to the Internet... maybe get a few more followers on Twitter.

You don't get it.

[Michaelson starts to go back into the room but Jason speaks up.]

JD: Todd...

[Michaelson pauses, not turning around.]

JD: The Money Pit... it's... uhh... it's next.

[Michaelson very visibly sighs, his shoulders slumping. He quickly turns around, shoving his brother-in-law back against the wall as he storms past him. Jason Dane stands silent, shocked as he watches Michaelson walk away as we fade to black.]

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 panning shot of the Fair Park Coliseum. We cut to find Todd Michaelson standing in the ring, looking much like he did just before the commercial break.]

TM: Look... I think you guys can all guess that I'm not exactly happy to be out here right now. There's some serious stuff being discussed back in that room and as one of the owners of this company, I need to be there for that.

But I did make a commitment to be here and unlike a lot of people in the world of professional wrestling, I like to honor my commitments.

[Michaelson is seething as he paces around.]

TM: So, I told 'em I'd come out here and do this... but no music... no fancy set... I didn't even want chairs in here. Let's just...

[Michaelson shakes his head.]

TM: Let's get these guys out here and get down to it.

[Michaelson lowers the mic, gesturing towards the entrance curtain just before "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest plays over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response, as the face-painted wrestler known as Supernova emerges from the back. He is dressed in a black AWA T-shirt and blue jeans. He stops midway down the aisle, looking out to the roaring fans, then cups his hands to his face and lets loose a howl.

Supernova then walks down the aisle to the ring, scaling the steps, and ducking between the ropes, where he extends his hand as he approaches Todd Michaelson. The two share a quick handshake.]

TM: Supernova, first, let me say that I heard what you had to say earlier tonight backstage. And believe me, there's not a soul in that locker room who blames you for what happened last night in Westwego.

[Supernova lowers his head, nodding slightly.]

TM: That... incident... has a lot of blame to go around but you're not one of the people who should feel the slightest bit of guilt. You got me?

[Supernova nods, a little more confident now.]

TM: But that's not what we're really out here to talk about, right? We're out here to talk about this situation that's brewing between yourself and the so-called One Man Revolution, William Craven.

[The crowd jeers at the announcement of Craven's name.]

TM: He's gonna be out here in a little bit too as you know but before he comes out here, I want to ask you a couple of questions.

S: [nodding] Fair enough.

[Michaelson nods as well.]

TM: I think when you hear the name "Supernova" these days, it brings a smile to the face of a lot of these people here in the building.

[Big cheer!]

TM: And I'll tell you, kid... it brings a smile to a lot of the boys in the back and in the front office too. You see, we appreciate how much you do for this company... we appreciate your dedication. Like we just talked about, there's not a whole lot of guys who would feel guilty about management pulling them from a show... but you do. And that's why these people love you.

[Another big cheer! Supernova beams sheepishly.]

TM: But as much as you love this company - the company I consider the greatest professional wrestling organization in the world today...

[Another big cheer! Todd's on a roll!]

TM: ...I've gotta ask you a very serious question in front of all these great fans. I've gotta ask you the same question I asked you in that locker room several weeks ago now.

[A pause.]

TM: Do you realize exactly what you are getting yourself into when you challenge a man like William Craven?

[Supernova pauses, looking down at the mat for several seconds.]

S: Todd, I appreciate all the kind words for me but it's just like I told you when you asked me this question in the back -- I know what kind of a man William Craven is. I know how dangerous he can be. And I know what he says he wants to bring upon the AWA -- but as I've said before and will say again: I will not stand by and let that happen!

You see, Todd, men like you, like Jon Stegglet, like Bobby Taylor -- you've all been so good to me since I came to the AWA. You all told me I had to earn everything I wanted and I took that to heart. Most of all, I took to heart the tradition you all wanted to bring back to this business, even after you all lived your lives in the land of extreme for some time. And I feel I owe it to you, to Jon, to Bobby, to all these people out here -- to do the right thing and stand up for that tradition!

[The fans respond approvingly, which causes Supernova to momentarily acknowledge them.]

TM: So you haven't changed your mind?

[Supernova smiles.]

S: Not in the slightest.

[Todd chuckles a bit as he nods.]

TM: Hey, I have to respect that. I've been known to get in there with some pretty crazy guys myself when I shouldn't have. But in this business, it's all about being able to look yourself in the mirror in the morning... and if I hear you right, I think you're the kind of guy who couldn't look himself in the mirror in the morning if you let Craven's madness go unchecked.

[Supernova nods.]

TM: But again, I've gotta point out to you what you're dealing with - this is William Craven. This is a man who says he wants to take the AWA and twist it into some warped vision of what he thinks a promotion should be. He wants to take the AWA and turn it... well, he wants to turn it into the EMWC! He wants to turn it into a land of dented chairs, broken tables, flesh-shredding barbed wire, lightbulbs... all that stuff!

[A pretty large portion of the crowd cheers that. Michaelson looks agitated.]

TM: But that's not all it brings. The chairs, the tables... sure. But it also brings guys like Caleb Temple and Simon Ezra having their careers shortened by the pills and other stuff it takes them to get out of bed in the morning. It brings concussions and broken limbs. It brings pain and suffering - the horrible feeling knowing that your favorite wrestler just had to retire because he broke his damn neck trying to get you to cheer for him.

[An obviously haunted Michaelson trails off, shaking his head.]

TM: Never again, damn it. Never again. But kid, this Craven - he's unpredictable... he's ruthless and he doesn't give a damn who he hurts. Alex Martinez and I aren't exactly the best of friends but we've known each other a long time. I've NEVER seen Martinez broken down like he was after that whole Dragon mess. You saw all that, right? Are you truly ready for a man - a monster - like that?

[Supernova leans over the offered mic.]

S: Todd, no offense meant, but you act as though I've never been in the ring with somebody who was unpredictable -- such as Nenshou! That I've never been in the ring with somebody ruthless -- such as Calisto Dufresne! And hey, as far as William Craven not caring who he hurts -- I entered the Tower of Doom against men like Sultan Azam Sharif and The Russians, and believe me, a match like that definitely hurts! So I know what it's like to feel pain, and I know what it's like to have to persevere through that pain to get the job done.

I don't deny what Craven has done and what he is capable of -- but I'll just say that, I may not have faced a man like Craven -- but I have my doubts Craven faced a man who is as crazy as Supernova!

[Another crowd response of approval, to which Supernova responds by howling to the crowd. Todd seems to sigh.]

TM: I can appreciate the enthusiasm and the desire to not back down from a fight. I truly can, kid. I wish you the best of luck with it.

[A pause, another deep breath.]

TM: But right now, let me introduce the man who has been waiting for this face to face confrontation with you...

[One last pause.]

TM: William Craven!

[A pregnant pause is felt by all in attendance before "When You're Evil" by Voltaire begins to play, the plaintive wailing of it's violin indicating that it isn't Craven that's coming out. From the back comes the gas-masked Minion, servant of Craven and the herald of his arrival from when he was simply known as "the Dragon". The masked man walks the long path down the aisle, receiving a mic from a ringside attendant as he scales the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes. He stands before an annoyed Michaelson and Supernova, the latter of which has his hands on his hips as he glares across the ring.]

MINION: What say you then? Expecting a different man in a different skin? My master did not expect your presence today, such was your cowardice the last time this meeting was ordained.

[Supernova shakes his head.]

S: Look, nothing more would have pleased me than to be here, face to face, with the man you call your master, but you can blame that on the airlines and the weather. But now that I am here... where is your master, huh?

[The Minion tilts his head like an interested animal would.]

MINION: Mechanical difficulties and acts of God are a convenient excuse, aren't they? To absolve yourself of any and all blame you could scarcely hope for a better explanation. The Dragon does not believe your lies...

[A heated Supernova cuts him off.]

S: And The Dragon isn't here, is he? Instead, he sends out the hired help! Now, if you and your master don't accept my explanations, then I'm not gonna accept whatever excuses you come up to explain why Craven won't get his butt out here!

[The Minion continues to speak, barely acknowledging the insult.]

MINION: Such fear you must hold in your heart, "Supernova", for the real--

[And the Minion goes down like a ton of bricks as Supernova runs him over with a clothesline!]

GM: Oh yeah!

[Supernova pulls the masked man off the canvas, throwing a big right hand to the jaw. A second one sends him sprawling back to the corner where he lifts his hands in obvious surrender just before a third right hand lands, knocking the masked man to his knees. The face-painted warrior leans over, reaching for the mask.]

GM: He's gonna pull off the mask! We're going to see who is under that hood!

[Suddenly, Todd Michaelson shouts some semblance of a warning off-mic before a massive green form comes tearing under the ropes, rushing across the ring, and smashes, bodily, into Supernova, crushing him into the corner as the Minion slips to the floor, tugging his mask back into place and narrowly avoiding his master's onslaught!]

GM: CRAVEN CAME OUT OF THE CROWD! Nobody even saw him!

BW: It's unreal how the big man can move, Gordo. He was in the ring and on Supernova before anyone knew what was going on!

[Craven suddenly pulls his wooden sword into view, holding it high over his head as Supernova slowly turns from the corner...]

WC: DIE!!!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The heavy shot from the kendo stick-like weapon sends Supernova flailing back into the buckles. Craven repeats the attack, shouting again as he swings the wooden sword down at the top of Supernova's head.]

[That word Craven repeats time and again as he slams the pommel of his wooden sword into the top of Supernova's head.]

WC: DIE!!!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

WC: DIE!!!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

WC: DIE!!!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Time and again, the splintering wood meets the skull, knocking the fan favorite down to one knee as he grabs the top rope loosely with one hand, preventing himself from a complete collapse to the mat.

With a kneeling Supernova before him, Craven winds up, raising his faux blade for what looks to be a decapitating stroke.]

WC: AAAAAAAAAHHH!!!

[He lunges forward with the intent of braining Supernova with the weapon but Todd Michaelson has seen enough, throwing himself at Craven from behind and attempting to grab the weapon before it can be swung at full force.]

GM: Michaelson's got it! He's preventing him from-

[But the former World Champion fails to pull the sword away, only slowly the attack as Craven turns and twists, ripping the weapon out of Michaelson's hands and SLAMMING the edge of it into the belly of the AWA executive, sending him falling to his knees, clutching at his ribs. A second blow lands, smashing off the back of the doubled-up Michaelson's head, knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: It's happening again! Craven's lost his mind and Todd Michaelson may have made the biggest mistake of his life! Something needs to be done before Craven really hurts someone again!

[Craven shouts something unheard at Michaelson as he wheels around towards his intended victim, rearing back...

...and getting popped with a right hand on the jaw to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Supernova! Supernova is fighting back!

[A slight trickle of blood is streaming down the forehead of the fan favorite, leaving a red line trailing down his face through his signature face paint as he presses forward, throwing haymaker after haymaker to the skull of the bigger man, forcing him back across the ring...]

BW: Supernova lives to fight! I can't believe it! I thought Craven was gonna finish him off!

[With a shout to the crowd, Supernova dashes to the ropes.]

GM: The element of surprise is gone and Supernova is-

[As the California native charges forward, attempting a clothesline, he instead catches a sharp thrusting front kick to the midsection, tumbling down to the mat. He quickly scrambles to all fours, trying to regain his feet before Craven can strike - trying to survive against an armed opponent of superior stature.]

GM: Supernova's down again and- look out here!

[An advancing Craven locks a one-handed Muay Thai style clinch on Supernova's head and neck, throwing repeated knee strikes to the face of the fan favorite.]

GM: Knee! Knee! Get him off Supernova!

[The fans boo lustily as the big green freak absorbs any and all shots to the gut trying to get free, returning fire with more knees. He straightens Supernova up for a moment, blasting the cut forehead with a trio of sharp elbow strikes, deepening the cut as Supernova collapses to the mat, shaking his head and weakly rolling about, trying to find his feet.]

GM: Get up, kid! You gotta get up!

BW: The Dragon's having his way! Supernova is gonna regret ever getting on William Craven's radar!

GM: How can you enjoy this, Bucky!? Craven's using a weapon! This isn't wrestling this is assault! This is wrong!

BW: His knees?! His elbows?! How are those weapons?!

GM: He WAS using a weapon! And look! Now he's gonna do it again!

[Stalking around behind Supernova as he gets on his hands and feet, Craven squares his shoulders and levels his sword to point at the back of

Supernova's head. Horrified, gasping and shouting, the crowd sees this and tries to warn their hero.]

GM: Oh no ... what's he doing?

[Rising up on the balls of his feet, Craven nearly touches the back of Supernova's head with the tip as the face-painted warrior rises to his knees, his war paint now almost completely obscured by a crimson mask. Seemingly unaware of his surroundings, Supernova wobbles, trying to stand, one foot slipping out to the side to plant uneasily on the mat. Craven raises the bo'ken--]

GM: Oh no ... no no no!

[Craven unleashes one more godawful anguished screams.]

WC: DIEAAAAAHHH!!!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASSH!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[--and shatters it over the head of the near-senseless Supernova. Collapsing, seemingly comatose, he leaves Craven alone in the ring. Grabbing a nearby microphone, Craven straddles the back of Supernova, squatting over him and planting the hand that holds the broken sword hilt next to Supernova's face. Breathing heavily, his voice, full of spit and gravel rings out over the PA as a sickening dirge...]

WC: Have I ever met a man so crazy as the Supernova? Aheh, only every day, my friend, pale pretender to the throne of madness that you are, the only insanity you own is a misguided belief in your own abilities.

[Hunching further, Craven gets next to Supernova's ear as the camera zooms in. The fans at home see a dichotomy of color and nature as the green Craven, awake and alive, contrasts with the crimson-masked Supernova, seeming near death.]

WC: You equate me to what you have seen before for those men were unpleasant. Such comparisons only serve to obscure the nature of what we now share. Yes, you are hero and I am villain and this passion play in which we now star is a dramatic re-enactment of violent rituals as old as time! However ... I am no mere mortal man, Supernova ... I am the avatar of violence...

[Breathing heavily, restraining laughter, Craven uses his free hand to pop one of Supernova's eyelids open and looks at it briefly.]

WC: The men you named ... have a reason for living outside of the business that we call home. When I leave this arena ... it is not by choice. When I leave this arena no amount of battle will have been enough. Even now I restrain myself from finishing what I've started ... for the men outside, those who wait to tend your injuries, would doubtless wrap me in a jacket with

sleeves ten sizes too long and toss me away. All that keeps me in check is the promise of more ... more violence, more glory, more blood...

And yet there is more than the simple application of my nature here. You oppose the revolution, to bring the pure love of violence to AWA and re-acquaint the people at large with what they've forgotten is the one true way. You seek to preserve your way ... and prevent mine from taking hold. This cannot stand. This cannot be...

So now I depart, "Supernova", with the promise of more to come. And don't worry ... it gets worse...

[Pressing his lips to Supernova's bloodied forehead, Craven rises to his feet and grins. The contrast of the red lips encircling sharpened, white teeth and surrounded by green is striking as the crowd falls silent. Craven gestures to the officials, security personnel and EMTs to enter as he rolls from the ring. Backing up the aisle he stares back at the hell he's wrought and laughs aloud, split tongue waving wildly as we fade to black.]

Fade 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.]

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[We slowly fade to black.

And then back up to Jason Dane standing outside the meeting room in the backstage area. Standing next to him is yet another AWA executive, the head of Talent Relations, Bill Masterson.]

JD: Welcome back to the Fourth Anniversary Show and joining me at this time, about to re-join the meeting after a brief break is AWA front office member Bill Masterson. Mr. Masterson, I have to ask, did you see what William Craven just did?

[Masterson shakes his head.]

BM: The inmates are running the asylum.

JD: I’m sorry.

BM: Yeah, I saw it. Craven’s out of control. Big shock to everyone, I’m sure. This is part of the problem, you know?

JD: What is?

BM: Controversy is cash, right? Isn’t that the saying?

JD: I believe so.

BM: So, they tell me to go out and get the guys who make headlines because those are the wrestlers that fans will pay their hard-earned money to come see in the arenas and that they’ll tune in their TVs to WKIK to see in action. You think the front office didn’t know what kind of stuff William Craven is capable of before they asked me to sign him to a contract?

You heard this American Mastodon story, yeah?

[Dane nods.]

BM: Of course you did. You reported it. So, I send Mizusawa off to Japan for this tour... trying to help build the AWA’s name over in Japan. During the tour, he gets laid out by this Mastodon guy whose name has been on and off my desk for years. Mizusawa’s gonna be on the shelf with injuries for months and there’s no doubt in my mind that this guy did this to try and get a foot in the door here.

You know what the office told me? “Think he can put butts in the seats?”

[Masterson chuckles.]

BM: This stuff last night in Westwego? I’m just surprised something like this didn’t happen earlier.

JD: So, uhh... well, what's next?

BM: You ask me, you tell `em all to go to hell and start fresh.

JD: What are you saying? Fire everyone?

BM: Sure. You telling me you'd miss James Monosso or the Bishops or that lot?

JD: Well, they are all quite skilled in the ring.

[Masterson smiles.]

BM: That's the real problem, ain't it? It'd be easy to do if they weren't good at their jobs.

[He slaps Jason on the shoulder.]

BM: Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm sure we're looking at Option Q at what to do about the National Title situation in there and I'd hate to miss that one.

[Masterson moves past Jason Dane into the backstage meeting room.]

JD: This night just gets weirder and weirder, fans. Let's go down to the ring for more action here on the Anniversary Show!

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

PW: This match is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit.

[Gordon interrupts.]

GM: The Championship Committee has given these two men a thirty minute time limit as opposed to the fifteen minute time limit they had on All Star Showdown. Remember, this is a rematch from the time limit draw they had that night, fans.

[Watson continues.]

PW: From Greenville, South Carolina... weighing 248 pounds...

ERIC PREEESSTTOOOOOOONNNN!!

[The Fair Park Coliseum ERUPTS in cheers as "Show Me How To Live" by Audioslave kicks in over the PA system and Eric Preston trots through the curtain. The first thing evident on Preston is a large amount of wrap around his injured knee.]

GM: Check out the knee on Eric Preston, Bucky.

BW: Rick Marley tried to talk him out of this match... tried to get him to have the match on a night when his knee wasn't mush... but Preston's too stubborn to go for that. He wanted the match tonight.

GM: I don't know if "stubborn" is the word I'd choose. He's a very determined young man who will do whatever it takes to be successful inside this ring. We've seen him fight hurt before, Bucky.

BW: Sure. And lucky for him, Marley's probably too much of a nice guy to cripple him here tonight... but you can bet he's not too nice to take advantage of that injury and win this match.

[The chiseled Preston stands at the top of the aisle for a long moment, showing off his customary purple tights with a orange and white waistband just before he starts to walk down the aisle - a very slow walk punctuated by a limp from time to time.]

GM: That knee looks to be in worse shape than we thought. Honestly, I'm not sure Preston should be competing in this match tonight.

[Preston slowly takes the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes and moving to his corner where he tugs at the ropes, loosening up his arms and shoulders as the official moves to chat with him.]

GM: The referee may be checking with him to make sure he wants to compete as well.

BW: I can't imagine Preston would give up and walk out after coming out here to compete, Gordo.

GM: Neither can I. Eric Preston is in the ring, ready to compete... and now we wait for his opponent.

BW: Who knows if Marley will even make it out here?

GM: What do you mean?

BW: After he interrupted Percy Childes and got on his bad side earlier this week, Percy might have had his skull cracked open back in the locker room tonight.

GM: I hope you're wrong about that

Father...Forgive me the wrongs I have done...and those...I am about to do.

[The arena lights dim as laser lights begin to play around the roof of the arena for a five count. Suddenly, twin blasts of white spotlight hit the entry way, flashing in time with the bass drum as the remainder of "Saints of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue floods the PA system. As the audience's eyes adjust to the light level again, they see "Showtime" Rick Marley making his way to the ring. The fair skinned light heavyweight has his long dark hair

pulled back in a pony tail and wears a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. White spotlights trail up from his black boots and cascade up the pant legs.]

PW: From Allentown, Pennsylvania and weighing in at two-hundred and fifteen pounds. Here is "SHOOOOOOOOWTIME" RICK MARLEEEEEEEEEEEY!

[Marley slaps hands with the fans at ringside until he is about 15 feet from the ring, at which point he sprints the distance, sliding under the bottom rope, striding across the squared circle to climb to the second rope in front of the announcer's table, where he raises both hands to the crowd before back flipping back into the ring.]

BW: Showoff.

GM: That's why he's called "Showtime", Bucky.

[Marley says a few words to Preston who ignores him, walking along the ropes, stretching out his injured leg. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger has words for both men before calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and this much-anticipated rematch is underway, fans!

BW: The last time these two met, we talked about it potentially have major Top Ten ranking implications. This time is no different, Gordo.

GM: With Eric Preston at #7 and Rick Marley right below him at #8, this match certainly could go a long way towards getting one of these two up the rankings in a hurry... and with the uncertainty surrounding the National Title, that Top Ten may become even more important in a hurry.

[Marley tugs at the top rope, jogging around the ring a bit as he sizes up Preston who is hardly moving, just rotating to make sure his eyes stay on his opponent.]

BW: And I don't know how Marley can look so calm in there, Gordo.

GM: Why is that?

BW: He needs to have eyes in the back of his head 'cause he's upset the one man in this company that you don't wanna upset, daddy.

GM: Of course you're referring to his confrontation this week with Percy Childes.

BW: Call it a confrontation if you want but he tried to undermine Childes in the eyes of James Monosso. That can't be sitting well with Percy, Gordo.

GM: You're probably right about that - even if he DID tell the truth.

[After several moments of circling, the two men come together in the center of the ring, jockeying for position within a collar-and-elbow tieup.]

GM: Preston's looking to use his power advantage early on the smaller man while Marley is looking for a way to use his quickness and speed to gain an edge.

BW: You've also gotta be on the lookout for Marley to use that knee injury to his advantage as well. Heck, I'd sweep that leg right now and get to work on it.

GM: Maybe Rick Marley doesn't want to win that way.

BW: If I know Marley as well as I think I do, he just wants to win and don't care how it happens.

[Using his power, Preston pushes the smaller man back a few steps before quickly switching to a side headlock.]

GM: Standing side headlock applied in the center of the ring - a good wear-down hold...

BW: It would be but I don't expect Marley to linger in it too long.

GM: Preston's really cranking down on that hold, trying to take some of the starch out of the faster man's sails. Like we said earlier, this match has been given a full half hour time limit after they battled to a fifteen minute draw at All Star Showdown recently. Hopefully that'll be enough to see a winner crowned this time.

[Preston continues to crank up the pressure with headlock, gritting his teeth as he squeezes the head of his opponent. Marley throws a pair of light forearms to the ribs, looking for a way out before he wraps his arms around the Combat Corner graduate's waist, pulling him towards the ropes.]

GM: Marley backs Preston to the ropes, shoving him out of the headlock and across the ring...

[As Preston rebounds, Marley leapfrogs over the charging man, sending him into the ropes again...

...where he flattens the smaller Marley with a running shoulder tackle to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Big running tackle takes him down!

BW: A bigger man's gonna knock a smaller man down every time with something like that, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[Preston looks down at Marley for a moment.]

BW: Preston needs to keep the pace of this match slow, daddy. Marley runs around that ring like a kid who drank fifteen Red Bulls.

GM: That's a good observation, Bucky. Preston needs to keep the pace slow and not let Marley use his speed.

[The South Carolinian breaks into a dash, rushing the ropes and showing that his knee is up to snuff as Marley rolls over to his stomach, forcing Preston to hop over him on the rebound, hitting the ropes again as Marley springs to his feet...

...and knocks Preston to the canvas with a picture-perfect dropkick to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! Dropkick on the money by "Showtime" right there - a beautiful dropkick by the veteran for sure!

BW: Marley's wrestled for more promotions than I've eaten at Sizzlahs over the years! He ain't no wet-behind-the-ears greenhorn by a long shot, Gordo. Heck, this is his second tour of duty in the AWA - he was an AWA original.

GM: Which makes it only fitting for him to be competing here tonight on the Anniversary Show against the most successful graduate of the Combat Corner to date.

[Preston scrambles to his feet off the dropkick but is quickly taken right back down to the canvas with a deep armdrag from Marley!]

GM: Nice armdrag by Marley - he got in deep and there was no counter for that at all.

[Marley hangs onto the arm, cinching in an armbar as he plants his right knee directly on Preston's face.]

GM: Look at how Marley applies that armbar. A very simple move in the repertoire of a lot of wrestlers, Bucky. Marley is putting his knee on Preston's face to add some leverage, trying to really crank on Preston's shoulder.

BW: But for a guy like Marley, he's not looking for this to really do a whole lot for him. This just buys him some time to figure out his next move. He wants to figure out what he should do next in there. But he oughta be thinking about what he wants to do if James Monosso shows up lookin' for him.

GM: What should he do if that happens?

BW: Run.

[Still trapped in the armbar, Preston rolls to his knees to take some of the pressure off. Marley retakes his feet, holding a wide base to keep the armbar applied...

...and Preston fires off a right hand to the midsection, trying to break the hold!]

GM: Big right hand downstairs by Preston!

[A second one connects as well but Marley grabs the wrist, yanking hard on the arm to send a jolt of pain up the body of Preston and take a little bit of fight out of him. Marley grabs the arm, executing a full twist on it, causing Preston to roll through to escape the pressure...

...which allows Marley to drop a leg across it!]

GM: You may be wrong about this strategy, Bucky. He seems to be trying to wear that arm out... maybe take a little of the power game out of Preston.

[Marley switches back to the standing armbar which leaves him prone to Preston battling to his feet, pushing Marley back to the corner.]

GM: Back to the buckles and Johnny Jagger calls for the break.

[There's a bit of hesitation on the part of both men but finally they break clean. Preston backs several steps away, shaking out his arm as Marley watches from the corner.]

GM: It's always nice to see a sign of sportsmanship like that, Bucky.

BW: Says you. I prefer my wrestlers with some fire in their bellies and the desire to waffle a guy on the break.

GM: That sounds like you, for sure.

BW: Hey, Preston oughta keep his guard up though. Rick Marley ain't exactly a Boy Scout in there sometimes.

GM: Neither is Preston if you recall his wars with James Monosso and Anton Layton.

[Preston is still shaking his arm as he waves Marley out of the corner with the other arm.]

GM: Preston wants to keep this thing going. He may have an arm that's hurting and a knee that's banged up but this kid loves a good fight.

BW: Marley's gonna give him all he's got and then some. He's been around long enough to know how important something like this match is.

[As the two men meet again, they go back for another tie-up but Preston is ready, ducking behind Marley to sink in a rear waistlock. Marley struggles against it, grabbing the hands and wrists of his opponent, trying to find a way out.]

GM: Marley's looking for an escape - whoa my!

[The crowd cheers as Preston powers Marley off the mat, throwing him down to the canvas with a big takedown.]

GM: HUUUUUGE waistlock takedown by Preston!

[Preston quickly slaps a knee as Marley starts to get up, rushing towards him...]

GM: DREAM MACHI-

[But Marley is ready for it, backrolling out of the way as Preston rushes past him. A smirking Marley takes a knee, tapping his temple as Preston nods, hands on hips.]

GM: We were THAT close, Bucky. Preston had the Dream Machine cocked and ready and almost was able to connect with that running knee lift but Marley saw it coming and rolled clear.

BW: Five minutes have gone by in the twenty minute time limit and these two are still in the feeling out period. They need to both pick up the pace and bring the fight to one another.

GM: You're right about that. We've seen these two battle to the limit so we know they're capable of it.

[Preston edges back to the center of the ring, waving Marley back to his feet. "Showtime" does exactly that, tugging at the ropes again to keep loose as he circles Preston, diving back in...

...but Preston holds his ground, raining down forearms on the back of Marley as the smaller man tries to pick a leg, looking for a takedown.]

GM: Preston's just hammering him into the canvas and-

[Yanking Marley up by the back of the trunks, Preston pulls him into a side waistlock, hoisting him into the air..

...and DROPPING him down on the back of the head and neck with a back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Nice suplex by Preston! And that's a big change in attack from the early moments of the match. Preston just brought out a big gun to really put a hurting on Rick Marley.

BW: Preston got sick of toying around out here. He wants a win and the kid's showing some major signs of talent as of late in that ring.

GM: An impressive suplex - the crowd cheering him on for it as well - and he's right back up...

[Preston drops a quick elbow across the chest, scrambling back to his feet to drop a second.]

GM: A pair of quick and sharp elbowedrops by Preston - rolls to a cover!

[Johnny Jagger dives into position.]

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

[But Marley's not going down that easy, kicking out just after the two count hits the mat.]

GM: Out at two.

[Preston pops back up, stomping down on the sternum to keep Marley in place.]

GM: Marley's down on the mat and-

[Standing right next to Marley's down form, Preston deadleaps as high as his impressive vertical leap will carry him...

...and DROPS a thunderous elbow to the heart!]

GM: HIGH IMPACT ELBOW!

[Preston rolls into another pin attempt, reaching back for a leg this time but still only earning a two count for the Combat Corner graduate.]

GM: Another two count by Preston and he's really taken over on offense at this point in the matchup, Bucky.

BW: We talked at the outset about Preston needing to keep Marley down on the mat and slow this thing down. Right now, that's exactly what he's doing - using his strength, hurting the smaller man, and hey, in the process he's making him easy pickings for the Unholy Alliance.

GM: You're a real peach, Bucky.

BW: I just like watchin' pretty boys get beat up.

[Preston climbs back to his feet, reaching down to grab Marley by an arm to haul him to his feet, tugging him into a over-the-shoulder lift, switching him so that one leg is on either side of Preston's head...

...and SNAPS him down with a double leg slam!]

GM: Ohh! That'll rattle your teeth and your toenails to boot!

[Marley rolls to his side, wrenching an arm behind him grab at his lower back as the larger man climbs back to his feet, looking down at "Showtime."]

GM: And Eric Preston has got to like the way his gameplan is working out so far. He's certainly got control of this one as we work towards the halfway point in the time limit for this one.

[Preston drags Marley off the mat by the hair, shoving him back into the corner. He throws a trio of boots to the ribs, earning a warning from the official that backs him off...

...right before he walks back in, drilling Marley with a right hand to the temple!]

GM: Big right hand by Eric Preston! And there's a second one!

[A third haymaker lands, sending Marley staggering from the corner towards the middle of the ropes. Preston pursues, grabbing his opponent by the arm...]

GM: Preston's coming hard after him... he doesn't want to go the distance like last time...

[Using the arm, Preston fires Marley off to the far ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by Preston...

[A well-placed boot connects with Marley's midsection on the rebound, doubling him up for Preston who dashes to the adjacent ropes...]

GM: Preston's going for the Dream Machine again!

[...and whiffs on the kneelift attempt as Marley throws himself straight up, avoiding the shot! He drills Preston as he passes with a forearm shot to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Preston's stunned off that one!

[Marley deadleaps into the air, landing on the shoulders of Preston, and hauling him down into a victory roll!]

GM: ROLLUP BY MARLEY!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Preston just narrowly kicks out in time to break the pin attempt!]

GM: Whoa! That was REAL close, Bucky! REAL close!

BW: The Victory Roll came out of nowhere and almost scored a win!

[With both men scrambling to get back to their feet, Marley sprints at Preston, ducking under a wild clothesline attempt. "Showtime" hits the ropes behind Preston, springing off...

...and getting hoisted up in the air, flipped all around, and DRIVEN down across the knee of Eric Preston!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker and a beaut!

[Preston dives across the chest of Marley for a cover.]

GM: Preston gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[Marley flings a shoulder up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only right there but it was getting closer.

BW: Not as close as the Victory Roll but Preston brought the pain with that one. It was a real impressive move. I'm actually wonderin' where he learned that. Ain't no way Michaelson taught him that.

GM: We might be surprised what Todd Michaelson has taught this young man.

[Backing to the corner, Preston hops up on the middle rope, shouting for Marley to get back to his feet...]

GM: Preston's measuring him... double axehan-

[But as he sails down towards a stunned Marley, "Showtime" shows off his desperation, throwing a dropkick at the last moment and catching Preston right in the mush!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter!

[The crowd cheers the display of athleticism!]

GM: Preston was looking to land a big shot off the midbuckle there but Rick Marley caught him coming in! Nicely done by Marley!

BW: Great counter, blah blah blah... but let's not get ahead of ourselves. He still needs to follow-up to make it a great counter. Otherwise, it's just a temporary fix.

[Marley pulls himself off the mat, spotting Preston who is trying to push himself off the mat, reaching all fours...

...where Marley finds him as he dashes in, throwing both feet squarely into the mush with a low dropkick!]

GM: Ohhh! Another big dropkick by Marley... and he's gonna cover off that!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: Marley's got one! He's got two! But that's all! Just a two count right there!

BW: We're gettin' real close to the ten minute mark of this one - the halfway point - and both of these guys are turning up the heat. The feeling out process is long over and now both of these men are trying to figure out how they can win this matchup, daddy.

GM: They're both showing how important this match is. They want to impress the men sitting back in that meeting room backstage. They want them to know that they're in the hunt for the National Title - no matter what decision they make after what happened last night in Westwego.

[Marley regains his feet, dragging Preston up with him. He throws a big chop, sending Preston stumbling backwards. A second chop has Preston falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Marley with a pair of knife-edge chops has Preston on the retreat.

[Grabbing an arm, Marley goes for a whip but Preston reverses it.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Marley rushes the corner, leaping up to the middle rope. He turns around as Preston rushes him, leaping high in the air to clear the oncoming Preston, landing in the center of the ring!]

GM: Marley avoids Preston... whoa!

[Preston wheels around, rushing Marley who sidesteps, catching Preston on the way by...

...and SNAPS him back to the canvas with a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: Ohh! Did you see the back of Preston's head smack into the mat?!

[Marley promptly rolls into another pin attempt, earning another two count before the kickout.]

GM: Another two count for Marley! He keeps coming, keeps covering - he wants this victory in a bad, bad way, fans.

[Marley regains his feet, backing to the corner where he hops up to the middle rope. He gives a shout, looking out at the crowd before leaping off...]

GM: Legdrop!

[The crowd cheers the legdrop across the chest from Marley!]

GM: Incredible elevation on the legdrop and the pendulum of offense and momentum has certainly swung drastically in the other direction as Rick Marley has taken full control of this one.

BW: Yeah, but that pendulum is fickle, Gordo. It could swing just as easy back the other way. We all know that.

[Marley climbs to his feet, opting not to attempt another cover as he backs to the corner again, hopping to the midbuckle for the second time in a row.]

GM: Marley's up there... ready and waiting as Preston gets back up...

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We're at the halfway point in this one as Marley stands on the second rope to wait...

[Preston is dazed as he climbs back to his feet, trying to shake the cobwebs as Marley leaps into the air, sailing over Preston who he grabs by the head...

...and SNAPS him down to the mat in a neckbreaker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a move by Marley! Rick Marley hit some kind of a flipping flying neckbreaker... and that puts Preston down hard!

BW: That might be enough, Gordo!

GM: You may be right as Marley makes the cover - he gets one! He gets two! He gets- no! Only a two count there for "Showtime" as the highflyer just can't hold Preston down for a three.

[Marley doesn't waste a moment, immediately getting to his feet. He looks at the official questioningly, getting confirmation from Johnny Jagger that it was, indeed, a two count. Marley shakes his head as he reaches down, grabbing Preston by the hair to pull him off the canvas.]

GM: Marley bringing Preston back to his feet now, ready to continue- ohhh!

[The crowd echoes that response as an always-thinking Preston reaches up with both hands, grabbing Marley's hair, and tucking his skull under Marley's chin before dropping back down to both knees!]

GM: A jawbreaker out of nowhere by Preston! And just like that pendulum swings in the direction of Eric Preston, fans!

BW: I told ya - fickle as can be, Gordo.

GM: And you are absolutely right about that.

[Marley staggers away, clutching his chin as Preston pushes back to his feet. The Combat Corner graduate reaches out, grabbing the stunned Marley from behind...]

GM: Preston with a handful of tights and-

[The crowd groans as Preston yanks Marley into a forearm shot to the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot to the back!

[Preston repeats the process, shoving Marley away with his right arm but keeping his grip on the back of the trunks with the left hand. As Marley gets a few steps out, Preston yanks him back in and drills him with that forearm shiver into the kidney area!]

GM: Another hard shot to the lower back... Preston laying in some blows to the back of Rick Marley...

[He pulls Marley in again but this time, he hooks in a side waistlock, hoisting Marley up...

...where he goes right over the top, backflipping to land on his feet to save himself from another backdrop suplex!]

GM: Marley slips out!

[Marley sets, throwing himself forward in a superkick attempt!]

GM: CASTING CALL!

[But Preston is too ready for one of Marley's signature moves, sidestepping the superkick attempt...

...and SLAMMING his forearm into the lower back of Marley again as the highflyer passes him by!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Preston instantly hooks Marley in the side waistlock, hoisting him up into the air and taking him down hard in another backdrop suplex. The South Carolina young lion instantly rolls over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Big suplex by Preston - that gets him one! It gets him two! It gets him th- whoa my! That was a close one there for both Eric Preston and Rick Marley, fans!

BW: Preston hits a big suplex out of nowhere to really put momentum on his side. And I've gotta admit, the kid hasn't shown any signs of trouble with that knee at all... yet.

GM: Marley somehow slipped a shoulder up and Eric Preston doesn't look too happy about that.

[Climbing back to his feet, Preston lets loose a series of hard stomps to the upper body, keeping Marley down on the mat as Preston considers his next option.]

GM: Eric Preston's looking around out here... trying to figure out his next move.

[Preston leans down, grabbing Marley by the legs.]

GM: He's got Marley's legs - what's he going for here?

BW: He's trying to turn him over! He wants the Boston Crab!

GM: I don't recall ever seeing a Boston Crab from this young man but that's exactly what he's looking for right now! He's trying to take advantage of all the damage he's done to Marley's back throughout this encounter, fans!

[Standing tall, Preston continues to try and get Marley over, the smaller man fighting him all the while.]

GM: Marley's fighting it! He knows that a Boston Crab at this point of the match could spell major trouble for him as we get closer and closer to the fifteen minute mark of this matchup.

BW: Fifteen minutes is what they went last time, Gordo, and if possible, I think they're doing even more damage to each other this time around.

GM: I think you're right about that.

[Holding the legs, Preston grows weary of trying to get Marley over as he delivers a pair of kicks that send a loud "THWACK!" through the building. Switching his position slightly, Preston leans back, catapulting Marley through the air...

...where he's somehow able to land on the middle rope!]

GM: Whoa! Marley counters the catapult!

["Showtime" quickly spins around as Preston regains his feet...

...and lashes out, throwing a dropkick on the chin from the middle rope!]

GM: Oh my! What a dropkick off the ropes by Marley - and he's going for a cover here!

[Grabbing the legs himself, Marley flips over into a double leg cradle as the official drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But this time, it's Preston escaping the pin attempt as his shoulder flies up off the mat. A frustrated Marley grabs a handful of Preston's hair, hammering him with right hands to the skull before pushing up to his feet, stepping through the ropes to the outside as he heads for the corner...]

GM: Rick Marley's climbing to the top rope! This young man is gonna fly, Bucky!

BW: It sure does look like it!

["Showtime" winces a bit as he climbs, grabbing at his lower back once or twice before reaching his perch. He stands tall, raising his arms over his head as Preston staggers back to his feet...]

GM: Marley's up top! Marley's gonna do it here!

[The highflyer throws himself into the air, sailing towards Preston with a crossbody...]

...that Preston somehow manages to turn into a spinning powerslam out of the sky!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!! OH MY STARS!! DID THAT JUST HAPPEN?!

[Preston throws himself across the prone Marley, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE- OHHHHHHH!

[Marley rolls a shoulder off the canvas at the last possible moment, causing Preston to push up to his knees, burying his face in his hands in frustration.]

GM: Eric Preston was a heartbeat away from victory in this one and what frustration must be going through this young man right now

BW: There ain't nothing worse in a match than hitting a big move like that and then only getting the nearfall. Every bit of your being thinks you've pulled it off and then the referee just jerks that right out from under ya. Eric Preston has gotta be going through some harsh emotions right now.

[Marley rolls to his stomach, trying to crawl away from Preston as the Carolina native stays on his knees, shaking his head in disbelief.]

GM: And these are valuable seconds that Eric Preston is wasting right here. He needs to stay on Marley... he needs to take the fight to this veteran if he hopes to score a victory here tonight in Dallas.

[Preston slowly regains his feet as Marley crawls to the ropes, trying to drag himself back up to a standing position.]

GM: Marley's pulling himself up and-

[The Combat Corner graduate throws himself into a lunging clothesline, sending Marley over the top rope...

...where he crashes down hard on the apron, his back jarring against the hardest part of the ring!]

GM: OHHH!

[The young man approaches the ropes, leaning over them to grab Marley by the hair...]

GM: Preston's bringing him back to his feet, trying to find a way to polish off this young man from the Carolinas. He looks like he's gonna bring him in the hard way...

[Preston hooks the front facelock, slinging Marley's arm over his neck.]

BW: A suplex to bring him in will really jar that back right now.

GM: It certainly would.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY - FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Five minutes to go - and now's the time when both of these men have gotta kick this thing into overdrive, fans!

[Preston hoists Marley up into the air in a suplex, bringing him over the top rope...

...where Marley kicks and shimmies and shakes, battling free...]

GM: Marley's fighting it!

[...and comes right back down, SNAPPING Preston's throat down over the top rope!]

GM: OHHHH! Marley with a modified version of the Rewrite to get out of that vertical suplex!

[Preston flails about on the canvas, clutching his windpipe as Marley tries to get himself back up on the apron.]

GM: A beautiful counter - and an effective one - by Rick Marley has turned the tide of this matchup with just minutes to go in the time limit. But can he do it? Can he take advantage of this situation and find a way to finish off young Eric Preston?

[Johnny Jagger is quick to start a double count that quickly gets broken as the hurting Marley drags himself up on the apron, looking around at the cheering crowd.]

GM: Marley's looking for something here...

["Showtime" decides to throw a little flair into the matchup as he leaps into the air, landing with both feet on the top rope before springing off again into a full flip...

...before CRASHING down across the throat of Eric Preston with a legdrop!]

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

BW: Of course I saw it! A front flip springboard legdrop by Marley!

GM: And that's the reason they call that man a Human Highlight Reel, Bucky!

BW: Who the heck calls him that? Other than himself that is.

[Marley rolls off the prone Preston, moving his body around and finally applying a lateral press.]

GM: That might do it, fans!

[Jagger drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars! Eric Preston is showing tremendous heart by getting that shoulder up at two! This one should be all over right here and now, fans. This one should be over in my book.

BW: Your book is wrong, Gordo, 'cause this kid from Greenville got the shoulder out in time and the fight continues.

[And now it's Rick Marley's turn to look concerned at Preston's ability to kick out of everything he's thrown at him. Marley glares at the official who confirms the two count as he rises to his feet...

...and then looks down at Preston's knee.]

GM: Uh oh.

[Grabbing Preston by the boot, Marley lets loose a series of kicks to the injured knee, causing Preston to howl in pain.]

GM: Well, we wondered earlier in the match if Marley would attack the knee to try and win this-

BW: You wondered, Gordo. You did... not "we." I knew Marley would do it. I knew when push came to shove, he wouldn't be able to resist it. He wants this win so badly he can taste it and if Preston's knee has to be the target, then that's how it has to be.

[Marley grabs Preston's hurting knee, tucking it under his own as he drops down to the mat, DRIVING his knee into Preston's to a mixed reaction from the crowd!]

GM: The fans aren't so sure they like the idea of two of their favorites stooping to this level of-

BW: That's ridiculous. There's nothing wrong with what Rick Marley is doing. His opponent came into the match with a weakness and that makes it fair game. If these fans can't see that, than they're bigger idiots than I ever thought possible... and that's sayin' something, daddy!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

[Marley stands again, grabbing both legs this time...]

GM: He's looking for the Showstopper here! He wants that submission hold!

BW: Time expired the last time he had it on. If he can slap that hold on right now, I don't think that'll be a problem this time around.

GM: He's going for it!

[Preston reaches up, blocking the step-through with all the strength left in his body.]

GM: Preston's fighting it! He knows that if Marley can apply this hold, the match is over, fans!

[Marley backs off and then tries it again but again Preston is ready, bringing up his hands to grab the foot, forcing Marley off balance as he tries to hook in the hold.]

GM: He still can't get it on! Eric Preston had his opponent well-scouted here tonight in Dallas and Marley's going to need to find another weapon to get the win here, I think.

[Shoving the legs aside, Marley throws himself into a senton, crashing down across Preston.]

GM: Ohh! Big backslash on the mat - a modified version of Marley's Highlight Reel from the top rope... but now he's going after the legs again...

BW: Marley may have given up on getting a pin in time so now he's looking for that submission.

[The senton seems to have taken a lot out of Preston as Marley grabs the legs, easily stepping through this time...]

...which seems to wake Preston up as he flails back and forth, trying to prevent the hold from being sunk in!]

GM: He's fighting it again! Eric Preston is determined to stay out of this hold!

[Marley struggles against the stronger man, trying to flip him over to his stomach so he can really sink in the hold...]

GM: Can he get it on him? At this point of the contest, that's the question. Can he flip Preston over? Can he apply full pressure to the injured knee?

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN!"

[At hearing the two minute call, Marley kicks it into another gear, flipping into a double leg cradle instead!]

GM: Cradle for one! He gets two! He gets- whoa!

[The crowd cheers for Eric Preston as he powers up off the mat, arms wrapped around the torso of Marley as they reach their feet. He turns his opponent over, hooking his arms back around the shoulders of his opponent...]

GM: Backslide! He's going for the backslide!

[Preston pulls Marley down to the mat, pinning his shoulders to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The crowd reacting as Eric Preston was a half a second away from winning this match! We're running incredibly low on time in this time limit now, fans. Both of these men need to look for the homerun at this point because there's not enough time to manufacture the game-winning run!

[Marley scrambles off the mat to his feet as a recovering Preston does the same.]

GM: Both men back up... CASTING CA-

[But again, Preston is able to sidestep the superkick attempt, burying a boot in the mid-section of Marley as he turns around. He hits the ropes behind him, bouncing off towards the doubled-up Marley...]

GM: DREAM MACHI-

[Marley has the move scouted though and straightens up slightly as Preston throws the hard kneelift, hooking the leg in his arms...

...and YANKING Preston down to the mat with a dragon screw legwhip!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

BW: That could rip everything in Eric Preston's knee to shreds! Marley with the big counter when it counts and-

[Still holding the leg, Marley again goes for the Showstopper...

...and this time, he hooks it in with ease!]

GM: THE SHOWSTOPPER IS APPLIED!

[There's a big mixed crowd reaction as Marley sits back in the hold, shouting "ASK HIM!" to the official as Preston cries out in pain after just having his knee ripped apart!]

GM: Marley's looking to finish this right now. He's running out of time though!

BW: Just like last time!

GM: They had five extra minutes in the time limit tonight but will it be enough? Is five minutes enough to achieve victory for Rick Marley?!

"SIXTY SECONDS REMAIN!"

GM: One minute to go! Sixty seconds left!

BW: And Marley leans back even more in the hold now, trying to wring every last bit of agony out of this punishing hold.

GM: But can he do it, Bucky? Can he make Eric Preston submit?

BW: I don't know, Gordo. Preston heard the call as loudly as all of us did. He's gotta hang on for sixty seconds and he'll have survived this match with Marley. He'll live to fight another day. And if there's another time limit draw, you can bet there'll be another rematch as well.

GM: Marley's shouting at the official to check on Preston again!

[Preston claws at the canvas, screaming "NOOOO!" at the referee who asks if he wants to give it up. Marley leans back as far as he can, arching his back as he pulls back on the twisted knee.]

GM: Marley wants this victory so badly, Bucky, as we've said numerous time in this one. He went to the knee with just a few minutes to spare, trying to find a way to wrench victory out of Eric Preston's body. Preston's trying to fight it... trying desperately to stay in this thing...

[Preston actually makes matters worse by slipping his arms under him, trying to push up and out of the hold.]

GM: Preston's trying to escape this thing and in the process, he's putting more pressure on his already-hurting knee!

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

GM: Only thirty seconds to go! Look at the pain on Eric Preston's face as he tries to get out of-

[Suddenly, a fighting Preston grows weary, his arms slipping out from under him in mid-counter attempt. After another few moments, his face slams down to the mat.]

GM: What the... what's going on with Eric Preston?

BW: I think he just passed out from the pain!

GM: Preston's down on the mat... the referee dives to the canvas to check on him...

[Jagger gets as close as he can shouting, "ERIC, CAN YOU HEAR ME?!" to no response. Jagger looks around, leaning in again to shout, "ERIC, I WILL STOP THIS MATCH!" but again gets no response.]

GM: He's out, ref! Preston's out cold!

[Jagger leans down, lifting a limp arm which quickly falls back to the mat...

...and then wheels around, calling for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT!! HE DID IT!!

[The crowd roars for Marley who tiredly releases the hold, falling to his knees in the process.]

GM: Rick Marley has won it here on the Anniversary Show - what a match and what a win for "Showtime" Rick Marley!

[Marley kneels on the canvas, breathing heavily as the crowd rises to their feet throughout the arena, paying tribute to both men for their efforts inside the ring on this particular evening. Eric Preston is motionless on the mat, still lying facefirst on the canvas as the official kneels next to him, checking on his condition.]

GM: What a battle these two men have been through, Bucky.

BW: It was a hard-fought match but in the end, you gotta have a winner and a loser. Marley's your winner and you can bet that the Championship Committee will take notice of that.

[Marley slowly crawls away from Preston, pushing up to all fours before forcing himself off the mat. He stands in mid-ring, hands on his hips, still breathing heavily as the fans show their respect for him.]

GM: It's a great win for Marley and certainly the biggest for him since returning to the AWA several months ago. And whatever the decision is back in that meeting room tonight, you would have to think that this victory will thrust Rick Marley right in the middle of that conversation.

[Marley moves over to where Johnny Jagger is still kneeling next to Preston, saying a few words to the official.]

GM: Marley just asked Jagger if the kid's alright.

BW: Of course he's not alright, you buffoon. You nearly ripped his knee into shredded cheese right there and then he lost the match!

GM: Would you stop?

[Marley leans down as well, helping Jagger get the young man back to his feet, leaning him against the buckles to the applause of the fans.]

GM: And this is what fans of this sport love to see, Bucky! A great show of sportsmanship here from Rick Marley as he helps Eric Preston back to his feet.

[Preston, finally snapping out of it, throws his fists up at the sight of Marley who quickly backpedals, lifting his hands in a defensive posture as he tries to settle Preston down. The official is right there as well, explaining to Preston what happened.]

GM: This is when Preston realizes that he lost this matchup... yep, slapping the turnbuckle in frustration now...

[Preston leans against the buckles, staring out to the middle of the ring where Rick Marley is standing...

...and then slowly hobbles out to join him.]

GM: We've seen this before, Bucky.

BW: We certainly have... and that's what led us to this.

[Preston gets closer and closer...

...and then sticks out his hand.]

GM: Oh yeah!

BW: Ugh. I'm gonna be sick.

GM: Eric Preston has offered his hand to Rick Marley in a show of respect and you've gotta love that!

BW: No. No, I really don't.

[Marley looks around at the cheering crowd and then happily accepts, shaking hands with the young Combat Corner graduate. Preston turns slightly, lifting Marley's arm in victory as he points to him.]

GM: These fans are loving this moment, Bucky! They are absolutely loving- wait a second! Is that-?!

BW: NENSHOU!

[The crowd begins to buzz as the Asian Assassin known as Nenshou appears out of nowhere, diving under the bottom rope into the ring. He takes a knee, reaching up to grab at his throat as Preston and Marley celebrate their match, their backs to him.]

GM: No, no, no! Eric! Rick! Behind you!

[But as the fan favorite duo turns, Nenshou lashes out, rising to his feet and unleashing a fog of hideous black mist aimed right at the eyes of Rick Marley...

...but landing squarely in the eyes of Eric Preston who threw himself at Marley, shoving him out of the way!]

GM: AHHH! HE GOT PRESTON!

[Nenshou immediately drops to his back, rolling out of the ring before Marley can get at him. With that vile black substance still dripping from his mouth, Nenshou makes his way back up the aisle towards the locker room as Eric Preston - a screaming Eric Preston - rolls around on the mat in agony.]

GM: What is that... a black mist?! Have we ever seen a black mist before?!

BW: I don't think so, Gordo... and as Percy Childes has told us before, the mists all have different colors and properties. And judging by the screams coming from Eric Preston, this one... whatever it does... is not good.

[Preston's arms are up over his face, frantically rubbing at his eyes as the referee signals for help. Rick Marley drops down to the mat, trying to comfort Preston who continues to scream in pain.]

GM: Rick Marley - look at his face, Bucky. He knows that was meant for him. He knows that mist was aimed for his eyes, not Preston's. It was a valiant move by Eric Preston to try and help the man who just defeated him but he may have paid a major price for it.

BW: Preston just had to be the hero, didn't he? He just had to be. Well, now he's learning that sometimes the hero don't make it to the end of the story.

GM: We're going to need some... yes, we've got AWA medical personnel on their way to the ring. Dr. Bob Ponavitch is coming as well to try and ascertain the level of damage done to Eric Preston.

[A quick camera cut shows several young fans looking on in shock, horrified expressions on their faces from the sounds that Eric Preston is making inside the ring.]

GM: The medical team is in there... Dr. Ponavitch has some kind of fluid... maybe just water, I'm not sure. He's trying to rinse out the eyes of Eric Preston, trying to get whatever that mist is out of the eyes... fans, this is... this is difficult to watch. We're going to take a break and try to get an update on Eric's condition so we'll be right back... no... I'm sorry, fans... we're going to go backstage where Mark Stegklet has some pre-recorded words with Juan Vasquez. Let's... yeah, let's roll that now please.

[The camera fades into a shot backstage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT, where we see Mark Stegklet and Juan Vasquez standing in front of an AWA backdrop. Juan is dressed in his trademark white tracksuit with black trim, staring at the camera with a serious look on his face. Just then, Stegklet begins to speak.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, I have with me, a man who will be - barring that incident with the Cuban Assassin a couple weeks ago - stepping into an AWA ring for the first time in over half a year...Juan Vasquez! Juan, tonight you take on a man who took part in that heinous attack on you at WrestleRock, Pedro Perez. Your thoughts on tonight's match?

[The former National Champion is silent for a moment, before looking up and beginning to speak.]

JV: You know, Stegklet, I can understand on some level, why what happened to me at WrestleRock, happened...but there ain't a single explanation that'll ever make any sense why Pedro Perez was involved.

[Juan furrows his brow and frowns.]

JV: I understand that when your career's almost taken from you, when you've almost had your dream of becoming a professional wrestler ended in an instant...that it changes you. It leaves you with nothing but time to think dark thoughts and want nothing more to lash out against the ones that did you wrong.

But not if you're Pedro Perez.

[He shakes his head.]

JV: No, when you're Pedro Perez, you join up with the man that ordered the attack that almost left you paralyzed and in a wheelchair for the rest of your life. When you're Pedro Perez, you believe the lies of the devil and turn your anger against a man that never did a damn thing to you. Pedro...

Why?

[An angered look forms on Juan's face as he repeats the question once more.]

JV: WHY!?

[He looks down, his face a mask of bewilderment and confusion.]

JV: Is it just ignorance? Is it greed?

[His eyes look up towards the camera as he seems to have come to an epiphany.]

JV: Is it...fear?

[A chuckle.]

JV: I supported you, Pedro. When I saw you at the Combat Corner, I knew I was looking at someone that could be something special in our sport. After what happened with you and the Southern Syndicate, I always wished nothing more than to see the day when you'd be able to wrestle in an AWA ring.

[The expression turns grim and cold.]

JV: Not any more.

[He shakes his head slowly.]

JV: When you joined up with Waterson, I lost any sympathy I ever had for you. You joined forces with the man that tried to destroy the AWA. You turned your back on all of us that fought against him and the Southern Syndicate. And somewhere in your twisted, little head, you got the idea that I was to blame for what happened to you. What you did was foolish, senseless and uncalled for.

Which is kinda' funny.

[There's a brief grin on Juan's face, which quickly turns into a deadly serious scowl.]

JV: 'Cause what I'm gonna' do to you tonight...is gonna' be foolish, senseless and uncalled for.

[No smile, no smirk...all business.]

JV: For months, you ran around here trying to mock and embarrass me. You tried to make a name for yourself at my expense. You sided with the most despicable, low-life piece of garbage the AWA's ever seen and ya' did it with a smile.

[Juan's silent for a moment, letting his anger simmer just a bit before he continues on.]

JV: Someone like you doesn't deserve to wrestle in the AWA. Someone like you doesn't deserve a DAMN thing, except the beating that he's got comin' to him.

You think you're the future of professional wrestling?

[He shakes his head.]

JV: Newsflash, amigo...after tonight? You ain't GOT a future in professional wrestling.

[Juan turns and briefly glances at Mark Stegglet, who stares at Vasquez with a mild look of shock.]

MS: Juan... uhh, can I get your thoughts on the Westwego Incident?

[Vasquez looks at Stegglet for a long moment, a cold glare behind his eyes. And then just gives him a simple nod and walks off, as we fade out.

Fade 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 fades back up to live action where Phil Watson is standing inside the ring, ready to go.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, to my left, accompanied by his manager, "Agent to the Stars" Ben Waterson, here is PEDRO PEREZ!

[Perez arrogantly raises his arms to the booing crowd as Waterson applauds his charge.]

GM: Perez was supposed to be wrestling on the last Saturday Night Wrestling...

BW: And he was injured!

GM: He must be a fast healer, then.

BW: Nah, Waterson just knows how to find the best doctors.

GM: The best doctors to get him out of a match is more like it... but now, he's here and his opponent has been waiting for some time to get Perez in the ring.

[And as Gordon says that, "They Reminisce over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth kicks in over the PA and draws a loud crowd response.]

PW: And introducing his opponent, he hails from Los Angeles, California, and weighs 238 pounds... this is JUAN VASQUEZ!

[And that's when Vasquez emerges from the entranceway, the fans roaring. Vasquez is walking at first, but picks up his pace as he nears the ring, turning it right into a full sprint.]

GM: Vasquez not wasting any time!

BW: Neither is Perez!

[Waterson quickly bails out of the ring as Perez rushes to the side, stomping away on Vasquez as he tries to roll into the ring.]

GM: Perez attacking Vasquez before the bell!

BW: Well, the bell just rung -- face it, Gordo, these two weren't going to waste any time getting this fight started!

GM: Vasquez pulling himself to his feet... Perez now hammering Vasquez with left and rights, but Vasquez is retaliating!

BW: You can take that wrestling textbook and throw it out the window, folks... this is gonna be a fight from start to finish!

[Perez and Vasquez continue to exchange hard shots, but Vasquez is clearly getting the better of the exchange.]

GM: Vasquez taking control... look at those shots, Bucky! I haven't seen Vasquez this aggressive before!

BW: Then the referee better get in there and get Vasquez settled down!

GM: Referee Marty Meekly trying to check on those blows -- Juan is firing them so fast, he's having trouble telling if they are closed fists.

BW: Of course they are closed fists, Gordo!

GM: Well, maybe you ought to tell the referee that.

BW: I'm doing my job, Gordo! Maybe the ref ought to do his!

GM: Vasquez has Perez trapped in the corner... now Meekly warning him to break it up!

[Meekly begins his five count as Vasquez continues to pummel Perez, but his count is interrupted as Perez takes action.]

GM: Thumb to the eye by Perez!

BW: Well, if the referee won't do his job, Perez will do it for him!

GM: Vasquez backing off as now Meekly warns Perez, but he's not paying attention.

BW: He has no reason to... Meekly let Vasquez do whatever he wanted, so Perez should be allowed the same.

GM: Perez with an Irish whip... clothesline ducked by Vasquez...

[Vasquez continues running off the ropes, bouncing back and knocking Perez flat with a bone-rattling clothesline!]

GM: And a hard clothesline takes Perez down!

[Vasquez drops down to the mat but does not cover -- instead he pummels Perez with repeated blows to the head.]

GM: Vasquez continues to hammer away at Perez! He's taking out many months of frustration!

BW: And it's all Perez's fault? He may have been a participant in that beatdown of Juan Vasquez, but does he deserve this?

GM: I don't blame Vasquez one bit for being upset, although he is being maybe a bit too aggressive... he's risking a disqualification here.

BW: I honestly don't know if he cares.

GM: Meekly is now trying to pull Vasquez off Perez!

[Meekly's efforts draw Vasquez's attention, and now he gets up and glares at the referee, who backs up slightly but warns Vasquez to watch the closed fists.]

GM: And Vasquez not too anxious to listen to the referee!

BW: Vasquez should be disqualified right now!

GM: Well, Perez is also not showing a willingness to listen to the referee.

BW: Yeah, but that was for one blow... Vasquez has thrown at least one hundred!

GM: Perez trying to get to his feet but Vasquez is right on top of him... dragging him up and pummeling him in the back of the head now!

BW: Get him off Perez, Meekly!

[Suddenly, Vasquez grabs Perez and pulls him into a waistlock, then takes him over with a German suplex, dumping Perez on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: Big German suplex - shades of Adam Rogers right there as there's all impact and no bridge!

BW: Of course there's no bridge! That would imply that Vasquez is actually looking for a pin and not just trying to cripple the kid who is the future of our industry!

[Vasquez reaches down, pulling a fairly limp Perez to his feet where he slams his skull between the eyes of the former Combat Corner student, knocking him off his feet and sending him falling down into a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Vasquez lands the headbutt - he possesses one of the most dangerous headbutts in the game today.

[Down on the mat, a hurting Perez grabs at his head as Vasquez raises his boot up and scrapes the sole right across Perez's face.]

BW: And then he has to add insult to injury!

GM: Perez in a world of hurt... Vasquez dragging him up again... now whips him hard into the corner!

BW: He comes charging in...

[The former two-time National Champion takes flight, connecting solidly with both knees jammed into the face of Pedro Perez! As Ben Waterson shouts encouragement to his man from the floor, Perez stumbles forward, falling facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: Down goes Perez again... and Vasquez isn't done with him. Not by a longshot. Juan Vasquez is taking out every bit of pain... every bit of anger... every bit of frustration from the past eight months right here in the center of the ring in Dallas, Texas! And while he wouldn't address Mark Stegglet's question about the Westwego Incident, you have to believe that's weighing on his mind here tonight, Bucky. You have to believe that he's thinking about the disrespect shown to the title he held so proudly last year.

[Vasquez drops down into a rear mount, rearing back with right hands to slam them into the back of Perez' skull!]

GM: Vicious shots to the back of the head here and...

[Suddenly, Ben Waterson leaps up on the ring apron, shouting at the official.]

BW: Ben Waterson's seen enough, Gordo!

GM: Waterson on the apron... he has no business up there!

BW: Then Meekly should be doing his job and disqualify Juan Vasquez!

[Juan stops pummeling Perez and rises to face Waterson, who rears back a bit, a worried look on his face.]

GM: That may be a big mistake by Waterson, Bucky!

[Vasquez points a finger at Waterson, slowly walking towards him with the crowd roaring with anticipation.]

BW: He can't touch him! Waterson isn't supposed to be wrestling Vasquez!

GM: Then Waterson had better get down from there! Cause Vasquez is coming for him and-

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez reaches out, grabbing Waterson by the collar!]

GM: He's got him! He's got him, fans! Juan Vasquez is gonna take his head off - you can bet on it!

[Vasquez rears back a right hand as Waterson pleads for mercy. Marty Meekly rushes onto the scene, trying to wedge himself between the two men.]

GM: The referee's trying to get in there - he's trying to stop this! He wants to keep the match between Vasquez and Perez and keep Waterson out of this!

BW: Look at poor Pedro Perez trying to get back into this thing. He's barely able to move thanks to all the illegal offense he's taken from that savage Vasquez!

[Meekly somehow manages to push his way into the fray to the jeers of the crowd, backing Vasquez up a couple steps as he wheels around to shout at Waterson who is still on the apron, now shouting back at the referee.]

GM: The referee is warning Ben Waterson, trying to get him down from there.

BW: Warning him for what?! He was just trying to save his man from going to the hospital at the hands of this maniac and Vasquez got in his face! Vasquez is the one who threatened Waterson, the one who grabbed him and tried to lay his hands on him. And the referee's warning the Agent To The Stars?!

[With Meekly tied up with Waterson and a fuming Vasquez still wishing he'd taken his shot at the pesky manager, a down and hurting Pedro Perez takes advantage of the situation...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! PEDRO PEREZ GOES LOW ON VASQUEZ!!

BW: Haha! I love it, Gordo! If Marty Meekly won't do his job, Perez will do it for him!

GM: And how on earth was that doing Marty Meekly's job?!

BW: Simple! Vasquez broke the rules first so Perez made sure the punishment fit the crime.

GM: You really are unbelievable sometimes.

[Vasquez drops to a knee, sucking wind in pain as the former Combat Corner competitor get to his feet, looking to somehow take advantage of the circumstances he created.]

GM: Perez is dazed from the earlier attacks by Juan Vasquez... and as the official turns around finally, you can see he has no idea what just happened.

BW: Meekly never has an idea what happened. He's the dimmest bulb in that particular brand of lightbulb if you ask me.

GM: No one was asking you, Bucky.

[With Vasquez down on a knee but looking to come back, Perez wastes no time in digging his fingers into the eyes of his opponent and raking hard!]

GM: A blatant rake of the eyes by Perez - right in front of the official!

BW: It's still 100 illegal blows to two, Juan way out in front!

GM: I'm not sure on your math on that one, Bucky.

BW: Any blows landed by Meekly's back don't count, Gordo.

GM: I see.

[Perez pulls a blinded and hurting Vasquez off his knee, scooping him up and slamming him down in the center of the ring.]

GM: Big bodyslam by Vasquez... and Ben Waterson certainly seems to like that.

[Gordon's words are prompted by a camera cut showing Waterson applauding, shouting encouragement to his man.]

GM: The scoopslam put to good use by Perez and... ohh! He stomped him RIGHT in the face, Bucky!

BW: And now Ben's really happy! Look how proud he is of how far Perez has come!

GM: Sure. A low blow, an eyerake - this is Waterson's kind of guy. Really a professional wrestler to be proud of.

[Pulling Vasquez up by the hair, Perez secures a front facelock, slinging Vasquez' arm across his neck...]

GM: Perez sets him up... and takes him down with a vertical suplex!

BW: Nice execution too! Give the man some credit, Gordo.

GM: Perez with a cover here - he gets one! He gets two! And that's all he's gonna get.

BW: Why can't you give the man credit for anything? That was a nice suplex and you just ignored it!

GM: I don't deny that Pedro Perez is a talented individual but I sure don't care for the company he takes or the attitude he carries inside the ring. This man has deemed himself the future of our industry after only a few short months as an active professional wrestler.

BW: Sometimes you just know, Gordo.

[Vasquez crawls away from Perez towards the ropes, looking to recover as the arrogant second generation luchador approaches.]

GM: Perez moving in on him...

[Vasquez gets to the ropes where Perez catches up, pushing his throat down over the second rope!]

GM: He's choking him! Again, a blatant choke right in front of the official!

[Marty Meekly immediately puts the five count on Perez who breaks at the count of four, innocently holding up his hands as he backs away.]

BW: Good show of sportsmanship right there.

GM: What?!

BW: Hey, he's got til five! He could've held on a little bit longer!

[The referee backs Perez up, reading him the riot act...

...which allows Ben Waterson to strike, hooking his hands around the neck of Vasquez to pull the throat down on the middle rope!]

GM: And now Waterson's choking him!

BW: More people doing Meekly's job to make sure the punishment fits for all of Vasquez' rulebreaking!

GM: Give me a break, Bucky! Vasquez was in control when this match began, but illegal tactics are letting Perez take control.

BW: Do I have to remind you about the count I've kept track, Gordo?

GM: I don't even want to talk about your method of keeping statistics, Bucky. The referee now turning back to Vasquez but Ben Waterson's already broken the choke, just walking away now as Perez moves back in with the official none the wiser.

[Perez reaches down, hauling Vasquez off the ropes by the hair and pushing him back into the corner.]

GM: Back to the buckles they go... big right hand by Perez!

BW: Yeah! Teach him a lesson, kid!

[As Perez takes a few seconds to brag to the crowd, he finds himself with no chance to land even one more blow.]

GM: Hold on... Vasquez lifting Perez up... inverted atomic drop!

BW: How in the world did Vasquez pull that one out?

GM: Vasquez off the ropes... another clothesline levels Perez!

BW: And look at this... right back to those illegal blows.

GM: There's nothing illegal about a clothesline!

BW: What about those right there?!

[Vasquez goes back to viciously pummeling Perez on the canvas, ignoring Meekly's warnings, only opting to drag him off the canvas after many seconds go by.]

GM: Vasquez has Perez up... snapmare takes Perez to the canvas!

[With Perez propped in a seated position, Vasquez dashes to the ropes, bouncing off with a hard charge...

...and CREAMS the sitting Perez with a running knee to the mush!]

GM: OHHH! BIG RUNNING KNEE! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[But again, Vasquez shows no signs of looking for a pin attempt as he drags the sole of his boot down the cheek of Perez, leaving a red burn welt behind.]

BW: Another illegal boot scrape!

GM: It certainly was but Vasquez is paying no attention to Meekly's warning... ohh! Hard kick to the ribs!

BW: And you take exception to my method of keeping stats? Right now, I see plenty of Vasquez throwing out the rulebook!

GM: Vasquez dragging Perez up once more... Irish whip into the corner...

[Vasquez dashes from corner to corner, throwing another pair of flying knees to the upper body of Perez, causing him to slump down out of the corner where Vasquez refuses to let him fall, shoving him down into a seated position with his back against the buckles.]

GM: The running knees connect and- uh oh... this could be bad for Pedro Perez!

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Vasquez SLAMS his knee into the face of the seated Perez. A second and third quickly follow right behind, leaving Perez clinging to the middle rope to keep from slumping down to the mat.]

GM: Vasquez is all over him! Big, heavy knees to the face by the former National Champion!

[He surges into the corner, landing knee after knee with the referee protesting trapping a man in the corner.]

GM: Meekly's trying to get him to relent but Juan Vasquez is having no part of that!

BW: And you can add at LEAST another ten illegal blows to his tally for the night, daddy!

[Vasquez finally backs off, glaring at the protesting Marty Meekly as he backs all the way across the ring...

...and charges across, SLAMMING his knee into the face of the already-dazed Perez!]

GM: OHHHHHHH! GOOD GRIEF! That might do it, Bucky!

[But before we can find out, Ben Waterson hops onto the apron again, shouting at the official...

...but quickly hops back down as Vasquez draws near.]

GM: Ben Waterson wants NO part of Juan Vasquez here tonight - I can tell you that for sure.

BW: Of course he doesn't! Waterson helped organize that beating of Vasquez last July. For all we know, Waterson may be next on Vasquez' list as tries to take out everyone who hurt him last summer.

GM: Waterson's back down on the floor, Perez trying to get back to his feet. I don't see how he can possibly- ohh! Vasquez catches him with a hard kick to the midsection on the way back to his feet.

[The former champion grabs Perez by the arm, firing him across the ring to the opposite corner. As the Waterson International member staggers out, Vasquez hooks him around the torso for a Northern Lights Suplex...

...and just HURLS him overhead, sending him crashing down to the mat in a heap!]

GM: Big overhead suplex and a beauty!

[Vasquez sits up on the mat, pointing at Waterson.]

“This is on you.”

GM: Did you hear that, Bucky? It’s quite clear he blames all of this on Waterson. He blames Pedro Perez’ involvement in all of this on Waterson as well.

[Vasquez slowly climbs to his feet, approaching the downed Perez who is trying to crawl to the ropes, looking for an exit. The former champion wings him across the ring to the ropes, allowing him to bounce off...]

GM: Perez off the far side and-

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez sidesteps, twisting his body, and takes Perez down to the mat with a high-lifting hiptoss!]

GM: The hiptoss connects and Vasquez is off to the ropes, coming back hard...

BW: Don’t tell me...

[Vasquez takes flight, leaping into the air with his arms and legs tucked, and SLAMS backfirst down across the chest!]

GM: Shades of Tommy Stephens! The backsplash connects but... but again there is no cover by the former two-time National Champion who is, quite simply, looking to hurt this young man.

BW: And you think that’s something to be proud of? You support someone who’d do something like this?

GM: Of course not. I think every professional wrestling match should be about victory and defeat. But I’m also not naive, Bucky. I know that Juan Vasquez endured perhaps the most hellacious beating that anyone ever has inside the squared circle. I know that he is not the type of man to take that lying down. He’s going to want payback. He’s going to want to make people hurt like he’s hurt. And that’s exactly what we’re seeing here tonight, Bucky.

[Vasquez slowly rises to his feet, pulling Perez into a seated position and hooking the nearest arm.]

GM: What’s he going for here? Some type of submission perhaps?

[The crowd "ohhhhs!" as Vasquez SLAMS the point of his elbow down into the cheekbone of Pedro Perez.]

GM: Ohh! An absolutely VICIOUS elbow to the face of Perez!

[Vasquez repeats the process, throwing elbow after elbow the exposed face of the trapped Pedro Perez!]

GM: He's destroying Perez with those elbows!

BW: Somebody's gotta help him!

[But the wily Perez stretches out a leg, slipping a foot over the bottom rope to help himself.]

GM: Foot on the ropes!

BW: Vasquez has gotta stop! Stop him, ref!

[The two-time former champion ignores the cries of Marty Meekly, continuing to lay down the thunder on the head and face of Pedro Perez who continues to try and wriggle free.]

BW: Come on, Meekly! Do your damn job in there!

[The ref's count hits four before Vasquez releases Perez, allowing him to slump down to the mat. The Los Angeles native climbs to his feet, again getting a warning from the official just before he breaks into a dash to the ropes...

...where Waterson slips an arm under them, hooking his ankle!]

GM: Ohh! Waterson tripped him!

[A smirking Waterson turns his back on the ring, pointing at his head but when he turns around...]

GM: Vasquez has Waterson again!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Waterson being pulled by the hair up onto the ring apron. Vasquez winds up again...]

BW: Get in there, Meekly!

[...but this time there's no rescue for Waterson as Vasquez blasts him with a right hand between the eyes, causing him to slump off the apron to the floor, clutching his head.]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand by Vasquez!

[Turning his focus back to Perez who has pushed off the mat to a knee, Vasquez buries a kick into the chest of the rising youngster, knocking him back into the ropes.]

GM: He's got Perez on the ropes - jab! Another jab!

[The crowd roars for a series of stinging left and right jabs by Vasquez that turn into hooking blows to the body before Vasquez steps back, sticking out his chin and pointing to it.]

GM: He's daring Perez to hit him with his best shot!

BW: What an arrogant piece of work Vasquez is! Just daring this kid to take a swing at him now. I hope Perez knocks his block off, Gordo.

GM: Perez is in a daze against the ropes... I don't even know if he can see straight right now...

[Pushing off the ropes, Perez throws a big right hand that Vasquez easily backs away from to avoid it. The former Combat Corner student steadies himself, throwing a left...]

GM: Big left... oh my! Vasquez just slaps it away!

[An angry Vasquez shoves Perez back to the ropes again, causing him to bounce off...]

...where he CRACKS him in the jaw with a brutal right cross that sends Perez spinning away and down to the canvas, tangling himself up between the ropes as he falls.]

GM: Good grief! What a right hand!

BW: Another closed fist too! How can that NOT be illegal, Bucky?

GM: Well, it is... of course it is. A closed fist is always an illegal blow.

BW: Then you agree that he should be disqualified for it?

GM: I didn't say that. I'm just stunned at how vicious that shot was. It was almost like Vasquez took every bit of rage and frustration in his body and poured it into one right hand!

[The former champion ignores the protesting official, leaning down to pull Perez out of the ropes by the back of the trunks. He tugs him into a side waistlock, hoisting him into the air, and flipping him all the way over, dropping him facefirst on the mat!]

GM: Goodness! Pedro Perez is out cold, Bucky! He's not even fighting back at this point - not fighting back at all. He's offering no resistance whatsoever.

BW: Meekly should've called for the bell and stopped this a long time ago. Pedro Perez is a good kid with a lot of heart but Juan Vasquez is just too much for him to handle.

[Vasquez slowly turns around, looking down at Perez who the referee orders him to cover.]

GM: Marty Meekly's telling Juan to end this thing or he will!

[The Los Angeles native glares at Meekly for a few moments before shoving him aside. He leans down, pulling Perez up by the hair with both hands...

...and SLAMS his knee up into the skull of Pedro Perez in a kneelift, snapping Perez backwards and sending him crashing to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh!

[Suddenly, Marty Meekly waves to the timekeeper who promptly rings the bell!]

GM: This one's over right here and now! Juan Vasquez has rendered Pedro Perez unable to defend himself and the official has stopped this match before Perez risks serious injur- oh, come on!

[Vasquez suddenly dives atop Perez, throwing his fist down like a hammer over and over and over to the skull.]

BW: Enough already!

GM: Marty Meekly's trying to get him off the downed Perez!

[The official leans in, grabbing Vasquez around the arm.]

GM: Meekly's trying to pull him off! He's trying to-

[Vasquez' attention is locked on Perez, making him totally miss Ben Waterson rolling into the ring...

...and the steel chair that Waterson put in right before he got in there!]

GM: Waterson's in - and he's got a chair!

[The Agent To The Stars climbs to his feet, steel chair in hands as he rears back...

...and Vasquez pops up, eyes locked on Waterson!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Waterson's gotta get out of there! He's gotta-

[Waterson desperately takes a swing with the chair, trying to crown Vasquez over the head with it but Juan easily blocks it, ripping it out of Waterson's grasp!]

GM: Vasquez has got the chair! He's got the chair!

[Waterson backs off, hands raised as he finds himself trapped against the turnbuckles. Vasquez approaches, steel chair still held in his hands...]

GM: Vasquez has got him trapped! Waterson is all alone! He's in trouble! He's in serious trouble!

[Waterson frantically starts waving his arms towards the locker room area...

...and the crowd erupts in a buzz as someone emerges from the shadows of the entryway!]

GM: EBOLA ZAIRE!! EBOLA ZAIRE IS HERE!

BW: This must be what Waterson and Percy Childe were talking about out earlier! Childe brought back Ebola to help Waterson against Vasquez!

[The six foot three, near four hundred pound savage from the Kalahari Desert in Botswana comes waddling down the aisle towards the ring, a red hood hanging over his head like some kind of executioner's mask.]

GM: Zaire is headed for the ring - and Vasquez just realized it!

[Juan Vasquez' face distorts in a mixture of shock and horror as he sees the morbidly obese Botswana Beast headed towards him. Zaire yanks off the hood with his heavily taped fingers, slapping his chest a few times as he draws closer to the ring...

...where Vasquez decides it's better to take the fight to him!]

GM: VASQUEZ!

[The former two-time National Champion breaks into a full sprint, throwing himself between the top and middle ropes in a tope dive that sends him crashing into Zaire, knocking them both down to the barely-padded floor to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! Vasquez wasn't gonna wait for Zaire to come to him and we've got a fight on our hands out here on the floor, Bucky!

[Vasquez shoves himself into a sloppy mount, raining down right hands on the badly-scarred forehead of Ebola Zaire!]

GM: Ben Waterson is getting the heck out of here before it's too late! Zaire may be here to save him but Waterson holds no allegiance to anyone but himself - never forget that!

BW: He left Pedro Perez alone in the center of the ring and now Waterson's hauling tail up the aisle, trying to get the heck out of here while Vasquez is all tangled up with Ebola Zaire!

[Vasquez starts to pull away from Zaire, looking to pursue Waterson...

...which gives Zaire the opportunity to jam his taped fingers into the throat of Vasquez, leaving him gasping for air as he staggers over towards the ringside barricade!]

GM: Zaire caught him! He caught him in the throat with that thrust - that martial arts-styled thrust to the throat!

[The very large man pushes off the floor to his feet, staggering towards Vasquez where he slams a meaty arm down across the back of the head and neck, causing Vasquez to fall over the ringside barricade into the front row of seats. The fans scatter as Zaire pursues, stepping over the railing as well.]

GM: Zaire's going after him! He's out in the crowd and look out, fans! You do not want to be in between this man and someone he's trying to get at!

[Zaire grabs a folding chair in front of him by the seatback, recklessly flinging it over his head and into the aisle.]

GM: Zaire's out of control! We're going to need security out here!

[The Botswana Beast grabs Vasquez with two hands full of hair, smashing a headbutt into the bridge of Vasquez' nose, knocking him back into a seated position in one of the chairs...

...which is Zaire's cue to lean over, sinking his teeth into the forehead of his victim!]

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

[Vasquez limply throws a few right hands to the flabby midsection of his attacker but Zaire drags him up by the hair, throwing another stiff-fingered thrust into the throat, knocking Vasquez backwards where he falls over the row of seats into the one behind it, sending fans scattering.]

GM: Zaire's like a walking natural disaster out there! Sending people running in every direction!

BW: Vasquez is really paying for what he did to Perez now, isn't he?!

GM: Is that what you think this is?! Some kind of vengeance for Pedro Perez? This is Ben Waterson covering his rear end - that's what it is! He wants protection from Juan Vasquez and that's what Ebola Zaire is for him!

[Zaire grabs Vasquez by the hair again, flinging him into the steel barricade!]

GM: Ohh! Into the steel goes Vasquez!

[The bloodthirsty savage wobbles closer, throwing a big uppercut that flips Vasquez over the railing, dumping him down to the concrete floor in the aisle!]

GM: Zaire's going after him again! He's going over the railing again!

[With Vasquez down on the concrete, Zaire winds up...

...and DROPS a near four hundred pound elbow down on the chest!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[A grinning Zaire sits up, a sick smile on his face as the crowd jeers wildly.]

GM: Ebola Zaire has emerged from out of nowhere to assault Juan Vasquez and assault him he has! He has left the former two-time National Champion laying here in the aisle of the Fair Park Coliseum! And that certainly bought Ben Waterson enough time to get the heck out of here, Bucky.

BW: I'm really sad, Gordo.

GM: Sad? About what?

BW: I'm sad that Zaire didn't finish the job! He's gonna let Vasquez live to fight another day... and I just hope I'm there to see that day when Zaire carves him like a roast beef, daddy!

GM: Let's get some help out here for Juan Vasquez and as we do, let's take a quick break!

[Fade to black.

Fade 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 up to live action where we find the steel cage in the process of being constructed. We watch in silence for a few moments before crossfading to the ringside announce team.]

GM: Welcome back, fans - and as you can see, the steel cage for our massive National Tag Team Title Main Event is in the process of being built. In just a few moments, we'll be heading up to the ring for that match but before we do, I want to talk about the Skullcrushers, Bucky.

BW: Oh yeah! Me too!

GM: Earlier tonight, we discussed the tour of Japan that MAMMOTH Mizusawa and the Antons are on. Well, they're not the only ones. The AWA also sent Devastation and Overlord, the duo known as the Skullcrushers, to the Land of the Rising Sun for a tour of Tiger Paw Pro.

BW: That's right and I've heard they've been absolutely dominating while over there. Like, I'm talking the level of domination that hasn't been seen there since the War Pigs.

GM: Speaking of which, Jeremiah King informed the AWA front office earlier this week that the Skullcrushers are eagerly waiting to take on the War Pigs in tag team action upon their return to the States which we expect in the days to come. That should be one for the ages when it does go down, Bucky.

BW: I can't wait to see it.

GM: Now, before we hit the ring for Main Event tag team action, let's go backstage where I understand that Jason Dane has some exclusive news regarding the Westwego Incident for us. Jason?

[We crossfade back to the exterior of the door we've been staring at all night - the meeting room where the National Title discussion is taking place. Right next to the store stands AWA intrepid reporter Jason Dane.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon! First, I want to let all of our fans know that I've been told by numerous people inside that meeting that we are getting closer to decision time. In fact, from what I understand, we should have that announcement ready before we go off the air tonight. That's a lock!

Now, in addition, I've been doing some research on my iPad - taking a look at Twitter from last night. And there are quite a few of interest that I thought should be shared.

[Dane pulls up his iPad, looking at it.]

JD: An AWA fan by the Twitter name "MakeMineLaredo" tweeted near the start of last night's show in Westwego - "I fought through weather to get to AWA show. Why didn't they?"

Or how about user "DufresneFan23" who said, "Supernova not here. Refunds offered. Make mine Ladykiller."

[Dane shakes his head at that one.]

JD: A little later in the show we have "TheRaveIsTheFuture" saying, "Everything seems a mess tonight. Lineup completely redone."

Or there was "BuzzBuzzHoneyBee" who remarked, "Despite all the card changes, this show rocks."

[Dane scrolls up again.]

JD: But here are the really interesting ones. When you get to the end of the show... to where the "incident" occurred... these might give us a little bit of insight into exactly what happened. Now, remember... I'm not allowed to mention the names of the men involved but I'll do the best I can...

AWASuperFan said, "Title match about to start but who?" Likewise, IranNumbahOne said, "If only Sharif were here to take the title tonight."

A few minutes later, BigSlam333 wrote, "OMG! Dufresne just challenged anyone in the building." And PsychoDriver42 said, "No one coming out for open challenge. Everyone seems confused."

Moments later, ExtremeRulez187 said, "Is that who I think it is? The AWA just scooped the 'net!" just as LouisianaGirl69 wrote, "I thought he was still fired or suspended or whatever. Crazy."

If we skip ahead now to the concluding moments of the match, we can read WrestlingScoopsNet posting "A lot of chaos around the ring. What just happened?" The same user also wrote, "Something's wrong. They went out through the crowd." And wrapping up the series of posts, he wrote, "Show's

over but there's still officials in and around the ring. Lots of confusion. Feel like I saw something special."

[Dane puts down his iPad.]

JD: So, as you can see, a lot of chaos... a lot of confusion... a lot of problems... a perfect storm if you will for something bizarre to happen. And just as a side note, #WestwegoIncident is now trending on Twitter.

[Dane grins.]

JD: But now, it's Main Event time here for our Anniversary Show so let's go up to the ring to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following bout is scheduled for one fall and is the first-ever TAG TEAM STEEL CAGE MATCH IN AWA HISTORY!

[HUGE CHEER!]

PW: And it is for the AWA National Tag Team Titles!

[Another huge cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The opening to Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" kicks in to a HUGE roar from the crowd!]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes storming through the curtain into the Fair Park Coliseum. Haynes wastes no time in chucking his cowboy hat to the floor while Morton has already shrugged out of his full-length robe!]

PW: They are the challengers... at a total combined weight of 595 pounds...

DANNY MORTON...

JACKSON HAYNES...

VIIIIIIIOOOOLENNNNNNNCE UNNNNNLIMMMITED!

[Haynes and Morton are marching down the aisle with purpose, ignoring the fans, ignoring everything but the steel cage surrounding the ring and ringside area as they make their way into it.]

GM: Former National Tag Team Champions and arguably the greatest team in the world today.

BW: Can you say that when they're the FORMER champs?

GM: They won a Stampede Cup. They've been dominant every time they've been on tour in Japan. The Lynches are good but there's always going to be a nagging notion that Morton and Haynes are better, Bucky.

BW: The Lynches, as much as I hate them, have beaten VU twice!

[Morton and Haynes enter the ring to the roar of the crowd as the music fades and is replaced by "Stranglehold" by Ted Nugent.]

PW: And their opponents... from Dallas, Texas... weighing in tonight at 485 pounds... they are the AWA National Tag Team Champions... James and Jack...

THE LYNCH BROTHERS!

[The curtain parts as the champions march into the building, the roof nearly blowing straight off from the crowd's reaction. Much like their opponents, the champions have already yanked off their entrance gear and are walking with purpose down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Here they come, Bucky! The greatest tag team in the world right now!

BW: What?! You just said it's Violence Unlimited!

GM: Well, it's gotta be one of 'em, doesn't it? Without a doubt, these are the two greatest tag teams in the world today and it may be just a short time from now when we discover just who is the best.

BW: Somewhere the Aces are furious at you right now.

[The champions enter the ring, glaring across at their challengers for a moment as the referee positions himself between the two teams. James Lynch looks around a bit awed at the steel structure that the AWA has erected around the ring and surrounding ringside area. He leans over, whispering something to his older brother who nods, keeping his eyes on a pacing Jackson Haynes as the official holds the two title belts high in the air to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: That's what it's all about right there, fans - the AWA National Tag Team Titles. That's what brings us here tonight to the Fair Park Coliseum for this massive steel cage showdown.

BW: Look at Haynes, Gordo. He looks like a wild animal trapped in the zoo waiting to have the chains cut off his neck.

GM: That's a pretty good description of the Hammer, Bucky. He looks ready for war in there tonight.

[As the AWA's Senior Official, Johnny Jagger, hands the title belts outside of the ring, he orders the cage door closed and secured. A loud "CLANG!" echoes through the building as the outside officials do exactly that before using a chain and padlock to make sure no one gets in.]

GM: The door is chained and locked and this one is about ready to get underway, fans.

BW: Gordo, I can't believe that we're actually locked INSIDE this thing!

GM: It's a rather unique steel cage - enclosing the majority of the ringside area as well. The Lynches said they wanted a Texas-sized cage for this and I think that's exactly what they got, Bucky.

[Getting the high sign from the ringside officials, Johnny Jagger signals for the bell and starts the match. He stays standing in the center of the ring, arms outstretched to make sure the two teams don't just rush one another and start throwing bombs.]

GM: Johnny Jagger is gonna have to work overtime to keep this under control. He's telling both teams now that he's going to make them tag in and out - he wants one man in and one man out right now.

BW: No doubt it's going to be Jackson Haynes starting for the challengers and...

[James Lynch nods to his brother, stepping out to the apron leaving Jack Lynch inside the ring to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Jack Lynch in for the champs!

[Jagger pauses, giving a few words to both men...

...and then swings his arms together in a "LET'S GO!" gesture! The crowd cheers as Jackson Haynes comes charging out of his team's corner, leaping into the air just before reaching Lynch, a move that causes his weight to force Lynch back into the champions' corner.]

GM: Ohh!

[Haynes winds up, throwing a haymaker to the jaw. A second one quickly follows, stunning Jack Lynch...

...and then a well-placed lunging headbutt connects to the skull of James Lynch, knocking him off the apron to the floor just before Haynes grabs Jack Lynch by the arm, whipping him from corner-to-corner...]

GM: Haynes fires him across... here he comes!

[A big running clothesline in the corner connects!]

GM: OHHH!

[Haynes bounces out on the impact, pumping his right arm to the roaring cheers of the crowd as Jack Lynch stumbles out of the corner. Haynes slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: Quick tag to Danny Morton and the challengers may be looking to end this one early...

[Haynes and Morton dash in tandem to the ropes, bouncing off, and leaping into the air...

...connecting with a flying double shoulder tackle that sends Jack Lynch sailing across the ring, through the ropes, and down to the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Good grief! Violence Unlimited is taking the fight to the National Tag Team Champions early here in the cage, fans!

[Haynes exits the ring as Danny Morton climbs to his feet, swinging an arm around to the cheering fans. He breaks into a sprint to the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: What the...?

BW: LOOK OUT!

[Morton takes flight, leaping between the top and middle ropes, and smashing into a dazed Jack Lynch, sending the bigger Lynch brother crashing into the steel cage!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT A DIVE! WHAT A DIVE!! DANNY MORTON OUT OF NOWHERE WITH A SUICIDE DIVE KNOCKS JACK LYNCH INTO THE STEEL CAGE OUT HERE SURROUNDING RINGSIDE!!

[The crowd is still roaring for the wild-eyed Oklahoma native as he slowly gets to his feet, letting loose a warcry as he smashes heavy fists into his own chest!]

GM: Man oh man - Violence Unlimited is FIRED up here tonight in Dallas!

[Morton leans down, dragging Lynch up to his feet. He wraps his arms around the torso of Jack Lynch...

...and SMASHES him back into the steel mesh!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: We've seen that type of move done in the ring... even against the apron or steel ringpost at times but I'm not sure I've ever done it against a steel cage!

[Morton slacks off, letting Lynch dangle in his grip...

...and DRIVES HIM BACK into the cage again!]

GM: Twice into the steel mesh and-

[The crowd roars as a recovered James Lynch dashes across the ring, throwing a dropkick at the distracted Jackson Haynes who was watching the action out on the floor, sending him sailing off the apron and down onto the floor!]

GM: JACKSON HAYNES GOES DOWN!!

BW: Uh oh! Clear the runway!

[An angry James Lynch gets to his feet and promptly starts scaling the ropes.]

GM: James Lynch is going to the top early in this one! He's climbing the ropes and the question is, what's he gonna do when he gets there, fans?!

[The barefoot Lynch reaches his perch, looking around at the cheering crowd. He gives a war whoop, waving his arms in the air to even more cheers...

...and then HURLS himself off the top rope, crashing down onto all three men out on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHHHHH MYYYYY STAAAAARS! WHATTA DIVE!! WHATTA MANEUVER TO THE FLOOR!! JAMES LYNCH JUST WIPED OUT EVERY SINGLE PERSON IN THIS MATCH INCLUDING HIS OWN BROTHER!!!

[James Lynch slowly gets to his feet, wincing as he does so and shouts "COME ON!" to the crowd as he waves his arms to them. The fans respond as he pulls Jackson Haynes off the floor...]

GM: Well, this certainly broke down in a hurry.

BW: Jagger's shouting at `em all from the ring but what's he gonna do, Gordo? Disqualify `em?

GM: I don't know if that's an option for him or not.

[Grabbing Haynes by the arm, Lynch fires him towards the mesh, sending him crashing into the steel!]

GM: Ohh! Big whip into the cage out on the floor!

[Approaching Haynes, James Lynch shoves him back against the steel, somehow managing to climb it a bit in his bare feet, throwing right hands at the skull of the Hammer who after a few moments reaches up and shoves the off-balance Lynch off of him. He lands off-balance on the floor...

...and gets RUN OVER with a clothesline!]

GM: Ohhh! Haynes drops James Lynch out there on the floor as well!

BW: He's comin' over here, Gordo!

[Jackson Haynes waves his arms at the timekeeper and the ring announcer, clearing them from their spot at ringside as he grabs one of their seats.]

GM: Haynes has got a steel chair!

BW: Already?! This one may be a heckuva lot shorter than we expected, daddy!

[The Hammer comes back to where Lynch is down on the floor. He shouts at the Texan to get up, rearing back with the chair as Lynch pushes up to his knees...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! A DEVASTATING SHOT WITH THE STEEL CHAIR!!

[The blow solidly across the back buckles James Lynch, knocking him back down to the floor as Haynes stands over him, absolutely fuming as he holds one leg of the chair in his hand. A large piece of the crowd boos the violent act as Haynes glares at them.]

GM: That might not have been the most popular move that Jackson Haynes could have taken in this matchup, fans, but you can't deny it was effective.

BW: And that's the important thing. Who gives a damn what the fans think? If Jackson Haynes can waffle a Stench boy with a steel chair and win those titles back, you think he cares if the fans like it or not?

GM: Well, I'm not really sure-

BW: Get sure. Haynes cares about gold and glory, daddy. Period.

[Haynes slides the chair under the ropes into the ring before dragging a limp James Lynch off the floor, shoving him under the ropes as well.]

GM: Haynes is rolling back in... and Johnny Jagger is right there to tell him he's not the legal man!

BW: Are you kidding me?! This is a steel cage match! Let 'em fight, Jagger!

GM: Johnny Jagger is holding his ground. He's telling Haynes to get back out there on the apron...

[Out on the floor, we see Jack Lynch being shoved under the ropes by Danny Morton. Haynes sees the same, nodding to Jagger as he steps out to the apron, shouting at his partner.]

GM: Jackson Haynes is telling Danny Morton about that chair he left in the ring... Johnny Jagger is rolling James Lynch out to the relative safety of the ring apron in his corner.

BW: But James Lynch took that chair across the back. He may be done already!

GM: I highly doubt this. If you doubt the amount of fight that's in that young man's heart, you weren't watching at the Stampede Cup last year, Bucky.

BW: Oh, I was watching. I just couldn't believe what I was seeing.

[Getting to his feet, Danny Morton leans against the neutral corner for a moment, waving for Lynch to get back to his feet.]

GM: Danny Morton's setting him up for something, fans.

[As Jack Lynch staggers to his feet, Morton charges towards him...

...but Lynch sidesteps, catching the surging Morton around the torso, hoisting him into the air and dropping him with a side slam!]

GM: Ohh! A side slam to counter whatever Morton was thinking about right there!

[A banged-up Lynch rolls into the mount, grabbing a handful of Morton's shaggy brown hair...]

GM: Right hands to the skull! Over and over again, he slams that gloved right hand into the head!

[After about ten hard shots, Lynch pops up to his feet with a roar. He runs to the nearest set of the ropes, bouncing off, and leaping high into the air, dropping his elbow down across the chest!]

GM: He jumped into the lights with that elbow! And there's our first cover of the match!

[Lynch earns a two count before Morton kicks out with authority, leaving no doubt that the battle has just begun. The elder Lynch turns to the corner, looking to make a tag and finds his younger brother laid out on the canvas. Lynch angrily shouts, a guttural roar of anger as he turns back to Morton, dragging him off the mat by the hair.]

GM: Jack Lynch wanted a tag but he just saw what happened to his younger brother for the first time.

BW: He'd better get some control over his temper though. Most guys don't fight so good when they're that mad. You get sloppy. You make mistakes.

[Lynch grabs Morton by the arm, firing him across the ring to the ropes before he dashes to the ropes behind him, bouncing off, and leaving his feet with his arm outstretched...]

GM: LARIA-

[But the flying clothesline attempt comes up empty as Morton sprawls to the canvas, causing Lynch to sail over his head, crashing and burning on the canvas before rolling under the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Jack Lynch went for the kill early on but he paid the price for it! Like you said, Bucky... he got angry, he got sloppy, and he made a mistake - potentially a very big one right there.

[Morton crawls on his hands and knees to the corner, slapping the hand of Jackson Haynes who stays outside the ring, pulling himself around the ringpost to get to the side of the ring where Jack Lynch is out on the apron.]

GM: Both men out on the apron now.

[A prone Lynch quickly finds himself the victim of a barrage of hard stomps to the upper body by Jackson Haynes. Haynes backs off, leaning against the ringpost as he shouts "UP! GET UP, YOU SONUVABITCH!"]

GM: As always, we apologize for the language of Jackson Haynes, fans, but in a match like this where there's so much emotion and so much intensity, I don't think we can be surprised by anything that any of these men do.

[Lynch wraps his arm around the middle rope, dragging himself off the mat to a knee. His back is to a nodding Jackson Haynes who continues to wait, measuring the man...]

GM: Lynch to his feet... he's in trouble!

[Haynes lets loose a shout before charging down the length of the apron...

...which causes Lynch to wheel around, instinctively ducking as Haynes charges him!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd’s sudden explosion comes from Jack Lynch elevating Jackson Haynes into the air, dumping him HARD down on his back on the barely-padded concrete floor with a backdrop off the apron!]

GM: MY STARS!! Jack Lynch was trying to defend himself and he just executed one of the biggest offensive moves of the entire match! Jackson Haynes got backdropped off the apron, crashing down to the concrete floor! That could have... who knows what kind of damage something like that could have done?!

[The camera cuts to ringside, showing Haynes rolling around in agony, visibly wincing with every movement as a tired Jack Lynch leans against the ropes on the apron.]

GM: We’re less than ten minutes into this match and these two teams have broken out the big guns early, Bucky!

BW: They certainly have. We’ve seen dives to the floor, a big double team, a steel chair across the back, moves into the steel cage! This has been awesome so far, Gordo - even if those idiot Stenches are involved!

[Jack Lynch drops to a knee, then moves down to the floor where he goes after the still-downed Haynes.]

GM: Lynch is comin’ out after him...

[Grabbing Haynes by the hair, Lynch drags him to his feet...

...and promptly scoops him up, slamming the 310 pounder down on the floor to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Oh my! He slammed him on the floor! Right back down on the injured back! Jack Lynch has found a weakness - a weakness that he himself inflicted on Haynes - and he’s going after it!

[Lynch leans against the steel mesh, trying to recover from the beating he took very early in the contest. He waves for Haynes to get up, waving him back to his feet.]

GM: Lynch wants him up! He wants to keep this fight going, fans!

BW: He should stay on the man. Pull him up, smash him into something. You’re surrounded by a steel cage, slam his head into it or something!

[Lynch continues to stay on the steel, the crowd urging him on.]

BW: Lynch may be hurt worse than we thought, Gordo. He ain't movin' an inch.

[But as Jackson Haynes pushes to a knee, revealing a horrible red welt on his lower back, Lynch stumbles towards him, raising his arms over his head...]

GM: Double axehandle on the way... but Haynes catches him with a right hand!

[A second right hand to the midsection allows Haynes to get back to his feet. He grabs two hands full of Lynch's hair...

...and rushes him backwards!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HAYNES SMASHED THE BACK OF HIS HEAD INTO THE STEEL!

[Lynch's head BOUNCES off the steel mesh but Haynes holds him steady, not letting him off the cage wall. The Hammer rears back, throwing a big right hand to the jaw... and a second... and a third!]

GM: Three big shots to the head by Haynes!

[The Tennessee native grabs Lynch by the arm, turning back towards the ring.]

GM: He's gonna put him into the apron!

[Haynes attempts the whip but Lynch reverses and Haynes' lower back SLAMS into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: OHHH! THE BACK HITS THE APRON!!

[Lynch drops to a knee from the effort behind the whip and then rushes across the ring, throwing himself into a body tackle...

...that SMASHES the lower back of Haynes into the ring apron again!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Lynch takes the chance to shove Haynes under the ropes back into the ring. The bigger Lynch brother pulls himself up on the apron...

...and catches an incoming Danny Morton with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Lynch is fighting `em both off!

[With a shout to the crowd, Jack Lynch climbs up the nearest set of ropes, swinging an arm around as he waits for Haynes to get back to his feet...

...and leaps off the top, smashing a double axehandle down across the skull!]

GM: Double axehandle on the money!

[Lynch quickly applies a press.]

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

[Haynes gingerly lifts an arm off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: He kicked out at two! There wasn't a lot on it though because of that banged up back!

BW: There doesn't have to be a lot on it as long as you get the shoulder up, Gordo. Even YOU should know that.

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky.

[Jack Lynch gets to his feet, pulling Haynes by the leg across the ring where he slaps the hand of his younger brother who has finally managed to regain his feet. James Lynch grabs the top rope, slingshotting himself over into a sloppy splash where he just starts throwing haymakers to the skull of Jackson Haynes!]

GM: There is absolutely no love lost between James Lynch and Jackson Haynes and we're seeing proof of that right now, fans!

[Climbing to his feet, Lynch balls up his fist, leaping high into the air, and smashing his fist down across the skull!]

GM: Fistdrop and a beauty!

BW: Those are closed fists, Gordo. Can't the referee do something about that?

GM: I don't think he can, no. This is a steel cage showdown - the FIRST tag team steel cage match in AWA history - I believe that anything goes, Bucky!

[Lynch pulls Haynes to his feet, shoving him back into a neutral corner where he promptly mounts the midbuckle, raising his right hand to the cheers of the crowd who decide to count along.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[To the cheers of the crowd, Lynch hops down and grabs Haynes by the arm, firing him across the ring to the other neutral corner...]

GM: From corner to corner he goes!

[Lynch takes flight, scoring with a Heat Wave-ish body splash in the corner to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: James Lynch taking a page out of Supernova's playbook right there!

[And as Haynes stumbles out of the corner, Lynch grabs a handful of hair, dashing a few feet before leaping into the air and DRIVING Haynes facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Big bulldog out of the corner... rolls him over for another shot at a pin...

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the mat once... then twice... but again, Haynes lifts a shoulder before the third time.]

GM: Another two count there for James Lynch...

[The younger Lynch brother shows a little frustration, stomping his bare feet down into the chest and ribs of Jackson Haynes as he climbs back to his feet. Danny Morton shouts a threat from the apron and James Lynch pauses, waving him in if he wants a fight.]

GM: No fear on the face of James Lynch. This is a kid who won't back down from anything or anyone, Bucky.

BW: He may be brave but I think he's just too stupid to know any better.

[James Lynch leans down, dragging Jackson Haynes off the mat by the hair. He grabs an arm, flinging Haynes into the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip by Lynch...

[A rebounding Haynes ducks under a clothesline attempt, hitting the far ropes where Danny Morton slaps him on the shoulder.]

GM: Blind tag by Morton - no one saw it!

[Lynch ducks down, sweeping Haynes' legs out from under him as he bounces back...]

GM: James Lynch is going for the Boston Crab!

[But as he attempts the hold, turning Haynes over, Danny Morton dashes across the ring, hitting the far ropes...

...and OBLITERATES Lynch with a running lariat, breaking the hold!]

GM: OHHHH! MY STARS!!!

[Shoving his partner aside, Morton attempts a title-winning lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd roars in a mixed reaction as Jack Lynch rushes in, diving to deliver a forearm across the back of Morton to break the pin!]

GM: Jack Lynch broke it up! I think it might have been over right there if it wasn't for Jack Lynch doing that!

[An angry Morton gets up, drilling a rising Jack Lynch with a pair of right hands to the jaw before grabbing a handful of hair..

...and FIRING Lynch over the ropes, sending him sailing through the air, and CRASHING down to the barely-padded floor with a thud!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: That'll teach `im!

GM: Danny Morton just took Jack Lynch out of the ring the hard way and he may have taken him out of this match altogether! The elder Lynch landed VERY hard out there on the floor, fans!

[Still fired-up, Morton grabs the recovering James Lynch by the throat...

...and hoists him up with both hands into a double choke!]

GM: He's choking him! He's strangling the air out of James Lynch!

[Morton shows off his tremendous power, doing a full 360 in the ring to show Lynch to all the fans...

...before violently flinging him into the Lynch's set of buckles!]

GM: Goodness. This is getting ugly in there.

[Morton approaches the corner, reaching out to slap Lynch across the face!]

"You got nobody, kid! Your brother ain't gonna help ya! Your other brother, the runt, he ain't gonna help ya either! Your old man is--"

[And an angry James Lynch fires back, cracking Morton on the jaw with a right hand!]

GM: Lynch fires back! He wasn't about to take any more of that trash talk about his family!

[A shaken-up Morton rushes back in...

...right into both raised bare feet of Lynch!]

GM: OHH! LYNCH GOT THE FEET UP!!

[James Lynch promptly leaps to the middle rope, waiting for Morton to stagger back...

...and leaps off, catching him with a dropkick on the jaw!]

GM: A beautiful dropkick off the second rope by James Lynch! That could spell trouble for the challengers, fans!

[Lynch scrambles into a pin attempt, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! And- no! The big man from Oklahoma powers out at two!

[The middle Lynch brother takes the mount, raining down right hands again for a few moments before springing to his feet, dashing to the ropes...

...and dropping a big leaping splash across the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Splash by James Lynch!

BW: A splash?! The kid weighs about a buck twenty!

GM: He does not!

[Lynch reaches back for a leg again, earning another two count.]

GM: Morton's out at two again.

[This time as Lynch rises, he pulls Morton up with him, tossing him back into the neutral corner. He lands a pair of spinning back kicks into the ribs of Morton before grabbing the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: He sends him across! Here comes Lynch!

[He again attempts the leaping corner splash but this time, the powerful Morton steps out of the corner to catch him in mid-flight, turns his body slightly...

...and DROPS him throatfirst across the top rope!]

GM: Oh my! Oh my stars!

[Jack Lynch flails about on the canvas, clutching his throat as he gasps for air.]

GM: Morton's up... ohh! Heavy running elbowdrop to the throat as well!

[Morton applies a quick cover.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got th-

[But Lynch fires a shoulder off the mat in time!]

GM: No! No! Just a two count, fans!

[An angry Morton shouts something at the official as he gets back to his feet, tagging in his partner...]

GM: Morton brings in Haynes... and it looks like we're gonna get another double team here...

[Standing face-to-face, the challengers hoist James Lynch off the mat and straight up into a double military press...]

GM: Whoa my! Look at the power from these two men!

[...and then suddenly drop down to their knees, bringing Lynch crashing gutfirst across both bent knees!]

GM: OHHHHH! GUTBUSTER!!!

[Morton exits, shouting at his partner to "finish this punk off!" as Haynes rises to his feet, a slight grin on his face as he looks around at the largely mixed crowd.]

GM: The fans once again don't know who to root for. They love both of these teams, Bucky.

BW: They may say that but you know these idiots in Texas are rooting for the Stenches. They're too dumb not to.

GM: The hometown heroes here in Dallas, the Lynch brothers are quite possibly the most popular men in the entire AWA, that's for sure.

[Jackson Haynes stands over James Lynch, nodding to the crowd.]

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

BW: He's gonna spike this punk through the mat and we're gonna have new National Tag Team Champions, daddy!

GM: You could be right because Jackson Haynes is setting up for that lethal powerbomb!

[The crowd is buzzing as Haynes reaches down, tugging Lynch into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Haynes has him hooked... he reaches down to-

BW: NO!

GM: JACK LYNCH IS IN! JACK LYNCH HAS THE CHAAAAIRRRRR-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!!!

[A stunned Haynes stumbles back, allowing James Lynch to sweep the legs out with a double leg takedown, flipping forward into a double leg cradle as Jack Lynch cuts off an incoming Danny Morton, hooking him around the waist...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, HOW IN THE WORLD DID HE KICK OUT OF THAT?!

[A stunned Jack and James Lynch seem to be asking the same question, the latter asking it quite loudly in Johnny Jagger's direction as the official assures him it was a two count!]

GM: Two count! Two count only right there! I can't believe it!

BW: Jackson Haynes is a machine, Gordo! He wants those belts back so badly, you might need six of those swings of the steel chair to put him down for a three count!

GM: Don't say that too loudly 'cause it just might happen!

[In the corner, Danny Morton is pummeling the head of the kneeling Jack Lynch. He grabs two hands full of hair, SLAMMING Lynch's face into the midbuckle!]

GM: Goodness!

[Morton marches in, smashing a stunned James Lynch from behind with a double axehandle. He swings the smaller man around, promptly hoisting him up into a military press.]

GM: Sheer power by Danny Morton - perhaps the strongest man in the entire AWA!

BW: But what's he gonna do with him, Gordo?!

GM: I don't- oh no!

[Morton backs up a step, facing the steel cage...]

GM: NO, NO, NOOOO!

[The Oklahoma native charges forward, ready to throw James Lynch over the ropes and into the cage...]

...but Jack Lynch throws himself out of the corner, desperately trying to save his younger brother with a spear tackle!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The spear tackle connects, causing Morton to drop James Lynch facefirst to the canvas on his way down!]

GM: Good grief! Jack Lynch saved his brother from being thrown out to the floor but James Lynch fell incredibly hard to the canvas!

[Jack Lynch takes the mount, raining down gloved right hands to the head.]

GM: He's all over him, fans! Jack Lynch is taking the fight to Danny Morton!

[But Morton's had enough of that, rolling Lynch onto his back and returning the favor!]

GM: And now it's Danny Morton pummeling Jack Lynch! These two teams are just so even, fans! And it's so much fun to watch them compete every time they get together! Remember, this is the third time these two teams have gone at it in tag team action - the first time the Lynches won the Stampede Cup overly the heavily favored Violence Unlimited. The second time was back at SuperClash when the Lynches won the National Tag Team Titles against VU in controversial fashion. And now, right here tonight... there will be no controversy in this one as VU attempts to break their losing streak against the Lynch brothers.

BW: And if they can do it, we're gonna have new National Tag Team Champions here tonight in Dallas, daddy!

[Morton and Lynch continue to roll each other over, trading shots, and eventually get tangled up in the ropes before they both fall out to the floor!]

GM: Morton and Jack Lynch are out on the floor now - right here by us...

BW: Look out!

[The crowd ROARS as Jack Lynch SLAMS Danny Morton's skull into the wooden announce table at ringside!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: It looks like Danny Morton might want to sit in on color commentary, Gordo!

GM: Not by choice- ohh! Again to our table!

[Lynch pushes Morton back against the apron, hammering away with right hands on him. We cut back inside the ring where James Lynch is using the ropes to regain his feet, obviously very dazed after the hard fall to the canvas. A few feet away, Jackson Haynes is getting back to his feet as well, trying to shake off the effects of the chair across the back...]

GM: Both men have achieved verticality back inside the ring.

BW: Achieved whaazaat?

GM: They're both standing up.

BW: Oh.

[Haynes suddenly breaks into a sprint towards Lynch, reaching out an arm...]

GM: Clothesli- OHHHHH MY!!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the challenger's clothesline attempt takes both men over the ropes, sending them crashing down to the barely-padded floor below on the opposite side of the ring from their respective partners!]

GM: AND NOW HAYNES AND JAMES ARE OUT AS WELL!

BW: All four men out on the floor! All four men out here by this massive steel cage! And this is where things might get interesting in a hurry, Gordo.

GM: You're not interested yet?!

[We cut back to Jack Lynch who has grabbed Morton by the hair, walking him over to the cage where he SLAMS his face into the mesh!]

GM: Ohh! Danny Morton's head just got SMASHED into the steel!

[Pressing Morton's face against the mesh, Lynch rakes it back and forth over the sharp steel, digging into the flesh of the man from Oklahoma!]

GM: Aaagh... that's hard to watch, fans.

[The camera cuts to the other side of the cage, showing pieces of Morton's face sticking out through the holes in the mesh. The challenger cries out in pain as Lynch continues to drag his skin back and forth across the steel.]

BW: And that's a good way to rip a man's skin right open, Gordo. He'll tear the flesh and leave him bleeding buckets out there at ringside.

GM: If he does, it won't be the first time that we've seen Danny Morton bleeding buckets in an AWA ring.

[Backing off, Lynch pulls Morton's face away by the hair...

...and SMASHES it into the steel cage again!]

GM: Good grief!

[Morton slumps to a knee, reaching up to check for blood but Lynch slaps the hands away before planting his knee against the back of Morton's head, pushing his face into the steel again!]

GM: He's doing it again! Jack Lynch is driving his face into the steel again!

[We cut to the other side of the cage where Jackson Haynes has regained his feet and is raining down forearms down across the back of the head and neck of a kneeling James Lynch.]

GM: Haynes is all over him, really doing a number on the young man from Dallas out here on the floor!

[Pulling the kneeling champion into a front facelock, Haynes slams home knee after knee after knee into the face before throwing the Texan down to the floor in a heap.]

GM: Haynes is asserting himself physically in a serious way out on the floor and-

[Haynes again clears out the timekeeper and ring announcer, this time grabbing their small wooden table and dragging it closer to where Lynch is.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: It's moving day at ringside! The timekeeper's table is the first on Jackson Haynes' list!

[Pulling Lynch off the mat by the hair, he SLAMS his skull into the wooden table!]

BW: Turnabout is fair play, daddy! Jack Lynch just did this exact same thing to Danny Morton on the other side by us.

[He yanks Lynch off the table, tugging him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: He's gonna powerbomb him on the table! He's gonna break the man's back!

[With a bellow, Haynes hoists Lynch into the air, pulling him all the way up into powerbomb position. But as he looks to twist his body as he can deliver the powerbomb, James Lynch grabs onto the steel mesh with both hands, yanking himself clear of Haynes' grip!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He saved himself!

GM: How in the heck did he pull that off?!

[A shocked Haynes wheels around, catching a back kick from Lynch who is clinging to the side of the steel structure surrounding ringside!]

GM: Lynch kicks him away!

[Haynes rushes in, grabbing for a foot or ankle again and again gets a well-placed mule kick to the mush!]

GM: Lynch kicks him off a second time - he's trapped up there though, Bucky!

[Reaching up a third time, Haynes leaps a bit and hammers a forearm arm into the lower back of Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot there!

[But instead of pulling Lynch down, an angry Haynes climbs up the side of the cage with him.]

GM: What the-?! What is he doing?!

BW: This can't be good!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring at the sight of Jackson Haynes climbing the steel cage, throwing a fist or forearm every couple steps to try and keep Lynch in trouble.]

GM: They're side by side - some six feet or more off the floor here at ringside by my guess!

[Now at an even level with Lynch, Haynes grabs onto the cage with his left hand and reaches out and DRILLS Lynch with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

BW: He's gonna knock this kid off the side of the cage!

[Lynch hangs on with both hands, trying to steady himself.]

BW: And with those bare feet under him, it's going to be very hard to do that!

GM: Climbing that steel mesh isn't easy, Bucky. In fact, I've heard of guys wearing spikes - like baseball or golf spikes - in cage matches to try and give themselves a climbing advantage!

BW: In a wrestling match?!

GM: Yep.

BW: What kind of idiot promoter would let that happen?

[Haynes reaches out again, throwing a second bomb to the jaw of Lynch, trying to knock him down but again, the younger Lynch is able to cling to the cage to stay up there.]

GM: Haynes is giving it all he's got but he can't knock this young man down!

[A quick camera cut shows Jack Lynch slamming a now-bloodied Danny Morton's head into the steel cage again, shaking the whole structure!]

GM: And when their partners are on the other side of the ring, shaking the whole cage, that can't be good for the climbers!

[James Lynch suddenly goes on offense, throwing a back elbow to the jaw of Haynes, causing to sprawl backwards, barely able to hang on with his left hand. But the opening is enough for Lynch who quickly leaps up, climbing even higher on the cage wall to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: What in the world...?! Why on earth would you want to go higher?!

BW: I have no idea!

[As Haynes steadies himself, he finds Lynch with his legs above Haynes' spot on the cage...

...and then catches a big kick to the mush!]

GM: Lynch is trying to kick him down! He's trying to get Haynes down off the side of the cage!

[A second hard kick connects as well but when Lynch attempts a third, Haynes somehow grabs the leg with his right hand...

...and SLAMS the foot into the mesh!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: There's the problem with wrestling barefoot!

[Haynes quickly pursues the now-hurting Lynch, drawing even with him one more... now potentially ten feet on the floor as they draw closer to the top of the cage.]

GM: They're getting closer to the top of the cage, fans! I am told this cage is about twenty feet high from the floor of the arena. The perfect size to keep someone out.

BW: I'm starting to wonder if it's the right size to keep someone in though!

GM: These two guys are about halfway up the side of this- ohh! Right hand by Haynes! And another!

[The Tennessee native reaches out, grabbing a handful of hair...

...and SLAMS Lynch's head into the mesh!]

GM: Oh my stars!

[Lynch staggers back, nearly falling off the side of the cage but his right hand wrapped around the mesh saves him. He reaches back with his left hand, grabbing the cage as well as he jams his heels into the holes in the mesh to steady himself...]

GM: James Lynch is hanging off the side of the cage, facing the ring now! How can he possibly manage to keep his balance up there like that, Bucky?!

BW: I haven't the slightest clue!

[An angry Haynes inches a foot or two to his right, trying to get Lynch back within reach...]

GM: Haynes- whooa! He almost fell right there!

BW: This isn't Jackson Haynes' kind of game, Gordo. He's not a wall-climbing Spider-Man reject like James Stench is! He likes to beat people up!

[Haynes lifts his right hand, showing off his heavily-taped right thumb...]

GM: WHISKEY LULLABY!

[He swings it as quickly as he can considering his position, trying to drive it into the throat of James Lynch...

...but Lynch brings up his left hand and arm in a desperation block that manages to drive the swing off course!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch blocked it and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Lynch swings back towards Haynes using his right arm, hooking his left hand around the head!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW! LYNCH HOOKS THE CLAW ON THE SIDE OF THE CAGE!

[At the sound of the roaring crowd, Jack Lynch's attention is drawn to crazy battle going on with his brother and Jackson Haynes and quickly leaves a bloodied Danny Morton down on the mat, making his way around the ringside area where he shoves the timekeeper's table aside to the disappointment of some members of the crowd.]

GM: Jack Lynch is over here now, trying to help his brother. He already took that table out of play - thank heavens for that - but what can he do here to help James Lynch get down off the side of that cage?!

[The elder Lynch brother promptly reaches up, just narrowly unable to grab Jackson Haynes' foot who responds by planting said foot into Jack Lynch's face, knocking him several feet back.]

GM: Ohh! Haynes with a boot to the face!

[Wearying under the off-handed Iron Claw, Haynes throws a few soft shots to the ribs, more annoying than painful. James Lynch continues to hang on, trying to topple the much-larger man...]

GM: That Iron Claw is still sunk in and sunk in deep! It's not the hand he usually applies the hold with which will make it less effective but it's still got to do some damage.

BW: That's the only reason that Haynes isn't out already, Gordo - because it's the off hand!

[But with the shadows starting to fall over his eyes, Haynes gets desperate...

...and as we know, desperate men do desperate things.]

GM: What the-?! NO!

[The crowd collectively gasps as Haynes throws both arms around the torso of James Lynch, completely flinging himself off the cage, and using his 310 pound frame to RIP Lynch away from the cage as well, both men plummeting off the side of the steel structure, falling some ten feet through the sky...

...and crashing onto Jack Lynch who threw himself under both men to save his brother at the last moment!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS!! MY STARS IN HEAVEN!! A SUICIDAL MANEUVER BY JACKSON HAYNES TO FREE HIMSELF FROM THE IRON CLAW AND NOW, ALL THREE MEN ARE DOWN AND OUT!!

BW: What an idiot that Jack Lynch is! If he'd let them fall to the floor, Haynes would be easy pickings right now but he threw himself under them to try to save his idiot brother and now all three of them are down!

GM: Jack Lynch just had over five hundred pounds dropped on him from over ten feet in the air! That's gotta do a number on the eldest of the Lynch boys and what's going to happen now, Bucky?!

[Bucky doesn't get a chance to answer the question as the camera cuts to the other side of the ring where a badly-bloodied Danny Morton has pushed himself to his feet and is wobbling around the ring towards the dogpile.]

BW: Danny Morton smells blood... mostly because it's pouring out of his friggin' skull... but he smells blood in the water and you better believe he won't hesitate to end this thing right here and now, daddy!

GM: The challengers may be drawing close to becoming the two-time National Tag Team Titles. If they accomplish that goal, they will be the first EVER two-time National Tag Team Champions. Nobody's done it twice yet, Bucky.

BW: We might be about to see history in the making then, daddy, cause Danny Morton is heading straight for James Lynch!

[The barrel-chested powerhouse from Oklahoma rips a limp and defenseless James Lynch off the floor with two hands full of hair and promptly SLAMS his skull into the steel mesh!]

GM: OHHHHHH! Good lord!

[A merciless and bloody Morton pulls Lynch's head off the cage with both hands, glaring into his face...]

"YOU WANT MORE, BOY?!"

[...and DRIVES his face into the sharp steel wire again! Lynch stumbles away, easy prey for Morton as he scoops the much-smaller man up, slinging him over his shoulder into running powerslam position!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got him up for a powerslam on the floor!

BW: I don't think that's what he's got in mind, Gordo. Let's get out of here!

[Morton waves his free arm, clearing both Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde out of the way as he kicks the downed Jack Lynch out of his way.]

GM: Danny Morton is clearing a path! He's making room!

[The Oklahoma native comes charging down the length of the ring drape, charging at full speed towards the announce table...

...and runs right past it!]

GM: What the-?!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY GOD!! MY GOD IN HEAVEN!!

[Morton bounces off, having DRIVEN James Lynch's skull into the steel cage, making the entire structure shake from the impact. He lets loose a roar to the crowd, many of which roar right back at him as he smashes his fists into his own face!]

GM: Violence Unlimited is FIRED UP here tonight in Dallas! They're showing the entire world how badly they want to be the National Tag Team Champions for the second time! We are creeping closer and closer to the half hour mark of this brutal war and I don't even know how these four men are still walking, Bucky!

BW: Me neither!

[Morton reaches down, grabbing a limp James Lynch off the canvas, and shows off his now-busted open forehead to the crowd!]

GM: James Lynch has been lacerated, fans! He's been split wide open thanks to that javelin like charge by Danny Morton, the American Murder Machine!

[Morton effortlessly throws Lynch under the ropes into the ring before scaling the ringsteps and ducking through the ropes himself.]

GM: Both men are back inside the ring now. I'm not sure if either of these men are legal at this point but I don't think the AWA's Senior Official, Johnny Jagger, knows either!

[Professor Pain stalks across the ring to where a now-bloodied Lynch is lying, a steady flow of crimson pouring out of his split forehead now.]

GM: Morton's busted open. James Lynch is busted open. What a war these four men have been through tonight here in Dallas and what a way to show certain individuals who will remain nameless that the AWA won't go down without a fight! You can pull off your sneaky and devious plots but this company has come to battle, fans!

BW: Amen, brother!

[Morton slowly drops to his knees, nodding his head to the crowd, droplets of blood spraying all over as he does so, and applies a lateral press.]

GM: Morton's got one! He's got two! He's got th-

[The crowd ERUPTS as James Lynch just narrowly inches a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Shoulder up! Shoulder up! My stars, he got a shoulder up!

BW: Unbelievable!

GM: James Lynch slid that shoulder off the mat - maybe not more than an inch or so - but it was enough to deny Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes victory!

BW: No one ever said it had to be a big kickout, Gordo!

GM: They certainly didn't.

[A shocked Danny Morton pushes back up to his knees, shaking his head in disbelief. He grabs Lynch by his blood-soaked hair, drilling him with a right hand to the temple. A second haymaker connects with the jaw and a third hits the split forehead, causing Lynch to crumple back down to the canvas as Morton climbs to his feet...

...and slowly marches back to the corner, leaning against the buckles.]

GM: Danny Morton is backing off... he's backing away... waving for James Lynch to get up... calling for him to get back to his feet...

[Morton continues to gesture up with his powerful arm, urging James Lynch back to his feet with every movement.]

GM: James Lynch, bloodied and exhausted, is trying to get up, fans. James Lynch is trying to find a way to stand up and keep this fight going for his brothers, his father, his entire family, and most of all for all his great fans here in Dallas and all over the wrestling world!

[Lynch rolls to all fours, oblivious to Danny Morton waiting for him to get up.]

GM: Lynch is on his knees, blood just draining out of his body with every breath. He's sporting the crimson mask tonight, fans, and now up to a knee, trying to get to his feet...

[Morton leans forward, planting a fist on the canvas as he jogs in place with his rear legs...]

GM: Three point stance!

[And as Lynch pushes up, getting to his wobbly feet, Morton sprints across the ring...

...and DRILLS Lynch with a shoulder tackle that flips him over Morton's back, dumping him motionless to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! My stars - what a tackle!

[Morton turns around, again with a nod as he staggers towards the downed Lynch, throwing himself into another cover.]

GM: Jagger down to count - ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

[But again, James Lynch just INCHES a shoulder off the canvas!]

GM: James Lynch is incredible, fans! James Lynch is the kind of hero your kids can look up to! Never quit, never say die, no retreat, and damn sure no surrender!

[Morton again looks on in shock but responds much quicker to the news of the near fall this time, dragging Lynch up with both hands and shoving him back into a corner.]

GM: Lynch gets sent to the corner... Morton moves in...

[Winding up his big right arm, Morton CRACKS Lynch across the chest with a brutal knife-edge chop...

...and then swings his right fist back through, cracking Lynch across the jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

[The powerhouse challenger repeats the attack, throwing chop then punch... chop then punch... chop then punch until the last punch sends Lynch down to a knee in the corner.]

GM: He's got James Lynch on Dream Street, fans!

[Grabbing the high flyer by the arm, Morton powers him out into an Irish whip...]

GM: Big whi-

[But hangs on to the arm, yanking Lynch back in hard and DRILLING him with a standing clothesline!]

GM: Good grief! Short-arm clothesline by Danny Morton and that might do it there, fans! That might be all she wrote for James Lynch!

[However, this time, Danny Morton does not attempt a cover. This time, Morton throws his arms apart to his sides and shouts "IT'S OVER!"

GM: Danny Morton, one-half of the challengers in this brutal Main Event, says it's over, fans! He says he's gonna finish this kid off right here and now and regain those National Tag Team Titles!

[Leaning down, Morton drags Lynch up by the hair, promptly scooping him up and hoisting him across his body. The crowd instantly begins to buzz in anticipation of what's coming next.]

GM: Oh my stars, he's calling for the Oklahoma Stampede! If he hits this, it's over, fans!

[Morton charges across the ring, smashing Lynch's back into the buckles. He swings around, rampaging out of the corner...

...but before he can slam him down, Lynch wriggles free, landing on his feet behind him!]

GM: Lynch escapes!

[A shocked Morton spins around...]

GM: CLAW!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of James Lynch locking his right hand around the bloodied skull of Danny Morton!]

GM: James Lynch has locked his family's legendary Iron Claw on the head of one-half of the National Tag Team Champions! Can he hang on? Can he get a submission out of Professor Pain, one of the toughest, strongest men I've ever seen inside a wrestling ring?!

BW: Morton's got a chance, Gordo. If you have to get trapped in a Claw by one of the Lynches, I'd say James is the one you want it to be. Jack's won titles by submission with his. Travis' hand and arm strength makes his very dangerous too but James Lynch has never really been the master of the Claw in the same fashion that the rest of his family is. It's dangerous but it's not a death sentence.

GM: But it's very effective as Danny Morton is finding out right now! The Claw is sunk in, Lynch is squeezing the temples, trying to constrict the flow of blood to the brain and render his opponent unconscious!

[A weakened Morton throws a few soft right hands to the ribs, trying to battle his way free.]

GM: Morton's trying to fight out of it but Lynch is hanging on tight!

BW: And you can bet that all the blood that Morton has lost here tonight ain't doin' him any favors right about now! He's barely standing... barely able to keep his feet under him...

[And on cue, Morton drops to a knee, the crowd ROARING at the sight!]

GM: Morton's down on a knee! The referee is rushing into position to check on him. Remember, fans, Lynch doesn't have to get a submission out of this to win. Many times the Lynch boys have gained pinfall victories with the Iron Claw as well!

[Morton's arms, once violently pumping to try and free himself have slowed to a crawl, barely moving now...]

GM: Danny Morton's in trouble! Violence Unlimited's challenge to become the National Tag Team Champions is in trouble as well! Can he hang on? Out on the floor, Jack Lynch and Jackson Haynes are finally starting to stir. If Morton can hang on long enough, maybe one of them can get in there to help their partner out!

[But just when things look at their worst for Danny Morton, the Oklahoma native reaches out, wrapping his arms around the waist of James Lynch, powering him into the air..

...and DUMPING him down on the back of his head and neck, folding the Texan like an accordion!]

GM: BACKDROP DRIVER!! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[However, Lynch wisely keeps rolling upon hitting the mat, rolling right under the ropes out to the safety of the floor!]

GM: James Lynch got drilled with the Backdrop Driver but he kept rolling! The impact threw him close to the ropes but he rolled right under them to the floor!

BW: That HAD to be pure instinct, Gordo! There's no way that he was conscious enough to do that!

GM: Whatever it was, it saves him from what was certain defeat if Morton was able to cover him.

[A bloodied and weary Morton rolls to his knees, looking to make a cover, and then looks around confused.]

GM: I'm not sure Danny Morton even realizes what just happened. He was looking to make a pin attempt right there but James Lynch is nowhere to be seen.

[Morton tiredly pushes up off the mat, staggering over to the ropes where he sees James Lynch lying on the floor motionless.]

GM: James Lynch is out cold, I believe, Bucky. But does Danny Morton have enough left in the tank to-

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock!]

GM: What the HELL?!

[The camera spots Cletus Lee Bishop as he pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes behind a dazed Danny Morton!]

GM: Where the HELL did he come from, Bucky?!

BW: I have no idea! He just suddenly appeared on the floor and now he's in the ring!

GM: The referee is going nuts but-

[Cletus Lee nods his head, literally trembling with anticipation as he waits for Morton to turn...

...and then FLATTENS him with a charging big boot to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: IT'S DEJA VU HERE IN DALLAS! This is EXACTLY how the Lynches won the National Tag Team Titles to begin with! Cletus Lee Bishop has come out of nowhere to-

[And suddenly, all hell breaks loose!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: ACES!

[The camera quickly cuts to ringside to show "Delicious" Daniel Tyler and "Sweet" Steven Childes crawling out from under the ring and swarming Jack Lynch who was about to get involved in the match. Tyler grabs Lynch by the back of the trunks, yanking him off the apron...

...and then FLINGING him back into the steel mesh!]

GM: OHHH, COME ON!!

[Steven Childes shoves his way past the timekeeper's table, charging around to pull James Lynch off the floor, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring. Childes quickly pulls himself up on the apron, scaling the closest set of turnbuckles...]

GM: Get him down from there! The Aces have no business getting themselves involved in-

[...and then leaps off the perch, pumping his arms and legs, and CRASHING down across the chest of the prone Danny Morton with a frog splash!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Childes springs to his feet and with the aid of Cletus Lee Bishop, they drape a barely conscious James Lynch over Danny Morton. The referee protests, shouting at both men as we quickly cut to the floor where Duane Henry Bishop has thrown himself at Jackson Haynes, shoving him back against the mesh...

...where Cousin Bo has appeared outside the cage, pressing up against it.]

GM: Fans, there's chaos unfolding all around us! I can't- is that Cousin Bo over there?!

BW: It is! He just hopped out of the front row and-

GM: He's got handcuffs!

[He certainly does and as he feeds them through the cage mesh, it quickly becomes apparent what the plan is.]

GM: They're handcuffing Jackson Haynes to the cage!

[The Hammer freaks out as he realizes what's going on, flailing away with hammering left hands to the head, throat, chest - basically, anything he can hit on Duane Henry Bishop!]

GM: They're trying to get Haynes out of this situation!

[Back inside the ring, Cletus Lee Bishop has grabbed Johnny Jagger by the throat and throws him down to the mat, ordering him to count.]

GM: Don't do it, Johnny! Don't do it!

BW: What choice does he have?!

[The petrified official raises his hand, slapping the mat once.]

GM: No! Somebody's gotta stop this!

[He raises his hand a second time, taking a long look at Cletus Lee before slapping the mat a second time!]

BW: They've got Haynes cuffed! He's out of the picture! Danny Morton is all alone in there!

[Jagger raises his arm a third time, waits a seeming eternity...

...and then reluctantly slaps the canvas for a third time!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[The ringside bell rings thanks to Daniel Tyler who is hammering away at it as quickly as he can. A quick camera cut shows Percy Childes, crystal-topped cane in hand keeping the ringside officials from opening up the cage.]

GM: Childes is swinging that cane at anyone in sight! I can't believe what I'm seeing, fans!

[Back inside the cage, Duane Henry Bishop is choking a one-armed man against the steel mesh, Haynes struggling all the while.]

GM: Steven Childes is rolling out to the floor, pulling Jack Lynch off the mat. The Lynches have retained the titles thanks to the Bishops and the Aces but I don't think that anyone's done here tonight!

[Childes and Tyler each grab ahold of Jack Lynch, hooking him for a doubleteam Russian Legsweep...

...and SNAP the back of his head into the mesh again!]

GM: Good grief!

[A gloating Steven Childes pops up, leaning over the announce table to berate Gordon Myers.]

SC: LOOK AT YOUR HEROES NOW, MYERS! LOOK AT 'EM!!

GM: I see them! Get out of here! You stay away from me!

[Tyler mocks the writhing-in-pain Jack Lynch, reaching down to slap him across the face.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for this! No call for ANY of this, Bucky!

BW: Hey, the Aces got robbed out of their title shot a few weeks ago! This seems like a good payback to me!

GM: It does not! This is completely out of control! All four of these maniacs are completely out of control and we're trapped in here with them!

[Duane Henry Bishop rolls into the ring, shouting to Cletus Lee who pulls the long-ago discarded steel chair into his meaty paws. Duane Henry leans down, pulling Danny Morton to his feet, holding his powerful arms behind him.]

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

[With a shout of encouragement from outside the cage by Cousin Bo, Cletus Lee rears waaaaaay back...]

GM: NO!

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MY STARS IN HEAVEN! WHAT A VILE SHOT WITH THAT STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE SKULL!!

[Morton collapses in a motionless heap, Duane Henry Bishop gloating over his unconscious form...

...and suddenly, the crowd erupts in cheers!]

GM: Travis Lynch is heading for the ring! He's gonna try and save his brothers!

[Outside the cage, Percy Childes snatches the key away from the outside official, shoving it through the mesh into the cage area!]

GM: What the- Childes just put the keys in! He locked these guys in there!

[An irate Travis Lynch reaches ringside, berating Percy Childes. He grabs the Collector of Oddities by the collar, shoving him back against the mesh!]

GM: Travis has got Percy trapped! He's gonna make him pay for his part in all of this!

[Inside the cage, Steven Childes has James Lynch down on the floor near where Travis and Percy are. He locks in the Childes Play double armbar submission hold as Tyler approaches the cage, leaning into it.]

DT: You let him go or we break your brother's arm, you hear me?!

[Travis Lynch glares at Childes, his right hand cocked for a haymaker.]

GM: They're threatening to break James' arm if Travis doesn't let Percy go!

[A quick cut inside the ring shows Duane Henry Bishop directing traffic as he unfolds the steel chair.]

GM: Something's going on inside the cage now but...

[We cut back to ringside where a dejected Travis Lynch releases Percy Childes, shoving him aside as he starts climbing the cage!]

GM: Travis is climbing this thing! He's climbing this twenty foot structure!

[And to a big cheer from the crowd, he's quickly joined by Rick Marley, Jeff Jagger, Yuma Weaver, and The Hive, all attempting to scale their way into the cage to break up the brutal assault!]

GM: The locker room has cleared! They're trying to get in here and stop all of this!

[Percy Childes can be heard shouting to his men as his nephew sinks in the double armbar known as Childes Play anyways, yanking back and forth as he tries to snap the arm of a bloodied James Lynch.]

GM: The armbar is applied! Hurry up, Travis! Get in here!

[A quick cut inside shows Duane Henry folding the chair shut on the right arm of Danny Morton, dropping down to the mat to pin the limb to the canvas.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: They're gonna break it, daddy! They're gonna break Morton's arm!

GM: Somebody's gotta get in there! Somebody's gotta stop this!

[Cletus Lee Bishop takes a spot on the middle rope, nodding to the shouts from Duane Henry...

...and leaps off, driving his knee down across the trapped arm!]

GM: AHHHH!

[Morton immediately cries out, rolling back and forth, kicking his legs in agony as he clutches his presumably-broken right arm.]

GM: They broke it! The Bishop Boys may have just snapped the arm of Danny Morton!

[Cousin Bo catches a right hand from Yuma Weaver before the Native American starts scaling the cage. Bo immediately shouts to his men who exit the ring as the first wave of fan favorites keep pouring over the top of the steel structure!]

GM: We've got help arriving! Get 'em! Get 'em all!

[But Daniel Tyler quickly unlocks the cage, he and Steven Childes fleeing the scene along with their manager. Duane Henry is the next one through, grabbing Cousin Bo around the arm and pulling him up the aisle as Cletus Lee lingers, looking as though he's willing to charge back into the fray.]

GM: Finally, they clear out! Finally, the attack ends! But we've got carnage all around us! The Lynches and Violence Unlimited were both just laid out at the conclusion of this terrific steel cage showdown between the two teams. The Aces and the Bishops struck and struck hard... they came out from under the ring at the opportune moment and Bucky, just how long do you think those four men were hiding under that ring?

BW: It could've been all night, daddy! That's how badly they wanted to make this happen! This was a message - a very clear message to the champions, the challengers, heck, the entire AWA!

GM: We need to get some medical help out here. Jack Lynch - the back of his head has been split open. Danny Morton's arm may be broken and look at poor Jackson Haynes. He was forced to stand there, handcuffed to the cage helpless, as he watched his partner get smashed over the head with a steel chair AND potentially have his arm broken. Danny Morton's gotta have a concussion after that shot to the head and who knows what kind of damage was done to that arm! Fans, we've got some help coming... we need to take a break after that lengthy match but we'll be right back with more AWA action!

[As a stream of AWA medical personnel hit the ringside area, we fade to black.

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

Kid #1: It's so hot.

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

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

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

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

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

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

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

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

SDW: And me!

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

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

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

And then fade back up to live action where we find Jason Dane standing in the backstage area in front of the same door he's been in front of all night.]

JD: Welcome back to this wild and chaotic Anniversary Show, fans. It seems difficult to discuss this after what we just saw between the Lynches and Violence Unlimited but we have to remember that there's a larger issue at stake here tonight. The status of the AWA National Title - the biggest prize in our sport - and just who is the National Champion? The Championship Committee and members of the front office have been meeting behind this door all night. Throughout the evening, we've been able to speak to a few of them but now... now we've been invited INSIDE the room for the final moments of this meeting. Let's go in there right now!

[Dane pushes open the door, slinking into a crowded room as the cameraman walks behind him. The people within are in the middle of a conversation as our view arrives. We spot several familiar faces including Jim Watkins, Jon Stegglet, Bobby Taylor, and Todd Michaelson among many others - some of which are not so familiar. As we enter, Jon Stegglet is speaking.]

JS: While we all can agree that this is far from an ideal situation, none of us seem to agree on what the appropriate course of action to take is. However, after a lengthy debate and several votes, I believe we have reached a consensus. Ladies and gentlemen, is that correct?

[Nods all around the room.]

JS: And that consensus is strong enough that each and every single one of you will support it to the best of your ability?

[More nodding - some people not looking so pleased.]

JS: Alright. Then it's settled.

[Todd Michaelson speaks up.]

TM: How do you think the fans will react?

[Stegglet shrugs.]

JS: One way to find out, old friend. I think this announcement should be made from the center of the ring though - in front of all the people who paid

their money to see the AWA tonight and in front of all the people at home watching us right now.

[More nodding all around. Bill Masterson speaks.]

BM: Who's gonna do it?

[A long delay, everyone looking at one another. Slowly, Jim Watkins rises from his chair.]

JW: I'll do it.

[Watkins starts towards the door but Bobby Taylor extends an arm to block him.]

BT: Wait a second, Jim. We really gonna let him go out there and do this alone? Are we all in this together or not?

[A lot of mumbling and grumbling.]

BT: I back this decision fully... so I'm going with Jim as a show of support. A whole lot of people are gonna want to blame Jim for what happened last night but I want the world to know that I'm not one of 'em.

JS: I'm with you too.

[Michaelson nods, getting out of his seat.]

TM: Let's go do this.

[The four men walk out of the crowded room as the camera pans to follow them.]

JD: Fans, they're going to the ring! It's announcement time! We'll be right back with... well, you'll have to stay tuned in to find out!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we crossfade back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated as the ring crew finishes up taking down the massive steel structure.]

GM: Welcome back, fans! When we came on the air tonight, we were talking about it and as we go off the air in a few moments, we'll be doing the same. Just what happened last night in Westwego, Louisiana and what's going on with the AWA National Title? Well, we may be about to find out, Bucky.

BW: This is huge, Gordo. Can you think of ANY time in AWA history where three of the owners AND the Chairman of the Championship Committee appeared in the ring together to address the fans?

GM: I most certainly can not.

BW: This has gotta be something big. I can't wait to find out.

[On cue, Jim Watkins, Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson come walking down the aisle towards the ring to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Here we go, Bucky.

BW: Look at my arm, Gordo - I got goosebumps!

GM: Please put your arm down.

[As they reach the ring, the four men huddle up. After a brief conversation, the Chairman of the Championship Committee climbs the steel steps to enter the ring while the other three men take up supporting spots at ringside. Watkins is handed a house mic by Phil Watson as he enters the ring. Watkins paces a bit before settling down, slowly raising the mic.]

JW: Winter is coming.

[Watkins pauses, a large part of the audience buzzing with confusion.]

JW: For the past 24 hours, ever since I heard about what happened last night in Westwego, Louisiana, that's been running through my head. "Winter is coming."

You see, you might not think it looking at an old redneck like me but I'm a big fan of George R.R. Martin's A Song Of Fire And Ice books and an even bigger fan of the TV shows they're makin' out of 'em. In that world, they use "Winter is coming" to warn of dark and dangerous times ahead.

[Watkins pauses, stroking his chin.]

JW: Do I think the so-called darkness has returned to the AWA? Judging by some of the things that have gone down here in the past 24 hours, it'd be real tough not to, wouldn't it? At one point tonight, I stepped out of that meeting in the back and went to the medical area. Eric Preston, a great young kid with the world his for the taking? He may never wrestle again. That black stuff Nenshou spat in his eyes is apparently a helluva lot more dangerous than we thought.

And then that crap we just saw at the end of the cage match?

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: You'll forgive me if I don't necessarily see the silver lining here tonight. But the thing about those books and that show that a lot of people don't quite get... at their core, they're about power. They're about power - the quest for power, the fight for power, the struggle to keep power once you've gotten it. Everything in that world revolves around power.

And that's why it seems so appropriate to talk about tonight because you see what happened last night in Westwego... it wasn't truly about the National Title.

[Watkins looks out to Stegglet who nods.]

JW: If Mark Langseth truly wanted to be the National Champion, he would have come back to the negotiating table like a man, gotten reinstated, and earned that title belt. That's not what he wanted... and that's not what that piece of filth Petrow wanted either.

They wanted power.

They wanted the kind of power that only can come by taking a promotion's top prize and holding it for ransom. And make no mistake about it, that's what they're doing. They may not have told us their demands yet but that day'll come.

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: Some bad stuff went down last night in Westwego... it was a perfect storm of things going wrong that they took advantage of. And there will be a time and place to tell the world exactly what happened and how it happened.

But tonight ain't that time and the AWA's Anniversary Show ain't that place.

Instead, we'll suffice to say that due to extreme circumstances last night in Westwego, Calisto Dufresne was left without an opponent... he issued an open challenge... Mark Langseth came out of the crowd to accept it... and thanks to interference from Joe Petrow, Mark Langseth ran out of Westwego with the AWA National Title like a thief in the night.

Oh, and Dave Cooper was with 'em. Dave, don't bother showing up to work any time soon.

[The crowd cheers that.]

JW: The day will come when Joe Petrow will pick up his trusty phone... or heck, make another clever YouTube video and distribute it to the AWA fans without our knowledge or permission... and he'll make their demands. He'll tell the world what they want to bring the National Title back home where it belongs.

But after 24 hours of meetings, the American Wrestling Alliance has decided to make a pre-emptive strike and tell Joe Petrow, Dave Cooper, and Mark Langseth exactly where they can stick the AWA National Title!

[The crowd buzzes with confusion.]

JW: As of this moment, the AWA National Title ceases to exist.

[Big shocked reaction!]

JW: What Mark Langseth holds is simply a large golden paperweight. It means nothing to us... not a single thing to this company other than a way to fondly remember the champions who came before him that held that title with honor... with dignity... like champions should be. Men like Juan Vasquez or Ron Houston... heck, even men like Marcus Broussard, Stevie Scott, and Calisto Dufresne.

Starting right now, the AWA National Title is dead.

[The buzz can be heard off the crowd as Watkins lowers the mic for a moment.]

JW: And with one eye towards the future of this promotion, we - all of us - are proud to announce here and now that the American Wrestling Alliance has created a new title to replace it.

The American Wrestling Alliance World Heavyweight Championship!

[HUGE CHEER!]

JW: That's right. The National Title is a thing of the past but now a World Title rises from the ashes.

And we'll be launching a tournament to crown this new champion - the greatest tournament ever put together by a wrestling promotion! There'll be more details to come on the tournament in the days ahead but right now, we wanted to come out here and-

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks into cheers as the entrance curtain sails open and the seven foot beast known as Robert Donovan storms into view.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: This could be trouble.

GM: He does NOT look happy, fans.

BW: Robert Donovan was scheduled to compete here tonight for the National Title but what happened in Westwego completely changed all that. And now, it looks like he's not even gonna compete at all!

[Donovan storms down the aisle, and livid might actually not be a strong enough term to describe the anger etched on his beet-red face. He quickly pulls himself up onto the apron and steps over, his eyes never leaving Watkins as he storms over to the Championship Committee Chairman, ripping the microphone from his hands.]

RD: This some kind of joke, Jimmy?! Somebody back there think this is funny? Maybe think screwin' with ol' Rob could be a good way to drag a few laughs from the boys, huh? Is that it?

[Watkins is clearly trying to calm the big man down, but he's not having it.]

RD: If so, it ain't funny by a damn sight! You mean to tell me you clowns actually let that son of a bitch march in here an' take the [BLEEP] damn belt right from under your noses?! That Dufresne's cowardly ass didn't even bother showin' up tonight? If I were in a slightly different mood maybe I wouldn't blame him, 'cause the first thing that would happen if he did would be a 911 call, because there'd be a LINE of people waitin' to kill that bastard!

[Watkins throws up his hands.]

RD: Don't tell me it ain't your fault, Jimmy!

[Donovan gets right in Watkins' face, or as close as he can, and pokes him hard in the chest.]

RD: You represent the office! When they screw up, YOU get to pay for it! YOU get to answer to the people they screwed over, an' the biggest damn one is standin' right here!

[Donovan lowers the mic and just looms over Watkins for a moment.]

RD: ...but I ain't a coward like Dufresne! I'm a big enough boy to deal with this kind of crap myself, an' since you can't go out and get me that sneaky little weasel whose name I ain't even gonna repeat on television, you can't give me what I shoulda had tonight -- a shot at the National title.

[Watkins clearly looks nonplussed.]

RD: Tell you what, Jimmy, you promoted a main event. You promoted a National Title match, Calisto Dufresne defending against Rob Donovan. Dufresne ain't here, but I am, an' I ain't goin' anywhere!

[Donovan pauses as the crowd responds to that statement.]

RD: You go back there an' you find me someone, Jimmy. You find me anybody that has the simple balls to walk out here an' face me tonight. Don't matter who it is, just let them know that I had some serious plans for Calisto Dufresne tonight, an' whoever comes out there is gonna be wearin' his face in my eyes!

[Donovan reaches up and grabs Watkins by the collar, then leans down, putting his eyes in line.]

RD: You find me somebody, Jimmy...or for the Main Event, you put yourself out here an' answer for the damn mess the office made.

[Donovan releases Watkins, then slams the mic into his chest, pushing Watkins back into the ropes.]

GM: Whoa! Robert Donovan is obviously hot under the collar, fans! We apologize for the language we just heard from him but- well, what is Jim Watkins going to do now?

BW: The show's almost over, Gordo! We already saw the Main Event! There ain't gonna be anything else!

GM: Don't tell Robert Donovan that!

[The seven footer paces back and forth, glaring at the Chairman as he slowly raises the mic.]

JW: Rob... Rob, please... let's not do this right now. I get that you're angry and I don't blame you. You got a raw deal tonight - plain and simple. Langseth... Dufresne... they put us in a bad spot... Petrow, Cooper... all of 'em.

[Donovan doesn't want to hear it, slamming a hand into his chest shouting "FIND SOMEONE!"]

JW: Rob, there's no one to find. The show's almost over.

[Donovan shakes his head, stepping forward with a pointing finger.]

RD: Wrong answer, Jimmy.

[Donovan reaches a powerful arm out, grabbing Watkins by the throat!]

GM: NO!

[The crowd gasps at the violent act by the seven foot fan favorite. But before Donovan can chokeslam the Chairman, co-owner Bobby Taylor rolls under the ropes, popping to his feet...]

GM: Taylor's in the ring! Bobby Taylor's in the-

[Taylor stalks across the ring, grabbing Donovan by the shoulder and violently tearing him away from Watkins. He jabs a finger in the face of Donovan, shouting at him.]

"YOU DON'T WANT TO DO THIS, ROB!"

GM: Bobby Taylor and Robert Donovan are former allies... former tag team partners... some might even call them friends as well. Taylor is trying to talk Donovan down. It's understandable that Robert Donovan is upset but he went too far when he put his hands on Jim Watkins!

BW: Maybe he didn't go far enough. He's right, Gordo! Watkins did bungle this! He did screw the pooch in allowing the National Title to be stolen and the thief walked right out the back door with it!

GM: Donovan needs to think though! There's a World Title tournament coming! We just heard it announced! If he gets suspended for attacking an official, he may be out of that tournament entirely!

[Donovan and Taylor stand toe to toe, glaring at each other as Taylor continues to try and talk Donovan down. Donovan has a few words of his own, shouting down his former ally.]

GM: This is a very explosive situation, fans. Robert Donovan tonight is like a powderkeg getting very close to an explosion. All we need is one spark to blow it sky high.

[The two men are shouting at one another, jabbing fingers into one another's chests as Jim Watkins stands by, looking on in disbelief at the scene unfolding in front of him. Todd Michaelson and Jon Stegglet look at each other and then decide to act, each trying to get in between Bobby Taylor and Robert Donovan to settle the issue.]

GM: Donovan and Taylor are two men with hot heads - with bad tempers if you will. It's not gonna be easy to settle these two down now that this has flared up.

[Taylor shouts something at Donovan as Todd Michaelson pushes him back, trying to get his business partner under control. Jon Stegglet is just standing in front of Donovan, hoping that an extra body will keep him under control.]

GM: This is a bad situation all around. The front office and the Championship Committee are doing the best they can to try and keep things going but-

[Suddenly, a shout from Taylor seems to drive Donovan over the edge as he shoves Stegglet aside, moving towards his former partner. Todd Michaelson wheels around, arms outstretched to try and keep Donovan from attacking but the seven footer flings him aside as well.]

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

[But Donovan is already swinging, throwing a right hand to the jaw of his former partner!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[But the Outlaw of professional wrestling is always ready for a fight, throwing a haymaker in his sports coat. He throws a second before pausing to pull the coat off which makes him easy prey for three stinging right hands that sends him falling back into the corner.]

GM: Donovan and Taylor! Donovan and Taylor!

[Leaning against the buckles, Taylor lashes out with a boot to the gut of his former running buddy, doubling him up...

...and Taylor steps right into a front facelock, the crowd roaring for the potential Cattle Buster DDT!]

GM: He's gonna drop him! He's gonna spike Donovan on his skull!

[But the seven footer ain't going for that, rising up to backdrop Taylor over his head and send him crashing down to the canvas with a thud! The crowd is roaring for the physical throwdown between the former Longhorn Heritage Champion and one of the front office executives as Jim Watkins acts, throwing himself in front of Taylor...

...and getting shoved down to the mat in response!]

GM: Oh my!

[Donovan shouts at Watkins, threatening him with an accusing point as he reaches down to grab Taylor...

...and yanks him into a gutwrench!]

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

BW: He's gonna put Taylor THROUGH the mat!

GM: Donovan's setting up for that gutwrench powerbomb and-

[Just as his former partner did moments ago, Taylor straightens up, sending the seven footer sailing overhead and crashing down to the canvas with a thud!]

GM: And Bobby Taylor escapes the powerbomb attempt! He felt it coming and he knew what he had to do to get out of it!

[Donovan pushes up to a knee where Bobby Taylor is waiting for him, hooking a loose side headlock and hammering away with short right hands to the skull!]

GM: Taylor's pummeling Donovan with right hands! He's really taking it to the big man!

[The crowd starts to audibly buzz as Taylor pulls Donovan to his feet while in the headlock, switching to grab an arm as he flings the big man off the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by Tayl- who the-?!

[In the corner of the screen, we see a man in a hooded sweatshirt hurdle the ringside barricade, shoving past Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde at ringside as Donovan rebounds. Taylor drops down to the mat, forcing Donovan to leap over him...

...where the hooded man snatches him from the sky, pivoting, and DRIVING Donovan into the canvas with a spinebuster!]

BW: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!

GM: What the HELL is going on here?!

[The sweatshirt-wearing man pops back to his feet, quickly yanking off the sweatshirt and throwing it to the crowd who suddenly ERUPTS in jeers!]

GM: That's Dave Cooper! Dave Cooper is in the ring! Dave Cooper is-

[Cooper gets to flash a quick grin while standing in his "ROYALTY" t-shirt...

...just for a split second before Bobby Taylor bodily tackles him down to the mat, hammering his skull with right hands!]

GM: OHH! Bobby Taylor saw his chance and he took it! He wasn't about to let Cooper get away with what he did last night in Westwego without taking some licks for it!

[Cooper somehow manages to get on top of Taylor, returning fire with big right hands to the skull. The rest of the executives in the ring are frozen with shock...

...and then the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! LOOK AT THIS!!

[The camera cuts to the aisleway where LITERALLY the locker room is emptying. Fan favorites and rulebreakers, singles and tag teams, Main Eventers and enhancement talent - all pouring down the aisle towards the ring as fast as they can!]

GM: They're comin' for him! The entire AWA is comin' for Dave Cooper!

[Cooper hears the crowd's reaction, turning his head for a moment and spotting the surge of bodies coming for him. He promptly bails from the ring, hurdling the nearest railing and starts running for his life through the hostile Dallas crowd who are all over him as bodies spill over the railing to pursue him!]

GM: Cooper's running for it! Dave Cooper, the coward that he is, has struck and run for the second night in a row! Get him! Get him, guys!

[The cameraman goes as far as he can into the crowd, showing guys like Travis Lynch and Marcus Broussard pursuing Cooper deep into the sea of humanity.]

GM: He's heading for the exit doors! He's heading for the parking lot! Can we get a camera over there?! Where's he going?!

[The shot stays inside the Fair Park Coliseum for several moments, waiting and watching as the locker room storms through the crowd, trying to catch up to the traitor.]

GM: Dave Cooper BETRAYED the company that give him the biggest opportunity of his life, fans! Dave Cooper is a Benedict Arnold to this company, its fans, its employees, and all that it represents! Dave Cooper is-

[We abruptly cut to a cameraman who is - quite frankly - hauling ass as he runs through the concourse area of the Fair Park Coliseum, shoving aside a sea of fans as he tries to get to where Dave Cooper was heading.]

GM: We've got a cameraman - please clear a path for him! Get out of his way!

[The cameraman nearly knocks over a teenage fan who stops to shout, "YEAAAHH! AWA, BAYBEE!" into the lens. As he breaks free of the crowd, the camera's lens finds Dave Cooper kicking open a set of emergency doors, causing the wail of sirens to fill the air.]

GM: There he goes! He's going right out that door!

[As the cameraman struggles to pursue, we spot several AWA superstars pour through the same door in hot pursuit. The cameraman finally breaks through after a few moments, his lens catching Cooper as he rushes across the parking lot towards a waiting limo.]

GM: There! In the car! They've gotta be in there!

[Cooper rushes towards the car as we can hear "COME ON, DAVE! HURRY UP!" from within it. The former National Tag Team Champion pulls to a stop, throwing the door open and diving inside it. Stevie Scott is the first one from the locker room to arrive, reaching through the open window with a, "I'LL KILL YOU, YOU SONUVA-" before falling back from the window, clutching his skull as he crashes to the asphalt.

From within the car, we can hear a "GO! GO! GO!" and with a screech of tires, the car jumps into motion as someone within reaches out the window, holding up something for one and all to see...

...the AWA National Title belt.

The rest of the locker room arrives on the scene, some actually running after the speeding car in hopes of catching it but the rest merely stopping, grumbling to one another. A muted silence tells us that our censors had to block out a few shouts that we can see but not hear.

Soon, the scene falls to silence as they all look off into the night, eyes following the speeding limo as it trails off out of view - the National Title - the greatest prize in our sport going with it.]

GM: Dave Cooper is gone! Royalty is gone! And the National Title... yes, the American Wrestling Alliance's top prize... is gone as well. Fans, what a night this has been - an unforgettable night here at the Fair Park Coliseum as the AWA celebrates its fourth anniversary! For Jason Dane, Mark Stegklet, and Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon Myers wishing you a good night from Dallas, Texas where...

[Pause.]

GM: ...where things might NEVER be the same again.

[The scene holds, a motley crew of wrestlers looking off into the night...

...as we fade to black.]