

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CROCKETT COLISEUM
DALLAS, TEXAS
JANUARY 28TH, 2012

[We fade in from black to footage from Saturday Night Wrestling from two weeks' ago where Calisto Dufresne is defending his National Title against Sweet Daddy Williams in a lumberjack match. Well, sorta. At the moment, he actually is retreating up the aisle, title belt in hand. He's backing away from the chaos surrounding the ringside area as he looks to escape his title defense when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS in a roar!]

GM: What the...?

BW: No, no, no! Not him! Not now!

[But yes, Bucky... it IS him. And it IS now.]

GM: JUAN VASQUEZ!! VASQUEZ IS AT THE TOP OF THE RAMP!!

[A fact that the backpedaling Dufresne is completely oblivious to until the roaring crowd makes him suspicious. He slowly turns around...

...and freezes in his tracks. He stares at Vasquez unmoving for a long moment and then shakes his head, lifting his hands to beg off from the man he helped sideline for half of 2011.]

GM: Vasquez stops him cold! Calisto Dufresne doesn't know what to do, fans! He's stuck between Juan Vasquez and the man who is inching closer and closer to the National Title right here tonight.

BW: Look out, champ!

[With Dufresne momentarily distracted, Sweet Daddy Williams makes a bee-line down the ramp, swinging the champion around, and cracking him on the jaw with a right hand, forcing him to drop the National Title belt on the wooden platform.]

GM: Yeah! Get him, Sweet Daddy!

[Grabbing a handful of the champion's hair, Williams drags him down the elevated ramp towards the ring, hurling him over the ropes with ease. The challenger steps through the ropes, pointing a finger at Dufresne who backpedals to the corner, lifting both hands to beg off...]

GM: The challenger's got him trapped in the corner! We're almost out of time here on Saturday Night Wrestling! If this match is not over before we go off the air, we will leave the cameras rolling and will present the conclusion of

the match to you on the AWA website immediately following the end of this showdown!

[Williams approaches the corner...

...and again gets stuck with a thumb in the eye! He promptly grabs the hair of Williams, smashing his skull into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst to the turnbuckle pad!

[Dufresne hops up on the second rope, pushing Williams away from the corner with his boot. He rises, standing tall...

...and leaps off, aiming a double axehandle at the challenger's head!]

GM: AXEHAND-

[But Williams raises his arms, blocking the axehandle attempt!]

GM: Blocked!

[With a grin, Williams secures his arms around the waist of Dufresne in a bearhug...]

GM: He's going for the Metroboom! A tribute to his old friend City Jack!

[But if there's a hold in wrestling that Calisto Dufresne knows better than anyone, it's this one. He promptly smashes his arms together on the ears of Williams, breaking the attempt. Dufresne grabs a handful of Williams' trunks...

...and DRIVES him into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE STEEL!!

[Dufresne yanks him by the trunks again, pulling him into a front facelock. He pauses for just a moment before hoisting Williams horizontally off the canvas...

...and DRIVING his skull into the mat!]

GM: HE DRILLED IT!!

BW: WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU MA'AM!

[Dufresne flips the challenger onto his back, diving across his chest as he tightly hooks both legs...]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!! "DING! DING! DING!"

[The National Champion wastes no time in bailing out of the ring, clearing out just before the ring fills with the raging battle all around the ringside area.]

GM: All heck has broken loose but Calisto Dufresne, by hook or by crook, has retained the National Title!

BW: Hell yes he has! The greatest professional athlete in the world lives to fight another day, daddy!

[Dufresne walks along the length of the wooden ramp, scooping up his fallen National Title belt...

...and thrusts it high over his head, soaking up the roaring jeers from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Calisto Dufresne has done it! Calisto Dufresne is still the AWA National Champion and what a way we just kickstarted 2012! The Ladykiller keeps the gold... but for how long when you look at all the top contenders lining up for a shot at him? Are Dufresne's days with the gold numbered?

[And with that, we fade to a shot of the cheering Crockett Coliseum crowd. The fans are jammed into the bleachers, screaming their heads off as the show comes on the air. Very little has changed since our last visit to the Coliseum - we still have the elevated entryway leading from the entrance to the ring. There are raised interview platforms on either side of the ramp - one for your standard interviews and one set up for Todd Michaelson's Money Pit.

The rampway cuts through the crowd to the ring - a standard white canvas surrounded by red, white, and blue ropes. There are thin blue mats covering the hard concrete floor before you reach the steel barricades that have been erected at ringside around the ring, finally replacing the rope "railings" that once stood there.

Two small tables are at ringside - one for the ring announcer and timekeeper, both waving as our camera pans past them. The other seats our announce team.

Gordon Myers, the dean of professional wrestling broadcasting wears a salt and pepper jacket that matches his similar-colored hair, a navy blue dress shirt and red tie. He is all grins as he looks to the camera through his black-framed eyeglasses. By his side is Buckthorn "Big Bucks" Wilde, a former legendary manager in the South turned successful color commentator, dressed in an eye-scorching sunburst yellow jacket coupled with a sky blue dress shirt and rainbow-colored tie. He smiles a freshly-whitened smile as the camera rests on him.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling! We are LIVE here in the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas, Texas - the home turf for the American Wrestling Alliance, THE Major League of Professional

Wrestling! Two weeks ago, we kicked off 2012 with one of the most exciting shows that I can recall but tonight, it's only gonna get better!

[A still shot comes up - a graphic advertising tonight's Main Event.]

GM: You can see it there yourselves, fans. Tonight, we've got a match - a one-on-one confrontation that a lot of people have waited a whole long time to see as the man who was the first person to wear the AWA National Title, Marcus Broussard, steps into the ring with the man who is considered by many to be the greatest National Champion of all time, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Bucky Wilde, that's gonna be something else.

BW: Two of my favorite guys to ever watch wrestle are gonna collide here tonight. Two weeks ago, it seemed that every guy who walked out here was talkin' 'bout the National Title or the Longhorn Heritage Title or the National Tag Titles and what they were gonna do to win that gold in 2012. Well, these guys are real close to gettin' that shot at Calisto Dufresne and the National Title and a win here tonight could get them all the way to the top, Gordo.

GM: The Top Ten rankings are in flux after MAMMOTH Mizusawa defeated the Number One contender, Supernova, two weeks ago. Right now, James Monosso is the officially recognized Number One contender to the AWA National Title - a fact that absolutely has to send chills down the spines of every member of the AWA front office, Championship Committee, and locker room - not to mention Calisto Dufresne who has to be terrified at the thought of defending his title against Monosso.

BW: I'm terrified at the thought of being in the same building as Monosso - let alone getting in the ring with him! But a win by Scott or Broussard here tonight could upend those ratings again. I think if one of them wins here tonight - THEY'RE the new Number One contender.

GM: It's a wild time to be a fan of the AWA - a time when it truly feels like ANYTHING might happen! And right now, I'm being told that the Chairman of the Championship Committee, Jim Watkins, is standing by with Jason Dane backstage. Jason?

[We crossfade to the locker room area to find Jason Dane standing alongside a black sportcoat, blue jeans, and cowboy boots wearin' "Big" Jim Watkins.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. Watkins, you asked for a few moments here at the start of tonight's show so let's have it.

[Watkins grins.]

JW: Jason, two weeks ago, I went out to that ring and I laid down some facts about the state of this here company. I made some decisions and I let a few decisions stay unmade for a bit.

But the more I thought about some of the stuff that went on while I was out of the picture, one more thing really stuck in my craw.

JD: Which is?

JW: If you watched SuperClash III on Thanksgiving night, you saw a heck of a lot of great action.

[Dane nods.]

JW: But unfortunately, you also saw a lot of guys with stacks of dimes for their necks stickin' their noses where they don't belong and getting involved in some of those matches.

JD: You're referring to...?

JW: I'm talking about the managers around these parts these days. Guys like Percy Childes and Ben Waterson... guys like Buddy Morton and Louis Matsui... folks like Big Mama and that snake in the grass Bathwaite...

Now, we made a big step in the right direction when Kolya Sudakov sent Kostovich packing... and another big step in the right direction when Robbie Donovan gave Doyle a big ol' beating.

But to this ol' cowboy... it ain't enough, JD.

[Dane looks confused.]

JD: So, what are you going to do about it?

JW: I'll make it real simple, JD. I'm gonna march myself down that ramp right now... I'm gonna plop this fat butt in one of the chairs down there next to Gordon and Bucky... and the first manager I see get involved in a match is gonna answer to me.

JD: Answer to you?

[Watkins grins.]

JW: You wouldn't want me to spoil everything, would ya, kid? Trust me when I say that if they want to test me... they ain't gonna like the results.

[Watkins walks out of view, apparently heading for the ringside area.]

JD: Gordon, Bucky - it looks like there's going to be a special guest at ringside! Let's go down to Phil Watson for the opening matchup!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from Sioux City, Iowa... weighing in at 262 pounds... Jason O'Keefe!

[The fiery red-headed grappler throws an "I Love You" sign into the air with his right hand to a few cheers.]

PW: And his opponent... in the corner to my left...

From Bernice, Oklahoma... weighing in at 258 pounds...

"BIG CHIEF"

YUUUUUMAAAAA WEEEEEEAAVERRRR!

[The AWA's resident Native American warrior throws a powerful right arm into the air to the cheers of the crowd. He nods at referee Marty Meekly just before the official calls for the bell.]

GM: And we are underway here on another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Weaver moves from the corner, extending his hand to O'Keefe who gladly accepts.]

GM: A great show of sportsmanship to start things off here tonight as these two young men tie up in the middle of the ring. It's always nice to see, Bucky.

BW: Speak for yourself, Gordo. I'd rather see O'Keefe pop Weaver in the jaw on the handshake - show some spirit.

[Weaver's thicker body pushes O'Keefe back against the ropes where the referee calls for a break...

...and gets one as Weaver backs off, hands raised.]

GM: Good show of respect there, sticking to the rules.

[The two men quickly tie up again, O'Keefe pulling the barrel-chested Weaver into a standing headlock. He grins as he bears down on the headlock, wrenching Weaver's head back and forth...

...but the Combat Corner graduate has other ideas, shoving O'Keefe off to the far side.]

GM: O'Keefe off the ropes...

[Weaver winds up his right hand, throwing the big knife-edge chop but O'Keefe drops into a baseball slide, avoiding the big chop. He springs to his feet, throwing a stiff jab to the jaw. A second jab connects and a third stuns Weaver, knocking him a couple of steps back.]

GM: Sharp series of jabs by O'Keefe!

[The man from Iowa grabs the arm, attempting an Irish whip but Weaver muscles him into the ropes...

...and absolutely FLATTENS O'Keefe with a rib-cracking knife edge chop that echoes through the Crockett Coliseum!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: I'm not a big fan of this kid, Gordo, but I love me some Yuma Weaver chops. If the kid approached everything in the squared circle with the same effort and intensity that he throws those chops, he just might be a future champion.

GM: This young man has a big future in our business, Bucky. Todd Michaelson doesn't just let anyone graduate from the Combat Corner.

BW: Oh yeah? Aaron Anderson says hello.

[Weaver grins at the crowd's reaction as he leans down, dragging O'Keefe up to his feet and shoving him back into the turnbuckles. He reaches for the wrist, firing O'Keefe across the ring...]

GM: Big whip by Weaver... O'Keefe hits the corner hard...

[The Native American breaks into a sprint, leaving his feet at the last moment to smash his elbow back into the jaw with a leaping back elbowsmash!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: This O'Keefe kid might need to check his dental work after that one.

GM: And look at this!

[The crowd cheers as "Big" Jim Watkins comes marching down the elevated ramp, heading towards the ring.]

GM: Jim Watkins said he was going to be sitting out here all night and I think we're seeing him live up to that right now.

BW: I don't like it, Gordo... not one bit. What right does Watkins have out here?

GM: He's the Chairman of the Championship Committee! Why WOULDN'T he be allowed out here?

BW: He's trying to stir things up again - just like last week! But this week, instead of trying to make the National Champion's life a living hell, he's aiming for the AWA's managers - some of the most brilliant, dedicated, hard-working people I've ever met! As a former multiple time Manager of the Year, I think this is completely wrong!

GM: I'm sure Mr. Watkins will take that under advisement.

[Climbing back to his feet, Weaver snapmares O'Keefe down into a seated position...]

...and then **BLASTS** him with an open hand chop between the shoulderblades!]

GM: Yuma Weaver is one of the hardest hitters in the entire AWA!

BW: It hasn't translated into great success for the kid but there's something there, Gordo. He's got potential but listening to a dolt like Michaelson is preventing him from putting it all together.

GM: He's a former three-time All-American from the University of Oklahoma AND played on several NFL teams, Bucky.

BW: I don't care what he can do with a helmet and pads - I want to know what he can do inside the squared circle, daddy.

[Weaver pulls O'Keefe to a standing position, burying a boot into the midsection before bouncing off the ropes, rebounding off...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!

[The thrust kick under the jaw by O'Keefe sends Weaver crashing down to the canvas.]

GM: A desperation martial arts kick from the young man from Iowa and that may have really just saved his skin right there, Bucky.

[O'Keefe pulls Weaver up by the arm, flinging him across the ring, and throwing both feet into the face with a nice-elevation dropkick!]

GM: Dropkick on target by O'Keefe - a quick cover there!

[But O'Keefe only earns a two count before Weaver kicks out. O'Keefe quickly pops back to his feet, giving a "YEAH BAYBEE!" to the crowd before leaping into the air, dropping his weight down on the midsection!]

GM: High impact backsplash!

[O'Keefe flips over, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Weaver fires a shoulder off the canvas again. O'Keefe slaps his hands together as he gets back to his feet, backing to the corner where he hops up to the middle rope, waiting for his opponent to rise...]

GM: O'Keefe is ready and waiting on the middle rope... this young man from Iowa is trying to measure Weaver...

[As Weaver takes a knee, O'Keefe leaps off the middle rope with an overhead elbow aimed at the crown of the skull...

...and gets SPEAR TACKLED out of the sky!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH! WHAT A COUNTER BY THE BIG CHIEF!!

[Weaver nods at the reaction of the crowd, throwing himself into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But O'Keefe breaks the pin attempt, throwing his right shoulder clear from the canvas. This time, it's Weaver's turn to show a little frustration as he gets back to his feet, pulling O'Keefe up and shoving him back into the corner...]

GM: Uh oh...

BW: O'Keefe ain't gonna like this, Gordo.

GM: He certainly isn't.

[Weaver turns slightly, rearing back his right hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The barrage of brutal knife-edge chops leaves O'Keefe crumpled down on the canvas, leaning in the corner in a seated position as Weaver waves his right arm around in the air...]

GM: He's calling for the Thunder Mountain Driver!

[Weaver drags O'Keefe off the canvas, flinging him from corner to corner. As O'Keefe smashes into the buckles, he staggers back out into a quickly-lifted fireman's carry...

...and just as quickly dropping down to the side, SPIKING O'Keefe's skull into the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Weaver plants his open palms on O'Keefe's chest as the referee hits the canvas once... twice... and three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers for the Native American youngster as he pops up to his feet, throwing both hands into the air in triumph.]

GM: A nice victory there for Yuma Weaver as he puts down the young man from Iowa with that Thunder Mountain Driver.

BW: Pretty good fundamentals, hard hitter, killer finisher. There's just something missing with this kid though, Gordo. Just one thing missing to bring it all together.

GM: I don't know about that. 2012 might be a heck of a year for this young man.

[The camera cuts to a shot at ringside of Jim Watkins sitting in a chair, softly applauding what he just saw.]

GM: Fans, don't forget - Jim Watkins is gonna be out here at ringside all night long and that could have a major impact on what we see tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling! We're gonna take a quick break and we'll be right back with Playboy Enterprises!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action in the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing with Johnny Casanova, Dick Bass and Playboy Enterprise hopeful, "The Bull" Bruno Dawson. Casanova looks as confident as ever, while Dick Bass has the trademark scowl on his face and looks ready to go in his wrestling attire. Delilah is coiled up in taped up right hand that he holds up just enough for the camera to see.]

JD: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans! I'm backstage here with Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass. It is a busy night for Playboy Enterprises. Do you think it will effect you against the Antons tonight?

[Bass is the first to actually chime in.]

DB: There is no doubt that last Saturday Night Wrestling went a little different then we would of liked. We thought we had the next member signed, sealed and delivered but it just didn't turn out that way. But like my daddy always said, if ya' get handed lemons, make lemonade and that's exactly what we did.

[Bass glares at the camera.]

DB: As for our being distracted you couldn't be more wrong, Dane. The fact of the matter is we're a business. We're a Enterprise, just like the name says and we pride ourselves on bein' tha' best. Those Antons wanna' challenge me and tha' Playboy to a match? No problem, I think people are startin' ta' get tha' hint that Dick Bass and Johnny Casanova don't back down from anybody. We're the best team in tha' AWA, hands down. Tha' way I look at it is, if those Stenches can win the tag titles, then this division is more watered down then a dolphins back. We don't care who we have ta' go through, whether it be Violence Unlimited, Bishop Boys or The Morons. We want those tag titles around our waists and we don't duck anybody.

JD: By "The Morons", I'm guessing you mean the Antons?

[Bass shakes his head as Casanova chuckles.]

DB: Dane, I swear you get dumber the day. Of course I meant them! Those two little pretty boys wanted a fight? Well, they just bit off way more than they can chew! Trust me when it's all said and done Dane, NOBODY is gonna' recognize those two..

[cruel smile]

DB: And if ya' didn't notice Dane...

[brings Delilah to face view making Dane step back. Bass smirks again]

DB: Delilah is a little "frisky" tonight and that is nothin' but bad news for the Morons!

[Bass chuckles cruelly again as Casanova does a spin then smacks Dane on the back.]

JC: I'm feeling good tonight, Dane! First we have the Bull here, who will undoubtedly join the fold after tonight's little match! Myself and Dick Bass get to embarrass the Antons, then we're heading to the club to celebrate our victory!

[Dane looks confused as he looks around.]

JD: Speaking of that, you're one person short. Where is Big Mama?

[Casanova chuckles as Bass smirks.]

JC: Dane my boy, Big Mama is prepping the opponent for my main man the Bull over there! I tried calling my little sugar plum, but she must be REALLY busy because she ALWAYS answers when her big daddy calls!

[Dane goes to ask another question but Casanova waves him off.]

JC: Tonight is going to be historical! Tonight, Dick Bass and "The Playboy" take one step closer to getting a shot at those big, shiny AWA tag team titles! The Antons thought we would be scared? [laughs] We're the **best** team in the AWA! We aren't afraid of nobody, Dane! Especially two snot nosed punks who wouldn't know a wrist watch from a wrist lock! Tonight we put the Antons in their place! Then the Bull defeats my precious Big Mama's pick to become a member of Playboy Enterprises!

[Cocky smile]

JC: Ahhhh...

[smacks Dane on the back nearly making him fall over.]

JC: Life couldn't get much sweeter, Dane. Now if you'll excuse us. We have some business to take care of!

[The members of Playboy Enterprises stride out of view, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Johnny Casanova certainly seems confident here tonight. It's a big night for Playboy Enterprises and I'm told that tag team showdown with the Antons is coming up shortly but right now, let's go back down to ringside for more action!

PW: This contest is scheduled for one fall with a 10 minute time limit!

[The young man in the ring is pacing back and forth, getting ready for his opponent. The man appears to be balding, yet has slicked back black hair. He's wearing a pair of white trunks, with orange kneepads and blue boots. The man rubs his large nose, not paying attention to the crowd.]

BW: Hey Gordo, ever have the feeling that there are some people out there that you just can't trust with your money? I think that man in the ring is one of those guys!

GM: Will you stop? You don't even know this guy!

PW: Introducing first, from Brooklyn, New York, weighing in at two hundred and thirty pounds, making his AWA debut, here is... JACKIE WILPON!

[Wilpon raises his right arm, still looking like he couldn't care less about being here tonight. The crowd responds with indifference.]

BW: Okay, I REALLY don't think I could ever trust this guy with my money.

GM: On second thought, I think I somehow have to agree with you here. That's a shady looking man in the ring, Bucky.

PW: And his opponent...

[The familiar voice of the legendary Freddy Mercury begins to boom over the PA.]

Tonight.. I'm gonna have myself a real good time.
I feel Alllllllll-iiii-iiii-vvvveeeee
And the world, turning inside out... yeeaahhh..
I'm floating around... in ecstasy... so don't. Stop. Me. Now.
Don't. Stop. Me.

[As Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks in, Alphonse Green bursts out onto the aisleway to little reaction.]

PW: Coming down the aisle, accompanied by the Agent to the Stars, Ben Waterson. He's now claiming to be from Windermere, Florida, and he weighs

in tonight at one hundred and ninety-nine pounds, here is... ALPHONSE... GREEN!

[Green sprints down the aisle way, with a broad smile on his face, despite how the crowd had treated him with indifference over the past few months, as Waterson follows behind. Green reaches the ringside area, and hops onto the apron. Green, on one knee, with his left arm holding the top rope, extends his right arm, the smile still plastered to his face. The crowd begins booing a bit, but the reaction is still rather light. Green hops up to his feet, and slingshots over the top rope as Waterson grabs a seat at ringside, casting a wary gaze in Jim Watkins' direction.]

GM: As you can see, the Agent to the Stars, Ben Waterson, is keeping a close eye on his latest charge... and in return, Jim Watkins is keeping a close eyes on Ben Waterson.

BW: Waterson invested a lot of time and money in this young man, and he wants to make sure his latest investment pans out! He's done a lot for Pedro Perez, after all, and his time and money look like they're starting to come to fruition, Gordo.

GM: I'll say, thanks to Waterson's influence, the young man formerly out of Paducah, Kentucky, is actually is starting to look like a wrestler instead of a clown.

[Green is wearing Kentucky Wildcat blue shorts, and white knee pads and white boots. An odd part of his ensemble is a black studded leather jacket, with a studded black shoulder pad on his right shoulder for some reason. Who knows why it's there? Green removes his jacket and tosses it over the ropes.

As Gordon pointed out, Green himself looks different than the last time we saw him. Gone is the bright blonde Moe Howard style haircut. The hair's grown out a little bit since then, and is now stringy and curly, but still a bright blonde color. The baby fat on his face is starting to fade as well, and his face looks a bit more chiseled than it had been. He has bags under his eyes, seemingly run ragged under Waterson's influence and training. His body and arms are also a bit more muscular, though there are still signs of baby fat.]

BW: I'd say if the girls in the crowd here had any sort of taste, they'd start rallying behind him instead of Travis Lynch.

DING DING DING

[The moment the bell rings, Waterson starts to talk trash to Wilpon from ringside. As Wilpon turns to tell Waterson to shut his mouth, Green charges across the ring. Green starts hammering the unaware Wilpon across the back. The forearm shots don't really seem to have a lot of effect, but Green is raining them down upon Wilpon rather quickly.]

BW: Waterson's got this kid learning rather well!

GM: By attacking an unprepared man right off the bat? I'd have to agree with you there, unfortunately.

[Green stops hammering Wilpon's back, opting to rake the back instead. Green rakes Wilpon's back again, and again, and again as the crowd boos.]

GM: Repeated back rakes? Come on now! Meekly can step in at any time here and get this match off to a proper start!

[Before Meekly can step in, Green grabs Wilpon and lifts him in the air, dropping him with a back suplex. He didn't get a lot on that suplex, but Green is aware and jumps right on Wilpon once again, raining down open palmed blows to the sides of Wilpon's head!]

BW: I said it a few moments ago, but Waterson's training is kicking in! He's not a strong dude, so that suplex probably didn't do a whole lot. Green's not giving this Wilpon character any time to get out of the starting block!

GM: He's doing it with cheap shots and slaps, Bucky! Now look at this!

[Green stops with the 'slaps', then gets into Wilpon's face. The camera pans close as Green grins wickedly, holding the cheeks of the Brooklyn native.]

AG: You're a bad guy! These fans HATE YOOOOUUUUU!

[Green then hauls off and slaps Wilpon hard across the cheek. Green pops up to his feet, and points to himself, yelling out his trademark phrase, "I'm not a bad guy!" to the crowd. The crowd, unimpressed so far, lets him hear more boos. Green cups his ear as he has his back turned to the rising Wilpon.]

BW: Look out behind you, kid!

[Green, as if he heard Bucky shouting out to him, turns around and catches Wilpon before he can get composed and on his feet. He lifts Wilpon up off his feet, delivering an inverted atomic drop!]

BW: And I helped!

GW: That seems to be the first blow of the match that actually had some sort of effect, but you said before, he hasn't even given Wilpon a chance to get out of the starting gate here!

BW: It's not the quality of shots Green's delivered so far, it's the quantity! The quality of shots will get better with time.

[After the inverted atomic drop, Green sees that Wilpon is writhing on the mat, holding onto his groin. Seemingly feeling Wilpon's pain, Green holds on to his crotch as well, but is over-exaggerating it as the crowd continues to boo.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me, Bucky. Green's just screwing around here in the opening minute of this match! Hobbling around the ring as if he took a shot to the nether regions, this is ridiculous!

BW: Hey, you'd love it if Vazquez or Supernova would do something like this! This is great! I love this kid's new attitude!

[Green shakes off the cobwebs of the imaginary groin shot, and sees Wilpon start to climb to his feet. Green then charges towards the ropes, leaping onto the second rope. Looking behind him for a moment, Green decides to leap off the second rope, turning in mid air, slamming his right leg into Wilpon's temple..]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[That loud crack of Green's right leg against temple sends the crowd into a hushed awe. Wilpon falls to the mat face first with a harsh thud. Green scrambles to his feet to see the result of his handywork.]

GM: Wilpon's out of it after that devastating kick! We've seen that move a few weeks back from Green with great results!

BW: Gordo, he calls that kick the "Ground Chuck", and after what we just saw, Jackie Wilpon's brains have to be ground chuck! What a fitting name!

GM: Bucky, I.. that's not funny! That man is out like a light and most likely has a concussion! I can't find the humor in this!

BW: Well, Green seems to think it's funny, and who am I to argue?

[Green is pointing and laughing at Wilpon, who has yet to move.]

GM: He should just got for the pin at this point.. oh what in the world??

[Green shrugs his shoulders, and then slumps to the mat, spread eagle, with his tongue sticking out of the side of his mouth. The crowd, which was hushed after that kick, resumes booing the rookie Green very loudly. Even Waterson on the outside seems a little bit confused at what Green is doing.]

BW: Green gave it all he had on that kick out of desperation!

GM: Desper.. oh for goodness sake! I never thought I'd say this about Green, but after what he's apparently been through since his last appearance, all that training he's gone under, this is an utter mismatch!

[Meekly seems rather confused at this turn of events, and starts a count.]

GM: One.. two... three, and neither men has yet to move. Green's just laying there enjoying this!

[Meekly gets up to six on his count, when Green peers over to Wilpon, a huge grin on his face. When Meekly reaches eight, Green quickly grabs

Wilpon's arm and drapes it over him! Meekly stops the count, looking rather confused.]

GM: Oh, what the world is this?

BW: Wilpon's turned the tables!! He might have him!

[Meekly drops to the mat to make the count.]

BW: One! Two! OH SO CLOSE!

[Green kicks out at 2.9999. The boos grow even louder from the crowd at this unnecessary display.]

GM: This is completely uncalled for! This match should have been over after the Ground Chuck! Come on now!

[Green springs to his feet, the look on his face turns into an evil glare. Green starts snarling as he straddles Wilpon. Green grabs the back of Wilpon's head, and Green starts slamming forearms across the side and front of Wilpon's head.]

BW: Yes! Green's fighting back from that near fall! Look at that heart, that will to win!

GM: The referee can step in at any time here, Bucky! If Wilpon has a concussion after that kick, this is making it even worse!

[Green pulls Wilpon to his feet, and locks him in a front facelock. Green looks like he's performing a spinning neckbreaker, but starts to go in the other direction!]

BW: This is a unique 'spin' on this famous spinning neckbreaker!

[After 10 seconds of going back and forth, Green finally finishes the spinning neckbreaker! Green climbs to his feet, and dusts himself off. He points at the prone Wilpon and appears to be laughing.]

GM: And he's still not going for the pin...

BW: Face it, Green's letting out weeks of frustration. He lost his first match to that annoying fat man wannabe gangsta, I mean, from the 'mean streets' of Alpharetta, Georgia? Really? Have you ever been to Alpharetta, Gordo??

GM: I can't say that I have.

BW: Losing to Grand Master B could be a career killer, but this kid kept fighting! He went on a nice win streak, and the crowd treats him like crap! All he ever wanted to do was entertain, and he's entertaining me at the very least!

GM: Speak for yourself, Bucky.

[Green pulls Wilpon back to his feet, then grabs Wilpon's head in a three quarters nelson hold and starts making his way to the corner as the crowd continues to boo.]

GM: This isn't very entertaining at all, Bucky, and this crowd's letting Green know how they feel!

[Green points out towards the crowd as he starts scaling the corner, keeping Wilpon's head tucked over his shoulder, then he suddenly flips back, driving the back of Wilpon's head into the canvas! Green hooks the leg.]

BW: He calls that the Hunger Strike! There's the cover!

[Meekly drops down, and counts the three.]

GM: Mercifully this one's over.

DING DING DING

PW: Here is your winner.. ALPHONSE GREEN!

[The crowd continues booing as "Don't Stop Me Now" starts playing over the PA once again. Green hops to his feet and lets out a loud "WHOO HOO!" as Meekly checks on Wilpon. Green rolls to the outside and celebrates with Waterson. Green walks on over to someone at ringside getting ready to eat an AWA Ice Cream Bar, but Waterson nudges Green, telling him that Jason Dane is on his way to ringside. Once Green turns and spots Dane, he starts panting heavily, like he had a long, tiring match. Dane approaches, in disbelief.]

GM: Jason Dane's here, getting a word with Green, and look at this, this is getting to be ridiculous!

BW: It was a grueling match! Green looks like he's been through a war, cut him some slack!

[Green approaches Dane, and puts his left arm around his shoulder, as if he's trying to keep himself on his feet.]

AG: Oh man, Dane, I'm beat! I didn't think my return match would be so dang tough, ya know!

[Meekly and another AWA official are able to roll Wilpon out of the ring, as Green turns and sees Wilpon leaving the ring behind him. Green removes his arm from Dane's shoulder and points towards the unlucky loser.]

AG: I want you to give it up for one heck of a competitor! Jake Wilson, everyone!

GM: Ugh...

BW: Hey I liked what we saw from Wilson tonight, Gordo. He's got a future!

GM: It's not Wilson, it's Wilpon. I think my head hurts.

[Green starts clapping as Wilpon and the officials walk past him, not acknowledging Green's antics.]

JD: Well, I must say that you did look impressive tonight, Alphonse, even if your antics were..

[Green holds up his hand.]

AG: Yes, I did look very impressive out there, because not only did I have this man watching my back..

[Green points to Waterson, who takes a bow.]

AG: I was also fighting for each and every person in this audience and at home. The match was intense, I had people on the edge of their seats, Dane. I had the people at home, nibbling their fingers to the bone when Wilson tried to pin me.. and when I kicked out and made that fantastic comeback to steal victory from the jaws of defeat, I bet each and every one of my public got so excited...

[Green grins.]

AG: Well, let's keep this PG, but 9 months from now, don't be surprised if y'all see a bunch of new Alphonse's in this world.

[Green throws back his head and laughs, then pats Waterson on his back.]

AG: I fight for those who believe in me, Dane. This man made a believer out of me. I was goin' through the motions, doin' everything the wrong way, trying to be like my dad, and tryin' to be like my two brothers, one's a bodybuilder and one's a regular at strongman competitions. Even my sister, who is a fitness model.. hey Bucky, the latest magazine with her on the cover will be on news stands some time this month!

[Green winks towards Bucky and Gordon, then turns back towards Dane.]

AG: So yea, he convinced me that.. as the 'runt' of the litter, I should carve my own path in the AWA, and the world of pro wrestling. He convinced me, that I.. am not a bad guy, and I think I convinced my audience, you beautiful people that come out here each and every week, starving for some action.. that I... am not... a bad guy.

And with his guidance.. and the love and support from you people..

[The boos start getting pretty heavy.]

AG: ..and once I get the few stragglers that don't believe in me... I will become... the greatest light heavyweight wrestler... OF ALLLLLLL TIME!

[Green throws his arms up in the air as the boos rain down on him.]

AG: To the folks at home should stop recording on your VCRs and DVRs and whatever, because it all goes downhill from here, daddy! My legion of fans, you can now officially touch that dial! I'll be back in each and every one of your homes two weeks from now! Try not to miss me too much!

[Green lets out a big whoop, and walks away, with Waterson in toe. Dane looks over and simply shakes his head.]

JD: Gordon, Bucky... back to you.

[We cut to a disgusted-looking Gordon Myers.]

GM: That guy is out of control, Bucky. He actually believes these fans here in Dallas are supporting him! He's delusional and Waterson swears to it! Ben Waterson has created a monster of this nice young man we met several weeks ago.

BW: A lot of people have questioned what in the world Waterson has done since returning to the AWA. He went from managing the Southern Syndicate, the most powerful unit in AWA history, to guys like Green here or Pedro Perez but I think it's plainly clear. Ben Waterson is creating the FUTURE of our industry before our very eyes!

GM: The fut... give me a break. I don't know what Waterson's up to... not at all... but I don't like it, Bucky. I don't like it one bit. But when you talk about Ben Waterson and Waterson International, you've gotta also talk about Marcus Broussard. He was the first man to wear the AWA National Title - a title he believes he deserves a shot at again. Later tonight, in our Main Event, the San Jose Shark will do battle with "Hotshot" Stevie Scott in an effort to earn another shot at that title. But two weeks ago, the Shark opened up a window for another possibility at getting a shot at the National Title.

BW: The National Title scene has never been hotter in my eyes, Gordo. And not a single person should be able to deny that Marcus Broussard deserves a shot at the title. But it's not just his talent in the ring that gets the job done for Marcus, Gordo... it's his brilliant mind. He offered five thousand dollars for a match against Sultan Azam Sharif with Sharif's Steal The Spotlight guaranteed match of his choice on the line. It's never been done before! It's unprecedented!

GM: It's ridiculous! Sharif should turn him down without another word!

BW: That's not his decision!

GM: It's not?! How in the world could it not be his decision?! Count Adrian Bathwaite does NOT get to make that decision, Bucky!

BW: We'll see about that.

GM: We certainly will because Jason Dane is up on the interview platform standing by with the #4 contender to the AWA National Title - Sultan Azam Sharif!

BW: And the Count, daddy!

GM: Jason?

[We cut over to the interview platform, and the enormous Iranian flag tells us exactly who is up there for an interview.

Alongside Jason Dane, we have Sultan Azam Sharif, clad in his flowing reddish-brown bisht, white kaffiyeh, and black agal. We see his weatherbeaten face, which makes him look older than he is, peering through the kaffiyeh's folds with a confident expression. The Sultan has a neatly trimmed mustache, and his well-kept short black hair can also be seen at the edges of the kaffiyeh. Count Adrian Bathwaite, the silver-haired Eurasian manager, is also up on the platform leaning on his cane. He's wearing a mustard-colored sport jacket over a pale salmon-colored dress shirt, and navy blue pants.]

JD: Alright, fans, with me at this time... the manager, the illustrious Count ADrian Bathwaite, alongside the winner of the Steal The Spotlight match, Sultan Azam Sharif.

SAS: Shukran, Mistair Jahsun Dan. Shukran.

JD: I don't speak Farsi...

SAS: That is ArabEc, I diddunt speak Farsi outside of Iran unless I speak to my countryman. Now! My managair, Mistair Count Batwaite, he gunna tell everybody vat dey vant to know!

CAB: That's right, Sultan, that's right. Don't bother with the questions, you lowly fodder, just stand at attention and hold the microphone for your betters. Marcus Broussard made a challenge last week. Now, unlike the majority of the challenges my man the Sultan gets, this is a worthy challenge. I looked into this man's background, and his ancestry comes down from the court of Henry VIII himself. His family was one of many tragically displaced from their birthright when the peasants got uppity in Paris a few hundred years ago and dragged the place down to the gutter it resides in to this day. And then to make it worse, they moved to America shortly thereafter to avoid the jealous commoners and their guillotine. Well, you can still see that he comes from superior genetics. He's a former National Champion until that belt was stolen from him.

JD: Stolen? How can you s... OW!

[Bathwaite silences Dane with a sharp jab of his cane into the ribs.]

CAB: How many times do I have to tell you, you needle-necked serf?! Anyway, Marcus Broussard was ripped off, and for that reason, I'm inclined to grant his request. However, five thousand dollars is just a lowball opening bid for this prize, let's face it. Marcus, for ten thousand dollars, you got a match. Tell them, Sultan.

SAS: Mistair Count Batwaite, it would be my pleasure to wrestle Mistair Marcoos Brasarr again. He is very good wrestler, not like too many of these jehbronies in the AWA like Jumm Munassa un Bruno Voochovun or whatever his name is. BUT REMEMBAH! At SupairClash, I do what nobody did, un I make Mistair Marcoos Brussar submit! Dot is because I am Olympic champion, Ashun Game champion, Pahlavn-e Keshvar Varzesh-e Pahlavani! I do not back down from challenge, un I know dot it will be good match, claim match vid honorable opponent.

JD: Sultan... have you seen many Marcus Broussard matches?

CAB: He gets the training footage I give him, you scum-drooling hogpicker!

JD: What's a hogpicker? You don't pick hogs.

CAB: Oh? Well, I guess that's one thing you would know about, you grubby swineherd! The Sultan is going to keep his Spotlight match, but I do want to remind you that in order to place a contractual obligation up for a prize, it must be represented by a legally-acquirable piece of property. In other words, my legal team is breaking out the Steal The Spotlight reward into a separate contract for a championship match to be awarded any time of the contract holder's choosing, because you can't legally transfer ownership of a contract of a match that has already taken place. I know you're too uneducated and dim to follow any of that Dane, just nod your head and hold the microphone. So, when Jim Watkins signs that, we can formally accept Marcus Broussard's ten thousand dollar challenge.

SAS: You know, Mistair Count Batwaite... I respect how you look out for me, un how you do business for me, but I have money more than I need. I will accept the challenge at five thousand dollars, because Mistair Marcoos Brussar deserves dot chance.

[That statement causes Bathwaite to wince in frustration.]

CAB: Sultan, please... I will handle the contracts. You handle the wrestling. And Dane... go handle your microphone somewhere else. This interview is over, my man has business to attend to.

SAS: CAMARAMAN, ZOOM IT!

[Sharif proudly flexes, but he's wearing his bisht so this is pointless. "Saz O Avaz" begins with the long extended vocal (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=df6x9AgAW-Y>), and Bathwaite marches down the elevated ramp, using his cane for support. Sharif follows behind waving his flag.]

GM: Alright, so that is an acceptance of the challenge... sort of. Bathwaite trying to milk more money out of Broussard, but Sharif ready to accept the challenge at the current amount of five thousand dollars out of some misplaced sense of justice.

BW: I half-agree, Gordo. His sense of justice is misplaced, but probably not why you think. Broussard should get justice, but Sharif ain't the one who should have to give it to him! The AWA should have given him a shot long ago! Champions don't get rematches in this place like they should... unless they're Juan Vasquez or Stevie Scott, apparently. They both got rematches when they feuded with each other.

GM: That's one opinion. Kolya Sudakov is another who could make that claim. In any case, Sultan Azam Sharif entering the ring, where he is about to go one-on-one with Mark Hoefner. Let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions.

[Sharif has taken center ring, waving his flag proudly, while Count Adrian Bathwaite stands in his corner. Across the ring is an athletically built grappler, just a bit over six feet tall, with light brown skin, short black hair (receding a bit despite his youth), red trunks with black trim, black boots, black elbow pads, and black knee pads. He's limbering up and watching Sharif carefully.]

[*DING*]

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

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

...MARK HOEFNER!

[The fans give little reaction, and Hoefner gives the few who do a dismissive "oh, nuts to you" gesture.]

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

[BOOOO! Bathwaite starts berating those who are booing him with the usual stream of insults.]

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

...SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

[Sharif, who has already handed his flag to the ring attendant, whips off his kaffiyeh (and yes, he has a full head of hair underneath) and flexes as the fans give him a loud mixed reaction. Until he also whips off that bisht, though, the flexing is pointless. He does begin to disrobe, revealing his scarred-but-muscular physique underneath. He's got the usual white sirwal

(baggy pants), shiny gold sash, and shiny gold boots hooked in the shape of galesh. Sharif hands these to the attendant, and catches a running forearm to the back from Hoefner!]

[*DING*DING*]

GM: Oh, my! Mark Hoefner taking the aggressive approach and ambushing Sharif from behind early!

BW: Well, Sharif's a wrestling machine. "From behind" is a great strategy if you can pull it off. He can't suplex you out of your shoes if you're behind him, daddy!

GM: Hoefner hammering away, and a dropkick staggers Sharif into the ropes! Hoefner up, and he's choking Sharif blatantly! Using the top rope to choke the man! Then again, Sharif probably thinks these are honorable and respectable tactics!

BW: They are in my book, daddy. That means you take a man real seriously!

GM: That's the insane troll logic that Bathwaite uses to get Sharif to accept cheating and vile tactics as honorable, yes. Hoefner all over Sharif, very aggressively, and it is probably his only chance against the Pahlavn-e Keshvar.

BW: The what now?

GM: That is an exalted rank in Iranian wrestling, and a rank earned by Sharif due to qualifying for the Olympic Games. Only a handful of men each generation have achieved that rank. Should he become the National Champion, I have to believe he would be promoted to Pahlevan-e Bozorg, which is equivalent to Grand Master status in the martial arts.

BW: Well, then, Grand Master better get up because Mark Hoefner is stompin' on him right now.

[While that discussion went on, Hoefner choked Sharif on the ropes, and then kneed him in the kidneys. Sharif went to all fours, and Hoefner stomped him down. He drops a few elbows across the back of the neck, and then picks him up for a vertical suplex.]

GM: Mark Hoefner going for the vertical suplex... blocked by Sharif! He hooked the curled toe of those illegal boots around Hoefner's ankles!

BW: Shoulda stayed on him! Suplexes are his game!

GM: SHarif reversing... no! Hoefner floats behind and hammers Sharif with a forearm to the back of the head!

BW: See? Sharif can't suplex you if you're behin...

[Suddenly, Sharif reaches back and snatches Hoefner's head in a snapmare position, and starts to snapmare him over... but turns as Hoefner is off the ground and mutates the snapmare into a vertical suplex landing! It sounds impossible, but http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_28g9GmDKwI The crowd gives that a very loud reaction.]

BW: ...whaaaaaa?

GM: SULTAN AZAM SHARIF JUST SUPLEXED A MAN THAT WAS STANDING BEHIND HIM!

BW: That's... that's unpossible, Gordo! How did he do that?!

GM: I don't know, but now employing those heinous hooked boots on Mark Hoefner! Sharif now taking it to Hoefner! The young Pennsylvanian trying to get to his feet, but a cross chop right to the windpipe floors him flat!

BW: That shot'll lay you out like a Persian rug, daddy, and now Sharif'll beat him like one. Look, he's hookin' the legs... Boston Crab?

GM: Sharif swinging around Hoefner in a Giant Swing! I don't recall him using this before! Two revolutions... three... four... five... stopping at six, but Sharif isn't letting go!

[The fans begin to count the Giant Swing rotations, but at six, Sharif stops spinning. He's still got Hoefner's legs hooked. He takes a second to shake off a bit of dizziness of his own, then shouts "SEVAIN!" to the crowd, and deepens his grip on Hoefner's legs, going all the way to the thighs... and picking him up like a inverted wheelbarrow... throwing him straight overhead into a brutal flapjack in the center of the ring to a loud roar!]

GW: WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?!

BW: I got no idea, Gordo! Somebody musta told Sharif this was Invent A Way To Kill A Man Week on the show!

GW: I'm not sure how to describe that, fans! Maybe some kind of a catapult flapjack! I'm not sure, but Hoefner's already just about done, and Sharif is picking him up for more!

BW: Hey, you back-jump the Sultan, you better get it done, daddy. He'll get every ounce of it back if ya don't.

GW: Clubbing open-hand blow across the shoulders of Hoefner and a waisthook...

[*THUD!*

GM: ...MAGNIFICENT SIDE WAISTLOCK SUPLEX! The fans respecting the wrestling skill of Sultan Azam Sharif!

BW: That's only because some people, like Gordon Myers an' Jason Dane, try to trick them into thinkin' Bathwaite's victimizin' him or something. That guy look like a victim to you, Gordo?

GM: Physically, no. Mentally and emotionally, that remains to be seen.

BW: He's facin' his man east, daddy. You wanna see a victim, take a good look at Hoefner. He'd tap now if he was smart. And if he didn't just get suplexed on his head.

GM: CAMEL CLUTCH APPLIED! No one executes this maneuver like Sultan Azam Sharif, and Hoefner is submitting immediately!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Now we'll find out how much Sharif respects what Hoefner did to him.

GM: BREAK THE HOLD! I don't know how Sharif can actually believe this is a GOOD thing!

BW: I guess he did! Hey, good news, kid, he didn't take it personal!

GM: HE'LL BREAK HIS BACK IF HE KEEPS THE HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!

BW: Then Meekly oughta count faster.

GM: Finally, Sharif breaks at the count of four. The fans booing profusely, but Adrian Bathwaite taught Sultan Azam Sharif that holding holds until the very end is a sign of respect... what a disgusting man that Bathwaite is.

BW: COUNT Bathwaite, commoner!

GM: The only thing he counts is money! And he's trying to run up the count on Marcus Broussard, not that anyone should regret that. Let's get the official word.

PW: The winner of this contest, by way of submission...

...SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

[The fans give a mixed reaction as "Saz O Avaz" opens up again. Sharif stands up, raises both index fingers, and shouts "IRAN! IRAN! IRAN, NUMBAH WON!" Bathwaite cackles as he mocks some of the boos at ringside.]

GM: Highly impressive performance by the Sultan, who was ambushed early but turned it around and just devastated young Mark Hoefner in no time. Let's go back and take a look at some of these incredible moves...

[The instant replay shows the modification of the Standing Code Blue that Sharif used on Hoefner to turn the match around. He takes a step back, wraps his left arm firmly around the back of Hoefner's head, put's his right

arm over the top of his head, begins to go to a knee and snaps Hoefner over his head. But before he goes all the way to a knee, he straightens up while turning quickly, adjusting his grip to that of a vertical suplex with the right arm. Hoefner's body is pushed upwards by Sharif's standing, and thus he crashes back-first into the mat from higher up than a snap mare would have taken him.]

BW: Alright, I'd like to break this move down for you, but my jaw is on the floor. Here you see he suplexes a guy that was behind him. Next week he might suplex a guy that's standin' on the top rope while he's still back in his dressin' room!

[Then we see the inverted wheelbarrow flapjack. From the Giant Swing position, Sharif moves down his body, getting as close to the abdomen as he can with the leg grip, and just snaps his man up as he falls backwards, planting him face first over his head into the canvas.]

BW: Oh, an' if that wasn't enough, here ya see Mark Hoefner get his sinuses blocked up by four of his teeth. Sharif makes up wrestlin' moves even better than he makes up syllables!

GM: Your winner, the holder of the Spotlight Match, Sultan Azam Sharif! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action right after this!

[The Sultan continues to celebrate his victory as we fade to black.

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 are back down to ringside with our announce team.]

GM: Welcome back, fans! It's already been a heck of a night of action here on Saturday Nigh- uh oh.

BW: Here comes trouble!

["Trouble" is in the form of Anton Layton, who barges on-screen. Anton is in hygenic disarray, with his hair a matted mess, and his T-Shirt and jeans still

being quite ragged and dirty. The short, squat maniac has bulging bloodshot eyes which betray that his sleep has not been restful of late.]

AL: PERRRRRRRCYYYY!

GM: He's not out he...

AL: SILENCE, GORDON MYERS! For weeks, stretching into months... my Master has been silent! Ever since he abandoned me at SuperClash, I have heard nothing, I have no direction, and I have lost his blessing...

[Layton dips his head, grabbing a handful of his filthy hair.]

AL: My Master has forsaken me!

[He tugs hard, ripping a handful of hair clear off his skull.]

GM: Oh! Anton, I don't-

[Layton raises his hand, opening it as his hair falls to the ground.]

AL: I have nothing left, Gordon Myers. Nothing.

[He raises a single finger.]

AL: Except for Percy Childes.

[Layton throws back his head, howling rabidly.]

AL: PERRRRRRCCCCCYYYY! SHOW YOURSELF! BRING YOURSELF TO ME OR I WILL-

[Suddenly, Layton is cut off by a calm yet firm voice.]

PC: Oh, there's no need for threats, Anton. I am here.

[The camera pans to show that Percy is at the top of the entrance ramp, mere feet from the exit. Layton claws at his own flesh, leaving red scratches on his cheeks when the camera cuts back to him.]

AL: Do not presume to hide from me, Percy! Do not presume to hide from my Master! He who gave you his blessing to form the unholyest of alliances with the Prince of Darkness! He who sent forth his warriors - the mighty Monosso... the savage Zaire... - he supplied the power and you have abandoned him like he has abandoned me!

[Layton's wild ramblings seem to have confused the announce team.]

AL: PERCY! COME TO ME! MEET MY GAZE! SHOW THE WORLD YOUR FEARS!

[The camera shot cuts back to Percy who arches an eyebrow, slowly shaking his head from side to side.]

PC: No, Anton. I've come close enough. But if you wish to lock eyes with me, I may advise you that the mad Monosso is here this evening, and he is under orders to defend my person. The entrance curtain is just a few feet away, so if you'd like to risk the chance that he is lurking in wait, do feel free.

[An irate Layton snatches the mic out of Gordon Myers' hand, moving from the ringside table to the elevated platform, dragging himself onto it. He kneels on the platform, pointing a raised arm down it.]

AL: Bring me Monosso, you ingrate! I DO NOT FEAR YOUR PAWN!

[The camera cuts back to a grinning Percy.]

PC: No, but you DO fear... someone else. Your Master.

[Layton shouts from off-camera.]

AL: DO NOT PRESUME TO SPEAK OF THINGS YOU KNOW NOTH-

[Suddenly, Percy decides to interrupt Layton's shouting with a loud proclamation of his own.]

PC: HE IS HERE, ANTON.

[Layton falls silent, his eyes filled with puzzlement. This simple statement seems to have stymied Anton Layton, who goes from 'manic' to 'incredulous' in an instant. Percy merely grins.]

PC: Your Master. He is here. Here, in this building tonight.

[Layton shakes his head back and forth.]

AL: You cloak yourself in lies that you believe will protect you. My Master speaks only to me. My Master tells ME his wishes. He gives ME his commands!

YOU KNOW NOTHING, PERCY CHILDES!

YOU WILL SPEAK YOUR NEXT LIE WITHOUT A TONGUE!

[Layton springs to his feet, dragging himself down the ramp. Childes raises a hand, shouting quickly.]

PC: It is true... and he is here for you.

[Layton freezes in his tracks, tilting his head to take in Childes as a dog might do a rabbit.]

AL: If you lie to me, Childes... my hands will be the last thing you see before the air is robbed from your lungs. My breath will be the last thing you smell before your throat is torn out.

[Percy doesn't back down, nodding.]

PC: You know I'm telling the truth, Anton. You know it.

[Layton runs a hand through his dirty hair, looking confused.]

AL: How...? He has not forsaken me?

[Percy chuckles, gesturing at Layton with his crystal-topped cane.]

PC: Oh, well, I wouldn't say that. Not just yet. In any event, here is what you are to do: you will go to the back, take a shower, and make yourself presentable. You will then don your wrestling attire...

...and face the Master. In that ring. Tonight.

[The fans cheer at the possibility that a long-standing mystery will be resolved. Layton's smile melts as he is told of his Master's intentions, and he shakes his head vigorously.]

AL: NO! YOU ARE THE MASTER OF LIES, CHILDES! YOU SPEAK WITH A FORKED TONGUE IN THE WORDS OF DECEIT AND TREACHERY!

My Master would...

[Layton pauses, dropping to his knees again.]

AL: He would not deign to lower himself to physical form! He would not present himself as a lowly... as one of these people!

[The crowd boos Layton loudly on that one.]

AL: HE WOULD NOT TAKE A MORTAL FORM FOR THIS...

[Layton gestures to the entirety of the Crockett Coliseum.]

AL: He could not be here, Childes. I have traveled the universe looking for him... searching for him... doing his bidding. I have traveled to the ruins of the Garden of Eden but he was not there! I have sunk to the depths of the Lost Continent of Atlantis where secrets long lost to the human mind lie in catacombs but he was not there! I have climbed to the tops of unscalable peaks, stretching my hands to the sky until I walked amongst those who fear and despise him the most... but he was not there.

He was not there... and yet you say he's here?!

[Layton glares at Childes who does not back off his statement.]

AL: You attempt to deceive me, Childes. When the Master reached down into the depths of humanity and plucked you up, pulled you to a higher calling so that you and I might work together to bring Darkness to this realm, you should have fallen to your knees and shown your eternal gratitude. You should have cast yourself into the flames of HIS creation to show that you would be his warrior for all time.

You are HIS servant! And yet you hold yourself above him.

[Layton spits on the wooden platform.]

AL: Bring me your madman! Bring me your servant who hears the voices of his own insanity fraying the edges of his grip on reality!

Set your dog upon me, Childes...

Because I do not fear him.

[Layton grins, rising to his feet again.]

AL: I know his secret... YOUR secret. I know the leash you use to keep him under your control. I know the chain you use to bind him to your will.

And I know how to break it.

[The crowd slightly cheers that. Percy looks a little uneasy at that comment.]

AL: Bring me your dog... and he will become mine.

Ehehehehe...

Ehehehehehehehehe...

EHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEH...

[Layton breaks down into a violent cough. For a moment, his visage betrays that he is not... entirely... well. And then he shakes it off.]

PC: By the way, Anton. I advise seeing a doctor. You haven't been taking care of yourself lately... eh. Hee. Hee. Hee.

[Percy makes a sarcastic mockery of Layton's laugh, and exits through the curtain. Layton hustles to the back, probably trying to catch up with him.]

GM: Did I just hear what I thought I heard?

BW: Anton Layton is going to wrestle... his Master? Maybe I'm a little bit crazy, Gordo... but I always thought that when he was talking about his Master, he was talking about... well, the guy in a red suit and horns downstairs. And I ain't talking about Drunk Bubba who sells the peanuts during the shows.

GM: Bucky, I think you're right.

BW: About Drunk Bubba?

GM: No! I think you're absolutely right. Anton Layton's Master is not a real person, in my estimation. He does not exist. Whether he's a voice in Layton's head or... well, something quite Biblical in nature, he can NOT be here tonight to wrestle!

BW: If he is, you'll pardon me if I get the heck out of town.

GM: Percy Childes says the Master is here and he's going to face Layton in this ring tonight? I just don't understand it.

BW: Well, really... if you were ever going to sucker Anton Layton into wrestling a match he ain't ready for, that's how you do it. I'm pretty sure that it'll be James Monosso who fights Layton tonight, and if Anton's in the kind of health he seems to be? He's done for.

GM: Maybe. Maybe not. I've learned to never assume in this business especially when it comes to a certifiable lunatic like the Prince of Darkness. Well, whether it's Monosso or not, we'll find out later tonight, I suppose. But right now, let's go back up to the ring for more action!

[Cut to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Capetown, South Africa and weighing in at two-hundred and seventy-one pounds. He represents all that is pure, here is... COLONEL P.W. DE KLERK!

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

PW: And his opponent...

[Again, there is no entrance music, but the crowd is abuzz when a scowling MAMMOTH Mizusawa, dressed in a black singlet, steps through the entranceway. There are a few cheers, as he raises both arms in the air, before making his way towards the ring. Cut to a shot of de Klerk, vociferously complaining to referee Marty Meekly about the indignity of having to face Mizusawa, gesturing emphatically.]

PW: Hailing from Tokyo, Japan and weighing in at 420 pounds, he is MAMMOTH MIIIIZZZZUUUUSAAAAWAAAAA!

GM: The Japanese giant is here, he is alone and the Colonel is not happy about the choice of opponent tonight. But before we find out what happens when these two collide, we need to take a very quick break!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

YM: And we're going to take it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GVM: ROBIN!!! A little help!

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

VBSEM: Robin!

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

BB: Oh, Robin!

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

YM: What? Too much Cock Robin for you?

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

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

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

BB: That's for calling me Boob Lady!

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

GVM: We are not the only pirates around here!

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

PMJC: Robin!

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

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

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

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

[Black screen, again, and the words, "MAMMOTH MIZUSAWA..." We then see a montage of swordfights, cannons being fired, someone getting thrown off the wall, accompanied by a Wilhelm scream, before the screen goes black. The word "IN" fades in, then the film title in a stylized script: "PIRATES OF THE ORIENT."

Fade back to the ring where de Klerk has the giant on his knees, with de Klerk's arms wrapped around Mizusawa's head in a chinlock.]

GM: We're back, folks, and, during the break, Colonel de Klerk managed to get a jump on MAMMOTH Mizusawa before the match officially started and he's been working that advantage ever since.

BW: Louis Matsui wouldn't have allowed this to happen if he were here.

GM: Conspicuous by his absence, folks, is one Louis Matsui, who two weeks ago met his reckoning at the hand, or right cross, of Juan Vasquez.

BW: And Mizusawa did nothing to stop him! I wouldn't be surprised if the Matsui Corporation's dropped Mizusawa as a client.

GM: Know something we don't, Bucky?

BW: Unfortunately, I haven't had any word regarding Louis' condition, nor his whereabouts.

GM: Maybe we'll get an update from his client, if Mizusawa is still under Matsui's management, after this match.

BW: Maybe, if he survives this encounter with Colonel de Klerk.

[In an attempt to further wear down the giant, de Klerk buries a couple of knees in Mizusawa's midsection. He releases the chinlock and knocks Mizusawa's head back with a European uppercut.]

GM: The giant is wobbling, but he is not down. de Klerk stays right on him... DDT!

BW: Well, Mizusawa's down now.

GM: Cover! ONE!! TWO!! Mizusawa kicks out! With authority!

[de Klerk is back on his feet. He heads to the corner, motioning for Mizusawa to get up as he climbs onto the middle rope.]

GM: I'm not sure what de Klerk has in mind here. Maybe the kneedrop bulldog, Bucky?

BW: Whatever it is, he had better do it quick, Gordo, because the giant is on his feet!

[Mizusawa shakes his head, trying to clear the cobwebs. de Klerk leaps off the ropes, his knee held out in front of him, but Mizusawa steps back, swatting the knee away with an open right hand as he does so.]

GM: I guess Mizusawa wasn't as out of it as de Klerk would have liked.

[de Klerk rolls quickly back to his feet and charges Mizusawa, but runs right into a shoulder block. This time, de Klerk rolls to the ropes, using them to pull himself to his feet.]

BW: MAMMOTH!!

GM: Clothesline knocks de Klerk right over the top rope, to the floor!

[de Klerk pulls himself to his feet, using the ring apron for support. Mizusawa steps over the top rope and proceeds to stomp on de Klerk's right hand.]

BW: Ouch! That could break more than a couple of tiny bones.

GM: de Klerk shaking that hand out. It seems to be working just fine for... What is Mizusawa thinking of here?

[The giant leaps off the apron, as de Klerk turns back around to face him, and lands an open hand chop across the top of the Colonel's head to cheers from the fans in the arena.]

GM: I hope that knocks some of Colonel de Klerk's more extreme ideas right out of his noggin.

BW: Gordo! Whatever happened to tolerating differences?

GM: Some ideas cannot be tolerated, Bucky!

BW: Not sure your missus would agree...

GM: What?

BW: Mexican pool boy, was it?

GM: We don't talk about it.

BW: Or should I say the cabana boy?

GM: WE DO NOT TALK ABOUT IT!

BW: ...

PW: Five minutes have passed in this match. FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!

GM: Anyway, Mizusawa has got de Klerk by the back of his neck... Headbutt!

[And de Klerk gets tossed back under the bottom rope, into the ring. Mizusawa is close behind, pulling himself using the top rope onto the ring apron. He takes one step over the top rope...]

As the crowd breaks into a chorus of jeers when de Klerk rushes the ropes, kicking the top rope while Mizusawa is straddling it.]

BW: Mizusawa's hung out to dry by the Colonel!

GM: That's de Klerk's experience coming into play there, Bucky.

[Referee Meekly admonishes de Klerk, but the Colonel simply pushes him out of the way and throws a few lefts at Mizusawa. The referee pulls de Klerk away, allowing Mizusawa to step fully into the ring, but de Klerk is right back on him with a European uppercut, sending the giant back against the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip sends Mizusawa into the ropes on the opposite side of the ring. Rebound! de Klerk with a kick to the gut!

BW: He's calling for the State of Emergency!

GM: I'm not sure he'll be able to lift the Japanese giant for the pancake piledriver.

[de Klerk struggles to lift Mizusawa off his feet and, almost immediately, has to set him down. He tries again and the crowd breaks into MASSIVE CHEERS, as Mizusawa back drops de Klerk. de Klerk, again using the ropes to pull himself up, charges Mizusawa, who is down on one knee. Cheers again as a back elbow smash stops de Klerk in his tracks.]

GM: de Klerk trying to stay on top of the giant. He gets a snap mare for his trouble!

[With de Klerk now in front of him, Mizusawa headbutts the back of de Klerk's head. He gets back to his feet and kicks de Klerk square in the back. Mizusawa follows the kick up with another open hand chop to the top of de Klerk's head.]

GM: A leg drop puts Colonel de Klerk down for good!

BW: Not quite, Gordo; it's not over till someone is pinned.

GM: Or submits, which might be what Mizusawa is thinking of here.

[Standing over de Klerk, Mizusawa reaches down and wraps a meaty right hand over de Klerk's face. de Klerk's flailing when the giant applies pressure prevents referee Marty Meekly from counting his shoulders down. de Klerk grabs hold of Mizusawa's arm and hand, trying to tear the claw hold off, but that only allows the Japanese giant to pull de Klerk to his feet.]

GM: Oh my stars! Mizusawa just pulled Colonel de Klerk to his feet... BY HIS FACE!

BW: The good news is Mizusawa's released the claw hold.

GM: GOOZLE!

BW: The bad news is...

GM: CHOKESLAM!! Cover! ONE!! TWO!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[There are some cheers and some appreciative applause from the crowd, as the giant slowly gets to his feet, raising a triumphant arm.]

PW: Here is your winner... MAMMOTH MIIIIZZZZUUUUSAAAAWAAAAA!

[Mizusawa looks down on de Klerk, shakes his head and steps over the top rope.]

GM: Let's see if I can get a few words from the usually silent giant. MAMMOTH! Mr. Mizusawa! Could you tell us anything about the condition of Louis Matsui after what happened with Juan Vasquez two weeks ago?

[The seven-footer merely scowls at the broadcaster. Unperturbed, Myers soldiers on.]

GM: Well, is there a reason why Matsui isn't out here with you tonight?

[Mizusawa remains silent. He looks at Bucky Wilde, then back at Myers.]

GM: Are you still being managed by the Matsui Corporation?

[Again, silence.]

GM: Mr. Mizusawa, were you in on the plan with Robert Donovan and Juan Vasquez to get back at Louis Matsui?

[At the last question, Mizusawa's brows are furrowed. After a beat, he leans down towards the proffered mic in Myers' hand.]

MM: No.

[Before Myers can ask another question, Mizusawa straightens up and walks away. From the sound of it, the crowd is as confused as Myers looks right about now.]

GM: Well, uhh, I guess that answers... something. But what about Louis Matsui? What about MAMMOTH Mizusawa's status with the Matsui Corporation? We're just a few weeks into 2012 and this is already one of the biggest stories of the year! The giant is the #2 contender to the AWA National Title and... well, this victory here tonight just might be enough to put him to the top of the mountain.

BW: I said it before but I truly mean it. The National Champion may indeed be the greatest professional athlete in the world but with guys like Monosso and Mizusawa gunning for him, you have to wonder if his days with the gold are numbered.

GM: Well, we know he won't be losing the title here tonight, Bucky. It seems that after fleeing the scene two weeks ago with the title just barely still in his grasp, the National Champion decided to go on vacation! Unbelievable.

BW: Well-deserved!

GM: That's debatable... but he did decide to send us a special video-taped interview from his vacation so let's take a look at that right now.

[We fade in to a view of an expanse of crystal blue water and clear blue skies. As the camera pans in a bit, we hear the sound of water lapping up against white fiberglass, which we soon realize is the hull of a boat. As the camera pans around a bit, "boat" doesn't begin to describe it. "Yacht" is more like it. And on the large deck we spy various bikini-clad women milling about, and while the WKIK faithful may be focused there, the camera is focused on a bare-chested man sprawled out on a lounge chair, tanning. His skin is deeply bronzed and his blond hair is pulled back into a tight pony tail to ensure that the sun's rays reach every inch of his face. On each side of him is a small table, one holding a drink with an umbrella in it, and the other holding the AWA National Title. "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne appears to take notice of the camera and props himself up a bit in the chair, smiling widely.]

CD: This is the life, isn't it?

[He waves his hand around at his surroundings.]

CD: Surrounded by beautiful women. Lounging on a multi-million dollar yacht. Still AWA National Champion.

[A slight smirk from the champion.]

CD: I figured after that grueling and exhausting title defense two weeks ago on Saturday Night Wrestling where Jim Watkins had all the odds stacked against me, that I earned a little vacay. So I jumped on the private jet, flew down here to Costa Rica and set up shop a few miles off shore.

When you're the greatest professional athlete on the planet, you don't worry about how many weeks of vacation you get, or making sure you put in your request in advance, nah. That's for you 9-to-5 chumps back in Texas to concern yourself with.

When you're the greatest professional athlete on the planet, you just do as you damn-well please.

[Dufresne folds his arms behind his head, leaning back casually.]

CD: As I sat here drinking Mai Tai's and messing around on my iPad – that Steve Jobs left me in his will, I might add – I decided to re-watch Saturday Night Wrestling. Try to look at it from the perspective of those poor shmucks who can't afford to watch me in person and all that. And one thing seemed to stick out like a sore thumb – outside of my greatness, that is.

And that's just how damn stupid that locker room appears to be.

I mean, it seemed like every two seconds that someone was coming out of the woodworks to tell me how they're going to take this...

[Dufresne flicks a nod over his shoulder towards the championship.]

CD: ...Off my trim waist.

[An incredulous look plays across Dufresne's face.]

CD: Maybe the locker room has forgotten just who they're talking about. Boys, it's been almost a year since anyone put my blades to the boards, and that guy is at home reading the recent John Deere catalog in Braille. Putting Calisto Dufresne down for the count ain't as easy as you all imagine it to be.

We had guys like Rex Summers callin' me out, for Christ's sake! Rex, when I was running around with a title that didn't say AWA on it, at least people can remember me winning it. Both people that were in that middle school gym the day you won the PCW title are probably dead. Get in line, kid.

But I'll give credit where credit is due. He did come up with a little idea. He asked for a clash of champions, as it were.

[A respectful nod.]

CD: I like that, Rex. I really do. And as all the pundits would agree, Calisto Dufresne is nothing if not the most fighting AWA National Champion in history. So maybe I'll give you that shot you want, after all.

Hey, Jim-boy. I know you're watching back there in your broom closet of an office in Dallas, so listen up. You like pulling names out of a hat, it seems. So in two weeks time, let's do just that. I want you to put the name of every single champion you can find - AWA or otherwise - in a hat and when I show up, we'll draw out the lucky winner and see who gets a crack at the National Title that very night, live on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[A dangerous look from Dufresne as the camera zooms in a bit.]

CD: But be forewarned, boys. Lady luck can be awful cruel sometimes. And so can Calisto Dufresne.

[Fade from the pre-taped footage back to the ringside area where Jim Watkins has joined the announce team.]

GM: Well, you heard the National Champion, Mr. Watkins. Whaddya think?

[Watkins strokes his chin, a grin starting to form.]

JW: I think he's up to something. But I also think I want to see that match.

[Big cheer!]

JW: Let's hook 'em up!

[Bigger cheer!]

GM: Fans, we're about to get right back up to the ring for tag team action but before we do, let's hear from one of the teams who will be competing here tonight - the Antons!

[We crossfade to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the Antons, Alex and Nick, in matching purple-and-white Northwestern Wildcats letterman jackets over similar white singlets with purple trim. Nick's singlet has the image of a wildcat's head on the left thigh, while Nick's has the letters "NU" on the right thigh and the letters "AA" on the left thigh.]

MS: Gentlemen, we are minutes away from your match against "Playboy" Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass. This wouldn't be the first time the two of you step in the ring against Playboy Enterprises, so...

AA: You're right, Mark, this wouldn't be the first time we step in the ring against Johnny and Dick and the last time we did in El Paso, it took everything those two had to have the match end in a double countout! And, then, instead of having a legit shot at Steal the Spotlight, Dick decides he's gonna screw my brother out of his chance at the prize. See, Casanova fancies himself a smart man and, with everything that's going on around here, he thinks he can put build his little empire out of Playboy Enterprises, but so far all I see is one stupid misstep after another and the stupidest of all was when Johnny-boy decided to stick his fat keister, and I don't mean just his Bass, in our business!

NA: STEGGLET! We owe those two some payback and you know we ran off the last team we settled our debts with.

AA: Well, half the team...

NA: What I'm saying is, if Casanova thinks he's got something good going, putting his band of merry men together, he might just be surprised to find himself going from one man up to two men down after the Antons are done with Playboy Enterprises! Now get your butts to the ring and get ready for some kicking!

[Cue "Go U Northwestern," as performed by the Northwestern University Marching Band, as the Antons make their way to the ring. Nick has his eyes locked on the ring as he makes his way down the entrance ramp,

occasionally slapping the hand of a fan on the near side of it. Alex, however, is trying to slap hands and high-five as many fans as he can. We go to the ring where Phil Watson is standing by with the introductions.]

PW: The next match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, at a total combined weight of 547 pounds, Nick and Alex... THE ANTOOONS!!!

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

PW: And their opponents...

[Robert Palmer's "Addicted To Love" kicks in to a bunch of jeers.]

PW: Weighing in at a total combined weight of... 485 pounds? They represent Playboy Enterprises... "Playboy" Johnny Casanova and "DIRTY" DICK BAAASS!!!

[The music picks up as Casanova struts through the curtain, clad in a pair of powder blue trunks with a feather boa to match. Very obviously absent is the usually-present Big Mama as they make their way down the elevated ramp towards the ring. Casanova pauses a few steps down the ramp and does a hip swivel in the direction of the crowd to draw more jeers. Following Casanova with a stern look is the big cowboy known as "Dirty" Dick Bass. The big man is decked out in simple black trunks, black knee pads, black boots and a black leather vest. His weathered face and menacing brown eyes almost covered by the black Stetson he has tipped close to his brow. A thick handlebar mustache rainbows his tense lips, while his trusty whip 'Delilah', is clutched in his heavily taped right hand.]

GM: Whatever else is going on with the new signings into Playboy Enterprises, these two look to be as tight a unit as tight can be.

BW: All it is is an abundance of ideas, Gordo: Johnny has an idea of where he wants Playboy Enterprises to go; Big Mama had a different idea. Which is two more than what those two lugheads the Antons could ever come up with.

[Casanova reaches the ring, stepping through the ropes into the squared circle, pointing a finger at the Antons who have their sights on all three members of Playboy Enterprises. Casanova then points at Dick Bass, who is holding his cowboy hat as he ducks between the ropes. Dick Bass hangs the coiled Delilah around the outer ring post then hands his cowboy hat to the ringside help, revealing hair buzzed close to the skin. Casanova hands off his feather boa to a ringside attendant before turning his attention back to their opponents.]

GM: You know, Bucky... you can talk all you want about it being a difference of ideas but the fact that Big Mama is nowhere to be seen out here tonight, well, that has to say SOMETHING about this situation.

BW: It says that Playboy Enterprises knows they don't need to be at full strength to put down the Antons, Gordo. Big Mama's got a big match still to come with whoever she picked taking on "The Bull" Bruno Dawson so maybe she decided to let her boys handle these two college boy twerps.

[Casanova whispers in Bass' ear as the big man nods. As the music slowly fades, Dick Bass turns to his opponents, wiping his feet on the canvas and rubbing his knuckles. Casanova steps through the ropes, as does Nick Anton, slapping his brother on the back before he does so. Referee Marty Meekly motions for the Dick Bass and Alex Anton to approach for match instructions, but Alex is more interested in getting in Bass' face...]

"SMAAACK!!!"

[The Crockett Coliseum crowd cheers as Alex slaps Bass right across the face.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: And with that slap, these two hosses are just going at it!

GM: Bass and Anton are just throwing bombs at each other and it's not clear who will come out on top of this one.

BW: What was Anton thinking disrespecting Bass like that? You don't poke an angry bull!

GM: Oh, I think Alex knows exactly what he is doing. Irish whip! And a knee to the gut of big Dick Bass...

[With Bass doubled up, Alex simply leans over, hooking an arm between the brawler's legs and sends him crashing to the canvas with a standing back body drop!]

GM: Ohh! Sheer strength on display by Alex Anton!

BW: I'll give the Anton boys their due; not many people can out-brawl Dick Bass, but the Antons have got their fundamentals down pat thanks to their Combat Corner experience.

[Stalking to the corner, Alex slaps the hand of his brother, bringing Nick into the match. Nick steps through the ropes...

...and promptly BARRELS over a recovering Bass with an explosive shoulder tackle that sends the crowd into a roar!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: This can't be what the Playboy had in mind, Gordo!

GM: It certainly can't. Casanova would be wise to get his partner out of the ring right now so that they can regroup a little bit.

[With Bass pushing up to a seated position, Nick Anton SLAMS his leg into the base of the spine!]

GM: A hard kick to the back by Nick... waving for Bass to get up now... measuring the man...

[And as "Dirty" Dick stumbles to his feet...]

GM: BOOM!

[The crowd ROARS as Nick throws himself into a lunging clothesline, absolutely flattening the stunned brawler!]

GM: What a clothesline by Nick Anton, fans! That flying clothesline nearly turned Dick Bass inside out right there!

BW: Not many people can do that to Dick Bass, but these Anton boys are beasts! Amazing physical specimens, Gordo.

GM: Quick tag in to Alex...

[With both brothers in the ring, they drag Bass to his feet and into a double knee to the gut as they shove him to center ring. A quick double front facelock is applied...]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: I don't like the looks of this, Gordo.

[Neither does Johnny Casanova who is screaming at the official for allowing the doubleteam. The Antons ignore the Playboy, hoisting Bass into the air...

...and then dropping him abruptly face-first to the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Nick Anton bounces away, slapping his chest as the crowd roars for the explosive doubleteam move. The official nudges Nick to exit the ring as Alex Anton turns towards the Playboy Enterprises corner, shouting something at Casanova...

...and we abruptly cut to a shot of Dick Bass, trying to push himself off the mat as we hear a mix of cheers and boos from the crowd.]

GM: An inappropriate gesture right there by Alex Anton... no call for that in my estimation, Bucky.

BW: Not so proud of them now, are you, Gordo?

[An irate Casanova attempts to come into the ring, getting blocked by the official as Alex Anton drags Bass off the canvas, teeing off with a pair of clenched fists between the eyes that knocks Bass down to a knee.]

GM: The Antons are certainly taking the fight to Playboy Enterprises at this point in the contest.

[Anton grabs Bass by the back of the head, ready to deliver another heavy shot...

...but gets Bass' skull slammed into his midsection instead!]

GM: Ohh! A resourceful shot by the veteran to get back on track!

[An angry Bass climbs to his feet, promptly digging his fingers into the eyes of Alex Anton and raking across them, leaving a partially blinded Anton staggering away from the brawler as the crowd jeers.]

GM: A cheapshot there by Dick Bass and that'll turn the tide in this one.

BW: Meekly lays in a warning on him for the eyegouge... but Bass doesn't care one bit, Gordo.

GM: Bass with a handful of hair now... ohh! Big right hand between the eyes!

BW: Dick Bass has that Texas bar room brawling style where he'll just clobber ya good, spit, and repeat.

[A second shot to the eyes causes Alex' knees to buckle, dropping to a single knee before Bass lands another - a heavy blow that would have floored Anton if not for Bass holding him up by the hair.]

GM: The referee is telling Bass to get off the hair, trying to get him to let go.

[Bass shrugs, pulling Anton into a headbutt to the bridge of the nose - this one knocking Alex flat as Bass drops to his knees to attempt a cover.]

GM: One! Two... Anton kicks out!

BW: But Bass stays on top of him, just grinding that forearm into Anton's face.

[From the mounted position, Bass throws in a couple of punches for good measure before climbing to his feet, slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: There's the tag to the Playboy who slips through the ropes... look out here, he's heading for the second rope...

[Bass hauls Anton back to his feet, trapping his right arm in an arm-wringer as Casanova leaps off and lands an ugly-looking elbow close to Alex's shoulder.]

BW: What height from the Playboy! What grace!

GM: From the way he's strutting, you'd think he'd polevaulted the moon.

BW: Are you still jealous of his athleticism, Gordo?

[Casanova has Alex, who is down on one knee, trapped in another arm-wringer, as he lands a few more elbow smashes on Alex's shoulder. He tries to hyperextend the arm, as he shifts himself in front of Alex...

...and drops to the mat, smashing the shoulder joint into the canvas!]

GM: Single arm DDT! The Playboy looked like he was trying to yank Anton's arm right out of its socket.

BW: That's exactly what he is trying to do with this armbar right here.

GM: The referee's asking if Anton wants to give up but I don't think Alex is quite ready to quit, Bucky.

BW: How can you tell from all that screaming?

[The camera cuts to Nick Anton who is slapping the top turnbuckle in an attempt to get the crowd behind his brother. Indeed, a cheer of "Let's go Alex!" starts up. Of course, Casanova takes it as the signal to move on to something else. He relaxes the hold and gets to his feet, still maintaining his grip on Alex's arm.]

GM: Casanova pulling Anton up as well... ohh! He kicks him right in the face there!

[The off-balance blow sends Casanova stumbling back where he slaps the hand of Bass, keeping a grip on the armbar as the big brawler steps in, promptly smashing an overhead elbow across the shoulder.]

GM: Bass with another elbow to Anton's shoulder!

[As Casanova steps out, Bass grabs a handful of Anton's tights...

...and THROWS him shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHHH! INTO THE STEEL!!

BW: You talk about separating a shoulder, Dick Bass might've done it right there, daddy!

[Bass sneers at the hurting Alex but chooses not to follow up, instead walking across the ring towards the Antons' corner...

...and there's a brief moment of silence as Bass shouts something in Nick Anton's directions.]

GM: Goodness. Fans, we really do apologize again for the language and for the actions of these men. I don't know what's gotten into these guys, Bucky.

BW: Look, these two teams have really gotten under each other's skin lately. This is the result of that. They don't like each other and they want the whole world to know it. This ain't a debate, Gordo, this is professional wrestling at its finest.

[The voice of Phil Watson rings out over the PA.]

"Five minutes have expired! Five minutes remain!"

[The camera catches Nick Anton trying to storm the ring to get at Dick Bass who stands at the ready, fists balled up as Marty Meekly prevents Anton from getting into the fray. With the referee distracted, Johnny Casanova has dropped down to the floor, grabbing Alex Anton's arm...

...and SLAMS the arm into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! COME ON!!

[Casanova ignores the jeering crowd, grabbing the arm a second time, and SLAMMING it into the steel again!]

GM: Johnny Casanova just SMASHED Alex Anton's arm into the steel twice!

[Bass turns around, dragging Anton out of the corner by the back of the trunks, and scooping him over his shoulder...

...before DRIVING him down onto a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Shoulderbreaker!

[Bass immediately applies a cover but Marty Meekly is a bit slow to count as he's still trying to keep Nick Anton at bay.]

GM: Meekly finally with a count of one! Of two! Of-

[The crowd cheers as Nick Anton rushes in, stomping down on the back of Dick Bass' head to break the pin attempt. Marty Meekly is again quickly up, forcing Anton back to his corner...

...which allows Casanova to join his partner in the ring, doing a number on Alex Anton with a series of stomps and kicks to the arm and shoulder!]

GM: Referee, turn around!

BW: Hey, this is all Nick Anton's fault! He got illegally involved and now his brother is paying the price for it!

GM: Shoulder breaker! Cover! The referee is a bit slow to count... One! Two!

[Casanova slaps his hands together over his head, helping Bass drag Anton to his feet as the official turns around.]

GM: Casanova's claiming a tag was made.

BW: It was.

GM: Are you kidding me?! There was no tag!

BW: Could've sworn I heard one.

[Casanova and Bass hook the double front facelock, hoisting Anton into the air and bringing him crashing down to the canvas with a double suplex!]

GM: Double suplex by Playboy Enterprises!

[Bass is forced from the ring as Casanova grabs the hurting arm, extending it, and drops a big leg across it.]

GM: Ohh! And right back to work on the injured arm.

BW: The sign of an excellent tag team is to isolate the injured man and to even further isolate the injured limb if you can. Twist it, torque it, bend it - do whatever you need to do to hurt the man.

[Casanova keeps his grip on the arm, dragging Anton across the ring where he slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: Dick Bass is immediately back in... hopping up to the middle rope now...

[And as the Playboy pins the arm to the mat, Bass leaps off his perch, stomping down on the shoulder joint!]

GM: Oh! Leaping middle rope stomp by Bass!

BW: That can't have felt good!

[Bass attempts another cover, holding the injured arm to the canvas as the referee counts two.]

GM: Anton gets the healthy arm out at two!

BW: That might've been a mistake by Dick Bass. If one arm is hurt, you should put your efforts on pinning down the OTHER arm, Gordo.

[An angry Bass gets up, kicking the arm a few more times as Casanova shouts encouragement from the crowd. Bass leans down, dragging Anton up by the arm and jerks it hard once he gets there, putting more strain on the limb.]

GM: Bass just shouted something in the direction of Nick Anton... look out now...

[The big brawler pulls Alex Anton into a double underhook with ease.]

GM: He's going for the Bass Breaker! If he hits this, it's over!

[A grinning Johnny Casanova shouts as Bass hoists Anton up, twisting him in mid-air, and DUMPING him down across a bent knee!]

GM: OHHH! HE GOT IT!! IT'S OVER!!!

[But before Bass can attempt the cover, Casanova starts shouting and waving his arms, gesturing at himself.]

GM: Casanova looks like... he wants the tag?

BW: Of course he does! He wants to put the finishing touches on this no-neck goon!

GM: This could be a big mistake, Bucky. I thought they had the Antons beat off the Bass Breaker there.

[Bass looks slightly agitated as he slaps the hand of his partner.]

BW: Yeah! And here comes the Chairman of Playboy Enterprises!

[Casanova steps in, immediately going into a Fargo Strut down the length of the ring. He pauses at the ropes, shouting at a couple of fans in the front row before he wipes his chest with both hands, flicking the sweat in their direction.]

GM: Casanova's wasting a lot of time here, Bucky.

[Casanova throws his head back in a mighty laugh at the fans' shouting as he does a hip swivel in the direction, ending with a powerful hip thrust that he punctuates with a, "HOW YOU LIKE THAT, BAYBEE?!" before turning back towards Anton.]

GM: Finally, the Playboy is looking to try and finish this here...

[He jerks a thumb at himself, shouting "I GOT THIS!" as he drags Anton to his feet. He hooks the left arm in an underhook...]

GM: It looks like he's setting for the Playboy Plunge!

[But before he can grab the right arm, Anton pulls his arms free, yanking Casanova's legs out from under him!]

GM: Ohh! Takedown!

[Holding the legs, Anton falls backwards, propelling Casanova through the air and CRASHING into Dick Bass, sending the brawler falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: HE SLINGSHOTS THE TWO MEN TOGETHER!! OH YEAH!

BW: Was that a tag?

GM: I don't know if that can be counted as one, Bucky...

[The cheers are through the roof as Alex makes it to his corner.]

GM: But that one certainly is! And here comes Nick Anton like a brickhouse on fire! Shoulder tackle takes the Playboy down! And another one! And...

BW: Wildcat Attack!

[The crowd EXPLODES for the high impact spear tackle that Nick Anton uses to put Casanova down hard on the canvas. He quickly straddles the pudgy competitor and tees off on Casanova's forehead with a series of punches. A fired-up Nick Anton gets back to his feet to a loud roar from the equally fired-up crowd.]

GM: Anton is heading to the top! He is waiting for the Playboy to get up!

BW: Stay down, Johnny! Stay down!

[Despite Bucky's 'advice', Casanova is slowly, but surely, getting to his feet.]

GM: Could we see the shoulder tackle off the top rope? Could this be what the Antons need to put away Playboy Enter-

BW: Bass! Bass!

[Dick Bass hops onto the ring apron and pushes Nick Anton off the top rope.]

GM: OHHH! NICK ANTON GETS SHOVED TO THE CANVAS!!

[And almost immediately, Bass is knocked off the apron by Alex Anton.]

BW: How did he get all the way around the ring that quickly?

GM: For a man his size, Bucky, Alex Anton is quick on his feet.

BW: Well, he needs to watch out for the Playboy here.

[Casanova approaches from the blind side, arms raised for a double axehandle...]

...but he freezes in his tracks, backpedaling at the sight of Alex Anton swung around and ready for him!]

GM: Casanova got caught and-

BW: Behind you, Johnny!

[Casanova backpedals right into a rear waistlock, a moment of sheer terror crossing his face before Anton uses his massive power to hoist the Playboy into the air...]

...and DROPS him down on the back of his head and neck, shoulders pinned to the canvas with a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: SUPLEX!! HE'S GOT HIM!! ONE!! TWO!!!

[From outside the ring, Dick Bass grabs Nick Anton's ankle, yanking away the bridge and allowing Casanova to just barely roll a shoulder off the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Bass saved the match right there for his boss and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Alex Anton drops down off the apron, swinging Bass around and dropping him with a right hand!]

GM: We've got a fight out on the floor! Dick Bass and Alex are going at it outside the ring. Nick and Johnny Casanova are going at each other in the ring. To nobody's surprise, this match is breaking down before our very eyes!

"KLAAANG!!!"

[The crowd roars as Alex Anton gets Irish whipped into the ringside barricade by a surly Dick Bass. The camera cuts back inside the ring where Nick Anton has dragged the Playboy back to his feet, hooking him around his flabby torso...]

GM: He's got the Playboy hooked!

[Anton hoists Casanova into the air again, dumping him down on his back with a Northern Lights suplex - holding again for a bridge!]

GM: He's throwing Casanova around like a sack of potatoes!

[Dick Bass quickly shoves Alex Anton back into the ring. The sudden arrival of all four men seems to rattle Marty Meekly who doesn't count the pinfall on the suplex, moving to argue with Dick Bass instead.]

GM: Meekly's trying to regain control of this one!

BW: Good luck with that. That ring is getting mighty crowded now, Gordo.

[An enraged Nick Anton breaks the bridge, shouting in the official's direction before dragging a limp Casanova off the mat...

...and right into a full nelson! The crowd starts to buzz!]

GM: Oh no.

BW: He can't do that! He can't get him up for that!

[Anton readies himself, preparing to deliver a devastating full nelson suplex...

...but the chaos in the ring allows Casanova to dip into his bag of tricks, swinging his leg back between the uprights, catching Anton solidly in the groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's illegal! That should be an instant disqualification!

BW: The referee didn't see it though! There's too much going on in there!

[From outside the ring, Jim Watkins shouts in to Marty Meekly. Meekly swings around, looking puzzled at the Chairman as Casanova grabs Nick Anton by the hair and arm, shouting to Bass...

...and whipping him towards Bass!]

GM: Ohh! Bass knocks him flat with a clothesline!

[With both Antons down and the crowd jeering, Marty Meekly struggles to regain some control.]

BW: Marty Meekly has lost control of this match! I don't think he even knows who the legal men in the match are!

[With Meekly shouting at him, Bass stays on Nick Anton, stomping and kicking him in the ribs. Casanova buries a kneedrop down across the back of Alex Anton as he was trying to pull himself up using the ropes.]

GM: Both Antons are down, both at the mercy of Playboy Enterprises!

[At a shout from Casanova, both Antons are dragged to their feet, pulling into matching double underhooks...]

GM: They've got 'em both!

BW: This is gonna be beautiful, Gordo!

[But Alex Anton has other ideas, backdropping the flabby Playboy through the air, sending him crashing down to the mat. He moves in on Bass, hammering him with a forearm to the back of the neck. Nick straightens up, smashing Bass as well, backing him into the ropes.]

GM: The Antons have Bass on the ropes!

[Nick and Alex each grab an arm, firing him across the ring...]

GM: Double whip!

[The crowd ERUPTS as the Antons take flight, flattening Bass with a double shouldertackle!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Alex Anton springs to his feet, throwing his arms apart in triumph as Nick signals to him...]

GM: The Antons are going for something here...

[Alex pulls Bass to his feet, ducking down underneath him to hoist the big man up into an electric chair lift...]

GM: Alex has got Dick Bass up! And Nick's headed for the top!

BW: They're going for Air Anton!

GM: If they hit it, it's over!

[Nick Anton gets to the top rope, giving a wild whoop to the crowd...

...when suddenly Casanova runs into the ropes, throwing his weight into them.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NICK GOES DOWN!!

[Alex shoves Bass off his shoulders, slamming a forearm into Casanova from behind. A second forearm connects as well.]

GM: Bass just grabbed the official! What in the world is he-

[With Casanova trapped in the corner, the Playboy reaches over the ropes, grabbing Bass' treasured whip "Delilah" from its resting spot on the ringpost...

...and wheels around, SLAMMING the handle into the throat of Alex Anton!]

GM: OHHH!

[Anton collapses to the mat, gasping for air as Casanova dives on top of him.]

GM: Casanova with a cover! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Unbelievable!

[Casanova quickly bails out of the ring, throwing his arms up in the air in celebration as Dick Bass quickly joins him.]

GM: Playboy Enterprises has won it! By hook or by crook, Casanova and Bass are victorious here tonight in Dallas...

BW: And you try to deny that this puts them right in line for a shot at the National Tag Team Titles, Gordo! Try to tell me that!

GM: I can't, Bucky. I absolutely can't. I think this very well might get them a future shot at the titles. It was a heck of an effort for the Antons but in the end, they came up just a bit short.

[Casanova and Bass are heading back down the ramp, celebrating their victory as we fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

[Shaw fades away to be replaced by 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 ringside shot of Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling! "Big" Jim, step on in here.

[Jim Watkins, the Chairman of the Championship Committee, joins the duo.]

GM: Jim, you came out here at the start of the show to keep an eye on the managers of the AWA and try to cut back on the amount of outside interference that we've seen as of late. It seems like you're doing pretty well at that.

JW: It's a so far, so good kind of deal, Gordo. We haven't had Percy Childes out here yet... no Buddy Morton... there's still plenty of time for someone to get ol' Big Jim steamed under the collar.

GM: Jim, I wanted to get your comments on the.. situation... that went down this week with Juan Vasquez.

[Watkins bristles.]

JW: I'm not sure if the AWA legal team would want-

GM: I've been assured that any comment you make is fine because we are, in fact, cleared to show the footage of what happened that night.

JW: There's footage?

GM: Fans, for those of you unaware, Juan Vasquez is NOT here in Dallas, Texas tonight. Earlier this week, the front office received word that Mr. Vasquez had been arrested in a small town in West Virginia on charges of assault and battery. Thankfully for Mr. Vasquez, those he chose to assault have elected to NOT press charges and Mr. Vasquez is free to go.

JW: He was freed by the law but in the AWA, he's on a short leash now. I understand why I did it... and if it was me, I can't say I wouldn't have done the same thing. But Juan's gotta realize that we've got rules in this place and he needs to stick to those rules.

GM: Fans, why don't we show the footage right now and then we'll come back and discuss it a little further. Let's roll the tape!

[We open up to a shaky, close-up shot of Juan Vasquez, standing outside a shabby-looking dive bar in the middle of nowhere. Loud Southern Rock blares from the inside, as we see Juan is breathing slightly heavy. A small, angry welt can be clearly seen forming along his right cheek, as he dusts himself off. The cameraman seems a bit shocked by whatever he sees.]

Cameraman: What happened, here!?

[Juan turns to the camera with a slight grin.]

JV: Heya'. Glad you found the place. A few minutes later and you might've missed the whole damn thing.

[He proceeds to bend over and cough loudly. After a few seconds, he stands back straight up, shaking off whatever's ailing him.]

JV: Ya' know, after what I did to Louis Matsui, everyone was wondering...
"Just who was Juan Vasquez gonna' go after next?"

Ben Waterson? Calisto Dufresne? My good, old friend, Marcus Broussard?

[He taps his chin, as if he was thinking long and hard about that question.]

JV: All excellent choices, amigo; But there's a whole lot more names on the list than just those three. Names like...

[The grin disappears and we see Juan stomp down hard on something...or rather...SOMEONE, off-camera. A groan of pain can be heard as the camera pans down to the beaten, wild-haired form of Zeke, one-half of...]

JV: ...The Moonshiners.

[While the shot focuses on Zeke, Vasquez suddenly rushes right through the doors of the bar, apparently ready to do some more damage. The camera desperately tries to keep up with him, but fleeing barflies suddenly trying to get the hell out of Dodge, make it difficult. By the time the cameraman reaches him inside the dark, smoke-filled room, Juan is already brawling with the other two Moonshiners!]

CRAAAACK!

[The cameraman stays a fair distance away from the chaos, as Juan snaps a pool cue across Jug's back! Mange however, takes the opportunity to cheapshot Vasquez from behind and then grabs him, wrapping both of his hands around the former National champion's throat. He whirls him around and slams Juan onto the pool table, choking the life out of him! Through his wild hair and bushy beard, Mange grits his teeth at his attacker.]

Mange: Should've just left well enough alone, pup-AHH!!!

SMAAACK!

[An 8-ball to the side of the head cuts off Mange in mid-sentence. Mange is staggered, holding the side of his head in pain as Vasquez gets back to his feet. Juan stiffens up and pulls back his fist, before stepping into a right cross that sends Mange falling over a table! Juan then turns his attention to Jug.]

"GET UP! I AIN'T DONE WITH YOU, YET!!!"

[Jug is pulling himself up to his feet, when Vasquez walks over and grabs him by the hair and drags him up. Juan's attention turns towards the jukebox in the corner, which had been serenading the bar room brawl all this

time. He then grabs Jug around the waist and with a bellow... bulldozes the Southerner backwards into the jukebox!

The music abruptly stops as the mass of humanity slams into it, crushing it upon impact. Slowly, Vasquez rolls off Jug...now cut, bloodied and exhausted.]

Cameraman: A-are you okay?

[Juan remains on his knees, surveying the damage done around him, muttering to himself...]

"Not a single damn one of you is safe...not a single damn one..."

[The wail of a police siren is heard in the distance as the camera slowly fades to black and we return to a live shot of our announce team and Jim Watkins.]

GM: A disturbing scene for sure as Juan Vasquez has cleared decided that NO ONE is free from his wrath, Jim.

JW: The Moonshiners are obviously no longer under contract with the AWA yet they did play a part in the savage assault last year on the 4th of July on Juan. For our part, we have spoken with Juan Vasquez - we have warned him against future actions like this. He is under probation with my office right now.

BW: Double secret probation?

JW: Let's just say that if he pulls something like that again, he may not like the outcome, Bucky. As much as I'm in complete understanding of him wanting payback for what was done to him, I'm also the law around here and if I have to make an unpopular decision to keep law and order, I'll do that.

GM: Thanks, Jim. We're told that Juan Vasquez WILL be with us live in Dallas, Texas in two weeks' time - we hope to get more from him on this situation at that time. But right now, let's go backstage where Jason Dane has caught up with Rick Marley!

[The camera cuts back stage where AWA interviewer extraordinaire Jason Dane stands with "Showtime" Rick Marley. The dark haired high flier is dressed for action as he smiled easily to Jason and to the camera.]

JD: Rick Marley, you're moments away from your match for this evening against the always formidable Mr. Sadisuto.

[Marley looks over to Jason Dane and raises an eyebrow, then shrugs.]

RM: Sadisuto's tough, Jason...there's no two ways about it. The guy can hit you in half a hundred different ways that all have one thing in common: They all hurt. He's been around the ring for what seems like a lifetime, and

he knows every trick there is to know between those ropes...but there's one thing he seems to have forgotten in signing this match.

JD: What's that?

[Marley smiles wider.]

RM: He signed it against me.

You see Jase, all the martial arts moves, all of the dirty tricks in the world aren't going to help him. They're not going to save him. Tonight he's stepping into the ring with the Human Highlight Reel...

JD: Isn't that Dominique Wilkins?

RM: (continuing unphased) ... with none other than "Showtime" Rick Marley. I'll turn up the heat, pick up the pace, bring the fans up and out of their seats and put on a show like they've never seen.

JD: Don't you think you should be more worried about winning than about looking good, Rick? Eric Preston brought up--

[Marley holds up his finger, his smile fading a bit as he looks from Jason Dane, then back to the camera.]

RM: You have to forgive Eric...he's gotten dropped on his head a few times in his matches against his lunatic du jour. James Monosso...Anton Layton...I think tonight he might be scheduled in a handicap match against Jason Voorhees and Freddy Kreuger.

Eric's a great guy, and he's done a lot for this place and the fans here in AWA...but he's forgetting one important thing: Not EVERYTHING is the end of the world. Not every match is a death match. Not every bodyslam leads to a vendetta...and not all of your opponents here "the voices".

Yes, he's had to deal with the worst of the worst that AWA has to offer.

Yes, he got down there in the muck with 'em and showed that he's willing to be just as nasty as they are if that's what it takes...but you know what? There's something to be said for taking the high road...for showing the fans the sort of competition that they want to see...that they DESERVE to see... my name's on the dotted line on that contract...

So at least in THAT match, they'll get their money's worth.

[Marley heads off camera.]

JD: Strong words from Rick Marley. Let's go back to the ring to see "Showtime" in action!

[The camera cuts back to ringside where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall, with a ten limit time limit.

Introducing first, hailing from Tokyo Japan and weighing in at TWO hundred and Fifty One pounds, here is Mr. Sadisuto!

[The distinctive strings of the koto are heard over the PA. The Japanese stringed instrument plays the traditional folk melody "Sakura Sakura" unaccompanied as the fans boo.

From the back, the short, pudgy, unassuming form of Mr. Sadisuto enters the ring area. He smiles widely as if the fans were cheering him, and bows gracefully. Then he marches to the ring, idly stretching his arms and taking a few warm-up swipes into the air at an almost leisurely pace. Mr. Sadisuto is a middle-aged Japanese man with slick black hair, a thin mustache and Fu Manchu beard, and bushy black eyebrows. He wears midnight-blue full length tights with the Japanese flag on the waistband and "NIPPON" written down the sides in red and white. He wrestles barefoot, with some athletic tape for ankle support. His wrists and fingers are also heavily taped. Upon reaching ringside, Mr. Sadisuto climbs the steps, turns to the crowd, and bows again to the fans. He then enters the ring and offers a bow to the referee and waits patiently for his opponent...]

PW: and his opponent...weighing in at TWO hundred and FIFTEEN pounds, residing in Miami, Florida...

"SHOWTIME" RICK MARLEY!

Father...Forgive me the wrongs I have done...and those...I am about to do.

[The arena lights dim as "Saints of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue floods the PA system. While the audience's eyes adjust to the light level again, they see "Showtime" Rick Marley making his way to the ring. The fair skinned light heavyweight has his long dark hair pulled back in a pony tail and wears a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. White spotlights trail up from his black boots and cascade up the pant legs.

Marley slaps hands with the fans at ringside until he is about 15 feet from the ring, at which point he sprints the distance, leaping over the top rope in a tumble that sees him roll up to his feet, 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...where Mr. Sadisuto bows respectfully to him.]

GM: There's the bell as Mr. Sadisuto moves forward slowly, keeping an eye on the explosive Marley.

BW: Explosive? He's a cheat, daddy. The only thing I'm trying to figure out is what would be better, if he put Preston down or if Preston puts him down...I don't guess there's a way for 'em both to end up laid out, is there?

Maybe James Monosso will come down and finish his business with both of those goofballs once and for all.

[The two wrestlers meet with a collar and elbow tie up, with Mr. Sadisuto using his superior size to leverage the smaller Marley into the corner, at which point referee Johnny Jagger calls for a clean break...and Mr. Sadisuto obliges with a smile and a nod to the high flier, who seems both wary and a bit confused.]

GM: A rare show of sportsmanship from that snake in the grass Sadisuto, Bucky.

BW: Rare nothing! He's an educated gentleman from the orient, Gordo. He's all class.

[The two men meet for another collar and elbow tie up, with Sadisuto once again pushing Marley back into the corner...and Johnny Jagger once again calling for the break, with Mr. Sadisuto obliging again, causing Marley to look away.

Which was just the opening that Sadisuto was looking for, as the martial artist drills the dark haired cruiserweight with a vicious martial arts strike to Marley's shoulder. Marley doubles over as Sadisuto fires another martial arts strike, this one to the throat that floors the high flier.]

GM: What happened to sportsmanship, Bucky?

BW: Sportsmanship is one thing, Daddy, but when you take your eye off the ball, you're gonna get hit by a pitch. If Marley's not bright enough to figure that out, then he deserves what happens to him. You can't go on autopilot against a veteran like Mr. Sadisuto.

[Sadisuto reaches down and brings Marley up by the hair, and floors him with a spin kick to the stomach, that he follows with a standing legdrop, which results in a two count.]

GM: Mr. Sadisuto is all over "Showtime" Rick Marley in the early going here, folks. We could have an upset on our hands.

BW: Upset nothing. Mr. Sadisuto's a trained martial artist who's been around this business for longer than that idiot Marley's been alive. It would be a travesty have have such an accomplished wrestler lose to a jumping bean like him!

[Sadisuto keeps the pressure on Marley as he pulls him up by his hair once more and applies a nervehold to the side of the neck, bearing down in the same area he opened his offense and shouting as he does. Marley closes his eyes, shaking his head as Johnny Jagger asks him if he wants to submit, grabbing ahold of Sadisuto's right hand with both of his and trying to push up and bring some relief to the pain.]

GM: Rick Marley can beat you a lot of ways, Bucky, but powering out of a hold isn't one of them. He's been around the ring long enough that he knows better than this.

BW: He's used to picking on guys that don't know what they're doing, or are out of their minds, Gordo. A guy like Sadisuto's too smart for a moron like Marley. He's been outmaneuvered and outsmarted since the opening bell.

[Marley shakes his head once again as Johnny Jagger asks if he wants to give up, holding up his hand and shaking it as the crowd begins to cheer encouragement. The dark haired cruiserweight manages to fight to his knees....then to his feet...only to have Mr. Sadisuto grab his hair and pull him back down to the mat. Johnny Jagger issues a warning, but the damage has been done, and he doesn't force a break on the hold.]

GM: So much of Rick Marley's offense depends on being able to move around that grounding him like his is proving to be very effective.

BW: Did you expect anything else from a man of Mr. Sadisuto's intelligence? He's practically a genius!

[Sadisuto shouts over the crowd as they continue to cheer for Marley...the cruiserweight finally moves his arm, positioning it...then twists, floating his arm up to Sadisuto's shoulder, pulling him down to the mat and locking on the Snakeyes Submission...but only for a moment as Mr. Sadisuto is too close to the ropes and quickly grabs on with his bottom hand to break the hold.]

GM: That was fast, Bucky! Marley nearly pulled a win out of disaster there.

BW: Mr. Sadisuto had it all under control. He stayed close to the ropes and made sure he was in a spot to grab on in case it went wrong.

[Marley is shaking out his right arm as he comes to his feet. The two grapplers close, Mr. Sadisuto goes for a collar and elbow tie up, but Marley ducks underneath and goes behind. As the martial artist turns, he gets caught in the face with a picture perfect dropkick. Marley immediately goes into motion, bouncing off the far ropes as Mr. Sadisuto comes to his feet...only to be met with a flying headscissor takedown that sends him crashing back to the mat as the crowd roars its approval.]

BW: This isn't good.

GM: Rick Marley has taken control of this match from Mr. Sadisuto and the high flier is picking up steam, Bucky!

[Marley looks down where Sadisuto struggles to try to come to his feet and charges the near ropes, hopping onto the second strand and hitting a textbook moonsault that scores a 2 count.]

GM: When he gets going, the offense comes in bunches.

BW: If he gets going, I just sort of wish he would leave and get gone.

[Marley pulls Sadisuto to his feet, blocking Johnny Jagger's view...which blocks the official's view as Mr. Sadisuto had pulled a salt packet out and tossed it into the cruiserweight's face. Marley stumbles away, blinded as Johnny Jagger checks on him while Mr. Sadisuto gasps for air and takes a moment to recover.]

GM: OH! Would you look at that, Bucky!

BW: Well, I can, but I think Marley might have a hard time managing.

GM: I thought you said he was a gentleman.

BW: He is, Gordo. And a gentleman always knows when you use the proper condiments, daddy!

GM: Oh please.

[Marley is blinking his eyes clear of the salt when Mr. Sadisuto moves back in, coming up from behind and locking in an abdominal stretch.]

GM: Opportunistic as ever, Mr. Sadisuto applies another hold to ground Marley once again.

BW: He's a smart guy, Gordo. He knows what he's got to do to shut this loudmouth up.

[Mr. Sadisuto keeps the hold locked in as Johnny Jagger listens while Marley shouts in the negative when asked if he gives in...which gives Sadisuto a chance to grab the ropes for greater leverage and effect. When Johnny Jagger checks him, it's too late, as Sadisuto has released the rope and denies it...Jagger looks back to Marley's face, only to have Sadisuto do the same once again. This time when questioned, Sadisuto denies it...but the conversation with the official is distracting enough that Marley is able to hip toss the martial artist off of him, freeing himself from the hold.]

GM: Marley collapses into the corner as Sadisuto crashes hard on his back.

BW: This doesn't look good.

[Marley looks down at Sadisuto, then turns quickly, hopping to the top rope and executing a fast split legged moonsault that crushes into the downed Japanese grappler as the crowd roars in approval.]

GM: Amazing move by the man they call Showtime.

BW: Showoff is more like it.

[Marley pulls Sadisuto to his feet and plants a knee in the man's mid section, doubling him over. As Sadisuto gasps for air, Marley leaps, springboarding

off of the second rope and hitting a springboard rocker dropper on his opponent.]

GM: Marley is a house of fire and putting on an aerial clinic here now, Bucky.

BW: He needs a clinic...or he will. Soon.

GM: That didn't make any sense at all, Bucky.

[Marley quickly pulls Sadisuto to his feet once more and sends him for a ride as Rick rebounds off of the ropes, Rick goes for a clothesline that Sadisuto ducks, both rebound off of the ropes, then Marley catches Sadisuto with a high cross body that sends him crashing to the mat.

Instead of going for a cover, Marley hops off and crouches, waiting for Sadisuto to get up.]

GM: Looks like Marley has him set up for the Casting Call Superkick.

BW: Look out! He's behind you!

[Sadisuto comes to his feet and turns...right into a superkick that catches him flush on the chin. Showtime moves in, pulling him up to his feet and locking on a front facelock...]

GM: There is is...

BW: So close...

GM: He hit the Limelight! Sadisuto is down after Marley hits him with the Limelight! He hooks the leg, but it's academic at this point!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Your winner in eight minutes and fifteen seconds: "Showtime" Rick Marley!

[Marley climbs to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand in triumph.]

GM: A nice victory here tonight for Rick Marley... but you know that somewhere in the back of his mind, he's thinking about that future showdown with Eric Preston. Both men have agreed to the match - we're just waiting for the Championship Committee to put in on the books.

BW: It's gonna be a heck of a match when it happens, Gordo. I may not be the biggest fan of either of those guys but you're not gonna want to miss that one if you're a fan of professional wrestling.

GM: Without a doubt. Fans, earlier tonight, we found out that in two weeks' time-

[The voice of Phil Watson rings out, interrupting.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... ALPHONSE GREEN... has LEFT the building!

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Watson lowers the mic.]

GM: He's... what?

BW: That's good to know, Gordo. It means these idiots won't rush the locker room entrance after the show looking for a handshake or an autograph. Their brush with the greatness of Alphonse Green is over.

GM: Unbelievable. As I was saying, two weeks from tonight, Calisto Dufresne will be putting the National Title on the line once more but this time, if you want a shot at the biggest prize in our sport, you've gotta be carrying gold.

BW: ANY champion from ANYWHERE in the sport! You can come to Dallas in two weeks' time and try to become the National Champion. This is huge, Gordo. What a bold challenge by the greatest professional athlete in the world today, Calisto Dufresne.

GM: It certainly is out of character for him - that's for sure. But one man who will certainly be looking to get that shot at the title is the man we caught up with earlier today... he is the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Robert Donovan! Let's hear what's on the big man's mind...

[Cut to the back, where Rob Donovan stands. Behind him is a plain old AWA banner, stretched across the wall, and over the big man's shoulder is the Longhorn Heritage title belt. Donovan's in his usual jeans, black boots, red tank-top combination, and he looks less than pleased.]

RD: So, after last week, I thought maybe we'd get a little clarity regardin' the National title. I thought maybe we'd have someone to line up behind an' cheer on, someone willin' and able and ready to pummel that sorry-ass paper champion into the dirt, someone able to bring back some of the luster to the championship.

[Donovan scowls.]

RD: Instead, we get a ring full o' would-be contenders, a random draw out of a hat, an' my good buddy Sweet Daddy Williams steppin' up to the plate with no time to get ready an' probably not even expectin' to wrestle that night. He ain't gonna make that excuse, an' I know I shouldn't make it for him, but as much as I loathe Dufresne, you walk into a ring with him unprepared an' chances are you're gonna walk back out with ringin' ears and a damned sore noggin.

[Donovan reaches up, stroking his bearded chin briefly.]

RD: Instead, we get no clarity. Nobody knows what the hell's goin' on, nobody knows who's got Dufresne next. There's any number of guys who

want it, an' some of 'em even deserve it, but even after Big Jim gave his state of the organization address, we just don't know a damn thing.

[Donovan looks over to the Longhorn Heritage title, then turns his head away a moment. When he looks back at the camera, the scowl is gone, replaced by a determined glare.]

RD: So, I'm gonna issue every one of y'all a little clarity. I said last week that I thought the obvious choice to go up against Dufresne was the man he robbed, but he came out an' said he doesn't want it, he's only out for the blood o' the clowns who put him in the hospital for all those weeks. I can understand that, an' for damn sure respect it, but in my mind he was the most deservin' of any of us.

[Brief pause.]

RD: Now, since he don't want it, I'm gonna tell y'all a little somethin'. There's a line formin' to take a shot at Calisto Dufresne...but as of right now, this --

[Donovan pulls the title belt off his shoulder and holds it shoulder-high.]

RD: -- gives me all the rights I need to declare myself the number one contender. That means that whatever line is formin' is formin' behind me!

[Donovan puts the title back over his shoulder.]

RD: Anybody have a problem with that...I ain't hard to find.

[Donovan turns and stalks away as we fade to black.]

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

Kid #1: It's so hot.

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

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

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

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

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

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

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

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

SDW: And me!

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

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

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

We fade back to live action backstage where Jason Dane stands with the National Tag Team champions, The Lynch Brothers - Jack and James. Jack is, as always, dressed in black, his cowboy hat pushed back to show his face. Contrasting with the dark black of his clothes is the shiny golden belt slung over his shoulder. James is sporting a white AWA: Lynch Brothers t-shirt and blue jeans. The AWA Tag Team Championship belt is attached around his waist. Jason Dane stands between the brothers, and turns to the elder Lynch first.]

JD: First off, let me say welcome back to AWA television after you've been absent a few weeks. I understand that you have been representing the AWA worldwide, as you challenge teams from Mexico and Japan in your quest to prove that you are fighting champions. But on behalf of all of the AWA fans, let me say welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Jack nods his head.]

Jack: Well Jason, it feels good to be back home. Yeah, Jimmy and I, we wanted to take these gold belts on a little trip. Show them off. Because, Jimmy and I? We're proud to be champions. But, there is somethin' we're not proud of. And there's a reason why we wanted this time to talk tonight, and why we asked that we put the belts on the line tonight.

JD: And what is that, Mr. Lynch?

Jack: You saw us celebrating at the end of SuperClash. And I admit, me and Jimmy? We were caught up in the moment. We were champs. We'd beaten VU. It felt good. But when that rush wore off? Well, one thing was clear.

That was -not- the way to win these belts. Especially not against VU.

What happened? The way it went down? It was dirty. It put a tarnish on these belts, and more importantly, it tarnished the Lynch name. And that's somethin' that I just can't let stand. See, Jimmy and I? We ain't lost a tag match yet since we've come to AWA. That's something that we both took a lotta pride in. But now? Now that accomplishment has been tarnished.

So here's how its gonna be. VU? You will get your return match. Whenever, and wherever you want it. You deserve it, and we're gonna give it to you. That's a promise you can take to the bank.

Bishop Boys? You will pay for what you did. Aces? You wanna call us out? Well get in line. Starting right here, right now, anyone who wants a shot at these belts? You come and take your chances.

The name Lynch means "champion," and we will defend these titles against any and all comers. Starting tonight. It was dirty, what happened at SuperClash, but starting tonight, with the Rave, that stain gets erased.

[Dane turns to James, who has slowly been working himself up as his brother talks.]

JD: James, tonight you will defend your tag titles. The Rave has stepped up with a challenge. What do you have to say to the two men, who will be challenging you tonight?

James: Jason, there are a number of teams in the AWA who could have challenged us for the tag team titles here tonight. The Aces have made it no secret they want a piece of the Lynch name. The Bishops they showed up with a bang and put a dark cloud on our night. Its The Rave tonight, but in two weeks? Anyone else who wants to come at us should get their names on a contract!

[James unsnaps the golden AWA Tag Team Championship title from around his waist and shoves it towards the camera.]

James: You see this belt? This is why we are here. It's an honor we take very seriously. The Bombers ... The Antons ... Aces ... Violence Unlimited ... It doesn't matter who steps in the ring with Jack and I.

THIS is our blood ...

We've gone out night after night since we came to the AWA and fought the best. The Stampede Cup ... SuperClash ... We've taken on legends like the Wild Cards and we have stood toe-to-toe with gladiators like Violence Unlimited.

Tonight, it's just another night for the Lynches ... We always enter that squared circle with a can't lose attitude. These belts they define tradition.

[James shrugs his shoulders.]

James: It doesn't get anymore deep in tradition than Texas wrestling and the Lynches. These belts they define the best in tag team wrestling in all of the world today.

[James with a big Texan grin.]

James: It doesn't get any better than, Jack and I ... and TONIGHT we are going to go out there and prove it. Jack and I are happy to be home ... and inside that ring tonight we will enter as champions.

Then leave with our hands raised high ... as champions!

[Jack and James nod as Jason Dane wraps it up.]

JD: The Lynch brothers are back in the AWA and they are ready to go... so let's go down to ringside for National Tag Team Title defense action!

[Cut back to the ringside area to our announce team.]

GM: Thanks, Jason - this is going to be a very intriguing match, as The Lynch Brothers make their first AWA tag team title defense against The Rave.

BW: Oh, I've been looking forward to this one Gordo! The Stench Brothers are going to get taken to the borscht shed, and my future Senatorship will be assured!

GM: On our New Year's Eve broadcast, The Rave stated how they believed that they not only inadvertently caused The Lynch Brothers to win the tag team titles, but permanently altered the course of future civilization...

BW: For the worse, Gordo! A society that looks up to the Stenches is doomed to utter failure for not acknowledging the superiority of Bucky Wilde!

GM: ...and since then they have been calling AWA management night and day, begging for a championship match. The Committee was not inclined to grant such a request to a team that has never scored a pinfall win in the AWA.

BW: Superior double count or bust!

GM: Nevertheless, the Lynches have always been a family of fighting champions, so when Jack and James Lynch heard of their persistence, they not only asked the Committee to grant their request, but to have the match right here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

BW: I know what those narcissist Lynches are thinking, Gordo. They see the quirky antics, they see that they outweigh The Rave by over 100 pounds. They took this match because they think it will be a cakewalk! But I'll tell

you what, they have NEVER seen anything like two Wildstylers fighting for the very fate of the world!

GM: The Rave have certainly won the intrigue, if not the hearts, of the AWA Universe. So let's find out just what Jerby Jezz and The Dawg...

BW: *Shizz* Dawg!

GM: ...OG can do with this golden opportunity. Take it away, Phil!

[The bell tolls, and the camera cuts to ring announcer Phil Watson, who stands in the ring with a microphone.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is for the AWA National Tag Team Championships!

["We get to see a title match!" pop from the crowd]

PW: Introducing first, the challengers...

[The boos pick up as "So What'cha Want" by the Beastie Boys plays, Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG stepping out from behind the curtain in new attire. Both men wear what appears to be rainbow-colored varsity letterman jackets, covered with patches of gold, indigo, turquoise, sapphire, jade, and a myriad of other colors, with an "NS" patch over the heart. Both men are wearing similarly (but differently) garish colors on their amateur wrestling headgear, and the open buttons reveal that they are both wearing similarly (but differently) colored amateur wrestling singlet style wrestling attire, though thankfully with pant legs running down to the multi-color paint-splotched boots, to spare us the sight of their bare, skinny legs. Both men wear a thick bronze band on their left wrists.]

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

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

[The usual mirth is missing, both men wearing a dead serious gaze on their faces as they bounce and weave in their unique fashion...which is still funny to the casual observer, but *they* aren't laughing]

GM: Fans, I'm told that The Rave had a few things to say backstage, so let's take a look!

[The camera shot changes to a wide shot of the entrance, and the upper left quarter of the screen is taken with a cut shot of a glum but defiant Shizz Dawg OG and Jerby Jezz, wearing their faux rainbow camouflage varsity gear, facing the camera for their quickie in-shot promo]

SDOG: That *gyzzrus* loaf Watkins denied our request to make this a Double Wildstyling Challenge match, meaning that we cannot win those titles via Superior Double Count, the most logical way possible!

JJ: But the ramifications are too grave to pass up this opportunity! So to prepare for this night, we have used the Intersquib to study and liverize all of your ancient and frackish ways!

SDOG: Tonight is the night of nights when we fix right the wrong that wrongly strifed the might of the night life in the end that begun in an egregious manner! The future is now!

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

[Walking through the ropes from the ramp to the ring, The Rave split apart from each other to mount opposite corners, shedding their jackets to the floor, and stand on the top turnbuckles, facing the entrance, like vultures awaiting their prey.]

GM: The Rave are as bizarre as ever, but for once, at least, they appear to be taking things seriously.

BW: The AWA National Tag Team Championships, the fate of billions of borscht lovers, and the funding for the Bucky Wilde Memorial Bordello are riding in the balance! C'mon boys, take those Stenches out!

PW: And their opponents...

[The Beastie Boys fade out, giving way to the sounds of "Hard Row" by the Black Keys, as the music kicks in to a huge ovation from the faithful Texas fans!]

PW: From Dallas, Texas, weighing in at a combined weight of 485 pounds, from the world-famous Lynch family, they are the AWA National Tag Team Champions,

JAMES AND JACK...

THE LYNNNNNNNCH BROTHERS!

[The roars intensify as the Lynches walk through the curtain, the championship belt visible through the opened long black coat of Jack Lynch, younger brother James's belt standing out even more, draped over the left shoulder of his grey zipped jacket. They briefly raise their right arms in the claw pose to acknowledge the crowd before beginning their slow walk to the ring, never taking their eyes off of their perched opponents.]

GM: Jack and James Lynch, National Tag Team Champions, Stampede Cup Champions, and undefeated since joining the AWA! Can they keep this incredible momentum going into 2012?

BW: Only if they continue to sink to the level that only the Stenches will stoop to! They screwed Violence Unlimited at SuperClash, and laughed about it afterwards, who knows *what* those soulless scum have in mind tonight!

GM: Bucky, that's an absolutely misleading statement and you know it! Jack and James Lynch had no idea that the Bishop Boys were going to WHOA!

[Suddenly, with the Lynch Brothers about 10 feet from the ring, the rainbow streamers shoot out from the wristbands of Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG, flying just over the heads of Jack and James Lynch, causing them to involuntarily turn their heads towards the falling streamers. This gives The Rave the split-second diversion they need to leap towards the Lynches, who get their eyes back towards the ring, but not before being able to escape from double missile dropkicks to the chest, dropping both men to the ramp!]

GM: What in the...

[As the crowd is only beginning to take all of this in, The Rave quickly shake loose their wrist apparatus. Jerby Jezz runs over to retrieve the championship belt lying at the edge of the ramp, knocked off of the shoulder of James Lynch. As James struggles to get to his feet, Jerby turns his back to James to face Shizz Dawg, who is running towards him. Jerby throws the belt into the air just before Shizz Dawg takes a running leap towards his partner. Jezz catches his partner around the hips and falls backwards as Shizz Dawg grabs the belt, the mass of humanity falling towards a just arising James Lynch. Utilizing the full force and momentum of The Rave's 382 pounds, Shizz Dawg swings and *drills* James right in the forehead with the metal edge of the championship belt, as all three men crash in a heap to the sound of horrified squeals from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY STARS! I have never seen anything like that in my life!

BW: Like a page from A Prayer For Owen Meany, but to destroy instead of save! Big improvement!

[Quickly scrambling to their feet, Shizz Dawg screams "Get him in the ring!", as The Rave reach down to grab the now-bloodied James Lynch, dragging him to his feet by the head and shoulders. As The Rave turn around, they are immediately met by a very angry big brother, who grabs Jezz and Shizz Dawg by the hair and delivers a double noggin knocker, the shocked crowd finally gathering their wits together to resume cheering!]

GM: The Rave may have taken out James Lynch with that vile shot to the head, but they didn't do enough to stop Jack!

BW: C'mon boys, only one more Stench to go!

[Unfortunately for The Rave, they now have the full attention of a much larger, and angrier, Jack Lynch. A quick boot to the head sends Jerby Jezz down hard to the ramp. Spinning Shizz Dawg OG around towards the ring, Jack rocks him with stiff right hand punches that send The Dawg staggering back to the ropes, whereupon a vicious running clothesline by Jack flips him over the top rope and into the ring!]

GM: Well that shot with the belt would of course have been a disqualification had the match already started, but Jack doesn't look one bit like he wants to settle for that!

[Quickly shedding his coat and championship belt, Jack Lynch rushes into the ring, pausing briefly to look towards the referee and yell "Ring the bell!", as Mickey Meekly obliges. DING DING!]

BW: Jack Stench wants to carry on Gordo, so I don't want to hear you using that as an excuse when they lose! Brilliant strategy by the future champs!

GM: The Rave made the most of that distraction, Bucky, and it appears that Jack Lynch may have to carry the load by himself in this match. But right now, that doesn't seem like much of a problem, as Jack throws The Dawg hard into the turnbuckle, and a **huge** running knee to the midsection!

[Shizz Dawg has little time to double over in pain, as Jack grabs him and throws him over into the opposite turnbuckle...but as he runs in for a second clubbing attack, Dawg holds the ropes and lifts both knees, allowing the onrushing Jack to slam headfirst into them.]

GM: Shizz Dawg buys himself a few seconds there, he's walking over to a corner like he wants a tag, but Jerby Jezz is only just now getting back to his feet out on the ramp, as James Lynch is **still** down!

[Jerby sees the predicament his partner is in and rushes to help...but is not in time to get there before Jack Lynch catches up to Shizz Dawg, ramming his head hard into the top turnbuckle, the impact bouncing The Dawg back a full five feet as he **splats** to the canvas.]

GM: Mickey Meekly pointing out to Jerby Jezz the corner he needs to go to, as this match finally appears to be settling in.

[As Shizz Dawg works his way to a sitting position, Jack Lynch approaches from behind to cinch in a deep headlock on his opponent.]

BW: This isn't the matchup that The Rave wanted, Gordo. They wanted that guy laying...well, sitting, now, on the ramp out there!

GM: Thank goodness that James Lynch appears to be coming to, but that is a nasty looking gash over his left eyebrow. Jack Lynch needs to finish this quickly and not let The Rave gain any more double team advantages, or the tag team championships could be in serious jeopardy!

[Somehow, Shizz Dawg OG has managed to turn around, and with great effort struggle to his feet, burying one, then a second elbow into Jack Lynch's ribs. The blows seem to have little effect on Jack, who settles in behind his much smaller opponent, picks him up, and **drives** him back down to the mat with a belly to back suplex.]

GM: Despite that early Pearl Harbor attack, Jack Lynch seems to have things well under control at this point.

BW: What a vicious stomp to the head by that big bully! He's not even trying to go for the pin, Gordo!

GM: The Rave deserve everything they get from Jack Lynch here!

BW: What kind of announcer are you, being so blatantly biased like that!?

[For the first time since the attack, Jack Lynch looks towards the ramp, and notices that James has finally made his way to feet, and is heading towards the ring. Satisfied that his little brother is okay, Jack returns to Shizz Dawg, picking him up off his knees, and slams him back down with a hard bodyslam. In the background, Jerby Jezz screams encouragement, but stops mid-nonsense word and drops down off the apron.]

GM: Jack Lynch plants a big elbow...and still no attempt at the pin! It's been all Jack Lynch for a couple minutes now, and you get the feeling that he would at least have a chance to end this if he wants to.

BW: That's exactly what the Stenches are all about! They've pulled the wool over all these fans eyes, but they also pull the wings off of butterflies just because they can!

GM: Will you stop! Meanwhile, James has **finally** made it into his corner, but Jack showing no intention of making the tag. Jack Lynch, picking up Shizz Dawg again and...what in the world is Jerby Jezz doing!?

[That's what Mickey Meekly wants to know as well, as Jerby Jezz is doing something with the tag rope and something that looks like a Cat O' Nine Tails with spikes. Having none of these shenanigans, Meekly gets in Jerby's face, screaming "Do **not** adjust the tag rope and drop that thing, or I will disqualify you right now!" The irony being that he should be disqualifying The Rave now, as Shizz Dawg OG has used the momentary distraction to land a big uppercut right between the goal posts of Jack Lynch, who sinks to his knees in pain.]

GM: OH NO! Whatever Jerby Jezz was planning to do there was a success in its failure.

BW: Nothing transcends the barrier of time like a shot to the junk!

GM: The Dawg crawls over and **finally** makes the tag that The Rave desperately needed! Jack Lynch back onto one knee, Jerby Jezz runs behind, **leaps** onto Jack's back...on the shoulders, perhaps a victory roll, no, draping the legs around the neck and...what in the WORLD!?

BW: Woohoo!

[Having leapt on the shoulders of Jack Lynch, Jerby Jezz twists his own legs into a type of figure four around the neck, then bridges backward, stopping his own fall with his own hands. The result of this contortion is that Jack Lynch, still on one knee, is having his head and neck yanked far back by the

legs of Jerby Jezz, who is desperately trying to hold the whole thing together with his hands and head.]

GM: I have never seen anything like that in my life!

BW: You've already said that Gordo! And it's not just his neck, Jack Stench is also having his back *and* leg shredded by this hold!

GM: Mickey Meekly down to check on Jack Lynch...a reminder that the championship *can* change hands on a submission! James is still dazed on the apron, but he might need to get in there to break this up!

BW: Oh, now cheating is alright when it's a *Stench* in trouble!?

[The shot cuts briefly to a closeup of Jack Lynch's face, a mask of pain surrounded by the boots and legs of Jerby Jezz. Back to a wider shot of the referee checking on Jack, as the crowd cheers and stamp their feet, in a desperate attempt to rally their hero!]

GM: Jack's arms are flailing away!

BW: He's tapping! Ring the bell!

GM: That in no way looks like a tapout...Jack Lynch now pushing off with his arms and that planted foot...and he *finally* frees his own trapped foot! And Jerby Jezz has lost the bridge he was using for extra leverage!

BW: Yeah, but he's resting on his elbows now, and he can stay like that indefinitely. And that neck vise remains locked in, so Jerby Jezz can still put Jack's lights out!

[With both legs now freed, Jack Lynch kicks frantically, trying to pull his head free from Jerby Jezz's legs while the latter desperately tries to hold on. Though Jack fails to escape, his thrusts spin him closer and closer to the ropes, until at last his left foot hits the bottom rope, and Mickey Meekly orders Jerby Jezz to break the hold in the midst of thunderous applause!]

GM: Jack makes it to the ropes, but the damage has been done! C'mon, break the hold, ref!

[An angry Mickey Meekly quickens his count, and Jerby Jezz has no choice but to break at four, Jack Lynch rolling to his side while holding his neck in both hands. After taking a moment to survey the situation, Jezz reaches to the legs of Lynch and, with great effort, drags him close to his own corner.]

GM: Jerby Jezz with that leg...and he turns Jack Lynch over into a half crab! Jack is very close to the ropes, but Jezz makes the tag to The Dawg...

BW: *Shizz* Dawg!

GM: ...OG, quickly going up to the top rope and...*big* leaping backsplash right onto the back of Jack Lynch!

BW: I don't care if Shizz Dawg is only a buck ninety, I guarantee you that Stench is feeling *that*.

GM: Dawg on top of Jack Lynch and...my stars, he *cannot* be serious!?

[Shizz Dawg OG is screaming at Meekly to "make the count pin!", but seeing that Jack Lynch is lying on his stomach, Meekly shakes his head. Thinking he knows the problem, S-DOG reaches back to hook the leg.]

GM: For every moment where The Rave's actions appear as genius, there is also a moment of complete stupidity!

BW: The world has changed so much in next 20 years! How do you think you'd get along if you were suddenly sent back to the Dark Ages!?

GM: Will you *stop* with this insanity!?

BW: Not if they win!

[With Meekly finally explaining the situation to Shizz Dawg's satisfaction, he turns Jack Lynch over into the ropes, actually jumping onto the bottom rope to make the cover, leaving Meekly to again explain what is wrong, as Jerby Jezz screams "AGASSI!" in frustration on the apron.]

GM: The Rave wasting precious time with these shenanigans, but Shizz Dawg finally gives up on his "cover" and...another quick tag back to Jezz.

[SDOG returns to grab Jack Lynch's legs, dragging him out from under the ropes and near the center of the ring, grabbing both legs with his back to the ropes that Jezz is looking to run towards.]

GM: This could be that slingshot clothesline that The Rave are known to do. If they keep this quick double-teaming up, it could only be a matter of time!

[Indeed, as Jerby Jezz bounds off of the ropes, Shizz Dawg OG is about to lean back to sling Jack Lynch towards his partner. Unfortunately for him, Jack Lynch is a much larger man than he usually does this to, and his momentum is merely enough to put Jack squarely on his feet to meet an incoming Jezz. The crowd roars its approval as...]

GM: ...Jack Lynch reverses into a *bonecrushing* sidewalk slam on Jerby Jezz...then rears back and drops the elbow on the fallen Dawg! Big miscalculation there by The Rave!

BW: Who would have thought that all that blubber around the midsection would work to his advantage!?

GM: Jack Lynch, holding his back, but slowly making his way to his feet, looking to make his way for the tag, and...Jack stops?

[While the crowd has taken to dueling chants of "LET'S GO LYN CHES!" and "I RON CLAW!", the camera switches to James Lynch, still wearing his grey jacket zipped up, leaning hard against the turnbuckle, a streak of blood running down the left side of his face, a dazed look in his eyes...but with an arm stretched wide for the tag, teeth gritted in determination.

Jack stops for second, looking hard at his brother...then slowly turns back towards The Rave]

BW: That selfish glory hog won't let his brother in! The Stenches are imploding right in the middle of the match!

GM: That is ridiculous! James Lynch is still feeling the effects of that vicious shot to the head, and Jack decided that he's still in no condition to compete! Jack now heading over to The Dawg, who is *not* the legal man, but gets sent shoulder first into the steel post in his own corner!

BW: Disqualify that man!

GM: The Rave cannot win the titles on a disqualification.

BW: Do not disqualify that man!

GM: Jack needs to watch out for Jezz coming from behind...dropkick!...and the legs just *swatted* away in mid-air by Jack Lynch! Jack is not the largest man in the AWA, but he still looks like a giant compared to the members of The Rave!

[The camera pans on a section of cheering fans. One of them raises a sign that reads "PETROW MUST Abrupt cut back to the ring]

BW: This isn't good Gordo! The Rave have to keep sticking and moving, or this clumsy idiot could take them both out!

[Jerby Jezz quickly scrambles to his feet and, momentarily forgetting the size difference, rushes at Jack to deliver a loud reverse knife edge chop.]

BW: Whoo! I love the sound of Stench flesh in the evening!

GM: Too bad for Jerby Jezz that that only served to make Jack even angrier!

[Indeed, the chop has had no apparent effect on the big man, who grabs Jezz by the neck with both hands, whirls, and hurls him hard into the neutral corner six feet away. Jack Lynch rushes in and delivers a vicious reverse knife edge of his own that reverberates around the Crockett Coliseum, and leaves Jezz in much more obvious pain. Then he does it again. And again. And the crowd starts counting along!

4!]

GM: Whoo indeed!

[5!]

BW: Shut up Gordo!

[6! 7! 8! 9! 10!]

GM: My stars and garters! Jerby Jezz's chest is **already** turning beet red! Jack Lynch pulling Jezz out of the corner, whips him into the ropes....**high** back body drop!

BW: No, no, no! These Stenches are going to ruin my plans for world dominati...I mean, world peace!

GM: Jack Lynch is a house of fire! He picks up Jerby Jezz, in for another whip...big boot to the face! Jack off of the ropes...legdrop! Right across that targeted chest of Jerby Jezz!

BW: Get up Jezz! **Do something** S-Dawg!

GM: The Dawg looking on from his corner, but he is not making a move to get in. I don't know what more Jack Lynch can do to this man, but...oh, **that's** what he can do!

[The crowd responds as Jack Lynch steps towards the crowd, lets out a bellow, and pumps his right arm in the air in the sign of the Iron Claw! In the background, James Lynch finally seems to have his head in the game, as he raises his own claw hand in kind!]

GM: Jack Lynch with the arm cocked, looking to finish The Rave with the move that has felled so many others before! Standing there, waiting for Jerby Jezz to get to his feet!

[Jerby Jezz on Dream Street somehow stumbles on to one knee, then assumes a wobbly stance on his feet, facing his own partner over half the ring away, facing away from a Jack Lynch that's ready to send him to his end.]

BW: **DO** SOMETHING!!

[Something is done. That something is Shizz Dawg OG, jumping through the middle ropes, taking two running steps, and jumping feet first towards his partner. Somehow, someway, instinct takes over for Jerby Jezz, as he grabs the outer thigh of S-DOG from the outside and falls backward in a hard twisting motion, sending his partner up and over with a leverage dragon leg screw, and sending the twisting right foot and ankle smack into the right temple of Jack Lynch, left unprotected by the outstretched claw hand.

The blow staggers Jack, not enough to knock him completely off his feet, but enough that his feet must move ever faster backward to keep him upright. This motion is only stopped by his back slamming hard into the turnbuckles of his own corner...but not before his own flailing elbow has smacked against

the head of his brother James, sending him crashing to the floor to the dumbfounded howls of the fans.]

GM: I don't know if that was genius or autistic savant, but that desperation maneuver just saved The Rave from certain defeat!

BW: YES! That's the way you do it in the Wilde Administration!

GM: Referee Mickey Meekly over to look at Jack Lynch...now talking to him.

[The camera gets a closeup of Meekly talking slowly to a stunned Lynch, and we hear him trying to get Jack to understand..."You made contact with James. It was a legal tag. James is the legal man."]

GM: Oh, I don't know about that call, Bucky! Even with the contact, there has to be intent on somebody's part to have a legal tag!

BW: Don't you start covering up for those Stenches! James had his arm out, he was looking to get in there! Now get that bum in the ring so The Rave can finish the job!

GM: Both of The Rave are still down in the ring, as the blows delivered onto both of them by Jack Lynch have taken their toll!

[Slowly, the situation starts to register with Jack. At first he pleads with Meekly to not allow the tag, but after refusing, Meekly starts to count James out of the ring. 1!

A frustrated Jack rolls out of the ring to check on his brother, who is down on his knees. Another camera gets a close up of James, showing that the inadvertent elbow has re-opened the cut over his eye once more. Gently, Jack picks his brother up to his feet (2!) and tries to explain the situation.

"You've got to get in there, alright? Don't be a hero, just tag me in so I can finish this off, okay! (3!) Alright, now let's..."

Jack Lynch never finishes that command, as first a roar from the crowd is heard, then the screen is filled with a flash of flying rainbow colors before the camera goes to static. In an instant, as some fans cheer in spite of themselves, another camera captures the carnage of five men and one camera splayed on the floor...with Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG lying on top of the pile.]

GM: Fans, I was watching the same thing on my monitor as what you saw, so I don't know what just happened, but it was obviously something that...well, here is the replay:

[We get the replay of the camera shot from the ring, as The Rave, having made it back to their feet, race to the far ropes, run to the middle of the ring, twist their bodies into a cartwheel, and, landing just short of the ropes, backflip over them, right onto both Lynchs and a cameraman.

Yes, it is the first stereo Space Flying Tiger Drops in AWA history!
Unfortunately for history, Gordon Myers is not up on his puroresu. (4!)]

GM: WHATTAMANUEVER! The Rave just risked *everything* doing that,
maybe even their lives, but it has paid off!

BW: YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! THEY DID IT!

GM: The Rave now, rolling back into the ring (5!) and they are jumping for
joy!

BW: YES! The Lynches are done! My Senatorship is secure!

GM: Bucky, you know that the titles cannot change hands on a countout!

BW: ...(6!)

[A loud "POP!" is heard.]

GM: Bucky?

[The camera cuts back to the announce table, as Bucky Wilde has ripped off
his headset and, after tripping over some cords, frantically runs to ringside
to bang on the apron.]

GM: Well, it seems that the last pretense of impartiality is gone.

(7!)

[Hearing the banging on the apron, The Rave gleefully race over to Bucky,
shouting "We did it Senator Wilde!"]

BW: IT'S 2012! YOU CAN'T WIN THE TITLES ON A COUNTOUT! YOU HAVE
TO *PIN* THEM!

[Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG both smack their heads like they could have
had a V8]

JJ & SDOG: SANTORUM!

BW: IT'S OKAY! JUST GET THEM! NOW!!

(8!)

[Having lost nary a step from his managerial days, Bucky Wilde directs
traffic, guiding The Rave to run outside to the Lynches, still sprawled out on
the floor. "JAMES! GET JAMES!" shouts Bucky.]

(9!)

[Quickly as possible, The Rave drag James to his feet and roll him through
the ropes, rolling him one and a half revolutions onto his stomach. "GET

IN!" screams Bucky, as both Ravers dive under the ropes into the ring just before Mickey Meekly makes the final count.]

GM: And The Rave have beaten the count! This could be the greatest upset in AWA history!

[Leaving nothing to chance, Bucky pounds the apron and screams to Jerby Jezz "*YOU* GOTTA DO IT! TURN HIM ONTO HIS BACK AND PIN HIM!" The crowd divides its pleas among James and Jack, begging one of them to do something!

But there is nothing to be done, as Jerby Jezz has finally figured it out! Jezz rushes to James Lynch, and shoots the half-nelson to turn him over. A joyous Bucky Wilde prepares to sing along with the three count.]

GM: AND AT LAST HERE IS THE COVER! 1! WHAT!?

[Bucky himself keeps counting to three...but the referee has stopped at one. This is because, at the count of one, Jerby Jezz leaped off of James Lynch to celebrate his "victory"! Shizz Dawg OG gathers the tag belts left strewn on the rampway, and runs into the ring to hug and celebrate with his partner, oblivious to the referee's attempts to get their attention.

GM: Do not...do not tell me that they think they need a one count to win.

[All of this absurdity has taken a few seconds to register with Bucky Wilde, but at last the wheels in his brain have turned, jubilation turns on a dime into exasperation as he leaps on the apron to bring The Rave down for a second time.

BW: A *THREE* COUNT! YOU NEED A *THREE* COUNT TO WIN!

[A confused Jerby Jezz shouts back at "Senator" Wilde.]

JJ: But Senator! We saw it on the Intersquib! That's how Steve Mocco beat Jake Hager!

BW: WHO!? NEVER MIND! GET THE *THREE* COUNT! THAT'S A DIRECT SANTORUM!

JJ & SDOG: YES SIR!!

[Jerby Jezz runs back to James Lynch, this time with no celebration from Bucky Wilde as he nervously watches on. In the distance, Jack Lynch's head can be seen rising from the apron, as the crowd continues to urge the Lynches on!]

GM: Jack Lynch getting back to his feet, but he might not be in time to stop this...here we go again, Jezz with the cover, 1...2..*BIG* kickout by James Lynch! Oh, Bucky did *not* like that!

[Indeed, Bucky Wilde threatens to bore a hole through the apron with his pounding fists. Jerby Jezz lets the shock register for a half second before acknowledging the situation, then calls over to S-DOG. Shizz Dawg reaches over to grab a championship belt and throws it to Jezz, as they both attempt to finish things in the way they began, with Shizz Dawg running to the far ropes...]

GM: Are The Rave going for that belt shot again? Surely that would result in a disqualifica-

[Gordon never gets to finish that thought, because adrenaline is James Lynch's new friend, allowing him to kip up to his bare feet while Shizz Dawg is bounding off of the ropes. As Jerby Jezz throws the belt into the air, James Lynch spears the unsuspecting Raver square in the back, who slams hard into his own jumping partner as they all crash hard with a 600+ pound THUD to the canvas, the belt falling harmlessly nearby!]

GM: James Lynch has spent this entire match suffering at the hands of The Rave, but now it's payback time! Jerby Jezz back to his feet, and James puts him back down with a dropkick! James runs over to The Dawg, and DROPS down with a big knee! Now running over to the ropes, James Lynch up, waiting on Jerby Jezz...and MISSILE DROPKICK of his own!

[Bucky continues his pounding, but even he is now aware that resistance is futile. James springs to his feet and double-pumps his fists in satisfaction, but he is not finished yet. Running over to the fallen Jerby Jezz, he goes not for the pin but the hair, dragging Jezz up against his will to his feet, to the ropes, swinging him hard to the far side...and the crowd erupts in bedlam as Jezz's head meets the hand of James Lynch.]

GM: IRON CLAW! The Lynch Family Trademark! And Jerby Jezz has nowhere to go!

[Not content with merely having the Claw locked in, with his free hand James reaches around the waist of Jerby Jezz, hoists him into the air, and SLAMS the back of his head hard into the mat, still maintaining the claw hold!]

GM: Jerby Jezz is down! Jezz is thrashing around, desperately keeping his shoulders off of the mat as if his life depended on it! From behind Shizz Dawg, NO!

[That "NO!" is really a "YES!" for the Lynches, for Jack has recovered enough to cut off the interference from Shizz Dawg OG with an Iron Claw of his own! Both Ravers are now down to the Claw, and it is only a matter of time...]

GM: Jezz is slowing...Jezz has stopped moving! Mickey Meekly with the count...1...2...3! It's over! The Lynches have done it!

[The frantic cheers reach a new level as the bell rings, ending the Lynches first successful title defense. Having moved to the "acceptance" stage of his grief, Bucky Wilde stands limply, watching the spectacle. Jack Lynch is the

first to release his claw hold, rushing over to his brother's side and imploring him to stop...which James does, reluctantly, as the camera lingers briefly on both fallen Rave members.]

GM: Although at times bordering on ludicrous, The Rave put up a truly game effort here tonight. But in the end, they were completely decimated at the hands of Jack and James Lynch!

[Back to the winners, as the referee has gathered the tag team title belts from their various locations, and presents them to the triumphant brothers before raising their arms in time to Phil Watson's proclamation:]

PW: The winners of this bout, and STILL AWA National Tag Team Champions, JAMES AND JACK...

THE LYNNNNNNNCH BROTHERS!

[Jack turns to look at his brother James, who holds his head, but also shakes it to let him know he is alright, allowing Jack the peace of mind to finally accept the adulation of his fans.]

GM: A hard fought and well-deserved victory for the champions, but things will only get tougher with teams like The Aces and The Bishop Boys waiting in the wings.

[Another "pop" is heard, and the camera returns to the broadcast table, where a demoralized Bucky Wilde returns to put his headset back on.]

GM: Nice of you to join us, Mr. Wilde!

BW: Can it, Gordo! The Rave would have won if this were a Wildstyling Match, and you know it!

GM: Perhaps you're right Bucky, but that's not what we do in the here and now...or perhaps ever, thanks to Jack and James Lynch! The Lynches retain the National Tag Team Champions and you have to believe it's just a matter of time until one of the Top Five contenders gets their crack at the gold.

BW: The Aces are the Number One contenders, Gordo!

GM: Yes, but both the Lynches AND Jim Watkins say that Violence Unlimited deserve a rematch for the titles as well.

BW: Not over the Number One contenders!

GM: That's a matter for the Championship Committee to decide, Bucky - not you.

BW: Maybe it SHOULD be my decision! Maybe I should be running the Championship Committee! These idiot fans don't think I'm good enough to be named the best Announcer of 2011... maybe I should take this place over.

GM: I don't think anyone would think that's a good idea... anyone but you at least. The Championship Committee has a lot on their plates these days, Bucky. So much debate and discussion going into figuring out who should be the Number One contender for the National Title. We know that two weeks ago, it was Supernova. This week, it's James Monosso. There's just no telling who will be the Number One contender next time.

BW: Could be Mizusawa. Could be Broussard or Scott. It's anyone's ballgame right now, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is. Fans, we're going to take another quick break and then we'll be right back with Anton Layton taking on... his Master? You won't want to miss that!

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we crossfade back to a shot of the backstage area, where Jason Dane is standing in front of the AWA Banner.]

JD: We are back here live on Saturday Night Wrestling and I'm about to speak to a man we haven't seen nor heard from since SuperClash back on Thanksgiving night - Dallas' own Travis Lynch!

[Travis Lynch walks into the view of the camera, smiling broadly as he flashes a wink to the camera lens sure to make the female fans at home have their hearts go pitter-patter.]

JD: Travis, the question on everyone's mind is where in the world has Travis Lynch been? We've all heard the rumors that... well...

[Travis runs his right hand through his long, curly blonde hair and exhales.]

TL: Probably the same rumors that I've been hearing ... that I've ran back to mommy and daddy with my tail between my legs ... that I've disappeared into the shadows of Jack and James.

[Jason nods his head.]

JD: Yes, those would be the rumors I was referring to.

TL: Well Jason, all I can say is those are far from the truth. I have been at the Lynch ranch though, working out ...

[Travis bounces his pecs with a grin.]

TL: As you can see it seems to be paying off.

[Travis chuckles a bit.]

TL: But more importantly I've been regaining my focus. Heading into SuperClash, Rex Summers attacked the old man ...

[Travis pauses and chuckles again.]

TL: Yeah let's keep the fact that I called Blackjack "old" between us.

[Jason smirks and nods his head in agreement, full well knowing it's not staying between them.]

TL: Summers attacked Blackjack, then he kissed Samantha ... and then he degraded her by placing her image upon his tights.

[Travis shakes his head slowly to the side, his demeanor changing and his tone raising a bit.]

TL: And then he decides to come out here two weeks ago and wants me to say hi to her for him!

[Travis runs his hands through his head again and exhales deeply.]

TL: But it's that hot temper right there that cost me the PCW Heavyweight Championship ... the pride of the Lynch family. Sure I had him locked in the Iron Claw, sure he was screaming ... begging for mercy but I let him pull a fast one for the second time as I wasn't thinking ahead ... a lesson Blackjack taught us from the moment my brothers and I starting applying headlocks.

[Travis smiles.]

TL: You can claim you're done with me, Rex ... you can claim two thousand and twelve will be your year ... you can run your mouth all you want ... but everyone knows why you want nothing to do with me ... everyone has seen it TWICE already!

But I promise you ... you will step into the ring with me one more time and when you do you feel the claw again and this time there will be nothing to save you. So stand in the ring show after show and tell everyone that two thousand and twelve will be the year of Rex Summers ... challenge any champion you want, Rex ... but I promise you Rex, two thousand and twelve will NOT be the year of Rex Summers ... oh no ... two thousand and twelve will be the year of Travis Lynch!

[Travis winks at the camera with a grin upon his face. Crossfade back to the announcers.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason. Some strong words there for Travis Lynch who certainly still has his eyes locked on Rex Summers and the PCW World Title.

BW: No shot, Gordo. Rex is done with that Texas cowpie. He's moving on to bigger and better things in 2012 - like the Longhorn Heritage Title or the National Title. He doesn't have time to wade in the shallow end of the Lynch gene pool.

GM: We'll see about that. But fans, coming up next we've got... well, we have the "Prince Of Darkness" Anton Layton against... uh...

BW: According to Percy Childes, he's facing his Master.

GM: I sincerely hope not. I don't see how that's even possible.

BW: Think about this, Gordo. We always assumed that Anton was a crackpot devil worshipper, and his Master was just, well, the devil.

GM: Oh, is THAT all?

BW: But we rarely thought it might be a real person. Not like the Dragon, who we knew was a real person (but didn't know who it was). What if the Master really was a person all along?

GM: I don't know... I'm not sure who would have the motive or methodology. We can at least understand why William Craven wanted to destroy Alex Martinez; I'm not sure who would benefit from destroying Vernon Riley and turning Eric Preston to the path of darkness.

BW: Well, lookin' at the clues... hm. If they could afford the equipment to rig a wheel, they've got wealth. And if they hate Vernon Riley, they've got taste. So whoever it is is a "man of wealth and taste".

[Bucky is answered by a shrill and blood-curdling woman's scream over the PA system!]

BW: Aw, come on, that was clever!

GM: That isn't just an appropriate response to your terrible joke, that's Anton Layton's entrance.

[The scream is long and drawn-out, but eventually gives way to Nine Inch Nails' "Meet Your Master." Another few moments pass before Anton Layton emerges from the shadows. Cloaked in his velvet-like black hooded robe, Layton power-walks to the ring at high speed to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: And Layton wants to get on with it tonight! He's wasting no time.

[Layton arrives at the ring, throws back the hood immediately, and casts a wild glare into the nearest camera, screaming.]

AL: PERRRRCYYYY! BRING YOUR DOG MONOSSO! AFTER I BRING HIM TO HEEL, I WILL TEAR THE FLESH FROM YOUR BACK!

[Layton then starts circling the ring, as his music dies out. Phil Watson starts the introductions.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and a fifteen minute time limit!

Introducing first, already in the ring! From the Edge Of Darkness... weighing two-hundred fifty-four pounds...

..."THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS" ANTON LAYTON!

[The fans boo, and Layton turns to glare at Watson.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Anton turns to face the entrance. Nothing.]

GM: We are awaiting the arrival of Anton Layton's Master.

[Layton turns to Watson and yells "WHERE IS HE?!". Watson shrugs. Layton grabs his cue cards and throws them angrily to the ground.]

BW: Yeah, they're gonna let Layton take out all his frustration now. Then that piano's gonna start up, Monosso'll come out, and it'll be over.

[Layton's tirade is interrupted by Percy Childes, who is again at the top of the ramp with a microphone. The fans boo vehemently.]

PC: Good. Good. At least you did one thing your Master asked of you.

[From the ring, Layton screams in a rage about Childes being so flippant towards his Master.]

PC: So, Anton. Do you remember when we formed the Unholy Alliance? More importantly... do you remember WHY we formed the Unholy Alliance?

It seems that you and I were in it for mutual benefit. And you? You got what you wanted. Vernon Riley's career ended. I know you're proud of that, aren't you Anton? All those years of battling Riley across Florida, to finally see him writhing on the mat in front of you, his leg facing the wrong way...

[Anton actually calms down as this is a rather pleasant memory for him.]

PC: Do you remember that night, the night when you got when you wanted? Good, because let me remind you who actually DID that. That was James Monosso's work. Not you. Not your random giant mook Polemos. It was Monosso. And by extension, that means it was me.

That's right, Anton, I upheld my end of the Alliance. And what did I want? I wanted a path blazed to the top. I wanted all pretenders to the crown of "the next legend" to be ruined. And I trusted you to do that. You told me that Eric Preston would be eating out of our hands, would be doing our dirty work, and would not only be removed as one of the leaders of the next generation, but he'd then go on to take out the likes of Supernova and Travis Lynch!

Instead, what do we have? A battle-hardened Eric Preston going right for the National Title, stronger than ever. Because of you, Anton. Because of you.

You see, the Unholy Alliance was never about you. It wasn't about demonic forces. It was about clearing the way for one man. The one man who will someday stand atop this sport, with all rivals crushed at his feet. HE is the reason the Unholy Alliance was formed... in fact, he is the one who told me to do it. He is the one who paid for the technology in your wheel at SuperClash, and who was controlling it, until you allowed it to be destroyed. And he is the one who ordered me to bring you him. So, in a very real sense... he has been your Master all along.

[Layton is shaking his head in disbelief, with a facial expression that reads worry.]

PC: And... he's back.

[The loud crack of a lightning bolt segues into "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis, and the fans boo... as a man cloaked in black and red, with a huge demonic Kabuki mask obscuring his features, marches down the aisle. But even with all that mysterious clothing, there is no mystery as to his identity.]

GM: NENSHOU!

BW: Of course! Of course he's the Master! He's the reason Childes brought in Monosso and sicced him on Preston in the first place!

GM: Because Nenshou was threatened by him! They both entered the AWA at the same time, but Preston got more publicity. And they would have gone on to the other top young stars after that! It's why Ebola Zaire attacked Yuma Weaver! Nenshou wanted the Unholy Alliance to eliminate all of his peers in his age bracket so that he'd have the spotlight to himself!

BW: Genius!

GM: It's rotten, is what it is! And Layton is stunned... whatever plans he had were for Monosso, and a plan for Monosso will do nothing against Nenshou; they're polar opposites!

[Nenshou enters the ring, and Layton attacks without hesitation!]

[*DING*DING*]

GM: Layton attacks! He's throwing some desperate punches at Nenshou, and they are finding the mark! Anton Layton is very dangerous when he's cornered!

BW: He's screaming mad, yellin' that Nenshou ain't his Master. But from Percy's point of view, he really was.

GM: Nenshou stops that offense with two thumbs, thrust under the chin! A nerve point strike, and now using that huge Kabuki mask to blind Layton!

[Nenshou has ditched the mask to reveal red face paint with silver kanji painted down each cheek. His short brushcut hair no longer has kanji shaved into it, though. The Asian Assassin has put his mask on Layton's head backwards, and is kicking him in the stomach.]

BW: Ya know, Anton's always dangerous 'cause of how crazy and vicious he is. Even now, as Percy said, he don't look like he's in the best o' health since SuperClash, but he's dangerous. Nenshou's gonna use every gutter tactic to take him out before he gets took out, daddy.

GM: The first and former Longhorn Heritage Champion is also a vicious, bloodthirsty competitor. Snap mare, and...

[*CRACK*]

BW: WOO! Loud kick to the back! And off the ropes, dropkick to the mush! Nenshou's so fast and hits so hard, what do ya do?

GM: Off the ropes, and down with that unique elbowdrop, snapping over with tremendous force! Nenshou has not even shed his black-and-red entrance robe, aside from that mask! Nenshou all over Layton with that speed and aggression... vicious thrust to the throat!

BW: This might be a lot different if Anton was prepared, but ain't nobody takin' on Nenshou without a gameplan or at least some mental preparation for what you're up against.

[Nenshou ditches the robe, to reveal loose red pants and black wrestling boots. He starts choking Layton with the robe to the boos of the fans.]

GM: This crowd hates Anton Layton, but they despise Percy Childes, so it looks like they're going to side with Layton here, even if by default. Nenshou pulling up Anton Layton with the robe around his throat, blatantly! Snap mares him with the robe! Pulling him up again... and biel throws him across the ring with the robe around his neck! How is this not a disqualification?

BW: Because it's a piece of clothing, Gordo. Refs usually do let ya get away with that.

GM: Nenshou rushing Layton... OOH!

[Nenshou launches into a dropkick on Anton Layton's knee, which naturally makes Anton fall forward. From his back, Nenshou launches a quick throat-thrust upwards at a falling Layton!]

BW: Whoa, daddy! Did you see that? Nenshou can beat you up from his back!

GM: Using the downward momentum of Layton's fall to cause damage to the throat! And now Nenshou with a spinning toehold on the left leg, which he's just dropkicked! Nenshou wrapping up that leg... and down upon it with all of his weight!

BW: Tryin' ta put out Anton like they put out Vernon Riley!

GM: Perhaps, though Nenshou would have to inflict a great deal more damage to reach that benchmark. Turning Layton over, and he's crossed the legs... we've seen this before!

BW: The Nenshoulock!

GM: Bridging deathlock! And this works the knee, the back, and the neck! Layton in intense pain...

AL: NNNOOOO! YOU AREN'T THE MASTER! I DIDN'T DO THIS FOR YOUUUUU!

GM: Percy Childes has made his way over to the broadcast table, and... well, he's putting on a headset.

BW: Welcome to the broadcast table, Percy.

PC: Thank you, Bucky. I see Anton's still in denial.

GM: Layton will certainly not submit here. He is possessed of a mad tenacity, similar to your man Monosso.

PC: This is true. He won't submit. That isn't the goal here.

BW: The goal is to wear the man down, pin him, and get back in the rankings, Gordo. Duh.

PC: No, Bucky. Nenshou can't get back in the rankings; he's not under contract to the AWA.

BW: ...buh?

GM: Layton reaching over, and fishhooking Nenshou... but the pain isn't causing him to relinquish the hold! That 'meditative state' he enters in his matches apparently lets him focus even through pain!

PC: Correct.

GM: Finally, Layton reaches the ropes. Nenshou refusing to break the hold... four count and he finally breaks. Percy Childes, what do you mean that Nenshou isn't under contract? Then why is he here?

PC: We want the AWA to take a good long look at the finest wrestler in the world today, because it is time to negotiate a contract to keep Nenshou here in the AWA. This is where Nenshou wishes to make his mark. And believe me, they have made a generous contract offer in Phoenix. They have made a generous contract offer in Toronto. Tokyo is pulling out all the stops to keep Nenshou home. They have even made contract offers in Las Vegas, San Antonio, and even the 'bastards' have contacted us about Nenshou's services. But we're generously giving the AWA the chance to outbid them all. Oh, and we're also here to terminate Anton Layton's AWA career. That's all.

GM: Nenshou with a brutal kneelift! It has been all Nenshou! The Asian Assassin lifts up Layton... THUMB TO THE THROAT BY LAYTON! That was a vicious tactic, not unlike the one Nenshou used on him at the onset of the match. Anton Layton lashing out, connecting with a haymaker!

BW: He caught him with it! You can't count out Anton Layton!

GM: Layton going berserk! Rights and lefts, and a hard knee to the face! Nenshou is staggered, and a scoop slam by Layton!

BW: Percy, Layton ain't gonna be that easy to 'terminate'!

PC: Of course it isn't easy. But it will happen.

GM: Layton strangling Nenshou with one hand, and keeping his other hand cupped over his moth... and we all know why!

PC: Clever. If he had only been more clever in handling his assigned tasks.

BW: Nenshou rolls away, but Anton's riding his back and elbowin' him like mad! He won't be shook off!

GM: Because if Nenshou gets that separation, his speed makes him nearly impossible to deal with! Anton Layton was unprepared, but he is not totally unwise to the man he is facing. Now Layton with a knee to the gut. Lifting Nenshou, and... slamming him onto the top turnbuckle!

[With wild eyes, the Prince of Darkness hooks Nenshou's legs under the top turnbuckle, and bends him down into the Tree Of Woe. He plants a hard fist to the face to make sure, and Nenshou is draped over the turnbuckles upside-down! Layton kicks away!]

GM: The Tree Of Woe, and Nenshou has no place to go! Layton laying into Nenshou, ignoring the orders of referee Marty Meekly... shoving Meekly away! You can't do that to an AWA official!

BW: Obviously, you can. Because he did. I'm always havin' to tell you that, Gordo.

GM: Layton backing up... and rushing in... OH MY WORD!

[The fans give a loud did-you-see-that pop as Nenshou pulls himself up with no hands... blowing purple mist upwards into the face of Layton as he approaches! This causes Layton's kneeslash to miss, though his upper body does crash into Nenshou (in order to hit him with the mist, Nenshou could only pull himself up so far). However, Layton falls to the ground, clutching at his face!]

PC: A real shame that Layton had pushed the referee down. He would have won the match had Meekly seen that.

GM: There is some dark purple... who knows what... all over Anton Layton's face! He is blinded!

BW: I ain't never seen purple! What's that one do, Percy?

PC: Oh, nothing much. Class one neurotoxic hallucinogen.

GM: WHAT?!

[Layton stands up, and takes a wild swing at... nobody.]

PC: He's just blinded for now. He won't start to see things for... well, a few seconds. The optic nerves are connected to the brain, though. You really can't get a more direct route to...

GM: DID YOU JUST SAY THAT YOU USED A HALLUCINOGEN ON A MAN IN A WRESTLING MATCH?

PC: This is Anton Layton we're talking about, Gordon Myers. He was probably hallucinating before the match even began.

[Nenshou powers his way up to a seated position on the top rope, and leaps off with a flying leg lariat to wipe Layton out!]

BW: In any case, Anton's a sitting duck now!

AL: NOOOOO! MASTERRRRR!

[Layton is convulsing on the ground, reaching up to the lights.]

AL: NOOO! I DID YOUR WILL! I DID YOUR WILL!

PC: Nenshou! Sweep the leg!

[Percy calls out over the noise of the crowd, and Nenshou obediently throws the hooking leg sweep kick to the front of Layton's knee, at a 45 degree angle from the front as he manages to get to standing. Anton falls clutching the knee, and Nenshou stomps away at the knee. Layton just rolls to the side in a fetal position, offering no defense at all.]

GM: This is absolutely sickening! You... you poisoned him!

PC: More or less.

BW: Wait. If he had that in his mouth...

PC: He's immune. Very specific and very secretive pharmaceutical treatments. Don't inquire further unless you want a visit from those who protect those secrets.

GM: Nenshou just beating on Layton, whose will to fight has just been destroyed. Nenshou scooping him up... backbreaker. I can only assume that the merciful end is near.

PC: The end, yes. But merciful? Poor assumption.

GM: THE MOONSAULT! Marty Meekly with the count... and this match is over.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

PW: The winner of this match... NENSHOU!

GM: And Nenshou just continuing the onslaught! He pinned his man, stood up, and is after the leg again! And... NOW HERE COMES MONOSSO!

BW: I think it's safe to say whatever secret Anton thought he knew about James Monosso ain't gonna help him now.

[Nenshou has applied a spinning toe-hold, and is continuing to wrench the knee. The mad Monosso steps through the ropes, his tall wide-shouldered frame looming menacingly over the fallen Layton. Monosso beelines for Layton's discarded robe...]

GM: What is Monosso going after?

BW: Oh, no... OH, NO, GORDO... MONOSSO HAS THE GOLDEN SPIKE!

[The signature weapon of Anton Layton, the golden spike, is in the hands of the madman Monosso. James hoists it overhead like Norman Bates, and brings it down into the leg of Anton Layton!]

AL: AAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!

GM: HE'S STABBING HIS KNEE WITH THE SPIKE! HE'S TRYING TO TEAR THE CARTILAGE IN HIS KNEE! TO SEVER THE TENDONS!

BW: Tryin'? He's succeedin'!

PC: Hoisted by his own petard, I believe the saying goes.

[*DING*DING*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: An' once again, the AWA proves that ringin' a bell a whole bunch of times doesn't stop people from attackin' after a match.

GM: Layton's leg is bleeding, and Nenshou applying a legscissors submission for even more pain. Monosso off the ropes... THE KING KONG KNEEDROP TO LAYTON'S OUTSTRETCHED KNEE! THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT THEY DID TO VERNON RILEY! WHAT THEY DID TO RON HOUSTON! AND THEY'VE TURNED ON THEIR OWN AND ARE DOING IT TO ANTON LAYTON!

PC: You sound upset, Gordon Myers. Are you unsatisfied that the wolves are thinning the ranks of its own pack?

GM: This is inhumane, no matter who does it to who! A SECOND KING KONG KNEEDROP! NENSHOU'S HOLD HAS HIS KNEE BARRED OFF THE GROUND, MONOSSO'S WEIGHT IS BENDING IT THE WRONG WAY! THEY'RE BREAKING HIS LEG!

BW: And now Nenshou's gonna take his turn with the spike. Bet he knows EXACTLY where the tendons are!

PC: Oh, Monosso's knowledge of such things is more than you'd think. Nenshou is more likely to go for nerve clusters.

AL: AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!

GM: I don't care how demented and evil Anton Layton is; nobody deserves this! Not even him! Get security out here! Get anyone out here!

PC: No help will come. We've seen to that.

GM: "We" who?

[Childes' answer is only a chuckle.]

GM: Finally, the animals seem to have done enough. Anton Layton's leg is probably broken and there has to be cartilage damage! Or tendon damage! Nenshou... he's leaving alone. There will have to be some repercussions...

PC: As I said; this contest was an exhibition. Nenshou doesn't actually work here. And if the AWA doesn't want to see him in the valley of the firebird or the Canadian universe, or storming the Bastille in Vegas... they'll nod, count themselves lucky that it was only an unpredictable troublemaker that they lost, forget this ever happened, and put the money on the table.

GM: I... I can't believe you just said that! Have you no loyalty?!

PC: I have a great deal of loyalty. To Nenshou. You forget the true role of a manager; my client doesn't work for me... I work for him. Now, if you'll excuse me, that hallucinogen has a very short duration. I want Anton to hear the last thing I have to say to him, and I want all of you to hear it, too.

[Percy exits the chair, and walks up the ring steps. Monosso stands nearby, apparently just waiting in case he's needed. Childes takes the microphone and points at Anton, who clutches his bleeding knee in agony as medics stream in.]

PC: Anton, this is the price of failure. You will never, ever set foot in the AWA again, even if your leg heals. We can't have a loose cannon ruining our plans any further with some bizarre belief that he's doing the devil's work. If you want to serve a devil in the AWA, there are three of us to choose from. Your kind isn't wanted here any more.

You are hereby banned from the AWA for life... so speak the Wise Men.

[Layton's pained, unfocused stare turns into a sudden expression of shock at Percy's words... and then a smoldering rage. He tries to crawl towards Childes, but a kick to the leg by Monosso dissuades him from going any further. Childes exits the ring, with Monosso following right behind.]

BW: Did he just say what I think he...

GM: He said Wi...

BW: GORDO! Don't say that!

GM: What? Wis...

BW: NO! Seriously, don't say that! I mean, you really don't know what's goin' on backdoors in the AWA. We ain't supposed to say that name.

GM: Why can't we say Wi...

BW: [trying to fake clear his throat over Gordon's sentence] HRMERMMM.

GM: ...se Men. Who are the Wi...

BW: [again trying to fake clear his throat over Gordon's sentence] HAAARUMERUUMMM.

GM: ..se Men?

BW: Wisdom is not askin' that question. Ever. Fans, we'll be back after this!

GM: Since when do you cut to commercial? What's going on?!

[We see the EMT's loading Anton Layton onto a stretcher, as we go to commercial.]

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.]

Back from commercials, we open at the announce table where the announcers are seated.]

GM: Fans, we are back, and... well, we just saw the return of Nenshou, though he's apparently not under contract. And we just may have seen the end of Anton Layton, at the hands of Nenshou and James Monosso. Apparently at the behest of Percy Childes, at the behest of some conspiracy group that Bucky Wilde told me about during the commercial whom he says I shouldn't name or they'll burn my house down.

BW: That was just a hypothetical! I mean, they might blow your car up instead!

GM: The Wise Men.

BW: GORDO!

GM: I don't know what Percy Childes was alluding to, and I'm not afraid of rumors or hearsay! And besides, if you're not supposed to say it, why could he say it?

BW: Because he's one of them! *urk* I mean... edit that out! I never said that!

GM: I thought you were a journalist! You're supposed to break news stories, not hide them!

BW: I... uh, if I did know anything about anything, I'd probably... uhhhh... ummm... save it for The Call Of The Wilde! Yeah! YOU'RE RUININJ' MY SCOOP, MYERS!

GM: That I could believe, so let's move on. And... what? Are you kidding me?

[Gordon pauses, listening through his headset.]

GM: Alright, fine. Fans, Mark Stegglet is standing by... with a special guest. Mark?

[We cut to show that James Monosso is now up at the interview stage with Mark Stegglet. Monosso, a very tall wide-shouldered man with stringy greying black hair and a slightly receding hairline, is wearing his usual too-tight cutoff pale green T-Shirt with "PROPERTY OF STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION" printed on the front in black block letters. Under this is his single-strap black singlet with silver trim, the legs of which go down a bit over a third of the way down the thigh. He has black boots with silver trim, electrical tape used as wrist tape, and a wild-eyed look on his face. In his hands is a small dark blue worn-out old tote bag. The fans boo mightily!]

MS: Fans, with me is James Monosso, who last week may have ended one of the brightest careers...

JM: He'll be back. He ain't got nothin' else. He'll come back with staples in his skull, a whole bunch of arthropedical surgery he can't ever afford and will be payin' on his whole life, because his only alternative is to sit in a room in Wigan an' rot. And that ain't really an alternative so much as it is an eventuality. Just like it is for me an' everyone else dumb enough to put on tights and do this for a livin'... die young or suffer old, that's all we got. Don't you dare blame me for what happened to Rhodes. He was already way past legally disabled; all I did was speed up the timetable.

But I want you to remember him as he was. Raphael Rhodes. How long ago was it that he was the breakout star of AWA? Main eventin', big cage matches, big time... glory days. How they passed him by, like that strung out creep Springfield sung... but he had glory days. I ain't sayin' this to brag about what I did, I'm sayin' it because I have a point to make. Again. So remember that for later. Remember how far Rhodes fell.

[The crowd boos this decimation of Rhodes' status. With that, James Monosso reaches into the tote bag, and pulls out a copy of JUST THE FACTS Magazine, the most respected publication in the sport today. It is the Year End Issue for the year 2010, and the cover is a montage of successful AWA stars.]

JM: So look what I got here, Stegglet. Tell the sheeple what it is.

MS: It's a copy of the 2010 Just The Facts year end award issue.

JM: That's right, and who's on the cover?

MS: Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, Rough and Ready, Calisto Dufresne, and Nenshou.

[The fans cheer and boo each name as it is mentioned.]

JM: There's one other guy. Say his name.

MS: ...I can't say his name, and you know it!

[Ooooh, that draws a bit of a startled buzz from the crowd, who wasn't expecting Monosso to go in this direction.]

JM: That's all I needed. So, five out of six. AWA stars. AWA ridin' high, glory days.

[Stegglet pulls the mic away, an angry look on his face.]

MS: If you're going where I think you're going with this...

JM: ...you will wipe that hard look off your face, and you will sit there quietly and hold that mic or you'll get the year-end cover of a medical journal next year! And if they censor me or cut the mic or go to commercial, I'll stuff you down Gordon Myers' throat!

GM: Hey!

JM: I am here to make a point, and you can take your butt-hurt ego and stick it in your ear! NOW. Year-end, 2010. All AWA. Dominant. But who ISN'T on this cover, Stegglet.

MS: I... guess you want me to say James Monosso.

JM: Right. James Monosso. He's a has-been nobody remembers, the World Champion whose world might as well have never existed. Fast-forward to...

[Monosso goes digging in his tote bag. Stegglet again pulls the mic away, clearly struggling between anger and self-preservation.]

MS: YOU CAN'T SHOW THAT!

JM: Make it fuzzy on the camera, I don't care.

[They do. He's holding pixels, the colors of which are amazingly like the 2011 Year-End edition of Just The Facts magazine. The crowd gives a loud stunned buzz, as in "HOLY CRAP IS HE REALLY SHOWING THAT?!"]

JM: So, the 2011 Year-End edition came out just recently. Six people on the cover. Say their names.

MS: ...

JM: Okay, we got the same black guy with stupid hair you couldn't tell me about in 2010, a guy with a yamalka next to a guy with a turban, William Craven... hey, he's here in AWA now! Oh, right, he wasn't in 2011, moving on... we got some other goof in a luchadore mask and a cloak... oh! What about him? What about the one on the side? Who's he?

MS: *sigh* That's you. James Monosso.

JM: So one out of six. Aw, poor AWA. The glory days passed us by... but that's not how it works for federations, is it, Mark?

MS: It certainly isn't! We're going to dominate 2012!

[CROWD POP!]

JM: So you're motivated. This motivates you. This motivates the whole league. Yes?

MS: Yes, if they have any pride in their company!

JM: The company uses our bodies to rake in money like they're the pimps who run Amsterdam!

[BOOOOO!]

JM: I don't care what company people say is best, because none of these companies care about us! I care about ME! I have to care about me because nobody else will! And of all the wrestlers that were ranked, Mark... who got ranked the highest in the AWA, of the people that were here last year?

MS: ...

JM: WHO GOT RANKED THE HIGHEST IN THE AWA? SAY HIS NAME!

MS: ...

JM: SAY MY NAME!

MS: Yes, it was you. James Monosso.

JM: Higher than Dufresne! Higher than Vasquez! And who voted for me? THEY DID!

[Monosso points out at the fans.]

JM: AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, THEY FINALLY DID SOMETHING FOR ME! And... and... AND IT MAKES ME SICK!

[BOOOOOOO! James turns away from Stegklet and faces the crowd.]

JM: All year, I had one message for you people! One message! And that was how you're killing the wrestlers! You keep showing up, and dumb kids keep thinking that wrestling is this great thing they can ride to fame and fortune. You cheered and booed Raphael Rhodes to fame and fortune... AND NOW HE'S A PATHETIC SHELL OF A MAN! You cheered and booed me to fame and fortune in the nineties... AND NOW I'M A PATHETIC SHELL OF A MAN! This only difference between me and Rhodes is I'm the one who can walk right now. Next year, it might be the other way around.

I showed this to you all year! I'm the one who put the cracks in Alex Martinez that Craven's guys pulled open all year! I'm the one who put Todd Michaelson off his insurance and into weekly physical therapy that's gonna eat all his money! I'm the one who put Eric Preston on the road to becoming yet another burnout on the path of no return! I'm the one who took Rick Marley's dad and ended his career, then I took his kid and showed him how futile it all was! I broke Vern Riley's leg! I broke Ron Houston's leg! You saw what I just did to Layton! And I showed you all that NOBODY MAKES IT OUT OF THIS BUSINESS ALIVE!

And so... you vote for me. And then you keep coming to the matches. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?!

That means you know what this sport does to us! And you like knowing what this sport does to us! YOU LIKE IT, YOU SICK BASTARDS! YOU LIKE KNOWING THAT WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE ALONE, BROKE, BROKEN, AND IN UNIMAGINABLE PAIN! YOU HYPOCRITES! YOU DARE CALL ME THE SOCIOPATH?!

[The crowd is going wild with boos now, as Monosso has turned all of this on them. Monosso is screaming, pacing, having taken the mic from Stegglet. Wisely, Stegglet just sneaks out in case Monosso snaps totally.]

JM: If you sick, demented creeps wanna give me my glory days, fine! I'm gonna take 'em! These are MY glory days, part three! I'm ranked number one in the rankings, and I'm ranked number one by the fans! I don't have time to wait any longer... you all saw with Raphael Rhodes how the glory days end! Remember? Remember? HE WAITED FOR HIS TITLE SHOT AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED!

[Now it finally comes full circle. Monosso throws his magazine up in the air.]

JM: I want my shot. I don't got time to wait and I don't gotta prove nothin' to Donovan, Misazawa, and least of all Preston. My shot is now, and anybody that tries to jump over me is gonna be sittin' like Rhodes in whatever hole they live in. If they say I can't do it on your way to the ring, I'll do it in the back. If they stop me in the back, I'll do it in the parking lot! If they stop me in the parking lot, I GOT AN ADDRESS BOOK!

[BOOOOOO! Monosso stops pacing, calms down a bit, and points menacingly at the camera.]

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

[With that, he drops the mic and exits.]

GM: ...

BW: ...ho-lee cow.

GM: He might have just lost his job over that one.

BW: MOTIVATION, Gordo! He's motivated to win the title now because he's seen how fast the stars fall! Just like I'm motivated to be 2012 Announcer Of The Year because I'm gonna find the idiots who stuffed the ballot box and...

GM: James Monosso is the number one contender, and unfortunately, we can't refute THAT part of his speech. Fans, the AWA apologizes for Mr. Monosso's personal insults about the fans of wrestling. And especially about his ingratitude towards your show of appreciation for his ability in the ring.

BW: Look, Gordo, we all know that some fool in China rigged up a random number program to the Internet and made that whole thing not make any sense.

GM: We boasted in 2010, Bucky, we will show class in 2011. And we will again boast in 2012. Fans, let's go up to the ring.

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit with the winner earning a spot in Playboy Enterprises.

["Destroyer" by Twisted Sister begins to rumble.]

PW: Introducing first, coming down the aisle, accompanied by Johnny Casanova and "Dirty" Dick Bass. From Huntington Beach, California... Standing six foot one and weighing in at three hundred and eleven pounds. Here is...

BULL

DAWSON!

GM: Bull Dawson, huh? A little bit of a name change for the former Mixed Martial Artist from Southern California. And he's looking primed and ready for this one, Bucky. He looks in great shape.

BW: I was talking to "Playboy" Johnny C earlier in the week and he told me that he had Bull Dawson working out 8 hours a day on strength, stamina and combat, Gordo. Looks like that hard work has paid off!

[The trio slowly walk down to the ring. Dawson wearing black spandex shorts, black knee pads, black boots with black padding over the front and MMA style fingerless leather gloves. Dawson is the first to enter the ring, holding the ropes open for Casanova and Dick Bass. Casanova points at Dawson and runs his mouth, no doubt gloating about how great Dawson is. Bass smacks Dawson on the shoulder as the trio huddle up, Casanova obviously the one with the plan as his mouth moves a mile a minute.]

BW: Casanova and Bass going over some last minute strategy, Gordo. Say what you want about Casanova but he is one of the smartest men in the business.

GM: I can't argue with you there, Bucky. Casanova has been up and down the road and seen it all.

[The music slowly fades.]

BW: Alright., let's see what Big Mama has brought to the party.

[There is a moment of silence. The energy building in the building as the crowd awaits....]

PW: And his opponent! Accompanied to the ring by Big Mama...

["Rock Warriors" by The Rods begins to blare.]

PW: From Jacksonville Florida!

[The crowd cheers as Casanova's jaw drops. He shakes his head in disbelief at Watson, shouting "NO! IT CAN'T BE!"]

BW: Are you kidding me?!

GM: Did Big Mama REALLY just do this?!

[Bruno Dawson looks a bit puzzled at Dick Bass who is trying to settle down Johnny Casanova.]

PW: Standing six foot one and weighing in at two hundred and thirty-seven pounds...

"MR. INTENSITY"

SCOOOOOOOOOOTTYY

MAYHEEEEEEEEEEMMMMM!!

[The crowd explodes into cheers at the name!]

BW: This can't be happening!

GM: I think it is, Bucky!

[Big Mama walks out to the entranceway dressed in a curve hugging sequined styled dress that sparkles in the lights. She stands at the top of the ramp, smiling down at the ring.]

GM: Look at Johnny Casanova! He is beside himself!

[Casanova jumps up and down in the middle of the ring, pulling at his hair, face red with rage! Bass isn't too happy either as he throws off his vest, ready to throw down.]

BW: Big Mama went out and recruited Casanova's mortal enemy! How could she!?

GM: Not only have these two men collided here in the AWA but they've battled in PCW and Florida as well! They had one of the most heated rivalries in the history of the state of Florida. What a turn of events, Bucky!

[Casanova kicks the ropes angrily, pointing down the aisle and shouting at his main squeeze.]

GM: He'd better settle down or he's gonna have a heart attack right in the center of the ring!

BW: Can you blame him?! This is the ultimate act of betrayal by Big Mama!

[The cheers grow louder and Casanova grows angrier as Scotty Mayhem walks through the curtain in all his sequined robed glory. He glitters as he emerges under the lights, clad in a blue sequin robe that shines with every movement. "MAYHEM" is written across the back in silver as he lifts a muscular arm, pointing at his long-time rival.]

GM: We haven't seen Mayhem in the AWA in... well, it's been a long time, Bucky!

BW: Casanova ran him out of town the last time - he'll do it again if he has to!

[Mayhem pulls off his matching headband, letting loose his wild hair as he flings the headband to the ground, again gesturing with his white-taped fingers towards the ring. He stretches his arms out, soaking up the cheers of the crowd as he does a circle. He points to the sky, twirling a finger in the air as the crowd eats it up.]

GM: I don't think anyone had a clue who Big Mama would bring out here tonight... and I'm SURE no one thought it was going to be Scotty Mayhem!

[Big Mama pats Mayhem on the shoulder before leading him down the aisle. Mayhem is a few steps behind, pointing down the aisle and jawing at Casanova... at Bass... at Dawson as Big Mama grins widely. Casanova fires back at his main squeeze, clearly heard shouting "HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?!"]

BW: That's exactly what I want to know, Johnny! This ingrate!

[They reach ringside, ready to enter the ring as Big Mama goes to sit on the middle rope to hold them open...

...and Casanova angrily kicks the same rope, shouting at Big Mama again.]

GM: Johnny Casanova is steamed, Bucky. But he needs to control himself in there. He can't- I mean, that's a woman!

[Big Mama backs off, looking a little nervous as Casanova leans over the ropes, shouting at her...

...which results in Mayhem taking a wild swing, causing Casanova to hurl himself backwards to avoid the blow, landing on his rear end with a thud that leaves the crowd roaring with laughter.]

GM: Mayhem nearly took his head off! Good for him!

[Mayhem grabs the top rope, slingshotting himself into the ring on his feet. He points a finger at Casanova who crawls behind Dawson and Bass, looking for protection as Mayhem squares up, outstretching his arms and twirling his taped finger in the air again...]

GM: Scotty Mayhem has returned... and what may have been lost in the shuffle of all this, Bucky, is that if Mayhem wins... he's actually going to JOIN Playboy Enterprises!

BW: Wha... how in the... that can't be right!

GM: It is! It's what Big Mama has agreed to!

[A grinning Big Mama helps remove Mayhem's robe, climbing down to the floor with it as Mayhem attempts to pat down his wild hair to no avail.]

GM: And look at that. Scotty Mayhem looks to be in great shape, Bucky. Much better than I remember him.

BW: Whatever, Gordo... I'll agree, he looks in top form. He's got the tan, the muscles, all that... but none of that will put him in Playboy Enterprises. Bruno... make that, Bull Dawson... he's gonna cut this guy in half! And what Casanova does with that double-crossing hussy Big Mama after that happens is anyone's guess!

GM: Wow. You certainly hold some ire for Big Mama.

BW: Who the heck was Big Mama before Johnny Casanova brought her out of the slums?! What gives her the right to bring one of his most hated rivals to the AWA?!

GM: She's a manager, Bucky!

BW: Well, she's managed to tick me off and to betray her mealticket!

[Mayhem slaps his bicep, wearing lime green trunks with a black star on the crotch and "MAYHEM" across the butt in black lettering. He tugs at his white elbow pad on the right elbow as Bass forces a furious Casanova out of the ring. Mayhem tugs at the top rope with both arms as the bell sounds.]

GM: Here we go, Bucky! A position in Playboy Enterprises at stake!

[As the bell rings, the two men circle one another. Dawson flicks out an occasional jab that Mayhem sidesteps. After about twenty seconds, Mayhem forces a lockup that Dawson wheels around, using his power to push Mayhem back against the buckles...]

GM: Bull Dawson backs him down... the ref looking for a break...

[And Dawson breaks cleanly, raising his arms. Casanova shouts something from the floor as a surprised Mayhem runs a hand through his wild hair, bouncing out of the corner into another tieup.]

GM: Back to the tieup... and I've gotta think the power edge in this one will go to Bull Dawson. Mayhem may not want to rush into lockup after lockup with him. He should be using his speed and quickness.

BW: He shouldn't even be here! He knows what this does to Casanova and Big Mama! Scotty Mayhem may have just caused a split right down the middle of Playboy Enterprises!

[Back into the lockup, Mayhem grabs an arm and twists it into a wristlock. He holds firm for a moment, nodding to the cheering crowd just before Dawson reverses the hold, throwing a few kicks to the exposed ribs that sends Mayhem back to the corner.]

GM: Gotta watch out for the kicks on Dawson. A former Mixed Martial Artist, he's deadly with his hands and feet.

[With Mayhem pinned in the buckles again, Casanova lets loose a stream of commands as Dawson breaks, looking for a right hand...

...but Mayhem ducks under it, avoiding the big shot.]

GM: Mayhem avoids the right hand and-

[As Dawson turns, Mayhem snaps a right jab into the jaw, sending Dawson falling back to the corner. Grabbing a loose side headlock, Mayhem hammers away with right hands to the skull.]

BW: What the heck is Meekly doing?! Mayhem is cheating! Closed fists! Illegal!

GM: Dawson threw a right hand of his own already!

BW: Are you sure? I must have missed that.

GM: Of course not.

[Casanova screams at Dawson who is slow to respond. Mayhem breaks the headlock, grabbing an arm and wheeling Dawson into the buckles. The man

from Jacksonville mounts the middle buckle, raising his fist, and starts hammering away between the eyes!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

[Mayhem raises his right hand high in the air, twirling it around to the cheers of the crowd before driving it home one more time.]

"TEN!"

[Mayhem draws a warning from the referee as he jumps down off the buckles. The official threatens a DQ as Mayhem spreads his arms out, shaking his head before nudging the referee aside, rushing back in for a double axehandle...

...and running right into a boot to the face, dropping him like a rock!]

GM: OHHHH! Mayhem tried to drive that axehandle home and it cost him!

BW: It's about time. Since this match started, Mayhem has cheated his head off left and right. He knows he can't beat the Bull in a fair fight so he resorts to cheating instead! This is not the kind of man that belongs in Playboy Enterprises and now he's gonna pay for it!

GM: Not the kind of man for Playboy Enterprises?! Casanova's one of the biggest cheaters I've ever seen! He used that bullwhip to win against the Antons earlier tonight!

BW: Playboy Enterprises is all about class, dignity and honor. Just ask Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass!

[Dawson has a snarl on his face as he picks Mayhem up and drives forearm after forearm into the back of the neck. With Casanova screaming instructions, Dawson scoops Mayhem up, walking to the middle of the ring, and slamming him hard to the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! Big slam by Dawson - trying to plant him THROUGH the mat!

[Dawson drives a few boots into Mayhem's forehead, lines him up and drops a knee across the throat. Dawson leaves the knee across Mayhem's throat, Mayhem kicking as Dawson chokes him with his shin.]

GM: I guess that isn't cheating right, Bucky?

BW: Mayhem started it! Dawson's just showing this wild haired freak that he can fight like a street thug too! Look at my man, Johnny - so proud of his man, so proud of what he sees. It warms my heart.

[Outside the ring, Casanova claps for Dawson's offense, an ear to ear grin on his face as the Bull hauls Mayhem up by the hair, pulling him into a Muay Thai clinch.]

GM: Look out here.

[Dawson uses the necktie to bring Mayhem's upper body down as the Bull throws knees up, cracking him in the ribs over and over again, bringing Mayhem's feet off the canvas with every blow...

...and then bodily HURLS Mayhem into the buckles!]

GM: Good grief! Bull Dawson is showing that MMA credential right now.

[With Mayhem in the corner, Dawson squares up and throws an impactful knife-edge chop across the chest... and a second... and a third. With the referee warning him, Dawson pulls Mayhem out into a front facelock, slinging an arm over his neck, and snapping him over with a suplex.]

GM: Quick snap suplex by the Bull!

[Dawson pops back up to his feet, soaking up the jeers of the crowd as the Playboy continues to applaud.]

GM: Dawson focusing his attack at the core of Mayhem - attacking the ribs with those knees and now the back with the powerful suplex.

BW: You know what I can't wait for, Gordo?

GM: What's that, Bucky?

BW: When Big Mama crawls on her hands and knees to grovel at Casanova's feet and beg for him to forgive her for being a back stabbing sewer rat!

GM: BUCKY!

BW: What?! I could have said worse!

[Dawson throws a few kicks to the small of Mayhem's back, shouting at his downed opponent as Casanova applauds from ringside. Dick Bass looks on, nodding his head at the actions of their proposed newest member.]

GM: It looks like both Bass and Casanova are pleased with what they're seeing, Bucky.

BW: Why shouldn't they be?

[Dawson leans over, slapping Mayhem across the back of the head as the Florida native tries to crawl away. A second blow lands as well, Casanova laughing loudly as Mayhem's state as Big Mama slaps the canvas, shouting some encouragement into the ring. On the other side of the ring, Casanova mocks her, doing the same thing.]

GM: What a jerk Johnny Casanova is.

[The Bull drags Mayhem up by the hair, hooking a side waistlock...

...and DUMPS Mayhem down on the back of his head and neck in a suplex, rolling quickly into a cover.]

GM: Dawson gets one! He gets two!

[But Mayhem kicks out at the count of two, avoiding defeat. The crowd jeers as Dawson wraps his hands around the throat of Mayhem, throttling him back and forth in a blatant chokehold.]

GM: Well, there's no MMA execution there.

BW: Chokes are legal in Mixed Martial Arts, Gordo.

GM: Not chokes like this and you know that, Bucky.

[The Bull breaks at four, climbing to his feet and dragging Mayhem up by the hair...

...and lashing out with a kick to the skull! Over and over to the head!]

GM: Dawson's all over him! Each one of these kicks is more devastating than the one before it!

BW: See, that is what Playboy Enterprises wants! Somebody who is big, mean and nasty, Gordo!

[Dawson throws Mayhem down to the mat in a heap, wiping his hands like he's almost finished with his work. He nods to Casanova, winding up his right arm...]

GM: Elbow!

[But Mayhem rolls aside, avoiding the smash!]

GM: He missed!

[Dawson quickly gets up, winding up again...]

GM: He missed again! Mayhem avoids two big elbowdrops by the Bull!

[An angry Dawson gets up a second time, clutching his right arm as he slams the heel of his boot down on the sternum twice.]

BW: That'll keep him down. Smart call, Bull.

[Dawson deadleaps into the air...]

GM: Leaping elbow and-

[BOOM!]

GM: HE MISSED AGAIN!

[This time, Dawson isn't so quick to get to his feet as Mayhem grabs the ropes, trying to drag himself to a standing position.]

GM: It's a race to their feet at this point. Whoever gets up first will have a major advantage.

[Mayhem hauls himself up, leaning against the ropes as Dawson struggles up, still shaking his right arm...

...and bolts towards Mayhem!]

GM: Dawson is coming for him and- OHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's cry as Mayhem drops down, pulling the top rope with him, sending Bull Dawson sailing over the ropes and crashing down to the floor below!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

BW: Uh oh... this is Mayhem's game here...

[Scotty Mayhem quickly scales the ropes, standing atop his perch with both arms raised straight above his head...]

GM: Scotty Mayhem is gonna fly!

[Dawson struggles back to his feet again...

...and Mayhem takes flight, sailing through the air, and smashing both hands down across the skull of his opponent, sending the Bull falling back into the ringside barricade!]

GM: Flying double axehandle off the top and he got all of that, fans!

[The crowd is roaring for Mayhem as he pulls Dawson off the floor, shoving him under the ropes...

...and then tugging his head back under them, exposing the Bull's throat!]

GM: Mayhem is drawing a bullseye on that throat right now and- ohh! Big elbow across the windpipe!

[Dawson abruptly sits up, coughing violently as Casanova shouts at the official to "do his job!"]

GM: Mayhem rolls back into the ring at the referee's count of seven. Casanova is still screaming at the official... but with Jim Watkins out there, that's all that Casanova dares to do. He's just not going to get physically involved with Big Jim watching.

[Out on the floor, Dick Bass is trying to calm down Casanova who is still shouting in the direction of the official as Mayhem continues the assault, dropping a huge high leaping knee down into the chest!]

GM: Sky high kneedrop - into a cover there!

[The crowd counts along with the official - counting one... then two... but the shoulder comes up before a three count.]

GM: Mayhem couldn't keep him down off the kneedrop there.

[The Floridian leans over, dragging Dawson off the mat by the arm, wheeling him around into an Irish whip...

...and then leaping into the air, flooring the rebounding Bull with a big leaping knee to the mush!]

GM: Ohh!

[Casanova suddenly springs up on the apron, calling for a "time out" with his hands.]

GM: A timeout?! There's no timeout in the world of professional wrestling!

BW: I think the ref should give it to him.

GM: I think you've lost your mind!

[Jim Watkins leaps to his feet, grabbing Casanova by the back of the pants and yanking him back down to the floor. Watkins shoves a finger in Casanova's face, screaming at the Playboy.]

GM: The Chairman had seen enough of that! No tolerate for interference in this one.

[Mayhem reaches down, dragging Dawson to his feet by the hair...

...and then HURLS him through the ropes, sending his three hundred plus pound frame crashing onto an unaware Johnny Casanova!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN ON THE PLAYBOY!!

[Dick Bass is quickly on the scene, kneeling down next to the stunned Casanova.]

GM: Dick Bass is there to check on him and look at this, Bucky.

BW: That no-good Benedict Arnold's going over there too! Tell her to hit the bricks, Johnny!

GM: She actually looks pretty concerned about Casanova's well-being.

BW: This is supposed to be a friendly competition. Big Mama has nobody to blame but herself for what is happening! If she would have just known her place and followed Johnny's plans, we wouldn't even be in this mess in the first place!

[Casanova is helped up to a knee by Bass as Big Mama arrives to check on her man. She leans over, trying to console the Playboy...

...who abruptly brushes her off, waving her away.]

GM: There's a trouble in paradise between Johnny Casanova and Big Mama!

[Grabbing the top rope, Mayhem catapults himself over the ropes, landing on his feet on the floor. He grabs the nearby Dawson...

...and SMASHES his head into the ring apron!]

GM: Mayhem continues the assault on the floor!

[Mayhem turns Dawson around, drilling him with a right hand to the jaw. He snaps a few more left-handed jabs into the mush before he rolls Dawson under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Dawson's back in... but Mayhem tugs his head out again...

[Mayhem pulls himself up on the apron, backing towards the ringpost. He twirls that finger around, getting a cheer from the crowd before he charges down the length of the apron, leaping into the air, and slamming his leg down onto the throat!]

GM: OHHH! BIG LEGDROP BY SCOTTY MAYHEM!!

BW: Isn't that illegal? Ring the bell, ref!

[Mayhem rolls back in, dragging Dawson up again. He dips down, scooping the three hundred pounder up, and slamming him down to the mat.]

GM: Oh my! What a slam by Scotty Mayhem!

[And with a shout, he points towards the turnbuckles to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: He's calling for the Jacksonville Jam!

[Mayhem hops through the ropes, heading towards the turnbuckles as Casanova is really losing his mind out on the floor, shouting at everyone within range of his voice.]

GM: Mayhem's heading for the top!

BW: Get up Bull! Look at Casanova. Somebody get him some water!

[Casanova shakes his head wildly as even Dick Bass is getting riled up and nervous. Mayhem steps up to the top rope, throwing his arms over his head again...

...and leaps into the air, sailing through the sky, and SMASHING his elbow down into the chest of Dawson!]

GM: ELBOW OFF THE TOP! HE CRUSHED HIM WITH IT!

BW: NO!

[Mayhem hooks the leg as a frantic Casanova is blocked by Jim Watkins.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!

[Mayhem springs to his feet as Big Mama gleefully applauds, jumping up and down on the floor.]

GM: Scotty Mayhem did it, fans! He did it! And Scotty Mayhem is now the newest member of Playboy Enterprises! In all my years in this business, I never thought we'd see Dick Bass, Johnny Casanova, and Scotty Mayhem on the same team!

BW: They're not, Gordo! This is... this is wrong! Big Mama caused this! This is all her fault! After everything the Playboy has done for her, she buried the blade six inches deep in his back!

GM: Like it or not, Bucky, Casanova agreed to this! He made the deal! Scotty Mayhem, a man he has hated for years, is now a part of Playboy Enterprises!

[Casanova's face is red as a beet as he pulls at his hair, screaming at no one in particular. Dick Bass tries to calm him down but Casanova is having none of it as he brushes him aside, climbing up on the ring apron.]

GM: Look out here!

[Casanova steps through the ropes, rushing Mayhem from behind...

...but Mayhem sidesteps, allowing Casanova to slam chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! He missed!

[Mayhem swings him around, ducking under a wildly thrown right hand, and then just sliding through the ropes to the floor where Big Mama is waiting for him, falling into a big embrace with the Florida native.]

GM: Haha! I love it!

BW: This makes me sick. Absolutely sick. Everything was going perfect for Playboy Enterprises. They were making a name for themselves, about to take that next step. All they wanted was to add Dawson to the team but no, that no good Big Mama had to betray the "Playboy"! Now where does this leave The Enterprise? That's what I want to know!

[Casanova is still ranting and kicking the ropes as Dawson slowly gets to his feet, holding his chest.]

GM: Bull Dawson put up a heck of a fight but ultimately-

BW: Johnny's hot under the collar at this punk kid too! He blew it!

GM: You're gonna put the blame for this on Dawson?

[Casanova shouts at Dawson, jabbing a finger in his chest. The camera zooms in, picking up the audio from inside the ring.]

PJC: What the heck is the matter with you, boy?! HUH?! All you had to do was beat that scrub! All you had to do was win tonight! What the heck is wrong with you?!

[Dawson shakes his head and can be seen apologizing to the "Playboy". Casanova ignores him as he can still be heard yelling.]

PJC: You're sorry? You're sorry? That's the best you can think up? I'm sorry? Yeah well how about I'm sorry for THIS!

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He just slapped Bull Dawson! He slapped him right across the face!

BW: Uh oh.

GM: And I don't think Bull Dawson took too kindly to that, Bucky.

BW: Get out of there, Playboy!

[A wide-eyed Dawson begins to shake with intensity, glaring at Casanova who is starting to rethink his decision. Dawson points a meaty finger at Casanova who backpedals, begging off...]

GM: Johnny Casanova's world is imploding all around him!

[The Playboy extends his hand, offering a handshake...

...and Dawson SLAPS it away!]

GM: Oh my!

[Casanova looks stunned...

...but then looks overjoyed as Dick Bass levels Dawson from behind with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

BW: Oh yeah! Dick Bass has seen enough of this disrespect from this punk kid!

[Casanova lunges into action, burying kicks into the ribs of Dawson as Bass does the same despite the referee's protests.]

BW: This is what happens when you mess with Johnny Casanova, Gordo! Right there! You put your hands on the Playboy and you WILL pay the price. Now this loser is getting what he deserves!

GM: It looks like Bull Dawson will not be joining Playboy Enterprises - that spot is going to Scotty Mayhem after a shocking return and victory right here tonight in Dallas, Texas!

[Bass pulls Dawson off the mat, holding his arms as Casanova hammers away with right hands to the skull. The Playboy backs off, gesturing at Bass who shoves Dawson forward into a boot to the gut. Casanova quickly hooks both arms...

...and DRIVES Dawson's skull into the canvas!]

GM: OHHHHHHH! PLAYBOY PLUNGE ON THE BULL!

[Bass smirks at the fallen Dawson as Casanova slaps his partner-in-crime on the shoulder, the two men exiting the ring as a handful of AWA officials rush the ring.]

GM: The Playboy Plunge puts down Bull Dawson and it looks like Playboy Enterprises' situation just got a whole lot more interesting here in the AWA, fans. We need to get some help out here for Mr. Dawson but right now, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by with one of the participants in tonight's Main Event - the San Jose Shark, Marcus Broussard!

[Crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say that in a little while, AWA Saturday Night Wrestling is going to feature one of the biggest main events in the history of the show. A battle of two men who have been cornerstones of the AWA's existence, a dream match if you will. Stevie Scott will battle my guest at this time, Marcus Broussard.

[Broussard walks onto the camera shot, dressed impeccably in an olive green suit, white shirt underneath, collar left undone. He brushes back the sleeve of his left arm to reveal a silver Rolex and hold sit to his ear as he approaches.]

MB: Do you hear that, Jason Dane. My genuine, top of the line watch is saying that the time will soon be at hand. Many nay sayers and critics, self styled pundits have long pondered just _what_ would happen when Marcus Broussard and Stevie Scott met in the ring.

I admit I've thought about it myself on more than one occasion.

[Broussard stops and holds a finger up, quiet.]

MB: I admit that when Adrian Freeman injured my shoulder and I had to watch on television as the fledgling wrestling promotion that I dragged out of the incubation stages like the thoroughbred that I am, when it blossomed, I admit that I felt jilted and abandoned. How soon we forget the greatness that lies before us.

[Broussard shakes his head, irritated.]

MB: Put simply. I watched on television for weeks and months as Stevie Scott dominated professional wrestling, and I was jealous. Ben Waterson built a machine around Stevie Scott so he could dominate the way I did, when all I needed was an Asian man in karate pants.

It stuck in my chest for the longest time, Jason, I couldn't even watch it anymore. I took a spot as a trainer at the Combat Corner because I needed to stay involved, but could not be subjected to that mockery anymore. I returned to the AWA, kicking and screaming, with the promise that I would get my reckoning with the man who sought to replace me.

And if you look back, you can see what I've been striving toward all along. It was me who challenged the Southern Syndicate to the WarGames match, it was _me_ who called Raphael Rhodes, when I couldn't stand the man. I put my own personal likes and dislikes on the backburner, because what I needed was a chance to look this man in the eye, this usurper, and see if he had the mettle to wear the title of AWA Cornerstone. The answer, as we found out, was a resounding no. But it was _me_ who took the bullet for Juan Vasquez. Long before the drug addicts and unemployed sat in the streets of New York, it was Marcus Broussard who Occupied the AWA, so our presumptive hero could get his one on one match with Stevie Scott.

But he too, failed.

[Broussard again shakes his head, irritated having given way to perturbed.]

MB: So Stevie Scott, I hope you make some more of those flippant comments you seem to be so fond of, I sincerely hope you downplay our match tonight, but know that I am not. I have waited for the better part of

three years to finally be across the ring from you, so that I could do what should have been done so long ago.

To put you in your place, Stevie Scott, and that is beneath my boot.

[Broussard looks directly into the camera as he says...]

MB: Your brush with greatness is officially over. I hope you enjoyed the ride.

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner.

We fade back up to live action where we find our announce team.]

GM: It's been a long and exciting night of action here on Saturday Night Wrestling and it's not over yet, fans. Coming up nex-

[Gordon is cut off as Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose" cranks up. The fans boo loudly as they know who's coming. And sure enough, The Bishop Boys come storming onto the set, with Cousin Bo following close behind.]

GM: What? You're not scheduled for now. Why are you here?

CB: Gee, glad to see you too, Myers. But, to answer your question, we're here to address our little run-ins with Violence Unlimited.

[The fans cheer the name of one of their favorite teams. Cletus Lee looks out into the audience with a grim expression that says "Don't test me." Bo points to one particularly amped up fan.]

CB: Sit down, fatso, I'm talking now!

[Oh, hey, more boos. Even better.]

GM: Yes, it would be nice to know what your problem with Violence Unlimited is.

BW: If you'd be quiet, Gordo, that's what he's trying to tell us!

CB: Thank you, Bucky. Now, as I was about to say, those two idiots go around all the time talking about how they are...

[Bo pauses to smile.]

CB ..._were_, I should say, the tag team champions.

GM: Yes, and you cost them those titles!

CB: Uh huh, whatever. Anyway, that's not all. They also go around bragging about winning the Stampede Cup.

GM: Yes, they did.

CB: Myers, stop interrupting me!

GM: I just don't see where the problem lies.

CB: Then you're blind as a bat. We were the champions once, and incidentally, you vile pieces of inbred trash just LOVED us when we did that. Don't ever forget that.

[Well, Bo, they're booing ya now.]

CB: And what happened there? Got screwed by Rough N Ready, of all teams, and their little helper monkey who shall remain nameless.

BW: It's true, Gordo. I'm sure you remember that.

GM: Indeed, I do. I also remember your cousins going crazy afterwards and getting suspended.

CB: Because the fix was in. We know somebody in that Committee has it out for us.

GM: What?!

CB: But that's a story for another time. Anyway, we also competed in the first Stampede Cup. And what was the end result of that? Got screwed in the finals. You can't tell me you don't remember that, Myers.

GM: Actually, I do.

CB: Praise the lord, you actually remember something the right way. And you better believe I still remember, Waterson, you cockroach. But anyway, while we were on vacation, I see this team winning the Cup AND winning the titles. And, boy, do they never shut up about it. So you know what?

GM: What?

CB: We decided WE were going to do the screwing for once! So how about that, VU? Doesn't it just suck having your titles stolen from you?

GM: You admit you screwed Violence Unlimited?

CB: You're damn right. Because I'm not gonna sit around all day and let somebody have what's rightfully ours. No, kids, what we're gonna do is destroy VU and prove we're the most dominant team in the history of the AWA. So, Lynch, you better have eyes in the back of your heads. Because we will crush you. And we WILL become the first ever two-time AWA National Tag Team Champions. And then? We win the Stampede Cup just to put a stamp on it. The AWA belongs to us, you just haven't figured it out yet.

[Cousin Bo starts to turn away when Gordon raises a hand.]

GM: Gentlemen, I know you choose not to pay any attention at all to our programming formats... but you just might want to see who was SUPPOSED to come out here just now. Take it away, Phil!

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

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... the team of Futurestar and The Sicilian Stud!

[The duo, a masked grappler in a silver mask and a stocky Italian nationalist, raise their arms to an otherwise apathetic crowd.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" fills the air.]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[The crowd ROARS to life as Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes stride into view from behind the curtains.]

PW: From Moscow, Tennessee and Tulsa, Oklahoma respectively... weighing in tonight at 595 pounds... they are-AH!

[Watson doesn't even get to finish his introduction, quickly exiting the ring as Morton and Haynes waste no time sprinting down the aisle and into the ring, quickly descending upon their opponents!]

GM: Violence Unlimited aren't even going to wait Phil Watson to finish his introductions...they're all over Futurestar and The Sicilian Stud!

BW: They've lost the titles to the Stench Brothers because of The Bishop Boys. They've had The Bishop Boys get the jump on them again and again. Ya' think they might be a little angry, Gordo?

"DING DING"

[Morton lifts Futurestar into the air with a military press and runs towards the ropes, tossing the masked wrestler onto the barely-padded floor, causing the Bishop Boys to have to bail out of the way!]

GM: OHHHH! Futurestar has to be SEEING stars after that press slam out of the ring!

[Morton dusts off his hands and salutes Futurestar, while inside the ring, Jackson Haynes has just pasted The Sicilian Stud with a stiff lariat. He quickly hauls the Italian wrestler back to his feet and places him into a standing headscissors, before swinging him up into the air and DOWN with a powerbomb!]

GM: THERE'S THE POWERBOMB FROM JACKSON HAYNES! That might be it!

BW: That's the kind of move that can knock the soul out of a body, daddy!

GM: Wait...Haynes isn't done!

[With a snarl, Haynes pulls the limp Sicilian Stud into another standing headscissors, once again swinging The Sicilian Stud up into the air and driving him back-first into the canvas with a huge powerbomb!]

GM: OH MY STARS! ANOTHER POWERBOMB FROM HAYNES! And there's the cover. This one's mercifully over...one, two, three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, here are your winners... VIOLENCE UNLIMITED!

[Morton and Haynes barely acknowledge the decision, looking ready for yet another fight. Morton grabs the microphone out of Watson's hands as the ring announcer as he once again quickly leaves the ring.]

DM: Me and Jack came here tonight looking for a fight and what we just saw wasn't even close to being one!

[Morton turns his attention to the floor, filled with piss and vinegar.]

DM: BISHOP BOYS! WE'RE CALLING YOU OUT! You think you're so damn tough jumping us from behind, but why don't you try taking on Violence Unlimited, face-to-face!?

[Pop! Morton puts up his dukes, ready to go.]

DM: It doesn't have to be in a ring! We'll take it the parking lot! We'll take it to the streets! To the Gulf Coast...all the way down to Mexico and all points inbetween! Because if it's a fight you want, then it's a fight you're gonna' get!

[Haynes takes the microphone from Morton and points towards the back.]

JH: Ya' might've been able to buy your way back into the AWA, boys, but we're gonna' make damn sure they'll be carryin' your sorry butts OUT!

[And with that, Haynes drops the microphone as Duane Henry Bishop dives under the bottom rope, rushing into the fray.]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Danny Morton doesn't waste any time either, rushing the ropes...

...and HURLING himself through them, crashing down onto a shocked Cletus Lee Bishop!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ALL OVER THE RINGSIDE AREA!!

[Cousin Bo backpedals away from a pissed-off Danny Morton, begging for mercy as Morton looks to deposit Bo into the fifth row...

...when suddenly a sea of AWA officials and security come pouring into view, clogging up any open space between the four men trying to battle all over Dallas, Texas!]

GM: We've got officials out here! We've got security out here!

BW: Let 'em fight!

GM: There's a whole lot of people here in the Crockett Coliseum that would agree with you on that, Bucky! But they're trying to get this situation under control just a short time before tonight's Main Event! Fans, we've got- we'll be right back!

[We abruptly cut back to the locker room area where "The Future" Pedro Perez is standing alongside Mark Stegglet. A few feet away, Ben Waterson is standing on his cell phone.]

MS: Pedro Perez, the Championship Committee has just informed us that in two weeks' time, you have issued an open challenge!

[Perez, standing in his silver and white ring jacket grins broadly.]

PP: You got that right, Marko Polo. Since Day One, I have told the entire world that I am the future of this business... I am the future of this sport... I am the future of this industry! And yet, every time I turn around, I have to hear people talking about Supernova... or Jeff Jagger... or Eric Preston... or any number of other guys that shouldn't be mentioned in the same breath as me.

Right, Ben?

[The mic is moved over to Waterson who waves it off, still talking on the phone.]

PP: That's right, baby. So, I've issued an open challenge for ANY of the AWA's top superstars to climb into the ring with yours truly so we can find out just WHO the Future of this company is, Stegglet.

Heck, let me ask you, Mark Stegglet - who is the Future of the AWA?

[Stegglet looks uncomfortable.]

PP: It's okay. You can say it.

MS: There's a lot of top talent, actually. I mean, when you look at-

PP: No, no, no. When you look at the other so-called "top talent", what you're really looking at is a poor man's Pedro Perez... just like that other guy who decided he'd be super tough guy and beat up a manager last week. News flash, Vasquez... if you want to prove something, I'm not a hard man to find.

Just follow the shining light and you'll find me standing dead center in the middle of it. Ain't that right, Ben?

[The mic again moves over to Waterson who angrily waves it off, his conversation obviously becoming more heated.]

PP: That's right! And when Pedro Perez is involved, you just know that you're looking at the dawning of a new age of talent. Forget your New Blood Drives... forget the AWA's Open Door policy... this is the Pedro Perez Is In The Friggin' Building Talent Showcase!

Because I am the Future...

[Perez tugs on a set of dark sunglasses.]

PP: ...and the future is now.

Tell 'em, Ben.

[Perez walks out of view as Stegglet moves the mic over to Waterson one more time.]

ATTSBW: YES! Yes, of course I saw it too. What? You think I'm blind? Not paying attention? Yes, I saw what he did two weeks ago. Yes, I saw what he did tonight too. Of course, I'm ready. I'm always ready. I just wish you hadn't gone and-

[Pause.]

ATTSBW: Look, I know it had to be done. But things were said that maybe shouldn't have been...

[Another pause.]

ATTSBW: You're free to take care of your business however you want... but we have agreements. We have arrangements in place and if certain people find out-

[Yet another pause.]

ATTSBW: Fine, fine! Just give me a little notice next time, okay?

[Waterson turns, finding the mic in front of him.]

ATTSBW: Look, I gotta go. Okay... alright... bye.

[Waterson lowers his cell phone, turning his gaze to Mark Stegglet - an icy, angry gaze.]

ATTSBW: Don't you know it's not polite to eavesdrop?

MS: I was conducting an interview with Pedro Perez and-

ATTSBW: And you thought you'd go hunting for scoops like Wilde or Michaelson, is that it?

MS: Not exac-

ATTSBW: Stegglet, you get this from me once. If you ever... EVER try to pull something like that on me again, it'll take more than the power of your Uncle to save your ass with me. Got it?

[Stegglet meekly nods.]

ATTSBW: Consider yourself warned.

[A glaring Waterson storms out of view, leaving Stegglet behind.]

MS: Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

[We crossfade back to ringside where our announcers are seated once more.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. And as you can see, fans, the security team was able to get some control out here at ringside. We got things cleared up and-

BW: And it's about time, Gordo! Cause you know what time it is!

GM: I really don't.

BW: Can ya hear it, Gordo? Can you hear it?

GM: Hear what?

BW: It's the Call, daddy! The Call Of The Wilde!

[Bucky scrambles out of his seat, rolling under the ropes into the ring as we crossfade to a nice panning shot of the building with a "THE CALL OF THE WILDE" graphic coming up on the screen...

...and then we fade back to the ring, where Bucky Wilde stands in the middle, a huge smile on his face — he certainly looks like the cat that swallowed the proverbial canary.]

BW: Welcome, once again, to The Call of the Wilde — the time when your rightful Announcer of the Year delivers big news in the AWA that only a man of my stature can be trusted to deliver!

And unlike that wannabe Todd Michaelson and his Money Pit, I deliver the really big payoffs — the biggest of the happenings in the AWA.

And if you thought what you saw at SuperClash was big — and if you thought what Playboy Enterprises has presented was big — I have something even bigger than that!

Allow me to introduce a man you haven't heard from for months — a man who was a proud champion in AWA, only to be unjustly suspended for something beyond his control...

...until now, that is.

[A grin as the crowd is buzzing.]

BW: So let me bring out that man — you all know him as...

“THE PROFESSIONAL” DAVE COOPER!

[And now the crowd is buzzing that much more — and plenty of fans booing — as “The Professional” by Leon plays over the PA and out walks the former co-holder of the AWA National tag team championships. Dave Cooper is dressed in a white button-down shirt and faded jeans. One thing is different about him, though — his thick mustache is still present but he now has his hair in a buzzcut.]

GM: I don't believe it — the AWA had suspended Dave Cooper and his tag team partner in Rough N' Ready, Eric Matthew Somers, for assaulting a referee and for discussing subjects they were told to never talk about. And now, Dave Cooper is back? I can't deny it — Bucky certainly has quite the scoop tonight!

[Cooper slowly walks down the ramp and ducks between the ropes. Bucky offers his hand which Cooper briefly takes with a quick handshake.]

BW: Dave Cooper, the man who represented AWA as co-holder of the National Tag Team Titles — and was undoubtedly robbed of those titles — he is back! Dave, it's great to have you hear on the Call of the Wilde!

DC: Bucky, let me just say that I was sick and tired of waiting around at home while the AWA front office played their games and told me I wasn't coming back any time soon. But now that I am back, I've got plenty of things to get off my chest — and while I'm not the biggest Jim Watkins fan, he did allow me this one evening for me to speak freely, so I'm gonna make the most of it.

BW: And I will let you have that floor, Dave, but the first thing I have to ask you is this: Where is your tag team partner, Eric Matthew Somers?

DC: Bucky, when Jim Watkins got on the phone with me and suggested maybe the time was right for me to come back, I said I'd be open to it, but only if he made at least a few concessions — and Watkins told me that he'd listen, but he had a few things he'd insist upon as a condition of reinstating me.

And one of those things was that, if I came back, Eric Matthew Somers would not, unless he came out and publicly apologized for failing to head a referee's instruction and for joining me in attacking one after we lost our tag team titles.

I told Watkins that wouldn't be an issue — because I came to the conclusion that Eric couldn't control his temper well enough for me to consider teaming with him any longer. So I told Watkins not to worry — Eric wouldn't be coming back with me because it was time for me to go about things on my own.

BW: So what does this mean about... well... the men you once associated yourselves with?

DC: Bucky, Jim Watkins promised me my one chance to talk about what I wanted to talk about — especially given those legal circumstances.

The men that I associated myself with — I am proud to call Joe Petrow...

[The name draws yet another buzz and plenty of boos from the crowd.]

DC: ...a man who I trust to do the right things as my manager. And do you know why, Bucky?

BW: [pausing briefly] I'm not sure what you are getting at, Dave.

DC: You look at the rest of the men here who call themselves managers and the one thing they lack is a backbone. Percy Childes, Ben Waterson, Louis Matsui and the rest of them may talk the talk, but when they get confronted by Jim Watkins or somebody else in power, they cower in the corner and beg them not to fine them, not to suspend them and they'll be good little soldiers.

Not Joe Petrow — he goes to bat for the men he serves. He never backed down from any authority figure because he knew his job was to serve the best interests of the men he represents — and for that, he got suspended.

Yeah, he may not be allowed in any arena the AWA holds a show, but you know the man stands by his principles!

[Bucky doesn't say anything right away — as if he's not sure if he should keep the subject on the suspended manager.]

BW: Well... let's get to something else, Dave. You say it's time to do things on your own — you are planning to enter the ranks of singles competition?

DC: You're a smart man, Bucky. And I hear about how Robert Donovan is gonna go chasing after Calisto Dufresne and the National title... about how Eric Preston and Rick Marley are arguing about who deserves a shot at the Longhorn Heritage title... about how James Monosso is gonna beat down anybody who gets a National title shot before he does... about Stevie Scott and Marcus Broussard whining about how they still haven't been given their

rightful rematches for that title... about Sultan Azam Sharif arguing with Count Adrian Bathwaite about when is the right time to down his challenge... about how MAMMOTH Misuzawa is gonna run through the whole roster... about how Supernova wants to occupy the number one contender spot... and about how Juan Vasquez is mad at the whole world for leaving him in a hospital bed while he sipped his meals through a straw.

Well, gentlemen — a term I definitely use loosely — if all of you were truly honest men, you'd admit that not one of you is worthy of stepping into the ring with Calisto Dufresne — and Dufresne, while he's at it, would admit he's not worthy of holding onto that title belt — because there's only one man that should be getting that National title shot and strapping that belt around his waist.

And that's Mark Langseth.

[The buzzing from the crowd again, but plenty of boos as well. Bucky doesn't say anything, again apparently unsure if he should touch further upon that subject.]

DC: But because Langseth dared to speak his mind and make it clear he wasn't gonna wrestle just any old Johnny come lately and wouldn't make an appearance until he got his rightful title shot, the AWA told him he wasn't welcome any longer.

Well, if that's the way the AWA is gonna run things, then I'm just gonna have to do something about it.

And that's why I'm sending a message to the entire AWA roster — to the Vasquezes, the Broussards, the Scotts, the Monossos and everybody else — you are on The Professional's hit list and I'm gonna bring each and every one of you down the hard way and make you realize just how unworthy you are of being mentioned in the same breath as Mark Langseth. And once the right thing is done and Langseth is allowed to return, Dufresne will be the first one to know just how unworthy he is of the title belt he holds.

But then I'll collect my reward, and that is the Longhorn Heritage title — and whenever I get the Longhorn Heritage champion in the ring, it doesn't matter who it happens to be — you will be crowning a new champion.

And that, Bucky, is the end of the discussion!

[And with that, "The Professional" plays again as Cooper walks out of the ring, ducking between the ropes, then walking swiftly back up the aisle. Bucky stands there in silence for a moment, before slowly walking to the side of the ring and climbing through the ropes. We cut back to Gordon.]

GM: Wow... Dave Cooper is back and... I really don't know what else to say other than he is clearly a man on a mission.

[At this time, Bucky returns to the announce position.]

BW: Gordon, I do owe everyone an apology... I just didn't know how to handle... you know, two of the names he dropped.

GM: I don't blame you, Bucky. We all know what the AWA staff has had to say regarding that.

BW: But Jim Watkins let Dave have the floor.. I just didn't know he was serious that he'd let him talk about those subjects.

GM: Dave Cooper certainly is not a happy man — and the question, Bucky, is just how good will he be in the singles ranks.

BW: Gordo, I will say that I respect Dave as a wrestler and know he is one of the best in the business. He may be entering singles in the AWA for the first time, but when you consider what he had to say and what he believes, I certainly wouldn't bet against him.

GM: Well, Bucky... you got your chance. Now it's Todd Michaelson's turn!

BW: Do we have to?

GM: Yup! Take it away, Todd!

["For the Love of Money" starts playing in the Crockett Coliseum and all heads turn to the section of the interview area reserved for the AWA's longest running wrestling talk show! A deep voice cuts over the top of the classic track...]

"Ladies and gentlemen...

TODD MICHAELSON!"

[The camera cuts to a "set" made of wooden walls that are painted and dressed to be a mock-up of a bank vault. There are also various stacks of (presumably) fake money and bags of money all over the ground. Sitting in the middle of it on a wooden stool, Todd Michaelson is dressed to the nines, a smile plastered across his face. The music fades.]

TM: Welcome to The Money Pit!

[Cheering, the fans in attendance let Todd know how they feel. His smile, however, looks off, and fades as quickly as the pop that rang for the introduction of his segment.]

TM: Last year was an interesting one in the AWA. Teams were formed, disbanded, a lot of big names came and went and some ... some were taken from us by the so-called darkness.

[Pause. Michaelson clears his throat and swallows visibly.]

TM: Impacts were made. It can be argued that, in 2011, nobody had a bigger impact on AWA than my guest tonight.

Fans, please give an _appropriate_ greeting for William Craven!

[Instantly the capacity crowd roars it's disapproval as "Forsaken" by David Draiman plays over the PA system as the curtain parts at the entrance to the Money Pit. Stepping first into view is the mysterious Minion, much to Michaelson's chagrin. The host shakes his head on seeing the gas-masked-man in the long, black coat stepping through and holding the curtain open.]

TM: What is this garbage? I thought you took off when "The Dragon" revealed himself.

[Taking no notice, the Minion holds very still as a strange sight steps into view; Craven, naturally. Ever strange, Craven seems stranger in his wearing of very normal black suit and tie. Smacking the Minion in his shoulder Craven indicates that his servant should follow him as he approaches the stage. The Minion, much smaller than Craven, wobbles slightly before turning to follow.]

TM: So you kept one slave from your little army, eh Craven? Here, c'mon, have a seat; that Minion kid wasn't expected so he can sit on the floor if he wants to stay.

[Cocking a thick, shaven brow, Craven licks his sharpened chops with a smirk at Michaelson.]

WC: He will stand. My Minion has the strong, muscular legs of a working man, Michaelson. You remember those, don't you? You used to have _a pair_, yes?

[His face tensing, Michaelson seems tense, as if he's restraining his natural reactions to Craven. The emphasis on "a pair" did not go unnoticed.]

WC: Isn't it nice to have this chance to catch up? Hm? So _nice_ of James to arrange this reunion. And how are you?

[There's no pleasantry like false pleasantry and the dynamic between Craven and Michaelson is thusly set. When Todd speaks again he does so through clenched teeth.]

TM: I'm fine and I assume you mean Jim Watkins. Yeah, Jim made the arrangements for you to be my guest. Lucky me...

[Pregnant pause. Craven's face goes lax as he fixes an apathetic stare on his host.]

TM: But enough about me. How about you? How about that William Craven? You sure are making waves as of late. Your little "Dragon" stunt has some people calling you the hottest property in professional wrestling today.

WC: And what do you think?

TM: You don't want to know what I think.

WC: True. Todd ... my tactics, as shown, are the culmination of a career's worth of failures and glories, drawn to a head. Mine is the mastery of the "Long Game". "The Dragon", one of many names, was an identity I assumed for nearly a year. You can call it a "stunt" but I prefer to think of it as a "campaign". Generating interest, I brought viewers to the AWA in droves while working only a few nights during 2011. Most would call this "genius". Fifteen years ago, when I began this journey, there was no way that I could have wrought such works, no matter how much sweat and blood I shed.

TM: Yes, I remember you back then. You were ... wild, uncontrolled. Some called you inconsistent, even erratic.

[Rumbling, a rough and deep sardonic chuckle escapes Craven.]

TM: And that's funny?

WC: Very! Oh Todd, I am no longer that man, no. You think of the Empire, yes? As do I...

[Craven looks at his palms, flexing the joints of his hands.]

WC: Every day it weighs on me. How I wish to once more return to simpler times when the violence was all that mattered. Violence, my lady, filling me with her love in every waking moment, unfettered by other petty concerns ... my flesh still my own...

[Slowly, Craven turns his hands over to look at the back of them; green. His palms have lost the green ink that cover most of his body but the backs of his hands still have a sickly, pale green pallor to them. He seems wistful for a moment. Todd just looks increasingly annoyed.]

TM: Right, everyone knows that after you had your little meltdown and family implosion two-point-oh you decided to turn yourself into some kind of freaky snake guy. Congratulations, most people get queasy just being near you so mission accomplished.

[His ice-blue eyes flicking back and forth from his own hands to Michaelson's face, Craven sneers.]

WC: This? This was not my choice, no, this was a sacrifice.

[Flinch. Michaelson blinks several times.]

TM: Sacrifice? What--

WC: Forget liberty from the womb--I was born in a land of extreme ... baptized in blood and fire and raised by violence. This shell I wear was shredded to make the _bricks_ used in constructing a better Empire. I

sacrificed all I was to this industry! All I did I did to make the people cheer and when I outlived my usefulness, I was lost to entropy, exiled from the Empire. This is what created the "Devil's Hand" ... the ... serpent you see when you look at me.

[Shifting in his seat, Michaelson doesn't seem to like the direction this conversation is taking.]

TM: You sure are focusing on the past a lot, Craven.

WC: Heh, aheh, please, Todd, why so formal? Call me Bill.

TM: I think we're past that--

WC: I _insist_...

[The two men scowl at one another for a moment but it looks like Michaelson's still making an effort to keep things civil.]

TM: Fine, Bill. You keep talking about "The Empire" but that's ancient history. More to the point you were history years before it finally folded. So, I have to admit... I don't get it.

WC: Heh. This is where the error lies, Todd. They thought me dead but I can not die. A Hardcore Heart does not die ... rather, it endures ... immortal...

[Michaelson looks even more confused.]

TM: Immortal?

WC: Indeed! So many years later, others have forgotten, forgotten what has gone before, the history forged to which you have alluded. As I did not die neither did the Empire! It lives on in me. The years ... throughout the years I performed the actions necessary to attain the goals set before me. This was done by any means necessary and through using anyone available. Money was no object ... time was no object. Now the pieces begin to fall into place.

TM: And your goal was ... to cripple Alex Martinez?

WC: Too true ... but too small. Alex was given every opportunity to step aside, to finally allow me my time in the spotlight, but he chose instead to retain his position as the primary focus of the industry. This could not stand. I could no longer wait my turn. More to the point; were he allowed to remain he might interfere.

TM: You are really losing me here. What would he interfere in?

WC: Heh, ahehehe, the revolution!

[Michaelson seems to be losing his patience.]

TM: You're not making any sense here. Revolution? What revolution?

[Craven is becoming increasingly animated, gesticulating with both hands and looking about himself, even behind himself randomly in twitching motion.]

WC: I was promised a revolution! Many of us there were, toiling away, but I was it's chief architect! It was built from my bones, shredded flesh and blood shed by the buckets! It was I that battered the Bad Eye! It was I that detonated the Demon Boy! Flames, brutality, VIOLENCE! For two years I was surrounded by love...

[Keen to maintain control, Michaelson glances off-camera, presumably at AWA's ample security force.]

TM: Okay, keep it cool there, Billy boy.

[Craven pays him no mind, continuing his rant.]

WC: But now where has the violence gone...? To the Bingo halls and high school gymnasiums, never to be seen again on the world stage. Where is my revolution? WHERE DID IT GO!

[Craven lurches to his feet, tearing the tie from his neck, leaving it to dangle lopsidedly from his collar. Michaelson too leaps up, putting his stool between himself and the green man beast. The former World Champion slightly raises his hands in defense.]

TM: Keep it together, Craven! This is my show!

WC: Yes, yes of course ... and that ... that is why I'm here?

[Todd's face contorts wildly in confusion.]

TM: I--come again?

WC: You ... Stegglet ... Taylor ... the multitudes of men who, together, formed the only place I could ever truly call home; the Empire. EMWC. The birthplace of violence. Where Extreme lives...

[Michaelson shakes his head in disbelief.]

TM: Whoa, wait a second, this is not the EMWC! Now I know you've lost it.

[Craven glares at the implication.]

WC: No! No, you cannot see, but the pieces are there. A powderkeg ... waiting only for a spark to ignite. Here is my home, held hostage in the lair of the Lotus Eaters, seen as a land of nostalgia through the rose-colored glasses of people stuck in a past far more distant than the one you object to, Todd. A time now long forgotten recalled for fear of what truly lurks inside

the hearts of every man. Nostalgia masks the Violence. This will I resurrect, Todd!

[Grinning, gleeful, Craven locks eyes with Michaelson, a perfect laser focus replacing the distant scattering of his attentions. Todd slightly backs off, pulling the wooden stool within grasp.]

TM: EMWC? Extreme? You've lost your mind if you think you can bring that stuff here, Craven! That's not what the AWA is about... that's not why we're here anymore.

[Craven exclaims with a harsh jab of laughter.]

WC: Hah! Call me Bill, old friend, yes, we're friends, aren't we? Did you know that your name is from the old English word for Fox? The Gaels still use the word. Yes. Yes, a fox ... roadkill on the highway?

[Michaelson slowly lifts the wooden stool in front of him.]

TM: I don't know what you've got on your twisted mind, psycho... but I'm not as helpless as you seem to think.

[Craven laughs again.]

WC: Heh, aheh! You think I have designs on your hide? Look at you, pasty old man, you've only a few years on me but already you've begun to succumb to the ravages of time. No, friend, I have you to thank, thank you for giving me this venue in which to preach what will soon be the hymn lingering on the lips of all! It begins with me and ends when all are surrounded by love!

TM: What the- what are you talking about!?

WC: All will be violence. I am the beginning ... I am The End! I am known by many names but here, in the AWA ... all shall know me as the "One Man Revolution"... It gets worse, Todd. From here on ... it gets worse...

[Finally receding, his servant in tow, Craven backs right off the Money Pit set, a sick grin of partly missing and all sharpened teeth, twin tongues wagging in the wind. Cut to commercial as Todd continues to wield the wooden stool... just in case.

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

Kid #1: It's so hot.

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

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

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

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

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

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

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

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

SDW: And me!

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

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

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

And then back up to live action where we find Phil Watson standing, the participants of the night's Main Event already in the ring with him.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from San Jose, California... he is accompanied to the ring by the Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson...

[Boos for the diabolical manager.]

PW: He was the first man to ever wear the AWA National Title and is the current Number Six contender for that same championship... weighing in tonight at 252 pounds...

He is the San Jose Shark...

MARRRRRRCUS BROUUUUUSSAAAAARRRD!

[Broussard raises his right arm slowly, soaking up the jeers of the crowd as he glares across the ring at the man he's about to compete against.]

GM: There can be no doubt that the San Jose Shark is all business here tonight, fans. Look at the eyes... look at the focus. That's a man who wants this victory in the worst possible way.

BW: You heard what he said earlier, right? This is the reason that Broussard came back to the AWA in 2010! This is it! Right here!

[The jeers die down for Broussard who huddles up with Ben Waterson for some last minute discussion as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent... from St. Louis, Missouri... he is a two-time former AWA National Champion and the current Number Seven contender for the same championship... weighing in tonight at 228 pounds...

He is the Hotshot...

STEEEEEEEEEEVIEEEEEEE SCOOOOOOOOTT!

[Stevie Scott doesn't budge an inch, not acknowledging the cheering crowd in the slightest. He is as serious as he's ever been, staring a hole right through his rival.]

GM: This is gonna be something else, fans.

BW: There's a whole lot of people who've been waiting a long, long time to see these two square off like this. And in a match that has such major Top Ten ranking implications.

GM: They're currently ranked six and seven but a win tonight could change all of that in a major, major way.

[Senior Official Johnny Jagger gives both men some final comments...

...and then signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[As the bell sounds, the two men slowly edge out of their respective corners, neither man willing to rush into a mistake in the early moments of the match. They move laterally, ultimately dancing about in a circle as they each look for an opening. Outside the ring, Ben Waterson slaps the apron, shouting encouragement to the San Jose Shark while disparaging his former client in Stevie Scott.]

GM: You could cut the tension in the air with a knife, Bucky.

BW: These two know exactly how important this match is to their futures.

[The crowd buzzes as Broussard lunges in, attempting a single leg takedown but Stevie Scott sprawls backwards, stuffing the takedown.]

GM: Nice avoidance of the takedown by the Hotshot.

BW: He's been watching some video, Gordo. That's not the usual kind of defense we see from Stevie Scott. He's more partial to a right hand to the mush than any kind of sidestepping.

GM: Remember, Marcus Broussard has an amateur wrestling background from his days at San Jose State and is widely considered one of the best technical wrestlers in the world.

[Broussard smirks at Stevie Scott who stands at the ready to stuff another takedown attempt as the Shark pushes back to his feet, inching closer towards the Hotshot...

...and dives in again, this time trying to hook both legs, but again has pressure put on his upper back and shoulders, avoiding the takedown to some cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Scott blocks the takedown again...

[This time, the San Jose Shark's face is covered in annoyance as he backs off, eyeing Stevie Scott who waves for him to try it again.]

GM: And you've gotta believe that Broussard walked into this match expecting to be able to take down Stevie Scott at will. So far, that has not been the case, Bucky.

BW: It really hasn't and I'm as surprised as the San Jose Shark is.

GM: As am I. Stevie Scott certainly has been working on his defense leading up to this very important encounter.

[Broussard pushes up to his feet again, stroking his chin as he backs to his corner. Waterson climbs up on the apron, speaking with the San Jose Shark...

...and drawing the interest of Jim Watkins who shouts at Waterson from his ringside seat.]

GM: Jim Watkins is certainly planning to keep this match under control. He wants no interference from anyone and has done an excellent job here tonight in playing the role of enforcer out on the floor.

[Broussard nods to Waterson, edging out of the corner once more as the manager drops back down to the floor. The Shark moves towards Scott, trying to cut off his escape angles...

...and rushes in, pushing him back against the buckles.]

GM: Uh oh! The Shark's got him on the ropes!

[The referee steps in, calling for a clean break. Broussard suddenly straightens up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He slapped him! He slapped him across the-

[The crowd ROARS as the Hotshot fires back, dropping the San Jose Shark with a right hand on the jaw! Broussard promptly scrambles back to his feet, pointing at his chin to the official...

...and quickly finds himself on his back courtesy of a Stevie Scott double leg takedown!]

GM: Oh my! Who would have thought? It's the Hotshot who scores the takedown early in this one!

[Broussard struggles, wriggling and wiggling as he tries to get out from under the Hotshot who tries to keep him down...

...but it's the San Jose Shark who manages to get to the ropes, shouting "GET HIM OFF ME!" immediately to the official who starts a five count. Scott extricates himself from the takedown at four, a grin on his face as he retakes his feet.]

GM: And it's quite obvious that Stevie Scott liked that, Bucky.

BW: Of course he did! How embarrassing is that for the Shark?! He got taken down by a halfwit like Stevie Scott!

[Scott waits for Broussard to get up. As the Shark reaches his feet, Scott shouts at him.]

GM: Scott just told Broussard that anything he can do, he can do better.

BW: He's delusional, Gordo. That might have been true when he was Stevie Scott, leader of the Southern Syndicate, and had Ben Waterson in his corner to advise him... but now? No chance.

[Broussard paces back and forth a bit, obviously still angry as Stevie Scott stands, hands on hips, waiting for the fight to continue. Johnny Jagger keeps the two-time champion at bay...

...and then signals for the match to continue as Broussard turns his focus back to the Hotshot.]

GM: Collar and elbow tieup...

[Broussard uses his toned physique to push Scott a few steps back and then switches his grip, tugging the Hotshot into a side headlock. He wrenches down on the neck, nodding at the jeering crowd just a split second before he pops his hips, taking Scott down to the mat.]

GM: Nice headlock takeover by the San Jose Shark!

[Broussard leans on the upper body, forcing the shoulders to the mat.]

GM: Scott's down for one... for two...

[But the Hotshot forces his right shoulder off the canvas just before the three count...

...and then wraps his arms around the waist of Broussard, rolling him onto his shoulders!]

GM: A reversal gets one! Gets two! But that's all!

[The San Jose Shark cranks down harder on the hold, back in the original position. He grinds the bone in his forearm against Scott's cheekbone as Waterson applauds from out on the floor...

...and then gets rolled onto his shoulders again!]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[But Scott again finds himself back down on the mat as the Shark is able to roll back the other way.]

GM: These two are going back and forth down on the mat and-

[Broussard suddenly releases his grip on his own wrist, hammering away with clenched fists to the skull of Scott...

...and then re-securing the headlock as the referee reprimands him.]

GM: What a cheapshot that was!

BW: What?! That was totally legal!

GM: It may have been legal but there's no way it was sportsmanlike.

BW: Who cares about that?

GM: These fans here in Dallas do!

BW: Who cares about THEM?

[The crowd cheers for the Hotshot as he struggles, getting his legs under him as he pushes up to a knee. He throws a forearm into the ribs of

Broussard, trying to break the headlock. A second forearm lands as well, stinging enough for the Shark to break the headlock...

...and again slam home a series of punches to the head!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Scott manages to get to his feet as Broussard pulls down the back of his head, blasting him with a European uppercut that sends the Hotshot falling back into the corner.]

GM: Ohh! Big uppercut by the San Jose Shark!

[Broussard quickly moves in on the corner, ducking his head and grabbing the middle rope with both hands.]

GM: Broussard DRIVES the shoulder into the ribs of the Hotshot!

[Still leaning over, the Shark does it again, knocking the wind out of Stevie Scott who is visibly breathing heavily. A third shoulder slams home before the referee forces Broussard to step back. The Shark shoves the referee aside, moving back in to grab the arm of the Hotshot.]

GM: The Shark fires him across!

[But the Hotshot raises his leg at the last moment, blocking his charge into the corner. He swings around to find Broussard charging in...

...and just BARELY spins out of the way, allowing the Shark to slam chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! He miss- rollup!

[The crowd cheers the schoolboy rollup by the Hotshot, a surprise cradle that earns a two count before Broussard kicks out in time!]

GM: A nearfall there by the Hotshot!

BW: A little bit of role reversal there, Gordo. We usually see Broussard busting out those cradles - those pinning predicaments.

[An angry Broussard rolls out to the floor, immediately being greeted by Ben Waterson to the jeers of the crowd. Scott scrambles after him, leaning over the ropes and taking a swipe at the fleeing San Jose Shark.]

GM: The Hotshot's got a bit of a temper, fans! Never forget that!

[The referee holds Scott back as Broussard and Waterson strategize out on the barely-padded floor. The San Jose Shark shouts something in Scott's direction who verbally fires back.]

GM: We've got a war of words going on out here, fans... and we're going to take a quick break. We'll be right back with more of tonight's Main Event!

[The shot fades on Broussard and Waterson huddling up to black.]

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 mmssem t fmmmya!

[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.

We fade back up to live action where Broussard has Stevie Scott down on the mat, gripping the Hotshot's leg underneath his armpit as he tries to turn him onto his stomach.]

GM: And we're back, fans... and during the break you can see that the San Jose Shark managed to regain a slight edge and is now trying to really take advantage of that situation.

BW: The Shark is trying to secure that half Boston Crab, hoping to hook in that submission hold to work on the leg and back of the two-time National Champion.

[Broussard struggles and strains to apply the hold, trying to turn Scott over...

...but the Hotshot flails away, kicking up at the San Jose Shark.]

GM: Scott's trying to get free! Trying to avoid the-

[Broussard abruptly breaks the hold and drives the point of his elbow down into the throat!]

GM: Ohh!

[Down on his knees, Broussard pulls Scott up by the hair, throwing a series of right hands to the temple before shoving the Hotshot down, leaning across into a lateral press.]

GM: Cover for one! For two!

[But Scott fires his left shoulder off the mat before three. Broussard grabs the arm that lifted up, shoving it down hard to the mat and shouting "COUNT HIM AGAIN!"]

GM: Another cover gets a one! Gets two!

[Scott lifts the right shoulder this time, breaking the pin. Broussard switches his grip, taking a straddle and pushing both arms down to the canvas.]

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

[The Hotshot pushes up strongly with both arms, forcing his shoulders just barely off the canvas. The San Jose Shark shakes his head, driving a headbutt down on the bridge of the nose, knocking Scott's shoulders back to the canvas while Broussard interlocks his fingers with his opponent's, pushing the shoulders down again, earning another two count that is broken when the Hotshot bridges up off the mat.]

GM: Nice bridge! Scott gets the shoulders up!

BW: It takes a lot of leg and neck strength to be able to do that, Gordo.

GM: It certainly does.

[Broussard fights the bridge, trying to push Scott back down. The San Jose Shark tries to force the shoulders down to no avail as Scott powers up off the mat, forcing both men back to a standing position...

...and slips his leg behind the Shark's, tripping him up as he forces the first National Champion down to the mat!]

GM: Nice counterwrestling by the two-time National Champion, Bucky!

BW: He's certainly trying to keep pace with the Shark - that's for sure.

[With Scott standing and Broussard on his back, the Hotshot abruptly straightens up, stomping down on the right bicep of the Shark. He releases the left arm, switching to a two-handed grip on the right wrist, and twists the arm around his leg before kneeling down on the bicep!]

GM: Oh! He's got the arm tied up! Nicely done.

[The Hotshot torques the limb wrapped around his arm, causing Broussard to cry out in pain. Kneeling on the arm, Scott slaps away the Shark's attempts to free himself with his free hand...

...and HAMMERS his open palm down on Broussard's chest!]

GM: Good grief! That'll leave a mark!

[A grinning Scott tells the referee to ask Broussard if he wants to submit but Broussard refuses to even consider it. He rocks his hips back, trying to get his legs high enough to find an escape but Scott pulls his head back to avoid it.]

GM: Scott avoids the escape...

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Another big chop to the chest!

[Scott quickly gets up to his feet, holding the wrist...

...and drops his leg across the arm, scissoring the limb between his legs.]

GM: He drops the legs and goes immediately into an armscissor! Stevie Scott is showing off some tremendous mat wrestling techniques here tonight, Bucky.

BW: I'll give him credit for that much. He's certainly doing better than I expected.

[Broussard promptly rolls to his knee, pushing back against the armscissors, removing some of the leverage. He straightens up to his feet...

...and lays in three hard kicks to the back of Scott!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: But Scott hangs on! The kicks were hard but they weren't enough!

[Broussard grabs one of the legs with his free arm, kicking over into a single leg cradle.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[Scott slips out of the sloppy pin attempt, leaving both men to scramble up to their feet...

...and this time, the Shark EXPLODES into the double leg takedown, toppling the Hotshot down to the mat.]

GM: What a takedown!

[Broussard quickly grabs Scott's left leg, wrapping his legs around it.]

GM: Legscissors applied by the Shark!

[Broussard lifts his upper leg, slamming the heel down into the thigh repeatedly to the jeers of the crowd just before he reapplies the hold, tugging the ankle and foot against the grain.]

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TWENTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Lots of pressure being put on the foot and ankle there by the San Jose Shark... and don't forget that SoCal Clutch is one of Broussard's signature holds - that devastating anklelock submission hold.

[Scott struggles against the hold, grabbing Broussard's legs and trying to push them apart. Failing to do so, he falls back, extending his arms as far as he can in a reach for the ropes.]

GM: Broussard's got this hold applied perhaps a little too close to- yes! Scott grabs the ropes and that'll force a break here.

[Broussard keeps the hold applied until the count of four and finally breaks, rolling away and quickly climbing to his feet as Scott does the same near the ropes, wincing a bit as he puts pressure on the leg...

...which is like blood in the water for the Shark as he lunges back in, grabbing the hurting leg!]

GM: The man's on the ropes! Get back from there!

[A desperate Scott tries to avoid the takedown, clinging to the top rope with his right arm and slamming his left arm down repeatedly on the head and neck of the San Jose Shark.]

GM: Scott's fighting it! Trying to avoid being taken down again!

[Broussard hangs on tough though, keeping his arms wrapped around the thigh of Scott who continues to hammer away, trying to get himself free...]

GM: Broussard can't get him off his feet!

[Scott throws a desperate knee, slamming it into the temple of Broussard, knocking the Shark back down to the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! Nice counter there!

[The Hotshot steps up, grabbing the legs of the San Jose Shark...]

GM: He's going for a catapult!

[But this time, it's Broussard trying to fight it, wriggling and kicking his legs. He manages to get one leg free and lashes out with a well-placed upkick to the jaw of Scott, sending him crashing through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! How about that shot?!

BW: Broussard was not about to let Scott take advantage of that situation and he just sent him flying out to the floor!

GM: And look out now, here comes Waterson!

[The Agent To The Stars quickly moves around the ringside area, moving in on a downed Hotshot...

...when Jim Watkins comes to his feet, blocking Waterson's path to the roaring cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! Big Jim blocks his path! He's not about to let Waterson have an impact on this match!

BW: Waterson has an impact on the match just BEING in the building! Watkins has no right to do this, Gordo. None at all. This is complete abuse of power!

[Waterson freezes in his tracks, shouting some words similar to what Bucky just said in Watkins' direction. But Big Jim stands stoic, ready to prevent Waterson from interfering as Stevie Scott slowly gets back to his feet out on the floor...

...and gets caught with a baseball slide kick, sending him flailing backwards where he smashes into the ringside barricade!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: Beautiful! While everyone was all concerned with Waterson and Watkins, Marcus Broussard just lowered the boom on Stevie Scott, sending him crashing into the steel!

[Broussard rolls under the ropes to the floor, sharing a few words with Jim Watkins as he approaches Scott.]

GM: The San Jose Shark is out on the floor and he's looking to continue the assault on Stevie Scott out here at ringside.

[Approaching Scott, Broussard grabs him by the arm, tugging him off the railing...

...and then THROWS him spinefirst back into the steel!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL AGAIN!

[Scott's arms drape over the metal railing, trying to stay on his feet as Broussard stands over him, trash talk flying in the direction of the Hotshot.]

GM: Broussard's really giving him a talking-to out there on the floor.

[Pulling Scott off the railing by the hair, Broussard drags him over towards the ring, shoving him back under the ropes so that his head is dangling off the apron. The San Jose Shark pulls himself up on the apron, measuring his man...

...and drops off, smashing his forearm down across the throat, leaving Scott gasping for air as he rolls back and forth on the canvas!]

GM: A well-measured shot by Broussard and he's got Stevie Scott in a whole lot of trouble out here at ringside.

[The Shark rolls back into the ring, quickly grabbing the hurting Scott by the legs.]

BW: Hahah! I love it! He's gonna do EXACTLY what Scott was going to do to him!

[Broussard falls back, DRIVING Scott's throat into the bottom rope at an alarming speed!]

GM: Good grief!

[Scott's hands instantly shoot up to his throat, gasping for air as Broussard tugs him by the ankle back into the ring where he promptly applies a lateral press.]

GM: Broussard gets one! He gets two!

[But Scott slips a shoulder off the mat, still violently coughing as he tries to roll away from the San Jose Shark.]

GM: Stevie Scott needs to get out of there. He needs a chance to recover from those shots to the throat - the man can't even breathe right now, Bucky.

BW: Marcus Broussard is cold and calculating inside that ring. He knows what it takes to put a man down for a three count and he'll do whatever is necessary to make that happen.

[Scott rolls from the ring to the relative safety of the ring apron which is where the first National Champion finds him when he re-takes his feet. Broussard leans over the top rope, dragging Scott to his feet.]

GM: He's gonna break the Hotshot back in the hard way!

[Broussard leans over, securing a bodyslam as he hoists Scott into the air...

...and gets dragged down to the canvas in a small package!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE! SMALL PACKAGE!!

[The official dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Broussard kicks out at the absolute last moment, sending a murmur of disappointment through the crowd that thought Stevie Scott had just pulled off victory with one of the Shark's own weapons.]

GM: Stevie Scott with another cradle attempt and that one was even closer than the previous one! The Hotshot seems almost determined to beat Broussard at his own game here tonight, Bucky.

BW: That's a dangerous game to play, Gordo. There's a reason that Broussard is the master of those cradles. He knows every way to get someone into them and he knows every way out of them, daddy.

GM: We may find out if that's true before this night is over.

[An angry Broussard smashes a driving elbow drop down into the back of Stevie Scott's neck as the Hotshot scrambled to try and get to his feet. Broussard gets up, stomping Scott repeatedly as he shows some frustration.]

GM: Broussard's all over him! He's stomping Scott all the way out to the ring apron again... and he's going for it again!

[Broussard leans over the ropes, hauling Scott up to a knee...

...and Scott grabs the middle rope, slinging himself between the ropes to slam his shoulder into the Shark's midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Scott caught him!

[Grabbing the top rope, Stevie Scott slingshots himself over the ropes, pulling Broussard down to the canvas in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP GETS ONE!! GETS TWO!! GETS TH-

[But again, Broussard kicks out of the pin attempt at the very last moment, avoiding defeat.]

GM: That was VERY close, Bucky.

BW: Closer than I would expect it to be. Like I said, Marcus knows every way out of those holds as well. He should be kicking out at one or two - not getting these near falls.

[Broussard is again the first to his feet, catching a rising Scott with a well-placed knee to the midsection. A hammering overhead elbow to the back of the neck puts Scott down on a knee and allows Broussard to apply a front facelock, slinging the Hotshot's arm over his neck...

...and snaps him over with a high-impact suplex!]

GM: Ohh! He nearly took the man out of his boots with that, Bucky!

BW: Man, I love watching Marcus Broussard wrestle. It's like watching Rembrandt or Van Gogh paint! It's like watching Beethoven or Chopin make music! It's like watching ME manage!

GM: Oh, give me a break.

[Broussard pushes up to his feet, stretching out his arms to the side and soaking up the jeers of the capacity crowd as he stands over his downed opponent.]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit for this one, fans, and you get the feeling these two men could go all night if they had to.

BW: Never forget that we saw Marcus Broussard compete in the ONLY one hour time limit draw in AWA history. He can go the distance if he has to, Gordo.

GM: He certainly can.

[Leaning down, Broussard drags Scott to his feet, uncorking another European uppercut that staggers him. A second one sends Scott falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Those European uppercuts are absolutely brutal!

[Broussard approaches the corner, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh my, what a knife-edge chop by the San Jose Shark!

[A few more chops land, leaving a red welt on the chest of the Hotshot before Broussard grabs him by the arm.]

GM: Irish whip...

[Scott SMASHES backfirst into the corner at high velocity, bringing a grin to the San Jose Shark's face as he slowly strides across the ring, looking to continue the assault.]

GM: Stevie Scott has had several body parts assaulted in this match - from his throat and back to his legs. The San Jose Shark is all over him.

[The Shark approaches the corner, lashing out with a kick to the midsection... and a second... and a third. He grabs two hands full of Scott's hair, dragging him from the corner...]

GM: Broussard brings him out to the middle of the ring... he hooks him again...

[Broussard stands in the middle, holding the front facelock, looking around at the jeering crowd...]

...and gets dragged down in an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP!

BW: That was TOO close!

[Broussard starts to get to his feet as Stevie Scott does the same.]

GM: Both men back- right hand by Broussard!

[The wild right hand is sidestepped by Stevie Scott who grabs the arm as it sails by, hooking it and taking his opponent down to the mat!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: Fujiwara Armbar by the Hotshot! Incredible!

[Broussard cries out in pain at having his arm tweaked against the grain. The crowd is roaring for the surprising submission hold applied by the two-time National Champion!]

GM: Stevie Scott is not a submission master by any stretch of the imagination but he's got this armbar locked in deep!

[Broussard flails about on the canvas, screaming “NOOOOO!” at the official who checks for a submission. The San Jose Shark pushes his knees underneath him, making the pressure even worse for a slight moment before he shoves off, rolling through the pressure to his back, pulling his arm free out of the Hotshot's grasp!]

GM: Oh! What a counter!

[Stevie Scott quickly gets to a knee, trying to beat Broussard to his feet...]

...and throws himself into a double leg takedown, taking the San Jose Shark off his feet!]

GM: BIG TAKEDOWN BY THE HOTSH-

BW: LOOK! LOOK!

[The crowd collectively gasps as Broussard hooks a front facelock in mid-takedown, wrapping his arms around the throat of his opponent while moving his legs up to scissor the torso!]

GM: That's a choke! He's choking him out!

BW: The guillotine choke is an arterial choke - not a tracheal choke! It's completely legal, Gordo!

[Scott struggles against the hold, flailing away at the ribs of Broussard, trying to escape.]

GM: Stevie's trying to battle out of this but Broussard's got it in deep!

[From outside the ring, Waterson pounds the mat, shouting encouragement to the San Jose Shark who gives a shout of "CHECK HIM!" to the ref. The official quickly kneels down next to the struggling duo, asking for a submission.]

GM: He's looking for a submission... but he's probably more likely to find the man unconscious in that hold. Scott's trying to hang on, trying to-

[The Hotshot plants his feet, pushing off to roll over the top, pinning Broussard's shoulders to the mat.]

GM: What a counter! He gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[The three count is narrowly avoided when Broussard releases the hold and slides his shoulder off the mat.]

BW: That was an incredibly smart move, Gordo. Stevie Scott rolled over into a pinning situation and left Marcus with the only option to let go of the hold. He could have kept it on and eventually choked out the Hotshot but he would have been pinned in the process.

GM: That might have been the only way out of that hold actually.

[Scott pushes to a knee, throwing a right hand to the jaw of Broussard as he tries to do the same, knocking him back down to the mat. The two-time champion climbs to his feet, rubbing at his neck.]

GM: Scott tried for another one of those amateur-style takedowns and it almost cost him, Bucky.

BW: I told you, Gordo. He wants to beat Marcus at his own game so badly, it's gonna cause him to make a mistake and that'll be the end of it.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Scott leans against the ropes, waving for Broussard to get up off the canvas.]

GM: He's calling for the Heatseeker! He wants that superkick!

BW: Now, THAT'S more the game of Stevie Scott, Gordo.

[Scott waves again, the crowd roaring as Waterson shouts warnings to the San Jose Shark who pushes up off the mat, slowly turning around...]

GM: HEATSEEK-

[But an aware Broussard is ready for it, sidestepping the superkick attempt as Scott sails past him. The Shark blindly reaches back, hooking Scott around the neck and drops down to his knees, stretching Scott's torso across his spine and using his own back as a backbreaker type move.]

GM: Ohh! What in the world is that?!

[Broussard swiftly grabs the legs of Scott, trying to turn him over...]

GM: He's got him hooked! Look out here!

[And the San Jose Shark steps over, turning the two-time National Champion into a Boston Crab!]

GM: The Boston Crab is applied! It's on!

[Scott cries out in pain, clawing at the canvas as he struggles to get to the ropes.]

GM: Broussard has got that hold expertly executed in the center of the ring and I don't know if the Hotshot can find a way out of this one, fans!

[Scott slips his arms underneath him, trying to belly-crawl from the center of the ring towards the ropes.]

GM: Stevie's trying to get to those ropes but he's a long way from getting there, fans!

BW: I don't think he can do it, Gordo.

GM: I'm not sure he can either!

[The Hotshot looks to be thinking the same, sliding his arms fully underneath him and going for a full pushup...]

GM: He's trying to throw him off with his legs! Trying to push his way out of the hold!

[The San Jose Shark leans over, feeling the pressure from the Hotshot's counter...]

...and suddenly breaks the hold stomping viciously on the kidneys!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: The Hotshot escaped the hold, Gordo!

GM: Yes, but at what cost?

[Broussard leans down, dragging the Hotshot to his feet by the hair. He pulls Scott into a side waistlock, hoisting him into the air, and dumping him down in a side suplex!]

GM: High impact suplex by the Shark - and another pin attempt!

[Planting a forearm on the cheekbone of the two-time National Champion, Broussard applies a lateral press...]

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

[Scott fires a shoulder up before the three count!]

GM: No, no! He still couldn't get the three count!

[Outside the ring, Waterson slams his hands into the canvas in frustration, shouting something to the San Jose native.]

GM: Waterson wants him to... what did he say?

[Broussard nods, dragging a hurting Stevie Scott up to his feet by the hair again. He hoists him up over his shoulder, walking him back to the corner where he sits him down atop the turnbuckles.]

GM: Broussard puts him up top! He's going for a superplex, I think!

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

[Broussard steps up to the middle rope, looking out at Waterson with a nod. He hooks the front facelock loosely... looking out at the jeering crowd.]

GM: What is he doing? He's wasting too much time!

BW: I don't like this one bit.

[The San Jose Shark shouts at a few ringside fans before draping Scott's arm over his neck...

...and eating a short right hand to the ribs!]

GM: Ohh! Right hand by Scott!

[The Hotshot fires a few more, each to the same spot with more and more impact. After a barrage of them, Broussard straightens up, clutching his ribs...

...and gets smashed with an overhead elbow to the bridge of the nose, a blow that sends him sailing backwards off the ropes, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: He knocks Broussard down! The Hotshot lives to keep the fight going!

[With the Shark down, Scott shakes the cobwebs, stepping up to the top rope, keeping a hand on the buckle to steady himself as Broussard pushes up to a knee...]

GM: He's waiting! Watching the Shark to see what he does next and-

[Broussard looks to Waterson from his knee, flashing a quick nod as he pushes up into a doubled-up position...

...which gives the Hotshot the chance to leap off the top rope!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP OFF THE TOP!

[As Scott clears his target, he wraps his arms around the upper thighs, trying to haul him down...

...but Broussard was ready, reaching back to hook both of Scott's legs as he kneels down on the Hotshot's shoulders!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The official dives to the mat!]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He pinned Stevie Scott! The Hotshot went for a sunset flip off the top rope and Broussard- the way he reacted, Bucky, it was almost like he knew it was coming!

BW: I think he did, Gordo! I think he outsmarted Stevie Scott right there and LURED him into that! We may have just seen one of the most brilliant strategies ever used in a wrestling ring!

GM: Time and time again, Stevie Scott went for the same types of moves we might see Marcus Broussard try to use to win a match - when it comes down to it, you have to say that Stevie Scott just tried to outwrestle Marcus Broussard!

[The San Jose Shark exits the ring, pausing on the ramp for a big embrace with the Agent To The Stars as the two men slowly make their way up the ramp, getting booed all the while. The camera cuts back to Stevie Scott who is now sitting on the mat, looking at Broussard in disbelief.]

GM: Stevie Scott obviously very dejected after that loss to Broussard. He gave it everything he had but to be honest, Bucky, he was just overmatched in this type of a wrestling match against a competitor like Marcus Broussard.

BW: It's like tryin' to beat James Monosso at being crazy, daddy. Ain't gonna happen.

GM: And- wait a minute...here comes Stevie our way.

[A very visibly frustrated Stevie Scott eases into the camera view, standing beside Myers. He looks down, hands on his hips, and the only noise that can be heard for a few tense moments is that of the crowd. Myers extends the microphone, saying nothing, until Stevie finally breaks the silence. Speaking without looking up, he says...]

HSS: This isn't working.

[With his right hand, he rubs his forehead before finally looking up but not saying another word. Myers, in an effort to avoid uncomfortable silence, asks a question.]

GM: If I may..._what_ isn't working?

HSS: Everything.

[Now, the two-time AWA National Champion looks up, but at nothing in particular. He finally brings his gaze back down and speaks again while looking into the floor.]

HSS: Ever since I've come back, it's not clicking. I don't know...

[Another pause, a glass-eyed glance around the Crockett Coliseum.]

HSS: ...I don't know _what_ the hell is wrong with me.

[He shakes his head.]

HSS: I can't beat him, Gordon.

[Again Stevie shakes his head, this time with his hands on his temples, as if he is frustrated to have to admit his realization to the entire AWA.]

HSS: I can't do it.

At least...not like _this_.

[More awkward pausing. Myers again breaks the silence.]

GM: Not like _what_?

HSS: Like _this_. Like...like what everyone has seen from me since I came back. I've lost it, Gordon. Somewhere along the way, I lost it. My edge, my ability, my fire, my...I don't know. Just something...SOMETHING...it's not right.

[Another exasperated pause. Stevie runs his left hand through his hair rapidly.]

HSS: I just...

[A dejected shrugs.]

HSS: Maybe it's over. Maybe I'm over. Maybe it's just time for me to...

[Stevie swallows, finding it hard to say the next two words that to him seem inevitable at this point.]

HSS: ...go home.

[And after that, he waits a beat...another beat...and walks away with his head hung low. Myers and Wilde only exchange a shocked look as we fade to black.]