

Saturday Night Wrestling

*October 12th
Crockett Coliseum
Dallas, Texas*

[We fade up from black on the sounds of Bachman Turner Overdrive's "You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet" as we get shots from past AWA action:

Juan Vasquez smashing the Right Cross across the jaw of MAMMOTH Mizusawa.

Calisto Dufresne throwing a fireball in the face of City Jack. The Dragon revealing himself as William Craven.

The Bishop Boys landing Doc Allen's Miracle Headache Elixir on a helpless foe.

Grant Stone and Bobby Taylor trading haymakers from their war in the early days of the AWA.

Marcus Broussard hitting belly-to-belly suplexes on a range of opponents over and over again.

Stevie Scott smashing the metal briefcase over the skull of Kolya Sudakov.

Alex Martinez dropping a bloodied William Craven in a Firebomb chokeslam.

Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines using the Splashbuster to great effectiveness at the Stampede Cup

Dave Cooper gets a montage of spinebusters executed to perfection over the years.

Nenshou spews mist into the eyes of Jason Dane.

And more footage flashes by - Violence Unlimited, the Lynches, Kevin Slater, Raphael Rhodes, Eric Preston, The Shane Gang, Ron Houston, Tumaffi, and more... and more... and more...

Until finally, the footage is all a blur of motion, shots flying by so fast, it's almost impossible to pick out who is who - Buddy Lambert, Ricky Royal, the Rockstar Express, Gary Bright, Glenn Hudson, Alphonse Green, The Rave, The Hive...

The footage freezes on a clip of Dave Bryant snapping Glenn Hudson's head back with a Call Me In The Morning to regain the World Television Title

before cutting to the Blonde Bombers winning the World Tag Team Titles at the Stampede Cup with the springboard flying clothesline.

And then finally to "The Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne raising a steel chair over his head, rearing back as far as he physically can before SLAMMING the weapon down over the skull of James Monosso, capturing the World Heavyweight Title at Memorial Day Mayhem...

...and EXPLODES into the panning live shot of the exterior of the Crockett Coliseum, a converted warehouse on the outskirts of Dallas, Texas. Big steel letters with the name of the building stand tall over the entrance a giant gleaming marquee that reads "AWA HOMECOMING" in large black print. There are still lines of fans streaming into the building as the voice of Gordon Myers is heard over the footage.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen... WE! ARE! LIVE! from the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas, Texas, for yet another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling! We are on the road to SuperClash, fans, with the Chase For The Clash tournament underway! Last time out, Johnny Detson advanced to the Semifinals of the tournament. Tonight, we find out if he'll meet MAMMOTH Maximus or Supreme Wright there when they collide in one-on-one action.

[As Gordon speaks, we crossfade into the building where first, we get a shot of the Wall Of Fame, the lengthy wall that the AWA uses to pay tribute to stars of professional wrestling past. We see the Hall of Fame plaques for men like John Wesley Hardin, Caleb Temple, and "Crimson" Joe Reed along with tons of old wrestling photographs, posters, and even a handful of memorabilia like the trunks Tommy Fierro was wearing when he beat Hamilton Graham for the World Heavyweight Title and what appears to be a piece of the iconic Bulldog Brown table.]

BW: Detson's in! Who's gonna join him? Plus, we've got Dave Bryant putting the World Television Title on the line again - this time against that ungrateful punk Ryan Martinez!

GM: That one's gonna be something else.

[A second fade gets us into the arena bowl where five thousand fans have jammed into the Hot Tin Box to get a glimpse of the best pro wrestling action on the planet. Steel chairs are set up all over the ringside area, surrounding the red, white, and blue roped ring that has black mats laid out at ringside and a steel barricade to keep the masses at bay. Towards the back of the sections of chairs are wooden bleachers that seat the majority of the crowd.]

GM: The World Champion's in the house and tonight, he's going to meet his choice of either Cletus Lee Bishop or Eric Preston in a special challenge issued by Chris Blue.

BW: The greatest professional athlete in the world today taking on either the Redneck Wrecking Machine or the greatest talent to EVER come out of the Combat Corner? I'm looking forward to that one, Gordo.

GM: As am I. And of course, we're ALL looking forward to Thanksgiving Night down the road here in Dallas at the American Airline Center - tickets go on sale tomorrow morning at 10 AM for what could be the biggest event in AWA history. All eyes are on SuperClash V as the AWA's biggest and brightest stars are all battling it out to find their spot on the card.

[One side of the building houses a small entrance stage with a long elevated wooden platform that leads the distance to the ring. We can also spot an elevated interview platform off to the side of the stage.]

A cut down to ringside shows the timekeeper's table before the cameraman rounds the corner to find Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde standing in front of the announce table. Myers, the Dean of professional wrestling announcing, is standing in a plain salt and pepper sportscoat, black slacks, white dress shirt, and a stars and strips flag tie. Wilde, a former multiple time Southern Manager of the Year, is in a bright white sportscoat, sunburst yellow dress slacks, bright orange dress shirt, and a tie that seems to have every color in the rainbow and then some. He's also holding a metal briefcase in his hand with "BIG BUCKS" bedazzled on the side that he gestures to as Gordon begins to speak again.]

GM: All night long we're going to be seeing competitors in action as they try to convince AWA President Karl O'Connor and the Championship Committee that they belong on the lineup Thanksgiving night and I'm told we will be adding at least one match to the lineup right here tonight! But right now, let's head up to-

[Gordon falls silent.]

GM: Oh dear. Fans, we're being told... our cameras are headed out to the parking lot area where- please tell me this isn't true.

[After a few moments of silence, we abruptly cut to a camera approaching the parking lot area. The camera rushes through into a sea of loud noises, pushing through the masses...

...and bringing the camera to rest on Supernova, still in street clothes, with his face DRIVEN through the windshield as we've seen twice before over the past month of AWA television.]

GM: Oh my stars. That's... that's Supernova, fans.

BW: What happened? They said they were gonna have extra security out there tonight!

GM: DURING the show. This very clearly... whoever did this knew what they were doing and they attacked Supernova BEFORE the show even started! Who knows how long he's been like this? Fans, medical attention is on the way for this young man - one of the most popular competitors in the entire AWA.

[The camera pans around, showing the blood-covered head and neck of Supernova as the AWA officials try to keep him still as the medical personnel start to arrive.]

GM: A brutal assault - just like we saw happened to Louis Matsui two weeks ago... just like we saw happen to Duane Henry Bishop at Homecoming. What is going on here in the AWA? Who is responsible for this?

BW: Supernova has his fair share of enemies, Gordo. It could've been anyone.

GM: It could've been but... the last people to interact with Supernova was Johnny Detson and Rick Marley two weeks ago! The Unholy Alliance! They're not above something like this!

BW: Well, no... they're not. But Bishop? Matsui? What motivation would the Alliance have to go after those guys? Supernova? I believe they'd do it to him. But the others? It just doesn't make any sense to me.

GM: It makes perfect sense to me... fans, this is a bit unusual for us but we're going to take our first break right now and when we come back, we'll have our opening match so don't go away.

[The announcers are uncomfortably quiet as we slowly 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 the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. During the break, Supernova was loaded into an ambulance out in the parking lot and is being transported to a nearby medical facility. We hope to have more information on that situation before we go off the air tonight but... well...

BW: The show must go on!

GM: Apparently so. Tonight's opening contest is going to be another featured match in the red hot AWA tag team division. Two weeks ago, Bucky, we saw a rather cowardly assault by the Longhorn Riders on Air Strike.

BW: Welp, there's nobody to blame but the Championship Committee. The Longhorn Riders were ranked too low for their tastes, and they say it's because they can't get any competition. But these new punks walk right in, and they're making action figures, posters, and T-Shirts of these guys!

GM: That's no reason to ambush them after their match! Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons are undefeated in the AWA, and the Longhorn Riders want to use them as a stepping stone into title contention. It's that simple.

BW: Gordo, you've never been a wrestler. You don't know how frustrating it is when someone gets launched above you because they're baby-kissing fan favorites. Because they sell merchandise. The Longhorn Riders don't sell merchandise; they just win matches and hurt people bad. Which they're about to do again.

GM: Apparently, the squeaky wheel gets the grease. After the Colt brothers complained about a lack of competition, they've gotten what they asked for this week. But they might want to watch what they ask for, because they're about to face the Northern Lights. Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet have been embroiled in their own bitter feud with Dichotomy, and I am sure

they'd like to send a message to the entire AWA tag team division with a win tonight.

BW: If they're the first team to hang a television loss on the Riders, they'd do just that. But... hey, speaking of my boys!

[The fans boo as the duo known as Dichotomy heads down the aisle. The taller of the two, Matt Ginn, stands about six-seven, with a slender build. He has reddish-brown hair in a Caesar style, a thin-cut goatee and mustache. He's wearing a black polo shirt with "RESISTANCE IS FUTILE (IF < 1 OHM)" stitched on the right chest, and black-and-white track pants. The athletically built man alongside him, Mark Hoefner, has light brown skin and short black hair in a slightly receding hairstyle. He's wearing a black Breaking Bad T-Shirt (with the BR and BA at the start of each word being in a periodic table box), along with black and red track pants. Ginn is carrying a small black tote bag and has his nose up in the air, while Hoefner is yelling at the fans as he walks.]

GM: They have no business out here, Bucky Wilde.

BW: The difference between a star and a nobody is the star does what he wants to instead of being cowed by rules.

GM: They are coming over here for some reason...

[Ginn and Hoefner arrive at the broadcast booth and move over to Bucky's side of the table. They take a seat (since there is only one extra, Hoefner shoves the timekeeper out of his seat and brings it over) and Ginn pulls a pair of extra headsets from his bag.]

GM: Oh, no. Bucky, tell me you didn't invite them.

BW: I didn't invite them, but heck if I'm telling them they gotta go.

[As this goes on, the driving guitar beat of Joe Satriani's "Ride" plays over the PA, and immediately two men stride from the back. Clad in white dusters (over black Harley Davidson T-Shirts), blue jeans, brown leather cowboy boots, brown leather cutoff gloves, and black motorcycle helmets with a red "Longhorn Riders" logo airbrushed on each side, this is "Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt... the brothers known as the Longhorn Riders. They are side-by-side and almost in step as they power-walk straight to the ring. We go to Phil Watson for the intro.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight's opening match is a tag team contest set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

Introducing first, coming down the aisle... from Gun Barrel City, Texas... at a total combined weight of five hundred forty two pounds...

..."Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt...

...THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[The cowboy bikers reach the ring at the same time and go straight in to the boos of the crowd. Though the Colts have different builds, they do have similar facial features and the same reddish-brown haircolor. Pete is the bulkier of the two; he's barrel-chested, with thick muscles up top and a bit of a beer gut down below. His hair is shorter, but is wavy in style; he sports a thick horseshoe mustache. Jim is taller, and is quite lanky. His hair is a straight mullet; he sports a thin horseshoe mustache. Both men go to center ring and lift their arms to the fans, as if declaring that this is their turf.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders made a very strong statement last week.

MH: Notice that they had to strongarm in on somebody else's segment to be heard, too.

GM: I take it you're here to do guest commentary, and will not interfere, gentlemen?

MG: We affirm that we will not make any physical contact with any participant during the course of this athletic contest.

MH: Like we'd need to. The Longhorn Riders, just like Dichotomy, have to scratch and grab for everything they can. They're not going to Supreme Wright this opportunity.

[Before too long, "Ride" fades out and "Compter Les Corps" by Vulgaires Machins starts to play. The boos turn immediately to cheers. And some squealing from the young ladies.]

PW: Their opponents, about to make their way down the aisle... from Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred forty eight pounds...

...RENE ROUSSEAU and CHRIS CHOISNET... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[The aforementioned Northern Lights burst into the arena halfway through Phil's introduction. They jog at a brisk pace to the ring, waving and fistpumping at the fans on either. Both men wear white jackets with crossed flags of the state of Maine and the province of Quebec, with the team name "Northern Lights" embroidered on in blue. The team is also wearing matching ring attire: white trunks, white kneepads, blue wrist tape, and white boots with blue laces. Rousseau has black hair, a bit longer in back than in front. Choisnet has short dark brown hair. Both are cleanshaven and freshfaced... there's an awfully high-pitched tone to the cheers, as the team has a lot of female fans.]

GM: Listen to these fans; a tremendous reception for the Northern Lights!

MG: I suspect that the facility's public address system is being utilized to enhance the ovation, in an effort to brainwash the sheeple into believing that they should applaud these two frauds.

MH: It has to be canned. I hear women cheering.

GM: The Northern Lights are very popular amongst the young ladies.

MH: The young ladies should be in the kitchen making me a sammich. And these two should be working in the fast food industry, except they probably don't know HOW to make a sammich.

MG: Highly unlikely that any female devotee of these buffoons would have the capacity to stack two slices of bread. Or count them.

[The Northern Lights wait outside the ropes, at the end of the elevated aisle. The Longhorn Riders are standing in the center of the ring, waving them on.]

GM: Rousseau and Choynet are well-aware that Pete and Jim Colt always attack before the bell.

BW: Looks like fear to me, Gordo.

MG: Fear in the face of a superior force would be a sensible reaction. It's probable that they've forgotten how to proceed past the ring ropes.

GM: LOOK OUT!

[After divesting themselves of their ring jackets, Rousseau and Choynet get to the ring apron. The Colts go after them, but Rousseau slingshots himself over the top rope with a spectacular flying bodypress on Jim Colt, while Choynet yanks on the second rope, giving himself the momentum to slide under the bottom rope and between Pete's legs. Pete is confused, and turns to see Rousseau atop his brother. He moves to break it up, but Choynet dropkicks him to send him over the top rope to the aisle! The fans cheer loudly for the turnabout.]

BW: Oh, who's cheapshotting who this time?

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: We're underway, and Rene Rousseau picking up Jim Colt. A double standing back elbow, and double biel throw by the Northern Lights! And a dropkick by Rousseau sends Jim Colt through the ropes to the floor! The Northern Lights have cleared the ring! And these fans are electric!

MG: I have often felt a desire to electrocute fans, myself.

MH: Michaelson wouldn't let me carry a taser to the ring.

MG: You may have been able to smuggle it in, had you not attached the car battery to it.

GM: The Longhorn Riders regrouping on the floor. These men do not like being shown up, and you can see the anger on the face of Pete Colt.

BW: Jim Colt don't make faces, but he's the one that scares me.

GM: Indeed, he is a sinister individual. The Longhorn Riders up on the apron, and it will be big Pete Colt starting off with the former three time Quebec Heavyweight Champion, Rene Rousseau.

MH: Being the champion of Quebec is like being the Freeze Tag champion of a kindergarten class.

MG: Only with marginally less dignity.

GM: Collar and elbow tieup, and the three hundred pound Pete Colt throws Rousseau across the ring like he weighed nothing.

[We can hear Pete's loud laugh, as he points at Rousseau, who is on one knee in the corner. Rousseau scratches his chin, considering how to go at the big man.]

MG: Peter Colt is far too mesomorphic for Rene Rousseau to maneuver.

GM: I would peg Pete Colt as an endomorph myself.

MG: That is because you're an uneducated pseudo-intellectual.

[The two lock up again, and Rousseau twists Pete into an armwringer. The biggest Colt shouts in pain, and rears back a punch which prompts Rene to crank on the arm again.]

GM: The armwringer now into a standing armbar. Smart technical wrestling used to control the bigger, stronger man.

BW: Well, it's technical wrestling. Let's not push it with the 'smart' stuff. He's still in close quarters with Pete Colt.

GM: I suspect that Air Strike is looking on and taking notes. Rousseau maneuvering Pete using that armbar, over to his corner with a tag. Choisnet up to the second rope on the inside, and plants an elbow on the extended arm of "Texas" Pete Colt.

MH: Onetwothreefourfive, disqualify them, ref!

GM: You get five seconds, not 'until you count to five', Mr. Hoefner.

MH: They seem to get however long they want. I wonder how long before the Longhorn Riders get sick of more biased officiating in favor of pretty boys.

GM: Choisnet the legal man, and an overhand wristlock, back heel trip, and taking the big man down with ease. That amateur style of Chris Choisnet makes taking down even much bigger men a lot easier than it would be for most men of his stature.

MG: I believe the scientific term for a man of his stature is: 'vanilla midget'.

GM: It is not! Choynet with the overhand wristlock and bodyscissors, and Pete has little familiarity with technical wrestling. I'm not sure how he'd get out of this.

BW: Pete's usin' his free arm to crawl to the ropes. How strong do you gotta be to pull two men with one arm?

GM: Pete Colt gets to the ropes, and Choynet breaks immediately.

BW: Shoulda taken the four count.

MH: They'd have given him sixteen.

GM: Pete Colt getting to his feet, and I do think that Choynet should be more aggressive here. Giving Pete a chance to get back to his feet and recuperate is a poor idea.

BW: Like you said, I hope Air Strike is takin' notes.

[The two men lock up, and Choynet immediately whips Pete over with a combination armdrag and armbar, taking Pete down to his back. He digs the knee into Colt's face, cranking on the armbar.]

GM: Tremendous wrestling by Choynet, and the Longhorn Riders are off to a poor start after the whining and cheap shot they did last week.

BW: Well, come on, Gordo. The refs are givin' the Northern Lights all the calls!

GM: Are we watching the same match?!

[After a while, Pete starts to stand up. He uses his bulk to get to his feet, but Choynet trips him to send him stumbling into the corner, where he tags Rousseau.]

GM: Rene Rousseau in, and a double armwringer... and they flip Pete Colt head-over-heels to the mat with the leverage! All three hundred pounds hit in a heap, and Rousseau clamping on the hammerlock.

MG: I question their decision to target the arm, lacking any feasible means to attain victory via an arm injury.

MH: I question pretty much everything they've ever done.

GM: Pete Colt up, and manages a reversal... but a drop toehold puts him on the canvas. Rousseau floating over into the armbar, but Pete has rolled over to his corner. The tag is made.

BW: We'll see how all that armgrabbin' works against Jim Colt, now.

GM: "Slim" Jim Colt is in, and a collar-and-elbow tieup leads to a side headlock by Colt. Rousseau backing him up... and sends him to the far ropes. Leapfrog by Rousseau.

[As Jim dashes off the ropes, Rene Rousseau gives the leapfrog, and then the no-look backwards leapfrog when he returns, before nailing him with a perfectly executed hip toss when he comes back in. Colt gets right back up, and Rousseau executes a flying headscissors to send him towards his own corner to the approval of the fans.]

MG: Those ostentatious leapfrogs display the insecurities typical of a Quebec native.

GM: ...what?

BW: He's sayin' that them cutesy moves are all just show.

GM: The Northern Lights make the exchange, and Rousseau and Choynet with the double whip on Jim Colt. Double back bodydrop sends the slender man high up into the lights!

MH: Slender Man?! WHERE?!

MG: Don't get him started, Myers.

GM: ...what?!

[As Hoefner has a mild paranoid fit, Pete Colt rumbles in the ring, but takes a double armdrag by the Lights. This lands the three hundred pounder flat on top of his partner.]

MH: Are we being watched? Bucky, do you feel like we're being watched?

BW: By millions of people, daddy.

MH: ...damn.

GM: Chris Choynet sending Jim Colt for the ride into the turnbuckle. Monkey flip... hey!

BW: He forgot Pete!

GM: Pete Colt catching Choynet with a huge clubbing forearm as he went backwards with the monkey flip attempt; he was still in the ring after his previous failed attempt to bail out his partner! Referee Davis Warren ushering him out, but the damage is done, and Jim Colt is choking away at Choynet with the referee's back turned!

MG: Strategist extraordinaire, Rene Rousseau, has decided to distract the lackwit referee even further.

BW: Rousseau's supposed to be a veteran, but he's so hot-tempered that he falls for stuff like this sometimes. He's in there tryin' to get the ref back to the action, but it ain't helpin' Shwanay.

GM: Finally. Warren over to apply a count on Jim Colt. This match has been all Northern Lights until just now. Jim Colt picking up Chris Choicenet, and a knee to the ribs. Followed up by a combination of punches. Rapid-fire fisticuffs, and Choicenet is not at all experienced at this form of fighting.

MH: Because he's a sheltered mama's boy from a suburb who's never been in a real fight in his life.

GM: No, because he uses LEGAL tactics! Jim Colt with blatant closed fists, and now ramming Choicenet's head into the top turnbuckle.

BW: In the Longhorn Riders' corner.

GM: Tag made, and both Colts are in the ring. Kicking and stomping away at Choicenet! Come on, this is a mugging!

[After pummeling Choicenet for a bit, each Longhorn Rider grabs an arm, and Irish-Whips Choicenet out... only to keep hold of the arm, and sling him back-first hard into the corner. The crowd boos as Warren finally gets Jim to exit the ring.]

GM: That was well over five seconds. I didn't hear you counting, Mr. Hoefner.

MH: Okay, fine, I'll count next time. We'll see if the Quilted Northern Lights are getting their usual unfair advantage.

GM: Pete Colt with a harsh body slam. His shoulders are so wide that he can put tremendous force into power maneuvers like that one. Pulling up Choicenet by the hair, and clobbering him with a punch to the ear. Shades of the way MAMMOTH Maximus hits, right there.

MG: If MAMMOTH Maximus struck Chris Choicenet in the left ear, his right eardrum would land in the fifth row. We can only hope that Peter Colt is, in fact, striking him just like that.

MH: No, deaf people talk louder. We don't want that. He should pull his jaw off instead.

MG: Acceptable. He can save those eardrum-shattering blows for Air Strike.

GM: If you're going to provide analysis, please be unbiased. Pete Colt has Choicenet up in the Canadian Backbreaker hold, and the referee asking for a submission!

BW: Gordo, how many times do I gotta tell ya? If Pete hears you callin' his Texas Backbreaker that, he'll put you in it!

MG: I propose a proper experimental resolution. He should apply the hold to the Canadian on the apron, and see if his back breaks.

MH: You'd need a Canadian with a spine for that to work.

MG: Texas Backbreaker it is, then.

GM: Choynet will not submit, and Pete... oh goodness!

[Frustrated at Choynet's refusal to quit, Pete walks to his corner and swings Choynet down off of his shoulder, sending him upside down chest first into the turnbuckles. Choynet bounces off and hits the mat in a heap as Pete tags out.]

BW: Ha ha, that was nasty.

MH: Counting the Longhorn Riders double team time, as promised. One.

GM: The Riders pick Choynet up... Pete hoists him up... OH MY WORD! He drove Choynet down into a spinebuster-like slam onto the outstretched knee of Jim Colt!

MH: Two.

GM: Both men stomping away! It has already been well past five seconds!

MH: Three.

BW: And here comes Rousseau again, like an idiot.

MH: Four.

GM: The Longhorn Riders send Choynet off the ropes as Warren cuts off Rousseau! Double clothesline!

MH: Four and a half.

GM: And finally, Pete exits the ring as Warren heads back to the action!

MH: See? Only four and a half.

MG: Let the record show that the Longhorn Riders are staying within the boundaries of the rules while the Northern Lights are unable to do so.

GM: Give me a break! Jim Colt going up on the second turnbuckle on the inside, and a precise double axehandle to Choynet as he rises drops the Maine native to his knees. If Choynet cannot get a tag, this match will not last much longer.

[Choynet stands up, as Jim kicks his left leg up in the air, then sends it down to provide more impetus for a brutal kick with the right foot. It hits Choynet in the face with a loud WHACK, sending him to the mat in a heap!]

The crowd reacts loudly, and then boos as Jim takes the time to glare at them.]

BW: FLOAT KICK! Ha ha, did you hear that?!

MG: I estimate one hundred decibels. The physics behind the Float Kick are rather intriguing. I had no idea that James Colt was savvy in the field of dynamics.

MH: I think he's just really good at kicking people.

MG: A savant, then.

GM: Are you calling him an idiot savant?

MG: No. Choicenet is the idiot, James is the savant.

GM: Jim Colt dropping a leg to the chest of Chris Choisnet. There is a cover... two count only. Jim dragging Choisnet to the corner, and there's another tag.

[Immediately after tagging, Jim Colt runs off the ropes. Pete enters, stands over Choisnet, and sends his brother launching up in the air with a flapjack toss. Jim crashes down across the chest of the Maine Black Bear with a high flying splash!]

BW: Oh, that's gotta be it! Jim went twelve feet in the air right there!

MG: I estimate ten feet, seven-and-five-eighths inches. Roughly.

GM: Pete Colt drives down with the heavy elbow drop as his brother rolls out, and a cover. You're not going to pin Chris Choisnet like that, though. He just leaned on him, not hooking a leg or forcing the shoulders down!

MH: They keep beating Chooznut like this, and they'll be able to pin him with a pinky finger. I'm looking forward to that.

BW: Pete's pointing to the top. Colt Revolver comin' up!

MG: He needs to incapacitate Rousseau, first.

BW: Which he did! Pete nailed Rousseau on the apron. This one's all but over!

GM: The Riders not even bothering to tag! Pete Colt puts Chris Choisnet up on his shoulders, and Jim Colt is up on the top rope... _COLT REV... NO!

[The crowd shrieks as the elevated flying clothesline is lined up, but Choisnet boxes Pete's ears, and executes a Victory Roll just in time for Jim to miss the clothesline! the fans come alive with cheers!]

GM: VICTORY ROLL! ONE, TWO, THR...NO! Pete kicks out at the last instant!

MH: I almost had a heart attack!

BW: I don't even know how he got big Pete over for that!

GM: Both Colts are still in the ring! Jim Colt hammering Choynet before he can recover! Pete is up, and holds Choynet wide open...

[WHACK!]

BW: NO WAY!

GM: CHOINET DUCKED, AND JIM HITS PETE WITH THE FLOAT KICK! THE CROWD IS GOING CRAZY!

MG: Preposterous! It must be the perspiration which caused Peter's grasp to slip!

GM: Diveroll to the corner, AND THERE'S THE TAG!

[The place goes bananas as the hot tag is made! Rousseau leaps over the top rope, rushes in, and starts to fire away on Jim Colt!]

GM: Rousseau is like a house of fire! Irish-Whip... and a dropkick on Jim Colt! And there's one for Pete! Both Colts are staggered... double noggin knocker!

[The collision with his much larger brother sends Jim Colt spilling out of the ring, and the fans are loving it. Dancing from one foot to the other, egging the audience on, Rousseau peppers Pete with punches, ducking out of the way with far superior speed when Pete swings back.]

MH: Frenchy's on a roll now, but wait until the adrenaline wears off.

BW: He's already spendin' too much time kissin' up to the fans!

GM: Pete is staggered... but explodes into a clothesline! Rousseau ducks it! Pete Colt and Rene Rousseau off the ropes...

[The mid-ring collision involves Rousseau leaping into a necktie clothesline, using his lower body to drag Pete back and cause a whiplash effect. Pete's big back hits the mat with a loud THUD.]

BW: He got the neck snap on that crazy clothesline of his, Gordo! This might be an upset!

GM: Whether it is really an upset is a matter of opinion! Rousseau hooking the legs... going for the Quebec Crab, but Jim Colt will have none of it! He knees Rousseau in the spine from behind! Choynet in, and all four men are going at it! Pandemonium breaking loose here!

MG: In a wild bout of fisticuffs, I really don't think we should wonder at who will prevail.

[Chris Choynet hammers Jim Colt back into the corner with a forearm, and Pete staggers to his feet in time to blast Rousseau with a hefty forearm. Pete scoopslams Rousseau, and goes up behind Choynet, who is blocking Jim's counterpunches out of the corner. Choynet does a backwards roll to end up behind Pete, and dropkicks him in the back to send him smashing into his brother!]

GM: The Colt brothers smash together! And here comes Rousseau!

[With a signal, Choynet drops to all fours. As the capacity crowd expresses approval, Rene Rousseau uses him as a stepping stone for a high flying bodypress, smashing into Pete who smashes into Jim!]

MH: The referee should have disqualified the Northern Lights already!

BW: I have to agree. They're the ones who turned this into a crazy four-man brawl.

GM: Absurd. Jim Colt has been crushed, and the Northern Lights whipping Pete Colt to the ropes... double back body drop! And... hey! Sit down! What are you doing?!

[Matt Ginn stands up, reaches into his duffel bag, and produces a length of chain. He throws it at Jim Colt in the corner... the smaller Colt seems surprised by this, but he quickly gathers up the chain in his hand. The crowd goes nuts, yelling to Warren to turn around.]

MH: Okay, now I think we should leave the rest of this match to the professional. It's all yours, Bucky.

MG: We have a prior engagement and our attentions are urgently required elsewhere.

[With a couple of THUMPS, Dichotomy exits the booth, stepping over the railing and disappearing into the crowd. Davis Warren is routing Choynet out of the ring. Rousseau turns around...]

GM: Rene! Look out behind you!

[*WHACK!*

BW: HA HA! He saw that chain, right up close and personal!

GM: THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

[The audience is going berserk as Jim stuffs the chain down into his jeans. Finally, Davis Warren turns from Choynet to see Pete Colt dragging himself atop Rousseau.]

BW: ONE!

GM: Not like this!

BW: TWO!

GM: Here comes Choynet!

BW: THREE! Jim Colt headed Shwanay off at the pass!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The fans boo like crazy as Choynet pounds the mat in enraged frustration.]

BW: And STILL undefeated on TV!

GM: Thanks to Dichotomy and a length of chain! How can the Longhorn Riders accept a win like this?!

BW: A win is a win is a win is a win. And if you don't believe me, ask Phil Watson.

PW: THE WINNERS OF THIS MATCH... THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[The Colt brothers stand in center ring, hands raised... before setting upon Choynet, who is angrily looking for Dichotomy.]

GM: Oh, come on! His partner is unconscious!

BW: Ha, they threw him over the top. The ring is for winners only!

[The fans boo the disgrace as the Riders lay a few shots in on Choynet before hurling him to the floor. They raise their hands and demand cheers from the crowd. And suddenly, they get some.]

GM: WAIT A MINUTE! AIR STRIKE!

BW: Who let those guys in here?!

[The cheering, of course, is for Cody Mertz and Michael Aarons as they rush down the aisle. Aarons has a well-toned, tanned small size frame with shoulder length brown hair. He is wearing long royal blue tights with a yellow vertical stripe going down the leg; Mertz is a similar size if not a little smaller with short, messy dirty blonde hair. Mertz has on long black tights with a royal blue vertical stripe going down each leg. They grab Davis Warren before he can leave the ring, and point to Jim Colt.]

GM: They're telling Davis Warren what just happened!

BW: So? He's not gonna reverse the decision because a couple of punk kids say so.

[Now the Longhorn Riders notice the intrusion, and they point threatening fingers at Mertz and Aarons. Mertz is making the "wrap up chain and punch someone" pantomime as Aarons points to the bleeding wound on Rousseau's forehead. Both Air Strikers then point at Jim Colt, and Davis Warren heads over to question the Colts. They respond by blowing past him and attacking Air Strike.]

BW: We're gonna get a repeat of last week! That's what these two punks deserve for sticking their nose where it doesn't belong!

GM: All four men are brawling, but the Longhorn Riders are going to win a fistfight every time! Pete Colt hurling Cody Mertz from the ring! The Colts send Aarons off the ropes...

[But when Michael Aarons rebounds, he diverrolls the double clothesline attempt. He then grabs the top rope, and slingshots his partner (who nimbly landed on his feet and regained the apron) up over the top rope to catch the incoming Riders with a double slingshot clothesline! The fans are electrified.]

BW: Hey!

GM: The Riders are staggered! Double dropkick on Jim Colt! Air Strike is returning the favor from last week, Bucky!

BW: I thought they were goody-two-shoes who would neeeveer take a cheap shot!

GM: The Riders attacked first! This is self-defense! Both Air Strikers off the ropes!

[Pete turns to face the charging Mertz, but Aarons ran the opposite way! Pete catches Cody's leaping shoulderblock, but this only makes it worse when the knee clip from Aarons hits from the back side, driving Pete down with Mertz landing squarely in the chest!]

GM: What a doubleteam on Pete Colt! The wind knocked out of the big man!

BW: Come on, where's security?! They showed up REAL fast when the pretty boys were gettin' beat up!

GM: Air Strike with another double dropkick, sending Pete Colt over the top to the floor!

BW: But they took their eyes off Jim!

GM: Jim Colt running in... _BOOT HILL_... BUT MERTZ DUCKED IT!

[Unable to stop his momentum from the missed Yakuza kick, Jim bounds into the ropes, stumbles out of control, and heads right into Mertz. Mertz picks him up in a waistlock and falls back, allowing Aaron to leap into him

with a knee to the head. Pulling Jim's long hair, Aaron falls back to the mat with his knee pressed against the face of Jim Colt, causing a brutal impact when he hits. Needless to say, the fans are loving it.]

BW: OW!

GM: ELEVATED FACEBREAKER! And now... Air Strike is asking the fans if they should get the chain!

BW: They can't get the chain, it's in... OH NO! HEY!

[Each member of Air Strike grabs a side of Jim's pants, and yanks. His pants come down, revealing a pair of black trunks underneath... and a length of chain. The fans go ballistic as a humiliated Jim Colt hops to his knees, scooting out of the ring as fast as he can, a wild-eyed look on his normally impassive face.]

GM: THERE IT IS! That's the evidence!

BW: The match is already over! You can't be serious!

[Davis Warren picks up the chain. He sees the bloodstain, sees that it is fresh. And... he calls for another bell.]

[*DING*DING*]

BW: NO WAY! The final decision was already announced!

GM: Will we finally see justice?!

[Phil Watson consults with Davis Warren, and then makes an announcement.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen...

...THE REFEREE HAS _REVERSED HIS DECISION_!

[The place comes unglued. Air Strike leaps around the ring, and Rene Rousseau starts to come to. Chris Choiset gets back in the ring, and Phil Watson continues.]

PW: The winners of the match... AS THE RESULT OF A DISQUALIFICATION... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[Cheers fill the air, "Compter Les Corps" start, and the Longhorn Riders go nuclear outside the ring. Pete Colt throws a chair in the ring, picks up another one... while Jim Colt is smashing a wooden folding chair with his feet.]

GM: YES! This is what SHOULD happen when interference and foreign objects come into play!

BW: This is the biggest load of bull droppings I've ever seen! You can't reverse a decision from that! You can't prove he used that chain! This is garbage! Total garbage, Myers!

GM: That undefeated streak that the Longhorn Riders bragged about is long gone, and Air Strike made them pay for attacking them two weeks ago!

BW: They still ain't been beat for real, Myers, and you know it!

GM: Security is trying to prevent the Longhorn Riders from getting back in with weapons!

BW: Where were they when Air Strike came out?! Dichotomy was right, there's a conspiracy!

GM: Look at Jim Colt!

[The normally dead-level Jim Colt has a long, sharp piece of the broken wooden chair in his hand, wielded like a knife, and is trying to climb over security with a crazed look in his eyes. He can hear him insisting "I'LL CUT THEM. I'LL CUT THEIR THROATS." as several security members are holding him back. Pete Colt is trying to push past, bellowing "WE'LL GET YOU! WE'LL GET YOU!". But both Riders are blocked. Air Strike stands their ground in center ring, ready to fight.]

BW: I told you! That man is evil! He'd stab you as soon as spit on you!

GM: We need to regain order in here, fans... we'll be back!

[Fade to black...

...and then slowly fade to a graphic that reads and is accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[Cut to the silhouette of a man sitting on a stool, bathed in shadows, talking to the camera.]

"They say too much of a good thing can ruin it for everyone..."

[The camera zooms in on the now illuminated face of the man sitting on the stool, all short blonde hair and blue eyes, dressed to the nines in a tailor made suit.]

Marcus Broussard: ...but they've never seen this DVD before.

["Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing plays in the background as Broussard speaks.]

MB: The AWA is proud to present the AWA Superstar Series. A collection of DVDs that focus on the greatest wrestlers the AWA has ever seen. And it's even prouder that the first volume is all about _me_.

[Broussard points to himself as clips from Broussard's AWA career fly by.]

MB: I'll take you to the first Memorial Day Mayhem with never before seen footage as I win the first ever AWA National title.

[A clip of Broussard celebrating in the ring with the title, and hugging his wife backstage.]

MB: I'll take you to the Broussard Estate, and we'll walk through the state of the art fitness center on the South Wing of the house, where I prepared to go one hour with the "Natural" Adam Rogers.

[A clip of Broussard walking through what looks like a gym in warmup pants, and then to the First Year Anniversary Show, where Broussard and Rogers still stood after a 60 minute draw.]

MB: We'll tour the Combat Corner, where men like Aaron Anderson, Eric Preston and Supreme Wright were trained by yours truly and Todd Michaelson, and we'll go behind the scenes as I returned to take on the Southern Syndicate.

[A clip of Broussard announcing his return to the AWA, with the crowd going crazy in the background.]

MB: We'll go to WarGames on the Bayou, we'll go to WrestleRock. We'll Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash and we'll go one on one with Stevie Scott in my last match ever. Over three hours of the very BEST the AWA has ever seen, blazing trails and setting the standard like only I can do. All handpicked by me, so you know you're getting that Broussard guarantee.

From the early days of feuding with Ron Houston, ruling the roost with the Super Ninja, to coming home to preserve the company I built, it's all here. Marcus Broussard...

[The San Jose Shark hooks a thumb at himself.]

MB: ...you can't be me, but you can be just like me. Learn to love it, my friends.

[The camera fades out to the cover of the DVD collection, as the voice of Mark Stegglet speaks.]

MS: Marcus Broussard: Learn to Love It is available at Wal-Mart, Target and wherever AWA videos are sold!

[We fade from the shot of the DVD back to black...]

We cut back to the arena where the crowd is still going nuts and Jason Dane is standing at the interview area with Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz of Air Strike. Security has seemingly gotten the Longhorn Riders to the back. Air Strike are all smiles.]

JD: Gentlemen, some obvious payback from last week.

CM: Jason, we came out here to right a wrong! Northern Lights is a heck of a team and to lose like that just isn't fair! But we'd be lying to say that after last show the Colts didn't have a little payback coming!

[Cody smiles as the crowd is loving that.]

MA: You see Jay-Jay, two weeks ago those two big, tall glasses of ugly came down here and attacked us from behind after our match. Well, as they found out this week, fighting Air Strike face to face yields a little different results.

CM: And why did they attack us? Because of our age? Because someone made an action figure of us? Put us on a tee shirt?

[Cody shakes his head.]

MA: We came here to the AWA because its where the best of the best are, and that's what we want to be. We work hard, party hard, and fight hard... something the Longhorn Riders just found out. You want another sampling? Just bring your petty jealous rage back down to the ring and we'll show you what Air Strike is all about.

CM: Pete, Jim... we said we would take on anyone and everyone, all you had to do was ask. Well, you didn't ask but you still have our attention all the same. Because in the end the attention, the hype, the toys, the merchandise, it doesn't mean a thing if you can't back it up in that ring. You want to prove how over-hyped we are? You want to claim your rightful spot in the hierarchy of tag teams? Well, that gets done in the ring and not to your little trip to the merchandise shop after the show. You give us the date – Longhorn Riders – Air Strike – WILL HAPPEN!

[Crowd cheers with that announcement.]

MA: And if you two train wrecks want your face on the marquee, a tee shirt, an action figure, or the six o'clock news you should take that up with the marketing department. You want to fight?

[Michael smirks as he looks out to the crowd.]

MA: Well, like my main man Cody said, you take that up with us! But just like that former undefeated record you two loved so much, you're going to meet your end!

[The duo bumps fists and then raise their arms to the cheers of the crowd as they make their way to the back.]

JD: Air Strike hasn't been in the AWA very long, fans, but they've certainly made a big impression since their arrival. And with the Longhorn Riders currently ranked at Number Seven on the Top Ten Contenders list, you better believe that Air Strike sees a victory over them as a way to shoot right into that Top Ten themselves. Gordon, Bucky... back to you...

[We crossfade back to the seated announcers at ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. Air Strike is looking to make an impact but when you talk about impact, you have to talk about the impact that "Showtime" Rick Marley had on the Chase For The Clash tournament two weeks ago, Bucky.

BW: Marley fought a tough battle... a hard-fought-

GM: Give me a break, Bucky. That whole thing was a sham and you know it!

BW: Hey, you may feel like Ricky Marley disrespected the title but-

GM: He did.

BW: Stop interrupting me! Before I was so rudely interrupted, I was about to say that Marley's had a chip on his shoulder lately and has been out to prove that any mention of it should have his name near the top. Now, this Albert Showens fella is about to climb in there with him? He's stepping into the sights of a very dangerous man, Gordo.

GM: Both men have made their way to the ring already so let's get right back down to action in the ring!

[The camera cuts to both men in the ring as the bell rings. Showens is a black haired, lean man with slight acne problem and large nose. He wears white gi pants and a green cloth belt. He goes barefoot, with athletic tape around his feet. His guard up, he stalks towards the center of the ring while Marley watches...then moves in, circling around before the two end in a collar and elbow tie up.]

GM: Marley is giving up four inches and close to twenty pounds here as Showens puts him in a side headlock that he amazingly doesn't immediately tap out to.

BW: Rick Marley is a 15 year veteran at this point, Gordo...he hasn't made a name for himself acting as a stepping stone for any young punk that comes down the pipe.

[Marley attempts to push Showens off, but the big kid holds on...so the cruiserweight fires a couple of quick forearms into his back before sending him into the ropes.]

GM: Marley shoots him in... and then takes him down with a textbook dropkick that sends Showens crashing down to the mat!

["Showtime" is quickly back on his feet, grabbing Showens by the hair and pulling him up before sending him smashing back down with a quick snap suplex.]

GM: Marley taking control here quickly and with authority, Bucky.

BW: You may hate him for what he did, but Marley is 100% focused here today, daddy. He's showing the entire world why he believes he deserves to be the World Champion.

GM: How can you even say that after what he pulled two weeks ago?! He HAD his chance to become the World Champion and he threw it away to play games with the front office!

[Marley is quickly back up, pulling the struggling Showens to a knee. The martial artist throws a couple of weak punches into the midsection, trying to battle back...

...before Marley lays in a stiff knee to the face that sends the rookie falling backwards as the Unholy Alliance member shoves him bodily into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Marley caught him hard with that knee... big whip comin' up!

[Showens gets sent steaming from corner to corner across the ring as Marley measures him up and charges, leaping and twisting before crashing bodily into Showens!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Eat your heart out, Supernova!

GM: Speaking of Supernova, Bucky... how can you say that Marley had nothing to do with what happened to Supernova?

BW: Very easily. Did you see it happen?

GM: No, you know I didn't.

BW: What about hear? Did you have an ear witness?

GM: No.

BW: Then it sounds like slander to me! Rick Marley could sue you, Gordo!

[With Showens down on the mat, Marley jumps over him, clearing the ropes as he extends his legs, bouncing down on the top rope with his upper thighs, and flipping back into a splash on Showens!]

BW: Wooo! Split-legged moonsault and that makes me wince every time I see something like that, Gordo. Showens is hurt, but Marley should be singin' soprano!

GM: Marley showing off that famous athleticism that frustrates so many people, Bucky...but not going for the cover!

[Marley looks down, shaking his head as he reaches down to pull Showens to his feet once again...only to be caught in a small package by the rookie!]

GM: SHOWENS WITH THE SMALL PACKAGE! HE COULD GET HIM! ONE!!! TWO!!!

[But Marley kicks out strongly, breaking up the pin.]

GM: Two count only! That was a lot closer than it looked, fans!

[Not wasting any more time, Marley gets to his feet just as Showens does. The martial arts expert throws a big high kick that Marley ducks under just barely...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: CASTING CALL! Marley hit the Casting Call superkick on Showens and dropped the kid like a bad habit!

BW: You know what comes next, Gordo!

[Marley wastes no time as he glares down at the kid and hoists him up to his feet before locking on the front chancery...]

GM: LIMELIGHT! And here's Marley with the cover for the easy one, two, and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's over! Showens put up a valiant effort, but came up short against Marley here tonight.

BW: There's no shame in losing to your betters, Gordo.

GM: On this night, Rick Marley was better than Showens but-

BW: On ANY night, Rick Marley's gonna be better than this Bruce Lee wannabe.

[The camera cuts back to Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde at the announce position...Gordon's face is somber and looks vaguely like he's just sucked on a lemon.]

GM: I still have a hard time sitting out here pretending to be fine with watching Marley in that ring when he, on our last broadcast, essentially spit on everything the AWA World Championship represents when he blatantly threw that match to his ally, Johnny Detson.

BW: Threw it? Are you kidding me? Marley is a lot of things... heck, I've pointed out a lot of the things that he is...but what he's not is a quitter. He wants that title as much or than than anyone else in this company!

GM: Than how do you explain him tapping out to a side headlock?!

BW: Detson's arms can crush concrete, Gordo...If YOU were in one of his headlocks, you'd have tapped out too.

[Before Myers can reply, Marley motions for a mic which he quickly receives. As he raises it to his lips, the boos become nearly deafening, causing him to pause and smile broadly.]

GM: The fans are REALLY letting Mr. "Showtime" know what they think of his antics of late...

BW: They have no respect for a guy with his credentials, Gordo! No respect at all!

[Marley finally speaks, wiping the sweat from his brow.]

RM: You guys know that I get paid the same to be here whether I say anything to you or not, right?

[He pauses as the boos continue...then shrugs and simply looks at his wrist, miming checking the time. After twenty seconds, the booing finally dies down a bit...and garbage stops sailing into the ring.]

RM: I would have lost money...you CAN be taught!

You know, the funny thing is that the reaction from the guys in the locker room is nearly as mindlessly vitriolic as the one that you idiotic sheep out here are giving me right now.

Yeah, yeah...boo more. At this point you're just dancing to the tune that I play for you.

When I first got here it was the "I'll leave it all on the line for you"...but that ship has sailed...now I'm gonna be honest with you, no matter how little you like it...and the honest, bare bones truth is that there was no way in hell that I should have been REQUIRED to be in that tournament in the first place.

[The crowd once again goes into a full throated roar of boos.]

GM: What?!

BW: Let's hear him out, Gordo.

[A smirking Marley continues.]

RM: You heard me right. The final prize in that tournament is a shot at the AWA World Title...a shot that I SHOULD have already earned. I've been here for YEARS, watching guys less talented than me parade past me for title shot after title shot.

I've seen guys that were ticking time bombs of issues...guys that we ALL knew were half a step away from ending up on a milk carton...guys like Ron Houston...THESE were the guys that the Championship Committee decided to reward with chances at the gold.

Me?

All I've done is take on anyone that's been willing to sign on the dotted line.

I was instrumental in leaving five of AWA's beloved heroes lying in pools of their own blood at War Games.

[The crowd really gets on his case for that one, drawing even more of a smirk in response.]

RM: Week in and week out, I've been a guy that this company can set its clock by.

Simply put, in the ring or on the mic, I'm better than ANYONE else back there...and if you booing mouth breathing troglodytes had an original thought in your heads that wasn't fed to you in a catch phrase or printed on a t shirt, you'd all agree with me.

[Apparently being called a mouth breathing troglodyte makes people boo even louder.]

RM: So officially and on the record, I'll tell you that Johnny Detson has arms that could cripple a man and I was lucky to get out of that ring alive...but if you REALLY had to look for an answer as to what happened, it's simple.

I deserve better.

I DEMAND better.

And I'll get what's mine.

And you can take that to the bank.

[Marley drops the mic as more boos and garbage cascade down, smiling and nodding at the crowd...

...when suddenly a voice rings out over the PA system.]

"You know something, kid? You talk too damn much."

[All eyes turn towards the entryway where one of the owners of the American Wrestling Alliance, former World Champion Todd Michaelson strides

into view, mic in hand. He's dressed to the nines in a stylish olive colored suit with a white dress shirt.

Oh, and he doesn't look pleased.]

TM: Nearly sixteen years ago, John Wesley Hardin walked into the Skydome in Toronto and said those very words. And with that one line that is etched forever in the minds of wrestling fans all around the world, he changed our sport forever.

He ushered in a new era of this business - an Extreme era - an era that I'm honored to have been a part of. An era where men like Casey James, Tiger Claw, Eddie Van Gibson, Chris Courtade, Adam Rogers, Curtis Hansen, Kevin Slater, Alex Martinez, Mark Langseth, Joe Reed, Serge Annis...

[The crowd is roaring for each and every name dropped - even for men like Rogers and Langseth.]

TM: ...those men walked tall as the symbol of excellence in our sport. They were the World Heavyweight Champion.

[Michaelson pauses.]

TM: Fast forward ahead and the world of Extreme may be dead and buried but the legacy left behind still runs strong. It runs strong in the veins of men like James Monosso... like Marcus Broussard... like Juan Vasquez... like Stevie Scott... the men who are willing and able to stand in front of the wrestling world, hold a piece of gold and leather over their heads, and say that they are the best thing going in the world today.

The AWA World Title was created in the single greatest tournament that this industry has ever seen. We went out and brought in the best wrestlers left in the world to compete - Hall of Famers like Martinez and Gaines... former World Champions by the truckload... even future Hall of Famers.

And in one act... in one selfish, deplorable act...

[He spits on the ramp.]

TM: You SPAT on everything any of those names I just mentioned represent. You and Detson pulled some kind of scam... some kind of joke.

And then you have the nerve to step into that ring... to step into MY ring... and tell the world that you deserve better...

[He shakes his head.]

TM: That you DEMAND better...

[Another shake of the head.]

TM: That you're going to get what's coming to you.

[This time, Michaelson nods.]

TM: THAT we agree on. You ARE going to get what's coming to you.

You're going to get what you deserve because two weeks ago, you embarrassed me, this company, the boys in the locker room, and every fan who ever bought a ticket to see you wrestle.

You're going to get what you deserve because you took the World Title, the ultimate prize that people destroy their bodies and their lives to hold for a split second, and told us it didn't mean a damn thing to you.

But most of all, you're going to get what's coming to you because I just sat in an ambulance by the side of one of the finest young men I've ever had the pleasure to know in this business and tell him that everything's going to be okay.

[Michaelson lifts an accusatory finger.]

TM: You? Detson? I know that was your dirty work. You can deny it all you want but I KNOW it was yours.

And if you like parking lots so much, I suggest you show up in that parking lot two weeks from tonight ready for the fight of your damn life, Marley.

[Michaelson throws down the mic, turning to walk away.]

GM: What in the...? Did Todd Michaelson just challenge Rick Marley to a fight?! In the parking lot no less?!

BW: Is he crazy? The President's office will send him out of town if he does that... just like they did to Jim Watkins!

GM: You're right. Todd Michaelson may want to beat the tar out of Rick Marley but I don't think he can do it! I think the AWA front office will suspend Todd Michaelson if he even TRIES to do that! Fans, Rick Marley is stunned by what he just heard and... well, we've got to take another break but when we come back, Callum Mahoney will be in action!

[Fade to black. The black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[And then we cut to an extreme closeup of a pair of bloodshot, angry eyes. Stringy black hair, greying near the roots, hangs down over the area, which is in letterbox format to keep only the eyes in view. A gruff, menacing voice is heard, coming from the person in the picture.]

Voice: They had to cripple me to stop me.

[We see a black-and-white slow motion replay of Eric Preston piledriving the former World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso, at Memorial Day Mayhem 2013. Monosso is clearly the one speaking.]

JM: The doctors say there's a ninety-five percent chance I'll never walk again.

Maybe so. But through the AWA Signature Series, the memory lives on.

["The Theme From Halloween"'s shrill piano starts in the background as highlights of Monosso's career flash by in rapid succession.]

JM: The AWA World Heavyweight Championship Tournament; all five matches plus Vasquez, from Wrestlerock to Blood, Sweat, and Tears. There's new footage you ain't seen. Commentaries by me, by some of my opponents, by other wrestlers.

[We see a clip of Monosso training, lifting old-style free weights in a rundown gym.]

M: And there's footage from the days before the AWA. From UVW, and the night I first became a World Champion.

[Rare footage of Monosso, much younger and wearing a VERY different set of ring attire (a black, dark orchid, and yellow-colored bodysuit... yes, that was actually what he wore) in a steel cage match fighting an incredibly muscular blond man wearing blue-and-gold trunks and light grey fur boots.]

JM: This is Monosso. Get it. Keep it. It's the only way you'll remember. Remember what I said. Remember what I did. Remember who I was. This isn't just a collectable; it's a legacy.

[Back to the eyes, and only the eyes. The angry, hateful, bitter eyes.]

JM: And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise.

[Fade from the shot of Monosso's eyes to a shot of ring announcer Phil Watson standing in the ring alongside a short Mexican man with curly brown hair. He is wearing yellow tights with an intricate red-and-brown pattern on them, with matching boots and wristbands.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. In the ring with me right now, hailing from Brooklyn, New York and weighing in at 209 pounds, he is CASPIAN... ABARRRAAAN!!!

[Abaran does not react, focusing instead on the entranceway, awaiting the arrival of his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play over the arena speakers. Ten seconds in, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew

cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots.]

'T WAS IN THE MERRY MONTH OF JUNE FROM ME HOME I STARTED #
LEFT THE GIRLS IN TUAM NEARLY BROKEN-HEARTED #
SALUTED FATHER DEAR, KISSED ME DARLING MOTHER #
DRANK A PINT OF BEER, ME GRIEF AND TEARS TO SMOTHER #
THEN OFF TO REAP THE CORN, LEAVE WHERE I WAS BORN #
CUT A STOUT BLACKTHORN TO BANISH GHOSTS AND GOBLINS #
BRAND NEW PAIR OF BROGUES RATTLED O'ER THE BOGS #
FRIGHTENED ALL THE DOGS ON THE ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

[As he makes his way to the ring, we see the man's mouth moving, but we are not quite able to catch what he is saying to the fans on either side of the aisle. At some point, it appears as if he is singing along to his entrance theme.]

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE #
HUNT THE HARE AND TURN HER DOWN THE ROCKY ROAD #
AND ALL THE WAY TO DUBLIN, WHACK FOLLLO DE DAH!

PW: Hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[Reaching the ring, Mahoney steps through the ropes. As the music fades, he paces the ring, awaiting the start of the match. A decent portion of the fans begin to chant "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!"]

"DING! DING!"

GM: Some might call it a mismatch of size, as the luchadore takes on the fighting Irishman.

[Both men circle each other, then goes into the collar-and-elbow. Abaran goes behind Mahoney with a hammerlock, pinning Mahoney's arm behind him. Mahoney reverses, but Abaran drops down and takes Mahoney down with a drop toe hold.]

BW: And both men quickly to their feet.

GM: Their styles might clash, but both Abaran and Mahoney showing off some scientific wrestling here. We've got a standoff here... but they go quickly into another tieup. Wristlock into an arm wringer on Caspian Abaran...

[Mahoney forces Abaran down to one knee, but Abaran flips his way out of the arm wringer, then sweeps Mahoney's legs from under him.]

GM: Abaran showing off that agility that made him a name in Mexico!

BW: And we have another standoff!

[The two men stand and stare at one another for a moment before Mahoney suddenly reaches out, grabbing Abaran by the wrist and yanks him into a boot to the midsection!]

GM: Oof! Mahoney's apparently had enough of that. This is a guy who likes to fight at every opportunity. An exchange of wristlocks isn't exactly what he had in mind tonight.

[Mahoney keeps his hold on the wrist, pulling Abaran towards a short-arm clothesline that the luchador avoids...]

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

GM: Ohh! He slapped him! And that slap sends Mahoney reeling, falling back into the corner...

[Not wasting a moment, the luchador grabs an arm, flinging him across the ring before charging in after him...]

GM: Abaran charges in and- ohh! Mahoney catches him right in the face with a boot to the mush!

[As the luchador staggers backwards, Mahoney ducks down, making a lunge for the legs but the speed of Abaran allows him to dance aside, avoiding the tackle as he throws a kick to the back of Mahoney's thigh!]

BW: Wow. How quick is Abaran, Gordo? He just avoided that tackle like Mahoney was standing still... and then snapped off a pair of kicks to the back of the leg!

[Mahoney stumbles down to a knee as the luchador grabs the leg under his armpit, yanking it out from under the Irishman who reaches back to grab the ropes.]

GM: Mahoney's trying to get to the ropes but Abaran's trying to stop him...

[Reaching down, Abaran grabs the other leg, powering Mahoney up as the Irishman grabs the top rope, trying to save himself...]

...but the luchador yanks him away from the ropes, causing Mahoney to slam backfirst down on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! The back of Mahoney's head slammed into the mat there... and I think this is the most trouble we've see Callum Mahoney in since his debut back at Opportunity Knocks in July, Bucky.

BW: It definitely is. He's on the defensive and that's not the game he plays.

[Still holding the leg, Abaran spins around in a spinning toehold but a kick off sends him sprawling into the ropes where he hangs on to steady himself. He spins around, approaching the rising Mahoney who catches him coming in with a knee to the gut.]

GM: Oh! Mahoney goes downstairs and-

[A hard forearm to the side of the jaw sends Abaran back into the ropes.]

GM: Big shot out of Mahoney... right on the jaw. And just like that, he manages to turn things around... another hard shot!

[The crowd roars as Mahoney seems to snap for a moment, hammering away with repeated forearms, forcing the luchador through the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Mahoney sends him out to the floor... and he's going after him! Abaran's in dangerous territory here if he plans on getting into a fight with the Irishman.

[Out on the floor, Mahoney continues the assault with a barrage of heavy forearms across the back, knocking the luchador down to his knees before Mahoney yanks him right back up, lifting him into a fireman's carry...

...and DROPS him facefirst on the ring apron!]

BW: Ouch! That's the hardest part of the ring right there and Abaran's face just bounced off the thing.

GM: Mahoney rolls back in... and listen to this, Bucky.

BW: Some of these fans are cheering Mahoney. I'm not sure if they like his tactics but I think they like his willingness to always take a fight. He doesn't dodge from it, doesn't hide from his opponents.

GM: A refreshing change.

[Mahoney holds his arms up, walking across the ring as the referee reprimands him to no luck. On the outside, Abaran climbs to a knee, trying to shake the effects of hitting facefirst on the apron.]

GM: Mahoney's moving back in...

[The Irishman leans through the ropes, grabbing the rising masked man by the head and hauling him towards the ropes...

...where he SLAMS Abaran's jaw into the ring apron!]

GM: OHHH!

[With the luchador reeling, Mahoney grabs the arm, dragging him through the ropes into the ring...

...where he scissors the arm, using his legs to flip Abaran over onto his back in the submission hold!]

GM: The Armbar Assassin strikes again, sinking in the submission hold!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: I'm not even sure Abaran gave up there, Gordo. I think he was out cold from hitting his face on the apron and the referee just stopped the match.

GM: You may be right. Abaran's not even moving down there on the mat.

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEEY!!!

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play, as Mahoney releases the hold and gets to his feet. Warren tries to raise his hand, but Mahoney very quickly pulls it away. Instead, he holds both his arms up, to a mixed reaction from the crowd. He looks directly into the camera and we hear him say, "That? That's how you shut a punk kid up!" before stepping through the ropes and exiting the ring as we fade to Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: Another submission win for Callum Mahoney and you have GOT to believe that he's one of the competitors being considered for Steal The Spotlight coming up on Thanksgiving Night, Bucky.

BW: He ain't the only one, Gordo. My sources in the Championship Committee say that half the roster has been knocking on their door trying to get a spot in that match. Only ten people are gettin' in and the winner earns the chance to challenge for ANY match they want in the next year. Skywalker Jones is using his at SuperClash to challenge for the World Tag Team Titles but you gotta wonder what the 2013 winner is gonna do with their contract, Gordo.

GM: It's true but to win it, you gotta be in it. And I'm told that we've got big news about Steal The Spotlight later tonight. Any clue what that is?

BW: Not one bit.

GM: Well, I can tell you one man who will NOT be involved in this year's Steal The Spotlight but who very well might be watching with a vested interest on Thanksgiving Night is the current World Heavyweight Champion, Calisto Dufresne. The champion is scheduled to be in action later tonight but let's go backstage right now and find out who he has chosen to face!

[We cut backstage to where Mark Stegglet stands alongside the AWA World Heavyweight Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne stands in

his wrestling attire, his long blond hair pulled back into a tight pony tail, the World Title wrapped around his waist. He stares smugly into the camera as Stegglet begins.]

MS: Calisto, it appears that you're dressed for a match tonight. You're on the marquee outside as being in action this evening. But everyone here in the Crockett Coliseum is wondering: who are you going to be facing inside the squared circle?

CD: Of course I'm here to compete, Stegglet. The place is packed, isn't it? There's a line outside the door stretching all the way to the Piggly Wiggly down the street to see the World Heavyweight Champion in action. The AWA doesn't get that kind of turnout when Dave Bryant is the headliner for the evening, that's for sure.

[A shake of the head.]

CD: Unlike my predecessor, I am a _fighting champion._ I have no qualms about putting the Heavyweight Title on the line at the drop of the hat; taking on all comers. Since the AWA brass can't seem to figure out who poses a challenge to me, I had to look elsewhere. So I looked at Chris Blue and his band of miscreants seemed like a worthwhile endeavor.

MS: Well, it was more like Chris Blue calling _you_ out two weeks ago-

[Dufresne waves off the statement dismissively.]

CD: Not true. You should go get the scoop from Dane. In an effort to continue to prove that I am the most fearless champion in the history of this industry, I actually approached Chris Blue backstage. I told him that I wanted Craven. I wanted to slay the big, bad Dragon once and for all. But of course, Blue had no desire to watch me slaughter his number one charge, so when he came out and...

[Quote fingers!]

CD: ..."Called me out" two weeks ago, Craven was not one of my options.

[A disdainful look from Dufresne and an incredulous one from Stegglet. Dufresne eventually shrugs and continues.]

CD: I tried, fans. I truly did. But instead, I got my choice of Duane Henry Bishop... or was it Cletus Lee? I don't know, Stegglet, I can never keep those two inbreds straight. Anyway, it was the Bishop not still removing a windshield from his face... or young Eric Preston.

On one hand, I thought to myself: well if I can't slay the Dragon, why not a giant redneck? He seems like an unstoppable force inside the ring and I'm sure fans would love to see me cut him down to size. But then I realized that I had already done that. Already beaten him from pillar to post.

[A raised eyebrow from Stegglet.]

CD: You know, the Stampede Cup? The original one? Where I single-handedly defeated _both_ Bishop Boys on my way to a cool million dollars? Easy work, really. So, that leaves us with young Master Preston. A Michaelson-trained Combat Corner grad.

[A nod.]

CD: I was Michaelson-trained as well, way back in the day. I remember what it was like in the M-DOJO, earning my spurs, Eric.

I helped you once, softening up James Monosso so that you could send him off to pasture. And tonight, I help you again.

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: Because tonight, I make you famous.

[On that note, Dufresne turns on his heel and saunters off camera as we crossfade back out to the squared circle where Phil Watson was standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Already in the ring, weighing in at 188 pounds from Baja, California....

EL DIABLO GUAPO!

[El Diablo Guapo back flips in the corner, landing in a stunning pose down on one knee with his masked face propped up on his chin which he refers too as, "THE POSE". He wears a crimson red bodysuit with a Zorro-esque looking face mask that has a charming smile imprinted in the middle. Two horns pierce the backside of the mask and rifle up into the sky.]

BW: He sure is one handsome devil, isn't he?

GM: I'm not really sure how to comment on that.

PW: And his opponent...

[Methodical clapping spills out over the speakers just as the gritty, deep voice of Son House's "Grinnin' In Your Face" calls out. Rumbling out of the entrance way without pause is a monstrous sized man. His glare is unmoving, frightening even, as he begins to truck down towards the ring. Beside him is a tall, wire-thin figure who clings to the massive right shoulder of the beast he guides to the ring.]

GM: Oh my, Bucky. This man is a sight to be seen.

[Double wide back. Herculean sized legs. Arms that nearly swallow the red singlet that hugs his gigantic frame. The sides of his head are shaved tight while a one and a half inch flat top sits a top his head.]

PW: Being accompanied by Willoughby Tremblay and tipping the scales at 475 pounds. I present to you...

RICKY! LAAAAAAAAAANE!!!

[Lane reaches the ropes, staring at the masked luchadore who stretches confidently in the corner. Willoughby Tremblay follows Lane to the apron which is as far as he goes as he points towards El Diablo Guapo and shouts "HIM! GET HIM!" which draws the luchadore in, quickly!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here comes El Diablo Guapo! He's not wasting a single second!

[Lane, only half way into the ring, is met by a flying axehandle smash to the back. El Diablo Guapo steps onto the bottom rope and springs off, driving the sharp end of the elbow into the back of Lane. He instantly peppers him with kicks to the legs, trying his best to soften up Lane. When suddenly....

...Lane explodes! He throws his hands up ferociously into the air and sends El Diablo Guapo spinning up and over where he acrobatically lands on his feet back in the center of the ring.]

GM: I wouldn't want to poke the beast here, Bucky. Lane looks enraged.

BW: This might get ugly.

[El Diablo Guapo races forward, leaping into the air...

...where Lane snatches him mid-flight, spins, and SLAMS him down into the mat!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A SIDE BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

BW: I can't even see him underneath Lane.

[Willoughby shouts at Lane from the outside and The Big Uneasy pulls himself up and off of El Guapo Diablo, stares down at him...

...and then walks over his chest, piling his entire four hundred and seventy five pound frame on top of the helpless luchadore who squirms in pain!]

GM: MY GOD! That's nearly a quarter ton on top of him!

BW: Or the equivalent of Gordon's mini Cooper being parked on your stomach.

[Lane steps off of El Diablo Guapo who clutches onto his ribs. Referee Warren Davis checks in on the luchadore but Lane's ring-rattling steps jar even the official who cowers out of the way as Lane literally peels El Diablo Guapo off of the mat. He effortlessly flings the luchadore into the corner

and he crumbles down, seated in the corner with his head resting on the middle buckle. Lane turns away, walking to the far corner of the ring.]

GM: I'm not sure what Ricky Lane has in store for El Diablo Guapo here but-

BW: But here he comes!

[Lane charges forward, steam rolling his colossal sized frame across the ring...

...and DRIVES his hip into the skull of the seated El Diablo Guapo!]

GM: MY STARS! WHAT A SHOT!

BW: SOUTHERN WRECKING BALL!

[El Diablo Guapo's body slithers down in the corner, eventually flattening itself out as Lane stands over him. Tremblay, now up on the apron, shouts "CRUSH HIM! CRUSH HIM!" Warren Davis threatens Tremblay who apologizes, folding his hands over his chest while Lane, holding the luchadore by one foot, drags him to the center of the ring before flinging his leg down.]

GM: Uh oh, Bucky. We've seen this before. We saw it last week when he sent two men into the hospital with broken ribs!

[Lane stomps at the feet of El Diablo Guapo. Then near his side. Then by his head and around to the other side. He then rushes to the ropes, heaving his massive body into them, and races across to the other side of the ring where he gains full momentum, leaping into the air...

...and CRUSHING El Diablo Guapo with a seated senton across his chest!]

BW: BLACK CRUSH!

GM: It's over, Bucky.

[Lane remains seated as Warren Davis counts. One. Two. Three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Thank God it's over.

[Lane remains seated over El Diablo Guapo and Warren Davis tries to pull him off. Willoughby Tremblay slips into the ring, holding his arms up victoriously. Davis yells at him, demanding he get Lane to sit up. Tremblay obliges, patting Lane on the shoulders who now pulls himself up. As Warren Davis checks in on the luchadore....

...Tremblay shouts, "END HIM! DO IT AGAIN!"

GM: What in the-

BW: Gordo, it ain't over. Not even close.

[Lane races to the ropes, picking up speed as he stomps across the ring and hits the ropes a second time just as he did earlier and as he approaches El Diablo Guapo the official tries to step in the way...

...only to dive to safety as Lane propels himself up into the air and CRUSHES the luchadore a second time with another seated senton!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Warren Davis is trying to call for help and look at this -- this is disgusting!

[Tremblay begins jumping up and down, shouting out loud as he dances around Ricky Lane who stands over El Diablo Guapo. Tremblay reaches into his polyester jacket pocket, pulling out a pink pocket square...

...and he shoves it into the mouth of the luchadore who physically isn't even able to gag as he lies in the center of the ring motionless.]

GM: Despicable, Bucky. Willoughby Tremblay claimed to be a class act, a Southern Gentlemen. But his true colors are shining now.

BW: And what about Lane, Gordo? Who is going to stand up to this monster?

GM: Medical attention is on their way to the ring but we've got to cut-

[Tremblay, standing shoulder to shoulder with Lane, cuts Gordon off.]

WT: Pardon me, Mr. Myers. But I do believe we are owed the courtesy of a moment of your time. My client Mr. Lane is very much deserving of this after his convincing performance, do you not agree?

GM: Convincing, yes. Honorable, he--

BW: Careful, Gordo.

WT: I understand your animosity, Mr. Myers. WE understand your abhorrence. Your repulsion. Your detestation. We understand it because that is how Mr. Ricky Lane has felt for far too long. Cast away time and time again for the status-quo athlete with the cookie cutter build with the inviting smile. Mr. Ricky Lane is neither of those things.

Look at him.

LOOK AT HIM!

[The camera zooms in on Lane's face. His rounded jaw is punctured with battle wounds, facial scars, and worn for the worse.]

WT: This man may very well never end up on cereal boxes or magazine covers but I promise you this. You can not ignore this MONSTER forever. He is very much awake and he is very much a force to be reckoned with. I have walked many halls and stood by many rings such as this one but I have never laid my eyes on a one man wrecking machine quite like this...

[He gestures to Ricky Lane who stands, bulging arms barely able to fold over one another.]

WT: This is your warning, AWA. This is your ONLY warning. Mr. Ricky Lane is here and not even a body bag or a stretcher...

[Tremblay gestures towards El Diablo Guapo who is being delicately rolled onto a stretcher by a pair of medics.]

WT: Will save you.

[Tremblay nods at Lane who returns the gesture, and then turns back towards the luchadore who lays over the stretcher...

...and leaps.]

GM: NO! CUT AWAY! CUT-

[There is an abrupt cut back to the locker room area where in front of an AWA backdrop, Jason Dane is standing next to Dave Cooper. The Royalty member is dressed in blue jeans and a black T-shirt.]

JD: The man I'm standing with seems to enjoy being at the center of controversy... Dave Cooper, everyone knows you came up short at Unholy War in your quest to become the TV champion, but you still seem intent on causing trouble for Dave Bryant. But it seems your intent may have done more to draw the ire of one Alphonse Green.

DC: First of all, the record books do indeed show I didn't get the win at Unholy War, so thank you, Captain Obvious. But if you want to play it that way, the record books also show Dave Bryant didn't get the win either. Now, if he really wanted to prove to the world he could put me away for good, he could have just asked for five more minutes, but then he got the yellow streak down his back and covers it up by telling everyone he missed it by that much. Besides, everyone missed the camera angle where I got my shoulder up, Jason.

JD: [shaking head] You never cease to amaze me.

DC: A lot of people tell me that, and when you consider I'm just that good in the wrestling ring, who can blame them? But let me address what Bryant is

telling me about how if I want another crack at him, I have to do this or do that. Well, Bryant, you may think that just because you say "jump" that I should only ask you how high. But, Bryant, I'm the guy who responds to "jump" by pointing to the nearby cliff and telling you to go first.

But I'll humor you just a little bit... if you want to engage in negotiations, then we're gonna play it the way it's supposed to be done. You want a shot at Calisto Dufresne, then you win the Chase For The Clash and you'll get your chance to be the next guy who falls at the hands of the AWA World Champion. And if you want me to start going through the ranks to get another shot at you, then I'm gonna be picking the opponents.

[Dane looks surprised at that news.]

JD: That sounds like you want to challenge somebody, Dave. May I ask who that would be?

DC: I hear that Yuma Weaver recently became drinking buddies with Dave Bryant. Well, Dave, if Weaver's learned so much from you, then let's find out if he learned anything from the last time I whipped Weaver in that ring. You get Weaver to come out of his hiding place and get into that ring to face me, one on one, and we'll find out if he's gotten any smarter or if he's just destined to join Sultan Azam Sharif and Glenn Hudson in the list of AWA wrestlers that Royalty has put out for good.

JD: Dave Cooper, not to take anything away from Yuma Weaver, but why not issue a challenge to Alphonse Green? After all, he made it clear last Saturday Night Wrestling that he's officially joining in the war against Royalty and I suspect, after some say you cost him the chance to become the new TV champion, he would welcome the chance to get in the ring with you.

[Cooper shakes his head.]

DC: Alphonse Green? Oh yeah, he had luck on his side when he caught me by surprise two weeks ago, but you know what they say about blind pigs and truffles. So here's my advice to Alphonse Green: Stick to telling everyone about you being the King of Battle Royals and fetching coffee for Ben Waterson, because if you think you are in position to challenge anybody in Royalty, all you will do is put yourself in position to ending up in a hospital bed, and that's all I have to say on that subject!

JD: It may not just be Alphonse Green... you've also drawn the attention of MAMMOTH Maximus. And after what happened to his manager, Louis Matsui...

DC: Now, wait just a minute, Jason... what makes you think I had anything to do with what happened to Louis Matsui?

JD: Come on, Dave, it's not difficult to put the pieces together! Maximus was set to face the Blonde Bombers and what better way to prevent that than by

attacking Matsui, the same way that one of the Bishop Boys was attacked... and everyone knows about the history you had with the Bishop Boys!

DC: Wow, aren't you just some kind of genius... well, Jason, as far as whatever these Wise Men are up to, all I have to say is this is the END of the discussion!

[With that, Cooper quickly walks off.]

JD: That man knows more than he's letting on, I am certain of it. Fans, don't go away 'cause we'll be right back!

[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 fade back up on footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." Outside the Crockett Coliseum. 5:00pm. A trio of motorcycles recklessly whip through the narrow labyrinth of equipment trucks and wires. The bikes are not Harleys or big macho motorcycles; they are pure crotch rocketry -- bright, blinding green and built for speed, speed, and more speed. Sitting astride it are four folks swathed in leather, but it is quite clear that there are three men and the other is very much not.

And given that one motorcycle has a sidecar, into which is strapped a bright florescent pink branding iron, you can probably make a really accurate guess as to which group of people we are talking about.

Mark Stegglet knows, which is why he patiently awaits as Miss Sandra Hayes removes her pink bike helmet followed by Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and of course Donnie White -- who naturally favored a bandanna over his face so as to not ruin the integrity of his platinum blonde hair spikes.]

MS: Donnie. Donnie, a question!

[Donnie White is wearing green and white leathers that are monogrammed with "TSG" on them. Miss Hayes riding outfit is yellowish with a black stripe down the side, so much Uma Thurman from Kill Bill that there's virtually no way she purchased it for herself.]

DW: Marky-Mark. Ya jus' know Donnie White has always got time for you, playa. Except Saturdays. D-White is totally busy on Saturday.

[Miss Hayes is unbuckling her patent, #7 selling on QVC for the month of October, branding iron.]

MSH: Totally. Wait, isn't tonight Saturday?

DW: You know, it might just be. Sorry, Mark. We might be too busy to talk right now, depending on whether or not it's Saturday.

[Stegglet, almost dumbfounded, snaps his fingers.]

MS: Then say it's the day after Friday.

MSH: Oh Mark, I knew I liked you for soooome reason! Clever boy.

DW: Alright, the Atomic Blonde will grant you one question, since it's...Friday plus one.

MS: Since you're here and in...wrestling attire....does that mean that you are fully prepared for your rematch with Shadoe Rage?

[Miss Hayes turns her attention over to the Atomic Blonde here, brows arched archly.]

MSH: Yeah Donnie, does it? Tell him what you told me.

DW: My brother.... D-White was born ready!

MS: So tonight is the moment you've been waiting for. Ever since Uncivil War --

DW: Whoooooa there. What do you mean by, "tonight?"

MS: The match. It's tonight. Two weeks ago you openly accepted Shadoe Rage's challenge and Karl O'Connor-

DW: The Memphis Mohawk knows what he did two weeks ago, Mark! But tonight...

[Donnie tugs at his choke collar.]

DW: You sure it's tonight?

MSH: The man said it's tonight, Donnie. These things don't get magically cancelled.

DW: Yeah, yeah. It's not like Shadoe Rage is gonna wake up in a dumpster out back after two non-descript attackers violently pummel him and drag him outside.

[Mark turns to Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson who both look away from him. Miss Sandra Hayes whips out her iPhone and stylus. She begins jotting down notes.]

MSH [muttering]: Have...guys....attack....Shad --

DW: Sandra!

[Miss Hayes peers up from her iPhone.]

MSH: Oh, right. We are fully prepared, Mark. We have.....a plan! A full-proof, can not fail, impossible-to-over-come plan!

DW: You hear that, Mark? Like D-White said earlier. Born. Ready.

MSH [muttering, again]: Make....awesome....plan.

[White shoots Sandra a glare just as she looks up.]

MSH: I don't see you working on it!

[Miss Sandra Hayes stalks past Donnie White, violently swinging her branding iron over her shoulder and stomping for the wrestler's entrance door.]

MS: So...tonight?

DW: Sorry, Mark. It's Saturday, and like D-White said earlier, he's way too busy on Saturdays to talk to you. Lets go, guys.

[White, Anderson, and Strong follow in pursuit of Hayes, stalking past Mark Stegglet who is left alone on the outside as we fade back up to the interior of the Crockett Coliseum where a solemn Gordon Myers is looking into the camera.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans... so you can add that match to our already-stacked lineup here tonight as Donnie White takes on Shadoo Rage in a rematch from Unholy War. Remember, we've still got Dave Bryant defending the Television Title against Ryan Martinez... the World Champion Calisto Dufresne meets Eric Preston in a non-title matchup... and of course, the Chase For The Clash tournament continues when Supreme Wright takes on MAMMOTH Maximus. But earlier tonight, we saw a horrific attack on Supernova out in the parking lot and we just wanted to break in and inform you, the viewers, that the early reports we're hearing say that Supernova suffered a fracture of his orbital bone during the attack and will be out for quite some time. It's a hard piece of news to hear about such a great competitor like Supernova who is sure to be disheartened at having to miss SuperClash V.

BW: It is, Gordo. You better believe Supernova was trying to find a way onto the show - whether that was with a match with Rick Marley or Johnny Detson or as part of Steal The Spotlight. It's the biggest night of the year - a night that he's just two years removed from being in the Main Event.

GM: Definitely a sad moment for fans of the young man from Venice Beach. Changing gears a bit though, let's take a look at this situation between the Lynch family and the Beale Street Bullies. To put it quite simply, this feud has escalated slowly but surely since last SuperClash - a year ago now - when Robert Donovan betrayed Jack Lynch after that duo failed to capture the National Tag Team Titles. Of course, the darkest moment of this rivalry went down at Homecoming when James Lynch was hit with the spike piledriver - a move that has left James sidelined indefinitely with a serious neck injury.

BW: Then they got into the brawl in the Rusty Spur that same night!

GM: That's right, Bucky. The AWA finally said enough is enough and made an unusual ruling. When one member of one of those groups is present on the show, the other group is prohibited from having more than one member of their own group there. For instance, if Robert Donovan is chosen to face Curt Sawyer in two weeks' time on this very show, then only one Lynch can be in the building as well.

[Gordon grimaces.]

GM: Of course, those rules only work when the men are at an AWA event. That wasn't the case earlier this week when Travis and Jack were at a charity event that their father, Blackjack, was promoting at a local high school - Dillon High School's football team had been going through some financial troubles lately and the Lynch family decided to lend a hand with a special fundraiser. As you can imagine, Blackjack Lynch has ties to many local Texan community organizations and has always been a supporter of the Dillon High Panthers. When asked, the AWA was more than happy to lend the services of his sons, Jack and Travis for the evening. While our own cameras weren't on the field that night, the Dillon High AV Club WAS recording for use on their website. These kids captured some footage that has to be seen to be believed. Take a look...

[We cut away from Gordon and Bucky to the shaky footage shot by the high school students. There's a washed out, overexposed quality to the film, and the audio leaves something to be desired but slowly, the camera man steadies his shot - thought it remains leaps and bounds away from the AWA's normal production values.

In the center of the football field, a wrestling ring has been erected. It looks slightly worn with a stained mat and fraying ropes - but it's a ring nonetheless. There are no ringside mats surrounding it, meaning a drop straight to the grass below for anyone who falls from the ring. A rope barricade has been set up in hopes of keeping the fans back from the action and in their wooden folding chairs at ringside. If we look far enough back, we can see the rest of the fans in the field's bleachers. There looks to be a pretty big crowd there, a testament to the Lynch family's drawing power in their home state.

In the middle of the ring stands the legendary Blackjack Lynch. The world famous wrestler/promoter is flanked by his sons, Jack and Travis, as he stands in a neatly pressed button up shirt while his sons are in their respective ring gear.]

BJL: Hello Dillon!

[Cheers from the crowd.]

BJL: Tonight, we've got some great action for you. My son Travis is going to take on Lucha legend El Hombre Sin Nombre! Not only that, but Jack, why don't you tell them what you'll be doing tonight?

[With a nod of his head, Jack takes the microphone from his father. He looks out over the crowd, hand lifted in the air to acknowledge their cheers.]

JL: Well, when my dad called me up and asked me if I'd help him raise some money for the Panthers, you know I just had to say yes.

["That's us!" Pop!]

JL: And then, I heard that one of Dillon High's own has just finished training to be a wrestler. And I just knew I had to team up with him. So tonight, I am gonna get in the ring with your most famous alumni... Brian "Smash" Williams

[Another round of cheers, which causes a loud wave of distorted feedback over the mic.]

JL: And Smash and I are gonna be takin' on two people I know you Dillonites all know, and all hate. Its gonna be us against Matt Saracen and Landry Clarke!

[Boos for the hated duo, not known on the national scene, but quite infamous in this small Texas town. Blackjack takes the mic back, speaking once more.]

BJL: Tonight's going to be a night of great action. Let's start with...

[Blackjack Lynch's words trail off as his eyes dart to the side. He suddenly looks quite nervous as he throws the mic down, grabbing Jack by the arm and pointing in the same direction that he was looking.

There's a flood of blurred images as the camera jarringly pans in the direction of the distraction. A brief "Oh sh-" is heard from, presumably, the cameraman before a loud explosion of boos drowns him out. Coming through the crowd and coming over the rope barricade is one of the Beale Street Bullies, the seven foot Robert Donovan. Blackjack snatches up the mic he dropped, pointing at Donovan who has now been blocked from getting any further by the local security team. Donovan doesn't seem in a rush to get past them, grinning at the Lynch family's reaction to his arrival.]

BJL: I don't know what the hell you're doing here, Donovan, but after what you did to my boy, you got a lot of nerve showing your face anywhere where I'm standin'!

[The crowd cheers the idea of the legendary Blackjack Lynch tangling with the seven footer. The senior member of the Lynch family nods his head, holding up the clawhold hand to an even bigger cheer. Travis starts to go out after Donovan but Jack holds him back, waving him off.]

BJL: That's right, Jack. We ain't here to take care of family business tonight. We're here to take care of this high school and their kids. So, Donovan... you're just gonna have to wait your-

[Donovan interrupts, shouting at the elder Lynch who balls up his fists.]

BJL: Someone get this punk a mic.

[The seven footer smirks as a nervous student wades past security to hand a house mic to Donovan.]

RD: What I was trying to say is... as stupid as we all know the Lynch boys are...

[BIG HEEL REACTION!]

RD: ...by this point, I would've thought you'd at least have learned to look behind ya!

[And on cue, Dick Wyatt and Adam Rogers come over the rope barricade on the other side of the ring, rushing the ring, and diving in. Blackjack Lynch again throws the mic down as his boys rush to meet them.

The crowd is roaring as Travis and Jack commence to open fire on Wyatt and Rogers, greeting them with a series of haymakers. The fists are flying freely and in short order, the Bullies have been expelled from the ring by the Lynches. The Lynches are standing tall, waving for them to get back in and continue the fight as the Bullies throw a ringside tantrum.

Still in possession of a microphone, Rob Donovan speaks.]

RD: I got an idea, old man.

[The crowd boos Donovan.]

RD: Since it seems like your whelps are ready for a fight and these future "would you like fries with that? high scholars look like they want one too...

[Another big shower of boos on a grinning Donovan.]

RD: I say we give 'em one.

[Blackjack shouts "COME ON!" and sits on the middle rope, waving Donovan in.]

RD: Nah, nah... not like that. I heard my old partner Jack in there talking about wrestling tonight. He wants to team with some bum against two other bums so that he can hog all the glory.

[Donovan turns towards Rogers who leans in over the mic.]

AR: Wonder where he got that from.

[More boos pour down on the Bullies as Donovan pulls the mic back.]

RD: So, I suggest we make use of the phrase "Card Subject To Change." Jackie boy, you're still in the Main Event... just like yer old man has always dreamed of.

But standing across from ya?

[Donovan jerks a thumb at himself.]

RD: ...is gonna be me.

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of it!]

RD: And just to sweeten the deal, if you accept, I'll send Adam and Dick down to the local saloon where Sunshine is waiting to... wet their whistles.

[The crowd jeers Donovan's remark as Jack snatches the mic from his father.]

JL: You already know I ain't gonna say no. Smash, if you're listenin', sorry.

I got me a bully to take care of.

[Jack throws the mic down to the cheers of the crowd as we fade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

BW: That was a wild situation, Gordo, but it wasn't the end!

GM: It certainly wasn't. There was a match that occurred between Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan that we heard about right there. We're still in the process of purchasing the video of that match but we have worked out a deal to show you some highlights. This match was not sanctioned by the AWA so... parental discretion is advised. Let's take a look...

[We fade back to the pre-taped action where we start with Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan fighting just beyond the rope barricade in the crowd. They're trading haymakers with high school students surrounding them on all sides.

Donovan digs his fingers into the eyes, blinding Lynch for the moment as he grabs him by the hair, throwing him through a sea of students into the wooden chairs. The seven footer promptly picks up a wooden chair, smashing it down across the back of Jack Lynch to the jeers of the crowd.

We cut deeper into the match where a now-bleeding Jack Lynch has Donovan in the bleachers, repeatedly slamming his head into the wooden benches until Donovan's head is also split open. He flips Donovan onto his back, using his fingerless glove-covered hand to hammer the cut forehead until the blood is really starting to pour down his face.

Another cut deeper into the match is finally back in the ringside area as Lynch is using the rope barricade to strangle Donovan. Donovan claws at Lynch's arms, trying to free himself from the chokehold as the crowd jeers on the angry Texan.

Finally releasing the chokehold, Lynch pulls Donovan off the grass by the arm, whipping him towards the steel ringpost where Donovan SLAMS into the steel before slumping down to his knees on the grass. Lynch approaches, pulling Donovan's bloody head back by the hair, exposing his face and slamming his fist into the bloody forehead repeatedly as we catch

of an over-matched referee shaking his head, waving his arms to try and get the action back into the ring.

Another cut shows the action back in the ring where Lynch uses another Irish whip to put Donovan in the corner. He raises his right hand as he steps up on the middle rope, looking to hammer the cut some more...

...when Donovan SLAMS his arm up into the groin of Lynch! He uses the illegal blow to lift Lynch up onto his shoulder, and powerbombs him down to the canvas! Donovan drops to his knees, applying a cover for a near fall as the referee waves it off, showing two fingers. An angry Donovan glares at him as we cut again.

This time, we see Donovan applying the gutwrench, looking to deliver his finishing move...

...but Jack Lynch has other ideas as he backdrops out of it, dropping the seven footer down on the canvas. Lynch gives a shout through the blood pouring down his face, holding up his gloved hand to an enormous reaction as Donovan staggers to his feet...

...and sinks the Iron Claw in! The crowd EXPLODES for the signature hold of the Lynch family as Jack digs his fingers deep into the temples of the seven footer, trying to force a submission out of him before he renders him unconscious.

But Donovan AGAIN goes downstairs with a kick to the groin, breaking the Iron Claw and knocking Lynch down to the mat. Donovan reaches up, wiping the blood from his eyes as the referee shouts at him. The seven footer glares at the official as he steps forward, pulling Lynch into a standing headscissors...

The crowd murmurs in concern, remembering what Donovan helped do to James Lynch just about a month ago. Donovan leans over, hooking his arms around the waist of Jack Lynch, preparing for the piledriver that just might put Jack in a hospital bed next to his little brother.

Finally, the referee has seen enough, lunging forward to wave off any piledriver attempt. When it seems certain that Donovan plans on doing it anyways, the official grabs the seven footer by the arm...

...and gets THROWN down to the mat for it! The crowd again roars its disapproval as Donovan shoves Lynch down to the mat, turning back towards the official who is trying to get off the mat. The Beale Street Bully buries a boot into the midsection, reaching down to grab the young referee in a gutwrench...

He powers the striped-shirt wearing official up into the air in the gutwrench, flipping him over and DRIVING him down to the mat with a thunderous powerbomb! We can instantly hear the ring bell sounding as Donovan stands over the motionless official, glaring a hole right through his prone form...

...and then turns back to Jack Lynch, again pulling his bloodied rival into the standing headscissors, looking for the piledriver. But someone else decides to intervene this time as Travis Lynch comes tearing into view, diving under the ropes into the ring. The youngest of the Lynch brothers is full of fire, throwing haymakers at the bloodied head of Robert Donovan as quickly as he can. He batters him back to the ropes as Jack Lynch slumps down to the mat again.

Travis gets Donovan all the way up against the ropes before he turns back to the crowd, pumping his muscular arm to a big cheer. He goes into a full spin, his fist cocked at the ready...

But as he wheels around to deliver a discus punch, he gets caught by the throat by Donovan! The crowd gasps at what's to come as Donovan lifts Lynch off his feet, throwing him by the throat over the ropes and down to the floor! The seven footer stares down at the youngest Lynch through blood-stung eyes. The Texas fans start hurling garbage in the direction of the Beale Street Bully who swats a water bottle aside, a furious expression on his face as he marches back towards the downed Jack Lynch, pulling him up again.

Thinking the third time's the charm, Donovan tugs Lynch into the standing headscissors as the crowd noise builds... and builds... and builds into a dull roar as the camera finds Blackjack Lynch standing in the ring behind Robert Donovan, a ringside wooden folding chair in hand. Donovan is completely unaware he's there as he leans down to hook his arms around Lynch's torso, giving the eldest Lynch the best target he's had in years.

Lynch winds up with the wooden chair...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

...and CLUBS Donovan across the back with the chair! The crowd roars as Donovan instantly releases Jack Lynch, slumping to a knee. Blackjack backs up, chair at the ready as Donovan slowly pushes back to his feet, turning to face his attacker. He smirks at the sight of Blackjack Lynch, waving the older man forward.

And forward he comes, rearing back again...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

The crowd ROARS as the wooden chair comes down hard and fast, smashing down over the skull of Robert Donovan...

...but we quickly learn why most wrestlers use steel chairs for this purpose as the wooden chair splinters over Donovan's skull, leaving the remnants of the chair hanging around the big man's neck as he stands stoic, glaring at his attacker.

The Texas fans have a moment to murmur with concern for their hero before Donovan reaches out, grabbing Lynch by the throat...

He lifts the legend up into the air, holding him high for all to see...

...and DRIVES him into the canvas with a thunderous chokeslam! Donovan steps back, yanking the chair off his neck and throwing it to the mat. He shouts something unheard at Blackjack Lynch, standing tall over the fallen legend as the garbage really begins to fly into the ring now.

The seven footer raises his arms, letting loose a horrific shout of triumph as we fade back from the footage to ringside where Gordon Myers is shaking his head.]

GM: This situation has gotten out of control, fans. People are getting hurt - badly hurt - and no one is safe. This needs to come to an end - one way or another.

BW: Well, after what happened in that footage, I'm told that the AWA front office agrees with you, Gordo.

GM: That's right... and as such, we can now make it official. The ruling placed on both groups will still be in place... until Thanksgiving night in Dallas, Texas... the Lynches' hometown. On that night, these two teams are gonna hook 'em up one more time as the Beale Street Bullies take on the Lynches and a partner of their choice in a six man tag team match! What a clash that's going to be on the biggest night of the year, fans!

BW: One of the biggest rivalries the AWA has ever seen is comin' to a head on the biggest night of the year in front of the biggest crowd we've ever been in front of... and to top it off, it's gonna be in the Lynches' backyard! We may need security to keep the front doors from bein' knocked down when the tickets sell out for this one, daddy!

GM: The lineup for SuperClash V continues to get better and better and Jason Dane has just caught up with a man who hopes to be a big part of SuperClash on Thanksgiving Night - the only man, so far, to advance to the Semifinals of The Chase For The Clash tournament. I'm talking about Johnny Detson. Jason?

[We go to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing, with microphone in hand. Standing next to him is Johnny Detson, wearing a black zip up sweatshirt and a pair of blue jeans. A pair of shades rest on the bridge of his nose.]

JD: I'm joined here by the first person to advance in the Chase for the Clash, Johnny Detson, albeit by very questionable means.

Detson: Questionable means?

JD: You can't honestly say that the contest you had with Rick Marley was on the up and up... can you?

[Detson just stares at Dane as he continues.]

JD: A chance at the World Title tournament and the Unholy Alliance just-

[Detson cuts him off.]

Detson: Next question.

[Dane looks irritated at the interruption.]

JD: I think the people are entitled to an answer as to why Rick Marley would do something like this and why the two of you would attempt to make a mockery of the whole tournament!

Detson: You do, do you?

JD: Yes, you can't honestly expect us to believe that you had no idea that this was going down regardless of your reaction.

Detson: Expect? From you? Not a damn thing. As far as Unholy Alliance business goes, well... we're going to keep that as Unholy Alliance business as in none of yours!

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: There are some people in this locker room... in that front office whom were not pleased with your antics two weeks ago and intend to MAKE it their business. Of course, I'm talking about Supernova and Todd Michaelson. Now, Supernova-

[Detson interrupts again.]

Detson: Had himself an accident.

[Dane looks incredulous.]

JD: An accident?! Seriously?!

[Detson shrugs.]

Detson: Whatever you want to call it, I don't think he's going to be a problem for myself or for the Alliance... do you?

JD: Obviously not but what about Todd Michael-

[Another interruption!]

Detson: We already knew Todd Michaelson had a less than favorable opinion of me to start. Two weeks ago did nothing to change or enhance that. The AWA front office thought it a hoot when they paired Alliance members

against each other, they got their match and now they have to live with the result. Rick was right, we tore the house down.

JD: Unbelievable, but still the argument is out there, that why go through all that for a title you've taken every chance to belittle...

[Detson rips off his shades and throws them behind them, glaring a hole in Dane, he cuts him off.]

Detson: There you go again. I belittle the title? I don't respect the title? When did I say that?

JD: Basically every chance you talk about it! You said yourself that you don't want it!

Detson: You're right. I said I need it. Need not want. Not a desire but an actual requirement of functioning life!

JD: But you said...

Detson: I said what? That I wasn't going after the title? You're right I did say that, is that disrespectful? If so, then yeah I disrespected it a little bit. But let's look at it... two people have held that title.

[Detson holds up a finger.]

Detson: One, in Monosso, that went through every type of torture to claim it that he came out a cripple.

[Detson holds up another finger.]

Detson: And two, Calisto Dufresne, the guy it took multiple chances to beat a cripple to win the World Title. A guy by Gordon Myers' definition is the benchmark of professional wrestling, even though he's said more deplorable things about him than anything nice, and let's not forget... achieved this by beating a cripple.

[Detson smirks.]

Detson: I disagree.

JD: So you're disrespecting the title and what it stands for again?

Detson: No. The title is the benchmark not the person holding it. Unfortunately, it's the same rotation of guys in an endless fight over it ruining what it should be, not what Myers hopes it is.

JD: That's a little twisted logic to simply bend the argument in your favor.

Detson: Really? Supernova has not tried and failed on more than one occasion? Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott cannot receive opportunity at a mere snap of the finger? Todd Michaelson's golden child from the Combat Corner

cannot fail again and again and again? Rick and I were here to break up the monotony and they made us fight obviously increasing the odds of more of the same.

[Detson shakes his head in disappointment.]

Detson: Everything Rick Marley has said since he came back to Dallas has been the God's honest truth, it's just a shame you people are all too blind to see it. But I get it. The AWA is the high water mark of professional wrestling so it's natural to assume your World Title shares the same honor. Well in three matches... IT WILL!

[Detson holds up three fingers.]

Detson: Three matches to end the monotony, three matches to end the same old same old. In three matches your World Champion becomes the very thing that you, Myers, and the entire American Airlines Center wants him to be.

[Detson takes those three fingers and points them into the chest of Jason Dane.]

Detson: And like my associate Rick Marley says, you can take that... to the bank!

[With that, Detson walks off leaving Dane standing there alone as we crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: This contest is scheduled for one fall, and has a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, he hails from San Cristobal in the Dominican Republic and weighs in tonight at two hundred and seventy-five pounds.. he is ANGELO CORDERO!

[A stocky, balding man with a black shoulder length mullet and an 80s-porn-star-ish mustache raises his arms, hoping for a positive reaction. The crowd doesn't comply, and the man turns towards the crowd, mouthing off at them. He removes his white jacket, revealing a Dominican Republic- themed singlet.]

PW: And his opponent..

[Hit it, Freddie!]

Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.

I feel Alllllllll---iiiiii---iiiiii-vvvveee

And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.

I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.

Don't. Stop. Me..

[As the song kicks in, Alphonse Green steps out onto the aisleway. The crowd is actually giving him a mixed reaction, based on his actions on the

last AWA Saturday Night Wrestling. The Gang Green contingent is actually larger than normal tonight, likely the source of most of the cheering.]

PW: From Windermere, Florida.. weighing in at one hundred and ninety-nine pounds.. here is ALPHONSE GREEN!!

[Green is wearing a pair of Kentucky Wildcat-blue tights that go down to the thighs, a pair of black kneepads, and a pair of white boots. He's wearing a green t-shirt with a cute picture of him flying an old-style World War I Bomber, with "Gang Green Flying Machine!" in a gothic font surrounding the plane.]

GM: The crowd here tonight doesn't seem to know what to make of Alphonse Green, Bucky!

BW: You know I'm one of the charter members of Gang Green, and I don't know what's going on inside that young man's head as of late! I mean, he got the attention of Dave Cooper in a huge way!

GM: Getting the attention of Cooper himself, on top of possibly getting Royalty's attention.. that's not a good idea for someone with hardly any allies.

BW: I hope he knows what he's doing, Gordo. Going up against Royalty like that? That's a suicide mission!

[Green strolls down to ringside. One fan actually reaches over the railing, and is greeted with a hand slap! Green points at the fan, winks, and sprints excitedly down to the ring. He slingshots over the top rope. Cordero stares down Green as Green removes his t-shirt. Green looks out over the crowd, and throws the shirt into the crowd. Green turns back towards Cordero, and hops up and down, anticipating the ringing of the bell.]

DING DING DING

GM: Every time Green's thrown one of his shirts out to the crowd, the crowd would have thrown the shirt back by now.

BW: Looks like a member of Gang Green got that shirt! They appreciate its value!

[Green and Cordero are circling each other, and Green lunges for the larger man's legs.]

GM: Green looking to go low on Cordero here in the early going, get the larger man off his feet, and he does so!

[Green, realizing he has the early advantage, straddles the back of Cordero. He looks out over the crowd.]

BW: Gotta use that quickness to his advantage, Cordero's a rather beefy man. Also, he's gotta use that!

[Green looks down, and smacks Cordero on the thigh, shouting "GIDDYUP!".]

GM: Well, if the folks at home were thinking Green's changed, I guess that's your answer.

BW: He's trying to ride him like a horse! Ha! Too bad Cordero's gotta be such a spoilsport.

[Instead of being ridden, Cordero quickly scoots away, and pulls himself to his feet. He glares at Green and shouts "What is wrong with you?"]

GM: Cordero asking the question we've all been asking for the better part of Alphonse Green's career..

[Green shrugs his shoulders, as Cordero continues running his mouth, demanding that Green starts taking things seriously. Green points out towards the crowd, telling Cordero "I'm doing this for the kids! I'm a friend to all children!"]

BW: GAAAAMMMERRRAAAAAA!!!

GM: A Gamera reference in 2013, good grief. You know, maybe Green should start taking things more seriously as we head into 2014.

BW: Really? I think taking things a bit more seriously cost him the World Television Title! He played it straight against Dave Bryant, and he could have had the win.

GM: I'd like to say the young man's maturing a bit, but so far I'm not sure that's the case. He's twenty-five years old and still acts like he's in the fifth grade.

[Cordero, upset at Green blowing him off, charges at him. Green quickly takes him over with a hiptoss!]

GM: Green, barely getting the big man over with that hiptoss, Cordero back on his feet, and there's a nice armdrag takedown by Green, and he lays a kick in to the back of Cordero for good measure!

[Green backs off, grinning as he's proud of the kick he laid in. Cordero gets to his feet, and quickly gets into Green's face.]

GM: Cordero not too happy with that kick.. and piefaces Green!

[The crowd starts booing a bit as Cordero starts raining down forearms to the back of Green.]

GM: That immature attitude's coming back to haunt Green right about now.

BW: True, sometimes his mouth writes checks he can't cash, but he can be quite funny!

GM: As Cordero backs Green into the ropes.. ooh! Cordero comes down hard with a huge slap across the chest. Cordero, from what I understand, is as old school as they come.

[Cordero whips Green into the ropes. Green comes back, sliding underneath Cordero as Cordero whiffs badly on a roundhouse punch. Green climbs to his feet as Cordero turns around, and catches Cordero underneath the jaw with a dropkick!]

BW: The old school sometimes can't teach you all about these new tricks!

[Cordero rolls out of the ring before Green can follow up. Green looks out at Cordero, a disappointed look on his face]

GM: Cordero wisely getting out of there before Green can do any more damage.. look out!

[Green charges just as Cordero turns around, diving through the ropes! The crowd cheers as both men crash into the ringside barrier.]

GM: Cordero sandwiched between the barricade and a full speed Alphonse Green!

BW: That barrier is a fortunate thing to have, absorbing all that impact. Imagine the hole in the ground Cordero would have made on impact. We'd never see anyone in the first three rows again.

GM: Bucky..

[Green leans over, letting out a loud "OOOOOOHHH!!!!" that a couple of the more vocal members of Gang Green join in on. He pulls Cordero to his feet, and rams his head into the ringside apron. Suddenly, Green pulls the apron out and sticks Cordero's head in between the apron and the ring. Cordero struggles to get out as Green starts kicking at Cordero's upper thigh, yelling "GIDDYAP SUNSHINE!" with each kick!]

GM: Good grief! Green's definitely the same guy who once twisted Futurestar's mask around and threw ice cubes from somebody's drink at him in the same match!

BW: Gotta love the bruises forming on Cordero's lower body! Taking out the legs, trying to negate that size and strength advantage. It's goofy in the hands of Green. But you gotta admit, it works!

[Green rolls Cordero into the ring, and turns to play for the crowd before stepping onto the apron. Cordero rises to his feet, and catches Green coming back into the ring with a knee to the side of the head, sending him back onto the apron. Cordero then hits Green across the side of the head with a couple of forearms.]

GM: Cordero's a veteran of the Puerto Rican independents, and his brawling experience is coming into play.

BW: Ya gotta be able to absorb a lot of damage down there, considering that area's reputation for it's bloodbaths.

[Cordero winds up for one big haymaker, but Green ducks, and rams his shoulder into Cordero's midsection. Cordero is doubled over, and Green takes that opportunity to slingshot himself over the top rope.]

GM: Sunset flip coming, blocked by Cordero!

[Cordero, confident that Green can't get him over, balls up a fist. He aims for Green's head, and comes up empty!]

GM: Nobody home..

BW: But that found it's mark!

GM: Green with a punch of his own, and that might have found it's way into a questionable area.

[Cordero's doubled over in pain, grabbing at his lower abdomen. Green makes his way to his feet, and the referee is asking him if he went low with that punch. Green shrugs his shoulders, obviously not telling the referee where that punch went.]

BW: Nothing to question there, ref. Green got a lucky shot right into that bread basket!

GM: Bread basket.... riiiiight!

[Green goes back over to Cordero, and drags him to his feet, only to be greeted by an eye-rake by the journeyman wrestler.]

GM: You might be right about Cordero absorbing all those blows! Green getting a taste of his own medicine as Cordero comes back with a cheap shot of his own. Cordero following it up with a bodyslam, and where's Cordero going?

[Cordero makes his way over to the corner, hopping onto the second rope. He looks out over the crowd for their approval, receiving none. He glares menacingly, then winds up and leaps!]

GM: Here comes an elbow drop.. missed!

[Green quickly gets to his feet, grabbing the arm of the elbow that found the mat. He twists it around, and floats over into a La Majistral cradle!]

GM: One, two.. no!

[Cordero kicks out with authority, sending Green running towards the ropes. Green exits to the apron, and waits. Cordero gets to his feet as Green springboards himself to the top rope.]

GM: Springboard clothesline finds it's mark! Green with another quick cover.. and Cordero once again hurls Green across the ring with a kickout at two!

BW: Stay on him, Alphonse!

[Green charges at the rising Cordero.]

BW: NO!

GM: Cordero caught him, tilt-a-whirl... OH MY STARS! How did Green get out of that??

[Cordero tried to take Green over with a tilt-a-whirl, only to find that Green landed on his feet! Green spins around, reaching back to hook Cordero's head. Before Cordero can get a chance to react, Green's climbing the nearby ropes.]

BW: Here it comes.. Hunger Strike! Green can still finish off a match just like that when he wants to!

GM: Beautiful counter out of the tilt-a-whirl.. and there's the one, two, and three!

DING DING DING

["Don't Stop Me Now" kicks in over the PA to a mixed reaction from the crowd. Green climbs to his feet, raising both arms to the air.]

PW: The winner of the match.. ALPHONSE GREEN!

GM: Alphonse Green chalks up another victory, looking to regain some momentum after that tough loss last week.

BW: I hope him and Bryant tango again, the last two matches were great and we need a third one that can blow the other two away!

GM: We'll see what happens in the coming weeks, Jason Dane's at ringside, take it away!

[Green rolls out of the ring, where he's greeted by Jason Dane.]

JD: Alphonse, could I get a word with you after your impressive win? I have to ask you about last week.. first of all, one of the things that's been on everyone's mind as of late: You could have won the Television Title, but you let Dave Bryant go when he was in the ropes without the referee seeing. That's not quite like you.

[Green rolls his eyes.]

AG: Everyone asks me why I need to take cheap shots at every chance I can get, Dane.. and now everyone's been askin' why I had to play fair. Look, I'm gonna be on the level with you and everyone out there in TV land.

I live life by the whole "Win if ya can, lose if ya must, but always cheat" motto. It's somethin' Ben Waterson himself taught me, and by gum I live by it every day.. or almost.

[Dane raises his eyebrow.]

AG: I'm more than happy to put my feet in the ropes, my arms, my mouth, my ears, whatever ain't nailed down in order to get an advantage. Heck, the referee there, and I bet Gordo himself questioned where that punch landed in that last match. If they think that punch went low, then let them think that. Personally, with that dude I was in the ring with, I dunno where his abdomen ended and the nether regions began.

[Green shrugs his shoulders.]

AG: But, I ain't gonna do that against a guy I grew up watchin', and patterned myself after. I hope nobody out there's confusin' it with some sort of change of heart kinda thing. Bucky, don't you worry your head off, I ain't changed a bit.. I'm gonna do everything that makes Alphonse Green great, it's just gonna be to different targets!

JD: You mean, Dave Cooper and Royalty?

[Green nods his head.]

JD: Are you sure that's wise? You've committed to Ben Waterson's battle with Royalty, but you're not going to have much help. Your attitude hasn't exactly endeared yourself with hardly anyone in the AWA.

AG: Maybe, maybe not. But.. I don't appreciate anyone comin' out there and tryin' to stick their noses in the middle of a match that would have been remembered for decades. Now, it's only gonna be remembered only because some idiot who thinks he should be the Television champion decided that he needs to stick his big ol' schnozz in where it doesn't belong.

JD: Cooper wants another shot at that Television championship and he's made it clear that he doesn't care what he's gonna do in order to get another chance.

[Green shrugs his shoulders again.]

AG: He knows, and you know, that I'd have given him a shot! Hey, I'd be a fighting champion, that's what ya gotta be if you're gonna be the greatest Television champion of all time, but he had to be a professional nerd about it. Hey, Dave Cooper's a great wrestler, ya gotta agree with me.

JD: I do, despite all of Royalty's antics, he's more than deserving of a chance at a title, but he knows he's gotta work his way back up the rankings before he can get one.

AG: ..but the guy's no frills. If the AWA was a cereal aisle, I'd be Frosted Flakes, because I'm ggrrrrreeeeeeeeaaaattttttt!!

[A couple of people in the crowd are heard going along with the Tony the Tiger catch phrase.]

AG: While Dave Cooper, he'd be a few boxes over, in a white box with a blocky font, calling himself "Sugar Flakes" or something. He'd have some sort of lion thing on the front, maybe with a cap on backwards trying to be cool. He ain't cool. Dave Cooper ain't cool. He's a professional laaaaaaaamewad! If he wants to learn how to be cool.. to be a champion..

[Green pauses, the gears turning in his head. Suddenly, the creepy grin crosses Green's face as the gears turned a lightbulb on.]

AG: He wants a shot at the Television championship? Guess what, there's a empty seat about the Gang Green Flyin' Machine, and I'm more than willin' to give him a ride. Get through me, Cooper, and I'm sure Karl O'Connor there's gonna give ya a shot at the TV title!

Would ya like that, Davey? Would ya like to ride... with Alphonse Green?

[Green raises an arm in the air, and lets out an "OOOOOOHHH!!" that's audibly joined in by a few members of the crowd. Green exits stage left as Dane looks towards the camera.]

JD: Well guys, it looks like Alphonse Green has laid down the challenge to Dave Cooper. If Cooper wants a shot at Dave Bryant's World Television title, then Green's made it clear that he's gotta go through him. Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, The Hangman is in action!

[The camera cuts to Mark Stegglet standing in front of a regular AWA backdrop...the interviewer looks moderately nervous as he stands, mic in hand, next to "Judge" Issac Parker and his massive protege, AWA newcomer The Hangman.

The Judge is dressed in an ensemble that would have looked in place in the mid 1800's: black suit with a white shirt and shoestring tie with a wide brimmed black hat, while The Hangman wears a massive brown duster and his own wide brimmed hat (his in brown), with his ever-present hangman's noose tossed over his right shoulder.

Swallowing, Stegglet begins.]

MS: I have with me now the enigmatic Hangman and his manager, "Judge" Issac Parker. Hangman, you made your debut here in the AWA last week, shocking the AWA faithful with your sudden appearance at the end of the match between Juan Vasquez and Anton Layton...dragging Layton off after a

staredown with a former World Champion...people have been asking:
WHERE is Anton Layton?!?!?

[Judge Parker takes the mic away from where Stegglet had it pointed (at Hangman) and moves it to his level.]

JP: Mark Stegglet, ya'll should be less worried 'bout what happened to that law breaker Anton Layton an' more worried 'bout what's gonna happen to the rest o' his ilk here in the American Wrestlin' Alliance.

You see, me an' The Hangman here...we don't cotton ta the way thing have been movin' in these parts...we've seen a great many people steppin' outta line with nary a voice bein' raised to reign 'em in...this is a situation that we cannot allow to stand.

There will be a reckoning, Mark Stegglet...a reckoning for each and every one of those men who flaunt the will of Lady Justice.

MS: Lady Justice?

[Judge Parker nods.]

JP: That's right. Lady Justice...the statue that ya see sittin' outside o' court houses all across the country. She's blindfolded and in her left hand, she holds the scales o' justice...but it's her right hand that should concern everyone here in the American Wrestlin' Alliance...'cause in her right hand?

Her right hand holds a sword...an' that's what The Hangman is...he is justice's strong right hand.

[Hangman reaches over and pulls Stegglet's hand and the mic in it up to his face...speaking in a quiet, deep bass voice.]

Hangman: Tonight Charles S. Rant will face his sentence.

MS: Sentence? What about his trial?

Hangman: He has been weighed. He has been measured. He has been found wanting.

All that remains for him is his execution...and the feel of a noose around his neck.

[Hangman looks flatly at Stegglet for a moment before Judge Parker nods, and the two men head to the ring.]

MS: Well...uhh...ahem. Strong words. Fans, we'll be right back.

[Fade to black.]

The commercial opens to what looks like the inside of some old industrial warehouse. Boxes and rows of computer technology line the walls, as do psychedelic multi-colored lighting.

In front of this is The Rave. Jerby Jezz, a pale red-skinned fellow, is wearing what looks like a Lycra suit jacket in banana yellow and neon green, with a bright red undershirt and an LED-covered tie which changes color every few seconds. He's wearing emerald green safety glasses with a purple frame, and white pants with orange jagged vertical stripes. Jerby's hair is done in three small ponytails... one red, one yellow, and one blue, which lead to orange, purple, and green patches of hair. Next to him is Shizz Dawg OG, the very pale brown-skinned member of the Rave. The Dawg is wearing a violet leisure suit top with forest-green trim, open to expose his chest which sports a flamingo pink cutoff tee with aqua tiger-striping. He's wearing brown and red pants, blue fingerless gloves, and orange-and-grey goggles. His hair is a poofy afro which is half-red and half-white.

When they speak, they are subtitled.]

JJ: Greetings, protosheep! The Rave are in the flippety floppety floo, so satellate your earlobes while we distribute the upload!

SUBTITLE: "Greetings, primitive person with little knowledge! The Rave are here, so listen while we explain things to you!"

SDOG: Our mission from 2032 to defend the timestream from translitization by a gyzzrus roilspur needs your slapback! Wildstyling is only one of the niques we use to regulate the timeflow; we also have to make sure timegularities flow the way they were in the history holovids.

SUBTITLE: "Our mission from 2032 to protect history from being changed by an evil time traveller needs your help! Wrestling is only one way we keep history safe; we also have to make sure specific historic events happen the way our history books say."

JJ: And that takes creds, jaggos! We can't snarf 2032 megatech and scoopit to the futurepast, because we'd flutz the timeflow! We gotta possback, and we can only shill with our futurefax so much without vascabrating the credservers.

SUBTITLE: "That takes money, good people. We can't bring much future technology to the present because that would damage the timeline. We must procure on site, and we can only use our future knowledge for gambling so much without destabilizing the economy."

SDOG: But The Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior makes the demandment that all credflips must be a rawkus deal! So we're hayesing out the most winhaving hempshreds that the teens ever plotted!

SUBTITLE: "Our belief system requires that all money transfers be fair deals. So we are selling the best clothing this decade has ever seen."

[Jerby pulls open a crate, and multicolor shirts can be seen inside. They all read RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT in various glow-in-the-dark colors.]

JJ: Frally! Each bodsheath is rainbowlderized with a codecation of no less than eight distinct shades! In 2032 that is sircebezz!

SUBTITLE: "Really! Each shirt is randomly colorized with a guarantee of having at least eight distinct colors. In 2032, that is SERIOUS BUSINESS."

SDOG: We have them in every fit from shrump to quintuple-gyzzrus fatbody! Because we flow that this era has a lot of shrumps and a lot of fatbodies.

SUBTITLE: "We have them in every size from extra small to 5XL! Because we know that this era has a lot of midgets and a lot of obese people."

JJ: And if that wasn't buhdass enough for everyhumie, we also satellated to the primitates' teargriefing about your scrap inability to flow with our winhaving vocalingo. So we amadably decided to use frackish 2D media, just for you, and producted an official Rave 2032 vocalinganary!

SUBTITLE: "And if that wasn't awesome enough for everybody, we also heard the primitive people whining about their inability to understand our great 2032 language. So we kindly decided to use outdated 2D media, just for you, and created an official Rave 2032 language dictionary!"

[Shizz reaches into another box with a pair of tongs, and pulls out a softcover book. It reads "OFFICIAL RAVE 2032 VOCALINGANARY" in multi-colored print.]

SDOG: Snarf these rawkus deals now from the Intersquib at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to the Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior, and give the slapback so we can RAVE!

SUBTITLE: Get these great deals now from the Internet at AWAShop.com! Do your duty to our belief system, and help us so we can...

RAVE: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

SUBTITLE: ...we're still not sure what that's supposed to mean.

[And we cut to black before fading back up on the solemn face of the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson who is standing alongside Mark Stegklet.]

MS: Welcome back, fans. Joining me now is the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson. Ben, when we last saw you two weeks ago, you were speaking with Louis Matsui. Moments later, Matsui was the victim of one of these so-called "windshieldings."

[Waterson nods, waiting for it.]

ATTSBW: And?

MS: I think the question is obvious.

ATTSBW: Is it? You want to know if I had something to do with that attack. Is that about right?

[Stegglet nods.]

ATTSBW: Well, I can assure you that I did not. Louis Matsui and I did not always see eye to eye but we were able to work together on several occasions. Matsui has done NOTHING to me to merit an assault like that, Stegglet... I promise you that.

MS: Alright, well, let's say the people believe you...

[Waterson shakes his head.]

MS: Who do YOU think is responsible for the attacks? Duane Henry Bishop, Louis Matsui, now Supernova earlier tonight. What is going on around here?

[Waterson runs a hand through his perfectly-styled hair.]

ATTSBW: I don't know, Stegglet. I'm not exactly the most popular guy in this locker room, you know? No one's telling me a damn thing. Not Matsui... not... the others.

MS: The others? The Wise Men?

[Waterson slowly nods.]

ATTSBW: This isn't how I expected to come back, Stegglet. I thought I'd come back, sound the alarm to the Wise Men, and we'd rally together to stomp out Royalty once and for all. But it hasn't happened that way. I can't get through to... to... to anyone.

[Waterson looks disheartened.]

MS: Earlier tonight, Calisto Dufresne, the World Champion, had some words for you... some menacing words.

[Waterson nods.]

ATTSBW: Calisto and I go back a long ways, Stegglet. We were in Michaelson's training school out in Los Angeles together, both trying to break into this business at the same time. Our paths have split quite a bit since there but we've always stayed friendly... and there was a time when I considered him one of my closest allies.

Not anymore.

[Waterson points at the camera.]

ATTSBW: The moment he cast his lot in with Cooper, Doyle, and the Bombers, he crossed a line that he can't come back from with me. I know what Royalty is doing to this company... and I know what they're capable of doing.

So does he.

[Another nod.]

ATTSBW: I'm not afraid of you, Calisto. I'm not afraid of Royalty. And that may mean there's a windshield with my name on it like Matsui or Supernova but I don't care.

Come and get me, Royalty... come and get me.

[Waterson gestures with his right hand, waving them on as we fade from backstage to the ringside area where the announcers are seated.]

GM: Some bold words there from Ben Waterson, Bucky.

BW: Dumb words if you ask me. Why would you EVER call out Royalty? Especially if you think they're responsible for what happened to Duane Henry Bishop, Louis Matsui, and Supernova. Those three are laid up in a hospital somewhere and Waterson's daring Royalty... practically begging Royalty... to come after him next? I don't get it.

GM: Ben Waterson certainly seems to have changed in his time away from the AWA. From a man obsessed with titles, money, and glory, he seems hellbent on saving the AWA from Royalty - no matter the cost to himself. And speaking of saving the AWA, next up, we have the long awaited in ring debut of The Hangman, Bucky.

BW: If you don't mind, I think I'll just hide under the announce table till he's gone, daddy. That guy ain't right in the head.

GM: He's an intimidating figure, for sure...but he'll be facing none other than "Mr. Customer Service" Charles Shyster Rant, who's no slouch himself.

BW: I thought CSR was smarter than to step into the ring with a guy that's obsessed with hanging people for jaywalking!

GM: He's talkin' about justice, Bucky...if you haven't done anything wrong, then you should have nothing to worry about...

[Gordon pauses.]

GM: On second thought, maybe you SHOULD hide under the table after all...

[The lights dim as a fog machine sends tendrils across the entryway...]

Voice: What...we've got here is...FAILURE to communicate...

BW: This is seriously damaging my calm, Gordo!

GM: I can see why...

[A bell tolls, it's tone echoing across the arena for a moment before "The Shootist" from The Red Dead Redemption Soundtrack by Bill Elm and Woody Jackson plays over the PA speakers. Striding into view comes The Hangman and "Judge" Isaac Parker.

Standing nearly 7 feet tall, Hangman's long reddish brown hair falls to his shoulders from underneath of his wide brimmed hat, while his ankle length duster obscures his wrestling attire...as he starts down the ring, people's eyes are inevitably drawn to the hangman's noose he trails behind him.. His manager is dressed like an old western judge or preacher with a black wide brimmed hat, a black suit with a shoestring tie and white shirt. His thin white hair falls down and his cheekbones stand out skeletally as he walks down at The Hangman's side, not interacting with the fans.

Reaching ringside, Hangman removes his outer gear and curls the rope and noose, placing them on top within easy reach...now wearing a dark brown long legged singlet with matching wrestling boots, a left elbow pad and fingerless gloves while Judge Parker stands on the floor, his arms crossed disapprovingly as he stares at CSR across the ring.]

GM: And there's the bell! Mr. Customer Service is giving up about a foot and over a hundred pounds to the newcomer...he'll need to rely on his speed if he hopes to spoil this debut...

BW: And his brains, Gordo. CSR is one of the craftiest guys you'd ever hope to meet, and while Hangman has big and scary goin' for him...and that skeleton that calls himself a judge over there...that don't make him a survivor of the AWA call center like Charles Shyster Rant. He's heard phone calls that would curdle your blood!

GM: Well, if a chess match breaks out, I'm thinking that The Hangman's in trouble...

[CSR circles The Hangman as the big man stands still, glaring at him. He moves in for a collar and elbow tie up, only to have Mr. Customer Service pull a quick go-behind and attempt to take Hangman off of his feet with a German Suplex, which the big man blocks.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me.

BW: Right after I talk up his brainpower, he does something dumb like this. You can't lift him up, CSR! Try something else!

[But instead, CSR goes for another suplex attempt only to catch a back elbow from Hangman that sends him staggering into the ropes, with AWA's Executioner in pursuit.]

GM: The Hangman moves very slowly, very methodically across the ring - almost as if he's stalking his prey.

[Grabbing CSR by the throat, he holds him at full arm extension for a four count from the official before shoving him back into the corner.]

GM: The servant of Lady Justice is on the attack... ohh! Big right hand!

[A few more haymakers land before a head-snapping uppercut connects, knocking Rant silly as he grabs the ropes to try and hang on.]

GM: The referee's trying to back him off... his count is up to four, telling The Hangman to let CSR out of the corner...

[The Hangman abruptly changes course, grabbing CSR's head with both hands as he twists and heaves, tossing him halfway across the ring to land unceremoniously on his back.]

GM: OH MY STARS! Look at that power, Bucky!

BW: He just tossed Charles Shyster Rant like he was made of paper, daddy! That's just inhuman!

[Again, The Hangman stalks across the ring, moving towards CSR who slides backwards on his rear, creating some space before he comes to his feet.]

GM: There's no rest for the weary tonight as The Hangman continues to pursue Charles Rant who- ohh! He goes to the eyes!

[The Hangman stumbles back, grabbing at his face.]

GM: CSR going outside of the rulebook early in this one, Bucky.

BW: That's just smarts, Gordo. Everyone knows that no matter how big and strong you are, it's really hard to toughen up your eyeballs.

[Rant follows quickly, throwing a pair of haymakers to the skull before switching to a trio of boots into the midsection. Mr. Customer Service cracks a grin as he waits for the Hangman to straighten up, throwing a standing dropkick that knocks The Hangman in the chest, sending him stepping back.]

GM: A picture perfect dropkick out of Charles Rant but The Hangman will NOT go down from it. He somehow is finding a way to stay on his feet as Rant continues to pound away.

[Rant throws a few double axehandles to the forehead of The Hangman, hoping to hammer him down to the mat...]

GM: These big shots are taking their toll but they're not taking the big man down, Bucky. You've gotta wonder what it's going to take to knock The Hangman off his feet.

BW: Right now, my money is on clubbing him with a baseball bat... preferably while he's asleep.

[Shaking his head, CSR grabs the Hangman by the arm, dragging him towards the corner. He turns, throwing a back elbow up under the chin once... twice... three times before the referee backs him out.]

BW: Rant's turned the tide in this one and The Hangman ain't lookin' so tough right about now, is he?

[Rant pushes past the official, moving back in...

...and getting a hand wrapped around his throat!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: He's ALIVE! HE'S ALIIIIIVE! It's like something out of a horror movie!

GM: Halloween is fast approaching but The Hangman lives tonight in Dallas, Texas! I don't know if The Hangman was playing possum or something woke him up, but the big man has Charles Shyster Rant in a death grip around his throat and seems to have some real bad intentions!

[The Hangman steps out of the corner, forcing a struggling Rant to back out to the center of the ring where the big man raises Mr. Customer Service far up over his head...]

GM: UP!

[...and DRIVES him down with a thunderous chokeslam that shakes the entire ring!]

GM: AND DOWN!! OH MY STARS, WHAT AN IMPACT!

BW: This guy ain't right, Gordo... he ain't human!

[Looking down at CSR, the voice of Judge Parker calls out for his charge to "FINISH HIM!" just before The Hangman drags him up to his feet, ducking in behind him to muscle Rant up into the torture rack...]

GM: We saw this last time with Anton Layton!

[The Hangman walks with Rant on his shoulders with ease, stepping out to the center of the ring...]

GM: Judge Parker calls this the Gallows Drop and-

BW: And it made Anton Layton pay for his sins!

[The Hangman suddenly spins Rant off his shoulders, turning it into a nasty neckbreaker on the way down to the mat that leaves CSR laid out and

motionless in the middle of the ring. The Hangman rolls over, planting his palms on the chest of Rant and extending his arms as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: I think this is a foregone conclusion at this point.

[The referee makes a mercifully quick three count before calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Hangman slowly rises to a knee, staring at the unmoving Rant as Judge Parker steps in, moving to The Hangman's side and lifting his arm in triumph.]

GM: The servant of Lady Justice picks up an impressive victory here in his debut, fans, and when you talk about Steal The Spotlight, that match was MADE for someone like The Hangman who wants to make an immediate impact on the American Wrestling Alliance.

BW: You want this guy in the ring with nine of the AWA's best?! He might drag them all out of there in that noose like Layton! We might not see any of them ever again!

GM: That might not be the worst thing for some of the people around these parts. Maybe we should turn him loose on the Shane Gang or the Unholy Alliance.

BW: You'd like that, wouldn't you?

GM: I might. I just might. Fans, let's go backstage to hear from the man who will challenge for the World Television Title in just a short while - Ryan Martinez!

[We go backstage, where Jason Dane stands with tonight's challenger to the Television Title, Ryan Martinez. Martinez wears a white "Xzavier" T-shirt, the logo done in black with red accents. Ryan's hair is slicked back with water, and the son of the Hall of Famer stands still, brown eyes looking directly into the camera, the intensity in them evident for all to see.]

JD: I am standing next to the man who, in just a matter of minutes, might be the AWA's next Television Champion. But Mr. Martinez, before we discuss tonight's match, there is an issue to be addressed. Namely, your former tag team partner Gunnar Gaines, and his son, Justin...

[Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: No Jason, we're not discussing them at all tonight.

JD: But they are in the building, surely you're concerned that they might make themselves known on what is a very important night for you.

RM: I'm not worried about that at all.

JD: And why not?

RM: Because, right here, right now, I'm making a promise. When I win the AWA Television Title tonight, I'm going to give Gunnar Gaines the first shot at the belt. And if you know anything about me, Jason, you know I -always- keep my promises.

There's no incentive for Gunnar or Justin to interfere. They stand to gain more by my winning than they do by my losing. I couldn't count on Gunnar being loyal to me. But I know I can count on him doing what's best for himself.

So like I said, Dane, tonight isn't about Gunnar and Justin. Tonight is about Ryan... and Dave.

JD: You're speaking of the current champion, Dave Bryant.

RM: Absolutely.

JD: And what are your thoughts, going into this match? A match, that, it has to be said, is your highest profile singles match in your AWA tenure.

RM: My thoughts?

All I'm thinking about, Jason, is winning.

Dave Bryant, you've put together an impressive string of victories in your two title reigns. But more impressive than your matches is what you've done with your life. You've turned yourself around. You've seen the light, and worked to redeem yourself.

I respect you for that, Bryant.

I've watched you come out and stand on your own two feet. I've watched you take your own tarnished name and reputation and shine it up. I've seen you become a man worthy of cheers, and respect. And you definitely have my respect.

But you also have something I want.

[Martinez pauses.]

RM: Tonight isn't going to be about backstabbing. Its not going to be about who did what to who. Its about two men who've earned their time in that ring. I earned a shot at the Rumble. And you earned that belt through blood and sweat.

What you've done is commendable. But, I'm sorry to say, Bryant, that your redemption story ends tonight. Because I truly believe that tonight is my night. You might say that's pride. You might say that I'm too young to be talking so big. But you need to understand something, Bryant. I may not

have a lot of years, but I've got all the things that matter. Drive, determination... heart.

I'm looking forward to pure competition tonight. Two men at the top of their game, going at it for the second highest prize in the AWA, and thus all of wrestling. You have it... you've earned it. But tonight, I'm taking it from you.

Count on it!

[And with that, Ryan steps away to make his final preparations. After a nod from Dane, we cut back to ringside where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the AWA World Television Title!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[But before Phil Watson can say another word, a voice calls out over the PA system.]

"Hold it... hold it... you wouldn't want to get things started without the special guest color commentator, would ya?"

[The boos are loud as can be as Gunnar Gaines comes walking into view.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: Why? It's only natural that Gunnar would want an up close look at this match since he may be the next man to challenge for the title. He's got every right to be out here.

GM: No! He has NO right to be out here!

[Gaines quickly makes his way down the elevated ramp.]

GM: Well, at least there's no sign of his son, Justin.

BW: I'm gonna tell him you said that!

[Gaines reaches the ringside announce table, clapping Bucky on the shoulder.]

GG: Alright, boys... let's do this.

BW: Did you hear what Gordo said about your son? He said that he was happy that he wasn't out here!

GG: Is that right?

[Gunnar looks menacingly at Gordon before cracking a Grizzly Grin, clapping Myers on the shoulder too.]

GG: Don't worry, Gordon. You can keep that pair of drawers on. I ain't gonna hurt ya. My boy's got too much to do to be out here watching this ungrateful punk fail again.

GM: I would think you'd be rooting for Ryan Martinez here tonight. After all, if he wins the title, he says he's giving you the first chance at it.

GG: Oh, I'm rootin' for him... but I'm a realist. Martinez is gonna come out here and cry and cry and cry until he slips on a puddle of tears and ends up getting kicked in the teeth.

GM: I see.

GG: You still don't believe me? You think I'm out here to interfere in this match? Well, I swear on my grandfather's soul that ain't the case. I'm just here to scout this match. If Ryan wins, well, you heard the kid. That means I get an instant TV title shot at him. Foolishly on his part, I might add. And I'm here to tell you, brother, if that happens, I'm going into that thing prepared, and I'm going to take it away before he can even get his name engraved on it.

GM: Time will tell, I suppose... but let's go back to the rudely-interrupted Phil Watson! Take it away, Phil!

[Watson looks annoyed at Gunnar Gaines before continuing.]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[The opening guitar of "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: Standing six foot five and weighing in at 255 pounds... from Los Angeles, California...

RYYYYYYAAAAAAN MAAAAAAARRRRRTIIIIINEZ!

[As the music continues, Ryan Martinez steps out into the aisle. Tall and muscular, the young Martinez runs a hand through his slicked back brown hair. He wears long wrestling tights, black with a red inseam, and a pair black and red wrestling boots. His handsome face is set in determination as he makes his way through the crowd, too focused on the task at hand to be aware of the hands that reach out and slap him on the shoulders and back. Martinez walks up the steps towards the ring, wiping his boots on the apron before stepping inside...

...where he immediately walks over towards the ropes where the announce table is positioned. He leans over the ropes, shouting down at Gunnar Gaines.]

GM: The challenger in this one is giving you an earful, Mr. Gaines.

GG: Of course he is. Kid's got the attention span of a gnat. He needs to be focused on the World Television Champion. I've known Dave Bryant a long time, Gordon. If this kid thinks he's got this match sewed up, the champ's gonna clean his clock.

GM: You can't blame him for thinking you're here to interfere.

GG: Of course he thinks that. Hey Gordon... how many Ryan Martinezes does it take to change a lightbulb?

GM: I don't even want to-

GG: Just one. He holds the bulb up to the socket and the world revolves around him.

[Bucky cackles at the joke as Martinez turns away from Gaines, swinging his arms back and forth across his torso to stay loose.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" hits the PA, and the crowd begins to cheer accordingly. This, of course, heralds the arrival of "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, who steps through the curtain in his blue sequined robe, pausing in the entrance to bask in the cheers being rained down upon him.]

PW: Coming to the ring...he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, stands six feet, two inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds... he is the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

He is... DAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYYYYANNNNNNT!

[The cheers get louder as the Las Vegas native makes his way down the aisle, planting a couple of slaps on the faceplate of the glittering World Television Title belt slung over his shoulder. Bryant steps through the ropes, holding the title belt over his head to the cheers from the crowd.]

GM: There it is, Mr. Gaines. The title belt that could very well be yours if Ryan Martinez wins here tonight.

BW: It'd look good on ya, Gunnar.

GG: I tend to agree, Bucky. Although, it might look better on my son, Justin.

GM: You think your son Justin is ready to compete against Ryan Martinez?

GG: You know the difference between Ryan Martinez and Justin Gaines? Ryan talks when he should listen. Justin, on the other hand, LISTENS when

he should listen, and when he talks? He actually has smart things to say, unlike Ryan Martinez. All Ryan ever talks about is how he ain't never gonna accept no help from his Dad. Damn right, he's not. He ain't got the humility.

GM: I'm not sure that answered my question but it's time to get this match started.

[The belt gets handed off to referee Ricky Longfellow who holds the title belt high over head and then hands it out of the ring. He pulls both men to the center for final instructions... and then signals for the bell.]

GM: Here we go! Ten minute time limit with the AWA World Television Title on the line and Dave Bryant has really taken on a tough schedule as of late with title defenses against Alphonse Green and Ryan Martinez on two shows in a row.

BW: Maybe Gunnar will be next - win or lose.

GG: I ain't gonna turn down a shot at the TV Title if it's handed to me on a plate from that dope Martinez but if Bryant hangs on, the title's safe from me... for now. Me and Justin got our eyes on the World Tag Team Titles.

BW: Wow. The Baddest Thangs Runnin' versus the Blonde Bombers!

GM: Or perhaps against Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds.

GG: Either way, those titles would come home to me and my boy.

GM: Just like you were convinced they would at Unholy War when you and Ryan went for the titles?

GG: The problem with Ryan Martinez is he thinks he's a hero no matter what he does. I get hurt at Stampede Cup and tough it out for the team? He thinks he's the hero. I get in position to land the Splashbuster on the Blonde Bombers? He can't even get the man up. My son throws in the towel to save this punk's career? He gets all huffy. Let's face it, Ryan Martinez is a crybaby. I've seen sous chefs chopping raw onions who cried less. And with more cause.

GM: I'm beginning to think you're only out here to mock Ryan Martinez.

[As Gordon and Gunnar banter, both champion and challenger are circling each other inside the ring, looking for an opening. Bryant lunges in, trying to pick a leg into a single leg...

...but Martinez flattens out, pushing Bryant chestfirst to the mat underneath him.]

GM: Martinez with an MMA type sprawl, pinning Bryant down and- ohh! Big knee to the ribs!

[The crowd roars as Martinez lands a barrage of high impact knees to the ribs of the surprised Bryant who, after several moments of being trapped, wriggles free and rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Wow! Martinez caught Bryant off-guard right there... and look at Bryant, holding on to his ribs... slowly walking around out here at ringside. You gotta be impressed by that, Mr. Gaines.

GG: The kid's got talent. If he didn't, I never would've teamed with him. But you know what he doesn't have? Brains. Heart. Loyalty. Respect. Need I go on?

BW: I'm convinced!

GM: Of course you are. Gunnar Gaines, can you honestly say that your son, Justin, is a better wrestler than Ryan Martinez? He's only had one match!

GG: I got a question for you, Gordon Myers. How many fourth generation wrestlers have you ever heard of besides Justin Gaines?

GM: None.

GG: None is correct, and it's exactly my point. There's never been anyone like Justin Gaines — not up to now.

GM: So he's one of a kind?

GG: He's a Gaines. And I can tell you that each generation of the Gaines family gets better than the last, Gordon. I was better than my father, and so was my brother. My father was better than my grandfather. And Justin is going to be better than any of us.

BW: That's a former World Champion and a Hall of Famer sayin' that, Gordo. Maybe you should show him some respect and believe what he's telling you!

GM: I'll believe it when I see it!

GG: Oh, it won't be too long, Gordo. I promise you that.

[Bryant pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes, and right into an aggressive collar and elbow tieup out of the challenger, getting pulled out to the center of the ring.]

GM: Martinez knows that one of the biggest enemies he faces in this match is the time limit so he's coming on fast and strong.

[Martinez shoves Bryant up against the buckles right by the announcer's desk.]

GG: NEED ME TO THROW IN A TOWEL?!

GM: Sir, please sit down. You're out here to provide commentary... not try to have an effect on this matchup.

GG: That WAS commentary, Gordon.

[An angry Martinez breaks the tieup, blasting Bryant with a forearm smash to the jaw before grabbing him by the arm, whipping him to the opposite corner...]

GM: Bryant hits the corner hard!

[Martinez turns, shouting at Gaines, before breaking into a sprint...]

GM: Here he comes and- ohh! Bryant brings up the knees and Martinez runs right into them!

[Bryant settles back down, leaping up to the middle rope, and leaps off, smashing an overhead elbow down between the eyes of the stunned challenger, knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: Nice elbowsmash by the champion who regains control of the match... in large part thanks to you, Gunnar Gaines.

GG: Me? I didn't do a thing. Martinez can't keep his eye on the prize? No surprise to me.

[Bryant grabs a leg on the downed Martinez, quickly twisting it around.]

GM: Figure four! Bryant's going for-

[But Martinez is ready, kicking Bryant away as he spins around. Martinez scrambles to his feet as Bryant turns back to attack...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big chop! Good grief!

[A second chop connects as well, knocking Bryant back into the ropes. Martinez grabs the arm again, firing Bryant into the far ropes...

...and steamrolls him with a running clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! He knocks the champion flat... and a quick cover!

[Martinez reaches back for a leg, earning a two count before Bryant lifts the shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Two count only for the challenger! We're about three minutes into the time limit for this one as we have our first pin attempt of the match.

[Bryant scrambles up to his feet but promptly eats a barrage of high impact forearms that sends the Doctor of Love falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Martinez is all over him, fans! Gunnar Gaines, you have to be enthusiastic about getting a shot at the title with the way things are going so far.

GG: It's still early, Gordo. Look at this gloryhog now!

[Martinez clenches a fist, stepping up to the second turnbuckle to the cheers of the crowd.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

GM: Martinez has the Television Champion rocked in the corner and...

GG: Here's the thing about Ryan Maritnez. What cost us our tag team titles was the fact he got stretched by a Mr. Sadisuto and hurt his shoulder. I have a question for you. Who in the blue beans is Mr. Sadisuto? I ain't never heard of no Mr. Sadisuto. Mr. 'Sad To See You' would be more like it.

GM: Mr. Sadisuto is a top notch veteran competitor and will NOT be happy to hear you talking about him that way.

GG: Hrmpf. Sounds like a good second opponent for my boy.

GM: Oh, I'd LOVE to see that!

[Martinez grabs Bryant by the hair, racing across the ring at top speed and SLAMS the Doctor of Love's head into the top turnbuckle, sending him flopping back down to the mat.]

GM: The challenger's taking the fight to Dave Bryant and the champion's gotta be feeling nervous right about now.

[The challenger leans down, dragging Bryant up off the mat, and tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Martinez is looking for a powerbomb! He's going to try and finish this thing right here and now!

[From the camera angle, we see Gunnar Gaines climb to his feet, shouting in the direction of the ring.]

GG: YOU'LL NEVER GET HIM UP, PUNK! YOUR BUM SHOULDER CAN'T CUT IT!

GM: MR. GAINES! I must INSIST that you sit down and stay out of this match!

[The momentary distraction is all it takes though for Bryant to yank the legs out from under Martinez, falling back in a catapult...

...and LAUNCHING Martinez chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Catapult!

[Martinez stumbles backwards as Bryant leans back, pulling him down into a sunset flip type cradle...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The challenger's right shoulder comes flying off the mat!]

GM: Near fall right there! Another distraction by Gunnar Gaines almost costs his former tag team partner the World Television Title!

GG: Can we not refer to this punk kid as my former tag team partner? I want to forget that ever happened. I'm not even sure how the heck he got into the AWA to begin with. Must've been some strings his old man pulled.

GM: Are you kidding me? Are you really saying that Ryan Martinez got into the AWA World Title Tournament thanks to his father?! Is the irony in that statement completely lost on you?

GG: Ryan Martinez says my boy is only here because of who his daddy is. Hello? Your name is Ryan Martinez! Your daddy is Alex Martinez! It's like Charlie Sheen. You think anyone would have given a rip if he'd called himself Carlos Estevez? That's his real name. No, he went by Charlie Sheen because his dad is Martin Sheen. Ryan Martinez could have called himself Ryan Hooper or Humphrey Cruickshank if he wanted to stand alone. But he knows that if he'd done that, he'd still be living on Ramen noodles in Japan.

GM: That doesn't-

GG: I may have gotten Justin Gaines in the door here. Yes, that was my doing. I did that for him. But he's the one gonna burn the place down.

[In the meantime, Dave Bryant managed to take control with a series of short forearms and overhead elbows before a snap suplex takes Martinez down to the mat. Bryant rolls into a lateral press, earning a two count before Martinez powers out again.]

GM: Another two count for the champion...

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Five minutes left in the time limit. We've hit the halfway mark in this one as both champion and challenger search for a way to turn up the tempo and win this thing.

[Bryant drops a snapping legdrop across the chest, staying seated for another cover but again only gets a two count as Martinez slips free.]

GM: Bryant's trying to keep those shoulders down to no avail as the challenger escapes again.

[Back on his feet, Bryant uses the arm to pull Martinez up to his feet, shooting him into the closest ropes. The challenger comes back quickly, moving the short distance back to the champion who slips his knee up into the gut, hitting hard as Martinez flips over and down to the mat.]

GM: Bryant hitting him with everything but the kitchen sink right now... and down into another cover! Both of these men are looking to end this one quickly.

[Bryant earns another two count before Martinez kicks out.]

GM: The challenger continues to escape - showing the heart that made his father a legend.

GG: That's right. His father IS a legend. But will he accept his old man's help? Not a chance. You know, Gordon, the sign of a future champion is that he takes advice from his elders. Wouldn't you agree?

GM: I suppose so, yes.

GG: Well, Ryan Martinez spent the last year not taking my advice on anything. My boy Justin, on the other hand, takes my advice all the time.

GM: With your attitude change as of late, I'm not sure that's a good thing.

[Martinez is back to his feet thanks to a Bryant hairpull quickly. Bryant buries a boot into the gut, doubling him up...

...and hooks the front facelock!]

GM: Bryant's looking for the DDT... ohh! Martinez DRIVES him back into the corner!

GG: The kid felt the DDT coming and countered it! Maybe he DID learn something from me. Even a half-trained monkey would have to pick up a few things, right?

[Martinez lowers the shoulder, burying it repeatedly into the ribcage of Bryant, knocking the air out of him...]

GM: About four minutes remaining as Martinez fires Bryant to the far corner...

[The Doctor of Love staggers from the buckles as Martinez charges across, ducking down...

...and FOLDS Bryant in half with a spear tackle!]

GM: SPEAR! SPEAR! SPEAR!!

[Martinez dives across Bryant, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow! How close was that?! You were a half count away from a shot at the World Television Title, Mr. Gaines!

GG: Yeah, but I still have to rely on a punk kid to make it happen.

GM: He almost did exactly that right there!

[Martinez slowly climbs to his feet, waving his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture.]

GM: He's calling for the brainbuster!

[Suddenly, a loud "CLUNK!" is heard as Gaines comes up out of his chair again, this time climbing up on the ring apron...]

GM: What in the...?! Get down from there!

[The referee turns towards Gaines, shouting the same thing.]

GM: Ricky Longfellow is ordering Gaines down off the apron... Ryan Martinez is obviously distracted and- HEY!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Justin Gaines comes out from under the ring apron, rolling swiftly into the ring behind the back of Ryan Martinez.]

GM: Justin Gaines! He's in the ring! Come on, referee!

[Gaines approaches quickly from the blindside, smashing a forearm into the back of Martinez' head. He follows with a quick knife edge chop to the throat before racing to the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: How is the referee not seeing this?!

BW: He's distracted by Gunnar on the apron and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd jeers as Justin falls to his knees, driving his arm up into the groin of Ryan Martinez.]

GM: Good grief! Alaskan Uppercut by Justin Gaines!

[The younger Gaines rolls out, kneeling down out of sight as Martinez slumps to his knees. A dazed Bryant shakes his head, trying to clear the cobwebs. He looks down, surprised at what he sees...

...but hooks a front facelock, DRIVING Martinez' skull into the mat!]

GM: OHH! DDT ON THE KNEELING MARTINEZ!

[Bryant flips Martinez over, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Bryant wins it! He didn't have a clue what happened to Martinez but knew that he needed to take advantage of his challenger being vulnerable.

BW: Bryant retains the title and Gunnar loses his shot to be the TV Champion! Ryan Martinez drops the ball again!

GM: Ryan Martinez looked to be on the verge of winning the Television Title when Gunnar Gaines and his son got involved!

[Without warning, Gunnar steps into the ring as Justin joins him. The duo immediately starts stomping and kicking Justin Gaines as a still-dazed Bryant rolls out to the floor.]

GM: And now the Gaines' family has assaulted Ryan Martinez - just putting the boots to him! This is totally uncalled for, Bucky!

BW: Hey! He just cost Gunnar a chance to be a champion again! He's getting what he deserves!

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[Gunnar drags Martinez off the mat, holding his arms back as Justin hammers away with haymakers.]

GM: They're beating the tar out of Ryan Martinez!

[A big right hand from Justin knocks Ryan down to the mat where Gunnar promptly drops a kneebrace-enhanced kneedrop down onto the skull!]

GM: Ohh!

[Gunner gets back up, smirking before he drops another metal kneedrop!]

GM: Another one! A kneedrop with that damn kneebrace!

BW: Gordo, Gordo... I just got a tweet from @GunnarsKneeBrace.

GM: Bucky, I don't-

BW: It says, "Ow! Ow! Ryan's head is hurting me!"

GM: Would you stop?!

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts as Dave Bryant rolls back into the ring, steel chair in hand...

...and the Gaines' clan hits the bricks, running for it as Bryant takes a big swing with the chair, driving them from the ring.]

GM: Dave Bryant wasn't about to leave Ryan Martinez in there by himself. He sends the Gaines' boys scurrying for the hills and thank heavens for Dave Bryant arriving with that chair in hand.

[Cut to the ramp where the Gaines family is backpedaling down the ramp, mocking Ryan Martinez from where they stand.]

GM: And look at those two, running off like two thieves in the night. Fans, we've got to get things under control here but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black.

Cut to a head and torso shot of a sharply dressed Stevie Scott, who stands alone in the ring in an empty WKIK studio, looking directly at YOU, the home viewer!]

HSS: Hey, you there!

[He taps the air, and inexplicably, a "plink plink" sound is heard, as if he is tapping the inside of your TV set...and your TV set were still one of those old-fashioned models from the 80's.]

HSS: This is the Hotshot talking to ya! Did you miss out on the Heat Wave tour, or do you just want to experience all the HOT action one more time? Well, you're in luck...

[From out of camera sight, Stevie Scott picks his arm up and reveals a DVD, with many small pictures of action surrounding one large picture of AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne in a pose.]

HSS: ...because the new 2013 Heat Wave tour DVD is now available on AWAShop.com! Whoo, check it out!

[Stevie flicks the DVD towards the camera...which, through the wonders of post-production, starts spinning rapidly at the screen for a second, until it morphs into a shot of Miss Sandra Hayes leading her charge to the ring.]

HSS: Nine matches, over three hours of action from all over the southern states that was just too HOT for television!

[Cut to a shot of BC Da Mastah MC trying a diving splash into the corner...and MISSING, as Yuma Weaver gets out of the way, and comes back with a THUNDEROUS chop.]

HSS: You'll see BC Da Mastah MC and Yuma Weaver in a hellacious Indian Strap Match!

[Manny Imbragno has Dave Bryant up in his patented extended Airplane Spin.]

HSS: The World Television title is up for grabs as Dave Bryant defends against the enigmatic Manny Imbragno!

[In what looks to be shallow center field of a minor league baseball stadium, Juan Vasquez is slugging it out with...something slimy.]

HSS: The best of two eras collide, as Juan Vasquez engages in a no-holds barred brawl with The Mud Monster!

[Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs slump in opposite corners, as The Rave hits a running double dropkick on Stanton...then kip up and do the same to Jacobs, as Larry Doyle pounds the mat in frustration.]

HSS: The Rave try to fulfill their destiny twenty years early, as they take on The Blonde Bombers for the World Tag Team Championships!

[Cut to a shot of Calisto Dufresne and Supernova eyeing each other in the ring...followed a shot of Dufresne getting press-slammed off the top rope...followed by a bloody Dufresne trapped in Supernova's Solar Flare leglock.]

HSS: And that's right, it was a SuperClash III rematch as Supernova got his shot at Calisto Dufresne for the big one, the twenty pounds of gold, the World Heavyweight Championship! All this action, plus much, much more!

[Cut to a shot of a screen featuring a DVD player, a screen on the right showing other wrestling action, and a screen on the left back to showing a well-dressed Stevie in the ring, talking directly to the home viewer.]

HSS: Who won? Who lost? My lips are sealed! The only way to find out is to order the DVD from AWAShop.com, right now!

[The URL appears on the bottom of the screen for a second, before fading out...

...and then fading back up on the locker room area where Jason Dane stands alone. Stiff, he struggles to relax, breathing deeply in and out before speaking to the camera.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, AWA fans, this is Jason Dane. Alongside me at this time is the man who, since debuting, has terrorized the AWA as "The Dragon", the man who was the "One Man Revolution" of violence and the man who almost ended the career of Alex Martinez. This is William Craven.

[Dressed in street clothes, including a loose hooded sweatshirt that hides most of his green tattooed and bulky musculature, Craven edges cautiously into the frame. Regarding Dane with a sidelong glance, the bald, scarred freak frowns markedly but remains silent in the wake of Dane's introduction. Dane clears his throat, suddenly aware of Craven's recessed demeanor.]

JD: Welcome, Mister Craven. It has been awhile.

[Turning his head to look at Dane, Craven grimaces, utterly confused.]

WC: Why ... why am I here? Why have I been summoned, Dane? I make my appearances as my contract demands but in the absence of my Emperor I see little reason for us to interact.

[Dismissal. Jason wasn't expecting that. His eyebrows shoot skyward and he seems emboldened as any journalist might be by the elusive subject of an exposé.]

JD: Why? Since when has the cult of personality known as William Craven needed an excuse to speak his mind? I mean, you are Craven, right? There aren't many green-skinned guys tiger striped with scars in AWA, after all.

[Tensing but still in control, Craven bites back his anger.]

WC: Is that ... humor? I am that I am, Dane. Do you truly question my identity?

JD: No. No I don't but you've been in a vacuum for some months now and it's my job to find out why. A month ago Rick Marley, of all people, cornered you backstage in an effort to bring you out of your shell. People want to know why he did that and why it didn't work! Since when does William Craven back away from a challenge? Since when does William Craven answer a slap to the face with ... forced stoicism?

[Scoffing, Craven shows his sharpened teeth.]

WC: People? What people? The Wise Men? Do they pull your strings now, Dane? Who are your masters, hm?

JD: I don't have any masters and my itinerary is set by the top brass. Our fans ask the questions, they're asking about you which is why we're talking now.

[Rage fading, Craven frowns anew. His wet eyes look down on Dane and all at once their sunken nature becomes apparent. The man looks like he hasn't slept in a week and, when he glances to the camera, the only impression that can be taken away is that of a beast caged in the zoo, longing for the wild.]

WC: The people ... have concern for me then? What of Marley, hm? We were friends. We were partners. We were strangers. We were enemies. Now ... strangers again. It was on my shoulders that he raised himself to worldwide prominence. Doubtless he would do so again. I captivated the world with my ways, tortured the heroes of the land, buried a god, stood high upon the heap of carnage I made and was gloried as the Lord of Violence. He ... he has joined up with that Unholy Alliance. Five years ago he would have been their king, yet, now, he is naught but a pawn to Percy Childes.

[Disbelieving, Dane's jaw goes slack as he shakes his head at Bill.]

JD: Don't you realize ... everything you said about Rick Marley ... is also true of yourself and Chris Blue.

WC: Gkk--

[Twitching, Craven looks around himself, his surroundings seemingly unfamiliar as he clenches and unclenches his claw-like hands.]

WC: What ... are you after, Dane? Do you seek to drive a wedge between myself and my Emperor? Hrm? Is that it?

JD: Me? No, no.. this isn't anything personal at all. I'm a broadcast journalist and I don't have an agenda. It's been noted on a few occasions lately, by my colleagues, that your relationship with Chris Blue is strained.

[Craven bares his teeth anew, growling. Dane notices and holds out a hand defensively.]

JD: _Appears_ to be strained ... to an outside observer. Months ago, when you two renewed your work relationship, this time with Blue as your manager, it _appeared_ that whenever you spoke Blue would react very strongly; very negatively.

[A shrug from Dane.]

JD: Then you fell silent. Muted. In the ring, when you actually get into an AWA ring I should say, your trademark brutality is toned down to say the least.

[Puffing at the chest, Craven turns half away from Dane, his hands locked together, fingers entwined.]

WC: I am ... proving myself. Proving my control ... of myself. The Emperor, he grooms me, gets me ready for when the time comes so that I may take my place as his chosen champion.

JD: Some would say that your efforts were not controlled but half-hearted during your last match. Your last match during which Chris Blue brought the Bishop Boys into the fold.

WC: You ... you are one of the Wise Men. You tempt me from my path. Heh. Heheh. Tempt me towards treachery.

[Grinning, becoming hysterical, Craven turns towards Dane and leans in like a predator ready to strike.]

JD: No, no I am not. I'm just laying everything out for you, Mister Craven, in the hopes that you can shed some light and explain your place in the AWA today. You were not on Saturday Night Wrestling last week, correct?

WC: C-correct.

JD: And you are aware of Chris Blue's speech during which he spoke of the perceived disrespect given his charges?

WC: Why? Why do you ask me this!?

JD: Because ... he mentioned every man in his stable. Every man except for William Craven.

[Fairly frothing at the mouth, Craven's movements are positively frenetic as he paces a tiny circle, at once seeming to leave the interview area, walk through the cameraman and charge Jason Dane.]

WC: Not every one of us can be mentioned by the Emperor each and every time he opens his mouth, Dane! He is the shaper of worlds! He formed me, made me what I am today, placed gold around my waist like a laurel crown!

JD: When?

WC: WHAT!?

[Taken aback by Craven's shout, Dane staggers backwards.]

JD: I ... I don't remember that. When did that happen? When did Chris Blue award you a title?

[Looking down at his hands, Craven becomes confused.]

WC: The ... the Empire. North American ... title. I won it. Struck down five other men in a single night. Glory. How can he not remember? What? What...

JD: Mister Craven...

[No response.]

JD: William...

[Nope.]

JD: Bill? That was fourteen years ago.

[Looking up, making eye contact with Dane, Craven struggles to find his words.]

WC: He ... cultivates me. I ... I came here, struck down the last of his chosen champions, laid waste to this peaceful oasis amidst the violence that is professional wrestling, all to get his attention. The Emperor ... he returned at my behest ... to help me ... so that I might finally attain the ultimate glory.

[Trailing off, Craven finds his hands again.]

WC: So many years...

JD: The only question that matters, what people really want to know, is how has Chris Blue helped William Craven? You talk about how he's going to take you to the World Championship, and you came very close to that during the tournament that crowned James Monosso, but that was before your alliance with Blue ... and since then you've become, well, some have said you've become silent muscle.

[Squeezing his eyes shut, clenching his teeth, going rigid from head to toe Craven breathes frantically, then more slowly before finally opening his eyes and gazing down on Dane with a profound sadness. Arms limply at his sides, Craven allows his head to loll lazily towards his right shoulder.]

JD: Do you hear me?

[Nothing. Dead eyes stare down.]

JD: Willia--urk!

[And like twin cobras Craven's hands snatch Dane up from the floor by both lapels. When he speaks again it's in a confidential whisper that makes no secret of it's hostility. Dane clutches at both of Craven's wrists, the microphone caught awkwardly beneath one thumb. Were this not so the words spoken might be lost to history.]

WC: You think to strike loose the bolts from a slave's collar, Dane? I am no prisoner, no lowly gladiator among fellow scum set at their throats for the amusement of the ruling class. I am the king uncrowned. My day is coming--

JD: Didn't! Uck! Mean, just, just trying to find out--

WC: Find what? Find how it feels to be an aging giant whose 47th birthday looms in mere days and is ignored and passed over each day and year over year. Who passes me over? Hrm? Those who would hold me down have learned time and again the havoc I can wreak.

[Craven demonstratively shakes Dane as if he were a child. The microphone goes flying with a *THUMP!* and dark shapes swarm from the shadows.

Noticing them, Craven lowers his gaze, touching foreheads with a truly terrified Jason Dane. Nearing, those shapes, quite predictably, prove to be members of the AWA's security force. Craven's lips continue to move but cannot be heard, and they clearly repeat as security forces close in, taking hold of both Craven and his seeming victim. Finally, he shouts out loud--]

WC: CONTROL!

[Shoving Dane backwards and into the arms of two burly security guards, causing all three to fall prone. Wheeling, Craven sends five others scattering for cover with a sweeping backhand.]

WC: I'M FINE! Back. GET BACK!

[Pulling up the hood of his sweatshirt to hide his face from view, Craven hustles out of the scene, momentarily covering the camera lens with one rough-palmed hand before he's gone. Meanwhile, security helps up and checks on a visibly shaken Jason Dane. Fade back to the ringside area where an irate Gordon Myers is seated.]

GM: What was that?! William Craven just laid his hands on a non-wrestler, Bucky! He put his hands on an announcer!

BW: And we know how the office feels about that. Craven may have just earned himself a suspension!

GM: If he did, you gotta believe his manager, Chris Blue, will not be happy about that. We're actually scheduled to hear from Blue later tonight so... well, that will be a very interesting situation. But right now, let's go up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring to my right... being accompanied to the ring by Miss Sandra Hayes... he represents the Shane Gang...

He is the Atomic Blonde... DONNNNNNNNIE WHIIIIITE!

[White does a little shimmy to the jeers of the crowd.]

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

SHAAAAADOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage hops up on the midbuckle, twirling his outstretched finger around in the air before jumping back down, turning towards White who was about to charge him from the blindside.]

GM: Oh ho! Look at that, Bucky! Donnie White was going for the cheapshot but Shadoo Rage was waiting for him.

[Rage grins, waving White forward but the Atomic Blonde backpedals into the corner, nodding as Sandra Hayes leans in, whispering to her charge.]

GM: Fans, we caught up with Shadoo Rage right before he came out to the ring for this so let's take a look and find out what's on his mind before this big rematch!

[A small square appears in the corner of the screen with Shadoo Rage's face.]

SR: Victory in a battle is something that soldiers relish. We're not talking about winning a battle. We're talking about winning a war. And that's something that generals relish. Yes, I beat Donnie White at Unholy War but both he and I know that was only the first shot in a war. I'm here to take the Shane Gang all the way down. I'm here to bust up this little thing they got going and flush them straight out of the AWA. You think outsmarting Donnie White on a pin is going to make him quit? You think that's going to make him give up his membership in the Shane Gang and his vapid annoying ways?

We've all seen Donnie White. Real little guy with a big Napoleon complex. Why do you think he sports that foolish Mohawk? Anything for attention.

The Shane Gang just wants all the attention. And they don't care how they get it. That's real real bad for the Shane Gang, because they got my attention and I'm a little bit irritated by them. Bunch of loudmouth never beens who are trying to steal the spotlight by hook or by crook. We're competing for the same thing. We're both trying to climb to the top of the mountain and the AWA championship.

Terry Shane and his crew have cheated their way to a head start just like a lot of men have done in this business when their talent couldn't possibly carry them. Just like I used to do from time to time, yes I did, but no more. And now I'm all about teaching lessons to the people who think they're so big and bad and untouchable. I'm going to mess up Donnie White because I can and because Terry Shane needs to learn what it's like to stand up on his own two feet. It isn't easy, but it's satisfying. So I'm clearly away the pawns, wiping out his soldiers so that the two generals can go head-to-head in all out war. First target is Donnie White.

The Last of the Mohawks is going down tonight. I'm going to lay him low and kick his head into the front row. And then there will be three. Hope Ms. Sandra Hayes is taking applications because I already got Handsome Harry

thrown out of the sport and now it is Donnie White's turn to fall. Then Terry Shane I'm coming closer to you ... closer to you ... CLOSER to you.

If you're faint of heart don't watch this match because it's going to be a fight and all the Rage-o-holics out there are going to witness me put down Donnie White once and for all. It won't be pretty. It won't even be fair. But it will be glorious. And it will be necessary. Believe that!

[With that, we lose the Square O' Rage as the bell rings.]

GM: And we're underway with this rematch. Shadoo Rage saying that he wasn't satisfied with just beating Donnie White once. He wants to do it definitively, Bucky.

BW: The man is crazier than a pet coon if that's what he thinks he's gonna do. Lookie here, Gordo, he got lucky enough to take one from the Shane Gang. Don't get greedy. Move on to somethin' else before you get yourself hurt real bad. The Shane Gang knows how to hurt you real bad.

GM: Shadoo Rage is not the kind of man to back down from a fight. We've been seeing that edge he has in his matches. It might be his greatest strength and his greatest weakness, but when he taps into that ... er ... rage inside of him he becomes deadly.

BW: He becomes a rabid dog, but I tell you that Donnie White and the Shane Gang are thinking people, not savages. They'll put that rabid dog down for long.

[Rage takes a step towards the corner but White jumps through the ropes, shaking his head as he drops down to the floor where Sandra Hayes is quick to join him.]

GM: The bell just sounded and White's already running out to the floor.

[Donnie White and Sandra Hayes are on the outside conferencing about just how to put the beast down. Rage paces impatiently in the ring, sitting on the ropes and gesturing for Donnie to get in the ring.]

"Can't hide behind her skirt forever, Donnie. Come get yours!"

[The Last of the Mohawkans brushes Rage off and goes back to conferencing with Sandra Hayes. That's too much for Rage who vaults over the top rope and comes charging after Donnie White.]

GM: He's coming for him!

[Sandra Hayes dives to one side in terror as Rage smashes his elbow into White's forehead, igniting the crowd. He drives another elbow to the forehead before he grabs White by that mile high dyed Mohawk and tosses him into the ringpost.]

GM: OHH!! INTO THE STEEL!

[Rage looks out to the crowd as they cheer his early viciousness. The referee is not so happy, demanding Rage bring the man into the ring.]

GM: Shadoo Rage starting out here extremely quickly. Donnie White took a hard hit to the ringpost. Will that be a difference maker in this match?

BW: That animal is trying to hurt White. He ain't trying to win a match, daddy. He knows that he can't match skills with White so he's making this a mugging on the outside.

GM: Will you stop?! Shadoo Rage has been one of the top stars in this sport for over a decade now. He nearly became a World Champion up in Portland in the late 90s!

BW: That was a lonnnnnng time ago, Gordo. Now he's gotta tangle with a guy who is younger and hungrier than he is!

[Rage complies with the referee, throwing White underneath the bottom rope. He pauses to threaten Miss Hayes away from the ring before he vaults onto the apron and catapults himself over the top rope to drop a leg across the chest of Donnie White to loud cheers.]

BW: I'll say this. He can move. Between him, Skywalker Jones and Donnie White, I don't know who's fastest and quickest. I know who's dumbest. He's the one in the burgundy tights.

[Rage stomps Donnie White a few times just for the fun of it before he pulls him to his feet and whips him hard into the corner.]

GM: Big whip back into the buckles... and Rage follows him in!

[He crushes White in the corner with a running back elbow. He stays there, smiling viciously before he grabs White and whips him crosscorner. Rage slaps his shoulder before he charges again, flying through the air with a tackle.]

GM: HE LEAPS!

[And hits nothing but the steel ringpost as Donnie White dives out of the way, causing Rage to slam his upper body into the steel!]

GM: Ohh! White got out of the way and it cost Shadoo Rage, fans! Shadoo Rage got a lot of height on that leap and it carried him right into the steel ringpost!

BW: Turnabout is fair play. Rage introduced using the ringpost into this match. Well, now he's going to feel it.

[Donnie White springs into action with some fast and furious kicks to the shoulder before he snaps off a picture perfect dropkick that sends Rage sprawling, his head striking the buckles with a vicious whiplash.]

BW: I told you. Intelligence always beats madness. Rage ain't smart enough and he's too wild. He's out here to hurt White? Well, White's out here to beat him. And he can do that if he keeps playing it smart.

GM: Donnie White better not give Shadoe Rage a second to recover.

[White walks in on Rage, grabbing a handful of dreadlocks and winds up with a cracking chop across Rage's chiseled chest. The thwack resounds throughout the arena. Rage winces. White hits him again with a chop and then drives an elbow smash right into Rage's head. The crowd boos as White shows off some of Rage's signature offense.]

GM: He did this before at Unholy War. Donnie White likes to make a point of showing Shadoe Rage that he can do Rage's moves better than Rage can himself.

BW: Anything that miserable Shadoe Rage can do Donnie White can do better. It's simple as that.

[Donnie White snapmares Rage out of the corner and springs off the ropes with a dropkick to the back. Rage writhes in pain on the mat as Donnie White walks around the ring taunting the fans. He preens, fixing his Mohawk as he points at Rage and talks all kinds of trash about him. He leans through the ropes to talk to Sandra Hayes.]

DW: This is gonna be easier than last time.

GM: Donnie White wasting precious time here.

BW: You're right. Donnie don't get cocky. Just put the man away. There'll be plenty of time for celebrating after.

[But Donnie can't hear the commentary and so he doesn't heed the advice. And that is his undoing as Shadoe Rage surges off the mat and rams a knee into his tailbone, sending Donnie flying through the ropes into a heap on the floor.]

GM: OH MY STARS!!! Donnie White took a hard fall and now Shadoe Rage is going up to the top rope.

[The crowd is cheering for the Death from Above but Sandra Hayes throws herself in front of Donnie White, shielding his body with hers. Rage curses and points down at her, threatening to leap any way.]

BW: Sandra, baby, get out the way! He will jump!

[Fortunately, this gives the referee enough time to count Shadoe down from the ropes. Rage drops to the canvas, pointing in the referee's face and then physically shoving him back before he vaults over the top to the floor, slapping the ring apron in frustration. He advances on Hayes.]

BW: Get security out here! He's gonna lay hands on her!

[Rage frightens Hayes from in front of Donnie White and forces her back angrily. He turns his back on the downed White as he gets right into Hayes' face, berating and intimidating her to the surprising cheers of the crowd.]

BW: What's wrong with these people? Why are they cheering?

GM: They want to see Sandra Hayes get what she deserves.

BW: But she's just a beautiful helpless woman! Look, Rage is terrifying her!

GM: As long as he doesn't lay a hand on her!

[And just like that, Sandra Hayes bolts to the back, the crowd hurling taunts and invectives at her.]

BW: Boy, when Terry Shane III hears about this.

GM: Will he even remember?

BW: You don't threaten a man's woman and not expect retribution.

[Rage turns back to Donnie White in time to take a shoulder block to the midsection that folds him over and then a vicious European uppercut that straightens him up. Donnie grabs Rage's ears and smashes him with a headbutt to the face that sends him down.]

GM: Donnie White turns the tables on Rage again thanks to the distraction of Sandra Hayes... however, now White is all alone out here. Miss Hayes has beat a retreat.

[White hauls Rage up, disdainfully throwing Rage into the ringpost again to the jeers of the fans.]

GM: White puts him into the steel ringpost yet again... and he's taken complete control of this match right now.

[The Atomic Blonde swipes his hands as he backs off, nodding before charging in on Rage...

...who throws himself aside, causing White to slam into the ringpost again, crunching his shoulder!]

GM: And for the second time in this match Donnie White collides with a ringpost! Outside the ring on the floor is Shadoo Rage's world. I dare say he might have wrestled more time outside the ring than inside.

BW: More proof that he just ain't a right man, isn't it? He's a dog, a mangy animal. A mutt just like the Shane Gang said and only a dog would run off a woman as fine as Sandra Hayes, Gordo. He's an absolute dog!

[Rage climbs to his feet and peels Donnie White off the ring post. He says something harsh into White's ear before he throws him under the ropes into the ring again.]

GM: Rage puts White back in... following right in after him..

[Pulling White up by the arm, Rage twists it around...

...and then snaps off a kick to the heart, knocking White back into the ropes where he clings on tight, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: Rage has got White reeling and... look at this!

[Rage grabs a handful of hair, giving a big shout as he runs across the ring, leaping over the top, and SNAPPING White's throat down on the top rope. White goes flipping backwards like a blonde and green fish before he lands prone on the mat. Rage is immediately up from the floor to the top rope quick as a cat.]

GM: There's nobody to save Donnie this time!

[Indeed, Rage levels Donnie with the Death from Above double axehandle before he hooks the near leg for the cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

BW: No! Donnie's out. Rage can't put him away. He gave Donnie the best he's got but he couldn't put him away. Donnie's just too good and too tough.

[The crowd boos as Rage sits up, glaring at Donnie with murder in his eyes. From a seated position Rage drives his elbow into Donnie's heart once ... twice ... three times before the hate takes over and he hammers that elbow home ten straight times!]

GM: Elbows to the heart, over and over and over!

[Rage pushes up to his feet, shouting at the downed White before leaping sky high into the air, delivering a flying kneedrop to finish the combination!]

GM: Big flying knee!

[White flops around on the mat as the crowd roars for Shadoe Rage!]

GM: Shadoe Rage has boiled over here. You can see the frustration pouring out of him and now he's searching for a way to finish Donnie White off.

BW: We saw that look in his eye with Mr. F and Colonel de Klerk. We haven't heard from either man since their encounters with Shadoe Rage. He should be locked up - not cheered like these freaks are doing.

[Rage mutters something to himself as he peels Donnie White off the canvas. He seems to have convinced himself of something as he winds up and knocks Donnie down with a hard right hand.]

GM: Shadoo Rage has to be thinking about finishing this. Yes, look at that. He's going to the top rope. I think he's looking for the Angel of Death drop.

BW: That elbow drop off the top!

[Rage hits the top turnbuckle looking out at the crowd when he stops. At the entranceway comes Sandra Hayes with the Ring Workers. The crowd boos as Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson march down the ring behind Ms. Hayes who is brandishing her pink-wrapped cattle brand.]

GM: What is this? The Shane Gang coming down to ringside to save their man?

BW: Shadoo Rage tried to put his filthy hands on Sandra Hayes. That's unforgivable. The Ring Workers are just here to make sure it never happens again!

[Rage hops back down to the ring to complain to the referee as Donnie White rolls to the outside and the relative safety of the Ring Workers. The crowd boos as Rage slaps the turnbuckles in frustration and glares down at the Shane Gang from inside the ring.]

GM: This isn't right. The Shane Gang have interfered in this match!

BW: How? All they've done is stand by their friend and teammate. If Rage wants to take on all of the Shane Gang go ahead. Let's see where that gets him.

[Rage paces the ring in frustration as Strong and Anderson stand guard. Finally, Rage climbs to the top turnbuckle, pointing, spitting and threatening the group.]

GM: Even Shadoo Rage isn't that crazy, is he?

BW: You really gotta ask?

[Shadoo Rage glares down into the mass of the Shane Gang and leaps, clenching his fists together as he hurtles towards Donnie White. He smashes into all three men!]

GM: OH MY STARS! RAGE CRASHES DOWN ONTO ALL OF 'EM! HE DID IT! HE TOOK OUT THE SHANE GANG!

BW: Is Sandra okay?! Did she get out of there?!

[She apparently did as she scampers around the ringpost, shouting at Rage as he picks himself up to his feet. He leans down, pulling White out of the pile as well and shoving him back into the ring.]

GM: Rage puts him back in, climbing back up to finish him off...

[Rage steps through the ropes...

...which is Miss Sandra Hayes' cue to leap forward, wrapping her arms around the leg of Shadoe Rage!]

GM: Hayes has grabbed his leg! She's stopped him cold!

[Which gives the slightest of openings for Donnie White to climb off the mat, leaping up to catch the trapped Rage with a kick to the back of the head!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The referee reprimands Hayes as she lets go, slinking away with a laugh as Rage stays trapped in the ropes. Donnie White steps forward, grabbing the referee by the shirt and walking him back from the ropes...

...and Hayes winds up, CRACKING Rage across the ankle with the branding iron!]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[Rage collapses to the canvas, clutching his ankle as he screams in pain.]

GM: What in the...?! She hit him with the branding iron! Right in the ankle!

[A rising Anderson and Strong are cackling as Rage claws at his boot, trying to remove it.]

GM: Rage is trying to get the boot off! He may have broken his ankle!

[The referee, hearing the cries of pain, rushes in to check on the ankle as Rage claws to try and get back off the mat.]

GM: The ankle's in tremendous pain... it's obvious from the look on Rage's face.

[Donnie White immediately steps in, grabbing Rage by the injured ankle and giving a hard yank, pulling him out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: White's going after the ankle!

[The Atomic Blonde quickly applies a spinning toehold, causing Rage to scream out in pain, hammering the mat with his clenched fists as he struggles to escape.]

BW: Man, Terry Shane's gotta be proud at seeing his family hold applied like that by his pride and joy, Donnie White!

GM: His pride and joy?! It's not his son! Fans, I believe the referee needs to get involved in this one. Donnie White is causing some serious damage to that ankle and...

[Rage suddenly wraps his arms around the bottom rope, trying to force an escape. The referee steps in, warning Donnie White...

...who promptly breaks the hold but keeps his grip on the ankle, dragging Rage out to the middle of the ring where he drops an elbow on the injured joint!]

GM: Elbowdrop across the injured ankle!

[White pushes up to his feet, still holding the foot.]

"GIVE UP, YOU MUTT!"

[He drops another elbow, causing Rage to cry out.]

"QUIT!"

[White gets up again, winding up his right arm...

...and pauses to lean in, shouting down at Rage who coils his left leg, lashing out to catch White on the chin!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him with a kick!

[The blow sends White falling backwards as Rage promptly uses his arms to drag himself towards the ropes again. With his arms wrapped around the ropes, he pulls himself up to his feet as White staggers forward...

...and Rage THROWS himself the one healthy step towards White, throwing his arm out to catch him with a clothesline!]

GM: OHH! BIG CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS!

[Rage grabs a handful of White's hair, hammering him with closed fists as he kneels on the mat, trying to shield his injured ankle. The crowd is roaring as the referee starts counting, forcing a break at four.]

GM: Rage can't even stand, fans! The referee needs to look at stopping this!

[Rage uses the hair to slam the back of White's head into the mat as he again crawls to the ropes, pulling himself up using his arm strength.]

GM: The upper body strength of Shadoc Rage is the only thing saving him here as he's back up again, standing on one leg...

[White pushes up off the mat, angrily rubbing at the back of his head as he steadies himself... charging towards Rage!]

GM: White comin' hard and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RAGE BOTTOMED OUT AND TOOK THE ROPES WITH HIM!!

[The crowd roars as White goes sailing over the ropes, tangling up with his arms, and falling hard on the ring apron!]

GM: He lands on the apron! Somehow, he caught hold of the ropes and landed on the ring apron!

[Turning around, Rage reaches over the top rope, grabbing White by the hair. Grimacing, Rage steps up on the middle rope with his good ankle, slinging White's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's going for that mid-ring superplex!

[With his face etched from the physical strain, Rage muscles White up off the mat into suplex position. All eyes go up to watch as White dangles upside down...]

...and none see Sandra Hayes reach through the ropes, yanking the injured ankle out from under Rage!]

GM: OH!

[Rage falls hard to the mat, White on top of him obscuring the referee's view as Hayes grabs the ankle, pulling it down to the canvas to stop him.]

BW: ONE! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: He did it, Gordo! I told you he could do it!

GM: And Donnie White has just handed Shadoe Rage what I believe is his first loss in singles competition since Rage returned to the AWA... but he needed the whole Shane Gang to get it done.

BW: A likely story! The way I see it, Donnie White just triumphed over a mad man who was out for blood! Take that, Shadoe Rage! Take that!

[Phil Watson makes it official while Prokofiev's "Dance of the Knights" plays and Donnie runs celebratory laps around the ring, hopping over the downed Shadoe Rage. Ms. Sandra Hayes and the Ring Workers climb in the ring to congratulate Donnie. Meanwhile, the referee helps Rage unlaced and remove his boot.]

GM: This could be a serious injury to Shadoe Rage. It could be the end of his illustrious career.

BW: Aww, the end of the also ran? That's just too too bad, isn't it? He might have had a moment in this sport but nobody cares if he's forced to retire. I think everybody would be overjoyed to see that lunatic put down! Thank you, Donnie! Thank you, Donnie White!

[The Shane Gang gathers together as they look at Rage being tended to.]

GM: Oh, I don't like the looks of this!

BW: Finish him!

[The trio bursts into action, stomping the now-exposed ankle of Shadoe Rage!]

GM: They're going to try to do exactly that, fans! They're going to try and end the career of Shadoe Rage right here and now!

[White suddenly leaps up, dropping a Rage-esque knee down on the injured ankle.]

GM: Oh, come on! Strong and Anderson joining in again, stomping the ankle...

[The crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: HERE COMES THE RAVE!

[Shizz Dawg OG and Jerby Jezz hit the ring fast, sending White, Anderson, and Strong scrambling out of the ring to save themselves while The Rave takes up protective stances over the downed Shadoe Rage.]

GM: The Rave are on the scene, saving their downed ally... and look at the Shane Gang getting out of here. They caused the damage they wanted to cause and now they're running for it. Fans, we're going to need some help out here so we're going to take a quick break. Don't go away 'cause we'll be right back!

[Fade to black.

After a three second pause, cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could __really__ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Rick Marley?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Stevie Scott running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Stevie Scott!

[And... did Dave Cooper just kick down the front door to attack Alex Martinez from behind while he was grappling with Calisto Dufrense in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Supernova leaping down the staircase at Nenshou? And why are the Blonde Bombers beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Bishop Boys turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Skywalker Jones is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Chris Staley with a flying clothesline, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Johnny Detson across your family room, and the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies are brawling across your driveway.

Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Danny Morton as he had Stevie Childes in a headlock while Jackson Haynes is ramming Daniel Tyler's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Glenn Hudson tries to dropkick Dave Bryant, who ducks... poor Glenn hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Two AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[RyGunn does a double throw to send The Rave over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the RyGunn and Rave action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Luke Kinsey tries to smash Terry Shane the Third with a kitchen chair, but Shane pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Nenshou and Dufrense action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Brian Von Braun and Tully Brawn double-clothesline Vladimir Velikov in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Alex Martinez. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Staley, Green, Marley, and BVB. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[And cut.

Fade up to backstage where Jason Dane stands, as in front of him, a very agitated Ryan Martinez paces back and forth. Martinez is shirtless, still in his wrestling gear, sweat pouring down his face and causing his muscular chest to gleam under the glare of the lights. Dane reaches his hand out, trying to halt young Ryan's pacing.]

JD: Mr. Martinez, tonight you came within a hair's breadth of winning the Television Title...

[Ryan comes to a sudden halt, leaning in close to look at Dane.]

RM: But I didn't win it, did I? And why? Because...

[As Ryan's face turns red, his fists clench, his entire body trembling in anger.]

RM: Because of Justin Gaines!

Because that spoiled... child cost me -another- match! Another title! That's twice now. Twice that Justin Gaines got between me and gold. Well, I'm telling you, Dane, and I'm telling the entire world.

There -WILL NOT- be a third time!

JD: Which brings us to why you're here. I understand, Mr. Martinez, that you have a challenge you'd like to make.

RM: That's right. Here's the deal. It's abundantly clear that Justin Gaines is jealous of me. It's also clear that I'm never going to get what I want until he's been dealt with.

I don't like Gunnar Gaines. He betrayed me for a spoiled, selfish brat. I don't like you, Gunnar, but I'll give you this. You've earned the right to be in an AWA ring. You've proven yourself over years and years. But Justin, you haven't earned anything. It's all been handed to you. And it's led you to the mistaken assumption that you deserve what you have.

Well, in two weeks, I'm taking it from you.

[The slightest of smiles crosses Martinez' angry face.]

RM: You're so proud of your boy, aren't you, Gunnar? So happy to see your boy playing at being a man? Well, you and I both know that a man steps up to a challenge. So here's the challenge. In two weeks, it'll be Ryan Martinez against Justin Gaines. And Justin, -when- you lose?

Then you retire.

[Dane looks shocked.]

JD: You're challenging JUSTIN Gaines? You've stated previously that you wanted GUNNAR Gaines in the ring. Have you changed your mind?

RM: Not at all. See, it's real simple. Justin keeps taking the things I want. He took away my pride by submitting on my behalf. He took away my chance to be World Tag Team Champion. He took away my chance to be Television Champion. So in two weeks, I'm going to start taking.

I'm going to take Justin's career, and Gunnar? I'm going to take away your legacy.

I know that's the most important thing to you. How you'll be remembered. Your legacy is in your name, your family's name, and in what Justin does. Well, remember what I said? No more half measures.

I'm going to take everything.

That is, if your boy has the courage to accept the...

[Ryan's words trail off as his eyes drift off camera. The shot pulls back as Gunnar Gaines barges into the frame with Justin close behind.]

JD: And here are Gunnar and Justin Gaines. Gentlemen, what's your answer to that challenge?

[Gunnar has his usual ring gear on — black leather vest, ivory thermal shirt underneath it with the sleeves cut off at the elbows, and Carhartt black denim cutoffs with black knee pads and black boots. There's a brace on his right knee. Justin has a matching black vest on, but is otherwise shirtless. Wrangler jeans and a leather belt round out the ensemble.]

GG: My answer is wow, Jason Dane. Just wow. Here is Ryan Martinez talking about family legacies. What does Ryan Martinez know about family legacies? If he cared about family legacies, his dad would be here and we could do this right now.

[Justin leans in to his dad's ear and whispers something.]

GG: Oh! That's right! I forgot. Ryan Martinez is an egotist, and, as we're beginning to see, his dad is a coward. Where _is_ Alex, anyway?

JG: I know where he's not!

[Justin and Gunnar laugh.]

GG: Look, Ryan, I think your anger is getting the better of you. Did you seriously just challenge my son to a career match? I mean, I get it. You're angry. You're angry because I've exposed you and pointed out how you couldn't get the job done ... and THAT is why there is no more RyGunn. It has nothing to do with Justin, except that as my new partner, he now has the opportunity to do some things you weren't able to do.

[Justin nudges his dad in the side. Gunnar looks at Justin ... then back at Ryan ... then back at Justin.]

GG: Hold on.

[Gunnar and Justin walk slightly out of frame. They talk in hushed tones, not quite audible to the TV audience. Then they return back to where they were, opposite Ryan Martinez, with Dane in the middle holding the mic.]

GG: All right. So here's the deal. You want Justin to put his career on the line. Fine. He says he'll do that. In fact, if he loses ... IF he loses ... then he can never even enter an AWA building again. Will we really agree to that? Sure. But aren't you forgetting something? You, my friend, need to put something up as well. You weren't hoping for a one-sided stip, were you? Please.

So, what are you going to put up — your career? Noooooo. We would not agree to that. That would be letting you off too easy, because then you wouldn't have to fight _me_. And we both know ... sooner or later ... you're

gonna have to fight _me_, and despite all the jive you talk, you really don't want that. Putting up your career just lets you off the hook.

No, here it is. Justin, tell him what he's gotta put on the line.

[Justin steps towards the mic, as his father takes a step back. He stares into Ryan's eyes and says two words.]

JG: Your hair.

[Gunnar nods as Justin steps back.]

GG: That's right. My boy will put his career on the line against your hair. And why would he be willing to do that, you ask? Tell him, Justin.

JG: It's simple. Because I have that little regard for you, Ryan Martinez.

[Justin lets that sink in.]

GG: Go on.

JG: You see, for the past year, I've been traveling with my dad from town to town when I could, soaking up all the knowledge that this Hall of Fame legend is generous enough to impart. And as I think back on that, I realize how lucky I've been to have access to that kind of mentoring. Then it occurs to me ... Ryan Martinez had access to all of that, too, and he blew it. He blew it because he thought he was an equal to Gunnar Gaines, when clearly he's not.

Ryan Martinez, if you're not smart enough to listen when Gunnar Gaines talks, then clearly you're not very smart at all. And that's why I'm going to enjoy the surprised look on your face as I take you apart, piece by piece. I'll finish by removing that precious mop from the top of your head. You can carry that with you all over the AWA to serve as a reminder that you just lost to, what did you call me? A child? You called me that, but you're about to lose to an 18-year-old man. One with a lot more sense than you.

GG: I think it's perfect, Ryan. You fight like Sinead O'Connor, and now you can look like her, too.

JD: So those are the proposed terms. Justin Gaines will put up his career if Ryan Martinez will put his hair on the line two weeks from now, on the next edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. What say you, Ryan?

[For a moment, Ryan is shocked, and that surprise is written across his face. He pauses, runs a hand through his brown hair, clearly thinking about losing it. He draws in a deep breath, exhales slowly.]

RM: You think you're going to take my hair, Justin? You think you're going to embarrass me? You think you have what it takes to make me some sort of bald headed freak? Justin, you want my hair?

[Ryan nods his head, and then leans forward.]

RM: Come take it...

If you can.

[With a fiery, intense look reminiscent of his father, Ryan locks his gaze on both men. Justin returns it ... then he looks at his Dad. Who nods.]

JG: Oh, I will, Ryan ... count on it.

[The camera holds on the two of them, Ryan and Justin, glaring at each other, as Gunnar stands behind Justin with a pleased grin as we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right, from Myrtle Beach, South Carolina... weighing 250 pounds... Alex Worthey!

[Worthey sports a slightly bulky wrestler's physique. His black hair, gray trunks, black boots, and white kneepads give him nothing to stand out as he waves politely to the crowd...

...until the sounds of "Nothin' To Lose" by Rebel Meets Rebel kicks to life over the PA system.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Worthey looks like he needs a change of trunks pronto, Gordo!

GM: This young man knew what he was signing up for but he may not have known how much fear would shoot down his spine when he heard this music that means the arrival of the Redneck Wrecking Machine, Cletus Lee Bishop.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent... being led to the ring by Chris Blue... from Kingsland, Arkansas... weighing in at 328 pounds...

CLETUS LEEEEEEEE BISHOP!

[All six foot nine of pissed-off redneck comes storming through the curtain on cue, a smirking Chris Blue trailing behind him. Cletus Lee is in a pair of beat-up black jeans and black boots, showing off... if that's the words you choose... a smooth physique. The man is not fat but he's not rocking a muscle-bound body either. His wild, stringy brown hair hangs to just below his shoulderblades as he stomps down the ramp, swinging a leg over the top rope to step in...

...where he makes a beeline towards Alex Worthey who raises his arms, trying to cover up just as Cletus Lee unloads with a clubbing forearm smash

to the back of the head that knocks the much smaller man down to the mat.]

GM: The Redneck Wrecking Machine lowers the boom on Worthey... and he's coming right for him full force, Bucky!

[A series of stomps forces Worthey under the ropes to the ring apron as the referee steps in, forcing Cletus Lee to step back.]

BW: Cletus Lee's been in a REAL bad mood ever since Duane Henry got smashed into that windshield about a month ago. He's out to make some people for that.

[Cletus Lee breaks away from the official, dashing to the far ropes, rebounding quickly as Worthey climbs to his feet on the apron...

...and gets caught with a running tackle that sends Worthey sailing off the apron before crashing down to the barely-padded concrete floor in a heap!]

GM: Good grief!

[The big man leans over the ropes, waving for Worthey to get off the ringside mats but that's not about to happen...

...so Cletus Lee decides to go get him.]

GM: This can't be good news for Alex Worthey.

[Cletus Lee promptly yanks Worthey up by the back of the trunks, spinning him around to hook both of Worthey's arms under his own before smashing his skull into Worthey's... again... and again... and again.]

GM: Those trapped headbutts are just hammering home into the face... the throat... the skull. There's no real precision involved here as Cletus Lee just tries to inflict as much damage as possible.

[Breaking off the headbutts, Cletus Lee lifts Worthey up into his powerful arms, swinging him around once...

...and then THROWS him down violently with a bodyslam!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Worthey's very thankful for the padding those ringside mats supply right about now - as little as it may be.

[A quick camera cut shows a smirking Blue looking on, shouting some instructions to Cletus Lee who pulls Worthey off the mats again, shoving his limp form under the ropes before climbing back in as well.]

GM: Both men are back inside the ring now and you gotta think this one's just about over.

BW: If Cletus Lee says it is.

[Pulling Worthey off the mat, Cletus Lee tugs him into a standing headscissors, powering the smaller man up into the air, holding him slung over a shoulder. He steps back, taking a couple deep breaths in the corner before charging a few steps out, and letting the South Carolina native fly, sailing through the air where he crashes down violently on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! He threw him halfway across the ring!

[With a big slap of his leg, Cletus Lee retreats back into the corner again, grabbing both ropes as he crouches down, waiting for Worthey to rise... and waiting... and waiting...]

GM: He's setting him for that charging big boot! If he hits it, it's over!

BW: I don't think Worthey can even get up to get hit with it. I think that powerbomb knocked the wind completely out of him, Gordo.

GM: You may be right. He hasn't moved a bit since hitting the mat...

[Blue seems to realize the same, slapping the mat and pointing at Cletus Lee who gives a nod before storming across the ring.]

GM: Apparently Cletus Lee has given up on the big boot, pulling Worthey off the canvas...

[Cletus Lee holds Worthey up by the hair, staring at the dazed individual with cold, merciless eyes...

...and promptly OBLITERATES him with a standing lariat that flips Worthey backwards, dumping him on the back of the head, folding him up with his feet almost touching the mat above his head.]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The Redneck Wrecking Machine drops to a knee, leaning on the legs to apply a jackknife cover for an easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner... CLETUS LEE BISH-

[Phil Watson goes diving out of the ring as he spots an angry and fast-moving form storming down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: What in the...?! THAT'S CRAVEN!

BW: What's he doing out here?

[The Dragon steps through the ropes, takes one look at a shocked Blue and Bishop...

...and lunges onto the downed Worthey, throttling him around the throat with both hands!]

GM: What in the world?! Craven's attacked Alex Worthey!

BW: Why?

GM: I have no idea!

[Craven climbs to his feet, using his brute power to deadlift Worthey off the mat in the double choke, holding him high over his head...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas!]

GM: Thunder Melter powerbomb! Oh my!

[Worthey is flat on his back on the mat, arms sprawled out to his sides as Craven climbs to his feet, looking expectantly at a shocked Chris Blue who shakes his head back and forth. Craven leans down, yanking the limp Worthey off the mat by the head and neck...

...and HURLS him down to the canvas with a uranage slam!]

GM: Goodness! Craven's just throwing this young man around like a small child!

[This time, Blue nudges Cletus Lee, gesturing towards the exit, leaving William Craven behind as Craven hooks in a crossface chickenwing on the downed Worthey, shouting into the man's ear as he cranks on his trapped arm.]

GM: Craven's got the Dead Zone applied but... Blue is leaving! Chris Blue is walking out. If Craven was hoping to impress his manager, I don't think it happened, Bucky.

BW: No one's ever quite sure what Craven's trying to do but he's got Blue walking out... Cletus Lee looks steamed but he's leaving as well. Craven's all alone in there trying to break this kid's arm...

[Before long, Blue and Cletus Lee have both vanished through the curtain, completely unknown to Craven who is totally focused with the task at hand - the separation of Alex Worthey's shoulder.]

GM: We're going to need some help out here... we're going to-

[Suddenly, the lights go out...]

GM: What the-?!

[A voice rings out over the PA system.]

Voice: What...we've got here is...FAILURE to communicate...

[The crowd ERUPTS in surprise!]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: Are you kidding me?! He takes out Layton two weeks ago, debuts in the ring earlier tonight, and now... he's coming for CRAVEN?!

GM: This man has no fear! This man cares not about reputation!

[A bell tolls, it's tone echoing across the arena for a moment before "The Shootist" from The Red Dead Redemption Soundtrack by Bill Elm and Woody Jackson plays over the PA speakers. Striding into view comes The Hangman and "Judge" Isaac Parker.]

GM: The Hangman is coming for William Craven!

[Craven suddenly releases his hold on Worthey, pulling the young man to his feet and HURLING him over the ropes to the floor..

...and then stares down the aisle in surprise, shaking his head repeatedly as The Hangman draws near, stepping over the ropes into the ring. He doesn't even hesitate as he digs down deep, cracking Craven on the underside of the chin with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Big uppercut!

[The Dragon returns fire, flailing at the mysterious big man with a right hand of his own.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[The crowd roars to their feet, watching with great interest as the two men go to town on one another, hammering away with big haymakers...

...when suddenly, a sea of AWA officials come tearing down the aisle to the ring, completely enveloping both men, preventing them from doing any further damage to one another.

An abrupt cut takes us back to the locker room area where Jason Dane has been joined by one of the participants in tonight's Chase For The Clash matchup, MAMMOTH Maximus. Maximus is dressed to compete in a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim. His mask, however, is clutched in his right hand.]

JD: Tonight, Maximus, you head into your first round Chase For The Clash tournament match against Supreme Wright. Conspicuous by his absence, of

course, is your manager Louis Matsui, who was the victim of a parking lot attack two weeks ago. What is on your mind going into this match alone?

MM: [Softly.] Tha... mo.. unwi...

JD: Sorry, what?

MM: That... Was most... Unwise... Those were the four words Louis kept repeating as he was drifting in and out of consciousness on the ride to the hospital. That. Was. Most. Unwise.

Everyone acts as if it's a mystery who was behind the attack, but we ALL know which nest of vipers it was that would pull off something like that! That was MOST unwise!

I thought I could get to Dufresne by going after each and every member of Royalty one-by-one, but turns out THAT was most unwise... Turns out I'll have to do it through The Chase For The Clash... Turns out that, in order to get my hands on the snake, I'll have to beat Supreme Wright, something that has eluded me thus far, followed by Detson, and whoever else is left after that, because going through Royalty wasn't big enough of a challenge... Because facing the Blonde Bombers in a handicap match wouldn't have been difficult enough... Because when you fear your reckoning, you would do ANYTHING to delay it.

We should have seen it coming and, for that, maybe we were most unwise, but since you've forced this change of plan... Left me with only The Chase For The Clash... Took away the only person who could have wisely guided me along this path... Well, that leaves me with very few options, doesn't it? In fact, it leaves me with pretty much only one choice, and without Louis Matsui around to tell me what to do, well, I'm forced to do things the only way I know how...

[Maximus holds out his right hand, still clutching the mask, his fingers clenched in a fist.]

MM: You've left me with THIS!

[He balls up his left fist and holds it out in front of him.]

MM: You've left me with THIS!

[Opening up his left hand, Maximus smacks the side of his head with it.]

MM: And THIS is all the brain you've left me with and, since there wasn't very much of it to begin with, I'm not going to worry too much about the damage it'll sustain when I ram my head into anybody stupid enough to stand in the way!

More than that, Royalty, you've left me with a whole lot of ANGER

[Slaps his chest with his left hand.]

MM: ...with which to drive _THIS_...

[Smacks the side of his head again.]

MM: ..._THIS_...

[Balls up his left fist.]

MM: ...and _THIS_!

[He brings his fists together in front of him.]

MM: And that, Royalty...

THAT...

WAS MOST...

UNWISE!!!

[Maximus lets out a loud bellow, as he drums his fists over his chest, before turning around and leaving the interview area, leaving a surprised Jason Dane behind as we slowly fade to black.]

[Cut to a head and torso shot of a sharply dressed Stevie Scott, who stands alone in the ring in an empty WKIK studio, looking directly at YOU, the home viewer!]

HSS: Hey, you there!

[He taps the air, and inexplicably, a "plink plink" sound is heard, as if he is tapping the inside of your TV set...and your TV set were still one of those old-fashioned models from the 80's.]

HSS: This is the Hotshot talking to ya! Did you miss out on the Heat Wave tour, or do you just want to experience all the HOT action one more time? Well, you're in luck...

[From out of camera sight, Stevie Scott picks his arm up and reveals a DVD, with many small pictures of action surrounding one large picture of AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne in a pose.]

HSS: ...because the new 2013 Heat Wave tour DVD is now available on AWAShop.com! Whoo, check it out!

[Stevie flicks the DVD towards the camera...which, through the wonders of post-production, starts spinning rapidly at the screen for a second, until it morphs into a shot of Miss Sandra Hayes leading her charge to the ring.]

HSS: Nine matches, over three hours of action from all over the southern states that was just too HOT for television!

[Cut to a shot of BC Da Mastah MC trying a diving splash into the corner...and MISSING, as Yuma Weaver gets out of the way, and comes back with a THUNDEROUS chop.]

HSS: You'll see BC Da Mastah MC and Yuma Weaver in a hellacious Indian Strap Match!

[Manny Imbragno has Dave Bryant up in his patented extended Airplane Spin.]

HSS: The World Television title is up for grabs as Dave Bryant defends against the enigmatic Manny Imbragno!

[In what looks to be shallow center field of a minor league baseball stadium, Juan Vasquez is slugging it out with...something slimy.]

HSS: The best of two eras collide, as Juan Vasquez engages in a no-holds barred brawl with The Mud Monster!

[Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs slump in opposite corners, as The Rave hits a running double dropkick on Stanton...then kip up and do the same to Jacobs, as Larry Doyle pounds the mat in frustration.]

HSS: The Rave try to fulfill their destiny twenty years early, as they take on The Blonde Bombers for the World Tag Team Championships!

[Cut to a shot of Calisto Dufresne and Supernova eyeing each other in the ring...followed a shot of Dufresne getting press-slammed off the top rope...followed by a bloody Dufresne trapped in Supernova's Solar Flare leglock.]

HSS: And that's right, it was a SuperClash III rematch as Supernova got his shot at Calisto Dufresne for the big one, the twenty pounds of gold, the World Heavyweight Championship! All this action, plus much, much more!

[Cut to a shot of a screen featuring a DVD player, a screen on the right showing other wrestling action, and a screen on the left back to showing a well-dressed Stevie in the ring, talking directly to the home viewer.]

HSS: Who won? Who lost? My lips are sealed! The only way to find out is to order the DVD from AWAShop.com, right now!

[The URL appears on the bottom of the screen for a second, before fading out...

...and back up on Jason Dane, who is standing by in the ring.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome...

[And then The Rave run onto the set.

Jerby Jezz, the pale reddish-skinned Raver, is currently wearing a white leather jacket with plastic hoops stitched all around it: red, orange, green, and purple. The jacket also has brown-and-gold tassels in various places. He sports a pair of stonewashed jeans with blotches of dark blue, light blue, peach, and crimson in various places, and magenta moon boots with a yellow and light blue chevron in front. His hair is dyed pink, with a single black stripe running diagonally from back-right to front-left, and he's wearing some kind of futuristic blue monacle with some wiring and circuitry on it.

Shizz Dawg OG, the pale mocha-skinned Raver, has on a yellowish-orange parka with many metal squares bolted on, in shiny reflective red, blue, lavender, silver, and bronze colors. He's also wearing baggy green pants with purple lines down the side, and red-and-blue shoes. His curly hair is dyed light green in front and yellow in back, and he's wearing what looks like reflective cobalt-blue-and-brown visor-styled goggles.]

JJ: Filbritz it, jacksaw! The Rave has a crititastic announcement!

JD: This isn't your interview time!

SDOG: We're the protectors of time! Our time is more important than your time! We timeslid to this morning to give ourselves this time... so how is it not our time?

[Dane pulls his schedule out of his pocket, and reads it... a look of surprise now registers on his face.]

JD: What the...?

JJ: You shouldn't have remembered the previous timeflow! That means the chronopatch still has destabilization eddies in...

JD: I thought you were studying anciespeak!

SDOG: We're trying, give us a benny! There are no anciespeak words for what isdid happeninged, but when we flowed that history changed from the established timeline, we knew that there was still a roilspur in 2013!

JD: History changed?

JJ: Didn't we tell you who won the Nobel Peace Prize this year yesterday two weeks ago?

JD: This year yesterday two weeks ago?

JJ: Isn't that anciespeak for nowthenmorethen?

JD: You did get that detail wrong, now that I think about...

SDOG: Frotz! We didn't get that wrong, TIME got that wrong! How could a sloppool of futztards whose goal is to stop chemostyle attacks fail to stop

chemostyle attacks in South Trans-Turkrabia and win the award over someone who symbolizes the rights of half the people in the entire terrasphere?! In 2032, we flow that Malala Yousefzai won the Nobel Peace Prize in 2013, and thennow subjectly it's some sloppool nohumie in 2032 has ever cognified?

JJ: Anciespeak!

SDOG: I'm too gawraged to anciespeak!

JJ: So what isdid happeninged, is there's still a roilspur in 2013, changing history! We flow that it's not Terry Shane The Fourth, because we personally snaglocked that gyzzrus roilspur and whizzed him to the Interchromometric Variance Alliance, where he willis tobeing slowcircumrendered...

[Both members of the Rave shudder at the word 'slowcircumrendered'. You don't want to know what that is. Well, unless you're Jason Dane.]

JD: In anciespeak?

JJ: It's not him. There's another one!

SDOG: A second roilspur! Senator Myers sent us backforward to...

JD: Don't you mean Senator Wilde?

BW (in the booth): They better mean Senator Wilde!

[The Rave look confused.]

JJ: When did we talk about a Senator Wilde?

JD: You've always talked about a Senator Wilde! Him!

[Dane points at Bucky.]

JJ: That's just Senator Myers' financial adviser. Hi, Senator Myers!

[Jerby makes some strange 2032 equivalent of waving at Gordon.]

SDOG: Slowit! If they flow that we were relativeoriginally sent by a Senator Wilde, instead of Senator Myers... that means...

JJ: The roilspur has already flotzed the timeflow up to 2032! We didhave to find them out relativenow! Shizz, to the chronocenter! We have to Rave!

Rave: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE --

[Static.]

BW: SAVED!

GM: I don't know if I can take more of this.

[Just as Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG prepare to launch themselves gracefully from the ring for their dramatic exit as the lights in the arena extinguish. The static noise is soon replaced by piercing sounds of lasers and blinding beams of light. Green flashes spit across the crowd, faster...faster...faster before they rapidly pepper throughout the entire arena. Within one final flash dozens of light beams swirl together and spray a large green silhouette on the entrance portal as an upbeat version of "Dance of the Knights" echoes in the background.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: Eat your heart out Disneyland Light Parade!

[Amidst the green light struts out three figures. Two hulking figures, one slender and decidedly feminine. The vixen in the middle is, surprise, surprise... Miss Sandra Hayes. Gone is the Kill Bill get-up from earlier and replaced by a Xena-esque badass princess get- which is quite curvaceous. The revealing leather hugs her chest and teases you with just the right amount of kid friendly hip exposure -- even if the camera cuts away as she shakes her moneymaker in its' direction. Beside her and to nobodies surprise is Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson. However, what is surprising...

...is their choice of attire and what they are dragging.]

GM: It LOOKS like Strong and Anderson but is --

BW: All kinds of awesome, Gordo!

[Strong's shaggy brown hair is sculpted into more of a pony-tail mullet, shaved clean over the rest of his head. A black hornet is painted across his forehead with green and white streaks slashed across his face. He has massive bright green shoulder pads with white spikes jetting out all over them. The pads wrap around his upper chest and back while firmly gripping onto his shoulders. Long black tights with various patterns run down his thighs and his legs. Aaron Anderson's attire mirrors that of Strong though his hair is much different. He has seven noticeable streaks of hair shaven into his skull, each one alternating in green and white colors. His face paint is splattered a bit different with green, white, and black futuristic features. His black long tights have a pair of axes overlapping on his right hip.]

GM: I'm not sure what to make of this, not just what they are wearing but what exactly are they....wheeling out behind them?

[Lastly is the pimped out wagon. In matching green and white paint is your standard seven year old boy's John Deere wagon juiced up with big Tonka truck wheels. Inside the wagon is a large object covered with a red blanket. They wheel it towards the ring coming to a stop in the center of the aisle about five feet shy of where the Rave stand, perplexed.]

Miss Sandra Hayes: Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls, Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg!

[Jezz and Shizz, intrigued, stand up against the ring ropes facing the Gang.]

MSH: We can't take it anymore. This... this charade! This ridiculous and obnoxious act that has been going on for far too long!

BW: You tell em' sister

GM: I'd be lying if I said I wasn't ready for someone to knock some sense into them.

MSH: For too long you have been spouting nothing but gibberish and making complete fools of yourselves and quite frankly, there's only so much a girl can take! Fancying yourselves with made up words and silly catch phrases. You are grown men! And as the acting Lady of Wrestling it is my civil and heroic duty to correct any wrong doings that I see or hear. Whether you truly believe you are what you say you are or not all I know is one simple thing...

...YOU ARE IMPOSTERS!

[She points to Jezz and Shizz Dawg's whose eyes light up.]

MSH: It is all... a lie!

[Fuming would be a better word to describe it at this point.]

MSH: Fact. At Uncivil War Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG did what they said they were going to do, at least that is what I am told! They challenged the Ring Workers to a Wyldestyling Challenge match and though I myself am still unaware of exactly what that means...

...I have been informed that we, well, lost. Congratulations Jezz and Shizz. You came out on top! Or made it back to the ring first.

Whaaaatevs.

[She twirls her index finer.]

MSH: If I had a hat I would tip it to you. Well done. Very well done. And though you may have conquered your greatest adversaries and defeated The Shane Gang's Ring Workers...

...you have never defeated Miss Sandra Hayes' RING WARRIORS!

GM: WHAT?!

BW: OH DADDY!

GM: She can't be serious.

MSH: You see standing before me are the men you have been looking for. Searching for. HUNTING! STALKING! CUTTING OUT LITTLE LETTERS AND GLUING THEM UP NICELY INTO WANTED POSTERS FOR! Not only are these my new and improved RING WARRIORS but they are....

[She holds her free hand playfully to her lips.]

MSH: And here's where it gets good, fellas.

[A slight giggle.]

MSH [whispering]: The roilspurs.

[And then jumps up and down as she watches Jezz and Shizz Dawg go absolutely bananas in the ring.]

MSH: You see, these RING WARRIORS are from a time and a place much like yourselves, boys. All the while you were calling out Terry as your mole you never saw the truth that was standing right in front of your purple little noses and multicolored hairdoos! These men, MY MEN, that you are looking at are in fact no strangers to Wyldestyling Challenges, winhaving, and the Creed of the Rainbow Warrior.

Just whom do you think that Creed was written about? Hrmmm?!

[She gestures to the wild and colorful get-ups of Anderson and Strong.]

MSH: Not only are these future gladiators the very men who conquered and rocknihilated the Narco-Syndicalist Commune of Toledo...not only are these men the most downloaded and socially talked about Intersquib sensation...but they are the 2032 Wildstyling Hyper Acclamation Tournament Champions and they have the trophy to prove it!

Behold!

The 2032 Stampede Cup Trophy!!!

[Anderson nonchalantly rips the blanket off of the item in the wagon. What he reveals is a MASSIVE gold trophy, nearly five feet tall shaped similar to the Stanley Cup. Inside of it are two roaring lions, crawling and clawing out of it with wild manes intricately chiseled down to the finest detail and strand of hair. Jerby Jezz staggers for a moment, then falls back, fainting....only to be held up by Shizz Dawg OG.]

MSH: That's right my precious little ponies. This is your warning. Your ONLY warning. You better gather all your gadgets and doohickeys and collect all the florescent streamers you can because you will need an army to stop what is coming your way and no amount of timesliding will save you!

For now it is YOU who are being hunted.

[She points to them and cheerfully waves.]

MSH: Ahem.

RING WARRIORS....

[She wields her branding iron towards the ring.]

MSH [screeching]: ATTAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!!!

[Strong and Anderson charge toward the ring. Shizz Dawg OG desperately tries slapping the cheeks of Jerby Jezz who is pale in the face and still on dreamstreet as the Ring Warriors crash the ring. Shizz Dawg races towards Anderson and leaps into the air, clubbing him over the shoulder with both fists only to realize his efforts are useless as he is just smacking him in the protected shoulder gear. His eyes widen as Aaron shoves him in the opposite direction...

....right into the waiting arms of Lenny Strong who SPEARS him nearly out of his boots!]

BW: YES! FINISH THESE FRAUDS!

[Jezz slowly comes to and sees Shizz Dawg being blasted with hard forearm shots and he throws his body on top of Strong. Anderson races in next, blasting Jezz with a boot to the skull that sends him tumbling over and right out of the ring. Miss Hayes leaps up onto the apron and heroically pumps her fists into the air and points down at Shizz Dawg. Anderson and Strong look to her, approve, and turn back towards Shizz Dawg...

...just in time to see Jerby Jezz reaching underneath the bottom rope and dragging him out of the ring.]

GM: It looks as though the Rave might escape out of here somewhat unharmed.

BW: NO! Nonononono! This is terrible! This is worse than terrible!

[The Rave run off in a big hurry, nearly tripping over the wagon as they cover their eyes from staring directly at the 2032 Stampede Cup Trophy.]

GM: I think, I'm going to be honest here and say I'm not really sure, some sort of challenge has been made to the Rave by the, uh, Ring --

BW: Ring Warriors! Write it down, Gordo!

GM: I might just have too. With Terry Shane III gone I'm not sure if this little jezebel has completely lost her marbles.

BW: I think it's you who has lost it, daddy! The Ring Warriors have arrived from the future to end this Rave madness once in for all!

GM: Right now, let's go back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing by with "Hollywood" Larry Doyle!

[Crossfade back to the locker room where Stegglet is indeed standing with a velvet red jacketed Larry Doyle.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. Doyle, we are just over a month away from your men, the Blonde Bombers, defending the World Tag Team Titles against the men who are cashing in the Steal The Spotlight contract to face them - Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds who are about to be in action. But before we talk about that, let's talk about what happened two weeks ago to Louis Matsui.

[Doyle shrugs.]

LD: What's there to talk about?

[Stegglet's jaw drops.]

MS: Seriously? The man got driven facefirst into a windshield right before he was supposed to walk MAMMOTH Maximus to the ring to face your men, the Blonde Bombers.

LD: Tell me something I don't know.

MS: Well, do you know that most people believe that Royalty had something to do with that?

[Doyle shrugs again.]

LD: Do you have any proof, Steggy boy?

MS: You know I don't.

LD: Then I suggest you keep your mouth shut and let the grownups speak.

People want to blame Royalty for everything around here. They want to blame us for James Monosso being a cripple. They want to blame us for Stevie Scott being too preoccupied with a pop singer than to take care of business. They want to blame us for Juan Vasquez no longer being relevant. They want to blame us for Hamilton Graham's high blood pressure and Lori Dane's menstrual flow.

[Stegglet cringes.]

LD: They want to blame us for Nenshou's spitting problem and for Dave Bryant's multiple personality disorder. They want to blame us for William Craven's skin problems and Ryan Martinez' daddy issues. They want to blame us for-

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: I think we get the point.

LD: Do you? Do you really? Because my point is quite clear. You, the people at home, the front office... you can blame us for whatever you want but at the end of the day, there's going to be one very clear thing you can blame us for.

Skywalker Jones is up here...

[Doyle holds his hand way up high.]

LD: The people think he's the greatest thing to lace boots since... tell me someone you liked to watch wrestle when you were younger, Stegglet.

MS: Devon Case?

[Doyle chuckles.]

LD: The Golden God it is. He's the greatest thing to lace boots since Devon Case. He's on top of the world. He's heading for a future where he's a multiple time World Champion.

But after one night with the Blonde Bombers...

[Doyle drops his hand way down, out of view.]

LD: He'll be nothing. And that? That you can blame us for.

[Doyle walks away, leaving Stegglet behind.]

MS: Let's go to the ring...

[We fade up to the ring.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, from Parts Unknown at a combined weight of 515 pounds...

THE DESPERADOS!

[Two men clad in panchos and Lone Ranger masks, bellow at the fans to some jeering.]

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

[A massive roar greets the hypeman as he enters the ring, dressed in his usual all-white suit and tie. A big smile is on his face as he brings the gold microphone to his lips.]

BPH: Often imitated, but never duplicated, the man with the golden voice has arrived!

[illegible]

["We Own It" by 2 Chainz and Wiz Khalifa begins to play, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the men that emerge from behind the curtain. Dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chiseled, bare torso is Skywalker Jones, seated atop the shoulders of the massive Hercules Hammonds. From his seat, high atop the world, Jones "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. Jones is a lean, well-muscled, athletically built African-American male with a mini-fro and goatee. He has a swagger in his step as he passes through the crowd of cheerleaders, making his way down to the ring. Hammonds reaches the ringside area, where Jones hops off his shoulders and onto the ring apron, where he proceeds to slingshot into the ring with a somersault, landing cleanly onto his feet. He holds out his arms to a roar of cheers from the crowd, as Hammonds steps through the ropes and just stands there, looking menacing.]

GM: Here they are, the number one contenders to the AWA World Tag Team Titles!

BW: I still can't believe Jones gave up a shot at the World Title, Gordo!

GM: Skywalker Jones was fully prepared to cash in the Steal The Spotlight shot for a chance at the AWA World Title, but when Royalty attacked him and Hercules Hammonds, he decided the two would strike back at Royalty together!

BW: That just shows that friendship always ruins everything, Gordo!

"DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Hercules Hammonds and Desperado #1 lock up, with Hammonds EASILY shoving #1 across the ring! He makes a big double flex of his biceps at #1, as the masked man backs up into his corner in shock.]

GM: There's Hercules Hammonds' incredible strength on display once again.

BW: There ain't many people in the entire sport that have the muscles to match big Herc, Gordo...but I believe Brad Jacobs has to be one of'em!

[Hammonds points at The Desperados and shouts, "I'll take on both of you!", drawing a loud cheer from the crowd. Desperado #1 looks around, before tagging his partner in...and then both charge at Hammonds!]

GM: OH!

[And right into a huge double clothesline that takes both of them down!]

BW: One thing is for sure, The Desperados CAN'T match Hammonds' power!

[Hammonds grabs Deperado #1 and CHUCKS him across the ring with a huge biel throw that sends him all the way across the ring!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: He might've tossed him ten feet, Gordo! I ain't ever seen a man thrown like that!

[With the match in firm control, Hammonds walks over and tags in Skywalker Jones to a BIG POP!]

GM: And here comes Jones!

[Jones leaps over the top rope as Hammonds pulls Desperado #2 to his feet and lifts him over his shoulder. Still carrying Desperado #2, Hammonds charges into the corner and rams the masked man into the turnbuckles. With Hammonds holding him in place with his shoulder shoved into Desperado #2's gut, Jones runs in, using Hammonds' back like a step-ladder and leaps into the air, catching him with a flying knee to the head!]

GM: OHHH!!!

[Still standing on Hammonds' back, Jones smiles big at the crowd, before somersaulting off and back to the middle of the ring. Hammonds then grabs Desperado #2 by the back of the head and yanks him out of the corner, shoving him towards Jones...]

"SMMMMAAAACCCKKKK!!!"

[...and right into a Jones superkick!]

GM: THE CALISTO KILLER! THE DUFRESNE DESTROYER!

BW: Don't call it that, Gordo!

GM: This one's all over, but the shouting.

[And there's plenty of shouting to be done, as Jones cups his hands over his mouth and begins to yell something out. However, before a single word can be uttered, he's cut off as...]

GM: OH NO!

BW: IT'S THE BOMBERS!!!

[...Brad Jacobs and Kendall Stanton slide into the ring, taking out Jones and Hammonds with simultaneous belt shots to the back!]

GM: The referee is throwing this one out but The Blonde Bombers have Jones and Hammonds in a bad way!

[As The Bombers and Doyle retreat up the aisle laughing, Jones and Hammonds are just coming to. When Jones sees Higgins' unconscious form on the canvas, a completely devastated look forms his face.]

GM: This doesn't look good. Higgins hasn't moved since he was hit with that flying clothesline.

BW: And if you ask me, he deserved it! He shouldn't have been running his big mouth!

GM: He most certainly did not! We're going to need some help out here and while we get it, let's head backstage where Jason Dane is standing by. Jason?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing alongside what appears to be a slightly agitated Chris Blue.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. Blue, I have to say... you look quite upset.

[Blue arches an eyebrow in Dane's direction.]

CB: Do I, Jason? Do I? I wonder what might be causing that. Could it be that one-half of the greatest tag team that this company has EVER seen got slammed facefirst into a car windshield a month ago, putting him in a hospital bed, and taking him out of action has resulted in absolutely ZERO reaction from the AWA front office other than adding extra security that did absolutely nothing while the same thing happened to someone else here tonight?

[Dane starts to speak.]

CB: No, no... maybe it's because I was standing out there with Cletus Lee Bishop, the Redneck Wrecking Machine, soaking up the joy of another triumphant victory by the most underrated man to lace up the boots in the AWA only to find out that another member of my own organization decided to take it upon himself to step right into our spotlight for no known reason and certainly without my say-so.

[Dane starts again but Blue lifts a hand.]

CB: Ah, perhaps it's because that little intercession that my Dragon felt was needed was, in part, sparked by you trying to play a role in changing the status quo. Don't deny it, Jason. I heard it all. I heard you trying to poke the Dragon with a stick... trying to make him "see the light" like Rick Marley did when he slapped him across the face. Do you know that were some times in some places where if you struck your better, you had your hand lopped off? Rick Marley, do not test my patience. This business with my Dragon is absolutely NONE of your concern.

[Dane begins to speak but Blue verbally runs right over him.]

CB: Or perhaps it's that I know that the crown jewel of the AWA Combat Corner, Eric Preston, is going to step into that ring tonight and wipe the mat with the World Heavyweight Champion... but will have nothing to show for it since the title is not on the line and he will not receive the title shot at SuperClash V.

[Blue pauses, waiting for Dane to try again... which he does... which ends the same way as Blue keeps going.]

CB: No, Jason... I think most of all, the thing that has me the most on edge is a simple question... When?

[Dane waits... waiting for more words. Finally, realizing he's not hearing any, he speaks again.]

JD: When?

[Blue slowly nods.]

CB: When, Jason Dane? When do I stand in front of the fans in the building, the fans at home, the entire AWA locker room, the entire industry that I sent into unimagined heights for nearly a decade... when do I stand there and tell the entire world the secret that the whole world wants the answer to?

Who are the Wise Men?

[Blue smiles, a devious and evil grin.]

CB: I know the answer. The clues unravel for the people at home every week. These Wise Men get closer to revealing themselves... they get sloppy.

But still I wait... I wait for the right moment... the perfect moment... the moment when I stand in the middle of the...

...spotlight.

[Blue chuckles.]

JD: What are you saying?

CB: I'm saying that power - and numbers - have their benefits. And it was that power and those numbers that I flexed in front of the AWA Championship Committee earlier this week when I made one thing perfectly clear.

While my group was willing to stand by at Unholy War on the sidelines, we will NOT be shut out of SuperClash V.

[Dane waits.]

JD: And?

CB: And as of just a short while ago, I was informed that at SuperClash V, as part of Steal The Spotlight... one team will consist of the crown jewel, Eric Preston... the greatest tag team to ever enter the AWA, the Bishop Boys... and yes, even my disobedient Dragon, William Craven.

JD: WHAT?! They're giving you four slots on Steal The Spotlight!

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: No, no, no... don't be absurd.

JD: Whew. So, what are you-

CB: They're giving me FIVE spots. The four men I just named will be part of Steal The Spotlight, looking to earn a guaranteed match of their choice for any time in the next year. And for the fifth spot?

Well, let's just say I'm opening that spot up to the... highest bidder.

[Dane looks puzzled.]

JD: You're going to SELL it?!

[Blue simply shrugs.]

CB: In a way, perhaps. The announcers have made the hype quite clear. In a year where one team is going to be made up of competitors who have never competed in the AWA before and one team is... well, at my control... spots in this match are at all-time premium.

Having one of those spots available... if the price is right... is sure to bring some interesting offers out of the woodwork, wouldn't you think?

[Dane slowly nods, shocked at what he's heard.]

CB: And at SuperClash V, when that Spotlight has been stolen by a member of my unit, I will stand with them in the center of the ring, basking in the Spotlight...

...and I will tell the world who the Wise Men are.

[Blue's grin grows wider as we slowly fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where we find Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde seated at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and how about that bombshell dropped right before the break? Somehow, somehow, Chris Blue has convinced the Championship Committee to give him an ENTIRE Steal The Spotlight team. Eric Preston, The Bishop Boys, and William Craven will make up the majority of that team but one spot is left... one spot that Blue claims he will be making available to the highest bidder.

BW: Yeah, but I got a feeling it ain't money he's after, Gordo.

GM: What could it be?

BW: Titles, power, influence... some kind of secret he can use to exploit something later. That man is a power broker... a master manipulator. He wants to know everything there is to know so he can take advantage of ANY

situation. Remember once upon a time when Ben Waterson came to the AWA bearing the secret to beating Kolya Sudakov for the National Title? That's the kind of thing Blue wants - bank on it.

GM: But what does this decision mean for men like Callum Mahoney? For Curt Sawyer? They were banking on earning themselves a spot in the Steal The Spotlight match. And now, for the first time, we can confirm that one of those teams will be ENTIRELY made up of individuals competing in the American Wrestling Alliance for the very first time. That means that guys like Mahoney and Sawyer... they might be completely shut out of SuperClash!

BW: It's a tough job to be a professional wrestler. You fight and claw for your whole life to try and get a spot on the biggest show of the year only to have it snatched right out of your hands.

GM: In addition to that, Bucky, during the commercial break, it was made official... right here in two weeks, Ryan Martinez will take on Justin Gaines in a match where Martinez will put his hair on the line against Justin Gaines' career!

BW: Oh yeah! I can't wait for that one!

GM: Young Mr. Gaines seemed very confident in accepting that challenge but that confidence may falter when he hears this news. The Committee signed the match on one condition.

BW: Which is?

GM: Gunnar Gaines is BANNED from ringside!

BW: WHAT?! THAT'S NOT FAIR!

GM: On the contrary, I think it's VERY fair! A big match with a big decision made by the AWA Championship Committee in consultation with the office of AWA President Karl O'Connor... who is actually about to come out to the ring as part of what's coming up next. Two weeks ago, pop star Joshua Dusscher who inflamed the ires of the AWA locker room back at Homecoming with some horrific statements made a challenge. He said he could pick any member of the AWA locker room and defeat them in a one-on-one match. The AWA accepted, confident in the abilities of our locker room.

However, Dusscher exploited a contractual loophole and got his match with Queen Bee, a female competitor who is actually still undergoing training at the Combat Corner and is nowhere near ready for a full-time wrestling career. Dusscher used his size advantage to force her shoulders to the mat, scoring a pin... but the action wasn't done there.

Let's take a look at what happened next...

[Fade back to footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO!" where a victorious Dusscher is having his arm raised by Davis Warren. Dusscher is verbally

taunting the crowd when suddenly, Stevie Scott is in the ring. Dusscher's eyes go wide, holding up his hands to beg off but Scott slaps the arms away before grabbing a handful of hair to a tremendous roar from the crowd!]

GM: Stevie's gonna shut him up, and this crowd is loving it!

[Balling his right hand into a fist, the Hotshot reaches back and UNLEASHES a hard punch to the side of Dusscher's head, sending the singer falling backward into the corner! He gets off two more punches, then turns and grabs Dusscher by the head, draping his neck over his shoulder.]

BW: Hotshot Hammer, daddy! Here it comes!

[Or maybe it doesn't. Acting quickly, Dusscher's security detail grabs him by the legs and pulls him down underneath the ropes and to the safety of the floor. AWA security also rushes over, surrounding the pop star to protect him from a further attack. The fans nearby start throwing trash at the mass of bodies surrounding Joshua, hoping something hits the unpopular star.]

GM: Joshua Dusscher just escaped by the skin of his teeth, Bucky.

BW: For real. Had Stevie hit the Hotshot Hammer, that kid's days of singing would have been over.

[The boos rain down, as both security teams escort Dusscher back up the entrance aisle toward the dressing rooms.

There's a wipe to show a passage of time as we dig a little deeper into Stevie Scott's interview.]

HSS: You think because you made some YouTube video and conned a few inebriated celebs on some lame reality show into thinking you weren't another run-of-the-mill skinny punk kid that hasn't hit puberty yet...you think because you made it "big" that you can come down here into MY neck of the woods, say what you want, act how you want and do what you want.

[He shakes his head.]

HSS: Newsflash, kid.

[Stevie motions at the ring around him.]

HSS: THIS is what the set of a REAL reality show looks like.

And I've decided to make it my personal mission to SHOW you just how real it gets down here in the A-W-A!

[HUGE POP as Scott throws the mic down to the mat. The shot continues in silence for a moment as Gordon speaks again.]

GM: Earlier this week, Joshua Dusscher went to the airwaves of YouTube to respond to what happened and to send a direct message to the AWA President Karl O'Connor... and here's a piece of that for you...

[We open to a shot of Joshua Dusscher sitting up in a hospital bed wearing designer sunglasses, a neckbrace, and a hospital gown.]

JD: ...you sent one of your nobody scrubs to attack me from behind and SUCKER PUNCH ME IN THE FACE!

LOOK AT ME! I can't go back to my concert tour looking like this! Three weeks of concerts have been cancelled. Millions of dollars in revenue have been lost!

I hope it was worth it, grandpa, because those millions of dollars are now 100% the AWA's responsibility! Given how much you haggled with my paycheck to perform, I bet you guys don't even have the money to cover it. Your stupid attempt to prove that wrestling isn't dead just killed it.

And the most ironic thing of all, is the fact that the only person who can bring it back to life...is me.

[For the first time a smile crosses Joshua's lips as we wipe again to show a passage of time.]

JD: You will APOLOGIZE for breaking our contract and sending some goon out to the ring to assault me when I wasn't looking!

You will ACKNOWLEDGE that your so-called wrestling today is a sham, and that I proved myself above every single man, woman, and child under you!

[Joshua finally returns to the low emotionless voice that he started with.]

JD: And then you will bring out...whoever it was that tried to make a name at my expense, so that I can finally look him in the eyes...and you will have him grovel, and beg, for my mercy.

And then...I will decide if your little show lives...or dies.

[We crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Bucky, this situation with Joshua Dusscher has gotten very dangerous for the AWA. As much as we're concerned with the ongoing actions of the Beale Street Bullies and Royalty and all the others, to a person, every individual in the front office and the locker room is very concerned about what happens here right now.

BW: It's a bad place to be in. Dusscher's right. The deal with the record labels two weeks ago said that he could come out and challenge anyone he wanted and no one else would get involved. Stevie Scott blatantly broke that contract and nearly broke Dusscher's face in the process. We all might

have loved seeing it but...well, there's no telling what's going to happen here tonight.

GM: There's been speculation since that video went live. Would Karl O'Connor show up and apologize? Would Stevie Scott be forced to come out and do the same? The legal situation surrounding this issue is dire and the slightest mistake by AWA management - or by Stevie Scott - could bring this entire company to the brink of financial peril. Let's go up to the ring and find out what happens next...

[Cut back to a jarring close up of the smirking sunglassed face of Joshua Dusscher. As the camera pulls back, we see that Mr. Dusscher has embraced the hatred of the Dallas fans with his wardrobe choice of a Robert Griffin III Washington Redskins jersey. Pulling back further, we see his stead of six suit wearing bodyguards standing in a hexagon pattern, surrounding Joshua, who holds a microphone and stands in the center of the wrestling ring. Finally pulling back to the point of getting the whole ring into the shot, we see that the fans are doing their best to give Mr. Dusscher hell.]

JD: Is this any way to treat the potential savior of the AWA?

[More boos and taunts that the AWA doesn't encourage. Think of the children!]

JD: Two weeks ago, I stood in this very ring, and I backed up my words with my fighting prowess. Then, rather than accept utter defeat...

[With his free hand, Dusscher reaches up and briefly removes his sunglasses, showing the yellow fringes of what was a black eye that is finally healing.]

JD: I was cowardly assaulted from behind, in FULL breach of the AWA's legally binding contract!

[Puts his sunglasses back on.]

JD: The record labels and Joshua Dusscher Enterprises have just cause for a multi million dollar lawsuit that no judge in the world would deny!

But for me...this was never about the money...certainly not the pathetic little pittance I accepted to do MY job. To me...this started as a way to give my fans what they wanted. Then it turned into speaking the truth. But now...now is the time for complete personal vindication. And if I can get that, then I'll take care of the record labels, everyone will be happy, and we can all go our separate ways.

So now...Karl O'Connor...or "grampa" as you like to be called, come on out here. Come out here and tell everyone how you hid a trained assassin under a mask and pretended it was a girl! Tell everyone how I overcame that, and proved that my words were the truth! Tell everyone what a great wrestler and what a real man I am!

And then...you BEG for my forgiveness for ordering that shameful attack.

Get out here old man! NOW!

[It doesn't take long for the President of the American Wrestling Alliance, a legend in the sport of professional wrestling, Karl O'Connor to make his way through the entrance curtain and start the long walk down the elevated ramp towards the ring. With the aid of his trusty cane, O'Connor makes pretty good time, stepping through the ropes into the ring where he is handed a mic by a ringside attendant.]

KOC: Mr. Dusscher...

[The crowd jeers the President giving the pop star ANY show of respect.]

KOC: On behalf of the American Wrestling Alliance, I would like to apologize...

[More boos!]

KOC: There was an agreement in place between our company and yourself regarding your appearance on Saturday Night Wrestling two weeks ago and that agreement was broken. And for that, we apologize.

[O'Connor pauses, almost as if waiting to see if that was sufficient. But Dusscher gives a little wave, looking for more.]

KOC: I apologize for the actions of Stevie Scott in coming to the ring and assaulting you following your victory over a...

[O'Connor bites his lip for a moment.]

KOC: ...currently contracted wrestler who is undergoing daily training at the AWA Combat Corner.

[Dusscher grimaces a bit before waving again.]

KOC: You competed with... honor.

[The crowd jeers louder!]

KOC: With... dignity. And with the heart of a champion.

[O'Connor looks down, shaking his head as the crowd pours boos down on him.]

KOC: The actions of Stevie Scott were uncalled for, unnecessary, and unsatisfactory and for those actions, we again, apologize.

[The smile that has been painted onto Joshua's face ever since Karl started speaking hasn't changed a bit, as he soaks in the words for a few seconds before speaking.]

JD: Not bad... not bad. At this point, I'm inclined to be merciful. But you know that that wasn't all I asked for. And hey, I did my research, and I know his name now, so I'll even throw that punk a bone and give him a bump in recognition by speaking his name.

Now get "Stevie Scott" out here right now to grovel and beg for your little company's life. Do it!

[The crowd rises to their feet, buzzing with anticipation as they wonder if the former two-time National Champion will actually appear as part of this farce.]

GM: It's time for the moment of truth.

[A few moments pass before "Hotshot" Stevie Scott makes his way into view to the cheers of the crowd. There is no entrance music for Scott on this night as he walks the aisle in a pair of blue jeans and an old black EMWC Syndicate t-shirt with the legendary Mark of the Beast etched across the back in red writing. He makes his way to the ring without as much as a smile for the fans before stepping through the ropes into the ring, snatching the offered mic from Karl O'Connor.]

HSS: For two weeks now, the question I've answered more times than any other since "Can you get me Melissa Cannon's phone number?" is...

Will you apologize to Joshua Dusscher?

[Scott paces back and forth, stroking his chin.]

HSS: I've thought a lot about that. I've take counsel from this man in here with you - a former World Champion who has been reduced to a sniveling, groveling shell of his former self. Let me tell you something, junior. You're looking at a man who twenty years ago would've been just as likely to snap your pencil neck in half than he would to say the things he just said...

[The crowd cheers the idea of that as O'Connor looks away from a glaring Dusscher.]

HSS: But times change. People change. And the business changes. In Karl's glory days, the suits never would've dreamed of bringing an outsider into the locker room to try and pop a rating.

[Scott shakes his head.]

HSS: Times change. People change. The business changes too.

It was one of the biggest nights in the history of this company. And as a guy who's been here since Day One... when they turned on the lights and as a guy who plans on being here til the last night when they turn 'em the hell off... it was a special night. It was a night to celebrate, to be happy, to look back on the last 99 episodes of this show and smile.

But you took it all away, Dusscher. You took all of that away to try and get yourself another hundred thousand followers on Twitter.

[Scott continues to pace, shaking his head.]

HSS: They sat me down in Dallas this week and explained it all, you know. They told me why I needed to come out here... why I needed to tell you that I was sorry for coming out here two weeks ago and punching you in the damn eye...

[Big cheer! Stevie smirks as he looks down at his clenched right fist. Dusscher steps back behind his bodyguards.]

HSS: They told me I had to say you were the big man on campus because you took a woman who wants nothing more in her life than to be a professional wrestler... and you humiliated her. She wants to be a wrestler, a superstar, a champion... and now she gets to be known forever as the one who lost to a pop star.

She's just a kid, Dusscher. A student. She's no masked assassin. Trust me, I know a few things about those.

[Scott smiles as the crowd cheers the reference.]

HSS: She shouldn't have been here in the ring at all... but that's what you were counting on, right? You were counting on the fact that she'd be overwhelmed by the situation. That she'd be surprised by hearing her name called and her music playing and she'd forget everything she learned.

Well, it worked, kid.

[Scott applauds mockingly.]

HSS: You embarrassed one of the nicest people I've ever met. Good job. Bravo, you little twit.

[Big cheer! Dusscher shouts at Scott who ignores him.]

HSS: You wanted to come to the AWA and show the world what a tough guy you were by knocking down a woman in a bee costume and pinning her shoulders to the mat.

I haven't seen such fighting spirit since Rick Marley took his ball and went home after the first WarGames. Guess he found life easier elsewhere.

["OHHHHHHHHH!"]

HSS: So, it's to you... the great warrior... that they want me to apologize to, hmm?

[Scott continues to pace, stopping in front of Karl O'Connor, staring into the eyes of the AWA President for several moments. You can see the slightest of head shakes from O'Connor just before...]

HSS: I'm sorry.

[The crowd gasps in unison as Scott slowly turns, putting his eyes right on the smirking YouTube sensation.]

HSS: I'm sorry that you wasted your time in coming down here to Dallas, kid.

[The gasp turns into a buzz.]

HSS: Because if you honestly thought that "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, a two-time AWA National Champion and the man who is synonymous with this great company was gonna come out here and grovel at the feet of a piece of trash punk kid whose celebrity status ranks somewhere between Kim Kardashian's ass and Justin Bieber's bong water...

["OHHHHHHHHHHH!"]

HSS: A no-talent never-was who couldn't break into the business based on talent... who couldn't even get some hacks on a reality show to think he was worth wasting their time on... who couldn't get the attention of his own mother until he made himself an Internet sensation which is the same thing as being the champion of the local bowling league except the alley buys you a free beer when you win that...

[Scott's getting riled up now as Dusscher's rage grows.]

HSS: You want me to apologize to you, Punky Brewster? Do ya?

[Dusscher angrily nods his head, gesturing wildly at Karl O'Connor who looks on in disbelief.]

HSS: I'm sorry, kid. I'm sorry your mother didn't realize her mistake when the third-string quarterback on the JV team forgot to pull-

[The sound goes mute for a second but judging by the "OHHHHHHHH!" when it comes back up, Stevie caught him with a verbal jab.]

HSS: I'm sorry that when you went on X Factor that Paula Abdul didn't realize that you were in fact, more talented than MC Skat Kat but that Simon Cowell DID realize that you weren't as good as William Hung.

[Scott looks out at the crowd.]

HSS: MC Skat Kat? William Hung? Oh, come on, guys. You're not THAT young. YouTube it... skip past the Dusscher bubble gum dance music crap and find that stuff.

I'm sorry that when you were sitting ringside at Showtime VI back in the day that Simon Ezra didn't go into a heroin-induced frenzy, take a straight razor to you, and leave you a tongue short of being able to speak every again.

I'm sorry that when Casey James lost a finger against Caleb Temple that he didn't turn right around and give YOU another finger.

[Scott takes the chance to flash his middle finger to Dusscher - a split second before the camera cuts to a crowd shot of the fans laughing at Scott's diatribe.]

HSS: I'm sorry about a whole lot of things, junior. But most of all, I'm sorry that when I took this arm...

[Scott holds up his right arm, striking a single bicep pose that draws some squeals from the ladies and a STEVEIEGRIN~! if there ever was one.]

HSS: ...and wrapped it around your stack of dimes neck two weeks ago, ready to drop you with the Hotshot Hammer...

[Scott's voice drops down, menacing now.]

HSS: I'm sorry that I lost my focus and didn't get the job done.

I'm sorry, Dusscher. I'm sorry that after hearing what I just said, that the front office might decide to strip me of my spot in the Chase For The Clash tournament, depriving the entire world of seeing the best damn rematch in AWA history when I go one-on-one with Juan Vasquez in two weeks' time.

And I'm sorry... I'm real sorry... that with all your musclebound goons surrounding you right now, I don't get the chance to shut your gaping chasm of a mouth...

...permanently.

[Scott glares at Dusscher, waiting for a response as the crowd roars and launches into a "STE-VIE! STE-VIE!" chant. Much of the color has drained from Joshua Dusscher's expressionless face, as he stares down at the mat. Many seconds pass with Joshua staring downward, unmoving, unflinching... until finally he looks up...

And smiles. And takes everyone by surprise.]

JD: You threw your company under a bus, you turned your back on all the people who work here, and all the fans who tune into this show week in and week out...just to say what you had on your mind?

That takes real balls, man! I respect that! I *like* that!

[Joshua turns his attention to a startled Karl O'Connor.]

JD: Like I said, I *did* do my homework! Like he just said, the next show is supposed to be this guy versus Juan Vasquez, right?

[O'Connor nods.]

JD: I remember *that* name. And like he just said, that is supposed to be like the biggest match in years, right?

[O'Connor slowly raises his mic.]

KOC: Some people have said that.

[Dusscher nods almost manically.]

JD: Yeah...you know...maybe at Unholy War, I was just a little too far away from the action in my luxury box to appreciate what I was seeing. Maybe...if I got to see those matches a little more up close and personal, I would have seen the same professional wrestling that all of these fans seem to love.

[Joshua walks over to the hard camera side of the ring, and points at a section of fans in the front row.]

JD: Those seats over there!

[Walks back over to Karl O'Connor.]

JD: I'll call off the lawyers, I'll call off the lawsuit, on the condition that you get me THOSE seats for me and my boys...

[Dramatic pause.]

JD: ...to watch the Stevie Scott vs Juan Vasquez match in two weeks!

[Big cheer! Dusscher nods again, looking almost too happy as he continues.]

JD: AND...if they prove me wrong...if real wrestling is still alive and well... then I will get on this microphone one last time, and I will apologize to you, [points to Stevie] you, [points to the back] all the people in the back, [points to the crowd] and every one of these fans in the building [Cheers at being mentioned!], and admit that I was wrong!

And let's leave the lawyers out of this. Let's shake hands like men to agree on it.

[Joshua Dusscher offers his hand to Karl O'Connor who pauses, looking over at Stevie Scott who seems surprised at this turn of events. The AWA President looks anxious, perhaps remembering his last two "deals" with the young pop star...

...and finally shakes the offered hand to a mixed reaction from the crowd!]

JD: Yeah! Alright! This is gonna be great!

[Turning away from Dusscher, Joshua turns his attention to Stevie Scott, who still doesn't know what to make of all this, and delivers some parting words.]

JD: Stevie, you won a new fan tonight. Good luck!

[With a wave, Joshua signals his bodyguards to open the ropes, and Joshua Dusscher leaves the ringside area to a decidedly mixed reaction. Scott is staring out after the departing Dusscher before O'Connor moves to his side, speaking to him as we fade to black...

...and then slowly fade to a graphic that reads and is accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[Cut to the silhouette of a man sitting on a stool, bathed in shadows, talking to the camera.]

"They say too much of a good thing can ruin it for everyone..."

[The camera zooms in on the now illuminated face of the man sitting on the stool, all short blonde hair and blue eyes, dressed to the nines in a tailor made suit.]

Marcus Broussard: ...but they've never seen this DVD before.

["Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing plays in the background as Broussard speaks.]

MB: The AWA is proud to present the AWA Superstar Series. A collection of DVDs that focus on the greatest wrestlers the AWA has ever seen. And it's even prouder that the first volume is all about _me_.

[Broussard points to himself as clips from Broussard's AWA career fly by.]

MB: I'll take you to the first Memorial Day Mayhem with never before seen footage as I win the first ever AWA National title.

[A clip of Broussard celebrating in the ring with the title, and hugging his wife backstage.]

MB: I'll take you to the Broussard Estate, and we'll walk through the state of the art fitness center on the South Wing of the house, where I prepared to go one hour with the "Natural" Adam Rogers.

[A clip of Broussard walking through what looks like a gym in warmup pants, and then to the First Year Anniversary Show, where Broussard and Rogers still stood after a 60 minute draw.]

MB: We'll tour the Combat Corner, where men like Aaron Anderson, Eric Preston and Supreme Wright were trained by yours truly and Todd Michaelson, and we'll go behind the scenes as I returned to take on the Southern Syndicate.

[A clip of Broussard announcing his return to the AWA, with the crowd going crazy in the background.]

MB: We'll go to WarGames on the Bayou, we'll go to WrestleRock. We'll Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash and we'll go one on one with Stevie Scott in my last match ever. Over three hours of the very BEST the AWA has ever seen, blazing trails and setting the standard like only I can do. All handpicked by me, so you know you're getting that Broussard guarantee.

From the early days of feuding with Ron Houston, ruling the roost with the Super Ninja, to coming home to preserve the company I built, it's all here. Marcus Broussard...

[The San Jose Shark hooks a thumb at himself.]

MB: ...you can't be me, but you can be just like me. Learn to love it, my friends.

[The camera fades out to the cover of the DVD collection, as the voice of Mark Stegglet speaks.]

MS: Marcus Broussard: Learn to Love It is available at Wal-Mart, Target and wherever AWA videos are sold!

[We fade from the shot of the DVD back to black...

...back to the locker room area to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where we see Jason Dane, standing by with Supreme Wright.

Supreme is dressed in his usual dapper fashion, sporting a three-piece plaid tweed suit. The suit consists of a slim-fitting jacket, a 4 pocket waistcoat with lapels, where a pocketwatch chain can be seen hanging from his vest, and slim fitting trousers. He is sans tie, but wears his black-rimmed glasses and the usual stoic facial expression.

Oddly enough, the interview area is surrounded by a team of AWA security, standing there silently keeping watch.]

JD: Folks, I have with me right now, one of the men competing in the "Chase For The Clash" and a chance to wrestle for the AWA World Heavyweight Title...Supreme Wright!

Supreme, before we start this interview, I have to ask...what are these men doing here?

[Supreme chuckles slightly to himself, before answering.]

SW: Mr. Dane...two weeks ago, Mr. O'Connor ordered every wrestler in this promotion to stay inside the locker room, while a YouTube singer made a mockery out of the sport I love.

[He gives a quick glance to the security, before turning his attention back towards Dane.]

SW: Wisely, Mr. Michaelson ordered me to stay out of the BUILDING.

[The faintest of smiles forms on his face.]

SW: And I don't blame him one bit...because he knew exactly what would've happened if I was here. That YouTube singer wouldn't be worried about a busted lip and a black eye. He wouldn't be complaining about cancelled concerts. He wouldn't have been able to demand a single damn THING after I got through with him, because that Youtube singer...

...wouldn't be ever singing again.

[Jason Dane pales slightly at the thought.]

JD: Those are some strong words, Supreme...

[Supreme cuts in.]

SW: They're not just words and they're not just empty threats. I'm absolutely serious.

I'm a tolerant man, Mr. Dane...but if there's anything I won't stand for, it's ANYONE disrespecting professional wrestling.

[Dane slowly nods his head.]

JD: That's a sentiment that I'm sure many of us here in the AWA share with you...

SW: ...but not EVERYONE.

JD: What do you mean?

SW: Mr. Dane...The YouTube singer may have insulted professional wrestling, but he's just a pampered brat too ignorant to know better. How do you think I felt, when two AWA wrestlers stepped into MY ring and turned an opportunity to wrestle for the AWA World title, into a damn farce?

JD: You mean Rick Marley and Johnny Detson?

[Supreme ignores Jason Dane's question. A deadly serious look forms on his face, as he points to the AWA security standing around the area.]

SW: These men standing around me? They're not here for my protection. They're here to protect the Youtube singer. They're here to protect Johnny Detson. They're here to protect Rick Marley. They're here to protect them...

...from ME.

[Dane nods, eyes wider than they were a moment ago.]

JD: Well, I guess that answers that...

[Looking a bit nervous, Dane slowly takes a step to the side and further away from Wright.]

JD: Lets...talk about tonight and your match with MAMMOTH Maximus. In the past few weeks, we've seen a loose alliance form between you two and Skywa-...

[Supreme cuts in.]

SW: Tonight, MAMMOTH Maximus is my OPPONENT, Mr. Dane.

Nothing more, nothing less.

[The tone in Wright's voice doesn't invite any sort of argument to that statement, but Jason Dane does it anyway.]

JD: I understand that sometimes, you're competitive almost to the point of irrationality, Supreme, but MAMMOTH Maximus is a man that's standing with you against the threat of Royalty. Surely, you...

[Supreme holds his hand up, stopping Dane in mid-sentence.]

SW: MAMMOTH Maximus and I might be allies now, Mr. Dane, but we still share the same goal.

The AWA World Heavyweight Title.

[The expression on his face hardens as soon as the title is mentioned.]

SW: And I don't care who you are.

When it comes to the title?

NOTHING is going to stand in my way.

[Supreme cuts the distance between him and Dane, getting right into his face.]

SW: Tonight, I'm not stepping into the ring against an ally. A friend. Or a brother in arms. No, Mr. Dane, when I see MAMMOTH Maximus, I see...

...the four hundred and twenty pound beast that pinned the World Champion in thirty seconds.

[He lets a heartbeat pass, before backing away.]

SW: And that's the LAST person in this world, that Supreme Wright should be showing any mercy, compassion, or restraint against.

[Jason Dane shakes his head.]

JD: Supreme, I'm sorry, but I can't believe you're talking about an ALLY like this. That's just an unbelievably twisted way of thinking.

SW: You might think it's twisted, Mr. Dane...

...but I respectfully disagree.

[Supreme squeezes his eyes shut and takes a deep breath, trying to keep his emotions in check.]

SW: After the blatant disrespect I've seen paid towards this sport these past few weeks, after the shameful displays I've witnessed inside MY ring, fighting MAMMOTH Maximus with every inch of my being and ounce of my soul...giving that man the greatest fight of his life...sacrificing everything just to defeat him?

That's the highest possible compliment I could give anyone.

[He points in a general area where we can only assume is the entrance to the arena.]

SW: That's the sort of respect that should be paid to any man willing to risk his life inside THAT ring.

[A beat.]

SW: That's the kind of respect the AWA, the AWA World Title, and professional wrestling DESERVES.

[And with that, Supreme leaves the area, with AWA security following closely behind him as we crossfade back to live action. Phil Watson is standing in the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a first round match in The Chase For The Clash tournament. The winner of this match will advance to face Johnny Detson in the Semifinals.

Introducing first...

[A familiar throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers.]

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[The crowd erupts into a strongly mixed reaction, as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play. Twenty-five seconds into the song, a masked mountain of a man, with lightly-tanned skin and brown eyes, emerges from the entranceway. He has on a black mask, with silver markings around the back forming two icy peaks; a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim.]

PW: He hails from the San Bernardino Mountains... weighing in at a monstrous 420 pounds... representing the Matsui Corporation...

MAAAAAMMOTH MAAAAAXIMUSSSSSS!

[As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him. Reaching the ring, Maximus steps through the ropes. He balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. As the music fades, Maximus brings his fists together in front of him and backs into his corner. He throws a couple of punches into the air, as he awaits the start of the match.]

GM: Supreme Wright, his opponent tonight, referred to him as the man who pinned the World Heavyweight Champion in thirty seconds.

BW: That happened back at Unholy War as part of that crazy Triangle Match. And you know that every time Maximus looks at Dufresne holding the World Title over his shoulder, he's thinking he just needs one more shot at him to make himself the World Champion.

GM: At Unholy War, that thirty second pinfall got Maximus within striking distance of the World Title. If he does it at SuperClash against Calisto Dufresne, we've got a new World Champion.

BW: But at Unholy War, the one thing that prevented him from winning the title that night was his inability to defeat the very man who stands in his way tonight - Supreme Wright.

GM: This is gonna be one heck of a battle, fans.

[Maximus settles back into his corner as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Cue the sounds of Debbie Harry's sultry voice as "Step Into A World(Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One starts up over the PA system to a huge reaction.]

PW: From Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing in at 225 pounds...

SUUUUUUUPREEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIGHT!

[Wright comes jogging through the curtain, pausing just beyond the entrance to bounce from foot to foot. Wright is a young African American male with a leanly muscled, lanky physique - the type of body you would expect to be more suited for a track and field athlete or an NFL wide receiver. His hair is pulled back into cornrows as he swings his arms back and forth in front of him, getting in a final loosening session before he claps his hands together and begins the long walk down the ramp.]

GM: Supreme Wright has come close on two occasions to becoming the World Heavyweight Champion. It was last year, back at SuperClash IV, when he tangled with James Monosso with the title on the line and just narrowly came up short. And of course, we mentioned how close he came back at Unholy War.

BW: You can't forget that he actually made the Semifinals of the World Title Tournament to begin with, Gordo. He lost to Stevie Scott in the Semis and the Hotshot went on to lose in the Finals to Monosso.

GM: Three times, Supreme Wright seemed to have the World Title within his reach and three times, the title has managed to elude him. Tonight, he hopes to take the first step towards rectifying that.

[Wright steps through the ropes, going into a slight spin to a big cheer from the crowd. He backpedals back into his corner, keeping an eye on Maximus who is in his own corner, shifting his weight back and forth from foot to foot with a loud bark on each shift.]

GM: You can feel the intensity in the air as these two stare each other down from across the ring. We got a preview of this battle back at Unholy War but tonight? Tonight, they know it's them and them alone battling to see who will meet Johnny Detson in the Semifinals of this tournament.

BW: Both of these men are three wins away from making the SuperClash Main Event - potentially four wins away from being the World Heavyweight Champion. That's gotta be a crazy feeling for both of these guys, Gordo.

GM: It certainly does. Referee Johnny Jagger, the AWA's Senior Official, will be the man in the middle for this one and there's a lot of pressure on him as well as he tries to call it clean.

[Jagger swings to signal for the bell which draws a big cheer from the fans.]

GM: Here we go! First round action in The Chase For The Clash!

[Wright starts to edge out of his corner when MAMMOTH Maximus suddenly breaks into a charge, barreling across the ring at his quickest speed...]

GM: Maximus is coming on fast!

[Maximus throws a swinging right hook, catching a surprised Wright on the temple, knocking him back into the corner. The big man squares up, cornering the former Combat Corner student who pulls his arms up, trying to defend his head.]

GM: Maximus with a right! A left! A right! He's trying to hammer the head of Wright who is desperately trying to cover up to avoid those big strikes to the skull!

[With Wright absorbing the majority of the blows on his arms, Maximus switches his attack plan, throwing uppercuts into the midsection, hammering away over and over...]

GM: Maximus is looking to strike hard and fast early in this match. He knows that the stamina of Wright is one of his greatest tools and that Wright holds a major advantage in that area. He wants to end this quickly.

[Maximus steps back a couple of steps before lunging back in, clapping his arms together on Wright's head as his 420 pounds crushes Wright against the buckles!]

GM: OH! Big splash in the corner!

[Grabbing his opponent by the hair, Maximus drags Wright out of the corner out to the middle of the ring. Maximus throws a knee into the gut, doubling him up before pulling him into powerbomb position!]

GM: Oh! He's REALLY trying to end this early!

BW: Just like he did with Dufresne!

[Maximus leans down, wrapping his arms around Wright's torso before muscling him up into the air, slinging him over his shoulder into the Canadian backbreaker...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

[A desperate Wright goes into panic mode, throwing his right elbow with reckless abandon, repeatedly catching Maximus squarely in the face with it. A hard shot to the bridge of the nose causes Maximus to wince before releasing his grip, allowing Wright to slip down his back behind him where he throws another elbow, this time lashing out backwards to catch Maximus in the back of the head, snapping his head forward!]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[Maximus whips around, pursuing Wright with a fire in his eyes. The Combat Corner alumni seems surprised by Maximus' aggression, stepping backwards as Maximus comes forward. Wright runs out of room, hitting his back against the turnbuckles as Maximus moves in...

...and Wright leans back, throwing a high kick to the jaw that stuns him!]

GM: Wright's trying to defend himself... and you know he doesn't want to get trapped in that corner again!

[With Maximus staggered from the high kick, Wright throws himself into a front flip, catching him in the chest with the rolling koppo kick!]

GM: Beautiful flipping kick by Wright!

[Wright scrambles up to his feet, instantly ducking a wild right hand by Maximus and then ducking a just as wild left hand. Wright pops up, throwing a sharp kick to the back of Maximus' thigh. He throws the kick again, lighting up the leg with a series of kicks to the muscle!]

GM: Wright's trying to knot up those leg muscles, cause Maximus some real trouble carrying 420 pounds around the ring on a banged up leg.

[The crowd roars as Wright throws kick after kick, each one faster than the one before it. The first batch were aimed at the thigh but the second barrage comes straight for the back of the knee, causing Maximus to lift his leg off the mat after every blow lands...]

BW: It may not look like it, Gordo, but this is serious trouble for Maximus! He needs to get out of there and regroup!

[A stunned Maximus falls into the ropes, clutching the top rope to bear his weight as Wright gets prevented from pursuing by the official...

...who Maximus shoves aside as he comes back out, throwing another wild right that Wright ducks. A left follows quickly behind but Wright ducks it again, coming back up to throw another series of leg kicks to the back of the knee!]

GM: He's trying to chop the big tree down to size, fans!

[With Maximus hobbling, Wright slips in next to him, attempting to wrap his arms around the big man's torso...]

GM: Suplex!

[...but Maximus is ready for him, swinging his left elbow down into the back of Wright's head. A second one breaks any chance of Wright hitting the suplex as he slumps down to a knee on the mat.]

GM: Maximus breaks up the attempt for the suplex and-

[Grabbing Wright by the hair, Maximus creams him with a headbutt before shoving him down to the mat. He winds up his right arm, dropping a four hundred pound elbow down into the chest!]

GM: OHH! ELBOW!!

[Maximus rolls over, applying a lateral press but Wright kicks out at two.]

GM: Two count off the big elbow but that's all.

BW: Wright gave him a whole lot of trouble with all those leg kicks but the big elbow certainly turns things around.

[The big man shouts "THE WORLD IS MINE!" as he takes a knee, grabbing Wright by the hair, pulling his head off the mat...

...and pastes him with a series of short right hands to the eye, earning a four count before he shoves Wright back down to the mat.]

GM: Maximus loves using that striking skill and his size to his advantage. He and Wright really tore into each other back at Unholy War with their various strikes but right now, Maximus has taken the edge thanks to that big elbowdrop.

BW: All the kicks and elbows in the world won't add up to a four hundred pound elbowdrop, daddy.

GM: That may be the story of this matchup, Bucky. Wright has to give a dozen strikes for every one of Maximus' that lands in order to stay on top.

[Maximus climbs to his feet, leaning down to drag Wright off the mat by the hair. He cuffs him upside the ear with a violent right hand, sending Wright spinning away and chestfirst into the corner.]

GM: Supreme Wright needs to avoid the striking power of MAMMOTH Maximus, Bucky.

BW: He had some success at matching strikes at Unholy War but it's not the best strategy against a guy the size of Maximus.

[Maximus grabs him by the back of the tights, dragging him out of the buckles...

...and FLATTENS him with a vicious clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: OHHH! That's a potential knockout blow right there!

[Maximus seems to think the same thing as he grabs Wright by the ankle, dragging him out of the corner, flipping him over, and applying a lateral press.]

GM: He covers for one! For two! For- no! Two count only!

[Maximus angrily slaps a hand into the mat before swinging a leg over the downed Wright, taking the mount...]

GM: Wright's in trouble here!

[The big man opens fire, raining down brutal shots from the top on Wright who brings his arms up to cover his face and head, trying to avoid the beating.]

GM: Wright's gotta get out from under him! He can't take this kind of punishment!

[The referee's count forces Maximus to get up at four. He glares at the referee before backing into the ropes, slowly walking out and swinging his right arm around...]

GM: He's gonna drop that elbow again!

[...but comes up empty as Wright rolls to the side!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED THE BIG ELBOW!!

[Wright scrambles to his feet, grabbing Maximus by the left arm, scissoring it between his legs, and throwing himself down to the mat in a cross armbreaker attempt!]

GM: Wright's going for the arm!

BW: He's a submission specialist, Gordo. Arms, legs, chokes... he can do it all and do it well from almost any position. Remember that crazy inverted triangle choke he hooked on Martinez, hanging down his back?

GM: I certainly do. He's going for this arm but Maximus locks his fingers together. This is the perfect counter for this hold, correct?

BW: It definitely is. If Wright can't straighten out the arm, Maximus can avoid any pressure put on his elbow. He avoids any chance of a dislocation.

[Maximus rolls to his side, hanging on tight to the counter as Wright straightens out his legs, pushing down on Maximus' face and torso in an attempt to break his counter grip...]

...when he suddenly swings his leg down onto Maximus' face!]

GM: Ohh!

[Wright repeats it, trying to break the counter with his kicks. He grabs Maximus' wrist with both hands, pulling back hard...]

...and manages to break the grip, straightening out the big man's arm as the crowd roars!]

GM: He's got it! He's got- no! Maximus immediately rolls to the side, hooking the counter back in place...

[Maximus keeps on rolling to his left, slipping his left leg underneath him. Kneeling on the mat with his hands still gripped together and Wright still

trying to apply the armbar, the big man steadies himself to perhaps go for some offense of his own but Wright rolls out of the hold, popping back to his feet in front of the kneeling Maximus...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big kick to the chest!

[Maximus climbs to his feet, taking a pair of short elbows to the ear that sends him falling back into the corner.]

GM: Wright's turning up the heat!

[Lunging into the corner, Wright scores with another big elbow to the side of the head. He steps back, grabbing Maximus by the side of the head and throwing a barrage of short elbows!]

GM: ELBOW AFTER ELBOW IN THE CORNER!

[As the referee's count reaches four, Wright steps back out of the corner, creating enough space that Maximus is able to fire back, throwing a hooking right forearm into the ear of Wright, sending him spinning backwards. The big man comes out after him...]

GM: Maximus battling back!

[Wright uncorks a nasty looking open-handed slap RIGHT on the ear!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Wright returns the favor!

[With Maximus dazed from the balance-shaking ear slap, Wright catches him with a kick to the back of the knee, staggering the larger man. The technician lunges in, throwing three quick elbows that again knocks Maximus back into the buckles.]

GM: We've got a slugfest on our hands!

[Wright moves quickly towards the stunned Maximus, throwing hooking forearm shots that land on the ears of the big man - a pair from each sides, staggering Maximus under the impact and forcing him to slump down in the corner...

...where Wright keeps on coming!]

GM: He's all over Maximus!

BW: Get him back, ref!

[The referee steps in, protesting as Wright uncorks hooking forearm after forearm into the sides of the head, forcing Maximus down to a seated position against the buckles...

...where Wright switches to brutal knee strikes, smashing repeatedly into the face of the bigger man!]

GM: Supreme Wright is showing the world how badly he wants that World Title around his waist! He's hammering Maximus down to the canvas, trying to-

[A particularly hard thrown knee catches Maximus squarely on the jaw, sending him falling through the ropes and out to the floor below.]

GM: Ohh! Down to the floor goes Maximus from the knees... and it looks like Wright is going out after him!

[The crowd is buzzing as Supreme Wright steps out on the apron, leaning back against the ringpost, staring down at the rising Maximus who is quite off-balance from the elbows, forearms, and knees to the head that he just took...]

GM: Maximus is trying to get to his feet but he doesn't know that Wright is waiting for him!

[As the big man gets up to a standing position, Supreme Wright charges down the length of the apron, leaping into the air, and SMASHING his knee into the side of Maximus' head, knocking him down to the barely-padded floor to a deafening cheer!]

GM: Good grief! I'm not sure we've ever seen Wright do something like that, Bucky.

BW: Again, Wright's showing how badly he wants this victory and the World Title because he's taking risks that he normally wouldn't take. That flying stuff like that is NOT part of Wright's game. You're talking about a third generation grappler - the grandson of the legendary submission expert, Roosevelt Wright. Roosevelt is what they used to call a "stretcher" back in his day, Gordo, 'cause he could stretch anyone into a pretzel.

GM: Wright certainly has a preference for the mat side of the game.

BW: That's right, Gordo. A lot of kids his age grew up watching guys like Juvenil Infierno or Raya Oscura and wanting to fly through the air in the ring. A lot of 'em saw the guys in LA and grew up wanting to swing a chair and put guys through tables. Supreme Wright grew up watching and studying Lord Byron - one of the greatest ring generals our sport has ever seen. That's his hero... that's his idol!

[Wright rolls back into the ring, taking a knee in the center as the referee starts a ten count.]

GM: Supreme Wright wants the win. He would prefer the pinfall or submission but as you can see here, he'll take the countout.

BW: I think that's more of a strategic decision than anything else, Gordo. You know how much energy you have to burn to get a four hundred pounder off his back and on his feet? Wright opted to not even try it and see if he can win the match here and now.

[Wright rises to his feet at the count of three, leaning over with his hands on his upper thighs as he waits to see if Maximus can manage to get up off the ringside mats in time.]

GM: The big man looks like he's starting to stir out here... rolling over to his chest and pushing up off the mat...

BW: The count's up to five... now to six...

[The count hits seven as Maximus gets to his feet, stumbling forward. He grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron as Wright moves in on him again, ready to strike...]

...but Maximus strikes first, swinging a big right arm at the side of Wright's head and catching him flush with it!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Maximus!

[Maximus steps through the ropes, grabbing a kneeling Wright by the wrist...]

...and YANKS him into a powerful short-arm clothesline, knocking Wright flat!]

GM: Good grief! What a clothesline... and Maximus goes for a cover!

[Maximus kneels down, dropping his 420 pounds into a lateral press.]

GM: Maximus gets one! He gets two! But that's all. Wright lifts the shoulder in time.

[The big man takes the mount again, hammering Wright's head back and forth with alternative rights and lefts. Again, at the count of four, he climbs to his feet, looking down at the stunned Wright.]

GM: Those punches from the top are just absolutely vicious. Every time he does it, you can just see this match ending by a knockout or a serious injury, Bucky.

BW: Maximus has some of the most powerful strikes in the entire business. He stands a chance of winning a match every time he throws one of 'em. And man, does he love getting a guy in the corner and just opening fire with them.

GM: Looks like he heard you, Bucky, because he's pulling Wright over into the corner right now...

[With Wright trapped in the corner, Maximus squares up...]

GM: Right! Right! Left!

[The crowd roars as Maximus tees off, throwing lethal looking hooking blows to the head... then moving down to the body as Wright tries to defend himself. The referee again lays in a count, forcing Maximus to break it off. The big man moves back in, grabbing the wrist...]

GM: He fires him across to the corner... what a jolt that puts through the entire body of Supreme Wright.

BW: Maximus is just so strong, Gordo. He can get so much impact behind a simple Irish whip just by putting some muscle behind it.

[Maximus backs to the corner, giving a shout before barreling across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: SPLASH!

[...but Wright front rolls out of the corner, avoiding the flying avalanche. Maximus slams sternumfirst into the top turnbuckle, turning as he staggers back out...]

GM: Wright sets...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HIGH KICK! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[The big kick to the side of the head sends Maximus falling backfirst into the corner. Wright suddenly breaks into a dash, springing off the far ropes, coming back fast...

...and leaves his feet, cracking Maximus in the side of the head with a jumping knee strike!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Leaping knee connects! What a shot!

[Wright breaks to the ropes again, rebounding off. He comes back fast, leaving his feet again...]

GM: Big jumping forearm into the corner! He's rocking the big man!

[Wright spins around, running to the far corner where he pushes off, spinning back and charging back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING UPPERCUT!!

[Wright gives a shout as he spins out of the corner, the crowd roaring for his flurry of strikes...

...but as he turns around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! STANDING CLOTHESLINE BY MAXIMUS FLIPS WRIGHT INSIDE OUT!!

BW: Incredible, Gordo! Maximus took some brutal shots right there and still had the presence of mind to nearly take Maximus' head clear off with that clothesline!

GM: He's going for a cover!

[Maximus shoves Wright to his back, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[But Wright slips out from under the big man's weight, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count only off that devastating clothesline but that may have certainly turned this back in the direction of MAMMOTH Maximus as he tries to find a way to finish off Supreme Wright and earn himself a Semifinal date against Johnny Detson!

[Maximus climbs back to his feet, pausing to shake the cobwebs as Wright rolls to his chest, avoiding any more pin attempts...

...but putting himself in a bad spot as Maximus leans down, grabbing his opponent by the upper thighs...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: He's gonna wheelbarrow 'im!

[The powerful Maximus does indeed wheelbarrow Supreme Wright up off the mat, swinging around...

...and DRIVES him face and chest first into the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! A facefirst powerbomb!

[Maximus, still holding the legs, flips Wright over onto his back, hooking both legs and sitting back in a makeshift cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Wright kicks out hard, breaking up the high-leverage cradle attempt. Maximus climbs to his feet as Wright attempts to roll from the ring, looking for a breather...

...but the big man is having none of it, dragging Wright back out into the middle of the ring where he drops another four hundred pound elbow down on the chest!]

GM: Another big elbowdrop!

BW: That'll cut off Wright trying to get out of there.

GM: We've just hit the ten minute mark in the match. Twenty minutes to go in the time limit and you have to believe that MAMMOTH Maximus is on borrowed time right now. He wants to end this one as early as he can before Wright's stamina becomes a factor.

BW: I'd guess he wants to wrap it up in the first twenty minutes so he's got ten minutes left to finish this thing.

GM: I would think he'd want it sooner than that - maybe even in the first fifteen minutes which means he really needs to turn up the pressure on Wright.

[Maximus leans down, hauling Wright off the mat by the arm. He pulls Wright towards him for a short-arm clothesline but Wright ducks under, rushing to the ropes behind Maximus.]

GM: Wright off the far side!

[He comes back fast...

...and gets scooped up, flipped over, and DRIVEN into the canvas!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!!

[Maximus leans in, hooking the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd "OHHHHHHHs!" as Wright lifts the shoulder in time!]

GM: He almost got him, Bucky! Maximus almost finished him off with the powerslam right there. They were a half count away from the end of this one and Maximus moving on in the tournament.

[Again, Wright starts rolling, trying to get from the ring to recover. This time, he makes it to the apron before Maximus cuts him off, dragging him up to his feet...]

GM: Wright almost got out of there before- ohh! Big right hand by Maximus!

[Maximus holds Wright's head with one hand, preventing him from falling off the apron as he winds up again...

...and takes a second to argue with the protesting official, giving Wright the chance to leap into the air, scissoring the arm in an armbar as he falls backwards, hanging from the ropes while trapping the limb!]

GM: HANGING ARMBAR!!

[The crowd ROARS at the sight of Maximus howling in pain as he tries to resist the armbar. Wright dangles upside down, putting 225 pounds of pressure on the limb as he hangs onto it!]

GM: Maximus is in trouble! That armbar came out of nowhere and-

[Maximus decides for a desperate counter, throwing himself over the ropes and allowing Wright to yank him down to the floor. The crowd "OHHHHHS" at the impact which causes Wright to break the hold as they hit the mat.]

GM: Both men hit hard down on the floor!

BW: Yeah, but the armbar had to be let go. Wright hit the floor first and the jolt from hitting the barely-padded concrete forced him to let go of the hold. Maximus hit the floor too but it might've been worth it to get out of the armbar without suffering any damage.

[Wright slowly gathers himself, climbing to his feet as he leans against the ring apron. He tugs at his gear, trying to buy a breather before he turns back towards Maximus who is up to a knee.]

GM: Wright's immediately back on the attack. This young man wastes no time in there going from move to move and staying on his game.

[Grabbing the side of Maximus' head, Wright tees off with a series of short forearms before dragging the big man to his feet. A snapping kick into the chest sends Maximus falling backwards, leaning against the ringside barricade.]

GM: Maximus is in some trouble on the floor...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG KNIFE EDGE CHOP! Goodness!

[Maximus leans back, clutching at his chest. Wright shoves the arms away, winding up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A second big chop connects!

[With Maximus staggered against the steel, Wright peels away, creating some distance between himself and Maximus. He gives his arm an upward thrust, slapping it with the off hand to signal for the running European uppercut before turning and charging...]

GM: HERE HE COMES!

[But as he draws near, Maximus strikes, surging off the railing and leaving his feet, clapping his arms together on the head of the incoming Wright, knocking him down to the floor!]

GM: Maximus caught him coming in and made him pay!

BW: These two just keep going back and forth, back and forth. I can't believe this is a first round matchup, Gordo. Both of these guys deserve a shot at the World Title in my book.

GM: And somewhere in the locker room, Calisto Dufresne, the current World Champion, is getting ready for his Main Event matchup with Eric Preston... but he's watching this match, wondering what awaits him at SuperClash in front of the biggest crowd in AWA history.

[The big man pulls a dazed Wright off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock. He swings an arm at the front row of fans before slinging the arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: Maximus just told the fans to move and- HE LIFTS!

[The four hundred pounder muscles Wright up in a suplex position...

...before suddenly shifting to his left, swinging Wright back down and dropping him gutfirst on the steel railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That could do it, Bucky! That could end this thing right there! He might've broken ribs... cracked ribs... suffered internal injuries. Who in the world knows?

BW: Maximus is showing that Wright ain't the only one willing to do whatever it takes to win this match and advance in this tournament. And you talk about what Calisto Dufresne is thinking in the locker room... what in the world is Johnny Detson thinking?

GM: He's thinking that a side headlock ain't gonna get the job done against these two!

[Maximus drags a wincing Wright over the railing, back inside the ringside area. He pulls him closer to the ring, throwing him backfirst into the ringpost where Wright starts to crumple before Maximus pushes him back

up, holding him there as he delivers a barrage of short right hands into the ribs!]

GM: Wright's in some serious trouble here... it looks like there's a trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth and that's never a good sign, Bucky.

BW: Never. Who knows what caused that.

[Maximus pushes Wright against the post, making sure he stays there as he backs off, getting several steps away...

...and charging back in, leaping into the air...]

GM: AVALANCHE!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Wright gets SMASHED into the ringpost by the 420 pounds of MAMMOTH Maximus. Maximus steps back, shouting at the downed Wright with a "THE WORLD IS MINE!" before gesturing at his waist. The big man rolls back into the ring, waving at the official...]

GM: And now it's Maximus looking for the countout. He'll take the win however he can get it as well. We're closing in on the fifteen minute mark of the matchup and both of these men are turning up the heat to try and finish this thing off.

BW: Maximus is back in and the ten count is starting up. Supreme Wright is down on the floor, barely moving after those two big shots. Getting hung out to dry over the railing and then the avalanche against the post has him in a real bad way.

GM: Wright's down on his knees on the floor, actually down on all fours now as the referee gets to two... now to three.

BW: Ya think Michaelson taught him how to get up from this?

GM: Very funny, Bucky.

[At the count of five, Wright straightens back up, still on his knees. Inside the ring, Maximus is shifting his weight back and forth, barking as the official continues to count. We cut back to Supreme Wright who wraps his arms around the post, using it to drag himself to his feet...]

GM: The count is up to seven! Wright's hanging onto the post... barely able to stand...

BW: I don't know if he's gonna make it, Gordo!

GM: The count's to eight!

[Wright falls off the post, draping himself over the ring apron.]

GM: The fans are roaring, trying to inspire Wright to get back in there! The referee shouts out "NINE!" for all to hear...

[The hurting Combat Corner alumni grabs the ropes with both hands, hanging on tight...

...and YANKS himself through the ropes, just narrowly breaking the ten count!]

GM: Oh my stars! He made it! He got back in there in time!

BW: Unbelievable!

GM: Wright got back just before the ten count and Maximus is hot!

[The four hundred pound monster marches across the ring, yanking the dazed Wright off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors. He reaches down, hooking the arms around Wright's torso...]

GM: He's going for the powerbomb!

[Maximus hoists Wright up for the big lift...

...but puts a little too much oomph behind it, allowing Wright to slip his arms around the head and neck!]

GM: CHOKE!

BW: He hooked a guillotine choke out of nowhere!

[Maximus suddenly flails at the back of Wright, hammering it with forearms.]

GM: He's trying to get loose! He knows he can't last long in-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Maximus throws himself at the corner, squashing Wright against the turnbuckles!]

GM: That breaks the hold for sure!

[Maximus steps back again, sizing up Wright who has his arms draped over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as the big man winds up...]

GM: Big right hand downstairs to the ribs! And there's another one!

[He switches his stance, throwing lefts to the body instead. Wright cringes with every shot but does little to defend himself. Maximus grabs Wright by the hair, pulling him away from the corner a few steps...

...where Wright erupts, throwing three quick elbows to the temple!]

GM: Ohh! Wright's fighting back!

[Wright takes a couple steps back, hopping up on the middle rope. He leaps off, arm raised...]

GM: Wright leaps and- CAUGHT!

[Maximus catches Wright over his shoulder in inverted atomic drop position...

...when suddenly he shrugs Wright up, flipping him across his chest.]

GM: Whoa! What power!

[Maximus steps back...

...and SMASHES Wright into the canvas with a front powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! HE CRUSHED HIM!!

[Maximus doesn't attempt a cover though, climbing back to his feet. He waves his arms apart, gesturing at his waist before stepping to the corner...]

GM: He's going for the Prehistoric Plunge! He's gonna finish Wright off right here and now!

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

[Maximus steps up to the middle rope, looking out at the roaring crowd... and then shakes his head.]

GM: What's he-?

BW: Oh my god.

[The crowd starts buzzing at a deafening level as Maximus steps up one big step, placing a foot up on the top rope.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: He's going for it all, Gordo! He's going for it all right here!

GM: I thought the Prehistoric Plunge was enough but... not for Maximus! Not tonight! Not in this tournament with SO much on the line!

[Maximus steps up again, now precariously balanced up on the top rope. He waits for a long moment...

...and then throws himself in one of the ugliest backflips you'll ever see, plummeting downwards towards a prone Supreme Wright!]

BW: MOONSAULT!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[With the roaring crowd behind him, Supreme Wright, who narrowly avoided being put THROUGH the canvas, scrambles to his knees, throwing himself at the back of Maximus' head and neck, tying his arm up across his own throat...

...and YANKING BACK HARD!]

GM: COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE! HE LOCKS IT IN!!

[Maximus' free arm shoots up, struggling against the growing legend of the Cobra Clutch Crossface it attempts to claim another victim. The big man stretches out, trying to get his hand around the bottom rope as Wright grits his teeth, pulling back hard...]

GM: He's got it locked in deep, fans! I'm not sure if Maximus can get out of this! Maximus is trying to get to the ropes, trying to reach the bottom rope to break this hold.

BW: He's felt this hold before, Gordo! He was locked it in and got choked out by it at Unholy War! He knows what'll happen if he can't get out of this hold and get out of it quickly!

[Maximus' arm starts to drop as the energy is sapped from his body. Wright plants his feet, leaning back as far as he can, yanking Maximus' own arm across his throat with a shout. The referee steps in, grabbing Maximus by the arm, and letting it drop...]

GM: That's one!

[Jagger holds up one finger before lifting the arm again...]

GM: If Maximus' arm drops three times, Wright is the winner and will meet Johnny Detson in the Semifinals!

[The arm drops again as Jagger turns to hold up two fingers.]

GM: That's two!

BW: Come on, big man!

GM: The arm is up one more time... Johnny Jagger holds it high...

[The AWA's Senior Official waits... and releases his grip on the wrist...

...and the arm drops to the mat with a thud. The crowd roars as Jagger wheels to signal for the bell.]

GM: That's it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Wright releases the hold, sitting up on the mat with a tired look on his face as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner... moving on to the second round...

SUPREEEEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[The referee grabs a weary Wright by the arm, raising his hand in victory.]

GM: Supreme Wright scores the big victory and will move on to the second round where the Unholy Alliance's Johnny Detson is waiting in the wings. One of those two men will be in the Finals of this tournament. Both men have held gold in other promotions but not here... not at the company considered the standard bearer in this industry.

BW: It's a hell of a big win for Wright, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is as he gets one step closer to challenging for the World Title at SuperClash for the second year in a row. But you have to be impressed by what we've seen out of MAMMOTH Maximus as of late - especially this week when he came out here without his injured manager and came as close as anyone could come to winning this match. If he'd hit the moonsault... well, I'm sure he'll wonder for a long time to come what would've happened if he'd hit the moonsault.

BW: Or even if he'd gone for the Plunge instead of taking the bigger risk with the moonsault. The result might've been very different.

GM: But on this night, it's Supreme Wright who scores the victory with the Cobra Clutch Crossface and moves on to the Semifinals to face Johnny Detson. On our next show, we'll see the other two first round matches when Nenshou meets the World Television Champion, Dave Bryant, and in what many are calling the biggest rematch of all time, Juan Vasquez takes on Stevie Scott. It's gonna be one heck of a night in two weeks' time, fans, but right now, we're going to take a quick break and when we come back, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling as the World Champion, Calisto Dufresne, takes on Eric Preston! You do NOT want to miss that showdown so don't you dare go away!

[Wright climbs to his feet, celebrating his victory as we fade to black.

A black screen slowly fades to a graphic that reads as follows, accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[And then we cut to an extreme closeup of a pair of bloodshot, angry eyes. Stringy black hair, greying near the roots, hangs down over the area, which is in letterbox format to keep only the eyes in view. A gruff, menacing voice is heard, coming from the person in the picture.]

Voice: They had to cripple me to stop me.

[We see a black-and-white slow motion replay of Eric Preston piledriving the former World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso, at Memorial Day Mayhem 2013. Monosso is clearly the one speaking.]

JM: The doctors say there's a ninety-five percent chance I'll never walk again.

Maybe so. But through the AWA Signature Series, the memory lives on.

["The Theme From Halloween"'s shrill piano starts in the background as highlights of Monosso's career flash by in rapid succession.]

JM: The AWA World Heavyweight Championship Tournament; all five matches plus Vasquez, from Wrestlerock to Blood, Sweat, and Tears. There's new footage you ain't seen. Commentaries by me, by some of my opponents, by other wrestlers.

[We see a clip of Monosso training, lifting old-style free weights in a rundown gym.]

M: And there's footage from the days before the AWA. From UVW, and the night I first became a World Champion.

[Rare footage of Monosso, much younger and wearing a VERY different set of ring attire (a black, dark orchid, and yellow-colored bodysuit... yes, that was actually what he wore) in a steel cage match fighting an incredibly muscular blond man wearing blue-and-gold trunks and light grey fur boots.]

JM: This is Monosso. Get it. Keep it. It's the only way you'll remember. Remember what I said. Remember what I did. Remember who I was. This isn't just a collectable; it's a legacy.

[Back to the eyes, and only the eyes. The angry, hateful, bitter eyes.]

JM: And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise.

[Fade from the shot of Monosso's eyes to a bank of video monitors and the SuperClash V logo - a sure sign that we're heading to the first Control Center of the season!]

We fade to a shot of Jason Dane standing in front of the same logo, grinning widely.]

JD: Hello, fans, and welcome to the SuperClash V Control Center! The big event will be coming to you LIVE on Thanksgiving Night - Thursday, November 28th - from the American Airlines Center in Dallas, Texas. Get your tickets so you aren't shut out of all the action!

And what tremendous action it will be.

[We cut to a shot of Calisto Dufresne, the World Title slung over his shoulder.]

JD: As we all know, the World Title will be on the line in front of the biggest crowd in AWA history when Calisto Dufresne defends the title against the winner of the Chase For The Clash tournament. Moments ago, we saw Supreme Wright advance to the second round where he'll meet Johnny Detson. Those two men are still in as well as Nenshou, Dave Bryant, Juan Vasquez, and "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. One of those six men will be challenging for the World Title at SuperClash V and no matter who the opponent, I'd say that the Ladykiller's in for the fight of his life!

[Fade to a shot of the Blonde Bombers with the titles over their shoulders alongside Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds.]

JD: The World Tag Team Titles will be on the line that night when the Blonde Bombers defend the titles against the team that we've come to know as SkyHerc - Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds. Jones, remember, is cashing in his Steal The Spotlight contract on that night for this title challenge - a match that became much more personal earlier tonight when the champions assaulted Buford P. Higgins - the personal ring announcer for Jones.

[The shot dissolves into a graphic with three simple words "STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT."]

JD: The annual Steal The Spotlight elimination match will take place once again under some very unique circumstances. On one side of the ring, we will see a team of five individuals who have NEVER competed in the AWA before. In fact, this team is so under wraps, we haven't even learned the identity of ONE of those competitors as of yet... however, we have now been told that all five will be introduced to the world in two weeks' time on this very show. But on the other side of the ring that night?

[We get a graphic of Chris Blue and his band of warriors.]

JD: Chris Blue has managed to secure spots for Eric Preston, the Bishop Boys, AND William Craven. Not only that but the fifth spot on their team will be named by Blue himself who is offering the spot up to the "highest bidder." Who will get the final spot? And who will make up the team standing across the ring from them? We'll find out more in the days and weeks to come.

[We cut to a shot of the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies.]

JD: Six man tag team action will be on the card as the Beale Street Bullies take on Texas' own Lynch family. But with James Lynch injured, Travis and Jack appear to be a man down. Who will take the final spot in teaming with them? I'm told we'll also get that news in two weeks' time!

[The shot fades back to Dane and the SuperClash logo.]

JD: Four tremendous matches already signed and so much more still to come. It's SuperClash V. It's the biggest event of the year... and it's coming on so very fast. Be sure to stay tuned in to AWA television as well as make frequent visits to the AWA website as the SuperClash lineup continues to come together. For the Control Center, I'm Jason Dane and we'll see you next time!

[Crossfade away from the Control Center set back to the announcers down at ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. We are just over a month away from SuperClash V and every match has implications for exactly who is going to make it onto that star-studded lineup. Now, the two men in our Main Event tonight are already on the show - Calisto Dufresne will be defending the World Title while Eric Preston will be competing as part of the annual Steal The Spotlight matchup. But tonight, these two men will collide in a non-title matchup orchestrated by Chris Blue.

BW: This is a big match for both men though, Gordo. Dufresne will be looking to build momentum, get a win under his belt as he looks towards defending his title in front of the biggest crowd in AWA history. And for Preston, a win here not only builds momentum but it shoots him up the Top Ten rankings where he suddenly is considered as a top challenger for the World Heavyweight Title.

GM: A big match for both men indeed. Let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following non-title contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The sounds of "The Theme To Halloween" starts to play over the PA system to deafening jeers.]

GM: I still can't believe he's using this music.

BW: Hey, he retired the guy. That means he's earned the right.

GM: It most certainly does not.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: From Greenville, South Carolina... weighing in at 251 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by Chris Blue...

ERRRRRRRIC PRESSSSSSSTON!

[Preston stalks through the curtain, stopping just beyond it to look out at the jeering crowd. He's wearing a "PROPERTY OF THE COMBAT CORNER" light grey t-shirt with the sleeves cut out. He jerks a thumb at his chest, making sure everyone sees it as a smiling Chris Blue walks into view behind him.]

GM: He's sporting that Combat Corner t-shirt, another obvious jab at Todd Michaelson, his former trainer. Is there anyone that Eric Preston doesn't want to mock?

BW: He's got a pretty big chip on his shoulder over how he's been treated by the AWA, Gordo.

GM: How he's been treated?! Are you kidding me?!

BW: They threw him to the wolves and you know it! He came out of the Combat Corner and the AWA was so desperate to show that the training school was a viable place to create talent, that they threw him in against Vasquez in one of his first matches and then they put him up against Monosso! They were perfectly happy to see Monosso cripple him if they got a few more butts in the seats to see it.

GM: I can't believe you're buying into that garbage that he and Blue are pedaling. I can't even believe this is the same kid we saw debut here in the AWA so long ago. It hurts to see him like this, Bucky... it truly does.

BW: Oh, boo hoo. He's slowly turning into the man that he always needed to be. He beat Monosso... he beat Layton... but only by sinking to their level. Now that he's standing at that level full time, he's got the chance to be one of the best of all time.

[Preston steps through the ropes as Blue takes the wooden steps down to the floor. He positions himself in Preston's corner, clapping for the young man as he bounces off the ropes, tearing off the t-shirt. He uses it to wipe under his arms and reaches around behind himself before we abruptly cut to a shot of a shouting fan.]

GM: Disgusting. No respect at all for the people who got him here.

[Preston is smirking as we cut back to him, throwing the t-shirt out to the floor as he waits for his opponent. The music starts to fade and is replaced by ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man."]

PW: And his opponent... from Avery Island, Louisiana... weighing in at 245 pounds... representing Royalty... he is the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

He is the Ladykiller...

CAAAAAAALIIIIISTOOOOOO DUUUUUUUFRESNNNNNNE!

[The curtain parts as the World Champion walks into view. The World Title belt is slung over his shoulder as he stands in a pair of dark crimson trunks and boots. He smirks at the explosion of jeers from the crowd, gesturing at the back of his trunks that reads "Royalty" in white script. He reaches up, giving his long blonde ponytail a tug before making his way down the ramp.]

GM: The World Champion captured that title back at Memorial Day Mayhem when he clubbed James Monosso over the head with a steel chair to win it.

BW: And then the very next show, Eric Preston made sure that Monosso lived up to his word to retire by hitting him with the piledriver. These two are linked, daddy.

GM: Linked through violence perhaps... but tonight, they turn that violence towards each other.

[Dufresne ducks through the ropes. He lifts the World Title belt high into the air, soaking up more jeers from the crowd before he lowers it, planting a kiss on the face of the title belt and hands it off to a ringside attendant.]

GM: The title is not on the line tonight but for Eric Preston, a future shot at the title certainly could be.

[As Dufresne settles into the corner, wiping his boots on the mat, Preston crouches across the ring, waiting and watching...]

GM: Two very different styles in here. Preston's turned more of a monster - a savage, vicious individual whereas Dufresne has turned into a very defensive wrestler since winning the title. He only cares about retaining the title - not about winning the match - which creates a very interesting situation considering this is a non-title match.

BW: For Dufresne, he'd like the win but the big part of this one is that he doesn't want to get hurt. He can't get hurt this close to SuperClash.

[The bell sounds and a smirking Dufresne edges out of the corner, approaching the waiting Preston...

...who suddenly rushes forward, throwing himself into a double leg takedown, ripping the World Champion's legs out from under him, taking Dufresne down to the mat!]

GM: Preston takes him down!

[Preston takes the mount quickly, hammering Dufresne with right hands to a shocked reaction from the crowd who didn't expect the quick start. The referee lunges in, forcing a break at the count of four.]

GM: Davis Warren calls for the break... Preston backs off...

[And lunges right back in, wrapping his hands around the throat of the World Champion!]

GM: He's right back on him again!

[The referee forces another break at the count of four...

...and Dufresne rolls under the ropes to the floor, coughing violently.]

GM: I don't think Dufresne saw this coming, Bucky.

BW: I know he didn't. But he should have. Preston's a changed man. He's not the goody two shoes who was kissing babies and slapping hands when he got here. He's retired two people in 2013 and would love nothing more than to get a chance to add another name to the list.

GM: Perhaps Calisto Dufresne's name?

BW: Perish the thought. The best professional athlete in the world today is the face of this company, Gordo. If Preston injured him, I just don't know what we'd do.

[Preston slides out to the floor, almost slithering under the ropes. He rounds the corner, approaching from the blind side...

...and DRILLS Dufresne from behind with a forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Preston attacks from behind!

[Grabbing the champion by the hair, Preston SLAMS him facefirst into the ring apron! He pulls him back by the hair again to drive him down a second time!]

GM: Preston smashes him into the hardest part of the ring... and then shoves him right back under the ropes into the ring...

[Preston steps up on the apron, nodding at Blue who shouts a few words to his charge. He moves in on Dufresne who is sliding back on his rear towards the corner...

...and then suddenly shoves himself forward, grabbing Preston by the front of the trunks and yanking him chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A big leverage move by the World Champion and just like that, he manages to turn the tide!

[Dufresne climbs to his feet, throwing hooking blows to the ribcage from behind. He uses the trunks to drag Preston into a side waistlock, muscling him up into the air, dropping him down on the back of the head and neck.]

GM: Beautiful execution on the suplex... and that's one thing that sometimes we miss when talking about the World Champion. We get so distracted by his cheating and by Royalty's involvement in his title reign that we forget that Dufresne is one heck of a wrestler, Bucky.

BW: Of course he is! He's the World Heavyweight Champion! You don't get there by being a slouch in the ring, Gordo. He's also a former National Champion. A former National Tag Team Champion. A Stampede Cup winner. This guy's got all the credentials. He's got the resume that most wrestlers would DREAM of having. You're looking at one of the best professional wrestlers of all time... period.

[Dufresne opts to return the favor, taking the mount. He grabs a handful of hair, hammering Preston with a right hand to the skull! The champion sneers at the protesting official before firing off a half dozen more shots to the head.]

GM: The World Champion's taking control after that pull of the trunks into the buckles. He's back on his feet now, measuring the man...

[Dufresne drives the point of his elbow down into the throat of Preston, leaving the former Combat Corner student gasping for air.]

BW: You want to talk about more similarities between these two? Let's talk about their training. Eric Preston trained under Todd Michaelson in the Combat Corner. Calisto Dufresne trained under Todd Michaelson in the M-DOJO in Los Angeles.

GM: A very well-established fact, yes.

[Dufresne climbs to his feet, dragging Preston off the mat by the hair, slamming Preston headfirst into the turnbuckles. He spins Preston around, scooping him off the mat and slamming him down.]

GM: Body slam near the corner puts Preston right where he wants him.

[The champion hops up on the middle rope, holding his clenched fist high in the air...

...and leaps off, burying his fist between the eyes of Preston!]

GM: Fistdrop off the middle rope connects... and Dufresne makes a cover for one... he gets two... but that's all as Preston lifts his shoulder off the canvas.

[Dufresne climbs back to his feet, backing into the ropes. He bounces off, slowly walking towards the downed Preston...

...and leaps into the air, burying his knee into the skull of Preston!]

GM: Wow! A high impact kneedrop out of the World Champion!

[Dufresne rolls through it, sitting on the mat with a large grin on his face as the crowd jeers him. Outside the ring, Blue slams his hands down on the mat, shouting at the downed Preston.]

GM: Dufresne certainly is pleased with himself so far in this one as the champion has taken control of this matchup. And Chris Blue, who issued this challenge two weeks ago, seems more than a little upset at how things are going so far for him.

[Climbing back to his feet, Dufresne looks out at Blue, pointing at him.]

"Like what you see, big man? Thinking you picked the wrong side?"

[Blue glares at the World Champion as Dufresne pulls Preston off the mat by the hair. A pair of knife edge chops sends Preston falling back into the corner.]

GM: The champion taking a little time to mock the former owner of the EMWC.

BW: I'm not sure that'd be my strategy. There are a handful of people in this business that I wouldn't want to point with a sharp stick and that man is one of 'em. He may not run the biggest promotion in the world anymore but he's still got the Rolodex to turn someone's lights out for good.

[Dufresne reaches out, grabbing the arm...]

GM: He fires Preston across...

[But Preston leaps up to the middle rope, pausing as Dufresne charges in behind him...]

...and the Combat Corner alumni hurls himself backwards, catching Dufresne solidly on the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Nice counter by Preston! That'll turn things around for him for sure!

[Out on the floor, Blue applauds loudly, shouting to Preston who drags himself off the mat, turning to look at the recovering Dufresne. The South Carolina native grabs a rear waistlock from behind but the Ladykiller hooks his arms around the top rope, preventing whatever Preston has in mind...]

...so Preston releases, hammering with big forearm smashes to the back of the head and neck!]

GM: Preston's pummeling him and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE UPENDS DUFRESNE OVER THE TOP ROPE TO THE FLOOR!

BW: He couldn't get the suplex he was looking for so he decided to just chuck the World Champion over the top rope instead!

[Preston leans on the top rope, a twisted grin on his face as the World Champion lies on the floor...

...when suddenly the crowd breaks into jeers!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: ROYALTY!

[Dave Cooper, Kenny Stanton, and Brad Jacobs are coming fast down the elevated ramp. Preston wheels around, fists at the ready as Stanton comes through first.]

GM: They're not wasting any time in jumping in there on him! Royalty had seen enough of this and they're coming for Preston!

[Stanton and Preston exchange right hands for a few moments before Dave Cooper slips into the ring, burying a knee into the lower back of Preston. Jacobs steps in, giving a shout as he sprints to the ropes as Cooper and Stanton lift Preston up in a belly-to-back suplex...]

GM: Triple team!

[Jacobs comes rushing back and in one motion, he grabs the lifted Preston by the upper thighs as Stanton and Cooper release, spinning away as Jacobs races a few more steps and sits out in a powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The bell sounds as Stanton and Cooper rush back in, starting to stomp the downed Preston as Chris Blue climbs up on the apron, waving his arms back and forth...]

GM: Here comes trouble!

[The crowd comes unglued as Cletus Lee Bishop comes tearing through the curtain, rushing towards the ring.]

GM: The Redneck Wrecking Machine is coming!

[Cletus Lee Bishop steps over the ropes as Stanton rushes at him...

...and gets a big paw wrapped around his throat!]

GM: He hooks him!

[The big man lifts Stanton up, quickly chokeslamming him down to the canvas as Dave Cooper and Brad Jacobs rush in on him, hammering away with fists and forearms, battering the big man back against the ropes as Blue continues to wave...

...and the crowd ROARS once more!]

GM: CRAVEN! CRAVEN! CRAVEN!

[The Dragon himself comes wobbling through the curtain, heading for the ring as quickly as his broken body will carry him...]

GM: Craven's coming down the ramp! We've got a fight on our hands! Fans, we're out of time! We've gotta go! We'll see you next time on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[As Craven is about to step through the ropes into the ring, we fade to black.]

UPCOMING SHOWS

October 26 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

Chase For The Clash - Stevie Scott vs Juan Vasquez

Chase For The Clash - Nenshou vs Dave Bryant

Curt Sawyer vs A Beale Street Bully

Hair vs Career - Ryan Martinez vs Justin Gaines (w/Gunnar barred from ringside)

November 9 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

November 23 - SuperClash Countdown (tentative)

November 28 - SuperClash V - Venue TBD