

# AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CROCKETT COLISEUM  
DALLAS, TEXAS  
FEBRUARY 9TH, 2013

[As the closing notes to the "Sanford And Son" theme fade into nothing, we fade into the sounds of "Saturday Night Special" by Lynyrd Skynyrd.

A large white map of the United States fills the screen as the music plays. The shot zooms through the map, different states "popping up" into view as we race past them. As we pull back from the map, it no longer is white but rather made up of the Stars and Stripes.

The map goes into a spin, spinning round and round as we zoom all the way into it, dissolving into a few slow motion shots of animated men battling in a red, white, and blue ring. The animation runs through various wrestling moves from an atomic drop to a bodyslam to a piledriver.

And as the blue animaniac applies a clawhold on the white animaniac, we freeze and the AWA logo fills the screen.

After a moment, we fade away from the cheaply done intro to a shot of the cheering Crockett Coliseum crowd. The fans are jammed into the bleachers, screaming their heads off as the show comes on the air. Very little has changed since our last visit to the Coliseum - we still have the elevated entryway leading from the entrance to the ring. There are raised interview platforms on either side of the ramp - one for your standard interviews and one that was formerly the home of the Money Pit and the Mirror Ball but now sits abandoned.

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

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

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

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling where you will see all the stars of the American Wrestling Alliance. By my side, as always, is Bucky Wilde... and Bucky, we are less than one month away from the Stampede Cup!

BW: Less than one month away and only six spots remain in the elite Field of Sixteen.

GM: We knew eight teams heading into tonight's broadcast and in just a short while, we'll be taking a look at the two teams who advanced earlier this week in live arena events for the AWA.

BW: And while everyone's talking about tag teams, you can't open a website, you can't take a phone call, you can't walk down a street without someone asking the question - just who will be the next World Heavyweight Champion?

GM: I thought the question was - who will face James Monosso for the World Title at the Stampede Cup?

BW: In my eyes, it's the same question, Gordo. You're talkin' 'bout a guy who wants to retire... he wants to hang 'em up. He wants to walk off into the sunset while he's still able to walk but because of some warped sense of responsibility to Jim Watkins, he's gonna keep goin' until he loses the World Title... but in the same breath, he announces he's not even ready to defend the title right now. He's physically unable to get into the ring until the Stampede Cup to defend the title for the first time since New Year's Eve.

GM: You believe it's just a matter of time before the World Title changes hands?

BW: It's ALWAYS a matter of times before the gold changes hands but with Monosso in the physical condition he's in, the question becomes who is gonna be the lucky guy to get the next shot at him?

GM: We're going to get the answer to that question right here tonight when the former AWA National Champion Calisto Dufresne meets a former four-time World Champion in Alex Martinez in tonight's Main Event. The new AWA President, Karl O'Connor, made it official earlier this week - this match WILL determine who will earn the shot at James Monosso at the Stampede Cup with the title on the line.

BW: And that broken down nutjob Monosso is gonna be out here at ringside for that, right?

GM: We haven't gotten confirmation on that. We know he's been asked to appear by Calisto Dufresne but we do not yet know if he has accepted. My sources are saying that as of right now, he is NOT in the building but as soon as he arrives, we'll try and let you know. We've got that plus so much more here tonight but right now, let's head up to the ring for our opening matchup!

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

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... from Parts Unknown... weighing in at 310 pounds... THE SHADOW!

[A big, flabby man dressed in all black spandex from head to toe, including a mask that covers his entire face save for his eyes and nostrils, raising both arms with a "RRRROOOOOOAR!" to the jeers of the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of "Step Into A World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One fills the air to a big cheer from the Texas crowd.]

PW: From Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing in at 225 pounds...

SUUUUUUPREEEEEEME WRIIIIGHT!

[The cheers pick up as Wright swaggers through the entrance curtain, nodding to the cheering crowd. Wright is a young African American male with a leanly muscled, lanky physique. He rolls his neck, hopping from foot to foot a few times before heading down the elevated ramp towards the ring.]

GM: Supreme Wright walked into this very ring two weeks ago on the verge of earning a World Title rematch but Eric Preston - that bitter, vengeful individual - interfered and got Wright disqualified as you may recall. Wright fell out of the Number One Contender slot as a result and now Wright's on the outside looking in.

BW: Considering Wright's obsession with winning the World Title, that's gotta be driving him crazy. He may try to remove Preston's head from his shoulders with his bare hands the next time they meet.

GM: You could be right about tha- whoa!

[The crowd reacts in surprise as Wright steps through the ropes, instantly surging forward to smash an incoming Shadow with a forearm smash across the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Referee Davis Warren is right there to call for the bell and this one is officially underway already.

[Wright gets the masked man back into the corner, hammering away with brutal forearm shots to the masked face.]

GM: Wright's all over him! This isn't the Supreme Wright we're used to seeing, Bucky.

BW: Nope. This is a guy who is steamed 'cause a man he thought was his friend and ally arguably cost him the World Title at SuperClash and then not-

so-arguably cost him a rematch two weeks ago when Wright met Calisto Dufresne in the Main Event.

[Wright grabs The Shadow by the arm, going for a whip but the much-larger man reverses, sending the 225 pounder crashing into the turnbuckles. With a bellow, The Shadow charges across the ring...]

GM: The big man rushes in!

[And runs HEADLONG into a pair of raised knees, sending The Shadow staggering backwards, clutching his chest in pain.]

GM: Wright with a big counter... look out here...

[Wright steps from the buckles, spinning The Shadow to face away from him. He loops his arms over The Shadow's arms into a double chickenwing, backing towards the corner...]

GM: What's he doing here?

[Wright somehow gets up on the middle rope without using his hands which are now clutched together in the submission hold...]

...and then leaps off the top, flipping over the masked man's head as they CRASH to the canvas!]

GM: What in the-?!

[The Shadow lands facefirst on the mat, his arms trapped behind him in a double armbar submission...]

...and then starts screaming out in pain as Wright bridges up off the mat!]

GM: Ahh!

[The referee checks in...]

...and then quickly wheels around, waving for the bell.]

GM: That's it! It's over!

[The crowd cheers at the sound of the bell as Wright leaves the double armbar applied. The referee instantly starts to count... two... three... four...]

GM: Wright's gotta break it! He's gotta- whew... just in time.

[An angry-looking Wright gets back to his feet, glaring down at the hurting Shadow before quickly exiting the ring, walking back up the ramp.]

GM: Supreme Wright may not have even broken a sweat right there, Bucky.

BW: It ain't record time but he sure wasn't getting paid by the hour out there tonight, Gordo.

GM: Certainly not. And now he's making his way back to speak to our own Mark Stegglet. Mark?

[We cut to the interview stage, where Supreme Wright is standing alongside Mark Stegglet. As speculated, Wright hasn't so much as broken a sweat or is even breathing heavily, after his easy win.]

MS: Supreme Wright, congratulations on the victory. You were brutally efficient tonight, ending the match in quick fashion. Was your..."more aggressive" approach tonight a result of the current decision made by the Championship Committee to make either Alex Martinez or Calisto Dufresne the next challenger to James Monosso's World title?

[Wright frowns.]

SW: I ain't angry, Mr. Stegglet...if that's what you're trying to imply.

[He rolls his eyes.]

SW: I'm just glad to know just how much the Championship Committee values disqualification victories.

[Stegglet raises an eyebrow at that remark.]

MS: Just what are you trying to imply here, Supreme?

[Supreme maintains a deadpan expression.]

SW: Nothing.

[He shakes his head.]

SW: Absolutely nothing.

[A deep sigh.]

SW: I'm just stating the facts. Mr. Dufresne has won two matches by disqualification over myself and Mr. Vasquez...and it's propelled him right to the top of the rankings. Obviously, winning matches by pinfall or submission is becoming out of fashion and just doesn't leave the same lasting impression as someone being left unconscious or at the brink of death at the end of every match they wrestle.

[Supreme shrugs.]

SW: Maybe I should just goad my next opponent into hitting me over the head with a chair or start going for superior countout victories.

[Stegglet smirks at Wright's snark.]

MS: Now, I know it must be disappointing to you that Calisto Dufresne and Alex Martinez are battling it out tonight for the right to face James Monosso, but...

SW[Interrupting]: What do you mean, Mr. Stegglet? I'm absolutely ecstatic that someone can leapfrog over me on the way to a title shot because they simply demanded it.

MS: Supreme, while you might disagree with the decision, Alex Martinez did defeat William Craven...

[In a rarity for him, Supreme's face twists into genuine, unfiltered emotion: Anger.]

SW: AND I DIDN'T???

[He quickly catches himself, once again suppressing that rage behind a mask of stoicism.]

SW: I pinned Mr. Craven in the center of the ring, Mr. Stegglet. And I sure as hell didn't need any barbwire to do it.

[The crowd "Ooo's" at that cheapshot.]

SW: But you know what? I'm not going to cry "conspiracy" or complain about "unfairness". The Championship Committee can use whatever sort of criteria they want to determine the best possible challenger to their World Champion. I know better than to make excuses for myself. The bottom line is that I should've defeated Calisto Dufresne two weeks ago and I didn't. All I can do now is come out here every Saturday Night and prove myself worthy of getting another shot at the World Title, down the line.

MS: While you may not want to make any excuses, there is in fact, someone that is VERY much to blame for the recent setbacks in your career. Of course, I'm talking about Eric Preston.

[There's no reaction from Wright for a moment, before he shuts his eyes and shakes his head.]

SW: No comment.

[Stegglet seems a bit shocked.]

MS: But...if it wasn't for him, you could be well on your way to a rematch with James Monosso as we speak. Heck, if it wasn't for him, you could very well BE the World Champion right now! I mean, after all he's done to sabotage you, aren't you just dying to get him into a ring to settle the score?

[Supreme mulls over the question for the briefest of moments and quickly answers.]

SW: No.

[And with that, Supreme Wright walks off, leaving behind a very confused Mark Stegglet and an even more baffled crowd.]

GM: No comment on Eric Preston? After what Preston pulled two weeks ago, I don't understand.

BW: Neither do I.

GM: But regardless of that, THAT'S a man who has golden ambitions, Bucky.

BW: Golden obsessions is more like it. He wants the World Title and I'm not sure he gives a damn who he has to go through to get it. Remember, he was perfectly willing to cripple James Monosso at SuperClash IV to win that title.

GM: He certainly was... Calisto Dufresne, Alex Martinez, Supreme Wright... James Monosso has shown tremendous heart since last summer when he captured the World Title but I'm not sure if even he can survive those odds. Right now, let's go backstage where Jason Dane is standing by with a very special guest. Jason?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Before I bring out my guest at this time, I have to something to say.

When I was brutally attacked - UNPROVOKED, I might add - by Nenshou on New Year's Eve, I was told that in exchange for not filing an immediate lawsuit towards the AWA for promoting an unsafe work environment, that I would be given my own segment during which I could discuss any subject of my choosing... WITHOUT editorial oversight.

[Dane pauses.]

JD: When you look at the advertised lineup for tonight's show, you see Bucky Wilde hosting A Call Of The Wilde with the Longhorn Heritage Champion - for now - Dave Bryant. You see my brother-in-law, Todd Michaelson, hosting The Money Pit with Eric Preston. You see Gordon Myers presenting Part 2 of his interview with William Craven and Chris Blue.

But you do NOT see any sign of The Truth with Jason Dane.

[Dane throws a very serious stare in the direction of the camera.]

JD: In two weeks, that WILL change.

In two weeks, I will sit down - face-to-face - with the new AWA President, Karl O'Connor, in an up close interview where he will be forced to answer the questions submitted by YOU - the fans of the American Wrestling Alliance. You are being invited to submit your questions through my website, through

my Twitter account - and then tune back in in two weeks' time to see what Mr. O'Connor has to say.

[Dane pauses, nodding a few times before he continues.]

JD: But at this time, please allow me to welcome my guest at this time. He is one-half of tonight's Main Event - a man who looks to secure his shot at the AWA World Title by winning here tonight. Please welcome the former AWA National Champion... the Ladykiller... Calisto Dufresne!

[The camera zooms out a bit to reveal the new Number One Contender to the AWA World Title, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. The former National Champion is already clad in his wrestling attire, his blond hair pulled back into a tight pony tail which enhances the confident smirk plastered across Dufresne's face.]

JD: Calisto, later tonight, you're going to step inside the ring with a four time World Champion. A Hall of Famer. A legend in this sport. A tr-

[Dufresne waves Dane off, annoyed.]

CD: -A has been. This isn't 1999 and this joint sure isn't Los Angeles, Dane. Alex Martinez's day in the sun ended a long, long time ago. He's been riding his reputation in this business for a decade. Every time I turn around, someone is coming out of the woodwork from the past to send this guy to the hospital.

[A smirk at the thought.]

CD: Well, let me be clear: Tonight, it's not the past that's going to send you packing, Alex - it's the future. The future of this organization. The future of this sport. The future of this business.

You're not trying to slay a Dragon tonight, my supersized friend. Tonight you step inside the ring with a God.

[Dane shakes his head at the holy comparison.]

JD: You also demanded that James Monosso be at ringside for the match tonight. Are you sure that's wise?

[Dufresne looks at Dane as though he were daft.]

CD: Have you ever known Calisto Dufresne to do anything without a plan? I want James to be out there tonight so he can see what a young lion can do to an old, decrepit dinosaur.

I'm not scared of James Monosso.

[Right.]



CD: The man is a Wham Bam, Thank You, Ma'am away from the retirement home. He's ignoring every piece of medical advice he's being given and wants to "do right by the business" and hang on to the World Title until someone pries it out of his cold, dead hands. Well, James...

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: ...I'm your huckleberry.

[With that, Dufresne slides out of view of the camera as we cut back to the ringside area where our announce team is seated.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne says he's not afraid of the World Champion... but he'd better not look past the seven foot monster waiting to face him in tonight's Main Event, Bucky.

BW: I gotta agree with you there. Dufresne's in for a short, short night if he does that.

GM: Dufresne seems ready for action in tonight's Main Event but we're not there yet, fans. Let's go right back up to the ring for our next matchup!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil is standing next to a familiar individual.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... from Shenandoah, Pennsylvania... weighing in at 229 pounds... Mark Hoefner!

[There's zero reaction from the crowd that is on their feet, looking towards the entrance curtain for his opponent. Cue the synth pop beat and the crowd starts to cheer. "Fame" is an unmistakable cue that the AWA's Spider-Man is about to hit the ring.]

GM: The fans showing some solid support for Shadoe Rage... which has to surprise even Shadoe Rage, Bucky.

BW: I don't know what to make of it. I don't think Shadoe Rage has ever been the kind to hear applause in his career.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 246 pounds...

SHAAAADOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAGE!

[As Irene Cara's lyrics hit, Rage swirls through the curtains, arms outstretched. Today he wears a sleeveless diaphanous gold robe with 'Angel of Death' in burgundy sequins on the back. He wears a matching burgundy bandana and classic burgundy-rimmed Swatch Shields sunglasses. He eggs on the crowd as he marches to the ring, pointing to the sky and promising the crowd that they are in for a show.]

BW: Man, how times have changed. I remember when this guy was all gloom and doom and now look at him.

GM: He certainly has developed a livelier side and the people are definitely taking to him. Shadoe Rage is one of the hot new stars of the AWA.

BW: Yeah, but will they still appreciate him when he signs on with the Shane Gang?

GM: When he what?

BW: Sandra Hayes scouted him two weeks ago. That man's gonna be their Carver killer. I know it!

GM: If there's anyone who would be equal to the task of taking on the unpredictable Hannibal Carver, it might be the equally unpredictable Shadoe Rage.

[Rage removes his robes to reveal a faultlessly lean upper body above a pair of burgundy low-rise trunks and hot pink knee-high boots. He is chiseled muscle with spectacular abs. The ladies in the crowd hoot and holler as he leaps onto the top rope, steeples his hands together and bows to the crowd. They applaud the sheer athleticism and balance required to make that look simple.]

GM: Shadoe Rage remains quite the physical specimen - looks just as good as he did in his days in Portland or Los Angeles, Bucky.

BW: He's got an impressive vertical leap... not Skywalker Jones level of high but... well, not too shabby.

[Rage leaps back down, causing his opponent to take a step back, fists at the ready. Rage swings around, swinging a right hand back...

...but fakes surging forward, causing Hoefner to backstep again, shaking his head as Rage drops down to all fours, moving toward him like a dog before rolling out to the floor to celebrate with the ringside fans.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is trying to get inside the head of Hoefner... trying to show off some of that speed we've been so impressed by in recent weeks.

BW: How do you wrestle someone you can't grab hold of?

GM: That's the puzzle that his opponents are going to have to figure out.

[The bell sounds as Rage leaps up on the apron, grabbing the top rope and vaulting over the top to take the center of the ring...

...and gets greeted with Hoefner rushing him, quickly tying up in a collar and elbow!]

GM: We've got a lockup... and we're underway here in the Crockett Coliseum...

[Rage suddenly twists to the side, causing Hoefner to faceplant down on the mat to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Hey! That's not right!

GM: Why? What was wrong with it?

BW: He must've cheated... somehow. Hairpull maybe?

GM: Did you see a hairpull?

BW: No but it must've happened.

[Hoefner knees up, rubbing his hip as he wonders how he ended up on the ground. He shouts at the official, gesturing at Rage before he goes for the tie up again.]

GM: Collar and elb-

[Rage pivots aside again, this time dropping into a toehold, tripping up Hoefner and taking him facefirst to the mat a second time.]

GM: And down they go again!

BW: Man, this guy don't give ya nuthin' does he. Hoefner doesn't even understand what's happening.

[Hoefner pushes off the mat a second time, glaring at Rage who is smiling, gesturing for him to tie up again...]

GM: Rage wants another collar and elbow...

BW: Of course he does, Gordo. He keeps tripping the mat every time he goes for it.

[Knowing he can't secure the lockup, Hoefner gets a head of steam, swinging wildly as he charges Rage...]

GM: Big rights and lefts by Hoefner, trying to get a shot in on Rage...

[But Rage sidesteps, bobbing and weaving, swinging his head out of the way of Hoefner's heavy shots.]

BW: Rage looking like Roy Jones out there bobbing and weaving. And Hoefner's getting frustrated.

[Continuing to charge the man he can't hit, Hoefner moves in blindly, allowing Rage to slip behind him, lacing a leg around Hoefner's and shoving him facefirst to the mat...]

GM: Back trip by Rage... ohh! He drops a big elbow down on the small of the back!

GM: Shadoe Rage back to his feet quick as a cat!

[Rage shadowboxes around his downed opponent, waiting for him to get to his feet. The crowd cheers him on as he stops to do his steeple fingered bow.]

BW: See that right there is new. Old Rage would be tearing this kid to shreds right now.

GM: Who says he isn't, Bucky? He's pulling Hoefner up by the hair, pointing to the ropes...

[With a handful of hair, Rage rushes the ropes, leaping over the top, snapping Hoefner's throat right off the steel cable to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! Dangerous move by Shadoe Rage!

[Hoefner snaps backwards, flopping backwards onto his back as Rage is already up on the apron, scaling the ropes...]

GM: Rage is heading up top already! He's wasting no time here tonight!

[Rage reaches the top, taking a moment to measure as Hoefner's desperately pushes up to all fours...

...and Rage leaps off the top, sailing down to smash the double axehandle down across the back of the neck, smashing Hoefner's face down into the mat!]

GM: He calls that Death From Above, Bucky!

BW: He can call it whatever he wants when it lays people out like that, Gordo.

[Rage grabs the facedown Hoefner, pulling him into a gutwrench hold...

...and powers him over to the mat with a suplex!]

GM: Rage showing he's not just speed and high risk offense right there. That took a whole lot of power to pull off that suplex. Hoefner's not a small man by any stretch of the imagination.

BW: I think Hoefner's looking to get the heck out of here, Gordo.

[Hoefner starts crawling towards the ropes, looking to make an escape when Rage pulls him back to his feet again, tugging him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Rage has him hooked again...

[Powering Hoefner up, Rage DROPS him down on the back of the head and neck with a back suplex. He gets to his feet, spinning a finger around in the air to the cheering crowd.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is totally dominating this match so far, Bucky. Mark Hoefner has barely managed any offense at all and- look at this!

[Rage stands over Hoefner, leaping high into the air...

...and BURIES his knee into the chest with a gorgeous leaping knee drop!]

GM: There's that vertical leap we talked about earlier. All 246 pounds of Shadoe Rage crashing down onto Hoefner's chest from nearly four feet in the air!

BW: Hoefner's having a heck of a time trying to catch a breath after that kneedrop, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is. Hoefner's over on all fours, coughing violently. He's having a hard time breathing and- uh oh!

[The crowd begins to boo again as they look towards the entrance. Sandra Hayes has made her way onto the rampway. Rage notices her and pauses. He tilts his head curiously towards her, his onslaught stopped.]

GM: Bucky, you made reference to Sandra Hayes and the Shane Gang potentially scouting Shadoe Rage earlier... and now for the second show in a row, Miss Hayes has made her presence felt at one of Shadoe Rage's matches.

BW: I told you, Gordo! I told you! Miss Sandra Hayes has a gameplan to make the Shane Gang the most powerful - and most feared - unit in the entire AWA. Better than Royalty... bigger than the Unholy Alliance... stronger than the Bullies... she wants the Shane Gang to dominate this company and if they add Shadoe Rage to the mix, they may be able to do exactly that!

[With Rage distracted, a coughing Mark Hoefner battles up to his feet as Rage rushes to the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope, springing backwards with a corkscrew...

...and SLAMS his foot into the skull of Hoefner!]

"WHAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: DOWN GOES HOEFNER! DOWN GOES HOEFNER!

[Rage pushes up off the mat to his feet. He turns to Sandra Hayes, giving a little bow as she applauds, a big grin on her face. Rage spins a finger in the air, rushing towards the corner...]

GM: Rage is heading up top from the inside turnbuckles... this may be all she wrote here...

[Reaching the top rope, Rage blows a kiss in the direction of Miss Hayes to a mixed reaction from the crowd...]

...and then leaps backwards, twisting around...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...and BURIES the point of his elbow into the sternum of Hoefner!]

GM: The flying elbow finds it's mark! That's it, fans!

[Rage rolls into a cover as Hoefner struggles to breathe again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell sounds as Shadoe Rage rolls back to his feet, raising both arms in victory. A quick cut to Sandra Hayes shows her applauding once again to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Sandra Hayes certainly likes what she sees, Bucky... but what's going on between Shadoe Rage and the Shane Gang?!

[The crowd is a little less enthusiastic as Rage bows towards Hayes again.]

BW: I think Rage likes what he's seeing too!

GM: What is going on here?! We need answers to what this situation is all about!

BW: Ain't it obvious? Unlike you, apparently, Shadoe Rage is a red-blooded male and if Miss Sandra Hayes comes a-callin', you don't put her on hold, daddy.

[As Hayes makes her exit off the ramp, Shadoe Rage exits the ring, heading back up the entryway.]

GM: Jason Dane is going to try and get some words from Shadoe Rage here... maybe try to get to the bottom of this situation, fans.

[We cut to the interview stage where Jason Dane has managed to catch up with Shadoe Rage who has worked up a pretty good sweat and is breathing a bit heavily as he joins Dane.]

JD: Shadoe Rage, welcome back to the AWA. It's been some time since we've seen you in our ring and we'll start with the easy one - what has brought you back to the AWA?

[Rage takes a couple deep breaths before proceeding.]

SR: Comes a time in every man's life when he has to accept the truth.

[Dane looks a little puzzled.]

JD: Now you're speaking my language. But what truth are you talking about, sir? What truth have you had to accept?

[Rage gestures at the camera.]

SR: I needed to be in the AWA. It's better to be a little fish in a big ocean like the AWA than to be a big fish in a dried up pond. I thrive on competition. This is where the competition is. My pride won't let me be anywhere else.

[Dane nods.]

JD: You've certainly made an enormous impression upon the competition since your return. You've brought some amazing athleticism to the ring... incredible speed... it almost seems like some of your opponents can't catch you.

[Rage grins.]

SR: No they can't. We get into the ring and they only remember their head getting kicked off. The rest they have to watch on replay.

[Dane points to Rage's leg.]

JD: Speaking of heads getting kicked off, that kick of yours is quite devastating. Does it have a name?

[Rage smirks.]

SR: Death by Decapitation. No one's neck is safe.

[Dane nods.]

JD: It's got a ring to it for sure. And you've been very impressive since your return, quickly working your way into the focus of the Championship Committee and these fans here in Dallas.

[Big cheer!]

JD: However, they're not the only one who seems to be impressed by you. For the past couple of times you've been in the ring now, Miss Sandra Hayes has come out here to watch you. Any comments on that?

[Rage puts his hand on Dane's shoulder and smiles.]

SR: The ladies love me and they like being around me.

[Dane shakes his head, persisting with his line of questioning.]

JD: I see. Are you denying that she's scouting you for the Shane Gang? Maybe looking for an extra gun for their war with Hannibal Carver?

[Rage shrugs his shoulders.]

SR: If you want to know what's on a woman's mind, you ask her, Jason. Don't ask me. I think it might be something a little more... personal... than business. You know what I'm talking about?

[His leer is the definition of lascivious as the crowd jeers.]

SR: Dane, when I know you'll know. Until then just sit back and enjoy the moment. That's what I've learned and I've had the time of my life!

[With that, Rage does the steeple fingered bow. He then holds his hands at his shoulders and slowly backs away from Dane to disappear out of view as we fade to black.

And then back up on a shot of Travis Lynch, standing in a black t-shirt that says "TRAVIS" across the front in gold script.]

TL: It's one of the hottest summers on record...

[Lynch wipes his sweaty brow with the back of his hand, showing off his muscular bicep in the process.]

TL: The perfect weather for hitting the beach... the ballpark... the pool... or even the gym...

[We cut to a shot of Travis lifting weights. Impressive, no? His voiceover continues.]

TL: So, when you're digging through your closet and trying to find the perfect outfit when you're looking to dress to impress...

[We cut back to the first shot of Travis who jerks a thumb at his chest.]

TL: Look no further than the brand new Travis Lynch t-shirt. Available in all sizes, shapes, and colors... we've even got a tanktop version of it.

[Yep. We cut to a shot of Travis in the tanktop, delivering the gun show.]



TL: The new Travis Lynch t-shirt - available at all AWA events all summer long and at AWA.com!

[Cut to a graphic telling where you can buy said t-shirt before fading to black...]

And then back up to the interview platform where Mark Stegglet is standing with the Aces flanking either side of him. "Radiant" Raven holds a new mirror where "Sweet" Steve primps his hair. Percy Childes stands behind "Delicious" Daniel. The Aces are decked out in skinny jeans and mesh, muscle t-shirts. Yes, they're wearing guy-liner.]

MS: Welcome back, fans, and with me right now are the Aces and their manager, Percy Childes.

[Tyler leans forward.]

DT: Don't forget about the alluring and radiant Raven, Mark.

[Raven smiles deviously at this mention.]

MS: And Raven.

[Stegglet looks back at Raven and looks a bit unnerved as she flashes a predatory smile his way. Tyler chuckles.]

DT: That's so Raven.

MS: Right. Two weeks ago...

[Tyler pulls the mic away from Stegglet.]

DT: Just stand there. We've got a lot to talk about.

[Tyler turns towards the camera.]

DT: Two weeks ago, we won our way into the Stampede Cup. Not only did we win, we stuck it to Sweet Daddy Williams and his legion of lemmings in the process. We won because we're smarter, we're faster, and we're just better than Sweet Daddy and the homeless guy he found to be his tag team partner. Every other team can talk about winning the Stampede Cup, but they're missing the point.

The Aces are DESTINED to win the Stampede Cup in twenty-thirteen. Period.

It's not determined by the big scary invisible magician in the sky. Where the Aces are concerned, God is NOT omniscient. The Aces DECIDE our future. Our future IS the Stampede Cup Trophy and one-million dollars.

ALL the other teams can show up and compete, but they don't stand a chance against us. When it's all said and done, Gunnar Gaines will be back

in a retirement home while Ryan Martinez goes back to living in daddy's shadow. Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds will light up Twitter making excuses as to why they didn't win the Stampede Cup. November will have LION Tetsuo cut him because he lost and is a closet EMO.

The Bishops will understand they're just keeping the National Tag belts warm for the Aces. It's not a matter of IF in twenty-thirteen. It's a matter of WHEN we take those belts from them.

Steve?

[Childes quits primping his hair and looks at his partner. He turns and steps towards Stegglet and pulls the mic to him.]

SC: Now onto REAL business. Juan Vasquez?

[Big cheer for the name.]

SC: Stevie Scott?

[Another big cheer.]

SC: You wanted OUR attention? You got it.

Two weeks ago, the two of you held an ego-stroking, glad-handing, redemption movie-style meeting when the two of you were standing with Jason Dane. You thanked each other so many times, I was ready to eat a bullet to make the pain stop! Let me snap the two of you daydreamers back to reality. This isn't a movie. This isn't some fantasy story in your head the two of you get to live out. This is cold hard reality.

A reality where you two truly are opportunistic jackals waiting for the right moment to stab each other in the back.

A reality where your past stories are full of self-centered behavior and lies you feed to the fans.

A reality where you'll turn on each other and the fans if it serves your immediate goals.

A reality where the consequences of your recent actions are me and Daniel, the Aces.

[Childes pauses and steps forward.]

SC: Uncle Percy was right. The moment the Aces stopped lying to ourselves and the fans was the moment Jim Watkins started a blatant crusade against us. You can pander to the masses all you want. Slap those hands and kiss those babies, boys. Sign those autographs at the airport at five in the morning, so some sheep can hock it on E-Bay.

What the two of you will never admit is this and the fans are too stupid to pick up on is the fact the two of you are SPINELESS!

[Big round of boos.]

SC: You muster up enough bravado and tell Uncle Percy to protect the Aces by steering clear of you. What happens when the Aces turn a full one-eighty and run at you? What happens when we get you in that ring in a tag team match? One of you is going to whine:

[Mock crying and whining.]

SC: "Ehhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, ehrrrrrrrrrrrr... boo hoo! We're not tag team wrestlers!" Let me tell you how I KNOW you're spineless. You can't even say it. You implied it when Juan said, "We're synonymous with the AWA." Listen to my next words, because I'm not afraid to say it.

The Aces ARE the FRANCHISE TAG TEAM in the American Wrestling Alliance!

Since DAY ONE we stepped into Dallas, EVERYONE knew we were that golden ticket. From the board of owners all the way down to the guy cleaning out the crappers at night. They all took one look at us and said, "Our future." These fans can boo that all they want, but we all know that BS'ers aren't concerned with the truth. The truth doesn't exist to them. That's EXACTLY what Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott are, bull...

[Tyler interrupts his partner.]

DT: Language, Steve.

SC: BS artists. Just because I didn't eat a bullet last week doesn't mean I wasn't shoveling a path to my car after the Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott Variety Hour. Here's the truth.

Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott are nothing more than Myspace trying to pass themselves off as Google Plus. "Oh hey! Look at how cool we are! We're NEW! We're INNOVATIVE!"

No! You're OLD news; the Aces are THE news.

Since the Aces started being honest with ourselves. Ever since we started doing this.

[The camera view switches to where Childes' hand can't be seen.]

SC: Giving EVERY AWA fan the finger!

DT: EVEN children!

SC: The AWA changed their tactics. They stopped with the Shadow War of TELLING teams like Rough N' Ready to injure us and biased officials like Scott Von Braun. They started with a full-on FANATICAL Crusade, not

GIVING us our RIGHTFUL title shot! We're through being denied. Now, we TAKE from the Championship Committee what we've earned so many times. We go out there and EARN it again. The VERY same thing the entitled AWA fans WON'T do.

I want you to listen, Stevie and Juan. Listen real close as you're figuring out how to turn the entitled masses into your own personal cult of personality. Want to prove to them you've got a spine? It's real simple.

Become partners and enter the Stampede Cup.

[BIG round of cheers at that idea.]

SC: Throw the dice and let Lady Luck decide if you two are worthy to face the Aces in the tournament. I hope she shines good fortune on you, because I'd LOVE to snap your arms. You two can talk about all the National Titles between you, calculate the collective days you held the title, and crow about it while these idiots get worked into a frenzy at whatever comes outta your mouths.

Meet the Aces on OUR turf. In OUR house. Which IS the AWA tag team division.

[Stegglet pulls the mic to him.]

MS: Why not challenge Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott to a tag team match in two weeks?

[HUGE CHEER!]

MS: Make it easy.

[Tyler and Childes both snap their heads around to glare at Mark Stegglet like his suggestion electrocuted them. Tyler points an accusing finger at Stegglet and starts screaming at him. Childes pushes his partner back, getting between Tyler and Stegglet to prevent any potential suspensions. Raven tends to Tyler. Childes wheels around and yanks the mic from Stegglet.]

SC: You'd LOVE that wouldn't you!? We're the number TWO ranked tag team in the AWA, Vasquez and Scott can EARN the right to face us in a match.

[Childes continues to glare at Stegglet.]

SC: Finish it up, Uncle Percy. I need to cool off before I break Mark's arm.

[Percy Childes takes the mic.]

PC: You two said everything that needed saying. We're through here. Next time Mark, I would suggest erring on the side of caution. Discretion is the better part of wisdom.

[Percy hands the mic back to Mark Steglet as the entourage moves off the interview stage and the shot fades back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Louisiana... weighing in at a total combined weight of 790 pounds... Richter Lane and Lee Tremors... AFTERSHOCK!

[A bit of a mixed reaction for the behemoth tag team as they trade a high five.]

GM: It's been several weeks since we've seen Aftershock in action but you have to believe they're out here tonight in hopes of earning a spot in the Stampede Cup's Field of Sixteen. There's six spots left as we mentioned earlier tonight and a whole lot of teams still looking to join the biggest tag team tournament in all of wrestling.

BW: Did you hear Watson there? Nearly eight hundred pounds of mass in there! They're almost the same size as the Prehistoric Powers! Imagine that as a first round matchup, Gordo.

GM: It would be... large. No pun intended.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

# YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[Something that kind of sounds like "Hip Hop Hooray" by Naughty By Nature plays over the PA as the dynamic duo of B.C. Da Mastah M.C. and "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno enter to a huge pop!]

PW: At a total combined weight of 611 pounds... the team of B.C. Da Mastah MC and Mr. Mensa... Manny Imbrogno...

B...C...I...Q!

[The unique duo of BCIQ is truly one of the oddest couples in the AWA, as Manny's wearing his smart tweed blazer with the Mensa emblem on the crest. B.C. is wearing his usual hip hop duds that could come back in style, someday. Of course B.C.'s rocking the mic, and Imbrogno's rocking the Kindle.]

BC: AY YO, IT'S THE RHYMIN' FOOLS READY TO DO THEIR GIG  
LOOK AT THEM GUYS IN THE RING, MAN, THEY'RE BIG

THEY'RE SCARY DUDES, CALL THEMSELVES AFTERSHOCK  
WE AIN'T SCARED, HECK, WE'RE READY TO ROCK

THEY SHAKIN' AND QUAKIN' LIKE IT'S GOIN' OUT OF STYLE  
BUT THEM FOOLS AIN'T LIKE US, 'CAUSE WE'RE VERSATILE

[Both men stop at ringside, and look up at the massive mountains of humanity looking down upon them, a little offended that B.C. is implying that they lack style.]

I ADMIT, I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT GEOLOGY  
SO GONNA PASS THE MIC TO MANNY FOR HIS RHYMOLOGY!

[B.C., with a grin on his face, hands the mic off to Imbrogno, who is ready to kick it old school, real old school!]

MI: They call me Mr. Mensa...  
I'm the world's smartest man.  
You ask if I can budge these behemoths...

[Imbrogno jerks a thumb at Aftershock.]

MI: I reply - I think I can, I think I can.

[Lee Tremors shouts something at Imbrogno who ignores the insult.]

MI: I can battle on the mat.  
I can leap and I can fly.  
Through the air I'll leap and soar...  
Only their glucose level will reach as high.

[The crowd cheers as B.C. chuckles, making a "fat guy" face with the puffed out cheeks. Imbrogno shakes his head at his partner.]

MI: The struggle's set to begin.  
The war about to break out.  
I only hope we can finish them quickly.

[Mr. Mensa flashes a grin at the opposition.]

MI: So that they can make sure to get take out.

[Imbrogno hands the mic back to the ring announcer who steps out of the ring as BC Da Mastah MC steps into the ring as Mr. Mensa takes his place out on the ring apron, slapping the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Some amusing comments from both BC and Mr. Mensa.

BW: I'm not so sure that's the smartest thing to do from the world's smartest man, Gordo. I wouldn't want to tick off these two monsters.

[The referee signals for the bell to start the match as BC Da Mastah MC turns around, giving his belly a slap...]

...and finds the 475 pound Richter Lane staring across at him.]

GM: Oh brother.

BW: It's a rare occasion when the Notorious P.I.G. finds himself in there with someone that outsizes him but Richter Lane is six foot six and nearly five hundred pounds, Gordo.

[Lane slaps himself across the chest, his hand causing a ripple on impact as he gives a shout at his opponent.]

GM: Richter Lane's telling everyone's favorite wrestling rapper to bring it on.

[BC quickly obliges, waddling across the ring to meet Lane in the middle where he uncorks a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Here we go! Right hand... and another... there's a third!

[Grabbing Lane by his long black dreadlocks, BC hauls him into a neutral corner...]

...and SMASHES his skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: BC's trying to take the fight to Lane... look at this!

[The crowd counts along as BC opts to repeat the slam into the buckles.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lane wobbles backwards out of the corner, his arms spinning around and round as BC hoists his massive frame up onto the middle rope.]

GM: BC's taking aim...

[BC wheels his arms around one another, drawing a prolonged "oooooooooooooooooh" from the crowd before he leaps off, smashing a forearm down between the eyes of Lane!]

GM: BC's trying to chop this massive tree down to size, Bucky.

BW: It's going to take a lot to take Richter Lane off his feet if you ask me, Gordo.

[BC shakes his head in irritation as he stomps towards the stumbling Lane, spreading his arms wide...]

...and CLAPPING his arms together on the ears of Lane!]

GM: Ohh! That'll ring your bell!

[With Lane wobbling, BC approaches his corner, slapping the hand of "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno who slips through the ropes, promptly throwing himself into a dropkick on the chin of the six foot six Lane!]

GM: Imbrogno scores with a dropkick... right back to his feet... and there's a second one!

[A pair of Imbrogno forearms across the chest knocks Lane against the ropes where Mr. Mensa grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[And as Imbrogno hits the ropes, he gets caught with a knee in the lower back by Lee Tremors!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot from out on the apr-

[Mr. Mensa stumbles back into the waiting arms of Lane who lifts Imbrogno off the mat under his armpit, spinning him around once...]

...and DRIVING him into the canvas with a thunderous side slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might do it! That might be it right there!

[The former sumo wrestler slides his weight over the chest of Imbrogno.]

GM: One! Two! Th-

[Somehow Imbrogno slides out from under the near five hundred pounds atop him, breaking the pin attempt...]

GM: Mr. Mensa's out at two...

BW: I suppose you'd say he was smart enough to know how to get out from under Richter Lane, Gordo.

GM: It's a logical point.

[Lane pushes up to a knee, sliding to the corner where he slaps the hand of a waiting Lee Tremors.]



GM: Tremors in off the tag, pulling Mr. Mensa back to his feet... ohh! Big forearm smash across the back of the head puts him right back down on his knees!

[Tremors leans down, pulling Imbrogno off the mat by the hair, holding him facing away...]

GM: Manny Imbrogno's got his back turned to- oh! Headbutt by Tremors!

[Holding the hair, Tremors slams his skull into Mr. Mensa's over and over and over...]

...and then suddenly secures a full nelson, lifting Imbrogno off the mat and throwing him down hard on the back of his head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FULL! NELSON! SLAAAAAM!

[Tremors drops to all fours, applying a cover of his own.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, Imbrogno slides a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin.]

GM: Not enough to keep Imbrogno down for a three count. These two men that we've come to call BCIQ really want that Stampede Cup opportunity, Bucky.

BW: It's a chance to do something big for them. On any given night, any wrestler - any team - can get red hot and beat any other team. When you're looking at a tournament like this over a weekend, it'd be real easy for an underdog to get on a roll and run off four wins in a row. Four wins on that particular weekend means you're an instant millionaire and a major superstar in the wrestling world.

[Tremors drags Imbrogno off the mat by the hair, flinging him into the neutral corner...]

GM: Tremors puts him in the corner... backing down now...

[Standing in the opposite buckles, Tremors gives himself a couple slaps across the chest before breaking into a sprint, moving his 315 pounds quickly across the ring...]

GM: AVALAAAAAN-

[Imbrogno gets a big cheer as he throws himself into a cartwheel, avoiding the running splash as Tremors slams chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[With Tremors dazed, Imbrogno charges the corner where Tremors just hit, stepping to the top rope in two long climbing strides...

...and immediately flipping blindly backwards, catching Tremors squarely in the chest and toppling him down to the mat as Imbrogno hooks both legs tightly!]

GM: BACKFLIP PRESS OFF THE TOP!!

[The referee dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd roars as an incoming Richter Lane tries to break up the pin with a slow-walking elbowdrop...

...but an ever-thinking Imbrogno rolls to the side, causing Lane to CRUSH his own partner under a nearly-500 pound elbowdrop!]

GM: Good grief! Lee Tremors just got flattened under his own partner!

[With Lane seated on the mat, Imbrogno throws a low dropkick to the mush, knocking him down onto his back. He pops up, pumping a fist to the cheers of the crowd before reaching back to the corner, tagging BC Da Mastah MC back into the fray.]

GM: Mr. Mensa makes the exchange again and here comes BC!

[BC pulls a hurting Tremors off the mat, waving Imbrogno over to his side as they each grab an arm...]

GM: Double whip by BCIQ...

[Imbrogno drops down, causing Tremors to hurdle over him...

...and right down onto a bent knee from BC!]

GM: Inverted atomic drop!

[Tremors leans over, clutching his nether regions as BC straightens up with an uppercut, snapping Tremors backwards and down onto his back.]

GM: BC drops Tremors...

[Lane gets back to his feet, raising his hands over his head for a double axehandle...

...but gets a big battering ram headbutt into the flabby midsection!]

GM: Haha! BC goes low on the big man!

[Grabbing Lane by the cornrows again, BC walks him over towards a rising Tremors...

...and SLAMS their skulls together!]

GM: Aftershock has a meeting of the minds!

[With their opponents dazed, Manny Imbrogno scales the turnbuckles, waiting and watching as Richter Lane slowly turns...

...and throws himself off the top, toppling Lane with a crossbody press!]

GM: DOWN GOES LANE!!

[Imbrogno pops back up, ignoring the protesting referee as BC grabs Tremors by the arm, firing him into the ropes again...]

GM: Tremors off the far side... big right hand to the gut by BC!

[With Tremors doubled up, Imbrogno deadleaps high into the air, lacing his leg behind the neck of Tremors...

...and DRIVES him facefirst into the mat!]

GM: OH MY!! A modified bulldog out of Imbrogno... look at BC!

[The crowd is buzzing as BC begins to scale the buckles, giving a swirl with his fist that starts up the music once more...]

GM: Here comes the Turntable!

[...and DROPS it all down across a prone Tremors!]

GM: That's gotta do it!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice... and three times before calling for the bell.]

GM: BCIQ picks up another victory!

BW: Even if you don't like these two goofballs - and I certainly don't - you gotta be impressed by what they just pulled off. Aftershock ain't no pushovers, Gordo, and these two just scored a big win against them.

GM: Is it enough to earn them a spot in the Stampede Cup tournament?

BW: I'm not sure about that. Like we said earlier, there's a whole lot of top notch teams still looking for one of those final six spots... will these two goofs be one of the teams that makes it? I guess we'll have to wait and see.

GM: I suppose so but the Selection Committee may have to consider these two men long and hard after this victory, Bucky. Fans, let's go backstage where I'm told Mark Stegklet is standing by with some of the participants in tonight's big six man tag team battle! Mark?

[Backstage, where Mark Stegklet is standing by. To his right is Hannibal Carver, dressed in a black hooded sweatshirt with the hood pulled over his head and a pair of black jeans, flanked by Supernova and Sultan Azam Sharif.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Hannibal Carver, tonight you and your teammates take on Terry Shane III and two partners of his choosing. Does not knowing the identity of all your opponents tonight worry you or throw you off your game plan?

[Carver smirks as he pulls down the hood from his head.]

HC: Worry me? Should I be worried when I have two of the most solid athletes in this sport by my side? Should I be worried that anyone worth a damn wouldn't cross a room to spit on Terry Shane if he was on fire?

[Carver glares at Mark.]

HC: Nah, I ain't worried. Last time, me and Sharif were ready to get this done. Like I said, a line in the sand was drawn. But instead of crossing it and getting the job done like men, we got more playground bully garbage. Those two KNEW they didn't stand a snowball's chance in hell against me and the Sultan, so they took the cheap way out.

Whether it's his playmates, Royalty, or ANYONE else. Anyone that'd actually give him the time of day is someone NONE of us have any problem battering around that ring. Tonight, there will be no halfway finish. Tonight, the men left standing will be the men that got the job done. There's too many folks running around attacking people outside the ring when they aren't looking, or trying to play political games to get what they want. All we want, is an end to all these cowards. Like I said before, war never changes... tonight, that ring is gonna be nothing but casualties.

[Carver glances sideways at Sharif.]

HC: Tell 'em Sultan.

SAS: Mistair Honnibul Carvair, I diddunt undairstond vhy a mon vould try to be a wrastlair if he is afraid to fight his own fight. Mork Lonset is a phony, dey say he vas Hall Of Fame but he use his slave Dahveed Coopair, un now also Larry Doyul, Konny Stuntun, un Brud Jacob. Maybe dey diddunt know. I vas lied to for long time by Count Batwaite, so maybe dis is same thing. Maybe dese jehbronies dot Terry Shahn hide behind, dey are same vay. I do not know.

But I know, un all dese peepell know, un all ontollEgunt AmerEcun know, all Iranian peepell know: dese gangs hof to be put down! Dey vil make all

wrestling a gang var, un nobody vill find out who is deh best vun-on-vun. Who is deh best mon! I belief I om deh best wrastlair in deh world. I vont to know it is true! I vont to face all deh best wrastlairs! But ven dey use gang, nothing is proven. Deh whole sport is ruin if dot hopen! Un I vill not allow dot. Terry Shahn, Mork Lonset, you should be ashame to do vat you did! You are both phony, un now ve three hof to team up... not to gang up on fewair peepell like you do. Not to attock peepell, jump deir bocks, avoid fair motch... no. Ve hof to do it to GET fair motch! Un den, ven ve do, you gonna know who is deh REAL.

MS: Supernova, what about it?

S: What about it, Mark? What it comes down to is this: These two men besides me come from different walks of life than I do, but one thing we have in common is that we'd rather fight our battles ourselves instead of relying on a bunch of other people to bail us out if things didn't go our way. Between Royalty, the Shane Gang, and the Unholy Alliance, we've got a bunch of people around this place who would rather just use the numbers game to get what they want.

Well, if that's the way these men want to play it, then the time comes when men from different walks of life, who share a common belief, have to come together and put a stop to it! And, yeah, each of us may be what you would call... unorthodox in our methods, maybe a little eccentric even. But we are men of principle and we certainly aren't going to stand for any more of this gang warfare going on! Terry Shane, it starts with you and whoever are the two men you drag down to the ring with you... bring your gang, bring Royalty, bring whoever Percy Childes has doing his bidding... because the three of us will be more than happy to take them all down!

MS: They know not who they face tonight, but they do seem ready as ever. Fans, we'll be right back with Bucky Wilde's Call Of The Wilde featuring the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Dave Bryant, so don't you dare go away!

[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 Phil Watson is already standing inside the ring waiting to proceed.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring... he hails from Wagga Wag-

?: Hold on just a second there, pal!

[The interruption leads to a loud round of boos, as Alphonse Green steps out onto the aisleway. Green is wearing his 'hot' selling "Mecha Alphonse Green" T-shirt on top of his usual wrestling gear. Green cracks a smile as the camera fades to a visibly annoyed Phil Watson.]

AG: There's a big fight feel in the arena tonight, Phil! Look, you have Australia's greatest athlete right there in the ring, taking on America's greatest athlete! I mean, he doesn't even get a proper entrance! He just jogs on down the aisle to the sounds of silence! That's just wrong somehow.

[Green pauses for a second.]

AG: Fortunately, I figured that this would happen, so I suggested to the sound guys the proper theme song for Zack Kelly there. We either go big, or go home, and there's no way I can let my fans just go home without seeing me! Let's just start the whole thing over, shall we?

[Green cracks his creepy smile, then turns and exits. Meanwhile in the ring, Watson and Kelly share a confused glance. Suddenly "Down Under" by Men at Work starts to blare over the PA as Kelly's confused look turns into a look of anger. Watson simply shakes his head, inconvenienced by having to re-do the introductions.]

GM: Ugh, this is terrible. I can tell this match is gonna be a pleasure to sit through

BW: Love the music! Love it!.

PW: \*ahem\* Introducing first, already in the ring... he hails from Wagga Wagga, Australia and weighs in at two-hundred and forty-seven pounds. Here is... "OUTBACK" ZACK KELLY!

[Kelly shoots a glare over at Watson, who shrugs his shoulders, with his apology being picked up over the mic. Kelly turns his head towards the aisleway, looking ready for a fight. Kelly quickly removes his vest and hat, slamming them to the mat in frustration.]

PW: And his opponent..

["Down Under" fades out as the unmistakable voice of Freddy Mercury booms over the PA to a heavy chorus of boos.]

# 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..

PW: From Windermere, Florida, weighing in tonight at one hundred and ninety nine pounds, he is the "King of the Battle Royals".. ALPHONSE GREEN!

[And as "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks into high gear, Alphonse Green steps out onto the aisleway. The rather few members of Gang Green in the audience are having their cheers drowned by the boos from the crowd. Green, of course, thinks the boos are for his opponent. Green is pumping his fist, chanting "U-S-A!" as he makes his way down the aisle. Usually this would get the crowd chanting along, but this time the crowd doesn't play along.]

BW: U-S-A! U-S-A!

GM: Would you knock that off? That's how badly Green's got this crowd against him, only he could not get this crowd to chant "USA"!

[Green hops on the apron, looking out over his public, a grin forming on his face. Green steps through the ropes, where Kelly rushes him!]

BW: Look out!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Kelly wasting no time, taking the fight to Green!

BW: Do they teach them how to cheap shot down in the Outback or something?

[Kelly lays into Green with rapid lefts and rights, and grabs Green's shirt collar.]

BW: Hands off the merchandise, Aussie!

[Despite Green's protests not to touch the shirt, Kelly pulls the shirt over Green's head! Green swings wildly, not able to see, as Kelly continues the early onslaught.]

GM: These fans are loving this action early on in this one!

BW: They're loving this criminal cheating at every opportunity?!

GM: Criminal?!

BW: Yeah! Australia's a penal colony!

GM: Not anymore!

[Kelly nails Green with a knife edge chop, sending Green through the ropes to the floor below! The crowd shows their appreciation as Green stumbles to his feet.]

GM: Kelly off to a fantastic start in this match, and he's really got the crowd going! What a feather in the cap it would be if Kelly finally picks up a victory.

BW: At this rate, Kelly could very well break Hugh Jenner's 27 year losing streak. He's gonna need to win sooner or later, but he won't if Green gets back into this match!

[Green takes off the shirt and throws it to the floor, glaring up at Kelly who beckons him to step back in the ring. Green mouths something that isn't picked up, but it appears to be enough to set off Kelly, who steps through the ropes.]

GM: Whatever he said, it's riled up Kelly! He's outside, giving chase!

[Green looks behind him, making sure Kelly's a safe distance away as he slides into the ring through the bottom rope. Kelly slides in after him, but Green is waiting, catching him with a sliding dropkick to the head!]

BW: Hah! Green used Kelly's Australian temper against him! He totally outsmarted him! Not that it would be hard to outsmart Kelly, mind you.



[Green pounds away at the downed Kelly, then pulls him to his feet, just to gouge his eyes to the boos of the crowd! Green steps back and points to his head, acting like he outsmarted Kelly.]

GM: Cheapshot by Alphonse Green right there... but he's losing focus on his opponent, not paying attention, turning his back. Green has a tendency to take his opponents too lightly and do things like this, Bucky.

BW: He needs to turn around though 'cause Kelly's shaking it off!

[Wiping his eye with the back of his hand, Kelly shakes off the effects of the attacks, sees Green not paying attention, and charges in just as Green turns around!]

GM: Down goes Green after that shoulder tackle and these fans here in Dallas CERTAINLY liked that!

BW: I can't understand why these people hate Alphonse Green, Gordo. He's a national hero in my book!

GM: Your book only has six pages and is a scratch-and-sniff pop-up book!

[Bucky grunts in disagreement as Kelly waits for Green to make his way to his feet, then takes him down with another shoulder block!]

GM: Down goes Green again... and he's looking for an escape!

[Scrambling to the corner, Green looks to get out of the ring but Kelly follows him in, dragging him up to his feet and shoving him back into the buckles where he grabs an arm...]

GM: Cross-corner whip by Kelly and- ohhh! Green SLAMS hard to the corner!

[Kelly sees Green in trouble, slumped against the buckles, and charges in behind him...]

GM: Here comes Kelly.. no! Nobody home as Green moves out of the way!

BW: Another case of Green outsmarting this Aussie goon.

[Kelly stumbles back as Green wraps his arms around Kelly's waist. With great effort, Green is somehow able to take Kelly up and over with a release German suplex! The crowd "ooooohs" at the show of power.]

BW: What a show of strength by the King of the Battle Royals!

GM: I didn't think he had it in him, even he looks surprised!

[Green looks around, wondering what happened. The brief moment of confusion disappears, however, as Green realizes that he actually took

someone much bigger than him down with a power move! Green flexes his muscles to the boos of the crowd.]

GM: Nice muscles. At least he's not trying to press slam or bear hug people anymore.

BW: Green's got a lot of untapped power, Gordo. He's gonna press slam someone one of these days, you'll see!

GM: Maybe when you-know-where freezes over.

[Green makes his way over to Kelly, grabbing his legs. He looks to the crowd for approval, and doesn't get any. Undeterred, Green shouts "Last Rites!"]

GM: What the-? Bucky, is he actually going to try that legendary submission hold?

BW: Green's bag of tricks runs very deep, Gordo. He could very well perform that move better than Caleb Temple himself.

[Green looks like he's about to lock in the famous Scorpion Deathlock submission hold, then suddenly stomps down on Kelly's midsection in a questionable area!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! That had to be low! Ricky Longfellow checking Kelly, now he's asking Green about that kick. That just has to be a disqualification!

[Kelly rolls around on the canvas in agony as the referee admonishes Green for the questionable kick. Green raises his arms, and we can pick up Green saying "I didn't kick him in the Joey! Come on!". As soon as the ref turns to check on Kelly, Green turns to the camera and winks.]

GM: That's an admission of guilt right there!

BW: Nah, he had something in his eye. Must have picked it up from the dirt in Kelly's fingernails. Who knows where they've been?

[Green turns back to Kelly and nudges the ref aside before picking the Australian up off the mat. He grabs him around the waist, lifting him up, and drops him down in an inverted atomic drop! Kelly drops to the mat, rolling around on the mat in pain.]

GM: Talk about your insult to injury, this is getting out of hand.

BW: I think Kelly somehow caught Green low too! Green's rolling around the mat too!

[Green dropped to the mat, rolling around in 'agony', meaning he's got a grin on his face. Green decides that he's had enough of mocking Kelly, and jumps to his feet.]

GM: I said it before, but one of these days Green's unnecessary mocking of his opponents is going to come back to haunt him!

[Green nudges Kelly on Kelly's backside with his boot to the corner. As Kelly struggles to his feet, Green looks out to the crowd, and once again Green can be heard, saying "I'm hungry! Let's finish this!"]

GM: Green says he's looking to end it right here.

[He reaches back, hooking Kelly around the head and neck like he's going for a snap mare and rushing towards the corner, scaling the turnbuckles, floating over into an inverted DDT position...

...and drops back, SLAMMING the back of Kelly's head into the canvas with his version of Sliced Bread!]

GM: Good grief! What a move!

[Green throws his arms apart in a "it's over" gesture with a mighty shout of "We're going to Applebee's!", Green makes the cover.]

GM: The Hunger Strike connects and this one's academic, folks. Longfellow drops down to count, one, two.. OH COME ON!

[The referee admonishes Green again after Green interrupts the count. Green ignores the admonishment, choosing to paint brush Kelly. Green points his finger in Kelly's face and is heard saying "I wanted to show you respect! You pay me back by jumping me?? All you Australians are LOSERS! You're gonna be eating vegemite through a straw, pal!"]

BW: That's ridiculous!

GM: You're finally coming around?

BW: Eating vegemite through a straw? Eating vegemite period? That's gross! Don't you agree?

GM: I wouldn't know but what I do know is that Green could finish this at any time..

[Green pulls Kelly to his feet, then runs towards the ropes. Green leaps up to the second rope, then turns around and cracks Kelly across the mouth with his Ground Chuck kick!]

GM: And hopefully that should be it! Longfellow makes the count, one, two, and there's the three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

["Don't Stop Me Now" plays over the PA again as Green looks down at Kelly in disdain. However, the look on his face quickly disappears, replaced by a look of concern.]

PW: The winner of the match, the "King of the Battle Royals".. ALPHONSE GREEN!

[Green backs off of Kelly, and motions for the mic from Watson. Watson seems hesitant at first, but hands Green the mic once he notices the look of concern on his face.]

AG: Hold on a second guys, cut the music please.

["Don't Stop Me Now" fades, as Green lets out a sigh, shaking his head.]

AG: I just had a moment of clarity. This was supposed to be a friendly competition of America vs. Australia, and I took it a bit too far. I started off with having the sound guys play that silly old song. I took a liberty, or two, during the match, and I even let my temper get the better of me near the end there, and I'm sorry.

[Green looks down at the downed Kelly, and bends over to help him up.]

AG: Hey, are you okay, buddy? Listen, I'm going to make this up to you, okay?

[Green pulls Kelly to his feet, and holds on to him until Kelly can shake the cobwebs. Green seemingly dusts Kelly off.]

AG: I'm going to buy you a nice first class ticket for your flight back home to Australia, okay? Would you like that?

[The crowd seems surprised by this sudden sportsmanship from Green, and Green raises Kelly's hand in triumph as the crowd claps. Suddenly, a sick grin forms on Green's face.]

AG: ....would you like to ride.. with Alphonse Green?

[Green suddenly grabs Kelly, and with a mighty heave, hurls him over the top rope to a chorus of boos! Green dusts his hands off as he cackles in approval.]

GM: I knew it was too good to be true!

BW: He got him a first class ticket on board the Gang Green Flying Machine!

[Green picks the dropped mic back up with a big smile on his face.]

AG: Hail to the King of the Battle Royals, baby! Oooooooooohhhh!!!!

[Green quickly leaves the ring to survey his handiwork. He raises his arms in triumph before running back up the aisleway, yelling "Oooooooooohhhh!!!!" all the way up the ramp.]

GM: I just hope Hudson gets a measure of revenge on Green for what happened two weeks ago, Bucky.

BW: Well, with Dave Bryant on Call of the Wilde in just a few minutes here, I wouldn't be surprised if Hudson wasn't far behind. You just might get what you want, but with the roll that Green's been on lately, be careful what you wish for!

GM: Indeed. And Bucky is correct, in mere moments, he'll be stepping into the center of the squared circle to hopefully finally get to the bottom of this mystery that Dave Bryant, the Longhorn Heritage Champion, has been putting us through for the past several months. Just what is inside that velvet bag that we've all assumed contains a new Longhorn Heritage Title belt? And what did he mean when he referred to the Longhorn Heritage championship as a "dead title" a few weeks ago?

BW: Oh, I'm gettin' the answers, daddy. You ain't talkin' 'bout some incompetent and impotent sack of wasted words like Dane or Michaelson or even Patterson. Bucky Wilde is the man who gets the answers to the questions that the whole world is askin'.

GM: We're about to find out if that's the case... but before we do, let's go right back up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, in the ring at this time, from Watertown, New York and weighing in at 235 pounds... this is Charlie Stephens!

[The young man steps from his corner, raising one fist high as he keeps his focus on the aisle. He paces backward and rolls his neck in preparation for the match ahead.]

BW: I have to be honest, I've kind of been looking forward to seeing what this man's opponent is capable of.

GM: I think we've all seen what he's capable of in recent weeks... stabbing his own brother in the back, dismissing his family, turning his back on the people who loved and raised him... Tulsa Von Braun should be ashamed of himself!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent... coming down the aisle accompanied by the Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes...

This is TULLY BRAAAAAAAWWWWWN!

[There's no theme music, oddly. Percy Childes accompanies the young man. Dressed in blue trunks, kneepads, and black boots, the young man casually strolls down the aisle with an awkward smile and a curious expression. He

still has on the white teeshirt from earlier, but it's soaked from his wet hair and he tugs it up and over his head as he reaches the steps and tosses the rag aside with casual disinterest. He turns to look at the camera, "Do you see me now?"]

GM: Odd expression in the eyes of Brawn... taking a moment to address the camera. Maybe some words for his brother - remember, Brian Von Braun has asked this man - his own brother - to come out here later tonight and confront him man to man.

BW: You mention the odd expression on his face though. It's interesting, Gordo. He's looking at the ring with a sort of... boyish wonder. I mean, he's pretty much a rookie in this sport so I suppose that's understandable but he hardly looks the part of a man set to do battle in there.

[Brawn steps between the ropes and immediately leans back in his corner as Childes leans over the ropes, talking to the young man. Brawn smiles as he listens, offering a quick nod in response as the referee calls for the bell.]

GM: The youngest member of the Von Braun family... Tully stands back from his opponent, keeping in his corner and listening to advice from his manager, the devious Percy Childes.

BW: Smart move from the rookie... he may come from a veteran family, but he's listening to the advice of a man who knows the ins and outs of that ring.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell sounds and Tully Brawn wastes no time in stepping out of the corner, circling to his left as Charlie Stephens moves to his right, trying to keep from giving Brawn an easy angle at which to strike.]

GM: The two men circling in the opening moments of this one... and there's the tieup. Brawn quickly moves into a side headlock, wrenching on the neck of Stephens.

BW: And despite the lack of muscles, you can see the power rippling through Tully Brawn with that headlock... really putting the squeeze on the skull of his opponent.

GM: The fans are all over him already.

BW: I don't get that, Gordo.

GM: Are you serious? The man betrayed his own flesh and blood!

BW: Yeah but it ain't like Brian Von Braun's ever been a hero to these people anyways. He's a lowdown, traitorous son of a gun in his own right. He used to be in the Southern Syndicate. Am I the only one who remembers that?

GM: It's family though, Bucky. Family turning on family is hard for anyone to stomach - no matter who it is.

[The rookie breaks his opponent down, forcing him down to a knee where Brawn skillfully gets his back turned to the official, blocking the referee's vision as Brawn smashes a closed fist into the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Closed fist but the ref couldn't get a clear shot of it. He thinks it happened but-

BW: But if he didn't see it, he can't call it, daddy.

[With his opponent down, Brawn secures the side headlock again, hanging on tight as Percy Childes shouts advice from the corner.]

GM: Tully Brawn may be a rookie but he's showing some good instincts in there as he tries to ground his opponent and wear him down with this side headlock.

BW: Those ain't instincts, Gordo - the kid was trained by Percy and the Aces. That makes him better than his family pedigree ever could.

GM: I wouldn't say that. And the fans are trying to rally behind Charlie Stephens, rooting him back up off the mat...

[Stephens gets a knee under him as a small chant starts to break out at ringside.]

GM: What are they...?

BW: "Tully Non Brawn." Ridiculous. I read some stuff online where people were calling him that. Apparently it's spreading to here in the Coliseum.

[The chant grows louder, causing an obviously-irritated Tully Brawn to swing his head back and forth, glancing one way and then the other...]

GM: The rookie's letting this chant get to him and Stephens is back up off the mat now on his feet...

[Obviously distracted, Brawn makes his first mistake of the match, allowing Stephens to drive an elbow into the side and break the hold!]

GM: Stephens is loose... and quickly to the ropes...

[With just a few steps of momentum, Stephens throws an arm out, knocking Tully Brawn down with a clothesline to even more cheers from the supportive crowd as Stephens pumps a fist in triumph.]

GM: Charlie Stephens getting a little bit ahead of himself perhaps.

BW: He ain't won nothin' yet, Gordo... but Tully Brawn can't be listening to these fans while he's inside that ring. Percy should've prepped him for that.

[The youngest Von Braun scrambles to his feet before being taken right back down with an armdrag.]

GM: Nice armdrag by Charlie Stephens!

[Stephens is immediately back to his feet which puts him in the perfect position to greet a rising Brawn with a dropkick on the chin, knocking him back down to the mat!]

GM: The armdrag is followed up by a dropkick and Tully Brawn is looking for higher ground, fans!

[The fans roar with jeers as Brawn bails out to the floor, clutching his chin from the contact on the dropkick. He winces, stepping back as Percy Childes joins him, angrily gesturing with his crystal-topped cane towards the ring as he puts an arm around his young rookie.]

GM: Childes is trying to give this kid some pointers, I think.

BW: Why do you sound so disgusted when you say that?

GM: Because I can only imagine what kind of advice this man would give.

[Childes steers Tully Brawn away from the ring, walking him around and chattering in his ear as Brawn nods in understanding. With the referee counting, we zoom in close enough to see Brawn rubbing his chin in pain again, glaring up at the ring as Percy gives advice, telling his man to keep calm and keep in control.]

BW: Good advice there, Gordo.

GM: Sounded like it. Now we find out if Brawn can take that advice and take advantage of it. He climbs the ringside steps at the count of five... stepping back into the ring now.

BW: And you want to talk about mistakes - Charlie Stephens stayed in the ring the whole time. He didn't even take a step towards jumping the rookie out on the floor.

GM: That's called good sportsmanship.

BW: I call it idiotic.

[With Brawn back inside the ring, they go back into a tieup that Stephens quickly turns into an armtwist...]

GM: Stephens grabs hold of the arm, wrenching it around... but Von Braun quickly rolls forward and right out of that hold.

BW: His name is Brawn, Gordo. He does NOT want to be called Von Braun.



GM: My apologies.

[Stephens dashes to the ropes as Brawn tries to get off the mat, taking too long as he's greeted with a powerful clothesline on his return, knocking him flat!]

GM: Ohh! Tully Brawn connects with a clothesline of his own!

[Brawn attempts a big stomp, causing Stephens to roll to his side, pushing up to his knees...]

GM: No dice on the stomp.

BW: I think he was just trying to psyche him out a-

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Ohh! Chopped DOWN across the man's face... and there's a quick knee to follow, knocking Stephens down to the mat!

[The quick and powerful knee strike to the temple puts Stephens on his back as Brawn stands over him, taunting the downed opponent.]

GM: Tully Brawn may be letting his emotions get the better of him here again, talking when he should be fighting.

BW: He's fightin', Gordo... just be patient.

[Brawn drags Stephens off the mat, pulling him up into a scoop...

...and a big bodyslam deposits Stephens on the canvas!]

GM: Down goes Stephens... but Tully Brawn's on him, dragging him right back up...

[He scoops him up a second time, this time holding Stephens horizontal across his chest...

...and swings him out, dropping him across a bent knee with a backbreaker!]

GM: Good grief! A crushing blow by Brawn and that might be all it takes, Bucky.

BW: It might be but it don't look like Tully Brawn's got any intention to finish this guy off yet.

[Shoving Stephens off his knee to the mat, Brawn staggers to the ropes where he stares out with a confused look, turning his gaze around the arena before locking his eyes on his target. He leans down, taking a measure as the camera catches his fingers tugging the top rope with the force of his weight.]

GM: Brawn's measuring the man... waiting for him to get up...

[But Stephens can only manage to retake a knee before a rushing Brawn DRIVES a knee into the side of the skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! That's it! Stephens is out and-

[Brawn spins away from Stephens, turning to stomp his leg in frustration as he digs his fingers into his hair and yanks with a quick shake of his head. He spins and kneels, stands, kneels... staring at his opponent.]

GM: This kid has got a few marbles loose... I don't know what it is I'm seeing in him, but it kind of scares me. I was kind of expecting something else from the youngest of the Von-

BW: How many times do I have to correct you, Gordo? His name is Tully Brawn - not that name you want to keep saddling him with. He's got no interest in that family. He's turned his back on all of 'em - his momma, his papa, his brothers. What did you expect from him, Gordo? I ain't the biggest Von Braun fan on the block but I know it takes a special kind of crazy to stab blood in the back.

[Brawn angrily stomps the back of Stephens' leg, forcing him to roll to his back where he quickly grabs the foot, yanking the leg out hard before stomping the knee a second time.]

GM: Brawn's going after that leg now... look out here...

[Holding the foot, Brawn spins around in a spinning toehold and then throws himself back down to the mat, snapping the leg out in the process.]

BW: There's been moments where you could tell this kid was certainly a rookie but not the way he's going after that leg. He's looking to prove a point right about now.

[Stephens rolls over, searching for an escape as Brawn grabs the foot, tucking his boot behind the knee as he lifts the leg off the mat...

...and DRIVES the kneecap into the canvas!]

GM: My stars! Charlie Stephens is crying out in pain right about now and the referee needs to take a look at stopping this match in my estimation, fans.

BW: He's stomping the knee again, really going after it.

GM: He could be going for that family legacy - the Von Braun Lock - that so many of the Von Brauns have made famous over the years.

BW: You might be right there... but that sort of flies in the face of everything else he wants to accomplish in this business. If he just uses his family finishing hold, what would that mean for Brawn?

[Brawn looks out at the jeering crowd, shaking his head a little bit, showing some distraction as he blinks the sweat from his eyes as he angrily pulls Stephens off the mat by the hair, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: Brawn hooks him... and takes him over with a big suplex!

[But the suplex proves to be more of a positioning tool than anything else as he loops Stephens' ankle over the now-closer bottom rope...

...and DROPS a big knee down across the hurting leg!]

GM: Oh, come on now! There's no call for this! Tully Brawn could be on the verge of breaking the leg of this man here tonight and there's absolutely no call for anything like that.

BW: This kid's got surgical focus in attacking the limb and is showing us the kind of wrestler he is tonight.

[Glaring down at Stephens, Brawn pins the ankle down across the bottom rope a second time...

...and then steps up on the second rope, pushing high into the air before dropping rumpfirst across the draped leg!]

GM: Ohh! Brawn's right after the leg again!

[The official warns Brawn who blinks, stepping back with his arms raised. He shakes his head at the referee, a slightly confused look on his features. He starts to talk to the referee, holding five fingers up as he insists he has that count... ]

BW: Tully with some words for the referee, wanting some clarification on the five count...

GM: The referee with a warning for Brawn... wait a minute! Where's Percy Childes going... OH GOOD GRIEF!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Childes winds up, smashing his crystal-topped cane into the leg still draped over the ropes. Stephens cries out in pain as the official wheels around, shouting at Childes who is scampering away with no evidence left behind.]

GM: And now the referee's shouting at Childes instead!

BW: Off a gut feeling no doubt. 'Cause he didn't see nothin'.

[Brawn nudges past the official, pulling a hobbling Stephens up to his feet, whipping him into the ropes. On the rebound, he lifts Stephens around the waist...

...and lunges forward, slamming him down to the mat hard!]

GM: Oh my! A modified version of the spinebuster slam right there and I think he's out on his feet!

[Climbing up, still holding onto Stephens' leg...

...Brawn falls back, smashing the foot and ankle into the canvas at a harsh angle!]

GM: You can give the assist to Percy Childes on that-

BW: I didn't see a thing, Gordo.

GM: Of course not... but I bet you'll see this! Von Braun's got the leg and-

BW: BRAWN!

GM: Tully Brawn with a Von Braun Loc- no! It's a reverse figure four!

[The hold quickly goes to work on the damaged leg, resulting in an immediate submission.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Tully Brawn swiftly releases the hold, rolling up to his feet with his arms raised to the jeers of the crowd. He walks to the corner, stepping up as he raises his arms again, jerking a thumb at himself with a "I did it! I won!"

PW: The winner of the match by way of submission...

TULLLLLLLYYYY BRAWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWN!

[Brawn is all smiles even as the fans boo! He turns and walks to the opposite corner, lifting his arms again as the referee tries to check on Charlie Stephens.]

GM: Tully Brawn is victorious here in his first match in the AWA with that reverse figure four... and get him away from Charlie Stephens!

[Shoving his way in front of the official, Brawn shoves his wrist at him with a, "Raise my hand! Come on... I won!"

GM: The referee's trying to help an injured opponent out here in the ring but Tully Brawn's demanding that his hand be raised. Disgusting.

[Percy Childes joins his charge in the ring, all smile as a puzzled referee lifts Tully Brawn's hand as Charlie Stephens rolls out to the floor, clutching his leg in pain.]

GM: Percy Childes is in there now, raising the hand of the man he just helped win his first match in the AWA... although it hardly looked as though Brawn needed any help from Childes... however Childes has never hesitated to strike a downed man even if it's not needed.

BW: I don't know what you're talking about... Tully Brawn applied a reverse figure four and tapped Charlie Stephens out! Percy Childes is grooming a future star in this sport and Tully Brawn will one day be a major player in the AWA. I predict it here and now! Tully Brawn is going to be a star!

GM: It's certainly a possibility considering his family tree and the level of training he is receiving at the hands of The Aces and Percy Childes - no matter their motivation for doing so.

[Brawn stands in the ring, raining down insults on a hurting Stephens who is curled up on the floor with an AWA official kneeling next to him.]

GM: The man talks a good game - especially when his opponent is laid out. But we'll see later tonight if he's got the guts to come out here and talk like that to his big brother when Brian Von Braun calls out this man, Tully Brawn. Fans, we're going to take another break right now and when we come back, Bucky Wilde will be inside the ring for-

BW: It's The Call Of The Wilde, daddy! Yeah!

GM: But before we do, let's take a look at what happened earlier this week when The Rave met The Longhorn Riders in a Stampede Cup Qualifying Matchup. Roll it!

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK." It's a smallish arena - smaller than we see many AWA shows in - but it's a hot crowd, screaming their heads off right when we come up to see Pete Colt being double whipped across the ring by Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG.

We note a lack of an announcer present, just the sounds of the ring in the air as Colt ducks under a double clothesline attempt, bouncing off the far ropes...

...and mowing down the members of The Rave with a thunderous double clothesline that puts 'em both down. This big move actually earns Pete Colt some cheers to his surprise... and perhaps dismay. But hey, I suppose the fans have to cheer for someone, right?

A quick tag brings Pete's brother, Jim, into the fray where he lets loose a haymaker to the skull of the rising Jezz, sending him flying back into the turnbuckles. Shizz Dawg tries to catch Jim from behind with a pair of forearms but Jim Colt simply absorbs them, turning around with a shake of the head. He rushes Shizz Dawg who tries to cover up with both arms,

getting bullied back into the corner with a pair of right hands and a back elbow under the chin.

With both members of The Rave in jeopardy, Jim Colt grabs an arm on Shizz Dawg, firing him across where he slams into his own partner. The two Rave members stay standing in the buckles as Jim stampedes across the ring, throwing up an arm at the last moment to deliver a clothesline to the back of Shizz Dawg's head, smashing him into Jerby Jezz as well! The crowd "ohhhhs" at the impactful move and then repeats it as Jim Colt flings Shizz Dawg through the ropes to the floor, turning his focus to a dazed (and legal) Jerby Jezz...

...as we crossfade to later in the match where Jerby Jezz has Jim Colt down on the mat, stomping and kicking him. He makes a tag out to Shizz Dawg who comes in with style, slingshotting himself over the top rope into a elbowedrop across the kidneys! Quickly, The Rave pulls Jim Colt off the mat. Shizz Dawg leans down, lifting him up by the torso as Jerby Jezz rushes to the ropes. S-DAWG plants him with an inverted atomic drop just as Jerby Jezz comes sailing back, leaping into the air, and flattening a shocked Colt with a leaping back elbow under the chin.

Despite the referee's protests, Shizz Dawg lifts the illegal man up in a quick suplex lift...

...and DROPS him chestfirst across Jim Colt's midsection! Jerby Jezz rolls out as we cut to later in the match.

With both Jerby Jezz and Jim Colt down on the mat, the crowd is cheering... for no apparent favorite. They're apparently just cheering the IDEA of a tag being made and not rooting for anyone in particular to make it. But soon, both men manage to make the tag, bringing a fresh Shizz Dawg OG and Pete Colt into the ring to a big cheer.

Shizz Dawg throws a series of right hands at Pete Colt who shakes them off, grins... and FLIPS S-Dawg end over end with a devastating standing lariat! He dives atop for a surefire victory but Jerby Jezz catapults himself over the top rope, smashing a forearm across Pete Colt's back to break up the pinfall. Jerby Jezz ignores the referee, pulling Pete Colt off the mat and into a front facelock.

The crowd mocks his suplex attempt, even as he's waving for his partner to help. A double suplex is soon attempted as well... which also fails to budge the near three hundred pounder off the mat. Pete Colt breaks away, grabbing a handful of hair on each... and SMASHING their skulls together to another big cheer!

With both members of The Rave dazed, Pete Colt hooks a full nelson on Jerby Jezz who flails his arms and legs, trying to free himself... but gets hoisted high and SLAMMED down hard to the canvas with a great show of power that gets even more cheers from the crowd. He spins to grab an incoming Shizz Dawg around the torso, lifting him high up off the mat... and dropping him facefirst in a flapjack!

The crowd is roaring now as Pete Colt lifts Jerby Jezz back up... and when I say up, I mean UP! A gorilla press lifts Jezz high into the air as Pete Colt walks towards the ropes to dump him over the top... but the illegal Jezz has another trick up his sleeve, reaching down to dig his fingers into the eyes of Pete Colt. The trick works, forcing Colt to set him down on the canvas as Colt staggers into the ropes...

...and a rampaging Rave take him up and over the top with a double running clothesline that takes all three men over the ropes and down to the floor! A huge roar from the crowd shows their appreciation for the high risk move.

Jim Colt drops off the apron, moving to help his brother. He pulls Jerby Jezz off the floor by the arm, going for a whip into the railing but Jezz drops down, baseball sliding to avoid a collision. Colt charges him...

...and eats the steel thanks to a drop toehold out of Jezz! With Jim Colt motionless on the floor, Jezz turns his attention to the bigger brother, waving for some help from Shizz Dawg. Together, they pull Pete Colt to his feet, each grabbing an arm, and HURLING him into the steel ringpost! A barely-conscious Pete Colt collapses to the floor as the referee's double count reaches four. A quick-moving Rave gets into position, Jerby Jezz taking a spot on the ring apron as Shizz Dawg quickly scales to the top rope...

...and Jezz reaches up, flinging his own partner off the top recklessly - a move that turns what would have been an assisted flying splash off the top into an assisted sloppy flipping somersault senton off the top, bringing Shizz Dawg CRASHING down onto a prone Pete Colt. Shizz Dawg pumps a fist in the air, ducking through the ropes as the referee reaches seven... eight... and soon enough, superior countout victory is achieved. We hear a bell and an announcement of The Rave as the newest members of the Field of Sixteen as we fade to black.

...and straight to commercial where we fade into a high end gym. We see a man pumping iron at what appears to be an extremely expensive exercise machine. After catching a glimpse of the man, being in a gym this fancy, working on a machine that's almost as fancy, it's rather fitting. The man is former AWA, EMWC North American champion, and international wrestling superstar Jonas Olrikke.]

JO(voice over): We can't all be this beautiful.

[Olrikke finishes his workout, and a lovely young woman runs up to him, embracing him. The woman smells Olrikke, and smiles. She then turns to the camera, flashing what appears to be a blue and white stick of deodorant.]

Woman #1: Magnifika....

[Fade. Olrikke is dressed up in a \$5,000 suit, dancing a slow dance with another lovely young, dark haired woman. The woman is wearing a black

dress. The pair look into each other's eyes, dancing to what appears to be Olrikke's theme song "Save A Prayer" by Duran Duran.]

JO(voice over): But we can all do our part to smell beautiful.

[The woman leans in, getting a good whiff. The woman then turns towards the camera, with a smile on her face, holding up a blue and yellow bottle of cologne.]

Woman #2: Magnifika....

[Fade. Olrikke is running some hair cream through his hair. Another fade, and he's splashing after shave on his face.]

JO(voice over): Whether you work hard, or play hard, you need that little extra something to maintain a competitive edge.

[Fade. Olrikke is playing tennis with intensity! Look! The hair on his head isn't moving! Fabulous! After returning a shot, Olrikke pumps his fists in victory.]

JO(voice over): Now in America, Europe's number one men's beauty products will keep you smelling and looking fresh 24 hours a day! Try it today!

[Yet another lovely young lady, who appears to have been his playing partner, runs up to him and gives him a hug. After running her hands through his hair and getting a good sniff, she grins and turns towards the camera, holding up a blue and yellow bottle of hair gel.]

Woman #3: Magnifika....

[Fade to black.]

Crossfade back to live action where we find Bucky Wilde standing inside the ring, mic in hand.]

BW: WELCOME... to the number one rated segment in all of professional wrestling! It is the quarter hour that can't be missed... can't be stopped... and can't be controlled!

It's The Call Of The Wilde, daddy... and it starts right NOW!

[The crowd roars... sorta. There's quite a few cheers because... well, let's face it... interesting stuff usually happens on The Call. But there's also a lot of boos because... well, let's face it... Bucky's an overbearing pain in the neck at times. He reacts like he doesn't hear the boos though, nodding his head with a big grin on his face.]

BW: The Call Of The Wilde's all about breaking the big story... blasting out the big news... finding out the answers to the questions that no one else can get answered. That includes that twit Dane.



[Bucky cracks a big grin.]

BW: And tonight, I promise ya, I'm about to break one of the biggest stories in AWA history if my sources are speakin' true. You ain't never gonna forget what you're about to hear.

With that said... at this time, please welcome the reigning and defending Longhorn Heritage Champion..."The Doctor of Love", Dave Bryant!

["Big Gun" by AC/DC hits and the boos pour in. The current Longhorn Heritage champion strolls out from the curtain, wearing a huge smirk and his usual ring robe. Bryant pauses a few steps down the aisle, hoists the velvet bag over his head, still smirking, then makes his way all the way down the aisle to the ring. Bryant pauses just inside the ropes, again holding the bag up in the air, waving sarcastically to the crowd as he moves to the middle of the ring where Bucky awaits him.]

BW: Welcome to The Call Of The Wilde, champ!

[The crowd isn't overly fond of Bucky either, so the boos re-erupt.]

DB: Thanks, Bucky, and let me just say that it is a privilege to be here on The Call Of The Wilde, and to be interviewed by the most respected, knowledgeable wrestling mind in the business.

[Bryant sticks out a hand, and Bucky, beaming, gladly shakes it.]

DB: Now, Bucky, I know we could exchange pleasantries all day in front of our adoring fans...

[Bryant turns and grins at the crowd, who respond less than kindly.]

DB: ...but there's business to be taken care of. I know what you want to ask, so why don't you go ahead and do the honors?

[Bucky grins, rubbing his hands together with barely-concealed glee.]

BW: All right...here we go. What's in that bag you've been carrying around for so long now? Is it a new Longhorn Heritage title?

[Bryant shakes his head.]

DB: No, Bucky, it's not. You remember when I said the title in that filthy canvas bag was dead? It wasn't a joke, it wasn't a rib, it wasn't some lame attempt to get under Hudson's skin. It was the absolute, one hundred percent truth.

[Bryant pauses, milking the moment he's been waiting weeks to reveal.]

DB: The Longhorn Heritage Title no longer exists, Bucky.

[The crowd buzzes in confusion as Bryant holds up one hand, then reaches into the bag, producing an envelope.]

DB: This letter here is from our new President, Karl O'Connor. It's pretty simple, really, but it confirms that I'm not just up here blowing smoke...and more importantly, it confirms that the belt in this bag is the replacement for the Longhorn Heritage championship, and it confirms the most important fact at all, that Dave Bryant is the first holder of this new championship!

[Bryant hands the letter over to Bucky, who unfolds and quickly scans it.]

BW: If you people would shut it for just one second --

[BOOOOOOO!!!]

BW: HEY! This letter is legit, people! It's got the signature of the new President right...

[Bucky turns towards the nearest camera and holds the letter up close, jabbing a finger at the visible signature.]

BW: ...here! Dave...can I do the honors?

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: Bucky, the honor is all mine.

[Bryant opens up the bag, then looks at Bucky expectantly.]

BW: Ladies and gentlemen, I have the privilege -- no, I have the PLEASURE of announcing, here and now, on The Call Of The Wilde, that "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, is officially recognized as the NEW...

[Bucky pauses for drama.]

BW: ...AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION!

[With that, Bryant pulls the new title belt out of the bag with a flourish, hoisting it high overhead. The crowd has mixed feelings about this announcement.]

DB: That's right, and as the new AWA World Television Champion, allow me to tell you all how things are going to go from this day on. This belt?

[Bryant lowers the title, patting it with his free hand.]

DB: It gets defended any time the AWA is on TV! That's right, every show a title match, and let me tell you one more thing. I guarantee, every episode, that the defense of the Television title will be the best match of the night because I'm only gonna defend against the best challengers in the world. I will elevate this championship to the point where people start to question

whether the TV title or the World Championship is held by the very best of the AWA! I will steal the show every damned night I'm on it and THIS --

[Bryant holds the belt up again.]

DB: THIS will become the symbol of my greatness, the golden cup for which every single wrestler on this roster strives! There isn't a single person on this roster I'm afraid of, a single person I'm not willing to put this title on the line against, Bucky, and something else the President told me when he handed me that envelope is that he handed YOU one earlier this evening, to be read on The Call Of The Wilde. Why don't you go ahead?

[Bryant places the brand new glittering TV Title belt on his shoulder, still grinning as Bucky produces the envelope from a random pocket. He tears it open, unfolding the paper within before reading.]

BW: "In the interest of making the first Television Title defense in the history of the AWA a special occasion, the champion will defend the belt tonight, against THIS man..."

[Bucky looks at the paper confused. He turns it over, looking at the back.]

BW: There's no name, champ.

[Bryant looks equally confused when...]

"GONG!"

[The crowd erupt as Regurgitator's "Kong Foo Song" begins to play, heralding the arrival of Glenn Hudson! Looking suspiciously well-prepared for this match, the Australian veteran steps out into the entranceway with a fairly noticeable grin on his face.]

GM: OH MY!! DAVE BRYANT HAS SHOCKED THE WORLD BUT KARL O'CONNOR HAS JUST SHOCKED HIM RIGHT BACK!

[Hudson pumps a fist in the air, drawing further approval from the fans! Meanwhile, in the ring, the jaws of Bryant and Bucky have simultaneously dropped. The shocked new Television champion turns to Bucky whom frantically shakes his head, clearly having known nothing about this.]

GM: Bucky Wilde, get the heck out of there and let this happen! Glenn Hudson is here and Dave Bryant's reign as the apparent new AWA World Television Champion may be about to come to a crashing halt! I have to be honest, we'd heard rumors for weeks now about the Longhorn Heritage Title being replaced... about the title evolving to something that better fits the AWA's current status within the wrestling world... and it looks like that has happened right here tonight. The AWA World Television Title... a title that WILL be defended each and every week here on Saturday Night Wrestling against the finest challengers that the AWA has to offer!

[An irate Bryant shouts down the aisle at Hudson who waves in the air to regain his rival's attention, drawing a rough rectangle shape in the air with his index fingers, then follows that up with the classic "the belt is mine" pose. The pop continues as Bryant now shakes his own head in desperate denial. Leaving absolutely no chance for misunderstanding, Hudson points at him, then makes the "I'm going to break you" gesture. Ready to put this into effect, the challenger starts towards the ring.]

GM: Here he comes! The man that Bryant defeated last year at Homecoming to become the Longhorn Heritage Champion will get a chance here tonight to take the-

[We hear some clunking and clattering off mic when suddenly Bucky's voice breaks through in mid-sentence.]

BW: -kinda garbage O'Connor's trying to pull here, Myers?!

GM: Calm down, Bucky.

BW: I ain't gonna calm down! This is Dave Bryant's night to shine and this reject Aussie is out here to try and steal his moment! Bryant's the new World Television Champion and he's perfectly happy to defend that title here tonight but let's find a worthy challenger!

GM: Glenn Hudson isn't worthy?!

BW: NO! He lost at SuperClash IV! He lost his shot! Someone else deserves this shot... someone great like... uhh... Charles Rant! Maybe Clayton Shaw's hanging around the back? What about one of those wrestling bees?!

GM: It's the former champion's shot! He's gonna challenge Dave Bryant for the World Television Title and by the looks of things, this is gonna happen right NOW!

[Hudson is all grins as he gets about halfway down the entrance ramp towards the ring...

...when suddenly Alphonse Green springs up off the floor, grabbing Hudson around the ankle, and yanking his leg out from under him, dropping him down on the elevated walkway!]

GM: ALPHONSE GREEN!

BW: Yeah! Get him, daddy! Make him pay for what he just tried to pull!

GM: He didn't try to PULL anything! Glenn Hudson was given the title match by President O'Connor and you know it, Bucky! You read the letter yourself!

BW: It didn't have a name! For all I know, someone like Terry Shane or Skywalker Jones was given the title shot and Hudson just stole it out from under them! Now he's getting what he had comin' to him, Gordo!

[Up on the ramp in the mount, Green is hammering Hudson with right hands to the skull to the jeers of the crowd. A quick cut to the ring shows a grinning Dave Bryant looking on, clapping for Green's sudden and vicious assault.]

GM: Green's all over Glenn Hudson! These two first crossed paths two weeks ago and now Alphonse Green is taking the fight to Glenn Hudson in a most violent fashion!

[Climbing out of the mount, Green stomps and kicks the downed Hudson. He turns towards the ring, jerking a thumb at himself as he shouts to the Doctor of Love who waves for him to keep going with his attack.]

GM: Green turns back towards Hudson... ohh! Big right hand into the gut by Hudson!

[The crowd cheers Hudson as he gets back up, hammering away with a series of right hands to the skull, sending Green staggering away, falling down to a knee. He pushes up into a doubled-up position...

...and gets ROCKED with a sharp kneelift to the face that sends him crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Hudson puts Green down on the ramp and he's turned the tables on his attacker out of nowhere!

BW: No, no, no! This isn't fair! Give 'im the Gang Green Flying Machine off the dang ramp!

GM: Bucky!

BW: HE SPOILED MY SHOW, GORDO!

GM: I'm not so sure about that. These fans seem to be loving what they're seeing right now.

[Green pushes up off the ramp, taking a swing at Hudson who easily blocks the right hand before throwing a right hand of his own, landing on the temple of Alphonse Green. A second one sends Green staggering backwards, landing against the ropes.]

GM: Hudson's completely turning this thing around and... he's taking Green down to the floor!

[Grabbing a handful of Green's blonde locks, Hudson tries to pull him towards the wooden steps leading down to the floor but buries a knee up into the midsection again. He turns, pointing angrily at Bryant who backpedals, throwing up his hands and shouting, "I had NOTHING to do with this!" as Green drops down to the ramp and rolls off, dropping down to the floor at ringside.]

GM: Alphonse Green is trying to escape and it looks like Glenn Hudson might be turning his attention back to the Doctor of- no, he's going after Green!

[Hudson climbs down the steps, pulling Green up with another handful of hair. The camera cuts back to Bryant who has backed into the far ropes, staring across as Hudson drags Green around the ringside area. Bryant is on guard, ready to defend himself if Hudson makes a move towards him. A clearly annoyed Hudson turns to shout at Bryant again. The camera picks up an angry "What the hell IS this?!" before he SLAMS Green's face into the apron!]

GM: Ohh!

[Green slumps down, falling out of the camera's view which necessitates a camera cut back to the other side of the green where the battered Green slowly crawls away on all fours as Hudson finally waves a dismissive arm at him...

...and then turns back towards Bryant, pointing at him again!]

GM: Hudson's put Green down and he's heading after Bryant once more!

BW: Get out of there, Dave!

[Bryant seems ready to do exactly that as Hudson cracks another grin full of promise and approaches the ring steps.]

GM: Hudson's ready to challenge for the World Television Title right here and now, Bucky!

BW: This isn't right! Dave needs more time to prepare!

GM: You may be right about that but with Alphonse Green out of the way, Hudson can turn his attention to the new World Television Champion and-

[Hudson suddenly pauses, one foot on the steps. He places his hands on his hips, staring at Alphonse Green who is using the guardrail at ringside to pull himself up to his feet.]

GM: Well, I'll be darned - there's still some fight left in the second-generation youngster!

[Hudson shakes his head, shrugging as he turns back towards Green.]

GM: And if it's more fight that Alphonse Green is looking for, I'm pretty sure that Glenn Hudson will be more than happy to obli-

[Suddenly, Green reaches over the railing, wheeling around and HURLING a cup of liquid into the eyes of the incoming Hudson!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: He threw that guy's soda into Hudson's face! That fan is flipping out, shouting at him...

[Green reaches over the railing, shoving the fan back a step before he leaps up, landing on the barricade where he balances for a moment before springing backwards, lashing out with his powerful kick to the skull that drops Hudson like a rock!]

GM: GROUND CHUCK!! GROUND CHUCK OUT ON THE FLOOR!!!

[Green slowly pushes up to his knees, a disturbing grin on his face as he looks down at an absolutely-motionless Hudson.]

GM: My stars, Glenn Hudson just got medical clearance this week to return to action and Alphonse Green may have put him right back on the shelf with that devastating kick to the head he calls Ground Chuck!

BW: Green laid him out COLD, Gordo!

[A quick cut into the ring shows a gleeful (and surprised) Dave Bryant looking on, his jaw slightly dropped at what he just saw.]

GM: Dave Bryant certainly seems pleased by what he just saw!

BW: Dave Bryant seems SHOCKED by what he just saw! I don't think he believed - I'm not sure ANYONE truly believed - that this kid had it in him to lay out Hudson like that.

GM: Hudson's unconscious... and here comes Dr. Ponavitch!

[The good doctor approaches fast, dropping to his knees next to the motionless Hudson as Green continues to look on, a smile on his face.]

GM: The doctor looks very concerned as do the fans around ringside here tonight.

BW: Hudson went down like he'd been waffled with a shovel, daddy! There's NO way he's competing tonight! Dave Bryant wins by forfeit!

GM: We'll see about that.

[With Hudson down and quickly being surrounded by AWA medical staff, Alphonse Green gets back to his feet, moving towards the locker room to the jeers of the crowd when we suddenly hear a laugh over the PA system.]

DB: Good for you, Alphonse!

[The camera cuts to the ring where a grinning Bryant is staring down over the ropes at his would-be challenger.]

DB: Hudson, I guess you aren't going to be in any real condition to wrestle me tonight, so, let me ask you all a simple question...

[Bryant turns to face the crowd]

DB: Who wants to buy the new TV champ a drink tonight?!

[The crowd is not at all interested in drinking with the new World Television Champion and boo appropriately as a smirking Bryant drops the mic and makes his exit, lightly patting the title belt slung over his shoulder to the jeers of the crowd as we fade from the ringside scene to the locker room area where we find "The Professional" Dave Cooper. Cooper is already dressed in his wrestling attire and vest.]

DC: Colonel de Klerk, I had you pegged as a smart man at one time, so I figured you would have been smart enough to know that Royalty was just there to make a statement and you would be sure to employ a strategic retreat the next time you saw us coming. But, oh no, you have to be the next guy who demands a match with The Professional and only make things worse.

[Cooper lightly chuckles.]

DC: Well, de Klerk, when it's all said and done, you're going to be just another statistic on The Professional's hit list, one of those men who wasn't smart enough after all to understand the situation. Which means because you decided to pretend you have a backbone, all you get return is a stay in a hospital bed, spending your time thinking about when it's time to ask the nurse to fetch you the bed pan.

And after I'm done with de Klerk, I'm gonna make one thing clear... along with getting Mark Lagnseth reinstated, my next objective will be to get myself a-

[Cooper smirks, nodding his head.]

DC: A World Television Title shot. So Dave Bryant, Glenn Hudson, Alphonse Green... I really don't care which one of you it is, because that title belt you all are squabbling over is destined to become my property and the property of Royalty.

And that is the END of the discussion!

[Fade to black.]

VO: The following is a paid advertisement and does reflect the views of American Wrestling Alliance.

[Black and white slo-mo shot of Mark Langseth in a ring, wearing a sweat suit - shadow boxing. As he continues, a voice over of the suspended Royalty member sounds out.]

ML: I'm ready.



[The shot cuts another black & white slow motion shot of Langseth sitting down on a bench, dramatically mopping his brow after his rigorous workout.]

ML: I've been waiting to come back, fully reinstated. I've been waiting for you, AWA, to come back to me. I'm ready.

[Shot cuts to Langseth working out again in the background, this time at the heavybag, while Larry Doyle and Dave Cooper address the camera.]

LD: I've seen the greats, I've seen how they prepare, and they ain't got a leg to stand on compared to Mark Langseth. I KNOW he's ready.

DC: You better believe Langseth is ready. Has there ever been a moment in his life when he wasn't ready?

[Finally, the shot comes to Langseth - towel around his neck, arms akimbo - standing side by side with the rest of Royalty.]

ML: I'm ready. The question, AWA, is... are you? Are you ready to right the wrong, horrific treatment I've received at the hands of the AWA management Are you ready to finally end the nightmare, let me back in... and give me my just respect?

[The shot switches to a black screen with the following in white text:

Bring Justice To Royalty  
Sign the Petition  
[www.RoyaltyAWA.com/petitionforjustice/](http://www.RoyaltyAWA.com/petitionforjustice/)

As Doyle finishes the ad with one last voice over.]

LD: Mark Langseth is ready, now the AWA has to man up and do the right thing. Petition for justice, petition for greatness. Bring Langseth back.

[Fade to black.

We fade back up to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing in front of a locker room door marked "THE BISHOP BOYS." Jason looks over his shoulder, visibly concerned as he turns back to the camera.]

JD: Welcome back, fans, and as you can plainly see, I'm outside the locker room of the AWA National Tag Team Champions... and to be honest, I'm a little hesitant to knock. Over the past few minutes, we've heard several loud crashing noises coming from inside and-

[Dane gestures at the door, showing a small caved-in section of it.]

JD: But... well, things seemed to have calmed down for the moment so I'm going to try to get some words with Cousin Bo about that stunt they pulled two weeks ago with the so-called Stampede Cup Preview.

[Dane gestures at the door again, turning to knock. As he knocks, we hear a loud and curt "WHAT?!" from the other side. Shrugging, Jason pushes the door open enough to enter, the camera man following behind him.]

JD: Mr. Allan, I was hoping to get a comment on...

[Jason's words trail off as he sees the damage to the locker room. Just about everything is broken. Several lockers are heavily dented with a few having been knocked over. There are some broken tables, broken chairs, etc. The only things that don't look to be broken are a chair that Bo is sitting on, and a TV with a DVD player attached to it. Strangely? Bo smiles.]

JD: You realize you're going to be fined an extraordinary amount for this damage.

CB: Yup.

JD: And you're okay with this. Just great. Somehow, I knew that.

[Jason shakes his head.]

JD: I'm just going to get down to brass tacks. Exactly what in the world did you think you were doing two weeks ago with that ridiculous challenge?

CB: Ooh, starting out with the hard-hitting questions. Is this part of your new "journalistic integrity" bit? I like it.

[Jason sighs.]

JD: Just answer the question, please.

CB: I don't know what was so ridiculous about it. We managed to beat FOUR teams in one night. The Stampede Cup is divided into two nights. I'd say what we did was mighty impressive.

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: Impressive? You beat up on a pair of poor rookies first, then a team that was a flatout mockery, then a team of alleged "luchadors" we've seen you destroy before, and you finished by cheating to defeat the only legitimate team in the whole thing.

[Bo looks unimpressed by Jason's outrage.]

JD: Are we really supposed to be impressed?

[Bo smirks at the question.]

CB: Well, I don't see anybody else putting in the time to prepare for the Stampede Cup. Just because I'm the only manager around here with the brains to get his team ready, that's not my problem. As a matter of fact, since we beat a team from Mexico AND a team from Japan, I believe we

should now be your AWA \_WORLD\_ Tag Team Champions. And before you say anything else, Dane, since I just know you're going to disagree, I believe we should be the number one seed in the Cup. We ARE the champions, are we not?

[Dane again shakes his head.]

JD: No, actually, I'm not going to disagree, you should be the top seed. By hook or by crook, you've managed to stay on top of the AWA's burgeoning tag team scene. You've held those titles for a long time now.

CB: Ah, glad to see you're seeing things my way, the only right way.

JD: But I'd advise against taking the Stampede Cup competitors lightly.

[Bo rolls his eyes.]

CB: We're not taking them lightly. We know full well how dangerous some of these teams are. For instance, there's Matsui's boys. The Prehistoric Powers, I believe they're called? They're the only team going where both men are bigger than Cletus Lee. If that's not impressive, I don't know what is. Skywalker and Hercules? An impressive combination of speed and power, for sure. There's other teams I have my eyes on but I'm not about to give away all my research. We've waited three long years for this opportunity to come to us again. This time, we're ready for anything.

[Bo looks over at the TV and nods.]

CB: Anything. No more questions. You'll have to excuse me, I probably have to bail my cousins out of doing something dangerous.

[Bo stands up and brushes past Jason on his way out of the locker room. The camera catches what probably set The Bishop Boys off. On the TV, a scene repeats itself over and over. That scene? The finals of the first ever Stampede Cup. Ben Waterson's briefcase comes smashing down over the head of Cletus Lee, setting up the win for Calisto Dufresne and Adrian Freeman. It repeats. Again and again and again.

Fade back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Whether you were impressed by The Bishop Boys' little stunt two weeks or not, you have to be impressed by their longevity as the AWA National Tag Team Champions... and as Jason said, I also believe they've earned the right to be named the top seed in the Stampede Cup tournament.

BW: Those seeds are scheduled to be announced later this week along with the brackets for the whole shindig, Gordo.

GM: That's right. Another big moment to look forward to.

BW: Speaking of big moments to look forward to...

GM: Seriously?

BW: Tell `em what's next, Gordo.

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: Up next, Bucky, we have the return of Nenshou. On December 31st, Nenshou recieved his opportunity to obtain the World Heavyweight Championship. Not only did it not work out for him, but he received a thirty day suspension for blasting Jason Dane in the face with the red mist.

BW: Dane got to meddlin'. Everybody knows that Nenshou don't want anyone diggin' into his past.

GM: So spitting neurotoxin into his eyes is an appropriate reaction?

BW: Yes. Gordo, he was warned. Everybody was warned. Nenshou is dead serious. He ain't some wannabe punk, he ain't some wide-eyed kid outta the Combat Corner hopin' to be a big star. If he makes a warning, and you ignore it, he will follow through. Time an' again, we've seen it.

GM: No, Bucky, I don't care if he was warned. There's no excuse for what he did to a non-wrestler. He's open to the same scrutiny as any of us.

BW: And Dane's open to the same treatment as anybody else that singles him out. Just watch. I bet we're gonna see an angry Nenshou tonight. Let's go find out.

[Up to the ring. Phil Watson stands in center ring, alongside a short, compact-built man with a black mullet and goatee. He wears silver thigh-length trunks with triangular navy blue segments extending from the legs to the hips, navy blue boots and elbowpads.]

[\*DING\*]

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

Introducing first, in the ring... from Apple Springs, Texas... weighing two-hundred fifty pounds... RICK SCOTT!

[Rick Scott pumps his fist at the crowd and yells. They give a mild cheer, then the familiar thunderstrike open to "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis peals over the PA and the boos rain down. The portly form of the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes is the first through the curtain. Childes is wearing a black dress shirt, white necktie, and white pants. Carrying his crystal-tipped cane, he marches straight ahead, followed closely by the red-robed form of Nenshou. The Asian Assassin wears a billowing red robe with a pointed 'wizard' hood which obscures his face from the camera view.]

PW: And his opponent! Coming down the aisle, accompanied by his manager, the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes... from The Land Of The Rising Sun... weighing two-hundred thirty-five pounds...

...NENSHOU!

[Childes takes a left turn at the end of the aisle, descending the stairs from the elevated aisle to the floor. Nenshou heads straight on into the ring, divesting himself of his red robe to reveal baggy red pants, black boots, and black-bronze-and-white face paint in an intricate design. His wrists and fingers are taped, and he immediately adopts a ready position, extending two fingers on his left hand up in front of his face. Staring intently at his fingers, Nenshou begins his meditative pre-match ritual.]

GM: Nenshou has lost a bit of momentum with the suspension, Bucky. Combine that with the loss to Monosso and Childes' loss of Juan Vasquez' services, and he has quite a bit of ground to regain.

[\*DING\*DING\*]

BW: If you think he'll stop at anythin' to regain it, you're dead wrong. Vasquez and Scott better realize that.

GM: The presumably-unrelated Rick Scott barrels across the ring for a tackle, but as fast as he is, he can't lay a hand on Nenshou who leapfrogs him. The 'battle meditation' of Nenshou showing up there with the blinding speed and reaction time.

[The Apple Springs native turns around swinging, but catches a side snap kick to the ribs, followed by a hatchet-like chop to the trapezius. Nenshou finishes the combo with his patented jumping back spin kick, sending Rick Scott flailing into the corner.]

BW: Rick Scott's a fighter, but he ain't gonna win by goin' straight at Nenshou.

GM: True. Nenshou is as fast as greased lightning, and his striking is unbelievably swift. Sending Rick Scott for the ride with the cross corner whip. And the handspring elbow smash connects with thunderous authority!

[The crowd oohs despite itself as the facepainted Japanese star rounds off his back handspring with very high velocity, crashing into Rick Scott with the back elbow. In a very fluid motion, he goes from there into a one-handed bulldog to smash Scott's face into the canvas.]

BW: How much you wanna bet that Percy picked Rick Scott for his last name? You think Nenshou isn't seeing Stevie Scott with every blow out there?

GM: As dominant as Nenshou is here, I hope his mental image of Stevie Scott is more formidable than that.

[Pulling back momentarily, Nenshou circles a woozy Scott, who is getting to his feet. We can hear Percy call into the ring, in a loud yet calm voice.]

"Sweep the leg."

BW: Uh, oh. Cobra Kai Leg Sweep comin' up.

[Indeed, Nenshou throws the spinning, sliding hook kick at the side of Rick Scott's left knee, scissoring it and taking him down from an awkward angle. The fans boo the deliberate attempt to injure the man's knee.]

GM: That move is perfectly legal, but it leaves a bad taste in my mouth.

BW: Yeah? Well, sauerkraut leaves a bad taste in my mouth, but my response is simple: don't eat it. If ya don't want Nenshou to break your leg, don't let him. If ya can't stop him, don't wrestle him. Simple.

GM: Nenshou bundling together Rick Scott's legs, and applying the bridging deathlock, Bucky. This should be academic at this point.

BW: Nenshoulock is on, daddy. He's torturin' Rick Scott now.

[With Rick Scott's legs crossed, his right instep behind his right knee and barred behind Nenshou's right leg, Nenshou has bridged back with a chinlock on Scott. The result is contorting Scott's legs, back, and neck. The Texan squirms and yells in pain as the fans try to help him rally.]

GM: Rick Scott would probably be well-served to submit here.

BW: Stevie Scott woulda been well-served to keep his mouth shut. But he didn't. Maybe they're related after all. Lack of sense.

GM: Nenshou straightens up, and snaps himself to his back to really twist and torture the knees of Rick Scott from Apple Springs Texas. He is toying with his man at this point.

[Sticking his fingers in his mouth, Nenshou rolls to his feet and waits in a ready stance. Mere seconds later, Rick Scott gets up to his right knee, clutching at his left leg and thus exposing his upper body. The Asian Assassin jams his slightly-green-tinged fingertips into Scott's Adam's apple as the referee chastises him.]

BW: I don't think he's toying. I think he's methodically disassembling. As I said, he is in a bad mood.

GM: The typical illegal throat strike of Nenshou, which should be grounds for a disqualification. Rick Scott in a bad way... AND THAT WILL DO IT! THE SHINING WIZARD!

[Unlike usual, there's no real running start to the Shining Wizard this time. Scott rolls over clutching his throat, and Nenshou stays crouched right behind him. When the black-mulleted journeyman tries to scramble to his feet, Nenshou is ready, stepping up off of his right knee to hammer him in the head with the fast-rising knee under the chin.]

BW: K.T.F.O, Gordo. Knocked The Freak Out.

GM: And why isn't he pinning him! Rick Scott is practically dead weight, but Nenshou is picking him up! The crowd is upset and rightfully so as Nenshou with the backbreaker on a clearly-helpless opponent!

BW: He's just linin' him up, daddy.

GM: This is extraneous!

[The spectacular, high-speed moonsault by Nenshou still gets some ooohs from the crowd, even though it's targeting a more-or-less semiconscious foe. Nenshou's cover is derisive, sticking two hands in the sternum of Rick Scott as the referee counts to three.]

[\*DING\*DING\*DING\*]

BW: And that's why you don't tick off Nenshou. He just blasted this kid with everything but the kitchen sink in less than three minutes.

GM: Rick Scott will be feeling this for some time. Let's get the word.

PW: The winner of this match...

...NENSHOU!

[The fans boo loudly as "Raijin's Drums" resumes. Nenshou bends down, and spews the green mist all over Rick Scott's chest as Percy Childes ascends the steps onto the aisle.]

GM: And more uncalled-for actions! Hasn't he learned?!

BW: He didn't mist him in the eyes.

GM: Does it matter where he misted him?

BW: Duh! Yes, it matters. That's green mist, which blinds. You can't blind a man in the chest. Nobody has eyes in their chest. Except maybe Ebola Zaire.

GM: Ugh, let's go back to the replay.

[The first replay shows Nenshou executing the Cobra Kai Leg Sweep. Spinning into a hook kick with his right leg, Nenshou pushes off with his left leg to that he falls with the kick, connecting at knee level at an almost 45 degree angle in front of his opponent. His left leg slides behind Scott's leg so that there's a scissoring action involved.]

BW: There's the Cobra Kai Leg Sweep, Percy calls it. This is all about the angle and hyperextendin' the knee. That one kick can break a leg, or mess it up pretty bad. It takes a lot of coordination an' trainin' to pull it off, precision, pretty much everythin' you people at home don't got.

[Thanks, Bucky! On to the moonsault. Nenshou traces a low arc, hitting at a very high velocity by completing his graceful backflip in a very short time.]

BW: And here's the moonsault. Every Tom, Dick, and Harry thinks they can do a moonsault these days. This is how it is done. Just flippin' on a guy ain't enough. The whole point of the flip is to build velocity. Otherwise, you're wastin' effort when you could just splash a guy. Nenshou pushes off and snaps down. He drives himself on the man. Not falls on him... drives on him. That's why his moonsault looks different, and almost always ends it. Now let's go up to Percy Childes.

[The instant replays end, and the music dies down. Percy Childes is standing at the interview platform, with Nenshou standing right behind him. Childes has the mic in his hand which normally is wielded by Jason Dane.]

PC: Since Dane has made the probably-wise decision not to be present for my interview time, let me briefly cover the situation for you all.

Juan Vasquez promised me that if I delivered Calisto Dufresne to him, that he would ensure that Nenshou became the World Heavyweight Champion. As you all saw, he failed on New Year's Eve. Vasquez couldn't simply corral James Monosso, and was directly responsible for Nenshou's controversial loss to Monosso.

[The crowd boos this blatant bit of scapegoating.]

PC: I know he didn't do that on purpose. Had he succeeded, he would have been freed from his obligation. I would, of course, still have been his manager. I would even have signed to give him a title match, since I would personally have had nothing to lose, and Nenshou assuredly doesn't fear him. But instead, he was a failure. And instead of doing the right thing and following through with his promise, sticking with it for another opportunity, Juan Vasquez decided that somehow I was corrupting him.

Does anyone remember the things he was doing to people before he came to sign with me? Anyone? Anyone at all?

Vasquez ran from his responsibilities, the same way he always does. Left unfinished business, the same way he always does. He had the laughable gall to call Nenshou an "entitled brat", when you could hardly find two words that have better described Vasquez for the past fourteen years. You hypocrites cheer him for the same reasons you boo us, the same as you always do. Stevie Scott put it in his head that a man's word means nothing, and he would certainly know. My friend Ben Waterson would go on at length about what a liar and betrayer Stevie Scott is. And now these two are teaming up.

Vasquez, Scott, I invite you to find out what a real team looks like. Enter the Stampede Cup. I'm sure you can do so at a whim, without having to qualify like the real teams do, because the AWA will give you anything you want on a silver platter. Just like they unilaterally agreed to terminate my



contract with Vasquez. I invite to enter the Stampede Cup, and face The Aces.

[The crowd cheers at the prospect of that match.]

PC: Last week, Stevie Scott told me to back down. You screw me over and expect me to back down? Just who in hell do you think you're talking to?

For a long, long time, the AWA has revolved around Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez. Not because you're that much better than anyone else, no. Stevie got where he did on the back of Ben Waterson. Waterson made him. And was promptly betrayed and discarded in a fit of pique. Vasquez got where he did on the strength of his resume. Of course, he was one of the best. But you people decided to put him on a pedestal, so that the AWA would ignore everything else whenever he made a demand. He would get title shot after title shot after title shot on demand for well over a year. In that same period of time, Nenshou went unbeaten. Established the Longhorn Heritage championship and dominated it. Was the recognized number one contender for months. The Aces established themselves as the finest true tag team in the sport. Two times were scheduled for a National Tag Team Title match, a billed and advertised title match... and actually received zero of those matches. They didn't lose, no; they didn't even get the match, and the AWA did nothing about it.

So you'll excuse us if we're a little sick and tired of you people. You'll excuse us if we laugh when you make stupid claims like "we know what it takes to win". We thought we were rid of that albatross. Stevie Scott did himself in by backstabbing everyone who made him. Louis Matsui made it happen with Vasquez, and the entire AWA benefited. And now? They're unilaterally terminating contracts for them. The dark days are returning. And I say no. No, we will not relive 2010 ad infinitum.

[The collective "whine detector" of the fans is going off, and they are jeering pretty loudly at this point. Somebody in the back starts a "STOP-YOUR-WHIN-ING \*clap clap clapclapclap\*" chant which doesn't get very far but is audible.]

PC: It turns out that we know how to win, too. Only this time, you're going to find that out for yourselves.

[Childes gestures angrily at the camera's lens with his crystal-topped cane before leading Nenshou out of it's sight, causing an abrupt cut back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

BW: That's twice, Gordo. Twice tonight the Unholy Alliance has stepped up to the plate and DEMANDED that Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez get themselves involved in the Stampede Cup.

GM: We've yet to hear from Scott and Vasquez but I can't imagine they'd back down from such a challenge, Bucky.

BW: They will if they know what's good for `em. Percy's hot under the collar like I've rarely seen him before... and that's trouble for a whole lot of people. Big trouble. Dangerous trouble.

GM: We'll see about that. Now, let's go back to the ring for more action.

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

PW: The following contest is a tag team contest set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first from the UT at Austin, Barth Alden the Fourth and John Paul Leslie....

PHI ZETA PSI!

[A male chorus recording of "Long Live Phi Zeta Psi" plays as two young men dressed in a black Northface jackets, blue polo shirts, green Sperry Top-Siders, and black trunks with the Greek symbols Phi Zeta Psi on the back. They stop at the top of the aisle and slowly extend each other a hand... and then quickly go into a series of different hand movements too fast to pick up by anyone else.]

BW: Did you get what they did after the fist bump into a knuckle shake?

GM: Are you writing down how to do their handshake?

BW: You don't understand! I was talking to these guys and they said if I can get that secret handshake down, they'd put me on the guest list to their next party! I love me some sorority girls.

[As the two fraternity members walk down the aisle, a window at the corner of the screen appears with the two members of Phi Zeta Psi standing in the promo area, dressed as they are now in the arena.]

BAIV: Hey, Brother John Paul, you want to hear a joke?

[Leslie can barely contain his laughter already.]

JPL: Of -heh - Of course!

BAIV: What has two legs, no money, and smells like sty?

[John Paul Leslie exaggeratedly scratches his head.]

JPL: I don't know, Brother Barth. W-haha, sorry! I- wh- Yeah, wait, could it be...

[The two Phi Zeta Psi member look at each other and then at the camera to say in unison.]

BAIV & JPL: THE PEOPLE OF DALLAS!

[As Brothers Barth and John Paul laugh, the mini-window slides off screen just as the two get in the ring.]

GM: Should have known better than to expect something meaningful from these two immature snobs.

PW: And their opponents, weighing in at a combined five hundred and eighteen pounds... From Central City, Kentucky and New Madrid, Missouri...

TIN CAN RUST AND JACKSON BOURON!

[As "The Fighting Side of Me" by Merle Haggard plays, the crowd lets out a cheer for the returning Tin Can Rust as he makes his way out of the entrance dressed in his usual attire of black wrestling tights and black boots. His short brown hair has a couple more specks of grey showing, but he appears to be in a bit better shape than last summer.

Entering next is the newcomer, Jackson Bouron, wearing dark purple wrestling shorts, dark purple elbow & knee pads, and black boots. Bouron's much more muscular than Rust, sporting an impressive physique that he wastes no time displaying with a series of flexes. While Bouron's short brown hair has kept away the grey, his goatee has showed some peppering.]

GM: As Tin Can Rust said on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, he wants to accomplish what Kentucky's Pride couldn't and win the Stampede Cup. By the looks of this Jackson Bouron, he should have a good chance if they're able to get there.

BW: Yeah, and besides a good look and couple old, old, OLD clips of this guy, what else make you think they can compete with The Bishops, The Aces, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds, or anyone else? Even you have to admit, Gordo, that City Jack carried Kentucky's Pride. Even when that tub had one good eye, Rust was still the weak link!

GM: Certainly not and I'm sure the run Rust had in the World Title tournament last summer proves that!

BW: A failed run. Rust is well past due and Bouron's doesn't look that far behind. How could they going to compete with the youth and speed found in Stampede Cup?

[While Rust simply nods and walks down to the ring with no flare, Bouron - with his wide open eyes darting back and forth and a slight tremble through his body - pounds his chest repeated as he lets out a roar as he rips his arms open before stomping down the aisle to follow his teammate to the ring. After bursting his way through the ropes, Bouron convinces Rust to start the match for the team.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The newcomer Jackson Bouron starts this match off for the... well, not Kentucky's Pride, but I guess the New Kentucky's Pride?

BW: There's nothing new about these two, Gordo.

[The taller Phi Zeta Psi member, Barth Alden the Fourth, approaches the center of the ring and extends a hand to the amped up Bouron. While over on the apron, John Paul Leslie has a hard time containing his laughter, again.]

GM: Who are these two kids think they're fooling? It's obvious to everyone here that that handshake is NOT genuine.

BW: Those are Phi Zeta Psi men - of course they're fine, upstanding pillars of their community. Did you know they offered me to be an honorary alumnus? "Brother Buckthorn", has a nice ring to it, don't you think?

GM: Oh, brother.

[Barth insists on a handshake, which Bouron just looks at as his jitters back & forth with pent up agitation as the crowd gets on the fraternity member's case.]

BW: This Bouron guy doesn't have an ounce of social grace that the Phi Zeta Psi men do.

[Just as Barth starts to speak, Bouron has had enough and charges his shoulder full speed into the chest of Alden the Fourth, rocketing him into the corner.]

GM: Bouron couldn't stand it any longer! He came for a fight and he just brought it to "Brother Barth"!

BW: Disrespectful old brute.

GM: Bouron all over Barth Alden the Fourth now, pummeling the young man with a flurry of lefts and rights in the corner.

[Bouron backs up a bit before ramming his shoulder into the midsection of Alden the Fourth in rapid succession. At around the tenth time, Bouron backs off and locks Alden IV in a front facelock before quickly suplexing the man hard over the shoulder.]

GM: Bone rattling snap suplex from Jackson Bouron! We're seeing why Rust picked him for this tournament - he's all intensity and power in that ring.

[Bouron reaches down to pick up Alden IV as he walks him over to Rust.]

GM: Tin Can Rust tags in for his first action in an AWA ring since last August. Bouron and Rust whip Brother Barth into the ropes... Oh! And a huge double slam by the two former Kentucky Top Wrestling stars!

BW: I don't know how Old Man Dust does it. You'd think after failing so many times, he'd get the message, daddy!

GM: He's a former AWA National Tag Team Champion! He's hardly a failure.

BW: That was years ago, Gordo. What have you done for me lately, right? All Ol' Dusty's done is lose, grumble a bit, and wander off cause his crutch City Jack's too busy swallowing stacks of flapjacks.

[Rust has Alden the Fourth up and works him over again in his corner with a series of fists before holding up his forearm to the throat of the frat guy, bringing referee Davis Warren to administer a count to Rust to let go.]

GM: Davis Warren with a warning to Rust about that choke. Rust backs off... and follows it with a huge clothesline to sandwich Barth Alden the Fourth to the turnbuckle! And now Rust has Alden up, possibly going for the Ring Ruster!

BW: Someone's got to stop this brutality - Brother Barth was going to get me the hook up at the Phi Zeta Psi house for tonight!

[As if John Paul Leslie heard Bucky's plea, the smaller man of Phi Zeta Psi springs to action and hits a double axehandle to back of Rust... which doesn't do much other than force Rust to drop Brother Barth.]

GM: Rust let go of Barth Alden the Fourth, but he's got his eyes set on John Paul Leslie now! And the Phi Zeta Psi member wants no part of this fight.

[Indeed, Leslie's on his knees, begging Rust to let him go.]

"Bro, no! I'll... I'll put you on the guest list tonight, bro! Come on! Please, man!"

[Rust simply shakes his head no as grabs a handful of Brother John Paul's hair, dragging him back to his feet. As Leslie struggles and pleads with Davis Warren for some mercy, Barth Alden IV crawls over towards Rust and juts his foot out.]

BW: Haha, right in the two moth balls!

GM: What a disgrace these Phi Zeta Psi kids are! Only offense they would get is a kick to the nether regions.

BW: Whatever works, daddy!

[Rust goes down to one knee in pain as John Paul Leslie - now confident and full of himself again - gets up and starts slapping Rust around.]

GM: This is pathetic! Are these two men even wrestlers?

BW: I don't know, I've kind of always wondered that about Old Man Dust since he first came here.

GM: You know I mean Phi Zeta Psi!

BW: Those future leaders of tomorrow are scrappy, Gordo.

[Leslie backs up and takes a run at Rust, but before the fraternity member can deliver anything, he's met by an unexpected punch to the jaw.]

GM: TIN JAW ROCKER! Rust caught him flush on the jaw and Brother John Paul's out like a light! Rust with a tag out to Bouron... Rust picks up Leslie and whips him into the ropes...

[As Leslie's sent to the ropes, Bouron bounces off the adjacent ropes and lowers his shoulder to connect with Leslie at the right moment.]

GM: JACKSON BOURON JUST SENT JOHN PAUL LESLIE FLYING!

BW: Well, there goes my night tonight.

GM: That was Bouron's New Madrid Special and this one looks over! Bouron with the cover - one! Two! Three!

BW: He could've counted to a hundred, Gordo. There was no getting up from that.

[Bouron leaps up and pumps his fist in the air excitedly as Tin Can Rust comes into the ring to meet his partner. Davis Warren raises the arms of Bouron and Rust.]

PW: Here are your winners...

TIN CAN RUST AND JACKSON BOURON!

GM: Impressive debut by the new team of Rust and Bouron, but will it be enough for them to qualify for the Stampede Cup?

BW: I don't know. Phi Zeta Psi - impressive and vital institution to the youth of America today, no doubt about that -

GM: Ugh...

BW: But they're not at the Aces or Bishops' level. I think they got to prove it more against some tougher competition.

GM: You may be right there, Bucky. Let's send it to Mark who's with Rust and Bouron at ringside.

[Shot cuts to ringside where Mark Stegklet stands between Rust and Bouron.]

MS: Tin Can Rust, Jackson Bouron, great first win here in the AWA, but do you think it's enough to get into the field of sixteen for the Stampede Cup?

[Before Rust can answer, a still very amped up Bouron cuts in front.]

JB: It's CRIMINAL, son! I'm a damn bandit in the ring against these weak thing. None of them got the muscle I got! None of them tonight and none of them in that field! A field of dreams, that's all them other teams doing!

TCR: Mark -

JB: Adrenaline ain't got nothin' with what I can bring to the ring!

[Rust takes a moment to give a look at his tag team partner before finally answering Mark.]

TCR: Mark, I'm a former tag team champion here. I've proven myself time and again, despite all the doubters out there about me. So I don't feel I got to prove anything anymore to anyone. You all should know what I can do in the ring. And tonight? You saw what this man -

[Rust juts his index finger into the chest of Bouron.]

TCR: Can do when he's unleashed in that ring. He's a multi-time tag team champion back home and nothin' but pure energy. Sure, you could put us in another match, but it'll be the same story.

[Bouron grabs Stegglet's hand holding the mic over towards him.]

JB: WE WANT IN!! WE DON'T WANT NO "CHANCE"! WE WANT OUR PLACE TO WIN! And that place - oh yeah! That place is THE CUP! The Bouron didn't come way down this far South for nothin' more than get my hands on that trophy and on them dollars!

[Rust nods as Stegglet moves the mic back towards him... but Bouron takes it right back for some more insight.]

JB: It's all chemical, son. All chemical. Like a reaction burstin' out like a flame goin' wild. That's me in that ring! I'm the combustion and Rust, he's the trigger. Put us together and - oh my, son! Oh my, it ain't nothin' good for who's gotta take us one on one, two or two! None of them all got any power chemistry, right!

[Rust uncharacteristically lets out a small smile before following up.]

TCR: Mark, we didn't come here to qualify or to get far in the tournament. We're here for one thing and one thing only - to win the Cup.

[With that, Rust and Bouron walk back up the aisle, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Tin Can Rust and Jackson Bouron are looking to make an impact in Oklahoma City at the Stampede Cup... but can they make their way into the Field of Sixteen? We already know nine of the sixteen teams that have

made the cut... let's find out one more right now. Earlier this week, longtime AWA veterans The Rockstar Express took on Royalty's newest members, The Blonde Bombers with the tenth spot in the tournament on the line. We've got highlights so let's take a look!

[Crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK." Just like the highlight reel from earlier, we hear no announcers, just the noise from the crowd as we join the action with Scotty Storm whipping Kenny Stanton back into the turnbuckles as he mounts the second rope, raising a fist to a big cheer from the crowd.

The fans count along as Storm lands blow after blow to the skull of Stanton, the cheers getting louder and louder with each shot landed. After ten blows connect, Storm hops back down, going for a second whip, sending Stanton into the corner again. He rushes across as Larry Doyle climbs up on the apron, drawing the official's attention...

...which allows Jacobs to reach in from the apron, grabbing Storm and HURLING him down to the canvas from his spot on the second rope! With Storm writhing in pain on the mat, we crossfade to later in the match...

...and find Marty Morgan throwing a dropkick to the chin of Kenny Stanton, sending him over the ropes to the floor. Morgan quickly gets back up, grabbing the top rope with both hands and catapults himself over the top rope, knocking Stanton flat to a roar from the crowd.

We cut again, this time showing both Rockstars in the ring, hammering away with right hands on a stunned Brad Jacobs. A double whip sends Jacobs into the ropes where he rebounds off...

...and ROLLS OVER both members of the Rockstars with a double shouldertackle! He lets loose a roar as he pulls Morgan off the mat, chucking him through the ropes to the floor. Jacobs spins around, yanking Storm up to his feet where he scoops him straight up off the mat, lifting him over his shoulder as Stanton slaps his partner's arm.

Jacobs stampedes across the ring, smashing Storm underneath him with a powerslam as Stanton leaps off the top, dropping a leg across the throat which earns a decisive three count for the Bombers.

Fade back to live action where we're back at ringside, showing Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside.]

GM: The Blonde Bombers have shocked the wrestling world by scoring one of the biggest upsets I've ever seen in knocking off the Rockstar Express - a team that has held tag team championships all over the world and is perennially a top contender to the AWA National Tag Team Titles.

BW: But they ain't a contender for the Cup, daddy! That belongs to the Bombers and Royalty!



GM: It most certainly does not. But the Bombers are in... they've made it into the elite Field of Sixteen as the tenth team in. Only six spots remain and there are a whole lot of teams gunning for those six slots, fans. In fact, we may see-

[But before Gordon can go any further, the Black Keys' "Hard Row" blares over the loudspeakers.]

BW: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

GM: Fans, it looks like...

BW: No! Don't say it!

GM: Yes, fans, that song can only mean one thing.

BW: It means my day is about to be awful.

[Why is Bucky's day about to go bad? Because the former National Tag Team Champions, the winners of last year's Stampede Cup are coming out. James and Jack, the...]

BW: STENCHES!! Go home!

[James is up front, dressed in a yellow "Lynch Brothers" T-shirt and his usual wrestling trunks. Behind him is his older brother Jack, dressed all in black, his cowboy hat worn loosely. Both brothers make determined strides to the ring. Entering the ring, Jack takes the center, while James stalks back and forth, clearly agitated. Waiting for a moment, Jack speaks.]

Jack: Ya know, I've been hearing it a lot. They say that the best days of the Lynch brothers are behind them. They say that we're nothing but a flash in the pan. And its true, our fortunes ain't been that great these last few months.

But Jimmy, you want to tell them what we got to say?

[Yanking the microphone away, a keyed up James practically screams into the microphone.]

James: We're not dead. And we've only just begun. Bullies! This is your notice. You've gotten the drop on us too many times. From now on?

We take the fight to you.

[Jack steps forward, and takes the microphone back.]

Jack: That's right. Bullies. Its comin' to a head, and about thirty minutes after that, it'll come to an end.

But that's not why we're out here tonight.

See, there's a tournament coming up. The Stampede Cup. You might have heard of it. Jimmy and I? We're still the defending champions.

People are asking if we've still got it. Well, way it I see it? There's one way to prove that the Lynches are still wrestling royalty.

We're not only entering the Cup... but we're going to win it!

[The crowd pops LOUDLY at Jack's bold statement.]

GM: There you have it, Bucky. The Lynches are very confident, they're a united front and they seem ready to put the last few rough months behind them.

BW: Being ready and being able are two different things, Gordo.

[As Jack and James play to different sides of the crowd, the mood shifts quickly and eyes turn toward the entrance aisle, which is no longer empty.]

BW: Yes! The boys are back in town tonight!

GM: You're glad to see them even after they kicked you out of the booth two weeks ago, too?

BW: Aw, I let 'em do that.

[Obviously they are referring to the Beale Street Bullies, who have made their way out in street clothes. Adam Rogers wears a t-shirt with a large circle-and-stars emblem of the Tennessee flag on the front, along with jeans and boots. Rob Donovan looms behind Wyatt and Rogers, wearing black boots, blue jeans, and a black t-shirt with "Welcome to Beale Street!" in his usual blood-red text on the front. Wyatt stops in front of a cameraman, pulling the lens RIGHT at his crotch... and then cackling as he walks away, dressed in a ratty looking Confederate flag wifebeater-esque tanktop and filthy-looking blue jeans.

Rogers holds the one microphone that the trio has with them and wastes no time in responding.]

AR: So wait a minute, Jackie. Let me get this straight. You...

[Rogers points toward the Lynches, then smirks as he redirects his pointing to himself and his partners.]

AR: ...are gonna take the fight to us?

[He shakes his head, laughing.]

AR: I tell ya, we'd LOVE for that to happen. Because you know what that'd mean?

It'd mean you actually WANTED to fight.

And that...is where we call bull-

[Before he can finish that last word, Rogers drops his mic-holding arm down to his hip.]

AR: Ah, about forgot where we were, boys.

[Donovan and Wyatt both chuckle.]

AR: What I'm tryin' to say, Jackie, is that we know you're full of crap because... let's be truthful here.

Y'all ain't never went looking for a fight in your whole lives.

[Rogers pauses for a second, a smile coming over his bearded face as the proverbial light bulb goes off over his head.]

AR: At least when your old man ain't around.

[Mockingly, Adam surveys the arena.]

AR: And since I don't see him anywhere? Why don't y'all shut your mouths and run away like the punks everyone knows you are!

[Heel pop! The Bullies share a celebratory high-five for that comment.]

GM: What a preposterous statement! I've seen the Lynch brothers go to battle plenty of times in some of the toughest matches in wrestling's history.

BW: Yeah, and where'd those matches take place? PCW. Owned by Old Man Lynch.

[Rogers again points up the aisle toward the Lynches.]

AR: So what WE plan on doing come next month...is throwing OUR names into the hat for the Stampede Cup, winning that sumbitch, taking it down to Beale Street, and drinking a whole bunch of Budweiser out of it!

[BIG heel pop!]

GM: You've got to be kidding me! How disrespectful can these men be?

[But before Bucky can respond, someone else beats him to the punch - another voice ringing out over the PA system.]

“Now now now now now now, let's just wait a minute here.”

[Larry Doyle, in his state of the art green and yellow plaid leisure suit and flanked by Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs, both of whom dressed to wrestle, walks out into view of the crowd. The Bullies walk about halfway down the aisle and turn to watch as Doyle continues.]

LD: I know all the aristocrats and high society folks down on Beale Street are still waiting for modern conveniences like running water, electricity and cable TV, so in case you didn't see it a few minutes ago, these two stallions behind me dominated, humiliated, eviscerated and emasculated the Rockstar Express and won a spot in the Stampede Cup.

Now, as the only team out here who EARNED our way in, we'd like to invite you guys to try REALLY HARD when you train, because there's nothing wrong with coming in number two.

There ain't nothin' wrong with fightin' like crazy and comin' up just short, and boys that's the best you can hope to do. The Bombers have got this thing on lock, fellas, so get it through your skulls.

Lynches-

[Doyle points at the ring.]

LD: You're gonna have to go home and tell your senile old man that you two are failures, but hey, it won't be the first time. You should keep that speech on an index card in your pocket, Jack.

And Bullies... we like the attitude, but you ain't winnin' nothin' dressed like homeless people at a Molly Hatchet concert. Step your game u-

[Before Larry Doyle can finish that thought, a familiar guitar riff played over the PA system interrupts him...]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[The crowd EXPLODES as they see Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes, emerging from behind the curtains. The 2010 Stampede Cup winners are sporting some serious gold, wrapping in head to toe with title belts, a total of six between the two of them. Morton is wearing his neon yellow "PROFESSOR PAIN" tshirt w/ huge airbrushed picture of his own face on it and jeans. Jackson Haynes wears his matching "THE HAMMER" shirt with airbrushed picture of his own crazed visage, along with his trademark, floppy tri-cornered cowboy hat.]

DM: We're baaaaaaaacccccckkkkk!!!

[Huge pop!]

JH: Glad to join your little pow-wow, gentlemen!

[He stops and glares at Larry Doyle, mouth agape at the unexpected intrusion.]

JH: What the hell you starin' at!? Close your damn mouth before you end up chokin' on your own foot, boy!

[Big cheer! Stanton and Jacobs make a move towards Haynes, but Doyle holds them back as best as he can.]

JH: Slow down, ladies...it ain't quite the time to be throwin' punches yet. First off, if you're wonderin' why me and Danny are here, well it goes without sayin' that you're lookin' at the newest team to throw their names into The Stampede Cup!

[Another big pop!]

BW: Woah! Woah! Violence Unlimited are in the Cup!?

GM: The 2010 Stampede Cup winners...the former National Tag Team champions and one of the toughest tag teams in wrestling history are in The Stampede Cup! Oh my!

JH: Now that we got that out of the way, lets get down to business. Ya' see, what we have here is a lotta' talkin', a whole lotta' yappin', a whole lotta' trash talkin'...and absolutely no one attemptin' to do a damn thing about it!

So me and Danny? We figure the best way to settle somethin', is by doin' it in the most direct way possible.

We're challenging you to a fight, boys!

[Pop! There's some confusion from the three other tag teams. Adam Rogers screams, "WHICH ONE OF US ARE YOU TALKING TO, STUPID!?"]

JH: HA! Are you that ignorant, Rogers!? Smarten him up a little, Danny!

[Morton rubs his hands together, chuckling.]

DM: You should already know, that when Violence Unlimited says they're challenging you to a fight, they mean...ALL OF YOU!

[That really brings on the shocked faces, as Morton cackles at their bewilderment.]

DM: You talk about stepping up your game? Then step it up to the HIGHEST level, fellas! Show the world what you're made of!

An eight man, no holds barred Bunkhouse battle royal! Come as you are! Wear whatever the heck you want! Fight however you like! All that matters is that the last team standing earns themselves a top 8 seed in the tournament!

And the rest?

[Morton grins.]



...where Dufresne SPIKES him skullfirst into the metal briefcase!]

GM: DOWN! DOWN TO THE STEEL!

[Freeman throws the briefcase aside, dragging the official over as Freeman scores the three count.

The shot goes black once more for a moment before another graphic comes up...]

"In 2010..."

[The video comes back, showing Dave Cooper whipping Jackson Haynes across the ring, looking to set up for the spinebuster... but Haynes grabs the ropes, refusing to rebound. An angry Cooper charges him...

...and a desperate Haynes drops his head, backdropping Cooper all the way over the top rope and down to the floor as the crowd roars in response.]

GM: HE SENDS COOPER TO THE FLOOR!!!

[Haynes leans against the ropes, breathing heavily for a few moments before throwing himself into the hand of Danny Morton who comes in face, rushing to the far ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: A SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES BY MORTON!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[With Cooper completely laid out, Morton lets loose a wild whoop before throwing the Professional back into the ring. Morton pulls himself back up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...

...but Eric Matthew Somers intervenes, grabbing Morton by the throat from his spot on the apron!]

GM: He's got Morton by the throat!

[Morton wraps up the arm, blocking the chokeslam and unleashing a series of headbutts that stuns Somers. Morton breaks away, hitting the ropes again...

...but Cooper steps in unexpectedly, lifting Morton off the mat and DRIVING him back down!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! SPINEBUSTER!!

[Cooper covers, getting a very close near fall. He gets back up, arguing with the official as he reaches down, grabbing Morton's legs...]

GM: He's going for the Cloverleaf!

[...and gets dragged down to the mat in a cradle! Jackson Haynes sprints into the ring, wrapping himself around the legs of an incoming Somers as the referee hits the canvas three times!]

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! VIOLENCE UNLIMITED BEAT THE CHAMPS!

[We fade to black again for a moment before a new graphic comes up.]

“In 2011...”

[As the footage comes back up, we see a bloodied and dazed Danny Morton pulling James Lynch off the mat...

...when Lynch suddenly slaps the arm away, sinking his fingers into the blood-soaked skull of Morton!]

GM: CLAW!

[A desperate Morton buries a knee in the gut, wrapping his powerful arms around Lynch’s torso...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BACK! DROP! DRIVER!!!

[Lynch hits HARD on the back of his head and neck, his older brother Jack cringing at the impact from his place on the apron as James rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Can James Lynch get up to beat the ten count though? If he can’t, it won’t matter! If he gets counted out, this match is as over as if he got pinned, fans!

[Inside the ring, Morton collapses from the exertion, blood pooling around his head on the canvas as Jackson Haynes shouts at him from their corner, slapping the top turnbuckle to try and revive him.]

GM: The sounds tell the story in this one, fans! The crowd is shocked but trying to rally their favorites while the two partners on the apron try to get their partner to their feet!

[With the referee continuing to count towards ten, Danny Morton rolls himself out to the floor, dragging a motionless James Lynch to his feet and shoving him under the ropes to a deafening roar from the Atlanta crowd.]

GM: Danny Morton puts James Lynch back in! He didn’t want to win that way! He didn’t want the countout!

[Back in the ring, Morton collapses into the turnbuckles, slapping the hand of his partner who races in, lunging into a cover for a very close near fall. Haynes slams his fists into the canvas several times before dragging Lynch



off the mat to his feet. The Hammer looks him dead in the eyes, shaking his head...]

GM: You get the feeling that Jackson Haynes didn't want to have to do this. He wanted the kid to stay down but...

[Haynes jerks Lynch into a standing headscissors. A terrified Jack Lynch turns away from the ring, unable to watch as the near three hundred pound big man lifts the much-smaller Lynch into the air...

...at which point, a desperate James Lynch hooks his legs around Haynes' head, dragging him down to the canvas, reaching back to tightly hook both legs!]

GM: CRADLE!! CRADLE!!

[Jack Lynch sprints across the ring, throwing himself around the legs of Morton as the official drops to count, the fans counting with him for the three count!]

GM: THEY DID IT!! THEY DID IT!! THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!! BY GOD, THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!!

[Fade to black for a long moment before another graphic emerges.]

"What will 2013 bring?"

[It fades. One more.]

"The Stampede Cup Returns In 2013..."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action at the interview area with Mark Stegklet, microphone at the ready. A purposeful-looking Glenn Hudson stands next to him, hands on his hips. There's a furrow to his brow and a bruise developing around his right eye, but he appears to be relatively calm all things considered. Hudson glances towards the floor as Stegklet begins to speak.]

MS: Folks, this was not a planned segment but Glenn Hudson has asked for some time tonight. Glenn, after your ladder match at SuperClash - which was taxing to say the very least - you've continued to be on the receiving end. Not only from your opponent, the now newly-crowned AWA World Television champion, Dave Bryant, but also Alphonse Green.

[Still looking down, Hudson's eyebrows flick up briefly as he concedes this.]

MS: Two weeks ago, it almost looked like Green had bitten off more than he could chew by antagonizing the both of you when you met in the ring. We saw how that turned out. Bryant, ever the opportunist, blindsiding you as you were distracted by Green. Then tonight, finally the revelation of what's been in the velvet bag - a new championship belt... Quite reasonably,

yourself as the first challenger to that title. But again, Alphonse Green had you in his sights and prevented you from competing tonight. Do you think there's collusion between Alphonse Green and Dave Bryant? What can you tell us about this situation?

[Hudson nods to himself for a moment, gathering his thoughts. As the fans cheer their support, he cracks a small grin. Finally, the Australian turns to face Stegklet, darting an ambiguous look at the camera along the way.]

GH: Well, Mark... I couldn't tell you if there was collusion there or not. Bryant's a dodgy customer and I wouldn't put anything past him. That's something I forgot for about fifteen seconds and paid a well-deserved price for it.

[He shrugs.]

GH: Bryant could be pulling the strings here. There could be collusion. Green could be doing Bryant's dirty work for him. There could be some elaborate conspiracy... but at times like this, I like to apply Occam's razor; the simplest answer is probably true...

[A pause to leave us hanging...]

GH: ... and Alphonse Green is probably SIMPLE enough to think that something good was gonna happen... by getting on my bad side.

[Pop!]

GH: Now, very rarely does this great road of life run in a straight line - it twists and turns. Sometimes you've gotta take a detour from your next destination. Sometimes you've gotta stop along the way, check out the sights and enjoy where you are right now.

[Stegklet frowns, counter to Hudson's rediscovered grin.]

MS: What are getting at, Glenn? You've asked for this time, so why be so cryptic?

GH: What am I getting at? I still want a piece of Dave Bryant, Mark. That's where I want to go.

[Another pop!]

GH: BUT...

[He holds a palm up, trying to settle the crowd.]

GH: I get that strange feeling... if I look over my shoulder quickly enough, Alphonse Green's gonna be there, just slipping out of sight. This needs taking care of. So I called up President O'Connor who is sitting in his swank new office and made a humble request for the next Saturday Night Wrestling.

[The crowd stir again as they begin to catch on. Hudson nods and addresses them.]

GH: Who wants to see Alphonse Green go one-on-one... with Glenn Hudson?

[Big pop!]

GH: YOU SURE?!

[Sure enough, the pop gets even louder!]

GH: That sounds unanimous to me.

[Hudson claps his hands and rubs them together eagerly, turning back to the camera.]

GH: Alphonse, you have my attention now. You stuck your nose in my business - twice. Now I'm gonna smack it so far off your face, Daffy Duck will feel sorry for you.

[Hudson turns back to Stegglet, slaps him on the side of the shoulder with mock camaraderie, and leaves the scene. Mark takes a second to gather himself, then addresses us.]

MS: A respite perhaps for the Doctor of Love, but possibly some bad news for the King of the Battle Royal. Let's go down to the ring and see Mr. Bryant in action right now!

[We crossfade to the ring where the new World Television Champion is standing, shouting off-mic at Glenn Hudson as he ducks through the entrance curtain. Bryant is fuming as he is forced to hand over the new Television title to the referee.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA World Television Title! Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 228 pounds... he is the Doctor of Love...

The reigning and defending AWA World Television Champion...

DAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYANNNT!

[Bryant angrily throws up both arms, drawing jeers from the crowd as he stands in the corner, staring down the entrance ramp, shouting at Watson to "get on with it!"]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a pregnant pause as the entirety of the Crockett Coliseum waits to see who is coming to challenge for the gold. Then, their question is answered with a single phrase...]

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

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the self-styled vocals of "I'm Gonna Be Your Sweet Daddy" as Sweet Daddy Williams emerges through the locker room curtain, pumping a fist to the roaring crowd.]

PW: From Hotlanta, G-A... weighing in at 302 pounds...

SWEEEEET DADDYYYYY WILLLLLLLIAMSSSSS!

[The rotund challenger rips off his sky blue windbreaker jacket, throwing it down to the ramp. He gestures at his broad waist in the "I want the belt" gesture before walking down the ramp towards the ring where a slightly-concerned Dave Bryant is looking on.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is gonna challenge for the World Television Title and he's gonna do it right here tonight, Bucky!

BW: Worst. Night. Ever.

[Williams steps through the ropes...

...and gets ambushed by a, quite frankly, pissed-off Dave Bryant.]

GM: The champ attacks before the bell!

[A short right hand to the jaw sends Williams back against the ropes as the referee steps in, shouting at the World Television Champion who ignores him as he buries a knee into the ample midsection of his challenger. The referee wheels around, waving for the bell...]

GM: The bell sounds and this match is officially underway. A ten minute time limit so Bryant and Williams will both need to work quickly to wear down their opponent enough to score a victory. Of course, Bryant is protected by the championship advantage - he cannot lose that title via countout or disqualification.

[Bryant turns sideways, throwing a big chop across the chest of Williams!]

GM: Bryant's hammering away at Williams - he's got him on the ropes early here.

BW: Just keep throwing bombs, Dave! The fat man can't take it!

[The Doctor of Love grabs one of Williams' arms, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Off the far side... ducks a clothesline out of the champion...

[Williams hits the ropes, rebounding off...]

...and leaving his feet with a fat man crossbody that flattens Bryant underneath him!]

GM: CROSSBODY!! THAT MIGHT DO IT!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Bryant just BARELY got a shoulder off the mat to break the pin in time. He promptly starts crawling towards the ropes near the elevated ramp, looking to escape as Williams questions the count of referee Ricky Longfellow who confirms the near fall.]

GM: The challenger was a half count away from finishing this one off and walking out of here as the new World Television Champion, Bucky!

BW: This is awful.. completely awful. Get your head in the game, Dave!

GM: It looks like you’ve thrown out any idea of being impartial in this one, Bucky.

BW: I ain’t gonna be impartial when this fat slob is involved! You know my history with him, Gordo!

GM: I certainly do.

[Williams grabs the fleeing Bryant by the back of the trunks, pulling him back to his feet and into a side waistlock. The fan favorite lifts him high into the air...

...and drops him down tailbone-first on a bent knee, sending Bryant towards the ropes where he flips over them, landing on the elevated ramp!]

GM: Williams sends Bryant over the top with the atomic drop... and he’s going out after him, fans!

[The crowd is roaring as Williams steps out on the ramp, pulling Bryant back to his feet. He tugs him close, scooping him up into the air...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BODYSLAM ON THE RAMP!! Good grief!

[Bryant rolls around in pain, clutching at his lower back as the roaring crowd cheers Williams on. Williams looks out at his people, nodding his head as he gives a shout of “YEAH BABY!”]

GM: The challenger’s in control of this one in the early moments... pulling Bryant up off the ramp again...

[This time, Williams grabs a handful of hair, throwing Bryant over the top rope, sending him back inside the ring.]

GM: A smart move by the challenger there. He knows very well that he can't win the title outside the ring.

BW: No, but he could've done more damage. Williams ain't got a killer instinct bone in his body, Gordo. If he'd stayed out on the ramp, kept using that unforgiving wooden platform to soften up the champion, there was a decent chance he might not screw up everything here in this one. But of course, he puts Bryant back in where the Doctor of Love is at a much greater advantage.

GM: I don't know if I'd say "much greater," Bucky.

BW: I would. Bryant's a wrestler - not a fighter. No matter what you saw at SuperClash when that ladder got involved. He'd much prefer the safety of the squared circle when in there with a guy like Williams.

[Williams steps back into the ring, grabbing a rising Bryant by the hair...

...when the Doctor of Love buries a right hand into the flabby gut!]

GM: The World Television Champion goes downstairs on the challenger...

[Williams shakes it off, smashing an elbow down over the forehead of Bryant, putting him back down on the mat. With a swirl of his arm, Williams backs into the ropes, bouncing off...

...and DROPS a thunderous three hundred pound elbow into the sternum!]

GM: OHH! Big elbow!

[Williams rolls into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Again, Bryant slips a shoulder up off the canvas, just narrowly breaking up the pinfall attempt.]

GM: We haven't even hit the five minute mark in this one and Sweet Daddy Williams is taking the fight to Dave Bryant over and over again! Bryant's newly-gained World Television Title is in serious jeopardy here tonight, fans.

[Williams gets back to his feet, clapping his hands together in frustration as he looks at the official again. The referee holds up two fingers, confirming the count to a nodding Williams.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams has questioned the count twice in this one. I think that just shows how badly he wants to win this beautiful title belt here tonight.

BW: The blood of the Longhorn Wrestling Council built the Longhorn Heritage Title... and that title has given birth to the World Television Title. They have the same history - the same legacy. The amount of pride and honor you get to have when you hold that strap is overwhelming. You're following in the footsteps of men like Nenshou and Robert Donovan who held the Longhorn Heritage Title... and men like Casey James, Tex Violence, Bishop, Brody Thunder and so many others who competed in the original LWC.

GM: It may be a new championship but it's got very old roots, fans.

[Williams moves slowly across the ring, reaching the corner where Dave Bryant has pulled himself to his feet...

...and sticks a thumb in the eye of the Hotlanta fan favorite!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot by Bryant!

[Bryant hops up on the middle rope behind him, leaping off, and smashing a forearm down between the eyes of Williams, further staggering the three hundred pounder...]

GM: Bryant's got him dazed!

[Bryant squares up, grabbing the top rope...

...and LASHES OUT with a superkick!]

BW: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!!

[The lack of space between the corner and Williams only allows Bryant to get the boot as high as the sternum - a blow that staggers Williams, taking him down to a knee... but not one that lays him out.]

GM: Bryant took him down but he didn't get as much behind that superkick as he wanted to!

[Bryant shakes his head, squaring up and CRACKING a kneeling Williams in the jaw with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand by the World Television Champion!

[The Doctor of Love shoves Williams down onto his back, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Bryant gets one! He's got two! He's got th- no! No!

[Bryant grabs a handful of Williams' short hair, hammering away with right hands to the skull before shoving Williams back down to his back, applying another press for a two count.]

GM: Another two count for the champion.

[Shaking his head, Bryant gets up to his feet, backing up to the corner, hopping up onto the middle rope...]

GM: Look out here...

[He raises his closed fist, glaring down at Williams, and leaps off, burying the fist between the eyes of the challenger!]

GM: Oh my! Fistdrop by the World Television Champion!

[Bryant applies another cover, hooking a leg and earning a two count before Williams slips the shoulder free.]

GM: Another two count... still not enough to keep the challenger down. We're closing in on the half way point of the time limit - the five minute mark of the match.

BW: And when you hear that, you know you need to pick it up a notch if you're the challenger.

GM: Not the champion?

BW: Heck no. For Bryant, a time limit draw is as good as a pinfall victory. But for Williams, a time limit draw means he couldn't get the job done, daddy.

GM: A warped point of view but oddly accurate, I suppose.

[Bryant gets back to his feet, stomping Williams several times before dragging him off the mat by the arm, flinging him back into the turnbuckles. The Doctor of Love rushes in after him, burying a knee into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Big running knee to the breadbasket... and look at this...

[Bryant reaches down, securing a side headlock on the challenger...

...and swings his arm around in the air!]

GM: He's calling for a bulldog!

BW: No, no! He's calling for the Riley Roundup! He's gonna beat Sweet Daddy Williams with Williams' own move, Gordo!

GM: What disrespect this is!

[Bryant smirks at the jeering crowd as he readies himself, charging out of the corner, leaping into the air...

...and gets HURLED through the air, thrown out of the bulldog, and down to the canvas with a thud!]

GM: WILLIAMS THROWS HIM OFF! THE BULLDOG IS COUNTERED!



[With the crowd roaring, Phil Watson's voice calls out the time limit.]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Five minutes to go! Just five minutes left for Sweet Daddy Williams as he tries to win the World Television Title in its first defense here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Williams falls back to the corner, reaching back to slap his hind quarters a few times...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: No, no!

GM: Williams has him set! He's waiting for Bryant to stir!

[The Doctor of Love pushes himself up off the mat, a bit dazed as he wobbles around...]

...and Williams rushes out of the corner, leaping into the air...]

GM: THE PLAYBOY EXPRESS!

BW: THE WHAT?!

[Williams' rear end SMASHES into the face and upper chest of Bryant, sending him sailing backwards...]

...where he flies THROUGH the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: He hit it! He hit it all! That devastating attack with his lower body!

BW: What the heck did you call it?!

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams told me he's calling it the Playboy Express these days since it ran right over "Playboy" Ronnie D and ended his career once and for all.

BW: Bryant got knocked all the way out to the floor, Gordo.

GM: If he'd stayed in the ring, I think we'd have a new champion right now.

BW: I hate to say it but I think you're right.

[Williams turns, seeing Bryant on the floor, and slams his hands together in frustration. He points at the Doctor of Love, looking out at the cheering crowd, and shouts, "I'M GONNA GO GET HIM!"]

GM: Bryant's down on the floor and his challenger is going for him! He's gonna bring Bryant back into the ring and try to end this thing once and for all.

[Dropping off the apron, Williams goes to where Bryant is sprawled out on the floor. The challenger drags him up by the arm, turning towards the ring...]

GM: Williams is gonna put him back in...

[But Bryant reaches out, grabbing the ropes with his hands to prevent his trip back under the ropes. He quickly throws an elbow back into the ribcage of Williams before grabbing him by the head...

...and SLAMMING his skull into the ring apron!]

GM: Into the apron goes the challenger!

[Bryant hops up on the apron, stomping the back of Williams' head a few times, pushing his face against the hard apron...

...and then leaps up, delivering a leaping stomp to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief!

[Williams crumples down to the floor, covering up his face as Bryant grins at the jeering crowd. He takes a seat on the ring apron, gesturing at the downed Williams before rolling back into the ring...]

GM: Bryant's back in... and he's telling the official to count Williams out.

BW: Smart move by Bryant. Get that count going... maybe you get a win but if nothing else, you burn some time off the clock.

GM: Speaking of clock, we're somewhere around three minutes left in this matchup. Dave Bryant, as you say, may be very well trying to burn some time off the clock.

[Bryant sits in the corner, waving for the count to continue as the referee hits three... then four...]

GM: The count is up to four out here. The challenger is in some trouble after that leaping stomp that smashed his face into the ring apron. Williams isn't moving out here and this may be the end of this title matchup.

[The count hits five... six... seven as Bryant is shouting at Longfellow to "count faster!"]

GM: Williams is... he's moving, Bucky!

BW: No, no, no!

GM: The challenger is pulling himself up using the apron... the count's at eight... at nine...

[But the challenger tugs himself under the ropes, breaking the count at the last possible moment...]

GM: He's in! He got back in!

BW: Finish 'im, Dave! Finish him now!

[An angry Bryant rushes across the ring, throwing himself down to his knees, hammering away with rights and lefts at the back of Williams' head.]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

[Bryant shouts at the downed Williams, demanding that he "GET UP AND FIGHT!" just before he drops a knee down in the back of the neck... and a second one... and a third one.]

GM: Bryant is all over the challenger! He's-

[Reaching down, Bryant hauls Williams up by the arm, going into an armtwist...]

GM: Bryant twists the arm around, firing Williams in...

[But the challenger manages a reversal, sending Bryant into the ropes instead...]

GM: Reversed by Williams!

[Bryant hits the ropes, rebounding off as Williams drops his head...]

GM: BACKDR-

[The World Television Champ pulls up short, hooking a front facelock, and CRUSHING Williams' skull into the canvas with a snapping DDT!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Bryant flips Williams onto his back, applying a press with his forearm bone grinding into the fan favorite's cheekbone.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Bryant promptly rolls off of Williams to his knees, throwing his arms up in the air in triumph...]

PW: Here is your winner... and STILL AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

DAAAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYYANT!

[Bryant nods his head, snatching his title belt away from the referee. He clutches the belt to his chest.]

GM: The challenger seemed on the verge of victory on several occasions but the Doctor of Love pulled that high and sudden impact DDT out of nowhere to put him away for a three count.

BW: This night's getting better, Gordo. Now if only someone will shut up those Stenches in that Bunkhouse Battle Royal a little later.

GM: The Bunkhouse Battle Royal has been set for later tonight with a Top 8 seed on the line. One of those four tag teams involved are going to join Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez as well as, of course, the AWA National Tag Team Champions, The Bishop Boys, in the top seeds in what will be the biggest tournament of the year. Fans, two weeks ago, you saw the first half of a very special interview that I did with former EMWC owner Chris Blue and his new... ally, I suppose... William Craven. Right now, let's take a look at the second half of that interview in which both of these men make their intentions quite clear.

[Fade to black.]

WC: My mind is spoken a thousand times over and my soul is laid bare...

[Fade in on William Craven, still seated, as we last saw him, during his interview with Gordon Myers.]

WC: All I've done is explain since I've been here, Gordon, and yet you plead with me to help you understand. Like a doctor begging the patient to reveal his illness ... save that I am not ill.

You see me as the villain, that much is clear.

[Gordon speaks up.]

GM: Can you blame me for that? Even you would have to admit that since you arrival here in the AWA, you've hurt a lot of people... a LOT of people. You've threatened the very way we do business here in the AWA with your efforts to recreate the days of the Land of Extreme. You hold yourself up as this so-called One Man Revolution. Am I speaking the truth?

[An irate Blue interjects again.]

CB: Truth is all a matter of perspective, Gordon. You ever heard the saying that history is written by the victors?

[Myers nods.]

CB: This man... is a victor. I... am a victor. So, at the end of the day, when history looks back at this so-called truth you speak so fondly of, it will

show that Mr. Craven and myself battled through unbelievers to achieve one goal.

[Myers waits.]

GM: Which would be?

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: Tell 'em, William.

[Craven leans in towards Gordon Myers.]

WC: Respect.

[Myers looks puzzled.]

GM: After months and months of calling for a revolution, now you sit here and tell me you want respect?

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: Don't you get it, Gordon?

[Gordon shakes his head in response.]

GM: Obviously not.

[Blue waves an arm in Myers' direction.]

CB: Those days are over, Gordon. You no longer have to worry about William bringing his victims into our former world of barbed wire, broken glass, and thumbtacks. That is not the world we live in any longer... it is not the world that we wish to stand atop of... and William understands that now. Don't you, William?

[Craven breathes deeply, almost as if he's struggling with his next words. It's clear that his is an internal struggle, eager to please Blue with his words and actions. His face is a sharp-toothy grimace as he struggles out his reply.]

WC: Yes ... sir.

[Blue nods.]

CB: William has sat by my side... he has listened to my words... he has understanding over what comes next from here. Respect. Respect is what comes next. Respect by any means necessary.

It's all either of us have ever wanted in this business. And now, united, we're going to get it.

[Gordon looks confused.]

GM: I'm not sure how I follow. How do you put a number on respect? How do you-

[Blue interrupts again.]

CB: Respect for every man means something different.

It could be glory. It could be money. It could be infamy. It's all part of a bigger picture. For me, respect is something that I feel I've already earned yet never seem to get.

So, for me... respect is equal to vengeance.

[Gordon's jaw drops.]

GM: Vengeance?!

CB: Vengeance on every one who has ever wronged me. Vengeance on everyone who has ever showed the lack of gratitude I am so richly owed. Vengeance on them all.

This world rejects me... and I'm gonna burn this whole world down for it.

[Blue again rests a hand on Craven's shoulder.]

CB: For Mr. Craven, respect means something very different.

For him... it's the World Heavyweight Championship for starters.

[Gordon interrupts.]

GM: For starters?! The World Heavyweight Title is the epitome of achievement in our spor-

[Blue interrupts in turn.]

CB: Not for Mr. Craven. Yes, he wants the World Title that has eluded him for so long but it is simply a means to an end, Gordon. You see, Mr. Craven - and I as well - have a much greater goal in mind.

We intend to rule.

[Craven lets loose a sound approximating a sharp hiss.]

GM: Rule what?

[Craven utters something softly, almost as a whisper.]

WC: Rule ... over all this world, that which has been built upon the bones of the Empire. The king, uncrowned, serving my emperor, I will rule within the ring as he will without.

CB: That's right. And when we talk about ruling, we don't talk about some imaginary crown like my old friend Mark wears upon his fragile head. We don't talk about a golden title belt slung over a shoulder that has seen better days. We don't talk about.. "We're taking over" or so many of the cliches that have haunted our business for decades. We simply mean it's time for a new power in the AWA. Not the darkness... not the Unholy Alliance... not Royalty... not even the Dragon.

WC: You've. Had. Your. Turn...

[Myers turns towards Craven.]

GM: Our turn? So what are you saying? Now it's your turn?

[Craven sneers, again revealing his pointed teeth, then screws on his best fake smile. Removing his sunglasses, Craven tucks them in his breast pocket.]

WC: Try to keep an open mind, Gordon; I've gone to great effort to meet you half way here. Away from the screaming crowds that fuel me, dressed for the occasion, I feel very fancy and I hate every second of it. I never wear a suit unless I'm dressing for court or if my lawyers think it's good for appearances. You wanted to feel safe from me, in this setting, but I never was a threat to you. You're an announcer. There's nothing to be gained by menacing you and, frankly, there's nothing about you that could ever make me feel threatened.

CB: What we require of you Gordon is an understanding. We need you to be able to take our words... our purpose for existing as allies in your company... and we need you to tell the masses about it. We do not intend to take the AWA by surprise. We intend to tell you all - very clearly - here and now that we are here to compete... we are here to defeat those that step into our path, hurting them if necessary... and we are here to climb the mountaintop of glory here in the AWA until we are standing higher than any others. Higher than Vasquez... higher than Scott... higher than Childes and his menagerie... higher than Monosso... higher than Royalty... higher than the Lynchs...

[Gordon interrupts.]

GM: I think I get your point.

CB: Do you? Because I think our point has yet to sink into that thick skull of yours. This whole thing... all of this started because of one inherent problem. A lack of respect.

Do you think I want to be back here, Gordon? Do you think I want to be back in the business that has meant so much to me over the years but has

ripped my heart out and left me a hollow man inside? The world of professional wrestling is like a lover who gives you the best night of your life and then leaves you with a burning sensation the next morning.

[Throwing his arms up in the air, his emotions overflowing, Blue shouts.]

CB: None of this was supposed to happen!

[An enraged Blue wheels around, marching off-set. Myers' brow knits in confusion.]

GM: Was it something I said?

[Craven abruptly leans forward, grasping the arm of Myers' chair.]

GM: Whoa! Take it easy here... I do NOT want any kind of problem with you.

[Craven grins through his sharpened teeth.]

WC: But you are a problem.

[Eyes suddenly wide, Gordon goes stiff and starts looking around for the exits. Craven relaxes slightly, releases the chair, but doesn't pull back.]

WC: You've been the most strident voice calling for an end to the carnage. You are the one who decries the legacy of the Empire. You are the greatest source of disrespect... for me... for him... for our history.

GM: I didn't mean to-

WC: You did. You always did. You sit here as one of the most powerful men in this company and you hide away the truth from all who wait with ears wide open to hear it from your mouth.

GM: What truth?!

WC: Why? Isn't that the real question you have for us? Why?

[Myers looks puzzled... and scared.]

WC: Think back, Gordon. Think back to the moments following the war with Mighty Martinez. Do you remember?

GM: Of course I-

WC: What happened?

GM: Chris Blue got into the ring with your wooden sword and-

[Craven closes his eyes, clenching his teeth...]



WC: My Emperor. He stepped into the ring, aimed my own weapon at me, then set it aside in what looked to be a ceremony, like a king granting the title of knight. Then...

[Thrusting his arm out to one side, Craven clenches a fist.]

WC: ...what happened next?

GM: That's what nobody in the AWA knows; the question that's set the wrestling world abuzz. What, exactly, did Chris Blue say to you after your match with Alex Martinez?

[With his eyes still closed, Craven's voice is calm, steady, a rough hiss of gospel truth. Demonstratively, as he speaks, he thrusts his thumb downward.]

WC: At the conclusion of a gladiatorial contest the Emperor, classically, would give either a thumbs down, that the loser should be slain, or a thumbs up, that the loser should be spared.

[Craven's green thumb pops up towards the ceiling.]

WC: I ... was spared, Gordon.

GM: But what did he say?

WC: Isn't it obvious? He thanked me, Gordon.

GM: Th--

WC: Please, don't ruin the moment. The Emperor will speak of this when he is ready. Since then he has spoke unto me and enlightened me in so many ways. I now know that my quest for carnage was an unfocused tantrum, doing all I could to show that I am all I claimed to be and that it's long since proven. I now know that what I sought could never be enough because there would always be another fool ready and willing to wallow with me in the filth and hold me back from what I really wanted; respect. The respect due a champion ... a King ... just like he was held back from the respect due an Emperor!

Just know this, Gordon ... the Revolution ... it is over.

[Gordon looks a bit surprised.]

GM: It is? That's surprising to hear.

WC: It shouldn't be ... you lost.

GM: Pardon?

[Suddenly, Blue comes storming back in from off-camera.]

CB: You lost, Gordon. You... Michaelson... Taylor... your band of merry men... you all lost. You had your chance to show proper respect for what I've brought to this business and you blew it. You had your chance to show proper respect for this man's talents and you blew it. As I stepped into the ring at SuperClash, a wave of enlightenment washed over me.

He understood me. And better yet, he respected me.

[Blue looks down at Craven.]

CB: Of all the people I've encountered in this world of wrestling, I never thought it would be him but in the end, he was the one who was able to show how much he appreciated what I had accomplished and he was showing it night in and night out by sacrificing his own body to do it.

He who would accomplish little must sacrifice little. He who would achieve much must sacrifice much. He who would attain highly must sacrifice greatly.

When I stood there and watched him sacrificing himself greatly, I could see the next step.

[Blue nods.]

CB: I stood there, basking in the love he has for what I built... soaking up the crimson pouring from his body that he was spilling in the name of my greatest creation... drowning in the sea of gratitude he felt for once having a home under my roof...

He was grateful.

And as he continued to sacrifice - even when falling to defeat - I stepped into that ring, looked into his eyes to get one final measure of the man...

...and I said the only three words that would mean anything at that point.

[A smile.]

CB: "Thank you, William."

[Blue glares into the camera as Craven stares wide-eyed at Myers who gestures for the camera's feed to be cut. We abruptly cut to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where we see Phil Watson standing in an empty ring.]

PW: The following contest is a six man tag team match scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[Burst of static.]

GM: It's about to get crowded in the ring.

[Serguei Prokofiev's callous and haunting "Dance of the Knights" trumpets over the arena speakers. Beginning with the delicate strings and then the bursting of the horns and woodwinds layer on top as the dynamic music begins to play.]

BW: Here comes my Leading Lady!

GM: It's been intriguing to say the least, to see Miss Sandra Hayes out scouting the likes of Shadoe Rage. It makes me wonder at times, who really is the leader of this faction? Is it really the Shane Gang? Or is Miss Hayes the one pulling the strings. I think when we find out who Shane's partners are we may have a better idea.

BW: I've been hearing rumors all week. Terry Shane III has a locker room full of guys who would love to spill the blood of his opponents tonight. I am certain William Craven would love another chance to rip Supernova's head off.

[Sure enough, flipping open the curtains first is the Siren herself, grin wide and decidedly cheery. Miss Hayes struts out in a leather tank top and black pants so tight it's a wonder she can still breathe in them. Her tar black hair is strewn over her right shoulder and over her left rests the infamous branding iron that she so freely swings without cause or concern.

Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong march out next, flanking the sides of Miss Hayes in their signature green/white track jackets and ring tights. Behind them marches out Donne White, his bleached hair popping out of green bandana as he runs his fingers through it, spiking it up sky high. Behind him, the "Handsome Hangman" Harry Hyatt. Simply dressed in his ring gear, ready to kill.]

GM: The Gang members are all in their ring gear tonight. Any one of them could be called on by this man....Terry Shane III.... to answer the call of duty this evening.

[Backpedaling, soaking in the boos from the crowd... dressed in his emerald robe with his black hair dripping down the nape of his neck is the Ring Leader, Terry Shane III. Arms stretched wide, spinning slowly... effortlessly... and intercepting the pack as he begins leading the way to the ring.]

GM: Always one for dramatics, Terry Shane III and his Gang are on their way to ringside. In just a moment we are going to find out whom he has selected to take on the trio of Sultan Azam Sharif, Supernova, and his arch-nemesis Hannibal Carver. You have got to know how serious they are taking the threat of the Shane Gang and if they could rid of them tonight it would open them up to being able to place one hundred percent of their efforts on ridding the AWA of Royalty once and for all. There's a lot more wagering on this match than just shutting up Shane.

[Miss Hayes sets herself on the middle ropes, allowing her men to enter. White. Hayes. Anderson. Strong. Then Shane. They collect themselves in the center of the ring save for Terry Shane III who ferociously paces across it...eventually coming to a stop dead center at the encouraging of Harry Hyatt.]

TS3 [gritting his teeth]: CARVER.

[There's a lot of cheering at the mere mention of "Hannibal Carver" from the Ring Leader's lips. He shakes his head and then presses the mic back to his lips.]

TS3: It is OVER, Carver. For you and your beloved cast of oddities. The time for talking is emphatically over. Because tonight you have to be ready for ME. I am not the Terry Shane III that you so fondly badmouth as a coward and a cheapshot artist. I am much different. Much better. Much stronger. And no matter how hard you or anyone you align yourself with try, you are NEVER going to be able to put me down.

NEVER!

[Again, he lowers the microphone, taking a second to gather himself.]

TS3: Not by yourself. Not with ANYONE. Nothing will EVER stand in my way. When all is said and done tonight I will walk out of the Crockett Coliseum with my hand held high because if there is a SINGLE thing that I am better at than being a wrestler...

...it is being a LEADER.

[Shane gestures to the Shane Gang that surrounds him.]

TS3: I have proved it since SuperClash, and I will continue to prove it EACH and EVERY night from here on out. So it almost unfair that I have been granted this perfect opportunity tonight. When Karl O'Connor first pulled himself out of the grave he has been resting in and showed up here in the AWA I thought maybe, just MAYBE, that some sort of sanity and intelligence would be bestowed upon the Committee for a change. And it pains me to admit it but the old man got off on the right foot and made the best decision yet when he told me two weeks ago that tonight against Sultan Az --

[A loud pop, Shane shakes it off.]

TS3: Supernova.

[Another burst of cheers.]

TS3: And...

[Shane pauses, he looks to Aaron Anderson, waving his index finger and Anderson nods.]

TS3: Do you REALLY think I am going to let you cheer for that... cretin... again?! Get real. When he told me I could use ANYONE I wanted as my partners it made me SMILE. It was also inevitable that before I even left the arena two weeks ago that my cell phone would start blowing up. Do you know HOW MANY wrestlers in the back can not understand a lick that comes out of Sharif's mouth and would just LOVE the chance to break his jaw and humble that ranting lunatic once and for all. Do you?! Or the face painted princess that has somehow miraculously escaped with his life after countless

meetings with William Craven? I know there is a certain someone standing in the back right now that would WELCOME the chance to superkick the mascara and lipstick right off of his damn face.

Sorry, "Showtime"...but tonight is not your lucky night.

[Shane grins.]

TS3: Hell, even Juan Vasquez called up Donnie White this week because Lord knows I will not lower myself to speak that butched Spanglish language. Donnie, what did you tell your old Huron Valley brother?

[Shane tilts the mic towards the "Atomic Blonde" who conveniently curls his bicep up slowly as he reaches for it.]

DW: Donnie White tell em' we got all the studs and playas we need for tonight, baby!

TS3: Yes you did. Dave Cooper? Not Professional enough, jack.

Skywalker Jones? There is only room for one "Human Highlight Reel" in this ring and you are looking RIGHT at him.

[He hooks his thumb into his chest.]

TS3: Shadoe Rage?

[Shane bursts into laughter.]

TS3: Shadoe. Rage? Come on now. This is not the late nineties and last time I checked Portland was a long, long way from home... so for the ten of you playing the latest installment of AWA Trivia Pursuit at home... THAT would in fact be the double answer to the bonus question, "Name the last time that anyone considered Shadoe Rage relevant."

[Sandra Hayes glares at Shane who mouths too her, "you brought this on yourself".]

TS3: But there was one phone call that I received that took even ME by surprise. One phone call whose name came up blocked but something inside me just told me I had to pick it up. Trust me when I tell you I was as shocked as anyone when I heard the voice of a man who has lead more groups than Justin Timberlake and Nick Lachey combined. A certain man who has been suspended, banned, and written out of the AWA history books for the past year.

[The crowd begins to rumble.]

TS3: Yes I am talking about a certain [miming quotes] "Franchise". I am in fact talking about...

...Mark. Langseth.

[The fans continue to stir, cheers cut by an ovation of boos.]

TS3: And do you know what I told him? Do you know what I said to the man that walked out of the AWA with the National Title around his waist?

I asked him one simple question.

[Pause.]

TS3: Mark... do you have Tiger Claw's number?

[The fans erupt at the mention of the Hall of Famer.]

TS3: Suddenly the line went dead and I chalked it up to Langseth not being able to afford his phone bill. Tough break. But the fact is, when you are placed in a match of this magnitude and given the opportunity to select two partners of your choosing it is only fitting that you look to finding two men who together would make the best partners in the world. Two men whom together will undoubtedly be the NEXT Stampede Cup Champions. The NEXT AWA National Tag Team Champions.

I am talking about the greatest tag team RUNNING here in the AWA.

Wrestlers who define UNLIMITED potential.

Wrestlers who ALWAYS have something up their sleeves.

MY Ring Workers.

[And slowly, "they" step forward. One hand up each, acknowledging the crowd who are not pleased in the slightest.]

TS3: AARON ANDERSON and LENNY STRONG!

[An eruption of boos.]

TS3: This right here....

[He gestures to Anderson, Strong, Hyatt, and White.]

TS3: This is ALL I need. There is NOBODY I would rather have in my corner than these men. So thank you for extending an open invitation to anyone I deemed worthy, Karl O'Connor. But I have all the muscle, all the star power, and all wrestling talent I could EVER ask for right beside me. When all is said and done tonight, we are going to leave Dallas on top of the world. Just who do you think is going to be able to stop us?

[Shane shoves the mic back to Phil Watson.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The music abruptly cuts into the piercing vocal open to "Saz O Avaz." The crowd starts to cheer, and again when "Saz"'s distinctive Persian vocal open segues directly into the middle of "Milk Of Human Kindness" by Clutch.]

BW: Here we go again, Excedrin headache number nine.

[The curtain parts to reveal the flowing reddish-brown bisht of Sultan Azam Sharif. Swathed in flowing clothes: the bisht as well as a plain white kaffiyeh and black agal, the Sultan marches quickly down the aisle. For whatever reason, he has not brought his Iranian flag this week. Right behind him is Hannibal Carver. Again he wears more traditional ring gear, black wrestling ring gear, black wrestling boots with a red trim along the soles and black wrestling tights with a red slashmark design that goes around the entire waist. He unzips his hooded sweatshirt and beats his chest, raising his free arm to the air to a big reaction from the crowd. He nods grimly at Sharif, as the two men high five and back to the entranceway.

And as Clutch fades out, it segues into "You Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest, which brings out the face-painted wrestler know as Supernova. He is dressed in his wrestling attire, consisting of black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. He immediately exchanges high fives with Carver and Sharif, as the three walk down together, side by side.]

PW: The team of SULTAN AZAM SHARIF, HANNIBAL CARVER, and SUUUUUPERRRRNOOOOVAAA!

[Watson quickly bails out as Shane, Anderson, and Strong square up, ready for the fight that's coming...

...and come it does, the three fan favorites ducking through the ropes and rushing right into the battle!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Referee Marty Meekly dives aside, waving for the fight to rage as the six men pair up. Carver with Strong, Sharif with Anderson, and Supernova with Terry Shane III.]

GM: We've got all six men inside the ring, tearing into one another!

[With the crowd roaring, the fan favorites batter their opponents back against the ropes on three sides of the ring with repeated haymakers...

...and a clothesline apiece sends Anderson, Strong, and Shane over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OH MY! THEY'VE CLEARED THE RING!



[A fired-up Supernova pounds his chest, dashing towards the ropes where Terry Shane has just gotten back to his feet...

...and THROWS himself over the top, crashing down on top of Shane with a crossbody that ERUPTS the crowd!]

GM: SUPERNOVA GOES OVER AND DOWN ON TOP OF SHANE!!

[Supernova quickly pops back up, narrowly getting back into the ring before Anderson and Strong can reach him. Out on the floor, Miss Sandra Hayes is shouting at the men inside the ring, then shouting at White and Hyatt out on the floor.]

GM: Sandra Hayes is LIVID, Bucky!

BW: She should be! She just saw her meal tic- err, her charge get jumped right on top of!

GM: Meal ticket sounds about right.

[Inside the ring, Supernova steps out to the apron next to Carver, leaving Sultan Azam Sharif standing in the center of the ring, waving for someone on the other team to get in there with him.]

GM: Sharif's standing tall, ready for the fight to continue... now remember, the President's office has BANNED anyone from interfering in this matchup. If anyone interferes, they will be SUSPENDED!

BW: That oughta keep Harry Hyatt and Donnie White out of this one.

GM: Not to mention Sandra Hayes.

BW: My little flower wouldn't harm a fly, Gordo.

GM: Your little flower is a man-eating snapdragon.

[The Shane Gang huddles up on the floor for a moment before Aaron Anderson dives under the ropes, pulling up to his feet. He marches across the ring, jabbing a finger into the chest of Sharif...]

GM: Aaron Anderson, the first graduate of the AWA's Combat Corner, is reading the riot act to Sharif and-

[Sharif doesn't listen for long before he wraps his powerful arms around Anderson's torso, lifting him up off the mat, twisting around, and throwing him down in a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: Sharif dumps him down hard on the canvas!

[Backing off, Sharif buries a hooked boot into the pectorals of Anderson, knocking him back down to the canvas. Terry Shane III steps up on the

ropes, shouting at Sharif who throws a glance towards him as Anderson crawls across the ring, trying to get back to his feet.]

GM: Anderson's back up... Sharif charges in on him!

[But Anderson kicks his legs up, causing Sharif to run firmly into both raised boots!]

GM: Ohh! Anderson caught him coming in!

[Anderson hops up to the middle rope, raising his hands overhead before leaping off with a double axehandle...

...but Sharif catches him around the torso on the way down!]

GM: He caught him again...

[And LAUNCHES Anderson overhead, throwing him halfway across the ring before he bounces off the mat!]

GM: An overhead throw by Sharif and Anderson's having some trouble with the former amateur wrestling star in the early moments of this one.

[Sharif stalks towards Anderson who backs into his corner, reaching up to slap the hand of his Ring Workers partner, Lenny Strong.]

GM: There's a tag... and in comes "Lights Out" Lenny Strong.

BW: He concusses with his kicks and KOs with his elbows, daddy! Strong is one of the hardest hitters you'll ever run across inside a squared circle... and he's turning his attention towards Sharif now.

[Strong stomps out to the middle of the ring where Sharif is standing...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He slapped him! He slapped Sharif right across the face!

[An angry Sharif surges forward, throwing forearms at Strong who absorbs them, twisting around to shove Sharif back into the Shane Gang's corner. Strong reaches up, slapping the hand of Terry Shane III who moves in quickly, burying a forearm smash into the midsection!]

GM: Shane goes low, laying one in to the gut...

[Strong and Shane each grab an arm, stepping out...

...and THROWING Sharif back into the corner, jolting his spine against the turnbuckles!]

GM: Good grief! That'll do some damage to the back of Sharif...

[Strong steps out, leaving Shane all alone inside the ring with Sharif. He pulls him from the corner into a double underhook, smirking at the crowd before he snaps him over in a butterfly suplex.]

GM: Nice suplex by Terry Shane... and look at Anderson. Aaron Anderson's begging for a tag here. He wants to get back in there now that Sharif's down on the mat.

[Anderson convinces Shane and the tag is made. Anderson steps in, stomping Sharif a few times before dragging him off the mat by the arm, tugging him into a short-arm European uppercut, sending Sharif falling back into the turnbuckles...]

GM: What a shot by Anderson!

[Pushing Sharif back, Anderson winds up and blasts his cornered opponent across the chest with a backhand chop...]

GM: Big chop by Anderson... and another tag is made. Strong back in...

[Pulling Sharif out of their corner to the middle of the ropes, the Ring Workers fire Sharif across with a double team whip. On the rebound, Anderson shoves Sharif up into the air...]

...and Strong CRACKS him on the jaw with a forearm smash that takes Sharif out of the sky!]

GM: Good grief! Strong might have knocked him out cold right there... a quick cover...

[But Sharif muscles out of the pin attempt at two as Supernova shouts some encouragement from his spot on the apron.]

GM: Supernova cheering on the man who he will team with at the Stampede Cup, Sultan Azam Sharif. Sharif's certainly in need of some cheers at this point of this six man tag team matchup to get him back into it. The Shane Gang is working very well together out there.

BW: They've been preparing for this match. Every arena show in recent weeks has had Shane teaming with some combination of his allies, Gordo. These three are ready for battle.

[Strong pulls Sharif off the mat, hammering a series of forearms to the jaw that sends the Iranian stumbling back into a neutral corner. Grabbing an arm, Strong whips him across to the next corner. He backs down, slapping his elbow before charging across...]

GM: In comes Strong...

[Strong leaps into the air, cocking the right arm back...]

GM: HE LEAPS!

[...and SMASHES into the corner as Sharif pulls himself clear!]

GM: HE MISSED! SHARIF PULLED HIMSELF OUT AND STRONG MISSED!

BW: He hit the corner pretty hard but-

[Sliding behind Strong, Sharif hooks a rear waistlock...

...and POWERS him up and over, dumping him on the back of his head with a German Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Sharif’s big suplex folds up Strong on the canvas, drawing big cheers from the crowd as Sharif struggles to get back to his feet, turning towards his corner...

...but Terry Shane III steps in, grabbing Sharif by the arm. He swings Sharif towards him...]

GM: Shane’s got Shar- OHH!

[But Sharif DRILLS him with a forearm smash in the mush, sending Shane falling back into his own corner as Sharif wheels around, heading towards the outstretched hands of Supernova and Carver...]

GM: Sharif’s heading for the corner! Sharif’s looking for the tag!

[Sensing that Sharif may be about to make the tag, Aaron Anderson rushes into the ring, grabbing Sharif from behind. He hooks a rear waistlock of his own...

...but Sharif fires back, throwing a trio of back elbows to break the grip just as Terry Shane rushes back out of the corner, hitting a running forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Sharif’s getting triple-teamed by the Shane Gang and this official is preventing Carver and Supernova from coming in there and breaking it up! What in the world is going on?

[Shane pulls Sharif into a front facelock, setting for a vertical suplex as Anderson moves to join him...]

GM: Double suplex by coming up from the Shane Gang and-

[Sharif buries his questionably-legal boot into the chest of Anderson, knocking him down to the mat before grabbing a shocked Shane, lifting him up into the mat...

...and THROWS him down in a front-layout suplex on a downed Anderson!]

GM: SHARIF DROPS `EM BOTH!

[And now he's heading for the corner, wobbling towards the buckles where both Supernova and Hannibal Carver are waiting to make the exchange.]

GM: Sharif's gotta focus on the corner and make the tag!

[With Supernova and Carver waiting, Sharif stumbles across the ring, making a lunging dive towards the corner...

...and slaps the hand of Hannibal Carver!]

GM: CARVER MAKES THE TAG!!

[The Boston brawler comes in hot, throwing a right hand to the jaw of Lenny Strong... then one to Anderson...

...and then wraps his hands around the throat of Terry Shane III!]

GM: HE'S CHOKING HIM! HE'S CHOKING HIM!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Carver throttling Shane.]

GM: AT LONG LAST, CARVER GOT HIS HANDS ON SHANE!

[A desperate Miss Sandra Hayes leaps up on the ring apron, branding iron in hand.]

GM: Get her down from there, referee!

BW: Don't do anything you'll regret, Sandra!

GM: Is this considered interference?!

BW: No, no way! She hasn't touched a single person!

[With Hayes tying up the official, Lenny Strong lays in the boom, smashing a big elbow into the ear of Carver. A second one breaks the chokehold, knocking Carver down to a knee where a well-placed running boot knocks him back down to the mat.]

GM: Lenny Strong with a sneak attack puts Carver down as well... and this crows is all over the Shane Gang as they make their exit to the apron.

[An irate Shane rains down stomps all over the downed Carver.]

GM: This is what Terry Shane's wanted for months now - he's wanted Hannibal Carver down and at his mercy!

[Pulling Carver off the mat, Shane hooks him in a double underhook, bringing his knees up repeatedly into the face and head of Carver to the

jeers of the crowd. After a pair of really nasty shots, Shane uses the double underhook to throw Carver down to the mat, spreading his arms wide to even more boos.]

GM: The people here in Dallas really dislike this young man.

BW: They're just jealous. Terry Shane comes from a REAL wrestling family - not like those redneck Stench boys.

[Shane marches to the corner, slapping Aaron Anderson's hand.]

GM: The tag is made to the original Combat Corner graduate...

[Anderson grabs Carver by the leg, pointing to Shane... "This one's for you, boss!"]

GM: What's this all about?

[Anderson wraps up the leg, twisting it into a spinning toehold!]

BW: Oh yeah! Aaron Anderson's paying a little tribute to the Shane family! This is the signature hold of Terry Shane's father, Terry Shane Jr.!

[Anderson cranks on the hold, using the leglock to drag Carver closer to the corner where he slaps the hand of his Ring Workers' ally, bringing Lenny Strong into the match...]

GM: In comes Strong...

[Grabbing the other leg, Strong ties it up into a spinning toehold of his own.]

GM: A spinning toehold on BOTH legs of Hannibal Carver!

[Anderson breaks his hold at the referee's count of four, stepping out as Strong cranks down on the other leg.]

GM: Another quick tag - in comes Anderson...

[Anderson re-applies the hold on the original leg as Strong steps out, drawing jeers from the fans.]

GM: A series of spinning toeholds out of Anderson and Strong...

[One final tag brings Strong back in as Anderson grabs one arm and one leg, allowing Strong to grab the other...]

...and they hoist Carver off the mat, lifting him about shoulder height and letting go as he SLAMS back down to the mat.]

GM: Nice doubleteam by the Ring Workers who, as of right now, have yet to earn a spot in the Stampede Cup... but they might with an impressive performance here tonight.

BW: How much more impressive do you need, Gordo? They're dominating Carver in there right now.

GM: Strong makes a cover... but only gets two.

[Making another tag to his partner, Strong applies a wristlock as Anderson does the same, twisting Carver's arms around...]

...and then the two men surge forward, sandwiching Carver's skull between a pair of devastating forearm smashes, knocking him down to his knees!]

GM: Good grief! That'll ring your bell and really put you in a bad way.

[Anderson shouts something in the direction of Supernova, a move that causes the face-painted fan favorite to step through the ropes...]

...but the official cuts him off, pushing him back which allows Terry Shane to come in to assist.]

GM: All three members of the Shane Gang team are in - tying Carver upside down in the Tree of Woe!

[Shane backs straight back to the opposite corner as Strong and Anderson back several feet away as well...]

...and all three charge in in unison, SMASHING a stunned Carver with a trio of dropkicks!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Shane rolls out as Strong does the same, allowing Anderson to drag Carver out of the neutral corner by the legs before flipping through in a double leg cradle...]

GM: Anderson's got Carver for one... for two... for th- no!

[Carver fires a shoulder up before a three count but Anderson is right on him, hammering away with right hands to the jeers of the crowd. With Carver still down and hurting, Terry Shane calls for a tag and gets one quickly...]

GM: Shane in on the exchange again, pulling Carver back up to his feet...

[Shane hooks Carver around the head and neck...]

BW: He's going for the Salient Night Breaker!

[But before he can lift Carver for the uranage backbreaker, Carver lashes out with his own skull, smashing it several times into the cheekbone of Shane, sending him spiraling away in pain...]

GM: Carver using his own skull as a weapon...

[Grabbing Shane by the hair, Carver pulls his neck against the brawler's shoulder...

...and DROPS down, jolting his spine with a neckbreaker!]

GM: Neckbreaker by Carver... and he's looking for a tag!

[Carver crawls on all fours a few steps, pushing up to his knees...

...and SLAPS Supernova's outstretched hand!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd erupts as Supernova quickly scales the ropes, looking down as Carver pushes up, grabbing his partner...

...and HURLING him off the top into a crossbody on a stunned Terry Shane!]

GM: OH MY!!

[Supernova starts to hook a leg when he suddenly spots both Anderson and Strong en route to the ring...

...where he cracks Anderson with a right hand before stunning Strong with a stinging left jab followed by a right backhand!]

GM: Supernova's got the entire Shane Gang in trouble!

[Grabbing Strong by the back of the head, Supernova chucks him over the ropes and out onto the entrance ramp. He wheels around, catching an incoming Aaron Anderson...

...and POWERING him up into a military press!]

GM: SUPERNOVA'S GOT ANDERSON UP!!

[He walks towards the ropes where Strong is stirring...

...and HURLS Anderson onto a shocked Strong! BIG CHEER!]

GM: SUPERNOVA IS CLEANING HOUSE ON THE SHANE GANG!

[Returning back to a rising Shane, Supernova drills him with a right hand... then a backhand... and a haymaker sends Shane falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Supernova grabs him... fires him across! You know what happens next!

BW: I really wish I didn't!



[Supernova backs to the corner, lets loose a howl...

...and breaks into a full sprint, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAAAAAVE!!

[...and CRUSHES Terry Shane III in the corner with a body splash! The crowd roars as Supernova steps out, throwing Shane down to the mat.]

GM: The Heat Wave connects and he's got Shane down, grabbing the legs... he's looking for the Solar Flare!

[But before he can secure it, "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White leaps up on the apron, refusing to let his boss get trapped in that submission hold that would certainly end the match. The referee wheels around to stop White from interfering...

...when Hannibal Carver comes tearing down the apron, SMASHING White with a right hand that sends him sailing off, crashing down on the barely-padded floor in a heap!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHITE GETS LAID OUT!!

[Supernova turns back towards the corner, throwing a grin at Carver...

...and then points at the downed Shane.]

BW: NO!

GM: YES!

[He points at Carver to a HUGE ROAR from the crowd!]

GM: Oh yeah! These fans want to see it! You know they want to see it!

[Supernova approaches the corner, slapping the hand of a waiting Hannibal Carver who steps through the ropes to a tremendous reaction from the AWA faithful!]

GM: Carver's all alone in there with Terry Shane and he's got Shane right where he wants him!

[Carver yanks Shane up off the mat, shoving him back into a neutral corner...

...and uncorks a flurry of alternating chops to the chest and forearms to the skull!]

GM: HANNIBAL CARVER IS THROWING A VIOLENCE PARTY FOR TERRY SHANE!

[The referee's count is the only thing that stops Carver from pummeling Shane from here to eternity, flooring a stunned Shane with a powerful headbutt between the eyes. He grabs a foot, dragging Shane to the middle of the ring...]

GM: He's got Terry Shane down and-

[He stomps his boot several times into the mat, drawing a big cheer!]

GM: He's calling for the Boot Party! He's gonna stomp his rival into oblivion!

[But before he can begin, Aaron Anderson comes through the ropes, rushing Carver from the blind side...

...but Carver sees him coming, catching him with a back elbow to the face that stuns Anderson until Carver grabs him by the hair...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and SLAMS him facefirst into the groin of the downed Terry Shane!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: That's illegal! Ring the bell! Ring the bell right now!

[A smirking Carver shrugs at the referee's protests...

...and then STOMPS the back of Anderson's head, smashing it into the groin of Shane a second time.]

BW: What the HELL is this, Myers?! Why aren't you totally irate?!

[A grinning Carver grabs Anderson by the hair, dragging him off the mat and pulling him into a full nelson...]

GM: He's got Anderson hooked!

[Carver hoists him up into the air...

...and then sits out with him, jolting the spine of Anderson as his tailbone SLAMS into the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! THE DORCHESTER DROP CONNECTS!

[With Carver's attention turned towards Aaron Anderson, Terry Shane manages to drag himself out onto the entrance ramp, crawling down the elevated platform away from the ring...

...but the crowd roars as Carver spots him, moving to pursue with a shake of his head!]

GM: CARVER'S GOING AFTER SHANE!!

[Carver steps out on the ramp, moving to grab Shane by the back of the trunks, pulling him up to his feet. He tugs him into a side waistlock just a few feet away from a recovering Lenny Strong...]

GM: He's gonna bring him back in the hard way!

[Carver lifts Shane into the air...

...who flips right over the top, landing on a knee inside the ring where he promptly springs back up, hooking a turning Carver around the head and neck...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and SNAPS Carver's throat down across the top rope with an Ace Crusher type move, sending him staggering back...

...where Lenny Strong lowers the BOOM with a devastating elbow smash to the back of the skull, pitching Carver forward so that his torso is hanging over the top rope!]

GM: OH, COME ON!!

BW: Hey! Carver's the one who took it out there! He got what he had coming to him if you ask me!

[From outside the ring, Strong lifts the legs up off the ramp, allowing Shane to pull him over the top...

...which sends Aaron Anderson running towards the ropes as he spots Carver draped perilously over the top rope with Strong holding the legs and Shane holding the upper body...]

GM: Oh no... this can't happen! This can't happen to Carver!

[Anderson quickly scales the ropes, trying to jump off with a splash onto Carver's back...

...but Sharif rushes down the ropes, getting a hand on Anderson...]

BW: NO!

[...and SHOVES him off the top, sending him sailing through the air and CRASHING down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: MY STARS!! ANDERSON IS DOWN! ANDERSON IS OUT!!

[Sharif marches back to his corner as a shocked Shane looks on in disbelief, using both hands to throw Carver facefirst down to the mat. Shane wheels towards Sharif, shouting at him as he pulls Carver away from the ropes, applying a press...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Carver again lifts a shoulder to a big cheer as an angry Shane gets up, slapping the hand of Lenny Strong.]

GM: Strong's back in...

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Strong slingshots over the top, smashing backfirst down across a prone Carver.]

GM: Nice slingshot backsplash by Strong, rolling right through back to his feet...

[Where he earns an earful of jeers from the crowd as he bows to them.]

GM: A lot of arrogance out of Strong and Anderson - arrogance they haven't earned yet if you ask me.

[Strong doesn't even attempt a cover, pulling Carver up into a series of forearms that backs him into the corner. An Irish whip sends Carver across, smashing into the buckles...

...and Strong follows suit, leaping into the air, and SMASHING a forearm into the jaw of a stunned Carver!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot out of Strong right there!

[He lifts the stunned Carver up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry, walking him out of the corner...

...and then SLINGING him down to the mat over his head by the arm and leg!]

GM: Goodness. Carver hit hard right there again... and there's another tag!

[Strong grabs the top rope as Shane does the same.]

GM: He's gonna bring Shane over the top!

[He does exactly that...

...which turns out well for Carver as he lifts his knees!]

GM: OHH! SHANE HITS THE KNEES!!

[Carver immediately rolls to his side, crawling across the ring to where both Supernova and Sharif are waiting...]

GM: Carver's crawling for it! Looking for the tag! He's-

[He makes a lunge, slapping the hand of Sharif!]

GM: TAG!

[Sharif steps in, marching across the ring to where Shane is down on all fours, clutching his ribs. The Iranian gives a slap to both pectorals before reaching down, securing the gutwrench on the downed Shane...]

GM: You gotta be kidding me!

[...and DEADLIFTS him off the mat, twisting him through the air, and throwing him down with a gutwrench suplex!]

GM: MY STARS - WHAT POWER OUT OF SHARIF!!

[Shane crawls across the ring again, throwing himself across the middle rope to try and escape from Sharif...]

...which just allows Sharif to rush across, leaping up, and dropping his weight across the back of Shane!]

GM: Sharif hits him again... and he's dragging him back to the middle!

[Sharif nods to the crowd as he goes to settle in, straddling the back of Shane...]

...when Lenny Strong rushes in!]

GM: Strong's trying to prevent the Camel Clutch!

[But Sharif sidesteps, grabbing a handful of hair...]

...and LAUNCHING Strong over the top and down to the floor! The crowd is roaring as Sharif settles in again...]

GM: He's going for the Camel Clu- Hayes!

[Again, Sandra Hayes gets up on the apron, screaming and shouting at the official who immediately orders her down to the mat...]

...and fails to notice Donnie White and Harry Hyatt YANKING Supernova's legs out from under him on the ring apron a split second before they DRIVE him headfirst in unison into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! DID YOU SEE THAT?!

BW: See what? Nope. Must've missed it.

GM: White and Hyatt just interfered in this match! They physically just got themselves involved and they are risking a suspension by doing it!

[Sharif fires off a few words in the direction of Miss Sandra Hayes... then walks over towards the ropes where she's standing...]

GM: Sharif's trying to get Hayes down as well! He's looking to hook in the Camel Clutch on a downed Terry Shane and-

BW: Shane's not down anymore!

[The third generation star rushes Sharif from the blind side, flipping him over the ropes and sending him down hard to the floor below!]

GM: OHH! OUT GOES SHARIF!!

[Shane pumps a fist, shouting at the downed Sharif as Sandra Hayes drops down off the apron...

...and then SCREAMS in horror as she tries to warn Terry Shane of what awaits him, something he fails to see until he turns around.]

GM: CARVER!

[A STIFF forearm shot to the jaw sends Shane spinning away from him, hitting chestfirst on the ropes where he bounces back towards a spinning Carver...

...who UNLOADS with a Rolling Elbow to the back of the head!]

GM: OHHHHHH! MIND ERASER!

[Shane collapses, motionless in a heap on the canvas. Carver leans down to flip him over when suddenly Sandra Hayes leaps up on the apron, drawing the referee's attention again. And just as she does, two other members of the Shane Gang leap into action...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: HYATT! WHITE!

[Harry Hyatt and Donnie White seem unwilling to let their leader get pinned as they rush into the ring, each wielding a steel chair...]

GM: They're gonna get suspend-

[But Carver immediately spins again, SLAMMING a Rolling Elbow into the chair that goes flying back into the face of White, causing him to crash back down to the mat, rolling around on it as Hyatt rears back...]

GM: CARVER BLOCKS IT!! CARVER BLOCKS IT!!

[Hyatt and Carver are battling over the chair, struggling to rip it away from the other man.]

GM: Turn around, referee!

[With Carver tangled up, we see Lenny Strong roll back into the ring, reach into his boot to pull out a shiny silver elbowpad, tugging it into place over his existing elbowpad...]

GM: Strong's in there! Lenny Strong is down in the corner fiddling with his elbowpad and- hey! That's not the elbowpad he had on earlier! What the heck is going on-?!

[Strong leaps up as Carver rips the chair away from Hyatt, dispatching him with a boot to the chest...

...as Strong spins around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ELBOW!!

[The rolling elbow out of Strong SMASHES into the temple of Carver, sending him sailing backwards, the steel chair flying out of his hands as he falls unconscious to the canvas. Strong promptly grabs Terry Shane by the arm, dragging him across the ring and throwing him across a motionless Carver...]

GM: NO! NOT LIKE THIS!!

[Hayes drops down to the mat, shouting at the official who wheels around, diving to the canvas...]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEE!

GM: Agggh, you gotta be kidding me!

[Strong promptly reaches in, grabbing his leader by the ankle to drag him clear from the ring.]

GM: The Shane Gang have LITERALLY stolen this victory and now they're fleeing like a pack of dogs into the night!

BW: Hah! And if Carver thought he had a killer elbow shot, the headache he'll be feeling all week just proved that Lenny Strong can do 'im one better, daddy!

GM: That elbowpad... it was loaded, Bucky! It had to be!

BW: Prove it, Myers!

GM: I obviously can't prove it but the impact that it made on the skull of Hannibal Carver gives me plenty of reasons to believe that Lenny Strong just helped Terry Shane STEAL this victory. And what about the blatant interference from Harry Hyatt and Donnie White?

BW: Still not sure what you're talkin' 'bout there, Gordo. I didn't see anything of the sort. My monitor went out for a little while though.

GM: Did your eyes go out too?! It was completely obvious!

[Supernova climbs back in, checking on the downed Carver and Sharif joins him after a few moments. Sharif can be seen miming an elbowsmash to Supernova who nods in agreement.]

GM: I think Supernova and Sharif know exactly what happened here tonight as well. The Shane Gang just stole this six man tag team matchup, Bucky.

BW: You keep saying that but I keep saying this - where's the proof, daddy?

GM: Fans, this is a horrible miscarriage of justice but it happened nonetheless. Let's take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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...

...and then back up to live action where Mark Stegglet is standing backstage. Directly behind him, dwarfing him with his immense size is the one and only Last American Badboy, Alex Martinez. Turning to face him, Stegglet begins his interview.]

MS: On the last Saturday Night Wrestling, Mr. Martinez, you made your triumphant return to the AWA, and its clear that there is only one thing on your mind. And that's the World Title, currently held by a man you know very well, James Monosso.

[Martinez wears his usual attire. Blue jeans, leather boots, a black leather jacket over a black t-shirt, eyes hidden behind a pair of mirrored sunglasses.

His face is drawn into a tight, severe expression, every line, every scar on his battered face standing out in sharp relief.]

AM: Its true, I took a couple of weeks off. Took a bit of time to heal up. But when I heard that they were gonna start considerin' contenders for the World Title?

Well, I just couldn't stay away.

MS: You certainly made your case last week. But before you can get to Monosso and the World Title, there's a man standing in your way. A man with a long history in the AWA. I'm talking, of course, about Calisto Dufresne. The man you'll be facing tonight.

[If possible, Martinez grows even more intense, his body practically vibrating as he considers the former National Champion.]

AM: Nah, not the man I'll be facing tonight, the man I'll be beating tonight.

MS: You seem very confident. And after the clothesline that sent Dufresne out of the ring last week...

AM: Listen, Stegklet. Ain't no doubt about it. Dufresne is a great wrestler. He's not always on the up and up, but he's a winner. He's held the National Title. He's done a hell of a lot of things here in the AWA. I'm not takin' anything away from the man. What's gonna happen tonight is a fight. It won't be easy, beatin' him. Its not gonna be pretty, and it won't be simple.

But I'm gonna do it.

And let me tell ya why.

[Martinez steps out from behind Stegklet, and moves closer to the camera, pulling off his sunglasses, his dark eyes narrowed as he stares directly into the camera.]

AM: What ya said last time? Its stuck with me. Ya said "this is not about you, Martinez." And ya know what? You're right. This ain't about me.

But you can be damn sure it ain't about you either.

What this is about... is that World Title. That belt made of leather and gold. But the World Title? It ain't just a belt. It ain't just some trophy. It means somethin'. Nah, scratch that, it means everything. Every damned thing.

Any man who steps between those ropes, if he's not lookin' to be World Champion, he oughta just go home. There's nothin' better than bein' World Champion. It means you are the best. And it means, until someone beats ya and takes that belt away, there ain't no argument about who is the best. There's no wrestler alive who deserves the title of "legend" who ain't held the World Title.

'Cuz without it, ya can't be a legend.

I've been there. Four times. I know what it means in a way that you can't come close to understandin'. In a way you won't until and unless ya win it for yourself. There's nothin' else, no goal worth fightin' for. The World Title is the pinnacle.

And for the fifth time, I'm takin' it home.

When I first came to the AWA, I said somethin' that might've been forgotten in all the mess with Craven, in all the blood that happened along the way. I said I had one goal in bein' here. Remember what that was, Dufresne?

Immortality.

How do you think that comes about? How does a wrestler achieve immortality? Through blood and sweat. And by strapping a leather belt studded with gold around his waist, or puttin' it over his shoulder.

Dufresne? You want that belt. I want that belt. You're gonna have to go through me to take it. You're a great wrestler. But you ain't man enough to stop me from gettin' what I want. Tonight, I take my first step towards immortality. And tonight? Tonight you fall.

Come on and try, Dufresne. Come and try to stop me. Just understand one thing. Alex Martinez can't be stopped. Alex Martinez is forever. That's what immortality means.

And Dane, you and everyone else, you watch closely. Because what I do to Dufresne tonight? It's just a prelude to what I'll do, once I get in the ring with Monosso.

Tonight, it begins. And it only ends when I am World Champion. All of you, to borrow a phrase...

[Martinez smirks.]

AM: ...Can count on it.

[With those words, Martinez steps away, leaving Stegklet alone.]

MS: And there you have it. Alex Martinez is fired up, and ready to go. Back to ringside for more action!

[We crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing alongside Col. P.W. de Klerk.]

PW: The following match is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... in the ring at this time... he hails from South Africa... COLONEL P.W. de KLERK!

[The boos pour down on the controversial superstar.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of "The Professional" by Leon plays over the PA system to an explosion of jeers.]

PW: From Albuquerque, New Mexico... representing Royalty... he is the Professional...

DAAAAAAAAAVE COOOOOOOOPERRRR!

[Cooper strides out from the back, all business on this night as he wears black wrestling trunks and kneepads along with white boots and a brown vest with the words "The Professional" on the back in white lettering.]

GM: Dave Cooper made it very clear earlier tonight that he has two immediate goals when it comes to business here in the AWA these days - to get Mark Langseth reinstated and to win the AWA World Television Title.

BW: Two very lofty goals but I think they're both achievable.

GM: You think Langseth EVER stands a chance of being reinstated?

BW: The man has done his time! It's time to get paroled and let 'im back in the door, Gordo. Besides, he's the last man to wear the National Title. With all this talk about who is the top contender to the World Title, you don't think he deserves a shot?

GM: You might recall two weeks ago when James Monosso said that he would NOT defend the title against Langseth under any circumstances.

BW: Coward.

GM: Are you calling James Monosso a coward?

BW: If the shoe fits. Monosso's developed one of the biggest yellow streaks I ever seen down his back since winning the World Title. Ducking challengers, hiding behind waivers of the thirty day rule. He ain't deserving of that belt if you ask me, Gordo.

[Cooper steps through the ropes, gesturing for the mic.]

DC: Colonel de Klerk... you are an intelligent man.

[The crowd boos this assessment.]

DC: However, you have made a fool's error here tonight. I will give you one chance... and one chance only... to walk away from this decision. You do not want to face me... you do not want to face my wrath... and you most certainly do not want to face the wrath of Royalty.

[de Klerk eyes Cooper warily.]

DC: Think carefully, son. I'm not a man you want as an enemy.

[de Klerk nods, slowly approaching Cooper...

...and extending his hand.]

BW: Hah! You have chosen wisely, good sir!

GM: What a cowardly move out of de Klerk! Does he not remember that Cooper led Royalty in a brutal attack on him about a month ago?

BW: He does! That's why he wants to make up before Cooper does it again!

[Cooper grins, reaching out to shake de Klerk's hand...

...and then with a lightning-quick motion, yanks de Klerk down to the canvas in a Fujiwara armbar takedown!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: It was a setup, Gordo!

[Cooper cranks back on the arm, wrenching it backwards as hard as he can. The Professional plants his feet on the canvas, pushing up to put as much pressure on the arm as possible...]

GM: Cooper's trying to break de Klerk's arm!

[de Klerk is wildly tapping out, trying to escape the hold but since the match never started, the referee waves his arms helplessly, trying to get Cooper to break the hold.]

GM: Cooper's not letting go! The referee's ordering him to break the hold but that's not likely to happen until Cooper feels like it!

[After several more seconds of de Klerk screaming his head off, Cooper abruptly breaks the hold, scrambling to his feet and threatening a haymaker at the referee who dives from the ring to the floor.]

GM: The referee's heading for the hills and... oh dear, Cooper's not done yet.

[Grabbing de Klerk by the injured arm, Cooper hammerlocks it behind him...

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

GM: Good grief!

[Cooper drops to his back, rolling out to the floor where he grabs the arm of de Klerk, yanking it to full extension...

...and SWINGS it into the steel ringpost!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

BW: He's gonna break the arm, Gordo! Cooper's gonna break his arm!

GM: It certainly- no, he's gonna do it again!

[Cooper stretches out the arm again...

...and SLAMS it into the steel a second time!]

GM: Goodness. Cooper is absolutely punishing that arm and-

[A ringside official gets up in Cooper's face but gets shoved aside as the Professional marches over to the ringside barricade, reaching over the steel railing to pick up a steel chair...]

GM: Oh no... oh my stars, no. I'm no fan of de Klerk but-

[Cooper suddenly winds up, taking aim at the arm trapped against the steel post...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Crying out in pain, de Klerk falls back into the ring, clutching his shoulder and rolling around in agony. A sneering Cooper slides the steel chair under the bottom rope, snatching a wireless mic off the timekeeper's table before rolling back in as well.]

GM: Cooper's back inside the ring... and he may not be done yet.

[Cooper reaches down, picking up the steel chair...

...and unfolds it, sitting down in the middle of the ring.]

DC: Royalty issued a warning to the AWA... "Reinstate Mark Langseth or face the consequences."

[Cooper gestures at the downed de Klerk.]

DC: These are the consequences. No man who laces boots and steps into an AWA ring is safe. We don't care if the people boo them or cheer them - they're all fair game to us.

Jason Dane says he's going to get answers from Karl O'Connor in two weeks. Well, Dane... here's my question...

"Will you reinstate Mark Langseth?"

[Cooper grins.]

DC: I'd be very, very careful in choosing your words... sir...

[He spits "sir" to the mat like something disgusting in his mouth.]

DC: ...because next time, it might not be someone meaningless to your plans. Next time... maybe we take out a Stampede Cup team.

Or maybe we send the World Champion to the retirement home regardless of when he wants to go.

We'll be waiting for your answer, Mr. President. Make it a good one.

[Cooper slowly gets up out of his chair, standing over the hurting de Klerk...

...and suddenly drops down, driving his knee into the shoulder!]

GM: Oh, come on! Enough is enough! Cooper's sent his message to the entire AWA loud and clear, Bucky.

BW: I heard it... now we just have to wait and see if Karl O'Connor heard it.

[Cooper is smirking at the jeering crowd as he steps through the ropes, walking back up the ramp down the aisle towards the locker room as we crossfade to Mark Stegglet standing in the backstage area in front of a locker room door. There's a lot of loud voices heard behind it as Stegglet speaks.]

MS: I am moments away from being joined backstage by Terry Shane III and the Shane Gang. President Karl O'Connor made it very clear two weeks ago that should anyone interfere in the six man tag match earlier tonight that they would be suspended. Right now, my sources say that Terry Shane III and his group are being reprimanded via phone by President O'Connor and-

[Suddenly we hear a loud thud as the door swings open, causing Mark Stegglet to sidestep greatly. Four security guards walk out first and immediately behind them are the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White and the "Handsome Hangman" Harry Hyatt. The guards quickly escort the wrestlers away from Stegglet, forcing White and Hyatt towards the back entrance to the building. White throws his arms up in the air while Hyatt makes himself more vocal.]

HH: Getcher hands off of me! I mean now!

[The guards escort both men out of sight as the camera turns back to Mark Stegglet who shakes his head.]

MS: I think it's safe to assume that both Donnie White and Harry Hyatt have been suspended. But the question is - for how long?

[Walking out from the room first is none other than the "Ring Leader" himself, Terry Shane III. Now dressed in street clothes and sunglasses, Shane shoots Mark a condescending glare. Behind him are Aaron Anderson, Lenny Strong, and Miss Sandra Hayes who continues to talk in private amongst themselves.]

MS: Mr. Shane, a word?

[Shane tips his sunglasses down, turning towards Stegglet.]

MS: Terry, we all want to know... how long were-

[Shane interjects, snapping the mic from Mark Stegglet.]

TS3 [low]: How long? How long were White and Hyatt suspended?

[Stegglet nods.]

TS3: Too long, Mark. ANY form of suspension for those men is TOO long. What they did out there tonight does not MERIT the suspension laid down on them by President O'Connor. I tried to give the old man the benefit of the doubt when he showed some semblance of intelligence in allowing me to pick my partners tonight. He played me the part of the FOOL though, never trust an O'Connor. Never!

[Stegglet leans in, close enough that his voice can be picked up over the single mic in Shane's hands.]

MS: He warned you, he warned everyone. If anyone laid a finger on any of the six wrestlers involved in the match that they would be sus-

TS3 [interrupting]: White and Hyatt did what they are SUPPOSED to do. They KNEW that if given the chance, Hannibal Carver would try to break me in half. They KNEW what that sick bastard was capable of doing. Do you think for a second that Carver was just going to, what, lay over me for the one, two, three? God no. That man knows nothing more than pure, uninhibited violence. That madman once carved a defenseless woman with a can opener just for the sake of doing so.

What do you think he would do to a man like me, Mark? Hunh? What do you think Hannibal Carver will do the second he gets his hands on me? Pat me on the damn back and tell me... nice job? It was real nice working with you? We both know he is WAY beneath that. That twisted degenerate got what he had coming, White and Hyatt made sure of that. They did their job...and THIS is how they get treated? With a one month suspension?!

It makes...me...sick

[Just as Shane seems ready to snap a more boisterous Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson jump into view behind him. By their side is the Siren, Miss Sandra Hayes.]



LS: Ohhh Mark, didja see us out there tonight? Didja see what we are capable of doing?!

[He slaps Shane on the back, his stare still hard. Aaron Anderson shares more of the same exuberance and wild ambition that Strong has...in his own "arms folded, blank stare" kind of way.]

LS: The Shane Gang, in all of its glory, son! We played them for fools, didn't we, Aaron?!

[Anderson simply nods.]

LS: Heh, you know we did. What the AWA saw tonight was just a taste of what Anderson and I have to offer. Terry got us a meal ticket here, he saw in us what we knew we were capable of and it's time you all started to realize it too. Strong and Anderson are more than just a couple of Ring Workers, ya feel me? Carver, Sharif, Nova... it don't matter! It don't matter one...damn...bit! Whether it's this man..

[He gestures to Shane.]

LS: The leader of the pack! Or whether it's Hyatt, White, or my main man here Aaron Anderson. Whatcha see in front of you right now is the future of this company. Carver got what he deserved out there tonight. Sharif and Nova? Well they just keep putting themselves in business that doesn't concern them. There's a little secret out there though, something I want you all to understand and hold close to your hearts.

[Lenny leans towards the camera.]

LS: There's some new law makers in town, you saw it first hand here tonight. The Ring Workers, with Terry Shane fronting us, are going to march into Oklahoma City in less than two months and take down any team that stands in our way. You're looking at the NEXT Stampede Cup winners right in front of your very eyes. You know why, Mark?

[Lenny stares at Stegglet, who reluctantly responds.]

MS [dry]: Why?

LS: I'm glad you asked. Tell him Aaron.

[He tilts the mic to Aaron Anderson.]

AA: Because unlike old man Gunnar and his rent-a-friend Ryan Martinez... the Shane Gang are in FACT...

...the baddest...

...thangz...

...running.

[Aaron shoves the mic away and the group exit, leaving Stegklet standing there by himself, shaking his head.]

MS: Wow. The arrogance of these men even baffles me. Comparing themselves to one of the most storied teams in wrestling history is not going to sit well with Gunnar Gaines, then again, nothing they say seems to sit well with anyone. But more importantly, you heard it from the Ring Leader's mouth. Donnie White and Harry Hyatt have been suspended for one month due to their infringement in the match earlier tonight. President O'Connor was dead serious when he said there would be punishment to anyone that involved themselves in the match. Back to you, Gordon.

[Crossfade back down to ringside where Gordon has a big grin on his face.]

BW: You like that, dont'cha?

GM: Hey, the new AWA President made it very clear what the stipulations of that match were. White and Hyatt decided to test him... and they paid the price for it. For one month, White and Hyatt are out of the picture and that's gotta be music to Hannibal Carver's ears.

BW: Totally unjustified decision if you ask me.

GM: Regardless, the decision has been made and Terry Shane and his Shane Gang are gonna have to live with it. But right now, we're about to see a newcomer debut, Bucky.

BW: Any idea who it is?

GM: We'll be seeing the debut of Nick Scott and J.W. Customer. Both of these men are looking to make an immediate impact. Let's go to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Cut to Phil Watson standing in the ring. Nick Scott is standing in a corner behind Watson. Scott has a black mullet and goatee; very thick build. black thigh-length trunks with triangular red segments extending from the legs on up to the hip; red boots and elbowpads.]

PW: Introducing first, already standing in the ring. He hails from Intercourse, Pennsylvania and weighs in at two-hundred and fifty-five pounds. Here is NICK SCOTT!

[Light, mixed-reaction from the crowd as Nick Scott steps out of the corner and raises his arm in the air.]

PW: His opponent!

[George Straits' "Deep in the Heart of Texas" starts up getting polite cheers from the crowd. It's the song receiving the cheers.]

PW: Hailing from Laredo, Texas and weighing in at two-hundred and thirty-nine pounds. Here is J.W. CUSTOMER!

[Customer walks down the elevated ramp. He's got a pretty solid build with a bit of a beer gut. He has long, messy brown hair with a growing bald spot on the back of his head. He has a few tattoos which he earned during his military service. He's middle-aged, figure late early to mid 40's. His ring attire consists of standard trunks that are red on one side and blue on the other with a white star on the rear. He also wears kneepads and boots with the same color scheme. On his right blow he sports an elbowpad. Customer climbs into the ring and raises his right arm in the air.]

BW: Good lord! A helicopter could land on THAT!

GM: Where?

BW: Jay Dub's bald spot!

[The camera cuts to a close-up on the back of Customer's head emphasizing the huge bald spot that's growing. Watson clears the ring as Davis Warren calls for the bell.]

\*DING, DING\*

Customer and Scott circle twice, and Customer stick out his hand for a shake. Scott nods and grabs Customer's hand. Scott pulls Customer in and clubs him with a left forearm. Scott switches to his right arm and continues clubbing on Customer.]

BW: Serves the idiot right for being a "good sport".

GM: Customer was looking for a handshake, and Nick Scott took advantage of it. There's a definitive lack of sportsmanship in wrestling, Bucky.

BW: Boo hoo. It's a dog eat dog world, Gordo. Give someone an opportunity and don't cry and whine if they take it.

[Nick Scott's clubbing forearms take Customer down to his hands and knees. Scott transitions to stomping Customer down to the mat. Scott drops down to his knees, grabbing Customer's head and slamming it into the mat. Scott slams Customer's head into the mat a second time. Customer rolls over to protect himself, allowing Scott to apply a choke hold.]

GM: It's been all Nick Scott in there so far, Bucky. His viciousness is well documented.

BW: It ain't served him well yet. Maybe it will here. God, I hope it will here. I don't know if I'd wanna live if I lost to J.W. Customer.

GM: Everything all right? You're irritable right now.

BW: Not really, Gordo. Skywalker Jones' Twitter account has been hacked six times this week. Folks need to leave the superstar alone!

[Scott breaks before the five count, and ignores warnings from Warren. Scott pulls Customer to his feet, scoops him up, and bodyslams him to the mat. He drops an elbow onto Customer and makes the lateral press. Warren drops to position, but Customer rolls his shoulder up before two.]

GM: Only a two count for Scott. He grabs Customer by his head and unloads with right hands!

BW: I guess he's trying to block those punches.

GM: How?

BW: With his head, Gordo.

[Scott lands two more punches and then pulls Customer to his feet. He fires Customer across the ring and into the ropes. Customer gets taken down to the mat with a back elbow. Scott makes another lateral press. Warren drops and counts, but Customer rolls his shoulder off the mat at two.]

GM: J.W. Customer rolls his shoulder off the mat at two.

[Scott gets to his knees and argues with Warren about a slow count, pantomiming how Warren should count. Scott gets to his feet and measures Customer before dropping elbow. Customer rolls out of the way. Scott sits up, grabbing his arm and then rolls to his side. Customer rolls to his stomach and lays there. Warren starts with the ten count.]

BW: Nick Scott missed that big elbowdrop. He's gonna need to protect that arm, cause it's a target now.

GM: Good point, Bucky.

[Customer pushes himself to his hands and knees and sees Scott do the same.]

GM: Ow! That's gonna hurt, Bucky! J.W. Customer just charged in on his hands and knees and delivered a nasty headbutt to Nick Scott!

BW: Maybe he was blockin' those punches with his face earlier?

GM: He calls that the Battering Ram, Bucky. It seems appropriate with the way Nick Scott is grabbing his head while laying on his back.

BW: Pretty solid hit. Guess Jay Dub doesn't have to worry 'cause ain't nothin' in that giant melon of his anyway.

[Scott kicks both feet on the mat, grabbing his head. Customer is up to his feet. He takes a few steps back and measures up his opponent. He falls forward, his head colliding with Scott's head.]

GM: Another headbutt from the Laredo, Texas native! He calls that one the Lone Star Drop.

BW: Why didn't he just start headbutting the guy from the beginning?

GM: Nick Scott caught Customer with those forearms and never let up on his opening assault. Customer finally got the advantage after a missed elbowdrop.

[Customer pushes himself to a seated position and shakes his head. He smiles as he gets to his feet. He pulls Nick Scott to a vertical base. Customer peppers Scott's head with right hands, staggering the bigger man back to the ropes. Customer fires Scott across.]

GM: Nick Scott on the rebound and biiiiig back body drop from J.W. Customer! Customer bounces off the ropes.

[Indeed he does, and winds up his elbow before dropping it across Nick Scott's chest.]

BW: He knows more moves than just headbutt variants?! Impressive!

GM: His Texan Elbow, Bucky!

BW: Seriously, how do you know all this stuff?

[Customer makes a lateral cover, but Scott rolls his shoulder up right before the three count.]

GM: Customer ALMOST had Nick Scott there!

BW: Gonna take more than that, daddy.

[Customer gets to his feet. He pulls Nick Scott up and pushes him back to the ropes only to fire him across. Customer takes Nick Scott down with a hiptoss. Customer bounces off the ropes, winds up, and drops another elbow onto Scott's chest.]

GM: Another Texan Elbow!

BW: This kid needs to head to the Combat Corner.

[Customer covers with a lateral press and hooks the far leg.]

GM: He's not a kid, Bucky. He's in his mid-forties. J.W. makes the cover.

[Warren drops to position.]

BW: He's a rookie in his forties? Stop joshin' with me, Gordo!

[Nick Scott rolls his shoulder right before Warren's hand slaps the mat for three.]

GM: Nick Scott rolls his shoulder up again! J.W. gets to his feet, and he pulls Nick Scott up to a vertical base.

[Customer goes to scoop Nick Scott up, but Scott jabs a thumb into Customer's eye. There's a smattering of boos from the crowd. Davis Warren warns Scott, who ignores them. Scott picks Customer up and bodyslams him to the mat. Nick Scott jumps up and drives a knee into Customer's chest.]

BW: There's that tenacity. Jay Dub needs to learn tenacity, daddy. It'd go along way.

GM: Nick Scott used a cheap tactic to gain back the offensive advantage, Bucky.

BW: We call it tenacity, Gordo.

[Nick Scott gets to his feet, pulling J.W. Customer up with him. He hooks a front-facelock with one arm and throws Customer's arm around his neck.]

GM: Nick Scott may be looking to finish the match right here, Bucky!

BW: Welcome to the AWA, Jay Dub. Don't let door hit ya where the good Lord split ya!

[Nick Scott grabs a handful of tights and yells, "It's over!" He lifts for a suplex, but Customer hooks a leg around Scott's leg blocking the move.]

GM: J.W. Customer blocks!

[Scott attempts to lift a second time only to have Customer block again.]

BW: This ain't good for Nick Scott!

[Customer forces Scott into a role reversal, pushing Scott's head down. Customer lifts Nick Scott into a suplex position and takes a few steps forward. He drops Scott down onto the top rope, bouncing Scott up and completing the suplex.]

GM: Slingshot suplex! He calls that the Prospect Plex, Bucky!

BW: Yep. Nick Scott went for a move that led right into his finisher.

[Both men land, and Customer floats over into a lateral press hooking the close leg. Warren drops down for the count and administers the three.

\*DING, DING, DING\*

GM: That will do it! J.W. Customer picks up a win in his debut match here tonight!

PW: The winner of the match as a result of a pinfall... J.W. CUSTOMER!

[Customer stands up and has his hand raised in victory as George Straits "Deep in the Heart of Texas" starts up.]

BW: Welcome to the AWA, it ain't gonna get any easier.

GM: Let's take a look back at how he won the match, Bucky.

[Cut to a replay of Nick Scott clubbing J.W. Customer with forearm shots.]

BW: Things didn't look too good in the beginning, Gordo. Jay Dub's idea of defense is the same Rocky used in the movies.

GM: Nick Scott started out strong.

[Transition to Customer hitting a charging headbutt while all both men are down on all fours.]

GM: But the Battering Ram headbutt swung the pedulum.

[Transition to Customer winding up and dropping a big elbow on Scott's chest.]

BW: Headbutt and an elbowdrop to follow it up.

[A final shot of Customer hitting Scott with the Prospect Plex.]

GM: And he finishes off Nick Scott with his Prospect Plex. Right now, Jason Dane is standing by with J.W. Customer on the interview stage. Let's take it to Jason!

[Cut to Jason Dane holding a mic. Customer stands to his left.]

JD: Thank you, Gordon Myers. With me right now, is newcomer J.W. Customer. Impressive debut here tonight.

[Polite cheers.]

JWC: And I wouldn't wanna do it any other place than in front of these great fans in Dallas, Jason.

[More polite cheers.]

JWC: Gettin' to Dallas is every wrestler's dream. For the past year, I've been trainin' hard to get here. I didn't want to be a wrestler, Jason. I've been a fan all of my life. I remember the greats like Hamilton Graham.

[Cheers.]

JWC: Blackjack Lynch.

[BIG cheer.]

JWC: Terry Shane, and Karl O'Connor. I remember watchin' greats like J.W. Hardin, Gunnar Gaines, Juan Vasquez, the Outlaws, and a bunch more as I aged into my thirties.

JD: If you didn't want to be a wrestler, why are you here now?

JWC: During two-thousand eleven, I called the AWA Customer Care Center. I wanted to know when the AWA was gonna head down to Laredo for a tour. Ya know, I ain't a rich man and times been tough for a lotta folk. What happened to me when I called was the WORST customer service...

[From nowhere, Customer gets blindsided by Charles S. Rant's clothesline to boos. Customer falls to his hands and knees and Rant begins stomping on him. Dane quickly backs away from the melee.]

JD: What the heck are you doing!?

[Jim appears in the scene, directing traffic. Customer starts fighting back to his feet, absorbing the stomps. Rant switches to forearms, but Customer fights back to his feet causing the crowd to cheer. Rant starts punching, and Customer blocks a punch.

Before Customer can mount any offense, Rant jabs a thumb in Customer's eye. Rant quickly spins Customer around and applies a full nelson. He puts a leg in front of Customer and trips, causing Customer to head face-first towards the interview stage. Just as Customer is about to hit.

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 the interview stage. AWA officials are tending to J.W. Customer who is laying face-down on the stage. Jason Dane is standing back as Rant screams at J.W. Customer. Jim moves over to Jason Dane.]

JD: What's the meaning of this!?

Jim: How do you stop someone from spreading lies? You stop it at the source, Jason Dane! That's EXACTLY what we did here! C'mon, Charles!

[Rant lands one stomp for good measure, before being led away by Jim. Dane watches the two leave with an exasperated look on his face.]

JD: There's something more brewing here, Gordon. I'll have to dig a bit deeper and find out the truth. Back to you!

[We cut to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated. Gordon is shaking his head in disbelief.]

GM: A brutal assault out of nowhere by Charles S. Rant on this newcomer J.W. Customer. And Jason's gotta be right. There's gotta be something more brewing here with this situation. Mark Stegglet though is standing in the ring right now and he's going to be the man standing between Brian Von Braun and Tully Brawn in this family feud. Take it away, Mark.

[We cut to the ring where Mark Stegglet is wearing his standard interview attire. Standing next to him is Brian Von Braun. BVB's decked out in a pair of dark blue jeans; black t-shirt with "Rocket City Wrestling Academy" across the front in a white font; and a black baseball cap with "RCWA" across the front in a white font. BVB rubs his hands together, but seems calmer and more relaxed than normal. Both men are standing in the middle of the ring.]

MS: Two weeks ago, Brian, you came out here and challenged your brother to come out and talk to you face-to-face by himself. We heard back from Tully earlier this week, and he's agreed to talk to you.

BVB: Good. Let's get this shindig underway, Mark.

MS: Come on out, Tully!

[Tully Brawn doesn't have any theme music... he just takes a stroll out to the elevated ramp, smiling a little awkwardly as he watches his brother wait for him. He's dressed in blue trunks and a white teeshirt, black kneepads and black boots. The young man takes a few steps toward the ring area... and then stops, waiting as "The Collector of Oddities" Percy Childes suddenly appears in the raised aisle behind him. The manager lifts his cane, and comfortingly wraps his free arm around the shoulders of Tully with a few quiet words.]

BVB: What the hell is HE doin' here!?

[BVB points adamantly at "The Collector of Oddities".]

BVB: I asked ya ta leave that scumbag outta this, Tully!

[Tully rolls his eyes, and turns to look at Percy... a look between the two, and Tully motions for Percy to follow him to the ring. BVB shakes his head, realizing the futility of asking for Percy to leave.]

MS: Tully Brawn and Percy Childes make their way to the ring.

[The two men stroll to the down the entrance way and climb into the ring. Percy takes position in a corner as Brawn approaches his brother, brows up and expression curious. Stegglet holds the mic between the brothers.]

BVB: This ain't right, Tully. We shouldn't be standin' on opposite sides of the battle lines. We shouldn't be fightin'. We're brothers. We should be takin' the AWA by storm as a team. Ain't no bond tighter than that as brothers. Ya know that. Blood is thicker than water.

TB: No, you're right... we should have peace between us. Look, you're absolutely right... we're brothers and we shouldn't be fighting like this. So... stop, you don't have to do this anymore. You don't have to worry about me coming out and attacking you, laying a hand on you, or anything like that... I talked to mom, to dad, to a couple of other family members and they're all right... blood is thicker than water. What's between us... it shouldn't be made out of hate, Brian. It should be love and respect and appreciation.

[Yeah, there's confusion alright. The audience stops booing and some are actually cheering... Brian blinks in surprise at hearing how easily his brother is actually wanting to mend things between them. Brian's face lights up in a smile. He seems about to say something when Tully suddenly takes the

microphone out Stegglet's hands, and steps away to talk. The audience tries to boo, but Tully just talks right over them.]

TB: Hold on, hold on, hold on a second.... Wait a minute, Brian! I have more to say... if I'm going to eat crow, let's get it all out there. I was wrong to slap you across the face a few weeks back. I was wrong. I'm not too proud to admit that... and to apologize to you for it, right here and now. Brian... I am sorry for slapping you, sorry for interfering in your business, and I am sorry that things happened the way that they did. We're brothers... we should support one another, we should back one another up, and... well, golly, Brian... we're family.

[Boos turn to cheers, but something about his tone keeps Brian from showing a smile... Tully steps forward, almost face to face with Brian and offering that saccharine sweet smile.]

TB: I made it to the show, Brian... I'm a professional wrestler. I'm living my dream. Look at me, man... I'm smiling, I'm happy, and I feel really good to be here. And I owe it all to that man behind me

[Percy smiles broadly. Brian is dumbstruck.]

TB: So, since we're brothers and we support one another and we have one another's back... why don't you thank him for giving your little brother the chance no one else was willing to give him. Thank him for bringing me into the sport. Thank him for the training, the time, and every bit of effort he puts into watching MY back on a weekly basis. Show me how much you want peace between us... and thank my manager.

[The crowd is booing now... the two brothers are face to face, Brawn and Von Braun. The younger of the two is smiling and holding the mic between them. As Brian opens his mouth to speak, the other lifts the microphone just beneath his mouth.]

TB: Thank him for me... for the family... for our brotherhood. Just say 'thank you'.... And let's have peace.

[BVB pauses, staring at his brother. He remains silent as some of the crowd yells, "Don't do it!" BVB turns his eyes to look at the crowd for a few seconds. He looks back at Tully, the smallest gleam in his eyes. His eyes simply shift, as he changes his focus from one eye to the other. He reaches out and puts his hand on the mic. Tully releases his hold, allowing BVB to bring the mic to him. He raises the mic for a moment and then lowers it. He raises again as the crowd repeats, "Don't do it!"]

BVB: No.

[BIG cheer! Tully's eyes narrow, and he can't help but smirk a bit.]

BVB: I always wondered why Pops was so adamant 'bout not trainin' his kin ta be rasslers. I get it now.

[BVB and Tully stare each other down.]

BVB: I don't know what he said to ya. I don't know what promises were made. Everything that comes outta his mouth is through a forked tongue, Tully. He's a snake, but y'ain't seein' that.

Tha moment ya no longer serve his purposes, he's gonna drive a knife in yer back. Don't think fer a second he won't. Jus' ask James Monosso. He'll use these words:

"Conniving."

"Manipulative."

"Liar."

"Opportunist."

[BVB pauses. Percy smiles at the compliments.]

BVB: An' he can come out here an' tell ya he's honest about what he is. How can ya be honest when truth doesn't exist to ya? Here's a truth for ya, Tully. Percy Childes would NEVER manage Brian Von Braun.

[Percy gives affirmation to the statement with a nod and smiles.]

BVB: Why? All those things I called him?

I'm far worse than he could ever hope to be... an' he KNOWS that.

[BVB looks over at Percy, whose smile melts off his face as that all too familiar batshit crazy gleam is in full effect in BVB's eyes. BVB lingers on Percy with his look before slowly looking back to his brother.]

BVB: I'm a sociopathic opportunist, Tully. My history speaks fer itself. Percy may muster up tha courage ta come out here with ya, but this devil can smell tha fear comin' off of evil-lite standin' behind ya.

Little known fact for ya, Tully. In Toronto, everyone believed us Invaders were united.

[BVB shakes his head.]

BVB: S'not true. I was jus' waitin' fer the opportunity ta drive tha knife into Courtade an' take tha World title for myself. Consequences be damned.

[A few surprised gasps from the crowd.]

BVB: Here's tha flipside ta my illustrious ten year career, Tully. I can't count tha number of friends I have in this sport on one hand. Ten years, Tully.

Travellin' between towns by yerself.

No one ta watch my back.

No one ta turn to fer assistance.

No one, that ain't family, who's gonna come save me from tha fire.

It's a lonely life yer choosin', Tully. I know. I'm still there.

I'm tired of bein' alone. I'm tired of not havin' friends.

I don't want ya ta go through what I've done.

[A pause.]

BVB: That said. The wisdom of one man is better than the knowledge of ten. An' I ain't gonna convince ya, ya're makin' a mistake. I can already see that in yer eyes. Y'ain't heard anythin' I said. I ain't gonna waste my time. Enjoy yer time. Plot, plan, do whatever it is he asks of ya. Jus' know tha clock's already tickin' on y'all's association. When time runs out, you'll understand tha REAL difference between the Von Brauns and Childes.

We'll be there ta pick ya up an' dust ya off.

The Childes family wouldn't do that fer their own.

[BVB pauses, letting the last two sentences linger. Percy shakes his head and whispers into Tully's ear.]

BVB: I wish ya all tha success in rasslin', Tully.

[BVB hands the mic back to Tully and backs up to the ropes. He steps through and onto the raised entrance ramp, taking a moment to look back at his younger brother. BVB shakes his head and walks to the back. Tully snorts/chuckles as he watches his older brother leave.]

PC: I told you he would lie, Tully. Every expectation put on him, he failed to achieve. You have those same expectations. Where he failed, you succeed.

[Tully nods.]

PC: Brian will attempt to stop your success. Prepare for him. Come, there's much to discuss.

[Percy and Tully exit the ring as we crossfade back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: That couldn't have ended as Brian Von Braun was hoping it would end.

BW: I'd guess not.

GM: You'd have a hard time arguing what Von Braun was saying right there though.

BW: I would?!

GM: Yes. Percy Childes is a user. A traitorous snake in the grass.

BW: It was Monosso who betrayed Percy, Gordo... not the other way around.

GM: I suppose that depends on how you tell that particular story. I saw James Monosso fighting his heart out throughout the World Title Tournament and Percy Childes trying to rob him of his opportunity at every chance he got.

BW: Those rose-colored bifocals of yours are pretty thick these days, Gordo.

GM: Regardless of that, fans, we are just moments away from a match that was added to our broadcast earlier tonight - four of the teams that are now in the Field of Sixteen for the Stampede Cup are about to battle it out inside an Anything Goes Bunkhouse Battle Royal with the winning team earning themselves one of the top seeds in this tournament.

BW: That's right, daddy. Thirteen teams are in - only three spots left.

GM: And there are a whole lot of teams gunning for those final three spots. We saw BCIQ out here earlier... Tin Can Rust with his new partner, Jackson Bouron...

BW: The Ring Workers... The Northern Lights... even guys like Aftershock or The Hive who might not stand the best shot of winning the whole thing. They want in too because when you get in, anything can happen.

GM: You're absolutely right about that. It's gonna be an exciting weekend in Oklahoma City coming up in a few short weeks but before we get there, we got some work to do. We're going to take a quick break but when we come back, it's Bunkhouse Battle Royal time right here on Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

And then back up on a shot of Travis Lynch, standing in a black t-shirt that says "TRAVIS" across the front in gold script.]

TL: It's one of the hottest summers on record...

[Lynch wipes his sweaty brow with the back of his hand, showing off his muscular bicep in the process.]

TL: The perfect weather for hitting the beach... the ballpark... the pool... or even the gym...

[We cut to a shot of Travis lifting weights. Impressive, no? His voiceover continues.]

TL: So, when you're digging through your closet and trying to find the perfect outfit when you're looking to dress to impress...

[We cut back to the first shot of Travis who jerks a thumb at his chest.]

TL: Look no further than the brand new Travis Lynch t-shirt. Available in all sizes, shapes, and colors... we've even got a tanktop version of it.

[Yep. We cut to a shot of Travis in the tanktop, delivering the gun show.]

TL: The new Travis Lynch t-shirt - available at all AWA events all summer long and at AWA.com!

[Cut to a graphic telling where you can buy said t-shirt before fading to black...

...and as we come back live to the Crockett Coliseum, all hell is breaking loose!]

GM: WE'RE BACK, FANS! AND THIS BUNKHOUSE BATTLE ROYAL STARTED DURING THE BREAK!!

BW: Whoo boy!

[Inside the ring, we see the eight men scheduled for this match - The Blonde Bombers, Violence Unlimited, The Lynches, and The Beale Street Bullies - all tearing into one another. Most are dressed in some form of blue jeans, t-shirt, and heavy boots but there are a few standouts.]

GM: This is wild stuff! It started with the Lynches coming out during the break to address these Dallas fans and the Bullies couldn't stand it! Rogers and Donovan jumped those two from behind! Travis Lynch came out here to help his brothers but then Dick Wyatt did the same! The officials finally got both Wyatt and Travis back to the locker room... but the fight kept going out here and soon enough, the other teams had joined it!

[The camera cuts to show Danny Morton with James Lynch trapped in the corner, driving a heavy shoulder into the midsection. As he straightens up, we see he's wearing an old football jersey with his blue jeans just before he blasts James across the chest with a backhand chop!]

GM: It's been quite some time since we've seen Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes in action but you're looking at the 2010 Stampede Cup champions.

BW: We've never had two-time Stampede Cup champions, Gordo, but you can bet that both The Lynches and Violence Unlimited will be looking to change that this year.

GM: Absolutely.

[Morton reaches for an arm, looking for a whip but Brad Jacobs smashes him across the back of the head with a forearm smash. Jacobs grabs the arms,

pulling them behind Morton as James Lynch hops up on the middle rope, steadying himself...]

GM: A match like this makes for some strange bedfellows as you see James Lynch working alongside Brad Jacobs!

[Lynch leaps off, smashing a forearm across the skull of Morton, knocking him down to a knee. Jacobs claps Lynch on the shoulder, gesturing for them to work together in throwing Morton over the top rope...]

GM: Jacobs wants Lynch to help him toss Danny Morton!

[Lynch leans down, pulling Morton up...

...and gets HAMMERED with a double axehandle across the back of the head, knocking him down to the mat as well. With Larry Doyle shouting instructions, Kenny Stanton sticks a finger in the eye of Adam Rogers, rushing to his partner's side.]

GM: The Bombers are stomping the heck out of James Lynch...

[But the crowd roars as Jack Lynch comes rushing into the fray, leaping into the air with a right hand to the skull of Jacobs, knocking him back into the corner...]

GM: JACK LYNCH IS ALL OVER BRAD JACOBS!!

[Lynch hammers Jacobs with several right hands before Kenny Stanton saves his partner with a well-placed knee into the kidneys. He grabs Lynch by the arm, dragging him away from the corner and whipping him the short distance into the adjacent turnbuckles.]

GM: Look at Stanton! What's he doing?!

[Digging into his jeans pocket, Stanton pulls out a small package of something and starts unfolding it...]

BW: He's got... I think that's some kind of powder... maybe salt?

[He nods at the jeering crowd as he pours a handful of the substance into his hand...

...and when Robert Donovan grabs him from behind, Stanton wheels around and panics, throwing the powder into the seven footer's eyes! The crowd roars!]

BW: Wait! That was meant for Lynch!

GM: Stanton panicked when he felt the hand on his arm and he threw it at the first person who came into his sights!



[With Donovan blinded, Morton and Haynes flatten him with a running double clothesline. The crowd roars as Morton throws his arms apart with a loud bellow. Stanton rushes Morton...

...and gets scooped right up into a military press!]

GM: HE'S GOT STANTON UP!!

[Morton walks across the ring, ready to send Stanton to the floor...

...and then turns around, facing the ring entrance ramp!]

GM: What's he...?

BW: Oh no.

GM: He's gonna launch him, Bucky!

[But before he can, Brad Jacobs comes tearing across the ring, connecting solidly with a spear tackle, knocking Morton down to the mat and allowing Stanton to avoid elimination.]

GM: Stanton almost got tossed right there... the rules of this one say that BOTH members of a team have to be eliminated before the entire team is eliminated though, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, but if you're left all alone in there with a bunch of tag teams, I can't imagine you survive very long.

GM: A good point.

[Jacobs hammers away at the downed Morton as Jackson Haynes pulls Stanton up, drilling him with two stiff left jabs and a right hand that sends Stanton over the ropes...

...where he somehow manages to hang on, scrambling to stay on the ring apron!]

GM: Whoooa! Kenny Stanton's out on the apron but he went over the top! If someone can knock him to the floor, he'd be eliminated right now and- look at this, Bucky!

[With Stanton fighting for survival, the crowd begins to cheer at the sight of Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez walking down the elevated ramp.]

GM: It looks like Gaines and Martinez, one of the two teams that have already been awarded a seed in this year's tournament, are headed out here to do a little bit of scouting of some of their potential opponents.

[A camera cut finds Jackson Haynes with a handful of Kenny Stanton's hair, aiming for the corner ringpost...

...when suddenly, Adam Rogers loops a leather belt around the throat of Haynes, dragging him away from the ropes!]

GM: What the heck?! Rogers has a belt!

BW: He took his own belt off and he's choking Haynes with it! This is crazy, Gordo! What a fight this is!

GM: It just goes to show how important earning a seed in this tournament is for these men.

BW: It doesn't earn them a bye past the first round like in previous years but this year, the seed gets them potentially an easier first round opponent since all of the teams with seeds will face unseeded opposition in the first round.

GM: In a tournament like this, I don't know if there's any such thing as easier competition.

[Rogers drags Haynes out to the middle of the ring, using the belt to throw him down to the mat. He quickly wraps the leather belt around his fist before dropping to his knees, burying the right hand between The Hammer's eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Adam Rogers is using that leather belt as a weapon and to quite a bit of success, I should add.

[Holding a handful of Haynes' long hair, Rogers repeatedly hammers the forehead with the belt-wrapped fist until a burst of crimson appears.]

GM: He just split open Haynes!

[A fired up Danny Morton walks up behind Rogers, hooking him around the waist...

...and deadlifting him out of his kneeling position, dropping him on the back of his head with a powerful German Suplex!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! Morton just SPIKED Adam Rogers on his skull!

[Morton pops up, hammering at his chest...

...and gets CAUGHT with a running big boot from Robert Donovan, a blow that sends Morton back into the ropes. Nearby, Jack Lynch and James Lynch clutch wrists, charging Morton...]

GM: THE LYNCHES WITH A DOUBLE CLOTHESLI-

[But Morton's having none of it, ducking under the double clothesline attempt, wheeling around...

...and connecting with one of his own that somehow manages to take James Lynch over the top rope and down to the floor but not Jack!]

GM: JAMES LYNCH IS GONE!! MORTON ELIMINATES JAMES LYNCH!!

BW: Hah! I love it!

GM: James Lynch is obviously disappointed... and probably quite a bit concerned about his big brother who is now in there all alone but James is going to have to take that long walk back to the locker room by himself and-look out here...

[James Lynch climbs the ringsteps, heading back up the ramp...

...when he comes face to face with Rob Christie and the Samoan Hit Squad!]

GM: What the heck are the Samoans doing out here?! They're not a part of this match!

BW: Neither are Gaines and Martinez and you had no problem with them showing their faces!

[Lynch balls up his fists, ready to defend himself as the Samoans keep coming towards him.

A quick cut back to the ring shows Jack Lynch throwing his gloved right hand as fast as he can, hammering both Danny Morton and an incoming Robert Donovan.]

GM: Jack Lynch is going to town on both of these men!

[Lynch grabs a handful of hair on both men, looking for a double noggin knocker...

...but Morton and Donovan block it, grabbing Lynch in tandem and SMASHING him with a double headbutt that knocks him down to the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! Double headbutt by Donovan and Morton and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Morton tees off with a pair of right hands to the jaw of Donovan, sending him staggering backwards before Morton rushes to the ropes behind him, bouncing off with a running clothesline that stuns Donovan, causing him to pinwheel his arms around, trying to keep his balance...]

GM: Donovan's in trouble! Morton's gonna-

[Morton swoops him, looking for a bodyslam...

...but Adam Rogers catches him from behind with a forearm shot to the lower back. He pulls Morton's arms back, allowing Donovan to surge forward with a boot to the gut.]

GM: The Bullies are working over Danny Morton now... working in tandem against a man who was formerly one-half of the National Tag Team Champions.

[Donovan and Rogers grab the arms of Morton, whipping him to the closest set of ropes. Donovan lands a big boot on the rebound to the sternum, forcing Morton to stumble backwards where Rogers rushes him, looking to send him out with a clothesline...

...but Morton's having none of that, hooking Rogers around the torso!]

BW: NO!

[Morton sets for an overhead belly-to-belly before Kenny Stanton comes flying out of nowhere, throwing a right hand to the ear of Morton to break up the suplex attempt. Stanton throws Morton backfirst into the buckles, inviting Donovan and Rogers to help him.]

GM: We've got a three-on-one on Danny Morton in the corner and Jackson Haynes is being stomped repeatedly by Brad Jacobs! The big man of the Blonde Bombers has isolated Haynes and he's letting his partner work over Morton with the help of the Bullies!

BW: Violence Unlimited is taking a stompin', Gordo!

[Jack Lynch suddenly rushes into frame, leaping up and catching Adam Rogers between the shoulders, knocking him down to the mat. He wheels around, hammering Kenny Stanton with a pair of right hands as Robert Donovan turns, throwing a right hand of his own at Jack Lynch.]

GM: Every time you think Jack Lynch is out of this fight, he turns up right back in the middle of it and-

[Lynch digs his fingers into the eyes of Robert Donovan, sending the seven footer staggering away, bumping into Brad Jacobs who angrily turns, shoving Donovan back against the ropes.]

GM: Larry Doyle's shouting at Jacobs... trying to keep his focus on Haynes but he's going after Donovan now! Big right hands out of Jacobs on Donovan...

[With Jacobs moving away from him, Haynes pushes up to a knee, pulling at the laces on one of his boots...]

GM: What in the... Jackson Haynes is taking off that cowboy boot!

[Haynes pops to his feet, blood streaming down his forehead as he swings his boot around...

...and rushes into the fray, hammering everyone in sight with the boot. Two quick blows to Jack Lynch and Adam Rogers frees Danny Morton out of the corner.]

GM: Haynes helps his partner first and-

[Kenny Stanton leaps up to the middle rope, springing off with a double axehandle...

...but gets SMASHED in the ribs with the boot to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Good grief! Haynes goes downstairs with the boot!

[And as a dazed Stanton gets back up...]

GM: BOOT TO THE HEAD!

[A wildly-swung boot catches Stanton squarely on the temple, sending him sailing over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: STANTON'S GONE! STANTON'S BEEN ELIMINATED!!

[Haynes wheels around, rushing Robert Donovan...

...and DRIVING the boot into his face, sending the seven footer up and over the ropes as well!]

GM: DONOVAN'S GONE!! JACKSON HAYNES IS CLEANING HOUSE WITH HIS BOOT!

BW: We've got five men left in the ring - two of which are Violence Unlimited!

[Danny Morton rushes out of the corner, running over a rising Adam Rogers with a clothesline. He spins around, tearing back across the ring to catch Brad Jacobs as well.]

GM: Down goes Rogers! Down goes Jacobs!

[Morton turns again, getting tackled back to the corner by Jack Lynch who begins slamming shoulders into the midsection of Morton...]

GM: We're seeing a bit of a rematch from the 2011 Stampede Cup Finals when the Lynches took on Violence Unlimited.

[Rogers grabs Lynch from the blind side, hooking a rear waistlock. He takes a few steps back, giving Morton time to come barreling out, smashing Lynch in the head with a running forearm smash...

...which knocks him RIGHT into a high impact German Suplex out of Rogers!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Rogers pops back up, throwing his arms apart...

...and gets BLASTED between the eyes by a boot-wielding Jackson Haynes who finally spikes his boot into the canvas, letting loose a roar as he waves for his partner to lift Brad Jacobs off the mat.]

GM: Morton's pulling Jacobs up... they've gotta keep using the numbers advantage, Bucky.

BW: That's absolutely right. They can't give these other three a chance to unite against them...

[Morton hooks Jacobs around the waist in a loose side waistlock, waiting for Haynes as he barrels across...

...but Jacobs sidesteps, throwing Morton aside with his tremendous power, and catches an off-balance Haynes from behind with a clothesline that topples him over the ropes to the elevated ramp!]

GM: OHH! HAYNES IS GONE!!

BW: We're down to four!

GM: One member from each of the teams in this match have been eliminated and now we're down to-

[A frustrated Jackson Haynes gets back to his feet, glaring back into the ring with his hands on his hips. James Lynch stands about six feet behind him with the Samoans standing about ten feet behind that.]

GM: There's a regular lineup out there on the ramp watching all this... take a look at this!

BW: It's the Aces!

[The crowd jeers as Percy Childes leads The Aces into view on the ramp as Jacobs and Morton start trading heavy blows in the center of the ring!]

GM: We've got a slugfest on our hands with these two big bulls just hammering away at each other!

[We catch a glimpse of a recovering Adam Rogers kneeling in the corner, trying to stay out of the way of the two powerhouses...

...but moving quickly as Jack Lynch gets to his feet, using the ropes to pull himself off the mat...]

GM: Look out!

[Rogers drops to a knee, slamming his arm up into the groin of Jack Lynch!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[A furious James Lynch surges forward, shoving Jackson Haynes aside as he rushes to the ropes to shout at Rogers...]

...which results in Jackson Haynes spinning James Lynch around, sticking a finger in his face!]

GM: Uh oh! It's getting ugly out here!

[Rogers pulls a hurting Lynch off the canvas, lifting him up and chucking him over the top rope down to the feet of Robert Donovan who is laughing his ass off at his former partner.]

GM: JACK LYNCH IS GONE! THE LYNCHES ARE ELIMINATED!

BW: We're down to three!

[Donovan is leaning over the hurting Lynch, screaming at him as Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez stand nearby, huddling up with one another. Donovan suddenly looks up at the duo, turning his focus towards them...]

“You got a problem, old man?!”

[Gaines glares at Donovan for a moment...]

...and then rushes him, throwing wild haymakers as he tackles Donovan down to the floor! BIG ROAR FROM THE CROWD!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON THE FLOOR!!

BW: If they get much closer, I'm gettin' out of here, Gordo.

GM: You stay right there!

[The crowd's cheers grow louder as Danny Morton puts together a series of brutal jabbing punches followed by an overhead elbow smash that knocks Jacobs back against the ropes...]

GM: Morton to the far side...

[The former National Tag Team Champion lowers his shoulder on the rebound, looking for a big tackle...]

...when suddenly Larry Doyle leaps up on the apron, pulling down the top rope!]

GM: NO!

[A dastardly move that sends Morton sailing over the top rope, crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

GM: MORTON'S GONE! VU'S ELIMINATED!

[A pissed-off Jackson Haynes sees that, shoving James Lynch in the chest as he steps down off the ramp to go after Doyle...

...only to have James Lynch leap off the ramp, tackling him down to the floor! BIG ROAR!]

GM: LYNCH TACKLES DOWN HAYNES!!

[With brawls raging on both sides of the ring, Percy Childes moves his men a little closer to the squared circle, pausing to huddle up with the Robfathah.]

BW: A little meeting of the minds out there on the ramp, Gordo.

GM: Can't say I like the looks of that at all.

[Brad Jacobs turns his attention towards Adam Rogers who backs off, sizing up his much larger foe...

...which allows Jack Lynch to hop up on the apron...]

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

[...and SINK IN the Iron Claw on a shocked Adam Rogers!]

GM: LYNCH HOOKS THE CLAW!!

BW: This isn't fair! Get him down from there! Get him-

[With Lynch pulling on Rogers' head, Jacobs rushes him from behind, upending the former World Champion...

...and dumping him out to the floor!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The sound of the bell does very little to help the situation as the floodgates simply just open at this point. The squared circle and the surrounding ringside area quickly fill with bodies trying to hammer each other into oblivion!]

GM: THE BLONDE BOMBERS HAVE WON A SEED BUT THE BATTLE IS JUST GETTING STARTED! WE'VE GOTTA GET THIS UNDER CONTROL! WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK, FANS!!

[Abrupt cut to black.]



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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then fade back up to live action where the Crockett Coliseum spotlights hit the black curtain surrounding the unused section of the interview area. The sounds of the O'Jays' "For The Love Of Money" fills the air for a bit before a deep voice sounds off.]

"Ladies and gentlemen..."

TODD MICHAELSON!"

And with that, the curtain falls to reveal a "set" made of wooden walls that are painted and dressed to be a mockup of a bank vault. There are also various stacks of (presumably) fake money and bags of money all over the ground. Picture what you've always imagined Scrooge McDuck's vault to look like and you've got a great mental image. The only thing askew is that sitting in the middle of it is NOT Todd Michaelson... it's Eric Preston. Preston's dressed in jeans and a black dress shirt, untucked and sleeves rolled up, and grinning as he tosses the microphone into the air.]

EP: I know, I know... you're expecting Toddy Mike out here right now, running the show. But one thing I promised myself when I agreed to come back and help Supreme Wright... that's right, when I came back to HELP Supreme Wright... one thing I told myself was that I'll be damned if I let Michaelson or anyone else dictate to ME. I call the shots, I set the agenda.

And I figured I'd come out and have a bit of a pre-emptive strike before Michaelson comes out here and pollutes the airwaves anymore.

Supreme Wright, you're welcome.

[Preston lets that permeate for a minute, and nods to the audience.]

EP: I dragged you, by your silly bow tie, to the brink of winning the AWA World Title. But it's real clear, REAL CLEAR, that you can't finish the job on your own. Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. So I put a dent in Dufresne's aluminum head just to make sure that you can find out what it means to earn something. And by the way, my friend, if you ever want to test your skills against the finest wrestler the Combat Corner ever produced, all you have to do is ask.

Mr. Wright, you haven't BEGUN to hear enough from me. Mark my words-

[Preston's cut off by the sound of static and then the words of Todd Michaelson.]

TM: I won't speak for Supreme Wright but I think I'VE heard quite enough as it is, Eric.

[Preston spins around and watches as Michaelson walks onto his own set. The former Combat Corner student taps the mic a few times, making sure it's live once again before speaking.]

EP: Oh, hey, Todd, glad you're here. I was getting worried. I hadn't heard a lie in like five minutes. Have you got one for us, ol' buddy ol' pal? Huh? I just planted some oak trees outside, they could use some of your manure to get going. What have you got?

[Michaelson shakes his head, chuckling softly.]

TM: Unlike you, Eric, I thought I'd give these people what they want. The truth.

[Preston sits on a stool and golf claps as Todd glares at him.]

TM: The truth is - you're a disgrace.

[Off camera, Preston shoots an "Oh yeah?"]

TM: I personally put my name on the line when you graduated, I got you work, I got you opportunities, I put money in your pocket! And for you to come back and do this, to make it your life's work to ruin every good thing we've got going on, well... disgusted isn't the word. It makes me sick to my stomach.

But I gotta tell you something, Eric. I gotta tell ya something, kid.

["What's that?"]

TM: I almost saw it coming.

[Todd nods as the crowd stirs, not sure what to think.]

TM: I saw it coming the day you came to me in the Combat Corner... the day you were getting ready for that final battle with Monosso and you said, "I need something special, boss. I need something that he ain't seen before."

You wanted me to master a hold and teach it to you so that you could beat Monosso.

[Todd nods.]

TM: I understood that. I got it. You wanted the one hold he couldn't break. And when I started to tell you about the new hold I had developed, I knew it was the move that you needed.

But you weren't satisfied.

[Michaelson points an accusing finger.]

TM: You wanted more. You wanted something that wouldn't just beat Monosso... you wanted something that would hurt him. You wanted something where you could rip the air out of his lungs with your bare hands.

I shouldn't have done it.

[Michaelson looks down to the mat.]

TM: Knowing what I know now, I shouldn't have done it. The Cobra Clutch Crossface is too dangerous in your hands, Preston... I see that now.

[A shake of the head.]

TM: I failed you, kid. Just as much as you've failed me over the past few months, I failed you back then. I should've drawn the line. I should've seen

what that war with Monosso was turning you into.

I could've stopped all this then. I could-

EP: YOU COULD HAVE PROTECTED ME!

[Preston springs off of the stool and gets nose to nose with Michaelson, suddenly enraged.]

EP: You could have helped me find my way, you could have eased me in! Juan Vasquez, second match? James Monosso, three months in? You threw me in the deep end and you scoffed when I failed. This whole damn audience of yours watched me look like a fool and fail for two years. I couldn't stay healthy, I couldn't keep my damn head above water. And where was my mentor then?

[A shocked Michaelson retorts.]

TM: I was letting your fight your way through it - like a man, Eric! That's what I was-

[Preston interrupts.]

EP: Makin' a buck off me, that's where!

[Michaelson shakes his head.]

TM: I was your teacher... your trainer... your mentor. My job with this company was to train you and get you ready to get inside that squared circle with the best in the world. You wanted advice? You wanted help scouting? My door was always open.

But to protect you?

[He shakes his head again, looking down.]

TM: Come on, kid. You know better than that. You looking for a back slap, a hug, and an "attaboy," you're in the wrong business. You know how you can tell when you're doing a good job in this sport?

[Michaelson reaches out, raising Preston's arm like a referee would.]

TM: They raise your hand and tell the world you won the damn match.

I believed in you, kid. I thought you had it in you to be a superstar. So, yes... I smiled when you had to get in there with Juan Vasquez. Yeah, I was proud when you stood up to Monosso. Because I believed that you had the heart, the spirit, and, most of all, the talent to get the job done against anyone you were in there with.

But that's always been the problem, right, Eric? I believed you. I had confidence you. But you didn't have any in yourself. And you were always

there wanting the slap on the back and the "good job, kid" that I couldn't always be there to give you.

[Preston is looking away at this point, refusing to make eye contact with his former mentor.]

TM: You came along when this place needed a hero - when these people... when the front office... when Gordon Myers himself was begging for a hero to come along.

You stood up to Monosso and put him down... and we believed that you were that hero. You broke Anton Layton's spirit and helped chase him out of town... and we all believed that you had become that hero.

But you weren't a hero, Eric. Not even then. Hell, you weren't even a man at that point.

[The crowd buzzes at that.]

TM: You were a child... just a kid who couldn't manage to grow up and be the man that he needed to be and that all of us needed him to be too.

And after all that you accomplished... things that wrestlers who've been in this business ten times longer than you haven't been able to do... after all that...

[Michaelson looks Preston up and down, gesturing at him.]

TM: This is what you became.

[A shake of the head.]

TM: I'm ashamed of you, Eric. And I'm embarrassed by you.

And to think that I helped create this person in front of me who has betrayed so many people so quickly.

It makes me sick to my damn stomach.

[Michaelson just shakes his head one final time.]

TM: These people deserved the truth... now they got it. As for you?

[Michaelson throws a dismissive gesture Preston's way.]

TM: I'm through with you. Now get the hell off my set.

[A wide-eyed Preston suddenly spins towards Michaelson as the mic drops out of the former Combat Corner student's hand...

...and he uses the same hand to SLAP his former mentor across the face!]

"SLAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHH!"

[Michaelson's eyes go wide as Preston jabs a finger into his chest...

...and then angrily slaps the arm away, surprising Preston. Michaelson, however, doesn't make a lunge at Preston, instead he closes his eyes, a rage settling over him as he breathes heavily into the lifted mic.]

TM: I wanted to walk away, Eric. I wanted to end this peacefully.

[He grits his teeth, reaching up to touch his rapidly-reddening cheek.]

TM: But you know me, kid... I don't turn the other cheek.

[The eyes fly open, a sense of determination on his face.]

TM: You want this to go to the next level? You want to prove some kind of point to yourself? To all these people?

[Michaelson nods.]

TM: You got it. You name a time. I'm naming the place...

[Michaelson points to the ring that's in the middle of the Crockett Coliseum.]

TM: ...that squared circle.

[A nod from Michaelson as he drops the house mic down at the feet of Eric Preston, turning to walk out and leaving a puzzled Preston behind.]

GM: That's a challenge! Todd Michaelson has issued a challenge to his former student, Eric Preston, for a match inside that ring!

BW: Wait a second, Gordo. Did we not just have someone in the front office get CANNED for exactly this?! Does Michaelson get special treatment just cause he owns the joint?

GM: I... well, I have to admit. That's a very good question, Bucky. Of course, you're referring to "Big" Jim Watkins being forced to resign as the Chairman of the Championship Committee because of his agreement to meet Joe Petrow last November at SuperClash IV - the very incident that brought Karl O'Connor to the AWA as the new President to begin with. That may be a good question for Jason Dane to ask President O'Connor right here in two weeks' time. Right now though, let's go back to the interview area where Mark Stegklet is standing by with the World Heavyweight Champion!

[We cut over to the interview stage where both men are standing. Monosso is wearing his black T-Shirt with "PROPERTY OF MYSELF" in pale green print, black jeans, and the World Title belt around his waist. His stringy greying-black hair is pulled back, revealing his slightly-receding hairline and the wild eyes on his wide, flat face. The crowd cheers him.]

MS: James Monosso, earlier this week, we received a very unusual request from one Calisto Dufresne.

JM: Yeah, I know. He called me.

MS: Pardon? I hadn't heard that.

JM: We got cellphones, Stegglet. Pretty much everybody has everybody's number. You wouldn't believe the craptalk that goes on. Craptalk is like trash talk, only it's not even clever or intimidating. Some guys will drunk-text their enemies at 3 AM wanting to know where they are so they can "kikk yur AZZ" with thirty exclamation points and three ones after that. So you learn the block feature fast, which is why a lot of actual communication ends up being out here yelling at a camera. Anyway, yeah, he called me. Said that he insisted I show up to ringside for his match tonight.

MS: And your response.

JM: It's a trap. Duh.

MS: How so?

JM: Like Calisto Dufresne wants to be anywhere near me. He's gutless, in some ways. That ain't even a bad thing, really. I mean, bein' a weasel works for him. So if he wants me there, either he wants to set up so I get Martinez DQed, or that I take him out, or that somebody takes me out to clear the way, or somethin' like that.

I'd do it, if I was him and I was outgunned like he is. I ain't complainin'. Way I see it, if it works it works. I don't got the knack for that kind of work. Or the need for it. But if that's what he needs to do, so be it. If he finds a way to beat Martinez, then he earned his shot. I don't care how.

MS: Are you saying that Calisto Dufresne can't get things done without resorting to foul play?

JM: Are you sayin' he put out City Jack's eye with an armbar? Are you sayin' he won the National Title in an epic wrestling classic? When did he ever do anything without cheating or help? Never. So obviously, if he wants somethin', it's gonna benefit him. Directly.

MS: So you won't be there, then.

[Monosso grins. This is an unusual expression for him, and it seems to unnerve Stegglet.]

JM: 'Course I'll be there.

MS: But. But you just said...

JM: On my terms. Not on his. I don't do nothin' because somebody else wants me to. I do what I want to.

MS: Your terms? What does that mean?

JM: You'll see. As far as I'm concerned, the winner of this match can have their title shot at the Stampede Cup.

MS: So, what's your response to Alex Martinez' claims at the end of the last Saturday Night Wrestling?

JM: To be honest? Most of it was useless. He says he's in the Hall Of Fame? So's Joe Reed, and he's like eighty. I wrestled him in 1990 and he was old then. Should I give him a shot? No, obviously, he don't wrestle in AWA. Bein' a Hall Of Famer isn't a free title shot card. It's got nothin' to do with the here and now.

He says he was a four time World Champion? I was a one time World Champion when I came here, and they wouldn't even give me a roster spot until Childes got hold of me! Nobody ever mentioned or cared that I was a World Champion. What makes your titles better than mine? Nothing. Obviously, the AWA has proven that bein' a former World Champion don't mean nothing. Don't ever wave that card in my face again.

He says he's beaten me? Now he's got my attention. That matters. Because he did that HERE. And that's the point. I don't care about nothin' but what you did here. What happens in LA stays in LA; what happened in New York stays in New York. What happens in Dallas stays here in Dallas. Alex Martinez sat on a shelf for a year. He's gotta beat Dufresne to prove he's still got it. And then if he proves that he is still the man that beat me, if a year down and then Craven at SuperClash didn't take that away... then he deserves the shot. And I'm glad to give it to him. I don't like havin' losses on my record.

Then when I see who it is that gets that shot? THEN I'll let everybody know what I think.

[With that, Monosso marches off.]

MS: Interesting. It sounds like James Monosso has a plan for tonight's event. It's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so let's head down to the ring to Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for a World Title matchup at the Stampede Cup!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...



[The crowd's buzzing excitement over the Main Event quickly turns to jeers as ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in over the Crockett Coliseum PA system.]

PW: Introducing first, hailing from Avery Island, Louisiana... Standing six feet, three inches tall and weighing in at 245 pounds... He is the former AWA National Tag Team Champion... former AWA National Champion... He is "LADYKILLER" CALISTOOOOOOOOO DUUUUUUUFRRREEEEEEEESSSNNEE!!

[As the curtain slides to the side, Dufresne emerges, clad in a black three-piece suit, his long blond hair pulled back into a pony tail. He reaches his arms into the air, embracing the "cheers" from his "throng of adoring fans". Despite the massive amount of boos, a few women around the Coliseum can be seen smiling fondly at Dufresne and his hawkish good looks. Dufresne saunters down the aisleway before climbing into the ring.]

GM: He's a former National Tag Team Champion. A former National Champion. A former Stampede Cup winner. A two-time participant in WarGames. When you talk about Calisto Dufresne, he is a man that you can say has quite literally ALMOST done it all here in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: Almost... but not quite. That's why he wants James Monosso's head on a silver platter at the Stampede Cup. That's why he wants the AWA World Title around his waist. When you talk about a franchise player here in this company, you're talking about Calisto Dufresne.

GM: Names like Vasquez, Scott, and Dufresne go side by side in the pages of the AWA history book... but tonight, Alex Martinez is going to look to take one giant step forward towards putting his own page in that book, Bucky.

BW: He can look but he better not touch, Gordo.

[The music fades and is replaced by a tune very familiar to wrestling fans around the globe.]

#Its all right...#

[There's a buzzing in the crowd, as eyes turn towards the entranceway.]

#Its all right...#

#Its all right, I'm just a...#

#LITTLE CRAZY#

[The curtain is pulled aside, and out steps Alex Martinez. His expression calm but intense, Alex Martinez pauses a moment, and then steps forward. All around him, fans cheer and scream, hands reaching out to touch him, though the stoic Martinez doesn't appear to be aware.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... standing seven feet tall and weighing in at three hundred and fifty pounds... he is a former World Champion... a member of the Hall of Fame...

He is the Last American Badboy...

AAAAAAAALLEX MAAAAAARRRRRTIIINEZ!

[He wears a black leather jacket, as well as his long black wrestling leggings and his wrestling boots, which look more like biker boots than "proper" gear. Both of Martinez' fists are covered in black fingerless gloves, and his right elbow is covered in a black pad as he makes his way down the aisle.]

GM: A former four-time World Champion. A member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame. The words "icon", "franchise", and "institution" are commonly used in association with his name. He came to the AWA some time ago looking to add one more word to that list - "immortal." And Alex Martinez believes that if he adds the AWA World Heavyweight Title to his already-impressive resume, he will accomplish precisely that - immortality.

BW: You know what happens when people start to believe their own hype?

GM: What's that?

BW: Exactly what's about to happen to Martinez. Martinez came out here a few weeks ago and read the world his resume just like you did. He was a former World Champion... somewhere else. He's a Hall of Famer... based off what he did somewhere else. But here in the AWA, all we know about Martinez is that he can take one heck of a beating and come back to fight another day. William Craven took Martinez closer to the brink of having to retire than anyone else has ever done. Tonight, we find out just how much he's got left, daddy.

GM: You could be right about that. This is the very reason the words "Main Event" were created, fans. Dufresne and Martinez are two of the top stars in the wrestling world and tonight, we'll find out who will face James Monosso for the World Heavyweight Title.

[Martinez steps to the middle of the ring, staring across at Dufresne who tugs on the ropes in the corner a few times as referee Johnny Jagger gives final instructions...

...and signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go!

[Surprisingly, Dufresne dashes out of the corner, leaping into the air to smash a right hand into the temple of Martinez, stunning the giant. A pair of snapping jabs follow suit, sending Martinez stumbling back a couple of steps.]

GM: What in the world?! Dufresne comes charging in at the opening bell and he's all over Martinez!

BW: Wow! Who would've seen this coming?

[Dufresne steps to the side, throwing heavy shots to the midsection, causing Martinez to wobble back into the turnbuckles. Trapped in the corner, Martinez raises his hands to cover his face as Dufresne continues to throw hard body shots before landing a devastating knee to the gut, a blow that causes Martinez to loop his arms over the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: The Ladykiller has come out fast and he's working hard in the opening moments of this one, repeatedly hammering away at the torso of the Last American Badboy, Bucky.

BW: I can't believe what I'm seeing, Gordo. Dufresne's faster than Martinez, has more stamina than him. You would think he'd be looking to use his speed and his gastank to wear the big man down. But instead, he's taking the fight to him.

[Dufresne throws a series of front kicks to the gut of Martinez before the official steps in, forcing him back.]

GM: The referee forces a break... but Dufresne's having no part of that, pushing his way back in...

[Grabbing Martinez by the hair, Dufresne tugs him into a side headlock, hammering away with clenched fists to the skull to the jeers of the crowd. He shoves him back into the corner, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

[The big knife edge chop across the chest snaps Martinez' upper body back as he continues to hang onto the ropes. A second chop follows as Dufresne continues to hammer away on his much larger opponent.]

GM: Dufresne grabs the arm... Irish whip coming up...

[The whip sends the seven footer across the ring, slamming backfirst into the turnbuckles. Dufresne again pushes past the protesting referee, moving back in on Martinez...]

GM: He's gonna do it again...

[Grabbing the arm, Dufresne fires him across a second time where Martinez SLAMS into the corner...]

GM: Back-to-back whips across the ring and Martinez has gotta be feeling the effects of those.

BW: Absolutely. Hitting the corner like that really does a number on you, Gordo. It jolts the spine... it whips the neck back like a car wreck... it knocks the wind out of your sails.

[Dufresne approaches, grabbing the arm again...]

GM: He's gonna do it again! Irish whi- reversed!

[The powerful Martinez reverses the whip, a move that sends Dufresne sailing towards the corner...]

...and then sailing OVER the corner, flying over the ropes where he crashes down to the barely-padded floor in a heap!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: What the heck just happened?!

GM: Martinez reversed the whip and he did so with authority, fans! The ever-powerful Last American Badboy sent Dufresne sailing over the top rope and down to the floor below.

[Martinez drops to a knee, grabbing at his lower back as the referee starts a ten count on Dufresne who hasn't budged since hitting the floor.]

GM: Dufresne's is down and the count is on! A countout's as good as a pinfall here in this one. Either way you win sends you to the Stampede Cup where James Monosso will be waiting to defend his World Title in less than one month's time.

BW: A battered and broken James Monosso too. A guy who might be a hard fall on his neck away from a wheelchair.

GM: Monosso has not competed since New Year's Eve so many believe he'll be in the best condition he's been in for several months now when he defends the title in Oklahoma City, Bucky.

BW: Probably the best shape he's been in since last summer at least... but we know the situation for Monosso. We know he's got a beat-up neck that should put him into retirement but he's too proud to give up the World Title. He says he owes Jim Watkins that much to keep on going until he loses that title. At that point, he's gonna hang 'em up, Gordo.

GM: One loss away from retirement's gotta be a tough thing to live with, Bucky.

BW: No doubt.

GM: The referee's count is up to six... but Calisto Dufresne is up AT six, pulling himself up onto the ring apron now...

[Cue Alex Martinez striding across the ring where he hooks his massive hand around the throat of the Ladykiller. Big cheer!]

GM: MARTINEZ HOOKS HIM!!

BW: He's gonna chokeslam him to the floor!

[A desperate Calisto Dufresne reaches over the ropes, digging his fingers into the eyes of Martinez and giving them a big rake, sending a blinded Martinez staggering away while Dufresne rushes to the corner, quickly climbing the ropes...]

GM: Where's Dufresne going? This isn't his usual gameplan, Bucky.

[Dufresne leaps off the top as Martinez turns towards him, smashing a forearm down between the eyes - a blow that staggers the big man before dropping him down to a knee.]

BW: It ain't his usual style but he pulled it off right there and Martinez is rocked!

[The Ladykiller again hooks a side headlock on Martinez, hammering away with his right hand to the skull...]

GM: Dufresne's going right back to town on him, using those closed fists to his advantage despite Johnny Jagger's pleas to open up that hand.

[Switching to a handful of hair, Dufresne drags Martinez towards the corner, looking to slam his head into the buckles...]

...but the big man raises his arms, grabbing the top rope and tensing his muscles to hold himself at a distance.]

GM: No! Martinez blocks it!

[Dufresne reaches up with the other hand, trying a second time but he can't overcome the power of the big man who blocks it with ease before grabbing Dufresne's head in turn...]

GM: INTO THE BUCKLES GOES DUFRESNE!

[Dufresne stumbles backwards, dropping down to his knees as Martinez turns slowly, moving after his now-fleeing opponent who is crawling away from his attacker.]

GM: Dufresne's trying to get a safe distance away from Martinez.

BW: What kind of distance gets you that? Cleveland?

[The Ladykiller reaches the far corner, scrambling to his feet as Martinez approaches and SLAMS a heavy forearm down across the sternum!]

GM: Ooof! What a shot by Martinez!

[Martinez turns to the side, slamming his elbow back into the jaw of Dufresne, snapping his head back.]

GM: Alex Martinez going to work with the heavy artillery in the corner, fans.

BW: Any blow thrown by a man the size of Martinez is going to be heavy artillery. That forearm looked like it would cave in a sternum and that back elbow might have ruined Calisto's smile for all the ladies out there.

[Martinez throws two more hard elbows to the jaw before pulling Dufresne out by the hair to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Martinez has taken control of this one...

[With a roar of effort, the big man lifts Dufresne up off the canvas...

...and presses him straight overhead in a gorilla press position!]

GM: WHOA MY! Look at the strength out of Martinez!

BW: He's got him up but what the heck's he gonna do with him, Gordo?

GM: I'm not entirely sure but whatever it is, it can't be good news for the Ladyki- look at this!

[The crowd reacts - a mix of a buzzing at what they're seeing and a roar for who they're seeing.]

GM: The World Champion has arrived!

[Sporting the World Title belt slung over his left shoulder, James Monosso steps out onto the entrance ramp, very slowly taking a few steps down the elevated platform towards the ring where Martinez has now spotted him.]

GM: Monosso is here and he's looking Alex Martinez dead in the eye!

[Monosso cracks the slightest of grins in the direction of the ring, gesturing towards himself...]

GM: He's telling Martinez something... we can't hear what he said but-

BW: I think he's telling Martinez to throw Dufresne towards him!

GM: Monosso's NOWHERE near the ring... I don't understand.

BW: He wants Martinez to use one of Monosso's own moves to send Dufresne sailing out here. What kind of a mind game is this to come out of one of the most twisted minds in the sport?

[Monosso shouts something at Martinez and then repeats the gesture, waving for him to "bring it on."]

GM: He does it again! He wants Martinez to tell Calisto Dufresne to "get out of here!"

[A slight smile appears on Martinez' face as he nods at Monosso, turning to take a few steps back, still holding Dufresne at full extension.]

GM: He's gonna do it! He's gonna LAUNCH Dufresne out onto the wooden ramp!

[He takes two steps towards the ropes, ready to let the Ladykiller fly...

...but the former National Champion slips out the back door, landing on his knee...]

GM: Dufresne slips free!

[...from which he LUNGES at Martinez, driving his shoulder into the back of the big man's knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE CLIPPED HIM! HE CLIPPED MARTINEZ!

[Martinez crumples to the canvas, clutching his right knee as Dufresne gets back up, viciously stomping the knee, an attack that forces Martinez to roll under the ropes out onto the ramp.]

GM: Martinez rolls out... trying to get away from those kicks to the leg.

BW: And Martinez has a history of knee injuries, Gordo. It's a pretty smart move by Dufresne to pain the bullseye on that knee.

[Dufresne steps through the ropes out onto the ramp where Martinez has rolled up onto his left knee, trying to get back up before Dufresne reaches him.]

GM: Martinez is trying to get bac- no! Dufresne smashes an elbow across the skull... and there's a double axehandle right behind it between the eyes!

[Martinez stumbles back down to both knees as Dufresne throws himself back into the ropes outside the ring, bouncing off...

...and THROWS himself into a diving clothesline, knocking Martinez off his knees and back down onto the ramp!]

GM: Wow! Dufresne's really aggressive here tonight.

BW: He knows what's at stake, Gordo. A shot at the World Title - whenever you can get it - is a gift from the wrestling gods. But a shot at a World

Champion who acknowledges that he probably shouldn't be in the ring at all? Those don't come around very often.

[Dufresne gets back to his feet, looking down at the floored Martinez. He turns, looking down the ramp at Monosso who has taken a few more steps down the ramp during the action. Dufresne gestures at his waist, pointing at Monosso...]

GM: It's pretty apparent what's on the mind of the former National Champion, Bucky, and that's the World Heavyweight Championship.

BW: It's on everyone's mind, Gordo. You know, with it being Stampede Cup season, there's a whole lot of focus on the tag teams here in the AWA and from all over the world... but never forget that the ultimate prize for anyone who laces their boots to step inside a ring anywhere in the world is the World Heavyweight Title.

GM: You got that right.

[A sneering Dufresne stomps the knee of Martinez a few more times. He leans down, grabbing Martinez by the foot to drag him along the wooden ramp, moving over to the edge of the platform...]

GM: What is Dufresne doing here?

[Dufresne grabs the foot tightly in both hands, stretching the leg straight up...

...and then steps OFF the platform, swinging the leg down...]

GM: NO!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS the back of the hurting knee into the edge of the wooden platform!]

GM: Good grief! Good grief almighty, Bucky!

BW: You want to talk about a man willing to do ANYTHING to win the World Title, we're talking about Calisto Dufresne! The man just made a blatant attempt to rip every ligament in the knee of his opponent. He jumped right off the ramp, slamming the knee into the platform. I can't even begin to imagine how much that hurt Martinez.

[Dufresne stands up on the floor, looking out at the jeering crowd as Martinez pulls his hurting leg up, clutching his knee with both hands.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne with a deliberate attempt to injure his opponent... and that's not going to sit well with these fans here in Dallas.



BW: The fans don't like it? Who cares? You know who'll like it a whole lot? Calisto Dufresne if it helps him win and earn that title shot in Oklahoma City at the Stampede Cup.

GM: You're absolutely right about that. We don't have to like the tactics of Calisto Dufresne but we do have to respect the chance it gives him of winning this match and moving on to the World Title match.

[Dufresne ducks under the ropes, breaking the count from the referee...

...and then slides back out, moving back to the edge of the ramp where he reaches up, grabbing Martinez' foot...]

GM: Oh no, he's gonna do it again!

[Stretching the leg up high, Dufresne SLAMS the back of the knee down into the edge of the ramp a second time!]

GM: Gaaah. There's no telling what kind of damage that's doing, fans.

[Climbing up the ringsteps, Dufresne steps up onto the wooden ramp, again taking the time to glare down the aisle at James Monosso who has crept even closer to the ring, lightly patting the World Title belt hanging over his shoulder.]

GM: Monosso taking a long look at the action - perhaps a little bit of scouting.

BW: Monosso? Scouting? I can't even begin to imagine what kind of scouting that lunatic would do.

[Dufresne again gestures at Monosso, shouting something out at him.]

GM: The Ladykiller is allowing the presence of the World Champion to get under his skin a little bit.

BW: Hey, he wanted Monosso out here. He should've expected something like this. He needs to keep his focus on the action inside the ring and let Monosso rot until the Cup.

[The former National Champion leans down, pulling Martinez up to a knee...

...and getting CRACKED under the jaw with an uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand by Martinez!

[Dufresne falls back into the ropes as Martinez pushes up to his feet, wincing as he tries to put weight on the assaulted leg. The Ladykiller bounces off, swinging a big right hand...

...but Martinez blocks the haymaker, throwing one of his own, sending Dufresne staggering back into the ropes again...]

GM: Dufresne falls back... he got rocked with that right hand and-

[Martinez surges forward, throwing a big clothesline that flips Dufresne over the top rope, dumping him down on the mat in a heap.]

GM: Oh my!

[The Hall of Famer turns back, looking down the ramp to see Monosso about ten feet away from the ring at this point. Martinez glares at him, standing with his hands on his hips as the referee orders him back into the ring. A shout from Martinez is picked up by the mic.]

"I got your attention yet?!"

GM: Alex Martinez is asking the World Champion if he's got his attention yet - of course referring to James Monosso's interview moments ago where the World Champion said that Martinez' past means nothing to him.

[Monosso takes a few steps forward, slapping the title belt over his shoulder hard, shouting something back at Martinez.]

BW: Monosso just told him that if he wants to get his attention, he can win the World Title! That's a direct challenge to a four time World Champion! A Hall of Famer! And that may not mean nothin' to James Monosso but two weeks ago, Alex Martinez was a whisper away from ending his career with that Firebomb if you ask me, Gordo.

GM: James Monosso and Alex Martinez are trading words out there on the ramp...

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Twenty minutes to go in the time limit of this one. So much at stake in this one. So much on the line. A trip to Oklahoma City and a date with the World Heavyweight Champion.

[Martinez finally turns away from Monosso, stepping back over the ropes into the ring where he finds Calisto Dufresne on his feet, attempting a running attack...

...and EATS an off-balance big boot to the chin!]

GM: OHHH!

[Martinez slips up, falling to a knee after the big boot with the injured leg. He grabs at his knee as Dufresne stares at the lights before pushing himself into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The Ladykiller kicks out, slipping a shoulder free as Martinez pushes back up to his knees, wincing as he does. A quick camera cut to the ramp shows Monosso gesturing to ringside where a steel chair is handed up to him.]

BW: Who would give that nutball a chair?!

[Monosso grips it in his hands, looking inside the ring where Alex Martinez climbs back to his feet, again turning to look at the World Champion who raises the chair...

...and then unfolds it, taking a seat a few feet away from the ropes.]

GM: Monosso is taking a seat... a ringside seat, if you will, to watch the rest of this battle between two of the top contenders for the AWA World Championship.

[Martinez winces, leaning over to pull Dufresne off the mat. He grabs an arm, firing him off towards the ropes where Monosso is seated, bouncing him back...

...but Dufresne ducks under a clothesline attempt, hitting the far ropes to rebound back...]

GM: Another clothesline... ducked again!

[Dufresne slams on the brakes, spinning to the side...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SUPERKICK!

[Martinez staggers under the impact of the superkick as Dufresne backs off, throwing a boot to the midsection...

...and stepping into a front facelock!]

GM: DUFRESNE HOOKS HIM!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Dufresne sets for the Wham Bam Thank You Ma’am impact DDT...]

GM: He sets...

[Martinez suddenly straightens up, slinging Dufresne over his shoulder. He twists his body...

...and THROWS himself towards the corner, smashing the Ladykiller into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHHH! Big counter by Martinez!

[Straightening up, Martinez throws right hand after right hand after right hand to the jaw of Dufresne, hammering him down to a knee...]

GM: Martinez is on fire!

[The big man reaches down with both hands, yanking Dufresne from a knee to his feet in a two-handed choke...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE FIREBOMB!

[A desperate Dufresne wraps his arms around the top rope, clutching them tightly as Martinez attempts to rip him away from the ropes to drive him down with the Firebomb chokeslam.]

GM: Dufresne's hanging on for dear life and Martinez is trying to rip him free!

[The seven foot, three hundred and fifty pound giant continues to try and get Dufresne up into the air...]

...when suddenly the Ladykiller lets go of the rope with one arm and sticks a thumb into the eye of Martinez!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne goes to the eyes!

[Dropping to the mat, Dufresne rolls under the bottom rope to the floor.]

GM: Where the heck is he going?

[The Ladykiller reaches back under the ropes into the ring, grabbing the hurting leg and pulling it out from under Martinez. Dufresne drags him by the legs towards the ringpost...]

GM: Wait a second! We've seen this before!

[Wrapping Martinez' legs around the ringpost, Dufresne leaps up and settles back into a figure four leglock around the steel post!]

GM: FIGURE FOUR! FIGURE FOUR AROUND THE POST!

[Martinez cries out in pain, trying to free himself from the punishing hold as the referee drops down to the mat, screaming for Dufresne to break the hold.]

GM: The referee's counting but Dufresne's hanging on for as long as he can, trying to inflict as much punishment and pain on the injured leg of Martinez as possible.

[The referee's count hits four and a half before Dufresne releases, dropping down to the floor as the crowd jeers him wildly.]

GM: Dufresne pulls himself up on the apron, ducking back through the ropes into the ring. He's standing over Martinez who looks to be in a whole lot of pain... but is it enough to put the big man down for a three count and head to Oklahoma City to challenge for the World Heavyweight Title?

[Dufresne grabs Martinez by the arms, dragging him away from the corner to the middle of the ring where he applies a lateral press...]

GM: Dufresne gets one! He's got two! He's-

[Martinez shoves his way out of the pinning predicament, lifting a shoulder off the mat. The Ladykiller immediately gets up, stomping the lifted shoulder until it settles back to the mat...]

...and he applies another cover, earning another two count before Martinez kicks out.]

GM: Dufresne tries another pin but no dice there either.

BW: He needs to get him back up, hit the Wham Bam, and finish this thing, Gordo.

GM: He looks like he's trying to do exactly that, dragging Martinez off the mat...

[Dufresne hooks the front facelock again...]

...but this time, Martinez straightens up, backdropping Dufresne through the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Right over the top rope and down onto the ramp!

BW: He'd better watch out, Gordo! He's right down there next to Monosso!

GM: We're closing in on the fifteen minute mark of this match - the halfway point in the time limit - but Dufresne suddenly finds himself in the belly of the beast so to speak.

[Dufresne slowly staggers up to his feet off the wooden ramp...]

...and comes face to face with the World Champion who has risen out of his chair and stands at the ready to defend himself, the steel chair gripped in his hands.]

GM: My stars! We've got a standoff out on the ramp!

[Johnny Jagger is SCREAMING at both Dufresne and Monosso, trying to defuse the situation as a nervous Dufresne lifts his hands, begging off from a menacing Monosso...]

GM: Dufresne's begging him for mercy! He doesn't want any part of James Monosso right now, Bucky... no part at all!

BW: He shouldn't! He needs to get back in there and focus on Martinez! He needs to-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Martinez steps over the ropes onto the ramp, trapping Dufresne between he and Monosso...]

GM: THE LADYKILLER IS TRAPPED! HE'S TRAPPED BETWEEN THE BIGGEST ROCK AND THE CRAZIEST HARD PLACE EVER!

[Dufresne turns away from Monosso...

...and spots Martinez, shaking his head as he takes two steps back...]

GM: What in the world is gonna happen here?!

[...and wheels back around to find Monosso right there as well!]

GM: Calisto Dufresne's in some serious trouble here... serious trouble, fans!

[Dufresne spins around once again, looking at both men...

...and SPITS square in the face of Martinez!]

GM: What the-?!

[A fuming Martinez turns his head, reaching up to wipe the spit from his cheek...

...and then EXPLODES, throwing a right hand!]

GM: BIG RIGHT HA-

[Dufresne ducks down, causing Martinez to SMASH his fist into Monosso's jaw, knocking him flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Dufresne scampers past Martinez, huddling up against the ropes as Martinez says something off-mic to James Monosso who suddenly straightens up, eyes filled with rage as he glares at Martinez...]

GM: Oh no... no, don't do it, James! Don't-

[Monosso lifts the chair, swinging it quickly...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and connecting across the upper arms of Calisto Dufresne who just BARELY shoved Alex Martinez out of the way, taking the blow himself as he falls to the ramp!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Calisto Dufresne just sacrificed himself to save Alex Martinez! What a hero!

GM: He... well, yes, he did... but why?! Why would he-?!

[And then the answer comes...]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd roars in disappointment, suddenly realizing what just happened as Dufresne crawls off the ramp, quickly making his way up the aisle next to the ramp towards the locker room...]

PW: Your winner of the match... as a result of a disqualification...

CAAAAAALIIIIISTOOOO DUUUUUUFRESNNNE!

[The camera attempts to cut to Dufresne who is running like hell up along the aisleway, trying to get out of sight as an irritated James Monosso steps into the ring, pointing at Martinez and arguing with the official.]

GM: James Monosso is irate! Calisto Dufresne just pulled one over on all of us and he knows it! So does Monosso!

[Monosso is shouting at the official when suddenly Alex Martinez steps over the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Martinez just got robbed of his shot at the title and he knows it!

[Martinez pauses, fingers wriggling as he waits for Monosso to turn around...]

GM: He's looking for the Firebomb! I can guarantee you that he's looking for the Firebomb!

[As the World Champion returns, Martinez reaches out, hooking his hands around the throat of the champ!]

GM: MARTINEZ HAS GOT HIM!! MARTINEZ HAS GOT HIM!!

[A desperate Monosso swings his arms up, clapping them together on the ears of the big man. The blow stuns him, causing him to stagger away as Monosso hooks his powerful arms around the waist of Martinez...]

GM: HE HOOKS HIM!!

[Martinez, knowing what's coming, lashes out backwards with his elbow as quickly as he can throw it, breaking the grip of Monosso!]

GM: Ohh!

[Martinez quickly bails from the ring, leaving the World Champion behind. Monosso looks out at the fleeing Martinez, raising his hand and holding his fingers just a bit apart...]

GM: Monosso says he was "that close" to hitting Descent Into Madness!

BW: Who cares about that?! Calisto Dufresne is gonna be the next World Champion, Gordo!

GM: The Stampede Cup just got raised to a whole different level with the victory here - the controversial victory - of Calisto Dufresne who will now head to Oklahoma City to meet James Monosso for the World Heavyweight Championship... but what about Alex Martinez? What is next for the Last American Badboy?!

BW: Nobody cares! He lost! Get over it! Calisto Dufresne is headed for his shot at fulfilling his destiny, daddy!

GM: Fans, we're out of time! We've gotta go! We'll see you next time... at the matches! So long everybody!

[And with Monosso and Martinez continuing to stare one another down from a distance...

...we fade to black.]