

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CROCKETT COLISEUM
DALLAS, TEXAS
APRIL 27TH, 2013

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

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

Calisto Dufresne throwing a fireball in the face of City Jack.

The Dragon revealing himself as William Craven.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nenshou spews mist into the eyes of Jason Dane.

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

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

The footage freezes on a clip of Dave Bryant snatching the title belts while standing atop a ladder before cutting to the Blonde Bombers winning the World Tag Team Titles at the Stampede Cup with the springboard flying clothesline.

And then finally to James Monosso uncorking the ugliest moonsault of all time, crashing across the chest of Stevie Scott, tightly hooking both legs, and getting the three count. Monosso clutches the World Title belt to his chest as the scene freezes...

...and EXPLODES into the panning live shot of the outside of the Crockett Coliseum where a bright red, white, and blue "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" logo appears on the screen. The building ain't much to look at on the outside - a converted warehouse that still has plain silver paneling on the outside. A set of tall metal letters that spell out "CROCKETT COLISEUM" have been erected to stand over the entrance to the building which still has fans trickling through it.]

GM: We are LIVE once again from the home of the best professional action in the world - the Crockett Coliseum deep in the heart of Dallas, Texas - for another jam-packed edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all of the stars in the AWA galaxy!

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

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

One side of the building houses a small entrance stage with a long elevated wooden platform that leads the distance to the ring. We can also spot an elevated interview platform off to the side of the stage and sharp-eyed viewers will also spot the former home of Todd Michaelson's Money Pit.

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

GM: Good evening, fans, I'm Gordon Myers and by my side, as always, is Bucky Wilde as we get ready for another night of incredible action here in the Crockett Coliseum!

BW: We've got two title matches here tonight plus the return of THE CALL OF THE WILDE!

GM: The... what?! Nobody told me about that!

BW: We only wake you up when your ol' lady says it's okay, oldtimer!

GM: Fans, we are one month away from Memorial Day Mayhem and everywhere you look, people are getting ready for our annual Heat Wave tour! We are going to be all over the South this summer with stops in Alabama, Florida, the Carolinas, Missouri and so much more that we'll be talking about throughout the night but the whole thing kicks off on Memorial Day in Corpus Christi, Texas on the deck of the USS Lexington. Earlier this week, five more men were added to the thirty man Rumble and I'm told we should hear more names announced right here tonight! But you mentioned two title matches and of course, we're talking about tonight's Main Event - a battle of epic proportions for the World Heavyweight Title with James Monosso taking on the Matsui Corporation's MAMMOTH Maximus!

BW: Maximus has global experience and has fought some of the toughest men in the world - including his own partner-in-crime, the Japanese Giant, MAMMOTH Mizusawa. With Louis Matsui in his corner here tonight, I see no way that the American Mastodon is not walking out of Dallas, Texas as the new World Champion, Gordo.

GM: That remains to be seen. But what we can tell you for sure is that moments ago, we were informed that President Karl O'Connor's office sent over a memo that says no matter who wins between Maximus and Monosso tonight, the World Title WILL be on the line at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: But who's getting the shot?

GM: We just don't know. We saw the new Top Ten contenders list released two weeks ago - it could be anyone on there.

BW: There are some matches on there that I'd love to see. But what if they pick someone not on the list? It's happening tonight, isn't it?

GM: It certainly is. President O'Connor hopes to announce the World Title match for Memorial Day Mayhem BEFORE we go off the air here tonight so we'll all just have to wait and see. We've got that - the World Television title on the line, the big six man tag team match, and so much more but right now, let's head up to the ring and our opening contest!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing in his Saturday best.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... to my left, from Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, and weighing 201 pounds, this is MARK HOEFNER!

[An athletic grappler with light brown skin, dressed in red trunks with black trim, raises his arms to the crowd just before "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]

PW: And his opponent, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...
IS...
SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.]

As he heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner.]

GM: It's good to see this young man back in the AWA after Supernova has been in Japan the past few weeks...

BW: And I wished he had stayed there!

GM: Always have to interject your opinion, don't you, Bucky?

BW: Why do you think these people tune in every week? To hear my opinions!

[The bell rings as Hoefner charges Supernova, but the face-painted grappler sidesteps him and slams him facefirst into the turnbuckle.]

GM: Hoefner tried to get the jump on Supernova but the man from Venice Beach is too quick for him!

BW: He's picking him up... belly to back suplex! I gotta admit it, he's not wasting any time.

[Supernova rises to his feet, pulling Hoefner up and sending him into the ropes.]

GM: Supernova with a hard clothesline!

BW: And he drops the elbow! He isn't paying attention to any of these fans thus far.

GM: You seem surprised, Bucky.

BW: I'm used to this guy being a suck-up, Gordo!

[Supernova has an intense look on his face as he drags Hoefner up again, then sends him into the corner hard.]

GM: Supernova sizing up Hoefner... HEAT WAVE!

BW: This one may be over quickly, Gordo!

GM: Indeed it looks that way... Hoefner is down and Supernova has got him by the legs! He ties him up in the Solar Flare!

[As Supernova wrenches back on the hold and the referee checks with Hoefner, it doesn't take long before Hoefner gives up.]

GM: And that's it already! Let's get the official word!

[The bell rings as Supernova releases the hold, then lets loose a howl.]

BW: Well, so much for him not being a suck-up.

PW: The winner of the match, SUPERNOVA!

GM: As I mentioned, Supernova has been in Japan the past few weeks, taking on some of the world's finest, and in just a few weeks time, he'll be participating in the 30-man Memorial Day Rumble!

BW: He won it two years ago and he almost won it again last year... I hate to say it but his track record makes him one of the favorites.

GM: Indeed, that track record gives him an edge going into the match. Mark Steglet is standing by, hoping to get a word with Supernova.

[Cut to the interview platform, where Mark is waiting.]

MS: All right, fans, the man about to join me is looking to win the Memorial Day Rumble for the second time in his career... please welcome Supernova!

[The face-painted wrestler approaches Mark, an intense look on his face.]

MS: Supernova, an impressive win just moments ago... it sure looks like you are primed for the Memorial Day Rumble in four weeks' time!

S: Mark, I'm primed for a lot of things right now! You know, the time I spent in Japan the past few weeks was supposed to be a chance to get away from it all... but the fact is, I just can't get the thought out of my head that's been driving me crazy... well, heh, crazier than usual, some might say!

[A slight smile.]

S: See, it's been no secret that I've had my fill of the gang warfare that's been taking place the past few months. Everyone knows about the history the Sultan and I have had with Royalty. And then there's Terry Shane III and his band of merry men... men who have already put Hannibal Carver out for who knows how long! And now, a man who I've still got a bone to pick with, Rick Marley, has taken it upon himself to cast his lot with the Unholy Alliance, a band of thugs who seem to want nothing more than to use a numbers game to get what they want!

[He shakes his head.]

S: I've had it up to here [motions his hand beside his neck] with the gang warfare taking place, especially when one of the punks involved is somebody who's been avoiding me ever since he decided to say I was some favored son around these parts! Well, Rick Marley, this goes right out to you, pal.

I'm sure you'll tell anyone in that Unholy Alliance of yours that I must somehow have been a Rumble winner simply because certain people stacked the deck in my favor and gave me a favorable draw. Well, if you really believe that, then I'll assume you have no problem with entering the Rumble this year and proving you can take me out!

But just remember... there's only one man in this company who can lay claim to taking me out of a Rumble, and that's Supreme Wright. And while the guy may have a big ego, he never makes an excuse whenever he does fall short of a goal... unlike you've been doing lately, Marley.

So I hope you put your name into that Rumble so I can personally meet up with you face to face.

MS: So that's all you are concerned about this year... getting the chance to face Rick Marley? What if he decides not to enter?

S: Oh, I'm sure he will... if he wants that a World Title shot he keeps claiming has been denied to him. The only problem is, he's got to go through me to get it!

So, yeah, you better believe Marley is my chief concern... and considering the trouble he and that Unholy Alliance have been causing, I may have to make him my concern long before the Rumble arrives!

One way or another, Mark, Rick Marley is gonna find out what it's like to feel the heat!

[With that, Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, howling to the crowd, and then departs the interview platform.]

MS: You heard it, fans. Supernova's got his eyes set on Rick Marley and the Unholy Alliance! I can't wait to see what happens when he gets in the mix with them. Fans, let's go backstage where we've got words from a man who

made quite an impact last week and ended up quite a bit richer in the process - Chris Staley!

[Fade in to a shot of a very familiar [and very rich] man, that being Chris Staley. He wears an AWA "Fifth Anniversary" t-shirt, blue with white lettering. He also has a large wad of cash that he keeps smacking into an open palm. He smiles as he starts to talk.]

CS: Hello, AWA fans, it's me, the Ten Thousand Dollar Man, Chris Staley.

[He chuckles at the nickname.]

CS: For those who've been asking about just what I intend on doing with this money, well, Autism Speaks is a program very close to my heart. Also, Children's Medical Center right here in Dallas. I think those two noble establishments could benefit from a bit of this.

[Staley shows the camera the money, then tucks it away in his faded blue jeans. He then points a finger at the camera.]

CS: But that's not the real question, is it? The real question is "Why?" Why would I risk major injury on my first night back to get involved in a Battle Royal?

[The smile disappears from Staley's face.]

CS: It wasn't about the money. It was about the man.

[Staley grits his teeth.]

CS: William Craven.

[Staley shakes his head.]

CS: You see, Craven and I go back a long ways... back to our respective glory days in Los Angeles.

Way back then, I won a Battle Royal that got me a shot at the North American Title.

[Staley pauses with a grin.]

CS: Maybe they should be calling ME the "King Of The Battle Royal" and not that goof Alphonse Green.

[The camera shakes, indicating the cameraman got a good laugh out of that.]

CS: I won the title... you wouldn't understand how proud I was of that. That was my very first title in professional wrestling after a whole lot of chances. I was on top of the world... but I was also just a kid.

[Staley looks down for a second, seemingly reminiscing about those days.]

CS: I was a kid... a punk kid who thought he was entitled to everything and I took that title for granted.

[Staley's expression darkens.]

CS: Of course, that's when HE came into the picture. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the monster known as William Craven. He wasn't the Dragon then. Wasn't a green beast. He was just a big, bad man with a big ol' chip on his shoulder. But he was good... real good.

One night, he got his shot... he went through two hard matches to get it too. I went out there on the spur of the moment to defend the title... and I'll admit it. I took him too lightly. I thought since he was on his third match of the night, I could mow him down and get a real nice notch in my belt.

[A shake of the head.]

CS: It didn't happen. And while Craven was on the fast track to the World Title, I was drifting around with no real goal or purpose. Something inside me...

[Staley taps his temple.]

CS: Something up here broke that night. And for a long time, I wondered if I'd ever be the same.

[Staley gives a dismissive gesture.]

CS: Time passes. Blue got sick of Craven and his freak show and ran him out of town on a rail. I thought I'd never get another chance at him.

[Staley grins.]

CS: I was wrong. So, you want to know why I risked everything to get my hands on Craven last week?

[He holds up a finger.]

CS: That's one. Number two has to do with that arrogant blowhard he's got in his corner - my former employer... my former manager for that matter.

But that's a story for another time, I think.

[Staley smirks.]

CS: So, there they stood... two of the worst people to ever step into my life, practically begging me to do something. I'd waited my turn. I'd waited and watched Supernova and Martinez try to take him out. They did their best... they took their shot but he's still standing, damn it.

You want another reason why I came out here two weeks ago?

[Staley shakes his head.]

CS: You all know I spent years in Japan, trying to find my way back home to the States. The AWA gave me my chance... they gave me my opportunity I've been fighting for. A chance to be a part of something special. A chance to be a part of the best pro wrestling company on the planet.

And when I get here, I find Craven threatening to turn it into a cesspool of hardcore... threatening to bring the barbed wire, the thumbtacks, the broken glass... all that stuff that I've fought to get out of.

Blue says he's got you under control... he's got your hardcore tendencies in check...

[He stares dead into the camera.]

CS: But we both know better. We both know what you're capable of and we both know what you can do on any given night.

[A smirk.]

CS: But now you know what I can do on any given night, Craven.

What happened at the Battle Royal was merely the beginning. The One Man Revolution is over... and now the Redemption comes for you.

[A wicked smile crosses Staley's face.]

CS: For you, Craven? EVERYTHING...

...gets...

...worse.

[Staley walks off, looking confident. 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...

"Earlier Today" flashes on the screen. The camera crossfades to an area backstage, where Alphonse Green is pacing back and forth. Green is wearing a pair of green Zubaz pants, and a green t-shirt with "Hail to the King" written across the front in script. His blonde hair appears to be getting a bit dirtier in color, and he's starting to grow some stubble on his face. He rubs his hands, trying to psych himself up.]

AG: All right, I wanted to say some stuff before Dane or Stegglet get here. I don't need Dane raking me over the coals like he did before, and I don't need Stegglet getting any sort of ideas to do the same. Ya know, I bet if Dane was here, he'd be "Hey Green, why weren't you in that Battle Royal! What, are you scared of William Craven? Ha ha ha ha ha I'm a big stupid head!". Well, it's hard to head back to the show when you're out in search of Sizzler for a good post match meal!

[Green lets out a deep breath.]

AG: Hey, I'm disappointed I missed the dang thing too. I know all of my Gang Green members out there are disappointed too, but none more than I. Lots of money, fame, and shutting Dane and everyone of my doubters up, and I missed out on it? Ain't gonna happen again. Not only that, but there was an unfortunate ending to that thing!

Winning that battle royal, eliminating one of the most dangerous men ever to step foot in the ring, ya know, I bet Chris Staley himself's probably gonna be prancing around backstage tonight, chest all puffed out, goin' "I'm Chris Staley! I'm so great! Look at me! I'm the greatest man who was ever great!"

Get yourself on outta here with that nonsense!

[Green shakes his head.]

AG: You ain't so great. You're from... NEW JERSEY! Why, I bet Gordo Myers himself can't even name ONE good wrestler from the state of New Jersey!

[Green's creepy smile grows as wide as can be.]

AG: You won a battle royal without me in it! That's not an accomplishment! That's nothing! You really ain't as great as you think you probably are right about now! Sure, Supreme Wright eliminated me last year, and he ain't so great either!

[The smile disappears as Green pauses, a mumble under Green's breath is picked up: "..even though he beat me two weeks later."]

AG: So Staley, you think I'm annoying, huh?

[Green chuckles underneath his breath.]

AG: Well..

Your FACE is annoying!

[And on cue, Green raises his right arm in the air, and goes...]

AG[quietly]: oooooooooooooooooohhhh!!

But ya know what, Staley, as much as I would love to put another notch in that scrambled meatloaf-ish mess you call gray matter, there is something I would like to do first before I put you out of your misery.

Hudson. Hey. Hey you.

[The smile on Green's face slowly disappears, for a second time.]

AG: You know, my daddy once told me.. "Hey punk! When a man shows that he's the better man and beats ya fair and square, ya oughta move on. Let it go. Y'all get another chance to make things square."

You were the better man that night, as much as I'd hate to admit it. For the first time in my career, I doubted my own immortality. For everything I put ya through, in the end, ya came out on top.

[Green nods his head.]

AG: But as far as letting things go.. Well, my daddy also told me "Yo, don't let some punk steal your finishing move."

So indeed, I'm hopin' we square off one more time in that Rumble. For my main course, I'm gonna take my Ground Chuck back and turn your head into Jello! Then, for dessert, I'm gonna maybe turn Will Blue's head into whipped cream like I wanted to on the last Saturday Night!

[The smile slowly creeps back on Green's face.]

AG: To the other 27 men that are gonna be in that thing, I probably don't have any problems with ya, except for the fact that you're all playin' in my courtyard, and the King of the Battle Royals is gonna make a proclamation

right here. I'm gonna kick your heads in. Y'all are gonna take ride. Would you like that? Would you like to ride with Alphonse Green?

[Green steps back, and pounds his chest.]

AG: Hail to the king, baby!

[With that, Green raises his right arm back up in the air, and this time, he loudly yells "OOOOOOOOHHHHH!!!" as he exits stage left. Crossfade back to Bucky and Gordon!]

BW: Well, Gordo... is he right?

GM: I'm sure he's not but... what are you talking about?

BW: Can you name a great wrestler from the state of New Jersey?

GM: Other than Chris Staley?

BW: Absolutely. I said "great", didn't I?

GM: What about the legendary Steve Spector, one of the greatest of all time?

BW: You're delusional. Let's go back up to Watson before you embarrass yourself even more.

[Gordon sighs as we crossfade to the ring. Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play over the arena speakers. Twenty-five seconds in, Louis Matsui emerges with a smirk from the entranceway. He is followed closely by the scowling seven-footer, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, dressed in a black singlet, black knee pads and black boots.]

SING ME A SONG, YOU'RE A SINGER #
DO ME A WRONG, YOU'RE A BRINGER OF EVIL #
THE DEVIL IS NEVER A MAKER #
THE LESS THAT YOU GIVE, YOU'RE A MAKER #
SO IT'S ON AND ON AND ON #
IT'S HEAVEN AND HELL #
OH WELL

[Matsui points with his thumb over his shoulders at Mizusawa, who raises both his arms in the air. Both men start to make their way down the aisle.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, hailing from Tokyo, Japan; weighing in at 380 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Mister Matsui, he is...

MAMMOTH MIZUUUSSSAAAWAAA!!!

[As Matsui walks to the ring, he cannot help but direct a few choice words at the more vocal fans. The towering Mizusawa walks slowly behind his manager, glaring at the crowd.]

BW: The last we saw Mizusawa was at the Stampede Cup, Gordo, and in that time, Louis Matsui told me that he's been in Japan, training and, as you can see, he's shed a couple of pounds and is in better shape than he's ever been!

PW: And his opponent...

[In the ring stands a man with light brown hair and a mustache. He has on black thigh-length tights and black sneakers, as well as a leather jacket.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas, weighing in at 244 pounds, he is...

BRUCE...

"WILD AND CRAZY"...

GUY!

[There is a smattering of cheers for the hometown competitor, who raises his right hand in acknowledgement, before removing the jacket and dropping it at ringside.]

BW: This crowd can cheer their hometown hero all they want, and it is brave of Guy to step into the ring against the Japanese Giant, but he might be stepping out of it very soon.

GM: Even with the lost pounds, it's tough to take in, on television, just how big MAMMOTH Mizusawa really is.

BW: If his fellow Matsui Corporation colleague weren't in the Memorial Day Rumble, this man might just be my favorite to take it.

GM: Speaking of Maximus, as we said earlier, he steps into the ring later tonight against James Monosso for Monosso's World title.

BW: Of course, if MAMMOTH Maximus wins the title, he doesn't need to be in the Rumble anymore, which makes Mizusawa THE definitive, odds-on favorite, daddy!

GM: Brilliant logic as always, Bucky.

BW: Tha- What?!

[Reaching the ring, MAMMOTH Mizusawa easily steps over the ropes and into the ring. He heads to his corner, where he is joined by Matsui, who is on the ring apron but staying on the outside. As the music starts to fade, he gives some instructions to Mizusawa, before climbing down to the ringside area and leaving his client in the ring to stare down Guy.]

"DING! DING!"

GM: And Bruce Guy lays into Mizusawa with a series of punches to the midsection... And the giant is just standing there taking it all in. I'm not sure this is the best way to go for Guy.

[Mizusawa brings up his hands and clamps them over Guy's head. Guy tries to pry the fingers away, but fails spectacularly, as MAMMOTH Mizusawa lifts him off the mat and tosses him back-first into it.]

GM: Incredible strength on display here.

BW: I think he's just beginning, Gordo.

[Mizusawa pulls Guy to his feet and whips him into the ropes.]

GM: Big boot! Right to the face! Bruce Guy is just being destroyed here...

[Again, Mizusawa drags his opponent to his feet, this time by the scruff of his neck. He holds Guy in place, staring into Guy's face, as Guy struggles weakly to get free. A smile creeps onto Mizusawa's face.]

BW: We've seen the giant angry but I think looking up at him with a smile like that might be a tad more chilling.

GM: Goozle! Mizusawa has his hand wrapped completely around the neck of Bruce Guy... Chokeslam! And he holds him down for the cover... One! Two!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts up again. Louis Matsui clammers into the ring, waving the referee away, as he raises Mizusawa's hand in victory.]

GM: We'll see Matsui again later tonight, when his client MAMMOTH Maximus takes a shot at the AWA World title, but will we see more of MAMMOTH Mizusawa? And what sort of impact might he have on that championship match?

BW: That's a good point, Gordo! I didn't even think of that! Matsui said they were too explosive as a duo to have them team together anymore but that he expected them to be on the same page when it came to Corporation business! What if the Japanese Giant is in Maximus' corner?! How in the world could Monosso stand a shot?

GM: We have yet to hear from Calisto Dufresne about this World Title match. What's going through his mind, Bucky?

BW: My guess? He's probably beside himself that Maximus got this title shot before he did. Dufresne weakened Monosso to the worst shape he's been in since the tournament last year. The Ladykiller knows that Monosso's on

borrowed time and that he's in an excellent position to become the next World Champion. But if Maximus gets there first... who the heck could beat Maximus for the World Title?!

GM: We're told that Dufresne IS in the building tonight though. I'd expect we'll hear from him at some point this evening. But right now, let's go back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing by with the man simply known as Brody. Jason?

[Crossfade to the backstage area where Dane has a mic in hand. That's all we can see of him actually as the muscular frame of Brody is standing in front of him, shaking with intensity, sweat pouring off his pectorals as Dane begins to speak.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Right now, I want to take you back to two weeks ago and that big Battle Royal Challenge laid down by Chris Blue and William Craven. We know that Chris Staley eventually won that match but what about the performance by this man... take a look...

[We cut to highlights of the Battle Royal from the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, showing the powerhouse known as Brody stalking back and forth before the match began to the sounds of KISS' "War Machine."

Hercules Hammonds eliminates two foes, celebrating with a big double bicep pose before he turns... and gets flattened by a running clothesline from Brody! The footage cuts...

To Brody holding Hammonds up in a fireman's carry, trying to toss him over the top as the Samoan, Scola, charges him... and gets dropped by a raised boot that Brody follows through into a massive stomp to the sternum just before muscling Brody up and over, dropping him down on a prone Scola. He throws his arms apart with a roar, turning around into The Hive's Bumble Bee, throwing a crossbody at him... but getting caught as Brody holds him and then throws him over his head and over the ropes with a fallaway slam. Cut again...

Brody leans against the ropes, sucking wind as Scola whips his own partner who reverses into his own whip, sending Scola rampaging towards Brody... who catches him in a bearhug, chucking him overhead and down to the floor with a belly to belly throw... and then hiptosses a charging Mafu over the ropes as well, throwing him down onto his own partner. Cut again...

We see Hercules Hammonds and Brody squaring off in a collar and elbow, muscling each other around the ring. They are struggling for an edge when "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White bumps into them...and then gets thrown over the top rope by the hair by both men, crashing down on the wooden ramp! Cut again...

Brody rushes towards an off-balance Hammonds, shoving him over the ropes to the floor...

...but then gets yanked over the ropes as well by a furious Hammonds! The two men are trading wild haymakers out on the floor as the music fades and we go back to live action where Dane has managed to work himself into view, mic in hand.]

JD: It was a heckuva night for you two weeks ago, Brody, in that Battle Royal.

[Brody breathes heavily through his nose, sweat dripping off of him as he glares at the camera.]

JD: I suppose there's really only one question to ask here... what's next for you?

[Brody closes his eyes, leaning his head back to roll his neck back and forth.]

JD: Seriously? Not even a "no comment?" I think these fans deserve better than that, Brody.

[The powerhouse turns to Dane, glaring at him.]

JD: What about Hercules Hammonds? What do you have to say to him after he illegally eliminated you from that match?

[Brody grits his teeth, reaching up to run his hand over his head, his muscles flexing with the exertion as he shakes with rage.]

JD: Brody?

[He suddenly spins away, marching out of view, leaving a frustrated Jason Dane behind.]

JD: I guess he's got nothing to say. Gordon, Bucky... back to you...

[The color commentator is laughing his head off as we crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

GM: What's so funny?

BW: Jason Dane thinks he's Mister Investigative Journalist and he can't even get Brody to answer a single question! Bwahahaha!

GM: I suppose you could do better.

BW: Couldn't do any worse.

GM: Perhaps we'll see about that. Let's go down to Phil Watson...

[Watson speaks up.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... weighing in at 243 pounds... THE SOUTH PHILLY PHIGHTER!

[The crowd jeers the Phighter as he hops up on the middle rope, taunting them in his stained, old, faded red Phillies T-shirt. His blue jeans have noticeable holes in them as he pulls an unlit cigar into view, chomping on the end of it as he hops back down.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Harsh guitars ring out across the speakers, drums and clanging cymbals right after as "Just Another Victim" from House of Pain and Helmet hits. Coming straight from the entrance area, without pause at all is a massive mound of a man. He strikes an absolutely frightening visage as though not very tall, he's wide and thick as they come. A pause in the middle of the aisle where he starts pumping himself up, his head bouncing to the beat, hands flexing, snarling the whole time. Spittle flying, the beast of a human being roars and stalks right to the ring.]

GM: Here he is, Bucky! Silent but oh-so-deadly!

[The man is a specimen with a double wide back, tree trunk legs and veins coming out of veins. His head is shaven and he wears all red singlet. with black knee pads and wrestling boots.]

PW: ...from Parts Unknown, weighing in at 285lbs...

BROOOOOODYYYYYY!

[Brody steps through the ropes...

...and is instantly assaulted by the Phighter who comes in fast, slamming an elbow down over Brody's thick neck. A second elbow connects before the Phighter grabs him by the back of the head, dragging him towards the corner where he smashes his face into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! The Phighter's starting out strong!

BW: I bet he wishes the Phillies could say the same thing.

[Turning Brody's back into the buckles, the Phighter pops him with a pair of uppercuts. Grabbing the left arm, the brawler shoots him across the ring with an Irish whip...]

GM: Brody gets FIRED into the corner... the Phighter slowly moving in...

[Brody hits the buckles and bounces out, charging back at the Phighter to connect with a devastating clothesline that knocks him flat!]

GM: Ohhh! Brody flattens him!

[Brody shakes his head a few times, using the palm of his hand to smack himself in the temple before leaning down, grabbing the Phighter by the arm and pulling him off the mat...

...and powering him all the way up into a gorilla press!]

GM: Oh my! The South Philly Phighter just took the express elevator all the way up to the penthouse and look at Brody... look at the power, just walking around the ring with him...

[Brody walks around the full length of the ring...

...and throws the Phighter down to the canvas with a bone-rattling press slam!]

GM: Down goes the Phighter... but Brody's not done at all. I think the Phighter might have made him mad.

BW: Probably not the best idea.

[Reaching down, Brody grabs the Phighter by the throat, lifting him off the mat, setting him down on his feet...]

GM: Good grief! He lifted him by the throat with one hand!

[Leaning down, Brody tucks his head between the legs, upending the Phighter over his head and down his back, holding both legs...]

GM: He looks like he's setting up one of Juan Vasquez' moves - the City of Angels.

BW: I don't think so, Gordo!

[Using the legs for leverage, Brody SNAPS him over, sending the Phighter down to BOUNCE off the canvas violently.]

GM: OHHHHH! Good grief!

[Brody throws his arms apart, giving a shout of "IT'S... OVER!" before he walks around the ring, waving an arm to bring the crowd up to their feet. With a nod, he pulls the Phighter off the mat by the arm, tugging him into a front facelock. He slings the Philadelphia native's arm over his neck, muscling him up into a vertical suplex...]

GM: Brody's got him up! He's got him all the way up!

[Brody marches out to the middle of the ring, still holding the nearly-250 pound Phighter straight up and down. He pauses...

...and then lowers his body down by doing a squat!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: This guy is freaky strong, Gordo!

[He repeats the process, doing several squats before pushing straight back up to full extension. He shoves the Phighter up and out, catching the legs on the way down...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a released power bomb!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: Speaking of Steve Spector, that's a Cherry Blossom Bomber, Gordo!

GM: A modified version of it for certain but he got all of that and then some! This one's over, fans!

[Brody steps forward, dropping to a knee as he plants an open palm on he chest of the Phighter, earning an easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Well, Bucky, it's time for you to put your money where your mouth is.

BW: What the heck does that mean?

GM: I'm getting word from the back that the producers want you to get in there and get some comments from Brody.

BW: ME?! WHAT?!

GM: You said you could do it! Prove it!

BW: Gordo, this ain't right. This guy's nuts! He might... he might...

GM: Yeah, he might. But we're willing to take that chance.

[Bucky Wilde slowly gets up from the table, inching up the ringsteps with the house mic in hand. Brody is standing in the middle of the ring, swinging his right arm around and around, winding it up as Bucky inches closer, extending the arm with the mic. Brody slightly turns his head, looking at the offered mic.]

GM: Don't just stand there, Bucky. Ask the man something!

[Bucky glares at Gordon as he pulls the mic back.]

BW: A... uhh...anoth... impressive win.

[Brody breathes heavily, glaring at Bucky.]

BW: Her.... Herc... Hammonds.

[Brody's eyebrow arches at that name.]

BW: What.. wha... ergh... what's next?

[Brody turns towards the camera, lifting a muscular arm to point at the lens.]

BRODY: RUMBLE!

[The crowd ROARS!]

GM: What?! Bucky, ask him again!

[Bucky looks anxious as he pulls the mic in but seems to gain a little confidence since he got a word out of Brody.]

BW: Are you... are you saying that you're in the Rumble?!

[Brody stares at Bucky, giving the slightest of nods.]

BW: You're in the Rumble with twenty-nine other guys, all looking to toss you over the top and earn a shot at the World Heavyweight Title?

[Another nod.]

BW: What... what about the competition?

[An odd look appears on the face of Brody... a smile?]

BRODY: Just... another... victim.

[Brody turns, walking away to the cheers of the crowd as he steps back out onto the entrance ramp.]

BW: HAH! I toldya, Gordo! I toldya I could do it!

GM: We may never hear the end of this one, fans. Let's go to a break.

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up on the ring where a steel chair has been unfolded in the center with Dick Wyatt seated on it. He's wearing a white wifebeater with "BULLIES" written in black script in an arch across the midsection. His stained blue jeans are capped off with a set of brown cowboy boots that are resting on the middle rope.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. During the break, Dick Wyatt - one of the Beale Street Bullies who are scheduled to be in competition later tonight - made his way out to the ring and informed us that he had something to say and didn't plan on leaving until he got to say it. I can assure you that he's not scheduled for this time and we're working on getting some AWA officials out here to get him removed from the ring so we can move on with the show.

BW: Just let him talk, Gordo. I'm sure he's got something important to say to come out here.

GM: I'm sure he believes it's important, yes.

[Wyatt has a mic in hand as a pair of officials huddle up on the floor, discussing what to do.]

DW: Ah don't much care what the two of ya decide to do with me but know that ah ain't leavin' this ring til ah speak mah piece, ya hear?

[Wyatt shakes his head.]

DW: Ah was sittin' in the back, watchin' the show, gettin' ready to come out here later tonight with mah brothers and kick some goody two shoe tail.

[The jeers pour down on Wyatt.]

DW: And ah see some big musclehead goof out here flexin' and tellin' folks that he's enterin' the Rumble.

Some oaf that don't know a wristlock from a wristwatch, a figure four from a figure eight, and a knockout punch from some Kool-Aid punch is in the Rumble... and ah ain't.

[Wyatt leans over to spit a mouthful of tobacco juice on the mat.]

DW: Ah've been sittin' at home this week, readin' all the stuff on the Internet 'bout my brothers gettin' in the Rumble. Big Rob's in 'cause he's one of the biggest and toughest bastards ya ever gonna see lace a set a'boots and that ain't no lie.

[Wyatt strokes his stubble-covered chin.]

DW: And the Natural's in 'cause he's a former World Champ and can tie a man up in knots inside this ring if the mood strikes him funny.

[Wyatt holds up a finger.]

DW: Big Rob...

[A second finger.]

DW: ...the Natural...

[He stares at the empty spot next to the two raised fingers.]

DW: But ah just ain't heard a peep 'bout puttin' Dirty Dick in there. And ah tell ya, ah've got a personal problem with that.

[Wyatt rises up out of his seat.]

DW: Ah ain't a man who'd ever speak a cross word 'bout mah brothers.. and that ain't changin' tonight. But what IS gonna change is that the AWA... the front office... that Championship Committee... they's gonna start showin' Dirty Dick some respect, ya hear?

[He plants a boot on the chair, leaning over to plant an elbow on his raised leg.]

DW: Ah'm the nephew of Blackwater Bart... the son of the "Hands of Stone" Steve Wyatt... and ah ain't a man to be trifled with. So, whoever's back there with the power to make some decisions, ya better get yer tail out here and make one.

Ah'm in the Rumble...

[He pauses.]

DW: Or the show ain't goin' on.

[A slimy, tobacco-stained grin slips out, the crowd jeering as Wyatt stands in the middle of the ring.]

DW: Ah'm waitin', boys.

[Wyatt stands, grinning as he waits for someone to emerge from the entryway...

...but his grin quickly fades as the sounds of Rush's "Tom Sawyer" kick in over the PA system!]

GM: Oh, we know that music!

BW: What the heck is HE doing out here?!

[The cheers only get louder - especially from the women - as Travis Lynch walks through the curtain clad in blue jeans, cowboy boots, and a "HEAT WAVE 2013" t-shirt that appears a couple sizes too small that his well-sculpted upper body is on display. Oh, and he's got a mic in hand...]

TL: Shut your mouth, Wyatt. Just shut it.

[Big cheer!]

TL: If I have to hear one more word out of ya, I might just puke all over this nice ramp that the front office pays so much money for... and no one would want that.

[Lynch is walking while talking, heading towards the ring.]

TL: I was sitting in the back, shining up my boots and I could've sworn I heard a cat dying somewhere. Loud, horrible screaming and crying. Should've known it was just you singing the blues again.

[The crowd cheers again as Lynch gets even closer to the ring.]

TL: Tonight, Wyatt, we gotta agree on a couple things... as much as it pains me to say that. We gotta agree that your so-called brothers - Donovan and Rogers - yeah, they deserve to be in the Rumble 'cause they're two of the best in the history of this business even if I don't agree with what they've done as of late.

[Lynch nods.]

TL: We also gotta agree that the Championship Committee and Mr. O'Connor are missing some people who should be in that Rumble and aren't yet announced for it.

But what comes next... that's where our opinions don't match up, Wyatt.

[Lynch gets to the ring, placing a hand on the top rope.]

TL: Because when I'm talking about people who deserve to be added to that Rumble, I'm talking about me and my brothers...

[BIG CHEER! Lynch steps in through the ropes, getting up in the face of Wyatt who has both feet on the mat now, looking on in anger.]

TL: ...and not...

[A jab of the finger sticks in the chest of Dick Wyatt.]

TL: ...you!

[Wyatt uses his right hand to slap the pointing finger away and then slips a left hand into the jaw of Lynch!]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[Wyatt buries a knee into the gut of Lynch, grabbing two hands full of hair to drag him to the corner where he SLAMS Lynch's head into the top turnbuckle. A second slam knocks Lynch down to a knee where Wyatt starts kicking and stomping the youngest of the Lynch clan, forcing him down to a seated position on the mat...]

GM: Wyatt got that cheap shot in on Lynch and he's really working him over down on the canvas...

[Wyatt pulls Lynch up, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Wyatt takes flight off the whip, slamming backfirst into the turnbuckles to the cheers of the crowd! He staggers out...]

GM: CLAW!

[HUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: TRAVIS HOOKS THE IRON CLAW ON DICK WYATT! HE'S GOT IT LOCKED IN AND-

[The crowd ROARS with disapproval as Robert Donovan and Adam Rogers come charging down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: Here comes the Beale Street Bullies!

[Rogers is the first one through, diving onto Travis Lynch's back and taking him down to the canvas. Robert Donovan steps over the top rope, promptly folding up the steel chair and holding it at the ready as Rogers pulls Lynch up in a front facelock...]

GM: NO, NO, NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR DOWN ACROSS THE BACK BY DONOVAN!! GOOD GRIEF!

[Lynch collapses under the impact of the chairshot, leaving him prone for a series of stomps from Adam Rogers. Donovan helps Wyatt back to his feet, helping him shake off the Lynch Iron Claw.]

GM: It's a three on one, damn it! The Bullies have got Travis Lynch all one and at their mercy!

[Not for long as the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: JACK AND JAMES! HERE COMES JACK AND JAMES!

[James Lynch is the first one in. Adam Rogers rushes to intercept but a series of right hands has him reeling as Jack Lynch steps in, smashing an incoming Wyatt with a haymaker before grabbing the hair and throwing him through the ropes to the floor...]

GM: LYNCH AND DONOVAN! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

[Jack Lynch scoops up the discarded steel chair, winding up as Donovan has his boot pressed against the throat of Travis Lynch...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CONNECTS with a steel chair shot across the back that sends Donovan falling through the ropes and out to the floor! Big cheer! James Lynch lands a dropkick on a stunned Rogers, knocking him through the ropes to a roaring cheer as well!]

GM: And the Lynches are standing tall, fans! Oh yeah!

[Jack Lynch stands on the second rope, waving for the Bullies to get back into the ring as they regroup out on the floor, heading down the aisle next to the ramp. James Lynch gestures to ringside, getting a mic from an attendant.]

James: HEY! We ain't done with you cowards yet!

[Another cheer!]

James: You want to come out here and jump our little brother? You want to fight the Lynches? Then get back out here and let's do this, damn it! Let's do this right now!

[Scampering back up onto the ramp, Rogers gets an offered mic as well.]

AR: Oh, the big, brave Lynches arrive to make a challenge!

[Rogers pauses, rubbing his jaw from where James punched him.]

AR: You want the Bullies?

[A shake of the head.]

AR: No, you don't. You don't want none of the Beale Street Bullies 'cause if you did, you wouldn't be throwin' down challenges on a night where we've already got a match.

[The crowd jeers the dodge as Rogers smirks, putting an arm around Wyatt's shoulders.]

AR: You want no part of the Bullies... just like your old man wanted no part of the Bullies back when our fathers were running wild all over the South. Ol' Blackjack said, "Not here... not in Texas" and ran and hid so he wouldn't get his tail kicked like everyone else did.

It pains me to say it but... he's smarter than I thought.

[Rogers chuckles.]

AR: And a damn sight smarter than any of you.

[The jeers pick up again.]

AR: So, head on home to the old man and have him tell you about the good old days where he could duck and dodge the Bullies and still be treated like a hero by the fans.

[Rogers looks around at the jeering crowd, spitting on the ramp before speaking again.]

AR: I guess some things never change.

[Rogers throws the mic down as he gestures to a fuming Robert Donovan and a cackling Dick Wyatt. The trio makes their exit through the curtain, heading back towards the locker room as the elder Lynches check on their

downed little brother and we fade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Wow. That was quite the intense situation between the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies out there... and it all started when Dick Wyatt said he intended to join this year's Rumble! Well, fans, I can tell you right now that while Wyatt has NOT been added to the Rumble as of yet, we just received word that "Showtime" Rick Marley HAS! Rick Marley, challenged by Supernova earlier tonight to enter the Rumble, is in it and he'll be one of thirty men looking to win the Rumble and earn a shot at the World Heavyweight Championship! That's twenty-two men entered into the match - only eight spots remaining! The Rumble is just one part of what should be an amazing night of action in Corpus Christi as part of Memorial Day Mayhem.

[The shot zooms out, revealing someone standing next to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Joining me at this time is someone else who will be a part of that 30 man Rumble in one month's time - the man from Hotlanta, Georgia - Sweet Daddy Williams!

[Zoomed out, we can now see Sweet Daddy Williams dressed in a black t-shirt that reads "HOTLANTA" across the chest in plain white print. He looks... serious.]

MS: Sweet Daddy?

[An obviously distracted Williams snaps out of it.]

SDW: Hmm? Oh, sorry, Steggster. Got something on my mind.

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: You know, if I was Bucky Wilde, I'd use that comment against you.

[Williams smirks.]

SDW: If you were Bucky Wilde, you'd have a whole lot less teeth and a whole lot more body odor, baby.

MS: Point taken. Sweet Daddy, tell us about the Rumble. What's it like to be in there with twenty-nine others trying to take you out at any given moment?

[Williams gives a "whew!" and shakes his head a bit.]

SDW: It's a tough night, Steggster. I'll tell ya that much. Any night you step into the ring here in the AWA is a tough night because you're in there on any given night with the best wrestlers in the world.

But usually, you're only in there with one of 'em... two... three maybe.

[A grin.]

SDW: But at Memorial Day Mayhem, those of us who are lucky enough - and crazy enough - to get into that Rumble, we're gonna be in there with twenty-nine of the best wrestlers in the world all lookin' to be the best on that one night.

You know, Mark... people always talk about what an honor it is to be a World Champion. The people who can truly stand up and be counted as a legitimate, recognized World Champion...

[Another shake of the head.]

SDW: Well, there ain't many of 'em, Steggs. But you know what? For some of us, it'd even be an honor to get to COMPETE for that title. There ain't a whole lot of people who get that chance either.

You win the Rumble, you get the chance to compete for the biggest title in our sport.

[He holds up a finger with a smile.]

SDW: And when you get that chance... that shot... that opportunity at the title...

Well, just about anything can happen.

[He scrunches up his face a bit.]

SDW: You know, Steggs... Monosso and I... we ain't exactly friends. We ain't on the same page at all. Heck, I wouldn't even say we're in the same book.

I'd say the man is crazy but that somehow don't seem strong enough a word, ya know?

[Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: But I respect the man. I respect what he did back last summer. I respect what he's done since then, wrestlin' with the busted-up neck and all. That ain't easy. It ain't easy gettin' in there every night knowing that it could be the last time you step foot in the ring... heck, step foot anywhere. You could walk in but get carried out and never walk again.

It's tough. So, he's earned my respect for that at least.

[Williams taps his chest.]

SDW: It shows a certain amount of heart that I never woulda given the man credit for before last summer.

He's been a good champion.

[A nod.]

SDW: Which means it'll be a real honor to take that belt from around his waist.

[Williams starts to leave when suddenly a voice comes in from off-camera.]

"Hey! Sweet Daddy!"

[The camera pans a bit to reveal all three Lynches coming into view. James Lynch is bringing up the lead.]

James: You see what happened out there?

[Williams nods.]

SDW: Yup. It ain't right, I tell ya. Jumpin' on your baby bro like that.

[Lynch nods.]

James: You keep that in mind when you get out there tonight in the ring with those yellow dogs, you hear?

[Williams pauses, tilting his head slightly.]

SDW: I hear. But...

[A grin crossed the rotund one's face.]

SDW: ...I think I might be able to do one better. Clayton and Yuma ain't here yet but... I think they'd understand what I'm about to do.

[James Lynch looks puzzled.]

James: What are you saying?

[Williams nods, patting Travis Lynch on the shoulder.]

SDW: Hey kid... you feel up for another fight tonight?

[The youngest of the Lynch family nods.]

SDW: Then I'm saying that me, Clayton, and Yuma are gonna step aside. You want the Bullies? You got 'em... TONIGHT!

[The crowd inside the arena ROARS as a smiling James Lynch shakes hands with Sweet Daddy Williams, quickly followed by his brothers.]

MS: Whoa! The Bullies versus the Lynches tonight?!

[James nods, putting a hand on Stegglet's shoulder.]

James: That's right! And those Bullies better brush up them teeth nice and bright 'cause we're gonna kick 'em right down their throats tonight!

[Another big cheer from inside the building as the fan favorites walk out of view.]

MS: You heard it, fans! We've got a change in plans! Gordon, Bucky - back to you!

[We crossfade back to ringside where Bucky Wilde looks enraged!]

GM: Oh my stars! A change in plans indeed! It's going to be the Lynch brothers taking on the Beale Street Bullies in six man tag team action later tonight-

BW: WHO THE _HELL_ IS WILLIAMS TO MAKE THAT MATCH, MYERS?!

GM: Well, he was scheduled to compe-

BW: And if he's backing out of that match, he should take his forfeit and call it a night! He's got no right to back out of a match and give it to someone else! No right at all! Someone get O'Connor on the phone for a ruling on this!

GM: You're really upset about this.

BW: Damn right I'm upset about this! The Bullies are being set up! Anyone should be able to see that!

GM: Fans, let's go back to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... hailing from Cambridge, Massachusetts... weighing in at 257 pounds... MATT GINN!

[A very tall, lanky wrestler with a sleek build raises his right hand to some jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Matt Ginn looking for some action here tonight.

BW: You know, Mr. Mensa should look at teaming up with this guy instead of that fat slob of a rapper.

GM: Why is that?

BW: Oh, come on, Gordo. You must know that this kid is a MIT graduate, right?

GM: I do seem to recall that, yes. But his attitude leaves a lot to be desired.

BW: Depends on your point of view. He's intelligent. He's confident. And at six foot seven and two-sixty, he's got all the potential in the world from where I'm sitting.

[Ginn glares at the crowd for their negative reaction as he waits for his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of "Saz O Avaz Mahdor" by Mohammed Rez Shajarian rings out over the PA system to the cheers of the crowd!]

BW: Here comes everyone's favorite foreign devil.

GM: Bucky!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: From Shiraz, Iran... weighing in at 259 pounds... he is...

SULLLLTAAAAN AAAAZAAAAM SHAAAARIIIF!

[The cheers pick up as Sharif stalks into view through the curtain, immediately throwing his right arm up into the air. Sharif is a well-built, battle-scarred Arabic man. His black hair is well-groomed as his neatly trimmed beard and mustache. He wears a pair of white, loose-fitting pants tied tightly at the waist with a gold sash along with his gold-colored "hooked" boots. Sharif stops just beyond the entrance to wave his native country's flag back and forth, an act that doesn't draw the ire from the AWA faithful that many might expect.]

BW: If these people cheer Sharif on Memorial Day, I think I might be sick.

GM: Why?!

BW: They're cheering an enemy to our country - on the deck of one of our battleships no less! They might not even allow Sharif to compete that night, Gordo!

GM: I'm sure Mr. Sharif will have no problem earning the right to compete that night.

BW: I wouldn't be so sure about that. Sharif's running around yelling "IRAN! NUMBAH ONE!" and waving the flag. He might be considered a threat to National Security.

[Still waving the flag, Sharif marches down the ramp in his white keffiyeh (headdress) with a black agal (headband), and a dark reddish-brown bisht (robe). He tugs the robe off, the headdress following shortly after as he eyes an aggressive Matt Ginn from his spot out on the ramp. He pauses,

handing off the wooden flagpole before stepping into the ring. Ginn instantly points at the hooked boots, formally making his complaint.]

GM: Matt Ginn has no desire to face Sharif while he's wearing those boots but we've been told those boots are completely legal.

BW: How?! How the heck could those things be legal?!

GM: I have no idea but the AWA Championship Committee reviewed them when he first arrived in the AWA and deemed them legal for competition.

[Sharif stands in the middle of the ring, wiggling his fingers at his side as the bell rings.]

GM: Here we go!

[Matt Ginn instantly strides to the middle of the ring, bumping chests with Sharif as he reads him the riot act. Ginn slowly raises his right hand...]

GM: Matt Ginn wants a test of strength!

BW: A smart move, I think, Gordo. He's got a five inch height advantage on Sharif which gives him a lot of leverage to use in this Greco-Roman knucklelock.

[Sharif nods, slowly raising his left hand to match Ginn, hooking their fingers together. The right arm comes up, locking up with Ginn as well...]

...and the two men slam into one another, immediately jockeying for position!]

GM: A good ol' fashioned test of strength and it's not too often we see this anymore, Bucky.

BW: No, it's not. Personally, I enjoy a good test of strength. It's a battle of pure power - pure muscle. But occasionally it also takes your brains into account as well.

[Sharif quickly finds himself under the taller Ginn who uses his height advantage to turn his opponent's wrists over, shoving downwards from his elevated position...]

GM: Ginn looks like he has the upper hand at this point, trying to muscle Sharif down to the mat... but I think Sharif is actually a stronger competitor, Bucky. His upper body certainly has more muscle tone than Matt Ginn's does.

[Sharif slowly lowers down, being forced down to a knee.]

GM: Look at that!

BW: There's a lot of things that contribute to a test of strength - it's not always upper body strength that gets the job done and Sharif might be realizing that right about now.

GM: Don't count Sharif out yet!

[The crowd roars as Sharif clenches his teeth, driving back up from a knee to a standing position. He keeps on fighting once he gets there, pushing his arms high into the air...]

GM: He's back to a standing position! And now it's Ginn who is in trouble as Sharif turns the hands over! He's forcing him down, forcing the hands down!

[But before he can drop to a knee, Ginn slips a knee into the gut of Sharif. He breaks away, throwing a forearm smash to the jaw of Sharif, sending the Iranian grappler staggering back into the ropes.]

GM: Ginn grabs an arm... big whip...

[A clothesline attempt is ducked by Sharif who bounces off the far ropes as well, rebounding back...]

GM: Another clothesline!

[But Sharif drops down, lunging into a double leg grip which he uses to muscle Ginn up into the air, twisting him around, and throwing him down in a high impact takedown!]

GM: Oh my! Sharif showing off those amateur wrestling skills that took him all the way to the Olympic games!

[Sharif pops back up, grabbing a scrambling Ginn in a rear waistlock, lifting him high into the air for a second time before throwing him down to the mat to a big cheer!]

GM: And a second high impact amateur-style takedown by Sharif! You know, Bucky, there's been a lot of speculation as to what Sharif's plans on for Memorial Day Mayhem. He has yet to enter the Rumble, he has yet to be listed for a non-Rumble matchup.

BW: My sources are telling me that he's had several meeting with AWA management about possibly taking on Dave Cooper in that Winner Takes All Trial By Battle, Gordo.

GM: I've heard the same. You have to wonder if that is something Sharif would want considering his stance in the past. We know that Sharif has been interested in getting Mark Langseth reinstated so he can face him in the ring... but if he were to take the match at Mayhem and beat Dave Cooper, Langseth would be barred from the AWA for life!

BW: That's one of the sticking points in the talks from what I hear. Sharif's not sure he wants Langseth banned from the AWA because he wants to get his hands on him.

[Sharif stands, waiting for Ginn to get up. As he does so, Sharif waves him forward. An aggressive Ginn rushes into a collar and elbow tieup where Sharif quickly slips out, ducking in to tuck his head into Ginn's armpit while gripping him around the torso, flinging him backwards and down to the mat with a Northern Lights throw!]

GM: Ohh! Sharif throws him down again!

[Sharif spins around, measuring the rising Ginn and catches him squarely on the chest with a dropkick that sends Ginn flopping back into the turnbuckles. The Iranian grappler climbs to his feet, rushing the corner with a back elbow into the jaw!]

GM: Good grief! That'll stun Matt Ginn!

[Sharif backs off, throwing a trio of hooked boots into the ribs, doubling up Ginn. He hooks a gutwrench...

...and flings Ginn halfway across the ring with a textbook suplex!]

GM: Sharif's putting on a clinic right now with takedowns and suplexes.

BW: Not to mention a dropkick that never fails to surprise me when I see it.

[Ginn rolls to all fours, trying to get off the mat as Sharif approaches. The Iranian reaches down, hooking a gutwrench again...]

GM: What in the...?

[Sharif puts on a show of power, deadlifting the 260 pounder off the canvas into the gutwrench. He does a full turn with him dangling in his arms, showing him to the whole crowd...

...and HURLS him through the air in the gutwrench again!]

GM: OHHH! Incredible! Sharif has a ton of power in that upper body! He's not one of the guys you would automatically think of when you're thinking about the strongest men in the AWA... but perhaps he should be, Bucky.

BW: He ain't your Robert Donovan, your Danny Morton, your Cletus Lee Bishop, your Hercules Hammonds or the like. But Sharif's double tough and strong as can be, Gordo.

[Stalking across the ring, Sharif waits for Ginn to retake his feet, grabbing onto the top rope to stay on his feet. The former Olympian sinks in another rear waistlock...

...and RIPS Ginn away from the ropes, taking him into the air, and DUMPING him in a released German Suplex that puts Ginn down on the back of the head and neck!]

GM: Good grief! Ginn might be out cold after that!

[Sharif flips Ginn to his back, leaping up to bury a kneedrop into the small of the back. He leans over, cupping his left hand under Ginn's chin and pulls back!]

GM: Sharif hooks him in a painful-looking submission hold. This is a modified bow and arrow hold.

[Ginn hangs on though, shouting a refusal to give up at the official. With a nod, Sharif breaks the hold, stomping the lower back a few times before leaping up, burying an elbow into the kidneys!]

GM: Nice elbowdrop out of Sharif, turning his focus onto the back of Matt Ginn and we all know what that means.

[Two more elbowdrops connect, leaving Ginn crawling towards the ropes as Sharif slowly walks behind him. Ginn grabs hold of the middle rope, dragging himself up to put his head and neck over the second rope. Sharif turns, racing to the ropes...]

GM: Sharif off the far side...

[...and leaps into the air, dropping all his weight down across the back of Ginn!]

GM: Ohh! A simple move but so effective - so very painful.

[Sharif leans over, grabbing the feet of Ginn and dragging him back to the middle of the ring. He quickly settles in, cupping his hands together under the chin and pulling back as he settles into a straddle on the lower back.]

GM: The Camel Clutch is applied and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That didn't take long at all.

BW: Ginn's a smart guy. He knows that very few people get out of the Camel Clutch and those that do usually lose the match anyways because they've taken so much punishment. Better to give up and try again another day.

GM: Sharif is your winner by submission... a very serious look on his face though. Let's try and get some comments from him on Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Sharif politely asks for the house mic, gets it, and addresses the crowd. He seems rather agitated.]

SAS: Men fahtlek! I know dot Mumorial Day Mahhem, deh AWA is looking for a man to fight Dahveed Coopair!

Now I know dot day! May tventy seven, Corpus Crusti Texas, dey diddunt vant me to be on deh USS Luxington! Dey diddunt vont me to go, un wave my Iranian flag, on a USA milutary ship. I undairstond dot. I know dot Iran miluatry would not vant AmerEcun flag on our ships. Dot is fair. BUT! To get my honds on Dahveed Coopair, un to make dot phony jehbronie Mork Lonset stay out of AWA forevair, I can leave my flag home one day! I can come to ring even vidout Persian music if dot is vat I hof to do! VATEVAH! Vatevah I hof to do to get Dahveed Coopair to fight me one on one, I vill do dot thing!

[The crowd cheers Sharif's commitment.]

SAS: I love my country. I do not hate AmerEca. I hof come here, ten tousun mile from Shiraz Iran, to compete against deh best in deh vurd. Un I hof learn dot most of deh AmerEcun peepell are good peepell! But! Dahveed Coopair, you are not good peepell! You are slave to a mon who is currupt, un you ottock from behind. You ottock vid a gang. I vant, at Mehmemorial Day, I vant you to ottock me from deh front dis time. By youself. If you got deh guts! AWA, put me in against Dahveed Coopair! Un I only gonna promise one thing. Dahveed Coopair, I diddunt even care if Mork Lonset vas reinstate. I vant to get him too! But! For all you did, it is even bettair for me to beat you, un made you humbail, so dot you hof to go tell your mastair how you fail him.

Dot is vhy, Corpus Crusti, tousun tousun peepell on USS Luxington, dey gonna see you in Camail Clotch. Dey gonna hear you submit. Dey gonna hear you kvit on Mork Lonset, un dey gonna know... in USA, dere is no Royalty!

CAMARAMAN! ZOOM IT! ZOOM IT!

[Sharif throws up a single bicep flex as the camera zooms in on his arm. He then drops the microphone and exits the ring to the cheers of the fans.]

GM: Sharif wants Cooper! He wants to represent the AWA in the Trial By Battle at Memorial Day Mayhem! But will the AWA accept? Perhaps we'll find out later tonight! Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back after these messages!

[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...]

The shot cuts to a grainy hand held video camera scanning over the AWA Wall of Fame. The shot captures many of the same plaques and memorabilia caught in the opening sequence. A loud voice echoes off the empty hallway.]

"You know, I didn't even want to be here, I was perfectly happy where I was."

[The camera scans over to a man leaning against the wall wearing a hooded sweatshirt and a pair of jeans, the hood hiding his face as he looks down.]

"Do I even need to speak its name?"

[The man pulls back his hood to reveal Johnny Detson. Detson has short blonde hair and a goatee and his blue eyes stare right at the camera as he shakes his head.]

Detson: No, I didn't think so. Because you know I had it all. World Champion, best of the best, the man who beat the unbeatable. That was me, I was that guy.

[Shaking his head in disbelief, Detson smirks.]

Detson: But then I get a call, and because some jack-o and his silver spoon kid can't balance a check book, Johnny Detson is not only no longer the World Champion, not only am I no longer the best in the world, not only that but Johnny Detson is no longer employed!

[Detson chuckles but it's obvious he doesn't find the situation funny.]

Detson: Gone. Legacy tainted, credentials tarnished, I spent two years getting to where I needed to be and all of that now doesn't mean a damn thing!

[Frustrated he pounds the cement wall behind him.]

Detson: So a man is left with a choice. On one hand, I could ride off into the sunset. And maybe I can rely on the fact that I did just enough to be

remembered occasionally. Certainly never make this wall, but maybe they'd remember the name.

[Detson shrugs.]

Detson: And on the other hand, I could come down to Dallas, Texas, home of the AWA! Because the AWA has the top of the top, living legacies, names, people who will be... remembered. The AWA has relevance. Relevance.

[That last word draws out.]

Detson: Well heck, Johnny Detson is relevant; so I hop on a plane and come on down to Dallas. Come down to the AWA. They have Hall of Famers, they have legends, they have all time greats. They have Dufresne, Alex Martinez, Monosso, Stevie Scott, Dave Cooper, Gaines... Juan... Vasquez.

[Detson's face contorts in a weird mixture of disgust and rage over that last name.]

Detson: This... this is where Johnny Detson belongs. So I stroll in to the Crockett Coliseum – fresh off one of the biggest two year stretches of accomplishments professional wrestling has ever known – and what do I see? I see some Danes over here, some Stegglets, Bishops, Lynchs, Martinez, Gaines, Childes, then there are random Taylors, Blues...

(Detson's nostrils flare.)

Detson: It's the biggest pile of nepotism the sport has ever seen! Last week those three men stood out in front of you –

[A black and white still of Jon Stegglet, Bobby Taylor, and Todd Michaelson from last week appears on the screen as Detson continues to talk.]

Detson: And they talked about the best of the best, the best is yet to come, and that they offer a high quality product to high quality people. **THEY LIED TO YOU!**

[The shot cuts back.]

Detson: Because when the best walked into their office and asked for a job it was, "Sorry Johnny, we have another one of Jack's kids coming in real soon." "Sorry Johnny, Gunner's kid can't and never has wrestled but we think he might have a real future." "Sorry Johnny, Alex might have an illegitimate kid out there somewhere and we'd love to offer him a job!"

[Shaking his head, frustrated, Detson continues.]

Detson: You know, for a long time now people have called me angry and bitter. Well you look through my eyes at what they call greatness and you'd be bitter too. You stand at the top of your profession and not get a job offer and you'd be angry too. Greatness. Apparently you make this wall and

you're great... and your kid... and your nephew... and your third cousin once removed.

[A knuckle gently raps on the wall behind him.]

Detson: There's no one on this wall that's ever beaten me, and there's no one on this wall that will. I might never get on this wall, I might never be World Champion again, and you know – I've made my peace with that. A man's greatness is defined by more than engravings on wooden plaques or gold belts; and greatness is how Johnny Detson will be defined.

[Detson turns away from the camera and looks down the hallway.]

Detson: And while I may never be on this wall, Johnny Detson's greatness will come for being the reason people on this wall are no longer in the ring. Whether you're already here or just an empty space on the wall waiting to be filled – you're going to find out exactly what this angry, bitter man can do. Because I didn't join the Unholy Alliance to take over, I didn't join to rule, I joined the Alliance to prove. To prove that I am the best and it's how I will be defined.

[Detson turns back to the camera.]

Detson: This is what I do, this is who I am. Its what I do better than anyone out there today. And no one... no one will ever prove me wrong.

[With that Detson walks off as we slowly fade down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Johnny Detson surprised the entire world when he arrived in the AWA two weeks ago, joining the Unholy Alliance in the process. Percy Childes has apparently spared no expense when it comes to re-arming the Alliance for war, Bucky.

BW: For years, Percy has been known as the Collector of Oddities - digging deep to get the weirdos, the freaks, the monsters, and the savages - men like Anton Layton and Ebola Zaire. Not anymore. Just look at the Unholy Alliance, Gordo... look at this new Unholy Alliance. Of course, you've got the crown jewel of the Alliance in Nenshou, the straw that stirs the drink. The Aces are arguably the best tag team in the world - no matter what happened at the Cup - and could win the World Tag Team Titles on any given night. You've got Tully Brawn, the last of a legendary family in this business... the black sheep of that family and one of the hottest prospects in the game. And now you add Rick Marley, a former World Champion in his own right who feels overlooked and unappreciated for his efforts here in the AWA. Plus Johnny Detson.

[Pause.]

GM: That's it?

BW: Johnny Detson doesn't need more hype from me, Gordo. Remember those times when the AWA got their tail kicked during Awards Season? It was Johnny Detson leading the charge for that other joint in Phoenix that was doin' the kickin'. He's a World Champion who never lost his title. He's got every right to kick in the front door and DEMAND his shot at James Monosso and the World Title but he didn't do that, Gordo. He says he's here to prove he's the best... and he couldn't have picked a better place to do it, daddy.

GM: The Unholy Alliance has arguably never been stronger and you have to wonder if Stevie Scott, Juan Vasquez, and Brian Von Braun know what they're getting themselves into by continuing to go to war with them. In fact, let's take a look at the action from two weeks ago... the closing moments of the battle between Nenshou and Juan Vasquez and the unveiling of this new Unholy Alliance.

[We crossfade to footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO." We see the end of the Main Event as Nenshou tumbles across the ring, completing a cartwheel and launching himself back-first towards Vasquez...

...only to find nobody home!]

GM: THE HANDSPRING ELBOW MISSES!

[As Nenshou stumbles forward from the impact of hitting the corner, Vasquez immediately comes up from behind...

...and sinks in the Assassin's Spike!]

GM: THE SPIKE! JUAN VASQUEZ HAS THE ASSASSIN'S SPIKE LOCK IN!!!

[Burying his thumb into the side of Nenshou's throat, Vasquez holds on tight, as Nenshou flails around, desperately trying to break the hold. However, it's at this moment that Tully Brawn decides to once more interject himself into the match, climbing up onto the apron and drawing away Marty Meekly's attention!]

GM: Get him off of there! Juan Vasquez is on the verge of winning this match!

[Nenshou drops to his knees, fading fast, but the referee's attention is still turned towards Brawn. Meanwhile, on the other side of the ring, Percy Childes swings his crystal-topped cane, smashing it right into Juan Vasquez's back, causing him to break the hold!]

GM: NO! That snake! Nenshou was about to be put to sleep!

[However, the crowd suddenly ERUPTS with cheers as another figure suddenly jumps the railing, YANKING Tully Brawn off the apron, causing him to smash into it face-first!]

BW: NO! NOT HIM! ANYONE BUT HIM!

GM: IT'S STEVIE SCOTT! STEVIE SCOTT IS HERE!

[As Stevie Scott and Tully Brawn brawl on the outside, Juan Vasquez slowly pulls himself up with the help of the ring ropes. Meanwhile, Nenshou rises to his feet, gripping his throat...]

GM: OH NO! NENSHOU'S GOING FOR THAT DEADLY MIST!

[As Vasquez turns towards Nenshou, the Asian Assassin spews a cloud of blue mist...]

BW: MIST!

[...THAT VASQUEZ DUCKS!]

GM: NO! VASQUEZ HAS HIM UP! HE AVOIDED THE MIST!

[Having avoided the mist and lifted Nenshou up over his back in one swift motion, Juan Vasquez holds onto one of Nenshou's legs and cradles his head, before stepping forward and DRIVING the Japanese wrestler into the canvas with a spine-tingling Air Raid Crash!]

GM: THE CITY OF ANGELS!

BW: NO! NO NO NO!!!

[Vasquez lies back across Nenshou's body and hooks a leg as Marty Meekly turns around just in time to see the pin...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd is going wild as "They Reminisce Over You" starts back up.]

GM: Vasquez has won, but here comes the cavalry!

[The Aces hit the ring at a sprint, and nail a rising Vasquez with a double clothesline. Brawn continues to battle Stevie Scott on the floor, trading punches with him. Steven Childes and Daniel Tyler put the boots to Vasquez in the ring. The crowd boos the vicious attack.]

BW: Now we're gonna see some instant payback.

GM: Payback for what? Vasquez won cleanly!

BW: You go tell Percy that.

[Vasquez gets to his feet, and fires back on the Aces. He sends both men reeling with hard punches, bounds off the ropes... and is elevated by Tyler in a back body drop, only for Childes to leap up, grab his hair, and spike him

face first to the canvas! Stevie tries to get in the ring to help out, but Tully grabs his boot. Scott kicks away at Brawn, only for Percy to hammer him in the jaw with the crystal tip of his cane!]

BW: Ha! That had to feel good for Percy after Stevie broke his jaw. What goes around, comes around.

GM: Even with a weapon, Percy Childes doesn't hit as hard as Stevie Scott. All he has done is daze him... and Tully Brawn may be in for a rude surprise in a moment!

[The boos turn to cheers as Brian Von Braun runs down to the ring, grabs his brother's shoulder, and spins him around! Tully backpedals as BVB shouts at him.]

GM: BRIAN VON BRAUN! He's come for his brother, Tulsa Von Braun...

BW: Tully Brawn! That old name is dead!

GM: BUT THE ACES!

[Daniel Tyler and Steven Childes run to the ropes and perform stereo planchas on Scott and BVB, sending both fan favorites to the mat. As they do, a man dressed in Pharaohs ring attire, complete with mask, hits the ring!]

GM: Wait, is this the same masked man we've seen at the Stampede Cup, and the last Saturday Night Wrestling?

BW: Obviously! And he's going to town on Vasquez!

[As Juan is trying to recover from the big double team by the Aces, this masked man enters and knees him in the head. He picks up Vasquez, whips him off the ropes, and performs a picture-perfect belly-to-belly suplex, laying him out!]

GM: It's four on three!

[Outside the ring, Tully Brawn walks over his brother, on his way to stomp Stevie Scott. Brawn nails Scott in the ribs, and picks him up off the mat. The Aces and BVB get up, but Von Braun rushes between the dangerous tag team before they can grab him, and tackles his brother from behind!]

BW: Hey! Tully went out of his way not to hit his brother, and this is the thanks he gets?

GM: He might be a bit intimidated by his older brother.

BW: He is not! That's family love, not wanting to hurt him in a wild brawl like this!

[The Aces pull BVB off of Tully, giving Stevie an opening to slide into the ring. Scott runs up and knees the masked man in the back as he chokes Vasquez on the canvas, and then jumps out through the ropes to grab hold of Percy Childes!]

GM: STEVIE HAS PERCY!

BW: Not again! This is how this whole mess got started!

GM: Stevie rears back for the Steviekick!

[*WHACK*]

[A superkick is indeed launched... but it's not by Stevie.]

GM: WHAT IN THE WORLD?!

[Stevie drops like a rock as his assailant had just hopped the railing. Rick Marley stands above his fallen target, having blasted him with a Casting Call. And he proceeds to lay in some vicious knees as Scott recoils on the mat. The boos go nuclear as Marley whips Scott back-first into the ring apron, and the Aces pummel Von Braun.]

GM: RICK MARLEY, TOO?!

BW: Marley attacked Vasquez at the Stampede Cup, but I thought he was just getting revenge for what happened in the World Title Tournament! This... this is something else!

[In the ring, Stevie's attack on the masked man has given Juan room to breathe. He lunges off the mat, and clotheslines the masked man down. He grabs the top of the mask, and yanks it off...

...to reveal a grinning face that has only been seen once on AWA television, but is intimately familiar to wrestling fans worldwide.]

GM: MY LORD, THAT'S JOHNNY DETSON! THAT'S...

BW: That's the last World Champion out of Phoenix! And everyone knows he's hated Vasquez for years!

[Juan angrily winds up the right cross, but Detson is far fresher, having not wrestled a match (and suffered an ambush) just now. He ducks the brutal punch and sends Juan down with a drop toehold... and Juan eats a hard kick from Nenshou as he falls!]

GM: Nenshou is recovered! It's six on three! A two-to-one advantage! We need help out here or this is going to be a slaughter!

[Marley and Tully are now doubleteaming Stevie while the Aces doubleteam BVB. They send their respective targets into the ring, and follow in. Detson

grabs Vasquez' legs and turns him over into a high-angle Boston Crab... but recoils quickly when Brian Von Braun uses his desperation move!]

[*FWOOSH*]

GM: VON BRAUN THROWS A FIREBALL!

BW: It didn't hit anybody; he just threw it to clear space, but it got everyone's attention!

[The momentary distraction was enough for Stevie to slide out of the ring. Reaching in, he grabs the foot of Vasquez and drags him out. Von Braun also dives out of the ring. The three men hustle to the aisle and start walking back, with BVB grabbing a steel chair to cover their retreat.]

BW: They're running! Gordo... Gordo, THEY'RE RUNNING!

GM: It's six on three, Bucky! Why on Earth would anyone stay and fight?

BW: Well, ask Juan, he looks dumb enough.

[Yes, Vasquez is actually trying to run back to the ring to fight. Stevie is holding him back, though. We can pick up their conversation over the loud boos, because there's a camera right there.]

HSS: No! Juan, no! There's too many of them! Not tonight!

JV: I ain't running! I ain't running!

HSS: We ain't... aren't running! We're regrouping! Be smarter than this!

JV: I never ran from a fight!

HSS: We need backup! Then we'll fight!

JV: Backup...

[Juan stops struggling, and with a hate-filled glare, nods slowly.]

JV: Yeah. I know who. I know who.

[Cut to the ring. Percy is standing in the middle of the ring, as The Aces are standing near the ropes close to the aisle, holding the ropes open for their enemies to return. Tully is standing on the second rope, pointing threateningly at his brother. Nenshou stands with hands on hips, still disgusted at his loss. Marley and Detson shake hands in the middle of the ring, and stand on either side of Percy Childes, who grins an evil grin.]

GM: That... THAT is the Unholy Alliance?

BW: You want backup against that group? You better get the National Guard.

[As the Alliance celebrates their union, we fade from the old footage back to live action. Gordon and Bucky are still seated - the former shaking his head and the latter grinning widely.]

GM: You saw Stevie Scott physically dragging Juan Vasquez away from the ring, telling him that it was... well, it amounted to suicide to run in there to face down the Unholy Alliance in a six on three situation, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, Scott was babbling on about backup but... well, I did a survey of the locker room and there ain't too many people eager to jump on the Unholy Alliance after what went down two weeks ago, Gordo.

GM: Juan Vasquez says he knows who they need. I'll take his word for it. But will we find out later tonight what he has in mind? I'm told that Juan Vasquez IS in the building and-

[A voice interrupts over the PA system.]

"Ain't nobody care where Juan Vasquez is!"

[The camera cuts to the entrance platform to reveal the Beale Street Bullies coming down the ramp. Dick Wyatt leads the way, carrying the house mic. All of the Bullies are in the same attire we saw them in earlier - foregoing their ring attire for street clothes.]

DW: What people do care about... or what they oughta care about... is what kinda joint this is that the suits leave match makin' duties in the hands of a no account, blubbery piece of trash like Sweet Daddy Williams!

[The crowd jeers the verbal jabs sent at one of their favorites.]

DW: What they oughta care about is Williams tryin' to duck out of the beatin' we was gonna give him here tonight so he could get down to the local buffet before closin' time.

[More boos.]

DW: What they oughta care about is why Williams would put the golden boys of Texas in the ring with the men who want to beat 'em into the ground worse than they ever been beaten before!

[Yep. The Bullies reach the ring, stepping through the ropes. Wyatt turns back towards the entrance.]

DW: But if that's what's gotta happen, then it's gotta happen. So, Stench Boys... get out the spray tan, cover up the yella streaks down yer back, and get yerselves down here so we can show the whole place who runs this town.

[Wyatt throws the mic down, not waiting for the arrival of a referee or a ring announcer as he waves towards the back...]

...and in mere moments, the Lynch brothers arrive to a THUNDEROUS roar from the hometown Dallas crowd!]

GM: Here they come, Bucky! If the Bullies want a fight, the Lynches are gonna bring it to `em!

BW: That remains to be seen, don't it? Personally, I'm betting that the Bullies whip the hide right off `em and send `em runnin' for the exits.

[James Lynch outpaces his brothers, rushing the length of the ramp, dashing up the ropes as Travis steps through them. Wyatt comes to meet Travis, throwing right hands at the well-sculpted Lynch brother as James leaps off the top, catching Donovan across the chest with a crossbody block and knocking him down to the canvas to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[Jack Lynch steps in, dishing out haymakers with his glove-covered right hand to the temple of Adam Rogers...

...and then grabs Rogers by the greasy hair, rushing across the ring and SLAMMING his skull into the top turnbuckle! Rogers bounces away, staggering out to the middle of the ring where James Lynch connects with a right uppercut, sending Rogers falling back into the ropes.]

GM: Look out!

[James and Jack join hands, rushing the dazed Rogers...

...and taking him over the top rope with a double clothesline, sending Rogers crashing down to the lightly-padded floor right next to a fuming Donovan who bailed out after the crossbody.]

GM: ROGERS GOES OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

[On the other side of the ring, Dick Wyatt forces Travis Lynch through the ropes and down to the floor with a series of stomps. He mockingly flexes his pipecleaner arms, turning around...

...and gets ROCKED with a double dropkick out of Jack and James!]

GM: OH MY! Double dropkick out of the former National Tag Team Champions sends Dick Wyatt over the top rope and down to the floor as well! The Lynches are cleaning house in the early moments of this one!

BW: Early moments?! There ain't even a referee out here! This match hasn't even officially started yet!

[Jack and James huddle up and then break in opposite directions, dropping down into a pair of baseball slides. Jack Lynch's feet catch Robert Donovan in the chest, sending him staggering back into the ringside barricade.

James' drill arising Wyatt right in the mush, knocking him right back down to the floor.]

GM: Ohh! Another doubleteam by the Lynches and the Bullies are scrambling to try and recover from this fast start out of the Lynches. There we go, Bucky. Referee Johnny Jagger has made his way out here, he's starting the match...

[The bell sounds as Travis Lynch pulls Dick Wyatt off the floor into a side headlock, drilling him with a pair of short right hands before shoving him back into the ring. He waves his brothers out of the ring as Travis climbs back in.]

GM: Travis Lynch wants to start things off in this one with Dick Wyatt - no surprise I suppose after what we saw earlier tonight between these two.

[Lynch finds Wyatt struggling to his feet as he gets in the ring and commences to hammer him with a pair of haymakers that sends Wyatt falling back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Travis with the big whip!

[Wyatt's entire body SAILS through the air and SLAMS into the corner from the power of the whip, driving him down to a knee. He uses the ropes to pull himself back up as Travis rushes across, connecting with a big clothesline in the buckles.]

GM: Lynch is having his way with Dick Wyatt! Another whip coming up... ohh! He SLAMS HARD into the corner!

[Lynch stalks across, stepping up on the midbuckle and raising his right hand to the cheers of the crowd - especially the ladies.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down, shaking his right hand in pain a bit.]

GM: Travis might have hurt his hand with that series of right hands from the second rope.

BW: Good. It'd serve him right for using an illegal blow!

GM: He's gonna whip him across again!

[A third whip shakes Wyatt from head to toe as he slams into the corner. Lynch backs into the opposite corner, raising an arm to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Here he comes!

[But Lynch's big charge comes up empty as Adam Rogers pulls himself up on the apron, grabbing Wyatt's arm, and giving it a yank to pull him clear!]

GM: OHHH! Rogers with the illegal assist from outside the ring!

[Rogers keeps on pulling, dragging Wyatt all the way to the corner where Robert Donovan tags himself in.]

GM: Uh oh! Here comes trouble!

[The big man swings a leg over the top rope, stepping into the ring where he makes a beeline for a dazed Travis Lynch, slamming a big clothesline into the back of his head that takes him facefirst down to the mat!]

GM: Donovan with the heavy shot and down goes Lynch off of that.

[Donovan flips Lynch over with the toe of his boot, watching with a grin as Lynch shoves himself back into the corner, down on his rear as Donovan plants a big boot on the throat!]

GM: He's choking him, fans! Donovan's choking Lynch in the corner!

[The referee's immediately on the scene, forcing a break of the chokehold. Donovan backs away, sneering at the official as he reaches the middle of the ring, waving for Lynch to get up. In the corner, Jack and James are shouting encouragement to their little brother to continue the fight.]

GM: The fans are behind Travis Lynch, his brothers are behind him as well! He needs to get back up though if he's going to stand a chance in there with Donovan.

[The seven footer moves back in, burying a knee into the midsection as Lynch climbs off the mat. A second knee follows, knocking the wind out of Travis.]

GM: We're just past the first hour mark of tonight's show and what a show it's been so far, fans. But don't forget, we've still got two big title matches to come... Hercules Hammonds will be in action... Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines are here as well.

BW: And The Call Of The Wilde, daddy!

GM: Indeed.

[Donovan lays in a few more knees before grabbing Lynch by the hair, dragging him out of the corner to his own part of the ring, reaching out to tag in Adam Rogers.]

GM: In comes the former World Champion... he'll look to take a big step towards removing the "former" from that at Memorial Day Mayhem when he's in the Rumble with a shot at the World Title on the line.

[Donovan holds Lynch in the corner, allowing Rogers to bury a barrage of short kicks and right hands into the midsection of Lynch.]

GM: Rogers hammering away, over and over at the torso of the youngest of the Lynch brothers...

[Grabbing the hair, Rogers drags Travis from the corner, pulling him into a front facelock. He slings the arm over his neck, snapping Travis over in a suplex!]

BW: Whoo boy! Snap suplex by Rogers and Lynch almost got taken right out of his boots, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did. Excellent execution out of the man formerly known as the Natural.

[Rogers sits up on the mat, grinning arrogantly at the Lynches corner where they're shouting encouragement at their brother. Rogers blows a kiss in their direction before getting to his feet... and viciously stomping Travis over and over, forcing him under the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Adam Rogers is one of the finest technical wrestlers in the business but there was nothing scientific about that, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. That's pure viciousness at its finest!

[Rogers gets backed off by the official, prevented from going out after Lynch when Dick Wyatt hops down off the apron, moving around the corner. He pulls Travis up by the arm...]

GM: No, no, no!

[Wyatt grabs Lynch by the trunks and ROCKETS him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE STEEL GOES LYNCH!!

[Wyatt backs away, cackling as James Lynch rushes around to clear him out. Lynch shouts at him, gesturing angrily as the referee moves over, telling James to get back to his corner.]

GM: Oh, come on, ref! He's just trying to help his brother out!

BW: Dick Wyatt was trying to help his brother out and I'm sure you didn't think that was okay.

GM: Absolutely not.

[Rogers leans through the ropes, grabbing Travis by the arm and dragging him up to the apron...

...where he SLAMS the arm down on the middle rope, snapping it over!]

GM: Good grief! Rogers goes right after the arm that Wyatt attacked out on the floor. The arm, the shoulder - both have to be in a lot of pain right now.

[Lynch is kneeling on the apron as Rogers reaches over the top, pulling him up by the injured arm again. He pulls the arm over the ropes...

...and then drops down to his rear, snapping the arm over the top rope!]

GM: Down goes Lynch again! That arm is getting worked over by the Bullies!

[The referee backs Rogers off again...

...which allows Dick Wyatt to rush over, grabbing the arm and YANKING it so that Travis Lynch's shoulder slams into the ringpost again!]

GM: INTO THE POST AGAIN! COME ON!

[This time it's Jack Lynch who comes over, so angry that the referee has to slide to the floor to prevent him from getting into it with the Bullies. Donovan points a menacing finger at Jack as Wyatt plants his foot on the post, pulling the injured shoulder into the steel as Lynch screams in pain.]

GM: Turn around, referee! Turn around right now!

[But as he does, Wyatt has already let go, allowing Lynch to slump down facefirst on the ring apron. A smirking Rogers moves in, pulling Lynch under the ropes. He drags him up to his feet, using a full armtwist to crank on the injured limb, slowly turning his back to Lynch...

...and YANKS the arm down over his own shoulder!]

GM: Ohhh! Rogers with another dangerous move attacking that arm and Travis Lynch is in a lot of trouble, fans. Not just for this match but for his future here in the AWA. The Beale Street Bullies seem determined to break that arm, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame 'em?

GM: Of course I can! What reason could they possibly have for wanting to do that?!

BW: He's a stupid Stench boy! His father was a stupid Stench too! That's reason enough if you ask me.

[Rogers holds the armtwist, reaching up to tag in Donovan.]

GM: The big man takes the tag... and delivers a big elbowsmash to the arm!

[Travis stumbles forward, reaching out an arm as he tries to get to his corner, collapsing to the mat. Donovan shakes his head, planting a boot onto Lynch's ankle, pinning it to the mat to prevent him from going any further.]

GM: Look at Donovan talking trash to Jack Lynch! There's a lot of bad blood between those two. I don't think any of us will ever forget Donovan betraying Jack Lynch back at SuperClash IV.

BW: That's a rose-colored glasses way of lookin' at it. I remember Lynch failing Donovan miserably time after time and Donovan finally getting sick of it!

[Donovan cocks his right arm, dropping a three-hundred plus pound elbow down into the kidneys. He leans his temple on his fist, smirking at the jeering crowd.]

GM: They're just mocking the Lynches now - taunting them, Bucky.

BW: Yeah. Ain't it great?

GM: It certainly is not.

[Donovan rolls to his knees, again making a grab at Travis to prevent him from getting more than halfway across the ring. The seven footer pulls him up by the back of the trunks, pulling him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Donovan's going for a suplex here...

[But as he lifts him up, Lynch frantically throws a series of short right hands to the forehead...

...and uses the momentum as Donovan goes to set him back down to SLAM Donovan's skull into the mat with a bulldog!]

GM: LYNCH WITH THE COUNTER! Travis with a big move to get out of that suplex and he NEEDS the tag right now!

[Travis rolls to his knees, inching forward...

...but Dick Wyatt rushes in, charging across the ring with a diving forearm smash to the back of the head! The crowd jeers as Wyatt gets up, ignoring the referee as he drags Travis back towards the Bullies' corner.]

GM: Oh, come on! That's a blatant interference! The referee should disqualify these Bullies right now!

BW: Keep your shorts on, Gordo. The ref's tellin' Dick Wyatt not to do that again.

GM: What good does that do Travis Lynch right now?!

[Wyatt backs out of the ring as Donovan shoves himself to his feet, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs as he wobbles to the corner, slapping Adam Rogers' hand.]

GM: In comes Rogers again... a few stomps down on the arm...

[Rogers backs off, measuring the downed Travis...

...and drops a big knee across the bicep, rolling through to get back to his feet. He smirks at the booing crowd, throwing his arms out to his side and waving for their applause. Getting none, he chuckles as he slaps the hand of Dick Wyatt.]

GM: The Bullies, I hate to admit it, but they're working together very well in there. Making quick tags, cutting the ring in half. They're a well-oiled machine.

BW: While the Stenches are an ol' jalopy?

GM: I didn't say that.

BW: You didn't have to, Gordo. I'm just happy you're finally comin' around.

[Wyatt pulls Lynch off the mat, dragging him into a front facelock, switching his grip to hold the arm straight out...

...and DROPS down in a single arm DDT!]

GM: OHH! That move has been known to separate a shoulder in a major way and Wyatt just drilled him with it... he's going for the cover!

[Wyatt gets a two count before James Lynch rushes in, kicking him in the head with a bare foot to break the pin. The referee backs Lynch off as Wyatt gets back to his feet, shouting something unrepeatable in the direction of the Lynch corner.]

GM: We apologize for the language of Dick Wyatt there. It certainly wasn't the kind of family friendly verbiage we like to hear in the AWA.

[Wyatt buries two short right hands into the jaw of the kneeling Travis Lynch before dragging him the rest of the way up. He hooks a front facelock, slowly turning the man over...]

GM: He's looking for the Dangerous Curve - that devastating neckbreaker!
If he hits it, it's over!

[Wyatt gets all the way around, facing the Lynch corner. He swivels his hips a few times in their direction, drawing more jeers from the crowd...

...which turn to crazy loud cheers as Travis reaches back, hooking the arms with his own!]

GM: BACKSLIDE!! ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: The arm gave way! He couldn't hold him down with that broken wing!

GM: It's the only thing that saved Dick Wyatt in my estimation, fans! Travis Lynch was a heartbeat away from winning this match for him and his brothers but-

[Wyatt is the first to scramble up, racing to the ropes where he bounces off, charging towards Lynch. He leaps up, extending his arm...]

GM: LARIA-

[Lynch ducks under, causing Wyatt to slam down to the canvas as Lynch stumbles forward...]

GM: TAG!

[...and slaps the hand of James Lynch to a HUUUUGE cheer!]

GM: IN COMES JAMES!!

[James rushes in, catching a rising Wyatt with a pair of right hands that back him into the ropes where he grabs the arm...]

GM: Irish whip by James... BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!!

[James pops up, leaping up to catch an incoming Adam Rogers with a dropkick on the chin that knocks him flat where he rolls out of the ring.]

GM: Rogers gets dropped with a dropkick!

[Donovan goes to step over the top rope but James approaches quickly, grabbing the top rope with both hands and YANKING upwards!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Donovan's gonna be singin' soprano after that!

BW: Illegal! Illegal!

GM: Donovan had no business getting into the ring anyways!

[James spins around, bouncing off the ropes as Wyatt starts to stir...

...and flattens him with a leaping crossbody!]

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

[Wyatt slips a shoulder up, avoiding the pin...]

GM: Wyatt's out just in time! He almost got caught offguard by that crossbody for the three count!

[Lynch climbs back to his feet, raising his right hand to a big cheer from the crowd...]

GM: He's calling for the Claw!

BW: Dick! Get out of there!

GM: He can't hear you, Bucky! Dick Wyatt's stumbling back to his feet and- YES!

[The crowd ROARS as James Lynch sinks the Iron Claw into the skull of Dick Wyatt.]

GM: HE'S GOT THE CLAW LOCKED IN!! THIS IS IT!! THIS IS IT!!

[Suddenly, Adam Rogers rolls back in, rushing towards James Lynch who suddenly breaks the hold on Wyatt...

...and HOOKS IT on Rogers!]

GM: THE IRON CLAW ON ROGERS NOW!!

[Jack Lynch steps in, rushing towards a dazed Dick Wyatt. He grabs a handful of hair, turning towards the ramp, and rushes towards the ropes, HURLING Wyatt over the top where he sails incredibly high...

...and SLAMS shoulderfirst down on the wooden ramp! Wyatt immediately howls in pain as Jack Lynch turns his attention back towards an incoming Robert Donovan!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands, fans! Donovan and Jack! James and Rogers!

[Jack rushes the ropes, rebounding off with a leaping high knee that sends Donovan falling backwards off the apron and down to the floor. Jack exits the ring to pursue as James forces Rogers down to a knee...]

GM: He's got him down!

BW: He ain't the legal man! He ain't legal, Gordo! The ref needs to get Rogers out of there!

[A dazed Travis Lynch makes his way back into the fray, climbing up on the ramp to pull Wyatt off the platform. Wyatt howls in pain again as Lynch grabs him by the arm, flinging him over the ropes and back into the ring...]

GM: Travis puts Wyatt back in!

[James abandons Rogers - who collapses to the mat from the effects of the Iron Claw - to grab ahold of Wyatt's arm, yanking it back into a straddle armbar!]

GM: ARMBAR! LYNCH HOOKS IT IN!!

[The crowd is cheering as Wyatt screams in pain and the referee quickly calls for the bell!]

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

BW: Wyatt gave up! He had no choice after what that maniac Jack Lynch did to him!

GM: The Bullies tried to break Travis Lynch's arm tonight but by looking at Dick Wyatt, it might be HIM who ended up with an injured limb! The Bullies are helping Wyatt out of here... look at the way he's holding that arm. Straight as can be like he's afraid how much it'll hurt if he bends it. This is a major development, fans, and we'll be following it as the night progresses here in Dallas but right now, we've got to take another quick break. We'll be right back though 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 fade back up on Jason Dane standing alongside one of the co-owners of the AWA, Jon Stegglet.]

JD: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where you can see I've been joined by the boss - Jon Stegglet.

[Stegglet grimaces at that introduction.]

JD: Mr. Stegglet, I'm gonna cut straight down to the real reason I asked you to join me here tonight.

[Stegglet winces, afraid of what comes next.]

JD: At the upcoming Memorial Day Mayhem event, we know we're going to have this Winner Takes All Trial By Battle. If Royalty wins, Mark Langseth is reinstated. If Royalty loses, Langseth is banned from the AWA for life. Earlier tonight, we heard Sultan Azam Sharif out here - it's clear he wants the opportunity to represent the AWA and face Dave Cooper in Corpus Christi in that match. Has Sharif's offer been accepted?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: We appreciate the offer from Mr. Sharif however he is not the only one who wants that opportunity. There are a whole lot of wrestlers who have stepped up and offered their name to face Dave Cooper on May 27th and we're going to consider our options very carefully before making that choice.

[Dane presses on.]

JD: I have several sources who say that the front office is planning on leaving Cooper's opponent as a secret until the very last moment... maybe even until right before bell time.

[Stegglet shrugs.]

JS: It wouldn't be the worst strategic plan, would it?

[A grumbling Dane concedes the point.]

JD: I suppose not... and I also suppose the likelihood in getting a straight answer from you on any of this is pretty low. So, let's change course for a moment. The Memorial Day Rumble is almost upon us as well - the match that means a guaranteed World Title match for the winner.

[Stegglet nods.]

JD: My question is - do you think James Monosso will survive to face the winner of that match? He's got a tremendous challenge in front of him here tonight plus we've been told that the winner tonight WILL be defending the title at Memorial Day Mayhem as well. The odds are certainly stacked against the World Champion, Mr. Stegglet.

JS: James Monosso knows the situation as well as anyone, Jason. We all heard him say it two weeks ago. He's tired. He's hurting. And he's practically begging someone to step up and be able to defeat him. But he's not going to lie down. He's not going to give up. He's going to keep on fighting with whatever's left in his body until someone EARNs that World Title from him.

JD: You didn't answer the question.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: I just don't know, Jason... I just don't-

[Stegglet's eyes turn off-camera, caught off-guard.]

JS: You again?

[The camera zooms back to reveal Chris Blue standing nearby, dressed in a plain black suit with a visible copy of A Game Of Thrones tucked under his arm.]

CB: Oh, I didn't mean to interrupt. Please. Continue, gentlemen.

[Stegglet glares at Blue as Dane continues.]

JD: Since Mr. Blue is here, perhaps you'd like to address the situation of his rapidly growing group - now with Eric Preston in the mix.

JS: IF Preston signs his contract.

[Blue smiles... an unsettling smile to say the least.]

JD: HAS he signed his contract?

JS: No, not yet. But I'm sure he (jerks a thumb in Blue's direction) would be happy to give you all the details on that. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a company to run.

[Stegglet storms out of view as Blue steps into frame, shaking his head.]

CB: A company to run. I remember those days. To answer your question, Mr. Dane, my client Eric Preston has yet to sign his contract however negotiations are ongoing and we hope to report progress in the very near future.

[Dane raises an eyebrow.]

JD: How soon?

[Blue lifts his arm, checking an imaginary watch.]

CB: VERY soon.

JD: I see.

[Blue gives a dismissive gesture.]

CB: Jason, I'm not here to talk about Eric Preston... nor am I here to discuss the grand theft that took place out here two weeks ago when Chris Staley stole ten thousand dollars from me nor the incompetence that led up to that crime.

[Dane starts to ask a question but Blue lifts a hand to stop him.]

CB: I'm here to discuss our... arrangement.

[Dane looks around, almost like he's trying to see who might be listening.]

JD: I'm not sure I want to disc... we're on the air, you know?

CB: Oh, I'm quite aware. But unlike you who is jumping at shadows, I want my prey to know my intentions.

JD: Your prey?

CB: We made a deal, Mr. Dane. I fund some of your investigative... activities... and in payment, you give me all the information I need to know about these alleged Wise Men.

[Dane nods quickly.]

JD: I remember.

CB: Your memory notwithstanding, you seem to have neglected your part of that arrangement, Mr. Dane. I expect a payment of information this week... or there will be consequences.

[Dane tugs at his collar, looking nervous.]

JD: Consequences?

[Blue smiles... again, a very unsettling sight.]

CB: Come now, Mr. Dane. You're a smart man. I'm sure you don't need the grotesque details. After all, you've seen my Dragon in action, hmm?

[Dane nods a lot slower this time.]

CB: Good. I'll be expecting your phone call. Good day, sir.

[And with that, Blue saunters out of view, leaving a panicked Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Let's... uhh.. let's go back to ringside to Gordon and Bucky. Guys?

[Fade back to the squared circle where the announcers are seated, more than a bit curious by the expression on their faces.]

GM: Did I just see that?

BW: What the heck has Dane gotten himself into? Blue ain't a guy you want to owe something to... anything!

GM: Especially when he's got Craven as his collection service. This is an interesting story to keep an eye on, fans.

BW: And did Blue say that his prey are the... the...?

GM: Yes he did.

[Bucky shakes his head.]

BW: Gordo, I feel sick even talkin' 'bout this. Let's go up to Watson.

GM: Sounds like a plan. Take it away, Phil!

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

PW: The following is a special attraction HANDICAP MATCH!

[This brings some cheers from the crowd.]

PW: It is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring...they weigh in at a combined 520 pounds...

Henry Porten and Madhouse McWesson!

[Two men, one a dirty blonde wearing blue tights with the name "HENRY" written on the side and the other, a bulky man with a black mohawk, raise their arms to the general indifference of the crowd.]

PW: And now...Buford P. Higgins.

[A massive roar of boos greets the hypeman as he enters the ring, dressed in his usual all-white suit and tie. A big smile is on his face as he brings the gold microphone to his lips.]

BPH: Before I make my introductions, I have to tell you people that Skywalker Jones regrets that he cannot make it here tonight, as he is busy preparing himself for the most important match of his life! But rest assured, he will be ready to rid the AWA of November!

[Big time boos!]

BPH: And now, it's time to get up and on your feet, 'cause it's time to feast your eyes on the eighth, ninth, and TENTH wonder of the world! He comes at you, at a Mount Olympus sculpted, Zeus thunderbolt welded, gettin' the goddesses all hot and bothered...TWO HUNDRED AND NINETY FIVE POUNDS! He is the reflection of perfection! The number one selection! Gentlemen, please hold onto your ladies, 'cause they just might jump outta' their seat and try to hold onto HIM! He hails from Tupelo, Mississippi! Here is...

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLLLLLEEESSS...

[Deep breath, now!]

HAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMOOOONNNNNNDDDDSSSS!!!!

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

GM: Oh boy, we thought we saw pure physical intimidation when Brody was out here, but this man is every bit the beast that Brody is!

BW: He might be every bit and MORE, Gordo!

GM: Indeed, it took every last one of the AWA's security to separate Hammonds and Brody after they started brawling on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: And if they didn't stop those two, they might still be fighting!

"DING DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Porten and McWesson talk over strategy, suddenly charging right at Hammonds, who casually levels both with a double clothesline!]

GM: OH! Porten and McWesson tried to get the early drop on Hercules Hammonds, but it backfires!

BW: They were going over some strategy in the corner before the match started, but the best strategy might've been to leave the ring, Gordo!

[Big Herc looks down at the two and frowns, shaking his sadly at his opponents, before pulling Porten to his feet and slinging him into the ropes. As he rebounds back, Hammonds launches Porten high into the air and catches him across his shoulders as he falls, driving the man from Stone Mountain, Georgia, into the mat with a Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

BW: Good night, Irene! I don't think Porten's getting up from that one!

[As Hammonds gets to his feet, McWesson is on him, peppering the big man from Mississippi with rights and lefts to the abdomen. As Herc stands up to his full height, McWesson hits about ten unanswered shots to the neck and head, before Herc simply floors him with a slap across the face!]

GM: OH!

BW: That ain't gonna' get the job done! It's like trying to chop down a oak tree with a Swiss Army knife, daddy...it just ain't gonna' happen!

[Yanking McWesson up to his feet, Hammonds scoops up the 280 pounder and drops him across his knee with a backbreaker. He repeats the motion and drops McWesson across his knee once more, before walking over to the corner, still holding onto McWesson and laying the Bonesteel brawler across the top turnbuckle. He climbs up to the second turnbuckle and mockingly shouts...]

"JUST ANOTHER VICTIIIIIIIMMMM!!!"

[...before TOSSING McWesson off the top with a super fallaway slam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHH!!!"

BW and GM: OHHHHH!!!

GM: What power! What amazing power!

BW: McWesson's 280 pounds, Gordo! And he carried him around the ring like he was a child! And...and did you hear him!? He was mocking Brody again!

[Hammonds backs into a corner and lies back completely relaxed, as Buford P. Higgins leaps up onto the apron and removes the handkerchief from his suit pocket, dabbing away the sweat from Hammonds' brow while singing his praises.]

"You're lookin' beautiful out there, Herc! Just beautiful! These sucka's got nothin' on you! Nothin'!"

GM: Oh come on, there's a match going on here!

BW: Buford's just making sure Herc doesn't have a hair out of place when the pictures for this match get printed.

GM: He's bald!

[Spying Portens rising to his feet, Hammonds waves Buford away and rushes out of the corner and across the ring, EXPLODING into him with a diving shoulderblock and nearly sending Portens flying through the ropes!]

GM: OHHH! THAT'S THE TUPELO TORPEDO!

BW: That was Henry Porten's future flashin' right before his eyes is what it was, Gordo, 'cause Herc just knocked the holy ghost outta' that man!

GM: Hammonds' is going to mercifully end this match. There's the one, the two...

[Big jeers!]

GM: He just grabbed Marty Meekly's hand and stopped the count!

"AIN'T DONE YET, REF!"

[Yanking Porten to his feet, Hammonds also reaches over and pulls McWesson up.]

GM: What's he doing?

[Hammonds proceeds to duck his head down and wraps an arm around the waist of both men, drawing a roar of anticipation from the crowd.]

GM: Oh no...there's no way...

[With a strained scream, Hammonds proceeds to lift Portens and McWesson up into the air...

...and drives BOTH men into the canvas with a back suplex!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!! HE JUST SUPLEXED BOTH MEN AT THE SAME TIME!!!

[Popping to his feet with swagger in his step, Hammonds pounds his chest and screams his infamous battlecry...]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOO..."

[Shockingly enough, a few people in the crowd chant along!]

"...BRRRRROOOOOOOODDDDDYYYYY???"

[Hammonds then immediately deadlifts Porten off the canvas and up into a Canadian backbreaker...]

GM: No! He's had enough!

[...and then flings him right back down onto McWesson's chest with The Hammonds Hammer!]

"OHHHH!!!"

GM: Good grief! All that...AND THE HAMMONDS HAMMER!

[With his opponents stacked upon each other, Hammonds places a foot on Porten's back as Marty Meekly drops down to count the one, two, three.]

"DING DING DING!"

GM: And that'll do it. Hercules Hammonds takes the win in this handicap match in brutal, dominating fashion.

BW: Does he win matches in any other way THAN "brutal, dominating fashion", Gordo?

[Just then, Hammonds pulls Porten and McWesson up to their feet and TOSSES both of them out of the ring, drawing even louder boos from the crowd!]

GM: Oh come on, that's not necessary at all!

[Take it away, Buford!]

BPH: Your winner and STILL the strongest man in ALLLL the land!

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLLLLLEEESSSS...

[Deep breath, now!]

HAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMOOOOONNNNNNDDDDSSSS!!!!

[As the crowd boos, Buford turns to Herc, with a mocking stutter patterned after Bucky Wilde's recent interview.]

BPH: H-H-Hey H-Herc....wha-wha-wha-wha-wha...

[Suddenly, a big grin forms on Buford's face.]

BPH: ...WHAT'S NEXT FOR YA', HERC???

[Hammonds replies with a loud, exaggerated roar reminiscent of a certain powerhouse.]

HH: RUUUUUUUMMMMM-BLLLLLLLLLEEEEE!!!

[The crowd boos the duo, not happy with Hammonds' Brody impersonation.]

BPH: The Rumble!? But Herc! Brody's in the Rumble!

[Hammonds nods.]

HH: Yeah, he's in the Rumble. And if he comes 'cross me?

[He flexes his monstrous arms.]

HH: He's gonna' be OUT the Rumble.

BPH: I dunno, Herc. People have been talkin'...not any smart people, but still, the ignorant ones are talkin'...and they say Brody's strong! Almost as strong as you!

[Herc rubs his goatee and lets out a loud, deep, penetrating laugh.]

HH: Buford, after I get through with that boy, the question ain't gonna' be "Who Brody?"

[A sinister smile forms on his face.]

HH: It's gonna' be, "Who WAS Brody?"

[And with another loud laugh, Hammonds exits the ring, with Buford following closely behind him.]

GM: Well, Hercules Hammonds is making no secret of the fact that he has joined the Rumble and he intends to eliminate Brody from that match, Bucky.

BW: It's a bold statement but I'd expect nothing less from the Tupelo Terror.

GM: Hercules Hammonds becomes the twenty-third entry in the Rumble - we've just had it confirmed! Only seven spots remaining in what could be the biggest Rumble of all time!

BW: But it ain't the first one! It'll never be the first one!

GM: That's right. Fans, as you know, the AWA is counting down the days until the 100th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling and as part of that celebration, we're going to be taking a look back at the greatest matches in SNW history. This week, we're looking at the match that you, the fans, voted as the best match on Saturday Night Wrestling in 2008... and as you may have guessed from what Bucky said, it's the very first edition of the Rumble! Now, this Rumble was a little different, fans. It wasn't at Memorial Day Mayhem. It wasn't for a shot at the World Title... not directly at least. This Rumble was to see who the first entry in the AWA National Title Tournament would be - the tournament to crown the very first man to wear that title.

BW: Boy, this one took me back when I watched it this week.

GM: And we're hoping it does the same for all the fans at home. Now, due to time constraints, we're not going to be able to show the match in its entirety but we will be taking a look at some highlights from the match that you voted the best SNW match in 2008 - the Rumble! The date was April 12th, 2008... it was only the third edition of Saturday Night Wrestling ever. Let's take a look, fans!

[We crossfade from live action to footage marked "APRIL 12th, 2008 - SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" where Melissa Cannon is standing in the ring making the introductions. She finishes running down the rules as we fade in

MC: ...The last man remaining in the ring will be your winner!

[One final roar of the crowd as Melissa smiles.]

MC: And now... the man who drew #1...

[The crowd falls to a hush.]

BW: Who's the unluckiest man in the buildin', daddy?

GM: We're about to find-

[With the question on everyone's mind, the sounds of the Dropkick Murphys' "I'm Shipping Up To Boston" provides the answer. The crowd explodes into cheers.]

GM: It's Kevin Slater! The Wild Thing has drawn the first number in this 30 man Rumble!

[Slater walks through the entrance curtain, looking a little disappointed but still determined nonetheless.]

BW: Well, that's fitting, daddy-o. I asked who the unluckiest man in the buildin' was... and for sure, it'd be Kevin Slater these days, Gordo.

GM: I have to agree. It'll be incredibly difficult for Slater to go from start to finish. You have to survive in that ring for over an hour to do it.

BW: And from what Megan's been tellin' the locker room, Slater hasn't gone 60 minutes in his life!

GM: Would you stop?

[The Wild Thing steps into the ring, raising an arm to draw some more cheers as the music fades out.]

MC: And now... the man who drew #2...

[The crowd waits, a buzz growing.]

GM: Maybe it'll be the Menace. Wouldn't that be something?

BW: It would be. We might have no one in the ring when #3 arrives if it's the Menace, daddy.

GM: All eyes on the entryway and-

#This ain't a song for the broken hearted...

[The crowd (mostly) cheers for the arrival through the curtain of "Showtime" Rick Marley to Bon Jovi's "It's My Life." Marley pops through the curtain, pausing just beyond to stare into the ring...

...then dashes the distance to the ring, diving under the bottom rope, popping up to his feet, and nailing a surprised Slater with a standing dropkick that puts him back against the ropes.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And this Rumble is officially a-go, Bucky!

BW: Rick Marley off to a quick start and he's already got Slater on the ropes!

[With the Wild Thing stunned, Marley dives down to grab a single leg, trying to pull Slater up off the mat and get his momentum going over the ropes...

...but a pair of hard right hands breaks Marley's grip, causing him to stagger away from the former two-time World Champion.]

GM: Slater with a quick escape. He's been in this kind of match before, Bucky.

BW: He certainly has. The EMWC used to have an annual Rumble event so Kevin Slater is very familiar with this kind of environment. I don't know if Marley can say the same.

GM: Again, every two minutes another competitor will join this fight inside the squared circle until all 30 have made their way out here.

[A quick charge by Slater drives a running big boot into the side of Marley's face, knocking him back against the ropes where he grabs the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: And now it's Rick Marley who is up against the ropes. That's a bad place to be in a match like this, Bucky.

BW: That's right, daddy. As much as you can, you want to stay away from the ropes, away from the edges of the ring. Unless you can handcuff yourself to the ropes, stay away from 'em!

GM: Slater's measuring Marley... here he comes!

[The Wild Thing races towards Marley, arm outstretched for a clothesline... a blow that is almost sure to send Marley over the ropes.]

GM: He's trying to eliminate Marley right he- ohhhh!

[The crowd gasps as Marley drops his head, backdropping Slater over the ropes...

...where he somehow manages to land on his feet on the ring apron.]

GM: Slater's still alive! He landed on the apron! He's still in this!

BW: For now, he is! But if Marley can knock him off the apron, he's done... he's gone... he's kaputski, Gordo!

GM: Marley realizes it too. He's going to try to eliminate a former World Champion right here and now.

[Balling up his fist, Marley drives it into the side of the stunned Slater's skull, causing him to grab the top rope to keep on the apron. A few more clenched fists drop Slater to a knee on the apron, still clutching the rope.]

BW: That top rope may be the only thing saving Slater right now, daddy!

GM: We've got about thirty seconds until #3 joins the match - and you just don't know if that'll be a good thing for Kevin Slater or a bad thing.

BW: It's definitely a bad thing, Gordo. Even if it's just in the backs of their minds, all these guys know Slater's got a price on his head. Even with such high stakes, you gotta think about shanking him in the ribs and taking home a cash bonus.

GM: And you still have to wonder just who is the person who is going to reveal themselves as going after that bounty here tonight.

[As the ten count to #3 begins, Marley measures Slater for a moment then races to the corner closest to where Slater is standing, leaping off the second rope and springing back with a dropkick...

...but comes up empty as Slater flattens out on the apron, causing Marley's legs to hit the ropes, flipping him to dump him in a bad way on the mat just as the sounds of "The End" by The Doors starts.]

GM: Ohhhh!

BW: And that's why they call it a high risk move, daddy!

GM: You can hear the music... just who is number three in this match?

[The curtain parts and someone unrecognizable to AWA fans steps into view. He's overweight, out of shape, and wears an unkempt beard. His black hair hangs past his shoulders in matted clumps which goes a long way to cover up a scar that runs from below his left eye to his lip.]

GM: I'm not sure... fans, I apologize but this must be one of our mystery entrants, I think. Let me get some confirm- are you serious?

[The man kinda wobbles in the direction of the ring, pointing a threatening finger...

...but not quite at the ring. Close... but not quite.]

GM: Fans, I'm being told that that... that's the Man of Steel!

BW: Are you- ehehehehehe.

GM: What's so funny?

BW: He's supposed to be this big American hero, come to save us all from the tyranny of evil... and from where I'm sittin', it smells like the only thing he's saving is a bottle of hooch, daddy!

GM: Give me a break, Bucky.

[After a few moments, Man Of Steel stumbles to the ring apron, rolling in where he's met with a hard right hand by Kevin Slater that immediately knocks him back against the ropes.]

GM: Not the most polite greeting there from the Wild Thing.

BW: Look at the clock, Gordo. It nearly took Man of Steel a whole minute to get into the ring!

GM: I just can't believe the physical condition of the Man of Steel. Granted, most of us haven't seen him in a decade or so but...

[With Slater pushing on the Man of Steel's upper body, trying to force him over the ropes, Rick Marley regains his feet, stumbling over to help Slater by grabbing a leg on the man from Kansas City.]

GM: And now Marley's trying to help Slater eliminate someone else.

BW: That's one of the interesting things about this kind of match, Gordo. One second, someone's trying to throw you over the ropes... the next, you're trying to help that person eliminate someone else.

[Breaking off the elimination attempt, Slater and Marley doublewhip Man Of Steel across the ring...

...and send him crashing down to the mat with a double back elbowsmash that takes him off his feet.]

GM: Down goes the Man of Steel courtesy of a big double elbow. Marley to the ropes...

[And Slater hiptosses Marley, throwing him down on top of the Man of Steel!]

GM: Ohhh! Impressive doubleteam by Slater and Marley right there. I didn't expect to see that out of them for sure.

BW: You're bound to see a lot of things you didn't expect in a match like this one, daddy.

GM: Marley with a few mounted punches on the Man of Steel, now they're pulling him up off the mat...

[Slater holds the Man of Steel by the matted hair, pointing out to the floor.]

GM: Slater's calling his shot! He says he's gonna toss the Man of Steel!

BW: He'd better hurry up with it. We're about to get our fourth in the ring!

[The crowd counts down from ten and as the buzzer sounds...]

GM: Werewolf Gregorson!

[The Alaskan hits the ring as the house of fire and immediately uncorks a right hand on everyone standing.]

GM: He's taking everyone down!

BW: Not sure that's the smartest strategy in there, Gordo. He's-

GM: What is this all about?

[The crowd boos wildly as the camera cuts to reveal Calisto Dufresne now standing at the announce desk.]

CD: I was standin' in the back gettin' ready to get on out of here and some suit came up to me and told me to get out here and earn my paycheck. I tried to grab a broom since that's about all I'm gettin' paid enough to do but he told me to join you fella on the mic. So, here I am.

BW: And it's a pleasure to have you!

[Inside the ring, Gregorson has managed to throw Marley across the ring with a huge biel throw and is now measuring him for the Silver Bullet spear tackle.]

GM: Gregorson's measuring Marley for the Silver Bullet!

CD: A spear tackle in a battle royal? That guy's dumber than he looks and I didn't even think that was possible.

GM: He's ready... he's set...

[And as Marley wobbles to his feet, Gregorson charges across the ring...

...and promptly spears the hell out of Man Of Steel who happened to stagger in front of Marley!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A SPEAR! WHAT A TACKLE!

CD: Pshhh... that old man is so lit up, you could see him from space.

GM: The Man of Steel is down... but that definitely was not the intent of Werewolf Gregorson.

[With Gregorson a little surprised by his victim, Marley leaps into action, drilling Gregorson with a running leg lariat to the back of the head that knocks him off his feet.]

GM: Ohhh! Down goes Gregorson! Rick Marley with a spinning kick of sorts to the back of the head and we've got Gregorson down... we've got Man of Steel down...

[And just as Marley regains his feet, Kevin Slater hooks him by the tights, hurling him over the ropes...

...where Marley hooks the rope with both hands, barely avoiding his feet touching the floor as he powers himself back over the ropes into the ring...

...and levels Kevin Slater, who had turned his back on Marley thinking he had eliminated him, with a running forearm to the back of the head.]

GM: Down goes Slater as well! Marley almost got eliminated but he just managed to stay in this thing. No eliminations yet in this one.

CD: If I was in there, I'd be the only one in the ring.

GM: You had your chance. Fans, we need to take a quick break. Do not go away!

[We fade away...

...and when we fade back up, we're deeper into the match where Werewolf Gregorson has scooped Rick Marley off his feet and pressed him high overhead!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS! GORILLA PRESS!

[Gregorson turns one full revolution, showing off his power as he aims to throw Marley to the floor...

...and runs to the ropes with the intent of doing so but somehow Marley manages to wriggle free, landing on his feet on the mat.]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And uncorks a nasty superkick to the jaw of Gregorson that causes the big man to fall backwards, getting tied up in the ropes in the process.]

GM: CASTING CALL! HE HIT THE SUPERKICK!

CD: And I'd have to say if it wasn't for the lucky break of getting tied up in the ropes, Gregorson would be eliminated right now.

[Marley looks to charge back in but gets cut off by El Corazon Negro who catches him from behind with a headbutt to the base of the spine.]

GM: Ohhh! Cheapshot from behind by the Hardcore Luchador!

[Spinning Marley around, ECN hits a couple quick right hands before dragging him back to the ropes.]

GM: Got him by the arm... he's going to whip Marley into Gregorson... here we go!

[But Marley reverses the whip which sends the luchador races towards Gregorson...

...who somehow gets free from the ropes just in time to catch the man from Mexico coming in, hoisting him into the air, and then pressing him high above.]

GM: Gorilla press on El Corazon Negr- OHHHHHHH! HE'S GONE! HE'S ELIMINATED!

[The Hardcore Luchador slams into the barely-padded concrete with a thud thanks to Gregorson who is celebrating the elimination with a big howl...

...and not noticing Rick Marley preparing to attack him yet again.]

GM: Marley! Keep your eye on "Showtime!" Five men left in the ring but we're moving closer to the man who drew number seven joining the fray...

[And as Gregorson turns around, Marley charges him...

...and finds himself pressed high in the air as well!]

GM: ANOTHER ONE! ANOTHER GORILLA PRESS! ANOTH- OH! Marley goes to the eyes!

[The crowd boos the cheating a bit as Marley quickly buries a boot in the blinded Gregorson's gut, hooking a front facelock.]

GM: LIMELIGHT! LIMELIGHT!

[Marley spins, ready to spike Gregorson's head into the canvas with the twisting diamond cutter known as the Limelight...

...but Gregorson powers him off the mat in mid-move, hoisting him high into the air where he re-positions him...

...and drives him down to the mat with a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A MOVE BY GREGORSON! Some type of powerbom-

CD: It's a Blue Thunder powerbomb. Sweet mercy, how did you get this job when you don't know any of the moves?

[With Gregorson and Marley down on the mat, our attention turns to Slater and Cooper who are doubleteaming Man Of Steel once more, battering him with rights and lefts near the ropes before firing him to the ropes. As he bounces off them, the crowd starts counting down.]

GM: Man Of Steel off the ropes... ducks the double clothesline...

[And _leaps_ into the air, leveling both Slater and Cooper with a big flying double shoulderblock! The crowd erupts into cheers for the move but quickly to boos as the seventh man strides into view.]

GM: Whoooooa my! The Man Of Steel takes them down and-

BW: SUDAKOV!

[The Russian War Machine sprints to the ring, diving headfirst into it, and popping up to his feet behind the Man Of Steel...

...and as the American Hero slowly turns...]

GM: No! NOOOO!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HEAD KICK! HEAD KICK BY SUDAKOV!

[The lethal standing high kick to the head by the former Mixed Martial Artist causes Man Of Steel to crumple to the canvas like he'd been shot and is easy picking as Sudakov drags him to his feet and hurls him over the ropes.]

GM: Ohhh! The Man Of Steel is eliminated by Kolya Sudakov!

[And as Sudakov turns around from dumping the American Hero to the floor, he finds himself standing face to face with Werewolf Gregorson as the WKIK Studios loses... their... minds!]

GM: Oh yeah! Gregorson and Sudakov are eye to eye, nose to nose! We're finally gonna see it!

BW: And would you look at this? Slater, Marley, Cooper... they're all stepping back to the corners to watch! EVERYONE wants to see the Russians take on Gregorson and Despair and we're going to see part of that right now!

CD: You know, the Russians really get a bad rap around here. They're pretty good guys though. I was discussing my contract with them and-

GM: Would you stop? I can't believe that you-

[The crowd explodes as Gregorson throws the first punch... and the second... and the third... a barrage of punches that backs Sudakov down. But the Russian War Machine is quick to fight back, leaping up and scoring with a flying knee that staggers the former Marine.]

GM: What a fight this is! Sudakov with a knee... and Gregorson is down to a knee now.

[Grabbing the Alaskan by the head, Sudakov drives his knee up into the face of Gregorson once... twice... and then throws him down to the mat by the hair.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Sudakov stands over the downed Gregorson, taunting the AWA faithful...

...which brings Dave Cooper into action, turning a full rotating before popping a surprised Sudakov in the back of the head with a rolling elbow smash!]

GM: OHHHH! Down goes Sudakov!

CD: Look at that! Backjump by this Rough-E-Nuff guy.

GM: Rough N Ready.

CD: Whatever. The Russians have it right, Gordo. They're trying to fight the honorable fight and the Americans here in the AWA are the ones trying to drag it down to their level.

[Cooper quickly drags Sudakov up to his feet and shoves him back into the closest corner where he quickly mounts the midbuckle.]

GM: Here we go! Count 'em off, Bucky!

BW: Do I look like I'm on Sesame Street?

GM: With that jacket, maybe.

[Cooper fires right hands down into the skull of the Russian, the fans counting along with every blow thrown...

...but leaving himself very exposed as Rick Marley decides to seize the opportunity, sliding along the ropes and upending Cooper, knocking him off the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: Dave Cooper's eliminated! One-half of Rough N Ready is out of this match!

[We crossfade again, moving deeper into the match as the buzzer sounds...

...and the crowd roars as the sounds of "Mississippi Queen" rocks the PA meaning the "Ragin' Rebel" Ricky Royal is on his way to the ring.]

GM: Ricky Royal draws #10 which means he may only need to survive 40 minutes to win this thing. And with each number drawn, the odds get better and better.

CD: Wow, that's brilliant math skills. Bucky, what did you ever do to get saddled with a genius like this guy?

[Royal dives under the bottom rope as Wilde chuckles at Dufresne's comment...

...and goes to work on EVERYONE at the same time!]

GM: Ricky Royal hits the ring and-

[The crowd cheers as Royal drills Bling Bling Beaumont with a right hand, knocking him off his feet. He greets an incoming Kevin Slater the same way, flooring the Wild Thing.]

GM: Down goes Beaumont! Down goes Slater!

[Spinning around, Royal spots Marley in the corner and drills him with a running right hand that nearly sends Marley over the ropes but the athletic superstar manages to hang on to the ropes, staying inside the ring as Royal spins again and blindly charges the corner where Clayton Shaw and Gregorson are smacking around Sudakov...

...and drills all three men with a right hand!]

GM: Listen to these fans! Ricky Royal's got them whipped into a frenzy!

[With everyone else in the ring downed or staggered from his assault, Royal leaps to the midbuckle and salutes the roaring fans.]

CD: Wait a second. When Beaumont hit Gregorson, the fans booed him. When Royal does it, I need earplugs! I don't get it!

[Bling Bling Beaumont seizes the chance as he races along the ropes, shoving Royal from his perch...

...but only causing him to fall out to the ring apron! The crowd sighs with relief.]

GM: Ohhh my! Ricky Royal almost had his night ended in a heartbeat!

CD: He's not safe yet either. Beaumont's pounding him right now, trying to knock him to the floor!

[The crowd groans with every blow as the lanky Compton, California native throws big right hands at the staggered Ricky Royal Jr.]

GM: Royal's hanging onto the ropes... somehow, someway... he's managing to stay on that apron.

BW: For now.

[Frustrated, Beaumont backs away, measuring Royal as he straightens up.]

GM: What's he- BICYCLE KICK!

[But as Beaumont lashes out with that long leg, aiming for the skull of Ricky Royal...

...he comes up empty as Royal moves, inadvertently crotching himself on the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohhh my! Not a very soft landing for Bling Bling Beaumont and he's feeling the effects of his mistake right now.

[And he's about to feel it a little more as Royal grabs the top rope, shaking it up and down to drive the rope into the nether regions of the Upper Crust member, sending howls of pain through the air.]

GM: We're about to be joined by the man who pulled #11 this morning and he'll be our eighth man in the ring! El Corazon Negro is gone, Man Of Steel is gone, and Dave Cooper from Rough N Ready is gone.

CD: Isn't it from Nice And Easy?

GM: Rough N Ready!

[With the crowd counting down, Kevin Slater takes a chance and hits a running elbow on the still crotched Beaumont, knocking him over the ropes and down to the floor.]

GM: Ohhh! Bling Bling Beaumont is eliminated!

CD: That was fast. A quick night for Beaumont and I've got a feeling that Mr. Styles won't be too happy with that.

GM: Beaumont's gone... but who is about to replace him?

[The buzzer sounds and the crowd cheers at the sight of the veteran brawler Soup Bone Samson walking into view, large steel chain draped around his neck.]

GM: Soup Bone Samson draws #11!

CD: Heheheh.

GM: What's so funny?

CD: The guy is older than you are, Myers. No chance that he can survive over 40 minutes to win this thing. He might as well just go back to Shady Pines Retirement Center right now.

GM: Shady Pines- give me a break!

[Samson rolls into the ring and immediately goes after a kneeling Kolya Sudakov, shoving Clayton Shaw aside as he drives a headbutt down onto Sudakov.]

GM: Right after Sudakov!

BW: Those two are no strangers to each other, Gordo.

GM: That's right. It was last fall that those two absolutely destroyed one another in a Russian Chain Match for Southern Championship Wrestling... a match that Bucky and I had the pleasure of calling.

BW: One of the bloodiest wars I've ever seen, daddy.

GM: And they're picking up right where they left off, trading blows in the middle of the ring...

[A stiff headbutt to the bridge of the nose from Samson causes Sudakov to fall back against the ropes where Werewolf Gregorson leans over, trying to pick a leg up off the mat. He is quickly joined by Samson who grabs the other leg.]

GM: They've got Sudakov up, fans! Kolya Sudakov's night may be about to end!

[On the other side of the ring, Ricky Royal is battering Kevin Slater in the corner with a barrage of right hands as Rick Marley works underneath, trying to get Slater up into the air.]

GM: Marley and Royal are trying to toss Slater but not having much luck yet. But look at this... now Clayton Shaw is coming to help on Sudakov! We've got Shaw, Samson, and Gregorson all trying to topple the Russian War Machine out to the floor!

[Clayton Shaw ducks his head under the ropes, reaching up to try and pull the Russian down over the top rope.]

GM: Sudakov's struggling... trying to stay in the match. He could really use some help from his Uncle Vladimir right now - there's no question about that.

CD: Maybe I should go give him a hand.

GM: You stay right where you are. You could be in this match helping him if you weren't such a-

CD: A what?

GM: I'm a family man - I think I'll keep it to myself.

CD: You'll be keeping your teeth to yourself - in a jar next to the bed if you mouth off to me, old man.

BW: I think he already keeps his teeth in a jar next to the bed.

CD: Ehehehehe. You're probably right, Bucky! Is this next call brought to you by Polident, Gordo?

[While the announcers bicker, Slater uncorks a hard forearm that breaks him away from Ricky Royal. A rake of Marley's eyes breaks his grip as well. The Wild Thing walks out of the corner, leaning against the ropes to get a breather.]

GM: Kevin Slater looks a little winded in there. We saw him in action earlier tonight and now he's been in this match for about twenty minutes.

CD: And I'll go ahead and tell you since you've never been in the ring Twenty minutes in a battle royal is like an hour in a regular match. So many opponents. So many different styles. You're constantly defending yourself and if you get a break, you spend the whole time looking over your shoulder.

GM: We're about to find out who drew #12. At what point do you consider you drew a good number?

CD: Number 30. Never settle for anything but the best. That's a good lesson for the AWA to remember when they crown a champion other than myself. They'll just be settling.

[The buzzer sounds once more and a pretty good reaction goes up as "Hellion" Mark Shaw, the barrel-chested big man walks into view, wasting no time as he circles around the ring over near where the Sudakov elimination is being attempted.]

GM: Mark Shaw's not even getting in the ring! What's he doing?

CD: He's going to join in and try to eliminate Sudakov! No one wants the Russian War Machine in there any longer. He's just too dangerous, Gordo.

GM: Mark Shaw is- he's still on the floor...

[Reaching up from the floor, Mark Shaw grabs ahold of Sudakov by the head and neck...

...and yanks down hard, pulling the Russian over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: SUDAKOV'S GONE!

CD: He's not the only one!

[The crowd response settles down a bit as they spot "Stars And Stripes" Clayton Shaw on the floor as well, having gotten tangled up with Sudakov on the way over the top.]

GM: Clayton Shaw's gone as well! Mark Shaw just eliminated two men without even stepping into the ring! That puts us down to six men inside the ring!

BW: And take a look at this staredown, willya?

[Clayton Shaw regains his feet, staring coldly at "Hellion" Mark Shaw who returns the gaze for a moment as we crossfade again, moving even deeper into the match where the buzzer sounds...

...and the place goes almost deadly silent as the monstrous Tumaffi strides through the entrance curtain.]

GM: Oh... my... lord.

BW: Here he is, Gordo! The man who ran away with the fan poll as to who would win the Rumble! He's the easy favorite to win this thing tonight!

GM: But... but... he's number 17. That's over 25 minutes he has to survive in there carrying all that weight.

BW: It's no problem when there's no one left in the ring with you, daddy!

GM: There's ten men in there!

BW: Fifteen with Tumaffi but not for long!

[The massive Samoan steps through the ropes into the ring...

...where all the action has stopped, all eyes now on the big man.]

GM: Not a single man has moved. They've all stopped to watch. They've all stopped to try and figure out how to handle this beast.

BW: If they were smart, they'd all rush him together right now... luckily for him, they're not that smart.

GM: Tumaffi is number 17 and-

[And Ricky Royal bursts through the crowd of wrestlers, sprinting at Tumaffi, leaping into the air, and immediately throwing fists of fury as he lands on his feet. The crowd explodes!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Tumaffi braces himself against Royal's barrage of shots...

...and then shoves him away, down to the mat with a thud as Barry Paulson races to replace him.]

GM: Here comes the Canadian!

BW: Poor brave soul.

GM: Rights and lefts, trying to chop down the big man...

[The big man reaches out with his right hand to grab Paulson by the hair and drives his skull into the head.]

GM: Ohhhh! Mighty headbutt by Tumaffi!

[Reaching to grab the stunned Paulson with his left hand as well, Tumaffi uses a powerful biel throw to toss the Canadian over the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: OHHHHHH! WHAT POWER! WHAT STRENGTH!

BW: Barry Paulson is eliminated!

[Racing to take his place is Werewolf Gregorson, throwing chops to the side of Tumaffi's neck, trying to stun the giant...

...but Tumaffi shoves him back a few feet, giving enough space for him to somehow get his leg up in a thrust kick to the heart!]

GM: OH! How did he get this foot up high enough to do that?

BW: I have no- ELBOW!!

[The crowd gasps as the four hundred pounder leaves his feet, crashing down with his weight squarely on the chest of Gregorson in the form of an elbow drop.

Outside the ring, Stevie Scott is struggling to get free from Tin Can Rust's grip still...

...and suddenly finds himself free as Calisto Dufresne uncorks a big punch... with the same hand that had just dipped into his pants pocket. Tin Can Rust crumples backwards from the shot, dropping motionless to the mat as Stevie Scott scampers away and Dufresne calmly puts his hand back in his pocket before walking away from the ring.]

GM: Tin Can Rust is out cold!

[Dufresne quickly rejoins the announce desk.]

GM: What did you do? What did you hit him with?

CD: The great equalizer, Gordo... my hand of steel.

GM: Literally, I'm thinking!

CD: I have no idea what you're talking about.

[An exhausted Kevin Slater pulls Tin Can Rust's dead weight off the mat, completely unaware of what happened to him as he shoves him over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Tin Can Rust is eliminated! Kevin Slater tosses him to the floor but he had no idea what you just did, Calisto Dufresne!

CD: I was just helping an innocent man. You can pout all you want about it but Stevie Scott did not deserve that kind of treatment and it was my duty as a defender of justice to stop it.

GM: Defender of- that just makes me sick!

[The buzzer sounds as Tumaffi climbs back to his feet.]

GM: Despair! Despair is number 18!

[The fiery cruiserweight slides under the ropes just as Tumaffi pulls Gregorson up off the mat, shoving him back into the corner. He immediately charges across the ring to try and save his tag team partner...

...and gets met with a brutal reverse knife-edge chop that knocks him off his feet.]

GM: Down goes Despair!

[With Gregorson cornered, Soup Bone Samson drills Tumaffi across the exposed back with a big forearm shot. A second one causes the big Samoan to turn around...

...and retort with a crazed bellow before an uppercut martial arts thrust sends Samson sailing over the ropes and down to the concrete floor below!]

CD: Uh oh! Samson might have broken his hip there!

GM: We've got some officials out here helping Tin Can Rust out of here. He's just completely dead weight. What in the world did you hit him with? I still want to know!

BW: Nine men left in the ring!

GM: Nice subject change.

[Tumaffi turns back to face the ring just as Ricky Royal rages in towards him again, throwing wild right haymakers with enough force to actually stagger the big Samoan a bit.]

GM: Those punches are taking quite a bit out of Tumaffi! He's been the target of almost everyone in the ring since he got in there and-

[A big Mongolian chop out of nowhere knocks Royal down to his knees. Grabbing Royal by the shoulders, Tumaffi measures him for a huge headbutt...

...but gets caught with a running Yakuza kick to the skull by Kevin Slater, knocking him back into the waiting arms of Mark Shaw.]

GM: BACKDROP DRIVER?! NO WAY!

CD: You're exactly right, Myers. There's no way.

[Shaw lifts and lifts, showing incredible physical strain, but he just can't manage to get Tumaffi off his feet...

...and a big elbow gets driven down into the back of his head, knocking the Hellion off his feet. Slater races in, peppering Tumaffi with fists to knock him back into the buckles.]

GM: And now it's the Wild Thing working over Tumaffi! He's got him backed into the corner and is just teeing off with those huge right hands!

[Despair staggers to his feet...

...and gets greeted with a double dropkick from Erik Reid and Rick Marley that sends Despair sailing over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: DESPAIR IS ELIMINATED!

CD: Eliminated in less than two minutes. I guess he'll have a lot to... despair... tonight.

BW: Ahahahaha.

GM: We're down to eight in the ring but we must be quickly approaching the man who drew #19 in the match. Almost the two-thirds mark of the matchup.

BW: Still some big names left. No Menace... no Broussard... both mystery entrants.

GM: What about Buddy Lambert? Ron Houston?

BW: I said big names, Gordo.

[Slater leaps up to the midbuckle to pummel Tumaffi some more...

...but gets shoved right back down by the mighty Samoan.]

GM: Man, this guy is strong. Tumaffi wobbles a bit as he comes out of the corner...

[And gets caught with a double dropkick from Marley and Reid that knocks him right back into the corner. A bit too fired up perhaps, Reid mounts the midbuckle, raining down right hands on the big Samoan.]

GM: The fans are counting along with the punches! Four... five... six... NO!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's cry as Tumaffi somehow powers out of the corner, holding Reid up in a gorilla press...

...and with a mighty bellow, he hurls Reid over the ropes, clearing the padded area on the floor and dumping the Dallas native directly on the unforgiving concrete!]

GM: Oh... oh my god.

[The cries of pain from Erik Reid echo through the WKIK Studios as the mighty Tumaffi's deep laugh does the same from inside the ring.]

GM: We need some help out here, I think. Erik Reid just got thrown over the padding on the floor... he landed right on the concrete, chestfirst on the floor.

[Reid rolls to his back clutching his ribcage as Tumaffi bellows from inside the ring, turning back to face his next victim.]

GM: Get some- okay, we've got some medics coming out here to help Erik Reid. What a dangerous match this is, Bucky. We've seen some guys take some very hard falls to the floor. Nothing like that but dangerous nonetheless.

CD: Nothing feels quite like going over the top rope and landing on concrete, Gordo.

[The buzzer goes off as the EMTs work on Erik Reid on the floor. "Try Honesty" by Billy Talent plays as "Subzero" Adrian Freeman struts through the curtain. He casts a disparaging look at the injured Erik Reid before climbing up on the apron and stepping into the ring.]

GM: The Australian, Adrian Freeman, has joined the match at #19!

BW: I'm surprised anyone in that locker room is continuing to come out here after watching what Tumaffi has done to everyone since he came out here. Everyone else might as well just call it a night and save themselves the trip to the ER, daddy!

GM: With #19 in the ring, we've got eight competitors in there. Slater, Marley, Gregorson, Royal, Mark Shaw, Driscoll, Tumaffi, and now Adrian Freeman.

BW: And both Slater and Marley have been in there closing in on forty minutes, Gordo!

GM: They certainly have. Slater's gotta be running on fumes right now... maybe just willing himself on with the chance to tangle with the Masked Menace... fans, I hate to do this right now, but we need to take a quick break! We'll be right back!

[We fade away...

...and when we come back up, we're further along in the match with Gregorson howling to the fans as he sprints to the ropes.]

GM: SILVER BULLET COMING UP!

[But as Gregorson hits the far ropes, Shaw and Royal sprint towards him and connect with a running double shoulderblock that send the Alaskan sailing over the ropes and down to the floor! The crowd is deflated by Gregorson's elimination but quickly cheer again as Royal and Shaw move back in on Tumaffi.]

GM: Werewolf Gregorson is eliminated by Mark Shaw and Ricky Royal!

[Seizing the moment, Rick Marley pulls the squashed Hikarimono off the mat, tossing him over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Hikarimono is gone as wel- FREEMAN!

[The Australian sneaks up behind Marley, upending him over the ropes.]

GM: AND MARLEY'S GONE TOO!

[Not so fast, Mr. Myers. Despite Freeman spinning away, confident his job is done, Rick Marley manages to hook the top rope, only one foot skimming the floor before he pulls himself back up.]

GM: No! He's still alive and-

[The Australian spins back around, rushing in on Marley who while upside down snares the incoming Freeman in a headscissors...

...and uses the headscissors to pull Freeman from the ring, dumping him out to the floor!]

GM: Adrian Freeman is eliminated! The 19th man in the match is eliminated by Rick Marley who was the second man in the match and is somehow still in the ring!

[Marley pops back to his feet, taunting Freeman as he turns around...

...and gets rocked by a discus punch from "Pistol" Paul Driscoll sending him sailing back towards the ropes...

...the ropes that Freeman pulls down to cause Marley to sail over them and out to the floor!]

GM: MARLEY'S GONE! A huuuuge discus punch by Pete Driscoll sends him to the ropes and Adrian Freeman who Marley just eliminated pulls down the ropes to pay back "Showtime!"

BW: And just like that, we're down to five guys in the ring!

GM: The mighty Tumaffi, "Pistol" Paul Driscoll, "Hellion" Mark Shaw, "Ragin' Rebel" Ricky Royal, and the man who was the first in the ring, "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater are the only ones left at the moment.

BW: Spoke too soon.

[The buzzer sounds.]

GM: Oh jeez.

[The crowd boos wildly as the elder statesman of the Russians walks into view, the heavy steel chain draped across his shoulders.]

GM: Vladimir Velikov is number 21! The Russians aren't out of this quite yet.

[Velikov walks into the WKIK Studios, barking in Russians at the jeering fans...

...and walks right into an upset Werewolf Gregorson who lashes out with a right hand on Velikov, staggering the big Russian!]

GM: We've got a fight on the floor! Gregorson and Velikov!

[Gregorson's attempt at a second blow is swatted aside as Velikov returns the favor. The two men stand trading punches in fast forward for a few moments before Velikov sneaks a thumb into the eye of Gregorson.]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Velik- what's he doing?! NO! STOP HIM!

[The crowd buzzes as Velikov, with evil intentions in his eyes, wraps the heavy steel chain around his arm...

...and nails the blinded Gregorson with a standing clothesline using the chain, knocking the Alaskan to the floor where he immediately grabs for his throat!]

GM: We need to get some help out here! We need some- no!

[Velikov unwraps the chain from his arm, looping it around the throat of Gregorson and with his knee posted in Gregorson's back, he starts pulling back on the chain!]

GM: HE'S CHOKING HIM WITH THAT CHAIN! WITH THAT HEAVY METAL CHAIN!

[AWA officials are immediately on the scene, trying to break Velikov's grip...

...when suddenly the crowd erupts!]

GM: DESPAIR!

[Gregorson's tag team partner sprints from the entranceway, leaping onto the back of Velikov which topples him down to the floor. Despair quickly rolls on top of Velikov and starts throwing right hands at the bald skull of the big Russian.]

GM: Despair just saved his partner! He's rocking the Russian-

[The boos grow louder again.]

GM: SUDAKOV!

[The Russian War Machine storms into view, diving into a full body tackle that knocks Despair off of the downed Velikov. Sudakov quickly uses his MMA skills to secure full mount and begins pummeling with clenched fists from the top.]

GM: The Russians are all over Gregorson and Despair!

[Velikov quickly recovers from his assault at the hands of Despair, returning to scoop up his steel chair...

...that he lashes down across the exposed back of Gregorson!]

GM: Ohhh! Oh my!

[Velikov sneers at the AWA officials protesting and raises the chain once more...

...and brings it down hard across the flesh again, leaving a hideous red welt across the back.]

GM: We need some help out here! If anyone in the back can hear me, please send some more help out here for Gregorson and Despair! These Russians... these damned Russians...

BW: Gordo!

GM: I can't help it! These guys are sick, Bucky! Absolutely disgusting!

[A shout in Russian from Velikov causes Sudakov to stand up, glaring down at the wounded Despair, his arms over his face to attempt to ward off the strikes. Sudakov quickly joins his uncle, both men lifting their arms in

triumph, holding the steel chain high as they simply walk away from Gregorson and Despair.]

CD: I guess Vladimir's got no interest in fighting in this Rumble. Just like me!

GM: I think he accomplished exactly what he wanted to accomplish. And we're getting word from the officials at ringside that with Velikov leaving ringside, he has been thrown out of this match. We're back down to five men in the ring, all brawling, all fighting their hearts out to win that spot in the AWA Title Tournament... and out here, some thug just threw that away for a chance to hurt his enemy.

CD: Thug? That seems severe.

GM: He attacked a man with a steel chain... he and his despicable nephew!

[Another fade...

...and then back up as Eric Matthew Somers come trotting towards the ring.]

GM: 6'9, 350 pounds... Eric Matthew Somers is a big, big man.

CD: And coming into the Rumble this late, he may have a big, big impact.

GM: Somers is #25... only five more competitors to go. Ricky Royal has been in the ring the longest of the five men in the ring now... he came in at #10 so he's been in around a half hour. Mark Shaw came in at #12 so he's right there as well.

BW: And Tumaffi's been in there about fifteen minutes as well.

GM: For someone his size, that may feel like a half hour or so.

CD: Especially since he's too dumb to remember to breathe.

[Somers steps over the ropes...

...and walks right up to Tumaffi.]

GM: Whooooa boy. Take a look at that.

BW: He's giving up fifty pounds or so but he's three inches taller. This could be interestin'.

[Somers jabs a finger in Tumaffi's chest, giving him the verbal smackdown as he continues to poke away...

...to which Tumaffi replies with a bellow and a hard reverse knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Ohhh my! Big chop by Tumaffi!

[Somers responds with a thunderous forearm slammed down across the pectorals.]

GM: Somers isn't backing down!

[Another chop by Tumaffi!]

GM: Right hand by Somers! These two behemoths are trading blows in the middle of the ring!

[And seeing an opportunity, Lambert, Shaw, and Royal join in... all four men taking turns throwing a right hand at Tumaffi, slowly backing him towards the ropes.]

GM: Tumaffi's in trouble! They've got him wobbling!

[Shaw and Royal race to the ropes in unison, rebounding back with a double clothesline that knocks Tumaffi two more steps towards the ropes...]

GM: He's only a foot or two away from the ropes! That's where they need him if they're going for an elimination!

[This time, it's the Spitfire, Buddy Lambert, who races to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and connecting solidly with a flying forearm to the noggin of the big Samoan, knocking him one more step back towards the ropes.]

GM: Shaw and Royal knock him back! Lambert knocks him back further! And that leaves the big man!

[And with a huge rally clap rockin' the WKIK Studios, Eric Matthew Somers races to the ropes...

...and connects with a big running clothesline that knocks Tumaffi back into the ropes, hanging onto the top rope to stay on his feet! Huge ovation!]

GM: Somers puts him on the ropes! The big man rocked him! One more, big man! One more like that might take him over the top!

BW: I don't think so.

GM: We're about to find out!

[Somers lifts a big arm to the sky, drawing cheers from the Dallas crowd. He pumps his fist a couple of times, then throws his big body into the ropes, rebounding back...

...and connecting with another huge running clothesline. This one actually lifts Tumaffi off the mat a bit... but the big Samoan slumps back down, not going over the ropes.]

BW: Told ya!

GM: He almost got him. You saw him come off the mat! If Somers keeps chopping at that tree, eventually he's gonna bring it down, Bucky. Eventually that big tree has to come down!

CD: That analogy works better on Somers since he's tall.

GM: Why are you still here?

[With a frustrated Somers driving a pair of forearms into the face of Tumaffi before yanking him back to his feet, throwing his arms over the ropes to keep him up, the countdown to #26 begins.]

GM: The fans are counting down to the next entry. We've still got some major superstars who haven't come out here yet - men who got very lucky with their draw earlier today.

BW: I think he's going for another clothesline.

[The buzzer sounds as Somers backs a few steps away, pointing a big finger at Tumaffi, and pumping his fist to the sky once more.]

GM: This'll do it! I know this one will do it!

[But as Somers starts to run to the ropes, the speedy "Supersonic" Shannon Stokes emerges from the entryway, races to ringside, and leaps onto the apron where he pulls down the top rope...

...which causes Somers to topple over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: Haha! Shannon Stokes caught him napping and he's eliminated the big man! One of the smallest men in this match just eliminated one of the biggest and you've gotta love the irony in that one, Gordo.

GM: I do? I thought Somers was on the verge of changing the complexion of this match completely. He was very close to taking out the heavy favorite in this Rumble, Bucky.

CD: Close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades, baby.

[As Stokes slips into the ring, he's immediately dropped with a right hand by Buddy Lambert.]

GM: I don't think Shannon Stokes is going to get a very warm welcome in there as he just cost them their best chance at eliminating Tumaffi from this match.

[Stokes pops back up, only to get bodyslammed back down by Mark Shaw,

further proving Gordon's point.]

GM: And as Shannon Stokes gets pinballed around the ring, we need to take our final break. One last time, fans, and the rest of the match will come to you without commercials! Don't go away!

[We fade away as Ricky Royal drops Stokes with an uppercut...

...and fade back up on the ring where Mark Shaw gorilla press slams Stokes to the canvas.]

GM: My goodness! A thunderous slam down to the canvas by Mark Shaw and-

[And the buzzer sounds again, bringing #27 to the ring.]

GM: Who is it? Who is the lucky man who drew #27?

[The crowd jeers wildly as the San Jose Shark, Marcus Broussard walks through the entranceway.]

GM: Broussard! Marcus Broussard drew #27!

BW: You're looking at the man who will be your first AWA Champion, daddy!

GM: We'll see about that. Six men in the ring now. Ricky Royal, Mark Shaw, the mighty Tumaffi, Buddy Lambert, Shannon Stokes, and now Marcus Broussard.

[Broussard does not seem to be in any rush to get into the ring, stopping to jaw with a ringside fan as he approaches the squared circle.]

GM: It's not enough to get to come in at number 27, now you have to stall your entrance even more?

BW: It's smart 'rasslin, Gordo. Why should he rush in there and get all tangled up right away?

GM: Because it's the right thing to do.

CD: A lot of people get hurt doing the right thing to do, Myers.

[Broussard pauses to shake hands with a college-aged man who is "going against the grain" and cheering for the San Jose Shark as he slowly... very slowly... makes his way around the ring.]

GM: Lambert's calling him into the ring. The Spitfire would like a piece of Broussard, I think. Shaw and Royal would as well after the tag match on the last Saturday Night Wrestling.

[The San Jose Shark simply smirks at the invitation from Lambert, turning his back to talk to his fan once more...

...which gives Buddy Lambert the chance to hoist Shannon Stokes high into the air, walking towards the ropes...]

GM: What's he gonna do with Stokes?

[And bring Stokes crashing down on a bent knee with an atomic drop, the impact of which sends Stokes sailing over the ropes, crashing into Broussard and knocking the Shark into the first row of seating! The crowd roars!]

GM: Oh yeah! Stokes is eliminated and Lambert just humiliated the San Jose Shark! He's begging Broussard to climb into the ring... absolutely begging as Mark Shaw is chopping Tumaffi in the corner. The big man has lost a lot of his energy. He isn't throwing people around like he was earlier. And now Shaw's taking advantage of it.

[Getting to his feet on the floor, Broussard whips his jacket down to the ground. His face is red with a mixture of embarrassment and anger as he glares up at the fiery Buddy Lambert who is leaning over the ropes, waving for Broussard to get in the ring.]

GM: Lambert is all fired up. He wants Broussard in there so badly. Marcus Broussard is one of the favorites in this match and you can bet Lambert would like a shot at him because of that.

[Ricky Royal charges across the ring from corner to corner, drilling Tumaffi with a running clothesline that knocks Tumaffi to a kneeling position in the corner. Shaw continues to chop away at Tumaffi, blistering his chest with repeated knife edge chops.]

GM: Shaw and Royal continue their attack on Tumaffi and I think you can tell very clearly the two men who are the most determined to eliminate Tumaffi from this match. Those two have spent a large part of the match trying to get him out of the ring and- is that the countdown?

[Indeed it is, Gordon.]

GM: Are you telling me that coward Broussard has stayed outside the ring this entire time? The entire two minute period, he's managed to stall getting into the ring?

CD: Judging by where he's standing, I'd say you are correct.

[And as the buzzer sounds... the WKIK Studios _erupts_!]

GM: HOUSTON! RON HOUSTON TEARS THROUGH THE CURTAIN!

[The look of pure terror on Marcus Broussard's face tells all the story in the world as he frantically rolls into the ring...]

...and gets popped with a big uppercut from Buddy Lambert who grabs Broussard by the arm and whips him into Houston as soon as Houston steps into the ring.]

GM: HOUSTON'S GOT BROUSSARD! He's the reason for that injured left shoulder and-

[The crowd roars as Houston hurls Broussard into the closest corner, barreling in with a knee to the gut. A hard boot to the face straightens Broussard up.]

GM: Ohh! What a kick there!

[Holding Broussard in place with his left arm, Houston throws big right haymaker after big right haymaker into the head of the San Jose Shark.]

GM: He's beatin' the tar out of Broussard!

[A hard right back elbow cements Broussard into the corner as Houston backs off, spinning right around to charge back in with a clothesline...

...but at the last moment, Broussard raises up, bringing his knee squarely in contact with the injured left shoulder! Houston recoils away in pain, clutching his arm.]

GM: Oh! He went to the shoulder!

[The San Jose Shark quickly moves into motion, hammerlocking the arm, and stepping on the back of Houston's knee to force him down to a kneeling position where Broussard quickly switches to a straddle armbar!]

GM: Ahh! You can hear Houston screaming all the way in Fort Worth, fans! Broussard's cranking on the arm, ripping and tearing at that injured shoulder.

[Peeling off the three-on-one assault on Tumaffi, Buddy Lambert walks over towards Broussard...

...who promptly breaks the hold, driving a thumb into the eye of Lambert as he approaches.]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot!

[Stepping away from Houston, Broussard hooks a handful of Lambert's hair and _hurls_ him over the ropes...

...but the Spitfire hooks onto the top rope, managing to stay up on the apron.]

GM: Barely stays on the apron! Buddy Lambert just barely hangs on right there- ooh! Hard right hand by Broussard! And another! He's trying to knock Lambert off the apron and get the elimination.

[Pushing up to his feet with one arm, Ron Houston leans against the ropes, wincing in pain...

...and then barrels across the ring towards Broussard.]

GM: LAAAAAAAAARIAAAAAA-

[But at the last moment, Broussard flattens out, causing Houston to hit his huuuuuuuge lariat squarely on the chest of Buddy Lambert which sends the Spitfire sailing off the apron, crashing down to the concrete floor!]

GM: Ohhhh! Lambert's gone! Buddy Lambert's been eliminated! Look at Houston... he didn't mean to do it. He feels terrible about it.

[One final fade...

...and back to where Jamie Lilas and Broussard trade off taking turns driving punches into the wounded Ron Houston for a few moments before double irish whipping him from corner to corner.]

GM: Double whip... Broussard grabs Lilas by the arm, whips him across...

[And as the Peerless One approaches quickly, Houston rears back his big right hand...

...and drives it squarely into the heart of Jamie Lilas!]

GM: PULSEKILLER! THE HEART PUNCH BY HOUSTON AND-

[He grabs a handful of Lilas' hair, _hurling_ him over the ropes to the floor to a huge ovation...

...and promptly turns to point a menacing finger at Marcus Broussard!]

GM: LILAS IS GONE! JUST LIKE THAT!

[Broussard quickly backpedals to the corner, raising his hands up to beg off.]

GM: Marcus Broussard is begging for mercy and I've got a feeling he'll get none of that from Ron Houston after sending him to the doctor with a shoulder injury!

BW: He shouldn't be wasting time like this though... you never know what'll-

[A deafening bellow from Tumaffi cuts off Bucky as he connects with a crushing headbutt that knocks Shaw off his feet and then wraps his hand around the throat of Ricky Royal, hoisting him high into the air...

...and _planting_ him with a sloppy chokeslam!]

GM: There wasn't a lot of lift on the chokeslam. Tumaffi's been in this ring for over twenty minutes. He's gotta be absolutely exhausted. Somehow he got a second wind right there to take Shaw and Royal down...

[And he marches out to the center of the ring, standing between Broussard and Houston.]

GM: He's blocking Houston's path! He's blocking Ron Houston from getting to Broussard!

[The San Jose Shark looks as relieved as you could ever look, shouting for Tumaffi to finish off Houston...

...and the big Samoan barrels towards the corner, catching Houston by surprise and smashing him with an avalanche in the corner!]

GM: OHHHHH! Tumaffi squashes Houston in the corner!

[Broussard applauds the splash, shouting for Tumaffi to do it again.]

GM: Listen to the San Jose Shark. He's screaming for Tumaffi to finish him... screaming for-

[The crowd starts to count down as Tumaffi turns away from Ron Houston...

...staring dead in the eyes of Marcus Broussard.]

BW: Uh oh.

GM: He's got Broussard in his sights! Maybe Tumaffi doesn't like being ordered around by the San Joes Shark!

[The buzzer sounds once more, bringing the final entry into the WKIK Studios.]

GM: Who is it? Who drew number 30?

[But no one emerges from the entrance.]

GM: Where is he?

[Tumaffi suddenly lunges forward...

...and a trapped San Jose Shark gets hit with 400 pounds of flesh in the turnbuckles!]

GM: AVALANCHE! AVALANCHE ON BROUSSARD!

BW: And Tumaffi stands alone! Tumaffi is going to win this whole thing!

CD: Oh yeah?

[Suddenly, Calisto Dufresne throws down his mic, charging from the announce desk, diving headfirst into the ring, still wearing his suit...

...and sporting something shiny on his right hand.]

GM: What the-?!

[With Tumaffi unaware, Dufresne sets up behind him, and as the big Samoan turns around...

...he UNLOADS with a giant brass knuckles aided right hand!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

[Tumaffi's eyes roll back in his head from the blow, staggering badly backwards. He's wobbly, his arms circling trying to keep from toppling over, almost an unconscious effort more than anything else. Dufresne screams at the big Samoan.]

"FALL, YOU BIG GOOF! FALL!"

GM: And we just got confirmation, Calisto Dufresne, the Ladykiller, is Number 30! He tricked us all! He told everyone he had no desire to be in this match and somehow he managed to get the number 30 slot in the Rumble!

BW: Tumaffi's going down! He can barely stand!

[Seeing his chance, Ricky Royal climbs to his feet, shoving Dufresne aside...

...and ducks down, tucking an arm between the legs of the mighty Tumaffi.]

GM: SLAM! HE'S GOING FOR THE SLAM!

[With the roaring crowd cheering him on, Ricky Royal braces his legs, lifting as hard as he can.

An irate Dufresne moves to attack with the knuckles but a lunging tackle from Mark Shaw knocks him down to the canvas where Shaw rips the knuckles away, tossing them aside as he pummels the downed Ladykiller.]

GM: Come on, Ricky!

[The crowd is chanting "RIC-KY! RIC-KY! RIC-KY!" desperately trying to inspire the Ragin' Rebel to pull off the slam...

...and to the surprise of almost everyone, Tumaffi actually comes up off the canvas.]

GM: HE'S GONNA DO IT! HE'S GONNA-

[But just as he manages to get a leg up, Tumaffi shifts his weight, crashing down with all four hundred pounds squarely across the chest of Ricky Royal!]

GM: OHHHHHH! HE SQUASHED HIM! HE SQUASHED ROYAL!!

[Tumaffi rolls off of Royal, breathing heavily as his hands go up to his head where Dufresne popped him with the brass knuckles. The San Jose Shark staggers over to the downed duo, pulling Royal off the mat...

...and chucking him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: RICKY ROYAL IS ELIMINATED!

BW: And then there were five!

GM: Mark Shaw, Tumaffi, Marcus Broussard, Ron Houston, and Calisto Dufresne. One of these five men will secure the first slot in the AWA Title Tournament in just a short while!

[With Royal gone, Broussard tries to yank Tumaffi off the mat by the arm but has no luck in moving the dead weight...

...which makes him easy prey for Ron Houston who lunges forward, taking Broussard down with a big spear tackle!]

GM: BROUSSARD AND HOUSTON! BROUSSARD AND HOUSTON!

[The San Jose Shark and the Athens, Georgia Madman tussle on the floor, each getting the advantage before losing it right away. Tumaffi lies motionless a few feet away. Suddenly, Mark Shaw is on his feet and Calisto Dufresne is propped up over his shoulder.]

GM: Shaw's got him up! He's got Dufresne up!

[And as he charges towards the ropes, Dufresne somehow hangs on...

...which causes both men to topple over the ropes, crashing down to the concrete below!]

GM: Ohh! Look at that! Shaw and Dufresne are gone! Just like that, we're down to three men!

[With the ring suddenly very empty, Houston pulls Broussard off the mat, dipping down to hoist him into a fireman's carry.]

GM: FADE TO BLACK! FADE TO- no! Broussard goes to the eyes!

[And promptly _spikes_ Houston skullfirst into the canvas with a snapping DDT. Broussard rolls off to the corner, resting for a moment.]

GM: All three men are down. Ron Houston, Marcus Broussard, and Tumaffi! One of these three men will be getting the first slot in the AWA Title Tournament at Memorial Day Mayhem!

BW: And they get a match of their choice on the next AWA Saturday Night Wrestling!

GM: The stakes are oh-so-high... but at the moment, none of them are-

[The crowd buzzes as Tumaffi sits up...

...and then climbs the rest of the way to his feet, looking with fire in his eyes at the two downed competitors sharing _his_ ring.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: And that's _not_ the guy you want to recover first!

GM: I suppose not but you've gotta get him over the ropes somehow, Bucky. No one was going to get him up off the floor... no one had a chance of being able to-

[The crowd _erupts_ as Ricky Royal suddenly leaps up on the ring apron... only wearing one boot. Why, you ask?

Because the other boot is being clutched in his hand.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Get him down from there! He had his chance!

[With a rabid Rebel Yell, Royal is in the ring racing towards the still-standing Tumaffi...

...and promptly _blasts_ him over the head with his boot!]

GM: WHAT A SHOT! Look at Tumaffi!

[The big Samoan staggers a bit from the blow from the boot... but he does not fall...

...so Ricky Royal kicks the WKIK Studios up a notch with his big boot covering his arm.]

GM: What's he- BOOT! BOOT! BOOT!

[The crowd explodes as Royal absolutely pummels the life out of Tumaffi with the boot in his hand, repeatedly whipping it down across the massive skull of the Samoan, slowly but surely draining the consciousness out of him!]

GM: Tumaffi is dazed! Tumaffi is staggered!

[Royal salutes his fans, racing to the far ropes, and rebounding back...

...and scoring with a leaping boot shot to the head!]

GM: ANOTHER SHOT TO THE HEAD!!

BW: He still can't take him down!

[Whooping all the while, Royal leaps up to the middle rope, salutes the fans...

...and leaps off, smashing the boot down on the top of Tumaffi's head, a blow that knocks him back so that he's leaning against the ropes! The crowd roars with approval!]

GM: RICKY ROYAL'S GOT HIM DAZED! He's got him on the ropes!

BW: With the help of the boot! But it doesn't matter... no way he's getting him- NO!

[The crowd erupts as Royal throws the boot aside, dropping down and getting one of Tumaffi's legs on each shoulder...

...and rises, slowly pushing Tumaffi up off the mat!]

BW: NO, NO, NO!

GM: He's got Tumaffi off the mat! The fans are driving him, Bucky! It's gotta be the fans and that Ragin' Rebel spirit driving him to get the mighty and massive Tumaffi in the air! He's trying to dump him! He's trying to-

[Suddenly, Ricky Royal gets an assist as a staggered and hurting Ron Houston joins the Mississippi native, dropping down under Tumaffi's right leg to help lift, higher and higher and higher until...]

GM: HE'S GONE! THEY DUMPED TUMAFFI! THEY DUMPED TUMAFFI OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!!

[The crowd explodes in its' loudest roar of the night as Tumaffi slams down to the concrete floor below!]

GM: TUMAFFI IS ELIMINATED AND WE'RE DOWN TO-

[But before Ron Houston can process what's going on, the cold-blooded Shark swoops in behind him, hooking him from behind, and dumping him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: NO! NOT LIKE THAT!

BW: Yes! He did it! I called it! I told you that Marcus Broussard was going to be the first AWA Champion! I told you he was your champ-eeen, daddy!

GM: I can not believe... after the tremendous night of action we just witnessed...

BW: After the tremendous night of action we just witnessed, the best wrestler in the world just won the big Rumble! It's only fitting, daddy! Oh, my mama's gonna throw the biggest party since the South won the war!

GM: The South won- what?! Never mind that! How in the world is this happening? How in the world is Marcus Broussard the winner of this Rumble?

[Broussard crumples down to his knees, holding a triumphant arm in the air. He's so excited he can barely stand it.]

BW: He's the best... aroooooound.

GM: Stop. Just... please stop. I can't believe this, fans. We're waiting for the official announcement but Marcus Broussard, the San Jose Shark, has won the Rumble and will go to Memorial Day Mayhem to battle to become the first AWA Champion. Absolutely amazing. I don't know what to say so thankfully we're running low on time and-

[Suddenly, the camera shot changes, revealing a referee waving his hands and screaming...]

"NO! No, it's not over!"

[The camera pans away from the referee to show Ron Houston with one leg up on the apron and one foot...

...firmly on the massive belly of Tumaffi who hit the floor just before he did.]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: He didn't touch the floor! He landed on Tumaffi and didn't touch the floor! Tumaffi bought him enough time to pull himself back up on the apron. That one foot hit Tumaffi and allowed him to save himself!

BW: Wait... no! Someone's gotta go warn Marcus!

GM: You stay right here!

BW: Let go of me, Gordo! I gotta warn Marcus!

[With Broussard still kneeling in triumph, Ron Houston rolls into the ring, pulling himself up to his full height, still clutching the injured left shoulder...

...and slowly walks up right behind the San Jose Shark.]

GM: Uh oh! The Shark's about to get speared and reeled on to the boat!

BW: Let loose a' me, Gordo! MARCUS! MARRRRRCUS!

[Reaching down with his right hand, he taps Broussard on the shoulder, grabbing his left wrist to raise it in the air.]

GM: He's raising his hand! And look at Broussard!

[An almost teary-eyed Broussard gets to his feet, lifting his other arm in victory as well, still unaware that it's a very large "referee" congratulating him...]

GM: Broussard still thinks he won it! Marcus Broussard is-

[THE CROWD ERUPTS!]

GM: LOOK AT HIS FACE!

[Broussard's eyes go wide, now staring at the man holding his wrist. The San Jose Shark tries to subtly tug his hand away... to no avail.

With a grin on his face, Houston pulls Broussard's arm hard, right up into a fireman's carry.]

BW: NO! NO! SOMEBODY STOP THIS!

[And the Athens, Georgia Madman simply walks over to the ropes, clinging tightly to the screaming and wriggling San Jose Shark...

...and swings him off in the Fade To Black, sending Broussard sailing over the ropes and down to the concrete floor below!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

MC: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR WINNER OF THE RUMBLE...

RONNNNNN HOUUUUUUUUUSTON!!!

[The crowd erupts yet again as an injured Houston leans over the ropes, grinning at Broussard who is now lying on the concrete floor barely moving.]

GM: RON HOUSTON HAS DONE IT! RON HOUSTON IS GOING TO MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM TO FIGHT FOR THE AWA TITLE!

[Houston gingerly lifts his injured arm in triumph, still smirking as Broussard rolls over to his back, staring up at the lights in disbelief.]

BW: I can't believe this, Gordo! I'm filing a protest! This isn't right! Marcus Broussard won this Rumble!

GM: You can say that! He can say that! But the record books will always say differently! This win... this night... belongs to Ron Houston! We're out of time! We'll see you next time... at the matches!

[We get one more shot of an irate Marcus Broussard lying on the floor, his face covered in disbelief.]

One more shot of the crowd, roaring its' approval for the night of action they just witnessed.

And one more shot of "The Athens, Georgia Madman" Ron Houston standing tall over 29 other competitors who came up short when it came to being known as "the man" on this night.

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 Mark Steglet on the interview stage. He's flanked on his right by Tully Brawn and Percy Childes.]

MS: Welcome back, fans. Mr. Childes, Mr. Brawn... you asked for some interview time. In fact, you have a challenge for your brother, Brian Von Braun.

TB: I do. I worked with our lawyers to draft up the contract this week. I put a lot of effort into it. The challenge is simple:

Brian will FACE me in a match on Memorial Day.

[BIG cheers!]

MS: A match at Memorial Day Mayhem!?

TB: No! In our HOMETOWN of Huntsville!

[Scattered boos.]

MS: Why in Alabama? Why there and not in Corpus Christi?

TB: The Von Brauns are royalty in the state of Alabama. What better way to prove I AM the most talented member than beat Brian in his own backyard?

MS: This seems...

TB [interrupting]: This seems like what? Tell me, Mark, WHAT do you know? NOTHING! Let me give you the REAL scoop on the Von Brauns. Someone like Gordon Myers will tell you Scott Von Braun was a legend. Scott Von Braun was NOTHING! He was a man who FOUGHT people smaller than him! The ONLY reason Scott's name became known was because of Brian.

And Brian?

[A scoff.]

TB: He NEVER lived up to expectations. BUT, he's considered to be the BIGGEST name in my immediate family. So beating him clean, in the middle of that ring, PROVES who the greatest of the Von Braun family really is. It's the "Patriarch's" forgotten son.

Here's the rest of the challenge, Mark. We meet one-on-one, Brian and me.

If I win? Brian has to SAY I am the BEST this family has to offer. He comes out and does that right here two weeks AFTER Memorial Day Mayhem. If Brian wins clean? If he can pin me or make me submit?

He gets ten minutes in the ring ALONE with Percy Childes!

[HUUUUUUUUUUGE CHEERS! Percy's eyes go wide. He grabs Tully by the arm and pulls him aside. The cheers continue as BVB steps onto the interview stage and makes his way towards the trio. BVB walks towards Stegglet who holds the mic out for BVB. Brawn puts himself between BVB and Percy.]

MS: You heard the challenge, and the contract has been sent.

BVB: No shenanigans?

[Tully shakes his head to answer.]

BVB: Done. I'll get the contract signed and back to you. I'll see you in the Rocket City, Tully.

[BVB points at Percy.]

BVB: I'll see you later.

[He moves his arm to point at the ring.]

BVB: In there, Percy.

[BIG cheer! We fade backstage where there's...a bit of chaos. A red-faced Robert Donovan and equally perturbed Adam Rogers are both stalking around, probably looking for something to break. Jason Dane moves into the picture, trying to get the attention of either man.]

JD: Is there any kind of update on the condition of Dick Wy --

[Dane is rather abruptly interrupted by the largest of the Beale Street Bullies, who seizes Dane's microphone hand, pulling Dane up into a less than comfortable position.]

RD: A hell of a thing just happened out there tonight, Dane! After years an' years of hidin' who they are, pretendin' to be the good guys, the Lynch family finally showed its true colors tonight!

JD: What are you talking about --

RD: Jack Lynch ain't happy just robbin' people of titles they'd have won with anyone else, Dane! He tried to end Dick's career out there tonight, an' that's what I mean when I say they showed their true colors. The Lynches, from their mama an' their scumbag father Blackjack to the littlest Lynch runnin' around today? They're damned cowards! Jack Lynch threw Dick Wyatt out right onto that shoulder an' that punk kid Travis helps take advantage of an INJURED man to get a win they didn't have a chance in hell of gettin' otherwise!

[With that, Donovan just rips the microphone out of Dane's hand.]

RD: Ain't gonna be no sympathy for the Bullies, an' that's just fine. We don't need sympathy from anybody. We ain't James Lynch, hobblin' around lookin' all sad, tryin' to draw some pity lovin' from the local rats! We come from real wrestling stock, an' boy, if you Lynches think our business is done after tonight, you got another thing comin'.

[An equally-pissed off Adam Rogers grabs the microphone from Donovan, pointing directly at the camera.]

AR: Lynchies!

[He spits violently on the ground.]

AR: Just the SOUND of that name coming out of my mouth makes me sick to my stomach! What you punks proved tonight to the whole world is that you ain't no better human beings than we are! In fact...you're worse. Because me and Rob and Dick, we don't hide who we are. But you? The three of you...four if you count that wrinkled, hobbled old man of yours...the three of you go around acting like you're some beacon of light, some example to all the kids out there of how to be a good person and rise above garbage like the Beale Street Bullies!

Well tonight, you just proved to all those kids...all their parents...all those 15 year-olds in their training bras that you like to meet up with after the show...you just proved that you're nothing but a bunch of FRAUDS.

[He pauses, sneering.]

AR: You ain't no better than us. In fact? You're WORSE.

So now that everyone knows what you're about, they oughta have no problems with us getting our revenge.

An eye for an eye...a tooth for a tooth.

[Adam gets all wide-eyed crazy looking.]

AR: And an arm...FOR AN ARM!

Memorial Day Mayhem...you pick a Bully. It don't matter to us, me and Rob either one would LOVE to get in the ring with one of y'all. And you figure out among the three of you which Lynch brother is going to get the biggest ass-kicking of his LIFE, courtesy of the Beale Street Bullies.

[The Bullies storm out of the shot, leaving Jason behind.]

JD: Fans, we apologize for some of the language used there but... I believe that was a challenge! The Bullies want the Lynchies to pick one Lynch and one of the Bullies - either Rogers or Donovan - for a showdown at Memorial Day Mayhem! Who's it gonna be?! Perhaps we'll find out later tonight in the Control Center but right now, let's go down to the ring for our World Television Title match!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is for the World Television Title! Introducing first... from Tampa, Florida... weighing in at 257 pounds... J.P. DRIIIIVERRR!

[The crowd cheers Driver as he raises his arms to the crowd. His dark brown skin covers a solid upper body but there's a serious lack of muscles

everywhere else. His long black dreadlocks flop as he hops back and forth from foot to foot a few times...]

PW: And his opponent...

[The introductory cough of Metallica's "Bad Seed" fires up over the PA, and the crowd's congenial response for Driver instantly turns nasty.]

PW: He hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, stands six feet, two inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds...

He is the AWA Television Champion...

He is...

"The Doctor of Love"...

DAVE...

BRYANT!!!

[Bryant steps out of the curtain, quickly making his way down to the ring. He stops outside of the ring, glaring briefly out at the stands before placing the Television Championship belt on the ring apron, shucking himself out of his ring robe.]

GM: Two weeks ago, Bryant defeated J.P. Driver's tag team partner, Alex Worthey, in a fairly short time span.

BW: That was almost a record, Gordo!

GM: It certainly was. So, I've been told that Driver asked for this match so he could try to avenge his partner's loss.

BW: Good luck with that.

[Bryant hands his robe off to a nearby attendant and then steps into the ring, grabbing the championship belt. He hands it to the referee who holds it high above his head as Bryant glares across the ring at Driver...

...and as the bell sounds, Bryant shows the exact opposite of his actions from the week before, charging across the ring!]

GM: Here comes Bryant right out of the gates!

[Bryant immediately catches Driver unaware, hammering him with clubbing forearms to the ear, shoving him back into the turnbuckles. He throws right hands to the ribs, then switches to lefts, cracking him over and over in the torso. The referee steps in, ordering Bryant to back out of the corner...]

GM: The referee's right in there, telling him to back off...

BW: Hey! Look at this!

[The crowd begins to cheer as Glenn Hudson slowly starts walking down the elevated ramp towards the ring...]

GM: It's Glenn Hudson! The former Longhorn Heritage Champion is making his way down the aisle. We know that Hudson's been talking to the Championship Committee about getting a rematch for the World Television Title. He wants another shot after losing that title back at SuperClash IV in the ladder match.

BW: He ain't got no right to a rematch! It's a different title!

[Hudson walks down the steps to the floor, taking a spot in the corner as Bryant whips Driver across the ring, turning to glare at Hudson before dashing across after him...]

...and running right into Driver's raised feet!]

GM: Ohh! Driver used the distraction to his advantage!

[Driver hops up on the midbuckle, raising an arm to the crowd. He leaps off, throwing a back elbow to the jaw!]

GM: Flying back elbow off the middle rope! That rocks Bryant down to the mat!

[Driver springs back up, clapping his hands together a few times as Bryant rolls to a knee, pushing up off the mat. The challenger dashes to the ropes, leaping up to grab a handful of Bryant's hair...]

...and SMASHES his face into the mat!]

GM: OHH! FACESLAM BY DRIVER!!

[Driver quickly flips Bryant to his back, diving across to hook a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Bryant's shoulder comes flying up off the canvas to the disappointment of the crowd.]

GM: Dave Bryant was a half a count away from losing the World Television Title right there! He allowed the presence of Glenn Hudson to distract him and almost cost him everything!

[Driver gets back to his feet, showing some desperation as he shows three fingers to the official who shakes his head in response.]

GM: J.P. Driver came oh-so-close to the biggest victory of his life...

[The challenger leans down, dragging Bryant off the mat. But the Doctor of Love battles back, slipping a knee into the midsection.]

GM: Ohh... Bryant catches him on the way up...

[Winding up, Bryant cracks Driver in the jaw with a left hand, sending him falling back a few steps. The champion pulls him into a front facelock, hoisting Driver up for a suplex...

...and HANGING HIM OUT TO DRY over the top rope!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Driver clings to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet...

...but another left hand by Bryant sends Driver falling off the apron to the floor. A furious Bryant spins around, shouting at Hudson who raises his hands in mocking defense.]

GM: Bryant's giving Hudson a hard time but...

BW: But what?!

GM: Hudson didn't do anything! Not a single thing!

BW: He's out here and he ain't got no business being out here, Gordo! He's only out here to cause problems and distract people.

[Bryant moves towards the corner, gesturing angrily at Hudson who backs away, ready in case the champion comes for him.]

GM: The referee's trying to get Bryant's head back into the match.

[Driver pulls himself up on the apron, dragging himself up the ropes...]

GM: Driver's going up top! Bryant's got no clue!

BW: DAVE! DAVE! TURN AROUND!

GM: Would you be quiet?!

[Driver steps up to the top rope, balancing himself...]

GM: Driver's on the top! He's gonna fly!

[Hudson grins as he points behind Bryant. An angry Doctor of Love spins around...]

GM: DRIVER OFF THE TOP!

[Driver leaps off, fully extended for a crossbody press...]

GM: CROSSBODY!

[...but Bryant steps to the side, causing Driver to crash and burn and hit the canvas hard!]

GM: Down goes Driver!

[Bryant quickly pulls Driver off his hands and knees, tugging him into a front facelock. He glares at Hudson, pointing a finger at him...

...and SPIKES Driver skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! DDT! HE DRILLED HIM!

[Bryant flips him to his back, applying a loose cover.]

GM: One, two, and there's the three.

BW: That DDT is really somethin', Gordo. Bryant's really turned that into a powerful offensive weapon for him. He can hit it at any time... out of nowhere with hardly any setup at all. And every time he's hit it, it's been lights out for whoever he put it on.

GM: Dave Bryant is your winner and... uh oh!

BW: Hudson's gettin' in there! Bryant should grab 'im and hit the DDT there too.

[Hudson's voice rings out over the PA system.]

GH: No need to make yourself comfortable, Dave. Just like your latest World Television Title defense, this is gonna be short and sweet.

[Hudson steps between the ropes and into the ring with microphone in hand, taking up a position in the far corner.]

GH: Now, my attention's been elsewhere lately, so you'll have to forgive me... but I'm beginning to notice that you haven't been happy fellow for some reason?

[Seemingly incredulous to the fact, he waves his free hand towards the Television Title belt before scratching the back of his neck.]

GH: What I'm hearing... is that you aren't happy with the opponents the Office have been sending your way...

[Bryant angrily barks "That's right!" from across the other side of ring.]

GH: Maybe you make a good poi-... Well, what I mean is... They haven't... Some of your challengers are really good blokes, don't get me wrong...

[Hudson glances from side to side in mock panic.]

GH: Mate, this isn't going quite as planned. D'you mind if I start over from the beginning?

[Taking Bryant's glower as assent, the Australian's mischievous smile rises to the surface.]

GH: Thank you, Dave. Thank you. You don't know what a blessing that is, to be able to wind the clock back... To erase your mistakes and do things over... and do them properly this time.

[While Bryant glares with a mixture of impatience and wary anticipation, Hudson searches.]

GH: But maybe you should know. Maybe you deserve that chance as well.

[He slouches against the corner buckles, leaving his cryptic words to hang for a few moments longer.]

GH: At SuperClash, the signpost said Easy Street. "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant took that turn, he skipped town and he never really stopped running. But now he says he wants a challenger of caliber? To face someone in the middle of this ring, someone to truly test him? He want a real test? You had one, mate. You had one and you piked out. But if you've had a change of heart? If you're finally ready to make that World Television Title worth something, all you have to do...

[POP as Hudson slowly steps out of his corner, towards the middle of the ring.]

GH: ... is ask me nicely, 'cause I will BE that challenger. Time for you to make the choice, Dave. Either you put your money where your mouth is...

[Bryant inches back cautiously as Hudson slowly retrieves an object from the front pocket of his jeans.]

GH: Or you can put your mouth...

[He flicks the mystery object into the air - the house lights shimmer off the silver dollar coin as it spins - and then snatches it back before it falls to the canvas.]

GH: ... where your money is.

[Hudson abruptly turns on his heel away from Bryant and pockets the silver dollar once again - this time into his back pocket. He gives his rump a hearty slap for good measure before stepping back out on the ramp and making his way down the ramp.]

GM: The challenge has been issued once more! Glenn Hudson wants his shot at the World Television Title and if Dave Bryant is a man of his word - if

he truly wants a top notch challenger - then he needs to accept that challenge, Bucky!

BW: No, no, no... there are plenty of top challengers that ain't Glenn Hudson.

GM: Like?

BW: Like Dave Cooper! Like Alphonse Green! Like the entire Shane Gang! Tully Brawn! You name it, Gordo!

GM: Well, Dave Bryant hasn't seemed to be in a big rush to face any of them EITHER! I think it's time for Bryant to put up... or shut up! Right now, let's go backstage to-

[All of a sudden, Gordon is interrupted by a chorus of boos as Cousin Bo comes power walking down to ringside. Bo gestures for Phil to give up his microphone. Phil looks around and hesitates, but quickly hands it over when Bo sternly says "_Now._" Bo tries to start talking, but the boos continue.]

CB: Hey, that's fine. We can be here all night. I don't care.

[The crowd, sensing that Bo is serious, slowly stops booing and lets him start talking. Bo turns to a ringside camera and starts speaking.]

CB: Y'know, Doyle, your lack of respect for us has gotten on my last nerve. I mean, really, an inbreeding joke? I would expect that a "Manager Of Champions" would come up with something a little more biting. Something I haven't heard from every single team we've rolled through. Sadly, that is not the case. You disappoint me, Doyle, you really do.

[Bo sighs and shakes his head.]

CB: And the fact that you relegate us to the very end of your talk, as if you've somehow "forgotten" about us? Total lack of respect. Right now, we should be your first and ONLY line of business. Not self-promotion. And you know what that does? It makes my cousins even angrier. And do you know what happens when the Bishop Boys get angry? People...get...hurt.

[Bo shakes his head and squints.]

CB: I don't know. Something about this situation strikes me as... unusual. I already know you're Royalty.

[BIG boos from the fans at the mention of that faction.]

CB: That alone is enough to make us suspicious of your intent. Even though Cooper's gonna be busy that night, I wouldn't put it past him to make an appearance. Heck, with your little group growing, I wouldn't put it past you to try and get _anybody's_ help. After all, you're gonna need it.

[That brings a smirk to Bo's face.]

CB: I get it, Doyle. I do. I know you're the hype man... the Don King of the AWA. Your purpose is to make us believe that the Blonde Bombers are the greatest thing since sliced bread. But when I listen to you speak, I notice something.

I think you believe it too.

Well, guess what? You're living in dreamland. Your boys don't have the experience that The Bishop Boys do. And that, in the end, is your fatal flaw. Lack of cohesion as a unit. You're already good. The Stampede Cup proved that. Those belts around your waists prove that. But you just don't have what it takes yet to knock off the most dominant team in AWA history. ONE team has beaten us, and that was through outside interference. And, hey, wouldn't you know it, Cooper was part of that scheme. Ask him what it takes to knock us off. He doesn't know. Just like the Bombers, Cooper needed that one man to come out and con us of what was rightfully ours.

[Bo's expression grows fiery at that mention.]

CB: You talk about being the unified Tag Team Champions like it's a foregone conclusion. You talk about beating the Bishop Boys like you're slapping around the Blue Brothers.

I assure you, Hollywood Larry... we ain't the Blue Brothers.

[Bo shakes his head.]

CB: And we sure as heck aren't holding any "tin belts". For the longest time, these were the pride of the tag division. After we're through with you? We'll STILL hold them with pride. Not to mention your precious titles. The belts may be unified, but we're gonna hold all the gold when this is finished.

[Bo chuckles.]

CB: But I know what you're going to say. You're going to praise Stanton and Jacobs to the high heavens. You're going to talk about how glorious it is to be you. Your egos can't possibly grow any more.

[Bo waves a finger at the camera.]

CB: In fact, you're so confident, I think we might be suffering from a case of mistaken identity. So, allow me to introduce my boys to you...

[Bo gestures towards the curtains, even though the Bishops don't actually appear.]

CB: The longest running team in AWA history. The only TWO-TIME National Tag Team Champions. The conquerors of the mighty Dufresne and Freeman. The enders of the Lynch dynasty. The destroyers of Violence Unlimited. And that's just together. Individually, you have Duane Henry Bishop, the man who truly is without fear. The man crazy enough to throw his weight around

like he's a cruiserweight. Your Suicide Messiah. And the man who's made 2013 truly his breakout year.

[Bo pauses expectantly for the cheers, which aren't coming. He shrugs and continues on.]

CB: And then you have the big man himself. The man who's spoken about in hushed tones in the locker room. The man who is the Redneck Wrecking Machine, and despite your insult of rednecks, is damn proud of it. He is the ender of careers. The breaker of bones. And the man with the most feared boot in the business. Yes, that's right, I speak of the almighty Cletus Lee Bishop.

[Bo points at the camera again.]

CB: I think we're even, Doyle. You laid down your hype... now I've laid down mine. But somehow, I'm betting that's not good enough.

I'm betting that for you to truly understand who we are... we're going to need to introduce ourselves at Memorial Day Mayhem. Up close and personal.

When it's all over and your boys... and you if you get in my way... are staring up at the lights, I'd only ask that you keep your ears open as I lean down and say...

"We're the Bishop Boys. The best of all time. Damn good to meet you, Larry."

[Bo throws the mic back to Phil, who fumbles with it. Bo heads backstage, and lets the show continue.]

GM: Wow.

BW: You know I'm a big Blonde Bombers fan, Gordo.

GM: Yes I do.

BW: You know I'm a Larry Doyle fan, Gordo.

GM: Yep.

BW: If Larry Doyle and the Blonde Bombers think they're going to get past the Bishop Boys without the fight of their life, they're sadly mistaken. If the Blonde Bombers and Larry Doyle walk into Corpus Christi and make the slightest mistake in that match, the Bishop Boys will turn their lights out. It's going to be the biggest tag team match in AWA history! Bigger than the Southern Syndicate vs the Bishops! Bigger than the Lynches vs Violence Unlimited! Bigger than anything Rough N Ready or The Aces were ever involved in! Bigger than anything Kentucky's Pride ever got into! This is it, Gordo. The Unified World Tag Team Titles on the line and it don't get any bigger - or better - than that!

GM: Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 backstage where Jason Dane is standing next to a chain link fence enclosure.]

JD: With me at this time, the team that almost made it all the way at the Stampede Cup — Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines.

[Gunnar Gaines is in his usual ring gear — flannel shirt over a thermal, cut off jeans, black boots — but with a metal brace reinforcing one of his two black knee pads. Martinez, beside him, stands calmly, though burning with intensity. He wears a simple black “AWA” t-shirt, along with his ring trunks and boots. Justin Gaines stands behind them in his usual track suit.]

JD: Gentlemen, I have a few questions for you following your near-victory at the Stampede Cup.

GG: You’ve got questions, Dane? We’ve got answers. First question? How’s my knee. Answer? It’s fine. I’ve had a few weeks to recover. Hell. I don’t even know why I still have this brace on. I guess it’s because the doctor won’t clear me without it, and the office says, “no clearance, no matches.” So in a way, you can blame them.

And speaking of the office, question two. Is your boy a manager again yet, Gunnar. Answer? No, he ain’t. Unresolved. Office won’t say. Still under review. That’s what they tell me, anyway. So if Justin here wants to support me during my matches, he has to keep buying front row tickets.

JD: I can see why that is. He crossed the ringside barrier at Stampede Cup after promising that he would not do that.

[Justin, standing behind Gunnar and Ryan, looks down, slightly ashamed.]

GG: Yeah, Jason, you’re right. He did. My dear boy Justin hopped the rail. But you know what? He didn’t cheat. He just helped us get the fair result we deserved in the semis, which I appreciate very much. You see, this boy’s not just sharp, he’s honorable and he believes in justice.

You know who did cheat at the Stampede Cup? In the finals, no less? The Blonde Bombers. They cheated in multiple ways. Foreign objects, illegal participants, you name it. Hell, I got socked in the back of the head by the heel of someone’s boot. And that’s directly why they’re the AWA World Tag Team Champions and we’re not, and it’s also directly why I don’t much like it.

Which brings us to your third question, Jason Dane. That question being, what’s next for the tag team of Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez? I mean, that’s your other question, right, Dane?

[Dane hesitates, then nods.]

JD: It was one of them.

GG: Why don’t you take that one, Ryan?

RM: What’s next? Well, what I would love is for a chance to get back at the Blonde Bombers. We owe them. And Gunnar and I want our revenge. But

there's a team in line ahead of us. The Bishop Boys. And they've got the right to take on the Bombers next. So what's next for us?

The next title shot.

This is us, laying out an official challenge. Bishops, Bombers. Whichever one of you walks away with the gold? You got us next.

We earned a title shot. And we want it. We'll wait... but trust me, we're not going to wait forever.

[Gaines nods.]

GG: You know what the fans learned at Stampede Cup? They learned this is a real team. They learned this team is strong. They learned this team is smart. And, they learned this team has heart. We don't never quit — not ever.

RM: Since we're asking your questions for you, Dane, I'm going to ask the one you haven't brought up yet. Why, you might want to know, didn't I take my father's help, when he offered it? Why did I stay with Gunnar?

Because nothing is more important than doing the right thing.

Gunnar and I came to the Cup. We've fought together. We've trained together. Gunnar is my partner. And you don't walk away from your partner just because he might be hurt. You don't abandon someone for the sake of convenience, or because you think you might have a better chance with someone else.

[Martinez slaps himself across the chest.]

RM: Strength. Heart. That's what we have. Just like Gunnar said. I'm not willing to turn my back on all of that. I've said all along that I'm here to fight, but I'm here to fight with honor. That hasn't changed.

Like I said, we earned a title shot. No one gave us a chance against the Ring Workers. We beat them. No one really thought we could beat The Prehistoric Powers. But we beat them too.

Heck, if you think about it, we beat just as many teams as the Bombers. And we did it with Gunnar's bad knee, and no one outside running around screaming like an idiot.

Gunnar and I? We didn't win the Cup. I won't take away what the Bombers did. But I will say this. The story isn't over yet. There's one more chapter to be written.

And the title of that chapter is "RyGunn gets a title shot."

[Gaines nods, clapping his partner on the back.]

GG: If you really want to know if my knee, and hell, this team is ready to compete, Jason, watch right now. Blonde Bombers? Bishop Boys? You better watch too. Because you won't just be watching a match — you'll be watching your future. Bombers? We ain't done with you. And Bishops? We're just getting started.

[Martinez claps his hands together, pointing at the camera.]

RM: Count on it.

[The duo walks off, leaving Dane behind.]

JD: We talk about the Bombers versus the Bishops but don't forget about RyGunn! RyGunn is right behind those teams in the rankings and you gotta believe that sometime this summer during the Heat Wave summer tour. They'll be in action in just a little bit but right now, let's go over to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with a very angry Dave Bryant. Mark?

[Mark Stegglet is standing by, armed with microphone, waiting to interview a fuming Television champion.]

MS: I'm back here with the AWA Televi --

[Bryant interrupts.]

DB: That's the FIRST AWA Television champion, Stegglet, and don't you forget it!

MS: Um...the FIRST AWA Television champion, Dave Bryant.

[Bryant shoots Stegglet a look that might shake a man of lesser stock, but our intrepid reporter just shrugs slightly.]

DB: You think this is funny, Stegglet? You think that clown Hudson embarrassing me is funny?

[Bryant pauses, waiting for an answer that ain't comin'.]

DB: It's not! It's not enough for Hudson that I took what became this title away from him not once, but twice. It's not enough for him that when we fought in the damndest match anybody in this organization has ever seen, I beat him for the second time in a row! He wants to complain because he got a mouth full of silver both times? You knew what you were signing up for, Hudson, and remember that YOU gave me that first match, and YOU gave me the opportunity to ensure you came out ten pounds lighter!

[Bryant seems to calm down slightly.]

DB: And here you are, challenging me again! I don't have to ask for a damned thing, Hudson, because I'm the champion, and YOU...YOU are the challenger, Hudson! Not me, you! I didn't ask for a match with you, you asked me, get it? YOU ASKED ME!

[Bryant is clearly seething here.]

DB: You ever hear the phrase, "Be careful what you wish for, you just might get it," Hudson? It for damn sure applies in your case --

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: Wait, does this mean you're accepting Hudson's challenge?

DB: ...what? When did I say --

[Bryant suddenly looks panicked, and after just staring at Mark with something slightly resembling horror for a moment, he dashes out of the room.]

MS: Fans, I think Dave Bryant just accepted Hudson's challenge! Huge news back here in the locker room area but right now, let's go back down to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Parts Unknown... weighing in at 590 pounds... THE SHADOWS!

[Two bulky men in black mesh bodysuits and masks raise flabby arms to jeers from the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents... weighing in at a combined weight of 540 pounds here are the team of...

RYAN MARTINEZ AND GUNNAR "THE GRIIIZZZZZZZZZZZZLY" GAINES!!!

[The signature guitar riff of "Bad to the Bone" slides into play. Dubbed over it, the voice of Michael Franti and the lyrics of "Yell Fire".]

#A revolution never come with a warning.#

#A revolution never send you an omen.#

[As the music continues, Ryan Martinez steps out into the aisle. Tall and muscular, the young Martinez runs a hand through his slicked back brown hair. He wears long wrestling tights, black with a red inseam, and a pair black and red wrestling boots. His handsome face is set in determination as he makes his eyes the large men standing in the ring, too focused on the task at hand to be aware of the hands that reach out and slap him on the shoulders and back.

The Grizzly Grin disappears in an instant, replaced by a stone-faced, deadpan look. With determination, Gunnar makes his way beside his partner, clad in his trademark ring wear — black boots, cutoff jeans, thermal undershirt, open flannel shirt and black belt. His wild, long brown hair is tied

back, but his beard is trimmed. Together the pair step into the ring, raising their hands to a strong ovation from the crowd.]

GM: The team that has become known as RyGunn is ready for action - ready to show the world why they ARE the Number One contenders to the AWA World Tag Team Titles.

BW: They've made it clear that they're waiting in the wings for either the Bombers or the Bishops - whoever walks out of Corpus Christi with both sets of titles.

GM: There's been a lot of questions about the condition of Gunnar Gaines' injured knee - an injury many feel prevented them from winning the Stampede Cup back in March. We're about to find out what kind of shape that knee is in.

[The bell sounds as Gunnar Gaines nods to his partner, offering to start the match.]

GM: It's going to be the Hall of Famer, Gunnar Gaines, starting things off against... well, for lack of a better name, we'll call him Shadow #1.

[Gaines ties up with the bulky masked man, promptly popping him in the ear with a forearm smash. A headbutt follows, sending the Shadow stumbling backwards before Gaines slams an overhead elbow down between the eyes. The Shadow falls to a knee as Gaines hooks a side headlock on him...]

GM: Gaines gets the big man down early on in this one...

[The ringside camera cuts to Justin Gaines, seated in the front row and cheering wildly for his father as the former World Champion slams home a trio of short right hands to the skull before shoving Shadow #1 down to the mat.]

GM: Gaines throws him down... and drops a big elbow to the chest... and a second... back up, winds up, and drops a third!

[Gaines rolls into a cover, gaining a one count before the Shadow lifts a shoulder.]

GM: Shadow #1 kicks out at one... but Gaines right back on the attack, stomping him repeatedly...

[Grabbing a foot, Gaines drags the bulky masked man across the ring, reaching up to tag in his younger partner.]

GM: Martinez is in off the tag...

[Martinez catches the rising Shadow with a barrage of short forearms to the ear, knocking him back against the ropes where he grabs an arm, flinging him across...]

GM: Big whip by Martinez... ohh! He flattens him with a clothesline!

[Wheeling around, Martinez charges towards an incoming Shadow #2...

...and drops him with a running clothesline as well!]

GM: Two big clotheslines by the son of the Hall of Famer and Ryan Martinez is on a roll in the early part of this one, fans!

[Martinez pulls Shadow #1 back to his feet, grabbing the back of his head as Shadow #2 staggers up. He brings the two together and clashes their skulls into one another!]

GM: Double noggin knocker by Martinez and the Shadows are reeling!

[Shadow #2 falls to the mat, rolling out to the floor as Martinez pulls Shadow #1 to the corner, slapping Gaines' outstretched hand...]

GM: The tag is quickly made again. Gunnar Gaines is back in...

[Each man grabs an arm, firing the Shadow across the ring...]

GM: Double whip...

[Grasping his partner's wrist, Gaines rushes towards the Shadow, flattening him with a double clothesline!]

GM: Another big clothesline takes 'im down!

[Martinez steps out as Gaines pulls Shadow #1 up, shoving him into the corner where he tags his partner...]

GM: Gaines allows the Shadow to make the tag. Not usually what we're used to seeing out of most tag teams who like to cut the ring in half and prevent easy tags.

[Gaines waves the other masked man forward. The second Shadow ducks in, throwing his arms back in a double axehandle as he charges at Gaines who lashes out with a stinging jab to the jaw. A second and third one follow, leaving the Shadow dazed.]

GM: Gaines has some of the best striking skills in the AWA - so talented with those fists. Ohh! Big uppercut puts the Shadow down on his rear.

[The veteran suddenly breaks into a dash, hitting the ropes behind him. He charges back towards the seated Shadow...

...and SLAMS his knee into the face of the masked man, causing him to flop backwards to the canvas.]

GM: Oh my! Big running knee by Gai-

BW: Hey! He's got a metal kneebrace on that leg! He just used that kneebrace as a weapon!

GM: I suppose you're right. The referee is reprimanding him for it right now. Gaines is pleading innocent though. I think he forgot that he had that brace on his leg.

BW: Oh, give me a break! Gaines is as dirty as they come! He MEANT to do that, Gordo!

[Gaines backs off from the official, shaking his head as he reaches out to tag in Ryan Martinez who looks questioningly at his partner while climbing into the ring.]

GM: Gaines is telling Martinez to finish the masked man off...

[With the slightest shake of the head, Martinez drags the second Shadow up off the canvas, muscling him up over his shoulder into powerslam position...]

GM: Wow! Look at the strength coming out of Martinez!

[He rushes from the corner, driving the masked man down in a running powerslam, staying on top in a lateral press as he reaches back to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The first Shadow charges in, stomping the back of Martinez' head to break up the pin attempt. Gunnar Gaines comes in on the other side, fists flying as he hammers the big man back up against the ropes...

...and then TAKES HIM OVER with a clothesline!]

GM: GAINES CLEARS OUT THE SHADOW!!

[Martinez pulls the second Shadow up, tugging him into a front facelock. Moving to assist, Gaines gets underneath the three hundred pounder, helping his partner get him up into brainbuster position...

...and then clearing out as Martinez DROPS him straight down on top of his head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRAINBUSTER! THAT'LL DO IT!!

[The referee drops down, making the three count, and calling for the bell as Martinez retakes his feet to celebrate the win.]

GM: Wow! An impressive victory here by Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines and for teams like the Blonde Bombers and the Bishop Boys out there watching, they've gotta be concerned about how good this team has gotten

in their time together. This is no longer two singles wrestlers thrown together into a makeshift tag team, Bucky... this is a team! A championship-level tag team to boot!

BW: They're good, I gotta admit. It pains me to admit it but if these two are waiting in the wings for whoever wins the Unified Tag Team Titles at Memorial Day Mayhem, the winner may be in for a real short title reign, Gordo.

GM: You can say that again. And speaking of Memorial Day Mayhem, let's head back to the Control Center for more news about the big event just one month away!

[We crossfade to a bank of television monitors and a fancy MDM logo. It can only be the Memorial Day Mayhem Control Center - a fact that becomes quite apparent when Jason Dane appears as well.]

JD: We are one month away, fans, from the first big event of the summer. Forget Iron Man 3. Forget Star Trek. Forget the picnics and the baseball games. This is Memorial Day Mayhem and it will be coming to you LIVE on Monday, May 27th from the deck of the USS Lexington in Corpus Christi, Texas! The event itself is SOLD OUT so the only way you can still join us will be right here on our home station of WKIK!

Let's take a look at the lineup...

[A shot appears of Skywalker Jones and November with the words "LOSER LEAVES TOWN" at the bottom of the screen.]

JD: It's going to be Loser Leaves Town with the Steal The Spotlight contract on the line when November meets Skywalker Jones! These two have had some serious bad blood for over six months now and after the events of the Stampede Cup, it can only be settled when one of these men is forced to leave the American Wrestling Alliance. You toss in the Steal The Spotlight contract which guarantees the holder the match of their choice and the stakes are sky high for these two incredible athletes.

[Another shot appears - this one showing the Lynches on one side of the screen and the Beale Street Bullies on the other.]

JD: It's a family feud as the Lynches and the Bullies continue to wage war on one another. But this time, it'll be in singles action when the Lynches pick one of their own to battle either Adam Rogers or Robert Donovan - their choice! We were hoping to find out who would be in this match before we went off the air tonight but no such luck.

[The shot fades to be replaced by the National Tag Team Champions as well as the World Tag Team Champions.]

JD: It's going to be a match to unify the National and World Tag Team Titles when the Blonde Bombers meet The Bishop Boys! This should be an incredible tag team contest with some sky high stakes. Earlier tonight, we

heard from The Bishop Boys - let's get some comments right now from the World Tag Team Champions, the Blonde Bombers with "Hollywood" Larry Doyle!

[Crossfade onto the World Tag Team Champions, the Blonde Bombers. Stanton wears jeans and a Royalty t-shirt underneath a leather vest, tag team title held on his shoulder. Jacobs also wears jeans, and a grey hoodie, sleeves cut off, with the hood up. Mark Stegklet speaks as the camera switches to him.]

MS: Larry Doyle, the whole world heard the words of Cousin Bo regarding the World Tag Team Title Unification match at Memorial Day Mayhem. And now the whole world wants to know how you and the Blonde Bombers respond.

[Doyle sidles up to Stegklet, dressed in a normalish black suit, white shirt and blue tie ensemble.]

LD: Well it's about damn time.

Ever since I brought these Bombers back from the Far East and CLAIMED the AWA as our territory, we've been looking to hear from one person. We've been looking to hear from one team. The whole time, all we ever wanted was a shot at the Bishop Boys.

Oh don't worry Bo, we're no dummies. Royalty ALWAYS does our homework. The record books show that week after week, night after night, year after damn year, the Bishop Boys have RULED the AWA Tag Team division. And don't think we don't know that.

Oh no, Bo, you got it all wrong, brother. These two men back here-

[Doyle points back to the Bombers, championship belts over their shoulders.]

LD: -they've been wanting to fight it out with your cousins, they have been DYING to get your cousins in the ring. The big man said it himself at the Stampede Cup, he wanted a shot at that big crosseyed demon of a cousin you call Cletus, Smooth Stanton wants to go toe to toe with Duane Henry, but a funny thing has happened these last few months.

You clammed up. YOUR boys didn't feel like talking, YOUR boys didn't feel like fighting.

The Blonde Bombers spent every ounce of energy and passion and sweat we had to win these belts, we fought like caged animals to win these belts. We broke every rule we could, we gave ourselves every advantage we could think of, we staked our LIVES on these AWA World Titles because DAMMIT, THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO WIN!

[Doyle is uncharacteristically fired up, and even the fans are taken aback.]

LD: We fought like dogs because that's what it takes to win a tournament like the Stampede Cup, that's what it takes to win a world title like this. Make no mistake, we hate EVERY other tag team in the AWA, but we respect the hell out of these titles because we know what it took to win them. We know what it means to be the best tag team in the world today.

And we thought you would too.

But you know what we found? You know what we got out of the big, bad, legendary Bishop Boys, statistically the best team in the AWA's history?

Nothing. Disinterest.

[Suddenly, Brad Jacobs storms past Stanton and grabs the microphone, and then brushes the hood off of his head so he can stare right into the camera.]

BJ: How you gon' say you the best when you didn't even make it to the finals? How you gon' say you the best when you went silent like a bunch of bit-

LD: Whoa, whoa, calm down big man.

BJ: LIKE HELL I WILL! YOU AIN'T GOT THESE BELTS, YOU DIDN'T WIN THE CUP! YOU DISAPPEARED! YOU DIDN'T WANT NO PARTS O' ME AN' KENNY, YOU WAS TOO GOOD!

WELL NOW YOU AIN'T! NOW YOU CHASIN' _US_! NOW YOU WANTIN' TO BE WHAT WE IS, WANNA BE WHERE WE ARE! CRY ME A RIVER LITTLE MAN, YOU DON'T DESERVE A DAMN THING!

[Jacobs throws the microphone down and stomps off, with Stanton cackling and following. Steglet looks on in legitimate fear. A smiling Larry Doyle picks up the microphone and hands it back to Mark, and brushes off his collar.]

LD: Don't worry Steglet, he ain't comin' for you.

He's comin' for YOU, Cletus Lee. He's comin' for YOU, Duane Henry. Because while you two held those belts and acted like you were too good for the rest of the world, the Blonde Bombers conquered that world. The Blonde Bombers took every opportunity in front of us and made something out of it, because we were hungrier, because we wanted it more.

I know how it is when you're the champs and you're bored, Bishops Boys, I've seen it a thousand times. When Alexander the Great won the last battle, he climbed to the highest mountain and wept, because he had no more worlds to conquer.

You looked at the AWA and saw nothin' else to conquer. You went soft. You got weak.

You went blind. Because only a blind man could NOT see the Blonde Bombers coming, only someone who is apathetic and disinterested could miss the storm on the horizon when the Bombers came to town. But somehow you did, somehow you missed the tornado rolling down your street.

And then your house got destroyed. Then you found out that what you THOUGHT was your world was just a little patch of grass in Bomberville, was just a municipality in Larryland! The accomplishments that you put SO much pride in, that you poured out so much blood to achieve now suddenly don't mean diddly. You had EVERY opportunity to win these World tag team titles and FAILED, and now you're all hot under the collar because suddenly, no one really cares about you. You're not even parsley on the dish, daddy, because the menu changed.

[Doyle pats Steglet on the shoulder, and continues talking.]

LD: Time waits for no man, Cousin Bo. You were too busy talking about the prom queen and you walked right by Miss America. Your belts that you hold so dear, that you put so much effort are now, just...

...footnotes. Run over by the wheels of time. Just like you will be.

But thanks for playing, Bishop Boys, thanks for showing you care. It'll be that much more meaningful when we take those belts and fix the bumper on my El Dorado with 'em, it's so much more satisfying when you dump a live body into a ditch.

I'm glad you're bringing your A-Game, we're psyched that you're gonna show up. Because after we stomp a mudhole in your backwoods ass, it's gonna be YOU who tells the rest of the world how great we are. At least we know you have a voice now.

[Crossfade back to the Control Center where the shot is replaced by the words WINNER TAKES ALL.]

JD: Speaking of high stakes, it may not get any higher than when Mark Langseth sends his chief lieutenant, Dave Cooper, into battle for him in Corpus Christi in a match where the WINNER TAKES ALL! If Cooper wins, Langseth will be reinstated. If he loses, Langseth is banned from the AWA for life. But the question remains - who will the AWA select to compete in this match? We know that Sultan Azam Sharif has extended the offer but we're told that the front office has several irons in the fire and are refusing to make anything official... yet.

[Another shot comes up - this one of the World Heavyweight Title.]

JD: We know that the World Heavyweight Title WILL be on the line... but until tonight's Main Event concludes, we don't know who will be defending it. Will it be James Monosso, the current World Champion who continues to hold his title on borrowed time? Or will it be MAMMOTH Maximus, the American

Mastodon who dominated Japan for so many years and hopes to extend that dominance to the United States here tonight?

[The shot is replaced by the word "RUMBLE."]

JD: Thirty men. The annual Rumble. Every man for himself... and to the winner, a shot at the greatest prize in the land - the AWA World Heavyweight Title. Let's look at the names involved in this massive match!

[The graphic turns into a scroll, showing the names of the men entered so far:

- Supreme Wright
- Shadoo Rage
- William Craven
- Alex Martinez
- Robert Donovan
- Terry Shane III
- MAMMOTH Mizusawa
- MAMMOTH Maximus
- Chris Staley
- Glenn Hudson
- Alphonse Green
- Dave Cooper
- Tully Brawn
- Supernova
- Sweet Daddy Williams
- Stevie Scott
- Skywalker Jones
- Nenshou
- Adam Rogers
- Juan Vasquez
- Brody
- Rick Marley
- Hercules Hammonds

The scroll fades back to Jason Dane.]

JD: Twenty-three men entered. Seven spots remain. Who else can enter this match which just might be the most star-studded Rumble of all time? Let's find out...

[A still photo from the video we watched earlier reveals Johnny Detson.]

JD: Johnny Detson, the latest member of the Unholy Alliance, is the twenty-fourth man in the Rumble! We heard him explain why he's here in the AWA earlier tonight and we know that Detson's here to show the entire world why he was the World Champion in another company.

[The photo of Detson fades to be replaced by one of Sultan Azam Sharif.]

JD: Whether Sharif faces Cooper in the Trial By Battle or not, he's IN the 2013 edition of the Memorial Day Rumble as well! He's the twenty-fifth man to enter the match! That leaves five spots remaining - five spots that I'm told may or may not be announced before Memorial Day night. There are plenty of top notch stars still looking to compete in the big match - men like Brian Von Braun, The Ring Workers, November, the Lynches, Tin Can Rust, BC Da Mastah MC, and so many more... but will they be able to get their spot? We know the AWA also has a history of keeping some spots clear for surprise entrances to the Rumble match. A whole lot of possibilities but in one month's time, we'll all know the answers!

[The graphic fades to go back to Dane in the Control Center.]

JD: It's Memorial Day Mayhem! It's Monday, May 27th LIVE from Corpus Christi on the deck of the USS Lexington! It's sold out so the only way you can be there for the action is LIVE on WKIK! Fans, this is the kickoff to the Heat Wave summer tour and I promise you do NOT want to miss it! From the Control Center, I'm Jason Dane.

[We crossfade from Dane to the ring where Bucky Wilde is standing.]

BW: WELCOME... TO THE CAAAAAALL OF THE WIIIIILDE!

[Boos pour down on the color commentator.]

BW: My oh my, it seems like only yesterday when we were setting up shop for the first ever edition of this show when I introduced Shane Destiny to the AWA as the biggest free agent this company had ever signed.

[Wilde looks back and forth before shrugging sheepishly.]

BW: Who knew? Since then, I also unveiled Mark Langse-

[He pauses, stroking his chin.]

BW: Well, whatever. I STILL have broken more stories - bigger, groundbreaking news that that weasel Jason Dane ever has! Tonight, it ain't no different.

People of Dallas...

[Big cheer!]

BW: Suckers!

[Big boos!]

BW: As my good friend Samuel L. Jackson once iconically said on the silver screen... Hold on to your butts because at this time, please welcome the brains AND the beauty of the Shane Gang...

The Siren! MISS! SANDRA! HAAAAAYES!

[Cue the static as "Dance of the Knights" trumpets over the arena speakers. Bucky Wilde bares an ear to ear grin as the silhouette of his favorite AWA ringstress sits still in the entrance portal. A light beams down from above and the tar black rat tail of the Siren whips around as she spins, much like her signature client would do, towards the ring. A thin grey tank top with, "Daddy's Girl" written across it hugs Miss Hayes chest while a checkered skirt snugly wraps around her hips.]

GM: I'd call her one of the most recognizable managers in the game today but I fear my head meeting that branding iron she recklessly wields around with her. Miss Sandra Hayes has been a game changer for Terry Shane III and his goons for months on end. She's defiant. She's deadly. She's determined to climb to the top of the AWA and leach onto whatever superstar will let her!

[Black heels click across the rampway as the Siren sashays towards the ring as if she owned the place. Bucky Wilde eagerly awaits his guest, sitting himself on the front middle rope and forcing it down with his dead weight. Miss Sandra Hayes glides effortlessly up the steps, makes her way towards Bucky, and greets him with a soft kiss on the cheek before stepping through the ropes and into the ring. Wilde remains frozen on the ropes, comatose after violet colored lips met his cheek.]

GM: Get it together, Bucky! This may be the shortest Call of the Wilde to date if he can't pull himself together and get this thing going.

[The Siren waits patiently, branding iron folded underneath her arms, as Bucky Wilde shakes some sense of life back into himself and pulls himself away from the ropes. The music dies and the experience finally kicks in with our beloved commentator.]

BW: Welcome --

MSH: No, you're welcome, Buckthorn.

[She throws Bucky a quick wink as she positions herself uncomfortably close to Mr. Wilde for those watching on.]

BW: I uh - yes, do uh --

[While Bucky eyes are locked on the chest of the Siren, she delightfully takes over.]

MSH: Don't worry, sweetheart, I've got this.

[She spins away from him to the side of the ring where she snatches a mic away from a ringside official.]

MSH: Ladies and Gentlemen, I am PROUD to stand before you today as the leading lady in the most dominant faction to ever grace an AWA wrestling ring.

BW: Yes -- yes! The Shane Gang...

[Bucky pauses, loosening his barely hinged tie even more.]

BW: Last week you -- well, you made quite an impression on all those watching when you bared --

MSH [cutting him off]: When I did what was NECESSARY for the good of the Gang.

BW: Yes, for the good of the uh, Gang.

MSH: For weeks now I have been scouting talent in both the AWA and outside of it. Fact is, as the Director of all things Shane Gang related, it is my responsibility to secure talented athletes and upcoming stars to enhance the strength and wellbeing of our faction. Sometimes that means escorting the Ring Workers...sometimes that means clubbing blood elephants and ring dinosaurs over the head with branding irons...sometimes that means "putting it all out there"...

[A playful curtsy, the crowd eats it up and it draws another ear to ear grin from Bucky Wilde.]

MSH: And sometimes that means SHOWING Terry Shane III what is best for the team.

BW: So then it's true, last week, it WAS your intention to distract Harry Hyatt?

MSH: No, it was my intention to see if Shadoe Rage had the focus, determination, awareness, and grit to make it as a member of the Shane Gang. Contrary to popular belief, we are most certainly not a feel good story about taking up overlooked talent and turning them into worldwide superstars. No, we are much more. When Terry Shane III came to me and explained that he wanted to create a super force that could dominate for years to come he wanted to enlist individuals who were COMPLETELY focused on wrestling. That means in the ring, and out of it.

He wanted members that would do anything necessary to advance our position, and quite frankly, he wanted to know that even I would do anything.

BW: Well, there's clearly NOOOO doubting that.

[Bucky gives a weak attempt at a wink that ends up with him blinking both eyes several times.]

MSH: No, there isn't. Since the moment we have arrived on scene, we have revolutionized this company, Buckthorn. Just think, it wasn't so long ago that Saturday Night Wrestling used to warm up the airwaves for syndicated reruns of the Andy Griffith Show and now look at it... Look at him!

Hottest new superstar of 2012!

Top 20 wrestler of the year.

Number five contender to the AWA World Heavyweight Title.

ALL this in year one. We are game changers, my dear. But more than that, we are career changers. But don't ask me, don't ask Donnie White or Harry Hyatt, don't even ask the Ring Workers. Just ask Hannibal Carver.

[The crowd stirs at the mention of the Boston Strangler.]

BW: It's been said that Hannibal Carver may never wrestle again after the vicious assault-

MSH: Vicious assault? Vicious assault?! No, no, no. What we did to Hannibal Carver wasn't an assault. It was not a heinous attack. It was not a "gang jumping" as Gordon Myers most eloquently likes to put it. It was a slow, methodical, plot to cripple and destroy Hannibal Carver for sticking his nose in business that does not belong to him. It was months in the making, and it was executed to perfection. Hannibal Carver is NOT a wrestler. HE is the thug. HE is the monster. And now....

HE IS GONE.

[The crowd jeers loudly as Hayes smirks in response.]

MSH: But tonight isn't about Hannibal Carver. Terry Shane III, the Shane Gang, and myself...we have washed our hands clean of that -- THAT FILTH! Tonight is about changing another man's career, only this time, it's for the better.

BW: It doesn't take a rocket scientist to know that you are talking about Shadoe Rage.

[A nice cheer for the mention of the former EMWC World Tag Team Champion.]

MSH: No Buckthorn, even Alphonse Green could crack that code. Hi Alphonse!

[The Siren lifts her hand which is formed into a mock phone up to her ear.]

BW: Please, stop.

[She smiles, putting her hand back down to her side.]

BW: Last week you, well, Terry Shane III...issued Shadoe Rage a challenge, if you want to call it that.

MSH: In fact, I don't. It was a trial.

BW: Alright, a trial. During said "trial", Shadoe Rage-

[Unlike Beetlejuice, it only takes two mentions of his name to draw this athletic specimen out – "Fame" hits as the crowd gives a fairly decent cheer for the arrival of Captain Weird himself. He stands at the top of the ramp, dressed in a pair of low slung slim-fitting white jeans, thong-strapped Roman sandals and a fuchsia bandana holding back his mass of bejeweled dreadlocks. He strolls down the aisle, peering at the assembly through his kohl-painted eyes. As he reaches the stage, he looks from Bucky to Sandra.]

SR: Hallo.

[Bucky is quick to jump on the moment.]

BW: And here's the man himself! The man who passed the "trial" as the beautiful Miss Sandra said. Shadoe, how do you feel?

[Rage cocks his head curiously as he looks between Sandra and Buckthorn. His brows knit together and lift at the outer edges.]

SR: I'm sorry, what?

[Bucky shows a little frustration as he gestures to Sandra.]

BW: You won your way into the Shane Gang!

[Sandra Hayes nods appreciatively. She steps closer to Rage, trailing a hand down between Rage's pecs and down and down over his washboard abdomen to pause above the waistband of his jeans. She licks her lips as the crowd hoots at her. Rage seems a little nonplussed by the action.]

MSH: That he did. You showed all, and I MEAN ALL... of the attributes that is required of a bonafide Shane Gang member.

[Rage quirks his lip at that.]

SR: I'm pretty sure if anyone was showing all it-

MSH: Oh, and here I thought you didn't notice.

[Rage chuckles.]

SR: Oh I noticed, but ... [he clenches both fists together into a double axehandle] ... I managed to break through it. You're talking to the greatest pure athlete in all of professional wrestling. If you think I'm going to suffer a distraction from a non-threat in the ring you're absolutely crazy. I am a pure athlete. I am the fastest, most agile and best wrestler in the ring. I'm not worried about anything else but one thing. VICTORY! And as you can tell that's been coming in spades.

[He kisses his flexed biceps and waggles his eyebrows at Hayes.]

MSH: And you are exactly what the Gang needs. I need a killer. I need a wrestler who will push the Gang and push the AWA and push Terry to be the best in the world.

[The crowd jeers as Rage looks around, almost as if he's waiting to see what they think about that.]

SR: I can do that.

[Loud boos!]

BW: So you're accepting the offer to join the Shane Gang?

[The crowd boos at the prospect. Rage takes note of the reaction, looking around a second time.]

SR: Buckthorn...

[There's a brief pause and a disgruntled glare from Bucky Wilde - apparently only the ladies get away with that moniker.]

SR: Let me explain something to you about professional wrestlers. Most wrestlers don't do it for the love. They do it for the money. They do it for the fame. They do it for the ego gratification. They do it for the rush. And I'm no different [pause] Buckthorn. I need those things too.

[Bucky, annoyed, probes forward but the thin arm of Miss Hayes delicately holds him back.]

MSH: Yes! Yes, you do. And I'll tell you what I need ...

[Rage places a finger against her lips.]

SR: Shhhh ... I know what you need. I see the way you look at me. I know what you need, Sandra Hayes, but now we're talking business. And if we're talking business I need to talk to the man in charge, Terry Shane. I need to look him right in the eye. Terry Shane, where are you, man?

[Hayes looks unsettled by this development.]

MSH: I --

SR: (holding up a finger to her lips) You're a well placed and deservedly well paid distraction probably but I need the boss man out here. Boss man? BOSS MAN?

[As if on cue, a figure splits through the curtain. The mood in the arena instantly changes as boos race throughout the arena. Standing in the entrance way, flanked by Lenny Strong, Aaron Anderson, Donnie White, and Harry Hyatt is the Ring Leader himself, Terry Shane III. No robe. No ring

attire. It's a formal Saturday evening for the Salience as he callously marches towards the ring black tied out from head to toe. Black suede shoes, slim fitting suit, and his black hair cleanly and perfectly parted to the left.]

GM: If you weren't recording the minutes of what is transpiring already, get to it! Business is picking up and it's picking up quick!

[Terry Shane III reaches the ring ropes. He hesitates briefly, turning towards the crowd who drown him with ill filled chants and phrases. His glare snaps away from them and narrows in on Shadoe Rage. Finally, he steps into the ring, grabbing Hayes' mic away from her.]

TS3: Well, well, well. Look what has become of the once mighty Prophet of Rage.

[No real reaction. Shadoe pulls a mildly confused face as he examines himself as if saying "What's happened?" There is muffled intrigue from the fans. Shane pauses, carrying it out for his own contemplation.]

TS3: I thought it would be impossible for our little...

[He turns down towards Gordon Myers who takes a deep breath followed by a massive swallow.]

TS3: Gang...to ever get stronger. Here I am, surrounded by the most talented, gifted, and destined wrestlers of our generation thinking that from top to bottom, we are perfect. We have everything a humble Ring Leader could ever dream of. An Axeman. A Hangman. The two hardest working men in the industry.

[He hooks a big thumb into his chest.]

TS3: And me. The man that single handily split Hannibal Carver's skull in two and crammed my bleeding fingers into the sockets of his eyes and ripped the very existence and relevancy from his soul.

Me.

But I look around and I am amazed. So amazed by the acceptance these people have for you, Mr. Rage. After everything you and your brother have done in this industry, the lengths you have gone to and even surpassed. The specter of this acceptance crept into my reason like a menacing phantom and has made me question if I was right.

Are we perfect?

Are we complete?

And the answer, my not so humble little friend....

[Shane's eyes twist away from Shadoe Rage and pan over Miss Hayes, the Ring Workers, White, and Hyatt -- only to return to the man standing in front of him.]

TS3: ...IS NO!

[The words fire from his mouth.]

TS3: YOU, Shadoe Rage, have opened my eyes.

YOU, Shadoe Rage, have made me realize that we are in fact, far from perfect.

And if it wasn't for this little jezebel's defiance we may have marched forward into battle with the likes of the Bullies, or Royalty, or the MegaFlowers or whatever cutesie little title they are fancying themselves with and been picked apart flaw by flaw, limb by limb, body by body.

But because of last week....because of YOU.... we have been saved.

[Rage looks at him. His eyebrow quirks up and his lip curls in a half laugh. He then to Bucky who can't help but to shrug. Rage smoothes some of his locks from his face and then looks back to the Ring Leader.]

SR: You're welcome, I suppose?

[Shane waves his finger -- searching for words.]

TS3: No Shadoe Rage....No. Just...

...welcome.

[Rage looks puzzled as the crowd buzzes with concern.]

GM: Are we seeing a...a....softer side of Terry Shane III?!

[Shane's hand extends out, reaching towards that of Shadoe Rage who glares into the eyes of the Ring Leader and then down to his hand. Before his charcoal stare reconnects with that of the Ring Leader we hear his voice break the momentary silence.]

SR: Shane...

[You can hear a young fan in the front yellow screaming out, "Don't do it!" It pauses Rage momentarily who is close enough for it to fall through his ears. Slowly, ever so slowly, he begins to lift his massive arm up.]

SR: I want you to understand something. I_AM_Shadoe Rage. I meant everything I said. I can make you better. I can make the Gang better. I can save you...

[Rage pauses, letting the crowd hang on his words. Many are already booing, fearing the worst.]

SR: ...by beating the holy Hell out of you!

[The crowd ROARS at the idea of it as Terry Shane fumes, suddenly pacing back and forth. Rage looks out at the crowd, nodding his head before continuing.]

SR: Shane, you and your gang are nothing but a pack of jackals. And I am a lion. Your tactics mean nothing to me. Your speeches mean nothing to me. And as for her...

[He points to Ms. Hayes' chest]

SR: ...I've seen better.

[Another big cheer! Hayes flips her lid, shouting off-mic at Rage.]

SR: So thanks, but no thanks. I'm disinclined to accept. I can do bad by myself, Shane. And I'm going to do bad by you because I want to. You, Shane?

[Rage shakes his head.]

SR: You're no leader. You're no man. You're just a jackal. Just a jackal. Just a jackal. And I am no jackal.

[Shane's eyes harden, widen even as he pulls to a stop in front of Rage again.]

TS3: It seems then that we have a bit of a... problem.

[Just as the word "problem" drips from his lips the members of the Shane Gang hop up onto the ring apron and simultaneously they step into the ring. Bucky Wilde, Miss Sandra Hayes, Shadoe Rage, and Terry Shane III are encircled by the Shane Gang Members who narrow in on the four of them.]

TS3: Now...

[Shane's gaze falls to the floor, long and hard, his once matted hair now masking his face. Then, he throws back his head, the hair flying back with the snap of his neck.]

TS3: GET HIM!

[Shadoe Rage's eyes light up as he readies himself for the oncoming attack as the Shane Gang members swarm forward, lunging...diving...flying...

...towards the unexpected and helpless body of one Harry Hyatt!]

GM: WHAT IN THE WORLD?! THEY ARE ATTACKING HYATT! THE SHANE GANG ARE ASSAULTING HARRY HYATT!

[Seeing the gang assault on one of their own, Rage bails out, diving out to the floor as Donnie White clubs his forearms over the skull of Hyatt, hammering him into the canvas. The Ring Workers join in, stomping him from head to toe as Hyatt scampers desperately across the mat, protecting the back of his head and neck as best as he can. Terry Shane III glares at Miss Hayes, mouthing to her, "give it to me".]

GM: MY STARS! THEY ARE RELENTLESS! THESE ANIMALS ARE BEATING THEIR OWN MEMBER INTO A BLOODY PULP!

[Miss Sandra Hayes, cold stare and all, delivers the branding iron to Terry Shane III who calmly removes his black jacket, laying it over the top rope....

...as Aaron Anderson DRIVES his boot repeatedly into the ribs of Hyatt whose scream bellows out throughout the arena!]

GM: SOMEBODY GET IN THERE! SAVE HIM!

[Dangling the branding iron down from his hand, Shane drags it across the mat, inching closer and closer to the downed Harry Hyatt. He looks down at his fallen former ally, making a motion with his right hand that instantly brings the assault to a halt.]

GM: Finally! For some reason, Terry Shane seems to have called off his pack of dogs! Finally decided enough is enou- Bucky, what the heck has happened here?!

[The returning Bucky Wilde claps his headset back on.]

BW: I ain't got a clue, Gordo. I had no part in this. I'm as surprised as the rest of ya are - including you!

[Shane tilts the branding iron up in the air, eyeing it as if it were a pitching wedge on the "Island Green" of TPC Sawgrass, and in one swift motion...

...he CRACKS it across the jaw of Harry Hyatt!]

GM: Good lord!

BW: I think I saw a tooth fly out, Gordo!

GM: Oh... dear. Don't say that. This is terrible, fans. Harry Hyatt has done some dastardly things as part of the Shane Gang but he doesn't deserve this. No one deserves this.

[Suddenly, we see a spreading pool of blood coming from under the head of Hyatt. Terry Shane winds up, ready to deliver a second blow...

...which is all Shadoe Rage needs to see to spur him into motion. Quick as a cat, he is up to the top rope in a single leap, diving off with a double axehandle into the back of Donnie White!]

GM: OHHH!

[Rage spins around, right hand cocked back as members of the Shane Gang (including Terry Shane III) bail out to the floor, leaving a fired-up Rage behind as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Shadoe Rage saved him! He saved Harry Hyatt from further punishment at the hands of-

[Rage steps up to the midbuckle, shouting off-mic at a backing-off Terry Shane.]

"JACKALS! GET OUT OF HERE! YOU DON'T WANT NONE OF ME! I'LL WEAR YOU OUT, BOY!"

[Shane gestures at him with the branding iron, regrouping the troops as he shouts back.]

"This isn't over! You'll pay for this."

[Shane is gesturing at the ring.]

GM: Uh oh... they may be looking to get back in there. There may be-

[The crowd ROARS!]

GM: And here comes the cavalry!

[The ramp quickly fills with the Rockstar Express, Chris Staley, Glenn Hudson, Supernova, BC Da Mastah MC, Manny Imbrogno, The Hive, and several others come tearing down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Terry Shane and his pack of dogs wants NO part of this!

[Shane shakes his head, backing off as the fan favorites make it to the ring, leaning down to check on the fallen Harry Hyatt, blood still trickling from his mouth.]

GM: Not so brave when the numbers are against you!

[The Shane Gang continues their retreat as AWA medical personnel hits the ring, checking on the downed Hyatt...

...as we cut backstage to where Calisto Dufresne stands next to Jason Dane in a white dress shirt and a gray vest with matching slacks. His long blond hair cascades down past his shoulders, over one of which rests the "AWA Uncrowned World Championship", which looks oddly similar to the PWR

Pacific Title. A look of displeasure is clear across his features as Dane begins.]

JD: I'm here with Calisto Dufresne and-

[Dufresne interjects.]

CD: AWA Uncrowned World Champion, Calisto Dufresne.

[Dane purses his lips in annoyance before continuing.]

JD: And we're backstage here at the Crockett Coliseum, minutes before James Monosso defends his AWA World Championship against MAMMOTH Maximus. Calisto, two weeks ago James Monosso refused your demands for a rematch saying he would never defend his title against you again. How do you feel about that?

CD: Saddened, Dane. I'm saddened that the AWA is now represented by a coward. Can you imagine the head of your organization being a yellow-bellied maniac?

JD: Well, some would say that you--

[Dufresne cuts Dane off again.]

CD: Some would say that Calisto Dufresne is the greatest champion ever to walk the halls of this place. Some would say that Calisto Dufresne took on every challenge set forth in front of him since this company opened its doors. Some say that every opponent the AWA brass set up got knocked down. And those people would be right.

JD: So what are you going to do now that he's refusing to give you a rematch?

[A mischievous smirk plays across his face.]

CD: Me? What could I possibly do about it? He's the champion, I'm just a guy way down the totem pole. I'm going to respect the man's wishes and wish him the very best out there against a worthy challenger in MAMMOTH Maximus.

I'd hate for something bad to happen to our champion, after all.

[Dufresne winks ominously before striding off as we fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and fade back up on the huge form of MAMMOTH Maximus standing over Jason Dane, microphone in hand, not looking as nervous as he usually is around the big man. Maximus has on a black mask and a black singlet, with a silver M across the front. On the other side of Dane is the dark suited, bespectacled and smirking form of Louis Matsui.]

JD: MAMMOTH Maximus, in just a few moments, you'll be taking a shot at the big time as you step into the ring against James Monosso to challenge for the Madman's World Heavyweight Title. Your thoughts?

MM: Jiiimmm...

Jiiiiimmm...

JIIIMMMRRRGHHH...

BRING...

THE...

WAAARRRGHHH!!!

You say you don't believe in karma! You say you don't believe in FATE! Good... That just means you won't see THE INEVITABLE coming! You want to get this over with? You want to get on with your life? I'll be glad to help... Oh, no, I don't expect you to roll over and be done with it. You might act like you're a tired old man who is SO OVER IT, but I know better than to look past a man who is two forks short of a full drawer... A man who does not know his own limits... I reckon I'll have to beat you to within an inch of your life before I can pry the World title out of your hands and that's EXACTLY what I'll do! Because, Jimmy, you might not believe in fate, but I believe in DESTINY and destiny dictates that it's mine!

IT'S MINE!

THE WORLD TITLE IS MINE!

[Matsui chimes in.]

LM: Monosso, you said it yourself, "if you want a match, you go to the Championship Committee" and that's exactly what I did, because, like you, I'm a straight-shooting kind of guy who doesn't need some lame "attack the champ" strategy. Why blindside you when I can just put four hundred and twenty pounds of pure power and speed and brute force and athleticism in front of you, point him in the right direction and let him loose? Like you said, Monosso, maybe next Saturday, Calisto Dufresne will INDEED have a new champion to chase... MAMMOTH Maximus...

[A throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers...]

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[Leading into Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" as Louis Matsui leads MAMMOTH Maximus away from the interview platform.]

PW: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening and it is for the AWA World Heavyweight Championship! It is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first, the challenger, hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Mister Matsui, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him. Matsui, on the other hand, cannot help but direct a few choice words at the more vocal members of the crowd. The booing continues as Matsui reaches the ring. He hangs back, letting Maximus pass and step through the ropes. Maximus balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. As the music fades, Matsui remains on the outside, yelling encouragement at Maximus, who has his eyes locked on the entranceway as we fade backstage to where Mark Stegglet is standing with the World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso.]

Monosso, tall and burly, wears his single-strap black-and-chrome thigh length wrestling singlet under a black T-shirt with PROPERTY OF MYSELF stenciled on in pale green print. Black-and-chrome boots and electrical tape around the wrists round out his attire. His stringy black shoulder-length hair is greying at the roots and straying back from his forehead; the flat-faced wild-eyed maniac is aging quite clearly. The World Heavyweight Championship is snug around his waist.]

MS: In mere moments, James Monosso, you face MAMMOTH Maximus with the World Heavyweight Title on the line. This will be, literally, your biggest test.

JM: Size helps. Helps with impacts. You almost gotta hit the guy in the head with ten pounds of steel just to get him to stagger. But size also kills. I remember a guy they called the Gatekeeper. You remember him, Stegglet?

MS: Yes, I do. Nearly six hundred pounds, wrestled in the early nineties.

JM: He was really only about five hundred ten.

MS: [deadpan] OH, is THAT all.

JM: Died of a massive coronary in 1997. I beat him twice during my first title run. But the difference between Maximus and most of those four hundred plus pounds guys is he's actually in shape underneath all that fat. He's not just another blob. But so was the Gatekeeper. You know what? The world was his! Everybody was scared of him back then. And then his career ended after, what, five years because he was too fat.

Oh, how about Whiplash? He was a four hundred pounder. The world was his! He's in a wheelchair now because his knees and back can't support four hundred pounds no more. Let's keep goin'!

[Monosso ticks `em off on his fingers as he counts them down.]

JM: The True Cowboys were both a notch under four hundred. Former World Tag Team Champions. They used to fight the Colts' dad and his partner all the time. The world was theirs! One of 'em could even do that dumb flippin' leg drop thing that Skywalker Jones does, except it looked awful cause he really twisted more sideways than over, and he almost killed himself each

time. Died from diabetic complications. The other one went into rehab, lost a hundred pounds, and is a truck driver now. Got a wife and kids, doin' fine.

[Stegglet bravely interrupts.]

MS: Is there a moral to this story or are we just trying to depress the viewers at home?

JM: All those guys weren't some slobs sitting on their couch typing on their laptop. They were athletic, strong, all of that. They all walked around like they ruled the world. They were all super tough. And the only one that made it out okay was the one that figured out he wasn't bulletproof. The one that got out of the sport while the gettin' was good. Were they as good as Maximus? Hard to say; Maximus is very good. Whiplash was that good; the others, probably not. But that don't matter.

The point is this: MAMMOTH Maximus can't intimidate me because when I look at him, all I see is a wake. All I see is a guy in a custom-built wheelchair. That's all I CAN see when I look at him. THE WORLD IS MINE? Then you better do somethin' about the cost of healthcare while you got it, pal. Try fixin' up the Middle East while you're at it. The world is a dump. You can have the damn thing.

But you can't have my belt. Because it's the only way I'll be able to afford a custom-built wheelchair when my time comes. To get it, you'll have to put me in one.

MS: I'm sure that's his plan.

JM: Maybe he will. Maybe he won't. He's a tough, dangerous man. He might get even more tough and dangerous as the years go by. But he'll also get that much closer to the wheelchair or the dirt nap. Maximus, you wanna rule the world? Do it at three hundred even; you'll rule it longer. As for the title?

THE TITLE! THE TITLE! THE TITLE IS MINE!

And if I gotta beat you in the head with ten pounds of steel to keep it, then I suggest you get ready to bleed.

[Monosso marches off as we crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson lifts the mic to continue...]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds to the Theme From Halloween kicks in to a HUGE CHEER from the Dallas crowd.]

PW: Weighing in at 288 pounds... he hails from the State of Confusion... he is the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

JAAAAAAAAAMES MONOOOOOSSOOOOO!

[The cheers grow louder as the champion powerwalks through the curtain, lifting the title belt over his head. He stands at the top of the aisle, staring down the ramp at the ring in his usual ring gear. The camera zooms in on him taking several deep breaths before he nods and starts the long walk towards the ring.]

GM: James Monosso, the World Champion, is heading to the ring for his latest title defense... and I have to say, he looked a little... thoughtful before he walked out here.

BW: Of course he did! He's gotta be standing there thinking that he's headed out here on his feet but could be going home on a stretcher if Matsui and Maximus have their way tonight. This could be it, Gordo! This could be the final time we see Monosso walk out to the ring!

GM: He takes that risk every time he walks to the ring, Bucky, but you're right, tonight is especially dangerous because of the size, power, and lethal skill of a man like MAMMOTH Maximus.

[Monosso steps through the ropes, lifting the belt again as he points at Maximus who is standing in the corner, being "held back" by Louis Matsui who is trying to keep him at bay until the bell rings. The champion takes a long look at the World Title belt before hanging it over to the referee. Johnny Jagger holds the title belt high overhead.]

GM: There it is... what it's all about, the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: If you're not in this sport to have that around your waist, you shouldn't be in this sport, daddy.

GM: You got that right. Monosso was a World Champion early in his career, we know that... and we know just how hard he fought to get back to that level. He survived the biggest and toughest tournament of all time to become the World Champion only to find out that his career is on the verge of ending every time he steps into that squared circle.

[Jagger hands the belt out to the timekeeper before stepping to the middle of the ring, looking to both men...

...and then pausing as the crowd ERUPTS into jeers!]

GM: What the... what's HE doing out here?!

BW: Oh, did you really expect this match to go down WITHOUT the Uncrowned World Champion coming out here and making his displeasure known?

GM: His displeasure!? With what?!

BW: With this title match even being sanctioned by the Committee! Dufresne deserves the first title shot - heck, he deserves to just be handed the World Title! He shouldn't even have to win it again.

GM: He didn't win it the first time! He won the match by countout which - since the beginning of this sport - means the title stays with the champion.

BW: Dufresne KNEW he was gonna try and get counted out or disqualified! That's why he wanted the DQ rule waived for that match. He wanted the title to change hands on DQ or countout and now we know he's right!

GM: Give me a break!

[Dufresne's arrival pauses the action. Monosso turns towards the Ladykiller, glaring at him as he walks down the ringsteps, raising his hands in innocence as he takes a seat by the ringpost.]

GM: Dufresne apparently has decided to take a seat in the corner - an up-close look at all the action.

BW: It's a scouting mission, Gordo. Dufresne knows - sooner or later - he's getting that rematch for the World Heavyweight Title whether Monosso likes it or not. He's gonna be ready to become the UNDISPUTED World Champion when that happens.

GM: You'd have to imagine he's a bit nervous out here though. He wants Monosso - a weakened Monosso - in that ring with the title on the line. I'm not sure he wants any part of MAMMOTH Maximus at one hundred percent.

[With his back turned to his opposition, Monosso is shouting at Dufresne...

...until Louis Matsui bravely marches across the ring, grabbing the World Champion by the arm and swinging him around!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Monosso looks stunned for a moment before he FLATTENS Matsui with his right hand!]

GM: HE DROPS MATSUI! THE CHAMP LAYS OUT-

[Maximus lunges into action, throwing a hooking right forearm to the temple of Monosso, sending him staggering backwards as the referee calls for the bell.]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[Maximus squares up, throwing two more forearms to the side of the head, knocking Monosso back against the ropes. He turns to help Matsui up, walking him to the ropes where Matsui exits the ring...]

GM: Maximus is trying to get his manager out of the ring and-

[Monosso charges from the blind side, delivering a big running forearm to the back of the head and neck, forcing Maximus through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: MONOSSO KNOCKS MAXIMUS TO THE FLOOR!

BW: Maximus don't want any part of Monosso on the floor! I guarantee you that!

[Monosso slides out to the floor, making his way around the ringpost towards Maximus who he grabs around the throat, shoving him back against the ringside barricade.]

GM: He's choking him at ringside against the steel!

[The World Champion lays in a pair of big forearms to the jaw that leaves Maximus' arms draped over the railing.]

GM: Monosso's all over him on the floor!

BW: He may be looking to get counted out again - keep an eye on him, Gordo.

[Monosso rears back, throwing a forearm that's more of an elbow to the jaw, sending Maximus staggering away from him. The World Champion pursues, throwing forearm after forearm to the mush...]

GM: Monosso's hammering away! The World Champion's not wasting any time!

BW: We see that out of him all the time, Gordo. Monosso knows he can't survive a lengthy match in his physical condition so he's going right to the fight... right into it to see if he can force the match to an early finish.

GM: And Calisto Dufresne likes what he's seeing so far.

BW: There's a whole lot of results that work out well for Dufresne here tonight, Gordo. Any Monosso victory but also any Maximus victory that's not a pinfall or a submission.

[Monosso batters Maximus over near the entrance ramp, throwing two more forearms before Maximus suddenly fires back with a hooking forearm blow to the temple, knocking Monosso a few steps back...]

...and Maximus steps up to the plate, HAMMERING his forearm down across the neck of Monosso!]

GM: Ohhh! Right on the neck!

[Maximus grabs a handful of hair with his left hand, holding Monosso up as he slams his right arm into the back of the neck... and again...]

GM: He's hammering the neck of Monosso - trying to do even more damage to the weak spot on the World Champion.

BW: He's gonna retire Monosso tonight, daddy! Maximus says the world is his and tonight, he's gonna prove it!

[Monosso spins away, staggering up the ringsteps onto the entrance ramp... but Maximus is right behind him, climbing up as well.]

GM: We've got a fight out on the floor and the referee is warning both of these men, trying to get them back into the ring.

[The monster from the San Bernardino Mountains grabs a handful of hair again, smashing his heavy forearm into the back of the neck... once... twice... three times...

...and then scores with a massive headbutt that knocks the World Champion down to a knee!]

BW: James Monosso may be regretting taking this match right about now, Gordo.

GM: He certainly might be. The World Title is certainly in jeopardy here tonight in this one.

[Now holding the hair with both hands, Maximus lands a second skull-crushing headbutt...]

GM: Monosso's down on a knee, trying to fight his way back up but Maximus is just overwhelming him with these heavy strikes.

[Maximus switches his grip, grabbing Monosso by his left wrist...

...and YANKING him into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: OHH! What a shot out of Maximus!

[The camera closes in on Monosso rolling back and forth on the elevated platform, grabbing at the back of his neck. We cut to Calisto Dufresne who is up out of his chair, looking incredibly nervous as he stares out at the ramp. He looks up at the official, gesturing towards the two men fighting...]

GM: Is Dufresne... I think he's trying to get the referee to count them out!

BW: Well, the referee SHOULD be counting, right?

GM: He should be it IS at his discretion, Bucky. He's obviously decided this match is important enough to give it a little bit of leeway.

[Monosso rolls to all fours, crawling away from Maximus towards the ring entrance...]

GM: Monosso's trying to put some distance between himself and the challenger...

[Maximus leans down, dragging Monosso up...

...who digs his fingers into the eyes of his attacker, gouging hard!]

GM: He goes to the eyes! Maximus just got his eyes raked and he can't see a thing!

[Monosso moves forward, lashing out with an overhead elbow smash to the bridge of Maximus' nose, knocking him down to a knee. The World Champion throws himself forward, connecting with a clothesline that topples Maximus!]

GM: OHHH! Big clothesline by Monosso!

[Staying down on his knees, Monosso starts hammering away at the skull of Maximus, shouting as he does so!]

GM: Monosso EXPLODES! He's snapped!

BW: Snapped?! That implies that he ever had it all together, Gordo!

GM: I suppose that's true... and he's really hammering Maximus down into the wooden ramp!

[The crowd is ROARING as Monosso rears back and fires with his bare knuckles into the jaw of Maximus over and over and over and over and over!]

GM: Monosso's fists are flying, tearing into the challenger!

[After a dozen or more blows land, Monosso peels away, stumbling up to his feet as he grabs at the back of his neck, staggering away.]

GM: Monosso may have just turned the tide in this one... Maximus is completely laid out after that series of devastating blows to the skull!

[Backing several feet towards the entrance way, Monosso gives a big shout, stumbling towards the downed Maximus...

...and leaps into the air, dropping a heavy King Kong kneedrop into the sternum!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The big kneedrop connects! Good grief!

[Maximus clutches at his chest as Monosso climbs to his feet, throwing back his head with a howl.]

GM: Monosso's in a lot of pain - you can see it in his eyes and hear it in his voice but he knows he may have just created an opening. He may have just opened a window to retain his title. He should go back into the ring right now, take the countout win, and retain the gold.

BW: You're actually ENCOURAGING someone to take the countout win?!

GM: This is a man who's physically broken, Bucky! He needs to win however he can to avoid leaving the building in an ambulance! If he can get the countout win? The DQ win? He should take it if you ask me.

[Monosso is staggering down the ramp towards the ring when movement catches his eye. He turns to find Maximus kneeling on the ramp, waving the World Champion towards him...]

GM: Maximus isn't done!

BW: Not by a long shot! He wants more, Gordo! He wants more!

[Monosso is quick to oblige, turning back towards Maximus (which gives Johnny Jagger a fit as he shouts at the champion) and hammering his fist into the temple of the kneeling Maximus again... and again... and again...]

GM: Good grief! What a physical battle this one is!

BW: Neither of these two are holdin' back one bit, Gordo. They're givin' it everything they've got with every shot they throw.

[Three more fists land but Maximus stays on his knees. Referee Johnny Jagger exits the ring, walking up the ramp as a frustrated Monosso throws a high impact forearm that rocks Maximus but does not drop him.]

GM: Monosso's throwing these big fists and forearms but he can't drop Maximus!

BW: Matsui's shouting at Maximus... now the referee's out here as well. He may throw this one out, Gordo. He's had no control over it since the bell rang and he may just call it a no contest.

[A quick cut to Calisto Dufresne shows him anxiously looking on.]

GM: I'm sure Mr. Dufresne wouldn't complain one bit if that happens. He's actually moving closer over towards the ramp, trying to see what the referee is saying...

[He gets a little too close, earning a glare from the World Champion just before Monosso leans over...

...and SINKS HIS TEETH into the forehead of Maximus!]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting Maximus!

[The crowd is roaring as Maximus howls in pain!]

GM: The referee's in there, ordering him to break it off!

[Finally, Monosso relents, dragging Maximus down the ramp towards the ring, chucking him through the ropes into the squared circle as the crowd mockingly cheers.]

GM: James Monosso puts Maximus back in... and the match continues! Much to the dismay of Calisto Dufresne.

[The Ladykiller smashes his hands against the ring apron, stalking back to his seat at ringside as Monosso shoves Maximus back into the turnbuckles where he promptly smashes a forearm into the jaw... and another... and another. The forearms connect faster and faster as Monosso switches off - right then left, right then left, battering Maximus down to a seated position on the mat.]

BW: Get him out of the corner, ref!

GM: The referee's telling Monosso to back off but the World Champion's not listening to him at all!

[Dropping to his knees, Monosso continues to wind up, throwing right hands to the jaw. The camera catches the bare fist slamming knuckles into the side of Maximus' face until Johnny Jagger lunges in, literally dragging Monosso away from the corner to the jeers of the crowd...]

BW: Yeah! Do your job, Jagger!

GM: The referee physically getting himself involved in this match - I don't ever like to see that happen, fans, but it might have been necessary in that instance.

[Monosso moves back in, laying in a heavy stomp to the jaw... and a second... and a third... and a fourth as the referee steps in again, trying to get Monosso to back off but instead, the World Champion drops to his knees and wraps his large hands around the throat of Maximus!]

GM: He's choking the man down on the canvas!

BW: Disqualify him, ref!

GM: Dufresne would like that too... and it sounds like he's telling the referee the same thing. Dufresne... I think he's out here to save the title for Monosso!

BW: I think you're right but how far will he go? You can bet he doesn't want to risk the wrath of Maximus or Matsui!

GM: I wouldn't think so, no.

[Monosso is dragged off of Maximus again, forced across the ring as the referee checks on the bigger man who climbs back to his feet.]

GM: Maximus is back up and Monosso's comin' for him...

[As the World Champion closes within range, Maximus lashes out with a hooking blow to the temple, knocking Monosso back a step. The big man steps out of the corner, squaring up to throw a second and a third.]

GM: Monosso's got the arms up, trying to defend himself from those devastating hooks...

[Monosso slips an arm up, again raking the eyes of Maximus!]

GM: The champ goes back to the eyes! Trying to save himself!

[The crowd actually cheers as Monosso hooks a loose side headlock, pulling Maximus' face down onto the top rope...

...and drags his head down the length of the ropes, raking the eyes against it!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso rakes the eyes down the ropes! Fans, we've got to take a quick break! We'll be right back with more of this Main Event action!

[We abruptly fade out 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 fade back up to live action where Monosso is out on the floor, trying to climb back up into the ring.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and as you can see, MAMMOTH Maximus managed to turn the tide during the commercial break and he has re-taken control of this matchup.

[With two hands full of hair, Maximus pastes him with a pair of big headbutts, leaving Monosso stunned. He keeps his left hand wrapped in the hair, repeatedly slamming his right hand up into the chest... then to the jaw...]

GM: Maximus just hits so hard, Bucky. It's so hard for anyone to stand and fight with him but that's exactly what the World Champion keeps trying to do...

[We cut to the floor where Dufresne is on his feet, both hands on the ring apron, a sheen of sweat on his forehead.]

GM: The so-called Uncrowned World Champion is looking extremely nervous out there on the floor. He can sense his opportunity to face Monosso in a rematch slipping away from him.

[Maximus pulls Monosso into a loose side headlock...

...which gives Monosso the chance to wrap his big arms around the torso of Maximus, muscling him up and down into a back suplex!]

GM: OHHHH! What a counter!

BW: There wasn't a lot of height on that... he couldn't get him up very far but he DID get him up and that may change the complexion of this one. Louis Matsui can't believe that Monosso got him up and quite frankly, I'm a little surprised as well.

GM: Matsui's worked up as much as Dufresne and probably more so. He's out there on the floor, pacing back and forth, shouting instructions when and where he can. He realizes the opportunity that's in front of the Matsui Corporation right here. This is a chance to shock the world and bring the World Title to the Corporation.

[Monosso backs off, hopping up to the midbuckle. He raises an arm, ready to strike as Maximus staggers to his feet...]

GM: MONOSSO LEAPS!

[...and lands right in the waiting arms of MAMMOTH Maximus who snares him in a bearhug before muscling him up across his chest in one motion...]

GM: He's got him up and... OHHH! He THROWS him down in a front slam! Good grief! A whole lot of impact behind that as he flings a near-three hundred pounder down to the mat like he was nothing... absolutely nothing!

[Maximus falls back against the ropes, giving a "THE WORLD IS MINE!" shout before rushing off, leaping up to drop a heavy elbow down into the sternum!]

GM: ELBOW!! Four hundred and twenty pounds down across the chest and that might do it, fans!

[Maximus gingerly rolls over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[But Monosso lifts a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin. A nervous-looking Calisto Dufresne pulls a handkerchief into view, mopping his brow with it as Matsui shouts for Maximus to "finish it!"]

GM: Matsui wants another one, I think. He wants another elbow!

[But Maximus has other ideas as he drags Monosso off the mat, shoving him back into the corner...]

GM: Maximus has him cornered...

[Squaring up, Maximus hits a hooking forearm to the left temple... then to the right... then back to the left...]

GM: Maximus is goin' to town on the World Heavyweight Champion and-

[The crowd roars as Monosso slips in a straight right hand to the mush!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso's firing back!

[The World Champion winds up, throwing haymaker after haymaker to the head of Maximus, backing him all the way across the ring into the far ropes...]

GM: Headbutt! Monosso drops him with that!

[Monosso leans on the top rope, breathing heavily as Maximus does the same down on the mat...]

GM: We're just over ten minutes into this battle but with the way these two are hammering away at each other, they're both exhausted, Bucky!

BW: Neither one of `em is gonna have a whole lot of stamina anyways considering their size, Gordo, but when you add in Monosso's injuries and the way they're tearing into each other... whooo boy.

[The World Champion leans down to grab the challenger...]

...but gets caught with a straight right off the mat to the bridge of the nose!]

GM: Ohh! Maximus caught him!

[Still seated, Maximus throws a second right hand to the nose followed by a pair of short backhands that puts Monosso down to a knee as Maximus uses

the ropes to haul himself back up off the mat. Matsui leans through the ropes, shouting at Maximus...]

GM: Matsui says now's the time! He says it's now, Bucky!

BW: He may be right, Gordo. Monosso's in trouble and the whole world knows it. This might be Maximus' opportunity to put the champion down for the three count.

GM: Maximus is back up... but so is Monosso!

[Monosso barrels towards Maximus who is leaning in the buckles...

...but Maximus sidesteps, throwing the World Champion chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Ohh!

[Standing tall, Maximus snaps off a standing clothesline to the back of the neck of the wobbled Monosso, causing him to pitch forward into the buckles. With a nod to Matsui, Maximus backs off...]

GM: He's got Monosso in the corner in trouble but he's not done with him, fans!

[Maximus charges the few steps towards the corner, smashing his forearm into the back of the neck!]

GM: Ohh! A second big shot to the neck!

[Maximus backs off, this time going even further back to the middle of the ring. He barrels across, leaping up...

...and SLAMS his forearm into the back of the neck again!]

GM: Three heavy blows to the injured neck and Maximus is closing in on the World Title! You can almost sense it in the air - these fans are buzzing with concern for the World Champion. Calisto Dufresne is on his feet, pacing back and forth - he looks like he might be sick.

[Maximus shoves Monosso backwards, sending him staggering several feet out of the corner. Maximus hops up to the midbuckle, giving a shout as he leaps off, clashing his arms together on the ears of the World Champion, knocking him down to the mat!]

GM: Good grief! Maximus showing that he's not just size, he's not just power and brute strength, he's got skill and the man can move very well for a man his size, Bucky.

BW: Incredible agility and speed for a four hundred pounder.

[The big dive takes a toll on both men though, both men down for several moments as the crowd cheers loudly, trying to root Monosso back to his feet to continue the fight. Out on the floor, we spy Calisto Dufresne doing the same thing, shouting into the ring.]

GM: Well, it's not often that you see a top challenger rooting for a champion but we're seeing it here tonight, fans. Calisto Dufresne is begging Monosso to get back into this thing and- uh oh!

[Back on their feet, Maximus has pulled Monosso into a fireman's carry, marching across the ring...]

GM: He's got Monosso up... but what in the world is he intending to do with him?

[Maximus turns away from the corner, still standing tall...]

...and FALLS BACK, crushing Monosso underneath him in a Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: That's it, Gordo! That's gotta be it! We've got a new World Champion!

GM: James Monosso just got smashed under four hundred plus pounds! Incredible!

[Sharp-eyed viewers would notice Calisto Dufresne with a hand gripped around the middle rope, ready to move in an instant as Maximus sits up on the mat. Matsui screams at him, ordering him to make the cover...]

GM: Maximus needs to cover - the World Title may be within his reach right here, fans! It may be right there within his reach!

[Maximus rolls over, climbing off the mat. Matsui's gesturing wildly at Monosso, begging him to make the pin...]

...but Maximus shakes him off, stepping over the prone Monosso and grabbing the top rope.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: He's going for the Plunge!

GM: The Prehistoric Plunge is comin' up, fans! And if he hits this, we WILL have a new World Champion.

[Maximus slowly steps up, putting his left foot on the middle rope. He pauses, looking out at the crowd that is buzzing with concern for the downed World Champion. He steps up again, placing both feet on the middle rope as he grabs the top with both hands...]

...and starts to bounce!]

GM: He's setting it up, building that momentum up...

[Maximus has the crowd whipped into a frenzy of worry before he springs up into the air, kicking his legs out to go parallel to the mat...

...and SMASHES Monosso underneath him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

[Maximus is up on his knees, looking down at Monosso. He glares at him, shouting "THE WORLD IS MINE! MINE!" before reaching down to cuff Monosso across the ear.]

GM: He's not covering him!

BW: Matsui's losing it, Gordo! He's out here screaming his head off, ordering Maximus to make the cover but the American Mastodon is having no part of it!

GM: Oh my god... he's gonna do it again!

[Maximus climbs to his feet a second time, moving to the corner. Calisto Dufresne has both hands on the middle rope now, moving over near where Maximus is climbing...

...and gives a big shout!]

GM: Maximus is up on the middle rope but Dufresne has frozen him in his tracks! The so-called Uncrowned World Champion is shouting at Maximus, trying to... well, I don't know what he's trying to do actually.

BW: He's trying to distract him! To stall him! To give Monosso a chance, I think. This is a bold move by Dufresne. Up until now, he hasn't done anything that would draw the ire of Maximus and Matsui but that may have just changed. Dufresne wants the World Title so badly that he's willing to risk the wrath of the Matsui Corporation!

GM: Maximus is trading words with Dufresne. Matsui's trying to dissuade him - trying to get him to drop the Plunge on the World Champion again!

[Finally, Maximus is able to ignore Dufresne long enough to start his bouncing again. Matsui turns his focus to the Ladykiller, shouting at Dufresne from across the ring while Dufresne's focus stays on the ring, watching as Maximus kicks himself off again...

...and comes CRASHING down on the canvas as Monosso rolls aside!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE PLUNGE!

[Dufresne pumps a fist in celebration out on the floor before slapping his hands on the mat with a "GET UP, MONOSSO! GET UP!"]

GM: The fans are cheering on Monosso! Dufresne's cheering on Monosso! What a bizarre scene this is, fans!

[Monosso grabs the ropes in the buckle, dragging himself off the mat to his feet as Maximus rolls to his knees, clutching his chest.]

GM: The champion's back up... big right hand! And another! And a third!

[Dragging Maximus up off the mat by the arm, Monosso wheels him around and FIRES him into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso DRIVES him to the buckles!

[Maximus staggers out to the middle of the ring where Monosso hooks a handful of singlet...

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Maximus leaning through the ropes, his head perilously placed against the steel ringpost...]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIFTEEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[...as Monosso steps out onto the ring apron, staring down the length of it at a stunned Maximus!]

GM: Monosso's got him right where he wants him!

BW: Matsui's screaming for him to move, begging him to move...

[Matsui suddenly breaks into a dash, racing around the ring to get over to where Maximus is leaning against the post...]

GM: Monosso's ready... he's set...

[The Madman from Happy Valley comes tearing down the length of the ring apron, trying to get to Maximus before Matsui does...]

GM: CONCUSSIONIZER!

[Matsui makes a lunge to save his challenger...

...but gets grabbed around the waist by Calisto Dufresne who prevents the manager from making the save as Monosso's boot CONNECTS with the temple of Maximus, smashing his skull into the steel!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Maximus slumps through the ropes, falling out to the floor from the impact of the blow as Monosso leans against the ringpost, breathing heavily.]

GM: He hits the Concussionizer!

BW: Did you see Dufresne!? He stopped Matsui from interfering and- I can't believe he did that!

GM: Why not? We've talked about how badly he wants the World Title and he just showed us that he's willing to make a very large enemy to do it!

[The referee steps up to the ropes, starting a ten count on Maximus as Monosso steps back into the ring.]

BW: Wait a second! NOW Jagger's gonna count?! He let these guys fight outside the ring for five minutes or more at the start of this thing but as soon as Maximus goes down and Monosso's in the ring, he's gonna count! This is terrible!

[Matsui rips himself away from Dufresne, screaming at the Ladykiller as the referee's count continues...]

GM: The count's up to three... now four...

[Matsui grabs Maximus by the arm, physically trying to drag him off the thin mats at ringside...]

GM: Matsui's trying to save his man, trying to save their challenge for the World Heavyweight Title!

[Monosso sits, slumped back against the turnbuckles as the count continues to six...]

GM: Maximus hasn't moved since he hit the floor, fans! That Concussionizer did a huge amount of damage to the four hundred pounder... the count is up to seven...

BW: Get him up, Louis!

GM: There's no way that Matsui's getting him up on his own! There's no chance of that!

[Matsui's face turns red from effort as the count hits eight... then nine...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers as the referee turns back to Monosso, raising the World Champion's hand over his head.]

PW: Your winner of the match as a result of a countout... and STILL AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

JAAAAAAMES MONOOOOSSOOO!

[Monosso staggers out to the center of the ring...

...when suddenly Calisto Dufresne comes out of nowhere, SMASHING Monosso in the base of the neck with the World Title belt!]

GM: OHHH! COME ON!!

[The referee steps in, shouting at Dufresne as he takes the title belt, slinging it over his shoulder. He smirks as he pats the belt, standing over Monosso who is clutching the back of his neck. Dufresne steps out of the ring, slowly walking down the aisle with the World Title belt.]

GM: He's... he's taking the belt! Dufresne's taking the World Title belt!

[Suddenly, Jason Dane comes charging out on the ramp, mic in hand...]

JD: Mr. Dufresne! Mr. Dufresne, a quick word...

[Dufresne sneers at Dane as he pulls to a stop.]

CD: Make it snappy, Dane. The World Champ's got business to attend to.

[Dane nods.]

JD: Yes, you do... that's why I'm out here. We just received word backstage that the AWA President, Karl O'Connor, has made a ruling regarding your World Title rematch.

[Dufresne raises an eyebrow.]

CD: Oh? Well, let's hear it.

[Dane pulls a sheet of paper from his pocket, unfolding it to read.]

JD: "The Office of the AWA President, after consulting with the Championship Committee, has ruled that at Memorial Day Mayhem, James Monosso will defend the World Heavyweight Title..."

[Dramatic pause.]

JD: "...against Calisto Dufresne."

[Dufresne grins widely, patting the title belt.]

CD: It won't be long now, my sweet. Soon enough, we'll be able to clean that Monosso grime off your beautiful face and you'll be sharing MY bed.

[Dane looks a little sick to his stomach.]

CD: What? Is that it?

[Dane reads the sheet of paper, his eyes going wide.]

CD: Wait, wait... let me guess. The office finally saw my point. They finally saw reason! They've waived the DQ rule! If that maniac Monosso gets counted out or disqualified, he loses the title, right? Right?!

[Dane slowly shakes his head.]

CD: What then? Speak, idiot!

[Dane's eyes come up to meet Monosso.]

JD: When you face James Monosso at Memorial Day Mayhem...

[A gulp.]

JD: There will be no countouts.

[Big cheer!]

JD: There will be no disqualifications.

[Another big cheer! Dane takes a deep breath.]

JD: It's going to be... Falls... Count... Anywhere!

[HUUUUUGE CHEER! Dufresne's eyes go wide!]

CD: WHAT?! THEY CAN'T DO THIS, DANE! THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

[Dane holds up the sheet of paper.]

JD: I had nothing to do with it! I'm just the messenger! It's right here!

[Dufresne snatches the sheet of paper away, ripping it in half, repeatedly shouting "NOOOO!" off-mic as Dane scampers away to safety and we fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back up to a panning shot of the interior of the arena before settling down at ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: We're back, fans, and what a way to end this edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! James Monosso WILL defend the World Title against Calisto Dufresne at Memorial Day Mayhem... in a FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE match! That's gonna be something else. We've had a heck of a night here in Dallas, Texas as we get ready to go out on the road for the summer on the annual Heat Wave tour.

BW: That's right. The next SNW is going to be pre-empted by WKIK so it was one heckuva way to say goodbye to our hometown of Dallas for the next four months.

GM: Dallas, Texas - we love you all so much. Thank you for all of your support. For Jason Dane, Mark Stegglet, Buck-

[A voice rings out over the PA system.]

"Not so fast, Myers. This show is not finished quite yet."

[Gordon looks confused as we abruptly cut to the interview area where "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes stands flanked by Nenshou and The Aces.

Percy, a short bald goateed manager with a bit of a belly on him (he has lost a good bit of weight since his debut in the AWA, though he's still comfortably twenty-five pounds overweight), is wearing a white button-up shirt, red bowtie, and black slacks. Nenshou is wearing a red wizard-hooded jacket which extends to mid-thigh, baggy black pants, and red wrestling boots. His face is not visible under the hood, but for his chin (which is painted up in bronze-and-black face paint). Daniel Tyler and Steven Childes surround their manager... both Aces wear burgundy-and-silver dress clothing (Daniel's looks like a business suit while Steven's looks like a tux) and designer shades. Radiant Raven, the exotic-looking dark-haired pale-skinned valet for the Aces, stands over to one side with a mirror in hand. She wears a light grey-and-maroon dress, with silky black gloves going to her upper arms, and makeup which looks like a cross between eyeliner and face paint.

The fans are vehemently booing the Alliance predictably.]

PC: To think that we'd abandon our "hometown fans" here in Dallas for the summer without giving them the proper chance to pay tribute to their favorite AWA superstars is both foolish and cruel.

[The boos are even louder.]

PC: For two weeks now, I've had to field the questions - we all have. What happened two weeks ago? What, they ask, did we see? I have refused to respond until now... so that the broadest possible audience could know the answers.

Everyone in this business craves that 'moment'. The moment when you know that you're watching history in the making. A moment that, twenty years later, you can tell people "I was watching when..." and they will know just what you're talking about.

Two weeks ago was the moment when the Unholy Alliance declared itself the most powerful force in the AWA. Will it be "A moment"? "THE moment"? I'd like to find out.

[The crowd is buzzing with confusion.]

PC: You see, Stevie Scott is not a stupid man. He's not like the so-called 'heroes' that come around, leaping into impossible situation like lemmings from a cliff. He knew what he was seeing because he was a part of it before. And that's why he sounded the retreat. Now, we want to prove that the Unholy Alliance is the strongest force in the AWA. Not by numbers, but by force.

That's why we're challenging Scott, Vasquez, and Von Braun to a six-man tag match at Memorial Day Mayhem! Against three Alliance members of my choosing.

[The crowd cheers the challenge. Steven Childes leans forward though, whispering in the ear of his Uncle.]

PC: Ah yes... you're right, Steven. I had forgotten. It seems as though one of our own, Tully Brawn, has decided that he needs to prove himself to his family. He needs to show them his true caliber. He has challenged Von Braun to a match on that same night far away from Corpus Christi... a match where neither myself nor any Alliance member can intervene.

[Percy strokes his chin thoughtfully and then shrugs.]

PC: Well, then. My challenge stands. Scott and Vasquez can find some other partner.

[There's a brief pause... and then the Aces bust out laughing. Daniel's got his forehead on Raven's shoulder, trying to suppress the laughter while Steven is doubled over laughing. Raven and Nenshou remain totally impassive, though Raven gives Daniel a pat on the head.]

SC: HA HA, good one, Uncle Percy! Like those two chimps could find a partner! After we showed them up at the Stampede Cup, and after the world saw how powerful the Unholy Alliance is now with Rick Marley, Johnny Detson, Tully Braun, Nenshou, and The Aces? And knowing the history between Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez, how they'll turn on each other at any time? Who'd be dumb enough to team with those two?!

DT: Nobody in the AWA's that dumb. Especially at Memorial Day Mayhem, where anyone with ambition is gonna be in that Rumble. Go through us and THEN try the Rumble? Ha ha ha no.

[Percy smirks with a nod.]

PC: They're welcome to decline the challenge. That would be all the evidence that the people would need to know who now rules this land...

"You'd just love that, wouldn't you?"

[The crowd suddenly comes to life with cheers, as they see Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott emerging from the back. The two former National Champions approach the interview area, but stop short of it, painfully aware that they're still outnumbered by the number of Unholy Alliance members present on stage.]

SS: Sorry fatboy, but the only thing you're ruling is the all-you-can-eat buffet across the street!

[A crowd-pleasing "Percy is overweight!" pop!]

SS: You think you're clever, right? Take Von Braun out of the equation by making him fight his brother a thousand miles away...wait until the absolutel

last possible moment to lay down the challenge... make it so that you've effectively made it IMPOSSIBLE for us to find a partner.

[Stevie nods.]

SS: A nice effort, Percy. Worthy of... well, me.

[The crowd cheers as Stevie smirks.]

SS: But I'm afraid we've got some bad news for you.

[Percy arches an eyebrow as Stevie hands the mic off to the other former National Champion, Juan Vasquez.]

JV: Decline your challenge, amigo?

[Juan chuckles to himself.]

JV: I thought you were a smart man, Percy. You know better than to even THINK that we'd ever back down from the likes of you. But that's probably why you made this challenge, right? You knew we'd be outnumbered and outgunned and we'd STILL accept the challenge, because if I was dumb enough to face down the Southern Syndicate by myself and if Stevie was dumb enough to face down the entire Unholy Alliance all by his lonesome self before...then surely the both of us would be dumb enough to face the new and improved Unholy Alliance together!

[Childes (both of 'em) merely smirk at the duo, silently acknowledging that Juan hit the nail right on the head.]

JV: And you're right, we DO accept your challenge...

[A big smile forms on Percy's face.]

JV: ...but we sure as hell won't be the only ones!

[That quickly turns into an unamused sneer as the crowd roars with cheers!]

JV: This ain't the first time me and Stevie ever found ourselves in a fight outnumbered and outgunned, and it sure as hell ain't gonna' be the last. The SMART thing to do would be to just run away and survive. Any normal person would do it.

But me and Stevie? We ain't exactly "normal", are we?

The fact that The Unholy Alliance is bigger and better than ever before?

Only makes you a bigger and better TARGET.

[It's then, that the other members of The Unholy Alliance reveal themselves, appearing behind Stevie and Juan, in order to flank them as a roar of boos come from the crowd.]

BW: Uh oh! Stevie and Juan are in trouble now!

GM: Oh my...here comes the rest of the Unholy Alliance. It looks like that rat, Percy Childes set up a trap for Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez!

BW: And they fell right into it! They're surrounded!

[The two former National Champions stand back-to-back now, preparing themselves for a battle. Juan looks around, acknowledging the UA's show of strength, before shaking his head at the overwhelming odds against them.]

JV: Son of a-

[But before Juan can finish that expletive, the rest of the cavalry attacks. Marley, Detson and Tully Brawn all swarm from unknown angles, covering Juan and Stevie with rights and lefts. The Aces join in with Nenshou looking on, and the crowd boos them out of the building!]

MS: GORDON! WE'VE GOT A BRAWL ON OUR HANDS, WE'VE GOT A MUGGING RIGHT HERE AT THE INTERVIEW CENTER!

[The Aces take pleasure in playing ping pong with Juan's head, bouncing him back and forth with right hands, with Johnny Detson adding a haymaker for good measure. Marley and Tully Brawn have Stevie in trouble, with Brawn armbaring the Hotshot and Marley delivering rights and lefts to the stomach.]

GM: A mugging is right! The Unholy Alliance just has overwhelming numbers right now! No one can overcome these odds, not even Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott!

BW: They asked for it Gordo, they invited 'em in! These two guys think they can take on the world with a peashooter!

[But help is on the way...]

GM: Brian Von Braun! Brian Von Braun is out to even the odds!

[Von Braun scores with heavy left hands, crashing hard fists into the ribs of Marley before hitting him with an elbow to the side of the head, and then moving on to Johnny Detson, grabbing him by the back of the head with his right hand and whacking him in the throat with a left!]

GM: Brian Von Braun is a house of fire! Lefts and rights for everyone, now Stevie Scott has gotten free!

BW: The numbers, daddy, they're too much! This can't happen!

[Stevie decks Brawn, turns to his right and plasters Steven Childes, helping Juan get loose. Juan tackles Detson, and the two men roll around on the

ground trading rights. The brawl has spilled onto the entrance ramp, and the crowd is going wild!]

GM: Vasquez and Detson! Ohhhh boy, those two haven't liked each other in any of their previous lives!

BW: It's all over the place Gordo! If hatred was money these guys would be independently wealthy!

GM: Vasquez and Detson hammering away, Stevie Scott BELTS Tully Brawn-
"OOOHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Marley with a cheap shot! Shot to the back of Brian Von Braun, and Von Braun crumbled!

BW: Cheap shot nothin'! This is war, daddy, this is personal! It's all fair game!

[The Unholy Alliance regains control, stomping on the downed Vasquez and alternating between Stevie and BVB. Percy Childes is loving it, shouting for his Aces to bring Vasquez to his feet... and as they do, the others line up to take their shots...]

BW: Juan Vasquez is gonna get his daddy, The Unholy Alliance is gonna make him a fly on their windshield!

GM: Detson or Marley, who gets the honor-

[But Gordon never gets to finish, because from somewhere, maybe the crowd, maybe the backstage area, a blue blur flies across the screen and PASTES Tully Brawn with a spear tackle, and begins raining down right hands before anyone knows what's going on!]

GM: There's another- who, someone, who IS that?

BW: Someone with bad intentions, daddy, Tully Brawn's getting taken apart!

GM: Vasquez and Stevie have got some backup, they found someone to be on their side!

BW: But WHO is it?

[Momentarily stunned, Stevie Scott pushes Daniel Tyler into Rick Marley, and then DRILLS Detson with a Heatseeker! Johnny rolls off camera as Marley kicks the Brawn attacker in the back, only to be decked by Stevie Scott.]

GM: THERE'S BEDLAM HERE ON SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING! IT'S A PIER SIX BRAWL RIGHT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF A WRESTLING SHOW, AND I CAN'T MAKE HEAD NOR TAILS OF IT!

[Daniel Tyler gets a clothesline from Juan Vasquez...Steven Childes gets a huge haymaker from Brian Von Braun...Tully Brawn is cold cocked by a rampaging Stevie Scott, with Percy Childes calling for a quick departure the whole time! The crowd goes CRAZY as Tully Brawn gets kicked in the backside by Vasquez, who helps the unknown partner to his feet.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance will live to fight another day, but WHO on Earth has Juan Vasquez enlisted?

[The mystery man then takes off the grey hoodie he was wearing, to reveal himself to the audience...]

GM: Is that-

[A TREMENDOUS cheer comes from the crowd once they recognize...]

BW: THAT'S LUKE KINSEY!

GM: OH MY STARS! LUKE KINSEY HAS COME TO THE AID OF HIS LONGTIME FRIENDS! LUKE KINSEY IS HERE IN AWA!

BW: Ohhhhh my, ohhhhh my goodness, this ain't right! This ain't fair! Percy Childes might be unholy, but THIS man!

[Vasquez picks up the microphone for one moment, and speaks into it.]

JV: As the old saying goes, Percy..."You don't bring a knife to a gunfight."

[He stares straight at Percy with a look of defiance on his face.]

JV: Well, as you can see, me and Stevie ain't bringing a knife. And we ain't even bringing a GUN. Hell, we went out and found ourselves a weapon that I KNOW the Unholy Alliance can't handle. We got ourselves...

[A big ol' smile forms on Juan's face.]

JV: ...a loose cannon.

[BIG POP! Kinsey takes the microphone from Juan and holds it as the people cheer for him.]

GM: If you don't know, and I can't imagine you wouldn't, Luke Kinsey has held every belt there is to hold in the world of professional wrestling. He was a main event attraction all across North America, and most of the world, he has wrestled, and beaten, most anyone who could ever call themselves a great wrestler.

BW: He's bonafide, daddy, but what's he doing here?!

GM: He got his start with Juan Vasquez a long, long time ago. They're as close as brothers!

[Kinsey holds the mic up, looking a little older and wiser. His hair is cut short, he doesn't wear the earrings anymore, but there's still the unmistakable smirk as he speaks.]

LK: You know, when times get tough, you gotta call the people you trust. You gotta call your blood.

So it was only a matter of time until I showed up, you all know that right? Y'see, most of the real friends I have in this life I can count on two hands, and there happens to be three of them right here, and I'm sure the whole world knows that me and El Cholo over here started out together a long, long time ago.

But I was fine being home, I was fine being out of the spotlight. I put my whole heart and soul into this life, I poured EVERYTHING I had, and truth be told, I was burnt out. I needed a rest, and time to recalibrate my life.

[Luke quiets down for a second, supposedly in thought.]

LK: About six months ago I got the itch to get back into the sport, but I found a funny thing out.

No one wanted me. Ha ha, no one WANTS the guy who taught Juan Vasquez how to break someone's leg, no one WANTS the guy who Jon Stegglet blackballed from the last three promotions he's run, no one WANTS the guy who got kicked out of Canada and played the fiddle while the Empire was burning. And I guarantee you, no one WANTS that guy on their ass, but that's what you got, Unholy Alliance!

[The crowd cheers at the fired up former World Champion.]

LK: There was just no way I was gonna sit back and watch my friends get pummeled week after week, no way I was gonna watch the best man at my first wedding and the best man at my second wedding get cheap shotted and backjumped every time they wrestled a match.

[Kinsey turns to BVB...]

LK: Don't worry dude, I got you on the next one.

[...and continues his thought.]

LK: It just wasn't gonna happen. You pushed these men up against the wall, you dared them to open up Pandora's Box, and Mr. "Hate To Say I Told You So" jumped right back out 'atcha.

You asked the question, fat man, and now I've got the answer.

Who's crazy enough to be their partner on Memorial Day?

You're lookin' at 'im, Jack!

[The crowd erupts as Kinsey hooks a thumb at himself and stomps his foot.]

LK: You can thank Jon Stegglet for dropping the grudge that's kept me out of his employ for the past 8 years, you can thank Toddy Mike for the airfare, and homeboy, you can thank the people all around the world who've kept the name Luke Kinsey alive all this time that I've been gone, because I'm tellin' ya this... after Memorial Day Mayhem, you're gonna wish you never heard it.

Let the games begin.

[And with that, Kinsey drops the mic and turns around to get mobbed by Juan, Stevie and BVB as the fans erupt in cheers.]

GM: My stars! It's Luke Kinsey LIVE in the Crockett Coliseum! We've got a six man tag on our hands for Memorial Day Mayhem and by God, it's gonna be a war! Fans, we're out of time! We'll see you in Corpus Christi! Lord have mercy!

[The camera closes on a stunned Percy Childes, red-faced and slack-jawed...

...as we fade to black.]

UPCOMING EVENTS

MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM

Monday, May 27th, 2013

Location: On the deck of the USS Lexington in Corpus Christi, Texas

30 Man Rumble

Winner gets a future World Title shot

- Supreme Wright
- Shadoe Rage
- William Craven
- Alex Martinez
- Robert Donovan
- Terry Shane III
- MAMMOTH Mizusawa
- MAMMOTH Maximus
- Chris Staley
- Glenn Hudson
- Alphonse Green
- Dave Cooper
- ~~Tully Brawn~~ (TO BE REPLACED!)
- Supernova
- Sweet Daddy Williams
- Stevie Scott
- Skywalker Jones
- Nenshou

- Adam Rogers
- Juan Vasquez
- Brody
- Rick Marley
- Hercules Hammonds
- Johnny Detson
- Sultan Azam Sharif

World Title Match

James Monosso vs Calisto Dufresne

Unification Match

The Blonde Bombers vs The Bishop Boys

Six Man Tag Team War

Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, Luke Kinsey vs The Unholy Alliance

Winner Takes All - Trial By Battle

Dave Cooper vs The AWA's Champion

Loser Leaves Town - Steal The Spotlight contract on the line

Skywalker Jones vs November

A Lynch vs A Bully