

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CROCKETT COLISEUM
DALLAS, TEXAS
JUNE 8TH, 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 new footage added just this week - "The Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne raising a steel chair over his head, rearing back as far as he physically can before SLAMMING the weapon down over the skull of James Monosso, capturing the World Heavyweight Title at Memorial Day Mayhem...

...and EXPLODES into the panning live shot of the exterior of the Cajundome in Lafayette, Louisiana where a bright red, white, and blue "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" logo appears on the screen.]

GM: We are LIVE in the Cajundome in Lafayette, Louisiana 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 to the interior of the building where the shot instantly shows a crowded building with the exception of some sections of the upper level that have been tarped off to prevent seating in those areas. A giant American flag hangs from the ceiling of the building as we get a well-constructed shot of the Stars And Stripes in the foreground and the squared circle in the background.]

GM: Nearly nine thousand fans are joining us here tonight in the Cajundome for this, the first Saturday Night Wrestling of this year's Heat Wave tour and the tour is appropriately named here tonight in Lafayette, Bucky.

BW: It's hot! It's sticky! I've already sweat through two shirts here tonight and that's before we even got to the building!

[The shot cuts to a panning shot of the ring side area where we can see that 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. Behind the chairs are rows upon rows of permanent stadium seating where the majority of the fans are seated as well as the aforementioned upper level of seats.

We can see no sign of the elevated entrance ramp or the interview platforms that we're used to seeing at AWA shows just before a fade down to ringside that 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 stripes flag tie. Wilde, a former multiple time Southern Manager of the Year, is in a bright red sportscoat, blindingly white slacks and matching 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: The weather may be hot here in Lafayette but you can bet that the action's about to get hotter! Good evening, fans, and welcome to another

edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling where the entire AWA is still reeling after the results of Memorial Day Mayhem!

BW: We've got a new World Champion, daddy!

GM: In case you did not see the big holiday event, we do indeed have a new World Champion in Calisto Dufresne who defeated James Monosso in a brutal Falls Count Anywhere matchup... and that new World Champion shocked us again in Corpus Christi by apparently allying himself with the entity known as Royalty.

BW: Who had ALREADY shocked us earlier in the night by taking Sultan Azam Sharif out with a busted ankle AND throwing the match - the Winner Takes All match - which means that Mark Langseth's AWA future is done. It's over! It's finished!

GM: It is indeed. Mark Langseth is barred from EVER competing in the AWA again after Dave Cooper buried a knife right in his back at Memorial Day Mayhem. Royalty will be here tonight - as a group for the first time - and will address everything that went down at Memorial Day Mayhem. But MDM also featured our annual thirty man Rumble that-

BW: Gordo, Gordo... check it out!

[Bucky turns around, jerking a thumb at the back of his sportscoat that reads "THE SHANE GANG" in glittering glitter.]

GM: What is THAT all about, Bucky?!

BW: I'm an honorary member! It's official! Miss Hayes gave me this jacket personally.

GM: Oh, brother. Terry Shane III shocked the wrestling world by winning the most star-studded Rumble of all time. It was filled with former champions, with Hall of Famers, with-

BW: And they all ended up over the top rope and down on the floor with Terry Shane standing tall!

GM: That means that Terry Shane has a guaranteed World Title match sitting in his pocket now... and that also means that Calisto Dufresne's World Title reign could be over before it gets started. The Shane Gang will be here tonight as well for what we're being told is a special victory celebration.

BW: I can't wait for that!

GM: I'm sure you can't. In addition, the World Television Title will be on the line here tonight when Dave Bryant puts the title on the line... but who will his opponent be? The Championship Committee hasn't revealed it as of yet but we know it'll either be Glenn Hudson or Ryan Martinez challenging for the gold here tonight in what should be an outstanding matchup. It's going

to be a big night here in Lafayette but right now, let's go right up to the ring for our opening matchup!

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

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, from Wagga Wagga, Australia, he weighs in at 247 pounds... "Outback" Zack Kelly!

[Kelly raises an arm to some small cheers before tugging off his tan sleeveless vest and big khaki hat.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights dim and a light mist rolls out from the entryway as "Raijin's Drums by George Sakalis begins to play over the PA System.]

PW: From the Land of the Rising Sun... weighing in at 235 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by his manager, the Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes... he is...

NENNNNNSHOUUUUUUU!

[After a moment, the mysterious Nenshou appears, wearing a long black robe with the hood pulled down over his painted face. Pausing at the entrance, he begins to walk smoothly and unhurriedly down towards the ring, his steely gaze locked on the squared circle. Behind him comes his manager Percy Childes... overweight and sweating, the piece of filth is as loud as his charge is silent, jawing at fans and threatening to brain them with his crystal orb topped cane.]

GM: Neither one of these gentlemen are in a very good mood following the events of Memorial Day Mayhem, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. They lost the six man tag, they had the odds all in their favor going into the Rumble but couldn't get the job done.

GM: The Unholy Alliance didn't get their summer off to the start they were hoping for... and whether you like them or hate them, you have to recognize they are very, very dangerous when they're angry as I suspect "Outback" Zack is about to find out.

[Nenshou scales the ringsteps, moving swiftly through the ropes where he drops to a knee, pulling his hood back to unleash a burst of green mist into the air...]

GM: Aaaah! I'll never get used to that!

[Removing the black robe, we see long red tights with black boots. Black facepaint with red Kanji script covers his visage as Percy Childes stands on the apron, giving some final advice to his charge who nods, turning as the bell rings...]

GM: Our opening contest is underway here in Lafayette... and as hot as it is, I'm surprised that facepaint isn't running down the chest of Nenshou right about now.

[The happy-go-lucky Australian moves out to the middle of the ring where Nenshou greets him, lashing out with a stiff-fingered thrust into the windpipe. The referee immediately warns Nenshou for the illegal blow as Kelly stumbles backwards, coughing loudly...]

GM: Nenshou wastes no time in breaking the rules...

[Grabbing Kelly by his brown hair, Nenshou snapmares him down into a seated position on the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Nenshou stands over Kelly who just got kicked right at the base of the spine. Childes can be heard gleefully shouting, "AGAIN! AGAIN!" as Nenshou nods in his direction...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[After the third kick lands, Nenshou dashes to the ropes that Kelly is facing, rebounding off swiftly...

...and SMASHING his knee directly into the face of the Australian!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NENSHOU CHANGING HIS TACTICS! We usually see the low dropkick after that kick to the back but he just slammed his knee right into the face of Zack Kelly and the Australian may be out cold after that.

[Nenshou quickly hits the ropes again, rebounding off where he snaps his arm around and BURIES the point of his elbow into the heart of Kelly!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: When you said that Nenshou and Percy were angry, you weren't fibbin', Gordo.

GM: No kidding. Nenshou has just laid waste to Zack Kelly in no time flat and... now what's he doing?

[Dragging a limp Kelly off the mat, Nenshou lights up his chest with a knife-edge chop, sending the Australian back into the corner. He moves right in, grabbing the top rope to lay in a series of kicks across the ribcage before stepping back, leaping up, and burying the heel of his boot into the sternum!]

GM: Goodness!

[Grabbing Kelly by the arm, Nenshou whips him across before backing into the corner where he charges out, cartwheeling and handspringing...

...and SMASHING the point of his elbow into the chest again!]

GM: OHHH! HANDSPRING ELBOW FROM THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT!

[Snatching a handful of hair, Nenshou rushes out of the corner, leaping into the air...

...and SLAMS Kelly's face into the canvas!]

GM: Zack Kelly hasn't gotten in a single bit of offense, fans. This one has belonged to Nenshou from the outset - from the moment the bell rang, this match has been all Nenshou.

[Nenshou climbs to his feet, looking out at the jeering crowd before he grabs Kelly by the foot, dragging him into position.]

GM: Uh oh! Nenshou's going up! He's gonna fly!

[He steps one foot up top, then plants the other, bracing himself for a moment before hurling himself backwards in one of the most breathtakingly graceful backflips you'll ever see, floating through the air, plummeting through a sea of flashbulbs...

...and CRASHING down solidly across the chest of the prone Kelly!]

GM: MOONSAULT! MOONSAULT!

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

GM: That's it, fans. A quick victory for Nenshou here tonight in Lafayette - a victory that left no doubt about it. Like I said, he had that one well in hand from the moment the bell rang.

BW: Percy looks pretty happy about it too, out there at ringside clapping.

GM: The Unholy Alliance has unfinished business with the men they faced at Memorial Day Mayhem, Bucky... and if this is what Nenshou will be like when they attempt to settle that business, we may be in for a very interesting

situation. Folks, we're going to take our first commercial break of the night but before we do, let's take a look at some footage that-

BW: I want to go on record right now saying that I'm officially protesting the airing of this. This is footage of a private meeting that the AWA has no business being in possession of!

GM: Jason Dane's sources told him this meeting was going down and he had our camera crew in the right place at the right time to get this exclusive footage. Fans, believe me when I say you definitely want to see this... roll it, boys.

[We fade into a shaky camera shot of a large gathering of people backstage. From the quality of the footage, we can assume the cameraman has chosen to remain hidden from view. Here, we see Skywalker Jones, dressed in a stylish, silver Armani suit, flanked by Buford P. Higgins in his trademark all-white suit and the massive Hercules Hammonds in an all-black suit. Standing across from Team Jones is an even larger ensemble...Miss Sandra Hayes, Donnie White and the Ring Workers...along with an annoyed looking Terry Shane III.]

MSH: Gentlemen...

[Multiple side conversations in the room drown out the voice of the Siren.]

MSH [screeching]: I SAID GENTLEMEN!

[And there there were none.]

MSH: Ahem, yes, you may all be wondering why on Earth I called this little meeting.

[Jones laughs and shakes his head.]

SJ: Nah, nah! We already figured it out. Now that ya' won the Rumble, ya' want first dibs at the World title and you don't want Mr. Steal the Spotlight, gettin' in your way. That's it, ain't it?

MSH: Well..

[The Siren turns towards the Ring Leader who can't even bother to lift his head up and make eye contact with her.]

MSH: Peeerhaps.

SJ: Sorry, girl, but Skywalker Jones ain't gonna' step aside for your man, just 'cause you asked me to. If Skywalker wants something, whether it's a title or a man's career...he's just gonna' go ahead and TAKE it.

[Jones leans in close at Miss Sandra Hayes and grins big at her as he says this. Aaron Anderson gets a bit over-zealous, stepping in between her and Jones. Which prompts Hammonds to step in between Anderson and Jones.

Buford P. Higgins, always allergic to physical confrontations unless absolutely necessary, shouts at Shane.]

BPH: Hey! Hey! Tell your boy to back up, playa'! We ain't tryin' to start any drama here!

DW: Who ya callin' boy, brotha?!

[Shane abruptly stands up from the chair he was in.]

TS3: STOP. This is a waste of MY time. I have bigger --

[Hayes interrupts her main man.]

MSH: Look! This is bigger than your little scuffle with that lunatic! This is the World Title we are talking about! It doesn't get any bigger than this! This is the most important decision either you...

[She points to Skywalker Jones.]

MSH: Or you!

[She points back at Terry Shane III.]

MSH: Might ever make!

[There's a brief moment of silence. Disgusted, Shane sits back down.]

SJ: Lets just flip a coin.

MSH: What?! Did you not just hear what I said?!

BH: Oh, we heard ya' loud and clear, little mama!

MSH: Then how could you possibly want to-...

[Jones crosses his arms over his chest, making sure to leave no doubt that he's made up his mind on the matter.]

SJ: FLIP A COIN.

[Shane lets out a big exhale, standing up for a second time.]

TS3: I will have NO part of this. I told you this entire idea was stupid, Sandra. Did you really think you were going to have a serious discussion with THEM?

[Shane begins moving towards the door.]

MSH: Shane!

SJ: Yo' Buford!

[Jones reaches into his pocket and takes out a quarter, tossing it over to Buford.]

MSH: I'm not letting that mic jockey flip the coin!

SJ: Well, I sure ain't gonna' let any of your jigadolts do it!

[This sets off both sides again as the two sides argue, posturing and shoving each other. In all the confusion, Buford tosses the coin into the air.]

BPH: CALL IT!

[Everyone suddenly stops what they're doing as the coin is tossed...]

SJ: HEADS!

[The coin bounces off the floor and rolls right through Terry Shane III's legs and out the door, as everyone begins arguing all over again. After a few seconds, we see a nervous-looking ALPHONSE GREEN step into the picture with a confused look on his face and...coin in hand.]

AG: Hey guys! Uh...

[Pause, as every eye in the room turns towards Green. Green slowly raises the coin, taking a quick glance over towards Hercules Hammonds. From the look on Green's face, it appears that Hammonds is giving Green a death stare, remembering the Ground Chuck Green hit him with at the Rumble.]

AG: Did... did you drop this?

BH: What are ya waitin' for, playa! Was it heads?!

[Green surveys the room, then his eyes fixate back on the coin in his hand.]

MSH: It's tails! I can see it in his beautiful emerald green eyes!

[Green turns to Miss Sandra Hayes who seductively nods, a hail mary attempt at not so subtly enticing Green to agree with her.]

SJ: Woman, don't you even start with that mess! His eyes ain't even green! Yo', Alphonse, forget her! She played you once and she'll just do it again!

MSH: I did no such thing!

TS3 [low]: Quiet.

SJ: Ain't that right, Herc?

[The big guy nods in agreement.]

HH: Looks like a golddigger to me, Jones.

[Shane is getting more agitated by the second.]

TS3 [louder]: Quiet!

MSH: You didn't even earn your shot! You lost for all of us! Remember, Alphonse?! He let ALL of us down!

AG: Well, uh...

SJ: While I almost died inside the ring to win that match, your man was straight up running AWAY from Hannibal Carver, so don't even try to tell me-

[Shane snaps.]

TS3 [yelling]: I SAID QUIET!

[He throws both hands in the air, with his left hand catching the shoulder of Hercules Hammonds, who looks none too pleased.]

TS3: Now look here, that was an accident...

[The massive man shoves Shane back, forcing him into Alphonse Green who staggers back from the impact and hurls the coin back into the air...]

SJ: TAILS!

MSH: Hey!

[Chaos resumes, with Anderson and Strong intervening between Terry Shane III and Hercules Hammonds while Skywalker Jones and Miss Sandra Hayes race for the coin that seems to be spinning in slow motion through the air. After bouncing several times across the concrete floor it comes to a dead stop, right in front of the aforementioned camera man who was hunched behind an oak desk on the far side of the room.]

BPH: AW, HELL NO!

[Jones stops. Hayes stops. Everyone turns towards the camera man as the thick digits of one Hercules Hammonds wrap around the lens of the camera. Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where we find Mark Stegglet standing back in the locker room area.]

MS: Hello, fans! Welcome back to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling where, as you fans know, we have been speculating all week as to who the Championship Committee would select to face Dave Bryant for the World Television Title tonight. Would it be Glenn Hudson or would it be Ryan Martinez? Well, fans, the Committee has just spoken, and tonight, the nod goes to this man...

[Stegglet turns and standing to his left is Ryan Martinez. Young Ryan is already dressed in his wrestling trunks and boots, black "AWA" T-shirt covering his chest.]

MS: Congratulations, Mr. Martinez. I suppose the first question to ask is, what does Gunnar Gaines, your tag team partner, think of all this?

RM: Thanks, Mark. And while I don't want to put words in Gunnar's mouth, let me promise you that just a couple of minutes ago, when we got word,

Grizz was happy as can be. I've learned a lot from Gunnar this last year. You better believe he's given me a few pointers on how to beat someone like Dave Bryant.

MS: But what about the status of your team? Not long ago, you two were demanding a title shot.

RM: Let's be clear, Mark. RyGunn, it's not over. It's not on hiatus. It's not anything but ready to go full speed ahead. Tonight isn't going to derail my team with Gunnar. I am one hundred percent committed to my team and Gunnar is one hundred percent committed to our success, singularly and in a team.

MS: And what about Glenn Hudson? He was promised a title shot. And I don't think anyone believes he doesn't deserve a title shot.

RM: I agree with you. Glenn Hudson does deserve a title shot. That's why, I make this following promise. When I win the Television Title tonight, I will give Hudson the first shot at it. And everyone should know by now, when I make a promise...

You can count on it.

[A familiar and distinct voice with an Australian accent calls out.]

GH: Ryan Martinez!

[Ryan turns, facing the now entering Glenn Hudson. Ryan's eyes narrow slightly, his posture tense, as if ready for trouble.]

GH: Mate, I just wanted to say a few things before you went out there tonight. Can you humor me?

[Ryan's posture relaxes, and he nods his head. The two men look each other in the eye, as Hudson speaks.]

GH: First shot at the new champ? Well, I appreciate that gesture... and I accept that offer, even if we both know I'd rather-

RM: Mr. Hudson...

GH: Glenn.

RM: I was taught to respect veterans, and aside from Gunnar Gaines, I don't know if there's a veteran I respect more than you. So, for now, I'm going to stick to Mr. Hudson. I understand that you want your title shot. And I understand you want a piece of Dave Bryant. But I don't think you understand what's happening tonight.

Tonight isn't just my title shot. It's my first title shot. Not just in the AWA, but anywhere. Tonight is the first time I get a chance to win a title

belt. I'm not going to give it up. I want to be Television Champion. You'll get your match, I promise it.

But tonight, it's mine.

GH: I understand. Television champion, it means something. I won my first Television title when I was twenty. My butt took some serious kicking in those day. About a week before I won that title, I was slapped down and beaten by a guy who went by the name of Figaro. And it wasn't even Sabin - it was his brother, Edgar.

[Hudson seems... disgusted.]

GH: "Kingly" Edgar.

[He shakes his head, still disappointed after seventeen years.]

GH: If that wasn't bad enough, mate, I lost a match to win that Television Title! The Warhawk had me racked over his shoulders... the Tomahawk Backbreaker... wrenching down! Bending my spine in half!

[Hudson flexes his arms, cranking down on his rookie younger self.]

GH: Before I even knew it, I'd said the words. The big Chief dumped me down onto the canvas... and before I could sit up, the referee had handed me some gold. My first championship belt.

[He chuckles and waves a dismissive hand.]

GH: Now, I don't have time to explain to you exactly why I won a title by losing a match. All you need to understand is it was a product of dumb luck. A sequence of stupid events that somehow I took advantage of.

Less than a week later, I lost my first Television title to man named Chad O'Donnell. I lost something that I'd gained through no merit of my own, but it felt like that bastard had taken everything from me. I chased "Substance" Chad O'Donnell across the country to get some payback. People don't know this, because no-one really knows who O'Donnell was. He was already a hack in '96, past his prime. Six times we went head to head inside the squared circle. Ten years ago, just before I hung up my boots, one of my last matches... was against Chad O'Donnell.

[The Australian grins, but almost a resentful grin. His own heart truly isn't in it.]

RM: Well, Mr. Hudson, your career is about to come full circle. You're going to get another Television Title shot. Just... not tonight.

MS: Since you're here, Mr. Hudson, perhaps you have some advice to give to Ryan?

[The veteran stops and leans back, giving Martinez a once-over in mock appraisal.]

GH: And here you are, Ryan... Twenty-two, twenty-three years old? Not much older than I was. But you've got the support of two bonafide Hall of Famers...

RM: I need to stop you right there, Mr. Hudson. Gunnar is my partner, and we help each other. We're equal partners. And the other Hall of Famer?

[Both men exchange a knowing look, understanding that the name Ryan isn't speaking is his father's.]

RM: He does his thing and I do mine. He doesn't help me. He didn't get me here, and he doesn't fight my fights for me, and I don't fight his.

[Hudson nods, holding up his hands.]

GH: No offense meant, I didn't mean it like that. I just mean you've got this sport pumping in your veins. You won't need to rely on luck, mate. And tonight, you won't need your partner's help, or your dad's. What you need to rely on are these...

[Hudson points two fingers at the young challenger's eyes.]

GH: On that...

[He then points between Martinez's eyes.]

GH: And on this.

[Finally, his heart.]

RM: I promise you, Mr. Hudson, I'm not lacking for heart.

GH: I know you're not, mate. But just indulge me a bit longer. Because I do have some advice for you. When people talk about my career, they talk about the Nine Inch Males. They talk about the I-Crown tournament, just falling short against Derek Mota. If luck holds, they'll keep talking about the Ladder match at SuperClash. But one thing they never talk about is... Chad who?! They don't know the depths I sank to over the years... how much I gave up, just to TAKE that same amount from another man. So much fuel poured on the wrong fire, over ten pounds of metal I only had for a couple of days.

[Hudson pauses. He leans forward, his eyes locked on Ryan's and his voice lowered a touch.]

GH: There's a lesson here, and now we're at the advice. Don't make this match tonight your be all and end all. This is just the beginning for Ryan Martinez. Go out there and give Dave Bryant hell. The next piece of Bryant

I take, I want to see your bootprint already on it. But keep this match, keep whatever follows, keep what it means to you... in proper perspective. Right?

[Young Ryan nods his head.]

RM: Thank you, Mr. Hudson, for the advice. It means a lot to me, and I'll remember it. Now, I have some advice for you - Get ready. Because I am not going to let myself be champion for a week.

Count on it.

[With a slight grin, Ryan extends his hand, and Hudson quickly takes it, the men shaking.]

MS: And there we have it, fans. Tonight, Ryan Martinez gets his shot at the Television Title. And if he wins, he's promised the first shot will go to Glenn Hudson! What a match that's going to be right here in Lafayette later tonight! 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... from Hell, Arkansas... weighing in at 265 pounds... "Clubfoot" Jenkins!

[A handful of cheers go up for Jenkins.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lack of entrance music is almost startling in this day and age as MAMMOTH Mizusawa, the Japanese Giant, walks into view with Louis Matsui at his side.]

PW: From Japan... weighing in at 420 pounds... he is the Japanese Giant...

MAMMOTH MIIIIIZUUUUUSAAAAWAAAAA!

[The seven footer from Tokyo takes large strides as he walks the aisle, his manager having to rush a bit to keep up. The Japanese Giant scowls at the negative reaction of the crowd, dressed in a black singlet with matching kneepads and boots. Upon reaching the ring, he grabs the top rope, stepping straight up onto the ring apron without the aid of the steps and swings a lengthy leg over the ropes to climb inside the squared circle.]

GM: The Japanese Giant, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, had another impressive showing inside the Rumble at Memorial Day Mayhem but has slid down the rankings quite a bit, Bucky.

BW: That's right... he's out of the Top 10 completely at the moment which has gotta be a weird feeling for a giant who has been so dominant since arriving in the AWA.

GM: Louis Matsui continues to say he can turn things around but a lot of people have been wondering if Matsui's focus has shifted to MAMMOTH Maximus who IS in the Top 10 and came oh-so-close to winning the World Title right here on Saturday Night Wrestling about a month ago.

BW: Stop trying to stir up drama within the Matsui Corporation, Gordo. Louis knows what he's doing.

[As the bell sounds, the Japanese Giant strides out of the corner, walking straight towards Clubfoot Jenkins who decides the best defense is a good offense and comes lumbering out of the corner, rearing back a right hand...]

GM: Big haymaker by the man from Arkansas! And a second! A third one lands as well!

[Grabbing the surprised giant with two hands filled with black hair, Jenkins unleashes a headbutt...

...and goes staggering backwards, clutching his forehead as he falls with his torso draped over the middle rope.]

GM: Not the smartest move out of Clubfoot Jenkins as Mizusawa is known to have one of the hardest heads in wrestling.

BW: No one ever accused ol' Clubfoot of being the sharpest knife in the drawer. In fact, he's more like a spoon.

GM: That's not very nice.

BW: Maybe an ice cream scoop.

[The giant lumbers towards the ropes, lifting his large leg to plant his knee down across the shoulderblades of Jenkins, pushing his throat down against the middle rope. The referee starts a five count as Matsui circles around to shout at Jenkins.]

"YOU'RE NOTHING! A NOBODY! THE GIANT'S GONNA TEAR YOU UP, BOY!"

GM: And if it's not bad enough that you're getting pummeled by a seven foot, four hundred pound giant, you also have to get trashtalked by one of the most irritating men I've ever encountered in this business.

[Mizusawa breaks at four, taking two steps back and getting his reprimand from the official before moving back in, hauling Jenkins off the ropes by the back of the badly-stained jeans. He pulls him into an inverted facelock, dangling him backwards...

...and SLAMS a large forearm across the midsection, sending Jenkins crashing down to the canvas.]

GM: Nothing fancy about that at all. He just used his size and strength to bully Jenkins down to the mat.

[Mizusawa backs to the ropes, slowly moving off and raising his right arm...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...but Jenkins narrowly rolls out of the way, avoiding the four hundred pound elbowdrop! The crowd cheers as he rolls to the ropes and starts trying to drag himself up as Mizusawa looks surprised down on the canvas.]

GM: I think Mizusawa got cocky there - he thought he had the man down much more than he actually did!

BW: Can you blame him? Has Clubfoot Jenkins actually WON a match in the AWA ever?

GM: Not that I can recall but tonight could be his night!

[Jenkins staggers to his feet, grabbing the ropes to steady himself as Mizusawa gets to a knee...

...and gets crowned with an overhead elbow between the eyes!]

GM: Big elbowsmash out of Jenkins!

[Sizing the giant up, Jenkins throws three left jabs to the mush before swinging a big right hand that connects solidly on the cheek of the giant!]

GM: Mizusawa's looking a bit staggered, Bucky! Jenkins may not be the smartest man in the locker room but he can throw a right hand with the best of 'em!

[Backing off, Jenkins cups his hands around his mouth to which the crowd shouts along with him...]

"CLUB-FOOT JENKINS!"

[There's a big cheer as Jenkins stumbles back in, arms raised over his head in a double axehandle...

...cheers that turn to concern as the giant reaches out, wrapping one hand around the throat of Jenkins!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Hope you got your boardin' pass, Clubfoot, 'cause you're goin' for a heck of a ride!

[Climbing to his feet, the Japanese Giant grabs Jenkins between the legs with the free hand, powering him up into a gorilla press...]

GM: Oh my stars! Jenkins is a LONNNNG way up there, fans!

[...and suddenly swings him back around, throwing him violently down to the canvas with a standing spinebuster!]

GM: MAMMOTH SLAM!!

[The Japanese Giant seems to be fuming as he glares down at Jenkins, shaking his head at the official who is ready to make a three count.]

GM: Oh my... Mizusawa's not done with him!

[The giant backs into the ropes again, walking a bit faster as he rebounds this time...

...and LEAPS into the air, dropping four hundred pounds down across the chest!]

GM: SPLAAAASH!

[The referee dives to the mat, making one of the quickest three counts ever.]

GM: It's over!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Japanese Giant, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, scores a victory here in Lafayette and you gotta believe he's hoping this will turn something around for him here in the second half of 2013, fans.

[Louis Matsui climbs into the ring, lifting the arm of his triumphant behemoth...

...who suddenly jerks the arm away, reaching down with it...]

GM: No, no! Don't do this!

[He slaps his hand down around the throat of Jenkins, deadlifting him back up onto his bare feet where he grabs the throat with the other hand...]

GM: NO!

[...and powers Jenkins up into the air for a second time, letting him dangle in the double choke for a moment...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TUSK CRUSHER!! DEAR GOD!!

[Mizusawa glares at the protesting official as he slowly gets back to his feet, looking out at the jeering Lafayette crowd with disdain as Matsui repeatedly gestures at him.]

“That’s the man right there! That’s the next World Champion, baby!”

[Mizusawa slowly lowers his arms, making one swipe at his gigantic waist in the “I want the belt” gesture.]

GM: If this was a message being sent tonight, Bucky, I don’t think it could possibly be any clearer. But maybe Louis Matsui can try. Jason Dane, the floor is yours.

[Dane steps through the ropes, actually stepping over a downed Jenkins to offer the mic to a smirking Louis Matsui. Behind them looms the Japanese giant, MAMMOTH Mizusawa.]

JD: Louis Matsui, I don’t know what got into your giant here tonight!

[Matsui chuckles.]

LM: That’s MISTER Matsui to you, Dane! And what got into my giant? It should be simple enough for even you to understand. My giant has a thirst... a thirst for gold that cannot be quenched until the World Heavyweight Championship is around his waist!

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: You talk about the World Title but neither of your clients were very successful at Memorial Day Mayhem. They BOTH missed out on their chance to earn a shot at that very title. What’s next for the Japanese Giant here?

[Matsui glares at Dane.]

JD: Jason Dane, my clients might not have won the Rumble, but it took the combined effort of all the wrestlers in the ring at that time, including a legend in Alex Martinez, to eliminate Maximus. It took the combined effort of Brody and Hercules Hammonds, two of the so-called strongest men in the AWA, to eliminate my giant [hiking his thumb towards Mizusawa] right here. The fact is, only two men have successfully stood one-on-one against Mizusawa and survived. The first is Juan Vasquez and the second one is the Matsui Corporation's very own, Maximus. So, Dane, it's not what's next. It's WHO'S next! Brody, Hammonds, even the Last American Badboy himself... None shall withstand the mighty MAMMOTH Mizusawa!

[Matsui's declaration is met by jeers from the crowd, but neither the portly manager nor the giant pay any heed, as they depart.]

BW: Mizusawa’s tired of waiting. His time is now! He wants to be the World Heavyweight Champion and he’s ready to mow right through anyone who happens to get in his path.

GM: He’s not the only man in the AWA who is looking to make some noise though. How about this man who had a solid showing in the Rumble but

continues to search for his own personal redemption? Of course, I'm referring to Chris Staley - let's take a look!

[Cut backstage to Chris Staley, who's eschewing his leather jacket in this heat, preferring instead to wear a red "AWA Heat Wave Tour 2013" t-shirt instead. He stares off camera, hands on his hips. An eerie silence fills the scene, until Chris decides to speak.]

CS: So, once again, Rumble time has come and gone. And, once again...

[Staley sighs.]

CS: ...I failed in my ultimate goal. I had Craven dead to rights in that ring. There were so many times where I was so close to eliminating him. And then, out of nowhere, Supreme Wright comes in and dumps him. And then, he dumps ME. Gee, thanks a lot, kid.

[Staley sighs.]

CS: Y'know what? I'm gonna let that one go. I've got no beef with you, Supreme. That's what the Rumble's all about and quite frankly, my plate is full enough as is.

[Staley nods.]

CS: William? You claim that nobody remembers me? Heh. Try telling that to all the fans who come up to me and want to shake my hand. Not necessarily because of anything I've done in the AWA, though I get those, but rather the fans who remember me from my younger days in Los Angeles and even a few who remember my short tenure in Portland. And now? They're thanking me for taking you on, revealing the man behind the monster getup for what he is. A relic, a shell of a man. You can hide in the catacombs all you want, nobody's afraid of you anymore.

[Staley shakes his head.]

CS: And I'm damn sure not gonna rest until the last fragments of your once promising career go down the drain. You can deny it all you want, but you know your end is near. And you know that end is coming by these hands.

[Staley raises his rough, calloused hands to the camera.]

CS: I've done a lot of amazing things in that ring, but the thing the history books are going to say about me?

[Staley lightly chuckles.]

CS: "Chris Staley: The man who slew the Dragon."

[Staley nods.]

CS: I like the sound of that. I don't know when we'll finally get the chance to settle this, but just know, William, it's coming soon. Chris Blue can only hold this match back for so long. He claims I'm beneath you, but deep down inside, he remembers the scrappy punk that helped put Redemption on the map. Chris, if I were you, I'd just relent and let Craven have his public execution already. All you're doing is delaying the inevitable.

[Staley smiles.]

CS: And, my oh my, would it make my day. To see you with head in hands in the corner. Forget Eric Preston, forget playing detective back out in Los Angeles, your real meal ticket is about to be torn in half. End of story.

[Staley looks down and sighs.]

CS: And as for you, Alphonse Green, know that your day of reckoning is coming. Every time my head throbs, I think back to that Ground Chuck on the outside. You WILL be paid back in full for what you did. I now know you're not the goofball I had assumed you to be. Inside is a man much tougher than he lets on. Once I've finally vanquished Craven, we'll see just how tough you really are. See you soon.

[Staley looks around.]

CS: Real soon.

[Staley walks off with a purpose. Cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing as the bell sounds.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the ring at this time, from Boston, Mass... weighing in tonight at 270 pounds...

SOLOMON SHOOOOCK!

[Boos abound for Solomon Shock who takes the midbuckle, striking a big muscle pose in front his body, showing off his traps, biceps, abs, pecs - you name it, he's got it.]

GM: Six foot four, 270 pounds of ripped muscle, Solomon Shock should prove to be a tough opponent for the man about to walk through the curtain, fans.

[Shock hops down, waving his arm towards the locker room area when suddenly, the sounds of "Just Another Victim" by Helmet and House Of Pain blasts out over the PA system. The crowd ROARS for the music as Shock begins to pace back and forth, swinging his massive arms across his chest to stay loose.]

PW: And his opponent... he hails from Parts Unknown, weighing in at 285 pounds...

BROOOOOOOODYYYYYYYYYY!

[Coming straight from the entrance area, without pause at all is a massive mound of a man. He strikes an absolutely frightening sight 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: This should be a very interesting encounter, Bucky.

BW: Both of these guys are built like bull elephants. Brody's got more weight on him but Shock's taller and I think he's got more muscle on him than Brody does.

[With his shaved head and red singlet, Brody nods to the cheering crowd as he steps through the ropes into the ring...

...and the bell rings as Solomon Shock rushes him, clubbing him across the back of the head with a heavy forearm!]

GM: Here we go! Shock's wasting no time in coming right after Brody, fans!

BW: This might be the first time we're seeing Shock in singles action as he usually teams up with Alexander Awe in the appropriately named Shock And Awe.

GM: Shock's trying to unleash a little shock and awe on Brody right now, hammering him back against the ropes...

[Grabbing an arm, Shock muscles Brody into an Irish whip, sending him into the far ropes. Shock hits the ropes himself, bouncing off and leaping into the air...]

GM: Flying should-

[...but Brody somehow snatches Shock out of the sky in a bearhug, setting...]

GM: How did he-

[Brody pops his hips, hurling Shock over his head, bouncing him off the canvas with an overhead belly-to-belly throw!]

GM: OHHH! What an impressive show of power out of Brody!

BW: It seems like we say that an awful lot, Gordo. He just threw a 270 pound man over his head like he was a light heavyweight.

[Brody gets back to his feet, marching towards a rising Shock and drilling him with a right hand. A second one sends Shock falling back into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Now it's Brody's turn to fire his opponent across!

[Shock slams back into the buckles as Brody storms towards him...]

GM: CLOTHESLI- NO! Shock got the boot up!

[The shaved head African-American goes into a full spin, twisting a full 360 degrees...]

...and DROPS Brody with a thunderous clothesline of his own!]

GM: OHH! DISCUS CLOTHESLINE OUT OF SOLOMON SHOCK PUTS BRODY DOWN!!

[Shock gives off a big roar as he strikes a double bicep pose, flexing for the crowd who jeers loudly.]

GM: Solomon Shock isn't going to make any fans here in Lafayette tonight, Bucky.

BW: Why not? He's big, he's strong, he's athletic, and he's bad to the bone! These people should be flattered that he's lowering himself to performing in front of garbage like them!

GM: Bucky!

[Shock leans down, dragging Brody off the mat by the arm. He powers him up, slinging him over his shoulder as he backs into the corner.]

GM: Shock backs up...

BW: He calls this The Shocker, Gordo!

[Shock barrels across the ring, moving very quickly for a man carrying nearly three hundred pounds over his shoulder...]

...and SLAMS Brody into the opposite corner. He bounces back, swinging away from Brody to pose again...]

GM: He sure is proud of his muscles.

BW: Who wouldn't be if they had a physique like that? He's ripped and cut, chiseled and-

GM: Bucky! Look at Brody! Look at Brody!

[The powerhouse swings his right arm around and around, charging out as Shock turns...]

...and DRILLS him with a running clothesline that flips Shock back, folding his legs back over him!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Brody stalks around the downed Shock, pumping his right arm up and down to the cheers of the crowd...

...and then leans down, hooking his arms around Shock's thighs while Shock is still jackknifed down on the mat.]

GM: A cover here and- no! NO COVER! NOT AT ALL!

[The crowd ROARS as Brody deadlifts the 270 pound Solomon Shock up out of jackknife position up onto his shoulders...

...and DRIVES him down with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! GOODNESS GRACIOUS!!

[Brody stands over the prone Shock, throwing his arms out to the side with a, "IT'S... OOOOVER!"]

GM: Brody says it's over! He's going to try and finish him off right here and now!

[The strongman from Parts Unknown drags Shock off the mat by the arm, lifting him into a gutwrench. He turns a full 360, showing off Shock trapped in the Canadian backbreaker before giving another shout.]

"HAMMONDS!"

[The crowd ROARS at the sound of the implied threat as he swings back towards the center of the ring, swinging Shock down...

...and PLANTING him facefirst on the canvas with a very familiar move!]

GM: THE HAMMONDS HAMMER!!

BW: What the HELL is that all about, Gordo?! What right does Brody have to use Hammonds' own move?!

GM: Shock's done for!

[Brody flips him over, applying a lateral press...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd erupts at the sound of the bell as Brody gets back to his feet, slapping an open hand across his massive pectoral.]

GM: Brody picks up another impressive victory here tonight... and obviously their tangle at the Rumble did not end this burning issue between he and Hercules Hammonds, Bucky.

BW: Obviously not. And I can't wait to see Herc tear this punk apart!

GM: Hercules Hammonds and Brody is going to be a clash for the ages when and if that happens... and you gotta believe it's gonna happen and it's gonna happen soon, fans!

[Brody is still marching around the ring, saluting the cheering fans as we fade back to the locker room area...

...and back up on Jason Dane who is standing in front of an AWA banner.]

JD: We are LIVE backstage here at the Cajundome in Lafayette and if you've been living in a hole, you might not be aware just how much the wrestling world is buzzing after the events of Memorial Day Mayhem just a couple of weeks ago. We saw the crowning of a new World Champion, the unification of the World and National Tag Team Titles, the banishment of a Hall of Famer from the AWA, the end of November's AWA career, and so much more. The question on a lot of fans' minds though is - what's next? Here to answer that question right now is the AWA President, Karl O'Connor! Mr. O'Connor, thank you so much for joining us out on the road and for joining me here backstage.

[O'Connor beams, nodding slightly.]

KOC: It's my pleasure, Jason. It's always good to get out of the office and get out to some of the live events where I get a chance to meet some of the great fans of the AWA.

JD: Sort of an in-person job review?

[A small laugh.]

KOC: Something like that, yes.

JD: I don't want to waste any of your time, Mr. President, so I have to ask the aforementioned question. After the events of Memorial Day Mayhem, what's next for the AWA?

[O'Connor pauses, nodding.]

KOC: Well, we realize after the eventful night in Corpus Christi, it's going to be a tough one to top... but as always, we're going to do our best to make it happen. There's been a lot of internal discussions about what our next event should be. Of course, we already know it's going to be on the 4th of July in Atlanta, Georgia at Russ Chandler Stadium.

JD: One of the greatest wrestling cities in the world.

KOC: That is it. The AWA's had great events in Atlanta before and we're overjoyed to be heading back there for one of our major events this year. The Heat Wave tour is going to kick things up a notch on the 4th of July with a special event we're calling Opportunity Knocks.

[Dane looks puzzled.]

JD: Can you give us any details on that?

KOC: The way we looked at it, the 4th of July not only celebrates America's independence but also many of the qualities that makes America the great nation that it is. And one of those qualities is being the Land of Opportunity. The AWA has a talent roster right now the likes of which we've never seen before in its history. We've got Hall of Famers, we've got former World Champions... when you look up and down the roster, we're truly blessed. But we're also in a situation where it can be very difficult to make that step... to make that jump to the next level. Not to mention we've got really hot rivalries that are looking for a chance to get settled.

[Dane nods.]

KOC: So, at this event, we wanted to give every person on the roster the chance to answer the door when opportunity knocks for them. Come the Fourth of July, we're going to throw up the doors and invite anyone who wants to show up to walk on down to that ring, grab a mic, and call out any other person in the company.

JD: And that person will be FORCED to accept that challenge?

KOC: You've got that right.

JD: What if the person being challenged holds an AWA championship? Will that title be on the line?

KOC: The Championship Committee will be backstage the entire night and will be voting on that very matter as soon as the challenge is issued. They will decide on the spot if the person challenging is deserving of a title match and if they believe that title should be on the line.

JD: Wow! So, there will be no matches announced ahead of time?

KOC: None at all.

JD: You're talking about a night where truly ANYTHING can happen?

KOC: We are. And just to make that situation a reality, we're reinstating the AWA's Open Door policy for one night only. If there's someone not on the AWA roster who wants to walk through that door and lay down a challenge at the feet of someone on the roster, all they gotta do is show up and make it happen. You've got an old beef with someone? You're a champion in another company and want to prove you're the best? Come on down to Atlanta and let's do this.

[Dane chuckles.]

JD: Let's hook 'em up... so to speak?

[O'Connor smiles.]

KOC: Something like that.

JD: Well, it should be an exciting night in Atlanta... a night where truly anything can happen. We'll have no lineup. No advanced hype. It's the AWA equivalent of Open Mic Night, fans! President O'Connor, thank you so much for being here again. Fans, we'll be right back after this break with more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

[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...

Return from commercial to the sound of static rumbling and high pitched horns trumpeting.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and apparently it's time for-

BW: Yes! The Number One Contender to anything he damn well pleases!

[The lights in the Cajundome dim swiftly and the arena plunges into shadow, save an emerald spotlight that backlights the entranceway. An entranceway blocked not by a black curtain, but a single sheet of white paper. This allows five silhouettes to be made out, none overly large by any means. One woman, four men -- do you really need it hammered into your head who they are?]

GM: Specifically, our new World Champion Calisto Dufresne's World Title.

[Well, in case you do, a new nifty Shane Gang logo burns into the screen above the entrance portal, bulbous green letters consumed by lapping white flames. Over the top of the logo slam three characters of glimmering platinum.]

["T"]

["S"]

GM: Here comes the Gang.

["3"]

BW: Led by the Ring Leader!

[Sergui Prokofiev's "Dance of the Knights" kicks into high gear as the chilling woodwinds layer over the bursting horns as a series of rocket-confetti blasts ignite throughout the arena, alternately green, white, and gold. But the silhouettes of the Shane Gang don't move -- in fact, the only movement comes from either side of the sheet.]

GM: You've got to be kidding me.

BW: This isn't just a celebration, Gordo, it's a coronation of the AWA's next World Champion!

[Orchestra members, lugging everything from violins and trumpets to cellos and french horns begin filtering down the aisle, creating an open tunnel between them. Each of the members is uniformed, well groomed, and pacing themselves to pinpoint perfection. They flood the aisle as the already hot Lafayette crowd's boos drift into some kind of perverse middle ground of awe and annoyance as obscenities are shouted and grown men boyishly scream at the top of their lungs.]

BW: This is the coolest night I've ever been a part of. Love him, ha-

GM: Hate it. This man deserves no red carpet, no grand entrance, no anything! I'll be the first to admit that Terry Shane III overcame the most star-studded Rumble lineup in our company's history but he has a long way to go and a large task ahead of him before this...THIS ATROCITY... becomes deserving. You never saw Supernova come out to an entrance like this! You never saw James Monosso or even Stevie Scott waste these people's hard earned money on this waste of time and resources!

[Now the screen in front of the entrance is engulfed in sparkling gold -- flash paper is the coolest thing ever -- and the real quintet is revealed to an even louder stirring of boos. First through the curtain is the highest flying Atomic Blonde mohawk in the business, Donnie White -- all five foot ten and two hundred and five pounds of sheer aerial insanity. Behind him come out the fastest rising tag team in the industry -- the ying, yang, and whole shebang of Shane Gang muscle -- The Ring Workers. Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong. The duo gesture back to the thin figure who has draped herself over

the Saliency; she's the Siren known as Miss Sandra Hayes, and she's the one that internet geeks are drooling over and Google's number four hottest trending search entry.

Tonight, the Shane Gang Publicist, Agent, Manager, and Hot Cup of Coffee is decked out in a black cir, tube dress that drops only to mid thigh and allows peeks of more thigh thanks to the zip-up slit on the left side. The dress looks like it's wet leather, and it clings to every curve and crescent of her body. Strung over her left shoulder is a three foot symbol of everything she stands for, Hannibal Carver's branding iron.

The Ring Leader steps out, guiding his soldiers through the throng of band members and down to the aisle; Shane himself is looking refined and exquisite as ever, thronged in his signature emerald robe, his shoulder length black hair twisted into a small bun across the nape of his neck, and his grin is beaming from ear to ear. That is...

...until his eyes become fixated on the objects in the ring.]

GM: Look at that face! He sees the ring full of gifts, party favors, banners, and-

BW: -cake! Who wouldn't want that beautiful cake?!

[The camera gets a shot of the cake, which is a long, flat cake with white frosting, upon which is streaked every color imaginable. There is some writing on the cake which is not visible from this angle. The cake and many wrapped presents of different shapes and sizes sit on a long table, covered with a very long multi-colored tablecloth which is draped all the way to the floor.]

GM: That's never a good omen unless it's your birthday.

BW: What's the worst that could happen?

[As his eyes stare into the ring full of packages and presents he releases Hayes -- all too quickly, and rapidly strides for the ring where he forgoes his usual walk up the steps and takes the apron in a single leap. Miss Hayes scurries towards the ring, brushing through Anderson, White, and Strong and manages to relieve Phil Watson from his mic who innocently sits ringside before Shane can call for a mic of his own. Shane shoots her a glare and holds out a single handle, mouthing "it's alright, I got this" to him which only causes his pursed lips to tighten even more.]

Miss Sandra Hayes: Heeeeeeeeeello, DAAAAAALLAS!

[Loud booing.]

GM: Really?

[Donnie White leans over to whisper something to Miss Hayes. She shrugs, Anderson and Strong can't help but to snicker behind her as Terry Shane III begins to walk a hole right through the ring as he paces rapidly behind her.]

MSH: I meant, Lafayette. Lafayette, one of the greatest cities on the planet with some of the GREATEST fans! Lafayette! [smile] I was just kidding, of course.

[A piece of trash hits the ring.]

MSH: Annnnnnyway, I am in quite the good mood. And, you know, I don't think I need to explain why. I don't think you people are dumb contrary to what I heard Larry Doyle saying about you all backstage!

[The boos escalate.]

MSH: I know, right? We hate him too!

[She turns to Shane, holding a big thumbs up to him. He is not happy.]

MSH: Y'know.... usually we would have Jason Dane out here to ask us his stupid questions of irrelevancy and prompt my witty responses and Terry here would try to spook you all with random enunciation of words he felt were extra impactful and chock full of importance, but after two weeks ago... after what went down at Memorial Day Mayhem, I don't think I need any help bein' witty. You all come out here week after week, blowing off THIS MAN for relying on THESE GUYS. "Oh, waaaah....he's got friends!" "Oh, waaaaah.... when's the last time he wrestled a clean match?" "Oh, waaaah.... he takes too long to walk down the aisle and talks too much."

GM: That's the most bitter woman I've ever met.

[Shane begins pushing off the ropes, turning first left, then right to encompass the crowd with his stare. The boos swell slightly, even as the usually persuasive Miss Hayes tries to seduce the audience with her thin smile.]

MSH: Well, to all you jackals who doubted us... to all you vultures in the press corps who were more interested in what kind of relationship we had than this man's wrestling ability... to each and every one of you who didn't think that Terry Shane III had what it takes to lead an army to battle and come out the victor... I offer a hearty f-

TS3: ENOUGH!

GM [low]: Thank goodness. We're TV-PG.

TS3: Enough of this -- whatever this is supposed to be! The Championship Committee wanted me to come out here and address what went down at Memorial Day Mayhem so here I am. But I am not out here to unwrap gifts, blow on airhorns, and shoot little toy poppers up into the air and act like a

ten year old on Christmas morning. I am out here to address one man, and one man only.

GM: Here it is. He's about to lay down the challenge we've been waiting all week to hear.

TS3 [gritting his teeth]: CARVER.

[The crowd stirs at the mere mention of HIS name.]

BW: Not what you were expecting?

GM: Not entirely.

TS3: For weeks you abandoned us, Hannibal. You were FINISHED! You told me he might as well have been dead!

[He turns to Lenny Strong who takes a big step back.]

TS3: But there you were, Hannibal. Not once. Not twice. But THREE times you tried to thwart my attack on the rest of the AWA, my dear friend. THREE TIMES! But you realized something that I have been telling you since Day One.

You CAN NOT stop me.

No one can.

[The boos pour down on Shane again but he doesn't even react an iota before he raises the mic to continue.]

TS3: I am not like the rest of the people you have retired or gutted or beaten to an inch of their lowly pathetic little lives. You can not label me old or tired or over the hill like those men were. I am a survivor, Hannibal Carver, I am one of a kind and you will NEVER get rid of me. Ask Shadoo Rage. Ask Stevie Scott and Eric Preston. Ask MAMMOTH Maximus.

GM: Maximus, really? It took six men to dump him over the rope! Next thing you know he's going to claim that he eliminated Supreme Wright too.

BW: I heard Shane brushed shoulders with him seconds before his elimination!

GM: Please.

[Shane's still speaking by the way.]

TS3: ASK ANYONE! Ask them all and I do not think you will like their answers, any more than the Committee will like what I am about to say...

...I am sorry.

[Hayes, White, Anderson, and Strong look on...perplexed.]

GM: What does he mean?

BW: Just listen.

GM: Like you know.

[Shane raises the mic again.]

TS3: I am sorry I had to do it. I am real sorry I had to take your handpicked champions and AWA advocates... and school them in what it is like to be in the ring with true wrestling royalty.

I am sorry I had to be the one to dump Stevie Scott over the top rope and and ravage your plans at a Scott-Dufresne showdown. I am sorry I had to thwart Royalty's plan for utter domination and a complete hostile takeover.

But, mostly, I am real sorry, for what I am about to say.

I did not win this shot for the AWA or the fans. I did not win this to be anyone's puppet... and I will be DAMNED if I am going to win the biggest belt in this industry while HE is still out there.

[Miss Hayes' eyes light up, she reaches for Shane but he shrugs her off.]

TS3: So before I hunt for Dufresne's head....

Before I cash in this ticket....

Before I even MENTION the words, "World Title" again.

[Hayes shouts, "No!"]

TS3: I am coming for you, Hannibal Carver.

I will bring you into a ring not unlike this. I will wrap my arms around your neck and much like I promised the world at Memorial Day Mayhem...

I will introduce YOU to the perfect ending for your career.

And there is not a person alive that can stop-

[As Shane speaks, something catches his eye. He stops in mid-sentence... and walks over to the cake.]

TS3: What is this?

[Shane, inches from the collection of gifts nudges a large box with his foot, tipping it over.]

TS3: WHAT IS THIS?!

[The Gang seems perplexed at Shane's sudden inexplicable shift in focus. They look amongst themselves and start pointing questioning fingers and discussing the question. Sandra Hayes cautiously walks over to the cake, peers at it, and does a double-take.]

TS3: Donnie? Aaron?

[Quick pause.]

TS3: [low] Sandra.

[The Siren begins waving her hands frantically, positing herself between the Ring Leader and the table of gifts.]

MSH: No! No! You can't pin this one me. I -- them! I know what happens when cake shows up at a wrestling me! It always ends up hitting the beautiful woman! Always!

[Donnie White stares at her, shaking his head.]

MSH: Him!

DW: Ah hell no, chica. Ya ain't pinnin' this on me!

MSH: Lenny!

[Strong shakes his head.]

MSH: No! Absolutely not! This wasn't my -- wait. Just wait!

[Glaring, Sandra looks down again at the long flat sheet cake. Upon the multi-colored frosting is a message in stark black:

"WE KNOW HOW YOU DID IT"

Hayes hops up and down, wagging her feverishly wagging her finger at the frosted note. Shane, reluctant, positions himself over it... eyes peering downward.]

TS3: We. Know. How. You. Did. It?

[Shane turns towards the Gang, everyone puzzled, staring back. Within an instant he snaps away from the table, turning towards the aisle.]

TS3: Him. I KNOW it is him! Show yourself! Show yourself, Hannibal!

[Shane slams his left hand over the top rope, bouncing it repeatedly.]

TS3: SHOW YOURSELF!

[Irate, he spins back to his Gang Members, then to the cake... All of them then turn their attention back down towards the aisle when suddenly, the tablecloth flares as not one, but two figures pop out from underneath. The crowd gives a loud -- slightly confused cheer, because the intruders are not at all who you'd expect to see interrupting Terry Shane III.]

BW: What, WHAT?!

GM: THE RAVE?!

[I don't know who else would wear what they've got on, so let's assume so. Jerby Jezz has on a multi-pastel colored bubble-knit wool short cape over a silvery sleeveless winter vest, scarlet-and-brown armbands, orange-and-green camo pants, and orchid-and-red moon boots. The pale reddish skinned Raver has pink, yellow, and sky blue hair gelled up in a single fin, and crazy triangular sunglasses with electrical cables leading from the frames to under his jacket.]

Shizz Dawg OG is wearing a T-Shirt of every color of the rainbow, one over the other, each progressively more ripped and torn so that the outer purple shirt is barely there and all colors can be seen. He's wearing Bermuda shorts of a beige/turquoise/chartruese/sienna mix, and orange Zips with yellow trim. The light mocha-skinned Raver has a half-red half-grey false afro, and is wearing some kind of chrome-and-bronze goggles. Jezz has a wireless mic while Shizz has a magazine in his hand.]

JJ: Filbritz it, jacksaw! You thought you were going to get away with it, didn't you? Just thought you'd pull a flipsoid on the whole world, didn't you?

[Shane doesn't even turn around. His eyes widen, filling with rage. The voice is instantly recognizable as the look of inexpressible pained bewilderment spills across his face.]

JJ: You cannot lipdodge your way out of this, Terry Shane the Third... or should we drop, Terry Shane the FOURTH! That's right, we flow with what you did. You timeslid back to 2013 because you flowed that your gyzzrus spawndonor lost this Memorial Day Staggered-Entry Bellingham-Rules Wildstyling Challenge! And we've got undisimbaguable evidence! Show 'em, Shizz!

[Shizz Dawg holds up a copy of the AWA Access Magazine. A camera gets a tight close-up. It's the July 2013 edition... which isn't out yet. It has a picture of Alphonse Green with his hand raised on the deck of the Lexington, and a caption that reads 'THE KING OF THE BATTLE ROYALS WINS THE RUMBLE - WHAT COMES NEXT?' The pages are old and yellowed.]

SDOG: Everyhumie was sattelated to the holocube when the officials made a point to distribute the upload to Alphonse Green that he couldn't strategate his usual strategy for Bellingham-Rules Wildstyling Challe... er, Battle Royals. But YOU used just those tactics! You translitized history because you flowed exactly how to win th...

[Shane, who hasn't even given the Rave the dignity of turning around to look at them, glares directly at Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong.]

TS3: WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!

[Anderson and Strong's eyes are frozen on the seething Terry Shane III. His hand flings from his side and aims itself right in-between the Rave members.]

TS3: Get them.

[Shane's Gang had been stunned by the sheer lunacy of this, but the displeasure of their boss gets The Ring Workers moving at The Rave. Donnie White also runs in, but Shane holds out his palm to signify that he wants his tag team to take care of this business. Jezz and Shizz seem prepared, though, as they meet The Ring Workers coming in with stereo eye gouges.]

GM: The Ring Workers and The Rave are brawling at Terry Shane's victory celebration! This is nothing like what anyone expected!

[The Rave reach down, and pick up the cake. Shane is the first to exit the ring, slamming his mic down and washing his hands of what is going on behind him. The genre-savvy Miss Sandra Hayes immediately follows in pursuit, bailing out of the ring, shaking her head and yelling out for the Ring Leader who doesn't even flinch towards her screeching voice.]

BW: These idiots! WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING!? I'M YOUR SENATOR, GET OUT OF THE RING!

[Holding the large cake between them, the two Ravers rush Anderson and Strong, trying to send the cake into them -- probably to blind them, because they're outnumbered as soon as Shane or White join in! The Workers quickly step to the side, and hit a double back body drop on Jerby and Shizz Dawg, sending them over the top to the floor...

...and SMACKING the floor on either side of poor Sandra Hayes who suspiciously looks, just in time!]

SMUSH!

[To see the vibrant colored cake SMASH over the top of her, dropping her to all fours with layers of fondant and yellow cake dressing her entire body.]

BW: NO!

GM: HA HA HA!

BW: That's not funny! Her face! Her beautiful face!

[From her backside she tries to scramble to her feet, unsuccessfully slipping back down on several occasions. She remains covered in cake, blinking in

shock at the bizarre events that have transpired. The Rave shrug, and turn back to the ring, only to have Anderson and Strong slide out to meet them.]

BW: Worst. Party. Ever.

GM: Shane's coronation as the Number One Contender ended as it should! He is no champion, he deserves no parade, he deserves exactly what he got out there tonight!

[Strong blasts Jerby Jezz with a forearm while Shizz Dawg OG exchanges rapid punches with Aaron Anderson. Anderson lifts a knee and takes a wild downward swing with a pointed elbow but Shizz Dawg side steps it and batters him with a kick to the gut. Donnie White beelines from the ring, racing after Terry Shane III who is halfway down the aisle. He grabs Shane by the right shoulder and the Ring Leader snaps back towards him, looking him dead in the eyes, mouthing, "This never happened" before he shoves Donnie away from him and disappears through the entrance portal.]

GM: The Rave and Ring Workers are still trading blows ringside but Shane wants no part of this! He has abandoned his Gang! His true colors are being shown right before his eyes! We'll be right back fans with more in-ring action!

[Sandra Hayes has another exaggerated slip, falling to her knees in the middle of the dessert explosion. She throws her head back, letting loose an anguished scream as we abruptly fade to black.

And fade back up on a series of beach shots - a pair of young children building a sandcastle, young men out on their surfboards, a spirited game of volleyball with shapely young ladies... you get the idea.

A voiceover begins.]

"As the summer begins and the temperatures rise, the beach isn't the only place where things are heating up."

[Cut to a series of weathermen saying the same phrase over and over again - "A Heat Wave is coming!" before the screen cuts to a nice graphic of a scorching hot sun.]

"The AWA's annual Heat Wave tour started at Memorial Day Mayhem but will be making its way throughout the United States all summer long and you will not want to miss the biggest stars of the AWA galaxy when they come to your town."

[A graphic pops up to show "JUNE 15th - MOBILE CIVIC CENTER - MOBILE, ALABAMA."]

"The AWA hits Mobile, Alabama and the Mobile Civic Center on the 15th for a special live arena event. Sweet Daddy Williams is on the card! The Lynch Brothers take on the Beale Street Bullies in an Alabama Street Fight! Hercules Hammonds will be in action as well!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "JUNE 22nd - DONALD TUCKER CENTER - TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA."]

"Look out, Florida, because the Sunshine State is about to get heated up hotter than ever when the AWA hits the Donald Tucker Center in Tallahassee on the 22nd for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! The Rave will be in action! Terry Shane III takes on Yuma Weaver! The Blonde Bombers hit the ring as well!"

[Another graphic comes up, this one advertising a double shot of shows in the Carolinas.]

"Get ready, Carolinas, 'cause the AWA is coming to town for two nights as we hit Charlotte on June 29th and Greensboro on June 30th. All the stars of the AWA come to town for these non-televvised events featuring Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez taking on The Aces in Charlotte and Brian Von Braun meeting Johnny Detson in Greensboro!"

[The graphic fades to reveal a Heat Wave logo.]

"The AWA is on the road all summer long so keep your eyes open for new dates added in your town because when the American Wrestling Alliance is in your area, you do NOT want to miss it!"

[Some info about buying tickets appears before the graphic fades to black...

...and then back up to live action where we fade up to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Welcome back to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. And joining me right now are "Sweet" Steven Childes and "Delicious" Danny Tyler, the Aces.

[The Aces appear with Raven. Standard attire for all three, guyliner included. Raven is holding a barricade and Childes drags a cup across it.]

CLANK, CLANK, CLANK

DT: NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLES I'VE SEEN.

CLANK, CLANK, CLANK

DT: NOBODY KNOWS MY SORROW!

CLANK, CLANK, CLANK

DT: NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLES I'VE SEEN!

CLANK, CLANK, CLANK

DT: NOBODY KNOWS, BUT JESUS!

MS: Oh c'mon!

DT: Can it, Stegglet! Just stand there and hold the microphone and let the fans all hear who they came to see talk!

[Round of boos.]

DT: Not only were the Aces screwed out of the Stampede Cup. Not only did we DROP to number FOUR in the rankings. Not only did Vasquez and Scott head off the wrestler poor house and drag out Luke Kinsey. WE STILL HAVE YET TO RECEIVE OUR TITLE SHOT WE WERE PROMISED!

[Stegglet facepalms.]

SC: The Aces aren't happy. We petitioned O'Connor about a FAN interfering in a wrestling match, but he was too busy reading Watkins' "How to Suck at Being Commissioner" to even pay attention. We petitioned the Championship Committee for our RIGHTFUL title shot AGAIN, but they still have yet to get back to us. Now? Now we have to watch another washed-up, ridin' on my reputation, glory days ain't good enough, so maybe I can scam a few more bucks off the "Life and Times of Luke Kinsey" DVD the AWA will hock in the near future.

DT: The Aces have met with a lot of failure the last few months, Stegglet. Heck, you start adding up the number of failures, we're on par with Kinsey's marriages, Vasquez' friendships, and Scott's stable runs.

[Another round of boos.]

SC: Unlike a lot of AWA wrestlers, Mark, the Aces WILL overcome. We don't see just the negative. We also see the positive, that silver lining if you will.

[Childes wraps an arm around Stegglet.]

SC: Juan Vasquez. Stevie Scott. Luke Kinsey. Brian Von Braun. All of them standing against the Unholy Alliance together?

[The Aces and Raven bust out into laughter.]

DT: That's a good one!

SC: I mean. Kinsey and Vasquez' history is just as turbulent as Vasquez and Scott. Three egotistical, maniacal, conniving jackals who will throw the other two under the bus if they even SNIFF a chance at gold. Their respective histories are well documented. I should know. I watched it all unfold on YouTube just last weekend.

DT: And Von Braun?

SC: He'd join Percy Childes and the Unholy Alliance if we shook enough George Washingtons in his face.

DT: Good thing, Uncle Percy has standards.

SC: Also a good thing we got Tully, ya know, the one in the family with a future in this sport. Even better, we see an opportunity for what it is, Mark. That's why we have this challenge.

DT: In two weeks? We the Aces WANT to wrestle Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott AGAIN in that very ring.

[Big cheer!]

DT: What do you two say? We beat you at the Cup and all we keep hearing is that you want another chance? Well, here it is... gift-wrapped for ya. Two weeks from now, the two of you versus the two of us...

SC: After it's all said and done, there will be no doubt who the better team is!

[The Aces and Raven exit stage right, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: The challenge has been issued, fans! But will Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott accept?! Gordon, Bucky - back to you!

[Crossfade where we can see Gordon and Bucky seated at ringside with a cleaning crew working behind them.]

GM: Thanks, Mark... fans, as you can see, we've got some guys out here cleaning up all that cake.

BW: You loved that, didn't you? I can hear it in your voice.

GM: It was pretty funny, I'll admit it. A definite memorable moment in AWA Saturday Night Wrestling history. But perhaps not as memorable as what we're about to see here. Remember, fans, as part of our Heat Wave tour, we're counting down the episodes until the 100th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling which will be happening towards the end of the summer. As part of that, we're on a quest to pick the best match in Saturday Night Wrestling history which the AWA front office will attempt to book in a rematch for SNW 100. Last time, we saw the 2008 Saturday Night Wrestling Match Of The Year as voted by you, the fans of the AWA - the inaugural Rumble. Tonight, it's time to find out what was voted the 2009 SNW Match Of The Year...

[Gordon pauses, being handed an envelope from off-camera. He tears it open, pulling out the notecard within.]

GM: The date was September 26th, 2009... and it was a special non-title challenge pitting the National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott against his greatest rival... Juan Vasquez!

[Gordon grins, shaking his head.]

GM: My, how time changes everything. Let's set the stage. "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, fresh off retaining the National Title at No Escape, was in the midst of a victory celebration when he laid out a challenge. One minute. He said it would only take him sixty seconds to defeat any opponent to come his way. Juan Vasquez accepted the challenge and... well, the rest is history. Fans, one of the greatest matches in AWA history... let's take a look!

[Fade back to black and then back up on Stevie Scott angrily pacing back and forth. His manager, Ben Waterson, is standing on the apron angrily shouting at Gordon Myers.]

"WE DIDN'T MEAN HIM! ANYONE ELSE!"

[Referee Michael Meekly hits the ring in a hurry and signals for the bell as a countdown clock appears in the bottom right corner of the ring reading :60 and starts counting down. Stevie Scott lunges towards Vasquez, wrapping him up in a collar and elbow, shoving him back into the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by the champ...

[The Hotshot sets, arm reared back for a big punch...

...but Vasquez drops down into a baseball slide, flying right through the legs of Scott, popping up to his feet behind him, and popping him across the face with another light slap as the clock hits :45.]

GM: 45 seconds to go!

[A furious Stevie Scott lunges at Vasquez again, desperately raking his eyes before drilling him with a right hand across the side of the face that knocks the LA native back against the ropes. A second haymaker follows as the Hotshot measures him...

...and races to the ropes, running parallel to the ropes Vasquez is leaning against.]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Vasquez!

[With his back still to the champ, Vasquez blindly reaches back, catching the turning Hotshot under the arm...

...and taking him down with a hiptoss as the clock reaches :22! Big cheer!]

GM: HIPTOSS! The clock is still ticking and we're almost under the 20 seconds mark. If Stevie Scott is going to win this 60 second challenge, he needs to come up with something and he needs to do it quickly.

[Scott scampers up to his feet, throwing himself at Vasquez in a tackle that knocks him back to the corner. He throws a few shoulder drives into the midsection before grabbing the wrist again.]

GM: Irish whip by Scott from corner... look out!

[The National Champion stomps his foot a few times, waiting for Vasquez to stagger out of the buckles...

...and lunges forward with what could be a match-ending Heatseeker.]

GM: HEATSEEK-

[There's a huge cheer as Vasquez ducks under the thrown kick, smirking as a shocked Stevie Scott turns around...

...and lightly slaps him across the face one more time as the clock hits :03.]

GM: THREE! TWO! ONE! THAT'S IT!

"DING DING DING!"

MC: Ladies and gentlemen... Stevie Scott has FAILED to defe-

[Reaching through the ropes, Stevie Scott snatches the mic away from Melissa Cannon.]

HSS: NO! NO! NO! NO! NOOOOOO! This wasn't supposed to happen. This... this... we can't end the night like this! This is OUR night, damn it!

[The fans cheer the champ's temper tantrum.]

HSS: Vasquez... you got lucky, punk. Complete luck. I... the people... they want to see a rematch! Another sixty seconds! I almost had you right there at the end and this time, I'll put you down for sure.

[Vasquez grins at the champion's challenge, taking an offered mic from a ringside attendant.]

JV: No deal.

[The crowd cheers as Stevie Scott kicks the ropes in frustration, pointing at Vasquez, calling him every name he can think of.]

JV: No deal, champ. Because I know these people don't want to see us fight for a minute at a time all night long.

[More tantrum throwing across the ring.]

JV: BUT!

[Ohhh?]

JV: How about this? Since you obviously couldn't get the job done in one minute, I'll go one better with ya... nah, I'll go TEN better with ya, champ.

Ten minutes. You've got ten minutes to beat me right here, right now, in this ring.

[Big cheer!]

JV: And let's raise the stakes. If you can beat me in 10 minutes, I'll NEVER ask for a shot at the National Title as long as you've got it wrapped around your waist.

No Broussard, no Rogers, no Sudakov, no Sweet Daddy, no Houston...

...and no Vasquez.

[The crowd buzzes with concern.]

JV: You pretty much would have run the table at that point, no?

[Stevie looks intrigued at the idea as Vasquez continues.]

JV: BUT!

[There's that word again.]

JV: If you don't beat me in ten minutes?

[Cheers!]

JV: I get my shot at the title. Whenever I want it. Wherever I want it. However I want it.

[Big cheer!]

JV: Whaddya say, champ?

[The Hotshot dips his head between the ropes, listening to the advice of Ben Waterson. After a couple moments, he straightens up, glaring across the ring at Vasquez...

...and utters three magic words.]

HSS: Let's do this.

[The crowd roars as both men toss aside their mics. Referee Michael Meekly stands in the middle of the ring, signaling for ten minutes to be put on the clock...

...and then calls for the bell as the clock drops from 10:00 to 9:59.]

GM: Here we go!

[The two competitors lunge at each other, coming together in a collar and elbow tieup. Stevie Scott doesn't waste a second in raking the eyes of Vasquez to gain an early edge. A forearm to the back of the head causes Vasquez to fall forwards into the corner. The Hotshot grabs a handful of hair...

...and slams Vasquez' face into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Hard to the buckles... schoolboy!

[The Hotshot seizes the moment, pulling Vasquez down in a schoolboy rollup.]

GM: One! Two! Kickout at two.

[Both men scamper to their feet, trying to beat the other there...

...but the Hotshot gets up first, blasting Vasquez with a right hand to the jaw. As Vasquez falls back into the ropes, the Hotshot wraps his hands around the throat of his opponent, choking the life out of him against the ropes.]

GM: Come on, ref. Get in there and break that up!

[The count reaches four before the champion backs off, thrusting a warning finger at Meekly before reaching down to grab the wrist of Vasquez as the clock hits 9:19.]

GM: The champ with a whip...

[The Hotshot charges towards him with a clothesline but Vasquez ducks under it, the momentum carrying him towards the far ropes where he leaps up to the middle rope, springing back...

...and DRILLING the Hotshot on the jaw with a dropkick!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: This can't be happening. Get him out of there, Ben!

GM: If he gets counted out, this match is over, Bucky. And he'll have to defend the gold against Vasquez down the road!

BW: Are you serious? Vasquez doesn't have to pin him?

GM: Nope! The Hotshot's got ten minutes to beat Vasquez or it's all over. He'll be defending that title against Juan Vasquez on any given Saturday night!

[As the champ staggers back to his feet, Vasquez hooks in a side headlock, taking the champion down to the mat.]

GM: Nicely executed headlock takedown by Vasquez and-

[The crowd roars as Vasquez holds the headlock, miming looking at a watch while tightening it up.]

GM: Haha! This is a good way to kill some time off that clock, Bucky!

BW: That's not fair! This isn't fair to Stevie!

[Vasquez holds the headlock in place, Stevie Scott flailing at him, trying to break the hold. He wraps his arms around the waist of Vasquez, rolling him over to his shoulders...]

GM: One! Two! Whoa! I don't think Vasquez was ready for that one, Bucky.

BW: He almost got caught!

GM: Eight and a half minutes on the clock. Lots of time to get the job done for the National Champion.

[Vasquez clinches down tighter on the headlock, squeezing the skull as the Hotshot gets his legs underneath him, trying to get up to his feet. As soon as he gets his feet under him, he hoists Vasquez up off the mat...

...and drops him down on the back of his head and neck with a belly-to-back suplex!]

GM: Big suplex! Nicely done by the champion!

[The Hotshot immediately throws himself on top of Vasquez, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: One! Two! And another kickout!

[The champion pushes up to his knees, throwing a hard right hand to the jaw. A second punch connects as well - and a third and fourth and fifth and sixth before a wild-eyed Hotshot reaches down, hooking his hands around the throat again.]

GM: Referee, get in there! That's a choke!

[Scott again breaks the choke at four. The Hotshot climbs to his feet, stomping down hard on the chest of the downed Vasquez. A big leaping kneedrop follows...

...and another lateral press, hooking the leg.]

GM: One! Two! Still not enough for a three count.

[A fired-up Stevie Scott drags Vasquez up off the mat, hooking a front facelock...

...and gets pulled down in an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE! TWO! TH- WHOA!

BW: Too close. Way too close.

GM: Vasquez nearly got the three count on the National Champion right there. He was a half count away from beating the champion live here on WKIK on this special homecoming edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.

[The clock hits 7:30 as both men struggle to their feet, Scott catching Vasquez with a knee to the gut as they rise. The Hotshot hooks a front facelock, slinging Vasquez' arm over his neck...

...and hoists him into the air, getting him horizontal to the canvas before falling back down, smashing him facefirst to the canvas with a front layout suplex!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The Hotshot rolls Vasquez to his back, reaching back to hook the leg.]

GM: One! Two! Shoulder up!

[A few more right hands to the jaw by the Hotshot before getting to his feet, hauling Vasquez up by the hair. A knife-edge chop sends Vasquez falling back into the corner. Grabbing the hair again, the Hotshot smashes his skull into the top turnbuckle a few times...

...and then uses the hair to throw Vasquez down to the mat, his head smashing into the mat.]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Maybe that'll take that smirk off his face, Gordo.

GM: The Hotshot threw him down by the hair, his head snapping forward in a whiplash-type motion.

[The champion backs to the corner, hopping up to the midbuckle...

...and then leaps off, dropping a leg down across the chest of Vasquez!]

GM: Ohh! Middle rope legdrop by the champion... another cover...

[The referee hits the mat twice before Vasquez shoots his shoulder off the canvas again, getting more cheers from the crowd. A frustrated Hotshot hauls Vasquez off the mat by the hair again, flinging him towards the corner.]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand by the Hotshot...

[Grabbing Vasquez by the wrist, Scott fires him from corner to corner. The champion stands in the corner for a moment, then charges across the ring...

...and SMASHES facefirst into the buckles!]

GM: OHHHH! HE MOVED!

[A dazed Vasquez reaches back, grabbing Scott around the head and neck, snapmaring him down to the mat into a seated position. Vasquez quickly moves to the corner before sprinting back across the ring...

...and DRIVING both feet squarely into the face with a seated dropkick!]

GM: OHHHH! He'll be checking the front row for his teeth after that one! We're down to six minutes on the clock and for the first time in this match, Juan Vasquez is fully on the offensive!

[The National Champion rolls under the ropes, clutching his jaw from the impact. The Agent To The Stars rushes to be by his side, kneeling down next to his client...

...which gives Juan Vasquez the chance to grab the top rope, slingshotting himself over the ropes into a crossbody on a shocked Ben Waterson to the cheers of the crowd!]

BW: What the-? There's absolutely no call for that, Gordo! None at all!

GM: I kinda enjoyed it.

BW: I bet you did! Ben Waterson is a legally licensed manager who has every right to be at ringside to give advice to his client. Juan Vasquez just assaulted a man who is not a participant in this match and he should be disqualified for it!

GM: Highly unlikely in my opinion, Bucky.

[A smirking Vasquez regains his feet, dragging Stevie Scott off the barely-padded concrete floor and fires him under the ropes into the ring. The Los Angeles native climbs up on the ring apron, stepping through the ropes...

...which allows Ben Waterson to grab him by the leg still outside the ring, preventing his advance.]

GM: Hey!

BW: He had this one coming, Gordo! Absolutely had it coming!

GM: That's your opinion but-

[The crowd groans as Stevie Scott lunges forward with a knee lift, popping the trapped Vasquez under the chin. With Vasquez still half-in, half-out of the ring, the National Champion batters him with right hands before dragging him back inside the ring.]

GM: Stevie Scott regains the edge in this one thanks to Ben Waterson's interference out on the floor...

[With Vasquez doubled up thanks to a boot to the gut, Scott hooks a front facelock...

...and snaps off a swinging neckbreaker, flipping Vasquez to his shoulders to attempt a pin.]

GM: Another cover - we've got one... two... and th- shoulder up!

[The National Champion pushes up to his knees, his face covered in frustration as he glares at Vasquez. A shout of "Time?" to Waterson gets the answer of 4:40.]

GM: Four minutes and forty seconds remain, Bucky.

BW: Less than five minutes left to put away Juan Vasquez and to cement himself... well, who will be left to challenge him?

GM: I can think of a few names.

BW: Bah. Vasquez is it! If Stevie wins this, he'll reign forever!

[Stevie batters Vasquez with a series of right hands on the canvas before pushing back up to his feet. A few hard stomps follow before Stevie drops a knee across the chest...

...and then points to the corner.]

GM: Uh oh! The Hotshot's heading to the ropes!

BW: He's gonna put this guy away right now, Gordo! Forget about the four and half minutes or whatever's left.

GM: Four minutes, fifteen seconds to be exact.

[The National Champion walks all the way across the ring, looking back at Juan Vasquez who is about half the distance away. Grinning, Scott steps outside the ring, putting one foot on the bottom rope as he starts to climb.]

GM: The champ is heading for the high rent district. To the middle rope... now to the top...

[The Hotshot stands atop the ropes, arms raised as the fans jeer...

...and then leaps from the top rope, flying through the air, and DRIVING his elbow down into the chest of the prone Vasquez!]

GM: ELBOW!! OFF THE TOP!!

BW: That's it! Ring the bell!

GM: Stevie a little slow to cover... one! Two! THR- OHHHH!

[The Los Angeles native fires his shoulder off the mat just before the three count falls to the cheers of the crowd and the total rage of Stevie Scott and Ben Waterson.]

GM: The champ can't believe it! He thought he had Vasquez right there, Bucky.

BW: Didn't you?

GM: Well, I knew it'd be very close. That's for sure.

[The Hotshot drags himself back to his feet, kicking the ropes in frustration as he backs to the corner...

...and stomps his foot on the canvas.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: He's calling for the Heatseeker! And if he hits that, you KNOW it's over, Gordo!

GM: Vasquez rolls to his stomach, trying to shake the cobwebs. Stevie Scott is stomping that foot... letting the whole world know what's coming...

[As Vasquez staggers to his feet, the National Champion uncoils out of the corner, lashing out with the superkick as the clock hits 3:15...]

GM: HEATSEEK-

[The Los Angeles native ducks under the superkick attempt, spinning around to step up on the thigh of the surprised National Champion, lashing out with his own kick...

...RIGHT to the back of the Hotshot's skull!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: ENZUGIRI! HEADKICK BY VASQUEZ!

[Both men crumple to the canvas from the impact of the blow. The crowd roars, trying to get Vasquez back to his feet while Ben Waterson pleads with Stevie Scott from outside the ring, trying to get him up.]

GM: The headkick by Vasquez - and that turns the tide in this one. Vasquez pushes up to his knees...

[The fan favorite pumps a fist as he climbs to his feet, reaching down to drag the champion off the mat. Once to his feet, Vasquez hoists Scott up in a fireman's carry...

...and shoves him up and over, bringing Scott crashing down gutfirst across his own bent knee!]

GM: OHHHHH! GUTBUSTER BY VASQUEZ!

[With the Hotshot prone on his back, Vasquez hits the ropes, rebounding back and hurling himself into a big time senton!]

GM: Backsplash!

BW: Shades of Tommy Stephens!

[Vasquez flips over into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- OHHH!

[The National Champion fires a shoulder off the mat before the three count can come down. The crowd groans with disappointment as Vasquez shakes his head, climbing back to his feet...

...and stomps Scott hard across the chest before leaping up with an elbowdrop to the chest. Vasquez scampers back to his feet, dropping another quick elbow. He's right back up, doing the same over and over again.]

GM: Elbow after elbow after elbow to the upper body of the Hotshot! Stevie Scott is taking a pounding at the hands of Juan Vasquez right now, Bucky!

BW: Get some help in there for Stevie!

[Vasquez drops one final elbow, attempting another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- AGAIN! AGAIN HE GETS THE SHOULDER UP! We're down to two minutes left in this one! Stevie Scott has 120 seconds left to try to win this match or he's gonna have to defend the title against Vasquez, Bucky!

BW: Come on, Stevie!

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, dragging Stevie Scott up by the hair to his knees...

...which is Ben Waterson's cue to climb up on the ring apron. Vasquez points him out to the official who quickly moves to intervene.]

GM: Get him down from there! He's got no busi- OHHHH!

[The crowd groans as Stevie Scott uses the momentary distraction to SLAM his forearm up into the groin of Juan Vasquez!]

GM: LOW BLOW! STEVIE GOT THE LOW BLOW!

BW: What? I didn't see that!

GM: Of course you didn't but it happened! Stevie Scott with an illegal low blow and we've got Juan Vasquez in serious trouble, down on a knee.

[With his opponent hurting, Stevie Scott climbs back to his feet, nodding to the crowd...

...and steps forward, hooking a standing headscissors on Juan Vasquez.]

GM: No! Not the piledriver! For the love of God, Stevie Scott - don't you even think about it! Don't you even think about going for that piledriver again!

BW: That's exactly what he's gonna do! He's gonna put Juan Vasquez in a hospital bed right next to Adam Rogers! He's gonna break his damn neck just like he did to Rogers!

GM: Under 90 seconds!

[The Hotshot reaches down, hooking his arms around the waist of Vasquez...

...who replies by standing straight up, holding onto Stevie's legs to keep the champion draped over his shoulders.]

GM: Oh my god! Oh my god! What a counter!

[Vasquez reaches back with his left arm, cradling the head of Stevie Scott.]

GM: CITY OF ANGELS! HE'S GOT IT SET!

[The fan favorite runs out of the corner, ready to drive his opponent down with the Air Raid Crash...

...but Stevie Scott goes right through it, pulling Vasquez down into a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- OHHHH! Vasquez got the shoulder up! Barely! Just barely!

BW: I thought he had- listen to Waterson!

[Waterson is screaming "60 seconds!" over and over at the champion.]

GM: Only sixty seconds to go! Stevie Scott's gotta get him down in under a minute if he wants to win this special ten minute challenge match!

[The champion, a sense of urgency in the air now, scampers to his feet just as Vasquez does the same. A boot to the gut by the Hotshot allows him to quickly drag Vasquez down in an inside cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- NO! NO!

[Scott slaps the mat in frustration but quickly gets up again, grabbing the legs of Vasquez before he can get up, and flips over into a double leg cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- NO! Scott's giving it everything he's got but he may not have enough! We're down to just under forty seconds! Just under forty seconds to go!

[The National Champion gets up again, this time Vasquez getting up at the same time. The Hotshot throws a right hand that Vasquez blocks...

...then grabs Scott under the arm, turning him into a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE BY VASQUEZ! ONE!! TWO! THRE- NO! And this time it's Stevie who gets the shoulder up in time!

BW: Come on, Stevie! Do something!

GM: Juan Vasquez just needs to play beat the clock! He's got about thirty seconds left. If he can survive, the ball's in his court! He'll get the title shot whenever and wherever he wants it!

BW: Don't forget however - whatever that means.

GM: Both men to their feet again... right hand by Stevie... a second right knocks Juan back to the ropes...

[Grabbing Vasquez by the wrist, the National Champion executes an Irish whip, immediately getting ready for another Heatseeker attempt...

...but Vasquez hooks the ropes, preventing the rebound. He grins at the champion, pointing to a "wristwatch" as the clock hits :15. A furious Hotshot sprints towards him.]

GM: Here comes Stev- OHHHHHHH!

[The crowd gasps as Vasquez sidesteps, HURLING Stevie through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: We're down to ten! Nine! Eight! Seven!

[Out on the floor, a frantic Ben Waterson is shaking his client, physically dragging him to his feet, shoving him back towards the ring as the fans count along with Gordon Myers.]

GM: FIVE! FOUR! THREE! TWO! ONE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd EXPLODES as a smirking Vasquez throws both arms into the air in triumph. Waterson lets go of Stevie Scott who slumps down to a knee, glaring up inside the ring at a celebrating Vasquez.]

GM: Vasquez wins! Vasquez wins!

BW: He did not! He didn't beat Stevie!

GM: He didn't have to! Stevie had to beat him! Stevie couldn't beat him! Fans, the champ could not beat Juan Vasquez! The champ couldn't beat him! We're out of time! We'll see you next time! So long everybody!

[And with a grinning Vasquez making the "I want the belt" gesture at Stevie Scott...

...we fade to black. A moment passes before we go back to live action where we open up to a shot of the two men we just saw, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez, standing by with Jason Dane. The two former National champions both have amused looks on their faces, having just watched their match along with the rest of the crowd.]

JD: Gentlemen, we just saw the match that would spark the beginning of one of the fiercest rivalries in AWA history. Although you're both allies now, none of us will ever forget the countless battles you two had in 2009 and 2010. Your thoughts, now that you've watched this match again?

[Juan lowers his head and smiles to himself before answering.]

JV: Man...

...I really played the hell outta' Stevie and Waterson there, didn't I?

[The crowd roars as Juan laughs.]

JV: Seriously though...that match really takes me back. I had NO idea things would eventually escalate as much as they did after that. I'm sure it was the same for you, right Stevie?

HSS: You know, I'd already been in this business a long time at that point and although I hadn't put together quite the traveling resume old Juan here had, I'd still seen and been through a lot. But NOTHING prepared me for the wars we ended up having for well over a year. I'm not gonna lie...it was

hard. At times it was hell. But you pushed me to get better, and I know I pushed you to get better. We beat the hell out of each other week in and week out but now that time has passed and we can look back at it? I have to say I'm glad it happened.

[Juan chuckles.]

JV: Yeah, but I think I like it a hell of a lot better now that we're fighting on the same side.

[Unable to resist, Stevie grins a li'l Steviegrin.]

HSS: You know...if it went five more minutes, I'd have won. And no one would have ever talked about Juan Vasquez as the savior of the AWA.

[Juan grins right back.]

JV: Amigo, if we went at it for another five minutes, The Southern Syndicate would've never even happened!

[Stevie laughs and pats Juan on the shoulder.]

HSS: That's what I like about this guy, Dane. Always thinks he's gonna win, could've won, would've won...even if history tells us otherwise.

JV: Hey, you know me, Stevie...if you want a rematch, all you gotta' do is ask.

[The mere implication of another match between these two sends the crowd into a frenzy. Stevie chuckles at the thought.]

HSS: You know, that's not a bad idea.

[HUGE pop!]

JD: Wait a minute...are you two...are you accepting a challenge here?

[Stevie holds up a hand.]

HSS: Hang on, Dane, keep your tighty whiteys on. Somewhere down the line, that rematch DOES need to happen. But first? First, we have other things to deal with. Specifically, a certain challenge laid down to us earlier tonight.

Now Aces, I'll give you credit. You notched a win over us in the Stampede Cup.

[The Hotshot shrugs.]

HSS: Maybe you were better than we thought. Maybe we took you too lightly. Maybe we hadn't meshed as a team yet. Whatever the reason, the

fact remains...you did beat the two greatest wrestlers ever to step into an AWA ring.

[The former National Champion grins a bit, with a glance at Vasquez.]

HSS: So naturally, me and Juan...we would be MORE than happy to accept your challenge and even the series up with you two punks.

[Big pop!]

JV: Aces, you gotta' realize that me and Stevie have begging and pleading the front office for another shot at you two. You got us at The Cup. You pulled one over on us and hell, I APPLAUD the fact you were able to do it, because when it comes to wheelin' and dealin', hustlin' and hoodwinkin', bending the rules and playing dirty...

[He points to Stevie and himself.]

JV: ...we're two of the best to ever do it.

And you GOT us. You got us GOOD.

[Juan shakes his head.]

JV: But now you got greedy. Winning once wasn't enough. Fooling us once wasn't enough. Humiliating us in the middle of the ring once wasn't enough. So you go and challenge us again and give us EXACTLY what we want.

A second chance.

[He smiles big.]

JV: A shot at redemption! A chance at righting that wrong from The Stampede Cup! Another opportunity to give you two a butt kickin' in the middle of a wrestling ring! [Pop!] Did you actually believe for a second that we'd turn this challenge down?

[He chuckles.]

JV: If you knew ANYTHING about the AWA, if you knew anything about Juan Vasquez or Stevie Scott, the two toughest, most resourceful, and vengeful men to ever step foot inside an AWA ring...

...it's that we don't let second chances slip away.

[And with that, Juan and Stevie walk off the stage to the cheers of the crowd.]

JD: You just heard it, folks! Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott have ACCEPTED The Aces' challenge and they will do battle on the next edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! Now, let's go backstage where the Lynch Brothers are standing by!

[Cut to backstage, where all three Lynch brothers have assembled. Travis stands in the center, flanked by his brothers. The youngest Lynch holds a microphone in his hand, and, after flashing a smile at the camera, he begins to speak.]

TL: Memorial Day Mayhem was a night that showed the AWA no matter how much they want it to be true ... the Lynch Brothers are not dead. The night began as I called out Robert Donovan and took him pillar to post. Donovan, I promised I would take you to the woodshed and I did just that.

Everyone witnessed as I had you had on your knees begging, pleading for anything to save you from the Claw and the only thing that could was a low blow.

[Travis pauses of a moment.]

TL: What's the matter, Donovan? Couldn't face the fact that the youngest Lynch had your number? Was it that without your running mates being able to seize an advantage for you that you weren't as invincible as you claim to be.

You and the rest of the Bullies can run your mouths ... scream to the world that you are the top of the mountain ... the Big Bad Bullies ... but at the end of the day you aren't the Lynches!

[Jack slaps his younger brother on the back as he continues to speak.]

TL: And then came the Rumble ... another chance for me to earn a coveted shot at the AWA World Championship Title ... and I was on fire. Discus punch after discus punch rocking the ring and then Dave Cooper felt the Claw just like you did Big Ol' Rob. Unlike Rob though, Dave Cooper was saved from the Claw by Terry Shane the third and then Cooper was the luckiest man in the Rumble when he capitalized on a mental lapse by me.

[Travis shakes his head in disappointment, but as he does, James reaches for the mic.]

JL: The Lynches didn't win at the Rumble. That's true. And there's been a lot of talk about how the Lynches are done with. About how the Lynches were a flash in the pan. People are saying that our prime was short, and we're long past it.

But I'm here to tell you, we ain't no fad. And we're only just getting started.

[The eldest Lynch, Jack, nods his head, reaching across Travis' chest to take the microphone from James]

JL: Listen. I want everyone to hear this. Its true. We rose high, and then we fell hard. That's true. Ain't no sense in denying it. But as can be seen from Jimmy's fire and the heart that Trav showed at the Rumble... we ain't done yet.

I can't tell ya how many times our father drilled this lesson into our heads. It ain't how many times ya got knocked down that matters, its how many times ya get back up. And I want everyone, and especially three people, to take a look at us.

We're all three of us on our feet and ready to go.

[Jack clears his throat, and pushes back his black hat.]

JL: Now I understand that talk is cheap. So how about a little action? Tonight, you're gonna see the Lynches in that ring. And you'll get your chance to see just how good we remain. You're gonna see what it means when family teams together. In fact, what you're gonna see tonight is the beginning of something I like to call...

[But before Jack can say it, the always exuberant James leaps forward.]

JL: The Summer of the Lynches!

[Jack chuckles and shakes his head.]

JL: Ya stole my line, Jimmy...

But yes, the Summer of the Lynches. By year's end, we've got one goal – gold on all three of our waists. Singles gold for Travis, and Jimmy and I? We want them World Tag Team Titles back. But before we do any of that, there's some business to take care of.

Business called the Bullies.

Trav, why don't you say somethin' to those three?

[Travis takes the microphone from Jack and his usual jovial smile is gone as he stares directly at the camera.]

TL: Donovan, Rogers, and Wyatt ... the three of you run your traps to anyone you think will listen about how you have the greatest lineage in the business ... how the three of you are upholding some great tradition ... about how your fathers carved the legacy of Mid-South Wrestling ...

[Travis pauses.]

TL: But boys, you aren't in Mid-South Wrestling, you aren't wearing masks claiming to be the West Memphis Assassin as some of your daddies did ... you're in Texas now boys and Texas is the land of the Lynches!

Donovan, this was a battle you started ... but once Wyatt decided to try and break my neck it became a war ... a war that we do not intend to lose!

[On an emphatic point from the muscular Travis Lynch, we crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following six man tag team match is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right... the team of The South Philly Phighter... Lee Harrigan... and Jackie Wilpon!

[The trio of rulebreakers taunt the jeering crowd.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of Ted Nugent's "Stranglehold" kicks in over the PA system to a huge reaction.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... the team of Jack, James, and Travis...

THE LYNNNNNCH BOYS!

[The big cheers get louder as Travis Lynch walks into view first, sporting his wrestling trunks and a "TRAVIS" t-shirt that's intentionally two sizes too small to show off his muscles. Jack and James are right behind, trading a high five as they start the walk down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: The Lynch Brothers had a decent night back at Memorial Day Mayhem with Travis Lynch picking up a win over Robert Donovan.

BW: By disqualification! Don't try and hide that from the people!

GM: I wasn't. Donovan got himself disqualified when he was trapped in the Iron Claw. Now, you can read into that however you want but to me, it means Donovan was done for - finished - and hit the low blow to get out of the match.

[The Lynches climb up on the apron, stepping into the ring to even bigger cheers as Travis rips off his shirt, throwing it out into the crowd where a group of girls fight over it. He chuckles as he turns back to his brothers, huddling up in the corner...]

GM: The Lynches are going over some last minute strategy and-

[The South Philly Phighter gives a big shout as he charges across the ring, hitting Travis Lynch with a forearm to the back of the head. Jack and James angrily step out to the apron as the Phighter rains down haymakers at the skull of Travis.]

GM: The Phighter attacks before the bell!

BW: That's what Lynch gets for standing over there admiring his muscles and tossing his hair for the womenfolk!

GM: Well, he does have nice hair.

[The Phighter grabs Travis by the arm, whipping him into the rulebreakers' corner where Jackie Wilpon slips a back elbow in, smashing it under the chin of Travis to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: The Phighter makes the tag... in comes Wilpon...

BW: The fans are all over this Wilpon character and I can't say that I blame 'em, Gordo. Even I think this guy's a slimeball.

[With his stringy black hair clinging to his balding scalp, Wilpon balls up a fist and smashes it down between the eyes of Lynch. A second one sends Lynch down to a knee as Wilpon grabs his long hair, dragging him back up and pushing his throat down over the top rope!]

GM: He's choking him, ref! Get in there!

[Wilpon breaks at four, backing off with his hands raised. He argues with the referee for a bit before moving back in...

...and getting caught with a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Travis catches him in the gut!

[A second right hand sends Wilpon staggering backwards into the ropes where Lynch grabs an arm, shooting him off...]

GM: Irish whip... and a big shouldertackle takes the man off his feet!

[Lynch walks to the corner, slapping the hand of his brother.]

GM: In comes James off the tag...

[James rushes across the ring, catching a rising Wilpon with a flying dropkick that knocks Wilpon through the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Wilpon goes down to the floor... he hit pretty hard out there on the floor of the Cajundome...

BW: Look out here though, Gordo. These Stenches never waste a second to try and jump someone on the outside!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me.

[Lynch grabs the top rope with both hands, vaulting over the top with a crossbody on the rising Wilpon, wiping him out to the roar of the crowd!]

BW: I TOLD YA, GORDO! I TOLD YA!

GM: You certainly did and while I'm not sure I'd call that jumping someone on the outside, he certainly did take him down with that flying move to the floor.

[James is quickly back to his feet, pumping a fist to the cheering fans.]

GM: James is back up... putting Wilpon back into the ring now...

[Lynch climbs up on the apron, swinging an arm around before grabbing the top rope with both hands, slingshotting himself into a splash on a prone Wilpon!]

GM: Big splash! One! Two! Th-

[The crowd jeers Lee Harrigan as he rushes in, stomping the back of James Lynch's head to break up the pin. He lands a few clubbing forearms as well before the referee backs him out of the ring. James Lynch staggers up, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs as he slaps the hand of his big brother.]

GM: The tag is made in - in comes big Jack Lynch!

[Jack pulls Wilpon up, drilling him with an uppercut with the gloved right hand. A second big right hand knocks Wilpon back into the neutral corner where Lynch mounts the second rope, holding the right hand high...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEV--"

[The crowd suddenly gasps in shock as Adam Rogers slides under the bottom rope, rushing across the ring and SHOVING Jack Lynch over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the barely-padded floor in a heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: BULLIES!

[With Jack out of the picture, James rushes the ring towards Adam Rogers, throwing himself into a full body tackle, knocking the former World Champion down to the mat where he opens up with a series of right hands to the skull!]

GM: JAMES IS ALL OVER ROGERS! GET HIM! GET HIM, JAMES!

[Travis Lynch is on the move instantly, intercepting an incoming Robert Donovan with a series of big right hands to the skull!]

GM: Travis cuts off Donovan! The Bullies tried to get the sneak attack but the Lynches were ready for 'em! We've got a fight on our hands and-

[Dick Wyatt slides into the ring, wearing a long-sleeved sweatshirt. He raises his arm above his head...]

GM: Wyatt's in! Wyatt is-

[...and SLAMS the arm down across the back of Travis' head, knocking him flat!]

GM: OHH!

BW: He dropped him! What a shot with that arm!

GM: Something's fishy about this, Bucky. Travis Lynch isn't going down from a single forearm shot unless-

[Wyatt yanks off the sweatshirt, throwing it down on the motionless Travis...

...revealing a gleaming white cast on his arm!]

GM: He hit him with a cast! He hit him with a plaster cast right in the back of the head! No wonder he knocked him out, Bucky!

[With Jack down on the floor and Travis unmoving on the mat, Donovan turns his attention to James who is still down on the mat hammering away at Adam Rogers.]

GM: No, no, no! James! Look out!

[Donovan suddenly reaches down, hooking a gutwrench on James Lynch and deadlifting him off the mat up into the air, flipping him over...

...and DRIVING him down to the mat with a powerbomb!]

GM: OHHH! GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB!! GOOD GRIEF!

[Wyatt jumps up and down, pumping his casted-arm in celebration as Adam Rogers drags himself off the mat, wiping at his mouth with the back of his head. He glares down at James Lynch and then gestures at Donovan who nods his head.]

GM: Oh, come on! He's had enough!

BW: Has he?! Not according to the Bullies, daddy!

[Donovan drags James Lynch off the mat, pushing him over towards the ropes where he steps out of the ring, grabbing Lynch in a front facelock and holding his upper body down on the top rope as Wyatt grabs the legs, lifting Lynch up off the mat...]

GM: They're holding James Lynch up! Wyatt's got the legs, Donovan's got the head and neck draped over the top! What's this all about, Bucky?!

[Rogers shoves the official back against the turnbuckles, leaning down to grab at his belt...]

GM: Rogers is... what's he doing?!

BW: He's taking the belt off the referee's pants! I think we're in for a whippin', daddy!

[Rogers yanks the leather belt free, turning his attention back towards the trapped James Lynch. He winds up with it...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE WHIPS JAMES LYNCH ACROSS THE BACK!!

[Rogers is trashtalking all the while as he winds up with the belt again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Again! Again with that leather belt across James Lynch's back! He's helpless! Absolutely helpless! His brothers are both laid out and the Bullies are taking advantage of a three-on-one situation here!

[Rogers winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[And again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: HE'S TAKIN' THE HIDE OFF HIM!

[Rogers goes nuts as the locker room empties.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Suddenly, the Bullies bail out of the ring as Sweet Daddy Williams leads a charge of the Rockstar Express, The Hive, Brian Von Braun, BC Da Mastah MC, and others. Rogers, Donovan, and a gleeful Dick Wyatt backtrack down the aisle as the fan favorites tend to the fallen Lynches.]

GM: What a horrific beating James Lynch just took with that leather belt at the hands of the Bullies! He must've taken at least ten lashes with it and... oh my, look at his back, Bucky.

BW: Greatest sight I've ever seen.

[The camera zooms in on James Lynch's back, now covered with bright red welts from where the belt came down across his pale skin.]

GM: The Bullies may have just crossed a line here, Bucky. They may have crossed a line that they can't come back from in this war with the Beale Street Bullies! Fans, we need to get some medical attention out here for James Lynch - agh, look at the welts on his back... we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action.

[The camera holds on the bright red welts before slowly fading 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 a live panning shot of the Cajundome.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and while we were at break, you missed Jack Lynch, red-hot at what happened to his brothers, tearing up the ringside area. We've still got people out here cleaning it up. He was hot under the collar, Bucky.

BW: I can't say that I blame him, Gordo... but if he was smart - and we all know he ain't - he'd avoid pickin' another fight with the Bullies. It's clear that the Lynches are outgunned when it comes to the Bullies, daddy.

GM: We may just see about that in the weeks to come but right now-

["Bad to the Bone," by George Thorogood and the Destroyers, is playing throughout the arena, as two figures stand in the ring - one, a familiar 6'5" man in cutoff jeans, boots, a thermal undershirt and red flannel with the sleeves cut off. And the other, his son.]

GM: The veteran Gunnar Gaines is in the ring, and he has a microphone!

BW: But that's not his partner, Ryan Martinez, that's with him. Rather, it's his 18-year-old son, Justin.

[Justin stands a slender 6'7", and is dressed in the usual warmup jacket, along with blue jeans, a leather belt and cowboy boots.]

GM: What could be on Gunnar's mind? Let's hear what he has to say!

["Bad to the Bone" fades out as Gunnar raises the mic to speak.]

GG: First I want to say thank you to the production director for granting me this time. Unlike my tag team partner, I don't have a match scheduled tonight, but I did want to give my son, Justin, here, a graduation present. Justin, you're 18 - you just graduated high school - and now you are officially a man. And this is your present - the chance to say a few words live... in an AWA ring.

So... how does it feel, son?

[Justin is taken aback, but quickly appears pleased by the unexpected opportunity to speak. Thoughts of what to say flash through his mind as his father, Gunnar, smiling, holds the mic in front of his son's face. Justin's mouth begins to open, and words begin to come out.]

JG: Well, I-

[And then Gunnar pulls the mic away.]

GG: OK, that's a few words. That's enough.

[Justin shoots him a wounded look, as if he is unexpectedly hurt. Which he is. Gunnar looks back sympathetically.]

GG: Sorry, Justin. You'll understand and appreciate later. You see, I said you were a man... I didn't say you were a wrestler yet. The right to speak in this ring? It has to be earned. And one day you will earn it, I'm sure. But for now, I think you should enjoy this free gift of standing here in an AWA ring ... in front of this huge crowd - in Lafayette, Louisiana!

[Enormous pop! As Gunnar shoots a quick Grizzly Grin at the camera.]

GG: Well. Now I would like to talk about someone that HAS earned the right to speak in this ring through his hard work and many achievements and that would be none other than the man I'm proud to call my tag team partner, Ryan Martinez.

[The crowd pops again, and Gunnar encourages the applause by clapping.]

GG: Ryan has a big opportunity tonight, and it's one that he has earned. That of course would be right to fight for the World Television Championship. Now my apologies, Ryan, for not letting you know I was going to come out here and talk about you. But I figure you'll forgive me, because all I'm here to do is tip my hat.

You see, I was in the Rumble recently, and you didn't know I was going to be, because I didn't tell you. But that's OK, because you were in it, too, and didn't tell ME.

[He shakes his head with a chuckle, and looks down briefly.]

GG: Hey, it's all good. We teamed up anyway, and in fact, we did pretty well, working together to eliminate various people... until a certain someone eliminated me.

[The crowd knows who Gunnar means, and they raise a cheer, and then break into a chant of "Alex! Alex!" Gunnar nods in recognition.]

GG: Well, they do say anything can happen in a Rumble, and it's every man for himself. And Ryan, I want you to know, I don't blame you for your father

eliminating me. I could... but I don't... and that's because I know you had nothing to do with it. That one was all Alex.

[The "Alex!" chant starts up again briefly. Gunnar lets it play out for a second.]

GG: Now, as I said, I encourage you in your opportunity tonight, Ryan. But at the same time, WE have an opportunity too. The fact is, I can't wait to get OUR shot at the tag team gold. You see, in the Stampede Cup, we won just as many matches as the Blonde Bombers. That's right, we won three times. And unlike the Bombers, we didn't cheat in any of them, either. We only PREVENTED people from cheating. And that's only fair.

So Blonde Bombers... you two twerps and all your associates... you need to realize that you're on NOTICE. You're on borrowed time. We're coming for your gold. You're going to fight us for it. And, you're going to lose. You're going to lose, because if you COULD have beat us straight up ... you would have. And if you doubt any of THAT, I offer three little words from my friend and partner.

[Gunnar holds the mic out to the crowd and mouths the words...]

Crowd: Count on it!

GG: Damn straight.

["Bad to the Bone" plays over the speakers. But then, all of a sudden, a familiar voice rings out.]

?: Hold it right there.

[The fans boo as Cousin Bo steps out from behind the curtain, followed by an absolutely irate-looking Bishop Boys. Duane Henry folds his arms, while Cletus Lee looks like he's going to snap.]

CB: Am I hearing you right?

[Bo raises an eyebrow.]

CB: YOU want a shot at the tag team titles? Really?

[Bo chuckles.]

CB: Hey, last time I checked, we're still the Number One Contenders. We deserve a rematch.

[The crowd boos this proclamation. Bo lowers the mic for a second and looks at the crowd with a look that says "Hey, I'm talking here."]

CB: *AHEM* Before I was so rudely interrupted, I was going to get to my point. That being, we'd like to prove we're number one. And the only way I see that happening is by taking you on TONIGHT!

[Gunnar does a little double-stomp in frustration, but realizes better of it and quickly assumes a more neutral posture. He responds ...]

GG: Let me remind you boys, while we were carving a path to the finals, you LOST in the lower rounds of the Stampede Cup. And then you lost AGAIN against the Blonde Bombers at Memorial Day Mayhem. So I don't see why-

[Cousin Bo interrupts.]

CB: What I don't see, is what you're afraid of. Except the fact that your partner ain't here, and that BOY next to you? HE ain't no form of backup - not if we should decide to... take preventive action.

GM: Preventive action? Now what could that mean?

BW: It means that punk kid Justin Gaines and his dad could get what's been coming to them!

[The Bishops approach the ring, as if to block Gaines and son from exiting. Cletus Lee makes a move under the bottom rope but then he's frozen by a sudden cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Ryan Martinez!

[Out steps Ryan Martinez, microphone in hand. Dressed to wrestle, his face sweaty from what is no doubt his pre-match workout, Ryan stands near the entranceway, the Bishops now caught between Martinez and Gaines.]

RM: Looks like the odds are even now. You want to keep talking yourself into a front row seat to watch your boys get beat? Say something else. Go ahead. I'm listening. And as far as I'm concerned, this'll be a fun little workout before I win the TV title.

GG: That's right, Bishops! If you want that Number One Contender's match, you got it! Let's do it tonight!

[The fans pop as RyGunn look at each other. There is a moment of surprise in Ryan's face, but then he nods his head, taking a step towards the Bishops, his face set in determination. Suddenly, Bo covers his mouth in feign shock. He then puts his hand on top of his head.]

CB: Oh, golly, I forgot!

[A smile creeps up on Bo's face as he points to the ring, specifically at Ryan Martinez.]

CB: You're supposed to get a TV title shot tonight! Well, you can't possibly have both.

[Bo laughs, thinking he's gotten one over on RyGunn.]

CB: Now you have to decide, kid. Are you gonna leave the geezer in the lurch and face Bryant, or are you going to throw yourself on the fire and face us? The choice is yours.

[Bo looks on as Ryan hesitates a moment, weighing his decision.]

CB: Hey, I don't have all day for this. Are we fighting, or are you backing out like a couple of chumps?

[Bo raises a finger to emphasize a point.]

CB: And before I forget, this offer? I'm only making it to you once. Tonight's the night. Don't accept our challenge and you can get right to the back of line while we get our gold back from the Bombers. So what's it gonna be, kid? The TV title match you earned or the Number One Contenders match you didn't?

[Martinez exhales, and steps closer to Cousin Bo.]

RM: You think you're smart, don't you? You think you're taking something away from me? Earlier tonight, I had a talk with Glenn Hudson, and he told something I already knew, but something too important to forget. And that's this.

What counts, more than anything else, is doing the right thing. And I think every person in this arena can agree that Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez showing why we are the best tag team in the AWA is the right thing. Especially if it means knocking you Bishops on your butts!

[The pop from the crowd confirms Ryan's suspicion.]

RM: Do I want the TV title shot? Sure. But more than that, I want to do right by that man, Gunnar Gaines. I want to win gold. And the gold I want most is tag team gold. So I just have one question.

Gunnar... How's the knee?

[Gunnar looks down at his knee with the metal brace on it, flexes it as if to test and appears to wince in pain. But then he laughs it off.]

GG: Well, Ryan... it ain't perfect. But I know this - it's good enough to beat these two clowns!

[The crowd pops!]

RM: Then Bishops, you got yourself a match!

CB: Hehe, I knew you'd make the right choice. Tonight, your luck runs out.

[Cousin Bo walks back through the curtain, leading his boys with him as Ryan Martinez converses with Gunnar and Justin off-mic.]

GM: Wow! What a tremendous sacrifice we just saw! We just Ryan Martinez step aside, giving away the shot at the World Television Title that he'd earned... and instead, he's going to team with his partner, Gunnar Gaines, to take on the Bishops right here tonight!

BW: But wait a second. Dave Bryant's here. He's ready to defend the World Television title right here tonight. Who's he gonna face?

GM: I'm told that Jason Dane has the answer to that question! Jason?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing in front of a door marked "CHAMPIONSHIP COMMITTEE."]

JD: That's right, Gordon. During that interview, I was able to duck my head inside that office and get a clarification. The fact is that either Ryan Martinez or Glenn Hudson were getting a title shot here tonight. And if Martinez isn't, then Glenn Hudson is!

[Big cheer rings out back inside the building!]

JD: And you've gotta believe that Dave Bryant's NOT going to be pleased about that. Gordon, Bucky - back to you!

[We crossfade back down to ringside where Gordon is chuckling.]

GM: How about that news, fans?! Glenn Hudson gets his SuperClash IV rematch TONIGHT! He's going to challenge Dave Bryant for the World Television Championship and these fans are loving that news here in the Cajundome!

BW: This isn't fair to Dave! He was preparing for that goof, Martinez!

GM: Fair or not, it's gonna happen! We just got two big Main Events signed for tonight with RyGunn meeting the Bishops in a Number One Contender's match and Dave Bryant defending the World Television Championship against Glenn Hudson! Wow! What a way to get the summer started here in the AWA, fans! And right now, we're heading back up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... from South Africa...

[The crowd instantly starts jeering.]

GM: He's back?

BW: He's back!

[Watson continues.]

PW: Weighing in at 277 pounds...

COLONEL P.W. DE KLERRRRRRRRK!

[The boos grow louder as de Klerk appears in the aisleway. He takes a few steps and stops, his left arm folded behind his back as he uses his right hand to twist the end of his handlebar mustache, looking out with disdain on the crowd.]

GM: It's been... what? About four months since we've seen de Klerk in action?

BW: Yeah, it was back in February when Dave Cooper injured de Klerk's arm, sending a message to the entire company that Royalty has no loyalty to anyone but themselves. They don't care if the fans cheer you or boo you - if you're in their way, they're gonna hurt you.

[de Klerk is dressed in military gloves and South African combat fatigues. He offers the crowd a military salute and continues to the ring. He climbs in to the ring and raises his right arm above his head, hand balled into a fist and then offers another military salute to the crowd.]

GM: Colonel Pieter Wilhem de Klerk is back with us in an AWA ring. The fans certainly haven't forgotten this controversial wrestler.

BW: Well, I guess with Mandela in hospital, he felt South Africa was all right. And now here he is. Making his AWA return after several months sidelined with that arm injury.

GM: We're usually quite glad to see anyone return from an injury but with de Klerk's disgusting points of view... well, he just really makes my skin crawl. From the reaction of these fans, I'm guessing I'm not alone in that.

BW: Hey, I don't agree with him either but he's got the First Amendment on his side here in America. He can say whatever he wants, Gordo.

GM: That he can.

[de Klerk paces back and forth, staring down the aisle as the ring announcer doublechecks his cards, shaking his head before continuing...]

PW: And his opponent...

[The crowd ROARS in shock as "Fame" hits the PA system.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Wait a second... that music is-

[Watson continues as de Klerk shakes his head angrily, shouting at the official as he gestures at the aisle.]

PW: From Halifax, Nova Scotia... weighing in at 248 pounds...

SHAAAAAAAAADOOOOOOE RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGE!

[Rage bursts through the curtain, dressed in a lavender and fuchsia sleeveless ring robe with gold trim. He wears hot pink trunks that match his knee pads and pale pink knee high wrestling boots. Rage pauses at the top of the aisle, glaring into the ring at P.W. de Klerk.]

GM: This is a bad situation, fans. A very bad one. de Klerk's opinions are disgusting enough to men like myself... but to someone like Shadoe Rage who is the subject of-

[de Klerk snatches the mic away from Phil Watson, shoving the ring announcer aside.]

PWdK: This is in violation of my contract! This is not allowed under the contractual stipulations my legal team have put in place for my employment with this company!

[Rage slowly draws the sunglasses off his face, his eyes burning a hole through the man shouting in his direction. He shrugs off his ring robe, ripping off the bandana keeping his wild hair in place.]

PWdK: Look at him! This savage... this animal!

[The crowd jeers loudly!]

GM: Oh, come on. Get the mic away from him!

BW: You just agreed he had the right to speak his mind!

GM: I know but-

[de Klerk shouts again.]

PWdK: This is a BLACK man! He is dirty! He is impure! I will not soil my hands by placing them upon his person! I will not allow him to sully me by placing his hands on-

[Rage suddenly charges the ring, diving under the bottom rope. He pops up to his feet, fists at the ready as the crowd roars. de Klerk backpedals, arms raised in defense.]

PWdK: No, no! I will not stand for this! Under the terms of my contract, I want a new opponent! I want a pure opponent! Not this... this...

[Choose your next word carefully, sir.]

PWdK: Ni-

[As the hateful word begins to tumble out of his mouth, Rage pounces and puts an end to the vitriol with a hard slap that sends de Klerk reeling.]

GM: Oh my!

[The fans roar as Rage wails away on the South African with a series of alternating right and left hands before he spins and cracks de Klerk across the jaw with a spinning back elbow.]

GM: Good grief! Rage is all over him! de Klerk went too far and Rage is making him suffer for it!

[Pinning the South African back into the corner, Rage continues driving elbow after elbow into the man's jaw.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell has rung, we're underway, and Shadoe Rage is on FIRE to start this match!

BW: I'll say. He attacked him before the bell even rang! Shadoe Rage has been in a very bad mood since Memorial Day Mayhem and poor P.W. de Klerk is paying for it!

[Rage hauls de Klerk out of the corner to whip him cross corner but de Klerk uses his superior bulk to put on the brakes, reversing the whipping action and slamming his knee into Rage's torso. Rage goes flying into the air, crashing to the ground clutching his lower abdomen.]

GM: Ohh! That knee looked low to me, Bucky!

BW: The referee didn't think so but you could be right. I wouldn't put it past de Klerk considering how angry he is about even being IN this match right now.

[The larger de Klerk walks around the downed Rage, rubbing his hands on his tights.]

GM: Ugh. It's like he's trying to wipe the... trying to clean his hands.

[de Klerk shouts at the official, blaming him for the bell ringing before putting the boots into Rage, stomping away in outrage at being sullied by Rage's touch.]

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

[de Klerk looks down at Rage...

...and then spits right in his face from his standing position to an "OHHHH!" from the crowd.]

GM: Disgusting. Absolutely disgusting.

BW: The man's got a contract. He says it allows him to pick his opponents and that's not what happened here tonight. There's no way that de Klerk would have picked Shadoe Rage as his opponent on this or any other night, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure you're right... ohh! He drops a knee down across the back of the head!

[With Rage rolling in pain on the mat, de Klerk slowly approaches the corner, gesturing to the ringside attendant...]

GM: What's this all about?

[...and forces her to give him his gloves.]

GM: Give me a break! This sadistic, inhumane bigot is putting on his gloves so he doesn't have to lay his bare flesh on Shadoe Rage! That's terrible, Bucky. Even you have to admit that.

BW: It's pretty bad, yeah. But the gloves are legal so if he's comfortable in them...

GM: It's got nothing to do with comfort and you know it!

[Back on the attack, Rage is up to his feet as de Klerk lashes out with a hard boot to the midsection before swinging a clubbing forearm down across the back of the head, knocking him to his knees.]

GM: Well, his forearm connected there. So much for the idea of not having his skin touch Rage.

[de Klerk pulls Rage into a side headlock, dragging him to the center of the ring where he begins leaning his considerable weight on him.]

GM: And P.W. de Klerk has Rage grounded. Shadoe Rage is not known for his mat wrestling. He is a fast-striking ball of energy.

BW: Well, the second law of thermo dynamics says a body at rest stays at rest. De Klerk's proving that here!

GM: What are you-?

BW: He ain't lettin' him get up, Gordo. Sheesh. Read a book sometime, willya?

[Rage struggles in the side headlock, trying to free himself. He reaches up, his hand coming to rest on de Klerk's cheek. The South African instantly releases the hold, lashing out with a kick to the chest that puts Rage back down on the mat. de Klerk wipes at his cheek with a glove-covered hand, turning red with anger as he hammers the rising Rage with punches and kicks to the upper body...]

GM: de Klerk's trying to keep Rage down but he's not having a ton of luck at it. Rage just keeps fighting back up to his feet...

[de Klerk is spitting off-color insults at his opponent as he grabs Rage by the hair, measuring him for a haymaker...]

...but Rage ducks under, swinging around with a boot to the gut!]

GM: Rage fighting back... he grabs a handful of hair...

[Rushing towards the ropes, Rage leaps over the top, bringing de Klerk down throatfirst on the top rope!]

GM: Ohh! He used the ropes to clothesline him, snapping him back down to the mat... and Rage is back on the apron in a flash!

[The crowd roars for the speed of Rage as he rushes up the ropes, scaling to the top as de Klerk struggles to get back up...]

...and leaps off, dropping the double axehandle down across the back of the skull, knocking de Klerk back down to the mat!]

GM: Flying hammer off the top and the South African goes down again!

[With de Klerk dazed and easy prey, Rage loops a hand into his waistband, yanking him off the mat...]

...and HURLING him over the top rope and down to the floor! The crowd roars as de Klerk lands with a splat!]

GM: Good grief! Shadoe Rage is incensed and he's taking all that - pardon the pun but "rage" - out on Colonel de Klerk!

[Scaling the ropes again, Rage ignores the protesting official as he balances himself...]

...and throws himself from his perch, smashing another double axehandle down across the skull of a rising de Klerk, knocking him down the floor again!]

BW: Good lord, Gordo! He had to be about fifteen feet in the air when he dropped that on him! This guy is nuts!

[Rage moves over to the ringside barricade, slapping every outstretched hand he sees before leaping over it, turning back towards ringside. He falls back, arms outstretched as the fans pat him on the shoulders and chest...]

...and then leaps up on the railing, jumping off with a kneedrop down into the sternum of his downed opponent!]

GM: Leaping kneedrop off the railing! These fans here in Lafayette are going absolutely bonkers for Shadoe Rage here tonight! He's got them whipped into a frenzy... and he's pulling de Klerk back to his feet by the arm...

BW: He's gonna send him to the post!

[The big whip is aimed at the post...

...but the powerful de Klerk reverses the whip, sending Rage CRASHING chestfirst into the steel before crumpling down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Into the steel goes Shadoe Rage!

BW: He took a chance and came up empty on that! And now Colonel de Klerk's got a window of opportunity here, Gordo. If he can get Rage back in, he might be able to finish him off right now.

[de Klerk seems a little bit slow, weary from the beating he's taken so far as he approaches the downed Rage, pulling him up by his hair...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SLAPPED RAGE ACROSS THE FACE! COME ON!!

[de Klerk disgustedly wipes his hands after rolling Rage back into the ring. He crawls in after him, balling up a fist and burying it between the eyes of Rage several times before climbing to his feet...]

GM: de Klerk hauls Rage up by the hair... big scoop... ohh! He slams him down in the middle of the ring!

[de Klerk pauses, shouting at Rage again - words that go unheard (thankfully) by the mic as he backs into the ropes, rebounding off...

...and drops a big elbow down into the chest!]

GM: Big elbowdrop by the South African - and there's a cover!

[The referee dives to the mat, counting one... counting two...]

GM: Two count only! Rage is out at two!

[An angry de Klerk climbs off the mat, using Rage's hair to wipe his boots in a show of disrespect...

...and then viciously stomps the throat of Rage!]

GM: OH! That's an illegal blow!

[Rage rolls back and forth, gasping for air as the referee reprimands de Klerk again.]

GM: de Klerk may be trying to do some serious damage to Rage here tonight. This might not just be about a victory... this might be about something bigger than that to him.

BW: This is about proving his superiority - no doubt about it, Gordo!

[Pulling Rage up by the hair, de Klerk shoves him back into the corner, rushing in with a back elbow to the jaw.]

GM: Ohh! de Klerk's got him dazed in the corner!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, de Klerk jacks Rage's jaw with a series of brutal European Uppercuts against the turnbuckles. He grabs an arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: Rage gets sent from corner-to-corner...

[de Klerk lumbers across, breaking into a dash at mid-ring...

...and runs RIGHT into two raised boots!]

GM: Ohh! Rage caught him on the way in!

[de Klerk stumbles backwards as Rage rushes out, throwing a dropkick to the mush that knocks the South African down!]

GM: Big dropkick - and now both men are down on the mat! Both men are winded and hurting in this one, fans.

[Rage is the first one up, obviously moving slower than usual as he approaches the downed de Klerk, pulling him up by the arm. He leans down, hooking a gutwrench...]

GM: Are you kidding me?

[...and hoists the larger man into the air, dumping him down in a big suplex!]

GM: Nice execution on the gutwrench!

[Rage stands over the downed de Klerk, shouting at him. He reaches down, slapping him across the face...

...and then leaps into the air, burying another kneedrop down into the chest!]

GM: Ohh! A second leaping kneedrop!

[Rage goes for a cover, earning a two count of his own before de Klerk lifts the shoulder...]

GM: Two count only for Rage as well... he's going for it again!

[Rage angrily shoves a rising de Klerk back down to the mat, leaping into the air...]

...and landing on the empty canvas where de Klerk once was!]

GM: He missed! He missed the kneedrop!

[An angry de Klerk climbs to his feet, again leaning over to shout at Rage. He leans down, pulling him up by the hair. He holds the handful of hair, pointing in Rage's face, shouting at his opponent. The audio cuts out for several seconds while we can still see de Klerk's mouth moving.]

GM: de Klerk's screaming at him, calling him every name in the book. We apologize for some of those, fans. Mr. de Klerk obviously does not represent the viewpoints of the American Wrestling Alliance, WKIK, or our sponsors.

[de Klerk steadies Rage before dashing to the ropes behind him, stretching his arm out...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But Rage ducks under, dashing to the ropes where he leaps up on the middle rope, springing back...]

...and SLAMS his knee right into the forehead of de Klerk!]

GM: OHHH! DEATH BY DECAPITATION!!

[de Klerk collapses, Rage diving across him...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Rage promptly rolls off de Klerk, looking back at him with disgust as the crowd cheers his victory. With the aid of the official, Rage climbs to his feet, rushing to the corner and climbing the ropes to point high in the sky...]

...and then wheels around, leaping off the top to bury the point of his elbow into the throat of de Klerk!]

GM: OHHH! ELBOW OFF THE TOP!!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Rage leaps atop the downed de Klerk, shouting at him!]

"SAY MY NAME, RACIST! SAY MY NAME!"

BW: Get control of him, ref! The match is over! It's over!

[The referee grabs Rage by the arm, trying to drag him off of de Klerk as a pair of AWA officials reach in, dragging de Klerk out of the ring as Jason Dane steps into the ring.]

JD: Shadoe!

[Rage pays him no mind, still shouting at de Klerk. He steps up on the middle rope, pointing at the South African as the two officials help de Klerk down the aisle.]

JD: SHADOE!

[Rage finally spins around, glaring at Dane.]

SR: WHAT?!

[Dane steps back as Rage angrily approaches him, fire in his eyes.]

JD: Shadoe, that... uhh... we just saw a different Shadoe Rage than I think we've ever seen in the AWA. Can you tell us what's going through your mind right now?

[Rage glares at Dane, gesturing at de Klerk.]

SR: What's going through my mind? Men like that are still in this ring! Men like that are still plying their trade! This is a new day, people. And I refuse to let trash like P.W. de Klerk have their day.

[Dane nods.]

JD: It was personal.

[It's a statement more than a question as Rage nods in return.]

SR: There is nothing more personal to me. My father was a proud Black man who taught me this business. And I remember him having to go up and down the circuit and having red neck wrestlers and fans taunt him, call him names, throw bananas at him. And he had to take it because he had a family to feed.

I'm tired of men like P.W. de Klerk... men like Terry Shane... having their way. It makes me sick.

[Dane raises a hand.]

JD: Wait a second. Are you comparing de Klerk to Terry Shane? Shane may have done some despicable things but-

[Rage shakes his head.]

SR: Those men, they are cowards. They are nothing but whining cowards and they get rewarded. P.W. de Klerk should not be a professional wrestler. He should be put out to pasture. Terry Shane should not be the Number One Contender to the World title! Was he the last man standing? Yes. But did he win the battle royal? No. He cowered in a corner. And now I have to watch him gloat? I have to watch him celebrate? I have to watch him crow about how he's getting the breaks he deserves? He doesn't deserve anything. Terry Shane, I'm going to tear away your sense of entitlement. You think your name means something? It doesn't mean anything. The Rage name means more.

[Jason Dane is taken aback by this outpouring of emotion as Rage grabs his hand to hold the microphone steady.]

SR: Terry Shane, my father died a penniless outlaw because men like you stole his rightful inheritance. They never let him near the top of the card and they never paid him what he was due. You think I'm going to let you do the same to me? No way, man. No way. I'm going to dismantle your Shane Gang. I'm going to tear you apart. This is personal, Shane. I'm going to kick your head off! I'm going to put an end to men like you and de Klerk. Entitled. Arrogant. Self-centered. Cowards. You can't earn your way in this world so you just steal it and call it your birthright? I'm coming for what's mine, Shane! I'm taking what's mine!

[With that, Rage shoves Dane away and stalks to the back.]

JD: Wow! A very hot under the collar Shadoe Rage right here tonight. If I were any single member of the Shane Gang, I'd stay out of Rage's way, fans.

[Dane cracks a slight grin.]

JD: However, there's one person that the Shane Gang need NOT worry about here tonight and that's Hannibal Carver. Carver was suspended by the AWA for his actions back at Memorial Day Mayhem and his efforts to disrupt the annual Rumble. He'll be back in action soon enough but right now, let's hear some pre-recorded comments from the man himself - Hannibal Carver!

[Fade to...

Darkness.

The click of a drawstring being pulled is heard, and a single lightbulb comes to life, barely illuminating the scene. As the bulb sways slightly from side to side, all we see is a single small wooden table whose best days are far behind it. The light catches a piece of metal on the table, but no gleam is reflected, this metal instrument has seen far too many years of action to give off any such reflection.

A can opener.]

V/O: Oh, this little fella?

[A man wearing a hooded sweatshirt steps into the light.]

V/O: I wouldn't worry too much about this little fella.

[He tugs on the hood, pulling it down to reveal the face of Hannibal Carver. He picks up the can opener, staring at it intently. Turning it in his hand and inspecting it with an intense glare.]

HC: Time was, this won gold. This tore families asunder. Ended futures on the ground floor. Ended wars. Wars where only one man...

[He pokes himself in the chest with his fist, the can opener clenched within it.]

HC: ...was the only living thing left standing on the battle-scorched Earth. But this time around?

[Smirks.]

HC: I just wanted to write a forget-me-not. Right on yer scum-suckin' face, Terry.

[Carver drops the can opener. It bounces off the edge of the table and falls to the floor below with a clatter.]

HC: See, as I was sitting on the shelf... I noticed something. Yeh struttin' around like a proud peacock, talking about how yeh ended MY career like it was a pleasant Sunday stroll.

And then yeh moved onto the next piece of business.

[Scowls.]

HC: No Terry, this thing doesn't end that easy. Yeh don't just call yer dogs on me and wash yer hands of ol' Carver that quick and clean. What was once a matter of respect is now as personal as it gets. And more than that? A revelation hit me when I was laid up in bed.

Yer my savior, and I'm yers.

[Nods.]

HC: See, when I first signed my contract I figured this would be a straightforward deal. One last run in the States, and more than that a final chance to show I can get it done between the ropes without the blood, sweat and chairs. But yeh've opened my eyes, Terry. It's so much more, because yeh've given me something back. Something I haven't had pumping in these veins for far too long.

HATE.

Hate brought me to that arena. Hate had me fight all the pain and the nagging injuries. Hate had me not give a damn about the fines and suspensions I knew were sure to come. All because of yeh, Terry. Yer my savior, as long as I have this red hot hate for yeh, I'll keep comin' back again and again. Do yer worst. Call on yer dogs. Poison my beer. Pull a gun on me and pull that trigger...

[An explosion of activity, as Carver grabs the table and sends it flying into the darkness. It slams into a wall with huge impact.]

HC: ...and I'll spit the bullets right back in yer face!

[Carver forces his hands into fists, shaking violently. A low guttural growl escapes his throat as he struggles to control himself.]

HC: Heh heh, sorry about that. Got meaner than I meant to.

As I was sayin'... and Terry, I'm yer savior. Do yeh REALLY think yeh'd have accomplished anything other than opening match scrub if not for me? I put yeh on the map the second I hopped the rail and interrupted yer little self-promotional seminar. Me chasin' yeh from town to town told people yeh were something worth watching. And now, look at yeh. Won the big match. A shot at the biggest prize in the land. And all thanks to me, Terry. Don't get me wrong, it ain't all out of the goodness of my heart. I applauded when I heard the news yeh had that shot. In fact, I WANTED yeh to have the time of yer life tonight at yer little celebration.

Why?

Because after yeh tried to end my career, I want nothin' more in this world than to knock yeh off that ladder when the big brass ring is right at yer fingertips. And NOTHING, not this fine I got in the mail, not the phonecall I got telling me I was suspended and couldn't step foot in that arena tonight, not even the hand of God HIMSELF could ever take me away from that one goal.

[A grin. One completely devoid of humor.]

HC: Because when yeh finally slam back into the ground? When yeh see that all yer slimy plotting and planning were for nothin'?

[Nods.]

HC: It's gonna be me glarin' down at yeh. And then?

[Carver pulls the drawstring to the lightbulb once again, engulfing the room in darkness once more.]

HC: Lights out.

[Black.]

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...]

Crossfade backstage to Jason Dane, who is standing alongside Alphonse Green. Green's wearing a pair of green Zubaz pants, complete with fanny pack, and one of his many "Gang Green" T-shirts.]

JD: All right, I'm here backstage with Alphonse Green, and for once I actually wanted to set up this interview with him!

[Green raises his sunglasses, so he can roll his eyes.]

AG: Alright, Dane, you hunted me down, what do you want?

JD: Well, I'm going to be the first to admit that you actually impressed me at the Rumble, lasting 25 minutes with the best the AWA has to offer..

[Green turns his head towards Dane, narrowing his eyes.]

AG: But I didn't win it, did I?

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: Well, no, I'm just impressed that you didn't run and hide like you did in the previous Rumble! Maybe that performance will open up some eyes in the AWA Championship Committee.

AG: It better! Although, I'm not the King of Battle Royals anymore.. again! I mean, Dave Bryant, my idol and good friend, tossed me from the Rumble, and my other good friend Terry Shane III won the whole thing! Either of them have a legitimate claim at being the new King of the Battle Royals!

JD: First of all, Dave Bryant's the AWA World Television Champion and he has a list of contenders a mile long, starting with the man who eliminated him from the Rumble, Ryan Martinez, and the man who will be challenging him for the title in mere moments, Glenn Hudson!

[Green nods.]

JD: And second of all, Shane's got a shot at the AWA World Championship...

AG[excitedly]: And Miss Sandra Hayes!

JD: Yes.. Miss Sandra Hayes, I think both of them have a lot on their plate to begin with to worry about being the King of the Battle Royals.

AG: So that means..

[Green pauses to ponder his next thought.]

AG: I can reclaim my throne by default?

JD: Well, you didn't exactly wi-

[Green interrupts, letting out a loud "OOOOOOOOOOHHHH!!". Dane puts his hand to his right ear and grimaces.]

AG: The King is back on his throne, baby!

JD: I suppose, it doesn't really make much sense if you ask me.

[Green mutters a "Whatever."]

JD: I'm also here to ask you, what's next for the supposed "King of Battle Royals"?

AG: I look great and I feel great! I got my mojo back after reclaiming the most devastating kick in the history of the AWA, the Ground Chuck! I felt my mojo comin' a little bit when I clocked Hercules Hammonds in the head, but it truly felt like I was complete once I smashed the heck out of Glenn Hudson with it! The cherry on top, was when I clobbered Chris Staley upside his head when he got tossed! That guy's been runnin' his mouth since he got here, firin' shots at me. Dude, look, I'm sorry your membership application to Gang Green got rejected, but that's the way it goes!

I feel like goin' for the moon, but Dane.. my daddy once told me. "Listen punk, y'all ain't Icarus, so don't fly so close to the sun!" I still have the thought of becoming a World Champion in the back of my mind, but did you see what Calisto Dufresne did?

JD: I think we all saw what happened!

AG: He finally sent the Grandpa Abe Simpson of the AWA on one final ferry to Shelbyville. He gave Monosso five bees for a quarter right upside his ugly ol' noggin. He got rid of that lingering ol' onion smell, Dane. Hey Monosso, if you're listening, wearing an onion on your belt was never in style!

[Green tries to start off another loud "OOOOOOOOHHHH!!!" but is quickly interrupted by Dane.]

JD: I really don't think that's a cage you should be rattling!

[Green rolls his eyes and mutters to himself.]

AG: It's all rusty anyway. I'm not worried about repercussions! Besides, I kind of, sort of know Dufresne.. a little bit! I feel like I learn somethin' every time he walks into an arena. The power of osmosis! Soooooooo, you mentioned that Bryant's got a line of contenders a mile long, well, allow me to cut right in there!

JD: I don't think Martinez and Hudson are going to allow you to do that!

[Green shakes his head in disagreement.]

AG: Hey, Dave's my idol after all, so I can't stay mad at him, but he's gotta do me a solid. The man's already gonna go down as the second greatest Television Champion of all time, and that's only because I haven't gotten my shot!

I mean, yeah I guess Hudson does want another shot at Bryant, with their long history and all, and on top of that, you got Alex Martinez's kid that you mentioned earlier. Eliminating Bryant is an impressive thing, don't get me wrong!

The fact of the matter is this, a solid should be factored in when I get my shot, and as long as Dave is our TV Champ, then he owes me this solid!

JD: I don't know if anyone's going to be considering this "solid" as valid!

AG: That's their problem, and you know what? If anybody has a problem, well, ask yourself this question.

Would you like to ride, with Alphonse Green?

[Green lowers his sunglasses, and struts off camera.]

JD: Alphonse Green throwing his name into the list of contenders for the Television title, but he's certainly going to have to wait his turn. Back to you guys!

[Crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Yet another man looking for a shot at the World Television Title. That's a whole lot of men we heard talking about that title here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Ryan Martinez, Glenn Hudson, Chris Staley, Dave Cooper, Alphonse Green... that's just scratching the surface of the people who are PUBLICLY asking for a title shot. No telling how many others are making their moves behind the scenes to get in that position.

GM: But tonight, one of those men are about to walk down this aisle and get their shot... get their shot at the World Television Championship currently

held by Dave Bryant. That man is Glenn Hudson, a former holder of the Longhorn Heritage Title. At SuperClash IV, Dave Bryant and Glenn Hudson did battle in the first ever AWA ladder match... a match that was one of the most exciting, most violent, and most brutal matches we've ever seen in the AWA. Tonight, we get the rematch. There will be no ladder on this night though. Just two of the best wrestlers in the world doing battle for one of the biggest prizes in our sport. Phil Watson, the floor is yours, old friend.

[We 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 it is for the AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Big cheer from the Lafayette crowd!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[A loud, resonating GONG! catches your attention. You have little time to anticipate what may follow, as "Kong Foo Sing" by Aussie band Regurgitator begins to blast from the PA system and through the arena. The crowd pop as Glenn Hudson strolls out at the top of the aisle, nodding with a satisfied expression on his face as he surveys the scene awaiting him. He raises a fist in the air for a few seconds, drawing another cheer from the crowd before making his way towards the ring.]

PW: From Melbourne, Australian... weighing in at 229 pounds...

GLENNNNNNNNNN HUUUUUDSONNNNNN!

[Hudson is a compactly-built, Caucasian male in his mid thirties. He has light brown, brush cut hair and a perpetual three day growth. His wrestling gear comprises full length navy blue tights with white trim, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots. His hands and wrists are taped. Hudson slaps a few outreaching fans' hands along the way, but focuses on his destination. He breaks into a jog as he draws closer, sliding under the bottom rope and springing quickly to his feet.]

GM: Glenn Hudson's been waiting for this opportunity since SuperClash IV. Tonight, he finally gets it.

BW: Tonight, Dave Bryant kicks that stupid grin off his face once and for all and rids the world of Glenn Hudson. I mean, if Hudson can't win the title back from Bryant, what else is he gonna do here in the AWA? I'd say his big comeback ends tonight!

[The music fades, leaving Hudson alone in the ring, bouncing from foot to foot, waiting and watching...

...when suddenly an unexpected face appears in the aisleway, making the long walk down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: What in the... that's Yuma Weaver! What the heck is HE doing out here?

[There's a bit of a mixed reaction for the Native American star as he slowly makes his way down the aisle dressed in a pair of jeans and a black leather jacket. Upon reaching ringside, he asks for a wireless mic and moves up the ringsteps into the squared circle.]

YW: Mr. Hudson.

[The former Longhorn Heritage Champion looks puzzled, pointing at Weaver and asking the referee what's going on. Weaver lifts his left hand out of the jacket pocket, shaking his head...]

YW: I know I'm not who you were expecting right now... I know I'm not who any of you were expecting.

[He gestures at the fans.]

YW: But I've got something to say and since I can't get the office to schedule me an interview with Dane or Stegglet, than this is the only way I can be heard.

Earlier tonight, we found out that the next AWA big event is going to be called Opportunity Knocks...

[Weaver gets a bemused look on his face as Hudson continues to look confused.]

YW: But I think we both know that the "opportunity" that they talk about is meant for men like you, Mr. Hudson... and not someone like myself who gets treated like an afterthought around here.

You see, I'm sitting back there tonight... yeah, I wrestled although no one sitting at home would know that. I worked before the cameras started rolling. I won... these people cheered... but what comes next, huh? What's next for the "Big Chief?"

I sit back there and listen... and I hear all these people wanting shots at the World Television Title. Well, I want that shot too! I want my "opportunity!"

[The crowd starts to turn on Weaver, some boos sprinkling in now for what sounds like the fan favorite whining a bit. Weaver looks around at the crowd.]

YW: What? You people don't like me now? You're upset that I'm not out here wearing a feather headdress and doing a war dance? Maybe I should live up to all your stereotypes, get stinkin' drunk, and pass out in the corner somewhere. Would that make you happy?

[The anger in Weaver's voice draws more boos this time which seems to anger him even more.]

YW: Mr. Hudson, I've been around the AWA long enough to know by now that "opportunity" is only for the golden boys... it's only for the inner circle... it's only for the guys they can put on a program or a t-shirt.

Where's my t-shirt, huh? Where's my face on the program?!

[More boos, louder than ever now. Weaver is steaming mad.]

YW: The thing about opportunity for men like me in the AWA? Sometimes you just gotta step up and make your own!

[Weaver throws the mic down, rushing in on Hudson...

...who surprisingly is ready for him, lashing out with a jab to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Hudson caught him coming in!

[Hudson's jabs keep Weaver at bay for a moment as Hudson grabs a handful of hair, rushing into the corner...

...where he SLAMS Weaver's head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Into the buckles!

[Hudson promptly hooks a front facelock, stepping up to the middle rope...]

GM: He's going for the DDT!

[Hudson swings out of the corner...

...but Weaver holds his ground, grabbing the top rope which sends Hudson sailing off of him, crashing chestfirst down to the mat...]

GM: Ohh! Weaver countered the DDT and Hudson paid the price!

[Standing against the ropes, Weaver yanks off his leather jacket, throwing it down as he waves for Hudson to get up. As the fan favorite starts to stir, Weaver dashes to the ropes behind the Australian, rebounding off as Hudson straightens up...

...and HAMMERS home a clothesline to the back of the neck, a brutal shot that snaps Hudson forward, dumping him down on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by Yuma Weaver!

[Weaver stands over Hudson, shouting about his "opportunity" before the boos get louder. He looks out at the crowd, angrily shouting in their direction before he pulls Hudson off the canvas, leaning down to loop him up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Now what's he going to do with him?

[Weaver marches to the corner, stepping up onto the second turnbuckle with Hudson still draped across his shoulders...

...and launches himself backwards, smashing Hudson underneath him in a Samoan Drop off the middle rope!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Oh my stars! Glenn Hudson’s just been laid out by Yuma Weaver!

[Weaver kneels down next to Hudson, shouting at the fan favorite as a handful of AWA officials hit the ring, trying to back him off. Weaver shakes his head at them, pulling Hudson back up off the mat...]

GM: He’s not done either!

BW: This is wild stuff. I never thought I’d see this out of Weaver, Gordo.

GM: Neither did I... neither did anyone else!

[Weaver pulls Hudson into a side waistlock, dragging him to the middle of the ring. The officials encircle the two men, begging Weaver to back off. With a shake of his head, he lifts Hudson up, powering him into a belly-to-back suplex position...

...and then suddenly swings Hudson forward, sitting out...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Weaver gets up, quickly finding himself being forced backwards from the prone Hudson. He glares at the fallen fan favorite as he steps through the ropes, dropping down to the floor. A long walk down the aisle follows, every step punctuated by deafening jeers from the crowd...]

GM: Yuma Weaver with a shocking assault on Glenn Hudson and... Hudson’s out, fans! Hudson’s down and out... and I don’t think there’s any chance he can compete right now with the World Television Title on the line.

BW: No chance at all. He ain’t even moving right now!

GM: Weaver just betrayed each and every fan in this building to... accomplish what?!

BW: He took his opportunity just like he said he would! He ain’t waitin’ til the 4th of July, Gordo... he took it right here tonight!

GM: What a disgusting attack by Yuma Weaver! Let's... let's go back to Jason Dane!

[Crossfade back to the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing in front of a generic AWA backdrop.]

JD: A shocking turn of events right there, fans, as Glenn Hudson was just savagely assaulted by Yuma Weaver moments before his opportunity to challenge for the World Television Title. What this does for the status of that match is anyone's guess at this point but we'll try to get an update on that situation as soon as we can. But right now, I'm here for a different purpose.

[Dane looks quite uncomfortable... moreso than usual.]

JD: In the past several months, we've seen several mysterious messages on AWA programming with thinly-veiled threats towards the group known as Royalty. These messages have come at the end of AWA broadcasts and seem to be live interruptions as well. The source of these threats are unknown...

...until now.

[Dane grimaces.]

JD: Earlier this year, I entered a partnership with the former owner of the EMWC, Chris Blue, in an attempt to uncover the identity and unravel the mystery behind the group known only as the Wise Men. Mr. Blue believes that these messages are - if not fully sponsored by the Wise Men - at least associated with them in some fashion.

Several weeks ago, Mr. Blue came to me with an idea - he had hired a computer expert to help track the signal being used to interrupt the AWA broadcast. As you saw at the conclusion of Memorial Day Mayhem, after another warning was issued, Mr. Blue's expert went to work and provided him with a location from which the signal originated - Los Angeles, California.

[Dane wipes his now-sweaty brow with the back of his hand.]

JD: Mr. Blue, armed with this new information, invited me to go with him on this... mission... to document what happened. I accepted and that trip happened in the days that followed Memorial Day Mayhem. What we found was surprising... and the footage we're about to air was shocking to many in the AWA front office. Let's...

[Dane swallows hard.]

JD: Roll it.

[We crossfade to what appears to be handheld cellphone camera footage. Chris Blue, former EMWC owner, is standing in front of a fairly generic-looking apartment building. Blue looks anxious.]

CB: Are we rolling?

[Perhaps surprisingly, Jason Dane's voice is heard from behind the camera.]

JD: Yeah. I still don't know if I want any part of this.

[Blue smiles.]

CB: Fear is a powerful thing, Dane. You want to be the big bad reporter, you want to discover the truth that's out there? But now you're afraid when we make our first major step towards getting at that truth?

[Dane is silent.]

CB: You saw the same evidence that I did. The computer guy I hired said that they were able to trace the signal back to here...

[He jerks a thumb behind him.]

CB: To RIGHT there. The answer... all of the answers... that we've been looking for may be right there, Dane.

[Blue glares at Dane, silent for a moment.]

CB: Now, do you want to be a part of this or not?

[The camera moves slightly, implying a nod as Blue grins again.]

CB: Good. Now let's go...

[Blue turns to walk towards the building, Dane trailing closely behind. Blue is in a pair of dark jeans and a navy blue sportcoat over a black polo that reads "Empire Sports" in red stitching on the front pocket. They move in silence for several moments before Blue pulls up to a stop. He reaches into his pocket, pulling a piece of folded paper into view.]

CB: 106-E. This is the place.

[Blue pauses, creeping up on the door. He scratches at his cheek, looking back at Dane.]

CB: Gotta be honest. Hadn't really thought about what was next.

[He stares at the door for a few moments...

...and then turns to look at Dane. A slight gesture towards the door follows.]

CB: You do it.

JD: Huh?

CB: If the person behind this door is who I think it is...

[He trails off, looking at the door.]

CB: You do it.

[Dane slowly edges forward as Blue steps aside...

...and reaches out a shaking hand, rapping at the door with a closed fist. He drops back, camera at the ready. We wait... and wait... and wait...]

CB: Do it agai-

[Blue's words are cut off by the sound of the door unlocking. Blue promptly ducks to the side, looking almost like a cop waiting to run in through the door. Suddenly, the door swings in and we catch a glimpse of the man inside, shadows cloaking his identity. He speaks.]

"Jason?"

[Dane's hand drops, the phone going down with it just as Blue steps into the frame, looking for himself...]

CB: You!

[A scuffle ensues as the door goes to swing shut. Dane drops his phone to the ground, the camera lens cracking on impact. We can hear the struggle before we abruptly cut back to the live action shot of Dane in front of the AWA backdrop.]

JD: Wait... why did it-

[Dane grabs at his earpiece.]

JD: I'm... I'm being told that the end of that video has been edited off the clip at the request of Chris Blue... and that Mr. Blue has promised to be in the building on the next Saturday Night Wrestling WITH the individual we discovered in Los Angeles. Mr. Blue will be conducting an... "interview"... with the individual publicly in front of the entire world. With that... with that in mind, let's... uhh, let's take a quick 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...]

...fade back up to live action where Brian Von Braun is standing with Mark Stegglet. Standard attire for Steggers. BVB's in a golf shirt and blue jeans.]

MS: At Memorial Day Mayhem, you were stood up in your match against your brother, Brian. The challenge was made for the match down in Alabama but Tully didn't bother to show up. Your thoughts?

BVB: Ya made me a promise, Tully. I ain't gonna whine 'bout ya not showin' up. Lord knows me an' Kinsey are competin' ta see if I can break more promises or he can have more wives.

[Mild cheer from the audience.]

BVB: What I am gonna tell ya is I ain't happy 'bout not gettin' a shot at Percy Childes. I didn't wanna face ya before, but now ya took somethin' away from me, Tully. I've gone ta O'Connor an' tha Championship Committee to plead my case 'bout winnin' via forfeit.

MS: And?

BVB: They ain't hearin' none of it. Seems Percy's got him some good lawyers. I've been told I ain't ta lay a hand on Percy unless he warrants it.

[Big round of boos.]

BVB: That don't make me happy. Ya screwed me outta somethin' I REALLY wanted, Tully. Ya took from me. Fer anyone with a sibling, ya know what happens when tha younger brother takes from an older brother?

Tough love.

Ya wanted my attention, well now ya got it, Tully. In fact, I WANT tha match ya promised me. I want it in two weeks, Tully. Same stipulation. Ya got tha rest of the night ta answer me. I don't get an answer, then I'm gonna find ya in two weeks an' get an answer from ya.

[BVB turns and exits the shot as we crossfade to Jason Dane who stands by with the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes.

A short pudgy bald man, Childes has a dark goatee and is wearing a white dress shirt with a brownish-red tie. He wears dark brown slacks, dress shoes, and bears a walking stick with a crystal-ball tip. The fans boo him very loudly as Dane begins the interview.]

JD: Percy Childes, some say that your Unholy Alliance has not quite had the impact you hoped it would. At Memorial Day Mayhem, your dream team of Nenshou, Johnny Detson, and Rick Marley were defeated by Luke Kinsey, Juan Vasquez, and Stevie Scott. How...

PC: Let me stop you right there.

[The fans cheer the annoyance on Percy's face as he interrupts Dane in an irritated tone of voice.]

PC: First of all, that was a very questionable count. I would take exception with any statement that my men were defeated. Quite the contrary! While the opposition did score a shady, questionable pin, my Alliance left them laying in pools of their own blood.

Ah, but doubtless you will say that pinfalls and submissions are the goal of the sport. So I would say that nobody truly had a decisive victory on Memorial Day. Their shady pin was eclipsed by their downfall, and our beating of them was diminished by their fast count. No, this war is far from over. And we knew that it would not be an easy task. Impact, Jason Dane, is measured in the long term.

So in the AWA today, we have many groups. It was like this before. And the groups died off one by one... only one remains from the former times. Do you know who that is, Dane?

JD: You. The Unholy Alliance.

PC: That's correct. We have survived fire and ash only to rise again stronger than ever. We saw earlier that my Nenshou will not accept defeat; he comes back with more desire, more determination. He has never had such a streak of poor results as he has had lately. In less than a year, he has lost twice to Monosso, to Vasquez, and now to Kinsey in the tag team match. That is more defeats than he ever suffered in his career before that! But he needed it, Jason Dane. He does not agree with me, to be sure, but he needed adversity to truly grow. This will make him stronger.

We've seen my Aces, who have suffered indignity after indignity at the hands of the AWA Championship Committee. With the deadweight of the committee long gone, the future is open. And now they know the value of opportunity. Now they know the immediacy of the moment. The Aces are more dangerous than ever, for their trials have made them stronger. If you doubt that, tune in two weeks from now and see for yourself.

And what of Rick Marley? He has fought and clawed for years to the upper echelon of the sport. He has seen the AWA give laud to men with half of his resume, but ignore the man's accomplishments. He never asked for anything but to be treated equally, and when he asked that he was mocked. Now he burns inside with a desire that cannot be quenched. The same cold rage that drove him to world championships and glory has returned. I would like to thank the AWA, thank my good friend Bucky Wilde, thank Supernova, and all of these fans for returning to us the real Rick Marley. His struggle has made him stronger.

And now we have Johnny Detson. Another world champion, but what the AWA has done is no different than what he has faced his entire life. He was once an actor, long ago, fresh out of school. And the politics of that business drove him into athletics, for surely here he would be able to succeed or fail on his own merits, yes? But time and time again over the years, his career has been sidetracked and derailed by those who used grander platforms to upstage him. Finally, he achieved his true potential with his world championship, only for fate itself to deny him his reign. He has suffered much in this sport, but his suffering has made him stronger.

And last but certainly not least, Tully Brawn. A more upright and selfless young man you will not know. He was fully prepared to go to his hometown and tear into his much-vaunted older brother. But he saw that his fellows needed him, and he selflessly, courageously braved the barbs of his cruel family to come to Corpus Christi and lend aid to his team. And yet for this he is denigrated. Blasphemed! This is a better man than you people will ever know, but your cruelty will only make him stronger.

In closing, Jason Dane... the impact we hope to have? The history book will be most kind to our impact upon this sport.

I'll make sure of that, when I'm writing it.

[Childes heads off, leaving Dane behind.]

JD: Percy Childes and the Unholy Alliance are far from finished. We'll have to see how it goes from here. Back to you, Gordon.

GM: Thank you, Jason.

BW: Did he really just not throw it to me in an interview where I was personally thanked and praised?

GM: Yes. Though I notice Percy backed many of the same claims that Rick Marley made when you laced into him.

BW: And I disagree with those claims, but Percy's dead on. Whether the offenses are real or imagined, all of these guys are a lot stronger for them. I oughta take money on the side from managers and give inspirational putdowns to wrestlers who need them. There could be money in that.

GM: Let's go to the ring for more action...

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

PW: Our following match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Dallas, Texas...

BRUCE GUY!

[Guy raises his arms to the indifference of the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent, hailing from Los Angeles, California. He is a two-time AWA National champion...weighing in at 238 lbs...

JUUUUAAAAAN VAAAASSSSQUEEEEEZZZ!!!

["They Reminisce over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play as the crowd erupts with a BIG FACE POP! As always, Vasquez is dressed in his familiar white tracksuit with black trim. He jogs down the aisle, slapping the hands of the ringside fans as he makes his way down to the ring.]

GM: And here's the man who was one-half of our 2009 Saturday Night Wrestling match of the year! Listen to the ovation he's receiving from this crowd!

BW: He's still as big a glory hog as ever! How many times do we have to see him wrestle on one show?

"DING DING!"

[As Juan throws the last of his tracksuit over the ropes to the ring attendant, Bruce Guy races across the ring to attack. However, Vasquez sidesteps at the last second, causing Guy to crash into the turnbuckles chest-first.]

GM: Bruce Guy tried to get the drop on Juan Vasquez, but it backfires!

[As Guy rebounds back, Juan grabs him around the waist and dumps him on the back of his head with a release German suplex!]

GM: OH! And Vasquez nails a huge suplex!

BW: Vasquez ain't some greenhorn stepping in the ring for the first time, here. When you've been wrestling as long as he has, you see an attack like that coming from a mile away.

[Juan turns to the crowd and grins, shaking his head at Guy's attempt at a sneak attack. He pulls a groggy Guy to his feet and takes him over with a snapmare, before running into the ropes and driving both feet into Guy's face with a dropkick!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Guy's crawling around on the mat now, probably looking for his teeth-...

"SMMMAAAACCK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

BW: Well, he ain't crawling no more.

[Vasquez drops down to his knees and places a hand on his chest for the one, two, three.]

GM: And there's the three count! Juan Vasquez picks up the easy win over Bruce Guy!

BW: I guarantee you that it ain't gonna' be this easy when they face The Aces.

GM: That match is sure to be a barnburner.

BW: Oh, I have no doubt about that, Gordo. But the result ain't gonna' be any different from what it was at the Stampede Cup!

[Take it away, Phil!]

PW: Your winner of the match...

JUAN VASQUEZ!

[The crowd cheers, as Juan asks for a microphone from the timekeeper. Not even breathing heavy after his short match, Juan waits for the cheering to die down before he begins speak.]

JV: You know, watching that match earlier of me and Stevie, DID bring back a lot of old memories. And it made me realize just how much I missed...

...being the champion.

[The crowd buzzes with excitement at that remark as Juan grins at their reaction.]

JV: Yeah, I think you all know what I'm getting at.

[He looks straight at the camera, speaking directly to the champ.]

JV: Did you think I forgot about you, Calisto? Did you think that just because The Unholy Alliance has had my full and undivided attention that you ever escaped my mind?

[He shakes his head slowly.]

JV: I just wanted to say...

...Congratulations, "champ."

["Champ" is said with enough venom to make Juan's disgust obvious to everyone.]

JV: I know what you must be thinking right now, but I wouldn't start worrying just yet. At least for TONIGHT...you're still safe.

So...just take my advice. Speaking as one former world champion to another.

[He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.]

JV: Cherish those moments you spend with the world title. Give Dave Cooper a pat on the back, Larry Doyle a nice big hug and party it up with The Bombers. Take as many pictures of the title belt while you still can.

After all, those moments won't last forever.

[Juan smirks.]

JV: Because I guarantee...

...you're gonna' be seeing ME a hell of a lot sooner than you think.

[And with that, Juan drops the microphone and leaves the ring, walking up the aisle with his arms raised as the crowd cheers him on.]

BW: WAIT A MINUTE! What the heck did we just hear!? Is he serious!?

GM: Juan Vasquez's history with Calisto Dufresne is well documented...you have to believe that Dufresne winning the title isn't sitting too well with him.

BW: He's in the middle of a war with The Unholy Alliance and now he wants start another one with the world champion? Is this man insane!?

GM: Fans, it's time for another break but when we come back, Supernova will be in action!

[Fade to black...]

And fade back up on a series of beach shots - a pair of young children building a sandcastle, young men out on their surfboards, a spirited game of volleyball with shapely young ladies... you get the idea.

A voiceover begins.]

"As the summer begins and the temperatures rise, the beach isn't the only place where things are heating up."

[Cut to a series of weathermen saying the same phrase over and over again - "A Heat Wave is coming!" before the screen cuts to a nice graphic of a scorching hot sun.]

"The AWA's annual Heat Wave tour started at Memorial Day Mayhem but will be making its way throughout the United States all summer long and you will not want to miss the biggest stars of the AWA galaxy when they come to your town."

[A graphic pops up to show "JUNE 15th - MOBILE CIVIC CENTER - MOBILE, ALABAMA."]

"The AWA hits Mobile, Alabama and the Mobile Civic Center on the 15th for a special live arena event. Sweet Daddy Williams is on the card! The Lynch Brothers take on the Beale Street Bullies in an Alabama Street Fight! Hercules Hammonds will be in action as well!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "JUNE 22nd - DONALD TUCKER CENTER - TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA."]

"Look out, Florida, because the Sunshine State is about to get heated up hotter than ever when the AWA hits the Donald Tucker Center in Tallahassee on the 22nd for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! The Rave will be in action! Terry Shane III takes on Yuma Weaver! The Blonde Bombers hit the ring as well!"

[Another graphic comes up, this one advertising a double shot of shows in the Carolinas.]

"Get ready, Carolinas, 'cause the AWA is coming to town for two nights as we hit Charlotte on June 29th and Greensboro on June 30th. All the stars of the AWA come to town for these non-televised events featuring Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez taking on The Aces in Charlotte and Brian Von Braun meeting Johnny Detson in Greensboro!"

[The graphic fades to reveal a Heat Wave logo.]

"The AWA is on the road all summer long so keep your eyes open for new dates added in your town because when the American Wrestling Alliance is in your area, you do NOT want to miss it!"

[Some info about buying tickets appears before the graphic fades to black...

...and then back up to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and has a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring...he is Heeenry Pooooten!

[The crowd responds with polite applause for the wrestler from Stone Mountain, GA.]

[An athletic grappler with pale 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!

GM: Wait...that...

BW: Supernova looks a bit shorter and smaller than normal, daddy...

[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 slaps 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.

What starts as a positive fan reaction is slowly morphing as the fans sense something is...off...]

GM: That's not Supernova! That's Rick Marley in Supernova wrestling gear, face paint and a wig!

BW: I...I don't see it, Gordo. I mean, a guy is a little sick and not in the sun as long as he normally is and you get all judgmental on him.

["Supernova" hops back and forth in the ring, waiting on the bell as the referee looks over at him, shakes his head and calls for it...]

BW: And we're underway. With two competitors like Supernova and Henry Porten, you're probably excited about sportsmanship, aren't you?

GM: I...Bucky, I can honestly say that I just don't know WHAT to expect from this match.

["Supernova" and Porten start off with a collar and elbow tie up...with Porten forcing the smaller face painted man back into the corner...then giving a clean break as the official calls for one.]

BW: You don't normally see Supernova get pushed around by a guy that small, Gordo.

GM: You most certainly wouldn't see Supernova get out muscled by Henry Porten...but Rick Marley is another matter entirely.

BW: Why are you so obsessed with him? This is a Supernova match.

["Supernova" comes out of the corner and goes for a collar and elbow tie up, but ducks underneath, going behind on Porten.]

GM: Quick go-behind by Marley...

BW: Supernova.

GM: ...looking for a waistlock suplex here but there's no way he can get Porten up for it.

BW: Surprising since Supernova's so proud of his muscles.

["Supernova" hammers down with two forearm shots to the back of the neck before shoving Porten into the ropes, catching him on the rebound...]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP!

[The crowd is getting on the fake Supernova's case quite a bit now, jeering as he pulls Porten off the mat, snapping him down with a suplex. The boos get even louder as he climbs to his feet, throwing a big howl into the air.]

BW: This crowd is really anti-Supernova today. Very confusing.

GM: Are you enjoying yourself?

BW: I really am.

["Supernova" moves back over to Porten, sending him into the turnbuckle with an Irish Whip...]

BW: HERE COMES THE HEAT WAVE!!

GM: This is most certainly NOT the Heat Wave!

[Marley races across the ring, leaping into the air to smash Porten into the buckles with a jumping splash!]

GM: Supernova or not, he hit all of that splash in the corner...

["Supernova" backs off, flashing a big grin at the jeering crowd. He claps his hands, shouting "Thank you, I love you all!"]

BW: Oh, that Supernova... always loving these idiot fans.

[Marley grabs Porten by the hair, snapping him over to the mat into a seated position...]

"I'm very sorry, young sir!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Hard kick to the spine! You know this isn't Supernova now, fans, if you weren't sure before. Supernova would've gone straight for the victory after that Heat Wave but Rick Marley's out to punish young Henry Porten and he's just making a mockery of both Henry Porten and Supernova out there, Bucky!

BW: Hey, maybe you shouldn't blame Rick Marley for Supernova developing a bit of a mean streak. He's just acting like himself now.

GM: This guy makes me sick.

[While Porten is wincing from the kick, "Supernova" rushes forward, grabs his head and flips over him, snapping his head forward and leaving him writhing in pain on the mat.]

BW: That's a new move for Supernova, Gordo! Pretty impressive agility out of this guy. If he wrestled like this every night, I might be a fan.

GM: Pretty standard stuff out of Rick Marley though, right?

BW: No clue what you're goin' on about now.

GM: Don't look now but this alleged Supernova looks like he's going for the kill!

[Marley puts a few boots into the back of Porten before grabbing his legs, hooking in the move that Supernova would call the Solar Flare. Porten immediately cries out in pain, trying to crawl towards the ropes.]

GM: Marley's apparently decided he's had enough fun at this kid's expense and is hooking in his Showstopper.

BW: That's SUPERNOVA, and he's locked in the Solar Flare, daddy...

GM: You can say that all you want but anyone with eyes can see differently.

[Porten claws at the mat a few more times before slapping his hand on the canvas. The referee spins to call for the bell as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner... "SHO-

[Marley glares at Watson who pauses, shrugging as he shakes his head.]

PW: Supernova.

[The fake 'Nova gives out another howl of appreciation to the crowd, who begin to throw garbage into the ring...he then heads towards Bucky and Gordon, apparently wanting to share a few words. Gordon sighs heavily.]

GM: It appears as though Marley is heading this way, fans.

BW: Gordo, I know it's getting tough in your old age but you should try to remember who we're going to interview. This is SUPERNOVA! Remember him?

[Marley arrives at the announce booth, waving to the fans as Gordon and Bucky rise to their feet. Bucky enthusiastically shakes his hand as Gordon shakes his head.]

GM: You really don't think you're fooling anyone, do you?

Fake 'Nova: Fooling anyone? I don't know what you mean, Mr. Gordon Myers. I, Supernova only want to do the right thing, kiss babies, and be handed opportunities that I don't deserve.

BW: Well, it's nice to hear you finally admit that you don't deserve the attention that you get, Supernova...that's very uncharacteristically mature and insightful of you.

GW: Rick Marley, do you honestly think that these fans or our viewers at home think for one second that you're really Supernova? He's forty pounds heavier than you and quite a bit taller...and your hair is showing under that wig.

Fake Nova: Now that's just not fair. A guy gets a little sick and everyone gets on his case. Not all of us are lucky enough to have Juan Vasquez punch the illness right out of our bodies...there's a waiting list for that sort of thing.

[The crowd, booing in full throat as the fake Nova waves to them, offering a cheesy wink and smile, suddenly switches to cheers as the real McCoy

arrives. Supernova approaches the fake Nova from behind, walking with a purpose...Bucky's eyes go wide as he moves away while Gordon smiles.]

GM: What do you have to say to those people who feel that you've fought for every accolade...who've followed your career, and who are fans of not only your athletic ability, but of the standard that you set for the fans as well?

[Fake Nova/Marley shrugs and opens his mouth as Supernova, standing behind him speaks into his own mic first.]

Supernova: I'd say thank you, Gordon.

[Nova/Marley's eyes go wide and he turns, seeing a furious Supernova standing right behind him...so he turns and dives headfirst back into the ring.

GM: Marley running like a scolded dog back into the ring... and Supernova's going in after him!

BW: Get out of there, Rick!

[Marley gets to his feet, turning to check for his pursuer and stumbling in the process. Supernova takes advantage of it, cocking a fist back as Marley rolls to his knees...

...and raises his arms in front of him, shaking his head wildly.]

GM: This guy just has no shame. After weeks and months of mocking Supernova, "Showtime" Rick Marley is begging for mercy.

BW: Well, he's tired... he's already wrestled a match tonight and was just peacefully giving an interview when that bully Supernova showed up and tried to steal his fancy wig...

[Supernova looks around at the crowd, as if to ask "Is he serious?", then cocks his fist back again to fire on Marley, only to pause as the target of his anger smiles and points behind him...]

GM: Uh oh! Here comes trouble!

[The Venice Beach native turns to see Percy Childes leading Nenshou down the aisle. The Collector of Oddities is slowly clapping as he looks at Supernova trapped in the ring. A quick camera cut shows the Aces hopping over the ringside barricade on one side of the ring and a second finds Tully Brawn and Johnny Detson doing the same on the other side.]

GM: This is bad... this is REAL bad! Supernova has just found himself surrounded by the entirety of the Unholy Alliance and you can bet that after their mediocre showing at Memorial Day Mayhem, they've got some bad intentions here tonight!

[Supernova looks left then right then back to the left, constantly moving, turning to check out the surrounding Alliance members. His fists are balled up, at the ready as Rick Marley climbs back to his feet, trashtalking his head off as the face-painted young lion considers his next move!]

GM: This was a setup from the beginning, Bucky!

BW: Of course it was! And it's a genius one too! Percy's done it again! He had to know that that face painted buffoon would show up if Rick kept taunting him...and now they can eliminate a roadblock once and for all!

['Nova looks around and sets his jaw, getting ready to go down fighting as the crowd roars in excitement once again...]

GM: HERE COMES THE CAVALRY! JUAN VASQUEZ! STEVE SCOTT! LUKE KINSEY! BRIAN VON BRAUN! ALL FOUR MEN ARE ON THEIR WAY DOWN TO THE RING LIKE A HOUSE OF FIRE!

BW: And The Unholy Alliance is ready for 'em, daddy...and they've still got numbers on their side!

[Supernova throws himself into a full body tackle on Marley, yanking his legs out from under him to take him down to the mat where he opens fire, throwing right hands. The Aces rush to confront Vasquez and Scott, throwing haymakers in the aisle to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[Von Braun races past the battle in the aisle, diving at Percy Childes when Nenshou cuts him off with a thrust kick to the chest. Tully Brawn and Johnny Detson manage to isolate Luke Kinsey but the crowd is roaring as Kinsey opens fire on both men with right hands!]

GM: Pandemonium has broken loose! We've got fighting INSIDE the ring, we've got fighting OUTSIDE the ring! It's chaos here in the Cajundome! We're going to need security out here to get this under control or these guys might never stop fighting!

[A rush of AWA security and officials come pouring down the aisle to the jeers of the crowd. A brief "LET THEM FIGHT!" chant breaks out throughout the arena as Vasquez throws Steven Childes into the ringside barricade.]

GM: Fans, we're going to need a little bit of time to get this under control. We'll... yes, we're going to take a break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling! Don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marcus Broussard...

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up to live action where we find ourselves in what must be the Beale Street Bullies' locker room, where the ecstatic trio are laughing and celebrating their drop on the Lynches earlier in the night. Trying to wedge his way into the middle and do his job is Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Rob! Dick! Adam! Can I get a word with you all?

[Dick, holding a bottle of whiskey, is the first to acknowledge Stegglet.]

DW: Ya want a word, ya little twit? Hey, I got two words for ya!

[Wyatt unceremoniously empties the contents of said bottle over the head of our intrepid reporter. The Bullies all roar with laughter.]

DW: Jack Daniels! Hahahaha!

[Rogers slaps Wyatt on the shoulder and snatches the microphone away from Stegglet while he's distracted with his unwanted whisky shower. Donovan shoves him out of the way while Rogers waves a belt in the air.]

AR: Oh, we got a lot of words for the Lynches, don't we boys? Actually, we HEARD a lot of words out there just a little while ago.

[Rogers raises his voice in mock-girl fashion.]

AR: "OW! IT HURTS! IT HURTS SO BAD! PLEASE STOP, BULLIES! PLEEEEEEEASE STOP!"

[More laughter.]

AR: How'd ya like THAT, you sniveling little punks? You finally got the whipping your old man never would give you because let's face it...in his eyes, you boys could do no wrong. But the rest of us? Heh...the rest of us know the TRUTH. The rest of us know how many cigarettes you smoked when you were 10...how many beers you drank when you were 13...how many lines of...

[Rogers pauses as Donovan whispers in his ear.]

AR: They won't let me say that either? Man, I miss Los Angeles sometimes.

[Donovan chuckles as Rogers shrugs and continues.]

AR: We also know how many people you STEPPED ON once you got into this business, all the knives you stuck into people's backs.

[Rogers gestures at Donovan and Wyatt, nodding.]

AR: WE know, boys. And tonight? Son, that ain't nothing but the tip of the iceberg as to what's in store for you. We've taken it easy on you so far. We've played around and let you get the upper hand on us WAY too much.

Well tonight? All that bullcrap ENDED.

The Bullies are here, we're for real and we sure as hell ain't takin' no prisoners!

[Dangerous Dick Wyatt steps forward and takes the mic with his right hand... revealing a cast encasing his forearm.]

DW: That's right, ya little worms. Even when ya'll set out to try to put one of us down, all that happens is we get our drink on and show back up stinkin' of whiskey and your girlfriends' perfume....

But stealin' your daddy's whiskey and your used up tramps ain't gonna cut it for us. AWA's been lousy with Lynches for way too long now...an' it's time for the Bullies to administer the cure.

Right upside your damn skulls...ain't that right, Rob?

[Donovan takes the mic from Wyatt, glaring into the camera.]

RD: They got the right of it, boys. So far, you ain't seen the real Bullies -- you ain't seen 'em by a damn sight. Tonight, with that leather strap bitin' ya?

[Donovan chuckles.]

RD: Well, you've seen a little. See, you tried to take a piece outta the Bullies when ya broke Dick's arm an' put him on the sidelines, so from now on, with the Bullies whole again, we're gonna return the favor by tearin' pieces outta every Lynch we lay eyes on from today on...

[Donovan grins.]

RD: ...'til we get tired of the whole damn thing an' just pull out your stinkin' hearts.

[Wyatt laughs and nods emphatically while Rogers rolls his belt around his knuckles and holds up his fist to the camera, before we cut it back to the announce table.]

GM: Those gentlemen sure seem proud of themselves, Bucky.

BW: Hey, they didn't have the best night at Memorial Day Mayhem and just like the Unholy Alliance, they more than made up for it here tonight. James Lynch ain't gonna be able to wear a shirt for weeks after the whippin' he took here tonight.

GM: The rivalry between the Bullies and the Lynches continues to heat up and after what we saw earlier, who knows how this one is going to escalate. Fans, let's go up to the ring...

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... from Apple Springs, Texas... weighing in at 250 pounds... Rick Scott!

[Not much reaction for Mr. Scott as the sound of Debbie Harry's voice rings out over the PA system to a big roar from the crowd!]

PW: And his opponent...

[Watson pauses until we move away from Ms. Harry to the sounds of KRS-One which brings even bigger cheers from the crowd about to welcome their home state hero!]

PW: FROM BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA...

[BIGGER CHEER!]

PW: WEIGHING IN AT 225 POUNDS...

SUUUUUUUUUPREEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Wright wastes no time in getting down to the ring, diving under the ropes into the ring. He promptly dives at the incoming Scott, taking his legs out from under him with a double leg takedown. Wright moves right into the mount, grabbing Scott by the head and delivering a series of jaw-rattling forearm smashes!]

GM: Wright's all over him! There's the bell to start the match but Supreme Wright is showing all sorts of fire in the early moments of this one, fans!

BW: A far cry from the Rumble when he ran away like a thief in the night.

GM: You're referring to Wright eliminating himself from the Rumble rather than tangle with his former ally, Eric Preston... a most unusual situation for sure.

[Scott struggles to get out of the mount, rolling over to all fours where Wright simply changes his method of attack, blasting Scott over and over with crossface blows to the cheek to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Good grief! Wright's bringing the thunder, fans!

[Wright gets off the mat, grasping a rising Scott in a bodylock...]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY!

[...and HURLS Scott overhead, bouncing him off the canvas!]

GM: Ohhh! What a throw out of Wright!

[Scott rolls to his stomach, trying to crawl across the ring as Wright gets up, backing across the ring and giving his forearm a slap...]

GM: Scott's using the ropes, trying to get himself back up...

BW: That may not be the best idea.

[As Scott gets up in the corner, Wright charges across the ring, SMASHING his opponent with a running European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WOW! WHAT A SHOT!

[Wright backs off, turning to the middle of the ring and throwing his arms up to the cheering crowd...]

...before wheeling around and throwing himself into a somersault, catching Scott flush on the bridge of the nose with a rolling koppo kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another brutal shot by Wright! He's showing no mercy tonight against Rick Scott, fans!

[As Scott stumbles from the corner, he ends up across the shoulders of Supreme Wright who walks out of the buckles to the middle of the ring...]

...and tosses Scott over his head as Wright leaps up, bringing both knees up so that Scott lands on them when they hit the mat!]

GM: FAT TUESDAY!! THAT'S IT!

[Wright pops up as Scott bounces up off the legs. The former Combat Corner student sweeps Scott's legs out from under him while shoving the torso backwards, slamming Scott's head into the canvas with an STO!]

GM: Goodness! There's quite the burr under Wright's saddle, fans!

[Down on the mat, Wright secures the head, neck, and arm of Scott, tying him up into a grounded head-and-arm triangle choke...

...which has Scott tapping out in no time flat!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Wright releases the hold on the bell, scampering to his feet and glaring at his downed opponent as Jason Dane steps through the ropes into the ring.]

JD: Supreme Wright, congratulations on the win, but the question on everyone's mind now is...why did you eliminate yourself from the Rumble?

SW: Mr. Dane, I haven't been anything but honest with you since I've been here in the AWA, but I'm going to tell you right now...

...I'm not answering that question.

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: We need answers, Supreme. You've made it clear since day one, that with you, becoming a world champion isn't just a goal; it's an obsession. And Supreme...you just threw away a shot at the WORLD TITLE.

For someone who's shown that he's willing to fight any and all challengers, this is the second time you've shown an unwillingness to fight Eric Preston. Why did you refuse to fight Eric Preston? Just what are you hiding?

[Supreme stares at Dane impassively, before turning to leave the ring. However, as he turns, he finds himself face to face with the one and only Alex Martinez. Martinez reaches forward, pulls off his sunglasses, and stares quietly at Wright for a moment, before finally breaking his silence.]

AM: Ya' don't wanna give answers? That's fine.

But you are gonna stand here and listen to what I got to say.

[A moment of tense silence passes between the two, before Wright nods his head.]

AM: Here's the deal, Wright. When I got a chance to be the Number One Contender, it was you called me out. You said my name. You decided to be the big man talkin' the big talk. Well, I always admire a man willin' to get in the face of someone who they thinks done them wrong.

But thing is, when it comes to me? You ain't never done nothin but talk.

You call me out. Say I don't deserve a match. So I say "Well, hell, there's an easy way to fix this, let's just you and me have a match." Far as I'm concerned, that's the way its done.

And tell the people what ya' said in response.

[Wright just stares at Martinez.]

AM: You told me "See ya' in the Rumble." And I said, "All right, we can do that." Seems kinda funny, not wantin' to take a man on face to face when the challenge is right in front of ya'.

But hey, whatever. Gave me a good reason to get in the Rumble.

The Rumble comes, and what happens? I get nothin' from you. Every chance ya' get? You stay away from me. Now, I heard Dane talkin' about how he needs answers. Well Dane, I hope ya ain't dozed off yet, 'cuz here's the answer.

Supreme Wright... you're afraid of me.

[The crowd "ohhs" at Martinez's remark. Meanwhile, Wright remains stone-faced.]

AM: Ain't no grand plan at work here. Ain't no mystery needin' to be solved. When it comes to the subject of one Alex Martinez, you, Wright, are a chicken.

What ya' got to say about that?

[Wright stares down at the ground, almost cracking a smile to himself, before looking up right at Alex Martinez...

...and cracking him in the mouth with an elbow!]

"OHH!"

GM: SUPREME WRIGHT JUST HIT ALEX MARTINEZ!

BW: Has he gone mental!?

[Martinez, unprepared for the blow, stumbles back a couple of steps, rubbing his jaw. Meanwhile, Supreme grabs a stunned Jason Dane's wrist and brings the microphone up to his lips.]

SW: If I'm a chicken, Mr. Martinez, then...

"Cluck. Cluck."

[Martinez, his bottom lip split, puts his hand up to his lip and wipes the blood away.]

AM: Normally, I'd say that now it's time you and I settled this. But I already know how that particular story ends. And I'm not in the mood to hear another reason why ya' can't fight me. So what I got to say is this. Go

home, and see if ya can't find the guts to face me, one on one, just like we shoulda done a long time ago.

But don't worry...it ain't like I got my hopes up.

[Putting his mirrored sunglasses on, Martinez brushes past a visibly angered Supreme Wright and exits the ring. As he does so, the look of anger twists into something far more visceral than anything we've seen before from Wright.]

GM: Alex Martinez is just leaving!

BW: Think about it Gordo, he said Wright was avoiding him for weeks...and to a legend like Martinez, that had to have annoyed the hell outta' him! Now he's doing the same to Wright and look at him! He's ready to blow his top!

[Supreme grabs the microphone out of Jason Dane's hands and marches over to the ropes, leaning over and yelling out towards AMart, visibly losing his composure.]

SW: Who's the one walkin' away, Mr. Martinez!?

Who's walkin' away!?

[Martinez keeps on walking, ignoring Supreme.]

SW: IT SURE AS HELL AIN'T ME!

[At the top of the aisle, Martinez turns around to stare back at Wright. Having gotten Martinez's attention, Wright calms down considerably, speaking in a measured, threatening tone.]

SW: Come back to the ring and I'll SHOW YOU...just how "scared" I am.

[The crowd pops at Wright's proclamation, but Martinez just smirks at him... before turning back around and going through the curtains. As he does so, Wright spikes the microphone down into the canvas in frustration.]

GM: Wow. Quite the tense situation between Alex Martinez and Supreme Wright, two of the top contenders to the new World Heavyweight Champion. And you would have to believe that sooner or later, this situation has to come to a head.

BW: I'm guessing sooner rather than later, Gordo.

GM: I think you're right... and speaking of the World Champion, we're being told that Royalty will be out here to address the world... right after this commercial break so don't go away, fans!

[Hold on a fuming Supreme Wright before we fade to black.]

And fade back up on a series of beach shots - a pair of young children building a sandcastle, young men out on their surfboards, a spirited game of volleyball with shapely young ladies... you get the idea.

A voiceover begins.]

"As the summer begins and the temperatures rise, the beach isn't the only place where things are heating up."

[Cut to a series of weathermen saying the same phrase over and over again - "A Heat Wave is coming!" before the screen cuts to a nice graphic of a scorching hot sun.]

"The AWA's annual Heat Wave tour started at Memorial Day Mayhem but will be making its way throughout the United States all summer long and you will not want to miss the biggest stars of the AWA galaxy when they come to your town."

[A graphic pops up to show "JUNE 15th - MOBILE CIVIC CENTER - MOBILE, ALABAMA."]

"The AWA hits Mobile, Alabama and the Mobile Civic Center on the 15th for a special live arena event. Sweet Daddy Williams is on the card! The Lynch Brothers take on the Beale Street Bullies in an Alabama Street Fight! Hercules Hammonds will be in action as well!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "JUNE 22nd - DONALD TUCKER CENTER - TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA."]

"Look out, Florida, because the Sunshine State is about to get heated up hotter than ever when the AWA hits the Donald Tucker Center in Tallahassee on the 22nd for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! The Rave will be in action! Terry Shane III takes on Yuma Weaver! The Blonde Bombers hit the ring as well!"

[Another graphic comes up, this one advertising a double shot of shows in the Carolinas.]

"Get ready, Carolinas, 'cause the AWA is coming to town for two nights as we hit Charlotte on June 29th and Greensboro on June 30th. All the stars of the AWA come to town for these non-televised events featuring Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez taking on The Aces in Charlotte and Brian Von Braun meeting Johnny Detson in Greensboro!"

[The graphic fades to reveal a Heat Wave logo.]

"The AWA is on the road all summer long so keep your eyes open for new dates added in your town because when the American Wrestling Alliance is in your area, you do NOT want to miss it!"

[Some info about buying tickets appears before the graphic fades to black...

As we return from commercial and pan around the Cajundome, the first thing that is noticeable is that the fans are all on their feet sending jeers in one direction - the ring. As the camera swings around to the ring, the reason becomes evident - Royalty. Inside the ring stands the five men who comprise the new Royalty - Dave Cooper, the World Tag Team Champion Blonde Bombers along with Larry Doyle, and the new World Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne.

Dave Cooper is dressed in a black polo shirt and blue jeans, a sly smirk on his face. Kenny Stanton wears blue jeans and a button down white shirt left open, title over his shoulder. Brad Jacobs simply wears blue jeans and a sleeveless version of the white button down shirt Stanton wears, belt over his shoulder and thick gold chain around his neck. Larry Doyle is uncharacteristically muted in a black suit, white shirt and blue tie. Dufresne stands proudly in a pair of charcoal-colored slacks, white dress shirt and a matching charcoal vest. His long blond hair hangs down past his shoulders, over one of which rests his newest prized possession - the AWA World Championship.

Dufresne, microphone in hand, begins.]

CD: Well, if this isn't a sight you all never thought you'd see, I don't know what is.

[A smirk.]

CD: Calisto Dufresne, the biggest victim of Royalty's grand scheme, now a part of that grand scheme? Worthy of Hollywood. Los Angeles, even.

[Cooper gives a slight laugh.]

DC: I suppose the AWA wants to get Jason Dane, Mark Steglet, Geraldo Rivera, Oliver Stone, Glenn Beck, Keith Olbermann, and any other conspiracy theorist they can find to explain the whole plot to everyone... but we'll save them the trouble and fill in the blanks for you. Because, simply put, there's a lot that went into putting MY vision for Royalty together.

CD: All people have done for the past two weeks is ask the same question to Dave and I, albeit surrounding completely different situations: Why?

[A disdainful shake of the head from the World Champion.]

CD: The better question is: Why not? Let's not forget that Calisto Dufresne was the linchpin of the most successful group of wrestling talent - until now, at least - in wrestling history, the Southern Syndicate. There are some benefits to being surrounded by the best the sport has to offer, as my old friend Stevie Scott can testify to.

I saw what Dave Cooper was capable of, even then. When I was National Champion, I spent long hours recruiting the man standing next to me to try and usher in a new future in this sport.

Unfortunately, that snake oil salesman Joe Petrow saw the same potential in Dave that I did, and managed to paint a rosier picture of the future of his career. Talk about a guy who over-promised and under-delivered.

[Dufresne hands the mic off to Dave Cooper who takes his turn.]

DC: You see, when everything first started with Joe Petrow, I honestly believed he had my best interests at heart. Around that same time, Dufresne approached me and said he wanted me at his side. I told him I'd consider his offer, but then, when I talked to Petrow, he said because what Dufresne had in mind wasn't Petrow's idea, I need not bother. So I believed him. Then one thing led to another and I started to realize I had made a mistake. Believe me, I truly did believe in the cause that was being put forward. But the more I stood by it, the more I realized I was just being used.

So that's when I called Dufresne up and told him what I had in mind... and when Dufresne never once said that it had to be his idea, but told me that MY idea was a great one... I knew then Dufresne was the right man to be the final piece of MY vision of Royalty.

[The Bombers and Doyle dutifully golf clap for Dufresne, who mock bows to them as he retakes the mic.]

CD: I've said it many times that I'm the Bobby Fischer of this sport. I'm always thinking six moves ahead. I knew that an opportunity to return the favor on Langseth and Petrow for Westwego would present itself eventually. And what sweeter form of revenge than the one Dave and Larry had in mind?

Sure, Langseth and Petrow, two legends of the sport, managed to blindside me out of nowhere; stealing the National Championship from a proud and loyal company man. But who got the last laugh?

[Dufresne tosses in one more laugh for good measure.]

CD: You took the National Title, I have the World Title. Which is like these inbred Cajuns being proud of their vast VHS collections. You sent me off into limbo for four months, I sent you packing for life.

Seems like a fair trade-off to me.

All thanks to Dave Cooper. The founder of the feast if you will. And unlike the Southern Syndicate, this group is a group founded on ensuring _each member_ gets exactly what they want. The Bombers are the best tag team in the sport. Yours truly is at the very top of the mountain. And now it's time that Dave Cooper start to get what he's looking for.

[Cooper steps up, grabbing the mic again.]

DC: I'll get right to the point. I made it clear when I returned that I was going after the Longhorn Heritage title. They may call it a TV Title now and maybe nobody seems to know whether it's gonna be Dave Bryant against

Glenn Hudson, Dave Bryant against Ryan Martinez, Glenn Hudson against Ryan Martinez, or some variant of rock, paper, scissors to determine who gets first crack at who... I am serving notice that I want the TV title, I'm gonna get the TV title, and I don't care if it's Bryant, Hudson, Martinez, or all three of them that I have to go through... I am darn well gonna be the next World Television Champion!

[Larry Doyle grabs the microphone now and just... goes.]

LD: I'll tell you something, boys, when Dave Cooper says the sun's gonna shine, you don't have to carry an umbrella. When this man says something is gonna happen, it happens, Dave Cooper has never told a lie and he hasn't ever failed to deliver.

After he got his head out of the clouds and got rid of all the smoke the Senior Circuit was pitching, this man went and put together the finest collection of talent the AWA has ever seen. Calisto Dufresne, the Blonde Bombers, and yours truly, Larry Doyle, the manager of champions and the manager of Royalty. I'm just along for the ride, boys, y'all know that, I'm just pointing the machines in the right direction and making sure the oil gets changed. But what you got before you is enough gold to buy a small island, enough class to teach a seminar and enough championship DNA to fill up a village. You don't apply to be a member of Royalty, you don't fill out an application and send two references -- sorry, Terry Shane -- you're just born into it. You either are, or you aren't... and friends, what we are is scary.

Scary talented, scary good, scary successful.

And that's why we keep getting the phonograms from Chris Blue's step mom or whoever the hell it is, that's why you got Nameless Faceless using a voice scrambler so people are afraid. Whoever it is, you so-called Wise Men, y'all already forfeited that name the first time you called out Royalty.

In case you don't know, or maybe you missed it, these Blonde Bombers have already beaten down the best team the AWA has ever seen, these men already slayed the crossed eyed dragon. And maybe you didn't realize, but Calisto Dufresne beat the real live Frankenstein for that AWA World Title, he stared down James Monosso and his nose hair and came out on top. And Dave Cooper, aside from being the next TV champ, is pound for pound the most dangerous man in the AWA today.

[With that, Brad Jacobs mashes the back of Doyle's head.]

LD: Or he's at least tied for first.

Point is, Wise Men, we don't hide. We ain't runnin', we ain't scared. And you're not very wise at all.

[Doyle hands off the mic to the World Champion.]

CD: Let's be clear: there is no force that can stop Royalty. I don't care what calls come in from some strange voice in a phone booth. I don't care how

many letters made out of words cut out of magazines get mailed to our fan club. I don't care what nebulous organization in Los Angeles has their eyes on us.

The fact of the matter is that we are not only the _future_ of this sport, but we're the _present._ The 45 pounds of gold sitting in this ring is proof of that.

[Cooper takes the mic again.]

DC: And as far as whoever this individual who keeps telling everyone that Royalty's time is up, let's make one thing clear. Every time I came out to speak my mind, you knew it was me talking. But it's real easy for someone to hide their face and say whatever they want, acting as if they are some kind of a threat. Well, I consider anybody who hides their face in public to only be doing so because, deep down, they are scared to death to stand by their words, and that's all I have to say on that subject!

[Doyle takes the mic one more time.]

LD: Lemme reiterate for the mouth breathers out there -- that means dolts to you, Jason Dane -- that what you have here is a once in a lifetime collection. Four of the very best the sport has at one time, banded together to wreak havoc and watch the world burn. Banded together because dammit, birds of a feather and all. Champions and winners KNOW one another when they see one another, and it made all the sense in the world. You can thank Dave Cooper for doing the legwork, you can thank Calisto Dufresne for coming to his senses and you can thank your old pal Larry Doyle for knowing talent when he sees it, whether he's on the clock or off.

What you got here is the perfect storm of talent and temperament, the perfect combination of people who want to dazzle and people who want to destroy. I can tell you for sure that the Blonde Bombers are only getting started, Dave Cooper is just stretching his sea legs and Calisto Dufresne has a long reign in his future. The _greatness_ of Royalty lies in the future, our manifest destiny lies before us and the only piece of advice I can give to the poor souls we leave in our wake is this:

Walmart, aisle five, tissues with aloe, 3 boxes for 5 dollars. You're gonna need 'em, because we're fixin' to send you all home cryin', wonderin' why bad things happen to good people.

And the short answer to that? Because we feel like it and because nobody can stop us. Long live the NEW Royalty.

[Dufresne drops the mic, the five men raising one another's arms as the crowd jeers wildly. The fans are all over the new dominant faction in the American Wrestling Alliance as they celebrate their union.]

GM: Long live the new Royalty indeed. It's hard to argue with these men when they inform the world that they rule the roost here in the AWA. The

World Heavyweight Champion, the unified World Tag Team Champions, and perhaps the next AWA World Television Champion.

BW: They just might be unstoppable, Gordo.

GM: That remains to be seen but with the confidence to call out the Wise Men... the mysterious group known as the Wise Men.

BW: And if you listened closely, you also heard a disparaging remark or two aimed at Chris Blue who, hate him all you want, at one time was arguably the most powerful man in our industry. Royalty ain't afraid of no one, daddy.

GM: We'll see about that. Fans, we're going to take a quick-

[Suddenly, the sounds of Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose" kicks in to a big negative reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Uh oh. Maybe we're NOT going to a commercial break. Perhaps we're about to find out if Royalty truly ISN'T afraid of anyone.

[A few moments pass before the enraged Bishop Boys come stomping out of the entrance followed by a much calmer-looking Cousin Bo. The three men huddle up in the aisleway as Duane Henry gestures at the ring where Royalty continues to stand...]

GM: The Bishop Boys are heading out here for their Number One Contenders match against RyGunn but Royalty doesn't look like they're about to vacate the premises anytime soon, fans.

[Brad Jacobs steps out on the apron, slamming a fist on his chest as he shouts down the aisle at the men that the Blonde Bombers defeated at Memorial Day Mayhem.]

GM: Brad Jacobs looks ready for a fight if that's what the Bishops are wanting!

[Duane Henry shouts something at Bo who shakes his head. The smaller Bishop claps his big brother on the shoulder, exchanging a glance as they continue their way down the aisle towards the ring where Dave Cooper is stepping in, advising Larry Doyle who is trying to get Stanton and Jacobs to back down.]

GM: I think Cooper's trying to get the Bombers to back off... and you know that Calisto Dufresne wants NO part of the Bishops considering his history with them. This is quite an explosive situation, fans... let's try and get this under control but we'll be right back with our Main Event!

[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 live action where it appears as though Royalty has cleared the area but the Bishop Boys are standing tall in the ring, waiting for their opponents.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. As you can see, the Bishop Boys got the best of that standoff moments ago thanks to AWA security who have escorted Royalty out of the ringside area... and from what I'm being told, they were escorted straight out of the building as well.

BW: That hardly seems fair, Gordo. The Bombers have a vested interest in seeing who wins this match. They should be allowed to scout this match like the champions that they are.

[With the Bishops pacing back and forth, the opening riff to "Bad To The Bone" kicks in to a big cheer!]

PW: And their opponents...

[Presumably Phil did the Bishops' intro during the commercial break as he prepares to introduce the team they are about to meet in the ring. The music switches to "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead.]

PW: They are the team of "Grizzly" Gunnar Gaines... Ryan Martinez...

RYYYYYYYYYGUNNNNNNNN!

[Gaines and Martinez burst through the curtain to a big cheer. Martinez claps his hands together with an enthusiastic shout of "LET'S DO THIS!" as a grinning Gaines claps him on the shoulder, pointing to the ring where Cousin Bo is trying to pull his cousins into another huddle to no avail.]

GM: Remember, fans, this is a tag team match with a twenty minute time limit for the Number One Contendership. Whoever wins this is the first in line for a shot at the Blonde Bombers and the World Tag Team Titles.

[Martinez slides under the bottom rope...

...and Duane Henry throws himself on top of him, crashing a falling double axehandle across the back of the skull!]

GM: Duane Henry strikes before the bell... and there's the bell!

[Referee Johnny Jagger signals for the bell to start the match as Gunnar Gaines climbs up on the apron and greets an incoming Cletus Lee Bishop with a big right hand. A second one sends the larger man staggering back as Gaines steps in, winding up with a third haymaker...]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands! The Bishops decided they didn't want to wait for the bell and now all heck is breaking loose here inside the squared circle!

[Cletus Lee absorbs the blows, moving back in to grab a handful of Gaines' hair, turning to slam his skull into the top turnbuckle as Ryan Martinez battles back to his feet with a series of right hands to the breadbasket!]

GM: RyGunn is fighting back! They're starting to turn things around!

[Martinez catches Duane Henry with a well-placed forearm smash to the ear before he grabs a handful of hair...

...and HURLS the smaller Bishop over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! MARTINEZ CLEARS OUT DUANE HENRY!!

[On the other side of the ring, Cletus Lee is burying knee after knee into the midsection of Gaines up against the ropes.]

GM: Martinez has turned his attention towards his partner... ohh! Big double axehandle across the back of the head!

[Spinning Cletus Lee around, Gaines and Martinez dash in tandem to the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and connecting with a big running double clothesline that takes the big man over the top!]

GM: DOUBLE CLOTHESLI- oh my stars! He landed on his feet!

[Cletus Lee glares up at his attackers, slamming his hands down on the ring apron as Duane Henry paces back and forth at ringside. Cousin Bo moves to his big cousin's side, draping an arm over his shoulders. The big man shrugs it off, gesturing at the ring.]

GM: Cousin Bo is trying to calm his boys down... telling them that if they stick to the gameplan, everything will turn out fine.

BW: I hope he's right. I'd love to see the Bishops get another shot at the Bombers.

[Duane Henry climbs back up on the apron...

...where a big right hand from Gaines sends him sprawling back down to the floor. Cousin Bo rushes to Duane Henry's side this time, giving him the same pep talk as he gestures to the ring. Duane Henry nods, listening to his cousin's words as Gaines and Martinez huddle up in the ring before Martinez steps out to the apron.]

GM: Martinez steps out and it looks like it'll be Gunnar Gaines starting things off against... yes, it's Duane Henry Bishop starting off for the Bishop Boys.

[Duane Henry rolls under the ropes as the referee keeps Gaines back, allowing the former National Tag Team Champion to get back to his feet. Duane Henry immediately starts running his mouth in Gaines' direction...

...and eats a right hand to the jaw! And a second! And a third!]

GM: Gaines is hammering away at Duane Henry Bishop! Backing him up against the ropes...

[Grabbing an arm, Gaines fires Duane Henry across to the far ropes. He rebounds back off, ducking under a Gaines clothesline effort...]

GM: Duane Henry off the far side...

[He leaps into the air, smashing a forearm off the skull of Gaines, knocking the big man down!]

GM: Nice flying forearm out of Duane Henry!

[Back on his feet, Duane Henry pours stomps down on the head and neck of Gaines before dragging him back to the corner, slapping the hand of big Cletus Lee.]

GM: The big man steps in...

[Duane Henry holds Gaines by the hair, his face just barely off the mat as Cletus Lee hits the ropes, rushing off...

...and STOMPS the back of Gaines' head as Duane Henry lets go, smashing Gaines' face into the mat!]

GM: OHHH! What a doubleteam by the Bishops right there!

[Duane Henry ducks out as Cousin Bo shouts his approval to his boys. Cletus Lee stands over Gaines, glaring at him...

...and then turns his focus to Ryan Martinez who is shouting for a tag.]

GM: Cletus Lee is pointing a finger at Martinez but he better stay focused on the man he's inside the ring with, Bucky.

[The big man pulls Gaines off the mat by the hair, ducking down to scoop Gaines up...

...and throws him down in a bodyslam, tossing him towards the corner where Ryan Martinez is standing with his arm outstretched!]

GM: Cletus Lee seems to be... yes, he's INVITING Ryan Martinez to make the tag!

[Cousin Bo seems less than pleased with this idea, shouting at the big man to cut off the tag before Martinez slaps his downed partner's hand.]

GM: Martinez is in! Fists and fire!

[Martinez rapidly throws forearms to the side of the head before a spinning back elbow sends Cletus Lee stumbling a few feet back.]

GM: Martinez is giving it everything he's got!

[The son of the Hall of Famer dashes to the ropes, rebounding right back off...

...and runs right into a hand around his throat!]

GM: He's got him! He's got him for a chokeslam!

[But Martinez immediately starts hammering away with right hands to the side of the head...]

GM: Martinez is fighting out of it!

[An angry Cletus Lee grabs Martinez under the armpits, lifting him into the air and throwing him back into the Bishops' corner.]

GM: The tag is made again...

[The crowd jeers as Cletus Lee and Duane Henry start raining down blows, punches and forearms that hammer Martinez down to all fours where they switch up to kicks to the ribs!]

GM: Get in there, referee!

[Johnny Jagger does indeed "get in there", forcing Cletus Lee out to the apron as Duane Henry pulls Martinez up, lighting him up with a series of hard chops across the chest...]

GM: Duane Henry's dragging Martinez to the neutral corner... ohh, drills him right between the eyes with a right hand!

[Grabbing an arm, Duane Henry attempts a whip...]

GM: Irish whip... reversed by Martinez!

[Duane Henry SLAMS backfirst into the buckles, staying there as Martinez charges in behind him...]

...and connects with a big running clothesline in the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Heavy clothesline by Martinez!

[Martinez backs off, waving Duane Henry towards him with a "COME ON!" The former National Tag Team Champion wobbles out of the corner, getting hoisted up onto the shoulders of Martinez...]

GM: He's got him in a fireman's carry!

[Martinez strides out to the center of the ring, looking across at a fuming Cletus Lee Bishop...]

...and DROPS backwards, planting Duane Henry beneath him in a Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE CRUSHED HIM WITH THAT SAMOAN DROP!!

[Martinez flips over, applying the first lateral press of the match.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two!

[But Duane Henry's out at two, breaking the pin attempt. Martinez turns towards his own corner...]

GM: Martinez tags in Gaines...

[Gaines YANKS Duane Henry off the mat by the hair, shoving him back into RyGunn's corner where the Grizzly One squares up, his fists balled and at the ready...]

GM: Right hand to the gut... and a left! Back and forth he goes, hammering away at the ribcage of Duane Henry Bishop!

[The Hall of Famer grabs an arm, flinging Duane Henry out from the RyGunn corner...]

...and PULLS him back in before flattening him with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Gaines drops him hard with the clothesline... and he tags Martinez right back in.

BW: As an expert in the world of tag team wrestling, I gotta say that I'm really impressed by how quickly Gaines and Martinez have meshed into a top flight tag team, Gordo. Quick tags, cutting the ring in half, keeping the fresh man in... they got it all down pat.

[Martinez steps back in, pulling Duane Henry off the mat by the arm. He goes for a whip...]

GM: Another whip coming up...

[Duane Henry approaches the corner quickly, leaping up to the middle rope. He does a nice head fake, causing Martinez to duck as Duane Henry wheels around, throwing himself off the middle rope...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!!!

[The crowd reacts for the athletic move as Martinez' shoulders are pulled down to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Martinez powers out at two, breaking the pin.]

GM: Both men scrambling, trying to get back to their feet before the other one can...

[Duane Henry gets there first, burying a knee into the gut. A second one sends Martinez back into the neutral corner where Duane Henry rushes in, wrapping his hands around the throat of his opponent!]

GM: That's a choke, fans! An out-and-out blatant choke out of Duane Henry Bishop and the referee's immediately in there to start his five count!

[Bishop breaks it at four before launching himself in, blasting Ryan Martinez with a back elbow to the side of the face!]

GM: Duane Henry grabs the arm... fires him across...

[Duane Henry backs into the neutral corner, stomping his feet a few times before tearing across at top speed...

...and HURLING himself into a spinning leg lariat that connects firmly across the chest of Martinez! Duane Henry floats over the top rope to the ring apron, reaching in to shove Martinez out of the corner, sending him staggering out as Duane Henry grabs the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Duane Henry's taking to the air!

[Catapulting himself up onto the top rope, Duane Henry springboards off, spinning through the air...

...and SLAMMING a spinning leg lariat into the back of Martinez' head, snapping his head forward and sending him down to the mat in a heap! Duane Henry leaps up to his feet, pumping a fist in triumph as he reaches out to slap the hand of his partner.]

GM: Duane Henry brings in big Cletus Lee...

[Cletus Lee steps over the ropes, pulling Martinez off the mat by the hair. He hooks Martinez' arms under his own...]

GM: Headbutts!

[The crowd roars as Cletus Lee slams his massive skull into Martinez' over and over and over...]

GM: A DOZEN TRAPPED HEADBUTTS!

[Cletus Lee lets go, grabbing his own forehead as Martinez staggers back, dropping down to a knee...]

GM: That even took something out of Cletus Lee!

BW: A headbutt ain't a pleasant thing to deliver either, Gordo. You'd know that if you'd ever thrown one.

[Leaning against the ropes, rubbing his head, Cletus Lee steadies himself and charges forward...

...and OBLITERATES Martinez with a running low kick to the kneeling fan favorite's jaw!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Cletus Lee drops to his knees, applying a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Gunnar Gaines is quickly in, dropping to his knees with a forearm to the back of Cletus Lee's skull!]

GM: That one breaks up the pin at two. I'm not sure Cletus Lee had done enough to earn a three count but Gunnar Gaines certainly wasn't going to risk it with a potential shot at the World Tag Team Titles on the line.

[Gaines steps back out as an angry Cletus Lee gets back to his feet, threatening Gaines as he turns back to Martinez...]

GM: Cletus Lee pulls Martinez off the mat... the young man looks dazed, Bucky.

BW: He looks like he's out on his damn feet, Gordo.

[The big man ducks down, scooping Martinez up in his arms for a bodyslam. He turns towards Gaines, lifting Martinez even higher..

...which throws him off-balance enough for Martinez to slip over his back. Cletus Lee throws a back elbow but Martinez ducks under it, avoiding the blow as he starts to spin...]

GM: MARTINEZ!

[...and CRACKS Cletus Lee upside the head with a spinning backfist!]

GM: OHHH!

[He spins back the other way, cracking him again - this time with a rolling elbow!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[One final time, he spins all the way around, throwing a spinning back elbow that catches Cletus Lee on the temple, causing him to slump over the top rope, his entire torso hanging out of the ring...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT A SERIES OF STRIKES BY RYAN MARTINEZ AND-

[With Cletus Lee hanging over the ropes, Gunnar Gaines charges down the length of the apron and LEAPS up, smashing his kneebrace-covered leg into the jaw of Cletus Lee, snapping his head back and sending him staggering back out into the middle of the ring where Martinez has built up a head of steam, coming off the ropes...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But Cletus Lee straightens up, lifting Martinez up off the canvas, and POWERING him down into the canvas with a standing spinebuster!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! SPINEBUSTER!!

[Cletus Lee falls back into the corner, slapping the hand of his brother.]

GM: Duane Henry makes the tag... he's climbing up top!

[Duane Henry leaps off the top, dropping a leg across the chest of a downed Martinez...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Martinez fires a shoulder off the mat as an exasperated Duane Henry looks up at the official who flashes two fingers.]

GM: Two count only!

[Cletus Lee slaps the top turnbuckle in frustration as Duane Henry gets up, dragging Martinez off the mat by the arm. He uses the arm to whip Martinez into the neutral corner where Martinez slumps down to his rear...]

GM: Martinez is seated in the corner...

[Duane Henry slaps his brother's hand...]

GM: Tag again!

BW: Cletus Lee looks a little dazed. I'm not sure that was the best idea even though Cousin Bo was calling for it, Gordo.

[Duane Henry is directing traffic, telling his big brother to get back into the corner with him...]

...and they charge across in tandem, throwing themselves into a pair of low dropkicks that ROCK Martinez!]

GM: Good grief! Duane Henry called for that one and it was absolutely devastating, fans.

[Suddenly, we can hear Cousin Bo screaming "ELIXIR!" repeatedly and at the top of his lungs.]

GM: Cousin Bo is calling for the Elixir - that devastating finishing move of the Bishop Boys that has won them countless matches over the years. It seems a bit early to me, Bucky.

BW: 'Cause you're a master of tag team strategy?

GM: No, but I've seen a lot of-

[Duane Henry turns to his cousin, shaking his head as he exits the ring. Cletus Lee pulls Martinez out of the corner, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's going for a powerbomb!

[Cletus Lee stands a few feet out from the neutral corner as he muscles Martinez up for the powerbomb...

...but Martinez slides over the top, landing on his feet behind Cletus Lee where he keeps on going!]

GM: MARTINEZ IS MAKING A RUN FOR IT!!

[Cletus Lee swings around as Martinez makes a dive...]

GM: TAG!

[Gunnar Gaines steps in, rushing across the ring...

...and THROWING HIMSELF into a three hundred pound crossbody that topples Cletus Lee Bishop down to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Bishop fires a shoulder off the mat as Gaines springs back to his feet, smashing an overhead elbow down between the eyes of Duane Henry Bishop, sending the smaller Bishop off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Gaines drops `em both!

[We cut to the front row where Justin Gaines is happily cheering on his Hall of Fame father. Cut back to the ring where Gunnar greets the rising Cletus Lee with a well-placed knee to the ribs that sends a gasping big man back into the corner...]

GM: Gaines has got him on the run!

[The Grizzly One mounts the midbuckle, raising his right hand...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Gaines hops down off the buckle, grabbing Cletus Lee by the arm.]

GM: He fires him from corner to corner... here he comes!

[Gaines runs headlong right into a raised boot!]

GM: OHHH!

[Cletus Lee steps out, hooking Gaines' arms under his armpits.]

GM: Headbu-

[But Gaines lashes out, landing a headbutt of his own that seems to stun Cletus Lee, sending him staggering back...]

GM: Gaines caught him!

BW: With a headbutt no less!

[Cletus Lee lumbers towards him, swinging a right hand that Gaines ducks, powering the big man up onto his shoulder...]

...and swings to the side, dropping him throatfirst over the top rope!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: A modified version of the Gunnar Stunner!

GM: He dropped him hard and Bishop's in trouble!

[Cletus Lee stumbles off the ropes, grabbing at his throat. Gaines winds up, throwing a hooking right hand to the jaw that sends Bishop staggering back to the middle of the ring...]

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit and Cletus Lee Bishop's in a lot of trouble!

[Gaines ducks down, looking for a bodyslam of his own on the big man...]

...who promptly rains down fire in the form of several sharp elbows into the ribcage!]

GM: Cletus Lee hammering away!

[Cletus Lee grabs Gaines by the throat, looking for a chokeslam...]

...but Gaines reaches out, grabbing Cletus Lee by the throat!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: It's chokeslam versus Grizzly Slam!

[Gaines struggles through gritted teeth, digging his fingers into the throat of Cletus Lee whose eyes go wide at the showdown...]

GM: Who's going to get the better of this exchange? Who is-

[Cletus Lee suddenly shoves off, using his power to send Gaines falling back into the corner where Ryan Martinez slaps him on the shoulder...]

GM: Martinez tags himself in!

[Gaines throws his partner a glance as Martinez storms in, hammering Cletus Lee back into the ropes. He grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Duane Henry slaps Cletus Lee on the back on the way to the ropes...]

GM: Cletus Lee comes off...

[Martinez throws himself at Cletus Lee, looking for a spear tackle but Cletus Lee sidesteps, throwing Martinez towards Duane Henry who blasts Martinez with a leaping kneestrike!]

GM: OHHH!

[Cousin Bo again leaps up, shouting "ELIXIR!"]

GM: It's clear what Cousin Bo is looking for here and... it looks like Duane Henry's going for it!

[Duane Henry grabs a dazed Martinez, hoisting him onto his shoulders in a torture rack...]

...when Gaines rushes out of the corner, throwing himself into a clothesline on Cletus Lee that takes both of them back into the ropes, OVER the ropes, and down to the floor!]

GM: GAINES CLEARS OUT CLETUS LEE!!

[A shocked Duane Henry looks on, Martinez still racked...]

...until the son of the Hall of Famer drags him down to the mat in a crucifix rollup!]

GM: CRADLE!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[A furious Duane Henry breaks free right after the bell, leaping up to his feet and arguing with the referee...]

GM: Duane Henry thinks it was a two! He’s arguing with the official!

BW: He’s right! He’s gotta be right! It had to be a two count!

GM: It looked like a three count from here but Duane Henry is completely irate, screaming at the official...

[Martinez slides out to the floor, helping his veteran partner up to his feet as the duo celebrates their big win.]

PW: Your winners of the match and the NUMBER ONE CONTENDERS...

RYYYYYYYYGUNNNNNNNNN!

[Gaines and Martinez backpedal down the aisle, celebrating their win as Cousin Bo slides in, shaking his head in disbelief. Duane Henry is still arguing with the official as Cletus Lee slowly gets up off the floor, joining his family inside the squared circle.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez are the Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Titles and... well, things are looking a little rocky right now for the Bishop Boys. Cousin Bo is... well, to be blunt, he’s screaming at both of his cousins right now.

BW: Someone should go in there and play peacemaker. Wanna volunteer, Gordo?

GM: No thanks.

[The camera zooms in on Cousin Bo shouting at Duane Henry who is returning fire. Duane Henry shakes his head back and forth, sticking a finger into Bo’s chest.]

GM: Duane Henry’s saying that they weren’t ready for the Elixir and that the loss is Bo’s fault!

[Cletus Lee stalks into view, glaring at Bo who suddenly backs off a bit as he looks up at his much-bigger cousin. The big man glares at his cousin who gets a bit mouthy... not a lot... just a bit. With a silent shake of his head, Cletus Lee exits the ring, waving for Duane Henry to follow him.]

GM: Wait a second! Are the Bishops walking out on Cousin Bo?!

BW: It sure looks that way, Gordo!

GM: Cousin Bo is irate! He's screaming at them to get back into the ring but they're not listening... not at all. They're on their way back to the locker room and Cousin Bo is beside himself, fans!

[Bo's face is turning red as he stares down the aisle at the backs of his retreating cousins.]

GM: Fans, we've got to take one final break but we'll be right back with James Monosso's farewell address to the American Wrestling Alliance. You won't want to miss that so stick right where you are 'cause we'll be back in just a moment!

[The camera holds on Cousin Bo as he angrily exits the ring, power-walking up the aisle and ignoring the jeering fans as we fade to black.

And fade back up on a series of beach shots - a pair of young children building a sandcastle, young men out on their surfboards, a spirited game of volleyball with shapely young ladies... you get the idea.

A voiceover begins.]

"As the summer begins and the temperatures rise, the beach isn't the only place where things are heating up."

[Cut to a series of weathermen saying the same phrase over and over again - "A Heat Wave is coming!" before the screen cuts to a nice graphic of a scorching hot sun.]

"The AWA's annual Heat Wave tour started at Memorial Day Mayhem but will be making its way throughout the United States all summer long and you will not want to miss the biggest stars of the AWA galaxy when they come to your town."

[A graphic pops up to show "JUNE 15th - MOBILE CIVIC CENTER - MOBILE, ALABAMA."]

"The AWA hits Mobile, Alabama and the Mobile Civic Center on the 15th for a special live arena event. Sweet Daddy Williams is on the card! The Lynch Brothers take on the Beale Street Bullies in an Alabama Street Fight! Hercules Hammonds will be in action as well!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "JUNE 22nd - DONALD TUCKER CENTER - TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA."]

"Look out, Florida, because the Sunshine State is about to get heated up hotter than ever when the AWA hits the Donald Tucker Center in Tallahassee on the 22nd for another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! The Rave will be in action! Terry Shane III takes on Yuma Weaver! The Blonde Bombers hit the ring as well!"

[Another graphic comes up, this one advertising a double shot of shows in the Carolinas.]

"Get ready, Carolinas, 'cause the AWA is coming to town for two nights as we hit Charlotte on June 29th and Greensboro on June 30th. All the stars of the AWA come to town for these non-televvised events featuring Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez taking on The Aces in Charlotte and Brian Von Braun meeting Johnny Detson in Greensboro!"

[The graphic fades to reveal a Heat Wave logo.]

"The AWA is on the road all summer long so keep your eyes open for new dates added in your town because when the American Wrestling Alliance is in your area, you do NOT want to miss it!"

[Some info about buying tickets appears before the graphic fades to black...

...and then back up to a nice panning shot of the Cajundome in Lafayette, Louisiana.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. After a night of thrilling action and exciting moments, we wrap up this show with a moment that I can't say that I've been looking forward to - the farewell of James Monosso.

BW: You should be thrilled, Gordo. You'll finally not have to feel threatened every time you come out here.

GM: That was the old James Monosso... and although he may not have changed in a lot of ways, I do feel that he has changed in many that count. James Monosso became a different person last summer in his quest to become the World Heavyweight Champion and in the days that have followed, he has managed to become a fan favorite and a hero to many of these fans. Tonight, after months of risking his future health to defend the title, James Monosso will hang up his boots. He has been given this opportunity to address the crowd for the final time and... well, not a single soul has left their seat, Bucky. They all want to hear what he has to say.

BW: The guy's kinda a nutcase too... so who knows what he's going to say.

GM: It's time to find out. Jason Dane, take it away...

[The crowd is abuzz as Jason Dane enters the ring, rather than stopping at the interview area. He gets the house mic and begins.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome for what many believe will be the final time... the former World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso!

[A large cheer rises up as "The Theme From Halloween" creeps out from the audio system one more time. The curtain is flung aside as the former champion begins his trek down the aisle. He is certainly the worse for wear from Memorial Day, moving slowly towards the ring. The stringy-haired greying Monosso has an impassive look on his wide, flat face... it's a far cry from the wild-eyed intensity we have seen time in and time out. Wearing black jeans and his black "PROPERTY OF MYSELF" pale-green stenciled T-

Shirt, Monosso ascends the steps and enters the ring one final time. The fans chant "MUH-NAH-SO" as the music dies down. Dane waits for the chant to play out.]

BW: Do you believe they're chanting for this guy still?

GM: It is hard to imagine after what Monosso had done for years but like I said... he's been different since last summer whether he wants to admit it or not.

BW: Anyway, the chant is dying out just like Monosso's career.

[As the volume gets low enough for Dane to be heard, he begins the interview. Monosso stands straight, hands on hips, looking out at the crowd.]

JD: James Monosso, the question that is on everyone's mind... will you take your automatic rematch at Callisto Dufrense for the World Heavyweight Championship?

JM: Thought about it. I really don't like how that prick basically got everything handed to him. Everyone knows he's a cowardly little pissant who couldn't tie his shoes by himself. But I figure he'll get his eventually. We all do. I got mine. He'll get his. Nobody makes it out of this thing alive, Dane.

JD: So that's a no?

[Monosso pauses, letting the fans hang for a long moment.]

JM: That's a no. I got what I need. I'm done. I am retiring. They ganged up on me, of course. They had to. They took their best shot, but somehow my neck held up. I'll have the surgery to fuse it all and be done with it. I got me a house in Santa Fe, paid for. I got the money I made as champion in the bank, in a retirement fund. It won't exactly be the high life, but it'll be life. It's more than I had.

JD: Well, with that said, this is it then. Do you have anything to say in this, what would have to be called a farewell address?

[Monosso takes the microphone from Dane, and looks around the arena.]

JM: I didn't really want to come here and do this tonight. You all know I spent most of my time here tryin' to cripple people, either for money or to make a point or both. I've already said everything that needs to be said.

So I'll just say it in a new way. Maybe the way I should have said it in the first place. All you fans, I know that what we do in the ring is something you're detached from. You got a TV screen in the way, or fifty yards clearance. But I want you all... I'm askin' you all... to remember that these guys are killin' themselves for this. I'm done tryin' to convince kids not to be wrestlers. But you better know when you got them dreams in your eyes

that you're sacrificing everything, an' I mean EVERYTHING, for it. You fans need to remember that! Just... just... just look out for these guys. They're gonna have a rough old age because they gave you what you wanted when they were young.

So make it worth it for them.

[Monosso hands the mic back to Dane, and the fans stand, cheering him. James starts to exit the ring, and the loud ovation gives him pause. He stops, and waves. The cheering grows louder... and takes on a new tone.]

GM: Maybe a new found respect for Monosso from these fans, Bucky, as they have begun to stand in respect for the AWA's very first-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OH MY STARS!

[The crowd goes from loud waves of respect to torrential downpours of booing, as James Monosso drops like a ton of bricks from the chair to the back of the skull...

....courtesy of Eric Preston. Preston, dressed in black jeans and a black shirt, screams a flood of profanities at Monosso, and then slams the chair down as Monosso gets to one knee, then wobbily gets to two.]

GM: Eric Preston, good Lord, a cold blooded attack to the back of Monosso's head, taking advantage-

BW: Doing EXACTLY what Monosso made a living on! Do you think Preston has forgotten, do you think he'll EVER forget how Monosso injured him? How he tortured him, how he made him suffer?

[Preston pulls Monosso off his knees, shoving him under the ropes back into the ring. The former Combat Corner student rolls into the ring, climbing to his feet as he glares down at his most hated rival, measures him up...

...and then boots him right in the throat. Even Monosso isn't immune to that and he goes into a coughing fit as Preston grabs the hand of Jason Dane and brings the microphone over, even though Dane was going his best to blend into the crowd in the corner.]

EP: Did you forget, you strung out junkie maggot? Did you forget what brought me back?

[Preston kicks Monosso one more time, and goes back to Dane.]

EP: I'll end this, you son of a bitch. Not you.

[Preston lets go of Jason Dane's arm, then whips off his shirt and throws it at Monosso, who brushes it aside.]

GM: Fans, we apologize for-

BW: Preston's lost it, Gordo! He's lost control! You can look into those crazy eyes and realize the truth of it all... what goes around comes around and Gordo, you know what they say about payback!

[Preston may indeed have lost it and as the camera zooms in it easily picks him up as he screams at Monosso...]

"LOOK AT ME! LOOK ME IN THE EYES BEFORE I CRIPPLE YOU! I WANNA KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!"

GM: My god, this guy is... I can't believe this is the same Eric Preston that we all saw so much potential in a few years ago. The same Eric Preston that many believed could put this company on his back and lead us into the years and decades to come.

BW: Monosso's getting up, Gordo.

GM: Don't do it, James... for the love of God, stay down!

[Monosso pushes up to his knees, flipping his stringy hair out of his eyes as he looks up at Preston, completely lucid...

...and spits right in his face!]

GM: Oh god. Oh god no.

BW: This is bad, Gordo... this is real bad. Look at his eyes! Look at him!

GM: What's he gonna do? What is this maniac going to-

[Preston lashes out, smashing his knee into the face of Monosso, sending him falling back down to the mat.]

GM: Good grief! The Dream Machine connects... and well, all things considered, if he stops there, I guess we should consider ourselves really lucky.

BW: Oh, he's not done... not by a longshot.

[A hate-filled Preston grabs two hands full of Monosso's hair, dragging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: NO!

BW: He's gonna kill him!

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody's gotta stop this right now!

BW: Who the heck is gonna save James Monosso, Gordo? Who?!

[Preston nods as Jason Dane pleads with him off-mic to let Monosso go. With a lift, he hoists the big man straight up into the air, holding him so all can see...

...and actually leaps up before SPIKING Monosso skullfirst into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd explodes from shock to a deafening chorus of booing, screaming their hearts out as Preston gets to his feet, slowly, taking it all in as James Monosso quivers and shakes beneath him.]

GM: That move... the piledriver is the ultimate attempt to end a man's career!

BW: Monosso's career was already over... Preston just made sure he's going to spend the rest of his days in a wheelchair!

GM: The man has an injured neck that made him wrestle against a doctor's orders for MONTHS! A neck that doctors swore could put him in a wheelchair - like you said - for the rest of his days if he was hit wrong... in the wrong spot, in the wrong way. Believe me when I say that the piledriver is ABSOLUTELY the wrong way!

BW: It's the ultimate sign that you just don't give a damn about the man you're in the ring with. You're okay with them being injured... crippled perhaps. We've seen it only a handful of times in AWA history and... well, there's a damn good reason for it, Gordo.

GM: There's absolutely a damn good reason for it! He might have broken Monosso's neck with that damn move!

BW: And Eric Preston is thrilled, daddy, look at him! This is why he came back to the AWA!

[Preston struts around the ring, arms opened wide, mile wide grin plastered on his face. The fans are incensed, and as a cup whizzes by his head, Gordon has had enough.]

GM: We need some help out here, we need some medical attention! Get Monosso out of here, get _Preston_ out of here! I'm being told we're going to take another break but we'll be back after that... don't go away, fans!

[A flood of AWA medical staff hits the ring as Preston stands over Monosso, taunting him as we fade to black...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The camera fades back into the ring, Jason Dane standing next to Eric Preston, ring otherwise clear. Preston is still grinning like a madman, with a pale green shirt slung over his shoulder. But the first voice we hear is Gordon.]

GM: Fans, before we go to Jason in the ring with Eric Preston, let's take you back to what happened in the ring when we went to commercial.

[The screen cuts away to a taped shot of the ring during the commercial break, with the words MOMENTS AGO coming up in the top right hand corner. The ring is filled with medical officials, and as they endeavored to put James Monosso on a stretcher, Preston interrupted the proceedings.]

BW: (talking over the footage) I dunno what Preston said but he stopped the whole crew from taking Monosso out and ripped off the shirt he was wearing, the one he always wears that says "PROPERTY OF MYSELF".

GM: What an insulting, degrading gesture that is, Bucky Wilde. We all witnessed the struggle Monosso went through to gain control of his own career, of his life. That wasn't just a catchphrase, Bucky, that's something Monosso is proud of.

BW: It looks like Preston is proud of it too, Gordo.

GM: Let's go to Jason Dane, folks, maybe he can get some answers.

[Dane nods at Gordon and begins.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Eric Preston, the world wants to know, we all want to know-

[Dane can barely even finish.]

EP: The whole world already knows, Jason. You all know the answer. Why'd I come out here, why'd I do that, why'd I piledrive James Monosso and send him back to gutter trash junkie hell?

Because it's why I wake up in the morning, Dane. It's why I came back to the AWA. It's why I hired Chris Blue as my representation. Oh, I'm sure you forgot. I got into a little scuffle with Michaelson, I cursed at Supreme Wright a little bit, but I always kept my eye on the ball. I threw a few diversions at you, at Monosso, and you all forgot I was just lying in the weeds, waiting for the opportune moment.

JD: THIS was the opportune moment? When the man was beaten down, half crippled, having just lost the one thing that kept him going?

EP: Yeah, how about it? This was the EXACT moment I was waiting for.

Lemme see if I can quote some James Monosso for you. Some people quote Vonnegut, Walt Whitman, maybe Shakespeare. I quote Monosso. Heh.

[Preston coughs into his fist and ahem's once or twice, then continues.]

EP: "You guys know the difference between wrestling and fighting? One is for trophies and medals, the other is for survival. This belt IS my survival, and when it goes, I go."

That homeless drug addict said those words RIGHT HERE on this show, directed at me. When he lost that belt, he lost his will to live, to fight, to compete. A very wise man once told me a story, Dane. That there are some people in life who don't want to be here. Who are LOOKING for people to take 'em out.

To kill 'em.

[Preston pauses, allowing the jeers to grow even louder.]

EP: Ever been at a bar and watched some idiot fight all the bouncers 'cause he wanted to drink free? Those are the guys. The guys who get out of their car and throw a fit after a fender bender, the guys who slap the beauty queen on the ass because they know they'll have to fight a bodyguard. The morons who streak at baseball games. All because they know the cops will catch 'em.

They don't wanna live, Dane. They wanna be put out of their misery. But people like that? They live their whole life on the edge, all they know is fighting and survival. So those people, the fools who steal the dumptrucks and drive 'em on the interstate, the broken down cripples who wrestle even though every doctor from here to the Philippines would tell 'em no? They're the hardest to kill of all.

[Preston wipes his faces with the green Monosso t-shirt, and then under his chin.]

EP: That's you, Monosso. You're the hardest kill of all. And believe me, when I started wrestling here in January 2010, I wasn't the kind of guy who could take out one of those people. I wasn't the kind of guy to stare down a maniac and choke him out, I wasn't the kind of guy to beat the devil at his own game. I wasn't a killer when I came here, Monosso, but you MADE ME ONE!

You FORCED me to become what I am today, and buddy, what I am today is the son of a bitch who just put you in traction. I didn't WANT to beat you for the title, I wanted to attack you after you lost it, just so I could be the one to send you back to the asylum. All the money you put away is going to the doctor's now, pal, all the savings you thought you had is gonna be spent teaching you how to walk again.

I hope it was worth it, James, I hope using me as your door mat was worth all the time and effort it's gonna take to get your dead raggedy ass out of that hospital bed, so they can drill into your neck and put that halo into place. Send me a postcard so I can frame it, if you ever figure out where the hell you are or remember what your name is.

And this-

[Preston holds up the green shirt to the camera, and unfurls it.]

EP: -this is mine now. Because I own you, James. This is Property of Preston. Just like your worthless, God forsaken, abomination of a career, and just like your nameless, faceless, soup shelter life. I own 'em. And I ended 'em. Welcome BACK to Hell, Monosso.

I kept your seat warm.

[Preston flashes a toothy grin at the camera, a sick and twisted expression if there ever was one as the boos continue to pour down on him from all around the Cajundome...]

...and we fade to black.]

Tentative Heat Wave schedule

June 15 - Non-Televised Event - Mobile Civic Center - Mobile, Alabama
June 22 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Donald Tucker Center - Tallahassee, Florida

The Aces vs Juan Vasquez/Stevie Scott
Terry Shane III vs Yuma Weaver
In action: The Rave, The Blonde Bombers

June 29 - Non-Televised Event - Charlotte, North Carolina
June 30 - Non-Televised Event - Greensboro, North Carolina
July 4 - Opportunity Knocks - Russ Chandler Stadium - Atlanta, Georgia
July 6 - Non-Televised Event - Richmond, Virginia

July 13 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Louisville, Kentucky
July 27 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Tupelo, Mississippi
August 3 - Non-Televised Event - Nashville, Tennessee
August 10 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Memphis, Tennessee
August 24 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Kansas City, Missouri
September 2 - WKIK Special Event - St. Louis, Missouri
September 14 - AWA Homecoming - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas