

AWA Saturday Night Wrestling

**FedEx Park
Memphis, Tennessee
August 10th, 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 Glenn Hudson pinning Dave Bryant's shoulders to the mat with a sunset flip type hold before cutting to the Blonde

Bombers winning the World Tag Team Titles at the Stampede Cup with the springboard flying clothesline.

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

...and EXPLODES into the panning live shot of FedEx Park in Memphis, Tennessee while a bright red, white, and blue "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" logo appears on the screen.]

GM: We are LIVE in FedEx Park in Memphis, Tennessee for another jam-packed edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all of the stars in the AWA galaxy!

[The graphic fades as we take a look at the minor league baseball stadium that has been equipped, on this night, to hold the best professional wrestling action in the world. The shot cuts to a panning shot of the ringside area where we can see that steel chairs are set up all over the field, 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 sea of chairs in the outfield are several temporary bleachers brought in to increase the capacity of the smallish stadium. Beyond the chairs everywhere else are the permanent stadium seats that are just as full as the on-field seating is.

We can see no sign of the elevated entrance ramp but we do catch a glimpse of a small raised interview platform near one of the dugouts just before a fade back 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 yellow 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: We are less than a month away from Labor Day in St. Louis where the AWA will be going through an UNHOLY WAR! But tonight, here in Memphis, Tennessee... one of the best cities in the world for professional wrestling action, you will see all of the stars in the AWA galaxy as we present the 98th edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! And what a show we have in store for you here tonight, fans. If you missed the news, we have a new World Television Champion in Glenn Hudson...

BW: Not for long, Gordo! 'Cause tonight, the Doctor of Love is ready for him and he will become the first two-time World Television Champion in this miserable sweathole of Memphis!

GM: That match will have NO time limit as well in what could be a very important stipulation. In addition, we know that at Unholy War, we will see the double caged hell known as WarGames but tonight, we're going to get a WarGames preview when we see Supernova take on Rick Marley in one-on-one action in one match and Brian Von Braun meets The Aces' Steven Childes in the other!

BW: The Unholy Alliance is gonna walk all over those twerps in St. Louis but tonight, they just might make it a handicap match, daddy!

GM: We'll see about that. Plus, we'll show you the match that you, the fans, voted as the best match on Saturday Night Wrestling in all of 2012 as we continue to count down the best matches in SNW history all leading up to the historic SNW 100 coming up in Dallas, Texas. But right now, let's head up to the ring for our opening contest!

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

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight's opening contest has a ten minute time limit and is scheduled for one fall. Currently in the ring from Parts Unknown with weight unknown... the team of Doctor Insidious and the Nefarious One!

[The duo, dressed in black, pay no attention to their introduction as they stands in the corner whispering to each other no doubt plotting over-the-top evil acts.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Can't Hold Us" by Macklemore and Ryan Lewis begins to play as a new team come sprinting out of the back.]

PW: Weighing in at a total of four hundred twenty pounds, Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz... the team of...

AIIIIIIR STRIIIIIKE!

[All smiles and sprinting down the aisle, Air Strike slap the hands of all the fans that stick their arms out. Aarons has a well-toned, tanned small size frame with shoulder length brown hair. He is wearing long powder blue tights with a yellow vertical stripe going down the leg; Mertz is a similar size if not a little smaller with short, messy dirty blonde hair. Mertz has on long yellow tights with a powder blue vertical stripe going down each leg.)

BW: Can they send them out any younger, Gordo?

GM: Cody and Michael are Combat Corner graduates, Bucky, and Todd Michaelson has said that the duo has the talent to succeed here in the AWA!

BW: First I would check to see if they even graduated the eighth grade; second, it wouldn't be the first time Todd was wrong, would it?

GM: No, I guess not, but I wouldn't doubt his opinion.

BW: I do... every time I see him put on his second-rate Money Pit!

[Aarons and Mertz circle the ring greeting the fans before sliding into the ring. The Doctor and the Nefarious One waste no time in jumping them before the bell.]

BW: I guess they skipped over the pay attention to your opponents' class at the Combat Corner.

GM: Doctor Insidious and the Nefarious One are also newcomers here to AWA and they look to make an immediately impression here as well.

BW: Yeah an impression with their boots on these poor kids' skulls.

[Mertz and Aarons cover up as the "evil" duo rain down kicks on the two as the referee tries to regain some order. The Doctor and Nefarious pick up Air Strike by their hair.]

GM: And now the Doctor and the Nefarious One whip, NO! Reversed by both men!

[Air Strike whips the duo into the ropes and both men rebound back to synchronized dropkicks sending them down to the mat.]

GM: Impressive dropkicks from Air Strike!

[The youthful tag team immediately follows that up with both men going off the ropes opposite for each other and crashing down on their masked opponents with synchronized senton splashes!]

GM: Ohh! A double backsplash out of Air Strike! And these two men are really showing off their tag team expertise in there, Bucky.

BW: They're working pretty well together for sure.

[Scrambling back to their feet, Mertz and Aarons jump up in tandem, each dropping a leg across the chests of their opponents. The Nefarious One rolls out to the floor, leaving only Doctor Insidious inside the ring.]

BW: Finally, the referee's getting some control over this match. Get one of these punks out of there, ref. They've been blatantly doubleteaming, Gordo, and I don't hear you mentioning a word about it.

GM: Hey, this thing all started with an attack before the bell so I think these two masked guys are getting what they had coming to them after that.

[The ref leads Mertz to the corner, leaving Aarons inside the ring with the Doctor. He pulls the Doctor up by the mask to an upright position, lifting him into the air and dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop before dashing to the ropes, bouncing back...

...and drops Doctor Insidious with a leaping high knee to the jaw!]

GM: Oh my! That knee connects with Doctor Insidious' chin... what tremendous leaping ability!

[Aaron moves to the corner, making the tag to his partner who hurls himself up to the top rope, watching as the masked man stumbles back to his feet...

...and leaps off the top, flipping in a somersault to crash down onto a surprised Nefarious!]

GM: Big flipping dive off the top! And these fans really are getting behind these youngsters early on in this one.

BW: That was an impressive move, Gordo. Know anything about this kid?

GM: Cody Mertz is from El Paso, Texas and came into the Combat Corner already having an impressive array of training in lucha libre style. Now he's looking to incorporate it here in the AWA.

[With Mertz getting back to his feet, the Nefarious One rushes in for a sneak attack but the youngster turns quickly, leaping up to grab the masked man's head with his legs, snapping him down to the mat with a hurrcanrana!]

GM: OH MY!! A beautiful headscissor takedown by Mertz and there's a page of that lucha libre style that I was talking about!

BW: You gotta be kidding me, Gordo. That move is called a hurracanrana and you wouldn't know lucha libre style if a Tijuana stripper fell out of the sky and gave you a pescado!

[The Nefarious One scrambles back to his feet but his interference brings Aarons back into the ring, leaping up to connect with a flying forearm that knocks the masked man back out to the floor.]

GM: Michael Aarons comes in to protect his partner, showing off that leaping ability again as he sends one of their opponents back outside of the ring. Excellent teamwork so far out of these two young men.

BW: What you call great teamwork, Gordo, most people call an obvious and flagrant violation of the rules!

[Aarons moves back to Cody Mertz' side as they pull Doctor Insidious back to his feet, whipping him hard into the corner. As the Doctor comes staggering back out, Aarons bounces off one side of the ring as his partner hits the opposite ropes...]

GM: Doubleteam on the way!

[Aaron goes low with a rolling chopblock to the back of both legs as Mertz goes high, connecting with a leaping shoulder tackle on a stunned Doctor!]

BW: Impressive doubleteam. Illegal but impressive.

GM: Right you are, Bucky. And the not-so-good Doctor might be out after a double team move like that.

(Aarons rushes back over to Mertz and they pick up the Doctor and whips him hard into the corner. As the Doctor comes staggering out Aarons bounces off one side of the ring ropes and Mertz the other and Aarons goes low with a chop block right as Mertz comes high with a leaping shoulder tackle taking the Doctor out.)

BW: Another impressive, if not illegal, move by this team.

GM: Right you are Bucky, the good Doctor might be out after a double team move like that!

[With the Doctor down, Aarons and Mertz play up to the crowd, clapping and getting the cheers going. They point to opposite turnbuckles before heading in that direction, each leaping to the top rope in one fluid motion.]

GM: What is this going to be?

[They exchange a point at one another, pointing down at their opponent as well before leaping off in tandem, soaring through the air, and driving elbows down into the chest of the masked man!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Aarons rolls out to the floor, leaving Mertz to cover the downed Doctor Nefarious as the referee drops down to the mat.]

GM: Mertz with the cover and I believe this one is academic, folks!

[The referee slaps the mat three times and signals the timekeeper.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Tremendous high-flying teamwork from this young team, Air Strike, as they pick up the win here today in their SNW debut, making short work of Doctor Insidious and the Nefarious One.

[The duo slide out of the ring, clearly excited over their performance. Once again slapping every outstretched hand they can reach, they make their way over to Jason Dane at the interview area.]

JD: Impressive win, gentlemen, and welcome to the AWA!

CM: Thanks Jason, it is truly an honor and a privilege to be standing here talking to you and all these great fans out here tonight!

[Mertz catches his breath as he soaks in the cheers from the crowd. Smiling, he continues.]

CM: This is a dream, an absolute dream. As a kid practically living out of a run-down gym to being here in the AWA, the greatest thing going today.

[Cody laughs not being able to find the words to continue. Dane turns to Aarons.]

JD: Michael Aarons?

MA: Jay, Cody over here got it right. But just know that Air Strike isn't going to rest simply on the honor of making it. The Combat Corner, Todd Michaelson, and ourselves; that right there is a lot of people to prove right about us.

[Smirking, Aarons pausing for a moment looking at the crowd, then Mertz, and then back at Dane.]

MA: And make no mistake, Air Strike, they have the tools –

[Aarons flexes his biceps getting a small pop from the female members of the audience.]

MA: - they have the talent –

[Aarons and Mertz exchange a high five.]

MA: - and we have the training only the Combat Corner can provide.

[Leaning in, Mertz takes over.]

CM: We've seen the success stories and we've heard our fair share about the failures. We think–

[Mertz looks over at Aarons who shakes his head.]

CM: WE KNOW we have what it takes to make it here in the AWA!

[Aarons steps in again.]

MA: Because with Air Strike what you have is the high flying, death-defying, awe inspiring, always rising team of the future. And the future?

CM: IS NOW!

[Again the duo exchange high fives as they run off to the back.]

JD: Air Strike debuts in impressive fashion and they believe they've got what it takes to go all the way to the top of one of the most impressive tag team divisions ever put together in professional wrestling! Right now, let's go backstage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with a special guest! Mark?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the former owner of the Empire Wrestling Council, Chris Blue. Blue is clad in a road grey Dodgers jersey and black jeans.]

MS: Thanks, Jason. Standing next to me at this time is the man who pulled what appeared to be a major coup two weeks ago when he manipulated the Bishop Boys into-

[Blue interrupts.]

CB: Manipulated? You think I pulled some kind of an illusion... some sort of trickery to convince Cletus Lee and Duane Henry to dump that albatross hanging around their necks, kick him to the curb, and move on to the next phase of their careers?

MS: What exactly IS the next phase of their careers? Can we assume they are now a part of your... whatever you want to call it.

[A smirk.]

CB: My organization's name is of no concern to you, Mr. Stegglet. But it's mere existence should be of great concern to everyone associated with this company.

My organization is carved out of rage... out of a quest for something more. You take William Craven. Discarded by promoters for years who did not understand him.. who did not appreciate him...

[Stegglet speaks up.]

MS: Including yourself?

[Blue throws a cold glare at the younger Stegglet.]

CB: Hold your tongue, Mr. Stegglet, or my Dragon just might come and hold it for you. You can try all you like to sow dissension between myself and my Dragon but our past is exactly that. It's over. Now, we look to a future together where we stand atop the wrestling world as we once should have. His rage at being ignored... at being held back... at being pushed aside... his rage drives him.

You take Eric Preston. The former golden boy of the AWA who was treated like anything but. The man who was fed to a maniacal lion... a savage monster who wanted nothing but to end Eric's career. He was served up on a silver platter to a beast for the sake of ratings points and advertiser dollars. You broke Eric Preston... but I helped put him back together and served him right back to you in spades.

[A chuckle.]

CB: And now you take the Bishop Boys. The greatest tag team in AWA history bar none... and perhaps one of the greatest tag teams in the history

of our sport. They should be put upon a pedestal. They should be honored, glorified, put into the pages of wrestling history. They should've been promoted as the next coming of legendary tag teams like the Outlaws... like the Fraternity Boys... like the Epitome Of Cool... but instead, they were pushed down the ladder because they weren't worthy of being put on a poster. They were shoved aside because they couldn't sell a set of toys that this company mindlessly shills to little children.

They were treated like mindless fools who could only be led into battle by a TRUE mindless fool.

[A shake of the head.]

CB: But now? Now they stand united with me... with Eric... with my Dragon. They stand united as an army... a force of will... a sword of rage that shall cut through any who stand in opposition to us.

We stand alone in a sea of chaos. Unholy forces battle the warriors of popularity. Royal unions stand golden with few to challenge their glory. Bullies, brothers, and freakish servants to twisted masters. The threat of wisdom hanging constantly overhead like the Sword of Damocles.

[Blue raises a lone finger.]

CB: And then there's us. No loyalties except to one another. No loyalties except to our own cause. When the war comes, you will need allies... all of you.

[A twisted grin.]

CB: And we'll be waiting. Waiting with our arms wide open... with our hands outstretched. What will it take, Mr. Stegglet?

MS: Huh?

CB: What will it take to win my loyalty... OUR loyalty?

[Blue smiles again.]

CB: Will it be money? Will it be titles? Will it be glory?

[A chuckle.]

CB: Will it be power? Pure, unadulterated power. We stand on the cusp of a moment that changes everything, Mr. Stegglet. And with the addition of MY Bishop Boys, we stand ready for war.

We're ready... are you?

[Blue turns slightly, revealing a dog-eared copy of "A Game Of Thrones" under his arm.]

CB: The hype machine will have you believe that on Labor Day, we will see the end of a war.

[A shake of the head.]

CB: We have not yet begun to fight, Mr. Stegglet.

[The camera holds on Blue's cold eyes for several moments, zooming closer and closer...

...until we fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and fade back up to live action where Phil Watson is standing by in the ring with Allen Allen.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. In the ring with me right now, hailing from Jacksonville, Florida and weighing in at 207 pounds, Allen... AAALLLENNN!!!

[At the introduction, Allen arrogantly flicks his shoulder-length blond hair, to jeers from the FedEx Park crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play over the arena speakers. Ten seconds in, an athletically-built man, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black singlet, with bright green bands down the side, and the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. In addition, he has on black knee pads and black laceless boots.]

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

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

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

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

CALLUM MAAAHONEEY!!!

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

GM: Callum Mahoney is about to make his official televised wrestling debut right here and now against Allen Allen.

"DING! DING!"

[Both men approach each other, circling one another, before locking up in a collar-and-elbow tie-up. Mahoney comes up on top, locking in a side headlock, then transitioning into an arm twist...]

GM: Mahoney goes right after the arm... he's got quite the submission background...

[Holding the wrist, Mahoney lays in some clubbing forearms to the left shoulder, forcing Allen down to his knees.]

GM: One of the hardest hitting guys we've ever seen, going right to work on... uh oh!

[Mahoney sticks his fingers into Allen's mouth, pulling his head backwards before SMASHING his elbow down across the bridge of the nose, knocking Allen facefirst down to the mat.]

GM: That fish hook was blatantly illegal, Bucky.

BW: The referee's warning him for it... but I don't think he cares.

[Taking a knee on the mat, Mahoney grabs a handful of hair and smashes a closed fist between the eyes of his opponent.]

GM: Right off the fighting fair circuits in the United Kingdom, Callum Mahoney is as tough-as-nails and just loves to get in there to scrap with someone.

BW: Now that we've had the time to do some research, I've heard he's one of the toughest guys coming out of Europe.

GM: He used a handful of hair there before that right hand as well. No stranger to bending the rules.

BW: I honestly can't decide whether or not I like this guy.

[Pulling Allen off the mat, Mahoney slams him down in the center of the ring. He gives a hard stomp to the gut, forcing Allen into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! A brutal kick, right in the base of the spine, out of Mahoney!

[Pulling Allen back up, he takes him over in an ugly-looking snapmare that seems to use more of the hair than any kind of leverage. The carny brawler races to the ropes, rebounding back...]

...and LAYS IN a devastating clothesline on a dazed Allen as he tries to get back up!]

GM: OHHH! Big, hard shot out of Mahoney!

[Mahoney slides under the bottom rope, out of the ring. He reaches in for Allen's left arm, dragging him closer to the apron. Mahoney yanks Allen's arm up and smashes it back down onto the ring apron.]

GM: Mahoney's using the ring as a weapon!

BW: What a jolt that's gotta send through your arm! He should do that a half dozen more times and then I might decide for sure that I like him.

[Stretching out Allen's arm, Mahoney delivers another clubbing forearm across the bicep before rolling back into the ring.]

GM: Mahoney's back in, grabs the wrist...

[Again, he stretches out the arm before stomping the shoulder several times. Using the limb, he pulls Allen back up to his feet, ducking into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Mahoney's got him up... walking around the ring with him...

[Heading into the corner, Mahoney shoves Allen over his head, dropping him shoulderfirst onto the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Down on the arm and shoulder again.

BW: Mahoney's like a bulldog in there. He wants that arm and he's gonna do whatever it takes to snap that arm right off.

[Clutching his arm, Allen rolls out of the corner just before Mahoney drops a big elbow down across the shoulderblades. He flips Allen to his back, grinding his forearm bone across Allen's cheek as he attempts the first cover of the match, earning a two count before Allen kicks out.]

GM: Allen's out at two.

BW: But Allen really had to dig deep to lift that left shoulder off the mat.

[Getting back to his feet, Mahoney lays in a big kick across the shoulderblades to some jeers from the crowd.]

BW: I think that was more a show of disrespect than any attempt to hurt him.

[The referee raises his arms, stepping in to warn him. Again, a handful of "FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!" chants breaks out.]

GM: You can hear some chants of support for Callum Mahoney. Apparently you're not the only one who can't decide how they feel about this Irishman, Bucky.

[Using the hair, Mahoney ignores the official as he hauls Allen Allen to his feet, smashing an elbow across the shoulder, knocking him back into the ropes.]

GM: Mahoney grabs the wrist and... ohh! Short-arm clothesline out of Mahoney takes Allen down hard!

[With Allen down on the mat, Mahoney does some kind of an arm signal that looks like him grabbing something with both hands.]

GM: He's calling for the armbar!

[But rather than go for the armbar, Mahoney pulls Allen up to his feet by the hair and headbutts him right in the eyesocket, sending Allen staggering back and down to a knee...

...where a brutal front kick to the mush knocks Allen down to the mat!]

GM: Good grief!

[He walks over to the downed Allen, dropping a heavy knee across the sternum, earning another two count. Mahoney grabs a handful of hair, smashing his fist repeatedly into the eyesocket of Allen before climbing back up, dragging Allen up with him...]

GM: Callum Mahoney brings Allen up and-

[Allen uncorks a right hand, snapping off a series of blows that forces Mahoney back into the corner.]

GM: Mahoney gets knocked back to the buckles... Allen Allen looking for a whip...

[Grabbing Mahoney by the wrist, Allen looks for a big Irish whip...

...but as he pulls Mahoney from the corner, the Irishman holds his ground, leaping up to scissor the arm between his legs and drags Allen down to the mat!]

GM: ARMBAR! ARMBAR!

[Allen hangs on for a few seconds but wastes very little time screaming out a submission to the referee who signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It doesn't take long for Allen Allen to give up on that.

BW: Give up the match or give up your arm - plain and simple! Mahoney would've snapped that arm if Allen hadn't given up, Gordo.

[Mahoney hangs on to the armbar for a few extra seconds before climbing to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his arm.]

PW: Here is your winner by way of submission...

CALLUM MAAAAHOOOOONEY!!!

[The Pogues' "The Rocky Road to Dublin" starts to play, as Mahoney slides out of the ring. He backs up the aisle, arms raised, to a mixed reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Like him or hate him, Callum Mahoney was nothing but dominant in his television debut.

[Mahoney addresses a camera directly and we can just hear him say, "Guess I'm here to stay, baby!"]

GM: Mahoney scores an impressive submission victory with that very dangerous armbar and you could not have written a better debut in a Hollywood writing room. Fans, let's go backstage right now where I'm told Jason Dane is standing by. Jason?

[We crossfade to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing in between the two full-bodysuited flying insects known as The Hive. Bumble Bee is buzzing excitedly as he exchanges chest slaps with Yellow Jacket.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon! As you can see, I've been joined with the most popular pair of flying insects since...

[Dane pauses, almost as if he can't figure out where he was going with that.]

JD: ...uhhh, The Hive, ladies and gentlemen! Guys, you've gotta be impressed with all the new tag teams making their way to the AWA - teams like Air Strike, like The Young Bloods, like Dichotomy. The AWA's tag team division is hotter than ever!

[Bumble Bee turns towards the camera, gesturing wildly.]

BB: BZZZ! BZZ BZZZZ BZZ BZZZZBZZZ BZZ BZZZZZZZZ!

[Dane pauses as Bumble Bee claps him on the back. He shakes his head, turning to Yellow Jacket.]

JD: Yellow Jacket, what will it take for you two to get a shot at the World Tag Team Titles?

[Yellow Jacket excitedly nods.]

YJ: BZZZZZ BZZZ BZZZ! BZZ BZZZ BZZZ BZZZZZ BZZZZ!

[Dane shakes his head again, throwing up his hands at the camera.]

JD: I'm not sure why I even bother. Fans, let's-

"Worry not, young Dane!"

[Dane looks off-camera and then exhales sharply.]

JD: Oh good. A translator.

[The camera pans over to reveal "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno stepping into view. He's wearing a t-shirt that says "SMARTER THAN" with an arrow pointing to his left... which just happens to be where BC Da Mastah MC is standing.]

MI: Jason Dane, allow me to introduce myself.

JD: I know who-

MI: My name is Mr. Mensa...
I'm the World's Smartest Man!
And if anyone can speak this bee's buzz.
Surely, I can!

[Dane pauses, waiting for more poetry as Imbrogno stands at the ready.]

JD: Is that it?

[Imbrogno sighs, gesturing to his left...]

BC: Yo! My main man Manny I's the studious sort.

[Manny's eyes go wide, surprised B.C. would use that word.]

BC: He's the smartest man in this sport.
He's spent years, studyin' bees
And when it comes to hangin' with them, it's betta' him than me.

[BC shudders, but no one notices.]

BC: So step off a bit, J to the D
Let's hear what these dudes have to say, through my man Manny.
The folks at home, they deserve to know
Just what's up behind the Hive's mysterious flow!

JD: What has gotten into this place tonight? Gentlemen, is there a reason that all of you are here right now?

[Bumble Bee buzzes wildly, gesturing at Imbrogno.]

BB: BZZZ! BZZZ! BZZ! BZZ! BZZZZZ!

[Imbrogno's jaw drops, covering his mouth.]

MI: How dare you! You insolent buzzing twit! I did no such thing to your estranged Queen, the lady of my heart!

[Bumble Bee steps closer, gesturing with both arms this time as he continues to buzz loudly.]

BB: BZZZZZZZZZ! BZZZZZZZZZ! BZZZ! BZZ BZZZZ BZZZZZZZ!

[Imbrogno steps back, reaches back...

...and SLAPS the masked man across the face with a left backhand!]

MI: With words like that, I can only give one response...

[Imbrogno takes a deep breath.]

MI: Your words are harsh, your tone is fierce...
Our friendship torn asunder.
But to issue a challenge to a team like ours...
Is your greatest blunder!

In two weeks, we will see you...
Inside that wrestling ring.
And when it's all said and done...
My partner shall stand and sing!

[BC nods his head, oblivious to the "fat lady" crack from his own partner.]

MI: We will clash like titans...
We will battle in the fiercest of wars.
And when that sweet bell sings its song.
Victory is ours!

[Imbrogno pauses, turning to BC. BC is still nodding. Imbrogno clears his throat, gesturing with his head at the bees.]

BC: Sup?

[Imbrogno's eyes get bigger, gesturing stronger with his head at The Hive again. BC looks puzzled.]

BC: Hey, ya neck hurt?

[Mr. Mensa sighs, turning to walk away. BC finally snaps his fingers with a "ohhhhhh!" The Hive, not thinking BC a threat, huddle over as Yellow Jacket examines Bumble Bee's cheek after that hard slap.]

BC: Yo J-Dizzle!

JD: Yes?

BC: I just realized somethin', my man.

JD: What's up?

[BC shudders again, his eyes growing wide.]

BC: I'm allergic to bees!

[With that said, BC quickly lunges forward, slapping Yellow Jacket hard on the shoulder blades, sending him crashing into his partner. BC makes his way back towards Dane, who hands him the mic.]

BC: Ya see, my friends, there's a lot on the line.
In two weeks, it'll be BCIQ's time to shine.
Y'all will try to get us with ya little stinger.
But in the end, it'll be BCIQ puttin' ya through the ringer.

YO! YO! YO! YO! YO! GO! GO! GO! GO! GO!

[With that, BC quickly turns, handing Dane the microphone before walking off screen. Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee look on in disbelief, then make their way to their feet, buzzing angrily in BCIQ's general direction.]

JD: You heard it, fans! Everyone's lost their minds here, but it'll be The Hive taking on BCIQ right here in two weeks' time as the AWA's tag team division continues to get hotter than ever!

[We crossfade back down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are sitting.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. The AWA's tag team division is hotter than ever and that might just be an understatement. We've got more tag team action coming later tonight but when you talk about hot, the AWA's annual Heat Wave tour is in full swing as we get closer to Labor Day and the end of the tour. But that hasn't stopped the action from being red hot wherever we've gone. Right now, we're going to roll some footage from one of those events that took place in Nashville, Tennessee...

[We clip to Nashville, Tennessee at a non televised event. A small crowd surrounds the ring as The South Philly Phighter is mounted upon a silver masked man... Futurestar.]

GM: We are watching footage, folks, of one of our non televised events we hold throughout the nation. You never know who or what you'll see at your local event. This one in Nashville shocked even us though.

BW: What? That the South Philly Phighter still works here?

[The Phighter steps off as the referee warns him, holding his hands up "I DID NOTHIN!" before blowing a snot rocket on the downed Futurestar.]

BW: Disgusting! Who wears a silver mask?

[The slightly smaller Futurestar, this week appearing to be all of a bit over two hundred pounds pushes himself to his hands and knees, only to get a kick right to the gut. The Phighter steps back and does it again before remounting the masked man with a flurry of more punches.]

GM: The Phighter continued his onslaught and looked to finish this off, but lo and behold...

[The match clips as The Phighter goes for a second rope leg drop... only to miss!]

GM: Futurestar moves out of the way! He dodges what surely would have been the end!

BW: The Phighter is in trouble now, Gordo! That's a broken sphincter for sure!

GM: A broken what?! Would you stop?!

[The Phighter from South Philly holds his tailbone as he gets up, only to be leveled with a dropkick and then a second!]

GM: Futurestar is making a comeback here... and a third dropkick! Cover... no! The Phighter kicks out!

BW: This is going to be world making for one of these guys!

GM: Futurestar with an Irish whip... reversed!

[On the way back Phighter catches him... but is caught!]

GM: Spinning headscissors!

[And he holds on, spinning through and grabbing the arm, taking the Phighter down with a fujiwara style armbar. Planted face first on the mat, Phighter is dazed, Futurestar reaching across, underhooking the arm and putting the South Philly Phighter on his shoulders.]

BW: No way!

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE! FUTURESTAR WINS A MATCH!

[And pops to his feet, jumping up and down in joy!]

GM: And in a match that shocked everyone, Futurestar picked up his first win here in the AWA! A surprising victory and like I said, you just never know what'll happen on a live arena event!

BW: Just ask Terry Shane III.

GM: That's not funny... but it's a situation we'll be addressing later tonight. Fans, you may recall two weeks ago when the AWA President, Karl O'Connor, announced that Terry Shane and Hannibal Carver would be suspended until tonight. In addition, Terry Shane was barred from using the World Title shot that he won in this year's Rumble at Unholy War to boot. But a lot of people want to know why. Later tonight, Jason Dane will answer that very question... but right now, let's head up to the ring for more action!

[Fade to Phil Watson, who is standing in the ring. Pacing back and forth behind him is a short, stocky man in a sweatshirt.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, already in the ring.. from Wheeling, West Virginia. He weighs in tonight at two hundred and forty-three pounds, here is HUGH JENNER!

[A polite pop from the crowd for the greying journeyman wrestler. He raises his arms in the air, showing off his home-made sweater with the name "HUGH" stitched across the front. The sweater has seen better days, seeing as the veteran of twenty-eight years in this sport has worn it on television for almost twenty years now.]

PW: And his opponent..

[Watson sighs as the familiar opening to "Don't Stop Me Now" by Queen starts playing over the PA to a chorus of mostly boos!]

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

[As the pace quickens, Alphonse Green steps out onto the aisleway, looking over the booing crowd.]

PW: From Windermere, Florida.. weighing in at two hundred and four pounds.. here is ALPHONSE GREEN!!

[The camera does catch a small dedicated group of Gang Green members in the crowd, about seven of them this week. They're all wearing the "Mecha Alphonse-Green" T-Shirt, which Alphonse is wearing tonight. Of course, the cheers from the crowd are barely audible, but Green notices, seemingly pointing in their direction. Green makes his way down to the ring, barely acknowledging everyone else. Once he gets to ringside, he hops onto the apron, giving one last look out over the crowd. With his creepy, toothy grin, he steps through the ropes, and lets out an "OOOOOOOOHHHH!!!", and the crowd does not return the favor. Not caring one way or the other, Green removes his T-shirt, and throws it out into the crowd.]

Green is wearing a pair of Kentucky Wildcat blue short tights, and a pair of white kneepads and boots.]

DING DING DING

[Green and Jenner make their way to the center of the ring, circling each other. The crowd roars, as the t-shirt that Green threw into the crowd gets thrown back into the ring. Green doesn't notice it, but referee Davis Warren does, and he quickly removes it from the ring.]

BW: Hey! That's a collector's item! It could have gone for hundreds of dollars on E-Bay!

GM: Somehow, I doubt that. Jenner wants to lock up, but Green is looking for a test of strength, good grief.

[Sure enough, Jenner decides that he wants to engage in a test of strength, only to get greeted with a swift kick to the breadbasket as soon as he raises his hand.]

BW: Ha! You know, if Hughie there didn't fall for that thing so many times, he might have won a match or two already! Jenner's lost to so many guys you can write a Who's Who on who's beaten him!

GM: That's true. Green backing Jenner up in the corner. So many great names and Hall of Famers have likely cut their teeth by sending Jenner home in defeat.

BW: And we could be looking at a future Hall of Famer in that ring right now, Gordo!

[Before Gordon can respond, Green winds up and cracks Jenner across the chest with a chop. He quickly follows it up with a second chop.]

GM: A couple of mean chops by Green there. He's gotta still be in a foul mood after that six man tag match. Speaking of which, I ran into Jenner before the show this evening, and he appeared to have gotten quite an earful from his wife on the telephone.

BW: For years, Jenner had taken his wife and kids to wrestling shows he was on, and every single night he'd be staring at the lights. That had to embarrass them, for sure. They're not even at ringside tonight!

GM: Green winding up, a quick European uppercut sends Jenner slumping into the corner. Jenner's been losing on recent live shows, and his family hasn't been seen on those shows. I did ask Jenner about the phone call, and he pretty much told me "I need one match. That's all I need, and I can finally go home."

[Green drags Jenner out of the corner, and takes him over with a snapmare. Green quickly leaps forward, driving both feet into the back of Jenner's head with a seated dropkick.]

BW: Jenner should call it quits, guy's been everywhere and despite his record, has made good money around the world. Hey Gordo, you know everything, has Jenner even won a match by countout or disqualification?

GM: As far as I know, no. Meanwhile, in the ring, Green is toying with the veteran right now..

[Jenner is trying to make his way to his feet, and Green slaps him on the back of the head. He points at Jenner, a grin on his face, as the crowd boos. He leans over Jenner.]

AG: OOOOOOO...OOOF!

[The crowd cheers as Jenner reaches up, surprising Green on the jaw with a right hand!]

GM: Right hand by Jenner rocks Green, more or less!

BW: As I live and breathe, Jenner got offense in!

[Jenner crawls to his knees, throwing a couple of ineffective punches to Green's midsection. Jenner gets to his feet, and winds up, whiffing completely with a right hand. Green quickly grabs Jenner, putting one hand on his throat. With some effort, he lifts Jenner, sitting out and sending Jenner crashing to the mat!]

GM: MY STARS! We saw that move in that six man tag when he did it to Chris Staley! That's an impressive move by Green, and he could very well have.. oh boy, what now?

[Instead of pinning Jenner, Green quickly pops up, strutting over to the camera. The camera catches him saying "See that strength? Look at these muscles? This is the build of a future Television Champion, baby!". He flexes his arms, and kisses one of his biceps, before strutting backwards. While he was mugging for the camera, Jenner got on his hands and knees. Green doesn't see and falls over Jenner! Jenner quickly hooks Green!]

GM: Whoa! One! Two! Thre.... NO! How close was that, Bucky? The losing streak almost came to an end right there!

[Green quickly regains the advantage, diving at Jenner with a double ax-handle. Green starts raining punches to the back of Jenner's head, then stands up. With a handful of hair, he quickly yanks Jenner to his feet, and whips him into the corner. Green makes his way to the other corner, and looks to be adjusting his hair.]

BW: Not a hair out of place!

[Green notices the camera, and it catches him saying "He didn't muss my hair, good! These movie star looks, this haircut.. that's what a television champion is supposed to look like!"]

GM: Give me a break! If he wants to be the Television champion, he's got to stop with all this taunting! This is not going to work on Glenn Hudson!

[Green turns his attention towards Jenner, and runs to the corner. With a mighty leap, he jumps at Jenner, hoping to crush him with a flying shoulderblock into the corner. However, much to the delight of the crowd, Green finds the turnbuckle!]

GM: Jenner slumped down as Green was coming at him! Green crashes ha.. ROLLUP!

[The crowd starts to chant along with the count, hoping to lead the lovable loser to victory.]

GM: ONE! TWO! THR... NO! Hugh Jenner came within literally a tenth of a second from a monumental upset!

BW: Dang it, Alphonse! Don't throw this all away!

[Jenner, seemingly energized by the crowd's reaction, starts peppering Green with right hands, backing him into the corner.]

GM: Jenner's going to make history tonight! He's got him hooked!

[Jenner reaches under Green's left shoulder, looking like he's getting ready to throw him clear across the ring.]

BW: Does Jenner even know what he's doing? Twenty-eight years, and I don't think he's ever been in this position!

[Sure enough, Jenner doesn't check Green's right arm, who grabs the top rope tight to block whatever it is Jenner is trying to do.]

GM: Green with a block, Jenner can't quite get Green's grip free...

[Green suddenly lets go of the top rope, shoving Jenner in the back of the head, loosening Jenner's grip of Green's left side, sending him towards the center of the ring.]

GM: Green is free.. look out!

[With one quick bound, Green hops up to the second rope. He rebounds towards Jenner, who turns around right as Green's leg cracks Jenner right across the face! Jenner slowly slumps forward, laying face down on the canvas as Green looks down at Jenner.]

BW: GROUND CHUCK! The genuine article, daddy!

GM: In the blink of an instant, Jenner's upset hopes are gone... oh, give me a break.

[Green kneels down, and makes a 'call me' motion towards his ear. The camera picks him up saying: "Have your girls call me! They know my number!" Green rolls Jenner on his back, and puts his foot on his chest. With his arms raised in the air, he yells out "That's how it's done, Hudson! Staley!". Warren slides into position and makes the three count.]

DING DING DING

[Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" plays over the P.A. as Green steps off of Jenner, celebrating his win as the crowd boos.]

PW: Here is your winner.. ALPHONSE GREEN!

GM: Green almost took his eye off the ball and almost was pinned on two occasions, Bucky. He's still as cocky as ever, despite the scare, can you believe that?

BW: It doesn't matter what happens during the match, only when you get your hand raised at the very end, something Hugh Jenner has never had happen.

GM: Davis Warren is checking out Hugh Jenner, who got cracked across the face with that devastating Ground Chuck. Jason Dane's making his way to ringside to get a few words with the victor, Jason?

[Fade to Jason Dane at ringside, waiting for Green to make his way towards him. As soon as Green reaches Dane, he notices Jenner's sweatshirt on the ground. He leans over and picks it up.]

JD: I'm here with Alphonse.. uh, what are you doing?

AG: Hmm..

[Green looks over the stitching on Jenner's sweatshirt.]

AG: This will never sell! Never!

[Green balls up the shirt, and throws it in the crowd. With a cackle, Green walks off camera.]

JD: Uh. Well, I guess Green didn't really want to bother with the interview. At least he didn't..

[As if it was on cue, we can hear Green go "OOOOOOOOHHHHHHH!". Dane rolls his eyes and shakes his head.]

JD: Fans, we've got to take a quick break but when we come back, it'll be Supernova taking on "Showtime" Rick Marley so 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 over at the interview position, Jason Dane is standing by with a familiar duo. "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes stands alongside "Showtime" Rick Marley, and the crowd is showering them with hate (and beverages).

Childes is wearing a light grey suit jacket, white undershirt, and tan tie. His pants match the suit, and the short, squat, bald, goateed manager is twirling his crystal ball-tipped cane in his left hand as Marley stands by. The dark haired cruiserweight is dressed in his wrestling gear - the familiar long legged dark tights with the spotlights running up the legs and his hair back in a ponytail.]

JD: Gentlemen, in just a few moments, it will be Rick Marley against Supernova in a match ten months in the making. Why now, Percy Childes?

PC: Why indeed. On the last Saturday Night Wrestling, I attempted to reason with Supernova. I detest and abhor hypocrisy, Jason Dane. But I am also honest. While Supernova has done some mildly hypocritical things, as all men do, he's not shown himself to be a raging two-faced betrayer as his partners have. And so I gave him the benefit of the doubt. But Rick Marley and myself had a discussion, and we realized that, on the surface, he was only joining this gaggle of miscreants in order to finally face Rick Marley. That, we could accommodate.

JD: On the surface? What are you implying?

PC: Simply this: tonight, Supernova has the opportunity he claims that he wanted. He can face Rick Marley one on one. We've shown that we're not afraid to face him on even terms. But, Supernova, is that REALLY what you want? Or did you want to face Rick Marley with allies at your back? Did you want the likes of Scott, Vasquez, Von Braun, and Kinsey just in case Mr. Marley does to you what he has done to so many? I tell you honestly, if you withdraw from War Games, we'll give you this one on one opportunity and more, if that is really what you want.

[Marley interrupts, shaking his head.]

RM: But that's not what he wants, and you know it, Jason Dane. Supernova's not a wrestler... he's a cartoon character: pre-packaged and painted up like the two bit whore that he is. Presented in easily digestible form for the twelve year old set. He has as little depth as he has talent.

JD: That's over the line! Supernova is one of the top wrestlers in this company. You've been antagonizing him for a year now without ever granting him a match. You came out and ran down Luke Kinsey and haven't stepped into the ring with him.

Do you worry that you're writing checks with your mouth that you can't cash, Rick Marley?

[Marley laughs, shaking his head]

RM: If that's the case, then this company's in pretty dire trouble. Ever since I offered my perspective on how people are afforded opportunities in this company, I became a persona non grata... and what was my big crime?

I told the truth... and the truth hurts.

For over a year after that do you know how many pre-announced matches that I was in?

Two.

And one was a tag team match that I was invited to participate in based entirely on the fact that I was here when the doors opened. And during that entire time, I tried to get past it. I came out here and was the same sort of whore that Supernova is now... the same type that Kinsey's trying to be at the cost of his relationship with his kid... I smiled wide, I said that I was sorry and I blamed myself for everything that happened. And the fans bought it... every word. I kept saying it while they cheered for James Monosso... a man that ended my father's wrestling career... a guy that they were all about me trying to stop when I first came back to the AWA.

They bought it and cheered while I choked on it. *I* knew that I wasn't wrong, and the fact that the only way that they'd look at me like one of the "good guys" was for me to lie to them told me EVERYTHING that I needed to know. Because I'm a lot of things, Jason Dane, but I'm no liar.

I'm the one guy in this company that's willing to tell the people out there the truth, whether they want to hear it or not.

So when I tell you that I'm better than Supernova?

Bet on it... and when I tell you that Supernova's doing all of this for attention?

Take it to the bank.

[Marley glares at Jason Dane for a moment before Percy steps in.]

PC: At WarGames, Dane, the Unholy Alliance will put to rest any doubts of our strength. Any questions of who the dominant force in the AWA is will vanish like vapor in the wind. There are many groups and associations in the AWA, some of whom we respect, others not. We have been here before all of them, and will remain standing long after they are gone. Come Labor Day, they will all know that the Unholy Alliance is synonymous with the AWA. And right here and now, this man to my left will show Supernova just how far over his head he really is!

[As Childes and Marley turn to head towards the entranceway, we crossfade to Phil Watson.]

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

[The sounds of Motley Crue's "Saints Of Los Angeles" plays over the PA system as Percy and Marley continue their walk down the aisle.]

PW: From Allentown, Pennsylvania... weighing in at 215 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by Percy Childes... representing the Unholy Alliance...

"SHOWTIME" RIIIIIIICK MAAAAARRRRRLEYYYYY!

[Marley reaches the ring, tugging on the ropes to climb up on the apron as Percy uses the ringsteps to do the same.]

GM: Rick Marley is ready for battle... but what about Supernova? We caught up with him moments ago so let's see what kind of state of mind he's in before this big grudge match.

[We cut backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing in front of an AWA backdrop. Standing next to him is Supernova, who is dressed in his wrestling attire.]

MS: Supernova, you will soon step into the ring to face Rick Marley one on one for the first time since his betrayal of you and Sultan Azam Sharif at SuperClash IV. I know you have been anxious to get him in the ring -- but what about what Percy Childes had to say? He seems to think that you only wanted this one-on-one confrontation now that you have backup.

S: You know, Mark, Percy Childes is a real comedian, kind of like what Rick Marley thinks he is. See, I had been daring Marley to get into the ring with me and he spent his time wrestling midgets and playing dress-up! Meanwhile, we all know the type of guy that Childes is -- he's the one that kept trying to find every wrestler he could to back up Nenshou because he wasn't confident enough in Nenshou's ability to get the job done against guys like James Monosso! So I don't think Childes should be the one

lecturing me about what conditions I want a one-on-one match to take place.

But as far as me pulling out of WarGames...

[A slight laugh.]

S: You'd like that, wouldn't you, Childes? Because, deep down, you remember that Tower of Doom match some time ago, a match just as dangerous as WarGames and a match in which I let loose on anyone in my path and never had to worry about staying in control. And, deep down, Childes, you are scared to death of what that means for WarGames, aren't you? It's the last place you want a guy who freely admits he's crazy in the head to be allowed to cut loose, isn't it?

MS: What about Marley... he seems quite confident that he will come out on top in tonight's match.

S: Hey, I'm not gonna say Marley would be anything less than confident... but what makes me chuckle a bit is how he says he tells everyone the truth. Well, Marley, if you want to play telling the truth, then I'm more than willing to play along.

Here's the truth, Marley: You were the one who decided to put the knife in my back and let Royalty walk out of a match with their hands raised. You were the one who decided to bring in a midget for an opponent when all you had to do was put up a contract and tell me to sign it. You were the one who decided to do your best impersonation of me, as if you were auditioning for a spot on Saturday Night Live. And you were the one who decided to cast your lot with Percy Childes, the man who everyone knows is more interested in Nenshou's title aspirations than any aspirations you have.

And we all know the truth hurts, right, Marley? So I take it you're feeling quite a bit of pain right now.

But believe me, you're gonna feel a lot more than pain tonight.

[He flexes his arms in front of his chest and grimaces, before shouting.]

S: YOU'RE GONNA FEEL THE HEAT, RICK MARLEY!

[With that, Supernova departs as we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening riffs of "Seek and Destroy" by Metallica kick in over the PA system, causing the crowd to stir. As the tempo picks up, the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova comes out from the entranceway.]

PW: Introducing, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...

IS...

SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the sides and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. He is also wearing a white vest with a big, fiery yellow sun on the back and the word "Supernova" beneath it in yellow lettering. And most notable is his face paint, black and yellow, resembling a flame.

Oh, and Anton Layton is walking behind him.]

GM: Well, now this just got a little more interesting, Bucky.

BW: Mr. Goody Two Shoes, the Boy Scout himself, Supernova has the Prince of Darkness watching his back out here tonight?!

GM: Supernova may have to stand out here with one eye on his corner at all times. I'm just not sure I would trust Anton Layton... no matter what he says his motivations are.

BW: I'm not sure I'd trust any of these guys. Vasquez, Scott, Kinsey, Von Braun, Layton... they all got shady pasts. The only one who I might trust to watch my back in a fight is this guy, Supernova.

[Supernova slides under the ropes into the ring and instantly gets attacked Rick Marley who stomps him in the back of the head rapidly as the official signals for the bell!]

GM: The bell has sounded and this match is underway even though Rick Marley attacked Supernova before the bell!

[Marley's stomps turn into double axehandles as Supernova climbs to a knee. Those turn to flat out haymakers to the forehead as Supernova gets on his feet.]

GM: Supernova's getting up! Marley's giving it everything he's got and Supernova just keeps on climbing back to his feet!

[A big right hand gets blocked by Supernova who returns fire, throwing two big haymakers of his own before connecting with a backhand blow that sends Marley spiraling away into the ropes.]

GM: The Venice Beach native has turned this thing around in an instant... ohh! Big knife edge chop out of Supernova!

[A second big chop has Marley reeling, clutching at his chest as Supernova grabs an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Marley!

[Marley ducks down, looking for a backdrop but Supernova is ready for it, grabbing a handful of hair, leaping into the air...

...and SMASHING Marley facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! Big faceplant by Supernova!

[The face-painted fan favorite climbs to his feet, giving a howl to the Memphis fans who return the favor.]

GM: Supernova, currently the #10 contender to the AWA World Title, is certainly also among the upper echelon of any Most Popular lists as well, Bucky.

BW: A lot of good it does him. He's gone from the Main Event of SuperClash III to carrying Juan Vasquez' bags to the locker room.

GM: He does no such thing! Supernova is always hovering around the top of the card here in the AWA and you can bet that when his business with Marley and the Unholy Alliance is finished, he just might set his aim on the World Heavyweight Title again.

[Supernova is on the attack as Marley stirs, hammering him back into the corner with a series of big right hands. He steps back, grabbing an arm and flinging Marley hard into the opposite corner...

...and then throws himself back into the buckles!]

GM: He's looking for the Heat Wave!

[The fan favorite breaks into a dash, looking to get a quick victory over his rival...

...but Marley drops down to the mat, rolling out to the floor to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Marley bails out!

BW: Smart move by "Showtime"... and Percy's right there to discuss strategy with him. This can't be the way they expected this match to start off, Gordo.

GM: I'd imagine not.

[A fired-up Supernova stalks around the ring, glaring out at Marley who is huddled up with the Collector of Oddities. The face-painted young lion throws a glance at Anton Layton in his own corner who gestures at Marley, dragging a thumb across his throat...

...which sends Supernova charging towards the ropes, throwing himself over the top, and crashing down onto a stunned Rick Marley. Percy Childe just narrowly avoids getting smashed as he dives out of the way in time!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SUPERNOVA TAKES DOWN MARLEY!!

[Supernova climbs back to his feet, pounding his chest with his fists before letting loose another howl. A quick cut shows a grinning Anton Layton looking on with an approving nod.]

BW: Is it just me or did it look like Supernova was taking orders from Percy Childe there?

GM: I didn't see anything like that.

BW: He did! He looked at Layton, Layton gave him some kind of a signal, and Supernova went over the top onto Marley with that dive!

GM: You could be right but I didn't see it.

[Supernova reaches down, dragging Marley off the mat and shoving him under the ropes into the ring. The fan favorite pulls himself up on the apron, pointing to the corner...]

GM: Supernova's headed up top!

[The Venice Beach native steps one foot on the top rope, giving a howl to the crowd, leaping off the perch...

...and landing RIGHT on the raised knees of Rick Marley!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DOWN ON THE KNEES! HE CRASHED AND BURNED!

[Supernova rolls to his back, clutching his ribcage as Rick Marley rolls to his knees, smirking at the counter. He taps at his temple, looking out to an approving Percy Childe.]

GM: Percy Childe certainly likes what he's seeing after that big-time counter by Rick Marley which very likely saved this match for him. I gotta believe that if Supernova had hit the flying splash off the top, he was going to win this match, fans.

[Marley climbs to his feet and promptly buries a punt kick into the ribs of Supernova, forcing the fan favorite to roll under the ropes to the ring apron. Marley pursues, grabbing the top rope and raining down stomp after stomp after stomp to the ribcage before the official steps in, forcing “Showtime” to step back...

...which allows Childes to slip in, crystal-topped cane in hand, and JAM the end of his cane into the ribcage!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Supernova slumps out to the floor, falling to a knee on the thin mats as Marley applauds his manager's actions. He's all smiles as he steps out on the ring apron, measuring the downed Supernova...]

GM: Double axehandle... DOWN across the back!

[The falling blow knocks Supernova down on the mats as Marley stands over him, looking out at the jeering crowd. A quick cut shows Anton Layton, his face partially hidden behind his white hooded cloak as he watches Marley pull Supernova off the mats, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Marley pulls himself up to the apron...

["Showtime" grabs the top rope with both hands, giving a shout as he catapults himself over the top, crashing down with a splash on the torso of Supernova!]

GM: A slingshot splash connects and that could be all for Supernova!

[Marley reaches back, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Supernova powers out, shoving Marley up and out of the lateral press, sending Marley between the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Whoa! Big show of power out of Supernova who just THREW Marley off of him and down to the floor!

[An embarrassed Marley gets back to his feet, slamming his hands down on the canvas as he shouts at Supernova. Childes can be seen gesturing with his cane at the ring...]

...and then moving several feet to his left as he spots Anton Layton creeping around the corner towards him.]

GM: The blood of Childes... remember? That's what Anton Layton said he wants. He wants the blood of Childes and I'm guessing he'll stop at nothing to get it.

BW: If I was Percy, I don't even think I'd be out here tonight. I would've taken the night off and stayed in the locker room. Heck, I might not have even come to Memphis with that lunatic stalking me.

[Childes waves the cane at Layton, shouting at Marley who steps in his manager's path, protecting him for a grinning Layton's advance.]

BW: I'm not so sure I'd want in there with Layton if I was Marley either.

[Marley points a threatening finger, backing his manager up to a safe distance...

...which allows Supernova to reach through the ropes, hauling Marley up on the apron.]

GM: Supernova caught up with the distracted Marley and-

[Balling up his fist, Marley slams it into the hurting ribcage of Supernova, sending him staggering backwards. Marley quickly steps through the ropes, rushing in to slam a hooking right hand into the ribcage!]

GM: Ohh! Another hard shot to the ribs!

[Grabbing Supernova by the arm, Marley throws him backwards into the turnbuckles. "Showtime" approaches, bringing the knee up into the ribs... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Marley's opening fire on the ribcage!

[Breaking off the attack at the count of four, Marley raises his arms to show the clean break before moving back in, grabbing Supernova by the wrist...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The power behind the whip sends Marley sailing off his feet into the air, slamming backfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHHH!

[Marley stumbles out into the waiting arms of Supernova who scoops Marley off the mat...

...and PRESSES HIM OVERHEAD!]

GM: SUPERNOVA'S GOT HIM UP!!

[Marley reaches down, digging his fingers into the eyes, landing on his feet behind Supernova. As the fan favorite blindly swings around, Marley connects with a boot to the gut, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: LIMELIGHT!

[But as Marley spins, turning his back on his opponent, Supernova shoves him off into the ropes, causing "Showtime" to rebound back, right up into another gorilla press...

...that he holds a lot shorter time this time before throwing Marley down to the mat, bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: Big press slam by Supernova and Marley's in some serious trouble, fans!

[The former fan favorite staggers up to his feet...

...and gets taken over the top rope, crashing down to the thin pads on the floor thanks to a running clothesline out of Supernova!]

GM: SUPERNOVA TAKES HIM OVER THE TOP!!

[Supernova leans against the ropes, breathing heavily as Percy Chides rushes to his charge's side.]

GM: Percy Chides is down there to check on his man... and he looks concerned, Bucky.

BW: Of course he does! Marley had to protect Percy from that madman Layton just a few moments ago. If Marley can't do it, Percy may be at the mercy of a lunatic.

[Anton Layton can be heard shouting to Supernova from his spot on the floor. With a nod, Supernova grabs the top rope, catapulting himself into a dive...

...that comes up empty as Chides shoves Marley out of the way!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The referee instantly signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Yeah! The referee saw that blatant interference and he's called for the disqualification immediately!

[Percy Chides angrily waves his arms, denying any wrongdoing as Marley climbs to his feet.]

PW: Your winner of the match... as a result of a disqualification...

SUUUUPERNOOOOVAAAA!

[Rick Marley angrily pulls Supernova off the floor by the hair, promptly slamming his head into the ring apron before shoving him under the ropes.]

GM: Marley loses this one by disqualification but I don't think he's done with Supernova, fans!

BW: There ain't gonna be any disqualifications inside that double caged hell in St. Louis, Gordo!

GM: There certainly isn't.

[Back in the ring, Marley is stomping the forehead of Supernova over and over again...

...when suddenly Anton Layton pulls himself up on the apron to a big reaction from the Memphis crowd!]

GM: LAYTON'S COMING IN!!

[Seeing Layton stepping through the ropes, Percy Childes wheels around and frantically starts waving his crystal-topped cane.]

BW: Percy's calling for reinforcements!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Nenshou, Tully Brawn, Johnny Detson, and The Aces come jogging into view, coming quickly down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance is headed for the ring and here comes trouble!

[Detson is the first one in, smashing a closed fist into the jaw of Layton who is ready for him, having shrugged off his white cloak to reveal his pasty, chunky physique. Layton fires back, blasting Detson between the eyes with a partially-taped right hand. He spins to his right, catching an incoming Daniel Tyler with a boot to the gut...

...and then HURLS Tyler over the top with a handful of jeans!]

GM: LAYTON TOSSES OUT TYLER AND-

[Tully Brawn throws himself at the torso of Layton, knocking him back into the corner where Rick Marley throws himself, swinging wildly!]

GM: We've got a two-on-one on Layton!

[Nenshou and Steven Childes are going to town on the still-dazed Supernova as well when suddenly...]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, Luke Kinsey, and Brian Von Braun tearing down the aisle towards the ring. Scott slides in, throwing a right hand at an incoming Steven Childes.]

GM: We've got a preview of WarGames breaking down before our very eyes!

[We can see fans on their feet all over FedEx Park as the two WarGames teams have another battle before them.]

GM: The fight is on, fans! These guys can't wait until Unholy War on Labor Day in St. Louis! They can't wait for the double cage hell known as WarGames! They can't wait for-

[A running double clothesline out of Kinsey and Von Braun takes Daniel Tyler over the ropes to the floor. Von Braun slides out to the floor, grabbing Tyler by the arm...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAANG!”

GM: VON BRAUN SENDS TYLER INTO THE STEEL BARRICADE!!

[Von Braun goes on the attack, grabbing a side headlock on Tyler, hammering away with closed fists to the skull as Stevie Scott grabs Johnny Detson by the trunks, hurling him through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: We’ve got chaos breaking loose all around us! Security! We need security out here!

[With the crowd roaring, Steven Childes takes flight by scaling the turnbuckles, flipping off with a somersault onto Von Braun, Tyler, and Detson!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Juan Vasquez flips Nenshou over, throwing him down to the mat with a hiptoss...

...and gets CRACKED on the jaw with a Rick Marley superkick, knocking him out to the floor as Stevie Scott tangles with Tully Brawn near the ropes, trading blows.]

GM: We’ve got a fight on our hands, fans!

[Supernova rolls out to the floor where Luke Kinsey goes sailing over the top rope, crashing down on the thin mats next to him.]

GM: Bodies keep sailing over the ropes, through the ropes, crashing down to the floor!

[Security swarms the ringside area, grabbing hold of everyone within reach!]

GM: We’ve got AWA security out here, trying to restore control of the situation... it’s a brawl all over the-

BW: I’m gettin’ out of here, Gordo!

GM: No you’re not! You stay right where you are!

[A near miss of a right hand by Stevie Scott sends Percy Childes sliding under the ropes into the ring. He looks around with a mixture of joy and panic on his face as he waves his crystal-topped cane at the action.]

GM: Percy’s in the ring, looking for cover and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Anton Layton climbs to his feet in the corner...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: PERCY! PERRRRRCY!

[Layton dips into the pocket of his hooded cloak, pulling the Golden Spike into view as a devilish smile crosses his face. The crowd buzzes with anticipation as Layton moves step by step closer to Percy Childes who continues to shout at his army...]

GM: PERCY CHILDES IS IN TROUBLE! PERCY CHILDES IS- AHHHHH!

[The crowd EXPLODES in a shocked reaction as Anton Layton grabs Childes around the head and neck, forcing him down to his knees on the canvas...

...and SINKING the sharpened Golden Spike into the fleshy forehead of the Collector of Oddities!]

GM: HE'S DRIVING THAT SPIKE INTO THE HEAD OF CHILDES!!

BW: THE BLOOD OF CHILDES!

[Childes' skin splits quickly under the needle-sharp point of the metal spike, leaking a stream of crimson from the wound that quickly pours down his forehead, trickling down his face.]

GM: Layton's busted him wide open! We've never seen this before, fans! Somehow, someway - Percy Childes has ALWAYS avoided getting a physical assault like this and he's bleeding like a stuck pig!

[The blood is quickly pouring down the skull of Childes, dripping from his face down onto his white undershirt, soaking it in the bright crimson as Childes screams in terror as a gleeful Layton cackles, driving the spike in deeper!]

GM: Uggh... I'm not sure I can watch much more of this! I'm no fan of Percy Childes, fans, but this is absolutely horrifying to witness! Anton Layton, the Prince of Darkness, has snapped! He's busted Childes wide open and he's...

BW: Gaah, look at that, Gordo! Look at that!

GM: I can see it... but I wish I couldn't.

[Seeing the bloodbath developing inside the ring, a handful of security breaks off, diving into the ring to swarm the weapon-wielding Layton.]

GM: Layton's covered in blood! Percy's covered in blood! Fans, we've got to go to commercial. We do not want to expose you to this kind of bloodshed if we can avoid... ugh. Go, guys. If you can hear me in the truck, go ahead and cut to commercial.

[As the camera abruptly cuts to a wide shot of the crowd in FedEx Park, we can hear the crowd reacting to the sight unfolding in the ring before we abruptly cut 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 "AUGUST 24th - MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.]

"The AWA steams into Kansas City, Missouri for the very first time for the final Saturday Night Wrestling of the Heat Wave tour where you'll see William Craven in action! Plus, a special appearance by the legendary Hamilton Graham!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "SEPTEMBER 2nd - CHAIFETZ ARENA - ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI"]

"St. Louis, are you ready for an Unholy War?! The 2013 Heat Wave tour comes to an end in the Chaifetz Arena with the big event featuring WarGames! Plus, the World Title AND World Tag Team Titles will be on the line!"

[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 back up on a black screen with red letters shouting "WARNING!" to all viewers. A Jason Dane voiceover begins.]

VO: The footage you are about to see is from a recent AWA live arena event. Hannibal Carver was competing in a match when Terry Shane III and his

Gang decided to interfere. This interference enraged the viewing audience and provoked one of the most serious incidents in AWA history. This footage is only being shown to you, the Saturday Night Wrestling viewing audience, to provide a context for recent decisions made by the AWA front office. Viewer discretion is advised.

[We fade in to the ring to footage marked "LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY - JULY 13th" where a groggy "Jumpin" Johnny Skye is struggling to get to his feet as Hannibal Carver stands behind him, raising his arm to an ovation from the crowd. We're joined in progress by Colt Patterson.]

CP: Skye is on dream street...

[Skye slowly gets back to his feet as Carver goes on the attack.]

JD: Mind Eraser! Skye has been knocked out cold! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!! Carver has this won!

[Carver stands up, hands raised high in victory... but his celebration is to be short lived.]

CP: Shane Gang! Carver isn't even aware they're out here!

[Using the advantage of surprise, the Ring Workers quickly hit the ring, attacking Hannibal from behind.]

JD: Anderson and Strong are in the ring, working over Carver. Fans, Hannibal Carver still has to be winded from just wrestling a full match... he's not offering much in the way of defense!

[Strong quickly whips Carver to the ropes, as Anderson climbs up the corner.]

JD: Drop toehold by Strong... and Anderson comes down HARD with a flying legdrop! Right to the back of the head!

[The fans are absolutely INCENSED as Terry Shane III strolls down to ringside, and slowly rolls into the ring under the bottom rope as the Ring Workers exit to take a defensive stance next to "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White at ringside.]

JD: Terry Shane III joining the carnage in the ring now, but I don't believe there's much left- of all the despicable... he's slapped on his signature submission, No Escape, on Carver with the damage already having been done by Anderson and Strong!

[Suddenly, the crowd's hate is halted by cheers as Kenny Doll, Alex Worthy, The Sicilian Stud, Futurestar and Albert Showens run down towards the ring.]

JD: A group of wrestlers have come from the back, no doubt to break up this disgusting scene... but they're no match for the Shane Gang! Anderson,

Strong and White having very little trouble keeping them at bay and fighting them back!

[BIG boos as Terry continues to crank on the hold on a by-now unconscious Carver, as outside the Shane Gang have now successfully fought the cavalry back to the locker room area.]

JD: This is absolutely disgusting, fans! Hannibal Carver is very clearly out cold, but even THAT isn't enough to get Shane to relent with the No Escape! The live crowd here is getting up in arms with anger over this... and who can blame them?! This is about nothing less than Terry Shane III trying to injure Carver, maybe permanently!

[The camera zooms in on Carver's face, a completely vacant expression that indicates he may indeed be completely out cold. But Shane is relentless, shouting things muted by the audio guys off-mic as he tries to finish the job on the Boston Brawler.]

JD: We need more help out here! We need security, we need-

[The crowd EXPLODES with cheers suddenly!]

CP: Shadoo Rage! Sweet Daddy Williams! Supernova! They're bringing the fight to the Gang... and this place is going insane!

[Not one single person in the crowd is seated and not one is expressing anything less than complete rabid rage at the Shane Gang and its Ring Leader as the former continues to hold the cavalry at bay while the latter continues to try to end a fan favorite's career.]

JD: They're trying to break through, trying to get there to the aid of Hannibal Carver but...

CP: But Anderson, Strong, and White are proving to be pretty tough as they're keeping Rage, Williams, and Supernova back!

JD: The fight is up the aisle, giving Shane plenty of time to-

[Dane's words are cut off as the anger of the crowd reaches a fever pitch and a single overzealous fan hops the railing and slides in the ring.]

JD: What the- get him out of there! Someone get down there and get that guy out of there!!

[The fan leaps, falling on Terry and trying to tear him off of the prone Hannibal Carver. We instantly see the referee who was trying to get Shane to release the hold change tactics, looking around in a panic before diving on top of the fan himself. He hooks a waistlock, yanking the fan back before twisting him into a front facelock.]

JD: Thankfully, the referee has taken control... trying to prevent this fan from doing any further harm to Terry Shane... or to himself for that matter.

When someone crosses the railing, all bets are off as to their physical well-being so please do NOT try this yourself, fans!

[Shane gets to his feet, looking absolutely livid. He shouts something down at the prone Carver...

...and then wheels to the side, swinging his leg back to deliver a kick to the ribs of the trapped fan when we abruptly cut from the pre-taped footage back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated. Gordon looks disapproving, shaking his head at the video footage we just saw.]

GM: Absolutely disgusting.

BW: Which part?

GM: The whole darn thing if you ask me, Bucky. First, Terry Shane and his so-called Shane Gang had absolutely NO business getting themselves involved with that match. Second, his attempt to end the career of Hannibal Carver by hooking in that No Escape hold and refusing to release it. And of course, his blatant attempt to injure that fan who got into the ring that we thankfully cut away from.

BW: Now, we differ on that last one, Gordo. I never think it's okay to attack a fan who are in their seats - let's make that clear. But that fan was NOT in his seat. And if a drunk fan comes over the railing, I don't know if he's got a knife... a gun... a broken bottle... who the heck knows what he's got on him?! If a fan comes over the railing, the wrestlers - and anyone else - involved with the AWA are completely within their rights to defend themselves. The courts have said that time and again.

GM: That was NOT a defense of himself! That was Terry Shane taking advantage of a situation that had already been handled by the official. The young man who climbed into the ring had been taken down and secured by the referee who was waiting for AWA security to remove him when Terry Shane took matters into his own hands and assaulted that fan! I understand the legal situation has been settled and as you may recall, both Shane and Carver were hit with a suspension that ends tonight.

BW: But Terry Shane got an extra punishment! He can't use his World Title shot at Unholy War!

GM: And rightfully so. If I was making that decision, he'd STILL be suspended. Shane opened up the AWA to a serious legal issue, a very serious liability issue, and should be punished for it.

BW: Totally disagree with you on that one.

GM: What a surprise. Fans, during the break, Percy Childes was assisted in getting from the ring by AWA medical personnel. Dr. Ponavitch was out here with his team and from my understanding, they're going to be rushing Percy Childes to the nearest medical facility for treatment.

BW: It's a damn tragedy, Gordo. Anton Layton should be banned from the AWA for life for that kind of stuff. Percy did NOTHING to provoke that and is a defenseless manager!

GM: I'm not sure I'd go quite that far but it definitely was a disturbing scene. I saw several families out here at ringside trying to shield the eyes of their young children and rightfully so. It was not the type of family friendly entertainment that we here at the AWA like to present and... fans, I'm being told that our camera crew has caught up backstage with the Unholy Alliance where Percy Childes is en route to the ambulance parked in the back of the building.

[The scene cuts back to the loading area of FedEx Park. An ambulance is here, with lights flashing brightly. A team of white-garbed medics are hustling a gurney which contains the blood-soaked form of Percy Childes. Around them are members of the Unholy Alliance... Rick Marley, Johnny Detson, Tully Brawn, and The Aces. Nenshou is nowhere to be seen. We hear the Alliance doing their best to move the paramedics faster, which unfortunately involves berating and threatening them. They're all talking at once, but we can hear some lines:]

JD: Hustle! He's losing blood!

RM: Move it, porky!

SC: If you don't get my uncle taken care of, I'll have your job!

DT: Careful, you're shaking the stretcher!

TB: Are you even real medics?

JD: I've seen more careful handling at funeral homes!

RM: Don't they have fitness tests for paramedics? Shouldn't you be capable of performing your job before they hire you?

SC: We'll make sure they take good care of you, Uncle Percy!

DT: We'll drop them in a hole if they don't!

TB: Watch it, you clown, you're making him bleed more!

[Yeah, this job is probably much easier without five jerks surrounding you and running their mouths. The medics keep quiet, though... at least until Tyler and Brawn follow them into the back of the ambulance.]

Paramedic: You can't come in here!

TB: I'd like to see you try and stop us.

DT: There's only room for two, guys.

RM: We'll follow, I got an SUV.

JD: [pointing at the ambulance driver] You jack-os better get him there in one piece and breathing, or you won't be!

SC: Uh, guys?

[The ambulance driver cuts on the siren to drown out the nasty comments, and the back door slams shut. The ambulance starts to pull out.]

JD: Stevie, we're parked in Gold 37, second spot.

SC: That's what I'm trying to say...

RM: Let's get everybody's things. Stevie, you rode with Percy, right? Grab his stuff and bring his car to the hospital. You're gonna have to find Nenshou. Where the hell IS he? We'll get Tully's things; Tully rode with us. You got Danny's? Oh, let the other guys we rode with know we'll be back after the show to pick them up.

SC: But...

JD: See you there. Your uncle will make it, kid, don't worry.

[Marley and Detson hustle off to the locker room, leaving Stevie there without letting him get a word in edgewise. He calls out after they've gone.]

SC: I still have a match! I can't leave yet! Don't leave without... guys?!

[Childes rushes off, and we return to the ringside area.]

GM: So, Percy Childes is on his way to the hospital and the Unholy Alliance is going with him.

BW: Don't sound so surprised, Gordo. They're a family!

GM: But it sounds like Steven Childes will be staying behind as he's still got a match with Brian Von Braun later tonight. After what we just witnessed between the Alliance and their foes, that match takes on even greater intrigue, Bucky.

BW: Steven Childes is gonna be out for payback after what that scum Layton did to his Uncle Percy. You better hide those kids who were trying to not look at the ring, Gordo, 'cause Steven is gonna bust Von Braun's skull like a melon, daddy!

GM: We'll see about that later tonight but right now, let's head back up to the ring for more action!

[*DING*]

[The bell draws the attention to the ring, where a fairly large man with dark brown feather-cut hair and blue eyes is pacing rapidly. He's wearing full length dark green tights under black trunks, with black kneepads and boots. His pace is not nervous at all; on the contrary, it looks like he can't wait to get going.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit. Already in the ring... from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania... weighing two hundred seventy pounds... JAMES REED!

[Reed steps up on the second rope, head wagging as he shouts to the crowd. The fans give the only double-gold medalist on the AWA's "Olympic" team some cheers before breaking out into boos at that most dreaded of sounds: the hold message.]

We appreciate your patience. Your call is very important to us. Unfortunately, all of our representatives are currently busy with other customers. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered in the order received

PW: His opponent, coming down the aisle... introducing first, the manager... JIM. He represents... from the AWA Customer Care Center... weighing two hundred and one pounds... CHARLES S. RANT!

[And as terrible hold music, some synthesized pop-classical failure of a composition, plays over the PA, Charles Rant steps from the back. Rant has an average build; not what you expect to see when thinking of wrestlers. He's in good shape, but he doesn't have the muscle definition or body of a wrestler. He's just your average guy, with brown hair and brown eyes. His ring attire is best described as "business casual"... khaki pants and a white golf shirt with the AWA logo stitched on the right breast pocket in red and blue. His wrestling boots are black and there are obvious kneepads underneath his pants.

As he power walks to the ring, his overweight manager Jim jogs next to him, yelling instruction. Jim is wearing a white button-down shirt with that same AWA logo on the left breast, khaki pants, brown loafers, and a brown tie. We can hear him shouting 'encouragement' such as "keep your head up", "project confidence", "make the customer know that they are valued", and "but remember, you're always right". Rant has his focus on the ring, and is clearly more distracted by his supervisor than anything.]

GM: It has been some time since we've seen Charles S. Rant on Saturday Night Wrestling, but the AWA Customer Care Specialist is here looking to secure a victory here on AWA television.

BW: No, he's lookin' to improve AWA customer service. That's what Jim told me.

GM: It's somewhat ludicrous that a customer service person would feel a need to wrestle, let alone have his supervisor chiding him all the time. Let alone the fact that his supervisor only has a first name.

BW: They can't give out their last names. Angry customers might blame him for dissatisfaction and violate his privacy!

[As Rant enters the ring, the hold message repeats.]

We appreciate your patience. Your call is very important to us. Unfortunately, all of our representatives are currently busy with other customers. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered in the order received

[And back to the muzak. Rant takes his time getting last minute instructions, until Reed gets sick of listening to that terrible music and charges him just to get it over with.]

GM: Before the bell attack by James Reed! He is hammering away on Rant in the corner!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: HEY! Is that any way to respond to somebody trying to provide quality customer service?

GM: No, it isn't. I cannot condone a before-the-bell attack. Reed mauling Charles Rant, and Jim is trying to pull him off!

[Reed turns to glare at Jim, who flops down with his arms flailing wildly, and rolls out of the ring. Reed pursues, and Jim runs for his life.]

BW: What is this for?

GM: Jim pulled Reed off of Rant, and now he's going to regret getting physically involved!

[Indeed, the AWA Customer Care Supervisor doesn't even get halfway around the ring before becoming completely gassed, turning, and asking for a timeout. James Reed responds with a haymaker to KO the out-of-shape manager to the cheers of the crowd!]

BW: HEY! Jim on Jim violence!

GM: Reed just KOed Jim!

BW: That's an AWA Customer Care Supervisor! You can't put your hands on a company employee like that! That's like attacking you or me, Gordo!

GM: Only if we had a manager's license and started interfering, Bucky. James Reed back in the ring, and Charles Rant waiting for him with an eyegouge. Reed blinded, and Rant applying a side headlock. Charles Rant was stunned, but now he's hoping to get the momentum back.

[Reed backs Rant up to the ropes, and then throws him off... except Rant grabs ahold of his feathercut hair to avoid being dislodged. Referee Ricky Longfellow asks if Rant pulled the hair, and the customer care representative denies it vehemently.]

BW: Come on, Longfellow. Of course he didn't pull the hair, he's a representative of the company.

GM: Please. Reed with a forearm to the kidneys breaks the hold, but Rant firing an elbow to the top of the head, and a nice standing dropkick!

BW: It's amazing that CSR can still deliver quality customer satisfaction even with the loss of his supervisor!

GM: That remains to be seen. Charles Rant is now choking James Reed back in the corner, blatantly. Longfellow applying a count... what is this?

[The camera gets in close and makes out Rant trying to tell the referee that he was not choking... it was a nerve hold under the jaw. Longfellow can be audibly heard to reply, "That's the worst lie I ever heard.", with Rant replying, "I'm sorry sir, I'll try harder next time."]

GM: ...did I just hear...

BW: A true customer service representative always tries harder next time!

GM: Snapmare by Charles S. Rant, who bounds off the ropes... powerdrive elbow! Shades of Nenshou right there. A second! Rant gets up, and drops another straight down. Three quick elbowdrops, and a cover!

BW: Not enough. Some customers just don't know when to give up and accept satisfaction.

GM: Rant standing up...

CSR (heard over camera): I'll get to your calls as soon as I can!

BW: He's dedicated, Gordo.

GM: Reed is up as well, and Rant kicking him in the breadbasket. Hooking him for a suplex. Blocked by Reed!

[The crowd cheers as James Reed reverses the suplex... then rolls over and starts punching Rant in the face!]

BW: Closed fists! That's terrible customer interaction!

GM: James Reed laying in some punishment on Charles S. Rant! Reed now laying the badmouth on him as he picks Rant up, fires him off the ropes...
VERTICAL PRESS!

BW: And more punches! Come on, Longfellow, make him open the fists!

GM: A front elbowdrop by Reed, and Rant is reeling! Irish-whip to the ropes, a big punch to the midsection by Reed doubles up the service rep, and a running kick right to the ear lays him out!

BW: If Jim were up here coaching him, this would never happen.

GM: James Reed with all the momentum! Picking up Rant, Irish-Whip... Rant ducks the clothesline, and Reed runs off the far ropes! Leapfrog by Charles Rant, both men come off... OH MY STARS!

BW: WOW! Rant took his head off!

GM: Flying clothesline by Charles S. Rant! He put everything he had into that, and nearly decapitated James Reed!

BW: I think this support ticket is about to be closed.

GM: Rant standing up... now is not the time to be placating the crowd, Charles. Now is the time to go for the win.

BW: His supervisor is still unconscious!

GM: Charles Rant scooping the much larger Reed up on his shoulders! Impressive strength for his size... and down with a Samoan Drop! Rant with the cover...

BW: Only a two! He slammed Reed down hard, but the guy's still got some fight in him.

GM: James Reed is one of those young men who is on the cusp of escaping the preliminaries, as several of his classmates have done. One of those classmates, Chris Choisnet, broke out with a win over Rant. You can bet Charles Rant does not want history to repeat itself, and you can bet Reed does.

BW: There's one way to keep a man down.

GM: Bootscrape by Charles Rant, and now he's going to the corner. Charles Shyster Rant is up on the second turnbuckle on the inside. Reed stands up dazed, and in comes Rant...

[The crowd warns Reed, and thus at the last second he hammers CSR in the midsection as he jumps in for the flying axehandle! Rant flips over Reed's fist and lands flat on his back!]

BW: How many closed fists will this guy be allowed to use?!

GM: Reed signaling to the crowd! He may be ready to go for his Crusher; he's won several matches with that move.

BW: Oh, no! Get up, Jim! Charles needs coaching!

[The crowd senses the upset, and they stand and roar as Rant gets up... Reed throws the kick to double him over...]

GM: Rant catches the foot and spins him! Schoolboy cradle... AND HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS! AND HIS FEET ARE ON THE ROPES!

BW: And he got the pin! Whooooo!

``*DING*DING*DING*``

[The fans loudly boo the theft of the match as Charles Rant rolls out of the ring and raises both hands. Reed goes bananas in the ring as the crowd lets its displeasure be known.]

GM: How did Ricky Longfellow miss that?!

BW: The same way he misses everything, daddy! Practice!

GM: Rant kept the illegal tactic shielded with his body, and stole it! He outright stole the match; let's get the word!

PW: The winner of the match... CHARLES S. RANT!

[The camera sees the referee raising Rant's hands at ringside... and along comes a barely-moving Jim, holding his face, berating his charge for letting him get hit.]

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GM: And the worst part of it all is having to hear that awful hold music again.

BW: Not a problem, Gordo. Rant will be back on the phones in a few minutes. Just like he's back in the win column.

GM: And we'll be back after hearing Mark Stegglet backstage. Mark?

[We open backstage where Mark Stegglet stands with two men who debuted last event, The Young Bloods. To his right, your left, is the thick bodied, clean cut, third generation wrestler, Bobby O'Connor. To his left, your right, is the athletically toned, rugged Larry Wallace. The pair wear matching red with gold trim team jackets, standing before the AWA banner.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Last show, you two gentlemen made your AWA debuts in successful fashion. Tell us how you feel, why you are here and what we are going to see out of the Young Bloods in the upcoming weeks.

[Wallace leans in, lifting Steggle's hand up as he speaks into the microphone. He rubs his hands through his ruffled hair first, smiling as he continues.]

LW: What you are looking at, Mark, is indeed men with wrestling in their blood. His father and his grandfather before him...

[He pats O'Connor on the chest.]

LW: And my father before me. Those men carved their way through the world of professional wrestling with hard-work, grit, determination and sheer, bloody hunger. We're going to be no different. NOW... don't get us wrong. We appreciate our fathers and grandfather. We appreciate our pedigree but DO NOT associate that with us getting favors done for us. We earned our way into the AWA and starting right here, right at the bottom of the ladder, we will earn our way to the top of the AWA tag team division!

[O'Connor pantomimes a ladder climb from the other side of Mark.]

LW: We are ready to face the very best the world and the AWA has to offer. We are ready for it, trust us, tell em' Bobby O!

[O'Connor, his face half turned away, pivots towards the camera.]

BO: You're damn right we're ready! We've waited our whole lives for this opportunity, Mark. We've traveled the globe ten times over as a fan, as a family member, and as a student of the game. We've sat front row, in the nose bleeds, and watched his father and my grandfather bled dry on 12 inch monitors on cheap hotel room floors. Point is...

We've waited long enough!

[Wallace nods, very matter-of-factly.]

LW: It's our time, Mark.

BO: You bet your tail it is.

LW: Tonight, when we step foot into that squared circle, you're going to see what the future of tag team wrestling is all about. We are more than just two guys in matching jackets, Mark. We are a brotherhood.

BO: We are the Young Bloods.

LW: Till the day...

We.

Die.

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

"JUST ANOTHER VICTIM!"

[And so it begins, as the Judgment Night soundtrack song hits over the PA system.]

GM: We haven't seen this guy for a while!

[The harsh guitars introduce the minotaurish form of The Manimal, Brody! The thick set mound of muscle walks out, looking bigger and meaner than ever. He snorts, flailing his arms into the air as he roars and makes his way with a furious pace to ringside. He takes the steps in two bounds, stepping into the ring and to his corner where he begins hammer fisting the turnbuckle and slapping himself in the face.]

GM: Brody is normally very intense, but... yikes. What got into him!?

BW: Listen closely to the crowd, Gordo. Those "Who Brody?" chants have been gettin' louder recently and you better believe he ain't happy about it!

GM: Hercules Hammonds, along with Skywalker Jones, have certainly been gaining more supporters lately, there's no doubt about that, but Brody still has plenty of fans here in the AWA.

BW: You don't understand. The tides are turning, Gordo! Brody knows he HAS to beat Hammonds soon, or his reputation is toast!

[Brody is dressed in a solid black singlet and gear, but with a painted skull on the front designed as if the bottom part is melting and dripping downwards. His head and face are unkempt stubble, his eyes bloodshot and crazed.]

PW: Introducing first, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, weighing in at 270lbs... James Jonas!

[Jonas has dark red feather-cut hair. Full length red tights under black trunks, with black kneepads and boots. He jaws at the crowd, waving off the behemoth Brody like he is nothing.]

PW: And his opponent... THIS... IS... BRODY!

[The bell rings and immediately Brody races across the ring, grabs Jonas, lifts him and SLAMS him into the turnbuckle. The air driven out of him by the hit, he is definitely breathless as Brody ducks down and rams shoulder after shoulder into his gut, finally stepping away from an intimidated referee.]

GM: Brody wasting no time in his return here to Saturday Night Wrestling. He is one of the most powerful men in the AWA. Maybe THE most powerful!

BW: I can name a certain someone who would disagree with that, daddy.

GM: Indeed. Hercules Hammonds certainly has a legitimate claim to that title as well.

[Stepping back in, Brody grabs Reed under an armpit and throws him out of the corner... wayyyyyyyyyy up... waaaaaaayyyy up.... and down in the middle of the ring, a simple hiptoss done with the force of a back body drop!]

GM: Oh my! What a throw by Brody! James Jonas is in trouble and in trouble early!

BW: Brody isn't even bothering with the pin! He's toying with him!

[Stepping into a corner, Brody stamps a foot, digging it backwards like a bull ready to charge. He looks up, rotates an arm and "TAKE... THIS!"]

GM: FULL STEAM CHARGE, HEAD FIRST AND JAMES REED IS DONE!

[Reed goes flying backwards from the charging head-ram, hitting the turnbuckle awkwardly before stumbling down and landing face first. The referee runs over to check on him.]

BW: Don't put this man in a china shop! There'll be nothing left but dust!

GM: Right back on Reed, pulling him to his feet. Irish whip off the ropes...

[And with ease grabs him straight up in a gorilla press...]

BRODY: IT'S OVER!

[...holding him there for a couple seconds before dropping him over a shoulder and slamming him HARD down to the mat.]

GM: OH MY! BIG POWERSLAM!

BW: Check the supports on the ring after that one!

[Brody pushes both hands down, one on the chest, one on the face of his victim.]

GM: One, two, three and that is it, another impressive and, frankly, EASY victory for Brody here in the AWA!

BW: Counting down to the inevitable. Imagine when him and Hercules Hammond finally meet? Clash of the titans, daddy!

[Brody gets up quickly, sneering at his downed victim.]

GM: We'll be seeing more of this man, count on that! Brody is-WAIT A MINUTE!

[What catches Gordon's attention is Brody going back on the attack on James Jonas, lifting him up into a military press...

...and then tossing him out of the ring!]

GM: WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO BRODY!? THIS IS UNCALLED FOR!

[The referee admonishes Brody, only to be shoved to the ground!]

GM: He put his hands on referee Ricky Longfellow!

BW: That's a fine right there! Maybe even a suspension!

[The Blue Brothers, Bruce Guy, and Allen Allen come down to the ring, trying to calm Brody down, only for Brody to lash out against them too, throwing punches at anything that moves!]

GM: This is crazy! Brody's gone out of control!

[With the crowd booing him loudly now, Brody makes quick work of the prelim wrestlers, tossing each one out of the ring.]

GM: Someone needs to stop this!

BW: Who's dumb enough to do that!? When you got someone like Brody rampaging, you just stay the heck outta' his way!

[Brody walks over to and then demands...and is given the house mic from Phil Watson, growling a rage-filled scream...]

BRODY: I WANT HAMMONDS!!!

[His eyes bulge out, muscles clenched and tense.]

BRODY: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWW!!!!

[For a moment, there's stunned silence from the crowd, shocked by Brody pure intensity, but slowly, but surely, a chant begins to ring out in the arena. At first, it's just a single voice...]

"We want Herc!"

[...but it grows, until that's all we hear.]

"WE WANT HERC! WE WANT HERC! WE WANT HERC!"

"WE WANT HERC! WE WANT HERC! WE WANT HERC!"

"WE WANT HERC! WE WANT HERC! WE WANT HERC!"

"WE WANT HERC! WE WANT HERC! WE WANT HERC!"

BW: Brody is demanding a showdown with Hercules Hammonds right now, but I'm not sure even big Herc wants to get in the ring with him like he is right now, Gordo!

GM: The crowd is calling for him, but I don't think-

[Suddenly, "Chief Rocka" by Lords of the Underground begins to play over the PA system and the crowd roars with cheers!]

GM: HE'S HERE! HERCULES HAMMONDS IS ANSWERING BRODY'S CHALLENGE!

[The curtains part, as we first see Buford P. Higgins step through the curtains. He pulls the gold microphone from his back pocket and a grin a million miles wide forms on the ring announcer's face.]

BPH: Ask and you shall receive, playa's!

[Buford points a finger towards Brody in the ring.]

BPH: Brody, ya' should've checked yourself before you wrecked yourself, 'cause now you've done it! Now you face the wrath of a true menace! Ladies, keep yourselves respectable! And gentlemen, try to hold back your jealousy! 'Cause here comes the strongest man in ALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL THE LAND!

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLLLLLEEEESSSS HAMMONDS!!!

[The massive Hercules Hammonds bursts through the curtains like a bat of out hell, sprinting down the aisle and right into the ring, where Brody is ready to meet him. The two behemoths then begin to throw down, as the crowd goes wild!]

GM: HAMMONDS AND BRODY ARE EXCHANGING PUNCHES! NEITHER ONE IS GIVING AN INCH!

BW: WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS SHOWDOWN FOR MONTHS, BUT NOW IT'S HAPPENING RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!

[Brody pounds away, nailing several punches in a row, before running into the ropes and colliding with Hammonds with a leaping shoulderblock...

...that barely even budges him!]

GM: Oh! Brody tried to knock Hammonds over and it didn't even move him!

BW: When have you ever seen someone just ABSORB a hit from Brody like that!?

[Brody and Hammonds snarl at each other going nose-to-nose, before Brody shoves him back and points to the ropes, daring Hammonds to do the same. Hammonds obliges him, running into the ropes, but Brody follows him in and clotheslines him over the top rope!]

GM: Brody tricked him! He dared Hammonds to try to knock him over and he suckered him right into that clothesline!

[The crowd boos Brody's deception, but he ignores it, exiting the ring and scooping Herc over his shoulder. He walks over to the guardrail and promptly DROPS Hammonds throat-first into the steel!]

GM: OHHH!

[Throwing Hammonds back into the ring, Brody follows him in and lifts the Tupelo strongman up into a bearhug. He then charges into the corner, driving Hammonds into the turnbuckles as he did earlier to James Jonas, before driving shoulder after shoulder into Hammonds' gut.]

GM: Brody is just dominating Hercules Hammonds right now!

BW: This ain't lookin' good for Herc! Brody really might be stronger than him!

[Brody backs off and then charges full-speed into the corner, NAILING a diving tackle right into Hammonds' gut that draws a groan of sympathy from the crowd.

GM: GOOD GRIEF! THAT COULD BREAK A MAN'S RIBS!

[A sadistic smile forms on Brody's face, as he pulls Hammonds from the corner and places him into a standing headscissors. He powers Hammonds into the air...]

"THHHHHHHHHUUUUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: POWERBOMB! WHAT A POWERBOMB!

BW: It's over, Gordo! There's nobody in wrestling that could get up from something like that!

[As Buford yells, "GET UP, PLAYA! GET UP!" on the outside at Hammonds, Brody doesn't go for the pin, instead choosing to walk around the ring and then turns to the hard cam, sweat pouring, eyes bulging and a large vein on his shaved head ready to burst.]

BRODY: JUST! ANOTHER! VICTIM!

[The crowd boos loudly at the proclamation, but as Brody turns his attention back to Hammonds, he's somewhat surprised to see that Herc has gotten up

to one knee. He snarls and quickly descends upon Hammonds, pounding him with clubbing forearms.]

GM: Hammonds isn't done! He's still trying to get back to his feet!

BW: A powerbomb like the one he just took could've broken a regular man's back! I got no idea how he's even still conscious, Gordo!

[Brody's forearms drive Hammonds back to his hands and knees, but as he backs off, Hammonds looks up at him with a smile!]

GM: HAMMONDS DIDN'T EVEN FEEL THOSE BLOWS! HE TOOK IT ALL WITH A GRIN!

BW: And look at Brody! He don't know what to think, Gordo!

[Brody looks hesitant for a moment, before diving right back in, pounding a rising Hammonds with stiff-as-heck clubbing forearms. He then slings Hammonds into the ropes, only to have it reversed. As Brody is shot into the ropes, Hammonds suddenly sprints off into the adjacent ropes. As he springs off the ropes, Hammonds LAUNCHES himself at Brody with a diving shoulderblock...]

"OHHH!!!"

GM: THE TUPELO TORPEDO!!! OH MY STARS!

BW: HAMMONDS IS A BEAST! HE ALMOST SENT BRODY INTO THE FIFTH ROW WITH THAT!

[Leaping to his feet, Hammonds lets loose a triumphant roar, as he drags Brody to his feet. He scoops Brody up into his arms and drops him across his knee with a backbreaker!]

GM: A big backbreaker from Hammonds! We've seen this from Hammonds before!

BW: Hammonds just knocked the holy ghost outta' Brody, Gordo...he's at his mercy!

[Hammonds holds on, dropping Brody across his knee once more. Still holding on, he turns to Buford P. Higgins with a wide grin on his face...]

"SHOULD I BREAK HIM IN HALF, BUFORD!?!?!"

[There's only one answer that Herc and the crowd could possibly accept and Buford gives it to them...]

"INTO A MILLION PIECES, PLAYA! INTO A MILLION PIECES!"

[BIG POP!]

GM: I can't believe what I'm hearing!

BW: This crowd wants blood, Gordo!

[Holding Brody across his chest, Hammonds muscles Brody into the air into a powerbomb position and charges towards the nearest corner, tossing Brody...

...right into the turnbuckles!]

GM and BW: OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

[As Brody stumbles forward, Hammonds doubles him over with a boot to the midsection. He grabs Brody in a gutwrench and then muscles him up into the air...

...before sitting out, SLAMMING Brody into the canvas face-first!]

"THHHHHHHHHUUUUUUUDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: THE HAMMONDS HAMMER!!!

[Hammonds goes for the pin, squatting down and placing his knee across Brody's throat as the crowd counts along...]

"ONE!!! TWO!!! THREE!!!"

"DING DING DING!"

GM: We waited for this match for months and my gosh, Hercules Hammonds wins! Hercules Hammonds has done exactly what he promised to do! He broke Brody's win streak and possibly...Brody, himself!

BW: And he did it in DOMINANT fashion, Gordo. Don't forget that. Is there any doubt now that this man is the strongest in the AWA?

GM: You're certainly not going to find many people that'll argue with you, here in Memphis!

[Take it away, Buford!]

BPH: Your winner! The unbreakable! The unstoppable! The unbelievable!

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLLLLLEEEESSS...

[Deep breath, now!]

HAAAAAAMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMOOOONNNNNNDDDDDSSSS!!!!

[The crowd roars with cheers, as Herc...demands the mic? Taking the gold microphone from Buford, he takes a look down at Brody on the canvas and then looks back up at the crowd.]

HH: "Who Brody?"

[Some laughter from the crowd. A big grin forms on his face.]

HH: I think we all got our answer tonight, folks.

[Herc makes his best eye-bulging, vein-bursting look of pure intensity as the crowd catches on to what he's going for.]

HH: JUST.

"JUST!"

HH: ANOTHER.

"ANOTHER!"

HH: VICTIM.

"VICTIM!!!"

[The crowd cheers, as Herc laughs a hearty laugh. Buford cackles and pats Herc on the back, as the big man raises his arms high into the air, keeping them held high as he walks backwards up the aisle, victorious as we fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to footage marked "NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE" where over the PA system hits the stomping beats of "God's Gonna Cut You Down". Entering with it come the crimson red and gold geared Young Bloods. A head straight forward Bobby O'Connor is out first, clapping hands with an occasional fan, but focused on the ring. At first glance O'Connor looks like a clean cut, boy next door. He has light brown hair parted to the right, pale skin, very noticeable musculature without being cut or ripped by any means. He wears cardinal red wrestling trunks with gold trim and matching knee/elbow pads and boots. Nothing about him is exuberant or over the top, much like his persona and in-ring style.

Bounding out behind him is Larry Wallace, rolling his arms to stretch his shoulders, smacking O'Connor on his shoulders to fire him up. Where his dead was a thick brawler of a man, this second generation fits a more modern scheme of what a professional wrestler looks like. Tanned and fit, athlete all the way, Wallace reeks of confidence in his swagger and demeanor. He smiles as much as he scowls, with a bad habit of running his hand through his ruffled hair in bouts of consternation. He has piercing blue eyes and sculptured stubble. He's been the face for many a wrestling companies posters and television advertisements, good looking enough for the women, rugged enough for men.]

PW: Now entering, weighing in at a combined 497lbs, Bobby O'Connor and Larry Wallace... THE YOUNG BLOODS!

GM: The Young Bloods making their second appearance here in the AWA, Bucky, but they don't come without some hype.

BW: Second gen with Wallace, third with O'Connor. I'd say that's some blood for the business in their veins. Makes you wonder how hard they actually had to work to get this job.

GM: From everything I've heard, they didn't ask for a back door to this gig. They wanted to earn it and they did. O'Connor has a wrestling pedigree and is a farm boy at heart. He has tendon strength, he's much stronger than his strong frame would even suggest. Wallace is a lettered baseball and track and field athlete, was All-State football. The potential in these two is gigantic. I can't wait to see them grow in this business.

[Inside the ring are two men waiting. One is quite tall and thick with a bushy black beard and wild hair to go with his torn black pants and taped forearms. The other is a more slender athletic fellow with short blond hair and blue wrestling trunks, lightning bolts down the side of his wrestling boots.]

PW: And their opponents, from Calgary, Alberta, weighing in at a combined 498lbs, The Apocalypse and Mr. Swift... the Dungeon Lords!

GM: Everything I've heard is these two are quite a formidable tag team and graduates of the famous Calgary wrestling school - The House Of Lords. They should be a stiff test for The Young Bloods.

BW: I've wrestled guys out of Calgary in my early days. You ain't kidding when you say "stiff". These Young Bloods are in for a fight.

[Clip!]

[The clip hits to an early portion in the match with Bobby O'Connor flat on the mat. The Apocalypse looms over him, roaring at the crowd before bounding off the ropes and leaping with an elbow drop... that misses!]

GM: Bobby O'Connor saw that one coming and he's back up with a pair of hard right hands to The Apocalypse, snares him in a headlock... he comes Mr. Swift... and O'Connor is all over him with punches! This kid can fight!

BW: The O'Connor fire right there in action.

GM: And back to The Apocalypse... and Mr. Swift with a shot to the back! Here comes Wallace!

[Having had enough, Larry Wallace grabs Mr. Swift and turns him around, ducking a swing and hitting a BIG left uppercut that puts him to the ropes. Meanwhile O'Connor gets control of The Apocalypse, taking him to the ropes with a pair of stinging chops across the chest.]

GM: Stinging chops against the pectorals of The Apocalypse and now The Young Bloods have the Dungeon Lords reeling. Double Irish whip... countered!

[The Dungeon Lords simultaneously reverse the whips. The Young Bloods, however, are no slouches and fire back, Bobby O'Connor leveling the Apocalypse with a Bulldog Lariat and Wallace leaping with a long flying forearm on Mr. Swift. The crowd POPS for the pair as they jump back to their feet, high fiving as their opponents bail.]

GM: The Young Bloods are taking control!

[And we clip, this time with Larry Wallace in the ring, taking Mr. Swift over with an arm drag.]

GM: Perfectly executed arm drag and he holds on, pinning the arm to the mat, coming down with a knee drop out of nearly a handstand... and right back on that arm.

BW: Right out of the school of Oliver Strickland. Just pure technical prowess.

GM: Normally we tout the success of AWA's own Combat Corner, but these two are from the school of MISTER Oliver Strickland and Terry Shane Jr., two legendary competitors. They're going to have a unique style and are showing it here, isolating Mr. Swift and working that arm.

[Wallace, keeping a hold on the arm, tags in O'Connor who goes to the top, dropping the point of his elbow right to the bicep of Mr. Swift before twisting the arm.]

GM: Staying on that limb and pulls him into a shoulder block, arm twist again and Larry Wallace in now, springing over the ropes and switching into another full armdrag and twist, holding on... and again, tags in O'Connor.

BW: They aren't letting the Dungeon Lord rest. And this is tactics straight out of someone you'd see from Calgary. Nothing flashy, yet, just tearing a body part to pieces.

[O'Connor comes in, gets into position and reaches back with both arms, delivering a double Mongolian Chop to the arm!]

GM: Talk about dangerous! That is PURE impact right into the muscle, hyperextending the joint!

[Another pair of chops SMACK across the chest of Mr. Swift, driving him to the ropes. O'Connor takes a step back, aims... and drives an overhand chop to the sternum that echoes off the wall!]

BW: Youch. We have some pretty deadly strikes here in the AWA. Juan Vasquez's Right Cross, the Champ's superkick... these chops from O'Connor might one day rank up there!

GM: Irish whip by the third generation wrestler... reversed!

[O'Connor hits the ropes where Wallace, holding his corner rope, reaches over and tags his back. Mr. Swift ducks down for a back body drop, O'Connor leaps over and slides out of the ring, Wallace racing in...

...with a high knee lift flattening his opponent!]

GM: This team work.. it's impeccable!

BW: Maybe Mr. Strickland has something going on over at his school. These two are impressing everyone!

[Again the footage cuts. This time the Dungeon Lords are in control and have Bobby O'Connor in their own corner. The referee is trying to get control as the pair take turns laying in boots to the stomach.]

BW: Bobby O'Connor really needs out of there, Gordo. It's been six or seven minutes that he's been pummeled on. Larry Wallace is fresh. He wants in!

GM: But in Calgary fashion, these two are relentless. They will NOT let him out of that corner.

[And prove it by both grabbing an arm, pulling him out and then whipping him back in spine first.]

GM: HARD into the turnbuckles and now The Apocalypse stays in the ring. Irish whip and HARD into the neutral corner goes O'Connor! The Apocalypse charges.

[And runs straight into an elbow!]

BW: That didn't stop him!

GM: He charges back in... ANOTHER ELBOW!

SMACK!

[And a dazed but effective chop spins The Apocalypse around, letting O'Connor quickly step up to the second rope and leap, planting a knee to the spine and driving The Apocalypse to the mat face first!]

GM: OHH MY! WHAT A MOVE! Now is his chance to make the tag!

[Wallace tries to fire up the crowd, fist pumping, pacing on the apron and yelling at the fans to clap and get his partner back into this.]

BW: He's exhausted, tired, beaten up. It's going to take a big effort to make that tag.

GM: But he needs to, Bucky! He's trying, god help me he is trying... MR. SWIFT WITH AN ELBOW TO THE SPINE!

[Which, of course, stops O'Connor in his tracks.]

BW: He just about had it.

GM: And now the Dungeon Lords have O'Connor. Double Irish whip... clothesline... ducked... DOUBLE LARIAT!

[Connecting with his "Go for the Jugular" bulldog lariat on both men, O'Connor lands on his back, rolls over and then somersaults to the corner, slapping the outstretched hand of Larry Wallace!]

GM: And here we go! Clothesline on Mr. Swift! The Apocalypse up and... DROPKICK OUT OF THE HEAVENS!

BW: Holy Moses! That HAS to be one of the best dropkicks in the business!

GM: The second generation Young Blood is on fire here! Wallace with Mr. Swift, whip into the corner... whips The Apocalypse right onto him...

BW: He's flying!

GM: Big flying knee to the face of The Apocalypse!

[Who stumbles out and is lifted into an atomic drop, Wallace leaping and catching him with a diving style neckbreaker, going for the cover!]

GM: ONE! TWO! Mr. Swift there to break it up!

BW: He saved his partner!

[The crowd is getting louder as Mr. Swift grabs Wallace and throws him in an irish whip only to be reversed.]

GM: Reversal... Wallace drops and rolls... HALF CRAB! ROLLING HALF CRAB! THIS COULD BE IT!

BW: Right in the middle of the ring! Look at him! He's in major pain!

GM: Right out of his father's book! He has the half crab in, his father's signature submission!

[Mr. Swift wretches back, bites his lip... lifts an arm...

...but doesn't tap as The Apocalypse is there to break the hold in the nick of time! DISAPPOINTED POP!]

GM: Forearm by the Apocalypse to break that hold... wait a second... O'Connor with the blind tag!

BW: Wallace stumbled right back into that. On purpose?

GM: Whether or not, it worked! He comes in...

[And grabs The Apocalypse by the back of his neck, sweeping him forward, face right into the mat with a THUD! and POP!]

GM: USDA APPROVED!

BW: He's not the legal man!

[The Apocalypse stumbles up and against the ropes. Wallace hits the ropes, rebounds and hits The Apocalypse with such a running chop that it sends him tumbling to the floor! Meanwhile in the ring, Mr. Swift finally gets back up, staggers into the belly to back grip of Larry Wallace. He lifts as O'Connor hits the ropes, leaps and hooking/grabbing clotheslines Mr. Swift at the same time!]

GM: BIG DOUBLE TEAM MOVE! O'CONNOR WITH THE COVER!

[And it's an easy three as Wallace watches out for the other Dungeon Lord, leaping up in celebration at the sound of the bell!]

GM: Another big victory here in the AWA for the Young Bloods, and not without challenge. They were tested in this one, Bucky.

BW: If you come from Calgary, you are going to be as tough as nails. But MISTER Oliver Strickland and Terry Shane taught these two well.

PW: YOUR WINNERS... BOBBY O'CONNOR AND LARRY WALLACE, THE YOUNG BLOODS!

[The two high five, bro hugging in celebration before their hands are raised to applause from the appreciative audience in attendance...]

...and we crossfade back to live action where we find Jason Dane, who is looking around in wary confusion as the Rave are now running into the picture.

Jerby Jezz, the pale reddish-skinned Raver, is wearing a blue and green parka with orchid trim, open to show a RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT T-Shirt underneath (in red, yellow, and mauve). His pants have one neon green leg and one dark yellow leg, with an electric blue lightning bolt up each side. His orange Roos have lavender pockets (for his stuff), and he's wearing purple and brown boxy sunglasses. Jerby's shoulder-length hair is actually black today, with ends dyed in pastels: pink, powder blue, and violet.

Shizz Dawg OG, the light mocha-skinned Raver, is wearing kelly green football shoulderpads with brass plates bolted on as armor, over a RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT T-Shirt (in mahogany, shiny silver, and turquoise). His pants are a very pale blue but have a lot of tassels on them, which are orange, pink, cyan, and black. He's wearing cream-colored Uggs with yellow stripes, and a red-tinted monacle with a color-changing neon frame. Shizz currently has grown out some permed hair, which is grey and black in an apparent attempt to look like the fur of a tabby cat.

Both Rave members look angry.]

JJ: Dane!

JD: August 10, 2013.

JJ: We flowed with that this chronopoint, but gawnks. Shizz and myself flipped back to the now from then from now, because when we huddled what the Ring Workers would have done just pastnow, we ragequit the timeline.

SDOG: We flowed back to 2010 and deflated the, what those round things on frackish groundrides? Tires! Deflated the tires of a specific businessshumie so she missed the meetdown with the bank that would have launched her heavy material furniture business, so there wouldn't be diesel-powered titanium folding chairs in brickshops in 2013. So that Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson didn't have brought them here tonight, and... what they did to those rookie loseweakens was a scrubtaking violation of the Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior.

JJ: And the dog.

SDOG: AND the dog! We also timeslid in a bit early to get Animal Control in the flippety floppety floo.

JD: Wait. How would a folding chair be diesel powered?

JJ: We did humanity more than one favor. But that's digression! Ring Workers, your ultraheinous crimes took me and Shizz a realtive-point seven daycycles to translitize out of the timeflow, and now you must pay! With that on top of bodycoating the gyzzrus roilspur, Terry Shane The Fourth, you willare found guilty of high temporal antirectitude! The sentence is to be rixxed from the timeflow in proper wildstyling format! On behalf of the Interchromometric Variance All... er, an organization unknown to 2013 but always making time safe for everyhumie... The Rave challenges you to a Wildstyling Challenge!

JD: Isn't it redundant to challenge them to a challenge?

[The Rave turn and look at Dane incredulously. The way he's usually looking at them. Proud of having turned the tables on the time traveling tandem (alliteratively!), he presses the matter.]

JD: I was an English major.

SDOG: STILL?

JD: What do you mean, 'still'?

SDOG: I flowed that we timeslid back to your past and got your hyperschool application forms lost in the Intersquib after the last chronopoint we didhaving this same interview, and you made that same scrap comment.

[Now Jason has a look of infinite confusion, before turning red.]

JD: YOU CAUSED THAT?! You're the reason I've been lying for years about...

[Seeing that now would be a good time to leave, the Rave use the tried-and-true method of interrupting a rant: yelling their catchphrase into the microphone.]

RAVE: RAVE! RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BOPSCHT!

[The Rave exits, and Jason shakes his head in frustration.]

JD: Ugh, how sad is it that I believed that...

BW: And that you just told your sister that you've been lying to her about your education for years. On air.

[Able to hear Bucky over his earpiece, Jason does a slow burn.]

BW: Back to us, Gordon and Bucky!

[We cut back to the booth, where Gordon is standing by with a completely neutral face, trying very hard not to laugh. Bucky's not even bothering.]

GM: A major challenge by the Rave to the Ring Workers, who apparently did something so evil that the Rave had to alter history to make it not have happened. That's what they're claiming, anyhow. Regardless of the ridiculous reason, the challenge is made, and we've been waiting a long time to see that encounter, Bucky.

BW: We sure have. I don't like the way that these fans are turning the Rave towards the baby-kissin' zone, but maybe it's a temporary time travel thing and they'll change back next week.

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

[Up to Phil Watson, who is in the ring with a stocky, powerfully-built man with short brown hair. He wears a green singlet with the Italian flag on the front, white kneepads, and white boots. He is endeavoring to get the crowd going.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first... from Catalina, Sicily, Italy... weighing two hundred fifty pounds... THE SICILIAN STUD!

[Cheers come up as the Stud pumps his fists. The gentle, mellow strings of the Japanese instrument known as the koto sound over the PA, turning the cheers into boos. The tune is "Sakura Sakura" (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p6hDzHIsWtU>), and this heralds the arrival of the devious Mr. Sadisuto. From the back, the short, pudgy, unassuming form of Sadisuto

enters the ring area. He smiles widely as if the fans were cheering him, and bows gracefully as Watson introduces him.]

PW: His opponent hails from Tokyo, Japan... weighing two-hundred fifty-one pounds... MR. SADISUTO!

[Sadisuto marches to the ring, idly stretching his arms and taking a few warm-up swipes into the air at an almost leisurely pace. Mr. Sadisuto is a middle-aged Japanese man with slick black hair, a thin mustache and Fu Manchu beard, and bushy black eyebrows. He wears midnight-blue full length tights with the Japanese flag on the waistband and "NIPPON" written down the sides in red and white. He wrestles barefoot, with some athletic tape for ankle support. His wrists and fingers are also heavily taped.]

GM: Mr. Sadisuto in action, and given the things he has said about Glenn Hudson in the past, you just know he's angling for a shot at the World Television Championship.

BW: And why not? Have you seen the guy's won-loss record in the AWA? He's worthy of a shot.

GM: That I cannot dispute. The fact that he is resorting to disrespectful commentary to get one is unconscionable.

[Upon reaching ringside, Mr. Sadisuto climbs the steps, turns to the crowd, and bows again to the fans. He then enters the ring and offers a bow to his opponent as well as the referee.]

BW: Look, Gordo. Hudson wasn't the champion when Sadisuto started telling everyone the truth about him...

GM: The truth?!

BW: Sadisuto was just sayin' what the rest of us were thinkin'. Glenn Hudson had a million billion shots at the title and couldn't get it done. Then whenever Dave Bryant put out an open challenge, you wouldn't see Hudson anywhere because he knew Bryant was ready for him. Unlike, say, last Saturday Night Wrestling.

GM: Bryant issued that challenge!

BW: But Hudson provoked him by embarrassing him by pulling his trunks down!

[As Gordon and Bucky discuss the TV Title situation, referee Ricky Longfellow calls for the bell. Sadisuto and the Sicilian Stud circle one another warily.]

GM: Are you trying to claim that Glenn Hudson had a master plan to pull down Dave Bryant's trunks to make him challenge him for the belt?!

BW: You're right, that would be givin' Hudson too much credit. So what you're sayin' is he's a fluke champion who lucked Bryant into an unprepared match, an' that's about right.

GM: Let's call the match. First lockup goes to the Sicilian Stud, who is far stronger than Mr. Sadisuto. The Stud shoved him across the ring, and Sadisuto will need a different approach.

BW: Both guys very similar in size.

GM: But the Stud has more weight in the upper body while Sadisuto has more around the middle. The Stud moves in... and Sadisuto with a swift palm strike to the jaw stops him cold, and a double tiger paw strike to the trapezius drops him like a rock! Swift and brutal strikes by Sadisuto, who is devastating in hand-to-hand striking combat.

BW: No matter how Gordon Myers calls him fat.

GM: He's portly, Bucky, let's not pretend we can't see. But that hand speed and precision is undiminished. In a recent match against Brody, Sadisuto dropped him every time Brody tried to slug it out with him, thinking that his power would overwhelm the pudgy old man. He's lethal in striking. Sadisuto with a spinning side kick to the side of the Stud's head as he tries to stand, and now bowing in fake respect.

BW: Wow, when Sadisuto hears this, Gordo, how you're callin' him fat...

GM: I'm complimenting him! I'm pointing out how misleading his appearance is!

BW: Oh, I wouldn't wanna be you.

GM: The Stud up, and Sadisuto content to let the young man recover. Gamesmanship on the part of the veteran from Tokyo... he could have pressed an advantage but he's waiting for a bigger opening.

[*WHACK*]

BW: And he got one. The Stud went for a collar-and-elbow, but Sadisuto turned that into a wristlock, then let him have it with the knife-edge. You could hear that Chop in Sicily!

GM: Very near the throat with it, and Sadisuto stretching the arms out on the Stud now. Almost a modified double chickenwing, as the Stud is on his knees and in great pain.

BW: This stretches the chest muscles way out past where they're supposed to go. It's real painful. An old hooker's hold. And no, censors, I ain't talkin' about... uh, anything but the old guys who wrestled at carneys and took money to see if anyone in the crowd could go five minutes with them. REAL old school. Callum Mahoney style!

GM: While I doubt Sadisuto ever did that, he certainly trained with and knew some people who did. The Sicilian Stud fights up to his feet, and using his great power! He's muscling free, and the fans are behind him...

[Sadisuto, who is behind the Stud lets go of the hold very suddenly, and swings both arms into the side of the neck of the Stud... with thumbs extended. One on each side, and the strike staggers the Sicilian Stud.]

BW: OW! Nasty. That hurt a lot, he hit him right in the soft parts of the neck, but not the windpipe. That's legal, Gordo.

GM: It is, and if Sadisuto's offense were entirely like that, I couldn't complain. A legsweep brings down the Stud and.. look at this!

[Suddenly, the slow and ponderous Sadisuto takes off like a shot to the corner, hops the top rope to the apron with ease, and climbs the turnbuckle very quickly! By the time the Sicilian Stud is up, Sadisuto is ready and waiting. The Japanese veteran hurls himself forth like a missile, slamming into the Stud's sternum with a flying shoulderblock!]

BW: Gonna make fun of his weight now?!

GM: Sadisuto is still blisteringly fast! He hardly ever uses that speed anymore, but that is just to get his opponents off-guard. Very intelligent veteran tactic by Sadisuto, who has the Sicilian Stud seemingly at his mercy right now.

BW: Oh ho, Gordo, you gonna know by now. Sadisuto has no mercy. He's got less compassion than the cup of coffee I just drank.

GM: Standing legdrop to follow up by Sadisuto, and he lays that leg across the throat of the Stud. It took Longfellow a couple of seconds to figure out he was choking the Sicilian Stud!

BW: Longfellow comes from a long, proud line of incompetent referees. Like the Meeklys, but not as ugly.

GM: Bucky!

BW: Well, that ain't sayin' much!

GM: My apologies to both families for my broadcast partner. Mr. Sadisuto with a double nervehold on the Sicilian Stud, and he is simply trying to inflict pain and torture on him now.

BW: Submission wrestling.

GM: Sadism. "Sadisuto" is Japanese for "sadist". It's not the man's real name... it is what the Japanese people call him, because it's what he is.

BW: So now you're his dietician AND his shrink. When he hears this commentary, Gordo, he might come make you feel all that pain!

GM: The Sicilian Stud yelling in pain, but he is fighting up to his feet! An elbow to the midsection! Another! A third breaks the hold!

[The crowd cheers as the Stud dashes off the ropes for momentum, and shoulderblocks the Japanese veteran down.]

BW: Well, if the Italian Scallion is gonna make a move, he better do it now.

GM: A second shoulderblock takes Sadisuto down again! The man from Sicily gaining the momentum and feeling the cheers! Off the ropes... Sadisuto with a high leapfrog! He cleared the man almost standing... and what a spinning kick to the esophagus! All the wind went right out of the Stud! And a double cross chop to the neck flattens him with authority!

BW: He hit the ground with a Sicilian Thud!

GM: *groan*

[The fans cheers deflate to boos as Sadisuto grabs one of the Stud's feet, drags him a bit so that his legs are spread-eagled facing a corner... and then he climbs that corner!]

BW: And if Sadisuto hits this, the Stud'll be one of the Sopranos. As in, the vocal range.

GM: He can't do this in front of the referee! Longfellow warning him about the Kotei No Ken!

[Sadisuto mockingly bows, and makes a hand sign, as if demonstrating that he is about to give the poor Stud a flying vasectomy. He jumps... but he goes over the groin and lands the flying headbutt to the abdomen of the Stud, legally.]

BW: Happy, Gordo? Sadisuto wants a title shot, he can't go around gettin' DQed.

GM: He teased the illegal version of the Kotei No Ken, but hits the move legally, and there is the three count.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Impressive win for Mr. Sadisuto.

GM: Indeed it was. And his campaign for a Television Title match does look stronger by the day.

[Sadisuto stands, and Longfellow raises his hand. As the unaccompanied koto version of "Sakura Sakura" begins anew, the elder wrestler bows deeply to Longfellow, and even holds the ropes for him to leave the ring.]

PW: Here is your winner... MR. SADISUTO!

BW: Those strikes of his... you can't go toe to toe with him. Brawlers need not apply.

GM: Actually, I'd be interested to see how a man like Curt Sawyer would fare. He's experienced enough to protect the vital area that Sadisuto targets, so he may be able to do it.

BW: Is that a joke, Gordo? Because it ain't a funny one. Sadisuto would drop him faster than sponsors dropped Paula Deen.

GM: Wait... what is this?!

[What this is, is Sadisuto held the ropes politely for Longfellow, and when the referee left, he went straight to the ropes, climbed up... and drives the Kotei No Ken straight to the unmentionables of the poor Sicilian Stud! The fans boo madly as Sadisuto rolls out of the ring and bows to them, as if he did nothing wrong.]

GM: WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT FOR?!

BW: How would I know? I bet the Stud called him fat or crazy. Take notice, Gordo.

GM: Look at the look on Sadisuto's face. That's pure joy. The Stud is wracked with pain, of the worst kind... and Sadisuto loves it! He loves causing suffering!

BW: You ain't a quick study, are you, Myers? You claim this kindly old gentleman is a raging sadist and you PROVOKE him? Either you're wrong or you're dumb.

GM: Did you just call him "old"?

BW: ...uh oh.

GM: Jason Dane is up with Sadisuto... take it away, Jason.

[Dane looks outraged as he meets Sadisuto at the place where the aisle meets ringside. Sadisuto bows when he sees him, a big smile on his face.]

JD: Mr. Sadisuto, what was that all about?

[Sadisuto answers in that thick accent of his.]

MS: Hahahahaha! Boy-san did not respect Mistah Sadisuto, now he will respect Mistah Sadisuto forevah! And he have no children to teach how to be disrespectful! Hahahaha!

JD: There's no call for that kind of brutality!

MS: Always, boy-san, there is call for brutality and PAAAIIN. You see last Satday Night, Glenn Hudson finally win Wold Telvision Champship! It only take him one hundred try. You see this?!

[Sadisuto flashes up all ten fingers. Then again. Then again. He does it ten times.]

MS: One hundred try! Glenn Hudson only win one time in one hundred try! But Mistah Sadisuto!

[Now Sadisuto holds up only one finger. Not the impolite finger, geez, what kind of rude person do you think he is?]

MS: Only need one try. You hear me, Glenn Hudson?! You get vely vely lucky to get so many try. Mistah Sadisuto challenge you! Challenge you to face Mistah Sadisuto for Wold Telvision Champship. Only one try. Because Mistah Sadisuto does not need luck. Instead of luck, I have brutality. And PAAAAIIIIIN. Hahahahahaha, vely much paaaain.

[Sadisuto leaves, laughing as he goes.]

JD: Alright, a challenge for the World Television Championship. We'll see if that comes to pass. Gordon, Bucky, let's get back to you.

GM: That would be quite a contest, although methinks Sadisuto was exaggerating quite a bit about how many matches Glenn Hudson actually had with Dave Bryant.

BW: You're right, it was only about eighty-three.

GM: *sigh* Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, Jack Lynch will be in action so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

When they speak, they are subtitled.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RAVE: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

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

[And we cut to black before fading back up to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the center of the ring.]

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring, hailing from Bonesteel, South Dakota. He weighs two hundred and eighty pounds. Here is... MADHOUSE MCWESSON!!!

[To a chorus of boos, the mohawked McWesson arrogantly thrusts his arms in the air.]

PW: And his opponent, accompanied by his brothers, James and Travis...

["Hard Row" by the Black Keys hits the speakers as loud cheers erupt from the audience.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... standing six feet, seven inches, and weighing in tonight at two hundred and fifty pounds...

JAAAAAACK LYNNNNNCH!

[The curtain is drawn back. First out are Jack's two brothers, Travis and James. James is dressed down, wearing a yellow T-shirt and a pair of blue jeans. Travis is dressed better, wearing a neatly pressed white dress shirt, black slacks, and a cowboy hat from which protrudes a multi colored assortment of feathers.]

BW: Why are all three of them out here? Isn't it bad enough one of them is going to get his Lynch stench in the ring?

GM: Bucky! No doubt all three are out here just in case the Beale Street Bullies decide to show up.

BW: Why would they bother? I figure they're out celebratin' their nine hundredth consecutive beatdown of the Lynches!

GM: It is true that the last time the Lynches and the Bullies tangled, the Bullies got the better of them. But this feud is far from over. I'm sure of that.

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the tall, lanky form of Jack Lynch. The tall Lynch is, as always, dressed all in black. Atop his head is a black cowboy hat. His body is covered by a long black coat. Its open, and beneath it, we can see black wrestling trunks, and a black pad on his right knee. The only color is the silver trim on the toes of his black cowboy boots. On his right hand is a fingerless glove made of black leather. Lynch takes his time getting to the ring, and takes his coat and cowboy hat off before he enters. Lynch moves between the first and second rope, and he's halfway in when...]

GM: DOUBLE AXE HANDLE BY MCWESSON! JACK LYNCH IS STAGGERING!!

BW: And as of right now, Madhouse McWesson is my new hero.

[Jack Lynch half staggers, and is half pulled into the ring. McWesson puts the boots to the dazed Lynch, kicking him in the ribs and stomach.]

BW: That's what happens when you start show boating daddy!

GM: Jack Lynch was hardly show boating! He wasn't even in the ring yet!

[That hardly seems to matter to McWesson, who now sends Jack into the turnbuckle with a hard whip. The air expels violently from Lynch's body, and his knees buckle. McWesson refuses to let up, as he throws himself into the corner, smashing Jack against the turnbuckle.]

BW: Keep it up! Hurt that stinkin' Lynch!

GM: McWesson seems to be able to hear you. He's hammering Jack Lynch relentlessly. And he's got Lynch up.

"OOOOOOOOOOH!"

GM: Huge bodyslam! He planted Jack Lynch in the center of the ring!

BW: Cover! It's over daddy!

[The referee's hand slaps the mat once. But only once.]

GM: Huge kickout by Jack Lynch! There's still fight left in him!

[McWesson sends Jack into the ropes and ducks his head.]

BW: Backdrop comin' up!

[Or not.]

GM: No Jack Lynch stopped himself. And oh! Kick right to the mouth. McWesson will be in the dentist's chair tomorrow!

[The big boot to the mouth causes McWesson to lift his head and stumble backwards, and Jack launches himself at him, hitting him with a clothesline that turns McWesson inside out.]

GM: And now Jack Lynch is fired up!

BW: C'mon McWesson! Get up! Fight!

[Jack lifts McWesson up by the waist, only to drop him down again with a gutwrench suplex.]

GM: Jack Lynch with a show of power there as he flips the near three hundred pound McWesson around like a sack of flour. He's not taking advantage though as he pulls his opponent back up rather than going for a cover.

[Back on his feet, McWesson gets fired into the ropes as Lynch lumbers towards him, leaping into the air kneefirst, and smashing said knee into the mush!]

GM: Jumping knee strike! That's a move learned from the Lynch family's legendary patriarch, Blackjack Lynch!

BW: Too bad they haven't learned to vanish like their old man did!

[Lynch stands over McWesson, and begins to yell at him. "Get up boy!" he can be heard screaming in his trademark drawl]

GM: Jack Lynch is letting his temper flare! No doubt he's thinking about the Bullies right now.

[When McWesson is finally on his feet, a fired up Jack Lynch goes to work on him, sending him to the ropes and dropping him with a beautifully executed dropkick.]

GM: Whoo boy! Did you see that dropkick?

BW: For a guy the size of Lynch, that's impressive - I'll give him that.

[Lynch stays right on him, pulling him up by the arm again and immediately shooting him into the ropes before launching him through the air with a back body drop!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODY DROP OUT OF JACK LYNCH!

[The big Texan winds up his right hand, driving the fingerless gloves down between the eyes of McWesson!]

BW: That was a closed fist, Gordo!

GM: Certainly was and Jack Lynch is getting warned about it by the official right now... but Jack shoves right by him, dragging McWesson up. It's obvious that the Lynch boys are hot under the collar at the Beale Street Bullies for what happened at Opportunity Knocks...heck, for EVERYTHING that's happened at the hands of the Bullies since SuperClash IV.

[Grabbing McWesson around the waist, Lynch powers him up, dropping him tailbone-first on the bent knee, sending him lurching forward chestfirst into the turnbuckles. The crowd cheers as Jack Lynch looks out at the crowd.]

GM: Jack Lynch is looking out at this sold-out crowd in Memphis, Tennessee... and you can hear what they want to see, Bucky!

BW: Who cares what they want to see?! I don't want to see it!

[And why is Jack Lynch looking towards the crowd? Because they're all chanting one thing.]

"CLAW CLAW CLAW CLAW!"

[Jack Lynch gives the crowd a single nod of the head. His right hand lifts, and his fingers curl inward.]

BW: Come on, Madhouse! Don't let it happen!

[A dazed McWesson gets to his feet, and moves forward, stumbling right into the hand of Jack Lynch. Everyone is on their feet now!]

GM: IRON CLAW!! HE HAS IT ON TIGHT!

BW: NOOOOOOOO!!

[Jack squeezes as hard as he can. The eldest Lynch's own face turns red as he cranks his fingers into McWesson's skull. The look of determination on Jack Lynch's face is intense, as he applies steadily increasing pressure, until McWesson's arms flail helplessly and his legs buckle, his shoulders hitting the mat. Jack bears down harder, placing a knee on McWesson's chest as he holds the claw.]

GM: COVER! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Your winner of the match, JAAAAACK LYYYYNNNCHHHH!!!

[Lynch climbs to his feet, holding the fingerless-glove covered hand aloft to the cheers of the Memphis crowd as he looks out to his applauding brothers.]

GM: A nice victory here on Saturday Night Wrestling for Jack Lynch who picks up a rare singles win.

BW: We're used to seeing him team with his halfwit brother, James. Man, I don't know what was in the Lynch gene pool but I have a feeling it was a floater, Gordo.

GM: BUCKY! Fans, let's go over to Mark Stegglet who is down at ringside with all three Lynch brothers.

BW: We have to hear them talk too?! When will the insanity end, Gordo?!

GM(chuckling): Take it away, Mark.

[We fade over to Mark Stegglet who stands in front of the three Lynches. Travis on the right, James on the left, and in the middle, sweat-soaked and breathing hard, is Jack Lynch.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Congratulations on your victory tonight, Jack. But the win over Madhouse isn't what's on the minds of all these great fans out here. It's Opportunity Knocks and the loss for you and James against your hated rivals, the Beale Street Bullies.

[Jack nods, wiping his brow before speaking.]

JACK: Lissen. I ain't here to make excuses. But I also ain't here to cry over spilled milk. Here's how it is. First the Bullies beat us.

And then they won the match.

Neither Jimmy nor I are gonna forget the whippin' we took at the hands of the Bullies. Them belts didn't feel good. But this here is a war. And wars don't end after one battle, or even after a dozen. Wars are fought over the long haul. Them Bullies? They've won a lotta battles.

But this war ain't over yet.

MS: Indeed, I would say not. Travis, how did it feel, seeing your brothers lose that Country Whipping match to the Bullies?

[Travis looks at Mark for a moment and just slowly shakes his head to the side.]

TL: How did it feel.... how do you think it felt, Mark? It's hard to stand by as your flesh and blood get taken to the woodshed right in front of your eyes, but like Big Jack just said this war ain't over... it ain't even close to over.

[The crowd cheers in approval as Travis continues to speak.]

TL: But you know Mark, I've been doing some thinking the past few weeks; while the family here has been trying to keep me calm.... and it's that word... calm... that made me realize something important. I'm not a calm man. You see these fans scream louder, cheer harder when I'm throwing bombs into the side of someone's head and asking questions later. The fans tore up the arenas as I took The Butcher pillar to post. The nearly blew the roof off the house when I took the PCW title from around the waist Rex Summers and Bullies, you were shaking in your boots as big ol' Robbie was begging for any way to escape the claw.

[Again the crowd cheers as Jack slaps Travis on the back.]

TL: We all know that Wyatt is a snake in the grass, taking any chance to blindside a man. Big ol' Robbie needs Johnson and Johnson so he stops crying every second of every day. And then there's Adam Rogers... the master of the lies and running his mouth to every one and any one who for a second is unfortunate enough to be in the general area.

Rogers, you herald yourself as still relevant, as someone people should still care about all because you held some title in some hellhole based in Los Angeles. The only reason I even care that you are still breathing, Rogers, is because you had the gall to say that my brothers and I sniff some white powder and said we don't matter.

[Travis glares into the camera.]

TL: For three men that don't matter, well, we're still standing and packing arenas while you three force people to run to the concession stands. So boys look at the three of us and know that the war ain't over till we finish you once and for all!

JACK: Speakin' of wars. I hear there's somethin' called the Unholy War comin' up. And brother, I got a challenge to make. I wanna give the fine fans of the AWA somethin' they ain't seen yet. You've seen one Lynch take on one Bully. You've seen two Lynches take on two Bullies. But there's one thing never before seen in the AWA:

The Lynches versus the Bullies. Three on three.

So Bullies? I know ya ain't here tonight. But how about in two weeks, you come out here and you accept our challenge? How about we put a stop to all this nonsense, and all six of us go at it.

Trav? Sound like a good idea to you?

TL: You damn right it is!

JACK: Jimmy? What're you thinkin'?

[James takes the microphone.]

JAMES: Oh yeah. I love it! And speaking of love...

There's one fan whose crossed the country. Come to every show. And every single time I see her, she screams..

[As if on cue, a high pitched "I LOVE YOU JIMMY" comes out of the crowd. The camera turns, zooming in on a now familiar face. The female fan who has been cheering for James Lynch for many weeks now. James' number one fan, by far.]

JAMES: Darlin', I love you too. And at Unholy War? I am going to make you a promise. My brothers and I?

We're going to win that match for you.

I promise you. You come to the arena, you scream for me, and you will not go home disappointed. I guarantee you'll get your wish, and all the fans will get their wish. The Bullies go down.

And people learn what real wrestling "royalty" is.

JACK: Ball's in your court Bullies. You got the guts to face us like men?

[Their piece said, the Lynches exit the ringside area, as we cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: The challenge is made! The Lynches versus the Bullies in a six man tag team showdown at Unholy War!

BW: These guys just really like gettin' their tails kicked, don't they?

GM: I don't know about that but on Labor Day weekend, they plan to take the fight to the Bullies and they plan on doing it as a family. Now, will the Bullies accept the challenge?

BW: You think the Bullies are gonna pass up another chance to stomp Blackjack's boys into the mat and make a Stench streak right down the middle of it? No chance.

GM: I guess we'll all find out together but right now, let's go over to the interview area where Jason Dane is standing by with a special guest. Jason?

[Crossfade to Jason Dane standing on the slightly elevated interview platform.]

[Jason Dane stands at the interview position, microphone in hand.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, please help me welcome my guest at this time... Shadoe Rage!

["Fame" hits as Shadoe Rage comes out from backstage. He wears a hot pink sleeveless T-shirt and white jeans. Rage rushes to Dane, stepping up on the platform. His expression is clearly frustrated.]

JD: Shadoe, last time on Saturday Night Wrestling we saw Donnie White jump you and stop you from getting your hands on Colonel P.W. de Klerk after de Klerk made some derog-

[Shadoe Rage cuts Dane off by covering the microphone with his hand. He glares Dane down.]

SR: Jason Dane, let me warn you right now that this isn't a good time or a good place to test my patience and my good nature. Donnie White can wait. P. W. de Klerk is who's on my mind right now.

[He raises Dane's arm to his mouth.]

SR: Let me talk to you right now, Colonel Pieter Wilhelm de Klerk. You've been spouting off some pretty ugly trash talk about me and my family. I don't know why you thought that was a smart thing to do. You're expired, old man. You're a relic. Your apartheid died a long time ago and it isn't coming back. All you've done is make me angry and focused on you, de Klerk.

Now I'm coming for you. Do you understand?

[Big cheer!]

SR: de Klerk, I'm going to kick your head off! You want to talk about my family? You want to talk about my father? Listen here, you son of a...

[Rage trails off as he censors himself.]

SR: You're going to pay for ever uttering his name! In two weeks, we're going into the ring one last time and I'm going to put hands on you, de Klerk. You will pay at my hands.

[Rage flashes his hands to the camera.]

SR: These hands are going to hurt you! They're going to punch you, slap you, grab you, twist you and rip you to pieces. I'm going to stain your soul, man. You think you're pure? You think talking about me, my family, and the President is going to make you important? Relevant?

[Rage shakes his head.]

SR: You're just a pathetic man well past your prime. And I'm going to finish you off. I'm going to put you down like a dog, de Klerk. I promise you that. I'm going to put you down like a dog. Come out here and face me, You pathetic irrelevant man. Walk out here right now and sign your death warrant!

[Rage turns towards the entryway, waiting and watching to see if the South African will accept the challenge...]

GM: I'm not even sure if Colonel de Klerk is here tonight but Shadoe Rage certainly has every right to be upset after some of the garbage that de Klerk has been spewing from his mouth in the last-

[Static.]

GM: Uh oh. It looks like Rage has some company, and that burst of static tells me it's not the Colonel!

[Two figures slither into view. The first, far more feminine than the second, is none other than Miss Sandra Hayes. The Siren is dressed down for a change, nothing fancy about the cherry apple tank top or the barely visible coffee brown short-shorts. Red heels lace up her feet and ankles and her branding iron that hangs over her shoulder seems to have gotten a makeover as it is wrapped up in fluorescent pink electrical tape on one end which matches the small handbag she holds in the other - matching accessories is key.]

BW: And it's not the Ring Leader either!

[In fact it is the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White who stands beside the hardest working publicist in the industry. White's bleach blonde Mohawk jets out in six long spikes from his otherwise cleanly shaven black scalp. He's rocking a teal motorcycle racing jacket over black jeans with a white belt full of metal studs. It isn't his street gear that catches our eye though, it's the red leash coiled around his right hand.]

DW: D-White is gonna stop you right there, playa. You keep spittin' the same old rhyme and it's time someone... Nah nah, scratch that, it's time the Mohawk from Memphis shut yo' mouth up for good, ya dig?

See ya keep borin' these fine people with your tired history and family story. Let me tell you that I'm about as intrigued as a sixteen year old white boy at a Tyler Perry movie and that just ain't right. So you gotta ask yourself Rage... Do you want to be the UPN of the wrestling world for the rest of your life? Or are you ready to step into the ring with the Atomic Blonde and make some prime time TV?

[Rage readies himself to speak but White, who is approaching the interview platform with Miss Hayes, holds his hand up.]

DW: Freeze... There's still a few people left who didn't hit the urinals when they heard your music and D-White wants all eight of them to hear this. See de Klerk, as much of a racist pig that he is, brought up a good point.

GM: He can't possibly be agreeing with Klerk on something, that's disgusting.

BW: Can't we all just get along?

GM: Not when you say some of the filth that de Klerk has.

[White continues.]

DW: Well, he sorta did. The way D-Dubbya sees it is that you DO bark too damn much! Yer daddy, he may have been a fine wrestler or whatever garbage your momma fed ya as a kid, but he wasn't just any old dog, nah nah my man he ain't Lassie or Old Yeller by any stretch of the imagination. Hell he wasn't even a junkyard dog. But just like yer old man...

You ain't nothin' but a MUTT, Shadoe Rage.

A homeless, worthless, disease infested menace to society.

You weren't planned or wanted by your own mama, and you ain't wanted here in the AWA. So the Atomic Blonde brought some'em for ya...

[White holds up the dog leash, raising it high for everyone to see.]

DW: And Sandra, well she thought that this might not be enough...

[Miss Hayes reaches into her bag, slowly pulling out an object...

...a dog muzzle.]

GM: Come on! This is appalling, even for them.

DW: The Last of the Mohawkins is gonna shut ya up...tie ya down.. and then do the entire world one HUGE favor...

[White grins, flashing his pearly whites and single gold fang.]

DW: Put.

[The pair step up on the steps leading onto the platform..]

DW: You.

[White steps up on the top of the platform.]

DW: Down!

[Just as White straightens up, Rage lunges forward, hammering him with both fists. Shadoe grabs the off-balance White by the shoulders, JAMMING his knee up into the gut. He grabs a handful of White's pants, turning towards the rows upon rows of steel chairs on the infield grass...

...and ROCKETS White off the elevated platform, sending him sailing through the air before crashing down on the ground!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RAGE THREW HIM OFF THE PLATFORM!! GOOD GRIEF! Shadoe Rage has lost it and I don't blame him for one second! White has gone too far this time, calling him-

[Gordon loses his train of thought as he sees Miss Hayes drag herself up on the platform, heels and all, behind Shadoe Rage and throws herself up onto his back, grabbing on tight as Rage swings to the side, surprised by the attack.]

GM: Hayes is on his back! She's hanging on for dear life, trying to protect Donnie White from any further abuse!

[Hayes wraps her legs around the waist of Rage, revealing the muzzle in her hand as she tries to force it over the face of Shadoe Rage.]

GM: The Siren is trying to put that muzzle on Rage! What in the world-

[Rage swats her hands away and twists and turns doing his best to shake her free. He ends up holding her by the wrist, angrily shouting at her as she cowers down to a knee, shaking her head back and forth as the crowd roars their approval!]

GM: Sandra Hayes is down on her knees! Shadoe Rage yanked her off his back and now he's going to make her pay for this attempt at humiliation!

BW: And you condone this, Gordo!? He's physically abusing a WOMAN out there, these idiots are cheering, and you're making it sound like it's a good thing!

GM: He's just trying to restrain her from attacking him again! Remember, she attacked him first!

BW: I suppose that makes it right then. Your attempt to ride the moral high road is disgusting!

[A fuming Rage releases the wrist, allowing Hayes to scamper off the ramp, sliding back down to the ground where she rushes to the side of Donnie White, dragging him back to his feet.]

GM: Shadoe Rage has thought better of it. He's decided not to take action against Miss Hayes and I think that's the wise course of action for him. I think he would have regretted anything else.

BW: I would hope so.

GM: Miss Hayes and Donnie White are in retreat. They're going to save themselves to fight another day.

[White and Hayes backpedal away from the platform, their arms strewn over one another's shoulders. White holds up the leash and yells back at Rage and we can make out him mouthing, "It ain't over!"]

GM: Fans, we've got to take another break but when we come back, the Matsui Corporation is in the house so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

We cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Rick Marley?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Stevie Scott running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Stevie Scott!

[And... did Dave Cooper just kick down the front door to attack Alex Martinez from behind while he was grappling with Calisto Dufrense in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Supernova leaping down the staircase at Nenshou? And why are the Blonde Bombers beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Bishop Boys turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Skywalker Jones is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Chris Staley with a flying clothesline, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Johnny Detson across your family room, and the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies are brawling across your driveway. Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Danny Morton as he had Stevie Childes in a headlock while Jackson Haynes is ramming Daniel Tyler's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Glenn Hudson tries to dropkick Dave Bryant, who ducks... poor Glenn hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Two AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[RyGunn does a double throw to send The Rave over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the RyGunn and Rave action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Luke Kinsey tries to smash Terry Shane the Third with a kitchen chair, but shane pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Nenshou and Dufrense action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Brian Von Braun and Tully Brawn double-clothesline Vladimir Velikov in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Alex Martinez. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Staley, Green, Marley, and BVB. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[And cut.

We fade back up to live action where Jason Dane has again been joined at the interview platform... but this time, the man with him is completely unknown.

He is, however, quite distinctive. At six feet nine inches tall, this man towers over the set with a fantastic physique. He has short, curly dark-blond hair and a very deep tan. He looks at the camera with a wide-eyed expression of focus. A gold cape is draped across his shoulders, and his simple ring attire (trunks, boots, kneepads, wristbands) match this in color.]

JD: Fans, the AWA is once again expanding, bringing in talent from all over the world. And a man that has conquered the wrestling scene in Japan is here now. Thor Thurston, welcome to the AWA.

[Thurston opens up with a boisterous, explosive voice that actually takes Dane off guard.]

TT: Ya know somethin' Jason Dane, it's an honor and a privilege, dude. Because for four years, I have walked the heavens and the earth, brother! And when I walked into Tokyo Japan, they called in the military. They called in the big guns. And they woke up Godzilla, man! But after these bad biceps [*flex*] picked up Godzilla, and slammed him down into the Sea Of Japan... I didn't mean to cause the tsunami, brother!

That's when I knew that I had to seek greater horizons. I went to the heavens and I asked Odin himself if there was anybody who could fight me in Asgard. And when we broke bread, and he saw me bench press the Rainbow Bridge, daddy, he told me that I could carry his son's name here on Earth, like my father did before me.

So now that I am here in the AWA, I look around and I see a bunch of bad dudes, man. They think they can get their way by planning, scheming, and ganging up on everyone! But Thor Thurston's got an army of his own, Jason Dane! I call them my Thorcolytes! And when all my Thorcolytes all over the world lift their voices as one, the power that flows within me means I've got them all outnumbered, jack! So let me ask you a question, interview man.

Do you know?

JD: Do I know what?

TT: Do you know what comes after the fall?! Do you know what lies beyond infinity?! Do you know what Thor Thurston's gonna do to all those creeps who think they can break the rules and live to tell the tale?! Do you know? Do you know?! DO YOU KNOW?!

[Thurston gives us a big most-muscular pose, and exits stage left.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, that man is hyped up and ready to go! Thor Thurston coming soon to the AWA!

[We cut back up to the booth.]

GM: He wrestled under the name "Rock Bradley" in Japan, but now going by his father's ring name...

BW: No, I think the phrase you're looking for is "ripping off Hercules Hammonds".

GM: I don't follow. What does Hammonds have to do with this?

BW: Really, Gordo? Alliterated mythology name? Second generation muscleman?

GM: He can hardly help being a second generation muscleman. And the word you're looking for is "alliterative". But yes, I suppose, there are a lot of parallels. I don't see how that is important, and after Hercules Hammonds' big win over Brody earlier tonight and SkyHerc's impressive victory over Violence Unlimited two weeks ago, I believe the man from Tupelo is going to have much bigger fish to fry in his immediate future than a newcomer who hasn't even had his first match yet. Now, coming up next-

[A familiar throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers.]

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[The crowd erupts into jeers, as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play.]

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

[Twenty-five seconds into the song, a masked mountain of a man, with lightly-tanned skin and brown eyes, emerges from the entranceway. He has on a black mask, with silver markings around the back forming two icy peaks; a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim. More jeering, as he is followed by the paunchy, smirking, bespectacled Asian, with light brown skin and short, wavy, black hair; dressed in a navy suit, lavender shirt, red tie and black Oxford shoes.]

PW: Introducing first, hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Mister Matsui, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[Matsui rubs his hands with glee, pats his client on the shoulder and points to the ring. As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to

the fans on either side of him. Matsui, on the other hand, cannot help but direct a few choice words at the more vocal members of the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

[In the ring, is a dirty-blond haired man with a bestubbed face and a mustache. He is wearing a tan two-strap singlet, black boots and kneepads, and red wrist tape.]

PW: Hailing from Joplin, Missouri, weighing in at 247 pounds, he is...
MICHAEL WEEEAVERRR!!!

BW: The master of the Weaverlock; I doubt he'll be putting it on the massive MAMMOTH Maximus.

[Reaching the ring, Matsui hangs back, letting Maximus pass, pulling himself onto the apron and stepping through the ropes. Maximus balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. As the music fades, Matsui remains on the outside, yelling encouragement at Maximus, who taunts the crowd, then turns his attention to referee Marty Meekly.]

GM: Maximus needs to be careful here; threatening officials is not something the front office looks at lightly.

BW: What about threatening broadcasters, Gordo?

GM: Maximus is nothing more than a bully, Bucky, and bullying is not something that he should be allowed to get away with. Not here in the AWA.

"DING! DING!"

BW: And bully he does, as he palms Weaver's face, pulling him into a headbutt.

[Maximus corners Weaver against the turnbuckles, laying into him with clubbing forearms.]

GM: He backs the Missouri veteran into the corner, going to town with those heavy forearm smashes across the head, neck, shoulders - really, whatever he can connect with.

BW: This guy has really turned into something special to watch. Every time he's out here in the ring, he looks more and more dominant.

GM: Louis Matsui is loving what he's seeing too. For those who haven't heard the news by now, MAMMOTH Mizusawa has been sent to Japan by the AWA for another tour with Tiger Paw Pro.

BW: First VU and then Mizusawa? What the heck do WE get out of this talent exchange deal?

[Gordon chuckles at Bucky's comment as Maximus drags Weaver off the mat by the arm...]

...and then LEVELS him with a short-arm clothesline that lays Weaver back out on the mat!]

GM: Good grief! All sorts of devastation packed into a blow like that. MAMMOTH Maximus is standing over Weaver, gesturing at his waist. He's made no secret of his desire to get another shot at the AWA World Title. You may remember back a few months ago when he got a shot at James Monosso and the World Heavyweight Title but came up short... thanks to Calisto Dufresne. Many believe that if Dufresne wasn't at ringside that night, Maximus would be your World Champion right now.

BW: Do you believe that, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure that I do... but what I do know is that if Maximus gets Calisto Dufresne inside the squared circle with the World Heavyweight Title on the line, we very well might see gold land in the Matsui Corporation for the very first time!

[Dragging Weaver off the mat, he hoists him up across his broad shoulders, walking around the ring effortlessly with him.]

GM: Look at that. Maximus has crazy amounts of power and strength.

"THE WORLD IS MINE!"

[He suddenly falls back, flattening Weaver underneath him.]

GM: SAMOAN DROP!! GOODNESS!

BW: Splat is more like it! Weaver just got crushed beneath four hundred and twenty pounds and they're going to have to scrape him off the mat with a spatula, daddy!

[Maximus holds his arms out to either side of him, then mimes wearing a belt around his waist again.]

GM: There he is, making the sign of the belt again. It's quite clear what Maximus' goals are these days. He's also been very vocal about not receiving matches against what he considers top competition here in the AWA.

BW: That may change if he gets the shot at the World Champion at Unholy War - a spot that's still open from what I understand.

GM: A lot of great challengers are possible for Labor Day and I hear the World Champion is quite agitated at not having his challenger named yet. We're going to hear from him immediately following this match so we'll have to see if that's true.

[Maximus looks down at Weaver, dragging a thumb across his throat.]

"THAT'S IT! DONE!"

GM: Maximus seems to think it's about to come to an end as he pulls Weaver off the mat again...

[He reaches up, hooking Weaver around the head and neck...]

GM: Uh oh!

[He powers him up before THROWING him down in a Uranage slam that sees Weaver BOUNCE off the canvas before settling back down. Maximus drops to a knee, planting an open palm on the chest...]

GM: That's all she wrote, fans. One... two... and three.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: One of the most devastating individuals in all of the AWA, MAMMOTH Maximus chalks up another victory here on Saturday Night Wrestling as he looks to earn himself a shot at the World Heavyweight Title. And I suppose... well, I suppose someone should get some comments from this duo.

BW: You're seriously thinking of going in there, Gordo?

GM: It's my job, Bucky.

[Louis Matsui stands in the ring, holding MAMMOTH Maximus hand up in victory. They are soon joined by Gordon Myers.]

GM: Louis Matsui, anoth-

LM: Did you pass our message on to President Karl O'Connor and the front office, Gordon? Because this one was worse than any other flunkie they've sent our way!

GM: I'm sure they heard your message loud and clear, Louis, and your client will get what's his in due time. Intimidation wi-

[Myers is interrupted by Maximus grabbing the mic, and his hand, in Maximus' meaty own. Myers visibly winces as the big man jerks the mic closer to him.]

MM: INTIMIDATION?! What's wrong with intimidation when you've got the will and the might to back it up? Do you not take me seriously, Gordon? Do you?!

[We hear Myers yell frantically, "I DO! I DO!"]

MM: Then I want you to make sure... MAKE SURE! As the Dean of Professional Wrestling and the Voice of the AWA, I want you to make sure that these people know I will get what's MINE!!!

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play, as Louis Matsui exits the ring. He turns around to yell at Maximus, who finally steps away from Myers. He exits the ring and takes his place next to Matsui, who raises his hand in the air, to jeers from the crowd...

...and we fade backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing with a microphone in his hand.]

MS: Fans, I'm backstage trying to get a word with the AWA World Champion, Calisto Dufresne... but he appears distracted by whatever he just saw on this monitor. Perhaps he has some words for the man we just saw in action, MAMMOTH Maximus.

[The camera pans to the left where we see the back of Calisto Dufresne, clad in a tight-fitting white t-shirt; his blond hair spilling down past his shoulders. The AWA World Championship sits on a stool nearby. Over his head is a set of headphones with a microphone attached, and we see that he is staring intently at a large TV screen...

...which does not feature MAMMOTH Maximus on it but rather the most recent edition of a Major League Baseball video game on an Xbox. It apparently isn't going well; as he is completely oblivious to Stegglet, as he yells into the microphone.]

CD: I don't care that you've beaten me six times in a row at this idiotic game! You still live in your parents' basement and the closest thing you've come to a woman is on your computer screen.

[A pause.]

CD: I don't care if you're nine years old! I was with my first woman when I wa-

[Dufresne's shoulders tense.]

CD: WHAT DID YOU CALL ME!? LOOK, YOU LITTLE PRE-PUBESCENT GNAT, I WILL FIND OUT WHERE YOU LIVE! HELLO!? HELLO....!?

[Dufresne throws the controller down in a rage, followed shortly by the headset. He stands up and turns around, seeing the cameraman and Stegglet standing there. He quickly tries to regain his composure.]

CD: You see what I'm forced to resort to? I can't get a challenge from any of these nobodies in the locker room, so I have to try and get a challenge in any way I can find it. Last week I went to a Victoria's Secret model convention to see if I could leave with an angel on each arm. That wasn't in Memphis, obviously, because the only models in Memphis are plus-size, but you get what I mean. Now what do you want, Stegglet?

[Stegglet pauses for a moment, taking in Dufresne's nonsense before continuing.]

MS: Well, I mainly wanted to get your thoughts on the fact that you'd be defending your World Championship on Labor Day at Unholy War.

CD: Of course I'll be defending my World Title on Labor Day. I was the longest-reigning, most fighting National Champion in the company's history and plan on continuing that legacy with the AWA World Championship. But it comes as no surprise that Karl O'Connor and his cronies on the Championship Committee are keeping me in the dark as to who exactly I'll be facing.

[A shake of the head from Dufresne.]

CD: They'll do any and everything to try and pry this title from me. But it doesn't matter, because no matter what the challenge is, Calisto Dufresne always rises to it. No matter who they throw in front of Calisto Dufresne, he always comes out ahead. So, the boys in their cheap suits in Dallas, just like PUIGMANIA714...

[Dufresne jerks a thumb over his shoulder at the screen.]

CD: ...may think they have the upper hand right now, but Calisto Dufresne always has a plan. In this case, it's a relatively simple one:

Show up. Suit up. Run roughshod over some never-was challenger...

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: ...And look damn good doing it.

[And on that note, Dufresne grabs the AWA World Title and waltzes off camera.]

MS: A very confident Calisto Dufresne as he heads into Unholy War. Now, let's go back down to the ring for more Saturday Night Wrestling action!

[Back up to Phil Watson, and the crowd is already cheering as two men are in the ring. One of them is a blonde pretty-boy with a great physique and a wild set of thigh-length tights, thistle-colored on the left side with a diagonal gold slash and a black-and-silver checkerboard pattern on the other side. An almost Picasso-esque rendition of a half-elk-half-bird thing is on the left hip, printed in white. He's wearing a mauve velvet sportcoat with the buttons removed, and brown shoe-leather wrestling boots.

The other person, who has just flipped over the ropes into the ring, is much more familiar. His straight shoulder-length brown hair, trimmed beard, and muscular build also mark him as attractive, and he gains many female cheers. He's wearing forest-green trunks, white boots with "MR.M" emblazoned in black cursive script, and wristbands. His green tweed jacket with leather elbowpatches has the Mensa emblem on the crest, and he's carrying a Kindle. This is "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno, and the cheers are for him.]

[*DING*]

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

Introducing first... from Beverly Hills, California... weighing one hundred ninety pounds... "PIN UP BOY" KENNETH DOLL!

[Mild boos.]

PW: And his opp... HEY!

[Kenneth Doll snatches the mic from Phil before Watson can continue.]

KD: Quiet. I, Kenneth Doll, am far too sexy to be relegated to the level of these unsexy slobs. I demand theme music. I demand an entrance video. I demand a screen on which to have the entrance video. OBVIOUSLY NOT IN THAT ORDER. I demand pyrotechnics, and mostly I demand better-looking clientele. Thank me.

[Boos sound out as Kenneth tosses the mic back at Watson. Imbrogno is giving a disapproving glare and finger wag at the pretentious rookie.]

PW: And his opponent... from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing two-hundred forty-five pounds... "MR. MENSA" MANNY IMBROGNO!

[Cheers as Imbrogno punctuates his introduction with a back handspring.]

PW: And now... Mr. Imbrogno has a poem for us all.

[The fans shush as Manny takes the mic.]

MI: Greetings to all in Memphis from Mister Mensa
From barbecue pit to music hall.
Memphis is a place with quite a bit of culture
Which is more than can be said for Kenneth Doll.

Kenneth's proud of his attire and he's quite sure to make mention
Of his pulchritude, which he says could not be grander.
But if Mister Mensa were a movie, I'd be The Shawshank Redemption
While Mister Kenneth Doll would barely be Zoolander.

In some ways Kenny's different than his Mattel-made namesake

But he's just the same in one major respect.
While he doesn't have a buxom Barbie, make no mistake
At least he's still anatomically incorrect.

[The fans cheer the harsh diss, as Doll throws an angry tantrum. He then demands that the referee tell him what that means as the ref ignores him to call for the bell.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Doll's pitchin' a fit over Manny's poem. This guy seem a little light between the ears to you, Gordo?

GM: For a minute, I was afraid you were gong to say 'loafers'.

BW: I don't even feel the need ta ASK that, it seems obvious.

GM: My apologies to anyone whom Bucky regularly offends. Collar-and-elbow tieup, and Manny Imbrogno easily pushes Ken Doll back to... oh my. I just got his name.

BW: Only just now?

GM: Yes. I... cannot unsee my granddaughter's toys now.

BW: Ha ha ha! I understand, Gordo. I understand. I'll cover play-by-play for ya. SIDEWALK SLAM!

GM: That was a side headlock takedown by Manny Imbrogno. He has a good fifty pounds of muscle on K... his opponent.

BW: This is great. I'm buyin' little Lynn a Barbie set for Christmas now.

GM: Then I'm buying your teenage son Reno a drum set.

BW: Backtotheaction, wow, big biel throw! Manny musta threw Ken about ten feet!

GM: We're used to seeing Manny Imbrogno fly, we're used to the speed, but he has bulked up a bit since his inception into the AWA. He's now nearing the two-hundred fifty pound mark, but still very agile and quick. A jumping knee to the chin of Doll as the Beverly Hills native stands. This young man is in tremendous condition, but at his size, he will need to be much quicker on his feet.

BW: I think Manny's STILL faster than Doll, even with bein' bigger. That's real bad news for Ken Doll.

GM: Standing elbowdrop. Yes, it is.

BW: Almost as bad news as it'd be if he wasn't anatomically correct.

GM: BUCKY! ARGH!

BW: Ha ha ha! Ken Doll is takin' a hike. Smartest move he's done, well, maybe aside from hangin' out with Barbie at the Dream House.

GM: He's not safe there... SPECTACULAR!

[The careless Ken paid no attention as Manny Imbrogno ran to the far ropes, moving at an easy, graceful gait which built up speed until culminating in a hard-hitting Tope Con Hilo which smashed Doll all over the ringside floor! The crowd gives an ovation for the perfectly-done move.]

BW: That's it, daddy! Ken Doll probably has some parts missin' after that!

GM: You're incorrigible.

BW: I ain't been corrigened yet, that's for sure.

GM: Imbrogno firing Doll into the ring, and ascending to the top rope. This could well be it... _SMART BOMB_!

[The flying senton bomb connects, and Manny hooks the leg as the three count is applied.]

BW: That didn't take long. Good thing, Gordo was about to lose it.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: I don't know about that, but Manny Imbrogno made it look easy here. That big dive to the floor completely wiped out his opponent, and that is a prime example; always pay attention to your opponent. You have to defend yourself at all times, and if you don't, well, you can easily be defeated in under two minutes as we just saw. Let's get the official word.

PW: The winner of the match... "MR. MENSA" MANNY IMBROGNO!

[Imbrogno smiles broadly, and does another backflip to punctuate the announcement before letting the referee raise his hand.]

BW: One big move when the guy was lookin' away, and that was that. I wonder why Manny still ain't got himself theme music.

GM: Perhaps he hasn't found any to suit him, or perhaps he's too focused on the in-ring results to worry about it. The polar opposite of the man he just beat. In any case, Manny Imbrogno has to be looking to make a move up the ladder in the AWA like in two weeks when he and his partner take on The Hive! Fans, we have plenty more action, stay with us!

[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 "AUGUST 24th - MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.]

"The AWA steams into Kansas City, Missouri for the very first time for the final Saturday Night Wrestling of the Heat Wave tour where you'll see William Craven in action! Plus, a special appearance by the legendary Hamilton Graham!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "SEPTEMBER 2nd - CHAIFETZ ARENA - ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI"]

"St. Louis, are you ready for an Unholy War?! The 2013 Heat Wave tour comes to an end in the Chaifetz Arena with the big event featuring WarGames! Plus, the World Title AND World Tag Team Titles will be on the line!"

[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 we return to footage marked "AWA LIVE EVENT - LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY" as a Jason Dane voiceover is heard.]

JD: The following contest occurred during an AWA live arena event and is a special treat for you fans at home. Enjoy!

[As the bell draws the attention of the fans, we see that Phil Watson is standing near two men in black bodysuits and masks. One has orange trim around the eyes and boots, the other has a very pale pink trim.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, and a fifteen minute time limit.

Introducing first, to my left... from Parts Unknown... weight unknown...
DOCTOR INSIDIOUS AND THE NEFARIOUS ONE!

[The masked men raise their arms. The crowd does not seem to know what to make of them. They quickly start cheering, however, when "Compter Les Corps" by Vulgaires Machins starts to play.]

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

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

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

BW: I'm gonna need an Advil.

GM: Bucky Wilde, why do you find it headache-inducing when we have spirited competitors who believe in fair play?

BW: I was referrin' to all the screamin' girls. I want these guys to fight the Lynches so the fangirls have to make up their minds.

GM: That would be an extraordinary match, come to think of it.

[The Northern Lights enter the ring, and Rousseau circles around waving the fans on to cheer louder. Choisnet, the more focused of the two, is keeping an eye on their masked competition. The music dies down and referee Davis Warren instructs both teams to get one member in.]

BW: These punks are practically begging to get hurt. The way they kowtow to the fangirl groupies, the way they parade around as holier-than-thou goody-two-shoeses...

GM: Shoeses?

BW: It's the plural of shoes!

GM: ...

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The bell is gone, and Rene Rousseau starts off against the masked man in black and orange. The two circle before going into the collar-and-elbow tieup.]

BW: Wait until the Bishops get their hands on them. Or the Longhorn Riders. Or the Ring Workers. They won't be so pretty then.

GM: Bucky. I'm beginning to hear jealousy in your tone.

BW: Uh, great superplex there by Mr. Masked Guy!

GM: That was a snapmare. By Rene Rousseau. The man in the black and orange is Doctor Insidious, and while I question his doctorate in insidiousness, he did make a good move in immediately rolling to his corner so Rousseau could not follow up.

BW: Doctor Insidious and The Nefarious One. Are these guys comic book villains?

GM: I think they style themselves that way. Another lockup, and Rousseau with the side headlock. Thrown to the ropes by Insidious, off the ropes, drop down in front, Rousseau goes over the top.

[As the Quebec native runs off the ropes again, Insidious pops to his feet and ducks down for the back body drop. Rousseau cannot stop in time, but he can go into a cartwheel and dodge Insidious entirely. The masked man straightens up, looks around confused for his opponent, then turns around in time to get snatched in a headlock takedown to the applause of the crowd.]

BW: A cartwheel?

GM: Very athletic move, beguiling Doctor Insidious and setting him up for the takedown.

BW: Yeah, but he could have taken a shot at his head while he was wide open. Kick him in the throat or something.

GM: Rousseau choosing to set up a hold instead. He has the seated headlock on Insidious, and is in firm control of the match right now. Rousseau getting up with his man still locked in, and there is the tag to Chris Choynet. Have you learned to pronounce his name yet?

BW: Shwanay? I'm the only one that says it right.

GM: Choynet up, second turnbuckle on the inside, and hammers the point of his elbow into the upper back of Insidious as Rousseau holds him. Rousseau out now, and Choynet applying a half-nelson, and there's a heel trip to take the larger man down. The masked doctor looks to have about thirty pounds on the Northern Lights members, but so far no trouble in controlling him with mat wrestling.

BW: Yeah, true. These guys can wrestle and they can control people, set a pace, so on. But to win, ya gotta do damage. This is only good if it sets somethin' up.

GM: In much the same way that they set up Dichotomy at Opportunity Knocks.

BW: Low blow, Gordo.

[Choisnet has an armbar on Insidious, and he uses said armbar to pull the man up while driving his knee down into the side of his head, bending his neck at a nasty angle.]

GM: This hold is punishing. Look at the neck of Insidious!

BW: That looks painful. Almost as painful as knowin' you only could win a big match because the referee helped ya do it. These two got an awful lot of help on the Fourth Of July.

GM: We saw Dichotomy two weeks ago, and they are spoiling for a rematch. Such as the one we'll see in Little Rock on the 17th. Insidious managing to get to his knees... and his feet. That will alleviate the neck issue. But Choisnet takes him right back down with a fireman's carry, and now a headscissors. With the armbar still applied.

[At this point, the Nefarious One decides that's quite enough of that. He rushes in and kneedrops Choisnet in the chest to break the hold. The fans boo the illegal move.]

BW: And look what all that mat wrestling did. Lined him up for a big Nefarious kneedrop.

GM: No tag was made! The Nefarious One is easily the biggest man in the ring, probably around two hundred eighty pounds. That and the different color mask trim will ensure no illegal mask switching, but there was certainly no guile to that tactic. Doctor Insidious is free as the Nefarious One goes back to the corner as if he did nothing wrong. Davis Warren giving him an earful.

BW: Which won't work because the mask has no earholes.

GM: ...

BW: And there's the tag! C'mon, Gordo, do I gotta do play-by-play too?

GM: The Nefarious One is in, and Choisnet stunned from the kneedrop. He picks up the Maine native, scoop, and a slam. Nefarious off the ropes... misses the elbow!

BW: Yeah, Shwanay's a bit too fast for that if he sees you coming.

GM: Tag made to Rousseau, and the Northern Lights advancing on the Nefarious One. Double Irish-Whip, and a double hiptoss sends the big man skyward!

BW: They musta chucked him halfway across the ring!

GM: The fans cheering as Rene Rousseau takes over. He barrels off the far ropes... WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!

[Rousseau leaves his feet with the jumping clothesline, going past his opponent feet first to drag him down as if with an inverted bulldog. The reaction is loud as the French-Canadian star scrambles quickly to his feet. He gets to the turnbuckles, ascends to the top rope, and bombs down on a shakily-standing nefarious One with a flying axehandle blow, sending the big man down!]

BW: Now they're unloading. Just had to wait until there was an opening. Of course, with a top tag team, you don't get easy openings.

GM: It certainly wouldn't be that easy against the likes of the Blonde Bombers or RyGunn.

BW: I was thinking more Dichotomy than RyGunn. Or really anyone but RyGunn.

GM: Quick tag made, and a double team effort...

[After tagging Choisnet, Rousseau picks up the nefarious One and Irish-Whips him to the corner. Choisnet is in that corner, and he leans back, putting both feet up. Nefarious hits chest first into Choisnet's feet, and recoils. Then Rousseau dashes into him from behind, hitting a shoulderblock to the lower back to smash him into Choisnet's feet again, sending him crashing to the canvas!]

BW: That'll give ya whiplash in 24 to 48 hours!

GM: Doctor Insidious running in to do something about it, but Choisnet scoops him up on his shoulders! And into the airplane spin!

[The crowd counts the rotations as Choisnet uses the airplane spin on Insidious. On five, Choisnet unloads him, slamming him down hard on Nefarious to the cheers of the fans.]

GM: AIRPLANE SLAM! Right onto his partner. And an immediate tag back to Rousseau... OH MY WORD!

[Immediately upon regaining balance, Choisnet tags Rousseau, grips the top rope, and slingshots him over to a flying splash on both masked men! The crowd erupts for that.]

BW: Hey! Warren's gotta get control!

GM: The slingshot move crushing the Nefarious One under his opponent and his partner! Rousseau rolls Doctor Insidious out of the ring, and picking up the Nefarious One. Another quick tag. The Northern Lights moving at a blistering pace here.

[Rousseau whips Nefarious off the ropes, and back body drops him... right at Choisnet. Grabbing the back of Nefarious' head as he is upside down, Choisnet falls back, hooking a leg as he does and drilling him to the mat with an assisted fisherman suplex. He does not bridge the move, instead focusing on spiking his opponent flat on his back as hard as he can. Choisnet floats over into a pin with the leg tightly hooked. Loud cheers are heard for the move.]

GM: WHAT A SUPLEX! And... yes, there's the three!

[*DING*DING*DING]

["Compter Les Corps" begins anew as the Northern Lights jump up, pumping their fists and working up the crowd. Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here are your winners... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

GM: The Northern Lights with a win here in Louisville and their path continues.

BW: I'm sure all the girls in Memphis, such as they are, will rest easy tonight knowin' that Rousseau and Shwanay didn't need a referee to help them win. But it ain't gonna happen when they face Dichotomy, that's for sure.

[We fade away from the pre-taped match footage to find Jason Dane, standing by with the Northern Lights in a post-match interview taped the same night. We've just seen Rene Rousseau and Chris Choisnet wrestle, and the duo is still pumped up in the backstage area in Louisville.]

JD: Alright, gentlemen. You've gotten some real momentum in the AWA these past couple of weeks, but we've been hearing a lot of sour grapes from the two men you defeated at Opportunity Knocks. Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner are now calling themselves Dichotomy, and they want another shot at you.

[Rousseau is the first to react, in his French-Canadian accent.]

RR: Mr. Dane, those two guys don't have to whine about it. They don't have to come out here and act like a couple of martyrs. All they have to do is sign a contract. All they have to do is come out here any time, and challenge us! Chris and myself, we back down from no challenge, great or small.

CC: But that's how Matt and Mark always were. It's how they were in the Combat Corner... ask Todd Michaelson some time about how Mark Hoefner got a scholarship there. They've always preferred to complain about it rather than to BE about it. Yeah, the wrong guy tapped out. But you know

what? He TAPPED OUT. When you quit on a match, that's not a fluke or an accident. When you throw in a towel, you don't get to throw it back out!

RR: So as far as we're concerned? Anywhere. Anytime.

JD: Let's talk about your goals here in the AWA. With so many top-tier tag teams, how do you... LOOK OUT!

[I don't know how you look out, Jason, but what Rousseau and Choynet were doing isn't it. Matt Ginn and Mark Hoefner run in from the blind side, carrying an unused arena spotlight in between them. At ramming speed, they smash it into Rene Rousseau's back!]

GM: NO!

[*CRAAASSHH*tinkletinkle]

BW: YES!

[The loud shattering of the glass is heard as Rousseau crumples in a heap. Choynet turns to fight, but Dichotomy pushes the spotlight's metal frame in the way. He steps out of the way of the spotlight, only to get hammered in the mouth with a jumping haymaker by Hoefner. Ginn grabs him in a front facelock and holds him as Hoefner snatches up a nearby steel chair.]

GM: DICHOTOMY HAS BROKEN A SPARE SPOTLIGHT OVER RENE ROUSSEAU'S BACK!

BW: That's why he came down to Dallas, daddy! To get his day in the spotlight! HA HA HA!

GM: And now Hoefner with the steel chair as Ginn has Choynet trapped!

[*CRACK*]

GM: NO!

BW: YES! Wow, deja vu.

[*CRACK*]

GM: TWO VICIOUS CHAIR SHOTS! Security arrives! This is a vile assault!

BW: This is revenge. I told these guys never to let themselves be cheated, and I guess this is how they're gonna turn that into action.

GM: Oh, so we have you to thank for this, Bucky Wilde?

BW: Nope. You have me to thank for tellin' these kids how to be sucessful, and them for choosin' to do it the right way. Over the twitchin' bodies of anybody who cheats them.

[Security has pushed Dichotomy, who are wearing their ring gear, away from the Northern Lights. Matt Ginn takes the microphone from a recoiling Jason Dane as security forces him away from the Northern Lights.]

MG: Anywhere? Anytime? It appears that Monsieurs Rousseau and Choicenet fared very poorly in this place, at this time. Perhaps he should reconsider stating open-ended criteria.

MH: And maybe he should take the next flight back to Quebec and take his snotty sidekick with him!

[Dichotomy exits as medics see to Rousseau and Choicenet. Rousseau has numerous small cuts on his back, while Choicenet is barely moving. We crossfade to live action back to Memphis where Gordon is shaking his head at ringside.]

GM: There you saw it, fans. A cowardly action by two cowardly men.

BW: Cowards, no. These guys just enforced. They got robbed, and they sent a message to the whole AWA that they're not gonna GET robbed. You screw with Dichotomy, they'll get you, one way or another. That's what they just did right there... sent exactly that message. Because in the AWA, you got killers like the Blonde Bombers, the Ring Workers, the Bishops, and the Longhorn Riders who think exactly that way. If you don't step up and show you're a shark, you'll get eaten with the rest of the chum.

GM: No, Bucky. You show you're a force to be reckoned with in the ring, and Dichotomy has not done that yet. One win over the Blue Brothers does not a contender make. The Northern Lights, on the other hand, have gained some more impressive victories, and we will see them come back with a vengeance, you can bet.

BW: Ha! Pepe Le Pew and Dudley Do Right will never get anywhere, because they have as much killer instinct as Gordon Myers. No offense, Gordo. But you're lucky you don't need killer instinct for play-by-play. And the Northern Lights have been plain lucky. Luck runs out eventually, as we just saw.

GM: Speaking of luck running out, Percy Childes' luck ran out earlier tonight when Anton Layton caught him all alone inside the squared circle and... well, he really went to town on him with that Golden Spike.

BW: And my sources say Layton still ain't been kicked out of the building! What's taking so long? He's gotta be fired for that!

GM: We've heard no word on any kind of repercussions for the Prince of Darkness but we can tell you that Steven Childes remains in the building and remains on target to face Brian Von Braun in one-on-one action here later tonight. But right now, let's hear from the men who will be facing the Unholy Alliance in WarGames! Jason?

[We cut to the interview area, where we see Jason Dane standing by with the War Games team collectively known as "The Immortals"...Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott, Luke Kinsey, Brian Von Braun, Supernova, and a bloody (although it's not his blood) Anton Layton. Dane turns to Vasquez, with a bewildered look on his face.]

JD: Juan Vasquez! What did we see out there earlier tonight!? Percy Childes was brutalized with Anton Layton's Golden Spike and left a bloody mess!

[Vasquez, predictably...doesn't seem to be torn up over that fact.]

JV: And not a single tear was shed for him, Jason. Not a single damn one.

[Dane nods his head in agreement.]

JD: True. Percy Childes certainly doesn't draw any sympathy from me, but some people would question your methods. The fact that it seems your group is willing to sink to The Unholy Alliance's level is a bit concerning.

JV: And it SHOULD be concerning! This ain't how civilized people should be acting. This isn't how normal people should be behaving. But don't look towards men who dedicate their lives to inflicting pain upon each other to act civilized OR normal.

We're at WAR, Dane.

And I don't know about you, but I'm gonna' do everything in my power to WIN.

[He chuckles.]

JV: Like I've always said...

"Whatever it takes."

[He pats a giggling Anton Layton on the shoulder, the Prince of Darkness still clutching his golden spike.]

JV: "Even if I had to sell my soul to the devil, himself..."

[Juan stares right into the camera.]

JV: Whatever. It. Takes.

[A slightly disturbed Dane quickly turns his attention to Von Braun.]

JD: And I don't have to ask if you're thrilled at what happened to Percy Childes. It's been almost two years since your father was injured at the hands of Percy and the Aces.

BVB: For months, Percy had made no bones about telling the world just how bad he and the Unholy Alliance are. He's even warned everyone about what levels the men collected here in front of you will stoop to.

[BVB gives Supernova a sideways glance.]

BVB: Well, except one.

What happened to Percy, Dane? We called his bluff. The Unholy Alliance is evil? We have more collective MEAN standing on this side of the War Games than he does.

[Luke Kinsey takes the microphone.]

LK: There's an old saying from a great movie, Jason. Called "Tombstone". Goes something like this... you called down the thunder?

Well now you got it.

[Luke adjusts his stance, making no mistake that he's now talking directly at Percy Childes.]

LK: Just like my brother said, this is WAR. And there are no innocent bystanders in war, there are no civilian casualties in war. It's guilt by association, Percy, and you're the head of the association. So you make sure you show your boys the scars we just put in your head. You're an eloquent little man, Percy, make sure you use your extended vocabulary to describe what it was like to get BLUDGEONED with a sharp instrument. Tell 'em what it was like to feel your own head get made into Swiss cheese, and tell 'em how it felt to have so much blood run into your eyes that you couldn't see.

And then tell 'em that we were just warming up with you. Tell the Aces, tell Detson, tell Tully. You tell 'em ALL.

We're going to break you and bleed you dry in War Games, and it's YOUR fault.

[Kinsey tosses the microphone and dusts off his hands, shouting "CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR!". Dane then turns to Stevie.]

JD: Stevie Scott, your ruthless streak is well-known so this is no surprise for you, but what do you make of Sweet Daddy Williams' statements two weeks ago about how these other men shouldn't trust you?

[Stevie scowls briefly before answering.]

HSS: Different time, different place, Dane, and I'm a different person.

Although, for all his redeeming qualities, Sweet Daddy wasn't exactly a white hat in our team those few years ago, so the pot should probably consider his color before he starts calling out the kettle.

But to the point. Can these guys trust me?

[He pauses, looking to his right at Vasquez and Supernova.]

HSS: Look, it's always a crapshoot when we get into the ring. It's a brutal business, and you go into it knowing you're going to get stabbed in the back eventually. You just don't know who's gonna be holding the knife.

But if I've been anything during my time in the AWA, Jason Dane, I've been a man of my word, and when I say something's gonna happen? It happens. So pay close attention to this. The only people who have to worry when we get into that cage are ones that have stooped low enough to align themselves with Percy Childes, who is without question the most reprehensible man I've ever seen in this business. And that's saying something.

JD: Supernova... you know what Percy Childes said about you in comparison to the rest of these men. How can you condone what just took place?

S: Jason, you think I condone what just happened?

[The rest of the crew looks at Supernova, as if wondering what his response will be.]

S: No, I don't... BUT.

There's an old saying that goes along the lines of... you reap what you sow.

And Percy Childes wasn't prepared for the harvest.

[A slight laugh.]

S: And I said it before and will say it again... Anton Layton is just like all of us: He's a man of his word... and as you just saw, he stood by his word. So it doesn't surprise me what he did to Percy Childes, and Childes shouldn't be surprised either... and neither should you, Jason.

After all, as they say.. war is hell!

[The group walks off-camera, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: War is hell? I think, on this night, Percy Childes would agree with that statement. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[Crossfade to the ringside area where our announce team is standing.]

GM: The war is raging here in the AWA as we head towards Labor Day, Unholy War, and WarGames! Now, fans, it's time to see some action featuring a team that stunned the world on our last show. They literally kicked their own flesh and blood right out of the AWA, and joined up with Chris Blue, of all people.

BW: And, Gordo, they brought the danger back. You saw it in their No-DQ match, the vicious and relentless Bishop Boys came out of hiding. They may have lost, but it wasn't their fault. They listened to that out of touch cousin of theirs one too many times.

GM: Maybe, but did they have to send him packing so viciously?

BW: In this sport, Gordo? Vicious is all that counts.

[Gordon shudders.]

GM: That's a scary thought. Phil, take it away.

[Phil nods, then raises the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a 10 minute time limit. Introducing first, hailing from Seattle, Washington, the team of Eddie Cameron and Dave Cantrell, THE GRUNGERS!

[Two guys dressed in flannel shirts, flannel patterned tights, and red boots raise their arms to the crowd to little response.]

BW: Haven't these guys gotten the message? Grunge died almost twenty years ago, daddy!

GM: Certainly an interesting pairing, that's for sure.

PW: And their opponents...

[A renewed chorus of boos greets the team about to make their entrance as "Nothin' To Lose" by Rebel Meets Rebel blares over the PA.]

PW: ...hailing from Kingsland, Arkansas, at a total combined weight of-

[Phil is interrupted by the hard charging Bishops, who waste no time in sliding into the ring as a unit, and taking the fight to their opposition. One can tell The Grungers apart as they have their last names on the seat of their trunks. The one known as Cameron is knocked from the ring by a huge clothesline from Cletus Lee. Duane Henry starts punching Cantrell, who fails to fight back. Duane Henry whips Cantrell into the...]

BW: CHARGING BIG BOOT!

GM: My stars, that seems to have extra oomph behind it these days!

[Duane Henry torture racks Cantrell.]

GM: Really? This is the end already?

BW: Depends on what the boss wants!

[Cletus Lee hits the far ropes, then kicks the life out of Cantrell's head.]

BW: DOC ALL... erm, I don't know what to call it now!

GM: Whatever they choose to call it, it's still exceedingly effective. But Duane Henry's not going for the pin!

[Cletus Lee looks a little confused as Duane Henry gets back up. Duane Henry points to the recovering Cameron. Cletus Lee looks over and smiles. He turns back to his brother with a nod, then drags Cameron back up, and forces the tag between the seemingly unconscious Grungers.]

GM: There they go, forcing the tag again. A specialty of theirs.

BW: Ain't it fun, Gordo?

GM: Not exactly.

[Cletus Lee pulls Cameron back into the ring, and whips him towards Duane Henry, who nails a Thesz Press, landing with a series of punches to the skull. The ref is trying to make heads or tails of this situation, and decides Duane Henry and Cameron are the legal men.]

GM: Strange officiating going on here.

BW: Oh, when are these putzes ever competent?

[Duane Henry gets back up and lifts Cameron into an electric chair position, crossing his arms. He then drives him backward, slamming the back of his head right into the mat.]

GM: Oh my stars! We've never seen anything like that from the Bishops!

BW: Hey, maybe hanging around Craven and Preston has had a positive effect on them. Maybe they've picked up a few new moves along the way.

GM: With their already dangerous arsenal, that's a scary thought.

BW: And, have you noticed, their entire attack on this match has been on the heads of their opponents? Maybe that'll wake these two goofs up.

GM: Or send them out with concussions.

BW: Eh, either way, the Bishops win, and that's all that matters.

[Duane Henry lifts the unconscious Cameron back to his feet, and calls for Cletus Lee. The Redneck Wrecking Machine answers in a flash, showing speed we haven't seen from him before.]

BW: Wow, was Cletus Lee ever this swift?

GM: No, I don't believe he ever was.

[Duane Henry goes for an Irish whip, but it's reversed by Cameron!]

BW: What the...?

[Duane Henry is forced into his brother, who holds out a long arm to stop him in his tracks. The Boys exchange a miffed glance, then turn to Cameron, who seemingly is having second thoughts about this match.]

BW: Run, boy!

GM: It looks like that's what Cameron wants to do. But he's got no place to go. The Bishops are cutting off the ring!

[Cameron turns to look at Cletus Lee, but that's when Duane Henry dropkicks him from behind, sending him into Cletus Lee, who nails a head-and-arm suplex.]

GM: Wow, the Bishop Boys showing off ever more offense.

[Duane Henry bounces off the ropes, and lands a running senton.]

BW: Shades of...

GM: Don't say it! You know Duane Henry has perfected that on his own.

[Cletus Lee whistles to his brother, who turns and nods. Now Cameron is racked, and Cletus Lee nails the big boot. Goodbye.]

BW: That move I don't know what to call!

[This time, it's academic, as the ref counts to three.]

PW: Here are your winners, THE BISHOP BOYS!

BW: The losing streak is over!

GM: Well, yes, but we'll see just how good they've gotten when they face off against a regular AWA team.

BW: Are you kidding me? The division may be red hot, but with the Bishops back to normal, this is their playground once more.

GM: And...here they come? Since when do they do interviews without a manager around doing the talking for them?

BW: It's a new day, daddy. I'm sure Chris Blue has given them free reign to do whatever they want when he's not around.

GM: But he is! We just talked to him earlier!

[Sure enough, a determined-looking Duane Henry and wild-looking Cletus Lee enter the picture. Duane Henry shakes Bucky's hand. Cletus Lee? Eh, not so much.]

GM: Another big victory, gentlemen, however unorthodox it may be.

[Duane Henry makes a confused face, then smiles. His accent is no longer as thick as it once was. It's now very light.]

DHB: Yeah, Gordie, I hear what you're sayin'.

[Gordon raises an eyebrow.]

GM: Really?

DHB: Yep. Look, we're not as dumb as you were led to believe. Bo wanted all the glory. Thus, we got pushed aside as dumb rednecks. Well, proud rednecks though we may be, we're not that stupid. We proved that two weeks ago.

[Duane Henry smiles.]

GM: Speaking of which, what happened?

[Duane Henry shrugs.]

DHB: Bo overstepped his boundaries with us. He kept us losing, time and time again. We got sick of it. Thus, we took extreme measures. It was both business AND personal. And, yeah, I know you're watching, Bo. Don't even think of trying anything funny with us. You come back? You leave in a casket.

GM: Okay... but why Chris Blue?

DHB: Hey, he's the genius from LA. You've seen what he's done with William and Eric. He's turned their careers around. We needed that same resurrection. And that's why we signed on with him. He needs help in this war to come? We're only too glad to help the man who saved us.

GM: About this war...

[Duane Henry interrupts.]

DHB: Hey, you want to know more about that, talk to the boss. It ain't our place to speak on it.

BW: Speaking of which, it's great to hear you talk like a real man now. How about the big man though?

[Duane Henry looks at his brother with a raised eyebrow. Cletus Lee shakes his head.]

DHB: Nah, Cletus Lee ain't much for talking. Maybe, if the time's right, he'll have something to say. But for now? I do the talking when the boss man isn't around.

[Cletus Lee nods in agreement.]

BW: So, what's next for you guys?

DHB: Gold, Bucky. We're the only two-time National Tag Team Champions. You'd think we'd earned a little more respect. But, no, we have to claw our way back to the top. That's fine. We'll take out anybody in our way. And Bombers? I'd be wary of what direction we're coming from if I were you. And thank the good Lord we ain't. Because your time on top is short-lived. Any other questions?

BW: Your finisher. What the heck do we call it?

DHB: It's still the Miracle Headache Elixir. Just without the dumb name attached to it. Anything else?

[Gordon just shakes his head.]

BW: Nope.

DHB: Good, I'm tired of talking. Could use a good beer right about now.

[And with that, the Bishops leave.]

GM: Huh, that was abrupt... but the Bishops have turned a page seemingly, Bucky. They've moved on to a new chapter in their career... without their cousin guiding them... being able to speak on their own, for themselves... it's a whole new world for these two.

BW: And if their goal is gold, you better believe that Chris Blue is going to have them aimed right at the Blonde Bombers in the very near future.

GM: Speaking of Chris Blue, when we come back, I'm told that we'll be seeing Eric Preston in singles action so don't you dare go away, fans!

[Fade to black.]

Over the wild sound of prepubescent cheers, in the midst of the gaudy lights of a huge stage stands a baby-faced young man with brown hair, brown eyes, a big smile, and a small trickle of sweat running down his cheek. A polished, professional male voice handles the narration.]

VO: His audition on X-Factor captivated the nation.

[Quick cut to judge Nicole Scherzinger, looking on in reverence.]

NS: *That* was amazing!

[With the sound of the cheers remaining in the background, quick cut to YouTube page, playing a crude, self-produced video of the young man singing his song "Say Hey!" Immediately, the shot starts zooming in on the hit total, an unbelievable 357,145,002.]

VO: His debut song took the *world* by storm!

[The chorus of that song plays in the background, as the screen briefly fades to black, before the AWA logo fades in on the top half of the screen.]

VO: ...and now, he is coming to the AWA!

[As the chorus comes to an end, the bottom half of the screen fills with these words:

September 14th, 2013
AWA Homecoming
Joshua Dusscher
LIVE!

After a three second pause, cut back to the ringside announce table, Gordon Myers with a big smile on his face while Bucky Wilde looks down shaking his head.]

GM: Do not adjust your television sets fans, your eyes do not deceive you. Joshua Dusscher...yes, THAT Joshua Dusscher, will appear LIVE at AWA Homecoming for a very special mini-concert!

BW: Really, Gordo? This is what it's come to? We can't get by with just the wrestling anymore?

GM: Bucky, this young man is a *world famous* talent, it is a major happening that *we* get to have him sing on our show!

BW: Don't you wonder why that is? Heck, don't you wonder why such a "talent" that had such a moment on X-Factor got cut in the "Boot Camp" stage? The guys at TMZ had plenty of theories, some of which even made ME blush!

GM: I would think that you of all people would have more respect for someone with his "do what it takes" attitude, Bucky. He made himself on YouTube, and he got the record industry to come to him on his own terms.

BW: It doesn't matter how he does what he does, Gordo. A punk is always a punk!

GM: Well, I had the chance to meet him at the contract signing, and I thought he was a fine young man with a genuine, passionate interest in AWA wrestling. This will be a great chance to introduce many new people to the AWA, and I think that this will be a moment that wrestling *and* music fans alike will never forget! Fans, that's not all we're going to see at Homecoming though. As you know, over the past few months, we've been

hosting a series of fan polls to determine the match that you think is the best match in Saturday Night Wrestling history. So far, we've seen some great matches selected and this week is no exception. From August 11th, 2012, the former World Champion and Hall of Famer Jeff Matthews took on Combat Corner alumni Supreme Wright as part of the World Title tournament. Let's take a look!

[Crossfade to footage marked "SNW MATCH OF THE YEAR - 2012" where Phil Watson is standing inside the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is a second round match in the AWA World Title Tournament! Introducing first...

[The haunting vocals of Deborah Harry can be heard over the PA system.]

Step into a world #
Where there's no one left # # But the very best #
No MC can test

["Step into a World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One begins to play as the crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and boos(but mostly boos). As the song kicks into high gear, a spotlight hits the entrance, where we see Supreme Wright stepping through. Wright hops around and throws shadow punches to loosen up, before making his way down to the ring.]

PW: ...hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing 225 pounds...
SUPREME WRIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[Wright enters the ring and proceeds to remove his coat, revealing a lanky, but powerful build, with extremely well-defined musculature, cutting an impressive figure. He wears MMA-style shorts, half-camo and the other half with the stenciled image of a large demon's head. Wright's hair is pulled back into cornrows snaking into an intricate "S"-shape design and his arms and chest are covered in various tattoos. He wears MMA fight gloves on his hands and amateur-style wrestling shoes. There's no doubt in his demeanor... he's ready for battle.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a long pause.]

GM: All eyes on the entrance way, waiting for the arrival of-

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of not Jeff Matthews' usual entrance music but rather "Carmina Burana" by Carl Orff.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: That's not his usual...

GM: No, it's not... but he HAS used it before. I think Supreme Wright may have made the biggest mistake of his life.

[As the curtain parts, Jeff Matthews emerges from the shadows. He's wearing crimson red tights with "Career Killer" written in black going down the right leg and "Temple" in black going down the left leg.

He's also wearing a Greek Tragedy mask.]

BW: What's with the mask?

GM: At one point in Jeff Matthews' storied career, he masqueraded as his legendary rival, Caleb Temple. He used that mask to help him accomplish that.

[Matthews stays in the entrance way, blood covering his hand and arm from where he punched the mirror moments ago and as he slowly raises a hand to point at the ring, the music changes to Metallica's "One."

We cut to the ring where Supreme Wright is bouncing from one foot to the other, waving Matthews towards the ring.]

GM: Well, it looks like Supreme Wright got what he was asking for, Bucky. He got the old Jeff Matthews.

BW: Maybe.

GM: Huh? Look at how he's dressed... the music he used to come to the ring...

BW: It's one thing to change your clothes and your music... it's quite another to completely change who you are, Gordo.

GM: It's a good point but to me, Supreme Wright should've been REAL careful what he asked for because it looks like he got it.

[Matthews approaches the ring quickly, promptly diving under the ropes as he gets there. He instantly pops to his feet...

...and meets the incoming Supreme Wright with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

[The bell immediately sounds as Matthews throws right hand after right hand, backing Wright to the ropes. He grabs an arm, flinging Wright across...]

GM: Irish whip... Wright off the ropes...

[The former Combat Corner student ducks under a clothesline attempt by Matthews, hitting the ropes behind him...

...but gets dropped with a spinning leg lariat that catches him on the chin!]

GM: Wright gets floored with the big kick!

[But Wright quickly gets back, trying to regroup...

...and a running clothesline from Matthews sends him sailing over the ropes, crashing down to the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: Jeff Matthews is channeling his inner Caleb Temple and just sent Supreme Wright over the top rope and down to the floor below!

[The Madfox backs up, his back against the far ropes as he glares at the rising Wright through the Tragedy mask...

...and suddenly tears across the ring, throwing himself into a somersault, clearing the ropes, and wiping out Supreme Wright below!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MY STARS!! WHAT A DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY JEFF MATTHEWS!!

[The Madfox doesn't take long to regain his feet, staring through his mask down at Supreme Wright who is still down on the floor.]

GM: The Hall of Famer is really taking it to the young man from Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

BW: And how huge would it be for Supreme Wright to walk into his home state in about three weeks' time with the opportunity to walk out as the AWA World Heavyweight Champion? Incredible!

GM: But he's gotta get past Jeff Matthews here tonight first, Bucky.

[Matthews drags Wright off the floor by the cornrows...

...and SLAMS his face into the flat part of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst to the apron!

[Wright spins away from the impact, his back against the apron as Matthews grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Look out here...

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

GM: OHH! Spinefirst into the steel goes Supreme Wright!

BW: Wright wanted the hardcore Jeff Matthews... the one who ruled the roost in Los Angeles for a long, long time. He may have gotten him, Gordo.

GM: Wright's leaning against the steel, trying to stay on his feet...

[Matthews rushes forward as Wright stumbles away from the railing...

...and drops to the floor, scissoring the Madfox's feet between his legs in a drop toehold, bringing him down...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DROP TOEHOLD INTO THE RAILING!!

[Wright pushes himself off the floor, looking down at Matthews who is now facefirst on the barely-padded floor, his head having smashed into the steel barricade off the counter.]

GM: A magnificent counter by Supreme Wright to take control of this one in the early moments.

BW: Six foot three, 225 pounds... Supreme Wright is smaller than most men he'll ever meet inside the squared circle but he's also a heckuva lot better, Gordo. Todd Michaelson may have made the biggest mistake of his pro wrestling career when he let this guy walk out the door.

[Wright leans down, dragging Matthews into a kneeling position on the floor as he digs his fingers underneath the mask...

...and then rips it off, exposing Jeff Matthews' face underneath. He smirks at the jeering crowd as he puts the mask on his own face, throwing his arms apart in a Jesus Christ pose before rolling the Madfox under the ropes and back into the squared circle.]

GM: Matthews is back in, Wright in right after him...

[With Matthews down, Wright strikes the same pose again before leaping into the air, bringing both legs down across the upper body of the Hall of Famer.]

GM: Wright with a double legdrop and... look at this!

[The crowd buzzes as Wright grabs the legs of Jeff Matthews, stepping through them...]

GM: He's doing his best Caleb Temple impression, trying to apply the Last Rites!

[Matthews struggles against, swinging his body back and forth, shaking his legs...

...and ultimately, he frees up a leg enough to upkick Supreme Wright right in his masked jaw!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him on the chin with that kick!

[Wright stumbles back as Matthews climbs to his feet, throwing a big chop across the chest, sending Wright falling back into the buckles.]

GM: Matthews backs him down...

[He throws a few more chops, sending a loud "WHAAAAACK!" into the air off each one of them before grabbing Wright by the arm again, firing him from corner to corner...]

GM: Matthews comin' in behind him!

[Another spinning leg lariat connects, snapping Wright's head back on impact. The Madfox scrambles up, hoisting Wright up to a seated position on the top rope.]

GM: Matthews is moving fast here, going seamlessly from one move to the next - always thinking ahead. It's the sign of a true ring general, Bucky.

BW: Nobody ever said that Matthews ain't one of the best to ever lace 'em up, Gordo. He wouldn't have his name on the Wall of Fame back at the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas if he wasn't. But what I'm sayin' is that his days are done. He admits he doesn't NEED the World Title. I'm thinkin' a man who does - like Supreme Wright - is hungrier than he is to prove he's the best in the world.

[Matthews steps to the middle rope, delivering a pair of right hands before hooking the front facelock, slinging Wright's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's looking for a superplex here!

[Wright suddenly explodes with a barrage of short elbows to the jaw, battling back as Matthews stumbles.]

GM: Whoa! He almost toppled off the ropes there but-

[Wright grabs the right wrist with both hands...

...and then throws himself off the top rope to the floor, bringing the arm snapping down incredibly hard over the ropes!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: I've seen that move done off the apron before but NEVER off the top rope! Matthews' arm might've ripped right out of its socket there, Gordo!

[Matthews rolls around in pain on the canvas, clutching his right shoulder as he grits his teeth in excruciating agony.]

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky. Jeff Matthews appears to be in a tremendous amount of pain on the canvas there...

[Pulling himself to his feet from his body-sacrificing offense, Wright reaches under the ropes, grabbing Matthews by the left arm, dragging his torso underneath the ropes.]

GM: Oh no... he's got the arm again... he's got-

[And Matthews lets out a hellish scream of pain as Wright raises the right arm, SLAMMING the elbow down on the edge of the apron!]

GM: Supreme Wright may be out to break the man's arm, fans!

BW: The back of the elbow hits the apron... not only does it send a jolt through the elbow but it hyperextends the thing since it's damn sure not meant to bend that way.

[Wright grabs the arm, ready to do it again but Matthews grabs the middle rope with his left hand, dragging his torso far enough out of the ring to prevent another blow to the arm...

...but not a roundhouse kick to the small of the back that Wright delivers from standing on the floor!]

GM: Matthews avoids having his arm smashed into the apron again but he can't avoid the two kicks to the back!

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Wright tugs Matthews off the apron, dropping him across a bent knee on the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Unique offense from Supreme Wright!

[Wright gets to his feet, tugging off the Tragedy mask and throwing it down on Matthews' prone form to the jeers of the crowd. Wright looks out at the booing fans, making the "sweeping dirt off his shoulder" gesture before dragging Matthews to his feet, rolling him back into the ring. Wright rolls in after him again.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring... Wright dragging Matthews back up off the mat and-

[The crowd cheers as Matthews blindly reaches back, hooking the three-quarter nelson that is the direct prelude to the Foxden...]

GM: FOXDE-

[But Wright is ready for it, pivoting out of it, hooking the Madfox's hurting right arm under his armpit, trying for an armbar takedown!]

GM: Wright's trying to take him down! He counters the Foxden and-

BW: Is he going for the Fujiwara?! Is he gonna beat Jeff Matthews with his own hold?!

[Wright struggles with the Madfox, battling to try and take him off his feet and apply the armbar that Matthews himself is famous for around the world of professional wrestling.]

GM: Can he lock it in?! Can he apply it down on the mat and crank back on the arm?!

[A desperate Jeff Matthews executes a front roll, rolling out of the armbar takedown attempt. He swings to his right, coming up on a knee where he grabs Wright around the leg, ripping that leg out from under him.]

GM: Oh! Single leg takedown by Matthews!

[Matthews hooks the leg under his armpit, wrapping his own legs around Wright's, and falling back into a kneebar!]

GM: Kneebar applied by Matthews! Cranking on the knee, trying to even up the injury scale in this match a bit...

[Wright immediately starts lashing out with heel kicks from his free leg, smashing it into the arms... the ribs... the chest...]

GM: Wright's trying to battle free of the leglock!

[Suddenly, Wright twists his entire weight to the left, rolling himself and Matthews onto their stomachs. Pulling his leg free, Wright grabs Matthews' right leg, twisting it around his own...]

GM: Wright's looking for an STF here!

[Matthews covers up with both arms, making sure that any attempt to apply the facelock would fail miserably. With Wright down on a knee looking to hook in the hold, he slams an open palm into the ribs, trying to bring the arm down...]

GM: Hard shot to the ribs... and another... and a third...

[The right arm swings down to cover up the ribs, allowing Wright to grab the wrist with both hands, yanking back...]

GM: He's got the leg twisted and pulling back the arm with both hands! What a unique hold applied by the former Combat Corner graduate!

[Slipping his leg free from Matthews, he plants his knee against the injured arm, dropping down to the mat to pin the arm under it!]

GM: Oh!

[Kneeling on the arm, Wright yanks back on the wrist, pulling the forearm back at a sharp angle as Matthews struggles against it.]

GM: Wright continues to assault the arm, working it relentlessly!

[Wright shouts at the official to check for a submission as Matthews claws at the canvas with his free hand, trying to get towards the ropes. Suddenly, Wright stands up...

...and STOMPS the forearm!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief!

[Matthews promptly cradles his right arm, rolling right under the ropes to the floor. Supreme Wright glares at him, gesturing to the official who waves for the match to continue.]

GM: Wright's a little agitated that Matthews went out to the floor, I believe.

[Wright steps through the ropes, looking to pursue...

...when a desperate Matthews pops up, reaching out with his left arm, and pulling Wright's leg out from under him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Wright falls, his back slams into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Jeff Matthews with an absolute act of desperation right there has just drastically turned the tide in this matchup, fans! My stars, Wright hit the apron very hard!

[With Wright down on the floor, Matthews rains down stomp after stomp after stomp to the chest of the former Combat Corner student. The official reprimands the Madfox from inside the ring but he is promptly ignored by the former World Champion who spins away from Wright...]

GM: The Madfox is out here on the floor by us... looking around for something...

[Matthews walks over to the ringside barricade, reaching over to grab an abandoned front row chair. The Madfox folds up the seat, turning back towards Wright who has pushed up to a knee on the floor...]

GM: Wait a second! Jeff Matthews has got a chair! Jeff Matthews is channeling the old Jeff Matthews from his days in Los Angeles but that won't fly here, Madfox! Put it down, Jeff! Put it down!

[The Madfox stalks towards Wright, a cold dead stare in his eyes as he approaches. He taps the chair twice on the mat in front of Wright before swinging it back over his head...]

GM: NO! DON'T DO IT, JEFF! DON'T DO IT!

[But a slight grin on the face of the kneeling Wright stops Matthews short. The Madfox glares at Wright, the chair still held above his head...]

GM: Supreme Wright's gonna get his wish! He's gonna get a trip to the Sweet Sixteen if Jeff Matthews swings that chair!

[Suddenly, the Madfox throws the chair angrily to the mats at ringside before grabbing Wright by the hair, chucking him under the ropes into the ring. Matthews uses his left arm to pull himself up on the apron, walking towards the corner...]

GM: The Madfox is headed up top! He did the right thing out here at ringside!

[Matthews slowly scales the ropes, placing one foot on the top as Wright starts to stir on the mat...]

...and leaps off the top, catching him squarely in the chest with a missile dropkick!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Wright!

[Wright immediately rolls out to the floor after getting hit with the dropkick, avoiding any potential pinning predicament. Matthews storms across the ring, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: He's gonna go over the top onto Wright!

[But as he tries to slingshot himself, the Madfox grabs his left arm, staggering away from the ropes and shouting in frustration.]

GM: Matthews couldn't do it, Bucky! He couldn't go over the top with that injured arm!

[An angry Matthews steps out on the apron, measuring Wright as he gets back to his feet...]

...and charges along the apron, leaping off to smash his knee into the standing Wright's face!]

GM: Flying knee off the apron! Oh my!

[Matthews lets loose a roar, standing at ringside over the downed Wright. He uses his left hand to pull Wright up by the hair, chucking him under the ropes back into the ring.]

GM: Jeff Matthews is trying to keep this thing in the ring... he's got Wright down on the mat as he gets back in...

[The Madfox stands, positioning himself behind Wright as the former Combat Corner student tries to get to his feet. Matthews sizes up Wright, ready to strike...]

GM: He's looking for the Foxden again! He's going to-

[As Wright gets to his feet, Matthews spins him around, hooking a three-quarter nelson...

...and Wright again attempts the armbar takedown, trying to push Matthews down to the mat...]

GM: He's going for the Fujiwara again! For the second time in this match, Supreme Wright is trying to counter the Foxden with the Fujiwara!

BW: Imagine how that'll go down for Jeff Matthews if he has to submit to his own signature hold.

GM: Whether it's to the Fujiwara or not, the most important thing is that the winner of this match is moving on to the Sweet Sixteen. With that on the line, I'm not sure EITHER of these men care how they win or lose this one.

[Matthews struggles against the armbar takedown attempt...

...then twists his body to go back to back to Wright, dragging him down to the mat with a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE COUNTER!! ONE!! TWO!!

[Wright rolls through the backslide, landing on his feet as Matthews pops up on his knees...

...and CRACKS the Madfox in the temple with a roundhouse kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright dives atop Matthews, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The Madfox FIRES a shoulder off the mat to break the count!]

GM: Two count only! But it was a heckuva near fall there for Wright! He was a half count away from defeating a former World Champion and a Hall of Famer on his way to moving on to the Sweet Sixteen!

[Wright drags Matthews up, popping him under the chin with a European uppercut, knocking him back into the buckles. He quickly grabs an arm, firing the Madfox from corner to corner...

...and then sprinting across the ring after him, cracking him in the jaw with a running European uppercut!]

GM: What a shot in the corner!

[Wright backs out...

...and then flips forward, catching Matthews right across the face with a rolling koppo kick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Matthews stumbles out of the corner as Wright kips up, scissoring the arm between his legs, and dragging the Madfox down to the mat in an armbar...

...but before it's fully secure, Matthews manages to hook a leg with his left arm, flipping into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Wright bridges up off the mat, drawing an “oooooh!” from the crowd as both men get to their feet. They flip over, Wright burying a knee into the midsection of Matthews. He quickly hooks a front facelock, snapping Matthews over in a suplex, floating into a cover.]

GM: Wright with another cover for one! For two! For-

[Matthews lifts the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin again...

...and Wright rolls right into an attempt to slap on the Anaconda Vise!]

GM: Another submission hold attempt! He's trying to hook the arm and head of the Madfox and-

[And a sharp right elbow to the cheekbone of Wright breaks the hold while sending a jolt of pain through Matthews' arm.]

GM: Oh! That'll get Matthews out of there!

[He rolls away, scampering to a knee as Wright angrily gets up, throwing another roundhouse kick...]

GM: Matthews catches it!

[The Madfox catches the leg under his left arm, rising to his feet and twisting the leg in a dragon screw legwhip, dumping Wright down to the mat. He keeps his grip on the leg, getting back to his feet...]

GM: He's going for the figure four - the Foxtrap!

[But as he leans down to grab the other leg, Wright DRIVES his heel into the injured shoulder, causing Matthews to spin away in pain.]

GM: Wright fights out of that as well! This kid's showing a lot of heart and talent tonight in this one, fans!

[Wright pushes up off the mat, grabbing Matthews from behind.]

GM: He's got the Madfox hooked in a rear waistlock - perhaps looking for a suplex of some sor-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Matthews grabs the wrist of Wright, pulling him out of the waistlock...

...and down to the mat in a Fujiwara armbar!]

GM: HE'S GOT THE FUJIWARA APPLIED!!

[Wright instantly cries out, searching for a way to escape the hold that he knows he can't survive for very long. He slips his knees underneath him, leveraging his body up off the mat...]

GM: Wright's searching for a counter... looking for a way out...

[Tucking his head, Wright rolls through the Fujiwara attempt that is obviously weakened by Matthews' injured limb. Now on his back safe from the pressure, Wright spins to the side, hooking the Madfox into a front facelock!]

GM: Wright spins out! He's looking for a choke, I think!

BW: He could slap on a heck of a guillotine choke from right there, Gordo. Just get that arm hooked in and it might be nighty-night for the Hall of Famer and former World Champion.

[Matthews grabs the wrist of Wright, spinning out of the guillotine attempt, keeping his grip on the arm...

...and drags Wright down to the mat with another Fujiwara!]

GM: And back to the armbar! Listen to these fans living and dying with every move from these two incredible athletes!

BW: Now do you believe that Supreme Wright is the real deal?!

GM: Not yet but I'm starting to!

[This time, Wright wriggles onto his side, taking the pressure off the arm while kicking his legs up, hooking Matthews' left arm...

...and dragging him down in a crucifix!]

GM: CRUCIFIX GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GETS THR-

[Matthews slips out of the hold...

...and reapplies the Fujiwara again!]

GM: He's right back to the Fujiwara armbar! He got it sunk in again!

BW: If he could manage to hang onto it for more than a few seconds, he could probably wrap this thing up right here and now but Wright keeps finding a way out of it - showing the world what a master of the mat he is!

[Wright struggles against the armbar again, again getting his legs under him to block the bulk of the pressure, forcing Matthews into a seated position on the mat...

...and then quickly rolls to his right, much like he did to secure the crucifix but this time, he rolls Matthews all the way over onto his stomach, ending up seated next to him...]

GM: What's he-?

[Wright grabs the right wrist of Jeff Matthews with his left hand, pulling the arm across the throat of the Madfox. He slips his right arm under the right armpit, hooking it on the neck of Matthews...

...and YANKS back!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: That's the Cobra Clutch Crossface! That's Eric Preston's move - the very move that Todd Michaelson taught him in the Combat Corner! How the heck did Supreme Wright-

BW: You said it yourself, Gordo! He learned it in the Combat Corner too! He MUST have! Todd Michaelson must have taught it to Wright as well as Preston!

GM: There's no way out of this! There's no escape! Not a single person has found an escape for this hold!

[Wright's teeth are clenched, pulling back with all the strength and leverage that he can muster...]

BW: THIS is what he wanted, Gordo! THIS is the move he's been looking for all night - not the Fujiwara!

GM: Matthews' left arm is fading! The strength is being sapped from his body! Supreme Wright is choking out the Hall of Famer in the center of the ring here in Mobile, Alabama!

[The crowd buzzes, encouraging the Madfox to find an escape... to find a way out...]

GM: The crowd is trying to get Matthews out of this hold but he's fading fast, fans! He's running out of strength! Running out of air to keep the fight going! Running out of-

[Abruptly, the official leaps to his feet and signals for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Wright instantly breaks the hold, falling back to the canvas next to Matthews. He reaches up, covering his face with his arms as the crowd buzzes in shock.]

GM: My stars... do you realize what just happened, Bucky?!

BW: Supreme Wright just DEFEATED Jeff Matthews in the center of this ring! In the middle of the ring, he beat a former World Champion... a Hall of Famer... and out-and-out LEGEND of this sport! Supreme Wright just sent a message to the rest of the Sweet Sixteen that this World Title is within his reach, daddy!

GM: He certainly has. I'm still in shock. Many people - myself included - believed this was a foregone conclusion... that Jeff Matthews would win this, move on to the Sweet Sixteen where he quite possibly could make history by becoming the first man to wear the AWA World Heavyweight Title. But tonight, it's Supreme Wright who just made history, fans!

[We fade away from the 2012 footage and back to live action in the backstage area, where we see Jason Dane standing by with Supreme Wright. The Number One Contender is dressed in an olive Rory Harris tweed suit w/ burgundy lining, an emerald green necktie, and black-rimmed glasses. His hair, as always, is pulled back tightly in cornrows. He stands there in the background with an impassive expression on his face, as Jason Dane simply shakes his head at the match we just saw.]

JD: It's been almost a year to the day since that match happened and the ending still gives me goosebumps every time I watch it. Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to present to you the man who won that match, the current number one contender to the AWA World title...Supreme Wright!

[The crowd greets Supreme with a loud cheer, as Dane turns his attention towards him.]

JD: Supreme, at the time, many people including myself, considered your victory over Jeff Matthews a major upset. But we soon learned that the talent and skill you put on display in that match was no fluke, as you built on the momentum from your win and rode it all the way to the final four of the World Title tournament. And now, you've shocked the world yet again, by choking out Alex Martinez at Opportunity Knocks. It's because of impressive performances such as these, that many believe that it's only a matter of time before you hold the World title. Your thoughts?

SW: Well, I think if Mr. Matthews or Mr. Martinez want a rematch, I'm more than happy to give them one.

[A cheer from the crowd.]

SW: My matches against Mr. Matthews and Mr. Martinez were some of the toughest, most challenging, and desperate moments I've ever spent inside a wrestling ring, Mr. Dane. And I'm glad for it, because those experiences only helped make me become a better wrestler.

[He turns to Dane with a slight frown on his face.]

SW: But honestly? I'm getting kinda' tired of choking out former World Champions, Mr. Dane. I think it's about time I choked out...

...the _current_ World Champion.

[BIG POP!]

JD: Well Supreme, that day may come sooner than you think, as you're currently ranked as the top contender to the AWA World Heavyweight title. While you're not guaranteed a title shot like Terry Shane III or Skywalker Jones are, you're making it very hard for the Championship Committee to put off giving you another shot at the World Title.

SW: Knowing Mr. Dufresne, he's gonna' want to put off facing me inside MY ring anytime soon. But if I do get another shot at the World Title, I promised myself that I wasn't gonna' fail again. The next AWA World Champion WILL be...

[Suddenly, a voice booms over the PA system, drowning out Supreme, mid-answer.]

"SKYWALKER JONES!!!"

[A decisively mixed reaction greets Skywalker Jones, as he enters the interview area. Jones is dressed as sharp as Wright, sporting a tailor-made pinstriped suit. He walks up to Dane and Wright, all smiles.]

SJ: What? You ain't the only one with the eyes on the prize, Supreme! Hell, if Todd Michaelson was any prouder of us, he'd have to be twins just to handle it!

But don't get me wrong! Skywalker Jones didn't come out here to fight you.

Skywalker Jones came out here to ask you to join forces with him!

[A collective gasp can be heard from the crowd, as Wright's stoic expression doesn't betray whatever emotion he's feeling at the moment. Meanwhile, Jones can only laugh at Jason Dane's shock]

SJ: You might wanna close your mouth before a fly gets in there and you start chokin', little man!

JD: But...you can't actually be serious about what you just said. You...

SW[Interrupting]: Let me hear him out, Mr. Dane.

[A small grin forms on Jones' face.]

SJ: You and me both got the same goal, Supreme. We both want the AWA World Title around our waist. But look around you! Everyone's gathering their soldiers! Ya' got your Unholy Alliance! Chrissy Blue and his freaks! Juanny Vasquez and his "Immortals"! Louie Matsui and his band of weeaboos! And then, ya' got Calisto Dufrense...

...and Royalty.

[Jones shakes his head and sighs.]

SJ: And even Skywalker Jones realizes that to win the World Title, no matter how talented you are...no matter how brilliant or resourceful you might be...one man ain't gonna' be able to overcome an entire army.

I tried to talk some sense into that jiggadolt Terry Shane, about this, but he don't got his head in the game! He's got himself all flustered over Carver! I ain't EVER seen a man with more misplaced priorities! But you! Everybody knows that there ain't ANYBODY in this world more desperate to win a World Title than Supreme Wright!

JD: Even compared to you?

SJ: Little man, it's no secret that Skywalker Jones craves attention! He craves the spotlight! He wants nothing more than ALL eyes to be on HIM! And the World Title would certainly bring him all of THAT! But when it comes to Supreme Wright?

That title is an obsession.

It's an addiction.

It's a DISEASE.

[Jones places an arm over Wright's shoulder.]

SJ: And that's EXACTLY why I want you on my team! 'Cause if it'll get you even a single INCH closer to winning the title? You're willin' to do just about anything! And what I want US to do...

...is to eliminate Royalty.

[The crowd goes nuts for that revelation!]

SJ: Can you imagine it? The most SPECTACULAR man in wrestling, the STRONGEST man in wrestling...

[Jones lowers his head and chuckles to himself.]

SJ: Heh. And Hell, I'll even humble myself for a moment to admit it...the best WRESTLER in wrestling all working together! Three homeboys straight from the Combat Corner! We'll take all the gold! We'll save the AWA! We'll be seen as heroes and saviors! Who could possibly stop us?

NOBODY!

[Supreme gives Jones a skeptical look.]

SW: I'm not an idiot, Jones.

What's the catch?

[Jones smirks.]

SJ: You always were too smart for your own damn good. It's real simple, Wright.

The moment Dufresne and Royalty are taken outta' the picture? The moment either one of us takes that World Title?

This alliance is OVER.

[Supreme shoots him a dirty look.]

SW: And that's when you stab me in the back and our war BEGINS?

[Jones shrugs, giving a sly smile.]

SJ: Maybe, maybe not. But THIS is your best shot at gettin' the title, Wright.

[Supreme shakes his head.]

SW: No, you've got it all wrong, Jones. You might think that, but you're wrong.

You might think I'm desperate, but wanting the World Title that badly doesn't make it an obsession, an addiction, or a disease.

It's a love.

It's a passion.

It's a way of life.

[He gets right up into Jones' face.]

SW: It's my EVERYTHING.

And I don't care who's standing in my way or how MANY are standing in my way...

...that title WILL be mine.

[Pop! Wright stares hard at Jones for a moment, before slipping past him and walking away. Jones is momentarily surprised by the sheer ferocity of Wright's reaction, but soon slips back into a grin, shouting after Wright.]

SJ: Hey, you don't have to give me your answer now! Just think it over!

[Jones shakes his head at the departing Wright when suddenly a loud commotion breaks out nearby. Jones looks off-camera where the camera quickly pans to reveal staff members running from Shadoe Rage who is tearing the place apart. Chair in hand, he sweeps the catering table clean of food, sending chips and yogurt flying. He slams the chair into the table repeatedly, frothing and spitting and yelling wildly over and over: "White! White! White!"

BW: Oh man, he gone rabid.

GM: Don't you dare, Bucky. Shadoe Rage is clearly incensed by the comments thrown at him by Donnie White tonight.

[Rage threatens security with the chair as they try to calm him down.]

SR: Stay back! Just you stay back!

[He brandishes the chair like a baseball bat. He feints and lunges at anybody who comes near.]

SR: If he thinks he can call me a dog and get away with it then that peroxide has gone to his brain. Donnie White, I ain't giving you that one for free. I ain't givin' it to you!

[Rage slams his own head into the chair repeatedly, getting wilder and wilder with each shot.]

SR: You think I built a career? You think I made all these sacrifices to be called a dog? White, you just wrote a check you don't have a hope of clearing. You want me? You want me angry? You won't like me when I'm angry, White. You want attention? You got my attention. All of my attention! And I'll even give you this, if you've got the guts, you lily-haired trailer park jackass. I'll give you me at Unholy War. Yeah, you want to be famous? You want to pull on the lion's tail? Let me promise you something, Donnie White, this ain't the way to step out of obscurity!

[Rage again rams the chair into his own head until the skin breaks and a little trickle of blood flows down.]

SR: (eyes bulging) You're coming at a man, Donnie White. You better recognize that. You're coming at a man! And this man is going to chop your head off!

[To emphasize his point Rage swipes the chair through the air three times, sending security running.]

SR: Somebody go make this happen! Because Donnie White, I'm coming to kill you!

BW: Donnie White might wanna rethink what he just done, daddy. This man ain't right, I tell ya! He ain't right at all.

GM: My goodness, Shadoe Rage with the challenge to Donnie White. Let's get back to ringside action. He might have given himself a concussion!

[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... in the corner to my right... from Irvine, California... weighing in at 243 pounds... Harry Hopper!

[A well-toned young man raises an arm to zero reaction.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of "Slither" by Velvet Revolver bring a big amount of jeers from the crowd.]

PW: From Greenville, South Carolina... weighing in at 251 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by his manager, Chris Blue...

ERRRRRRRIC PRESSSSSSSSSTONNNN!

[Preston slips through the entrance curtain, looking like he'd rather be anywhere else in the world. He's clad in a black hooded sweatshirt, tugged down partially over his face. His lower torso is in dark green tights and black boots with white laces. Chris Blue emerges behind him, clapping and beaming at his charge as they make their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Every time I see Eric Preston, I just can't help but think about what could've been. I can't help but think of the kid who was fresh out of the Combat Corner with the entire world ahead of him.

BW: Who the AWA immediately fed to James Monosso who dragged Preston into a downward spiral that led him to this point.

GM: He no longer cares about the fans. To be honest, I'm not sure what he DOES care about. He's got Chris Blue helping to guide him... whatever that means and quite frankly, he's turned into a monster. He's turned into the very thing he was trying to fight when he first battled Monosso.

[Preston reaches the ringsteps, pausing to address the nearby camera.]

"Hey James... get well, buddy!"

[With a laugh, Preston yanks off the sweatshirt, flinging it down to the floor as Blue takes a spot in the corner, watching as Preston steps through the ropes into the ring.]

BW: That's a nice show of good will as Preston wishes Monosso some "get well" greetings.

GM: He's as disingenuous as the day is long, Bucky. He's the real that Monosso may never walk again! He's the reason that James Monosso's neck was destroyed thanks to that piledriver earlier this summer.

[With the sweatshirt off, we see a thick black elbowpad on his right arm as he swings his arms back and forth to loosen up, eyeing Harry Hopper with disdain.]

GM: The referee gives both men some instructions and there's the bell!

[The two come together in a collar-and-elbow that Preston immediately breaks by raking the eye. He grabs Hopper by the neck, delivering an elbow to the back of the neck, knocking Hopper down to his knees.]

GM: He went RIGHT to the eyes. Despicable.

BW: Why waste time in all this lockup business when you know you're gonna rake the eyes anyways?

[Preston winds up, delivering another overhead elbow down between the eyes of Hopper, putting him down on his back on the mat.]

GM: Preston puts him down in the early moments of this one.

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Preston hauls Hopper up to his feet, throwing a pair of right hands that sends Hopper back into the corner. He grabs an arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Hopper hits the corner hard... staggers out...

[Preston hooks him around the torso, pausing in a belly-to-belly setup...

...and then spins around, putting his back to the buckles before LAUNCHING Hopper up and over, crashing into the buckles courtesy of the overhead suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The camera cut to the floor where Blue claps for the impactful move.]

GM: Chris Blue certainly liked what he saw right there.

BW: Who can blame him? Preston's been very impressive lately - including in those tag team matches alongside William Craven against the Bishop Boys. He's rounding into World Title contender very quickly, Gordo.

GM: I shudder to think of Eric Preston wearing the World Title and representing this company after what he did to James Monosso, Bucky.

BW: Oh, boo hoo. Eric Preston is a future World Champion - no doubt about it, Gordo.

[Preston glares at the downed Hopper, stomping him repeatedly, forcing him under the ropes and out onto the ring apron. He steps through the ropes, leaning against them to the jeers of the crowd before dragging Hopper up on the apron...]

GM: Both men are out on the apron and this is a very dangerous spot to be in.

[Turning Hopper towards the ropes, Preston pushes his throat down on the top rope, choking him with it...

...and then yanks on the top rope, snapping Hopper backwards and sending him sprawling down on the padded floor!]

GM: Ohh! Preston takes him down hard to the floor!

[The former Combat Corner student backs the length of the apron, leaning back against the ringpost. He turns around, facing the ringpost as he steps up to the middle rope, holding his arms out, taunting the fans...]

GM: I don't know what Preston has in mind here but he'd better do it!

[Preston leaps backwards blindly, burying the point of his elbow into the midsection of Harry Hopper!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A falling elbow into the gut! Good grief!

[Preston sits on the floor, grinning at the negative reaction from the crowd. Blue moves closer, saying something to Preston who nods in response. He climbs to his feet, dragging Hopper up by the arm and shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Preston puts him back in. Eric Preston is a second generation competitor - the fourth son of journeyman grappler John Preston. You remember John Preston, Bucky?

BW: I do. Too bad the old man never had a chance to be the superstar that Eric has a chance to become.

GM: John Preston was a fine competitor who just never got a break to crack that ceiling into the big time. Eric Preston certainly has that chance but we've yet to see if he can take advantage of it.

[Preston rolls back into the ring, moving up against the ropes as he waves for his opponent to get back to his feet.]

GM: Preston wants him up! He's calling for something here!

[As Hopper gets to his feet, Preston charges in, looking to deliver the running kneelift that he calls the Dream Machine...

...but Hopper sidesteps, lifting Preston off the mat and driving him down with a sideslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Harry Hopper with the counter! Preston went for the kneelift but Hopper knew it was coming and was able to counter it!

[Hopper slowly gets to his feet, pumping both fists as the crowd cheers him on. He grabs Preston by the arm, dragging him to his feet...]

GM: Irish whip... Preston hits the corner hard!

[Preston stumbles backwards out of the corner as Hopper races to the ropes, rebounding off towards a stunned Preston...

...who EXPLODES with a lunging clothesline that physically flips Hopper all the way over before dumping him down on his chest on the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH MY! WHAT A CLOTHESLINE OUT OF PRESTON!!

[Preston shouts something at the unmoving Hopper, leaning down to verbally assault him as Blue cackles gleefully at ringside. He points at Hopper, giving a shout of his own that gets Preston's attention. Preston nods, slapping his knee before pulling Hopper off the mat, using his shoulder-length hair to swing Hopper's torso over the middle rope.]

GM: He's draping Hopper over the middle rope and-

[He hits the ropes, surging forward, and SLAMMING his knee up into the jaw of Hopper!]

GM: OHHHHH! DREAM MACHINE!!

[Hopper slumps forward, falling through the ropes into the ring. Preston smirks at the motionless Hopper as Blue shouts, "GIVE 'IM THE MONOSSO SPECIAL!"]

GM: The what?!

BW: The Monosso Special!

GM: What the heck is that?!

[Preston pulls a limp Hopper off the mat, grabbing a handful of trunks and ROCKETING him between the turnbuckles, slamming shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: And you know what that means!

GM: I can't believe it. What a show of disrespect this is to the first man who wore the AWA World Heavyweight Title! What a show of disrespect this is to the fans... to the boys in the locker room! Preston just hates everyone and doesn't care who knows it!

[Preston steps out to the apron, leaning back against the ringpost as the referee screams, trying to prevent him from doing what he's about to do...

...and failing miserably as Preston runs down the length of the apron, throwing his foot up and SMASHING Hopper's skull into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Preston just busted out the Concussionizer! Err, the Monosso Special!

GM: Despicable!

[Preston grabs the top turnbuckle, smirking as he shoves Hopper backwards, sending him down to the mat in a pile. He leans down, exchanging a high five with a jubilant Chris Blue before stepping through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Preston's back in... please, just pin the man.

BW: I don't think so, Gordo.

[The Combat Corner alumni pulls Hopper up, tying up the arm, sliding an arm over the back of the neck...]

GM: Cobra Clutch!

[...and lifts Hopper up, throwing him down facefirst on the canvas while keeping the Cobra Clutch applied!]

GM: COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE!!

[The referee ducks down to check, sees an already unconscious Hopper and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That's it! Let it go, Preston!

[Preston holds the submission hold for several more moments, forcing the referee to start a five count.]

"HOW'S IT LOOK, TODDY MIKE?! HOW'M I DOING?!"

[The count reaches four before Preston finally releases it, allowing Hopper to slump to the mat as Preston sits up on the mat, a big grin splashed across his face as an applauding Chris Blue steps into the ring to join his charge.]

GM: Eric Preston scores a dominant victory right here in Memphis and Chris Blue looks very happy about that. Fans, we've got to take another break but we'll be right back after this so don't go away.

[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 "AUGUST 24th - MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM - KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.]

"The AWA steams into Kansas City, Missouri for the very first time for the final Saturday Night Wrestling of the Heat Wave tour where you'll see William Craven in action! Plus, a special appearance by the legendary Hamilton Graham!"

[A new graphic pops up to reveal "SEPTEMBER 2nd - CHAIFETZ ARENA - ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI"]

"St. Louis, are you ready for an Unholy War?! The 2013 Heat Wave tour comes to an end in the Chaifetz Arena with the big event featuring WarGames! Plus, the World Title AND World Tag Team Titles will be on the line!"

[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...

The roar of the Fedex Park crowd cheering slowly increases as we fade back to ringside, the camera panning and settling on two men standing in the ring. Mark Stegglet is one of those men. Microphone at the ready and sporting a restrained smile, he appears to have refreshingly positive matters to discuss. Next to Mark, sporting a notably unrestrained smile, stands Glenn Hudson - likely beneficiary of said positive matters. The Australian veteran is dressed fairly casually in a pair of jeans and a black AWA t-shirt, however his right shoulder is looking particularly sharp tonight. Glenn casts a very pleased glance at the World Television title belt as Stegglet waits for the crowd to settle down.]

MS: Ladies and Gentlemen, two weeks ago in Tupelo, Mississippi, an event that shocked the AWA... even though it had been a long time coming! The "Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant issued the impromptu challenge to THIS man, the new World Television Champion... Glenn Hudson!

[The fans ERUPT once again as Hudson looks left and right, soaking up the moment as a grin nearly splits his face in half. Stegglet continues over the ruckus.]

MS: Glenn... Glenn, I don't need to ask this question, but I will anyway... How are you feeling right now?

[Hudson's eyebrows pop up as if surprised by the question. He rubs his cheek, feigning a necessary moment of consideration before turning to Stegglet and delivering the slightest of nods.]

GH: I feel good. I feel really good.

[Another cheer goes up as the amused Stegglet concedes a shrug.]

MS: How this all happened, following a six man tag team match... After spending months looking for a rematch with Dave Bryant, the former champion, being thwarted at every step... For Bryant to turn around and extend the challenge to you must have come as a shock. What do you think was going through his mind and how prepared were you for this opportunity?

GH: Well, I reckon the first thing that went through his mind was "Where did The Rave park the DeLorean?" 'cause he would've wanted to turn back time at that moment. When that wasn't an option, he'd want to strike while the iron's hot, take me out there and then and hope to catch me unprepared. But Mark, let me tell you something... That match, that opportunity is all that's mattered to me for a long time. I would've run a barefoot marathon

over broken glass if Dave Bryant was waiting at the finish line. Come rain, hail or shine... I would've been prepared for that fight!

[POP!]

GH: Too right, it was a long time coming!

[Hudson applauds the fans for the support over the long months as Stegklet continues.]

MS: This matter is still not over, however... Immediately following Saturday Night Wrestling, Dave Bryant went straight to the Championship Committee to demand a rematch, which is his due. Glenn, your first defense as Champion is against your most bitter rival... Can you keep this momentum going and make it two in a row?

GH: It's not over. We're not done. At Homecoming last year, Crockett Coliseum, a pair of brass knuckles won Bryant the day. At SuperClash, it was a roll of shiny silver dollars...

[On cue, the Australian flicks his keepsake into the air, catches it as it shimmers in the light... and stuffs it back into his pocket.]

GH: I've only pinned him once. Once when it counted, once more to go. We're talking payback, but that transaction's not complete. The check was written two weeks ago in Tupelo... but it's getting cashed...

[He jabs a finger down towards the canvas...]

GH: ... in Memphis, Tennessee... TONIGHT!

[HUGE POP!]

[The energized Hudson looks over the crowd, holding up a clenched fist full of promise.]

GH: I'll say it one more time, but I swear I won't need to say it again. I've got a score to settle with Dave Bryant. After tonight is done and dusted, it's a new beginning for me... and for this title. The World Television Championship. Bryant said this right here is the most important title in the AWA... Well, I want to put some truth into those words. This title should not be about two men who hate each other's guts. This title should be should be about the best and the brightest in this business, showing what they can do, demonstrating they can take that next step. So I say this to each and everyone back there in that locker room... Let's make these ten pounds of gold represent everything that's worth a damn in this sport!

[Hudson claps his hands again as another big cheer goes up.]

MS: You have your work cut out for you, Glenn. Right behind the Doctor of Love, there's a line of contenders who are hungry for their own chance.

GH: The field is wide open. There are so many great competitors in this company, but they've got to step up to the challenge. I'm done talking up Chris Staley. The rest is up to him now, to get his butt over the OTHER side of that ring across from me. Alphonse Green? Everyone knows I'd love to put the hurt on him again.

MS: Dave Cooper too, another contender. He reportedly came very close to laying down his own challenge to Dave Bryant at Opportunity Knocks.

[Hudson pauses for a moment, a cheeky smile on his face.]

GH: Well, that says a lot right there about Dave Cooper. He came very close, but he didn't get there. It's a bad habit of his. A man who looks dangerous as sin, but then what? When I arrived in the AWA, everyone was in a panic about the prospect of "The Professional" winning the World title and skipping town with it. You remember! But after he lost to Wright - excuse me, Supreme Wright - Cooper dropped off the radar. But by Memorial Day he was back with a vengeance, ready to take on the Sultan, ready to reinstate the AWA's worst nightmare... What a high stakes match THAT could have been... if Dave Cooper came through with the goods!

[He shakes his head with disappointment.]

GH: Let's talk about Royalty for just a moment. There were paparazzi camped outside a hospital for WEEKS waiting for Kate Middleton, the Duchess of Cambridge... Waiting for the royal birth, that milestone event... But how many YEARS do we have to wait for DAVE COOPER to deliver?!

[OOOOOOH!!!!]

GH: I'll worry about Dave Cooper... if and when that day ever comes. But before then, maybe Shadoc Rage will step up? Another veteran of South Laredo... Before the Nine Inch Males cut loose, the Prophets of Rage were the toughest tag team on either side of the Rio Grande. The four of us never butted heads way back when, but I reckon the two of us could show some of these kids a thing or two. And speaking of kids, don't forget the kid who puts the Ry in RyGunn. Ryan Martinez is still owed a shot and as far as I'm concerned, he's more than welcome to it.

MS: As you say, the field is wide open. The field is strong. You're obviously looking ahead to future challenges, but tonight may still prove to be your greatest yet.

[Hudson grins. He leans in close as he chooses his next words.]

GH: The future is ice cream, Mark, but tonight's the cherry on top.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Thank you for your time, Glenn, and good luck.

GH: Thanks, mate.

[Hudson gives him a friendly slap on the shoulder. The Australian turns slightly away, takes a few steps and thrusts the World Television title belt high above his head for all to see!]

MS: Glenn Hudson will defend his title right here tonight in your Main Event but right now, let's go to my good friend, Jason Dane, who is standing by in the Unholy War Control Center! Jason?

[We crossfade to the bank of television monitors that we've come to know as the AWA Event Control Center. A large Unholy War logo splashed across the corner makes sure we're aware what event we're talking about as Jason Dane walks in from off-camera.]

JD: Thanks, Mark! Fans, we are just under a month away from the biggest event of the summer, Unholy War, which will be coming to you LIVE on Labor Day from the Chaifetz Arena in St. Louis, Missouri! There are a few tickets left for the big event so if you want to be with us in person, make your plans now. If you can't be in St. Louis, you can join us right here on WKIK for the final event of this year's Heat Wave tour!

And what a show we've got in store on that night in St. Louis... let's take a look at what we've already got announced...

[We fade to a graphic that reads "WORLD TAG TEAM TITLE MATCH"]

JD: The World Tag Team Titles will be on the line when the 2013 Stampede Cup winners, the Blonde Bombers, defend their titles against the Number One Contenders, RyGunn! Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines have worked so hard to go from being two guys teaming up to an actual tag team and many believe the momentum is on their side heading into St. Louis. Both teams have been very quiet lately as we're told that the challengers have been in a training camp, much like a Mixed Martial Arts competitor before a big fight. But both teams WILL be in attendance in Kansas City two weeks from tonight for a special contract signing to make it all official.

[We fade to a shot of the double cage structure known as WarGames.]

JD: And of course, in the night's Main Event, we will see the return of the demonic structure known as WarGames: The Match Beyond! It will be five on five, submit or surrender, as two teams of the AWA's biggest stars go to war in St. Louis. We do not know the official teams for both sides yet but again, I'm told that we'll make that official in two weeks in Kansas City when BOTH TEAMS will be in the ring at the same time! That promises to be an explosive atmosphere on the next Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade back to a beaming Dane.]

JD: That's what we already knew heading into tonight but the card got more and more stacked as the night has progressed. We saw these two have an encounter two weeks ago but now we can make it official... at Unholy War, we will see Shadoe Rage take on the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White!

[A graphic showing those two men appears for a few moments before fading out.]

JD: The challenge has been made... and it has been accepted! It'll be a six man tag team matchup at Unholy War pitting the Lynch Brothers against the Beale Street Bullies! We've seen these teams in singles matches, in tag team matches, but this six man tag should be off the charts in St. Louis!

[We see that graphic as well for a few moments before it fades out.]

JD: The Rave have issued a challenge to The Ring Workers - they want a match at Unholy War as well. But Terry Shane's camp has been silent on this challenge all night long. I'm told that in two weeks, the Ring Workers WILL be in tag team action in Kansas City and they WILL have a response to that challenge as well.

And speaking of Terry Shane...

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: Most of you are aware that Terry Shane lost the chance to challenge for the World Heavyweight Title at Unholy War due to an incident that went down a few weeks ago at a live arena event. An incident that we showed some footage of earlier tonight where Shane had assaulted Hannibal Carver and locked in the No Escape submission hold on him. The situation escalated as the crowd grew angry and one fan took it upon himself to climb into the ring and attempt to aid Carver.

Now, we here at the AWA never endorse a fan coming into the wrestling ring for their own safety as well as the safety of our competitors. Terry Shane took that defense of himself to another level when he assaulted this fan and as a result, was stripped of his chance to challenge for the title at Unholy War. Mark Stegglet caught up to Shane earlier this evening to get his comments on what happened that night and what this punishment means for him at Unholy War. Let's take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of an AWA banner that stretches six feet wide.]

MS: Hello, fans. At this time, I've been asked by President Karl O'Connor to give an unbiased take on the story of the Shane Gang and their leader, Terry Shane III, and his suspension following the incident that we saw a little of earlier this evening. It was several weeks ago that Shane not only struck a fan in the ring at an AWA live arena event but from what I'm being told... injured and hospitalized the same fan who I can now mention by name for the first time... Conroy Lark.

Conroy is a twenty-one year old student at the University of Louisville who attended the show with several of his friends. I've also been told that the school has refused to comment on the situation at this time despite multiple phone calls from our front office.

[Stegglet pauses, bobbing his head, taking a quick breath.]

MS: The AWA front office has yet to speak to Mr. Lark to figure out why he decided to take matters into his own hands that night in Louisville. I can confirm that the local hospital in Louisville where Mr. Lark was taken confirmed that Mr. Lark's blood-alcohol levels were elevated and that at least one illegal drug was in his system as well.

That said, the AWA does not condone the actions of Mr. Shane nor do they agree with-

"Is that so, sweetheart?"

[Stegglet turns towards the voice. As soon as he does you can see the change in his demeanor. Stegglet appears uncomfortable in his own skin, adjusting his already loose tie, and his eyes dart from side to side. The camera pans back and it quickly becomes clear that the voice behind those words belongs to the Siren, Miss Sandra Hayes. However it is not Miss Hayes that has Mark Stegglet scanning the room for any sense of comfort, it is the man beside her..

The Ring Leader, Terry Shane the Third.

Miss Hayes slides into Stegglet's personal space, backing him up towards the AWA banner that hangs behind him. Fortunately for him, she remains welded in between him Shane.]

MS: All I am saying is-

[Shane reaches over Sandra's shoulder, wraps his fingers around Stegglet's mic, and rips it from his hands.]

TS3: I think you have said ENOUGH, Mark.

Quite frankly, if I hear you SPIT out another single word I will SHOVE this mic so down your throat that you will be-

[Hayes seductively places a finger against Shane's lips.]

SH: Careful. Wouldn't want to make the boss men angry, would we?

[The usually, well at times, composed Shane nods his head, glaring at Stegglet who backs off, holding his hands up in a defensive position.]

TS3: You want to talk about reasons? About...responsibility?! Let us talk about how the AWA failed ME! I was the victim out there, Mark. Not Hannibal Carver... Not that imbecile who DARED to lay a finger on MY back... Not the juggernaut known as the AWA Championship Committee. Where were they when vicious street thugs came after ME?! Where were they... when I was assaulted, attacked, and had MY personal safety put in jeopardy? You want to talk about REASON?! !

Listen to me real closely, Mark. After what transpired in Louisville, you would think Bobby Taylor and Todd Michaelson would be showering me with gifts and public apologies for failing me as a company... For failing my family when they always promise our loved ones that they will return us home safe each and EVERY night.

But what did I receive? What did I get for protecting Davis Warren from another beatdown from those MONSTERS?

Suspended.

Fined.

Ruled ineligible for a guaranteed World Title Shot that I EARNED!

[Shane is seething, and when he gets like this, bad things happen to good people.]

TS3: Is that JUSTICE?!

IS IT, MARK?!

ANSWER ME!

[Mark, a foot or two away, stumbles forward, leaning in...]

MS: No.

TS3: [low] Louder.

MS: No!

TS3: [through gritted teeth] Louder.

MS: NO!

TS3: NO IT IS NOT.

Now... Some scrap is going to be HANDED a title shot... MY TITLE SHOT... on Labor Day Weekend. Where or where is the reason behind THAT!

MS: Well-

TS3: Nobody asked you, Stegglet!

But fortunately being the professional that I am, the great ambassador to our sport that me and my Gang are... I am not placing blame on Karl O'Connor. I am not playing blame on Bobby Taylor or Todd Michaelson or the Wise Men or Captain Kool-Aid or even Conroy Lark and a few cans of carbonated courage that he undoubtedly threw down to have the gall to come after ME!

I only have one person to blame.

One finger to point.

One monster to maim, strangle, and destroy...

[Deep breathe. Exhale.]

TS3 [low, muttering]: Carver.

CARVER!

I know you are listening right now, Hannibal. I know you see me. So look at me now... look into my eyes.

[Shane grabs the camera, pulling it in towards his hard stare.]

TS3: You. YOU! You cost me my shot at Calisto Dufresne at the Unholy War.

You cost me MY shot at the World Title.

You cost MY GANG the opportunity to reveal what REAL wrestling royalty is when we dethroned those thugs and exposed them for the frauds that they are.

See me... hear me... feel these words that come out next.

[Dead silence, just a long, drawn out stare...

...and then.]

TS3: I am coming for you.

You cost me everything!

And now... now more than ever...

You have a price to pay.

[Shane shoves the camera back away from his face.]

TS3: So at Homecoming... one year from where it all started. One year from when you stepped foot into my world... IT COMES TO AN END!

I challenge you, Hannibal Carver. I challenge you to have an opportunity to have a match unlike this sport has ever seen. At Unholy War, I have something special to offer you.

Redemption.

It was nearly one year ago when you backpedaled and ducked out of my No Escape Challenge. And for nearly 365 days you have yet to prove that you have an answer for my patented submission hold. I am willing to bet everything... EVERYTHING... that after all this time, you still have no way out.

So at Unholy War... I am giving you a chance to prove ME wrong. The rules, they are simple enough for even you to understand. I will lock you in my hold...

I will crank down on your neck just as I have before.

I will twist, grind, and squeeze every ounce from your soul and all you have to do is...

[Finally, he smiles.]

TS3: Survive.

You survive my challenge?

You show up to Homecoming...

YOU PICK THE STIPULATION!

[A soft, evil cackle.]

TS3: Do that and you will have your redemption sweet Hannibal.

Fail?

Well... it will be the perfect ending to your otherwise pathetic and forgettable career.

[The camera holds on a furious Terry Shane for a few more moments before fading back to Jason Dane in the Control Center.]

JD: Alright, fans... so Terry Shane III lays down a No Escape Challenge for Unholy War. He'll walk to the ring, he'll apply the No Escape on Hannibal Carver. If Carver escapes, he gets to pick the stipulations for their match at Homecoming. If Shane wins, he gets to pick the stipulations. Very high stakes for this unusual challenge to take place at Unholy War, fans.

And speaking of Homecoming, Unholy War isn't the only major event coming up for us, fans. Homecoming is just around the corner - the summer tour is coming to an end and we're coming back home to Dallas, Texas. We already know that we'll be seeing Carver taking on Terry Shane. AND we know that we'll be announcing the winner of the Best Match in Saturday Night Wrestling history and we'll be attempting to host a rematch of that matchup.

[Dane beams.]

JD: In addition, it was announced earlier tonight that we'll be having a very special guest in Dallas that night. Let's take a look...

[Over the wild sound of prepubescent cheers, in the midst of the gaudy lights of a huge stage stands a baby-faced young man with brown hair, brown eyes, a big smile, and a small trickle of sweat running down his cheek. A polished, professional male voice handles the narration.]

VO: His audition on X-Factor captivated the nation.

[Quick cut to judge Nicole Scherzinger, looking on in reverence.]

NS: *That* was amazing!

[With the sound of the cheers remaining in the background, quick cut to YouTube page, playing a crude, self-produced video of the young man singing his song "Say Hey!" Immediately, the shot starts zooming in on the hit total, an unbelievable 357,145,002.]

VO: His debut song took the *world* by storm!

[The chorus of that song plays in the background, as the screen briefly fades to black, before the AWA logo fades in on the top half of the screen.]

VO: ...and now, he is coming to the AWA!

[As the chorus comes to an end, the bottom half of the screen fills with these words:

September 14th, 2013
AWA Homecoming
Joshua Dusscher
LIVE!

[We fade back to Jason Dane in the Control Center.]

JD: That's right, fans! The world famous Joshua Dusscher will be in the Crockett Coliseum at Homecoming and I'm told he's got a very special surprise for AWA fans. I can't wait for that!

[The picture of young Dusscher fades away to leave the Unholy War logo once more.]

JD: Unholy War is coming and it's coming fast, fans... which leaves just one big question still to be answered. Who in the world will be facing Calisto Dufresne with the World Heavyweight Title on the line? Let's look at some of the options.

[A picture appears on the screen of the World Heavyweight Title surrounded by some of the competitors not yet scheduled for Unholy War - men like Dave Bryant, Dave Cooper, Eric Preston, Hercules Hammonds, MAMMOTH Maximus, Supreme Wright, and William Craven among others.]

JD: There have been several competitors who have made strong pitches to the Championship Committee... yet none have managed to convince the Committee to choose them over the others.

So, we have one more match to announce for the next Saturday Night Wrestling!

[The words "BATTLE ROYAL" appear on the screen!]

JD: The Championship Committee will be selecting twenty competitors to compete in an over-the-top-rope Battle Royal on the next edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. It will open the show so make sure you tune in right on time because shortly after the show begins, we will KNOW who will meet Calisto Dufresne at Unholy War for the World Heavyweight Title! We can already confirm some of the names that have been invited to compete in the Battle Royal - MAMMOTH Maximus, Eric Preston, William Craven, Supreme Wright, Sweet Daddy Williams... they're all in! Chris Staley, Dave Bryant, Hercules Hammonds, Glenn Hudson, and Cletus Lee Bishop... they're in too! That gives us half the field - ten of the twenty men in the matchup. Who else? We'll find out BEFORE we go on the air in Kansas City, fans.

[The graphic fades to leave Jason and the Unholy War logo.]

JD: There you have it, fans. All we know about Unholy War and even a little bit about Homecoming! Unholy War will be coming to you LIVE on Monday, September 2nd from the Chaifetz Arena in St. Louis, Missouri! Join us in the building with just a handful of tickets left or join us right here on WKIK for all of the action! I'm Jason Dane and we'll see you in two weeks' time on the Control Center!

[Crossfade from Dane in the Control Center to Mark Stegglet who is standing between Brian Von Braun, dressed for action, and the Prince of Darkness, Anton Layton who is clad in a full-length hooded white cloak.]

MS: WarGames is less than a month away but tonight, your team may have sent a serious message to the Unholy Alliance, Brian Von Braun.

[Von Braun nods.]

BVB: The Unholy Alliance accepted our challenge for WarGames but with every night that passes, they wonder if they made the right decision. And if you think I'm wrong, go find Percy Childes and see what he thinks after this man (jerks a thumb at Layton) got his hands on him earlier tonight.

[Stegglet turns to Layton.]

MS: A lot of people are wondering exactly what your role is in all of this. Are you going to be a part of the team in WarGames?

[Layton leaves his hood on, head down.]

AL: My role. My role is to be whatever this team needs me to be. If they need me to put on the facepaint and walk into the fields of war, so be it. If they need me to stand on the sidelines and provide insight into the mind of Percy Childes and his warriors, I will serve as needed.

But tonight, they required something different of me. They required the instillment of a killer instinct! They required me to show the world - and the Unholy Alliance - that we are NOT afraid to bathe in the blood of our enemies.

[Stegglet shudders.]

MS: Brian, do you agree with that?

[Von Braun shrugs.]

BVB: I ain't never been afraid to get down and dirty if it was necessary, Mark. And lord knows that in a fight inside a cage with the Unholy Alliance, we're ALL gonna need to get our hands dirty. If it takes the Prince of Darkness here to show the world we mean business, then I guess that's what it takes.

MS: And now? With Steven Childes?

BVB: The rest of the Alliance is in a hospital room some place watching Percy Childes get a transfusion. Maybe when we're done with Steven Childes, he'll be heading to the hospital for a different reason.

[Layton puts a hand on Von Braun's shoulder, steering him off camera as Mark Stegglet is left behind.]

MS: It sounds like Brian Von Braun and Anton Layton are looking to take a big chunk out of the Unholy Alliance right here tonight, fans. Phil Watson, take it away!

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first...

["Dancing Queen" by Redd Kross kicks in to a big negative reaction from the Memphis crowd.]

PW: From Jacksonville, Florida... weighing in at 206 pounds... representing the Unholy Alliance...

"SWEET" STEEEEEEEVENNN CHIIIIILLDES!

[The jeers grow louder as Childes walks into view, standing all alone for a very rare sight.]

GM: I'm not used to seeing Stevie out here by himself. No Daniel Tyler, no Raven, no Percy.

BW: That's all that maniac Layton's fault!

GM: I'm not disagreeing with that.

[Childes looks quite angry as he storms down the aisle towards the ring. He's foregone his usual entrance attire to reveal just his standard purple trunks with a black "A" on the side of the trunks. He wears neoprene knee braces that are black with the actual kneepad over the brace part a purple color and black boots with a purple stripe running over the front portion of his shin and foreleg and down the front part of his foot.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Southern Pride" by Stuck Mojo starts up as the crowd cheers.]

PW: From Huntsville, Alabama and weighing in at two-hundred and fifteen pounds. Here is... BRIAN VON BRAUN!

[Brian Von Braun appears from the entrance portal as the ring announcer finishes saying his name. BVB stops at the beginning of the aisle, scanning the audience. His eyes narrow as he scans starting to his left side and finishing his right. He refocuses his gaze to the ring and makes his way down the aisle, rolling his shoulders to loosen up.

And as he gets about ten feet down the aisle, Anton Layton emerges from the entryway - again in his full-length hooded white cloak - taking his place behind Von Braun.]

GM: Perhaps it's no surprise here to see Anton Layton has joined Brian Von Braun at ringside for this one as well, fans, much like he did to Supernova earlier tonight.

BW: I don't get what Layton's role is with this team and no one seems incredibly eager to tell us. Is he gonna be IN WarGames? Is he a manager? A guide? A scout?

GM: I'm sure that team will let us know Layton's role if they want it known, Bucky. Until then - after what we saw earlier - I don't think I'm about to go ask.

[Before the bell can sound, Steven Childes is on the attack, hungry to avenge his Uncle. He dives down to his knees, hammering BVB with a series of hammer fists as Von Braun comes under the bottom rope.]

GM: Childes is on him before the bell! No precision on those blows, just clubbing hammer shots to the back of the head and neck.

[Climbing to his feet, Childes stomps the back of the head, forcing Von Braun back under the ropes to the floor...]

...where Childes grabs the top rope, giving a shout before slingshotting himself over the top rope, sailing through the air, and crashing down on a dazed Von Braun with a plancha!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CHILDES WIPES OUT VON BRAUN WITH THE CROSSBODY!!

[Childes climbs to his feet, angrily shouting at Von Braun...

...and then turning his attention to Anton Layton with a threatening point.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Steven Childes is letting Layton know that he ain't about to forget about what Layton did to Uncle Percy earlier tonight.

GM: If I was Childes, I'd keep my focus on my opponent. I don't think he can handle both Von Braun AND Layton, Bucky.

BW: You're absolutely right about that and Percy would be telling him that right now if he was out here.

[Childes rolls back into the ring, getting to his feet, taunting the jeering fans as Von Braun struggles to get up off the thin ringside mats. He dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back at top speed...]

GM: HERE HE COMES!

[Childes goes to throw himself between the ropes with another dive but a recovering Von Braun springs upwards, cracking Childes on the chin with a right hand that stops him cold, hanging him out to dry over the middle rope!]

GM: What a right hand out of Von Braun! He really rung his bell with that one! Childes might have shown a little too much aggression there... trying to dive out on Von Braun again rather than letting the Alabama native come to him.

[Layton can immediately be heard shouting at Von Braun, waving his hands wildly as he gives... advice? Instructions? Orders? Von Braun gives a short nod as he steps forward, hooking Childes around the head and slinging an arm over his neck...]

GM: Wait a second! What the heck is Von Braun thinking of doing here?!

[Von Braun steps back, dragging Childes through the ropes until Steven just has his shins resting on the ropes...

...and somehow muscles him up into a suplex, falling back and SLAMMING Childes down on the thin mats at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A suplex on the floor! Von Braun showing off some power... and showing off his mean streak to boot!

BW: And look at Layton! He's loving it! He's applauding what he saw right there. Was that his idea?

GM: I'm not sure but he certainly seems pleased. That seems right up his alley - the kind of move that could seriously injure someone.

BW: He could put Steven in a hospital bed right next to his uncle with that!

[Von Braun leans against the apron, catching a breath before pushing off, pulling Childes off the floor and shoving him under the ropes back inside the squared circle.]

GM: Von Braun puts him in... and even though we're just a short time into this match, he very well could end this thing right here and now after that suplex on the floor!

[Pulling himself up on the apron, Von Braun gives a whoop as he points towards the corner...]

GM: Von Braun's gonna fly?!

BW: This ain't his game, Gordo. He's tryin' to show up Steven Childes!

GM: Very few in this business can show up "Sweet" Steven Childes in the high flying department and whatever Brian Von Braun has planned here, I don't think that's going to change things in that matter.

[Von Braun steps through the ropes into the ring, hopping up on the middle rope.]

GM: He's up on the second rope!

[The Alabama native looks down at his prone opponent who still hasn't stirred off the mat. He slowly raises his right hand, closing the fingers veeeeeeery slowly.]

GM: He's looking for the fistedrop!

[Von Braun stares at his fist, nodding his head as he looks out on the crowd. They're roaring, on their feet shouting their support for the fan favorite as he prepares to bury his knuckles between the eyes of his opponent...

...who suddenly kips up to his feet off the mat, rushing across the ring!]

GM: STEVIE'S UP!

[The highflying Ace leaps into the air, snatching Von Braun's (who is still standing on the second rope) head between his legs, whipping him over and down to the mat with a stunning rana that actually causes the crowd to roar at the show of athleticism!]

GM: Oh my! What a move out of Childes!

BW: Von Braun took too long... and I think Steven Childes was playin' a bit of possum, Gordo.

GM: I think you're right.

[Childes climbs to his feet, reaching an arm around to grab at his lower back in pain as he falls back against the ropes, waving an arm at Von Braun, ordering him to get back to his feet...]

GM: He's telling Von Braun to get up! I'm not sure what he's got in store for the Alabama native but he's waiting for him back against the ropes there.

[As Von Braun rolls to all fours, Childes steps away from the ropes, lashing out with a side kick to the gut as Von Braun gets to his feet. A second kick lands as well, knocking the wind out of BVB before cracking him on the chin with a thrust kick!]

GM: Ohh! A nice series of kicks out of Childes and-

[Childes leaps up, driving both feet down into the gut of Von Braun with a double stomp. He points at Layton with both hands, taunting the Prince of Darkness...

...and then uncorks a standing moonsault on the stunned Von Braun!]

GM: Standing moonsault! Childes hooks a leg! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Von Braun powers out at two, breaking the pin. An angry Childes swings a leg over the torso, taking the mount and grabbing a handful of hair. He hauls Von Braun's head off the mat, smashing an overhead elbow down over and over between the eyes before shoving Von Braun back down to the mat.]

GM: Childes is back up to his feet... and now it's his turn to head for the top rope.

BW: Steven Childes is perhaps the best high flyer in the world... and when you're talking about a category that includes guys like Skywalker Jones, Duane Henry Bishop, and a whole slew of others, that's saying something, Gordo.

GM: Childes is to the top with ease - a far cry from when Von Braun looked like he was going to try it earlier.

[Childes steps to the top rope, throwing both arms straight up over his head as the crowd jeers. He smirks, looking at his closed fist as he raises it up, drawing even more boos...

...and then leaps off, burying his fist down between the eyes of Von Braun!]

GM: FISTDROP OFF THE TOP!

[Childes swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before settling into a North-South position pin.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But again, the shoulder comes off the mat. Childes grabs a handful of hair, burying his knuckles into the bridge of Von Braun's nose several times before climbing back to his feet. He holds up three fingers at the official who shows two in response.]

GM: Two count only but Childes thought he had him.

BW: He hit that fistdrop better than Von Braun could ever DREAM of hitting it!

[Childes leans down, hauling Von Braun off the mat by the hair.]

"THIS IS FOR MY UNCLE!"

[He pulls him into a standing headscissors, nodding as the crowd begins to buzz with concern.]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: He's going for the piledriver, Gordo! Steven Childes is gonna end Von Braun's career! You send one of the Alliance's to the hospital, they're sendin' one of yours to the retirement home, daddy!

GM: Von Braun's in trouble! Von Braun needs to-

[Suddenly, Von Braun slips out, yanking both legs out with him to take Childes down on his back...

...and then quickly snares a figure four leglock, dropping back with it!]

GM: VON BRAUN LEGLOCK! WHAT A COUNTER!!

[Childes instantly cries out in pain, swinging his arms back and forth. The referee drops to a knee, checking for a submission as Childes winces in pain, grabbing at his own hair.]

GM: Can Steven Childes hang on?! Can he find a way out?! Can he escape from the Von Braun Leglock?!

[Von Braun leans back, rocking back and forth as he increases the torque on the trapped limb...]

GM: Childes is grabbing at his knee! He's in a lot of pain! He's-

[The referee jumps up, wheeling around to signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers at the sound of the bell as Von Braun immediately releases the hold, climbing to his feet with his arms raised.]

GM: A shocking victory out of the jaws of defeat for Brian Von Braun as he turned the piledriver attempt into the Von Braun Leglock!

BW: Steven Childes was distracted... he's distraught over the injuries to his uncle. You couldn't count on him being able to compete at his full talents tonight, Gordo.

GM: Maybe not but none of that matters when you look at the record books. They will say that Brian Von Braun defeated Steven Childes by submission with the Von Braun Leglock. And now we know a very big weapon that Team Vasquez will walk into WarGames with. To win that double cage hell, you have to make a member of the other team submit or surrender. Brian Von Braun just proved himself capable of doing EXACTLY that, Bucky.

BW: I guess that's true but I still say that Childes was at a major disadvantage tonight.

[Von Braun mounts the midbuckle, celebrating his win as Childes stays down on the mat, clutching his knee. Anton Layton slips through the ropes into the ring, staring down at the pain-filled Childes as Von Braun hops back down, giving one more salute to the fans before ducking through the ropes...]

"NO!"

[A shout from Anton Layton stops Von Braun cold. The Alabama native looks puzzled as he steps back in, shrugging at Layton who slowly lifts an arm, gesturing at Childes.]

GM: Now, what in the world is this all about?

BW: I'm not sure.

GM: Layton's pointing at Childes. He's telling Von Braun to-

[Layton suddenly leaps into the air, driving a doublestomp down on the knee that Childes was trying to rub some life into, causing a wail of pain to erupt from Steven Childes.]

GM: Oh my stars! He doublestomped the knee! Anton Layton just doublestomped the knee and... what's he doing now?!

[Layton grabs the foot, yanking the leg out straight and shouting at Von Braun, gesturing to Childes...]

GM: He wants him to lock the figure four on again!

BW: What the hell, Myers?! This lunatic needs to be stopped! What the hell is the AWA going to do about this nutcase?!

[Von Braun glares at Layton for several moments, staring at the insistent madman...

...and then steps forward, grabbing the leg...]

GM: He's got the leg... he's wrapping it up and-

[The crowd erupts in a mixed response as Von Braun reapplies the Von Braun Leglock!]

GM: The figure four is applied once more! Childes is screaming... begging for mercy!

[Layton leans over the writhing Childes, speaking to him in words unheard by the mic.]

GM: What in the world could the Prince of Darkness possibly be saying to Steven Childes right now, Bucky?

BW: I have no idea... and hell, I don't think I even WANT to know!

[Von Braun leans back, gritting his teeth as he increases the pressure. The referee is right there, shouting at Von Braun, ordering him to release the figure four leglock but Von Braun's having none of it, rocking back and forth as he tries to ravage the trapped leg.]

GM: Anton Layton's shouting at Childes, screaming "THE BLOOD OF CHILDES!" over and over like the madman he is! Is this what he was talking about?! Was he not referring to Percy at all?!

BW: My god, Gordo... I think THIS was the plan! Layton went after Percy because he knew he could get the entire Unholy Alliance out of the building... except for the one guy who still had a match tonight. Layton plotted and planned this out to perfection and Steven Childes is the REAL target!

GM: Von Braun won't let go! Layton is shouting at him as well, ordering him to keep the hold applied and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: I think... yes, I believe the referee just reversed this decision, Bucky.

BW: Good!

GM: Steven Childes is going to win this match but at what cost?! What kind of damage is being done to that leg right now between Anton Layton and Brian Von Braun?!

BW: I'll tell you right now, Gordo, they're trying to break his leg!

GM: I think you're right!

[Suddenly, a swarm of AWA officials hit the ring, physically prying Von Braun's legs apart to break the hold. They force BVB and Layton back, allowing a screaming Childes to grab at his knee as a handful of officials lean down next to him, checking his condition.]

GM: We're going to need some help out here for Steven Childes, fans. We're going to... is that right? Yes, we're going to take a quick break and we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

And then back up to the locker room area - a shot that reveals the former Television champion, pacing back and forth. He's in his robe, clearly dressed to wrestle, but missing the accessory that's rested on his shoulder for months now -- the Television title, which lies in the hands of Bryant's most persistent foe, Glenn Hudson. Yuma Weaver, dressed in a nice crisp suit, stands in the background, watching his employer. Bryant looks agitated, to say the least, but finally stops his pacing long enough to look at the camera.]

DB: So, Mr. Weaver, let me ask you a question. It isn't necessarily the obvious one, either, such as, "Where the hell were you when I was getting pinned?"

[Bryant turns to glare at Weaver briefly, who gives him a helpless shrug.]

DB: No, that one's a little too easy. Instead I'll ask if you learned anything from what happened to me, I'll ask if you picked up any tips for your future as a professional wrestler. I'll ask if you learned anything about how emotions can help you in the ring, and more importantly, how they can lead you to do stupid things against people you can't afford to do stupid things against.

[Weaver nods, and Bryant turns back towards the camera.]

DB: See that? This man is a certifiable genius, people. He picked up on something that I haven't learned in over ten years, something that I never picked up while I was on top of the mountain, something I didn't learn while I was tumbling down, and something I sure as hell didn't ever learn while I was wrestling in the gutter just to keep myself sharp.

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: If there was ever a lesson to learn by knowing what not to do in a certain situation, it was the lesson I taught two weeks ago. Hudson showed me, showed the world that as far under his skin as I'd gotten, he'd gotten just as far under mine. He embarrassed me, beat me in a six man tag that should've been the easiest win short of a forfeit, and in that moment I felt like I had to get it back, had to get Hudson out of my life once and for

all...and then I gave him exactly what he wanted. I gave him a match on HIS terms. I gave him a match at the worst time -- a time he knew he could beat me, BECAUSE HE JUST DID IT.

[Bryant grits his teeth for a moment, then continues.]

DB: So, there it is. The stupidest thing I could've possibly done, the worst place I could've done it in, under the worst conditions such a thing could have happened, and Hudson is smart enough and skilled enough that he didn't NEED all those advantages, but he for damn sure used them. That, of course, leads us to tonight.

[Bryant reaches up, patting his right shoulder.]

DB: This empty space, it feels wrong. It feels uncomfortable. It feels like I'm missing something, something that belongs to me. More than that, it was a symbol that I had made it back, physical evidence of the fact that I didn't lose what I had ten years ago and that I had clawed my way back from a festering abyss of staph infections, broken ropes, and everything else you can rightfully associate with wrestling in a gutter back into the light, back into legitimacy. Now, it's gone, sitting on the shoulder of a man I can't even bring myself to hate for taking it away from me because I fell right into his trap, and worst of all, it wasn't even a trap he laid on purpose -- or maybe it was always there, just waiting for me to do something stupid and step into it.

[Bryant laughs.]

DB: Hudson, tonight, you and I are going to end this once and for all. After tonight, we'll know who the better man is, we'll know who the better champion is, and nothing and nobody is going to stand in our way. Tonight, you and I are gonna leave everything we have in there -- our blood, our sweat, our tears, and every other silly cliché men who've wrestled as long as we have like to throw out before going into what could be the match of their lives.

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: Let's get out there and get this over with, Mr. Weaver. Pay close attention, because you might see things tonight that you'll never see again in a wrestling ring.

[With that, Bryant turns and strides towards the door, Yuma Weaver following not far behind as we crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening. It has NO TIME LIMIT and is for the AWA World Television Championship.

[HUGE CHEER!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" hits the PA, and the crowd begins to boo accordingly. This, of course, heralds the arrival of "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, who steps through the curtain in his blue sequined robe, pausing in the entrance to bask in the vitriol being rained down upon him.]

PW: Coming to the ring...he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, stands six feet, two inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds... he is the challenger...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

He is...

DAAAAAAAAAAAAVE... BRYYYYYYYYYYYYYANT!

[The boos get louder as the Las Vegas native makes his way down the aisle, a well-dressed Yuma Weaver walking behind him. He ignores the rowdy fans on the aisleway giving him grief as he heads straight towards the ring.]

BW: Dave Bryant looks like a man ready to win back HIS title here tonight, Gordo.

GM: There is a focus in Bryant that's a bit unusual for him. Usually he's out here mocking the fans, sneering at them, taunting them. But tonight, he's headed straight towards the ring where serious business awaits him. Let's face facts, Bucky. Dave Bryant ducked Glenn Hudson for almost a year, trying to avoid another title match with him after defeating him in that epic ladder match at SuperClash IV. If he loses here tonight, it could be a very long time before he gets another shot at the title that essentially defines him at this stage of his career.

BW: You're sayin' that Hudson's gonna duck the Doctor of Love if he wins?

GM: Not exactly. I think Hudson would be a fighting champion, taking on all comers, unlike Mr. Bryant. But I also believe the Championship Committee will look at a list of contenders featuring Chris Staley, Alphonse Green, Dave Cooper, and so many others as all competitors who would deserve a shot at the title before Hudson gets another one.

[Bryant walks up the ringsteps, pausing on the apron to raise his arms towards the jeering crowd. He shakes his head as he steps through the ropes being held open by Yuma Weaver. Bryant unties his robe, removing it slowly.]

BW: I heard that robe cost about ten grand, Gordo.

GM: Money well spent in the eyes of Dave Bryant... and no one else.

BW: Hey, I'd drop 10 g's to wear that around my living room!

[Gordon chuckles as Bryant hands off the robe to a ringside attendant before turning back to the ring. He looks at the AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger, gesturing at his waist and giving a shout of "DO YOUR JOB IN HERE!" as his music starts to fade.]

PW: And his opponent...

[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 slaps the title belt draped over his shoulder a few times before raising a fist in the air for a few seconds, drawing another cheer from the crowd.]

PW: From Melbourne, Australia... standing five foot eleven and weighing in at 229 pounds... he is the AWA World Television Champion...

GLENNNNNNNN HUUUUUUDSONNNNN!

[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, fists at the ready for any attack from Bryant and Weaver... but none comes as Bryant stands back in the opposite corner, nodding at the champion.]

GM: Hudson was ready for a sneak attack right there but none came... perhaps surprisingly.

BW: Bryant's got plenty of time to win this match tonight. No time limit? Bryant might take this one sixty minutes or more.

GM: And WKIK has committed to stay right here with us until this match comes to a conclusion. You WILL see the end of this match no matter how long it takes. So, those of you who are tuning in to Fishing With Orlando Wilson will just have to wait a little bit longer.

[Weaver steps out to the apron, sharing a final huddle with Bryant as the Doctor of Love gestures at the World Television Champion.]

GM: Some final strategy being discussed by Bryant and Yuma Weaver.

[An impatient Hudson has finally seen enough, rushing across the ring to grab each man by the hair...

...and SLAMS their skulls together to a big cheer!]

GM: DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[The referee signals for the bell as Hudson spins Bryant back into the corner, laying into him with a pair of chops as Weaver drops down to the floor, grabbing at his head.]

GM: Here we go! No Time Limit with the World Television Title on the line perhaps for the final time between these two great competitors.

[Grabbing Bryant by the arm, Hudson fires him across, sending Bryant crashing into the turnbuckles where he staggers back out into a right hand on the jaw that knocks him down to the canvas!]

GM: Big right hand out of Hudson!

[Hudson is fired up, pumping a fist to the cheering fans as he waits for Bryant to get back to his feet. He lashes out with a knife-edge chop across the chest, turning to point to Yuma Weaver who glares at Hudson in anger.]

BW: Never poke sticks at a ticked-off Injun. My momma used to say that.

GM: Your mother gave you bigoted life lessons?

BW: Bigoted? No! Truthful! Like never trust an Aussie since they come from a prison island!

GM: Give me a break.

[Hudson backs Bryant up into the ropes, throwing two more chops before making a grab at the arm.]

GM: Irish whip... no, reversed by Bryant!

[Bryant winds up with a right hand aimed at the rebounding Hudson who drops down into a baseball slide, going through the legs of Bryant...

...and then reaching back, hooking a schoolboy cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Bryant suddenly kicks out, looking surprised at the near fall as he scrambles to his feet...

...and gets pulled down in a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd deflates again as Bryant kicks out, scrambling off the mat. He throws a wild right hand that Hudson ducks, grabbing a rear waistlock and charging Bryant into the ropes, bouncing off...

...but Bryant hangs on to the ropes, forcing Hudson to roll back on his own.]

GM: Bryant counters that pin attempt! He seemed surprised by Hudson snapping off those two pin attempts so early in the match but Hudson is known for those types of cradles.

[Hudson rushes back in towards Bryant who ducks down, attempting to backdrop Hudson over the top rope...

...but Hudson lands on the apron, clinging to the ropes for dear life...]

GM: Hudson lands safely on the apr-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Bryant uncorks a right hand on the jaw, knocking Hudson down to the floor!]

GM: What a right hand! Out of nowhere! And the World Television Champion gets knocked silly with that one!

[Bryant leans over the ropes, talking trash at the downed Hudson as Yuma Weaver slowly approaches from around the ringpost. Referee Johnny Jagger steps towards the ropes, ordering Bryant back as he starts a ten count.]

GM: The referee starts up his ten count but Bryant doesn't want any part of that. He can NOT win the title on a countout or disqualification tonight, fans. He must pin the man or make him submit.

[Bryant steps towards the ropes again, turning the referee's focus towards him as Weaver moves in, pulling Hudson off the ringside mats by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING!! GLENN HUDSON MEETS THE STEEL COURTESY OF YUMA WEAVER!

[Weaver quickly backs away as the official swings around, looking for signs of interference as Hudson leans against the barricade, his arms draped over the steel to stay on his feet. Bryant shoves past the official, slipping through the ropes and dropping down to the floor.]

GM: The former champion's heading out to the floor, moving in on the current World Television Champion.

[Bryant throws a pair of right hands to the jaw of the stunned Hudson before grabbing him by the arm...

...and whipping him spinefirst into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: OHH! Bryant hits his back RIGHT on the hardest part of the ring! That'll do some damage.

[Grabbing Hudson by the back of the head, Bryant pastes him with a pair of European uppercuts before shoving Hudson back under the ropes in time to break the count.]

GM: Bryant's not about to risk a countout here as he gets Hudson back inside the squared circle. He pulls himself back up on the apron.

[Bryant keeps it simple, ducking back through the ropes rather than trying anything risky. He winds up his right hand before dropping to his knees, burying the fist between the eyes and applying a North-South cover.]

GM: Bryant gets one! He gets two! Just a two count right there off the fistdrop.

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Bryant drills his knuckles between the eyes of Hudson over and over as the referee steps in, starting a five count.]

GM: Get in there, referee!

[Jagger's count reaches four before Bryant relents, holding his hands up.]

GM: The Doctor of Love climbs to his feet, heading back into the corner...

[Bryant nods at the jeering crowd, stomping his foot a couple of times as he stands in the corner...]

GM: Bryant's setting up for Call Me In The Morning! He's looking to end this early!

BW: He ain't gonna wait! He doesn't need no time limit! He's gonna finish him right here and now!

[Bryant stands at the ready, shaking with anticipation as Hudson slowly climbs up to his feet...

...and then surges forward, throwing the powerful superkick up!]

GM: SUPERKICK!

[But Hudson proves it to be too soon as he catches the incoming foot between his hands, holding Bryant at leg's length as Bryant hops on his off foot, trying to keep his balance.]

GM: Hudson caught it and-

[He swings a leg at the back leg of Bryant, kicking him hard in the side of the knee. Two more follow as Hudson tries to chop Bryant down]

GM: Hudson's trying to kick the leg out from under him...

[Suddenly, Hudson swings Bryant's to the right, leaving it draped over the middle rope as Hudson throws himself into a forearm shot to the lower back!]

GM: Ohh! Nice counter by the TV Champion!

[Hudson tees off, slamming forearm after forearm into the lower back of Bryant before dragging him out of the corner by the back of the trunks. He lifts him up, turning towards the corner, and drops him down on a bent knee...]

GM: ATOMIC DROP!

[...which sends Bryant pitching forward into the corner, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle before staggering backwards into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: SCHOOLBOY!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Bryant again powers out of the cradle attempt, breaking the pin!]

GM: Bryant escapes again!

[The two men scramble, trying to get to their feet before the other...

...and Bryant reaches out, cracking Hudson on the chin with a right hand that sends Hudson falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Oh! What a shot!

[Bryant squares up, teeing off with rights and lefts to the body of Hudson.]

GM: The Doctor of Love is showing some skill with his hands the likes of which we've rarely seen out of him.

[Bryant grabs Hudson by the arm, looking for a cross-corner whip.]

GM: Irish whip...

[Hudson leaps up to the midbuckle, pausing for a moment as Bryant approaches, and then blindly leaps back, twisting into a crossbody that takes the challenger off his feet!]

GM: Crossbody gets one! It gets two!

[But Bryant kicks out, rolling Hudson off of him.]

GM: Bryant's out again...

[Both men scramble again, getting back to their feet. Hudson snaps off a quick left jab to the jaw... and another... and another. A series of left hands leaves Bryant wobbling on his feet until Hudson uncorks a right hand,

knocking Bryant off his feet and sends him rolling under the ropes to the ring apron.]

GM: Hudson knocks him down and right out to the apron...

[Bryant uses the ropes, pulling himself off the mat as Hudson rushes towards the ropes, leaping up to the midbuckle...

...and springing back, throwing a dropkick to the jaw that sends Bryant crashing down on the floor!]

GM: Wow! Beautiful springback dropkick out of Hudson!

[Hudson pops to his feet, running in place and pumping his fist a few times as the crowd falls in behind him, roaring for the World Television Champion.]

GM: Hudson's pumped, fans! He's getting ready for something in there!

BW: I think he's actually getting ready for something OUT THERE!

[The champion grabs the top rope with both hands, giving a big shout as Bryant staggers back to his feet on the floor. Hudson catapults himself over the top...

...and lands safely on the apron, smirking as Bryant dashed out of the way to avoid him.]

GM: Hudson fakes him out and-

[Hudson suddenly throws himself off the apron, wiping out Bryant with a somersault dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He somersaults off the apron down onto the challenger! What a dive down to the floor, fans!

BW: Hudson's determined to win this thing tonight and keep the World TV Title around his waist. He's busting out some things we've never seen out of him before, Gordo. That can be a good thing against an opponent who knows you pretty well like Bryant knows Hudson... but it can also be dangerous to use moves that you're out of practice with.

[Hudson pulls Bryant up by the hair, dragging him over towards the timekeeper's table, smashing his face into the wooden table!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the wooden table at ringside!

[Bryant bounced off the table, stumbling away with Hudson in pursuit. Hudson grabs Bryant by the back of the head, slamming his face into the ring apron too!]

GM: Into the table... into the apron! Bryant's taking a pounding out there on the floor...

[Bryant stumbles again, swinging around the ringpost. Hudson pursues...

...and comes face to face with Yuma Weaver who puts himself between the champion and the challenger.]

GM: Uh oh. This could be bad news for the TV Champion.

[Hudson shouts at Weaver, pointing a threatening finger at him as the Native American simply stands there and stares at the fan favorite. The referee leans through the ropes, shouting at Hudson and ordering him to get back into the ring.]

GM: Hudson rolls back in but you can tell that he's not happy about it, Bucky.

BW: He oughta thank Johnny Jagger for keeping him from making a big mistake out there with Yuma Weaver. Hudson's gonna have a hard enough time retaining the title against the Doctor of Love. You get Weaver involved and Hudson's a two week wonder, daddy.

GM: Weaver got HIMSELF involved earlier in the match!

BW: No, no, no... Hudson got Weaver involved at the beginning of this thing! Anything that Yuma Weaver does to Glenn Hudson during the course of this match is all thanks to Hudson attacking him at the start of the matchup.

GM: That's absolutely ridiculous.

[Weaver turns, helping Bryant up off the floor as Hudson argues with the official. Shaking his head, the champion moves quickly towards the ropes where Bryant is recovering...

...and Bryant yanks the legs out from under him, pulling him out to the floor where he promptly digs his fingers into the eyes, temporarily blinding the TV Champion!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Bryant grabs two hands full of hair, slamming Hudson's skull into the ring apron. He slips Hudson's throat over the bottom rope before reaching around the ropes, pulling the throat down on the rope.]

GM: He's choking him! He's strangling the air out of the champion!

[The referee kneels down, shouting at Bryant to break the hold but the Doctor of Love hangs on until four, leaving a gasping Hudson to fall down to all fours on the padded floor. Bryant smirks at Hudson before DRILLING him in the ribs with a punt kick!]

GM: Ohh! Big kick to the ribs out on the floor!

[Bryant kicks and stomps the ribs repeatedly, causing Hudson to roll several feet away from the ring. The former champion pursues, dragging Hudson up off the mat.]

GM: Irish whip towards the railing coming up!

[But Hudson slams on the brakes with a baseball slide, touching the railing but not hitting hard. An angry Bryant rushes forward...

...and gets BACKDROPPED over the railing into the crowd!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HUDSON PUTS BRYANT INTO THE FRONT ROW!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Hudson stumbles away from the railing before turning back, eyeing Bryant who is down on his back on the grass just beyond the steel railing.]

GM: And unlike Dave Bryant, Glenn Hudson winning this match by countout is just as good as a pinfall or submission. He'd keep the title that way as well.

[The champion walks down the length of the ring, moving to put his back against the far barricade where fans lean over, patting him on the chest and shoulders as Hudson nods to their cheers.]

GM: Glenn Hudson seems to be celebrating a bit early if you ask me.

BW: I don't think that's what he-

[Hudson breaks into a sprint, running the length of the ringside area...

...and LEAPS over the railing, diving onto a rising Dave Bryant and wiping him out again! HUGE CHEER!]

GM: Hudson putting his body on the line over and over and these fans are loving it, Bucky!

BW: Of course they are. They don't REALLY care if he misses one of those stupid dives and breaks his collarbone... not if he gets back up and tries it again.

[Hudson climbs to his feet, throwing up an arm to even more cheers from the Memphis crowd. He cups a hand to his ear, listening to the deafening reaction before cracking a smile.]

GM: Glenn Hudson has certainly become one of the most popular men in the entire company in the short year that he's been a part of the AWA, fans. They love him and he loves them right back!

[The champion drags Bryant off the mat, swinging him by the hair to throw him back over the railing into the ringside area before following him back over. Hudson hauls Bryant up, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Hudson puts him back in... not even trying to earn the countout win.

BW: Sucker.

GM: I believe that Glenn Hudson wants to pin Dave Bryant. He wants to make Dave Bryant submit. He wants to show the world that his win two weeks ago was no fluke and that he IS the new World Television Champion.

BW: Well, he's certainly acting like the new champ, throwing down challenges at Chris Staley and Alphonse Green... making fun of Dave Cooper. He's setting up quite the slate of challengers... providing he can get past the rightful Television Champion Dave Bryant tonight.

[With Bryant down on the mat, Hudson pulls himself back into the ring, ducking through the ropes as he approaches the rising Bryant from behind.]

GM: Shoves Bryant into the ropes... ohh! Big right hand downstairs to the gut!

[The Doctor of Love is doubled up as Hudson approaches from behind, leaping up onto the shoulders...]

GM: VICTORY ROLL!

[But Bryant holds up, not getting taken over by Hudson...

...and instead lurching forward, shoving Hudson off where Hudson slams throatfirst down on the top rope!]

GM: OHH!

[With Hudson reeling, Bryant hooks him from behind in a rear waistlock.]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: GERMAN! GERMAN SUPLEX!!

[A bridging Bryant can be heard shouting, "COUNT HIM!" as the official dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Hudson's shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas, breaking the bridge and the pin!]

GM: Oh my! Dave Bryant pulled out a German Suplex out of nowhere and the Doctor of Love was a half count away from regaining the World Television Champion!

BW: A German Suplex out of Bryant. When's the last time we've seen that, Gordo? He's dipping deep into the playbook as well.

GM: We just hit the ten minute mark of this match. If this was a normal TV Title match, we'd be declaring a time limit draw right about now but since there's no time limit, we're going to keep on going, fans!

[An angry Bryant climbs to his feet, stomping Hudson's head and neck a few times as the referee waves him back. The Doctor of Love hauls Hudson up off the mat, smashing his elbow down on the back of the champion's neck, connecting a few times before shoving Hudson back against the ropes.]

GM: Ohh! Big knife edge chop out of Bryant... and another!

[Bryant grabs an arm, looking for a whip...]

GM: Bryant shoots him in...

[The Doctor of Love goes low, connecting with a right hand to the midsection that doubles up Hudson. Bryant steps forward, securing a front facelock and preparing to spike Hudson with a DDT but Hudson spins out of it, holding the arm...

...and YANKS Bryant into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! OUT OF NOWHERE!!

BW: Bryant was looking for the DDT but Hudson had a counter for it. These two men know one another so well, Gordo. They just keep bringing out weapons only to have the other man be ready for it and find a way to counter. That short-arm clothesline counter to the DDT was impressive and Bryant's in trouble.

[Hudson drags himself into a cover, rolling across as he hooks a leg.]

GM: Hudson's got one! He's got two!

[Bryant lifts the shoulder at two as a frustrated Hudson pushes to his knees, looking down at his challenger. Hudson climbs off the mat, falling back into the buckles as he waves a hand, waiting for Bryant to get back up.]

GM: Bryant's trying to get off the mat but Hudson's going to be waiting for him when he gets there!

[Bryant staggers up as Hudson rushes out.]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Bryant!

[Bryant buries a boot in the gut of Hudson as he turns, again grabbing a front facelock...]

...but Hudson charges forward, smashing Bryant's back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! The DDT gets countered again!

BW: I think they know each other too well, Gordo. I think they'll both need to uncork something new to win this thing from the other guy.

[With Bryant against the buckles, Hudson grabs the middle rope, slamming his shoulder into the gut over and over...]

GM: Hudson's doing a number on Bryant in the buckles!

[After a half dozen shoulder drives to the ribcage, Hudson lifts Bryant up, setting him down on the top turnbuckle. Hudson backs off, throwing a big right hand to the jaw!]

GM: The champion connects... and now he's climbing up! He's grabbing Bryant by the head and arm, looking for a superplex off the top!

[Hudson steps to the second rope but catches a headbutt to the skull from Bryant.]

GM: Oh! The challenger fires back with a headbutt... and another!

[Bryant swings his arms up, smashing the right hand between the eyes of Hudson, sending him falling back to his feet on the mat. The challenger gives a shout, leaping off the midbuckle...]

...and getting caught in the gut with a right hand, flipping him over onto his back to a big cheer!]

GM: These two men just keep on countering everything that either one of them have in the bank! It's incredible to witness, Bucky.

[With Bryant down on his back, clutching his abdomen, Hudson points to the corner...]

GM: He's... I think he's calling for a moonsault!

BW: We've seen that out of Hudson before!

GM: If he hits it, he might win with it!

[Hudson moves a little slowly, perhaps running low on wind as he steps to the middle rope. He puts a foot on the top turnbuckle, nodding to the cheering crowd...]

...and gets SMASHED in the back with a forearm from a rising Dave Bryant!]

GM: Bryant got up! Bryant knew the moonsault was coming and he cut it off right there with a forearm smash!

[Bryant quickly steps up to the middle rope, hooking his long-time rival around the waist...]

GM: He's gonna superplex him!

[Hudson attempts to battle out, throwing two left hands to the forehead as Bryant lifts him up...]

GM: BELLY TO BACK!

[...but Hudson twists his body in mid-air, crashing down atop Bryant!]

GM: COUNTER! COUNTER! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd deflates again as Bryant slips out of the pin attempt.]

GM: Wow! These two keep going back and forth, back and forth. Just when you think one of them has the other in danger of losing the match and perhaps the World Television Title, the other finds a way to counter the move and get momentum back on their side! Incredible!

[A fired-up Hudson pulls Bryant off the mat by the hair, smashing him with a right hand to the temple that sends Bryant falling back into the corner. Hudson grabs him by the arm, firing him across the ring into the turnbuckles as he falls back into the corner...]

GM: Bryant hits hard and Hudson's measuring him!

[The champion stampedes across the ring, leaping up into the air, smashing his feet into the jaw of Dave Bryant!]

GM: Running dropkick to the corner!

[The crowd roars as Hudson scampers up, charging back to the corner, turning to rush across again...]

GM: Another dropkick! Right on the button!

[The second one causes Bryant to slump down, sitting on the mat against the corner as Hudson scrambles up, running across again...]

....and LEAPS high into the air, driving his feet into the face to a huge reaction from the crowd!]

GM: THREE RUNNING DROPKICKS!

[Hudson grabs the ankle, dragging Bryant out of the corner and diving across in a lateral press, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: He couldn't get him, fans! Glenn Hudson couldn't get the three count after three of those devastating running dropkicks in the corner!

[Hudson sits up on the mat, shaking his head as he looks down at Bryant who just seems unwilling to lose what could be his final chance at the World Television Title.]

GM: Hudson climbing to his feet. He looks weary, he looks frustrated, and he looks completely unable to figure out what he needs to do to put Dave Bryant down for a three count. We're closing in on the fifteen minute mark of this match... not that it matters. There is NO time limit in this match, fans... don't forget that.

[Hudson looks down at Bryant in disbelief...

...and then turns to point at the turnbuckles.]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: This hasn't turned out so well for him yet. What makes him think that's going to change right now?

GM: I have no idea but Glenn Hudson, good idea or bad idea, is heading for the corner... and he's climbing up the ropes!

[Hudson steps to the middle rope, placing his foot on the top...]

GM: He's waiting for Bryant to stir... waiting for the challenger to climb back to his feet on the mat...

[The Doctor of Love staggers up, slowly turning towards the corner where Hudson is poised...

...and blindly hurls himself off the top, flipping through the air...]

BW: MOONSAULT!

[Hudson CONNECTS solidly across the chest of Bryant, toppling him to the mat where he lunges forward to hook both legs in North-South position!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: He almost got him, Bucky!

BW: He sure did but he couldn't! He couldn't get the three count!

[Suddenly, Yuma Weaver pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at Bryant, shouting at Hudson, shouting at the official...

...and gets CRACKED on the jaw by a rising Glenn Hudson who uncorks a superkick of his own! The high impact blow sends Weaver sailing off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: HUDSON CLEARS OUT WEAVER!!

[Hudson nods at the roaring crowd as he steps out to the apron.]

GM: He's got Yuma Weaver cleared out of the picture and now he's heading up top again! Glenn Hudson is heading up to the top rope one more time and he's got this crowd here in Memphis up on their feet cheering him on! They want to see the World Television Champion retain the title right here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling!

BW: And these two are doin' a heck of a job in earning themselves a slot in the voting next week for the best Saturday Night Wrestling match in all of 2013, daddy!

GM: They certainly are. Hudson's on the second rope, got a foot on the top as he waves for Bryant to get up off the mat.

BW: The Doctor of Love is gonna oblige, staggering up...

[Hudson gives a shout, leaping off the top towards the doubled-up Bryant...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!!

[Bryant leans forward, grabbing the top rope to prevent his fall down to the mat!]

BW: This looks familiar, Gordo!

GM: This is how Hudson beat Bryant two weeks ago!

[Bryant suddenly kneels down, cradling Hudson's legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[But Hudson reverses it, pulling Bryant's shoulders down in the sunset flip style rollup!]

GM: THIS IS HOW HE WON THE TITLE!!

[The referee slaps the mat once... twice... and gets DAMN close to a three count before Bryant slips out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The entire crowd here in Memphis thought he had it, Bucky! They thought Glenn Hudson was retaining the title right there with the sunset flip off the top but one more time, Dave Bryant finds a way to get out of that pinning predicament!

[With both men down on the mat, trying to recover from the exertion of the match so far, the crowd stays on their feet, cheering the efforts of both men so far in this Main Event matchup.]

GM: This is an incredible battle of two veterans who are showing just how important that World Television Title is to them. We know how much that title means to Dave Bryant and how much it means to Glenn Hudson... and now they're showing the entire world once again how much it means to them.

BW: If Todd Michaelson is ever sitting in the Combat Corner and wants to show his students some matches that show what a title means in this business, he should show the series between Hudson and Bryant. These two have stopped at absolutely nothing, every time out, to win or keep that title down there on the timekeeper's table at ringside.

[Hudson rolls to all fours, breathing heavily as he pushes up to his knees. He looks up at the official, holding up three fingers.]

GM: Hudson still thinks he got three but the official says it was a two count only, fans.

[The champion climbs to his feet, wiping his brow with the back of his hand as he moves in on the downed Bryant, leaning down to grab him...

...and gets pulled down in a small package!]

GM: CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRYANT ALMOST PLUCKED VICTORY AWAY FROM GLENN HUDSON RIGHT THERE!

[The crowd is buzzing with anticipation of what's next as both champion and challenger attempt to get back to their feet. Hudson is the first one up, charging towards Bryant who sidesteps, throwing the champion chestfirst into the buckles where he stumbles backwards...

...and gets hooked with one hand wrapping up in a half nelson while the other slips around the waist...]

GM: What the-?!

[Bryant gives a loud grunt of effort as he muscles Hudson up in the half nelson/half German lift...

...and DUMPS Hudson on the back of the skull, flipping him over onto his stomach from the impact!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT WAS THAT?! WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!

BW: Dave Bryant thinks he’s back in Los Angeles, Gordo! He’s using suplexes the likes of which we haven’t seen since he was the EMWC Television Champion!

[Bryant pushes up to all fours, crawling across the ring towards the downed Hudson. He pushes hard on Hudson, flipping him to his back as Bryant collapses into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The crowd collectively gasps as Hudson slips a foot over the bottom rope!]

GM: Foot on the ropes! Foot on the ropes! Glenn Hudson got a foot on the ropes to save the World Television Title for himself right there, fans!

[Bryant pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands. He shakes his head back and forth several times as he struggles up to his feet, wobbling into the corner...

...where he stomps his foot.]

GM: He’s calling for Call Me In The Morning again!

BW: He didn’t get it the first time but if he does it right now, he’s going to win back the World TV Title, Gordo!

GM: We’ll see about that!

[Bryant stomps again as Hudson grabs the ropes, dragging himself to a knee.]

GM: Hudson’s trying to get up after that devastating suplex... but he’s got Dave Bryant and that superkick waiting for him!

[Hudson drags himself to his feet, pushing off the ropes into a slowly turning spin...]

GM: SUPERKICK!

[Hudson falls to a knee without even trying to avoid the superkick, causing Bryant to sail past him. The champion reaches back, hooking the off-balance Bryant by the arms...]

GM: BACKSLIDE!!!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Bryant slips out again! Incredible!

[Both men scramble, trying to get up again...]

GM: Oh! Bryant catches him with the right hand!

[The hard punch sends Hudson falling back into the ropes. Bryant pursues, grabbing an arm.]

GM: Irish whi-

[Bryant goes to throw Hudson across but stops him, yanking him back into a boot to the gut. He steps in, grabbing a front facelock...

...but Hudson leans down, yanking the legs out from under Bryant!]

GM: Oh!

[Hudson holds the legs under his armpits, falling back and catapulting Bryant into the corner where he smashes his face into the turnbuckle!]

GM: Bryant hits the corner!

[Stumbling back, Bryant seems easy prey for Hudson as he rushes the corner, leaping up to the midbuckle, and springing back to snare Bryant in a front facelock, twisting through the air...

...and DRIVING Bryant skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: NO HARD FEELINGS! NO HARD FEELINGS!!

[Hudson goes to cover...

...but finds Bryant has been dragged out of the ring by Yuma Weaver to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Oh, come on, referee! Weaver just saved this match for Dave Bryant! He just saved-

[A pissed-off Hudson hits the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and HURLS himself through the ropes, wiping out a stunned Yuma Weaver with a tope!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HUDSON WIPES OUT WEAVER AGAIN!!

[A weary Hudson climbs back to his feet, swinging an arm around in the air to a huge cheer. He pulls a motionless Dave Bryant off the ringside mats, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Hudson puts Bryant back in... but I think Bryant had enough time to recover to avoid a pinfall off that twisting DDT off the turnbuckles. We're closing in on the twenty minute mark of this match, fans, with both of these men still desperately trying to find a way to pull a rabbit out of the hat and put that Television Title around their waist!

[Hudson climbs up on the ring apron, stepping through the ropes where he pulls Bryant up off the mat. He steps into a front facelock, slinging Bryant's limp arm over his neck...]

GM: Hudson's looking for a suplex here... ohh! Bryant with a pair of right hands to the ribs to battle out of it!

[Bryant grabs an arm, looking for a whip but Hudson reverses and puts the challenger into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Dave Bryant hits the corner hard and Hudson's backing down again!

[Hudson sprints across the ring for a fourth time, connecting with another big running dropkick to the chest that seems to knock the wind out of Bryant.]

GM: He hits another dropkick! Hudson's got Bryant in trouble again!

[Leaning down, Hudson lifts Bryant off the mat, depositing him up on the top turnbuckle. He steps back, clapping his hands a few times before stepping up on the middle rope...]

GM: Hudson's looking for a superplex!

[With the champion trying to get Bryant up for the superplex, the Doctor of Love throws a right hand to the ribs... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Bryant's trying to fight out!

[Bryant swings his arms together, clapping them on the ears of Hudson!]

GM: Ohh! That'll ring his bell!

[The Doctor of Love, still not knocking Hudson back down to the mat, reaches up and digs his fingers into the eyes of the champion, raking hard before shoving a stunned Hudson down to the canvas.]

GM: Bryant goes to the eyes again... and he created some space for himself as he steps up on his feet.

[Standing on the middle rope, Bryant looks around at the jeering crowd...

...and then steps back, perching himself on the top rope!]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Dave Bryant's on the top rope! You talk about turning back the hands of time, Dave Bryant and Glenn Hudson are both digging deep into the arsenals of their youth to try and find a way to win this thing!

[Bryant looks uneasy on the top rope, squatting down to try and steady himself before straightening up one more time...

...and then leaps into the air, straightening his leg out...]

GM: LEGDROP OFF THE TOP!

[Bryant CRASHES down on a stunned Glenn Hudson with the flying legdrop, bouncing off his prone foe!]

GM: THE CHALLENGER CONNECTS! He hits a legdrop off the top and-

BW: He can't cover, Gordo!

GM: It certainly looks that way. Bryant hurt himself with that desperation move and he just rolled right out under the ropes. He might've injured his tailbone with that leap off the top and there's no way he can take advantage of this situation.

[Bryant is flat on his stomach on the ring apron, breathing heavily as he reaches an arm around to grab at his tailbone. Glenn Hudson is flat on his back in the center of the ring after taking the flying legdrop. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps to the middle of the ring, checking on both men...]

GM: The referee's starting a double count!

BW: After all this... after all they've been through and put each other through, please don't let it end like that!

[The referee stands in the center of the ring, throwing up both arms and shouting "ONE!"]

GM: The fans are jeering this decision by referee Johnny Jagger and I can't say that I blame them however this match has no time limit, it does NOT have no rules at all. And the rules in this one say that Johnny Jagger's gotta start a double countout in this situation.

BW: There may be a riot in Memphis if this is the end result, daddy.

GM: I hate it when you say that but in this case, you could be correct.

[The referee's count is up to three now as both men are unmoving in their respective spots on the canvas.]

GM: I don't think either man has moved a bit since this count has started and that can't be a good sign for these fans here in Memphis, Bucky.

BW: Yuma Weaver just got dragged out of here by AWA officials. Apparently they've seen enough of his actions out here at ringside. Dave Bryant won't be too happy to see that though... whenever he gets up.

GM: That flying legdrop was something to behold but it looks like it may have been a major mistake for him. He wanted to go outside the usual repertoire, try to surprise Hudson...

BW: Well, he certainly did that.

GM: But in the process, how much damage did he do to himself? The count is up to six. Both men are still down. These fans in Memphis are on their feet, cheering on Glenn Hudson, trying to root him back to his feet.

[As the count hits seven, we see some signs of life as Dave Bryant reaches up, looping an arm over the middle rope and pulling hard. Just before the eight count, Bryant takes a knee.]

GM: Bryant's up to a knee on the apron... and now Glenn Hudson is on all fours as well! The match will continue here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling with the World Television Title on the line, fans!

[Hudson climbs to his feet, staggering towards the ropes where Bryant is up as well.]

GM: Right hand by Hudson!

[The crowd cheers for the haymaker but jeers as Bryant returns fire with one of his own!]

GM: The Doctor of Love fires back!

[Hudson winds up, throwing a backhand chop!]

GM: Knife-edge chop out of the champion!

[Bryant clings to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Hudson steps closer...

...and then yanks the rope, pulling himself in to drive a forearm smash into the jaw of the champion!]

GM: What a fight! Back and forth they go, each trying to batter the other down and-

[Hudson stumbles back from the forearm shot and then leaves his feet, lashing out with a kick to the back of the skull!]

GM: GLENNZUIGIRI! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Bryant drops down to both knees on the apron, his head and torso sliding between the ropes.]

GM: Bryant got rocked! Hudson's pulling him up...

[Hudson grabs a front facelock, dragging Bryant over the ropes so that his ankles are resting on the top rope...]

GM: We've seen this out of Hudson before!

BW: This is Tex Violence's Modified DDT!

[With Bryant dangling helplessly, Hudson gives a loud whoop to the crowd who roars in response...]

...when suddenly, Bryant slips his feet off the rope, dropping to his knees on the mat. He lunges forward, wrapping his arms around Hudson's torso as he pushes up off the mat...]

GM: What in the...?!]

[Bryant drops straight down, catching Hudson's throat on the top rope!]

GM: Ohh!

[Hudson falls to the mat as Bryant hooks both legs, rolling across into a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And now it's Hudson who is kicking out of everything! These two are putting each other through the wringer here tonight in Memphis with the World Television Title on the line, fans!

[A furious Bryant pushes up to all fours, clapping his hands together. He shouts at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Bryant thought that should've been three as well but it was only a two count, fans.

[Bryant reaches down, dragging Hudson off the mat with two hands full of hair...]

...and then suddenly stops. shoving Hudson back into the nearest set of turnbuckles as the crowd begins to jeer loudly.]

GM: What the...?

BW: Royalty!

[The jeers get even louder as Calisto Dufresne, Dave Cooper, the Blonde Bombers, and Larry Doyle come walking down the aisle towards the ring. Dufresne and the Bombers are sporting their title belts over their shoulders as they head down the aisle. Cooper is pointing at the ring, huddling up with Larry Doyle.]

GM: What the heck is Royalty doing out here?

BW: I think Dave Bryant is wondering the same thing.

[Bryant leans into the ropes, shouting at Dufresne, gesturing towards the locker room.]

GM: Dave Bryant's telling them to leave! He wants no part of them out here right now, Bucky.

BW: I can't say that I blame him. I don't think they're out there to help him regain the title. They might do something to cost him his shot at the title so of course he wants them out of here and back to the locker room.

[The Doctor of Love glares at Dave Cooper who gestures at Hudson. Bryant points a warning finger before turning back towards Hudson who leaps up, scissoring the head between the legs, and dragging Bryant down in a hurracanrana!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE! ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEE- NO! NO! THE REFEREE SAYS BRYANT GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

BW: Are you sure?! That looked like three to me!

GM: The referee says it was two but look at Glenn Hudson! Hudson is in shock... he thought it was three! He thought he'd successfully defended the title right there and-

[Bryant springs up, rushing Hudson from behind and smashing a forearm into the back of the head, knocking him into the corner. Bryant swings him around, lighting him up with chops across the chest...]

GM: The Doctor of Love, the challenger, is trying to find something... anything... that will put Glenn Hudson down for a three count but so far, he just hasn't managed to find it.

[Grabbing Hudson by the arm, he whips him across, charging in after him...

...where Hudson grabs the top rope with both hands, kicking his legs into the air and causing Bryant to run chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Standing behind Bryant, Hudson deadleaps into the air, scissoring his legs around Bryant’s head from behind...]

GM: REVERSE- NO!

[Hudson attempts the reverse rana that has worked so well for him in the past but Bryant wraps his arms around the ropes, preventing the move from working. Hudson flips over, crashing on the mat. He pushes up, staggering to his feet...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!

BW: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!!

[The superkick snapped Hudson’s head back, knocking him out cold in the middle of the ring. Bryant grabs both legs, rolling across in a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ERUPTS in a mixed response at the sound of the bell. Dave Bryant rolls off to his knees, flattening out and wrapping his arms around his head.]

GM: Dave Bryant has done it! After over twenty-five minutes of battle, the Doctor of Love is a two-time AWA World Television Champion, fans! He has regained the title in one of the toughest matches I’ve ever seen!

[The referee leans out, grabbing the TV Title belt from the timekeeper. He walks across the ring, handing the title belt to a kneeling Bryant who clutches it to his chest.]

GM: Love him or hate him, you cannot deny the talents of Dave Bryant who walked into Memphis in a all-or-nothing situation and will be walking out as the World Television Champion once again.

[We cut to ringside where Dave Cooper is applauding... mockingly?]

GM: Dave Cooper seems to like what he’s seeing. We all know he wants his shot at the World Television Title as well.

[Bryant uses the official’s help to climb to his feet. He thrusts the title belt over his head, soaking up the jeers of the crowd...]

...when suddenly, Royalty enters the ring.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: This can't be good news.

GM: For who?

BW: For anyone would be my guess.

[Cooper eyes Bryant who is standing near the ropes, clutching the title belt to his chest. Larry Doyle smirks at the showdown, moving alongside Cooper as he whispers something at him. The Blonde Bombers take up flanking positions behind Cooper as Dufresne stands on the ring apron, patting the title belt over his shoulder.]

GM: Royalty has Dave Bryant cornered and after the war that Dave Bryant went through tonight, I don't think anyone thinks this is fair, Bucky.

BW: Fair? Since when did Royalty care about "fair"?

[Cooper gestures to Kenny Stanton who grabs a mic from Phil Watson, handing it over to the Professional.]

DC: Congratulations, Dave.

[Royalty applauds... very certainly mockingly this time.]

DC: You just wrestled a heck of a match and you've won the World Television Title belt for the second time.

[Cooper nods and then steps forward, slapping the faceplate of the TV Title - a movement that makes a weary Bryant flinch backwards, much to the amusement of Royalty.]

DC: Don't worry, Dave. We're not here for you.

[The crowd jeers as they realize the implication of that statement. Doyle leans in to Cooper again, this time gesturing to his waist.]

DC: Good point, Larry. We're not here for you... champ. At least... not yet.

[Cooper chuckles as Bryant clings to the title belt. The Professional steps back, giving Bryant a dismissive gesture.]

DC: If I were you, I'd get out of here, champ. Go enjoy your win. Have a bottle of champagne on Royalty. Just be anywhere else but here.

[Bryant looks down at the prone Hudson who has just managed to push up to all fours. The Doctor of Love looks back at Cooper, giving the slightest of nods as he steps out to the apron. Cooper stares at him as he exits.]

DC: Oh, and Dave...?

[Cooper digs into his pocket, flicking something towards Bryant who catches it. He holds it up for the camera to see... a silver dollar.]

DC: After this night, I'd say you owe us one.

[And on cue, Cooper wheels around and kicks Glenn Hudson square in the ribs!]

GM: Ohh! Come on!

[Cooper stomps Hudson in the back of the head repeatedly and then steps back, waving for his allies to enter the fray. The Blonde Bombers are the first to strike, the World Tag Team Champions stomping Hudson in tandem as Calisto Dufresne steps into the ring, clapping Dave Cooper on the shoulder.]

GM: The Bombers are all over Glenn Hudson!

[Jacobs yanks Hudson off the mat by the hair, holding him steady as Kenny Stanton hits the ropes, rebounding off...

...and leaving his feet, smashing his arm across the collarbone with a lariat!]

GM: Good grief!

[Jacobs is right on top of the downed Hudson, holding him by the head as he hammers him with short forearms to the jaw. Calisto Dufresne gives his partner a shout, causing Jacobs to get to his feet, dragging Hudson up and shoving him over to the World Champion who snares the front facelock...]

GM: NO!

[...and hoists him off the mat, parallel to the canvas before SPIKING Hudson's skull down!]

GM: AHHHHH!

BW: Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am by the World Champion!

GM: Glenn Hudson is being obliterated by Royalty after one of the damndest matches I've seen in quite some time. We need some help out here, fans! need to get someone out here!

[Dave Cooper steps in, dragging a limp Hudson off the mat...]

"STILL WAITING FOR ME TO DELIVER?!"

[...and slings Hudson's arm over his neck, lifting him off the canvas...]

GM: GOURDBUSTER!

[Hudson BOUNCES facefirst off the canvas as Cooper rests on his knees, looking down at the motionless Hudson. A quick camera cut up the aisle shows Dave Bryant near the top of the aisle, title belt slung over his shoulder. He's standing, watching the carnage, with an odd expression on his face. His hands on his hips, Bryant looks over his shoulder to the locker room entrance.]

GM: Dave Bryant is standing there, just watching the absolute destruction of one of his greatest rivals!

[The crowd is screaming, begging for someone to come help out Glenn Hudson as Larry Doyle SLAMS his loaded cowboy boot down between the eyes of the Australian, splitting his skull wide open.]

GM: Hudson's been busted open by Doyle!

[Out on the floor, Kenny Stanton jerks a steel chair out from under the timekeeper, sliding it into the ring.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Oh, we've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: We saw this at Memorial Day Mayhem! Dave Cooper's going to try and break Glenn Hudson's ankle like they did to Sultan Azam Sharif back in May!

[As Stanton drives the edge of the chair into Hudson's ankle, Hudson actually cries out in pain as he grabs at the focus of the attack..]

GM: We need some help out here for Hudson FAST! We need-

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of some help coming down the aisle!]

GM: It's Sweet Daddy Williams! The Sweet Daddy is heading for the ring to help Glenn Hudson!

[Williams dives headfirst under the bottom rope...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JACOBS JUST CLUBBED THE MAN FROM HOTLANTA WITH A CHAIR!!

BW: He hit him right across the back with it... and Doyle just shoved the fat man out to the floor! Royalty means business here tonight and they're sending a clear message to the entire AWA right about now!

[We cut to the aisleway where Chris Staley comes flying into view, shoving past Dave Bryant as he tears down the aisle to the ring, grabbing Brad Jacobs by the ankle and dragging him out to the floor!]

GM: Staley's got Jacobs! Big kicks to the chest against the apron!

[But Kenny Stanton's seen enough, sliding through the ropes with a baseball slide dropkick to the mush!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Staley goes down!

[Out on the floor, Stanton and Jacobs are putting the boots to Staley when suddenly the crowd roars again!]

GM: It's The Hive! It's BCIQ! It's-

[But these saviors stand no chance as Royalty is ready for them. The Hive runs headlong into a spinebuster from Cooper and a superkick from Dufresne while BCIQ is trading blows with the Blonde Bombers out on the floor...]

GM: Doyle's got the chair and- OHHH! Down on the ankle again!

[Doyle quickly takes the chair, folding it up on the ankle of Glenn Hudson as Cooper backs to the middle rope, hopping up on it...]

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

[Cooper leaps off, stomping the chair and filling the air with a sickening sound as Hudson screams in agony.]

GM: Oh god! He broke it! I know he did! He broke the damn ankle!

[We cut back to the aisleway, looking for more help as Dave Bryant turns his back on the ring, walking towards the entrance...

...but stops one more time. The crowd is roaring, begging with all their collective voices...]

GM: Come on...

[Suddenly, Bryant turns around and comes charging down the aisle, the crowd growing louder with every step. He makes a big dive, sliding under the ropes into the ring...

...and comes up swinging, cracking Larry Doyle with a right hand on the jaw to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: DOYLE GOES DOWN!!

[Calisto Dufresne charges Bryant who just barely ducks down, backdropping Dufresne all the way out to the floor!]

GM: HE CLEARS OUT BRYANT AND-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK! HE CAUGHT COOPER COMING IN!!

[Cooper promptly gets dragged under the ropes by the Bombers as Bryant snatches the steel folding chair off of a screaming Hudson’s ankle, smashing it into the mat and chasing off the collective forces of Royalty.]

GM: Dave Bryant has... my stars, he came back to save Glenn Hudson!

BW: He was a little too late if you ask me.

GM: You may be right but that doesn’t change the fact that the World Television Champion just... he just saved the man that he’s spent almost a year trying to chase out of wrestling! That ankle may be hurt but you know Royalty wasn’t going to stop until they made SURE that they broke it apart.

[A furious Larry Doyle is shouting at the ring, gesturing at Bryant who is standing guard over a downed Glenn Hudson, still wielding the steel chair. Bryant waves for him to get back into the ring.]

BW: What the heck has Bryant just done?

GM: What do you mean?

BW: I mean, he just became the hunted! He just crossed Royalty and there ain’t no one I’d want on my case less than Royalty, Gordo. Dave Bryant may have just made the biggest mistake of his career.

GM: You may be right, Bucky... but on this night, Dave Bryant won the World Television Title, he won the hearts of these people here in Memphis, and at least for now, Dave Bryant has won my respect! Fans, we’re out of time! We’ve gotta go! We’ll see you next time... at the matches.

[The camera holds on a protective, chair-wielding Bryant...

...and then fades to black.]

Upcoming Events

August 24 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Kansas City, Missouri

September 2 - Unholy War - St. Louis, Missouri

September 14 - AWA Homecoming - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

September 28 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

October 12 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

October 26 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

November 9 - Saturday Night Wrestling - Crockett Coliseum - Dallas, Texas

November 28 - SuperClash V - Venue TBD

