



[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a royal blue screen with a glittering silver Fox Sports logo in the center of it. A fanfare plays in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the World Series. The GFC. The Daytona 500. The 2015 Women's World Cup. The US Open Championship."

[A quick clip from each sport flashes by during the voiceover.]

"The world's biggest events are on Fox Sports."

[The logo and fanfare fade...

...as a giant robot appears, holding up a different version of the Fox Sports logo with the audio bug...]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

[The shot fades from the graphic to another black screen with the AWA logo splashed across a starry field. A barrage of lasers flash in from all sides of the screen, etching along the borders of the letters, illuminating the plain white text into glowing and glittering gold. A deep voiceover begins. The words "American Wrestling Alliance" come up one by one at the bottom of the screen.]

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades as the sound of a throbbing synth bassline starts to play.

We open to a starry night sky. We pan down to find ourselves on a beach amidst what appears to be a luau. Beautiful women in grass skirts with flowers in their hair dance to the tune of a single man in a floral-print shirt and Bermuda shorts playing a lighthearted tune on a ukulele. Suddenly, a familiar voice is heard.]

"Hawaii. A vacation dream come true."

[We focus on other partygoers sipping on drinks housed inside of coconuts, enjoying themselves... or doing their best to, since a look of unease can clearly be seen on their faces as they gaze over to the owner of that familiar voice.]

"D"HF: For others, however...

["Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, made creepier than usual as he stands in shadow only illuminated by a bonfire just outside of our field of vision.]

"D"HF: ... it is something altogether different. For we have heard the words of many, that my liege is in danger. That a great MAMMOTH rises from the east. So tonight, a leisurely vacation is not on the menu for twenty-eight men. For those accursed souls can there shall be only one vocation. For tonight, all they shall do is...

[We pan to the left, finally able to see the bonfire. Spinning on a pit is a succulent pig... a pig made up in a macabre mockery of MAMMOTH Maximus. Staring at it, salivating with hunger are the terrifying duo of The Lost Boy and KING Oni.]

"D"HF: ... FEED THE BEAST.

[Cut to Brian James and his manager, Brian Lau. James is bare chested, a white towel covering his head and most of his face. Lau is in a sleek grey suit, leaning back against the rippling, heavily muscled chest of the Son of the Blackheart. James' name is written in a Japanese-style font in the corner of the screen as Lau speaks.]

BL: Can you feel it? Can you feel the electricity? Tonight is the night! Thirty men enter, and only this man...

[Lau turns, slapping his hand on James' chest.]

BL: Leaves!

I told you that we were coming for gold! I told you that we were coming for glory! Tonight, Brian James, winner of the 2015 Rumble.

And soon...

[Lau smirks, as James pulls the towel off of his head.]

BJ: Brian James... World Heavyweight Champion!

[Cut to the mini-afroed Willie Hammer who stands before an AWA banner, dressed in a Combat Corner Wrestling t-shirt. His name is in blocky green and white text superimposed across his chest.]

WH: OP-POR-TU-NI-TY! That's what the Rumble is and if anyone's capable of leapfrogging ahead of the competition and grabbing that opportunity, it's the sweetest chocolate outside of Hershey!

[Hammer flashes a wide grin as we cut to...

Shadoe Rage spins around in front of a black screen featuring his silhouetted image featured inside the AWA World Television title. The 'World' champion is dressed in a sleeveless pink variant of his T-shirt and lilac tights. The AWA World Television title sits around his waist.

SR: (clapping his hands) Oh man! It's a freak out! Must be freaking out in my mind! Shadoe Rage, the AWA World Television champion, Captain of the AWA, in the Rumble. Hawaii 5-0, the King of Rage Country will throw 29 other men out of the ring to win a shot at the World title.

[Rage pauses, his bespectacled and French bearded face twisting in confusion.]

SR: So I win and I get a shot at...

[He rips the World TV title from his waist and holds it up to his face.]

SR: ...me?!?!?!]

[The camera fades out on the laughing madman.

With a scripty graphic reading "LADYKILLER" in the corner of the screen, the former AWA World Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne, stands already in his wrestling attire.]

CD: Tonight's the night that the best laid plans of mice and men are laid to ruin. If others won't give me a shot at taking my World Title back, I guess I'll just _take it._

[Crossfade.

With just a single look at the man standing, it's easy to see why the women dream about him, why they get hot and bothered, why they become "Red Hot" below their waists. It's none other than "Red Hot" Rex Summers.]

RS: What I want right now is for all the fat, lazy, and over-rated AWA armadillos to shut up and listen to real man ... a real star.

Tonight, twenty nine other men are stepping into that square circle and when the evening ends Rex Summers will be exactly where Rex Summers loves to be ... on top.

["Red Hot" places both his hands behind his head and slowly gyrates his hips clockwise as we fade to...

Athletically-built, with a sandy blond crew cut and lightly-tanned skin, Callum Mahoney stands, dressed in a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front. The same bear graphic is in the bottom right corner of the screen.]

MS: Two weeks ago, I gave the World Champion a heck of a fight. No chicanery and I'm not going to make any excuses about why I lost. But having come this close to the big prize, I know it is within my grasp, and the Rumble, the Rumble is what will bring me within reach of the title once more. On this two year anniversary of my debut here in the AWA, it's no longer a question of if, but a question of when.

[The next superstar to appear is the menacing visage of the "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake. The self-styled King Of Professional Wrestling is a 6'9" dark-skinned man with a round afro, mustache, and long conical beard. A logo featuring a crown with tiger-striped fur lining adorns the upper right hand corner of the backdrop as Lake points at the camera and glares, speaking in his deep Midwestern voice.]

DL: All you bums out there in TV land saw what happened two weeks ago! And Dave Cryant, you understand one thing: tonight, you can't stop me winnin' the Independence Day Rumble. I will be the World Heavyweight Champion in due time, no question about it, and everyone will forget that Dave Cryant ever was! Thirty-one men tonight are going to learn that the King Of Professional Wrestling sits on his throne for very good reason! Dave Cryant, you are one of them; you set there in the living room of your trailer park and you look at the King run through twenty-nine men to get that status that you once had, but will never again see! And after I finish tonight's education, everyone in Hawaii and all you in TV land will have learnt a brand new word. You'll learn it and you'll do it:

GENUFLECT.

[Cut to Ryan Martinez. The World Heavyweight Champion looks confident, as he stands on a black screen, the greatest prize in all of professional wrestling strapped around his waist. The words "White Knight" with a golden sword graphic plunged through the middle of the two words lines the bottom of the screen.]

RM: Johnny Detson... two weeks ago, you sent someone to take me out, and he couldn't get the job done. You had to watch as I did the Wilde Driver better than you ever dreamed of!

And yes, you left me laying, but you did it the way you could, by attacking me from behind!

But tonight, you and a partner get in the ring with me and someone of my choosing. Now, I don't know who you're bringing to the ring with you. But you don't know who I'm bringing either. But I promise you two things Detson.

Tonight, I'm going to lay you out, just like I am going to do at Rising Sun Showdown. And not only that? But the man whose going to be my partner? Well, you'll never guess who it is!

Count on it!

[We fade from the World Heavyweight Champion as the sounds of "Obsession" get louder and we cut to a series of shots as the music plays, showing the combatants in tonight's advertised matches in action...

And then up on an aerial shot of the War Memorial Stadium in Wailuku, Hawaii. Seriously, we're looking down from a helicopter. The FOX Network has spared no expense for this one.

The stadium is packed, fans in the permanent seats on both sides of the field as well as in temporary bleachers set up by the American Wrestling Alliance for this show AND in folding chairs placed on the field itself surrounding the red, white, and blue roped squared circle.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, we are LIVE on the air here on the FOX Network for what promises to be an epic night of action here for the American Wrestling Alliance! It is All-Star Showdown and we are here in the War Memorial Stadium in Wailuku, Hawaii - the Aloha State has welcomed us with open arms as over 23,000 fans have jammed into this stadium to witness one of the AWA's greatest annual events - the Rumble! Bucky Wilde, aloha, my friend!

[A shot from the ground shows the usual AWA setup of ringside mats, a steel barricade surrounding it, and working up the aisle where a black carpet has been set, leading the distance to the locker room area.]

BW: Right back at'cha, Gordo... and as you look around this tropical paradise, you gotta love the fact that the AWA's brought us here - on the road to Tokyo - for a battle where 30 men are going to go to war for a golden prize - the right to challenge the World Heavyweight Champion at a future date and time!

GM: The Rumble has been a piece of the AWA's history since the beginning sporting such winners as Ron Houston, Stevie Scott, Supernova, Supreme Wright, and Ryan Martinez! One man will join that illustrious list here tonight.

[We cut to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing. Gordon is clad in a black tuxedo with a white collared shirt and red bowtie - unusual attire for the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing. Bucky Wilde stands in a gold sequined jacket with "BIG BUCKS" stitched in silver thread on the back. We know that because Bucky sidesteps into the shot with his back to the camera. He jerks a thumb at the jacket before spinning around towards the camera.]

GM: But in addition to that, we've got Air Strike vs the Lights Out Express with the winner facing Violence Unlimited for all the gold in two weeks.

BW: VU's like an unstoppable train right now. My money's on the L-O-E but can even they knock off Haynes and Morton?

GM: We've got Rob Driscoll taking on Travis Lynch for the National Title for the final time with no referee stoppages allowed and no Sandra Hayes at ringside!

BW: Travis Stench thinks he's got "Diamond" Rob right where he wants him... but he's dead wrong! Rob Driscoll is going to show the entire world that he doesn't need Sandra Hayes to keep that title right here tonight.

GM: Charlie Stephens is here - amidst a big military presence...

[The camera cuts to show a big batch of men in uniform cheering loudly.]

GM: ...to defend this country's honor on our nation's birthday against Maxim Zharkov in another five minute challenge! Plus, the AWA pays tribute to the father of puroresu, Prince Izumi, in a special ceremony!

BW: But don't forget the big one, Gordo. Johnny Detson teaming with Calisto Dufresne against Ryan Martinez and... nobody! Hahaha! There's no WAY anyone's gonna team with that chump here tonight! It's gonna be a handicap match!

GM: We'll see about that... and what's this talk about Calisto Dufresne?! Do you know something I don't?!

BW: The total tonnage of what I know that you don't would halt a team of oxen in its path, Gordo. Who else would it be? Who else COULD it be?

GM: We may be about to find out because I understand that we're going backstage right now to hear from the man who will challenge for the World Heavyweight Title two weeks from tonight in the Tokyo Dome, Johnny Detson!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Johnny Detson is standing, smirk plastered on his face as he gets greeted with a loud, negative reaction from the Aloha State who can see him on the big screen. Detson is dressed to wrestle in long gold tights with black boots and a black, Fox Network zipped up jacket. Behind him to his right is Eric Somers, briefcase in hand and to his left is Calisto Dufresne. Mark Steglet is standing amongst them, mic in hand.]

MS: Gentlemen, welcome to All-Star Showdown! Tonight, Johnny Detson, you and a partner of your choice will be taking the World Champion Ryan Martinez and a partner of his choice in a huge tag team Main Event. Of course, the catch is that neither of your partners can be competitors taking part in tonight's gigantic annual Rumble event... UNLESS they are willing to withdraw from the Rumble itself. Many have speculated this is a clever ploy on your part, Mr. Detson, to turn this into a handicap match since Ryan Martinez' best known allies are all taking part in the Rumble.

[Detson smirks, not dignifying the accusation with a response. Eric Somers takes a step towards Stegglet, towering over him. Stegglet looks up nervously as Somers stares expectantly at the mic. The interviewer slowly raises it towards him.]

ES: Are you finished?

[Stegglet gives a nervous nod.]

ES: Good. Because the next World Heavyweight Champion has something to say.

[With an arrogant grin, Detson snatches the mic away from Mark Stegglet, smiling at Somers and then Dufresne before speaking.]

JD: They say imitation is the best form of flattery. Well, you saw two weeks ago a pale imitation of the Standard of Professional Wrestling by a pale imitation of a World Champion; and then you saw how flattered I was.

[Detson flashes that cocky smirk as he circles a spot with his finger on the briefcase where Martinez' head crashed down last time out.]

JD: I told Martinez he needed to stop being all heart and start using his head, I'm just glad I got to show him that valuable lesson before our match in Japan.

[As the crowd boos, Detson simply nods his head.]

JD: Just like I'm glad all you people watching two weeks ago finally got to see a World Title defense. Congrats for the successful defense Champ, it's about time.

[Detson holds up a finger and smiles.]

JD: But you better enjoy that time, Champ, because unfortunately for you that time is running out. See, we don't have any more of your father's ghosts to chase. There's no inherent evil threatening the AWA that you need to save us from. There are no more problems you yourself created, in order for you to be the great White Knight.

[Detson scowls as he shoves Stegglet aside, walking closer to the cameraman to make the shot up close.]

JD: There's just you and the Standard... one on one... in the middle of this ring.

[Detson smiles as he slowly backpedals, pointing to his own chest.]

JD: And that's what I am, Martinez... the Standard... it's not just some clever name. No, it's a reminder that I above all else am the measuring stick for everything and anything in this sport.

[Detson now points at his head.]

JD: I went out and I got the brain... I got the brawn... and most importantly I got the contract that guarantees me that shot. I used my head... I calculated... I waited and I took advantage of the situation. You? You rely on that heart... you lean on your friends like some emotional crutch, taking from them... taking from them...

[Detson trails off as he smiles towards the camera.]

JD: Which leads us to tonight, Martinez. Whose dream are you going to ruin tonight? Who are you going to beg to defer their dream and leave the Rumble so that you can have a partner? Or are you going to let that big heart cloud your brain one more time and go it alone?

[Detson shrugs as he leans over to Dufresne, placing a hand on his shoulder with a huge smile.]

JD: It makes no difference because when Calisto and I take you on tonight, it will just be one more chance to –

[Dufresne raises a finger, cutting Detson off. Detson pauses, looking puzzled as Dufresne reaches out a hand to take the mic from Detson.]

CD: If I may...?

[Dufresne pulls the mic to him, pursing his lips a bit before beginning.]

CD: There's a slight problem, Johnny.

[Detson looks confused at his "advisor."]

CD: You see, I have prior engagements this evening.

[Detson looks shocked as he stares at Dufresne. The crowd begins to cheer any sort of dissension or Detson misfortune. Detson's query of "What are you talking about? gets picked up by the mic.]

CD: It's pretty simple, really. I thought you and I were on the same page two weeks ago in San Diego. Months ago, we had mapped out the road map to the Rising Sun Showdown where you would finally challenge for the World Title.

We maneuvered all the pieces on the chess board into place, where I – as a reward for months of meritorious service – would have a chance to soften up Ryan Martinez using my endless reserves of guile and cunning before we got to Japan, while simultaneously getting a shot to get my...

[Dufresne holds up a hand, snapping his fingers in a "whoops" type moment.]

CD: ...Excuse me, YOUR World Title back.

But somehow you decided to move a pawn into position where a rook should have been and Callum Mahoney went out and got dispatched instead. Now the White Knight still runs around with the crown.

[Dufresne shakes his head sadly.]

CD: So with nothing else to do, I spent the rest of the evening planning my strategy for the Rumble tonight.

Which I fully intend on winning.

[A shrug and a wry smirk from Dufresne as the crowd pops at the meaning. Mark Stegglet's eyes go wide at the development as Detson stares on in disbelief.]

CD: The best laid plans of mice and men often go awry.

[Incredulous, now Detson starts stuttering.]

JD: But... but... but... you can't do that! What am I going... I can't... don't be so selfish!

[Dufresne looks at his ally, giving him a sad look as he pats him on the shoulder.]

CD: I'm sure you'll figure it out... champ. See you in Tokyo.

[Dufresne gives him a grin, a wink, and a nod before he turns to walk off-camera, leaving a shocked Johnny Detson staring slack-jawed at his ally's exit.]

MS: Well, Mr. Detson, I-

[Detson wheels around on Stegglet angrily, cutting him off.]

MS: It sounds like your night is just getting started. You've got-

[Stegglet checks his imaginary watch.]

MS: Well, time is ticking, sir.

[Detson glares at Stegglet as if he's going to say something and with an anguished "Agh!" Detson turns and storms off-camera, leaving a smiling Stegglet behind as we crossfade to a nice panning shot of War Memorial Stadium.]

GM: Wow! Breaking news and then some right off the start, Bucky. Johnny Detson came into this night thinking he had a partner in place but Calisto Dufresne thinks otherwise!

BW: That's huge news, Gordo. I can't blame the former World Champion for wanting to win a shot at regaining his title but that's a major blow for Johnny Detson who now has to search this building and find someone NOT in the Rumble to be his partner tonight!

GM: We don't know who Ryan Martinez will be teaming with either but I suppose we'll keep following both of those guys throughout the night to see if we can get the answers we're looking for! But right now, let's go down to the ring for our opening contest!

[We crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing. The closeup of Watson shows that he's not alone inside the ring.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. The winner will move on to face Violence Unlimited for the Double Crown Tag Team Titles in Tokyo.

Introducing first... in the corner to my right... at a total combined weight of 505 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by the "Atomic Blonde" Donnie White...

"LIGHTS OUT" LENNY STRONG... "THE AXEMAN" AARON ANDERSON...

THE LIIIIIIIGHTS OUUUUUUUUUUT EXPRESSSSSSSS!!

[Donnie White mounts the midbuckle, pointing to Anderson and Strong inside the ring as the crowd jeers.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The shot cuts across the ring where Michael Aarons and Cody Mertz are huddled up, pointing across the ring...]

PW: At a total combined weight of 420 pounds...

MICHAEL AARONS... CODY MERTZ...

AIIIIIIIIIIIIIR STRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIKE!

[Mertz and Aarons trade a high five, keeping their cool as they keep an eye on their opponents.]

GM: A whole lot on the line for both of these teams, Bucky.

BW: A modern day tag classic tag team rivalry here, Gordo. It was the Lights Out Express who put an end to the reign of SkyHerc last summer only to lose the titles in short order to Air Strike. Since then, we saw the L-O-E recapture the titles from them. These two teams have been around the horn and then some and it's never a dull affair.

GM: Absolutely not. And with the L-O-E, you can never be quite sure which three men will be competing in the match and for whatever reason, it looks

like they've elected to go with their "classic" combination of Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong. Anderson appears to be planning on starting this thing off against Air Strike's Michael Aarons.

[There are high fives exchanged on both sides of the ring as referee Ricky Longfellow signals for the bell to start the match.]

GM: And we're off and running here in Hawaii!

[Cody Mertz gives his partner an encouraging shout as Michael Aarons circles the ring, moving quicker than Aaron Anderson who pivots to keep up with him. The two come together in a collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring.]

GM: Tied up in the middle, each man looking for an edge...

[Anderson wastes no time in bringing a knee up into the midsection of Aarons, breaking the lockup. He slams a forearm down across the shoulderblades, knocking Aarons down to all fours.]

GM: Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong are two of the hardest hitters in the AWA locker room.

BW: Aarons just found that out the hard way, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps he did.

[Aarons pushes up to his knees as Anderson grabs him by the hair, hauling him up to his feet. He holds one handful of hair, taunting the crowd as he winds up with the other arm...

...and Aarons slaps the hand holding his hair away, launching into a short forearm to the jaw of his own! Cheers!]

GM: Aarons fires back!

[Anderson seems more surprised than hurt as he buries a boot into the gut of Aarons. He grabs an arm, firing Aarons towards the neutral corner but Aarons slams on the brakes by putting a foot on the middle rope, throwing an elbow back into the jaw of the incoming Axeman!]

GM: Oh! Aarons stuns him!

[Aarons hops up to the middle rope, twisting around to catch Anderson across the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: First cover of the match gets one before Aaron Anderson rolls him right off!

[Both men scramble off the mat to their feet as Anderson rushes in, ducking down to tackle Aarons around the midsection, driving him back into the corner where Lenny Strong is standing.]

GM: Quick tag by Strong to bring himself in... they've got Aarons trapped in the corner!

[Strong and Anderson take turns throwing kicks to the midsection when suddenly Aarons starts firing back, throwing haymakers to the skulls of both men, alternating back and forth as the crowd rallies behind him!]

GM: MICHAEL AARONS IS ALL OVER THEM BOTH!

[A well-placed forearm shot on the jaw knocks Strong down to his rear end as Aarons leans back into the buckles, lifting his legs up and lashing out with both boots to the jaw of Aaron Anderson, knocking him down as well!]

GM: Oh yeah!

[Aarons scampers out of the corner, twisting around and backing into his own set of buckles with his fists raised. The crowd cheers as Cody Mertz pats his partner on the back, grinning at the downed Lights Out Express.]

GM: A hot start by Michael Aarons to get himself out of some serious trouble in the corner, Bucky.

BW: It's still early, Gordo. My money's still on the L-O-E.

GM: That remains to be seen. We've got to take a quick break but our machines are recording and if the match comes to an end during the break, we'll show you how it happened! Don't go away, fans!

[Strong and Anderson get off the mat in a huff, huddling up as we 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 halfheartedly 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 Carl Riddens?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack Brian James from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Northern Lights turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Bobby O'Connor is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Rob Driscoll with a flying bodypress, Brad Jacobs is hiptossing Frankie Farelli across your family room, and Strictly Business and The Wilde Bunch are brawling across your driveway. Demetrius Lake has just grabbed a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Supernova, while Ryan Martinez is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Buford P. Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Hannibal Carver tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Hannibal hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then King ONI 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 Four 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!

[Air Strike does a double throw to send The Lights Out Express over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the Air Strike and Lights Out Express action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Sultan Azam Sharif tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Sharif and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Jack Lynch and Cain Jackson double-clothesline Cesar Hernandez 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 Gladiator is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Jericho Kai. 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 Derrick Williams, Manny Imbrogno, Willie Hammer, and Casanova. 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!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up inside the War Memorial Stadium where Cody Mertz is using an armdrag to take Lenny Strong off his feet and down to the canvas!]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and Air Strike is picking up right where they left off, using their speed and quickness to throw Strong and Anderson off their game!

[Mertz is right back up, using a second armdrag to take Strong down to the mat. This time, he keeps the arm barred, planting a knee into the armpit of "Lights Out."]

GM: And right into the armbar... the kind of execution that you know their teacher, Todd Michaelson, would be very proud of. In fact, Todd is here tonight in Hawaii and will be with us for the Japan trip as well. So I'm sure he's somewhere in the back with a big smile on his face seeing Air Strike handle Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong like this.

BW: Traitor.

GM: What are you going on about now?

BW: How quickly they forget! Aaron Anderson was the FIRST man to graduate from the Combat Corner. Michaelson owes him everything! He proved that concept worked and kept Michaelson's dream intact... and now he just throws him aside like he's garbage.

GM: I'm quite sure it was the other way around. Aaron Anderson completely abandoned the kind of attitude that Todd Michaelson teaches his students and that's when Todd chose to focus his attentions on competitors more receiving of his expertise.

BW: Ever wonder why the guys who turn against Michaelson's teachings are the most successful? Aaron Anderson, Supreme Wright... need I go on?

GM: I'd rather you don't.

[In the meantime, Lenny Strong has pushed his way back to his feet, throwing a pair of short forearms to the ear, trying to break out of the armbar...

...but Mertz hangs on, yanking Strong off his feet and back down to the canvas where he drops a leg across the outstretched bicep!]

GM: Nice move by Cody Mertz, putting a focus on that arm and that's a smart move in my book, Bucky.

BW: It absolutely is. Strong uses those forearms and elbows to deadly effect so if Mertz and Aarons can take those away from him, they're greatly increasing their chances of winning this and moving on to face Violence Unlimited in Japan.

[Strong again works his way to his feet, this time grabbing a handful of hair, using it to drag Mertz back into the L-O-E's corner where he slaps the hand of Aaron Anderson.]

GM: Strong tags Anderson back in and-

[Anderson steps in, takes aim, and DRIVES a big boot right into the sternum of Mertz. Strong slams a pair of short elbows to the ear before stepping out of the ring.]

GM: A little bit of doubleteaming in the corner and Anderson's trying to take advantage of it, pulling Mertz out... ohh! Big European uppercut!

[With Mertz dazed against the buckles, Anderson pulls his head down and BLASTS him with a second uppercut!]

GM: Aaron Anderson is taking aim and really doing a number on Cody Mertz with those European uppercuts!

[Dragging Mertz out of the corner by the hair, Anderson tugs him into a front facelock, snapping him over with a suplex...

...and then rolls through it, dragging Mertz off the canvas and elevating him straight up a second time!]

GM: Oh my! Big show of power by the Axeman!

[Anderson holds Mertz... and holds him... and holds him...

...and then gets a three-step run under him before leaping up, dropping Mertz down in a spine-shaking suplex!]

GM: Good grief! What a suplex that was!

[Anderson floats over into a lateral press as Donnie White slaps the mat three times from out on the floor.]

GM: One! Two!

[But Mertz' shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking up the pin as Aaron Anderson pushes up to his knees.]

BW: I tell ya, Gordo... people don't believe me when I tell 'em this kid is as strong as a bull moose but he just proved it right there. Aaron Anderson is pound-for-pound one of the strongest guys in the AWA locker room.

GM: He certainly is. He deadlifted Mertz up on that second suplex like he was nothing at all.

BW: Two hundred pounds straight up and straight back down!

[Anderson climbs to his feet, pulling a struggling Cody Mertz off his knees and throwing him bodily into the L-O-E's corner.]

GM: Mertz in the wrong part of town again as Anderson makes the exchange...

[Anderson and Strong each grab an arm, yanking Mertz out of the corner, and HURLING him backfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! One of the signature doubleteams out of the Lights Out Express!

[They repeat the action, leaving Mertz on his knees in the corner, wincing in pain as Anderson steps out to the apron.]

GM: Strong wastes no time in dragging Mertz to his feet...

[He shoves Mertz back into the corner, instantly laying into him with a trio of kicks to the gut before switching to high impact forearms to the side of the head. Mertz hooks his arms on the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as the referee forces Strong to back off.]

GM: The referee counted to four there. Strong barely backed out in time.

[He charges across the ring, pulling up just short of Michael Aarons and giving him a mocking wave before he whirls around, charging back in on Mertz, leaping into the air...

...and slams chestfirst into the corner as Mertz pulls himself clear!]

GM: Ohh! Strong hits the corner!

[Mertz is clinging to the top rope, struggling to stay on his feet as he wobbles a few steps down the length of the ropes, looking across to his corner where Michael Arons is slapping the top turnbuckle in rhythm, getting the fans to clap along with him.]

GM: The fans in Hawaii are behind Cody Mertz, cheering him towards the corner!

[Strong pushes off the buckles, turning to find Mertz, wobbling towards him...

...and he grabs a handful of the back of Mertz' waistline, dragging him into a side waistlock, lifting him up and dumping him down to the canvas with a back suplex!]

GM: Another suplex by the L-O-E!

[Strong rolls into a cover, earning a two count before Mertz' foot slips under the ropes, breaking the plane and causing the referee to end his count, pointing out the foot. Strong gets up, glaring at the official.]

GM: It was only a two thanks to the foot going under-

[Strong angrily STOMPS the knee of Mertz, causing the fan favorite to cry out in pain!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Heheheh.

GM: I can't believe you approve of things like that, Bucky!

BW: Seriously? After all this time, you're surprised that I cheer people showing a mean streak? Follow the product, Gordo!

[Strong is mouthing off to the referee as he leans down, hauling Mertz up by the arm. He shoves him back into the ropes, laying in a brutal knife edge chop across the chest!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Strong lays in a hard chop against the ropes!

[He grabs an arm on Mertz, firing him across the ring. Strong doubles up, setting for a backdrop.]

GM: Leapfrog up and over by Cody Mertz... off the far side...

[Strong lashes out with a kick to the gut on the rebounding Mertz, doubling him up as he dashes to the adjacent ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: Strong off the ropes...

[The former tag champion leaps up, hooking Mertz' head, twisting it as he somersaults and DRIVES the back of the neck into the canvas!]

GM: Wow! Flipping neckbreaker by Lenny Strong... and another cover by the L-O-E who are wasting no time here tonight in trying to win this thing. They want a shot at Violence Unlimited - a shot to regain the titles they lost.

BW: I'm not sure I would if I were them. Strong and Anderson got run down by Haynes and Morton in vicious fashion.

GM: That's why they want the rematch, Bucky. Like them or not, Anderson, Strong, and even Donnie White are tough competitors who want to face and beat the best in the world. They got shown up by VU but they don't think it'll happen if they face them again.

BW: I wouldn't be so sure about that. Who HAVEN'T VU run over in the past year or so?

GM: Air Strike.

BW: Pssssh. Did you see Aarons and Mertz lying in a heap at SuperClash?

GM: AFTER they beat VU for the titles!

BW: Semantics.

[In the meantime, Strong was taking the time to drop a few elbows down on the chest before climbing to his feet. He stomps the sternum five times before dragging Mertz by the foot to the corner, slapping Aaron Anderson's hand.]

GM: There's another tag for the Lights Out Express.

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Ten minutes to go in this one, fans. This one's got a short time limit due to television time restrictions.

BW: What happens if they go the distance?

GM: An excellent question.

[Anderson drags Mertz off the mat, waiting for Strong to grab an arm before they HURL Mertz backfirst into the buckles again.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The L-O-E drags a limp Mertz out of the buckles again, throwing him back so hard that Mertz' head snaps back before he collapses chestfirst to the canvas. Michael Aarons grimaces, pacing back and forth on the apron, shouting encouragement to his partner.]

GM: An obvious look of concern on the face of Michael Aarons as he watches Aaron Anderson pull his partner's limp form off the canvas.

BW: Mertz can't even stand at this point!

[Anderson lays in a pair of brutal European uppercuts, leaving Mertz down on his knees again. He stands over Mertz, waving his arms at the jeering crowd, calling for more of their boos before he leans over, securing a gutwrench on the downed Mertz...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Hello, Tobacco Road!

[The Axeman lifts Mertz into the gutwrench, letting him dangle from his arms...

...and powers him up, flipping him over...]

GM: BACKBREAKER!

[The crowd groans at Mertz crashing spinefirst across the bent knee as Anderson shoves him off, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Big cheers roar out as Mertz lifts the shoulder!]

GM: Kickout! Cody Mertz kicks out again! What heart this kid's got beating in his chest!

[Anderson angrily glares at the official, slapping his hands together three times.]

GM: Aaron Anderson taking issue with the referee's count but it looked solid to me, fans.

BW: Of course you'd say that. You've got these kids' poster on your wall at home, don't you?

[Donnie White scrambles up on the apron, shouting at the official as Lenny Strong steps in illegally, joining his partner in a series of stomps on the downed Mertz. Michael Aarons steps in to intervene...

...but Donnie White drops down, shouting at the official, pointing out Aarons who the referee rushes to cut off!]

GM: Referee, turn around!

[The official is busy arguing with Michael Aarons as a double whip sends Mertz across the ring and a double clothesline takes him down hard to the canvas!]

GM: Illegal doubleteam... and Strong steps out, leaving Aaron Anderson in the ring still.

[As the official gets back to the action, Aaron Anderson pulls Mertz off the mat, firing him towards the ropes...

...and shoves him skyward, looking for the pop-up European uppercut!]

GM: UPPERC-

[The crowd ROARS as the plummeting Mertz scissors his legs around the head of Aaron Anderson, snapping him over, dragging him into a tight double leg cradle rana!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But Anderson reverses it, rolling Mertz down onto his shoulders!]

GM: REVERSED! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Mertz flips out of it, rolling backwards to his feet, still holding the legs...

...and flips over into a double leg cradle!]

GM: DOUBLE LEG!! ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The crowd groans as Anderson lifts out, bridging up to break up the pin attempt, flipping Mertz over, rolling all the way around until they're back to back...]

GM: Anderson's going for the backslide!

[Mertz is struggling against it, fighting the pin attempt with all he's got. The fans are on their feet, roaring for Mertz to break the effort...

...when Donnie White hops up on the apron again, this time getting right up in Michael Aarons' face. Aarons moves to confront the Atomic Blonde, drawing the referee's attention...]

GM: What in the world is...?

BW: Yes! Yes! Get him!

["Lights Out" Lenny Strong steps in, winding up his right arm - home of the elbow that causes a KO...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...and DRILLS Mertz upside the jaw, causing Anderson to pull a dazed Mertz down into the backslide!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KICKOUT! MY STARS, HE KICKED OUT!!

[A furious Lenny Strong shouts at the official from his spot on the apron as Donnie White does the same from out on the floor. Aaron Anderson gets up a little slower but is right there, backing the official down into the neutral corner angrily. The official holds up two fingers and then emphatically points to the patch on his shirt.]

GM: The referee's telling Anderson to back off! He's reminding him he's dealing with an AWA official and if he doesn't step back, he might just disqualify him!

BW: For what?!

GM: A blatant attempt to intimidate a referee!

BW: Is that even illegal?! I've never seen that in a rulebook!

GM: You've never even READ a rulebook!

[Anderson spins away angrily, stalking out to the center of the ring where Mertz has managed to work his way up to all fours, turning towards the corner where Michael Aarons has his hand outstretched, waiting for the tag.]

GM: Anderson cuts off the tag before Mertz can get there...

[Dragging Mertz off the mat, he tosses him back into the L-O-E's corner, reaching out to tag Lenny Strong.]

GM: Another tag brings Strong back in - the young Knockout Kid moving down the ring apron...

[Anderson scoops Mertz up, slamming him down next to the ropes as Strong grabs the top rope, slingshotting over the top with a senton splash!]

GM: Somersault backsplash out of Strong!

[But Strong doesn't attempt a cover, climbing back to his feet, backing into the corner, hopping up on the middle rope...]

GM: Lenny Strong climbs up on the second rope, shouting at Cody Mertz, waving for him to get up off the mat...

[Mertz grabs the ropes, trying to drag himself back to his feet as Strong bullies him, shouting insults at him from the second rope as the referee orders Strong to get down...]

GM: Strong's up there... waiting...

[Mertz pulls himself to a knee, twisting his head up to look at Strong who waves him up with both hands...]

GM: Lenny Strong's wasting a lot of time setting up for whatever he's got in mind here, Bucky.

BW: I gotta agree with you there, Gordo.

GM: Mertz is trying to get-

[Suddenly, Mertz surges to his feet, leaping up to the second rope, springing off and throwing himself into a dropkick! Both feet crash into the chest of Lenny Strong sending him sailing backwards off the middle rope, crashing down on the apron and falling to the floor to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Donnie White leaps up on the apron, shouting at the official, pointing down at Cody Mertz...

...who leaps up, using the ropes for support, swinging his foot into the face of Donnie White, sending him spinning off the apron, falling facefirst down to the floor!]

GM: MERTZ CLEARS OUT WHITE AS WELL!

[Cody Mertz rolls to his knees, crawling towards the corner where Michael Arons is standing, arm stretched out...]

GM: Look at Aaron Anderson! He's DRAGGING his partner off the floor, shoving him under the ropes!

BW: He's gotta stop the tag!

[Strong crawls after Mertz who is moving alongside the ropes towards Arons' outstretched hand...]

GM: Can he get there in time?! Can he beat Lenny Strong to the corner?

[With a last second effort, Strong makes a lunge, grabbing the legs, holding them down as Mertz helplessly stretches out his arms, trying to make a tag that just won't come!]

GM: He cut it off again!

BW: No, no, no! THEY cut it off again! What teamwork! What a show of teamwork by the L-O-E as Aaron Anderson FORCED his partner to get back in the ring and cut off that tag!

“FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!”

GM: Five minutes left and-

[Strong pushes off the mat, hanging onto the leg, causing Mertz to get to his feet, hopping on one foot, facing away from Strong...]

GM: An awkward and vulnerable position here for Cody Mertz...

[Strong gives the leg a swing, trying to bring Mertz around towards him...

...and Mertz leaps up, CRACKING his foot off the side of Strong's ear!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Enzuigiri connects!

GM: Mertz to his knees annnnnnnnnnd...

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Michael Aarons slingshots over the top rope, landing on his feet. He leaps over the downed Strong, charging across the ring, throwing himself into a leaping forearm that sends Aaron Anderson off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Down goes Aaron Anderson!

[Aarons is the proverbial house of fire, running in place, getting the fans on their feet as he pulls a dazed Strong up, battering him with short forearms, backing him into the neutral corner. He grabs an arm, whipping him across, charging in after him...]

GM: In comes Aarons... LEAPING FOREARM TO THE CHOPS!

[Aarons pulls Strong out of the corner, setting up, lifting him up, and dropping him down on a bent knee!]

GM IN-VERTED ATOMIC DROP! He's got him singin' soprano!

[Aarons slips around next to Strong, wrapping up the leg, and SNAPS him back to the canvas with a Russian leg sweep, floating over into a pin attempt!]

GM: ONE! TWO! TH-

[But Strong's shoulder shoots up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Two count only right there for Air Strike's Michael Aarons!

[Aarons climbs back to his feet, pulling Strong with him. He ducks down, scooping him up...]

GM: Body sla- Strong goes up and over!

[A big shove sends Aarons into the ropes as Strong goes into a spin, pulling his elbow up at the ready...]

GM: ROLLING ELB- ducked!

[A spinning back kick to the gut doubles up Strong as Aarons leaps up, grabbing the head...]

...and SLAMS Strong facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Oh yeah! He's got him down and-

[The crowd ROARS as Aarons climbs back to his feet, pointing towards the corner.]

GM: Aarons is going up!

[He steps out of the ring, climbing to the second rope...

...when Donnie White intervenes, pulling himself back up on the apron, running his mouth at Michael Aarons, trying to slow him down...]

GM: Get him down from there, referee! Get him down from-

[Aarons lashes out with a boot to the mush, sending White falling off the apron to a big cheer!]

GM: He clears out White... and there's no one standing between Michael Aarons and coming off that top rope onto Lenny Strong with that High In The Sky flying elbow!

[Aarons steps up to the top rope, raising his arms...

...which gives Aaron Anderson a chance to roll into the ring, racing across towards the opposite corner, leaping up to the second rope, wrapping his arms around the torso of Aarons...]

GM: ANDERSON!

[...and LAUNCHES him over his head, throwing him 3/4 of the way across the ring, bouncing him off the canvas with an overhead belly to belly superplex!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The fans in Hawaii are on their feet, roaring their approval of the action ongoing in the ring as a voice rings out over the PA system.]

“THREE MINUTES REMAIN!”

GM: Three minutes left in the time limit! Can either of these teams dig down deep and find enough to finish off the other in time?! Remember, fans, a shot at both the AWA World Tag Team Titles and the Tiger Paw Pro Global Tag Crown in two weeks’ time is on the line in this one!

[Anderson climbs back to his feet, lifting Strong off the mat and giving him a shake before leaning him against the ropes. Anderson stalks across, shoving past the official to drag Aarons off the canvas.]

GM: Anderson pulls Aarons to his feet, setting him up in the center of the ring...

[Aarons is in a daze as Anderson backs off, allowing Aarons to stand in the center...]

GM: They’ve got Aarons stood up between them! We’ve seen this before!

[Strong winds up, yanking off his elbowpad to expose the bare bone.]

BW: He’s REALLY going to do him in, Gordo!

[Strong goes into a spin as Anderson does the same. The KO Kid lashes out with a rolling elbow that Aarons collapses to the mat to avoid, sending him staggering past as Aaron Anderson, who can’t stop his own momentum, finishes his own spin, leaping up to DRIVE his boot into the face...

...of his own partner!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Anderson falls back in shock as Cody Mertz reaches under the ropes, tripping him up, hanging on for dear life as Michael Aarons reaches up, hooking an out-on-his-feet Strong, dragging him down in a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

BW: AHHHH!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Aarons rolls out of the pin to his knees, lifting his arms into the air as Cody Mertz slides in, crawling over to embrace his tag team partner as the Hawaii fans roar in response!]

GM: Air Strike did it! Air Strike did it! They're moving on to Tokyo to face Violence Unlimited in a SuperClash rematch, fans!

BW: Another hard fought match for two of the best teams in the business today... two teams that are still in the mix for the Stampede Cup as well, Gordo.

GM: It certainly was. But Air Strike wins in a thriller and what a way to kick off All-Star Showdown! Fans, we've got to take a break but we'll be right back here LIVE on the FOX Network!

[Air Strike is still celebrating as we fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements

while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"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."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"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 when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"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 ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Welcome back to All-Star Showdown LIVE on the FOX Network where Air Strike won our opening match to earn themselves a shot at Violence Unlimited and the Double Crown Championships at Rising Sun Showdown. But speaking of tag teams, fans, I'm being informed that Johnny Detson has not yet informed AWA officials who his tag team partner will be tonight!

BW: Calisto Dufresne really put his ally in a bad spot here, Gordo. The problem is that no one is willing to give up their chance in tonight's Rumble.

GM: And that no one is willing to trust the so-called Standard.

BW: Come on! A standup guy like Detson?

GM: Oh, brother. Fans, we've got our cameras back there right now, trying to track down Johnny Detson to get a comment on just who his partner will be here tonight. Let's see if we've got him.

[We cut to the backstage area where Johnny Detson is pacing back and forth muttering to himself. The camera approaches.]

JD: You? What do you people want?

[The cameraman speaks.]

C: We were asked to come back and-

[Suddenly, Detson looks past the cameraman, spotting something that causes him to smirk. Taking a deep breath and putting on his best used car salesman smile, he walks over to where Brian Lau is standing. He thrusts his hand into the hand of an unsuspecting Lau and shakes it vigorously.]

JD: Brian Lau, Johnny Detson... future World Champion, I don't believe we've ever had the pleasure.

[Lau, still in his stylish grey suit, slowly turns around to face Detson, returning the handshake just as vigorously.]

BL: Mr. Detson! How good to finally make your acquaintance. The pleasure is all mine, I assure you! How can I help you, Mr. Detson?

JD: Mr. Lau, I'll get right to the point. I've seen you and you look like an astute business man. And as a business man, I have a business opportunity for you.

[Detson holds his hands up as if he's displaying something and looks upwards.]

JD: Johnny Detson and Brian James taking down AWA World Heavyweight Champion Ryan Martinez. Sounds pretty good, right?

[Lau takes a step back, scratching his chin.]

BL: You're asking me to take my client, Brian James, out of tonight's Rumble. You're asking me, Mr. Detson, to yank Mr. James' chance at his own World Heavyweight title shot away from him?

That's a big ask...

JD: But I would think that...

[With a nod of his head, Lau cuts Detson off.]

BL: You would think that Brian James would loooove to get his hands on Ryan Martinez. You would think that Brian James would relish the opportunity to drive his fist into Ryan Martinez' chest, and Blackheart Punch

the so-called White Knight into oblivion. And you would think that I'd love to have you owing me a favor.

You would think that...

[Lau lets out a dramatic sigh.]

BL: But you see, Mr. Detson, Brian James operates at a very primal level. Brian James is a gifted athlete, but he is not a complicated man. Brian James operates by a very simple philosophy:

Want. Take. Have.

Brian James wants a World Title shot. Brian James is going to take twenty nine people and throw them over the top rope. And then, Brian James is going to have his World Title shot. Simple, you see. Direct and to the point.

JD: But...

BL: No, no, I understand. You and I, we're businessmen. We see things in a different way. More subtle, more nuanced. Yes?

[Detson nods his agreement.]

BL: But you see, Mr. Detson. I still have to go to Brian James. And I have to convince him that it is a good idea to team with you. I have to convince a six foot six, two hundred and ninety five pound man that its in his best interest to not get what he wants tonight. That's a hard sell, Mr. Detson.

Now can I do it?

[Lau flashes his own used car salesman look.]

BL: Of course I can! But as a business man, you understand that I can't go to Brian James unless I can offer him something that's better than a one in thirty chance at a World Title shot.

So, Mr. Detson, if we agree to do this, then you must promise Brian James the very first shot at the World Title. At a date and time of Brian James' choosing. Do you agree?

JD: That... seems excessive.

[Detson looks to the heavens and then at the floor dejected. With a loud heavy sigh, Detson slowly extends his hand towards Lau offering a shake to seal the deal.]

JD: Fine.

[Lau shakes his head.]

BL: No, no, I'm not done yet, Mr. Detson. You see, Brian James isn't the only party that has to be satisfied here. If I am going to go deal with an angry Brian James, then I'm going to need a little incentive myself... How about...

[Lau scratches his chin.]

BL: Fifteen percent?

JD: Fifteen percent of what?

[Lau's expression and his words are blank, completely straight faced and neutral.]

BL: Everything, Mr. Detson.

For the remainder of your career. You give me that, and I can sell anything you want.

[Detson's eyes go wide.]

JD: Mr. Lau, be reasonable; you can't honestly expect me to pay that steep a price for one match?!

[Lau seems to barely register the denial, giving the slightest of shrugs.]

BL: Well, it is a shame we couldn't make a deal. But, since I do have the utmost respect for you, Mr. Detson, let me make an alternative suggestion. There is a man I know, a very good friend of mine, who you might be able to persuade. And from what I hear, Mr. Detson, the "Doctor" is in, and just down the hall.

Good luck!

[With that, Lau walks off and Detson turns in the opposite direction, walking away as we fade back out to the ring where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell waits, microphone in hand, standing beside Charlie Stephens in his ring gear, wearing a brand-new white "USA" tank top.]

SLB: Johnny Detson's in a bit of a panic backstage looking for a partner here tonight but if you'd called the hotline earlier this week, you would've known that things between Calisto Dufresne and Johnny Detson are not on the up and up. 1-900-505-5500 is the number to call. Kids, get your parents' permission before calling... now to business... Charlie Stephens, in a few short moments you will come face-to-face with Maxim Zharkov, the monster from Russia. If you last five minutes against him, you get fifteen thousand in cash. But Charlie, when you volunteered to fight this match, I got the feeling it was about more than just the money and the notoriety.

[Stephens sighs and looks directly into the camera very intensely as it zooms in on him.]

CS: You know, Sweet Lou, I've heard Maxim Zharkov and his puppet masters back in Russia telling the world that they would make a show of Soviet strength on this day. This is a day where we honor and thank the Americans who have come before us, who have kept this nation strong and independent since 1776.

[There's a sprinkling of boos mixed in with overwhelming cheers. Who in the world would boo that?]

CS: Now, I may be young enough to only have vague memories of the days when we stood on the precipice of war with the USSR., but I do know that anyone who would try to restart the Cold War is due a butt-kicking. And Sweet Lou, that's why- AAAHH!

[Stephens is startled. At some point during his promo, Lou Blackwell was removed and replaced by the glowering Jackson Hunter, microphone in one hand, briefcase with hammer-and-sickle decal on the other. Blackwell now stands a few feet away, glaring at Hunter.]

CS: How... how did you do that?

JH: I transcend time and space; Charlie, can I have a word with you?

[Hunter patronizingly put his arm over Charlie Stephens' shoulder.]

JH: We had intended our appearance on July 4th to provide a demonstration of the Soviet model of... how do they like to put it... "more bigger explosions." After all, what's July 4th without a firework?

[A couple of weedy-looking technicians in red shirts with "CCCP" silk screened on the front in yellow begin setting up cables and a control panel. Another set of red-shirt technicians has appeared at the edge of the stadium working on something that looks ominously like a cannon.]

BW: What's he talking about, Gordo? Firework?

GM: I have no idea and I'm afraid to ask.

JH: Anyway, the Magadan Coalition was been informed of your self-serving grandstanding, and as a response, they have instructed Mr. Zharkov to give you at least four minutes, so he can spend at least 80% of the match beating on you. And I'm giving you the opportunity to forfeit.

[He looks Stephens in the eye.]

JH: You're in Hawaii, Charlie. You're in an island paradise that your country extorted from under the rightful owners. You should spend your time here getting hammered on Mai Tais, not spending it in a very expensive hospital. Just walk away, Charlie!

[Stephens looks down at the mat, seemingly considering the offer. Slowly but surely, a "U-S-A" chant breaks out.]

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

[Stephens looks up, patriotic pride swelling up inside him. We cut to a shot of some military men in uniform, applauding and chanting as well. Back to the ring, Jackson Hunter looks around with disdain as he raises the mic.]

JH: Charlie, do you have an answer-

[Hunter gets cut off as Stephens gives him a forceful shove which sends him onto his back and wins the fans to his side. His hammer-and-sickle briefcase goes skittering out of the ring, where one of the Soviet technicians obediently retrieves it. Hunter furiously rolls out of the ring after it, spewing invective that thankfully cannot be picked up by the audio.]

BW: Oh, good job, Chuckles! Make us look like a bunch of bullies, why don't ya!

[Hunter manically signals at the entry way and directs traffic among the red-shirts at ringside.]

GM: Am I the only one who thinks this Jackson Hunter burns a little too hot for his own good? I've seen the way he treats anyone not named 'Maxim Zharkov,' and he's had that coming for a while.

[Phil Watson takes it away!]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a special five-minute time limit. Introducing first, from Waterton, New York, weighing in at 235 pounds... Charlie Stephens!

[Stephens raises his arms and leads the fans nearby in a "U-S-A" chant.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sound of an artillery strike echoes throughout the Hawaiian evening, kicking off the "Soviet March." Enter through the curtains Maxim Zharkov--the towering specimen from Siberia. A dark teal robe, trimmed in red and gold, conceals his frame. His thickly eyebrowed and mustached face is mostly stoic, occasionally belying a disdain for the American spectators.]

PW: From Magadan, Russia... weighing 151 kilograms... MAXIM... THE TSAR... ZHARKOV!

[Jackson Hunter is shouting and pointing at the taciturn Zharkov who barely acknowledges him. Zharkov, with one swift motion, leaps onto the ring apron, throws his arms upward, casting his cloak off. He quickly steps through the ropes and begins a quick series of last-minute stretches on the

corner. Hunter still hovers over him, cajoling him with instructions-- Zharkov dispassionately ignores him.]

GM: There's no question about it, Bucky. Jackson Hunter may be the man at ringside, but Zharkov is unquestionably the man in command here.

BW: At all times, Maxim the Tsar can do whatever he wants, whenever he wants.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And we're underway in another five-minute challenge. Neither man leaving the corner, slow to start. To reiterate the rules: in that briefcase is fifteen thousand in cash and if Charlie Stephens can last five minutes in the ring without a pinfall or submission, the money is his.

BW: And Gordo, Zharkov has given himself a handicap! He's only going to finish this match literally at the last minute!

[Zharkov and Stephens are now face-to-face in the center of the ring. The crowd begins chanting again.]

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

[Zharkov emits a monstrous roar in Stephens' face. Stephens, not cowed, responds with an open handed punch to the size of The Tsar's massive bald skull.]

GM: Stephens staggering the big man!

[Stephens begins laying in punches to Zharkov, who is having difficulty shrugging them off.]

BW: Closed fists, referee! Get in there!

[After a few seconds of that, Zharkov suddenly rears back and thrusts his open palm into his opponent's face, sending Stephen's reeling back to the mat.]

GM: Zharkov responds with the Pushka! Bucky, he's used that strike with alarming efficiency.

BW: With his Soviet arm strength, he can ring your bell just like... he's... playing guitar...

GM: [trying to carry on] Charlie Stephens back to his feet and throwing fists at Zharkov, he may still have some success in that department. Looking for an Irish whip...

[Stephens grabs Zharkov's wrist with both arms, but Zharkov doesn't budge. Instead, Stephens finds himself yanked back, eating a massive short-arm clothesline.]

GM: OHH!

[Zharkov stands over Stephens, looking down at him. He emits another guttural roar, then lays in a series of stomps.]

BW: I don't know if this kid knew what he was gettin' into. He probably thought he could make a quick buck by trying to a rope-a-dope Zharkov. Now look at him.

[Zharkov drops to one knee and locks in a grounded front facelock on Stephens, who doesn't seem to have anywhere to go.]

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

GM: These fans are solidly behind the former military man, Charlie Stephens, as Maxim Zharkov is now following a very deliberate strategy, trying to wear down Charlie Stephens. Stephens exploded out of the gate early, Zharkov may be trying to neutralize that advantage.

BW: Uh, soooo, Gordo... I can't help but notice there is a very, very big cannon being set up over there by people in CCCP shirts. You don't suppose...

GM: I shudder to think what this so-called "Magadan Coalition" has in mind for a "demonstration" on July 4th.

BW: Yeah, they're promising fireworks. I kinda want to know what Jackson Hunter meant by "Soviets wanting big explosions."

GM: About a minute-thirty or so into the match now, Zharkov still with the advantage with that front facelock now into a standing position - he needs to be very cognizant of time.

[Zharkov, with his free hand, fires a series of strikes into the kidneys and midsection of his opponent before hoisting him in the air.]

GM: Now looking for a suplex...

BW: Look at the power!

[Zharkov circumambulates the ring with Charlie Stephens inverted vertically. Jackson Hunter tries to get his attention by waving two fingers at him, like a frantic peace sign.]

GM: The Tsar seemingly toying with his opponent tonight. Hunter said they wanted to make a demonstration on the Fourth; it looks like they're succeeding.

[Zharkov finally throws Stephens forward, abdomen first onto the top rope, quickly following up with a few clubbing forearms to the back and kidneys before the referee is forced to intercede.]

BW: This kid took it upon himself to speak for my country and now he's reapin' the whirlwind. He's embarrassing me as an American.

GM: Referee warning Zharkov now, although I suspect Zharkov does not think much of any match official.

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

[Stephens pulls himself to a knee, trying to shake the cobwebs out and breathe fresh oxygen. Zharkov uses this opportunity to waistlock him and casually gutwrench toss him halfway across the ring.]

GM: Zharkov with that massive throw of his. The Last Son of the Soviet Union looks to have this match easily in hand, Bucky.

[Slowly, Zharkov stands over the near-broken face-down Charlie Stephens. What might be charitably described as a smile briefly appears beneath his mighty mustache.]

GM: Zharkov standing over his prey, possibly looking to lock in that Gorynych hold - wait!

[Zharkov's brow further furrows as Charlie Stephens strikes with a desperation right hand to the jaw, waking the crowd up again.]

"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"
"U-S-A!" "U-S-A!"

[A pained expression on his face, Stephens crawls to the ropes, holding his side. Zharkov remains on his feet, but is slightly staggered and off his game.]

[Phil Watson chimes in...]

PW: Two minutes remain in this contest! Two minutes!

[The crowd cheers, urging Stephens to continue fighting back.]

GM: Charlie Stephens went back to the fisticuffs and it earned him a breather, getting off the canvas... and he's climbing up the turnbuckles...

[Stephens ascends the ropes as Zharkov seems to recovered himself, just in time to catch a...]

GM: Double axehandle to Zharkov!

[Zharkov stumbles, but still doesn't leave his feet.]

GM: Zharkov won't go down! A hard shot to the head... and another...

[Stephens looks on in disbelief before charging to the ropes, rebounding off, diving low into Zharkov's knee, which finally drops him down to one knee.]

GM: Zharkov is reeling!

[Stephens sees his shot and leaps over the massive back of Zharkov.]

GM: Oklahoma roll. Zharkov's shoulders hit the mat for the first time in his career! One... one-and-a-half only! Zharkov pinned for the first time and Charlie Stephens can barely get a one count!

BW: If that.

GM: Not wasting any time though! Climbing the ropes again, but Zharkov is recovering quicker and quicker...

[Stephens leaps off the top rope, looking for a crossbody block but...]

GM: The Tsar catches Stephens! And the Soviet does not look pleased.

BW: Payback time.

[Zharkov hold Stephens in his arms for a few seconds, seemingly letting him evaluate his choices, before arching backwards.]

GM: Oh... my... STARS. Zharkov tosses his man clear across the ring, backwards!

[Phil Watson chimes in again, sending Jackson Hunter into a seeming near-coronary.]

PW: One minute remaining in this contest! One minute!

[Zharkov does not seem as bothered as he lifts Charlie Stephens to his feet.]

BW: You brought this on yourself kid.

[Zharkov throws back his head with a massive shout.]

"TSAR BOMBAAAAAAA!"

[Zharkov quickly doubles Stephens over. Hunter begins shaking the Soviet technician at the makeshift control panel at ringside, shouting "NOW! NOW NOW NOW!"]

GM: What is this--?

BW: Uh-oh...

[As Zharkov hoists Stephens up, the cannon set up at the edge of the stadium launches a projectile into the sky with a percussive 'pop.']

BW: Hit the deck!

[Zharkov falls forward with a crucifix powerbomb, the Tsar Bomb. Just as he makes impact...]

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

[...a single, enormous Russian firework blooms to life in the sky, rattling windows, perforating eardrums, and probably violating vast swathes of the County of Maui's noise bylaws and fire codes. Referee Ricky Longfellow gets up off the mat to see Zharkov casually pinning Charlie Stephens. The three-count is almost anti-climactic at this point.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Gordo, are we... can you see the light?

GM: We're fine, Bucky. Jackson Hunter just set off an explosive device above the ring to celebrate Zharkov winning the match.

[The "Soviet March" plays triumphantly, even though few in attendance can hear it over their ears ringing. A finally relaxed Jackson Hunter rolls into the ring and lifts Zharkov's hand as the referee seems to be too temporarily stunned to do so.]

GM: Maxim Zharkov continues his winning ways and... folks... we'll, uh... we'll be right back.

[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 halfheartedly 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 Carl Riddens?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Dave Bryant running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Dave Bryant!

[And... did Shadoe Rage just kick down the front door to attack Brian James from behind while he was grappling with Travis Lynch in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Skywalker Jones leaping down the staircase at Calisto Dufresne? And why are Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Northern Lights 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 Bobby O'Connor is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Rob Driscoll with a flying bodypress, Brad Jacobs is hiptossing Frankie Farelli across your family room, and Strictly Business and The Wilde Bunch are brawling across your driveway. Demetrius Lake has just grabbed a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Supernova, while Ryan Martinez is ramming Johnny Detson's head into the sink in the background, Buford P. Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Hannibal Carver tries to clothesline Callum Mahoney, who ducks... poor Hannibal hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then King ONI 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 Four 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!

[Air Strike does a double throw to send The Lights Out Express over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the Air Strike and Lights Out Express action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Sultan Azam Sharif tries to smash Supreme Wright with a kitchen chair, but Wright pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Sharif and Wright action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Jack Lynch and Cain Jackson double-clothesline Cesar Hernandez 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 Gladiator is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Jericho Kai. 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 Derrick Williams, Manny Imbrogno, Willie Hammer, and Casanova. 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!

[We cut to a shot outside the building, where we see a small crowd of people picketing the building, all holding signs that read "NO JONES, NO PEACE" At the forefront, we see Buford P. Higgins and Skywalker Jones, leading the chants of the crowd. Higgins, dressed impeccably as usual in an all-white suit, yells into a bullhorn as the crowd chants along with him...]

BPH: NO JONES!

"NO PEACE!!!"

BPH: NO JONES!

"NO PEACE!!!"

BPH: NO JONES!

"NO PEACE!!!"

[Standing behind Higgins, Jones conducts with his hands, motioning for the crowd to keep it up. We then see Mark Stegglet walks up to Jones, tapping him on the shoulder.]

MS: Skywalker Jones! Just what is the meaning of this???

[As Higgins and the crowd continue their protest, Jones turns his attention to Stegglet.]

SJ: Marky Stegglet! I ain't doin' nothing! These people spontaneously gathered together to make their voices known! It seems to Skywalker Jones, that his adoring public was OUTRAGED by the fraudulent voting that left THE most spectacular, entertaining, thrilling, and spectacular (Yeah, I said it twice!) man in all of professional wrestling on the sidelines, tonight!

MS: Now, we know Sweet Daddy Williams won the voting by the slimmest of margins, but are you insinuating that the voting was rigged?

[Without missing a beat, Higgins spins around momentarily, bullhorn still in hand...]

"RIGGED LIKE A NORTH KOREAN ELECTION, PLAYA'!"

[...before turning his attention back to the crowd. Jones laughs heartily.]

SJ: Ya' got that right, Buford!

MS: So you're doubting that Sweet Daddy Williams is deserving of his spot in the Rumble?

SJ: Now, no disrespect to Sweet Daddy Williams, 'cause he's a hell of a man and Skywalker Jones is sure he's got a small but dedicated fanbase, but you hear these people! You hear the anger in their voices! You see the outrage in their eyes! When your choice comes down to "Mister Steal the Spotlight" and Sweet Daddy Williams, there can't even be a fair comparison to be made! It's obvious to Skywalker Jones, who the fans' REAL choice is!

[Jones then turns his attention back to the protesters, as they continue to chant...]

"NO JONES!!!"

"NO PEACE!!!"

"NO JONES!!!"

"NO PEACE!!!"

"NO JONES!!!"

"NO PEACE!!!"

[The words slowly fade out as we go to black...

The words "EARLIER TODAY" flash up on an otherwise black screen, as the scene then cuts to exterior of the War Memorial Stadium's locker room. Facing the camera is Ryan Martinez. . The AWA World Heavyweight champion is still in his street clothes, today wearing a white compression shirt, the silver Under Armour logo centered in his upper chest, and a pair of black pants.]

RM: You sure he's in there?

[From off camera, the camera man's voice is heard.]

CM: He came in early, said he wanted to make sure he had his, uh... lunch.

[Martinez nods, and then shakes his head.]

RM: Can't believe I'm about to do this.

[Exhaling, Martinez pushes the door open, and steps through the threshold. He enters first, the door closing behind him. The door opens a moment later, as the camera man steps through. Martinez is shot in profile, the man he's looking at hidden from the camera's current point of view. Though as he enters, a low, guttural growl can be heard issuing forth in warning.]

RM: Mealtime is over. Time to talk business. Time to talk about what's going to happen tonight.

I'm sure you already know why I'm here. I need a partner to take on Detson and whoever he's conned into joining him. I'd ask Bobby or Jack, but they're in the Rumble, and I'm not going to cost either of them an opportunity for the World Title. But you don't need to be in the Rumble tonight, do you?

Both of us know that I'll give you a shot anytime you want.

[Martinez' face tightens, eyes narrowing as he stares at the man he's speaking with.]

RM: You don't need to win a match to get a fight with me. It's going to happen between you and I... that's not even in question.

So let's talk the other opportunity you can have tonight. You want your World Title shot, but I'm going to give you something I know you've been wanting for a long time – I'm going to give you the chance to have another go at Detson.

Because as much as you don't like me, as much as I don't like you, we both know that, so long as Detson is around, we're not going to get a clear shot at one another. So long as he's lying in the weeds, waiting for his opportunity, he's the one that has to be taken out.

You don't have to be my friend. Frankly, I don't want to be yours anymore. But tonight? I'm asking you if you'll be my partner. Because you're the last person he's going to see coming.

What do you say?

[As Martinez falls silent, from off camera, we hear the distinctive sound of aluminum being crushed, and then, a beer can comes shooting forward. Martinez tilts his head to the side, the can coming within a hairsbreadth of hitting him in the side of the face before bouncing off the wall behind him.]

RM: Got that out of your system?

[And the camera switches angles to reveal...]

HC: Yeh know, I don't gotta miss.

[... Hannibal Carver lifting a bottle of beer this time, brandishing it threateningly at the World Champ.]

HC: Don't worry yer pretty little head. I wouldn't waste a full bottle on yeh... that's alcohol abuse.

[Carver laughs as he smashes the neck of the bottle against the wall as he remains seated in a steel chair, staring at Ryan to see if it'll make him jump. It doesn't, so Carver simply shrugs and pours the now makeshift glass of beer down his throat before continuing.]

HC: So yeh don't want to be my friend anymore. It's funny, because I don't remember begging for the friendship of some silver spoon geek in the first damn place.

[Ryan tenses up at this as Carver finishes off his beer... but doesn't make a further move towards Carver.]

HC: Yer right about one thing. Yeh and me?

[Carver nods.]

HC: That's gonna happen. The only reason I don't make that a reality right now is because yeh got what I want. Two things, but they go hand in hand.

I want to prove yeh wrong. I want to teach yeh a damn lesson about being a man and doing the right thing to make those scales of justice balanced.

[Carver grins.]

HC: And I want to do it by standing over yeh unconscious body holding up that ten pounds of gold high over my head. I want yeh to live with hearing the words WORLD CHAMPION associated with my name. Then yeh'll know I

was right all along and yeh never should've never got yer Boy Scout carcass in the middle of my business.

[Carver nods, staring at Ryan with intensity.]

HC: But yer right about that other thing too. I ain't gotten near enough of that snake in the grass. I had him dead to rights until that other silver spoon chump got in my business. He'll learn though, just like yeh will... but so much worse.

[Carver nods, scowling.]

HC: But tonight, I'll finish that first piece of business. Maybe even clean yer dance card over there in Japan in the process. So yeh, I'll be yer partner. I'll send every piece of trash into that pine box they deserve to be in.

[Carver gets up quickly, sending the steel chair crashing into the wall behind him.]

HC: So what do yeh say, wanna shake on it?

[Both men are toe to toe, eye to eye, neither one wanting to give an inch. Finally, after an exhale, Martinez shakes his head.]

RM: No, Carver. Just make sure you're in the ring tonight.

HC: Oh, I'll be there. Just this time?

[Carver points an index finger directly at the left eye of the champion of the world.]

HC: Don't get too damn squeamish to stop me from ending this once and for all.

[Martinez doesn't commit to an answer, he only gives a nod of his head, before we cut back to the announcer's booth.]

GM: Wow! That's HUGE news, Bucky! Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver teaming together in the Main Event?! Who would have imagined those two teaming together?

BW: Martinez is dumber than I ever thought possible and that's saying something, Gordo. Why would you ask that lunatic to team with you? Carver's told the world over and over again that he wants to leave Martinez laying in a pool of his own blood and THAT'S the guy you want to team with?!

GM: Wants, perhaps not. Needs? On this night? I believe so. Ryan Martinez NEEDS Hannibal Carver because he knows that Carver may want to hurt Detson more than he wants to hurt Martinez.

BW: Is he willing to risk his life on that? 'Cause that's what he's gonna do, Gordo.

GM: Well, speaking of the tag match later tonight, we have our own Mark Stegglet with some interesting news about a potential tag partner for Johnny Detson tonight! Mark?

[We cut to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing off to the side of a conversation between "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett and Johnny Detson. Detson whether its agitation or desperation does not look happy.]

JD: But Doctor, if you just-

[But Detson is cut off as Fawcett raises a black leather gloved hand.]

"D"HF: Such pleading is undignified, especially from one of your stature. I have heard your request. As much as I would like to assist you and have my liege tear the White Knight limb from limb...

[Fawcett smiles darkly as he gazes deeply into his gem.]

"D"HF: Taking either my KING or my pet out of contention for a shot at the crown jewel of the AWA comes with a hefty price. One you are not able to pay.

JD: You don't know tha--

[Fawcett raises the gem to his left eye.]

"D"HF: Oh, that is where you are most mistaken. My eye can see far and it can see wide. Good luck on your journey this evening, my friend. Feeding time is almost upon us.

[And with that the Doctor makes his leave, leaving Detson alone with Stegglet.]

MS: Johnny, a moment, you've had no success finding a partner tonight?

[Detson just glares a hole through Stegglet.]

MS: Well, with Ryan Martinez naming Hannibal Carver as his tag partner, how can that make you feel about your chances tonight?

[Detson's eyes go wide and the color starts draining. He opens his mouth to speak but just shakes his head and storms off. Stegglet watches him go in silence before...

We cut to another part of the backstage area where Melissa Cannon is standing alongside former AWA World Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in his wrestling attire, long black tear-away pants. His bronzed chest glistens with water and his blond hair is pulled back into a tight pony tail, framing his hawkish features.]

MC: Fans, I'm backstage with Calisto Dufresne, who we heard from earlier tonight making it clear to his... partner in crime, Johnny Detson, that he would not be his partner tonight. Why, Calisto?

[A shrug from Dufresne.]

CD: It's nothing personal, you understand. Johnny is destined to become World Champion, we know that much. If Ryan Martinez can go from snotty kid to the top of the world, Johnny Detson certainly can.

But Calisto Dufresne doesn't work for Johnny Detson. He works with Johnny Detson. I've never made it a secret that getting the World Title that was stolen from me back has been a priority. And two weeks ago, Johnny had a chance to give me a crack at softening up Ryan Martinez. A crack at getting my gold back, so we could meet in Japan as two men with mutual respect for each other with all the marbles on the line.

But no. Callum Mahoney was given that shot instead. That didn't work out so well in retrospect; Mahoney is a dangerous guy and all, but Calisto Dufresne is the dirtiest player in the game.

So tonight when Johnny needed the services of the dirtiest player in the game, well...

[A "what are you gonna do?" look plays across the Ladykiller's face.]

CD: ...I'm busy.

MC: With the Rumble, of course. The winner of which will get a shot at that very World Title. On a separate note, you also announced two weeks ago your intention to represent Team AWA against the Dead Man's Party. We even saw you and Juan Vasquez working together as the show went off the air...

CD: You want a scoop for Blackwell's hotline? Here you go: Juan Vasquez and I don't like each other. We never have, we never will. But he has a knack for getting plenty of credit around here for being a hero whenever the need arises.

[A chuckle from Dufresne.]

CD: While men such as Calisto Dufresne and Stevie Scott do the heavy lifting in building the company, Juan comes running out at the most opportune times to get all the credit. Well, I've had enough of that. I'll be redirecting that spotlight to where it belongs, and that starts tonight.

[A self-righteous nod.]

CD: But for all his faults, Juan certainly is well-versed in the application of extreme violence, and sometimes that's what's needed to solve a problem. It's how I solved the Juan Vasquez-National Title problem, after all.

So, for the good of the company – after all, what is Calisto Dufresne if not a company man? - I can set our differences aside for one night to put down this annoying little problem that seems to be plaguing the AWA, this so-called "Dead Man's Party".

[A derisive snort.]

CD: I don't know who you are, and I frankly don't care. But if you boys think you can walk in _my_ house and lay waste to _my_ roster without _my_ permission, well...

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: ...Wait 'till you see what we have in store for _your_ house.

[We fade away from the Ladykiller to a shot of War Memorial Stadium where the ring has filled up with people. Men in suits, along with men and women in white-and-red outfits bearing an "IZUMI STRONG" logo, circle the inside of the ring. In the center, representing the AWA, is Todd Michaelson who is sporting an dark olive suit over a white dress shirt and matching olive tie.

Opposite him is Tiger Paw Pro representative Sochiro Mizuaki. Himself a former wrestler who toured the US extensively, Mizuaki is five feet ten inches, has precise posture, and silver tinged black hair. He wears a black business suit with a white undershirt; pretty standard formal business wear. In front of them with a microphone is our master of ceremonies, the inimitable "Sweet" Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, if I may have your attention please, we are gathered here tonight with various luminaries of the professional wrestling world. Here on my left, officials representing the AWA, as well as some American friends and associates of our guest of honor. On my right, representatives not only of Tiger Paw Pro Wrestling, but the Izumi Strong martial arts dojo. All are here tonight to pay respects to one of the great ones in the history of our sport.

A man who revolutionized the sport of professional wrestling, the sport of mixed martial arts, and the Japanese wrestling scene. A man whose signature style has been adopted by many of the greats the world over. His influence is strong even here in the USA, so the AWA wants to take this time to honor a man who went on from our sport to become an ambassador and a statesman. A man who speaks and fights for peace the world over... ladies and gentlemen, I present to you the king of puroresu... PRINCE IZUMI!

[The fans cheer as the six-three elder statesman of Japanese wrestling, Prince Izumi, heads up the ring steps into the ring. The lantern-jawed legend is wearing a nice black suit, red tie, white undershirt, and still looks to be in outstanding physical condition despite his age. Izumi waves to the crowd, bows to his Izumi Strong team members (who bow in return, twice as deeply), and shakes hands all around the ring before moving to center ring. As Izumi goes around, the announce team gives us some background.]

GM: Prince Izumi, ladies and gentlemen. One of the more formidable gentlemen you will ever want to meet. Mr. Izumi is a member of the Diet in Japan, equivalent to a US Congressman. We are honored that he took the time out of his very busy schedule to attend tonight's event.

BW: I'm mainly hopin' he slaps Michaelson on national television.

GM: Heh, that's possible. For context, Izumi is known to slap people to awaken their fighting spirit... more of an act of encouragement rather than the disrespect meant by most other people. I think that, since many in our audience lacks that context, Mr. Izumi will probably refrain.

[When Izumi gets to Michaelson and Mizuaki, he turns to face the camera and Blackwell resumes.]

SLB: Alright, here to present Izumi-san with...

[Todd tells Blackwell something off camera.]

SLB: Izumi-sama! My apologies. Here to present Izumi-sama with an award on behalf of the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro Wrestling, Mr. Todd Michealson and Mr. Sochiro Mizuaki!

[The crowd politely cheers as Todd gets the mic.]

TM: Izumi-sama, on behalf of the AWA and Tiger Paw Pro, we want to present you with this plaque. A copy of this is going to be on the AWA Wall Of Fame in the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas, Texas alongside many of the legends of our sport.

[While Todd speaks, Mizuaki holds up the large plaque for the camera. It, like the Hall Of Fame and other special AWA plaques, have a nice inscription of the face, the name, a short descriptive phrase, and then a rundown of the career highlights.]

TM: Let me read this for all of our fans. "Prince Izumi. King Of Puroresu. The innovator of strong-style wrestling, Prince Izumi popularized the sport of professional wrestling in Japan and many other countries around the world. His legendary matches, pioneering exploits, and famed lantern jaw...

[Izumi can't help but laugh and point at the engraving's jaw as Todd reads that bit.]

TM: ...will be remembered by wrestling fans all over the world. Most notably, Mr. Izumi's post-retirement work as a diplomat, using wrestling to further the cause of peace, is the capstone on a career that truly defines what it means to make a difference in the world."

[Mizuaki raises the plaque up, and the fans applaud.]

SLB: What more can be said than that? And now, a few words from the man himself. Ladies and gentlemen, Prince Izumi.

[Izumi takes the mic to a loud cheer. He speaks in English, though it's not fluent.]

PI: Thank you. American wrestling fans, also thank you. I love your country, and your wrestling. I look forward to...

[Uh, oh. The crowd starts booing, and it very soon is glaringly obvious why. The six-foot nine inch frame of "Black Tiger" Demetrius Lake has stormed down the aisle and is now marching up the ring steps. The Izumi Strong team steps forward, and Michaelson looks like he's about to blow a fuse in anger. Lake, clad in his ring attire for the Rumble to come, royal-purple trunks with gold monogramming, purple boots with a crown motif, and yellowish-gold kneepads along with a white ring jacket that reads "KING OF WRESTLING" on the back in royal purple print, has an even angrier look on his face, if that's possible.]

PI: ...what?

[Lake steps over the top, and Michaelson immediately moves to intercept. But he is himself intercepted by another man who has come in from the opposite side, unseen by the camera... Hamilton Graham. A legend in his own right, Graham is wearing a grey tweed jacket, grey slacks, brown leather shoes, a blue undershirt and blue tie. He sticks a finger in Todd's chest and we can hear him growl that Todd only has himself to blame for this.

Sweet Lou tries to get some semblance of control, as that is his job.]

SLB: Demetrius Lake?! What is the meaning of this?!

[Lake reaches a long arm out and grabs the mic from Blackwell just before the Izumi Strong dojo members put up a wall between Lake and Izumi. The crowd has suddenly gone from polite to hot.]

DL: If you don't know full well what the problem is, then you're just as big a fool as that chump with the misformed chin. Look at that plaque! King Of Porusoo? You think I don't know that Porusoo is Jap for "professional wrestling"? What are you trying to do? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?!

SLB: We're trying to have a...

DL: There is only one King Of Professional Wrestling, and the hunchface Izzymoto over there ain't it. I am the King Of Professional Wrestling, and I will not stand for this. You ain't going to put that plaque on Hamilton Graham's wall in Dallas. As it is we got about ten plaques to pull down off'n it. You bring this old man in here and refer to him by my title, well let me tell you the way it's gonna be. I told you at the beginning of this program that I had thirty-one bums to educate tonight. One is Dave Cryant, settin' at home lookin' at his TV thankin' God he ain't in my reach tonight.

HG: He's welcome.

DL: Twenty-nine are gonna get educated in a few short minutes when I clear this ring out in the Rumble, and if these bums in the pajamas in front of me don't look out I'll warm up on 'em. That leaves the last one. Ol' Hunchface. The only reasons I don't tear through these bums right now and slap your face in the general public is that I have to reserve my energy for winning the Rumble, and it's beneath me to hit an elderly man.

[Izumi has had enough... he is shedding his jacket and unbuttoning his shirt. Michaelson and Mizuaki are trying frantically to stop this... Todd is threatening to fire Lake, Graham is threatening to sue Todd, Mizuaki is trying to talk Izumi out of what he seems to be doing, and the dojo members are working on flanking Lake just in case. The scene gets more chaotic by the second, and the crowd noise follows suit.]

DL: So I will be the bigger man, which we all see is true anyway, and allow you to bow right down before me and call it even.

[The crowd ooohs, and Izumi's divesting himself of his formalwear intensifies. He is quickly unbuttoning his shirt with a clear intent to fight.]

GM: Oh my God. Izumi is sixty-four years old! What is Demetrius Lake thinking?!

BW: He's thinkin' that it's his day, that's his ring, and they were tryin' to name someone else King. What did they THINK was gonna happen?

DL: You best put that shirt back on, old man! I don't care if you bow in your suit or in your birthday suit, but you WILL bow down right now if you don't want to get run out of Hawaii right now. I'll slap you in Honolulu and they'll be duckin' flyin' teeth in Maui. As it is, I plan to hit every island in the state with them bums in the Rumble; you're the only one gettin' a chance to bow down and walk out. So don't you give me that hard look with them slant eyes and that tumor on your chin.

[Izumi is in a tranquil rage as he easily removes Mizuaki (himself a highly skilled martial artist) from his path before ordering his dojo members to make way. Izumi stands in Lake's face. Despite his age, he doesn't appear dwarfed despite the five inch height difference; his presence is still strong and he's still in great shape.]

GM: Please don't do this, Mr. Izumi.

BW: Michaelson's making every threat in the book to Lake.

DL: You look me in the eye right now, but you know what's true. I spent four entire months this year in Japan already. I missed time here in the AWA, where the World Heavyweight Championship is, fallin' down the rankings of contention because this company wanted the Japanese people to see the true King Of Professional Wrestling. I made them forget who you

were, I whapped every Jap wrestler, except Kitzukawa who was afraid to step in the ring with me, and Fujimoto and Mifune who I respect. I whapped the whole island and none of them Tiger Pro bums is going to come out here because they all bowed to me already. None of them wanted to fight me at Rising Sun Showdown because I humiliated them all. What makes you think you can...

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[Izumi slaps Lake in the face with a hard, sharp slap, and the crowd roars!]

PI: You talk too much.

[Huge cheers! Graham throws a fit and starts towards Izumi, but Lake holds up a palm and restrains him.]

DL: I know what that is. That's that famous Izumi slap. People in Japan ask you to slap them to give them energy. Because they're lazy bums who can't find it in themselves, which is why they got whapped eighty years ago and stayed whapped ever since.

[The crowd ohhhhs, and of all the horrid things lake has said, that seems to anger the Japanese contingent the most. Several dojo members are shouting and trying to intervene.]

DL: So since you won't bow, I got an extra special slap for you, too.

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

[Lake slaps Izumi back... with the back of his hand.

And that's it. The dojo members pounce on him, Izumi is clearly enraged and trying everything to restrain himself, and Michaelson is pushing away Graham to try to get in there... earning him a left hand from the former World Champion, who acts as if he just accidentally lashed out at someone grabbing him from behind. Blackwell practically runs out of the ring as Lake starts fighting off dojo members. The crowd is deafening for this.]

GM: NO! Pandemonium! This was supposed to be a show of respect and honor and Demetrius Lake has ruined everything!

BW: And Hamilton Graham just accidentally decked Todd Michaelson!

GM: Accident nothing, he knew damn well who that was! Lake is bailing out of there; he wants no part of Izumi's students!

BW: Of course not! He has a Rumble to win!

GM: AWA officials finally able to intercede, trying to calm down the Izumi Strong dojo...

[When he hastily exited the ring, Lake left the mic behind. Izumi picks it up.]

PI: Everyone stop!

[Those simple words stop the dojo members, Todd (who was looking for a receipt on Graham), and the general riotous atmosphere.]

PI: Lake. You want to make me bow? That will NEVER be.

But I want to make YOU bow. To everyone you disrespect. So if you want to fight Japanese wrestler at Rising Sun Showdown. You fight ME!

[The fans explode for that challenge, and both Michaelson and Mizuaki go pale. Lake immediately nods in acceptance and backpedals down the aisle.]

GM: PRINCE IZUMI JUST CHALLENGED DEMETRIUS LAKE FOR A MATCH AT RISING SUN SHOWDOWN?!

BW: That's suicide, Gordo! He's 64! I know he wrestles once a year, but he wrestles other old timers and young boys... not main eventers! Not six-nine three hundred fifteen pound men! And especially not the King Of Professional Wrestling!

GM: Todd Michaelson and Sochiro Mizuaki are both trying to reason with Mr. Izumi, but that man will never take back a challenge! Bucky... if Izumi made that challenge, it will happen no matter WHO doesn't like it!

BW: I know it, and this crowd is chanting for Izumi already. Well, they better get a good look, because that old man is finished in two weeks! He's lost his mind, calling out Demetrius Lake! Somebody get him a tape of Battle Of Los Angeles!

GM: And you know that's exactly what Lake wanted! And possibly even what Hamilton Graham wanted... Graham hates it when other legends get respected on his level. I wonder if Graham put Lake up to that when he heard Izumi was getting a plaque on the Wall Of Fame that he's on.

BW: Maybe, but Gordo... they put King Of Prorestu...

GM: Puroresu.

BW: Geshundiet. They put King Of Professional Wrestling on the plaque! How do you do that and NOT know that Demetrius Lake is gonna do something? Whether you like it or not... Michealson or Mizuaki or whoever thought of that should be accountable.

GM: That's ridiculous logic, and Demetrius Lake is probably going to incur the wrath of the ownership committee... not that he's ever been afraid to do that. He might really need to win that Rumble to be considered for a title match any time soon.

BW: And now you're using the same logic you just called ridiculous.

GM: Fans, we'll be back after this.

[We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"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."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"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 when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"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...]

We fade back from commercial to AWA Original Melissa Cannon standing next to a fellow AWA Original Sweet Daddy Williams. Williams is dressed in a black "AMERICAN DREAMS" t-shirt with the sleeves cut out, turning it into a makeshift tanktop. He is all grins as the camera's red light comes on.]

MC: The FOX Network has been rockin' and rollin' all night long with the AWA's All-Star Showdown and it's only going to get better as we creep closer to the Rumble later on tonight. Now, coming into tonight, we had 29 names announced for the 30 man Rumble and it is my great pleasure to announce that the man who won the fan voting to become the 30th man is someone who has been with this company from the beginning - Sweet Daddy Williams!

[Williams grins.]

SDW: Melissa Cannon, you and ol' Sweet Daddy have ridden many a road together in the past several years, ain't that right?

[She returns the grin, nodding her head.]

SDW: We been up and down these roads, these highways and byways, together. We been in high school gyms and battleships and rodeo grounds and the Mecca of sports and entertainment and EVERYWHERE in between. And everywhere we went, we always took the time to say thank you to all those fans out there that pay our salaries. All those people who decide that

at the end of a hard day of work, they want to tune in to see us... that they want to plunk down their hard-earned money to see us in that ring. We wanted to thank them and so we did.

Just like I'm doing tonight.

[Williams inclines his head slightly towards the camera.]

SDW: Because it was the fans who said - when all hope was lost for Sweet Daddy - that they still wanted to see Sweet Daddy get in that ring and shake his thang and do what he does for them. It was the fans who said that - no, we don't want to see this guy or that guy in the Rumble... we wanna see Sweet Daddy.

[He shakes his head with a grin.]

SDW: It's a humblin' thing. When I saw the list of names, I didn't think I stood a chance, Melissa. I thought I was dead to rights and I'd be sittin' here in Hawaii workin' on my tan and not gettin' ready for one of the biggest matches of the year.

And maybe that's what shoulda happened. Maybe someone younger... someone faster... someone flashier like a Skywalker Jones shoulda been in there. Maybe someone stronger shoulda been in there. Maybe someone... weirder... like Casanova shoulda been in there.

I couldn't have faulted the fans for pickin' any of 'em, Melissa.

[He beams proudly.]

SDW: But they picked me. They picked a guy who ain't the youngest... ain't the faster... ain't the flashiest... ain't the strongest... and ain't even the weirdest... but they picked a guy who they've loved and who has loved them right back since Day One!

They picked a guy, who just like them has got...

[He jerks a thumb at his chest to the "AMERICAN DREAMS" text.]

SDW: A whole lot of cynical people in this world, Melissa... they call it being "realistic." A realist might tell ya that Sweet Daddy ain't got a shot in the world of winnin' this thing. A realist might tell ya that Sweet Daddy's gonna roll his fat behind up in there, get a few cheers, and then get tossed out like yesterday's garbage.

But a dreamer.

[He nods with a smile.]

SDW: A dreamer knows better. A dreamer knows that this is America! A dreamer knows this is a land of opportunity when someone like me can put on the trunks, lace up the boots, and do what he loves for a livin'. A land of

hope and dreams where even the unlikeliest can get in that ring, fight 29 of the best and toughest in the world, and come out the other side into the shining light smellin' like a rose, baby!

You got people out there tonight dreamin' of owning their first home... of puttin' food on the table for their kids... of taking their families on that Disney World vacation... you got people who want to be a Hollywood star... who want to be the starting shortstop for the New York Yankees... who want to be a firefighter, an astronaut, a cowboy... whatever it takes, baby!

And you got a kid sittin' in a stankhole in Dallas, Texas sayin'... I want to be the World Champion. I want to Main Event SuperClash. I want to win the Rumble.

And if Sweet Daddy Williams can do it... then I can do it.

[He balls up a fist, tapping his heart with it.]

SDW: This is for you... for all of you. You believed in me like I believe in all of you. And tonight, we're gonna be dreamers together. We're gonna imagine the good life that we all want to live... and we're gonna make it a reality.

[Williams turns to leave, then pauses. He turns back to Melissa.]

SDW: What's your dream, Lissy?

[Melissa looks surprised.]

MC: Wh... What?

SDW: Come on, girl. We known each other for too long now. What's your dream?

[Melissa stares at Williams.]

MC: I don't know what-

SDW: Was it to stand there with a mic in your hand lookin' pretty while a guy like me runs my mouth?

[Cannon stares into her friend's eyes, slowly lowering her head.]

SDW: I didn't think so. Now, if you'll excuse me... I gotta go out there and chase my dream...

[He pauses.]

SDW: Maybe you oughta do the same, Liss.

[And with that, the AWA Original walks out of sight, leaving Melissa Cannon staring down at the floor of the locker room area, her teeth clenched in anger as we fade to...

...the interior of the locker room area. Rob Driscoll, AWA National champ, sits on a bench in complete silence. Elbows on knees, head bowed, the actual title belt clutched in his hands, Driscoll tenses up for just a moment, squeezing the title belt until his knuckles are white, and after a long moment he eases up on it. He opens his eyes, notices the camera, and composes himself.]

RD: We live in a world where kids get trophies just for showing up.

Points get awarded for effort. Games are merely set ups for feel good moments. Proposals, couples reuniting, kids seeing their Dad for the first time.

And I think to myself... what the hell has happened to the world I knew?

[Driscoll holds the title with one hand and points a finger at the camera with the other.]

RD: I don't live in a world where people get points for trying hard. I don't come from an environment where heart wins you a banner.

In my world, Lynch, the only line that matters is the bottom line. Which column did you fill, the W or the L column? And the way I see it, you and me are miles apart. I have backed up every boast I've made, I have talked the talk and walked the walk from the moment I dropped my bags in the locker room. I have won every match, by hook or by crook, and I haven't shied away from it for a second.

Because in my world, in my sport, wins matter. You rise or you fall based on that bottom line, son, you advance or you fall behind based on what you do between the ropes. Not how you do things, or why you do them. But what you do.

Me?

I win.

You?

[Driscoll shrugs.]

RD: You make excuses. Eat too many starches before the match, Sandra was down at the ring, the ring was slightly tilted, the tide wasn't on your side. You name it, it's been against you. And now you've got a match with no stoppages and Sandra not at ringside. Because you think, for some reason, that things are in your favor now.

Wrong.

Look at this. Take a look at this right now.

[Driscoll shoves the title into the camera, where names can barely be made out.]

RD: This title was held by men, this title was MADE by men who never took no for an answer. Who climbed every mountain, who turned over ever rock, who did WHATEVER it took to win the match and keep the gold. It's the most important title in wrestling, and I take that seriously. History doesn't matter to people like you, history doesn't mean a damn thing to a spoiled dolt who has had everything handed to him.

You never had to scratch and claw and steal a spot, you never had to give your blood and your dignity to make a dollar. You don't know what it means to sacrifice to keep something because you've never had to. I admit, you're a fine athlete, Travis Lynch, you're a big, strong son of a bitch.

But you're not a killer. You're not a winner. You don't have what it takes to win the big one, no matter what your adoring public thinks. You're too busy worrying about the fat girls and the ugly babies, you're too preoccupied with being the King of the Dairy Queen.

But brother, take a look at this gold. It makes me what I say I am. The Man That Sets The Standard, the Diamond In The Rough, The Stud You Bet Your Money On.

[Driscoll looks at the belt once more.]

RD: The Crown Jewel of Professional Wrestling.

And there ain't nothing I won't do to keep it. Because you like the IDEA of being a champion. It'd probably look nice on your mantle next to your prize cow or something.

But I love BEING a champion. It's all I've ever wanted. And I sure as hell won't let this title go to an unqualified, unkempt pathetic whiner of a challenger like you. Maybe the people put you back in the title picture. But I guarantee I'll take you out of it.

As God is my witness, whatever it takes... your brush with greatness is officially over. And I don't care whose pleasure it is.

[We slowly fade away from a determined Rob Driscoll and then up to Mark Stegglet who is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

MS: Allow me to introduce my quest at this time, the challenger for the AWA National Championship... Travis Lynch!

[Even nearly four thousand miles away from his hometown of Dallas, the high pitched shrieks from the ladies in attendance radiate throughout the War Memorial Stadium as the curly, dirty blonde hair "Texas Heartthrob"

steps into the camera's view. The youngest of the wrestling Lynches is attired in his trademark super smedium T-shirt that he pulls off and tosses into the crowd. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging.]

MS: Travis, as we all know in mere moments you have a shot at the AWA National Championship, but it's come with a steep price. No matter the outcome, this is the last time Rob Driscoll and yourself will meet inside the squared circle.

[Travis nods his head as Mark continues to speak.]

MS: So if you don't win the AWA National Championship, you won't have another shot as long as Driscoll retains his death grip upon the title. I need to know, why, why would you risk that?

[The young Lynch runs his left hand through this curly hair and the microphone picks up an audible sigh.]

TL: Well Mark, I did what I had to do. You see, the Championship Committee decided that I deserved one more chance at the AWA National Championship...

[The fans in Wailuku cheer their approval of what they believe is the best decision the AWA Championship Committee has made in a long time.]

TL: 'Course like everything in this world it came with a price... a price I was more than willin' to take! 'Cause I know... I know with every fiber of my bein' that I have Driscoll's number! That I can... no, that I will take the AWA National Championship from around his waist!

MS: You've been confident before Travis, and yet two other times Rob Driscoll has walked out with the AWA National Championship belt held high.

[Travis looks at Mark and shakes his head, maybe in disgust, maybe in disappointment.]

TL: Oh, I know what's happened so far Mark, and that's been this. TWICE, I was robbed of that title! Once by a women who's dreamed of being a member of the Lynch family since she was six and once by a damn referee!

[The "Texas Heartthrob" runs his hand through his hair again as he tries to regain his composure.]

TL: Now I know and I do understand, that he was only doin' his job... but I had that match won... I had that title in my grasp... damn it, he knows I'm a Lynch and so long as there I'm breathin' and there's a single drop of blood in my body... I can keep going in that ring!

[These fans in Hawaii are eating up the challenger's words as they cheer loudly.]

MS: Two weeks ago we heard Rob Driscoll and there's no doubt in his mind that the outcome of tonight has already been written.

TL: Let me tell you somethin' Mark. The only way to accomplish things in this world is through a lot of hard work... and I'm tellin' ya, Driscoll has no idea what those two words mean. I grew up and trained at the Silver Star Ranch and he trained at wrestling's equivalent of McDonald's playground!

He can stand in any ring in the world and yip and yap how I'm not in his league, how I don't deserve to be steppin' into that ring with him tonight... but unfortunately for him I will be! It's not 'cause I've been beggin' for a rematch... it's not 'cause God has blessed me... hell, it's not 'cause O'Neill owes Blackjack money... it's 'cause I earned it! Every chance I've had I've earned!

[Travis is fired up as he continues to speak.]

TL: After I lost the tournament finals to Driscoll, Sandra and him knew it was only a matter of time before I came a knockin' again and took those fifteen pounds of gold from his waist... so what did they do?

MS: They called in a favor to Dr. Fawcett and made you face the Lost Boy.

TL: That's right. Sandra Hayes dropped to her knees and begged the good doctor...

[The sarcasm is thick as Travis calls Fawcett the "good doctor."]

TL: For a beast from his collection. Well I'll tell you this Mark, I'm positive she wasn't looking for the Lost Boy. Oh lord no, I'm tellin' ya she wanted Godzilla his damn self! She stayed on her knees for a few moments longer beggin' and pleadin' him to unleash ONI on me. But even the good ol' doctor...

[There's that sarcasm again.]

TL: Knew that ONI wasn't going to be able to stop me! So Driscoll, what makes you think that tonight you will be able to stop me from takin' that title from around your waist? I told you Driscoll it's all about hard work ... two words you know nothin' about! Like Mark said you've been celebratin' like you've already won this match, well I hope you've been doin' a lot of celebratin' ... drinkin' a lot of Cristal and dancin' the nights away... 'cause Driscoll you have yet to beat me by yourself in that ring!

And after tonight, you're not goin' to be celebratin' ... you're goin' to lookin' up at me and realizin' that since the Anniversary show you've just been holdin' my AWA National Championship belt!

[The camera focuses on Travis for a few moments longer before fading out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is for the AWA National Championship!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger... coming to the ring now... hailing from Dallas, Texas. Standing 6'3" and weighing in at 252 pounds... he is the Texas Heartthrob...

TRAAAAAAAAAAVSSSSSS LYNNNNNNNNNNCH!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the curly, blonde haired Travis Lynch and as it does so the screams of the ladies in attendance nearly drown out Rush's classic "Tom Sawyer." Travis makes his way down the aisle and the screams from the ladies get louder with each step he takes. He pauses for a moment, allowing the females to take a long look at tonight's challenger for the AWA National Championship. The "Texas Heartthrob" is carrying his trademark super smedium T-shirt that he tosses into the crowd. He is also wearing black chaps, with silver studding forming the belt and along the edging.]

GM: Will the third time be the charm for Travis Lynch?

BW: Absolutely not, daddy! Driscoll has Stench's number and when this evening is over Rob Driscoll will still be the greatest champion in the AWA!

[Travis breaks into slight jog as the fans reach over the barricade and slap his arms and shoulders. As he nears the ring, a few lovely ladies are able to reach over and place a number of leis around his neck. One lucky lady leans over the barricade and plants a kiss on his cheek before being escorted back to her seat.]

BW: There's no accounting for taste apparently, even in paradise.

[Travis smiles and he slides under the bottom rope where he goes to his corner, removes his chaps revealing dressed in his classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them, his two knee pads and wrestling boots are also white. Travis removes the leis from his neck and places them over the corner post.]

PW: And his opponent... from Cincinnati, Ohio... weighing 243 pounds... he is the self proclaimed "Crown Jewel of Wrestling"...

HE IS THE AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION!

"DIAMOND" ROOOOOBBBBB DRISCOOOOOOOOOOOLLLLLLLLLL!

[The breezy opening to "Millennium" by Robbie Williams hits War Memorial Stadium as smoke starts to creep out, covering the entryway.]

#Some say that we are players
Some say that we are pawns#

#But we've been making money since
The day that we were born#

[“Diamond” Rob Driscoll saunters though the smoke and stops at the top of the entrance way, throwing his hands out and looking up at the ceiling, letting the crowd get a look at his attire for this match: glossy looking dark blue tights with the ram's head on the back in gold, with matching dark blue boots and kneepads. Each boot has “RD” on the outside calf written in white cursive scripts, and over top is a silky sequined vest, black fabric with white and silver sequins, an image of a diamond on the back. The vest is left open to reveal the National Title belt, and as the camera zooms in on the gold.]

BW: There he is, Gordo. Solid gold. A Diamond in the rough. Use your platitude of choice but “Diamond” Rob Driscoll is the best thing going today, Gordo.

GM: He’s about to get the chance to prove it, Bucky.

[Driscoll has his game face on and walks to the ring with a purpose, wiping his feet off once he climbs onto the apron and ducks into the ring, pointing a finger at Travis Lynch who is standing in the corner. Driscoll goes to the center of the ring and looks to the heavens again for a moment, soaking up the jeers of the capacity crowd.]

GM: There’s no surprise here. The fans are letting him have it here in Hawaii just as they do everywhere the AWA travels.

BW: Boos make some men weep. But others, they thrive on it. Rob Driscoll is a man who will enjoy every single second of being booed so that he can shove it right in the face of every single one of them.

[Driscoll turns to the side, spinning to face the approaching challenger. The referee steps in, trying to keep Travis at bay as Driscoll hands the title belt off to the official.]

GM: With all the bad blood between those two, they’re showing a tremendous amount of self-control to not go right after each other here and now.

[The two men stand in the center of the ring, staring at one another. Travis’ hands are at his side, his fingers wiggling with anticipation as Driscoll arrogantly chews his gum, smirking at the challenger who is moments away from one final shot at the gold...]

GM: No referee stoppage. And more importantly in my book, no Sandra Hayes. If “Diamond” Rob Driscoll wants to walk out of Hawaii as the National Champion, he’s gonna have to do it all on his own, Bucky.

BW: You act like he can’t! “Diamond” Rob Driscoll has been in this company for less than a year and he’s one of the hottest stars we’ve got, Gordo! He can beat anyone on any given night and I’ve got a feeling that Travis Stench is about to find that out one more time...

[The referee steps to the two men, asking them to separate before he rings the bell. Driscoll obliges, taking a step back...

...and spits his gum in the face of the challenger! The crowd roars with disdain as Travis wipes his face and then makes a lunge at Driscoll who ducks through the ropes, stepping out to the floor!]

GM: What a...

BW: Easy, Gordo. The network censors don't have a soft spot for you. They'll seven second delay your tail on back to Dallas!

GM: What a lowlife Rob Driscoll is! Spitting in the face of the challenger... there's no call for that, Bucky. None at all!

BW: Maybe not but...

[Travis struggles to get past the official who is holding him back as the arrogant Driscoll walks around the ring, pausing to taunt the ringside fans before climbing back up on the apron, moving back inside the ring.]

GM: The National Champion is back in... remember, the title can only change here tonight by pinfall or submission.

[Driscoll leans against the ropes, giving them a tug as the referee signals for the bell. A still-steaming Lynch begins to circle, making a lunge for a single leg that Driscoll avoids by leaping up, pulling his leg back.]

GM: Travis misses the single leg... Driscoll pulling away from it...

[The champion circles a couple of more times, keeping an eye on the eager challenger before coming together in a collar and elbow.]

GM: Lockup in the center... Travis Lynch with the strength advantage...

BW: Yeah, but Driscoll's got the brains advantage. Meaning, he's got one.

[The two men struggle in the center, looking for the edge...

...when Travis plants his feet, leans back, and HURLS Driscoll out of the lockup, and across the ring where his back smashes into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Pure power there on the part of Travis Lynch!

[Lynch cracks a grin at the reaction of the crowd, striking a single bicep pose in Driscoll's direction. Driscoll angrily kicks the bottom rope, running a hand through his hair as he looks back and forth.]

GM: Driscoll perhaps realizing for the first time that he's got no Sandra Hayes out there to advise him on this night. He's used to being able to count on her for advice, for changes to the gameplan, and yes, for

distractions and outside interference. There will be none of that tonight, fans. Rob Driscoll is flying solo.

[Driscoll stays in the corner for a few moments, grimacing as he grabs at his lower back, keeping his eyes on Lynch who the referee is ordering to stay back from the corner.]

GM: Travis Lynch is trying to keep his temper under control in this one. He wants the gold, fans, and he knows he can't it if he loses his cool.

[The champion slowly moves from the corner, circling again, trying to take a different approach. He lunges back into the collar and elbow, pushing hard but Travis plants his feet, going nowhere.]

GM: Driscoll can't seem to budge the challenger!

[He looks out at the crowd, shaking his head...

...and shoves Driscoll off again, sending him back into the corner a second time. This time though, Driscoll comes charging back out as Travis lifts his left hand, holding it up in Iron Claw position!]

GM: CLAW!

[Driscoll slams on the brakes, falling to the mat, crawling back to the corner where he angrily points at the challenger. The crowd roars as Travis lowers the claw hand, nodding his head at the fearful champion.]

GM: And we quickly see that Rob Driscoll wants absolutely no part of that Iron Claw, the Lynch family trademark.

BW: It's an illegal hold! Of course he wants no part of it!

GM: It is NOT an illegal hold.

BW: That's not what Demetrius Lake says.

GM: Lake lies and you swear to it... that's how it goes around here now?

[Driscoll slowly gets to his feet, again wiping the sweat from his brow as he watches Lynch clench and unclench his fist repeatedly.]

GM: Travis Lynch is struggling to stay composed in this one and who can blame him after some of the vile things that Rob Driscoll and Sandra Hayes have said and done to this young man for the past few months.

[Driscoll walks along the ropes, pausing to yell "SHUT YOUR MOUTH!" at a ringside fan, drawing some louder jeers as he spins, charging back at Lynch who paused to argue with the official...

...and Driscoll uses his momentum to tieup with Lynch, shoving him straight back into the corner. The referee steps in, calling for a break.]

GM: The ref wants a clean break here. Will he get one?

[The National Champion suddenly breaks, throwing a right hand that Lynch blocks with ease...

...and BLASTS Driscoll with a right hand of his own, sending him flying through the air, crashing down on his rear end to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh my! Big haymaker by the Texas Heartthrob and he's got Driscoll scrambling!

[The champion quickly gets up only to be tied back up in a collar and elbow as Lynch shoves him back. Driscoll, however, uses his momentum to swing him around, pushing him back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop by the champion!

[He grabs the arm, looking for an Irish whip.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Again, Driscoll slams into the turnbuckles, staggering out towards a waiting Travis Lynch who scoops him up, pressing him high overhead!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS!

[He holds him for a moment, flash bulbs firing throughout the stadium, and then hurls Driscoll down to the canvas, sending him bouncing back up holding his lower back!]

GM: What a slam by the challenger!

[Driscoll pushes himself up to his feet, using the ropes for assistance...

...which puts him right in the right spot for Lynch to mow him down with a running clothesline, taking Driscoll over the top rope and dumping him down to the mat below!]

GM: Clothesline takes Driscoll up and over to the floor!

[Not wasting any time, Lynch steps out on the apron, jumping down onto the floor.]

GM: Travis Lynch heading outside, he wants no chance of a countout here. He wants the belt!

[Pulling Driscoll off the mat, Lynch goes to roll him back under the ropes but the champion slips a knee up into the midsection. He grabs Lynch by the hair, looking to slam his head into the ring apron...

...but Lynch raises his powerful arms, planting his palms on the ring apron to block it!]

GM: No, no, no! He can't do it, Bucky!

BW: Knee him again! Thumb him in the eye!

GM: Bucky!

BW: Do you know what happens to a world where a Lynch holds gold?! Anarchy! Apocalypse! Cats and dogs living together in peace! Frogs raining down from the sky! And the locusts, my god... the locusts, Gordo!

[Driscoll tries again but again Travis grits his teeth, blocking the faceslam. He swings his left elbow back into the gut, catching Driscoll flush before smashing HIS head into the apron!]

GM: AND IT'S DRISCOLL WHO HITS THE HARDEST PART OF THE RING!

[Lynch pulls Driscoll up by the hair, throwing him under the ropes into the ring before climbing up on the ring apron.]

GM: The champion's back in and the challenger's coming in after him...

[On the apron, Lynch is standing as Driscoll rises and approaches. The Texan ducks down, swinging his shoulder into the champion's gut!]

GM: Travis goes low... OVER THE TOP!

[The crowd cheers as Travis drags Driscoll down in a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Driscoll clashes his heels together on Travis' ears, breaking the pin attempt. He promptly rolls under the ropes onto the ring apron as Travis climbs back to his feet...

...and reaches over the top, hooking Driscoll by the hair!]

GM: Uh oh! Travis caught him and it looks like he's going to bring him in the hard way!

[He pulls Driscoll into a front facelock...

...or almost does before the champion sticks a thumb in his eye, causing Travis to wheel around, rubbing his eye in pain. Driscoll grabs Travis by the head, pulling him back into the ropes...]

GM: What is Driscoll trying to-

[...and DROPS down off the apron, snapping the back of Travis' neck off the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a counter by the champion!

[Driscoll dives between the top and middle ropes into a lateral press, placing his feet on the second rope for leverage!]

GM: No, no! His feet are on the ropes, ref!

BW: The ref doesn't see them!

[A two count follows before Travis is able to escape despite the feet on the ropes.]

GM: Two count only! What power on the part of Travis Lynch to kick out despite the illegal assist that Driscoll was getting from the second rope!

BW: Hrm? Must've missed that.

GM: You just said the ref didn't see his feet on the ropes!

BW: You might need to get your ears checked out, Gordo. Poor guy. Old age comes for us all at some point, don't it?

[Gordon sighs as Driscoll climbs off the mat, raining down stomps on the downed Lynch, trying to keep him down on the canvas before he can get back to his feet.]

GM: Driscoll's laying in those stomps on the challenger, keeping him down on the mat...

[Travis is fighting to get to his feet as Driscoll continues to rain down blows on him. A hard uppercut to the chin of the kneeling Travis sends him falling back into the corner as Driscoll winds up, laying in a second one on the jaw!]

GM: Driscoll switching up to the fisticuffs, desperately trying to regain the edge in this one. Travis Lynch has been in control since the bell rang and he's taken a lot out of the champion already.

[A big knife edge chop across the chest has Travis reeling. Driscoll sets his feet, letting a second one fly before grabbing Travis by the arm, whipping him across the ring. Driscoll falls to a knee from the effort as Travis SLAMS backfirst into the buckles, his head and neck snapping back in a whiplash-type motion!]

GM: Ohhh! That'll send you right to the chiropractor!

[Driscoll approaches the corner, grabbing Lynch and taking him down into a seated position with a snap mare. He backs to the corner, throwing his head back before surging forward, leaping into a rolling neck snap!]

GM: Oh!

BW: And if the first one didn't get your neck out of whack, that one CERTAINLY did!

[Lynch winces in pain, grabbing at the back of his neck as Driscoll climbs back to his feet, arrogantly looking out at the Hawaii crowd who jeers loudly.]

GM: The National Champion is no favorite of these fans here in Hawaii.

BW: Who cares? Not "Diamond" Rob, daddy!

GM: That much is evident. And you have to imagine that Miss Sandra Hayes, the so-called Perfect Ten, is somewhere back in that locker room enjoying this one right now.

[Driscoll moves in on the rising Lynch who throws a wild right hand to the jaw of the National Champion!]

GM: Driscoll gets caught!

[But the champion straightens up, throwing two stiff uppercuts to the chin that puts Travis back on his heels, falling back into the corner again.]

GM: Driscoll moving in on him again, grabbing a handful of hair...

[He charges across the ring, looking to slam Travis' head into the top turnbuckle...

...but again, Travis slams on the brakes, this time using a boot to block it, swinging an elbow back into the midsection!]

GM: Travis goes downstairs and-

[He grabs Driscoll under the arms, flinging him into the corner.]

GM: Whoa!

[Lynch launches into an attack, battering Driscoll with closed fists to the skull, landing blow after blow with the crowd roaring in support for him!]

GM: TRAVIS IS TAKING THE FIGHT TO THE NATIONAL CHAMPION!

[With Driscoll taking all these shots, he collapses down into a seated position as the referee steps in, forcing Travis to step back. Lynch spins around, giving off a roar as he pulls his arms down in anger.]

GM: The challenger is FIRED up, fans!

[Stomping back in towards the corner, Lynch goes to attack but the referee cuts him off, standing between Lynch and Driscoll!]

GM: Come on, ref! Get out of his way!

BW: Hey, the man's in the corner! He's supposed to be safe in there!

[Lynch nudges past the referee, moving in again on Driscoll who reaches up from his kneeling position, hooking the front of Lynch's trunks...

...and YANKS him facefirst into the middle buckle!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Incredible leverage move by the National Champion!

GM: LEVERAGE MOVE?! He pulled the man's tights!

BW: Got a lot of leverage out of it though, didn't he?

[Driscoll drags himself back to his feet, putting the boots to Lynch as he sits against the buckles.]

GM: Come on, ref!

BW: Oh, you had no problem at all with it when Stench wanted to attack the champion in the corner! It was all fine and dandy then! Your love of this stinkin' family is makin' me sick, Myers!

[The National Champion plants his boot on the throat, choking Lynch blatantly.]

GM: He's choking him, ref!

BW: Yeah, maybe he should disqualify him!

GM: No one wants that... well, maybe you and Driscoll.

BW: And Miss Sandra Hayes might not mind either.

[Driscoll grabs the hair, dragging Lynch off the canvas, pulling him into a front facelock...

...and SNAPS him over with a high impact suplex!]

GM: Snap suplex and a beauty out of the National Champion... but no cover at all. Right back up to his feet, stepping up on the middle rope now...

[Driscoll slowly raises his right hand, clenching his fist tightly...]

GM: FISTDROP!

[...and DRIVES the fist down between the eyes of Lynch before settling into a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Lynch's shoulder comes up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt. Still kneeling, Driscoll grabs a handful of hair and rifles his closed fist into the forehead again and again and again...]

GM: Closed fists by Driscoll!

BW: Unlike Travis Stench who uses a closed fist to FINISH the match?! This double standard is ridiculous, Gordo!

[Driscoll climbs to his feet, taking his abuse from the official as he backs off, hands raised in innocence. The crowd is letting him have it.]

GM: The champion moving back in on Travis Lynch who, again, has gotten back to his knees, trying to get back to his feet before Driscoll can-

[The crowd cheers as Lynch lands a right hand to the midsection, catching Driscoll by surprise!]

GM: Big right hand downstairs!

[Lynch lands a second one, causing Driscoll to backpedal as Lynch tries to get up off the mat.]

GM: Lynch fighting back up! What heart out of this young man from Dallas, Texas!

[He moves in on Driscoll...

...who slides a knee up into the gut of Lynch, breaking off his attack. He quickly hooks Lynch by the hair, rushing towards the far ropes, leaping over the top...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SNAPS Lynch's throat down on the top rope, sending him falling backwards and collapsing to a heap on the canvas as Driscoll dives under the ropes, sliding in, lunging into a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Lynch's shoulder again comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Wow! How close was that, fans?! We were a half a count away from Rob Driscoll retaining the title here tonight and remember, this is it for Travis Lynch! If he fails to win the title tonight, he's not getting another shot at it!

[Driscoll pushes up to his knees, breathing heavily, looking up with disdain at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Two count only and Rob Driscoll looks like he can't believe it.

BW: He's gotta stay on Travis though. He can't let the referee's incompetence throw him off his game.

GM: Incompetence?! That was a perfectly fine count!

BW: Says you.

[Driscoll is on his feet, standing over Travis, laying the badmouth on the official as he leans down, grabbing the sitting challenger by the hair, pulling him to his feet...]

GM: Rob Driscoll's gotta find a way to put Travis Lynch down for a three count here tonight-

[Suddenly, Lynch surges up, tucking his head under Driscoll's chin, grabbing him by the back of the head, and drops down to his own knees, driving the top of his skull up into the National Champion's jaw!]

GM: JAWBREAKER! JAWBREAKER! Driscoll lost his focus for a moment and it cost him!

BW: That wouldn't have happened if Sandra was out here! This isn't fair at all, Gordo!

GM: They agreed to it!

[The cheers from the crowd grow in intensity as they sense the tide of the match is about to turn. Lynch slowly pushes back to his feet, giving a whoop as he looks out at the cheering crowd.]

GM: There's no secret who these fans here in Hawaii are solidly behind!

[Lynch drags Driscoll up off the canvas, scooping him up...]

GM: Big bodyslam by Lynch!

[Lynch sets his feet before leaping into the air, driving the point of his elbow down into the chest!]

GM: And a king-sized leaping elbow to follow!

[The challenger rolls into a lateral press, earning a two count of his own before Driscoll kicks out.]

GM: Two count only for Lynch now! Back and forth these two competitors go in one of the great rivalries of 2015!

[Lynch drags Driscoll up again, using a hold on the arm to wing him into the turnbuckles. Driscoll hits hard, staggering out...

...and gets LAUNCHED into the air, thrown through the Hawaii sky with a backdrop!]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[Lynch pumps his fist, giving a war whoop to the crowd that are still bathed in the Hawaii sunlight. Lynch lifts his left hand to the air, showing the Lynch family Iron Claw to the fans who cheer even louder in response.]

GM: Travis is calling for the Iron Claw! He's going to lock that Claw on the AWA National Champion!

[Driscoll rolls to his knees, spotting Lynch coming towards him with his hand at the ready...

...and promptly rolls out, shaking his head.]

GM: What the...?

BW: "Diamond" Rob's calling it a night!

[The crowd jeers loudly as Driscoll snatches up the National Title belt, slinging it over his shoulder. He waves off Lynch dismissively as he starts making his way towards the aisle...

...and Lynch lunges through the ropes, hooking his hand around the skull of the National Champion!]

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Rob Driscoll trapped within the confines of one of the most feared submission holds in all of professional wrestling!]

GM: Driscoll's caught and he's got nowhere to run! Nowhere to hide!

BW: He's also out on the floor! This CAN'T be legal!

[The referee steps in, ordering Lynch to release the hold, screaming and shouting at him. Driscoll reaches up with the other hand, shoving the official in the back, getting him all tangled up between champion and challenger...

...and with the official tied up, Driscoll SWINGS the National Title belt solidly into the skull of Lynch, causing him to fall back through the ropes and down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE- HE HIT HIM WITH THE BELT!

BW: I didn't see that... and neither did the ref!

GM: It was as clear as day... as clear as this Hawaiian sky!

[Driscoll throws the belt aside, diving through the ropes, scrambling into a pin attempt...

...and placing his feet on the middle rope again!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

[But at the last moment, the referee pulls up and points at the feet on the ropes, waving his hands wildly!]

GM: NO! NO! THE REF SAW THE FEET! HE SAW THE FEET!

[Driscoll angrily gets to his feet, shouting at the official, slapping his hands together three times.]

BW: That was a three count, Gordo! It was three and you saw it!

GM: What I saw were the feet of Rob Driscoll on the middle rope trying to get an illegal assist and so did the referee! The referee waved it off and ordered the match to continue but after that shot to the head with the belt, you've gotta wonder if Travis Lynch has anything left!

[The National Champion gets right up in the official's face before spinning around, dragging a limp Lynch off the mat, yanking him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's looking for the Blank Check! Looking for that neckbreaker!

[Driscoll slowly turns it over, ready to drop Lynch on the back of his neck and retain the title...]

GM: He's got him set! He's got him ready!

[...but he takes too long, taunting the fans as he holds Lynch in position, allowing the fiesty Texan to reach back, hooking Driscoll's arms with his own powerful limbs!]

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?!

GM: Lynch has got him... BACKSLIDE!

[The Texan drags Driscoll down to the mat, pinning his shoulders to the canvas...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

[But Driscoll's shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas JUST before the three count!]

BW: NO! TWO COUNT! TWO COUNT ONLY!

[Lynch looks up in disbelief at the official who holds up two fingers. The Texan shakes his head, climbing up off the mat where Driscoll is already coming towards him.]

GM: Right han- blocked!

[The Texan unloads with a right hand of his own, taking Driscoll off his feet!]

GM: Big haymaker by Lynch!

[Driscoll scrambles back up, charging back in...]

GM: He gets dropped again!

[Driscoll climbs up a third time...

...takes a big swing at the air and falls on his back to the mat to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah! Rob Driscoll's on Dream Street, fans!

[Lynch nods, turning to look at the corner.]

BW: Travis Stench is looking at those ropes! What the heck is he think-check that. He's not! Plain and simple!

[The challenger steps out through the ropes, pointing to the corner as he starts to climb.]

GM: The Texas Heartthrob is ascending to the top rope! It's not often that Travis takes to the air, fans!

[Reaching the top, Travis stands up there, raising his arms above his head, looking out at the cheering fans for a brief second before leaping into the air, sailing through the Hawaiian sunshine...

...and DRIVES the point of his elbow into the heart of Rob Driscoll!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ELBOW! RIGHT ON THE MONEY!

[Driscoll is flopping around the mat like a fish out of water as Travis rolls to his side, lunging across, reaching back to snare a leg.]

GM: ONE!!

[The fans are counting along with each slap of the referee's hand to the canvas.]

GM: TWO!!

[You can see the AWA fans - the ones still in their seats at this point anyways - rise in unison to celebrate the title change.]

GM: THREE-

[But just before the three counts lands, the National Champion drapes his right leg over the bottom rope!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: He got out! My stars, the champion now is the one showing his heart and his resiliency to kick out of that flying elbow off the top! Travis Lynch was a heartbeat away from his dream of holding AWA championship gold but he couldn't quite get there!

[The crowd is buzzing with disappointment as a stunned Travis just looks at the referee holding three fingers up. The referee shakes his head no and Travis grabs his head with both hands in disbelief.]

GM: Travis is in shock but he's gotta shake himself out of it! He's gotta get back into this thing and find a way to finish off the National Champion!

“FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY! FIFTEEN MINUTES REMAIN! FIFTEEN MINUTES!”

GM: We've reached the halfway point in the time limit, fans, as Travis Lynch slowly gets back to his feet. He's looking around, trying to figure out what comes next for him...

[Lynch reaches down, dragging a barely-moving Driscoll off the canvas. He lifts him up, dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! Right between the uprights and that'll ruin Driscoll's night!

[Driscoll winces in pain as Travis backs up into the ropes, rushing off them, leaping up to smash a forearm into the jaw...

...but when he connects, Driscoll goes spiraling to the side, colliding with the official and knocking him down to the mat!]

GM: What the-?! He did that... fans, I think Rob Driscoll did that on purpose!

BW: You think he got hit with a flying forearm on purpose?!

GM: NO! I think he threw himself into the referee on purpose!

BW: Whatever he did, he did it well 'cause the official is out flat, daddy!

[Lynch grimaces as he looks down at the referee. He takes a knee, giving Davis Warren a shake or two. He turns, looking outside the ring for help.]

GM: Travis Lynch is obviously concerned about the referee but he needs to keep his focus here. This changes the match but he needs to keep up the attack until this referee gets up or a new one arrives or...whatever!

[Lynch climbs back up off the mat, hands on his hips as he watches Driscoll crawl under the ropes to the ring apron. The Texan shakes his head, marching across in pursuit, leaning over the ropes to haul Driscoll to his feet...]

GM: He's got Driscoll!

[Lynch pulls him into a front facelock, setting for a suplex.]

GM: Lynch is gonna bring him in the hard way!

[The Texan elevates Driscoll, holding him high up in the air, and brings him CRASHING down to the canvas with a suplex!]

GM: Oh my! That'll shake the champion from head to toe!

[Lynch sits up on the mat, nodding to the cheering crowd as he uses the ropes to pull himself back to his feet...

...and holds up his left hand to a huge cheer!]

GM: Lynch is calling for the Discus Punch! He's gonna knock the champion into the middle of next week and... it looks like Davis Warren is starting to stir! He may have only caught a glancing blow from Driscoll!

[The Texan goes into a spin as Driscoll starts to rise...

...and BLASTS the National Champion right on the jaw with the closed fist, sending him flying and crashing down to the canvas. The crowd EXPLODES on impact and then again as Lynch settles into a cover.]

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

BW: You can count to twenty, Gordo, there ain't no ref to count with you!

[Lynch angrily slaps the mat three times, getting another cheer.]

GM: Come on! Get another ref out here or something! Get someone out here to-

[Lynch climbs to his feet, shouting at the ringside officials, pointing at Davis Warren. He walks over to Warren again, leaning down to shake him a few more times, seemingly helping in the efforts to revive him...

...when suddenly, the crowd begins to buzz with concern!]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second!

[With Lynch on his feet, the crowd noise alerts him to a problem just as someone dives headfirst under the bottom rope. Lynch rushes him, arm extended...]

GM: Who is that?!

[Whoever it is ducks the clothesline, causing Lynch to hit the ropes, rebounding back...

...and getting lifted up by the upper thighs, pivoting...]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!

[Lynch is DRIVEN down into the canvas by the textbook spinebuster as the identity of the man becomes crystal clear.]

GM: What the... that's Dave Cooper! That's the Professional!

BW: Perfect timing!

GM: What in the world is he doing here?!

[Cooper grabs Driscoll by the arm, dragging him over the prone Lynch. He grabs the official, pulling him over and throwing him down next to the pin attempt as well before moving to the floor...]

GM: No! Not like this!

[The referee tiredly hits the mat once...]

GM: Come on, Travis!

[He slowly lifts his arm, slapping the canvas a second time...]

GM: It can't end like this! Somebody needs to-

[The arm comes up again, slowly coming down...

...to hit the mat!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Aaaagh. I can't believe it!

[Dave Cooper thrusts his arms up into the air, celebrating from his spot at ringside. The crowd is ROARING with disdain for what they just saw as Cooper rolls back in, pulling Driscoll up to his feet.]

GM: Look at him! He can't even stand!

BW: Stand or not, Rob Driscoll is STILL the AWA National Champion and Travis Stench just blew his last shot at it all! He'll NEVER get another shot at Rob Driscoll and the National Title!

GM: This is... this is wrong, Bucky. This is a travesty. It's a sham. It's... I can't believe it. What in the world is Dave Cooper even doing here?!

BW: A smart person always has an insurance policy... especially for a Diamond! Hahahaa!

[Cooper literally drags Driscoll from the ring, stopping to pick up the National Title as the two men work their way back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: A miscarriage of justice in the center of the ring here in Hawaii! Fans, let's go to break - I can't stand the sight of these two!

[Fade to black.

We cut to Supernova standing before the camera. He is dressed in a tuxedo. He has his face painted as well, which makes it all the more amusing he's dressed in a Tux.]

S: My name is Supernova.

[We cut back to a wider shot. Behind Supernova, on the wall, is a lifelike facsimile of himself, which he motions back to.]

S: And this is a Fathead. A lifelike wall decal. People keep mistaking the Fathead for me, and it's ruining my life.

[Mark Stegglet enters the shot, mic in hand. He approaches the Fathead Supernova.]

MS: Supernova, you've got a title shot coming up. Are you ready for it?

[Mark seems puzzled that the Fathead doesn't respond. We go back to Supernova.]

S: I'm not the only one who is experiencing this problem. Every day, Fatheads are being mistaken for all kinds of AWA wrestlers.

Ryan Martinez.

[Cut to a shot of a Martinez Fathead, in the room of a child who is pumping his fist like he just won the World title.]

S: Supreme Wright.

[Cut to a shot of a Wright Fathead, in the room of another child, his index finger raised and mouthing "Best in the World!"]

S: Travis Lynch.

[Cut to a shot of a Travis Lynch Fathead, in the room of a teenage girl, who is jumping up and down.]

S: Even Frankie Farelli.

[Cut to a shot of a Farelli Fathead, on the wall of a New England Patriots fan's living room. We know he's a Patriots fan because he wears a Tom Brady jersey. We cut back to Supernova.]

S: A Fathead is a great addition to any room, but please remember not to confuse one for the real thing. The easiest way to tell the difference between a wrestler and a Fathead is to just ask them how they are doing. A real wrestler is going to say they are lonely, because they aren't being talked to any more. But a Fathead will not respond, because it's a wall decal.

[Cut back to Stegglet, still standing in front of the Supernova Fathead.]

MS: Supernova, you aren't mad at me, are you?

[Fade to black.

Fade back up on the backstage area where a cameraman is walking towards Johnny Detson who we can see in the distance. Gordon's voice is heard over the scene.]

GM: Folks, our cameras have been following Johnny Detson all night waiting for the moment when he finally announces someone as his tag team partner! So far, no word yet on whether he has a partner or whether this will be a handicap match.

BW: What? No they can't do that! He's the Standard. I think you're getting far too much enjoyment out of this!

GM: Well, once again, let's check in with Johnny Detson, folks.

[We cut backstage where a disheveled Johnny Detson is pacing back and forth, cell phone up against his ear.]

JD: Did you hear? Hannibal Carver! Yes I know! He can't stay away! Completely unfair! Completely!

[Detson paces back and forth, not paying the camera any mind.]

JD: Well, if that's how they want to play it, fine! They're forcing our hand! Just tell Morgan to get here and we'll settle this once and for all.

[A smile forms on Detson's face but its ever so quick because whatever is being told to him on the other end makes him stop in his tracks completely.]

JD: What do you mean he's not here?! JAPAN?! But I...

[Detson pauses as he listens.]

JD: I understand.

[Detson ends the call and with a scream he chucks the phone into the wall where it smashes into pieces. Detson finally looks up and sees the camera. Now white as a ghost, he storms off.]

We fade to another part of backstage where Mark Stegglet stands alone, microphone in hand.]

MS: It was a year ago, in the event we will watch later tonight that my guest earned the nickname "Iron Cowboy" for his incredible marathon performance. He came up just short last year, but this year, I know he's looking for more than just a nickname. This year, he's determined to win.

So without further ado, the King of Cowboys, Jack Lynch!

[As Stegglet beckons him forward, Jack Lynch emerges into the camera's view. Lynch is already dressed for the ring, wearing his trunks and boots. Over his chest, he has on a simple black t-shirt, and over that, a long black duster.]

JL: Hell of an intro there, Mark.

MS: Let's get right to it. Tonight, if you win the Rumble, you'll have something that has eluded you for the entirety of your time here in the AWA – a shot at the World Heavyweight Title.

[Lynch nods.]

JL: Ain't that somethin' Mark. All this time, and I ain't never had a shot at the gold. Some people, they say its because I ain't never wanted a shot at the big belt. Well, lemme tell ya somethin', nothin' could be further from the truth.

Its just that every time I turn around, there's a Lake or a Wright or a damn Bully that needs to have his butt kicked first.

But after SuperClash, after I put Demetrius Lake down, I made a promise to myself. I would be champion again. And as I lay in my bed, rehabbin' my shoulder after Supreme Wright damn near tore my arm off, I kept remindin' myself of that promise. Now, the war ain't over between the men of Team Supreme and myself, but tonight ain't about that war. It's about keepin' promises.

And that promise I made myself? I'm gonna make it to everyone whose ever cheered for me or bought a ticket to watch me get it done in the ring.

MS: What promise is that?

JL: This time next time year, I will be a world champion.

Now, it might be that after we win the Cup, me and Bobby take those World Tag titles. And ya know what Mark? Nothin' would make me happier than bein' a World Champ alongside Bobby. But see, that opportunity hasn't rolled around yet. If it does? You bet your butt I'm gonna seize it.

But tonight, there's a chance right in front of me, and I ain't one to pass up somethin' like this.

MS: But between you and that World Title opportunity you're so hungry for is a field of twenty nine men.

JL: You're right, and it's a hell of a field, Mark.

MS: Let's talk about just a few of those men. Let's begin with the big question. What is going to happen if it comes down to you and your partner, Bobby O'Connor?

[Lynch grows thoughtful a moment, his hand rubbing his chin.]

JL: If it comes down to me and Bobby, then I expect that both of us are gonna go at it with all we got. It ain't like Bobby has been given chance after chance for that title either, Mark. Bobby and I? We've talked about this. And we have an understandin'. Tonight is about reachin' out to grab that ever elusive brass ring. And if my face is between Bobby and it it? I expect him to punch me.

'Cuz he knows I'm gonna do the same.

Bobby is as much my brother as Jimmy or Trav. But he and I are both are both in this business to make a future for ourselves and to achieve at the highest levels. If Bobby wins, and that comes at my expense? Then I'm gonna shake his hand and be there every step of the way, helpin' him to prepare for his shot.

Ain't no question Bobby'll do the same for me.

MS: Good to hear. Now, just a few other names. First off, a man that many think is the favorite to win this match, I'm talking about KING Oni.

[Lynch lets out a low whistle.]

JL: Well Mark, you're talkin' about a whole lotta beef off the hoof.

Oni is a big, bad man. But I've fought big, bad men before. And I've spent a lot of time wonderin' how I was gonna get his big behind over the top rope.

But I think I got me an answer. See, I'm gonna lift this arm of mine right here...

[Lynch puts up his right arm.]

JL: I'm gonna bend it a bit, just like this...

[Lynch's arm bends forward.]

JL: And I'm gonna hit Oni with a half dozen lariats. And if that don't work? Well, a dozen more oughta do the trick. Ain't no one gonna lift up big old Oni and dump him over the top rope.

But I ain't never seen no one I couldn't lariat right over the top rope.

MS: I'd day that will get the job done. There are a lot of powerhouses in that match. The Gladiator, Kraken, Brian James, Hercules Hammonds, these are not small men.

JL: You know what they say Mark – the bigger they are, the harder they hit the floor when I send 'em flyin'.

MS: There's one final man I want to ask you about. A man you're very familiar with, Cain Jackson.

[Lynch's expression visibly hardens, anger coming to his eyes.]

JL: Earlier, I said that tonight wasn't about my war with Team Supreme, but that ain't exactly true. Because you can get your bottom dollar that, every chance I get, I'm gonna take it right to Cain.

Jackson, you attacked me, and you stole my property. And I ain't my damn hat back. That was a gift, and you got no right to it. And until its returned, I'm gonna be takin' pieces outta your hide.

MS: One final question. If you do win the Rumble tonight, who do you want to face? Johnny Detson or Ryan Martinez?

JL: Well, that's a trick question, ain't it?

MS: How so?

JL: Well Mark, let me make one thing clear. I'd love to get the chance to put my fist in that big loud mouth of Detson's. But there's no way, no way at all, that Ryan is goin' down to Detson. I know the White Knight, and I know he's ready for whatever Detson's got for him.

So who do I want to face? I wanna face the World Champ. And I already know who that's gonna be. Hell, I guess you could say, we can all count on who'll be leavin' Japan with the belt.

Tonight though, tonight's not about Japan or anythin' else. Tonight is about the Iron Cowboy takin' his shot and makin' it to the end.

[A nod from Stegglet.]

MS: You heard it fans. Jack Lynch is ready to take his shot at glory! Fans, it's time for the big match so let's head to the ring!

[Crossfade to a panning shot of War Memorial Stadium as Phil Watson's voice rings out.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, it is now time for the annual RUMBLE!

[Big cheer! The shot cuts to Watson in the ring as he runs down the ruins.]

PW: Thirty competitors have chosen randomly drawn numbers to determine their order of entry. In just a few moments, the men who drew numbers one and two will make their way to the ring. Every two minutes thereafter, another competitor will enter the ring. The only way to be eliminated is to go OVER the top rope and have both feet touch the floor. The LAST MAN REMAINING will be the winner and will earn a future shot at the AWA World Heavyweight Title!

[Another big cheer!]

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

[Green and white lighting hits the entryway as the video screen lights up, split in half with "KEN" on one side and "TA" on the other. They flash rhythmically, the left then the right as the crowd ROARS, starting to chant along with it.]

"KEN-TA!" "KEN-TA!" "KEN-TA!"

[There's even louder cheers as the very first Todd Michaelson student comes into view, clad in a pair of green and white trunks, kneepads, and boots.]

GM: Kenta Kitukawa is the unluckiest man in the building, drawing #1 and being forced to battle his way through 29 other competitors if he hopes to earn himself a shot at the World Heavyweight Title.

BW: And I know that none of us will ever forget that epic battle he had against Supreme Wright for that very title last spring at the original Rising Sun Showdown!

GM: Absolutely not. Kitukawa is representing the colors of his teacher, Todd Michaelson, here tonight, fans. Wearing that green and white that has been such a trademark for Todd Michaelson since his days in the ring and now translated over into the official colors for the Combat Corner.

[Kitzukawa climbs into the ring, drawing even more cheers as he raises an arm. He moves to stand in the corner, his black hair cut in what's close to a bowl cut. His body is smooth, very little muscle mass.]

GM: In just two weeks, Kenta Kitzukawa will team with Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor, the TexMo Connection, to take on the makeshift squad of Cain Jackson, Tony Donovan, and Wes Taylor in what has now been revealed to be a Copa de Trios qualifying match. But tonight, he's not thinking about Rising Sun Showdown II... he's not thinking about Copa de Trios... he's thinking about this 30 man Rumble and winning himself a shot at the World Heavyweight Title! Just imagine what kind of battle he'd have against Ryan Martinez, Bucky.

BW: Nowhere near the level of what he'd have against Johnny Detson.

GM: That's a debatable point to be certain. But now, let's see who drew Number 2.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And now... the man who drew number t-

[Before Phil can get the words out of his mouth, he's interrupted by the sounds of ZZ Top's "Beer Drinkers & Hell Raisers."]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at the sight of Tony Donovan and Wes Taylor walking through the curtain into view - both dressed in street clothes. On this night, those clothes consist of t-shirts, jeans, and cowboy boots. Tony's t-shirt reads, "Third Time's the Charm" down the front.]

GM: What are these two doing out here, Bucky? Neither one of them are in the Rumble!

BW: Which is a crying shame if you ask me, Gordo. It's bad enough that Air Strike keeps ducking them but to be shut out of one of the biggest matches of the year while making room for stooges like Sweet Daddy Williams is a travesty.

GM: I don't care if it's a national disaster. They've got no business being out here.

[The duo climbs into the ring. Kitzukawa puts his back to the ropes, ready to defend himself if necessary as Wes Taylor snatches the mic away from Phil Watson.]

WT: We did it! We drew Number Two!

[The crowd pours down the boos. Taylor waves them off dismissively.]

WT: Alright, fine... you caught us. We didn't draw Number Two. In fact, the powers that be - Hey, Pops! - chose not to even include us on this show.

[That one gets cheers! Donovan looks disgusted, grabbing the mic.]

TD: Kind of depressing to know that AWA fans don't get any smarter once you get out of the South, ain't it, Wes?

[Tony hands the mic back, smirking.]

WT: That's right. Like we're going to worry about the opinion of a bunch of people who think the TexMo Connection are the greatest thing since sliced bread.

[Another big cheer! Taylor's turn to look irritated.]

WT: Jack Lynch got on the mic two weeks ago to give you all a history lesson about his family's history with Tony's. But let me clear something up for you, Jack... Tony... he ain't his old man.

[Donovan shakes his head assertively.]

WT: And me? I ain't Adam Rogers or that other scrub they dug up to try and recreate the past. We're not the Beale Street Bullies, Jack... but we do admire their style when it comes to certain things.

TD: Oh, yes we do. See, Jack, I'm a nice guy, so when someone does me a favor I try to repay it in kind. You gave us a little history lesson about what happened the last time a Lynch tried to step to a Donovan, but you left the most important part out, and what kind of man would I be if I didn't fill in the gaps for you?

[Tony grins.]

TD: Yeah, you broke up the Bullies, ran the only man older than my dad and their wannabe little brother off...and all it cost you was the throwaway brother, Jack.

[Taylor chuckles.]

WT: And speaking of Jack's partners getting crippled... oh, hey Kenta... you didn't think we forgot about you, did-

[Taylor swings the mic, smashing Kenta Kitzukawa between the eyes with it as Tony Donovan lunges at his legs, taking them out from under him.]

GM: Oh, come on! This is the Rumble and these two kids with attitude problems are trying to ruin it!

[Taylor stays on Kitzukawa's torso, rifling right hands into the forehead as Donovan rolls out to the floor, swinging Kitzukawa's legs out under the ropes.]

GM: What is- NO!

[The crowd groans as Tony Donovan lifts Kitzukawa's leg up into the air, swinging it down hard so that the back of the knee SLAMS down into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan grabs the leg again, swinging it down a second time... and a third... and a fourth as Wes Taylor rolls out to the floor, shoving the timekeeper out of his chair...]

GM: NO, NO, NOOOO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! RIGHT ACROSS THE KNEE WITH THAT STEEL CHAIR!

[Taylor turns the chair, tilting it so that he's got it held across his chest, and DRIVES the edge of the seat back into the knee once... twice... three times... four times... five times...]

...when suddenly, the crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

GM: HERE COMES THE CAVALRY!

[Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch come tearing into view, racing around the ring to where Taylor and Donovan are standing...]

...and run right into a brawl, throwing fists at the two young rulebreakers!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT OUT ON THE FLOOR!

[A sea of AWA officials and security come pouring from the locker room area, rushing onto the scene to try and separate the four brawling men. AWA medical personnel can be seen rushing down the aisle as well.]

GM: We've got to get some control out here! Fans, the Rumble will get going right after this!

BW: But will Kitzukawa be in it?!

GM: We're going to find out after this break!

[The brawl is still going, Lynch lacing into Taylor with right hands while Donovan and O'Connor tussle near the timekeeper's table. Kitzukawa is down on the mat, face white with pain as he grips his knee. Fade to black.]

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"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."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"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 when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"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...]

We return from commercial to find the chaos settled in and around the ring while a masked man is climbing through the ropes.]

GM: We're back here on All-Star Showdown, fans, where Kenta Kitukawa was medically ruled unable to compete by AWA Head Physician, Dr. Bob Ponavitch. A quick notification was made to AWA officials back in the locker room who-

BW: Literally grabbed the first guy they could find and sent him out here to compete?

GM: Well, I don't know about that but you have to believe that Futurestar was not high on the list of men scheduled as alternates for tonight's Rumble event.

[Even Futurestar looks a little overwhelmed by this turn of events, scanning his eyes back and forth across the sold-out crowd who are still buzzing over what they just saw.]

GM: A brutal assault by Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan has taken Kenta Kitukawa OUT of the 2015 edition of the Rumble... and so much for a showing of cross-promotional ties here tonight, Bucky. With Demetrius Lake's despicable actions earlier tonight directed at Prince Izumi and then what just happened with Taylor and Donovan, AWA officials have to be embarrassed by what they're seeing. Now, with Futurestar entering at #1, we're waiting to see who pulled the second number.

[Phil Watson's voice rings out... again.]

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

[There's a pregnant pause as anticipation builds throughout the War Memorial Stadium until...]

GM: Cain Jackson! The interim leader of Team Supreme draws #2 and I smell a rat, fans!

BW: Huh?!

GM: You expect me to believe it's a coincidence that the men who will team with Cain Jackson two weeks from tonight just happened to be out here to take out one of his chief opposition?!

BW: Well, I hadn't thought of it that way but... wow! What a brilliant strategist Cain Jackson is turning out to be! All that time at the learning tree under Supreme Wright really has him ready for this challenge!

[Jackson is looking quite smug as he makes his way down the aisle towards the ring. He pauses just before the squared circle, turning to look at the jeering fans. He points at them, running them down for a bit...

...when all of a sudden, Futurestar dashes across the ring, dropping down into a baseball slide, driving both feet into the back of Jackson's head!]

GM: OHHH! LOOK AT THAT, BUCKY!

BW: Where the heck did THAT come from?!

GM: That's a man, in Futurestar, who wants to win the Rumble and he's willing to take a chance to do it!

[AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger signals for the bell to officially start the 2015 Rumble as Futurestar climbs to his feet on the ring apron.]

GM: The Rumble is off and running here in Hawaii, here on All-Star Showdown, and right here LIVE and in living color on the FOX Network, fans!

[Futurestar looks back at Cain Jackson who is coming towards the ring...

...and throws a back kick into the mush, stunning the bigger man!]

GM: Oh! What a boot to the mouth!

[Grabbing the top rope, the masked man leaps into the air, landing on the second rope, springing back with a twisting somersault into a plancha on Jackson, wiping both men out on the floor as the crowd goes banana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FUTURESTAR IS SHOWING US SOMETHING HERE TONIGHT, FANS!
WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN, THIS MAN IS WILLING TO DIG DEEP IN AN
EFFORT TO WIN IT ALL!

BW: He's showing some brains too because he did that off the middle rope,
not going over the top. In the past, we've seen high flyers get so caught up
in the moment, they've actually eliminated THEMSELVES! Not this kid... not
yet at least.

GM: And I hate to use the pun but if this masked man can go the distance,
then he truly will be a future star!

BW: Ugggh. You had to go there, didn't you?

[Gordon chuckles as the masked competitor climbs to his feet, rolling under
the ropes into the ring. He gets up, thrusting his arms into the air to a big
cheer from the crowd...

...and starts running in place, pointing out towards the rising Cain Jackson!]

GM: What in the world...?!

[The Hawaii fans are solidly behind the young underdog as he dashes to the
ropes, rebounding off towards Cain Jackson who is now on his feet, hurling
himself between the ropes in a suicide dive...

...and getting CLUBBED with a double axehandle blow to the forehead,
leaving Futurestar hung out to dry over the middle rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: He caught him, Gordo! Cain Jackson's mama didn't raise no fool!

GM: I don't know about that but he certainly did... wait a second! Wait one
second!

[Jackson reaches up, hooking a front facelock on Futurestar who is hanging
between the ropes. He slings an arm over his neck, slowly backing up...

...and LIFTS the much-smaller man up into a vertical suplex!]

GM: Put him down! Put him down right now!

BW: I'm pretty sure that's the intention, Gordo...

[Jackson falls back, slamming Futurestar's body down into the barely-
padded floor with the suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! What a hard fall to the floor by Futurestar and his night
may be over before it really got going!

[Jackson hauls the masked man's limp form off the floor, chucking him under the ropes.]

BW: Now there's only one thing left to do, Gordo.

[The former convict climbs up on the apron, swinging a leg over the top rope to enter the ring officially for the first time.]

GM: And as Cain Jackson steps into the ring at last, we're down to about fifteen seconds before the next competitor enters this thing.

BW: Two minutes sounds like a long time, Gordo, but in a match like this, it can go by just like that!

GM: Cain Jackson dragging Futurestar off the mat, perhaps looking for the first elimination of the 2015 Rumble...

[Grabbing the back of his tights, Cain Jackson rushes towards the ropes, flinging Futurestar over the top, turning his back and raising his arms in triumph...

...and not noticing that Futurestar managed to hook an arm over the top rope, scrambling to stay on the apron!]

GM: No! No! He's not out! He's not out of the ring!

[Futurestar grabs the top rope with both hands, leaping to the top rope and springing off with a dropkick right to the chest, sending Jackson tumbling down to the mat as the countdown begins...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZT!

[The crowd ROARS to life as Juan Vasquez comes tearing through the curtain, jogging down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Juan Vasquez, winner of the Mayhem Match back in May which gives him absolute power on an upcoming edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, certainly ended up in a rough spot here tonight. Coming in at three makes for a long night ahead of him.

BW: It does... and you could tell that the fans realized that as well. As happy as they are to see Vasquez, they quickly calculated his odds of winning this thing coming in this early and quieted down.

GM: But if anyone is capable of going close to the distance, it's Juan Vasquez!

[Vasquez slides headfirst under the bottom rope, coming up with his fist reared back...

...and spotting Futurestar in the same pose waiting for him. The fans cheer as Vasquez holds up, a smile flashing across his face.]

GM: And this can't be what Vasquez was expecting to find out here!

[Vasquez lowers his fist, hands on his hips as he talks to Futurestar. Futurestar slowly points to Cain Jackson as the crowd goes nuts!]

GM: I think Futurestar is proposing an alliance, Bucky!

BW: Wait! That's not fair! It's every man for himself!

GM: It certainly is but that's never stopped the Rumble from having some strange bedfellows in the past!

[Vasquez nods, reaching out to shake hands with Futurestar as the crowd ROARS!]

GM: Oh yeah! An alliance has been formed... and just in time!

[With Cain Jackson pulling himself to his feet in the corner. Vasquez backs to the opposite corner as Futurestar grabs him by the arm, whipping him across the ring...

...where Vasquez leaps into the air, driving both knees flush into the chest of Jackson with enough impact that the Team Supreme leader slumps down into the corner, resting against the buckles as Vasquez marches back across where Futurestar is standing, grabbing him by the arm for a whip of his own...]

BW: This is a joke, Myers!

[Futurestar leaps into the air, hanging in the Hawaiian sky for a moment, and DRIVES his feet into the face of Cain Jackson with a high impact dropkick!]

GM: OH MY! Juan Vasquez and Futurestar have got Cain Jackson reeling!

[Vasquez and Futurestar share a high five in the middle of the ring, both men turning to salute the fans...

...which is Vasquez' cue to wheel around, hooking Futurestar by the tights, hurling him over the top rope!]

GM: OH!

[But again, Futurestar is able to stay on the apron, leaving Vasquez to try and knock him to the floor.]

GM: You said it yourself, Bucky. It's every man for himself and Juan Vasquez quickly proved that fact as he tried to pull a fast one on the masked man!

[Vasquez grabs hold of the back of the head, using one of his brutal headbutts to knock Futurestar down to a knee. The Hall of Famer backs off, dashing to the far ropes...]

GM: Here comes Vasquez!

[...but Futurestar slingshots himself between the top and middle ropes, dropping Vasquez with a flying spear! Much of the crowd cheers the young underdog's moxie as he lays out a Hall of Famer, falling back and throwing his arms down as he gets to his knees.]

GM: Futurestar is fired up here tonight! This is a once in a lifetime chance on national television for this young man to show the world what he's made of and that's EXACTLY what he's doing, fans!

[Futurestar slowly climbs off the mat, grabbing at his forehead as he gets up and the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[Boos ring out throughout the War Memorial Stadium as The Lost Boy comes stomping out into view. "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett leads him part of the way down the aisle before being told by AWA officials that he must turn back. Fawcett obliges, releasing The Lost Boy from his collar and sending him barking and howling towards the ring.]

GM: The Lost Boy draws #4... fans, we've got to take another quick break but the Rumble will continue when we come back!

[The Lost Boy is about halfway down the aisle as we fade to black.]

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com.

As we fade back up, we find Futurestar dangling upside down from a set of turnbuckles as The Lost Boy repeatedly stomps his heavy boots into the upper chest of the trapped superstar.]

GM: We're back here LIVE in Hawaii on the FOX Network as The Lost Boy is taking his aggressions out on Futurestar!

BW: I gotta take umbrage with the AWA officials who wouldn't allow Doctor Fawcett to come out here. He NEEDS to be out here for this, Gordo. The Lost Boy is a wild animal... a savage... he can't be controlled by things like rules and regulations. The AWA has put EVERYONE in serious jeopardy by forcing Doctor Fawcett to stay in the locker room.

GM: You may be right, Bucky, but those are the rules. No managers, valets, or seconds are allowed out here during this match. If they were, we'd no doubt see all of Team Supreme out here supporting Cain Jackson.

BW: Moral support.

GM: I'm guessing it would be a lot more than moral support with those guys.

[A hard boot to the gut forces Futurestar to sit up, trying to free himself as The Lost Boy gets a running start, leaping up, and landing on his knees as he smashes a clubbing forearm across the chest, knocking the masked man back down!]

GM: The Lost Boy is really doing a number on Futurestar as we tick down the seconds until the fifth man in this match will enter the squared circle.

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[Cheers go up from the capacity crowd as the "sweetest chocolate outside of Hershey," Willie Hammer comes jogging into view. Hammer's puffing out his cheeks, pointing to the ring where we now see that Juan Vasquez has been shoved back into a corner by Cain Jackson who is unloading with standing back elbows to the side of the head!]

GM: Willie Hammer draws #5!

BW: To win this thing, that fat lump is gonna have to go almost an hour? I don't think so, Gordo.

GM: You never know though. Anything can happen here in the AWA!

[Hammer slides under the bottom rope, rushing towards the corner, leaping up and smashing a forearm into the back of Cain Jackson's head to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: And Willie Hammer wastes no time in going right for Cain Jackson. Both of these men have Combat Corner experience in their backgrounds. Of course, Hammer actually graduated from the Corner while Cain Jackson dropped out early at the orders of Supreme Wright.

[Hammer holds Jackson's arms back, leaving him wide open for Juan Vasquez who buries a right hand into the midsection.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has been known to spend some time at the Corner as a guest trainer too so who knows what interactions he's had with these two young men in his time there.

[Vasquez lands a second blow before the duo pushes Cain Jackson back against the ropes, each one grabbing an arm for a double whip.]

GM: Hammer and Vasquez working in tandem... double back elbow takes Jackson off his feet!

[With Jackson down on the canvas between them, Vasquez and Hammer lock eyes. Hammer's eyes go wide as he points down at the leader of Team Supreme...

...and then points at Juan Vasquez who cracks a grin.]

GM: Oh yeah! I think we all knows what's coming here!

[Puffing out his cheeks, running in place, Hammer nods his head at the Hawaii crowd that is roaring in anticipation.]

GM: Both men to the ropes!

[Vasquez leaps up into the air, dropping backfirst down across the prone Jackson, rolling clear...]

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

[...as Hammer takes flight, dropping a big senton of his own to a huge reaction!]

GM: SHADES OF JUAN VASQUEZ! OH YEAH!

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, pointing out to the cheering fans as Willie Hammer gets up off the mat...

...and rushes Vasquez from behind, drawing his right hand back!]

GM: Wait a second!

[The Hall of Famer wheels around, catching Willie Hammer in mid-step. Hammer promptly lowers his arm, shaking his head back and forth!]

BW: He's... he's trying to DENY it?! We all saw it, Gordo!

GM: Willie Hammer's telling Vasquez that he had no intention of tossing Juan from behind!

[Vasquez cocks his head in disbelief, hands on his hips as he looks at Willie Hammer who raises his hands, shaking his head repeatedly.]

GM: Vasquez is asking the crowd!

[Juan looks to one side of the building, most of whom boo the idea of Hammer trying to eliminate Vasquez.]

GM: They saw it!

[He turns to another side, pointing to them... who boo as well. Hammer shakes his head, putting a finger to his lips towards the crowd. Juan walks back out to the center of the ring, still looking at Hammer who tries to explain himself, turning towards the fans to do so...]

GM: Hammer's offering up his hand! He says he wants to still be allies!

BW: Of course he does! He got caught!

[Hammer reaches out his hand insistently as Vasquez eyes it...

...and then slowly reaches his hand out to accept it, shaking the Combat Corner graduate's hand.]

GM: And all is well between Juan Vasquez and Willie Hammer.

[Until Hammer turns his back, looking out at the cheering fans...

...and Vasquez rushes him from the blind side, hooking a handful of tights and HURLING him over the top rope, throwing him down to the floor to cheers and laughter from the crowd. Juan shrugs his shoulder at Hammer who looks up in disbelief at his ally.]

GM: Well, it IS every man for himself.

BW: I think Juan Vasquez just taught Willie Hammer a very valuable lesson about watching your back in a match like this, Gordo.

GM: And in doing so, Juan Vasquez scores the first elimination of the match as the countdown begins again...

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[As the buzzer sounds, the cheers go up for the young lion, Derrick Williams, as he jogs down the aisle, passing a dejected Willie Hammer as he heads towards the ring.]

GM: Derrick Williams draws Number Six! The student of "Wild Thing" Kevin Slater, a former World Champion in his own right, is heading into the ring to see if he can earn a shot at his own World Championship.

[Williams slides under the bottom rope, rushing towards the corner to bail out Futurestar with a clubbing forearm across the shoulderblades of The Lost Boy.]

GM: Williams picking up where he left off at SuperClash, picking a fight with a member of "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett's... family.

BW: The Lost Boy didn't seem to like that, Gordo.

[The Lost Boy slowly turns to face Williams, his face curled up in a snarl. Williams rears back, landing an elbow shot to the jaw.]

GM: Oh! Hard shot by Williams!

BW: But no effect on The Lost Boy!

[The face-painted wildman snarls and then barks at the young grappler, causing a puzzled look to cross the face of Williams who looks over towards Juan Vasquez who simply shrugs and then mimes hitting the Lost Boy again.]

BW: In the wise words of a veteran, hit him again.

GM: Good advice.

[Williams lands a second elbow strike to the side of the head but The Lost Boy throws back his head in an anguished howl...

...and Williams grabs hold of his dirty, matted hair with his left hand, winding up and throwing the right!]

GM: ELBOW! ELBOW! ELBOW

[The series of blows starts to take effect, driving The Lost Boy back against the turnbuckles where Williams continues to hammer away, forcing the Lost Boy down to a knee.]

GM: Williams is still coming! There's no rules in this - anything goes - and Williams is taking advantage of that, pouring on the pressure with those elbowstrikes!

[The Lost Boy slumps down to a seated position in the corner as Williams peels away, giving a triumphant shout...

...and clears out as Juan Vasquez comes charging across, DRIVING his knee into the jaw of The Lost Boy!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Williams has got The Lost Boy down and that's where Juan Vasquez takes advantage of the situation!

[Vasquez gives a gesture to Williams to help him get the wild one up to his feet. Williams obliges and soon, the duo are trying to upend The Lost Boy over the ropes to score an elimination.]

GM: They've got The Lost Boy in trouble! Vasquez and Williams working together to try and eliminate Fawcett's new pet!

[The Lost Boy loops his arm under the top rope, hanging on as each fan favorite grabs a leg, trying to tip the savage animal back over the ropes for the elimination!]

GM: The Lost Boy is hanging on for dear life as Juan Vasquez and Derrick Williams try to show him the hard way over the top rope and down to the floor below!

BW: At which point Vasquez will stab Williams in the back and throw him over the top.

GM: You don't know that, Bucky.

BW: Weren't you paying attention? He just did that to Willie Hammer.

[As the fan favorites struggle to get The Lost Boy over the top rope, Futurestar manages to get free from the ropes, collapsing in the corner to recover while Cain Jackson takes a knee in the corner, breathing heavily.]

GM: We've got five men in the ring and we're about to be joined by a sixth! Who's it gonna be?

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[The crowd jeers at the sight of the Fighting Irishman, Callum Mahoney, lumbering down the aisle towards the ring. He shouts insults at the aisle-side fans giving him a hard time, staring down at the ring where five men are already battling it out.]

GM: Callum Mahoney draws Number Seven and I get the feeling that Mahoney enjoys a match like this, Bucky.

BW: You kidding me? This is like Saturday night for him. Head down to the local pub, drink a few, and see who is feelin' froggy.

[Mahoney climbs the ringsteps, reaching over the ropes to rake the eyes of Juan Vasquez, sending him staggering back...

...and freeing up The Lost Boy to smash a fist down between the eyes of Derrick Williams!]

GM: Mahoney helped The Lost Boy... not sure I understand that.

BW: He wasn't helping The Lost Boy... he was trying to get a shot in at Derrick Williams! He just turned The Lost Boy loose on him!

GM: What in the world is Callum Mahoney's issue with Derrick Williams? I just don't understand.

BW: Me neither but what I do understand is that I wouldn't ever want to be on the bad side of the Armbar Assassin, Gordo.

GM: Amen to that.

[Inside the ring, Mahoney pushes Vasquez back against the ropes, laying in a heavy forearm across the sternum. A knife edge chop follows, leaving Vasquez wincing in pain as Cain Jackson moves in to join Mahoney, drilling Vasquez with a knee to the gut.]

GM: It looks like Cain Jackson and Callum Mahoney have a mutual interest in working over Juan Vasquez at this stage of the contest. But Mahoney's betrayed his allies before so Cain Jackson better watch his back.

BW: Don't worry. He won't be an idiot like Willie Hammer.

[Mahoney and Jackson are taking turn burying kicks into the midsection of Vasquez while The Lost Boy has Derrick Williams pushed back over the top rope, his hands around his throat!]

GM: The Lost Boy's trying to choke Williams... and actually, he's trying to shove him over the top WITH that chokehold, Bucky!

BW: Unusual offense but there's not much about The Lost Boy that's not unusual, Gordo.

[With Williams in serious jeopardy, Futurestar slides along the ropes, lashing out with a roundhouse kick to the ribcage of The Lost Boy from behind!]

GM: Kick by Futurestar... but I don't think The Lost Boy even felt it!

[A few more kicks land but the face-painted monster doesn't acknowledge them.]

BW: It's like a gnat buzzing at him.

GM: Those kicks are certainly more than a gnat, Bucky.

BW: For you and I maybe but not for The Lost Boy.

[Seeing his kicks getting him nowhere, Futurestar leaps up on the back of The Lost Boy, wrapping his arms around the head and neck in a sloppy sleeperhold...

...and that gets the attention of The Lost Boy who staggers backwards away from Derrick Williams, leaving him gasping for air down on a knee.]

GM: The Lost Boy's got Futurestar up on his back! Futurestar, ever the bridesmaid but never the bride, is looking to get that question popped to him here tonight!

BW: That may be the weirdest thing you've ever said.

[The Lost Boy staggers back, carrying Futurestar's weight across his back, planting his feet under him...

...and LUNGES backwards, smashing Futurestar's back against the buckles!]

GM: OHHH! Hard into the corner!

[The smash into the corner breaks the hold as The Lost Boy wheels around, winding up with a right hand. He swings the overhand right but Futurestar front rolls out of the corner, causing The Lost Boy to slam his hand into the buckle. The Lost Boy howls in pain, grabbing at his hand.]

GM: Nobody home and Futurestar made The Lost Boy pay the price!

[Futurestar gets to his feet, throwing a trio of quick, snapping roundhouses into the ribcage of The Lost Boy, leaving him wincing in pain as Futurestar steps back, throwing a spinning leaping back kick to the chin!]

GM: OHHH! What in the world has gotten into Futurestar here tonight?!

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[The Hawaii crowd cranes their necks to see the Number Eight entry into the 2015 Rumble...

...and find a former Rumble winner walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: What the-

BW: IT'S RAPHAEL RHODES!

GM: It certainly is! Wow! One of the surprise entries in this year's Rumble match, Raphael Rhodes is coming to the ring and I, for one, can't believe he's here, Bucky.

BW: A longtime AWA competitor who was involved in some of the classic AWA matches and moments from the early years... Rhodes has been off the grid for quite some time now.

GM: He's been gone from the AWA since... what? 2011?

BW: I believe so. I know he's been wrestling in Japan for one of Tiger Paw Pro's competitors since then but there's been rumors for a few weeks now that Rhodes might be returning to the States to compete in a rebooted version of P*WIN run by Shane Kujawa... also known as Shane Destiny... in Philadelphia. But I never thought we'd see him here tonight.

[The 5'8, 198 surly punk from Wigan, Greater Manchester, England, rolls under the ropes...

...and makes a beeline to where Cain Jackson and Callum Mahoney have Juan Vasquez in danger of being eliminated!]

GM: And... well, if I was surprised to SEE Raphael Rhodes, I'm NOT surprised to see-

[Rhodes YANKS Cain Jackson off of Juan Vasquez with two fingers hooked in the nostrils, smashing a headbutt into the bridge of his nose, knocking him back against the ropes. A knife-edge chop that BLASTS across the pectorals of Callum Mahoney sends the Irishman staggering back.]

GM: I was about to say I wasn't surprised to see Raphael Rhodes go right after his former blood rival in Juan Vasquez but he actually just possibly SAVED Vasquez from being eliminated!

[Rhodes gets a chop right back from Mahoney!]

GM: Oh, now this should be VERY interesting!

[The crowd cheers as Rhodes tees off with another knife edge chop... and gets one right back in kind!]

GM: Two of the hardest hitters you'll ever encounter have decided it's time to beat the tar out of one another in the middle of the 2015 Rumble, fans!

[Rhodes and Mahoney trade chops several times, each one seemingly harder than the one that preceded it...

...until Rhodes switches up by hooking Mahoney by the back of the head and SMASHING a nasty-looking European uppercut up under the chin, depositing Mahoney down into a seated position on the canvas.]

GM: Raphael Rhodes knocks Mahoney down with that uppercut! He stunned him good with that and-

[Rhodes suddenly spins on a heel...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a DEVASTATING open-handed slap to the ear of Juan Vasquez, knocking his former rival down to a knee, leaning against the ropes in horrible pain from the blow!]

GM: OH! And NOW he goes after Vasquez!

[Rhodes grabs the top rope with both hands, repeatedly driving his knee into the face of Vasquez, knocking him between the middle and bottom ropes to the floor.]

GM: Okay, fans... Juan Vasquez is out to the floor but you can see the referee waving it off. He went THROUGH the ropes... not over them. To be eliminated, you must go OVER the top rope and have both feet touch the floor below. That's the only way.

[Rhodes stands on the bottom rope, shouting down at Vasquez, barking at his long-time enemy.]

GM: Some things never change.

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[The crowd again rises to their collective feet, looking towards the entrance to see who is next.]

GM: Number nine on their way- OH MY STARS!

[The camera cuts to the aisleway as the Hawaiian crowd ROARS in response to the familiar face on his way down the aisle towards the ring. Slowly. Very, very slowly.]

GM: IT'S MAMMOTH MIZUSAWA!

BW: What the... is it AWA Reunion Night?!

GM: MAMMOTH Mizusawa is in the 2015 Rumble! Mizusawa's been competing in Japan for Tiger Paw Pro off and on over the years but my understanding is that he makes his home here in Hawaii now, Bucky.

BW: And he's something of a local celebrity too. So, this reaction in Hawaii is to be expected.

[Sure enough, there are fans on their feet roaring in tribute for the original AWA giant as he makes his way down to the ringside area, walking around the ringpost...

...where he pulls Juan Vasquez up off the floor by the hair!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: This is like a bad dream for Vasquez. All his worst enemies keep showing up to beat the hell out of him!

[Holding Vasquez by the shoulders, Mizusawa lays in a DEVASTATING headbutt that knocks the Hall of Famer back down to a knee. Mizusawa hooks his hands around the throat, lifting Vasquez to his feet with ease...

...and then lifting him higher!]

GM: WHOA! CHOKER! HE'S GOT VASQUEZ WAAAAAY UP THERE!

BW: If this joint had a ceiling, Vasquez could change the lightbulbs right about now!

[Mizusawa HURLS Vasquez into the ropes where he falls through them back inside the ring. Raphael Rhodes is right there waiting, pulling Vasquez off the mat by the hair. He hangs on to one handful of hair, smashing his skull into Vasquez' in one of the hardest headbutts in the sport!]

GM: Rhodes with the headbutt! He and Vasquez used to have absolutely BRUTAL headbutt exchanges in the past during their rivalry!

BW: Don't look now, Gordo, but I think that rivalry might not be over.

GM: Vasquez and Rhodes actually competed in the very first one-on-one steel cage match in the history of the AWA... back at an event called No Escape.

[Mizusawa pulls himself up on the apron, stepping over the top rope...

...where Cain Jackson decides he wants himself a piece of the giant!]

GM: Oh, look at this!

[Jackson is right up in the grill of the massive seven footer, jabbing a finger into the chest.]

GM: I don't know if this is a very good idea at all.

[Jackson rears back, throwing a right hand... and another... and another...]

GM: The leader of Team Supreme is raining down blows on the Japanese giant as Mizusawa absorbs all of these heavy shows from Cain Jackson... and look at this!

[The crowd buzzes as The Lost Boy, Callum Mahoney, and Raphael Rhodes move in to help.]

GM: We've got four guys trying to oust the giant!

BW: You've got to! You've absolutely got to! There's no way that any of these guys - not even Cain Jackson - can eliminate Mizusawa on their own so you gotta group and try to toss him together.

GM: They're certainly trying! Four men, each grabbing a limb on the Japanese giant and trying to upend him over the ropes and down to the floor!

[Mizusawa struggles against the effort, trying to battle his way free as Derrick Williams works his way into the mix, trying to aid in eliminating the giant!]

GM: That's five! Five men trying to toss Mizusawa!

BW: Futurestar's the only one not in there on him but that's not for lack of trying. He's just not big enough to have any sort of an impact on-

[Suddenly, Mizusawa swings his right arm back, flinging Callum Mahoney backwards into the corner.]

BW: Look out! He's loose!

[With his right arm free, he slams it down between the shoulderblades of Derrick Williams, putting him down on a knee. He grabs Williams' head, placing it against his right knee, lifting his leg up...

...and SLAMMING his leg down, smashing Williams' head into the knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Now that his entire right side is free, Mizusawa turns off the ropes, grabbing The Lost Boy by the throat, lifting him off the mat, and throwing him down with a chokeslam!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! He just chokeslammed a three hundred pounder!

BW: With half of his body tied up against the ropes!

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

[Mizusawa turns his focus to Cain Jackson, grabbing him under the armpits and flinging him into the closest corner.]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

[He turns to walk out to the center of the ring...]

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[...and walks RIGHT into a Juan Vasquez RIGHT CROSS!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The heavy right hand stuns Mizusawa, causing his eyes to flutter as he stumbles back a half step!]

GM: LOOK AT VASQUEZ! VASQUEZ IS GONNA DO IT AGAIN! HE'S GONNA KNOCK THE GIANT OUT IF IT'S THE LAST THING HE DOES!

BW: These two are no strangers either, daddy!

[In the meantime, the beast known as Kraken is making his way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: My apologies, fans... during all that excitement, we failed to mention that Kraken is out at Number Ten. And you know he's got momentum behind him after knocking out a certain GFC Heavyweight Champion back at Memorial Day Mayhem!

[Vasquez waves Mizusawa forward, his right hand clenching and unclenching in anticipation of landing the Right Cross a second time. Mizusawa pushes off the ropes, stumbling towards Vasquez who rears back...

...and has his right arm hooked by Raphael Rhodes!]

GM: Oh!

[Rhodes swings Vasquez around, SMASHING a European uppercut up under the chin as Kraken slides into the ring, shoving a rising Derrick Williams aside, stalking right up to the biggest dog in the yard...

...and delivers a two-handed shove to the chest of Mizusawa!]

GM: KRAKEN'S GETTING IN THE GIANT'S FACE!

BW: These guys are nuts, Gordo!

GM: Everyone seems to want a piece of the Japanese giant here tonight in Hawaii and these fans are loving it!

[Mizusawa reaches out, hooking Kraken by the throat...

...as Cain Jackson comes TEARING out of the corner, swinging up the big boot!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The boot connects FLUSH under the chin of MAMMOTH Mizusawa, sending him staggering back...

...and CRASHING down to the canvas! The crowd ERUPTS in shock!]

GM: OH MY STARS! CAIN JACKSON DROPPED THE GIANT! CAIN JACKSON DROPPED THE GIANT!

BW: The BIG BOOT! It's a heartbreaker, a career taker, and a widowmaker, daddy!

[A pumped-up Cain Jackson slams a clenched fist into his own chest, letting loose a roar as he stands over a downed Mizusawa, slowly turning...

...as Kraken goes into a spinning backfist!]

GM: URAKEN!

[And the backfist SMASHES into the cheekbone of Cain Jackson, lifting him off the mat and dumping him down to the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Kraken lets loose a roar as he stands over Cain Jackson and MAMMOTH Mizusawa's prone forms! Nearby, we see that Raphael Rhodes has Juan Vasquez pushed up against the ropes, trying to force him over the top and out to the floor...]

...when Derrick Williams swoops in, ducking low, and upends Rhodes over the top rope!]

GM: RHODES IS- NO! NO! HE HUNG ON!

[A determined Rhodes clings to the top rope, swinging himself back to stay on the apron. Derrick Williams stays on him, grabbing him by the head...]

GM: Big elbow to the jaw! And another! Williams is trying to knock him right off the apron to the floor! He's trying to-

BW: MAHONEY!

[From out of nowhere, the Fighting Irishman swoops in, lifting Williams over the top as Rhodes pulls the top rope down...]

...and Williams crashes down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! Derrick Williams is eliminated by Callum Mahoney with an assist from Raphael Rhodes! And just like that, we're down to eight competitors inside the ring...

BW: And we're about to find out who drew Number Eleven, Gordo.

[As Rhodes tries to fight his way past Callum Mahoney and get back inside the ring, the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[A ripple of uneasiness followed by deafening boos rings out over the PA system as Brian Lau appears, followed by the son of the Blackheart, Brian James.]

GM: Brian James is Number Eleven!

BW: And James was the man a lot of people predicted to win this whole thing, Bucky.

GM: Well, to make it at Number Eleven, he's gotta survive over forty minutes... I don't know if that's going to happen, Bucky.

BW: One way to find out.

[James is all business as he stalks down the aisle, tuning out the jeering crowd as Brian Lau turns back towards the locker room.]

GM: Again, you see Brian Lau heading back to the locker room. He is not allowed out here for this match. There's enough chaos out here without adding the managers and valets and whatever else to the mix, Bucky.

BW: We're gonna have to agree to disagree on that one, Gordo. I think it's a criminal disadvantage for competitors who are used to having their manager out here with them for their matches.

[Brian James climbs up on the ring apron, ducking through the ropes...

...where Futurestar comes dashing down the length of the ring, connecting with a low dropkick on James as he ducks down!]

GM: Ohh! Futurestar caught him while he was getting into the ring!

[Futurestar pulls James to his feet, throwing three quick kicks to the ribs, spinning James around chestfirst against the ropes.]

GM: What is- Futurestar's trying to eliminate Brian James! What a shocker that would be!

[He's pushing, pulling, and lifting... doing everything in the power of his small frame to upend the son of the Blackheart and eliminate him from the Rumble.]

GM: Nine men inside that ring right now which means it's getting a little crowded.

BW: Especially with Cain Jackson and Mizusawa still down and trying to recover on the canvas...

[Back inside the ring, Raphael Rhodes is teeing off on Callum Mahoney with knife edge chops across the chest in the corner...

...when Juan Vasquez grabs Rhodes' arms, pulling them back for Mahoney to return the favor.]

GM: Strange bedfellows strikes once more as Juan Vasquez is working with the Fighting Irishman. Fans, we've got to take a quick break from the action but the Rumble will continue when we come back!

[We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"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."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"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 when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"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 as we fade back to the ring, we can see that former Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion, Yoshinari Taguchi, has joined the match and is throwing some stiff backhand blows to the side of Raphael Rhodes' face!]

GM: We're back here LIVE from Hawaii for All-Star Showdown on the FOX Network and during the break, Yoshinari Taguchi made his way to the ring as Number Twelve! Taguchi will be challenging Noboru Fujimoto for the Global Crown in two weeks' time but you know he'd love to have a guaranteed shot at the AWA World Title in his back pocket as well.

BW: The AWA World Title is the greatest prize in our sport. When you look back on the short history of men like James Monosso, Calisto Dufresne, Dave Bryant, Supreme Wright, and Ryan Martinez... no one can compete with that. The Global Crown has years upon years worth of champions and that's not a list to sneeze at either with Taguchi, Fujimoto, Kitzukawa, Maximus, and so many others over the years... but even those guys would admit the AWA World Title is THE prize, Gordo.

GM: I don't know about that. Both titles carry a lot of prestige and which one is more prestigious would probably be a matter for great debate between the fans and superstars of both promotions.

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

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

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

GM: And it's time for Number Thirteen!

[All eyes turn towards the entryway...

...and the crowd EXPLODES at the sight of The Gladiator tearing down the aisle at top speed!]

GM: CLEAR THE WAY 'CAUSE HERE COMES THE GLADIATOR!

[Brian James has Yoshinari Taguchi trapped in the corner, smashing elbows into the side of his head as the Gladiator dives under the bottom rope, promptly being attacked by Callum Mahoney who rains down stomps on his back...

...to no effect as The Gladiator straightens up, trembling with excitement as he shakes his head, lifting his arms to the sky, pumping them up and down as Mahoney continues to hammer away at him...]

GM: Mahoney's giving it all he's got and-

[The Gladiator blocks a big right hand, flattening Mahoney with one of his own, knocking him close to the ropes so as the Fighting Irishman gets back up...

...the Gladiator sends him over the top and down to the floor with a running clothesline!]

GM: MAHONEY'S GONE!

[The crowd ROARS for the elimination as The Gladiator pumps his arms up and down, turning around...

...and gets caught with a big boot in the gut by The Lost Boy!]

GM: The Lost Boy trying to sneak attack the Gladiator from behind!

[The Lost Boy lands a few blows before attempting to lift The Gladiator up for a bodyslam.]

GM: Gladiator goes up and over, on his feet behind him!

[And as The Lost Boy turns around, The Gladiator lifts him up, steps forward, and DUMPS him over the top to the floor!]

GM: THE LOST BOY IS GONE AS WELL!

[The Gladiator again celebrates, pumping his arms up and down, turning again to find...

...a giant in his path.]

GM: Oho!

BW: This just got real, Gordo.

GM: It... what?

[The giant stares down at The Gladiator. The crowd is ROARING in anticipation of such a showdown...

...but before it can happen, Brian James flings Futurestar in between the two men!]

GM: What the-?

[Mizusawa strikes first, reaching out to hook Futurestar by the throat with two hands. He HOISTS him skyward...]

GM: TUSK CRUSHER!

[...and DRIVES him down with a two-handed slam! Mizusawa climbs back off his knees, giving a roar as The Gladiator steps forward, ready to do battle with his biggest challenge to date!]

GM: This is gonna be a battle! This is gonna be a war!

[The crowd is on their feet, jumping up and down at the idea of the Japanese giant doing battle with the man powered by the Immortals.]

GM: What's gonna happen here? What is going to-

[What's going to happen is Raphael Rhodes stepping between the two men.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Rhodes angrily stabs a finger into the chest of The Gladiator. The muscular warrior slowly looks down at the finger, his lip curling into a snarl. Rhodes slowly backs off, raising his hands as he turns...

...and STABS his finger into the giant's chest instead!]

GM: You've GOT to be kidding me! He's all of 5'8" and he's getting into the... well, the upper abdomen of MAMMOTH Mizusawa, the Japanese giant! He's trying to intimidate a man that's well over a foot taller than him and-

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

GM: Oh... my... god.

[The crowd ERUPTS in a shocked... and then VERY EXCITED reaction at the sight of KING Oni emerging from the locker room area.]

GM: ONI! ONI IS NUMBER FOURTEEN!

[Doctor Harrison Fawcett emerges by his side, lifting the crystal into the air, pointing towards the ring, speaking to KING Oni who shows absolutely no sign that he's listening or hearing a word coming out of his manager's mouth. Fawcett's face is twisted into a cruel smile as he watches Oni walk alone down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: KING Oni is coming! KING Oni is on his way to the ring!

BW: This is bad news.

GM: For who?

BW: EVERYONE! KING Oni is here to do one thing - DOMINATE!

[Oni has drawn the attention of EVERYONE in the ring. All nine competitors have pulled to the sides, watching as the Demon steps into the ring.]

GM: One year ago, KING Oni debuted during the Rumble - not as a legal participant - and laid waste to everyone in his sights. If he does that tonight, he just might walk out of Hawaii with a guaranteed shot at the AWA World Title in his pocket!

BW: Boy, what a party Doctor Fawcett's gonna throw if that happens! I can see it now. Balloons, streamers... a pony ride!

GM: Is Harrison Fawcett an 8 year old girl?

BW: I'm telling him you said that.

GM: We're almost to the halfway point of this 30 man Rumble and-

[Oni steps to the center of the ring, slowly turning to look at all nine men standing inside the ring... almost daring one of them to come at him first...

...and surprisingly, it's perhaps the smallest man in the match who does.]

GM: Raphael Rhodes on the move!

[Rhodes is a flurry of motion, striking with chops, forearms, elbows, and headbutts to the behemoth who absorbs it all...

...and then FLATTENS Rhodes with an open hand slap to the side of the head!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Oni pulls Rhodes off the mat by the back of the head...

...and HURLS him over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: OHH! RHODES IS GONE! JUST LIKE THAT, RAPHAEL RHODES IS GONE!

[Yoshinari Taguchi rushes Oni from behind, battering him with forearms across the broad back. As Oni slowly turns, Taguchi's blows come faster and faster and faster, a rapid-fire series of palm strikes to the chest...

...when a skull-crushing headbutt stuns him. Oni grabs hold of him, not allowing him to fall. He lifts him over his shoulder like a small child.]

GM: Oni's got Taguchi up!

[He lowers him down across his chest like he would for a slam...

...and simply flings Taguchi like a rag doll over the top rope to the floor!]

BW: That's two! KING Oni has dispatched of two competitors like it was NOTHING, Gordo!

[The Gladiator steps forward, glaring into the eyes of Oni who returns the stare dead in his eyes.]

GM: Oh my... now THIS should be something!

[Oni keeps his gaze locked on the wildman as the Gladiator starts hissing and snarling and snorting, pumping his arms, driving the crowd into an anticipatory frenzy!]

GM: LISTEN TO THESE FANS!

BW: The irresistible force meets the immovable object and SOMETHING'S got to give! The Gladiator was ready to take on the Japanese giant so I suppose he thinks this is just as-

GM: TO THE ROPES!

[The Gladiator suddenly dashes to the ropes, ready to assault the monstrous Oni...

...only to find himself tumbling over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: WHAT?!

[The camera cuts to that side of the ring to reveal The Lost Boy lurking, having pulled the ropes down and eliminated The Gladiator!]

GM: What is HE still doing out here?!

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

[The crowd groans as they realize one of their favorites has been eliminated - groans that turn to jeers when The Lost Boy starts stomping The Gladiator into the barely-padded ground!]

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

GM: THE LOST BOY ELIMINATED THE GLADIATOR AFTER HE'D BE GONE FOR- this isn't fair, Bucky!

BW: It's not right... it's not fair... but it happened and that goof is gone! Ahahaha!

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[All eyes turn towards the entryway to see who is next...

...and then quickly turn back towards the ring where KING Oni has slowly turned away from where his ally is stomping The Gladiator still.]

GM: Oh my stars.

[Oni has locked eyes...

...with a giant.]

GM: Oh dear god almighty.

BW: This might break the ring, Gordo!

GM: It certainly might! Fans, the South Philly Phighter drew Number Fifteen. We're halfway home but right now, the focus of everyone in War Memorial Stadium is on the ring where KING Oni and MAMMOTH Mizusawa are squaring off!

[Oni seems ready to strike, his shoulders heaving with anger as he exhales sharply...

...and gets his arm grabbed by Kraken who swings him around!]

GM: URAKEN!

[The spinning backfist catches Oni flush, causing him to wobble back one step...]

GM: He's shaken the big man!

[Two steps...]

GM: ONI IS WOBBLED!

[Three steps...]

GM: KRAKEN MIGHT'VE KNOCKED HIM OUT ON HIS FEET!

[...and then Oni catches his balance, rushing forward, pushing his 514 pounds into the chest of Kraken's 320 pound frame, shoving him back, back, back into the ropes where they hit HARD against them, bending the ropes back at a severe angle...]

GM: OH MY-

[...and Oni SHOVES Kraken over the top rope, sending him tumbling down to the floor!]

GM: -STARS! HE'S GONE! KRAKEN'S ELIMINATED!

[Oni glares down at Kraken who is on the floor...

...and then slowly turns back towards Mizusawa again!]

BW: HE STILL WANTS THE GIANT!

GM: Incredible! KING Oni has laid waste to every single person in this match that he's come in contact with and he still wants more! In fact, he wants the Japanese Giant... he wants the biggest man in this match... he wants MAMMOTH Mizusawa!

[Oni raises a meaty palm to the sky, pointing it upwards...

...and then SLAMS it into his chest before pointing at the giant!]

GM: I think... he wants Mizusawa to tackle him!

[But before Mizusawa can move an inch, the South Philly Phighter slides into the ring, getting right up, taunting the fans...

...and EATS a roundhouse kick from Brian James, sending him sailing right back over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: Well, that was quick!

[James steps back, pointing to Oni and Mizusawa...

...and waves them towards one another to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: Even Brian James wants to see it!

BW: Does he? Or is the master strategist, Brian Lau, working his magic through James and making sure that he allows the biggest threats to him in this match take each OTHER out?!

GM: That's... pretty brilliant actually. Fans, remember that we're halfway through this which means that Futurestar and Cain Jackson who came in at #1 and #2 and are STILL in this ring have been out here almost a half hour now.

BW: Who woulda thought that Futurestar would be out here for a half hour? I would have bet he'd set the land speed record for elimination time like the Phighter just did.

[With Futurestar and Juan Vasquez on one side of the ring and James and Jackson on the other, they step back to watch the sure-to-be-massive collision between KING Oni and MAMMOTH Mizusawa...

...only to be interrupted by a countdown once more.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[Some eyes turn. It's hard not to keep your eyes locked on the ring where a war of (sorry, have to do it) mammoth proportions seems ready to break loose at any given moment.]

GM: Rex Summers draws Number Sixteen!

BW: It's Rex Summers Day!

GM: Oh, I don't know about that.

[Summers slides headfirst into the ring, coming up between Oni and Mizusawa. He strikes a double bicep pose, smirking at them both, turning around...]

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[The big right hand stuns "Red Hot" Rex Summers, leaving him in a daze as he collapses on the mat...]

...and this time, it's Vasquez who steps back and waves for the two giants to do battle! BIG CHEER!]

BW: I think that makes it unanimous, Gordo. I don't think there's a single person in this building... or watching at home all over the world... who don't want to see these two throw down at this point!

[Mizusawa steps forward, now looking down at the shorter Oni. He says something off-mic... presumably in Japanese... and then SWINGS his arms down in a Mongolian Chop!]

GM: Double handed chop by the giant!

[A second one lands... and a third as Oni takes a step back. Mizusawa gives a bellow as he rushes to the ropes, causing them to stretch mightily as he springs back towards Oni...]

...who lashes out with a double-handed thrust chop to the throat, leaving the giant gasping for air as he staggers backwards, falling into the ropes that sag backwards again!]

GM: Oni caught the giant!

[The Demon marches in, grabbing Mizusawa by the back of the head, walking him across the ring where he LAUNCHES him into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OH!

BW: I think the ring moved on that one!

GM: It did! The ring absolutely shifted under all that weight hitting the ropes!

[Oni backs off to the middle of the ring, raising his arms and charging in towards the corner...]

GM: AVALANCHE!

[...but Mizusawa pulls himself clear, causing 514 pounds to SLAM into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That's a whole lot of weight up there, Gordo. I sure hope they reinforced the ring tonight!

[Mizusawa gives a bellow, slamming his hands into his chest like King Kong as he wheels around...

...and grabbed the wobbly Oni by the throat with both hands!]

GM: THE GIANT HOOKS HIM!

BW: There's no way, Gordo! There's no way in hell he gets Oni up for a Tusk Crusher!

GM: You're absolutely right about that!

[Oni raises his hands, gripping the wrists of the Japanese giant!]

GM: Wait a second!

[The crowd starts to roar in shock as Oni pushes up against the arms, trying to free himself from the grip of the giant.]

GM: Oni's fighting it! Oni's fighting free of this!

BW: He is! My god, he's breaking the choke from the giant!

[Mizusawa's eyes go wide in disbelief as Oni pushes the arms up, powering out of the Japanese giant's grasp...

...and then SLAMS his skull into Mizusawa's face without care of where the blow lands!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt right to the mouth!

[With Mizusawa dazed, Oni hurls him into the corner again, rushing in after him...]

GM: AVALANCHE!

[The ring again appears to shift under the impact as Oni steps back, watching Mizusawa stumble out. He grabs the back of the giant's head, rushing towards the ropes...

...and HURLS him over the top to eliminate the biggest competitor in the match!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MIZUSAWA'S GONE! MIZUSAWA'S GONE!

[Oni lets loose a hellacious roar, throwing his arms towards the sky...

...and the crowd ROARS as well, watching as Juan Vasquez steps up to the plate, his right hand hand clenched!]

GM: VASQUEZ IS BEHIND ONI! VASQUEZ WANTS A PIECE OF THE BIG MAN!

[But before Oni can turn, the countdown begins.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[And the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of another massive individual coming quickly into view!]

GM: MAXIMUS! MAMMOTH MAXIMUS IS NUMBER SEVENTEEN!

[Maximus makes a bee-line towards the ring where Juan Vasquez' planned assault on Oni gets disrupted by Brian James shoving him back into a corner, going to work on him with body kicks. Oni pivots, wheeling around towards Maximus, ready for the big man's assault.]

GM: Maximus slides in...

[And as he comes to his feet, Oni surges towards him. The two titans get quickly tied up, each with a hand around the back of their foe's neck, swinging the other hand into the skull as quickly as possible...]

GM: What the... what the...?!

BW: THIS IS WAR!

[The crowd is on their feet, screaming their lungs out as Oni and Maximus collide like two enraged monstrous animals, just trying to club the other into unconsciousness!]

GM: There is no style! No finesse! This is two men... two beats beating each other senseless, Bucky!

BW: You gotta love that!

[Oni lands three solid palm strikes right on the ear that seems to have Maximus reeling...

...but he responds with a half dozen hooking forearm blows to the temple, causing Oni to lift an arm to absorb the impact of the last couple shots!]

GM: Oni playing defense! That's unusual for the Demon!

[A well-placed left to the ribcage and right to the jaw has Oni take a step back. Maximus surges forward, looping his left arm around Oni's neck again, hammering short-range fists into the bridge of the nose with his right!]

GM: And right back to the tie-up! They're pummeling each other relentlessly!

[Maximus lands a pair of short right hands to the eyesocket, causing Oni to grab at his own face, showing signs of pain.]

GM: This is incredible to witness, Bucky!

BW: All that talk about Fawcett making a mistake signing to have Oni face Maximus could be right, Gordo!

GM: Maximus is hurting him! I believe the monster is hurting the Demon!

[Maximus shoves Oni back against the ropes, squaring up to throw a left to the body... then a right... then a left... a right, rocking back and forth as he hooks blows into the massive gut of the Demon.]

GM: Maximus has got him on the ropes! Maximus has got him in trouble!

[Maximus turns around, rushing to the ropes, he rebounds off, stretching out his arm...]

BW: LAAAAARIAAAAAAT-

[...but Oni reaches out his arm, grabbing Futurestar by the head, and HURLS him in front of Maximus who connects with a devastating lariat, flipping Futurestar inside out!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oni threw Futurestar in front of that lariat! He-

BW: He actually used him to shield himself from the lariat, Gordo! That showed a level of intellect that I haven't seen out of Oni yet who is usually just sheer brute force and destruction!

GM: Ohh. What a hard fall that was for both men. We may need medical attention out here as well, fans... and okay, we're being told to take a quick commercial break and the Rumble will be restarted when we come back!

BW: But are they eliminated?! Someone tell us if-

[The mic cuts as we fade to black.

[The shot opens to an overhead view Madison Square Garden, as a voice over speaks over top.]

"Madison Square Garden. The World's Most Famous Arena.

The Mecca of Professional Wrestling.

The home to AWA's SuperClash VI."

[Cut to a billboard in Times Square with the SuperClash logo, Supreme Wright and Ryan Martinez on either side.]

"But years before the World's Most Famous arena hosted The Wrestling World's Biggest Event, it was the proving ground for men who became legends in the world of professional wrestling..."

[Cut to a sold out Madison Square Garden, on their feet and cheering as a bulky, bloody Italian kneels in the middle of the ring, clutching a title belt...]

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

"BRU-NO!"

[Now the shot switches to another hot Garden crowd, chanting and cheering as a Hispanic man does a modified Ali Shuffle, taking his ring jacket off as he hops in place...]

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

"LI-RI-A-NO! *clap* *clap* *clapclapclap*"

[Finally to the hard camera shot at MSG, as a thick man in fatigues waves the red, white and blue in the center of the ring, a bloodied opponent lying in the corner and a thin, bespeckled manager having a tantrum as he enters the ring...]

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

"U-S-A!"

[The magnificent Hawaiian Hercules, Kai Alana, is introduced to the MSG crowd for the first time, as the ring announcer shouts his name, with the voice over speaking over top...]

"And now their stories can be told."

[To the clips: tag teams fighting in a cage, "Handsome" Jimmy Myers posing on the top rope, the inimitable Andre Price standing with taped fists, Bucky Wilde and "Pitbull" Billy Arnold being escorted to the ring by riot police, the historic staredown at the Last Fight In Philly...]

"Featuring over three hours of never before seen interviews..."

[Cut to present day Bucky Wilde, tie loosened and looking visibly anxious as he reminisces.]

BW: I was just a kid, and I was getting in fights on my way TO the ring. Every night. Everytime we went to Boston, I quit the business. Billy's hair started to fall out...

[Cut to Blackjack Lynch, letting off a rare smile.]

BJL: I hadda get in there, but I knew I couldn't use my name. If my bosses had heard that Blackjack Lynch wrestled in the Garden, they'd'a fired my ass before I left the state. But it was just too good to pass up...

[To Colt Patterson, dress shirt open at the collar.]

CP: Kai Alana was a freak of nature, man, people were in awe from the word go. When he came to town, you couldn't get a ticket. He outdrew the Rolling Stones.

[To a shorter man with a thick bush of black hair, wearing glasses, but curiously, a shirt with no sleeves. The name "Phil Darling" flashes on the screen.]

PD: Bruno refused to even get in the building. He wanted his money. My dad had to go to the bank and empty his safe deposit box, and Landon had to hawk one of his ridiculous gold bracelets. They never spoke after that night...

[Cut to a shot of two men standing in a cage, in the middle of old Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia, as the voice over returns.]

"...and some of the most famous matches ever seen on the East Coast. Available for the first time ever on DVD and Blu-Ray, and digitally remastered for quality, now with alternate commentary."

[Back to the clips, as the great "Soul Man" Andre Price addresses the Boston Gardens crowd.]

BW: There's only one thing I know that's for sure in this life, baby.

Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die.

[Cut to a sped up view of various matches taking place in the Garden, Spectrum and Boston Gardens, as the hook of "Cold Hard Bitch" by Jet plays... and then abruptly the screen goes to black, except for these words...]

LEGENDS OF THE NORTHEAST.

Available now.

[Fade up from black on the ring where the rope is being re-secured in place by the ring crew. The referees are still in there, keeping everyone back while the repair is completed.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and as you can see, the ring crew is out here trying to get that top rope back in place, make sure it's secure, make sure the ring is safe for the wrestlers to compete in. And yes, during the break we were also informed that both MAMMOTH Maximus AND KING Oni were eliminated due to their fall over the top rope.

BW: That seems shady to me, Myers. That one of O'Neill's decisions?

GM: I don't know exactly who made the decision... and yes, I'm sure Doctor Fawcett will have a strong complaint over his Demon being eliminated in such a fashion.

[The ring crew finishes tightening the top rope, giving the referees a thumbs up. Johnny Jagger makes his way over to the rope, giving it a few hard tugs before nodding in agreement. He steps out to the apron...

...and signals for the bell to restart the match.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Alright, fans... the Rumble has been restarted and we're down to five people in the ring right no-

[The countdown begins.]

BW: You were saying?

"TEN!"

"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[The boos go wild for the self-proclaimed King of Wrestling, Demetrius Lake, who slowly starts making his way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Ugh, this guy.

BW: Don't be a hater, Gordo.

GM: I'm not sure what that means... but I don't know how you can continue to support this man after all the garbage he's put the AWA fans through recently. That business with Dave Bryant... what he did with Prince Izumi here tonight...

BW: What business did Izumi have here tonight, Gordo? He's not part of this company!

GM: He was an INVITED GUEST, Bucky!

BW: You know who didn't invite him? The King, that's who!

[Lake is taking his sweet time getting down that aisle, barking at the ringside fans as he approaches.]

GM: He's sure in no hurry to get in the ring, Bucky.

BW: Why should he be? There's no rule that says how quickly you have to get in the ring. He's #18... he knows he's looking at almost a half hour in there to win this thing... so every single second counts.

[As Lake nears the ring, he pauses, hands on hips watching Juan Vasquez and Cain Jackson trade blows in the corner while Rex Summers and Brian James take turns smashing forearms and elbows into the head of the masked Futurestar.]

BW: Can't believe Futurestar's still in there. What is that? Over a half hour?

GM: Absolutely. The same holds true for Cain Jackson who is showing some tremendous endurance being in the ring that long. In fact, Numbers One, Two, and Three are all in there still. Pretty impressive.

[Lake is still watching, looking down at a wristwatch... perhaps an Apple Watch... that just isn't there. The fans at ringside are letting him have it when he turns around, pointing at his temple.]

GM: Lake's telling these fans that he's got the brains to win this thing but it's going to take more than brains to- LOOK AT THIS!

[The crowd ROARS as Juan Vasquez reaches over the top rope, grabbing Lake by the afro, dragging him kicking and screaming up on the ring apron where Lake promptly shoves a thumb into his eye!]

GM: Oh, cheap shot from the Black Tiger!

[Lake steps into the ring, muttering under his breath as he winds up and SMASHES a double axehandle blow across the shoulderblades of Vasquez, knocking the Hall of Famer down to his knees.]

GM: Demetrius Lake took his sweet time getting in there but he promptly lowers the boom on Vasquez and wastes NO time in getting an early advantage on one of the other five competitors still inside the squared circle.

[Lake moves in on Vasquez, putting the boots to the kneeling competitor as Cain Jackson pushes up out of the corner, moving to assist the self-professed King.]

GM: Lake's got Vasquez in trouble and as Cain Jackson comes in to assist, Vasquez is in SERIOUS trouble.

[Lake yanks Vasquez to his feet, holding his arms behind him as Cain Jackson lays in some serious heavy blows to the midsection. After a half dozen shots, they switch positions with Jackson holds the arms as Lake hammers Vasquez with a pair of boots to the gut followed by an overhead elbow between the eyes that sends Vasquez staggering back into the buckles.]

GM: Demetrius Lake and Supreme Wright had great success in the ring together during the Cibernetico back at the Battle of Los Angeles last summer. Maybe we're seeing a continuation of that alliance here tonight with the current leader of Team Supreme, Cain Jackson.

[On the other side of the ring, Rex Summers has Futurestar down on the mat where he's dropping to his knees, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat as Brian James looks on approvingly from a few feet away.]

GM: Both Futurestar and Juan Vasquez could use some assistance at this point of the match and with Number Nineteen about to make an appearance, they could be getting it.

BW: Or it could get even worse. That's the beauty of the luck of the draw, Gordo. It could be ANYONE coming through that curtain.

GM: It could be... we've got two surprise entries left as well as some major heavy hitters including the TexMo Connection and Jay Alana among many others.

BW: Calisto Dufresne... Hercules Hammonds... Shadoe Rage. Any of those guys could win this thing... especially coming in towards the latter part of the match. The luck of the draw is just so important. It's hard to overstate that, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. Ryan Martinez won the Rumble last year coming in at Number 17... a good draw by any account. Another previous winner would be Supreme Wright in 2012 who came at Number 29 but then you have the other end of the spectrum with men like Raphael Rhodes who entered ninth in 2010.

BW: Oh, it's possible to enter early and win it but you've got a much better shot when you arrive late, Gordo.

GM: No doubt about that.

[While the announcers were discussing the luck of the draw, the countdown begun...]

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

GM: Number Nineteen about to-

[HUGE CHEER!]

GM: SUPERNOVA! SUPERNOVA IS NUMBER NINETEEN!

BW: In 2011, Supernova won this very match, coming in at Number Twenty-Five to do it! Can history repeat here tonight?

GM: If it does, Supernova will become the very first AWA competitor to win this match twice! What a coup that would be for him!

[Supernova comes flying down the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring where he comes up swinging.]

GM: Supernova with a right hand on Rex Summers... backhand on Brian James...

[He wheels around, throwing a haymaker to the skull of Cain Jackson, sending him flying backwards. Demetrius Lake's arms come up, looking for a double axehandle but Supernova goes downstairs with a boot to the gut

before grabbing a handful of afro, leaping up, and falling to his knees, SMASHING Lake's face into the canvas to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: SUPERNOVA'S HITTING ANYTHING THAT MOVES!

[Supernova helps Juan Vasquez off the mat, checking his condition.]

GM: Supernova checking on his long-time ally, Juan Vasquez...

[The duo claps hands, charging forward...

...and takes Rex Summers up and over the ropes, crashing down to the floor!]

GM: Oh my! Rex Summers is eliminated!

[Summers looks up at the ring in disbelief as Supernova and Juan Vasquez turn their focus onto Cain Jackson. Vasquez pulls a rising Jackson up, shoving him back into the corner where he starts chopping the hell out of him as Supernova steps back to watch...

...and gets grabbed from behind by Brian James!]

GM: Oh! James from behind!

[James wheels Supernova around, throwing three brutal elbowstrikes to the temple before snapping a left shin across the sternum of the face-painted fan favorite, sending him falling back a few steps. James advances, measuring his next attack.]

GM: Brian James has got Supernova in his sights...

[A big swinging kick ends up getting caught by Supernova!]

GM: He caught the kick!

[James' eyes go wide, hopping on one foot as Supernova backs him off, shaking his head...]

GM: Brian James is in some trouble here!

[...and then Supernova spins James around, sending him right into the path of Futurestar who comes flying off the ropes, leaping up with his knees in the chest of James, knocking him backwards, crushing him under the knees on the canvas!]

GM: OHH! What a move by Futurestar who is STILL hanging on in this thing!

[Futurestar and Supernova trade a high five as they pull James off the mat, each one grabbing a handful of tights, approaching the ropes quickly...]

GM: JAMES UP AND OV-

[But Brian James grabs the top rope on his way over, managing to hang on, scrambling back onto the ring apron.]

GM: James saves himself! He saved himself from elimination right there!

[Supernova stays on the attack, raining down blows on James, trying to knock him off the ring apron...

...when Futurestar nudges Supernova aside, hanging onto the top rope as he leaps up, snapping a kick into the skull of the son of the Blackheart!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Futurestar gets back on his feet, looking at the stunned James. He steps up to the second rope...

...when Demetrius Lake strikes from the blind side, shoving Futurestar over the ropes!]

GM: LAKE FROM BEHIND!

[But Futurestar also manages to hang onto the ropes, ending up on the apron next to James. Lake looks to finish the job but Supernova tackles him back into the nearby corner, driving shoulders into his midsection as Futurestar and James square off on the apron when the countdown clock starts again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[The boos pick up for the enigmatic Jericho Kai as he strides into view. He walks slowly down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Jericho Kai is Number Twenty... another man taking his time in getting down the aisle.

BW: Number Twenty, Gordo. That means we're in the home stretch!

GM: We certainly are. Ten more competitors to make their entrances before all thirty are in there.

[As Kai continues to take his time, the shot cuts back to the ring where Futurestar has his arms held back by the ropes and Brian James is teeing off on him with roundhouse kicks to the chest!]

GM: James is hammering away with those kicks to the body! But both of those men are in a dangerous position out there on the apron, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, and this is where James is at a disadvantage. If Brian Lau was out there, there's no way he'd allow this to happen. He'd get James back in that ring immediately.

GM: But he's not here so James has to go it alone!

[James connects with a kick a little higher than the others, landing closer to the collarbone. The impact of the blow lifts Futurestar off the apron where he uses his arms around the ropes to swing himself over the top, landing inside the ring!]

GM: Oh! Futurestar's back in!

[Clutching at his collarbone, Futurestar pushes up off the mat, leaping up and landing a low dropkick through the ropes to the knee of James, putting him down on his knees on the apron...]

GM: Futurestar strikes again! James is down on the apr-

[Suddenly, the masked man breaks into a charge towards the nearby corner, leaping up on the second rope, springing and twisting off through the air, hooking his legs around the head of Brian James...

...and SNAPPING him down to the floor with a suicidal rana that ends with Futurestar down on the floor as well!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THEY'RE GONE! THEY'RE BOTH GONE!

BW: WHAT?! NO!

GM: FUTURESTAR ELIMINATES BRIAN JAMES! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
FUTURESTAR JUST ELIMINATED ONE OF THE FAVORITES TO WIN THE
WHOLE THING!

[Jericho Kai slithers under the ropes into the ring as a furious Brian James pulls himself off the floor, screaming at the masked man as AWA officials place themselves in between the two men, trying to prevent a brawl from breaking out on the floor.]

GM: Jericho Kai is in, going right after Supernova... but the story of the moment is that one of the prohibitive favorites to win this thing, Brian James, has been eliminated by... by...

BW: A schmoe who is used to staring at the lights.

GM: Well, I suppose that's one way to describe... wait a second...

[The camera cuts back down to the floor where Futurestar has regained his feet, turning to look at the son of the Blackheart who is still shouting at him. The longtime AWA preliminary wrestler reaches under his mask, giving it a tug...]

BW: He's taking the mask off! He's-

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of who is underneath!]

GM: IT'S TORA! TORA WAS WEARING THE MASK!

BW: He's not Futurestar! No fair!

GM: TORA WAS UNDER THE MASK ALL ALONG! HE AND BRIAN JAMES WILL COLLIDE IN TWO WEEKS AND-

[A furious James tries to get past the half dozen AWA officials trying to keep him at bay as TORA grins broadly.]

GM: TORA used the mask of Futurestar to get himself into this match and he ends up eliminating-

BW: ENDS UP!? That was the ONLY reason he entered the Rumble! He eliminated himself to get rid of Brian James and he was happy to do it! Oh, I can't wait for Tokyo when Brian James uses his dopey skull as target practice!

GM: Fans, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, the Rumble will continue so don't you dare go away!

[The ringside shouting match between TORA and Brian James continues as we fade to black.]

We open to a panoramic view of a packed house at an AWA show. After a moment, the opening to Coldplay's "Sky Full Of Stars" plays in the background as we get sweeping shots of cheering AWA fans.

As the lyrics begin, we catch back-to-back clips: a dramatic staredown in the ring between Dave Bryant and Supreme Wright, then two cheering fans side by side... one wearing a Bryant T-Shirt, one wearing a Wright T-Shirt.]

#'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[Next up we see Bobby O'Connor autographing a fan's Bobby O'Connor poster at ringside during a house show (when the wrestlers have time to do that kind of thing).]

I'm gonna give you my heart

[Then we see Johnny Detson walking down an aisle, berating the fans (who are waving a poster with a collage of AWA faces at him) as he goes by, but the one fan next to them with the gold-tinted Johnny Detson sunglasses is clearly thrilled about it. A similar shot sees Travis Lynch going by, pausing and giving a smile to a young lady with a Travis T-Shirt; she swoons.]

'Cause you're a sky, 'cause you're a sky full of stars

[And then, a super slow-motion shot of Ryan Martinez using the brainbuster on an opponent in the ring, which fades to transparency as we see a group of fans with Ry-Mart attire and merchandise cheering at ringside.]

Because you light up the path

[The music fades, but the cheering of the fans is still loud as we get another panoramic crowd shot. And then the stinger: AWAshop.com...

...and as we fade back up, the AWA World Television Champion, Shadoe Rage is on his way down to the ring.]

GM: Welcome back, fans. Shadoe Rage has drawn Number Twenty-One and is headed to the ring...

BW: Did I hear that right earlier, Gordo? Does Shadoe Rage actually think this match is for a shot at his own title?

GM: I've long ago given up the idea of figuring out what in the world that man believes. He may claim to be from Canada but I say that man's home state is the state of delusion.

[Rage reaches the ring, promptly climbing up to the top rope...]

GM: What in the...?

[...and hurls himself off, dropping a double axehandle of the back of Jericho Kai's head, knocking him down and breaking up a choke on Juan Vasquez!]

GM: Well, that's surprising.

BW: Hey, Rage has gotta team with... well, two of these guys, actually. He's teaming with Juan Vasquez AND Supernova two weeks from tonight against the Dead Man's Party. Maybe he's trying to show what a team player he plans on being.

[Rage pulls Vasquez off the mat, pointing to the downed Jericho Kai. Vasquez gives a confused nod as the duo pulls Kai off the mat, double whipping him into the neutral corner...]

GM: Jericho Kai got in there just a couple of minutes ago and he's already finding himself in big trouble!

[Rage goes in first, charging into a running back elbow under the jaw of Kai. He holds him in place as Vasquez comes charging in, leaping into the air to drive a pair of knees into the chest of Kai!]

GM: Great doubleteam by two members of Team AWA two weeks from tonight and... look at this!

[The crowd roars as Rage grabs Supernova by the arm, pulling him away from Cain Jackson who is trapped in the corner. He points to Jericho Kai. Supernova looks puzzled at Rage who insistently points again. The Venice Beach fan favorite looks around at the crowd to a big cheer!]

GM: These fans want him to do it!

[Supernova obliges for the sake of the fans, striding to the corner opposite where Vasquez is holding Jericho Kai, giving him a stiff headbutt to keep him in place as Supernova charges across, taking flight...]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER!

[The big splash crushes Jericho Kai against the buckles, forcing him to slump down to a seated position in the corner as Supernova bounces off, pounding his chest with his closed fists.]

GM: Team AWA is united!

BW: For now.

GM: Absolutely. There's certainly at least one very unpredictable element inside that ring in Shadoc Rage.

BW: Oh, I don't know that I'd trust Vasquez either... or Supernova for that matter. Heck, it's every man for himself. I don't know if I'd trust my own mama in this one!

GM: Your mama looking to become the AWA World Champion?

BW: At least she wouldn't lose it in under a minute like Dave Bryant.

GM: I think we both know there was some serious extenuating circumstances surrounding that title loss, Bucky.

BW: You call 'em "circumstances", I call 'em "excuses," daddy.

[Supernova rallies his partners, pointing at the downed Demetrius Lake who is cowering in the corner, trying to recover...]

...but as the Black Tiger spots them coming, he rolls out to the floor, shaking his head, and then pointing a finger at his afro while smirking.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The ringside fans boo the heck out of Lake as he walks around the ring, not even bothering to hide the fact that he's avoiding the conflict of the Rumble and buying himself time.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

GM: The buzzer sounds and who drew twenty-two?

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: JACK LYNCH! THE IRON COWBOY IS TWENTY-TWO!

[The King of the Cowboys comes stalking down the aisle towards the ring...

...where he walks right up to Demetrius Lake who has his back turned to the aisle, taunting the men inside the ring, spins him around, and DROPS him with a right hand!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Wait! That's not right! You can't do that, Stench!

GM: He just did!

[Lynch dives atop the downed Lake, battering him with right hands to the afro-covered skull as the Black Tiger tries to cover up!]

GM: And there's absolutely NO love lost between these two men, fans!

[Lynch pulls Lake up by the hair, firing him under the ropes into the ring where Juan Vasquez is waiting to greet him, dragging him off the mat, whipping him across the ring to the corner where Lake hits hard, staggering out...]

GM: HIPTOSS!

[The crowd ROARS for the hiptoss...

...and then GROANS as Vasquez EATS a Cain Jackson Big Boot, getting completely wiped out in the process!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Jackson lets loose a tremendous roar, turning towards where Jack Lynch is starting to get into the ring. The former convict rushes the ropes, forcing Lynch to drop back down. The two men are trading words from their respective positions.]

GM: Speaking of men with no love lost between them...

[Jackson steps up on the middle rope, shouting at Lynch. He leans over, taking a swipe at him that Lynch barely avoids. The Texan fires off a few insults of his own as Jackson taunts him, reaching for him again...

...and Lynch reaches up, SNARING Jackson's head in the Iron Claw!]

GM: CLAW!! LYNCH HOOKS THE CLAW ON CAIN JACKSON!

[The Team Supreme leader swings his arms back and forth, searching for an escape...]

GM: He's trying to get free! But Lynch has got it locked on! Cain Jackson is trapped!

[With the fingers pressed into his temples, Cain Jackson's arms start to slow as Lynch begins to pull...]

GM: Jack Lynch is- he's pulling him over the top! He's pulling him over the top rope!

[And with the Iron Claw locked on in textbook fashion, Jack Lynch pulls... and pulls... and pulls...

...until Cain Jackson slumps over the top rope and down at the Iron Cowboy's feet to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: HE'S GONE! CAIN JACKSON IS ELIMINATED!

[The Texan smirks down at the dazed Jackson, tipping an imaginary cowboy hat in his direction before climbing up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Cain Jackson's out, Jack Lynch is in and we're down to six men in the ring with eight more still to come!

[The lanky Texas CRACKS an incoming Shadoe Rage on the jaw, sending him stumbling backwards, falling to his knees.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[Another big cheer goes up from the Hawaii crowd for the arrival of the Hotlanta, Georgia native as he comes charging down the aisle!]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams draws twenty-three!

BW: Good news for the fat man 'cause he can't go more than five minutes or so without sucking wind.

GM: Bucky!

[Williams pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes in time to DRILL a rising Shadoe Rage with a right hand, sending him staggering towards Jack Lynch who drills the World Television Champion again!]

GM: Lynch and Williams are pinballing Shadoe Rage back and forth between them!

[Rage staggers back towards Williams who connects with another right... and then to the Iron Cowboy who lands another. The crowd roars for every blow landed. Supernova steps in, looking into the scenario, seemingly judging whether or not to intervene to help his Team AWA partner...]

GM: A moment of indecision for Supernova as he tries to decide if Shadoe Rage needs saving from this moment...

[But before he can act, Demetrius Lake grabs Supernova from the blind side by the hair, hurling him back into the turnbuckles. He grabs the top rope, laying some heavy boots into the midsection.

On the other side of the ring, Jericho Kai pulls a dazed Juan Vasquez to his feet, pushing him up against the ropes and trying to upend him out to the floor below.]

GM: Vasquez is in some trouble here, still dazed from the Big Boot from Cain Jackson!

BW: What a coup it would be for Jericho Kai to eliminate Juan Vasquez from this match, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that. Vasquez looping an arm around the ropes, trying to stay in this match...

[Kai leans down low, trying to get under Vasquez to shove him over the top. A few feet away, Shadoe Rage snaps off a jab to the jaw of Sweet Daddy Williams before landing an overhead elbow down between the eyes of Jack Lynch, sending the King of the Cowboys falling back towards the ropes.]

GM: Rage battles out... look at the World Television Champion!

[Rage spins a hand around in the air, charging towards the Texan, looking to eliminate him...]

GM: CLOTHESLI- BACKDROP BY LYNCH!

[The Texan hurls the champion over the top rope...

...but Rage manages to use his athleticism to hook the top rope, landing on the middle rope with both feet where he leans over, throwing a kick to the side of Lynch's ear!]

GM: Oh!

[The blow staggers Lynch as Rage steps up to the top rope in the middle of the ring, leaping off with a Death From Above to the back of the head, sending Lynch pitching forward and landing chestfirst on the canvas.]

GM: Rage takes Lynch down with the double axehandle off the top - unusual for a Battle Royal of any kind but Shadoe Rage is nothing if not unusual.

BW: Now we're getting down to the nitty gritty, Gordo. These guys can smell the win... they can taste their shot at the World Title. They know that they're down close enough where it's time to take some risks... but it's also time to make sure you don't make a mistake. It's a tough tightrope to walk.

[Rage pulls Lynch up off the mat, drilling him between the eyes with a pair of haymakers. He grabs a dazed Sweet Daddy Williams by the head, looking to clash their skulls together...

...but the fan favorites block it, grabbing Rage and delivering a double headbutt that sends him flipping backwards, rolling over onto his chest on the canvas!]

GM: Haha! Shadoe Rage thought he had matters well in hand but he ended up paying for it right there as we get ready to see who drew Number Twenty-Four in this battle for a shot at the World Heavyweight Title.

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[The crowd ROARS to life at the sight of a face they haven't seen around too much lately.]

GM: Oh my! "Big" Brad Jacobs is twenty-four!

BW: Surprise!

GM: Indeed. Jacobs has been competing for Tiger Paw Pro while over there doing promotional work for the AWA and it's great to see him back in action!

BW: Gordo, there were moments in 2014 where Brad Jacobs seemed ready to break through to the next level... like he was a future World Champion in waiting. We haven't seen that so far in 2015 out of him but tonight could be the night. He's perfectly capable of winning this whole thing - especially with a draw like this.

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky.

[Jacobs jogs down the aisle, patting his fist on his heart, and pointing to all of his cheering fans in War Memorial Stadium. He rolls under the ropes into the ring where Jericho Kai is on the move, diving on top of him with a clubbing forearm to the back of the head!]

GM: Big forearm by Kai! Trying to cut off Jacobs before he can get going.

[Kai rises to his feet, putting the boots to "Big" Brad as the crowd jeers him.]

GM: And with eight guys inside that ring, it's starting to get a little crowded again.

[The camera pulls wide, showing the aforementioned Kai stomping on Jacobs, Sweet Daddy Williams and Jack Lynch putting Shadoe Rage in a corner, Supernova and Demetrius Lake tangled up in a corner of their own, and Juan Vasquez recovering down on the mat.]

GM: Juan Vasquez putting on a tremendous effort here tonight, Bucky.

BW: He's been in there for over forty minutes at this point. One heck of a performance by him so far and he's not done yet.

[The crowd starts to stir as Jacobs absorbs stomp after stomp, kick after kick...

...and keeps on rising!]

GM: Jacobs is getting up! Jericho Kai's giving him everything he's got and Jacobs is still climbing up off that mat, Bucky!

BW: Unbelievable!

[As Jacobs climbs to a knee, Kai starts raining down heavy right hands but Jacobs doesn't seem to feel them as he pushes up to a standing position, staring at Kai who continues to throw haymakers...

...until Jacobs suddenly surges forward, blasting Kai off his feet with an impactful clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! That one knocks Jericho Kai for a loop!

[Jacobs wheels around, throwing a second one at a drifting Demetrius Lake, knocking the Black Tiger down to the mat...

...where he rolls out to the floor again.]

GM: Down goes Lake as well!

[Jacobs gives a shout, rushing forward to deliver a charging clothesline on Shadoe Rage as Williams and Lynch step back to watch. Jacobs throws back his head, giving another roar as he waits for Rage to stagger out, lifting him up...

...and pressing him high!]

GM: RAGE IS UP! HE'S UP IN THE GORGEOUS SUNSET SKY HERE IN HAWAII!

[Jacobs shows off the power, leaving Rage up there as he strides across the ring, working his way towards the ropes...

...but gets a boot buried in the gut by Jericho Kai!]

GM: Ohh!

[Kai and Rage work in tandem, grabbing Jacobs by the arms, whipping him into the ropes...

...but he runs right through their attempt at a double clothesline, hitting the far ropes as he charges back...]

GM: BOOM! DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE BY BRAD JACOBS!

[With bodies down all over the ring, the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"
"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[All eyes turn towards the entrance to see the twenty-fifth man to enter the match...

...and the crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

GM: BOBBY O'CONNOR!

BW: What a lucky draw for Bobby No Honor!

["Bunkhouse" Bobby wastes no time in charging down the aisle...

...and making a beeline for Demetrius Lake who is crouching down on the floor, trying to hide from the action. O'Connor grabs Lake by the afro, pulling him to his feet, and SLAMS his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Bobby O'Connor went right after Lake!

[Lake spirals away, falling backwards from O'Connor who continues after him, throwing a pair of right hands that puts Lake back against the barricade...

...where a well-placed clothesline causes Lake to topple over the railing into the front row of War Memorial Stadium!]

GM: OH MY! INTO THE SEATS GOES LAKE!

BW: This is a Battle Royal, No Honor! Get yourself in the ring where the match belongs!

GM: Perhaps you should tell your good friend, Demetrius Lake, to get HIMSELF into the ring where he belongs!

BW: Perhaps you should tell him yourself, Myers!

[O'Connor climbs the railing with one leg, giving off a roar to the Hawaii crowd who echoes a response to the fired-up youngster. Back in the ring, Jack Lynch looks on with pride at his friend and partner just before Shadoe

Rage backjumps him again, dragging him near the ropes where he starts to choke him on the top rope strand!]

GM: A blatant choke by Shadoe Rage but this is completely legal in a match like this!

[Marching across the ring, Supernova grabs Rage by the arm, ripping him off Lynch who slumps to his knees near the ropes. Supernova gestures to the throat, pointing at Lynch. Rage's eyes flash with... well, rage... as he gets up in the face of his face-painted rival-turned-partner.]

GM: We may have a problem here.

BW: Who in the world expects these two volatile personalities to actually somehow get along in two weeks in Tokyo, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure I have an answer for that but if they can't manage to do it, they'll have no chance against the Dead Man's Party!

[Rage bumps Supernova back a step, shoving an accusing finger in his face. Supernova slaps the hand away, pointing a finger of his own in Rage's face. Their voices are raised as are their tempers as a dazed Juan Vasquez walks over to the two competitors, shouting them both down...]

GM: Look at this. We've got a team meeting in the middle of the Rumble!

[Vasquez says something to Supernova... then turns to say something to Rage...

...who shoves Vasquez hard in the chest, knocking him down on his rear!]

GM: OH!

[Vasquez scrambles to his feet, throwing himself into a tackle, taking Rage into the corner where he starts hammering right hands into the ribcage as Supernova watches from a few feet away!]

GM: It's breaking down here for Team AWA in Hawaii!

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[Another big cheer goes up!]

GM: Hercules Hammonds!

BW: Arguably the strongest man in all the land!

GM: He's Number Twenty-Six and now this ring is getting REALLY crowded, fans!

[Hammonds' powerful muscles are well-oiled on this occasion as he climbs up the ringsteps, swinging a leg through the ropes...

...and heads straight for Jericho Kai who sees Hammonds coming, backpedaling, and then ducking through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: If it works for Demetrius Lake...

GM: How well is it working for Lake right now?

[The camera cuts on cue into the front row where Lake and O'Connor are trading right hands.]

GM: We've got fighting in the ring, on the floor, in the seats... and we've only got four remaining competitors to come down that aisle to the ring, Bucky.

BW: But what a four we've got. I can think of two VERY big favorites who have yet to make an appearance in the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion Noboru Fujimoto and the former AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne!

GM: But who are the other two? Who are-

[A loud "CLAAAAAAAANG!" cuts off Gordon as Demetrius Lake whips O'Connor into the barricade!]

GM: Into the steel goes O'Connor!

[Lake snatches up a chair from the third row, folding it up. He slaps a hand into it a few times, promising to cave in the skull of Bobby O'Connor before charging forward...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and O'Connor ducks down, sending Lake sailing over the railing, crashing down onto the barely-padded ground with a backdrop!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP OVER THE RAILING!

[The Missouri native scrambles back over the barricade, accepting the pats on the back from the fans as he grabs the crawling Lake by the afro, pulling him to his feet, firing him under the ropes...]

GM: Lake gets put back in... O'Connor's crawling in after him...

[But before he can get in, a fleeing Jericho Kai grabs him, whips him around, and shoves him right into Hercules Hammonds who runs over O'Connor with a big shoulder tackle!]

GM: Ohh!

[Hammonds looks down at O'Connor with a flash of regret before he goes stalking after Jericho Kai anew. Kai has an impish grin on his face, backpedaling with his arms raised as he tries to create some distance between himself and the hulking Hammonds...]

GM: The action's getting tough to call in this one, fans, as Jericho Kai continues to try and keep away from Hercules Hammonds who he's been playing mind games with for the past several weeks.

[Hammonds continues to advance on him, pointing a threatening finger towards Kai who swings around the ringpost...

...and then lunges around the post, throwing a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Oh! Kai caught him!

[Grabbing one of Hammonds' muscular arms, Kai gives a yank, pulling Hammonds' face into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A smirking Kai rolls back under the ropes inside the ring, laying the badmouth on Hammonds as he gets to his feet...

...and turns RIGHT into a spear tackle out of Brad Jacobs!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! JACOBS BROKE HIM IN HALF!

BW: Wow!

GM: Brad Jacobs and Hercules Hammonds have had a bond since their days squaring off as part of the Blonde Bombers and SkyHerc respectively. Not a friendship... not a partnership... but a mutual respect in and out of the ring that might've been a motivating factor behind that spear right there, fans!

[With Jacobs standing over the stunned Jericho Kai, the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"
"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[As the buzzer goes off, the fans begin to jeer LOUDLY at the sight of the former AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne walking into view, an arrogant smirk on his face.]

BW: Hah! Is there any wonder why the Ladykiller opted to not give up his spot in the Rumble tonight to team with Johnny Detson? He's in a prime position to win this thing and earn his OWN shot at the World Title. And while Dufresne and Detson may be tight, the bottom line is always going to be that EVERYONE wants to wear those fifteen pounds of gold, daddy!

GM: We may not always agree, Bucky, but that much is true for sure.

[Dufresne makes his way down towards the ring, eyeing the action warily...

...and then pulls himself suddenly on the apron, diving into the ring where Demetrius Lake is putting the boots to Juan Vasquez in the corner. Dufresne suddenly grabs Lake by the shoulder, swinging him around...]

GM: What the...?!

[Dufresne sticks an angry finger in the face of Lake, gesturing to Vasquez. The King looks as confused by this situation as you might expect. On the far side of the ring, the TexMo Connection is taking turns laying in knife edge chops on Jericho Kai as Brad Jacobs looks on. Hercules Hammonds is favoring his shoulder but soon, he's joined the fray as well, running into Sweet Daddy Williams who gives a few right hands to the jaw.]

GM: Every man for himself in there. There are no allies in this one.

BW: How do you say that RIGHT when those TexMorons are double teaming Jericho Kai?!

GM: Well, you know that alliances come and go throughout the Rumble, Bucky. Bobby O'Connor and Jack Lynch may be working together right now but at any given moment, that could completely fall apart, Bucky.

[Climbing up off the mat, Juan Vasquez drills Demetrius Lake from behind, sending him into Calisto Dufresne who uses a haymaker of his own to send Lake falling back against the ropes...]

GM: Demetrius Lake's on the ropes and... you've gotta be kidding me!

[Shaking his weary head in disbelief, Vasquez and Dufresne whip Lake across the ring in tandem, putting him down with a double clothesline. Dufresne pumps a fist to the cheering fans who... get louder?]

GM: Are these fans actually CHEERING Calisto Dufresne?!

BW: Hey, he's representing Team AWA two weeks from tonight! They oughta give him a ticker tape parade!

[Vasquez pulls Lake off the mat, marching him over to the ropes where he leans him back, pushing a hand into the face as Jack Lynch comes over to assist, trying to topple his long-time rival over the top.]

GM: We've got a two-on-one trying to get Lake over the top rope...

[Across the ring, Shadoe Rage has Sweet Daddy Williams in the corner, throwing stiff jabs to the jaw...

...and then steps back, ordering Supernova to continue.]

GM: Rage wants Supernova to attack Sweet Daddy Williams... and Supernova doesn't seem too fond of that idea.

[Supernova glares at Rage, hands on his hips as Rage again instructs him to attack Sweet Daddy Williams...

...when out of nowhere, Hercules Hammonds grabs Rage around the waist, lifting him up in a back suplex, walking towards the ropes...]

GM: Hammonds is gonna toss him!

[But Rage starts rifling short right hands into the head, trying to break free...

...and ends up twisting out, dropping down onto the apron and SNAPPING Hammonds' throat down on the top rope! Rage quickly runs to the corner, climbing the buckles...]

GM: He's coming off the top again! HE LEAPS!

[Rage throws himself into a crossbody towards Hammonds...

...who catches him, snatching him out of the sky!]

GM: Uh oh! Hammonds has him!

[Hammonds nods to the roaring crowd who know exactly what's coming...]

"SHOULD I BREAK HIM IN HALF?!"

[...and a very large portion of the crowd plays singalong with Herc by responding...]

“INTO A MILLION PIECES!”

[Hammonds grins as he brings Rage down hard across a bent knee.]

GM: BACKBREAKER!

[He holds him, lifting him back up...]

GM: He’s gonna do it again!

[...and brings him down a second time before powering him back up!]

GM: That’s two... third time’s a charm?!

[But this time, Hammonds sets his feet, looking as if he’s preparing for a fallaway slam that will take Rage over the top rope to the floor...]

...and that’s exactly what he does, flinging Rage over the top rope!]

GM: OVER THE TOOOOOOOO-

[The crowd GASPS as Rage just BARELY hooks one hand around the top as he’s going over, his body snapping back against the ropes as he dangles one foot just BARELY off the floor. The referee rushes over to check, holding his hands a foot apart, pointing at Rage’s foot!]

BW: LOOK! LOOK!

GM: Incredible athleticism on the part of Rage, somehow hanging on for dear life by his fingertips to prevent himself from being eliminated!

BW: He might’ve ripped his shoulder out trying to pull that off though!

[With Rage dangling from the top rope, the countdown begins again...]

“TEN!”

“NINE!”

“EIGHT!”

“SEVEN!”

“SIX!”

“FIVE!”

“FOUR!”

“THREE!”

“TWO!”

“ONE!”

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

GM: And the 28th man in the 2015 Rumble...

[There's a pretty good sized reaction for the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown Champion, Noboru Fujimoto, as he jogs down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Noboru Fujimoto! The TPP Global Crown Champion... and with just two weeks to go before he defends the title for the final time against Yoshinari Taguchi, you have to believe Fujimoto would LOVE to put a guaranteed potential champion vs champion match in his pocket.

[Fujimoto slides under the ropes into the ring, getting to his feet...

...and burying a right hand into the ribcage of Brad Jacobs from behind!]

GM: Ohh! Right after Brad Jacobs! Those two men tangled a few times during Jacobs' time in Tiger Paw Pro as of late.

[A few feet away with Shadoe Rage back up on the apron, Hercules Hammonds is right there raining down blows on him, trying to knock him to the floor...

...which allows Jericho Kai to make his move, rushing Hammonds from the blind side, attempting to flip him over the top rope!]

GM: KAI FLIPS HIM TO THE FLO- NO! HAMMONDS WON'T GO OVER!

[Hanging onto the ropes, Hammonds uses his pure strength to fight the attempt to toss him as Kai hammers away at him from the rear.]

GM: Kai's trying to get Hammonds out now. He may have just saved Shadoe Rage in the process!

[The Tupelo Tower forces his way back to his feet, slamming a back elbow into Kai's jaw, sending him falling back. Hammonds turns to pursue him, landing a big push kick to the chest that sends Kai falling back against the ropes!]

GM: Kai's in trouble! Here comes Hammonds!

[The big man rears back his right arm, ready to send Kai into the middle of next week...

...but the leader of the Walking Dead bottoms out, dragging the top rope with him, causing Hammonds to topple over the ropes, crashing down to the floor below!]

GM: OHH! HAMMONDS IS GONE! Hercules Hammonds is eliminated!

[Hammonds lies on his back, looking up at the lights, a frustrated look on his face as Jericho Kai taunts him from above, laying the badmouth on him from inside the ring...

...which results in Bobby O'Connor tossing him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: WHOA! O'CONNOR OUT OF NOWHERE!

BW: Where the heck did HE come from?!

GM: Just like that, Hercules Hammonds and Jericho Kai are BOTH gone from this Rumble!

BW: And yet, Juan Vasquez... like a human cockroach... is still in the ring, surviving everything that's been thrown at him!

[The camera cuts to Vasquez who is leaning against the buckles breathing heavily.]

GM: Vasquez is over fifty minutes inside the ring at this point and you can tell the number it's done on him.

BW: It's been a long time since Juan Vasquez has been in the ring this long, Gordo. The veteran... the Hall of Famer... is showing that he's still got what it takes to hang with the best in the world in this sport.

GM: Hammonds and Kai are trying to get at one another out there on the floor... we've got to take our final break of the Rumble and when we come back, fans, the conclusion of the 2015 Rumble so don't go away 'cause we'll be right back!

[Hammonds and Kai are angrily exchanging words as we fade to black.

What we see next is a wrestling ring, which inexplicably has a large gold-colored throne in it. Fans are booing all around, though this honestly looks more like a set than an arena. Seated on the throne is, of course, the self-styled "King Of Wrestling", Demetrius Lake. The dark-skinned Missourian is wearing a purple king robe, purple trunks and boots with gold kneepads and monogramming on the trunks and boots. Atop his head rests a regal crown. He rests one hand on the knee like the classic "Thinker" pose, but he has the trademark sour scowl on his afro-and-conebeard ringed face. We get some chryon identifying him for the benefit of non-wrestling fans: "THE KING OF WRESTLING DEMETRIUS LAKE"

The voiceover is from Lake himself.]

DL: It's hard to be the King.

[He's suddenly attacked by a couple of unknown wrestlers, who fail to harm him as he stands up and starts beating on them.]

DL: You got uprisings...

[The next scene shows Lake, still inexplicably in his "King attire", leaving an arena late at night, looking around at several restaurants which all say "CLOSED". he slumps his shoulders.]

DL: ...you got famines...

[The next scene shows him behind the wheel of a large cadillac, pulled over and angrily tapping his wristwatch as a police officer is writing a ticket. he shows the officer a billing that clearly reads "WRESTLING! 8PM BELL TIME!", but the officer is still going slowly. Also: he's still in his ring attire, or at least the robe and crown.]

DL: ...you got paperwork...

[And after that is a scene of Lake walking down a busy city street while everyone around him boos, throws trash, and shouts out at him. Demetrius is still in his same King ring attire, because how else will the people watching this commercial know he's a pro wrestler?]

DL: ...and all the peasants command my attention 24 hours a day.

[Back to the initial scene, where the "Black Tiger" is polishing off his last assailant by bashing his face into the back of his throne. He then sits back on the throne, which is funny because the opponent's head and upper body is still on it (and he flails helplessly for the rest of the scene), and returns to the "Thinker" pose.]

DL: It's a tough job, but if there is one thing that a King must never do, it is to allow his circumstances to make him sweat.

[Lake reaches behind him and pulls out an aerosol can of Right Guard deodorant. He applies it to himself as the voiceover continues.]

DL: Right Guard. Used by true ath-e-letes, the King Of Wrestling Demetrius Lake, and anybody with both armpits and sense.

[He then reaches over to one of his assilants who is just trying to get up, and sprays it right in the man's eyes.]

DL: Or just armpits. It works regardless.

[Cut to the product screen...]

DL: Right Guard. For The Win.

[...a bell rings, and then out.

As we come back, we're in mid-countdown...]

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"
"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[Once again, the Hawaiian crowd rises to their collective feet, their gazes cast towards the entryway to see the 29th entry into the 2015 edition of the AWA's Rumble event...

...and quite the mixed reaction comes next!]

GM: I don't believe it! It's Gunnar Gaines!

BW: What?!

[The camera cuts to the aisle where it is indeed Gunnar Gaines. The former Hall of Famer... the former World Champion...

...and perhaps most tellingly, the former tag team partner to CURRENT World Champion, Ryan Martinez!]

GM: And I'll give you one guess as to why Gunnar Gaines has crept out of whatever hole he was in in Portland to be in this match tonight.

BW: He wants a shot at the World Title.

GM: Oh, I'm sure he does... but he also wants a shot at the man who HOLDS the World Title. He wants a piece of his former tag team partner, Ryan Martinez!

BW: Oh. Well, that too. Maybe.

GM: I don't think there's any "maybe" about it. This man is vengeful and bitter and he's out for payback on his former partner.

[Gaines jogs down the aisle, climbing the ringsteps where he reaches over the top rope, digging his fingers into the eyes of a weary Supernova, raking the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot from the apron!

[Gaines steps into the ring, fists balled up and at the ready as he grabs Supernova in a loose side headlock, repeatedly smashing his fist up into the forehead and temple of the face-painted fan favorite.]

GM: Gaines is all over Supernova...

[Which leads to Shadoe Rage again trying to bail out his Team AWA comrade, pulling the Hall of Famer off of the Venice Beach native, smashing an overhead elbow down between the eyes, knocking him back into the corner.]

GM: You know, Bucky, when we said at the beginning of the night that the Rumble can make for strange bedfellows, I don't think anyone imagined a match where Shadoe Rage and Calisto Dufresne would be working to HELP Supernova and Juan Vasquez - teammates at Rising Sun Showdown or not.

[We cut another part of the ring where Noboru Fujimoto has Jack Lynch pinned against the turnbuckles, using a series of brutal palm strikes to the chest and shoulder region.]

GM: Now that's a match I'd love to see right there. That's one of my favorite parts of the Rumble, Bucky... seeing showdowns that we don't usually get to see.

BW: I think the Japanese have better taste than to let a Stench get a shot at their gold. So, you'll probably have to fill that fetish right here and now.

[Pulling Gaines off the ropes, Rage gives Supernova some instructions, asking him to hold Gaines' arms back. Supernova obliges as Rage steps up to the second rope, ready to strike again...

...when Gaines suddenly slips out of Supernova's grasp, using a handful of trunks to HURL him towards the corner where Supernova collides with Rage, sending the World Television Champion tumbling over the ropes, crashing down to the floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RAGE IS GONE! THE TV CHAMP IS ELIMINATED!

[Rage rolls to his side, clutching the back of his head as Supernova looks down in disbelief at him. Gunnar Gaines blindsides Supernova, trying to tip him over the ropes as well!]

GM: Look at the Hall of Famer trying to turn the tables on 'Nova!

[With Supernova struggling against Gunnar Gaines, Brad Jacobs approaches from the rear with a double axehandle across the shoulderblades, breaking off the veteran's offense.]

GM: Jacobs cuts him off, shoving Gaines into the corner...

["Big" Bad doubles over, grabbing the middle rope, driving his shoulder into the ample midsection of Gaines.]

GM: Jacobs going to town on Gaines, trying to wear the freshest guy down a little bit.

BW: And don't look now, Gordo, but we're about to get the luckiest man in the building!

GM: And if I've done my math right, I think I know-

"TEN!"
"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

[There's a pregnant pause...

...and then the video screens light up with the now-infamous skeletal logo which in this building... at this time... for this individual... causes the BIGGEST REACTION OF THE NIGHT!]

GM: ALANA! JAY ALANA IS NUMBER THIRTY!

[The crowd is absolutely DEAFENING as they realize that their home state hero is about to make his entrance...

...and just to make absolutely sure that the entirety of War Memorial Stadium is behind Jay Alana, a different individual walks out through the entryway, a flower lei hanging around his neck. He gingerly drops to a knee, lifting his hands in the "I love you" symbol.]

GM: My stars! That's Kai Alana! The greatest Hawaiian export that professional wrestling has EVER seen!

BW: And if you watch AWA programming, you've seen the commercial for the Legends Of The Northeast DVD. You know that Kai Alana was... he was the Hawaiian Hercules... he was a man among men... he was perhaps the greatest superstar to ever appear in that territory. Colt Patterson says on the DVD that when he came town, you couldn't get a ticket... that he outdrew the Rolling Stones!

GM: Kai Alana is a wrestling god to these people! Listen to this ovation! Look at these people on their feet for one of the greatest professional wrestlers in the history of this industry!

BW: I only quote the best so I'm gonna quote myself, Gordo. "Pain is temporary. Glory fades... but legends never die!"

[Alana throws back his head, clenching his eyes as he listens to the deafening cheers. After a moment, another figure emerges from the curtain to stand behind him to a reaction just as loud - his son, Jay Alana, the leader of the Dead Man's Party. Kai rises to his feet, pulling his son into an embrace that draws perhaps the biggest reaction so far...

...and then makes his exit, leaving his son alone at the top of the aisle. Alana pulls off his DMP t-shirt, throwing it aside as he stares down the aisle at the ring.

He slowly raises his right arm, reaching up to grab his wrist with his left hand...]

GM: What in the world is he...?

[...and then pulls down, giving a signal.]

GM: Alana is-

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Dead Man's Party members emerging from all over the place. The Wallace twins are out from under the ring in a flash. One Man Army rumbles through the crowd, clearing the barricade flanked by Ricky Royal and Yuma Weaver. Elijah Wilde and Johnny Skye come out from another side of the ring...

...and suddenly, Wilde is in the ring in a flash, followed by the others as the crowd loses their minds!]

GM: WHAT?! WHAT THE HELL?!

BW: THE DEAD MAN'S PARTY HAS INVADED THE RUMBLE!

[Taking direction from their leader at the top of the aisle, the seven men swarm the ring, hitting anyone - and everyone - in their sights. Elijah Wilde tackles Juan Vasquez, knocking him down to the mat where he starts hammering away with forearm shots to the head. The One Man Army steps in only to have Gunnar Gaines come at him with a series of blows to the head that seemingly do nothing to the behemoth!]

GM: This isn't right! We need to get some help out here!

[Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor meet the incoming Ricky Royal and Yuma Weaver, trading stiff shots with them in the center of the ring. Supernova goes to intervene when...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...a double superkick out of the Wallaces catches Supernova FLUSH on the jaw!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Supernova staggers in a circle towards Johnny Skye who grabs him by the head and HURLS him over the top rope!]

GM: Supernova to the floor!

BW: Is he eliminated?!

GM: I have no idea! None of these men are legally in the match, Bucky!
None of them!

[Chaz Wallace throws a crotch chop in the downed Supernova's direction as Chet Wallace grabs Sweet Daddy Williams by the arm, whipping him towards Johnny Skye who floors the veteran with a spinning leg lariat!]

GM: The Dead Man's Party is hitting anything that moves, fans!

[The crowd ROARS as Brad Jacobs comes for the One Man Army, throwing rights and lefts to the skull, battering the big man back towards the ropes. Jacobs backs off, lowering his arm down into a three point stance, charging in...

...but the One Man Army surges forward, clashing his arms together as his torso smashes into Jacobs, knocking him off his feet!]

GM: The AWA is trying to fight off the Dead Man's Party but-

[Noboru Fujimoto grabs Elijah Wilde, dragging him off Juan Vasquez to his feet. He lands a palm strike to the chest, a double chop to the sides of the neck, and a spinning back chop to the temple before dashing to the ropes...

...and getting launched into the air, caught, and DRIVEN into the canvas with a thunderous powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Peeling Fujimoto off the canvas, Wilde HURLS him over the ropes, sending him crashing to the floor!]

GM: Fujimoto goes over the top as well! If these are official eliminations, the Dead Man's Party is doing a number on the bodies left in the ring in this one!

BW: But are they legal?!

GM: I don't know! We're going to need some kind of clarificat- OHH! Brad Jacobs just got chucked out to the floor like a sack of garbage by the Dead Man's Party! The Wallaces working in tandem to throw him to the floor...

[Up the aisle, Jay Alana looks quite pleased at this turn of events, watching as the Wallaces turn their attention to Juan Vasquez, lifting him up and hanging him upside down in the tree of woe.]

GM: Youth In Asia's hung Vasquez out to dry... Juan Vasquez who has been in this match for almost an hour! He's exhausted but he's-

[Chet Wallace crotch chops in Vasquez' direction before he and his obnoxious brother give a shout to the Hawaiian sky.]

“DROOOOOPKIIICK PAAAAAARTYYYYYYY!”

[Chet rushes in, throwing a low dropkick to the head of Vasquez. Chaz follows right behind him, landing one of his own. Chet and Chaz each space out to the sides, measuring, charging in...

...and hitting stereo dropkicks to the head of Vasquez!]

GM: The Wallaces are taking Juan Vasquez to the woodshed, fans!

[And as they get to their feet, they come face to face with Calisto Dufresne who charges forward, connecting with a clothesline that takes Chet Wallace over the top to the floor. Chaz happens to duck it so when Dufresne turns around, Chaz goes low with a dropkick to the knee.]

GM: Dufresne got rid of one of those punk kids but now-

[But as Chaz hooks him around the head, Dufresne lives up to his dirty player reputation...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: LOW BLOW!

[Dufresne gets up, hooking Chaz in a front facelock, reaching back to snag the trunks...]

GM: WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK BY DEMETRIUS LAKE! WHAT THE HELL?!

[Lake grabs Dufresne by the hair, HURLING him over the ropes and down to the floor to eliminate the surprised former World Champion!]

GM: DUFRESNE IS GONE! That snake in the grass! Demetrius Lake just stabbed someone in the back that was defending the AWA against this invasion from the Dead Man’s Party and-

[Lake tosses the chair aside, turning around...

...and finds all the other AWA competitors laid out on the canvas with the entirety of the Dead Man’s Party encircling him.]

BW: Uh oh. The King may have put his money on the wrong horse right there!

GM: Demetrius Lake is trapped! Demetrius Lake is-

[And the sounds of snarling, snapping, and barking dogs fills the air to a TREMENDOUS reaction from the Hawaii crowd!]

GM: CRY HAVOC!

["War Machine" kicks in but instead of the usual slow-paced entrance, the Dogs Of War come steaming into view, hurdling the barricade, and hitting the ring...

...where Pedro Perez rushes forward, throwing himself at the One Man Army with a crossbody that somehow catches the big man off-balance, sending them BOTH toppling over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Isaiah Carpenter charges across the ring, ducking a hefty clothesline from Ricky Royal, leaping to the middle rope, and springing back with a kick that catches Royal flush in the face!]

GM: The Dogs of War are trying to-

BW: HEY!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Supernova and Shadoe Rage come charging back down the aisle, sliding into the ring!]

BW: They aren't allowed to that!

GM: If the damn Dead Man's Party is allowed to get involved, so are the Dogs of War! So is Supernova! So is Shadoe Rage! So is the entire damned AWA locker room if that's what it takes to send these people right back where they came from!

[Wade Walker bowls over Yuma Weaver with a double axehandle that knocks Weaver to the floor. He wheels around, leaping up to CRACK an incoming Johnny Skye with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: OHHH!

[Walker lifts Skye off the mat, pressing him over his head, and HURLS him down onto a stunned Weaver!]

GM: WALKER CLEARS OUT TWO MEN IN ONE SHOT AND-

[And Supernova comes barreling across the ring, leaping and clearing the top rope in a single bound, wiping out Skye and Weaver with a plancha!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A furious Shadoe Rage grabs Chaz Wallace by the hair, HURLING him over the top rope before he scales the ropes, looking out as a surprisingly cheering crowd...

...and drops a Death From Above on Chaz!]

GM: OHHHH! We've got bodies all over the place! We've got bodies down in the ring... at ringside...

[Elijah Wilde tries to cut off the comeback, hammering Wade Walker with a clothesline to the back of the head. He grabs hold of the big man, pulling him into a standing headscissors...

...when Pedro Perez hurls himself over the top rope, jumping onto the back of Wilde with a flurry of rights and lefts!]

GM: Perez going for Elijah Wilde!

BW: Pedro Perez is crazy!

[Wilde spins around, blasting Perez with a stiff forearm shot on the jaw. He tugs him into a standing headscissors...

...while Isaiah Carpenter springboards off the top rope, sailing into the frame of the camera with a flying knee strike to the temple!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[The blow staggers Wilde as Wade Walker buries a boot into the gut, tugging him into a standing headscissors. He shouts to his allies as he powers him up into the air...]

GM: Walker's got him up... what in the world are...?

[Carpenter comes soaring off the top, springboarding through the air with a one-legged dropkick to the mush, sending him falling back in a Walker powerbomb...

...punctuated by Pedro Perez leaping up, planting his knees in the back of Wilde, and delivering a spine-aching Lungblower to round out the triple team!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[Walker gives off a roar, throwing his arms back as Pedro Perez marches over to the ropes, staring down the aisle at Jay Alana, waving the DMP's leader to come down to the ring and get him some of the Dogs of War.]

GM: My stars! Chaos has broken out here in the Rumble! We need to get some help out here! We need to get some control over all of this! I know we said we'd be only having the one more break but we've got security out here... we've got AWA officials... we've got to take ONE more break before the conclusion of the Rumble, fans! We'll be right back!

[Jay Alana looks cool as a cucumber as he stares down the aisle at the defiant Pedro Perez as we fade to black.]

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"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."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"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 when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"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 as we come back, we see Senior Official Johnny Jagger in the middle of the ring, arms fully extended, keeping the action at a halt presumably until the TV cameras are back on.]

GM: Fans, we're back here in Hawaii for the 2015 edition of the Rumble and during the break, AWA officials decided to let the action that went down during the invasion of the Dead Man's Party stand. That means that we're down to seven competitors remaining in this match - Jay Alana, Gunnar Gaines, Bobby O'Connor, Sweet Daddy Williams, Jack Lynch, Demetrius Lake, and the marathon man himself, Juan Vasquez.

[Vasquez is leaning in the corner, chest heaving rapidly as the TexMo Connection huddles up, pointing across the ring at Demetrius Lake who is looking anxious. Gunnar Gaines stands alone, hands on his knees, ready for the fight to continue. Sweet Daddy Williams is shouting at the final man to enter the Rumble, Jay Alana. Johnny Jagger looks around...

...and signals for the bell to restart the Rumble hopefully for the final time.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go, fans! Seven men battling it out for the chance to battle for the greatest prize in our sport, the AWA World Heavyweight Title.

BW: Seven men who've never won the Rumble. Seven men who've never held the AWA World Title. The Magnificent Seven if you will... except for Stench... and No Honor... and Fat Man Williams...

GM: Let me guess, you're rooting for Demetrius Lake.

BW: The King holding court over all these peasants here in Hawaii? Sounds like my kind of story, Gordo.

GM: Unbelievable.

[Sweet Daddy Williams rushes across the ring, barreling Jay Alana back into the corner, opening up with a series of haymakers to the jaw.]

GM: Alana got caught and Williams is making him pay for it!

[With a shrug, Vasquez moves in to help his long-time ally in the mat from Hotlanta. Williams steps aside as Vasquez BLASTS Alana across the pectorals with a knife-edge chop.]

GM: Williams and Vasquez on Alana in one corner...

[Jack Lynch and Bobby O'Connor are looking to corner Demetrius Lake on the other side of the ring, slowly moving in on him...

...when Gunnar Gaines rushes in from the blind side, smashing a forearm into the ear of Bobby O'Connor, knocking him off his feet! Anger flashes in Jack Lynch's eyes as he tears off towards Gaines, throwing big looping right haymakers to the skull of the Hall of Famer, backing him up against the ropes!]

GM: Lynch and Gaines! You want to talk about two legendary families in this business going to war in the middle of all this chaos here tonight in Hawaii on the FOX Network!

BW: I wouldn't be surprised to learn that ol' Blackjack had stiffed a Gaines or two on a payday too.

[With Lynch distracted by Gaines, Demetrius Lake swoops in, lifting Bobby O'Connor off the mat in a bodyslam, walking towards the ropes with him. He can't quite get him high enough, pressing his back against the ropes as he tries to muscle him up and over.]

GM: Look at that! Demetrius Lake, that slithering snake, is trying to eliminate Bobby O'Connor while Jack Lynch is tied up with Gunnar Gaines!

BW: Brilliant! Someone's gotta split the TexMo Connection up or they're going to walk right through this thing. There's only seven guys left and two of them team together on a regular basis! That's not fair, Gordo... it's not fair at all!

[As Lake tries to toss O'Connor, Sweet Daddy Williams rockets Jay Alana across the ring into the turnbuckles, setting for a clothesline that Alana ducks...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and connects with a big superkick that sends Williams falling backwards towards the ropes. Alana swoops in, looking for the elimination.]

GM: Alana's got Williams in trouble!

[Williams promptly starts fighting it, hanging onto the ropes with all he's got, trying to keep himself in the ring as the Dead Man's Party leader attempts to upend him.]

GM: We've been told that the AWA has stationed security at the entryway to the aisle to prevent anyone else from coming out here. Hopefully that guarantees that these final seven competitors can battle it out until the REAL winner is remaining.

[With his ally in trouble, Vasquez approaches Alana from behind, pulling him off the Hotlanta native, promptly blasting him with a headbutt...]

...but Alana doesn't go down, shaking his head, and throwing himself forward into a headbutt of his own!]

GM: Oh!

BW: I'm not sure you want to trade headbutts with Vasquez, son.

[Vasquez looks surprised before landing another headbutt!]

GM: Vasquez says if Alana wants to trade headbutts, he's happy to oblige him!

[Alana grabs Vasquez by the hair, winding up to land another one...]

...which actually staggers Vasquez, causing a ripple of surprise to wash over the crowd!]

GM: Vasquez is stunned! I can't believe it!

[Gritting his teeth, Vasquez grabs the hair of Alana, firing off one... two... three unanswered headbutts that leaves Alana staggering backwards, falling into the turnbuckles, looping his arms over the top rope. Vasquez grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Vasquez SLAMS into the buckles, staggering out towards Alana who buries a back kick into the gut, doubling up Vasquez. Alana swirls his hands

around in the air, riling up the Hawaiian fans who are still cheering on their hometown hero despite his earlier actions...

...and drops to a knee, throwing a big uppercut that snaps Vasquez' head back, putting him back against the ropes!]

GM: What a shot by the 24 year old out of Sunset Beach, Hawaii!

[Alana approaches Vasquez, pushing back on his shoulders, trying to upend the Hall of Famer for the surprise elimination. The crowd is decidedly split as Vasquez struggles back against Alana.]

GM: These seven men continue to battle, trying to get one another out of this thing...

[Sweet Daddy Williams comes rushing from across the ring, grabbing Alana by the leg, upending him over the ropes...

...which sends Vasquez over the top with him!]

GM: OVER THE TOP!

[The crowd ROARS as both men land on the apron, clinging to the ropes to stay in the match. Williams reaches over the top, trying to hang on to Vasquez, trying to keep him in the match...

...which has him suitably distracted as Demetrius Lake comes rushing in, having given up on his effort to toss Bobby O'Connor for the moment, lifting the 302 pound Williams and flipping him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS IS GONE!

BW: Lake does it again!

[The crowd is all over Lake as he staggers back, throwing his arms up in the air in triumph...]

GM: We're down to six!

[...when suddenly, Lake gets knocked off his feet by a charging, leaping Jack Lynch!]

GM: LYNCH! FIERRO PRESS! FIERRO PRESS!

[The Iron Cowboy lets a series of hard right hands to the head of the Black Tiger fly on the canvas, hammering away on him to the thrill of the Hawaiian crowd.]

GM: Lynch is all over Lake! This is just like SuperClash last year, fans! You can tell there's still PLENTY of bad blood between these two!

[A quick cut to the apron shows Jay Alana and Juan Vasquez slowly getting to their feet at the same time. Alana lashes out with a side thrust kick to the chest, knocking Vasquez a couple of steps back.]

GM: Alana's got Vasquez in trouble! He's got-

[With room to maneuver, the Hawaiian starts in on Vasquez, ready to strike...

...when Vasquez lashes out with a desperation blow!]

GM: RIGHT CROSS! RIGHT CROSS!

[Alana loops an arm over the top rope, his body weight hanging almost totally off the ring apron. Vasquez is leaning on the ropes, sucking wind as he is certainly past the hour mark at this point.]

GM: Vasquez strikes but Alana's hanging on!

BW: Just barely! If someone hits Alana again, he's gone!

[Gunnar Gaines seizes the moment to do exactly that, coming towards the staggered duo. He winds up, ready to take the shot at Alana...

...and then turns towards Vasquez, a Grizzly Grin crossing his face.]

GM: What's he...? He's going after Vasquez instead!

BW: Maybe he thinks he can eliminate a bigger fish?

[Gaines grabs Vasquez by the hair, hammering him in the forehead with clenched fists, staggering the fellow Hall of Famer...

...when Alana uses his grip on the apron to leap up, swinging a foot up, catching Gaines flush on the forehead!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What the-?!

BW: I think Alana is saying if he can't eliminate Vasquez, no one will!

[With Gaines staggered from the kick, Alana and Vasquez both hook him under the armpit...

...and HIPTOSS the Hall of Famer over the ropes, throwing him down to the floor below!]

GM: GAINES IS GONE! HE'S OUT!

BW: We're down to five, Gordo!

GM: Juan Vasquez, Demetrius Lake, Jack Lynch, Bobby O'Connor, and Jay Alana! One of these five men are about to cash their ticket to a future shot at the AWA World Heavyweight Championship!

[Still on the apron - and now RIGHT next to each other - Vasquez lashes out with another headbutt to Alana, stunning the Hawaiian.]

GM: Another headbutt!

[In the background, we see O'Connor and Lynch send Lake flipping through the air with a double backdrop!]

GM: And the TexMo Connection is working over Demetrius Lake to boot!

BW: So unfair! If they get to have their partners out here, Demetrius Lake should get to have HIS out here too!

GM: I can't imagine anyone would be willing to team with a traitorous, backstabbing coward like him!

BW: Coward?! Watch yourself, Gordo. You're getting a little too big for your britches out here. I might've helped you with Temple but if Lake drags you in there, you're on your own!

[Vasquez slams chop after chop into the chest of Alana who is clinging to the ropes, trying to stay on the apron.]

GM: Vasquez is trying to chop the leader of the Dead Man's Party out of this match and send a message to the rest of that vile group - that Team AWA is going to be more than they can handle come Rising Sun Showdown in two weeks' time!

[Vasquez lands another headbutt, trying to take him down...]

GM: Vasquez is hammering Alana down but the kid won't let go of that rope!

[The Hall of Famer literally grabs the arm of Alana, trying to pry it free from the ropes...]

...which gets him too close as Alana goes to the eyes!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Alana!

[And as Vasquez turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...a big superkick catches him flush, causing him to fall off the apron to the floor to a huge disappointed reaction from the crowd!]

GM: VASQUEZ IS GONE! Wow!

BW: After over an hour of battle, Juan Vasquez didn't have enough to cross the finish line and make it into the Final Four of this match, fans! He came oh-so-close but Jay Alana superkicked him off the apron and out of the 2015 edition of the Rumble!

[Alana falls through the ropes into the ring, safe once more.]

GM: And there you see it, fans... the Final Four of the 2015 Rumble. Demetrius Lake has been in there the longer, coming in at #18. He's at about a half hour. Jack Lynch was next at 22. Bobby O'Connor at 25 and of course, Jay Alana at 30. Any final predictions, Bucky?

BW: I'm stickin' with the King that brought me to the dance, daddy.

[Seeing that they're down to a Final Four, Bobby O'Connor peels away from the Lynch/Lake battle to leave them to it as he turns his focus onto the leader of the Dead Man's Party.]

GM: We've got O'Connor coming after Alana and Lynch and Lake renewing their rivalry on the other side of the ring.

[With Alana and Lake in the corners, O'Connor and Lynch mount the midbuckles, looking out to the crowd who, of course, count along with the punches...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Both fan favorites hop down, grabbing the rulebreakers by the arms, firing them across the ring towards one another for a big crash in the middle of the ring, sending them both down to the canvas.]

GM: A meeting of the minds in the middle and down goes Alana and Lake!

[Lynch grabs Alana off the match, switching up with his partner as he drags the Hawaiian towards the turnbuckles by the hair, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle...

...but Alana snaps back up to cheers from the crowd, shaking his head. Lynch does it again, looking puzzled when Alana doesn't seem to feel it.]

GM: Alana is- oh! Back elbow to the chin!

[Alana grabs Lynch by the ears, leaping up to land a leaping headbutt between the eyes, depositing the Iron Cowboy down on the mat. He looks down at Lynch for a moment...

...and then moves to intercept Bobby O'Connor, pulling him off Demetrius Lake in the corner.]

GM: Wait a second! A two on one here!

BW: You didn't seem to mind earlier when it was TexMo beating up on Lake in a two on one!

GM: What is Lake doing?

[Lake lifts his hand into the air, extending his taped thumb for one and all to see...

...and LASHES OUT, driving the thumb into the throat!]

GM: TIGER STRIKE!

[O'Connor collapses in a heap on the mat, coughing and clutching his throat in tremendous pain. Alana starts to lean down, looking to eliminate him...

...but Lake stops him, pointing at Jack Lynch.]

GM: Lake doesn't want to toss O'Connor... he wants Lynch out first!

BW: Lynch may have won at SuperClash but Demetrius Lake is playing the long game and he's gonna finish this punk off once and for all right now.

[Lake drags Lynch off the mat, pulling him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!

BW: Oh, he's REALLY going to finish him off, Gordo!

GM: No, no, no... and now he's telling Jay Alana to climb the turnbuckles! He's gonna try and break Jack Lynch's neck with a spike piledriver!

BW: Just like the Bullies did to James. Jack's gonna get a convalescent bed right next to his little brother!

[As Alana steps up to the second rope, Lake leans over to wrap his arms around Lynch's torso...

...but the King of the Cowboys has other ideas, yanking the legs out from under Lake!]

GM: Counter... CATAPULT!

[Lynch falls back, flinging Lake towards the corner where he CRASHES into Jay Alana, sending him falling backwards over the top rope and down to the floor to HUGE jeers from the crowd!]

GM: ALANA'S GONE! WE'RE DOWN TO THREE! Demetrius Lake, Jack Lynch, and Bobby O'Connor! One of these three men are going to walk out of Hawaii as the winner of the 2015 Rumble!

[Lynch is right up to his feet, blasting Lake with punch after punch after punch to the head before grabbing an arm, firing him across the ring towards the opposite corner...]

GM: To the corner...

[Lake flips upside down as he hits the buckles, winding up sitting on the top turnbuckle for a moment before he flips back the other way, staggering in a circle into an uppercut that takes the Black Tiger off his feet!]

GM: Jack Lynch takes him down again!

[The Iron Cowboy turns around, shouting to the roaring Hawaiian crowd...
...and lifts his gloved hand into the air!]

GM: He's calling for the Claw!

BW: No, no! That's illegal! That hold isn't legal in a match involving Demetrius Lake!

GM: That's no such rule!

[And as Lake slowly starts to stir, Lynch lashes out, sinking his fingers into the temples of his long-time rival!]

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

[Lake grabs the wrist of Lynch, trying to push it off his head but the Texan holds his ground, shaking his head back and forth...

...and desperate times call for desperate measures.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LAKE KICKS HIM LOW! HE KICKED HIM LOW!

[Pulling Lynch off his knees, Lake pushes him into the ropes, trying to flip him over the top...

...while on the other side of the ring, a weary and dazed Bobby O'Connor uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, grabbing at his throat...]

GM: O'Connor's up!

BW: Hurry up, King! You got two of `em to deal with! You got-

[O'Connor stumbles across the ring towards where Lake is pushing Lynch, dangling him over the ropes...

...and ducks down, wrapping his arms around Lake's legs!]

GM: O'CONNOR!

["Bunkhouse" Bobby lifts, pushing up with his legs to get the so-called King up into the air...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!

BW: NO!

[...and FLIPS him over the ropes!]

GM: LAKE'S OV-

[Dragging Jack Lynch down with him. Bobby O'Connor sees it, making a lunge for his partner and friend's arm, looking to hook the limb and save Jack Lynch from being eliminated...

...but his hand comes up empty as Lake drags Lynch down to the floor with him, causing them both to hit the floor as the bell sounds!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A stunned O'Connor drops to his knees, staring out to the floor as his partner... his ally... his friend... his brother in battle if not in blood. O'Connor collapses forward, burying his face into the canvas as the referee steps in, pointing to the kneeling O'Connor as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner of the 2015 Rumble...

BOBBY OOOOOOOOOO'CONNORRRRRRRRR!

[The crowd ROARS for the fan favorite as the referee attempts to raise his hand but O'Connor jerks it away, shaking his head. He turns to the official, pointing out to Jack Lynch, miming several movements with his hands.]

GM: I think Bobby O'Connor is telling the official he didn't mean to toss Jack Lynch out to the floor. He didn't mean to eliminate his friend... at least, not like that.

BW: Who cares, kid? You won the match. You've got a shot at the World Title. That's way more important than having stupid friends... especially stupid Stench family friends.

GM: O'Connor is pleading his case. Bucky, I think he's asking the official to restart the match.

BW: What?! This guy might be looking to supplant Martinez as Chief Dumb Kid!

[O'Connor clasps his hands in front of him, practically begging Johnny Jagger to restart the match as Jack Lynch tiredly pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes into the ring. He marches across the ring, swinging O'Connor around by the arm. Bobby winces, seemingly expecting trouble...]

GM: We may have a problem here, fans. Jack Lynch looks hot under the collar!

[He certainly does, that trademark Lynch temper on display as he stares at his friend and partner...

...and then slowly extends his hand. The crowd cheers as Bobby O'Connor happily accepts, being pulled into an embrace by his partner.]

GM: Oh yeah! What a moment!

[Lynch steps back, lifting O'Connor's hand to the sky, pointing at his victorious partner.]

GM: Jack Lynch giving the win the thumbs up. He approves! And so do these fans here in Hawaii!

[Lynch grins at his partner, ruffling a hand through his hair before dropping to his back, rolling out of the ring and allowing his young partner to enjoy his moment. O'Connor leans over, hands on his knees, looking around at the roaring crowd with a look of disbelief on his face.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor scores the win tonight here in Hawaii and what a win it is! "Bunkhouse" Bobby now finds himself with a guaranteed future shot at the AWA World Champion in his pocket and... wow. His dad, Cameron, and his grandfather, Karl, are back home in Missouri watching tonight, I'm sure, and they've gotta be extremely proud of what they've seen.

[O'Connor walks over to the corner, stepping up to the second rope. He points out to the cheering fans, a grin on his face as he mouths "thank you" to one and all of them.]

GM: Bobby O'Connor survives the Rumble, outlasting twenty-nine others to become the winner, joining such names as Supreme Wright, Stevie Scott, Supernova, and Ryan Martinez. He etches his name into the history books right here in Hawaii tonight.

BW: And in the process, he's made himself a marked man, Gordo.

GM: What do you mean?

BW: Hey, O'Connor's always been a tough and talented kid but until now, he's coasted by in the shadow of Jack Lynch. He was Lynch's little buddy and occasional tag partner. Now, Bobby O'Connor's going to have to learn how to stand on his own. How to be his own man. Can he do it? That Rumble win is a lot of pressure on a guy. Remember O'Connor's old buddy who won it? That guy cracked like a walnut and is out of the business now!

GM: I believe this young man has the heart, the focus, the determination, and the character to do it. I believe this young man can be a future World Champion.

BW: We'll see, Gordo. We'll see.

[O'Connor drops down off the ropes, smiling at the crowd's reaction as he stands in the center of the ring.]

GM: Fans, an incredible moment for this young man and these fans here in Hawaii. We'll be right back for our Main Event so stick around!

[O'Connor gives another "thank you" to the roaring crowd as we fade to black.

We fade in on a shot of the Crockett Coliseum. A voiceover begins.]

"Dreams become reality in the strangest of places."

[A black and white still photo of Bobby Taylor, Jon Stegglet, and Todd Michaelson at the AWA Grand Opening Press Conference is seen.]

"In 2008, these men had a dream that they could start from nothing..."

[A still of the WKIK Studios marquee promoting the premiere broadcast of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

"...and grow into a global powerhouse."

[A series of headlines fly by - "THE AWA ON THE X!", "AWA TOUCHES DOWN IN TOKYO!", "SUPERCLASH VI HEADS TO THE BIG APPLE!"]

"These men had a dream too."

[Shots of Aaron Anderson... Eric Preston... Supreme Wright... Skywalker Jones... Air Strike... Hercules Hammonds... Brad Jacobs... all in action inside the AWA squared circle.]

"They dreamed of fame... they dreamed of glory... they dreamed of their friends and family seeing them on television... and their dreams came true."

[A shot of the old converted building that came to be the AWA training school - the Combat Corner - is shown with Todd Michaelson standing out in front of it with some of the first crop of students.]

"The road to being a pro wrestler is hard. None of those men would tell you otherwise. But they would all tell you that the best way to walk that road..."

[The shot of the old Corner fades into a shot of the Crockett Coliseum - an artist rendering of a renovated Coliseum with the Combat Corner sign out front. A second rendering shows a new backstage area, filled with workout equipment and a few wrestling rings. A third rendering shows a renovated arena bowl with less seating, giving room for the backstage improvements while still leaving room for the fans who will attend the new Combat Corner Wrestling shows.]

"...is through the Combat Corner - the official training school for the American Wrestling Alliance."

[We cut to footage of a very young Supreme Wright taking a forearm smash from Eric Preston before falling to his back. Todd Michaelson is crouched nearby, whistle hanging from his mouth as he watches approvingly.]

"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."

[A second batch of footage shows Marcus Broussard, Clayton Shaw, and Juan Vasquez running some students through their paces. See anyone you recognize?]

"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 when the much-larger one snares a waistlock, powering his opponent up into the air, and effortlessly throwing him down in a waistlock takedown. He pops up, showing himself to be a huge, hulking brute of a man who looks like he was created inside of a lab. Michaelson grins, slapping the big man on the back as the voiceover continues.]

"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...]

We open to a black rod iron gate, we travel down the gate, bars passing us by like a prison cell until we see the gate door, with the name "FAWCETT" spelled out in large gothic letters. Standing in front of the gate is none other than "Sweet" Lou Blackwell as the words "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED" appear on the screen.]

SLB: Fans, I'm here at Fawcett Manor on special assignment as the master of the house, "Doctor" Harrison Fawcett, claims he has quite a revelation for the entire AWA galaxy. To be completely honest, I am a bit nervous about being sent here after "Doctor" Fawcett promised to make not only the AWA galaxy but me personally very sorry...

[Lou straightens his tie.]

SLB: ... but I am a professional and beyond that, I just can't turn down a hot lead. Join me if you would.

[Lou opens the door to the gate and begins walking across a row of large, jagged rocks that lead to a large, imposing house. One the door is an enormous door knocker in the shape of a wide open mouth, as if frozen in a scream. We see the hand of the cameraman reach to the center of the "mouth". Having seen the first foray into Fawcett's home, Lou hesitates to knock at first. Surprisingly, the door doesn't swing open and Lou is indeed able to knock on the door.]

SLB: Well, that's a relie--

[Just as he's about to knock a second time, the door slowly creaks open. As it opens we see nobody inside the home who could have opened the door. Lou shrugs his shoulders and walks inside regardless.]

SLB: Now this is odd. As you fans well know, the first time our cameras were allowed entry here, there was a large boulder with a blade of some sort sticking out. But now...

[Lou walks forward, to a podium in the center of the hallway before him. Resting atop it is a glass case. On a small dark red pillow rests a pearl-handled razor. Lou's eyes go wide as he wonders aloud...]

SLB: Is that... is that what I think--

[Suddenly, a loud click is heard. Lou's head jolts upwards, towards the source of the sound... a PA speaker hung from the ceiling. The voice of the owner of this house is soon heard with a warm analog quality through the speaker.]

"D"HF: I see that you have found your way into my humble abode well enough. I also see that you have found one of my most prized...

[We hear a dark laugh comer over the PA.]

"D"HF: ... acquisitions. A truly magnificent piece, is it not? Such fine craftsmanship in that handle, in the blade itself.

But I think the true craftsmanship is in the one who wielded it. A true artist. My heart opens like a flower kissed by the first of Spring when I think of the true artisan that held that instrument, the true genius he displayed as he

went to work. May the world never forget the great gift he bestowed upon us one and all...

[A pause, during which we can almost picture that evil grin.]

"D"HF: ... and may he do so once more.

[Lou takes several steps back, seemingly too intimidated to even be near the inanimate object.]

SLB: What is the meaning of this, Fawcett?! Is this the big scoop you promised?

[Another dark laugh.]

"D"HF: That is merely a single star in the...

[Fawcett scoffs.]

"D"HF: ... galaxy that is my collection. No, my friend. I am afraid I led you here under false pretense.

[Lou jumps as the door behind him suddenly slams shut. He nearly knocks the cameraman to the side as he rushes quickly to catch the doorknob, but it's too late. He takes a few seconds to pull on the doorknob with all his might, completely in vain.]

"D"HF: Now, now... where are your manners? I invited you into my home, and you seek to exit so quickly after arriving?

SLB: I'm not some animal that you can trap here! You're a sick man, Fawcett!

[A thoughtful pause.]

"D"HF: Hmm. That's true. Thank you very much.

[Lou begins to protest, but then simply hangs his head in defeat.]

SLB: Fine. What do you want from me?

"D"HF: I will give you credit for this much at least: I am sick. Sickened and repulsed by a society that is encouraged to act so poorly towards their betters. A man as educated and well-traveled as I am, attacked by greasy food flung by a common yokel? Laughed at not only in public but on nationwide television by a so-called professional broadcast journalist?

I think not.

[Lou raises his hands to protest his innocence, but is quickly cut off.]

"D"HF: I have seen the problem, however. They and you think of me as an authoritarian figure. Like a teacher at whatever paltry age they last were in a classroom. Too stiff. No fun. Well, allow me today to shatter that image.

For today, I propose a game to you.

SLB: A game?

"D"HF: Indeed. There are many doors in my house. Wonders behind each. Behind one of them, however, is an exit. Unlike the one behind you, it is unlocked.

SLB: You called me here just for me to be a rat in a maze?

"D"HF: Don't be so negative. Unless your simple mind can only understand it in such pedestrian terms, then so be it. Yes. Like a rat in a maze. Freedom is your chunk of cheese. Where unlike the one behind you, that one is unlocked I feel its only right to warn you...

[That dark laugh once again is heard.]

"D"HF: ... unlike the wonder in the glass case before you, many of the pieces behind those doors breathe... and oh how they bite.

[With that, the PA speaker clicks off. Lou shakes his head in disbelief and slowly walks past the razor in glass. He stops at a large door. In its center is a large white handprint with an "M" scrawled where the center of the palm would be. Suddenly, the PA system clicks back on.]

"D"HF: Ah, a true adventurer like myself. No doubt you would be home in the congo, hunting the biggest of game.

[Lou peers closer at the door, noticing many strange and abstract designs carved into it.]

"D"HF: Of course there's big... and then there is BIG.

[Lou shudders, starting to place a hand on the door...]

SLB: My word!!

[... when he jumps back in shock, as a roar that sounds like it came from a lion is suddenly heard in the room beyond the door.]

"D"HF: Important lesson, there. Sometimes you hunt for big game but when it comes to that honored guest...

[Lou wipes sweat from his brow.]

"D"HF: ... sometimes the big game hunts YOU.

[Lou shakes his head violently before continuing on down the hall.]

"D"HF: A good choice, perhaps. You're a bit stringy for his tastes.

[The PA clicks off once more as Lou breathes a sigh of relief.]

SLB: It's bad enough being in here... but to have to hear that lunatic mocking your every move, its enough to drive a man to drink!

[The camera jostles a bit, assumedly from the cameraman nodding in agreement as they continue on. They turn a corner, stopping at a stainless steel door. A message in Kanji has been painted on the door in large red characters.]

SLB: I wish I paid closer attention to my foreign language courses over the years, this may very well spell out EXIT!

[Lou begins to reach for the door, but stops dead in his tracks when the PA clicks back to life.]

"D"HF: Perhaps not the brave adventurer that I thought. Shame on me for giving you an ounce of credit.

SLB: Stop taunting me, you maniac!

[Fawcett's laugh can be heard as Lou turns back towards the door.]

"D"HF: It is nothing more than simple human nature. We are drawn to what is familiar, what is safe. What lays beyond that door is familiar to you, on that score you can be assured.

But is it safe?

[Lou looks more closely at the door, seeing splotches that seem to have been sprayed here and there by different colors of spraypaint.]

"D"HF: In nature, that which is wild can always be tamed. This is a sad truth. You have seen it yourself as I brought The Lost Boy back to his true nature from the sickening tame life that was laid out before him by those revolting Lynches.

[Lou sees the splashes of color: red, black, yellow, blue... and green.]

"D"HF: Not just in nature is this true. For example, an assassin may be convinced that the path of righteousness is the one true path.

However, I have seen with my own Eye that in this too, the true nature will always win out.

SLB: This... this isn't paint, is it?

"D"HF: Now you are seeking to break the rules of this game. I cannot reveal all to you. All will be revealed by a simple opening of a door. I will warn you,

however. If you inspect those colors with which you are so enraptured... I wouldn't rub my eyes afterward.

[Lou pulls his hand back so quickly it seems as if he could dislocate it. He takes the handkerchief from his lapel and frantically cleans his hands, despite never having actually touched the door. The PA clicks off once again, and Lou runs down the hallway and turns the corner. The camera struggles to catch up with him, and we can hear him exclaim "I gotta get outta here!!" before the camera also turns around the corner and catches up with Lou.]

SLB: Well, this is different. And in this madhouse, that's saying something.

[Lou stands in front of a door. A simple, unremarkable wooden door. No strange carvings, no bizarre colors or characters of any kind.]

SLB: This is the only regular door in this crazy place, this has GOT to be it!

[The PA clicks on, freezing Lou in place with fear.]

"D"HF: You...

[A torturous pause, as Lou glares at the speaker above him with pleading eyes.]

"D"HF: ... have chosen wisely.

[The PA clicks off, as Lou looks up at it, blinking.]

SLB: That... that's it? No taunts? No cryptic sermon?

[Lou shoots his hands in the air in celebration and opens the door, rushing in...]

SLB: Oh lord. Oh lord no.

[... a celebration that proves to be for naught. As the door slams shut behind he and the camera, we see the room before us. Not quite a room yet, but a hallway. A hallway where the walls are lined with mirrors of all imaginable sizes, shapes and styles. All smashed.]

SLB: A hall of mirrors? What is thi--

[Lou's question quickly dies in his throat, as he is cut off by a deranged voice. A deranged singing voice.]

"I feel pretty..."

[Lou's mouth drops open in terror as he looks to the floor.]

"Oh so pretty..."

[Scattered everywhere, so much that we cannot see the actual floor itself, are photographs.]

"I feel pretty and witty..."

[Every photograph seems to be of the same person. The only thing keeping their identity hidden is the fact that the face in every photograph has been manically scratched away.]

"And I pity, any boy who isn't me today..."

[With shoes that seem to be made out of iron, Lou trudges onward. He walks down the hallway of smashed mirrors, gazing in astonishment as the deranged voice hums his tune. Lou stops suddenly at the end of the hallway.]

"Oh is it time? Is it today?"

[The camera catches up with Lou, and zooms in on the source of the deranged voice. Standing in front of a tall smashed mirror, peering at himself between the cracks is none other than Porter Crowley.]

PC: Uncle Harrison said it would be any day now. He said it was almost time to go outside!

[Porter is dressed in black tailored suit, with the exception of what appears to be a "tuxedo t-shirt" underneath the jacket. His black hair is now slicked black, showcasing his horrifyingly scarred face more than ever before.]

PC: He said the sun would shine for my coming out party. Is it shining? Is there still a sun? It's been so long...

[Lou opens his mouth to speak, but no words come out.]

PC: I asked you a question. Uncle Harrison said I don't have to take rude behavior anymore. He told me I'm a handsome man... his beautiful boy... and those people won't make fun of me anymore.

[Lou begins backing off, back towards the hallway.]

PC: You are being very rude, just like all those voices. I hear them now, I hear them screaming my name...

[Porter steps away from his mirror and begins to advance towards Lou.]

PC: ... now it's time for me to hear you scream with them.

[And indeed, Lou does begin to scream as we abruptly cut to black.]

And then back up on the generic AWA backdrop. Melissa Cannon is standing in front of it, a smile plastered on his face. She looks into the camera before speaking.]

MC: It's been an exciting night of action here at the War Memorial Stadium here in Hawaii but two weeks from tonight, that excitement goes to a whole other level when the American Wrestling Alliance and Tiger Paw Pro join forces for the second time for a major event in the Tokyo Dome called Rising Sun Showdown II available LIVE worldwide on iPPV and via tape delay on Fox Sports X here in the States.

[Melissa kinda trails off, looking down... and back up.]

MC: The show is full of...

[She pauses again, looking down at the floor.]

MC: You know...

[Melissa looks up at the camera.]

MC: In 2004, I was a kid... just a kid. But I had a very clear vision in my head. I won't call it a dream because that doesn't feel right. It was a vision. Clear as day. I could close my eyes and see it like it was actually happening. I could...

[She closes her eyes.]

MC: I was there. I was in a wrestling ring. I was... a professional wrestler.

[She slowly opens her eyes, a smile creeping across her face.]

MC: I lived in Los Angeles which wasn't a hotbed for wrestling after the Empire closed down the first time. It was a wasteland really. But then... a friend of a friend of a friend told me that Todd Michaelson was opening a wrestling school.

I rode a bus down to an abandoned warehouse... walked in the door...

[She chuckles.]

MC: It was glorious. I can still smell it...

[She inhales.]

MC: It shouldn't have smelled that good... wouldn't to a sane person but I had it in my system. I had it my brain... my heart. I wanted to be a pro wrestler.

Todd Michaelson said no the first time. Said he didn't have the heart to train an 18 year old girl for a business that just couldn't find a way to make room for women.

I was heartbroken. I cried for hours that night.

[Melissa looks down again.]

MC: But I came back the next day... and the day after... and the day after. Todd kept saying no. But one day, I walked in the door and there was someone else waiting for me.

Lori Dane.

[Jeers go up from inside the stadium. Melissa nods.]

MC: She's not my favorite person these days either. But Todd had told her about me and she came to talk to me herself. She told me what life was like as a woman in this business. She told me how she was a former Women's Champion but ended up being famous for making dirty jokes as a color commentator.

She pointed out how few spots there were for women wrestlers. She told me that if I walked that road, it would be hard... it would be tough... and it would be painful.

[Melissa looks right into the camera with a tight-lipped smile.]

MC: She wasn't wrong. But I didn't care... and they took me in. I trained in that school for hours upon hours, days upon days, weeks upon weeks, and months upon months. I wanted to be a pro wrestler.

And when I got out of school, ready to go?

There was no room for me. Not even in Todd's own company.

[Cannon shrugs.]

MC: He gave me a gig ring announcing because he knew I loved the business and would do just about anything to be a part of it. So, I took the job.

And when the EMWC re-opened... I went there and did the same thing.

And when the AWA opened... I went there and did the same thing.

[Cannon grimaces.]

MC: There was glimmers of something along the way... some suit with a pie in the sky idea of a Women's Division. But nothing... nothing lasted.

My vision became muddy. I couldn't see a world where I'd be a pro wrestler anymore... but an announcer... an interviewer... whatever they'd let me do to stay in the business.

[Melissa reaches up, removing the jacket over her torso, dropping it on the ground to reveal a black tanktop with bare arms... muscular, toned arms that show more than just an interviewer's physique.]

MC: And then... something happened.

Then the Queen of Joshi showed up... on MY show... and told the world that there wasn't a woman in the United States willing to face her. And I stood by and said, "Julie Somers will prove her wrong. Charisma Knight will prove her wrong. Someone... somewhere... will prove her wrong."

But she wasn't proved wrong. I was proved wrong.

They stayed silent and she gloated about it.

[Melissa clenches her jaw, shaking her head.]

MC: Two weeks ago, Lori showed up... and she sat me down... and she made me listen. She told me that time is fading for me. That every vision has a shelf life and that mine is ticking away one second at a time.

She told me she had a vision too... and her vision was that I'd put on those boots again... that I'd step into a wrestling ring again...

[She stares into the camera.]

MC: That I'd show Ozaki... and the suits in the AWA front office... that women deserve this opportunity. That there's women like me all over the world looking for a chance... looking for their moment... looking for their time.

Their time... is now.

And my time... is two weeks from tonight in Tokyo.

[She lifts the microphone, holding it front of the camera.]

MC: I quit.

[Cannon drops the mic, walking out of view as the camera holds on an empty screen...

...and then slowly fades back to a shot of the crowd jammed into War Memorial Stadium, waiting for the Main Event to go down when suddenly, "Kashmir" by Led Zeppelin hits as the crowd ROARS with disapproval!

After a few moments, Johnny Detson comes from the back, his shoulders slumped down. He's moving at a rather slow, dejected, dead man walking sort of pace. Eric Somers comes out behind him dressed in his standard attire.]

GM: Bucky, I don't see anyone and from the lack of his usual smug expression, I'm not sure Detson found anyone.

BW: You are taking too much glee out of this, Gordo. Laugh it up but you know this is inherently unfair and I wouldn't be surprised if O'Neill is out to get the Standard!

GM: You know very well Detson set this up because he thought Calisto Dufresne and he would get the World Champ alone two on one. Well, Dufresne returned the favor from last show and stiffed Detson and Ryan Martinez got Hannibal Carver!

BW: Has that lunatic even passed his recent psych test? He shouldn't even be allowed to compete!

GM: From Brian Lau to the Doctor to even trying to get Morgan Dane in here; Detson has tried and failed each time, he has no one to blame but himself.

[Detson reaches the ring and pulls himself up and into the ring without any of the usual fanfare. Mark Stegglet is standing in the ring, waiting for the Standard's arrival.]

MS: Mr. Detson, it is Main Event time here on All-Star Showdown and by the looks of things...

[Stegglet looks around.]

MS: ...you have no partner here tonight. Is that correct?

[Detson glares at Stegglet, refusing to answer.]

MS: I'll take your silence as a "yes." And if that's the case, then you are aware that this match will be turned into a two-on-one Handicap Match?

[Big cheer! Detson looks around with disgust but again refuses to answer Stegglet's question.]

MS: Well, with that said, I-

[Before Stegglet can continue, the sounds of light tinkling of heavily synthesized music, which begins to grow in intensity hits the PA as Thirty Seconds to Mars' "Vox Populi" blares over the loudspeakers. As the song builds, the heavy percussion of drums shakes the stadium. A chorus of singers belts out the opening words of "Vox Populi" until they two are drowned out by the White Knight's legions of fans.]

#This is a call to arms, gather soldiers
Time to go to war#

[On the lyric, Ryan Martinez emerges through the entrance curtain to a deafening reaction from the AWA faithful in Hawaii. He wears an off-white, cream colored satin jacket, black trim at the wrists and neck. Over his heart are stitched the letters "RM" in gold lettering, and as the camera circles around him, we see there is a golden logo on the back of a pair of

swords crossed over a shield, all done in gold on a red background. The jacket is open, and around his waist is the AWA World Heavyweight title belt. On this night, Martinez doesn't bother to pause, marching right down the aisle to the ring where he joins the two men already inside.]

MS: Mr. Martinez, I'm assuming you're out here to address this situation.

[Martinez grabs the mic.]

RM: The best laid plans of-

[And this time, it's Martinez who gets cut off by a mid-tempo bassline heard over the PA, signaling the beginning of "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" by Dropkick Murphys. A siren is heard as the fans get to their feet in anticipation of the South Boston Brawler.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT#

[Just as the vocal hits, the curtains at the top of the entranceway fly open as Hannibal Carver makes his presence known. He pulls the hood of his black hooded sweatshirt off his head, raising his arms out wide and letting out a primal scream to a huge ovation.]

#CUZ MY TOWN IS BIG AND MY TOWN IS BRIGHT#

#MY TOWN CAN WORK AND MY TOWN CAN FIGHT#

[Carver tears the sweatshirt off, flinging it to the ground as he charges the ring. He circles the ring once, nodding his head and scowling before climbing up onto the ring apron. He climbs to the second rope, pumping his fists and shouting along with the next lyric.]

#GONNA BE A BLACKOUT - BLACKOUT TONIGHT#

[Carver steps into the ring, stomping across...

...and physically shoves Ryan Martinez aside to an "ohhhhhh!" as he gets up in the face of Johnny Detson. Mark Stegglet again tries to intervene.]

MS: Gentlemen, please... let's keep some control for a-

[Carver wheels around, pointing a threatening finger at Mark Stegglet, muttering some words off-mic.]

MS: There's no call for that, Mr. Carver. I'm only trying to do my job out here and right now, my job is to find out if Johnny Detson is ready to take on the two of you in a Handicap Match. Mr. Detson, if you-

[And yet one more time, Stegglet is interrupted, this time by Merging Moon's "Greyn" as it blares over the loudspeakers. Ryan Martinez' head spins towards the entrance, his face going white at the sound. Carver visibly is surprised by Martinez' reaction, looking down the aisle with interest.

Perhaps surprisingly, Johnny Detson also seems caught unaware, arching his neck to look down the aisle.]

GM: Who is...?

[The curtain isn't merely jerked aside, its almost torn off, as. And out from behind the curtain stomps one of Tiger Paw Pro's more colorful characters. His features currently obscured by a long, hooded robe made of black silk, chased with kanji characters in both red and gold.]

GM: I don't...

BW: This guy looks familiar, Gordo.

GM: I believe... yes, that's... that's Takeshi Mifune! We saw footage of a match of his back in April on Saturday Night Wrestling but... what in the world is he doing here?!

BW: This is... this is the guy that Dale Adams said was quoted once saying he'd stretch God and then choke the Devil out. This is the guy... Gordo, this is the guy that used to TORMENT Martinez in Tiger Paw Pro when Martinez was a kid there... a rookie.

GM: There was an open invitation to many of the Tiger Paw Pro competitors to appear here tonight in celebration of Rising Sun Showdown... helping with publicity events...

BW: Are you telling me this guy just happened to be here?!

[Mifune climbs into the ring, discarding his robe to reveal his... well, "unique" isn't enough of a word to describe his appearance. Mifune has a thick, stocky build. He wears simple black trunks, and short black boots, with black tape on his wrists. His hair has been died a rainbow of colors, from platinum blond to purple to green to blue to red, and it has been styled upwards into a spiky topknot that defies the very laws of gravity. Mifune's face is craggy and pockmarked, and shows deep lines and scars from his years at war.]

GM: As my memory comes back, Mifune is a former Mixed Martial Artist and has a strong game built around grappling, submission, and strikes... including some nasty palm strikes.

[Detson quickly moves over to Mifune's side, looking at him...

...but Mifune's eyes are locked on the AWA World Champion whose gaze hasn't broken from him since his arrival.]

GM: We've got a staredown between Takeshi Mifune and Ryan Martinez and... now we've got a referee! Is Mifune going to team with Detson?!

[Detson is speaking to Mifune and being completely ignored... so he wheels around, pointing to him. "HIM! HE'S MY PARTNER!" he shouts to Senior

Official Johnny Jagger as he arrives in the ring. Jagger gives a nod, ordering Carver to exit the ring as Detson does the same.]

GM: I can't believe this! Fans, we're about to see this tag match and... what an odd team that is with Johnny Detson teaming with Takeshi Mifune!

[Jagger eyes the Martinez/Mifune staredown for a few more moments and then signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Mifune steps closer, eyes burning a hole into the former "young boy" who he tormented as a TPP rookie...

...and then uncorks an open-handed slap to the ear, causing Martinez to recoil, spinning to the side from the brutal blow!]

"SSSSSSSLLAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP!!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH!

[Mifune grabs Martinez by the hair with his left hand, using his right arm to repeatedly slam the forearm into the kidneys of the World Heavyweight Champion.]

GM: Mifune uses a snapmare to take Martinez down onto the mat...

[The Japanese veteran SLAMS a brutal kick into the back, causing pain to shoot up the spine of the World Champion. Mifune glares at the official before delivering a second kick... then a third...]

GM: Mifune's unleashing kick after kick to the lower back of the AWA World Champion!

[Dropping to a knee, he drives his other knee into the middle of Martinez' spine, hooking his hands underneath the chin and YANKING his head back at a severe angle!]

BW: That's a chinlock... one of the most standard moves in the business... but Takeshi Mifune applies it like he's trying to separate your head from your shoulders.

GM: Mifune's wrenching back on that hold, bending the neck, tweaking the back...

[Martinez refuses to quit as Johnny Jagger kneels next to him.]

BW: Ordinarily, I'd say there's no way that Martinez submits to this but... man, that thing's sunk in DEEP and looks incredibly painful.

[Mifune pulls back again, barking a short word or two in Japanese at the official who again asks Martinez if wants to submit. When Ryan refuses, Mifune breaks the hold, climbing to his feet...

...and lashes out with a paintbrush slap to the left ear, sending Martinez down to the canvas. In the corner, Johnny Detson is looking on with glee at the hard times being put on Ryan Martinez.]

GM: Takeshi Mifune isn't the flashiest guy. He's not the fastest or the best high flyer. But he's as dangerous as they come.

[Mifune leans down, dragging Martinez off the mat by the hair, planting a forearm into the jaw. He lands two more of them, sending Martinez falling back into the ropes. From the apron, Hannibal Carver paces back and forth, shouting at Mifune...]

GM: Carver giving Mifune a hard time from the apron but the man they call the Shadow Wolf doesn't even respond... doesn't react one bit.

[Mifune grabs Martinez by the hair, yanking the World Champion into a cravate, twisting the neck around at a terrible angle. Martinez cries out as the official again checks for a submission.]

GM: The three-quarter nelson... often called a cravate as well expertly applied by Mifune who has made a career out of tormenting his opponents with submission holds just like this one.

[Using the hold, Mifune drags Martinez towards the corner where Johnny Detson reaches over the ropes, slapping the shoulder of the Tiger Paw Pro grappler.]

GM: Johnny Detson, the man who will challenge for the World Title two weeks from tonight, tags himself in.

[Mifune glares at Detson as the referee orders him to exit the ring. Detson buries a pair of boots into the midsection of Martinez before Mifune steps out.]

GM: Takeshi Mifune didn't look overly enthused about being tagged out of this match.

BW: Stop trying to cause problem where there aren't any, Gordo.

GM: I'm just making an observation.

[Detson swings Martinez around into a neutral corner, lighting him up with a pair of chops across the chest. He grabs Martinez by the arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: Reversed!

[Detson SLAMS into the buckles, staggering back out towards the World Champion who ducks down, LAUNCHING Detson up into the air, sending him flipping over and crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY MARTINEZ!

[Martinez turns around, slapping the top turnbuckle as he eyes Detson trying to get up off the mat...

...and runs him down with a big clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline puts Detson down!

[Detson crawls away, pulling himself back to his feet, and gets run down with a second clothesline!]

GM: Martinez takes the man who will challenge him for the World Title down again!

[As Detson starts to stir once more, Martinez steps in, hooking a rear waistlock...

...but Detson hooks his arms around the top rope, trying to block the lift.]

GM: Martinez is going for the German but Detson's fighting it!

[The official shouts at Martinez to break the hold...

...but Detson yanks hard on the ropes, sending both men tumbling through them to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Detson and Martinez spill out to the floor!

[With Detson on the floor, Hannibal Carver drops down off the apron, moving quickly around the ring...

...only to have Johnny Jagger slide out to the floor, getting in his path, preventing him from getting at the #1 Contender to the World Heavyweight Title!]

GM: Jagger cuts off Carver!

BW: And those two have a history, Gordo.

[Carver is fuming mad as he glares at Jagger who repeatedly points to the AWA logo stitched onto his shirt...

...which allows Takeshi Mifune to drop off the apron, coming around the ring to boot Ryan Martinez flush in the face!]

GM: Mifune getting involved on the floor!

[Mifune swings Martinez back into the ring, turning him so that his head is dangling back off the apron...

...and Mifune SLAMS his elbow down on the bridge of the nose!]

GM: Ohh!

[Mifune repeats the action before backing away, allowing Johnny Detson to get to his feet and get back into the mix, hopping up on the apron, measuring Martinez...

...and leaps up, dropping a leg down across the throat!]

GM: OHHH!

[Detson rolls back in, grabbing a foot and hauling Martinez out to the middle of the ring before attempting a cover. The count gets to two before Hannibal Carver steps in. Carver's about to intervene when Martinez kicks out.]

GM: Two count only.

BW: But did you see that lunatic Carver heading in? He was coming after Johnny Detson!

GM: Can you blame him? Those two battled for months in the early part of 2015 and just when Carver had him beat inside the steel cage at Memorial Day Mayhem, Detson pulled the rug out from under him. He won't admit it... no one will... but I don't think anyone truly doubts that Detson is responsible for Morgan Dane's return to the AWA.

[Detson pulls Martinez off the mat, slamming the point of his elbow down twice on the back of the neck. He shoves Martinez back into the corner...

...where Mifune angrily slaps the shoulder of Detson, leaving a red welt as he steps in, ignoring Detson's request for a double team as he slams a forearm uppercut into the jaw of the World Champion!]

GM: Hard shot by Mifune!

[The referee shouts at Mifune, trying to get him to back off...

...which allows Martinez to fire back!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop by the World Champion!

[Mifune lands an overhead chop of his own.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Martinez recoils from the shot, pushing off the buckles to land a forearm to the side of the head. He hangs onto Mifune's head, landing forearm after forearm to the skull!]

GM: Martinez is fighting back!

[The World Champion steps back, giving a shout...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Three HARD overhead chops across the chest leave Martinez clutching at his sternum as Mifune spins around, burying a back kick into the midsection!]

GM: Oof!

[Mifune hooks a single underhook, snapping Martinez up and over, rolling through into a mount where he lunges down, driving an elbow down into the temple!]

GM: Mounted elbowstrikes by Mifune!

[Martinez lifts his arms, covering up as Mifune lands blow after blow...]

GM: Martinez is in trouble!

[Mifune suddenly grabs Martinez by the wrist, twisting to the side, scissoring the arm with his legs...]

GM: Mifune transitions into the armbar!

[Much as he did against Callum Mahoney, Martinez grabs his left wrist with his right hand, preventing Mifune from hyper-extending the elbow into the cross armbreaker!]

GM: Martinez is fighting it!

[Carver angrily slaps the top turnbuckle from his spot on the apron, shouting at Martinez.]

GM: Mifune- ohh!

[The crowd groans as Mifune slams a palm strike into the wrist of Martinez, trying to break his grip that is countering the hold so far.]

GM: Mifune trying to break down the counter so he can get that armbar fully locked in but the World Champion continues to fight it.

BW: If he can't fight it off successfully, Martinez might go into Rising Sun Showdown with a broken arm!

[Martinez rolls to his side, pushing Mifune's shoulders down to the mat. The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE! TWO!

[Mifune lets go of the arm so that he can escape the pin attempt which allows Martinez to take his own mount, opening fire with lunging elbowstrikes to the temple, putting all of his weight behind them one after another!]

GM: Martinez is bringing the fight to Mifune!

[Mifune rolls to the side, causing Martinez to miss a forearm smash. The TPP veteran attempts to grab the left arm in a double wristlock, wrapping his legs around the torso to stifle any movement.]

GM: Mifune counters! He's trying to get that double wristlock applied!

BW: In modern MMA, this is called the kimura lock. We've seen it out of Supreme Wright before as well.

[With his left arm bent behind his back as Mifune attempts to secure the hold, Martinez winds up...

...and SMASHES his skull into Mifune's face at full impact!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow stuns Mifune as Martinez rolls free, shaking out his arm...

...and Hannibal Carver slaps him on the back, tagging himself in!]

GM: In comes the Boston Brawler!

[Pulling Mifune off the mat, Carver gives the crowd a glimpse of a possibly broken nose that has blood streaming from it...

...and then pinches the nose between his fingers, twisting it as crimson oozes out from between his fingers. Mifune grimaces as Carver backs him to the corner...]

GM: Carver shoves Mifune in... he wants Detson!

[Detson raises his hands, shaking his head in disbelief as Takeshi Mifune, blood pouring from his nose, turns to look at Detson.]

GM: Detson's refusing the tag! Detson wants no part of this!

[Detson points at Carver emphatically, shouting at Mifune to "GET IN THERE AND TAKE HIM OUT!" The challenger for the World Title in two weeks walks away...

...until Mifune hooks his fingers in the nostrils, YANKING Detson back to the corner!]

BW: What the hell?!

[Back in the corner, Mifune lets go of the "fish hook"...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and SLAPS the taste out of Detson's mouth, grabbing him by head, and snapmaring him over the ropes into the ring. He kicks him with the side of his boot, pointing at Carver as the Boston Brawler looks on with amusement.]

GM: Mifune's ORDERING Detson to fight Carver!

BW: He can't do that... can he?!

GM: He just did!

[Detson scrambles up to his feet, looking stunned at the actions of Takeshi Mifune.]

GM: Mifune may not be loved by the people but he also can't stand cowardice and despises those who don't have the fighting spirit that he does.

[Detson edges from the corner, looking at Carver who stands in the middle of the ring unmoving, waiting for Detson to get within range...

...and Detson lunges in, sticking his fingers into the eyes, raking hard!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Detson!

[Grabbing Carver by the back of the head, Detson storms towards the corner, slamming Carver's head into the turnbuckles. He spins him around, burying kick after kick into the midsection...

...when Carver steps out, swinging Detson back into the buckles!]

GM: Carver reverses it!

[He starts with looping haymakers to the side of the head, knocking Detson down to a knee where he switches to boots to the chest, ending up stomping Detson into the canvas...

...and wheels around, flashing a double middle finger to his own partner before spinning back and STOMPING Detson right in the face! There's a pretty good reaction for this... even the obscene gesture.]

GM: We apologize for the...

BW: Sign language?

GM: Sure. Let's go with that. Hannibal Carver is certainly a spirited competitor and always has everyone - including our censors - on their toes at all times.

[Carver yanks Detson off the mat by the hair, charging across the ring and SLAMMING his head into the top turnbuckle, causing Detson to take flight into the air before crashing down in a heap on the canvas. Carver ends up staring Martinez right in the eye, pointing at Detson...

...and Martinez angrily slaps Carver's shoulder, stepping into the ring.]

GM: You have to wonder if Ryan Martinez is regretting choosing Hannibal Carver as his tag team partner here tonight yet.

[Carver glares at Martinez as he steps through the ropes to the apron, watching as the AWA's White Knight lifts Detson off the mat, backing him into the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip shoots Detson across...

[Martinez turns to rush to the ropes...

...where Takeshi Mifune reaches over the ropes, hooking Martinez around the head and neck, pulling him over the ropes, flipping him around to fall to the floor!]

GM: What in the...?!]

BW: Mifune didn't waste any time right there, Gordo.

GM: He certainly didn't.

[Detson continues to charge across the ring, dropping down into a baseball slide dropkick that sends Martinez flying back into the ringside barricade. Detson rolls out to the floor, moving to pursue...]

GM: Detson's out there on the floor with the man who he'll challenge for the World Title in two weeks' time...

[The Steal The Spotlight winner leans over, pulling Martinez in front of him, charging towards the apron...

...and DRIVES Martinez spinefirst into the edge of the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The referee leans through the ropes, reprimanding Detson as he grabs Martinez by the arm, whipping him off the apron...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and into the steel barricade at ringside!]

GM: DETSON PUTS HIM INTO THE STEEL!

[Detson grabs Martinez by the hair, hauling him back towards the ring where he hurls him under the ropes. He climbs up on the apron, stepping through the ropes...

...where Takeshi Mifune slaps his shoulder again, tagging himself back into the match.]

GM: Mifune’s back in... and I sense a pattern here. When Carver was in there, Mifune wanted out. When Martinez is in there, he wants in.

BW: His business isn’t with Carver, Gordo. He wants to hurt Martinez. You know, I heard that no matter how many times Martinez and Mifune squared off back in Japan, Martinez was never able to put him down for the ol’ one-two-three.

GM: Not too many people can claim that.

[Mifune drags Martinez off the mat, twisting the left arm around before smashing an elbow down on the shoulder... and then swinging his right arm up into the tricep in an uppercut!]

GM: And Takeshi Mifune may make Johnny Detson’s Christmas card list if he decides to go after that arm.

BW: Anything Mifune can do to soften up Martinez is making Detson’s year right about now.

[Mifune hangs onto the wrist, twisting it around a second time. Martinez grimaces, his right fist balling up as Mifune gives the twisted arm a yank, putting more pressure on it...]

GM: Mifune’s targeting the arm now and that can’t be good news for the World Champion just two weeks before that big showdown in the Tokyo Dome.

[Mifune, still holding the wrist, slowly turns the arm again, wrenching it something good...]

“SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...when Martinez CRACKS him with an open-handed slap to the ear!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez with the right hand!

[Mifune shoves the arm aside, stepping forward to go nose-to-nose with Martinez, both men fuming with anger. Some brief words are exchanged before Martinez steps back, grabbing Mifune by the hair, laying in stiff forearms to the jaw!]

GM: Martinez taking his best shot at Mifu- OHH! Mifune headbutts him!

[Blood still streaming from his nose, Mifune pushes Martinez' head down where he drives his own skull into the ear of Martinez a half dozen times...

...and then swings his left foot up into the right ear, kicking it a half dozen times!]

GM: Those blows to the ear are just devastating, Bucky.

BW: You don't gotta tell me. That pipsqueak Hernandez broke my eardrum with a slap like that once. Couldn't walk straight for weeks.

[With Martinez dazed and barely able to keep his balance, Mifune gets a running start, hitting the ropes as he comes back, lifting his arm...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But Martinez ducks, hooking a full nelson as Mifune goes by, lifting him up and DUMPING him on the back of his head with a Dragon Suplex, not bothering to hold the bridge...

...which allows Mifune to roll through to his feet, giving off a roar before he throws himself forward, connecting with a HUUUUGE clothesline!]

BW: LAAAAARIAAAAATOOOOO!

[Mifune applies a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Martinez' shoulder comes FLYING off the mat to break the pin attempt!]

GM: He almost got him, Bucky, but almost isn't enough!

BW: No it's not. He's going to need a little bit more than that to finish off the World Heavyweight Champion!

[Mifune climbs to his feet, grinning maniacally at Martinez, before offering some mocking applause...

...which allows Johnny Detson to slap his shoulder, tagging himself back in.]

GM: Detson blind tags in again...

[Mifune is caught glaring at Detson before being forced to step out as Detson pulls Martinez off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Detson's going for the kill!

BW: If he hits the move named after the greatest broadcaster in the history of our sport, he's got this one in the bag, daddy!

GM: I thought his move was named for you.

BW: Very funny.

[With Martinez trapped, Detson reaches down to hook one arm...

...but Martinez spins out, yanking Detson into a short-arm clothesline that he steps through, obliterating Detson!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez collapses after hitting the blow, dropping down to the canvas right next to his challenger in two weeks.]

GM: Both men are down! Martinez is down! Detson is down! And you've got Hannibal Carver in the corner losing his mind at not getting the chance to get in there and put a beating on Detson!

[Carver starts slapping the top turnbuckle in rhythm, inadvertently turning it into a rhythmic clap by the Hawaii fans. The Boston Brawler looks around in surprise at the fans clapping loudly, shouting their encouragement to the White Knight.]

GM: These fans are behind Martinez, trying to cheer him to his feet to continue the fight... or maybe to make the tag and get Hannibal Carver back into this match.

BW: Martinez has been freezing him out. That glory hog. Carver's been on the apron almost the whole match.

GM: That's true but it's not because of-

BW: So you agree that Martinez is a glory hog?

GM: No!

BW: Then why wouldn't he let Carver finish off Detson back at the Battle of Los Angeles last year?

GM: You know very well why. That's not how Ryan Martinez operates. We saw that back at Memorial Day Mayhem against Caleb Temple.

[Martinez pushes up to all fours, the fans still cheering him forward as he tries to get to his corner where Hannibal Carver is waiting, his arm outstretched...]

GM: Martinez is trying to make that tag!

[The dazed Martinez climbs to his feet just as Johnny Detson makes a crawling tag on the other side of the ring...]

GM: In comes Mifune!

[Mifune comes rushing in, charging Martinez from behind as the White Knight gets to his feet.]

GM: Martinez is up! He's gonna tag-

[But at the last moment, Martinez pulls back from the tag, side-stepping as Mifune BLASTS Carver with a running palm strike, sending the Boston Brawler off the apron to the floor!]

GM: OHH!

[Martinez slips in behind Mifune, hooking him around the waist...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and takes Mifune up and over, dropping him with a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But at the last moment, Hannibal Carver reaches under the ropes, yanking Martinez' foot out from under him, breaking up his partner's own pin attempt, dragging the White Knight under the apron to the floor...]

GM: Uh oh! This could be trouble!

[Martinez doesn't back down from Carver, getting right up in his partner's face. The two are trading angry words as the fans at ringside encourage them to break things up and keep the match going inside the ring.]

GM: We've got a problem here. A miscommunication issue has led to these two having a face-to-face argument out on the floor at ringside...

BW: Miscommunication?! Glory hog Martinez refused to tag and then set up Carver to get drilled in the face by Mifune and you call that miscommunication?!

GM: That's not exactly what happened and you know it, Bucky. You're just trying to stir up tension between these two!

BW: Look again, Gordo. They've done just fine stirring up tension on their own.

[The two men are nose to nose, shouting at one another. Carver sticks a finger in the chest of Martinez who slaps it away, getting right back in his face...

...and neither notice Takeshi Mifune rolling out to the apron, climbing to his feet, measuring Martinez!]

GM: Mifune!

[Mifune comes charging down the apron towards an unaware Martinez...

...who gets flung aside by Carver, throwing him out of the way of a swinging punk kick to the temple by Mifune!]

GM: OH! CARVER SAVED MARTINEZ!

[And with Mifune off-balance, Carver grabs the other foot, giving it a yank, sending Mifune crashing facefirst to the ring apron! Carver pulls Martinez off the mat, throwing him under the ropes into the ring, taking his spot back up on the apron as Martinez climbs to his feet.]

GM: Martinez is up! Mifune is down!

[The White Knight looks to the corner where Carver again sticks out his hand, offering the tag... and then to the downed Mifune...]

GM: Ryan Martinez trying to decide where to go next...

BW: I'll give you one hint and it rhymes with "Story Bog!"

GM: Bucky!

[Martinez seems about to make his decision when Johnny Detson comes charging in, getting halfway across the ring when the referee stops him, forcing Detson to retreat... but drawing Martinez' attention who stalks towards that corner, shouting at Detson...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the distraction serves to allow Eric Somers to BASH Hannibal Carver across the back with the Steal The Spotlight briefcase, sending Carver crashing down on the floor. Somers strides away as the fans let him have it.]

GM: Somers takes out Carver and-

[Martinez suddenly turns, walking towards the corner with his hand outstretched...

...and then looks puzzled as he spots Carver nowhere to be seen. He looks back and forth, shouting "WHERE IS HE?!"

GM: Oh no! Martinez was looking for the tag and Carver got taken out while his back was turned!

[Shaking his head in disgust, Martinez marches over towards the ropes where Mifune is dragging himself off the apron...

...and then slings himself between the ropes with a shoulder to the gut. He pulls Martinez back out by the hair, hammering kneestrikes into the face of the World Champion!]

GM: Mifune's going to town on the World Champion!

[Still on the apron and still with the White Knight at his mercy, Mifune switches tactics to overhead slaps down across the back of the head of Martinez...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

BW: Oh man, this guy is vicious!

[Mifune takes three steps back, getting some space as he runs back down the apron, swinging a kick up into the mush of Martinez!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez falls back through the ropes, collapsing in a heap on the canvas.]

GM: Mifune just did a number on the World Champion, coming in after him.

[Mifune stands over the prone Martinez, looking down on him. He slowly lifts his leg, letting Martinez think about it...

...and DROPS a knee down into the eyesocket of Martinez!]

GM: OHH! That might do it!

[Mifune applies a cover, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Martinez lifts a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin.]

GM: Near fall right there but the White Knight - the AWA World Champion - stays alive!

[A fuming mad Mifune drags Martinez off the mat, shoving him back into the neutral corner. He gives a roar in Japanese to the air before winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Mifune turns, looking out at the crowd with a gleam in his eye... and this time, when the chops continue, they continue at a blistering speed and impact!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!" "WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!" "WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!" "WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!" "WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!" "WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!" "WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!" "WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!" "WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: MACHINE GUN CHOPS BY MIFUNE!

[He grabs Martinez by the arm, whipping him across the ring to the opposite neutral corner. He storms in after him, swinging his leg up...]

BW: YAAAAKUUUUUUZAAAAA!

[But Martinez drops down, front somersaulting out of the way of the kick, springing up off the mat, making a lunge...]

GM: TAG!

[...and the Hawaii crowd EXPLODES as Hannibal Carver tags into the match, charging into the ring, going into a full spin...]

GM: ELBOW!

[The blow strikes solidly on Takeshi Mifune, sending him flying backwards into his own corner where he accidentally slaps the chest of Johnny Detson!]

GM: TAG!

BW: NO, NO! THAT WAS A MISTAKE!

GM: IT CERTAINLY WAS!

[Hannibal Carver, a gleam in his eye, charges the corner, grabbing Detson by his long blonde hair and flipping him over the ropes into the ring. Detson

rolls to his knees, lifting his arms, begging for mercy as Carver advances on him, the crowd roaring at the idea of Carver beating on Detson again!]

GM: Detson backs to the corner, eye gouge!

[But Carver slaps the hand away before driving a boot into the gut of Detson, sending him falling back into the turnbuckles where Carver advances on him, grabbing an arm to whip Detson across...]

GM: Detson SLAMS into the corner, staggering out...

[Carver grabs Detson around the head and neck, reaching down to hook a leg with the other hand as he spins around, his back to the buckles...

...and LAUNCHES Detson over his head and into the corner with a T-Bone suplex!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHH!

[Carver climbs up off the mat, fire in his eyes as he drags Detson right back to his feet, pushing him into the neutral corner. He looks out at the roaring crowd before he launches into an assault...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Five big knife-edge chops connect before Carver switches to throwing a chop, then a forearm... then a chop, then a forearm... then a chop, then a forearm... then a series of a half dozen short brain-scrambling headbutts that knocks Detson down into a seated position in the corner...]

GM: BOSTON BEATDOWN!

[...where Carver switches to stomps to the face and chest, stomping Detson flat down onto his back as Carver steps up o the second rope, giving a shout to the red hot (not Rex Summers) Hawaiian crowd, leaping up into the air...

...and DROPPING two heavy knees down into the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Pulling Detson from the corner by the foot, Carver looks around at the roaring crowd...

...and then clasps his hands together, making an up and down gesture!]

GM: He's calling for the Skullpump!

BW: Uh oh!

[Carver drags Detson's limp form off the mat, pulling him into a standing headscissors. He reaches down, hooking one arm... then reaches down for the other...]

...when Takeshi Mifune charges in!]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: PALM STRIKE! PALM STRIKE!

[The uppercut open-handed blow to the chin knocks Carver down to his knees...]

...and brings Ryan Martinez into the ring, racing in!]

GM: SPEAR!

[The big tackle takes Mifune off his feet where Martinez starts raining down heavy strikes for a few moments before Mifune rolls him over, landing heavy strikes of his own!]

GM: Mifune and Martinez are down on the mat going at it... and look at this!

[Climbing off the mat, a dazed Detson reaches down, pulling Carver into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook one arm... then down to hook the other...]

GM: He's going for the Wilde Driver!

[But as he tries it, Carver sweeps the legs out from under him, depositing him on his back. Carver hangs onto the legs as Martinez forces Mifune to roll out to the floor...]

GM: CATAPULT!

[And as Carver falls back, launching Detson into the air, Martinez comes tearing across the ring...]

GM: YAAAAAAKUUUUUZAAAAAAA!

[...and DRILLS Detson under the chin with a running big boot, knocking him backwards!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez pulls Detson off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Martinez is going for the Brainbuster!

[But before he can do it, Johnny Jagger steps in, pointing to Carver.]

GM: No, no! Carver's the legal man!

[A protesting Martinez argues with the official as Carver drags Detson off the mat, turning his back on Martinez as he reaches down to hook one arm... then the other...]

GM: SKULLPUMP!

[...when Detson drops down to a knee, swinging his arm up into the groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW BY DETSON!

BW: And the referee didn't see it because he was tied up with Martinez who is still arguing the referee's decision to kick him out of the ring 'cause he wasn't legal!

[Detson pushes up off the mat, staggering back to the corner where Takeshi Mifune tags in, rushing towards Carver..

...but Carver catches him coming in, leaping up to hook the three-quarter nelson, and SPIKING Mifune headfirst into the canvas!]

GM: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!! BLACKOUT!!!

[Carver pushes up off the mat, losing his balance as he falls back and Ryan Martinez tags himself in!]

GM: Tag!

[The White Knight steps in, pulling Mifune off the canvas, tugging him into a front facelock, slinging the arm over his neck...]

GM: Wait a second! Martinez hooks him!

[...and lifts Mifune into the air, allowing the blood to drain down into his head...]

GM: BRAINBUSTER!

[...and DROPS Mifune down on top of his skull to a HUGE reaction from the crowd! Martinez flips over into a lateral press, reaching back to hook both legs! Carver steps in, keeping guard to prevent Detson from intervening.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Martinez shoves up off the mat, throwing an arm up into the air...

...and Hannibal Carver IMMEDIATELY leaps into the air, snaring Martinez around the head...]

GM: NO!

[...and DRIVES the World Champion skullfirst into the canvas!]

BW: BLACKOUT!

[Carver pops up, staring down at the World Heavyweight Champion who is now motionless on the canvas next to the man he finally vanquished in Takeshi Mifune. Johnny Detson stands in the corner, looking on with a big grin on his face as Carver keeps his eyes on Martinez.]

GM: Hannibal Carver told Martinez he'd team with him... and he did. They won the match but when it was all said and done, Carver was waiting to drop him with the Blackout!

BW: And Johnny Detson is loving every second of it, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is. He knows that Martinez took some damage here tonight at the hands of Takeshi Mifune, at the hands of Johnny Detson, and yes, even at the hands of his own partner, Hannibal Carver. What kind of condition is Ryan Martinez going to be in when the World Heavyweight Title is on the line in two weeks' time at the Tokyo Dome? What kind of condition will he be in when Johnny Detson challenges for the gold? Fans, it's been one heck of a night from here in Hawaii and the next time the AWA takes to the airwaves, it'll be two weeks from tonight in Tokyo, Japan! For all of us here at the AWA, we wish you good night... and we'll see you next time... at the matches! So long everybody!

[The shot is locked on Hannibal Carver looking down at the motionless Ryan Martinez as Johnny Detson grins with glee in the background...

...and we fade to black.]