



[We fade up from black onto a sea of television monitors - a generic set of monitors that are usually seen during episodes of AWA Access. "Summer's End" by the Foo Fighters plays us in as the AWA logo splashes across the screen then pulls up to reveal the Stampede Cup logo.

After a moment, the logos fade to reveal Jason Dane standing in front of that generic bank of monitors.]

JD: Hello everyone and welcome to a very special edition of AWA Access right here on AWA.com, the official website for the American Wrestling Alliance. It is Saturday, September 3rd, and earlier today, all the superstars of the AWA were in the Forbes Arena right down the street from where I'm standing right now for Night One of the three-night professional wrestling extravaganza known as the Stampede Cup.

[The Cup logo appears again.]

JD: Over the next three days here in the heart of the South, twenty-four of the greatest tag teams in the business will collide in a battle to see who will earn the big silver Stampede Cup, one million dollars, and the right to be known as the greatest tag team in the world. The list of teams is well-known, we've been over it countless times and as we entered the Forbes Arena earlier today, there was a feeling in the air... a tension you could say... as these teams realize that these three days are what they've been preparing for for months - or in some cases, all year long.

[We cut again, this time showing an image of Violence Unlimited holding the Cup high in the air.]

JD: Last year, Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton - Violence Unlimited - won the tournament and have used it to propel them into a series of matches against the National Tag Team Champions, Rough N Ready - who are also in the tournament. Now, remember, if those two teams happen to meet this weekend - and that would ONLY happen in the Finals, the National Tag Team Titles will be on the line. If it does not happen, Rough N Ready will meet

Violence Unlimited for the gold in two weeks' time when the AWA returns home to Dallas and the Crockett Coliseum for AWA Homecoming.

[The shot of VU fades to reveal Dane again.]

JD: But that's for later. Tonight, we've got eight huge first round matches featuring the sixteen teams that did NOT receive a seed in this tournament. The seeded teams, we'll see them tomorrow. But tonight, sixteen teams will battle to get into the second round. Plus, we've got two big non-tournament matches - both title matches in their own right. But again, that's for later. For now, let's head down to ringside for our opening match of this night and this tournament to my broadcast colleagues, Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde!

[We crossfade from the studio to a wide shot of the Forbes Arena, panning across the bleachers and floor stuffed with over seven thousand screaming AWA fans. In the center of the mass of humanity, the ring sits with its usual red, white, and blue ropes surrounding the white canvas. There's a batch of thin mats over the basketball floor and a metal ringside barricade surrounding the perimeter of it all. Two tables sit at ringside - one for the timekeeper and the ring announcer and the other that we see our announce team standing next to.

Gordon Myers is in a navy blue suit, white dress shirt, and red tie. His salt and pepper hair that is a lot more salt than pepper at this stage and is nicely slicked down to his head as he peers through a set of black-framed glasses at the camera, a wide grin on his face.

By his side is the self-professed "straw that stirs the drink," Bucky Wilde, in a somewhat subtle (by his standards) deep crimson sportscoat, brightly bleached white dress shirt, and a purple and yellow polka dot tie. His teeth look as freshly bleached as his shirt as he grins at the camera.]

GM: If you are a tag team in the world of professional wrestling, then you want to be in this building this weekend! Hello, fans, I'm Gordon Myers alongside Bucky Wilde for what promises to be a tremendous weekend of action here in the city of Atlanta, Georgia - here at the Stampede Cup! Bucky, I know you're as excited as I am about this one.

BW: That's right, Gordo, because for a long ol' year now, I've had to listen to people say that Violence Unlimited is the best tag team in the world when it's very obviously Rough N Ready that hold that honor. This weekend, we get to set the record straight!

GM: You're going out on a limb early? You're picking the champs to win it all?

BW: The National Tag Team Champions are on a mission to let the entire world see that they - not VU - are the best in the world and they're not going to let anyone get in their way, Gordo.

GM: We'll see about that. But we will NOT be seeing the National Tag Team Champions compete here this afternoon in Atlanta. They WILL be in action

tomorrow night - and from my understanding, they will be facing the winner of today's opening matchup!

BW: What a way to start off a tournament, Gordo! Two masked freaks against two freaks who think they're from the future - the AWA brings the thunder and brings it early!

GM: We're not gonna waste any time, Bucky, so let's go right up to the ring for our opening matchup!

**THE STAMPEDE CUP  
ROUND ONE  
THE RAVE VS THE PHARAOHS**

[We fade from the shot of Gordon and Bucky and to the match already in progress. As we come back up, we find both members of the The Rave - Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG in the ring, assaulting The Pharaohs' Darius up against the ropes.]

GM: The referee's laying a five count on these two men who claim to be from New Seattle.

BW: He may need to count to thirteen, Gordo. Does he know that?

GM: Why on Earth would he do that?

BW: Jerby Jezz told me earlier that in the future, thirteen is the new five.

GM: Wha... what does that even MEAN?!

[Each man grabs an arm on the masked Egyptian, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Double whip by the Rave... Darius ducks underneath...

[Jezz spins around, Shizz Dawg right behind him...

...and get knocked flat with a running double clothesline from Darius! The crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and boos.]

GM: Sounds like some of these fans here in Atlanta didn't much care for what we just saw there.

BW: The Rave's got their legions of fans here too, daddy!

GM: The Rave has legions of fans?

BW: Oh yeah! I was walkin' around out here earlier - you wouldn't believe all the Rave signs I saw.

GM: I don't see any now.

BW: Security must have taken them all. There are things that the government doesn't want you to know, Gordo.

[Darius drags the legal man, Jerby Jezz, to his feet, laying in a boot to the gut before pulling him to the ropes, slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: Darius fires him to the ropes...

[On the rebound, Jerby Jezz leapfrogs over an obvious Darius backdrop attempt, putting him off-balance when Ramseys leaps to the top rope, springboarding off...

...and catching Jezz squarely in the mush with both feet!]

GM: Dropkick off the top! Jerby Jezz goes down hard off that one!

[Ramseys makes a diving pin attempt only to have Jezz kick out at two.]

GM: A two count there for the Pharaohs, the Egyptian Tag Team Champions. And remember, fans, all of these first round matches here at the Stampede Cup have a twenty minute time limit so these guys have to work quickly.

BW: No problem for these two teams. I think MAMMOTH Mizusawa outweighs both teams... maybe even combined!

GM: The Rave check in at just under four hundred pounds while The Pharaohs weighed in at about four fifteen from my notes here. Not the biggest men in this tournament by a long shot but they just might be the fastest.

[CUT!

We skip ahead to later in the match, again finding Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG with Darius trapped between them, this time hammering away with chops to the chest against the turnbuckle.]

GM: The referee's count is up to four...

BW: No worries. When he gets to twelve, let The Rave know.

[Jezz grabs Darius by the arm, firing him across to the neutral corner. He grabs his own partner by the arm, whipping him from corner-to-corner again, Shizz Dawg OG delivering a running back elbow to the jaw. He steps back, grabbing Darius around the head and neck, snapping him down to the mat.]

GM: Snapmare out of the corn-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to a running knee to the mush of the seated Darius by Jerby Jezz.]

GM: Whoa my! Someone's gonna need to check their dental work after that one! But why aren't they going for the cover, Bucky?

[Down on all fours, Jerby Jezz shoves Darius under the ropes, pushing him down to the floor...

...and then frantically gestures for the referee to start the ten count.]

BW: He wants the countout! Remember, in the future, the countout is the most honorable type of victory that someone can gain, Gordo.

GM: Oh, brother.

[Jerby Jezz stands in the center of the ring, clapping his hands over his head on each count, trying to get the crowd to count and clap along with him...]

"CLAP!"

"FOUR!"

GM: The fans are actually counting with him! I can't believe it!

BW: I told you, Gordo! The Rave are the real deal, daddy!

"CLAP!"

"FIVE!"

[Jerby Jezz looks quite pleased with himself at the counting fans but less pleased when Darius climbs up on the apron. Jezz quickly approaches, throwing a right hand that Darius blocks before firing back with a right hand of his own.]

GM: Jezz got rocked with the right hand and-

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd roars for Darius as he uses the ropes to swing his legs up, catching Jerby Jezz in the back of the skull with an enzugiri!]

GM: OHHH! What a headkick there!

[Jezz staggers back from the kick, giving just enough space for Darius to slingshot over the ropes, catching Jezz with a clothesline and dragging him down to the canvas!

CUT!

We move deeper into the match where Darius slams Jezz down to the canvas in the center of the ring before pointing to the corner where he marches across, slapping the hand of his partner who immediately starts to scale the ropes.]

GM: Ramseyes is going up top, fans!

[But as the masked man prepares to fly, Shizz Dawg OG comes charging around the corner, racing down the apron towards the corner where Ramseyes is perched...]

GM: Look out here!

[Ramseys doesn't even hesitate, simply turning his body slightly and throwing himself off the top, completely wiping out the incoming Shizz Dawg with a crossbody that sends them both crashing down to the floor below!]

GM: OHHHHHHH MY STARS!!

BW: A death-defying dive by Ramseyes! He wiped 'em both out!

GM: But I'm not sure how wise of a decision that was though, Bucky. Ramseyes was the legal man there on the tag. He IS the legal man right now and he's laid out on the floor from that dive onto Shizz Dawg! This could be a very bad situation for the Pharaohs. If he can't get back into the ring, the Rave would win this match by countout and move on to the next round of the tournament.

BW: And a countout to boot! They'll be thrilled!

[Darius turns to see his fallen partner, shaking his masked head in disbelief as he approaches the official who signals that an official tag was made. Darius seems to be arguing with the referee, perhaps trying to buy his partner some time as Jerby Jezz regains his feet, stomping to the ropes where he grabs the top rope with both hands...

...and CATAPULTS himself over the top rope into a big splash on the downed Ramseyes!]

GM: OHHHHHHH!

BW: And don't think for a second that the Rave aren't thinking about that countout, Gordo!

GM: You're probably right, Bucky. A countout's as good as a pinfall in this tournament and with the National Tag Team Champions waiting in the wings for the winner, it'll be very interesting to see who moves on to face them.

[With both members of the Rave out on the floor with his partner, Darius decides to take matters (and the top rope) into his own hands...]

BW: SLIIIIINGSHOT!!

GM: OHH! BIG DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY DARIUS!!

[The crowd roars at the sight of all four men out on the floor, the referee counting all of them out of the ring. The count reaches five before Darius climbs back to his feet, shoving his own partner under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Darius puts Ramseys back in... the count to six...

[And Jerby Jezz rolls back in, clutching his ribs as he staggers to his feet.]

GM: All four men are back in now...

[Jezz stumbles forward, leaping high to drop a big leg across the chest, staying seated as he orders the referee to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Ramseys fires a shoulder off the mat before a three count can come down. Jerby Jezz backrolls to his feet, slapping the hand of Shizz Dawg OG who quickly scales the ropes, shouting, "OHHHHH HOOOOOO HAAAAAA!" to the confused crowd...]

GM: What did he-

[Shizz Dawg leaps off the top rope, his rainbow colored hair a blur as he front flips into a swanton dive...

...and SMASHES spinefirst down to the canvas to a thunderous thud!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Ramseys quickly pops back up to his feet, sprinting towards the ropes. He leaps to the middle rope, flipping backwards to crash down across the chest of a stunned Shizz Dawg!]

GM: Moonsault! He got all of that! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd cheers as Jerby Jezz makes a desperation diving save, breaking up the pinfall attempt.]

GM: We're in the opening match and this one's off the rails, Bucky!

[Jerby Jezz pulls Ramseys to his feet, throwing two stinging right jabs to the jaw before clapping his arms together on the ears of Ramseys, immediately following up with a cross-armed thrust to the throat!]

GM: The uniquely styled offense of the Rave is giving the Egyptian Tag Team Champions more problems than they might have expected, Bucky!

[With Jerby Jezz attacking his partner, Darius intervenes again, charging in towards Jezz with a clothesline...]

...that he avoids by dropping down into a split!]

GM: Whoa!

[He pops back to his feet out of the split, catching a stunned Darius with a thrust kick to the chest. He swings around, grabbing Ramseys by the arm, firing him towards his partner...]

GM: Irish whip towards his own partn-

[But Ramseys runs up the chest of his partner, backflipping out of the corner...]

...right over a shocked Jezz, landing on his feet behind him!]

GM: Oh!

[The Pharaohs lash out almost on cue, striking Jezz under the chin and in the back of the skull with sandwiching superkicks!]

GM: What a shot! Good grief!

[Darius promptly dashes out of the corner, obliterating Jezz with a running clothesline as Ramseys ducks down, sweeping out the legs with his own foot!]

GM: OHHH!

[Jezz rolls out to the floor as Darius pulls Shizz Dawg to his feet over the objections of the official. He quickly hooks a front facelock, hoisting the man from the future into the air. As Darius starts to bring him down in a front-layout, Ramseys leaps into the air, both knees up above him with his back parallel to the canvas...]

...and they bring Shizz down in unison, smashing his chest into Ramseys' knees!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: I've never seen that done before! A gourd bustin' lungblower!

GM: That's it right there! We've got one! We've got two! We've got three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Egyptians celebrate their victory to a mixed reaction from the fans as the Rave rolls out to the floor to nurse their wounds.]



GM: The Pharaohs, the Egyptian Tag Team Champions, are your winners and we're going to have a golden second round matchup when two sets of champions collide! The Pharaohs versus our own champs, Rough N Ready!

[The Pharaohs continue their party as we crossfade back to Jason Dane in the Control Center.]

JD: So, the first round starts off with one heck of a battle as the Pharaohs defeat the Rave in a pretty hard-fought showdown to move on to the second round where they've got Rough N Ready, the National Tag Team Champions waiting for them. Now, one of the teams in our next match - well, let's just say they've got some added motivation to win this thing. It's not just a million dollars, a silver cup, and some bragging rights to them. Of course, I'm talking about Kolya Sudakov and the Russians. My colleague, Mark Stegglet, caught up with them shortly before the match we're about to see so let's hear what they're thinking just moments before bell time.

[We crossfade to Mark Stegglet standing in front of a Stampede Cup backdrop.]

MS: Good afternoon, fans... joining me at this time is a team with a lot on the line this weekend - a man's very freedom is at stake!

[The camera zooms out as Ivan Kostovich leads his men into view, already dressed for battle.]

MS: Mr. Sudakov, I'd like to get your thoughts on-

[Kostovich grabs Stegglet's wrist.]

IK: I don't think so.

MS: I'm sorry?

IK: You should be. By now, even you, Stegglet, should understand that no one speaks to my employee without my leave.

MS: But that's exactly what I want to talk to him about. If he helps this team win the Stampede Cup, you have sworn to release him from his obligations to you.

IK: I have done more than swear it, Stegglet. I have signed legally binding paperwork - at Comrade Sudakov's demand - that ensures that exact agreement.

However...

[Kostovich glares at Sudakov who returns the favor.]

IK: He is not free... not yet. And therefore, he will only speak to you if given my leave and I most certainly do not give it.

MS: Alright then... Mr. Kostovich, tonight, your team faces two veterans of the game - two of the biggest stars in Puerto Rico - Carlos Sanchez and Hurricane Ramirez. Your thoughts?

[Kostovich snorts.]

IK: Have you ever seen wrestling in Puerto Rico, Stegglet?

[The young announcer shakes his head.]

IK: Disgusting. Dirty. Filthy. And that's just the fans.

[Kostovich grins.]

IK: It is a human cockfight to its very core, Stegglet. The fans there cheer violence and violence alone. Bloodshed is what drives them. Carnage is their desire. And when they don't get it? They create it. They hurl objects, dangerous objects... and even bodily fluids...

[Stegglet cringes.]

IK: Puerto Rico is not a pleasant place, Comrade Stegglet... and neither are its people. I expect Sanchez and Ramirez to bring a ferocious battle to my warriors. But in the end, where they are raw, unpolished, street creatures...

My men are slick, finely-tuned weapons of the ring.

[A chuckle.]

IK: This is a weekend the wrestling world won't soon forget, Stegglet. And it begins right now.

[He utters something in Russian, stalking off as Vladimir Velikov and Kolya Sudakov follow behind and we crossfade to the ring where a graphic appears.]

**THE STAMPEDE CUP  
ROUND ONE  
THE RUSSIANS VS SANCHEZ/RAMIREZ**

[Inside the ring, we see a referee counting but out on the floor, we see all four men brawling wildly around the ringside area. A quick camera cut finds Carlos Sanchez, his forehead heavily scarred, hammering right hands down onto the wide forehead of Vladimir Velikov.]

GM: Those two men are no strangers to one another, Bucky! Sanchez and Velikov have had plenty of brutal battles on the island of Puerto Rico!

BW: I'm told that Ivan Kostovich also did some scouting with Percy Chiles because Ebola Zaire has a history - a long and bloody history - with Carlos Sanchez.

GM: For those unaware, Sanchez is without a doubt the biggest star in the history of Puerto Rican history... although Hurricane Ramirez might beg to differ with that...

[We cut to a shot of Ramirez, strangling the air of Kolya Sudakov up against the ringpost. He grabs the arm of the former National Champion, attempting a big whip, but Sudakov reverses...]

"CLAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: RAMIREZ GOES INTO THE STEEL!

[CUT!

Later in the match, we see Carlos Sanchez about to hook a figure four leglock on Vladimir Velikov as the referee argues with Ivan Kostovich who is up on the apron...

...when suddenly Kolya Sudakov storms into the ring, rushing across, and DRILLS Sanchez with a Russian Sickle!]

GM: SICKLE! SICKLE!

[Velikov rolls into a cover as Sudakov charges across the ring, tackling an incoming Ramirez as the referee makes the three count.

And we crossfade back to the Control Center.]

JD: The Russians put away the Puerto Rican team. It was one heck of a fight but the Russians were just too much for 'em. So, the Russians move on the second round of this tournament where they will face Tommy Fierro and Ricky Armstrong tomorrow night right back in the Forbes Arena here in Atlanta, Georgia. Now, coming up next, fans - is a match that is quite interesting to long-time fans of this sport. In the past, the AWA has always been about bringing back old favorites - tag teams from the past that might be able to compete with today's teams. We've seen teams like Strictly Business in here before and this year, we've got a couple of them. Like these men... I'm talking about the Privateers!

[We go to backstage where we find Mark Steglet standing between two men. To his left is a man with a lean build, long black hair and a black T-shirt with the words "THE PRIVATEERS" in yellow lettering over a British flag, plus black wrestling trunks and boots. This man would be Jacob Drake, one half of the tag team The Privateers. And to Mark's right is a man with a shaved head and lean build, dressed in a black vest, black tights with the words "THE PRIVATEERS" down the sides in red lettering, and black wrestling boots. This man would be Edward Drake, Jacob's older brother and tag team partner.]

MS: I am here with The Privateers, who will be stepping into their ring for their first match in more than five years. Gentlemen, may I ask you what was it that prompted you to come back into wrestling after all this time?

[Jacob smirks and rolls his eyes.]

JD: Bloody fools like you just don't get it, do you? Who wouldn't pass up an opportunity for a large sum of cash... even if the almighty American dollar isn't close to what the Euro is worth... a large trophy to add to our conquests and the chance to prove we are still the best bloody tag team in the world today?

[Edward just gives Mark an icy stare.]

ED: Mark, we heard a lot of things about tag team wrestling and what has changed since our days of competition... on one hand, I will say that the competition is that much stronger. On the other hand, it remains to be seen how well they all match up to what The Privateers have to offer.

MS: Yet how do you deal with the fact that you have been out of wrestling for a while when most of these teams have been competing on a regular basis?

ED: You let us worry about that, Mark... truth is, we may not have been wrestling for some time but we kept ourselves in tremendous shape. And opposite us tonight, we've got a couple of young guys with potential but who are very much lacking in terms of experience.

JD: In other words, they're just a couple of bloody fools who are in over their heads! They think they can measure up to one of the best tag teams to ever compete? Maybe if the Antons did a little research for once in their bloody lives, they'd learn about how many times we bested Team Canada, The Ghost Dancers and other teams who had far more to bring to the table than the Antons do!

ED: It comes down to this, Mark... we've been through a lot of wars in that ring, we've conquered many of the best teams to ever step into the ring and we bloody well know how to handle ourselves. The question is how well prepared the Antons are going to be for us... they may be younger but I wonder if they know what they are getting themselves into.

JD: I can tell you what they got themselves into... a lot more than they bloody well bargained for! And once we've conquered the Antons, it's on to the Wild Cards!

[With that, Jacob walks off. Edward does not walk off just yet.]

ED: Believe me, we aren't looking past the Antons, even if Jacob's words suggest otherwise... but we bloody well plan on getting past them.

[Edward then follows his brother off screen.]

MS: All right, fans, The Privateers are set for their first action in a long time... how well will they fare? We'll find out shortly.


[Cut to the Antons, who are both rocking the purple and white Northwestern letterman jackets.]

AA: All the last Saturday Night Wrestling - the Stampede Cup Preview Show - proved was how well the teams in this tournament talk a good game. It showed how well some of the teams could do against low-rate competition who aren't even in the tourney. It showed that some of these men? They have issues. But not the Antons. We won't be that easily pushed around or tossed about.

NA: PRIVATEERS! Tonight brings you across the ring from the Antons! Tonight, you learn first hand that a superior attitude isn't very handy in cushioning a Nick Anton tackle. Tonight, you'll find out what it means to be above us, when my brother Alex is throwing you about. Tonight, we take the Privateers out of the Stampede Cup.

AA: And tomorrow? We do the same to the Wild Cards. Marley, Baldwin, you get the chance to see just what the Antons are capable of tonight. Now, we know, despite the fooling around, just how dangerous the two of you can be. You have the seeded edge and we know you have the experience edge. We know you've faced highly-decorated teams in their own rights, but none of them were the Antons! Night Two? We wouldn't put our money on the Wild Cards.

[The two brothers storm off as we fade to a shot of the ring, the crowd roaring as a graphic appears over the screen.]



**THE STAMPEDE CUP  
ROUND ONE  
THE PRIVATEERS VS THE ANTONS**

[So, why is the crowd going nuts? It's because the Antons are cleaning house on the arrogant Privateers at this particular moment in time.]

GM: Alex Anton is throwing the Privateers around like bags of flour!

[On cue, Anton wraps his powerful arms around the body of Jacob Drake, pausing for a moment before he leans back, hurling Drake overhead and down to the canvas!]

GM: Big throw by Anton!

[Edward Drake buries a knee into the gut of the rising Anton, slamming the point of his elbow down into the back of the neck a few times before grabbing a muscular arm...]

GM: Whip by Edward Drake... clothesli- ducked by Anton!

[Alex Anton slams on the brakes, hooking a rear waistlock on Drake to the roar of the crowd...

...but Jacob Drake approaches from the blindside, hammering Anton with a forearm to the back of the neck.]

GM: These two brother teams keep bailing their partners out! Anton was gonna toss Jacob Drake again right there.

[The crowd jeers as the Drakes hook Anton, powering him up and over in a double suplex. They arrogantly climb to their feet, mocking the crowd...

...as Alex Anton gets up, pounding his chest, and bowls over both shocked men with a running double clothesline before he slaps the hand of his brother.

CUT!

Later in the match, Jacob Drake is stomping Nick Anton into the canvas near the corner. He pauses for a moment, leaning over the ropes to taunt a fan in the front row before running a hand through his long black hair. Drake leans down, dragging Anton off the mat.]

GM: Jacob Drake has established control of this one for he and his brother. The Privateers are well-established veterans and they're showing exactly why they've enjoyed such success around the world.

BW: And the Antons are two rawbone, punk kids who can't handle the technique.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[Drake pulls Anton to the corner, throwing him into the buckles before slapping the hand of Edward Drake. Edward promptly grabs Anton by the head, dragging his throat over the top rope and dropping off to the floor, sending a gasping Anton down to the mat where he immediately tries to crawl across the ring.]

GM: Anton's going for a tag to HIS brother now!

[Edward Drake rolls back in, quickly regaining his feet, and drops a big elbow down on the back of the neck.]

GM: Ohh! Edward Drake breaks up the tag attempt!

[Grabbing the foot of Anton, Edward Drake hauls him back towards the corner where he slaps the hand of his brother who steps in, hops up on the middle rope, and leaps off with an elbow to the back of the head to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: That's two big elbows to the head and neck by the Privateers!

BW: And look at the teamwork, Gordo. The quick tags, the cutting off the ring. This is tag team wrestling at its finest. The Privateers are showing the world what being a tag team is all about. And the best thing about it is that it's all in their DNA, Gordo.

GM: What do you mean by that?

BW: These two haven't wrestled a match in five years and they're picking up right where they left off. That's DNA, daddy. That's not something learned - it's in their blood!

[CUT!

We move later in the match where a double back elbow knocks Nick Anton down to the mat again as Edward Drake applies a lateral press, his forearm bone shoved into the cheek of Anton.]

GM: Cover right there for one... for two... but Anton gets the shoulder up!

BW: The timekeeper says we're halfway there, Gordo... the ten minute mark just passed.

GM: It certainly has. Drake drags Anton up...

[He hooks a front facelock before slapping his brother's hand.]

GM: In comes Jacob Drake on the tag...

[Drake winds up, slamming a double axehandle down across the back, knocking Nick Anton down to a knee. A second axehandle puts Anton down on all fours as Jacob Drake turns to the jeering fans, shouting something in their direction...]

GM: And again, Jacob Drake takes a moment to shout at the fans... look at Nick Anton! He's going for it!

[With the crowd roaring, Nick Anton surges across the ring, trying to get to the corner where his partner is eagerly waiting for the tag.]

GM: Come on, Nick!

BW: You're cheerleading already, Gordo? This is gonna be a long weekend.

[Nick Anton gets within a few feet when Jacob Drake grabs him by the ankle, dragging him back. Anton gets to his feet, his foot still being held by Drake.]

GM: Drake's got his foot and-

[Drake puts some mustard on it, swinging Anton around into a leaping leg lariat before he crawls into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Anton fires the right shoulder off the canvas. An angry Drake grabs a handful of hair, peppering his skull with right hands before climbing to his feet, leaning over to slap the hand of his partner.]

GM: Edward Drake tags back in... doubleteam here...

[A double whip from the Privateers sends Nick Anton into the ropes. On the rebound, he ducks under a clothesline attempt...]

GM: Nick under the clothesline and...

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: OHHHH MY, WHAT A TACKLE!!

[The crowd roars at the EXPLOSIVE spear tackle that catches Edward Drake squarely in the gut. The referee steps in, preventing a hot-tempered Jacob Drake from interfering as a dazed and tired Nick Anton tries to crawl across the ring to the corner...]

GM: Alex Anton's ready! He's waiting!

[Nick Anton inches closer and closer to the corner where his brother is waiting, hand outstretched...]

GM: He's almost there, fans! He's almost there!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Alex Anton slaps the hand, tagging himself into the match. He rushes into the ring, flooring an incoming Jacob Drake with a leaping shouldertackle!]

GM: OHHHH! HE TAKES OUT JACOB DRAKE!!

[Alex Anton grabs a rising Edward Drake, hooking him around the torso in a loose bearhug...

...and powers him up and over, tossing him across the ring with an overhead belly-to-belly!]

GM: OHHHH MY!

[Anton pops back up to his feet, rushing forward at Jacob Drake, taking him down with a running clothesline!]

GM: Alex Anton clears out Jacob Drake! He's got Edward in there all alone! He's got-



[The crowd roars as Alex pulls Edward off the mat, ducking down to hoist him up across his broad shoulders in a rack backbreaker.]

GM: ANATOMICAL TORMENT!! HE LOCKS IT ON!!

[The fans are shouting as Anton attempts to force a submission out of Drake, the referee right in there to check for it...

...but a desperate Jacob Drake intervenes, burying a knee into the kidneys of Anton, forcing him to drop Edward Drake down to the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! He had him right there, fans!

BW: Prove it!

[Jacob Drake swings Anton around into a front facelock, powering him up into the air...

...and a rising Edward Drake reaches up, pulling down on Anton as Jacob brings him back down, SMASHING him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Assisted gourdbuster by the Privateers!

[Edward Drake dives across the downed Anton as Jacob rushes to the other corner, knocking Nick Anton off the apron as the referee counts.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd jeers as Edward Drake rolls from the ring, arms raised in the air as Jacob slides out to join him.]

GM: The Privateers have won this - a bit of an upset, in my opinion.

BW: An upset?! The Privateers have built a name - built a reputation over the years and they just knocked off a couple of punks. You think that's an upset?

GM: Considering how long it's been since they've competed, I think many fans believed that the Antons' youthful talents would gain them the win here tonight. But that did not happen. It's gotta be very disappointing for the Antons but they just got knocked off in the opening round here in Atlanta. The Privateers are moving on to the second round where the Wild Cards are waiting for them! Now, this next match took on a most intriguing tone two weeks ago when we learned that "Dirty" Dick Bass would be replacing "Gentleman" Jack Holland in the duo with "Playboy" Johnny Casanova. Casanova and Bass showed Holland the door and now they've come to Atlanta to try and boost Big Mama's war chest.

[Dane snickers. Such a child.]

JD: But in their path is a pair of men who have been wrestling all over the world for months now - Mexico, Japan, Europe - putting together winning streams wherever they were at. They are the men who were the last to wear the PCW World Tag Team Titles and tonight, they want to show that Rex Summers isn't the only PCW champion who belongs in the AWA. Let's head down to ringside to see Bass and Casanova take on Sweet Sensation!

**THE STAMPEDE CUP  
ROUND ONE  
DICK BASS & JOHNNY CASANOVA VS SWEET SENSATION**

[As we join the match in progress, we see "Big Gun" Colt Starr executing an armtwist on Dick Bass who winces in pain, winding up his fist. Starr shakes his head, dragging Bass back to the corner where he slaps the hand of Sammy "Sky" Walker.]

GM: Another tag by Sweet Sensation.

BW: And again, it's one of the outside-the-AWA entries in this tournament that's showing us how tag team wrestling is supposed to be done, Gordo. I'm a big fan of this Playboy Enterprises team but it's very obvious that as a tag team, they ain't got the stuff that Sweet Sensation's got.

[Walker steps through the ropes, hopping up to the midbuckle, and leaps off with a double axehandle across the twisted arm. Bass shouts out, stumbling away towards his own corner but Walker grabs the arm again, pulling it into a hammerlock to prevent his escape. Walker wrenches up on the arm.]

GM: As flashy as Sammy "Sky" Walker is, you can see that he has an excellent technical background as well. That's flawless execution on that hammerlock there and-

[The crowd groans as Bass lashes back with his free arm, catching Walker on the jaw with an elbow, forcing the break. Bass shakes out his injured limb, sneering as he spins around and absolutely pastes Walker with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by the Dirty One!

[Bass grabs Walker by the hair, dragging him to the ropes and smashing his head into the buckles before slapping the hand of the Playboy.]

GM: In comes Casanova...

[The rotund Playboy lashes out with a series of kicks to the midsection of Walker before throwing a back elbow up into the jaw. Reaching back, he grabs Walker around the head, snapmaring him down to the canvas. With Walker seated in front of him, Casanova does a hip swivel, his "stuff" dangerously close to the back of Walker's head, to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Oh, come on. There's no call for that.

BW: I agree!

GM: You do?

BW: Absolutely. Why would these fans boo a display like that? He's doing them a favor by struttin' his stuff out here!

[CUT!

We fade to later in the match where Bass and Casanova are using the arms of Sammy Walker to repeatedly throw him back into the corner, his back slamming into the buckles over and over. Casanova finally steps out of the corner as Bass hauls Walker out by the hair, firing him off the ropes.]

GM: Walker to the far side... backdr-

[But Walker spins around, using Bass' own backdrop attempt to backflip over it, landing on his feet behind the brawler. And as soon as the Florida native turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! You could hear that right hook all the way back in Dallas!

[The hook sends Bass falling back into the ropes where Walker pursues, pausing to slap the hand of his partner.]

GM: There's the tag to Colt Starr and there's a perfect example of the Playboy Enterprises team not being able to keep the ring cut in half. It's inexperience as a tag team, Bucky... that's all it is.

[With his partner in, Walker grabs an arm, firing Dick Bass into the far ropes.]

GM: Bass off the far side...

[The rebounding Bass gets picked up by Colt Starr around the upper thighs before being brought down in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! And I think Dick Bass might be singing soprano tonight!

[A grinning Sammy Walker bounces off the near ropes, taking flight with a hanging clothesline that drags Bass down to the canvas as Starr flips forward into a double leg cradle!]

GM: They call it Sudden Impact and we've got a cover here for one! For two! For th-

[But Bass fires a shoulder off the canvas just before the three count comes down.]

CUT!

A bit later, we find Dick Bass hammering Colt Starr in the corner with right hands, the referee protesting the illegal blows. He backs off for a moment and then throws a big knee into the midsection.]

GM: Bass is trying to get his team back in track here, using his power, his strength, his brawling ability to get the momentum in their corner.

[Grabbing an arm, Bass flings Starr across the ring to the buckles.]

GM: Here comes Bass!

[The lumbering big man tears across the ring, lifting his arm from a clothesline...

...but Starr grabs the top rope, swinging both legs up and catching Bass squarely in the mush with both feet!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Starr caught him coming in! He rocked him!

[Starr stumbles out of the corner, first burying a boot to the gut of Bass to double him up before swinging his right arm around to draw cheers from the crowd and dashing to the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: Off the ropes comes the Big Gun... kneelif- no!

[Bass suddenly straightens up, causing Starr to whiff on the kneelift attempt.]

BW: He missed the big knee!

[But Bass does NOT miss on a world-altering clothesline!]

GM: OHHHHHHH! That might do it, fans!

[Bass drops down on a devastated Starr as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[A diving save from Sammy Walker breaks up the pin attempt to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Sammy Walker makes the save and-

[Slipping into the ring, Casanova grabs a rising Walker by the hair and HURLS him down to the mat, the back of his head slamming into the canvas.]

The official rushes in, forcing Casanova out of the ring as Walker rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Both members of Sweet Sensation are in trouble right here, fans.

[CUT!

As we come back to action, we can hear the timekeeper announcing that only five minutes remain in the match.]

GM: Five minutes to go in this one!

BW: And both of these teams need to turn it up right now if they want to make it to the second round to face those idiot Stench Brothers.

GM: Both of these teams have some kind of a link to PCW so you can bet a battle with the Lynch Boys would be big for both teams here this weekend in Atlanta.

[Dick Bass has Colt Starr cornered again, hammering away with knees to the ribcage, leaving the Big Gun gasping for air. Bass throws a big uppercut that almost knocks Starr over the ropes before the referee backs him off. The dastardly Bass turns around, mocking Sammy Walker who is shouting encouragement to his partner.]

BW: Keep your eye on the ball, Dick!

[Bass and Walker trade words for a few moments...

...and then Bass unleashes a wad of saliva into his face!]

GM: Oh, come on! He spat on the man!

[A furious Walker rushes Bass, trying to connect with a clothesline from the apron but Bass ducks it...

...which allows Walker to join hands with his partner, rushing back the other way to topple Bass!]

GM: INSIDE OUTSIDE CLOTHESLINE!! Oh my!

[Walker rushes back to his corner, hand outstretched as his partner wobbles towards him...

...and makes the tag!]

GM: THE TAG TO SAMMY WALKER!!

[Sammy "Sky" Walker steps through the ropes, rushing across the ring, and knocking Johnny Casanova off the apron with a running dropkick!]

GM: Ohh! Casanova gets sent to the floor!

[Walker grabs Bass off the mat, firing him across the ring. He turns around, driving a boot back into the gut of Bass on the rebound!]

GM: He catches Bass in the midsection...

[Walker turns around, deadleaping high into the air, and bringing his leg down on the back of Bass' neck, smashing his face into the canvas!]

GM: Whoaaa! What the heck was that, Bucky?!

[Sammy flips Bass over, reaching back to hook the leg.]

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

[But Bass again fires a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Dick Bass is out at two again.

BW: He's an incredibly tough man, Gordo. It takes a lot to keep his shoulders down for a three count. Just ask Rex Summers all about it.

[Walker climbs back to his feet, pointing to the corner to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Is he going up top?

[Walker pulls Bass off the mat first, scoopslamming him back down to the mat...]

BW: Now he is!

[Sammy "Sky" Walker marches across the ring, stepping out to the apron. He gets one foot up on the ropes when Johnny Casanova reaches up from the floor, hooking the other leg!]

GM: Casanova's got him by the foot! He's blocking him from climbing the ropes!

BW: Brilliant!

GM: Brilliant?! He's cheating!

BW: Well, it's a brilliant act of cheating! He's saving his partner from whatever Walker's got in mind here and he's possibly saving his team from an early exit here in Atlanta!

[Walker shakes his leg, trying to free himself but has no luck as Bass regains his feet, staggering towards the turnbuckles where he catches Walker with a hard right hand to the jaw. He grabs a handful of Walker's hair, slamming his face into the buckles from out on the apron!]

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Casanova grabs the stunned Walker by both feet, tugging them out from under him which causes Walker to slam facefirst into the ring apron on the way down!]

GM: Ohh!

[The Playboy wastes no time shoving Walker back into the ring, waving and shouting frantically for Bass to make the cover.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! WE'VE GOT THR-

[The crowd roars as Sammy Walker fires a shoulder off the mat before the three count lands. An angry Bass shouts at the official as he gets up, holding up three fingers but the referee waves him off.]

GM: Marty Meekly says it was only a two and I believe he's right about that, Bucky.

BW: I don't! This one should be over, Gordo!

[Casanova climbs back up on the apron, shouting for the tag. Bass angrily pulls Walker up, popping him in the jaw with an uppercut that sends Walker stumbling a few feet away before collapsing down to the canvas again. The big man from Florida slaps the hand of his partner who steps in, pulling Walker up by the hair and right into a front facelock. He slowly turns Walker over...]

GM: Neckbreaker coming up!

[But not before Casanova gets in a little hip swiveling action to the jeers of the crowd... and the cheers of Big Mama.]

GM: This guy makes me physically ill, Bucky.

BW: I love it! I don't see nothin' wrong with a little bump and grind!

GM: What?!

[Casanova finally finishes his taunting of the crowd, dropping Walker with a devastating reverse neckbreaker! The big man rolls over into a lateral press, hooking the rear leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[The crowd roars again, this time for a diving save by Colt Starr!]

GM: So close! Playboy Enterprises almost had enough for a win right there!

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

[The crowd noise noticeably picks up at the news that we're one hundred and twenty seconds away from the match ending no matter what. Casanova also shows a sense of urgency, yanking Walker off the mat by his long blonde hair as the referee forces Starr from the ring...]

GM: Casanova has some words for Colt Starr here... look out now...

[With a shout of "IT'S OVER!", Casanova tugs Walker into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's going for the Playboy Plunge and if he hits it, it WILL be over!

[Casanova again pauses to shout in Starr's direction before reaching down to secure on of the arms in a double underhook...

...which is just the delay Sammy Walker needs to backdrop his way out of the setup!]

GM: OHHH! WALKER BACKDROPS OUT!! WALKER BACKDROPS OUT!!

[And the desperate "Sky" Walker begins crawling towards the corner where his partner frantically awaits, repeatedly slapping the top turnbuckle and shouting to his partner...]

GM: Colt Starr, the Big Gun, is ready for the tag!

BW: Get up, Johnny!

[Casanova crawls to his feet, looking shocked at being put in this position before he spots Walker TOO close to his corner. The big man charges, trying to get there in time before...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Colt Starr comes in swinging, right hands bouncing off the skull of Casanova. He grabs the dazed big man by the arm, firing him into the ropes...

...and hurling him up and over with a king-sized backdrop!]

GM: OHHHHH! CASANOVA WAS IN THE LIGHTS ON THAT ONE!!

[Starr pops back around, slapping his right arm to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: We've seen this before, Bucky!

[The "Big Gun" tugs off his elbowpad, throwing it out to the crowd. He begins swinging his right arm around and around and around as he waits for Casanova to rise. As the big man starts to stir, Starr dashes to the ropes behind the Playboy, bouncing off...]

GM: HERE! HE! COMES!



[Starr hits the ropes in front of Casanova as well, rebounding again with a head of steam...]

BW: LAAAAAAAAAAAAARIAAAAAAAAAAT!

[The gigantic running clothesline actually flips Johnny Casanova, dumping him in a heap on the canvas!]

GM: HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

“SIXTY SECONDS REMAIN!! ONE MINUTE TO GO!!”

GM: Cover him, Colt!

[Starr dives to the mat, flipping Casanova to his back.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!! THRE- BASS! BASS!

[The crowd explodes in jeers as Dick Bass interfered just before the three count came down, breaking up the pin attempt. The referee immediately gets in his face, backing him off as Starr angrily gets to his feet, and rushes towards him, throwing himself into a fistfight with Dick Bass!]

GM: We’ve got a brawl in the corner!

BW: But they don’t have time for that! Time is ticking!

GM: Colt Starr has lost his temper and he’s hammering away at Dick Bass, fans!

[Marty Meekly gets himself mixed up in the mess, trying to get Bass out of the ring.]

GM: We’re running out of time... wait a second...

[A dazed Johnny Casanova is on all fours, crawling near the ropes where Big Mama reaches through the ropes.]

GM: She just handed him her purse!

BW: Huh?

GM: Big Mama just handed off her purse to Johnny Casanova!

[Casanova clutches the purse, shielding it from view with his massive body as Sammy Walker steps back into the ring, moving over towards Casanova.]

GM: Sammy Walker is-

[On the far side of the ring, we spot Dick Bass shoving a thumb into the eye of Colt Starr before hurling him through the ropes to the floor, crawling out after him.]

On the near side, Walker leans over to grab Casanova by the hair...

...which is the Playboy's cue to wheel around, SMASHING the purse into the jaw of Sammy Walker, a blow that lays him out like he was hit with a brick!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT THE HECK IS IN THAT PURSE, BUCKY?!

BW: Oh, the usual. Hard candy, makeup, hairspray - the things every woman needs to get by!

GM: The heck it was! That purse is loaded with something! Sammy Walker is out cold!

[And Casanova throws the purse to the floor, diving onto Walker as Marty Meekly turns around...

...and dives down to count!]

GM: Wait! Wait! He's not the legal man, Marty!

[But Meekly raises and lowers his hand once... twice... and three times, slapping the canvas before waving to the timekeeper which brings the sounding of the bell.]

GM: I can't believe it!

BW: Upset! What an upset! Give 'em the belts, daddy!

GM: This was NOT a PCW World Tag Team Title match!

BW: Bah! Then they're the uncrowned PCW World Tag Team Champions!

[Dick Bass continues to brawl with Colt Starr on the floor even as the ring announcer makes it official.]

GM: Casanova and Bass just cheated their way to victory in this one and they're moving on to Round Two where they'll meet James and Jack Lynch! And I can guarantee you that the Lynch Boys will be ready for tactics just like these, Bucky!

BW: The Stench Boys aren't ready for the sun to rise in the morning, Gordo. It STILL catches them by surprise.

[The camera catches a dazed Casanova celebrating with Big Mama on the floor as we fade back to the Control Center where Jason Dane is shaking his head.]

JD: Unbelievable, fans. Sweet Sensation had that match won in my book but in the record book - the only book that counts - it shows "Playboy" Johnny Casanova and "Dirty" Dick Bass as your winners... with a big assist from Big Mama. And what in the world was Marty Meekly thinking there by counting down the illegal man?

[Dane shakes his head again.]

JD: So, the first round is halfway completed at this point with the Pharaohs, The Russians, The Privateers, and Playboy Enterprises all moving on to the second round. In fact, let's take a quick look at the bracket for Round Two that we know so far...

Rough N Ready	
The Pharaohs	
Fierro & Armstrong	
The Russians	
The Wild Cards	
The Privateers	
The Lynches	
Playboy Ent.	

JD: An impressive field of teams already in the second round - that battle between Tommy Fierro and Ricky Armstrong taking on the Russians should be excellent and I'm sure there will be a lot of fans eagerly looking forward to that showdown between the Wild Cards and the Privateers as well. All four second round matches are outstanding and I can't wait for tomorrow night in Atlanta. However, we're not done here tonight quite yet. As I said, the first round is halfway over but before we get back to tag team action, it's time for one of our non-tournament matches.

[We cut to a still photo graphic that shows Travis Lynch on the left and Rex Summers on the right - the PCW World Title belt between them.]

JD: A few months ago, when Rex Summers began appearing on AWA shows, always coming out of the crowd and assaulting someone with that devastating Heat Check DDT - one of his victims was Travis Lynch. That sparked some bad blood that we knew would need to be settled someday. In the weeks that followed, Rex Summers made it very clear that he believes that HE - not Calisto Dufresne and not Nenshou - is the #1 champion in our sport today. He believes the PCW World Title being over his shoulder makes him the best in the world. Now, while that may be a debate for another day, the AWA has allowed him to put up that title on one occasion. It is NOT an officially sanctioned AWA title but Summers wanted to defend it and he has

been allowed to do so. Tonight, he defends it for the second time... against a man who believes that title is his birthright. Let's hear from the challenger, Travis Lynch, in an interview that I conducted earlier today!

Crossfade to the backstage area where we see Jason Dane standing before the AWA banner with a microphone in hand.]

JD: Fans, we are just moments away from a special non tournament match-up; "Red Hot" Rex Summers...

[Boos come forth from the distant crowd.]

JD: ...defends the PCW Heavyweight Championship against my guest at this time, Travis-

[The screams from the female fans in attendance nearly drown out Dane's words.]

JD: -Lynch.

[Travis walks into view, attired in plain white t-shirt, which like always seems a size too small, wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them, his knee pads and wrestling boots are also white. Travis slaps the shoulder of Dane and smiles for the camera.]

JD: Tonight, Travis...

TL: Jason, if you don't mind I've got some things I'd like to say. Starting with the fact that tonight, I finally get my hands on the man who has blindsided me, insulted my family... insulted me.

[Travis pulls off the white t-shirt and the women go crazy as he does a double bicep pose.]

TL: Does this look like the runt of the litter to you?

[The continued screams from the women in attendance is the only answer he needs.]

TL: Rex Summers also cost me the chance to win the Memorial Day Rumble. Summers, you've been a thorn in my side since nearly day one of my AWA career...and yet you haven't even been a member of this illustrious roster for as long as I have.

[Travis pauses and runs his hands through his curly blonde hair.]

JD: And the fact that the match is taking place in minutes has to bring you satisfaction.

TL: Satisfaction? The Memorial Day Rumble was supposed to a highlight for me, Jason. Instead it's a nagging memory...a constant what if and even

though I get a chance tonight to slap that smug grin off of Rex's face, he'll always be the reason Supernova won the Memorial Day Rumble.

[Jason looks as though he is about to speak but Travis just continues to speak.]

TL: But what I do have tonight is the opportunity to bring honor back to the Lynch Legacy. Rex Summers wants to call himself the REAL World Champion but too many people view the PCW Heavyweight Championship as a ten pound gold prop. And that thought Jason...that thought tears me up inside.

JD: A prop? How can you say that?

TL: 'Cause right now Rex Summers doesn't mean anything in the AWA. Sure, he can come out here and say he's the true World Champion, a man who didn't need to cash in a bounty to be champion...a man that didn't need thugs to win his title...but all Rex Summers is is talk, Yeah he defended the title against Dick Bass and yet look at the travesty that victory was.

The longer Rex Summers keeps the PCW Heavyweight Championship around his waist, the more my family's legacy in this business will be tarnished. Rex Summers, the PCW Heavyweight Championship belt is coming home to a Lynch waist!

[Travis slaps Dane's shoulder one more time and walks off.]

JD: You heard the man. Let's go down to the ring and find out if he's correct.

**THE STAMPEDE CUP  
PCW WORLD TITLE MATCH  
"RED HOT" REX SUMMERS VS TRAVIS LYNCH**

[We fade back in to find Travis Lynch walking down to the ring to Rush's "Tom Sawyer" - the crowd absolutely ROARING for the youngest member of the Lynch family (especially the ladies.) Lynch steps up on the apron, pointing a powerful arm at the egotistical Summers who confers with his manager, Buddy Morton, the title belt now sitting in Morton's hands. Lynch steps into the ring, immediately heading towards Summers who bails out to the floor as referee Mickey Meekly throws himself in Lynch's path.

CUT!

When we come back up to live action, we find Summers trapped in the corner with Travis Lynch up on the middle buckle, hammering away with right hands to the skull!]

GM: Lynch is takin' it to the PCW World Champion! He's showing Rex Summers what a REAL champion is all about!

BW: A REAL champion?! Lynch isn't the champion of jacksquat unless you count the cow-tippin' competition at the Texas State Fair!

GM: Would you stop?

BW: Maybe he also made the biggest sandcastle out of horse manure.

GM: Bucky, please.

BW: Is there a contest for the DUMBEST man alive?

GM: BUCKY!

[With the crowd counting along for the heavy blows to the skull, Lynch drops down at ten, grabbing a handful of hair as he charges across the ring...

...and HURLS Summers' face into the buckles, sending him sailing backwards and collapsing facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: Whoooooa my! Travis Lynch is takin' Rex Summers to the woodshed so far in this one, fans!

[CUT!

When we come back up, we've got Lynch driving shoulders into the well-cut midsection of Rex Summers in the corner.]

GM: Lynch repeatedly smashing his shoulder into the stomach, working him over...

BW: Which is just a perfect example of what an idiot Travis Lynch is. Look at those abs! Do you really think that's a weak spot on Rex Summers?

GM: It might be when Travis Lynch gets done with it.

BW: I don't think so. You're dreamin' as much as this punk kid is.

[Lynch straightens up, grabbing the powerful arm of his opponent and flinging him across the ring to the opposite corner.]

GM: Summers hits the corner hard... whoa! Big running clothesline by Travis!

[The muscular Lynch dives into a cover, earning a two count before Summers kicks out to the boos of the crowd.]

GM: And listen to these fans, Bucky. They're solidly behind Travis Lynch and they're rootin' for a title change here in Atlanta tonight!

[Travis regains his feet...

...and throws his right hand high in the sky, formed already for the famed Lynch clawhold!]

GM: He's calling for the Claw! He's gonna sink it in and-

[But as soon as Summers gets to his feet, Buddy Morton's shouts clue him in as to what's about to happen and he bails out to the floor. Summers paces around on the floor, shaking his head. He pauses, pointing to his brain at Travis Lynch who waves him off and invites him to get back into the ring.

CUT!

Later in the match, we find Travis Lynch down on his back in the corner, Rex Summers standing over him with a series of stomps to the chest.]

GM: And now it's Rex Summers' turn to do some damage on young Travis Lynch.

[Summers leans down, hauling Lynch to his feet by the hair and pasting him with a right hand to the jaw, knocking Lynch back to the corner. Standing tall, Summers unleashes a standing clothesline in the buckles, causing Lynch to slump down to a knee.]

GM: What a shot that was! It buckled the knees of the youngest of the Lynch boys.

[Grabbing Lynch by the hair, Summers pulls his head back and drives the point of his elbow down onto the forehead. He grabs two hands full of hair, hauling Lynch out of the corner...

...and pulling him into a double underhook!]

GM: Heat Check! He's going for it!

BW: And if he hits it, it's over!

[Lynch rushes forward, driving Summers' backfirst into the corner to break the grip.]

GM: No! Lynch escapes!

[He straightens up, throwing a few right hands to the jaw!]

GM: Lynch is takin' it to him again!

[Grabbing the arm, Lynch fires Summers across the ring, and propels him through the air with a backdrop on the rebound!]

GM: Down goes Summers - hard to the canvas below!

[And a rushing clothesline takes Summers over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the thinly-padded floor below!]

GM: OVER THE TOP GOES REX SUMMERS!!

[Summers hits the floor, shaking his head as Buddy Morton rushes to his side...

...and then quickly gets out of the way as a fired-up Travis Lynch crawls through the ropes, dropping down to the floor next to them.]

GM: Travis Lynch is coming out after them, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, he is. Where's this great sportsman now?

GM: After hearing some of the things that Rex Summers said about his family, how can you possibly blame Travis Lynch for wanting to take the fight to this piece of garbage?

[Out on the floor, Lynch hauls Summers up to his feet. He grabs him by the hair, smashing his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst to the hardest part of the ring!

[Summers stumbles away, clutching his own face as Lynch pursues.]

GM: Lynch grabs him agai- oh! Summers with a back elbow to the ribs!

[A hard uppercut follows, knocking Lynch back into the apron where Summers grabs him by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: WHIPPED INTO THE STEEL BARRICADE!!

[A frustrated Summers marches over to the railing, turning Lynch around and pushing his throat down on the edge of the barricade.]

GM: He's choking the challenger on the steel! Come on, ref!

BW: What's the referee gonna do about it? He's in the ring.

GM: He could leave the ring, you know!

BW: Well, that just doesn't seem right.

[Summers strangles the air out of the gasping Lynch, shouting at a few ringside Lynch fans before releasing the hold, turning Lynch around, his face purple from the choke...]

GM: A pair of hard forearms to the chest of Travis Lynch, dragging him back over here... look out...



[The announcers go silent for a moment as Summers slams Lynch's head into their table. He rolls Lynch back in as we wait for the announce team to come back. Summers rolls in as well, rolling into a lateral press that earns him a two count.

CUT!

Our next shot is of Travis Lynch trapped in a bearhug in the powerful arms of Rex Summers.]

GM: Summers is trying to squeeze the life out of this young man from Dallas, Texas.

BW: Not the life... the air, Gordo. He wants to make it tough for this kid to breathe. That'll take all the mustard out of his sails.

[Lynch fires back, landing a pair of right hands that seem to loosen the grip...

...but Summers comes right back, tightening the hold again.]

BW: When this hold is applied chest-to-chest like this, the goal is to tighten it up when the other man inhales. You just don't give him room to breathe. If he can't expand his chest, he's taking really short breaths that won't be enough to power that big ol' body of Stench.

GM: Lynch.

BW: Whatever.

[Lynch is struggling against Summers' strength, his arms starting to drop to his sides as the bearhug is held tight. The referee steps in, checking on Travis Lynch.]

GM: This might be it here, fans.

BW: Remember, if that arm falls three times, it's over.

[The referee lifts the arm once... and drops it down.]

GM: That's once.

[The arm comes up again... and falls again. The referee turns to inform the timekeeper that if it falls again, the match is over.]

BW: Come on!

GM: The arm goes up...

[And as Meekly releases, it stays there! The crowd roars! Lynch's arm begins to shake as he finds a second wind, looking for a way out...

...and decides to go for the sure-fire way out!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW!

[A desperate Summers immediately releases the bearhug and buries a knee into the ribs of Lynch, breaking the clawhold. Hooking Lynch from behind, Summers lifts him up and drops him ribsfirst across his bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Rib breaker by Summers!

[Summers shoves Lynch to the mat to his back, applying a cover for a two count.

CUT!

We move a little deeper into the match where Summers has Lynch trapped in the corner, delivering shoulder after shoulder into the ribs.]

GM: And the ribs have been the target of Rex Summers ever since that bearhug earlier in the match. He's really working them over, taking a lot of wind out of Travis Lynch's lungs.

[Grabbing Lynch by the arm, Summers whips him across, Lynch's entire body shaking as he slams into the buckles at high velocity. A smirking Summers walks across, nodding to a clapping Buddy Morton at ringside.]

GM: Morton's looking very confident - as is Summers. I think they believe this one is over, Bucky.

BW: It is! Look at Lynch! He can't even stand up without hanging onto the ropes!

[Summers grabs the arm again, firing Lynch across.]

GM: Ohh! Again he hits the buckles hard! The ribs, the back, the entire core of Travis Lynch's body is being brutalized by Rex Summers!

[The PCW World Champion slowly stalks across the ring again, pausing a few feet out from the corner to lift his arms in a big double bicep pose.]

"RIGHT THERE, PUNK! That's what a REEEEEEEAL man looks like, junior!"

[Summers stays a few feet out, swiveling his hips in Lynch's direction before moving back in with a grin, grabbing the arm again...]

GM: Another whi- REVERSED!

[The crowd cheers as Summers slams incredibly hard into the corner, stumbling out as Lynch drops to a knee, breathing hard.]

GM: This could be a chance for Travis Lynch! He got in some offense but he needs to recover from the beating his torso has taken from Rex Summers in this matchup!

[As Summers stumbles towards him, Lynch rises, catching the incoming "Red Hot" and powering him up into the air...]

GM: PRESS SLA- no!

[The ribs give out in mid-lift, forcing Lynch to drop Summers down to the canvas. He angrily shakes his head, grabbing at his injured ribs with his left arm as he grabs a handful of Summers' hair with his right, hauling him back up to his feet...

...and gets another knee slipped up into the ribs!]

GM: Ohh! Summers caught him again!

[Grabbing the arm, Summers wheels him into the ropes, ducking for a backdrop...

...and Lynch throws all he's got into a desperation move, leaping over the top and hauling Summers down to the mat in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE- OHHHHH!

[The crowd groans at how close Travis Lynch was to winning the PCW World Title right there.]

GM: Travis Lynch was less than a second away from winning back his family's legacy - the PCW World Title - right here tonight in Atlanta! Come on, kid!

[Summers is quickly to his feet, beating Lynch there easily as he leans down to pull him up...

...and gets pulled down into a small package!]

GM: INSIDE CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But again, Summers fires a shoulder free before the three count comes down!]

GM: So close! So very close right there!

[Lynch tries to get up faster this time but a knee to the ribs cuts off his rise. Summers promptly grabs him in a front facelock, looking for the double underhook again...

...and gets backdropped up and over!]

GM: BACKDROP! BACKDROP OUT OF THE HEAT CHECK!

[And this time, both men reach their feet at roughly the same time, struggling to get there as they turn...]

GM: CLAW! CLAW!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Travis Lynch sinks the Iron Claw into the skull of Rex Summers! A frantic Buddy Morton is screaming and shouting from ringside, trying to do... something... anything...]

GM: Summers is trapped in the Iron Claw! The PCW World Title is about to change hands!

BW: Get out of it, Rex! Get out of that thing!

[Summers struggles against it, trying to find a way out but Lynch's right hand is being supported by his left, keeping Summers at a distance as Lynch tries to wring a submission out of Summers' trapped skull...]

GM: Rex Summers is going nowhere but down, fans! Rex Summers' title reign is flashing before his very eyes and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He kicked him low! Summers kicked him low and he did it RIGHT in front of the referee!

[Lynch is down on the canvas, clutching his... uhh... stuff as Rex Summers stands over him, shaking his head.]

GM: Travis Lynch was on the verge of winning the PCW World Title when Rex Summers INTENTIONALLY got himself disqualified to save the title! Travis Lynch should be wearing that gold right now, Bucky!

BW: But he's not! Rex Summers keeps the title and I love it!

GM: You would!

[And proving he's not done yet, Summers drags the hurting Lynch off the mat by the hair...

...and pulls him into a double underhook!]

GM: No! No!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HEAT CHECK, DADDY!

[The crowd jeers at the sight of Travis Lynch laid out, his head having been driven into the canvas with that double underhook DDT mere moments ago. Summers stands over him for a long moment, glaring down at the youngest of the Lynch boys.]

GM: Get him out of here! Get that jerk out of the ring!

[Summers goes into another hip swivel over the unconscious Lynch, drawing more jeers from the fans...

...and then spits on the prone Travis Lynch, sneering at the booing crowd as he joins Buddy Morton on the floor, walking out with the PCW World Title held high over his head as we fade back to the Control Center.]

JD: Rex Summers retains the PCW World Title but he loses the match. Travis Lynch is declared the winner by disqualification but that's not what he wanted here in Atlanta, fans. He wanted the win, for sure, but he wanted the title belt even more. But I'd say this one is far from over, fans, and we're going to see Travis Lynch get another shot at that title in the future.

So, the halfway point has come and gone. Remember, we've got four more first round matches here tonight including that huge showdown with Stevie Scott and Supernova taking on Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard. What an explosive showdown that's gonna be. We've also got tonight's Main Event - that South Laredo Street Fight for the Longhorn Heritage Title when Nenshou defends the title he's held for nearly a year against the man who came to the AWA expressly to win that title, big Robert Donovan. It's going to be a wild night of action here on AWA.com so make sure you keep us nice and buffered, fans, 'cause this is gonna be a night you won't want to miss. Now, let's go back down to ringside for our next tournament matchup!

**THE STAMPEDE CUP  
ROUND ONE  
THE HIVE VS MAD HAYASHI & ASAMA INOUE**

[As we come back up inside the Forbes Arena, we find Asama Inoue cornered with a pair of masked bees taking turns delivering chops to the solid chest.]

GM: Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee are teeing off on Asama Inoue and-

BW: Not for long.

[Inoue battles out, throwing a chop of his own to Yellow Jacket's chest that sends the masked man stumbling away, clutching his pectorals. A panicked Bumble Bee throws a double arm chop to the trapezius before getting creamed with a headbutt to the middle of his face.]

GM: The Hive are simply outsized in this one, Bucky.

BW: They've got the speed, the quickness, the crazy doubleteams, and of course, the Queen Bee... but I think Inoue and Mad Hayashi are just too big and strong for them.

[Inoue pulls Yellow Jacket off the mat by the antennae on his mask, hooking him around the waist, powering him into the air and dumping him down on the back of his head and neck with a backdrop suplex!]

GM: Ohh! He folds Yellow Jacket in half with that one!

[Turning his attention to Bumble Bee, Inoue traps the recovering bee in the corner. With a roar to the crowd, he unleashes short lariat after lariat to the chest of the stunned bee. At ringside, William Payne shouts encouragement to the Japanese duo as Inoue flings Bumble Bee to the opposite corner, slapping the hand of Mad Hayashi.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: This guy is bigger than BOTH the bees combined!

GM: Three hundred and ninety pounds!

BW: And he used to wrestle in those weird deathmatch territories with barbed wire and broken glass! Hayashi is double-tough in addition to being bigger than the average bear!

[Hayashi steps through the ropes, a huge mound of a man. He runs a hand over his giant, heavily scarred skull. He slaps a hand across his mammoth chest before barreling across the ring towards a dazed Bumble Bee.]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: AAAAAAVAAAAALAAAAAANCHE!

[Seeing his life flash before his eyes, Bumble Bee slips through the ropes, avoiding the charge that hits the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! He missed! He missed!

[Bumble Bee quickly scampers up the ropes, pausing on the top turnbuckle for a moment before leaping off, catching Mad Hayashi squarely in the chest with both feet!]

GM: Dropkick off the top... but the big man stays standing! He won't go down off the dropkick!

[A shocked Bumble Bee pauses, looking at Mad Hayashi who is stunned but not dropped. He dashes to the ropes, rebounding off, and leaving his feet with a high knee to the mush!]

GM: Leaping knee off the ropes... but again, the big man stays on his feet!

[Bumble Bee slaps his knee, determined to go for it again. He quickly hits the ropes...

...and ends up facefirst on the mat as William Payne trips him.]

GM: Oh, come on! You're leading a team that's almost six hundred and fifty pounds to the ring and you've gotta do something like that?

BW: William Payne is a man of opportunity and he just saw an opportunity to help his team get to the second round!

[Mad Hayashi, spotting a downed bee, takes two steps towards him and hurls his nearly four hundred pound frame into the air...]

GM: SPLAAAAAASH!

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE SPLASH!!

BW: And it takes a mistake by Hayashi to get him off his feet!

[CUT!

Later in the match, we find the Hive double-whipping Asama Inoue across the ring...]

GM: Double whip by the Hive...

[On the rebound, Inoue is tossed up and overhead with a double Japanese-style armdrag!]

GM: Overhead armdrags by the bees!

[Scampering to their feet, they're ready when Inoue rises, catching him solidly in the mush with a double dropkick that sends Inoue through the ropes and out to the floor...

...which brings the crowd to a roar as they know what the Hive likes to do with people on the floor!]

GM: Uh oh! Call Flight Control and clear the runway because these bees are gonna fly!

[Yellow Jacket is first, scaling the ropes to the top turnbuckle where he waits for Inoue to get to his feet...

...and then leaps off his perch, sailing all the way to the floor below with a breathtaking crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHATTA DIVE BY YELLOW JACKET!

[The masked man slowly regains his feet, waving an arm around to the roar of the crowd. Inoue, still down on the floor, is an easy (and irresistible) target for the bees as Yellow Jacket retakes the apron, grabbing the top rope as Bumble Bee does the same...]

GM: Look out here...

[Tugging the rope, Yellow Jacket launches his partner over the ropes into a somersault senton...

...which crashes down across the chest of the floored Inoue!]

GM: OHHHHH MY!

[Yellow Jacket pumps a fist to the crowd which roars in response. William Payne rushes around the corner, checking on his man. Yellow Jacket promptly moves to the other side of the apron, waving the referee over to him.]

GM: Uh oh! And it looks like the Queen Bee is about to get in on this as well!

[The Queen Bee quickly climbs up on the apron, rushing down the length of it...

...and leaps off, snaring William Payne in a headscissors, and snapping him down to the floor to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: HEADSCISSOR TAKEDOWN ON WILLIAM PAYNE!

BW: What business does she have doing something like that?!

[Bumble Bee drags Asama Inoue off the mat, shoving him under the ropes into the ring...

...and starts heading up to as Yellow Jacket does the same on the other side of the ring.]

GM: Uh oh! This might be Buzzworthy, fans!

BW: We've seen them finish off some teams with this.

[With both bees standing up top and the crowd absolutely going nuts, they leap off in unison. Yellow Jacket crashes down with a splash across the chest of Inoue as Bumble Bee connects with a flying legdrop at the same time! The crowd explodes as the referee dives down to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-



“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SO CLOSE! SO CLOSE!!

[Yellow Jacket springs back to his feet, gesturing wildly at Bumble Bee who leaps up, throwing his legs back into a wheelbarrow on Yellow Jacket. Yellow Jacket hoists him off the mat, looking for an inverted powerbomb on the downed opponent...

...but Mad Hayashi has other ideas, bowling them both over with a running tackle!]

GM: OHHH!

[With both bees down on the mat, Hayashi takes a two step run, leaping up, and DROPPING his four hundred pounds down on the prone members of The Hive!]

GM: SPLASH!! BIG SPLASH!!

[Hayashi rolls off the downed Hive, grabbing his prone partner by the arm and rolling him atop the bees. He barks an order to the official who quickly obeys, slapping the canvas three times.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Wow! Mad Hayashi just COMPLETELY changed the outcome of this match using his tremendous size. Hayashi and Inoue are moving on to the second round where they will meet Violence Unlimited in what should be an incredible showdown of size, strength, and power!

BW: The reigning Stampede Cup champions may be in for a short night, daddy!

GM: They certainly could be. Inoue and Hayashi were quite impressive here in their American debut from Tiger Paw Pro!

[Payne enters the ring, celebrating with his men as we crossfade back to the Control Center...]

JD: An impressive victory from Tiger Paw Pro’s representatives from Japan but they will have a much tougher challenge tomorrow night when they face Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton, I can assure you of that. Now, I mentioned earlier that perhaps the highlight of the first round for me - the match I was looking forward to the most - was the showdown between Calisto Dufresne with Marcus Broussard and Stevie Scott with Supernova. All four men had comments on that big showdown before it happened so let’s hear some of those right now before we head back down to ringside for our next match - The First Family versus the Southern Stallions!

[We cut to backstage where Supernova stands in front of an AWA backdrop. He is dressed in his wrestling attire and has his face painted.]

S: Well, looks like the stage is set for the Cup and it's me and Stevie Scott on the same side! Now, I'm not gonna say that everything is just peachy keen between me and Stevie... in fact, I haven't even had a chance to catch up with him yet tonight... but there's one thing I do know... we share a common enemy!

Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard, you may have put Tyler Lee out of commission, but I'm still standing and I'm still not gonna give up until I've taken both of you down! And whether or not I like Stevie, and whether or not he likes me, one thing I do know is he can stand either one of you!

[A slight laugh.]

S: So the way I see it is tonight's match is our chance for payback, and believe me, there's a lot of payback due after what went down at Wrestlerock! And Stevie may have his own agenda, but the way I see it, this is my chance to get payback not just for what happened to Tyler Lee, not just for what happened to Juan Vasquez, but to stand tall for Robert Donovan's call to arms and let it be known people like him and I just aren't gonna take it any longer from people like you two!

And let's not forget I still have a National Title shot coming in the future... and believe me, Dufresne, I'm not gonna go take a vacation and just wait for the opportune time to pull the rug out from under you... I'm gonna be right here, in the AWA, taking on whoever wants to challenge me, taking on whoever you may try to throw in my way, and seeing to it that you'll have no choice but to face me in that ring for the title shot I've earned!

But tonight, it's gonna be you and Broussard facing the heat... we'll find out just how good you are at handling it, boys!

[With that, Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls. Fade out.]

**THE STAMPEDE CUP  
ROUND ONE  
THE FIRST FAMILY VS THE SOUTHERN STALLIONS**

[As we fade back inside the Forbes Arena, we find Adam, the First Man, with Kenny Stanton down on the mat, trapped inside a half Boston Crab.]

GM: Adam's using his array of submission holds to keep Stanton off-balance, taking his speed out of the equation and really wearing him down early on in this matchup, Bucky.

BW: The First Family is such a diverse team with Adam bringing the sweet science and the submission skills while Brother Cain brings the hammer of power and might to bear on their opponents.

GM: And what does Eve add to the puzzle?

BW: Irritation, annoyance, and legs that go all the way down to the floor tucked under that librarian skirt she wears.

GM: You really are too much, Bucky Wilde.

[Stanton manages to work his way to the ropes, forcing a break. Adam waits until the official's count hits four before releasing the hold and walking away. He has some words for Brad Jacobs who waves him off before he spins around, charging the downed Stanton, and connects with a baseball slide dropkick that sends the former enhancement talent crashing down to the floor.]

GM: Ohh! Adam sends him out to the floor..

[Adam rolls out to the floor, following Kenny Stanton as the referee orders both men back inside the squared circle. The First Man drags Stanton off the thin pads by the hair before slamming his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Facefirst into the apron!

[Adam attempts to repeat the attack but Stanton lifts his leg, blocking the effort. Stanton fires back an elbow to the midsection, a second one breaking the grip. He grabs a handful of Adam's hair and then DRIVES him facefirst into the apron!]

GM: Kenny Stanton returns the favor!

[With the crowd cheering, Stanton slams Adam's face into the edge of the apron a second time before shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.

CUT!

Later in the match, we find Stanton crawling across the ring, Adam in hot pursuit... and makes a diving tag to the powerhouse, Brad Jacobs.]

GM: In comes Jacobs!

[The big man catches the incoming Adam with a series of right hands to the jaw. He grabs Adam by the hair, landing a big ol' headbutt that sends the First Man stumbling away...

...where a running clothesline to the back of the head deposits him on the canvas!]

GM: Adam gets floored by Brad Jacobs, the powerhouse from Miami, Florida. That kid is six foot three and weighs about two seventy-five, Bucky.

BW: He's a big ol' kid for sure but who knows if there's anything upstairs.

GM: He was a defensive tackle at the University of Miami, Bucky! You don't get to be that without having some brainpower.

BW: You're joking, right? Do you even read the newspapers, Gordo? Kids are going to college without even taking SATs themselves! They're not even going to school! And while they're there, soaking up scholarships to play football once a week, agents are buying them cars and girls! This kid is probably no different.

[Jacobs pulls Adam off the mat, military pressing him high into the air to the roar of the crowd and then hurling him to the canvas...

...right near the corner so Adam can reach up and slap the hand of the big man.]

GM: Ohh brother! This is gonna be somethin' else!

[The massive mass of humanity, Brother Cain, steps through the ropes to a big shower of jeers from the crowd - jeers that quickly turn to an excited buzz as the two monsters square off.]

GM: Look at this, Bucky. Brother Cain is about five inches taller but is only about ten pounds heavier. Brad Jacobs is built like a tank!

[Brother Cain slowly approaches, his face hidden behind his executioner style mask...

...and Brad Jacobs decides he's bored with the staredown, rocking Cain with a right hand to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Right hand by Jacobs!

[The crowd is roaring for the Miami native as he uncorks big right hand after big right hand on the jaw of Brother Cain. With the masked man reeling, Jacobs dips down, scooping Cain off his feet, and slamming him down with hard impact to the canvas! Big cheer!]

GM: Jacobs slams the big man!

[Brother Cain quickly gets back to his feet when a running clothesline takes him down to the canvas again where the masked man rolls to the floor at the order of Adam.]

GM: The First Family is looking to regroup on the floor, fans. Brad Jacobs has got them reeling!

[CUT!

The next shot we see is of Brad Jacobs tossing Adam across the ring with a big hiptoss. He follows up with a running, leaping shoulder tackle that sends Adam sailing across the ring to the canvas. From behind, Brother Cain marches in...

...and delivers a big boot to the jaw of Jacobs as he turns around!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Brother Cain!

[The big man leans over, pulling Jacobs off the mat by the hair, and pulls him into a standing headscissors. He powers him up, slamming Jacobs down with a crushing powerbomb as Adam crawls across the ring, throwing an arm across the chest.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[We crossfade back to the Control Center.]

JD: An impressive victory right there by the First Family, moving on to the second round where they will meet a team that they've got some history with, the Rockstar Express, in what should be an outstanding showdown. Now, that gives us six of our eight teams to move on to the second round. We've still got two more tag team matches to go here in the first round of the tournament... plus, don't forget our Main Event, the big South Laredo Street Fight for the Longhorn Heritage Title - Robert Donovan challenging Nenshou in that one. But let's get back to some Stampede Cup tournament action right now. Now, the winner of our next match will move on to the second round where they will be taking on The Blonde Bombers, the number six seed in this tournament. We caught up with Larry Doyle earlier today to get his thoughts on these two teams going to battle...

[Fade in on a small crowd of large men standing before the AWA banner. The largest, a titan in a stylized skull mask, folds his arms behind the rest. Two tanned athletes with teased blond hair sneer at the camera. In the foreground is a pear-shaped little twerp apparently already in mid-rant.]

Yes, that's "Hollywood Man" Larry Doyle which makes the other guys in the mix the Blonde Bombers and their backup the Masked Menace.]

LD: The time has come. The entire AWA, no, the entire wrestling INDUSTRY has discounted my Bombers. We made our impact, taking the World Champion of the moment to task, beating him and promptly getting buried in dark matches but now, NOW, that's all over. Oh yeah, Fierro and Armstrong may have lucked out when my boys were exhausted from taking out the rest of the division and gotten that seed but it doesn't change that the best pure team in the business is the Blonde Bombers.

[Scratching his bulbous nose, Doyle swings an arm back towards his team.]

LD: Either one of these men could rule the singles division! Baldwin, the man who can soar like an eagle and maul like a bear. Already a proven power alone in that ring.

Avalon, the wild card. Tanned, toned, pretty as a picture but a whole lot more three dimensional. He'll wrestle you in the ring, he'll fight you in the back and he don't mind whacking you with a chair if you step outta line. Wrestling legacy, grappling \_gawd\_ with a pedigree as long as the Masked Menace's arm. Speaking of the Menace...

This guy's got a seven foot plus wingspan people. That's right; wider than he is tall! He's a gorilla, but he's my gorilla, so you other teams; don't get any funny ideas! You make a move towards me and the Menace will change the rating of AWA programming permanently when he impales you on the guardrail. From TV-G to TV-MA. He's a HORROR monster, people! Freddie Kreuger wouldn't go head to head with the Menace if he was high from snorting the ashes of teenage lovers. That stinking bag of burn scars isn't afraid of Jason Voorhies but I guarantee you he wouldn't come within massive-arms reach of the my enforcer...

So ... AWA, what lambs are you feeding to the slaughter first? Another makeshift team in Rust and Williams? This "Mark II" team? Guess we'll have to see tomorrow night, won't we? C'mon boys. Let's hit the bars for tomorrow we go to war!

[Muttered approval from Doyle's crew as they fall in line behind their leader. Cut back to live action inside the Forbes Arena.]

**THE STAMPEDE CUP  
ROUND ONE  
TIN CAN RUST/SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS VS MARK II**

[We fade in to the arena where Mark II is already in the ring. Tin Can Rust is there as well, tugging at the ropes, trying to stay loose as Phil Watson steps up to the plate...]

PW: And his tag team partner... from ATLANTA, GEORGIA...

[HUUUUUUGE HOMETOWN CHEER!]

PW: HE IS... SWEEEEEEET DADDYYYY WILLLLLLLLIAMSSSSS!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of...]

"WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TANIIIIIGHT?"

[The rotund fan favorite charges through the curtain to the sounds of "I Wanna Be Your Sweet Daddy" clad in a Georgia peach-colored windbreaker with the state flag splashed across the back of it. Sweet Daddy Williams makes his way to the side of the aisle, slapping hands, hugging fans, generally trying to absorb the mammoth hometown reaction that he's getting.

CUT!

We come back to find Mark Workman and Mark Carney doubling up on Sweet Daddy Williams, firing him across the ring in unison, and dropping him with a double back elbow under the chin.]

GM: Nice doubleteam by Mark II, putting the big man down on the mat.

BW: Tin Can Rust shouts out... I guess that was encouragement to his partner. Remember what Mark II said last weekend though... Mark II isn't facing a tag team. They're facing two guys who've never competed together.

[Workman promptly grabs an arm, dragging Williams back towards the Mark II corner, hauling him up to his feet. A pair of forearms to the chest follow, knocking the fan favorite back into the ropes. Workman grabs an arm, firing him across again...]

GM: Williams off the far side, ducks under a clothesline...

[And the big man comes fast off the far side, scoring with a big crossbody that takes Workman down hard! The referee dives to count but only gets a one before Workman kicks out.]

GM: Both men back up, Williams hooks a side headlock and there's a tag to Tin Can Rust!

[Rust steps into the ring, burying a boot into the ribs of Workman before yanking him away from Williams. He hurls Workman back into the corner, squaring his shoulders and delivering a series of rights and lefts to the ribcage of Workman.

CUT!

A bit later in the match, Rust has Workman down on all fours, hammering him with double axehandles across the back. Reaching down, Rust drags him off the mat by the arm, firing him chestfirst into the buckles. Rust grabs him by the arm again, hurling him across the ring to the far corner...]

GM: Workman hits the corner hard... and here comes Rust!

[But at the last moment, Workman brings the legs up, running Rust's face into the raised boots! Rust staggers backwards, giving Workman the chance to drag himself down the length of the ring towards the corner, slapping the hand of Mark Carney who slingshots over the ropes into the ring...]

GM: In comes Carney off the tag and-

[Carney takes two steps to build momentum and FLATTENS Tin Can Rust with a dropkick on the jaw!]

GM: Ohhh, what a dropkick!

[Carney pops back up to his feet, immediately grabbing the rising Rust and hooking in a front facelock, promptly dragging Rust across the ring, cutting the ring in half.]

GM: And once again, we're seeing an excellent example of cutting the ring off, keeping one man isolated.

[Carney delivers a pair of knees to the chest of Rust, still holding the front facelock. Spinning out, Carney quickly takes Rust over with a snap mare and promptly leaps over him, grabbing the head and snapping it down on the way by!]

GM: Ohh! Neck snap by Mark Carney - and there's a quick cover!

[The referee's count gets to two before Rust kicks out.]

GM: Out at two.

[Carney promptly gets to his feet, immediately leaping up and burying an elbow in the heart of the veteran, applying another cover and earning another two count.]

GM: Rust is out at two again.

BW: I may not like Old Man Dust, Gordo, but even I know it's gonna take more than that to finish him off for a three count.

GM: Well, Mark II HAS more than that for sure.

[Carney pulls Rust into a seated position, hooking in a rear chinlock as...

CUT!

...we get Rust on his feet, throwing right hands at both Carney and Workman who are trying to cut him off for a waiting and eager Sweet Daddy Williams!]

GM: Rust is fighting them both off! The veteran's still got plenty of fire in him, fans!

[The series of snapping jabs to both men have them dazed which allows Rust to grab a handful of hair from each man...

...and SMASH their skulls together to a big cheer!]

GM: Double noggin knocker by Tin Can Rust!

[Rust drops back a few feet to the corner...

...and charges back out, bowling over both men with a big double clothesline!]



GM: Tin Can Rust takes them both out! And he's got the corner in his sights!

[Dazed, Rust crawls on all fours across the ring where Sweet Daddy Williams is waiting for the tag...]

GM: He's almost there!

[Mark Workman regains his feet, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs. He spots Rust near the corner, charging hard to stop him but...]

GM: TAG!

[Williams comes in hot and heavy, throwing big right hands to the skull of Workman to the roar of the crowd. With Workman stunned, Williams spins his right hand around and buries an overhead elbow to the top of Workman's skull, knocking him flat!]

GM: Big elbow by Williams!

[The crowd is roaring as Williams rushes past the downed Workman, grabbing the rising Carney by the arm, flinging him into the ropes...]

GM: Irish whi-

[Carney leaps up to the middle rope, springing back elbowfirst...]

GM: Rebound elb-

[The crowd roars as Williams sidesteps, causing Carney to crash down on the canvas, the back of his head hitting the mat!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Williams rushes across the ring again, this time catching Mark Workman with a running clothesline that takes him over the top and down to the floor below.]

GM: The Sweet Daddy clears out Mark Workman!

[The crowd is going nuts for their hometown hero as he grabs the top rope, shouting out to them.]

BW: Williams, the fat goof, is wasting time though.

GM: He certainly is. He needs to stay on focus against a team the caliber of Mark II.

[Williams stomps across the ring, dragging Mark Carney back to his feet and tugging him into a side headlock, backing into the corner... and swinging his free arm around once...]

GM: He's calling for the Riley Roundup! If he hits it, it's over!

[Williams charges out of the corner, looking to drive Carney's face into the canvas with the bulldog headlock...

...but Carney slams on the brakes, shoving Williams off a few feet away. The rotund fan favorite spins around, moving back in, and ends up trapped in a Carney fireman's carry!]

GM: Carney's got him up! But what's he gonna do with him?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Carney begins to spin...]

GM: Airplane spin! Holy cow!

[The crowd reaction grows louder as Carney spins faster and faster, the three hundred pound frame of Sweet Daddy Williams draped across his shoulders...

...and Carney abruptly comes to a stop, hurling Williams off his shoulders and down to the canvas with a big slam!]

GM: Wow! What a move by Mark Carney! Sweet Daddy Williams may be in trouble here, fans!

[A dizzy Carney stumbles forward, throwing himself into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[But at the last possible moment, Williams fires a shoulder off the canvas in time! A shocked Mark Carney rolls off, head buried in his hands for a moment as Mark Workman slaps the turnbuckle, trying to root his partner on.

CUT!

Tin Can Rust has Carney trapped in the corner, hammering away with shots to the torso. He straightens up, throwing a big clothesline to the jaw that knocks Carney to a knee...

...and a brutal front kick knocks Carney through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Rust got all of that kick, fans!

[Shoving aside a protesting Mickey Meekly, Rust steps through the ropes to the apron, dropping out to the floor. He promptly pulls Carney up by the arm, wheeling him around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING!!

[Rust stalks towards Carney whose arms are draped over the railing, trying to stay on his feet. From the ring, Mark Workman shouts at the official who is trying to get Rust back into the squared circle. The veteran ignores them all, dragging Carney off the railing before scooping him up over his shoulder...

...and aiming his skull at the steel ringpost.]

GM: Wait a second here.

BW: Rust is gonna bust his skull open, Gordo!

GM: It certainly looks that way! But why? What has this young man done to Tin Can Rust?

BW: He tried to win the match!

[Rust steadies himself, ready to drive the young man's skull into the ringpost...

...but something stops him.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: Sweet Daddy Williams just stepped in front of Rust! What an idiot!

GM: He's not gonna let him do it! Sweet Daddy says he doesn't want to win that way!

BW: He doesn't want to win at all! This is what it takes! This is what it takes to be a winner!

GM: It is not!

[Rust shouts at his partner, ordering him out of the way but Williams refuses to yield his ground, shaking his head to the roars of the crowd.]

GM: These fans are in support of Sweet Daddy Williams! They don't want to see Rust do this either! They don't want to see-

[An angry Tin Can Rust shoves Carney off his shoulder to the floor, glaring at Williams as he drags the youngster back to the ring, shoving him under the ropes. He shouts something in Williams' direction who shakes his head, climbing up on the apron. Rust rolls under the ropes, climbing to his feet where he pulls Carney from a knee...]

GM: Big whip...

[A rebounding Carney ducks under a wild Tin Can Rust clothesline attempt, leaping up to the middle rope, and springing back just as Rust turns around...]

GM: OHHH! REBOUND ELBOW AND HE GOT IT ALL!!

[Carney rolls to all fours, crawling towards his corner as Rust lies flat on his back in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Mark Carney's looking for a tag!

BW: He'd be looking for the closest emergency room if Williams hadn't gotten his fat butt in Rust's way!

GM: Bucky, that wasn't the right thing to do and you know it.

BW: I know no such thing! I know that Tin Can Rust apparently wants to win the Stampede Cup and Sweet Daddy Williams wants to win the Most Popular Man In Mark II-ville Award!

[Carney lunges just as Rust pushes up to his feet, slapping the hand of Mark Workman who rushes in, grabbing Rust by the arm and firing him to the ropes...]

GM: Rust to the ropes, ducks a big chop by Workman...

[And Sweet Daddy Williams slaps the shoulder of Rust as he goes by.]

GM: Blind tag!

[Workman leaves his feet, catching Rust on the jaw with a dropkick that knocks him flat!]

GM: Standing dropkick by Workman!

[Workman pops up, throwing his arms out to celebrate his athletic move, slowly turning around...

...and gets caught right in the face with the rear end of a charging Sweet Daddy Williams!]

GM: Butt butt! He got the butt butt!

[The hefty Williams throws himself into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[This time, it's Workman who fires a shoulder off the mat before the three count comes down. A frustrated Williams slaps the canvas before climbing back to his feet. He drags Workman off the mat, shoving him back into the corner...]

GM: He's got Workman backed down...irish whip...

[The big man backs to the corner, slapping his broad belly repeatedly before steamrolling across the ring, leaving his feet...]

GM: SPLASH!! BIG SPLASH IN THE CORNER!!

[Williams backs off with a big hoot and holler to the AWA faithful, waving for Workman who staggers out of the corner, catching him in a loose bearhug as he pops his hips, driving his opponent into the canvas!]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY!! HE GOT IT ALL!!

[Williams stays down, hooking the back leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But a diving save from Mark Carney breaks it up!]

GM: Ohh! Carney breaks the pin attempt!

[An angry Tin Can Rust is in at this point, hammering Mark Carney back into the Mark II corner. The crowd is roaring as Rust is just teeing off on Carney.]

GM: He's all over Mark Carney! He's all ov-

[Williams approaches from the blind side, trying to get Rust's attention...

...and instead, gets a right hand to the jaw from Rust!]

GM: Ohh! Rust caught him! He didn't know it was Williams! He thought it was-

[Grabbing the top rope, Carney kicks his legs up, hooking them around the head and neck of Rust...

...and drags him over the ropes to the floor with a headscissors!]

GM: CARNEY CLEARS OUT RUST!!

[A dazed Workman gets to his feet as Carney approaches, somehow the duo managing to get a rocked Sweet Daddy Williams up in a double gorilla press, holding the three hundred pounder high for a moment...

...and then swinging him over, both dropping to a knee so that Williams crashes down over their bent knees!]

GM: BECKBREAKER! BECKBREAKER!!

[Workman dives across the downed Williams as Carney takes up a blocking position...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd responds with a mixed reaction - disappointed at seeing Sweet Daddy Williams lose but enthusiastic about the young, athletic tag team that will be advancing in the tournament.]

GM: Mark II scores what many would consider to be an upset. Even though Tin Can Rust and Sweet Daddy Williams had never teamed together before, you had to think their experience would give them an edge over the young tag team that has really taken the AWA by storm in recent weeks. Mark II is showing that they're not a team to be taken lightly - and the Blonde Bombers and Mr. Doyle would do well to understand that tomorrow night in Round Two.

BW: Those kids may have squeaked past Old Spice but there's not a chance that they put down the Bombers, Gordo. The Blonde Bombers are a well-oiled machine and Mark II is a gumball machine with a Canadian penny jammed in the coin slot.

GM: Give me a break, Bucky. Tin Can Rust is making his way back into the ring now... you can see Mark II making their exit down the aisle. Those two young men are overjoyed and who can blame them. A big notch in their belts here tonight in Atlanta.

[Rust leans down, pulling Sweet Daddy Williams back up to his feet...

...and promptly shoving him hard with both hands in the chest, knocking him back to the corner.]

GM: Rust just shoved his partner!

BW: They ain't partners any more, Gordo! The bell has rung, the match is over, they lost! And in my opinion, it's Sweet Daddy Williams' fault!

GM: I think Tin Can Rust is the only one in the building who agrees with you on that!

[Rust shouts at Williams, jabbing a finger into his chest. A hurting Williams slaps the hand away, returning verbal fire in Rust's direction.]

GM: This is getting a little bit ugly, Bucky. These two men had some problems working together in this match and now we're seeing the effects of that. This is certainly an issue, fans...

[An angry Rust finally backs off, hands on hips. He angrily waves off Williams, sliding out to the floor and leaving his partner behind. The crowd jeers the abuse shown towards their hometown favorite as an angry Rust stalks down the aisle and we fade back to the Control Center.]

JD: How about that, fans? Mark II scores what we'd have to consider to be an upset - moving on to the second round where the Blonde Bombers will be waiting for them. But what about that little issue at the end between Tin Can Rust and Sweet Daddy Williams? That looked like we've seen the end of that tag team. Only two matches remain here on our webcast of the first night of action at the Stampede Cup, fans. We've got one more match remaining in the first round plus our big non-tournament showdown between Robert Donovan and the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Nenshou. But before we go back to the ring, let's hear some more comments from the men involved in our final Round One matchup!

[The camera cuts backstage where Jason Dane stands with three of the most hated characters in the AWA; former AWA National Champion Marcus Broussard, "Agent to the Stars" Ben Waterson and current AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Broussard is dressed in his ring gear already, covered up in a black velvet robe covered in glittering "diamonds." Waterson is dressed to impress, a stylish olive green suit and white dress shirt. Dufresne is clad in a pair of blue jeans and a navy blue t-shirt that reads "I <3 HOT MOMS" on the front. Over his shoulder rests the National Championship and his long blond hair is pulled back into a tight pony tail. A cocksure grin is plastered across his face as Dane begins.]

JD: Welcome back, fans. I'm standing here with what, on paper at least, might be the most impressive team in the Stampede Cup, Marcus Broussard and Calisto Dufresne. Two National Champions coming together for a crack at the Cup tonight with Ben Waterson at their side. They face a stiff test in the opening round, however, as they face their rivals, Supernova and Stevie Scott. Scott and Supernova have well-documented issues with one another but appear to be putting those aside for a crack at your two charges, Ben Waterson. Your thoughts?

ATTSBW: Let's make this clear once again, Dane, since you people seem to have trouble understanding. I do NOT manage these two men. But what I do have with them is a mutual agreement that we have similar goals in this industry. One of those goals is to walk out of this weekend one million dollars richer.

JD: The money? That's all you care about?

[Broussard chuckles.]

MB: Are you asking if me and Dufresne would take the tag titles if they got dropped in our laps?

JD: Not exactly.

MB: Hey, Ben... does my contract get me a bonus if I win the tag team title?

[Waterson laughs, "Sure does, Marcus."]

MB: Fair enough. We might go for those belts too after we walk out of Atlanta as the Stampede Cup champions and the best tag team walking Planet Earth.

JD: But what about your opponents in the first round?

CD: Let's count all of the ways this team is superior, Dane. We've got two National Champions on this team. We've got a cunning strategist in our corner. We're two much more impressive physical specimens. We've got someone who has actually won this tournament - that's me by the way. And we're much better looking. We're a well-oiled machine, Dane.

[Dufresne pats Broussard on the shoulder.]

CD: It doesn't matter that we don't have years and years of tagging together. One thing we do have is a desire for glory and a desire to add a few decimal points to our bank accounts. All Stevie Scott and Supernova have is a vast amount of jealousy. That's not going to be enough to make it through this weekend.

JD: Well, you have been there before. What is it going to take for the two of you to walk out with the Cup this weekend?

CD: The same thing it took the last time I did it, Dane. You bring the greatest wrestler on the planet into the building with the most calculating, crafty, and ruthless guy I know and the rest will take care of itself. Simple as that.

MB: The fact is, Dane, that God himself couldn't have assembled a better tag team to walk into this hellhole here in Atlanta and walk out carrying a big ol' Cup between us.

ATTSBW: And when that Cup lands in their hands, I'll be expecting some begging from the front office for us to do them a favor and take those titles off Cooper and Somers before they end up alongside their boys on the street.

JD: What are you-

ATTSBW: Don't worry about it.

JD: Alright, regardless of what happens tonight, can we expect to settle this brewing war between you and Supernova and Stevie Scott?

CD: As far as I'm concerned, tonight is the end of it. After all, Marcus and I have already beaten Supernova once. We do it again tonight. How many times are we going to have to put that face-painted freak down before the AWA brass realizes that no matter how many t-shirts he sells and how many Make-A-Wish kids out there are wearing facepaint, that he's not ready for the big time?

And as far as Stevie Scott goes, what has he done to earn a crack at this?



[Dufresne lovingly pats the National Championship.]

CD: All he's done is put in half-cocked efforts every time he's on TV. He's not giving fans their money's worth. He's not beating anyone of note. He's not putting in 100%. In short, he's being Stevie Scott. So yes, Dane, this ends and it ends tonight.

MB: It's time for the world to find out that there's only ONE Number One contender to that gold right there hanging over his shoulder...

[Marcus jerks a thumb at himself.]

MB: And you're looking at him.

[Broussard walks out of view, Dufresne looking puzzled at his partner before walking the other direction out of view, leaving Ben Waterson behind.]

ATTSBW: Dufresne? Broussard? SuperClash?

[A chuckle.]

ATTSBW: Now, THAT would put some butts in the seats.

[Waterson smirks, walking out of the camera shot as well.]

JD: That's a tag team with a lot on their minds... and a lot of confidence that they're walking out of Atlanta, Georgia carrying the Stampede Cup. Will that be the case? We're going to get one step closer to finding out in just moments so let's go down to the ring for all the action!

**THE STAMPEDE CUP  
ROUND ONE  
SUPERNOVA/SCOTT VS DUFRESNE/BROUSSARD**

[We crossfade down to the ringside area where Phil Watson is standing, all four men already in the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is the FINAL first round matchup in the Stampede Cup tournament!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first, in the corner to my right... they are accompanied to the ring by the Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson...

[The crowd boos the announcement of Waterson who grins.]

PW: First, from San Jose, California... he is the man who was the very first AWA National Champion... the SAN JOSE SHARK...

MAAAAAARRRRCUS BROUUUUSSAAAARRRRD!

[Broussard whips off his fancy black velvet robe, revealing his cream-colored trunks and boots underneath. He glares out at the jeering crowd, shaking his head.]

PW: And his tag team partner... from Avery Island, Louisiana... he is the current, reigning AWA National Champion... he is the Ladykiller...

CAAAAAAALIIIIISTOOOO DUUUUUUFRESNE!

[Dufresne lifts the National Title belt high overhead, holding it up for one and all to see. The crowd roars their disapproval of Dufresne holding that title belt.]

PW: And their opponents, in the corner to my left... first, from St. Louis, Missouri... he is a former two-time AWA National Champion...

He is the HOTSHOT...

STEEEEEEEEEEEEEVIE SCOTT!

[The Hotshot leans back in the corner, cool as a cucumber as he eyes the opposition from across the ring.]

PW: And his partner... from Venice Beach, California... he is the Number One Contender to the AWA National Title...

SUUUUUUUUUUUPERNOOOOOOOOOOIVA!

[Supernova mounts the midbuckle, cupping his hands to his mouth and letting loose a howl to the crowd before hopping back down inside the ring. He huddles up with his partner who basically just ignores him as he speaks. He finally gets Scott's attention, the latter simply nodding before stepping out to the apron. On the other side of the ring, Calisto Dufresne steps out to leave the San Jose Shark behind.]

GM: And it looks like it's gonna be Marcus Broussard and Supernova starting this match out for us, Bucky.

BW: The very first AWA National Champion and the guy who'll never get closer to the title belt than he is right now.

GM: Would you stop?

[Referee Michael Meekly gives some instructions to both men...

...and then signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go!

[The two men walk out of their respective corners, each sizing the other up, looking for an opening. They come together in a collar and elbow tieup, Broussard quickly applying an overhand wristlock...]

GM: The San Jose Shark hooks on the wristlock, putting on the pressure.

[Broussard pushes on the hold, backing Supernova towards the ropes...

...where the Venice Beach native grabs the top rope, backflipping away from the pressure and armdragging Broussard down to the mat!]

GM: Oh yeah! Supernova with a beautiful counter to take the Shark down to the mat!

[The San Jose Shark slides to the corner, taking a knee as he looks up with a surprised face at the young lion who strikes a big muscular pose in front of his body with a shout.]

GM: Marcus Broussard better not be taking this young man too lightly, Bucky!

BW: The San Jose Shark does not take anyone lightly. He's a ring general in there, Gordo. He knows more than some of these men do about themselves. You better bet he's got Supernova well scouted going into this showdown tonight.

[Broussard slowly gets to his feet, dusting himself off as he glares at Supernova who is standing in the center of the ring, waiting for him. The San Jose Shark slowly eases out of the corner, moving into another collar and elbow, battling for an edge. Broussard quickly slips out, securing a rear waistlock.]

GM: Broussard with a go-behind and... whoooa! He takes Supernova down with a big rear waistlock takedown, throwing him chestfirst down to the canvas and he's right down on top of him, spinning out into a front facelock...

[The Shark hooks the front facelock, putting the pressure in on the neck of the more powerful youngster, keeping his chest pushed down to the canvas...]

GM: The Shark's got him down, wrenching on the neck, trying to wear down the larger man...

[Supernova gets his legs under him, still trapped in the hold as he forces his way up to his feet...

...and hoists Broussard up, dropping him down on a bent knee!]

GM: Inverted atomic drop!

[The counter breaks the front facelock...

...and Supernova uncorks a big right hand, knocking Broussard down to the canvas again!]

GM: Down goes Broussard!

[The Shark pops back up...

...and gets caught with a dropkick on the jaw, sending Broussard through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Supernova clears out Marcus Broussard!

[Calisto Dufresne rushes in from behind...

...but Supernova spins to catch him coming in, taking him over with a big hiptoss! Dufresne quickly rolls out to the floor, joining his partner there.]

GM: Both men are out on the floor! Both men are-

[Hopping down off the ring apron, Stevie Scott rushes into the fray, spinning Dufresne around and cracking him in the jaw with a right hand, knocking him down to the floor to the roar of the crowd! Grabbing Broussard, Scott throws a pair of right hands before the San Jose Shark rolls back in to escape the wrath of the Hotshot...

...and stumbles right back into Supernova who takes Broussard up and over with a hiptoss before leaping into the air, dropping all his weight down in a big splash! He immediately pops back up, leaping up again, dropping another big splash!]

GM: Whoa!

[Supernova climbs to his feet a third time, leaping and twisting this time so that he splashes him facing the other direction! When he gets to his feet this time, Ben Waterson is up on the apron, shouting in his direction...

...and Supernova rushes to him, grabbing him by the hair!]

GM: HE'S GOT WATERSON! HE'S GOT WATERSON!

[The crowd roars at the sight of the hated manager trapped in Supernova's grasp! Supernova looks out to the crowd, asking if he should clock the Agent To The Stars...

...when suddenly Stevie Scott is out on the floor, yanking Waterson off the apron by the back of the slacks, throwing him down on the thin mats on the floor!]

GM: STEVIE SCOTT'S ON WATERSON!!

[The Hotshot takes the mount, grabbing Waterson by the hair and rearing back his right hand...

...where Calisto Dufresne grabs his former partner-in-crime by the arm, yanking him off the downed manager.]

GM: Ohh! Stevie had him, fans! He had Waterson right where he wanted him and-

[Scott springs up off the floor, tackling Dufresne down to the mat-covered floor, hammering him with right hands as Waterson pulls himself back to his feet, shouting encouragement to Calisto Dufresne who manages to roll Scott onto his back, hammering away in response...]

GM: We've got a fight! We've got a brawl on the floor!

[Turning away from the brawl on the floor, Supernova approaches the rising Broussard, grabbing his long blonde hair and ripping him up to his feet, blasting him with a chop across the chest that knocks the San Jose Shark back to the buckles...]

GM: `Nova's got him in the corner...

[Grabbing the arm, Supernova flings Broussard across the ring, backing into the corner with a howl...]

GM: Here he comes!

[The Number One Contender sprints across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAAAAAAV-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Supernova's patented corner splash comes up empty, his chest slamming into the top turnbuckle from the height. Broussard slips up behind him, upending him over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHH! Broussard throws him over the top to the floor!

[The San Jose Shark backs off, getting reprimanded by the referee as he moves back to the opposite side of the ring. The official moves over to the ropes, starting up a count on the downed Supernova.]

GM: The referee is counting Supernova out of the ring...

[With Stevie Scott momentarily downed, Calisto Dufresne moves around the corner of the ring, tearing into Supernova with a series of stomps to the head!]

GM: Oh, come on, referee!

[Dufresne leans down, dragging Supernova up by the short blonde hair. He spins him around, hooking him around the torso...

...and SLAMS him spinefirst into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: OHHH!

[The Ladykiller drags Supernova away from the apron, pauses, and DRIVES his spine into the apron edge again! The referee is shouting from inside the ring, reprimanding the National Champion as he straightens up, hammering Supernova with right hands to the skull...

...and suddenly, Stevie Scott comes charging around the corner again, leaping up to tackle Calisto Dufresne down to the floor, taking the chance to hammer away at him again!]

GM: These two just keep going at it each other! This is why Stevie Scott wanted to team with Supernova! This is why Stevie Scott wanted in this match! He wants to tear Calisto Dufresne apart so badly! He feels that the Ladykiller is wearing HIS title belt, Bucky!

BW: That championship belongs to the Ladykiller! It BELONGS to the Ladykiller! Stevie Scott had his time! He had his day! It's OVER!

[Scott continues to pummel Dufresne out on the floor as Marcus Broussard leans over the ropes, dragging Supernova up on the apron. The San Jose Shark pulls him into a front facelock, slinging his arm over the neck...]

GM: He's gonna bring Supernova in the hard way, fans!

[The San Jose Shark elevates Supernova into the air, holding him high for a moment, and drops him down on his back on the canvas!]

GM: Suplex! Nicely done by the San Jose Shark!

[Broussard quickly floats over into a lateral press, shouting for the official to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The Venice Beach powerhouse kicks out.]

GM: Just a two count right there.

[The San Jose Shark grabs a handful of hair, hammering the forehead of the young lion.

Our camera cuts out to the floor where Calisto Dufresne is trying to get away from Stevie Scott, the latter clinging to his leg, dragging the Ladykiller back

down to the canvas, hammering away at the National Champion again. Scott drags Dufresne off the mat, pulling him by the hair over to the timekeeper's table.]

BW: Look out over there, Watson!

[The Hotshot SLAMS Dufresne's face into the wooden table, causing the National Champion to slump over it.

The shot cuts back inside the ring where Broussard has pulled Supernova back to his feet, shoving him back into the corner where he throws a series of big boots into the midsection.]

GM: Broussard's working over `Nova in the corner, grabs the wrist...

[The San Jose Shark whips Supernova from corner to corner, sending him crashing spinefirst into the buckles. The first National Champion arrogantly walks out of the corner, smirking at the jeering crowd. He approaches the far corner, pulling Supernova's head down as he slams a European uppercut up into the jaw!]

GM: What a shot that was!

[A second uppercut lands as well, the blow knocking Supernova down to a knee. Broussard hooks a light headlock, hammering the face-painted skull with a clenched fist several times before throwing Supernova down to the canvas.]

GM: The San Jose Shark has taken control of this one and...

[Spotting something outside the ring, Broussard rushes across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide...

...but Stevie Scott sidesteps, allowing the San Jose Shark to keep on sliding, missing the kick and landing on his feet out on the floor!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[The Hotshot throws three big right hands to the jaw of the San Jose Shark before grabbing the arm...]

GM: Whip!

[The big whip sends Broussard sailing towards the timekeeper's table, the wooden table hitting him in the gut and causing him to flip over onto his back on the table!]

GM: Ohh!

[Stevie Scott grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron. He points at Broussard who is laid out on the table, slapping his arm...]

GM: Wait! Wait!

BW: What the heck is he thinking, Gordo?

GM: He's gonna drop that elbow on Broussard on the table! He's gonna-

[Ben Waterson, seeing one of his men in trouble, slips around the ringpost to grab Scott around the leg...]

GM: Waterson's not gonna let it happen! He's trying to keep Scott from putting that elbow on the San Jose Shark!

[Recovering from his meeting with the table, the Ladykiller stumbles over towards the tussle, throwing a big right hand up into the midsection of Stevie Scott! He grabs the front of Scott's trunks, pulling him down off the apron where the fight continues!]

GM: We've got a fight out on the floor! Scott and Dufresne are going at it again and-

[Suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DIVE!! WHAT A DIVE!! SUPERNOVA JUST WIPED THEM BOTH OUT!!

[The crowd is still roaring, bodies sprawled out all over the floor.]

BW: Can we get another look at that? My god!

GM: Roll that instant replay... if you can hear me in the truck, roll that instant replay...

[We get a quick split screen shot. The left side is the live action, bodies strewn all over the floor. On the right, we see Dufresne and Broussard brawling with one another as Supernova sprints across the ring, deadleaping over the ropes and wiping out both friend and foe alike with a breathtaking dive to the floor!]

GM: My stars, what a dive, fans! Supernova just dove over the top rope out onto Calisto Dufresne. It looked like his legs also caught Stevie Scott, his own partner, on the way down but the bulk of that hit the AWA National Champion and you can feel the electricity in the air, fans! These fans are going absolutely crazy here in Atlanta!

[Out on the floor as we cut back to a full screen of live action, Supernova climbs back to his feet, hammering on his own chest with both fists to the roar of the crowd. The Number One Contender pulls Marcus Broussard up off the table, delivering a pair of right hands, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]



GM: Supernova puts Broussard back in... and he's going in after him!

[Grabbing the top rope, Supernova stands out on the apron as Broussard rolls onto his back...

...and catapults over the top rope, smashing down on the prone San Jose Shark!]

GM: SLINGSHOT SPLASH!! He's got him here!

[The Venice Beach native reaches back, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Broussard's shoulder flies up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt. Supernova pushes up to his knees, looking up with surprise at the official who shows him two fingers. Supernova nods, pushing himself up off the canvas.]

GM: What's it gonna take to beat these guys, Bucky?

BW: You got a tank?

GM: Supernova is going to try and-

[The young lion is about to lean down and pull Broussard back to his feet when suddenly, Stevie Scott is back in the ring...

...and he shoves Supernova in the chest!]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Oh yeah! Get him, Stevie!

[An irate Hotshot shouts at Supernova, shoving him again.]

GM: I think Stevie Scott is hot about Supernova diving out onto him! It wasn't intentional, Stevie!

BW: Says you! I could see Supernova trying to put Stevie in his place.

GM: That's not what happened! Supernova tried to dive out onto Calisto Dufresne and accidentally caught his own partner with his legs. We saw it. We watched a replay of it, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, but you still don't know if he did it intentionally!

GM: There's no way! No way!

[Supernova and Stevie Scott are in the center of the ring, hotly arguing the situation as Calisto Dufresne and Ben Waterson stand outside the ring, gesturing up at the ring and laughing at the argument.]

GM: Supernova and Stevie Scott are going at it and their opponents are mocking them for it!

[The referee steps in between the two men, shoving them apart as they shout at one another. After a moment, an angry Stevie Scott wheels around, stepping out on the apron as Supernova shouts in his direction.]

GM: We finally got this under control...

BW: For now.

GM: You may be right about that. Supernova is still shouting at his partner as he moves back in on Broussard who is leaning in the corner...

[But the San Jose Shark is one step ahead of the distracted Broussard, grabbing the front of his tights and yanking him chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! What a leverage move by Broussard!

[Climbing back to his feet, Broussard slaps the hand of the National Champion, tagging him into the match.]

GM: Both men in... double whip...

[Turning their backs, Dufresne and Broussard knock Supernova off his feet with a double back elbow under the chin. The crowd jeers as Dufresne stands over the downed Supernova, taunting him. The Ladykiller leans over, slapping 'Nova across the face.]

GM: He just slapped the Number One contender! Slapped him right across the face, Bucky!

BW: Supernova had it coming!

GM: How the heck do you figure that?

[Dufresne delivers a series of stomps to the head before turning to the jeering crowd. He steps up on the second rope, gesturing at his waist and then pointing at the downed Supernova.]

GM: The National Champion is whipping these fans in Atlanta into a frenzy!

[Dufresne drops back down off the ropes, measuring his man...

...and then dropping a knee right down on the forehead.]

GM: Nicely done!

[The National Champion applies a press, reaching back for the leg.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! But only a two count there off the kneedrop by Calisto Dufresne.

[Grabbing Supernova by the foot, he drags him closer to the corner where he slaps the outstretched hand of Marcus Broussard. The San Jose Shark slips through the ropes, hopping up on the midbuckle...

...and dives off, burying an elbow in the throat of the face-painted youngster!]

GM: Ohh! That'll do some damage! And the Shark with a cover!

[The referee dives to all fours, raising his hand...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Supernova again fires a shoulder off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt.]

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in this match. Ten minutes remain in this battle to see who will move on to the second round of this tournament to face Dynasty. Supernova is showing his heart in there, kicking out time and time again...

[Broussard drags Supernova off the mat, pasting him with another European uppercut that sends the young lion falling back into the corner. He stretches out his hand towards the opposite corner, a symbolic gesture towards an angry Stevie Scott who is simply glaring down at the canvas, not even watching what's going on inside the squared circle.]

GM: Supernova needs to get out of there... he needs to make the tag!

BW: But will Stevie Scott even accept the tag if he gets there?

[Broussard kicks away at the midsection of Supernova for a few moments before hauling him away to the ropes by the hair.]

GM: The Shark fires him in...

[And floors the incoming Supernova with a leaping high knee to the mush, knocking him flat. Broussard again dives across the chest, again earning a two count before Supernova fires a shoulder up.]

GM: Look at this kid, Bucky! Look at this kid refusing to stay down!

BW: It just takes something bigger. Like a chair maybe.

GM: Very funny.

[An angry Broussard gets up, slapping the hand of the Ladykiller.]

GM: Double whip...

[The two rulebreakers join hands, attempting a double clothesline...]

GM: Double clothesli- ducked by Supernova!

[The fan favorite rebounds off the far side, leaping up, and taking down both men with a flying double clothesline to a huge cheer!]

GM: HE WIPES 'EM BOTH OUT!!

[The crowd is roaring for Supernova as the dazed fan favorite lies on the canvas next to his two victims. Slowly, a chant starts up, trying to rally him to his feet.]

"SU-PER-NO-VA!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"SU-PER-NO-VA!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"SU-PER-NO-VA!"

clap clap clapclapclap

[The Venice Beach fan favorite's arms raise up off the canvas, pumping along with the chanting crowd that grows louder and louder. Soon, Supernova is up to a knee, facing towards the corner where Stevie Scott is still looking down...]

GM: Get over there, kid! Make the tag!

BW: Look at Stevie! He ain't taggin' nobody, Gordo! He ain't taggin' Supernova or anyone else!

[Supernova seems to think the same thing as he gets to his feet...

...and waves off Stevie Scott in disgust, turning to pull Calisto Dufresne up off the mat, flinging him into the ropes.]

GM: The Ladykiller off the far side... BIG! BACK! BODYDROP!!

[The crowd roars at Dufresne bouncing off the canvas from the thunderous impact...

...and then roars again as Stevie Scott looks up, stares at his partner continuing the fight without him, and then drops off the apron to the floor.]

GM: Stevie Scott is leaving?!

BW: Yes he is, Gordo! He's walking out! I knew it! I knew he couldn't get along with this face-painted freak! Stevie Scott is not the tag team kind of guy! He only gives a damn about himself - just ask Ben Waterson, Calisto

Dufresne, Raphael Rhodes, Adrian Freeman, Gary Bright, Simon Rhodes, Sweet Daddy Williams... need I go on?

GM: You absolutely do not!

[The crowd is jeering loudly as the former National Champion is walking down the aisle, not even looking back at the ring where his partner has turned back to the aisle, staring out in disbelief as he watches the Hotshot walk away.]

GM: Stevie Scott is walking out on Supernova and the kid's in shock!

BW: He brought all this on himself! Stevie Scott is doing the right thing!

GM: In what universe is walking out on your partner considered doing the right thing?!

[Supernova walks over to the ropes, staring down the aisle...

...which leaves him wide open for another running knee from the San Jose Shark, this one catching him squarely in the back, a blow that sends Supernova sailing over the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: OHHH!

[The crowd's loud reaction at the fall to the floor freezes Stevie Scott in the aisle, his back still to the ring.]

GM: Supernova just got sent out to the floor... and Broussard's coming out after him!

BW: The Shark smells blood in the water!

[Pulling the face-painted hero off the floor by the hair, Broussard spins him around...

...and SMASHES his face into the ringpost!]

GM: OHH! INTO THE STEEL RINGPOST!!

[Broussard shoves Supernova under the ropes, shouting for the National Champion to make a cover.]

GM: Dufresne crawling over... here we go...

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But at the last possible moment, Supernova's shoulder flies up off the canvas!]

GM: He's up! He's out at two! A very close nearfall there for Broussard and Dufresne though and Ben Waterson loves what he's seeing!

[The camera cuts to a grinning Waterson, applauding the teamwork of the rulebreaking duo as he shouts out encouragement to both men. The San Jose Shark re-takes his spot on the ring apron as Dufresne pushes up to his feet, hauling the dazed Supernova up as well...

...and hooking a front facelock!]

GM: Dufresne's going for it! Dufresne's gonna finish this!

[But a desperate Supernova uses his reserves of strength to power Dufresne up, hurling him up and overhead in a backdrop throw! HUGE CHEER!]

GM: SUPERNOVA COUNTERS THE DDT! HE COUNTERED THE WHAM, BAM!

[A furious Marcus Broussard climbs through the ropes, shoving the official aside to drop an elbow on the back of the downed Supernova's neck. Grabbing him by the back of the head, Broussard SMASHES his face over and over into the canvas to the roaring boos of the crowd!]

GM: HE'S ALL OVER SUPERNOVA! This is a blatant and illegal interference by Marcus Broussard! Come on, referee!

[An angry Calisto Dufresne gets up as well, delivering a trio of kicks to the ribs of Supernova before hauling him up to his feet, Broussard remaining inside the ring as Dufresne shoves Supernova over to him.

A quick camera cut to the aisle shows Stevie Scott, now facing the ring. His hands are on his hips as he glares down the aisle at the action unfolding inside the squared circle.]

GM: Stevie Scott has stopped! He's stopped in the aisle to watch!

BW: I love it! He wants to see this punk kid put out too!

GM: I don't know if that's...

[The crowd begins to buzz as Broussard scoops Supernova up under his arm, dropping him down across the knee in a backbreaker as Dufresne hops up to the middle rope...]

GM: This is how they took out Tyler Lee! This is how they-

[DEAFENING CHEER!]

GM: STEVIE! STEVIE'S COMING BACK!!

[The former Southern Syndicate leader sprints down the length of the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope, and springs to his feet, rushing to

the corner where he immediately drills a shocked Calisto Dufresne with a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! He caught Dufresne!

[Reaching up, he grabs a handful of Dufresne's hair and HURLS him off the top to the canvas to a huge cheer!]

GM: He pulls down the National Champion! He may have just saved Supernova from a serious injury and-

[Ignoring the referee's protests, he meets a rising Marcus Broussard with a right hand. The San Jose Shark returns in kind.]

GM: We've got a slugfest in the center of the ring! Stevie, Broussard! Stevie, Broussard! They're trading shots in the middle of Hotlanta, Georgia, fans!

[Having a little more brawling experience, the skilled hands of Stevie Scott backs down the San Jose Shark, the crowd roaring for each blow landed to the skull!]

GM: He's got the Shark in trouble! He's backing him down!

[But suddenly, the official lunges into the fray, grabbing Stevie Scott and pulling him away from the stunned Broussard, moving him back to the corner where he angrily is forced out to the apron.]

GM: Stevie's out on the apron... Broussard moves in on-

[This time, Supernova is ready, crawling through the legs of the San Jose Shark, going into a front roll, springing out of it into the air...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the tag to Stevie Scott who tears through the ropes, charging across the ring with a running clothesline to the shocked Broussard who tumbles through the ropes and out to the floor...

...and then the Hotshot turns around, finger pointed right at the Ladykiller who just got back to his feet and is looking concerned!]

GM: DUFRESNE IS UP AND SCOTT IS THERE WAITING FOR HIM!!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: We've got five minutes to go in the time limit!

[At hearing the timekeeper's announcement, Stevie Scott quickly moves in on the shocked Dufresne, throwing rights and lefts to the head, then to the body, blows that batter the Ladykiller back into the buckles. The Hotshot

spins the National Champion around, grabbing a handful of blonde ponytail...]

GM: Facefirst to the buckles!

[The crowd roars for the shot and the Hotshot nods, doing it again and again as the crowd counts along!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Dufresne bounces away from the corner on the final shot, staggering out to the center of the ring where he falls down to a knee. The former National Champion slams his arm into the turnbuckle before swinging around, charging out...

...and OBLITERATING Dufresne with a lunging lariat to the kneeling champion!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT BY THE HOTSHOT!!

[Scott crawls back over, diving across the downed Dufresne!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BROUSSARD BREAKS UP THE PIN ATTEMPT!

[The crowd jeers the San Jose Shark as he hammers down on the back of the Hotshot with forearm smashes. After a moment, he hauls Scott back to his feet, ignoring the referee's orders to exit the ring as he whips him into the ropes...

...and wraps his arms around the torso of a rebounding Hotshot!]

GM: He hooks him! He's got him hooked around the upper body!

[But the belly-to-belly suplex attempt goes nowhere as Scott simply reaches up and rakes his fingers across the eyes of the San Jose Shark!]

"FOUR MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Ohh! He went to the eyes!



BW: Cheapshot!

GM: If Broussard had done it, you'd love it!

BW: That's... that's different!

[Scott grabs a handful of Broussard's hair and simply runs towards the ropes, HURLING the San Jose Shark up and over the ropes to the floor to a huge roar from the crowd!]

GM: OVER THE TOP GOES BROUSSARD!! THE HOTSHOT IS CLEANING HOUSE!

[With the San Jose Shark out of the picture, Stevie Scott turns around, facing the recovering Dufresne...

...and STOMPS his foot hard on the canvas, sending a roar through the crowd!]

GM: He's calling for it! The Hotshot's calling for the Heatseeker!

BW: Get out of there, champ!

[Ben Waterson seems to be saying the same thing, attempting to shout over the boisterous crowd to inform the Ladykiller that trouble is afoot... pun very much intended.]

GM: Stevie's ready... he's waiting... he's set...

[And as soon as the Ladykiller gets to his feet and turns around, the Hotshot bursts into motion, shuffling towards the National Champion and lashing out with his devastating superkick...

...that Dufresne somehow sidesteps, burying a boot of his own in the gut of Scott as he passes by!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne avoided the superkick and-

[The crowd buzzes as he yanks the doubled-up Scott into a standing front facelock, reaching back for a handful of Scott's trunks...]

GM: He's got Stevie hooked now for the DDT!

[But instead, the Hotshot grabs both legs, ripping them out from under the Ladykiller...

...and flipping forward into a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! SHOULDER UP!!

“THREE MINUTES REMAIN!”

[Scott rolls out of the cradle, still gripping the legs as he gets back to his feet...

...and falls back, catapulting Dufresne into the air where he smashes facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH! INTO THE BUCKLES!!

[And the Hotshot hauls him down to the canvas, pushing the shoulders down to the mat in a sunset flip type pin.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: AGAIN! AGAIN, THE CHAMPION GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!

[The crowd is on their feet, buzzing with every offensive move by the fan favorites and every kickout by the rulebreakers. Scott and Dufresne are both down for a moment, each trying to scramble to their feet ahead of the other man.]

GM: They’re fighting to their feet... right hand by Scott!

[Dufresne staggers back, then throws a right of his own!]

GM: The champion fires back!

[Scott goes for another haymaker but Dufresne raises his arm, blocking the blow, before throwing a wild right of his own that comes up empty as the Hotshot ducks down to avoid it...]

GM: He missed the right han-

[The off-balance Dufresne gets hoisted into the air then dropped down on a bent knee in an atomic drop that sends the Ladykiller crashing into the buckles before staggering back...

...right into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[From outside the ring, Ben Waterson grabs the leg that Stevie Scott is pushing off on to provide leverage to the cradle, yanking it out from under him and breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Ohh! Waterson interfered right there! Did you see that?

[An angry Hotshot sits up, glaring at Waterson who is almost begging his former charge to come out after him.]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN!"

[The timekeeper's cry seems to snap Stevie Scott out of the idea of going after the manager, dragging Dufresne back to his feet. A hard chop across the chest sends Dufresne falling back into the corner where Supernova is waiting...

...and slaps the offered hand of Stevie Scott!]

GM: There's the tag!

[And Scott quickly bails from the ring, going after Ben Waterson who is suddenly running for his life as a fired-up Supernova mounts the middle rope, fist at the ready as the crowd counts along with each blow.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Supernova drops down off the middle rope, letting loose a howl to the crowd as he grabs the arm of the Ladykiller, firing him across the ring before he rushes in behind, smashing home a running clothesline to the chest!

A quick cut to the floor finds Stevie Scott in hot pursuit of his former manager...

...until they round a corner where Marcus Broussard is lying in wait, flooring Scott with a big clothesline. The San Jose Shark stomps and kicks at the now-downed Hotshot with Ben Waterson standing nearby cheering him on.]

GM: Stevie Scott just got laid out by Broussard on the floor!

BW: Get in there and help Calisto, Marcus!

[Back inside the ring, Supernova fires Dufresne across the ring again, this time the Ladykiller staggering out...

...right into a massive military press by Supernova who holds him high for a moment before throwing him down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH MY STARS!! KING-SIZED PRESS SLAM BY SUPERNOVA!!

“SIXTY SECONDS REMAINING!”

[The crowd ERUPTS at that sounds, the urgency in the ring picking up a notch as Supernova leans over, pulling Calisto Dufresne up to a knee...

...just as Marcus Broussard pulls himself up on the apron.]

GM: Broussard’s on the apron! He’s gonna-

[Supernova releases Dufresne, turning his focus towards Broussard for a moment...

...until Stevie Scott reaches up, hooks the back of the trunks, and YANKS the San Jose Shark down off the apron, his back smashing on the thinly-padded floor! Scott waves for Supernova to continue the fight as he crawls over onto Broussard, hammering him with right hands!]

GM: Broussard’s out of the picture! Supernova’s all alone in there with the National Champion!

[Grabbing the arm of Dufresne, Supernova hurls him to the corner, backing off with a big howl...

...and sprinting across the ring, leaping into the air, and crashing into the stunned Ladykiller!]

“THIRTY SECONDS REMAIN!”

[Supernova, having landed the Heat Wave, throws Dufresne down to the canvas. He lifts the legs of the National Champion, folding them over one another before flipping him over onto his stomach in a Texas Cloverleaf!]

GM: SOLAR FLARE!! HE’S GOT IT ON!!!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sign of Calisto Dufresne, the National Champion, trapped in the ever-dangerous submission hold of the Number One Contender who is sitting back on the hold, shouting for the official to check for a submission.]

GM: Supernova’s got the hold locked in in the middle of the ring!

“FIFTEEN SECONDS!”

GM: Dufresne’s got the clock on his side but can he hang on?! Can he survive fifteen seconds in one of the most painful holds in the entire AWA?!

[Ben Waterson leans through the ropes, screaming the amount of time on the clock to the National Champion as he tries to hang on...]

“TEN!”

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He hung on! He hung on til the bell!

[The crowd deflates as a dejected Supernova releases the hold, walking away from the downed and hurting National Champion.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the time limit has expired. The result of this match is a DRAW! Therefore, BOTH teams are eliminated from the Stampede Cup tournament!

[After a moment, Stevie Scott rolls back into the ring, joining Supernova who is shaking his head in disbelief. Scott walks up to the young lion...

...and offers his hand.]

GM: Oh my... would you look at that?

[A handshake ensues to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Well, it may have taken a time limit draw to do it but I think FINALLY these two men are on the same page in this war with Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard.

[We crossfade back to the Control Center.]

JD: A time limit draw in our final first round match! Can you believe it? And you know what that means - both teams are eliminated which gives Dynasty, arguably the most opportunistic tag team in wrestling history, a BYE directly into the quarterfinals! That's huge! They instantly slip into the Elite Eight! But our Sweet Sixteen... make that Fifteen... is set! Let's take a look at the brackets and see EXACTLY where we stand!

Rough N Ready	
The Pharaohs	
Fierro & Armstrong	
The Russians	
The Wild Cards	
The Privateers	
The Lynches	
Playboy Ent.	
VU	
Inoue & Hayashi	
The Rockstars	
The First Family	
Dynasty	Dynasty
BYE	
Blonde Bombers	
Mark II	

[The shot cuts back to Dane.]

JD: And there you have it, fans. Some intriguing second round matchups for sure. You will not want to miss out tomorrow evening on WKIK with all the action Night Two. But... we've got one more match here tonight at the Forbes Area and man oh man, it is a doozy. Almost one year ago, Nenshou became the first man to wear the Longhorn Heritage Title, defeating Brent Maverick in the Finals of a tournament... a tournament that Robert Donovan came out of retirement to participate in. Donovan believes he is the rightful owner of that title because it represents all that HE represents. And now, after months and months of battle, it all comes down to this - no DQ, no countout, no time limit, Falls Count Anywhere... it's the South Laredo Street Fight for the Longhorn Heritage Title and it starts... right... now!

[Fade to the back, where Robert Donovan stands waiting. He's clad in his ring attire for the evening -- his usual black pants, black boots, the heavy brace on his left elbow. He's also sporting a t-shirt with the words,

"Longhorn Heritage" splashed across the front in dark red lettering. His fists are taped up, hair tied back, and altogether he looks ready to go.]

RD: Guess I can't go much longer without talkin' about the elephant in the room -- that elephant bein' named Louis Matsui, an' more importantly, the fact that jackin' his jaw lead to the immediate, somewhat upset return of his pet giant, MAMMOTH Misuzawa.

[Donovan scratches his chin briefly.]

RD: I s'pose people expect that maybe I regret going upside Matsui's head, but they couldn't be more wrong. I figured somebody would come out an' have somethin' to say about the Call to Arms that night, an' I made up my mind before I even set foot in the aisle that night that whoever came out was gonna be starin' at the lights 'fore the night was through. Just so happened that the guy who came out had no business comin' out -- an' even less business gettin' in my face, remindin' us all what he'd done to get us all to stand in that ring to begin with.

[Brief pause.]

RD: Now, I can understand why Misuzawa was so upset. He sees Matsui as some kind of bizarre father figure -- a guide to lead him to the promised land of this business. Damn near worked, too -- 'cept Juan Vasquez had a little somethin' to say about that. He took down your supposed monster, Matsui, an' that left a wound that never really healed -- a wound in you, an' a wound in Misuzawa. Now, you think you healed yours by robbin' Vasquez of the belt, an' maybe you did, Matsui, maybe you did. Consider that little shot to the jaw a down payment on the debt you've accrued among those of us who still give a damn about honesty and integrity in this business.

Now, I'm sure I ain't heard the last o' you, Matsui -- or rather, I ain't heard the last from MAMMOTH. I ain't hard to find, Matsui -- but if I see him or you tonight, I'm just gonna assume I'm fightin' for my life an' respond accordingly.

[Donovan rolls his head around, audibly cracking his neck.]

RD: Now, I been here in the AWA for a lil' while now -- and in case y'all don't remember, I came here for one reason, an' one reason alone. I came here because the AWA wanted to pay tribute to the place that made me who I am, the organization that gave me a real shot an' let me do what I wanted to do instead o' just bein' another big oaf bumpin' his head on doorways to get a laugh outta the boys.

[Donovan stops for a moment, taking a deep breath.]

RD: So, I came outta what was a more or less pleasant retirement, an' Nenshou backs his way into a cheap win to knock me outta the tournament. I sat back for awhile, figurin' I was done -- but how I lost that was always in the back of my mind, so instead o' bein' able to relax, knowin' I'd tried, I just spent months stewin'. Problem bein' that when you take time off like

that, the suits don't really look on ya with a whole lotta favor -- I ain't blamin' them for it, so instead when I came back I just decided I'd do what I could to let everybody know I was here for the long haul...an' finally, I got my rematch.

[Donovan's empty hand clenches in anger.]

RD: I had Nenshou's shoulders down to the mat for a count o' three -- no matter what anybody says, I know that, at WrestleRock, I beat Nenshou. I pinned the Longhorn Heritage Champion, an' there ain't no time limit an' no damned urn to my head that can tell me otherwise. I know it's true -- an' Nenshou knows it, too. We ain't the only ones who knew it, either -- why the hell else would Stegglet have bent over backwards to get me this match? He knew that I got hosed, so he set out to make it right, an' as far as I'm concerned, make it right he did. He gave me the match I wanted, whenever an' wherever I wanted it. I decided to do it here in Atlanta, Georgia at the Stampede Cup, an' I decided that it'd be a match that coulda happened on any given night down in South Laredo -- a match that spills outta the ring an' onto the floor, into the crowd, outside the arena, a match where blood an' sweat flow in equal amounts, a match where Percy Childes can't save his charge's title by clubbin' me in the head with a cane, an urn, or the damned kitchen sink!

[Donovan takes a deep breath.]

RD: See, Percy, I know you nor Nenshou give a damn about Longhorn Heritage. It doesn't mean anythin' to you, an' the title doesn't mean anythin' to either of ya. The only reason you make sure ta show it off anytime you get the chance is you know it pisses me off -- you know that seein' you supposedly represent the heritage of the Longhorn Wrestling Council gets my goat more'n damn near anything else. It doesn't mean a damn thing to you, an' I know that -- just like you know that it means EVERYTHING to me.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: That's why you can't win tonight, Nenshou! You can't win because I poured my heart an' my soul into that little rinky dink hole in the ground organization down in South Laredo. You can't win 'cause the blood an' sweat of any number of better men -- better men than you OR me -- got poured into that company. You can't win 'cause I'm all that's left of it now, an' I'll be damned if I let you walk around carryin' the soul of the LWC for one more stinkin' night!

[Donovan is shaking with emotion.]

RD: Percy, you may be wonderin' why I didn't just have you banned from the arena for this match, but bein' the generous soul I am, I'll tell ya straight out why. I wanted you to witness this -- I wanted you to see me put your boy's shoulders to the ground, get that three count, an' most of all I wanted you to see me drag that Longhorn Heritage title out of the hellish dark surroundin' you an' yours and hold it back up in the damned light!



Yer title reign is damn near over, Nenshou -- an' unlike you, I'll for damn sure be proud to represent Longhorn Heritage!

[Donovan abruptly storms out.]

**THE STAMPEDE CUP  
LONGHORN HERITAGE TITLE MATCH  
SOUTH LAREDO STREET FIGHT  
NENSHOU [C] VS ROBERT DONOVAN**

[We crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing, the participants already in the ring on both sides of him. The referee is in the middle, trying to keep the two sides away from each other until the bell rings.]

PW: The following contest is a SOUTH LAREDO STREET FIGHT scheduled for one fall with NO TIME LIMIT, NO COUNTOUT, and NO DISQUALIFICATION!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: It is a match where FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE!

[Another big cheer!]

PW: And it is for the AWA LONGHORN HERITAGE CHAMPIONSHIP!

[BIGGEST CHEER YET!]

PW: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... he is the challenger. He hails from Pensacola, Florida... standing at an enormous seven feet two inches and weighing in at 345 pounds...

ROOOOOOBERRRRRT DONNNNNNNNOOVAAAAAAN!

[The crowd ROARS for the announcement of the big man who does not take his eyes off Nenshou whose head is covered in the hood we are used to seeing him in, Percy Childes standing a few feet away, lightly stroking the gold title belt in his hands.]

PW: And his opponent...

[BOOS!]

PW: In the corner to my left... he is accompanied to the ring by the Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes...

[More boos!]

PW: Fighting out of the Land of the Rising Sun... he weighs in tonight at 235 pounds and is the current, reigning, and defending AWA LONGHORN HERITAGE CHAMMMMMPIONNNNN...

[Pause.]

PW: NENNNNNNNNSHOOOOOOUUUUUU!

[The champion drops to a knee, whipping off his hood and uncorking a spray of green mist into the air in one movement. He tosses the hood aside as he rises to his feet, pointing a pair of heavily taped fingers in the direction of Robert Donovan who is now pacing back and forth, waiting for the fight to begin.]

GM: Here it comes, fans. We've been waiting for Donovan to get another shot at the title since Wrestlerock where it could be argued, he would have won the title if the time hadn't run out!

BW: Last time I saw Donovan at Wrestlerock, he was flat on his back!

GM: Thanks to that shot with the urn from Percy Childes! Tonight, if Childes tries to do that, I have a feeling he might pull back a bloody stump.

[The referee steps forward, shouting commands at the two men in opposite corners... and then signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go!

BW: Whose this old geezer refereeing this match, Gordo?

GM: The AWA knew they were going to be light on officials this weekend because of all the matches so they hired some extra help. That's Scott Von Braun who did such a great job back at Wrestlerock during the Unsanctioned match between Todd Michaelson and James Monosso. The AWA figured if he could handle that, he could handle this.

BW: Let's hope they're right.

[A quick camera shot of Childes shows him looking disdainfully at the referee as Donovan stalks out of the corner, marching straight across the ring towards Nenshou...

...who sidesteps, lashing out with a kick to the leg of Donovan!]

GM: Nenshou immediately goes to the legs... that could be the strategy early on in this one. Take out that limb.

BW: A seven footer ain't so tall if he can't stand up. I look for Nenshou to beat that leg like a rug that really ties the room together, daddy!

[Donovan reaches down with a wince, grabbing at his knee area. He nods his head at the retreating Nenshou, moving in on him again...

...and again having Nenshou duck away from his grasp, throwing a hard kick to the side of the knee that you can hear throughout the arena.]

GM: A second kick to the knee! Nenshou twice has avoided the big man and struck hard with those leg kicks. Donovan would do well to look for a different course of attack at this point.

BW: What else can he do? A man his size has one offensive plan in mind - keep comin' forward until the other guy is in reach and then do something big and hurty to `em. He wants to hit him, kick him, throw him around. But he can't do any of that if Nenshou stays out of reach.

[Donovan leans on the buckles for a moment, shaking his leg out as he eyes the Longhorn Heritage Champion who is bouncing back and forth from foot to foot, a constant movement as the big man nods his head, moving from the corner again... a little slower this time.]

GM: The big man's coming in again... trying to keep his body squared up... trying to cut off any escape...

[The seven footer inches closer and closer towards the corner where Nenshou is standing. Donovan suddenly lunges forward, Nenshou ducking underneath to avoid the tieup and coming up on the other side where he throws a kick blindly backwards, catching Donovan in the back of the knee and knocking him down to a knee.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: How the heck did he catch him in the perfect spot when he wasn't even lookin' at him, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea but NOW he's got Donovan down where he wants him!

[With the big man down to a knee, Nenshou rears back the right hand and lights him up with a knife-edge chop across the chest! A second one connects in the same spot, leaving a red welt behind. The champion starts to go for a third but Donovan simply reaches up and shoves him down to the canvas.]

GM: Donovan throws him down!

[But the ever-graceful Nenshou rolls through the shove back to his feet, charging back in and connecting with both feet squarely to the chest, a dropkick that knocks Donovan from his kneeling position down to the mat with his back against the buckles.]

BW: Nenshou is ever-mindful of where he is inside the ring! He always knows the best course of action to take at all times!

[With Donovan down on the mat, Nenshou plants his boot on the throat, grabbing the top rope to strangle the air out of the seven footer as Scott Von Braun stands by, shrugging to the jeering crowd as he's unable to do anything about it.]

GM: And there you see the rules of the South Laredo Street Fight coming into play. Referee Scott Von Braun can not do a single thing about this illegal chokehold. He can't break it up, he can't count to five with any weight behind it. He is absolutely helpless to stop it.

BW: Which is exactly how Donovan, the big idiot, wanted it! Like Percy said, Donovan could have picked any number of matches that would have taken something out of Nenshou's game but this one? This one simply adds to it as we're seeing right now!

[Breaking the choke, Nenshou drives home a series of stomps to the chest of Donovan, keeping him down in the corner. The champion steps up to the middle rope, hands gripping the top rope...

...and kicks his legs straight out, swinging them down...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG KICK IN THE CORNER!! Good grief!

[With both feet slamming right into the challenger's face, Donovan already looks dazed as Nenshou takes a knee nearby him. Percy Childes shouts something in Japanese into the ring and with a nod, Nenshou grabs Donovan by the foot and hauls him away from the corner, diving across his chest.]

GM: An early cover by the champion gets a one! Gets a two!

[But the big man's not going down that easily, kicking out just at two.]

GM: It's gonna take more than that to put Robert Donovan down for a three count, Bucky.

BW: Well, it's a good thing that Percy and Nenshou have a bunch more in mind for the big redneck.

GM: Can you call someone a redneck when they're from Florida?

BW: You can call someone a redneck when they act like a big, stupid, ignorant hick.

[Back on his feet, Nenshou delivers a pair of stomps to the chest of Donovan as he surveys the situation. With a dash, he breaks away to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and breaking into a slide, driving his feet into the side of Donovan's skull again!]

GM: Ohh! Right to the head for the second time in this match!

BW: And in the early moments of this one, we've seen Nenshou use those deadly kicks to his advantage - first to the leg, now to the head. Donovan's on Dream Street already, daddy!

[Nenshou climbs back up, delivering another pair of stomps as he moves towards the big man's massive legs. He leans down, grabbing the left leg he was kicking earlier...

...and catches a big ol' right foot to the face, sending him sailing backwards and down to the mat to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: He was going for the leg but Donovan kicked him off!

[The Asian Assassin pops immediately back up, lunging in again. This time, he uses his body to pin both legs down to the mat while driving the point of his elbow into the knee joint and digging it back and forth, causing Donovan to cry out in pain.]

GM: Oh, what a painful move that is!

BW: Percy must have taught him that.

GM: I doubt that piece of garbage has ever taught anyone anything!

[Nenshou slips his knee up over Donovan's left leg, pinning it down to the mat as he throws overhead chops down on the knee area, striking the knee joint over and over...

...when suddenly the right leg comes up quick and hard again, the knee catching him on the side of the jaw and knocking him back down to the mat!]

GM: Donovan's size seems to be bailing him out of each predicament he finds himself in so far. The big man is fighting a very defensive match at this time as Nenshou keeps coming for that left leg.

[The champion regains his feet, holding his jaw for a moment before he hits the ropes, rebounding off...

...and snapping off a lightning quick elbowdrop into the heart of the seven footer!]

GM: Ohh! What an elbow!

[Quickly springing back to his feet, Nenshou hits the ropes again, bouncing off, and snapping off a second elbow to the heart. Donovan's entire body shakes from the impact as Childes shouts, "AGAIN! AGAIN!"]

GM: Another one?!

BW: What Percy wants, Percy gets!

[The Asian Assassin quickly obliges, dropping a third powerful and amazingly-fast point of the elbow into the chest of the big man.]

GM: Three of those powerful driving elbows into the heart! That'll take some starch out of the challenger, Bucky.

BW: He might be done right here.

GM: Childes is shouting something to his man again...

[Nenshou nods, heading towards the corner...]

BW: He might REALLY be done right here!

[The Asian Assassin quickly scales the ropes, ready to backflip off onto a prone Donovan...]

GM: He's going for the Moonsault! He's gonna fly!

[But Donovan, seeing the end coming, wisely rolls right out of the ring, dropping out to the floor.]

GM: Whew. A close call for the challenger because if Nenshou had hit that, no matter how early in the match, you could call it a night for the big man from Pensacola, Florida.

BW: That's right. We're just over five minutes into this but it could have been over just like that (snaps fingers) for the challenger.

[Donovan pushes away from the ring apron, trying to put weight on the left leg...

...which gives Nenshou room to operate, hurling himself off his perch!]

GM: HE LEAPS!!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd roars as Nenshou crashes down with a crossbody off the top, completely wiping out a shocked Donovan with it! Percy Childes cackles loudly, shouting encouragement to the Longhorn Heritage Champion!]

GM: Nenshou saw that he couldn't use the Moonsault but didn't mean he still couldn't fly!

BW: The human highlight reel strikes again, throwing himself off the top rope with reckless abandon and completely laying out that big oaf who thought a match like this actually gave HIM an advantage!

[The Asian Assassin pulls himself back to his feet, dragging a thumb across his throat to the jeers of the crowd. He leans down, pulling Donovan into a seated position against the ring apron. The champion grabs the bottom rope...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Big kick to the chest! Goodness!

[Nenshou hangs on to the ropes, steadying himself...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Another one! Right to the chest!

[The second kick causes Donovan to slump back, his upper body falling underneath the ring apron. Childes calls for Nenshou to come to him, the Collector of Oddities speaking softly to the Longhorn Heritage Champion despite the crowd jeering their every movement.]

GM: The crowd is all over Percy Childes and Nenshou right now.

BW: For what? What did they do?

GM: Maybe not anything tonight but their history is checkered with questionable actions!

[Nenshou moves back towards Donovan, starting to pull him back out from under the apron as he prepares for another kick.]

GM: He kick-

“CLAAAAAAAAANG!”

GM: What the-?!

[Donovan emerges from behind the apron, a now-dented aluminum trash can gripped in his hands. The crowd roars!]

GM: Donovan blocked the kick with the trash can! Can you believe it?!

BW: I just saw it so I believe it, Gordo!

GM: He was down under the apron and found that trash can and Nenshou just paid the price for it...

[The Asian Assassin stumbles away, wincing as he tries to avoid putting pressure on the right leg he just slammed into a metal trash can. Donovan uses the opening to climb to his feet, hoisting the can over his head...]

GM: Nenshou's in trouble here!

[The champion turns around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TRASH CAN TO THE SKULL!! MY GOD!!!

[The Asian Assassin collapses to the thinly-padded floor, an even bigger dent now showing up in the trash can. The seven footer hurls the trash can over the ropes into the ring, moving in on the downed champion.]

GM: Donovan pulls Nenshou to his feet... look out here...

[Grabbing an arm, Donovan goes for a powerful Irish whip...]

...that sends Nenshou sailing OVER the steel barricade into the ringside area, smashing down on the basketball floor!]

GM: DONOVAN THROWS HIM INTO THE CROWD!! GOOD GRIEF!

BW: And this is totally legal, Gordo! It's a South Laredo Street Fight and Robert Donovan is bringing the pain out up close and personal to these fans in the crowd.

[The seven footer swings his leg over the railing, moving after the Longhorn Heritage Champion as Percy Childes is screaming and shouting at the Asian Assassin.]

GM: Percy Childes, for the first time in this match, is showing a bit of concern, fans. Percy Childes may feel his iron grip that he's had on that title for almost a year starting to slip away from him!

[Donovan reaches down, dragging Nenshou up to his feet. He holds the martial artist by the hair, shouting in his face, before ducking down to scoop him up into the air..]

...and SLAM him down on the basketball floor to a thunderous "THUD!"]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Robert Donovan said he wanted the kind of match that you could see on any given night in South Laredo with the Longhorn Wrestling Council and I think that's what we're seeing right now! Donovan's taken this fight into the crowd and they're out there battling amongst these tremendous fans here in the Forbes Arena in Atlanta!

BW: And Scott Von Braun is out there with them - remember the falls count anywhere in this one!



GM: That's right. Robert Donovan could for a pin right now if he wants to but he's choosing not to... apparently he thinks that Nenshou hasn't been weakened enough yet to be pinned.

[Donovan leans over towards the nearby fans on the arena floor, snatching a metal folding chair off the ground and folding it up.]

BW: Hey! That's someone's seat, you jerk!

GM: Somehow I don't think they'd mind!

BW: If they're a Nenshou fan, they would.

[Donovan raises the chair high overhead, waiting for Nenshou to get off the floor. And as soon as the Asian Assassin gets to all fours...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOT!! RIGHT ACROSS THE BACK!!!

[Donovan tosses the steel chair aside, flipping Nenshou onto his back and applying a lateral press as Scott Von Braun dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Nenshou slips out from under the 345 pound frame of Robert Donovan to get his shoulder off the floor.]

GM: Just a two count out there on the floor for Donovan.

[Pulling Nenshou up by the hair, Donovan hammers away at him with right hands to the skull that the crowd roars for. After a few blows, he climbs to his feet, looking for the chair again...]

GM: Donovan's going after the chair... he's gonna-

[But as soon as he leans over to pick it up, Nenshou lashes out with a hard kick to the back of Donovan's left knee, knocking him down to a knee. Nenshou quickly gets back to his feet. He takes a two step run, leaping up to grab Donovan's hair...

...and SMASHES his face into the steel chair lying on the floor!]

GM: OHHHH! ONE-HANDED BULLDOG ON THE CHAIR!!

[This time, it's Nenshou's turn to flip Donovan onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[But the big man from Florida kicks out at two, breaking the pin attempt. Nenshou, on all fours, responds by wrapping his hands around the throat of Donovan!]

GM: He's choking him, fans! Nenshou is blatantly choking Robert Donovan out on the floor!

[From ringside, we see Percy Childes screaming instructions at the Asian Assassin as he digs his fingers into the windpipe of the challenger.]

GM: A blatant choke but again, the referee can't do a thing about it!

[Breaking the choke, Nenshou pushes back up to his feet, delivering a trio of stomps to the ribs before climbing up on an abandoned chair nearby. He steps up onto the chairback of the seat in front of him, leaping off with a big legdrop down across the chest of Donovan!]

GM: Ohhh! Innovative violence by the Longhorn Heritage Champion!

[Nenshou applies another cover, earning another two count before Donovan kicks out. The champion scampers away, scooping up the discarded steel chair in his hands...]

GM: What's he gonna do now, Bucky?

BW: No idea but it can't be good for Donovan.

[The seven footer pushes up to a knee...

...and Nenshou HURLS the chair at his skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Donovan got an arm up! He took that chair on the arm to save his skull from being bashed with it!

[Donovan winces, grabbing his right arm in pain where the chair smashed into it. He grits his teeth, grabbing the chair in his left hand as he climbs to his feet. Nenshou backpedals, raising a hand to beg off as Donovan approaches him...]

GM: Donovan's got the chair and he's coming for the champion!

[Nenshou quickly backs the rest of the way down the aisle of seats, reaching the area at the bottom of the bleachers. He pauses for a moment, looking back at the challenger... and opts to climb the bleachers to the roar of those fans sitting in them!]

GM: He's searching for higher ground! We're about ten minutes into this match and Nenshou is looking for the back door to this building to get the heck out of town, Bucky!

BW: He's looking for his next move. Never doubt that.

[Donovan climbs the bleachers, chair still in hand as he hunts his prey. Nenshou gets about ten steps up the bleachers, turning back to look for Donovan who is still coming for him...]

GM: Nenshou's still climbing! Sooner or later, he'll run out of room!

[Looking around, Nenshou comes to a stop, waiting for Donovan to catch up to him...]

GM: Donovan's almost there! He's almo-

[With the chair raised and Donovan gingerly climbing the steps, Nenshou leaves his feet, snapping his leg back and catching the chair, smashing it into the face of Donovan!]

GM: Ohh! Nenshou kicked the chair into Donovan's face!

[The crowd gasps as Donovan stumbles backwards, falling a few steps down the bleachers, the chair clattering harmlessly away from him. Nenshou shoves a fan aside, climbing up on a nearby railing, eyeing Donovan who is down on the wood and metal seating...]

GM: What the heck is he doing now?!

[Nenshou stands on the railing, arms raised as Donovan lies flat on his back on the wooden bench...

...and HURLS himself into the air, sailing several feet through the sky, and CRASHING down in a splash across Donovan's torso!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NENSHOU IS TAKING THIS FIGHT TO ROBERT DONOVAN!! GOOD GRIEF!

[Nenshou stays atop Donovan, gesturing at the referee.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Donovan shrugs his upper body, forcing Nenshou off of him as the big man slumps over the seat and down onto the next bench below. Nenshou rises to his feet, holding up three fingers at the referee who shakes him off holding two fingers up in response.]

GM: Nenshou almost had him there, fans! It was a daredevil move but Nenshou almost got a three count off of it. Robert Donovan just barely got the shoulder up in time...

[Nenshou moves down a step, stomping the prone form of Robert Donovan who is motionless, facedown on a bench. The camera shot is obscured for a moment as a sea of fans push their way in, trying to encircle the action. Our cameraman pushes back through, spotting Nenshou as he grabs the shirt of a nearby vendor.]

GM: What's he- let go of that man!

BW: He got too close to Nenshou when he's in the zone!

[Nenshou grabs the man's tray of sodas, jerking it out of his hands.]

GM: What in the world is he...?

BW: Maybe he's thirsty.

[The Asian Assassin waits for Donovan to push up to a knee then raises the tray high overhead...]

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

[And SLAMS the tray down over the skull of Donovan, smashing the wooden tray in half and pouring soda all over the head and body of the challenger!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Cleanup on aisle three, daddy!

GM: You ain't kidding. What a mess that's gonna be!

[Donovan tumbles down a couple steps, Nenshou walking down them after him. The champion delivers a hard axe stomp to the ribs before delivering a hard kick to the stomach, forcing Donovan down another step or two before he rolls off to the floor.]

GM: All the way back down to the court now. Nenshou and Donovan battled to the top of the building and back down...

[Nenshou grabs Donovan's soda-soaked hair, smashing his throat into the back of a steel chair!]

GM: Ohh! Throatfirst into the steel!

[The champion presses the throat down onto the steel, continuing to choke Donovan over the back of the seat.]

GM: Another blatant-

BW: And perfectly legal.

GM: -choke by the champion! Percy Childes loves the sight of that!

[After a few moments, Nenshou breaks off his attack, leaving a gasping Donovan down on his hands and knees on the floor. Nenshou delivers a trio of kicks to the ribs before grabbing Donovan by the wrist, hauling him towards the ringside area.]

GM: The champion's taking him back towards the ring...

[Near the ringside area, Nenshou executes a whip that sends Donovan sailing over the ropes, crashing down to the floor with a thud!]

GM: All the way over the railing! Donovan hit the floor behind us extremely hard, Bucky!

BW: Three hundred and forty five pounds hit the floor like a sack of raw meat!

[Nenshou leaps over the railing, moving towards Donovan who is crawling away, trying to put some space between himself and the Longhorn Heritage Champion...]

GM: Nenshou's moving in after him and-

[The Asian Assassin drops a knee in the middle of the crawling Donovan's back, stopping him in his tracks...]

GM: Ohh! That'll cut him off! He was trying to get away from Nenshou but the champion just made sure he stayed right where he was...

[Nenshou climbs to his feet, looking down on Donovan as he moves away...  
...and shoves the timekeeper out of his seat!]

GM: Oh, come on! What's that all about?

[The champion grabs the edge of the table, tipping it up...]

GM: Wait, wait, wait! Don't do that!

[...and shoves it over, dropping the heavy wooden table down squarely across the back of the downed Donovan!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He threw the wooden table down on top of Donovan! That table... it's gotta weigh about fifty pounds or so! If he can cover Donovan here, that might do it, fans!

[Nenshou shoves the table off Donovan, rolling him onto his back and applying a press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[But the big man fires a shoulder off the floor, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Just a two! Just a two!

[Nenshou pushes up to all fours, sweat starting to shred the paint covering his face. He climbs to his feet, reaching down to strike at the throat of Donovan with a taped-finger strike.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Right in the throat! Have you ever been hit in the throat, Gordo? It ain't pleasant!

[Nenshou climbs up on the apron, pulling on the ropes to get there. He hangs on to the top, leaning over it as the referee stands on the floor, watching both champion and challenger try to recover. On the floor, a red-faced Donovan rolls to all fours, trying to push up off the thin pads.]

GM: Donovan's struggling to get off the floor...

[As the seven footer gets to his feet, Nenshou deadleaps to the middle rope, springing back...]

GM: MOONSAUL-

[But the backflipping Nenshou sails through the air, getting caught over the shoulder by the big man...]

GM: CAUGHT! CAUGHT!

[Donovan tosses Nenshou off, bringing him crashing facefirst down on the ring apron!]

GM: OHHHHHH! FACEFIRST ON THE HARDEST SPOT ON THE RING!

[Donovan drags Nenshou off the floor by the back of the tights, hurling him under the ropes into the ring. The big man pulls himself back up on the apron, climbing through the ropes after him.]

GM: And at long last, we're back in the ring!

[Pursuing the champion, Donovan backs him into the corner. The champion fights back, throwing a chop to the chest...

...but Donovan won't go down, shoving Nenshou hard with both hands, knocking him back to the buckles.]

GM: Nenshou's trapped in the corner and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big chop by a big man!

[Donovan shoves a struggling Nenshou back into the buckles, winding up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!

“OHHHHHHHHHH!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!

“OHHHHHHHHHH!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!

“OHHHHHHHHHH!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!

“OHHHHHHHHHH!”

“WHAAAAAAAAAP!

“OHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The brutal series of chops in the buckles leaves Nenshou clinging to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet. Grabbing the champion by the arm, Donovan fires him across the ring to the opposite corner...]

GM: Nenshou hits the buckles hard... here comes Donovan!

[The seven footer lumbers across the ring, throwing up his arm...]

GM: OHH! BIG CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!!

[Nenshou stumbles out towards Donovan who wraps his hand around the throat of the Longhorn Heritage Champion! Big cheer!]

GM: Donovan’s got him hooked! He’s got him goozled!

[The big man hoists Nenshou into the air, ready to chokeslam him down to the canvas...]

...but at the peak of the lift, Nenshou secures a front facelock, twisting all the way around, and DRIVING Donovan headfirst into the canvas!]

GM: HE SPIKED HIM!!

[Nenshou promptly dives atop Donovan, tightly hooking both legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- SHOULDER UP! SHOULDER UP!

[The crowd roars at Donovan slipping a shoulder off the mat before the three count comes down.]

GM: The challenger is still alive!

[Nenshou rolls back to his feet...]

...and grabs at his throat!]

GM: Uh oh! Nenshou's going for the mist! He's preparing the mist!

[A dazed Donovan pushes up to all fours, climbing to a knee. His head is lowered, his chest heaving with every breath as he tries to regain his feet...]

GM: Nenshou's waiting for him! He's ready!

[The challenger climbs to his feet, slowly turning...]

...and SLAMMING both hands directly into the throat of Nenshou just before he can unleash the mist!]

GM: Ohh! Donovan cut him off! He blocked the mist!

[Nenshou stumbles back, clutching his own throat...]

...and Donovan UNCORKS a big boot to the face, knocking him head over heels to the mat!]

GM: BIG BOOT! BIG BOOT!

[Donovan drops down the mat, diving across the champion.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Nenshou FIRES a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pinfall attempt!]

GM: Just a two! Nenshou gets the shoulder up at two!

[An angry Donovan slams his fist into the canvas, grimacing at Scott Von Braun as he pushes back up to his feet, pausing to rub his left knee for a moment. The big man reaches down, pulling Nenshou off the mat by the tights...]

...and pulls him right into a gutwrench!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!

[The seven footer hoists Nenshou up in the gutwrench, flipping him up into powerbomb position...]

...which Nenshou somehow manages to reverse, hooking his legs around the head of Donovan and SNAPPING him over to the canvas!]

GM: Headscissors takedown!

[Nenshou springs to his feet, dashing to the corner...]

GM: He's going up! The champ's going to the top!

[The Asian Assassin steps up to the top rope, pauses...]



...and takes flight, flipping backwards through the air!]

GM: MOONSAUL-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DONOVAN PULLED THE TRASH CAN IN THE WAY!! NENSHOU SMASHED INTO THE TRASH CAN!!

[The mangled trash can gets tossed aside as Nenshou rolls onto his back, having smashed his own face and chest into the metal trash can.]

GM: The trash can was in the right place at the right time for Robert Donovan!

[Donovan rolls aside, rolling under the ropes and out to the floor where he walks around the ringpost, pulling up the apron...

...and standing tall, kendo stick in hand!]

GM: Oh my god! Robert Donovan is armed and dangerous!

[Donovan climbs up on the apron, stepping through the ropes while carrying the wooden weapon.]

GM: He's got the kendo stick and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE DRILLS NENSHOU ACROSS THE BACK!!

[The Longhorn Heritage Champion collapses in the corner, arms draped over the top rope.]

GM: No, no, no... don't do this, Rob!

[Shaking his head, Donovan smacks the cane into the canvas a few times before winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Three big shots with the kendo stick across the chest leaves Nenshou wincing in pain, big red welts quickly forming on his pectorals. Suddenly, Percy Childes is up on the apron, shouting at the referee...

...and just as suddenly, he's diving off the apron, Robert Donovan having taken a king-sized cut at the head of the Collector of Oddities!]

GM: He missed! He missed! Donovan tried to take his head off!

[Nenshou stumbles out of the corner, weakly raising his right arm...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!!

[Donovan throws the cane aside as he drops down into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd jeers as Percy Childes reaches in, throwing his man's leg over the bottom rope!]

GM: He almost had him! Donovan had the title won right there if it hadn't been for Percy Childes and-

[The crowd EXPLODES as Donovan rolls from the ring, stalking after Childes who is quickly backpedaling, shaking his head as he begs for mercy.]

GM: Donovan's got Childes on the run! He's running for his life, Bucky!

BW: Can you blame him? This big idiot nearly took his head off with that cane and-

GM: He's got him! Donovan's got him!

[The crowd roars as Donovan holds Childes by the shirt, shaking him back and forth before winding up his right hand...

...and getting caught with a baseball slide, both feet jamming into his face and sending him down to a knee on the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Nenshou keeps his man safe... for now.

[Nenshou stands tall on the apron, grabbing the top rope as Donovan starts to get back to his feet...

...and leaps up to the middle rope, springing backwards into a moonsault!]

GM: MOONSAULT!!

[The backflipping champion catches the off-balance Donovan on target, knocking him down to the floor again. He stays on top, waiting for a count...

...which takes a bit longer as Scott Von Braun is forced to exit the ring to make the count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- SHOULDER UP AGAIN!!

BW: What a joke that was! He had him beaten right there, Gordo, and you know it! That old fossil Von Braun took an eternity to get out there to count the pin.

[Nenshou seems to agree, climbing to his feet and grabbing Von Braun by the throat, backing him up against the apron.]

GM: He's got Von Braun, the referee for this match, by the throat!

[The referee lifts his hands, begging for mercy as Nenshou strangles him against the ring apron... and a shout from Percy Childes brings Nenshou's focus back to Donovan, shoving a gasping Von Braun aside as he drags Donovan off the floor by the hair, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Donovan throws Nenshou towards the railing, stopping him at an arm's length and pulling him back towards him...

...knocking him flat with a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: What a shot by Donovan! He's got Nenshou rocked and down on the floor once again!

[Pulling the champion off the floor, Donovan chucks him up on the apron. He rolls under the ropes himself, grabbing the trash can and throwing it down to the mat before he reaches over the ropes, hooking a front facelock.]

GM: What the heck is he going for here?!

[Donovan pulls Nenshou over the ropes, leaving his feet draped on the top rope while still in the facelock...]

GM: Robert Donovan is bringing the spirit of Tex Violence to the Stampede Cup here in Atlanta!

[Donovan holds the facelock for a long moment, looking out at the roaring crowd...

...and DRIVES Nenshou skullfirst into the mangled trash can!]

GM: MODIFIED DDT!!

[He rolls Nenshou to his back, diving across his chest!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But at the last moment, Nenshou fires a shoulder off the mat, just barely avoiding the three count!]

GM: He kicked out! The champion kicked out again!

[Shaking his head at Von Braun, Donovan pushes up to a knee. He stays there for a long moment, breathing hard as he grabs the ropes, dragging himself to his feet. He shouts "THAT'S IT!" to the crowd as he leans down, dragging the rulebreaker up by the hair and burying a boot into the gut.]

GM: Donovan's got him! He's gonna finish him right here!

[The challenger wraps his arms around the waist again, gutwrenching the champion up into the air...

...but Nenshou flips free in mid-lift, landing on his feet behind Donovan where he blindly throws a thrust kick back, catching Donovan in the back of the knee, putting Donovan down to a knee.]

GM: Donovan's down to a kn- look out!

[The crowd roars as Nenshou runs, springing off Donovan's bent knee, and DRIVES a kneeslash into the face!]

BW: SHINING WIZARD! SHINING WIZARD!!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: KICKED OUT!! DONOVAN KICKED OUT!!

BW: Neither one of these guys wants to lose this, Gordo! They're both putting everything they've got and THEN some into this thing! Nenshou doesn't want to lose the title and Donovan doesn't want to walk out of here tonight knowing he failed in taking the one thing he wants more than anything else in the world!

GM: Nenshou's back to his feet... what's he... ohh! He threw that dented trash can down on Donovan's face!

[Leaving his feet, the champion drops both legs down across the badly-dented trash can, smashing his face underneath!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Facebuster by the champion!

[Nenshou again rolls into a lateral press as Von Braun drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[And again, Donovan fires a shoulder off the mat, leaving a look of shock on the face of the Asian Assassin who is usually expressionless.]

GM: Nenshou can't believe it - and I think that's the first time I've been able to tell what he was thinking by looking at him! He's usually stoic in there - a rock - totally focused!

[The champion gets up, shaking his head in disbelief as he gestures out to Percy Childes who responds by sliding a steel chair under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Nenshou's got a chair! He's got a steel chair and-

[Wielding the chair, the Longhorn Heritage Champion stands over the downed Donovan. He slams the chair into the canvas a few times, getting ready to swing it at the big man's skull...]

GM: He's ready! He's waiting!

[The seven footer slowly pushes up off the mat, taking a knee...]

GM: Oh my stars! Donovan's in trouble! Donovan's in big trouble here!

[Rearing back with the chair, Nenshou violently swings it down towards the exposed skull of his challenger...]

GM: LOOK OUUUUUUT!

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: HE BLOCKED IT! DONOVAN BLOCKED IT!

[The challenger climbs to his feet, struggling to rip the steel chair out of the champion's grasp. They battle over the weapon, trying to get it free from one another.]

GM: They're fighting over the chair! Who's gonna get it?! Who is going to get control of the steel chair?!

[The seven footer slams a knee up into the gut of Nenshou, snatching the chair free from his grip. He swings around with it, ready to deliver some thunder...]

GM: MIST!

[But this time, Donovan's ready for it, lifting the steel chair up to absorb the brunt of the blinding green mist!]

GM: DONOVAN BLOCKS IT WITH THE CHAIR!

[Donovan lowers the chair with a smirk as Nenshou again looks on in shock...]

...just before the challenger SLAMS the chairback edge into the throat of his opponent!]

GM: He hit him in the throat! No more mist!

BW: No!

[Nenshou crumples backwards, staggering away as he grabs his throat with both hands. He slowly turns back around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE CROWNS HIM!! HE CROWNED THE CHAMPION!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Donovan uncorks a vile chairshot to the skull, knocking Nenshou flat. With a shout, Donovan spikes the chair down hard to the mat, the weapon actually bouncing as it hits the canvas. Donovan shakes his head to the cheering crowd, holding up one finger...

...and yanks Nenshou to his feet, pulling him into a gutwrench!]

GM: He's got him! The challenger's get him hooked!

[And with a mighty lift, he flips Nenshou over in the gutwrench...

...and DRIVES Nenshou down onto the folding chair!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan drops down to the mat, diving across the chest as he tightly cradles both legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: DONOVAN'S DONE IT!! DONOVAN'S DONE IT! WE'VE GOT A NEW LONGHORN HERITAGE CHAMPION AND HE DID IT IN TRUE SOUTH LAREDO STYLE, BUCKY!

BW: This is awful! Look at Percy!

[A stunned, shocked, and horrified Percy Childes clings to the Longhorn Heritage Title belt, shaking his head back and forth in disbelief as the referee walks over to him, reaching out for the belt...

...and Percy breaks into a sprint, heading back up the aisle with the title belt in hand!]

GM: That sneak! Percy Childes is running out of here carrying that belt like a thief in the night! And on this night, Robert Donovan may not walk out with the belt but make no mistake, fans... he IS the new Longhorn Heritage Champion and in the memory of that late, great promotion, I can't think of a better man to represent what that place was all about than this guy!

[Donovan leans in the corner, arms raised in victory as the referee explains what happened with the title belt. We almost catch a small chuckle from Donovan who shakes his head at Childes' "kidnapping" of the title belt as he salutes the roaring fans.]

GM: Robert Donovan is the new Longhorn Heritage Champion and these people in Atlanta are going nuts! What an afternoon of action here in the Forbes Arena and this is only Day One, fans! We've still got two HUGE days of action to come! Make sure you join us tomorrow night on WKIK for the second round of tournament action plus the Final Showdown - the Towel Match between Eric Preston and James Monosso! That's gonna be a war for the ages! Fans, we've gotta go! For Bucky Wilde, Mark Stegglet, and Jason Dane, I'm Gordon Myers and we'll see you tomorrow night from Atlanta!

[The shot holds on a battered and weary Donovan, holding an arm up in triumph as the crowd roars down cheers from all around him...

...as we fade to black.]