



[We come in from black to a shot of the Stampede Cup trophy. Some quiet dramatic in-house instrumental music is playing in the background as the trophy rotates around and a voiceover begins.]

"And then there were eight..."

[Still photos of the eight tag teams remaining in the Stampede Cup tournament pepper up all over the screen.]

"Eight teams remain of the twenty-four that arrived in Atlanta, dreaming of fortune and glory.

Sixteen men walk into the Forbes Arena tonight with one goal.

To be the best in the world.

To be the best tag team walking this Earth.

To be the Stampede Cup Champions."

[Each team's photo zooms in one by one, starting with Rough N Ready.]

"Will be the National Tag Team Champions? Searching for honor, searching for respect, searching for the one prize that has eluded them. Dave Cooper and Eric Matthew Somers already believe they are the best in the world. Tonight, they get the chance to prove it."

[The champs are replaced by the Russians.]

"Will it be the tag team thrust together by unique circumstances? One man fights for the glory of a long dead empire, the other for his own personal freedom that only victory can provide. Vladimir Velikov and Kolya Sudakov walk into Atlanta with a common cause but can they stay on the same page long enough to achieve their goal?"

[The Russians are replaced by the Wild Cards.]

"Will it be the outside threat? A team whose very mention sparks a connection to another promotion. The men who seem to laugh at everything

find themselves thrust into a very serious situation. Jack Baldwin and Judd Marley may only have this one opportunity to cement their status on the national stage now it's up to them to seize that moment."

[The Wild Cards replaced by the Lynches.]

"These boys stand above the rest as true wrestling royalty. Their family pride drives them in every act they do and nothing would make that family name grow to even higher levels of prestige than walking out of Atlanta carrying the Stampede Cup. But can Jack and James Lynch live up to the hype that has been placed upon their heads since birth?"

[The Lynches replaced by Violence Unlimited.]

"The reigning Stampede Cup champions have had an entire year to figure out how to do the whole thing again and many consider them the odds on favorite to do exactly that. But the failure to capture the National Tag Team Titles has been nagging at them for months. If they fail to bring home the Cup... then what?"

[VU replaced by the Rockstar Express.]

"One of the most popular tag teams in the history of our sport but somehow the big prize on the grandest of stages continues to elude them. No National Tag Team Titles. No Stampede Cup. The popularity remains but is that enough for Scotty Storm and Marty Morgan or is there something more to the Rockstar Express?"

[The Rockstars replaced by Dynasty.]

"The most opportunistic tag team in professional wrestling history finds themselves on the cusp of one final page of legacy to slap into their history book. With a free ride straight to the Quarterfinals, Idol Austin and Eugene Robinson find themselves three wins away from the ultimate victory - the Stampede Cup."

[Dynasty is replaced by Mark II.]

"Mark Carney and Mark Workman form the most unlikely duo of the Elite Eight. They, quite simply, are the team that was not supposed to get this far. There are teams more experienced, stronger, faster, more technically proficient, and in the end, teams that should be just plain better.

But don't tell them that."

[The final photo fades away, leaving just the spinning shot of the Stampede Cup.]

"It's the final night of the Stampede Cup... and it starts right now."

[The screen "explodes" into 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: Good evening, everyone, and welcome to the Forbes Arena in Atlanta, Georgia. For the last two nights, Bucky Wilde, the American Wrestling Alliance has brought the greatest tag team wrestling on the planet into this building. Tonight, we take the final eight teams and find out just who the absolute best actually is.

BW: We started with twenty-four and now we're down to eight! And this is a heck of a thing to be a part of, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is... and we're gonna get right down to it. But before we go up to Phil Watson, let's go backstage to Jason Dane who has a very special guest at this time. Jason?

[We crossfade back to the backstage interview area where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, it is my pleasure to bring out the man that has the entire AWA community buzzing... the man who came out victorious in perhaps the most intense and hateful match the AWA has ever seen. Ladies and gentlemen, Eric Preston!

[Eric Preston steps into sight. Preston wears khaki pants and a black button down shirt, untucked, with bandages on his forehead and stitches along his jawline, not to mention more black and blue marks than normal colored skin.]

JD: Eric, you look like you were in a car accident.

[Preston smiles and looks down, then looks right at Dane.]

EP: I can guarantee you I feel a thousand times worse. I've got black and blue marks up and down my body, my legs were knotted up for hours last night. It took two hours to stitch me up last night, but let me tell you something my man...

It was all worth it.

[Preston nods emphatically.]

EP: To be able to see James Monosso out at my feet, after over a year of having that black cloud hanging over my head, I gotta tell you it was something I'll never forget. Knowing that it's over. Knowing that the best man won, and knowing that the best man won the right way... it dwarfs any of this physical pain.

This body, it'll heal up, the scars will eventually go away, but pride? Glory?

That's forever. I hope they run that clip on every AWA show for the rest of time, I hope they show James Monosso's lifeless carcass out in the ring with me standing over him, because it means something, Jason.

It means that everything he attacked, everything he tried to bring down... It's still alive. The Combat Corner will keep pumping out guys like me who want to be in the sport, guys like me willing to pay the price. These people will keep filling the gymnasiums and arenas that we go to, because they know that just like baseball and apple pie, pro wrestling is a part of the American way of life. We make choices, we lead our own lives and we know the consequences. And when we get down, when we're down on the mat, we grit our teeth, put one hand down and we fight like HELL to get back up!

That is what being an American means, that's what we do! WE DON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER!

[Dane grins at the burst of enthusiasm from Preston.]

EP: I hope they show that scene for the rest of time, because it means that when it got down to go time, Eric Preston bellied up to the bar and answered the bell. I answered every challenge put in my way, I survived all the obstacles in my path, and since I have this time, I'd like to throw out an obstacle of my own:

Calisto Dufresne, that belt of yours looks mighty nice. And if you have the guts, I would sure love to take a crack at the title and bring it back to the people, where it belongs!

[Dane looks surprised by the challenge as Preston sets his jaw.]

EP: Which brings me back to a promise. I made a promise that I would work my tail off to give the people something they can be proud of. I made a promise that I would raise my level and the level of everyone around me, and be the man of the people that they need. And I'd like to think-

JD: Wait now, wait just a minute, I hate to barge in here, because you certainly deserve this time. But the fact is, you took the advice of Anton Layton for a few weeks, and you even won the match with Layton's submission move. Eric, the victory will live on forever.. but what did you sacrifice to get it?

EP: A lot of blood, a lot of sweat, and a lot of angry phone calls. Because ya see, people need to open their eyes a little bit. People need to stop painting with such broad strokes, because you guys have me misunderstood. More than one guy can play mind games around here.

Did I listen to Layton a little bit, and take some advice on Monosso's weak spots? Sure I did.

And did I upset Percy Childes and baffle Monosso even more, and make them think that their own running buddy was pushing them out the door? You're damn right! Did I let them think that I was so desperate to win that match that I'd sell out my own mother? Absolutely.

I was desperate, no question, but I had a plan. And that plan put them on the defensive for once, and made them think twice about everything. When you get in a fight with a gorilla, you punch that gorilla in the mouth. You make them react to you, not the other way around.

JD: So what you're saying is...

EP: What I'm saying is, every tool has a use. But when that tool is useless, you gotta throw it back in the shed. Thanks Anton, see ya later.

JD: And that Cobra Clutch Crossface?

[Preston stops and grins, proud.]

EP: That move was taught to me by Todd Michaelson six months ago in the Combat Corner! That's our move, that was our little ace up our sleeve when the sledding got tough. And we knew it was vicious, so we let Layton take the blame for it. No one would ever think that nice guy Eric Preston would come up with something that brutal. So we let it ride.

But make no mistake, when they play that clip of James Monosso dead to the world at my feet, they're gonna be showing the man who wanted to kill the Combat Corner passed out into unconsciousness at the hands of a move invented in the Combat Corner.

Moral of the story, baby, not everything is what it seems.... James Monosso certainly wasn't, and neither was I.

[And with that, Eric Preston walks out of view, leaving a smiling Jason Dane behind...]

JD: Now, THAT'S how you start a show. Gordon, Bucky... back to-

[Jason is stopped before he can throw it back to the AWA commentary team, as Eric Matthew Somers of Rough N Ready has just walked into the shot. He quickly takes the microphone from Jason, just as Dave Cooper walks into view. Cooper immediately turns toward the camera, as given how the

camera is moving, it appears the cameraman is trying to pull away. But Cooper immediately motions toward the camera.]

DC: Not so fast... we have been denied our opportunity to speak before and we are not being denied again! You keep that camera rolling!

[And then, Eric hands off the mic to Dave and reaches out towards the camera. We see his hand covering up the shot momentarily, then his hand pulls away, but you can tell from his hand's movement that he's forcing the cameraman to pull the shot in closer.]

JD: Wait a minute... you know that-

DC: [turning quickly to Jason] You keep your trap shut!

[Cooper turns back toward the camera as Somers steps back into the shot but the look in his eyes certainly is telling the cameraman not to fade out.]

DC: I don't know what the AWA brass has been thinking, but first they fire Joe Petrow, then they suspend Mark Langseth... and for anyone who edits out those words, just remember everyone at home knows exactly who I am talking about!

Mark my words, this is not over, so long as Eric and I are the National Tag Team Champions! And we plan on staying the champions for a long time, so you better believe you aren't going to keep us quiet! We've got three more matches to go on our way to the Stampede Cup and any team that is in our way is going to be in for a world of hurt! The AWA has done everything it can to try to silence Royalty, but we are not going to be silenced!

From this point forward, don't expect us to be gentlemen! You better expect that we are going to hurt some people and we don't care how many we hurt to get our points across!

[Cooper tosses the mic to the floor. Jason looks stunned but as he bends down to get the mic, Somers stops him, taking the mic himself.]

EMS: You heard what he had to say... we don't care who gets hurt! Whoever's blood we spill, it's on the AWA's hands!

[Somers shoves the mic into Jason's chest, knocking him back a few steps before storming off. Dane takes a deep breath, evidently a bit shaken before he waves off the camera and we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
QUARTERFINALS
ROUGH N READY VS THE RUSSIANS**

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is the opening Quarterfinal match in the Stampede Cup tournament!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The sounds of the Soviet National Anthem fill the air to a giant portion of boos from the Atlanta fans.]

PW: From Russia... weighing in tonight at a total combined weight of 590 pounds... being led to the ring by their manager, Ivan Kostovich... the team of Vladimir Velikov and the former AWA National Champion, Kolya Sudakov... they are...

THE RUSSSSSSSSIIAAAAANS!

[The curtain parts as the Russian trio enters the Forbes Arena to even more jeers from the AWA faithful. Ivan Kostovich is the first one through, dressed in a European cut white suit, smirking at the reaction of the crowd. Vladimir Velikov follows closely behind, carrying his heavy steel Russian chain over his broad neck. And bringing up the rear is the former AWA National Champion, very reluctantly carrying the Russian flag on a wooden flagpole. Kostovich turns towards Sudakov, gesturing at him...]

GM: What's this all about?

[After a moment, an angry Sudakov lifts the flag, waving it back and forth to the jeers of the crowd. Kostovich laughs as he snaps his fingers, leading his team down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: Well, Ivan Kostovich may be laughing now but it'll be Kolya Sudakov who will have the last laugh if the Russians are able to make it to the Finals and WIN this Stampede Cup, Bucky.

BW: Ivan has signed legal documents promising that if the Russians win this tournament, he'll release Sudakov from the binding agreement that puts his career - and his very life - under Kostovich's control. So, even if Ivan wins here tonight, he loses, Gordo!

GM: It's a loss I suppose he's willing to take if it means victory in this tournament for he and his men.

[Reaching the ring, Velikov dumps his chain off on the apron before stepping through the ropes. Sudakov hands the flagpole off to a ringside attendant before sliding in as well. Kostovich is there in the ring to meet both men, reading them the riot act as the music fades.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Deep Purple's "Knocking At Your Back Door" starts up to boos that are equally as loud as those received by the Russians.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 615 pounds... fighting out of Albuquerque, New Mexico... they represent the group known as Royalty... they are the current, reigning AWA NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

DAVE COOPER... ERIC MATTHEW SOMERS...

ROUGH! N'! REAAAAAAAAADYYYYY!

[Cooper and Somers storm through the curtain, marching down the aisle with purpose. There's no pause to look at the booing fans. No delay to taunt the cameraman. These two men mean serious business on this night in Atlanta.]

GM: And here they come, the National Tag Team Champions!

[From the looks on their faces, you know instantly that they mean business, rushing down the aisle, diving into the ring...

...and making a bee-line for the Russians who quickly bail from the ring at the orders of Ivan Kostovich who gets them to safety just before Cooper and Somers can reach them.]

GM: Whoooa my! The champions are HOT under the collar tonight!

BW: I wonder why that might be!

GM: We're not gonna get into that but Sudakov and Velikov hit the road, jack, and they hit it fast right there, Bucky.

BW: You can say that again.

[Ignoring the orders of Kostovich, the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov immediately climbs back into the ring, throwing right hands to anyone who moves to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Here we go! Here we go! The final night of the Stampede Cup tournament is underway, fans!

[Sudakov manages to fight off Dave Cooper, sending the Professional staggering away but the incoming Eric Matthew Somers is a different story, throwing a haymaker with all of his three hundred and fifty pounds behind it that sends Sudakov sailing backwards to the corner. Seeing his partner (and his chance of victory) in trouble, Vladimir Velikov too slides back in, coming to his feet to throw bombs at Somers.]

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

[Somers manages to get an edge on Velikov too, battering him back against the ropes. The big man reaches out, wrapping his hands around the throat of Velikov with both hands...

...which leaves him exposed as Kolya Sudakov rushes forward, throwing himself at the right knee of Somers, clipping his leg out from under him!]

GM: Ohh! The big man goes down!

[Both of the Russians lay in a few boots to the downed Somers before turning their attention to Dave Cooper who is coming in fast. The combined might of the Russians bull-rushes Dave Cooper back into the corner, his offense withering under a barrage of punches and hammering forearms. Trapped in the corner, Cooper throws a right hand to the jaw of Velikov that is answered with a Sudakov right kick to the chest that puts him back in the buckles...]

GM: The Russians are working over Cooper in the corner and Michael Meekly's got absolutely NO control of this match at this point in the bout, Bucky!

BW: As fired up as the champs are and as determined as Sudakov is, I wonder if he ever stood a chance to HAVE control, Gordo.

[Velikov swings Cooper around in the corner, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle as the referee steps in, shouting at the Russians to get one man or the other out of the ring.]

GM: Get one of 'em out of there, referee!

BW: He's tryin', Gordo!

[Velikov grabs Cooper by the arm as Sudakov argues with the official, going for a whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Cooper!

[Velikov's back slams into the corner as Cooper charges towards him...

...and runs right into a big boot to the chest from the big Russian, sending Cooper falling back down to the canvas!]

GM: Nice counter by Velikov... and Meekly STILL can't get Sudakov out of the ring. Either get him out or disqualify him, referee!

[Sudakov shoves past the official at Kostovich's command, pulling Cooper back and throwing him into the corner. The former MMA star snaps off a big kick to the chest of Cooper, grabbing the top rope as he unleashes kick after kick to the pectorals of the Professional...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHH!"
"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...until Eric Matthew Somers climbs to his feet, rushing to his partner's aid. He grabs Sudakov from behind, hurling him down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! He just threw Sudakov down to the mat like he was nothing and the man weighs about two hundred and seventy pounds, Bucky!

BW: Somers is three hundred and fifty pounds of big bully - just ask Jason Dane.

GM: That little act there by the champs was disgusting, Bucky. They were not scheduled for interview time...

BW: I wonder why.

GM: ...and they had no right holding this show hostage while they ran their mouths. Let alone pushing around Jason Dane like they did. Completely uncalled for in my opinion.

[Sudakov scrambles back to his feet, getting knocked back down with a running shoulder tackle.

The camera cuts to the other corner where Dave Cooper has managed to turn things around, Velikov's back pressed against the buckles now as the Professional hammers away with right hands to Velikov's massive skull. Grabbing an arm, Cooper goes for a whip...

...and sends Velikov right into an Eric Matthew Somers clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! And that'll put down the big Russian!

[Referee Michael Meekly is right in there, trying to get Rough N Ready to get one man out to the apron.]

GM: The AWA's Senior Official is trying to keep this from becoming out of control early on here... he wants Rough N Ready to put one man out and keep one man in.

BW: Good luck with that.

GM: It's unique for the Senior Official to draw the opening contest of the night but I have a feeling he may come in handy with these two because the champions are fired up and seem to be a bit out of control to me, Bucky.

[On cue, Eric Matthew Somers grabs Sudakov by the back of the head, launching him over the top rope and down to the floor below to the roars of the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! Over the top to the floor goes Sudakov!

[The referee immediately gets in Somers' face, shouting at him...

...and gets a two-handed shove in the chest, not full force as that would have dropped him but hard enough to get the official's attention. Meekly looks back in shock at Somers who stalks past him...]

"WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT?!"

[Somers steps out to the apron, taking his spot there as Dave Cooper drags Velikov back to his feet, whipping him into the buckles. Cooper charges in, connecting with a back elbow to the jaw that knocks the big Russian down to a seated position in the corner. Grabbing the top rope, Cooper unleashes a series of stomps to the upper body of the downed Velikov.]

GM: Cooper's taking the fight right to Vladimir Velikov in the early moments of this one. Remember, these Quarterfinal matches have a thirty minute time limit - bumped up from the twenty minute time limit on the first two rounds of action.

[Cooper drops down to his knees, wrapping his hands around the throat of the big Russian, drawing a quick count from the official.]

GM: Get him off the man, ref!

[At the count of four, Cooper breaks the hold, leaving a gasping Vladimir Velikov sitting on the mat...

...and then wraps his hands around the throat again!]

GM: Come on! That's a blatantly illegal chokehold, ref! Do something!

BW: He's counting the man, Gordo. What more do you want from him?

GM: As the AWA's Senior Official, I expect him to keep better control of a match than this, Bucky.

[Cooper climbs to his feet, stomping down hard on the face of Velikov before walking to his corner, slapping the hand of Eric Matthew Somers.]

GM: And in comes the big man. Three hundred and fifty pounds of angry, angry man right now...

[Somers backs to the opposite corner and with a bellow, charges across...

...and DRIVES his hind quarters into the face of a stunned Velikov!]

GM: Ohhh! Charging backslash into the corner!

[Leaning down, Somers hauls Velikov off the mat by the arm, flinging him effortlessly into the ropes...

...and stepping back on the rebound, grabbing Velikov behind the head, and HURLING him over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! Out to the floor goes Velikov as well! Eric Matthew Somers has thrown BOTH members of the Russians over the ropes to the floor in the early moments of this one.

BW: We're not even five minutes into this one yet!

[Somers brushes past the official, climbing through the ropes where he drops down to the floor. He quickly pulls Velikov up by the arm...

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

GM: Ohh! That'll send ya to the chiropractor!

[Velikov staggers away from the ring into the waiting arms of Somers who hoists the big Russian into the air...

...and brutally SLAMS him down on the thinly-padded floor!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Somers ain't wastin' any time in getting warmed up here tonight. Like you said, Gordo... this team is on a mission.

GM: Yeah, but is the mission to win the Stampede Cup or just to hurt people?

BW: Why are those two separate things?

[Somers looks up at the protesting official, the count up to five...

...and then slides his upper body under the ropes, breaking the count before he slides back out.]

GM: Eric Matthew Somers is apparently not done yet out here on the concrete floor at ringside...

[Hauling a hurting Velikov back to his feet, Somers holds him up by the tights.]

"YOU THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN US?! YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT US?!"

[A hard right hand to the jaw sends Velikov falling back against the ring apron as Somers plans his next attack...

...and then spots it, dragging Velikov away from the apron and over to the timekeeper's table!]

"Get out of my way!"

[The timekeeper and ring announcer scatter as Somers grabs Velikov by the back of the head, SLAMMING his face into the wooden tabletop!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst to the table!

[A heavy clubbing forearm across the back knocks Velikov down to all fours. He gestures towards the ring which is apparently Dave Cooper's cue to make a big scene, drawing the referee's attention over to him.]

GM: Wait a second! What's he doing here?!

[Somers grabs the large wooden table, hoisting it up like for a suplex...

...and then DROPS it down on the prone Velikov!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: The referee didn't see it, Gordo! He can't do a thing about it!

[But as Michael Meekly walks back over, seeing a wooden table draped over the motionless form of Vladimir Velikov, he has a pretty good idea of what's going on. He immediately launches into a verbal beatdown of Eric Matthew Somers who simply glares at the official...

...and then stomps down on the table, smashing it into Velikov again.]

GM: Somers is a monster out there. And to think, what a good, kind-hearted man this guy used to be. Makes me sick to think of how he's changed since we first met him, Bucky.

[Proving the point, Somers grabs the bottom rope, stepping up with both feet on the bottom of the table, squashing Velikov between the table AND his three hundred and fifty pounds...]

GM: Get him off the man for crying out loud!

[Meekly is screaming and shouting at Somers who ignores him, waiting for the count to come. When it does, Somers steps off at four, sneering at the jeering fans at ringside. He reaches down, flinging the table off of Velikov before dragging him to his feet, shoving him under the ropes into the ring...

...but pauses before going back in himself, suddenly subjected to a stream of loud Russian words from Ivan Kostovich.]

GM: Uh oh. I sure hope Kostovich knows what he's doing here.

BW: Boy, he's really letting Somers have it. He's hot under the collar for sure here, Gordo.

[Somers listens to the manager for a bit...

...and then stalks towards him, putting a suddenly-nervous Kostovich on his heels. The manager backpedals, lifting his hands up.]

GM: Oh, NOW he wants mercy. A few seconds ago, he was tearing into the man and now he's begging off!

[Somers moves quicker, trying to get Kostovich in reach as the Russian manager slips around the corner of the ring. The big man pursues...

...and gets DROPPED with a running double axehandle hammerblow to the sternum from Kolya Sudakov!]

GM: OHHH! SUDAKOV OUT OF NOWHERE WITH THE RUSSIAN HAMMER!
GOOD GRIEF!

[Sudakov leans on the apron, still hurting from the attack from Somers early on. He stands over Somers, shouting something in Russian down at the big man.]

GM: And if I didn't know better, I'd say Eric Matthew Somers just ticked off the former National Champion!

BW: And did you see what he used, Gordo? The Russian Hammer! The old signature move from Ivan Kostovich! Could we be seeing a thawing of the Cold War tonight here in Atlanta?

GM: I highly doubt that.

[An angry Sudakov (with much effort) drags Somers to his feet, shoving him back under the ropes where a staggered Velikov drops a leg across the throat of Somers then rolls into a lateral press.]

GM: Velikov gets one! Get two! Gets- no! Just a two count for the Russians!

[Velikov rolls off of Somers, slapping the hand of his nephew who rushes in, grabbing the top rope to unleash a torrent of kicks to the ribs and chest. The referee steps in, trying to get Sudakov off of the dazed tag team champion... and with much disgust, the former National Champion backs away, shouting something in Dave Cooper's direction as well.]

GM: Man, they really lit a fire under Sudakov with that throw to the floor!

[Moving back in, Sudakov grabs Somers by the ankle, dragging him away from the ropes where he promptly leaps straight up, bringing his elbow smashing down across the sternum before applying another lateral press.]

GM: Another cover for one! For two! But that's all!

[Sudakov pushes up to a knee, grabbing Somers by the back of the head, and hammers him with a right hand to the skull. The referee reprimands him for the closed fist... so he does it again!]

GM: Sudakov is blatantly ignoring the referee's orders here!

[A few more right hands connect before Sudakov shoves him back down to the mat, climbing to his feet. He points a menacing finger in the direction of Dave Cooper before leaping up, driving a knee down into the chest of Somers and applying another lateral press.]

GM: Another cover by Sudakov gains a one... a two... but that's all.

BW: Sudakov must be trying to wear the big man down with all these kickouts because there's no way he thinks he's winning this match with a kneedrop.

GM: It would be a smart strategy. The 350 pounder's gas tank probably runs a little shallower than some of the other men in this match.

[A barked instruction from outside the ring has Sudakov drag Somers to his feet, hauling him in a front facelock to the corner where he slaps the hand of his Uncle who steps in, hops up to the middle rope, and leaps off with a crushing forearm across the back. Sudakov steps out as Somers stumbles away.]

GM: Nice doubleteam by the Russians there. Are you surprised to see them work so well?

BW: Not at all. They're blood, Gordo... that never goes away. Plus, they've been tag partners - effective tag partners - for quite some time now. Just because they hate each other doesn't mean they can't be a successful tag team together.

[Velikov follows behind Somers who is leaning against the ropes, smashing a big double axehandle down across the back...

...and eating a right hand to the jaw in response!]

GM: Somers fires back on Velikov!

[Shaking off the effects of the punch, Velikov throws a forearm down across the neck...

...and gets another right hand to the face!]

GM: Somers with another shot the jaw!

[Grabbing Velikov by the head, Somers cracks him with a headbutt that seems to daze both men, Somers actually falling to a knee from the impact.]

GM: Whoa - they BOTH got their bell rung on that headbutt!

BW: I think Somers is seeing stars for sure after that one.

[Staggering away from the ropes, Velikov lowers the boom with a huge boot to the face, knocking Somers back down to the canvas. Nodding at the jeering fans, Velikov hits the ropes again, rebounding off..]

GM: Elbowdrooo-OHHHH! HE MISSED THE ELBOW!!

[And with a moment to move, Somers crawls and slaps the hand of Dave Cooper, bringing the Professional back into the match. He moves fast, throwing rights and lefts to the midsection of the stunned Russian before grabbing an arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Velikov off the far side...

[Cooper ducks down on the rebound, hoisting Velikov up in a fireman's carry before snapping him down to the mat. Grabbing the Russian's wrist, Cooper swiftly drops a leg across the arm.]

GM: Ohh! Right across the arm!

[Cooper keeps his grip on the wrist as he rises, immediately dropping down a knee on the bicep.]

GM: And again to the arm! It is quickly becoming apparent that Dave Cooper is targeting the arm, perhaps trying to take the Sickle out of the arsenal of Vladimir Velikov.

[From the apron, Kolya Sudakov shouts something into the ring at the referee... and Eric Matthew Somers chooses to shout something at Sudakov in response.]

GM: A bit of a war of words going on from the apron and-

[Suddenly, Somers rushes into the ring, tearing across towards Sudakov who steps through the ropes to meet him...]

GM: Look out here!

[The crowd roars as the big man and the former MMA star throw down with a series of punches to the skull!]

GM: We've got a slugfest in our hands here in Atlanta!

[The referee rushes away from the Cooper/Velikov encounter, trying to get the two brawlers away from one another.]

GM: Referee Michael Meekly is right in there, trying to get this broken apart.

[Cooper climbs to his feet, shaking his head at his partner as he approaches.]

GM: Look at this!

[Cooper grabs his partner by the arm, pulling him away from Sudakov...

...or at least pulling his arm down and allowing Sudakov to sucker punch him with a right cross that knocks Somers down to a knee while the referee forces Sudakov from the ring!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Cooper caused that! He grabbed onto Somers' arm and he got his own partner decked by a former MMA star!

GM: Eric Matthew Somers can't be too pleased with that.

[An angry Somers gets to his feet, shoving his own partner aside as he stalks across the ring...

...and drills a rising Vladimir Velikov with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! He knocked Velikov flat!

[Spinning to his partner, Somers gestures at the downed Velikov...]

"FINISH THE SONUVABITCH!"

[...and then exits the ring. Dave Cooper moves in, stomping the downed Velikov in the arm and shoulder.]

GM: Dave Cooper, ever the Professional, gets right back down on the arm, stomping the bicep and shoulder area.

[Grabbing Velikov's wrist, Cooper hauls him up to his feet, executing an armtwist...

...and SLAMMING his elbow down into the shoulder joint!]

GM: Cooper with a hard elbow to the shoulder... and a second now...

"TEN MINUTES EXPIRED! TWENTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Cooper grabs Velikov under the arm, dragging him down to the canvas to all fours where Cooper applies a rear straddling armbar, tugging back on the injured limb as Velikov shouts out in pain. From the floor, Ivan Kostovich shouts something at Kolya Sudakov, the Russian War Machine quickly entering the ring in response...]

GM: In comes Sudakov!

[And DRILLS Dave Cooper with a running right hand to the skull, knocking him down to the mat and freeing his Uncle from the armbar.]

GM: Sudakov breaks up the armbar on Kostovich's instructions and-

[In comes Eric Matthew Somers, clubbing Sudakov over the back of the head and neck with a forearm smash. Michael Meekly intervenes again, shouting at Somers as he stomps the former National Champion.]

GM: Somers is all over Sudakov! He's-

[The referee gets real close, shouting at Somers as the big man leans down, pulling Sudakov to his feet.]

GM: Somers isn't done yet, Bucky!

[The big man winds up, ready to throw a haymaker...

...but Michael Meekly grabs the arm, preventing the blow!]

GM: What the-?! What is Meekly doing?

[Somers spins, yanking his arm free from Meekly's grasp. He glares daggers in the direction of the AWA's Senior Official before turning back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEAD KICK! HEAD KICK!

[The big kick to the skull from Sudakov sends Somers crashing down to the canvas to the roar of the crowd. The big man promptly rolls from the ring to the floor as an angry Sudakov exits the ring. Michael Meekly turns back to find Vladimir Velikov delivering kicks to the midsection in the corner...]

GM: Velikov's working over Cooper but...

BW: I don't know if it matters, Gordo! Eric Matthew Somers just got laid out! And it's Meekly's fault!

GM: It didn't look like Sudakov got all of that kick. It looked like Somers got an arm or a hand up just in time to take some of the sting out of it.

BW: Oh, he did. Believe me, if Sudakov had gotten all of it, even Eric Matthew Somers wouldn't get up from it, daddy.

[Michael Meekly looks back at Somers, looking a little guilty as Velikov grabs Cooper by the arm...]

GM: Cross-corner whip by the Russian... here he comes...

[But Cooper sidesteps the charge, allowing Velikov to slam into the buckles.]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Velikov staggers out, turning around into Dave Cooper's waiting arms as he lifts, pivots, and DRIVES Velikov into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Leaning over, Cooper folds up the legs of Vladimir Velikov, flipping him over onto his stomach...]

GM: Cloverleaf! He's got the Texas Cloverleaf applied!

[Velikov cries out, clawing in pain at the canvas as Cooper leans back, trying to wrench a submission out of the big Russian...]

...but another shout from Ivan Kostovich brings Kolya Sudakov back into the ring, charging towards Cooper!]

GM: SICKLE!!

[But, seeing the running clothesline coming, Cooper breaks the Cloverleaf, rising up quickly...]

...and he twists Sudakov through the air as well, driving him down with the spinebuster! There's a brief cheer from the crowd as Cooper pops up, throwing his arms apart with a loud "IT'S OVER!"

GM: He got the spinebuster on Sudakov as well! Both of the Russians are down now and-

[Eric Matthew Somers climbs into the ring, angrily stalking towards the downed Sudakov, still shaking his head to cry and clear the cobwebs...]

GM: Somers is back in! What the heck is he doing?

[He yanks Sudakov off the mat, pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh my stars! What is-

[Somers ignores the protesting Meekly, lifting Sudakov into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERBOMB!! POWERBOMB ON SUDAKOV!!

[Somers stands over the prone Sudakov, glaring down at him as Cooper waves him out of the ring...]

...but Somers ain't leaving.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: I think we've got a problem here.

[Stalking across the ring, Somers pulls Velikov to his feet, yanking him into a horsecollar, lifting him high into the air...

...and THROWING him down to the canvas with a powerful uranage slam!]

GM: Good grief! That's gonna do it! He can pin the man right now.

BW: Which one?

GM: BOTH of them, I think!

[The referee shouts at Somers, trying to get him out of the ring, but that ship has sailed as Somers, blinded by rage, strides across the ring, leaps up...

...and DROPS three hundred and fifty pounds down on the chest of Kolya Sudakov!]

GM: SPLASH!! BIG SPLASH BY SOMERS!!

[As Somers gets up this time, Dave Cooper is there to greet him, gesturing to the ring apron.]

GM: Cooper's the legal man. He needs Somers out so he can pin one of these men.

BW: I think Velikov's the other legal man.

GM: I think you're right.

[Shaking his head at his partner, Eric Matthew Somers backs to the corner, stepping up to the middle rope...]

GM: My god... no.

BW: Is he gonna do what I THINK he's gonna do?

GM: I think.. NO!

[Somers LEAPS off the middle rope, dropping all his weight down across the chest of Kolya Sudakov a second time!]

GM: My god! My god in heaven!

BW: Sudakov ain't movin', Gordo!

GM: He certainly isn't!

[Across the ring, Dave Cooper leans down, hauling Vladimir Velikov to his feet. He shoves him back to the corner, hammering away with right hands to the skull...

...and again, Michael Meekly tries to intervene, shouting at Cooper who backs off, glaring at the Senior Official.]

GM: Rough N Ready seems to be having some trouble with the officials here tonight...

[Meekly marches across the ring again, shouting at Eric Matthew Somers who has pulled a limp Sudakov to his feet, holding him in a one-handed chokehold as he glares at him...]

GM: What more can he do to the man?!

[Somers pulls Sudakov into a standing side waistlock... smirking over at Cooper who knows exactly what's coming...]

...and hoists the former National Champion off the mat, DUMPING him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: BACKDROP DRIVER!! The trademark move of Danny Morton from Violence Unlimited! Eric Matthew Somers is trying to send a message to-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What the-?!

[The crowd buzzes with confusion as Michael Meekly, waving his arms, exits the ring to huddle up with the ring announcer...]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... Michael Meekly has chosen to...

[Pause.]

PW: DISQUALIFY Eric Matthew Somers for failing to heed the referee's warning to leave the ring!

[The crowd... boos?]

PW: Therefore, your winners of the match, moving on to the Semifinals...
THE RUSSIANS!

[There's a mixed reaction from the crowd as Dave Cooper looks on in shock, first at the fleeing official and then at his partner who looks... well, even more pissed off.]

GM: The referee tried time and time again to get control of this. He tried to get Somers out of the ring but Somers wouldn't leave and he just kept attacking the Russians!

BW: I don't know, Gordo. That seems a bit quick on the draw to me.

GM: What other choice did he have, Bucky?

BW: He just took a chance at a million dollars away from these two men because they didn't... what? Because they didn't listen to him? They didn't get out of the ring when he told them to?

GM: Excessive violence!

BW: Excessive violence? This whole business is about excessive violence! You can throw that out on the porch as much as you want, Gordo, but I don't think you're gonna find a single cat to lick it up.

GM: I think the referee was perfectly within his discretion to make that decision, Bucky. I think something had to be done about Rough N Ready here tonight - they obviously felt all night that they were above the law and it cost them... and cost them dearly.

BW: It certainly did. And if you thought the National Tag Team Champions were ticked off before, it just got a whole heck of a lot worse.

GM: I'm sure you're right about that. But nevertheless, the Russians are moving on to the semifinals and... yes, indeed, the National Tag Team Champions have been ELIMINATED from the tournament!

BW: Violence Unlimited ain't gonna be too happy either, Gordo.

GM: They certainly will not. Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes just lost their opportunity to win the National Tag Team Titles here tonight in Atlanta but in two weeks time, they WILL have that chance in Dallas, Texas at AWA Homecoming! Fans, we've got to take a quick break - we'll be right back with more of the Stampede Cup so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

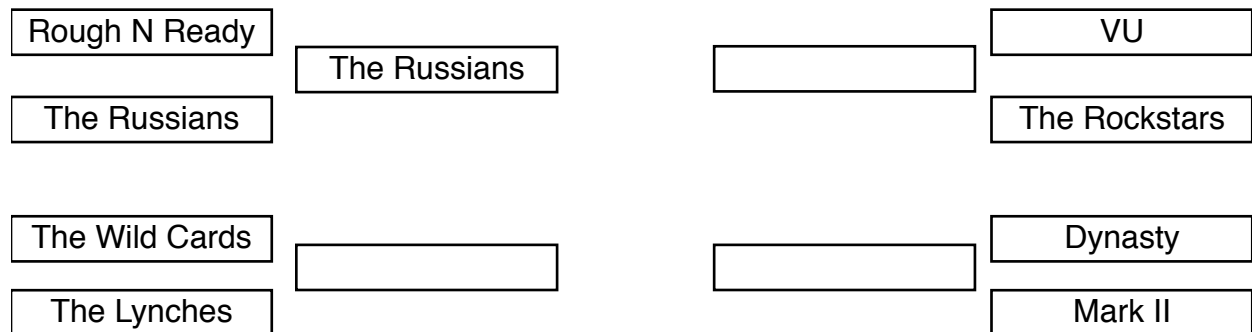
[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black... and then back up to live action backstage where Jason Dane is standing...]

JD: The night is just getting started here in Atlanta, fans, and already we've had a shocking moment. Rough N Ready disqualified for excessive violence and failing to follow the referee's orders! Senior Official Michael Meekly made a bold decision there and unfortunately for the National Tag Team Champions, the result of that decision leaves them out in the cold. Let's take a look at what that does to our bracket...



JD: The Semifinals have their first team as Kolya Sudakov and Vladimir Velikov slip into the Final Four through a controversial decision. And Mr. Sudakov now finds himself just two victories away from his dream come true - a release from his contractual obligations to Ivan Kostovich. But to do it, the Russians will need to get past their opponents in the Semifinals - either the Wild Cards or the Lynches. And after the physical beating that both of the Russians just took at the hands of Eric Matthew Somers, one has to wonder what kind of condition they will be in later tonight when they take on

one of those two teams. A little earlier tonight, we caught up to the Wild Cards so let's see what they're thinking before the biggest night of their lives!

[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT", where the now slightly more familiar faces of the Stampede Cup Quarterfinalist Wild Cards await. The easy going duo is much more focused and calm tonight as "The Gambler" Judd Marley stands on the left and his massive partner Black Jack Baldwin dominates the screen on the right.]

JB: Stampede Cup Night Three...it all comes down to this: Three matches in one night. A gauntlet of the best teams that the industry has to offer, all lined up with one thing in mind...that big Stampede Cup Trophy.

JM: But the second two matches don't matter one whit if we can't make it past a big Texas sized roadblock in The Lynchs.

Now...this is normally the time that we'd start to goof off. Jack would make some crack about our opponents, or we'd do something silly to distract from the matter at hand, possibly even to make our collective opponents feel like we weren't taking this serious.

JB: Right. The problem is, we talked it over, and neither of us think that guys with the wrestling pedigree that The Lynchs carry will even window shop that act. Y'see, we know who they are. We've followed that family's career for as long as we can remember. We've seen those Iron Claws get applied, and we've cheered right along with the crowds.

JM: You said it, Jack. A lot of teams claim to be wrestling royalty...some of 'em take their team names and base 'em off of it. The Lynchs are the real deal.

...

Now, don't go and take this the wrong way: We've fought wrestling royalty before...teams that'll go into the Hall of Fame some day...teams made up of some of the scariest guys to ever lace 'em up...we've fought guys from Maine to San Diego...from Seattle to Miami and everyplace in the middle, and there's one thing that we've learned during all of that...

[Baldwin steps in, raising his voice.]

JB: That it doesn't matter what your pedigree is! It doesn't matter to us. It doesn't matter to the referee. And it sure as hell doesn't matter to each and every Wild Child out there in the audience cheering us on for this match, or the two that come after it. We don't care if it's the Lynch Family, The Royal Family or the Addams Family, the Wild Cards are here to prove to the world that we're the best in this business...

JM: And that means that we're here to take home that Cup. Respect and admiration will win points with us, but that and a buck fifty will buy you a cup of coffee.

JB: So: Lynchés...and whoever else gets lined up across from us after that. One night! Three matches! One winner!

Get ready to go Wild!

[And with that, we cut backstage, where the Lynch brothers get ready for their next match. James is pacing, psyching himself up, getting ready. And Jack, always relaxed until its time to fight, leans against the row of lockers, arms crossed over his chest, his black hat pulled low over his eyes. Spotting the camera, its James who turns, looking at it. His eyes are intense. The high flying Lynch brother is ready to wrestle, RIGHT. NOW.]

James: Jack and I are pumped ... It's the final night of the Stampede Cup and tonight one team will raise that illustrious cup high in the air as the 2011 Stampede Cup winners!

[James and Jack both nod, James' pumped up mood infecting Jack, who grins slyly.]

James: This is a cut throat business... It's an industry where we spend night after night walking down that aisle with our game face on looking to compete. Tempers flare... Rivalries are born every single night we lace these boots up. It's not very often do we get a chance to step into the ring with a team that you look up to and respect. Tonight on the third night of the Stampede Cup we have just that.

Wild Cards you boys have done it all in this industry... Back and forth battles with the best teams we have had the pleasure of watching. When it's all said and done when we talk about the men who paved the way for the next gen, tag teams you can bet that the Wild Cards will be right there in the conversation. Always ready to fight and do it putting a smile on the face of thousands. There is no doubt about it that Judd Marley and Jack Baldwin are two of the greats this business has ever seen.

But...

[James puts a finger up to halt things.]

James: Tonight my brother and I stand here with that feeling in the air. That feeling that tonight is going to be a special night. And in order for tonight to be a special night we have to get through the legends that we have grown to admire and respect. Wild Cards we know that you are going to bring everything you have and more. You have beaten the best ... and at one time, there wasn't a team that you couldn't stand toe-to-toe with.

But I'm afraid not tonight...

Not in the place that the Lynchés have claimed to be home. PCW is gone, but Texas wrestling isn't. The Lynchés are Texas wrestling royalty, and the AWA is our new home... And just like back home in Dallas, where our

father became wrestling royalty... We plan to continue that legacy and live up to the reputation our names fair or unfairly have attached itself too.

Judd and Jack...

Tonight is going to be a special night. Tonight is about the AWA... their thousands of loyal fans... tag team wrestling at it's best... and Jack and I winning the Stampede Cup.

[Jack leans forward, pushing his hat back away from his face. The Lynch in black speaks in his usual slow, laconic drawl.]

Jack: People used to say Jimmy was the quiet brother. But he's sure comin' out of his shell, ain't he?

[Jack chuckles as he looks at his brother.]

Jack: Truth is, Jimmy has said everything I was thinkin'. So I'm gonna do my best to keep this short. Because, as every wrestler in this industry knows, there's a time for talkin', and a time for doin'.

And brother? The time for talkin' is over.

Tonight's the night. Tonight, we step out there, and we face a legendary team. Then, we go out there and face a legendary team. And so on, until we get our hands on that Cup. One match after the other. One pinfall at a time. And you'd best believe that me and Jimmy are gonna do it.

Ya see, there's a whole lotta talk about who's winnin'. Some people say that Rough n' Ready has got a lock on takin' the Cup. Others are sayin' that Violence Unlimited, who won last go around, have got a chokehold on that Cup. I'm here to tell ya, them people are wrong.

There's only one team that's got a lock on winnin' the Cup. And it ain't a chokehold they've got it on it. Nope, that team has got an Iron grip on the Cup...

A clawhold.

[Jack grins again.]

JL: Tonight, we will be the best tag team in the world. You believe that.

[Both brothers stand, shoulder to shoulder, and then step off, preparing to go do what they've promised to do as we fade back to ringside where Phil Watson is standing.]

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
QUARTERFINALS
THE WILD CARDS VS THE LYNCHES**

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a Quarterfinal match in the Stampede Cup tournament. The winner of this match will move on to the Semifinals to face the Russians.

Introducing first...

[The arena lights dim. After a moment, a breathy woman's voice comes over the PA system and asks "Are you ready to go Wild?"

"Wild Side" by Motley Crue kicks into high gear over the announce system as two figures appear at the entryway.

The first is a well built man with short cropped sandy blond hair wearing a black long legged singlet with purple tights over the top. On the outside of his black wrestling boots there is a picture of a pair of dice (showing snake eyes).

The second, and larger is a heavily muscled, bald man with a goatee. Standing nearly seven feet tall, he wears a black long legged singlet with purple tights over the top. On the outside of his black wrestling boots there is a picture of a pair of cards (Jack of Spades and Ace of Spades...which matches the tattoo on his right bicep). He wears black elbow and knee pads to finish off his gear.]

PW: On their way down the aisle... from Atlantic City and Las Vegas respectively... fighting tonight at a total combined weight of 540 pounds...

They are "The Gambler" Judd Marley and Black Jack Baldwin...

THE WIIIIIIIIILD CAAAAAAAARRRRRRRDS!

[The "outsider" tag team gets a big reaction from the fans who have quickly taken to their quirky personality and battle-hardened skills inside the ring. Marley and Baldwin take to the edge of the aisle, slapping the hands of the fans on their way down to the ring.]

GM: These two men are former World Tag Team Champions but I have to believe that this is, arguably, the biggest night of their careers, Bucky.

BW: Tag team gold is one thing... and it's a great thing, don't get me wrong. But when you've won the Stampede Cup, you cement yourself as one of the greatest tag teams of all time. You've stood up against the best in the world and showed everyone that on one given weekend, you were better than anyone else. If the Wild Cards don't have those butterflies in the pit of their stomachs, maybe they shouldn't be in this game, Gordo.

[Reaching the ring, the six foot ten inch "Black" Jack Baldwin steps over the ropes into the ring. Judd Marley ducks through the ropes, quickly hopping up to the middle rope, pointing out to the cheering fans before dropping back down inside the ring as their music fades and is replaced by Ted

Nugent's "Stranglehold" which brings an even louder reaction from the Atlanta fans!]

PW: And their opponents... hailing from Dallas, Texas... they represent the legendary Lynch family... at a total combined weight of 485 pounds...

James and Jack...

THE LYNNNNNNNCH BROTHERS!

[The curtain parts to a near deafening ovation as the popular Lynch boys make their way into view. James Lynch is the first in sight, the middle Lynch brother with the dirty brown clean cut hair, hopping up and down to stretch out his muscular legs. He wears a grey zipped jacket over his yellow Speedo wrestling trunks. And of course, he's barefoot.

After a moment, his older brother steps into view - the tall and lanky Jack Lynch, as usual dressed in black from head to toe. He tips his black cowboy hat to the crowd before tossing it back towards the curtain...

...and raises his black-gloved right hand to a deafening roar!]

GM: There it is, fans! The dangerous right hand of Jack Lynch, always ready to slap an Iron Claw on someone's skull!

BW: And if he does that here tonight, the Lynches will be meeting the Russians in the Semifinals!

[The Lynches trot down the aisle, pausing to slap a whole lot of hands and hug a whole lot of overzealous female fans, some even leaning in to kiss the handsome Lynch boys on the cheek (mostly.)]

GM: The Lynch boys have not been in the AWA for a great deal of time - about six months now - but they have quickly cemented themselves as some of the most popular competitors on the AWA roster, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, the idiots out there really love them some Stench boys.

GM: I can't believe you're getting your insults from Dick Bass.

BW: It's a fitting name! I can smell the cow manure on these two from here. They live on a ranch, you know that, right?

GM: Yes, I do.

[The Lynches reach the ring, James catapulting himself over the ropes as Jack steps through. James takes a midbuckle, pumping a fist to the roar of the crowd before he hops back down.]

GM: And now, it's time for serious business. A victory here puts you two wins away from the Stampede Cup and to be this close, you've gotta be feeling the pressure.

BW: But Gordo, you gotta take it a match at a time. I promise you that if either of these teams gets caught up in thinking about the Russians, the other team will lay them out in a heartbeat.

GM: You're certainly right about that.

[After a brief discussion with referee Mickey Meekly, the four fan favorites all shake hands to the roar of the crowd before backing off to their respective corners.]

GM: A nice show of sportsmanship there by both teams... and it looks like it's going to be James Lynch starting things off in here with Judd Marley. The two smaller men for their teams. What is the strategy of these two teams in this, Bucky? What's their key to victory?

BW: For the Wild Cards, it's to get this down to a fight. The Lynches can handle themselves well in a fight but I think the size of Jack Baldwin gives the Wild Cards an edge if it goes down to a brawl.

GM: And for the Lynches?

BW: It's all about the Iron Claw. It's the doomsday device. The not-so-secret weapon. But you can know it's coming all day long, if you get caught in it, there ain't a thing to do about it.

[The bell rings as James Lynch strides out of the corner, again shaking hands with Judd Marley to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: And this is very unlike what we saw in our opening Quarterfinal match where the Russians and Rough N Ready were throwing bombs from even before the bell. These two teams have a lot of respect for one another and want to start things off on an even page.

[James Lynch and Judd Marley come together in a collar and elbow tieup, Marley quickly moving into a hammerlock, pushing up on the left arm of James Lynch. Lynch winces in pain at the expertly-applied hold...

...and then reaches back, grabbing Marley around the head and neck with his right arm.]

GM: Lynch grabbing back for Marley...

[He kicks his legs up into the air, nearly going completely vertical to the mat before bringing his momentum back down, snapmaring Marley out of the hold and down to the canvas! Big cheer!]

GM: And a real nice counter there by James Lynch...

[Lynch grabs the rising Marley in a side headlock, wrenching down on the head and neck of his partner. Marley quickly backs Lynch to the ropes, firing him across the ring...]

GM: Marley shoves him off... drop-down by Marley, Lynch goes over the top of him... off the far side...

[Marley ducks, setting for a backdrop...

...but Lynch gracefully leapfrogs over him, slamming on the brakes and swinging around as Marley turns...]

GM: Ohh! Beautiful standing dropkick by James Lynch!

[A second one connects as both men scramble back to their feet, sending Marley back near the ropes...]

GM: Lynch throws anothe- no! Slapped down and away by Judd Marley!

[Marley rushes forward, going for a big elbowdrop...

...but Lynch rolls aside, causing Marley to slam armfirst to the mat. Marley sits up, grabbing at his elbow...]

GM: That one stung a bit, right down on the funnybone.

[Lynch, still on the mat, swing a leg back, kicking a seated Marley right in the chest, knocking him back to his shoulders as the Texan gets to his feet, leaping up...

...and smashes his own fist into the canvas with a missed fistdrop that Marley rolled away to avoid.]

GM: These two are a step ahead of each other on everything!

[Marley pops back to his feet, throwing himself into a clothesline that drills the kneeling Lynch, knocking him flat as the crowd roars for the exchange by the two men. A frustrated-looking Marley takes his feet, shaking out his arm as he slaps the hand of his much-larger partner.]

GM: And in comes big Jack Baldwin.. six foot ten and 305 pounds of hulking mass.

[Baldwin immediately pulls Lynch off the mat, firing him into the far ropes.]

GM: Lynch off the far side... clothesli- ducked by Lynch!

[And Lynch again slams on the brakes as Baldwin swings around...

...and immediately throws himself backwards down to the mat as he spotted Lynch with the Iron Claw hand at the ready! Big cheer!]

BW: And even the big man, Baldwin, is terrified of what that Iron Claw might do, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is. Jack Baldwin got the heck out of there in a hurry when he saw that Iron Claw coming for him.

[The camera cuts to Jack Lynch, a grin on his face at what he just saw as James walks across the ring, slapping the hand of his big brother. The crowd cheers for Jack as he steps through the ropes.]

BW: This should be real interesting, Gordo.

GM: At six foot seven and two fifty, Jack Lynch is giving up about three inches and fifty pounds but what he may lack in size, Jack Lynch makes up for in heart and a complete unwillingness to back down from a fight.

[Lynch grins at Baldwin as the kneeling big man pulls himself back to his feet. The Texan waves at Baldwin, inviting him into a tieup...]

GM: Right back to a tieup... ohh, Baldwin catches him in the gut with a knee...

BW: I don't think Baldwin liked being embarrassed like that.

[A clubbing forearm to the back of the neck brings Lynch down to a knee. Raising both hands overhead, Baldwin smashes home a double axehandle across the skull, knocking Lynch flat as he stalks away.]

GM: What a shot that was! Jack Lynch is down early in this one and Baldwin looks to be measuring him for something...

[The big man surges towards the rising Lynch, throwing his arm out at the last moment...]

GM: Clothesli-

[But Lynch ducks the big lariat attempt, hooking Baldwin around the waist as he goes by, hoisting him into the air and bringing him down in a big atomic drop that sends Baldwin stumbling into the ropes, rebounding out into a big haymaker to the jaw that knocks him flat!]

GM: Oh yeah! And now it's Jack Lynch's turn to drop someone like a bad habit!

[The referee complains about the clenched fist as Lynch leans down to pull Baldwin up...

...and gets one of those long legs cracked upside his ear with a kick!]

GM: Ohh! Baldwin caught him!

[The 6'10 beast gets to his feet, throwing a big right hand to the jaw. A second one sends Jack Lynch falling back into the ropes. Grabbing Lynch by the arm, Baldwin fires him across the ring...]

GM: Big whip across the ring... right han-

[But Lynch baseball slides through the legs of Baldwin, coming up behind him...

...and drilling him with a right hand to the jaw! A second one sends Baldwin staggering back and a third drops him down to his rear end. Lynch gives a whoop as he rushes to the ropes, rebounding back...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: He kicked him right in the chest! Good grief!

[Swiftly grabbing the big man by the leg, Lynch hauls him over towards the corner, slapping James’ hand. James grabs the top rope...

...and catapults himself over the top with a somersault senton, crashing down across the chest of Baldwin!]

GM: Ohhh! Big somersault backsplash! Nicely done by James Lynch... and there’s our first cover of the match. We get one! We get two!

[But the big man powers out of the pin attempt at two. From the corner, Judd Marley shouts some words of encouragement, trying to get his partner to rally.]

GM: James Lynch with an acrobatic move there early. That man has quite the aerial skills.

BW: In a different way than you’d expect though, Gordo. He doesn’t go for the real flashy stuff. He’s not a Skywalker Jones or a Stevie Childes. He keeps it simple but effective.

[James Lynch leans down, dragging Baldwin to his feet by the powerful arm...

...that Baldwin uses, yanking hard against Lynch’s grip and sending him crashing into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief! Baldwin pulled him into the buckles!

BW: Sheer power right there, Gordo. He felt Lynch trying to set him up for an offensive move and he just pulled as hard as he could, throwing him into the buckles. You’ve gotta be impressed with that kind of power.

GM: Jack Baldwin’s power might even rival someone like Danny Morton, Bucky.

BW: No way, hoss. I saw what Morton did to Mad Hayashi last night. That guy’s the most powerful dude in the whole business bar none.

GM: I think Jack Baldwin might make a pretty good case as well.

[Moving to the corner, Baldwin lays in a pair of knees into the ribs of Lynch before squaring up, smashing home a barrage of heavy forearm smashes across the chest. Grabbing the arm, Baldwin fires Lynch across the ring to the opposite corner...

...and barrels into him, smashing him good with a running corner splash!]

GM: Big avalanche in the corner... three hundred pounds crushing your chest and ribs...

[Baldwin leaves Lynch in the neutral corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Marley's in and the Wild Cards are looking to double-team James Lynch now...

[Each man grabs an arm of the dazed Lynch, yanking him a few feet away from the corner and then HURLING him back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief!

[The referee orders Baldwin out but the big man remains, delivering the hard slam into the corner a second time... then a third time, earning the ire of Jack Lynch who steps through the ropes only to be stopped by Mickey Meekly as Jack Baldwin exits the ring.]

BW: The Wild Cards call that Ping Pong and they did a number on James Lynch with it.

GM: Imagine the impact of being thrown back into that corner over and over like that. Goodness.

[Marley shoves a dazed Lynch back, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big chop by the Gambler! We're passing the five minute mark in this one and the Wild Cards have established control for the moment.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! A second hard chop by Judd Marley!

BW: Kid hits hard, don't he?

GM: I'll say. Perhaps one of the hardest hitters we've seen and that puts him in an elite group alongside men like Raphael Rhodes.

[Dragging Lynch from the corner, Marley hooks a front facelock, snapping him over in a suplex before floating into a cover.]

GM: Marley gets a one! He gets a two! But that's all! James Lynch is out at two.

[Marley grimaces as he gets to his feet, obviously hoping they'd worn down Lynch a little more than that. He measures the downed Lynch before leaping up, dropping a leg across the neck, and rolling into another cover.]

GM: Another count for one! TWO!! But again, Lynch is out at two!

[Showing a little frustration, Marley grabs a handful of Lynch's dirty brown hair, peppering him with right hands to the skull before shoving Lynch back down to the canvas.]

GM: Perhaps Judd Marley thought James Lynch was going to be a bit easier opponent than what he's seeing so far in this one.

[Marley marches across the ring, slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: The tag is made again by the Wild Cards, keeping the fresh man inside the squared circle - the sign of any great tag team.

BW: And these guys are former World Tag Team Champions, Gordo. I know a lot of people around here like to get caught up in the Lynch family hypejob but these aren't a couple of pushovers they're facing.

GM: I don't think anyone thought that, Bucky.

[Marley grabs the legs of James Lynch, catapulting him back into Baldwin who absolutely DRILLS the Texan with a Yakuza Kick under the jaw, knocking him right back down to the mat. Marley rolls out as Baldwin drops down for a cover.]

GM: The big man with a cover gets one! He gets two! He gets- just a two but it seemed like it took more from James Lynch to kick out this time, Bucky.

BW: Maybe because he's got a three hundred pounder making the cover.

[Climbing to his feet, Baldwin measures the downed Lynch...

...and hurls himself into the air, dropping down with a big elbow across the chest!]

GM: BIG ELBOW!!

[Baldwin rolls to his knees, looking quite proud of himself for the sky high elbowdrop as he climbs to his feet, looking over to Marley for approval. The Gambler mockingly applauds and then gestures to Lynch, trying to keep his partner on focus.]

GM: Jack Baldwin showing his usual tendency to lose track of things inside that ring. That has been a constant problem for the Wild Cards over the years as Baldwin just can't stay on focus, Bucky.

BW: That's why his head's so hard. Ain't nothing in it to get squished.

GM: Speaking of which...

[Baldwin slaps his forehead, signaling to the crowd as he backs to the corner, hopping up to the midbuckle...]

GM: He's gonna turn that skull into a weapon right here, fans!

BW: One of the hardest heads in the sport!

[The big man stands on the middle rope, the crowd buzzing as he shouts to them...]

...and then leaps from his perch!]

GM: HEAAAAAADBUUUUUT-

[BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[The crowd roars for James Lynch who narrowly avoided the swandive headbutt off the middle rope. Baldwin lies flat on his face on the canvas as Lynch begins the slow and long crawl down the length of the ring towards his older brother who is eagerly waiting for him, hand outstretched!]

GM: He missed the headbutt which opens the door for James Lynch to get across that ring and make the tag to his big brother!

[The fans are chanting "JAMES! JAMES! JAMES!" over and over again, trying to drive the smaller Lynch to get to the corner...]

GM: These fans want to see the tag! Jack Lynch wants to see the tag!

BW: You know who doesn't want to see it? Judd Marley.

[From the Wild Cards' corner, Marley is screaming at his partner, trying to revive him enough to stop the tag by James Lynch. A dazed Baldwin pushes to all fours...]

...and then lunges, grabbing James Lynch's ankle in his arms!]

GM: Ohh! Baldwin cuts off the tag!

BW: For now! Lynch is still trying though.

[James Lynch struggles against the grip, trying to free himself...

...and SMASHING the heel of his foot down into the face of James Baldwin!]

GM: Ohh! He kicked him in the mush!

BW: Illegal in Mixed Martial Arts but perfectly legal here in the AWA, daddy!

[Lynch repeats the blow, driving his heel into the cheekbone of Baldwin who fights through it, dragging himself up to his feet, pulling a struggling Lynch with him...]

GM: James Lynch is fighting towards the corner but he just can't get there!

[An excellent camera shot shows the two Lynch brothers reaching out their hands, their fingers literally just inches apart from one another...

...when suddenly James Lynch spins around towards Baldwin, leaping into the air, and catching him in the back of the head with his bare foot!]

GM: HEAD KICK! HEAD KICK!

BW: The enzugiri connects! He just leveled the big man with it!

GM: And now he can get there! If he can get back to his feet, he can make that tag now!

[James Lynch pushes back up to his knees, steadies himself...

...and making a falling tag to his big brother to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: JACK LYNCH IS IN!!

[The bigger Lynch brother steps through the ropes, drilling a rising Baldwin with a right hand to the jaw. A second one sends him falling back to the ropes, still feeling the effects of the enzugiri.]

GM: Jack's got 'im on the ropes... fires him across...

[Lynch knocks Baldwin back to the mat with a big running clothesline. He lets loose a big whoop to the crowd as he takes three big steps, leaping as high as he can into the air, and buries a big kneedrop down into the chest!]

GM: He got all of that! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Baldwin powers out a two, coming nowhere close to a three count. Jack Lynch climbs to his feet, clapping his hands together. Judd Marley is looking anxious out on the apron, pacing back and forth a bit as his partner struggles to get off the mat.]

GM: Baldwin to a knee, Lynch pulls him up...

[Grabbing Baldwin by the arm, Lynch goes for a whip...

...but finds it reversed by a desperate Baldwin who rockets the Texan into the ropes.]

GM: Reversal!

[And as Lynch rebounds, Baldwin hooks his powerful arms around the torso.]

GM: Bearhug! Oh my!

[The crowd roars at the sight of the 6'10 beast powering Lynch off the canvas, squeezing his ribcage with two massive arms...]

GM: He's got a bearhug applied in the center of the ring!

BW: And this is just as much to buy himself some time to recover as it is an offensive maneuver. He can squeeze and squeeze away, stealing air out of the body of Jack Lynch, and while doing so, he can rest a little bit as well to try and shake off that enzugiri and the clothesline. He's STILL reeling from that headkick!

[Lynch, not wanting to stay in the hold for long, quickly throws a trio of right hands to the temple, trying to battle his way free...

...but Baldwin turns his body, surging forward!]

GM: OHHH! HE RAMS LYNCH INTO THE CORNER!!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES!"

[Staggering out, Baldwin switches his grip, hooking both arms of Lynch in an underarm trap...

...and SLAMS his mammoth skull into Lynch's head!]

GM: Big headbutt!

[The crowd roars as Baldwin, arms still trapped, delivers headbutt after headbutt after headbutt to the exposed noggin...

...and then uses the arms to toss Lynch overhead and down to the mat!]

GM: Wow!

[Baldwin gets a huge ovation from the crowd for his impressive show of offense.]

GM: Listen to these fans paying tribute to "Black" Jack Baldwin! This man - this team - has earned themselves some fans right here in Atlanta and all over the American Wrestling Alliance!

[Baldwin crawls to the corner, slapping the hand of Judd Marley who rushes in, grabbing Jack Lynch by the hair to prevent him from heading back to his corner.]

GM: Marley's got Lynch now...

[Just out of reach from his also-tired brother, James, Lynch gets himself snapped back to the canvas with a Judd Marley side Russian legsweep, floating into a lateral press...]

GM: Marley covers for one! For two! For th-

[But James Lynch has seen enough, moving in and burying a forearm in the back of Marley to break the pin attempt.]

GM: James with the save!

[Which earns him the wrath of Jack Baldwin who barrels him back into the Lynches' corner, throwing rights and lefts to the body of the smaller man. Judd Marley rises to his feet to help his partner.]

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

BW: Serves him right! The punk kid interfered illegally and now he's paying for it!

[The Wild Cards fire Lynch across the ring...

...where the acrobatic brother runs up the ropes, blinding leaping back with a crossbody block...]

GM: CAUGHT!!

[Shaking his head, Jack Baldwin catches the high flyer, marching around the ring with him held across his chest...

...and then shows off his power, tossing him up to be slung across his broad shoulder...]

GM: Uh oh! I don't like the looks of this for James Lynch!

[Baldwin takes a three step run before leaping up and DRIVING the air out of James Lynch with a thunderous powerslam! The crowd roars at the impact as Baldwin pops back up, throwing his arms apart with a loud shout.]

GM: The Wild Cards have got the Lynch boys in some serious trouble at this stage of the match, Bucky.

BW: Both of the Stench boys have been laid out! I love it!

[Dragging Jack Lynch off the mat, Marley shoves him over to Baldwin who picks him up in a bearhug...]

GM: Come on, referee! Get Baldwin out of there! He's not legal!

BW: Yeah, and you don't see this Meekly ringing the bell for a DQ.

[Baldwin holds him, squatting lower as Marley hits one set of ropes, then hits the ones behind Baldwin, rebounding off...

...and leaving his feet, taking Lynch down with a hanging clothesline!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! That's gonna do it!

[But the referee refuses to count until he can get Jack Baldwin out of the ring. The fiery Baldwin stops to argue with the official while his partner makes the cover.]

GM: Baldwin's taking time away from this pin attempt by fighting with the official and-

BW: What an idiot! Get out of the ring, ya big goof! You've got this thing won!

[An angry Baldwin finally steps out to the apron after Judd Marley shouts at him as well.]

GM: Finally, they get Baldwin out of there and-

[The referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! SHOULDER UP!! The delay in getting the referee down there to count just cost them a pinfall right there, I believe, Bucky!

BW: I think you're right. This one should be over right now but Jack Baldwin made a HUGE mistake.

[And Baldwin seems to realize that, head hanging low in the corner as Judd Marley gets to his feet, shouting something in Baldwin's direction.]

GM: Marley needs Baldwin to keep his head in the game here tonight in Atlanta...

[Nodding his head, Baldwin climbs up to the middle rope, leaning over as Marley grabs the legs of Jack Lynch, James having rolled out to the floor...]

GM: We've got the legal men back in but what is Marley setting up for here?

[Marley falls back, catapulting Jack Lynch through the air...

...where he COLLIDES skullfirst with Jack Baldwin, a move that sends Baldwin falling out to the floor and Lynch collapsing in a heap on the canvas. Marley dives atop Lynch, hooking the near leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

BW: FOOT ON THE ROPE! Lynch got the foot on the bottom rope!

GM: Good call, Bucky, and thankfully, the referee saw it as well.

[A shocked Marley glares at the downed Lynch, annoying at himself for hooking the near leg instead of the one that Lynch put on the ropes. He climbs to his feet, bringing Jack Lynch up as well...

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

GM: He's going for the DDT! He calls this the Crapshoot!

[But Lynch struggles against it, having it well-scouted.]

GM: Lynch knows what's coming and he knows he needs to get free from it!

[Jack Lynch wriggles and fights, trying to free himself...

...but a well-placed elbow to the back of the neck cuts off the fight. A second one puts Lynch down to a knee where Marley grabs the arm, firing his opponent across...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Marley catches the rebounding Lynch around the upper thighs, floating back towards the buckles with him. He tries to fall back to smash Lynch's face into the buckles but the big Texan extends his arms, grabbing the top rope and blocking it...

...which allows him to step onto the middle rope, Marley trapped in the corner!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Jack Lynch jumps down, grabbing the arm of Marley and FIRING him into the opposite corner where he stumbles out...

...into the waiting arms of Lynch who scoops him up, pivots, and DRIVES him down with a powerslam!]

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

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: SHOULDER UP! MARLEY GOT THE SHOULDER UP!! Unbelievable! Both of these teams are just giving it their all here tonight in Atlanta! They want so BADLY to make it to the Semifinals to face the Russians but the fact is, only one team can do it, Bucky! Who's it gonna be?!

[Jack Lynch slowly pushes himself up, looking to his corner and seeing no sign of his brother who is still down on the floor, trying to recover from the powerslam he took from Jack Baldwin.]

GM: James Lynch is still on the floor so Jack Lynch needs to continue to take the fight to Judd Marley...

[Hooking Marley around the waist, Jack walks across the ring, depositing him on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Uh oh. This can't be good news for Judd Marley!

[Lynch throws a pair of right hands, making sure Marley stays where he is as he starts to climb the ropes, stepping up to the middle turnbuckle. Marley, sensing what's coming, throws a right hand of his own.]

GM: Judd Marley's trying to fight him off, fans!

[But Lynch returns fire with a much harder and effective right hand. He snares a front facelock, slinging Marley's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's going for a superplex here! If he hits it, I think it's over!

[Marley throws a few short right hands to the ribs, trying to soften up the big man but Lynch shakes him off, trying to hoist him into the air...

...but a big thunderous forearm hammer to the back causes Lynch to stop the lift.]

GM: Jack Baldwin breaks up the superplex!

[Ducking underneath Jack Lynch, Baldwin rises up, walking away from the corner with Lynch atop his shoulders in an electric chair lift, backing a few steps towards the center of the ring...]

GM: He's got Lynch up! What're they gonna do here?

[Judd Marley tries to shake some sense into himself, getting his feet back on the ropes and trying to climb. After a few moments, the Gambler manages to get up to the top rope...

...but Jack Lynch changes their plans, hammering away at the skull of Jack Baldwin from atop him, forcing Baldwin to stagger further away from the corner...]

GM: Lynch is fighting back! He knew he was in trouble and-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: James Lynch is on the apron!

[And he throws a right arm at the left leg of Judd Marley, sweeping the leg out from under him and causing Marley to slam hard down on his tailbone on the top turnbuckle!]

BW: Where the heck did he come from?!

GM: He was out on the floor trying to recover and it looks like he's done exactly that!

[James climbs the ropes next to Marley, swinging his left arm around in the air to the roar of the crowd.

On the other side of the ring, Jack Lynch raises his glove right hand and clutches the massive skull of Jack Baldwin in the Iron Claw!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW!!

[Baldwin struggles to keep Lynch in the air, finally failing as Jack lands on his feet in front of Baldwin, still with the hold applied...

...as James leaps into the air, snaring the head of Marley between his legs, snapping him down to the canvas below!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT A HEADSCISSOR TAKEDOWN!!

[James Lynch staggers from the corner, diving atop Marley...]

GM: He's got the cover!

[But the referee waves it off, pointing to Jack Lynch.]

GM: He's not the legal man! James Lynch is not the legal man!

[Jack Lynch holds the claw on, staggering Jack Baldwin near the ropes...

...and with a shout, Jack steps aside as James gets a running start and HURLS himself at the dazed Baldwin, taking both men over the top rope and down to the floor below!]

GM: JAMES TAKES OUT BALDWIN! JAMES TAKES OUT BALDWIN!!

[Jack pumps a fist in celebration of his little brother's big move, turning to face the dazed Marley who is staggering up to his feet...]

GM: CLAW!! THE IRON CLAW ON MARLEY!!

[The Gambler struggles against the Iron Claw, flailing his arms at Lynch's right hand...

...which gets a little bit of support as Lynch uses his left hand to grip the wrist, turning up the pressure!]

GM: Marley's trapped! Marley's locked in the Claw and there's no way out of it, Bucky!

BW: He needs to live up to his nickname and take a chance here or this thing is over, daddy!

GM: He's starting to fade! He's-

[Lynch pushes him down to the canvas, the Clawhold still locked in!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A DEAFENING roar erupts from the crowd!]

PW: HERE ARE YOUR WINNERS...

THE LYNNNNNNNNNNCH BROTHERRRRRSSSS!

[Jack Lynch springs back to his feet, throwing his arms in the air as his brother slowly rolls back into the ring.]

GM: What a match! That was one heck of a battle between two of the best tag teams in our sport! THIS is what the Stampede Cup is all about, fans! It's teams like these and matches like this that make the Stampede Cup THE biggest event of the year for tag team wrestling! THIS is why I'm proud to be a part of the American Wrestling Alliance!

BW: Amen, daddy.

GM: The Lynch Brothers are victorious and they are moving on to the Semifinals and a date with the Russians! And you've gotta believe that the Russians are more than a bit concerned after what they just saw in this match.

BW: Gordo, I gotta take my hat off to the Wild Cards too. From the interviews they did leading up to the event, they were those laughing, joking funny guys and like my mama always said, in this business, funny don't equal money, daddy. But last night and tonight, the Wild Cards brought it! I'm impressed and you know I don't impress easy.

GM: That's for sure. Fans, we've gotta take a break but we'll be right back with more tournament action including the defending Stampede Cup champions - Violence Unlimited! Don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

We fade back from black to a shot of a pair of young kids sitting in an inflatable pool on what appears to be a really hot day.

Kid #1: It's so hot.

Kid #2: It's really hot. I feel like I'm going to melt into this pool.

Kid #1: You know what we could really use?

[With an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND SMOKE, we get Sweet Daddy Williams, holding an ice cream bar in each hand.]

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

[A voiceover begins as the kids grab the ice cream from a reluctant SDW.]

VO: Just in time for all your end-of-summer parties, the AWA Ice Cream Bars feature a graham cracker crust imprinted with your favorite AWA stars like:

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

[And then back to a grinning Sweet Daddy Williams.]

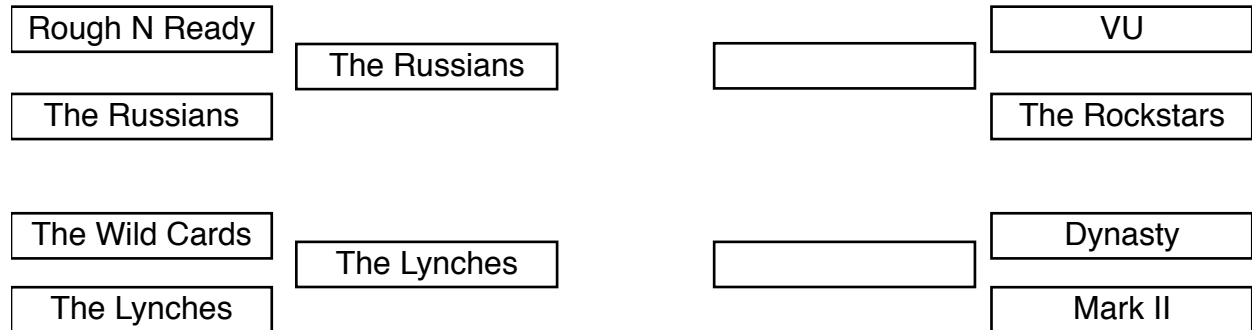
SDW: And me!

[The rotund fan favorite takes a big bite, grinning a big ice cream-covered smile.]

VO: Try it now in vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and mint chocolate chip! Available now at AWA events everywhere and your local Walgreens!

[Back to the kids and SDW eating ice cream as we fade to black before coming back up to live action where Jason Dane is standing in the backstage area.]

JD: Welcome back to the Stampede Cup, fans! We are at the midway point in our Quarterfinals and we already know that the Russians will battle the Lynch Brothers in the Semis. But what about the other half of that bracket? We're about to take the first step towards finding out the answer to that question right now. But before that, let's take a look at our bracket.



JD: Alright, we know where we are - and now we know where we're going. Earlier tonight, I caught up with the reigning Stampede Cup champions, Violence Unlimited. Let's hear what's on their mind going into the final night of their defense of that Stampede Cup trophy!

[We open up to a shot of Jason Dane, standing between Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes. Morton is wearing his "PROFESSOR PAIN" tshirt w/ huge airbrushed picture of his own face on it and his standard red wrestling trunks. Jackson Haynes has his head lowered and his face obscured by his floppy tri-cornered cowboy hat. He's wearing a black, leather duster over his usual red Confederate flag-style trunks. Morton as usual, is filled with energy, jumping from foot to foot, shadow boxing in the background.]

JD: Danny Morton, Jackson Haynes...you two tore down the house last night against the team of Mad Hayashi and Asama Inoue in one of the wildest tag team brawls I've seen in years. But tonight's the night you two have said you've been waiting for all along! Tonight, is the night we will finally crown the 2011 Stampede Cup champions!

[Almost immediately, an ecstatic Danny Morton lets his excitement be known.]

DM: Oh man!

[Morton throws a few air punches.]

DM: Oh man!

[He throws a few more, with just a little more gusto behind them.]

DM: OH MAN!!!

[He proceeds to throw a left, right, left, and HUGE right uppercut combination, before turning to Dane, looking as pumped as he's ever been.]

DM: JASON DANE! IT'S HERE! IT'S FINALLY HERE!

[Dane nods in agreement with the amped up Morton, who gives him a shake of the shoulder.]

DM: How can you even stay so calm!? Can't you feel the electricity in the air? Isn't the adrenaline just pumping through your veins? Isn't your heart beating so hard it's gonna' burst through your chest? It's the most wonderful time of the year, little buddy...GET HYPE!

[Morton flexes his biceps.]

DM: I know we already got everyone excited last night, but that was just a preview! When I took the two most powerful arms in wrestling and I lifted Mad Hayashi up into the air, when I slammed him in the middle of the ring and threatened to send the entire great state of Georgia sinking into the Atlantic ocean, that was just the beginning!

Just the beginning!

[Still too hyped up to continue speaking any further, Morton turns his back and starts throwing more shadow punches into the air. This leaves Jason Dane to deal with Jackson Haynes, who's had his head lowered and his cowboy hat pulled down covering his entire face all this time.]

JD: Jackson Haynes, any comments for tonight?

[It's then, that Haynes raises his head and we see that his entire face has been painted red with the stars and bars of the rebel flag. Although usually an intimidating sight all on his own, the wild-eyed stare on Haynes' painted face is pure terror.]

JH: Did ya' enjoy the last two nights, boys?

[He leans in just a bit closer to the camera.]

JH: Did ya' enjoy holdin' on to that sliver of hope that you just might in fact win the Stampede Cup?

[An ugly grin forms behind that grotesque face.]

JH: Well, I hope it was pleasant dreams for ya', 'cause now it's time to rub that sleep from your eyes and snap back into reality!

[He slowly runs his thumb across his throat.]

JH: The Stampede Cup starts now.

[Haynes slowly removes his hat and places it on Jason Dane's head as he continues on.]

JH: LAST NIGHT, Violence Unlimited went out there and set the record straight as far as the peckin' order on the island goes! We went out there

and proved that we were still the best in Japan. But TONIGHT, we go out there and prove that we're still the best in the whole friggin' world!

[Haynes shakes his head furiously.]

JH: Because I'm mad, Jason Dane. I'm mad as all hell! We heard the experts and we saw the predictions! Not a single damn one of'em think me and Danny can win again! Not a single damn one! I've seen these so-called experts choosin' Dynasty! Rough N Ready! The Blonde Bombers! The Russians! Even Team Marky Mark!

[He clenches his hair and takes several deep breaths, calming himself as best as he can.]

JH: That's disrespect, Jason Dane! Disrespect of the highest order!

[Haynes reaches down and holds up a homemade fan sign with the words "LETS GO BOBBY! BLONDE BOMBERS #1" written on it with glitter and sparkles all over. He shakes his head.]

JH: My little girl still idolizes those poofs, Jason Dane! Not even my family! Not even my own family is rootin' for us to win!

[Haynes proceeds to tear the sign in half and tosses it into the ground, spitting on it for good measure.]

JH: But we will win, damnit! We will!

Not The Rockstars! Not Team Marky Mark! Not Dynasty! Not Rough N Ready! And...

[Haynes stops and laughs...apparently because his daughter's misery brings him great joy.]

JH: ...sorry to break it to ya' darlin', but as we saw last night...sure as hell NOT the Blonde Bombers!

[With that, he snatches his hat back off Dane's head and places it back atop his own, muttering "Damn girls..." as Danny Morton steps back into view.]

DM: Do you hear the warning bells going off, fellas? Are the alarms sounding in your head? Are you prepared for the bloodiest, toughest, wildest night of your careers!? Because right here, right now in Atlanta, Georgia, Violence Unlimited is going to make it back-to-back! You're speeding right into the danger zone, fellas! Welcome to our insanity! Think long and hard and wonder to yourselves if a million dollars is worth this! Because Violence Unlimited is coming for all of you!

[Morton beats his chest wildly.]

DM: You hear me!?

[He points a menacing finger at the camera.]

DM: ALL OF YOU!!!

[And just then, Haynes' painted face pops into view in extreme close-up, as if the scene wasn't traumatic enough. Through clenched teeth, the grizzled brawler gives his final warning.]

JH: No one's safe.

[He leans in as close as possible, his crazed eyes the only thing we're looking at now.]

JH: NO ONE!

[We fade away from the intense stare of Jackson Haynes to a live shot of the Rockstar Express standing next to Jason Dane, already in their ring gear.]

JD: Violence Unlimited is ready for war, gentlemen. As you are about to head down the aisle for your Quarterfinal match with them, I have to wonder what you're thinking.

[Scotty Storm and Marty Morgan are silent for a moment, Morgan glaring at the camera.]

JD: Guys?

[Morgan breaks the silence.]

MM: I'm thinking that we just stood here and listened to Haynes and Morton get all wild and crazy, telling the world what they were going to do tonight and who they were going to do it to.

[Morgan nods.]

MM: Were you listening to all that, JD?

[Dane looks confused.]

JD: Well, yes, I was.

[Morgan nods again.]

MM: Then tell me something, JD. Why didn't they mention us?

JD: Well, all in fairness, Marty... they did mention yo-

MM: ONCE! Once, in all that hype and bluster, they mentioned the team that they gotta get through to raise all that heck they're talking about. You know what that means to me, JD?

JD: I don't, no.

MM: It means that they don't respect us. It means they think we're a walk in the park that they're gonna stroll through hand-in-hand until they get to a new challenge.

[Scotty Storm nods.]

MM: Part of me doesn't blame them, JD. I mean... you look at Morton... you look at Haynes... and then you look at us. We're obviously not a match for them in the power department. We're obviously gonna get thrown around if we try to. And if me or Scotty got scheduled one on one with either of them for a match, the chances are high that we're gonna get our tails kicked from here to Buffalo...

[Pause.]

MM: BUT... this ain't one on one, Morton. This isn't a singles match, Haynes. What this is is what the Rockstar Express does best. This is a tag team match and we're tag team specialists. So tonight? In this ring? We're gonna make this a TWO on one match as much as possible, ya hear?

And when it's the two of us against one of you...

[A grin.]

MM: Maybe THEN we'll earn your respect.

[A uniquely quiet Storm and Morgan walk out of the camera shot, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: The Rockstar Express, perhaps more intense than I've ever seen them before. But will it be enough to put down the Number One contenders to the National Tag Team Titles and move on to the Semifinals? We're about to find out so let's go down to ringside to Phil Watson!

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
QUARTERFINALS
VIOLENCE UNLIMITED VS THE ROCKSTAR EXPRESS**

PW: The following contest is a Quarterfinal match in the Stampede Cup tournament that is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The sounds of KISS' "Rock And Roll All Nite" kicks in to a big cheer from the crowd.]

PW: From Rock And Roll City USA... Scotty Storm... Marty Morgan...

THE ROOOOOOCKSTAAAAAR EXPRESSSSSSS!

[Storm and Morgan march through the curtain in their ring gear. Storm pauses just beyond the entrance to raise an arm to the cheering fans but at a nudge from Morgan, the two men walk swiftly down the aisle, not pausing for their usual greeting of the fans along the aisle.]

GM: The Rockstar Express seem very focused and determined here tonight. They usually rush the aisle, slapping hands, hugging the fans... but tonight, that's just not going to happen.

BW: Well, they feel slighted, Gordo. The Rockstars told us all last night what they were gonna try and do to Morton and Haynes and promptly got zero reaction from VU in response. Let's face it - VU thinks they're winning this whole thing and that it don't even matter who they're facing here tonight to do it. They think it's a done deal.

GM: The Rockstars beg to differ.

[Storm rolls into the ring as Morgan pulls himself on the apron, looking out at the crowd before stepping through the ropes. The two men quickly throw their t-shirts to the floor, waiting for their opponents...

...but not waiting long as the sounds of Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" starts up to a big cheer!]

PW: And their opponents... they are the reigning Stampede Cup champions... "The Hammer" Jackson Haynes... Danny Morton...

VIIIIIOOOOLENNNNNCE UNNNNLIMITED!

[Haynes and Morton tear through the curtain to a big roar from the crowd. The Number One contenders are obviously fired up, screaming and shouting the entire time as they make their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Here they come...

[Jackson Haynes grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron as Danny Morton turns to fire up the crowd...

...which makes him completely unaware as Morton and Storm rush towards the ropes, throwing a double dropkick that knocks Haynes off the apron, slamming down backfirst on the ringside floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHHH!

BW: Well, that oughta get their attention!

[Danny Morton, hearing the crowd's reaction, swings around and sees what happened. The fired up Oklahoman pulls himself up on the apron...

...and gets met with a series of right hands from both Morton and Storm!]

GM: The Rockstars are hammering away at Morton, throwing those big right hands...

[Grabbing the top rope, both members of the Rockstars yank the rope towards them, catapulting Danny Morton over the ropes and down to the canvas!]

GM: The Rockstars are showing that tag team specialist stuff they've been talking about as of late. They're going two on one with both members of Violence Unlimited.

BW: Which is illegal to hear you tell it!

GM: It certainly is illegal, Bucky, but I haven't heard a bell yet, have you?

BW: No, I haven't.

GM: It seems like Scott Von Braun has decided to let this one go for the time being until they get some control here.

[Pulling Morton off the canvas, the Rockstars fire him into the ropes, allowing him to rebound off...

...and hoist him up by the legs, dropping him facefirst to the mat!]

GM: FLAPJACK! FLAPJACK!!

[Morgan rolls Morton to his back, throwing himself into a cover...

...but the official just shrugs his shoulders. Scotty Storm gets into a verbal battle with Von Braun who says he's not ringing the bell until the match gets off to an even start.]

GM: Look at that! Von Braun won't ring the bell! He won't start the match!

[Storm gets out of the ring, waiting on the apron as Von Braun looks around, happy with that...

...and rings the bell!]

GM: Here we go!

[Marty Morgan drags Danny Morton off the mat by the arm, throwing him back into the Rockstars' corner where he slaps the hand of Scotty Storm.]

GM: Quick tag by the Rockstars. Double whip across...

[Morgan rushes in first, throwing a back elbow into the jaw. He grabs the arm, whipping him back to Scotty Storm...

...who knocks Morton flat with a flying forearm!]

GM: Morton's down again - cover for one! For two!

[The big man from Oklahoma gorilla presses Storm out of the lateral press, throwing him a few feet away. The crowd buzzes at the powerful kickout as Storm scrambles to slap the hand of Morgan.]

GM: Another tag brings Marty Morgan back in...

[Grabbing his own partner around the waist, Storm hoists him up for an atomic drop, getting him horizontal to the mat...

...and then drops him down into a high impact legdrop across the throat of Professor Pain!]

GM: What a doubleteam by the Rockstars!

[Morgan rolls into another cover, hooking a leg.]

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

[The crowd roars as a pissed-off Jackson Haynes grabs Morgan by the ankle, dragging him all the way out to the floor.]

GM: Haynes, the Hammer, pulls out Marty Morgan!

BW: And we learned last night that outside the ring is NOT where you want to be with Violence Unlimited!

[Haynes grabs Morgan by the arm, flinging him towards the railing...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING GOES MARTY MORGAN!!

[Scott Von Braun reprimands Jackson Haynes from outside the ring as he pulls Morgan off the barricade, rolling him back into the ring. The Hammer walks around the ring, angrily climbing up on the apron and smashing his hand into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Jackson Haynes just turned the tide in this one!

BW: Hey, Marty Morgan and Scotty Storm attacked him before the bell. While I don't have an issue with that, you know that Haynes will.

[The camera rests on the wild-eyed Southern boy for a moment, his face covered in the paint that makes up the Confederate flag as he slaps his hand on the buckle again and again...]

GM: Haynes is trying to get Danny Morton up from this.

[A dazed Morgan rolls to the corner, slapping the hand of Scotty Storm.]

GM: Storm back in... but Morgan's too hurt to help him.

[Storm pulls Morton off the mat by the arm, winging him into the nearest set of buckles. Storm rushes to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope with his fist at the ready...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Storm hops down, grabbing the arm again...]

GM: Another whip across the ring...

[Scotty Storm gives a whoop as he dashes across the ring, running from corner to corner, and leaping into the air with a forearm smash...]

GM: Big leaping forearm in the buckles!

BW: No effect!

[Danny Morton steps out of the corner, posing his powerful arms in front of him as he sticks out his tongue at a shocked Scotty Storm...]

...and then nearly separates Storm's head from his shoulders with a devastating standing lariat!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! HE LAID HIM OUT WITH THE LARIAT!!

[An angry Morton slaps the hand of his partner, bringing the Hammer into the ring. Haynes promptly pulls Storm up by the hair, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh my stars! Look out for this!

[Haynes hoists Storm up into the air, holding him high for a split second...]

...and then DRIVES him down to the canvas!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! MY STARS, WHAT A POWERBOMB!! He literally BOUNCED off the canvas, fans! Jackson Haynes just tried to put Scotty Storm THROUGH the ring!

[Haynes seems about to go for the cover when Morton shouts at him, shaking his head...]

...and the Hammer tags his partner back in.]

GM: Morton's back in... pulling Storm to his feet...

[He promptly pulls Scotty Storm into a side waistlock, hoisting him into the air...]

...and folding him in half with the devastating Backdrop Driver!]

GM: BACK! DROP! DRIVER!

[Morton rolls over, planting a knee in the chest of Scotty Storm as Haynes rushes in, tackling Marty Morgan as he tries to get in to make the save!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: My stars! What an impressive victory for the Rockstar Express! Absolutely awesome!

[Morton climbs to his feet, glaring down at the motionless Storm before he turns to the camera, holding up two fingers.]

GM: Two more wins for VU - that's all it's gonna take.

BW: And if you're Mark II or Dynasty sitting in the locker room right now, what does this dominant performance mean to you?

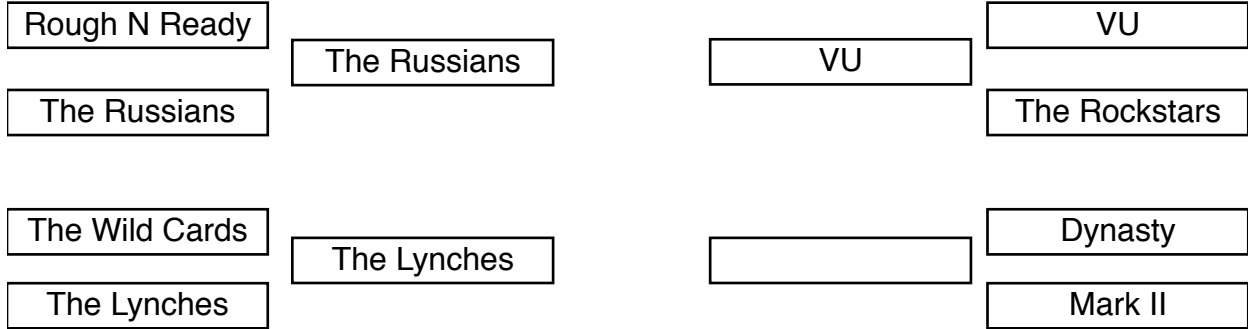
GM: That's a real good question because the Rockstar Express is an excellent team and they just got wiped out... totally wiped out by Violence Unlimited. The Rockstars put up a heck of a fight in the early going but VU just has so many high impact weapons that when they hit them, your night is over.

BW: The lariat, the powerbomb, the Backdrop Driver - and that was all she wrote, daddy.

GM: You can say that again. Violence Unlimited is headed to the Final Four with an impressive win over the Rockstar Express! Now, let's go back to Jason Dane who has a very special guest. Jason?

[We crossfade back to the interview area where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon! And like you guys said, an impressive victory for Violence Unlimited - and if they go all the way in this tournament, how important can a quick win like that be for them? Let's take a look at our updated bracket!



JD: One match remains here in the Quarterfinals as the legendary duo known as Dynasty takes on the Cinderella story of this tournament, the young duo known as Mark II. We're going to hear from both of those teams in a few moments but before we go, I'd like to welcome in my guest right now, the interim Chairman of the Championship Committee, Jon Stegglet!

[The camera shot widens to reveal Stegglet.]

JD: Jon, it's been one heck of a weekend here in Atlanta!

JS: That's true, Jason. The entire front office is absolutely thrilled at what we've seen here so far this weekend and we'd just like to thank the great people of Atlanta for making us feel at home all week long. It's been great.

JD: Now, I understand you have an announcement for us...

JS: I do, I do. Earlier today, we were informed by Jeff Matthews' representation that Mr. Matthews had a family emergency and would be unable to appear here tonight at the Cup. Therefore, the match between he and Alex Martinez has been postponed and will take place in two weeks' time at Homecoming.

JD: Wow, okay. Thanks for that.

JS: We will be seeing a substitute match for that though featuring Skywalker Jones taking on B.C. Da Mastah MC.

JD: Sure to be a fan favorite matchup.

JS: That's what we thought as well.

JD: Thanks for coming by, Jon... now I'd like to bring in some more special guests here...

[Stegglet steps aside with a grin as Dane is on his left and right by the Aces. "Delicious" Danny stands on the left and "Sweet" Stevie stands on the right. The Aces are decked out in jeans and cut-off blue shirts with "Aces" written across the front.]

JD: I'm standing here with the Aces, who made their return to the AWA last night after unmasking as the Pharaohs. Gentlemen, I have to know. How long had this been planned?

[Childes steps forward a bit, causing Dane to turn to face him.]

SC: I don't know if I'd call it planned, baby-Jay. Planned makes it sound like we were waiting to get our hands on Rough N Ready. The truth? The truth is a lot simpler. Revenge wasn't on our minds. We saw an opportunity to return to THE major league of professional wrestling and do what we love to do in front of the people we love to wrestle for.

SC: I can't take credit for this one, big daddy. [Childes shakes his head no.] Oh no. Delish over there was the mastermind. Sweetness was just along for the ride.

[Dane turns and faces Tyler.]

JD: You're the one who came up with the idea of the Pharaohs and being the Egyptian Tag Team Champions?

[Tyler breaks out into a Cheshire cat-like grin.]

DT: Guilty as charged, Mr. Dane. I love it when a plan comes together.

JD: Did you and Stevie Childes actually wrestle in Egypt and win those tag team titles?

[Tyler hesitates for a few seconds.]

DT: Well, no. I ordered them custom made to build up the charade from an online vendor.

[Jason Dane can't help but laugh.]

DT: What's even funnier? While Stevie was over there healing up and getting better, I got bored and decided to let everyone's least favorite announcer of the year know we weren't too happy with him.

JD: Oh my stars.

DT: One night, the Aces happened to run into ol' Buckthorn Wilde at the Tilted Kilt in Dallas. Bucky ran up his bill and then stiffed us with it at the end of the night.

[Tyler pauses. Childes grins.]

DT: I cooked up an email and sent to Bucky asking him to put money into an account.

[Childes breaks out into laughter along with Dane.]

DT: I NEVER thought he'd actually go for it. Thanks for the tag team belts, Bucky. We don't need them anymore. You're more than welcome to have them. YOU paid for them.

[Tyler laughs. Childes steps towards the mic.]

SC: So what's next for the Aces, Jay-Day? We're currently in contractual negotiations to make our full-time return to the AWA. Once that's done, the Aces start at the bottom and earn our shot at the National Tag Team Championships.

JD: Before your unfortunate injury, the Aces had secured themselves a shot at the National Tag Team Champions or were the Number One Contenders.

SC: That was back in April, daddy. This is September. Last time we saw something like that go down, we all know how it ended. The Aces will NEVER operate like that. We've been gone too long, and the talent depth has grown. We're gonna go out there and re-earn our chance to become THE best tag team in the world.

JD: What about Rough N Ready?

[Tyler steps forward to answer this one.]

DT: They earned their bragging rights for tonight. They won. For them to say anything other than, "We had to squeak that one out" makes them liars. They'll probably tell the world we couldn't get the job done.

[Tyler chuckles. Childes steps forward.]

SC: And that's a bold-faced lie as well. Way I see it. You two put me on the shelf for a few months. After last night, and me standing here tonight, YOU couldn't get the job done. I don't hold grudges, and I don't believe in revenge. Breathe easy, fellas, until our paths cross again.

[And with that, the Aces walk away, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: This night - and this weekend - just keeps getting better and better, fans. We'll be right back with the final Quarterfinal match so don't you dare go away!

[And with that we cut to black.

And then come back on in the midst of what appears to be a rock and roll concert. The band on stage is lit up in a sea of smoke and bright colored lighting that flashes on and off to a pattern.

A voiceover comes over the raging music.]

VO: Are you a fan of ROCK AND ROLL?!

[The shot cuts to one of the band members just ripping and hammering away at a guitar solo.]

VO: Do you want the world to know?

[The shot cuts to the front row where a pair of buxom young ladies are dressed in a purple and silver t-shirt strategically cut to reveal some cleavage with a logo for "ROCKSTAR EXPRESS" written across the chest with photos of Marty Morgan and Scotty Storm on either side of the logo.]

VO: Then you need the new Rockstar Express t-shirt! With Marty and Scotty on the front...

[The shot changes to show the back of the shirt which reads, "ROCKIN' YOUR WORLD!" in a scripty font.]

VO: Available in small, medium, large, extra large, double XL, triple XL, and brand new QUADRUPLE XL! Just the thing for the woman in your life who knows who she is, knows what she wants, and wants the whole world to know as well!

SHE WANTS TO ROCK! And so will you in the new Rockstar Express t-shirt!

Available now at all AWA events as well as AWAsShop.com!

[Fade to black.

And then fade back up to live action where we find footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT." Jason Dane stands alongside Mark Workman and Mark Carney. The two young brown-haired men known collectively as Mark II stand tall... they seem calm and collected.]

JD: Alright, with me at this time is the team that is wearing Cinderella's slipper right now. Mark Carney, Mark Workman... you two gentlemen are three wins away from immortality. But that first step is a doozy: it's Dynasty, and they're as fresh as can be. With two rough matches in as many days, how can you go in against a legendary team that hasn't had a finger laid upon them in years?

[It is Workman, the clean-shaven, shorthaired, babyfaced young technician who speaks first.]

MW: "Even the finest sword plunged into salt water will eventually rust."

JD: Ah, you were listening to them quoting Sun Tzu last time.

MW: Dane, we know that Dynasty seems to have every advantage. Someone who read Sun Tzu might think so: "If you wait by the river long enough, the bodies of your enemies will float by." And that has happened. "In war, then, let your great object be victory, not lengthy campaigns." And they have outlasted most of the field before ever having to take to it themselves. It looks like they're set up to take the Cup; they have all the experience and all the rest. But there's one small problem with this picture, and Sun Tzu said it best: "One may know how to conquer without being _able_ to do it."

[This is where Carney, the athletically-built young man with the Caesar-style haircut pipes in.]

MC: Jason Dane! Dynasty hasn't been hit in the mouth in years! They haven't been slammed, they haven't been kicked in the teeth, they haven't had their faces planted into the canvas, and they've forgotten what it means to hurt, brother! Yeah, they have an edge. But so do we, dude... we've been bangin' it out with every bad dude in the business for months on end, preparing for this very moment! That split-second they'll need to kick back in the muscle memory of days gone by... that's a split-second we don't need, brother! We're already all-systems-go! So in the end, there's no excuses either way. And that's just how we gotta have it, Jason Dane. We didn't grind it out night after night to settle for anything less than victory, man.

Sun Tzu said a lot of things, but the best thing he ever said is something we still say today: "You have to believe in yourself." And when twenty thousand screaming maniacs fill the Forbes Arena and scream our names, cheer us on, and pump 200-proof adrenaline right through our veins... it doesn't matter if we're facing Dynasty, Dallas, or Knotts Landing, brother! We know you're as bad as you say you are, but we're three steps away from everything we ever worked for, hoped for, dreamed for, and lived for! Dynasty's already HAD it... you got the hunger? You got the drive? You got the NEED?! When it all comes crumbling around you, and you reach down deep for whatever moves you inside... whatcha gonna find, Dynasty?

Me and Mark? It's our heart, soul, and lives, brother! Tell 'em, Mark!

MW: It doesn't end here, Dane. We refuse to roll over and die. REFUSE. It doesn't matter if you've had more gold than Hernan Cortez or if you won more fights than George Foreman. You're a legend? We don't care. You're the favorites? We don't care. Stack the deck, plot your strategy, do what you will... come hell or high water, we are going to be in your personal space faster than smog in Los Angeles.

MC: And we're coming in at Mark II!

[The duo heads out, leaving Dane to wrap it up.]

JD: That's a more confident team than I expected... but we'll see if the slipper still fits tonight, or whether midnight will strike at the hands of Dynasty.

[The shot fades to live action to Jason Dane, who is standing outside Dynasty's dressing room.]

JD: Fans, I'm outside Dynasty's dressing room, hoping to catch them for a few words before their quarterfinal match against Mark II, which is coming up next.

[The door to the dressing room open and Idol Austin and Eugene Robinson step out.]

JD: Idol, Eugene! Some words before your match against Mark II tonight?

[Eugene Robinson steps up to answer.]

ER: This is it, Dane. The calm before the storm. The last moments of peace the world of tag team wrestling will know before Dynasty hits the ring and begins to write the next chapter in the story of the greatest tag team of all time. These are the last few seconds that are tick, tick, ticking away, for the doubters to change their minds and get into the right way of thinking. It's not too late to jump onto the Dynasty bandwagon one more time and experience the thrill of the ride as we drive toward the Stampede Cup.

[Robinson pauses and you can hear the cheering of the fans in the arena.]

ER: Can you feel it, Dane? The electricity in the air? The buzz of anticipation as the crowd gets ready to see us enter the ring again? What you're hearing out there right now, loud as it is, will be like a whisper when we walk through that curtain and the house just explodes around us. I wouldn't normally say this in front of a camera, but I have to admit I'm feeling kind of a tingle myself. This has been a long time coming, and I'm ready to go.

JD: Your opponents tonight, Mark II, have been the talk of the tournament so far. They've taken out the teams of Sweet Daddy Williams and Tin Can Rust, as well as The Blonde Bombers. Pretty impressive, if I do say so myself.

[Idol Austin answers.]

IA: Mark II has definitely succeeded in this tournament beyond the wildest dreams of many observers. Lot of experience, and lot of history contained in those teams they beat. If the whole thing was over right now, there would be no doubt that their story would be the one best remembered from this tournament. But unfortunately for them, their story ends where ours picks up. Mark II, as impressive as those wins may look on your resume, when you stand the teams you've beaten against Dynasty, it's not quite the same.

What you've done up to this point is on the same level as graduating from a big wheel to a bike with training wheels, and then to the next level. We all know what that level is, you seem to be trying to skip it. Instead of shedding the training wheels and trying out the bicycle for the first time, you've dumped the training wheels, and the bicycle, and are trying to ride a Harley. And that boys, just cannot be done.

[Austin smiles.]

IA: I hate to see it end like this for you, I really do, because I love an underdog story as much as the next guy.

[Robinson nods.]

ER: He really does. He gets a little teary eyed every time he watches "Rudy."

[Austin looks over at Robinson, who is standing with a grin on his face.]

IA: I'd say "teary eyed" is a bit much, but that IS a great story.

[Beat.]

IA: Anyway, in any other year I'd be rooting for Mark II to take it all. Because even the coldest son of a gun alive can appreciate something like that. But this year, you drew Dynasty. You're facing the best, and don't even have to make it to the Final to do it. So, you'll at least have that to be proud of. All good things come to an end. It did for Williams and Rust, and for the Bombers. And now it's your turn. I hope you're bringing your best, boys. Because you're definitely going to need it.

[Austin and Robinson walk toward the curtain as their theme music hits.]

JD: This should be one for the ages. Let's go back down to the ring and Phil Watson for the last of our Quarterfinal matchups!

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
QUARTERFINALS
DYNASTY VS MARK II**

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is the final Quarterfinal matchup in the Stampede Cup tournament! Introducing first...

[And we cut to the aisle, where "Rocket" by Def Leppard is playing over the PA. The fans cheer as the Cinderella story of the tournament walks through the curtain. Mark Carney is a well-built young man with knee-length shiny sapphire-blue trunks with a marble pattern, and blue wrestling boots. He has short black hair in a Caesar haircut, is clean-shaven, and wears athletic tape around his wrists. Mark Workman sports full-length royal blue trunks, with dark blue kneepads, blue wrestling boots, taped wrists, and black short hair.]

PW: From Manchester, New York and Muscatine, Iowa respectively... at a total combined weight of 494 pounds...

Mark Workman... Mark Carney...

THEY ARE MAAAAAARRRRRK TWOOOOOOOOOO!

[The youngsters complete a circuit around the ring, slapping the hand of every fan within arm's reach before sliding under the ropes in tandem to the cheers of the crowd as their music dies down.]

GM: These two men have been described as the Cinderella story of this tournament, Bucky.

BW: That they are but the bad thing about a fairy tale is that it's not reality, Gordo. In the real world, not everyone lives happily ever after and from the looks of what they're about to face, I'd say Mark II's glass slipper is about to get broken.

[Mark II trades a high-five before the first beats of "Chase" by Giorgio Moroder begin to play and the fans look eagerly toward the locker room entrance.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, making their way to the ring area, at a total combined weight of 459 lbs... the longest reigning EMWC World Tag Team Champions of all time...

I give you "Incredible" Idol Austin and "High Society" Eugene Robinson...

THIS...

IS...

DYYYYYYYYYYYYNAAASTYYY
YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[Austin and Robinson make their way out of the back and soak in the crowd reaction. The two men take a little time to jaw at the fans as they make their way to ringside. Each man mounts the steps and climbs through the ropes before mounting opposite turnbuckles with their arms high in the air.]

GM: Two of the most arrogant - yet successful - men I've ever encountered in the wrestling industry, Bucky.

BW: But you just said it yourself - arrogant yet successful. In my book, if you're successful, you can be as arrogant as you damn well please, daddy.

GM: Idol Austin and Eugene Robinson have not competed in this ring together in five years. But when they did, they were widely considered one of the best tag teams in the world. They have won regional titles all over the United States and are, of course, the longest reigning EMWC World Tag Team Champions of all time.

BW: Dynasty is the real deal. And for all you kids out there listening to your Dustin Bieber and Katy Harry music who think these guys are a couple of fossils who don't stand a chance, believe me when I tell you that if Mark II has the same idea as you do, they'll find themselves out flat staring at the lights by the end of this one.

[Robinson and Austin huddle up for a moment, discussing some last minute topics as Mark Workman and Mark Carney exchange a final high-five before Carney steps out to the ring apron.]

GM: Mark Workman will be starting it off for his squad and for Dynasty...?

[Robinson nods at his partner, stepping from the ring.]

GM: Idol Austin, the 46 year old veteran.

[Referee Marty Meekly looks to both men...

...and then signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! The final Quarterfinal match in the Stampede Cup tournament!

[As the bell sounds, the two grapplers circle one another, each obviously hesitant to rush right in there.]

GM: I'd expect a little bit of a feeling out process here. You've got Mark II in the biggest match of their lives and you've got Dynasty who hasn't wrestled as a team in half a decade.

BW: It's a good bet that they'll ease into this one.

[Circling, circling, circling - the two men finally come together in the middle of the ring, locking up in a collar and elbow. Workman is the first to act, grabbing the arm of Idol Austin and twisting it around.]

GM: The 27 year old Workman goes right to the arm... almost a twenty-year gap in the ages of these two men as Workman with a very basic hold here, trying to get his feet underneath him in this high-pressure encounter for the young team.

[Holding the wrist, Workman executes a second armtwist, causing Austin to come up onto his tiptoes, wincing in pain as he shouts, "No, no, no!" at the official who asks for a submission.]

GM: The armtwist is on and while a simple hold, it's also a very painful hold, fans.

BW: Yeah! Go try it on someone if you think it's-

GM: Bucky!

BW: Huh?

GM: Fans, as with any and all action you see on AWA television, we advise that you do NOT try this at home.

[Walking Austin to the corner, Workman slaps Carney's hand, bringing his partner in...]

GM: And a quick exchange in the early moments of this one, perhaps trying to set the tone for the entire matchup...

[Carney backs to the corner, measures the trapped Austin, and then delivers a big kick to the twisted arm to the cheers of the crowd. Austin stumbles away but Carney pursues, grabbing the wrist and twisting the arm around again. He jerks the wrist hard, dropping Austin to all fours.]

GM: Carney's got the armtwist applied and- ohh! He jerks the wrist again!

BW: That's the kind of thing that can do some serious damage quite easily. It may not look like much but it's got it where it counts, kid.. err, daddy.

[Carney jerks the wrist hard again, a move that causes Austin to fall flat on his face on the mat, his arm stretched out...]

...and Carney leaps up, stomping the hurting arm!]

GM: Nicely done by Mark Carney... and he immediately pulls Austin back to his feet, staying on the arm...

[The crowd cheers as Carney executes another big armtwist before walking back to the corner, slapping the hand of Mark Workman.]

GM: Another exchange by Mark II...

[Workman steps in, dropping down to a knee...]

...and then surging upwards, driving a European uppercut into the twisted limb!]

GM: Ohh! That'll hurt!

[Near the corner, Workman applies a hammerlock on the downed Austin, trying to wrench the arm even more but Austin slips a foot on the bottom rope, forcing the official to break the hold.]

GM: Marty Meekly calls for a break and Workman immediately lets it go.

BW: Idiot. Always hold til four.

GM: The advisory skills of Bucky Wilde, ladies and gentlemen.

BW: Hey, there are people all around the world who can hold up pieces of gold and silver and say that they won them because they listened to MY advice. Can you say the same?

GM: Well, I've never-

BW: That's what I thought.

[Workman quickly hammerlocks the arm behind Austin's back, scooping him up and slamming him down on top of it. Austin cries out in pain as he rolls away from Workman but rolls right into the corner of Mark II.]

GM: And Idol Austin is finding out what it's like to be on the other end of his style of offense. It's usually Austin who wants to isolate a limb and torture it until the opponent can hardly take it. Now, he's having it done to him.

BW: You have to wonder if Austin's feeling a little bit of ring rust right now. At forty-six years old, it's probably pretty tough to drag yourself out of a reclining chair in your living room somewhere and go to fight some of the best tag teams in the world, Gordo.

[Workman grabs the arm, stretching it out as he tags Carney back in. With both men in, they kick the stretched out arm before Workman exits the ring.]

GM: Another quick exchange by Mark II and as someone who has managed tag teams in the past, Bucky, what do you think of the strategy on display by Mark II so far.

BW: They're doing the right thing, you know? They're cutting the ring in half, they're making quick and frequent tags... but the question is - can they keep it up like this? I don't think so.

GM: Carney pulls Austin back up, backing him to the ropes...

[Using the injured arm, Carney goes for a whip but Austin reverses it, sending Carney in...

...where Eugene Robinson lands his first blow of the match, a snuck-in knee to the kidneys of Carney. The crowd jeers Robinson as the referee shouts at him...]

GM: Eugene Robinson with a-

[The crowd cheers as Carney swings around and decks Robinson with a right hand, knocking him to the floor. The 26-year old turns back around...

...and gets floored with a running clothesline by Austin with the off arm!]

GM: Austin takes him down with the clothesline! And that all came about because of Eugene Robinson, fans. Robinson with the distraction and Austin lowers the boom. And you can quickly see why many call Dynasty the most opportunistic team in the entire business.

[Austin stands over the downed Carney, shaking his arm as he looks down at him and starts to put the badmouth on him.]

"Aww, your poor neck. Did that hurt, you little sh-?"

[Luckily, Austin gets cut off with a right hand to the gut! The crowd cheers the shot down South!]

GM: Mark Carney's not done yet, Idol Austin!

[An angry Austin delivers a hard forearm smash to the back of Carney's neck. He drops down again, this time driving the point of the elbow into the neck. A few stomps follow before he drags Carney up in a front facelock, slapping the hand of Eugene Robinson who quickly scales the ropes...]

GM: Eugene Robinson is 43 years old but he's not afraid to fly yet!

[Robinson leaps off his perch, smashing an elbow down across the back of Carney, knocking him down to a knee. He grabs Carney around the waist, hoisting him up, twisting around and dumping him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: Nice execution on the suplex by the man known as High Society!

[Springing to his feet, Robinson reaches down, slapping Carney across the face.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no reason for that!

[Robinson dashes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off, walking slowly towards his prey...

...and then executes a full front flip, bringing his legs crashing down across the chest of Carney!]

GM: Ohh! A somersault legdrop and a beauty!

[Robinson rolls into a lateral press.]

GM: First cover of the match gets a one! And a two! And that's all. Mark Carney's out at two.

[Flipping Carney to his chest, Robinson steps in behind him to hook in a dragon sleeper, pulling back on the neck...]

GM: Submission hold applied by Robinson and-

[He only holds it long enough to hear Carney refuses to give up once before swinging around and decking Mark Workman, knocking him to the floor for a moment. The fired-up Workman dives under the ropes, Marty Meekly rushing to stop him...

...which allows Idol Austin to come in and the double team to unfold. They fire Carney into the ropes together before dropping him with a double back elbow under the chin. Austin slaps his hands together over his head as Robinson steps out. Finally, Marty Meekly turns around, none the wiser.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! You didn't see the tag, ref! Don't allow it!

BW: Brilliant move by Dynasty there. They know they've got a young, enthusiastic, and inexperienced team in there so they're gonna take advantage of it whenever they can. Mark Workman just hurt his team there by trying to get in.

GM: But you can't blame the young man. His partner was in trouble AND he just got clocked by Robinson.

[A smirking Idol Austin taunts the crowd as he delivers a series of stomps to the head and neck of young Mark Carney. He drags Carney up, backing him to the ropes...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Carney!

[Austin hits the far side, bouncing off towards Carney who has set for a backdrop...

...and eats a swinging neckbreaker instead!]

GM: Ohh! Beautiful counter by the veteran! He's got a cover here for one! He gets two!

[But Carney fires a shoulder up at two.]

GM: Mark Carney's not done yet, fans. For those of you at home with Mark II in your Semifinal bracket, you can keep on hoping for the time being.

BW: Anyone with Mark II in their Semifinal bracket is passed out by now because of all the booze they were drinking when they filled it out.

[Austin drops an elbow onto the back of the neck, pushing up to his knees as Carney rolls over near the ropes, looking for an escape. A second elbowdrop follows, knocking Carney to the apron.]

GM: Mark Carney's looking for somewhere to get a second wind into that body of his. We're just over five minutes into this but remember, Mark II has fought two tough battles already while Dynasty has been able to just sit back and watch this thing unfold.

BW: Don't blame Dynasty for getting a good draw.

GM: I'm not but you have to recognize the inequality of the situation here.

[Austin leans over the ropes, dragging Carney off the mat by the hair. He hooks a front facelock, slinging Carney's arm over his neck.]

GM: Austin's gonna bring him in the hard way... he lifts him up!

[But Carney flips free of his grip at the top of the lift, landing on his feet behind him where he hooks the veteran...

...and SNAPS him back with a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: Down! Down goes Idol Austin!

BW: Carney needs to get the heck out of there but he smashed his own neck into the mat with that counter right there. He's hurting from it as well.

[The crowd roars their support for Mark Carney with both men down on the mat, trying to get him across the ring where Mark Workman is waiting, hand outstretched for the tag...]

GM: Workman needs his partner to make the exchange but Carney hasn't budged an inch yet since he hit the canvas.

[Finally, the man from Iowa rolls to his chest, crawling his way across the ring towards the corner where his partner awaits the tag. The crowd is roaring, trying to cheer Carney on...

...when suddenly Eugene Robinson rushes in, leaping up to bury an elbowdrop in the back of Carney's neck, blocking the attempt!]

GM: Oh, come on! Marty Meekly, do something about this!

[Mark Workman decides that he will, stepping through the ropes and throwing two big right hands on Robinson...

...before the referee steps in to stop him, forcing Workman back to the corner as Robinson grabs the ankle of Carney, dragging him back across the ring before exiting to the apron.]

GM: Eugene Robinson again taking advantage of Mark Workman's hot temper in there in this one. The kid's just excited, Bucky.

BW: That's the problem with not having that big match experience. You get the butterflies, you get too fired up. Workman's showing both of those things right now.

[A dazed Idol Austin gets up, slapping his partner's hand before hauling Carney back to his feet.]

GM: Whips him in... drop toehold by Austin...

[And Robinson connects with a leaping senton splash high up on the back and neck area of Mark Carney.]

GM: Another nice doubleteam by Dynasty, continuing to work on the neck of Mark Carney.

BW: And you know why they work the neck?

GM: Why's that?

BW: Because five years ago, Dynasty laid out every team they faced with a spike piledriver, Gordo!

GM: Oh my stars.

BW: And if they hit that tonight on Mark II, they're heading to the semifinals without a shadow of a doubt!

[Robinson arrogantly rolls Carney to his back, falling across in a cover.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two!

[But this time, Mark Workman intervenes, pulling Robinson off his partner by the ankle. Robinson gets up slowly, glaring back at Workman as he exits the ring.]

GM: Workman saved the match there for his team perhaps as Mark Carney has taken a lot of punishment in this contest. Robinson pulls him back to his feet again...

[A pair of chops sends Carney falling back into the ropes as Robinson approaches. He grabs Carney around the head and neck, snapmaring him over into a seated position...

...and then rushes forward, flipping as he grabs the head of Carney, snapping his neck down!]

GM: Ohh! Rolling neck snap by Robinson and a beauty!

[Robinson grins at the jeering crowd as he climbs to his feet...

...and plants a foot on the chest of Carney, throwing his arms out to taunt the crowd... and Mark Workman.]

GM: Robinson with a sloppy cover... a two count again as Carney gets a shoulder up...

[Robinson taunts the downed Carney, paintbrushing him in the back of the head as he struggles to a knee. The man known as High Society grabs a handful of hair...

...and gets a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Carney with a right hand!

[Robinson tries to shake it off, raising his arms for a double axehandle...

...but gets a second right hand to the midsection!]

GM: He's fighting back!

[Carney climbs to his feet, throwing haymaker after haymaker to the jaw of the stunned Robinson. Idol Austin climbs on the ropes outside the ring, shouting at Marty Meekly about a closed fist. Meekly turns to address him...

...and Robinson drops to his knees, swinging his arm up!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW!! RING THE BELL, THAT'S A LOW BLOW!

BW: The referee didn't see it! Marty Meekly got tied up with Idol Austin and he didn't even see the low blow!

GM: He may not have seen it but that'll drastically change the course of this matchup, Bucky.

BW: It certainly will... and you have to admire Dynasty's ability to take shortcuts.

GM: That's nothing to admire!

BW: I think it is!

[Robinson immediately rolls Carney to his back, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd cheers as Carney fires a shoulder up off the mat.]

GM: Mark Carney kicks out at two! Unbelievable! Look at the heart and determination being shown by this kid from Iowa, fans!

[Robinson grabs a handful of Carney's hair, drilling him with right hands to the skull over and over before regaining his feet, dragging Carney up with him...

...and hooking his arms behind him!]

GM: Double chickenwing applied by Robin- OHHHHHH!

[The crowd roars alongside Gordon as Eugene Robinson elevates Carney, dumping him on the back of his head and neck with a bridging Tiger Suplex!]

GM: He got him with a suplex of some sorts! That might do it! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, Carney fires a shoulder off the mat to break the pin attempt!]

GM: Mark Carney with an incredible display of fighting spirit kicks out of that high impact suplex!

BW: Robinson bringing the goods tonight, landing that Tiger Suplex and almost getting the three count.

GM: Tiger Suplex? Why is it called that?

BW: The African tribes use that move to subdue wild tigers alongside the Nile River, Gordo.

GM: You can't suplex a tiger!

BW: Why not? I saw a guy chokeslam an antelope once! Best weekend of my life.

[With Mark Carney down, a surprised Eugene Robinson subdues him by applying a front facelock, dragging him to the corner where he slaps the hand of Idol Austin.]

GM: Austin's in off the tag... doubleteam en route...

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY!! TEN MINUTES!"

[The former World Tag Team Champions fire Mark Carney across the ring, both men hoisting him up on the rebound and dropping him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: Flapjack! Flapjack and a beauty!

[Austin rolls Carney over, applying a press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- Workman makes the save!

[A well-placed boot to the back of the head forces the official to break the count, escorting Mark Workman from the ring as Austin makes the tag to Eugene Robinson.]

GM: Another doubleteam coming up...

[Austin drives a thrust kick back into the ribs of Carney, doubling him up as Robinson hooks a front facelock, slinging Carney's arm over his neck.]

GM: Robinson's calling for a brainbuster!

BW: That might do it if he connects, Gordo.

GM: It certainly might! He lifts!

[Robinson stalls out at the top, letting the blood drain into Carney's head...

...but the struggling Mark Carney smashes his knee into the skull of Robinson, allowing himself to slip free, landing behind Robinson...]

GM: Carney with the escape and-

[He hooks Robinson in an inverted facelock, swinging his right arm over into the neck, driving him down to the canvas!]

GM: PULSECHECKER! PULSECHECKER!

[With Robinson down, Carney again begins the long crawl across the ring, trying to his partner who hasn't been in the ring for ages!]

GM: Mark Carney is crawling across the ring! His partner is ready! His partner is waiting! Mark Workman desperately wants to get back in that ring and take up the fight for Mark II! And listen to these fans! They want to see that happen just as much as he does!

[Carney crawls towards his corner as Robinson begins the same crawl towards his own corner!]

GM: Both men trying to get to their respective corners! Both men trying to get their fresh partners into this match! They're getting close... both men drawing near...

[The crowd is roaring now as Carney pushes up to his knees, breathing heavily, lunging...]

GM: TAG!

[But Idol Austin makes the tag as well, both men coming into the ring at the same time...]

...but Mark Workman's coming with a little more fire, charging hard into the ring and levels an incoming Austin with a running clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline on Idol Austin!

[Seeing Eugene Robinson rise, Workman drops him with a clothesline as well!]

GM: He takes down Robinson also!

[Swinging around, Workman grabs Austin as he scrambles to his feet, scooping him off the mat, and slamming him down with a bodyslam.]

GM: Big slam on Austin... and there's one on Robinson as well! Mark Workman is the proverbial house of fire right now, fans!

[Big cheer as Workman leaves his feet, throwing a big dropkick into the chest of the stunned Idol Austin!]

GM: Dropkick on Austin!

[With Robinson struggling up to a knee, Workman grabs him by the arm, slinging him across the ring...

...and elevating him up and over with a big time backdrop!]

GM: HE PUT EUGENE ROBINSON UP INTO THE LIGHTS!! MY STARS, WHAT ELEVATION ON THE BACKDROP!!

[The crowd is roaring as Workman looks around, surveying the damage he's done to the Number Three seed in the tournament. He nods his head to the cheering crowd, considering his next move as he approaches a dazed Idol Austin who is leaning against the ropes...]

GM: Whip on Austi- no, reversed!

[Austin sends Workman into the ropes, the young man rebounding quickly off...

...and leaving his feet, taking Austin down with a spot-on perfect flying forearm!]

GM: The flying forearm puts Austin down... he rolls out to the floor, trying to regroup alongside his partner...

[Pumping a fist, Workman quickly scales the ropes, the members of Dynasty completely oblivious as he perches up top...

...and takes flight, wiping out both men with a picture perfect cross body press!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE!! WHAT A DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY MARK WORKMAN!!

[A slightly-dazed Workman is the first to his feet, shoving Austin under the ropes into the ring. Workman pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes into the ring, before falling into a cover.]

GM: Cover for one! For two! For thr-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Eugene Robinson reaches in, yanking Workman off of Austin and all the way to the floor. But a right hand by Robinson is blocked a split second before Workman hammers him with a right hand of his own!]

GM: Robinson got rocked and- LOOK OUT!

[Having come around the ringpost, Carney is on the apron, takes two quick steps and hurls himself off, smashing both feet into the face of Robinson and sending him sprawling down to the floor!]

GM: Carney laid out Robinson!

BW: But he hit the floor hard and he may have laid himself out in the process! We may be down to two men now, Gordo. This match may lie in the hands of Mark Workman and Idol Austin!

[Workman rolls back in, immediately moving to the corner where Idol Austin is now leaning, his back to the young man...

...and as Workman grabs him, Austin swings around with a right hand!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The blow to the jaw sends Workman sailing backwards, crashing down to the mat flat on his back. Austin swings around, his arms moving but our shot unable to see what he's doing...

...until a new camera shot shows Austin removing something from his fist and shoving it down into his trunks.]

GM: He had something in his hand! He had some kind of a weapon in his hand and-

[Austin stumbles backwards, diving atop Workman.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: I can't believe it!

[The crowd jeers, a mixture of boos and a confused buzz over what just happened as Idol Austin rolls from the ring, retrieving his floored partner as they start to make their way down the aisle to the locker room.]

GM: I can't believe what we just saw here. Mark II, the Cinderella story of this tournament, was well on their way, I believe, to moving on to the Semifinals and... do we have another angle of that? Can we see it again?

BW: Dynasty's in the semifinals! They're in the Final Four!

GM: Right, that's true. But I want to see how it happened. I want to see how-

[Suddenly, the shot changes to a slow-mo instant replay. We see the running dropkick off the apron by Carney in the background of this reversed angle where Idol Austin digs into his trunks in the corner, pulling out a silver chain that he wraps around his fist...

...and as Mark Workman turns him around, he unleashes it, dropping the young man with one punch for the three count.]

GM: A chain! Austin had a chain on the fist and ultimately, that's what cost these young men the chance to go to the Semifinals and face Violence Unlimited. Dynasty, by hook or by crook, has advanced to the Semifinals instead though. Our Final Four is set but that should, in no way, take anything away from these young men, Mark II. They had one heck of a run in this tournament, fans.

[Mark Carney rolls in, kneeling next to his partner as the fans cheer. Carney looks around confused, trying to find out what happened.]

GM: Mark Carney doesn't have a clue about what Idol Austin just did.

BW: I'm sure Workman didn't even feel it.

GM: You're probably right about that. Someone's going to have to explain what just happened to these boys and I just hope they stand proud of themselves when this night is over... proud of what they accomplished and proud of what they MIGHT have accomplished if Dynasty hadn't stolen this one away from them. Unbelievable. Fans, we're gonna take a quick break and then we'll be back with the first match of our Semifinals so don't go away!

[Our shot cuts to Dynasty, fleeing up the aisle with their stolen victory as we fade to black.

And then back up to a shot of Travis Lynch standing in front of a generic AWA logo.]

TL: You're watchin' AWA wrestling on the WKIK Superstation where we're kickin' it up a notch!

[The shot of Lynch fades to one of Clayton Shaw.]

CS: WKIK is the official television network of America and we at the AWA are proud to be right here on WKIK! U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!

[Shaw fades away to be replaced by Tommy Fierro.]

TF: I've been up and down your television dial for over twenty years now but I ain't never been prouder to be on a station than I am right here on WKIK - your home for all things AWA, baby! Woooo!

[The shot of the veteran Fierro fades out to leave a shot of Jason Dane back in the backstage area.]

JD: Welcome back, fans. We've got our Final Four - the Semifinals are set! So, let's take a look at what we've got!

Rough N Ready	The Russians	VU	VU
The Russians			The Rockstars
The Wild Cards	The Lynches	Dynasty	Dynasty
The Lynches			Mark II

JD: The Final Four - The Russians taking on the Lynches and last year's Stampede Cup champions, Violence Unlimited, taking on former World Tag Team Champions, Dynasty. Eight men left with dreams of a million dollars, that big silver cup, and the right to be known the world over as the greatest tag team walking the planet. There's a lot of ways to look at it, fans. Three seeded teams - one unseeded. Three AWA teams, one outsider. Two teams of relatives. There's power, there's speed, there's sweet science, there's high flying. The very best in the world are what's left. But in the end, only one of these teams can stand alone as the very best.

[Dane grins.]

JD: Who's it gonna be? We're about to take one more step towards finding out. But before we go down to ringside, it's my pleasure to welcome right now one of the men who is about to head down there for the fight of his life - a former AWA National Champion, Kolya Sudakov!

[Sudakov steps into frame, clad in his black mid-thigh length trunks. A heavy Russian chain hangs over his neck as he nods to the camera.]

JD: Mr. Sudakov, we talk about a million dollars. We talk about the silver Cup. We talk about all the fortune and glory. But to you, this means something different. To you, this means... what?

[Sudakov looks down to the floor, shaking his head.]

KS: The people... they know Kolya's story, Jason Dane. They know the deal Kolya make with Kostovich. We have to win... we MUST win... in order for Kolya to be a free man. In order for Kolya to walk away from Kostovich as his own man, Kolya and Uncle Vladimir MUST win tonight... MUST win Cup.

[A nod.]

KS: Kolya has fought for so long now for this moment. Kolya has fought so long for this night. Two more matches, Jason Dane, and Kolya will be free to be his own man again. To fight whenever, wherever, and...

[A slight smile.]

KS: WHOEVER... he wants, Uncle Vladimir... Kostovich. Kostovich thinks he controls Kolya... and for now, he does. But there's one thing he does not control, Jason Dane.

[Kolya taps his head.]

KS: Right here. He does not control Kolya mind. And after tonight, when these chains...

[He holds up the Russian chain...]

KS: ...are broken!

[He throws down the chain.]

KS: Then Kolya stand alone... and Kolya's dreams become true. Kolya will take this fist... and shove it down Kostovich's throat! Kolya will take this leg... and slam it upside Uncle's head! Kolya will take this arm...

[He holds the right arm up for the Sickle.]

KS: ...and you know the rest.

[More nodding.]

KS: Jason Dane, you ask Koyla what this match tonight mean to him?

[Sudakov pauses, looking down once more. And then raises his stare, icy cold and determined, into the camera...]

KS: It mean... everything.

[And as the camera zooms in on those focused eyes, we fade from backstage to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
SEMIFINALS
THE RUSSIANS VS THE LYNCHES**

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a forty-five minute time limit and is a Semifinal match in the Stampede Cup tournament!

[Big cheer... which turns to boos as the Soviet National Anthem begins to play.]

PW: Introducing first... from Mother Russia... being accompanied to the ring by Ivan Kostovich...

Vladimir Velikov... Kolya Sudakov...

THE RUSSSSSSSIANNNNNNS!

[The jeers intensify as the trio makes their way into view. Kostovich again brings up the front of the group, clad in his white suit from earlier. Vladimir Velikov is the second one through, the heavy Russian chain draped across his neck and shoulders. And coming last is the former AWA National Champion, Kolya Sudakov. Sudakov is carrying the Soviet flag on a wooden flagpole, swinging it back and forth to the jeers of the crowd. The trio make their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: And here they are, Bucky... the only unseeded team left in this tournament at this point.

BW: The Russians are a great team but let's face it, I think they should consider themselves very lucky to be here. The National Tag Team Champions should be in this spot but they were disqualified earlier tonight in their match with the Russians for... what was it again?

GM: Excessive violence and failing to heed the referee's instructions.

BW: Right, right. Well, like it or not, it happened and that means that the Russians are in the Semifinals here tonight.

[The trio hits the ring, Sudakov being ordered to keep waving the flag. He winces as he does so and for the first time, we notice that his ribs are heavily taped.]

GM: Look at the ribs of Sudakov... showing some wear and tear from his run-in with Eric Matthew Somers earlier tonight... and that's gotta be a good sign for the Lynch boys.

BW: If they even know what it means. They're so stupid their gene pool is more of a puddle, Gordo.

GM: Please. Don't let them hear you say that. Don't you have enough problems without stirring more of them up?

BW: Like what?

GM: Like the Aces! Did you really get fleeced by them in an Internet scam?

BW: Hey, when the king of Nigeria asks for cash, you deliver, daddy. When he gets the wire, I'm gonna be even richer than I already am! I don't know what Bill Masterson's favorite tag team is talkin' about.

[The Russians' music fades as Sudakov hands the flagpole out to a ringside attendant.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of Ted Nugent's "Stranglehold" whips the crowd into a frenzy!]

PW: The hail from Dallas, Texas... representing the world-famous Lynch family and being accompanied to the ring by their brother, Travis... they are Jack and James...

THE LYNNNNNNNNCH BOOOOOYS!

[The crowd roars for the announcement of the Lynch family as the curtain parts. The boys haven't bothered to change from their earlier match, James still in the yellow Speedos and Jack still in black trunks. They've left the outerwear behind as they march down the aisle, Travis keeping up behind them in street clothes.]

GM: What a brilliant move!

BW: What are you going on about now?

GM: They know that with Ivan Kostovich out there, the situation is ripe for chicanery so they're bringing an equalizer! Travis Lynch, victorious on Night One over Rex Summers, is coming to the ring with his brothers and he's gonna watch their backs! A tremendous idea by the Lynch boys, Bucky.

BW: I'd like to see his manager's license 'cause I don't think he's got one, daddy. Get him out of here. He's just out here to cause trouble.

GM: Trouble? If you want to see someone out to cause trouble, look across that ring over at Ivan Kostovich! HE'S out to cause trouble, Bucky.

BW: At least he's a licensed manager. Travis Lynch is a thug.

GM: Give me a break.

[The Lynches hit the ring, James slingshotting over the top as Jack steps through. Travis climbs up on the apron, joining his brothers in the corner as the Russians huddle up across the ring from them.]

GM: This is gonna be a good one, fans.

[On the Lynch side of the ring, Jack Lynch steps out to the apron as Travis drops off to the floor. James exchanges a high ten with his big brother as on the other side of the ring, Ivan Kostovich orders Kolya Sudakov to start the match.]

GM: James Lynch and the Russian War Machine will be starting this one off - the first of two semifinals here in Atlanta. And one of these two teams will be battling for a million dollars and the biggest prize in tag team wrestling in just a little while.

[Referee Mickey Meekly gives both teams some final instructions before waving for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[James Lynch strides out to the middle of the ring, ever the sportsman, and extends his hand towards the former National Champion...]

GM: How about that, fans? James Lynch recognizes that Kolya Sudakov is a good man deep down - a good man who's being forced into evil deeds by Ivan Kostovich. And he wants to shake the man's hand. I love it!

BW: I don't. Stench should waffle him if he accepts... get the early edge...

[Sudakov looks around at the roaring fans, nodding his head...

...and then looks over at Ivan Kostovich who has hopped up on the apron, shouting at Sudakov.]

GM: It seems like Kostovich doesn't want Sudakov to do it. Why?

BW: Why not? Sudakov BELONGS to Kostovich. If Ivan doesn't want him to drink milk this week, Sudakov won't do it.

[Kostovich is irate, shouting at Sudakov, who glares at Kostovich...

...and ignores him, extending his hand to shake the hand of James Lynch to the roar of the crowd. Kostovich is furious, kicking the ropes in rage before he drops down to the floor, shouting at Sudakov in Russian from the floor.]

GM: Kostovich is really letting him have it, fans, but this match is underway!

[The two men quickly tie up in a collar and elbow, muscling each other around looking for an edge. Sudakov shows off his power advantage early, bodying James Lynch back into the corner...

...and then backing off, nodding his head to Lynch to the cheers of the crowd. Again, Kostovich loses his mind out on the floor, screaming and shouting at the former National Champion.]

GM: Kolya Sudakov seems determined to do things HIS way in this one, Bucky. Perhaps he's done doing things the way that Kostovich wants them done.

BW: That's not his decision to make, Gordo! He has to do what he's told!

GM: Not if he wins here tonight in Atlanta!

BW: But that hasn't happened yet! Until it does, Sudakov is Kostovich's personal weapon.

[Lynch moves back from the corner, tying up again...

...and quickly yanking Sudakov down to the mat with an armdrag takeover to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: And you can see how quickly James Lynch adapts to the situation. He saw that the power game wasn't going to get him anywhere so he switches gears

[Lynch pops back up to his feet, fists at the ready as Sudakov slowly rises to a knee, a slight smile on the face of the former National Champion.]

BW: What's he grinning at like an idiot, Gordo? He just got put down on his butt and now he's smiling? This is why the Soviet Union fell!

GM: Would you stop? I think Kolya's just happy to be in a competitive match for once without worrying about Kostovich and his games.

[Lynch returns the smile as Sudakov climbs to his feet, clapping his hands for Lynch as the two edge towards one another again, tangling up. Sudakov throws a knee up into the midsection of Lynch before hammering down with a forearm smash across the back.]

GM: Sudakov's done messing around. He's got his eyes locked on the Finals of this tournament and there's only one way to get there - right through the Lynch Brothers.

[Sudakov delivers another big forearm to the back, knocking Lynch down to the mat. The big man reaches out, wrapping his arms around the waist, yanking Lynch back up in a waistlock...

...and then throwing him down to the mat with a waistlock takedown!]

GM: What power!

[Sudakov dives atop Lynch, hooking a front facelock.]

GM: The Russian War Machine slaps on that facelock, putting 270 pounds on the neck of James Lynch and making him struggle underneath all that weight...

[Lynch pulls a knee up under himself, trying to battle his way up underneath the powerful hold applied by Sudakov. He slips the other knee in as well, pushing up to his feet...]

GM: Both men on their feet...

[Wrapping his arms around the waist of Sudakov, James pushes him back to the corner...

...and then SLAMS his shoulder into the injured ribs, Sudakov howling in pain from the blow as James straightens up, slapping the hand of Jack Lynch.]

GM: Tag made to big brother Jack who steps in... and throws a right hand to the ribs! Sudakov's ribs are hurting, don't forget that. And the Lynches HAVE to take advantage of that. They absolutely have to, Bucky.

BW: They'd be idiots not to which is why I'm surprised they're doing it.

[Grabbing the arm, Jack whips Sudakov across, slamming him backfirst into the Russians corner. Sudakov reaches out a hand but Velikov simply stares at his nephew as Sudakov stumbles back...]

GM: Sudakov was looking for a tag there but he didn't get one...

[Lynch swings Sudakov around, burying a boot in the ribs before wrapping his arms around the gut, powering him up into a gutwrench and taking him down with a suplex.]

GM: Jack Lynch with a cover for one! For two!

[But Sudakov fires a shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Lynch quickly to his feet...

[And the six foot seven inch Texan deadleaps into the air, soaring high before bringing the point of his elbow down into the taped ribs! Lynch quickly applies another press.]

GM: ONE! TWO!! TH-

[The Russian again fires a shoulder off the mat as James Lynch gives a shout to his brother...]

GM: They've got Sudakov in some trouble here, fans.

[Jack Lynch gets to his feet, dragging Sudakov up by the trunks. He scoops the Russian up, slamming him down on the mat near the ropes before slapping the hand of James Lynch...]

GM: What're they doing now?

[James grabs the top rope as Jack pushes it forward and then yanks it towards him, catapulting James over the ropes into a big splash down on the chest of Sudakov!]

GM: CATAPULT SPLASH!! JAMES GOT IT ALL!!

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Sudakov again fires a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Fans, we're just a few minutes into this match but the injured ribs of Kolya Sudakov have proven to be a major problem for him. Again and again, the Lynches are going to the ribs and again and again, they're coming away with some very near falls!

BW: You're right, Gordo. Those ribs have GOT to be in a whole lot of pain because we're not even five minutes into this match yet. I've seen a lot of Kolya Sudakov matches over the years and I know this man would not be going down this hard without having some major physical issues.

GM: They've gotta make the tag. The Russians have got to make the tag if they want to stand a chance in this matchup. Sudakov's crawling across the ring as James Lynch gets to his feet... the Russian War Machine really needs to get out of there...

[Jack shouts something to James who obliges, cutting off Sudakov's route across the ring.]

GM: I think James was going to let Sudakov out of there... perhaps a little too much sportsmanship there... but Jack didn't let him do it.

BW: Jack Lynch might be the only one with a lick of sense in his head if he stopped James from doing that.

[James pulls Sudakov to his feet by the arm, wheeling him around into a whip to the ropes, setting for a backdrop...

...but Sudakov kicks him right in the mush!]

GM: Ohh! Sudakov caught him!

[Sudakov grabs Lynch by the hair, throwing him into the Russians' corner where he slaps the hand of his Uncle.]

GM: Tag is made to Vladimir Velikov, the big 300 pounder.

[The Russian veteran slips through the ropes, burying a knee to the gut of the cornered Lynch. Sudakov steps out as Velikov hammers down on the chest with three big forearms before dragging Lynch away from the corner, scooping him up and slamming him down to the mat.]

GM: Vladimir Velikov with a series of heavy hitting blows there on James Lynch... look out here...

[Hitting the ropes, Velikov bounces off, leaping up, and drops a heavy leg down across the chest!]

GM: Ohh! Big legdrop by the Russian!

[Velikov quickly applies a lateral press, earning a two count before Lynch fires a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Just a two count there off the cover by Velikov and-

[The crowd buzzes as Velikov gets up, slapping the hand of his nephew who was still trying to recover in the corner. Sudakov looks surprised, questioning his Uncle who orders him into the ring.]

GM: There's a tag to Kolya Sudakov and I don't get that at all, Bucky.

BW: Ivan Kostovich seems to like it. It must be part of his strategy.

GM: Which is?

BW: No idea. Why don't you go ask him?

[Sudakov angrily steps through the ropes, snapping off a series of stomps to the chest of James Lynch. He leans down, dragging Lynch off the mat by the hair. The Russian War Machine ducks in, scooping him up into the air...

...and slamming him down to the canvas!]

GM: Sudakov with a big slam...

[And immediately leaps skyhigh, dropping a high impact elbow down into the chest of James Lynch!]

GM: OHHH! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Lynch's shoulder flies up off the mat again!]

GM: So close, Bucky! Kolya Sudakov dropped that high impact elbow and almost won the match right there!

BW: He's a big, powerful guy. Lots of power and impact behind an elbow like that...

[Sudakov leans down, dragging Lynch off the mat by the arm, flinging him back into the neutral corner...

...and charges in, arm outstretched!]

GM: SICKL-

[At the last moment, James Lynch brings the legs up, causing Sudakov to run headlong into two raised bare feet!]

GM: OHHH! LYNCH GOT THE LEGS UP!!

[James Lynch hops up to the middle rope, standing tall...

...and then leaps off, driving his feet into the chin of the Russian War Machine, knocking him flat! Lynch quickly crawls over Sudakov's prone form, hooking the legs...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Sudakov's shoulder flies up off the mat.]

GM: Just a two count there! Sudakov again almost lost this one!

[Lynch drags Sudakov up by the arm, executing an armtwist as he drags him back to the corner, slapping Jack Lynch's hand.]

GM: In comes the big brother... and a big elbow down across the arm of Sudakov...

[Jack Lynch grabs Sudakov by the arm, firing him across the ring...

...and scoops the rebounding Russian up in his arms, twisting, and DRIVING him down to the mat with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM BY LYNCH!!

[Jack Lynch reaches back, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- OHHH! Velikov makes the save!

[The elder Russian drops a big forearm across the back of Lynch's head before quickly exiting the ring. Lynch climbs up slowly, pointing a finger in Velikov's direction before leaning down to grab Sudakov...

...and catching a kick to the ear!]

GM: Ohh! Sudakov caught him leaning in!

[A second kick to the ear sends Lynch falling backwards to the ropes, slipping through them and out to the floor.]

GM: Jack Lynch goes falling out to the floor... look out now...

[Velikov shouts at the official, drawing his attention as Ivan Kostovich rushes in, burying a series of kicks to the chest of the downed Lynch...

...which brings Travis Lynch charging over, chasing Kostovich away. Travis helps his big brother up to his feet, rolling him under the ropes as Sudakov moves in, stomping Lynch into the canvas.]

GM: The former National Champion is laying in those stomps on Jack Lynch... dragging him by the arm to the corner now...

[Sudakov grabs at his ribs as he lets go of the arm, slapping the hand of his Uncle.]

GM: Velikov's back in off the tag... ohh! Big stomp to the face!

[A smirking Velikov pulls Jack Lynch to his feet, throwing a big haymaker to the jaw, sending Lynch falling back to the corner...

...where Lynch fires back, throwing a right hand of his own!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch caught him on the jaw!

[Grabbing the back of Velikov's head, he drags him to the buckles, smashing his head into the top one...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Velikov bounces back, completely dazed as Lynch stalks towards him, throwing a big right hand that knocks Velikov down to his back in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Velikov's down...

[Lynch raises his right hand high over his head...

...and brings it down, smashing a fist down into the skull of Velikov. Lynch quickly takes the mount, cradling the head with his left hand as he hammers away with his right!]

GM: The referee's counting the man!

[Lynch rises at four, letting loose a big whoop to the crowd before he walks away, slapping the hand of James Lynch.]

GM: Another tag for the Lynches, this one brings in James Lynch...

[James dashes to the ropes, rebounding off as Jack ducks down, backdropping his own brother down into a backsplash on the stunned Velikov!]

GM: Ohh! What a move! What a move! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd roars as Sudakov rushes in, burying a kick to the ribs of James Lynch to break the pin. He grimaces as he exits the ring, clutching his ribs.]

GM: Kolya Sudakov saw the future there! He saw his team losing the match and him being sent back to Mother Russia and he ran in there to prevent that from happening!

[James Lynch is slow to his feet, leaning down to pull Velikov to his feet...

...where the elder Russian jabs a thumb into the eye, temporarily blinding Lynch. He ducks down, scooping James Lynch up...]

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

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: So close! So close right there! We almost saw the Lynches advance to the Finals right there!

[Velikov is the first to his feet, burying a boot into the ribs of James Lynch. He grabs the arm, firing him to the buckles...

...and slaps the hand of his injured nephew.]

GM: Another tag to Sudakov. I’m not sure Sudakov should be in the ring at this point.

BW: Well, someone’s gotta be in there!

GM: I think Velikov’s a fresher man than Sudakov right now. He should be in there, Bucky. Keep the fresh man in - how many times have we said that this weekend?

[Sudakov quickly steps in as Velikov hurls James Lynch into the ropes...

...and then grabs his nephew’s wrist, the two taking Lynch down with a running double clothesline!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

[Sudakov throws himself down on James Lynch, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: We’ve got one! We’ve got two! We’ve got-

[But it’s only a two count as James Lynch fires the shoulder off the mat again. A disgruntled Sudakov climbs to his feet, delivering a series of stomps to the ribs, forcing Lynch out to the apron.]

GM: James Lynch gets hammered out to the apron... uh oh, look at this...

[The Russian War Machine steps out to the apron, measuring the rising Lynch...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Round kick to the spine! Right to the lower back of James Lynch!

[Lynch clings to the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Sudakov sets his feet...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the four kicks to the spine has Lynch clinging to the ropes for dear life as Ivan Kostovich shouts instructions from the floor.

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES!"

[Sudakov sets for another kick, winding up...

...but a desperate Lynch leaps up, lashing out with both feet in a dropkick that knocks Sudakov backwards...]

GM: DROPKIC- OHHHHH!

[The crowd gasps along with Gordon as Lynch's desperation dropkick causes him to sail OFF the ring apron, crashing down chestfirst on the barely-padded concrete floor with a thud!]

GM: Good grief, Bucky!

BW: Lynch tried to save himself with that dropkick but he may have just caved in his ribcage at the same time! He hit the floor EXTREMELY hard, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did and-

[And with Velikov drawing the referee's attention, Kostovich buries a series of kicks into the ribs of James Lynch...

...but then runs for it again as Travis Lynch gets to his brother.]

GM: Travis Lynch chases off Kostovich but he did manage to get a few kicks in there...

[The youngest of the Lynch boys helps his brother up again, staring across the ring at Ivan Kostovich who is speaking with Velikov quickly. James Lynch rolls under the ropes where Sudakov pulls him off the mat, flinging him across the ring...

...and DRILLS James Lynch with a rounding kick to the ribcage!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

[Sudakov throws Lynch down to his back, applying a press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, Lynch fires a shoulder off the mat at two. Pushing up to his knees, Sudakov drives his right hand into the ribs over and over again.]

GM: Kolya Sudakov's showing some signs of frustration here, I think.

[The Russian War Machine climbs to his feet, dragging James Lynch up by the hair and shoving him back to the buckles where he slaps the hand of Vladimir Velikov.]

GM: Double team again... another whip...

[The Russians attempt a double clothesline...

...but Lynch ducks under, bouncing off the far side, and lashing out with a split-legged dropkick, a foot to his each chin!]

GM: OHHH! LYNCH DROPS `EM BOTH!!

[The crowd roars at the impact, both Russians down on the canvas as James Lynch rolls to his stomach...]

GM: Lynch is heading for the corner! Lynch is heading for the tag!

[And the crowd EXPLODES as the tag is made to Jack Lynch just as the Russians start to stir...]

GM: In comes big Jack...

[BOOOOOM!]

GM: Down goes Velikov on a clothesline!

[Lynch charges out, throwing a dropkick of his own to the jaw of Kolya Sudakov, sending him falling back down to the canvas!]

GM: Lynch puts down Sudakov!

[Pulling Velikov back to his feet, Lynch fires him into the ropes...]

GM: Velikov off the far side and-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: CLAW!! CLAW!! LYNCH HOOKS THE CLAW!!

[Velikov starts flailing his arms around, trying to free himself from the grip of Jack Lynch.]

GM: Lynch has got the Iron Claw sunk in deep, digging his fingers into the skull of the big Russian! The crowd is going nuts here in Atlanta and we

may be moments away from the Lynches making it to the Finals in this tournament!

[Pulling himself back to his feet, Kolya Sudakov spots his Uncle in serious jeopardy, rushing across the ring...]

GM: SICKLE!

[But before he can connect on Jack Lynch, James Lynch intervenes, catching the incoming Sudakov...]

GM: JAMES HAS GOT THE CLAW AS WELL!! WE'VE GOT A PAIR OF CLAWS IN THE RING!!!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of both Russians trapped inside the Iron Claw...]

...which brings Ivan Kostovich up on the apron!]

GM: Kostovich is on the apron! He's losing his mind! He's-

[And the roof basically blows right off the Forbes Arena as Travis Lynch hops up on the apron...]

...and STICKS the Claw on the head of Ivan Kostovich!]

GM: THREE CLAWS!! THREE CLAWS ALL OVER THE RING!! MY STARS!!

BW: WHAT?! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!

[The crowd is absolutely going nuts as the Lynch Brothers all have the Iron Claw applied to the three Russians. The referee is right in the center of it, checking for a submission...]

...and then diving to the mat as Jack Lynch pushes Velikov down to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THE LYNCHES WIN! THE LYNCHES WIN! THE LYNCHES ARE GOING TO THE FINALS!

[The crowd is ROARING as the Lynches release their clawholds, leaving bodies strewn all over the place as they celebrate their victory!]

PW: Your winners of the match...

THE LYNNNNNNNCHESSSSSS!

[Travis throws Kostovich down to the floor, joining his brothers in the ring where Jack and James celebrate. Velikov rolls from the ring, leaving Sudakov behind.]

GM: The crowd is going nuts for the Lynch boys. They're moving on to the Finals and this is a great moment for that family! But somewhere in all this, you have to realize what this means to Kolya Sudakov.

[The camera cuts to Sudakov, kneeling in the center of the ring, his head bowed.]

GM: A crushing moment for that young man who... by my estimation... probably just saw his professional wrestling career end right here and now in the city of Atlanta, Georgia. The Lynches are moving on to the biggest match of their lives... and Kolya Sudakov may have just had the FINAL match of his life.

[The shot holds on the ring, the Lynches celebrating while Sudakov looks up, shaking his head...

...as we fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner. As we fade back up, we find Jason Dane standing by in the backstage interview area.]

JD: Welcome back to The Stampede Cup, fans. It's been one heck of a night - one heck of a weekend for that matter - but we're not done yet. We've got a little more action still to come including the final two matches in our tournament. In addition... come on in, sir.

[The camera pulls back a bit to reveal Jeremiah King. King's dressed in a sateen, gray button-down shirt and pinstripe dress slacks. He has the Egyptian Tag Team belts draped over both shoulders.]

JD: You asked for interview time tonight for a big announcement.

JK: Yes, Jason. I want the world and faithful AWA fans to hear the biggest news of the year. The Aces SIGNED their contracts tonight!

[Dane goes to ask a question, but is cutoff by King.]

JK: Furthermore, I AM their manager!

[King nods, and quickly cuts Dane off from asking a question.]

JK: After extensive negotiations with the AWA Championship Committee, the Aces have been recognized as legitimate champions within the organization with the Egyptian Tag Team Championship being recognized as the TOP tag team championship in the AWA and being rechristened as the UNIVERSAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP!

[Dane looks suspicious.]

JD: This sounds TOO good, Mr. King.

JK: I can't talk any further, Jason. I'm very busy at the moment, but wanted...

[Suddenly, the Aces come into view. Jeremiah King turns around and visibly starts to sweat. Dane seizes the opportunity.]

JD: Stevie, Danny, is all of this true?

[The Aces don't look too happy. Childes asks for the mic and Dane hands it over.]

SC: Why don't you tell the whole world what really happened backstage, Jeremiah?

[Childes holds the mic to King who looks left and right really wanting a way out of this. Tyler crosses his arms and takes a stance to block any exit attempt.]

JK: Hey... Sweet one... I... uh... I... I told these fans... ya know... the truth.

[Childes pulls the mic back to himself.]

SC: Really? Me and Delish remember it all going down a different way.

[Tyler steps up and takes the mic from his partner.]

DT: You begged us to let you manage us. We said "no." You said you had convinced the Championship Committee to legitimize those belts. We said, "you're a liar." You said you could do more for us than the fans. You called it "occupational interference." I told you, "get the..."

[Stevie pulls the mic from his partner and wags his pointer finger at him. King's face starts to redden.]

SC: Heck.

[Tyler smirks and takes the mic back.]

DT: "Heck away from us." The answer is no. Now you're out here selling the fans a false bill of goods. Way we see it. Every night we come out to wrestle, we have anywhere from a few hundred to a few thousand managers at our side.

[King screams at the mic.]

JK: I can do more for you two than these idiot fans could ever do!

[Tyler rolls his eyes.]

DT: HOTLANTA!

[Big cheer from the crowd inside the arena.]

DT: If you LOVE the Aces, lemme hear ya scream!

[The cheers get louder. Childes and Tyler pump their arms getting the AWA faithful to cheer even louder. After twenty to thirty seconds, the cheers die down.]

DT: You can't do THAT. Keep away from us Jeremiah. Our contract ended the moment we were out of the Stampede Cup.

[King screams at the Aces before storming off the stage with the bogus tag belts.]

DT: Jerry, wait a second.

[King stops and turns around.]

DT: Bucky will probably want his belts back.

[King throws the belts down and screams, "HE CAN HAVE THEM!" before storming off stage. The Aces pick the belts up.]

SC: What's one more night?

DT: Agreed. I figure with that outrageous bill, we've still got two weeks with them.

[The Aces exit the stage as Dane looks on.]

JD: So, the Aces are back... and you can bet that they'll have their eyes on whoever manages to walk out of Atlanta tonight as the winner of this tournament. Who will that be? Will it be the Lynch brothers? The team that just qualified for the Finals? Or will it be one of the two teams that are about to walk that aisle to see who will meet them? We're about to find out who will face Jack and James Lynch with all the fortune and glory on the line so let's go down to Phil Watson!

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

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
SEMIFINALS
VIOLENCE UNLIMITED VS DYNASTY**

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a forty-five minute time limit and it is the final Semifinal match in the Stampede Cup tournament. The winning team will move on to the Finals to face the Lynch Brothers.

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The first beats of "Chase" by Giorgio Moroder begin to play and the fans look eagerly toward the locker room entrance.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, making their to ring area, at a total combined weight of 459 lbs., I give you "Incredible" Idol Austin and "High Society" Eugene Robinson...

THIS...

IS...

DYYYYYYYYYYYYNAAASTYYYY
YYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

[Austin and Robinson make their way out of the back and soak in the crowd reaction. The two men take a little time to jaw at the fans as they make their way to ringside. Each man mounts the steps and climbs through the ropes before mounting opposite turnbuckles with their arms high in the air.]

GM: Dynasty has wrestled ONE match in five years and now find themselves one victory away from wrestling for one million dollars, Bucky.

BW: It's a heck of a thing, Gordo. You look up and down the bracket at the twenty-four teams that were entered into this thing. Guys who've been wrestling day in and day out for a long, long time trying to earn their way into the top spot in this tournament. And then there's Dynasty, riding their reputation into a high seed... getting lucky with a second round bye... and just waltzing into the later rounds. Two wins away from a million dollars. Unbelievable.

[The music starts to fade as it is replaced with Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil."]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[And here comes the Number One contenders to the National Tag Team Titles and the reigning Stampede Cup champions.]

GM: Here they come, fans!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Weighing in at 595 pounds... Jackson Haynes... Danny Morton...

VIIIIIOOOOLENNNNNCE UNNNNLIMITED!

[Haynes and Morton storm into view, still dressed as they were for the Quarterfinals. Haynes' facepaint looks to have smeared off in spots and somehow is even more unsettling as they head down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: The Number One contenders to the AWA National Tag Team Champions. The reigning Stampede Cup champions. Are these two men the best tag team in the world? They believe they are but they've gotta win two more matches to prove that to everyone else!

[Haynes and Morton rush the ring, not risking a sneak attack like they suffered in the Quarters...

...but Robinson and Austin aren't having any of that, bailing out to the floor.]

GM: Dynasty hits the road on that one! They're not gonna get bullrushed by Violence Unlimited!

[Morton climbs up on the middle rope, leaning over the ropes to shout at Austin and Robinson. Robinson shouts something in response as Haynes marches around the ring, shouting over and over.]

GM: And Violence Unlimited remains fired up! They rolled over the Rockstar Express fairly quickly and you've gotta expect that Dynasty was watching that.

BW: If they didn't see it as it happened, you know they've seen it by now.

[The referee backs off Morton and Haynes towards their corner as Austin drags himself up on the apron. He points at the larger opponents as they head back to the corner. Robinson then pulls himself up as well, huddling up with his long-time partner as Scott Von Braun walks back to their side of the ring, ordering of them in.]

GM: It looks like it's going to be Idol Austin starting things off... whoa, brother... with Jackson Haynes!

BW: This guy is nuts. He's certifiable, Gordo.

[Haynes marches around the ring, occasionally stomping to slam an arm into a turnbuckle. Austin is moving fast to avoid him as the bell rings, trying to stay away from Haynes.]

GM: Here we go! And the Hammer is comin' for Idol Austin!

[Austin soon finds himself in the grasp of Haynes...

...and thrown down to the mat!]

GM: Big show of pow- he's on top of him! He's on top of him!

[Haynes wastes no time in taking the mount, hammering away with right hands to the skull of Idol Austin!]

GM: He's hammering away on Idol Austin!

[The crowd roars as Haynes tees off on Austin. Eugene Robinson steps in, charging from the blind side...

...and gets rocked with a right hand from Haynes as he gets to his feet!]

GM: Haynes catches Robinson coming in and-

[Grabbing Robinson by the hair, Haynes HURLS him through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Jackson Haynes is bringing the pain here tonight in Atlanta!

[With Robinson out of the picture, Haynes yanks Austin into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's going for the powerbomb! We saw this earli-

[But Idol Austin is ready for it, straightening up and backdropping Haynes over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! AUSTIN SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR!!

[And Eugene Robinson is waiting for Haynes out there, laying in the boots to the ribs and chest of the Hammer. Robinson leans down, pulling Haynes to his feet by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING!! EUGENE ROBINSON SENDS HAYNES INTO THE STEEL!!

[Dropping down off the apron, Danny Morton marches around the ring, chasing off Eugene Robinson as Professor Pain gets to his partner, helping him up off the barricade.]

GM: Morton chased off Robinson but the damage has been done out there on the floor, fans. Eugene Robinson got in a couple of cheap shots on Jackson Haynes to take some of the fight out of him.

[Haynes pulls himself up on the apron as Idol Austin tees off, throwing big right hands to the skull of Haynes. Austin throws a big chop across the chest, nearly knocking Haynes back off the apron but the Hammer hangs on to the top rope, staying on his feet as Austin grabs a handful of hair, rushing down the length of the ropes...

...and SLAMS Haynes' skull into the ringpost, sending him crashing back down to the floor!]

GM: Idol Austin takes Haynes off his feet! And somehow, Dynasty has managed to slow down Violence Unlimited and have used their experience and dastardly deeds to get Haynes in some serious trouble.

[Austin drops down to the mat, rolling out to the floor. He pulls Haynes off the floor by the hair, throwing a big chop that sends Haynes falling back into the steel railing. Austin grabs the arm...

...and HURLS Haynes spinefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE APRON!!

[The crowd jeers as Idol Austin moves in, wrapping his hands around the throat of the Hammer, strangling the air out of him. He moves to a side headlock, hammering away with fists to the skull before shoving Haynes under the ropes back into the ring before Austin rolls back in as well.]

GM: Idol Austin and Eugene Robinson have got Jackson Haynes in some serious trouble early in the match here... and there's the tag to Eugene Robinson...

[Robinson gestures to Austin, swiftly scaling the ropes as Haynes lies flat on his back on the canvas...]

GM: Dynasty's going for the kill! They're setting up for the Rocket Launcher!

[Austin reaches up, grabbing Robinson and flinging him off the top towards the downed Haynes...]

...but Haynes brings up the knees at the last moment!]

GM: OHHH! KNEES! DOWN ON THE KNEES!!

[Robinson bounces off the knees, rolling away as the crowd roars.]

GM: Jackson Haynes got the knees up and Eugene Robinson landed right down on them!

[The crowd roars as Von Braun forces Idol Austin out of the ring, the rulebreaking veteran losing his mind as Haynes crawls across the ring towards his partner...]

GM: Morton wants the tag! Morton wants the tag!

[The big brawler from Oklahoma is slapping himself in the face, firing himself up as Haynes crawls closer and closer until...]

GM: TAG!

[Professor Pain steps into the ring, rushing into sight...]

...and Idol Austin shoves past Von Braun, trying to get in there.]

GM: MORTON!

[The crowd roars as Danny Morton runs over an incoming Idol Austin, knocking him flat with a running clothesline!]

GM: Down goes Austin!

[Swinging around, Morton plants his fist into the mat...]

GM: Three point stance!

[As a dazed Robinson gets back to his feet, Morton charges him, knocking him end over end with a running football tackle!]

GM: Big tackle!

[Morton swings back around, dropping into three point stance again...

...and runs right over Idol Austin, knocking him flat as well! The crowd roars for Morton's high impact offense!]

GM: Another one! Dynasty is getting rocked by Danny Morton!

BW: And where have we seen THIS before?

GM: Robinson and Austin are suffering the same fate that the Rockstar Express suffered earlier tonight. They're in some serious trouble right here, Bucky.

[Morton leans down, yanking Robinson to his feet by the back of the trunks...

...and tugs him into the side waistlock. The crowd EXPLODES!]

GM: He's got him hooked! He's going for the Backdrop Driv-

[Idol Austin frantically shoves a thumb into the eye of Danny Morton, preventing himself from being taken over and down with the Backdrop Driver!]

GM: Ohh! Austin went to the eyes!

BW: He had to! He had no choice! We saw the Backdrop Driver earlier tonight! If he'd been hit with that, this match - and the tournament for Dynasty - would be over!

[Austin, the 23-year veteran grabs the back of Morton's trunks, hurling him OVER the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: Good grief! Austin sends him over the top to the floor!

[Idol Austin quickly steps through the ropes, dropping out to the floor after his opponent. He grabs two hands full of Morton's hair, SLAMMING his skull into the ring apron!]

GM: Facefirst into the edge of the ring!

[Austin swings him around to his rear, sitting against the ring apron as Austin hammers away with right hands to the forehead of the American Murder Machine...

...and then buries a boot in the face, knocking Morton down to his back on the floor!]

GM: And I think we've seen what Idol Austin and Eugene Robinson have decided is how they might win this match. They're taking this to the extreme. They're taking it to the floor, cheating their tails off!

BW: Cheating?!

GM: Did you miss the eyegouge?!

BW: Oh, that's nothing, Myers! Give ME a break!

[Austin grabs Morton by the hair with both hands again, dragging him off the floor...

...and SLAMS his skull into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Austin quickly moves away, rolling back into the ring...

...and begins waving for Von Braun to count Morton out.]

GM: Would you look at this? Idol Austin's trying to get Morton counted out! He's trying to get him counted out!

BW: It's brilliant! A countout's as good as any other kind of win in this tournament. If Idol Austin can engineer a countout win here, Dynasty is heading for the Finals!

GM: Scott Von Braun seems reluctant to count, Bucky.

BW: What?! Why?! Count, you old fossil!

[Von Braun counts... slowly.]

GM: This is one of the slowest counts I've ever seen. Scott Von Braun is a wrestler at heart, Bucky. He's the kind of man who wants to see this thing go to a finish if he can. He doesn't want a countout... I don't want a countout... these people don't want a countout!

BW: He's got a job to do it, damn it! I don't care what you, he, the people, or anyone else wants! Dynasty wants a countout and they want to move on the Finals to face the Lynches! Count, you idiot!

[The count reaches three as Morton rolls to his back, blood streaming from his forehead.]

GM: Danny Morton is busted open, fans! Morton's head has been split wide open.

[Von Braun continues the count, reaching five as Morton sits up, scooting back to lean against the apron. He reaches both arms up, stretching for the ropes...]

GM: He's trying to pull himself up...

[Grabbing a handful of apron, Morton drags himself to a knee, breathing heavily with the blood flowing heavily down his head...]

...and seeing that Morton's gonna make it, Austin rushes across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide that sends Morton sailing backwards, crashing into the ringside barricade!]

GM: Ohh! Idol Austin with the baseball slide and... what's this all about?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Austin leans down, tearing at the thin padding on the floor.]

GM: He's trying to rip up the protective padding that's on the floor here at ringside!

BW: I don't know why he's doing it but I like it, Gordo! This is the kind of ruthlessness you need to win a tournament like this... and to beat a team like Violence Unlimited!

[Austin rips a section of padding up, folding it over upon itself, revealing a section of exposed basketball court. He grabs Morton by the hair...]

...and gets a right hand to the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Right hand to the gut!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Morton throws two big haymakers to the skull of Idol Austin, knocking the rulebreaker backwards.]

GM: Morton hammers him back!

[The Oklahoma native rushes forward towards Austin...]

...who sidesteps, taking Morton down with a drop toehold, sending Morton's face CRASHING down to the exposed floor!]

GM: OHH! FACEFIRST TO THE FLOOR!!

[Austin drops down to his knees, grabbing two hands full of Morton's hair and SLAMS his face into the exposed floor!]

GM: Facefirst to the floor again... good grief!

[The veteran climbs back to his feet, unleashing a series of stomps to the back of the head, repeatedly driving Morton's face into the basketball floor. Finally, Jackson Haynes has seen enough, dropping down off the apron and rushing around the ring...

...but Scott Von Braun slides out to the floor, cutting off the charge of the Hammer, forcing him back!]

GM: Von Braun just got in Haynes' way! Jackson Haynes almost got there but Von Braun got there in time and... look at this! What the hell is this?!

[Eugene Robinson drops out to the floor, moving over to help his partner. Together, the two muscle the bloody Morton up into the air...

...and DROP him facefirst on the exposed floor again!]

GM: GOOD GOD!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

BW: The Flapjack on the floor! Danny Morton's face - his head - just BOUNCED off the floor! This is serious trouble for Violence Unlimited! If they thought they were rolling over Dynasty to get to the Finals, they were sadly mistake, Gordo!

[Austin hauls Morton off the mat, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring. Austin crawls in after him, diving across the barrel-chested man from Oklahoma.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got th-

[The bloodied Morton slips a shoulder up, breaking the pin attempt just before the three count comes down.]

GM: A nearfall there for the reigning Stampede Cup champions! They were less than a half count away from being eliminated from this tournament and sending Dynasty on to the Finals to face the Lynch brothers!

[Austin pushes back to his feet, delivering a pair of stomps to Morton before walking to the corner, slapping the hand of Eugene Robinson.]

GM: In comes the high flyer... he's heading up top...

[Austin dives on the legs of Morton, holding him down...]

GM: Robinson's up top! He's gonna fly!

[The crowd roars as Robinson leaps off the top, flipping forward in a swanton dive...

...and CRASHES down across the chest of the floored Professor Pain!]

GM: BIG DIVE OFF THE TOP!!

[Robinson flips over, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Morton's shoulder flies off the canvas, just barely beating the three count again!]

GM: Almost! He almost had him again! Dynasty is on the verge of moving on to the Finals, fans! I don't know what it's gonna take to put Danny Morton down for a three count but...

[Robinson rolls into a straddle, grabbing a handful of Morton's hair, and Robinson starts hammering the blood-covered forehead of his opponent and then shoves him back down to the mat.]

GM: Eugene Robinson is trying to further bust open that skull.

BW: I don't know if it's even possible to FURTHER bust open that skull. His head is gushing blood...

[Robinson climbs to his feet, smirking at the jeering crowd...

...and spitting right at Jackson Haynes! The Hammer charges in!]

GM: HAYNES IS COMIN' FOR HIM!

[But again, Scott Von Braun gets in the way, cutting off Haynes' charge...

...and Robinson waves Austin back into the ring. The former World Tag Team Champions drag Morton back up to his feet, Austin hoisting Morton up in a belly-to-back suplex...]

GM: He's got Morton up... what in the...

[Robinson reaches back, hooking Morton around the neck...

...and drops down in unison with Austin, snapping the bloodied Morton down to the canvas!]

GM: Neckbreaker! What a move by Dynasty!

[Robinson applies a lateral press as Idol Austin exits the ring...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[A lunging save by Jackson Haynes, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: THE HAMMER WITH THE SAVE!!

[And Haynes gets to his feet, "hammering" away at Eugene Robinson who rushes in to attack him. A series of heavy blows backs Robinson to the corner where Haynes grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Big whip to the corn- OHHHHH! BIG CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!!

[Haynes fires Robinson across again, charging to the opposite corner to land another big clothesline in the buckles!]

GM: Back to back clotheslines on Robinson!

[Robinson staggers out into a boot to the gut. The Hammer yanks Robinson into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh! He's got him hooked!

[The crowd roars as Haynes gets ready to pick him up...

...but Idol Austin drills Haynes with a double axehandle to the back of the head, breaking up the powerbomb attempt.]

GM: Austin blocks it!

[Grabbing the arms of the Hammer, Austin holds him as Robinson exits the ring, climbing up the ropes...

...and leaping off, feet at the ready!]

GM: DROPKICK OFF THE TOP!!

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!! ROBINSON NAILED HIS OWN PARTNER WITH A DROPKICK OFF THE TOP!!

[Idol Austin hits the mat hard, having sailed across the ring from the impact of the big dropkick. Robinson pops up to his feet, a look of shock on his face...

...and gets a big boot to the gut by Haynes!]

GM: The Hammer with a boot to the gut...

[And yanks him into a standing headscissors again. The crowd roars as Haynes hoists Robinson up into the air...

...and LAUNCHES him into the buckles with thunderous impact!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! ROBINSON HITS THE CORNER HARD!!!

[Robinson slumps down to a seated position in the corner as the Hammer lets out a huge roar...

...and then steps out to the apron, screaming at his partner as he slaps the top turnbuckle again and again and again...]

GM: Jackson Haynes is trying to get the tag! He wants the tag! He's screaming for Danny Morton to make the tag!

"TEN MINUTES EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES!"

[The badly bloodied Morton crawls across the ring, looking to try and make that tag to Jackson Haynes who has his hand outstretched...]

GM: Morton's trying to get there! Danny Morton's trying to get there and make that tag!

[But Idol Austin crawls over, throwing himself across the back of Morton, just barely getting to him before he's able to tag in Jackson Haynes.]

GM: Ohh! He just barely got there, fans! He just barely stopped that tag!

[Austin rolls Morton to his back, hammering him with right hands to the bloodied skull...

...and then grabs the foot of Morton, dragging him back across the ring away from his waiting partner. The crowd jeers loudly as Haynes buries his head in his hands in frustration, bellowing loudly as Austin lays in a few stomps to the downed Morton.]

GM: Idol Austin just barely cut off the tag... now what? Now what does he do? His partner is laid out from that turnbuckle powerbomb!

[Idol Austin drags the bloodied Morton off the mat by the back of the trunks before grabbing his hair, smashing his head into the buckles. A second one follows, leaving the bloody Morton leaning against the buckles...

...and Austin hooks a rear waistlock on him.]

GM: What in the...?

[Austin waits... working up the strength...

...and somehow powers Morton up and over, throwing him down with a released German suplex!]

GM: OHHHH! HE PLANTED HIM!! HE PLANTED HIM!!

[Idol Austin crawls across the ring, throwing himself into a lateral press.]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HAYNES MAKES THE SAVE!! HAYNES MAKES THE SAVE!!

[A furious Jackson Haynes pulls Austin up by the hair, rearing back a right hand...

...but Von Braun grabs the arm, preventing the haymaker!]

GM: He stopped him! Von Braun stopped the right hand!

[And Idol Austin suckerpunches him in response, earning an immediate tongue-lashing from Scott Von Braun.]

GM: Ohh, come on! Scott Von Braun is trying very hard in there to keep this under control but he may have gone too far right there!

[Von Braun turns around, trying to get Haynes out of the ring...

...and Haynes violently shoved him aside, charging towards Austin and drilling him with repeated blows to the head, knocking Idol Austin back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: HE'S GOT AUSTIN ON THE ROPES!!

[Haynes climbs up to the midbuckle, raining down blows to the head.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Jackson Haynes hops down off the middle rope, letting loose a big whoop to the crowd as he grabs Austin by the hair, dragging him out of the corner...

...and yanking him into a standing headscissors to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: He's going for the powerbomb!

[Haynes hoists Austin straight up into the air, delaying for a moment at the peak of the lift...

...the delay being all Idol Austin needs as he rakes his fingers across the eyes of the Hammer, temporarily blinding him!]

GM: Ohh! Austin goes to the eyes!

[Swinging Haynes around, Austin grabs a handful of trunks, HURLING Haynes over the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: OHHH! AUSTIN SENDS HAYNES TO THE FLOOR!!

[The 46 year old mounts the middle rope, shouting insults down on the hurting Jackson Haynes. He hops down, arrogantly turning around as the crowd roars...

...and Austin gets drilled with a running dropkick to the jaw from the bloodied Danny Morton, sending him THROUGH the ropes and out to the floor with a thud!]

GM: MORTON WITH THE DROPKICK!!

[The bloodied Morton gets to his feet, slapping himself repeatedly in the face as he shouts to the crowd. He dashes to the far ropes, rebounding off at top speed...

...and HURLS himself through the ropes, crashing onto a stunned Idol Austin!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MORTON WITH A DIVE!! HE TAKES OUT IDOL AUSTIN!!

[With bodies strewn all over the ringside area, Eugene Robinson climbs to his feet...

...and the crowd begins to roar.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: Do it! DO IT!

GM: Eugene Robinson is 43 years old, fans! Ten years ago, he flew around the ring with the best of them but he's 43 years old now! He can't do it! He can't do it!

[But it seems like you can't tell Eugene Robinson what he can and can't do, heading across the ring to the corner, climbing the turnbuckles. Reaching the top rope, Robinson balances himself up top, looking down at his partner and their two opponents as they all struggle to get off the floor to their feet...]

GM: He's gonna fly!

[Robinson hurls himself off the top rope, going into a front flip...

...and WIPES out all three men with a huge somersault dive off the top rope to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE WIPED `EM OUT!! HE WIPED `EM ALL OUT!! EUGENE ROBINSON JUST THREW HIS 43 YEAR OLD BODY OFF THE TOP ROPE IN A DEATH-DEFYING DIVE!! MY STARS IN HEAVEN, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!

[The crowd is still roaring as Idol Austin is the first to rise, shaking his head to try and clear the cobwebs. He drags the bloodied Morton off the mat, chucking him under the ropes back into the ring.]

GM: Idol Austin's back in... he's going for it all now.

BW: This is the best chance he's gonna get! He's got Haynes down! Robinson's down too but he doesn't need him right now!

[Austin pulls Morton back to his feet...

...and drags him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: He's calling for the piledriver! He's gonna piledrive Danny Morton!

[But Morton has other ideas, standing straight up, hanging onto the legs of Idol Austin...

...and then SNAPS him over, the back of Austin's skull BOUNCING off the canvas before Morton falls atop him!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MORTON ALMOST GOT HIM!! My stars, what a war!

BW: This is what it's all about, Gordo! Two of the best tag teams in the world battling it out... and this ain't even in the Finals, daddy!

GM: By God, you're right! The winner of this still has to face the Lynch Brothers!

[This time, it's the bloodied Danny Morton who is the first to his feet, throwing Idol Austin back into the corner. Austin's chest slams into the corner, stumbling backwards...

...into the waiting arms of Morton!]

GM: MORTON'S GOT HIM! MORTON'S GOT HIM!!

[But before he can attempt the Backdrop Driver, Idol Austin jabs a thumb into the eye of Danny Morton again!]

GM: Ohh! He goes to the eyes again!

[Austin grabs two hands full of hair, SLAMMING Morton facefirst into the buckles. He hooks the dazed Morton around the waist...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

BW: DO IT!

[Austin hoists Morton up, dropping him down on the back of his head and neck with a sloppy version of the Backdrop Driver!]

GM: BACKDROP DRIVER! BACKDROP DRIV-

[But the sloppiness of it leads to a lack of effectiveness as well. Danny Morton gets to his feet, standing behind a celebrating Idol Austin who is taunting the crowd!]

GM: Look behind you, Idol!

BW: No! Don't do it!

[And as Idol Austin turns around, he goes white at the sight of Danny Morton who flexes both arms in front of him, sticking out his tongue...

...and then DRILLS Austin with a short running lariat!]

GM: OHHHHHHH! HE DRILLED HIM!! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Nodding to the roaring crowd, the bloodied Morton pulls a dazed Idol Austin off the mat, yanking him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery but I don't think Morton is impressed!

BW: But he's gonna make a SERIOUS impression on Idol Austin if he hits this!

[With a roar, Morton hoists Idol Austin into the air...

...and DUMPS him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: BACKDROP DRIVER!! BACKDROP DRIVER!!

[Morton flips Austin to his back, diving across the chest.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the bloodied Danny Morton as he climbs to his feet, Scott Von Braun hoisting his powerful arm into the air in victory.

Morton snatches the arm away, glaring into the camera through blood-covered eyes...

...and lifts one finger.]

GM: One more. One more win, fans.

BW: What a match. I can't believe it.

GM: Dynasty came so close... time and time again, they came so close to winning this match but in the end, Violence Unlimited managed to score the victory. Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton have won this incredible showdown and they're... yeah, they're heading to the Finals where the Lynches are going to be there waiting for them.

BW: Dynasty took `em to the limit... and what kind of condition are Haynes and more importantly, Danny Morton, gonna be in in the Finals? Hell, can Danny Morton even MAKE IT to the Finals?

GM: Danny Morton once wrestled in an afternoon show and got his head split open. He got 108 stitches in his head and then wrestled in a match later that night. Trust me, Bucky... he'll be there. Fans, we've gotta take a break and we'll be right back with more action here from Atlanta, Georgia!

[Fade to black.

We fade back from black to a shot of a pair of young kids sitting in an inflatable pool on what appears to be a really hot day.

Kid #1: It's so hot.

Kid #2: It's really hot. I feel like I'm going to melt into this pool.

Kid #1: You know what we could really use?

[With an EXPLOSION OF LIGHT AND SMOKE, we get Sweet Daddy Williams, holding an ice cream bar in each hand.]

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

[A voiceover begins as the kids grab the ice cream from a reluctant SDW.]

VO: Just in time for all your end-of-summer parties, the AWA Ice Cream Bars feature a graham cracker crust imprinted with your favorite AWA stars like:

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

[And then back to a grinning Sweet Daddy Williams.]

SDW: And me!

[The rotund fan favorite takes a big bite, grinning a big ice cream-covered smile.]

VO: Try it now in vanilla, chocolate, strawberry, and mint chocolate chip! Available now at AWA events everywhere and your local Walgreens!

[Back to the kids and SDW eating ice cream as we fade to black.

As we fade back up, we come up on Phil Watson down in the ring.]

PW: Our next match, is a special BONUS MATCH! Introducing now, Skywalker Jones' personal announcer...Buford P. Higgins!

[Just then, the sharply dressed, Buford P. Higgins steps into the ring, dressed as usual, in an all-white suit. Bringing the microphone to his lips, the dapper Southern gentleman begins his spiel...]

BPH: HOTLANTA, GEORGIA! It's time to rise up, because the greatest is coming right at'cha in live and living color! He weighs in at a magnificent, flawless, diamond cut TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS! He is the number one stunna! The feel good hit of the summer! Defying the laws of gravity for YOUR pleasure; He is half-man, half-spectacular _and_ half-amazing! From Hot Coffee, Mississippi!

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath.]

BPH:

JOOONNNNN
NNNNNNNNNEEEEESSS!!!!

["All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khalid, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the man that emerges from the entrance dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chisled, bare torso. Skywalker Jones stops at the top of the aisle and "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. Jones is a lean, well-muscled, athletically built African-American male with a mini-fro and goatee. He has a swagger in his step as he passes through the crowd of cheerleaders, making his way down to the ring. Higgins is there to greet him, taking his furcoat and personal effects, before holding open the ropes for him as he steps through the ropes. He climbs up to the

second turnbuckle and plays to the crowd, as Phil Watson returns to the middle of the ring.]

BW: Alright, Skywalker Jones! This kid always delivers the goods, Gordo!

GM: Skywalker Jones is the first participant in this match... Bucky, did you happen to hear earlier when Jon Stegglet announced his opponent?

BW: Huh? No, why would I listen to Stegglet? Does it even matter? He's the main attraction here! His opponent can be anyone and it wouldn't matter to m-

[Bucky's ranting is cut off as suddenly, a booming voice is heard over the PA.]

YOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

BW: GAH!!!

PW: Introducing his opponent! From Alpharetta, Georgia...weighing in at three hundred and sixty-six pounds...

...he is the Master of the Mic... B.C. DA MASTAH MC!

[The crowd pops huge for their homestate boy, as the young, up and coming fan favorite, B.C. Da Mastah MC enters the aisleway and starts dancing down the aisle. Of course, B.C. has a mic in his hand.]

BC: My name is B.C.!
Da Mastah M.C.!
Gonna' show the world,
Jones ain't got anything on me!

Skywalker's all show!
Imma' gonna' kick his tail!
At the Stampede Cup,
Jones is set for epic fail!

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

[B.C. makes his way to ringside, and pulls himself up on the apron. B.C. then looks out over the crowd and continues his rap.]

BW: I take back what I said! This is the absolute worst person to put it in the ring! His raps never get any better...if anything, they get worse every week!

GM: There's nothing wrong with his raps, Bucky...come on, loosen up a little. The fans love this guy!

BW: NEVER!

[The bell rings as Jones and BC circle each other. Jones seems hesitant to move in for the collar-and-elbow tieup with the much larger rapper. They finally tieup and BC easily shoves him down, drawing a loud cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Listen to this crowd! They love BC!

BW: These sheep just love rooting for another failure from Georgia! Just like Sweet Daddy and just like Tommy Fierro!

[Skywalker gets back to his feet, once again hesitantly locking up with BC. BC ducks down, catching Jones in a waistlock.]

GM: BC with a waistlock...[Boos!] Oh! Jones catches him with a back elbow!

[With BC stunned from the cheapshot, Jones runs into the ropes, but the rapper sends him down to the canvas with a shoulderblock!]

GM: Big shoulder tackle from BC da Mastah MC puts Skywalker Jones flat on his back! That was like running into a wall!

BW: Yeah, a wall of blubber! Jones needs to use his speed against this tub of lard.

[Da Mastah MC tries to pick up Jones, but he's met with a cross-chop right to the throat that sends him staggering back. Jones tries to whip him into the ropes, but the larger man easily reverses it. As Jones rebounds, BC catches him in a military press, lifting him into the air and holding him there!]

GM: OH! BC has Jones up high...

[POP!]

GM: ...and sends him down hard!

[Jones arches his back in pain as he hit the mat. He gets back to his feet, where BC leaps(!?) as high as his 366 lbs frame can allow him to, sending Jones to the outside with a dropkick!]

GM: BC showing off his agility there with a big dropkick!

BW: I'm surprised he didn't get stuck in the air when he jumped!

GM: And all the way to the outside goes Skywalker Jones!

[A stunned Jones holds up his hands and makes a "T" signaling for a timeout, as Buford P. Higgins is immediately by his side, cooling him off with a towel. However, BC stays on the attack, rolling out of the ring and making a beeline for Jones. He grabs a retreating Jones and tosses him back into the ring.]

GM: Skywalker Jones finding out that there's no timeouts in wrestling! BC stays on the attack!

[However, before he can go back in, Higgins yells out to the rapper, distracting BC long enough for Jones to catch him with a dropkick between the ropes that sends him into the railing!]

GM: A distraction from Buford P. Higgins allows Skywalker Jones to catch BC with a cheapshot from behind!

BW: Heck, I'd be distracted by Higgins too. That man's wardrobe is spectacular!

GM: Oh, come on now!

[Holding onto the top rope, Jones skins the cat, pulling himself over the top rope and back into the ring. As BC turns his attention back to the ring, Jones is still holding onto the top rope, slinging himself over the top and onto da Mastah MC with a twisting plancha!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: A BREATHTAKING LEAP FROM SKYWALKER JONES!

BW: There we go, Gordo! BC the Obese MC and Jones are both rookies, but the difference in talent is huge!

[Still whooping it up after hitting his dive, Jones leaps onto the top rope and performs a superfluous backflip back into the ring, landing on his feet. He turns to the referee and points to the downed BC, yelling, "Count him out!", drawing a round of boos from the crowd.]

GM: And I don't think Skywalker Jones wants to take on BC's power anymore...he's calling for a countout!

BW: The power of his stench, maybe...I can smell that hippo from here.

[BC shakes out the cobwebs, as he pulls himself up along the guardrails. Meanwhile, Skywalker Jones counts along with the referee, urging him to count faster once he notices BC stirring.]

GM: We're up to six now and BC's getting back to his feet! The big man from Alpharetta won't stay down!

BW: If gravity was doing its job, he would!

[BC gets back onto the apron at the count of eight, rolling back into the ring as Jones springs up onto the second rope and then holds his body in a near vertical position before dropping a knee between his shoulderblades! He

pulls BC to his feet and whips him into the corner, charging in with a spinning leg lariat and landing on the apron in one smooth motion!]

GM: Spinning kick by Skywalker Jones sends him all the way onto the apron...

SMAAACK!

GM: ...and there's a leaping kick to the back of the head by Jones from the apron!

BW: Watch this, Gordo, 'cause Jones is getting ready for takeoff!

[As BC stumbles out from the corner holding the back of his head, Jones grabs onto the top rope and pulls himself up, springboarding into the ring and burying both of his feet into the rapper's chest with a front dropkick!]

GM: BIG SPRINGING DROPKICK FROM JONES AND THE COVER! No! Only two!

BW: Have you ever seen anyone get that sort of height leaping off the ropes like that, Gordo?

GM: In his case, calling him "Skywalker" might not be an exaggeration...his athleticism is as good as any I've seen in all my years in professional wrestling.

[Slapping his hands on the mat in frustration, Jones stomps away at BC and then straightens up. He looks out to the crowd with a big smile and then makes a big show of brushing some imaginary dirt off his shoulder as the fans react with a mixture of cheers and boos. Jones then deadleaps into the air, swinging his right arm down into an elbowdrop...and misses!]

GM: OH! That big leaping elbowdrop from Skywalker Jones hits nothing but canvas! His showboating cost him right there!

BW: How can you even miss a target that big!? It's like falling off a boat and missing the water!

GM: BC is up... [Pop!] Oh! A clothesline! [Pop!] And another! Jones into the ropes...

THHUUUD!

BW: NO!

GM: AND A BIG POWERSLAM! This might do it! No! Jones kicks out!

BW: That's right! That's not nearly enough to finish off a blue-chipper like Jones!

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Halfway into this special bonus match and Skywalker Jones is facing his toughest challenge in the AWA, yet!

BW: Taking it to five minutes with Jones might be a moral victory for TP the Flatulent MC, but no way he's a challenge!

GM: Well, Skywalker Jones certainly looks to be in trouble right now. Whip into the corner...[POP!] OHHHHH MY! BIG AVALANCHE!

[A flattened Skywalker Jones staggers from out of the corner and takes a face-flop onto the canvas as BC pumps his fist in the air. A shout of "YO! YO! YO! YO! YO! YO!" is quickly answered by the cheering crowd:

"GO! GO! GO! GO! GO! GO!"

...as BC steps out to the apron and begins to climb the ropes!]

BW: Oh no! No! NO WAY, Gordo! This isn't happening!

GM: BC's going for his big splash...the Turntable!

[The big man makes his ascent slowly, motioning for his music to play as his foot touches the top turnbuckle!]

BW: You're complaining about Skywalker showboating!? Why the heck does this fat oaf's music play before the match is even over!?

GM: Well...

[Before Gordon can answer however, Skywalker Jones gets back on his feet and rushes in towards the corner with blazing speed, taking BC's legs out from under him!]

GM: OH! Skywalker Jones back up and BC just hit the turnbuckles hard!

BW: I don't think he'll be rapping anymore, when he's sounding like a soprano, Gordo!

[The pain clearly etched on his face, BC tilts over and falls back into the ring, clutching his nether regions. Jones tries to press his attack, but is met with a headbutt to the midsection. A forearm staggers Jones back further.]

GM: He's down, but not out! BC's fighting back!

[BC slowly rises to his feet and then lumbers towards Jones, throwing a wild clothesline, that Jones ducks. As he spins around, the next thing he sees is

Skywalker's backflipping into the air...before SMASHING his foot atop his head!]

BW: HOLY COW!

GM: A backflip KICK! Shades of...of soccer star, Pele!

BW: Look at BC! The lights are on, but nobody's home!

[Indeed. There's a glazed over look in BC's eyes as he stumbles backwards. Skywalker gets to his feet and follows his movements, before pointing to a spot on the canvas...the exact spot where BC falls! Jones pumps a fist as the crowd reacts with a smattering of boos.]

BW: HA!

GM: And now it's Jones' turn to go up top!

[Wasting no time, Skywalker Jones makes it to the top rope in one leap. He mockingly screams "YO! YO! YO! YO!" before arching back...and leaping off with a spectacular 450 splash!]

GM: There's the one-and-a-half bellyflopper!

BW: THE IN YOUR FACE, DISGRACE!

GM: Whatever you call it, he hit it all!

[The ref drops down to count as Jones lays his back across BC's chest and hooks a leg, throwing one, two, and then three fingers into the air as the crowd counts along! ONE! TWO! THREE!]

BPH: The winner, as always...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath.]

BPH:
JOOONNNN
NNNNNNNNNEEEEESSS!!!!

[Skywalker gets to his feet and strikes Usain Bolt's "To the World" double point pose, as a deciding majority of boos from the disappointed Georgian crowd rain down on him.]

GM: Skywalker Jones with another impressive victory here in Atlanta in a special non-tournament matchup. It was another strong showing for B.C. Da Mastah MC but in the end, it was the athleticism of Skywalker Jones that notched another victory for him. Fans, we're going to take one more break here tonight and then we'll be right back for the Stampede Cup Finals! Don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

And then come back on in the midst of what appears to be a rock and roll concert. The band on stage is lit up in a sea of smoke and bright colored lighting that flashes on and off to a pattern.

A voiceover comes over the raging music.]

VO: Are you a fan of ROCK AND ROLL?!

[The shot cuts to one of the band members just ripping and hammering away at a guitar solo.]

VO: Do you want the world to know?

[The shot cuts to the front row where a pair of buxom young ladies are dressed in a purple and silver t-shirt strategically cut to reveal some cleavage with a logo for "ROCKSTAR EXPRESS" written across the chest with photos of Marty Morgan and Scotty Storm on either side of the logo.]

VO: Then you need the new Rockstar Express t-shirt! With Marty and Scotty on the front...

[The shot changes to show the back of the shirt which reads, "ROCKIN' YOUR WORLD!" in a scripty font.]

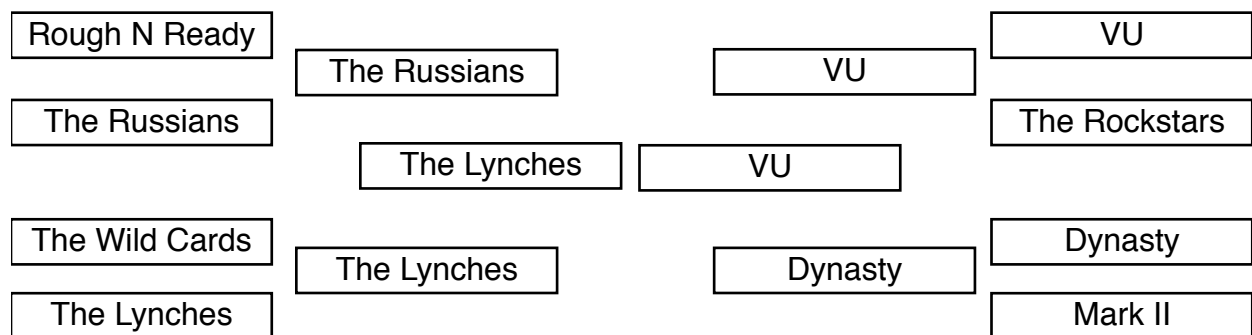
VO: Available in small, medium, large, extra large, double XL, triple XL, and brand new QUADRUPLE XL! Just the thing for the woman in your life who knows who she is, knows what she wants, and wants the whole world to know as well!

SHE WANTS TO ROCK! And so will you in the new Rockstar Express t-shirt!

Available now at all AWA events as well as AWAshop.com!

[Fade to black.]

As we fade back up, we get one final glance at the Stampede Cup tournament brackets.]



[The shot pans over to a grinning Jason Dane.]

JD: For months, the talk of the AWA has been this weekend - the Stampede Cup tournament - as speculation ran rampant over who is the best tag team in the world and who would walk away as the winners of this tournament. After twenty-four teams came to Atlanta with the goal of winning the Cup, we are down to two. Will it be Violence Unlimited, the 2010 Stampede Cup champion, the Number One contenders to the National Tag Team Titles, AND the team who may be the National Tag Team Champions this time two weeks from now? Or will it be the Lynches? Bound by blood and determined to show the wrestling world that they're more than deserving of the hype that has fallen upon them... that they truly are wrestling royalty... and that they are a force to be reckoned with here in the American Wrestling Alliances.

Two tremendous teams.

[A grin.]

JD: But only one winner. Who's it gonna be? For one more time at the end of this holiday weekend, let's go down to Phil Watson and find out!

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
FINALS
THE LYNCHES VS VIOLENCE UNLIMITED**

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with NO TIME LIMIT and it is the Finals of the Stampede Cup Invitational Tag Team Tournament!

[HUGE CHEER!]

PW: The winner of this match will earn one million dollars, the silver Stampede Cup, and the right to call themselves the greatest tag team on the planet!

[Another huge cheer! The camera shot cuts to ringside, showing the shiny silver Stampede Cup sitting on a ringside table with the names of the previous winners etched in the base of it on individual golden plates.]

PW: And now... the participants...

[There's a dramatic pause, the crowd buzzing with anticipation as we wait...

...and the sounds of Ted Nugent's "Stranglehold" fills the air to a TREMENDOUS roar from the AWA faithful!]

PW: Introducing first... from Dallas, Texas... at a total combined weight of 485 pounds... representing the world famous Lynch family...

JAMES... JACK...

THE LYNNNNNNNNNNCH BOOOOOOOOYS!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the announcement as the curtain parts and the Texas darlings walk out into the Forbes Arena for the final time for the weekend. James Lynch is first, back in his light grey zipped jacket. His yellow Speedo trunks peek out from underneath the jacket and as always, he's barefoot. James cracks a grin at the crowd's reaction, nodding his head in respect as he waits for his brother.

Jack Lynch strides out behind his younger brother, having already removed his long black coat, spiking it down to the floor with a whoop to the crowd that they echo in response. He's wearing standard black trunks and a black kneepad on his right knee. He claps his brother on the shoulder with his black-glove covered right hand, cracking a grin at the roar of the crowd before the two brothers begin making their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Six months ago, these two young men walked into the AWA with a world of expectations placed at their feet. Their father, the legendary Blackjack Lynch, believes they are the men who will lead this sport for years to come. He believes they are future World Champions. Tonight, they get the chance to live up those expectations and become the 2011 Stampede Cup champions.

BW: If the Stench Boys win this thing, I'll vomit all the way back to Dallas, Gordo.

GM: And can you imagine the reaction these young men would get back home in Dallas in two weeks at Homecoming if they walk out of here tonight the winners of this tournament?

[The Lynch brothers take their time walking down the aisle, slapping the hands of the fans along the barricade, occasionally leaning in for a hug or kiss from them as well. Eventually, they reach the ring. James is the first on the apron, slingshotting over the ropes into the ring. He immediately mounts the midbuckle, tearing off his jacket and throwing it out into the crowd who race to retrieve it. He stands there for a moment, looking out at the roaring fans before hopping down to the ring as his brother steps in, throwing his glove-covered right hand into the air in the shape of the Iron Claw to a huge cheer from the crowd.]

GM: The Iron Claw has claimed two victims here tonight in Atlanta. Will Danny Morton or Jackson Haynes be the third?

BW: Both of these men are a little banged up but I believe they've managed to make it here tonight without any serious or nagging injuries. But that may be about to change considering who they're stepping in here against.

[The Lynchs back down to their corner, huddling up as the music changes...]

"SHOUT!"
"SHOUT!"

“SHOUT!”
“SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!”

[The crowd EXPLODES as Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes stride into view. Haynes’ facepaint is even more worn than the last time we saw him and Danny Morton now has white gauze wrapped around his skull, a splotch of red showing from underneath it.]

PW: And their opponents... they hail from Moscow, Tennessee and Tulsa, Oklahoma respectively... they weigh in tonight at 595 pounds... they are the reigning 2010 Stampede Cup Tournament Champions as well as the Number One Contenders to the AWA National Tag Team Titles...

“THE HAMMER” JACKSON HAYNES...

DANNY MORTON...

VIIIIIIIOOOOLENNNNNNNNNNNCE UNNNNNNNNNLIMITEDDDDDDD!

[The roars of the crowd grow stronger as Morton and Haynes storm down the aisle towards the ring, completely ignoring the fans lining the ringside barricade as they head towards the squared circle...

...and roll into the ring, popping to their feet as the crowd explodes again! Senior AWA Official Michael Meekly jumps between the two teams, arms raised to keep them at bay as Morton and Haynes both look ready for a fight!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! Keep this one under control, Mr. Meekly!

BW: The officials have had a rough time doing that this weekend.

GM: They certainly have.

[The referee shouts at both teams, trying to keep order intact as James Lynch stays in the ring, tugging at the ropes to stay loose. On the other side of the ring, Jackson Haynes is fairly insistent that he’s starting the match off and not his still-bloody tag team partner.]

GM: It’s gonna be James Lynch starting things off with Jackson Haynes, fans. You’ll rarely find a bigger style clash inside the squared circle than you will with these two men.

[Referee Michael Meekly shouts final words to both teams...

...and then signals for the bell!]

GM: HERE! WE! GO! The 2011 Stampede Cup Invitational Tag Team Tournament Finals is underway!

BW: I thought we’d never get here!

GM: Twenty-four teams, three huge nights of action, and it all comes down to these two teams. The Lynch Brothers are here with wins over Casanova and Bass, the Wild Cards and The Russians. Violence Unlimited beat the Tiger Paw Pro team of Inoue and Hayashi as well as the Rockstar Express and Dynasty! The Lynches were the Number Six seeds in this tournament while Haynes and Morton were the Number Two seeds.

BW: And now you can throw ALL of that out the window because it all comes down to this match between these four men for the biggest prize in all of tag team wrestling, daddy!

GM: The two men circling one another... both trying to find an opening...

[And the crowd explodes again as they come together, Lynch quickly grabbing an arm and slinging Haynes down to the mat!]

GM: Armdrag by James Lynch!

[Haynes and Lynch both quickly scramble up, coming together again in the middle of the ring...

...where Lynch again grabs that limb, snapping Haynes down to the canvas!]

GM: Another one! James Lynch showing the speed and quickness edge that he brings to the table in a match like this. He'll be very difficult for Jackson Haynes, the big three hundred pounder, to keep up with.

[Lynch grabs the arm of the kneeling Haynes, applying an armbar on it.]

BW: And if Lynch wants to mat wrestle with Jackson Haynes, that might also give him an edge... provided he can keep him down.

[The Hammer quickly shows that Lynch can't... not yet at least... as he powers back to his feet, walking Lynch back into the neutral corner...]

GM: Lynch backed into the corner... the referee calls for a break here...

[Lynch releases the arm and Haynes SMASHES him across the sternum with a stiff forearm shot. A second one lands as well, knocking Lynch back against the buckles.]

GM: Two hard LEGAL forearm shots to the chest by Haynes!

[Grabbing the arm of Lynch, Haynes fires him across the ring, charging behind him...

...and running chestfirst to the buckles when Lynch kips up over him to safety!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch avoided the charge and Haynes hits the corner!

[Turning the Hammer around, Lynch throws a big right hand to the skull to the cheers of the crowd. A second haymaker connects as well, rocking the big man...]

GM: Lynch is firing away on Haynes! Trying to daze up the Hammer!

[Lynch grabs the arm, taking his turn to whip Haynes across the ring...]

GM: Haynes hits the corner, here comes Lynch!

[The high-flying Lynch brother leaps up, landing with his feet on the upper thighs of Haynes. He swings an arm around, signaling for a monkey flip...]

...but Haynes hangs on, causing Lynch to slam back down to the mat, the back of his head smacking the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Jackson Haynes blocks the monkeyflip! A good counter by the man from Moscow, Tennessee...

[And as a dazed Lynch struggles to his feet, Haynes runs him right over with a big football tackle!]

GM: And Haynes takes him down hard with the tackle! The big man got his three hundred plus pounds moving in a hurry there and James Lynch paid for it!

[Leaning down, Haynes drags Lynch off the mat by his short brown hair, smashing him over the skull with an overhead elbow that takes Lynch back against the ropes again...]

GM: Whip by Haynes...

[A wide stance on a wild right hand gives Lynch room to baseball slide between the legs of Jackson Haynes...]

...and as the Hammer turns around, he finds himself trapped in a headscissors before being thrown down to the canvas!]

GM: Headscissor takedown by James Lynch put Haynes back down... but not for long as he's right back up...

[And Lynch takes us right back to where we started with an armdrag turned into an armbar.]

GM: Whoa my! These boys are movin' fast, Bucky.

BW: I like it. Means you have to do all the work.

GM: I can barely keep up with someone as quick as James Lynch inside that ring. The man moves like butter in there - so smooth!

[Twisting the arm, James backs to the corner where he slaps his big brother's hand. Jack quickly takes to the second rope, leaping off with a big forearm across the twisted arm.]

GM: Hard shot to the arm off the tag and it wouldn't be the worst idea for the Lynches to try and take that arm out of the arsenal of Jackson Haynes.

BW: Not at all. We saw what he did earlier tonight with those powerbombs. The man is dangerous when he can lift someone up... or when he just swings the darn thing. He swings that arm like a baseball bat in there.

[Jack Lynch grabs the arm as well, swinging him down into an armdrag before quickly applying a straddle armbar from the rear.]

GM: Jack Lynch's got ahold of the arm now as well, really cranking on it from behind the downed Jackson Haynes. He's probably thinking the same thing that you are, Bucky. He doesn't want to get hit with that thing and if he does, he wants it to hurt Jackson Haynes as much as it does him.

BW: He may have to break it for that to happen.

[Haynes cries out, wincing in pain as Lynch wrenches the arm. After a few moments trapped in the hold, Haynes somehow gets to his feet, again pushing his opponent back against the ropes...

...where he buries a knee into the gut of Jack Lynch, doubling him up and then slamming his right elbow down across the back of the head.]

GM: So much for hurting the arm so it can't be used.

[Haynes shakes out the right arm, shouting something in Lynch's direction as he drags him to the corner, slapping the hand of Danny Morton. Morton's head-wrap shows a little more red than it did a moment ago as he steps into the ring.]

GM: Danny Morton in off the tag... and I think that Violence Unlimited will need to be very careful about how long they allow Morton to stay inside that ring tonight. With the bleeding wound on the head, Morton could easily find himself winded in a hurry thanks to Idol Austin and Eugene Robinson.

[But as Morton tags in, Lynch escapes Haynes' grasp and makes his way back to the corner, tagging his brother in.]

GM: And there's the tag on the other side of the ring. Both teams bringing in the fresh man.

BW: As much as we've talked about keeping the fresh man in all weekend, it becomes even more important now. These teams have both wrestled three matches this weekend already - two of 'em tonight. So, it's harder to keep someone fresh in there. You need frequent tags and you need to do them when you're in control of the match, Gordo.

GM: An excellent analysis, Bucky.

[Morton and Lynch tangle up for a moment, Morton easily powering Lynch backwards into the neutral corner...

...and shoves Lynch hard in the chest with both hands.]

GM: Danny Morton might be trying to intimidate the young Texan here but I don't think you're gonna intimidate either of these Lynch boys.

BW: Me neither, Gordo. These kids got an Iron Claw slapped on their head if the dishes weren't done.

GM: Bucky!

BW: You seen Blackjack Lynch? Ever talk to him? That's a man who doesn't tolerate nothin' from nobody.

GM: The kind of fight that's instilled in his sons that's for sure.

[Lynch marches back out of the corner, tying right back up with Morton...

...and then taking him down to the mat with an arm, hooking onto it immediately.]

GM: And now they switch to the attack on the arm of Danny Morton.

BW: No matter which member of VU you're going after, the arm would be a good place to start. See if you can take some of those big lifts and slams and throws out of the equation.

GM: The Rockstar Express would have liked to take some of those out of the equation but they didn't and suffered quite the brutal defeat by the reigning Stampede Cup champions.

[Morton rolls out of the armbar, getting back to his feet...

...where he takes Lynch down with a drop toehold, promptly dropping an elbow to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Danny Morton has excellent amateur credentials as well which we caught a glimpse of there...

BW: Before he waffled him with an elbowdrop?

GM: Exactly.

[Morton pulls Lynch up by the arm, swinging him back into the corner where he approaches, placing his big body to keep him from struggling free as he slaps the hand of Jackson Haynes.]

GM: In comes the Hammer and...

[Haynes uncorks a big right hand to the jaw of Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[A second right hand to the jaw knocks Lynch down to a knee where Haynes uncorks an overhead elbowsmash to the top of the skull, knocking Lynch down to all fours.]

GM: Jackson Haynes is one of the hardest hitters in the business and James Lynch is finding that out right now, fans. He's finding it out the hard way right now.

[Pulling Lynch up by the hair, Haynes backs him to the ropes, going for an Irish whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Lynch!

[Lynch sets for a backdrop a split second too early, getting smashed with a big forearm to the back of the neck...]

...and then pulled promptly into a standing headscissors! The crowd erupts into a buzz as Haynes reaches down to hook his arms around the dazed Lynch.]

GM: He's going for that powerbomb! He's going for-

[Haynes hoists Lynch off the mat...]

...but a wriggling Lynch forces Haynes to set him back down where he promptly stands straight up, backdropping the Hammer all the way over and down to the canvas!]

GM: OHH! LYNCH BLOCKS THE POWERBOMB!!

[A quick tag to Jack Lynch brings in the lanky Texan, immediately throwing a big dropkick on the jaw of Haynes, knocking him flat!]

GM: And a dropkick takes Haynes down... cover!

[Michael Meekly dives to count!]

GM: ONE!!

[But Haynes' shoulder comes up before a count can even be registered.]

GM: Haynes get the shoulder up quickly.

BW: He knows you can't be pinned unless your shoulders are down on the mat. Some guys would wait until two, give themselves a second to recover, but that's not Jackson Haynes. Haynes wants off that mat as soon as

humanly possible. He doesn't want to stick around and give a fluke pin a chance of happening.

[Back to his feet, Haynes quickly gets taken down with an armdrag by Jack Lynch again, switching to a kneeling armbar...]

...but a fired-up Haynes won't stay down, forcing his way back up. He dips down, scooping Lynch up..]

GM: Scoopsla- whoa!

[The crowd roars as Lynch rolls through the scoop slam, keeping the armbar locked in on a shocked Jackson Haynes!]

GM: What intensity on the part of Jack Lynch to keep that armbar locked in!

[Lynch kneels on the canvas, wrenching the arm of Jackson Haynes, trying to take one of his primary weapons away from him. Lynch's left knee presses against the temple of Haynes, bending his neck as well.]

GM: Lynch pins the arm down...

[And kicks his legs up, dropping down a knee on the pinned bicep!]

GM: Ohh! Knee to the arm right there, Bucky.

BW: I can't stand these Stench Boys but you can tell they really are sticking to this gameplan they've set out.

GM: Impressed?

BW: By these two? I suppose. But I'd be impressed if they were able to tie their shoes properly.

[Jack Lynch reapplies the armbar, wrenching the arm but Haynes slips a foot over the bottom rope, forcing Michael Meekly to break the hold.]

GM: Haynes forces the break, smart move there...

[Lynch climbs to his feet, ready to continue the fight...]

...but Haynes marches to the corner, slapping the hand of Danny Morton.]

GM: In comes the American Murder Machine... look out!

[A fired-up Morton grabs Jack Lynch, bull-rushing him back against the turnbuckles...]

...and throws a big right hand to the jaw of the Texan on the break. Leaning over, he wraps his arms around the torso..]

GM: He's got Lynch back in the corner and... ohh! Big shoulder to the ribs!

[Holding onto the middle rope, Morton slams shoulder after shoulder into the ribs of the lanky Texan who cries out on the last one, clutching his ribcage as Morton straightens up...]

GM: Morton grabs the arm... big whip...

[But as the big man charges the corner, Jack Lynch raises a boot, causing Morton to run headlong right into it!]

GM: OHH! Big boot to the jaw!

[Hopping up to the middle rope, Lynch leaps off with a double axehandle that Morton blocks by raising both arms...]

...and then hooks his arms around the waist of Lynch, throwing him halfway across the ring with a big belly-to-belly throw!]

GM: Ohh my! Danny Morton with a big time show of power! He sent Jack Lynch sailing across the ring and...

[Jack Lynch rolls to a knee, slapping the hand of his brother.]

GM: He actually threw him right to his brother! In comes James off the tag...

[James Lynch rushes in, throwing a trio of right hands to the skull of Morton, backing him to the corner. Lynch leaps up to the midbuckle, balling up his fist...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THR-"

[But Morton's had enough, reaching up to shove Lynch down off the middle rope. Lynch scrambles up as Morton rushes forward...]

GM: LARIA- ducked by Lynch!

[Lynch swings the right hand forward, locked in position for the Iron Claw but Danny Morton gets his hands up, grabbing the wrist of Lynch as the hand comes towards his head...]

GM: Morton got the hands up! He's blocking the Claw!

[The American Murder Machine brings a knee up into the midsection, breaking up the Claw attempt. Grabbing an arm, Morton flings Lynch towards the ropes...]

GM: Big whip... clothesli- ducked by Lynch!

[The speedy Lynch brother hits the far ropes, rebounding off...]

...and leaving his feet, toppling Danny Morton with a big crossbody press off the ropes!]

GM: Lynch takes him down! HE'S GOT ONE!! HE'S GOT TWO!!

[But that's all, Morton throwing Lynch off of him. Morton scrambles off the mat as Lynch does the same...

...and Morton bullrushes him back into the corner, holding him there as he slaps the hand of Jackson Haynes.]

GM: In comes the Hammer...

[And Haynes lays in a big boot to the ribs, stunning Lynch as Morton straightens up, throwing a haymaker to the jaw.]

GM: Haynes drags Lynch out of the corner...

[The Hammer SLAMS Lynch's skull into the top turnbuckle, swinging him around in the corner and grabbing the arm, flinging James Lynch across the ring to the opposite buckles...]

GM: Here comes Haynes!

[But Lynch sidesteps, causing Haynes to slam backfirst into the corner off a missed back elbow in the buckles.]

GM: Lynch got out of the way!

BW: Haynes missed a big elbow and that gives a shot to the Lynches to take advantage of it...

[James Lynch again jumps up to the middle rope, fist balled up...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIV--"

[But this time, it's Jackson Haynes who reaches up, throwing Lynch down to the canvas, the back of his head hitting the canvas. Haynes slaps his own chest a couple times...

...and raises his hand, taped thumb extended!]

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: He's calling for the Whiskey Lullaby!

BW: If he hits this, it's over!

[Haynes winds up as Lynch gets to a knee, pushing up to his feet...]

GM: THUMB STRIIIII-

[But just as Morton did to him moments ago, Lynch raises both hands, catching the wrist of Jackson Haynes to prevent the thumb from being driven into his throat.]

GM: James Lynch blocks it! He blocked the Whiskey Lullaby!

[The crowd roars as the two men struggle over the move, Haynes trying to overpower both arms of the smaller man...

...who promptly leaps up, snaring Haynes head with both legs, and taking him down in a cradling rana!]

GM: CRADLE OUT OF THE HEADSCISSORS!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Haynes just barely powers out of the pin attempt, looking shocked as he scrambles up off the canvas...

...and spots the Iron Claw coming for him, bailing out of the ring as a result!]

GM: Ohh! He saw it coming! Jackson Haynes saw the Iron Claw coming for him and he got the heck out of there in a hurry, fans!

BW: Back and forth, move and countermove. These two teams look like they were well-prepared for one another, Gordo. Almost like they expected to possibly meet at some point during this tournament.

[Out on the floor, Jackson Haynes slams his hands down on the apron, backing up and waving for James Lynch to join him on the floor.]

GM: Haynes invites Lynch out there to join him... and that would be a serious mistake in my estimation, fans.

BW: Violence Unlimited is incredibly dangerous out on the floor. I wouldn't think that's a good idea at all.

[James Lynch looks around at the cheering crowd, almost as if he's trying to decide what to do... but an arched eyebrow from his big brother seems to settle him down as he backs off, waving for Haynes to join him back inside the ring...]

GM: James Lynch was tempted there. You could see it in his eyes. He wanted to dive out there on top of the Hammer but his brother talked him down from it.

[An angry Haynes slams his hands into the canvas again, rolling back in, and getting back to his feet...]

...where James Lynch meets him with a series of right hands to the skull!]

GM: Irish whip by Lynch...

[Haynes grabs the ropes, preventing the rebound...

...and DRILLS Jack Lynch with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Haynes flattened Jack Lynch who was out on the apron!

[An angry Jack Lynch rolls in, tackling Haynes' legs out from under him and throwing bombs on the mat!]

GM: He lit a fire under Jack Lynch!

BW: Jack's got a hot temper!

GM: He certainly does and he's showing it right now!

[Seeing his partner in trouble, Danny Morton rushes in...

...and gets caught coming in by James Lynch, throwing right hands!]

GM: James Lynch is trading shots with Danny Morton now!

[Haynes gets to his feet, backing away from Jack Lynch who Michael Meekly prevents from pursuing, forcing him out of the ring as Morton and Haynes send James Lynch into the ropes...

...and knock him flat with a running double tackle!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief!

[Haynes drops to his knees, diving across James Lynch.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Lynch slips a shoulder up, breaking the pin attempt. Haynes quickly takes the mount, hammering James Lynch with right hands to the skull. The referee forces him up to his feet, dragging Lynch up behind him...]

GM: Haynes with a big whip...

[Lynch hits the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: Backdro- no, leapfrogged by Lynch... off the far side...

BW: Blind tag by Jack!

GM: I don't think Haynes saw it either!

[James Lynch ducks a wild right hand by Haynes, hitting the far ropes...

...and then slamming on the brakes, grinning at Jackson Haynes who is unaware that Jack Lynch is standing behind him.]

GM: Look behind you, Jackson.

[As Haynes swings around, Lynch drops him with a dropkick. James moves in to help with a double whip...

...and a double dropkick knocks the Hammer flat, Jack lunging in for a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! Haynes grabs the rope to break it!

BW: Great ring awareness there by the Hammer. He knew he was next to the ropes and he knew he didn't have to expend any energy in getting out of that pin attempt.

[Jack Lynch claps his hands together, shaking his head at his mistake as he gets to his feet...

...and fires a few words in the direction of Danny Morton who looks on the verge of rushing the ring. Lynch pulls Haynes up, hooking a gutwrench...]

GM: Ohh! Big show of power by Jack Lynch!

[Lynch hits the ropes, rebounding off as he leaps high into the air...

...and drops a big knee down across the chest, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: Kneedrop for one! For two! But again, Haynes is out at two!

BW: These guys are throwing a lot of weapons at each other but the big guns are still loaded and ready to be fired. The powerbomb, the Backdrop Driver, the Iron Claw. Lots of bullets still in the chamber, daddy.

[Pulling Haynes to his feet, Jack hooks a front facelock as he backs across the ring, slapping his brother's hand.]

GM: James Lynch scales the ropes...

[And leaps off, smashing a big forearm down across the back. The blow sends Haynes staggering across the ring where he slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: Danny Morton's back in now... and do you find it odd that these two teams have done a poor job of cutting off the other team from making tags? At times, it seems like they're almost allowing the tags, Bucky.

BW: I don't know that they're allowing the tags... I don't even know if they're doing a poor job of blocking off the tags. I think both of these teams are very good at finding openings at MAKING the tags.

[Morton drills James Lynch with a right hand to the jaw... then a second... and a third. He grabs the arm, flinging James Lynch across the ring, ducking for a backdrop...]

...and then James Lynch leaps over, trying to pull him down in a sunset flip!]

GM: Sunset flip! Lynch is trying to bring him down! He's trying bring him down for-

[Morton is struggling, fighting against it, trying to step forward...]

...but gets dragged down in the sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Morton smashes his legs together on the head of James Lynch, breaking the pin effort. Both men quickly scramble, trying to get to their feet...]

...and James Lynch lands a right hand on Morton as he gets up! A second one sends Morton staggering back to the ropes.]

GM: Lynch has got Morton on the ropes...

[Rushing his opponent, Lynch leaps up, looking for another rana takeover...]

...but Morton swings around, facing the ropes, and the rana takes both men over the ropes and down to the floor hard!]

GM: OHHHHH! Out to the floor they go!

BW: And this is exactly where Violence Unlimited wants this fight right now! They wanted to get out here and do some serious damage to one of these men.

GM: James Lynch tried to take down Morton with the headscissors but Morton turned around and they went down and out to the floor very hard!

[Referee Michael Meekly steps over to the ropes, looking down to the floor at the two prone competitors...]

...and starts a count.]

GM: The AWA's Senior Official starts up a ten count, trying to get these two men back inside the ring...

[Jack Lynch shouts some encouragement to his brother from the ring apron as Jackson Haynes walks down, taking a look as well as the referee's count hits two.]

GM: Both men went down hard. They may have some trouble getting back to their feet, Bucky.

BW: What happens if there's a double countout?

GM: I have no idea. Hopefully we can get these men back inside the ring and we won't have to worry about that.

[As the count hits five, James Lynch grabs the apron, dragging himself up to his feet.]

GM: Lynch is up... rolling back in...

[But Morton grabs the leg of Lynch, preventing his escape back into the ring. The big man pulls himself up as the count hits seven, grabbing the trunks and pulling Lynch back to the floor...

...and into the side waistlock!]

GM: Oh my stars! Don't do it, Danny!

[But Lynch fires back, throwing a series of right hands to the skull of Danny Morton...

...and lunges into the ring at the count of eight!]

GM: Lynch is in!

BW: Morton's gotta get-

GM: He's in too! Just barely!

[The crowd cheers the arrival of both men back inside the ring. Lynch and Morton both push up to their knees, staring down one another...

...as Lynch fires a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Kneeling right hand by James Lynch!

[Morton returns fire, connecting with a right hand of his own!]

GM: And the big man from Oklahoma returns fire!

[A staggered Lynch lifts his right hand, throwing it forward shaped for the Claw...]

GM: CLAW!

[But Morton again lifts his left hand, blocking it by holding the wrist of James Lynch...]

...and drills him on the jaw with a right hand, knocking Lynch back down to the canvas. Morton climbs to his feet, pulling Lynch up by the arm, flinging him towards the ropes...]

GM: Lynch off the far side...

[Morton catches him on the rebound, military pressing him straight up into the sky!]

GM: Oh my stars! Look at the power! The rawbone power of Danny Morton has James Lynch pressed high into the air...

[Showing off that power, Morton lowers Lynch down so that the top of his head touches Lynch's stomach...

...and presses him back up!]

GM: Unbelievable power from the man from Oklahoma!

[Nodding his head to the roaring crowd, Morton lowers Lynch down again...

...where James Lynch takes the chance, throwing right hands to the skull of Morton!]

GM: LYNCH IS FIRING BACK! LYNCH IS FIRING BACK!

[The surprised Morton stumbles back from the attack, Lynch slipping out of his grasp...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and accidentally drops Lynch groinfirst on the top rope!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: Hahah! I love it! James Lynch thought he was so clever trying to hammer his way out of that and Danny Morton just dropped him right down on the top rope!

GM: It was not intentional! It was accidental to drop him like that!

BW: So you say. Danny Morton's a tough dude, Gordo. He's not gonna flinch away from a low blow if it gets him where he wants to go.

GM: I believe it was a complete accident, fans.

[Morton runs a hand up over his bandaged forehead, coming away with crimson on his hand.]

GM: The blood is starting to seep through the bandages - the cut may have been made worse by something here in the matchup...

[Shaking his head, Morton slaps the hand of Jackson Haynes who climbs into the ring, stepping up on the middle buckle...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait one second here!

[Haynes leaps off the ropes, connecting with a massive lariat that flips James Lynch off the ropes...

...and sends him crashing facefirst down to the thinly-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MY STARS!! MY STARS IN HEAVEN! Jackson Haynes with a king-sized lariat and he just put James Lynch down and out!

BW: Lynch may be done right there, Gordo!

GM: Jack Lynch jumps down... he's gonna go check on his brother..

[The referee shouts at Jack Lynch, trying to get him back on the apron in the corner as he rushes to his brother's side.]

GM: Jack Lynch is obviously concerned after that hard fall by James and who can blame him?

[Jack kneels down next to his brother who is barely moving out on the floor...

...and Jackson Haynes leans through the ropes, taking a swing at Jack Lynch!]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no need for-

[Jack Lynch responds, throwing a right hand to the jaw of Jackson Haynes. Lynch dives into the ring, rushing towards the Hammer...]

GM: He takes him down!

[Lynch throws big bombs at the skull of the Hammer.]

BW: This is illegal! He's not the legal man, Gordo!

GM: He's certainly not but to Jack Lynch, that just doesn't matter right now! He's all over the man who just took a swing at him outside the ring!

[Lynch climbs to his feet, the referee stepping in to shove him back against the ropes...

...which leaves an opening for Danny Morton who hops off the apron, walking over to the downed James Lynch.]

GM: Look out here! Professor Pain's looking to do some damage on the floor...

[Grabbing an arm, Morton takes aim...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEFIRST INTO THE STEEL!!

[Lynch staggers off the barricade towards Morton who scoops Lynch up, carrying him with him...

...and then SLAMS him down hard on the wooden timekeeper table!]

GM: OHHH! Look out over there, guys!

[Morton shoves aside the timekeeper, grabbing Lynch by the hair.]

GM: Right hand on top of the table! And another! And another! Danny Morton is hammering away at James Lynch out on the floor!

[Morton turns away from James...

...and spots Jack tearing down the apron, leaping off with a clothesline that knocks Morton flat! Big cheer!]

GM: And now Jack Lynch is on the floor, taking aim at Danny Morton! We've got a fight out on the floor!

BW: The Lynches' temper got the better of them! They knew they didn't want to take this fight to the floor but Violence Unlimited just kept pushing and pushing and soon enough, they lured 'em out here!

[Jack Lynch drags Danny Morton up to his feet, ducking in to scoop Morton up into the air...

...and SLAMS him down on the floor!]

GM: Good god almighty! The Lynches are showing they're not so shabby out on the floor as well! If Haynes and Morton are looking for a fight, then I think the Lynches are gonna oblige, Bucky!

BW: What kind of a world do we live in where the Stench Boys are tough guys?!

[A pissed off Jackson Haynes rolls out to the floor, approaching Jack Lynch from behind...

...and drills him in the back of the head with a forearm smash, knocking Lynch down to a knee. Haynes winds up, smashing an overhead elbowsmash across the skull of Jack Lynch, knocking him all the way down to all fours.]

GM: He's got him down... he's got-

[The crowd buzzes as Haynes grabs a steel chair from the timekeeper's table, folding it up...

...and raising it overhead!]

GM: Haynes is gonna club him! He's gonna club him with the steel chair and-

BW: If he does it, it's over!

GM: That's exactly what Michael Meekly's telling him right now! He's telling him that he'll be disqualified if he uses the chair, fans!

BW: But I'm not sure Haynes gives a damn!

GM: Of course he does! But will his temper get the best of him?

[Haynes looks undecided, looking up at Meekly...

...but before he can make a decision, James Lynch reaches out from his standing position on the timekeeper's table, grabbing the chair, preventing it from smashing across his brother's back.]

GM: James has got the chair! He's not gonna let him use the chair!

BW: What an idiot! He may have just thrown away the Cup! If Haynes had used the chair, we would have had new Stampede Cup champions!

[Haynes struggles with James Lynch over the chair, swinging around to face him...

...and Lynch throws himself off the table, toppling the Hammer down to the floor with a tackle!]

GM: James Lynch takes down Haynes...

[Lynch drags Haynes up, throwing him under the ropes into the ring as James drags himself up on the apron. He grabs the top rope, looking out at the crowd...

...and catapults himself over the ropes into the ring into a splash on Jackson Haynes!]

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

[But from outside the ring, Danny Morton pulls James Lynch out, drilling him with a right hand to the jaw. A second one connects, stunning the younger Lynch.]

“TWENTY MINUTES GONE BY! TWENTY MINUTES!”

[He grabs Lynch by the arm, firing him towards the barricade...]

GM: TO THE STEEL!

[James Lynch goes sailing towards the railing...

...but at the last moment, Lynch leaps up onto the barricade, landing on it with his bare feet!]

GM: Whoa! Incredible balance on display by James Lynch and-

[Morton rushes the railing...

...and Lynch leaps off, twisting his body into a crossbody, knocking Morton flat once again! The crowd roars as James Lynch gets up, pumping a fist...]

GM: James Lynch wipes out Danny Morton on the floor!

[And he climbs up on the apron, nodding to the roaring crowd as he scales the ropes to the top turnbuckle, waiting for Jackson Haynes to climb back to his feet...]

GM: Jackson Haynes is staggering up to his feet... he has no idea that James Lynch is up top! The younger Lynch brother is poised up on the top rope, ready to fly...

[As the Hammer turns around, James Lynch takes flight, throwing himself off the top rope...]

GM: OFF THE TOP!!!

[Lynch sails across the ring, catching Jackson Haynes squarely across the chest and knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[But at the last possible moment, Jackson Haynes FIRES a shoulder off the canvas!]

GM: MY STARS, HE ALMOST HAD HIM!! JAMES LYNCH ALMOST HAD HIM RIGHT THERE!!

[James Lynch pushes up to all fours, a look of shock on his face as he stares at Michael Meekly who is still holding up two fingers. He climbs to his feet, charging to the ropes...

...where Danny Morton sticks him with a big clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: OHH! MORTON CAUGHT HIM!!

[Lynch stumbles forward as Jackson Haynes regains his feet, yanking Lynch into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's got him hooked! Lynch is dazed and Haynes has him set up for the powerbomb!

[Sucking wind, Haynes hoists Lynch into the air, pausing at the peak of the lift...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! POWERBOMB!!

[Haynes stumbles forward, falling across Lynch with an arm draped over his chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[HUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: LYNCH GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!

BW: HE KICKED OUT OF THE POWERBOMB!!

GM: I can't believe he did that! James Lynch, showing incredible heart right there, just kicked out of one of the damndest powerbombs I've ever seen in my life! James Lynch is a man determined to win that Stampede Cup here tonight, fans!

[A frustrated Haynes marches across the ring, slapping the hand of Danny Morton. The Oklahoman comes in, full of fire as he pulls Lynch off the mat, and flings him up over his shoulder...]

GM: We've seen this before in this tournament, Bucky!

BW: The Oklahoma Stampede!

[Only this time, with a much smaller man on his shoulder, Danny Morton has the chance to do it right, charging across the ring and smashing James Lynch's back into the corner.]

GM: Into one corner!

[Morton wheels around, charging across the ring again...

...and CRUSHES James Lynch between his near three hundred pounds and the turnbuckles!]

GM: Into another corner!

[Swinging around again, Morton lifts his hand, giving a thumbs down to the roar of the crowd as Morton charges across the ring, leaping up...

...and DRIVES James Lynch into the canvas!]

GM: STAMPEDE! STAMPEDE!!

[Morton dives back down, hooking the leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: JACK LYNCH!! JACK LYNCH WITH A DIVING SAVE ON HIS BROTHER!!

BW: Jack Lynch just saved the match for his team!

GM: He certainly did!

[Jackson Haynes steps into the ring, dragging Jack Lynch to his feet and drilling him with a right hand to the skull, sending Lynch falling back to the ropes...

...where he bounces off, throwing a right hand of his own!]

GM: What a shot by Jack Lynch!

[Haynes shakes it off, smashing a second haymaker into the skull of Lynch, sending him back to the ropes...

...where he again charges out, throwing a big right hand!]

GM: We've got a slugfest between Jackson Haynes and Jack Lynch!

BW: Neither of whom are the legal man!

GM: You're absolutely right about that but this thing is breaking down and even the official seems to be having some trouble figuring out who is legal and who is not!

[Jack Lynch fires a series of haymakers to the skull, backing Haynes to the corner...

...where Danny Morton smashes him across the back of the neck with a double axehandle!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch got caught right there... look out now...

[Grabbing the arm of Lynch, Morton fires him across the ring to the neutral corner...]

...and then grabs the arm of Jackson Haynes, whipping him across as well into a running big boot to the jaw of Lynch!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A KICK BY HAYNES!!

[Haynes grabs Lynch by the arm, firing him back across towards Morton...]

...to which Lynch responds by leaving his feet, catching Morton between the eyes with his leaping kneestrike!]

GM: KNEE! KNEE!!

[The referee rushes in, forcing Lynch out to the corner while Haynes does the same, leaving both men down on the canvas...]

GM: Danny Morton is down off the flying knee! James Lynch is still down from the Oklahoma Stampede! Both men NEED to make the tag but who's gonna be able to do it?!

[Morton lies facefirst in the neutral corner, arms up over his head as James Lynch finally sits up on the canvas, shaking his head back and forth in an attempt to clear the cobwebs.]

GM: James Lynch is the first one to show signs of life. He's sitting up in the center of the ring...

[The camera cuts to Jack Lynch, frantically waving his arms and shouting to his brother to try and drive him towards their corner to make the exchange. We cut again to the other side of the ring where a dazed Danny Morton pushes up to his knees...]

...and the crowd immediately reacts at the sight of the formerly-white bandages turning a nasty shade of red.]

GM: My stars, I think Danny Morton's head just got split open again!

BW: Those bandages are useless at this point. The blood's pouring right out of them...

[Agreeing with Bucky, Morton reaches up, ripping and tearing out the bloody bandages, flinging him to the floor. The big man from Oklahoma grabs the ropes, dragging himself to his feet.]

GM: Oh my... that's a... parents at home, please use your best judgment here. Danny Morton's head has been BADLY lacerated and this may not be appropriate viewing materials for your little ones at home.

[Morton leans against the ropes, blood pouring from his forehead down onto his face, giving him the proverbial crimson mask...]

GM: My stars, this is difficult to watch, fans.

[Morton staggers forward, completely unaware of where he's at inside the ring. He stumbles, bumping into the downed James Lynch who was still trying to get back to his feet.]

GM: Morton needs to make the tag but I think he has no idea where he's at inside that ring, Bucky.

BW: I'm not even sure he knows what building he's in at this point, Gordo.

[Morton leans down, dragging Lynch to his feet...]

GM: CLAW!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Lynch sinks his fingers onto the blood-soaked skull of Danny Morton, forcing him a few steps back as the younger Lynch brother lets loose a loud shout, trying to drive more power into his weary body as he squeezes the head of the man from Oklahoma...

...who throws a desperation knee to the gut, quickly wrapping his arms around the waist...]

GM: HE'S GOT-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACK! DROP! DRIVER!!!

BW: No, no! You got it all wrong, Gordo! BACKDRRRROOOOOP
DRIIIIVAAAAAAAHHHHH!

[The impact dumps Lynch right down on the back of his head and neck in a sickening position. The camera catches Jack Lynch physically cringing at the angle at which his brother hits the mat...

...and then rolls right out to the floor!]

GM: Oh my! Danny Morton - I don't even know if he knew what he was doing! That was all on instinct! A Backdrop Driver on pure instinct and he SPIKED James Lynch with it!

BW: But he was too close to the ropes! And Lynch just rolled out to the floor!

GM: Can James Lynch get up to beat the ten count though? If he can't, it won't matter! If he gets counted out, this match is as over as if he got pinned, fans!

[Referee Michael Meekly, still shocked by what he just saw, leans over the ropes, looking down at the motionless James Lynch...]

GM: Lynch has not moved one bit since he hit the floor. The momentum of the Backdrop Driver carried him out of the ring to where he landed but he hasn't moved one bit, Bucky.

BW: No, he hasn't. He's right here next to us and I'm not even sure his eyes are open, Gordo. He may have been completely knocked out by that.

[Inside the ring, Danny Morton is flat on his back as well, blood pouring down and pooling around his head on the canvas. His partner is shouting at him, repeatedly slapping the top turnbuckle to try and revive him. Jack Lynch is nearby, staring at his younger brother as he screams at him.]

GM: The sounds tell the story in this one, fans! The crowd is shocked but trying to rally their favorites while the two partners on the apron try to get their partner to their feet!

BW: These guys are running on pure adrenaline at this point. They have to be. After the weekend they've all been through, they can't have anything left in the tank!

[Danny Morton is the first to move, rolling over to his side, leaving a bloody smear on the canvas where his head was just resting. Haynes smashes the buckles a few more times, shouting "GET UP, DANNY!" Jack Lynch looks horrified as the referee's count hits five...]

GM: We're halfway to a countout! Michael Meekly with a very deliberate count, taking his time to give every opportunity for this match to continue but I just don't see any way possible for James Lynch to get back up to his feet at this point... I just don't see any way for James Lynch to get off the floor and get back into this match, Bucky.

BW: I'm looking right at him here, Gordo, and he STILL hasn't moved.

[Morton rolls over again... and again...

...and rolls himself right under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: What the...?

BW: Morton accidentally rolled to the floor!

GM: Did he?

[A dazed and horrifically bloodied Morton leans over, dragging James Lynch to his feet...

...and shoving him bodily under the ropes. DEAFENING ROAR!]

GM: Danny Morton puts James Lynch back in! He didn't want to win that way! He didn't want the countout!

BW: I can't believe it.

GM: Violence Unlimited had this match won and Danny Morton just put the kid back in!

[Morton drags himself up on the apron, leaning over the ropes for a moment before he steps through them.]

GM: Danny Morton's got nothing left in the tank either. He needs to make the tag...

[A screaming Haynes smashes his hand into the buckle over and over, like a homing beacon for his dazed partner who finally looks up through his blood-stung eyes, staggering across the ring...]

GM: Haynes got his attention! Morton's heading to the corner!

[And he collapses into the buckles, slapping the hand of his partner to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: In comes the Hammer!

[Haynes immediately dives atop James Lynch, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEE- NO!! NO!!

[The crowd roars as James Lynch just BARELY sneaks a shoulder off the canvas!]

GM: All that time gave James Lynch just enough to get out! He just barely got the shoulder up!

[A frustrated and furious Jackson Haynes slams his balled fists into the canvas several times, letting loose an anguished roar as he climbs back to his feet...

...and pulls James Lynch up to his. He pulls the dazed Lynch up, staring him dead in the eyes, and begins shaking his head.]

GM: You get the feeling that Jackson Haynes didn't want to have to do this. He wanted the kid to stay down but...

[Haynes tugs James Lynch into a standing headscissors, the crowd buzzing at the very simple act. Jack Lynch's eyes go wide. He suddenly turns away, unable to watch what comes next...]

GM: He's gonna put this kid through the ring!

[The near three hundred pound big man from Moscow, Tennessee hoists Lynch up into the air, pausing at the top of the lift...]

...at which point, a desperate James Lynch hooks his legs around Haynes' head, dragging him down to the canvas, reaching back to tightly hook both legs!]

GM: CRADLE!! CRADLE!!

[The bloodied Danny Morton lumbers out of the corner as Jack Lynch suddenly spins around, spots what's happening...

...and tears across the ring, throwing himself around the legs of Morton as the referee dives to the canvas to count, the fans counting with him!]

"ONE!!"

"TWO!!!"

"THREEEEEEEEEE!!!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT!! THEY DID IT!! THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!! BY GOD, THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Jack Lynch rushes to his brother's side, physically yanking him off the canvas and falling into a huge embrace with him.]

GM: These brothers went to hell and back here tonight in Atlanta - all weekend long in fact - but at the end of the weekend, it's James and Jack Lynch standing tall!

BW: We'll never hear the end of this. I'm gonna be sick.

GM: Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes gave it everything they had and were oh-so-close over and over to winning their second Stampede Cup in a row but in the end, it's Jack Lynch and... my god, what a cradle. That cradle came out of nowhere, fans. Absolutely out of nowhere. Let's take one more look at how the end went down...

[We cut to a slow-motion replay of Jackson Haynes pulling James Lynch into the standing headscissors, Jack Lynch turning away in the background.]

BW: We saw the powerbomb coming - the whole world saw the powerbomb coming - except Jack Lynch who was too much of a coward to see his brother get put through the canvas. Haynes picks him up here...

[The footage shows Haynes powerfully lifting Lynch into the air, pausing in mid-air...

...and then get pulled down into the rana, James Lynch reaching back with both arms to tightly secure the legs. Jack Lynch, hearing the crowd roar,

swings around and immediately rushes in to stop the save from the bloodied and exhausted Danny Morton. A three count later and it was over.]

BW: But he couldn't put him down. James Lynch with the cradle of a lifetime and... damn it all, the Lynch Brothers are the 2011 Stampede Cup Champions.

[We come back to live action where Travis Lynch has joined his brothers in the mother of all celebrations.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here are your winners...

They are the 2011 Stampede Cup Invitational Tag Team Tournament Champions...

JAMES AND JACK...

THE LYNNNNNNNNNCH BROTHERS!

[Jon Stegklet enters the ring, presenting the giant silver Stampede Cup to the Lynch Brothers who hoist it high in the air, the crowd roaring from all around them as Travis stands by, beaming with a huge grin on his face as he applauds his brothers alongside the other fans.]

Across the ring, a disappointed Jackson Haynes has helped his partner to his feet, the two standing across the ring from the Lynch Brothers, hands on their hips.]

GM: Fans, we are out of time! What a weekend it's been here in Atlanta! In fact, what a summer it's been out here on the road with the American Wrestling Alliance! But the summer is over!

BW: Mama, I'm comin' home!

GM: Amen! Fans, for Jason Dane, Mark Stegklet, Bucky Wilde, and myself - good night from Atlanta where the Lynch Brothers are the 2011 Stampede Cup Champions! What a night!

BW: Anyone got a barf bag?

[With the Lynches celebrating their triumph and the Forbes Arena crowd absolutely roaring...

...we fade to black.]