## AWA Saturday Night Wrestling

August 13th, 2011

Anheuser-Busch Center St. Louis, Missouri

[As we fade in, we hear the closing theme to the Fishing With Orlando Wilson show as the shot starts to fade. It is replaced with a live shot from inside the Anheuser-Busch Center in St. Louis, Missouri. The camera pans over the roaring crowd seated under the stars in St. Louis - over seven thousand fans having jammed into the bleachers as well as many, many, many rows of steel chairs that have been assembled on the soccer field of the outdoor venue.

The squared circle sits in the middle of it, roped in red, white, and blue surrounded by thin mats, metal railings, and screaming fans as the voice of Gordon Myers fills the air.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling where you will see ALL the stars of the American Wrestling Alliance, THE Major League of Professional Wrestling. I'm Gordon Myers and by my side, as always, is the three-time Announcer of the Year, Buckthorn Wilde! Bucky, it's a pleasure as always...

BW: And the pleasure is all yours, daddy!

GM: We are on the road to the Stampede Cup - less than a month away now from the three-night extravaganza! The first three night event in AWA history, Bucky.

BW: It's gonna be three nights of the craziest tag team action on the planet, all ending with the crowning of the 2011 Stampede Cup champions who just happen to take home a cool million bucks.

GM: Plus the right to call themselves the greatest tag team in the wrestling world. Twenty-four teams will walk into Atlanta, Georgia on Labor Day weekend with that goal in mind but right here tonight in St. Louis, we're going to see several tag teams trying to get ready for the big night, Bucky.

BW: That's right, Gordo. Mark II is here tonight in action. The Antons too.

GM: Plus the reigning Stampede Cup champions, Violence Unlimited! It's gonna be a heck of a night here in St. Louis and that doesn't even mention our huge Main Event! For the very first time, Calisto Dufresne will be putting the National Title on the line when he meets a very intriguing challenger - Sultan Azam Sharif!

BW: It's gotta be a mistake, Gordo! Adrian Bathwaite would NOT let this happen if he were here but these idiots on the Championship Committee are taking advantage of him being gone.

GM: Well, if anyone would know anything about taking advantage of someone, it's Adrian Bathwaite, Bucky. We know he's been flat out lying to Sharif for months and now Sharif is his own man! In fact, Jason Dane is standing by at our special interview platform we've built here tonight with the man who will challenge for the gold in tonight's Main Event! Jason?

[We crossfade to the ring where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Alright, fans, later on tonight in the Main Event, we're going to see the first title defense of the AWA National Title by Calisto Dufrense...

[The fans begin to boo... tenuously. They boo because someone said the name 'Calisto Dufrense', they boo because someone is waving an enormous Iranian flag, and they boo because that person is Sultan Azam Sharif. But the boos aren't the usual all-out hate. The volume is the same... are some people cheering?

Yes, they hate Dufrense that much. And Sharif, clad as always in his reddish-brown bisht, white kaffiyeh, and black agal, is still without Count Adrian Bathwaite. He arrives on the set as Dane finishes his sentence.]

JD: ...and the challenger is this man, freshly returned from a trip back to Iran... Sultan Azam Sharif. Sultan, Calisto accepted your challenge. But with Adrian Bathwaite still on the shelf nursing injuries from Wrestlerock, are you fully prepared for this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity?

SAS: Salam, masaa el kheer, Mistair Jasun Dan, deh Sultan vas alvays ready! Dot's vhy I fly bock, ten tousan miles, bock to my home, deh oldest country in deh vurld, Shiraz Iran! Un I go to Tehran Iran, because I hof deh greatest honor! Deh Ayatollah! Ayatollah Seyed Ali Hoseyni Khāmene'i, he vant to see me, like he did ven I von at Ashun Gam, lak he did ven I rapresent Iran at Olympic Games! Un you know vat he tell me to do, Mistair Dan?

#### JD: What was that?

SAS: Ve go to deh Academy, deh vat you call... musayum! Deh musayum vere ve keep all deh medals, all deh trophies dot Iran has von over deh years! Un he tell dem to clear out a spot on deh vall, right near deh front. He tell me, "Sultan, you gonna vin deh AWA shampwonship belt! Un you bring dot belt right back here, right to Tehran Iran, un ve gonna put it on deh wall! We gonna keep dot belt in deh museyum, un deh USA is nevair gunna see dot belt again! Dot vill be for Iran only!"

[Oh, dear. The fans boo the hell out of that.]

SAS: But den, aftair I meet with Ayatollah, I go out onto deh streets. Un all deh iranian peepell, beautiful peepell, dey tell me, "Sultan, do not do dot vat Ayatollah say! Ve diddunt vant a belt! Iran doesn't need a belt on a wall, vere peepell just look at it and it mean nothing!"

Deh Iranian peepell tell me, "Ve don't vant a belt on deh vall... ve vant a shampwon in deh ring!"

[The boos slow down, as the topic changes. Are people cheering again?!]

SAS: Mistair Calista Defrenzy! Dot is vat all your AmerEcun fans say too! A real shampwon does not put deh belt on deh wall! Dot belt, all it do is put up your ponts! But ven you get in dot ring! Den deh belt means dot you are deh best in deh vurld, ven you wrestail deh best in deh vurld! Jazaku allahu khair, Mistair Defrenzy, for dot you see dot, un dafend your shampwonship against me!

Un for all Iranian peepell, all Arabian peepell, all Mooslem peepell, all ontollEgunt AmerEcun, CahnadEun, MexEcun peepell, all peepell dot vant to see deh best wrestlairs competed for deh shampwonship... dey don't vant to see you pin a man aftair Mistair Louis Matsui got everyvun to attock him because he vouldn't get his own man to do it himself! dey vant to see it in deh ring, because a shampwon is not made by a belt! A shampwon is made by deh ring! Un I vant to be dot shampwon, so all my peepell vill say IRAN! IRAN! IRAN, NUMBAIR VUN!

[Sharif waves his flag... now some fans are cheering (because he basically just inadvertently called Dufrense and Matsui out for being punks) and some are booing (because he's a Muslim who loves his country). The Sultan heads to the back to prepare, as Jason Dane closes the segment.]

JD: Alright, Sultan Azam Sharif ready for his championship match later tonight. Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

GM: Very interesting.

BW: Adrian needs to get back in a hurry, Gordo.

GM: Why? Why should an Olympian need any help in a wrestling match?

BW: This Olympian needs help in watching what he says! I guarantee you, if Adrian were here, he wouldn't have run his mouth about Dufrense and Matsui like that!

GM: He had nothing but overly kind things to say about Calisto Dufrense! If nothing else, Sharif is rather oblivious to Dufrense's true character.

BW: Sure, sure, but the way he was talking made it sound like Calisto wasn't a real champion! You gotta be careful how you word things, Gordo. That's true in any walk of life. And that's the second time he's basically told Louis Matsui that he's a coward. GM: He never used that word! He just thinks Matsui made a mistake... he's never actually disparaged the man himself, which again, is far kinder than Matsui actually deserves!

BW: No, no, Adrian needs to get the leash back on the Sultan before he goes too far. Some of these idiot fans were cheering him, Gordo!

GM: Compared to the likes of Dufrense, I dare say I'd be cheering him, too. Sultan Azam Sharif is one of the most... I don't know how to say it, but I've never seen anyone so blinded and warped by the control of a manager in all my years of wrestling! Count Adrian Bathwaite has totally twisted Sharif's entire worldview when it comes to professional wrestling, and now that he's not here, maybe the Sultan can start to see things the way they really are.

BW: So you're saying he's an idiot and a fool. See?! You're doing it, too! Maybe you need a manager to be a mouthpiece and a filter for you, Gordo! Hey... Matsui's free, why not give him a call? What a broadcast team THAT would be!

GM: No thank you... fans, we're about to head up to the ring for our opening contest here tonight. Earlier this week, we heard the announcement of the seedings and brackets for the Stampede Cup and this team didn't make the Top 8, Bucky. They're going to face Kentucky's Pride in the first round!

BW: A tough call for a team who ain't officially in the AWA, Gordo. They've got that against them.

GM: True, but they've been touring with us for the past two months and are undefeated in that span.

BW: If I were them, I wouldn't be too worried anyways. It's not like Old Man Dust is gonna be able to find a useful partner.

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams has offered to team with him, Bucky.

BW: What did I just say?

[Gordon audibly sighs.]

GM: Let's go up to the ring and see if they can keep that undefeated streak going!

[We cut to the ring, where two wrestlers stand discussing strategy. One is a six-two Caucasian man with a slightly bulky wrestler's build. He has black hair, grey trunks, black boots, and white knee pads. His partner is a black man, a bit taller, with long black dreadlocks, white trunks, black knee pads, and grey boots. he has a muscular upper body, but lacks muscular definition elsewhere.]

PW: Introducing first, in the ring. At a total combined weight of five hundred and seven pounds...

ALEX WORTHY and J.P. DRIVER!

[The two wrestlers raises their arms in a confident pose, as "Rocket" from Def Leppard starts with it's unmistakable opening. The fans cheer.]

PW: Their opponents, making their way to the ring. At a total combined weight of four hundred ninety-four pounds...

MARK CARNEY and MARK WORKMAN... MARK II!

[Mark II is already in the aisle, taking the time to slap hands, sign autographs, and interact with the fans. The one in the lead, Mark Carney, is a well-built young man wearing knee-length shiny sapphire-blue trunks with a marble pattern, and blue wrestling boots. Carney has short black hair in a Caesar haircut, is clean-shaven, and wears athletic tape around his wrists. His partner, Mark Workman, has a leaner "wrestler's" build, sports full-length royal blue trunks, with dark blue kneepads, blue wrestling boots, taped wrists, and black short hair.]

BW: And heeeere goes the babykissin'.

GM: They aren't kissing babies. I don't see a baby in the audience.

BW: You know what I mean! That's a term for dumb goody-two-shoes fools who think their job is to impress the fans.

GM: Considering the whole purpose of professional sport is to draw a paying audience, I think it IS.

BW: That's the marketing people's job! Heck, that's our job, Gordo. Not the wrestlers! Their job is to win. Who makes more money, the guy who wins all the time but is hated, or the shlub who loses all the time but is loved?

GM: Victory and popularity are not mutually exclusive... ask Juan Vasquez.

BM: Ha! We saw how popular he was at WrestleRock, didn't we?! Ha ha ha!

GM: ...

[Mark II has already gotten to the ring, and are receiving last minute instructions from the referee.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell is gone, and we are underway. It will be the technician of each team... Mark Workman and Alex Worthey, starting out. Workman is from the great state of Iowa, where wrestling is in the blood, while Worthey trained in Europe, where technical wrestling is the dominant style.

[Workman and Worthey lock up, and Worthey takes Workman down with a side headlock... which is immediately countered into a headscissors by Workman. Worthey nips out, and dives into a chinlock, but Workman

wrenches the arm to get into a wristlock. Both men get to their feet with Workman in control of the wristlock. Worthey does a slow cartwheel to reverse the wristlock, and shoots in for the fireman's takeover... but Workman counters with an inside cradle!]

GM: Great technical exchange right there... Workman gets a two-count and Worthey breaks it off!

BW: That was a REAL fast near fall. Mark Workman executes everything spot on, so if he catches ya in a pin like that, he could steal one at any time.

GM: One of the reasons that this could be a dark horse team, Bucky, is that both men are very fundamentally sound. Worthey locks back up with Workman, and takes control with... no, nice counter!

BW: Workman hiptossed him into his corner. All that European training, but Mark Workman's plain better right now. Tag made, Gordo. A quick-tag team is a scary team when it's a tournament.

GM: Carney in and a double armwringer by Mark II, now whipping Alex Worthey to the ropes, and a double elbow by Carney and Workman! Worthey staggers into his corner, and tagging out to J.P. Driver.

BW: He's gonna need to do better than his partner.

GM: Driver and Carney locking up, and Driver pushing Carney back to the... Carney monkey flipped him! He rolled straight back, monkey-flipped him, and rolled right on top of him with some big right hands!

BW: "Mark" my words, Gordo... of these two kids? This is the man that will be a star someday: Carney. All he needs is the guidance, Gordo.

GM: Carney up and whipping J.P. Driver off the ropes... back body... NO! Driver with a quick knee breaks that up!

BW: And experience. They need experience.

GM: J.P. Driver with a clever move. Picks up Mark Carney, and bodyslams him. Now he's lining up something with Worthey...

[Driver points to Worthey, who puts his boot up. The dreadlocked Driver commences to Irish-Whip Carney towards his corner, but the whip is reversed! Driver goes face first into his partner's boot! The fans cheer the turnaround, and Carney barrels in to the corner to hammer Worthey across the face with a forearm shot that knocks him off the apron!]

GM: Carney with the tremendous counter, and both of his opponents are down! Driver standing up... GOOD NIGHT!

[The fans cheer loudly as Carney explodes into that two-step dropkick, totally flattening his man.]

BW: Well, that'll leave you seein' double, triple, or quadruple.

GM: The Restaurant Quality Dropkick by Carney, and a tag to Workman. Mark II operating as one here... Carney Irish-Whips Workman to the corner...

[As he barrels into the corner, Mark Workman jumps on the second turnbuckle, and flies back as if going for the twisting cross bodypress counter. This morphs into a flying elbowdrop on Driver!]

GM: U-Turn Elbowdrop on Driver! Workman with the cover... one, two... and it would have been three, but Alex Worthey broke up the pin!

BW: Carney decks Worthey again! The referee pushing him back... woah, Workman's upset!

[Mark Workman picks up J.P. Driver as Alex Worthey rolls onto the apron, and rams him into Driver's own corner. He grabs Driver's hand, and slaps Worthey across the face with it!]

GM: That's... the most unusal tag I've seen in a while.

BW: I like it. These kids are showing a little fire after all.

GM: Workman slingshots Worthey into the ring! Worthey gets up...

"CRAAAAAAACK!" "OOOHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND A BRUTAL JAPANESE BACK BRAIN KICK BY MARK WORKMAN!

BW: It's an "enzuigiri", Gordo. En. Zuh. Ger. Ree.

GM: Alex Worthey will be lucky if he can say his own name after that, let alone the word en-zag-you-ree. Tag by Mark II, and here it comes!

[The two members of Mark II flank Alex Worthey, lift him up in the high double slam position, and slam him forward... Workman brings his knee up into the back of Worthey's head as Carney drops to a knee, letting his prey land spine-first on an outstretched knee. The fans cheer the big move!]

BW: BECKBREAKER!

GM: And Carney with the cover... an emphatic win for Mark II!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Well, if ya wanna get noticed, that's how ya do it. Get mad and take somebody out.

GM: Workman and Carney with little trouble this week, and now there's nothing left for them but to await the Stampede Cup where some form of

Kentucky's Pride will be waiting for them in the first round - and if it's the duo of Tin Can Rust and Sweet Daddy Williams like we think it may be, I think these two may be in for some trouble, Bucky.

["Rocket" by Def Leppard plays over the PA, and the two Marks exit the ring via over-the-top-rope flip. The instant replay begins, showing the Beckbreaker in all of it's glory.]

BW: They took a big risk in comin' here and tourin' with AWA to try an' get a high seed and rolled a snake eyes but I still think they can knock off the duo of Old and Fat.

GM: Ah, because their competition will have seen them. Yes, that is true. We know nothing about the likes of the Pharaohs, the Puerto Rican contingent, or the Japanese contingent. Fans of those territories know all about them, but here in the AWA, they have shown us nothing. That gives them a huge tactical advantage against opponents unfamiliar with their style. But Mark II put it all out there, and in just a few weeks now, we'll see if it paid off. They are up with Jason Dane in the interview area now... take it away, Jason.

[Up at the interview platform, Jason Dane prepares to interview the two young men who we just saw in action. Workman is firing up the crowd, while Carney stands confidently near Dane.]

JD: Gentlemen, you've built a lot of momentum heading into the Stampede Cup... but the time is near.

MC: The time is near, that's exactly right, brother. And while the world is focused on a few rivalries... a few grudges... me and my main man Mark, we're lookin' at everyone else in this thing and seeing our enemy! Whether you're all-American or a crushin' Russian... whether you come from the Land Of The Rising Sun or you walk like an Egyptian... whether you got Puerto Power or you wave the flag of Parts Unknown, dude... no one's gonna be able to hide come Labor Day! Tell 'em, Mark!

MW: We hear all the threats, all the bragging, and all the hype. A whole lot of people have a whole lot of yak to live up to, and correct me if I'm wrong, but there's only one Stampede Cup. That means that there's a whole lot of teams who'll wake up that Monday, look at themselves in the mirror, and what'll stare back out at them with that dumb blank expression... is just another jaw-flapper who couldn't live up to his own words. Remember that. There are no excuses.

Make no mistake... we're there to win. If we don't win, we'll have to look in that mirror, too. And that's why we came here. We didn't hide in our territory, we didn't sit at home and wait for our name to be called. There's a brass ring up for grabs, and we're grabbin' with both hands. So when we look in that mirror, we know. The man starin' back at us is exactly the man we made him out to be... no excuses, no regrets, no retreat, and no surrender!

MC: So whether you think you're a king, or you think you're oppressed. Whether you think you're an angel, or you think you're the devil himself. At the Stampede Cup, brother, we're all gonna have to reach down deep inside for the same exact thing.

And me and Mark? We got enough of that to make the world go around!

MW: And every time the world goes around, it brings the Stampede Cup a day closer... get ready, because it's coming... at Mark II!

[With that, the duo exits, stepping off the platform to clap hands with the fans on their way out of the arena.]

GM: Confident words, and they themselves noted, Bucky... only one team isn't going to be eating their words after the Stampede Cup is over.

BW: All or nothin'. I love tournaments, Gordo!

GM: So do I, Bucky. There's nothing quite like... hold on here, fans... something is happening in...

[Without warning or entrance music for that matter, three men storm from the entrance curtain, heading straight for the ring with a stream of AWA officials on either side of them, trying to talk them out of heading down the aisle.]

GM: Wait a second! They're not scheduled to be out here, fans!

BW: You want to tell 'em that?

[The camera cuts to the aisle as a steaming mad Mark Langseth shoves an AWA official to the ground, the National Tag Team Champions walking right behind him. All three men are walking with purpose as they head to the ring.]

GM: The rumors have been... well, they've been everywhere all week, fans. No one is quite sure on the status of Joe Petrow, the manager of Royalty, and his future with this company.

BW: I've got a feeling we may be about to find out, Gordo.

[Langseth snatches the house mic away from Phil Watson as he steps into the ring to a burst of jeers from the St. Louis fans. He looks around disdainfully at the reaction as Cooper and Somers take up positions on either side of him, preventing a few AWA officials who are still trying to get the group out of the ring.]

ML: Respect.

[Langseth pauses, letting the word hang there for a real long time before continuing.]

ML: When this company first approached me about coming here as a Free Agent, it was a word they threw around as much as they threw around dollar signs on a contract. They told me how much they respected me and how much I had accomplished in my career in this business. They told me how the other places - how they DIDN'T respect me and how it was the AWA who had respect for the tradition and the legacy of the wrestlers and promotions long gone.

To prove it, they threw up signs outside an abandoned warehouse in Dallas, Texas paying tribute to the two most over-rated men to ever lace a set of boots - John Wesley Hardin, who our esteemed boss never ceases to cry about when he gets a free moment, and Caleb Temple - a blood and guts hack who made a reputation on doing theatrical stunts and so-called "extreme" wrestling...

[Langseth pauses.]

ML: They created a title that paid tribute to a company long dead that only really mattered to a handful of fans and the people whose career was BUILT by that place to begin with.

These are the people... these are the places that this company has respect for.

[A nod, slowly pacing around the ring for a moment.]

ML: Respect. The AWA says they respect my legacy yet they only let me wrestle a few times a year. They say they respect my legacy yet they put rookies like Supernova and Sharif in title matches while I sit on the sidelines wearing a crown.

[Langseth grimaces, shaking his head.]

ML: They say they respect tag team wrestling but the greatest tag team in the world, the two men standing behind me, are constantly ignored, downplayed, and put into situations unworthy of their talent.

Dave Cooper and Eric Matthew Somers are tag team wrestling GODS! They should be put up on a pedestal and honored by you people but you boo them because they had the gall to do something you didn't like so they could finally get the titles that the AWA kept dangling in front of them for two years!

[The crowd jeers Langseth turning his focus on them.]

ML: Respect. The AWA says they respect the history of this business but when giftwrapped and handed the final World Champion of one of the greatest promotions to ever put up a marquee that says "WRESTLING", they shuffle him off to be an "Executive Consultant" and then a manager.

Joe Petrow could turn this industry on its ear if given the opportunity. He could usher in a revolution that would change everything.

But the AWA wants him to shut his mouth and follow their marching orders.

[The crowd buzzes, waiting for the news they want to hear.]

ML: Joe Petrow spoke his mind...

[Langseth pauses, gritting his teeth.]

ML: ...and they FIRED HIM FOR IT!

[HUUUUUUUUGE CHEER! Langseth glares at the cheering crowd, shaking his head with disgust.]

ML: YOU! YOU PEOPLE ARE JUST LIKE THEM! YOU'RE THE REASON FOR ALL THIS! YOU DON'T RESPECT ME! YOU DON'T RESPECT THEM! YOU DON'T RESPECT JOE! AND THEY DO WHAT YOU TELL THEM TO DO!

[Langseth's temper tantrum only serves to get him booed even louder.]

ML: This is fitting. Absolutely perfect actually. You people echo the disrespect shown to Royalty by the powers that be.

That's fine. That's absolutely fine.

Because we don't need you!

[More boos!]

ML: We don't need the front office to support us either! We don't need any friends... any allies...

Royalty is declaring war on the entire AWA!

[Langseth grins.]

ML: Whether these fans love you or hate you, you're on our list! We've got nothing but enemies and that's exactly the way we want it. Do you people understand what I'm-

[Langseth's words are cut off by the arrival of all seven feet of Robert Donovan, climbing the ringsteps. He holds up a hand as he steps through the ropes, trying to stop the approach of Rough N Ready with a "I'm not here for trouble" before producing a mic.]

RD: Hang on now, fellas. Y'all had some harsh words -- for me, for the one part of my past I take pride in, but I ain't here to fight.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: What I am here to do is try'n keep you from makin' a mistake. You said a word when you stepped out here, Mark, a word that, while it gets

thrown around a lot, still carries all the weight it deserves -- an' that word was respect. You may not believe it, an' they ain't gonna act like it, but despite the goofy crap you've been pullin' off for the past several months, there's still plenty of people who have a ton of respect for you.

[Langseth looks understandably doubtful.]

RD: One of those people is standin' right here in front of ya, Mark. I don't know about what happened to Petrow -- if he really got fired just 'cause he spoke what he felt in his heart?

[Donovan shakes his head.]

RD: Then whoever fired him should come out an' fire me too, because if I see somethin' wrong, I ain't gonna keep my mouth shut. If I see somethin' goin' on that shouldn't, I'm gonna open my mouth an' let anybody around me hear about it...which is why you find me right here, right now, Mark. You talk about everybody bein' your enemies? It ain't gotta be like that. You an' I got history...

[Langseth says something the microphones don't pick up, and Donovan shrugs.]

RD: Hey, I ain't sayin' it's pretty, but it exists. More to the point, it's why I have respect for you, Mark -- I've seen what you can do in the ring an' I've seen how you handle adversity outside o' the ring, too. Even now, somethin' bad happens to you, to your manager, an' instead o' toein' the company line and keepin' yer mouth shut, you come right out and flip the front office, an' all the boys in the back, the middle finger.

[Donovan chuckles.]

RD: Now, two weeks ago when I came out here, I didn't say anythin' like I wanted all the "good guys" comin' out later tonight to stand up against the crap that went down at WrestleRock. I just wanted anybody who had a problem with what happened to Vasquez -- don't care about what the problem is, why you didn't like it, nothin' o' that sort. Mark, I know a guy who's been around as you, who's been a champion in his own right, had to hate to see that happen -- regardless of who it happens to. Maybe you ain't a fan of Vasquez, but if you value respect as much as you claim, an' as much as I believe you do, ain't no way you didn't hate what happened that night with every fiber o' yer bein'.

[Donovan gestures at Cooper and Somers.]

RD: I ain't as familiar with the two of ya as I am with Mark, but I seen enough to know y'all love a good fight -- an' what happened to Vasquez ain't what anybody would call a good fight. Maybe you don't give a damn about what happened to Vasquez -- just keep this in mind. Some o' the punks who did that to the champ are gonna be in the Stampede Cup, an' if y'all decide to make everybody an enemy, you could find yerself on the bad end o' the same kind of beatdown, an' see yer title belts movin' off your shoulders onto those...

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: ...lemme see if I can phrase this in a way that ain't gonna get me fined...movin' off your shoulders, an' onto the shoulders o' men who ain't worthy o' spit-polishin' your boots. You can go ahead and declare everybody an enemy if you want, Mark...or you can come out later tonight an' stand up for that virtue you put so much stock in...

Respect.

[Donovan lowers the mic, seemingly waiting for an answer as Mark Langseth huddles up with Dave Cooper and Eric Matthew Somers.]

GM: There seems to be a discussion of some sorts going on. Could Royalty really be considering accepting the offer of Robert Donovan?

BW: I can't imagine why they'd want to saddle themselves along a seven foot piece of dead weight but desperate men do desperate things. Just how desperate is a Petrow-less Royalty, Gordo?

[Finally, the Royalty huddle splits up, serious faces all around as Langseth steps closer to his former ally. He raises the mic, looking up at Donovan.]

ML: You want us... to work with you?

[Langseth smirks as Donovan nods his head.]

ML: You're right, Donovan. You and I - we DO have a history. Maybe you remember it a little differently than I do. You know what I remember?

[He edges closer.]

ML: I remember being in charge.

[Donovan grins.]

ML: And I remember YOU...

[Langseth jabs a finger into the chest of the seven footer.]

ML: ...taking orders from ME.

[The Hall of Famer jerks a thumb at himself. Langseth nods confidently.]

ML: But hey, things change, right? Maybe you're right, Donovan. Maybe we are different men without Petrow here. Maybe I'm the man who came to the AWA - out for the cheers of these people and to cement my legacy as the greatest of all time.

[A few cheers for that line.]

ML: Maybe Dave and Eric are those guys who sucked up to these people and got nothing for it until Joe showed up and led them to the next level - helped them become the National Tag Team Champions that they ALWAYS deserved to be.

Maybe you're right, Donovan. Maybe Royalty has done enough taking from the AWA and the fans...

[Langseth rubs his chin.]

ML: Maybe it's time that Royalty gave something back!

[Big cheer!]

GM: These fans seem in support of that, Bucky!

BW: I thought they hate Langseth and Rough N Ready!

GM: Love them or hate them, they probably respect them and they understand exactly what having Royalty on the RIGHT side of this war would mean to this ongoing struggle with the Darkness. Royalty on the right side of this could change EVERYTHING!

[Langseth nods.]

ML: This is an interesting spot for you to be in, Robbie.

[A grin from the seven footer.]

ML: You come out here... all alone... putting yourself on the line...

[Rough N Ready steps closer, standing right behind Langseth as he's basically within reach of Donovan now.]

ML: You realize that Royalty... that WE hold the fate of the AWA in our hands. If we join your side, Robert Donovan and his Immortals walk all over the Darkness and shine the brightest light the world has even seen on all these boogeymen.

[A nod.]

ML: But if we go the other way...

[Rough N Ready step out from behind Langseth, moving alongside him now.]

ML: If we decide to embrace this... darkness...

[Cooper and Somers edge closer, one on either side of Donovan now who is starting to look back and forth between them, getting ready for what may be on the way.] ML: If I snap my fingers and the National Tag Team Champions jump on you like a pair of rabid dogs, beating the hell out of you until I join in, grab that twig you call an ankle and snap it in half...

[More nodding.]

ML: One more epic beating - in honor of our fallen ally - then you're pretty much all alone out here with no one to save your Longhorn lovin' rear end, aren't you?

[Donovan squares up, lifting his clenched fists, ready to throw at the first sight of trouble, giving a "COME ON!" to Somers who steps even closer...

...until Langseth lifts an arm, placing it front of Somers.]

ML: Let's not, Eric.

[Pause. Langseth grins.]

ML: At least, not yet.

[Somers, fire in his eyes, backs off, glaring at Donovan the whole while. Langseth leans forward, jabbing a finger into the chest of Donovan again.]

ML: You want to know where our loyalties lie, Donovan?

[A grin.]

ML: You'll find out with the rest of the world later tonight.

[Langseth drops the mic, turning to join Dave Cooper and Eric Matthew Somers as they exit the ring, walking past a sea of AWA officials on their way back up the aisle to the locker room area as we fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black... and then back up to live action, panning over the outdoor crowd still buzzing over what they just saw.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and we are a little floored here by what we just heard. Joe Petrow has been FIRED by the American Wrestling Alliance for... well, no one seems quite quick to tell us why. We're still trying to find out but apparently Royalty knows about it and they're not happy about it!

BW: Of course they're not! This is a blatant attempt by the Championship Committee to CRUSH Royalty. But they're bigger than that, Gordo. They're BETTER than that!

GM: And then, out of nowhere, we had Robert Donovan show up and try to sway Royalty - of all people - to his side later tonight in that Call To Arms. He wants Mark Langseth and the National Tag Team Champions, Rough N Ready, to stand by his side against the forces of evil here in the AWA! And perhaps more shockingly, they didn't turn him down...

BW: Yet, Gordo. The key word there is "yet!" There's no way that true and honorable athletes like Royalty would stand next to a rebellious punk like Donovan! Langseth and Donovan have got history - he knows what kind of man Donovan is and he knows better than to get himself tied up in that.

GM: You may be right, Bucky. Mark Langseth says the whole world will find out their answer later tonight and... well, I think I'm a bit anxious to find out. Mark Langseth, Dave Cooper, and Eric Matthew Somers USED to be men of honor until Joe Petrow showed his face and got involved with them. They could be again!

BW: And they will be... as soon as they kick Donovan's teeth down his stinkin' throat, that rabble-rouser!

GM: Fans, our Main Event is not our only title defense here tonight. In fact, we are just moments away from seeing "Red Hot" Rex Summers defend his title for the very first time. His PCW World Title, I should say... a title for a promotion that no longer exists.

BW: But he never lost that title, Gordo. Does that make him less of a champion?

GM: In my view, it does. He can not be a champion of a promotion that does not exist, can he?

BW: The AWA created a title in TRIBUTE to a dead promotion, Gordo. Consider this the same deal.

GM: Regardless of our opinion on the situation, Summers came out here two weeks ago and said he wanted to defend the title... and Dick Bass took him up on it! Bass and Summers, of course, both competed in PCW and are no strangers to one another. Summers accepted the challenge - adding in a cheapshot while he was at it - and now the match is on! Let's go backstage to Jason Dane to hear from the challenger!

[We crossfade backstage where Jason Dane is standing beside an angry and fired up Dick Bass.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. As you can see, my guest at this time is the man who will be taking on the PCW World Champion, Rex Summers, in mere moments. Dick Bass, you have made it well known all week that Rex Summers is going to pay for what he did last Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Dick Bass points at meaty finger at the camera.]

DB: Dane, Rex Summers made the biggest mistake of his life when he attacked me from behind. You think with our history, he would know better then try to blindside a guy like me from behind. I was straight up with ya' Rex. I came down to that ring, looked ya' in the eye and challenged you man to man for the PCW World Title.

[Bass grits his teeth is obvious disgust.]

DB: Now you could have accepted like a man, but I guess that's just not yer' style. Instead you and yer' little pip squeak of a manager tried to soften up Dick Bass, but instead all ya did was \_tick me off!\_ So now instead of just taking the ten pounds of gold from ya Rex...

[Bass cruelly smiles]

DB: I'm gonna hurt ya and hurt ya bad. It seems you have forgotten just what happens when ya rub Dick Bass the wrong way. It seems you may have forgotten what I'm all about. Well I'm going to remind ya, Rex. I'm going to show you and all of AWA what happens when you think you can put one over on me. Tonight I will leave the ring the PCW World Champion and who knows Rex, maybe when it's all said and done...

[Bass holds up Delilah making Dane take a step back.]

DB: You won't be leaving as pretty as when you walked in.

[He glares at the camera, then at Dane before stomping off.]

JD: I would NOT want to be Rex Summers here tonight in St. Louis, fans. Let's go back down to the ring for championship action!

[Crossfade back to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and Rex Summers has agreed to put the PCW World Title on the line!

[The crowd cheers.]

PW: Introducing first.. the challenger... he hails from Tampa, Florida...

[The opening strains of Aaron Lewis' "Country Boy" brings a mixed reaction from the crowd.]

PW: Weighing in at 265 pounds...

"DIRTY!" DICK! BAAAAAAAAAAASS!

[A loud "CRACK!" fills the air as Bass walks into view, his precious bullwhip Delilah snapping through the air. Bass' hair is buzzed close to the head, revealing a few scars on his scalp. He has a bit of a pot belly and one of the swankiest handlebar mustaches you'll ever see. Dressed in simple black trunks, kneepads, and boots, Bass slowly makes his way down the aisle, his black Stetson hat slung down over his eyes.]

GM: "Dirty" Dick Bass is one of the toughest men I've ever run across in all my years in this business, Bucky... and one of the meanest to boot.

BW: He's tough, he's mean, and tonight, he's angry. You know, I'm a big Rex Summers fan but even I don't know what he was thinking accepting this challenge. We may see a new champion crowned tonight here in St. Louis, Gordo. GM: We certainly might.

[Bass makes his way up the steps, tugging off his black leather vest and tossing it to a ringside attendant before he steps through the ropes. A crack of the whip sends the referee scurrying and Phil Watson decides to finish his work from out on the floor as the music fades.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A loud growl comes over the PA system, and right after it is Janet Jackson's "Black Cat". The crowd responds by booing at the top of their lungs, and soon the curtains part as "Red Hot" Rex Summers and Buddy Morton come through into the arena.]

PW: Hailing from St. Paul, Minnesota, he weighs in at two hundred and fifty-one pounds, accompanied to the ring by "The Maker Of Legends" Buddy Morton...

"RED HOT" REX SUMMERS!

[Summers is dressed in a full length red robe with white sequins running down both lapels and in a zig zag formation across the front. He walks slowly down to the ring, a cocky strut shows his arrogance as he stares up at the pacing Bass.

The always talking Morton shouts at the camera and nearby fans, talking up his managerial charge. Summers simply smirks as he approaches ringside, and we catch the words "Red Hot" are spelled out in more sequins on the back of the robe.]

GM: This is, without a doubt, one of the most arrogant men in the entire AWA, Bucky.

BW: As well he should be! He's a World Champion! And when that robe comes off, you'll see one of the best bodies in the world!

GM: Oh, the man has a tremendous physique, no doubt.

[Summers reaches ringside, pausing as Bass leans over the ropes, threatening him with Delilah. Morton shouts some protests at the referee who is trying to get the whip out of the challenger's hands. Shaking his head, Summers gestures for a mic on the floor.]

RS: Cut the music!

[The music abruptly stops, replaced by very loud boos from the crowd.]

RS: Since I can smell Bass' breath from here and...

[Summers waves a hand in front of his nose.]

RS: It smells like you've been used as a horse's personal toilet...

[More boos! Bass shouts something unrepeatable in Summers' direction.]

RS: I'll stand right out here and show the world what a real man should look like...

[Rex drops the mic as the music starts to play again...

...and Dick Bass seizes the moment to toss down his whip, stepping through the ropes, and leaping off with a double axehandle squarely across the back of the still-robed Summers, a blow that sends him staggering forward into the ringside barricade. The crowd roars for the sneak attack by Bass as Buddy Morton quickly (or as quickly as he can move) gets out of Bass' way as the official shouts for them to get the fight into the ring.]

GM: This one is underway!

BW: No, no - the bell hasn't sounded yet!

[Bass swings Summers around by the arm, shoving his back against the railing and buries a right hand into the well-chiseled abs of the PCW World Champion. A second blow connects before Bass grabs him by the arm, dragging him towards the ring where he chucks him under the ropes, yanking the robe off as he does so.]

GM: Bass brings him back in... rolling in himself now...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And NOW this one is officially underway.

[Bass stalks towards Summers who is crawling across the ring for his life...

...but gets hooked by the back of the tights, dragged up to his feet by the same article of clothing. He spins Summers around, grabbing him by the back of the head, and absolutely PASTES him with a right hand between the eyes, knocking him back into the ropes.]

GM: Dick Bass is bringing the fight to him like a man who wants to walk out of here with a big ol' chunk of leather and gold, Bucky.

BW: That belt would look awful on that pot belly of his!

GM: I thought you liked Dick Bass!

BW: I do... but... well, uhh... it's complicated!

[Bass grabs Summers by the arm, flinging him across the ring.]

GM: Fires him across... big boot to the gut!

[With Summers doubled up, Bass attempts to secure the double underhook that would lead to his backbreaker.]

GM: Bass Breaker!

[But the crowd is disappointed as Summers quickly pulls out of the hold, diving backwards to the ropes where he tumbles out to the apron.]

BW: A great move by Summers. Remember, these two know each other quite well from their time in PCW. It's going to be hard to lock in one of their signature moves without doing a lot of damage first or getting it in a different way.

GM: A great point, Bucky. Rex Summers felt the Bass Breaker coming and got the heck out of town as quickly as he could...

[Shaking his head, Bass approaches the ropes, reaching over to grab the downed Summers.]

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

[Bass attempts to scoop Summers up in a slam but the resourceful rulebreaker goes to the eyes, raking his fingers across them. He quickly hooks his hands around Bass' neck, dropping off the apron to snap his throat down over the top rope!]

GM: Ohh! Summers went to the eyes and then hung him out to dry over the top rope! He really did a number on him there with that clothesline and-

[At Morton's shout, Summers quickly crawls through the ropes, throwing himself into a lateral press but only earning a two count before Bass gets a shoulder up.]

GM: The challenger's out the back door at two...

[Summers quickly regains his feet, he launches into a barrage of stomps on the downed challenger before diving down to his knees, wrapping his hands around the throat of Bass.]

GM: He's choking him, fans! He's choking Dick Bass!

BW: Pretty sure they can see that, Gordo. It's not like he's hiding it from anyone. Heck, I bet Stevie Wonder could see that chokehold!

GM: It's a blatantly illegal hold and the referee is trying to force a break.

[Summers breaks at four... and then re-applies it!]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: What do you want Meekly to do about it? He's counting! He's doing his job correctly!

GM: It's at his discretion to disqualify the man though if he's repeatedly breaking the rules.

[Breaking at four again, Summers applies a cover on the gasping Bass, earning another two count.]

BW: Great strategy here by Rex Summers. Make the man suck wind and then make him expend energy by kicking out. That's how you wear a man down and grind him out to dust, Gordo. Although I don't expect you to know anything about strategy in a match like this having never been in the ring.

GM: I'm sure I can get the truck to pull up footage of some of your old matches if you want to get into that.

BW: Err, let's focus on this match here, Gordo. Sheesh. Try to be professional out here.

[Measuring his man, Summers throws himself forward into a driving elbow into the throat of Bass.]

GM: Hard elbowshot there by Summers. And Buddy Morton certainly likes what he's seeing here in St. Louis so far tonight, Bucky.

BW: As he should. Summers is showing the world what it takes to be a World Champion in this business right now.

[Summers pulls Bass off the mat, cracking him across the chest with a knifeedge chop before scooping him up into his muscular arms and slamming him down to the canvas. He stands over Bass, swiveling his hips to the jeers (mostly) of the crowd.]

GM: This is a perfect example of how this man's arrogance may get the better of him. Instead of staying on top of his opponent, he's taking the time to taunt these fans here in St. Louis.

[Flexing his powerful right arm, he tilts his head to kiss the bicep before dropping an elbow down across the chest, rolling into another lateral press, earning another two count.]

GM: Summers keeps bringing the thunder but Dick Bass refuses to stay down for more than a two count. This man can take a lot of punishment inside the ring.

[Summers regains his feet, unleashing another series of stomps before dragging Bass up by the arm, firing him across the ring...]

GM: In comes Summ-

[The crowd cheers as Bass brings his elbow up at the last moment, cracking Summers under the jaw with it!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Bass!

[Grabbing the stunned Summers by the back of the head, Bass SMASHES his face into the top turnbuckle to another cheer from the crowd!]

GM: He's got Summers dazed off that elbow! This may be his opening!

[He grabs the dazed Summers by the back of the head, tucking his own skull under the champion's chin...

...and DROPS down to a knee, smashing Summers' jaw into his head!]

GM: Ohh! Jawbreaker by the challenger!

[Popping up to his feet, he mows over the stunned champion with a running clothesline, dropping down into a cover.]

GM: BASS GETS ONE! HE GETS TWO!! HE GETS-

[But Summers fires a shoulder off the canvas before the three count! An angry Bass climbs up to his feet and then it's his turn to let loose a barrage of stomps to the chest of the downed champion.]

GM: Dick Bass is bringin' it here tonight in St. Louis! He wants the PCW World Title, fans! You can just see it in everything he does how BADLY he wants to wear that gold!

[Leaning over, he pulls Summers off the mat, popping him under the chin with an uppercut that sends him falling back to the ropes...

...where another running clothesline connects, sending Summers tumbling over the ropes and out to the floor to a huge cheer from the crowd!]

GM: OHHHHHHH! WHAT A MOVE BY BASS!!

[The big man from Florida lets loose a whoop as he walks around the ring. The camera cuts to find Buddy Morton kneeling next to Rex Summers, trying to shake some life into the PCW World Champion.]

BW: Get up, Rex! Get up!

GM: Maybe you want to go over there and help that piece of garbage, Morton, get him back up!

BW: Thanks, I'll be right ba-

GM: Sit down!

[Bass steps through the ropes to the apron, dropping down to the floor which sends Morton scurrying away as the big man pulls Summers off the thinly-padded floor. He grabs Summers around the thigh, hoisting him high into the air...]

#### "SMAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!" "ОННННННННННННН!"

### GM: FACEFIRST!! FACEFIRST TO THE FLOOR!!

[The crowd is roaring for Bass' one man flapjack on the floor mats. He lets loose a roar as he leans against the apron for a moment. Breathing heavily, he drags Summers off the floor, tossing him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Bass puts Summers back in...

[The Floridian steps back up on the apron, going to step through the ropes.]

GM: Bass comes back in- wait a second!

[The crowd jeers as Buddy Morton wraps his plump arms around the leg of Dick Bass, preventing his return into the ring. Inside the squared circle, we find a dazed Rex Summers grabbing the referee by the shirt, preventing him from seeing what's going on with Morton and Bass.]

GM: Marty Meekly is missing all of this! Turn around, kid!

[An angry Bass finally manages to shake himself loose from Morton, turning to shout at him before stepping in...

...where Rex Summers has pulled himself up, stumbling forward.]

"ОННННННННН!"

GM: SUMMERS KICKED THE MIDDLE ROPE INTO THE GROIN!!

[A move that somehow Marty Meekly was shielded from seeing, an illegal blow that has Bass doubled up, tangled in the ropes as Summers locks in a double underhook...]

GM: No, no, no!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!"

[The THUNDEROUS Heat Check double arm DDT sends Bass' skull crashing into the canvas. Summers quickly pulls him away from the ropes, diving into a cover as Meekly hits the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: That was a total miscarriage of justice, fans! Bucky Wilde, even YOU have to agree with that!

BW: What are you talkin' 'bout, Gordo? He got the man with the Heat Check and won it one-two-three!

GM: AFTER the interference of Buddy Morton and AFTER the low blow! Dick Bass was in total control of this match before all that went down. I think he was on the verge of winning the PCW World Title!

BW: Hey, Bass is a heck of a competitor but he ain't no Rex Summers, daddy!

GM: Unbelievable. And I'm not the only man who thinks so. Fans, Jason Dane is backstage where he just got done watching this match with a man who knows BOTH of those men quite well - Travis Lynch! Jason?

[We crossfade to the locker room area where Travis Lynch is standing next to Jason Dane, shaking his head. Lynch is in a pair of blue jeans and a red and white t-shirt that seems just one size too small.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Travis Lynch, you saw what the entire world just saw. Your thoughts?

TL: It was disgusting to see, Jason. That title means more than that to a lot of people... myself included. In fact, I have something I want to get off my chest right now.

Rex Summers and I have a history... he has a history with my entire family as a matter of fact...

[Lynch nods his head.]

TL: Rex Summers... the man who jumped me from behind and drilled me with the Heat Check... the man who cost me a chance at winning the Memorial Day Rumble...

And now Rex Summers... the self proclaimed real World Champion...

[Travis grimaces as he says those words.]

TL: I have a real hard time saying that, Jason. 'Cause I don't believe it to be true. You don't believe it to be true. And none of these great AWA fans believe it to be true either. I refuse to say that he's the real World Champion...

[The youngest of the Lynch Brothers raises a finger.]

TL: But I do have to say he was the last PCW Heavyweight Champion and he does still have possession of that championship belt ... which doesn't sit well with the family one bit.

[Travis shakes his head slowly to the side.]

TL: 'Cause night after night he still disgraces the PCW! That's right Jason, I said Summers is a disgrace to PCW... to the AWA... and more importantly the legacy my father built.

[The fire can be felt coming forth in his words.]

TL: He wants to come out and claim he's the best...

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: But isn't that a good thing for the legacy of PCW?

[Travis pauses and looks at Jason for a long moment.]

TL: Maybe if a real man was making the claim to be the Real World's Champion... but Rex Summers is a former Chippendale dancer who cheated his way to the top. He knows and more importantly the Lynches know it! Sure, he comes out and talks a big game but just look at him... jumping people from behind... backing down from challenges ...

JD: He did defend against Dick Bass tonight...

TL: 'Cause he ran his mouth two weeks ago and the AWA Championship Committee was smart enough to make him show up tonight.

But I've got a real challenge for Mister Red Hot...

[Lynch grins.]

TL: The Stampede Cup is coming up in a short time and we all know Jack and James are going to be doing their best to bring home the Cup, so why not make our father even more proud and bring home the PCW Championship as well?

JD: Are you-?

TL: That's right, Jason.

Rex Summers, I'm challenging you for a match at the Stampede Cup for the PCW Heavyweight Championship!

[Travis glares into the camera for a few moments the shot fades out 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.

And then back up to live action backstage where we find Mark Stegglet standing next to Supernova, who is dressed in a black shirt and blue jeans, but has his face painted as usual.]

MS: Supernova, two weeks ago, Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard unleashed a vicious assault on Tyler Lee following his and your match against them -- everyone wants to know what Tyler's condition is and if he'll be there for the Stampede Cup.

S: Unfortunately, Mark, he's not going to be wrestling in AWA for a long time. His back has taken too much punishment, and last Saturday Night Wrestling, Broussard and Dufresne really did some serious damage to him. As much as he wants to be here, the doctors just aren't going to allow it to happen. MS: Well, it's sad to hear that he won't be back for a while. What about your status for the Stampede Cup? Do you have a partner?

S: For the moment, I don't have a partner for the Cup... but I can promise you I'm going to find somebody! And I can also promise you that Dufresne and Broussard \_will\_ answer for what they have done!

[He turns to face the camera]

S: Believe me, I \_will\_ catch up to Broussard and Dufresne again and see to it they answer for all the trouble they've been causing... and the more trouble they caused, the angrier I become... well, as a famous man once said... don't make me angry, you won't like me when I'm angry!

[A laugh.]

S: But as far as who is going to be my partner... that I haven't thought about yet.

[Supernova looks ready to continue, but is suddenly interrupted by the voice of none other than Robert Donovan.]

RD: Maybe I can offer ya a solution, Supernova.

[Donovan walks in from off-camera, wearing his ring attire, half a grin on his face.]

RD: Sorry about what happened to yer partner, 'Nova. Couldn't help but think that if I got out there a minute or so earlier, maybe he's able to help you kick some tail at the Cup. A couple of us did manage to take a lil' piece o' Broussard and Dufresne, but if ya ask me, there's a heck of a lot more pain waitin' for those two before they even begin to pay for what they've done.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: That said, 'Nova, I'd be more'n happy to walk out beside ya at the Cup, if ya want.

MS: [turning to Supernova] Supernova, there's quite an offer from Donovan... will you accept it?

[Supernova pauses before answering.]

S: First of all, Donovan... I appreciate your offer. But there's just one thing that concerns me.

See, you've got yourself another chance to take Nenshou down a few notches, and Percy Childes with him, by taking the Longhorn Heritage title. But my concern is... is you becoming my partner is exactly what those two would want. I don't doubt you could handle the extra wrestling load, but who knows what those two could plan to see to it that you get injured during the Cup, just as my partner got injured last Saturday Night... and that's the last thing I want to see happen to you.

So... while I'm glad you made the offer, I want to find someone else, because it's not just Dufresne and Broussard who have a lot to answer for, but Childes and Nenshou as well, and I want you to be focused and at 100 percent when you face those two.

[Donovan is about to speak, but Supernova holds up his hand.]

S: Hold on a minute... just because I want to look elsewhere for a partner doesn't mean I don't want to work with you. I heard everything you said last Saturday Night Wrestling and you're right... so if you are starting a call to arms against people like Dufresne and Broussard... I want you to know that I'm in with you!

[Donovan smiles, then holds out his hand.]

RD: Well, I ain't normally real happy to get told no, but in this case, 'Nova, you managed it. Good luck findin' a partner, an' if ya get to the Cup and nobody's stepped up...don't hesitate to let me know.

[Donovan and Supernova exchange a firm handshake, then both men walk away.]

MS: An alliance is made here tonight but... who will team with Supernova at the Cup?! We're just a few weeks away and- this could have dire consequences for Labor Day weekend in Atlanta! Gordon, Bucky - back to you!

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

GM: Dire consequences indeed, Mark. We had all heard the rumors but now it's official. Tyler Lee is OUT of the Stampede Cup tournament but Supernova is staying IN!

BW: What an idiot! He should bow out gracefully while he still has a spine to bend to do it.

GM: Supernova's gotta find a partner and he's gotta do it quickly, Bucky. Who will it be?

[A voice calls out.]

"Perhaps I can answer that question."

[The crowd boos wildly at the source of the voice as we cut to the ring where "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson is standing alongside Pedro Perez who is dressed for action. Waterson has a house mic in hand.]

ATTSBW: Poor widdle Tyler Lee has found himself all busted up.

[Waterson grins.]

ATTSBW: It's a shame. It really, truly is. I'm sure he could have used half a million dollars so he could buy the trailer park he and his family live in down in Louisville.

[An explosion of boos fill the air.]

ATTSBW: Like I said, it's a shame... but it's also an opportunity. In Supernova's case, it's an opportunity to, as my good friend Bucky said, bow out gracefully and walk away from this tournament. But we all know that the brave, plucky fan favorite won't do that.

But he's not the only one who it's an opportunity for.

It's also an opportunity for the Moonshiners.

[Waterson smirks.]

ATTSBW: You see, I have it on good authority that the Moonshiners received a VERY generous check from... a mystery benefactor...

[Waterson jerks a thumb at himself just in case we weren't sure who he was referring to.]

ATTSBW: ...and they have chosen to step aside, allowing another team to replace them. That team?

The team that the Gods have reached down and anointed as the greatest team walking the Planet Earth... the team that will walk into Atlanta as one of twenty-four and walk out as THE ONE!

The team that will take that idiot Supernova and put him on the shelf with his partner and that moron Vasquez...

The team that \_I\_ will lead to victory!

MARCUS BROUSSARD... and the AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION, CALISTO DUFRESNE!

[The crowd EXPLODES in jeers! Waterson smiles, nodding at the reaction.]

ATTSBW: I knew you would all be pleased. It's my gift to you all - the gift of being able to see the prototype of what a top level tag team should be - in one ring together. Two weeks ago, they destroyed that punk Lee. In three weeks time, they will lay waste to everyone put in front of them until they stand alone as the greatest tag team on the planet!

Consider... yourselves... warned.

[Waterson tosses the mic down as Perez tugs off his black and white tracksuit, revealing a pair of white trunks that read "PEREZ" across the rump in gold stitching.

A generic funk beat, kind of similar to the Midnight Star hit "Freakazoid" starts playing over the PA as the crowd starts to buzz.]

BW: Please don't rap, please don't rap, please don't rap, please don'....

[Suddenly, Bucky's pleas are interrupted as a booming voice is heard over the PA.]

# Y0000000000000!!!!

BW: N000000000000000000000!!!!

GM: All right! Time to get funky!

BW: This BC Cheddar Cheese is funky all right, I can smell him all the way up here.

[The crowd pops 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: Alright, let's do this! Let's do this like Brutus! Yoooo... I'm about to get up all in dis guy's face, dat punk bettah have bought his can o' mace!

This kid, his name's Pedro Perez Ay yo, he tryin' ta copy Juan Vasquez!

[Huge pop for the mention of the former National champion! 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.]

BC: Well, bro, there ain't nothin' better than th' real thing! So c'mon boys an' girls, let's all get up an' sing!

BW: UGH! I really wish I brought my ear plugs!

GM: C'mon Bucky, stop being such a spoil sport already! Get in the groove!

[The crowd starts singing the whole 'yo, yo, yo, yo, go, go, go, go' thing that's been a part of BC's raps, but oddly enough BC doesn't join in. He does the universal cut the music sign, and the music stops with a loud record scratch, as if this was planned.]

BC: Sorry guys, I got somethin' to say.

[The crowd, and Gordon, groan in disappointment.]

BW: I guess it's good that the rap's over, but do we need to listen to this marble mouthed meatball speak?

BC: Yo, R.D., Robert Donovan. Y'all came out an' are gatherin' th' troops, so to speak. We got a lot of chumps runnin' around, like Dufresne, Broussard, Matsui, an' a bunch of other garbage.

Ya see, I ain't experienced. I'm just a fun lovin' goofy ol' goofball here to do my thang. But, this 'darkness' thing goin' around is some pretty serious stuff. Heck, at Wrestlerock, I got laid out by these no good pieces of donkey dung. Hey man, I dunno how much I'd be able ta help, but ya know what, I'll be happy ta lend ya a hand. I got yo back, bro.

[The crowd pops at B.C.'s announcement!]

BC: In fact, I'm gonna help ya right now. Gonna turn this Perez punk into a grease stain on da mat, so let's do this, chumpstain, and get th' beating y'all so richly deserve!

[Perez kicks the rope in anger as the crowd cheers the rotund fan favorite as he steps through the ropes. A graphic with the match participants appears on the screen.]

# Pedro Perez (w/Ben Waterson) VS B.C. Da Mastah MC

[The bell rings as Perez rushes forward, throwing a right hand that B.C. Da Mastah MC easily blocks, returning fire with one of his own.]

GM: The big man throws a heavy right hand!

[Perez fires another one, has it blocked, and then gets clocked with another one!]

GM: B.C. is takin' it to Pedro Perez!

[A few snapping jabs have Perez on his heels before a rushing double axehandle across the sternum knocks him down to the mat.]

GM: And we're being joined here on commentary by-

ATTSBW: You think they don't know who is joining you, Myers, you goof! It is the one and only Agent To The Stars!

GM: Your man seems to be having some problems here in the early goings of this one.

ATTSBW: He was just so in shock that the AWA continues to employ an idiot like this. A guy who raps on the way to the ring? Man, the hiring standards have gone WAY down since the last time I was here.

[Perez is slow to his feet, easily scooped up off the mat, spun around and then slammed down hard to the canvas.]

GM: B.C. Da Mastah MC is really taking it to Pedro Perez here, fans.

ATTSBW: B.C. Da... I can't even believe you're saying his name, Myers. I thought you were supposed to be some distinguished veteran. Some kind of a legendary announcer. You think back in the 40s when they were calling those two hours grappling fests between Conroy and Schmidt they would tolerate some kind of a rapping clown? Schmidt would have dislocated this guy's jaw and tossed it into the fifteenth row so he didn't have to hear that trash anymore.

GM: I think he's a fun guy to have around. Plus, the fans really seem to like him.

ATTSBW: Of course they do. He's as big of an idiot as they are!

[Back on his feet, Perez throws a pair of right hands to the ample midsection of the rapper, knocking him back to the corner where a pair of knees to the gut land as well. Perez grabs the top rope, delivering knee after knee to the midsection of B.C. before grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by the big man!

[Perez hits the corner hard, B.C. charging right in behind him...]

GM: CORNER SPLAAAAAA-

[But a desperate Perez yanks the top rope, pulling himself out of B.C.'s big body's path, causing him to smash chestfirst into the corner. Perez staggers off the ropes, plotting his next move...

...and then drops down on all fours, causing a staggered B.C. to trip over him, falling down to his back on the canvas.]

ATTSBW: Hehehe... beautiful move by Pedro Perez, fans! Let me do your job here, Myers, since you're so incompetent.

GM: Look at your guy, celebrating like he did something special there.

ATTSBW: He took the fat freak down to the mat in case you missed it, Myers.

BW: He does that a lot, Ben.

ATTSBW: I can tell.

[Perez suddenly backs to the ropes and shouts out, "THIS IS FOR YOU, TOMMY!" and rushes forward, throwing himself into the air, and crashing down backfirst across the gut of Da Mastah MC.]

ATTSBW: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!! OH, WHAT A MOVE!

GM: He didn't jump very high for that.

ATTSBW: There's more impact on a quick hop than a big jump, Gordo.

GM: I'm not sure on the physics of that one.

ATTSBW: You're also not sure how to put your false teeth in in the morning but somehow you manage, don't you?

[Perez pops up to his feet, doing a victory lap around the downed rapper before B.C. gets to his feet, holding his torso as Perez throws rights and lefts to the body, trying to rock the bigger man.]

ATTSBW: Look at those blows to the body. Former Golden Gloves winner, you know.

GM: Perez? He looks like he learned boxing from a video game!

BW: Uppercut! Body blow!

ATTSBW: You got a real mouth on you, Myers. You better watch yourself or I may shut it for you once and for all.

GM: You planning on doing that yourself or putting one of your boys on me? In fact, you're starting to amass quite the stable again. Marcus Broussard, this guy, the National Champ...

ATTSBW: If you had bothered to do your research, you would know that Mr. Perez is currently the only person signed to Waterson Incorporated. I do have a working arrangement in place with Mr. Broussard - we have common goals and interests.

GM: What about Calisto Dufresne?

ATTSBW: Mr. Dufresne and I are friends. We watch one another's backs. That's it.

GM: I see.

[Inside the ring, Pedro Perez has been harassing the rapping fan favorite with quick punches and kicks to the body before scampering away to safety before the big man can respond. Having landed a running dropkick to the midsection that knocked B.C. to the buckles, Perez is slamming shoulders into the ribs.] ATTSBW: And look at Pedro Perez, the future of our industry, taking the fight to this clown.

[Grabbing the arm, Perez fires B.C. across the ring, rushing across after him...

...and leaping up, sending both knees squarely into the chest of the big man!]

GM: Ohh! Big double knees in the buckles!

ATTSBW: Oh, now you want to do your job?

[Perez steps out of the buckles, setting up...]

GM: He's gonna try and- no way!

[As the big man stumbles towards him, Perez hooks him under the armpit with his arm...]

GM: He's going for a hiptoss!

[But the much-smaller Perez is struggling with it, having little success in throwing the big man up and over...

...which causes B.C. to straighten up, grinning widely, and spinning the move around, sending Perez down to the mat with a hiptoss!]

GM: Down goes Perez off the hiptoss!

ATTSBW: He pulled the hair!

GM: What?

BW: Yup, I saw it too!

GM: He lies and you swear to it... that how this goes, Bucky?

[B.C. measures the man, waiting for Perez to rise...

...and then flattens him with a stunning dropkick to the chest! Big cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah! What a dropkick from the big man and-

ATTSBW: I'm... uh... I'm done wasting time with you, Myers.

GM: Hey! Where are you going?

[B.C. walks across the ring to where Perez is now flat on his back. The fan favorite stands over him, nodding his head to the cheering crowd.]

GM: He's gonna drop it all on him, Bucky!

[The rapper backs to the ropes, bouncing off...

...and DROPS all his weight down on the chest of the prone Perez!]

GM: SPLASH!! HE SPLASHED HIM!! ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!! FOUR!! FIVE!! WHERE THE HECK IS THE REFEREE?!?

[B.C. Da Mastah MC's pinfall goes unseen as the official has been distracted by Ben Waterson who is up on the apron, screaming and shouting like a banshee. Shaking his head, B.C. pushes up off the downed Perez, stomping across the ring...]

BW: Look out, Ben!

[The crowd roars as the big man reaches out, grabbing Waterson by the suit jacket. The referee gets tangled up between them as Waterson stuffs a hand into his pants pocket and fires something into the ring.]

GM: What the-?! Waterson just threw something into the ring!

[A dazed Perez spots it, rolling to the object and tucking it underneath him as an unaware B.C. continues to tussle with Waterson, finally pulling the suit jacket off of him as Waterson slips down to the floor, angrily stalking away as B.C. takes the suit jacket and wipes under his arms with it to the cheers of the crowd.]

BW: That's a twenty thousand dollar suit jacket! That fat slob just ruined it!

[A grinning B.C. turns around, walking towards Perez who is down on the mat on his stomach.]

GM: Wait a second! B.C. doesn't know! He doesn't know that Perez has something! Waterson tossed him something and-

[And as B.C. goes to pick Perez up, the rookie UNCORKS a right hand that catches him flush on the jaw, knocking B.C. flat on his back. Perez follows through on the punch, spinning away from the official where he quickly stuffs the weapon into his trunks before diving across the massive heaving chest of the big man.]

GM: Not this way.. come on, ref!

[The referee's arm goes up and down three times before calling for the bell.]

GM: I can't believe it! Waterson and Perez just STOLE this match, Bucky! They stole this thing!

BW: What are you talking about? Perez just threw a right hand that even Soup Bone Samson would be jealous of! Juan Vasquez' punch has got NOTHING on Pedro Perez! GM: Pedro Perez just knocked B.C. Da Mastah MC out cold but it was thanks to that loaded right hand! I don't know what he had - brass knuckles, a chain, who knows - but whatever it was, it laid out Da MC like a tank!

[A dazed Perez rolls to the floor, celebrating with his manager as they make their way back up the aisle.]

GM: Disgusting. Absolutely disgusting. Fans, let's go back to the locker room area where Jeff Jagger is standing by with Jason Dane! Jason?

[We cut backstage to where Jason Dane is standing with young AWA competitor, "Carolina Crusher" Jeff Jagger. Jagger is wearing a tight-fitting AWA Combat Corner t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans; a duffel bag slung over his shoulder. He runs a hand through his medium-length brown hair.] JD: Jeff, welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling! You're not on the show competing tonight, yet you look like you're here for a reason.

[A nod from Jagger.]

JJ: You're doggone right, Jason. I told you a few weeks ago that I was ready and willing to get in the ring with any of the two-bit rats runnin' roughshod 'round this place. As expected, none of 'em took me up on that invitation.

[Jagger shakes his head in disdain.]

JJ: Well last week I heard Robert Donovan. That man asked for help. He asked for anybody who was sick and tired of what was goin' on in the AWA to come stand next to 'im.

Well, I know I gotta look up a long ways to look him in his eye, but he can rest assured that Jeff Jagger is here and he'll stand next to 'im as long as it takes to bring the AWA back from the Hell it's found itself in.

And it starts tonight!

[With that, Jagger storms off camera as it refocuses on Dane.]

JD: Jeff Jagger wasn't here to mince words tonight, guys. He's here to put a hurtin' on somebody! Gordon, Bucky - back to you at ringside!

[Crossfade back to the ringside area where Gordon is looking at the camera while Bucky is looking in the ring.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason. Jeff Jagger's one of these new young talents here in the AWA - alongside men like Ricky Armstrong, Brad Jacobs and Kenny Stanton...

BW: Pedro Perez!

GM: Yes, I suppose.

BW: And what about Skywalker Jones?

GM: Well, Bucky, according to my sources in the front office, it took several weeks of intense negotiations, but this past Monday, it was made official... Skywalker Jones has signed with the AWA!

BW: And if MY sources got it right, he didn't come cheap, Gordo!

GM: We'll be seeing Jones in action in a few moments, but right now, we have exclusive footage from Jones' contract signing...

[The scene cuts to footage of Skywalker Jones and several AWA officials at a posh-looking ballroom, as "Mo Money, Mo Problems" by Notorious BIG feat. P. Diddy and Ma\$e plays in the background. We see various shots of Jones and his entourage making their entrance into the ballroom...Jones shaking hands...taking photo ops for the media...and then finally, he steps up to podium to make the announcement...]

SJ: I've done a lot of soul-searching recently, but at the end of the day, I had to choose the place that felt like home. I've decided to keep my talents in Dallas... I'm signing with the AWA!

[There's applause in the crowd, as we catch a shot of Jones shaking hands with AWA VP of talent relations, Bill Masterson. Still holding Masterson's hand, Jones turns to the crowd of reporters and raises both their arms into the air triumphantly, although "Uncle" Bill looks a bit embarrassed by it. We then cut to a quick talking head of Masterson.]

BM: It's about putting together the best possible roster and we feel Jones was a talent that we just couldn't let get away.

[We then cut to a shot of Jones signing his John Hancock on the dotted line, making everything official. He holds up the contract for everyone to see as a flash of camera bulbs go off. We cut to a Jones, speaking with a throng of reporters.]

SJ: I told you all that Skywalker Jones was going to do what's best for Skywalker Jones. I told you all that if you wanted to see Skywalker Jones in action, then you were going to have to show him just how much you appreciated him.

[He rubs his fingers together, once again making the universal sign for money.]

SJ: When it came right down to it, the AWA stepped up to the plate and proved exactly why they're the greatest wrestling organization in the world.

[Jones turns to the camera and flashes a big grin.]

SJ: 'Cause Skywalker Jones just got PAID!

[We fade on that big grin to a shot of the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit! Introducing first, already in the ring, hailing from Outer Space, London...weighing in at 175 lbs...

THE ANTI-GRAVITY KID!

[There's some respectable applause for the well-travelled high-flyer.]

BW: Can you actually get away with calling yourself a "Kid" when you've been wrestling for over a decade?

GM: He could've started at an extremely young age, Bucky. For example, Jackson Haynes started wrestling when he was 15.

BW: Yeah, but I bet he was born full-grown!

[We then see Phil Watson talking to an extremely well-dressed African-American male. The man is wearing a white suit and tie, along with a fedora. Watson nods his head and turns his attention back to the crowd.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, Skywalker Jones' will be introduced by his personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins.

[Higgins is handed the microphone.]

BPH: On your feet, playas...'cause here he comes! Weighing in at a prime and ready, cut and trim, lean and mean, TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS...the greatest athlete in professional wrestling today! He is the cash money, high-flying, death-defyin', smooooooth criminal that'll make your heart stop and have the panties drop! He is \*your\* future AWA National Champion! From Hot Coffee, Mississippi! My man!

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now.]

## BPH:

["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. 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. There, Higgins is there to greet him, taking his furcoat and personal effects, before holding open the ropes for him. Jones steps through the ropes and moves to a neutral corner, crossing his arms and leaning against the turnbuckles with a cocksure grin on his face.]

GM: Quite an entrance for Skywalker Jones.

BW: Ha! None of those other Combat Corner goofs ever got one half as good!

[The bell rings as Jones and The Kid circle each other. The two lock-up, but Jones quickly takes him over with an armdrag. He immediately gets to his feet and leaps onto the second turnbuckle, hooting and hollering.]

"Yeah! That's what I'm talkin' about!"

GM: Skywalker Jones, certainly proud of himself after that armdrag.

BW: Hey, it was a pretty dang good armdrag!

GM: I'm not denying that, Bucky, but his ego is something else.

[Happy with himself, Jones leaps down from the turnbuckle, only to walk into an armdrag from the Kid!]

GM: And The Anti-Gravity Kid catches Jones with an armdrag of his own!

[The Kid holds onto Jones' arm, applying a standing armbar. Jones gets back to a vertical base, looking for an escape, before just deciding to clock The Kid in the face with a vicious elbowshot, drawing some boos from the crowd.]

GM: A cheapshot elbow from Jones breaks the hold...he really caught the Kid off-guard with that one.

BW: You're calling that a cheapshot? The man has a free arm...of course he's going to use it!

[Having stunned The Kid, Jones sends the British high-flyer into the ropes. He attempts a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker, but The Kid amazingly reverses it in mid-spin, sending Jones down to the canvas again with yet another armdrag!]

GM: An amazing counter by The Anti-Gravity Kid...[Pop!] And there's a dropkick! And another sends Jones to the outside!

BW: Hey! This isn't the way it's supposed to happen!

[The Kid grabs onto the top rope and slingshots himself over onto the apron. However, with his back turned, he doesn't see Jones coming up from behind and sweeping his legs out from under him, causing him to hit hard on the ring apron!]

BW: Brilliant counter!

GM: The Anti-Gravity Kid hit hard on the ring apron, right there.

BW: That's the hardest part of the ring, Gordo...there's absolutely no give there.

[Seeing the Kid clutching his back, Jones grabs him around the waist and rams him back-first into the apron. He holds on and then lifts The Kid into the air, taking a few steps back...before dropping him throat-first across the guardrail!]

GM: OOOOH! A hotshot on that guardrail!

BW: I don't think they taught him that at the Combat Corner, daddy!

[Jones proceeds to take a running start...and executes a Tiger Wood-esque fistpump, leaning over the guardrail to jaw with some of the fans, before tossing The Kid back into the ring.]

GM: I can't help but think Skywalker Jones wastes a lot of time celebrating instead of focusing on the match.

BW: Hey, the kid's got everything under control now. Stop being such a stuffed shirt and let the man have some fun.

[Jones then stands on the ring apron, waiting for a dazed Kid to get back to his feet, before leaping onto the top rope and springboarding in...]

BW: WOAH!

GM: Big springing dropkick by Skywalker Jones! And there's the pin...no! Only two!

BW: Did you see the air on that, Gordo? That was insane!

GM: He's certainly living up to his name, I'll give you that much.

[Motioning to the referee to count faster by clapping his hands together, Jones shakes his head at the official and goes back to work. He whips The Kid into the ropes, but his clothesline is ducked. He turns around, only to taken down a crossbody block from The Kid!]

GM: Crossbody off the ropes by The Anti-Gravity Kid...no! He almost had Jones there!

BW: Where'd that come from? After that hotshot, I swore he was toast!

[Jones and The Kid both get back to their feet simultaneously, but The Kid blocks Jones punch, firing back with punches of his own! He whips Jones into the ropes, taking him off his feet with a spinning leg lariat! Jones scrambles to his feet, but is caught with a bulldog headlock that drives his face into the mat!]

GM: And look at the Kid! He's fired up now and ready to finish this!

[Looking to score a big upset, The Anti-Gravity Kid climbs up top. However, his attempt at a moonsault hits nothing, as Jones manages to roll away. Shockingly enough, The Kid manages to land on his feet...]

#### \*SMAAACCK!\*

[...only to immediately be caught with the mother of all superkicks by Jones!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!

BW: How is his head still attached to his body !?!

[The kick sends The Kid flying head over heels, landing right onto his stomach. Jones takes a moment to admire his handiwork, before wincing in sympathetic pain and exclaiming...]

"OH, SNAP!"

[He drags a limp Kid back to his feet, looking to lift him up in a fireman's carry. However, he stays bent over with The Kid still across his shoulders and winds up...before spinning into the opposite direction, slamming the back of The Kid's head into the canvas!]

GM: What the heck was that! I've never seen a move like that before! That was like a swinging fireman's carry slam...almost a suplex!

BW: I've heard things from the Combat Corner...people there say he calls that the "Razzle Dazzle!"

[The Anti-Gravity Kid is clearly out of it now, but Jones doesn't look like he's done. He gets to his feet drags The Kid towards the corner, before turning around and pointing to the top rope. He grabs onto the ropes and gets to the top in a single leap, before standing up straight as the crowd rises in anticipation.]

GM: What's he going for now? Will it be the "Zero-G" or "Shoot the Moon?"

BW: Neither! Jones told me he has another one that he hasn't debuted yet, Gordo!

[Jones holds his arms behind his head and suddenly shoots forward, rotating into a full somersault and crashing down onto The Anti-Gravity Kid with a 450 splash, drawing a appreciative roar from the crowd!]

GM: A ONE AND A HALF BELLY FLOPPER! WHAT A MANEUVER!

BW: That's the "In Your Face, Disgrace!", daddy!

[Nonchalantly lying across The Anti-Gravity Kid's chest, Jones counts along with the referee, shooting up one...two...and finally, three fingers into the air as the bell rings.]

GM: Whatever he calls it, it gets Skywalker Jones the win!

[Take it, Buford!]

BPH: Your winner and still the greatest...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

BPM:

[Jones kips up to his feet off the mat, throwing his arms out from his sides to soak up the... well, decidedly mixed reaction from the crowd. But to Jones, it's a standing ovation as he nods at the fans' reaction.]

GM: Skywalker Jones with another victory... an impressive one at that.

BW: We've gotta get this kid some real competition inside that ring, Gordo. He's a top notch talent with Main Event written all over him!

GM: You know who else fits that description?

BW: Who?

GM: The Lynch Brothers! And we caught up with Jack and James earlier this week at a special arena event for comments regarding the Stampede Cup so let's take a look!

[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK!" where the two brothers who will be representing the Lynch family in the tag team superbowl, the Stampede Cup, Jack and James are standing by. The dirty blond middle brother has on his burnt orange tights and white "Lynch Brothers" t-shirt. While the general and older brother, Jack is dressed, not surprisingly, all in black. He too has a "Lynch Brothers" t-shirt on, but his is black with white lettering. His cowboy hat is pulled low, concealing his eyes. Arms crossed, he leans back, and jerks his head in James' direction, and so, James is the first to speak.]

JL: It's been a few months now since we debuted in the AWA. We've been tested by some of the best wrestlers in the world. And the Unholy Alliance learned the hard way we are here to fight.

[James smiles as he nods slowly.]

JL: While we received baptism by fire here in the AWA ... A chance of a lifetime sits in front of us. Twenty-four of the best teams from all around the globe! Men from Japan ... Wrestlers from Mexico ... Legends in this industry ... The best teams in the AWA and you have Jack and myself right in the middle of it.

[James points towards his older brother.]

JL: We have talked about this opportunity for years. To go out there and show that we can stand toe-to-toe with the best wrestlers around the globe. We've considered tours in Tiger Paw Pro... And we know first hand how the boys down in Mexico throw down! We were honored to be awarded the number five seed. There really isn't a weak spot in the whole darn tournament. This is the playoffs of tag team wrestling. Only one team will raise that cup high in the air. Jack and I are honored... But we are here to win and show the AWA tag team division that we can compete with every single team that steps inside an AWA ring.

[Jack moves forward, his hand going up to tilt his hat back.]

JL: Rough N' Ready. The National Team Champions. Violence Unlimited, the current Cup holders. Dynasty, former world tag champs. The Wild Cards, a legendary tag team. Those're the four the sit ahead of us in the brackets. And below us, we got the Blonde Bombers. If ya can put your fingers in your ears and ignore Doyle, well, you'll see just how good those two are. Rockstars? Well, the name says it all, don't it? And then Tommy Fierro and Ricky Armstrong. Ain't been together long, but already makin' waves.

They say you can judge a man by the people opposin' him. Well, I look at those four teams, and I think to myself, Jimmy and myself must be pretty darned great, because from where I'm sittin', the Lynch boys are right in the middle of somethin' great.

And that's not even countin' the unseeded teams. So, what's my point? My point is this. This is a stacked tournament. And to win, two men are gonna have to come together and be greater than the sum of their parts. To win the Cup, you're gonna have to see somethin' people who talk fancy call synergy.

What ya need, in other words, is a family.

[Jack turns and looks at James and then back at the camera.]

JL: You see, what's between Jimmy and me is more than just blood. He knows me, and I know him. When we're in the ring? He doesn't have to tell me anything. All it takes is a look, or a gesture, and I know exactly what to do. And the same goes for him.

Anton Layton, he tried to drive a wedge between us. He tried, real hard, to sew seeds of discord. Only thing he did was see the other benefit of bein' a Lynch brother.

The Iron Claw.

I'm here to tell you, right here and now, no one is getting up from the Claw. No one is winning a match as long as I can curl my fingers and I got my brother at my back. Jimmy was talking about what an honor it is to compete, and I agree with that. But the way I see it, its more than just an honor. Its an inevitability.

The Lynch brothers are takin' the Cup back to Texas, I promise it.

Tell 'em, Jimmy.

[It's James Lynch's turn to hold up the hand known around the wrestling world for delivering the Lynch Iron Claw.]

JL: The claw is the end game ...

It's our venom ...

The killing blow ...

[James looks down at his open palm.]

JL: A special weapon that takes three men ... Travis, Jack, and myself makes them a little different then anything the AWA fans have seen. We are like a three headed hydra. Each head is just a little bit different, but it shares the same body ... it shares the same \_blood\_.

[Jack stands right next to his younger brother nodding.]

JL: And soon ... very soon ... We are going to \_claw\_ our way to the top and win the AWA Stampede Cup.

[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 AWAshop.com!

[Fade to black.

And then back up to live action, a panning shot of the huge crowd packed into the outdoor soccer field in St. Louis.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, where we're rapidly approaching the end of our first hour of action here tonight LIVE in St. Louis, Missouri - one of the sites of last year's SuperClash II mega-event. And while we're all thinking about the Stampede Cup, we've also got our eyes on Thanksgiving Night and SuperClash III, Bucky.

BW: The biggest night of the year for the AWA! And it's my favorite night of the year too, daddy.

GM: Earlier this week, we learned some of the cities being considered for SuperClash III this fall - Los Angeles, Phoenix, Dallas, St. Louis, Atlanta, and New Orleans. We've now been given permission by the front office to reveal the other six still in consideration. Orlando, Florida... Charlotte, North Carolina... Las Vegas, Nevada... Chicago, Illinois... and Memphis, Tennessee! Twelve fantastic cities - all would be tremendous host cities, I'm sure. But the hunt is on for the right choice. If you're an AWA fan in one of those cities, send in your e-mails, your postcards, your faxed - and let the front office know that you want SuperClash III in your hometown! In the weeks to come, we'll be announcing as that list is pared down to the finalists as we creep closer to the biggest night of the year for the AWA - Thanksgiving Night and SuperClash III!

[The camera cuts to the ringside announce table where Gordon is looking into the camera but Bucky's arching his neck, looking off in the distance. He furrows his brow, starting to point.]

BW: Hold on, Gordo... do you see who I see?

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: Over there... hang on a minute...

[Bucky steps away from the broadcast position and walks around ringside to where he finds two men seated in the front row. One of them has a shaved head, dressed in a three piece suit and tie, and shows no emotion. The other one has shoulder-length brown hair and wears a white button-down shirt, a red tie and brown slacks, a smirk on his face.]

BW: I've seen these men before... they are The Privateers! Gentlemen... what brought the two of you all the way from England three weeks before the Cup?

[Jacob just laughs.]

JD: Just getting a firsthand look at the competition in the AWA... this is a bloody joke, right? I mean... who are these Antons any way? And what makes anyone think they are a worthy first-round opponent for us in the Stampede Cup?

BW: Hey, what can you do... the AWA is letting just about anybody be part of this... but it's certainly an honor to have former UWF tag team champions be part of this tournament!

JD: You do your homework quite well, Bucky... and believe me, it may have been a long time since we wrestled, but we still have what it takes to beat any of these blokes that we come across. Heck, we got these Wild Cards who we'd face in the next round once we win... I heard a lot about them but I'm not impressed!

ED: You seldom are, Jacob.

BW: Edward, what brought the two of you out of retirement to compete in the Stampede Cup? It's been years since the two of you wrestled.

[Edward returns a hard stare at Bucky.]

ED: It should be obvious, Bucky... the Stampede Cup attracts teams from all over the globe. And plus, there's a million dollars on the line... whoever wins the Cup not only makes a good chunk of change, but also proves themselves to be the best tag team in wrestling.

JD: [laughing] Not that we need to prove a bloody thing.

ED: Regardless of how long we've been out of wrestling, we were not going to pass up a chance to prove ourselves again.

JD: Plus it's just fun to go out there and embarrass our inferiors!

[Edward now gives Jacob a hard stare, to which Jacob just shrugs.]

BW: Well, I know just how great you were and how you dominated the UWF tag team ranks... but I gotta ask you, how you are going to deal with having such a long layoff from wrestling?

ED: You let us worry about that, Bucky... ever since the AWA confirmed that we would be part of the Cup, we've been back in training, looking to get ourselves in top condition. And when we do, you'll watch as we make one bloody conquest after another until the Cup is ours. Believe me, Bucky, every team in the AWA... every team in the Stampede Cup... they'll know just why we were the most feared team in the UWF and why they have plenty of reason to be feared again.

Now... while it was a pleasure to meet you, we'd like to continue scouting our competition.

[Jacob can't help but chime in.]

JD: Not that any of these bloody fools can measure up to Edward and myself!

[Bucky just laughs as he walks back to where Gordon stands.]

BW: Now there's a confident team, Gordon!

GM: Well, it certainly is a surprise to see The Privateers here tonight... but how long has it been since they've been in a ring?

BW: At least five years, I believe.

GM: I personally think it will be an uphill battle for those two men, given how long it's been since they wrestled.

BW: Hey, tag team wrestling is like riding a bike... once you get good at it, you never forget how to do it!

GM: Fans, Jason Dane is standing by with a man who is at the center of an awful lot of things going on here in the AWA. Let's go up to Jason as he interviews Percy Childes, along with Nenshou.

[The fans boo rabidly as the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion, Nenshou, stands on the edge of the interview platform, regarding them impassively from behind a black-and-gold hood. He wears a matching jacket to the hood, and black baggy pants and boots. His belt is, as always, firmly in the grasp of the rotund Percy Childes. The bald manager with the dark Van Dyke goatee and mustache is wearing a white dress shirt, black jacket, and black slacks. Along with the belt, Percy is hefting his crystal-tipped cane.]

JD: Percy Childes, there is a lot of talk in the back about you and your men of late. They say that Nenshou's championship is in great jeopardy come the Stampede Cup, when Robert Donovan challenges in the match of his choosing. They say your alliance is unraveling at the seams. They say that you cannot control James Monosso, and that Anton Layton is undercutting you by trying to mentor Eric Preston. What do YOU say?

[Percy pats his gold belt and smiles.]

#### PC: I say... bring it on.

Nenshou has never been legitimately defeated, Dane. He was pinned once on a fluke involving a blatant attack with a poisonous substance... a tactic that we would have been disqualified for. And since then, no one has come close. We compete on our terms always, Dane. ALWAYS. Robert Donovan can use whatever stipulations his heart desires, so long as they are applied equally and are not an effort at a cheap victory. If he wants me to stay in the back, that's fine. Nenshou needs no assistance once the bell rings.

## JD: History contradicts you.

PC: History is written by the victors, Dane. And the Longhorn Heritage is in OUR hands. Robert Donovan, I heard your call to arms. You want an army to fight the hordes of darkness. And that is exactly why you lose, Donovan. Because men like you do not take matters into their own hands. You look for support, whether from your fellow also-rans, or these ignorant buffoons sitting in these seats at ringside.

# [B000000000!]

PC: So to the allegation that Nenshou's title reign is nearing a conclusion, I say... bring it on.

Now, as to our Unholy Alliance. Yes, James Monosso has a certain viewpoint that I don't truly hold with. We agree to a point... ninety-five percent of those who dare step into the ring will suffer exactly as he says. Perhaps more, perhaps ninety-eight percent. It is that elite remainder... the likes of Nenshou... who will emerge victorious in the end, able to enjoy the fruits of his labor. But not the masses... such as Yuma Weaver, who challenged my Nenshou when he heard me invoke his name as a punchline. Weaver, let me issue YOU a challenge. Show me you learned something from your defeat at the hands of Nenshou! You lack the soul of a killer... and so, on the first Saturday Night Wrestling after the Stampede Cup - an AWA Homecoming, I believe they're calling it - you'll have had a lot of time to reassess your lot in life. You'll have the perspective of seeing what Anton Layton can do for a man like Eric Preston. And I challenge you to show me you learned something... in the ring against the African Beast, Ebola Zaire!

## JD: You... Zaire is challenging Yuma Weaver?!

PC: That's right! And call this what it is... an attempt to take some quality talent and render it more... pliable. After all, we've seen this before, haven't we? You allege that Anton Layton is undercutting me by reaching out a hand to Preston? On the contrary! He is doing what every good manager does... he is finding talent and molding it! Monosso has broken down Eric Preston... broken him to a desperate husk, a desperate shell of a man with literally nothing left to lose. His health is gone, his future is gone... all that remains is a blank slate who would sell his soul to Layton's Master to get a taste of revenge. And that is exactly the kind of man Anton can work with, Dane. He's not undercutting me... he's strengthening the Alliance.

JD: Wait... are you saying... are you saying that Eric Preston is going to join the Unholy Alliance?!

PC: Of course not. I don't presume to speak for Anton. But... you can read, can't you Dane? You can read signs. They gave you a driver's license, so I'll assume that obvious, easily readable signs are well within your capacity to read, and leave it at that. Does Preston want to destroy us, or does he want to become us? Does Weaver want to be a punchline, or does he want to make people afraid to say his name? Does Donovan want an army, or a wall of human shields?

So to all of these allegations about strife, about the Unholy Alliance crumbling, I say... bring it on. Oh, yes... bring it on.

[There is a peal of thunder over the PA; the open to "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis. At this, Nenshou steps off the platform and heads towards the aisle, with Percy right behind him.]

JD: Well, fans, either the Unholy Alliance isn't as weakened as they seem... or Percy Childes doesn't see the signs himself. Back to you, Gordon.

GM: It could be either way, and we'll find out come the Stampede Cup just how strong their forces are! But for right now, Nenshou is set to defend the Longhorn Heritage Championship against the Canadian star, Rene Rousseau.

BW: Maybe if Rousseau accounts well, Percy'll give him a generous offer like Anton gave Preston, or like Percy gave Weaver.

GM: I don't think generosity has anything to do with Anton Layton, and... how on Earth is challenging a man to battle Ebola Zaire generous?!

BW: The Unholy Alliance is all about teachin' dumb punk kids quality life lessons! You can't get advice that good by payin' for it, Gordo... Eric Preston's so lucky that Anton saw somethin' in him, because otherwise, Monosso would definitely eat him for lunch. And now Percy wants to give that dumb peace pipe smoker a chance to show he's worth tearin' down an' buildin' back up? Now those are guys who care about th' future, Gordo. It moves me.

GM: It makes me want to have a movement myself.

[As the announcers banter, Nenshou leaps into the ring, whips off his hood, and breathes the trademark mist into the air. This reveals the black-and-red facepaint on the young Japanese man, as well as his brushcut with the kanji for "DARKNESS" shaved into it. Childes climbs the ringsteps and enters the ring, showing his beloved Longhorn Heritage Championship belt off to the fans.]

GM: And that man elicits that reaction in me constantly. Now some are speculating that the urn he had at Wrestlerock might actually HAVE been the old Longhorn Wrestling Council Silver City Championship belt!

BW: Tough ta say, because no one knows whatever happened to it. But leave it to Percy to jump on any advantage!

GM: He's a disgusting manipulator, and he's trying to manipulate some of the top young stars who will threaten Nenshou's standing in the future. But right now, here comes one young star who has a chance to make it happen tonight!

[Gordon's statement is in response to "Compter Les Corps" by Vulgaires Machins replacing "Raijin's Drums" on the PA. The fans cheer loudly as Rene Rousseau enters through the curtain. The well-built dark-haired French-Canadian is clad in simple white boots, trunks, and knee pads, and is wearing a white ring jacket. He slaps hands all the way down the aisle, as Nenshou sheds his to-ring attire in the ring.]

BW: He won a lot of titles in Canadia...

GM: Canada. Not Canadia.

BW: Gordo, that don't make sense. If an American is from America, then a Canadian hasta be from Canadia.

GM: ...

[Rousseau slingshots himself in the ring. Phil Watson gives the intros as "Compter Les Corps" dies out.]

PW: Fans, the following contest, set for one fall and a ten minute time limit... is for the AWA Longhorn Heritage Championship!

[YAAAAAY!]

PW: Introducing first, the challenger! To my right, hailing from Montreal, Quebec, Canada...

BW: Canadia!

PW: ...weighing two-hundred twenty-seven pounds...

...RENE ROUSSEAU!

[The fans cheer, and there's a definite Travis Lynch-esque high-pitched tone to the cheers, as the ladies express approval of the handsome young babyface.]

PW: And his opponent! Introducing first the manager... "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

[B00000000!]

PW: He represents... from The Land Of The Rising Sun... weighing twohundred thirty-seven pounds...

...the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

...NENSHOU!

[The Asian Assassin makes a swift series of hand katas, and finishes with a spray of red mist into the sky!]

GM: Wait... didn't he just blow green mist?!

BW: I'll never figure out how he does that!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The bell is gone... and Nenshou isn't getting paid by the hour! He attacks Rousseau as the young French-Canadian was removing his ring jacket!

BW: Gordo, if this kid wasn't swift enough to have his jacket ditched before the bell rang, he deserves what he gets!

GM: I can't disagree there; the bell rang, so this is legal! Chops, thrusts, and snapping kicks by Nenshou! He has dazed Rousseau... and now THIS! This is NOT legal! He is choking the man with his own ring jacket!

BW: It's a piece of clothing, Gordo! How is that a foreign object?

GM: He's choking his opponent, and whether by hand or by jacket, that is not legal! And...NENSHOU WHIPS ROUSSEAU OVER THE TOP ROPE! HE IS HANGING THIS KID WITH HIS OWN RING JACKET!

BW: In French-Canadia, they call this move "Le Gasp!"

GM: Nenshou releases at the threat of disqualification, and Marty Meekly is berating him... we don't even know if the man speaks English, so I don't see the sense of... CHILDES!

BW: I see the sense of Childes. He's a very sensible man.

GM: Percy Childes just kicked Rene Rousseau in the face while he was down!

BW: Well, Percy ain't real tall, and he ain't real flexible. So I don't think he could kick him in the face any other way, do you?

GM: That's not the point! The point is, that is blatant outside interference which would be an automatic disqualification had Marty Meekly been paying attention instead of yelling at a man who probably doesn't understand him!

BW: Nobody really understands any of the Meeklys. It's the family lisp. And by the way... get real, Gordo. Percy Childes is a manager. If you can't take

a kick from him, really, what are you doing fighting for the Longhorn Heritage Title?

GM: That's not the point!

[As the philospohical debate is about to commence, Rousseau pulls himself up and drags himself into the ring. He is met in the back of the head with the powerdrive elbow, as Nenshou snaps to the mat as hard as he can!]

BW: That's EXACTLY the point! Gordon, you and Donovan... all you people cryin' about darkness. "Oh no, the darkness is taking over, wah wah wah." I've had it, Myers, I really have. Guys like Nenshou are out for money, glory, and victory, not to eat your souls. Well, maybe Layton is out to eat your soul, but I digress. All we are seeing is the evolution of the sport. The guys who use the smartest tactics tend to win. Natural selection. That's why the dinosaurs are extinct, that's why the dodos are extinct, that's why monogamy is extinct, and that's why idiot "heroes" are going extinct. There's no conspiracy! There's no demonic invasion! All there is is LIFE, Myers. Get over yourself.

[Whew, that was quite a monologue. Well, since Bucky ignored the match for a bit to rant, let's catch up on the action. Nenshou whipped Rousseau to the ropes, and hit a hard elbow, following up with a backhand strike. He picked Rousseau up for the backbreaker, possibly to end it early, but the French-Canadian floated over the back and tried a reverse rolling cradle. Nenshou rolled through it for the reversal, Rousseau kicked out immediately, and when both men stood, Nenshou blasted him with the jumping spin kick!]

GM: Buckthorne Wilde... you have absolutely no clue what is happening. This isn't about winning and losing. This is about what happens when good men stop standing up to evil men. If you don't know the difference between good and evil, then you're lost. And I have nothing more to say about that, because the Longhorn Heritage Champinship is on the line! Nenshou with that painful, painful bridging deathlock that some are calling the Nenshou Lock. This is breaking his man down... Rene Rousseau is thus far no match for the Longhorn Heritage Champion. And the "natural selection" of cheap, dirty tactics that Bucky Wilde is so fond of.

BW: I'm fond of winning, Gordo. Just watch.

GM: Rousseau struggling to free himself... he has gripped Nenshou's hands, and is pushing! Rousseau trying to wrench the Japanese superstar off of him... OH MY WORD!

[Nenshou plants his hands, does a back somersault from a bridge position with no starting momentum at all, and plasters Rousseau in the face with a vicious soccer kick!]

BW: HO HOOO... DID YOU SEE THAT?!

GM: Nenshou is impressive. I have to admit that. He doesn't need the tactics he uses. Which makes them all the more infuriating.

BW: You think Robert Donovan could have done that? He'd cripple himself just thinking about it!

GM: I don't think Nenshou could do much of what Donovan is planning to do to him. Their styles are day and night, Bucky. Nenshou picking up Rousseau... BACKBREAKER! And this is the beginning of the end!

[The fans stand as one as Nenshou mounts the turnbuckles from the inside...]

BW: What a one-sided victory this wa....aaaaah?

GM: ROUSSEAU MOVED! HE DODGED THE MOONSAULT... BUT NENSHOU LANDED ON HIS FEET?! HOW CAN HE REACT SO FAST?!

BW: BLAMMO! He knocked that Cue-beckers block off with that double chop!

GM: Nenshou is relentless, not giving his opponent a chance to do anything! He irish-whips his man to the corner... AND THERE IS THE OPENING!

[The opening Gordon speaks of is a dodge by Rousseau... the handspring elbow hits nothing but turnbuckle, and Nenshou bounces out into a biiiig hiptoss by Rousseau! Massive cheers erupt as finally, there is hope!]

## BW: OH NO!

GM: Rene Rousseau is fired up! Look at him! And he's firing away on Nenshou! A left, a right... and a dropkick! What a beauty! A second dropkick as Nenshou rises! And make it three! Every time the champion stands, another dropkick greets him!

BW: That's right, get him out of there, Percy!

[The crowd's cheers drop as Childes slaps the apron, getting Nenshou to slide out of the ring after the third dropkick. The Longhorn Champion starts to recover... but Rene has run off the far ropes, and soars through the ropes with a picture perfect plancha! The explosion of noise from the fans for the spectacular move is deafening!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE BY ROUSSEAU! HE GOT NENSHOU... AND PERCY CHILDES!

BW: WHAT A CHEAP MOVE, HITTING A DEFENSELESS MANAGER!

GM: Percy hit the bricks like a sack of trash, and Rousseau pushing the pace! Picking up Nenshou... atomic drop! And the recoil sends the champion into the apron! Nenshou isn't just stunned... he's in trouble!

BW: You wait, Rousseau! You will pay for what you did to Percy!

GM: Rousseau sends Nenshou back in, and he's climbing the turnbuckles! Rene Rousseau perched way up high... and down with the double axehandle! AND THE COVER!

BW: NO!

GM: We've got one, we've got two... and Nenshou out the back door!

BW: Thank goodness!

GM: Rousseau sending Nenshou off the ropes... BIG SCOOP POWERSLAM AS HE COMES OFF! THAT COULD DO IT! ONE... TWO... AND SOOO CLOSE!

BW: GAAAAAH! Percy's havin' a coronary!

GM: Percy Childes is beside himself! Rousseau is arguing about the count... NENSHOU!

[With a swift movement, the Asian Assassin kips up, and dashes to Rousseau... who never got off his knee to argue the count! He steps off the knee... but this time, his prey is not unaware of the Shining Wizard! Rousseau throws himself backwards, and Nenshou's knee catches air!]

BW: He missed it! He missed the Wizard!

GM: Rousseau hops up... NECKTIE CLOTHESLINE! He hammered Nenshou down... and wraps the legs! Flipping into a double leg grapevine pinning combination! ONE! TWO! ...NEW CHAMPION? NO!

BW: That was too close! Too close!

GM: Nenshou up... SMALL PACKAGE BY ROUSSEAU! ONE! TWO! ...NO! Again, so close! So close to history!

BW: I think Percy's gonna hafta drink a bottle of Just For Men to get the white outta his hair after this!

GM: I would love to see him do just that, but the call to the Poison Control Center will have to wait because we have action! Rousseau keeping up the blistering pace... a huge dropkick on Nenshou, right to the ribs! He targeted low... and the gut wrench suplex follow-up. AND NOW HE IS GOING FOR IT!

[They were already super hot, but the crowd goes ape when Rousseau hooks the legs... going for the Boston Crab!]

GM: HE'S TRYING TO TURN HIM INTO THE QUEBEC CRAB! IF HE LOCKS THIS ON, WE WILL HAVE A NEW CHAMPION!

BW: Oh... NO!

[Rene had dipped his head low, trying to get a deeper grip... and here comes the mist! But the French-Canadian snaps back, and all Nenshou does is make a pretty green cloud! The fans roar at that heinously cheap tactic not working this time!]

GM: HE MISSED THE MIST!

BW: Yer a poet, dontcha know it...

GM: BUT NENSHOU KICKS HIM OFF! HE USED THE MIST TO MAKE ROUSSEAU STAND BACK, AND RENE LOST HIS LEVERAGE! THAT'S NOT FAIR!

BW: Hey, tell me what was illegal there!

GM: The mist, Bucky, are you blind?! Nenshou is covered in it now!

BW: It's only illegal if he hits someone with it, Gordo!

GM: But it forced Rousseau to give up a decisive positional advantage! That is a judgement call the referee has to make! Nenshou on his feet, and Rousseau is enraged! Right hand, left hand, right hand... AND TO THE THROAT! OF COURSE! ALWAYS TO THE THROAT!

BW: That idiot let his emotions get the best of him, and he tried to trade blows with Nenshou. Nuh-uh, dummy. One shot by the champ and he's down.

GM: Extended fingers in the Adam's apple! Why is that not an immediate disqualification?!

BW: Because every match would be two minutes long. You think Nenshou's the only guy who does that?

[The outside-the-ring mic catches Percy Childes screaming, "SWEEP THE LEG!"]

GM: Childes calling for that Cobra Kai Leg Sweep... and it connects! Rene Rousseau's left knee kicked inwards at an angle... that is a dastardly tactic, but at least that one is legal. Rousseau rolling on the mat holding his knee! I just can't stand it!

BW: You and Rousseau both, daddy! Ha ha ha!

GM: Rousseau trying to get up, but a dropkick to the knee... it doubles him up, and Nenshou throws himself into a kneelift! What a blow, as the Asian Assassin goes off his own feet to deliver maximum impact! Rousseau knocked flat on his back!

BW: He's stunned, Gordo!

GM: Nenshou... a cat-like leap to the top... AND THE MOONSAULT! THE MOONSAULT OUT OF NOWHERE! ROUSSEAU WASN'T EXPECTING THAT! ONE... TWO... AND THE CHAMPION RETAINS!

BW: Beautiful, daddy... BEE-OO-taful!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Boos rain down like crazy as Nenshou hops to his feet, makes the "slit the throat" gesture, and drops the elbow on Rousseau!]

GM: Aw, come on! The match is over!

BW: Look at Percy, Gordo! You think he's had enough?!

PW: In seven minutes, forty seconds... the winner of the match... and STILL Longhorn Heritage Champion...

#### NENSHOU!

["Raijin's Drums" starts back up, but the ringing of the bell is heard over that as Percy Childes angrily demands more punishment. Nenshou obeys unquestioningly, and the boos get worse.]

GM: Nenshou locking the Nenshou Lock back on! On that knee he hit the Cobra Kai on! And... NO! NOT HIM!

BW: Don't look now, daddy, but we're about to have an outbreak of Ebola!

[The mammoth form of Ebola Zaire shuffles quickly down the aisle. The obese African, draped in a blood red headscarf, white-and-scarlet baggy pants, and hooked red boots, is carrying what looks like a chain and sickle! There are gasps and screams in the crowd!]

GM: Percy Childes is still irate that Rousseau hit him with the cross bodybl... IS THAT A SICKLE?!

BW: Do you see Kolya Sudakov anywhere? That's vengeance, is what that is! Ebola's gonna carve this pretty boy up!

GM: This is disproportionate retribution! Zaire climbing the steps, and that madman has a lethal bladed weapon!

BW: Oh, he ain't gonna kill nobody. There are cameras present!

GM: So if the cameras weren't here?

BW: \*throat-cutting sound\*

GM: Nenshou rolling off of Rousseau... AND THE RUNNING ELBOW! ZAIRE BOUNCED! ALL THREE HUNDRED SEVENTY PLUS BOUNCED HIT ROUSSEAU SO HARD THAT HE BOUNCED OFF OF HIM!

BW: That's the Meat Cleaver, daddy! And Rousseau's consciousness has just been cut right off!

GM: Zaire to his knees... he's firing blow after blow into the head of Rousseau! This kid is busted wide open by those open-hand claw strikes of Zaire!

BW: Good bye, pretty face!

GM: We need some help out here! Here comes some wrestlers from the back! Bruce Guy... Albert Showens... Chris Choisnet...

[None of them make it past Nenshou. Nenshou hammers Guy with the throat chop, Showens with the jumping spin kick, and Choisnet with a superkick. The boos are as loud as they can be!]

GM: ...Clayton Shaw! "Stars And Stripes" Clayton Shaw will...

BW: ...eat mist! Hurrah for the red, white, blue, and green, daddy!

GM: THAT HORRIBLE MIST AGAIN! Zaire... HE IS GOING FOR THAT SICKLE! WHAT IS HE THINKING?!

[The fans shriek, as Zaire hoists the chain and sickle, and Childes points at Rene Rousseau's face... making shredding motions with his hands. At least, until something else grabs his attention!]

GM: DONOVAN!

[The seven foot superstar hustles down the aisle, and he is ready for business. Donovan, dressed in his ring gear and a t-shirt, is shedding his shirt and beelining for the ring. Nenshou stands ready between him and Zaire.]

BW: It ain't gonna matter, Gordo! He's gotta get through Nenshou, too! And he couldn't do that in ten minutes at WrestleRock! He doesn't even have three seconds here!

[Zaire regards Donovan for a moment, assessing whether he should switch targets. Seeing that Nenshou is in position, he turns back to his work, ready to use that sickle on the head of Rousseau! He sits the French-Canadian up... rasies the sickle overhead...]

GM: No... NO!

[...and suddenly, his quarry slides out under the bottom rope! Because Yuma Weaver has come through the crowd, and pulled him out by the boot!]

GM: ...OH, THANK GOD FOR YUMA WEAVER!

BW: I guess that dummy didn't learn nothing two weeks ago after all!

GM: Zaire's eyes are bugging out! He is enraged... his victim was taken away! Weaver fireman carrying Rousseau out of here... and Robert Donovan has hit the ring! Zaire has no time to worry about it!

BW: Nenshou's got him... HEY!

[Nenshou strikes first with a side kick, chop, and front cresecnt kick combo. It is a beautiful flurry, sending Donovan back into the ropes. The big man bounces out of the ropes... and absolutely runs Nenshou over like a truck with a brutal shoulderblock!]

GM: DONOVAN FLATTENS NENSHOU! And... ZAIRE!

[Ebola Zaire turns and hits a hard chop to the chest to stop Donovan's momentum cold. He winds up with the chain and sickle, whipping it around expertly... he's clearly well-practiced with the weapon! The crowd shrieks!]

BW: Oh, yeah! Now you done it, Donovan! You wanted a call to arms? You might not HAVE arms in a minute!

GM: ZAIRE WITH THAT LETHAL WEAPON... NENSHOU!

[Donovan reacts by lifting up the stunned Nenshou in a press and throwing him at Zaire! Totally surprised by the maneuver, Zaire has to throw the sickle down to avoid eviscerating his stablemate, who hits him and bounces off! Zaire staggers, and recovers... but by the time he does, the odds have changed by one very important fact!]

GM: AND NOW DONOVAN HAS THE SICKLE!

BW: Oh, where's the outrage now that your hero has the weapon?!

GM: Childes is getting his crew the heck out of there! Robert Donovan has cleaned out the ring! The darkness hasn't turned out the lights just yet!

[The crowd is going crazy as Robert Donovan stands alone in the ring... armed and dangerous! Childes leads Zaire and Nenshou down the aisle, pointing the threatening finger back behind him!]

BW: Yeah, so Rene Rousseau still has a forehead. But Nenshou still has the Longhorn Heritage Championship, and this little display does nothing to change that!

GM: But the Stampede Cup might change that! The Stampede Cup might change EVERYTHING! Fans, we'll be back, don't you dare go away!

[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 Saturday Night 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 Mark Stegglet, standing in front of an AWA backdrop with Tommy Fierro and Ricky Armstrong. Fierro is dressed in street clothes, a red-and-black bowling shirt and black slacks. Armstrong is in a tight black t-shirt with nothing on it and a pair of blue jeans.]

MS: Hi folks! I have with me right now, one of tag teams that managed to capture one of the coveted seeded spots in the Stampede Cup, the team of Tommy Fierro and Ricky Armstrong! Gentlemen, you scored a shocking upset at Wrestlerock to gain a bye into the second round. Your thoughts going into the Stampede Cup?

TF: It might've been a shock to a lotta' people out there, Mark, but it wasn't any surprise to me and Ricky!

[A nod to Armstrong.]

TF: We knew going in that some people were gonna' write us off for being mismatched...that we were too old \_and\_ too young, that we ain't had the time or experience to come together as a team and all that other garbage, but we also knew what we were capable of inside that ring and there was no doubt in our minds that we were gonna' win at Wrestlerock...just like there's no doubt in our minds that we're gonna' win the Stampede Cup!

[Ricky slaps Tommy on the shoulder.]

RA: That's right, Mr. Fierro. There's an old saying that goes like this - when you find a good thing, don't let it go. Well, what you see right here is a good thing. It doesn't take an expert to see how quickly we've meshed in the squared circle and what we showed the world at Wrestlerock? Man, that's just the beginning! The Stampede Cup's right around the corner, and we've been training harder than ever so we can be ready to beat any and every team that we find across the ring from us.

[Ricky nods and in usual fashion gets more excited the longer he talks.]

RA: We don't care if it's Rough-n-Ready, Violence Unlimited, Dynasty, the Lynch Brothers, the Blonde Bombers, or anyone else...when you get into the

ring with Ricky Armstrong and Tommy Fierro, you better bring your "A" game, because it's go time!

[Tommy nods in agreement.]

TF: You think we shocked the world at Wrestlerock? You think we pulled one heck of an upset there? Well, fasten your seatbelts and hold on tight, 'cause this ride's just gettin' started!

[The former world champion chuckles.]

TF: We might've turned a few heads at Wrestlerock, but I promise that you ain't seen nothin' yet!

[The two exchange a high five and walk off-camera.]

MS: Tommy Fierro and Ricky Armstrong...another team to watch out for in the Stampede Cup! Now, let's go back down to the ring for more action here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[We crossfade to the ring where a young man in black trunks and white boots is standing as a graphic appears on the screen.]

[Arrows is looking down the aisle, a sense of dread in the air, as the screaming voices that mean the arrival of the Prince of Darkness fill the air.]

GM: Here comes trouble, Bucky.

[Layton rolls under the ropes, still in his black full-length velvet-looking robe. As he gets up, Arrows decides the best idea is to rush him with a series of right hands...

...that Layton absorbs before burying a knee into the midsection. He grabs Arrows' long brown hair with both hands, smashing his face into the top turnbuckle. Arrows stumbles backwards, falling down to the canvas as Layton shrugs out of his robe.]

GM: Well, that strategy didn't work.

BW: Few strategies do against Anton Layton. And that's what makes him the perfect choice to mentor Eric Preston going into this big Towel Match at the Cup with James Monosso - the Final Showdown.

GM: It just can't be true, Bucky. I don't believe it.

BW: You saw it yourself two weeks ago. Layton said he had something to discuss with Preston and Preston GLADLY went with him!

GM: There's gotta be another explanation for it.

BW: And what about the match tonight with Polemos? What's the explanation for that? You don't think Layton set that match up for him?

[During the discussion, the home viewer has been "treated" to Layton stomping Arrows to the mat just before he kneeled down on his lower back, digging his fingers into the nostrils, and yanking back on the face.]

GM: Get in there on that one, referee!

[The four count is enough to break the hold as Layton releases it, stands up, and then DROPS a heavy knee down on the back of the skull, smashing Arrows' face into the canvas.]

GM: Good grief!

[Layton rolls the smaller man to his back, leaning across in a light press.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got thr- oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers the Prince of Darkness as he yanks Arrows up off the mat, breaking his own pin attempt. He sneers as he climbs to his feet, pulling Arrows up with him...

...and then sinking his teeth into the forehead of Arrows, causing howls of pain to erupt from the young man before Layton again breaks the illegal move at four, connecting with an uppercut that knocks Arrows back against the ropes.]

GM: Layton fires him across...

[And a running back elbow to the throat knocks Arrows back down to the canvas. Layton stands over Arrows for a moment, cocking his head as he stares at him...

...and then promptly leaps into the air, bringing both of his feet squarely down on the chest of Arrows!]

GM: OHHH! DOUBLE STOMP!!

[Layton cackles as he spins around, dropping a knee on the chest and kneeling as he orders the referee to count.]

GM: And there's a quick three count to mercifully end this one.

[Layton grinds his knee back and forth, forcing Arrows to wriggle, flailing his limbs as Layton continues to laugh. The referee starts another five count,

forcing Layton to break it and simply walk away, stepping through the ropes.]

GM: A brutal dominating victory for Anton- uh oh.

BW: He's comin' over here, Gordo!

[The camera cuts as Myers tries to rise to greet him but Layton simply snatches the handheld mic.]

AL: Can you smell it, Gaaaahahhhhn?

[Myers looks puzzled as he gets to his feet.]

AL: The winds of change have stirred the air. The smell of blood... of violence... of carnage... they greet my lungs with every breath. They fill my body's muscles and organs with every inhale I pull in.

And I love it. I love it so much, Gordon Myers.

[Layton points a menacing finger to the camera.]

AL: The Stampede Cup approaches and while the pathetic masses struggle over earthly prizes like money and silver... the Master has sent me on a mission. He has sent me to achieve a grander prize.

It is not the leather and gold that Childes clings to. They fight alone for that.

It is not the bloodlust that the monster, Zaire, craves.

It is the Master's prize that he seeks.

[Layton grins that evil grin.]

AL: And it is I he has chosen to bring it to him.

The seeds have been planted, Master. And tonight, they will be watered with the blood of your own creation.

And when your prize realizes his destiny.

[A quick, quiet chuckle.]

AL: I will be there to bring him to you.

[Layton storms off, the sick grin still on his face as Gordon Myers shakes his head.]

GM: I don't know what any of that means but I don't like it one bit. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Crossfade to the locker room area.]

V: I can't believe this! How did this happen! Outrage, daddy! THIS IS AN OUTRAGEOUS OUTRAGE!

[And we pan into a starting-to-be-familiar-to-the-viewer William Payne standing in a back hallway, letting loose with a tantrum of exaggerated proportions. He kicks around at the ground as if was the reason for the aforementioned outrage. Throwing his hands into the air with exasperation he an "oh shucks" style fist pump before continuing down the hall... that is until he sees the camera.

Then his demeanor changes. Gone is the flustered, manic man and back is a wide smile, glinting white teeth and friendly swagger.]

WP: I... I didn't see you there. But now that you are here, perhaps I can express my slight anger and disappointment that the AWA Tournament Committee refused to put my team of Asama Inoue and Mad Hayashi into the top eight seeding where they belong! Belong I tell you! Belong! They've beaten other teams to even get here! THEY SMASHED THE HIVE ALREADY! THEY TRIUMPHED WHERE EVERYONE ELSE WOULDA FAILED AND NOW... ahem...

[He clears his throat, trying to calm down. Fixing his lapel he does his best to regain a level of composure, his flush face and beads of sweat defying the lie.]

WP: But... that's alright. Yup. So be it. They won't be top eight, but they will still win the whole thing. They'll beat the Hive in the first round. The Hive. LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT THE HIVE! THOSE BUNCH OF BOMBASTIC MASKED MANIACS DRESSED LIKE...

[He puts a single finger up as if to catch his breath.]

WP: ... as I was saying... those two gentlemen may think they have a chance at winning and good for them. A little hope, false or not, never hurt anyone. It won't hurt last year's champions Violence Unlimited in the second round when we upset them and get one step closer. [shake of the head] UPSET! LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT UPSETS! \_I\_ AM UPSET THAT \_I\_ AM ONCE AGAIN GETTING SCREWED OVER DESPITE WHAT \_I\_ DID TO GET HERE!

[Errr...]

WP: We! WE did to get here. I mean what Asama Inoue and Mad Hayashi did to get into the Stampede Cup. They deserved better then this but it's the way it goes sometimes. Sometimes you get what you want. Sometimes you don't.

[Seemingly resigned Payne goes to continue his walk when he spots a door. He cocks his head inquisitively before leaning in... closer... closer... closer... but not too close! He puts an ear up to the door, listening... his body starting to once again shake with anger. Stepping back he goes to kick the door in... and then it opens and there stand the two members of The Hive, masked and in full wrestling gear. They jump back, Payne stepping back defensively, hackles raised, shaking. His face turns so red it's purple, his cheeks puffing, his fists clenching. The two Hive members look at each other, before looking at him.]

# WP: AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIHATEYOUTWO!!!

[And with that Payne stomps away, walking past whom appears to be an intern carrying cups of coffee in little white styofoam cups. The Hive members look back, BZZZT BZZZTing to each other in the Hive language...

...and then Payne reappears, grabs a coffee and takes a sip, spitting it out and throwing it on the ground!]

WP: I SAID NOOOOOOO SUGGGGAAAARRR!!

[This time he does stomp right out of sight. The poor intern looks at the floor, then at the two masked men, shoulders drooping in defeat.]

INTERN: Uh... who was that?

[BZZZT BZZZT BZZZT... black.

And we come back up on an AWA backdrop with the words "Maryville, Missouri - Bearcat Arena - Friday Night" at the bottom of the screen. Mark Stegglet is standing front and center.]

MS: Fans, the AWA Live Event Center is up and runnin' and this Friday night, we're going to be in Maryville, Missouri at the Bearcat Arena! Tickets are still available to see the Blonde Bombers take on these men, Scotty and Marty, the Rockstar Express!

[Scotty and Marty step in, one on each side of Stegglet, each in their new Rockstar Express t-shirt that we saw advertised earlier in the night.]

SS: That's right, baby! All the Rockstars and Rockstarettes in Maryville need to get ready 'cause the train keeps a-rollin' and the next stop is right in their backyard when we get in there with those Bombers!

MM: Larry Doyle's been runnin' his mouth a whole lot about what they're gonna do at the Stampede Cup but we're thinkin' they've got a bigger problem than the Cup, baby. They've gotta get through us Friday night in Maryville!

SS: And that's somethin' that we don't think they can do, baby. Wooo!

[A double high-five before they exit off camera.]

MS: The Rockstar Express are ready to rock and roll in Maryville this Friday night! We'll see you there!

[And with that, we fade to black.

We fade back up to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY!" Jason Dane is standing backstage with the #1 contender for the Longhorn Heritage title, Robert Donovan. Donovan's in his ring attire, scratching his chin thoughtfully, and Jason Dane turns to do his appointed duty.]

JD: Two weeks ago, Rob, you announced to the world your intention to challenge Nenshou for the Longhorn Heritage championship at the Stampede Cup. You told everybody where and when, and I know you've got a lot on your mind right now, but a lot of people have been asking me just what kind of match is going to happen at the Cup?

[Donovan grimaces.]

RD: Ya know, Jason...

[He shrugs.]

RD: I still got no idea. Don't get me wrong, I've got all kinds o' nasty ideas for Nenshou an' his handler...but I just can't decide on one. You ever see somebody get thrown into a barbed wire, explodin' spidernet, Jason?

[Donovan arches an eyebrow at Dane, who cringes.]

JD: I've...seen footage, yes.

[Donovan nods.]

RD: Well, then you got an idea where I might be goin' with this. I've been to all sorts o' dirty lil' corners of the world, Dane, an' I've wrestled in matches that make that one look like scientific mat wrestlin'. I got all kinds o' ideas, my friend, an' no way to choose between 'em...

[Donovan pauses, the light bulb firing up.]

RD: ...so you know, what, Jason? I'm 'bout to give you an exclusive scoop -- right here, right now. You wanna know what the match at the Cup's gonna be?

JD: I...think so.

[Dane looks a little nervous, but Donovan just laughs.]

RD: Well, so do I, Jason -- an' since I got all sorts o' wonderful ways to draw Nenshou's blood on my mind, I ain't gonna pick one.

JD: But you just said --

RD: I know, I know, lemme finish. I ain't gonna pick one...

[Pause.]

RD: ...The Wheel's gonna decide!

[With that, Donovan smiles, nods in satisfaction, and walks away, leaving Jason Dane looking slightly horrified as we fade back to live action at ringside where Gordon's jaw just dropped.]

GM: The Wheel? Did he just say "the Wheel"?

BW: He sure did.

GM: Did Robert Donovan just tell the world that we're gonna spin the wheel and make the deal at the Stampede Cup with the Longhorn Heritage Title on the line?!

BW: I think that's exactly what he saying, Gordo.

GM: And with the kind of matches that Robert Donovan might have in mind, I'm just... my stars, that could be incredibly dangerous for BOTH of the men in that match!

BW: This is what happens when you give an animal like Donovan the chance to play God!

GM: Fans, I'm sure we'll hear more about just what matches will be on that Wheel in the days and weeks to come but for now, let's go up to the ring for more action!

[Phil Watson is in the ring with two similar-looking men with pasty white skin and mid length blonde hair.]

PW: The next match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, they hail from Anderson, South Carolina at a total combined weight of 367 pounds, Andy and Will...

THE BLUE BROTHERS!

[The brothers both hold their arms up to zero reaction from the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The fans cheer as "Go U Northwestern," as performed by the Northwestern University Marching Band, starts to play over the arena speakers. A scowling Nick Anton is out first, looking the audience over intently. His brother Alex follows, arms raised, before pumping his fist and pointing at the audience with the other hand.]

PW: They hail from Chicago, Illinois at a total combined weight of 547 pounds, Nick and Alex...

#### THE ANTONS!!!

BW: This is going to be about as competitive as the Baldwins versus the Gracies.

[Nick has his eyes locked on the ring as he makes his way down the entrance ramp, occasionally slapping the hand of a fan on the near side of it. Alex, however, is trying to slap hands and high-five as many fans as he can. When he reaches the ring, he steps through the ropes and heads towards their corner, pointing a warning finger and jawing with his opponents as he does so. Nick walks along the apron towards the corner and climbs onto the middle rope. He rests his hands on Alex's shoulders, who raises his arms in the air, pointing to the sky, as the music fades to a stop.]

GM: You might be right, Bucky. Alex starting it off for the Antons, but the Blue brothers can't seem to decide who will stay.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[So, instead, they decide to rush Alex Anton together. They get a brief flurry of offense before Alex fires back with a series of rights and lefts. He grabs the Blue brothers by the back of their heads and smashes their noggins together. One of the Blue brothers rolls out of the ring.]

GM: I reckon when you're seeing double, you don't want someone like Alex Anton in front of you.

BW: How long have you been rehearsing that, Gordo?

GM: How about this one: with what Alex Anton is doing to Andy here, the Blue brothers might have to change their name to Black and Blue.

BW: And people wonder why my number one announcer accolade is under threat.

[In the meantime, Alex has been taking liberties with Andy Blue, punishing with a series of suplexes. Now he has Andy is a bear hug, shaking him like a rag doll. Alex carries him closer to the Blue's corner and tosses him right into the turnbuckles. Andy crumples to the mat, as Alex motions for Will to tag himself in.]

BW: Will Blue looks reluctant to tag in and can you blame him?

GM: It's either that, or leave his brother at the mercy of the Antons.

BW: We don't know how many Blue brothers there are; sacrificing one might be worth it.

GM: Well, I don't think that is an option for Andy... Here he comes!

BW: There he goes!

GM: Did you see how much height he got on that overhead throw? What impact!

[Alex gets in Will's face, before dragging him to his feet and pulling him towards the Anton's corner.]

GM: Tag!

BW: Here comes the Wildcat!

[Alex is still in the ring as the Antons whip Will Blue into the ropes. They catch him on the rebound with double flying shoulder tackles. Alex heads to the outside, while Nick rains punches on the floored Blue brother. He picks him up and...]

GM: Massive headbutt! And another! And another!

BW: Blue's not what you would call handsome, but now he's just-

GM: Flattened! With a belly to belly throw! Could we see a pin?

[No, as Nick has other ideas and tags in his brother. He then rushes the Blue's corner, knocking Andy off the apron. Alex, meanwhile, heads to the top rope, pauses, and then leaps off, dropping a heavy 270 pound splash down across the chest of the prone opponent!]

GM: Top rope splash!

BW: And that's it for the Blue brothers.

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here are your winners... Nick and Alex... THE ANTONS!!!

[Alex gets up and the brothers hug, before the referee holds their hands up in victory. The shot cuts to a slo-mo replay of the match finish.]

BW: As I was saying, here you see Alex executing a picture-perfect top rope splash. Now usually such a move is reserved for a smaller competitor. At 6' 1" 270-plus pounds, you can imagine what that does to the receipient. And if the rumors I hear are true, this guy is capable of doing even more than that from the top rope.

GM: I don't think we can deny the athleticism and the intensity of the Anton boys. Let's see if Jason Dane can get a few words from them.

[We return to Jason Dane, standing by on the interview platform with Nick and Alex Anton, the latter still smiling from their victory.]

JD: Another week, another victory. But tell me, gentlemen, as we head towards the Stampede Cup, what do you think are your odds of winning?

AA: Odds, Jason? We're gonna leave the odds to the statisticians... The book-makers... All I can say is, you put an obstacle before the Antons? Nine times out of ten we're gonna run right over 'em. You take into account the number and calibre of teams in the Cup and work out how many will still be standing when they find themselves facing the Antons, alright?

NA: JASON! Last month, we called out a couple of hicks that call themselves the Moonshiners, to answer for what they did at Wrestlerock! The fact that we went unanswered shows just how much these teams fear us. But sooner or later, Jason, Moonshiners, Blonde Bombers, First Family, whoever... They're gonna find themselves face to face with a couple of Wildcats and everybody knows, when a wildcat has its eyes on the prize, there's no stopping it!

[And with that, the Antons start to exit the elevated interview platform...

...when suddenly the arrival of Eve causes them to pause.]

GM: Wait a second! That's Eve of the First Family! What is SHE doing out here?

[Eve is standing before the Antons, screaming at them both in a shrill voice...]

GM: Look out here!

[The crowd buzzes as Brother Cain mounts the interview platform behind the Antons, surging forward with a double clothesline that hits both men in the back of the head!]

GM: OHHHH! BROTHER CAIN KNOCKS 'EM BOTH FLAT!!

[And then Adam arrives, rushing onto the scene to pull Alex Anton off the floor, shouting in his face...

...and then SLAMS him facefirst into the elevated wooden platform!]

GM: INTO THE PLATFORM!!

[Brother Cain grabs Nick Anton, yanking him to his feet, and pressing him straight overhead into a military press. He walks closer to the wooden platform, holding him high...

...and then DROPS him straight down, his upper body and face SLAMMING into the platform!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! THE FIRST FAMILY HAS STRUCK AND STRUCK HARD!

[With the Antons down all around her, Eve has picked up pne of the microphones and screams into it frenetically.]

#### E: REJOICE!! REJOICE!! REJOOOOOIIIIIIICE!!!

[Adam rips the mic out of Eve's hands. His beatific smile is as disturbing as ever as he throws his left hand up into the air.]

A: And the Book of Chronicles says "I am not coming against you today but against the house with which I am at WAR! Aaaaaaaaaaaad God has ordered me to hurry! Stop for your own sake from interfering with God who is with meeeeeeee, so that He will not destroy youuuuuuuu!"

[The fans in attendance jeer, not the biblical verse itself but the way Adam is preaching it. Adam slowly lowers his hand left hand again, his eyes wandering over the crowd.]

A: These wise words written in the Good Book fit our situation perfectly. For we, the First Family, will face the Southern Stallions on September 3rd, in Atlanta, Georgia, on the first night of the Stampede Cup. These Stallions we have no quarrel with. Oh, we have no doubt, they are sinners, lost souls looking for the Light. No doubt, they deserve our pity and our mercy and Brother Cain and me will show humble them in order to make them see the Truth and the Way of Righteousness!

But...

[His preaching index finger rises again.]

A: ...our crusade leads us onward to a fight months overdue.

[Now he points it at the camera.]

A: Rockstar Express! There will be no escaping, no dark corner for you to cower! At the Stampede Cup, the First Family will bring an end to your depravations once and for all, making you suffer the Fall... for the Greater Good!

[Adam drops the mic and stares at the camera, still smiling, although that expression is devoid of warmth. Cain stands unmoving beside him while Eve moves around agitatedly, mouthing off to the closest fans.]

GM: A brutal attack on the Antons out of nowhere by the First Family and for no apparent reason! The First Family has no match with the Antons at the Cup. In fact, they're on OPPOSITE sides of the bracket! Why, Bucky? Why would they do this?

BW: It's to prove a point! The First Family means business and they're not about to let anyone forget about them - especially the Championship Committee.

GM: The Stampede Cup is driving men to do strange and desperate things here in the AWA with just a few weeks ago - and earlier tonight, I caught up with yet another team who will be in action at the Cup - former PVW World Tag Team Champions, The Wild Cards! Let's take a look! [We fade away from the First Family and into footage marked "EARLIER TODAY!" to Gordon Myers standing, mic in hand with two men new to AWA television. Both are in their wrestling gear: matching black long legged singlets with purple tights over the top. On the outside of their black wrestling boots there is a picture of a pair of dice (showing snake eyes) for the smaller man, while the larger's sports an ace and Jack of spades.

The smaller of the two stands six feet tall and has close cropped sandy blonde hair, while the bigger man's shaved head nears the seven foot mark. Gordon looks up at the two and shakes his head in anticipation of the coming debacle.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, I have the...pleasure...to be standing here with former tag team champions from Phoenix Valley Wrestling over in Arizona, The Wild Cards. "The Gambler" Judd Marley and his partner Black Jack Baldwin. Welcome to the AWA, boys.

[Marley opens his mouth, but Jack jumps in first...causing Marley to shake his head and roll his eyes.]

JB: Thanks, Gordon Mikers...

JM: Myers.

JB: Myers...we're thrilled to be here in the J...

JM: A.

JB: AW...A?

JM: Yup.

JB: (smiling) Awesome. When me and Judd heard about this tag team tournament you guys were having, we thought to ourselves...well...Game of Thrones isn't on till next year...Psych doesn't start till October...

[Judd grabs the mic, shaking his head.]

JM: What Jack MEANT to say is that AWA represents the sort of traditional wrestling that we've been fans of our entire lives. It's a place where you can have a team step into the ring with another team and have a match without worrying about exploding thumbtacks...

JB: (protesting) I only used those the once!

JM: or lunatics with cast iron frying pans...

JB: He sent you a get well card.

JM: ...or fire breathing clowns who claim they're from another planet.

JB: That reminds me, Mark says hi!

[Marley pauses, looks up at Jack and shakes his head once again before turning back to the camera.]

JM: We're here because we saw the roster of teams that were gathering... solid teams... some of the best that have ever laced 'em up...

JB: Even if a couple of 'em don't actually wear shoes.

JM: ...and we wanted to be a part of that. This sort of competition...this sort of challenge should be why guys get involved in this business to begin with. Twenty four teams.

Three nights.

At the end, there's only one team standing.

It invites all of those trite cliches that people spout out: Go big or go home; Second place is the first loser...I'm sure other teams will cover those for you...we've never really been interested in taking the well worn path...

JB: Except when you're following one of those Samoan guys to the craft services table. Those guys ALWAYS know where to find the snacks.

JM: We've been around the block a few times...we've faced some of the best teams this business has to offer...

JB: As can be show by our industry best record of 0 - 1,232,845 - 1 against The Outlaws...

[Judd stops, and glares at Jack once again...who simply smiles in reply.]

JM: AS I was saying...there was a time that we'd take the time to run down the teams...offer insulting or funny comments about each of them...

[He wheels to glare at Baldwin, who had opened his mouth to chime in, but now looks at the ceiling and starts to whistle instead.]

JM: ...but we'll leave those interviews for other people. We're gonna show up, we're gonna put on a show, we're gonna fight, and we'll see where things fall...

JB: Because one way or another, we guarantee you this: It's gonna be Wild!

[Marley and Baldwin exit stage left, leaving Gordon shaking his head.]

GM: Those unique words from the 4th seeded Wild Cards who will face either the Privateers or the Antons in the second round of the tournament - it should be an excellent showdown in Atlanta! [We fade out off a grinning Gordon Myers and back to the ring. Standing in the ring are Johnny Casanova - in his trademark Playboy Enterprises robe over his black trunks - and Big Mama, as always, in a beautiful dress. The pudgy Playboy has a mic in hand.]

JC: You know, a couple of weeks ago, a travesty went down in the AWA. The Chairman of Playboy Enterprises, the main man himself, Johnny Casanova, ended up with a loss on his record to a pair of idiots who dress as bees!

[He glares at the crowd, who respond by booing him.]

JC: As ya all darn well know, that loss was nothing to do with me. When I was in the ring, I had that match won. But those stinking bees took advantage of my distress at seeing the woman I love...

[He takes Big Mama's hand and kisses it.]

JC: ...get mauled by that she-witch Queen Bee...

BW: He's right there, Gordo! She had no business touching a woman of Big Mama's class!

GM: Big Mama has class, Bucky? I'm sure Johnny C would agree with you, but he might be the only one...

JC: ... and while I was looking after my sweet pumpkin, they pinned my no good, useless partner, Jack Holland.

[He takes a deep breath.]

JC: As a result of that loss, Playboy Enterprises decided that the services of Mr Holland were no longer required.

BW: Holland got fired?

JC: However... I'm starting to reconsider. Given the importance of the Stampede Cup, and the fact we're such a short time away from it, I'd like the Gentleman to come out here so I can make him an offer.

[A pause. The fans boo as Casanova waits expectantly... and, indeed, Jack Holland makes his way down the aisle and climbs into the ring, glaring daggers at his ex-boss.

JC: Jack, here's the deal. Ya failed me.

[Holland is about to respond, but Casanova holds a hand up to stop him,]

JC: Ain't no two ways about it, ya dropped the ball. So there has to be consequences. Here's the deal, Jack. I want ya to show me just how sorry ya are for losing us that match...

[A pause, for dramatic effect.]

JC: ... so why don't ya get down on your knees, and kiss my feet. Then ya got your job back until the Stampede Cup.

[Holland is going red in the face with anger now, and the crowd are firmly behind him as he looks around for their advice. Casanova motions to the crowd to be quiet, which only increases the volume of the boos.]

JC: Your decision, Jack. But don't ya have a grandmother, or mother, or aunt, or someone, to consider? I gotta be honest, I never did take much notice of ya when ya were whining about her, but seems to me I remember something along those lines.

[Holland is pacing up and down the ring, trying to make up his mind.]

JC: Jack, I hate to rush ya, boy, but we ain't got all night. If ya want back in, ya better pucker up.

[Sighing, and looking fit to burst, Holland walks towards his former employer... and sinks to his knees, leaning forward ready to plant a kiss on Johnny C's boot.]

GM: Oh my word! Johnny Casanova really has sunk to new depths here, Bucky!

BW: What are you talking about, Gordo! Holland should be glad he has such a forgiving boss!

[The crowd are booing furiously now as Holland's face is inches away from Casanvoa's foot.]

GM: Don't do it, Jack! Don't do it!

BW: What choice does he-

[Holland suddenly springs to his feet, cracking the Playboy in the jaw with an uppercut that knocks him off his feet to a huge cheer from the crowd. Holland dives atop the downed Casanova, hammering him with right hands furiously!]

GM: You can only push a man so far and Johnny Casanova is finding out the hard way!

BW: Get security out here! That ungrateful moron Jack Holland should be fired for this, Gordo!

[Casanova is on the floor now, having rolled out to escape Holland, who slides down to join him. The Playboy shows an impressive turn of speed as he tries to charge around the ring - only to fall flat on his face! Holland catches him, and Casanova is actually starting to cry in fear as his former employee has a nasty gleam in his eye...] GM: I think Casanova may be regretting some of the abuse he handed Jack Holland's way!

BW: Holland may have snapped, Gordo! Big Mama's over there, it looked like she was going to get involved, but she's not going too close to Jack Holland, and who can blame her? Some Gentleman!

[The crowd are cheering Holland on now, as he grabs the Playboy and pulls him to his feet, holding him by the throat with his left hand as he winds up his right to smash Johnny in the face...

...only to be cut off by a hard forearm smash to the back of the head and neck! A second one lands, knocking Holland down to a knee!]

GM: What the-?! That's Dick Bass! Dick Bass has-

BW: It's the cavalry, Gordo! Dick Bass to the rescue!

[Holland pushes up to his feet, shoving Casanova away before spinning around, throwing himself at Dick Bass in a flurry of right hands that bring the crowd to their feet!]

GM: BASS AND HOLLAND! BASS AND HOLLAND!

[Down on the floor, a recovering Casanova snatches up Big Mama's purse, winding up...

...and SMASHES it down on the back of Holland's head, knocking him flat on the floor!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot to the head! And by the way that Holland went down, you've gotta believe that purse was loaded, Bucky!

BW: What?! Casanova just used his crazy strong power to swing it!

GM: There's no way that Jack Holland goes out from that on a normal purse!

[Casanova and Bass work in union now, stomping and kicking Holland down to the canvas.]

GM: This is despicable! A two on one beatdown and we really do need security now!

BW: Jack Holland started it, Gordo! Time to pay the price!

[Rolling Holland into the ring, Casanova motions for Bass to pick him up.]

GM: Oh, come on! The man's been through enough!

["Dirty" Dick takes his offered Delilah from Big Mama, looping the leather around the throat of Jack Holland as he drags the "Gentleman" up to his feet.]

GM: Bass brings him up the hard way... holding him for Casanova...

[The Playboy inches closer, shouting in the face of Holland...]

## "SLAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Ohh! What a shot! He slapped him across the face!

[Bass removes the whip, shoving a gasping-for-air Holland into a boot to the gut by Casanova who sinks in a double underhook before SPIKING him facefirst to the canvas with a Playboy Plunge!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHH!

BW: Best. Plunge. Ever!

GM: Jack Holland has been laid out at the hands of Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass! What in the world has gotten into Dick Bass?! How did he get involved in this?! Why did he get involved with this?

[Picking up the fallen mic, Casanova gestures at Dick Bass.]

JC: Ladies and gentleman... may I present to you the newest member of Playboy Enterprises, and my NEW tag team partner for the Stampede Cup...

"DIRTY" DICK BASS!

[The trio of Casanova, Bass, and Big Mama soak in the boos as security gets down there to pull Holland out of the ring to safety 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. And then we fade back to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the middle of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Catalina, Sicily... weighing two-hundred fifty pounds...

...THE SICILIAN STUD!

[The stocky, powerful frame of the Sicilian Stud jumps up and down, limbering himself up. The Stud has short brown hair, and a green singlet with the Italian flag on the front, white kneepads and boots. He's got an unzipped plain white ring jacket on over that. When his name is called, he settles back to a standing position, and pumps his fist up to the fans, who cheer for him.

At least until the shrill piano of "The Theme From Halloween" plays. Then they boo like crazy!]

BW: Oh no, Gordo! I only thought the Sicilian Stud was dumb before... now I know it's true! Did he really sign to wrestle James Monosso?!

GM: I did not have it in my schedule that Monosso was going to wrestle tonight, but I am now told by the producer that he is a late add... and here he comes. Why we allow this man to compete, I do not know.

[The six-foot-seven inch madman with the stringy greying black hair slowly stalks down the aisle. He's wearing the usual "PROPERTY OF STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION" cut-off pale green T-Shirt over his mid-thigh-length black singlet with silver trim. He wears black boots with silver trim, electrical tape around his wrists and hands, and a sickening joyless grin. His wild eyes are locked on the Sicilian Stud, who isn't backing down from the menacing presence before him.

Well behind Monosso waddles the pudgy form of Percy Childes. Percy, a bald man with a dark mustache and Van Dyke beard, is wearing a white dress shirt, black jacket, black slacks, and is carrying the Longhorn Heritage Championship belt in one hand and his crystal-tipped cane in the other. He seems more amused than anything else.]

PW: His opponent... coming down the aisle, accompanied by his manager Percy Childes... from The State Of Confusion... weighing two-hundred eighty-eight pounds...

...JAMES MONOSSO!

BW: James Monosso is two weeks away from finishin' what he started a long time ago with Eric Preston. But ya know, Gordo... he says it already IS finished! He says Preston's career and life are already ruined!

GM: That's the rambling of a lunatic for you.

BW: But I think he's right! Why else would Eric Preston, supposed to be one of the white knights, go to Anton Layton for help?!

GM: Layton came to him! It's another example of the Unholy Alliance's method of corrupting the young minds... AND THE STUD WILL NOT WAIT!

[The instant Monosso rolls under the bottom rope and gets to his feet, the Stud rushes forward, kicks him in the midsection, throws a front elbow to the face, and wheels him over with a deep armdrag!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Now that's the smartest thing the Stud's ever done, Gordo! If he didn't blitz Monosso, Monosso woulda blitzed him!

GM: Indeed... two big armdrags now! And... my word, a fireman's carry takeover! James Monosso keeps getting up, and the Stud keeps taking him down!

[Monosso stops... he remains on his knees, and instead of rushing in again, gives the Stud a baleful glare. He points a menacing finger at the Sicilian, who is waving him on.]

BW: And stopped the momentum right there! Monosso's crazy, but too many people think that means he's stupid.

GM: Indeed, a rare show of wisdom from James Monosso. The two men are up, and a collar-and-elbow tieup... the Stud with a shoulderthrow... no. Monosso plants his feet and sinks his knees... and spikes him in the chest with his thumb! What in the world...

[The blow seems to cause pain to the Stud, who is showing surprise... and then he shows his aerodynamics, because a brutal Monosso standing clothesline takes him up off his feet!]

BW: That thumb... ya know, in the old days, you'd see that every once in a while. There's some cartilage down in yer... whaddyacallit...

GM: The sternum, Bucky.

BW: Er... uh... well, yeah. There's a pointy bit of cartilage down there, you can jab it into a guy's lungs if you hit it right. That's what the old timers used to say.

GM: The xiphoid process. I'm surprised that Monosso knew that much. He's picking up his man, and a brutal body slam plants him to the canvas. Turns his head to the side... and a stomp right to the jaw! Right where the jaw connects to the skull! James Monosso is targeting the weakest areas of his opponent's body here, as he usually does.

BW: Remember, he came up way back in the day! He knows some tricks they don't teach anymore, Gordo. And that's why Preston's gonna need Layton!

GM: A likely reason why Eric Preston would be that desperate; Monosso uses some unorthodox tactics. Like this one! Come on, referee!

[Monosso is stepping on the Stud's left arm with one foot, has hooked his nostrils with one hand, and is pulling straight up. The crowd boos the vicious tactic, and the referee lays on a count. At the count of four, Monosso uses his free arm to punch down on the Stud's extended and vulnerable nose!]

GM: A deliberate attempt to break a man's nose!

BW: Naw, really? I thought it was an accident!

GM: Monosso lifting the Stud... he has him in the fireman's lift! You know what this means! Running to the corner...

[James runs to the corner, turns, and drives the Stud's sternum into the top turnbuckle! He uses the momentum of the rebound to slam him backwards, driving him back first to the canvas!]

BW: HAPPY VALLEY DRIVER! And I think the Sicilian is about to sleep with the fishes, Gordo!

GM: Monosso off the ropes... THERE'S THE KING KONG KNEEDROP! He uses his knee like an axe! Getting it as high as he possibly can and coming down as hard as he possibly can!

BW: Best kneedrop you'll ever see.

GM: He could get the three count here, but he's lifting his man up... BELLY-TO-BACK SUPLEXING HIM CLEAN ON TOP OF HIS HEAD!

BW: Descent Into Madness, daddy! And this one is OVAH!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The three count after the backdrop driver is academic, and "The Theme From Halloween" plays over the PA again to the boos of the crowd. Monosso stands up, allows the referee to raise his hand, and shouts at the crowd.]

GM: Relatively clean and orderly win for James Monosso this week... only one gutter attempt to maim his opponent, that might be a record. And here we go with the replay!

[The replay shows the King Kong Kneedrop in slo-mo. The replay stops at the top of the jump.]

BW: Take a look, kids; if you ever want to crush a man with your knee... don't! Don't try this at home! But if ya did, this is how. Monosso can't jump high, but he stretches his leg as high up as he can, tilts over to get the most height possible, and when he comes down...

[The replay picks back up to show the descent and the impact.]

BW: ...he does it all at once. Like a hammer comin' down; wham! And then we got the Descent Into Madness, and what else can ya say but "I think he broke his freakin' neck"?

[The replay of the Descent Into madness goes at nearly full speed until the Sicilian Stud is over and on his way down, then it slows up to illustrate the angle of impact.]

BW: Again, don't drop people straight on their heads at home. Ever. 'Cause we'd get sued, and then we'd hafta close down, and you'd never get to see another episode of Call Of The Wilde. That would be a global tragedy.

GM: Ah... yes. A tragedy indeed.

[We cut from the replay to show Gordon Myers himself... really! Gordon is standing by with the microphone at ringside to interview James Monosso. Monosso is rubbing his hands and smirking.]

GM: Jason Dane refuses to interview this man, and for good reason, but I will not be intimidated. And at the Stampede Cup, James Monosso, you will see that Eric Preston will not be intimidated, either.

JM: Then you and Preston have a lot in common, Myers. You're stupid. You're only this brave because you know that Percy told me not to put my hands on you this week or I wouldn't get paid. You got your buddies in the back office to make that happen, and that's fine. If I get a sudden urge to maim an announcer... nobody made no promises about Wilde.

## BW: \*gulp\*

JM: And as for Eric Preston bein' so brave? He's so brave that he's already beggin' Anton Layton for help! That's how brave, how noble, and how gallant your hero is!

GM: And what about that? Layton is your own ally!

JM: Ha! You call ME crazy? Layton talks to himself and worships the boogeyman. I don't care wh...

PC: That is ENOUGH of that, James.

JM: Yeah, yeah, well, he asked. Since you made it so I can't answer questions with punches to the nose, Percy, why don't ya get Myers to ask better questions? As far as Anton Layton goes, if he wants Zombie Eric Preston in his half of the Alliance, that's fine by...

GM: Zombie?

JM: That's right! He's a dead man walkin', Myers. Zombie Eric Preston is livin' on borrowed time, no matter what happens at the Stampede Cup! All that's gonna happen in our match, is his time on this world'll be shortened by somewhere between ten an' thirty years. Depends on how long that bleedin' heart Michaelson takes ta throw in the towel an' quit on Preston, like he would already do if he had any sense! But then again, he showed up at Wrestlerock, so we know how much sense he has, don't we? Preston's body, his concussion-prone brain, his knees, back, neck, and anything else... it'll give out on him and leave him little more than a paperweight or doorstop. So he's just a zombie, shuffling through this putrid sport until the day comes when it all ends for him. If Anton wants him until then, who am I to care?

All I know is at the Stampede Cup, I'm gonna prove my point yet again, and cash a big check doin' it. And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise!

[Monosso stalks off, and Percy follows him out as Gordon Myers shakes his head slowly.]

GM: James Monosso, ladies and gentlemen. Fans, we have a lot of act...

BW: What're you doin', Myers?! You made a deal to keep him off you and ya didn't mention ME?!

GM: I didn't think I...

BW: Darn right you didn't think! If you'd asked one of your usual dumb questions and made him mad... global tragedy, Myers! Global tragedy! We came THIS CLOSE to another Gordon Dumb Question and good-bye Bucky! I... I need a drink.

GM: Fans, we'll be righ-

[Suddenly, ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in over the loudspeakers and the St. Louis faithful respond with boos of equal intensity as the AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne struts through the entrance portal. The Ladykiller is clad in a mint green short sleeve collared shirt, a pair of white linen pants and a pair of brown leather flip flops. His eyes are shielded by a pair of Ray Ban Aviator sunglasses and his blond hair hangs down past his shoulders; over one of which rests the AWA National Championship. His smirks at the crowd, pats the gold belt lovingly and begins his trek towards the ring. As he enters the ring, he is handed a microphone and is forced to wait long moments before the boos die down enough to speak.]

CD: The champ is here! The. Champ. Is. Here!

[The boos pick up once again as Dufresne grins.]

CD: Fear not, St. Louis. Unlike the sports heroes you're used to cheering, Calisto Dufresne is no fraud and his accolades are accomplished through nothing more than hard work and dedication. He is exactly what he says he is: a paragon of virtue, honor and loyalty!

[A self-righteous nod.]

CD: And tonight I prove it to the masses. Tonight I face a man who won gold as the greatest wrestler in the world - when I was in high school, mind you - at the Olympics, Sultan Azam Sharif!

[Jeers rise again, but this time a smattering of cheers are sprinkled in.]

CD: Unlike our previous title holders, who hid in their dressing rooms week after week rather than defend their gold as true champions, Calisto Dufresne will be out again tonight keeping you fans entertained and proving that I am the bravest, most battle-tested champion in AWA history!

[If rolling your eyes made a sound, it would be deafening in here.]

CD: I did, after all, defeat the number one contender two weeks ago. That face-painted freak called out the two greatest National Champions in the history of this company - at the same time! It shows just how much you have to learn, Supernova. You've got a long ways to go before you obtain the needed mental prowess to capture this.

[Dufresne pats the National Championship.]

CD: Stevie Scott told the truth for once. You're not ready for the big leagues, kiddo. And I hope the Championship Committee takes that into consideration and finds a more deserving competitor to be the number one contender to \_my\_ title.

Speaking of Stevie Scott...

[Stormclouds form on Dufresne's brow as the crowd pops.]

CD: ...It surprises nobody that you would attack me in such a cowardly manner, Stevie. It's been your M.O. since the moment you got to the AWA. When you were hiding behind your skirt and refusing to get into the ring when we opened our doors for business, you had Calisto Dufresne fighting your battles. When you wanted to go to battle in WarGames, who was the first man in the ring? That's right. Calisto Dufresne was in there, fighting your battles. When you couldn't handle Juan Vasquez, once again, you had Calisto Dufresne fighting your battles.

[Dufresne shakes his head in disgust.]

CD: You call me the coward, Stevie, but facts are facts. My throngs of adoring fans know the truth. Calisto Dufresne was tired of being the man who did all the hard work for a craven like you while you took the glory.

And that's why I applaud what Robert Donovan is doing in calling for the beacons of light in the AWA to band together to rid this organization of its unsavory elements such as Stevie Scott.

So Robert, you can expect full support from \_your\_ National Champion, Calisto Dufresne in your call to arms, my friend.

Just tell me when you find one of these "worms" you speak of, and I will be happy to come down to the ring and vanquish them.

[A nod. A wink. And a smile.]

CD: As only a \_true\_ champion could.

[On that note, "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in once again and Dufresne exits the ring, jeers following him up the aisleyway and through the entrance portal.]

GM: Did he just... he offered to join Robert Donovan's Call To Arms!

BW: Heheheh... he sure did!

GM: Calisto Dufresne, the National Champion, is MOCKING Robert Donovan with that statement - and if I were him, I'm not so sure I'd feel up to mocking an angry seven footer, Bucky!

BW: But that's why you're not him, Gordo. Calisto Dufresne has heart, he has courage, he has fighting spirit. He is the greatest National Champion of all time before he makes a single title defense!

GM: We'll see about that. He may have a real short reign if Sultan Azam Sharif has his way later on tonight. Fans, let's go back up to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade back to the ring to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, from Parts Unknown at a combined weight of 520 pounds...

THE EXECUTIONERS!

[Two men clad in black from head to toe, including masks, bellow at the fans to some jeering.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" kicks in to a HUUUUGE CHEER! Soon, the crowd is singing along...]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

[As the lyric "SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!" hits, the curtain tears apart to reveal a fired-up Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton to a MAMMOTH ROAR from the crowd!]

PW: They are the Number One contenders to the AWA National Tag Team Titles and reigning Stampede Cup champions- at a combined weight of 595 pounds... "THE HAMMER" JACKSON HAYNES... DANNY MORTON...

VIIIIIIIOOOOOLENNNNNNCE UNNNNLIMMMMMITED!!

[Morton jogs down the aisle, dressed in his usual red boxer's robe. He is followed close behind by the cowboy hat-wearing Jackson Haynes, who holds up a large silver cup high into the air as he makes his way to the ring.]

GM: Would you look at that...they've brought the Stampede Cup with them!

BW: Enjoy it while it lasts, 'cause lightning ain't striking twice, Gordo. No way these two meatheads win the Stampede Cup again!

[As Morton and Haynes go through one, final pre-match strategy session, The Executioners strike from behind, attacking Violence Unlimited!]

GM: The Executioners aren't going to wait for the bell! They're all over Morton and Haynes!

BW: If you want to make an impact on the tag team scene, there's no better way than taking out the reigning Stampede Cup champions!

[The Executioners toss Haynes out of the ring as the bell sounds, signaling the start of the match. The Executioners turn their attention to Morton, slinging him into the ropes, but he ducks under their double clothesline attempt. He hits the far ropes and literally runs through both Executioners, sending them both down with a double lariat of his own!]

GM: Oh my! Danny Morton bowls over both of the Executioners!

BW: He might be a meathead, but when it comes to pure power, Morton is right there at the top with guys like Mizusawa and Martinez!

[Almost as if he heard Bucky's words, Morton proceeds to lift up Executioner #1 into a military press...and tosses him onto his own tag team partner!]

GM: And he slams Executioner #1 right onto #2!

[As Executioner #! rolls out of the ring, Jackson Haynes steps up on the apron, demanding the tag. Morton obliges, tagging in the madman from Moscow, Tennessee.]

GM: And in comes, Jackson Haynes!

[Haynes is quick to attack, pulling Executioner #2 to his feet and scooping him up, slamming him down onto the canvas with reckless abandon. He follows it up with a big elbowdrop, before hitting the ropes and dropping a huge leg across Executioner #2's throat!]

GM: A big legdrop by Jackson Haynes, who has been all over Executioner #2!

BW: There's nothing fancy about Haynes, Gordo. He's just like how they describe him. A hammer, pounding the living crud out of people!

[Haynes pulls Executioner #2 up into a standing headscissors. With a grunt, he lifts the masked man into the air and pauses at the apex of the lift, holding #2 there for a second, before powerbombing him damn near through the ring!]

GM: OHHHH! A massive powerbomb by Haynes!

BW: He was trying to send him to China with that one!

[Seeing Executioner #1 standing on the apron, Haynes turns to the masked man and screams, "I AIN'T DONE YET, BOY!" and hauls the limp and prone #2 off the canvas and tosses him towards his partner, causing the two to collide with each other...as the referee signals a tag was made!]

GM: Jackson Haynes might've had the win there, but he wants the match to continue!

BW: That crazy nut...Haynes gave up the win so he could keep on beating on the Executioners. This is the type of man that the people cheer for???

GM: I can't say I agree with his actions either, but Executioner #1 doesn't look like he wants any part of Haynes.

BW: Would you!?

[Hesitating to enter the ring, Executioner #1 argues with the referee, who is shoved aside by Haynes as he grabs Executioner #1 and biels him over the ropes! Executioner #1 gets to his feet, but is dropped by a big boot to the mush from Haynes!]

BW: I thought jumping Violence Unlimited before the bell was smart strategy, but this is backfiring on them big time!

[Haynes tags in Danny Morton, who holds his right hand high into the air, before dropping down into a three-point stance, bringing a roar from the crowd. Haynes whips Executioner #1 hard into the far corner and as he stumbles out, Morton flies out, sending #1 flying with a massive shoulderblock!]

GM: Trademark running shoulderblock by Danny Morton! And there's the waistlock! He's going for the backdrop driver!

[Morton lifts Executioner #1 up for his patented suplex, but Haynes grabs #1 by the throat at the height of the lift, SPIKING him into the canvas as Morton DRIVES him down with the backdrop driver!]

BW: Holy cow!

GM: OOOOOOOH!!! A choke slam \_and\_ a backdrop driver! What a combination!

BW: That was more like attempted murder!

[Morton plants both arms on Executioner #1's chest as the referee counts the easy one, two, three.]

PW: YOUR WINNERS...VIOLENCE UNLIMITED!

[Big pop!]

GM: And there's the three! Violence Unlimited absolutely dominated The Executioners there.

BW: That was sheer brutality on display, Gordo...but lets see if they can do that at the Stampede Cup!

GM: Indeed. We'll try to get a word with the reigning Stampede Cup champions after these important commercial messages!

[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 come back from commercials, we see Jason Dane, standing by with Violence Unlimited. The two have hardly broken a sweat following their victory over The Executioners. On the ground, we see the massive Stampede Cup trophy standing between Haynes and Morton.]

JD: Violence Unlimited, what a dominating victory we just saw. Speaking of which...we saw you two gain a victory of sorts and a measure of revenge against Rough N Ready on the last edition of Saturday Night wrestling. However, with the Stampede Cup quickly coming upon us, I have to ask if yo-...

[Morton cuts him off.]

DM: Actually, I've got a question for \*you\*, little buddy!

JD: For me?

DM: You're a wrestling historian, aren't you?

[Dane looks around with some confusion.]

JD: I guess you can say that.

DM: Well, then lets talk history! If Mike Justice can win a world title in a match he wasn't involved in...if Calisto Dufresne can win the AWA National title in a match he wasn't involved in...

[A big grin forms beneath that bearded face.]

DM: ...why can't Rough N Ready \_LOSE\_ their titles in a match they weren't involved in?

[Morton cackles.]

JD: That's a really huge leap in logic, guys...you can't possibly believe that was an actual title match!

DM: Can't we? There was an AWA referee inside that ring! An AWA referee counted that pin! And there were thousands of witnesses! It doesn't get any more official than that!

[Morton laughs.]

DM: But me and Jack aren't like Rough N Ready! We're not gonna' hide behind make-believe victories and legal mumbo-jumble! We proved it inside that ring two weeks ago...we proved it to them at last year's Stampede Cup...and when the day comes that we step into the ring with them again, we'll prove that we \*are\* the better tag team! [Jackson Haynes spins Dane around to face him.]

JH: You wanna' talk about huge leaps in logic, boy? How 'bout Rough N Ready bein' named the number one seed for a tournament they couldn't win!?

[Haynes holds up the huge trophy awarded to the Stampede Cup winners.]

JH: \_THIS\_ is the Stampede Cup! \_THIS\_ symbolizes just exactly what it takes to be roughest, toughest, GREATEST tag team in the whole wide world!

[He whips off his hat and turns directly towards the camera.]

JH: I know there's a lotta' teams that've been talkin' tough and talkin' big, but there's only ONE team 'round here that's gone the distance! There's only ONE team here that beat all the rest and put a stranglehold on the right to be considered the best in the business!

[An almost crazed look forms as Haynes' eyes grow wide.]

JH: And last time I checked, it wasn't Rough N Ready! The team that went through hell and back to earn that right?

[He turns to look at Morton and then points a finger at himself, thrusting that trophy into the air one more time.]

JH: You're lookin' right at'em!

[He puts his hat back on as Morton grabs the microphone.]

DM: This year, the Stampede Cup's bigger than ever! You've got the best teams coming in from all over the world! Egypt! Russia! Puerto Rico! Japan!

[Danny stops for a moment and chuckles, nudging Haynes with his elbow.]

DM: Hey, Jack...Japan.

JH: Aw, hell...

[The two throw their heads back and cackle.]

DM and JH: HAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

[They regain their composure and turn their attention back to the camera.]

DM: But it doesn't matter where they're coming from! Come from Mars! Fly on in from Saturn! Catch a spaceship and rocket yourselves in from the Milky Way! We'll take you all on!

[Morton puts his fists up, ready for fight.]

JH: If you want the trophy! If you want that million dollars! If you want to lay claim to bein' the greatest team of professional wrasslers in the world, you better understand this, boys!

[An unsettling grin filled with nothing but bad intentions forms on the ugly face of Jackson Haynes.]

JH: The road to the Stampede Cup...goes through Violence Unlimited.

[And with that, the duo walk off, leaving Jason Dane to breath a sigh of relief.]

JD: Whew. You heard them, folks! Violence Unlimited are primed and ready to make it back-to-back wins in the Stampede Cup! Now, let's go back down to ringsi...

[The words of Jason Dane trail off as the grizzled veteran, Tin Can Rust, walks into view of the camera.]

JD: Mr. Rust?

[TCR nods at Dane.]

JD: We had expected you here earlier today to-

[Rust raises a hand to stop Dane, then grabs Dane's wrist, guiding the mic towards him.]

TCR: Violence Unlimited is primed and ready to win the Stampede Cup?

[Rust nods slowly.]

TCR: You're looking at a man who is...

[Rust pauses.]

TCR: ...WAS...one-half of the greatest tag team that this promotion - hell, this SPORT - has ever known but also a man who has never held that Cup and you think THEY'RE the ones who are primed and ready?

[Rust shakes his head.]

TCR: I'm the one who is primed and ready, Jason Dane. I'm the one who is ready to show the world that I ain't done yet. I'm the one ready to step up and show the world that Tin Can Rust wasn't just "the other guy" in Kentucky's Pride.

I'm comin' to the Cup and I'm comin' to win the whole damn thing.

[Rust turns to Dane, glaring at him.]

TCR: You get that, boy?

[Dane nods.]

TCR: Good.

[Rust turns to walk away when Dane speaks up.]

JD: But Mr. Rust... who is your tag team partner? Two weeks ago, Sweet Daddy Williams offered to team with you in the Cup and-

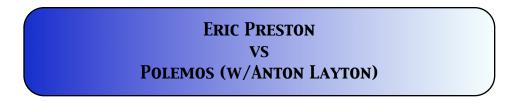
[The veteran slowly turns, fixing his hard stare on Dane.]

TCR: Tell Williams I'll see him in Atlanta... and that he better be as ready as I am.

[And with that, Tin Can Rust simply walks away.]

JD: Well, fans... it does appear that Tin Can Rust and Sweet Daddy Williams will be teaming up in the Stampede Cup tournament! What a veteran duo that's gonna be to add to the field! The Stampede Cup is going to be an event like no other, fans. Now, let's go down to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade to the ring where a graphic covers most of the screen.]



[With Eric Preston standing on one side of the ring and Polemos (with Anton Layton) standing on the other, the referee signals for the bell to start the match.]

GM: And here we go! A very intriguing match for Eric Preston as he finds himself just about three weeks from that Towel Match with James Monosso a match that AWA officials are calling the Final Showdown between those two men who have battled so fiercely for months.

[Preston edges out of the corner, leaning over to not give the God of War a clean shot at his head or upper body. Anton Layton, back in his hooded robe, stands in Polemos' corner, silently watching as the big masked man stalks towards Preston.]

GM: Obviously, Anton Layton is standing in the corner of Polemos, the God Of War, which may answer some questions for AWA fans who were concerned that Preston had... sold his soul, so to speak... to Anton Layton.

[Preston uncoils himself, lunging at the torso of Polemos with a right hand that pops the big man in the midsection. The Combat Corner graduate quickly moves past him after the landing the blow, avoiding a counter-blow.] GM: Preston being very careful here. Not wanting to get caught in the grasp of Polemos. A smart move, if you ask me.

BW: It's a smart move but if he thinks he'll win a Towel Match with James Monosso with this little duck, bob, and weave junk, he's sadly mistaken.

[Preston straightens up, measuring Polemos as the big man turns, stalking towards him again...

...and ducks under an attempt to grab him, throwing another hooking blow to the torso as he walks past him. Preston spins around, charging in, and leaping up. The force of his weight barrels Polemos back into the corner where Preston stands on the middle rope, hammering away with fists to the masked man's skull!]

GM: LOOK AT THAT!! PRESTON'S BRINGING THE FIGHT!

BW: And does that look like something Todd Michaelson teaches you or something that Anton Layton would teach you?!

GM: Oh, give me a break.

[Preston fires away with closed fists, landing a half dozen before the powerful Polemos reaches up, shoving Preston backwards into a back rolling flip, quickly getting back to his feet, charging back across the ring...

...right into a raised boot from Polemos!]

GM: OHHH! HE RAN RIGHT INTO THE BOOT!!

[The God Of War steps out of the corner, reaching down to grab the downed Preston by the throat, physically yanking him up to his feet.]

GM: Polemos pulls him up by the throat! What power!

[The big man spins around, Preston dangling helplessly in his hand in the center of the ring...]

GM: He's gonna chokeslam him! He's gonna send Preston straight through the mat!

[A shout from Anton Layton, silent no more, fills the air just a split second before Preston reaches up, jabbing a thumb into the eyehole of Polemos' mask, causing the big man to recoil away in pain. Layton slams his palms down on the canvas, nodding his head as Preston, shaking off the effects of the big boot, grabs a handful of Polemos' bodysuit and HURLS him through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: Did Anton Layton just tell Preston to go to the eyes?

GM: I didn't- I couldn't hear what he said! He shouted something - I thought he was shouting at Polemos!

BW: I don't think so, Gordo! I think he just gave Eric Preston instructions on how to get out of that chokeslam! I think Eric Preston just followed orders from Anton Layton!

[A still-dazed Preston approaches the ropes, grabbing the top as he draws near...

...and CATAPULTS himself over the top rope, crashing down onto a rising Polemos, knocking him flat to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: PRESTON FLOORS POLEMOS!!

[Climbing atop the monster, Preston hammers the masked man's skull with heavy right hands. At the count of five, he grabs one of the horns on the mask, yanking Polemos off the floor with it...

...and SMASHES Polemos' face into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Into the apron facefirst! That'll do some damage!

[Preston quickly ducks his body under the bottom rope, breaking the count at seven as he rolls back out.]

GM: Eric Preston broke the count, Bucky. I think he WANTS this match on the floor!

BW: And again, I ask - does that sound like a student of Todd Michaelson or a student of Anton Layton?!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! There's no way that could-

[Seated on the ring apron, Preston turns Polemos around, hooking him in a loose side headlock...

...and HURLS himself off the apron, SMASHING Polemos' masked face into the thin mats on the floor!]

GM: OHHHHHHH! WHAT A MOVE BY PRESTON!!

BW: A brutal, dangerous, hate-filled move! A bulldog off the apron on the floor?! This is the goody, two-shoes Eric Preston we've seen for a year now?!

GM: This is a man who is in for the fight of his life in three weeks, Bucky! It's only natural that he brings some new elements to his game just before that brutal Final Showdown in Atlanta.

BW: It's also only natural he showcases some of the moves taught to him by the Prince of Darkness, daddy!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Preston climbs to his feet, letting loose a guttural roar as he looks out at the slightly-surprised crowd. He again grabs the horn of Polemos, shoving the big man under the ropes into the ring before climbing up on the apron. He points to the corner, starting to scale the ropes...

...but another shout from Layton seems to stop Preston in his tracks.]

GM: Wait a second. Eric Preston was going up top and-

[Preston nods, stepping through the ropes back into the ring instead.]

GM: He stopped! He stopped himself!

BW: Nuh uh! Anton Layton stopped him! It was Layton's voice that stopped Preston dead in his tracks, Gordo!

[Preston shakes his head, delivering a pair of stomps to Polemos who is starting to get off the mat. The big man absorbs the blows, climbing to a knee. Preston dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: OHHH! Clothesline on the kneeling Polemos!

[The blow staggers the masked man but doesn't bring him down!]

GM: He's going for it again! To the ropes and-

[And this time, it's Polemos who strikes, surging to his feet from his knee and OBLITERATING Preston with a lunging clothesline!]

GM: OHHHHHH! WHAT A SHOT!! WHAT A SHOT BY POLEMOS!!

[The God Of War climbs to his feet, smashing a heavy arm into his chest to no reaction from Anton Layton but plenty of boos from the St. Louis crowd. He leans down, pulling Preston to his feet by the hair, and pops him under the chin with an uppercut that sends Preston staggering back into the corner...]

GM: Preston got rocked with that right hand - look out here!

[Grabbing an arm, Polemos powerfully hurls Preston to the opposite corner, charging across after him...]

GM: BIG RUNNING CLOTHESLINE IN THE CORNER!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Grabbing the arm again, Polemos fires him across a second time, and again Preston gets rocked with a big running clothesline in the corner...]

GM: Preston gets caught twice! Two big running clotheslines in the corner!

[Preston stumbles out, barely able to stand...]

GM: Caught! Polemos caught him around the throat again!

[And with a mighty lift, he brings Preston sky high into the air, and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM! CHOKESLAM! THAT MIGHT DO IT, FANS!!

[Polemos drops to a knee, about to make a cover...

...but a shout from Anton Layton stops him cold.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: Now Layton stopped Polemos! He's got control over everyone out here! He may stop you next, Gordo!

GM: Highly unlikely.

[Polemos slowly climbs to his feet, staring out at Layton who shouts something in his direction.]

GM: He just called for another one! Layton wants him to do it again!

BW: He's gonna break Eric Preston in half! We aren't even going to need the Towel Match!

[With a nod, the God of War leans down, grabbing Eric Preston by the throat...

...when in a lightning quick and fluid motion, Preston hooks Polemos by the wrist with both hands, rolling to his right and yanking him chestfirst down to the mat. With his opponent down, Preston grips the left wrist with his right hand, pulling it across the God Of War's own throat as he slips in his left arm behind the neck of the big man.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: It looks like some kind of a cobra clutch hold but...

[Planting his feet, Preston bridges backwards, using his left arm to crimp the neck of Polemos as he pulls hard with his right, strangling the air out of Polemos with his own arm!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Layton shouts out something inaudible as Preston leans back, pulling hard on the hold as Polemos struggles against it, trying to free himself from the dangerous grip...] GM: Polemos is trying to fight it! He's trying to find a way out of this! I don't know if ANYONE can find a way out of this! His left arm is trapped across his own throat, Bucky!

[Polemos' right arm flails back and forth, pushing at the mat, stretching for the ropes...

...and then finally falling limp as the referee dives in, forcing Preston to break the hold!]

GM: That's it! The referee just stopped it! He stopped the match before Preston could do any more damage to Polemos!

BW: Wow.

[An angry-looking Preston climbs to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand as the announcement makes it official.]

PW: The referee has ruled that Polemos is UNABLE to continue. Therefore, your winner of this match by referee's decision...

ERRRRRRRRIC PRESSSSSSSSTON!

[Preston nods his head at the cheers from the crowd, looking down coldly at the motionless Polemos...

...and then turning his gaze towards the hooded Anton Layton, a smile visible from beneath the hood as he softly applauds.]

GM: Anton Layton is clapping for that! He's applauding what he just saw!

BW: Of course he is, Gordo!

GM: You're gonna start that again?

BW: I've said it twice and you've shot me down twice... but again, I ask... did that sick, twisted hold he used to finish off Polemos... did that look like something that you would learn from Todd Michaelson... or something you would learn from Anton Layton?

GM: Bucky, I...

BW: Cat got your tongue?

GM: Okay, Bucky, I don't- I don't believe what I'm seeing. Let's get a word with this man.

[Gordon swiftly leaves the announce position and climbs into the ring, as Preston wipes his face with a towel.]

GM: Eric Preston, I don't want to believe what I'm seeing. I don't want to believe that you have aligned yourself with Anton Layton!

[The crowd boos like crazy at the thought.]

GM: And neither do these people. The same people \_you\_ made a promise to, to do things the right way and give them something to be proud of. They don't want to hear that either!

EP: Well good, because that's not what they're gonna hear. I have in \_no\_ \_way\_ aligned myself with Anton Layton.

[The crowd cheers at this as Preston grins tightly, looking away from the camera for a moment.]

GM: But it's hard to not notice the change in the ring for you. You're more aggressive than we've ever seen you, more tenacious and, well, ruthless than we've ever seen you before.

EP: Y'know, Gordon, sometimes I wonder about people like you. You expect people like me to walk into a hostile situation, into a no win situation, and not get my hands dirty. To not fight fire with fire. A Towel Match, against anyone, is difficult. But against James Monosso?

Damn near impossible.

Just because I'm more aggressive and tenacious, more ruthless than ever before, you think I aligned with Anton Layton?

[Preston shakes his head.]

EP: That's called being focused. That's called cutting out the distractions and making sure every ounce of your mind, body and soul is focused on what you're doing. I'm not stupid, I know how difficult the task is before me... so I'm open to anybody who has something good to say.

Turns out, Anton Layton has something to offer. So I'm listening. It's just that simple, Gordon, to take a bad man down you gotta be a bad man yourself. And the AWA is finding out just how bad Eric Preston can be. If that makes me ruthless and aggressive?

[Shrug.]

EP: I'll still sleep at night. If you can't, or if some of the people in the audience can't, then maybe you were never really in my corner to begin with. And if that's the case, then there's the door. Exit bandwagon, stage right.

[Preston turns away and shakes his head off camera as Gordon asks him another question.]

GM: So you're not in league with Anton Layton?

EP: No.

GM: He's not tutoring you in the "dark arts", he's not giving you tips on... whatever it is you think he knows?

EP: Anton Layton offered a word of advice, I listened. He knows the same thing I know: at the Stampede Cup, when me and Monosso settle the score, there's not going to be a winner. Only a survivor. Just think of him as my survival guide.

GM: Did \_he\_ teach you that move you just used to make Polemos squeal like a slaughtered pig?

[At that, Preston backs off and breaks into a grin.]

EP: No, Gordon, no. Layton had nothing to do with that.

GM: Only someone that evil could possibly think of a submission move that twisted.

[Once again, Preston shakes his head.]

EP: That might be true. But it also might be true that you only find out how far you're willing to go when you're forced to. We're coming to a point in time where Eric Preston is put to the test, and we're all going to find out, especially James Monosso, what happens when Eric Preston is pushed to the limit.

I can't tell you for sure that you're gonna like the results, Gordon.

But I \_know\_ Monosso won't.

[And with that, Eric Preston walks away from the play-by-play man, leaving him behind with more questions and no one to answer them.]

GM: Fans, I'm not sure what to think of this situation. We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling.

[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 AWAshop.com!

[Fade to black.

The camera fades back in on a green band preview header. This preview is approved for all audiences. This feature is rated R.

The green fades, replaced by a black screen with red lettering fading into view "AWA Pictures Presents...]

Voiceover: Coming soon... to an arena near you...

You've seen the trailers...

[Cut to a rapid series of shots from the various trailers.]

Voiceover: You've asked the questions.

[Cut to a rapid series of photographs of wrestlers whose names have come up in speculation... from big names in the sport not under AWA contract to promising wrestlers with little name recognition to wrestlers returning to AWA after a hiatus.]

Voiceover: But the wait... is almost over.

AWA...

ARE...

YOU...

READY????

[Cut to a panning shot of a crowd surging to its feet... laser lights playing along arena ceilings as pyros explode in pillars next to the ring entrance... and finally to a spotlit silhouette with its arms out to its sides and back to the screen.]

Voiceover: Soon... all the questions... are answered.

[We fade to the countdown clock, ticking down second by second as it now reads...

34:22:27:28

...and keeps on ticking closer to zero as we fade out.

We fade back up to the ring where the one and only Bucky Wilde stands in the center, a table in front of him. On the table are several microphones as well as a pair of black ink pens.]

BW: WELCOME... TO THE CALL OF THE WILDE!

[The fans cheer and boo in equal measure, but its the reaction Bucky cares about, and he's all wide smiles and extended arms to bask in it.]

BW: You know why we're here. It's real simple. We're going to find out, once and for all, just how stupid Alex Martinez is!

[Boos rain down on Bucky.]

BW: What? You think I'm wrong? We've seen that man do nothin' but run right into brick wall after brick wall. And for what? Monosso is stronger than ever, the Blonde Bombers made a name for themselves by beating a team that should been invincible. And even his best buddy is gone!

The only question is, have all these hints gotten through Martinez' thick skull, or is he determined to leave this place on a stretcher?

But before the big gorilla comes out and signs his life away, let's have a warm welcome...

[Bucky smirks, obviously wanting anything but a warm welcome.]

BW: ...for the Interim Chairman of the Championship Committee, your friend and mine, JONNNNN STEGGLET!

[The fans cheer as Jon Stegglet steps into the ring from a seat at the timekeeper's table. He holds a pair of clipboards in his hands, setting them down on the table as he shakes hands with Bucky Wilde.]

BW: Hey, Steggy! Can I call ya "Steggy"?

[Jon Stegglet raises an eyebrow in Bucky's direction.]

BW: Alright, alright... just thought I'd try. So, uhhh, care to tell my adoring public what you've got there on those clipboards?

[Stegglet nods, holding up one of them.]

JS: This document is the waiver of liability that I spoke about two weeks ago - the document that Alex Martinez must sign if he wants to be considered an active member of this roster.

[Wilde nods.]

JS: And this one?

[Stegglet smiles.]

JS: That one's a surprise... AND contingent upon Mr. Martinez signing the waiver.

BW: Well, let's not waste any time. Let's get him out here.

[And with a simple declaration, anticipation builds. What declaration?]

#It's all right...

It's all right...

I'm a just...

[And the fans get]

#A LITTLE CRAZY!

[Out steps Alex Martinez. Gone is his black leather jacket, a casualty of Joe Petrow's vandalism. Instead, he's just wearing a simple black t-shirt and a pair of blue jeans. The overhead lights reflect off the mirrored lenses of his sunglasses. Gone are the copious bandages and braces, but Martinez still moves with a very noticeable limp, each step making him wince in pain.

Finally, Martinez makes his way to the ring and enters. He glares at Bucky, and then pulls off his sunglasses to stare at Jon Stegglet. The two have been friends a very long time, but the tension is tangible between the two of them. Martinez takes one of the microphones off the table.]

AM: Just point to where ya want my signature, Jon.

[Martinez' words are terse, his tone clipped. He's already clicked the pen and is ready. But Stegglet refuses to hand over the clipboard. He raises a hand.]

JS: Alex, before do you this... I want to make sure...

[He pauses.]

JS: I NEED you to be sure about this. I need to make sure you understand what you're doing. I've spoken to your doctors earlier this week. They confirm what Dr. Ponavitch told me - you are STILL in no condition to wrestle.

[The crowd buzzes at this.]

JS: You're going to be gambling, Alex... with your career... your livelihood... your ability to stand up when you wake up in the morning and walk into the kitchen without the air of a wheelchair.

[Stegglet lets his words hang in the air.]

JS: I saw, firsthand, what you did you to yourself in Los Angeles. I know the toll it took on your body.

Alex, I don't want to see that happen again.

[Martinez' expression remains resolute.]

AM: I appreciate that, Steggs. But what you gotta appreciate is, there is no Alex Martinez if I run. I ain't got a career if I just sit on my butt and wait for this all to blow over. This has to be done. And if the only way to get it done is to make sure your hands are clean? Well, I got no problem with that.

[Stegglet still won't hand over the clipboard. Not yet.]

JS: This isn't just about the legal stuff, Alex. Think about what-

"YES, THINK ABOUT IT MIGHTY MARTINEZ!"

[All eyes shift to the aisleway, and the mysterious masked figure known as the Minion suddenly bursts from the back. The plaintive violin of "When You're Evil" by Voltaire starts up a few seconds too late as he stalks down the aisle, stopping short halfway to the ring.]

MINION: Consider the counsel of your old friend, Mighty One, for you stand on the very brink of the abyss! This, the twilight of you career, can still be as sweet as your fledgling years when you (aheh) carried a surf board and bleached your hair.

[The crowd buzzes at the 'shot' across Martinez' bow.]

MINION: You remember those days, yes? You need time off and you need to find another venue in which to ply your trade. Better still ... you can quit entirely. Leave this vicious business to those who aren't being broken to bits by the endless river of pain in which you find yourself trapped!

The alternative, to be sealed into a Devil's bargain... figuratively speaking... by placing your signature on a contract to face the Madfox. [Bucky speaks up.]

BW: Wait a minute. Before anyone does anything, I got some questions for ya, Minion.

MINION: Be silent you clever jester. You are here to play the clown and nothing more. Know your place or quit the court!

[Bucky is clearly angry at that.]

BW: You talk big for a guy dressed like the love child of Bozo the Clown and the Gimp from Pulp Fiction!

[The crowd cheers for Bucky's retort.]

BW: Why don't you tell us, Minion, about this Dragon's Horde?

MINION: The Horde? His treasures are many but they are not gold and gems but men and monsters their faces shown as need be. You wish to meet more? By all means ... encourage poor Martinez to commit suicide by Dragon... Now, what will it be, Martinez? Will you cross the final threshold, or will you display true wisdom for the first time in all your days?

[To answer, Martinez yanks the waiver from Stegglet's hands and signs quickly, clapping the clipboard hard against Stegglet's chest when he's done.]

AM: There's your answer.

And now that I'm officially reinstated, I'm gonna celebrate by beatin' all that fancy talk outta ya.

[Martinez is halfway through the ropes when he is stopped by the sound of a familiar song.]

MINION: I! Think! Not!

[The Minion has had to shout to be heard over the sounds of Metallica's "One." But Martinez has paused, as one of his oldest rivals, and a former mentor, has come to stand at the Minion's side.]

MINION: My safety is assured. Can you say the same? I'll see you gone willingly or by way of death's grim shadow foul giant. The path will be cleared for the Dragon. You are but a stain on the floor he will not sully himself to step upon, Martinez. The Madfox will make sure of that...

[The Madfox stands and glares down the aisle at Martinez. Martinez, for his part, holds the ropes open, inviting Matthews in.]

BW: You going to do something about all this, Stegglet?

[Stegglet eyes the situation with a nod.]

JS: In fact, I am. Mr. Matthews, if you would step into the ring?

[Warily, Matthews steps in. As he does so, Stegglet goes to Martinez. The two talk briefly as Stegglet gestures to the other clipboard. Whatever he says gets Martinez to relent, and he steps back, allowing the Madfox into the ring. With Matthews inside the ring, the Minion melts away, once more leaving only questions in his wake.]

BW: What's going on here?

JS: This clipboard, as I said, was contingent on Mr. Martinez signing his waiver.

[Pause.]

JS: Right here is a contract for a match.

Two weeks from now, it will be Alex Martinez facing off with Jeff Matthews.

[HUGE CHEER!]

JS: That is... if both men sign.

[Again, there is no hesitation from Martinez, who signs swiftly, before turning to Matthews. Matthews picks up the clipboard, staring at the document attached to it. He raises his gaze off the paper to his long-time rival.]

JMM: Oh, Alexander...

[Matthews shakes his head.]

JMM: You carry the name of one of history's greatest warriors. A man who cemented his legacy by the time he died at age 33. Its funny to stand here now, and see you years beyond that certain age... still trying to cement your legacy. Still trying to define yourself, Alex.

Be that as it may... I've never been one to judge a man searching for answers. You continue to seek answers... you continue to ask why all of this is happening to you.. you continue to wonder why someone wants to crush your very spirit.

[Jeff pauses and just shakes his head...]

JMM: You know when they say... what goes around... comes around?

[Alex just continues to stare at Matthews.]

JMM: You started all of this, Alexander.

I mean...did you think your entire life would just come and go without you standing in front of the throne.. and being judged? Did you think for all this time your sins would go without be atoned?

[Martinez is glaring at Matthews, fists clenching and unclenching as he seems to be pondering taking a swing at the Madfox.]

JMM: Yeah.. keep looking at me... because I'm not going anywhere.

[The corners of Matthews' mouth turn up slightly as he taps the piece of paper.]

JMM: You want me to sign this?

[He holds up the clipboard, earning a nod from the big man.]

JMM: Is this where your life has led you, Alexander?

I don't need a wrestling ring, a parking lot, a patch of dirt or romper room...

I just need a place where its you and me.... no one else.... I will wring your neck... I will break your arm... I will crush your pride...

[Matthews pulls the clipboard closer to him... raises the pen... and starts to sign...]

JMM: All I've done tonight... is sign your death warrant, Alexander.

[Matthews finishes signing the contract and tosses it down on the ground to the cheers of the crowd. With a nod or two, Martinez glares at Matthews and raises his own mic.]

AM: Ya know, normally right now, I'd give ya a warm up beatin'. But not tonight. Tonight, you're gettin' a pass.

I'll see ya in two weeks Matthews. You best be ready, because you're about to regret ever comin' here.

[The two men lock eyes, neither willing to leave first. In time, Stegglet intervenes, stepping between the two, and finally compelling Matthews out of the ring. Martinez lingers a moment, until he's seen Matthews vanish behind the curtain. And then he too leaves, as we cut to a commercial.

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. And then we fade back to live action where we find our announce duo seated at ringside.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans! We are just moments away from our National Title match Main Event here in St. Louis with Calisto Dufresne defending the gold for the very first time when he meets the #8 contender to that title - Sultan Azam Sharif - in what should be a very good matchup. But what about what we just saw, Bucky?

BW: Two weeks from tonight, Jeff Matthews will meet Alex Martinez on the Stampede Cup Preview Show... a show that wasn't even supposed to have any live matches take place on it! What the heck is Stegglet thinking?!

GM: I have no idea but what a showdown that's gonna be! I can't wait for-

[Myers puts a hand up to his earpiece, but there's little reason to guess why. The crowd pops with a mixed...but mostly favorable...reaction as "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, dressed in his usual out-of-the-ring attire of a silk shirt and bermuda shorts, enters the camera view at the announce table.]

GM: Well, it appears we're going to have a slight change of plans because we are now joined by two-time AWA National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.

[And said Stevie Scott looks to be all business tonight, judging by the determined...almost pissed...look on his face.]

GM: Mr. Scott, I understand you have something to say about the upcoming Stampede Cup.

[Stevie nods.]

HSS: That's right, Gordo. See, tonight, I really haven't had much going on. Wasn't scheduled for a match and I could've taken the night off, gone home to be with the family, and enjoyed a little break. But you know, there's just too much going on around the AWA these days for me to risk the chance of missing out on something going down.

[He pauses.]

HSS: Now earlier tonight, speaking of stuff going down...I listened as Tyler Lee was declared to be out of the Stampede Cup. No real surprise there, really. Dude took a big-time beatdown and I never was sold that he was ready for the major leagues of the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Bit of a heel pop in disagreement, which Stevie just shrugs off and continues.]

HSS: And then, I watched as Ben Waterson...my old compadre, my former agent...did what he does best, conniving and scheming his way into taking the Moonshiners' spot away from them in the Stampede Cup so he and his new running mates could finish off Supernova once and for all, just like they did to Tyler Lee.

Again, no real surprise there. Ain't nobody here that knows Ben Waterson better than I do, and he wasn't about to let that opportunity pass him by.

But...

[Another pause, as the Hotshot raises an index finger.]

HSS: Here is where we start to make things interesting.

It seems that as we stand now, Supernova is in need of something for the Stampede Cup.

[And catching on to where we're going, the crowd begins buzzing. Feeling the energy, the innovator of Stevietainment can't contain a smile.]

HSS: Supernova is in need...

... of a new tag team partner.

[And there it is. The arena ERUPTS in a massive pop while the Steviegrin~! grows wider.]

HSS: And as it turns out?

My calendar is wide open for those three nights too.

'Nova, I know you and me, we haven't seen eye-to-eye and we may not anytime soon. But we have a few things in common.

[Stevie raises one finger.]

HSS: We can't stand Ben Waterson...

[Two fingers.]

HSS: We can't stand Marcus Broussard...

[Three fingers.]

HSS: And we sure as hell can't stand Calisto Dufresne.

[Stevie grins again.]

HSS: So think it over, 'Nova. But trust me when I tell you, you won't get any offer nearly as good as this one.

[And with that, Scott strides away, leaving a shocked Gordon and Bucky behind.]

GM: Stevie Scott just offered to be Supernova's partner in the Cup!

BW: And that means that the first round would have Supernova and Stevie Scott taking on Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard, Gordo!

GM: Good grief! Will Supernova accept?! We'll try to find out before we go off the air tonight but for now, let's go up to the ring where we have the debut of one of the teams competing in the Stampede Cup.

BW: All the way from Egypt, daddy. I ever tell you about my trip to Egypt, Gordo?

GM: I didn't know you went.

BW: I ain't been. I don't trust camels or anyone else that can go a week without drinking!

PW: Introducing first! Already in the ring and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and fifty-four pounds. From Jacksonville, Florida and Wagga Wagga, Australia. Here are Allen Allen and "Outback" Zack Kelly!

[Allen arrorgantly flips his shoulder-length blonde hair and then raises his right arm in the air. Kelly climbs to the second turnbuckle, raising both arms in the air. Kelly steps off and removes his outback hat and lucky kangaroo's foot. He kisses the foot before giving it to the ringside attendant.]

GM: Allen Allen and "Outback" Zack Kelly are teaming up for the first time tonight. A win over the Egyptian Tag Team Champions would be a step in the right direciton and propel them into contendership.

BW: We in Egypt, Gordon?

GM: Well, no.

BW: Then ain't anybody gonna see Allen and Kelly win tonight. They don't have television in Egypt. They don't have a Sizzlah neither!

PW: Their opponents!

[Cue "Walk Like an Egyptian" by the Bangles.]

BW: ...

[The crowd cheers mildly as some of the adults do that God awful dance.]

BW: ...

PW: Hailing from the Valley of the Kings and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and fifteen pounds. Accompanied to the ring by Jeremiah King. They are the Egyptian Heavyweight Tag Team Champions... Ramseys and Darius... THE PHARAOHS!

[King leads the Pharaohs down the aisle. King's dressed in black slacks, white button down, and gray sports jacket. Ramseys and Darius are in matching outfits: white cloths around their waist, hanging to just past their knees; standard gold wrestling trunks; gold wrestling boots; and gold wrist and armbands. Their gold masks have the same faces as seen on a sarcophogus.]

GM: Here they come, making their debut in the United States. They've travelled a long way, Bucky.

BW: And are sure to win the Year-End Award for WORST entrance music.

[The three men get to the ring area, King walking down the steps to the ringside area. Darius and Ramseys enter the ring. Ramseys immediately makes his way to his corner and steps out on the ring apron. Darius stays in

the ring, starting things off for his team. Both men shed their Egyptian loin cloth things and toss them to the ringside attendant.]

GM: "Outback" Zack is going to start things off for his team. Darius is going to start things off for the Pharaohs. We'll get to see their offense before they take on the Rave at the Stampede Cup.

[Mickey Meekly calls for the bell to begin the match. Kelly and Darius circle one another before locking up in a collar-and-elbow tie up. Darius quickly gains the advantage, twisting Kelly's arm and then cinching in a standing armbar.]

BW: So far so good.

GM: Darius with that armbar, but Kelly uses his weight and pushes Darius right back to the ropes.

[Once they reach the ropes, Kelly whips Darius to the opposite side. Darius rebounds and gets taken down with a clothesline. As Darius gets to his feet, Kelly has already rebounded off the ropes and takes him down with another clothesline. Kelly continues on and rebounds, hitting a third clothesline on Darius.]

GM: "Outback" Zack is like a boomerang in there!

BW: That's what he calls that, daddy!

[Ramseys pulls back on the top rope and then slingshots himself in, taking Kelly down with a clothesline of his own on the fourth rebound. The crowd cheers a bit for the move.]

GM: Oh my stars! Ramseys launched himself into the ring and saved his partner, Bucky!

BW: I'd call you a liar if I didn't see that with my own eyes, Gordo!

[Ramseys rolls to the apron. Allen starts to come in, but gets cut off by Meekly. Allen protests as Ramseys does the Walk Like An Egyptian dance on the ring apron. Jeremiah King claps his hands. The heathens in the crowd cheer the dance. Darius gets up to his feet and drags Kelly up to his. He whips Kelly into the turnbuckle. Darius follows him in and brings him out to the middle of the ring with a monkey flip.]

GM: Darius is now back in control of this match thanks to his partner. The Pharaohs seem very aware as a tag team, Bucky.

BW: How do you figure? Darius was laying down on the mat. Had he been standing, his own partner would've hit him.

[Darius waits for Kelly to get up and then charges, diving at the Australian and slamming his right forearm into Kelly's face. Darius quickly pops to his feet and then breaks into the Walk Like An Egyptian dance to the delight of some.]

BW: I ever tell you about me an' Susanna Hoffs relationship?

GM: I didn't realize you and Susanna Hoffs dated.

BW: Yeah, swell girl. She paid for everything.

GM: What went wrong?

BW: That dance an' she hated the Sizzlah.

GM: You have as much depth as a kiddie pool, Bucky.

BW: A man must stay true to his beliefs in the face of adversity.

[Kelly gets to his feet and gets hiptossed to his corner. Kelly reaches up and makes the tag to Allen Allen. Allen steps into the ring and charges Darius. Darius leans back and leaves his feet as he takes Allen over with an armdrag. Darius kips up to his feet to the delight of some fans. He quickly makes the tag to Ramseys.]

GM: You have to believe the Rave are watching this match with interest, Bucky. The Pharaohs are showing they're agility and athleticism in the ring.

BW: Gordo, you know the Rave already know the outcome of the match. They can't tell anyone, otherwise there'd be a time paradox which could cause the universe to collapse in on itself. Every quantum physicist hobbyist knows this.

GM: What?

BW: All right, I saw it in that movie Time Monster vs. Time Paradox from the science fiction channel. Ya know? That same one that shows Cobra vs. Komodo? And speaking of Cobra vs. Komodo. Greatest. Movie. Ever.

[Darius has Allen's arms held as Ramseys lays into Allen with a knife-edge chop. Darius continues to hold Allen for another chop from Ramseys. Darius lets go and heads to the ring apron. Ramseys continues to fire in with chops, backing Allen into a corner. Ramseys fires in with European uppercut and whips Allen to the opposite turnbuckle. Ramseys charges in, leaping to the middle turnbuckle. He raises his right arm, his left one going around Allen's head. Ramseys pushes off the turnbuckle, spinning a full three-hundred and sixty degrees before planting Allen with a DDT.]

GM: Oh my! Beautiful spinning DDT out of the corner, Bucky! The Rave have to be taking notes on that!

BW: No need. They probably got it on their slick, futuristic lap computer. They have an entire dossier on the Pharaohs. Some super-secret file called a Pee Dee Eff. [Ramseys gets to his feet and quickly moves to his corner. He makes the tag to Darius who ascends the turnbuckle.]

GM: This can't be good.

BW: Nope. Probably just as a bad as me having to wait for that money I'm owed from that guy in Africa.

GM: What money?

BW: You know, the guy who emailed and said if I gave him some of my money, I'd get a million bucks?

GM: Tell me you didn't...

BW: It's been awhile, Gordon. Ol' Bucky ain't a patient man.

[Ramseys grabs his partner and then launches Darius onto a downed Allen. Darius reaches back and hooks Allen's far leg. Meekly moves into position and administers the three count.]

GM: This one is over after a beautiful rocket launcher type move.

PW: The winners of the match, the Pharaohs!

[Darius and Ramseys roll out of the ring as "Walk Like An Egyptian" starts back up. They meet up with Jeremiah King on the outside and the three head over towards the announce table. The music stops as we cut to Gordon Myers, mic in hand. King walks up to Myers.]

GM: Impressive debut for the Pharaohs.

JK: An impressive first match for what's going to be an impressive three-day weekend, Mr. Myers! All of the teams entered into the Stampede Cup were watching tonight. They wanted to see what the Egyptian Tag Champs had to offer.

[King looks back over his right shoulder at Ramseys and then back to Gordon.]

JK: We peeled the curtain back just enough to let them see the great and powerful Oz. They haven't seen everything yet. Soon enough. When my team faces the Rave, they'll know just what goes on behind the curtain.

[The Pharaohs and Jeremiah King head towards the entrance ramp.]

GM: The Pharaohs with an impressive victory and you've gotta think that show might have concerned The Rave as they head towards their first round match in a few weeks' time at the Stampede Cup. BW: I told ya, Gordo... the Rave knows the result of what happens at the Cup already. They're not worried 'bout these two sand vipers!

GM: I'm not... entirely sure that's not offensive, Bucky.

BW: Me neither to be honest.

GM: With that in mind, the AWA shows off their international talent as we go from Egypt to the man from Iran. It's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling so let's go up to the ring for all the action!

[Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing as the sounds of "Saz O Avaz Mahdor" by Mohammed Reza Shajarian blast out over the PA system, bringing forth a solid mix of jeers and cheers from the St. Louis crowd. After a few moments, Sultan Azam Sharif emerges from the entrance curtain, intensifying the reaction from the crowd as he stands just beyond the entrance in white loose-fitting pants tied tightly at the waist with a gold sash, swinging the Iranian flag back and forth in the air on a wooden flagpole.

After a bit, he hands the flag off to a nearby attendant, marching down the aisle in his white keffiyeh and reddish-brown bisht, his well-toned body underneath as he heads towards the ring. Reaching the ring, Sharif yanks off his bisht and headwrap, setting them on the apron before he climbs up on it, stepping through the ropes. He throws his arms into the air, gaining another reaction before he settles back into the corner, the music fading.

There's a moment of silence, the crowd buzzing with anticipation before the opening guitar lick of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kicks in to an enormous explosion of jeers from the fans in the house. After a few moments, the National Champion strides through the curtain dressed in a pair of white wrestling trunks with "LADYKILLER" written in script across the rump. He tosses his flowing blonde hair back with his right hand, his left lightly patting the golden title belt secured around his waist as he soaks up the jeers from the very vocal crowd.

With a nod, he starts the walk down the aisle, ignoring every fan who is screaming their lunges out in his direction. He pauses near the ringside area to say a few words to a pair of blonde young ladies who are jumping up and down, holding up a sparkling "CALISTO" sign before turning back to the ring, looking up at Sharif who is still standing in the corner, waiting. Dufresne pauses at the bottom step, slapping both biceps before making the walk to the apron where he wipes off the bottom of his boots before stepping through the ropes into the ring, settling back in the corner as Phil Watson steps up to the center of the ring.]

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

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first, in the corner to my right... he is the challenger. Fighting out of Shiraz, Iran and weighing in tonight at 259 pounds...

He is SULLLLLTAAAAAN AAAAAAZAAAAAM SHAAAAAAARIIIIIIIIIF!

[Sharif steps out of the corner, throwing both arms in the air to a slightly more positive reaction now that the fans have seen who their alternative is.]

PW: And his opponent... fighting out of Avery Island, Louisiana and weighing in tonight at 245 pounds...

He is the AWA NATIONAL CHAMPION...

He is the Ladykiller...

CAAAAAAAAAAAAAIIIIIIIIIISTOOOO DUUUUUUUFRESNNNNNE!

[The crowd EXPLODES in boos as Dufresne steps out of the corner, unclasping the title belt and hoisting it high above his head. He soaks up the jeers before planting a kiss on the golden title belt and handing it over to AWA Senior Official Michael Meekly. Meekly hoists the title belt high in the air, showing it to all four sides of the ring before handing it out to the timekeeper...

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Sharif strides out of the corner, ready to go as the Ladykiller walks out to meet him. The two men stand toe-to-toe in the middle of the squared circle, glaring at each other...

...before the Ladykiller extends his hand.]

GM: Oh, come on.

BW: What?

GM: Dufresne offering a handshake? Who in the world would believe he'd really be sincere about this?

BW: He might be on the up and up, Gordo. Like minds, similar worldviews.

GM: Ah, so you're the guy who believes he's sincere about this.

[Sharif wastes not a moment in accepting the handshake, surprising Dufresne who replies by burying a boot into the midsection of Sharif, doubling him up. A well-placed elbow to the back of the neck knocks Sharif down to the canvas as the Ladykiller turns, glaring at the booing fans.] GM: Dufresne, not surprising anyone but Sharif and Bucky Wilde apparently, with the boot to the gut of Sharif.

BW: I really didn't think he was sincere, Gordo.

[Dufresne slowly turns back to Sharif, leaning down as he gets to a knee...

...and then erupts towards the Ladykiller, taking him off his feet with a double leg tackle! The crowd responds positively as Sharif throws himself on top of Dufresne, hammering him with right hands to the skull!]

GM: And the one thing you don't want to do to Sharif is insult his honor and I think Dufresne may have done exactly that with the boot to the midsection! He's all over the National Champion!

BW: With clenched fists! Get in there, Meekly!

[The AWA's Senior Official does exactly that, forcing the break as Dufresne rolls away from Sharif, all the way out to the floor as the challenger slowly climbs to his feet. Back on his feet, Sharif shouts at Dufresne in broken and heavily accented English, demanding that the champion get back into the ring to continue the battle. Dufresne waves him off, taking a long walk around the ringside area as the referee starts a count on him...]

GM: It looks like the National Champion was caught a little off-guard by that, Bucky.

BW: It's not what you expect from a man who was an Asian Games silver medalist and a competitor in the 2004 Olympics! There's no punching allowed in those environments, Gordo.

[Dufresne pulls himself up on the apron at the count of seven, waving for the referee to back Sharif off as he steps through the ropes into the ring. Sharif slaps his arms, shouting at Dufresne...]

GM: This isn't the match that Dufresne was expecting so far and-

BW: Sharif just challenged him to a test of strength!

GM: And I'm not sure who has the edge in that one but I think we're about to find out.

[Sharif slowly lifts his right hand, wiggling his fingers as Dufresne inches forward, looking up at the hand with a nervous expression. The Ladykiller slowly lifts his hand up to meet Sharif's, locking fingers with the Iranian grappler...]

GM: One hand locked... and here comes the other...

[With both hands locked together, the two men come together with a crash of muscles, their chests slamming into one another as they struggle to outpower one another...]

GM: Dufresne has a one height edge which should matter very little in this struggle... but Sharif's got more weight on him, maybe more power as well?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Sharif grits his teeth, trying to get his hands over Dufresne's. The Ladykiller's arms start to tremble, shaking under the pressure of Sharif's strength...

...when he suddenly breaks his grip, hooking his arms around the waist of Dufresne in a light body vise...]

GM: Whoa! Look out here!

[The crowd ROARS as Sharif pops his hips, hurling Dufresne up and over his head in a released belly-to-belly suplex throw!]

GM: OHH! Dufresne hits the mat hard off that one!

[Sharif quickly gets back to his feet, turning to face Dufresne who rolls to his knee...

...and EATS a hooked boot in the face, a blow that knocks him down to the canvas where he quickly rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Dufresne's back out to the floor! Sharif chases him out and the challenger is really taking it to the champion in the early moments of this one, fans.

BW: The Ladykiller is obviously having some trouble here. He needs to figure out what the heck is going to get him an edge on Sharif and use it 'cause right now he's completely off his game...

[Dufresne kneels down on the floor, wincing as he grabs at his back. He shouts something into the ring at Sharif and Meekly as the challenger paces back and forth. Sharif shouts back, walking over to the ropes. He leans his head through the ropes, shouting at Dufresne...

...and EATING a hard right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne rocked him there!

[The Ladykiller reaches up to Sharif's upper body hanging through the ropes, hooking him under the arm and around the head...

...and yanking him through the ropes, throwing him down on the thinlypadded grass field!]

GM: OHHHHH! SHARIF GOES DOWN HARD ON THE GROUND HERE AT RINGSIDE!

BW: What a move by Dufresne! He did exactly what I said he needed to do! He took advantage of Sharif's temper and made him pay the price for it!

[The National Champion leans against the apron, glaring down at the hurting Sharif. Sharif rolls back and forth, clutching his back as Dufresne ponders his next move. Moving in, Dufresne delivers a hard kick to the kidneys of the challenger, causing him to wail in pain. The Ladykiller shouts at the downed Sharif, grabbing him by the back of the pants to pull him to his feet.]

GM: Dufresne pulls him up... uh oh...

[Arms wrapped around the waist, Dufresne rushes forward, SLAMMING the small of Sharif's back into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhhh! Spinefirst into the hardest part of the ring! There's no padding there! There's no cushion at all - the solid metal and wooden frame of this ring just got slammed into the lower back of Sharif.

BW: And this is brilliant, Gordo. Sharif needs his back to be in good shape to be able to throw Dufresne around in those suplexes. If his back is hurting, that takes out a major part of his arsenal, Gordo.

[Dufresne straightens up, grabbing Sharif by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAG!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

## GM: HE SENDS SHARIF INTO THE STEEL!!

[The Ladykiller quickly rolls under the ropes, waving for the referee to count faster. Michael Meekly's count hits six as Dufresne climbs to his feet, shouting "FASTER, YOU IDIOT!"]

GM: Dufresne wants that countout!

BW: A countout keeps the title around his waist, Gordo. It's as good as a pinfall or a submission.

GM: I suppose you're right.

[The count reaches eight as Sharif stumbles towards the ring, reaching up to grab the ropes to drag himself through them, falling to the canvas at the count of nine. Dufresne rushes forward, dropping into a baseball slide, both feet landing squarely in the midsection, knocking Sharif back out of the ring.]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne caught him coming in... and now he's going out after the challenger...

[The champion steps through the ropes out onto the ring apron, rushing down the length of it to deliver a hard stomp to the back of Sharif's head, knocking him down to the floor. Still standing on the apron, Dufresne shouts "WHO'S THE CHAMPION?!" to the jeering crowd. The Ladykiller leans

against the ropes, measuring Sharif as the Iranian grappler pulls himself up to his feet...

...and Dufresne leaps off, crashing down with a double axehandle over the skull of Sharif!]

GM: Oh! What a shot off the apron that was!

[Dufresne stands over Sharif, raining down stomps to the lower back as the referee counts. Meekly's count hits seven when Dufresne suddenly hurls himself under the ropes into the ring, again waving wildly for the referee to finish his count...]

GM: The count's at seven... Sharif needs to get back in there...

[The challenger climbs up at the count of eight, again throwing himself under the ropes as the count hits nine. The crowd roars for the near countout as an angry Dufresne launches into another barrage of stomps to the lower back before hauling Sharif off the mat to his feet, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: Dufresne's got him hooked!

[The Ladykiller slings an arm over his neck, powering Sharif up into the air for a moment...

...and then brings him crashing down spinefirst to the canvas!]

GM: A spine-rattling vertical suplex by the National Champion, giving Sharif a taste of his own medicine perhaps.

BW: Cover him, champ!

[Dufresne does exactly that but doesn't hook a leg or anything as Sharif easily kicks out at two.]

GM: Just a two count there for the champ.

[The Ladykiller grabs Sharif by the head, battering him with right hands to the skull before climbing back to his feet. He backs into the ropes, bouncing off, and dropping a big knee down on the skull of Sharif before applying another lateral press...]

GM: Dufresne covers him for one! For two! But that's all!

[Dufresne is quickly back to his feet, shouting at the official before he drives a few more stomps into the ribs of his challenger. Moving over to the feet of Sharif, Dufresne leans over to grab the legs of his downed opponent...

...and then falls back, catapulting Sharif into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! FACEFIRST TO THE CORNER!

[Sharif stumbles backwards, dragged down to the mat in a sunset flip type pin by Dufresne.]

GM: Another pin attempt by the champ gets a one! A two! A- no, just a two count there again.

[An angry Dufresne gets up, again kicking and stomping at the ribs of Sharif, forcing him under the ropes to the floor. Dufresne quickly steps through the ropes to the apron, standing over Sharif...

...who suddenly pops up, grabbing both legs and yanking hard!]

"ТНUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!" "ОНННННННННННННННН!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! DUFRESNE GOES DOWN HARD TO THE FLOOR!!

[The crowd roars at the sight of the National Champion flat on his back on the barely-padded floor, chest heaving as Sharif leans against the apron, having saved himself with a desperation counter. Leaning down, Sharif pulls Dufresne off the mat, rolling him under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Sharif fires the champion back in, rolling in after him now...

[With Dufresne down on the canvas, grabbing at his back, Sharif delivers a trio of hooked boot kicks into the lower back, trying to do further damage to it.]

BW: And when you see Sultan Azam Sharif going after the back on someone like this, you know what he's thinking, Gordo.

GM: Sharif's gotta be looking for the Camel Clutch... and if he were to hook that on in the center of the ring, I think we'd have a new National Champion here tonight in St. Louis.

BW: I have no doubt about it, Gordo. If the Clutch is locked in, a new champion will be crowned in Dufresne's first title defense.

[Sharif drags Dufresne off the mat by the hair, hooking him around the waist in a side waistlock as he hoists him into the air, holds him high, and DROPS him down on his back!]

GM: Nicely executed belly-to-back by the challenger, a cover for Sharif now.

[And Sharif only earns a two count as well before Dufresne slips a shoulder free.]

GM: Two count there for the challenger. These two men have traded several two counts in this one but no one's gotten exactly close to a three count yet, Bucky.

BW: It's still somewhat early in this one, Gordo. We could have a lot of wrestling left.

GM: We're approaching the ten minute mark of the match.

[Sharif rolls Dufresne onto his back, dropping a knee onto the lower back which causes Dufresne to howl in pain. Straightening up, Sharif swings his right arm around and round, winding it up...

...and drops it down in an elbowdrop across the lower back!]

GM: Ohh! High impact elbow by the challenger!

[The challenger rolls off the downed Dufresne, leaning over to wrap Dufresne's left leg around his own, stepping on the back of Dufresne's leg in the process. He leans down again, doing the same to the right leg.]

GM: Sharif's looking to go surfing here in St. Louis, Bucky!

[Leaning over, Sharif sharply jabs his hands into the ribs of the Ladykiller.]

GM: He's trying to get Dufresne to pull down the arms to block that hold.

[Sharif stays doubled up, smashing his hands into the ribs again. A third blow forces Dufresne to bring down his arms to cover his exposed ribs which allows Sharif to grab the wrists, rocking back and forth to try and pull the champion over...]

GM: He's trying to get that surfboard on Dufresne! Sharif's rocking back... almost there...

[Finally, Sharif is able to rock back, hoisting Dufresne up into the air and yanking back on both arms to stretch him out.]

GM: The surfboard is locked in! Sharif's got it applied!

[Dufresne screams out in pain, shaking his head back and forth as the official asks if he wants to submit.]

GM: That surfboard is nasty, Bucky!

BW: It really is. Look at the amount of pressure being put on his lower back. Imagine how much damage is being done to the back of Dufresne. Just doing more and more damage in the event that the Camel Clutch gets slapped on him.

[Dufresne screams out "NOOOOOO!" at the official who looks for a submission... and then dives to the mat, slapping it twice before Sharif is forced to release the hold, dropping Dufresne down to the canvas.]

GM: Sharif had to let go of the surfboard because his shoulders were down on the mat. He couldn't keep them up so he had to release the surfboard, Bucky.

BW: Very lucky for Dufresne. This match could've been over right there.

[Rolling to his side, Sharif takes a knee...

...and gets a well-placed kick to the chest from Dufresne who is on his back, knocking him backwards. Dufresne rolls to his side, crawling away from Sharif who is slow to get back to his feet.]

GM: Dufresne's trying to get away from the challenger...

[Sharif approaches quickly, grabbing Dufresne by the leg as the champion tries to crawl from the ring...

...and drags him back in to the center of the ring. Sharif quickly steps forward, squatting down to slip one of Dufresne's arms over his bent leg. The crowd roars at the sight of what's coming!]

GM: He's going for the Camel Clutch! He's going for-

[A desperate Dufresne rolls to his side, slipping his arm off the bent leg, and throws a big left hand up into the jaw of Sharif, knocking him to his back. The Ladykiller quickly slips back to the ropes, grabbing them to drag himself off the canvas...

...and rushes forward, throwing a big knee into the jaw of Sharif!]

GM: What a shot that was! Sharif was almost back to his feet and the Ladykiller knocks him flat!

[Dufresne throws himself into a cover, this time hooking a leg.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two!

[But again, the challenger is up at the count of two, breaking the pin.]

GM: Sharif's out at two and-

[Dufresne rolls into a straddle, grabbing Sharif by the head and hammering him with right hands to the skull.]

GM: The Ladykiller's going to town on Sharif with those right hands!

[An angry Dufresne gets to his feet, shouting at the jeering fans as he takes the second rope, gesturing at himself.]

GM: Dufresne's letting these fans get to him, Bucky.

BW: He's gotta be a little bit surprised by Sharif getting cheered over him. I mean, he's a dude from Iran! Americans naturally boo that! How can Sharif be getting cheered more than Dufresne? U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!

GM: You're really too much, Bucky.

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: You heard the announcement. Ten minutes expired, fifty minutes to go. A lot of time left for these two men if they need it.

[Dufresne leaps down off the middle rope, turning his focus back to Sharif by hauling him up off the mat by the arm, flinging him into the nearest set of turnbuckles. Approaching the corner, the Ladykiller winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big, heavy chop across the chest by Dufresne!

[The National Champion winds up again, connecting a second time.]

GM: Another one! What a chop! Look at the red welt he left behind on the chest of-

[Suddenly, Sharif leans out, smashing both hands down into the throat of Dufresne with a double chop that sends the champion gasping down to a knee. The challenger reaches down, pulling him up around the torso and throwing him bodily into the corner. Leaning over, he grabs the middle rope and SLAMS his shoulder into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh!

[Sharif stays down, slamming home his shoulder again... and again... and again... and again... and again, leaving the Ladykiller gasping for air as he straightens back up. He leans over, hoisting Dufresne into a seated position on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: He's got Dufresne seated on the top rope!

[The crowd begins to buzz as the challenger steps up to the second rope, reaching up to hook a front facelock. He slings the champion's arm over his neck, pausing for a moment...

...and then hoists Dufresne up into the air, leaping off the ropes to go sailing backwards, and DOWN to the mat with a thunderous crash! The crowd roars as a dazed Sharif rolls to all fours, dragging himself into a cover.]

GM: Sharif's got him covered! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But the crowd deflates as Dufresne FIRES a shoulder off the canvas in time!]

GM: No! Just a two count! Sultan Azam Sharif went for the homerun but it just wasn't enough to put Dufresne down for a three count!

BW: Incredible impact though! That superplex off the middle rope really took a lot out of both of them.

GM: You're absolutely right. Dufresne is still down and hurting but Sharif looks in pretty bad shape as well. That superplex could be a turning point in this matchup, Bucky.

[Sharif crawls off Dufresne on all fours, falling into a seated position against the buckles. The challenger winces as he leans against the buckles, glaring across the ring with the champion is still flat on his back, breathing heavily.]

GM: These two men have really taken the fight to one another so far in this one, Bucky.

[Using the ropes, Sharif drags himself up off the mat to his feet. He leans against the turnbuckles for a moment before staggering away from the corner, reaching down to drag Dufresne off the canvas by the arm...

...and HURLS him spinefirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! He whips him to the corner!

[The Ladykiller staggers out, again grabbed by the arm and fired into the opposite corner!]

GM: Corner to corner goes the champion, his back slamming into the buckles each time he's hurled in there!

[As Dufresne stumbles out again, Sharif doubles up on his own, hoisting the Ladykiller up into the air, and dumping him down on his back on the canvas in the middle of the ring!]

GM: BIG! BACK! BODYDROP!

[Dufresne crawls away after the hard impact on the mat, trying to escape once more. He reaches the ropes, dragging himself between the top and middle rope when Sharif catches him, pulling him back so that his throat is on the second rope. The challenger places a knee on the back of the neck, strangling Dufresne on the middle rope...]

GM: He's choking the champion!

[Sharif suddenly breaks away, dashing across the ring and rebounding off the far ropes.]

GM: Sharif off the far side and-

[He leaves his feet, looking to jump on the back of Dufresne's neck...

...but the Ladykiller pulls himself out of the way, causing Sharif to sail through the ropes and crash down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Sharif crashed and burned right there, daddy! He went for it all and-

[Dufresne promptly rolls out to the floor, looking to take advantage of the situation. He grabs Sharif by the arm, dragging him up off the mats on the floor.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAG!" "OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHARIF REVERSED THE WHIP AND SENDS DUFRESNE TO THE STEEL!

[The crowd is roaring at the sight of the champion, arms draped over the barricade to stay on his feet as Sharif leans against the ring apron, measuring Dufrense and plotting his next move...]

GM: HERE HE COMES!

[Sharif charges towards the stunned Dufresne, arm outstretched.]

GM: CLOTHESLI- OHHHHH!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Dufrense drops his head, elevating Sharif over the steel barricade and down to the uncovered grass just beyond it!]

GM: SHARIF HITS HARD! SHARIF HITS THE GROUND HARD!

[Dufresne collapses to his knees on the other side of the metal railing, breathing heavily as his challenger lies flat on the back on the soccer field's grass - the crowd surrounding him and encouraging him to get back up to keep the fight going.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne with a desperation counter and it paid huge dividends, Bucky!

BW: He launched Sharif into the third row, daddy! I don't know if he'll get up from that - no matter how tough the son of a gun is.

[From inside the ring, AWA Senior Official Michael Meekly steps up to the middle rope, raising both hands and shouting "ONNNNE!"]

BW: What the-? They've been fighting out here for five minutes and NOW he's counting?!

GM: It has NOT been five minutes. It's only been a few moments, Bucky. Michael Meekly's doing an excellent job of officiating this match no wonder what my esteemed broadcast partner may claim.

[Dufresne grabs onto the rail, dragging himself back to his feet. He leans over the railing, making sure that Sharif is still down as he turns back towards the ring, wobbling across the ringside area.]

GM: Dufresne's gonna leave him out there, Bucky! He's looking for that countout again and this time, he just might get it.

[The referee's count hits four as Dufresne stumbles to the timekeeper's table, leaning on it with both palms. His arms are fully extended as he tries to stay on his feet, shaking his head as he grabs the bottom rope to roll himself under the ropes as the count of "FIVE!" is cried out.]

GM: Dufresne's back in as the ref gets to five. This could be big trouble for the Sultan, Bucky.

[The shot cuts to the ringside area where Sharif has rolled to his chest, pushing up to his knees as the fans surrounding him are screaming encouragement.]

BW: I can't believe these idiots are cheering him on! Where's your sense of patriotism, people?!

[Sharif grabs a nearby chair back, dragging himself off the grass as the referee shouts "SEVEN!" The challenger nods his head, moving forward to the roar of the fans around him, climbing over the ringside railing at the count of eight.]

GM: Michael Meekly's up to eight!

[The challenger draws closer to the ring as Meekly counts "NINE!" Trying to seize the moment, Dufresne dashes across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide aimed squarely at the incoming challenger's chest...

...a challenger who sidesteps, allowing Dufresne to slide out to the apron without touching him. The referee stops his count as Dufresne hits the floor, waving his arms to start over.]

GM: That broke the count! Dufresne broke the count!

[Now standing on the apron, Sharif turns and BURIES a hooked boot into the sternum of Dufresne, knocking him back a pair of steps...

...and then HURLS himself off the apron with a sloppy dropkick that catches Dufresne on the chin!]

"ОНННННННННН!"

GM: DROPKICK OFF THE APRON!!

BW: It wasn't the prettiest thing I've ever seen but it was damn sure effective, Gordo.

GM: It certainly was and Dufresne dropped like a rock from that!

[Sharif is slow to get up, shaking his left arm as he climbs to his feet.]

GM: Sharif is shaking the arm, he may have landed on it after that dropkick...

[The Iranian grappler pulls Dufresne off the canvas, firing him under the ropes again. Sharif pulls himself onto the apron, climbing through the ropes as the voice of Phil Watson cries out over the PA.]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES, FIFTEEN MINUTES, FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

[Nodding his head at the announcement of the time remaining, Sharif stalks towards the downed Dufresne. The Ladykiller is attempting to crawl away from his challenger but Sharif is having none of it as he reaches down from a standing position, hooking a waistlock with his muscular arms...

...and powers Dufresne up onto his feet!]

GM: Whoa!

[Not skipping a beat, Sharif hoists Dufresne up in the waistlock a second time, this time dropping him down solidly on the back of his head and neck, his shoulders pressed into the mat as Sharif bridges beautifully and the referee dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"ОННННННННННННИ!"

GM: A big time waistlock suplex by the challenger and these fans in St. Louis thought he had him right there, Bucky! They thought he had him!

BW: I thought he might too! This is getting VERY dangerous for the National Champion! He's gotta find a way to get back on track and he needs to do it in a hurry!

[Still holding the waistlock, Sharif rolls to the side, dragging a dazed Dufresne back up with it...]

GM: He's still got the waistlock applied! He's gonna do it again!

[But instead, Sharif switches his grip, hooking both of Dufresne's arms behind him...

...and POWERING HIM INTO THE AIR!]

GM: CHICKEN WING! DOUBLE ARM CHICKEN WING!!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Calisto Dufresne, trapped in a painful submission hold in the center of the ring, legs dangling helplessly as he screams in agony.]

GM: Sharif's got the chickenwing locked in! This could be it, Bucky!

BW: The champ's gotta find a way out of this! Get to the ropes, kick Sharif in the mush, something!

GM: He's trapped in the middle! There's no ropes within reach! Sharif's trying to force a submission out of him - he's gonna make him quit and give up the National Title!

BW: Somebody stop him! Somebody stop this!

[Suddenly, Sharif sets Dufresne down on his feet for an absolute split second before he hoists him right back up, DUMPING him down on the back of his head and neck with a released tiger suplex!]

"ОНННННННННННННН!"

GM: HE TOOK ALL OF THAT ON THE BACK OF THE HEAD!!

[Sharif spins around to all fours, crawling quickly to dive across the chest of the National Champion!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"ОНННННННННННННН!"

GM: AGAIN!! AGAIN, CALISTO DUFRESNE GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!

BW: Incredible! Calisto Dufresne is an absolute machine inside the ring, daddy!

GM: He REFUSES to stay down for a three count! He absolutely REFUSES to lose right here tonight in St. Louis and have that National Title that he's coveted for so long stripped from around his waist!

[Sharif pushes himself up to his knees, looking on in disbelief at Michael Meekly. He raises three fingers, insisting that Meekly must be mistaken but the AWA's Senior Official shakes him off, holding up two fingers in response.]

GM: Sharif thought that was a three count but Michael Meekly says it was just a two count, Bucky.

BW: Just barely though. It's gotta be getting close to nervous time for the National Champion. He's gotta be approaching sheer panic!

[Dufresne immediately rolls to his stomach again, crawling for his life to try and get away from the challenger. But Sharif is quickly to his feet, in hot pursuit of the champion.]

GM: Sharif's not letting him out of here - that's probably a good idea. I wouldn't put it past Calisto Dufresne to try and get himself counted out right here to save the title.

BW: Calisto Dufresne is an honorable champion!

GM: You trying to say he wouldn't stoop to that to keep the title?

BW: Oh, heck yes, he would!

[Sharif grabs Dufresne by the boot, the champion rolling to his back and throwing an upkick to the chest, knocking Sharif a step back. The Iranian shrugs it off, moving in again...

...and catches a second upkick, this one squarely in the groin!]

GM: OHHHH! Come on, ref!

[Referee Michael Meekly steps in, shouting at the downed Dufresne who shakes his head, waving it off. Meekly glares at Dufresne for a moment and then gestures for the match to continue.]

BW: Incidental contact! Had to be!

GM: A questionable judgment call right there by the AWA's Senior Official! I think Dufresne knew EXACTLY where he was kicking Sultan Azam Sharif right there, Bucky.

BW: Well, the referee disagrees and that's all that matters right now, ain't it?

GM: It certainly is.

[With Sharif doubled up in pain, Dufresne somehow manages to pull himself off the mat, stumbling forward to hook a front facelock...]

BW: YES! YES!

[But Sharif's having none of that, straightening up to backdrop Dufresne into the air and down to the mat to a huge cheer from the St. Louis crowd that has found themselves more and more behind Sultan Azam Sharif as the match goes on.]

BW: NO! NO!

[With Dufresne down on the mat, Sharif leans down, turning his body position as he flips him over to his belly. The crowd roars as Sharif places a foot on either side of Dufresne, wriggling his fingers as he starts to settle in.]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE CAMEL CLUTCH!

[The crowd roars as Sharif leans over, hooking an arm over each leg before he sits down on the lower back, reaching to cup his hands under the chin of the National Champion, and yanking back with all his strength!]

GM: CAMEL CLUTCH IS ON! HE'S GOT THE CLUTCH APPLIED!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Sharif jerking Dufresne's head from side to side, ripping and tearing at the champion's bones, muscles, tendons, and ligaments as he tries to force a submission that would change the course of AWA history.]

GM: SHARIF'S GOT IT IN DEEP! THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF THIS, BUCKY!

BW: NO, NO, NO!

GM: WE'RE GONNA HAVE A NEW CHAMPION! WE'RE GONNA HAVE- WHAT THE-?!

## "WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!" "ОННННННННННННННННННННН

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ROARS in outrage at the sound of the bell and at the man who caused it. He stands over a downed Sharif, a steel chair gripped in his hands as he glares down at the man he just clubbed across the back with his weapon.]

GM: MARK LANGSETH JUST COST SHARIF THE NATIONAL TITLE, FANS!

BW: Where the heck did Langseth come from?!

GM: Mark Langseth came through the crowd, picked up that chair from ringside, and absolutely CRUSHED Sharif across the back with it! The referee instantly called for the bell - Sharif's gonna win this thing by disqualification but he won't win the title that way, Bucky.

BW: But why? Why did Langseth do this?

[With a smirk, Langseth raises the chair over his head a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAK!" "ОНННННННННННННННННННН

## GM: AGAIN! HE DRILLS HIM AGAIN!!

[And with a gesture, Mark Langseth is suddenly not alone in the ring as Dave Cooper and Eric Matthew Somers come jogging down the aisle, diving under the ropes to join the attack. Cooper and Somers instantly start stomping the downed Sharif as Langseth walks away, taunting the jeering fans with the chair.]

GM: Well, I guess we know what side of this war Mark Langseth and Rough N Ready have decided to be on, Bucky! I guess we know exactly whose side they've decided they're on.

BW: I guess we do but what a way to tell everyone, Gordo. Mark Langseth may have just SAVED the National Title for Calisto Dufresne and-

[Langseth throws the chair down on the mat, shouting directions as Cooper leaps up to the middle rope. Somers yanks Sharif off the mat, hooking him around the head and neck. He lets loose a roar as he powers the Iranian into the air...

...and DRIVES him down with a thunderous uranage onto the folded-up steel chair! Sharif bounces off the impact on the chair, coming to rest just before Dave Cooper leaps off the middle rope with a kneedrop to the skull!]

GM: ROUGH HOUSING ON THE CHAIR! GOOD GRIEF!

[Cooper gets back to his feet, trading a high-five with his championship tag team partner as Langseth leans over, shouting in the face of Sultan Azam Sharif. After a few moments, a dazed Calisto Dufresne regains his feet, leaning against the ropes.]

GM: Dufresne's up and he looks real pleased, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? He just got a king-sized assist- hahahaha!

GM: Oh, that's hysterical.

[Leaning against the ropes, Dufresne is all smiles as he pushes himself away from them, patting big Eric Matthew Somers on the shoulder. He moves past him, burying a boot in the ribs of Sharif as Langseth straightens up, glaring at Dufresne.]

GM: The Ladykiller's joining the attack! He wants a piece of Sharif too!

[Dufresne does exactly that, stomping and kicking Sharif to his own delight. He turns slightly, waving for Rough N Ready to join him as he turns back to the beatdown. Langseth backs off, hands on hips as he stares at Dufresne who slowly raises his head, realizing he's acting alone...

...and the crowd begins to roar as they realize what's about to happen a split second before Dufresne does!]

"ОНННННННННННННН!"

[A massive running clothesline to the back of the head from Somers knocks the National Champion flat. Somers shouts something inaudible at the downed Dufresne as Langseth and Cooper rush in, stomping and kicking Dufresne as well.]

GM: What in the HELL is going on here?! I thought Royalty was on Dufresne's side!

BW: I don't think so, daddy!

GM: Then whose side are they on?!

BW: The same side they've always been on - their own!

[The crowd is decidedly split as Langseth, Cooper, and Somers rain down blows on a shocked National Champion, beating the heck out of him...

...until a HUUUUUUUUGE ROAR ERUPTS!]

GM: DONOVAN!

[The seven footer comes lumbering down the aisle, snatching up the discarded steel chair off the canvas as he climbs in...

...and points a finger right at Mark Langseth who smirks in response.]

GM: Is Robert Donovan saving Calisto Dufresne?!

BW: Donovan just got snubbed by Royalty and I think he's... well, he's not pleased about it, Gordo!

[An irritated Donovan smacks the chair into the canvas once, shouting something at the collective forces of Royalty. Langseth nods, grinning broadly. He turns and slaps his cohorts on the arms, making their exit from the ring as Donovan takes up a protective stance over the downed Dufresne and Sharif...

...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.

And then back up to live action where Robert Donovan is pacing back and forth, having thrown the steel chair down to the canvas just out of arm's reach in case he needs it. In its place, he's got a mic now.]

RD: First thing's first...

[Donovan tucks the mic in the front of his wrestling gear, leaning over to pull Calisto Dufresne up by the arm...

...and then HURLS him over the ropes and out to the floor below to a huge cheer!]

RD: Just so no one's confused. That wasn't about me savin' him... not by a long shot. This was about Royalty choosin' to do the WRONG thing. And believe me, Langseth... there will come a day that you'll regret the choice you just made. It may not be today or tomorrow... maybe not next week or next month... but it'll come. Believe me. It'll come.

[Donovan nods.]

RD: Now, down to business... Busy night tonight, huh folks?

[Donovan lowers the mic, shaking his head in disbelief.]

RD: People been askin' me a lot of questions since two weeks ago -- won't bore ya with most of 'em but a lot of people wanted to know why I put myself out there like that, just waitin' to get beat down, especially considerin' what happened to the champ...and yeah, I'm talkin' about the real champ, not the piece of garbage I just tossed over the top!

[Big cheer!]

RD: Anyway, for one thing, I been beat down by way better men than any o' the clowns who came out to put the hurtin' on Juan Vasquez.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: An' for another, some things are worth sufferin' for. What happened to him spits in the face of everything I hold dear in this sport, an' the fact that some scumbag saw fit to rob him of his title without the courtesy of a fight made damn sure I was gonna be out to get his attention...whether I gotta do it with words or by throwin' his dirtbag tag partner into the mat as hard as I could.

[The crowd pops for that, and Donovan grins briefly.]

RD: Now, before we get goin' here, lemme just say somethin' right now. Two weeks ain't really a whole hell of a lotta time to consider somethin' like this, an' lemme be up front -- there's a real good chance anybody who comes out here tonight to join me is gonna suffer 'fore it's all over. There's a good chance one or more of ya might wind up in the same hospital wing as the champion -- yer careers might even be on the line. I got no problem with any of that, personally -- I've been beaten up more times'n I can count, an' if I gotta hang 'em up in the name o' doin' somethin' right, then so be it. Just had to get that off my chest before I ask you...

[Donovan points down the aisle.]

RD: ...who's in?

[Donovan drops the mic, watching and waiting...

...and in mere moments, the Call To Arms is officially underway, the crowd cheering at the sight of Supernova and Tommy Fierro.]

GM: Alright! These are men of honor - men of conviction! Men willing to stand and fight for what they believe in!

[Ricky Armstrong and the Rockstar Express are the next ones to emerge from the locker room, tailing the first two down the aisle as they high-five

the ringside fans. Sweet Daddy Williams is also through the curtain, pumpin a fist at the big reaction from the crowd.]

BW: I hope you idiot fans get a real good look at some of your baby-kissin' favorites here 'cause this may be the last time time you get to see any of them.

[A big roar goes up as Violence Unlimited are the next ones through the curtain, Jackson Haynes letting off a big whoop as he heads down the aisle with his partner. Young Jeff Jagger is the next one into view, nodding his head at the cheering crowd. Yuma Weaver also pops through the curtain, slapping the hands of the fans as he heads down the aisle.

We cut back to the ring where Robert Donovan nods happily, shaking hands with those who've managed to reach the ring by this point. Soon, the ring is filled with men willing to stand and fight alongside the seven footer who seemed pleased by the turnout.]

RD: Alright. I've drawn a line in the sand - and now we know which side of the line these men stand on...

[Donovan smirks.]

RD: Anyone got a problem with that?

[Silence for a moment... and then a voice rings out over the PA.]

"I think I might."

[The crowd buzzes as all eyes turn towards the entryway, the buzz turning to boos as the fans spot the man who is, in large part, responsible for what happened at Wrestlerock.

Standing all alone in the aisleway in a suit and tie...

Louis Matsui.]

GM: Matsui?! He's out here by himself?!

BW: It's not like he manages anyone anymore. Who do you want out here with him?

GM: Where are all his buddies? Broussard, Waterson, Dufresne, Childes - the people who helped him at Wrestlerock!

[Matsui edges a few more steps down the aisle, raising the mic with a big smile on his face.]

LM: One month after... The dust has settled... The battle lines redrawn... The Darkness might have fallen, but the Darkness is no more united than it was before... The fall of Vasquez.

[He chuckles as the fans jeer the mention of that incident as he makes his way further down the aisle, speaking while walking.]

LM: There are many who would claim credit... There are some who claim they know better what true Darkness is... But only one man stands before you... Contented.

Only one man stands before you knowing what he has done. Maybe, someday I might bring forth my monster... Or, maybe, another to lead to glory as I did MAMMOTH Mizusawa, but it is not this day...

Let others bask in the glory of the gold... Let others herald the coming of their Master... Let others scheme on... And let the Queen's handmaids, Duchess Davina and Lady Erica, and Jester Joe continue proclaiming their Royalty.

["Did he just say what I think he said?" pop.]

LM: Well, maybe not Jester Joe. Sorry, kid.

[Matsui smirks as he reaches the ring, fearlessly stepping through the ropes into the mass of humanity now in the ring. A few move towards him, only to be stopped by others as he walks closer to Robert Donovan who stands in the middle of it all.]

LM: Me? I'm happy just being Louis Matsui.

But, you know what, Donovan? If it'll make you feel better to come out here and have a go at me, well, there's nobody to stop you.

If it makes you feel better, Williams, to take a right hand upside my skull? I'm right here.

You want to hit another defenseless non-wrestler, Supernova? Go ahead and show these idiots what kind of a man you are!

[The crowd is buzzing with anticipation, dying for someone to take a shot at the boastful Matsui. Matsui pauses, his chin stuck out, almost daring someone to take a swing at him. Seeing no one rush to deck him, he laughs, shaking his head as he pulls the mic back up.]

LM: No?

[Another laugh.]

LM: I thought so... Because nothing you do to me is going to cost Nenshou the Television title! Nothing you do to me is going to take the National title away from Calisto Dufresne! And NOTHING you do to me is going to bring Juan Vasquez back!

I did what I said I'd do... That's nothing any of you can take away from ME!

[Matsui throws the mic down, arms spread apart in celebration...]

RD: You have a real interesting way of lookin' at the world, Matsui. You think this is some kind of an old black and white movie - where the cowboys in the white hats won't hit a guy in glasses 'cause he just can't bring the fight to 'em.

[Matsui lowers his arms, looking puzzled.]

RD: Maybe once upon a time, I lived in a world where I wouldn't deck a man who couldn't fight back...

[Pause.]

RD: ...but that day's long gone... amigo.

[And with that, Donovan unleashes a jaw-cracking haymaker that catches Matsui solidly in the face, knocking him down to the canvas to a THUNDEROUS roar from the crowd!]

GM: OH YEAH! DONOVAN DECKED MATSUI!

BW: There was NO call for that!

GM: Are you kidding me?! Did you hear the things he was saying?! Did you hear him boasting about what he did to Juan Vasq-

[Suddenly, the sounds of "Battle Without Honor Or Humanity" fills the air.]

GM: What the-?

BW: Oh my god.

[A HELLACIOUS ROAR hits the PA just a moment before someone emerges from the entrance tunnel... someone we haven't seen for quite some time... and someone who looks more than a little angry at this particular moment in time.]

GM: MIZUSAWA! MIZUSAWA! THE GIANT HAS RETURNED!

[The camera pans up MAMMOTH Mizusawa's giant frame, covered in black slacks and a t-shirt with Japanese kanji written on it. His face is red with rage as he shakes with fury...

...and then starts towards the ring to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Mizusawa's headed for the ring! He's headed towards the ring!

BW: Donovan's darn lucky he's got all the guys in there with him! He's gonna need it!

[The giant makes it to the ring in near record time, grabbing the top rope and pulling himself up onto the apron. He glares inside the ring at Robert Donovan who has squared his body to face the monster...

...who points at the fallen Matsui before bringing his hand up to his throat, dragging a thumb across it!]

GM: Oh my stars. Fans, we're almost out of time! We've gotta go!

[Mizusawa steps over the top rope, promptly drilling an incoming Ricky Armstrong with a backhand chop. He grabs both members of the Rockstar Express, SMASHING their skull together in a noggin knocker! A swarm of fan favorites come towards him, the giant throwing them aside almost as quickly as they approach him...

...until soon it's Mizusawa coming straight for Donovan!

Cut to black.]