

AWA

Saturday Night
Wrestling

August 28th, 2011

Center Stage Theatre
Atlanta, Georgia

[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 the sounds of "Wild Eyed Southern Boys" by .38 Special as we come to a panning shot of the famed Center Stage Theater in Atlanta, Georgia. The roughly thousand fans jammed into the small building are roaring, waving signs, dressed in the garb of their favorites as the music rocks the PA. The ring is sitting in the middle, red, white, and blue ropes around the plain canvas. There are sets of padding covering the exposed concrete of the floor and a timekeeper's table at ringside.

A quick cut reveals Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde standing behind a podium about twenty feet away from the ring. A large television monitor hangs behind them with the AWA logo splashed across it for the moment. Gordon Myers, the dean of professional wrestling announcing, is dressed in a black suit with a white dress shirt and navy blue tie. His gray hair is very cleanly cut and his smile lights up a room.

On the other hand, there's Mr. Buckthorn "My Mama Calls Me That!" Wilde. Bucky has a set of eyebusting orange slacks along with a shockingly subtle bleached white dress shirt. His bowtie is a mix of purple and pink which really meshes well with his deep red sportscoat. Ever the fashion plate, Bucky grins a million dollar grin as the camera comes upon him.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to the legendary Center Stage Theatre in Atlanta, Georgia! We are one week away from the kick-off of the biggest tag team extravaganza of the year - perhaps of all time - the 2011 edition of the Stampede Cup! Bucky Wilde, welcome to Atlanta!

BW: Gordo, I take one look around this building and you immediately know why they call this the Dirty South. Some of these people look like they haven't bathed since LAST year's Stampede Cup!

GM: Don't you start already.

BW: Atlanta, G-A... we're takin' over! That's what the AWA said when they brought us down here a week early. We've got big events all week long leadin' up to the Cup but tonight, we're back home in a way, Gordo.

GM: That's right. This historic venue was once the weekly home for Southern Championship Wrestling - the company where Bucky and I first began working together. It's good to be back here and it sounds like these fans are glad to see wrestling back in this building. We've got a very special edition of Saturday Night Wrestling here tonight as we're going to be having some live matches here in the studio as well as some taped matches from the summer tour that comes to an end next weekend. Plus, we've got interviews from many of the participants of next weekend's big tournament as well! We've got a lot to get to tonight so let's get right down to it with our opening match!

[The shot cuts back to the ring, the crowd surrounding it buzzing to see who will be the first into view. A large masked man is pacing back and forth around the ring already.]

#WHO WAN' SIT ON SWEET DADDY'S LAP TAAAAANIIIIIGHT?#

[The crowd EXPLODES as the self-stylings of "I'm Gonna Be Your Sweet Daddy" blasts out over the PA system.]

GM: Here he is, Bucky! The hometown hero for these fans here in Atlanta!

BW: Oh yeah. Forget Chipper Jones, Tom Glavine, even Dale Murphy and Dominique Wilkins. It's this fat slob that's the hero of these idiots. I buy that.

[The Rotund One pops through the curtain wearing short black trunks that read "SWEET DADDY" in script across the rear and a red windbreaker that says "ATLANTA BORN AND BRED!" on the back. He shakes his thang for the fans, drawing more cheers as he moves to ringside, quickly slapping the hands and embracing every fan who gets near. After a moment, he breaks away, pulling himself up on the middle rope where he points a warning finger at the man inside the ring. Grabbing the top rope, SDW leans back to shake his stuff once more before tugging off his jacket, tossing it down to a ringside attendant before he climbs through the ropes.]

SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS
VS
THE BLACK HOOD

[The bell rings as the large masked man barrels across the ring, catching Sweet Daddy Williams with a running boot to the side of the head as SDW steps into the ring, a blow that knocks him down to the canvas. Grabbing the top rope, the Black Hood delivers stomp after stomp to the head and ribs of Williams. The Hood steps away, shouting "YEAAAAAH, BABY!" at the crowd to a pile of jeers before he leans down, dragging the fan favorite back to his feet.]

GM: Both men back to their feet now - big whip by the Hood...

[Williams hits the far side, ducking under a wild clothesline attempt. Rebounding off again, he leaves his feet, catching the Hood with his hind quarters squarely in the mush.]

GM: Ohh! The Butt Butt! And Sweet Daddy Williams is wasting no time here tonight in his hometown, Bucky!

[Williams lands on his feet, reaching back to rub his posterior to the cheers of the crowd. He does a little jig for the fans, spinning around as the Hood wobbles up into a jabbing punch...]

GM: Sharp right hand by the big man!

[Williams squares up, snapping off jab after jab to the jaw of the masked man. With the Black Hood dazed, Williams swings his off-hand around and around and around...

...and snaps off a haymaker that takes the Hood off his feet!]

GM: Oh! What a shot by Williams! That'll put the masked man down!

[Hitting the ropes, Williams swings the right arm around and round again before leaping up, dropping a heavy elbow across the sternum.]

GM: Big elbow - and a cover off the elbowdrop! He gets one! He gets two!

[But the Black Hood kicks out at two. Williams grins as he regains his feet, pulling the masked man up by the arm, wheeling him around, and firing him into the ropes...]

GM: Black Hood into the ropes... ohhh! He elevated him up into the lights with that backdrop, fans!

BW: Pretty impressive considering the size of the Hood.

GM: You have something nice to say about Sweet Daddy Williams?

BW: I'm an unbiased announcer, Gordo. Someday I'll show you my Announcer of the Year trophies so you know what they look like.

[As the Hood gets up, Williams rushes forward, throwing a big clothesline that sends the masked man staggering back into the corner where the fan favorite follows him in, hooking the side headlock...]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[Charging out of the corner, Williams leaves his feet, driving the Hood's masked face into the canvas.]

GM: Riley Roundup! That'll do it, fans!

[And sure enough, Williams gets a three count from the official before the bell rings. Williams gets up, all smiles at the reaction of the fans. He points to the crowd, patting his heart.]

BW: Look! He's having a heart attack!

GM: He is NOT! Stop it!

[Williams steps out to the apron, dropping out to the floor.]

GM: And now the big guy is working his way over here to talk to us... Sweet Daddy Williams, it must feel good to be home!

[The fan favorite walks into view, grinning widely.]

SDW: Good don't even cut it, baby! This is amazing! It's amazing to be home in front of all these fantastic fans!

[Big cheer!]

SDW: You know, whenever Sweet Daddy gets a chance to come home and wrestle in front of my hometown, it's always a special night. And next weekend, it's gonna be a special THREE nights 'cause I plan on wrestling the whole weekend, baby!

GM: You, of course, are talking about the Stampede Cup where you will be teaming with Tin Can Rust in the tournament.

SDW: That's right. Tin Can Rust is one of the best tag team wrestlers in the history of this sport. You can put his name up in the lights alongside guys like O'Brien, Sterling, Valor, Oliver... so many others... and it's an honor for me to be climbing into battle with him next weekend, Gordon.

GM: Sweet Daddy, there's been a lot of rumors though that Rust hasn't exactly been welcoming to you as a partner. We heard him accept your offer last time on this show but have you spoken to him since then...

[Williams grits his teeth, shaking his head.]

SDW: Naw, I haven't, Gordon. But it ain't for lack of tryin'. We just keep missin' each other. But I'm confident that we'll connect this week and we'll be ready for this tournament.

GM: But what about your first round opponents a week from tonight, Mark II? They have proven to be a very tough tag team over the past couple months.

SDW: Two tough kids. A good team. But me and Rust... we've been through the wars over the years... we may be old but we're hungry, we're battle-tested, and we're ready to win that Cup, Gordon.

Atlanta, I love you, baby!

[The crowd roars their support again as Williams makes his exit, leaving Gordon behind.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams and Tin Can Rust are just one of twenty-four teams in this big tournament next weekend... why don't we hear from one more of them?

[The camera cuts back to an AWA backdrop in an interview area, currently occupied by Stampede Cup #4 seed The Wild Cards. "The Gambler" Judd Marley and his partner Black Jack Baldwin.

...

Well, by Marley, anyway. Baldwin is currently standing with his back to the camera holding an edge of the AWA banner.]

Baldwin: You can't tell me that you never wondered what material they make these out of.

[Marley looks into the camera and shakes his head.]

Marley: No, actually I can Jack...because you're the only one in the world that cares.

Baldwin: That can't be true...

[Baldwin rubs the banner between his fingers, frowning.]

Baldwin: I mean...I looked for a tag on it that would just list what it was, but no go on that one...I'm thinkin' something smooth and shiny...

Marley: It's...(sighs)...the camera's running.

Baldwin: I don't think 'The Camera's Running' is actually a...

[Baldwin stops, then turns and looks at the camera, leaning to the side.]

Baldwin: Hey, look at that...the red light's on and everything.

Ahem.

Hello, AWA faithful. The Wild Cards are back...

Marley: And no longer obsessed with draperies.

[Baldwin smiles sheepishly, then shrugs.]

Baldwin: The important thing is that I'm focused on the here and now... now... that sounded really awkward.

Right...

THE STAMPEDE CUP...A hundred and fifty two...

Marley: Twenty Four

Baldwin: Twenty Four of the greatest teams in the world will battle it out for the right to lift that Cup and take home one...MILLION...dollars.

Marley: Still going with the Dr. Evil impersonation? Really?

Baldwin: I'm a creature of habit...and still love the classics. But moving on...we're apparently unimpressive.

Marley: I've been saying that for years.

[Baldwin glares at his partner before soldiering on...]

Baldwin: I know those of you watching at home are shocked and astounded to hear such a thing...that we (who you've only seen once), could POSSIBLY be considered unimpressive...but it seems that some waiters for Long John Silvers...

Marley: The Privateers...

Baldwin: The Private Eaters...

Marley: PRIVATEERS.

Baldwin: ...Those guys from Toronto are unimpressed with us so far...now, I know what all the youths gone Wild are saying out there: "Jack, how can this be?"...well, don't worry, I'll feed you baby birds. I'm afraid that the...guys from Toronto...

...

How are there pirates in Toronto?

Marley: They're...I don't know...just call them socialists. It works for everyone else.

[Baldwin nods.]

Baldwin: Those Socialist Pirates are unimpressed with us...so...in order to gain acceptance as an impressive team, we've decided...

Marley: You've decided...count me out...

Baldwin: To juggle these chainsaws...

Marley: HELL no...

Baldwin: While blindfolded...and playing the kazoo! Impressive, right?

[Baldwin hands Judd a blindfold, then puts a table next to him that contains no less than six chainsaws before tying on his blindfold. Judd watches him for a moment, waving his face in front of Baldwin's face before nodding and walking to stand behind him.]

Baldwin: Okay...here we go!

[Baldwin reaches over and begins to pick up and throw chainsaws off the left side of the screen...screaming can be heard as people run for their lives...after the last of the chainsaws are thrown, he waits with his hands ready...]

Baldwin: Okay...now throw 'em back!

...

Any time now...

...

...

I'm ready!

[Baldwin slowly reaches up and removes the blindfold and cringes as he looks off camera...then glances over his shoulder to find Judd standing with his arms crossed and shaking his head.]

Baldwin: They're gonna make us pay for that stuff, huh?

Marley: Yup.

Baldwin: Looks expensive.

Marley: Very.

[Baldwin shakes his head]

Baldwin: Well, now we have no choice but to win the Stampede Cup... otherwise we'll leave here owing money.

Marley: Again.

Baldwin: So...I guess all that's left to do is to get ready to go Wild!

Marley: God help us all...

[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 crowd as the announcers speak.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to right here in Atlanta where we are counting down the days until the Stampede Cup next weekend. Twenty-four of the best tag teams in the world doing battle to see who is, without a doubt, the absolute best. But that's not the only thing we're gonna see at the Cup, Bucky. We've also got some excellent non-tournament matches going down next weekend including Eric Preston vs James Monosso in a Towel Match - the final showdown between those two men.

BW: And don't forget Nenshou putting the final crushing touches onto Robert Donovan's career.

GM: The Longhorn Heritage Title will be on the line in that one with Donovan choosing the stipulations for it. But what about another match that we heard a challenge for two weeks ago but that we've yet to hear an answer for. I'm talking about Travis Lynch challenging Rex Summers for a shot at that PCW World Title - a title match that I'm not even sure is LEGAL considering the state of the company that title represents.

BW: Summers thinks he's the best champion in the AWA and I'll let you argue that point with him.

GM: Jason Dane is backstage right now with Travis Lynch. Let's see if we can get an update on that challenge. Jason?

[With that, we cut to the backstage area where Jason is standing in front of an AWA banner.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time...

[There is a series of high pitched screams from the ladies in attendance as Travis Lynch walks into view, projected back into the Center Stage Theatre via that television we saw behind the announcers earlier. Per usual, Travis is attired in a tight black Polo t-shirt, blue jeans and his trademark cognac ostrich cowboy boots. Travis flashes his pearly whites as he pats Jason on the shoulder.]

JD: The youngest Lynch brother, Travis.

TL: It's good to be here tonight, Jason.

JD: Two weeks ago, you challenged "Red Hot" Rex Summers to step into the ring with you at the Stampede Cup ...

[Travis nods and begins to speak cutting Jason off.]

TL: And like the low life snake he is, he's been hiding in the grass afraid to accept my challenge.

JD: Afraid?

JD: Yes, Jason. AFRAID! You saw what he had to do two weeks ago to maintain his slim grasp on the PCW World Championship. He needed a low blow against Dick Bass.

[Travis shakes his head slowly side to side.]

TL: A real man ... a true champion, would have been able to take Bass down without the low blow. But like I stated, Rex Summers, he isn't a champion, he's just a glorified Chippendale dancer using whatever means he can to steal a victory.

[A voice calls out from off-camera.]

"Now that's some tough talk from the runt of the Lynch clan."

[The shot pans to reveal "Red Hot" Rex Summers, dressed in a finely-tailored suit. Buddy Morton is standing right behind Rex, grinning as he pats the PCW World Title belt that he's carrying. Travis Lynch visibly stiffens as his fists clench at his side, ready for a fight.]

RS: Whats-a-matter, Travvie? Still not over the fact that anytime someone thinks of PCW, it's me they remember and not your inbred family?

[Lynch shakes his head, his jaw tightening before responding.]

TL: Well, well, well if it isn't the man who thinks the sun comes up just to hear him crow.

[Summers smirks, unaffected by the verbal barb.]

RS: Look, I've heard you and all you had to say two weeks ago. And if you think for even a second that I'm afraid of you, or scared to face you, then you're even dumber than you look...

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: But Mr. Summers, Travis brought up a great point. You needed to use a low blow to defeat Dick Bass and keep the PCW title... and you still HAVEN'T answered his challenge to face him at the Stampede Cup?

RS: Listen you little weasel, you don't get to speak to the tenth wonder of the world without...

[But Rex is stopped by his own manager, who steps forward.]

BM: Now now now, I'll take this one, champ. Hey Dane, why don't you go home and start your schoolwork? The grown-ups are talking here. [looks at Travis] Well, a couple of grown-ups at least. We're above your pay grade.

[Jason rolls his eyes as Buddy directs his next comments to Travis.]

BM: You see this man right here, Lynch? He's the champion. He doesn't need to chase after anybody, he doesn't need to humble himself to anyone. Everybody comes to HIM, not the other way around. And quite frankly, you're just not worth sweating over.

TL: Not worth sweating over?

[Travis glares at Buddy for a moment.]

TL: If I wasn't worth the time, Morton, the two of you wouldn't have wandered back here to face me.

But you both know it's time for Rex to prove him-

[Rex cuts Travis off mid sentence.]

RS: I proved myself two weeks ago to be every bit the fighting champion I've said. Dick Bass was saying a lot of the same things you're saying, and you saw what happened to him. Well Travvie? You're no Dick Bass.

[Summers smirks.]

RS: But if you want to take on the champ, try to spit shine that Lynch family name? Then I'll meet you at the Stampede Cup, and I'll prove just one more time that Rex Summers is the pinnacle of manliness and the pinnacle of the wrestling business.

[Morton leans forward, jabbing a finger in the air.]

BM: Now go tell your brothers not to bother sticking their noses in the champ's business. And you better do it with small words, everyone knows smarts doesn't run in the Lynch lineage.

[Travis appears barely able to hold back his quick temper at hearing his family insulted.]

RS: Oh and Travvie? Maybe after I put you down with the Heat Check again, I'll come lookin' for your daddy and add his name to the long list of people I'm better than.

[And that's all she wrote. Travis Lynch can't stand it anymore, seeing red as he lunges forward, nearly knocking down Jason Dane as he throws a right hand to the skull of Summers. Morton shouts as Summers fires back with a right hand of his own. The scene quickly devolves into a mess as they two men grab hold of each other, falling back into the wall, the AWA banner falling to the floor as voices cry out from off-camera.]

Summers hooks a front facelock on Lynch, trying to choke him out as Lynch lunges forward, smashing Summers' back into the wall! This repeats a few times before a sea of security swarms the scene, diving onto the two men to wrench them apart from one another as we abruptly cut to black.

We cut to the First Family in a locker room. As usual, Adam is in the front, holding the mic and smiling serenely at the camera. Eve stares at his face, all of her attention focused on "the First Man". Brother Cain just looms in the background, gargantuan arms crossed over his chest, as unmoving as a statue.]

A: Brothers ... sisters ... the time of truth approaches fast. We have already stated our goal ... our mission ... our crusade ... when we preached our gospel last Saturday Night ... the Southern Stallions will be removed from our holy path so we can clash with the Rockstar Express one more time. The Lord's judgement has awaited them for some time now.

E: Yes! Judgement! Punishment! Damnation!

A: But what happens after that? What does the Lord have in store for his loyal servants after we served his will?

[Eve looks at Adam with slack-jawed, wide-eyed curiosity.]

E: What? What is it, Adam? What have the Lord revealed to you?

A: To prove our faith ... our loyalty ... our righteousness ... the Lord has asked us to climb the mountain that seems too high ... to cross the desert that seems too vast ... to swim through the ocean that seems endless! We are to win all of the Stampede Cup!

E: Yes! YES! For the glory of our Lord!

[Adam slaps Brother Cain's massive biceps as he becomes more agitated and excited.]

A: What force in that tournament can actually stop us? Brother Cain and me, filled with the knowledge that we fight for what is just and right! I admit that, right now, no one expects us to walk out with the trophy ... but people like us, we do not back down from a challenge. Did David balk at the thought of fighting Goliath? Did Noah shy away from building the Ark?

[Eve violently shakes her head no.]

A: No, the faithful faced their challenges and overcame them. We shall do likewise.

E(singing): We shall overc-

[Adam silences her by pushing his index finger against her lips.]

A: There will be time later for that at the service, Eve. We will pray for the triumph of justice and good at the Stampede Cup ... our victory ... and all the others shall fall.

E: FALL!

[Cut back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: The First Family with some very determined words for the rest of the teams at the Stampede Cup.

BW: They look like they mean business, Gordo, and you shouldn't mess with religious guys when they get serious. Think about it ... the Inquisition, the Crusades, the witch burning stuff, what they did to my cousin Freddy ...

GM: Wait, who did what to your cousin Freddy?

BW: You don't want to know, Gordo.

GM (sighs): Anyways, while the First Family haven't been the most dominant presence in AWA up til now, when they fought in the ring they sure showed off their dangerous skills. Check out this match from our summer tour, us Adam and Brother Cain faced off with the Blue Brothers.

[We join this match in progress as Adam has Will Blue in a hammerlock/body scissors hold. Andy Blue is slumped on the apron of his corner, looking pretty much out of it. Brother Cain stands in his own corner, unmoving, like a robot that has been turned off. On the outside, Eve is pacing back and forth, screaming at the fans, her face flushed red with excitement.]

GM: So far, the First Family has given the Blue Brothers hardly the room to breath. Brother Cain has just manhandled both men and now Adam has come in like a vulture to capitalize.

[After a moment, Adam releases the hammerlock and drags Will to his feet by his hair only to send him back to the mat with a knife-edge chop.]

BW: Come on, Blue! You are going down after one chop?

[Adam follows it up with a stomp to the head, then quickly rolls the plump South Carolina native over on his belly, grabs his right leg and locks on a Half Boston Crab. Will screams out in surprise and pain but before he can think about tapping out Adam segues it into an Indian Deathlock. Again, Will yells out starts flailing his arms wildly. Probably by chance, one of his hands brushes past the bottom rope and the ref immediately calls for Adam to let go. Adam does let go, only to lock on an Anaconda Choke. A muffled cry by Will Blue sounds like "I quit" but the ref has already started a quick five-count for Adam to release his opponent, who still touches the rope.]

GM: Come on, this is unnecessary. Adam is just torturing his opponent!

BW: I think he is just showing off, Gordo. Adam just displayed some very deadly submission holds and whoever watches this match will take notice.

[Adam lets go and takes two steps back, smiling pleasantly and nodding to the ref. Then, he tags in Brother Cain and shouts some instructions at the 6'8" behemoth.]

BW: Whoa, here comes the big man again.

GM: Brother Cain has demolished Andy Blue before and I am afraid Will Blue will not fare any better.

[Blue is still rolling on the mat, in pain from Adam's holds. Brother Cain measures him up slowly, raises a fist and falls down with a giant-sized fistdrop. Will clutches his face and struggles back to his feet ... and the Masked Man helps him up even further, as he grabs the Blue Brothers and raises him over his head, pushing him up several times in a military press

before launching him like a rag doll towards his brother Andy in the corner. Will crashes back first into the turnbuckles and drops to the mat, unmoving.]

GM: The strength of that man is unbelievable! He may be one of the most impressive specimens currently active in AWA.

BW: But he is a total nutjob. He just stands there now, in the middle of the ring, just staring at the Blue Brothers. Why does he not attack?

GM: I guess he had no order from Adam to do that ... the First Man has a hold over his teammate that has yet to be explained.

[Andy Blue, after much hesitation, touches his fallen brother's arm and steps in to face Cain. The crowd cheers this courage, but those shouts of encouragement quickly subside as Andy walks right up to the masked man and hits him with one of the weakest forearm shots wrestling fans have ever seen. Cain does not even twitch. Andy hits a second forearm shot and a third all without effort until Adam shouts "now" at his cohort and Brother Cain simply reaches forward and locks Andy in a painful embrace known as the Bear Hug. Andy cries out in panic but is quickly silence as Cain spins around and hits a belly-to-belly suplex!]

BW: And now, Andy Blue is even flatter than before.

GM: I am sure the First Family could end this any time they want.

BW: But it's like a sermon, Gordo. It never ends early!

[Kneeling over Andy, the big man rains down some massive punches onto his opponent. The referee grabs the heavily tattooed arm to prevent more closed fists from being thrown but it takes another command from Adam to have Brother Cain stops his assault and tag in the First Man. The referee wipes away some sweat from his forehead, obviously relieved that the masked man is going to leave the ring, but he stays for another moment as Adam hits Andy Blue with a snap suplex only for Brother Cain to come running off the ropes and come crashing down on the Blue Brother with a Big Splash.]

GM: 280 pounds and still that agile... remarkable.

BW: If they keep this up this sermon might turn into a funeral.

[As Cain rolls out of the ring Adam stomps on Andy's hand, not once, but twice and, as Blue rolls over to protect his hand, executes an elbow drop to the back of Andy's neck. On the outside, Eve increases the volume of her screams.]

E: The End is near! Rejoice! REJOICE!

[And, indeed, Adam locks ties up Andy one final time into a submission hold, which is known as the Koji Clutch but the First Family calls it ...]

GM: It's the Fall of Man!

BW: The preacher has tied Andy Blue up like a pretzel!

[This time, the repeated screams of "I quit" are very audible and the referee calls for the bell at once. We freeze-frame the shot on Adam, cinching in the Fall of Man tightly.]

GM: There you have it, folks. The First Family seem primed for the Stampede Cup.

BW: Yeah, they look ready to dish out some Old Testament style Wrath, Gordo. Let's see what they can do against tougher opposition than the Blue Boys, though.

GM: Tougher opposition like the men who will await the winner of the match between the First Family and the Southern Stallions in the second round of the tournament, our guests at this time, Scotty Storm and Marty Morgan, the Rockstar Express!

[The crowd cheers for the popular duo as they make their way onto the interview set, shaking Gordon's hand. Both men are in jeans and t-shirts, Morgan with a Warrant shirt and Storm with a Pearl Jam shirt.]

GM: Guys, we just heard from the First Family and saw them in action from a couple weeks ago. They think they're going to defeat the Southern Stallions in the first round and then they'll come head to head with you, gentlemen. Your thoughts?

SS: The First Family. I thought we'd closed that particular passage and verse of our Good Book, Gordon, you know what I mean? But like a bad penny, they keep on turnin' back up.

MM: That's right but here's the thing, Gordon... we're not heading into the Cup with a bunch of grudges to settle. We don't care if we get a shot at the First Family, the Bombers, or a bunch of teams we've never even seen wrestle before - we're there to win the whole thing and not get caught up in some ol' feud. That's the difference between us and the First Family.

SS: Well, that ain't the only difference, brother.

[Morgan laughs.]

MM: No, that's for sure. But Gordon, when we sit back and we look at the other twenty-three teams comin' to town next weekend for the right to be the best tag team in the world, we know that we've got our work cut out for us. We know that guys like Dynasty are comin' for one last shot and they'll leave nothing held back, you know? We know that guys like the Wild Cards and the Privateers want to win this Cup so they can go back home and tell the world that they came down to the AWA and beat the best they had.

SS: And we know guys like the Blonde Bombers are STILL trying to make people forget they got their tails kicked by the champs at SuperClash last year.

MM: That's right. People are gonna be hungry. People are gonna be lookin' to bring all they got inside the ring. And that suits us just fine, Gordon. Because the Rockstar Express is always ready to rock in the ring... and in one week's time, we'll be ready to roll right over twenty-three other teams to win that Stampede Cup! Oh yeah!

[The Rockstars exchange a big high-five before striding off camera to the cheers of the camera.]

GM: Two more men who look to be very prepared for the Stampede Cup tournament next weekend, fans... let's go back up to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following match is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, weighing in at 200 lbs even, from Cancun, Mexico...

EL LOBO GUAPO!

[The crowd applauds for the wolf masked superstar from SWLL, as a sharply-dressed Buford P. Higgins steps through the ropes.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen...Skywalker Jones' personal announcer, Buford P. Higgins.

[Higgins takes the microphone from Phil, flashing a smile as big and bright as the diamond stud in his ear.]

BPH: Awwww yeah...here he comes, playas! Time to stand up for the man you've all been waiting for! Weighing in at TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS of divinely sculpted perfection! He's cooler than the other side of the pillow and his greatness cannot be denied! When I told you he was number one, I lied...because he's number one, two, three, four AND five! From Hot Coffee, Mississippi...your favorite wrestler and mine...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath!]

BPH:
JOONNNN
NNNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

["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. Higgins is there to greet him, taking his furcoat and personal effects, before holding open the ropes for him. However, Jones waves him off, choosing instead to grab onto the top rope and somersaulting into the ring! He lands on his feet with his arms outstretched as if to say, "TA-DAH!" as the cheerleaders and Higgins applaud him.]

BW: This entrance gets better and better every week.

GM: Skywalker Jones will be taking on one on El Lobo Guapo, from SouthWest Lucha Libre. There's been talk of AWA possibly running a show in Mexico sometime next year and this may very well be a preview of things to come.

BW: Heck, south OR north of the border, this masked freak has nothing on Jones!

[As the bell rings, the two approach the center of the ring, where Guapo extends his hand to Jones, who gives it a friendly slap and the two begin to circle each other. They come together for a collar and elbow tie-up, where Guapo manages to leverage Jones down to the mat with a double knucklelock. However, Jones doesn't allow his shoulders to touch the canvas, bridging with his head as Guapo tries to force him down.]

GM: Lobo Guapo with the early advantage, but Jones showing tremendous neck strength with the bridge...Oh!

[The "Oh!" comes from a knee driven to Jones' side by Guapo, but Jones still refuses to budge. Guapo buries another knee...and then with the knucklelock still applied, leaps up with both legs into the air and drives his knees into Jones' gut...]

GM: Guapo trying to break the bridge with those knees...

[...only to have Jones maintain the bridge with Guapo's full weight bearing down on him!]

GM: ...to no effect!

BW: He's got 200 pounds pushing down on him and he's still bridged! How amazing is that, Gordo?

[Guapo tries to drive his weight down onto Jones again, but this time, Jones is ready for him, shooting both of his legs into the air and catching Guapo, tossing him over with a monkey flip! With their hands still locked, Jones backrolls onto his feet and yanks Guapo up, but the luchadore leaps onto Jones' shoulders...and takes him down with a headscissors!]

GM: Lobo Guapo sends Skywalker Jones to the mat with an amazing headscissors counter! No! Only two!

BW: They're moving faster than we can call the action!

[Jones is quick to his feet, ducking under a double chop attempt by Guapo and hitting the far ropes. He leaps up onto the second rope and springs off, catching the luchadore with a leaping sidekick. As soon as he gets off the mat, Jones runs over and climbs up on the second rope, hooting and hollering.]

BW: That's right! You tell'em!

GM: Is that really necessary?

BW: What?

GM: He's got a big enough ego without you feeding it, Bucky.

[Picking Guapo off the mat, Jones slings him into the ropes, but the luchadore puts on the brakes. Jones rushes in, only to be backdropped over the ropes and out of the ring!]

GM: That bit of showboating might have cost Jones, as he takes a nasty spill to the outside!

BW: Uh oh, here comes Guapo! Watch out!

[As Jones rises to his feet on the outside, the luchadore runs straight at him from inside the ring. However, he grabs onto the top rope and twirls through the top and middle ropes and back inside the ring, faking out Jones. Resetting himself, he grabs onto the top rope and shoots himself over...]

GM: PESCADO...MISSES!

[...and hits nothing, as Jones moves out of the way! Seeing his opening, Jones climbs back into the ring and hits the ropes himself. He runs at the rising Guapo and then puts his 40-inch vertical on full display as he leaps OVER the ropes and catches Lobo Guapo with a tope!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! WHAT A LEAP! WHAT A LEAP!

BW: You can't teach someone to be able to fly like that, Gordo! That's pure, natural talent! He cleared the top rope by at least a foot!

GM: I don't agree with his attitude at times, but there might not be anyone in the AWA that can match Skywalker Jones in pure athletic ability.

[With the crowd still buzzing, Jones rolls Guapo back into the ring, turning to a clapping Buford P. Higgins and exclaiming, "He ain't on my level!" He reenters the ring and walks over to Guapo. Standing beside the downed luchadore, Jones pretends to brush dirt off his shoulder, before he deadleaps into the air and drops a big elbow across Guapo's chest!]

GM: Huge leaping elbowdrop from Jones and we have a pin...only two!

BW: Stop sandbagging, ref! That should've been three!

[Jones looks up at the referee with a look of disbelief, before rolling his eyes and waving him off. He whips Guapo into the corner and charges in, but the masked man kips up, causing Jones to hit the corner chest-first. As he turns around in pain, Guapo leaps up, hitting him behind the ear with an enzuigiri!]

GM: Big kick to the back of the head by Guapo! He's not out of it, yet!

BW: I'm pretty sure he's been out of it ever since he decided to call himself "Lobo Guapo."

GM: Oh brother.

[With Jones stunned, Guapo picks him up into a fireman's carry and tosses him forward into a slam near the corner. He climbs up onto the top rope, but takes a moment to play to the crowd, allowing Jones to get back to his feet and run up the ropes, taking him down with a super armdrag!]

GM: AN ARMDRAG OFF THE TOP ROPE! What a counter by Skywalker Jones!

BW: Did you see how quick he got up there? That's not human!

[Both men are slow to their feet, but it's Guapo who strikes first, backing Jones up with a chop across the chest. He whips Jones into the ropes and catches him in a double-leg lift...before slamming him back down in modified spinebuster. Guapo scales the ropes once again and leaps off...]

GM: NO! The top-rope legdrop misses!

SMMAAACCK!

BW: But that superkick didn't, daddy!

[Equally as impressed with the kick as the crowd was, Jones runs over the ropes, leaning over and exchanging stares with Buford P. Higgins, as the duo both let out an amazed, "DAAAMMMN!"]

GM: Guapo went for it all, but after that superkick, I think he might be old cold.

BW: I still haven't seen anyone get up after he's hit that.

[But seemingly determined to finish on a high note, Jones turns his attention back to Guapo and drags him off the canvas and laying him across his shoulders and winding up...]

GM: THE RAZZLE DAZZLE! That swinging fireman's carry slam!

BW: He's not done yet!

[With Guapo laid out in the middle of the ring, Jones gets to his feet and hits a standing moonsault onto Guapo...]

BW: Standing moonsault!

[...but then gets back to his feet and finishes it off with a standing shooting star press!]

GM: ZERO-G! Out of the standing position! OH MY! And here's the pin!

[Hooking a leg, Jones nods his head along with the count as the ref's hand slaps the mat for the one...two...three!]

BW: This kid's got all the tools, Gordo! He might not be the biggest or the strongest, but I guarantee you he's got what it takes to beat any man you put in front of him.

GM: You just might be right, Bucky.

[Take it away, Buford.]

BPH: Was there ever any doubt? Your winner...

Sky. Walker.

[Breathe in!]

BPH:

JOONNNN
NNNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

[The crowd reacts with a mixture of cheers and boos as Jones celebrates his victory and we crossfade back to the announce desk.]

GM: An impressive victory for Skywalker Jones who continues to showcase that amazing athletic talent as he works his way through the AWA's talent. And I, for one, can't wait to see Jones take on some higher level talent - no offense to El Lobo Guapo. And speaking of high level talent, let's go backstage for some pre-taped words from one of the men who will compete next weekend in the Stampede Cup, teaming with his older brother Jack. Together, they will meet either the team of Dick Bass and Johnny Casanova or the former PCW World Tag Team Champions, Sweet Sensation.

BW: How come they're the former PCW champs when Rex Summers is the current and reigning champ?

GM: I'm not entirely sure he is. That's a ruling for the Championship Committee to make on both fronts, I'd imagine. Fans, let's go backstage to James Lynch!

[We open to an unusual sight. The middle Lynch brother, James is standing by backstage in front of an AWA banner. The one they call, Jimmy is dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a "Clawing through the AWA" t-shirt. The dirty blond haired superstar stands full of smiles.]

JL: Yes ... It is true ... I have been known to stand on my own every once in awhile.

[James snickers.]

JL: It's been a few months since we have arrived in the AWA. I have been in some big time battles already ... But they don't get any bigger than the Stampede Cup.

[Nice reaction from the AWA fans in the arena at the mention of the Superbowl of tag team wrestling.]

JL: As I have said before ... There are a lot of great times sitting on the edge of their seat just waiting to get this thing started. And one of those teams come from the homeland of the United States ... The great state of Texas, Jack and myself. You see back in Texas, it was the Lynch way to start our careers wrestling side by side with our brothers. In PCW tag team wrestling was as important and competitive as any where. We went out there night after night throwing bombs ... be it two ... four ... or six men at ring side. You can say tag team wrestling is in our blood. It's a Lynch past ... present ... and future.

[James nods.]

JL: Jack and I ... We've been here before. There isn't anyone else on this planet that I would rather watch my back. Come Cup time when that bell rings and we are pitted up with the best tag teams in the wrestling world the world is going to see that where we come from we were raised with three things in mind ...

God ...

Family ...

and Wrestling.

[Jimmy's Texan accent stands strong as the Lynch boy continues to speak.]

JL: And at the Stampede Cup there will be no questions of loyalty. No worry of self-proclaimed goals. Every day when I wake up I root for my brothers. And to stand side-by-side with my big brother, Jack ... holding that Stampede Cup high in the air. Standing together as the hottest tag team in the AWA.

[James looks up.]

JL: Well right there that sounds like a dream come true.

[Pause.]

JL: So for all our fans from back home who have supported us our whole lives ... and the wonderful AWA fans that we have gotten the pleasure to hear you shout our names as we have proved ourselves against some of the best competition in the world. Get ready to see a Jack and James like you have never seen before. Before Jack can say jump ... I'll be flying in the air. Before I can signal for a big slam ... Jack will be dropping some poor sap down on his head. And it only takes that look as one ... or both of our hands raise high in the air.

[James opens his palm extending his fingers.]

JL: And we claw our way to becoming the 2011.

[James nods as he slowly raises his arm with his fingers extended outwards.]

JL: Stampede Cup winners.

[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.]

And then back up to live action where Johnny Casanova, Big Mama and "Dirty" Dick Bass along with Jason Dane fills our screen. The back drop behind them is the simple logo and banner of the "Stampede Cup" Pay Per View. Johnny and Big Mama are dressed to impress as always while the big native of Florida, Dick Bass, wears a simple "Playboy Productions" T-shirt, Wrangler jeans, black Stetson hat pulled low across the brow and his trusty bullwhip Delilah, gripped tightly in his heavily taped right hand. Dane looks professional as always as he smiles at the camera.]

JD: Thanks Gordon. My guests at this time is the surprising combination of you Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass. But what is on all of our minds is that heinous attack on Jack Holland last Saturday Night Wrestling. The biggest question being asked Johnny, is simply- _why_?

[Casanova smirks as Big Mama gives a chuckle and even the sides of Dick Bass' scowl seem to crack in a wanting smile. Casanova moves closer to Dane as he begins to explain....

JC: Well, ya see, Jason, Jack Holland, while he got a lot of things wrong over the past few months, sure got one thing right. The Stampede Cup, with the glory that comes with winning it - alongside that cool million - is a cup that's worth winning. Of course, the problem I had was that I may be one of the finest wrestlers in the AWA, but even I can't turn water into wine. I can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. And I sure as shootin' couldn't turn Jack Holland into a tag team partner worth a lick! So after that lousy skunk let me down so badly against the Hive, I figured it was time to get myself someone who could give me a good shot of winning this thing.

JD: But what does that have to do with you Dick Bass?

[Casanova laughs as Big Mama leans in and gives him a smacker on the cheek. Bass has a cruel smirk on his face as Casanova moves back allowing the tough guy his moment with Dane front and center.]

DB: Jason Dane, it's simple. MONEY TALKS. Just like Johnny said unless you're deaf, Jack Holland couldn't cut it. He didn't have the heart, courage or **guts** it takes to win an event like the Stampede Cup. He was soft Dane. Casanova knew this and he called me up. He made me a cash offer I would have been stupid to reject and I put my signature on the bottom of an iron clad contract guaranteeing I get my money, Holland gets a beating and Casanova gets a partner who won't crumble at the first sign of trouble.

[Casanova and Mama share a chuckle as they nod in agreement behind Bass who once again has the cruel smirk on his face. Casanova slaps him on the shoulder as Bass continues.]

DB: What is standing before you is the perfect team. A perfect team of skill [Bass motions at Casanova who beams] and toughness. A perfect mix of style and sand paper Jason Dane. I looked down the list and I couldn't see anyone who matched up to us. You can talk about Violence Unlimited, Rockstar Express, even those out of town teams and they still don't hold a candle to what stands in front of you.

Johnny Casanova can hold his own and he doesn't have to worry about some cream puff of a partner like Holland, ruining his glory because as everybody knows, Dick Bass **never** backs down from a fight. So bring on whoever you want. Sweet Sensation will be a fine warm up before myself and Casanova send those Stench Brothers and whoever else gets in our way, **packing** as we prove to the World we are the best tag team in this tourament hands down!

[Bass sneers cruelly and holds up his whip making Dane lean back. Casanova smacks Bass on the shoulder as he addresses the AWA once again....]

JC: Ya got that right, Dick! See, Jason, I know what people will say. They'll talk about our lack of experience together. They'll talk about those darn bees getting the better of me a few weeks ago. But they ain't ever seen what Johnny C can do with a tag team partner worthy of the name. The Lynches may have been wrestling together since they were a bunch of young pups. Sweet Sensation may have won themselves a rinky dink pair of belts back in PCW because the man right next to me was too busy in singles competitions to get them in his sights. But however long they've been fighting, they sure won't have seen a quartet like this before!

JD: Quartet?

[Casanova nods.]

JC: Of course, Dane. Me, Johnny C.

[He bows.]

JC: Playboy Enterprises' newest recruit, Dick Bass.

[Bass nods grimly.]

JC: Our first lady, Big Mama.

[Big Mama smiles, and drops a curtsy.]

JC: And the equaliser, just in case any of the Lynch family stick their nose in where it doesn't belong... Delilah!

[Bass holds the bullwhip up triumphantly as the trio smirk.]

JC: Now if you'll excuse us, Jason, we got some strategisin' to do.

[And we cut back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Welcome back to this very special edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. Johnny Casanova and Dick Bass bring a very interesting tag team to the table - one that just formed two weeks ago.

BW: It's the perfect example of the kind of last second jostling that goes on in a situation like this. Everyone's gotta be looking at their partner right now and wondering if they've got the wrong guy. Think about what Sweet Daddy Williams said about Tin Can Rust earlier tonight. Think about someone like Carlos Sanchez from Puerto Rico who will be teaming with one of his greatest rivals, Hurricane Ramirez, to try and take the Cup home to Puerto Rico. Even teams like the Blonde Bombers... we haven't seen much from the Bombers in weeks... it wouldn't be completely unheard of for someone like Larry Doyle to bring in a ringer right before the tournament. Who knows?

GM: One of the teams that is entered into this tournament is one we spoke about moments ago - the team known as Sweet Sensation. Now, Sweet Sensation's been touring Japan and Europe since PCW closed their doors earlier this year... except for a short stint where they went on the road with us. The match we're about to show you has been seen on AWA television before but we thought it was worth a second look - back in April at the Rose Garden in San Antonio... this is Sweet Sensation taking on the AWA National Tag Team Champions, Rough N Ready! Let's take a look!

[We crossfade to footage marked "APRIL 2011" inside the Rose Palace in San Antonio where the National Tag Team Champions are walking around the ring, waiting to see just who will draw the chance to challenge them for the titles. A generic ring announcer stands in the middle of the ring.]

RA: And the challengers...

[The sounds of "Loverboy" by Billy Ocean bring the crowd to their feet!]

JD: Whoa! I did not expect to see this happen here tonight in San Antonio!

[After a moment, the boisterous Sammy "Sky" Walker walks through the curtain shouting a "YEAAAAAH, ALRIIIIGHT, BABY!" to a cheer. Shortly after, "Big Gun" Colt Starr follows. Both men are dressed in lime green tights - Walker in trunks but Starr in full-length tights. Their upper torsos are bare except for matching shiny gold vests. Starr's a good-looking guy, drawing cheers from the ladies. Walker's not a bad-looking fella but is obviously overshadowed by his partner.]

JD: Sweet Sensation, the former PCW Tag Team Champions are here in the AWA!

CP: Now THESE guys are more my speed, Dane!

JD: One of the best tag teams in the world today, in my opinion, Sweet Sensation is likely to cause quite the stir in a hurry in the AWA tag team division... and heck, on their first night in, they've got a shot at the National Tag Team Titles! Incredible!

[Starr and Walker hit the ring, Walker slingshotting over the ropes as Starr slides under the bottom rope, popping to a knee where he "frames" Dave Cooper with his thumbs and forefingers like setting up a camera shot. An angry Cooper shouts something in Starr's direction who simply grins in response.]

JD: Now, I have to admit - Sweet Sensation aren't exactly the most loved tag team in the business, Colt.

CP: They're more like me - do whatcha gotta do to win.

JD: They certainly are that. Absent is their talkative manager, Jimmy Jasper, this week - he's the icing on the cake that makes them one of the most hated duos in the sport. But I think these fans just might hate Rough N Ready a little more right now after what they did to Violence Unlimited a few weeks ago.

[Both Sweet Sensation members shrug out of their vests, handing them out to the floor as they pause to confer over who will be starting it off against the veteran technician of Rough N Ready, Dave Cooper.]

JD: And it's gonna be the high-flyer, Sammy Walker starting off for Sweet Sensation here in San Antonio...

[As the bell rings, the arrogant Walker struts out of his corner...

...and slaps himself on the chest, throwing his arms apart in another "YEAAAAAH, ALRIIIIGHT, BABY!" to which Cooper responds with a boot to the gut.]

JD: Dave Cooper is wasting no time. This may have been a surprise opponent for the champions but you can bet they know exactly who Sweet Sensation is and exactly what they're capable of inside that ring.

[Cooper grabs a handful of Walker's long blonde hair, dragging him to the corner where he smashes his face into the buckles. Spinning Walker around, Cooper lights him up with a pair of forearms to the sternum before hooking a front facelock, using it to drag him down to the mat where he cranks in on the weardown hold.]

JD: Cooper's gonna try and make Walker, the smaller man, carry his weight around a bit - see if he can suck some gasoline out of his tank.

CP: It's a smart move by the champions. Sweet Sensation is a younger team, a faster team. If you get the chance to ground them, you had better take it.

[Walker gets his legs under him, forcing his way back to his feet where he backs Cooper down into a neutral corner. The referee steps in, calling for a break. Walker steps back, breaking the hold...

...and POPS Cooper with a snapping right hook that you could hear back in Dallas!

JD: Goodness! What a shot by Walker!

[Grabbing the arm of Cooper, Walker fires him across. As the veteran staggers out, Walker charges forward, knocking him flat with a crossbody block. Rolling off Cooper, Walker slaps the hand of his partner, Colt Starr.]

JD: In comes Starr on the exchange...

[Each man grabs an arm, firing Cooper across the ring...

...and on the rebound, he gets hoisted up by Starr who takes him right back down with an inverted atomic drop, hanging onto the legs to make him easy prone from a running, leaping, hanging clothesline by Walker that takes him down.]

JD: Sudden Impact by Sweet Sensation!

[And with a grip on the legs remaining, Starr flips forward in a double leg cradle!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Cooper pops a shoulder free to the disappointed buzz of the crowd that thought they were on the verge of seeing an upset title change happen before their eyes.]

JD: Whoa! A near fall for the challengers!

[A frantic Cooper crawls away, reaching the corner...

...where he lifts his arm, slapping the hand of the big man as we crossfade to action later in the match.]

JD: The big man is putting the muscle to Colt Starr!

[With the 245 pound Starr trapped against the buckles, Somers lets loose a barrage of heavy standing clotheslines in the neutral corner, each more fierce than the one before it, shaking every inch of Starr's well-toned body.]

JD: A brutal barrage in the buckles!

[Grabbing Starr by the arm, Somers flings him across the ring, smashing his fists into his chest before following across...

...and hitting nothing but buckles as Walker yanks his partner clear by the wrist! Big cheer!]

CP: Brilliant counter by Sweet Sensation!

JD: The referee is letting Sammy Walker have it for that illegal assist but Walker doesn't care, slapping the hand to bring himself into the match.

[But not into the ring yet. Still holding his partner's arm, Walker charges down the apron, connecting with an inside-the-ring-outside-the-ring double clothesline on a stunned Eric Matthew Somers that topples him back into the corner. Walker quickly scales the ropes from outside the ring, hooking a side headlock as he reaches the top.]

JD: Walker's goin' for a bulldog off the top!

[The high-flyer leaps from his perch, sailing through the air...

...and then stopping cold as the big man uses his power to stop the momentum, holding Walker high above the ring, and then CRASHING him down to the canvas on the back of his head with a belly-to-back suplex!]

JD: Ohh! High-impact belly-to-back suplex by the big man!

[Getting to his feet, Somers winds up his right arm, dropping a big elbow down on the chest of Walker, earning a two count before the loudmouth from Jacksonville, Florida slips a shoulder clear. Somers gets to his feet, grabbing the foot to drag Walker to the corner as we crossfade...

...and find Colt Starr throwing a big boot to the gut of a rebounding Dave Cooper. Quickly hitting the ropes, Starr throws a big kneelift that straightens Cooper up, and then leaps into the air, hooking Cooper's head and neck as he passes him, and SNAPS him down to the mat with a reverse neckbreaker!]

JD: Ohh! What a combo!

[With Cooper down on the mat and the crowd cheering, Starr removes his elbowpad, slapping his arm. He spins his left arm around and round, the crowd growing louder with every swing of the arm. As Cooper starts to wobble back to his feet, Starr hits the far ropes, bouncing off to hit the near ropes, dashing back with a world's worth of momentum behind him...]

JD: LAAAAARRRIIIAAAAAAT-

[But at the last moment, Cooper somehow avoids the lariat attempt, hoisting Starr into the air, pivoting, and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a thunderous spinebuster slam!]

JD: SPINEBUSTER!!

CP: That's it! Turn out the lights, jack, 'cause this party's over!

JD: Cooper with a cover- ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: STARR GOT A SHOULDER UP!! STARR GOT A SHOULDER UP!!

[Cooper doesn't hesitate, grabbing the legs again as he gets to his feet, crossing the legs over...

...and flipping Starr onto his stomach!]

JD: CLOVERLEAF!!

[Knowing the end is near, Sammy Walker dashes into the ring, breaking up the submission attempt with a leaping leg lariat!]

JD: Walker breaks it up... uh oh! Here comes the big man!

[An angry Eric Matthew Somers rushes into the fray, rushing towards Walker with a running clothesline...

...but Walker ducks underneath it, responding with a dropkick to the chest!]

JD: Walker takes to the air! The dropkick doesn't budge the big man though!

[Walker pops back up, throwing a second, this one knocking Somers a step back but that's all. Walker pops up again, shaking his head as Colt Starr gets off the mat...

...then dashes to the ropes, leaping up onto the shoulders of the waiting Starr who holds him in a fireman's carry, swinging him in an airplane spin so that his legs catch Somers on the side of the head, knocking him back to the ropes! Big cheer!]

JD: INNOVATIVE OFFENSE FROM SWEET SENSE- AHHHHHHH!

[Starr keeps on spinning, catching a rising Dave Cooper on the temple as well, knocking him flat...

...and then presses his partner up and over, dropping him in a splash across the chest of the downed Cooper!]

JD: What a move! WE'VE GOT ONE!! WE'VE GOT TWO!! WE'VE GOT NEW TAG TEAM-

[But the shoulder of Dave Cooper pops up before the three count.]

CP: No, we don't, Dane! Don't you be getting ahead of yourself!

JD: I thought he had him - I thought Sweet Sensation had won this thing!

[Turning towards the dazed Somers, the two Sweet Sensation members barrel across the ring, taking flight with a double flying shoulder tackle that actually knocks Somers through the ropes to the floor! HUGE CHEER!]

JD: THEY CLEARED OUT SOMERS!! COOPER IS ALL ALONE!!

[Starr pulls a dazed Dave Cooper to his feet, scooping him up. He hoists Cooper into the air in a vertical suplex lift as Walker quickly scales the ropes, steps up top, throws his arms up for a quick cheer, and hurls himself from his perch, catching Cooper squarely across the chest with a crossbody as Starr topples over into a suplex! HUGE CHEER!]

JD: SENSATIONPLEX!! THAT'S GONNA DO IT!!

[Walker reaches back, tightly hooking a leg as the referee dives to the mat to count.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A desperate Eric Matthew Somers reaches under the bottom rope, yanking Walker out of the pin and out to the floor with one powerful pull. Once on the floor, Somers grabs Walker by the head, crushing him with a headbutt...

...and then SLAMMING his skull into the ringpost!]

JD: OHHH, JEEZ! Did you SEE that?!

CP: That's a man not ready to drop the gold yet! He'll do whatever it takes to keep it just like they did whatever it took to win it!

[With Colt Starr protesting to the official, the referee turns to reprimand Eric Matthew Somers...

...which allows Starr to get a forearm slammed into his groin from behind!]

JD: LOW BLOW BY COOPER!!

[Reaching up, Cooper drags Starr down to the mat in a schoolboy rollup...

...and strategically throws his legs on the middle rope for leverage as the referee dives down to count.]

JD: NO, NO, NO!

"DING! DING! DING!"

JD: They stole it, Colt! The champions literally stole this one!

CP: Like I said, Dane, they did what they needed to do to walk out of here tonight still holding those tag team titles. You gotta give 'em credit for that.

JD: For breaking the rules?

CP: You call it breaking the rules, I call it being resourceful... and a winner to boot.

JD: Unbelievable.

[As Rough N Ready retreat up the aisle with their titles intact and Sweet Sensation complain to the official, we fade back to Center Stage Theatre where the television between the announcers shows what we just watched.]

GM: It was an impressive outing by Sweet Sensation and now, five months later, they return to the AWA to attempt to win the Stampede Cup - the biggest prize in tag team wrestling.

BW: It's one of the most intriguing things about a tournament like this, Gordo, cause in the first round - a team that has tons of experience together, Sweet Sensation, will take on a team who has NEVER teamed together, Casanova and Bass.

GM: Speaking of men who have never teamed together, Bucky... two weeks ago, Stevie Scott made an offer to Supernova. He offered to stand in for 'Nova's injured partner, Tyler Lee, and team with him in the Stampede Cup. But here we are, seven days away... and we haven't gotten an answer from the #1 contender to the National Title!

BW: Well, can you blame him? Stevie Scott hasn't exactly proven himself to be the most trustworthy man in professional wrestling over the years, Gordo.

GM: Now THAT'S a fact. But we're GOING to get an answer, fans... and we're going to get it very shortly. Because in just a little while, I'm told that Supernova is going to come out here and compete in front of these fans here in Atlanta!

[Big cheer!]

GM: But before that... at this time, please allow me to introduce a man who is at the epicenter of quite a few situations here in the AWA. He is the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes.

[The studio audience boos, as the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes waddles into the area. The short, bald manager with the dark mustache and Van Dyke beard is dressed in a white dress shirt, black pants, and black dress shoes. He is carrying his crystal-tipped walking stick in one hand, and shouldering the Longhorn Heritage Championship over his opposite shoulder. The smirk on his face is at once condescending and self-satisfied. Percy marches up to the desk at which Gordon and Bucky sit. He plops his ample derriere down in a chair next to the desk, and shines up the championship as the announce team prepares their questions.]

GM: Percy Childes, thank you for your time.

PC: You are welcome, Gordon Myers, and already you show that you have far more class than that fool Dane. I imagine you're learning quite a bit, seated next to the finest announcer in our sport on a weekly basis.

[You can practically _hear_ Bucky grin.]

GM: I must admit, Bucky Wilde is a learning experience. Be that as it may, Mr. Childes, your men are involved in two of the big matches at the Stampede Cup. Of course, I refer to the final confrontation between James Monosso and Eric Preston, as well as the long-awaited rematch for the Longhorn Heritage Championship between Nenshou and Robert Donovan, to be held in the mysterious "Spin The Wheel" format.

PC: Of course. Now, James Monosso was not allowed to appear here in person, and I do understand the wisdom in that decision. He wishes to speak for himself, and a prerecorded segment has been delivered to your producer to be played later. I am here to speak about my Nenshou, and my Longhorn Heritage Championship.

GM: You mean Nenshou's Longhorn Heritage Championship.

PC: I do not. It is mine, Gordon Myers; my victory over the stagnation of this sport due to the crippling reliance on nostalgia and the short-sightedness of the fools who rule this sport. Clinging to past failures as if

they were grand successes... oh, hello there, Robert Donovan. I bought you a calendar, perhaps one of your new friends can help you learn how it works.

GM: You may claim that the title is yours, Percy Childes, but it is not you who will be stepping in the ring in two weeks to face Robert Donovan; it is Nenshou. And speaking of Nenshou, where is he?

PC: I would hardly waste Nenshou's time by dragging him to a function for no reason, Myers. Nenshou is training. He is preparing for Robert Donovan, and has been doing nothing but that for quite some time. Whereas Mr. Donovan seems somewhat distracted, does he not? He was very busy on the last episode of Saturday Night Wrestling, yes, very busy indeed. Punching managers must be hard work. Perhaps he figured that this would be his last chance to lay his hands on a smaller Asian man, and land a clean shot. Or perhaps he, like so many others, feels threatened by Louis Matsui's feelings of contentment. Jealousy, impotent rage, ah yes... Robert Donovan revealed his true character two weeks ago.

Here is your hero, ladies and gentlemen. Two weeks before his grand conflict to "save" your precious memories, he decides to punch a defenseless manager in a fit of pique, after forming an army of rabble to defend against some imaginary "takeover"... which is frankly business as usual, and he knows it. He wants to take on the entire AWA, but he has forgotten that it is Nenshou, and Nenshou alone whom he will face. And in keeping with his unfocused scattershot mentality, he has chosen a match that, upon close inspection, has doomed him completely!

GM: The "Spin The Wheel"? How does that give Nenshou an edge?

PC: Think about it. He could have selected a steel cage match, to minimize Nenshou's maneuverability. Or a bullrope match or dog collar match, to keep my Nenshou attached to him. Situations that increase his ability to bring his impressive power to bear. Those matches would have been fair, and yet given him an edge; I fully expected one of those. Or perhaps even barbed wire, to take advantage of the fact that larger men take longer to bleed out, plus minimizing the ability to use the ropes. But no... Robert Donovan selected a type of match where the primary attribute for victory will be... versatility!

Be honest, Gordon. Would you ever describe Donovan as 'versatile'?

GM: I... no. No, he is very straightforward.

PC: Thank you, Robert Donovan. I would have been satisfied had you given yourself an advantage in a match that still offered us a fair chance to win. But this is beyond my wildest hopes! You have cemented Nenshou's victory! Between this, and your appalling lack of focus, we're guaranteed to walk away from the Stampede Cup with my championship intact; and with Nenshou's championship in sight!

GM: Nenshou's championship? You said that was your championship!

PC: Oh, Myers, you don't get it, do you? Nenshou is not a mindless servitor of Percy Childes. That isn't how managers work. He's my client: I work for HIM. Nenshou desires only one championship. The National Championship! My joy in the Longhorn Heritage Championship is what it represents. And so it is for Nenshou... he desires the championship that proves that he is the greatest wrestler in the world today. And he shall have it in due time. But first, he must defeat Robert Donovan. Do you think Nenshou is unmotivated? he knows that all of his desires hinge on defeating this man, this time, this event, this match. Nenshou won't run around looking for help against an imaginary boogeyman army: he IS the darkness you fear! His focus is singular: defeat Robert Donovan. And in a mere two weeks, it shall come to pass... oh yes, it shall come to pass.

[Percy stands up, and shakes hands with Bucky before waddling on out to the boos of the studio audience. As he does, Gordon wraps it up.]

GM: A very confident Percy Childes, who believes that Nenshou is in the driver's seat in the big Longhorn Heritage Title Match at the Stampede Cup. Fans, we have much more to come, don't turn that dial! We'll be right back.

[And with that we cut to black.]

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

A voiceover comes over the raging music.]

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

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

VO: Do you want the world to know?

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Fade to black.

And then fade back up to live action where we go to backstage and find Jason Dane standing next to Supernova, who has his face painted and is dressed in his wrestling attire.]

JD: Supernova, last Saturday Night, we heard Stevie Scott declare that he wants to be your tag team partner in the Stampede Cup... you open against the team of Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard... the question is, will you accept Stevie Scott's offer to be your partner?

S: Jason... if there was a way to address Stevie personally about this, that would be the best for me.

JD: Well, I've got a little surprise for you... we have Stevie live via satellite from his home in St. Louis, Missouri.

[The camera now goes to a split screen shot and we see Jason and Supernova to the left, with Stevie to the right. It appears that Stevie is in his living room. He sits on a couch wearing his usual silky-n-flowerdy shirt.]

JD: Stevie, I assume you heard Supernova's remarks about talking to you personally.

HSS: Yeah, Dane-o, I heard him. What up, paintilicious?

JD: Supernova, what about it... you have the offer in front of you.

[Supernova raises a hand, shaking his head.]

S: Hold on, Jason, let's get one thing straight... Stevie, last time I approached you about being on my team, I wanted to find out what kind of a man you were and I asked for nothing in return... but the one thing I didn't expect was that you would just go in and out of the Tower of Doom like you did.

HSS: Hey, I did my job, didn't I? I fought with your team, kicked some butt, and when it was done? I took a hike. My duty, as it were, was fulfilled and besides...there was a sweet spread in the back. Seriously, man, they had sushi. Sushi! Stevie Scott ain't missing out on sushi.

[An exasperated Supernova looks annoyed.]

S: OK, fine... but this time around, this isn't a situation in which you can just get in and get out of the match that quickly. This is a case in which, if you want to be my partner, you are going to have to be along for the whole ride, pal. You can't just show up, get whatever revenge you want on Dufresne and Broussard, and then take off... this ride continues as far as we may go through the Stampede Cup.

HSS: Alright, pal, all frivolity aside, here's the deal. Whether you like it or not...or whether I like it or not, you and me?

[Stevie points at the camera and then at himself with the last three words.]

HSS: We need each other. Let's face it, you ain't getting a better partner than yours truly. Especially this late in the ballgame. And me? Well...I don't have too many allies back there in the locker room, and I ain't making any apologies for what I've done in the AWA. But the battle lines have been drawn, 'Nova, and I think it's been made pretty damn clear as to which side I'm on.

[The Hotshot raises his eyebrows.]

HSS: So let's cut the drama and get to the brass tacks. You gonna accept my offer or not?

[Supernova looks down in thought before slowly raising his gaze.]

S: You want an answer? All right, here's my answer... I'm gonna accept your offer. You and I will team up for the Stampede Cup... but I just want you to remember that this is a commitment for the tournament as a whole. I don't doubt your talent, I don't doubt your credentials, but I still need answers as to what kind of a man you really are.

[Stevie smiles.]

HSS: Believe me, kid...you're gonna get plenty of answers as to who Stevie Scott is. And one more thing...

...you have chosen wisely.

[The split-screen shot goes away, leaving Jason Dane and Supernova standing behind.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, there you have it... Stevie Scott and Supernova will team up for the Stampede Cup! And Supernova, I believe it's match time for you.

[With a nod, Supernova walks slowly out of view, perhaps wondering if he made the right decision as we fade back into the ringside area of the Center Stage Theatre where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall... introducing first, to my left, from San Francisco, California, and weighing 245 pounds... MARTIN LEWIS!

[A dark-haired man raises his arms to the crowd, a big smirk on his face.]

And then Judas Priest's "You Got Another Thing Coming" kicks in over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response.]

PW: And his opponent... hailing from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...

IS...

SUPERNOVA!

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

GM: Listen to this crowd, Bucky... Supernova just electrifies the fans!

BW: Well, it's gonna take a lot more than that to beat the likes of Calisto Dufresne and Marcus Broussard! The way I see it, Supernova has bitten off way more than he can chew!

[As Supernova heads down the aisle, he is more than happy to slap the hands of the fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he ascends the steps, stopping on the apron to cup his hands to his mouth and howl to the crowd, before ducking between the ropes and then removing his vest.]

GM: Supernova heading into the Stampede Cup... and it looks like Stevie Scott will be at his side!

BW: Those two have never gotten along, Gordo... how can they possibly expect to beat Dufresne and Broussard, who clearly are willing to work together?

GM: I agree it remains to be seen if Supernova and Stevie can put their differences aside, but both men have scores to settle with Dufresne and Broussard and that may just be enough.

BW: And those scores are the one that concern themselves as individuals, not as a team, Gordo! They'll each only think about their own vendetta, not about working together like Dufresne and Broussard will!

[The bell has rung and Supernova meets Lewis in the middle of the ring, Lewis jawing with him.]

GM: We are underway... look at this young man Lewis getting in Supernova's face!

BW: Give the kid credit... he's not intimidated.

[Supernova returns a few words, and then Lewis surprises the fans by slapping Supernova in the face!]

GM: Oooh... look at that, Bucky!

BW: Once again, he's not intimidated.

GM: Maybe not, but that is still a big mistake!

[Supernova now gets a wild look in his eyes as Lewis suddenly backs away.]

GM: And you can see Lewis just figured that out!

[But then Lewis jams a finger into Supernova's eyes.]

BW: Ha! And then he just figured a way out of it!

GM: Lewis with a right hand... and another... a third... but look at that!

[Indeed, each shot has no effect on Supernova, who now turns to stare at Lewis and then flexes his arms, growling at Lewis.]

BW: He better switch to Plan B fast!

GM: Lewis with another right... Supernova blocks it! A right hand from the man from Venice Beach... another... now a stiff chop!

BW: He backed him into the ropes... Irish whip!

GM: Supernova charging Lewis... big clothesline takes him down!

[Lewis sits up on the mat, dazed, as Supernova cups his hand to his mouth and lets loose a howl!]

GM: Now Supernova in control... dragging Lewis up... a scoop and a slam!

BW: And off the ropes he comes... high elevation on that elbowdrop!

GM: You actually sound impressed, Bucky.

BW: I'm no Supernova fan, but I give the kid his due... he can wrestle really well! I just think he's got a long way to go before he can match up with somebody like Dufresne or Broussard!

[Supernova drags Lewis off the canvas, then sends him into the ropes.]

GM: Another Irish whip... Supernova lifts Lewis up onto his shoulders... Samoan drop takes Lewis down!

BW: He's got him up again... sending him into the corner.

GM: Supernova with a chop... but Lewis retaliates with another finger to the eye!

BW: When you get desperate, you do what you have to do.

[A blinded Supernova gets shoved into the corner by Lewis, who immediately unleashes a kick to the midsection, then grabs Supernova by the arm.]

GM: Irish whip to the other corner... Lewis charges in... eats a foot to the face!

BW: And Supernova's quickly pushing Lewis back into the corner... I know what's coming next!

[An Irish whip back to the other corner follows, then Supernova sets himself up.]

GM: Indeed, Bucky... HEAT WAVE!

BW: And that's a devastating move... I doubt Supernova would ever catch Broussard or Dufresne with it, but when he catches you, it's all over!

GM: But there's one more move that comes into play... the Solar Flare!

[Supernova ties Lewis' legs up and turns him over into the Texas cloverleaf.]

BW: And that's a painful hold, Gordon... and Lewis doesn't have a choice but to submit!

GM: This one is indeed over... another victory for this young man on the rise in the AWA!

[After calling for the bell, the referee motions to Supernova to break the hold, which he does after a few seconds.]

PW: The winner of the match... SUPERNOVA!

[The blonde wrestler gets his hand raised in victory, then lets loose another howl to the delight of the crowd.]

GM: Supernova with the win tonight but I imagine it will be tougher at the Stampede Cup.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo... not only does he have to get by Dufresne and Broussard, but he has to do it with Stevie Scott as his partner! Given what great wrestlers Dufresne and Broussard are, combined with the fact Supernova and Stevie don't get along... I say it will be a short tournament trip for Supernova and Stevie Scott!

GM: That remains to be seen, but what a match it will be in the first round of the Stampede Cup!

[Supernova exits the ring, slapping hands with fans leaning over the railing as he heads up the aisle. We crossfade back to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky have been joined by Ivan Kostovich, Vladimir Velikov, and Kolya Sudkaov - the Russians. The latter two are in their ring gear as Kostovich stands in a stylish white suit with an olive dress shirt underneath.]

GM: Fans, joining us at this time are-

[Kostovich interrupts.]

IK: Assuming your fans are not equally as blind as they are dumb, I am guessing they know who is joining you, Gordon Myers. But the question is - do YOU know who is joining you?

GM: I'm sorry?

IK: As you should be. But do you know who stands with you right now?

GM: I'm not sure I-

BW: Lemme give this a shot, Gordo. Comrade Ivan, are we standing with the next winners of the Stampede Cup tournament?

[Kostovich grins, clapping Bucky on the shoulder.]

IK: That you are, Comrade Wilde. A wise man stands beside you, Gordon Myers, you would do well to try and learn from him.

GM: I see. So, you are quite confident that your men, the Russians, will be the winners next weekend in Atlanta?

IK: It is a certainty.

GM: And why is that?

[Kostovich sneers.]

IK: Forget the fact that it has been proven time and time again that the Russian athlete is superior to the American athlete in every possible way. Ignore that the "luck of the draw" has provided us with a first round opponent that is absolutely no match for us.

GM: The team from Puerto Rico is-

IK: Is NOTHING in comparison to this team! They are enemies, Gordon Myers. They are rivals. They team together for money and glory... not the type of motivation that makes mortal men do immortal acts.

GM: And you have that type of motivation?

[Kostovich nods, pointing to Kolya Sudakov.]

IK: Look at that man. Look in his eyes, Gordon Myers. Understand what it is that he wants out of his career... what he wants out of his very life right now. And then understand that for him to achieve that, he MUST win this tournament.

GM: You're referring to the agreement you made with Mr. Sudakov. If these two win the tournament, Kolya Sudakov's contract with you will be declared null and void and you will let him walk free from your... ummm...

IK: Guidance. Yes, that is exactly what I refer to. Kolya knows that this is the biggest night of his life. Failure here will not be tolerated. Failure here ends with him back in our homeland for... re-education.

[Kostovich cracks an evil grin at that.]

IK: But success? Success gets him that what he seeks. Success gets him back to where he claims he belongs - in the bosom of these idiot fans and enveloped in the "land of the free."

[Kostovich spits.]

GM: But what do YOU get out of victory next weekend?

IK: Me?

[A smile.]

IK: I get to be proven correct all along. I get to stand with the Cup in my hands as Vladimir waves the flag of our people behind me. I get to show the world that America is on the precipice and the opportunity to cast it out into the third world is upon us.

I get to crack the foundation of America.

[A chuckle.]

IK: They will be very pleased back home with my work, Gordon Myers. And that's all the prize that I need.

[The Russians walk out in unison, leaving our announce team behind.]

GM: Alright, fans... the Russians seem to be ready for the Cup as well. They are one of the most successful duos in the history of the AWA so a victory in the Stampede Cup could be the icing on the cake for them, Bucky.

BW: They've never held the National Tag Team Titles but don't forget that Sudakov is a former National Champion and Velikov has held titles all over the United States for decades. If you count the Russians out this weekend, you're making a huge mistake.

GM: And speaking of teams that people may not be taking seriously enough, let's talk about the duo known as Dynasty. Eugene Robinson and Idol Austin are, with little argument, one of the greatest tag teams in the history of our sport. They were the longest reigning EMWC World Tag Team Champions of all time, Bucky.

BW: And that really tells you the kind of duo they are, Gordo. It was hard enough to win a major title in Los Angeles, let alone keep it. So, for them to have kept it longer than anyone else... including Hall of Fame tag teams like the Down Boys, the Epitome of Cool, and the Fraternity Boys... that says something.

GM: We here at the AWA realize that a lot of you out there may have never seen this tag team in action before so with a little negotiation, our friends at Empire Sports agreed to let us air this match - the night that Dynasty won the EMWC World Tag Team Titles - to give you a sample of what they're capable of. Now, as most of you know, the EMWC was not your ordinary wrestling promotion... they did things a little differently there... this match was conducted inside a steel cage that had a roof on top of it... and well, in the EMWC, anything goes in terms of the rules. The match is slightly edited from how it originally aired so that our broadcast partners at WKIK would allow us to show it but...

[Myers grins, shaking his head.]

GM: Viewer discretion is most CERTAINLY advised for this one, fans. From New Year's Eve, 2001 at the EMWC's New Year's Revolution event... Dynasty takes on the team of Simon Ezra and Tiger Claw AND the team of Devon Case and Chris Staley in one heck of a matchup. Take a look...

[We fade from Gordon and Bucky in the Center Stage Theatre to footage marked "COURTESY OF EMPIRE SPORTS - 12/31/01 - Staples Center - Los Angeles, California.

As we fade in, we see a roofed steel cage has been lowered over the ring and longtime EMWC ring announcer Ken Graham is standing in the center of the ring.]

KG: Our next match is a ROOFED CAGE match for the World Tag Team Titles!

The match will be conducted under elimination rules with both members of a tag team needing to be eliminated before the team is eliminated from the match!

Introducing first... the first set of challengers...

[Lights: Out.

A beat's pause, silence reigns supreme over the sea of fans. The crowd waits, agitated, despising the entrance that is about to follow.

__SKEEV-BOOM!__

"DY"

SKEEV-BOOM!

"NAS"

SKEEV-BOOM!

"TY"

____KA-BOOOOOOOOM!!!____

"DYNASTY!"

As if it were tradition, a familiar theme to wrestling enthusiasts but not so much when associated with the aforementioned names, ignites over the arena speakers sparking confusion amongst the crowd. The upbeat tempo of "Midnight Express" by Giorgio Moroder engulfs the arena, led by the loose, classic rock and roll guitar riffs and that are soon followed by a frenzy of boos as the powers of arrogance overtake the EMWC rampway.]

JS: Here come the challengers...looking as cocky as ever.

TM: With the rumors about Staley's EMWC exit running wild, I'd say they've got a reason to be cocky, Steggs.

JS: Perhaps. But you can't look past Claw and Ezra.

TM: Not if you value your life, no.

[Austin and Robinson. Robinson and Austin. However you say it, it still spells success. Austin, on our left, is wearing a black robe with fur trim on it with "Incredible" written on the back in silver letters. His shoulder length sandy blond hair is pulled back into a ponytail and yes, the sunglasses_ARE_on.

On our right, and beside his partner in crime, is Eugene Robinson. The slightly thinner but near twin to Idol sports the trademark black bandanna that wraps over his beach blonde hair. Scowling at the fans with his steel blue eyes, the bronzed-skin individual looks simply stunning in the sleeveless, silk black vest that tucks into the tight fitting golden, leather pants. Both men snicker as they eye the crowd, amused by imbeciles that pay their bills.

Finally, they hit the ring where Austin removes his robe and you see he is wearing black trunks with matching boots - the boots have "IA" on them in gold lettering. Eugene, on the other hand, merely slips off his silk shirt, wadding it up and firing at the official who is startled by the incoming object.]

KG: Weighing in at a combined 457 pounds...

IDOL AUSTIN, EUGENE ROBINSON...

DYYYYYYNAAAAASTY!!!

[Massive heel heat for the outspoken newcomers as they stand in their corner of the cage, waiting for their opponents to arrive.]

KG: And now...the other challengers in this three way match...

["Ten Ton Hammer" by Machine Head starts up to a phenomenal pop as Tiger Claw steps into view. The bald-headed Muay Thai warrior tosses a few phantom punches at the air, glaring down the aisle towards the massive steel cage.]

JS: Claw's focus is never broken... and right now it's locked on the cage and the World Tag Team Titles.

TM: Claw's never held those belts in the EMWC... he's been a tag champ elsewhere, but never here.

JS: Tonight could be the night, Todd. He looks ready.

TM: When doesn't he look ready, Steggs?

JS: Indeed.

[Claw pauses before heading down the ramp... and soon he is joined by "Blood Angel" Simon Ezra to a deafening pop!]

JS: Listen to the ovation for the Blood Angel!

TM: EMWC fans love their bloodthirsty savages, that's for sure.

JS: Ezra and Claw on their way down the ring... quite possibly the most destructive force ever created in the EMWC. I can't even imagine what brought these two together... and the damage that they'll create together, possibly right here tonight.

[The two men step into the cage, eyes locked on Dynasty as the four men wait for the champions to arrive.]

KG: And finally... they are the World Tag Team Champions... representing Redemption...

Chris Staley and..

DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEVON CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASE!!!

["Brand New God" by Danzig starts up to a massive heel pop from the Staples Center crowd. The boos somehow grow even louder as Staley and Case appear on the ramp. Case is dressed in his usual tights along with a

"Redemption" t- shirt. Staley looks focused... but doesn't interact with his partner as they make their way down the ramp towards the cage.]

JS: Here come the champs.

TM: Perhaps for the last time.

JS: We've recieved no word on what'll be done if Staley leaves the EMWC after this match and he's still a champion. Maybe another tournament?

TM: With the look on the faces of Claw and Ezra, I'd guess we're not gonna have to worry about it, Steggs.

JS: We shall see.

[Case and Staley step into the cage, tossing their belts to referee Dick Longfellow... who looks more than a bit uneasy about being locked inside a steel cage with these six men.]

JS: As you can tell, the cage is a little bigger than a normal roofed cage is.

TM: You know why?

JS: Actually, no... I haven't heard.

TM: We needed the extra room so the Golden God could spread his wings to fly.

JS: Gah... kill me now.

[As Case looks up at the cage roof, checking it out... the referee sets to work in trying to get four of the men outside the ring. Surprisingly, he doesn't have much trouble, easily getting Claw, Ezra, Staley, and Robinson out to the apron...leaving Devon Case and Idol Austin behind.]

JS: There's the bell and this one's underway! Case and Austin quickly out to the center of the ring... right into a collar and elbow tieup... and Austin quickly goes behind into a hammerlock on Case.

[Case starts searching for a way out immediately, first trying to grab a leg... then looking to grab for a snapmare. Finding nothing, he lashes back with an elbow into the side of Austin's head... a second one breaks the hold and the Golden God races to the ropes...]

TM: Mr. Match of the Year off the ropes... ducks a clothesline... off the far side...

JS: Drop toehold by Idol Austin! And he floats right into a half cra-

[But before Austin can apply the half Boston Crab, Case shoves his own body off the canvas, twisting so that he can pull Austin down into a rollup with his leg strength.]

JS: Rollup! One count only... Austin was right out of there. Right back to his feet... and Case meets him with a right hand... a second one stuns the challenger.

TM: Irish whip to the buckles by Ca- reversed by Austin!

[As Case races towards the corner with Austin charging in behind him, Case kips up... twisting his body in mid-air and taking Austin down to the canvas with a sunset flip rollup.]

JS: One! Austin rolls right out of it though... Case pops up to his feet...

[The Golden God hurls himself at Austin with a clothesline... but the challenger ducks it, causing Case to slam chestfirst into the buckles.]

JS: Case hits the corner...staggering back...OHHH! Big time reverse neckbreaker by Austin! And the champion's down early.

TM: Austin's right up... stomping Case into the mat. Idol Austin is all business here tonight. He knows that he can prove all the doubters wrong with this one match.

JS: The challenger pulls Case up by the hair... and shoves him back into the corner!

[Moving into the corner, Austin immediately starts choking out Devon Case, causing the champion to gasp for air. Referee Dick Longfellow steps in right away, forcing a break and forcing Austin to step back from the buckles. But as he does so, Eugene Robinson takes the opportunity to choke Case behind the ref's back.]

JS: Blatant choke by Robinson... but the referee is tied up with Austin.

TM: Great teamwork by Dynasty... they've got the definite teamwork advantage in this one and they're showing it right now. Using the referee against himself.

JS: Austin shoves the ref aside and he's moving back in to the corner now... tag to Eugene Robinson. Our first tag of the match... and here we go. Double whip by the challengers...

[As Case rebounds, Robinson and Austin hoist him up... each with a leg... and then _shove_ him back down to the canvas with a crushing double spinebuster.]

JS: Wow. High impact move by the challengers... and that had to knock the wind out of Devon Case.

TM: And they're not done, Steggs. Austin slaps on a Boston Crab... Robinson to the ropes...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Somersault legdrop across the back of Case's head and neck! Eugene Robinson showing off a bit now... he's taken some offense to Case being treated like a...like a...

TM: Golden God?

JS: Whatever.

[Idol Austin steps out to the apron as Eugene Robinson straddles the back of Case... and tees off!]

JS: He's slapping Case in the back of the head! Look at that... he's taunting Devon Case!

TM: Robinson's got guts... I'll give him that.

JS: He's also a jerk.

TM: I'll give him that too.

JS: Robinson just repeatedly slapping Case in the back of the head... and I'm no fan of Devon Case but this is totally uncalled for. A total lack of respect being shown by Dynasty. Finally he stops... and now he's pulling Case up to his feet again... irish whip...

TM: Case off the far side...ohhhhh! Tilt a whirl backbreaker by Robinson!

JS: And now it's Eugene Robinson who will go to the top rope first. He really wants to show up Case in this match, Todd.

TM: It sure looks like it. Robinson's going for the early high risk offen-

[But before the Dynasty member can leap from the top, Chris Staley races across the ring, trying to block him from assaulting his tag team champion partner.]

JS: Staley making the sav-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

TM: PIMPSLAP!!! Robinson pimpslapped Chris Staley!

[Reaching down from the top, Robinson grabs the stunned Staley in a front facelock... and then leaps from the top, spinning... and driving the champion's skull into the canvas with a high impact tornado DDT!]

JS: Good lord! Did you see Staley's head hit the canvas?! He got driven into the mat.

TM: Robinson's gotta love that... and Staley rolls right across the ring, trying to get away from the Dynasty member.

JS: And somewhere in the locker room, Chris Blue has to be scared to death. He already saw Mark Langseth lose the North American Title last week... if Case and Staley drop the tag titles here, Redemption may end 2001 without a title to their name!

TM: Or they may win the World Title in the main event, retain here, and walk out of 2001 ruling the damn roost.

JS: Robinson taunting Chris Staley... but Devon Case is on his feet behind Eugene Robinson! Eugene Rob-

[The Dynasty member turns around...right into a bearhug by Case.]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

JS: BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX!!! Case with the big suplex... and he's on top of Robinson now!

[Mr. Match of the Year immediately starts pounding the skull of Robinson, driving his fist into the temple over and over and over.]

JS: And now Case is slapping Robinson! He's returning the favor from earlier and Robinson's just getting pummeled by Devon Case!

[An irate Case leaps to his feet, yanking Robinson up as well... and quickly whipping him into the ropes.]

JS: Off the ropes...Case sidesteps... OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

JS: INTO THE CAGE!!! Case hurled Robinson facefirst into the cage!!!

[Dazed, Robinson staggers back towards the center of the ring... right where Devon Case is waiting...]

JS: Case has got him again... what's he-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

JS: INTO THE OPPOSITE WALL!!!

[Again Robinson staggers from the steel mesh... right into Case's waiting hands...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

JS: THIRD TIME'S A CHARM!!!

TM: Robinson's getting hurled around like a rag doll by the champ!

JS: Here we go again!

[But this time as Robinson rebounds back... Case lashes out... with an eyegouge that floors Robinson.]

JS: Hehehe.

TM: And the fans are rallying behind Devon Case!

[The cheers quickly turn to their normal boos as Case stares right at Tiger Claw, taunting the former World Champion to climb into the ring and "bring it"... something Claw is more than happy to do.]

JS: CLAW IS IN! CLAW IS IN!

[A massive pop goes up for Tiger Claw... but it quickly dies as referee Dick Longfellow stops Claw from checking in, trying to get him back out to the apron. Case mocks Claw from a distance...and Staley quickly joins his partner in the ring, helping put the boots to the downed Eugene Robinson.]

JS: A Redemption double team on Robinson while the ref tries to get Claw out of the ring... and it looks like they're gonna pull Robinson up.

TM: Double whip... and a double boot to the gut.

[With Robinson stunned, Redemption strikes. Chris Staley drops down to the canvas with a spinning leg sweep while Case leaps into the air with a spinning leg lariat... the combination of which completely obliterates Robinson, dumping him down on the mat in a pile.]

JS: TOTAL ELIMINATION BY THE CHAMPS!!

TM: Case makes the cover... and here comes Dick!

JS: ONE!!!! TWO!!!! Robinson kicks out!

[Case immediately pulls Robinson up off the mat, snapmaring him back down.]

JS: Snap mare by the champ... to the ropes...

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

[DEAFENING POP!]

JS: SIMON EZRA JUST TAGGED HIMSELF IN!!!

[Case spins around, having felt the blind tag, to yell at whoever tagged him.. but as he spots the Blood Angel, he quickly backpedals across the ring, exiting through the ropes.]

JS: Simon Ezra is in the match... and here he goes!

[The Blood Angel tears across the ring and launches himself into a dropkick to the face of the seated Robinson, knocking him to the mat.]

JS: Simon Ezra with a choke... a blatant choke on Robinson! Longfellow's begging Ezra to break the hold... but the Blood Angel is ripping the air right out of Eugene Robins-

[Seeing his partner in peril, Idol Austin slides into the ring, races across, and drives a knee into the back of Simon Ezra, breaking the Blood Angel's grasp on Robinson's throat.]

JS: Austin saves his partner... and now he's going after Ezra. He pulls Ezra up... irish whip...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

JS: Spinning spinebuster by Idol Austin!

TM: He's going for a Boston Crab!

[But before he can lock it on, Tiger Claw steps into the ring and uncorks a gorgeous spinning back kick that levels Austin!]

JS: Claw saves Ezra... and now he's pulling Ezra up!

[With Austin down at their feet, Claw picks the Blood Angel up into an atomic drop lift... and then dumps him down so that his leg crashes down across the throat of Idol Austin! Big pop!]

JS: Innovative double team by Tiger Claw and Simon Ezra... and Claw pulls Austin up again... what's he-?!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

JS: INTO THE CAGE!!! CLAW THREW AUSTIN OVER THE TOP AND INTO THE CAGE!!!

TM: And Idol Austin slumps down to the apron in a heap. Claw just made him pay the price for saving Eugene Robinson. Dynasty's being torn apart by Claw and Ezra.

JS: Claw exits the ring... and Ezra's going after Robinson now.

[The Blood Angel yanks Robinson to his feet and right into a waistlock... to which a panic-stricken Robinson replies by firing his elbow back into the side of Ezra's head once...twice...and a third one breaks the hold as he races to the ropes.]

JS: Robinson off the far si-

[MASSIVE POP!]

JS: GOOD GOD!!! Lunging lariat by the Blood Angel!

TM: And Robinson nearly had his head removed from his shoulders, Stegglet! Incredible impact on that lariat... especially when you consider how small Ezra actually is.

JS: Ezra makes the cover! ONE!!!! TWO!!!! No! Robinson slips a shoulder up.

TM: As much impact was behind that lariat, it's gonna take a lot more than that to finish off any of the six men in this match, Steggs.

JS: I've gotta agree with that. But Ezra stays on the attack, pulling a dazed Robinson up again. He's really taking a pounding in there right now... and Ezra shoves him back into the corner.

[The Blood Angel moves in, slapping the hand of Tiger Claw to bring the former World Champion into the match. The two former archrivals corner Robinson and tear into him with a barrage of punches, kicks, elbows, headbutts, and just about every strike imaginable...essentially causing Robinson to collapse in the corner like he's melting.]

JS: Good lord.

TM: Now _that's_ an asswhuppin'.

JS: Indeed. And they're not done. They pull Robinson up... double whip to the opposite corner...

[Grabbing his partner by the arm, Ezra fires Claw towards the stunned Robinson. Claw races across the ring before doing a complete flip and _driving_ his leg into the face and chest of Robinson with a koppou kick.]

TM: Robinson can barely stand. He needs to get the hell out of there, Stegglet.

JS: He definitely does. Idol Austin is waiting for the tag... watching his partner get obliterated by two of the most dangerous men to ever step inside an EMWC ring.

TM: Robinson staggers out of the corner...HERE COMES EZRA!!

[A huge pop erupts as the Blood Angel connects with a crushing spear tackle that seemingly breaks Robinson in half.]

JS: Dear...god.

TM: These two are slaughtering Eugene Robinson, Steggy. This isn't even sportsmanlike.

LD: You thought Ezra and Claw were sportsmen?

JS: She's got a point. And now it's Ezra who steps out of the ring as Claw.. Claw makes the cover! ONE!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!

[But before the referee can bring his arm down for a possible three count, the pin is broken up.]

JS: Devon Case...what the hell is he thinking?! He just dropped a leg off the top rope on the back of Claw's head!

TM: I don't get it, Steggs.

JS: Case has Claw facefirst on the mat now... beating the back of his head relentlessly! What the hell has gotten into Devon Case?!

LD: He's trying to show up Claw... he didn't want Claw to get a pin... especially the first pin of the match.

JS: If that's the case... no pun intended... he's lost his damn mind.

TM: Longfellow's trying to pull Case off of Claw... trying to get the Golden God back out to the apron.

JS: Case is getting pulled of-

[Suddenly, with no one holding him down, Tiger Claw springs to his feet and dives at the restrained Devon Case, tackling him down to the mat. He immediately moves into the mount.]

JS: Mounted punches on the champion!

TM: Case is in trouble- here comes Staley!

[Slipping into the ring, Staley connects with a hard kick across the face of Claw, knocking him off his partner.]

JS: And it's Chris Staley who makes the save on Case. Staley's pulling Claw up off the mat though... he's gonna do more than bail out his tag team partner... he's gonna...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

JS: Released northern lights suplex by the champ! Staley hurled Claw across the ring... but he's not done! Staley's helping Case back to his feet now as well... and...

[The tag team champions pause for a moment to gather themselves... and then race across the ring, leaping into the air with a double shoulderblock that sends Claw flying back into the cage wall before falling down to the mat.]

JS: The Redemption team is doing a number on Tiger Claw... here comes Ezra!

TM: No! Longfellow won't let Ezra in to help! He's holding the Blood Angel back!

JS: What?! Why?! Redemption's not in there legally, dammit. Claw and Robinson are the legal men in this match. If you're gonna let two illegal people in, let 'em all in!

TM: Redemption's stepping out to the apron... leaving Claw and Robinson alone inside the ring again.

JS: Not for long! In comes Idol Austin!

TM: The ref's still tied up with Ezra! He doesn't even know Austin's in there.

JS: Austin pulls Robinson up... and now they're both pulling Claw up to his feet. What's going on now?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Austin gestures for Robinson to climb the ropes.]

TM: They're going for the spike piledriver, Steggy!

JS: We've seen them use this move on both Claw and Ezra in recent weeks and absolutely _laid out_ both men with it. And if they hit it right here and right now, I think Tiger Claw's night is finished!

TM: Robinson's climbing the ropes... it looks like he's going all the way to the top. Most teams use the spike piledriver with the spike being applied from the middle rope.

JS: Maybe Dynasty wants to be sure they put Claw down for the three count.

TM: Austin's got Claw in a standing headscissor... just waiting for Robinson to get into position.

JS: He's up there... and Austin lift- blocked by Claw! What the-?!

[HUGE POP!]

JS: CLAW BACKDROPS AUSTIN!!! He countered the spike piledriver!

[A stunned Robinson is helpless as Claw lashes out with a right hand...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: ROBINSON GETS CROTCHED!!! Eugene Robinson got crotched on the top rope!

TM: And Claw's climbing up there after him! Robinson paid the price right there and Claw's gonna see if he can squeeze a little more out of this situation.

[The crowd begins to roar as Claw steps up to the top rope, hooking Robinson for a suplex... and then hoists him into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[BIG POP!]

JS: SUPERPLEX!! SUPERPLEX BY CLAW!!! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Heel pop!]

JS: Robinson got the shoulder up! He's not done yet.

TM: But neither is Claw.

[The Muay Thai warrior grabs a handful of Robinson's hair, pulling him back to his feet... and driving his knee up into the face of Robinson, knocking him back into the corner.]

JS: Hard knee strike by Claw... and he's moving in on Robinson again.

TM: Here comes Austin!

[Trying to save his partner, Austin races across the ring at the exposed back of the former World Champion... who simply sidesteps, sending Austin right into his own partner in the buckles. Big pop!]

JS: Collision in the buckles! Austin nailed his partner accidentally... and he falls back out of the corner.

TM: Robinson looks staggered... he's gonna fall to-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Oh dear.

[The crowd roars with approval as the Extreme Screen fills with the shot of Idol Austin, writhing in agony on the mat as Eugene Robinson fell headfirst into his own partner's groin.]

JS: Austin's gonna be feeling that one for a while. And Claw makes the tag!

[Another big crowd pop for the Blood Angel as he slides into the ring, yanking the dazed Robinson off the canvas.]

JS: Claw and Ezra with the double team... to the ropes goes Robinson...

[And as he rebounds, Claw and Ezra turn back to back before hoisting the Dynasty member up into a double fireman's carry.]

JS: What the-?!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: DOUBLE DVD!!! GOOD GOD!!! A DOUBLE DEATH VALLEY DRIVER!!!

TM: Robinson's a dead man, Stegglet. No way in hell he gets up from that!

[And to make sure Redemption doesn't interrupt the count, Claw takes up a defensive position as Ezra dives atop Robinson.]

JS: ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Austin makes the save! Austin saved his partner right there!

TM: That was close, Stegglet. Robinson was almost eliminated from this match.

JS: And now Austin's in the sights of Tiger Claw!

[Claw moves towards Austin, chasing him back into a corner... where Claw immediately goes to work with a barrage of rights and lefts, pummeling the face of Austin relentlessly.]

JS: Claw's got Austin cornered... and Ezra's pulling Robins-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: LOW BLOW ON EZRA!!! Robinson goes low on the Blood Angel!

[With the Blood Angel stunned, Robinson goes to help his partner... who is now the victim of closed fists to the face from Claw, who is standing on the middle rope.]

JS: Claw's beating the hell out of Austin... but he doesn't see Robinson coming up from behind.

TM: No he doesn't... what's Robinson gonna do?! Claw's very vulnerable in that position!

[Ducking his head, Robinson goes underneath Claw, causing Claw to slip onto Robinson's shoulders as he stands up to his full height.]

JS: Electric chair lift by Robinson! He's got Claw up on his shoulders... and Idol Austin, a dazed Idol Austin is climbing the ropes!

TM: Robinson turns his back... what the hell are they-?!

[Austin leaps from the top rope, a rarity for the master of the mat... and _slams_ Claw facefirst into the canvas with a bulldog headlock off the shoulders of his partner.]

JS: Top rope bulldog... Austin covers! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! THRE-

[Big pop!]

JS: Claw slips a shoulder up! He's not done yet!

TM: And Dynasty's turning their attention to the recovering Blood Angel.

JS: Who the hell is legal in this match?!

TM: Who the hell cares?! Chaos rules!

JS: Robinson pulls Ezra to his feet... Robinson to the ropes... Austin to the opposite ropes...

[The two Dynasty members race towards the dazed Blood Angel.. and at the last moment, Robinson drops down into a roll, sweeping the legs of Ezra out from under him as Austin delivers a crushing clothesline that sends Ezra toppling head over heels.]

JS: DOUBLE GOOZLE!!! And Austin makes a cover on Ezra!
ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! THRE-

[Huge pop!]

JS: Ezra kicks out! Dynasty can't believe it!

TM: Robinson's screaming at the ref... but it won't do any good.

[An enraged Robinson yanks Ezra off the canvas, shoving him over to Austin as he starts to climb the ropes.]

JS: It looks like... yes, Dynasty's going for another spike piledriver... this time on Simon Ezra.

TM: Austin in position again... hoping this one works better than the last attempt.

JS: Robinson up to the top... telling Austin to go for the piledriv-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: CASE CROTCHES ROBINSON UP TOP!!!

TM: Robinson's gotta be getting a little sick of that.

JS: Devon Case is climbing the ropes next to Robinson... he leaps off!

[And the crowd pops as Case leaps over Austin, yanking him down to the canvas with a top rope sunset flip.]

JS: SUNSET FLIP BY CASE!!! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Robinson... Eugene Robinson with a desperation dive off the top rope to save his partner! Incredible!

TM: Robinson's showing a lot of guts here tonight, Steggs.

JS: He saved Austin right there... and Staley steps back into the ring now, pulling Ezra up off the mat... and _shoving_ him back into the corner.

[With the lifeless Ezra at his mercy, the former Vagabond muscles him up onto the top rope... and then starts climbing up as well.]

JS: He's going for the Crown of Thorns! He's gonna try and finish off the Blood Angel!

TM: And what a coup it would be for Chris Staley to eliminate Simon Ezra from this match... even if this is his last EMWC match, what a farewell gift that'd be.

JS: Staley's got him hooked... wait a second...

[Case shouts out for Staley to hold up... and then walks underneath Staley, putting his partner up on his shoulders. Case walks out to the center of the ring, Staley on his shoulders with Ezra still up in a fireman's carry.]

JS: What the hell is this?!

TM: Case has got him up on- OH MY GOD!!!

"THUUUD!"

[The crowd audio is very obviously muted for a prolonged period of time - presumably at the order of WKIK for the crowd's profane reaction to what they just saw.]

JS: STACKED DEATH VALLEY DRIVER BY REDEMPTION!!!

TM: How the hell could Ezra _ever_ get up from that?! Staley with a DVD off the shoulders of his tag team partner in the center of the damn ring... and Staley makes the cover!

JS: ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
THREE

"OHH!"

JS: NO! NO! CLAW MADE THE SAVE IN TIME!!

TM: How the hell did he do that?! Tiger Claw just _barely_ saved Ezra. He was done for, Stegglet...done for. He wasn't getting up from that stacked DVD.

JS: And Dick Longfellow just backed up... he's lost all control of this one and he knows it.

TM: Unleash hell, baby!

[With all rules out the window, Claw dives towards his rival, knocking Devon Case back into the corner. But as the Muay Thai warrior prepares to unleash a barrage of strikes on Mr. Match of the Year... the other Redemption member strikes.]

JS: Staley nails Claw from behind! He's trying to keep Case out of Claw's grasp... and he pulls Claw into a full nelson.

TM: Holding him for Case... Case is set!

[Racing across the ring, the Golden God unleashes one of his hellacious Yakuza kicks...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[HUGE POP!]

JS: HE HIT STALEY!!! CASE NAILED STALEY!!!

TM: Claw moved out of the way just in time... and Staley just collapsed like he'd been shot!

[Case looks down in shock at his partner... allowing Claw to slip in behind his enemy...]

JS: Claw's behind Case... Case doesn't know it!

[MASSIVE POP!]

JS: KATA HA JIME!! CLAW'S CHOKING OUT DEVON CAS-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Idol Austin nails Claw from behind! He nails him from behind to break the hold... and he pulls Claw right into an inverted facelock...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

JS: IDOLATRY!!! The inverted DDT by Austin! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! THRE-

[Big pop!]

JS: Claw gets the shoulder up again!

TM: And don't look now, but Eugene Robinson's up top again!

JS: Claw's down... Austin clears...

[And Robinson takes to the sky with a massive frog splash... that _drives_ the air out of Claw on impact.]

JS: Frog splash! Frog splash by Robinson!

TM: Austin wants to cover... but Robinson's waving him off. What the hell?!

JS: I don't get this at all! Austin almost had Claw pinned with the DDT... why doesn't Robinson want to try for the pin now?!

TM: He's... he's pulling Claw up... and he's putting him up on the top rope!

[Austin looks a little confused as Robinson starts to climb the ropes again. Robinson tells Austin to drag the still motionless Blood Angel into position as he reaches the top rope, driving a few right hands into the head of Claw to keep him there.]

JS: What the hell are they doing?

TM: I have no idea.

JS: Austin's got Ezra where Robinson wants him... and Robinson... oh my god! Is he-?!

[The crowd erupts in a deafening buzz as Robinson steps up from the top rope... up onto the shoulders of Tiger Claw.]

JS: He's on Claw's shoulders! Robinson's standing up on Tiger Claw's shoulders! What the hell is he doing?! What the hell- HE LEAPS!!!

[And the crowd rises to its feet in unison as Robinson hurls his body from the extremely high perch, flipping through the air... and _crashing_ down across the chest of the Blood Angel with an incredible, breathtaking swanton splash!

The reaction of the crowd is again muted - thanks WKIK!]

JS: SWANTON OFF THE SHOULDERS OF CLAW!!! Eugene Robinson just raised the bar and put it way the hell up there!

TM: An incredible move, Stegglet...and Ezra's gotta be done for after that.

JS: This crowd is going nuts. They've never seen anything like that and frankly, neither have I. A breathtaking dive by Eugene Robinson... a definite highlight reel maker.

[Pulling himself off the mat, cradling his back from where he crashed into the mat, Robinson forces a smirk at the recovering Devon Case.]

JS: He's not covering Ezra!

TM: He's taunting Case! It's almost like he's trying to steal the show from the original EMWC showstealer! He wants to play "can you top that" with Devon Case!

JS: Case is looking at Robinson... is he gonna take Robinson's challenge?!

[With a roaring crowd cheering him on to take the dare, Case glares at Robinson... and quickly flips him off.]

JS: Is that a no?!

[But before we can find out, Idol Austin strikes again, nailing Case from behind and knocking him back into the corner where he immediately goes to work, driving knees up into the ribs of the champion.]

JS: Devon Case doesn't get a chance to answer the challenge... he doesn't get a chance to "top that"... and Idol Austin is working him over as Eugene Robinson...is he going up again?!

TM: Sure looks like it.

JS: What the hell is he thinking?!

[But this time, Robinson slips his legs over the shoulders of Claw, calling for a top rope victory roll... but before he executes the move...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Case goes low! Case kicks Austin right through the uprights!

[And without skipping a beat, Mr. Match of the Year races across the ring, springing off the middle rope...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The audio goes silent again for a moment, Case having sprung off the ropes and slapped the taste out of Robinson's mouth.

And with Robinson dazed, Case begins climbing... and climbing... and climbing... until he finds himself up on the metal cage.]

JS: Case is up on the cage... and he's... oh my god!

[The crowd explodes into a roar as Case steps from the cage wall, onto the shoulders of Eugene Robinson... who is still atop the shoulders of Tiger Claw, who is sitting motionless straddling the top turnbuckle.]

TM: Case is on a double stack of human flesh!

JS: He's gonna fly, Todd! You know he will! The Golden God is about to fly!

[With a roaring crowd cheering him on, Case looks down... steadies himself... cracks one arrogant smirk... and _hurls_ his body from the top rope... through the sky... through a sea of flash bulbs... down...down...down.... down...

"THUUUD!"

.....Impact!

AGAIN, the audio goes mute for the crowd reaction to what they just saw - the WKIK code of broadcast conduct seems to be far too strict for EMWC action.]

JS: My god! My god in heaven! That's the damndest thing I've ever seen in my life, Todd!

TM: A frog splash off the shoulders of two stacked men on the top rope!

JS: Devon Case with the damndest dive I've ever seen... and...

[Case lies on the canvas, having bounced off of Ezra from the impact of the splash, lying motionless next to the Blood Angel.]

JS: Ezra's down... Case is down... Staley's down... Austin's starting to recover while Robinson and Tiger Claw are still up on the ropes.

[The camera catches a glimpse of Eugene Robinson's face, covering with a mixture of shock and rage... and then rage takes over as he steps up onto the shoulders of Claw once again... and takes flight!]

JS: He leaps!

"THUUUD!"

[MASSIVE POP!]

JS: SOMERSAULT LEGDROP OFF THE SHOULDERS OF CLAW!!!

TM: Tiger Claw's like a damn launching pad over there!

JS: Robinson can't make the cover either. It looks like a damn train wreck in

there... there's bodies strewn everywhere. And the only person who is moving is Idol Austin!

[Austin pulls the badly hurt Case off the canvas, hoisting him up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry... and then hurling him over his head, bringing him down across his knee in a ribbreaker.]

JS: Austin going right to work on the injured area of Case.

TM: Chris Staley's getting back to his feet... and it looks like he's going after Claw again. He's gonna take Claw down off the top again.

JS: But Claw looks like he's starting to recover...

[As Staley reaches the corner, Claw lashes out with a palm strike to the face that sends a splash of blood off the face of the former Vagabond. With Staley stunned, Claw hooks in an inverted facelock from his top rope sitting position... and leaps over the top of Staley...]

JS: SYNDICUTTER!!!

[MASSIVE POP!]

JS: STALEY GETS DRIVEN INTO THE MAT!!! He just got his head _driven_ into the mat by Tiger Claw... and Claw's on his feet! Claw's feeling a second wind!

[And as he spots Devon Case, he marches across the ring... physically hurling Idol Austin aside as he lashes into Case with a stiff kick to the ribcage of Mr. Match of the Year.]

JS: Claw's going after Case again...

TM: Austin's gonna nail Claw... no, he thought better of it.

JS: He just spotted Staley lying motionless on the mat... and he's making Robinson get back up. The dazed Eugene Robinson heading up to the middle rope... Austin's pulling Staley up...

[And with no one else in the match paying any attention, Austin hoists up Staley as Robinson leaps from the top, pushing down on the feet and _spiking_ the former Vagabond's skull into the canvas!]

JS: SPIKE PILEDRIVER!! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[A weary Robinson gets up, raising an arm triumphantly.]

KG: Chris Staley has been ELIMINATED from this match!

[Big pop!]

JS: Staley's gone... and if Devon Case can't outlast the other four men in this match, we're gonna see new tag team champions crowned here tonight in Los Angeles!

TM: And Dynasty's going after Ezra. While Claw works over Devon Case in one corner... Dynasty's going to work on Ezra in the opposite.

[The barely conscious Blood Angel stands in the corner, being hammered by both members of Dynasty... when suddenly... he snaps!]

JS: Right hand by Aust- blocked by Ezra!

[Reaching out, Ezra grabs a handful of Austin's hair... and slams his face into the steel mesh, causing Austin to collapse to the canvas. Robinson attempts to keep Ezra cornered, but a barrage of right hands followed by a stiff headbutt to the mouth turns the tide.]

JS: We've got Claw working over Case in one corner and Ezra working over Robinson in the other!

TM: I don't even know how Ezra is standing after the punishment he's taken.

JS: Ezra calls out to Claw... double whip coming up!

[Both men fire their victim out to the center of the ring, destined for a collision. However, as they get close to each other, Case extends his arm for a clothesline... a clothesline that Robinson easily ducks... right before running right into a shin kick from Tiger Claw!]

JS: Ezra ducks the clothesline too... Case slams into the buckles!

TM: Case staggers out... Ezra... wheelbarrows him up!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

JS: THE FALL!!! THE FALL ON CASE!!! Inverted front layout powerbomb! That should do it for the Golden God. The Golden God has just Fallen from grace!

TM: That's not funny, Stegglet!

[Ezra flips Case over, going for a pin... but just before he does, Claw drops down on the motionless Robinson, unconscious from the shin kick.]

JS: DOUBLE COVER!!! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Ezra and Claw both rise up from their victims, arms raised.]

KG: Ladies and gentlemen, Eugene Robinson has been ELIMINATED from the match!

[The crowd erupts in a confused buzz.]

JS: What?! What about Case?!

LD: I don't think Dick saw him, Jonnie. He was counting Robinson down since Claw made the cover first... he didn't even know Case was being pinned.

JS: Devon Case should be out of this match! We should be one fall away from new World Tag Team Champions! Case got lucky... he got lucky and Ezra got screwed!

TM: Oh, calm down, Steggy... your boys still have the edge.

JS: Case is crawling... trying to get away from Ezra and Claw!

[Ezra turns to go after Case... but a charging Idol Austin nails him, knocking him into the ropes. Claw turns to help, but then opts to go after Devon Case instead.]

JS: Austin's got Ezra on the ropes... irish whip...

TM: Clothesli- ducked by the Blood Angel. Waistlock!

[illegible]

[HUGE POP!]

JS: RELEASED GERMAN SUPLEX ON AUSTIN!!!!

TM: And the Blood Angel wants to fly!

[As Ezra starts to make the climb to the top rope, Case staggers out of the buckles... right into Tiger Claw, whose brutal spin kick knocks Case right back into the corner.]

JS: Devon Case can barely stand, Todd.

TM: Shut up, Stegglet! He's doing fine!

JS: Ezra's up top! Claw's got Case cornered!

TM: If Ezra hits this, Dynasty's night is over!

[The Blood Angel stops for a moment, looking down at his prey... and then hurls himself into the sky, tucking his body as he does a complete front flip before slamming down onto Idol Austin with a crushing 450 splash!]

JS: 450! 450 splash on Austin!

TM: Dynasty's done, Stegglet.

JS: If Ezra can make the cover, I think you're right. The Blood Angel bounced off from the impact... and he's trying to make the cov-

[But as Ezra starts to cover, Claw gestures for him to come to the corner to help with Case.]

JS: Claw just waved off the pin! He wants to punish Devon Case!

TM: Claw's focus on Case may cost them this match, Stegglet. That's at least twice that he's sacrificed the team's goals to go after Devon Case! Idol Austin should be out of this match but Claw's selfish!

JS: You might be right, Todd. Idol Austin's barely moving... just clutching his ribs in agony from that huge 450 by Ezra. Simon Ezra is passing up the pin to help Claw with Case... and that could come back to haunt them.

[Getting to the corner, Ezra yanks Case from the buckles, swinging him up and dropping him down across his knee with a side backbreaker as Tiger Claw climbs up to the top rope.]

JS: Ezra holding the backbreaker... and Claw's gonna fly!

[The Muay Thai warrior leaps from the top rope... and drives his shin and knee down across the throat of the Redemption member with a Golden Tiger Strike.]

JS: Golden Tiger Strike on Case!

TM: I think either Case or Austin is easy pickings right now, Stegglet!

JS: I think you're righ- Claw covers Case! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! THRE-

[Massive shocked pop!]

JS: Case got his foot on the ropes! Devon Case with a foot on the ropes! Can you believe it?!

TM: I can't and it doesn't look like Tiger Claw can either!

LD: But it's not Claw who picks up Case for more...Ezra just yanked Case up... oh! He slapped Case across the face...

JS: Handful of hair...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

JS: INTO THE STEEL!!! INTO THE CAGE GOES CASE!!!

TM: And he drops down between the ropes and the wall! Ezra hurled him over the ropes... incredible.

JS: Case is down... Austin's still down too.

TM: Actually, Case was able to stay on his feet...

[But as Claw and Ezra approach, it seems unlikely that he'll stay that way.]

JS: Here comes Claw!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

JS: OHHHHH MY!!!

TM: Claw with a Yakuza kick to the back of Case's head... and that drives his face into the steel mesh!

LD: I think he's busted open too, guys.

JS: I can't tell just yet, but...

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

JS: GOOD GOD!!! Ezra with a lunging enzuilariato and Case's face just bounced right off the steel again.

TM: And Lori's right... Case has been split open by that metal mesh.

JS: Devon Case has been lacerated... and now Claw's moving in again.

[The Muay Thai warrior clears Ezra out of the way, giving him room for a huge swinging shin kick to the back of Case's head... which slams his face into the mesh again and just leaves him hanging onto the metal, trying not to fall to the mat.]

JS: Case has been badly busted open now! Repeated drives into the mesh have split the head of the Redemption member... of the World Tag Team Champion wide open...

TM: Claw pulls him back into the ring...and he just falls to the mat. Case can't even stand on his own.

JS: Claw waves Ezra up... they're gonna finish him off now, I think.

TM: About time.

JS: Simon Ezra is climbing up... up to the top rope...

[Ezra stops, looking down at Case... and then opting to go higher... and higher... and higher...]

JS: Ezra wants to play "Can you top this" too!

JS: Austin's trying to hang on... trying to find a way out of this.

[But as the screams of Austin fill the air, someone provides a way out.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Running dropkick to the side of the head by Case! Case broke the hold... how the hell is he even walking?! Look at him! He looks like his face has been through a meat grinder!

TM: Case and Austin are gonna work together now! Claw's done for, Stegglet!

JS: It certainly looks like the odds are against him. Double whip by Case and Austin... and a double boot to the gut!

[Case and Austin exchange a few words and Austin steps forward, hoisting Claw up in a modified bearhug as Case races to the ropes... then to the far side... then rebounds back...]

JS: Off the ropes... LEAPING CLOTHESLINE!!! And Case makes the cover! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! THRE- What the hell?!

[Huge pop!]

JS: Idol Austin just pulled Devon Case off of Tiger Claw!

TM: What the hell did he do that for?!

JS: I have no idea... he's...Austin covers Claw! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! THRE-

[Another massive pop!]

JS: Case pulls Austin off Claw!

TM: Dammit! They're fighting over who gets to pin him! JUST PIN HIM!!!

JS: Case and Austin are arguing with each other... and in the meantime, they're giving Tiger Claw time to recover!

[The verbal war quickly turns physical as Austin shoves Case... and Case returns the favor.]

JS: This is breaking down, Todd.

TM: No, dammit, no! Work together!

[And a huge pop erupts as Case lashes out with a right hand, Austin returns the favor, and soon we have a slugfest on our hands.]

JS: Case and Austin! Austin and Case! They're trading right hands in the

center of the cage and Tiger Claw's gotta be loving this!

TM: If he's conscious.

JS: Indeed.

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Case with an eyegouge on Austin!

[And as the Dynasty member staggers away, Case moves in for the kill, hooking the arms of Austin and hoisting him up for the spinning Kudoh Driver he calls Case Closed.]

JS: Case Closed coming up!

TM: If he hits this, it's over, Steggy.

JS: I agree... it definitely will be.

[But Austin uses his own momentum to drop down out of the move, landing on his feet, and ducking under Case to hoist him up in an electric chair lift.]

JS: Case is up in the air... up on the shoulders of the challenger!

TM: Austin looks like he's not sure what to do with him.. like he's not-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: SITOUT FACEFIRST POWERBOMB!!!

TM: Case got slammed facefirst into the canvas by Idol Austin! Great move by Austin to counter the Case Closed and...

JS: He covers! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Case gets the shoulder up! He gets the shoulder up! Good lord! How the hell is Case so resilient?!

TM: Austin's showing great focus here... not bitching at Dick, just pulling Case right back up and staying on the attack.

JS: Standing headscissor!

[Austin pauses for a second... and then hoists Case up into position...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

JS: BIG TIME PILEDRIIVER!!! Austin covers again! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! THRE-

[Massive shocked pop!]

JS: Um... did I see that right?!

TM: You sure did.

JS: Tiger Claw just... _saved_ Devon Case?!

TM: He wants to finish Case himself, Stegglet... there's no question.

JS: But in the meantime, he's enraged Idol Austin... and Austin's stomping the hell out of Claw now as well. Claw just made a desperation save to break the pin... just threw his body at the pinfall attempt.

TM: And Austin's pulling the weary Claw to his feet... inverted facelock!

[But Austin's second attempt at the Idolatry falls short as Claw shows off his flexibility by snapping off a pair of kicks to the head of Austin to break the hold.]

JS: Austin staggers back... Claw back to a vertical base... Austin with a right han- ducked by Claw!

[And with Austin's momentum going the other way, Claw steps up on the back of Austin's calf, spinning and driving his own calf into the back of Austin's skull! Big pop!]

JS: Step up enzugiri by the former World Champion!

TM: One of the trademark moves by Tiger Claw... and Austin's not moving.

JS: But Claw's not going for the cover... instead, Tiger Claw pulls the dazed Austin off the canvas. What's he gonna do here?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Claw sets Austin up on the top rope.]

JS: Claw's got him up top... he's going for another Syndicutter! He's going for-

[But the diamond cutter from the top never happens as Austin drives two fists to the throat of Claw, staggering him enough to slap on an inverted facelock... and leap off the top rope, driving the back of Claw's skull into the canvas with a sit-out Idolatry. Big mixed pop!]

JS: What a counter by Idol Austin!

TM: Claw might be done for there... he might be out cold.

JS: Austin cradles the legs! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
THRE-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JS: Good god! Both feet to the face in a dropkick by Devon Case! He broke the pin... and now it's Case who is determined to be the one who eliminates Tiger Claw from this match. Their rivalry is heating up more and more every week and we're seeing it take center stage in this one!

[All three men lie on their backs on the canvas, sucking wind, trying to get the energy to get up and fight some more. The crowd rises to its feet, cheering on their favorites, inspiring them to continue.]

JS: The Staples Center is going _nuts_!

TM: They're seeing a fantastic match and giving it the respect it deserves, Stegglet. Gotta love EMWC fans.

JS: Case is starting to stir... Austin and Claw are still down. All three men have taken a tremendous amount of punishment here tonight so far.

[And it's the bloodied Case who gets to his feet first... continuing to amaze everyone with his incredible resilience.]

JS: Case is up... barely. He looks like he's on the verge of passing out... but somehow he's on his feet.

TM: The man went 60 minutes with three men... he went over 90 with Jake Shaw... you think he's gonna stay down cause Idol Austin's gotten a few lucky shots in?

JS: A few lucky shots?! Are you kidding me?!

TM: And look at this... Case is pulling up Idol Austin again, tossing him over his shoulder.

JS: What's he doing?

[With Austin draped over his shoulder, Case reaches back, snaring the head while he holds the right leg of Austin with his left arm...]

JS: Is he-?!

TM: Here it comes!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

JS: AIR RAID CRASH!!! AIR RAID CRASH BY CASE!!!

TM: That's it, Stegglet!

JS: Case with the cover! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
THRE-

[Massive shocked pop!]

JS: CLAW PULLED CASE OFF OF AUSTIN!!!

[Case spins around, furious at Claw... but as he does, he stares right into the eyes of the Muay Thai warrior.]

JS: Uh oh.

TM: I think Claw's gotten a second wind.

JS: Look at those eyes! Look at the eyes of the most dangerous man in the business!

[And as Case does as Steggy suggests... he immediately starts backing away, begging off from Claw.]

JS: Case is backing down... trying to get away from Claw!

TM: Can you blame him?! Look at Claw's eyes! He's a damn maniac!

JS: Devon Case... battered, bloodied... he's trying to get the hell away from Tiger Claw! He's trying to get-

[The crowd explodes as Case backs up... right into the steel mesh. Claw continues to stare at him, smirking as panic crosses Case's face.]

JS: Case has nowhere to go... nowhere to hide... nowhere to run from the wrath of Tiger Claw!

TM: Oh yeah?!

JS: What the-?!

TM: Never doubt the Golden God!

JS: Devon Case is climbing the wall of the cage! Case is climbing the cage wall!

[The crowd roars as the World Tag Team Champion starts climbing the wall of the roofed cage.]

JS: He's climbing the cage to escape... but what happens when he reaches the top?!

TM: Huh?!

JS: It's roofed, dammit! Where's he gonna go?!

TM: Oh christ.

LD: Forgot it was roofed?

TM: Shut up! Devon! Stop! Turn around!

JS: Case is climbing for his life and-

[Massive pop!]

JS: CLAW'S COMING AFTER HIM!!! TIGER CLAW IS CLIMBING UP AFTER HIM!!!

TM: Oh my god.

JS: Devon Case is climbing the cage... but Claw's climbing up right behind him! Case doesn't know it yet... Case is just trying to get up the wall of the cage. The blooded Devon Case is climbing for his life!

TM: Dammit! He's trapped!

[As Case reaches the top, he looks down... and sees Tiger Claw in hot pursuit. Panic covers the bloody face of Case again... and as he looks around, he finds the only option that seems viable.]

JS: What the hell?!

TM: Oh no... oh god no.

JS: Case is...

[Deafening pop!]

JS: He's climbing across the roof! He's hanging from the steel mesh that makes up the roof of the cage... and he's climbing across it, out over the middle of the ring... trying to get the hell away from Tiger Claw.

TM: I can't believe this... he's nuts! Case... man... christ.

JS: Devon Case is... it's like the monkey bars at school! He's trying to cross the ring to get to the other side and-

[Another deafening pop!]

JS: CLAW'S GONNA FOLLOW HIM!!!

[The crowd rises to its feet, roaring as Case gets about halfway across the roof, hanging there helplessly... trying to keep his momentum going. Just a few feet behind him, Tiger Claw swings out onto the roof... keeping up the pursuit.]

JS: This is dangerous, Todd... very dangerous.

TM: A fall from there... man, I don't want to think about the damage it could do to someone. I don't even want to-

[Suddenly, a collective gasp goes up as Case loses his grip with his right hand.]

JS: NO! NO!

TM: Jesus... he's hanging by one hand, Stegglet!

JS: Case is dangling from the roof of the cage... if he falls... oh my god.

TM: Claw's still coming! Dammit, show some mercy!

JS: Tiger Claw doesn't know the meaning of the word, Todd... and he's almost caught up to Devon Case!

TM: I can't watch anymore.

[Somehow, Case is able to regain his handhold with his right hand, sending the crowd into a barely restrained roar... and the restraints are about to come off.]

JS: CLAW!!! CLAW!!!

TM: NO! NO! NO!

JS: Tiger Claw caught up to Case! He's caught up to the Gold-

[Massive pop!]

JS: BODYSCISSORS!!! Claw hooks Case around the waist with his legs! He's got Mr. Match of the Year in his grasp! He's got the World Tag Team Champion in his grasp!

TM: Let him go, dammit! Let him go!

JS: Claw's gonna-

[Deafening shocked pop!]

JS: OH MY GOD!!!

[The crowd lets out a deafening roar as Claw does the unthinkable, letting go of the cage and wrapping his arms around the throat of the Redemption member instead.]

JS: He's got a Kata Ha Jime on Devon Case... some twenty feet in the air! Some twenty feet in the air!

TM: Christ...christ almighty.

JS: Case doesn't know what to do! Case is being choked out twenty feet in the air! What's he gonna-?!

[And suddenly... we have an answer as Case lets go of the cage, plummeting backwards towards the mat with Claw hanging from his back...

...down...

...down...

...down...

...down...

...until...]

[illegible]

[The crowd noise again goes silent thanks to the fine folks at the WKIK Studios' editing team. We can see them losing their minds but we hear absolutely nothing for several moments.]

JS: Good god, Todd! Good god!

TM: Claw's dead! Claw's spine slammed into the canvas! Devon Case let go of the cage's roof... and they plummeted twenty feet through the air towards the mat. They slammed into the canvas, and Claw was hanging onto Case's back. He definitely took the brunt of it.

JS: No doubt about it... Case is shaken up, but Claw's not moving.

[And suddenly, Dick Longfellow realizes that Case is on top of Claw.]

JS: What?! He's gonna count?! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

[Deafening shocked pop!]

KG: Tiger Claw has been ELIMINATED! Whoever scores the next elimination between Devon Case and Idol Austin will win the World Tag Team Titles for their team!

[And as the referee tries to roll the injured Claw to the cage door, Idol Austin seizes the moment.]

JS: Devon Case has pinned Claw and Ezra in the same mat- Austin covers
Case! ONE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! TWO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THESE ARE THE BEST OF TIMES THESE ARE THE WORST OF TIMES

[DING DING DING]

KG: Ladies and gentlemen... Devon Case has been ELIMINATED! Therefore, your winners of the match... and NEW World Tag Team Champions...

DYYYYYYYYYNASSSSSSSSTYYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!

[The arena falls to a shocked hush.]

JS: Oh...my... god.

TM: We're never gonna hear the end of this.

JS: The two outsiders... Eugene Robinson and Idol Austin... are the World Tag Team Champions?!

LD: I...what the hell?

JS: Amen. Fans... we're obviously stunned... the crowd is stunned... and if this is what Eugene Robinson meant by making the EMWC stand still, Dynasty has accomplished exactly that.

[And we fade away from the borrowed footage from Empire Sports 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 a grinning Todd Michaelson standing alongside his brother-in-law, Jason Dane. Dane's looking puzzled at Michaelson. Todd finally catches Dane's stare, pulling a white towel from around his neck.]

TM: What?

JD: What's with the goofy grin?

TM: You know we're on the air, right?

JD: We... huh?

[Dane turns, spotting the red light with a grimace.]

JD: Welcome back, fans, to Saturday Night Wrestling! And at this time, I am standing alongside the man who will be in the corner of his student, Eric Preston, during Preston's Towel Match - the Final Showdown between he and his long-time enemy, James Monosso.

[Dane turns back to his brother-in-law.]

JD: So, what's with the goofy grin?

[Michaelson chuckles.]

TM: Did you watch that match we just showed?

JD: Yeah. It was brutal. Hard to imagine any of those guys are still walking.

TM: Heck, they may not be. It's been years since I've seen a few of them.

JD: Cheerful thought. That's what makes you smile?

TM: No, what makes me smile is some fond memories of those days. Seeing a match like that really takes me back. Just like being in that match with Monosso - that really took me back too.

[Dane looks shocked.]

JD: He almost put you on the shelf for good!

TM: Yeah, well... there was a chance of that every time I got in the ring back then too. But I'm hoping I wasn't the only one watching that tape, Jason.

JD: Eric?

[Michaelson nods.]

TM: That's the kind of fight he needs to bring to the table against Monosso. I've seen it firsthand - I understand now what you've gotta do to beat him. You need to bring the savagery of a Simon Ezra... the viciousness of a Tiger Claw... the unpredictability of a Chris Staley... the athleticism of a Devon Case. And yes, even the willingness to take advantage of ANY situation like a Dynasty.

JD: Is that what's going on with Anton Layton?

[Michaelson grimaces.]

TM: To be honest, Jason, I don't have much of a clue what's going on with Anton Layton. Eric says he knows what he's doing. He says to trust him...

and I do. So, I'm hoping he knows what kind of man Anton Layton is and he knows not to trust him.

JD: It's almost like an angel and a devil sitting on Eric's shoulders, trying to tell him the right way to do things...

[A chuckle from the former World Champion.]

TM: Not sure anyone's ever called me an angel before. But I'll take the analogy. There's a right way to face James Monosso and there's a wrong way to face him. And I think if Eric goes the right way... he executes the gameplan we've talked about... he remembers his training and what got him here to begin with, he'll be able to walk out of Atlanta winning that Towel Match.

JD: What about you?

TM: What do you mean?

JD: Him winning that match relies on you too. What does it take to get you to throw in that towel?

[Todd lifts the towel, staring at it for several silent seconds.]

JD: Well?

[Michaelson looks up at the camera.]

TM: I don't know.

[And Michaelson simply walks away at that point, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Let's go back down to Gordon and Bucky!

[We crossfade back into the Center Stage Theatre where Gordon and Bucky are standing at their podium.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. The days are ticking away until we hit the Stampede Cup next weekend and I can't wait for it. There are so many fantastic tag teams entered into this thing, Bucky, and so many teams with the potential to win the whole thing. I honestly can't say there's a single team in this that I can't see winning the whole thing.

BW: Seriously?

GM: Absolutely. For instance, one of the teams we've seen a lot from over the past month and a half is the young team of Mark II. They've been touring with the AWA, focusing all of their energy towards the Stampede Cup. Will this be the big chance to make a name for themselves? They are looking very sharp, Bucky.

BW: It's all potential, Gordo. That, they have. But they need someone to get ahold of them and guide them to the next level. A mind like Percy Childes, or Ben Waterson, or Louis Matsui.

GM: Somehow, I doubt that either Mark Workman or Mark Carney would have any interest in being the pawns of anyone you mentioned.

BW: Then they're dumb, and they'll lose.

GM: Right now, let's take a special look at Mark II!

[The percussive open to "Rocket" by Def Leppard starts up, and we get a screen with a big logo: "MARK II" in the stylized shape of a jet fighter. This can mean only one thing; it's a music video.

As the "Rocket" intro plays out, we get glimpses of Workman and Carney making entrances at various arenas. The two young men remain constant in each arena: 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. The entrances are montaged from quite a few arenas, but they always look and dress the same.

When the guitar hits, we start with the action clips. At first, the moves are pretty basic fare. You see some armdrags, some dropkicks (from Workman), and slams and holds. It lets us contrast the two men: Workman is the more methodical of the two, which is ironic because he's actually quicker. Carney is more explosive with his moves, and has smoother technique.

When we get to the lyrics, we start to see some of their bigger moves. Workman counters a clothesline with a deep crucifix rollup... his legs wrap and scissor the head along with the opposite arm, and he transitions into a Triangle Submission. Carney is seen with a similar setup... the running crucifix counter... but he floats over, lands on his feet in front of the guy, and uses all of that rotational momentum to paste his opponent with a European Uppercut!]

LYRICS: # White light, strange city, mad music, all around...

[We see Workman hit three baseball-slide dropkicks: a normal one to an opponent standing at ringside, a leg-sweep one that takes an opponent off his feet, and a nasty one where he smacks a prone opponent in the kisser.]

LYRICS: # Midnight, street magic, crazy people, crazy sound...

[Carney hits his Pulsechecker, which is the Final Cut/Eye Of The Hurricane/Nightmare On Helms Street twisting elbowdrop slam, from a couple different positions: once the normal way (bent over backwards like a reverse DDT),

once to an opponent who missed a hobby horse and is seated on the second rope, and once as a counter to an Ace Crusher attempt.]

LYRICS: # Jack flash, rocket man, Sargent Pepper and the band...
Ziggy, benny, and the jets, take a rocket... we just gotta fly...

[Then the two high-risk trademarks are shown, as Workman runs to the corner, hops up on the second turnbuckle and jumps back as if going for the flying bodypress counter, but instead hitting a U-Turn Elbowdrop on his prone victim. Carney is seen to counter an Irish-Whip into the ropes by stepping into the second strand, using it to arrest his momentum rather than to step on top of it (and thus fall over the top), and then jumping back into a high Rebound Elbow with that impetus from the rope.]

LYRICS: # I can take you through the center of the dark... (we gonna fly)
On a collision course to crash into my heart...

[We get several shots of Workman's nasty enzuigiri, and Carney's Restaurant Quality Dropkick, leveling various opponents as the music approaches the chorus.]

LYRICS: # I will be your...
I will be your...

[With each 'I will be your', we see one of the solo finishers: Workman's Face Plant DDT (a jumping split DDT, similar to Dan Kauffman's version) and Carney's Carneyplex (the fisherman/cradle Northern Lights Suplex).]

LYRICS: # Rocket! Yeah!
Satellite of love!

[The duo performs the Dangerous Swerve, a Workman enzuigiri into a Carney small package.]

LYRICS: # Rocket! Yeah!
Satellite of love!

[They also show off the Mark Out, which is a Carney Russian Legsweep and Workman sunset flip, driving the opponent back on his upper shoulders.]

LYRICS: # Rocket! Yeah!
Satellite of love!

[And then... yes, you knew it was coming. The Beckbreaker~! They hoist a foe up overhead as for a high slam; Carney pushes off and steps out in front to go to a knee so that the opponent hits that back first, while Workman drives a knee straight up into the back of the man's neck (like a reverse G2S).

LYRICS: # Rocket baby, c'mon... I'll be your satellite of love...

[We see another beekbreaker, and some postmatch celebrations. Then the screen and music fade out, and we go back to the studio.]

Now, not only are Gordon and Bucky there, but so are Workman and Carney. Workman is wearing a navy-blue Iowa shirt with cut-off sleeves and blue jeans, while Carney is dressed in a white dress shirt and pants. Carney is rocking the shades indoors. while Workman's wearing a bandanna armband. They are working the studio audience as we come back in.]

GM: An impressive musical look at one of the guest teams in the Stampede Cup.

BW: And a big waste of time if these two don't stop goofing off with the fans and get ready for their one and only chance, daddy!

[Workman turns and glares at Wilde. He takes a step towards the announcer, but Carney, who seems wholly unperturbed, puts a hand up in his chest.]

MW: You...

MC: No, Mark.

[Carney turns to the announcers.]

MC: Ya know something, Bucky Wilde? You're absolutely right, brother. If me and Mark blow our shot, that fancy music video is nothing but dead air, man. And that's why, with Tin Can Rust and Sweet Daddy Williams in the first round, we've been training harder than ever! Every move, every strategy, every teamwork and transition has to be absolutely perfect. But as far as whether or not we're wasting anyone's time... tell 'em, Mark.

MW: The schedule says we're facing Kentucky's Pride. But the schedule is wrong. We're facing two men who have never tag teamed with each other before. They're both great veterans who don't need anyone to show them the tag team game, obviously. But with each other? There's nothing there, Gordon and Bucky. We heard Rust; he just said "meet me in Atlanta". And if you guys think you're stepping in with Mark II cold? That's an INSULT. A slap in the face. Maybe you've just got your head in the clouds with all those years of success with City Jack, Rust, but if you think you're so great that you can throw anyone in there and call yourself a real tag team, you've got another thing coming. And it's coming for you at the Stampede Cup!

GM: Well, I don't think Tin Can Rust had any intentions of any sort as far as 'offending' someone; he really minds his own business, gentlemen.

MC: And this is OUR business, Gordon Myers. This is our world, brother. And you know, there seems to be a lot of that going around. All these singles wrestlers showing up and wanting a piece of the pie, dude. Thinking they can just plug in anybody, and run roughshod over the tag teams. Yeah, we see it in their eyes, man. We know they think they can just show up with anybody and presto, instant tag team. But it don't work that way! The

months, the years, all to sync up with my brother Mark, to become one. One unit, one entity, one mind-heart-and-soul, brother. And that's something a big name doesn't buy.

MW: It isn't enough for them that they get all the main events, all the big checks every year... no, they want to come into our world now. But look at what happened to that 'dream team' of Vasquez and Martinez when THEY fought a legitimate tag team. You want a million dollars, go play Powerball!

MC: And as far as all those big name tag teams go, well, I think they're so busy tryin' to put each other down, that they never saw the dark horse ridin' in from the west!

MW: Riding in... at Mark II.

[Workman and Carney exit to the applause of the studio audience.]

GM: Those two young men are confident and focused. It's not the attitude I expected to hear, though, Bucky Wilde.

BW: If they want to believe Tin Can Rust and Sweet Daddy Williams are offendin' them by not tag teaming ahead of time... well, good! Maybe they should let their displeasure be known with some steel upside the head before the match. Now THAT is the attitude that would impress me!

GM: Mark II certainly not feeling any underdog vibe heading into the Stampede Cup. They believe they can win this thing and you've gotta believe, fans. You know who else believes they can win this weekend, Bucky?

BW: I hate to even ask.

GM: Robert Donovan! And he's standing by with Jason Dane for what promises to be a very interesting interview. Jason?

[Cut to the back -- and a view of the infamous Wheel. Attached to the Wheel are a variety of match variations -- falls count anywhere, coal miner's glove, ladder match, table match, and others. Standing to the right of the wheel is Robert Donovan, wearing a black t-shirt with "Longhorn Heritage" stamped proudly on the front, blue jeans, black boots, and a slightly surly expression -- no more surly than usual, however. To the left of the wheel is Jason Dane, microphone in hand.]

JD: We're here right now to find out just what's going to happen during Nenshou's title defense at the Stampede Cup -- and looking at the wheel, Rob, I have to say it looks...kind of tame, considering.

[Donovan sighs.]

RD: Yeah, Jason, I'm aware. I had all sorts o' neat ideas for this match -- spidernets, barbed wire, razor wire, you name it an' I had it on the wheel...originally.

JD: Originally?

RD: See, somebody ran their mouth an' apparently good ol' Percy heard about some of the stuff on the wheel. Bein' the little weasel he is, he ratted me out to the suits an' they came in with their lawyers an' execs and took a whole bunch of stuff off the wheel. Anything with explosives, anythin' involving shrapnel or hazardous materials --

JD: -- Uh, pardon me, did you say hazardous materials?

RD: Yeah, stuff like light bulbs, broken glass, nails, fire, all the most fun stuff on the wheel got yanked right off, an' I got left with this. Some clown thought puttin' the Coal Miner's Glove match on there would be funny, too, an' if the wheel falls on that, well, I'll apologize to everybody in advance.

[Donovan gives half a smirk.]

JD: ...That said, shall we spin the wheel?

RD: The honor's yours, Jason.

[Dane reaches up, and gives the wheel a good spin. Round and around it goes....until Donovan reaches up and grabs the wheel, stopping it.]

JD: What the --

RD: Calm down, Jason -- when I got told that I could make any match I want, I knew anythin' that jumped to mind first was gonna be too violent for the AWA -- just dangerous enough that the safety of the folks in the seats had to be considered. See, I knew Childes would hear about all the sick stuff I put on the Wheel at first -- in fact, I made sure he heard about it by tellin' everybody I knew that had a big mouth. I wanted the suits an' their lawyers to go at it, to take everything that sounded dangerous off, 'cause I had a match in mind from the beginning -- an' I hate to tell ya this, Percy, but it's just as dangerous as anythin' involving exploding spiderwebs, barbed wire, an' broken glass.

[The camera helpfully focuses on the wheel and the match it "randomly" selected...]

JD: A South Laredo Street Fight?!

[Donovan grins.]

RD: It's real simple, Jason. No disqualifications, no countouts, no time limits, an' just so Nenshou can't run away...falls count anywhere! No place to run, Percy -- no place to hide! You won't get some cheap disqualification or have Nenshou bailed out by the time limit -- we're gonna fight 'til somebody gets beat, plain an' simple. By the way, speakin' of gettin' beat...I got an appointment to keep. Thanks for spinnin' the wheel, Jason.

[Donovan's long stride quickly carries him out of the room as we cut back to the announce team.]

GM: A South Laredo Street Fight! Nenshou's title is in serious jeopardy this weekend at the Stampede Cup, Bucky!

BW: This isn't fair! Nenshou's a professional wrestler - he's no street thug like Donovan!

GM: No countout, no disqualification, falls count anywhere, and NO TIME LIMIT! Robert Donovan's got the match he wanted and in just about week, Robert Donovan may have the gold he wants as well!

[The camera quickly fades to a shot of the ring -- and a waiting Phil Watson.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall! Introducing first...

[The crowd boos as a man with straight shoulder-length brown hair and a tweed blazer begins walking down the aisle.]

PW: He is..."Mister Mensa", Manny Imbrogno!

[Mr. Mensa quickly climbs up onto the ring apron, slingshotting himself over the top rope and then brushing off his nice tweed jacket, which comes complete with elbow patches. He walks over to the corner and carefully removes the jacket, hanging it on a ringpost and then leaning against the corner, waiting.]

BW: That jacket is the classiest thing I've seen in awhile, Gordo.

GM: It's the elbow patches, isn't it?

[Imbrogno is ready to go, and it's a good thing, because Metallica's cover of "Turn the Page" just started playing.]

PW: And his opponent! He hails from Pensacola, Florida, stands seven feet, two inches tall and weighs in at three hundred and forty pounds...he is...

ROBERT...

DONOVAN!

[The crowd gets good and noisy as Donovan strides from the back, pausing just long enough to throw up the horns before stalking down to the ring, slapping the occasional hand as he makes his way down the aisle. He's wearing a blood-red tank top, black jeans, black wrestling boots and has a heavy brace on his left elbow. Donovan wastes little time in reaching the ring, walking up the steps and stepping over the top rope, giving the crowd a loud roar before his gaze comes to rest on Mr. Mensa.]

BW: This man should be in jail, Gordo. What he did to Louis Matsui was obviously assault!

GM: Unfortunately for Mr. Matsui, stepping into the ring and taunting a man as large as the #1 contender to the Longhorn Heritage championship is the definition of provocation, Bucky.

BW: Bah. He knocked out a defenseless man and you know it.

[DING, DING, DING!]

GM: Mr. Mensa stepping out of the corner -- and he wastes little time charging the big man!

BW: Hah! He's a genius -- look at him take it to that big oaf!

[The smaller man is indeed taking it to the larger one, hitting him with quick strikes before trying to send him into the ropes for the Irish whip -- which Donovan stops cold.]

GM: Mr. Mensa tries the Irish whip again, but I don't think it's going to work.

BW: Hey, he knows way more about physics than you or I, Gordo -- he knows how to move this rock!

[Imbrogno tries the Irish whip a third time, and surprisingly, Donovan actually goes along with it.]

BW: See? Mr. Mensa has it all planned out --

[Unfortunately, he went along with it so he could flatten Mr. Mensa with a massive shoulderblock on the rebound! Donovan quickly reaches down, scraping the unfortunate Imbrogno off the mat, sending him into the ropes and nailing him with a huge clothesline on the rebound!]

GM: Donovan going to town on the smaller man -- who wisely rolls underneath the bottom rope onto the floor! Maybe he is as smart as he claims.

BW: He's a MENSA member, Gordo! They don't just hand out tweed jackets and elbow patches to anybody, you know.

GM: Uhh, I...suppose you're right.

[Donovan looks down at Imbrogno momentarily...before stepping over the top rope and hopping down to the floor next to him.]

BW: Hey! He's in the middle of a timeout, you big goof! Leave him alone!

[Donovan reaches down to pick up his fallen opponent, who surprises the big man with a quick pair of shots to the gut before rolling back into the ring!]

Imbrogno quickly hits the far side of the ropes and dives through the ropes...]

GM: Big dive by Mr. Mensa --

[Pop!}

BW: Holy cow, he caught him!

[Donovan did indeed catch the human missile, and after shifting his grip slightly, rams the smaller man back-first into the ring apron! Donovan steps back, then repeats the process, shoving the groaning Mr. Mensa into the ring afterwards.]

GM: A couple of brutal shots taken by Mr. Mensa -- do you think he planned to get caught out of a dive ahead of time, Bucky?

BW: Of course he did, Donovan's playing right into his hands!

[Buckthorn doesn't know how right he is as Donovan slips underneath the bottom rope, quickly walking over to the fallen Imbrogno, and yanking him to his feet.]

GM: GOOZLE!

BW: ...no, Mr. Mensa planned for this!

[The crowd cheers as the big man heaves Imbrogno up, and then plants him with a huge chokeslam! Donovan turns to the crowd, his right hand pointing down at Mr. Mensa while he draws his left thumb across his throat.]

GM: And I think Mr. Mensa's plans, whatever they were, are about to go up in smoke!

BW: No way! There's no way this clod can beat Mr. Mensa.

[Donovan reaches down, scooping Imbrogno up into the gutwrench position, where he quickly executes...]

GM: Gutwrench power bomb! There's the one, the two, and the three!

[DING, DING, DING!]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner...ROBERT DONOVAN!

BW: Curses!

GM: Donovan puts away Mr. Mensa in relatively short order, and he looks ready to face off against Nenshou, Bucky!

BW: Nenshou is going to finally put this guy to rest at the Cup, Gordo. Donovan has bit off way more than he can chew with this Call to Arms

nonsense, and then he goes and fixes the results of the Wheel! He's gonna pay, Gordo, mark my words!

GM: We'll find out next weekend but for now, fans, let's take a quick break!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

You want to wrestle!"

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner. As we fade back up, we find Jason Dane standing by with the Antons, who are both rocking the purple and white Northwestern letterman jackets.]

JD: Gentlemen, as we head towards the Stampede Cup, any comments on your less-than-smooth journey to get there?

AA: First the Moonshiners decide to jump us at Wrestlerock. And they might just be spared some payback after that rat Waterson paid them off to make way for Broussard and Dufresne. But along comes the First Family to jump us from behind. Those two ponces, the Privateers, talk about how they are too good to face us in the first round. Tell me, Jason, when you look at the Antons, do you see two guys that are so easy to walk all over?

NA: PRIVATEERS! There's a reason the Stampede Cup is hosted by the AMERICAN Wrestling Alliance here in the good ol' U.S. of A. And nothing would make a pair of former All-Americans prouder than hoisting the Cup and making sure it stays here!

AA: You want to talk about pedigree? It doesn't get any better than that of the Antons. You're talking about a pair of Wildcats who have faced their share of world-class talent, so if you think we're in awe of all the teams from all over the world in the tournament, you're sorely mistaken. It might sound like we're letting our pride get the better of us, Jason, but my brother and I have good reason to be proud. Yes, pride often goes before the fall. But other times, Jason, pride is what keeps you going... Keeps you from staying down.

NA: Which is why we don't appreciate these teams jumping us. Which is why we don't appreciate being talked down to. Now, we hear you ask, why don't you do something about it? Well, JASON, right here in Atlanta, Georgia, that's EXACTLY what we plan on doing!

[The Antons storm out of view, leaving Dane behind.]

JD: Two more men who are determined and ready to walk out of Atlanta as the greatest tag team in the world! Gordon, Bucky - back to you!

[Crossfade back to ringside where our announce duo is standing.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. So many fantastic teams heading to this weekend and the Stampede Cup. Bucky, do you have any prediction as to who is going to win it all?

BW: How do you bet against the National Tag Team Champions, Gordo? As long as they wear those belts around their waists, they're the best in the world to me until someone proves otherwise.

GM: Did Violence Unlimited not prove that last year when THEY won the Stampede Cup? How are the reigning Cup champions not the odds-on favorite in your book to win this whole thing?

BW: Is that who you're picking?

GM: I just think they have to be considered the likely suspects to win it all until someone knocks 'em off.

BW: So, in other words, you're covering your bases?

GM: I am not. Fans, while the majority of the wrestling world is focused on the Stampede Cup, there is a portion of our front office who is looking ahead to SuperClash III coming up on Thanksgiving night. Two weeks ago, we announced the full list of cities being considered as the hosts for the biggest night of the year for the AWA but this week, we can tell you that we were informed earlier tonight that for the third year in a row, the Steal The Spotlight elimination tag team match WILL return to SuperClash! And once again, the sole survivor will get to walk out of SuperClash with a contract in their pocket for ANY match of their choice.

BW: MAMMOTH Mizusawa is the two-time winner of Steal The Spotlight and with the giant returning two weeks ago, you have to wonder if he's got his eye on making it three in a row, Gordo.

GM: That's a good question - and if he does want in that match, we've been told that the AWA competitors will have to EARN their spots in that matchup. There will be a series of qualifying matches in the weeks to come with the winners earning spots in Steal The Spotlight. Those matches will begin at AWA Homecoming, fans, and I can't wait for that. Now, fans, you may remember very recently a young man competing in a one-on-one match against B.C. Da Mastah MC...

BW: No, I usually take naps during his matches.

GM: ...a young man by the name of Alphonse Green, a third-generation competitor with a...

BW: Oh, I can't wait for this one.

GM: What?

BW: How are you going to politely describe the losers that make up his family tree?

GM: That's not very nice. His family has a long history in this business. They may not be the most successful grapplers but... well, perhaps Alphonse will be different, Bucky.

BW: The apple don't fall far from the tree - my Mama always said that. Well, I say that when that apple falls, it's probably gonna spend most of its time staring at the lights, daddy.

GM: Alphonse Green lost to B.C. recently but this past week, on one of our non-televised arena events, he got a second chance to compete - this time against young Wilbur Waters. Let's take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER THIS WEEK!" The footage is very obviously not from an episode of the nicely-produced Saturday Night Wrestling but is being shot with a handheld camera at ringside in a small venue. Phil Watson is front and center.]

PW: This contest is scheduled for one fall, with a 10 minute time limit!, introducing first.. in the ring at this time.. weighing in at 270 pounds... Wilbur Waters!

[The beefy lad known as Wilbur Waters raises a thick arm to a few cheers. He's clad in a pair of badly stained overalls and appears to have remnants of some chewing tobacco on the white t-shirt underneath his overalls.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Bursting through the curtains is the young Kentucky native, Alphonse Green. Green hops around, hooting and hollering to the crowd, but the crowd doesn't really seem to want to play along, as if they can sense that he's trying too hard.]

PW: Hailing from Peducah, Kentucky, weighing in tonight at one hundred and ninety-five pounds.. here is.. ALPHONSE GREEN!

[Green jogs down to the ring, slapping hands with the one or two fans that just want to say "Look! I touched a wrestler!" Once Green reaches ringside, he pumps his fist to little reaction, and steps through the ropes. He wanders over to a corner, and hops on the second rope, raising his arms to the air as the crowd pays little attention. With an emphatic "OH YEAH!", Green hops off the ropes, but motions for the microphone first.]

AG: Umm.. hello people!

[Green's gravelly voice solicits no reaction.]

AG: Hey, um.. how's it going? Uh... well, I need to address something a few weeks ago.

[Some people in the crowd murmur. Somehow they remember Green trying to steal an ice cream bar from a kid in the crowd.]

AG: I, uh.. know what you're all thinking. Yes, I did try to get an ice cream bar from a kid in the crowd. Well, you see, I had low blood sugar that day..

[Crowd boos.]

JD: Oh of course, that explains EVERYTHING!

AG: And when I haven't had anything to eat, my blood sugar drops, and I get pretty cranky, you see.

[Green nervously tugs at his hair.]

AG: But I am out here to apologize for my actions! That Alphonse Green you saw a few weeks ago is not me! I swear! You know that I would normally never do such a thing!

JD: Do they? Really?

AG: Honest! I'm not a bad guy! This guy.. over here.. yea, him.

[Green points to Wilbur, who stands stone faced.]

AG: I'm not a bad guy! He is a bad guy! I'm going to take him down tonight! For you! For the people! For all my fans! Come on, let's go do this, people! Lemme hear ya! "AL-PHONSE! AL-PHONSE! AL-PHONSE!"

[A small, half-hearted "AL-PHONSE!" chant starts up as Waters rushes Green as Green was trying to pump up the crowd!]

JD: And this match is underway as Waters goes to work on Alphonse Green, pounding him to the mat with some vicious forearms!

CP: I don't think this crowd appreciates what Alphonse Green is trying to do! We all make mistakes, and... well, Green made a mistake!

[In the ring, Waters snaps Green over with a vicious snap mare, and is cranking in a chinlock early on.]

JD: It looks like Green's made a mistake signing on for this match.

[Waters decides to forego the quick submission and lets go of the chinlock. He stands up, backs off a bit, and delivers a kick to Green's back. However, Green's eyes bulge, and he starts breathing heavily.]

CP: Uh oh! I think Waters made Green mad here!

[Green quickly makes his way to his feet, a look of anger on his face directed towards the country boy. The farmer charges towards Green!]

JD: A right.. no! Blocked!

[Green blocks the right hand, and starts firing some rights of his own!]

CP: A right hand.. another! and another! Go kid!

JD: I'm not sure it's working.

[Sure enough, Waters drives a knee right into the gut of the Kentucky native. Green is doubled over, as Wilbur grabs him and quickly takes him over with a hard gutwrench suplex!]

JD: Huge gutwrench here by Wilbur! Goes into the cover.. only gets two!

[Waters seems rather surprised he only got a two count. After asking the ref if he was sure, Waters starts stomping away at Green.]

CP: A few stomps.. and now a choke! Normally I'd enjoy this, but there's something about this Green kid. The kid's got moxie!

JD: It appears that moxie is all Green's got.

CP: Give it time! Oh! See! The kid is getting better by the minute!

[While Dane and Patterson were talking, Waters pulled Green up by his feet, and pulled him in for a short clothesline. Green ducked!]

JD: Wilbur whiffs on the clothesline.. what is Green doing?

[Green was motioning.. for a chokeslam? You can hear groans from the crowd as they're not buying this one bit. Wilbur turns around, and Green slaps his hand around the farmboy's throat!]

JD: Wilbur looks amused here. Green trying to lift him.. where did we get this guy again?

[A quick headbutt by Wilbur stops Green dead in his tracks. Green backs off, holding his head as Waters rocks Green with an uppercut, sending Green flipping backwards!]

JD: A big hamhock uppercut by big Wilbur finds it's mark! Green's in la la land!

CP: Get up kid! There's an ice cream bar in it for you!

[Waters pulls Green up, and hooks in a front face lock. He lifts, going for a vertical suplex!]

JD: Wilbur displaying his strength advantage here, he's been holding Green up there..

CP: By one hand as a matter of fact!

[The crowd, impressed by the big man's display of strength, cheers a little bit as Waters sends Green crashing to the mat! Wilbur floats over into a cover, and only gets two again!]

JD: Somehow Green's still in this match.

CP: He's got a lot of heart.

JD: If only he had the ability to go with it.

[Wilbur walks across the throat of Green, and Green starts gasping for air and holding his throat. Wilbur looks out over the crowd and grins, thinking that he's got this match won.]

JD: Waters oughtta mercifully go for the Crop Duster and put Green away, irish whip.. big back body.. no!

[Green clumsily leaps over Waters, and tries to go for a sunset flip! However, it's going as well as everyone's expecting it to go at this point.]

CP: Well, this ain't good.

JD: Nope, Waters just isn't moving a muscle. Green's struggling with all his might, but big Wilbur is just too big..

[Wilbur balls up his right hand in a fist, and quickly brings it down upon Green's head.. or so he thought!]

CP: He missed!

JD: Wilbur might have hurt his hand on this one! Green back up.. from behind..

[Green somehow is able to run Waters into the ropes, and rolls him up with a really poorly executed bridge!]

JD: Rolls him up... one, two.. three???

[The bell rings as Green quickly slides off of Waters, and books it outside of the ring as the crowd gives a half-hearted cheer! Wilbur is up, and boy, is he furious!]

CP: Oh my word! Green wins!

JD: What a major upset! Green wins with possibly the worst roll up I have ever seen! Let's get the official word!

PW: The winner of the match.. ALPHONSE GREEN!

[Another half hearted cheer erupts from the crowd as Green is hopping around on the outside! He leans into the barricade, hoping to get the crowd to mob him in celebration, but all he gets is one of those typical "Atta boy" pats on the back from a kid.]

CP: Well, uh...

JD: Yeah. I'm not sure what to make of this. But a win's a win as you like to say, Colt.

[We fade from the older footage and back to live action where we find our announce duo standing.]

GM: A... well, I'd say that's a less than impressive win for Alphonse Green, Bucky. But it's obvious the young man is trying very hard so...

BW: He already looks worlds better than his old man did! Maybe he's the next big thing, Gordo!

GM: I'm not so sure about that but... well, as Percy Childe alluded to earlier in the program, we have recieved a videotape from James Monosso. Monosso was not allowed to appear in person here today, because of his acts of aggression on non-wrestling personnel, and our need to keep what security we have focused on the principals in tonight's matchup. So here is the prerecorded comments of James Monosso, leading into his final showdown with Eric Preston at the Stampede Cup.

[We cut to some home-video footage. A camcorder is laying on a table (or something), and in front of that is seated James Monosso. We hear a voice that sounds... vaguely familiar... cueing him to speak.]

JM: Hi.

[pause]

JM: Yeah, that's all I got left. I said everything that needed to be said already. I already won this, Eric. I already proved I was right. Nothing you can do will accomplish anything but prove me right some more. Put me out of wrestling? Sure, it'll happen someday soon anyway, just like I've been saying. Just like I said would happen to anyone who gets trapped in this hell, and look... here I am, trapped in this hell. Congratulations, let me give you a nice big Charles Foster Kane clap.

[Slow clapping ensues.]

JM: And on the other hand, I might break open your head. So there's that.

And nothing in the middle will change anything for anybody, will it? Will it? The sands are running through the hourglass for both of us, and we're just making the hole wider every time we do this. Like I said from the beginning, Eric, like I said from the beginning.

So, let me ask YOU, Eric. You want this big fight, and you have it. And I'll be out there trying to cripple you like my life depends on it, because it does. But aside from getting to live just that much longer; what's in this for me, Eric? I wanted Michaelson to throw in that towel, and show his students the truth about this sport. I want him to admit that I'm right. It doesn't matter if you admit it, Eric. You're a zombie. A shuffling corpse. You're already dead and you don't know enough to stop moving yet. You don't matter to me now.

How's that make you feel, Eric.

...

Don't bother answering that. I really don't care.

See you at the Cup.

[The camera jostles, and we hear someone in the back, behind the camera, start laughing just before the scene cuts...]

GM: Did you hear that?

BW: Yeah, I heard every word he...

GM: No. That laugh! I've heard that laugh...

BW: Anyway, the gist of it is that Eric Preston is finished and Todd Michaelson is going to throw in the towel. The End. We'll be back after this break!

GM: ...

[Fade to black.

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

Kid #1: It's so hot.

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

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

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

KIDS: AWA ICE CREAM BARS!

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

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

[A bar appears with Violence Unlimited on it.]

VO: Violence Unlimited!

[Another one arrives.]

VO: Supernova!

[A third.]

VO: Robert Donovan!

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

SDW: And me!

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

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

[Back to the kids and SDW eating ice cream as we fade to black.]

As we fade back up, we find ourselves looking at the squared circle where both Polemos, the God Of War and Anton Layton, the Prince Of Darkness are standing. Polemos is in his ring gear, his horned mask quite an intimidating sight. Anton Layton is pacing about in his midnight-black velvet-looking hooded robe, the hood thrown over his head.]

GM: Welcome back, fan-

[A voice cries out.]

AL: They say that the devil went down to Georgia...

[Layton softly chuckles, raising his arms apart for a moment.]

AL: ...and here I am. The darkness incarnate, standing before the masses here in Atlanta to bring you news... news from the Master.

By now, the mission is clear.

James Monosso believes his mission is to destroy Eric Preston.

[Layton nods.]

AL: This is an acceptable result.

Because I have stood in the Chapel Of Shadows, thrown myself before the altar and made a solemn vow to my Master...

He will join us... or he will be destroyed.

[That evil laugh is heard from under the hood.]

AL: Eric Preston, the path before you is dark... it is twisted... and it is unclear. Some would choose to walk one path, only to find their ankle shattered and unable to walk ANY path. Others would choose another, only to find the road drop out from under them, casting them into the black for all eternity.

But you, Preston... you need only open your eyes to see the true path. The right path. The correct path.

[Layton jerks a thumb towards himself.]

AL: MY path. Todd Michaelson will sit by your side and tell you another road to walk. The road is lit by sunlight and rainbows, smelling of sweet flowers as small puppies walk by...

It is a tempting road, Eric.

[A shake of the head.]

AL: But it is not the road for you. I believe that. My Master believes that. And somewhere inside you, you believe that as well.

My Master believes in you, Eric.

[A nod.]

AL: And he believes that you need proof of that. He believes you need to see the sacrifice that we may to bring you into our army.

Sacrifice.

[Layton jerks his head back, snapping his hood off his head as he turns to look at Polemos.]

AL: Polemos... my God of War... claiming to be sent forth by the Master to serve his wishes...

[Layton cocks his head, eyeing Polemos.]

AL: But that's not what you've done... is it?

[Polemos stand silent as always.]

AL: You have proven yourself to be worthless. A joke. A failure. WEAK!

[Layton gestures to the mat.]

AL: You have proven yourself unworthy of standing by my side. You have proven yourself unworthy of walking in the protective cloak of the Master. You have proven yourself to be...

[Layton cracks a grin.]

AL: ...expendable.

[Without warning, Layton's right arm flies up, his sleeve pulling back to reveal a flash of light for a moment before his hand comes down in a stabbing motion, striking Polemos near the throat!]

GM: What the...?!

[Polemos collapses to the canvas, gasping for air as Layton stomps him repeatedly, the crowd buzzing with confusion. Layton delivers a hard kick to the face, knocking the big man back. The Prince of Darkness leaps up, driving both feet down into a double stomp on the stomach!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Layton leans down, pulling Polemos into a seated position by the horn on his mask...

...and then raises his hand overhead, revealing the Golden Spike in hand!]

GM: Oh my god! Oh my god! He's got the Spike!

[Driving the spike downwards, he smashes Polemos' forehead with the sharpened gold weapon in his hand. Polemos' hands fly up, trying to cover up his head...

...but a second blow connects as well. Polemos slips out of Layton's grasp, falling facefirst down to the mat.]

GM: Layton's got the Golden Spike and he-

BW: He's making a sacrifice! He's showing Preston what he's willing to do to bring the kid under the control of the Master!

GM: I don't understand!

[Layton leans down, dragging Polemos off the mat by the mask horn again, revealing a rapidly-reddening spot under his mask.]

GM: Oh my stars, Layton just split his head open with the Spike!

[With Polemos seated, Layton slowly lowers the Spike again, driving the edged weapon into the forehead of the God Of War, screaming shrilly to echo the cries of pain from Polemos!]

GM: He's carving up the skull of Polemos! Fans, I- go to break! Go to break!

[We abruptly 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.

As we come back up on the announce area, Gordon Myers looks a little pale.]

GM: Fans, welcome back... that was a horrific scene before the break there as Anton Layton assaulted a man that we believed to be his ally. And he used that Golden Spike to do it! That spike needs to be banned by the AWA for the exact reason we just saw!

BW: There's blood all over the ring, Gordo. He's... I can't really believe what we saw there. Layton just cast out his... well, in a way, Polemos was his biggest ally... to try and land Eric Preston?

GM: It was more than that, Bucky. We heard him berating Polemos as being unworthy... of being a failure. That all must link back to two weeks ago when Polemos submitted in that match against Eric Preston.

BW: It's a heck of a way to fire someone, Gordo.

GM: That it is. Fans, we've still got members of the ring crew in there trying to clean up a little bit. In the meantime, I understand that our camera caught up with the National Champion, Calisto Dufresne, earlier this week to get his thoughts on the Stampede Cup... as well as his defense of the gold two weeks ago against Sultan Azam Sharif. A defense that ended in controversy.

BW: Controversy? What's controversial about Mark Lang-

GM: Bucky... you got the memo, I know.

BW: Alright, alright. Just seeing if you were paying attention.

GM: Let's hear from the National Champ!

[The camera fades into what appears to be a living room of a large house. Seated on a black leather couch directly in front of the camera is the AWA National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. The Louisiana native is clad in a tight fitting pink Ralph Lauren polo shirt and a pair of blue jeans. His blond hair hangs down past his shoulders and a steely gaze appears across his face. In front of him on a wooden table gleams the AWA National Championship, and over his shoulder a trophy case can be seen; inside of which rests the 2009 Stampede Cup trophy. He waits a few beats before beginning seriously.]

CD: Envy. It's something I've had to deal with since the day I was born. They were envious of my high station at birth. They were envious of my rakish good looks. They were envious of the magnetic power of my charm. So it should come as no surprise that an alleged Hall of Famer... a supposed "legend" of this sport, would be envious of what I earned through hard work and dedication, and resort to hitting a defenseless champion from behind.

[A disgusted look plays across the National Champion's face.]

CD: I'm nauseated by the actions of that "legend" and his cronies from Royalty. First, they come clamoring into the ring during my match with Sharif - which I had well in hand, I might add - and purposefully got me disqualified.

[A snort of derision.]

CD: Well, being the fighting champion that I am, I wasn't going to let scum like Royalty ruin our epic battle with some bothersome semantics like a disqualification, so I proceeded to continue the match so that I could give Sharif a clean loss; an honorable move from one champion to another. And then they had the AUDACITY to strike your National Champion from behind!

[Dufresne's voice raises in volume and fervor.]

CD: This is what Rob Donovan and I are fighting against in our crusade against injustice!

[The champion leans forward and slams a fist down on a table in front of him, knocking over the championship.]

CD: Fortunately, my friend Rob showed up to bring law and order to the ring. And next week, at the Stampede Cup, fellow humanitarian Marcus Broussard and I will band together to run the gamut of lesser competitors and bring home one of those...

[Dufresne jerks a thumb over his shoulder at the Stampede Cup already sitting in his collection.]

CD: And if we happen to run into Rough N Ready or those two cowards Stevie Scott and Supernova, you can rest assured, fans, that the two greatest National Champions ever to grace the halls of the AWA will rid our great organization of these unsavory elements with the speed and alacrity that you've come to expect of us.

[The Ladykiller snaps his fingers as if he just remembered something he had forgotten..]

CD: Of course there's also the million bucks on the line, too.

[A smirk creeps across his face.]

CD: Just be one more thing for the masses to envy.

[A nod, a wink and a smile as we fade back to the Center Stage Theatre.]

GM: The National Champion - always with a unique perspective on how things happened.

BW: You didn't see it like that?

GM: No, not at all. In fact, what I saw on the last episode of Saturday Night Wrestling was a tremendous contest for the AWA National Championship between the champion, Calisto Dufresne, and the challenger, Sultan Azam Sharif. And as we ALL saw, Bucky, Sultan Azam Sharif should be the National Champion today. He had Dufresne beaten cleanly when, for no reason, Royalty ran in and did a number on both men.

BW: First off, Gordo, you don't know that. If anyone could counter the Camel Clutch, Calisto Dufresne could. He didn't get to be the champion for nothing.

GM: Debatable.

BW: Secondly, of course Royalty had a reason! They always have a reason!

GM: Well, fans, we tried to get a reaction from the Sultan, but instead, we received... this. Unfortunately, it seems that the window of opportunity has slammed shut for Sharif, as we'll see in this pre-recorded statement from... you ready for this? Count Adrian Bathwaite.

BW: He's back?! The Count's back! Praise the day!

GM: Let's roll it, guys.

[The tape starts. We see a fine mahogany desk with a plush red high-backed chair, books lined neatly up on bookshelves in the background, hand-

crafted wood panelling everywhere. An expensive china tea set rests on the desk, as do the folded hands of one Count Adrian Bathwaite.

The Eurasian former wrestler with the British teeth and the Asian eye shape is wearing a blue velvet sportjacket, light pink dress shirt, dark blue tie, and a disingenuous smile.]

CAB: Good evening to all civilized people of the world. The other ninety-nine percent of you can rot.

On behalf of Sultan Azam Sharif, I would like to issue the following statements.

First, a sincere and deep apology to the great champion, Mr. Calisto Dufresne, for the inappropriate way you were challenged as if you were any sort of common ruffian. Such a deal should never have been done through the public like that. The Sultan is a master of wrestling, as we all saw in the title match, but he is not yet experienced with how to properly handle business affairs between gentlemen.

It's perfectly acceptable to call out a common thug like Supernova in that way, but such an upper-class gentleman as Mr. Dufresne should never have to face the indignity of a third-party callout. I would like to personally apologize, and offer my admiration for the high-class way in which Mr. Dufresne handled the entire situation. You are the most respectable champion I have seen in many years, sir, and we wish you the best.

Secondly, I would also like to address the situation with the group known as Royalty, who violently attacked my client during his championship match. After seeing what you did to the Sultan, I have only one thing to say to you...

[Pause for effect.]

CAB: ...I apologize.

[And again.]

CAB: A true king of wrestling should have had the first title shot, and although my Sultan is also royalty in the sport of wrestling, he should have waited for the higher rank to go first. Though it pained me to see what Royalty did to the Sultan, I do agree that it had to be done. I completely understand your actions, and again, I want to express my profound apologies for the inappropriate way the Sultan handled his affairs while I was injured by that grubby, slime-encrusted fool Supernova.

In fact, if it weren't for Supernova, none of this would have ever happened. Mr. Dufresne, you would not have been so rudely treated, and you would not have been made to suffer such an attack. The fine gentlemen of Royalty, you would not have been forced into such a violent course of action. I urge the both of you, being well-bred and highly intelligent individuals, to examine the situation. I am sure that you will see that this face-painted

reprobate caused all of your problems by assaulting me at SuperClash, and should you deem it right and proper to rub his ill-born carcass out of this fine sport, I will offer all necessary material support to that cause.

As for the Sultan, I have sent him back to Iran for further training. I'll be re-educating him on the proper way to conduct business, so that this horrible misunderstanding will never happen again. We will return on the first Saturday Night Wrestling after the Stampede Cup, where the Sultan will personally offer his apologies and homage to the King.

[Cut back to studio. Bucky Wilde is standing and giving a slow, dramatic clap.]

BW: What class! What dignity! That's a real man, Gordon Myers. No excuses, no crying about revenge. He knew his man was wrong and apologized.

GM: That was sickening! Sharif was robbed!

BW: Look, we all know that it was really the King who was robbed. The King gets first dibs. Now, being a Sultan, Sharif would have gone second... I mean, he's higher rank than everyone else.

GM: Supernova is the Number One Contender.

BW: I mean REAL rank, Gordo! Birth rank! Outta seven million people on Earth, Supernova's runnin' about five million twenty-seven thousand one-hundred eighteen. And that's real class by Sharif in the end. He's man enough to admit he was wrong and bow to the King on the next Saturday Night Wrestling at AWA Homecoming. I hope all these dumb kids watchin' learn a great life lesson about respecting your betters from this.

GM: This is disgusting, and I fear that Adrian Bathwaite's return will mean the end for any chance Sultan Azam Sharif might have had to be his own man. I can't believe it... he was on the verge of the highest honor in our sport, was brutally attacked without provocation, and now he's being made to apologize to the man who attacked him. Fans, we'll be back after this break.

[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 backstage where we find Mark Stegglet with the members of Rough N Ready. Dave Cooper is dressed in a pair of brown slacks and wears a white button-down shirt, Ray Bans over his eyes. Eric Matthew Somers is dressed in a navy blue polo shirt and blue jeans, Ray Bans over his eyes as well. Each man has one of the AWA National Tag Team title belts slung over his shoulder. A very clear label marking the footage as recorded "EARLIER TODAY" is at the bottom.]

MS: Rough N Ready, in just two weeks' time, you will be wrestling in the Stampede Cup, having the No. 1 seed and a bye in the first round. You'll then face either The Pharoahs or The Rave in Round Two. But before we get to that, I have to know right now... what in the world were you doing getting involved in the National title match between Calisto Dufresne and Sultan Azam Sharif last Saturday Night Wrestling?

DC: [removing his shades] Stegglet, you and the rest of the AWA seem to think that the members of Royalty aren't men of reason... we are passionate about what we do and we stand up for what we believe in. And while I've had to tell [AUDIO MUTED] several times to keep a level head, he was only out for what was in our best interests... but with that being said, the AWA

had no business firing him simply because he spoke his mind! And it should be clear to everyone that there is no better wrestler in the AWA than [AUDIO MUTED]... a man who has gone through the legends of this sport and topped them all... a man who is undefeated in AWA... and still, he gets passed over for others who think they deserve a shot at the National Title before he does!

MS: But that still doesn't explain why you all got involved in that National Title match.

DC: Stegglet, if you let me finish, I'll get to that point... you see, the difference between men like us and men like Sharif is this: Sharif talks a good game, he has some good credentials and he can certainly back it up in the ring... but when push comes to shove, he comes up short every single time! It happened in the Memorial Day Rumble and it happened in the Tower of Doom match. We, on the other hand, we don't come up short... we get the job done!

And you already know what I think of Dufresne and his standing as the National Champion... whereas he takes a vacation and then waltzes in out of nowhere, we're out there, night after night, taking on the best in the business and winning! And because we thought the champion was a joke and the challenger had no business out there, we decided to make a statement not only about where Royalty stands, but about who should really be the top challenger for the National Title!

MS: I can't imagine Sultan Azam Sharif letting that go unanswered.

DC: And if he wants a piece of Royalty, he'll come up short just like the last two times he has... just like the last two times Violence Unlimited has!

MS: Seems to me you still haven't gotten over that Stampede Cup finals loss last year to Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton.

DC: Stegglet, since that time, Violence Unlimited has tried to get the better of Rough N Ready, only to keep coming up short! As far as that whole little spectacle of getting a referee to count to three for them when there wasn't even a contract signed for a match... that means nothing! What matters is, every time it's been a sanctioned match since the last Stampede Cup, they can't get the job done! They cannot measure up to Royalty... nobody can measure up to Royalty!

MS: What about this year's Cup... do you see this as a way to avenge last year's finals defeat?

DC: All you need to know, Stegglet, is that we have been denied the Cup twice before and we are not going to be denied again! And when it's all said and done, there will be no question as to who is the best tag team in the AWA... the best tag team in wrestling... not that these belts Eric and I have shouldn't already prove it... but after we win the Cup, if Violence Unlimited wants that one last crack against us, they'll get it... and we'll see to it that it will be their last chance, because they'll be sharing a hospital room together!

[With that, Dave then walks off camera. Eric just lowers his shades, gives a hard glare to Mark Stegglet, then follows his tag team partner off camera as we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

GM: The National Tag Team Champions seem to have all the answers but with so many big names in the Stampede Cup this year, the field is wide open. However, only one team can lay claim to knowing just exactly what it takes to win the Cup...last year's winners, Violence Unlimited.

BW: They've been hot around the collar ever since Rough N Ready got that number one seed, Gordo.

GM: Indeed they have. But make no mistake about it, Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes are absolutely determined to repeat as the Stampede Cup champions. In the past few weeks, the duo have been wrestling almost every night on our arena shows, preparing themselves for the grind of the three night tournament.

BW: And they've been bringing the Cup to all the shows. It's like they're afraid we're gonna' forget they won it before or something!

GM: The last word I'd use to describe Violence Unlimited is "afraid," Bucky. They've been taking on all comers, as you'll see in this footage of their match against the Aces of the Deep, taken last night!

BW: The Aces of the Deep!? Holy cow!

[The scene cuts to taped footage of Violence Unlimited entering the ring as "Shout at the Devil" fades out over the PA system. We're joined by Jason Dane and Colt Patterson on commentary as Phil Watson makes his introductions.]

PW: Introducing first, on my right...weighing in at a combined 529 lbs...from Depth City, USA...they are Sam "Shark" Summers and Peter "Piranha" Pouls...

THE ACES OF THE DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!

[The camera cuts to show the Aces of the Deep, as fans give the former IIWF competitors a decent round of applause. "Shark" is a tall, lanky tanned man with black hair. He wears a light blue uniform, with a shark's jaw drawn on front of it. "Piranha" is even taller, standing somewhere in the neighborhood of 6'9 or 6'10. He's a well-built white male with brown hair. His attire is yellow, adorned with piranhas.]

PW: And their opponents...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...

VIIIIIIIOOOOLENNNNNNNCE UNNNNLIMMMMITED!!

[There's a huge roar from the crowd, as Jackson Haynes climbs up to the second turnbuckle and raises his fists into the air and Morton raises the silver Stampede Cup trophy.]

JD: The Aces of the Deep are a veteran team, probably best known for their stint in the Portland territory back in the late 90s, but they've got quite a daunting task ahead of them, tonight.

CP: You can never count out experience, but they're going up against one of the best teams in the business, Dane. There ain't many things more physically challenging in professional wrestling than trying to get a win over these two hosses.

[The bell sounds, as Pouls and Haynes lock up. Neither one seems to have much of an advantage, until the taller Pouls suddenly shoves Haynes back, sending him into the canvas!]

JD: Pouls catching just about everyone off-guard there. It's not often you see either member of Violence Unlimited get out-muscled like that.

CP: Pouls ain't a small guy, Dane. He's about 6'10 and around 300 lbs. That's how he needs to fight'em! Teams gotta' match their intensity or else Haynes and Morton are just gonna' chew you up and spit ya' back out.

JD: And if you notice, The Aces are built similarly to Rough N Ready. I'm sure that's not a coincidence.

CP: Heck no. Violence Unlimited knows who their biggest rivals in the Cup are.

[Haynes gets back up, rubbing the back of his head. He immediately makes a beeline for Pouls, once again locking up with the big man. This time, he secures a headlock, but is shoved off into the ropes. As he bounces off, he and Pouls collide in the center of the ring, neither one budging. Haynes shoves Pouls...who immediately shoves Haynes back and just like that, the fists start flying!]

JD: Woah! Haynes and Pouls, going toe-to-toe!

CP: It didn't take much to set'em off, did it?

JD: I think the mere act of breathing can set Jackson Haynes off!

[The two pound away at each other, but Haynes' heavy fists begin to turn the tide, as he rocks Pouls with a series of lefts and rights. Finally, Haynes measures him up and lands a HUGE left hand that sends Pouls falling into the ropes. As he rebounds, Haynes is there to muscle him up and SLAM him down with a one-armed spinebuster!]

JD: An Angry Man's spinebuster...no! Only two!

CP: I know the Aces of the Deep fancy themselves as tough street brawlers, but when you're trading fists with a man called "The Hammer", you gotta' be more careful than that!

[Pouls gets to a knee, as Haynes rocks him with a big clubbing forearm across the back. He pulls Pouls to his feet and scoops him up, slamming him down hard to the mat. He walks over to the corner and tags in Danny Morton, to the cheers of the crowd. Morton whips Pouls into the corner hard and then once again into the other corner...]

JD: OH! Big lariat takes Pouls off his feet! Here's the cover...only two!

CP: Pouls really got his clock cleaned by Haynes in there and he hasn't recovered since. He needs to make a tag quick.

[Morton drags Pouls back to his feet and sets up for a belly-to-belly suplex. However, Pouls starts to punch his way out, breaking free from Morton's grasp. He tries to go for a clothesline, but Morton ducks and scoops him up.]

JD: Pouls fighting back...no! Morton has him up...

CP: Wait, here comes Summers!

JD: Dropkick from Summers and Pouls is on top! One...two...no! Morton slips the shoulder!

[Summers is back in his corner, calling for the tag as both men get back to their feet. Morton throws a punch, but it's blocked and he's backed up by a chop from Pouls. Another punch is blocked, as Pouls suddenly ducks behind him and lifts him up, dropping Morton with a back suplex!]

JD: A back suplex by Pouls and he makes the tag to Summers!

[Summers climbs up top and dives into the ring, hitting Morton with a spinning leg lariat! He pumps his fist and pulls Morton up and whips him into the ropes, taking him over with a backdrop!]

JD: Summers is on fire!

CP: He's got the momentum, but he's gotta' keep it up!

[Morton gets to his feet, but is quickly doubled over by a boot to the gut. Summers hooks Morton up for a suplex, but the Oklahoman blocks it. Another attempt at it is blocked and suddenly, Morton turns the tables on Summers, easily lifting the smaller man into the air!]

JD: Look at the strength of Danny Morton! He's just holding Summers in mid-air!

CP: Summers made the mistake of trying to fight Morton with power and there's not too many men in wrestling that can do that, Dane!

[Morton holds Summers in place, before squatting down and then standing back up! He repeats it a couple more times, each squat drawing an impressed "Oh!" from the crowd, before he falls back, suplexing Summers into the center of the ring!]

JD: What a show of power!

[Morton gets to his feet, sticking his tongue and nodding his head as he moves to a corner and drops down into a three-point stance.]

JD: Summers is in trouble now! Danny Morton setting up for his patented running shoulderblock!

[Clutching his back in pain, Summers rises to his feet as Morton flies out of the corner. However, Summers still has the mind to side-step Morton, causing him to crash into the corner! As Morton turns around, Summers leaps at him, catching him with a flying back elbow!]

CP: There's his opening!

[Summers tags in Pouls and this time, the both of them grab Morton and take him over with suplex. Pouls grabs Morton and seats him on his shoulders, lifting him up into an electric chair as Summers gets to the top rope.]

JD: The Aces of the Deep are going for something big here!

CP: And if they hit it, they might score the biggest upset we've seen all year!

[Summers leaps off, going for what looks to be a crossbody block...

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

...but Morton CATCHES him in mid-flight and powerslams him as he falls off Pouls' shoulders!]

JD and CP: WOAHH!

[Pouls doesn't immediately realize what has happened, playing to the crowd as Morton crawls over to the corner and tags in an amped up Jackson Haynes!]

JD: Haynes is in and Pouls still doesn't know that their move backfired!

[Pouls turns around just in time to see Haynes charging across the ring at him, slamming into him and driving him back-first into the corner. Haynes whips Pouls into the opposite corner and hits a big clothesline, before whipping him across the ring and once again catching him with a huge clothesline!]

JD: Haynes is all over Pouls here...[POP!] and Morton just shoulderblocked Summers out of the ring!

[Indeed, the camera barely catches it, but Morton exploded out of a three-point stance and finally hits Summers with his running shoulderblock! As Morton goes to hold off Summers, Haynes runs into the corner...]

CP: Whatta' boot!

[...and nails Pouls with a big boot! As the big man stumbles out, Haynes is already swinging, sending his heavily taped thumb right at Pouls' throat...]

JD: THE WHISKEY LULLABY! That's it! One, two, three!

[Big pop!]

PW: Your winners...

VIIIIIIIOOOOOLENNNNNNNCE UNNNNLIMMMMITED!!

[Morton and Haynes high-five each other as the crowd continues to cheer wildly.]

JD: The Aces of the Deep were game, but Violence Unlimited proved to be too much for them.

CP: Morton and Haynes want to make it back-to-back wins in the Cup and if they wrestle like this in Atlanta, I don't know who's going to stop them.

[The scene then crossfades to a shot of Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes standing backstage, apparently after the show. Morton is dressed in a red t-shirt airbrushed with a huge likeness of himself sticking out his tongue airbrushed on the front and the words "PROFESSOR PAIN" stenciled in black. Jackson Haynes is dressed similarly, with a yellow t-shirt and a huge likeness of _his_ ugly mug airbrushed on the front with a disturbing serial-killer type grin. The words "THE HAMMER" are stenciled on the front. The duo are standing by with Jason Dane.]

JD: Gentlemen, it's just a little over a week until the Stampede Cup! As we saw earlier tonight, you two seem more than ready to defend your crown...

JH[Interrupting]: You're damn right we're ready!

[Haynes points a finger into the air.]

JH: One more week, boys! ONE MORE WEEK!

[A small grin forms on Haynes' rough features.]

JH: Ya' got one more week to hold onto that dream of winnin' the Stampede Cup!

One more week to fantasize 'bout holding the Cup high into the air as ya' get recognized as bein' the greatest tag team in all of wrasslin'!

One more week...before all your pretty little dreams get crushed by cold, hard reality!

[He leans in close to the camera as his eyes grow wide and his voice goes soft.]

JH: The fact, that Violence Unlimited IS the greatest damn tag team in all the world!

[Morton pats Haynes on the shoulder, laughing.]

DM: Now, I know some of you fellas out there might think we're being cocky. I know some of you might think we're disrespecting you.

IT'S NOT A MATTER OF DISRESPECT!

The teams in the Stampede Cup are good teams. Some of them are even GREAT teams...but there isn't a single one that's got the experience...that's got the know-how...that's got any idea or clue just how much blood they need to bleed, how many tears they need to shed, and how much sweat they need to pour into being the Stampede Cup champions!

[Morton slaps himself hard in the chest.]

DM: It's a fight! A fight! The biggest, longest, toughest fight of your lives! Don't you understand!?!

[Getting worked up, Morton runs his hands through his hair and repeatedly slaps himself in the face, before screaming out in pent-up rage.]

DM: All of you out there have to prepare yourselves, train yourselves, psych yourselves up to be ready for this!

BUT WE'RE DIFFERENT!

You don't breathe the air we breathe! You don't think like we do!

It doesn't matter how many teams they add or how many nights they want us to wrestle, because Violence Unlimited is always ready for a fight!

Always ready for a battle!

Always ready for a war!

[And with that, Morton turns to Haynes and shoves him hard in the chest. Haynes responds in kind as the two grin and nod at each other, before turning their attention back to the camera.]

JH: I know what you're thinking..."This is a tournament. Anything can happen! We've got a chance!"

[Morton chuckles.]

DM: Yeah...a chance.

[And then they both cackle.]

JH: Like buyin' a lottery ticket!

[The two laugh it up, but suddenly becoming very quiet, their happy expressions replaced by dead serious looks on their faces.]

JH: One more week, boys...ONE MORE WEEK.

[The two then stare down at Jason Dane, before turning and walking 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 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: The wait is almost over...

The time is almost here...

[Cut to a rapid series of shots from the various trailers.]

Voiceover: The questions will stop...

[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: And the action will start...

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 spotlight silhouette with its arms out to its sides and back to the screen.]

Voiceover: Because the time is almost here...

[The silhouette has a ticking countdown clock appear over it.]

"20:22:4:28"

[And the latter number ticks down one by one as we fade to black.]

As we fade back up from black, we come up on a shot of the squared circle, the crowd buzzing at what they're about to see. Phil Watson is standing in the center of it all.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and now it's time for the match that we've all been waiting for here tonight. In fact, I suppose you could say that it's a match that is literally years in the making, Bucky.

BW: That's right. Longtime fans of this sport may have seen this match before but this is a new time, this is a new era, this is the AWA!

GM: For the very first time, two absolute living legends in this industry - Alex Martinez and Jeff Matthews - will meet one on one right here in Atlanta and this is the very definition of a Main Event, Bucky.

BW: It's a Main Event anywhere in the globe and you know what I'm excited about the most, Gordo?

GM: I'm afraid to ask.

BW: After all these months of waiting, tonight we're FINALLY going to see the end of Alex Martinez! Jeff Matthews, the Minion, the Dragon - I don't care who has to do it but let's wheel this punk out of here on a stretcher,

Gordo! And when the Dragon's done with Martinez, I got a few more names he might take a shot at - starting with those idiot Stench Brothers!

GM: Give it a rest, Bucky! The time for talk is over so let's go to ringside for tonight's Main Event!

[Phil Watson raises the mic.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first, from Durham, North Carolina. Weighing in at two hundred and fifty nine pounds, here is...

JEFF "MADFOX" MATTHEWS!!!!

[Sounds of gunfire reverberate throughout the arena as the opening guitar part starts up to "One" by Metallica.]

#I can't remember anything, can't tell if this is true or dream.
#Deep down inside I feel the scream, this terrible silence stops me.
#Now that the war is through with me, I'm waking up I can not see.
#That there's not much left of me, nothing is real but pain now

#HOLD MY BREATH AS I WISH FOR DEATH... OH PLEASE GOD WAKE ME!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Jeff Matthews steps out from behind the entrance curtain with a cold gaze. He looks disapprovingly at the jeering fans, shaking his head at their reaction. He's decked out in crimson colored wrestling tights and high, laced up black boots. His body is covered with the tattoos he used to masquerade as Caleb Temple years ago as well as the scars he has earned over the years in some of the most violent matches of all time.]

GM: Jeff Matthews, a Hall of Famer, is on his way to the ring for this, his debut match in the AWA.

BW: And it really doesn't seem that long ago when he came out of nowhere and assaulted Alex Martinez back at WrestleRock. The Madfox is here on a mission, Gordo - a mission constructed by that mysterious entity known only as The Dragon.

GM: The Dragon has been trying to end the career of Alex Martinez here in the AWA for almost a year now but up until now, he has failed. Will tonight change that?

[Matthews tugs black elbowpads into place as he methodically makes his way to the ring, rolling under the ropes. He climbs to his feet, promptly settling back into the corner as he awaits his long-time rival.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a dramatic pause, broken by the opening lyric to Fight's "Little Crazy."]

#Its all right...#

PW: He stands seven feet tall, and weighs in at three hundred and fifty pounds...

[There's a buzzing in the crowd as all eyes turn towards the entranceway.]

#Its all right...#

PW: Hailing from Los Angeles, California...

[The buzz begins to build into a roar.]

#Its all right, I'm just a...#

PW: The one and only...

[And then the crowd gets...]

#LITTLE CRAZY#

PW: AAAAAAAALEX MAAAAAAARRRRRTINEZZZZZ!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Martinez throws the entrance curtain apart, stepping into view. His eyes are locked on the ring, glaring down the length of the aisle at the Madfox. The big man has dressed somewhat differently than we're used to seeing him compete - a pair of blue jeans and a t-shirt with the sleeves cut off. He has a large black fingerless glove on his injured hand, revealing a lot of white tape underneath it.]

GM: There he is, fans... the Last American Badboy has arrived here in Atlanta and listen to this crowd!

[The roaring crowd is overwhelming as Martinez shouts something unheard in the direction of the ring and stalks down the aisle towards the squared circle.]

GM: We haven't seen Alex Martinez in the ring since Jeff Matthews attacked him. This will be a test to see just how much Martinez has recovered in the interim.

BW: Ain't no chance he's recovered. Alex Martinez should be home on the couch watchin' the action, daddy. But the only layin' down he'll be doing after tonight is in a hospital bed. Count on it. The Dragon has sent this assassin after him, and the Madfox is gonna do the job!

GM: We can see the heavy tapejob on the hand. The shoulder as well. It's obvious that Martinez is still feeling the effects of some of the injuries he suffered at the hands of the Dragon's henchmen over the past several months. But has he healed enough to bring the fight to Jeff Matthews here tonight in Center Stage? We're about to find out!

[The big man steps over the ropes to another big roar from the crowd. He stands near the ropes, glaring across the ring at the Madfox who hasn't moved an inch since climbing into the ring. AWA Senior Official Michael Meekly steps between the two, holding both arms at full length to keep them apart. Meekly shouts a few words to both men - and then steps back, waving a hand...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and HERE! WE! GO!

[At the sound of the bell, Martinez stomps across the ring towards the Madfox, trying to corner him...

...but Matthews sidesteps out of the buckles, moving to the side and avoiding the big man's approach.]

GM: Martinez moves in but Matthews moves aside, staying out of reach.

[Martinez turns around quickly, moving in again...

...but again, Matthews dances to the side, avoiding the big man. The crowd jeers as Martinez comes up empty.]

GM: Matthews stays away again.

BW: Mindgames, Gordo. Mindgames.

GM: I can believe it. There's so much bad blood between these two. They began as friends and then quickly turned into enemies.

BW: Tell the truth, Gordo. Jeff Matthews got Alex Martinez his first job and the big backstabber betrayed him!

GM: There's so much more to this story than that, Bucky, and you know it!

[Martinez slaps the turnbuckles with his arms, shouting "COME ON!" at Matthews who doesn't respond, simply glaring at the big man who turns towards him again, moving to the middle of the ring...

...where Matthews ducks underneath, moving past the slower man easily.]

BW: Haha... I love it, Gordo. The big goof's injuries have slowed him down and now Matthews is just making him look like a fool in there.

GM: Perhaps but for a guy who supposedly wants to end Martinez' career, Matthews is sure not looking for a fight.

BW: Of course he's not looking for a fight! He's outgunned in a fight. But in a wrestling match - decided by skill - Matthews has an arsenal the size of a superpower, daddy!

[Martinez turns around slowly, shaking his head with his hands on his hips as he stares at Matthews who waves him forward again...]

GM: Matthews is calling for Martinez to charge him, perhaps trying to wear the larger man down...

[The Last American Badboy marches forward, arms raised for a tieup...

...and again, Matthews ducks underneath. But this time, Martinez is ready for him, grabbing him around the upper body and physically swinging him backfirst into the buckles! Big cheer!]

GM: Martinez powers him to the corner and-

[Martinez rushes the three steps to the buckles, SMASHING Matthews with a big clothesline in the corner to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: The ring shook on that one, daddy!

[The big man steps back, allowing Matthews to slump down in the corner, his knees bent and his expression cloudy as he tries to stay on his feet. Martinez marches back in, yanking Matthews back to a standing position and pasting him across the jaw with a right hand!]

GM: What a shot! Another right hand! There's a third now! He's showing no effects from those injuries we've seen him suffer!

BW: You're wrong, Gordo. Look, each of them hands is landing softer than the previous one. That's the hand that Langseth injured, and its still aching him!

GM: I'm not so sure about that one, Bucky.

[The series of heavy blows has Matthews rocked, hanging onto the top rope to stay on his feet. The big man grabs the Madfox by an arm, wheeling around and FIRING him across the ring where his spine SLAMS into the buckles!]

GM: A giant-sized whip into the corner... here comes Martinez!

[Rushing across the ring on an injured leg, Martinez CRUSHES Matthews against the buckles again with another clothesline. The big man lets loose a

roar as he spins out of the corner to the middle of the ring, allowing Matthews to slump down to his knees in the corner.]

GM: Another big clothesline in the corner and it looks like the time off has done Alex Martinez a world of good.

[Shaking his head, the big man turns around again, marching back towards the corner and his downed opponent. The official steps in, blocking Martinez' path.]

GM: The referee says no - Michael Meekly says to back off and give Matthews a chance to recov- whoa!

[The crowd buzzes as Martinez physically grabs Meekly around the head and neck, swinging him to the side.]

BW: That should be a disqualification, Gordo!

GM: It certainly could be. That's the discretion of the referee for sure.

[Martinez turns back, moving in again...

...which gives Matthews a slight opening, diving out of the corner to grab the injured leg of Martinez. The big man staggers, losing his balance for a moment before steadying himself. Martinez rains down blows on the back of the head and neck but Matthews holds on tight, fighting to yank the big man off his feet.]

GM: Look at Matthews! He's trying to get him down! He's trying to get-

[The Madfox pulls hard, finally ripping the injured leg out from under Martinez, knocking him down to the mat. The Hall of Famer quickly gets up, delivering a trio of stomps on the kneecap.]

GM: And Matthews is going right after that injured knee!

BW: Whaddya want to bet that knee is taped all to heck under those jeans?

GM: That's a certain possibility.

[Martinez tries to get back up, quickly sitting up...

...and Matthews CREAMS him with a hard kick to the face, knocking the big man back down to his back on the canvas.]

GM: Good grief! He kicked him right in the mush, Bucky!

BW: Martinez may have to add broken teeth to his laundry list of injuries after that one, Gordo.

[With Martinez down, Matthews stands over him, delivering stomp after stomp to the ribcage.]

BW: And just like that, the Madfox is in charge. In that ring, ain't no man deadlier than Jeff Matthews!

GM: You're right about that. Jeff Matthews is the very definition of "ring general."

[Fighting out from under the barrage of stomps, Martinez gets to a seated position, rolling over to push himself to all fours. Matthews delivers a kick to the ribs of Martinez, trying to keep him down but the big man keeps on coming.]

GM: Both men back up- Matthews with a whip!

[But the big man holds his ground, reversing the whip to send the Madfox into the ropes...]

GM: Madfox off the far side!

[Martinez sets to deliver another clothesline but Matthews moves quicker, throwing himself at his foe!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Spinning leg lariat! Down goes Martinez again!

[Matthews slips to his feet and almost instinctively goes for a pin attempt. But before the referee can even deliver a one count, Matthews pops back out of the lateral press, shaking his head.]

BW: I think Matthews just remembered why he's REALLY here, Gordo.

GM: What's that mean?

BW: Jeff Matthews is here to END Alex Martinez' career! He's not here to win a match. A pinfall means nothing at this stage of the battle. He wants to cripple this man.

[Matthews leans down, delivering a right hand to the jaw of Martinez who is trying to get back to his feet again. The Madfox delivers a pair of big kicks to the chest, trying to knock the big man back down.]

GM: Martinez won't go down! The big man won't stay down!

[Matthews continues to rain down shots to the rising Martinez but as the seven footer reaches his feet, he buries a knee up into the midsection of his rival.]

GM: The big man's fighting back! He's back to his feet!

[Martinez reaches back his right hand...

...and wraps the big paw around the throat of Jeff Matthews! The crowd EXPLODES!]

GM: He's going for the chokeslam! He's gonna chokesla-

[Matthews immediately jabs a thumb into the eye, blinding Martinez!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez got caught! Matthews with a desperation cheapshot right there...

[The Madfox dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: BOOT! BIG BOOT TO THE JAW!!

[Matthews gets wiped out by the big boot, a blow that leaves him flat on his back on the canvas!]

GM: Alex Martinez is NOT going down tonight without a fight! He signed a waiver that said he would not sue the AWA if they let him compete and he got hurt! That's how bad this man wanted back inside this ring, fans! That's how much he was looking forward to this night!

[Martinez reaches down, hauling Matthews off the mat by the arm. He wheels his rival around, HURLING him hard into the buckles again. Slowly approaching the dazed Madfox, Martinez backs in, setting against Matthews' frame...

...and SLAMS his elbow back into the face of Matthews!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Martinez delivers a second elbow... and a third... and a fourth before the referee steps in, forcing him to step out of the corner.]

GM: A brutal series of elbows to the skull of Jeff Matthews...

[Matthews slumps down but Martinez cuts him off with a handful of hair, dragging him back to his feet. The big man shakes his head, sticking a finger in the face of Jeff Matthews.]

GM: He's not gonna let him fall! The big man says "not tonight, Madfox!"

BW: And did you notice? Martinez isn't going for a cover either! Just like Matthews, he's not going for a cover either!

GM: Clearly, he wants to punish Matthews for what the Madfox has done to him. But you have to wonder if that'll cost him in the long run, Bucky. The

big man is hurting from all those injuries and I think he should take a win if the opportunity presents itself, Bucky.

BW: What do I keep tellin' ya? Don't be looking for Alex Martinez to do the smart thing!

[Holding his former friend by the hair, Martinez drags him out of the corner to the middle of the ring. He flings him towards the ropes again, waiting on the rebound as he scoops Matthews off the mat, pivoting, and DRIVING the Madfox down to the canvas with a thunderous powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM BY THE BIG MAN!!

[Meekly promptly dives to the mat, ready to make the three count...

...but Martinez stays kneeling on the canvas, shaking his head at the AWA's Senior Official.]

GM: Martinez says no! Martinez says not yet! He won't cover the man yet!

[The big man visibly winces as he pushes off the mat, climbing to his feet once more. He looks out at the roaring Center Stage Theatre crowd, nodding his head to them...

...and then drags a thumb across his throat to a huge roar!]

GM: Martinez is gonna try to finish him right here, right now!

[Reaching down, Martinez grabs Matthews by the throat with his right hand...

...and POWERS him up to his feet with a lift!]

GM: Oh my stars! What power! What strength!

[Matthews dangles at the end of Martinez' reach, the powerful hand gripping his throat.]

GM: He's got him hooked! He's got that one-handed choke on him! And we all know what comes next, Bucky!

BW: This can't be happening!

[And it isn't. Dazed as he is, Matthews is far from out. His leg lifts and he drives the bottom of his foot into Martinez' knee, making the big man falter and lose his grip.]

GM: Ohh! Matthews went for the knee!

BW: Brilliant!

GM: Ever the ring tactician, Matthews just went for one of the weakest points on his opponent to save himself and-

[The Madfox reaches up, hooking his arms around Martinez' head and neck...

...and gets powerfully shoved off into the ropes where Matthews hits them, rebounding back...]

GM: BIG BOO-

[But Martinez' second attempt at the kick fails as Matthews leaves his feet, driving both feet squarely into the injured knee, toppling the big man down to his back!]

GM: Matthews takes him down! A dropkick to the knee puts Martinez down on the canvas and-

[Quickly scampering to his feet, Matthews backs off, hopping up on the middle rope, taking aim...

...and leaps off, dropping a knee down across the injured knee!]

GM: Ohh! Jeff Matthews just put all his weight down the injured leg!

[Kneeling on the canvas, Matthews grabs the leg with one arm and just hammers away at it with a clenched hammerfist with the other arm.]

GM: The Madfox is hammering the knee! He's hammering the knee with his fist!

[Popping up to his feet, Matthews grabs the injured leg in his hands.]

GM: He's going for the Foxtrap! He wants the figure four!

[Matthews spins around with the leg, twisting it into a spinning toehold...

...but as he leans over to grab the other leg, Martinez lashes out with a right hand to the jaw that breaks Matthews' grip, knocking him down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand!

[Martinez grabs the ropes, pulling himself closer to them with his good hand. He shakes out the injured hand, having hurt it with the hard right hand to the jaw. He winces as he drags himself to his feet using the ropes, leaning against them as the Madfox shakes his head clear near the opposite ropes.]

GM: Both men back up... both men on their feet...

[Matthews shoves off the ropes, charging across...

...and dropping down into a baseball slide, sliding through the legs of a waiting Martinez and out to the floor. On his feet on the floor, Matthews reaches under the ropes, grabbing the injured leg by the ankle and jerks Martinez' legs out from under him!]

GM: Ohh! Matthews pulls his legs out!

[Dragging Martinez' injured leg under the bottom rope, Matthews lifts Martinez' leg high...

...and SLAMS the knee down on the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: The injured knee just got DRIVEN into the hardest part of the ring! The least padded part of the ring as well! That knee may have just been shattered, Gordo!

GM: The knee may have just suffered even more damage than it already had! And you know that's exactly what Jeff Matthews is hoping for. And somewhere out there, you know that Minion is laughing his head off.

BW: Not to mention the Dragon.

GM: A good point.

[Matthews ignores the protesting official, raising the leg high into the air again...

...and SLAMMING it down on the ring apron again!]

GM: Twice! Twice the injured knee gets slammed into the hardest part of the ring!

[Peeling away, the Madfox ducks under the ring, pulling up the ring apron and searching...]

GM: What's Jeff Matthews looking for under there?!

BW: He may have forgotten where he is, Gordo! He may have seen that match we watched earlier and thinks he's back in Los Angeles!

[A frustrated Matthews throws the apron back down, marching over to the timekeeper's table and shoving the timekeeper down to the floor.]

GM: Oh my stars.. he's got the timekeeper's chair! He's got a steel chair!

[Matthews moves back to his injured opponent, rearing back with the chair...

...and finds Michael Meekly stepping in his path!]

GM: Meekly's stopping him! Meekly's not gonna let him do it!

[The AWA's Senior Official puts himself between Jeff Matthews and Alex Martinez, both arms raised - shouting at the Madfox who is determined to bash his former friend over the leg with the chair.]

GM: What a bold decision by Michael Meekly!

BW: Bold?! What right does Michael Meekly have to do this?! This isn't his job!

GM: I believe it is! I believe the referee's job SHOULD be to protect our wrestlers from permanent injury! Jeff Matthews is not trying to win a match here - he's trying to cripple a man!

BW: A man who signed a waiver! Get out of the way, Meekly!

[With the referee having bought him some recovery time, Martinez crawls away from the ropes, pulling his leg out of range. An angry Matthews throws the chair aside before rolling under the ropes into the ring with Michael Meekly following closely behind.]

GM: Both men are back inside the ring now. Great job, Michael Meekly!

[Matthews stalks across the ring where Martinez has pulled himself to his feet in the corner. The Madfox measures him, delivering a hard kick to the back of the knee. Martinez' iron grip on the top rope is the only thing keeping him on his feet.]

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Matthews delivers a second kick to the knee, Martinez still clinging to the top rope to stay on his feet. The Madfox winds up, delivering a hard chop across the chest.]

GM: Big chop by the Madfox!

[The Madfox wraps his hands around the throat of the struggling Martinez, strangling the air out of him...]

GM: That's a choke! Get in there, Michael Meekly!

[The referee is quick to count, forcing a break at four. Matthews grabs the arm...]

GM: Another whi- ohh, Martinez fell down!

BW: He's fallen and he can't get up, Gordo!

GM: Where'd you dust off that joke from, Bucky?

[Martinez is down on the canvas, face ravaged in pain as he attempts to crawl to create some distance between he and the Madfox who suddenly has a sneer on his face as he approaches his downed rival.]

“THIS?! THIS IS YOUR HERO?!”

[A hard stomp to the knee punctuates Matthews’ question to the fans. A second one sends a shout of pain up from the Last American Badboy.]

GM: Matthews is just torturing him now... and the Hall of Famer STILL hasn’t attempted a cover, Bucky...

BW: No need to. He’s proving who the better man is without a pin.

GM: He might be happy just punishing Martinez for the full twenty minute time limit here tonight in Atlanta.

[Grabbing the leg again, Matthews drags Martinez away from the corner. He spins around the leg, twisting it into a spinning toehold before reaching down to grab the other leg...

...and gets pulled down into an inside cradle with a handful of hair!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!!

[Meekly dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd’s reaction echoes Alex Martinez who slams an open hand into the canvas in frustration.]

GM: He almost got him, Bucky! He almost snuck out a pinfall right there!

BW: What happened to Martinez trying to punish him? It’s almost like he lost already, Gordo! He had to go for a pin to try and save himself!

GM: The goal of this sport is to win matches, Bucky! Alex Martinez did the right thing right there and you know it!

BW: I know that Martinez is a coward who decided he doesn’t want to fight this man anymore! He wants to win the match and go home so Jeff Matthews can’t hurt him anymore!

[Matthews pops back to his feet, dropping down to his knees and driving the point of his elbow into the injured knee. He slips Martinez’ ankle under his knee, delivering punch after punch to the knee to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Martinez’ knee is under repeated assault by the Madfox! Matthews is trying to put that knee into a surgery room!

[Getting back to his feet, Matthews grabs Martinez by the hair, hauling him off the mat where Martinez can't even put both feet squarely on the canvas.]

GM: Martinez can't rest his weight evenly. That leg is THAT badly hurt, fans.

[Matthews pushes Martinez back against the buckles, again wrapping his hands around the throat...]

GM: Big choke! The ref's in there again...

[As the Madfox breaks the choke at four, the Madfox shakes his head, stepping up to the middle rope. He winds up his right hand...]

GM: Jeff Matthews is hammering away from the ropes, right hand after right hand to the skull!

[The Last American Badboy absorbs a ton of blows to the head...

...and then reacts!]

GM: WHOA! WHOA!

[Martinez steps out of the corner two small steps, holding Matthews up on his shoulders...

...and sends him CRASHING DOWN TO THE MAT! HUUUUUGE ROAR!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! POWERBOMB!!

[The big man, having dropped down to a knee on the powerbomb, breathes heavily for a few moments.]

GM: That might do it! But can Martinez make the cover?! Can he get a pin attempt on Matthews?

BW: Look out, Gordo!

[The crowd roars with jeers as the masked Minion rushes down the aisle to the ring, climbing up on the ring apron!]

GM: THE MINION IS ON THE APRON!! SOMEONE GET HIM OUT OF HERE!!!

BW: He has every right to be there!

GM: What are you talking about?

BW: Isn't he a manager?

GM: He is not a manager!

BW: Well, he still has a right to be there!

[Battling up to his feet from his knee, an angry Martinez staggers towards the ropes, shouting at the Minion who returns fire with words of his own...]

GM: Martinez is up! Martinez is angry! And Martinez is-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: HE'S GOT THE MINION! MARTINEZ HAS GOT THE MINION!!

[The crowd is roaring as the masked man struggles to free himself from the grip of the Last American Badboy...]

...and then roars louder as Martinez winds up and CLOCKS the Minion with a right hand, knocking him off the apron to the floor!]

GM: OH YEAH!! HE FLOORS THE MINION!

BW: What is it with people beating up managers lately?! Especially these seven foot bullies!

[A slight grin crosses the face of Martinez at the sight of the Minion sprawled out on the floor as he turns around, reaching down towards the kneeling Madfox...]

...who uncoils from the kneeling position, hooking Martinez in a three-quarter nelson, and DRIVING his skull into the canvas!]

GM: FOXDEN!! FOXDEN!!

BW: Lemme say it... HE NAILED IT!!!!

[Martinez collapses in a heap to the mat and Matthews falls over him as the referee dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Matthews did it! The Madfox did it! He has defeated Alex Martinez in the middle of the ring! You may not like HOW he did it but you have to recognize the fact that he did it!

[A groggy Matthews climbs to his feet, arms held high in the air as the crowd jeers his triumph. Michael Meekly raises Matthews' hand, gesturing to him as the winner.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner...

THE MADFOX...

JEEEEEEEEEEEEEEFF MAAAAAAAAAATHEWWWWWWS!

[The boos grow louder as Matthews stumbles over to the ropes, leaning against the buckles as he celebrates his victory.]

GM: I can't believe it, fans. Alex Martinez wanted this match so badly! He wanted to come back for this match so badly. I thought for sure he could do it. I thought for sure he WOULD do it. But Jeff Matthews has won here tonight in Atlanta. You have to give the assist to the Minion, Bucky!

BW: You can give the assist to the Minion - you can give him the rebound, you can call traveling, goaltending, or even delay of game but Gordon Myers, Jeff Matthews has beaten Alex Martinez in his first match here in the AWA! That's what the record books are gonna show, daddy!

[The Madfox slumps down to a knee, ducking through the ropes and rolling out to the floor.]

GM: He may have won the match but is this war over? Has Jeff Matthews done enough to end the career of Alex Martinez, Bucky? He continued his assault on the knee... he did everything he could think of to that knee... but at the end of the day, Alex Martinez was on the verge of victory off that powerbomb in my opinion, Bucky.

BW: Martinez should take this as a sign. He's done, Gordo. He's finished.

GM: Says who?

BW: Says me! Says Jeff Matthews! Says the Minion! And if Martinez doesn't buy it and he wants to come back and try again, I'm pretty sure the Dragon will have something to say about it too!

GM: If this Dragon wants to end Alex Martinez, he should come out here and do it himself, damn it!

BW: Why? Why should he when he's got assassins like Jeff Matthews who will do the dirty work for him?

GM: The Dragon's a damn coward, Bucky!

BW: I'd like to see you say that to his face!

GM: I'd like to SEE his face!

BW: Whatever, Gordo. Take it all in... you're a wrestling historian. Enjoy this moment! This is the end of Alex Martinez right here tonight in Atlanta and you got to call it! You're a part of history, Gordo!

[Inside the ring, a dazed and hurting Alex Martinez has managed to get back to his feet with the aid of the official.]

GM: Hold on here... Alex Martinez... he wants a mic...

BW: Of course he does. How else can the world hear his retirement speech?

[The house mic in hand, Martinez' heavy exhales can be heard over the PA system. He leans hard against the buckles, wincing as he tries to set some weight on the injured leg.]

AM: What ya...

[He winces again, shaking his head.]

AM: What ya saw just now?

[Martinez pauses for a moment.]

AM: No... I ain't gonna let it end like that.

[BIG CHEER!]

BW: You idiot! Just hang 'em up already!

GM: I knew it! I knew he wasn't done yet, Bucky!

[Martinez lifts the mic again.]

AM: Jeff... Jeff Matthews...

[He breathes heavy, running a hand over his sweat-covered brow.]

AM: I'm not gonna let ya get away with this, Matthews.

[Another big cheer! Martinez nods at the crowd's reaction.]

AM: I'm challengin' ya, right now. I want another match.

[The crowd roars at the idea of a rematch and then...]

AM: At the Stampede Cup!

[HUUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: DID YOU HEAR THAT?!

BW: What the heck is he thinking, Gordo?! He can't even stand up!

GM: Alex Martinez wants a rematch next weekend at the Cup!

[Martinez speaks.]

AM: You bring the Minion... the Dragon... you bring anyone ya want!

You just get your butt in the ring 'cause I'm gonna be there waitin' for ya.

[Martinez drops the microphone and stalks off, apparently ready to hunt Matthews down to get his answer.]

GM: We've got a challenge! We've got a challenge for one more match to be added to next weekend at the Stampede Cup! We are just seven days away from one of the biggest events in AWA history! It's the Stampede Cup, fans! We're out of time! We'll see you next week!

[With Martinez hobbling down the aisle towards the locker room, we fade to black.]