

THE AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE & EMPIRE SPORTS

Proudly Present

BLOOD SWEAT & TEARS

*Sunday, September 2nd
Lakefront Arena
New Orleans, Louisiana*

[We fade in from black on what is obviously handheld footage, likely shot from a cellphone from the overall quality of it. The shot is of Sweet Daddy Williams in a red, white, and blue AWA t-shirt that looks to be a couple sizes too small from the way it is clinging to his flabby gut. He cracks a grin at the cameraman before leaning in...]

"Who wanna sit on Sweet Daddy's lap taaaaniiiight?"

[Williams breaks into a chuckle, turning to point to a large luxury bus behind him. The camera pans up, revealing "AWA" written in block white lettering on a sign on the front of it. Williams gives the cameraman a wave, causing him to follow as he walks up the steps of the bus as Carly Rae Jepsen's "Call Me Maybe" starts to play as the footage speeds up, revealing a bus full of AWA superstars seated and ready to go.]

#I threw a wish in the well#

[The Hive, clad in their masks and a pair of "ROAD TO GLORY" t-shirts leap up on their seats on either side of the aisle, miming throwing something into a well. Williams walks past, giving them both a high five as the cameraman pursues to show a smirking Phil Watson who shakes his head, putting a finger over his lips to match the next lyric.]

#Don't ask me, I'll never tell#

#I looked to you as it fell...#

[The cameraman pans back to Sweet Daddy Williams whose path is blocked by MAMMOTH Maximus. Williams turns back to the camera, jerking a thumb at the large body in the aisle.]

#And now you're in my way#

[A hand reaches out from the seats, pulling the camera towards it. It belongs to Scotty Mayhem who is in a purple bandana with matching shades from the close-up we get. He lip syncs along with the song...]

#I'd trade my soul for a wish...#

[...and then turns towards Big Mama who is seated next to him for the next line.]

#Pennies and dimes for a kiss...#

[She, of course, leans over and plants a kiss on his cheek causing him to feign a fainting spell before the camera pulls away to show the Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes, glaring at the cameraman.]

#Your stare was holdin'#

[The cameraman pans across the aisle where the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Glenn Hudson, is standing on his seat, singing along...]

#Ripped jeans, skin was showin'#

[...and on cue, he turns his back to Childes, yanking down his pants to deliver a blurred-out full moon. From behind Hudson, a hand comes up to yank him down into his seat, revealing AWA co-owner Lori Dane who fans herself with her open hand.]

#Hot night, wind was blowin'#

#Where you think you're going, baby?#

[Lori pops down into her seat as Todd Michaelson emerges from the seat next to her, looking down at his wife as he lip syncs along.]

#Hey, I just met you...#

#And this is crazy#

#But here's my number...#

[He lifts his thumb and pinky to his head like a phone.]

#So call me maybe#

[The camera cuts across the aisle where Jon Stegglet cringes as his former broadcast partners engage in a makeout session. He sings the next lyrics.]

#It's hard to look right...#

[He jerks a thumb towards Todd and Lori.]

#At you baby...#

[Mark Stegglet's head pops in from off-camera, blocking his uncle from the shot.]

#But here's my number...#

#So call me maybe#

[“Uncle Jon” shoves his nephew back into his seat as the camera moves on to show Rick Marley standing on two seats, straddling the aisle in his best rock star pose.]

#Hey, I just met you...#
#And this is crazy#
#But here’s my number...#

[Marley throws up his hand in a headbanger pose, singing along.]

#So call me maybe#

[Marley leaps up in a David Lee Roth-esque kick as Williams ducks under, walking down the aisle. He turns back to the camera, lip syncing.]

#And all the other boys...#

[He points off-camera, letting the cameraman drift over to Travis Lynch who is, of course, in a tight shirt a few sizes too small.]

#Try to chase me#

[Lynch gets up, faking a backhand at Williams with a smile. He strikes a double bicep pose for the camera as he “sings” along.]

#But here’s my number#

[And then strikes the “phone” pose with his hand.]

#So call me maybe#

[Lynch lifts his hand in the Iron Claw pose as the cameraman turns, pointing out the bus window where Skywalker Jones is standing atop a truck bed in the parking lot. The shot zooms in as Jones does his best rap music video impression, swinging his arms back and forth as he wears super dark sunglasses.]

#You took your time with the call#
#I took no time with the fall#
#You gave me nothing at all#

[Jones does a full backflip, landing on his feet with a flourish as he points at the camera.]

#But still you’re in my way#

[The camera pans again showing BC Da Mastah MC “brushing the dirt” off his shoulders in Jones’ direction as then HE does his best rap music video impression.]

#I beg and borrow and steal#

#Have foresight and it's real#
#I didn't know I would feet it#
#But it's in my way#

[BC crosses his arms with a shout that we thankfully can't hear as we pan back into the bus again, this time finding Rex Summers standing in his ring robe.]

#Your stare was holdin'#
#Ripped jeans, skin was showin'#

[Summers pulls apart the top of his robe, revealing his ripped abs.]

#Hot night, wind was blowin'#
#Where you think you're going, baby?#

[Summers pulls the robe the rest of the way apart, a sight thankfully obscured by the AWA editing department revealing a completely blurry full frontal shot. The camera abruptly pulls away to reveal The Rave, Jerby Jezz up on Shizz Dawg OG's shoulders, repeatedly hitting his head on the roof of the bus. We pan again to show Blackwater Bart sitting in a seat, boots up on the seat in front of him. Suddenly, "The Wrestling Wiki" Walter Warren's head pops into Bart's area.]

#Hey, I just met you...#
#And this is crazy#
#But here's my number#

[Warren produces his ICQ number, handing it to Bart.]

#So call me maybe#

[A nice pie-face shove sends Warren out of view, leaving a snarling Bart behind. We pan again where a face-paintless Supernova is chatting with Chris Staley. Both turn to the camera with a roll of the eyes, "singing" along.]

#It's hard to look right#
#At you baby#

[Supernova throws out an arm.]

#But here's my number#

[Staley does the phone pose.]

#So call me maybe#

[We pan again to the outside of the bus where the Rockstar Express are chatting with a quintet of local females. The fan favorite tag team turns towards the camera.]

#Hey, I just met you...#
#And this is crazy#

[The Rockstars lift a slip of paper in each hand with a grin.]

#But here's my number#

[They trade a high-five as they walk towards the bus.]

#So call me maybe#

[We pan back inside the bus where "Hotshot" Stevie Scott is sitting on top of a seatback, mouthing the next lyric.]

#And all the other boys...#

[Scott shrugs, nodding.]

#Try to chase me#

[Scott does quite the effeminate hairflip.]

#But here's my number...#

[And with a bat of the eyelashes, he does the phone pose.]

#So call me maybe#

[Another quick pan, showing November standing atop a pair of seats wearing a wig that looks quite like his hair from yesteryear. The hair is flying back, rock star music video style as we go into slow motion.]

#Before you came into my life#

#I missed you so bad#

#I missed you so bad#

#I missed you so, so bad#

[We pan to the side where we see a grinning Alphonse Green using a handheld fan to blow November's hair. November gets shoved aside, his wig pulled off as a shirtless Sultan Azam Sharif is revealed. He slaps his pecs, striking a double bicep pose and no doubt telling the camera man to ZOOM IT!]

#Before you came into my life#

#I missed you so bad#

#And you should know that#

#I missed you so, so bad#

[Sharif's mouth forms words that most certainly are "IRAN! NUMBAH ONE!" as we pan to a grizzled Gunnar Gaines stroking his chin, shaking his head at the camera.]

#It's hard to look right#
#At you baby#
#But here's my number...#

[Gaines finally cracks a Grizzly Grin, striking the phone pose.]

#So call me maybe#

[Justin Gaines pops into view, doing something resembling the Dougie.]

#Hey, I just met you#
#And this is crazy#
#But here's my number...#

[Back to the phone pose.]

#So call me maybe#

[The camera pulls back to Sweet Daddy Williams who visibly giggles, pointing the camera at a scowling William Craven.]

#And all the other boys#
#Try to chase me#

[Craven dives at the cameraman, Williams diving to block his path.]

#But here's my number#
#So call me maybe#

[Craven takes a swing at Williams who returns fire as the rest of the bus breaks out into a wild brawl. We can see The Rave and The Hive battling in the background. Gunnar Gaines taking a swing at Sultan Azam Sharif and so on as the music continues to play.]

#Before you came into my life#
#I missed you so bad#
#I missed you so bad#
#I missed you so, so bad#

#Before you came into my life#
#I missed you so bad#
#And you should know that#

[With the big brawl going on, "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno pops into view. He looks on with a shake of the head, turning back to the camera...

...and sheepishly lifts his hand up into the phone pose.]

#So call me maybe#

[And as the music fades, so does the camera shot, going all the way to black for several moments...

...and then back up on a silhouetted shot of a championship belt. A voiceover begins.]

"What once was sixty-four is now merely sixteen.

Sixteen men on the edge of victory... on the edge of glory... on the edge of becoming the first to wear the crown of AWA World Champion.

It has been a long road..."

[A black and white slow motion shot of William Craven shoving his hand into the mouth of Supernova is followed by one of Travis Lynch wrapping the Iron Claw around the skull of Bruno Verhoeven.]

"A hard road..."

[The same effect shot shows Jerby Jezz tangling with Bumble Bee just before Stevie Scott drills Ron Houston with the Heatseeker.]

"A road filled with incredible hardships..."

[MAMMOTH Maximus squashes BC Da Mastah MC under his massive bulk before Blackwater Bart nearly removes Madison J. Valentine's head from his shoulders with the Piedra Lariat.]

"...challenges..."

[Gunnar Gaines stands triumphant over Colby Greene before James Monosso stands toe-to-toe, throwing haymakers with Hannibal Carver.]

"...successes..."

["Showtime" Rick Marley flattens Gideon Hellbane before Nenshou does a death-defying moonsault onto a prone Glenn Hudson.]

"...failures..."

[November uncorks a Shooting Star Press on Chris Staley then Pure X trades holds with Gabriel Whitecross.]

"...triumphs..."

[Dave Cooper, by hook or by crook, raises an arm in victory before Supreme Wright hooks the Cobra Clutch crossfade in.]

"...and defeats."

[Sultan Azam Sharif hooks in the Camel Clutch before Sweet Daddy Williams flattens "Playboy" Ronnie D with his posterior.]

"Sixteen men... all traveled a long, hard road to reach this point.

Sixteen men. Two nights. One World Champion.

The Road To Glory has come to an end here in New Orleans.

But who will stand above them all when the AWA returns home?"

[We fade to black again...

...and then back up, this time inside the Lakefront Arena in New Orleans where approximately ten thousand screaming AWA fans have jammed inside to witness history. We've got a long, panning shot of the building that reveals the red, white, and blue-rope ring with the protective mats surrounding it. A metal barricade is just beyond that, keeping the fans at bay. We can also spy an aisleway that has been set up, metal barricades on either side. The voice of Gordon Myers rings out.]

GM: Welcome one and all to the last stop on this summer's Road To Glory! We are LIVE here on WKIK from the Lakefront Arena in New Orleans, Louisiana for what is perhaps the biggest weekend in AWA history! Two nights, sixteen men... and at the end of it all, we'll have one - the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion! Bucky, this is gonna be one heck of a weekend.

BW: You got that right, Gordo. Sixteen men walked into this building tonight with the knowledge that they are four - count 'em, four - victories away from becoming the AWA World Champion and etching their name in the history books forever!

GM: Four, huh? That's not what you said a few-

BW: Shaddup, Gordo. Math was never my strong suit. That's why I pay an accountant to do my math for me.

GM: Heheh... tonight, we'll see the third round of matches, the Sweet Sixteen. After that, we'll also see the quarterfinals. So after this night, we'll be down to four men. Remember, tomorrow night will see the semifinals, the finals, the National Tag Team Title match, plus the annual Rumble with the winner earning a title shot at SuperClash IV to take place in Los Angeles on Thanksgiving night! But that's all tomorrow. Tonight's action is about to get started with the first of our tournam-

[The voice of Phil Watson rings out.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... WELCOME... to BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS!

[HUUUUGE CHEER!]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit.

GM: Huh? Tournament matches don't have a time limit.

[Watson continues.]

PW: The stakes are as follows - if Juan Vasquez wins the match, he will receive five minutes in the ring with Percy Childes. However, if he loses, he will be forced to join the Unholy Alliance!

[The crowd buzzes with confusion.]

GM: Wait a second... I was under the assumption that this was tonight's Main Event!

BW: You know what they say about assuming, Gordo.

GM: I do but... well, apparently, this match has been chosen to kick off this historic weekend in New Orleans! I'm not sure I understand how that happened but- fans, we're being told that Juan Vasquez is standing by with comments!

[We fade to backstage, where we see Jason Dane, standing by with a solemn-looking Juan Vasquez. The former two-time National champion is dressed in a black MEXICO track jacket, unzipped to reveal an old school Gary Grayson "King of the Death Match" t-shirt underneath. He looks in much better condition than last we saw, the cuts and bruises from his brutal battle with Ebola Zaire now all but gone. He has his hands in his jacket pockets and his head lowered deep in thought, as Jason Dane turns to speak to him.]

JD: Juan Vasquez, in just a few short moments, you and James Monosso will start off "Blood, Sweat, and Tears" in a match with impossibly high stakes. Win...and you'll finally exorcise the demons of WrestleRock. Lose...and well...I don't even want to say it. Lose...and you become a member of Percy Childes' Unholy Alliance. Your thoughts, going into this match?

JV: I can sympathize with James Monosso.

[He laughs and shakes his head.]

JV: Who the hell could've ever imagined I'd ever say that?

[The look of bitterness is evident on his face.]

JV: But I understand where he's coming from. We all want our freedom. We all just wanna' live free. And it's hard to admit, but I haven't felt like a free man since WrestleRock. I lost a part of myself that day, Dane...and everything since that day has just been a struggle trying to get it back.

[A sigh.]

JV: From the moment I woke up in that hospital bed, I've been locked in my own private hell, Monosso...but I can get it back. I can get everything back and all I have to do is win.

Your freedom. Your riches. Your...redemption?

I can't let you have it. Not tonight, amigo.

NOT tonight.

[Juan sadly shakes his head.]

JV: Tonight, I NEED to win and you NEED to los-

JD[Looking off-camera]: Oh my god.

[Vasquez turns to see whatever it is that caught Jason Dane's attention and quickly gets into a fighter's stance. Dane drops the microphone and makes a break for it, as a voice screams out from off-camera.]

"VASQUUUUEEEEEZZZZZ!!!!!!"

[It's James Monosso. He storms into view and gets greeted with a right hand on the jaw from Vasquez. Absorbing the blow, Monosso is a flurry of movement, rights and lefts swallowing up any attempt by Vasquez to battle back, pushing him back against the backstage wall where he simply wraps both hands around the throat of the former two-time National Champion.]

GM: He's choking him, fans! He's got Vasquez pinned against the wall and he's choking him!

BW: Hey, it's a Falls Count Anywhere match, right? Get the referee back there!

GM: The match hasn't officially started yet to the best of my knowl-

[We can hear the bell ringing inside the arena.]

BW: Now it has!

GM: I suppose you're right. Marty Meekly just called for the bell and he's jogging down the aisle, heading back to the backstage area where this fight has already started!

[Vasquez reaches up, his face reddening in the chokehold...

...and rakes his fingers across Monosso's eyes, sending him staggering away as Vasquez leans against the wall, coughing violently.]

GM: Vasquez goes to the eyes!

BW: What a big cheater he is.

GM: In a match like this, I'm not sure how much cheating is possible.

BW: I'll remember you said that.

[Vasquez approaches Monosso from the blind side, grabbing two hands full of stringy hair, pulling his head back...]

GM: Oh no!

[The fan favorite tries to smash Monosso's head into the backstage wall but a big boot comes up, planting on the wall to block it. He swings an elbow back into the ribs, breaking Vasquez' grip...]

GM: Monosso's having none of that and-

[He wraps his arms around the torso of Vasquez, scooping him up in a bearhug lift...]

...and CHUCKING him backfirst into the wall, causing his head to snap back on impact!]

GM: OHHHH! Good grief!

BW: Juan Vasquez thought that since he beat Ebola Zaire in Outlaw Rules back in Tampa that he's some kind of a tough guy now... well, James Monosso ain't havin' none of that, Gordo!

GM: If you tuned into our Preview Show online this week, fans, you heard some very interesting comments from James Monosso and you know just how desperate he is to both defeat Vasquez and win the World Title this weekend.

BW: Desperate's not a strong enough word, Gordo. The man's obsessed with it!

[Monosso balls up his fist, slamming it into Vasquez' ribcage as the official suddenly breaks into view.]

GM: Marty Meekly's back there in the locker room area, keeping an eye on the action...

[The big man lays in another hard shot to the ribs, knocking Vasquez down to a knee. Monosso winds up with both arms overhead, claspng his hands together...]

...but Vasquez steals his chance in the momentary stall, lunging forward with his skull aimed at the stomach of Monosso!]

GM: Ohh! Vasquez goes downstairs to cut off the double arm sledge blow.

[Vasquez quickly gets up, grabbing Monosso by the arm...]

GM: Clear!

[...and fires him across the backstage hallway, sending Monosso crashing backfirst into the wall!]

GM: Good grief! These two are tearing each other apart and they haven't even sniffed the ring yet!

[Vasquez grabs Monosso by the hair, shouting something unintelligible into his face before slamming a headbutt between the eyes, knocking Monosso down to a knee.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has one of the hardest heads in wrestling - remember when he used to trade headbutts with Raphael Rhodes? Some of the most disturbing shots to the head I've EVER seen.

[Spinning away from Monosso, Vasquez grabs a discarded broom, snatching it up in both hands...

...and pushing it across the throat of Monosso, pinning his neck against the wall as he strangles him!]

GM: Vasquez is choking him! The referee is right there, trying to back him off!

BW: Isn't that a disqualification?! He's got an illegal weapon!

GM: I'm sure Marty Meekly is going to give both of these men a little bit of leeway here tonight as he-

[A desperate Monosso drops to his rear, causing Vasquez to lean over more when Monosso reaches up, grabbing the front of the trunks, and YANKS Vasquez facefirst into the wall!]

GM: Ohh!

[Monosso slowly gets up, glaring at Vasquez who slumps down to his knees, face pressed against the wall as James backs off, putting his back against the other wall...]

GM: What the- NO!

[The madman from Happy Valley breaks into a dash, charging the few feet across the hallway, raising his leg...

...and coming up empty, smashing his foot into the wall!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: He tried to Concussionize him backstage! He was gonna put Vasquez' head through the wall but instead it's his own leg that goes through it! Monosso's leg is trapped inside that wall!

[The angry big man pushes at the wall, trying to free himself from the broken drywall as Vasquez grabs the broomstick again as he climbs to his feet, rearing back...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: Come on, referee! Do your job!

[The official is pleading with Vasquez to put the broomstick down as the former National Champion rears back again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A second shot across the back with the broomstick!

[With the referee protesting and threatening a DQ, Vasquez breaks off the attack, throwing the wooden stick aside as he drags Monosso away from the wall by the hair, tugging him into a scoop...]

...and SLAMS Monosso down on the cement floor backstage!]

GM: OHHHH! BODYSLAM ON THE CONCRETE FLOOR!!

[Monosso winces as he rolls to his side.]

GM: And remember, James Monosso - win, lose, or draw - has got at least one more match here tonight! Juan Vasquez is in the Rumble tomorrow night but Monosso could have... my stars, he could have another FOUR matches to go this weekend, Bucky! How the heck can he expect to win four matches after going through a physical matchup like this one with Juan Vasquez?

BW: HE might think he can do it, Gordo, but I don't think that's the plan.

GM: That makes me sick. Percy Childes is a piece of garbage who has sold out one of his clients in favor of a different one. He should be unbiased and neutral about which of his clients might win the World Title but we know very well that that is not the case.

BW: Percy's puttin' his green on the better horse.

GM: In your opinion.

BW: And his. And those are the only opinions that matter. Since when do you give a fig if Monosso wins a match anyways?

GM: I really don't. I just think that he's receiving some bad career advice these days.

[Vasquez drops to a knee, grabbing Monosso by the hair...]

GM: Big right hands from Vasquez, hammering away at James Monosso! Remember, if Vasquez can defeat Monosso here tonight, he gets five minutes in the ring with Percy Childes and can FINALLY put what happened at WrestleRock to rest in his mind.

[The official again forces Vasquez off, making him take three big steps back as Monosso rolls to all fours, crawling away from the former National Champion.]

GM: James Monosso is trying to get away from Vasquez... trying to find a place to recover a bit...

[Vasquez shoves the official aside, grabbing Monosso by the ankle. Monosso promptly rolls to his back, lashing out with the other leg to catch a surprised Vasquez right under the chin, sending him sprawling back onto a nearby table!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso out of nowhere scores with the upkick! That'll take a little bit out of Juan Vasquez!

[Monosso climbs to his feet, promptly wrapping both hands around the throat of Vasquez again, earning a four count before he breaks off the attack...

...and SLAMS the double axehandle down on the sternum!]

GM: Ohhh! Good grief!

[Vasquez rolls to his side, pain on his face as he grabs at his chest. Monosso shakes his head at the official as he winds up a second time, landing a second double axehandle across the ribcage, causing Vasquez to fall off the table to the floor.]

GM: Monosso with a pair of heavy shots there and suddenly, he has turned the tide of momentum on Juan Vasquez.

[A steaming-mad Monosso grabs Vasquez by the legs...]

GM: Oh no!

[...and falls back, catapulting Vasquez upwards which SLAMS his face and upper torso into the bottom of the table!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The sounds of sympathy from inside the arena bowl are loud as Vasquez slumps back down to the floor, promptly covering his face with his arms. A sneering Monosso drags Vasquez out from under the table by the legs, dropping an elbow across the chest before applying a cover.]

GM: Monosso gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[But Vasquez lifts a shoulder off the concrete floor before the three count. Monosso grabs the shoulder...

...and SLAMS it violently down against the floor before climbing to his feet.]

GM: James Monosso with an early pin attempt for two... and that's not a bad idea, Bucky.

BW: Not at all. You said it yourself... he's got as many as four more matches this weekend. He knows that he needs to conserve energy if he is going to stand ANY chance of making it out of New Orleans as the World Heavyweight Champion.

[Monosso lays in a few kicks to the ribs of the downed Vasquez before leaning down to drag him up by the hair, pulling him down the hallway.]

GM: Monosso's got Vasquez up, dragging him down the hall...

[As we reach the intersection of the hallway with one going the other way, Monosso suddenly chucks Vasquez around the corner and out of view.]

GM: Where are they going? Fans, we've lost sight of Juan Vasquez... and now we can't see Monosso either!

BW: The hallways backstage in this building are like a maze, Gordo. I got lost a few times this morning too.

GM: Why does that not surprise me?

[We have a few moments of silence as the cameraman jogs down the aisle, finally turning the corner to find Vasquez sprawled across a wooden table that is blocking the cameraman's path, turning diagonally and just barely fitting in the hallway.]

GM: They're in a much more narrow hallway now but Vasquez must've hit that table pretty hard, fans!

[A bellowing Monosso wraps his hands around the throat, shaking Vasquez' head violently as he presses his thumbs into the windpipe. The official shoves into view, shouting at Monosso to break the choke which he does after a four counter, staggering away...]

GM: Monosso's walking down the hallway... looking for something...

[He leans over, throwing a trash can aside. He kicks a small table over, sending debris scattering all over the hallway as Vasquez rolls off the table to a knee right in front of the cameraman.]

GM: This fight has been going on for over five minutes now and I feel like we're no closer to getting it out here in the ring.

BW: It's Falls Count Anywhere, daddy! They don't HAVE to get in the ring!

GM: Fans, Percy Chiles has just been brought out here to ringside by several AWA officials and armed security. We're being told that when Mr. Chiles was told he needed to be at ringside in case James Monosso loses this match, he... well, he turned tail and ran to put it mildly.

BW: THAT'S putting it mildly?

GM: So, now he's being forced to stand out here with AWA security to make sure he doesn't try to get away when Juan Vasquez gets his five minutes with him here tonight.

[Monosso keeps on digging, finally rising back up...]

GM: He's got a wrench!

BW: And I know we said that Meekly was going to give these guys some leeway but I'm not sure this is what we had in mind, Gordo!

GM: It most certainly is NOT! A metal wrench can NOT be used in this match, I promise you that!

[Which is what Marty Meekly seems to be informing James Monosso as he lumbers back towards Vasquez who has crawled several feet back down the hall towards the intersection again.]

GM: Vasquez is trying to get away from Monosso - a desperate man carrying a metal wrench in his hands!

[With Monosso arguing with Meekly, Vasquez pushes up to his feet...

...and breaks into a sprint!]

GM: Vasquez is- WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd inside the arena watching on the arena's video screens roars as Vasquez LAUNCHES himself over the wooden table, sailing into a shocked Monosso and knocking him down to the concrete floor!]

GM: VASQUEZ DIVES OVER THE TABLE ONTO MONOSSO!!

[Grabbing the wrench, Vasquez throws it aside before again raining down right hands on the skull of the madman from Happy Valley!]

GM: He's hammering away on Monosso, pummeling him into the floor here in New Orleans!

[The official forces Vasquez to break off his attack, making the two-time National Champion get to his feet where he drags Monosso up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAM!"

[...and SLAMS his face into the wooden table before turning to drag him further down the hallway.]

GM: They're going further away... our cameraman trying to get around that table or over it or something so he can follow them...

BW: I think they're getting close to the entrance to the aisle, Gordo!

GM: You could be right.

[Monosso's head goes bouncing off another wall before Vasquez turns a corner out of view, walking with purpose...

...when we suddenly cut to a camera inside the arena bowl where Vasquez hurls Monosso through the entrance into view, sending him stumbling down to a knee on the floor just inside the entryway!]

GM: Vasquez chucks him like a sack of garbage, right through the entrance!

[Vasquez stalks through the entrance to the roar of the crowd. He looks out at the fans, throwing his arms up in a "Come on!" gesture to get an even louder roar as he moves in on the kneeling Monosso...

...and Monosso ERUPTS upwards with his arms crossed, driving them into the throat of Vasquez!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot to the throat!

[Vasquez stumbles backwards, gasping for air as he doubles up. A seething Monosso stalks forward, hooking a front facelock and slinging Vasquez' arm over his neck...]

GM: No, no! Don't do that!

[Monosso hoists Vasquez into the air, dropping him hard on the concrete with a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: GOOD GOD!! SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!!

[Monosso rolls over, applying a cover as Marty Meekly bursts into view, diving to all fours.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Vasquez' shoulder shoots up off the cold, unforgiving concrete floor to the annoyance of Monosso who pushes up to his knees, glaring at the official.]

GM: Monosso continues to go for the quick victory. Who knows when his next match is? He needs to finish this up as soon as he possibly can.

[Monosso simply balls up his fist, slamming it down like a hammer repeatedly into the chest of Vasquez for several moments before climbing to his feet and smashing two hard kicks into the ribs, sending Vasquez rolling further down the aisle.]

GM: Vasquez needs to get this to the ring. That's going to be his best chance at beating James Monosso, Bucky.

BW: I don't know. He didn't do such a bad job outside the ring against Ebola Zaire back in Tampa.

GM: A good point.

[Monosso hauls Vasquez up by the hair, dragging him towards the metal barricade that keeps the fans back from the aisle. We can see a bunch of fans along the railing, shouting encourage to Vasquez as Monosso chucks him shoulderfirst into the barricade!]

GM: Good grief! Into the steel goes Vasquez and-

[The big man drags him off the railing, hoisting him over his shoulder...

...and bringing Vasquez' shoulder down sharply onto a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Shoulderbreaker by Monosso!

BW: He's going for another cover!

[But he again only scores a two count as Vasquez lifts the attacked shoulder off the floor...

...and has it SLAMMED down on the concrete again by an angry Monosso!]

GM: I don't know that I've ever seen James Monosso fighting with this much emotion, Bucky. He seems literally enraged after every kickout.

BW: He needs to try and keep his cool though. If he blows his top, you better believe that Juan Vasquez will take advantage of it.

[Monosso climbs to his feet, glaring down the aisle where Percy Childes has edged closer, shouting instructions to his man.]

GM: The Collector of Oddities is giving Monosso some orders and I have to say, he looks none too happy about it, Bucky.

BW: Can you really blame him? Monosso believes that Childes is making James create his replacement in the Unholy Alliance!

GM: Remember, if Monosso wins this match, Juan Vasquez' contract goes into the hands of Percy Childes. Childes will control every aspect of Juan Vasquez' career forever!

BW: High stakes in this one. Percy's very ability to stand against Vasquez' ability to stand alone.

[Monosso shouts something in Childes' direction before dropping a heavy elbow into the heart of Vasquez, rolling into another pinning position, earning another two count before the shoulder comes up.]

GM: Vasquez is out at two again... and Monosso's going to make him pay for that...

[The madman slips into a mounted position, grabbing Vasquez by the hair, hammering down with heavy right hands to the skull!]

GM: Monosso's pummeling him out on the floor!

[The official forces him off at four, an angry Monosso climbing to his feet, reaching down to drag Vasquez up by the hair, slipping an arm under Vasquez' armpit...]

"YOU WANT A FRIGGIN' HIPTOSS?!"

[...and LAUNCHES Vasquez through the air, sending him crashing down with a sickening "SPLAT!" on the concrete floor in the aisleway!]

GM: Goodness! Monosso just flung him like a rag doll!

[Monosso backs up, leaning against the railing, his head whipped back and staring at the ceiling...

...and then rushes forward, leaping up and dropping a sloppy senton across the chest of Vasquez!]

GM: Well, that certainly looked nothing like Tommy Stephens.

BW: Maybe when Stephens was liquored up.

GM: Monosso hits the big backsplash... maybe sending a message here that he believes he's better than Juan Vasquez in every way possible by using Vasquez' own offensive moves against him.

[Monosso rolls into another cover, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The shoulder comes up again as Monosso lets loose an anguished cry.]

GM: Wow. That'll send chills down your spine, Bucky.

BW: You're lucky you're wearing dark pants, Gordo.

[Monosso climbs to his feet, turning towards Percy Childes' shouts again. He grabs Vasquez by the wrist, dragging him by the arm down the aisle closer to the ring.]

"YOU WANT HIM SO BADLY, PERCY?! I'LL BRING 'IM TO YA!"

[The big man pulls Vasquez up by the arm, holding him up by the hair and shoving his face towards Childes who backs off, waving his crystal-topped cane at Monosso who shoves Vasquez under the ropes and into the ring where the crowd gives a sarcastic cheer.]

GM: For the first time in this battle, the action's inside the ring!

BW: But for how long?

[Monosso rolls under the ropes as the referee does the same, watching as Monosso stalks across the ring, leaping up to deliver a hard stomp to the back of Vasquez' skull!]

GM: Ohh! That'll leave you with a headache for sure.

[Monosso grabs Vasquez by the back of the trunks, hauling him to his feet and shoving him chestfirst into the corner where Vasquez stumbles back out...

...and gets CLUBBED with a standing clothesline to the back of the head, knocking him down on the mat in a heap!]

GM: Goodness!

[Turning towards Percy Childes again, Monosso gestures at the downed Vasquez.]

"This is him, Percy?! The savior?! The great hope?!"

[A few more stomps land, punctuating each question as Percy Childes looks on with a smirk. He slams his cane into the mat, shouting "STOP SCREWING AROUND!" at Monosso!]

GM: Good grief! Is Childes TRYING to make Monosso angry?!

BW: That might not be the worst idea. He's pretty mad right now and he's doing pretty well.

[A furious Monosso yanks Vasquez up, shoving him back into the corner, his arms slung over the top rope to stay on his feet. Monosso throws a big knee into the ribs, turning to look at Childes after doing it...]

GM: It's almost like he's looking to Percy Childes for approval after every blow he throws, Bucky.

[A second and third knee connects before Monosso grabs Vasquez by the arm, going for a whip...]

GM: He fires Vasquez across the ring, here he comes!

[Monosso barrels across the ring, arms pulled back for a double axehandle...

...and runs right into two raised boots!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE RAN INTO VASQUEZ' BOOTS!

[Monosso stumbles backwards as Vasquez pushes himself up to a standing position on the second rope, pausing for a moment before leaping off, throwing his feet into the face of Monosso, knocking him flat!]

GM: Flying dropkick off the middle rope puts Monosso down!

[The crowd roars for the offense as Vasquez crawls across the ring, grabbing the ropes to pull himself back to his feet, watching as Monosso gets up, rubbing his chin...]

GM: Both men are on their feet and-

[Vasquez lands a big right hand on the jaw, staggering Monosso!]

GM: What a right hand!

[Vasquez shoves Monosso back into the turnbuckles, squaring up and throwing a series of hooking right hands into the ribcage!]

GM: Vasquez is hammering away in the corner, just slamming the fist into the body over and over...

[The official steps in, starting a count...]

BW: Count faster, Meekly!

[...and reaching four before Vasquez steps out, letting loose a roar before grabbing Monosso by the arm, winging him across the ring...]

GM: Monosso hits the corner this time... here comes Vasquez!

[The former two-time National Champion dashes across the ring, leaping into the air for the double knees...

...but Monosso snatches him out of the air around the head and neck...]

GM: NO!

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A SLAM BY MONOSSO!!

[Having turned the flying knees into a uranage slam, Monosso promptly drops into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[Vasquez slips a foot over the bottom rope, something the referee just barely spots before making a three count. From the floor, we can hear Percy Childes shouting at the official.]

BW: Man, Percy wants Vasquez in the Alliance in the worst possible way, Gordo.

GM: Is it that or does he just want his fat neck saved?

BW: No need to get personal, Gordo. Besides, it doesn't look like you're turning down too many meals either. You really were workin' that gumbo in the back earlier.

[Monosso gets to his feet, grabbing the top rope as he plants his boot down on the throat of Vasquez, strangling the air out of him. Vasquez kicks his legs, gasping as the official starts another count. Upon breaking the choke, Monosso lays a few boots into the ribs of Vasquez, forcing him under the ropes and out onto the timekeeper's table.]

GM: Uh oh! Monosso kicks him out onto the table and Phil Watson and our timekeeper, Vince Watts, need to get out of there before Monosso decides to- too late!

[Monosso goes to step through the ropes when the referee steps in, waving him off...

...which gives Percy Childes the chance to SLAM the edge of the crystal-topped cane into the ribs of Vasquez!]

GM: Oh, come on! The referee completely missed that!

[Childes repeats the act, burying the edge of the cane into the ribs and causing Vasquez to roll over onto his back as Monosso shoves past the referee, stepping out on the apron...]

GM: It's a darn two-on-one out here, fans! Childes and Monosso are working in tandem to deliver Juan Vasquez to the gates of Hell!

BW: And we're over fifteen minutes into this match, Gordo. This is bad news for Monosso. With every tick of the clock, he gets closer and closer to having no chance in the tournament.

[Monosso hangs onto the top rope, repeatedly stomping Vasquez as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Come on, referee! Get him off the man!

[A well-placed boot causes Vasquez to roll off the table, crashing to the floor. A sneering Monosso steps out onto the table, throwing his arms back to more jeers from the crowd...

...when suddenly Vasquez springs up from a knee, desperately grabbing both legs and YANKING!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd reacts to Monosso’s legs being pulled out from under him, flopping backwards and SMASHING the back of his head on the wooden timekeeper’s table on the way down!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

BW: Monosso’s skull might have been split like a melon right there!

[A panicked Percy Childe can be heard screaming, “JAMES!! JAAAAMES! GET UP!” from off-camera as Vasquez climbs to his feet again, grabbing Monosso by an arm and dragging him over towards the ringside cornerpost...]

GM: Vasquez might be seeing a light in the tunnel here.

BW: You know when that happens? Right before the train turns your lights out for good, Gordo.

GM: Vasquez leans Monosso against the post...

[Vasquez grabs Monosso’s left wrist with his right hand, pulling it through the ropes as he grabs the right wrist with his left hand, pulling the arm around the ringpost...]

GM: Wait a second! What is Vasquez thinking of doing here?! What is he-

[Vasquez pushes back on the arms, knocking Monosso backwards...

...and then YANKS hard on both arms, SMASHING Monosso’s skull into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHH!

[Vasquez repeats the act, shoving Monosso away from the post, and then pulling him back in, causing the madman’s head and face to slam violently into the steel ringpost!]

GM: Good grief! Juan Vasquez is sheer violence personified!

[The former National Champion does it again and again, smashing Monosso's skull into the ringpost a half dozen times before the official forces him to let go, allowing Monosso to slump down to his knees, leaning against the ringpost as Vasquez stumbles away, pointing a warning finger at a nearby Percy Childes who wisely scampers away.]

BW: Keep your hands off Percy! You gotta EARN the right to put your hands on him, Vasquez!

GM: James Monosso is in some trouble right now, fans! Some SERIOUS trouble in my estimation!

[Vasquez shoves the protesting official aside, moving in behind the kneeling Monosso...]

GM: What in the...?

[Grabbing the arms again, Vasquez pulls Monosso's arms back behind him, raising his leg...]

GM: NO! Don't do it, Juan! Don't-

[...and CURBSTOMPS Monosso's face into the steel ringpost again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD!! Did you SEE that?!

BW: Of course I saw it! Of course I saw the damn thing!

[Monosso rolls over onto his back on the floor, blood streaming down his forehead.]

GM: Oh my stars, James Monosso has been split wide open, fans!

[Vasquez promptly attempts a cover on the floor.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[A bloodied Monosso lifts a shoulder off the ringside mats, just narrowly breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Juan almost had him there! An absolutely brutal, savage move by Juan Vasquez almost put Percy Childes inside the ring with him for five minutes!

[Vasquez shakes his head as he drags Monosso off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He nods to the fans who are cheering him - a smaller number than there were moments ago - and begins to scale the turnbuckles.]

GM: Vasquez is going up top! He thinks he's gonna finish this right now!

[Vasquez pauses with one foot on the top rope, jerking a thumb at his chest before stepping up with the other foot, pausing...

...and rocketing himself through the air, crashing down on the prone Monosso with a headbutt!]

GM: HEADBUTT OFF THE TOP!! HE GOT IT ALL!!

[He flips over, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OUT AT TWO!! MONOSSO IS OUT AT TWO!!

[A furious Vasquez climbs to his feet, repeatedly stomping Monosso's face before letting loose a "STAY DOWN!"]

GM: Vasquez thought he had him with the flying headbutt! But James Monosso WILL NOT STAY DOWN, FANS!

BW: You sound almost excited about that, Gordo.

GM: You gotta be a little bit impressed with the heart of James Monosso! He may be a lunatic madman but he absolutely refuses to go down without giving the biggest fight of his life!

[Vasquez grabs two handfuls of bloody hair, dragging Monosso to a knee. He steps back, lifting his right hand for the world to see...]

GM: This is how he beat Zaire!

[Vasquez nods, turning back to Monosso and uncorking the right cross towards the kneeling Monosso...

...who shocks the wrestling world by sliding his body to side, watching Vasquez sail past him...]

GM: MISSED!

[...and somehow manages to take Vasquez off his feet, hooking his hands together under Vasquez' nose!]

GM: CROSSFACE!

BW: What the hell?! When did James Monosso learn how to do a crossface?! He must've known he'd need it for this match!

GM: Juan Vasquez has gotta be shocked! He went for the right cross and Monosso somehow countered it! I know that I'M shocked!

[Monosso grits his teeth as he pulls back on the hold, looking as vicious as all get out as he tries to pull Vasquez' face out the back of his head.]

GM: Monosso's got the crossface applied! What he lacks in technique, he more than makes up for in sheer violence and brutality!

[Suddenly, Vasquez shifts his position, rolling Monosso onto his shoulders.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Monosso is forced to release the hold to escape the pin, both men clambering to get to their feet first. They arrive at about the same time, Vasquez rocking the madman with a headbutt between the eyes, sending him staggering back...]

GM: Hard shot by Vasquez... he grabs him by the back of the tights...

[...and PROPELS Monosso shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: VASQUEZ _FIRES_ HIM INTO THE POST!

BW: And we've seen this from Monosso before... but this time, it's Juan Vasquez doing it TO Monosso!

[A fired-up Vasquez turns his focus outside the ring, pointing a finger at Percy Childes who shakes his head frantically, waving the crystal-topped cane at Vasquez who steps out to the apron.]

GM: Is he really gonna do this?! He's gonna finish Monosso with this, Bucky!

BW: Not just this match, Gordo! He's gonna try to scramble his eggs once and for all, daddy!

[Vasquez leans against the ringpost, the crowd buzzing with anticipation as the two-time National Champion eyes his stunned victim...

...and with a bellow, breaks into a dash!]

GM: HERE! COMES! VASQ-

"OHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[James Monosso pulled his head clear in time, causing Vasquez to slam his leg into the ringpost!]

GM: Monosso's up and-

[Turning his back on Vasquez, Monosso reaches back, hooking his hands underneath the chin of Vasquez, hoisting him up...

...and drags him over the ropes back into the ring!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM IN THE HANGMAN!!

BW: This might do it! Look at Percy!

[The enthralled Collector of Oddities leans closer, a gleam in his eye as he looks at the future of his Unholy Alliance being written.]

GM: Childes thinks this might be it too! He's about to do a cartwheel out there!

[Childes shouts at Monosso, gesturing wildly with his cane as Vasquez tries to battle his way free, swinging his legs as he grabs at the hands gripping his head.]

GM: Vasquez working for an escape - he knows he's in trouble here! He knows-

[Vasquez literally pries Monosso's hands apart, dropping to his feet behind Monosso. He blindly reaches back, hooking his arms under his attacker...]

GM: Vasquez is free and- BACKSLIDE!!

[Monosso gets dragged down to the canvas in Vasquez' hold!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SO CLOSE!! JUAN VASQUEZ WAS SO CLOSE RIGHT THERE TO VANQUISHING THE MEMORIES OF WRESTLEROCK!!

BW: Gordo, we've passed the twenty minute mark in this! Monosso's gotta be sucking wind right now.

[The madman does look a bit winded as he battles back to his feet, trying to get there before the former champion who CRACKS Monosso with a right hand upon getting up!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Vasquez!

[The blow sends Monosso back into the ropes where he stumbles off into the waiting grip of Vasquez, the Los Angeles native slipping his right arm under Monosso's left armpit...]

GM: HIPTO- blocked by Monosso!

[Standing tall, Monosso grabs Vasquez by the throat with his right hand, sending a shocked roar through the crowd as he muscles him up, driving him down to the canvas with a short chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM! CHOKESLAM!

[A bloodied Monosso collapses onto Vasquez as the official dives down to the mat again.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Vasquez again slips a leg over the bottom rope, breaking the pin!]

GM: Great ring awareness on display by Juan Vasquez tonight - twice getting to break the pin by getting a foot on the ropes. He knows how important this match is to his future here in the AWA. He can not afford to lose this match, Bucky.

BW: Percy is losing his mind out there. That was another one that he thought they had won.

[With Childes shouting orders at him, a weary Monosso regains his feet, pulling Vasquez up by the trunks...

...and HURLING him into the ringpost!]

GM: Ohh! God almighty, you know what's coming next too!

[A nod to the jeering crowd sends Monosso out on the ring apron, ignoring the screaming Percy Childes as he backs to the ringpost, breathing heavily.]

GM: Monosso is having a hard time staying on his feet. He's bloodied... he's exhausted. Can he keep going? Can he keep going and defeat Juan Vasquez here tonight?

BW: And even if he can, what does this match mean for his chances of winning the World Title?

GM: What you should be asking is - what has Percy Childes does to his chances of winning the World Title? This is all Percy Childes' fault! This match being signed. This match going on first. This whole thing stinks of Percy Childes' being directly responsible for all of that.

BW: You've got no proof! No proof!

[Monosso suddenly lurches forward, rushing down the length of the apron, raising his leg...]

GM: CONCUSSIONIZ-

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez slips out just as Monosso had done moments ago, avoiding the big kick that slams into the steel...

...and then leaps up, throwing a big kick of his own, an enzugiri that bounces off the back of of Monosso's skull, sending him crashing down to the thinly-padded floor below!]

GM: OHHHH! DOWN TO THE FLOOR GOES MONOSSO!

[The official immediately slides out to the floor as Vasquez grabs the top rope with both hands, breathing heavily as he starts to climb...]

BW: Where the heck is HE going?! Monosso's down on the floor as Vasquez is climbing up top!

GM: Percy Childes is right over here by us shouting at his man and- oh, would you be quiet?!

[Childes directs a few words in Gordon's direction as well as Vasquez puts a foot on the top rope, still having trouble as he scales the turnbuckles.]

GM: Both of these men have been physically put through the wringer tonight. They're both having a hard time getting up after a big shot, moving around, keeping the attack going... and Juan Vasquez is showing that here tonight as he scales the buckles...

[Vasquez steadies himself, looking down as Monosso uses the ring apron to drag himself off the floor, barely able to stand as he wobbles on his feet. Childes is screaming, shouting, trying to get his man's attention as Vasquez pushes up to stand up top...]

GM: VASQUEZ IS UP TOP!! VASQUEZ IS GONNA FLY!

[Suddenly, the former National Champion hurls himself backwards, flipping through the air with none of the style and grace that this move used to possess...

...yet all of the effectiveness as he crashes down onto the standing and stunned Monosso, knocking him flat!]

BW: MOONSAULT OFF THE TOP!! HOLY HELL!!

[Vasquez has no energy to grab a leg or anything, simply laying across Monosso's prone form as the official dives to the floor.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[An exhausted Monosso lifts his shoulder off the mat!]

GM: SWEET MOTHER OF GOD! JAMES MONOSSO REFUSES... ABSOLUTELY REFUSES... TO GIVE IN! HE WILL NOT STAY DOWN!!

BW: Let's put it this way... James Monosso... will... not... die!

[A furious Vasquez shoves up to his knees, grabbing Monosso's blood and sweat soaked hair to hammer the cut forehead as he screams at him, "STAY! THE HELL! DOWN!"]

GM: Vasquez can't believe it! He can't believe James Monosso managed to get up again! This guy is... wow. I really am shocked at James Monosso's ability to keep going in this one, Bucky.

BW: We all knew that Monosso was a tough guy... but tonight, we are seeing James Monosso as a man with EVERYTHING to lose. He's a desperate man. A man who is driven to win. A man who knows what happens if he doesn't. He is a man who will NOT lose this match under any circumstances.

[Vasquez drags a weary Monosso off the mat, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He uses the ropes to pull himself back in as well, crawling through the ropes, staggering to his feet...]

GM: Vasquez is standing, standing alone over a motionless James Monosso. What will it take? What can he do to finish this man off once and for all and get his five minutes in the ring with Percy Childes so he can bury the memories of Wrestlerock once and for all and move on with his life?

[He slowly raises his right arm, extending a heavily taped thumb for the world to see.]

GM: He's calling for the Spike! He's calling for the Assassin's Spike!

[Vasquez waits... and waits... and waits... as James Monosso, bloodied and weary, slowly pushes himself off the canvas...]

...and then he strikes, shoving his thumb deep into the side of Monosso's throat!]

GM: THE SPIKE IS ON!!! HE'S GOT IT HOOKED IN!!

[A desperate Monosso throws himself backwards, smashing Vasquez into the buckles!]

GM: OHH!

[With Monosso leaning against him in the corner, Vasquez slips his right arm free, slamming the point of his elbow down into the temple of Monosso...]

GM: Big elbow shot by Vasquez!

[The crowd roars as Vasquez slams his elbow down into the side of Monosso's head repeatedly, hammering him down to his knees where the elbows continue to rain down, eventually forcing Monosso all the way down to his back.]

GM: The elbo- wait a second!

[Vasquez grabs the wrists of the downed Monosso, lifting his foot, and SLAMMING it down into the face of Monosso... over and over and over...]

GM: Come on! Enough's enough!

[The barrage of stomps to the already-bloodied Monosso's face leaves him motionless on the mat as Vasquez slumps down, applying a loose lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd EXPLODES as Percy Childes reaches in, slipping Monosso's leg over the bottom rope!]

GM: Are you KIDDING me?! Hasn't the man been through enough?!

BW: Percy Childes NEEDS this win too, Gordo! You talked about Vasquez needing it... but Childes knows that Monosso is physically breaking down. How many years could he possibly have left in this business? Maybe not even years at this point! Percy is investing in his future here this weekend. A world with the World Champion AND one of the biggest stars in the entire wrestling world under his control!

[The official springs to his feet, reading Childes the riot act while asking if he interfered. Percy waves it off as an irate Vasquez climbs to his feet, glaring over at Childes.]

GM: Percy can deny it all he wants but the entire world saw it, Bucky! We all know EXACTLY what just happened right there!

[Vasquez reaches down, dragging a barely conscious Monosso off the mat, shoving him back into the ropes before he promptly wraps his hands around his throat!]

GM: Vasquez is choking him! Strangling him against the ropes! Juan Vasquez is in total control right now, facing a man who has had to survive matches with Hannibal Carver and Bad Eye McBaine in recent weeks while Vasquez has sat home, nursed his injuries from the war with Zaire on the 4th of July. Juan Vasquez clearly came into this match as close to one hundred percent as he's been in ages while Monosso is a far cry from it.

[The official is shouting at Vasquez as he pushes Monosso back harder, breaking the choke to hook Monosso's arms in the ropes.]

GM: He's got Monosso trapped in the ropes, fans!

BW: And we've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: We certainly have! We've passed the twenty-five minute mark in this war and we may be drawing near the conclusion because Juan Vasquez has got Monosso trapped in the ropes and that's EXACTLY where he wants him, fans!

[Vasquez stands before Monosso, struggling to free himself from the ropes, looking up into the eyes of Vasquez. The crowd is buzzing, wondering what in the world is coming next... some of the historians in the crowd knowing EXACTLY what is coming next as Vasquez squares up, lifting his right hand high in the air before rearing back...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY GOD, WHAT A RIGHT CROSS!!!

[The official reaches up, freeing Monosso's arms from the ropes and allowing him to slump down to the canvas where Vasquez uses the toe of his boot to roll the Madman of Happy Valley over before applying a cover.]

GM: That's it. He's got one. He's got two. He's got thre-

[HUUUUUGE SHOCKED REACTION!]

GM: WHAT?! WHAT?!

BW: What the hell just happened, Gordo?!

GM: HE KICKED OUT! THE SON OF A... HE KICKED OUT!!!

[Vasquez pushes up to his knees, a look of total shock on his face. A quick camera cut to Percy Childes shows a similar expression on his face...

...and then a look of sudden realization as he leaps up on the apron, smashing his cane into the top rope repeatedly!]

GM: What is Childes doing?! Get him down from there!

[The official turns slightly, shouting at the manager, ordering him off the apron as Vasquez pushes to a single knee, reaching down into his boot.]

GM: Vasquez is going into his boot... he's going to- oh my god.

[The crowd's buzz turns absolutely deafening as Vasquez rises to his feet, lifting his hand...

...and revealing a sharpened fork that sparkles under the arena lights!]

GM: He's got a fork! He's got- Vasquez has turned into Ebola Zaire before our very eyes, fans!

[The official jumps in his path, trying to prevent him from striking with the fork...

...and gets shoved aside hard by Vasquez, sending him down to the mat in a heap!]

GM: The referee just got shoved by Vasquez! He's snapped! He's lost it!

BW: That might get him disqualified too!

GM: It certainly might! The referee would be perfectly within his rights to do so after being struck down like that!

BW: He looks alright though. Just a little stunned maybe but he's-

[Vasquez grabs a stunned Percy Childes by the collar, the Collector of Oddities struggling to get away as Vasquez raises the fork in his hand...]

GM: He's gonna carve up Percy Childes like a Thanksgiving day turkey!

[But before he can...]

GM: WAIT A- IS THAT-?!

[The crowd ERUPTS into a buzz as someone slides into the ring.]

GM: Where the HELL did he come from?! He went right past us into the ring and-

BW: He rolled out from under the ring next to us! I saw it!

[And as the camera hits the ring, it quickly becomes obvious who is back.]

GM: DUFRESNE! DUFRESNE IS IN THE RING!

[He grabs Vasquez' fork arm, yanking him around into a boot to the gut, quickly followed by a front facelock...]

GM: NO!

[...and a lift into the air, quickly followed by Vasquez' skull being DRIVEN into the canvas to a thunderous "THUD!"]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU MA'AM!

GM: He just laid out Juan Vasquez with that DDT!

[Dufresne spins away, grabbing Monosso by the arm, dragging him across the ring...

...and throwing him atop the motionless Vasquez!]

GM: NO! THIS CAN'T HAPPEN!!

[Outside the ring, Percy Childes kneels down on the apron, reaching through the ropes to violently shake some life back into Marty Meekly who rolls over, spotting the pin...]

GM: NO! MARTY, DON'T DO IT!!

[He's slow to count, trying to shake the cobwebs as he slaps the mat once.]

GM: IT WAS DUFRESNE, MARTY!! IT WAS DUFRESNE!

[He almost seems in slow motion as he raises the arm again, throwing himself down into a second slap of the canvas.]

GM: For the love of- somebody needs to stop this! Somebody needs to stop this count! He can't do this! He simply cannot do this!

[Meekly raises his arm a third time, a pause that seems to take forever...

...and brings it down on the mat!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Oh my god.

BW: YES! YESSSSSSSS!

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as Percy Childes steps into the ring, repeatedly thrusting his cane into the air in triumph.]

GM: No, no... this did not just happen. It couldn't have happened.

BW: But it did! It did, Gordo! Sweet, sweet glorious victory for Percy Childes!

GM: James Monosso has won the match... but he didn't... it was Dufresne! It was Calisto Dufresne... we haven't seen Dufresne since the night he lost the National Title. I don't... and in this situation?! He came back to assault Juan Vasquez and... and what?!

BW: And put Vasquez in the Unholy Alliance! Juan Vasquez has just lost control of his career, Gordo! He belongs to the Collector of Oddities now!

GM: No, he does not. No... this can't be happening. These fans here in New Orleans are in absolute shock, Bucky. Juan Vasquez is... he's a hero to these people! He's a-

[We cut to the crowd where a young man in a Juan Vasquez t-shirt looks on in horror.]

GM: These people LOVE Juan Vasquez! And now he's... this can't be right. This isn't fair! The AWA's gotta do something about this!

BW: And how sweet this is that Calisto Dufresne is involved again. Juan Vasquez has fought some of the biggest names in the history of this sport but Calisto Dufresne, a man who came up from nothing to become the greatest champion this company has ever known-

GM: The... what?! Are you serious?!

BW: -he's the one who has made Juan Vasquez' life a living hell over the past year! He took the National Title from him at Wrestlerock, helped with that beatdown that put Vasquez in the hospital for months and consumed his entire life when he got out... and now he's put Vasquez' career in the hands of the most devious man in the entire AWA! I love it!

GM: I can't believe this... I simply cannot believe this. Calisto Dufresne is out of here... he's gone. Was he in on this with Percy Childes?! He was hiding under the ring... is THAT why Percy wanted this match to go on first?! Is THAT why he pulled whatever strings he could pull to put this on as the opening match?

BW: All very good questions, Gordo... but the biggest question of all has yet to be asked...

GM: Which is?

BW: What in the world happens to Juan Vasquez now?

[We cut from various crowd reaction shots back to the ring where a gleeful Percy Childes appears to be on top of the world as he stands over the recovering Juan Vasquez. From behind, we see James Monosso very tiredly get to his feet, reaching up to wipe his bloodied brow. He stalks forward, seemingly looking for more action.]

GM: Monosso may not even know that he's won, Bucky.

BW: You may be right. He looks like he's out for blood!

[Monosso takes a step towards Vasquez, violence in his eyes...

...when a crystal-topped cane strikes him squarely in the chest, blocking his path.]

GM: Whoa!

[Childes wheels around on Monosso, holding the crystal in front of his gaze.]

GM: We learned on the Preview Show that that crystal has the name of the mental institution that Percy Childes freed Monosso from. It's a constant

threat hanging over the head of James Monosso that says he MUST do what Percy says at all times.

[Percy glares at Monosso.]

“He belongs to us now. Understand?”

[Monosso pauses a moment, looking away from the crystal at the recovering Vasquez...

...and then simply nods as he turns away from Percy, staggering back to the corner where he leans against the buckles. Childes steps back over a rising Vasquez who gets to a knee.]

GM: What’s gonna happen here? This certainly has the potential to explode at any moment, fans.

[Childes slowly raises his crystal-topped cane...

...and lightly taps Vasquez on each shoulder with it. The shocked Vasquez looks up at Childes, first in confusion and then as understanding of what has happened sinks in, disbelief cloaks his visage as he rises to his feet, his head bowed before him as the crowd jeers.]

GM: My stars, Juan Vasquez... I can’t believe I’m saying this... but Juan Vasquez is the newest member of the Unholy Alliance! This is awful... simply terrible. These fans are booing so loud, I can barely hear myself in here but... well, who can blame them, Bucky?

BW: They can love it or hate it but they gotta all accept it! Juan Vasquez is under the control of Percy Childes!

[The camera cuts to James Monosso who glares at the duo, shaking his head as he leans against the buckles, still having trouble standing.]

GM: James Monosso doesn’t look too happy about all this but-

[Suddenly, the voice of Phil Watson rings out.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is a third round match in the AWA World Title Tournament!

[The crowd buzzes in confusion.]

GM: Phil Watson, our esteemed ring announcer, seems to be jumping the gun a bit here. Phil, give the guys a chance to get out of the ring before-

[Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing first...

[Watson pauses... then turns with a flourish, pointing to the corner...]

PW: From the State of Confusion... weighing in at 288 pounds...

[Monosso glares at Watson, shaking his head.]

GM: Wait a second!

[Watson continues.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by Percy Childes... he is...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES MONOOOOOSSOOOOO!

[Monosso stalks out of the corner, grabbing Watson by the jacket collar, physically lifting him off the mat.]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

[Childes gives a shout in Monosso's direction...

...and when that doesn't work, he waves Vasquez into action. A dejected Vasquez steps forward, grabbing Monosso by the arm, and swinging him around. Monosso's fist immediately goes back...]

GM: It's time for Round Two, I think!

[But the crystal-topped cane intervenes once more, backing Monosso down.]

GM: Monosso chooses not to pursue an exchange with Vasquez bit... what in the world? After what he just went through, he's gotta face Gunnar Gaines right NOW?!

BW: That's what Watson is saying, ain't it?

GM: It certainly seems to be.

[The camera catches a shot of a smirking Percy Childes ordering Vasquez out to the floor. Vasquez exits the ring as Childes takes a spot on the ring apron, exchanging a glare with Monosso.]

GM: Percy Childes doesn't look too upset about this turn of events... in fact, Percy Childes doesn't even look SURPRISED by this turn of events! Could he have set this up too?!

BW: I learned a long time ago that it's not wise to question Percy Childes, Gordo.

GM: How the heck does Childes have the pull to make something like this happen?!

BW: It's probably not wise for you to ask that question either if you get what I'm saying.

GM: Oh, I get what you're saying but that doesn't mean I have to like it. James Monosso went to Hell and back in tonight's opening matchup... he's in no physical condition to have his first tournament match of the night right now as well!

[Watson, dusting himself off from his encounter with Monosso, continues as the indelible opening riff of "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers rings throughout the arena.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The slide guitar comes in, and out steps the man with the Grizzly Grin on his face. The crowd erupts!]

PW: From Fairbanks, Alaska ... weighing in at 285 pounds ... he is a third-generation wrestler, a world champion multiple times over, and a member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame here is ...
GUUUNNNNNNAAAARRR ... "THE GRIZZZZZZLY" ... GAAAAAAINES!

[The Grizzly Grin disappears in an instant, replaced by a stone-faced, deadpan look. With determination, Gunnar makes his way to the ring clad in his trademark ring wear — black boots, cutoff jeans, thermal undershirt, open flannel shirt and black belt. His wild, long brown hair is tied back, but his beard is trimmed. He rolls into the ring and stands in one smooth motion, raising his right hand to the sky and stepping forward with another huge Grizzly Grin on his face...

...and with a wave towards the locker room, young Justin Gaines comes trotting down the aisle as well, waving at everyone he can.]

GM: Justin Gaines, the son of the legendary grappler, will be out here at ringside for the biggest match to date of Gunnar's comeback run at the AWA World Heavyweight Title.

BW: And that's a mistake if you ask me.

GM: No one did but why?

BW: Gaines is out here for the biggest match he's had in years against a very dangerous opponent... and now he's gotta worry about his snot-nose punk of a kid too?

[As Justin Gaines gets to ringside, he starts to climb into the ring but Gunnar waves him off, pointing to a chair that's been set up near the announce table.]

GM: And it looks like Gunnar's had the foresight to have a chair set up over here by us for his son. He doesn't want him getting involved in the slightest bit.

[Justin looks up, protesting to his father who walks over to the ropes, gesturing to the chair...]

...and giving James Monosso a chance to strike, rushing the exposed back of Gaines, and smashing a forearm across the back of the head and neck, sending Gaines tumbling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! A sneak attack by Monosso-

[The bell sounds.]

GM: -and apparently this match is underway!

[With Gaines down on the floor, Monosso quickly exits the ring, looking to pursue.]

GM: With the amount of punishment that Monosso took against Juan Vasquez moments ago and the length of that match, he would do well to look for a quick win here and that's obviously what he's trying to do.

BW: He's got the big lug up!

[And SLAMS him down on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: Good grief! A gigantic bodyslam on the floor - he picked that near three hundred pound Gunnar Gaines up like he was a sack of potatoes, Bucky!

[A quick camera cut shows Percy Childes at ringside, almost expressionless except for the corners of his mouth being turned up ever so slightly.]

GM: I think Percy Childes is ENJOYING seeing his man like this. He likes that Monosso's fighting from under an 0-2 count with the bases loaded!

[Out on the floor, Monosso lays in kick after kick to the ribs of Gunnar Gaines. Young Justin gets up from his seat, shouting at Monosso, earning a hard stare from the Unholy Alliance member.]

GM: Justin, you better watch yourself out here. James Monosso is not a man to be trifled with - I should know.

BW: You sure should. You trifle too much, Gordo.

[Pulling Gaines off the floor by the ponytail, Monosso shoves him back up against the apron, throwing a quarter of hooking right hands into the ribcage, keeping him in place as he leans over, wrapping his arms around Gaines' torso...]

...and DRIVES the legend's lower back into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso follows up the slam on the floor by driving Gaines' lower back into the apron! He's obviously painted a bullseye for himself right on

the back of Gunnar Gaines and you have to wonder if he or Percy Childes have any insight to a possible injury there, Bucky.

BW: I'm not sure if Monosso would be able to follow that much of a gameplan. He just likes to clubber... and hurt... and make people hurt when he clubbers.

[Monosso slacks away from Gaines, putting some space between Gaines' back and the apron...

...and then DRIVES him in again!]

GM: OHHH!

[Wiping his bloodied brow, Monosso shoves Gaines under the ropes into the ring, pulling himself up on the apron...

...which gives Justin Gaines a chance to stand up from his ringside seat, shouting at Monosso!]

BW: This kid is nuts, Gordo!

GM: He's very passionate about defending his father, Bucky. What's wrong with that?

BW: I hope he's passionate about the boot that Monosso's gonna feed him in a bit.

[Monosso turns towards Justin Gaines, glowering at the young man as he stalks a few steps down the apron in Justin's direction...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: Hey! It's Ryan Martinez!

BW: The spawn of a cripple!

GM: Would you stop?!

[James Monosso's attention turns towards the entrance, glowering at the approaching Ryan Martinez.]

GM: Ryan said he'd be backing up Gunnar Gaines for the rest of this tournament, Bucky... he said he'd be watching his back.

BW: It's kinda unusual for a guy who gets booted out of a tournament to decide he wants to watch his opponent's back the rest of the way through this thing but Martinez has offered to do exactly that.

[Upon reaching the ring, Martinez fires off a few words in Monosso's direction as James steps through the ropes...

...where a standing Monosso is waiting, popping James on the jaw with a right uppercut!]

GM: Ohhh! Gaines is up and he's throwin' big shots!

[Monosso tumbles back into the ropes, stunned as Gaines is hammering away with heavy fists to the ribs... then upstairs to the jaw, snapping Monosso's head back with every blow.]

GM: Gaines is tearing into him! Really lighting him up!

[Gaines reaches back, grabbing an arm to fire Monosso across the ring...

...and sends him sailing through the air, crashing down in a heap from a big backdrop!]

GM: BIG! BACK! BODYDROP!

[Gaines backs up, watching Monosso as he rises...

...and rushes over him, toppling him over the ropes and out onto the apron with a running clothesline!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CLOTHESLINE SENDS HIM OVER THE TOP TO THE APRON!!!

[Gaines shakes his head at the protesting official as he leans over the ropes.]

GM: And Gunnar Gaines is NOT backing down a bit. He's not giving him a second to recover...

[Gaines drags Monosso up by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock, slinging Gaines' arm over his neck...]

GM: Gaines has got him hooked... up he goes!

[Gaines pauses and then drops Monosso down hard on the mat with a vertical suplex!]

GM: He brings Monosso in the hard way!

[A quick cut to the floor shows Percy Childes, still not a hint of what he's thinking on his face as he glares at the action inside the ring. Gaines lays in a few boots to the ribs of Monosso, sending the madman rolling across the ring...]

GM: Ohh! Hard kick to the ribs sends Monosso out to the floor...

[And with a wounded Monosso down on the barely-padded floor, Gaines steps out on the apron, backing up to the ringpost...]

GM: Gunnar Gaines is out on the apron... he's gonna throw that three hundred pound frame off the apron...

[Gaines slowly raises his right arm, drawing cheers from the crowd...

...and charges down the apron, leaping off to bury an elbow down into the chest of Monosso!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Gaines pumps a fist as he slowly climbs off the floor, dragging Monosso up and shoving him back under the ropes.]

GM: Gaines rolls back in, crawling into a cover... he's got one! He's got two! He's got thr-

[The crowd buzzes as Monosso just barely inches a shoulder up off the mat.]

GM: He kicks out! He gets the shoulder up!

BW: I can't believe it, Gordo. After all he's been through here tonight so far, how the heck did Monosso kick out of that?!

GM: I don't have the slightest clue, Bucky.

[Gaines climbs back to his feet, dragging Monosso up by his blood-soaked hair, and then snaps his head back with a right jab.]

GM: Right hand by Gaines... and another one!

[The pair of right jabs is followed by a left jab before a big uppercut connects, snapping Monosso's head back and sending him falling back into the turnbuckles. Gaines gives a shout to the crowd who roar in response as he grabs Monosso by the arm...]

GM: Big whip to the corner!

[Monosso slams hard into the corner, arms slung over the top rope as Gaines backs into the buckles, slapping his arm...

...and charging across the ring!]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[The madman from Happy Valley raises his foot, catching a charging Gaines under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! He got the boot up!

[Monosso steps out of the corner, grabbing Gaines by the throat...]

GM: Monosso's got him! He's got him by the throat and-

[The big man lifts Gaines up, chucking him down in a short chokeslam!]

GM: CHOOOOKESLAAAM!

[Monosso drops down to all fours, crawling over Gaines.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Kickout! Kickout!

[Monosso rolls off to his back, breathing heavily as Gaines does the same thing just a few feet away.]

GM: A very close two count there after that devastating short chokeslam from James Monosso. He doesn't get you very high with that but he gets you down hard!

BW: I can't even believe that Monosso is still in this thing after what he just went through with Vasquez. Incredible!

GM: The chokeslam may have bought him some time to recover too, Bucky.

BW: It sure looks that way.

GM: Gunnar Gaines, the man who was once voted as the best wrestler on the planet, is trying to fight off 43 years of aging to become the best wrestler in the world yet again.

[The camera cuts to Juan Vasquez, stoic as he looks on.]

GM: Juan Vasquez would probably rather be any place else in the world than standing outside this ring behind Percy Childes right now. Can you imagine what's going through his head?

[A quick cut back to the ring shows James Monosso pushing up to a knee, looking to get back to his feet. Several feet away, Gunnar Gaines has sat up off the mat, still breathing heavily as Monosso climbs all the way up.]

GM: Monosso's up just before Gaines... and here we go again, Bucky!

[Monosso moves in, right arm cocked but Gaines snaps a left jab into the chin!]

GM: Stunning left by Gaines!

[Grabbing Monosso around the torso, Gaines throws him bodily into the buckles where he launches off a series of rights and lefts to the body of the madman.]

GM: Gaines is all over him, fans! Rights and lefts, tearing into the torso of Monosso!

BW: Where the heck is Meekly now?

GM: The official is right there... ohh! What an uppercut!

[With Monosso reeling off the uppercut, Gaines grabs him by his stringy, blood-caked hair...

...and charges along the ropes, slamming his skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh!

[An exhausted Monosso falls back into the corner again, falling victim to even more rights and lefts to the body. A well-placed forearm shot to the jaw knocks him down to a knee.]

GM: I can't believe what I'm seeing here, fans! Someone is actually outbrawling James Monosso!

[Reaching down, Gaines pulls Monosso up by the hair, pulling him into a double underhook...]

BW: No way... you gotta be kidding me...

[Gaines pauses, sucking up the strength to attempt what he's pondering...

...and POWERS Monosso into the air, sending him BOUNCING off the canvas with a high impact butterfly suplex, immediately floating into a pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[And again Monosso slips a shoulder up before three. A quick cut to the floor shows Percy Childes shaking his head slightly as some members of the crowd start to cheer in appreciation of the toughness that Monosso is putting on display.]

GM: And I never thought I'd hear this, Bucky. Some of these fans here in New Orleans are actually CHEERING James Monosso!

BW: That can't be right. They must have him confused for someone else.

GM: Gunnar Gaines climbs back to his feet... he's-

[The crowd cheers as Gaines shouts out, "GRIZZLY SLAM!" before reaching down to haul Monosso to his feet...]

GM: Gaines is calling for the Grizzly Slam! If he hits this, it's over!

[With a staggered Monosso up, Gaines wraps a beefy paw around his throat...]

GM: He's got it hooked! This could be it, fans! It could be good night for James Monos- elbow! A second elbow!

[Monosso battles out of the chokeslam attempt with a series of elbows, smashing his skull into Gaines' for good measure.]

GM: A big headbutt breaks the hold and-

[He grabs Gaines by the arm, making eye contact with Percy who turns to say something to Vasquez. A reluctant Juan Vasquez rushes around the ring, climbing up on the apron...]

GM: Vasquez is on the apron! Get him down, ref!

[With the referee tied up, Monosso pulls Gaines' arms back behind him, dragging him over to the ring apron...]

GM: Monosso's holding him for Percy!

[Childes quickly gets up on the apron, rearing back with his crystal-topped cane...]

...when Ryan Martinez rushes to intervene, grabbing Childes by the back of the pants and yanking him down to the floor!]

GM: Ryan Martinez stopped it! Percy was gonna use the cane on Gaines but Martinez-

[Childes takes a swing with the cane but Martinez blocks it, grabbing the cane and struggling to get it out of the grip of Percy Childes!]

GM: They're fighting over the cane at ringside! Percy's clinging to it, trying to hang on as Martinez tries to-

[Gaines battles out of Monosso's grip with a series of smashes, the back of his head cracking Monosso in the face and knocking him down to a knee. The veteran leans over through the ropes, reaching for the cane as well...]

...right when Martinez pulls it free, his momentum carrying him and the cane backwards...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE CAUGHT HIM! HE CAUGHT GAINES WITH THE CANE!!

[The veteran stumbles backwards as a dazed Monosso reaches up, dragging him down in a schoolboy...]

...complete with a handful of trunks!]

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

[Monosso promptly lets go, rolling right out of the ring where he drops down to both knees in sheer exhaustion. The camera cuts to Percy Childes who snatches up his dropped cane, smirking at the result as he snaps his fingers at Juan Vasquez, gesturing for him to follow.]

GM: The Unholy Alliance has snatched victory away from Gunnar Gaines right there! I think Gaines was about to win this match and Ryan Martinez accidentally- whoa!

[At the sight of Ryan Martinez costing his father the match, Justin Gaines rushes across the ringside area, delivering a hard shove to the chest of Martinez.]

GM: We may have a problem out here.

[Justin's reading Ryan the riot act, gesturing wildly at his downed and disappointed father.]

GM: Ryan Martinez, he didn't mean to do it at all, Bucky.

BW: Sure he didn't! Payback's a you-know-what, Gordo!

GM: It was an accident! When Justin Gaines sees the tape, he'll know that too but right now, he's hot under the collar!

[Gaines delivers another shove to Martinez who continues to try and explain himself to Gunnar's young son. Inside the ring, Gunnar slowly rises to his feet, looking out at the confrontation with his hands on his hips.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines has GOT to be disappointed with what happened here tonight but he's a reasonable man, I think. He'll settle this situation down... he'll get this under control...

[But before his father can intervene, Justin gets right into Ryan's face, shouting at him...

...and finally, Ryan Martinez can't take anymore, shoving Justin Gaines right down to the floor on his rear!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez just shoved down Justin Gaines!

[Martinez instantly looks as though he regrets what he just did. Gunnar starts to come to the floor, fire in his eyes at what he just saw. Ryan raises his hands in apology to both members of the Gaines family.]

GM: Ryan's trying to get out of here before anything else happens. This was just a series of accidents and now he wants to hit the road before this misunderstanding explodes in front of our very eyes.

[Gunnar kneels down, helping his son back to a seated position on the floor. Both men are glaring at Ryan Martinez as he retreats down the aisle.]

GM: Fans, it's been a wild night of action here on WKIK already and we're waaaaay overdue for a commercial break. But when we come back, we're going backstage to Mark Steglet who once again is manning the tournament Control Center and I'm told he's got a very special guest so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...]

And then back up on a shot of Travis Lynch, standing in a black t-shirt that says "TRAVIS" across the front in gold script.]

TL: It's one of the hottest summers on record...

[Lynch wipes his sweaty brow with the back of his hand, showing off his muscular bicep in the process.]

TL: The perfect weather for hitting the beach... the ballpark... the pool... or even the gym...

[We cut to a shot of Travis lifting weights. Impressive, no? His voiceover continues.]

TL: So, when you're digging through your closet and trying to find the perfect outfit when you're looking to dress to impress...

[We cut back to the first shot of Travis who jerks a thumb at his chest.]

TL: Look no further than the brand new Travis Lynch t-shirt. Available in all sizes, shapes, and colors... we've even got a tanktop version of it.

[Yep. We cut to a shot of Travis in the tanktop, delivering the gun show.]

TL: The new Travis Lynch t-shirt - available at all AWA events all summer long and at AWA.com!

[Cut to a graphic telling where you can buy said t-shirt before fading to black...]

...and then back up to live action backstage in the Control Center where we see Mark Stegglet standing in front of the "big board" where James Monosso's name has been slid into the column reading "Elite Eight."]

MS: Welcome back to New Orleans and Night One of this historic Blood, Sweat, And Tears weekend, fans! I am Mark Stegglet and over the next two nights, I will be right here in front of this wall to keep you current on who is moving on, who is going home, and all things in-between as we finally bring this tournament to a close.

[Stegglet gestures at the wall.]

MS: As you can see, we've moved James Monosso's name to the other side of the board. He's moving on to the Elite Eight after two brutal matches

already here tonight. Now he gets to sit in the back, take a breather, and try to prepare for his quarterfinal matchup which will happen later tonight.

[Stegglet turns back fully facing the camera.]

MS: On this special night, it only seemed fitting to have a special guest here at the Big Board with me all weekend. Ladies and gentlemen, making his return to your televisions, he is the Chairman of the Championship Committee, "Big" Jim Watkins!

[The camera pulls back a bit as Watkins strides into view, extending a big paw to shake the hand of Mark Stegglet.]

MS: Mr. Watkins, welcome to New Orleans.

[Watkins grins.]

JW: Thanks, Mark. It's a pleasure.

MS: Now, there's a few questions kinda hanging out there that really NEED to be asked. The first of them is quite simply - where in the world have you been?

[Watkins rubs his chin, looking down for a moment.]

JW: I am a human being, Mark. I make mistakes like anyone else. But recently, my mistakes in my role as the Chairman have been very hurtful and costly to employees of this company as well as to the owners and the fans.

For that, I deeply apologize.

After going before the review panel recently, you are all aware that I was placed on probation. One more screw-up and I was headed home for good. Well, I was also unofficially suspended.

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: Unofficially?

JW: Nobody ever used the word "suspension" but I was told to go home and stay home until further notice. That notice came a few days ago when they called and told me to come to New Orleans.

MS: So you're back?

[Watkins grins.]

JW: It would seem so, Mark.

MS: Alright... well, I gotta ask this question even though you may not like it. By now, you've heard the news that Ma- that the last man to wear the AWA National Title... can I say his name?

[Watkins grumbles but eventually nods. Stegglet returns the gesture.]

MS: That Mark Langseth appeared, carrying the AWA National Title, for yet another rival promotion... this time perhaps our biggest rivals, the company based out of Phoenix.

[Watkins nods again.]

JW: I heard, yeah. What's the question?

MS: I suppose the question is - is that legal?

JW: That's a question better suited for the lawyers. Mark Langseth remains under AWA contract... he remains suspended. So, I would say... no, it's not legal for him to appear for ANY of the other companies he has shown up in since Westwego went down... especially with him carrying our gold.

MS: What are we going to do about it?

JW: Again, a better question for the lawyers. Because what I would like to do about it would require him in an AWA ring... which would require us to lift the suspension and make him part of the AWA roster again... neither of those things seems likely to happen at this point in time, Mark. He's just gone too far.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Moving on from that, do you have any predictions for us here tonight?

[Watkins turns to look at the Board.]

JW: I think Nenshou's in for the fight of his life. I talked to Rick Marley earlier today and I've NEVER seen him more focused for a match in his days here in the AWA. Blackwater Bart and Maximus is gonna be one heck of a fight which I can't wait to see. We got a lot of good matches still to come... a lot of top flight grapplers gettin' in there to move on to the Elite Eight. This is gonna be a hell of a weekend, Mark.

MS: On that note, let's take things over to Jason Dane who is standing by with "Hotshot" Stevie Scott! Jason?

[We cut to Jason Dane, standing alongside two-time AWA National Champion "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, in front of a stock AWA banner. Scott again wears his "Hotshot" red-and-white t-shirt, but also has a black leather jacket on as well. His hair is disheveled, and he sports what appears to be a few days' worth of stubble.]

JD: I am here with Stevie Scott, the two-time AWA National Champion, as we look ahead to his somewhat unexpected third-round matchup against Jerby Jezz of The Rave.

[Abruptly, Stevie snatches the microphone away from Dane and gives him a good shove.]

HSS: Dane, I ain't in the mood for a bunch of questions tonight. Vamoose.

[Dane pauses, but realizing Stevie is quite serious, he hits the bricks. Without missing a beat, already assuming Dane's departure, Stevie spins his head toward the camera but looks down at the floor.]

HSS: Jerby...Germy...Gerbil...Jerbould...whatever your name is.

[Still staring down, Stevie runs his right hand through his hair and laughs.]

HSS: It seems that I took you a bit too lightly a couple of weeks ago, didn't I? Gotta admit, when I showed up in Mobile, Alabama, a couple of weeks ago, I thought I'd have an easy night. I didn't expect to be called out by the freak show, much less get attacked from behind.

[Stevie rubs the back of his neck, and finally looks up at the camera.]

HSS: I'll give you some credit. You did your homework. You knew right where you were supposed to attack me. Which tells me there may be a little more to you than meets the eye.

And that spells bad news for you, because all that attack served to do was wake me up and piss me off. Your act was amusing at first. Good for a few laughs, a few chuckles, a little comedy relief before the real men went out to do work. But after what you did to me last Saturday Night Wrestling? It ain't funny anymore, jack.

[Although it's not funny, Stevie chuckles anyway.]

HSS: I can guarantee you don't know what you've gotten yourself into. See, while you've been out fighting insects? I've been knocking out some of the best that have ever stepped foot in the AWA.

I made Marcus Broussard say "I Quit."

I beat Ron Houston in eight-point-three seconds.

[The dry smile is abruptly replaced by a pissed-off stare.]

HSS: So what do you think I'm going to do to some greenhorn that's decided he belongs with the big boys of the AWA?

I'm sure some people think this will be an easy match for me and that I'll treat it as such. If only you were so lucky, Jerbs. If only you were so lucky.

[Stevie shakes his head.]

HSS: But you're not. Because I'm treating this match like it's the damned finals of the tournament. Just like I have every other match. I don't care WHO is standing across the ring from me...Broussard, Houston, you, Cooper, Sharif...even if someone like Casey James came out of retirement, it wouldn't matter. Every match in this shindig is of the UTMOST importance to me.

And in just in case you didn't understand any of that, I'll use some words you might understand.

[Stevie clears his throat before doing his best impersonation of The Rave.]

HSS: I'm going to take my size etwelve footstrap and posturize it circularly on your derristerrier.

See, I can make up a bunch of nonsense words, just like you. But what you can't do?

[Annnnd there's the new and improved Steviegrin.]

HSS: You can't make yourself into a good enough wrestler to beat ME.

Hope you've enjoyed your ride, kid, because it comes to an unpleasant end _tonight_.

[Abruptly, Stevie tosses the mic down and exits stage left as we crossfade from the backstage area out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is a third round match in the AWA World Title Tournament! Introducing first...

[An unfamiliar bit of music begins playing over the PA. The fans are a bit confused, but the beat is upbeat and a bit jazzy... and incorporates a very familiar melody. It is "Also Sprach Zarathustra" by Deodato (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zUcHSCAE-AE>) starting at 1:00 in. The lights slowly go down, a section of the arena at a time, in time to the music.]

GM: And... this is supposed to be the entrance of Jerby Jezz of The Rave, the only tag team wrestler to make the third round.

BW: That's "Nature Manspawn" Jerbauld Jezz, for your informaion, Gordo.

GM: The Rave openly antagonized "Hotshot" Stevie Scott on the last Saturday Night Wrestling in anticipation of this match. Jezz is a massive underdog, but say this for The Rave... whether it's pretending to be from the future or taking on an enormous challenge, they go all-out for it.

[When all of the arena's lights go down, an array of multi-colored "lasers"... small focused color-filtered spotlights shining through a light vapor from a mist machine... shines through the entrance. A single spotlight backlights

two figures, standing hands-on-hips at the arena entrance. The fans boo as this is clearly The Rave.]

BW: They reinvent themselves constantly. They change their verbiage and their mannerisms. Even their moves. Gordo, isn't it obvious?

GM: Deliberate unpredictability hiding behind a goofy facade. Much like Stevie Scott, to be honest.

BW: No... THEY REALLY ARE FROM THE FUTURE! All the timestream changes keep making changes to them!

GM: You'll cling to any belief that gives you the hope of being a Senator some day.

BW: I'll MAKE all of this real if it means being a Senator, daddy!

[As Gordon and Bucky banter, the timesliding wildstylers "walk that aisle"! Jezz is wearing a feathery robe with every single color possible, woven in streaks. It looks like a bowl of Fruity Pebbles, but with feathers and more colors. HUMAN MANSPAWN JERBAULD JEZZ is written on the back in silver glitter. Jezz, whose Eskimo-Lithuanian skin is pale but slightly reddish, is rocking the same hairstyle as we saw on Access, in shades that approximate gold, silver, and bronze. Shizz Dawg OG is sporting the same ensemble he's worn on SNW and Access: the silverish grey heavily-sparkled hair which makes it look like his hair is made of disco ball, lime green suit jacket, tangerine pants, electric magenta undershirt, and rainbow-swirl tie. This is accompanied by thick-rimmed glasses and brown dress shoes, two normal items that look out of place on him somehow. Three straight appearances with the same attire and hair shatters the previous Rave record, by the way.

Jezz ascends the steps and climbs into the ring, doing a slow twirl as the music reaches the crescendo of Also Sprach Zarathustra's famous open.]

GM: And Jerby Jezz, of course, has his crutch with him. You're really facing The Rave when you face either of them. This is going to be a handicap match, Bucky.

BW: That's how they flow in 2032, gyzzrus!

GM: Gyzzrus is an adjective.

BW: HA! You HAVE been paying attention!

GM: ...I didn't even realize I had figured that out.

[The music plays for a while as Jezz showboats and the crowd boos on loudly. But eventually it dies down, and the cheers begin as the Beastie Boys' "Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun" starts over the PA system.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The curtain rips open as "Hotshot" Stevie Scott walks into view with a "YEAAAAH! ALRIGHT!" The crowd roars for the two-time former National Champion as he strides down the aisle towards the ring. His eyes are locked on the two men inside the ring, ignoring the outstretched hands on either side of the barricade...]

GM: Stevie Scott has taken out two very impressive opponents to make it this far in the tournament and in my eyes, he's gotta be considered one of the favorites to walk out of New Orleans this weekend as the World Heavyweight Champion, Bucky.

BW: He absolutely does... that don't mean it's gonna happen... but he does.

[Scott reaches ringside, looking up at both members of The Rave as he stands in the same attire we saw him in a few moments ago in his interview...

...when suddenly Shizz Dawg OG grabs the top rope, catapulting himself into a corkscrew over the top!]

GM: What the-?!

[But Stevie Scott sidesteps, smirking as Shizz Dawg OG wipes out badly, slamming down on the concrete floor. The Hotshot pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes where he looks ready to take the fight to Jerby Jezz.]

GM: The Rave thought they might be able to get a free shot in before the bell but Stevie Scott saw it coming and S-DAWG had a major crash and burn, fans!

[The official looks about to call for the bell when suddenly Jezz waves Stevie back, and moves the referee between himself and Stevie. "Get him back!" he can be heard to say, and the fans boo this animatedly. Jezz steps towards the middle of the ring and makes a big show of removing his robe, showing off shiny silver wrestling trunks with a hex-pattern that is made of a semi-reflective material... different parts of the color spectrum are seen when light hits it from different angles. He has matching wrestling boots. Both are monogrammed JJ. His kneepads are tiedyed in purple, green, and scarlet.

Stevie Scott looks completely unimpressed by the fashion show, walking back to the corner where he leans against the turnbuckles.]

GM: The official, Mickey Meekly, with some final instructions for both competitors in this one and-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: -here we go!

[Jerby Jezz wastes not a single second in rushing across the ring, throwing himself upside down...

...as Stevie Scott dips down, ducking his torso through the ropes and safely out of reach as Jezz crashes into the corner with violent impact!]

GM: OHHH! He missed that and missed it badly, fans!

[Still hanging between the ropes, Scott reaches over and hooks Jezz' legs in the Tree of Woe. He ducks back into the ring, laying in the boots to the upper body of a trapped Jerby Jezz.]

GM: The official's right there to call for a break...

[But Stevie Scott has other ideas as he nudges past the official to the far side of the ring, reaching down to slap his knee...

...and sprints across, SMASHING his knee into the ribcage of Jezz!]

GM: Ohh!

[Scott grabs the legs, swinging them free and causing Jezz to fall facefirst in the corner. The Hotshot grabs the back of the trunks, pulling Jezz off the canvas and into a side waistlock, hoisting him up...

...and dropping him down on a bent knee in an atomic drop that sends Jezz sailing back into the air, smacking his jaw on the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Jerby Jezz is bouncing around this ring like a pinball right now!

[Spinning Jezz around in the corner, Stevie winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Big chop across the chest in the buckles!

[Grabbing the arm, Scott whips Jezz across the ring, sending him wobbling out of the buckles after crashing into them...

...where he LAUNCHES him high into the air with a backdrop, bringing him down hard on the mat again!]

GM: SKY HIGH BACKDROP BY STEVIE! And so far, Stevie Scott has been in total control of this one.

BW: Ya think?!

[Scott waits for Jezz to get up, measuring the man before dashing back to the ropes...

...and getting his ankle pulled out from under him by a rising Shizz Dawg!]

GM: Ohh! He hooked the ankle out on the floor!

[Scott springs back to his feet, turning his focus towards Shizz Dawg with a volley of verbal attacks. Shizz Dawg responds by grabbing the middle rope, tugging it down as he starts to pull himself up on the apron...

...and a recovering Jerby Jezz throws a dropkick at the back of Scott, sending him through the opened ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: Ohh, come on! That's gotta be a disqualification!

BW: I don't think Meekly saw it.

GM: How could he miss that?!

[The referee reprimands Jerby Jezz for the presumed interference, backing him up as Shizz Dawg takes advantage, stomping Scott repeatedly out on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: The Dawg is all over him! All over him on the floor!

[With the referee's back turned, Shizz Dawg drags Stevie off the floor, shoving him back under the ropes. Jerby Jezz moves past the official, tearing into Scott with a series of kicks of his own.]

GM: There was blatant interference right there by S-DAWG and Stevie Scott is in a bit of trouble here.

BW: He's gonna need to find a way to keep this a one-on-one matchup. As much as I like The Rave, I don't think there's a chance that Jerbauld beats the Hotshot in a one-on-one match... but if they keep the numbers in their favor, that changes things drastically.

[Scott works up to his feet, throwing a pair of right hands to the jaw of Jezz, knocking him back a couple of steps.]

GM: Jezz gets knocked back... knocked off his game perhaps...

[But Jezz leaves his feet, catching Scott squarely on the knee with a low dropkick that takes him down to a knee.]

GM: Ohh! Nice location on the dropkick - perfect precision.

[With Scott kneeling, Jezz grabs a handful of hair before leaping up, smashing his own knee into Scott's face.]

GM: Leaping knee by Jerby Jezz...

BW: Could you please pay him the respect of using his proper name?

GM: I'd rather not.

[Jezz drags Scott off the mat by the hair, pulling him into a front facelock.]

GM: He's got the Hotshot hooked... reaching down for the other arm... into a butterfly...

[But the Hotshot spins out of it, grabbing an arm, and yanking him into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter by the Hotshot!

[Glaring down at Jerby Jezz, Scott balls up his fist, dropping down to his knees and smashing a fistdrop into the forehead!]

GM: I think Stevie Scott has had enough of these two, Bucky.

[Scott covers off the fistdrop, getting a two count before Jerby Jezz slips a shoulder up.]

BW: A lot of people take The Rave lightly because of the way they talk or the way they dress but the fact of the matter is that these are two highly skilled competitors who could knock off the best in the world on any given night, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that. Jerby Jezz wouldn't have made it this deep into the tournament if he didn't have a whole bunch of talent.

[Scott climbs to his feet, moving around to grab the legs of Jerby Jezz...

...and falls back into a catapult, sending Jezz facefirst hard into the corner!]

GM: Ohh!

[And as Jezz stumbles out, Scott pulls him back down.]

GM: Sunset flip style cover gets one! Gets two! Gets-

[Shizz Dawg OG suddenly leaps up on the apron, screaming and shouting as Jerby Jezz slips a shoulder up again.]

GM: Get him down from there, referee!

[The official attempts to do exactly that as Scott climbs to his feet, glaring at Shizz Dawg OG...

...and rushes him, grabbing S-DAWG by the hair, and yanking him over the ropes into the ring!]

BW: He brings Shizz Dawg in! I think what Shizz Dawg does to defend himself is completely legal now!

GM: That would certainly be at the referee's discretion.

[Scott grabs Shizz Dawg by the arm, whipping him across the ring, and dropping him with a back elbow under the chin. Jerby Jezz rushes him...]

GM: OHHHH!

[The crowd reacts as well to the sight of Stevie Scott backdropping Jerby Jezz right down into a senton type splash on Shizz Dawg!]

GM: Stevie's taking 'em both on!

BW: And I think this is a mistake, Gordo! Sooner or later, the numbers game will become too much for him to deal with!

[Scott yanks Jerby Jezz off the mat by the hair, pointing to the corner where he rushes in, SLAMMING his skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst to the corner!

[Scott hangs onto the hair, repeating the smash to the buckles as the crowd counts along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Shizz Dawg charges at the exposed back of Stevie Scott...

...who sidesteps, hurling him into a corner splash on the stunned Jerby Jezz to the cheers of the crowd! Shizz Dawg falls backwards, collapsing on the mat as Jezz stumbles out...]

GM: Jerby Jezz is stunned and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He flops over, smashing facefirst into the gertzwards of Shizz Dawg OG.]

GM: Well, that might spoil Shizz Dawg's post-show plans!

[Stevie Scott smirks at the fallen Rave members as he looks out at the cheering crowd. He drops to a knee, grabbing Jerby Jezz by the hair, lifting his head off the mat...

...and SLAMMING it down into the groin of Shizz Dawg OG again!]

GM: Hahaha!

BW: You're loving this, aren't you?!

GM: The Rave brought it on themselves, Bucky! Shizz Dawg OG got himself involved in this match when he had no reason to do so!

[Stevie pulls Jerby Jezz up again, lifting him up by the multi-colored hair. The Hotshot turns his back, reaching back to hook Jerby around the head and neck...]

GM: HOTSHOT HAMM- Jezz shoves him off!

[Scott wheels around, rushing Jezz with a clothesline that he drops down into a splits to avoid.]

GM: Jezz ducks the clothesline...

BW: Shizz Dawg's up!

[And they take Stevie Scott over in unison in a double hiptoss!]

GM: Wait a second!

[With the Hotshot down, Jerby Jezz grabs his partner around the waist, lifting him in atomic drop position...

...and DROPS him down in a legdrop on a downed Stevie Scott!]

GM: Hold on here! This isn't legal!

[The official is telling The Rave members that right now, warning them to get Shizz Dawg out of the ring before he calls for the bell.]

GM: The referee looks like he was going to allow for some liberties since Stevie Scott brought Shizz Dawg into the ring originally but now he says they gotta get out of there...

[Pushing their luck, Shizz Dawg spins behind his partner, lifting Jezz up in another belly to back hoist...

...and then dumps him right over the top, crashing down in a makeshift moonsault onto Scott's chest!]

GM: OHHH! COME ON, REF!!

[Another warning gets Shizz Dawg to back away, hands raised in innocence as he rolls under the ropes to the floor. Jerby Jezz climbs to his feet, smashing a trio of stomps down on the sternum as he points to the corner...]

GM: Jerby Jezz is going to try take advantage of this... he knows he's gotta move fast...

[Jezz quickly scales the buckles, moving up to the top rope facing away from the ring...]

GM: He's up top! His partner's out here shouting gibberish!

BW: That's match strategy, you fizzworger!

GM: Fizz... whaaa?

[Jerby Jezz takes flight, flipping backwards as he twists his body around...

...and hits his back solidly on the canvas as Stevie Scott rolls aside!]

GM: He missed! I don't know what the heck that was he was going for but he missed it badly!

[The Hotshot uses the ropes to pull himself up, standing in the corner as Jerby Jezz clutches his lower back, trying to force himself up...

...and Shizz Dawg OG leaps up on the apron again, shoe in hand!]

GM: He's up on the apron again... and now he's got his shoe off! What the heck is he-

[Stevie decides not to wait and find out, lashing out with the superkick...]

GM: HEATSEEKER!!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The superkick catches Shizz Dawg OG squarely on the chin, sending him sailing backwards off the apron and down HARD on the barely-padded floor.]

GM: OHHH! That oughta take him out of this match!

BW: I'd say so, yeah.

[But as Stevie Scott slaps his arms down on the top rope in celebration, he fails to notice Jerby Jezz retrieving the fallen shoe...]

GM: Wait a second! Jezz has got the shoe! He's got the shoe!

[He slips his hand inside it, lifting his shoe-covered hand up as he spins around...]

GM: Look out, Stevie!

[But the referee, spotting the shoe, grabs Jerby Jezz by the arm, preventing the shoe from being used...]

GM: Mickey Meekly stopped him! He's got the shoe now!

[An angry Jezz shouts a futuristic expletive in Meekly's direction as he turns around again...

...and gets caught!]

GM: HOTSHOT HAMMER!!

[Having sufficiently "stunned" Jerby Jezz, Scott dives atop him, reaching back for a leg...]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Scott rolls off, popping up to his feet with both arms raised.]

GM: Stevie Scott has done it! He's somehow survived what was essentially a handicap match at times and he's moving on to the Elite Eight alongside James Monosso!

BW: And what if THOSE two men meet in the Quarterfinals later tonight, Gordo? We saw them beat the heck out of each other all over the streets of Dallas earlier this year!

GM: It would be one heck of a showdown if that match were to happen... and who knows? Maybe it will! And maybe Mark Stegglet is the man with the answer to that question. Right now, let's head back to the Control Center where Mark Stegglet is standing by!

[Crossfade to the locker room area - the "big board" if you will - where Mark Stegglet and "Big" Jim Watkins are standing.]

MS: Alright, Gordon... we can add Stevie Scott's name to the Elite Eight, the Quarterfinals of this tournament. Two men are in, six more to go... and Jim Watkins, what do you think of Stevie Scott's chances of becoming the World Champion here this weekend in New Orleans?

JW: He's a two-time former National Champ... one of the best in the world at what he does. I could see it as a very real possibility, Mark.

MS: Mr. Watkins, I understand you've got another piece of news for us.

JW: I got a couple things for you, Mark.

First off, I want to talk about the Longhorn Heritage Title situation that's been going down as of late. I haven't been able to really address that considering my situation but I can make things real clear right now.

[Stegglet nods.]

JW: Now, you know I've never been a big fan of dealing with lawyers and all that mess... and that's exactly what this has turned into. Some big legal fight.

Not on my watch, Mark. I talked to Glenn Hudson earlier this week, asked him what he really wanted done about all this and he made it real clear, he wants Dave Bryant in that ring where he can make him pay for what he's done.

[Watkins rolls up his sleeve, pointing to a watch on his wrist.]

JW: I think it's about time to make that happen for him. Earlier this week, I sent a 30 day contract over to Dave Bryant. That means that he's officially an AWA employee... for now.

MS: What do you mean?

JW: I mean that at Homecoming, Bryant's gonna walk into the Crockett Coliseum with that title belt over his shoulder to face Glenn Hudson in a title match.

And if Bryant don't walk out as the champion, he's done.

[The crowd inside the building cheers.]

JW: It's time for the Doctor of Love to put his money where his mouth is, Mark.

MS: Bryant vs Hudson for the Longhorn Heritage Title at Homecoming and if Bryant doesn't win the title, he's out of the AWA! That's gonna be a wild one and a great way to come back to the great state of Texas.

JW: Couldn't agree more, Mark.

MS: You said you had a couple pieces of news.

[Watkins nods.]

JW: As you know, tomorrow night, we're gonna see the AWA's annual Rumble with the winner walking out of New Orleans with a guaranteed shot at the World Title in his pocket. That title match will take place at SuperClash IV in Los Angeles. And as you also know, we've extended the offer to many of the competitors eliminated in the tournament to compete in the Rumble.

MS: I think we've got the list... can we put that up on the screen right now?

[A graphic comes up with the names:

Alphonse Green
Robert Donovan
Supernova

Chris Staley
Hamilton Graham
Glenn Hudson
Rex Summers
Manny Imbrogno
BC Da Mastah MC
Skywalker Jones
Ryan Martinez
Tin Can Rust
Macht Kraftwerk
Juan Vasquez]

JW: Fourteen guys signed on so far. Now, we've intentionally left a lot of slots open for the guys who get eliminated here tonight... plus we've got a few surprises up our sleeves as always. But right now, I can let you know that we've officially added pro wrestling legend, Gunnar Gaines, to the Rumble!

[Another cheer from inside the building.]

JW: That makes fifteen... that puts us at the halfway mark. We're gonna have some more names for you before this night ends, I promise you that.

MS: Thanks for all the news, Mr. Watkins... right now, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more action here at Blood, Sweat, And Tears!

[We crossfade away from Mark Stegklet and Jim Watkins to black.]

We fade back up on a shot of "Gold Bomber" Gary Bright, former AWA superstar, standing in front of a mirror in a full double bicep pose, showing off his bodybuilder-esque physique.]

GB: Get up.

[Bright pauses for a few moments.]

GB: I mean it... get your flabby rear end off the couch right now.

[Another couple moments.]

GB: Don't make me come over there.

[He finally nods.]

GB: Now take off that potato chip grease stained t-shirt... you know, the one you wipe your fingers on when they've got Buffalo wing sauce all over 'em.

Alright, now stand in front of the mirror...

[Bright's face etches into a look of disgust.]

GB: Ugh. Are you as disgusted by how you look as I am? You all make me sick. You all look a Super Sized meal away from Ebola Zaire's physique.

But I can help.

[Bright's image disappears to show the front of a DVD.]

GB: With the Gold Bomber Workout, you can take your fat and turn it into muscle. Solid muscle. Gary Bright muscle.

The next time you're climbing up the stairs and you feel like your heart is going to explode, you should realize that it probably is.

But with Gary Bright muscle? You can kick your own heart's rear end too!

[We cut back to Bright striking a pose.]

GB: Jealous much? You should be. For only \$29.99, you can get on the Gold Bomber workout plan and make sure that the only man your wife wants to get with is you... and me.

[A big toothy grin.]

GB: Operators are standing by. And if you order now, you get this life-sized cutout of me to inspire you while working out... or to inspire your lady when...

[Somehow the grin gets bigger.]

GB: ...well, you get the idea. Make the call. Now.

[And we fade to black.]

Fade back up on live action backstage where Jason Dane holds a microphone. He is about to speak when November walks by him, dressed in his silver ring gear, hoodie worn over and a towel in his hand. He visibly limps, even if trying to hide it.]

JD: November... how is the knee? Is it going to negatively affect your matches tonight

[November pauses... briefly.]

N: I'll live.

[And he continues walking, trying to mask the limp as he heads away from Jason.]

JD: November faces Pure X in the first round tonight, guys. Pure X is one of the best technical wrestlers in this event. An open injury is just asked for trouble against someone of his talents. We will soon see how it affects the

former cruiserweight champion in this tournament. Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

[We crossfade down to ringside.]

GM: Thanks, Jason... and an injury is NOT what you want to have when you're in a tournament like this, Bucky.

BW: It really puts the odds against you. Even if you can get past one guy, what are the odds you won't make the injury worse? I think we just saw something that'll lock in Pure X moving to the Elite Eight.

GM: We'll see about that later tonight... but right now, let's go to some pre-recorded comments from one of the combatants in our next match - the so-called One Man Revolution, William Craven!

[Cut to show a worm's eye view of a dusty concrete floor, looking at the collapsed form of the bizarre William Craven. The green beast wrings his red-wrapped hands and twitches above the neck, his eyes darting about like a junkie's who's missed his fix. Twin tongues flicking from between sharpened teeth Craven's voice is a confidential whisper.]

WC: All others have gone. I sent them away.

A trucker hat with a lens saw fit to look upon me. His hat was printed with offensive language and he wore mirrored sunglasses here, in the darkened underside of the arena, for no reason. His presence, his very existence stirred in me a rage wasted on the common trash of the world. He left first when given the opportunity to meet sweet lady violence, never understanding his crime.

Some over-important authority figure, a director I think, saw fit to give me orders. He had a banner to hang and a message he wanted me to hold to. Thought ... I lacked focus, he was afraid I would trail on too long and ruin the timing of his show. As if he could own such a thing and as if I would care if he did.

Finally, Dane, the insipid interviewer, asker of questions with nothing new to contribute. Always "why?". Why did I peel back the face of Supernova and smear it's remains across the barely-trained rookie's baby-soft skin? Why did I hurt this or that supposed person? Why attack Gaines again? Why? Why!? WHY!?

[Half-rising then immediately dropping back into position, Craven's a powderkeg barely restrained, just waiting for a spark.]

WC: Why? The explanations are long since made and in such detail as to erase any doubt! The over-arching theme that frames all my actions, our actions and everything that has driven this business from day one! Oh, yes, some might say "money" ... like Monosso.

Monosso could find money elsewhere, yes? Security? Bodyguard for some middle-eastern dictator who needs a man wild enough to take a bullet with a smile then strangle the attacker with his own gun. Heh ... he remains here, in this world, for the same reason as I. The same reason we all remain here. The same reason the people watch, salivating, leaning over the guardrail and hoping against hope to see BLOOD raining across the ring, the floor ... trying to catch a drop on their tongues...

Yes, others have their agendas, even their own revolutions ... but they fail to perceive the subtle changes that permeate this place. A wrestling league is a mobile collective, a caravan. It does not actually matter to me who controls the caravan so long as it's path flows red. The warriors that fill the AWA now become more violent, the Empire reappears, at least in name and, here, now ... we once again have the Blood, the Sweat and the Tears...

Let Percy Childes have the reins. Let him take the caravan where he will and the violence will determine what shape it takes.

[Trailing off, Craven rocks forward, shifting his weight to one knee while digging the fingertips of his left hand into his temples and cheeks, eyes peering out between the digits.]

WC: Even now sweet lady violence beckons. Many hear her clarion call and flock to it as a siren's song. Yes, the many come, most fall and what remains ... these are her avatars. Her martyrs...

[Flexing his fingers Craven releases the grip on his own face to examine his hand; a gnarled mass of faded green scale pattern wrapped in the dark red of blood-soaked cloth, Craven examines it carefully. Working the fingers around dextrously Craven creates a symphony of crackling sound as each and every bone grinds against it's neighbor.]

WC: Before the call ... there was a day in which I stood beautiful. Skin kissed by the sun and whole, every piece in it's place, clear, blue eyes full of promise and a smile that didn't send strangers scrambling for the exits. I already knew her voice ... calling to me from within the darkness of the days of my boyhood stolen from me, screaming that my father had been right ... God would not have me, the Devil was afraid and Death was still cobbling the coffin... Years later, my long sleep and trauma all but forgotten, the happy life I'd always claimed to want was mine ... and she called me.

Called me away. Away to a place where a man with the skills and strength to enforce his will on others would be lauded and showered with both riches and acclaim. In a matter of months ... I was no longer beautiful. Twenty more years ... I am as you see me today...

[Unsteadily, William rises to his knees, hands clasped before him as if in prayer.]

WC: She took everything; beauty, love, hopes and dreams. These she replaced with the kind of supremacy that calls into question one's humanity. Beauty became ferocity. Love became bile. Hopes became action. Dreams

became glory... I did not need beauty as I have no desire to deceive those that would look upon me. Love is the kind of pain that masks itself as pleasure. Hope is mere sloth and for one to dream ... he must first sleep. It is, heh, it is common knowledge that there is no rest ... for the wicked.

[A shark-toothed smile from Craven as he lightly bites his right index finger, feigning distress.]

WC: Oh, but beauty yet lives in the AWA, yes? Not scarred, not craggy nor drooping with the weight of years, cheeks flush with youth ... soft...

[Dissolving, the smile leaves Craven with a shudder and he grimaces down at the camera.]

WC: Since the first day my reflection stared back at me, an ugly stranger, I have longed to spread my affliction. Longed ... to destroy something beautiful. All I lacked ... was opportunity.

[Eyes narrowing, Craven shakes his head slightly.]

WC: Travis. Are you ready? I've seen you fight. You have some skill in the ways of violence ... but of all the men I've faced, all the men I've seen, you are by far the purest. A legacy, brought up in the business, fighting in the ring is to you the same as playing in the back yard with your brothers. Young as you are it isn't necessary to ask if your father made inroads on your behalf as you simply haven't had time to pay the dues most men must to reach this point in your career.

However ... you are unformed and, it is possible, you may yet be made to see the light. Our match, Travis, is one that I hope you will one day look back on, with gratitude, as the day you saw the wisdom ... of the Revolution...

[Rising, Craven lets himself fall against the cinderblock wall, hands still clasped, shoulders hunched, eyes fixated on the floor.]

WC: For to truly shine within the violence one's luster must be tarnished. Travis ... I do you this favor ... tonight, I will do my best to make you just ... like ... me...

And then the others. Too many yet to count. Blackwater Bart is there to spout more nonsense, acting as if he understands my motivations without ever saying anything of substance. Monosso yet remains in the field, yes? What a glorious conflagration that would be. One of my favorite new victims in Gunnar Gaines. What shape will the final battle in this war for the crown take? What glory can be found?

In the end ... regardless of whether I wear the crown, I predict that the Revolution will take further root. Regardless of who shines most brightly upon the world stage the cracks will continue to form in the AWA's foundation as the Empire forces it's way up through the carnage that must result!

[Shuddering, Craven stands fully erect, sharpened teeth gritted. Grabbing up the camera so as to lock eyes with the viewers at home, he shouts directly into the lens.]

WC: When the Revolution is complete the inmates will not _run_ the asylum! There will be NO ASYLUM! The inmates will run free in the streets and NONE WILL BE SAFE!!! IT! GETS! WWWOOORRRSSSEEE!!!

[Reeling back, Craven sends the camera careening through the air. Static. End. Cut!

And then slowly back up on the ring where Phil Watson stands.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is a third round match in the AWA World Title Tournament. Introducing first...

WHUMP-ump-ump

[With the sound of a thunderclap, the lights go out, and the world is plunged into darkness. Wind can be heard, chimed in through the PA system.]

Thump-thump

[Red letters knit into existence on AWA's video wall, reading "It Gets Worse!" then unravel to form a single red line. The sounding of a horrible heart is heard, the line reverberating with every noise played over the PA.]

#I'm over it!#

[Those words, screamed in a-capela by one David Draiman, precede only briefly an explosion of sound as "Forsaken" bursts out of the PA system and into the arena. The camera angle switches as tension builds; red spotlights brightly illuminating the entrance portal and the crowd waits.

Abruptly, an intense shower of blood-red sparks sprays out from before the entrance portal, threatening to set the whole arena on fire. From beneath this flaming masterpiece emerges a cloaked figure amidst a billowing cloud of smoke.

Reptilian blue eyes highlight the shoulders of his black vinyl robe. Turning, he seems to, himself, stop the flames from shooting. His hooded head stares down at his gnarled hands, bound as they are in red gauze, clutching a wooden katana in them.]

#You see I cannot be forsaken,#
#because I'm not the only one,#
#We walk amongst you feeding, raping...#
#Must we hide from everyone?#

[As if in reply to the lyrics, the dark figure strides powerfully towards the ring as the lights die. Darkness closes back in, broken only by strobing flashbulbs as fans try to get a picture of what can only be one man...]

PW: Hailing from Detroit, Michigan! He weighs in tonight at 320 pounds! Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the One Man Revolution... this is...

WILLLLLLLLLLLIAM CRAAAAAAAAAAVEN!

[Climbing the ringsteps and coming to rest on the apron, Craven looks out at the crowd one time before ducking between the ropes. Thrusting his arms out before him, William slowly parts them, reaching out to his sides, the robe falling heavily into a heap on the mat, and revealing his serpent-tattooed, muscular torso. He then hands his bo'ken off to the timekeeper and stands, ready to compete as his music starts to fade.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening notes of Rush's "Tom Sawyer" blasts out over the PA system, bringing screams of support from the capacity New Orleans crowd. The sheer pitch of the crowd din is on the higher level as there may be no athlete in the AWA with more female supporters than the man about to step through the curtain into the Lakefront Arena.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 260 pounds... he is a member of the legendary Lynch family...

TRAAAAAAAAAVIS LYNNNNNCH!

[The curtain pulls back and the crowd ERUPTS in cheers as the youngest of the Lynch brothers, Travis, comes tearing into view. The screams of the young ladies in the house nearly drown out the sounds of Rush still blasting over the loudspeakers. As always, Travis is dressed in classic white wrestling trunks with a yellow and black stripe along the top of them. His kneepads and boots are also white.]

GM: Travis Lynch walks the aisle tonight with a tremendous burden on his shoulders, fans. He is the one and only member of the Lynch family in this tournament and the only one with the chance to add the AWA World Title to his family's legacy here this weekend.

BW: He shouldn't worry about any of that, Gordo. He should worry about surviving whatever William Craven's gonna throw at him. He can talk all he wants about Ebola Zaire, about Mutessa, about The Lost Boy, about Ghazi Hassan... but he's NEVER been in the ring with a savage animal like William Craven before. Craven's as likely to attempt to remove your heart with his bare hands as he is to attempt a lateral press when the time comes. THAT'S what he should be worried about.

GM: Nevertheless, you know Travis Lynch feels a lot of pressure to walk out of New Orleans this weekend as the first AWA World Champion. What a

moment that would be for both the young man and his family who have not had their best days as of late.

BW: You're talking about gimpy James and worthless Jack?

GM: I'll make sure they hear that.

[Travis is in a slight jog down the aisle, pausing to slap some hands of the barricade-side fans. A few young ladies pull him close for a hug and even a kiss on the cheek before he breaks away with a grin.]

BW: He'd better enjoy the kisses from these Cajun swamp trash while he can 'cause Craven's on a mission. William Craven has declared that the Revolution is coming... a Revolution that will tear the AWA from its roots and thrust it into the world of extreme and hardcore that many of the owners come from.

GM: He treasures those days of bloodshed and carnage in Los Angeles and he wants to take us all back there.

BW: And who's gonna stop him? Travis Lynch?

GM: You bet.

BW: Keep dreamin', Gordo.

[Lynch slides into the ring, quickly rising to his feet in case Craven makes an early attack but the One Man Revolution stays in his corner, arms draped over the top rope as he watches the young man tug at the ropes with his powerful arms.]

GM: What phenomenal shape this young man is in, Bucky.

BW: All those muscles won't do him a lick of good when Craven's gnawing on his head with those filed teeth.

[Referee Michael Meekly gives some final words to both men before calling for the bell. Lynch claps his hands together as he circles out of the corner, keeping an eye on Craven who... well, refuses to move.]

GM: The match has started but William Craven's still standing in the corner.

[Meekly inches towards him, waving him out to start the match but Craven's eyes stay locked on Travis Lynch.]

GM: This is quite bizarre, Bucky. William Craven's never been one to shy away from a fight and that's exactly what he's doing right now.

BW: It's not like he's hiding from Lynch, Gordo. He just isn't running out there to tangle up with him. Whatever he's doing, you can be sure it's part of a plan. That's what makes him an entirely different animal than someone like James Monosso. Monosso is an uncaged animal - like a runaway train at

times. Craven is a thinking savage - a reason for every move. It may be a warped, screwed up reason... but a reason all the same.

[Lynch moves closer, fists at the ready but Meekly cuts him off with an extended arm, shaking his head. The youngest Lynch brother shouts a protest, daring Craven to come out and fight.]

GM: Craven's just watching... listening... waiting...

[Lynch paces back and forth behind the official as the crowd jeers the inaction. The Texan shouts again at Craven who doesn't respond a single bit.]

GM: Travis Lynch wants this fight to start - and you better believe that's what it's going to be. It will be no catch as catch can classic in there with a monster like William Craven.

[After several more attempts by the official to get Craven out of the corner, Meekly turns to Lynch with a shrug. Lynch responds by shoving the official aside, rushing the corner...]

GM: Here we go!

[Craven drops his arms, absorbing blow after blow to the skull by the powerful Texan.]

GM: Lynch is all over him in the corner!

[Grabbing Craven by the arm, Lynch whips him across, the big three hundred pounder putting up no resistance as he slams into the far turnbuckles. Lynch rushes across, leaping up onto Craven...

...and takes him up and over with a monkey flip, bouncing Craven off the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Craven hits hard off of that one!

BW: I don't get it, Gordo. What the heck is Craven doing?

GM: No clue. I wouldn't even begin to try and figure out what's going on inside his head...

[Lynch rushes towards Craven as he gets up, throwing himself into a dropkick that sends Craven staggering back into the ropes...

...and a running clothesline takes Craven over the top, sending him crashing down to the floor below!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Lynch pops back to his feet, slamming his arms down on the top rope with a "YEAH! COME ON!" to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: And this young Texan is fired up tonight, Bucky!

BW: I'd be more surprised if he wasn't, Gordo. He's fighting to get into the Elite Eight... fighting to be three victories away from the AWA World Heavyweight Title. He can talk about being the PCW World Champ all he wants but you know this is the biggest night of his life - of ALL these guys' lives, Gordo.

[Lynch leans over the ropes, shouting at Craven as the Motor City Madman climbs to his feet, looking up at Lynch.]

GM: Craven just went over the ropes to the floor and still looks out of it, Bucky. What's wrong with him?

BW: We don't have enough time for that.

[Craven slides under the bottom rope, slithering like a snake into the ring as Lynch moves in on him, dragging him off the mat and pasting him with a right hand to the temple!]

GM: Big right hand by Travis! And another! And another!

[Craven stumbles back a step as Lynch dips down, scooping the bigger man up, and slamming him down to the mat!]

GM: Lynch bodyslams the three hundred and twenty pounder!

[Lynch stands over him, shouting for the One Man Revolution to "come on!" but Craven simply rolls up to a knee, staring at Lynch who buries a kick into the chest of the bigger man.]

GM: William Craven is putting up absolutely no defense in this... none at all. He's letting Travis Lynch pummel him at will!

[Lynch pulls Craven off the mat again, pulling him into a side waistlock before powering him up...

...and dumping him down to the canvas with a back suplex!]

GM: OHHH! Big suplex by the Texan!

[Lynch rolls into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Craven quite easily lifts a shoulder off the mat. Lynch climbs to his feet, looking puzzled at Craven as he rolls to his knees, arms at his sides as Lynch throws another kick to the chest. He grabs a side headlock, throwing clenched fists at the skull!]

GM: Lynch is really letting him have it!

[The referee steps in, forcing Lynch to back off...

...but Lynch pushes his way right back in, throwing another kick to the chest before dragging Craven up by the arm.]

GM: Lynch pulls him up again... and again he sends him to the ropes...

[Lynch ducks down, setting for a backdrop...

...but Craven leapfrogs over it, surprising agility for a man of his size. He pulls to a stop, turning to face Lynch as Lynch spins around but doing absolutely nothing as Lynch throws a quick right hand!]

GM: Craven had Lynch right where he wanted him but he did nothing, fans! Absolutely nothing!

[Lynch pummels Craven back, knocking him back into the ropes...

...but Craven finally responds, grabbing Lynch by the hair, and chucking him through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Finally! Finally William Craven responds to the attacks by Travis Lynch!

[Craven backs off from the ropes though, choosing not to pursue Lynch who quickly gets off the floor, turning to shout at Craven who simply stares at Lynch.]

GM: I don't understand this at all.

[Lynch pulls himself up on the apron, again shouting at Craven who doesn't respond. The Texan steps through the ropes, throwing himself into a full body tackle, taking Craven off his feet where he takes the mount, hammering away with clenched fists!]

GM: Lynch is going to town on him on the mat! The big Texan is pummeling Craven into the canvas!

[The official lays down a count, reaching four before Lynch pulls off, fire in his eyes.]

GM: Travis Lynch may be letting his temper get the better of him, fans!

[Lynch lays in a hard kick to the ribs, causing Craven to roll over to all fours...

...where a second hard kick lands, flipping Craven onto his back where Lynch leaps up, burying an elbow into the heart!]

GM: Ohh! High leaping elbowdrop! Cover for one! For two!

[But Craven again easily slips out of the pin attempt, rolling to his knees, pushing to his feet as Lynch does the same, grabbing Craven around the waist and forcing him back into the corner...]

GM: Craven's pushed back against the buckles...

[Lynch backs off, squaring up and throwing a series of right hands to the jaw of Craven as the referee starts another count. The count reaches four before Lynch steps back, grabbing the arm again...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[Lynch smashes into the buckles but Craven again refuses to pursue, standing his ground and glaring at Lynch who angrily rushes out of the buckles...

...and gets side-stepped, thrown chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Craven's playing defense and-

[As Lynch falls back from the buckles, Craven spins him around...

...and then drops his arms, sticking out his chin!]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

[Lynch rears back, DRILLING Craven on the jaw, sending Craven down to the canvas hard!]

GM: Good grief! What a right hand from Travis Lynch!

[Craven rolls to all fours where a low dropkick from Lynch catches him in the temple, knocking him to his back where Lynch attempts another pin... earning another two count before Craven slips a shoulder up.]

GM: Lynch takes the mount again! Right hand after right hand after right hand! Lynch is hammering away on William Craven, pummeling him into the mat!

[Lynch springs to his feet at the count of four, dragging Craven up with him, tugging him into a front facelock. The Texan slings Craven's arm over his neck, giving a whoop as he hoists Craven off the mat, taking him down with a bone-rattling suplex!]

GM: Big suplex on Craven! Floats into a cover for one! For two!! For-

[Craven lifts the shoulder again, causing Lynch to get up to his feet, angrily stomping Craven over and over. The big Texan leans over, grabbing Craven by the legs...]

GM: Lynch is looking for a Boston Crab!

BW: Is it really a Boston Crab when a Texas is applying it?

GM: I would think it's a Boston Crab no matt- ohh!

[Craven wriggles a leg free, pushing Lynch off into the turnbuckles. Craven takes a knee as Lynch comes out of the corner...

...and lunges forward, catching Lynch in the gut with a headbutt!]

GM: Oh! Was that the first offensive move of the match for Craven?

BW: I think it was, yeah.

[Craven again grabs Lynch by the hair, chucking him through the ropes to the floor. Lynch hits the floor hard this time, staying down for several moments as Craven backs off. A surprised Michael Meekly steps up to start a ten count.]

GM: The referee's starting his count... Craven just standing and watching...

[Lynch climbs off the floor at the count of four, wincing as he grabs at his back. The Texan pulls himself up on the apron as Craven moves towards the ropes...

...and slings himself through the ropes, catching Craven in the gut with a shoulder!]

GM: Lynch grabs the ropes - over the top!

[Lynch takes Craven down in a sunset flip!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Craven slips a shoulder free, a little more desperation in his kickout this time.]

GM: Whoa! Lynch almost got him there! I think that was closer than Craven thought it was!

[There's a flash of anger in Craven's eyes as he gets to his feet, lashing out with a high kick to the chest of Lynch. Craven grabs the good-looking young man by the hair, hauling him to his feet...

...and sinking his teeth into the forehead of Lynch, pushing him back against the ropes!]

GM: Oh, come on! That's a blatant breaking of the rules! He's gnawing his forehead like some kind of a wild animal!

BW: That sunset flip might have cracked Craven's cool, Gordo. He was trying to play it cool but I think he might have snapped now!

[Craven breaks the count at four, spinning around to throw a spinning back elbow into the jaw, knocking Lynch off his feet to a knee.]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

[Craven hooks his hands behind Lynch's neck, throwing knees to the face, knocking Lynch all the way to a seated spot on the mat. Craven backs off, planting his foot on the windpipe, choking Lynch as the referee steps in to start another five count...]

GM: Craven pulls Lynch to a knee and- ohh! Right hand by Lynch! And another! A third goes downstairs to the gut!

[Lynch struggles up to his feet, grabbing an arm to fire Craven into the ropes...

...and catches him coming across with a knee to the ribs!]

GM: Big knee to the gut of Craven and you know what Travis Lynch has in mind, fans!

[He lifts his left hand up in the Iron Claw position, drawing a big cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Travis Lynch is calling for the abdominal claw!

[Lynch turns around, leaning over with his hands on his knees as he waits for Craven to get up off the mat...

...and then SINKS the Iron Claw into the abs of William Craven!]

GM: CLAW! THE CLAW IS ON!!

[The crowd ROARS as Lynch sinks his fingers in deep into the abdominal muscles of Craven who grabs Lynch's wrist with both hands, trying to pry the grip loose...]

GM: Craven's caught in the Claw! William Craven is caught in-

[Craven suddenly surges forward, pushing his weight into Lynch, and then shifts to the side...

...knocking the referee flat!]

GM: Ohh! Come on! The referee just got floored by William Craven and-

BW: But Craven's still trapped in the Claw!

[Not for long as he brings his right leg up squarely into the groin of Travis Lynch!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He went low on Lynch!

BW: And the ref didn't see a darn thing, Gordo!

GM: He certainly didn't and-

[Craven bounces off the ropes behind him, bringing his leg up and catching Lynch squarely on the jaw!]

GM: OHH! MAFIA KICK BY CRAVEN!!

[Lynch hits the mat hard!]

GM: William Craven nearly kicked Lynch's head right off his shoulders! This might be it... but there's no referee! William Craven may have cost HIMSELF the match right there. He's the one who knocked the ref flat and now when he needs him, the official is unable to make a three count.

[Craven looks around, glancing at the downed official...

...and then drops to his back, rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: THIS is the One Man Revolution in action!

GM: He's out here on the floor and he's... he's got a steel chair!

[Craven, having snatched up a steel chair from ringside, rolls back into the ring. He holds the chair in his hands, standing over Travis Lynch as the Texan struggles to his knees. Lynch looks up, spotting Craven with the chair as the One Man Revolution rears back with the weapon...]

GM: NO!

[...and then smiles a terrifying grin at Lynch, lowering the chair and dropping it on the canvas in front of the Texan.]

GM: He... he put the chair down! I don't- Bucky, what in the world...?

BW: I'm not sure I get it either, Gordo.

[Craven backs several feet away...

...and then turns his back on Travis Lynch.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Oh my god... I get it.

GM: What?!

BW: He WANTS Lynch to use the chair on him! This is... this is all part of that revolution business, Gordo! He wants Travis Lynch - the goody two shoes - to explore his dark side by bashing him over the head with the steel chair!

GM: Are you kidding me?! That's insane!

BW: That's Craven!

[Craven kneels on the canvas, arms at his side. His head lolls back, eyes closed. He looks almost... peaceful.]

GM: My stars, I think you're right, Bucky! He WANTS him to bash him over the head with the chair!

[The Texan pushes up to his feet, taking a glance at the official...

...and then scoops up the chair!]

GM: This whole match... everything has led to this moment! Everything was an effort to get Travis Lynch to lose his cool and hit him with that chair! Don't do it, Travis! This isn't the right way to win this match!

BW: The heck with that, Gordo! If Lynch wants to win the World Title this weekend, this might be the ONLY way to win this match!

GM: Think about your fans... your friends... your family, Travis! Think about your father! He would NOT want you to win this way!

[Lynch steps closer to Craven's exposed back, gripping the chair tightly in his hands...]

GM: Travis Lynch has got that chair... Craven's waiting... just waiting for him...

[Craven doesn't move an inch, eyes still closed as Lynch inches closer and closer to him...]

BW: For once in your life, Stench, be a man and do it!

GM: Would you stop?! That's not right! That's not right at all!

[Lynch slowly lifts the chair, staring at it for several moments.]

GM: Lynch has got the chair... what's he gonna do? What's he thinking about doing here, Bucky?

BW: You KNOW what he's thinking about doing!

GM: He can't do it! He just can't do it!

[Lynch slowly raises the chair, holding it high over his head. He looks down at Craven's exposed skull...]

GM: No, no! Don't do it, Travis! Don't do it, son!

[Lynch pauses, looking around at the buzzing crowd, obviously conflicted...]

GM: He may be having second thoughts here! He might be-

[Lynch suddenly throws the chair aside to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Yeah! Alright! Travis Lynch REFUSES to join Craven's Revolution!

[Lynch turns back to the official, leaning over and giving him a shake to revive him...]

GM: Lynch is getting the referee back into the picture! Shaking him to-

[Suddenly, Craven's eyes fly open, filled with rage as he gets to his feet...

...and grabs the discarded steel chair!]

GM: NO!

[Craven winds up deep...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the steel chair across the back of Travis Lynch!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Craven throws the chair out of the ring, swinging a dazed Lynch around and grabbing him by the throat...]

GM: NO!

[Craven uses the double choke to hoist Lynch into the air, spinning around with him, and dropping down to his knees while he DRIVES Lynch down into the canvas!]

GM: THUNDER MELTER!!

[Craven crawls into a cover, reaching back for a leg as Michael Meekly crawls into view...]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Craven promptly rolls off the downed Lynch, taking a seated position next to him. A sadistic grin crosses the face of the One Man Revolution as Meekly carefully raises his arm in victory as the crowd jeers.]

GM: William Craven defeats Travis Lynch by less than honorable means to move on to the third round.

BW: And in the front office, someone just wept a bitter tear.

GM: There are three men that are widely considered to be competitors that the AWA front office would prefer not to see with the World Title around their waist at the end of this weekend - Dave Cooper, Sultan Azam Sharif, and this man, William Craven.

BW: One down, two to go, daddy!

GM: You're happy about this?

BW: Eh, I like making the suits sweat a bit.

GM: Let's go to the Control Center right now and see if, in fact, Jim Watkins is sweat- wait a second!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Craven returns to the ring, steel chair in hand once more. He unfolds the chair, setting it up in the middle of the ring. He drags Travis Lynch off the mat, draping his torso over the chair so that his throat is pressed down against the back of the seat back...]

GM: Oh my stars.

BW: He's setting up an executioner's stand!

GM: Craven's got Lynch all set up like he's going to- oh no! He's going for the bokken!

[Craven pulls his favorite weapon, a wooden sword, into the ring. With a grin, he grips it with both hands, placing the edge of the blade against the back of Lynch's neck...]

GM: He's gonna do it! He's gonna do it, Bucky!

BW: Lynch's throat is pressed against the steel! He could do all sorts of damage if he-

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: SUPERNOVA! HURRY, KID, GET IN THERE!

[Supernova SPRINTS the distance of the aisle, diving headfirst under the bottom rope. Spotting him, Craven switches his stance, pulling the cane back over his head...]

...but he gets tackled right off his feet by Supernova, taking him down to the mat!]

GM: OHHH! SUPERNOVA TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[The face-painted young lion hammers Craven repeatedly with haymakers to the skull as Craven attempts to cover up down on the canvas!]

GM: SUPERNOVA IS TAKIN' THE FIGHT TO WILLIAM CRAVEN!!

[With Craven tangled up, the official gets Travis Lynch off the chair, rolling him out to the floor to safety.]

GM: Supernova has saved Travis Lynch from suffering further damage at the hands of William Craven!

[Supernova finally peels away, grabbing Craven's own bokken...]

GM: He's got the-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES OF CRAVEN!!

[The blow staggers Craven, sending him stumbling through the ropes to the floor as Supernova lets loose a howl, patrolling the squared circle with Craven's own weapon gripped in his hands.]

GM: Supernova has got that wooden sword and he is walkin' tall!

BW: He's gonna be in the Rumble tomorrow night but tonight, he's cleared the ring of everyone, Gordo!

GM: He certainly has! Supernova obviously knew that William Craven might try something like this tonight and he wanted to make sure that he was ready for him. Craven bails out to the floor - he wanted no part of Supernova with that cane in his hands.

BW: Or does he?

GM: What do you mean?

BW: We just saw Craven spend an entire match trying to drive Travis Lynch over the edge to the point that he'd attack him with a chair... and now... again, Supernova comes after him with a weapon. Slowly but surely, is William Craven getting into the head of Supernova? Is he corrupting the AWA's white knights?!

GM: No, no chance. Supernova's not like that. He's fighting fire with fire.

BW: Which is usually when you get burned.

GM: Fans, let's go to the Control Center.

[Crossfade to the name "WILLIAM CRAVEN" in big block lettering. As the camera shot pulls back, we see that the name has been added to the Quarterfinals section of the tournament bracket.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. William Craven has advanced to stand alongside James Monosso and Stevie Scott in the Quarterfinals of this tournament. Three men in... five to go. Mr. Watkins, your thoughts.

JW: My thoughts are that I'm more than a bit sick of Craven and his antics around here... and I'm just as sick of him and 'Nova trading shots like crazy. So, I'm of a mind to put a stop to it, Mark.

MS: What do you mean?

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: I'm thinking that the AWA fans back home in Dallas deserve another big match. They've already got two title matches set up for 'em... but how 'bout Supernova vs William Craven for the last time?

MS: I think that sounds just great.

JW: Then it's settled. At Homecoming in a couple of weeks, we're gonna see that one end once and for all.

MS: Great. But what about the tournament? How do you feel about William Craven advancing?

[Watkins grimaces.]

JW: Look... Craven's a big, tough guy who has got some skills. The problem is, he masks all that under two dozen shovelfuls of crazy. And all this Revolution talk? If he wants a fight, there's a heck of a lot of guys here that'll give it to him... but he wants more than that, Mark.

MS: What's he want?

JW: Blood. Carnage. The kind of body count that he and his buddies back in LA made famous.

MS: You know, when the fans look at the AWA front office, they see names like Taylor, Michaelson, and Stegglet... and they wonder if Craven's not right. They wonder if the world really is changing before their very eyes. And with this Empire Sports stuff now too... can you blame people for wondering if-

JW: No, I can't. I can't blame 'em at all. But I promise the whole world right here and now... as long as Jim Watkins has any sort of power here in the AWA, that ain't gonna be the road we're walkin', Mark. The people here

- people like Juan Vasquez, Stevie Scott... guys who ain't here anymore like Broussard and Rhodes and City Jack... they built a place where people can compete with their heads held high. They built a place where you can wrestle for a living and not have to worry about some sadistic bloodthirsty freak trying to cut you with a straight razor or throw you into a pile of exploding barbed wire.

This is the AWA. We wrestle. And we do it with pride, dignity, and a respect for the sport that ain't the most common thing on the block anymore.

You want that hardcore crap, Craven? There's plenty of places that'll give it to you. In fact, I'll buy you a plane ticket to Las Vegas myself.

[Watkins grins.]

JW: But if you want to compete... to fight like an actual professional... then drop the weapons, drop the crazy, and get ready for the toughest battles of your damn life.

You want to be a World Champion for once in your life?

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: It ain't gonna happen swinging chairs and sticks and trying to bring back something that's been dead for nearly ten years... not on my watch. And that's a promise.

[Watkins steps out of view, leaving a surprised Stegglet.]

MS: Was it something I said?

[We fade away from the Control Center to Jason Dane in another part of the building. He's standing next to an obviously amped-up Sweet Daddy Williams who is in white trunks with a red satin windbreaker jacket covering up his torso.]

JD: Fans, I am standing here with-

SDW: They know who yo' standin' with, JD!

JD: And later tonight he'll be facing-

SDW: They know who I'm gonna be facin', baby!

[Dane looks amused.]

JD: Well, what don't they know?

[Watkins raises a finger.]

SDW: What they don't know is that I'm 'bout to drop somethin' on the world that's gonna be a bit shockin' to those folks out there watchin' on America's Superstation - WKIK, baby.

Sultan Azam Sharif... I respect you.

[Williams grins - a million dollar smile if you will.]

SDW: Now, I know I ain't supposed to. Ya see, good ol' Sweet Daddy... he bleeds red, white, and blue as much as anyone else does. If you cut ol' Sweet Daddy open, you can count 'em up - all the stars and stripes you wanna see, baby.

Yes sir, I AM a proud American.

And that's exactly why I respect you, Sharif.

[Dane looks puzzled.]

JD: Care to explain?

SDW: It'd be easy for me to come out here and wave a flag, sing God Bless America, and whup the peoples of New Orlahns up into a frenzy about how you're a USA hatin', no-good SOB who wears a rag 'round yo' head and spits on everything we stand for.

But that ain't you, baby. I know that ain't you.

I've been in this bidness fo' a long, long time and I traveled all ups and downs these roads of ours. I've walked the streets of the French Quarter... the Strip in Vegas... the sun-shiny La-La Land... and I danced my hiney off in the middle of Times Square, sunshine!

Sweet Daddy may not know much in this world... but he knows people. I can look a man in the eye and I know his character... I know what he's about...

[Williams grimaces.]

SDW: Usually. Good luck to ya tonight, Hotshot.

[He winks at the camera.]

SDW: And when I see Sharif on TV wavin' his flag and spittin' and shoutin' and talkin' all sorts of crazy, I hit the ol' pause button on the remote control. I pick my fat butt off the couch and I sit on down in front of the telly up close. I look into your eyes, Sharif.

And I know what you're 'bout.

You ain't a bad man... you're a good man. A real good man. But you're a good man who has let a real bad man boss you 'round for much too long. You're a big ol' boat, steaming your way to the promised lands with the wind at your back, ready to blow ya on home...

But ya can't get there... ya just can't get there...

You know why, JD?

[Dane shakes his head.]

SDW: 'Cause he's got a big fat stinkin' worthless anchor tied around his leg draggin' him on down to the depths.

That's where ya are, baby... the depths. You're at the bottom with Bathwaite keepin' ya there.

Ya want to be a World Champion. But he's got other plans for ya.

Tonight's the chance, Sharif... break the anchor... break that anchor off yer leg and let Sweet Daddy show ya the way home...

Glory. Prosperity. The people out there, they wanna love ya... they truly do.

Let 'em do it, baby. Just open up yer arms and yer heart and let 'em do it.

[Williams walks out of the camera shot, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Sweet Daddy Williams trying to send a special message to Sultan Azam Sharif... the question is, will Count Adrian Bathwaite allow Sharif to hear that messa...

[Dane's words trail off as his gaze moves away from the camera. He looks surprised for a moment and then remembers where he is, waving at the cameraman to pan to his right which he quickly does...

...revealing the former owner of the EMWC and current owner of Empire Sports, Chris Blue, walking into view. Blue is speaking softly on the cell phone pressed to his ear as Dane approaches, mic in hand.]

JD: Hey, uhh... umm, hey boss... err... Chr- umm, Mr. Blue. Can I get a few words?

[Blue looks annoyed. He speaks into the cell phone first.]

CB: Hold on a second.

[Covering up the mic on the phone, he looks at Dane.]

CB: One question. Go.

[Dane pauses, thinking carefully... and then goes with the obvious one.]

JD: Why are you here?

[Blue smiles, amused at the simple question.]

CB: I'm just here to enjoy the show. I promise.

[And with a little wave to the camera, Blue resumes his cell phone conversation, striding away as the camera follows him out of view and we fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then back up to live action to reveal the huge form of MAMMOTH Maximus who is standing in front of an AWA backdrop. He has on a black mask and a black singlet, with a silver M across the front. Standing next to him, looking a tad nervous, is Jason Dane, microphone in hand. On the other side of Maximus is the dark suited, bespectacled and smirking form of Louis Matsui.]

JD: MAMMOTH Maximus, in a few moments, you step into the ring against possibly your toughest challenge in this tournament yet: Blackwater Bart. Your thoughts?

[Matsui pipes up first.]

LM: Blackwater Bart likes to talk a tough game and we know he'll be bringing a tough game. Blackwater Bart likes to talk about what he'll do to a man. But, Jay-Dee, tell me... How do you Piedra Lariat a mountain? How do you powerbomb an island? Blackwater Bart is probably one of the few crazy enough to try to do those things, but he is going to find out that this mountain moves! He is going to find out that this island hits back! And if Blackwater Bart isn't careful, he'll find himself knocked down, with four hundred pounds of pure power raining death from above!

MM: [Holding up four fingers of his right hand.] FOUR MEN! Four men stand between me and my destiny! We know who the first of those four will be and we can only guess at who the others might turn out to be. It doesn't matter! Not to me! Send forth the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse against me if you must! I looked and there before me was a pale horse! Its rider was named Death, and Hades was following close behind him. And even they will not stop me from claiming what is MINE! Because those four will not overcome these five...

[MAMMOTH Maximus unfurls his thumb, so that all five fingers of his right hand are extended.]

MM: [Holding up his other hand.] Nor these five... And by these hands and the strength within, I will take what is MINE!

[Maximus balls his black fingerless gloved fists and holds them together in front of him, letting out a loud snort as he yells...]

MM: IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is a third round match in the AWA World Title Tournament!

[Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play over the arena speakers. Twenty-five seconds in, a mountain of a man, if one could call it a man, emerges from the entranceway. He is decked in a black helmet made of moulded plastic, shaped like an elephant's head, with long, curved, white tusks and a segmented black plastic tube forming the trunk. The large helmet is attached to black shoulder pads, like those used in football, which help to hold the headgear up on the man's massive frame. In addition, he is wearing a black singlet, with a silver M across the front, black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads and black boots with silver trim.]

SING ME A SONG, YOU'RE A SINGER #
DO ME A WRONG, YOU'RE A BRINGER OF EVIL #
THE DEVIL IS NEVER A MAKER #
THE LESS THAT YOU GIVE, YOU'RE A MAKER #
SO IT'S ON AND ON AND ON #
IT'S HEAVEN AND HELL #
OH WELL

[The man balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him, as the bespectacled Louis Matsui, steps through the entranceway, dressed in a dark suit, as usual. Matsui rubs his hands with glee, pats his client on the shoulder and points to the ring. As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him. Matsui, on the other hand, cannot help but direct a few choice words at the more vocal members of the crowd.]

PW: Hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Louis Matsui, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[MAMMOTH Maximus comes to a stop at the end of the entrance ramp. He begins to remove the helmet, with Matsui's assistance, to reveal a black mask with silver markings around the back. Maximus places the headgear in front of him, the trunk and tusks pointing towards the ring. He holds his fists together, then throws out his hands to either side of him, just as the trunk attached to the elephantine headgear lets forth a burst of white smoke. He approaches the ring and steps through middle and top ropes. Louis Matsui enters the ring after him and, as the music starts to fade, gives MAMMOTH Maximus some final instructions, before climbing back down to the ringside area and leaving his client in the ring to await the start of the match.]

PW: And his opponent-

[The sounds of Metallica's "Devil's Dance" hits the PA to a large reaction from the AWA faithful. Phil Watson hasn't uttered a word of introduction before Blackwater Bart tears through the curtain, a heavy steel chain clenched in his hand as he thrusts his powerful arm into the air to an even bigger roar from the fans.]

GM: Blackwater Bart has left a path of destruction behind him in the World Title tournament, with that devastating Piedra Lariat. But will it be enough to stop the awesome force of MAMMOTH Maximus?

BW: That lariat of Bart's might be enough to knock Superman back to Krypton, Gordo! But if anyone's capable of surviving a Piedra Lariat, it's gotta' be Maximus!

[As soon as Bart enters the ring, Maximus is on him, taking the cowboy from Sweetwater, Texas down with a running bell clap!]

GM: OH MY! MAXIMUS CATCHES BLACKWATER BART BY SURPRISE!

BW: You shouldn't expect this match to last too long, Gordo...these two can end a match at any moment!

[Pulling Bart to his feet, Maximus grabs the Texan by the wrist and pulls him in, smashing him back down with a powerful short-armed clothesline.]

GM: That wasn't quite as hard as the Piedra Lariat, but MAMMOTH Maximus is showing that he's no slouch in the power department, either!

[Backing up into the ropes, Maximus gains momentum and then LEAPS into the air, dropping down all his weight onto Blackwater Bart with a monstrous splash!]

"THUUUUUDD!!!"

GM: OHHH! This match might be over before it started! ONE! TWO! NO! BART GETS THE SHOULDER UP!

BW: That's over four hundred pounds of humanity that just crushed Blackwater Bart beneath him and the cowboy still got the shoulder up!

[From the outside, Louis Matsui shouts some instructions at Maximus, who pulls Bart to his feet and shoves him into the nearest corner. He comes in, hitting the volatile redneck with a clubbing forearm to the head, followed by a brutal series of punches to the body.]

GM: Listen to those shots to the body! Maximus might've cracked some ribs with these punches!

BW: This match has been all MAMMOTH Maximus so far, daddy. He caught Blackwater Bart good, as he was coming in the ring and he ain't let up at all, ever since!

[Whipping Bart into the opposite corner, Maximus charges in with a running avalanche, only to meet a faceful of boot!]

GM: OH!

[Bart then explodes out of the corner, running full-speed into Maximus with another big boot, but it only wobbles the monster. He then runs into the ropes, rebounding off and smashing home a double-axhandle right between the eyes!]

GM: A BIG double sledgehammer blow by Blackwater Bart takes MAMMOTH Maximus off his feet!

BW: There ain't too many men in the world capable of knocking Maximus over like that, but Bart pulled it off!

[POP!]

GM: AND BART'S ALL OVER MAXIMUS, PUMMELING HIM WITH CLOSED FISTS!

BW: You're not gonna' see any technical masterpieces from these two, Gordo. Just a whole lot of flying fists and busted lips!

GM: Bart's pulling MAMMOTH to his feet...

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! BLACKWATER BART JUST SLAMMED MAMMOTH MAXIMUS!!!

BW: It wasn't the prettiest or smoothest slam I've ever seen, Gordo, but holy cow... he actually SLAMMED him!

[The effort of lifting Maximus seems to have taken a toll on Bart, as he immediately clutches his back in pain. Nevertheless, he doesn't give Maximus any time to breathe, dropping not one...not two...but THREE heavy elbowdrops across Matsui's charge.]

GM: A series of elbows by Bart and there's the cover...only two!

BW: Did you ever expect to see someone bully Maximus in a wrestling ring like this?

GM: I never would've imagined someone could match the sheer physicality of MAMMOTH Maximus, but Blackwater Bart's really taking it to him!

[Bart pulls Maximus to his feet and lays into him with a headbutt. However, Maximus fires back with a headbutt of his own! Bart responds with another headbutt, only to have the big man from San Bernardino counter with another headbutt of his own. Seemingly tired of his back-and-forth, Bart then grabs Maximus by the mask and hits a rapid series of headbutts!]

GM: OH! What a brutal exchange...

"SMAAACKKK!"

GM: AND WHAT A CLUBBING SHOT BY MAXIMUS! Bart's staggered!

BW: It's like he didn't even feel those headbutts! It's like he feels no pain!

[Maximus connects with a stiff punch and another, before firing Bart into the ropes...]

"THHHUUDD!"

GM: A HUGE POWERSLAM BY MAXIMUS! ONE! TWO! TH-NOOO!!!

BW: Blackwater Bart's about as tough as a leather boot left out in the Texas summer sun, Gordo. He's taking everything Maximus can dish out!

GM: The same can be said of Maximus. Bart's hit him with some incredibly powerful shots, but he seems to be able to shrug it all off! However, can shrug off a Piedra Lariat?

BW: That's the million-dollar question right there, Gordo. Bart's taken out some of the toughest competition in the world with that lariat, but if anyone can survive it, Maximus has as good a shot as anyone!

[Louis Matsui once again, shouts instructions at Maximus, who nods and drags Bart towards the nearest corner.]

BW: Heck, we might not even need get an answer to that question, Gordo...Maximus is going for the Prehistoric Plunge!

[MAMMOTH Maximus climbs up onto the second turnbuckle and holds his arms up triumphantly. However, this moment of hesitation gives Bart time to gain a second wind, as the Texan gets to his feet and smashes a forearm into Maximus' back.]

GM: Maximus took too much time and Bart's got him!

*THHHUUUUUUUUUDD!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS! BLACKWATER BART PULLS MAXIMUS OFF THE SECOND ROPE WITH A BACK SUPLEX!

BW: That one shook the entire ring, Gordo...but that had to have taken as much outta' Bart as it did Maximus! You don't lift four hundred and twenty pounds without straining something in your back!

GM: Blackwater Bart with a huge move to get himself back into the match, but can he capitalize on this opportunity?

[Both men lay on the canvas motionless however, until Blackwater Bart gets to a knee and rises to his feet, once again holding his back in pain. He walks over to Maximus and pulls him up to his feet, burying a boot into Maximus's gut before placing him into a standing headscissors.]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE POWERBOMB!

BW: Can even he do it!? We saw him bodyslam Maximus, we just saw him suplex him...but lifting Maximus up for a powerbomb is a whole different story!

[Bart hooks his arms and attempts to lift Maximus up for his devastating powerbomb, only to have his back give out on him. Maximus then stands up, sending Bart over with a backdrop!]

GM: NO! Maximus counters!

[Purely out of instinct, Bart almost immediately gets back up to his feet, where Maximus is waiting for him, grabbing him around the throat!]

BW: He's got him in a goozle!

"THHHUUUDD!!!"

GM: OH!!! CHOKE SLAM ON BART! THAT MIGHT DO IT!

BW: No, Gordo! Look at Matsui! He's telling Maximus to make sure he finishes Bart off! He's going up again!

[Once more, MAMMOTH Maximus climbs up to the second rope, leaping off with his second rope splash...]

GM: THE PREHISTORIC PLUNGE!!!

BW: THAT'S IT!!!

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: BART GOT THE FOOT ON THE ROPES!! FOOT ON THE ROPES!!

BW: Being that close to the ropes was the ONLY thing that saved Bart right there! Maximus had him beat clean as a whistle, Gordo!

GM: I've gotta agree with you there! I think Maximus had this match won but somehow Blackwater Bart had the presence of mind to get a foot over the bottom rope. I don't know how the heck he did it, Bucky.

BW: It's the sheer will and determination and DESIRE to win the World Title! Both of these men are giving it all to earn the right to be the best in the world! Plus... uhh... I think that count might've been a little slow. No way anyone can survive the Prehistoric Plunge!

GM: We just witnessed it with our own eyes!

[Sharing Bucky's opinion, MAMMOTH is irate, screaming at the referee along with Louis Matsui, insisting that it was a slow count. Going back to work, Maximus pulls a limp Bart to his feet and places him into a standing headscissors.]

BW: Forget it...Maximus is REALLY gonna' end it this time!

GM: He's going for the Extinction-Level Event! You're right, Bucky...if he hits this, I don't think Bart'll survive this one!

[Maximus lifts Bart up for his version of a Thunder Fire Powerbomb. However, Bart slides out of his grip at the top of his lift, landing behind him. He shoves Maximus into the ropes and as the big man rebounds back, Bart muscles him into the air, before thrusting forward and SLAMMING him back down!]

GM: OHHH! SPINEBUSTER!!! ONE! TWO! THREE-

"OHHH!!!"

GM: NO! MAXIMUS GETS THE SHOULDER UP! These two are REFUSING to stay down!

BW: They both wanna' move on to the Quarterfinals, Gordo. Neither one wants to lose their shot at being the first man to hold the World Title!

[Bart drags Maximus to his feet, only to be met with a hard shot to the gut that momentarily doubles him over. Before he can respond, he's yanked forward by the front of his tights and out of the ring!]

GM: And to the outside Blackwater Bart goes!

BW: Maximus is probably trying to buy himself some time. He ain't used to being in long matches like this!

GM: Well, he's rolling out of the ring now, going after Bart...

"CLAAANNNK!!!"

GM: AND HE JUST WHIPPED HIM RIGHT INTO THE STEEL BARRICADE!

BW: If you want that World Title, you gotta' go get it, Gordo!

[Maximus then lifts Bart into the air, dropping him throat-first across the steel railing!]

GM: OH!!! MAMMOTH Maximus is risking a disqualification here!

BW: This is how badly Maximus wants this! He's going to bend those rules as far as he possibly can to get the win!

[Maximus grabs Bart by the back of the head and then SMASHES it right into the guard railing!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL AGAIN!

[Listening to Louis Matsui's orders, Maximus once again pulls Bart to his feet, ready to smash Bart's head into the railing once more. However, the redneck drives an elbow into Maximus' gut. And another. And another. Until he grabs Maximus by the back of the head...]

"CLAAANNNK!!!"

GM: OH!!! BART DRIVES MAXIMUS INTO THE STEEL!

"THHHUUUDD!!!"

GM: And into the ring apron!

BW: These two are throwing the rules out the window, daddy! They're willing to put the other out of commission permanently to advance to the next round!

GM: Bart whips Maximus into the steel...NO! Maximus reverses it into a bearhug!

[With Bart firmly in his grasp, Maximus takes a few steps forward and SLAMS his adversary back-first into the ringpost!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Bart lies limply against the ringpost, as Maximus pounds his chest. Louis Matsui gleefully screams, "Squash him! Squash him like a bug!" as Maximus charges forward...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!!!"

[...and hits nothing but ringpost!]

GM: HE MISSED IT! MAMMOTH MAXIMUS WENT FOR IT ALL AND MISSED!

[Wobbled, but still standing, Maximus spins around, just in time to see 300 lbs of pissed-off Texan charging at him with his right arm cocked back...]

BW: Oh no...

"SMMMMMAAAAAAAAAACCCCKK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: THE PIEDRA LARIAT!!! BART HITS MAXIMUS WITH THE PIEDRA LARIAT!!!

BW: Blackwater Bart saw his opening and he took it! He just knocked MAMMOTH Maximus back into the Stone Age with that one, daddy!

[Maximus is sprawled out on the floor, as Louis Matsui yells at him to get back up. A stunned Bart managed to catch the apron, hanging onto it on the way down...

...and shoves himself under the bottom rope as the referee begins his count.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

GM: Blackwater Bart got back in - remember, there are no DOUBLE countouts in this tournament but if only one man is out on the floor, it is the referee's duty to make that ten count.

BW: Maximus still ain't movin', daddy. Bart may have knocked 'im cold!

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

GM: How much does Maximus have left, fans? He's still down on the floor, still barely moving... the referee continues to count...

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

BW: It's all about willpower now! If Maximus wants the World Title more, he's gonna have to get to his feet and get back into that ring!

[As Louis Matsui struggles in vain to lift Maximus' huge body off the ground, Bart clings to the ropes inside the ring, staying on his feet as the official's count grows closer and closer to ten...]

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

[Bart raises his powerful Piedra Lariat arm to a big cheer from the crowd as the referee counts...]

"TEN!!!"

"DING DING DING!"

GM: BLACKWATER BART MADE IT! HE'S ADVANCING TO THE QUARTERFINALS!

BW: Maximus and Bart beat the living heck outta' each other, but in the end, it was the Piedra Lariat that made the difference, Gordo. That thing is as deadly as they come!

[Take it away, Phil.]

PW: YOUR WINNER, BY WAY OF COUNTOUT...

BLACKWATER BAAART!!!

[Bart collapses against the ropes, raising his arm again to the cheers from the crowd.]

GM: Blackwater Bart looks like he's been to heck and back here tonight, Bucky... but he's got another match to win here tonight if he wants to make the Final Four.

BW: I don't know, Gordo. A match with Maximus might be the same as having three matches already. They beat each other senseless.

[Out on the floor, a dazed MAMMOTH Maximus finally gets to his feet...

...and he's NOT happy to see the referee raising Bart's hand!]

GM: Oh my stars! MAMMOTH wants more of Bart! He's trying to get back in there and get another piece of the big cowboy!

[Louis Matsui decides that's not a good idea, putting himself between Maximus in the ring, trying to talk him down as we crossfade from the ring where a tired Bart is leaning against the ropes back to the Control Center where Mark Steglet and Jim Watkins are standing.]

MS: So, Blackwater Bart advances to the Quarterfinals by virtue of a countout victory.

JW: Honestly, Mark... as unstoppable as MAMMOTH Maximus has looked since arriving in the AWA, I think Bart was incredibly lucky to come away with even that! I thought Maximus was a lock for the Final Four but that just goes to show that anything can happen in this tournament.

MS: That's absolutely right. That locks in four of our Elite Eight with Bart joining James Monosso, Stevie Scott, and William Craven there. And while we have no idea what matches the Championship Committee will ultimately decide on for the Quarterfinals, there are already some intriguing possibilities there. We mentioned a potential Stevie Scott/James Monosso rematch earlier but what about Monosso meeting William Craven?

JW: We'd have to clear the arena for that one, I think. And don't count out Blackwater Bart because as we just saw, he stands a great chance against anyone he climbs into the ring with.

MS: It's gonna be an exciting night - an exciting weekend here in New Orleans as we get closer and closer to crowning the very first AWA World Champion. And don't forget, tomorrow night will also see the AWA National Tag Team Titles defended when The Bishop Boys meet Violence Unlimited. And we'll also have the annual Rumble with the stakes higher than ever this year.

JW: That's right. The Rumble winner will earn a spot in the Main Event of SuperClash IV to take on the new World Champion, whoever it may be, with the gold on the line!

MS: It'll be LIVE in Los Angeles on Thanksgiving Night. Now, we already know half of the men who will be in the Rumble but I'm told you know a couple more?

JW: Earlier tonight, I received word that Travis Lynch has entered the Rumble after his disappointing loss to William Craven a little earlier. And after what we just saw, I'd be stunned to learn that MAMMOTH Maximus and Louis Matsui aren't pounding on the Committee's door right now to throw their name into the hat.

MS: You're probably right about that. Fans, it's been an exciting night so far here in the Lakefront Arena LIVE on WKIK and it's only going to get better so as we take another break, you stay right here with us!

[We fade to commercial to find a giant Kingsley Online Entertainment logo. A voiceover begins.]

VO: We live in an online world.

[A shot of a young child on his laptop computer.]

VO: Today, you are more likely to watch a television show on your computer or mobile device than you are an actual television.

[A family gathered around an iPad with an elderly couple.]

VO: Video chat is no longer an element of science fiction - it is reality. It is now.

[A young girl plays a video game with body movements.]

VO: The future is before us. The future is around us. The future is...

[The Kingsley Online Entertainment logo appears once more.]

VO: ...Kingsley.

[Fade to black.]

In footage marked "EARLIER TODAY", the shot comes to the backstage area at the Lakefront Arena. There stands AWA's Jason Dane, who looks into the camera.]

JD: Jason Dane here at the Lakefront Arena, the morning of Night One of Blood, Sweat, and Tears and I'm pleased to be joined by one of the men still in contention to be the first AWA World Champion - Pure X! Thank you for being here this morning.

[The camera pans out to show Pure X, who nods at Dane. X, dressed in a pair of black track pants and a simple purple t-shirt, looks on with a face of determination already. As he awaits Dane to start the interview, Pure X anxiously taps a disc that he holds in his hand against his leg.]

JD: Let's start off with your first match here tonight, against -

[Pure X waves off Dane before he can continue.]

PX: No, Jason Dane, I'm asking the first question here - do you know what this is?

[X holds up the disc.]

JD: It's, uh, a CD.

[Pure X lets out a small smile.]

PX: No, not quite. It's a DVD, but more importantly it's a DVD of a man who didn't know what he was doing. In fact, it's a collection of scenes of a man who had absolutely no idea what was going, who he was, or what purpose led him here in the AWA. This disc, Jason Dane, is a DVD of me.

[X looks on a the disc, somewhat in disgust.]

PX: Two weeks ago, I sat down in the AWA Studios to tape my interview for Blood, Sweat, and Tears. And I sat for two long, agonizing hours trying to come up with something to say.

Something, anything. And do you know what I came up with, Dane?

JD: No... Not really, I haven't seen it.

PX: Well, take a guess then.

JD: Uh... Your opponent tonight in the round of sixteen, November?

[Pure X nods.]

PX: Yeah. What else?

JD: I don't- the others in the tournament? Stevie Scott?

[Pure X nods again, a little agitation showing.]

JD: James Monosso? The Sultan? William Craven? Nenshou? Supreme Wright?

[After each name, X nods to affirm Dane's guesses.]

PX: Yeah, all of them, Dane. For a good hour, I fumbled through each and every person left in the tournament. I ran down their careers. I ran down their name. I ran down every conceivable angle you take. I said a whole lot of nothing, trying to stack myself and what I did against what that guy and this guy did in their past... Just absolutely meaningless bul... BS. And when I was left with nothing more to say about nothing, what did I move onto next, Dane?

JD: You want me to take a guess?

PX: Yeah, I want you to take a guess.

JD: Uh... You're... Talking about - well, talking about the reason this tournament's taking place. What your uncl-

PX: No, close though. It was more me not talking about that. More of me dancing around about what dastardly thing my Uncle Mark did to this place. More of me running away from things I can't change... More of me trying to make myself as some sort of savior, to the right the wrong and... Well, again, another excruciating, incomprehensible hour.

[X looks away, scoffing at himself, before holding up the DVD once more.]

PX: See... This? The disc? It's unwatchable. The guys in the studio couldn't even edit into anything that could be put on the Preview Show. The man on this disc?

[Pure X looks at the disc again, shaking his head at it.]

PX: Empty. A man who somehow made a legend like Gabriel Whitecross tap out stood for nothing. The man on this disc spent so much time trying to be something... else.

[X juts his the disc out towards Dane.]

PX: I am not defined by my uncle.

[And again, he waves the disc in front of Dane's face.]

PX: I am not defined as an "outsider".

[Once more, almost as if X were scolding Dane with the meek disc.]

PX: I am not defined by the AWA.

[This time, X shoves the disc into the free hand of Jason Dane.]

PX: The only thing ANYbody needs to know about me and what my thoughts are is that I am THE BEST pure WRESTLER in this sport! Tonight, I'm done trying to "prove" anything cause I don't need to define myself to ANYone, ANYmore. And tomorrow night? When I'm back here in front of you - and I will be back here in front you, Dane - you can ask ME how I'll define the AWA... as it's first World Champion.

[The camera holds still on X before the shot cuts back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest, set for one fall, is a third round match in the AWA World Title Tournament!

[The fans make a loud mixed reaction as "The Thing I Hate" by Stabbing Westward opens up. Coming through the curtain is a man with long brown hair, a good (but not overly muscular) build, and dark green baggy pants with two crossed swords on each leg in the form of an X. Along with that, he wears a black T-shirt and black wrestling boots.]

GM: Pure X won an impressive victory over one of his idols, "The Era Of Defiance" Gabriel Whitecross, in the first round. In the second round, he bested the red-hot "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno, who has been one of the surprises of 2012. But this time, he has to face a versatile competitor who can take the match to three dimensions, Bucky.

BW: True. Imbrogno could, too, but he's still green. November's a veteran. But while X has to handle November's flying, November has to deal with a guy who can ground him at will. This ain't a good matchup for either guy!

[Pure X actually slaps some outstretched hands on his way around the corner where the aisle intersects ringside, but his focus isn't on the crowd. He's staring into the ring. As the green-clad master technician ascends the steps and wipes his feet on the apron, he looks over the contest area. Testing the ropes for their tension, X enters the ring to a loud response. He's getting a few more boos than cheers, though; likely due to his opponent.]

GM: The enigmatic Pure X is taking a careful inventory of his surroundings. He's young but very focused.

BW: I'm tellin' ya, Gordo. He's his Uncle's nephew! He should never have been let in the tournament. Watch, if he wins the title, I bet he bolts!

GM: I doubt that. He's far more honorable than his uncle, and I doubt they're aligned at all.

BW: You woulda doubted that Juan Vasquez would ever work for Percy Childes, but we now live in that reality.

GM: ...

[The emotional opening chords of Alice in Chains' "Rain When I Die" are accompanied by a darkening of the lights, sending the entire arena into darkness. Blue spotlights flash erratically around the entrance way, converging with the flashing camera bulbs in a sea of blue and white chaos. From the acrid smoke pouring from the entrance portal emerges a silhouette, that of a man standing in a crucifix manner. As this happens, blue spotlights blink around the arena, the fans' excitement raising audibly into a huge set of cheers!

The erratic flashes accompany the man as he spins, facing the ring, his face, young, clean shaven, angular features, visible in full. Settling to a knee, the man, identifiable as such now by his lithe but muscular tone, raises his arms in a crucifix like manner. A pause... and then in a flourish to his feet he comes.]

GM: Novembermaking his customary entrance...

BW: One man is focused on the match. One is focused on a big entrance. Who do YOU think is better prepared?

GM: Seriously, Bucky, it hardly takes any mental or physical effort to stretch one's arms to the side and take a knee. There's no reason that November wouldn't be every bit as focused on the match as Pure X is.

[The raven haired November makes his way down the entrance aisle, a slow, concentrated, methodical pace. He reaches out, arms staying wide, clapping on hands as fans reach out. November is dressed in silver ring gear: trunks, kickpads and boots, knee pads. He wears a sleeveless ring jacket over this, with a wide hood pulled up over his head. The jacket itself is silver as well, with a water drop styling coming from the top and "dripping" downwards in printed rivulets.]

BW: November's priorities in this sport are so backwards, it's a wonder he managed to tell the aisle from the loading ramp to the back lot!

[November continues down to the ring, his grace and balance making him seem like he is floating. A two step dash and November slides into the ring, the moody one getting to his feet and moving towards his corner, slowly and with deliberation. The music dies down, the lights come back up, and Phil begins the introductions.]

PW: Introducing first, to my right. Hailing from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania... weighing in at two-hundred twenty-seven pounds...

...PURE X!

[X makes no acknowledgement of the mixed reaction he gets. He's glaring a hole in November, who does not so much as return the gaze.]

PW: And his opponent, to my left. From Seattle, Washington... weighing in at an even two hundred pounds...

...NOVEMBER!

[Cheers go up for the famous high-flyer. Phil exits the ring as the two men are given final instructions by the referee. And then the bell.]

[*DING*DING*]

GM: Both men circling... X shooting for the left leg!

BW: The leg that Chris Staley just about disassembled a month ago, and an easy takedown by Pyerks! And if it's gonna be that easy when Pyerks goes after the leg, November might as well tap now.

GM: A half crab by Pure X, and his name is not pronounced "pyerks", Bucky Wilde.

BW: P-U-R-E-X, PYERKS! PYEW-rex is a laundry detergent, Gordo. I don't think the man appreciates you calling him a laundry detergent. Though that would be a nice endorsement deal, especially if he cleans November's clock right here.

GM: November using his agility to roll under Pure X, returning to his back, but Pure X drops into a kneelock. He will matwrestle November almost exclusively, I would imagine, to keep November from his offense and to exploit the weakened left leg.

BW: These matholds aren't gonna drive people crazy with cheers the way some of November's flippety floppity floo does, but if it wins matches, you do it!

GM: Did you just use a Rave-ism?

BW: ...

[As Bucky is shocked by his own verbiage, November reaches the ropes. Pure X breaks at a count of two, and gets to his feet. Impatiently, the Pittsburghian waves November on into the ring as November uses the ropes to stand up, and gives his knee a little massage.]

GM: November taking his time. He is now a ring veteran, and though Pure X is well past rookie status, November has that edge on him. This isn't his first encounter with a master-level technician.

BW: He's smarter than he used to be. The question is: is he as smart as he needs to be? This shows that he can't fly, Gordo. Even if he's capable of it now, he has three more matches to go! You gotta look at the big picture, and November has got to somehow get to the title match with enough left to win. That won't happen if he starts jumpin' around on that bum leg right now.

GM: His leg isn't truly "injured" in the medical sense right now, but your point is valid; it will become so if Pure X catches him with some of those devastating holds, particularly The X. November's pain threshold is unreal, but he can't let that contribute to unwise tactics.

BW: You're startin' to agree with me on things! There's hope yet for you, Gordo!

GM: I was starting to think that about you, making accurate assessments for once.

[As this banter goes on, the two men lock up again. November applies a side headlock, and Pure X tries to throw him off. However, despite the twenty-pound weight advantage, X cannot dislodge him. The Washingtonian uses a headlock takedown to get Pure X on the mat, and immediately is rolled back onto his shoulders for a one count.]

GM: November with some uncharacteristic tactics here. Why would he do this against Pure X, Bucky?

BW: Suicide. He's finally gone past 'moody' to 'suicidally depressed'.

GM: There's a rollover by Pure X to put November on his shoulders again, escapes the headlock as November pushes back, and transitions into a hammerlock! Getting November on his stomach, and tries to switch to a leg hold, but November too fast! He rolls away as soon as Pure X relinquishes his grip!

BW: Pyerks almost had him there! Whatever November was thinkin', it didn't work.

GM: Perhaps he went into the proverbial belly of the beast to show that he isn't intimidated. Collar-and-elbow, and an armdrag by X... NOVEMBER CARTWHEELED OUT OF THE ARMDRAG TO HIS FEET! Pure X caught flatfooted...

[*SMACK!*

[The fans cheer as Pure X, who is on a knee after November cartwheeled away in mid-armdrag, is smashed in the jaw with a sudden rushing kneestrike.]

BW: HE DRILLED HIM, DADDY! REIGN DANCE TO THE FACE!

GM: A Shining Wizard already... X didn't give him a knee to step off of, but he still hit with a lot of impact! November started slow and then turned the speed on to catch Pure X off-guard! Irish-Whip by November, and a Japanese armdrag! Picking Pure X up in wheelbarrow position... WHEELBARROW SUPLEX!

BW: The pace just went from "feeling-out process" to "turbo mode" in a blink.

GM: Pure X bails out to get a breather, but that is not a safe place here! November off the ropes... handspring... WHAT A CRAZY MOVE!

[The fans go wild as November springs into a Flying Space Tiger Drop, absolutely smearing Pure X all over the floor!]

BW: The scariest part is that Pyerks was expectin' it! He turned and was ready to dodge, but November was already there! He was not ready for the speed!

GM: It is one thing on film, but the speed of November is unbelievable in person... even after all of these years, and with a knee at less than full strength, he is still that fast! November rolling Pure X in, and if X does not recover and slow this back down, his night and tournament run will end in the next couple of minutes!

BW: As son as you said that, Pyerks came in with a takedown! Rolls into a leglock...

[It is difficult to tell exactly which hold Pure X is going for, because November has sat up and slapped on a front facelock. X has November's left leg tucked in, and his own leg wrapped in it as if going for a stepover toehold, but he cannot complete the hold because November has blocked him.]

GM: Surprisingly technical counter by November. I have heard that he is trying to transition his style to be better on the mat, Bucky.

BW: He needs to. There's a reason ya don't see many old high flyers who exclusively fly. But he's in against a total mat specialist, so this probably ain't the time to use that more than he has to.

GM: Pure X tries to counter while still holding the leg, but November has the hold properly applied. X ditches the leg, counters out... but November with a forearm strike keeping X from reversing into something else!

BW: Pyerks is a focused, my-way-or-the-highway kinda guy. November was smart to break off and get away instead of tryin' his luck with technical. In most matches, it might be worth doin' to learn and get better, but there's a World Title on the line!

GM: Pure X did succeed in stopping the momentum, even if he didn't get a hold in! The two men lock up, and Pure X with a double wristlock! He may be able to suplex him out of this... no, side takedown and transition into an armbar... transition into an achilles tendon hold!

BW: Like a hammerlock on the leg! And he could pop up from this into The X if he wants to!

GM: November knows it, and he's getting his right leg under him while he can! Trying to block any attempt at that deadly standing anklelock... if X stands up with it now, November will be able to stand straight up, similarly to how X countered The Family Name at the First Tangle In Tampa!

BW: Good thing he's flexible. That also means this achilles hold may not be what Pyerks needs. Ah, look, he just bashed November's knee into the canvas.

GM: Pure X standing up and going after November, who scrambles to his feet. Drop toehold... no, November hopped over Pure X's feet!

[Embarrassed at whiffing a drop toehold, Pure X lunges off the canvas to rush November for a takedown, but the smaller man crouches, cups his hands under Pure's armpits, and hops up to take both men off their feet... swinging Pure X forward into a Rydeen Bomb to the approval of the crowd!]

BW: LAYOUT POWERBOMB! Pyerks' temper got him wide open there!

GM: November following up with a high jumping fist drop! Off the far ropes... slight limp there... and a soccer kick into the ribs as Pure X tries to stand!

BW: That right leg can still hit hard, but he plants with the left! I ain't sure that's the best tactic.

GM: Irish-Whip by November into the corner! Pure X hits hard, staggers out...

[*CRACK!*

BW: HE KNOCKED HIS BLOCK OFF, DADDY!

[The fans roar as November launches a Rolling Koppou Kick, but jumps much higher than normal, and instead of catching the face with the heel, he ends up bringing the heel down over the head and shoulders of Pure X with a loud crack!]

GM: THAT COULD DO IT! November hooks the leg... did he knock X unconscious?

ONE...

TWO...

BW: NO! Pyerks is determined! Just like his uncle!

GM: He has a lot more heart than his uncle.

BW: Yeah, well, I wonder if you'll say that if Pyerks wins the tournament and it turns out they were workin' together.

GM: Don't say things like that! November pulling up X, hard kick to the ribs... OH NO!

[*THUD!*

BW: He went for a hoomacorana, and Pyerks sat out and powerbombed him!

GM: November favors those headscissors takedowns, but Pure X had it scouted, and drove November down! A departure from the normal Pure X playbook, but certainly a wise one... and he applies a legscissors! Right from that sitout powerbomb position, X with the legscissors to resume the assault on November's left leg!

BW: Right thing to do. November can move, and he can work through a lot of pain. That's why, even with a hurt knee, he can do all that fast flippy stuff. But the more Pyerks gets him, the more those moves slow down, and the more likely November messes himself up doing them!

GM: Watching November in the match, if you pay attention, you can see him grit his teeth and favor his leg as he runs and jumps. His pain tolerance notwithstanding, he must avoid taking more serious punishment to the weakened area as we have mentioned before. November trying to kick Pure X with his free leg, but that will not work on a technician of this level.

BW: I don't know about that. Jab-kicking, no, stomping, no. But November is usin' his heel like a pickaxe, swingin' it down. A veteran knows how to use the right kinda technique at the right time, even for somethin' as simple as kicking.

GM: I think... yes, November loosened the grip enough to be able to pull out of the hold! But Pure X is right up to his feet, and knees November in the ribs! Picks up the left leg... YANKS IT BACK INTO A HAMSTRING PULL!

BW: And then tumbles over the top with another one! Everythin' in the leg is connected! Well, ha, that was a dumb way to say it, sorry, Gordo rubbed off on me for a minute. What I mean is even though the knee is hurt, the ankle, hammys, quads, all of it is weakened because these moves and holds affect the whole leg.

GM: Spinning toehold by Pure X! Shades of Hamilton Graham right here! November splits his right leg out wide so that X cannot go into a figure four.

BW: And so he can get himself sat up! INSIDE CRADLE!

ONE...

GM: Reversed by Pure X, and X releases the pin! But not his opponent... he's still got one of his legs tangled around November's left... going for an Indian Deathlock! AND HE HAS IT!

BW: This'll be hard for ol' Moody to deal with. Like most things in life are.

GM: That's inaccurate, Bucky. Except for the part about the Indian Deathlock being a difficult hold... it is hard to apply and escape, but Pure X has managed the application! November crawling for the ropes!

[The crowd is getting behind November's agonizing effort, and cheer as he makes it to the bottom rope.]

BW: Took the easy way out!

GM: Since when is that a problem with you?

BW: I'm just observin', Gordo, not passin' judgment. I'm an impartial observer who is just notin' the cowardice an' providin' no opinion on it.

GM: Bro-THER.

BW: Pyerks is makin' him pay for usin' the ropes, too! He's got that left ankle over the bottom rope!

GM: PURE X DROPS DOWN ON THE KNEE! Chris Staley used this same tactic! And of course Pure X will use the same moves since they proved effective before!

BW: Well, not THAT effective. Staley eventually lost.

GM: Pure X trying to drag November away from the ropes, but the man from Seattle using the ropes to stand!

[As November gets himself onto his right foot, Pure X locks his arms on the left leg, looking for a dragonscrew. November reaches back, and throws a wild haymaker... catching X in the ear! Pure X staggers back, still holding the leg... putting him at the right range as November follows up with an enzuigiri! The force of the move sends Pure X into the ropes as the crowd cheers!]

BW: Pyerks has gotta be more careful about that! November ain't a brawler, but he's better at it than Pyerks is!

GM: November to his feet, and running off the far ropes!

[He has notably slowed down and the things Myers pointed out--gritted teeth and limping--are evident. But X is stunned, using the second rope to support his upper body, and November builds up impressive speed by the time he comes back. He leaps between the top and middle rope, grabbing the ropes to swing himself for a Sayama Feint Kick (or 619, if you prefer). But instead of holding on and connecting with a kick, November lets go as his momentum is redirected, falling to the side... and grabbing the shoulder-length locks of Pure X as he does to send his throat into the second rope hard! The roar for the novel move is loud.]

GM: WHAT WAS THAT?!

BW: It involved hair-pullin' and a choke, so I can't say it was too bad.

GM: November uses the momentum to drive Pure X's throat into the second rope! Pure X recoiled to the mat, and he's stunned!

BW: And grabbin' Pyerks stopped November's momentum to the floor, so he ain't hurt by the fall! He's goin' up!

GM: NOVEMBER ON THE TOP ROPE! THE CAPACITY CROWD IS STANDING! HE LEAPS...

[HUGE ROAR FROM THE CROWD!]

BW: 450! HE HIT THE 450, GORDO!

GM: SKYWALKER WHO?

BW: ...oh, no you DIDN'T!

ONE...

TWO...

THR...

GM: Pure X gets his foot on the bottom rope! X saved himself there!

BW: I'm still tryin' to figure out why you lost your mind and implied that November was a better flyer than Sky. Walker. JONES.

GM: Jones mocked November that same way in his match with Rick Marley.

BW: So you just jinxed November. Good job.

GM: November picking up Pure X, who has to be near defeat after the devastating 450! He didn't have the strength to kick out as his wind was knocked totally out; the foot to the ropes saved him!

[Turning Pure X around, November bends him over backwards into an inverted facelock, grabs the trunks, and lifts, going for an elevated reverse DDT! But Pure X swings his legs up to clamp on a headscissors, powering himself out of November's grasp! X hits a headscissors takedown, and grabs the left leg as both men go down!]

GM: INCREDIBLE COUNTER BY PURE X...

[And as soon as November hits, X bolts up and turns him over into the fearsome standing anklelock... the crowd rushes to their feet in immediate recognition!]

GM: ...INTO __THE X__! HE'S GOT IT HOOKED!

BW: OUT OF NOWHERE, DADDY!

GM: NOVEMBER WAS GOING FOR A LIFTING REVERSE DDT AND ENDED UP IN THE X! UNBELIEVABLE COUNTER!

BW: This one's over, Gordo!

GM: Not yet! November has not submitted!

BW: It's over anyway! Forget the submission; ain't no way November can run his offense after this hold!

GM: Every second that goes by in this hold is devastating to November's chances not just in this match, but to win the title! Can he reach the ropes?!

BW: That pain tolerance aside... he's gotta know that he needs to submit for the sake of whatever career he plans to have!

GM: NOVEMBER REACHES THE ROPES! PURE X BREAKS THE HOLD, BUT THE DAMAGE WAS DONE!

BW: What an idiot! He shoulda tapped out immediately, and made for the Rumble tomorrow night! Maybe he could get number thirty and win despite bein' too small to compete in a match like that.

GM: He's not a quitter, and until that bell rings, he has a chance! Pure X laying into him with knees to the leg! He gets November up...
KNEEBREAKER! November falling, and he's in the middle of the ring!

BW: He's goin' for it again!

GM: November is using his arms to hook the leg of Pure X so he cannot turn the hold! Pure X is struggling, trying to get the move that can advance him closer to his dreams!

BW: He's too stubborn to just let go and go for somethin' else!

GM: Pure X's obstinance rivals his talent! He turns November... but trips doing that! He had to know that was going to happen with November locking onto his leg!

[Pure X rolls up onto his knees, and scrambles towards November, trying to get hold of his leg again. But the veteran, knowing that everything hinges on avoiding that, gets his legs under him and jumps, letting out a loud yelp of pain as he does! He does a forward flip, and brings his right leg down across the back of Pure X's neck to drive his head into the mat! The crowd is in an uproar at this escape from certain defeat!]

GM: SOMERSAULT LEGDROP BULLDOG! SOMEHOW, NOVEMBER ESCAPED CERTAIN DEFEAT!

BW: No, he has not, daddy! All he did was bought time. He'll need four miracles to win the title now. Pyerks got him.

GM: That depends on how much damage The X did...

[November stands up... and cannot put any weight on his left leg at all. He crumples to the mat in pain.]

BW: Enough.

[The cheering is muted as Pure X rises, coming at November again with a knee to the head. November rolls back, and uses that momentum to do a full backwards roll onto his feet, straight out of middle school gym class. Seeing the opening, Pure X dashes forward in an attempt to time a shoot-in for when November reaches standing. But November stops in a crouch... and explodes upwards with his uppercut Shotay, catching Pure X flush as he descends for the takedown!]

GM: METEOR PUNCH! HE GOT ALL OF IT!

BW: PYERKS IS DAZED! THAT MIGHTA KNOCKED HIM OUT!

GM: THE FANS ARE ELECTRIC, AND NOVEMBER IS GOING UP! HE'S GOING TO PUT IT ALL ON THE LINE FOR A KILLSHOT!

[The capacity crowd stands, flashbulbs go off, and for a brief moment, November struggles to get himself set on the top rope as his knee will not move with the accuracy and alacrity he demands. But he gets in position, and one more time, November soars... emitting a loud cry as he takes off on his pain-wracked left leg.]

GM: ...__NOVEMBER REIGN__!

[*THUD!*

BW: ...MISSED! PURE X ROLLED AWAY AT THE LAST POSSIBLE INSTANT!

GM: That knee injury slowed him down on the top! Pure X is groggy from the Meteor Punch, but he's over... AND HE LOCKS __THE X__ IN AGAIN!

[The fans are loud, imploring another impossible comeback. And for a moment, the eyes of November are intent, focused on the ropes, so far away.

But those eyes close, as wisdom prevails.]

GM: HE TAPPED! NOVEMBER HAS TAPPED OUT!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

["The Thing I Hate" by Stabbing westward starts again as Pure X breaks immediately. The fans give him an ovation, as he won fair and square. X drops to a knee, smiling, and pumps his fists in front of him. He then holds up three fingers in front of his face to remind him that the goal is still far from reached.]

GM: A stunning victory by Pure X, who is three more matches from escaping his uncle's shadow forever!

BW: Or joining him in scuttling the AWA.

GM: Highly unlikely! Let's get the official word!

PW: The winner of this match, by way of submission... PURE X!

[November is seated, tending to his injured left leg. He's testing the knee and ankle to see where they hurt, how much, and how badly he is injured. Staff medics enter to assist with this.

Ignoring this, Pure X is now holding those three fingers up to the crowd. "Three more!", he shouts at each side of the ring as the fans react loudly.]

GM: Pure X will move on, and November's return run ends tonight, Bucky.

BW: Like I told you; it was over when Pyerks got The X on the first time! Everything after that was a formality. You should listen to me when I talk sense, Gordo!

GM: On those rare occasions, I am all ears.

[Pure X slides out of the ring, walks by the announce table, points at Bucky Wilde, and enunciates: "PURE. X." Bucky holds his hands up placatingly until X turns and walks away.]

BW: It's a dumb name! My way is better!

GM: Real brave when he turned his back, Bucky.

BW: So, uh, how about that November?

GM: Yes, he showed that he still has some high-level wrestling in him! Perhaps this is not the last we have seen of the engima from Seattle.

[The fans cheer for November as he gets to his feet, and with help from a trainer, limps to the locker room.]

GM: Another third round matchup is in the books so let's head back to the Control Center to Mark and Jim Watkins!

[We crossfade back to the Control Center where Mark Stegglet has just slid Pure X's name into the Quarterfinals list.]

MS: That's five, fans. Five men who have advanced to the Quarterfinals that will take place later tonight. Pure X, the ring tactician, moves on to the third round and Bucky Wilde helped fuel a lot of speculation during that match. I just spoke to Jason Dane and he says the Internet is ablaze with the idea that Pure X might be in some way connected to his Uncle, Mr. Watkins.

JW: I don't believe it... not for a second.

MS: You don't believe that Pure X being in this tournament COULD be some kind of plot put together by Dave Cooper and the rest of Royalty to strike at the AWA a second time?

JW: I'll tell you what, Mark... I plan on being at ringside tomorrow night during the Finals. I'll be carrying that new twenty pounds of gold in a steel briefcase handcuffed to my wrist for safe keeping. And if Pure X does anything... and I mean ANYTHING... to make me think he's laid down with Cooper and his pit of vipers, I'll personally make Pure X pay for it with every drop of blood in his body.

MS: Err... wouldn't you be fired for something like that?! You're on probation!

[Watkins smirks.]

JW: It'd be worth it.

MS: Alright, fans... you heard it here from Jim Watkins himself. Mr. Watkins, I understand you've got another entry into the Rumble to announce.

JW: That's right. I predicted it so we can make it official now - MAMMOTH Maximus is in the Rumble!

MS: And no pun intended but that's a HUGE entry into that matchup.

JW: It's hard to imagine who the heck can toss his large body over the top and down to the floor, Mark. Maximus just might be one of the odds-on favorites to walk out of that ring tomorrow night with a SuperClash World Title shot in his pocket.

MS: Seventeen men entered into the Rumble - thirteen more to go. It's gonna be an incredible night tomorrow night right here in this same building but right now, let's go over to Jason Dane who is standing by with another man who will be competing in the Rumble tomorrow night. Jason?

[We cut to the interview area, where Jason Dane stands next to Glenn Hudson. Never one to stand on ceremony, Hudson is dressed fairly casually tonight in a pair of jeans and a plain white t-shirt. The Australian veteran appears fairly contained considering recent events, with hands on his hips. The frown on his brow and the slightest makings of what could be a sneer reassure us that the normally fun-loving champion is not in the best of moods.]

JD: Ladies and Gentlemen, I am here with the Longhorn Heritage champion, Glenn Hudson...

[Glenn throws a wink at the camera, a tad forced.]

JD: Glenn, you've been a busy man lately with a lot going on. We heard from you on the last AWA Saturday Night Wrestling in Mobile, Alabama, prior to your tournament match the enigmatic Nenshou. A very controversial result that I'm afraid didn't go in your direction.

[His guest stifles a chuckle and nods as Jason continues.]

JD: However, tomorrow night you have been entered into the Rumble match to determine who our first AWA World champion will face at SuperClash IV. You have a second chance and a well deserved one, I have to say. Added to this the latest events concerning the Longhorn championship belt, still... well, stolen property. Glenn, so much going on - what are your thoughts? What are you focusing on right now?

[Hudson takes a moment to clear his throat before answering.]

GH: Thank you, Jason, I have been busy. Busy is good. People to see, things to do, but what am I focusing on?

[He rubs the back of his neck and takes another moment to ponder.]

GH: South Laredo has a special place in my heart and in the hearts of many other wrestling fans. To see Dave Bryant holding that belt, holding that symbol of the LWC in his sweaty hands and taking it apart piece by piece... Digging his own hole. Something has to be done and I need to get my hands on Bryant before he digs... and digs... and digs all the way to China.

[An index finger is thrust in the air before venturing too far down this path.]

GH: However! I'm an AWA competitor now. I'm hungry and ambitious and I'm not ready to give up on that World championship just yet. If I'd just exited the tournament after a clean loss, maybe there'd be a shred of doubt in the darkest recesses of my mind.

[Hudson finally cracks a grin.]

GH: Only human, after all. But it a wasn't a clean loss. We didn't find out who the better man was on the day. I'm not averse to a little chaos in that squared circle and sometimes things don't go as planned. But I don't see any reason to give up on being the AWA World Champion, just because I can't be the first one any more. So, tomorrow night I get a second chance. You better believe I'll take every chance I can get.

[He shrugs at this dilemma.]

GH: I'm feeling the pressure, Jason. The pressure to choose between the past and the future. But as a brilliant young woman once said, "Porque no los dos?" I take one match at a time, whether I'm on a comeback or a nostalgia kick. Put me in the ring with an opponent, that's all that matters. It's just that I'd really, really prefer that one of those opponents in my near future be Dave Bryant.

JD: Well, we found out earlier tonight that the "near future" will come your way at Homecoming in a couple of weeks but this escalation of events, first another piece of the championship belt being delivered to you on The Mirror Ball... Then the video posted online, showing Bryant further defacing this symbol of a great wrestling tradition. This clearly.. it clearly hurts you, Glenn.

[Hudson nods in concession and takes a sigh.]

GH: A lot of people get hurt in this business, one way or another. Bryant will get hurt before this is through, one way or another.

JD: Let's put the Longhorn Heritage championship to the side for one moment and talk about the World title tournament. Last week, we saw the interference of Percy Childes as a big factor in his charge Nenshou scoring

the win. "Showtime" Rick Marley, a man with his own grudge, tried to even the score but events didn't fall your way. Now tonight Marley himself faces Nenshou in what's going to be a classic matchup. Your thoughts there?

[Hudson nods throughout.]

GH: I caught up with Showtime earlier today to talk about what happened in Mobile, and to thank him for trying to keep that match clean. I may have earned the tenuous respect of Percy Childes and received a cane shot to the noggin' as a result. So what has _Percy Childes_ earned? Well, that remains to be seen, Jason. Childes said he saw me as a threat. He still should.

[Dane isn't sure how to interpret this and asks hesitantly-]

JD: What are you trying to say, Glenn?

GH: What I'm saying is that it would really bother me to see Rick Marley exit this tournament the same way I did. So I made an offer. I offered to watch his back tonight, to keep Childes in check so Marley can focus on Nenshou. He accepted my kind offer. Nenshou has a sly game, but Showtime has the tools to beat him. This is a match to watch closely, Jason, and I intend to have the closest view in the house.

JD: That's some bad news for the Unholy Alliance! Glenn, thank you for your time.

GH: Cheers.

JD: Fans, we'll be right back with more tournament action here on Blood, Sweat, And Tears!

[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 where Colt Patterson is standing by with Count Adrian Bathwaite and Sultan Azam Sharif at the interview area. The fans boo at the sight of them.

Bathwaite is wearing a magenta sequined dress shirt, yellowish-beige pants, and has a smile on his English-toothed face. The silver-haired Hong Kong native has his cane with him as always. Next to him is Sultan Azam Sharif, and though we're not in an arena setting, he is wearing his reddish-brown bisht, white kaffiyeh, and black agal. An intense expression of barely contained rage is on his weatherbeaten face, and his Iranian flag is resting on his shoulder rather than being waved.]

CP: Count Bathwaite, we have two subjects to talk about. First and foremost, in mere moments, your man faces Sweet Daddy Williams in the tournament's Sweet Sixteen. What do you think of this draw?

CAB: I think that it must have been slim pickings for an inbred cur such as Sweet Daddy Williams to have advanced this far!

[BOO!]

CAB: And while his fellow inbred curs resent the truth, the truth remains! You are comparing a lowborn common peasant to a finely tuned world-class athlete! I have no doubt that Williams is suited to pub brawls and soldiery. He might even make an adequate castle guard, given some personal grooming and a diet regimen. But to say that he can contest an Olympian and a nobleman in the sport of kings is absurdist wish-fulfillment fantasy at

it's most ludicrous. All of these dirt farmers want to cling to their phony hopes, but those hopes will be dashed tonight!

CP: And the second question... on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, you were verbally attacked by a man who you have thus far spoken well of, "The Professional" Dave Cooper. What is your response to that?

CAB: My response is that he is simply saying what he needs to say. No one can have any mercy on their compet...

[And now the Sultan blows up, dropping his flag and throwing his kaffiyeh to the floor in rage. His neatly-groomed black hair and mustache stand on a background of red as Sharif is legitimately very angry.]

SAS: DOT'S IT! YOU DON'T MAKE OXCUSE FOR DOT HANG-ON JEHBRONIE DAHVEED COOPAIR! DAHVEED COOPAIR, YOU TALK ABOUT ME! I OM DEH ONE YOU KICK IN BOCK UN STEAL MY AWA NASHNUL SHAMPWONSHIP! YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT MISTAIR COUNT BATWAITE, WHO IS OLD MAN UN DASERVE RASPEC! YOU STEAL MY SHAMPWONSHIP, YOU DISRASPEC OLD MAN, UN NOW I'M GONNA TEACH YOU RASPEC UN HUMILUTY! YOU LIKE TO CHEAP ATTOCK PEEPELL IN BOCK, MAYBE VE DO IT LIKE VE DO IT IN IRAN! VE GO TO YOUR HOUSE UN CUT OUT YOUR TONGUE FOR TALK DOT VAY TO OLD MAN!

[He's ripping off his bisht now, revealing his battle-scarred, cut physique. The crowd is very into this outburst, cheering as the Sultan is obviously ready to tear apart a hated man.]

SAS: MISTAIR SUHPREM WRIGHT HAD MORE TALUNT IN FOOT DEN YOU EVAIR HAD IN WHOLE BODY, BUT IF YOU EVAIR MADE IT PAST HIM, I VILL BREAK YOUR BACK UN MAKE YOU HUMBAIL! MISTAIR SWEE DADDY VILLUMS, YOU GOT IN MY VAY! I GONNA SHOW DAHVEED COOPAIR VAT HE GOT COMING TO HIM, UN YOU NOT GONNA STOP ME!

[No IRAN NUMBAIR WON, and no CAMARAMAN ZOOM... Sharif picks up his flag and marches down the aisle. He doesn't even wait for his music. Bathwaite has a nasty grin on his face as he watches the Sultan power-walk to the ring over the reaction of the crowd... less positive now that they realize he's taking this out on Sweet daddy Williams.]

CAB: And now you see why nothing Cooper says will bother me. I'll get my payback once his usefulness to his King expires... remember, you needle-necked serf, the only way to truly be royalty is by birth.

[With those ominous words, Bathwaite follows his man to the ring.]

CP: Not entirely what I expected, but Sharif is enraged, and I wouldn't want to be Sweet Daddy Williams right now. Back to you, Bucky.

[The camera cuts back to ringside where a gleeful Bucky looks on as Gordon shakes his head.]

BW: That's right, Gordo! Back to me! Colt's a good man... upstanding.

GM: I couldn't care less about that but what does concern me is the fever pitch that Count Adrian Bathwaite has whipped Sultan Azam Sharif into here tonight. Sharif seems like he's setting out to seriously injure someone!

BW: It sounds like he really wants to get his hands on Dave Cooper but I'm better this fat slob Williams will suffice for now.

GM: Bathwaite is a manipulative jerk, Bucky.

BW: Careful how loud you say that... the Sultan's coming!

[Sharif's music plays but not for very long as he swiftly reaches the ring. He takes a spot on the apron, waving the flag of Iran back and forth to the jeers of the crowd as Count Adrian Bathwaite applauds from his spot on the floor.]

GM: These fans just can't seem to make up their minds about Sharif. They like his style in the ring... but Bathwaite seems to keep pulling him back into his web of deceit and lies.

[Sharif steps through the ropes, handing the flag off as he rips off his garments to prepare for the match as the music quite drastically changes and a voice rings out over the PA system.]

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

[The sounds of "I'm Gonna Be Your Sweet Daddy" whip the crowd into a frenzy as Sweet Daddy Williams comes walking through the curtain into view. He's clad in the same attire we saw him earlier but the windbreaker jacket has been unsnapped a bit, revealing the flabby torso of the Atlanta, Georgia fan favorite.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is a long-time veteran of this sport... a man who has battled a literal Who's Who of people in this business. He's held more regional titles than you can imagine but he's never - NEVER - won the big one. Could this be the first step towards that goal?

BW: Not a chance, Gordo. The fat man may not know it yet but I can hear his wife singin' from here.

GM: His wife?

BW: The fat lady. Duh.

[Williams walks down the aisle, slapping all the outstretched hands that he can see, working his way towards the ring. Sharif is pacing back and forth inside the ring like a caged animal waiting to be released. Williams pulls himself up on the apron, shrugging off his jacket as he grabs the top rope, shakin' his groove thang to a big cheer from the crowd...]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is havin' a good time here tonight in New Orleans!

BW: That's his problem, Gordo. He's always obsessed with having a good time and having fun and never focused enough on beating his opponents. If he thinks he's gonna beat Sharif tonight while standing around and shaking his fat rear end, he's gonna be in for a world of hurt.

[Williams steps through the ropes, clapping his hands together as the ring announcer starts the introductions.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is a third round match in the AWA World Title Tournament! Introducing first... in the corner to my right... he is accompanied to the ring by Count Adrian Bathwaite...

[Big burst of jeers!]

PW: From Shiraz, Iran... weighing in at 259 pounds...

SULLLLTAAAAAN AZAAAAAM SHAAAARIIIIIF!

[Sharif tugs at the ropes next to him, all business as he glares across the ring at Sweet Daddy Williams who is hopping from one foot to the other, staying loose...]

PW: And his opponent... from Hotlanta, Georgia... weighing in at 302 pounds...

SWEET! DADDYYYYYY! WILLLLLLIAMMMMS!

[The Atlanta native throws an arm in the air, getting a big cheer from the crowd as AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger gives both men some final instructions before calling for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Sharif wastes no time in stalking across the ring towards Williams, hooking in a collar and elbow and shoving the fan favorite back against the ropes.]

GM: Right away into the ropes... the referee is calling for a break here and-

[Sharif steps back, hammering a big forearm down across the chest.]

GM: Ohh! Hard forearm off the break by Sharif...

[Grabbing the arm of Williams, Sharif fires him across the ring, dropping his head...

...and catching a boot to the face on the rebound!]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams saw the backdrop coming and he made Sharif pay for it right there!

[Winding way back, Williams snaps a right jab off the jaw... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Williams is jabbin' his way around the dazed Sharif...

[And a big left haymaker puts Sharif down on the mat where he promptly rolls out to the floor as the crowd roars for the offense of Sweet Daddy Williams who walks across the ring, shouting to the crowd, riling them up even more!]

GM: Sweet Daddy's breaking out the fisticuffs early in this one and he sends Sharif out to the floor to regroup. Count Adrian Bathwaite immediately makes his way to Sharif's side, trying to calm him down... his temper is really raging here tonight...

[Sharif ignores Bathwaite, pushing him away as he pulls himself up on the apron...

...and gets caught with an overhead elbow smash, knocking him back down to the apron to the cheers of the crowd again!]

GM: He scores with the elbow and Sharif's off his game early in this one... but Williams is gonna bring him back in the hard way, scoops him up...

[Williams reaches over the ropes, lifting Sharif in his flabby arms...

...and SLAMS him down hard to the mat before hitting the adjacent ropes, leaping into the air, and burying a three hundred pound elbowdrop into the sternum of Sharif!]

GM: He drops it all! And there's a cover!

[Sharif isn't having any of it though, kicking out at one but the kickout doesn't seem to faze Williams who promptly grabs a side headlock down on the mat, bearing down on the head and neck of Sharif while sitting on the canvas. Outside the ring, we can hear Bathwaite shouting instructions to Sharif.]

GM: Sweet Daddy Williams is absolutely cruising in the early moments of this one, fans... he's got Sharif all out of sorts and now he's got this side headlock applied, trying to take some of the wind out of Sharif's sails.

[Sharif rolls to his stomach, pulling his knees underneath him, forcing Williams to a standing position. A couple forearms to the ribs loosens the grip, allowing Sharif to get to his feet...]

GM: Sharif's trying to battle out of this side headlock...

[Sharif backs into the ropes, trying to shove Williams off...]

...but Williams hangs on, grinning as Sharif gets dragged along with him. He nods to the cheering crowd before executing a headlock takedown, putting Sharif back down on the mat.]

GM: Nice technical wrestling move out of Williams... not something we're used to seeing from the big man.

BW: Technical wrestling... pssh. I can't wait 'til we get that brilliant scientific move where he hits Sharif in the face with his fat rear end!

GM: It may not be the most technical of moves but it's very effective... ask Ronnie D if you can drag him out of whatever hole he's disappeared into.

[Sharif wraps his arms around Williams' ample waist, rolling him onto his shoulders for a two count before Williams pushes his weight back the other direction.]

GM: And right back to the headlock! Williams hanging onto it through a couple of different counter attempts by Sharif... he wants to use it to wear Sharif down...

[Sharif turns to his stomach again, sliding his legs under him to force Williams back to his feet...]

GM: Both men back up again...

[Sharif again attempts the throwoff but Williams again hangs on...

...and then turns his back to the official before SMASHING a closed fist into the nose of Sharif!]

BW: Hey! That was a closed fist!

GM: It sure was.

BW: Why aren't you yelling at Jagger to check it out?!

GM: I'm sure the AWA's Senior Official can do his job... yes, now he's asking Williams about it...

[Williams shakes his head, smiling at the referee.]

BW: He's lying about it!

GM: Well, yes... I suppose he is.

[Sharif throws a couple of forearms into the ribs again, trying to battle his way free...

...and then wraps his arms around the waist, powering the three hundred pounder into the air, and dumping him down on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Sharif pops up, shouting something unintelligible at Williams' downed body.]

GM: What's he saying, Bucky?

BW: I don't speak Arabic.

GM: I think he's speaking English.

BW: Oh.

[Sharif buries a few hooked boot kicks into the ribs of Williams before he shouts to the crowd who jeers in response.]

GM: Did he say he's gonna slam him?

BW: I think he did.

[Sharif pulls Williams off the mat, slapping his own pectorals a couple of times before dipping in...

...and scooping the three hundred pounder up in his arms, causing the ring to quake when he slams him down to the mat!]

GM: Wow! What a slam by Sharif!

[Sharif promptly turns Williams, rolling him to his stomach.]

GM: He's looking for the Camel Clutch already!

[But Williams rolls over again, right back to his back, and throws a hooking right hand from his back, catching Sharif on the cheek and sending him stumbling backwards.]

GM: A right hand by Williams... getting back to his-

[He gets to a knee when Sharif charges forward, smashing a running boot into the cheek of Williams, knocking him back down to the mat.]

GM: Ohh! And whatever comeback Sweet Daddy Williams had in mind right there just got cut off in a big way by Sharif.

[Sharif stomps down on the sternum a handful of times before leaping high into the air, dropping an elbow down into the same spot before rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: Sharif covers for one! For two! But that's all.

[With Bathwaite shouting instructions from the floor, Sharif climbs to his feet. He leans down to shout at Williams...

...and gets pulled into an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That was REAL close, Bucky!

BW: Bathwaite is totally irate out here by us, Gordo. Sharif just made a bone-headed rookie mistake and it almost cost Adrian Bathwaite EVERYTHING!

GM: Bathwaite?! It almost cost Sharif his chance at the World Title!

BW: That too.

[Sharif is quickly back up, catching a rising Williams with a big boot into the gut. He moves behind him, dragging his fingernails down the back of Williams, sending him staggering chestfirst into the corner.]

GM: Williams wobbles to the buckles, Sharif moving in right behind him.

[Leaning over, Sharif grabs the middle rope, slamming his shoulder into the small of Williams' back.]

GM: Ohh! Right into the lower back by Sharif!

BW: And you know what that means! He's looking to soften Williams up for the Camel Clutch!

[Sharif slams his shoulder in a couple more times before the official backs him off, warning him to obey the five count.]

GM: Sharif was dangerously close to a disqualification right there, Bucky. I know he's hot under the collar but he needs to get that temper under control or it's going to be a bad night for Sharif and Bathwaite.

BW: You're absolutely right, Gordo. Sharif's anger is making him very aggressive and that's a good thing... but Williams is an accomplished veteran. He knows how to take advantage of a situation like that.

[Sharif moves back in, burying a knee into the kidneys of Williams, knocking him down to his knees in the corner, slumped over against the buckles.]

GM: Get the man out of the corner, ref!

[Sharif ignores the official, stomping the lower back repeatedly as the count hits four..

...and he just narrowly backs off before the five count, raising his hands as the official shouts at him.]

GM: I think Sharif may be trying the patience of Johnny Jagger. He needs to tread very carefully right here in the rest of this matchup.

[Sharif moves back in, turning Williams around and yanking him up to his feet. He winds up, hammering a forearm across the chest before grabbing the fan favorite by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Williams sends Sharif CRASHING into the buckles where the Iranian staggers out...

...and gets LAUNCHED overhead and down to the canvas hard with a backdrop!]

GM: BIG BACK BODYDROP!!

[Williams straightens up, wincing and grabbing at his lower back as he backs off to the ropes, swinging an arm at the crowd, drawing more cheers...

...and flattens a rising Sharif with a running clothesline!]

GM: Sweet Daddy knocks him down with a clothesline... going for... what's he-?!

[The crowd roars as Williams grabs Sharif's leg, twisting it around, and dropping back into a figure four!]

GM: FIGURE FOUR! SWEET DADDY HOOKS THE FIGURE FOUR!!

BW: And this actually a pretty brilliant move from Williams, Gordo. He gets to do some damage to Sharif while giving his hurting back some time to recover.

GM: Sharif's the one in trouble now, screaming out in pain as the referee kneels down to check on him...

BW: Sharif's not gonna give up, Gordo! He's not! There's too much at stake!

GM: There's no shame in submitting in a match like this when your future career is on the line. If Williams breaks his leg, he'll be out for months, Bucky! Sharif needs to do the smart thing!

[Bathwaite crawls up on the apron near Sweet Daddy, shouting at Sharif to hang on... begging him not to quit...

...and then lunges under the ropes behind the referee's back, digging his fingers into the eyes of Williams!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: What a save by Adrian! The man is a genius, Gordo!

GM: He's a- what?!

[Williams rolls to his knees, having been forced to break the hold, rubbing his eyes in pain as Sharif crawls across the ring to the opposite ropes, shaking his leg.]

GM: Both men are down... both men are hurting...

[Williams pulls himself up, still visibly blinking to try and clear his vision. He looks across, spotting Sharif dragging himself up as well...

...and breaks into a partially-blinded dash!]

GM: HERE COMES SWEET DAD-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[At the last possible moment, Sharif drops down, pulling the ropes with him and Sweet Daddy Williams goes sailing over the ropes, SMASHING down on the barely-padded floor right on his back!]

GM: My stars, he landed RIGHT on his back, fans! Right down on the back that was already causing him trouble in the early part of this match.

[Bathwaite quickly makes his way around the ring, standing over the downed Williams as the official steps out to the apron, making sure that Bathwaite doesn't cause any trouble while Sharif rolls out to the floor.]

GM: Sharif's out on the floor... pulling Williams up to his feet by the arm...

[And FLINGS him violently into the apron, smashing Williams' back into the edge of it, causing the fan favorite to howl in pain.]

GM: Good grief! Again to the back!

[Sharif shoves Williams under the ropes, rolling in after him...]

GM: Both men are back in the ring... and here it comes, Bucky!

[Sharif drags Williams to the middle of the ring, turning him the appropriate direction before settling in on the back, cupping his hands under the chin of the fan favorite!]

GM: The Camel Clutch is on! It's on and it's sunk in deep!

[Williams tries to hang on for a few moments...

...but the bell quickly rings.]

GM: That's it. It's over.

[Phil Watson makes it official as Johnny Jagger shouts at Sharif to break the hold.]

PW: Your winner of the match... moving on to the Quarterfinals... SULTAN AZAM SHAAAAARIIF!

[Sharif refuses to break the hold, earning equally the ire of the official and the fans who boo him loudly as he jerks Williams' head back and forth violently.]

GM: Come on, ref! Get the man to break the hold! There's no call for this!

BW: What in the world has Bathwaite done to Sharif?! He's got him whipped up into a fury!

[The referee starts a count.]

GM: If he doesn't break by five, Johnny Jagger's gonna reverse the decision!

[The count gets to three... then four... then four and a half before Sharif breaks the hold, rising angrily to his feet. He looks down at the pain-ravaged Williams... then out to the jeering crowd...]

GM: Sharif looks like he might not be done yet, Bucky.

[Bathwaite quickly joins his man in the ring, trying to calm him down...

...but Sharif again ignores him, leaving the ring and stalking back down the aisle in a huff.]

GM: Good grief. And you're right, Bucky... I don't know what Count Adrian Bathwaite has done to Sharif but he's got the man in a very dangerous state of mind here tonight in New Orleans. We may need some medical aid down here for Sweet Daddy Williams as well.

BW: From the pounding his back took tonight, I highly doubt Williams is gonna be able to compete in the Rumble tomorrow night, Gordo... which leaves a spot open that might have otherwise been taken.

GM: There are quite a few spots left in the Rumble but I hear that more and more of them are being taken all the time. In fact, let's go backstage to the Control Center right now to hear more about that.

[We crossfade back to the Control Center where Sharif's name is now in the Quarterfinals list.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Only two spots left in the Quarterfinals. Will it be Nenshou or Rick Marley? Dave Cooper or Supreme Wright? We'll find out in

just a little while now. But Mr. Watkins, I understand you've got some more Rumble news for us.

JW: That's right. I just got word that November has entered his name into tomorrow night's Rumble! That means eighteen men have entered - twelve spots to go. And unfortunately, it seems like Bucky is right - Sweet Daddy Williams looked like he would NOT be able to compete in the Rumble to my eye.

MS: You could be right about that... but right now, let's hear from one of the men who WILL be in tomorrow night's Rumble... the former PCW World Champion and former Longhorn Heritage Champion... "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[Crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where a bare-chested Rex Summers is standing in front of an AWA banner.]

RS: One more night... one more night... that's the final bit of respite that you second-class morons get before I climb into the ring tomorrow night in New Orleans and show these people a party the likes of which would make Mardi Gras look like a Boy Scout meeting.

Twenty-nine other men are gonna get in that ring...

...and twenty-nine other men are gonna fly right out over that top rope until there's only one man standing.

[Summers jerks a thumb at himself.]

RS: And that's me.

See, 2012 was SUPPOSED to be my year... a Red Hot year so to speak. And it came real close. 2012 saw me walking tall as the PCW World Champion. 2012 saw me drop that oaf Robert Donovan on his head with a Heat Check and win the Longhorn Heritage Title. 2012 even saw me hook up with the greatest mind in our sport, Ben Waterson, and become the leader of Waterson International.

But times have changed and changed fast for me. The gold's all gone. Waterson hasn't been heard from since the 4th of July and he'd mentally checked out of my business long before that.

Rex Summers stands alone going into the Rumble...

[A smirk.]

RS: And that's just the way I like it.

[The shot of a smirking Rex Summers fades to black.]

We fade into the outside of a restaurant with a sign above it that reads "Cool Bar & Grille." Standing on the outside of the building are "Acme" Andrew

Sterling and Dan "Cool Cat" Thomas. Both men are wearing t-shirts with "Cool Bar & Grille" written across the front and blue jeans.]

AS: Hello! I'm Andrew Sterling.

DT: And I'm Dan Thomas.

AS: You probably remember us from great matches such as Unholy War.

DT: Rumble in Sin City.

AS: Loser Gives Up Scientology.

DT: And Escape from Disneyland. Okay. That last one didn't really happen.

[Sterling points at the camera.]

AS: We're still waiting on you, Token White Boyz! But, we'd like to announce the grand opening of the Cool Bar & Grille in Dallas, Texas. We're located just off of I-635 in Grapevine, Texas.

DT: That's pretty close to DFW! We've got great signature dishes! Like our Coolio Alligator Po' Boy.

AS: You can't forget our signature Angus Beef Steaks!

DT: Or our delicious salads!

AS: Let's not forget our signature pancakes!

DT: Uh... we don't serve pancakes, dude.

AS: WELL WE SHOULD!

DT: Right.

AS: For you AWA fans who are hongry after a Saturday night full of action-packed excitement...

DT: Hongry?

AS: Yeah, when you're hungrier than hungry.

DT: Ooookay.

AS: At any rate, bring your AWA Saturday Night Wrestling ticket stubs, and you'll receive a free dessert with the purchase of any entree! Remember, that's the Cool Bar & Grille in Grapevine, Texas right off of I-635!

[We fade out.]

And then back up to live action we find Rick Marley standing in front of an AWA backdrop...the dark haired cruiserweight is dressed for his match, his face oddly calm. The intensity that we've seen so often from him seemingly replaced by an almost eerie tranquility].

RM: You know...as much as I'd like to say that Nenshou and Monso are completely off base...I'm afraid I really can't...

[He pauses, shaking his head and sighing before he continues.]

RM: How do I even start this? By saying 'Game's over'?

Seems forced.

It's been said too many times...it's just some sort of trite little phrase that's been tossed around to try to show people that you're serious.

So instead let's go with this: Listen up.

I've been in this business for over a decade now. I've taken my lumps and I've paid my dues...done all of the things that you're supposed to do. In some circles I'm considered one of the top names in the industry at this point...whether it's on the ring or on the mic, I'm one of, if not THE best wrestlers in the world.

Period.

Now, I never expected to be everyone's cup of tea...hell, if I were, I'd probably be doing something wrong...but the fact is that no matter what I accomplish...no matter who I beat...no matter what kind of inspired interview I put together in some people's eyes it'll never be enough. I'll always been juuuuuuust under that elite level. Never quite deserving of the accolades that we've seen other guys get.

'Marley's decent, but he's no Mark Langseth.' or 'Marley's okay, but he just doesn't measure up to Courtade...or Kinsey...or Vasquez...or Case'...or pick any one of a couple dozen other guys that all had one benefit...one bonus that I'm lacking.

...

You see, none of them started off wrestling out of New York.

[Marley pauses, looking around and shaking his head.]

RM: See, for some reason UEW...yeah, I'll say it...UEW ended up being a dirty word in this business. Second rate. Shoddy.

Not good enough.

Now, I'm not sure if it's because of the 'anything can happen' issues we had with air traffic control...

I mean...c'mon...blimps? Really?

Or it might have been the consistent changes that took place in the executive suite...but guys that started off in New York all get treated as if that stigma is attached to them for the rest of their careers, and no matter how much hard work you put in, and no matter how many other places you go...no matter how many companies you anchor, it's always there, like an anchor weighing you down.

Now, you CAN cast it off if you're willing to say how much you hated your time there...it's worked for other guys who've gone on to Hall of Fame careers and who've won so much gold that even Glen Beck would say 'no no, that's plenty'...

But for guys like Alex Extreme...Doc Holliday...Mannifred Lester...Magnus Colby...Jason Keening...we've always been looked on like we're something less than we should be since we didn't hang our hats in Toronto...or in Los Angeles. I mean hell, even Chris Tyler took forever to get Hall of Fame consideration, and that guy set the standard for success in a highly competitive industry.

It took me YEARS to work my way up, and took a company in Phoenix setting up shop and putting me at the cornerstone to give me a chance to run with a World Title...but even then, people were already clamoring for the next big thing. I didn't even get one legitimate title defense before I was being forced out in favor of everyone's new favorite.

This happened in a place that I BUILT. Without me, that place wouldn't have drawn flies.

Didn't stop 'em. Hayes was in, I was out. End of story.

But Nenshou, what you're missing out on is one simple fact: All of the work...the times that I've been passed over...the sweat and anguish that I went through as part of wrestling's golden age that you love to say you're gonna destroy?

It made me what I am and who I am.

I get that I need to work twice as hard. I understand that people's knee jerk reaction is to think that I'm not as worthy as someone with a better pedigree...someone who's federation bloodlines aren't quite as tainted.

I'm not anyone's home grown star.

I'm no one's next big thing...and I'm sure as hell not some sort of nostalgia-inducing future Hall of Famer that people want to see have one last great run before he hangs up the boots...in the end, I may not even be as respected as Rick Styles...but for now I'm here.

I'm Rick Marley, and if you want to do the things you're saying...if you want to take everything that this business has meant to all of us over the years and flush it down the toilet, you'd think I'd be one of the last people in the world that would have a problem with that after what it's done...

But to do that, you're gonna need to do it over my dead body.

Too many guys have put in too much work over too long a time for you to be able to ignore us. Too many guys have sacrificed.

We've had deaths. Divorces. Guys have left, only to hear the call and come back.

That's what you don't get: This business isn't something for sane people, or everything you say would be true.

It's a sickness. It gets inside of you and you can feel that fire burning...you want it.

You need it...

[Marley pauses once again, then nods, that fire coming back into his eyes]

RM: So if you think for one second I'll let you bury all that we've worked for just because you find it inconvenient?

You're crazier than you look...and when I'm finished with you, and you're looking up at the lights from your back on the mat, you'll realize why.

And as a few of my buddies from way back would say: You can take that to the bank, 'cause that's the DAMN truth.

[The camera holds on a focused Rick Marley for several seconds before crossfading to the ringside area and our announce team.]

GM: We are back here LIVE in the Lakefront Arena in New Orleans and "Showtime" Rick Marley looks like a man to be reckoned with here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Really? He seems focused and all that, I'll give you that.

GM: But?

BW: As someone who has been around this business for over thirty years now, I find what he said to be a weak cop-out.

GM: Whaaa?

BW: If you're a legend... if you're a superstar... if you're a man worth building a company around, you rise to the top DESPITE your limitations... despite the circumstances you find yourself in. He whines and cries about how he's never gotten his shot... he's never gotten his respect because of

where he started his career. Should we go back to that locker room and start a survey about where guys started their career and where they are standing right now? Supreme Wright started his career being essentially forced out of the Combat Corner. He went to another company and started his career on his own. Now he's four wins away from the most prestigious World Title in the sport.

GM: You don't believe there's a bias against competitors who came from a certain company?

BW: I believe in creating your own luck... in forging your own destiny. If people think Rick Marley's crap because of where he started his career, they're wrong. Rick Marley is not crap. He is an excellent professional wrestler who COULD be one of the best in the world if he could ever decide who or what he is. He's a guy that many thought the AWA would build around when we opened our doors but when the times got tough, he made a run for it and then showed back up when we were on top of the world. And since then? What has he done, Gordo? What has Rick Marley done since making the world count down the days 'til he showed up? Forgive me, Ricky Marley, if I don't weep tears of sympathy for you.

GM: You feel pretty strongly about all this?

BW: I just want Rick Marley and his fans to know that if they're going to cry for him tonight, they should do it AFTER Nenshou blinds him for life... not because he says he's been cheated out of some glory he feels he had coming his way.

[A steaming mad Bucky Wilde sits back in his seat as Gordon Myers shakes his head.]

GM: Alright, fans... let's go up to the ring for what should be an outstanding encounter...

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is a third round match in the AWA World Title Tournament...

Introducing first...

[The lightning bolt that opens "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis brings the fans to their feet in boos.]

GM: And that sounds heralds the arrival of one of the hottest competitors in the AWA right now.

BW: He's only lost two matches in over two years, Gordo. He's more than just 'hot'. Nenshou might be the odds-on favorite.

GM: His opponent is a former World Champion, Bucky... Rick Marley has targeted Nenshou since his return to the company, and I'm not sure that Nenshou can be called an "odds-on favorite in this match!"

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Percy Childes, and representing the Unholy Alliance... from the Land of the Rising Sun... weighing in at 235 pounds... he is the Pride of the Orient...

NENNNNNNSHOUUUUU!

["The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes steps from the back, wearing a navy blue sport jacket and pants, light blue dress shirt, and navy-and-silver tie. He's carrying a crystal-tipped cane. He smirks at the jeering crowd before a slight gesture over his shoulder brings Juan Vasquez - a dejected-looking Juan Vasquez - walking through the curtain as well.]

GM: Uh oh! Percy Childes is not walking alone, fans!

BW: Hah! The newest member of the Unholy Alliance, daddy! Juan Vasquez is here to do his job!

GM: From the look on his face, Bucky, I'd say his mind is anywhere BUT on this match... perhaps thinking up new ways to put Calisto Dufresne, the former National Champion, through excruciating after what he did earlier tonight.

BW: Well, he better keep his mind on his obligations to ensure nobody interferes against Nenshou. If Juan is a man of his word, he'll live up to his end of the bargain with Childes.

[Juan stands behind Childes, folding his arms, as Percy just smirks in his direction...

...and finally from the curtain comes the red-cloaked form of Nenshou. The Japanese superstar is wearing a heavy red cloak with hood, and under the hood is a demonic black mask. They walk unhurriedly to the ring as the crowd expresses hatred.]

BW: This is it, daddy. Four matches in a row to prove yourself. And there'll be no byes! We'll see if it's gonna be a 'new era' like Percy says.

GM: True. Nenshou and Marley share a disdain for one another, but tonight, the stakes are so much higher that they cannot afford to focus on their feelings.

BW: They're both ice cold assassins, Gordo. Yes, even Marley. I don't think that'll be an issue.

[Nenshou climbs the steps and gently springs through the ropes into the ring. Childes and Vasquez remain at ringside as the music fades.]

PW: And now, his opponent...

Father...Forgive me the wrongs I have done...and those...I am about to do.#

[The arena lights dim as laser lights begin to play around the roof of the arena for a five count. Suddenly, a pair of white pyro bursts set in time with the bass drum light up the entry way as the remainder of "Saints of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue floods the PA system. As the audience's eyes adjust to the light level again, they see "Showtime" Rick Marley making his way to the ring.]

PW: He currently resides in Miami, Florida, and weighs 215 pounds -- here is "SHOOOOOOWTIME" RIIIIIIICK MAAAAARRRRRRLEY!

[The fair skinned light heavyweight has his long dark hair pulled back in a pony tail and wears a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. White spotlights trail up from his black boots and cascade up the pant legs.]

Marley slaps hands with the fans at ringside until he is about 15 feet from the ring, at which point he sprints the distance, sliding under the bottom rope, striding across the squared circle to climb to the second rope in front of the announcer's table, where he raises both hands to the crowd before back flipping back into the ring.]

GM: We've seen Marley and Nenshou confront each other in recent weeks -- now, both men will seek to get past the other in their quest to become World Champion!

BW: Marley can be thankful Nenshou hasn't taken him out like Nenshou took out Eric Preston! I can guarantee you that Percy and Nenshou have a plan -- one that just might involve Juan Vasquez.

GM: Vasquez's role is simply to make sure Nenshou is allowed to advance with no distractions.

BW: Not exactly, Gordo. Percy wants to ensure Nenshou makes it all the way to the finals --- no matter the cost! So Juan will certainly do more than just keep distractions away!

GM: Sadly, I wouldn't put it past Percy Childes to ask for more than that.

[The bell then sounds, with Nenshou and Marley circling each other.]

GM: One would think this would turn into a technical and high flying showcase, given these athletes' similar style.

BW: Well, Nenshou's got a slight size advantage, but he's not a power guy.

GM: A lockup by both men... Marley with a quick knee right to the gut! I don't think Nenshou expected that.

BW: And Marley with a roundhouse right... Gordo, he sure isn't going for the technical and aerial stuff!

GM: Not yet at least.

[Marley grabs a handful of Nenshou's hair, pasting him with a pair of forearm shots to the jaw that sends Nenshou staggering backwards.]

GM: Marley throwing some bombs in the early moments of this one and you're right, Bucky, he's wanting to brawl with Nenshou! And I don't think Nenshou OR Percy Childes expected that gameplan.

[With Nenshou backed into the ropes, Marley drives a quick kick into the gut before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Nenshou sent into the ropes...

[And on the rebound, the Asian Assassin gets taken down to the mat.]

GM: Marley with a drop toehold and down goes Nenshou- look at this! Marley's right on top of him, hammering away!

[The crowd cheers as Marley takes the mount, raining down rights and lefts at the face-painted former Longhorn Heritage Champion!]

BW: It looks like Marley's just gonna throw the rulebook out the window... and you're gonna sit here and justify this?!

GM: I'm sure Marley is thinking about what happened to Eric Preston several months ago!

BW: I'm touched. I'm moved. I'm also thinking it's yet another excuse by Marley to do whatever he wants. He wants the world to think he's fighting for Eric Preston but I'm pretty sure I didn't hear a word about Preston in that pre-match interview. It was "me, me, me!" - Rick Marley's all about himself!

GM: We've heard Marley talk about Eric Preston several times over the past few months, Bucky! And you know that!

[With the referee's count at four, Marley reaches down, digging his fingers into the eyes and raking hard!]

GM: Ohh! He rakes the eyes!

BW: Another illegal attack! Where's your outrage now, Myers?!

GM: Hey! It was Nenshou who was responsible for seriously injuring Preston's eyes! Marley's just trying to even the score and get one in for young Mr. Preston!

[A temporarily-blinded Nenshou rolls to the side of the ring, sliding out to the apron as Marley stands up, getting admonished by the referee.]

GM: Referee Mickey Meekly's really letting Marley have it for that eyerake... but Marley shoves him aside!

BW: A lot of manhandling of officials here tonight, Gordo.

[Marley gets a few step run, dropping into a baseball slide to kick Nenshou in the ribs, forcing him down to the floor!]

BW: Nenshou rolls out of there... he needs to huddle up with Percy and regroup... maybe figure out a way to slow down Rick Marley.

GM: Percy Childes is making his way over there to do exactly that and- look out!

[Childes stops in his tracks as Marley has coming flying over the ropes and lands on Nenshou to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Marley slingshots himself over the ropes! Nenshou is down!

[Marley stays atop Nenshou, again hammering him with fists to the skull as Percy shouts at the official.]

GM: Percy Childes is trying to get the referee to intervene out here.

BW: Marley's just doing whatever the heck he wants out there! Why doesn't Juan Vasquez get in there and DO something about this?!

[The camera settles on Vasquez for a moment, showing him standing several feet away, watching with his arms crossed.]

GM: Juan's standing away from the action... I'm sure he's content to let these two men settle things themselves.

BW: Not if Percy Childes has anything to say about that!

GM: I'm sure you're right.

[Marley climbs off the downed Nenshou, giving a salute to the crowd who cheers in response as "Showtime" drags the face-painted grappler off the thin mats by the hair, pushing him back against the ring apron...]

GM: Backed into the apron...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big knife-edge chop by Rick Marley!

[Marley grabs Nenshou by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING GOES MARLEY!!

BW: Yeah, Marley, you wanted to toss the rules aside... Nenshou will oblige!

[Nenshou shakes off the cobwebs as he approaches Marley, delivering a sharp kick to the ribs.]

GM: Nenshou in no hurry to take the match back into the ring... remember, there are no double count outs.

BW: Marley should have thought of that before he took the match outside the ring.

[Grabbing the stunned Marley by the hair, Nenshou drags him back towards the ring...]

...and SLAMS him facefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: OHH! Nenshou smashes his skull into the apron! The hardest part of the ring out there, fans!

[Swinging Marley around to push his back against the apron, Nenshou measures him for a chop of his own, driving the knife-edge into the throat of his opponent!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him in the throat! He's risking a DQ!

BW: Yeah, but he's outside the ring... anything goes there!

GM: That is not how it works, Bucky, and you know it! And now the referee is outside the ring, warning Nenshou!

[With the referee's back turned to them, Percy gestures with his cane at Vasquez, pointing at the downed Marley. Juan glares at Childes who gestures more insistently a second time.]

GM: What is Childes doing?

BW: He's reminding Vasquez of his role out here!

GM: Well, for now, Juan Vasquez seems reluctant to help Childes and Nenshou do anything to Marley...

[Unfazed by the referee's warning, Nenshou grabs Marley by the hair, pulling him towards the ring post...]

GM: Uh oh... this can't be good news for Marley...

[Nenshou attempts to slam Marley's head into the steel...

...but Marley brings both arms up, grabbing the post with both hands and fully extending his arms to block the slam!]

GM: Marley blocks the attempt! Nenshou trying to send Marley into the steel but Marley fighting it off!

[Marley pivots his body, slamming an elbow back into the ribs.]

GM: Marley goes downstairs - he's got Nenshou by the hair and-

[A big cheer goes up as Marley SMASHES Nenshou's skull into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHH! NENSHOU INTO THE STEEL!

[The Japanese wrestler falls to his knees outside the ring as now the referee is warning Marley.]

GM: The referee having his problems maintaining order thus far.

BW: Yeah, and whose fault is that? If Marley had just gone the technical and aerial route like you said, none of this would have happened!

GM: Percy yelling at Juan to get in there but Juan isn't making a move!

BW: He better... he knows the terms of the deal with Percy Childes.

[Marley drags Nenshou to his feet and throws him underneath the ropes.]

GM: And finally this match goes back into the ring...

[Marley rolls back under the ropes into the ring... and promptly grabs the downed Nenshou in a loose headlock, hammering him with fists to the skull!]

GM: More hard shots to the head by Marley... the referee right in there to tell him to break it up. Those are closed fists, fans, and completely illegal in a match like this.

BW: Look out here by us, Gordo! Percy Childes is really letting Juan Vasquez have it! Vasquez is NOT living up to the deal! He's supposed to make sure that Nenshou makes it to the next round! He's part of the Alliance now!

GM: I believe Juan's interpreting it that he's only there to make sure nobody else gets involved in the match.

BW: That's NOT the deal! He's IN the Alliance... that means he does ANYTHING that Percy Childes tells him to do!

GM: Tell that to James Monosso or Anton Layton. Fans, back to the action where Rick Marley is in control at the moment thanks to some surprising brawling tactics out here on the floor. Right now, they're back in the ring, Marley pulls Nenshou up again...

[Grabbing the arm, Marley wings Nenshou across...]

GM: Nenshou off the far side... ohhh, what a clothesline by Marley! That one took Nenshou off his feet hard!

[Marley looks out to the crowd with a fist pump, drawing more cheers as he circles back to Nenshou who is trying to get his legs under him, dragging him the rest of the way up by the hair...]

GM: Both men back up again... Marley sets...

[The ring shakes from the impact of a snap suplex by "Showtime" right before he floats over into a lateral press.]

GM: Quick cover by Marley... one... but that's all he'll get!

[Marley looks a little surprised by THAT quick of a kickout but he tries to stay on his game, dragging Nenshou back to his feet again, firing him into the ropes...]

GM: Another whip... leapfrog by Marley...

[Nenshou ducks under, hitting the far ropes and bouncing back...]

...where Marley uncorks a picture perfect standing dropkick, connecting right on the chin of the running Asian Assassin!]

GM: Oh my! What a dropkick right there!

[Childes is starting to look a bit nervous outside. He spins towards Vasquez, smacking the crystal-topped cane firmly into his chest with a "DO! SOMETHING!" Vasquez glares at the cane... then up at Childes...]

GM: That might have been a BIG mistake, Bucky! He just STRUCK Juan Vasquez!

BW: He can do that! He's under contract to him! I used to slap the heck out of all my clients!

GM: Explains why none of them stayed with you very long.

[Marley measures Nenshou as the face-painted grappler starts to get back to his feet, rushing to the ropes...]

...and then suddenly stops, pointing an accusing finger at Juan Vasquez who had moved towards the apron.]

GM: Hold on a second... was Juan Vasquez going to trip Rick Marley right there?!

BW: He knows what's expected of him! He knows what he needs to do out here!

GM: I can't believe that!

[Marley shouts at Vasquez angrily. A stoic Juan simply looks up at him, not saying a word as Percy Childes lets Marley have it with a barrage of insults!]

GM: Rick Marley is distracted out here by Vasquez and Childes... he's losing his focus on the ring and his opponent...

BW: Nenshou's up!

[And he clobbers Marley from behind with a roundhouse kick that catches Marley high up on the back, sending him stumbling chestfirst into the ropes.]

BW: And it's about time that Juan Vasquez did the job that he's contracted to do!

GM: I can't believe what I saw there, fans. I don't know if Juan was going to actually trip him or not but he certainly provided a distraction to Rick Marley - and that's exactly what Nenshou needed! Nenshou took advantage of it and now he's back in control, lighting up Marley with chops to the chest against the ropes.

[A well-placed palm strike to the ribs has Marley loop his arms over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Nenshou winds up and throws a trio of rounding kicks into the ribs!]

GM: Ohh! Nenshou's physically trying to break down Rick Marley with shots downstairs... perhaps trying to take some of the wind out of his sails.

[Nenshou steps back, measuring Marley, and then throws a hard low kick, catching Marley squarely on the side of the right knee!]

GM: Good shot to the knee with that kick... and I'm surprised this is the first attack to the legs we've seen. With Marley's high-flying background, you would think taking out the legs would be Page One of Percy Childes' playbook.

BW: It might have been but Marley has only thrown one high flying move at Nenshou so far. If he's not gonna use it, perhaps Percy thought their attacks could be better focused elsewhere.

GM: Perhaps.

[Nenshou throws a few more kicks at the right leg before dipping down and pulling the leg up into the arms...

...and then YANKS Marley down to the canvas by the right leg with a dragon screw legwhip!]

GM: Oh my! What a maneuver by Nenshou! And that will certainly put a crimp in any plans Rick Marley might have to take to the sky as this match progresses!

[With Marley down on the mat grabbing at his leg, Nenshou kicks his hands away, grabbing the ankle in his left hand...

...and then violently kicks the leg with his right leg!]

GM: Ohh! Another kick to the leg... now another! Nenshou's putting the assault onto that hurting leg...

BW: And even if Marley WASN'T intending to go to the air, taking out the leg like this might undercut a lot of Marley's other high impact moves as well. This could drastically change the course of this matchup.

[Holding the ankle with both hands, Nenshou JERKS the leg hard, sending a jolt all the way up it. Reaching down with his left hand, Nenshou manages to pull Marley up, still holding the leg...

...and YANKS him down to the mat again with a second dragon screw legwhip!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: A move like that could do all sorts of damage to the leg. We could be talking about torn ACL, MCL, PCL... maybe tendon damage... who knows?

[Nenshou grabs the leg, looking to apply a figure four leglock but Marley is too close to the ropes, grabbing them before Nenshou can get the hold applied.]

GM: Marley's too close to the ropes and Meekly calls for a break before he can do any further damage to the leg...

[Nenshou takes a step back, absorbing a couple weak upkicks from the downed Marley before grabbing the ankle again, dragging Marley out to the center of the ring...]

GM: Now he's nowhere NEAR the ropes, fans! And Nenshou knows it!

[Nenshou wraps up the leg, falling back to the mat!]

GM: The figure four leglock is applied! Right in the center of the ring and I'm not sure if Rick Marley can find a way out of this, fans!

BW: No chance, Gordo! This one's all over but the shoutin'! Ring the bell and I'll start the shoutin' like nobody's business! Give it up, Ricky, and then head on back to complain about no one giving you a fair chance, ya crybaby!

GM: Rick Marley shouting out in pain... he's in trouble... he's struggling against the hold, trying to find a way out... looking for an escape as the referee kneels down to check for a submission...

[Marley shakes his head no, as we can see Percy on the opposite side of the ring, shouting at Vasquez.]

GM: What does Percy Childes want Juan to do?

BW: Ensure victory, that's what!

[The camera cuts to the floor where Childes is shouting at Vasquez but the former two-time National Champion just shakes his head...]

GM: Whatever Percy's asking him to do, I think Juan Vasquez is REFUSING!

BW: He can't do that, Gordo!

GM: He just did it!

[A frustrated Percy Childes shoves past Vasquez, pulling himself up on the apron, leaning through the ropes, and grabbing Nenshou's arms...]

GM: What is he-?!

[...and leaning back hard, applying more leverage to the hold as the referee continues to check for a submission!]

GM: Referee, look up! Percy Childes is trying to force a submission out of Rick Marley!

BW: This is Juan Vasquez' job now! He should be the one grabbing the arms - providing the extra leverage!

GM: Childes is doing a perfectly fine job of it and-

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks out in cheers!]

BW: What's this all about... hey! What's he doing out here?!

[The camera cuts to the aisleway, where Glenn Hudson is making his way to the ring.]

GM: Glenn Hudson! The Longhorn Heritage Champion has arrived!

BW: Oh yeah? I don't see a belt on him, Gordo.

GM: Very funny, Bucky. You know very well what's going on with that situation... and we also know that we heard Hudson make it very clear earlier tonight that he offered to watch Rick Marley's back in this match. Obviously, that's exactly what he's doing now!

BW: He has no business down here! Vasquez, get him away!

[Hudson takes a long look at Vasquez, checking to see if he's coming for him, as he walks around the ring to where Childes is interfering.]

GM: Hudson's coming for Childes and Vasquez hasn't budged an inch since he saw him!

[Hudson's presence forces Childes to release the help, scampering away to stand behind Vasquez as he gestures at Hudson with his crystal-topped cane.]

GM: Glenn Hudson makes an immediate impact as he evens up the odds, forcing Percy to stop helping with that figure four... and now Percy's shouting at Vasquez to get rid of Hudson as well!

[Shrugging his shoulders, Vasquez walks away, taking a spot in the corner once more as Percy Childes turns about fifty shades of red.]

GM: Childes is absolutely LIVID! I'm guessing this deal with Vasquez in the Unholy Alliance isn't exactly working out as he planned quite yet.

BW: It should be! It should be fine! But Vasquez isn't doing what he's told!

[With the break in leverage, Marley manages to scramble a bit, lunging to grab the bottom rope with his hands. The referee immediately calls for a break!]

GM: Break the hold! He got to the ropes!

BW: Thanks to Glenn Hudson. If he hadn't come out here, Percy and Nenshou could've broken this punk's leg!

GM: Percy was giving Nenshou an unfair advantage! And Nenshou now slow to release the hold!

[Nenshou breaks at about four and a half, slowly getting to his feet. He glares out at Vasquez, drawing a taped thumb across his throat as he points at the former two-time National Champion.]

GM: Wow. A direct threat towards Juan Vasquez by Nenshou!

BW: Spit that mist in his eyes! Teach him his role!

[Nenshou turns back towards his opponent who is using the ropes to drag himself off the mat...]

...and then brutally kicks Marley in the back of the leg, sweeping his legs out from under him and putting him back down on the mat. Glenn Hudson rushes to that side of the ring, slapping his hands down on the ring apron, shouting, "Come on, Rick! Give it to him!"

BW: What? Now Hudson's gonna be a cheerleader?

GM: And why not? Rick Marley needs all the help he can get out here in this three-on-one situation!

BW: It ain't a three-on-one until Vasquez does his job!

[With Hudson pounding on the apron, Nenshou kicks the ropes near him, backing him off a couple of steps...]

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

BW: Are you serious!? Hudson's out here sticking his Aussie nose in business that doesn't concern him and you're saying there's no reason to keep him at arm's reach?

[Grabbing the leg again, Nenshou drags Marley away from the ropes, twisting the leg for another figure four attempt...]

GM: Figure fo-

[But as he turns away from Marley, Marley lifts his other leg, planting on the rear of Nenshou and shoving him off!]

GM: Wait... Marley just kicked Nenshou away! And- OHHH!

[The crowd roars as Nenshou sails over the ropes from the counter-kick...

...and ends up getting his leg caught in the ropes, dangling upside down!]

GM: HE GOT HIS LEG CAUGHT!! He's trapped in the ropes!

[Nenshou struggles, trying to free himself as Marley drags himself off the mat again, stumbling towards his trapped opponent.]

BW: Percy! Help him!

[Childes rushes over to his charge's side, trying to aid the official in opening up the ropes to free Nenshou's ankle. But neither has the strength to do it. Childes suddenly turns to Vasquez, shouting at him again...]

GM: He's telling Vasquez to help them get Nenshou free!

BW: Get over there, Vasquez! Do your damn job!

[With a sigh, Vasquez pulls himself up on the apron, tugging at the ropes with both hands...]

...and dumps Nenshou down to the floor! Big cheer!]

BW: Are you- he did that on purpose!

GM: Did he? Seemed like an accident to me.

[Vasquez smirks as he drops down off the apron. Childes does the same, kneeling next to Nenshou to check on his man.]

GM: Percy Childes is down on the floor to check on Nenshou and... look out here...

[The crowd buzzes as Glenn Hudson circles the ring, standing right next to Childes and Nenshou. A panicked Childes shouts at Vasquez who moves to intercept Hudson.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is in a staredown with Glenn Hudson!

[Vasquez shakes his head at the Longhorn champ, waving a hand at him.]

GM: I don't think Vasquez wants any part of a physical confrontation with Glenn Hudson but if Hudson presses the issue, Vasquez won't have any choice!

[Hudson stops, staring at Vasquez with a bit of a surprised look on his face. With a nod, he backs down as Nenshou is helped up by Percy Childes, trying to get back up on the apron...]

GM: Nenshou's pulling himself up on the apron... but Rick Marley's coming to meet him...

BW: Look at that limp on Marley. How the heck is he even standing, Gordo?

GM: I have no idea.

[Marley rears back with a right hand, throwing it at the jaw of the recovering Nenshou but the Asian Assassin blocks the shot, throwing an overhead chop across the crown of the skull in response!]

GM: Ohh! Nenshou fires back!

[With a handful of hair, Nenshou attempts another chop but Marley blocks it, grabbing the wrist with both hands before he throws a knee between the ropes to cut off the attack.]

GM: Marley caught him in the gut... look out here...

[Marley sets for a suplex, looking to bring in Nenshou over the ropes...]

GM: Here comes the supl- no, blocked by Nenshou!

[Marley breaks the suplex attempt, hammering Nenshou with short forearms to the jaw...]

...and then goes right back to try for the suplex again.]

GM: He's going for it again!

[Marley lifts, getting Nenshou slightly off the apron before he struggles, forcing Marley to put him back down on the apron.]

GM: He just can't get him back in, Bucky!

BW: The leg's too banged up to do it. Nenshou's got him right where he wants him, Gordo!

[Marley suddenly drops down, throwing a shoulder into the gut of Nenshou to double him up...]

GM: What's he-?! NO!

[Grabbing the top rope, Marley slingshots over the top, sailing over the doubled over Nenshou as well...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVES Nenshou down on the barely-padded floor with a sunset flip powerbomb!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! OH MY STARS!! WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?!

BW: I... what the HELL did he just do?!

GM: It was like a sunset flip but in the end, he powerbombed the man down to the floor! There ain't a whole lot of padding on that floor either, fans! Nenshou might be done for right there!

BW: Marley's grabbing at his leg though. I think he might have hurt his knee doing that. Both men are down on the floor!

[Nenshou is flat on his back on the floor, while Marley now grabs his right leg in pain.]

GM: You're right, Bucky... Marley landing on that knee and he can't follow up quickly!

BW: Well, I gotta admit that move took a lot out of Nenshou, though! He's not moving!

[The crowd continues to roar for the big time move of Rick Marley, watching it repeatedly on the arena's big screen as replays run over and over again from different angles.]

GM: These fans here in New Orleans were certainly impressed by that daredevil move from Rick Marley as well. He's got Nenshou in a lot of trouble out here on the floor but the question is, can he take advantage of it?

[Hudson and Childes shout encouragement to their respective allies as Juan Vasquez stands stoic in the corner, not showing any reaction to what he just saw.]

GM: Marley's leaning against the apron, using the apron to pull himself to his feet. He's in a lot of pain, fans, but he IS the first one to his feet after that devastating move he just pulled off.

[Hobbling towards his opponent, Marley leans over to pull Nenshou off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: He puts Nenshou back in... but can he finish him off? Was the powerbomb enough or does he need a killshot right here?

BW: Nenshou did a lot of damage to that leg, Gordo. I'm not sure Marley's got enough left to finish him off.

[Marley rolls himself under the ropes, crawling to make a cover.]

GM: Cover! ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[But the time between the big move and the cover is enough to allow Nenshou to raise a shoulder off the canvas!]

GM: NO! JUST A TWO!

[Marley pushes up on all fours, burying his face in his hands.]

GM: I think Marley thought that would be enough. I think he thought that was the homerun shot he needed to finish off Nenshou and move on to the Quarterfinals!

BW: But it wasn't!

GM: No, it was not. Marley pushing back to his feet now... what's he-?

[The crowd buzzes as Marley grabs Nenshou by the ankle, lifting the leg off the mat...]

GM: Marley's got Nenshou's leg... I'm not sure I get this.

BW: Gordo, do you suppose he noticed Nenshou's leg got caught in the ropes earlier?

GM: That may be... or he may just figure one good turn deserves another!

[A vengeful Marley drops an elbow down across the knee. He slowly gets back up, dropping a second elbow. He repeats the process a half dozen times, landing elbow after elbow down onto the knee joint as Percy Childes shouts instructions in Japanese from the floor.]

GM: Percy Childes showing some obvious concern here. He doesn't like the looks of this strategy from Rick Marley.

BW: It's a dangerous strategy for Nenshou. If Marley does enough damage to the leg, it won't matter if Nenshou advances. You can not win the World Title if you get injured in the third round this weekend! Quarterfinals? Maybe. Semifinals? Sure. Finals? Absolutely. But the third round? That means you fight THREE more matches with an injured leg or arm or neck. It just ain't gonna happen, Gordo.

GM: And that may suddenly be Rick Marley's strategy as well. Maybe Marley realizes the same thing. Maybe Marley realizes that even if he wins, he's going to be hurting... and he wants to make sure the same thing's true of Nenshou if he happens to win.

BW: That's a pretty cold-blooded strategy.

GM: You think I'm wrong?

BW: Not really... but I'm surprised crybaby Marley figured it out.

[Marley gets back up, grabbing the leg with both hands...

...and twisting it around his own leg!]

GM: Spinning toehold! He locks it in!

[Marley cranks down on the leg, shouting "QUIT!" to Nenshou as he digs in deep. Nenshou flails about on the canvas but does not give up as Childes frantically looks around the ringside area.]

GM: Percy Childes is searching for a way to help his man as Nenshou's got his leg being punished by Rick Marley now - turnabout certainly is fair play in this one!

BW: Gotta admit Marley has the right idea... if he takes Nenshou's leg out, then he and Nenshou are on even terms!

[Breaking the spinning toehold, Marley drags Nenshou up, keeping a hold of the leg...]

GM: He lifts!

[...and brings Nenshou down hard on his own bent knee!]

GM: Shinbreaker by Marley!

[Nenshou staggers away before falling down onto his left leg, the hurting leg trapped underneath him. Marley staggers towards him, grabbing a handful of hair...

...and catching a palm strike in the ribs!]

GM: Oh! Nenshou fighting back!

[A second and third palm strike land as a blend of motion, one landing right after the other. An uppercut-style throat strike knocks a gasping Marley down to his knees, right across from Nenshou...]

BW: He's got his face awfully close to Nenshou's! And you know what that could mean!

GM: But the referee is right there, checking on Nenshou... if he tries anything, the referee will see it!

[A kneeling Marley throws a right hand to the jaw of Nenshou but Nenshou fires back with a knife-edge chop and then a double arm cross chop to the throat that knocks Marley down to his rear.]

GM: Nenshou gets the better of that exchange, climbing back up to his feet... and you can see a bit of a limp from Nenshou now as well. Both men have had some damage done to their legs.

BW: I say Nenshou's still ahead on points though, daddy!

GM: Perhaps but this match is NOT being judged on points. We need a pinfall, a submission, a countout, or a disqualification in this one to see who will move on to the Quarterfinals later tonight.

[Nenshou staggers away, leaning against the ropes and shaking out his leg to try and get the blood circulating again. Marley pushes up off the mat as well, joining Nenshou on his feet as he wobbles towards his opponent...]

GM: Nenshou's trying to get that leg working for him again and- ohh! Marley kicks the leg out from under him! Just like Nenshou did to him a little earlier in the match.

[Grabbing the ankle, Marley drapes it over the bottom rope as he puts one leg up on the middle rope, pushing himself into the air...

...and drops all his weight down across the leg!]

GM: Ohh! There wasn't a lot of height on that move thanks to Marley's own injured leg but it was certainly still effective. Nenshou's in a lot of trouble and Percy Childes is sweating the Indian Ocean out over there.

[A quick cut to the Collector of Oddities shows him mopping his brow with a handkerchief, looking very nervous at the action unfolding inside the squared circle. We cut back to the ring where Nenshou has managed to get to all fours, attempting to crawl away from a pursuing Rick Marley who catches up to him, taking a straddling position over his back...]

GM: What is Marley going for here?

[Marley hooks Nenshou's right leg with his own right leg, his right arm hooking the left leg, then rolls on his back in a cradle position, Nenshou's right leg in the air and Marley bending the left leg to form a "4" as he applies pressure.]

GM: Look at this... Marley with a somewhat modified version of a figure four, applying pressure to that right leg!

BW: But he may doing damage to his own right leg, as he's using it for leverage!

GM: It's still having an effect on Nenshou! The referee looking for a submission, but Nenshou shaking his head!

[A desperate Percy Childes leaps up on the ring apron, shouting at the official...]

...which prompts Glenn Hudson to do the same, hopping up on the same side of the apron as Childes..]

GM: Percy's shouting at the referee... Hudson's shouting at the referee about Percy shouting at him!

BW: Vasquez, get him down from there!

[A distracted official tries to figure out what to do, who to reprimand first, when Glenn Hudson decides to take matters into his own hands, rushing down the apron and dropping into a baseball slide, knocking Childes down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! HE KNOCKS PERCY FLAT!!

[Hudson sits on the apron, smirking at what he just pulled off...]

...when suddenly, someone hurdles the barricade from the far side of the ring, shouting in Hudson's direction!]

GM: Wait a... that's Dave Bryant! What the heck is HE doing out here?!

[Bryant pauses just long enough to get Hudson's attention with a big grin...]

...and then beats a retreat, Hudson racing behind him as he heads back into the crowd, heading for the exits!]

GM: Bryant's heading out of here and he's got Hudson chasing after him! Glenn Hudson has abandoned his post out here to chase after Dave Bryant and that can NOT be good news for Rick Marley!

[Marley is forced to break the hold when the distracted referee misses Nenshou digging his taped fingers into the eyes of Marley, temporarily blinding him.]

GM: The hold is broken... Marley's down on a knee, rubbing at his eyes as Nenshou rolls away, clutching his knee as well. Both men are worse for the wear from that hold, fans!

BW: Come on, Nenshou! Stop toying with this guy and finish him!

GM: That's what you think he's doing? Toying with him?

BW: Absolutely. This match should've been over a long time ago.

GM: This match has just passed the twenty minute mark, fans... but with the stamina these two have, I wouldn't be surprised if the match went ANOTHER twenty minutes.

BW: If it does, both of these guys can kiss their chances of becoming the World Champion goodbye. Heck, with the amount of damage they've both taken to their knees, I'm not sure if that's not already the reality of the situation.

[Still rubbing at his eyes, Marley is the first to his feet, pursuing Nenshou as the Asian Assassin uses the ropes to haul himself off the mat.]

GM: Nenshou's hanging onto the ropes, trying to revive the knee... look out here, Marley's going for another shinbreaker!

[But Nenshou is ready for him. With their backs turned to the official to shield him out, Nenshou SLAMS a taped thumb into the windpipe of Marley, causing a gasping "Showtime" to stagger backwards, clutching his throat. The referee reprimands Nenshou who ignores him, grabbing Marley by the throat and shoving him back into the ropes with a chokehold!]

GM: That's a choke, fans! A blatant choke from a desperate Nenshou! The referee's putting a count on him...

[Nenshou releases the choke just before the five count, backing away from the gasping Marley.]

GM: Nenshou risking a disqualification... but he's got the advantage.

BW: That's all that counts, Gordo.

[Grabbing Marley by the arm, Nenshou hauls him away from the ropes and into a side waistlock. He powers him up, dumping him down on the back of the head with a back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Nice execution on the suplex by Nenshou, rolling into a cover now...

[Nenshou manages to hook a leg as the official dives to the mat.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! No! Marley's out at two!

[Nenshou pushes up to his knees, looking at to Percy Childes who shouts something in Japanese at his charge. The Asian Assassin nods as he slowly climbs to his feet again, dragging Marley off the mat by the arm and flinging him into the far corner...]

GM: Into the corner goes Marley... wait a second...

BW: He's not really going to try this, is he?!

[Nenshou backs into the corner, raising his hands to hold them in front of him.

BW: I recognize this! He's going into one of those battle trances, forcing down the pain, giving himself a moment to act!

[Nenshou rushes from the corner, going into a handspring that turns into him snapping an elbow into the jaw of a stunned Marley! The crowd gasps at the graceful move...

...and then buzzes as Nenshou falls out of the corner to his knees, obviously wincing in pain from behind the remnants of the face paint that has slowly been wearing off throughout the match.]

GM: He hit the handspring elbow but he put too much weight on that knee!

BW: He can't follow up... but I don't think Marley can take advantage of the situation either, fans!

[Outside the ring, Juan Vasquez is still looking on in silence as an upset and embarrassed Percy Childes continues to shout at his man.]

GM: Percy's trying to get him to move faster but Nenshou's having a hard time moving at all with that knee... the injured leg is slowing him down dramatically, fans.

[Nenshou pushes back to his feet, very obviously grabbing at his straightened leg as he puts weight on it. Marley is still in the corner, arms draped over the ropes as Nenshou turns towards him, moving back in on the buckles...]

GM: Marley's hanging onto the ropes to keep on his feet...

[About halfway across the ring, Nenshou attempts to charge in, stumbling a bit as he does...

...and getting CAUGHT with a superkick from Rick Marley!]

GM: CASTING CALL!! CASTING CALL CONNECTS!!

[But Marley collapses on the mat, having hurt his own leg in delivering the big shot!]

GM: Marley hits the superkick out of nowhere but I'm not sure he can take advantage of it! He's got Nenshou down and possibly out cold but can he make a cover here?!

[Marley, down on his knees, shoves himself towards the downed Nenshou, inching closer and closer...]

...and then makes a lunging dive of a pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Shoulder up! Shoulder up! Rick Marley thought he had him there, fans!

BW: But again, just like on the powerbomb earlier, this was too much time between the strike and the pin attempt! Marley's had two big opportunities to win this thing but just couldn't manage to make that pin attempt in time to take advantage of them.

GM: How frustrating that's gotta be for Rick Marley? Twice he's potentially had this match won and twice he's been unable to get the pinfall that would send him on to the Quarterfinals of this tournament!

[A hurting Marley drags himself off the mat, leaning over with his hands on his legs for a moment to try and recover. He rises up, waving an arm in the air...]

GM: I think he's calling for a figure four!

BW: What?! He almost pinned the man! Why would you try to make him submit now?!

GM: That's what he's going for... he grabs Nenshou's leg...

[And lays in a hard kick to the knee for good measure before twisting it around his legs...]

GM: He's got it locked in! The figure four leglock is applied in the center of the ring!

[The crowd swells as Nenshou grunts, pain etched on his face showing through the fragments of face paint remaining, as Marley leans back in the hold.]

GM: Nenshou's in trouble here! Percy Childes is at ringside, shouting at his man... now shouting at Vasquez!

BW: Yeah! Get in there, Vasquez!

GM: But the referee is keeping his eyes on ringside! If Vasquez interferes right now, Nenshou will be disqualified!

BW: No! Stay out on the floor, Vasquez!

GM: Nenshou's got no one to help him here! No one to save him!

BW: If he can make the ropes or turn this thing over, he'll save himself, Gordo!

GM: You're absolutely right but Marley has the hold locked on tight... I don't know how much longer Nenshou can last!

BW: Hang on, Nenshou! Hang on!

[The referee dives down to all fours, checking with Nenshou for a submission...]

GM: The referee's asking if he wants to give it up...

[...but the Pride of the Orient again shakes his head no!]

GM: He refuses to give up! Refuses to submit away his chance at becoming the World Champion this weekend - the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[The referee checks again but Nenshou wildly shakes his head back and forth to deny the submission request.]

BW: I don't like this, Gordo... Nenshou isn't the type of guy who will submit but how will he and Percy ever be able to live down Marley getting a submission out of him if he does? And if he doesn't, Marley might break his leg!

[Nenshou makes a grab at the ropes.]

GM: Nenshou now lunging for the ropes... he's trying to get there!

[Another grab comes up with nothing but air, Juan Vasquez standing just beyond the ropes and staring at the action unfolding right in front of him.]

BW: Juan Vasquez is right there! Come on, Vasquez, do your job!

[But Vasquez stays motionless, not making a single effort to help Nenshou escape the hold...]

BW: He's not helping! Percy's gonna need to do it himself! He's gonna need to-

[Nenshou makes another final lunge as Marley tries to hold him off...

...but Nenshou's effort allows him to get to the ropes.]

GM: He's there! He got to the ropes! And now it's Rick Marley who has to break the hold!

BW: He's not breaking, Gordo!

GM: He's got until the count of five... just like Nenshou did!

[The referee reaches the count of four before Marley reluctantly releases the hold.]

GM: Both men haven't exactly been respectful of the rules in this one. Bending the rules... sometimes even breaking the rules to try and find a way to get to the Elite Eight - the Quarterfinals of this historic tournament.

BW: When you got the chance to get a step closer to the World title, Gordo, you're not gonna be so concerned about rules!

GM: You may be right about that, Bucky... and as Rick Marley gets to his feet first, he's still shaking that right leg... trying to get some strength, some feeling back into it so he can find a way to finish off his rival in this so-important showdown.

[Using the ropes, Nenshou hauls himself back to his feet, very visibly hobbling now.]

GM: That leg of Nenshou may have been through as much as Marley's now. They may be on equal footing when it comes to leg injuries.

BW: Nenshou can't afford to put any weight on that leg... but I wouldn't think Marley would be able to do it either.

[Marley stumbles towards Nenshou...

...and then **THROWS** himself at the back of the knee, smashing his shoulder into it!]

GM: OHH! Chop block by Marley!

[Marley stacks him up, going for a jackknife pin!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP AGAIN! SHOULDER UP AGAIN!!

[An exasperated Marley climbs to his feet, grabbing the foot of the injured Nenshou and hauling him away from the ropes...]

GM: He's going for the figure four again!

[But a well-placed upkick to the chest of the doubled-over Marley sends him sailing back into the corner!]

GM: Nenshou caught him looking to grab the leg... using those kicks to push Marley out of the hold!

[Nenshou drags himself off the mat, staying on a knee for a moment to rub his injured leg.]

GM: Now it's Nenshou trying to take advantage of a moment, rubbing some life into his leg as he gets to his feet. Both men are hurting... both men are having trouble moving around this ring...

[Marley staggers out of the corner as well, getting to Nenshou just as Nenshou gets to his feet, catching him with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by Marley!

BW: This is how we started things, Gordo! Seems like an eternity ago now!

[Marley lands a second big shot... and a third haymaker puts Nenshou back down on a knee...]

GM: Nenshou's down... Marley with a handful of hair...

[A series of short right hands to the forehead have the crowd whipped into a frenzy as the referee forces him back. Suddenly, Percy Childes pulls himself up on the apron again...]

GM: Childes is on the apron and-

[With Marley looking to attack again, he turns his head slightly towards Childes, giving Nenshou an opening...

...to SLAM his arm up into the groin of Marley!]

GM: Ohh! Low blow by Nenshou!

[The blow sends Marley staggering away, falling with his upper body between the top and middle ropes...

...right in front of Juan Vasquez who pauses, glaring over at the protesting Childes...]

GM: Marley's in trouble... he got hit with the low blow and-

[Suddenly, Vasquez STRIKES...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: YESSSSSSSS!

[...with the infamous right cross, catching Marley solidly on the cheekbone, snapping him around and down to the canvas where Nenshou promptly crawls on top of him as Percy points out the pin attempt!]

GM: No, no, no! It can't end like this! It can't-

[The official dives to the mat...]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! YES!! YES!! YES!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The sound of the bell enrages the crowd as Percy Childes actually leaps into the air with joy. He rushes around the ring, patting a disappointed-looking Vasquez on the back before he rolls into the ring to celebrate with a hurting and tired Nenshou.]

GM: I can't believe it! What in the HELL did we just witness?! These two men had been through one heck of a war and to have it end like that? I'm disgusted, fans. Absolutely disgusted by what we just saw Juan Vasquez do to Rick Marley.

[Percy Childes is positively gleeful as he raises his man's arm, gesturing to him with the crystal-topped cane as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

NENNNNNNNSHOUUUU!

[A shocked crowd looks on as Percy helps his man from the ring, walking down the aisle towards the locker room with a dejected Juan Vasquez walking closely behind them.]

GM: I don't... I know he's under contract to him but there had to be another way, fans. This should NOT have happened here tonight. Rick Marley put together the fight of his life... but in the end, Juan Vasquez has caused

Marley to be eliminated from this tournament and Juan Vasquez has put Nenshou into the Quarterfinals. I'm... this makes me sick. Let's go back to the Control Center.

[We are very closely zoomed in on the name "NENSHOU" as we crossfade into the backstage area. The shot zooms out a bit to reveal Jim Watkins shaking his head.]

MS: Jim, you saw it yourself... your thoughts?

JW: Juan Vasquez got himself in a bad, bad situation... and when that happens, bad things happen to good people. We just saw Rick Marley, who poured his heart out in that interview earlier, get robbed of his chance to be the AWA World Champion. You know, Mark... he may not have won that match even if Vasquez hadn't gotten involved... but now? Now he'll never know. Which just makes things all that much worse.

MS: Is there anything you can do about it?! You're the Chairman of the Champ-

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: All decisions by the referee are final, Mark. Remember? If I could do something about it, we might not even be having this tournament right now. Nenshou's in the Quarterfinals. Period.

MS: A dark moment here in the World Title Tournament... and that makes seven men advancing to tonight's Quarterfinals. There is one spot left, fans... a very controversial spot.

JW: The man who claims he TRULY represents what the Combat Corner is all about taking on the man who... well, represents NOTHING about what the AWA is all about.

MS: Dave Cooper has made a very clear goal for himself. He wants to win that World Title and then burn it as a message to all of those who have forgotten his allies and the National Title THEY hold in their grasp.

JW: You know how much Todd Michaelson dislikes this kid, Wright. You've heard him talk about it, yeah?

MS: Yes, I have.

JW: I think it truly says something about Dave Cooper that Todd Michaelson is willing to come out here on live television in front of the entire world and tell Supreme Wright that he was wrong about him and shake his hand... IF he beats Dave Cooper. That's how badly we want Cooper out of this tournament.

MS: You're not afraid to admit that management wants Cooper eliminated?

JW: Hell no. If the office would let me, I'd take him out of the tournament myself. I may be an old timer but I think I could still show the so-called Professional a thing or two. In fact...

[Watkins rubs his chin a moment.]

JW: Mark, you're on your own for a bit.

[And he walks out of view, leaving a surprised Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Fans, when we come back after this break, it'll be time for the final match in the third round of the tournament with Dave Cooper taking on Supreme Wright! Don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

The shot comes to a close up of the face of former AWA star, City Jack.]

CJ: Former AWA National Tag Team Champion, City Jack, here to talk to you about a serious issue here in America...

[The camera dramatically pulls back to show a restaurant "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks".]

CJ: The most important meal of the day! Breakfast!

[The shot cuts to Jack, sitting down in a booth, with a big plate of pancakes.]

CJ: Now just looky here, all these fluffy flapjacks, smothered all on by every flavor of syrup you can imagine! Topped with all the butter in the world your eyes can see!

[As City Jack grabs a forkload of pancake, the shot zooms to Jack's bearded face, eye's bulging wide.]

CJ: This here meal's enough even for this hungry hoss!

[Jack shovels the mass of butter, syrup, and pancake into his mouth and chews with a smile on his face.]

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

[The shot then cuts to a green screen of Jack in front of quick, blown-up shots of all the breakfast foods the restaurant offers.]

CJ: Not a flapjack fanatic? No problem! We've got ahm-lets! Eggs of any kind! Waffles! Bacon! Sausage! Breakfast burritos! Oat-meal! Soups! Dishes o' fresh fruit! Cre... Cra...

[Jack smiles as the background picture remains stuck on a crepe, with the worlds "World Famous Savory Crepes". Jack points to the words.]

CJ: Them things!

[The shot then cuts to Jack, back in the booth, but this time with every imaginable food item the restaurant offers.]

CJ: Why, if you're like me and can't decide? Get 'em all! Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks offers ALL sort of combos your heart - and stomach -

[Jack pats his protruding gut.]

CJ: Can desire!

[Jack waves his hand across the plethora of breakfast items in front of him.]

CJ: So when you're hungry and looking for somethin' to fill your gullet -

[Jack holds up a cup of coffee.]

CJ: Or just looking for a quick cup o' joe, come on down to Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks! For locations, just go on that wide webbed world and put in "Flapjacksforjacks.com" and make your way to a place near you!

[Jack smiles, winks with a nods... and then rams another big wad of pancake into his face.]

CJ: Ammnnd temlll mfJacmk mmssemt ffmmya!

[City Jack holds up a fork as "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks" pops above his head with the website address pulsating below Jack's face. Fade to black.

We fade back up to live action where the words, "RECORDED EARLIER TODAY" flash across the screen as the scene fades backstage, where we see Jason Dane standing by with a confident-looking Supreme Wright. The former Combat Corner student is dressed sharply as always, in a three-piece, olive-green tweed suit. Jason Dane eyes Wright a bit suspiciously, before beginning to speak.]

JD: Supreme Wright, tonight, in front of your home state of Louisiana, the fate of the AWA may very well rest in your hands. You take on Dave Cooper, a man who has vowed to win the AWA World Title and bring this organization to its knees. Your thoughts?

[Jason looks at Wright with pleading eyes.]

JD: And please...try to not to say anything too controversial, this time?

[Supreme merely smirks at our interviewer.]

SW: I heard the little doggie barkin' at me. Mr. Dane.

[He makes a talking motion with his hand.]

SW: "Yip. Yip. Yip."

[He lowers his head and slightly grins.]

SW: It seems he was trying to get me angry. I'd have to advise against that.

[Wright's eyes narrow and he gives Dane a fierce, menacing look.]

SW: He wouldn't like it, when I'm angry.

[And just as easily, Wright's expression eases back into a smile.]

SW: But I figure, I might as well throw the doggie a bone.

[Supreme turns to the camera, speaking slowly and clearly, making sure every word is understood.]

SW: I recognize Mark Langseth as the rightful AWA National Champion.

[Jason Dane's jaw damn near hits the floor.]

JD: Supreme, I know you ignore me whenever I try to stop you, but seriously...you can't talk about that.

[Supreme holds up his hand at Dane, indicating that he's not quite finished.]

SW: And while we're at it...

[He takes in a deep breath.]

SW: Calisto Dufresne is the AWA Pacific Champion, Joe Petrow is the IIWF World Champion. Chris Courtade is the EMWC World Champion, and Travis Lynch is the PCW World Champion!

[He crosses his arms over his chest, a look of defiance on his face.]

SW: I recognize ALL these people as being the rightful champions of their respective titles. Now that we got that out of the way...

[He leans in towards the camera.]

SW: ...are you finally gonna' shut up about it?

[A smirk.]

SW: 'Cause you know how many damns Supreme Wright can give about a dead championship belt and who holds it?

[He makes a "zero" sign with his hand.]

JD: Really, you shouldn't be saying...

[Supreme cuts him off.]

SW: I'm not speaking for anyone but myself, Mr. Dane. I sure as hell didn't come to the AWA to become the "National" champion of anything. I came here to become a WORLD hampion. And that's what really sticks in your craw, isn't it, Cooper? It ain't that no one wants to say your boy AIN'T the National Champion...it's the fact that he ain't gonna' be THE champion.

And that's why you NEED the World Title.

[He quickly shakes his head.]

SW: Nah, I need to correct myself...that's why Mark Langseth and Joe Petrow, NEED the title. Because after coming out on top in the biggest tournament in professional wrestling history...after conquering sixty-three other men and proving without a shadow of a doubt that you're the best in the world, you better damn well believe that the AWA World Title will have legitimacy. And without that sort of credibility on their side, the thing that your boy wears around his waist ain't nothing more than a rusting piece of jewelry that USED to mean something to this sport.

JD: Oh boy...

[Supreme ignores Dane.]

SW: But you never really WANTED this title, did you, Dave? You never NEEDED this title. You're just blindly following orders like the "professional" you are...and that's the real farce.

[He chuckles.]

SW: 'Cause for someone who likes to talk so damn big...it's a shame that your boys have got you thinking so damn small.

[He points to his temple.]

SW: You could be champion of the world. You could stand above us all. You could be the man that rules professional wrestling.

But you can't.

You won't.

You're not allowed to.

[Supreme shakes his head sadly.]

SW: And that's the difference between you and me, Dave Cooper.

You're here to be a king MAKER.

I'm here...

[A fierce, determined look forms on his face.]

SW: ...to be a KING.

[And with that, Supreme gives Jason Dane a quick stare, before patting him on the shoulder and walking off.]

JD: A very determined and...

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: ...DEFIANT Supreme Wright. Back to you guys.

[Fade back to the ringside area where our announce team is seated.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason. Bucky, we have seen outstanding matches in this third round of action... OUTSTANDING matches... but I think that this next match may be the most important one of the night so far. Dave Cooper meets Supreme Wright with the winner moving on to the Quarterfinals.

BW: Dave Cooper is partially the reason that we're HAVING this tournament, Gordo. He was part of what went down in Westwego. He's the reason we don't have a National Champion... a National Title... and he wants to be the reason that the World Title is dead and buried before it even gets off the ground. If Dave Cooper wins the World Title this weekend, he's sworn to burn the damn thing in the middle of the ring.

GM: But what will Supreme Wright do? What will a man who was forced out of the AWA to begin with do if he wins the World Title? And what will Todd Michaelson do if he wins and he has to live up to his promise to come out here, shake Wright's hand, and tell the world that he was wrong about Supreme Wright?

BW: I got a better question for you, Gordo... what the heck is Jim Watkins - a on-probation Jim Watkins, I might add - doing out here?!

[The camera cuts to the aisle where a suit-wearing and cowboy boot walkin' Jim Watkins is heading down towards the ring with purpose. He pauses just before the ringsteps, moving over the timekeeper's table where he pats the timekeeper on the back before taking a seat next to him.]

GM: I don't know but he'd better be real careful, Bucky. Fans, it's time for the final match of the third round... let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Cut to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is the FINAL match in the third round of the AWA World Title Tournament!

Intr-

[Without waiting for the appropriate cue, "The Professional" by Leon starts up over the PA system to loud boos from the New Orleans crowd.]

GM: And it's just like this guy - such disrespect - to come out here before it's time for him to make his entrance.

[Dave Cooper walks through the curtain to even louder jeers, looking out at the crowd with an arrogant smirk on his face. He is dressed in black wrestling trunks, black kneepads, white wrestling boots, but no vest -- but he does wear a neck brace.]

GM: You can see the neck brace on Cooper. He told the world that he had suffered a neck injury during his second round match... but honestly, I'm not sure anyone really believed him.

BW: You've gotta wonder how badly the neck is actually injured, Gordo. If it's in bad shape, this might be Christmas in September for Supreme Wright. This might be a walk in the park for him.

GM: I'm no Dave Cooper fan - not anymore - but he's a very talented grappler, Bucky. I don't think Cooper - in ANY shape - is a walk in the park for ANYBODY.

[With the announcers bantering, Dave Cooper makes his way down the aisle, stopping by the timekeeper's table to glare at Jim Watkins for a long moment...

...and then snatches up a mic, rolling under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: What's this all about? He's not scheduled to give an interview right now, Bucky.

BW: I'm not sure he cares.

[Cooper leans on the ropes, sneering at the ringside fans who are leaning over the railing and heckling him. He backs up a few steps to the middle of the ring, raising the mic to his mouth...]

DC: Screw the format, I'm talking here...

[He turns to look at Gordon Myers.]

DC: And this is important, so everybody better shut the hell up.

[Bucky can be heard chortling.]

BW: Guess he told you, Gordo.

GM: You're the one talking.

[Silence falls over the announcers again as Cooper continues.]

DC: My neck has not fully healed to the point that I can wrestle...

[The crowd begins to buzz with anticipation.]

DC: So I regret to inform you that I will not be wrestling tonight.

[And now the fans have a reason to cheer.]

GM: Wow! That's HUGE news, Bucky!

BW: Is it too late to get a replacement for him? Did Supreme Wright just get a bye to the Quarterfinals?!

[The crowd is still cheering as a sneering Cooper speaks again.]

DC: Yeah, you all like that, but I'm not finished with my announcement...

[Cooper pauses.]

DC: ...because I made sure my lawyers did not allow an injury to be a setback to my advancement in this godforsaken tournament.

Because I have seen to it that every match I wrestle has a clause that states my opponent cannot win by forfeit. He can only win by pinfall, submission, count out, disqualification or any other method used to determine the outcome of a match that actually takes place.

[Well, there goes the cheers. The boos pick up right where they left off, letting the Professional have it.]

DC: Therefore, this means that if the entire tournament has to be held up until I recover, then so be it!

[The boos only intensify.]

GM: Wait a second! Are you kidding me?!

BW: We're NOT going to crown a World Champion this weekend?!

GM: This can NOT be happening. Dave Cooper can NOT be allowed to do this!

[Suddenly... the lights go out as the haunting vocals of Deborah Harry can be heard over the PA system.]

Step into a world #
Where there's no one left #
But the very best #
No MC can test

["Step into a World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One begins to play as the Louisiana crowd responds with a HUGE roar for their favorite son. As the song kicks into high gear, a spotlight hits the entrance, where we see Supreme Wright stepping through, in a long-sleeved, ankle-length black coat with red lining that is closed at his chest, flaring out with ragged ends. Wright hops around and throws shadow punches to loosen up, before making his way down to the ring as the houselights come back up.]

GM: I think Supreme Wright may have something to say about this turn of events, fans!

[Wright enters the ring and proceeds to remove his coat, revealing a lanky, but powerful build, with extremely well-defined musculature, cutting an impressive figure. He wears MMA-style shorts, half-black and half-gold, the color of the hometown New Orleans Saints. Wright's hair is pulled back into cornrows snaking into an intricate "S"-shape design and his arms and chest are covered in various tattoos. He wears MMA fight gloves on his hands and amateur-style wrestling shoes. There's no doubt in his demeanor...he's ready for battle, shouting something in Cooper's direction.]

GM: Dave Cooper looks less than pleased about this interruption, Bucky.

[Cooper raises the mic, glaring at Wright.]

DC: You keep your trap shut, whipping boy. You'll get your match when I'm ready... which ain't tonight!

[The crowd jeers again as Cooper turns away from Wright, looking out at Gordon and Bucky at the broadcast table.]

DC: Yeah, Myers, I'm sure you don't like this one bit -- but I could give a rat's behind what you think. The bottom line is that my contract specifically says...

[He then notices Wright advancing out of the corner of his eye, the referee now intervening.]

DC: I told you I'd wrestle you when I'm ready... and, yeah, ref, you better get the whipping boy calmed down!

[The fans are really letting Cooper have it, now prompting him to turn to jaw with those fans, although he doesn't raise the mic up, so you aren't able to pick up everything... although you can hear enough to know it's not entirely family-friendly language.]

GM: This guy's a real piece of work, Bucky.

BW: Jim Watkins is over here talking to the referee, trying to figure out what to do about this. Supreme Wright's huddled up with them now... what's gonna happen here?

[Cooper is still jawing with the fans but turns his head slightly to check something...]

...and then rushes Supreme Wright from behind, hitting him with a hard forearm smash to the back of the neck, knocking Wright down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Come on! What was that?!

[Cooper raises the mic...]

DC: Hey, whipping boy... I'm ready now!

[With that, Cooper tosses the mic aside then whips off the neck brace and casts it aside, dropping down to rain blows repeatedly on Wright.]

GM: Dave Cooper is all over him! He's assaulted Supreme Wright and that neck brace was all a scam, a ploy!

BW: I'll give you a guess who came up with that ploy and it wasn't Dave Cooper.

[Cooper climbs off the downed Wright, getting shouted out by the referee. Cooper shouts at him to ring the bell but Jim Watkins lets loose a verbal assault on Cooper from the floor.]

GM: The ref's yelling at Cooper... Jim Watkins is yelling at him... the fans are all over him but Dave Cooper doesn't care about any of it!

[Cooper gives a shout at Watkins, "You don't want to start the match?!"]

GM: Cooper's grabbing Wright by the legs... what's he-?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED HIM LOW!! STOMPED HIM RIGHT ON THE GROIN!!

[Cooper smirks as Wright rolls around in pain on the mat, clutching his family jewels as the referee screams at Cooper again.]

GM: That's gotta be a disqualification! Ring the bell!

BW: He can't disqualify him, Gordo! The match hadn't started yet. The referee hadn't started the match so Cooper knew he could get away with it!

[Cooper looks out at Jim Watkins... "How 'bout now, old man?" Watkins glares at Cooper for several seconds, shaking his head.]

GM: Cooper's pulling Wright off the mat into a front facelock...

[Cooper slings Wright's arm over his neck, setting for something...]

GM: He's calling for the Gourdbuster! He's gonna finish Wright before the match even gets started and-

[The hurting Wright suddenly pulls Cooper down into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE!!

[Watkins frantically signals for the bell to be rung. It quickly is as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Cooper just narrowly escapes the cradle before the three count.]

GM: Ohhh! I thought Wright had him!

BW: So did Watkins otherwise he wouldn't have had them start the match. Now he's got Wright in there hurting from the low blow in serious trouble. If Cooper advances to the Quarterfinals, Jim Watkins may have no one but himself to blame.

[Wright struggles to get up as Cooper lunges for him, smashing a double axehandle down over the back of the head, knocking Wright back down to the mat.]

GM: Dave Cooper doesn't want to give Supreme Wright a chance to get on track...

[Cooper grabs the top rope, raining down stomps on the head and neck of Wright. He shouts something off-mic at Jim Watkins who glares at him in response.]

GM: Cooper giving the Championship Committee Chairman a hard time out here. Jim Watkins needs to keep his cool though, Bucky.

BW: He does. He's on probation with the front office. The slightest mistake - the slightest hint that he's abusing his power - and he might be out of a job come tomorrow morning.

[Cooper leans down, dragging Wright off the mat and shoving him back into the ropes, throwing a pair of knees at the ribs as the official shouts at him to back off...]

GM: Cooper's working him over against the ropes...

["The Professional" grabs Wright by the arm, firing Wright across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip by Cooper...

[Cooper drops down to a knee, burying a right hand into the gut of the rebounding Wright, dropping him down to his knees. The Royalty member gets to his feet, snagging a loose side headlock and hammering Wright's skull with a series of clenched fists!]

GM: Cooper's hammering away at the head of Wright! The referee, Michael Meekly, is right there letting him have it!

[Cooper breaks the attack at the count of four, raising his hands as he backs off...

...and then lays in a big kick to the chest of the former Combat Corner student, knocking him down to the canvas.]

GM: Dave Cooper showing a lot of aggression in the early moments of this one.

BW: As well he should, Gordo... Dave Cooper's a damn good wrestler but he's also a heck of a lot older than Supreme Wright. He can't hope to outlast Wright so he needs to finish him early...

[Cooper leans down to pull Wright back up...

...and gets plucked into an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Cooper slips out of the pin attempt again, scrambling back to his feet as Wright does the same...]

GM: A near fall there for Wright... he almost had him again...

[Cooper takes a wild swing at Wright, the Louisiana native ducking under, reaching back to hook the arms...

...and drags Cooper down into a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE! OUT OF NOWHERE!!

[The official dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- another near fall right there!

[Cooper is a little slow to get up this time as Wright gets to his feet, wrapping Cooper's arm around his leg, dragging his shoulders down in an La Majistral!]

GM: Another rollup! And another one... two... thr-

[The shoulder comes up as Wright slips back to his feet, lunging towards an all-fours Cooper...

...and rolls him down into an Oklahoma Roll!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[Cooper AGAIN just barely gets a shoulder up in time...

...and this time, he rolls right the heck out of the ring to the floor, looking up in shock at Wright who gets to his feet, holding his fingers an inch apart.]

GM: Supreme Wright's telling him how close it was... telling him how close he came to moving on to the Quarterfinals right there! And it looks like perhaps Wright wants to get this match finishing with as quickly as Cooper does.

BW: Why wouldn't he? A quick win by Wright means he's got a lot of energy left for whoever he faces in the next round. And there's a lot of guys who can't say that moving into the Quarterfinals.

[Cooper paces around the ring, occasionally looking up at Wright with a cold stare. The referee waves him back into the ring, starting a ten count on him. Jim Watkins shouts something off mic at Cooper, drawing Cooper's ire who returns verbal fire.]

GM: Dave Cooper continues to get into it with Jim Watkins.

BW: He needs to keep his focus on his opponent if he wants to move on to the Quarterfinals.

[An annoyed Cooper climbs up on the apron. Wright quickly moves towards him...]

GM: Wright's comin' for him and-

[...and Cooper drops back down to the floor. He looks up at Wright, wagging a finger at him.]

GM: Oh, come on! Get in there and fight like a man, Cooper!

BW: Look, I'm not the biggest Dave Cooper fan these days either but he's using a strategy... a good strategy... trying to get under the skin of Supreme Wright and see if he can get him to make a mistake...

[Cooper backs off, walking around the ring a bit again, drawing more boos from the crowd as Supreme Wright shouts at him to get back into the ring.]

GM: Wright wants this fight back in the ring...

[Wright approaches the corner where Cooper is standing on the floor, shouting at the referee...

...and then the Professional makes his move, lunging under the ropes to yank Wright's legs out from under him!]

GM: Ohh! Cooper yanks him down!

[Grabbing both legs, Cooper drags Wright towards the ringpost, one leg on either side of the steel...]

GM: Wright may have made a mistake there - just like you said...

[Cooper grabs the right leg, pulling it away from the post...]

...and SLAMS the knee into the steel!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Cooper’s going for the knee!

[Pulling the leg off the post again, Cooper pauses, glaring at Jim Watkins who has risen from his seat...]

...and SLAMS the knee into the post!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL AGAIN!!

[Referee Michael Meekly approaches the corner, shouting at Dave Cooper, warning him as he continues his ten count...]

...but Cooper rolls under the ropes at seven.]

GM: Cooper’s back in finally and now he’s... what the?

BW: He’s rolling back out! He broke the count and now he’s back on the floor!

[Grabbing the leg again, Cooper winds up with it...]

GM: NO!

[...and SMASHES it into the steel ringpost a third time!]

GM: Three times now! Three times he’s slammed Supreme Wright’s leg into the steel!

[A fourth blow follows right after it, leaving Wright howling with pain down on the canvas. Finally, Michael Meekly has seen enough, rolling to the floor and warning Cooper that if he does it again, he’ll be disqualified.]

BW: Can he do that?!

GM: It certainly would be at his discretion, Bucky.

[Cooper glares at the official as he walks up the ringsteps...]

...and rains down several hard stomps on the injured knee, forcing Wright to crawl under the ropes back away from Cooper.]

GM: The Professional's moving in after him... this can't be good news for Supreme Wright. That leg was absolutely tortured right there... look out here...

[Cooper delivers a few more stomps, keeping Wright in place before leaning down, moving to hook in a spinning toehold...

...and getting dragged down into yet another inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Cooper AGAIN kicks out in time, showing a lot of frustration as he gets up, driving the point of his elbow down on the back of Wright's head and neck, cutting him off before he can get back up off the mat.]

GM: Another nearfall for Dave Cooper and he needs to be wary of these rollups, Bucky.

BW: I'd be very surprised if Cooper got beat by a roll-up, Gordo... and can you imagine what he'd hear from his buddies back in Royalty if that happens?!

[Grabbing Wright's foot, Cooper kicks the injured knee repeatedly, drawing more shouts of pain out of Supreme Wright. He steps over the leg, twisting the knee...]

GM: Stepmover toehold locked in by Cooper! It's a very basic hold but a very effective one as well, Bucky.

BW: It'll work the knee... the ankle...

[Holding the leg in place, Cooper balls up his fist, slamming it down on the kneecap repeatedly...]

GM: Cooper would LOVE to injure Wright in this one... perhaps take him out of his commitments in other companies.

BW: Supreme Wright is a champion out in Phoenix from what I understand, Gordo... how bad would it be for them if Wright came out here and ended up on the shelf at the hands of Dave Cooper?

[Cooper breaks the hold, planting his knee against Wright's...

...and DROPPING down to the mat, pinning the leg under his own!]

GM: Good grief!

[Cooper rubs his knee back and forth, grinding it into the side of Wright's leg.]

GM: Dave Cooper's just being vicious now... that's not going to do any more damage... it's not going to get him closer to victory. It's just a mean and cruel thing to do to try and cause the man more pain.

[Cooper rises back to his feet, glaring down at Wright...

...and then stomps the knee! And stomps the knee! And stomps the knee again!]

GM: The Professional's all over that leg!

[Grabbing the foot and ankle, Cooper drags Wright over towards the ropes, slinging Wright's leg over the bottom rope. Cooper steps up on the middle rope, dropping his knee down on the injured knee!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Cooper steps through the ropes to the apron, backing down to the ringpost as Wright writhes around on the mat in pain. "The Professional" walks down the ringsteps to the floor, turning back towards Wright...]

GM: Cooper's out on the floor, moving in on Wright...

[Grabbing the injured leg, Cooper gives a yank, pulling the legs out over the ring apron. He lifts the leg high...

...and Wright suddenly rolls to his side, throwing his off-leg into a kick to the ear!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: A modified enzugiri by Wright!

[Cooper dropped to a knee off the kick, giving Wright a chance to pull his legs back under the ropes, using the same ropes to drag himself up to his feet...]

GM: Wright's up to his feet... Cooper is dazed out there...

[Grabbing the top rope, Wright steps up on the middle rope, wincing as he does so...

...and then swings his legs through the ropes, kicking a rising Cooper RIGHT in the face with both feet to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!!

[Wright stays seated on the middle rope, letting his knee recover as Cooper rolls around on the floor, grabbing at his face. A fired-up Jim Watkins slaps the canvas with both hands, shouting encouragement to Wright who shrugs

under the ropes, standing out on the apron, leaning against the ropes for support.]

GM: Supreme Wright with a pair of kicks has put Dave Cooper down on the floor and he may have turned the tide in this matchup, Bucky.

BW: He may have but he's moving awfully slow to take advantage of the situation. The knee is banged up for sure.

[Gingerly dropping to his rear on the apron, he slides off to stand on the floor, slowly approaching Cooper as the Professional pushes up to all fours...

...and gets an off-leg kick right in the ribs!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: You notice that Wright's using his off leg for everything? He's unable to use his right leg the way he wants to so now it's his left leg trying to inflict punishment on Cooper.

[Leaning down, Wright pulls Cooper off the floor, catching a right hand to the gut as he does!]

GM: Cooper goes downstairs... the veteran grabs Wright by the hair...

[And SLAMS his head into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the apron!

[Cooper spins Wright around, grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Cooper's gonna send him into the steel!

[Wright quickly switches his grip, grabbing the left arm into an armtwist...

...and JERKS the arm down over his shoulder!]

GM: OHHH! You could break an arm like that!

[Cooper recoils away, clutching his arm as he turns his back on Wright, facing the ring. He grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron with his right arm as Wright moves in behind him, grabbing him by the trunks...]

GM: Wright's got him from behind and-

[With a JERK of the trunks, he takes Cooper off the apron...

...where he SPLATS on the barely-padded floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HIT THE FLOOR!! HE HIT THE FLOOR!!

[Wright leans against the apron himself, shaking some life into his leg as he makes sure Cooper stays down for a few moments.]

GM: Both men trying to recover outside the ring there and honestly, we've yet to see Supreme Wright really get into his gameplan, Bucky.

BW: He likes the scientific style - all those submission holds. But so far, he can't get going with those as Dave Cooper got going early and has really worked him over since then.

[As Cooper struggles to get to all fours, Wright turns around, leaning against the apron, waiting as Cooper pushes up to his knees.]

GM: Cooper's on his knees, Wright moving in again...

[Grabbing Cooper by the head, Wright DRILLS him over and over and over with a series of stiff elbows to the side of the head. Cooper is on Dream Street as Wright drags him up, chucking him under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Back into the ring goes Cooper... Wright follows right behind him...

[Wright slowly pushes to his feet as Cooper crawls away from him, looking for a place to recover.]

GM: Cooper's trying to get away... Wright caught him!

[The crowd cheers as Wright grabs Cooper by the ankle, lifting his leg off the mat...

...and SLAMS his kneecap down into the mat!]

GM: OHHHH! Supreme Wright returns the favor by going after the leg!

[Cooper continues to crawl, trying to get away from Wright who grabs the ankle again...

...and SLAMS the knee down a second time!]

GM: TWICE! The knee gets jammed into the canvas a second time!

[Still holding the leg, Wright wraps the leg around his own, dropping down into an STF!]

GM: STF! SUPREME WRIGHT HOOKS THE HOLD ON!!

[The expertly applied submission hold seems to be doing quite a bit of damage judging by the shouts of Dave Cooper but he quickly grabs the bottom rope in front of him!]

GM: Cooper gets to the ropes! Wright's gotta break the hold!

[And he quickly does, just missing grabbing the ankle again as Cooper drags himself under the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Cooper's out on the apron, Wright's gonna try to bring him back in...

[Supreme Wright leans over the ropes, pulling a hurting Cooper up to his feet by the arm...

...and gets CAUGHT with a hook from the right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Dave Cooper's not a guy you typically think of being a hard hitter inside the ring but when he catches you with that right hook out of nowhere, it'll pop your jaw!

[Cooper quickly hooks a front facelock, slinging Wright's arm over his neck...]

GM: Wait a second! He's gonna suplex Wright to the floor!

[But Wright blocks it, wrapping his legs around the ropes to prevent the lift. Cooper suddenly breaks out, throwing a right hand into the ribs!]

GM: Ohh! He goes downstairs, doubling up Wright...

[Cooper grabs Wright by the hair, dragging his head between the top and middle ropes, taking a few steps back...

...and then charges back in, creaming Wright with a running kneelift that snaps him back down to the mat!]

GM: Cooper knocks him flat!

[Stepping through the ropes, Cooper applies a lateral press...]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[Wright lifts the shoulder at the two count. Cooper pushes up to his knees, grabbing a handful of hair and hammering away with clenched fists to the jaw for a four count before getting back to his feet.]

GM: Cooper's pushing the rules as far as he can without getting disqualified.

[A few stomps to the ribs sends Wright rolling away from Cooper, rolling out to the apron.]

GM: And now it's Supreme Wright who is out on the apron, trying to get a breather...

BW: Cooper can't afford to give it to him, Gordo. We're passing the ten minute mark in this match and Dave Cooper's gotta start pushing hard for a victory.

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky. At his advanced age, Dave Cooper can not afford to go to a marathon with Supreme Wright.

[Cooper leans over the ropes, pulling Wright to his feet by the hair, facing away from the ring. He hooks his hands under the chin, pulling back as Wright struggles against it...

...and Wright lashes out backwards, catching Cooper squarely on the jaw!]

GM: Oh! He caught him!

[Wright spins around, drilling Cooper on the jaw with a front elbow, sending him spiraling away. The former Combat Corner student grabs Cooper from behind, pulling him back into the ropes...

...and slaps on a rear naked choke from the apron!]

GM: What the-?!]

BW: It's a choke! He's got a choke locked in!

[Cooper frantically starts swinging his arms, searching for an escape as Wright hangs on tight!]

GM: Supreme Wright's got a choke locked in from out on the apron - that's not legal at all and the referee's starting a count on it! You can not apply a submission hold when you're in the ropes!

[The count hits four when Wright releases the choke, allowing Cooper to stagger away a step. Wright steps through the ropes...

...and gets ROCKED with a right hand again, sending him sprawling through the ropes and back down to the floor!]

GM: Good grief! What a right hand from the Professional!

[Cooper drops to his back, rolling under the ropes to the floor where Wright is laid out on the mats. He lays in a few kicks to the ribs, turning to say something to Jim Watkins again before dragging Wright up by the arm...]

GM: LOOK OUT!!

[...and WHIPPING Wright towards Watkins, causing a collision that sends Wright sprawling on top of the wooden timekeeper's table while knocking Jim Watkins' chair over, putting the Chairman down on the floor!]

GM: He knocked Jim Watkins over... and you KNOW that was intentional!

BW: Of course it was intentional!

[Cooper is all grins as he approaches the downed Watkins who lets him have it as he drags Wright off the table by the hair...

...and SMASHES his face into the wooden table!]

GM: Ohh! The referee's right over there, warning Cooper to get the match back into the ring.

[Cooper pulls Wright up, shoving his face towards the nearby cameraman.]

"So this guy came out of the Combat Corner, huh?!"

[Wright struggles against him but Cooper holds tight, shoving his face closer into the camera lens.]

"What's that say about Michaelson?!"

[Yanking Wright back, Cooper winds up and paintbrushes him across the face!]

GM: He slapped him! He slapped the man across the face!

[A smirking Cooper shoves Wright under the ropes into the ring. Watkins climbs to his feet, shouting at Cooper.]

GM: Dave Cooper continues to trade words with Jim Watkins, pulling himself up on the apron again...

["The Professional" is still talking to Watkins, still insulting the Chairman as he steps through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Cooper's back in... pulling Wright up once again...

[Cooper hooks a front facelock, slinging the youngster's arm over his neck...]

GM: He just shouted at Watkins! He just told him he's gonna finish this!

[Cooper continues to shout at Watkins.]

"You wanna get in here and try out the Gourdbuster, old man?!"

[Watkins grabs the ropes, shouting and gesturing at Cooper...]

GM: Watkins is returning fire! If Cooper wants to trade words with Jim Watkins, the ol' cowboy's not gonna back down, fans!

[Cooper looks up at Watkins, then shouts at the referee to make sure that Watkins stays back...]

...and gets plucked into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The official dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! HE DID IT!

[Supreme Wright rolls out of the pin to his knees, throwing his arms up into the air in triumph as a furious Dave Cooper springs to his feet. He first shouts at the official, grabbing the referee by the shirt to verbally blast him.]

GM: Dave Cooper is in shock, fans! He’s in total shock over what just happened to him!

BW: I can’t believe it myself.

GM: All match long, Cooper had allowed himself to get into shouting matches with Jim Watkins and in the end, he took his focus off Supreme Wright just long enough for Wright to roll him up in another one of those cradles that had been giving Cooper nightmares the whole match for the one-two-three. Incredible!

[Cooper shoves the referee aside, turning his focus towards a beaming Jim Watkins.]

“You think this is FUNNY, old man?! You think it’s FUNNY?!”

[The smile on Watkins’ face shows he thinks it’s EXACTLY that as a steamed Cooper leans over the ropes, shouting at him again.]

“This isn’t over, you hear me?! This isn’t over by a long shot!”

[A furious Cooper wheels around...

...and delivers a jaw-jacking boot to the face of the kneeling Supreme Wright!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Oh, come on! Enough’s enough! He won the match fair and square!

BW: You think Cooper cares about that?!

GM: No, I don’t... and Jim Watkins... look at Watkins.

[Watkins grabs the middle rope, about to pull himself in to help Wright...

...but then stops, slapping the mat in frustration.]

GM: He can't get physically involved! He's on probation! If he gets in there and lays hands on Dave Cooper, he'll probably be fired!

BW: He may be fired anyways for having an influence on the outcome of this match!

GM: I don't know about that but he DEFINITELY would if he gets physical with another AWA competitor.

[Cooper smirks at the unable-to-help Watkins as he drags Wright off the canvas, tugging him into a front facelock. He slowly raises an arm, pointing at Watkins...]

"This is on your head, old man!"

[Cooper goes to hoist Wright off the mat when suddenly...]

GM: MICHAELSON!! TODD MICHAELSON!!

[The Combat Corner Head Trainer comes barreling down the aisle, diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring...

...carrying a steel chair in hand!]

GM: Michaelson's gonna go to the Extreme!

[He winds up the chair...

...and Dave Cooper decides to bail from the ring and fight another day. A glowering Cooper backs down the aisle, physically threatening Watkins and Michaelson the whole time he does so.]

GM: Todd Michaelson swore that if Supreme Wright managed to eliminate Dave Cooper from the tournament that he'd come out here and apologize to Wright... and here he is! Todd Michaelson is a man of his word!

BW: Did you hear what you just said right there? Dave Cooper is ELIMINATED from this tournament! No more constant threat hanging over all our heads! The worst case scenario is out the window!

GM: It certainly is! Royalty will NOT get their hands on the new AWA World Championship and that's cause for celebration right there!

[A dazed Supreme Wright slowly pushes up off the mat, trying to avoid putting weight on the hurt leg. In the meantime, Todd Michaelson has gotten a ringside mic in hand.]

TM: Never let it be said that I went back on a promise. And I told the entire world that if this kid - Supreme Wright - could come out here tonight in front of his home state of Louisiana...

[BIG CHEER!]

TM: ...and get that piece of trash Dave Cooper OUT of this tournament... well, I promised that I'd come out here and-

[Wright hobbles across the ring towards Michaelson, snatching the mic out of his hand to some jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Oh, come on, kid. He's trying to do right by you. Give him the chance to do it.

[Wright slowly lifts the mic.]

SW: I don't want to hear your apology, Mr. Michaelson.

[A large part of the crowd jeers Wright, but he's smiling.]

SW: Not yet, at least.

[He looks around at the crowd, before turning his attention back to his former teacher.]

SW: The time for that, is when I'm standing in the middle of the ring...with the World Title around my waist!

[Big pop!]

SW: But I still did what you asked me to. I defeated Dave Cooper and I think that entitles me to at least something.

[He grins.]

SW: Let me choose my next opponent.

[The crowd roars big at that one! A confused Michaelson can be audibly heard yelling, "WHAT!?"]

GM: Did I just hear that right?! Supreme Wright doesn't want an apology - he wants to be able to pick his Quarterfinal opponent!

BW: Wow! Is Michaelson gonna let him do it?

GM: Michaelson would certainly have the authority to let him do it!

[Michaelson pauses, considering Wright carefully as his former student raises the mic once more...]

SW: You just saw me topple a kingdom, Mr. Michaelson...

[He stares Michaelson right in the eye.]

SW: ...now let me stop a revolution.

[HUGE SHOCKED POP!]

GM: Oh my stars! Does he realize what he's asking for?!

BW: He wants CRAVEN?!

[Michaelson looks Wright up and down for a few more moments, considering the appeal...

...and then snatches the mic right back.]

TM: Kid, you got a lot of guts... I'll give you that.

[Pause.]

TM: And that ain't the only thing I'm gonna give you. You want Craven in the Quarterfinals?! YOU GOT IT!

[BIG CHEER! Wright cracks a confident grin before nodding to Michaelson and rolling out to the floor.]

GM: That's HUGE news, fans! The first Quarterfinal match has been made and it's going to be Supreme Wright taking on William Craven! Incredible! The Quarterfinals are set! Eight men are in, moving one step closer towards their dream of being the World Heavyweight Champion! We're gonna take a quick break and we'll be right back with the Control Center where Mark Stegglet is going to tell us ALL of the Quarterfinal matches!

[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 BC Da Mastah MC.]

BC: When I'm sittin' at home flippin' the dial...
The only place I wanna be is showin' Gomer Pyle...
They got the Jetsons, Mama's Family, and the AWA...
Yeah, you know I'm talkin' `bout W-K-I-K...

YO! YO! YO! GO! GO! GO!

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out to a shot of the backstage area that is known this weekend as the AWA World Title Tournament Control Center. Mark Stegklet stands alone before the "big board" where only eight names remain. Stegklet gestures to them as we go live.]

MS: There you have it, fans... after over three months of action, we are down to the Elite Eight of this tournament - the Quarterfinals are set and we are looking at the men who are just three victories away from becoming the World Champion. Let's run 'em down...

[A graphic comes up showing James Monosso.]

MS: James Monosso's already been through two grueling matches here tonight and I would wager that very few would want to see the gold around his waist. In fact, it looks like his own manager, Percy Childes, has chosen another to stand atop the AWA kingdom and that Monosso's time in this tournament is certainly numbered.

[The graphic changes to "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.]

MS: One of the favorites to win the whole thing, Stevie Scott is a two-time former National Champion and an AWA original. Just about every major event to ever happen in the AWA's history has had him involved in some fashion. His third round match was perhaps a little easier than some of the other competitors so he should be very fresh going into the Quarterfinals.

[A new shot comes up, this one of William Craven.]

MS: The so-called One Man Revolution enters the Quarterfinals with a victory over the popular Travis Lynch... a unique victory... a victory that leaves him fresher than you might imagine and he's going to need every bit of that stamina as he faces Supreme Wright in the Quarters! And can you imagine what being the World Champion would do to his mission?

[Stegklet shakes his head as the picture changes to Blackwater Bart.]

MS: One of the dark horses here in the tournament, Blackwater Bart hasn't competed on a national level in a long, long time but has stormed the AWA to barrel all the way through to the Quarterfinals. His third round match was a brutal affair with MAMMOTH Maximus that he was BARELY able to survive so the question is - will he have enough to make it through to the Final Four tomorrow night?

[Bart's snarling visage is replaced by the confident smirk of Pure X.]

MS: One of the best in-ring competitors in the entire world today, Pure X comes into the tournament with something to prove. This is not his first go-round in the AWA but it's his first chance to step out of his Uncle's shadow

and show the world that the name "Langseth" does NOT have to be a dirty word in this business.

[X is replaced by Sultan Azam Sharif.]

MS: With Dave Cooper out of the way, this is the man the AWA front office fears most. He has pledged that when he wins the World Title, he will use his Steal The Spotlight contract - which MUST be cashed in before SuperClash IV - to bring Mark Langseth back to the AWA to face him for the gold. This is now the worst case scenario for AWA officials.

[Sharif's flag-waving form is replaced by the enigmatic Nenshou.]

MS: Percy Childes' Chosen One, Nenshou has been one of the most dominant competitors in the entire AWA since the moment he stepped into an AWA ring. He went to hell and back against Rick Marley earlier tonight so the question will be - how much does he have left to go into the Quarterfinals in just a short while?

[And finally, the triumphant face of the man we just saw compete.]

MS: Supreme Wright has shocked the world, putting together the kind of Cinderella story run that most NCAA tournament teams dare only dream of. Victories over men like Jeff Matthews and Dave Cooper have helped fuel the belief that maybe - just maybe - this story of a young man pushed out of the company that trained him can come back to the same company and find championship glory. But to take the next step, he must defeat a Revolution... William Craven.

[The shot changes to show all eight men.]

MS: There you have it, fans... the eight men who are moving onto the Quarterfinals that will begin in just a short while... and now it looks like Jim Watkins is re-joining us back here in the Control Center. Mr. Watkins, I have to ask... do you believe what you just did out there will earn you another visit to the disciplinary committee?

[Watkins shrugs.]

JW: Honestly, I don't know, Mark. I didn't lay a finger on 'im so I'm hoping that's enough to earn me a pass with 'em but you never can tell. I guess we'll find out soon enough.

MS: Now, I know you're here to announce the Quarterfinal matches.

[Watkins holds up a sealed envelope.]

JW: That's right.

MS: But before you do, I'm told that we have an update on the situation between Dave Bryant and Glenn Hudson.

JW: That's true. Earlier tonight, we saw Bryant and Hudson interact during the Rick Marley versus Nenshou match... and the last time that we saw 'em, Hudson was chasing Bryant's cowardly tail right out of the building. Well, it didn't end there... and right after our next commercial while we're giving the Quarterfinalists a chance to catch their breath, we're going to show you some footage from out in the parking lot that I promise, you do NOT want to miss.

MS: So, that's coming up in a bit but right now, let's talk about the Quarterfinals.

[Watkins beams proudly.]

JW: I just want to say congratulations to the eight men who have made it this far. When we launched this tournament back in May, a lot of people thought we were crazy. A sixty-four man tournament was unheard-of and there were a lot who thought we'd fall flat on our face trying it... but I can stand before you - right here tonight - a very proud man at what this company and these competitors have accomplished this summer.

Now, we know that Supreme Wright has bravely called out William Craven for the Quarterfinals... that match is locked in. That leaves six guys to make matches for.

[Watkins tears open the envelope.]

JW: These matches were just handed off to me by a courier and represent the best possible matches that the Championship Committee could manage for the Quarterfinals.

[He glances at the paper and smiles.]

JW: How 'bout this one, Mark?

"Hotshot" Stevie Scott versus Blackwater Bart!

[Inside the arena, we can hear the fans cheering that one.]

MS: Wow! For the entire tournament, we've heard Stevie Scott say that an outsider would win this World Title over his dead body... he's gonna get a chance to prove it in the Quarterfinals!

[Watkins nods.]

JW: It only gets better, Mark...

Sultan Azam Sharif will meet... one of the best technical wizards out there, Pure X!

[The crowd roars again...]

MS: That's a tremendous match as well but...

[Watkins nods.]

JW: But that means that Percy Childes is in for a bad, bad night. Because the final match of the Quarterfinals will see James Monosso take on Nenshou!

[HUUUUUGE ROAR from inside the arena!]

MS: Holy... that's incredible! Craven versus Wright! Scott versus Bart! Pure X versus Sharif! And Monosso versus Nenshou! Eight men left but only ONE can be the World Champion! Fans, we've got to take another quick break but we'll be right back with the exclusive footage of what happened backstage between Glenn Hudson and Dave Bryant so don't you dare go away!

[The four matches set for the Quarterfinals appear in a graphic before we fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back to black...

...and then back up to live action where Jason Dane is standing backstage in front of a generic AWA backdrop.]

JD: Welcome back to Night One of Blood, Sweat, And Tears where the Quarterfinals of the World Title Tournament are about to begin... but before they do, let's take you back to earlier tonight. Now, if you recall, the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Glenn Hudson, came out during the match between Rick Marley and Nenshou to watch Marley's back. He didn't do the best job of it though as when Dave Bryant arrived, Hudson chased after him, going through the crowd and ending up in the parking lot of the building. And that's where our cameras caught up with them. Let's take a look at that right now...

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Dave Bryant is running through a parking lot, throwing a look over his shoulder as he falls against a sedan, breathing heavily.]

"He's faster... [Bryant gasps for air]... than he looks..."

[Suddenly, Glenn Hudson appears, leaping up onto the roof of the car and taking a big kick attempt at Bryant who just narrowly avoids it.

Bryant reaches up, grabbing Hudson around the ankle, yanking his leg out from under him. Hudson smashes down hard on the hood of the car as Bryant pulls himself up on it, taking the mount to throw big right hands at the skull of Hudson.]

"You want MY title?!"

[The irony of the question is lost on Bryant as he hammers away without the hindrance of a referee's count. After several blows land, Bryant gets to his feet, dragging Hudson up with him. He reaches under the arm, hooking him for a hiptoss that would send Hudson off the car onto the asphalt below...]

"Can you fly, Wuggy?!"

[But Hudson isn't about to go for the ride, throwing a trio of right hands into the gut of Bryant, doubling him up. He grabs Bryant by the hair...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[...and SLAMS his head into the roof of the car, leaving a dent behind!

Bryant slumps down onto the windshield where Hudson unleashes a series of stomps. He raises his leg high for a harder stomp...]

“CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!”

[...and SHATTERS the windshield under his foot as Bryant rolls aside, right off the car onto the ground!

Hudson stumbles a bit, having lost his balance when he missed the stomp but quickly regroups, turning towards Bryant as the Doctor of Love starts to wobble away. The champion gets a two-step run on the hood of the car before HURLING himself into the air, wiping out Bryant with a crossbody that takes him down to the asphalt!

Hudson quickly takes the mount, hammering Bryant with right hands as the scene suddenly floods with AWA officials and security...

...which gives Bryant the chance to flee the scene, jumping into a waiting car that squeals out of the parking lot and into the night as we fade back to Jason Dane.]

JD: Wow. A brutal showdown there between two rivals... and don't forget, that one's going to come to a head at Homecoming in just a couple short weeks with the Longhorn Heritage Title on the line! But now, it's time for the Quarterfinals to begin. We started with sixty-four of the greatest competitors this sport has ever known. Now we're down to eight men who hope to end this holiday weekend with the greatest victory of their professional career - one that will forever etch them in the history books as the very first AWA World Champion! Let's hear some words from one of the competitors before we go down to Phil Watson for our next matchup!

[Crossfade. "Hotshot" Stevie Scott stands in front of an AWA banner hanging on a wall. Yes, he does. No fanfare. No interviewer. Nothing fancy at all. Just the way that Stevie wants it these days...a far cry from the way things were once upon a time. He is wearing the same "No Retreat, No Surrender" shirt he wore before his first-round match with Marcus Broussard. His hair is all over the place, his face still sports the stubble that it did earlier in the night.]

HSS: Eight men left. And I'm one of 'em.

[Looking at the floor, he nods. He then slowly raises his head to stare at the camera.]

HSS: And all that means in the grand scheme of things...is that I am halfway to my goal of winning the AWA World Title. Nothing more, nothing less.

Which also means there's still business left to attend to.

[Yes, he ended that sentence in a preposition. Shut up.]

HSS: So now, I've got to take on a man that many consider to be a legend, especially down in Texas where we spend a lot of our time. How can you not respect a guy like Blackwater Bart? How can you not tip your hat to the man for all that he's done in this sport?

Yes, Bart...the Hotshot does indeed respect you.

[Respect or not, he shakes his head.]

HSS: But that doesn't mean I FEAR you, either.

When this tournament began, I said that I would NOT let anyone from outside the AWA...especially a legend like yourself...come into this tournament and walk out with a championship that I have poured three years' worth of my blood, sweat and tears into.

Not happening. Not on MY watch.

I don't care how big and bad, how rough and mean you are. I don't care how many people you've knocked out cold with that Piedra Lariat of yours.

[Stevie points at the camera.]

HSS: Because later on, when I step in the ring with you, all I see across from me?

Is just another man I have to beat.

[He pauses, nodding slowly.]

HSS: You've had a great return to the sport, Bart.

But the party ends tonight.

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is a Quarterfinal match in the AWA World Title Tournament!

[Big cheer from the fans who are one step closer to seeing the crowning of the World Champion.]

PW: Introducing first...

[Metallica's "Devil's Dance" kicks in to a big cheer from the AWA faithful. Phil Watson hasn't uttered a word of introduction before Blackwater Bart tears through the curtain, a heavy steel chain clenched in his hand as he thrusts his powerful arm into the air to an even bigger roar from the fans.]

PW: BLACKWATER BAAAAAAAART!

[Bart tears down the aisle towards the ring, a look of focus on his face.]

GM: Blackwater Bart walks into the Quarterfinals with victories over Madison J. Valentine, Tin Can Rust, and MAMMOTH Maximus under his belt so far in this tournament.

BW: That's a pretty impressive list, Gordo... and I still think he's lucky to be standing here after that war with Maximus. He may have won that match but look at the bruising on his face, Gordo... can anyone REALLY say he won the battle?

GM: He's standing here one step closer to being the first man to wear the AWA World Title around his waist... so yes, I'd say he won the battle.

[Bart tosses down his chain, rolling under the ropes into the ring to a pretty big cheer.]

GM: But if he wants to get another step closer - if he wants to make the Final Four of this tournament, he's gotta beat a two-time National Champion to do it, fans.

[As Bart stomps around the ring, full of fire and anger, his music starts to fade and is replaced by the Beastie Boys' "Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun" which brings the AWA faithful to their feet!]

PW: And his opponent...

[After a few moments, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott breaks through the curtain to a HUGE cheer! He promptly rips off his own "Hotshot" t-shirt, whipping it into the crowd as he stands at the top of the aisle, running his mouth in the direction of Blackwater Bart who is up inside the ring.]

PW: "HOTSHOT" STEEEEEEVIE SCOOOOOTT!

[With a nod to the fans, Scott starts the long walk down the aisle, still running his mouth all the while.]

GM: Stevie Scott, as we said, is a two-time AWA National Champion... some might argue the greatest National Champion this company has ever seen. But tonight, he walks into the ring to face Blackwater Bart after defeating Marcus Broussard, Ron Houston, and Jerby Jezz to get here.

BW: And I'd argue that Stevie is coming into the Quarterfinals in the best shape of anyone left in the tournament. Jerby Jezz put up a fight but nothing like the ones that guys like Maximus or November or even Rick Marley put on for the other people in the Quarters.

GM: Does that make Stevie Scott the man to beat?

BW: I wouldn't go that far, Gordo, but it certainly does tilt the odds in his favor in my opinion.

[Scott climbs up on the apron, pointing at Bart as he delivers one last verbal barrage before ducking through the ropes...

...and getting caught with a running boot to the side of the head! Referee Marty Meekly quickly signals for the bell to start the match as Scott slumps down to the apron.]

GM: A hard boot to the skull by Bart to start things off - he was ready for Stevie Scott as soon as the Hotshot stepped into the ring!

BW: But Stevie wasn't ready for him.

[Leaning over the ropes, Bart drags the Hotshot off the canvas by the arm, looking for a whip...]

GM: Bart's standing inside the ring, going for an Irish whip on Stevie Scott...

[But Scott slaps the left handed grip on his wrist away, grabbing the right arm...

...and DROPS down off the apron, snapping the Piedra Lariat arm down over the top rope!]

GM: Ohh! And Stevie Scott IMMEDIATELY goes for the arm!

BW: Really smart move too. It's going to be a lot harder for Bart to throw that Piedra - the most dangerous weapon in the tournament - if the arm's hanging like a wet noodle at his side.

[Scott steps through the ropes, still shaking off the effects of the boot to the side of the head. He goes to grab the arm and gets a right hand to the jaw for his efforts, staggering him back...]

GM: Big shot by Bart!

[...but Stevie Scott holds his ground, balling up his fist and slamming it into the jaw of Bart in response!]

GM: And Stevie Scott returns fire!

[The momentary slugfest draws big cheers from the fans as Bart throws another haymaker and Stevie pops him with one of his own!]

GM: These two are trading right hands in the center of the ring!

BW: This is an example of how much Stevie Scott has changed in 2012. If you remember, there was a period of time when Scott disappeared from the AWA but when he came back, he was the guy who fought James Monosso on the streets of Dallas. When he came back, he was the guy who decided he

had to BEAT Marcus Broussard into submission at Memorial Day Mayhem.
THIS is that Stevie Scott.

[A fired-up Hotshot throws a flurry of right hands, backing Bart down into the ropes. Scott grabs an arm, going for an Irish whip...]

GM: Stevie sends him acro- reversed!

[Shifting his body to make sure he connects with the left side of his torso, Bart floors Scott with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Ohh! Over three hundred pounds just slammed into the Hotshot right there to put him down on the mat... Bart quickly to the ropes...

[The big Texan leaps into the air, dropping a heavy leg across the chest!]

GM: Bart scores with a legdrop... and there's our first cover of the match!

[But the Hotshot's shoulder is up at two to break the count.]

BW: You see Blackwater Bart going for an early and very quick pin attempt, Gordo. That's a sign that he might be more hurt and tired from the fight with Maximus earlier than he's letting on. Blackwater Bart at full strength likes a fight and would draw this out a bit to beat up on his opponent.

GM: It also could be him trying to conserve energy in case he makes it to tomorrow night's Semifinals, Bucky.

BW: It could be, that's right. The Semifinals is the goal right in front of these men right now. Being in that Final Four is a tremendous honor but it also means you're two victories away from being THE MAN in this industry... the undisputed World Champion.

[Bart pulls Scott off the mat by the hair, crowning him with an overhead elbow that sends Stevie staggering back into the ropes. Bart slowly stalks towards him...

...and gets caught with another right hand!]

GM: Stevie Scott with another big right hand! He's not backing down from this fight!

[Grabbing Bart by the wrist, Scott twists the arm around into an armtwist.]

GM: And he's going back to the strategy we saw earlier, going after the arm of Blackwater Bart to try and neutralize the Piedra Lariat as the weapon of choice from the big man.

[Trapped in the armtwist, Bart throws a knee to the gut to get out of it. He angrily shakes out his arm before smashing a double axehandle across the back, knocking Scott down to all fours...]

GM: Stevie's down on the mat...

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Bart kicks him square in the ribs! Good grief!

[The hard kick forces Scott to roll under the ropes, right out onto the apron again. Bart approaches, looking to bring Scott back in...

...and instead lays in another kick, forcing Scott to roll off the apron to the floor!]

GM: He kicks him down to the floor... and NOW he's coming out after him!

BW: Ordinarily, I'd say Bart's opponent is in trouble with a fight on the floor but Stevie Scott has proven himself pretty good at that type of match in recent months.

[Bart drops off the apron to the floor, pulling a hurting Scott up by the back of the trunks. He wraps his arms around the torso, looking for a back suplex...]

GM: Look out here! Bart's trying to put him down on the floor with a suplex- Scott's got him!

[The Hotshot hooks a tight side headlock, throwing left hands to the skull to break up the suplex attempt...

...and then grabs Bart by the hair, winding up...]

GM: LOOK OUT!!

[...and SMASHES Bart's face into the wooden timekeeper's table!]

GM: Ohh! Into the table he goes!

[Grabbing Bart by the arm, Stevie drags him off the table, wheeling him around...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and FIRES him into the steel barricade at ringside!]

GM: Into the steel now! And Stevie Scott, believe it or not, is taking control of this match outside the ring on the floor with Blackwater Bart!

[Scott ignores the referee telling him to get back into the ring, approaching Bart whose arms are slung over the railing to stay on his feet...

...and wraps his hands around the throat of Bart!]

GM: That's a choke, fans! He's choking him out on the floor!

BW: Stevie Scott is no Boy Scout, Gordo. If the fans are looking for someone who follows the rulebook to the letter, they're looking at the wrong guy.

[The referee shouts at Scott from inside the ring, starting a count that makes Stevie break the choke at four. He smirks at the official as he drags Bart off the railing, rolling him back into the ring.]

GM: Bart's back in... Stevie's back up on the apron now, moving through the ropes as well...

[The Hotshot leans down, grabbing Bart by the hair...

...and gets an uppercut that snaps his head back!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand by Bart!

[A second fist slams into Scott's ribcage, doubling him up. Bart pushes up to his knees, throwing a series of short right hands into the ribs, forcing Scott to slip an arm down to protect that side of his body...]

GM: Bart's throwing some dangerous right hands in there, really doing a number on the Hotshot...

[Grabbing the hair of Scott, Bart pulls him down into a doubled-up position...

...and CREAMS him with a headbutt, sending Scott sprawling backwards to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh!

[Bart climbs to his feet, angrily spitting a mouthful of tobacco juice in the direction of Stevie Scott's prone form.]

GM: Uggh. That's disgusting!

BW: Makes you wonder how he wrestles entire matches like that, don't it?

GM: Blackwater Bart, who made his name fighting in South Laredo, is trying to live up to that legacy here tonight to carve out a spot for himself in the Final Four of this tournament.

BW: And he might never admit it, Gordo... but even though he's fought some big names on some big stages before, I think making it to the final night of the AWA World Title Tournament would be the biggest achievement of his career.

[Bart drags Scott up by the back of the trunks, again wrapping his arms around the torso to lift the Hotshot up...

...and DROPS him down with a bone-rattling back suplex!]

GM: Good grief!

[Bart rolls into another press, not bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: He gets one! He gets two! But that's all!

[An annoyed Bart grabs a handful of Scott's hair, hammering his skull with heavy right hands to the dismay of the official who immediately starts a count, forcing him to break off the attack at the count of four...]

GM: Bart's doing a number on Stevie Scott right now with these big right hands and the Hotshot is reeling at this point in the contest.

BW: We're just over five minutes into this one and you have to start wondering how much gas Bart has in the tank after that hard-hitting war with MAMMOTH Maximus, Gordo.

GM: Maximus really did a number on Bart in that match. I can't imagine he'd have a lot of strength left for this Quarterfinal showdown.

[Bart pulls Scott off the mat by the hair, scooping him up, and slamming him down hard on the canvas at his feet. He turns his body slightly, leaping up, and landing a big knee to the heart!]

GM: Ohh! That'll crack a sternum!

[Bart stays kneeling on the chest, gesturing for another count.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- again, the shoulder comes up!

[An angry Bart pushes his knee back and forth, grinding it into the ribs and chest of Scott for some added punishment before the big Texan climbs to his feet, backing off...]

GM: Bart is arguing with the official who didn't like that little extra torture there he put on his opponent... but this is giving Stevie Scott some time to recover...

[Bart leans down, pulling Scott up by the hair again, shoving him back into the corner...]

GM: The Hotshot's backed into the corner and this can't be good for him!

[Bart squares up, throwing a series of hard rights and lefts to the ribs of Scott, battering him back and forth like a heavy bag.]

GM: Good grief! He's all over the ribs!

[But Stevie Scott refuses to back down, grabbing Bart by the hair, and switching him around so that he's standing with his back to the buckles and Scott squares up...]

GM: Right hand to the ribs! Another! Another!

BW: Remember, Bart took the Prehistoric Plunge from Maximus so you gotta think those ribs are pretty banged up right now!

GM: They're going to be a lot more banged up when Stevie Scott finishes with him!

[Giving up on the punches, Scott grabs the top rope and repeatedly throws his knee as hard as he can into the body of Blackwater Bart. The big Texan starts to crumple under the shots, trying to lower his arms to protect the ribs as Scott throws knee after knee after knee into the ribcage before finally being forced out by the referee...]

GM: Marty Meekly forces Stevi- ohh!

[The crowd exclaims along with Gordon as Scott shoves past the official, leaning down to grab the middle rope, and SLAMS his shoulder into the ribs.]

GM: Scott's going right back to work on the ribs! He drives his shoulder in again... now a third time!

[Bart leans against the ropes, barely able to stand as Meekly drags Scott off of him again.]

GM: Marty Meekly's warning him - telling him he'll be disqualified if he keeps this up...

[Scott grabs Bart by the arm this time, whipping him across the ring where Bart slams backfirst into the corner...]

GM: What in the world is Stevie Scott thinking here?!

[With a headful of steam, Scott charges across the ring, lowering himself for a running spear tackle in the corner...]

...but Bart steps aside, allowing Scott to SLAM his shoulder into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! HE HIT THE POST!! HE HIT THE POST!! STEVIE SCOTT MISSED THE TACKLE AND SLAMMED HIS OWN SHOULDER INTO THE RINGPOST!!!

[Bart nods to the few fans still cheering for him as he drags Scott out of the buckles...]

GM: Wait a second!

[The big Texan pulls Scott into a standing headscissors as he turns to face the middle of the ring...]

GM: My stars, Bart's looking to powerbomb him! He's looking for a powerbomb here!

BW: With those ribs all banged up?! There's no way! Absolutely no way, Gordo!

GM: I wouldn't think so but this wild-eyed Texan is gonna try it anyways!

[Bart pauses, taking a few deep breaths before he attempts to hoist Scott into the air...]

...but only gets him a couple feet off the mat before he has to put him down, staggering away clutching his ribs.]

GM: He couldn't get him up, fans! The ribs have taken too much punishment here tonight for Bart to get him up into the air for that powerbomb.

BW: And I've seen Bart use that powerbomb before. If he hits it, it might've been all over for Stevie Scott.

GM: Scott walks up behind Bart now...

[And lands a hooking left hand into the ribs from behind, sending Bart staggering chestfirst into the ropes. Scott again squares up, throwing more hooking left hands to the left side of Bart's ribcage.]

GM: Now Stevie Scott is working the same side of the body that he did in the corner with those knees! He may have had some luck by now in doing some major damage to the ribs - cracked, broken, who knows.

BW: When you have trouble with your ribs like that, Gordo, it is INCREDIBLY hard to breathe. You can bet that Bart is really sucking wind now and having a lot of pain when he does it.

[Pulling Bart away from the ropes towards the center of the ring, Scott ducks down, scooping him up in his arms...]

GM: He's gonna...

[...and SLAMS him down in the middle of the ring!]

GM: Bodyslam! A big slam on the three hundred pounder by Stevie Scott!

BW: If the ribs weren't already hurting, you can bet that they are now!

[Scott drops down, applying his own cover.]

GM: Scott covers for one! He gets two!

[But Bart powers a shoulder off the mat at two.]

BW: Hurt or not, Blackwater Bart ain't gettin' beat with a bodyslam, Gordo.

GM: No, I'd have to agree with you there but making him kick out does take more steam out of the engine of Blackwater Bart who has gotta be close to running on fumes.

[The Hotshot gets up, measuring Bart...

...and then drops down to a knee, smashing his other knee into the exposed ribcage!]

GM: Goodness!

[Bart sits up, cradling his ribs in pain as Stevie retakes his feet, pulling Bart up off the canvas. He steadies the big Texan before spinning around, throwing a back kick into the ribs!]

BW: Rolling sole butt by Scott!

[The blow doubles up Bart again as Scott hooks a front facelock on him, slinging the big man's arm over his neck...]

GM: Suplex coming up!

[Scott tries to get the three hundred pounder up into the air but Bart's weight seems to be too much for him to handle as Bart struggles free, throwing a desperation right hand to the jaw, sending Scott stumbling back to the corner...

...where Bart rushes in, avalanching him into the buckles!]

GM: OHHH! AVALANCHE FROM THE THREE HUNDRED POUNDER!!

[Scott crumples in the buckles, dropping down to his knees as Bart falls back, clutches his ribs, and then falls down to all fours.]

GM: My stars, Blackwater Bart went for a homerun right there and he may have just paid a major price for doing so! That was NOT a smart move in my estimation, Bucky.

BW: It may not have been, no. It was a desperation move. Bart's a veteran - he knew the match was slipping away from him and he saw an opening to do a major bit of damage. Of course, it also hurt him quite a bit as you can see.

GM: We are creeping up on the ten minute mark of this match and as we've said a couple of times now, Blackwater Bart went through a trainwreck of a

battle with MAMMOTH Maximus in the third round to get there. Who knows how much longer he can go through this?

[Scott pulls himself to his feet using the ropes in the corner..

...and quickly spots Bart on all fours, dashing toward him, and throwing himself into an Oklahoma Roll!]

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

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Bart kicks out at two!

BW: But you’ve gotta notice, Gordo, he didn’t have anywhere near the same level of power on the kickouts that he had earlier. Blackwater Bart is starting to wear down for sure.

[Stevie Scott runs a hand through his hair as he kneels on the canvas next to Bart. He grabs a handful of Bart’s hair, rolling him to his stomach...

...and SLAMS the Texan’s skull into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! An IMPACTFUL smash into the mat right there!

[Stevie shoves him back onto his shoulder, attempting another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH- again, the shoulder’s up at two!

BW: But this is what Stevie Scott needs to do, Gordo. He’s got more energy than Bart does at this point. He’s a fresher competitor. He needs to keep landing big shots like this, keep wearing him down. Stevie Scott is on the verge of the Final Four - the Semifinals of this tournament - if he can just keep this up.

[Scott climbs to his feet, stumbling away from Bart to rest against the ropes for a moment. He waves his arms, shouting at the Texan to get back to his feet...]

GM: Stevie wants him up! He may be setting up for something here...

[Bart struggles to his knees, looking up at the Hotshot...

...and spits a mouthful of tobacco juice in his direction!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A defiant stance by Blackwater Bart! A defian-

[Suddenly, Stevie Scott lashes out with a superkick to the jaw of the kneeling Bart!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HEATSEEKER! HEATSEEKER!!

[Scott throws himself over a prone Bart!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: YOU’VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!! HE KICKED OUT OF THAT?!

BW: Incredible!

GM: Blackwater Bart took a full force superkick on the chin while he was kneeling and helpless and somehow, someway... he STILL kicked out! Absolutely astonishing! And Stevie Scott can’t believe it!

[Scott’s on his knees, holding up three fingers to the official who waves him off, showing just two fingers in response.]

GM: Marty Meekly says it was only a two count! Stevie Scott is in shock.

[Shaking his head, the Hotshot climbs to his feet, backing off to the ropes, waving for Bart to get up off the mat again...]

GM: Scott wants him up again! Maybe thinking another Heatseeker here!

BW: Another one?!

[But Bart’s not budging, still down on the canvas. An irate Scott marches over to him, pulling him off the mat...

...and eating a right hand for his efforts!]

GM: Bart’s STILL trying to fight back! Still trying to stay in this thing!

[An angry Scott buries a kick into the injured ribs, turning his back to grab Bart around the head and neck...]

GM: HOTSHOT HAMM- no, Bart shoves him off to the ropes!

[Where Scott rebounds towards the rising Bart who cocks back his right arm, ready to let it fly...]

GM: PIEDRA LARI- ducked by Stevie!

[The Hotshot narrowly avoids having his head removed from his torso with the devastating Piedra Lariat, slamming on the brakes as an off-balance Bart spins around...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HEATSEEKER!! THE SUPERKICK CONNECTS!!!

[Scott falls back onto Bart, tightly hooking a leg.]

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

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers at the sound of the bell as Stevie Scott pushes up to a sitting position, allowing the referee to raise his hand in victory.]

PW: Your winner of the match, moving on to the Semifinals...

“HOTSHOT” STEEEEEEEVIEEEEE SCOOOOOTT!

[The crowd roars again at the announcement as a weary Scott gets back to his feet, waving an arm to the crowd as he looks down at the floored Blackwater Bart.]

GM: What a fight! What a battle it was but in the end, it's the Heatseeker that has Stevie Scott moving on to the Final Four of this tournament! Stevie Scott is the first of four men who will walk into the building tomorrow night with an opportunity to become the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

BW: Bart put up one heck of a fight but in the end, he just couldn't overcome Stevie Scott, Gordo. A lot of people have said that over the years that the AWA has been around and now the Hotshot is just two victories away from the greatest triumph of his career.

GM: Stevie Scott with two big wins tonight here in New Orleans and now he gets to go back to the hotel, rest up a bit, sit back and watch to see who will be left for him to face tomorrow night in what is perhaps the biggest night of his life.

[Scott stands over the prone Bart, hands on his hips...

...and gives the slightest nod of respect before walking to the ropes and exiting the ring.]

GM: Stevie Scott showing that Blackwater Bart, outsider or not, has earned his respect tonight and throughout the course of this grueling tournament. The Hotshot is moving on, fans! Let's go back to the Control Center!

[We crossfade to the back where Stevie Scott's name has been moved into one of four slots under SEMIFINALS. The shot pans back to Mark Stegglet standing alongside Jim Watkins.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Stevie Scott... moving on!

JW: I can't say I'm surprised by that news. I got a little nervous for the Hotshot when he drew Blackwater Bart for the Quarterfinals but if you'd asked me back in May, I would have picked Stevie Scott making the Final Four for sure.

MS: He'll be in action tomorrow night in the Semifinals... but now we have to wait to find out who he'll be facing. But one thing we don't have to wait for is more names for tomorrow night's Rumble!

[Watkins nods.]

JW: I was just informed by the Championship Committee that Rick Marley is the nineteenth man to be added to this year's Rumble. Remember, Marley had a heck of a match with Nenshou earlier and now hopes to win the World Title by winning the Rumble and going on to SuperClash to fight for the biggest prize in our sport.

MS: Anybody else?

JW: Not yet... but I'm pretty sure Bucky Wilde WON'T be entering.

[Stegglet smirks at the comment.]

MS: Nineteen men are in the Rumble... eleven more to come. And three more Quarterfinal matches here to come still tonight! It's been a wild night of action and it's only going to get better, fans! We've gotta take-

[A loud clapping interrupts Pure X - still in ring gear and a towel around his neck - comes in from the right side, looking right at Jim Watkins.]

PX: Congratulations, Jim. Really, congratulations. You got AWA's biggest threat out of the race. Good job. Really.

MS: Pure X, your match is next? Shouldn't you be -

[X turns to Stegglet with narrowed eyes.]

PX: I think Jim here know why I'm here. Week after week, month after month, I've had to field questions about my uncle. I've to explain myself, over and over and over. And you know?

[Pure X shrugs his shoulders.]

PX: I expect that from people who haven't made this sport their life. I expect it from the internet, Wilde, and people like this one right here.

[X juts his thumb in Stegglet's direction,]

PX: I expect it from people like them cause they're instigators... and cowards.

[X lets out a short, incredulous laugh and shakes his head.]

PX: But then I heard the playback just about, what, an hour ago? Right after my match? Between you and this talking head. You questioning me? You THREATENING me?

JW: I -

PX: No! I'm talking here still and you WILL listen because this could be my last time to set the record straight. I came back here with NO contract other than to compete in this tournament. I SIGNED my name to an agreement that, if I won, I'd fulfill any and ALL obligations as the AWA World Champion. And when I give my word - written, no less - I keep it!

Am I technically an "outsider" that your boy Stevie Scott's so intent on taking out? Yeah - I don't have an AWA contract still. But look around - am I wrestling ANYWHERE else? Have I taken on any other obligations? Have I pledged to work anywhere after this tournament's complete?

[X shakes his head.]

PX: Answer's no. The answer's no, Jim. I gave MY trust in the AWA - in YOU, "Big Jim" - and I guess I expected the same in return. I guess I expected more from a man like you...

[Pure X goes to leave, but stops for a second.]

PX: Oh... And if I make it past Sharif next? If I make it to those finals? And I see you even try to meddle in MY match like you've done recently? I won't hesitate for one moment to put you down and crack you in half.

[With that, X leaves, brushing past Watkins as he does, to head out to the ring.]

MS: Fans, we'll be right back as Pure X takes on Sultan Azam Sharif!

[We crossfade away from Mark Stegglet and Jim Watkins to black.]

We fade back up on a shot of "Gold Bomber" Gary Bright, former AWA superstar, standing in front of a mirror in a full double bicep pose, showing off his bodybuilder-esque physique.]

GB: Get up.

[Bright pauses for a few moments.]

GB: I mean it... get your flabby rear end off the couch right now.

[Another couple moments.]

GB: Don't make me come over there.

[He finally nods.]

GB: Now take off that potato chip grease stained t-shirt... you know, the one you wipe your fingers on when they've got Buffalo wing sauce all over 'em. Alright, now stand in front of the mirror...

[Bright's face etches into a look of disgust.]

GB: Ugh. Are you as disgusted by how you look as I am? You all make me sick. You all look a Super Sized meal away from Ebola Zaire's physique.

But I can help.

[Bright's image disappears to show the front of a DVD.]

GB: With the Gold Bomber Workout, you can take your fat and turn it into muscle. Solid muscle. Gary Bright muscle.

The next time you're climbing up the stairs and you feel like your heart is going to explode, you should realize that it probably is.

But with Gary Bright muscle? You can kick your own heart's rear end too!

[We cut back to Bright striking a pose.]

GB: Jealous much? You should be. For only \$29.99, you can get on the Gold Bomber workout plan and make sure that the only man your wife wants to get with is you... and me.

[A big toothy grin.]

GB: Operators are standing by. And if you order now, you get this life-sized cutout of me to inspire you while working out... or to inspire your lady when...

[Somehow the grin gets bigger.]

GB: ...well, you get the idea. Make the call. Now.

[And we fade to black.]

As we fade back up, we find ourselves down at ringside with Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and we are moments away from what promises to be another great contest with the man who is arguably the greatest

technical wrestler in the world, Pure X, taking on the former Olympian Sultan Azam Sharif!

BW: You gotta think this is gonna be an excellent scientific match. Sharif's got some of the best amateur wrestling skills on the planet while Pure X is one of the best technical wizards on the planet. When these two collide, they're going to be like Monet - two artists on the canvas.

GM: And only one of them can advance to the Semifinals - to the Final Four. Who's it gonna be?

BW: Gordo, tell me you're not gonna let this go to the ring without talking about the elephants in the room.

GM: You're referring to what we just heard from Pure X when he was addressing Jim Watkins?

BW: We all know that the AWA brass doesn't want that belt on Sharif. He's only got a couple of months left to use the Steal The Spotlight contract he won back at SuperClash III and he's told the world that if he wins the World Title, he plans to use it to bring the last man to hold the National Title back to the AWA to face him there. That's a given. But this stuff about Pure X?

GM: I noticed you're calling him by his name now.

BW: The man's in the Quarterfinals. I figure he deserves the respect of having me pronounce his name wrong like he wants me to. But what do you think of Jim Watkins speculating that Pure X could somehow be competing in this tournament under the direction of his Uncle?

GM: I think he's wrong.

BW: Just like that?

GM: Just like that. I think Jim Watkins is off the mark on that one for sure. And honestly, YOU were the one who sparked all that discussion anyways!

BW: Hey, I'm just keepin' it real.

GM: I don't know what that means... fans, let's head up to Phil Watson for our next Quarterfinal match!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is a Quarterfinal match in the AWA World Title Tournament!

Introducing first...

[The crowd buzzes as they wait...

...and then the music kicks in. "Saz O Avaz Mahdor" blasting over the PA system to a mixed reaction from the AWA faithful.]

PW: He is accompanied to the ring by Count Adrian Bathwaite...

SULTAN AAAAAZAAAAAM SHAAAARIIIIIF!

[There is another momentary pause before Bathwaite confidently strides through the curtain. In his mid-60s, Bathwaite doesn't take much time to threaten the fans alongside the aisle who are trying to get into his face. He lifts his cane in a menacing gesture and then swings around, pointing it to the entryway where Sultan Azam Sharif walks into view.]

GM: And there he is, fans... the man who walks into the Quarterfinals with victories over the legendary Hamilton Graham, Scotty Mayhem, and Sweet Daddy Williams. Can he win three more matches, Bucky? Three more matches to go from a legendary amateur wrestler to a man who will have the words "World Champion" listed next to his name for the rest of his life.

BW: It's gonna be a tough road for Sharif, Gordo. He's not used to a tournament like this, going through opponent after opponent of different styles and skill levels. Remember, he's still relatively new to the world of professional wrestling so something like this might throw him off his game. Plus, there are a lot of top level talent still left in this thing... a lot of whom would love to score some brownie points with the front office by taking Sharif out if you get my meaning.

GM: You really think the front office would-

BW: You're talking about a front office that made a deal with the Bishop Boys to take out Dave Cooper, Gordo.

GM: That was a... let's say, a rogue element, of the front office. Jim Watkins acted alone on that!

BW: Who's to say he wouldn't do the same thing to Sharif?

GM: He wouldn't if he wants to keep his job - that's for certain.

[While the announcers bantered, Sharif made his way down the aisle, ducking under the ropes to swing the Iranian flag back and forth to more jeers from the crowd.]

GM: The man is extremely proud of his country - you have to give him that.

[The music starts to fade as Sharif hands off the flag to a ringside attendant and start to remove his keffiyeh and bisht. The loudspeakers come back to life with the sounds of Stabbing Westward's "The Thing I Hate" which draws another mixed reaction from the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The curtain parts to reveal the ring technician known as Pure X, standing in his usual attire of dark green baggy pants and a black t-shirt.]

PW: PUUUUUUUUUURE X!

[With a nod to the crowd, X makes his way down the aisle, all business as he keeps his eyes locked on the ring where Sharif has started to pace back and forth with anticipation.]

GM: The fans are a bit mixed on this guy, Bucky.

BW: Who can blame 'em? Pure X has moments where he seems like the wrestling fan's dream come true - a whitebread fan favorite who wants to fight the good fight and make those who disrespect the sport pay for that error in judgment. And then he turns around and berates announcers, executives, and fans for their words. I'm not even sure Pure X knows who Pure X REALLY is on some nights.

[Pure X reaches ringside, grabbing the ropes and pulling himself up on the apron to some cheers. He looks down at Bathwaite warily, keeping an eye on him as he steps through the ropes.]

GM: Pure X very visibly is distracted by Adrian Bathwaite but if he wants to stand a chance against Sharif, he can not be. Absolutely can not be!

BW: That's a major understatement there, Gordo. Sharif can beat any professional wrestler in the world at any time. If you give him an advantage, he will take it for sure.

[X leans back in the buckles, allowing Mickey Meekly to do a quick check of his pants and boots. Sharif is still pacing, listening as Count Adrian Bathwaite does a quick pre-match peptalk...

...and suddenly the bell sounds!]

GM: Here we go!

[Sharif suddenly turns towards Pure X, moving quickly towards him but the man with a bit of Mixed Martial Arts experience pivots away, refusing to be trapped in the corner by the wrestler.]

GM: Pure X spinning out of harm's way there. He knows that Sharif is going to look to try to use his amateur wrestling background to his advantage to muscle Pure X around in this one.

BW: Remember, Pure X spent some time in the world of MMA, Gordo. He knows how this game is played.

[Sharif again looks to get squared up on Pure X but X scampers to the side, throwing a couple of jabs to keep Sharif at bay. Sharif avoids those, staying back but keeps moving, moving, moving towards X...]

GM: Sharif's looking for an opening... trying to find-

BW: He shoots!

[Showing the skills that made him an Olympian, Sharif lunges in deep on Pure X, hooking a leg. Pure X puts an arm on the back of Sharif's head and neck, trying to push him down to the mat.]

GM: Pure X is trying to... what's the term they use in MMA?

BW: He's trying to stuff the takedown, Gordo.

GM: That's right. Thanks, Bucky. He's trying to stuff the takedown here, prevent Sharif from getting under him...

[With X pushing down on his head and neck, Sharif releases his grip on the leg, backing off. The crowd cheers the exchange as Sharif swings his arms back and forth in front of him, loosening up for more action as he and Pure X circle one another...]

GM: Back on their feet now... still looking for an opening on the other...

[Pure X lunges forward with a leaping knee that Sharif sidesteps, grabbing a rear waistlock on Pure X...]

GM: He caught him!

[X struggles to find a way out before Sharif lifts him high into the air, dumping him down facefirst on the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Big waistlock takedown by Sharif!

[Sharif moves to take advantage of it but his age slows him a little bit, trying to flatten Pure X out for a front facelock but X grabs the wrist, spinning out of it into a grounded hammerlock. He pushes up on the arm, causing Sharif to claw at the canvas...]

GM: A nice reversal by Pure X...

[X slips out of the hammerlock, sliding up into a side headlock, leaning on the neck of Sharif to push his face into the mat.]

BW: Now that's a very painful hold there. It may not look like much. A lot of guys use the side headlock to catch their breath but don't take full advantage of what it can do for them. Right here, Pure X is leaning on the neck, really cranking on it... he's also pushing Sharif's face into the mat which makes it tough for Sharif to breathe. The Sultan will use a lot of energy trying to get out of this one, I promise you that.

[Rising to his knees, Sharif pushes up, trying to escape the hold as Pure X keeps cranking on it to keep it tight. From a kneeling position, Sharif smashes two short forearms into the ribs.]

GM: Sharif's trying to fight his way out of this...

[Sharif surges to his feet, arms wrapped around the torso of Pure X...

...but X tightens up on the headlock, taking Sharif back down to his knees.]

GM: There we see a little bit of what you were saying, Bucky.

BW: That's right. A lot of guys would've given up the hold there and gone up for the suplex or gotten shoved off into the ropes. But Pure X refused, tightened the hold up, and put Sharif right back down on the mat.

[The referee checks in to see if Sharif wants to submit but waves it off as Bathwaite again shouts instructions from outside the ring.]

BW: This is the kind of match that Pure X should wrestle if he wants to win this thing.

[Pure X again takes a few shots to the ribs as Sharif gets back to his feet, backing up to the ropes...

...where he attempts to throw off X who again tightens up on the hold, holding his ground in the center of the ring!]

GM: Pure X keeps the hold applied... and a textbook headlock takedown there!

[Sharif rolls with the momentum, dragging Pure X onto his shoulders for a one count before X rolls back the other way.]

GM: The hold is still applied down on the mat again with Pure X rolling out of that pinning predicament.

BW: I'm telling you, Gordo. These people in the crowd might start to get restless at action like this but this is Pure X executing a very sound strategy to try and wear down Sharif. Sharif's got a whole lot of muscles, right? He likes to pose for the cameras?

GM: Of course.

BW: Well, those muscles take a whole lot of oxygen to keep them going and pretty soon if Pure X keeps up an attack like this, Sharif's going to be sucking wind, I promise you that.

[Sharif wraps his arms around the torso again, rolling Pure X to his shoulders for a two count this time before Pure X rolls back to his rear, cranking on the headlock.]

GM: Bathwaite is shouting at Sharif now... obviously upset at the early moments of this one.

BW: This couldn't have been the gameplan for Bathwaite and Sharif at all.

GM: Obviously not.

[A couple more shots to the ribs gives a little bit of daylight in the side headlock, enough for Sharif to wedge his arm up in between Pure X's arm and Sharif's head.]

GM: Sharif's looking for a way out of this...

[Sharif suddenly pushes the arm back, breaking the hold. He scrambles, trying to get a grip on Pure X but the smaller man is too quick, getting to his feet before Sharif can attack.]

GM: Pure X pulls out of there in a hurry! Once he felt the headlock go, he knew it was time to bail out and regroup, fans.

[An annoyed Sharif rolls out to the floor, huddling up with Bathwaite who whispers something to his charge.]

GM: What could Bathwaite possibly be telling him right now?

BW: It's gotta be some brilliant strategy knowing Adrian!

GM: I'm sure.

[Sharif nods at Bathwaite's instructions, pulling himself up on the apron at the referee's five count and ducking back through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Both men back in now...

[And right into a collar and elbow tieup!]

GM: They meet in the center, jockeying for position...

[But Sharif's power gives him an edge, forcing Pure X back into the corner.]

GM: The referee's calling for a break here... looking to-

[Sharif instantly breaks and then throws a big knee into the ribs of Pure X.]

GM: Ohh! Sharif with a knee on the break!

[Grabbing the top rope, Sharif lays in a few more big knees to the body of the smaller man before grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip by Sharif sends Pure X hard into the corner...

[Sharif dashes across the ring towards the technician who raises both legs, catching a charging Sharif right on the shoulder with his boots!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him coming in!

[Pure X steps out of the corner, grabbing the right arm of Sharif and executing an armtwist...]

GM: Pure X grabs hold of an arm into an armbar... and then takes him down to the mat with an armdrag!

[Keeping ahold of the arm, X takes a knee, pushing the knee into the shoulder joint of Sharif!]

GM: X moves swiftly off the headlock into an armbar. The man knows a lot of different ways to punish an opponent on the mat and this is just one of them.

BW: This is a real smart one too though, Gordo, because a lot of Sharif's offense revolves around his big lifts and throws. That takes a lot of strength in the arms and if X executes an attack on the arms, Sharif may not have that power when he needs it.

[A surprised Sharif struggles up to a knee again, throwing a couple of right hands into the midsection of the standing Pure X...

...and then slams his own head into Pure X's gut!]

GM: Ohh, that'll break the hold!

[Getting back to his feet, Sharif hooks a gutwrench, hoisting Pure X into the sky...

...and violently throwing him down to the canvas!]

GM: BIG gutwrench suplex by Sharif!

[The powerful Iranian grappler slaps his own pectorals a couple of times as Pure X rolls a few feet away, getting to his knee as quickly as he can as Bathwaite shouts at Sharif to pursue.]

GM: Sharif might have gotten a little overconfident there after that powerful suplex but now he's moving in...

[Sharif throws a big hooked boot towards the chest of the kneeling Pure X who catches the leg, getting to his feet with the foot and leg trapped under his arm...

...and simply extends his own leg, pushing back to take Sharif back down to the canvas!]

GM: Back heel trip by Pure X...

[He uses his right foot to pin the left ankle to the canvas as he twists the right ankle with his hands.]

GM: Pure X twisting the ankle...

BW: This isn't the traditional way he'd apply The X but it's a variation of an anklelock nonetheless that will start to soften up Sharif for that hold.

[Sharif wriggles his foot out from under Pure X's, lifting the leg and delivering a hard upkick to the chest that breaks the hold, knocking Pure X down on his rear end.]

GM: Sharif gets out of the hold quickly, knowing the danger he's in when Pure X has him in ANY kind of submission hold.

[Both men scramble to their feet...

...and Sharif ducks low, throwing himself in for another takedown attempt. Pure X drops to both knees, pushing down hard.]

GM: X is trying to stuff the takedown again...

[Fighting for position, X shifts to the side, wrapping his arms around the left arm of Sharif and scissoring the right arm between his legs, dragging the kneeling Sharif down into a crucifix!]

GM: Early cradle gets one! Gets two!

[But Sharif shakes out of the hold, again trying to get to his feet before X does but he gets caught with a hard elbow shot across the back of the head, knocking him down to a knee!]

GM: Oh! Pure X caught him coming up with an elbow... front facelock locked in now...

[Holding Sharif in a front facelock, X delivers a pair of hard rising knees to the upper body. He's about to throw a third when Sharif grabs the rising leg with both arms...]

GM: Sharif blocks the knee and-

[Sharif climbs straight up to his feet, holding Pure X over his shoulder while still gripping the wriggling leg with his powerful arms...]

GM: Wow! Look at the power of Sharif!

[...and then falls back in a modified Northern Lights Suplex, bouncing Pure X off the canvas. Sharif doesn't bother with a bridge though, rotating around to make a North-South pin attempt.]

GM: Sharif gets one! He gets two!

[Pure X lifts a shoulder off the mat to break the count. Sharif pushes up to all fours, bringing his own knee up hard into Pure X's raised shoulder!]

BW: Sharif would do well to go fast on the attack right now. That suplex might have knocked the wind out of Pure X 'cause he hit real hard, Gordo.

[With Pure X still down and hurt, Sharif climbs to his feet, laying in a trio of hooked boots to the chest before he stands over him, leaps high, and buries the point of his elbow into the chest!]

GM: Ohh! High leaping elbowdrop by Sharif!

[Sharif rolls into another cover, gaining another two count before Pure X slips a shoulder free again.]

GM: Sharif bringing Pure X back to his feet...

[A hard forearm across the back of the head and neck sends Pure X falling forward into the ropes. Sharif keeps the attack coming, raining down forearms to the back which forces Pure X down to a knee on the mat.]

GM: Sharif's bringing the high impact offense to bear on Pure X, really knocking him out of his mat wrestling gameplan...

[Grabbing Pure X by the feet, Sharif lifts him up. X hangs onto the ropes, trying to keep out of Sharif's attack range...

...and earns a hard hooked boot to the midsection!]

GM: Ohhh! And with those questionably-legal boots on Sultan Azam Sharif, a blow like that can do some damage, fans!

BW: Questionably-legal?! You think the Championship Committee would let him wear those boots if they weren't legal?!

GM: I bet I could find something wrong with 'em.

[With Pure X down on the mat, Sharif stomps him repeatedly, forcing him under the ropes and out to the ring apron.]

GM: Pure X rolls out to the apron, trying to get some distance between he and Sharif...

[Sharif reaches over the ropes, dragging Pure X back to his feet and into a side waistlock...]

GM: He's gonna bring Pure X in the hard way!

[Sharif lifts Pure X up for a back suplex but X flips right over the top, landing on his feet behind Sharif...

...and leaping into the air, snapping a boot off the side of Sharif's face as he turns!]

GM: OHH! KICK TO THE HEAD!!

[The blow dropped Sharif down to the canvas, allowing Pure X to roll him to his back...]

GM: Pure X scores a one! A two! And that's all!

[Sharif's shoulder comes off the mat after the enzuigiri.]

GM: Pure X only gets a two count there...

[Climbing back to his feet, Pure X grabs Sharif by the ankle, dragging him away from the ropes to the middle of the ring where he lays in a series of kicks to the back of the leg.]

GM: Pure X switching now to the leg... he's worked his way down the body...

BW: But you always knew he'd end up at the leg 'cause that's where he needs to be to soften up for the X.

[Holding the boot in his hands, Pure X flips over Sharif, snapping the hamstring hard!]

GM: Ohhh! That'll leave you hobbling!

[Sharif flails about in pain on the mat as Pure X climbs back to his feet. He again grabs the foot, looking to strike once more as Sharif lands a few more upkicks but fails to knock Pure X away.]

GM: Sharif's trying to get out of this but...

[The crowd cheers as Pure X flips Sharif over into a single leg Boston Crab!]

GM: The single leg Crab... some people call it an Achilles Lock...

BW: I like the single leg version of the Boston Crab because it gives you more flexibility as to where you go next. Do you pop down into an STF? Do you grab the other leg for the traditional Boston Crab?

[Pure X lays in a series of kicks to the back of the head, stomping Sharif as he wrenches back on the leg...]

GM: Or do you kick someone in the back of the head?

BW: Exactly!

[The referee drops down to his knees, checking to see if Sharif wants to submit as he's repeatedly kicked in the head. As Sharif shouts a refusal, X wraps the leg up, dropping down into an STF!]

GM: Well, you called that one, Bucky!

[Pure X hooks the chinlock that goes with the toehold, pulling back on the neck of Sharif while wrenching his leg.]

GM: Pure X is gonna try to tear that leg right out while bending the neck back at the same time. An absolutely punishing hold applied by the technician right here.

BW: And just like every move you see Pure X lock on, this one is expertly executed!

[X wrenches on the neck, torquing it back as Sharif looks for an escape...

...and powers his way to the ropes, grabbing the bottom one to force a break.]

GM: The referee's count hits three before Pure X breaks the hold, pulling Sharif back to his feet...

[A big knife-edge chop hits the mark, knocking Sharif back into the ropes. He grabs the Sultan by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Sharif!

[Pure X bounces off the far side, leaping over a doubled-up Sharif attempting a backdrop...]

GM: Sunset flip! Sharif's hanging on! Trying to stay standing!

[The Pennsylvania native pulls and pulls and pulls, trying to drag Sharif off his feet to the mat...

...when Sharif suddenly STOMPS down hard on the face of X, breaking up the effort!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: That's one way to block a sunset flip!

[Sharif promptly leaps up, dropping a knee across the chest of Pure X and shouting at the official to count.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[But the lackadaisical pin attempt costs Sharif as Pure X lifts both legs, hooking Sharif around the arm, pulling him down to the mat...

...as Pure X grabs the foot of the leg that was pushed down on his chest!]

GM: ANKLELOCK!

BW: Again, this isn't the standing anklelock that we're used to seeing from Pure X but it's got Sharif in a world of trouble! He went for a kind of

arrogant pin attempt with the kneedrop and ends up trapped in Pure X's anklelock!

[The crowd is buzzing as Sharif pounds on the canvas, clawing at it with both hands as Bathwaite races around the ring, camping out with a clear view of Sharif and encouraging him to get to the ropes...]

GM: The referee is standing right there, making sure that Sharif doesn't submit... and probably also making sure that Bathwaite doesn't do anything illegal to help Sharif escape the hold!

[As the official turns his head to ask Sharif if he wants to give up, Bathwaite pushes the bottom rope towards Sharif with both hands...

...and when the referee wheels around, he sees a shaking bottom rope that Bathwaite released mere moments before being caught!]

GM: He's trying to push the rope into Sharif! Trying to help him escape!

BW: The ref didn't see it and quite frankly, neither did I! I think you might be making it up, Gordo!

GM: I assure you that I am not!

[Pure X hangs on, swinging his legs up to scissor Sharif's leg, allowing him more time to focus on twisting the ankle trapped in his grip...

...but Sharif grabs the bottom rope again!]

GM: He gets to the ropes again! Pure X has gotta break the hold!

[X promptly releases the hold but then grabs the leg again, trying to drag Sharif away from the ropes. The Iranian grappler manages to get up his free foot, bouncing up and down as Pure X tries to pull him free to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Sharif's trying to hang on... he's trying to stay-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A desperate Sharif uses the ropes to leap into the air, snapping his hooked boot off the back of Pure X's skull!]

GM: MY STARS!!

BW: Sharif scores with an enzuigiri of his own!

GM: And with those hooked boots, he might have knocked him out cold!

[Bathwaite is thinking the same thing, screaming at Sharif to make a cover.]

GM: Sharif's crawling towards him... a lunging cover!

[With just an arm draped over the chest, Pure X is again able to kick out before the three count to the dismay of Count Adrian Bathwaite who hammers his open palms into the ring apron. He's shouting at Sharif as the Iranian grappler pushes up to his knees, nodding at his manager as he climbs to his feet.]

GM: Sharif's back up now, dragging Pure X up off the mat...

[The crowd buzzes as Sharif wraps his powerful arms around the waist of Pure X from behind...]

GM: He hooks him!

[...and LAUNCHES Pure X into the air, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck with a bridging German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might do it, fans! That might be it for Pure X!

[The official dives to the canvas to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[At the last possible moment, Pure X's body convulses, breaking up the pin attempt to the cheers of a decent-sized part of the crowd!]

GM: Pure X kicks out just BARELY in time, fans! Sharif almost had him right there! We're past the twelve minute mark in this one and both of these men have to start thinking about tomorrow night.

BW: You CAN'T start thinking about tomorrow night, Gordo. You can't think about anything but the man standing across the ring from you at that moment in time. When you do, that's when you end up laid out and beaten.

[Sharif climbs to his feet, delivering a few stomps to the lower back of Pure X. He uses the back of the baggy pants to drag Pure X to his feet, lifting him in his powerful arms in a side lift and dropping him across a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Backbreaker!

[At a shout from Bathwaite, Sharif rolls Pure X onto his stomach, turning him the right direction as he starts to settle in...]

GM: Sharif's looking for the Camel Clutch!

[But Pure X feels it coming, rolling to his back. He swings both legs up, catching Sharif with a kick to the back that throws him off-balance, allowing Pure X to grab a leg, rolling right through into a single leg Boston Crab!]

GM: Ohho! Right back to the Crab!

[The crowd cheers for the impressive counter as Pure X straightens up, yanking on the bent leg as Sharif tries to get to the ropes again. He quickly gets close...

...which causes Pure X to switch his stance, again raining down stomps to the back of the skull!]

GM: X is trying to kick him into oblivion! The referee's right down there on the mat to check for a submission...

[Sharif muscles his arms underneath him into a pushup, causing Pure X to release the hold, stumbling away. Sharif quickly gets his legs under him as well as Pure X moves back in...

...and ERUPTS into a double leg, hoisting Pure X up off the canvas, spinning once, and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a thunderous slam!]

GM: OHHH! BIG TIME AMATEUR TAKEDOWN BY SHARIF!!

[But as he executes the big slam, Sharif exposes his neck, allowing Pure X to sink in a guillotine choke, raising his legs into a bodyscissors at the same time!]

GM: X HAS GOT HIM HOOKED!!

[Sharif immediately starts to struggle, feeling the blood pumping to his brain starting to slow...

...and then muscles Pure X back up off the mat, the hold still applied!]

GM: Pure X is hanging on! He's trying to put Sharif to sleep with this hold!

[Sharif sets his feet...

...and HURLS Pure X overhead, sending him CRASHING spinefirst into the buckles with a released overhead throw!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[A shocked Pure X is dragged out of the corner by Sharif. Pure X is down on all fours on the canvas, stunned by the powerful counter when Sharif suddenly reaches down, hooking a gutwrench...]

GM: What in the...?

[...and DEADLIFTS Pure X up off the mat, twisting him in the air, and sitting out with him in a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

BW: That's it!

GM: That's gotta be it! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

[The crowd reacts with a bit of surprise as Sharif rolls to his feet, raising his arms in victory as Adrian Bathwaite celebrates out on the floor.]

GM: Sharif scores with a gutwrench sitting powerbomb... I don't think we've ever seen that from him before, Bucky!

BW: Not just a gutwrench powerbomb, Gordo... he actually lifted Pure X off the ground into the gutwrench! That's pure power right there, daddy!

GM: Sharif is victorious, moving on to tomorrow's Quarterfinals.

BW: That's gotta make some folks in the front office uneasy, Gordo.

GM: You may be right about that. Sultan Azam Sharif is suddenly two victories away from the World Heavyweight Title... and what could be sheer chaos if he does with his Steal The Spotlight contract what he's stated he'll do if he wins this whole thing.

[The camera holds on Sharif and Bathwaite making their exit from the building as Pure X sits up on the mat, holding the back of his head.]

GM: It's gotta be a disappointing loss for Pure X, so close yet so far away from the AWA World Title. But this young man has a bright, bright future in this business and I hope that we see that future take place here in the AWA, Bucky.

BW: One of the best in the world sitting on that mat right there - no doubt.

GM: Fans, let's go backstage to the Control Center!

[We crossfade backstage where Sultan Azam Sharif's name has been slid into the Semifinal column.]

MS: There you have it, fans. After starting with sixty-four men, we've now got two men in the Final Four of this tournament. Stevie Scott and Sultan Azam Sharif can now sit back to wait and see who will be joining them in the Semifinals tomorrow night. Will it be the One Man Revolution, William Craven, or the former Combat Corner student, Supreme Wright? And in perhaps the most intriguing match of the Quarterfinals - James Monosso is going to meet his fellow Unholy Alliance competitor, the enigmatic Nenshou! We've got a lot of action still to come but right now, let's hear from one of the men who will be stepping into the ring in mere moments. Standing by with my good friend, Jason Dane... it's Supreme Wright!

[We open up backstage in one of the dressing rooms, where we see Jason Dane approaching Supreme Wright. Wright is seated on a bench, icing down his right knee.]

JD: How's your leg holding up?

[Supreme doesn't bother looking up, answering in a sarcastic tone.]

SW: Never felt better.

[Dane is silent for a moment, before addressing Wright again.]

JD: Supreme...you may have very well saved this company, tonight. I know you haven't always had the best relationship with the AWA, but I there's many of us here that want to express our gratitude to you...

[He extends his hand to Wright.]

JD: ...myself, included.

[Supreme stares at Dane's hand for moment, before lowering his head and laughing.]

SW: All I did was win one match, Mr. Dane...my work ain't done yet; Not by a longshot. But if you wanna' shake my hand to congratulate me on a hard-fought victory...then I'm more than happy to oblige.

[Wright smirks and takes Dane's hand, shaking it.]

JD: And you're right...your work is far from done. You may have stopped Dave Cooper and Royalty, but now you have to face William Craven and the full brunt of his hardcore revolution. Actually, you specifically ASKED to face William Craven. Considering the condition of your knee, I have to wonder if...

[Wright cuts him off right there.]

SW: NO EXCUSES.

If I lose to Mr. Craven, it just means I wasn't good enough.

JD: But of all the people to choose, why place yourself in the path of THAT monster?

SW: What am I, Mr. Dane? What am I here to do? What do I want to be?

[Supreme doesn't even wait for a response, answering the questions, himself.]

SW: I'm a wrestler. I'm here to WRESTLE. I'm here to be the greatest damn WRESTLER in the world.

[He narrows his gaze at Dane.]

SW: And you're gonna' stand there and ask me why I want to face William Craven and that garbage that he stands for?

[He slowly shakes his head.]

SW: Violence, extreme, hardcore...The Empire?

[Supreme turns his head and spits.]

SW: It's not coming back.

I'll make DAMN sure of it.

[He looks up, staring directly into the camera.]

SW: Your revolution is over, Mr. Craven.

[A fierce grin.]

SW: I AM the revolution.

[Fade to black.

We fade to commercial to find a giant Kingsley Online Entertainment logo. A voiceover begins.]

VO: We live in an online world.

[A shot of a young child on his laptop computer.]

VO: Today, you are more likely to watch a television show on your computer or mobile device than you are an actual television.

[A family gathered around an iPad with an elderly couple.]

VO: Video chat is no longer an element of science fiction - it is reality. It is now.

[A young girl plays a video game with body movements.]

VO: The future is before us. The future is around us. The future is...

[The Kingsley Online Entertainment logo appears once more.]

VO: ...Kingsley.

[Fade to black.

And then back up to live action... back to Jason Dane to be precise.]

JD: Welcome back, fans, it's certainly been a wild ride so far and Blood, Sweat and Tears continues to roll on! The World Title Tournament takes center stage as the Elite Eight have been filled and the favorites are named. From the beginning, my guest at this time has been called one of those favorites and, now, as the field narrows, his name is still on the minds of many oddsmakers. This is the "One Man Revolution" ... William Craven.

[Stepping in from stage right comes the hulking lump of green scar tissue just named. Flicking his split tongue between his sharpened teeth he snarls, voice dripping with bile.]

WC: I will say this for you, Dane ... you are persistent. What would you have of me now?

JD: What ... what else, Bill--uh, Mr. Craven? The World Title Tournament! You've advanced again, outlasting 56 other men thusfar, defeating each of your opponents in the first three rounds in decisive fashion and you're creating quite a buzz for yourself.

WC: Buzz? Buzz...

[Incredulous, Craven shakes his head.]

WC: I've no interest in the attentions of the hoi polloi, Dane. I seek only to work my ways upon the AWA and see the Revolution come to it's natural conclusion. They that would deny me as yet fail to see the bigger picture. Men such as Supernova prove to be nearly more trouble than they are worth and Travis Lynch is worth less than nothing. I gave him every opportunity out there, Dane. He all but spat in my face but even that would have been preferable than the forced and peaceful "offense" he inflicted on me and those that bore witness to our battle.

I gave him a weapon and all the time in the world to use it... Why would he balk?

JD: With all due respect, Mr. Craven, the man was just showing good sportsmanship and adhering to the rules of the match.

WC: RULES!? Again I must hear of rules! Enough talk of rules when the rules of engagement favor my cause! What the referee cannot see he WILL not enforce! Travis must have known this and yet he did nothing. I did not beat him, Dane! HE LAID DOWN AT MY FEET! He refused to engage...

JD: But ... but aren't you the one who didn't fight back most of the match?

[Tensing up, rage marring his already twisted face, Craven bends to come eye-to-eye with Jason Dane.]

WC: I offered up my neck up to my opponent and dared him to let fly with the guillotine. I did this to further the cause of the violence. Never forget

this. On his refusal ... I ended poor little Travis' hope of claiming the crown. If not for Supernova...

JD: If not for Supernova?

WC: Heh. He's coming along nicely, isn't he? When finally he _snaps_ ... I imagine the rest will come crashing down. He's like a keystone, Dane. He's the AWA's keystone. Win Supernova to the Revolution ... and the Revolution will be completed.

JD: At AWA Homecoming you'll be facing Supernova again. Care to comment on that?

WC: What more can I say that hasn't been said? Supernova wishes to face me, to feel once more the violence. Challenges come from all directions as people realize, more and more, who holds the power in AWA. I have gathered it unto myself and will continue to do so until the Revolution is complete.

JD: And what about Supreme Wright? Another man who has expressed a desire to meet you in the ring and, in fact, has been granted a match with you in the quarterfinals of the AWA World Title tournament.

[Eyes narrowing, Craven sneers.]

WC: What of him?

JD: He's ... your next opponent? Wright is an accomplished grappler and expert technician--

WC: SO! WAS! I! In my salad days I tumbled upon the mat and twisted my victims into works of modern art but, as time wore on, I realized that there were more tools available than what was done before. I innovated. I evolved. Seventeen years later I am the Avatar of Violence, Dane! Wright will try to match that. Wright will fail.

In the end ... the crown will be mine, the AWA will belong to the Revolution and as the sun sets on the golden age of "Old School" the remnants left behind will weep for it's passing. Meanwhile the chosen champions for Old School will cling to life, trying to find their roles in the new landscape. Men like Wright. Wright will evolve ... or Wright will die.

[Dane swallows hard; almost cartoonishly hard.]

JD: Die? How do you mean?

[Grinning, Craven pats Dane on the head--]

WC: Jason. Poor, little Jason--

[--before gripping him by the hair.]

WC: I mean ... what I say. If Wright means what _he_ says then he will never be a part of the Revolution. Not part of the solution ... he must be a part of the problem!

JD: Ack! Ow!

[Smirking, Craven releases the interviewer.]

WC: Now, little cipher, do not call on me again unless you have something to add to the narrative.

[More patting. Craven departs the way he came. Dane is red-faced, rubbing at his scalp as he shakes his head and we crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is a Quarterfinal match in the AWA World Title Tournament! Introducing first...

[The name "Craven" forms on the arena's big screen out of a reverberating red line usually associated with a biofeedback machine as "Forsaken" by David Draiman plays']

PW: Hailing from Detroit, Michigan. He is the self-proclaimed One Man Revolution...

WILLLLLLLLIAAAAAM CRAAAAAAAAVENNN!

[The green man beast comes to the ring wearing black vinyl slacks, red gauze on his hands and feet, and a black ring robe. Brandishing his bo'ken, he poses for the crowd before turning, ready for his match.]

GM: William Craven's hardcore revolution would certainly get a major boost if he were to walk out of New Orleans this weekend with the World Heavyweight Title around his waist, Bucky.

BW: It would. The World Champion always holds a lot of power. Would you put it past Craven to demand that all his title defense be held under no-disqualification rules?

GM: The Championship Committee would certainly be able to refuse a demand like that but it would make things very awkward between the champion and the front office. And if Craven goes too far one night, the AWA would be put in a bad situation if the World Title was around his waist.

[Craven drops the wooden sword out on the apron, pulling off his black ring robe and glaring down the aisle to wait for his opponent as the sounds of "Step Into A World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One kicks in over the PA system to a loud cheer.]

PW: And his opponent... from Baton Rouge, Louisiana...

[Bigger cheer from the home state crowd!]

PW: SUUUUUPREEEEEEME WRIIIIIIGHT!

[The curtain parts as Supreme Wright walks into view, glaring down the aisle at his chosen opponent. An expression resembling a smile briefly crosses his face as he takes it all in...

...and then starts the walk down the aisle.]

GM: If you want to take a man who has gone from one of the most hated men in the tournament to quite possibly one of the most popular over the course of the past few months, Supreme Wright would be that man.

BW: When he first showed up, he was known to the fans by the guy who took the training that the AWA offered him in the Combat Corner and then walked away to ply his trade in the first competitor to offer him a spot. He's worked in Las Vegas and now holds gold in Phoenix... but there is no doubt that he'd trade all of that in a heartbeat to hold the World Title that is three victories away.

GM: You have to be impressed by his determination, his focus, his desire to be the best and what more - to FACE the best. He insulted Jeff Matthews to try and bring the best out of the Hall of Famer. And tonight, he specifically asked to face Craven right here and now.

[Wright reaches the ring, giving a glare to Craven as he steps through the ropes into the ring...

...and doesn't hesitate a single moment as he marches across the ring, bumping chests with Craven!]

GM: Look at that! Sheer guts right there!

BW: Craven may take some of his guts out to show them to him if he keeps it up, Gordo.

[Wright is immediately on the attack with his mouth, dropping some verbal jabs that the camera can't pick up.]

GM: How much would you love to be able to read lips right now, fans?

BW: What could he possibly have to say?

[Wright continues to run his mouth as the nervous official turns, calling for the bell as an irritated Craven reaches up, piefacing Wright away from him!]

GM: Oh! Craven shoves him back and-

[And Wright spins around, rushing in, leaping up and smashing Craven in the jaw with a forearm!]

GM: Ohh! Leaping forearm shot by Supreme Wright!

[The crowd cheers as Wright grabs Craven by the head, pasting him over and over with forearms on the jaw that sends Craven falling back into the corner.]

GM: Wright's on the attack early! He wants to make sure he gets a chance to assert himself physically in the early moments of this one.

BW: It's a good idea because some guys get in there with Craven looking to start slow and just never get started because he mows them down at HIS first chance.

[Wright is about to deliver another forearm shot when Craven lashes out with a headbutt right to the middle of Wright's face!]

GM: Oh! Craven fights back!

[Using the momentary stunning, Craven grabs Wright by the arm, yanking him into the corner as the One Man Revolution steps out. Turning his back on Wright, Craven lashes out backwards with a stiff elbow to the ear!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Craven's turned it around... those elbows are vicious!

[Craven lands three brutal elbows RIGHT on the ear of Supreme Wright before he turns around to face his victim, grabbing his arm...]

GM: Craven sends Wright across... now coming in after him...

[Wright raises his knees in the corner, catching the charging Craven with both knees in the chest, sending him spinning away out of the buckles.]

GM: Craven got caught!

[Wright reaches out, hooking a rear waistlock. The crowd begins to buzz as Wright swings Craven around, facing the corner...]

GM: Wright's looking for a suplex here!

[But before he can execute it, Wright gets caught again with another back elbow to the ear. He releases the hold, reaching up to grab at his ear as an angry Craven swings around, grabbing Wright by his long hair...]

...and DRILLS him with a rising kneelift on the jaw that knocks Wright flat on the canvas!]

GM: The big knee connects and down goes Wright!

[Seething, Craven drops to his knees and wraps his hands around the throat of his opponent!]

GM: Craven goes right to the choke, pressing his thumbs into the windpipe! He's not wasting any time in breaking the rules in this one, Bucky.

BW: Why should he? He wants to get this one over with so he can go sit in the locker room and get ready for tomorrow night. If he can choke Wright into oblivion, even better.

[The referee's count reaches four before Craven lets go of the choke...

...and then immediately hooks it again!]

GM: He's got it hooked in again! Come on, ref!

BW: Meekly's in there counting. What more do you want from him?

GM: The referee has it fully within his discretion to disqualify for repeated offenses even if the hold is being broken at four.

BW: You want him to disqualify Craven for choking someone?! You're a real loon, Gordon Myers.

[Craven breaks again at the count of four, leaving Wright gasping for air on the mat as the One Man Revolution gets back to his feet, glaring at the jeering crowd.]

GM: Craven's back on his feet, pacing around Wright... almost stalking the man.

[Craven backs into the ropes, bouncing off...

...and DROPS 320 pounds down on the chest of Wright with a leaping splash!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Supreme Wright is giving up about a hundred pounds to Craven and he felt all hundred pounds and then some on that splash. But Craven doesn't even attempt a cover... not even a thought in his mind.

GM: I'd hate to try and figure out what thoughts are in William Craven's mind.

[Craven pushes up to his knees, taking a mount on Wright, hammering him with right hands to the dismay of the official who tries to get Craven under control.]

GM: Another count by Mickey Meekly...

[Suddenly, Craven pauses for a moment, glaring at the official who warns him about the closed fists...

...when suddenly Wright swings his legs up, hooking a triangle choke on Craven!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa!

BW: That's a chokehold out of nowhere! But it's not a choke that cuts off the air, it's a choke that cuts off the flow of blood to the head - like a sleeperhold - and that makes it totally legal!

GM: Craven didn't see that one coming as Wright uses a move straight out of the world of Mixed Martial Arts to try and end this thing in a hurry!

[Craven struggles against the hold, obviously unsure of how to escape this unusual hold...

...and just digs his fingers into the eyes, raking across them to force Wright to break the hold!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Craven gets back to his feet, rubbing his neck a bit before lashing out with a series of brutal kicks to the back of Wright, forcing him to roll under the ropes to the ring apron.]

GM: Wright's trying to get out of there after a series of chokes and eyegouges and all sorts of illegal activity from Craven.

BW: You know, Gordo, I wonder if Craven even realizes this stuff is illegal.

GM: Huh?

BW: Well, he thinks that the AWA should be pulled into the world of extreme... of hardcore... right?

GM: Right.

BW: And we all know that he's pretty far gone, right?

GM: Absolutely right.

BW: What if he doesn't even realize the stuff he's doing is illegal?!

GM: I don't buy that for a second.

[Craven clings to the top rope, smashing his heel down into the ribs of Wright repeatedly, driving him out to the floor.]

GM: Wright's down on the floor now, trying to get away from Craven but that's not going to work because the Motor City Madman is going out after him, fans!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Craven drops down to the floor, pulling Wright up by the arm...]

GM: Oh my... watch out, fans!

[Craven FLINGS Wright towards the steel barricade, sending him running the half the length of the ringside area towards it...]

...but Wright drops into a baseball slide, putting on the brakes!]

GM: Wright blocks it! Wright drops down and stops his momentum cold!

[Craven, obviously angered by his failed offense, rushes towards Wright as Wright tries to get back to his feet...]

...and EXPLODES from his knees, catching the incoming Craven with a stiff European uppercut!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!!

[Craven stumbles back, shocked by the ferocity of the blow as Wright steps forward, wrapping his arms around the waist like in a bearhug...]

GM: Wright's gonna-

BW: No way!

[But the technician knows how to use a larger man's size against him, getting low enough for the proper leverage...]

...and CHUCKS Craven overhead, smashing down on the barely padded floor with a belly-to-belly throw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!!!

[The crowd is rumbling with excitement as Craven BOUNCED off the floor, curling up in a ball out on the concrete as Wright gets to his feet, giving a shout to the crowd as he turns back towards the downed Craven.]

GM: Supreme Wright's got William Craven in some trouble relatively early here in the matchup and to be honest, I'm not sure any of us expected we'd say that in this one.

BW: Wright's a heckuva wrestler, Gordo... you've gotta be to get through Jaiden Andrews, Jeff Matthews, and Dave Cooper to get to the Quarterfinals. Those are three very tough competitors. One of the best high flyers in the world, one of the best technicians in the world, and a Hall of Fame former World Champion.

GM: While Wright was carving his way through those three, Craven knocked off Supernova, Andrew Tucker, and Travis Lynch.

BW: No slouch there either. Supernova's one of the hottest rising stars in our sport - an almost certain future World Champion. Andrew Tucker is one of the best tag team wrestlers of all time. And as much as I hate to say it, Travis Lynch is a former World Champion in own rights.

GM: Travis Lynch was the last man to wear the PCW World Title before he hung it on the shelf... and Supreme Wright shoves Craven back into the ring.

BW: Smart move. Wright doesn't want to get out there on the floor for too long with Craven. He may have gotten the better of Craven out there just now but if he's out there for too long, Craven WILL hurt him.

[Wright steps back through the ropes, moving in on Craven who has backed into the corner on his ear, trying to recover...]

GM: Wright pulls Craven to his feet against the buckles... ohh! Hard right forearm off the jaw!

[Craven's head snaps to the side off the forearm smash as Wright grabs the arm, flinging Craven across the ring...]

GM: Big whip by Wright...

BW: He better be careful here.

[Wright charges in, ready to strike...

...but Craven lifts the leg, his foot aimed at the jaw!]

GM: CRAVEN BRINGS UP THE-

[But Wright was ready for that as well, dropping into another baseball slide, going right under the ropes to the floor. He grabs Craven's planted ankle as he goes by, yanking it out from under him to bring Craven down facefirst on the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Nice counter to the counter by Supreme Wright!

[Holding the ankle in his hand, Wright raises Craven's leg into the air...

...and SLAMS the patella right down on the ring apron!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Holy... you can bust a kneecap just like that!

[Swinging the left leg out to the side of the ringpost, Wright holds it for a moment...

...and then SLAMS it into the ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! THE LEFT LEG GOES INTO THE STEEL!!

[Wright immediately backs off, shaking his head.]

GM: Supreme Wright typically goes right by the rulebook but I think he showed a little bit of frustration right there with that smash into the post. He may be regretting that a bit right now.

[Rolling under the ropes into the ring, Wright climbs to his feet as Craven pushes up to his knees, looking up at Wright...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEAD KICK!!

[Craven crumples after getting hit with a roundhouse kick to the skull! Wright immediately goes for a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Craven slips a leg over the bottom rope, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Craven got a foot on the ropes!

[Wright pushes up off the mat, looking at Craven's leg...

...and then grabs it under his arm, pulling Craven away from the ropes to the center of the ring.]

GM: Uh oh... and I think Supreme Wright has decided to take that leg out from under Craven for good in this matchup.

[In the middle of the ring, Wright bends the leg, tucking his knee behind Craven's knee...

...and then drops down to the mat, pinning the leg under his own!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Craven winces in pain as Wright kneels on the knee, pulling the ankle up to put more torque on it.]

GM: Wright's pushing on the ankle while pinning that knee down, putting a lot of pressure all over the left leg of William Craven.

[Craven frantically throws up his right leg, catching Wright in the chest with a kick. Wright absorbs that one but a second kick hits Wright on the chin, knocking him out of the hold.]

GM: Craven kicks himself free... backing away...

[The One Man Revolution climbs to his feet as Wright does the same on the other side of the ring...]

GM: Both men back up now... both men back to their feet...

[Wright rushes across...]

GM: Looking for that running uppercut!

[But as he draws close, Craven hooks him around the waist, lifting him into the air...]

...and then DROPS him facefirst on the turnbuckles!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Craven throws Wright back down on his shoulders, leaping on top of the former Combat Corner student. He grabs Wright by the hair, smashing the back of his skull into the canvas!]

GM: OHH!

[He repeats the smash, slamming the back of Wright's head into the mat over and over and over...]

GM: The referee's on top of Craven again, ordering him to back off... ordering him to-

[Craven angrily gets to his feet, shouting at the official, shoving him down to his rear with both hands!]

GM: That's a DQ! Ring the bell!

[Down on his backside, Meekly shouts at Craven, warning him to not touch him again...]

GM: Craven turns back to Wright, pulling him up now... the kid looks a little dazed from where we're sitting, Bucky.

BW: You try getting your head slammed into the mat a few times like that and see if you're fresh as a daisy.

[Craven hooks Wright behind the head and neck in a Muay Thai grip...]

GM: Uh oh... Craven's got Wright where he wants him...

[The crowd groans as Craven connects with knee after knee to the upper body and face of Wright before bodily throwing him into the turnbuckles, rushing right in...]

GM: Ohh! He catches Wright on the chin with a back elbow!

[As Wright stumbles out, Craven grabs him around the head and neck, powering him up...

...and DRIVING him down with a uranage slam!]

GM: OHHHH MY STARS!! WHAT IMPACT!! WHAT HORRIFIC IMPACT!!

[Craven slumps to his knees, applying a cover.]

GM: Craven gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[Wright lifts the right shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin...]

GM: Wright's out at two!

[Craven pushes up, leaning across Wright's torso to shove the right shoulder back to the mat which allows Wright to lift his left shoulder...

...and use Craven's weight against him, rolling him right over onto his back with Wright stretched out across him.]

GM: Whoa!

[Wright quickly scissors Craven's left arm with his legs, using his left arm to tie up Craven's right arm...

...and SMASHES the point of his elbow into the temple of Craven!]

GM: Ohh! Elbow smash!

[A few more elbows land on the trapped Craven before he responds with a rib-cracking knee to the left side of Wright's torso!]

GM: Craven fires back!

[Wright pauses to absorb the knee before throwing another elbow which is met with another knee...]

GM: They're trading shots down on the canvas!

[But another hard knee from Craven seems to stun Wright, allowing Craven to bring up three more knees, breaking Wright's hold on him.]

GM: Good grief! Craven gets the better of the exchange with his knees.

[Craven climbs to his feet, looking down at Wright...

...and then STOMPS on the injured knee!]

GM: Ohh! Craven, for the first time in this one, is going after the same knee that Dave Cooper punished in the third round of the tournament!

[A few more stomps land as Wright writhes around in pain on the canvas. Craven grabs the foot, lifting Wright's leg off the mat...

...and ties it up in a spinning toehold!]

GM: Look at that! This isn't what we're used to seeing out of William Craven at all!

BW: Craven said it himself, Gordo. In his early years, this was EXACTLY the kind of offense you could expect out of William Craven but his time in Los Angeles... well, it changed him. And not just physically and in his appearance but in his approach to everything he did in the ring. His time in Los Angeles made him the monster that we see before us today.

[Craven twists the leg again, leaning over to shout at Wright, ordering him to give in.]

GM: Craven's trying to force a submission out of Supreme Wright and I'm not sure that's the best strategy for him, Bucky.

BW: I'm not either. Wright's a submission expert. He knows how to put 'em on and how to get out of 'em too. If Craven pushes this idea for too long, Wright might just slip right out of one and get him in one of his own.

[Breaking the spinning toehold, Craven backs off, and then drops an elbow into the chest of Wright!]

GM: The Motor City Madman drops an elbow - right on the sternum!

[Craven pushes back up to his knees again...

...and again wraps his hands around the throat of Wright, choking him violently as the official reprimands him!]

GM: Craven's trying to strangle him, fans! He's trying to-

[Wright quickly swings his leg up, catching Craven in the temple with a boot!]

GM: Ohh! Wright kicks his way free!

[Wright slides to the ropes, dragging himself off the mat as Craven does the same thing from a few feet away...]

GM: Both men getting back up off the mat no- Craven!

[The big man rushes his smaller opposition, throwing his leg up for a high kick to the chest...

...but Wright rolls away, causing Craven to airball, his leg swinging between the top and middle ropes...]

GM: Ohh! He missed!

[With one leg caught in the ropes, Wright throws a flurry of hard kicks to the back of the left knee of Craven.]

GM: Wright's trying to chop him down to size!

[A well-placed kick to the back of the knee knocks Craven's leg out from under him, taking him awkwardly down to the mat on his rear, facing the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wright kicks him right in the spine! Good grief!

[With Craven still in position, Wright winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright spins away with a "YEAAAAAH!" as he leaves Craven down on the mat, clutching his back.]

GM: A barrage of kicks to the spine by Supreme Wright and he puts his opponent down with them!

[Wright turns back to Craven, leaning down to pull him to his feet. Craven very visibly struggles to put weight on the left knee as Wright shoves him back against the ropes, throwing more kicks to the side of the knee!]

GM: Wright's going after that knee he hurt earlier in the matchup. He may have decided that that's the key to victory in this match.

BW: I'm not sure he's right about that, Gordo. I have a very hard time imagining Craven giving up to a submission hold. Wright may need to stay on him with things like the kicks to the head and the throw out on the floor - high impact stuff like that.

[With Craven hobbled, Wright grabs him by the head, dragging him away from the ropes where he secures a front facelock, reaching back to grab the leg...]

GM: Wait a second here...

[Wright struggles and strains a bit but somehow gets Craven over, smashing down hard in the fisherman suplex!]

GM: Cradle suplex might do it! He gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[But Craven kicks out, breaking the count. Wright quickly spins around, retaking his feet as Craven pushes up to a knee...]

GM: HEAD KI-

[But the roundhouse kick to the skull gets caught by Craven! The big man climbs up, still holding the leg underneath his left armpit. Suddenly, he surges forward, grabbing Wright under the left arm with his free hand and powering him up into the air, turning...

...and THROWING Wright down to the canvas in a thunderous slam!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: I don't know what in the world you'd call that but I know that it just DUMPED Supreme Wright down on the back of his head on the mat! Craven just laid the man out with a huge counter to the head kick!

[Craven falls back against the ropes, shaking out his leg as Wright grabs the back of his head down on the mat.]

GM: Supreme Wright hit the mat VERY hard on that slam by Craven. That might've really rung his bell, fans!

BW: And this will give Craven some time to try and get some of the pain out of that leg... some time to recover.

[But Craven, ever on offense, shoves away from the ropes, hobbling towards the downed Wright where he grabs both legs...

...and falls back, catapulting Wright chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Wright hits the buckles!

[Craven approaches the corner, setting his feet...

...and STRIKES with a hard high kick between the shoulderblades of Wright!]

GM: Good grief!

[Snaring a rear waistlock, he drags Wright away from the buckles with it...]

GM: Craven's manhandling the smaller man, dragging him bodily around the ring at will...

[Setting his feet, Craven LAUNCHES Wright overhead, bringing him down hard with a German Suplex...]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: That's it, Gordo! Ring the bell!

[Craven climbs to his feet, glaring down at the prone Wright who again grabs at the back of his head. He stares at the former Combat Corner student, an evil grin crossing his face...

...and then drops to his back, rolling from the ring to the floor...]

GM: What the-? I think he could've pinned the man right there... where the heck is he going?!

BW: I really doubt we want the answer to that.

[Out on the floor, Craven snatches up a steel chair from ringside, folding it up as he climbs up on the apron...]

GM: Wait a second! He can't do this!

BW: He doesn't care!

GM: He'll be disqualified if he uses that chair! He MUST care about that!

BW: You might think so but I wouldn't be positive about it.

[Mickey Meekly shows great courage as he steps in front of Craven, blocking the chair-wielding lunatic's path. Meekly waves his arms, insisting that Craven can't get into the ring while holding the chair...]

GM: Mickey Meekly is holding his ground! He's REFUSING to let Craven into the ring with that chair in his hands!

[Holding the chair in front of him, Craven argues with the official...

...which gives a recovering Supreme Wright an opening to move past the referee, flipping forward, and smashing his heel into the chair with a rolling koppou kick...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which SLAMS the chair into Craven's skull just a moment before the One Man Revolution goes sailing backwards off the apron onto the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! GOOD GRIEF!! CRAVEN GOT FLATTENED!!

[Wright pulls himself to a knee using the ropes, looking through the ropes out at Craven who is now laid out on the floor. The official reprimands Wright but waves for the match to continue.]

BW: Why isn't that a disqualification?!

GM: He was defending himself! He was keeping Craven from using that chair on him!

BW: Sounds like an excuse to me!

GM: Well, it's good enough for Mickey Meekly 'cause he's waving for the match to continue, fans! We're creeping up on the fifteen minute mark of this battle and both of these men have managed to take quite a bit out of one another. At this point, you have to start wondering in what shape they'll be tomorrow night when they're either in the Semifinals or perhaps the Rumble.

[Wright pulls himself out onto the apron, leaning against the ropes as he stares at Craven trying to shake some sense into himself out on the floor...]

GM: Craven's starting to stir... Wright's waiting for him...

[As Craven gets to his knees, Wright leaps off, arms raised for a double axehandle blow...]

GM: Wright leaps and-

[...and gets DRILLED with a right hand squarely to the chest as he comes down!]

GM: HEART PUNCH!! CRAVEN CATCHES HIM WITH A HEART PUNCH!!

[Wright collapses on the floor in a heap as Craven stands over him, a cold stare raining down on the Louisiana native as Craven holds his clenched fist high for the crowd to see, jeers pouring down all the while.]

GM: Wright took a chance and Craven made him pay for it, burying that heart punch into the chest of Supreme Wright to take him out of the sky!

BW: Craven usually does that heart punch from a set position but he used it as a counter right there, really doing a number on Wright with it!

[A furious Craven snatches up the steel chair that he dropped earlier after it was kicked into his skull...

...and raises it way back overhead!]

GM: No, no, no! Don't do it, Craven! You're throwing away your chance at the World Title!

BW: I'm surprised you're not cheering for him to do it considering that.

GM: I guess you're right but I don't want to see this young man's head caved in by this lunatic!

[Mickey Meekly rushes to stand out on the apron, again shouting at Craven, again trying to wave off the One Man Revolution's attempt to use the steel chair on his opponent!]

GM: Look at Craven's eyes! Look at him!

BW: He wants to do it so badly, Gordo. He knows that with just one swing, he might never have to hear this kid run his mouth again.

GM: But with one swing, he may never get another shot at the World Title he wants so badly either, Bucky.

[Craven stands, moving his gaze from the downed Wright to the protesting official and back again. His expression is pensive, almost as if he's trying to make a difficult decision...

...and then angrily throws the chair aside, letting loose an anguished roar!]

GM: He couldn't do it! He knew he'd be throwing away his shot to be the World Champion! And with all his talk of revolution, you know how badly Craven wants to be the World Champion, Bucky.

BW: You're shouldn't be in this business if you don't want to be the World Champion, Gordo.

[Craven bodily yanks Wright up off the floor, hooking him under the armpit...

...and HURLS him through the air, dumping him in a pile out on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: OHHHH!

[The One Man Revolution lets loose another roar as he leans against the apron, glaring at the sprawled-out Wright. He immediately marches towards him.]

GM: Wright needs to get out of there... find a way to fight back...

[Craven pulls him by the hair to a knee where Wright throws a pair of weak forearms at the ribs.]

GM: He's trying to fight back, fans, but there's just not enough there...

[Craven responds by smashing his knee up into the face a half dozen times, leaving a limp Wright still on his knees.]

GM: Craven's physically dominating Supreme Wright at this point of the match... ohh! What a headbutt!

[Wright crumples to his back down on the floor as Craven spins away, walking alongside the ring apron...]

"GET UP!"

GM: Craven's screaming at Wright to get up! He wants to keep punishing this young man!

BW: Wright's trying, Gordo... he's trying to keep fighting...

[Wright again pushes up to his knees as a pissed-off Craven comes for him, grabbing his throat with both hands...]

GM: Oh no!

[Craven deadlifts the smaller man straight up into the air, looking for a double choke powerbomb...]

...but Wright desperately swings his injured knee right into the nose of Craven, knocking the wild man back!]

GM: Ohh! Wright frees himself!

[Supreme Wright grabs Craven by the back of the head and BLASTS him with a European uppercut!]

GM: OHH! And NOW Supreme Wright is fighting back!

[Craven wobbles back into the apron, running the back of his hand over his mouth and spitting on the floor.]

GM: Looks like William Craven may be checking his teeth after getting caught with that uppercut right there...

[Grabbing a handful of the back of Craven's head, Wright leans in, throwing an elbow to the jaw!]

GM: ELBOW!

[Hanging on, Wright unleashes a half dozen big elbows to the same spot, leaving Craven essentially out on his feet...]

GM: Craven's barely able to stand! Wright's hammering away at him!

[Wright suddenly leans down, picking Craven up over his shoulder, turning away from the ring...]

GM: What in the world...?

[Wright leans down, crossing Craven's legs over one another...

...and then sits out, DRIVING Craven's knees into the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE KNEEBREAKER!! ON THE FLOOR!!!

[A suddenly-anguished Craven rolls back and forth on the floor, clutching his legs in agony as Wright climbs back to his feet, shouting something off-mic at Craven before he pulls him up, shoving him under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Wright puts him back in... rolling in as well...

BW: Craven's in trouble, Gordo!

GM: He certainly is!

[Leaning down, Wright crosses Craven's legs over one another...]

GM: He's going for The Supremacy! That modified version of the Cloverleaf!

[A desperate Craven flails about, kicking his legs madly, trying to free himself from the submission hold attempt...]

GM: If Wright turns this over, he might... well, I don't know! Like we said, I have a hard time imagining Craven giving up! Would he pass out from the pain? That seems unlikely as well!

[Wright straightens up, trying to twist Craven onto his stomach but Craven hammers a forearm down across the small of his back. A second forearm shot is thrown into the kidneys as well before Craven simply reaches up to grab a handful of trunks and YANKS backwards, throwing Wright several steps back and knocking him to a knee.]

GM: Craven escapes the attempt for The Supremacy... trying to get to-

[Craven manages to get to a knee when an oncoming Wright throws another headkick...]

GM: HEAD KI-

[Craven again catches the kick, holding the leg as he gets up, tucking his head under Wright's armpit...]

GM: SUPLEX!

[The Motor City Madman attempts a modified Northern Lights Suplex...

...but Wright drags him down into a sunset flip!]

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

[Craven SMASHES his legs together on Wright's head at the last moment, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: No! No! He almost got him but Craven escapes in time!

BW: That was TOO close for Craven!

[Craven again tries to get up first but the much younger Wright scrambles to his feet...

...and DRILLS Craven with an elbowsmash across the jaw that sends Craven stumbling back a step.]

GM: Good grief! What a shot!

[Wright holds firm, throwing two more hard elbows that rattle Craven before doing a full spin...

...and CREAMS Craven with a rolling elbowsmash to the jaw!]

GM: DOWN GOES CRAVEN!! A COVER!!

[Wright grabs a leg as he takes the lateral press!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!! THRE-

[But again, Craven kicks out of the pin attempt!]

GM: William Craven continues to hang on! He refuses to stay down for a three count!

[Wright angrily slaps the canvas before he gets up again, grabbing Craven by the head and pushing him back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: A little bit of frustration creeping in now for Supreme Wright perhaps.

[Wright doubles over, trying to use the ropes to help muscle Craven up onto his shoulder in a fireman's carry...]

GM: Wright's got Craven up!

BW: He may be looking for Fat Tuesday! If he hits it, it's over!

[Wright struggles out of the corner, slowly moving under the three hundred plus pounds spread across his shoulders...]

GM: Here it comes! He's got him up! He's got-

BW: Craven slips out!

[Craven drops down behind Wright, promptly hooking his right arm and then using his own left arm to reach across his face...]

GM: Crossface chickenwing!

BW: He may try to pick him up - when he does that, he calls it the Dead Zone!

[But Wright's fighting it, trying to keep Craven from locking his hands in the chickenwing. He lashes out backwards, smashing the back of his head into Craven's nose!]

GM: Ohh! Wright trying everything he can to get out of this before it gets sunk in fully!

[A furious Craven swings around, turning Wright towards the buckles, and rushes forward, smashing his torso into the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Craven sends him into the buckles! Wright's dazed and-

[Still with an arm hooked under Wright's, Craven switches to something resembling a half nelson...]

GM: NO!

[...and LAUNCHES Wright backwards, dropping him UGLY nearly on top of his skull!]

GM: OH MY GOD!! WRIGHT GOT FOLDED IN HALF!!!

BW: That's gotta be it! That was a suplex straight out of his days in Los Angeles, Gordo! The Revolution may have just showed its ugly head right here in New Orleans!

[Craven slowly gets to his feet, a disturbing smile inching across his face as he approaches the facedown motionless form of Supreme Wright.]

GM: Mickey Meekly needs to take a look at Wright here... he might be out cold. He may not be able to defend himself against whatever the heck Craven has in mind right here...

BW: Usually after the Dead Zone Suplex, he goes right back in and sinks in the Dead Zone chickenwing...

GM: If he does that now, I don't think Wright has any chance to defend himself.

[Craven stalks behind the motionless Wright, reaching down to grab the back of the trunks...]

GM: He's pulling Wright back to his feet now... just like you said he would, Bucky...

[Wright gets physically dragged to his knees where Craven reaches under the arm again...]

...and Wright suddenly turns into him, ducking under and reaching back with both arms...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and drags Craven down in a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE!! BACKSLIDE!!!

[Wright puts all his leverage into it, kicking his legs as the official dives to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! MY GOD ALMIGHTY, HE DID IT!!

[And wisely, Supreme Wright rolls the hell out of the ring before a furious William Craven can come for him again!]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner... moving on to the Semifinals...

SUUUUUUPREEEEEEME WRIIIIIIIGHT!

[Wright raises an arm as he backs down the aisle, facing the ring and ready to defend himself if he must!]

GM: Can you believe it?! Supreme Wright has defeated the One Man Revolution and he is moving on to the Semifinals! He is moving on to the Semifinals!

BW: He's made it to the Final Four!

GM: Craven thought he had knocked him out... he thought he had him right where he wanted him... but when the time came to finish him off, Wright was waiting for him! Wright had the backslide ready and waiting and William Craven was just ELIMINATED from this tournament, fans! Incredible!

[Inside the ring, Craven is throwing a massive tantrum, shouting at the official, kicking the ropes...]

...and then suddenly makes a break for the aisleway!]

GM: Here he comes! Craven's coming for Supreme Wright!

[But Wright is long gone, leaving Craven to stand in the aisle, glaring at where his opponent was. He suddenly lets loose a horrific shout as we cut to the Control Center where Mark Stegklet and Jim Watkins are standing.]

MS: Wow! I have to call that one a major upset, fans. Supreme Wright just defeated William Craven - we can move his name over now. He's in the Semifinals! He's in the Final Four!

JW: Craven's made a lot of people's lives hell since he first showed his face as The Dragon over a year ago... it's 'bout time someone gets one over on him.

MS: Craven's been eliminated from the tournament and... wow. I'm still a little bit in shock by this but you can put it on the big board, Supreme Wright has joined Sultan Azam Sharif and Stevie Scott in the Semifinals. Only one spot remains now, fans.

JW: And I can't wait for this one. Since Day One, Percy Childes has walked around this place like he owns it because he knew he had his two men walking behind him. But now? Now he's gotta make a choice. Is it Nenshou or is it Monosso?

MS: Judging from Percy's statements in the past, I'd say there's no choice at all, Mr. Watkins. But we're going to find out in just a few moments - what WILL Percy Childes do? We've gotta take a quick break and then it's time for the final match of the night - the final match of the Quarterfinals. It's time to find out who will represent the Unholy Alliance in the Semifinals of this tournament tomorrow night, fans!

[Crossfade 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 ringside where our announce team is seated.]

GM: Welcome back to Night One of Blood, Sweat, and Tears, fans. It's been a long, long night and we've been waiting a long, long time to see what would happen when these two men finally clashed. At long last, it's going to happen.

BW: Is it?

GM: What the heck do you mean by that, Bucky?

BW: I'd say it's only going to happen if Percy Childes WANTS it to happen, Gordo. He can't be especially pleased that the Championship Committee scheduled this match right here and now. He may decide he wants one of these guys just to walk out and let the other one advance fresh as a daisy.

GM: Are you... he can't do that!

BW: Of course he can. Haven't you learned anything yet from watching Percy Childes in action? Percy Childes has powers you can not imagine. Percy Childes has INFLUENCE that you can not imagine. The AWA is Percy Childes' playground and we're all subject to his whims.

GM: Speak for yourself, Bucky... this match WILL happen.

BW: We'll see about that.

[We crossfade to where Phil Watson is standing in the center of the ring.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... without further adieu, it is now time for the final Quarterfinal match in the AWA World Title Tournament and tonight's MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The sounds of the theme to Halloween starts up over the PA system to... what the hell?]

GM: My ears may be deceiving me here, Bucky... but I believe that some members of our audience here in New Orleans are actually CHEERING the arrival of James Monosso.

BW: I can... I guess I can understand that. Monosso's a bit of a sympathetic guy if you can get past him trying to cripple every wrestler who has gotten in his path for the past few years.

GM: Percy Childes has quite obviously manipulated every action that James Monosso has taken over the past few years towards his own endgame. Monosso was yanked out of a mental institution where he was likely getting the help he needed and told that he'd be sent back if he ever chose to disobey what Childes said. I don't like James Monosso... not one bit... but I can see cheering for him over Nenshou with Childes.

[Monosso emerges from the curtain, an obvious hobble in every step as he works his way down the aisle.]

PW: He is JAAAAAAAAAMES MONOOOSSOOOO!

[Monosso doesn't look to be in the best of condition as he heads down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: James Monosso has been to hell and back this evening, Bucky. He's faced Juan Vasquez in an absolutely brutal Falls Count Anywhere affair. He's faced Gunnar Gaines in a third round tournament match. And now... now he's gotta face the man that he's stood side-by-side with in the Unholy Alliance for years... a man who knows everything about him. His strengths... and his weaknesses.

[Monosso slowly climbs the ringsteps, gingerly stepping through the ropes where he settles back against the buckles as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Raijin's Drums by George Sakalis begins to play over the PA System. After a moment, the mysterious Nenshou appears, wearing a long black robe with the hood pulled down over his painted face. Pausing at the entrance, his steely gaze is locked on the squared circle. Behind him comes his manager Percy Childes... overweight and sweating, the piece of filth is as loud as his

charge is silent, jawing at fans and threatening to brain them with his crystal orb topped cane.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by Percy Childes...

He is...

NENNNNNSHOOOOOUUU!

[The duo stays still as a grinning Percy gestures behind him which brings the entrance of Juan Vasquez to a mixed reaction from the crowd, still seething over the role Vasquez played in Rick Marley's elimination from the tournament. At another gesture, Vasquez takes the point position, leading the way as Childes and Nenshou walk behind him towards the ring.]

BW: Look at the Unholy Alliance together! What a group!

GM: I can't believe Juan Vasquez is out here with them.

BW: It's not like he has a lot of choice in the matter, Gordo. His contract belongs to Percy Childes now. He's gotta do whatever Percy tells him to do for the rest of his days here in the AWA!

[The trio makes their way into the ring. As Nenshou's music begins to fade, Percy Childes fetches the microphone from Phil Watson. The fans boo as Percy turns towards Monosso, who is leaning in the corner still, and speaks.]

PC: James, I wanted to have this conversation in private. But you've been in the medical center, getting fluids, getting work done... and I know enough not to interrupt a doctor. This is not personal, James, no matter what you may believe. And I am telling you the truth: if there is a resolution to this that achieves our goals without crushing you, I would prefer that. I'm not unreasonable.

[The boos intensify. Monosso glares at Percy with suspicion.]

PC: Of course you're angry at me right now. But this is for the best. You knew when I pulled you from the asylum what your role was. I brought you to the AWA to break down every obstacle between Nenshou and the then-National Title. You are the one who wants to deviate from your role, James.

By rights, I ought to be angry at you!

[The crowd lets Percy have it for that one!]

PC: I saved you from your own personal Hell, gave you an opportunity you never would have had, and you repay me by aspiring to ruin me.

But I understand why, James. Your reasons are perfectly valid. So I am offering you a way out right now. A way to keep your dreams intact after tonight.

You see the man to my left?

[Juan Vasquez' brow furrows, but he says nothing.]

PC: You fear that he is replacing you. And you are correct. He will replace you, once you are no longer of use. But that time has not yet arrived. With you, no one could cross me without heavy repercussions. With Juan, no one could cross me without heavy repercussions. But with both of you... no one could cross me. Period. It would be suicide.

[Percy pauses, letting that sink in to EVERYONE within earshot of his voice.]

PC: I know that your time is running out, James. Soon you'll be incapable of competing, of fighting, of being useful. And you know what happens then.

I am not a sentimental man.

[Monosso growls. Even Vasquez looks agitated. Nenshou... has broken away from Percy, and is slowly moving around the ring.]

PC: So here it is, James. You are decimated. After what you have been through tonight, there's almost nothing left. Almost.

Save it. Save what you have. Rest tonight, and come back tomorrow. Come back for the Rumble, and I will support you. I will use every tactic to gain victory for you. And then, instead of an impossible mountain to climb for the title... you'll have one match at SuperClash. Full strength. You against Nenshou. I don't begrudge you that opportunity, and Nenshou simply doesn't care.

[Percy pauses again, letting that proposal hang in the air.]

PC: But not tonight. You can't win. All this match will do is waste Nenshou's energy. I know you have enough left to take something out of him... but that's all you have.

You cannot defeat Nenshou in your condition.

[Childes raises a finger with a smile.]

PC: But you can, with a favorable draw, win the Rumble. That match is suited to you! I can make deals, I can get you allies, I can even work on... enhancing the luck of the draw. Buying some... good luck charms.

[The boos are wild now. Monosso walks around the ring, eyes unfocused, thinking about this.]

GM: DID HE JUST CLAIM HE COULD FIX THE RUMBLE DRAW?!

BW: I got ten bucks says he can.

GM: Where DOES Percy Childes get this power?! How can he change match schedules?! This...

BW: Those ain't wise questions to ask. Shhh, Percy's talking.

[Childes continues.]

PC: In short, James... if you walk away right now, you stay employed. You stay free. And you still have a chance to be the World Champion. Nenshou isn't afraid to face you, and you know it. You know he is certain he would win, and has no reason to avoid a title match against you. But tonight, you'd just waste his time, energy, and effort. Walk away, and you still have hope.

If you don't... you're finished. He will destroy you, I will do what he wishes me to do, and you'll have wasted your very last chance in this sport.

The choice is yours. Do the right thing.

[With that, Percy gives the mic back to Phil. He holds the crystal ball up where Monosso can see it, and walks towards him without fear.]

GM: This is disgusting! Percy Childes put Monosso in a no win situation, and is commanding him to throw away his dreams! There is no justification for the things that James Monosso has done, and the decisions that he has made... but no one deserves to be used and discarded!

BW: Bleedin' heart, Gordo. Percy's right! This is a cold, hard business. Monosso was contracted to serve a purpose, and he's tryin' to break off and screw up everything he was brought in for.

[Monosso slowly, sadly, starts to walk to the ropes. His mighty shoulders have sagged, and his knees are shaking. He has closed his eyes tightly, not wanting to make eye contact with anyone. His breathing is shallow and strained, and he has grown slightly pale.

And then, something amazing happens.]

"MON-OS-SO!" "MON-OS-SO!" "MON-OS-SO!" "MON-OS-SO!"

GM: I... I can't believe this, but the crowd is chanting... for James Monosso!

[The effect is profound. Monosso's head jerks up, and his eyes stare unfocused out into the crowd. His jaw is slack, as if he is seeing and hearing a ghost.]

BW: They need to stop! They need to stop, because Monosso is nuts! I don't know how he'll react to this!

GM: Hard as this is to believe, twelve years ago he was extremely popular! He had friends, he had hope, and he had a lot of fans. Could he be having flashbacks?!

BW: Somebody shut these people up before...

[...before he reaches over and grabs Childes by the neck! The cane clatters to the mat, and the fans explode! Percy's eyes grow wide as saucers as his pupils dilate to pinpoints!]

JM: YOU!

[Juan Vasquez dives headfirst into the fray, rushing towards Monosso who lashes out with a boot to the ribs of Vasquez. He lets Percy slump to the mat as he grabs Vasquez by the back of the pants...

...and LAUNCHES Vasquez over the ropes to the floor, a move that actually draws a big cheer!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! MONOSSO CLEARS OUT VASQUEZ!!

[Monosso turns back towards Percy Childes who has decided to get to his feet and make a run for it...

...but Monosso grabs him from behind, preventing his escape!]

GM: He's got Childes by the arm! He's got-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Monosso pulls Childes towards him, hoisting the Collector of Oddities over his head!]

GM: OH MY GOD! HE'S GOT HIM UP!!

BW: NO! NO! NO!

[The New Orleans crowd EXPLODES with a deafening response as Monosso paces around the ring with a wriggling and terrified Percy Childes held high overhead...]

GM: He's gonna-

BW: The whole world KNOWS what he's gonna do, Myers! This ain't right! Somebody's gotta help Percy!

[Monosso backs to one side of the ring, lifting his head up to shout...

...and shockingly, the crowd shouts it right with him!]

"GET OUT OF HERE!"

[Monosso goes charging across the ring with the goal of launching Percy Childes over the ropes and halfway down the aisle towards the locker room...

...when suddenly Nenshou springs into movement, leaping up on the ring apron, grabbing at his windpipe...]

GM: NO!

[...and SPEWS a dark crimson mist right into the eyes of the incoming James Monosso!]

GM: AHHHH!

[Monosso collapses down to his knees, dropping Childes down to the mat with him. The Collector of Oddities promptly rolls from the ring with the aid of a rising Juan Vasquez as Nenshou steps through the ropes, waving at the official who frantically calls for the bell!]

GM: What the-?! Why the HELL would Johnny Jagger call for the bell to start this match?!

BW: He's probably scared of what happens to him if he doesn't!

[The red mist causes Monosso to roll around on the mat, screaming in pain as he tries to wipe his eyes clear of the foreign substance.]

GM: Monosso can't see a thing and Nenshou's going to try and take advantage of that! He knows he's got Monosso in a lot of trouble and he's on the verge of heading to the Semifinals!

[Nenshou launches into a series of stomps to the ribs and chest of the stunned and anguished Monosso. He dashes to the ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: Nenshou off the ropes...

[...and BURIES a lightning quick elbowdrop into the heart of his stablemate!]

GM: Ohh! An absolutely DEVASTATING elbowdrop right to the heart!

[Nenshou climbs to his feet, throwing a few kicks to the ribs of the downed Monosso, forcing him to roll under the ropes to the ring apron. The Asian Assassin starts to move in on Monosso but the referee steps in, trying to keep Nenshou from pursuing.]

GM: The AWA's Senior Official moves in between, trying to push Nenshou back and give Monosso a chance to recover and-

[Out on the floor, Juan Vasquez winds up and SLAMS the point of his elbow down on the throat of Monosso!]

GM: Ohh! Juan Vasquez BLATANTLY interfered right there!

BW: Can you blame him?! Monosso assaulted him first!

[Vasquez slams his elbow into the throat again, leaving Monosso gasping for air as Nenshou shoves past Jagger, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and catapults himself over the ropes, slamming a forearm across the windpipe of Monosso!]

GM: NENSHOU TAKES TO THE AIR RIGHT DOWN ONTO MONOSSO!

[Nenshou rises back to his feet, turning to look at Vasquez who steps back, leaving room for Nenshou to move...

...which Nenshou uses to deliver an overhead chop across the throat of Monosso again!]

GM: Nenshou's attacking the throat over and over again!

[Grabbing Monosso by the hair, Nenshou flips his former partner-in-crime over onto his chest...

...and SLAMS his boot up into the face!]

GM: Hard kick to the face!

[Keeping a grip on the hair of Monosso, Nenshou kicks him repeatedly in the face as the referee starts a ten count on the former Longhorn Heritage Champion...]

GM: Nenshou's getting a ten count put on him by Johnny Jagger...

[Lifting Monosso's torso off the apron by the hair, Nenshou holds him up...

...and then SLAMS his sternum down into the ring apron!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: Nenshou can hurt you in so many ways, Gordo. In just the opening moments of this match, we've seen the mist... we've seen the martial arts... we've seen the high flying... we've seen brawling. Nenshou is the total package - everything you would want in a professional wrestler.

[Nenshou pulls himself up on the apron, glaring at Johnny Jagger who backs off for a moment, holding his count on six as Nenshou steps into the ring.]

GM: Nenshou's back in... dragging Monosso back into the middle of the ring...

[The Asian Assassin hits the ropes again, bouncing back...

...and snaps off an elbow into the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! He DRILLS him with the elbowdrop again...

[Nenshou shoves Monosso over onto his back, attempting the first pin of the match.]

GM: He covers for one! He gets two! He gets-

[Monosso kicks out, a powerful kicking that flings Nenshou off!]

GM: Monosso's trying to get out of there... trying to get out to the floor and recover...

[Monosso rolls out onto the floor as Nenshou approaches again, grabbing the top rope...]

...and CATAPULTS over the top rope, wiping out Monosso with a crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Out on the floor, Nenshou climbs back to his feet, looking out at the jeering crowd a few feet away from him. He reaches down with both hands, dragging Monosso off the floor and chucking him under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Nenshou rolls in... another cover!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice... but the shoulder comes up again...]

GM: Kickout at two! James Monosso's been through a lot here tonight but he continues to fight on! He continues to try and get up off the mat and keep the fight going!

[Nenshou rises to his feet, watching Monosso as the madman from Happy Valley crawls away from him again, trying to find a moment to recover as the Asian Assassin pursues.]

GM: Monosso's trying to get out of here again... he needs some time to clear his eyes of that mist and get back on track...

[The former Longhorn Heritage Champion drags Monosso off the mat, shoving the big man back into the corner. Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Nenshou lays in a series of rounding kicks into the ribs...]

GM: He's working Monosso over in the corner, trying to break the bigger man down to the mat...

[Nenshou steps back, leaping up and throwing a back kick into the sternum...]

GM: Nenshou's showing off his skills with his kicks...

[Nenshou snapmares Monosso out of the corner down to the mat...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and snaps off a hard kick into the spine of Monosso!]

GM: Goodness! Nenshou’s bringing the pain to James Monosso and-

[Nenshou dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and DRILLS Monosso with a low dropkick to the jaw!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Nenshou throws himself into another lateral press... he gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[Up comes the shoulder again, the crowd cheering for the kickout!]

GM: Monosso kicks out AGAIN!

[Nenshou pushes up to his knees, glaring at the official as he climbs to his feet. He leans down, dragging Monosso off the mat...

...and gets caught with a right hand in the gut!]

GM: Ohh! Hard right hand downstairs by Monosso!

[He throws a second and third blow to the gut, knocking Nenshou several steps back...

...where Nenshou uncorks a spinning back kick to the chest, knocking Monosso back down to the mat!]

GM: OHHH! Nenshou’s right back on top of Monosso, knocking him flat again!

[Grabbing the top rope, Nenshou unleashes a series of stomps to the ribs of Monosso, forcing him towards the ropes. Pulling him up by the hair, Nenshou drapes his throat over the top rope...]

GM: He’s choking Monosso on the top rope! He’s strangling the air out of James Monosso over the ropes!

[And with a tug of the top rope, he snaps Monosso back down to the canvas. Outside the ring, a furious Percy Childes is shouting instructions to his man as Nenshou measures the downed Monosso before dropping a big chop down between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! That was in the eyes, ref! Take a look at that!

BW: I can’t believe you, Gordo.

GM: What?!

BW: You're talking about a guy who has physically threatened you on MORE than one occasion and now you're upset when someone may have hit him NEAR the eyes?!

GM: I told you earlier - I may not like James Monosso but at least he's standing up for what he believes in here tonight! Monosso refused to be bullied into a decision by Percy Childes! He refused to allow Nenshou to just roll over him!

[Nenshou pulls Monosso up again to his knees...

...and a desperate Monosso surges forward, smashing his skull into Nenshou's midsection! The crowd cheers!]

GM: I'm still having a hard time with the fans cheering Monosso. They must be feeling the same thing I am about it... but Percy Childes could NOT have seen that one coming.

[A quick cut to the floor shows a nervous-looking Childes pacing back and forth, sweating profusely as he shouts at Nenshou. We cut back to the ring where Monosso climbs to his feet, rubbing the back of his arm at his still-partially blinded eyes.]

GM: Monosso's still trying to clear his vision... still trying to rub that poisonous mist out of his eyes and.

[Nenshou turns backwards towards Monosso, winding up with his right arm and throwing an overhead chop...

...that Monosso blocks by grabbing the swinging arm with both hands!]

GM: He blocked it! Monosso blocks the chop!

[With the arm trapped in the air, Monosso raises a boot into the gut of Nenshou, doubling him up...

...and then SLAMS a forearm across the back, knocking Nenshou down to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Monosso's fighting back! For the first time in this match, he manages to get Nenshou off his feet and down onto the mat!

[Monosso turns towards the corner where Percy Childes is standing, raising a threatening finger to point in his direction to even louder cheers from the crowd!]

BW: He just THREATENED Percy Childes! That ungrateful son of a-

GM: Easy there, Bucky.

[Monosso bounces off the ropes, rebounding back...

...and drops a heavy leg across the back of Nenshou's head, smashing his face into the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!! Big legdrop by Monosso!

[He pushes to his knees, shoving Nenshou onto his back...

...but as he attempts a lateral press, Nenshou lashes out with a stiff-fingered blow right to the throat!]

GM: OHH!

[Monosso collapses backwards, rolling back and forth as he grabs at his throat, trying to pull air into his body. Nenshou rolls to his knees, crawling to apply a chokehold!]

GM: That's a choke, ref! Get in there!

[The ref's count hits four before Nenshou releases the chokehold, quickly getting to his feet...]

GM: Nenshou went through a long match earlier tonight with Rick Marley but he seems a lot fresher in this one than James Monosso does. Monosso had longer to recover but he went through Hell against Juan Vasquez in that Falls Count Anywhere match.

[Nenshou drags Monosso off the mat by the hair, throwing a brutal knife-edge chop that sends Monosso falling back into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Nenshou backs him to the corner again... big whip...

[Nenshou springs into motion on the bad knee that plagued him against Rick Marley, moving into a handspring, propelling himself backwards...

...and getting caught in the powerful arms of James Monosso!]

GM: Oh! Monosso blocked the handspring elbow! He blocked-

[Spinning away from the corner, Monosso switches his grip to a side waistlock...]

BW: NO!

[But seeing the Descent Into Madness coming, Nenshou jabs his taped-thumb into the eye of Monosso!]

GM: Ohh! Nenshou goes to the eyes! He knew what was coming and he knew the easiest way to avoid it!

[Grabbing two handfuls of Monosso's stringy hair, Nenshou SLAMS him headfirst into the turnbuckle, spinning him around with his back against them...]

GM: Nenshou turns him around... ohh! Another big chop across the chest... and there's a second one for good measure!

[Nenshou abandons all efforts at striking, simply wrapping his hands around the throat again!]

GM: Another choke! Nenshou just trying to choke Monosso into unconsciousness so he can win this thing!

[The referee again forces a break at the count of four, moving Nenshou back for an instant before the Asian Assassin pushes his way past, grabbing Monosso by the arm for another whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Nenshou SMASHES chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: OHHH!

[He staggers backwards towards the middle of the ring where a hobbled Monosso approaches from the blind side...]

GM: Monosso hooks him! He's going for-

[The crowd buzzes as Monosso sets for Descent Into Madness but Nenshou again goes to stick a thumb into his eye...

...but Monosso grabs the hand before he can do it!]

GM: He's got him by the hand! He's got-

BW: NO! He's got him by the thumb!

[A look of menace fills Monosso's face for a split second as he grabs Nenshou's wrist with his other hand, still holding the thumb with his left hand...

...and suddenly with a quick movement, Nenshou collapses to the canvas, rolling back and forth as he cradles his hand!]

GM: Oh my god! James Monosso... I think he just BROKE Nenshou's thumb!

BW: I feel sick, Gordo. Tell me that didn't just happen.

GM: I couldn't see clearly but I think it did! I think Monosso may have broken his thumb...

[Suddenly, Monosso STOMPS down on the hand!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! Monosso stomped the hand of Nenshou! And if that thumb wasn't broken before, it certainly might be now!

[With Nenshou rolling around in pain, Monosso grabs him by the hair, dragging him to his feet. He locks his fingers with Nenshou on the hand he just stomped, intertwining the fingers...

...and lifts Nenshou bodily into the air, holding him up there for a moment before dropping him down to the mat!]

GM: My stars! Nenshou's hurt, fans! He's hurt bad!

[Nenshou rolls to the ring apron, clutching his injured hand in front of him as Percy Childes rushes to his side. Monosso doesn't hesitate, moving in on Nenshou. A pair of kicks to the ribs sends Nenshou rolling off to the floor and brings Monosso out onto the apron to pursue...]

GM: Monosso's coming after him! He's out on the apron and-

[The crowd buzzes as Juan Vasquez plants himself right in front of a downed Nenshou at the order of Percy Childes!]

GM: What the... get the heck out of there, Juan!

BW: No chance! Percy told him to protect Nenshou and that's EXACTLY what Vasquez has gotta do, Gordo!

[Monosso glares at Vasquez, dropping down to the floor. He pushes forward, getting right up into the face of Vasquez as the crowd at ringside rises to their feet, egging on a rematch of what they saw at the start of the night.]

GM: Monosso and Vasquez are face to face! Eye to eye! This might explode right out here in front of us again!

BW: And the longer that Monosso is distracted by Vasquez, the longer Nenshou has to try and recover...

GM: Nenshou is down on the floor with- wait a second! Where the heck did he go?!

BW: I have no idea! Nenshou is gone!

[Suddenly, on the far side of the ring, Percy Childes pulls himself up on the apron, drawing the focus of Johnny Jagger...

...while Nenshou rolls out from under the ring, his thumb now HEAVILY taped and a steel chair dangling from his hand!]

GM: Wait! Wait a second! James Monosso has no idea that Nenshou is behind-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”
“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Monosso instantly collapses to his knees as Nenshou flings the chair aside, having delivered a brutal shot across the back. He pulls Monosso up with his good hand, shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Nenshou strikes with the chair and he puts Monosso back in...

[With his opponent down in the ring, Nenshou shoves past Juan Vasquez, drawing a cold glare from the former two-time National Champion as the Asian Assassin gets up on the apron, heading for the corner.]

GM: Look out here... Nenshou's on the apron and he's headed up top!

[With Monosso still down on the mat, Nenshou quickly moves up the ropes, facing away from the ring...]

GM: I think he's going for the Moonsault! He's gonna try and put Monosso away right- HE LEAPS!

[Nenshou sails off the top rope with a breathtaking backflip...

...and lands RIGHT on the knees of Monosso!]

GM: KNEES UP! JAMES MONOSSO GOT THE KNEES UP!!

[Nenshou crumples back, clutching his ribcage as Monosso rolls to his knees, clutching his back. He grabs the ropes, dragging himself up to his feet...

...and takes a two-step run before leaping into the air, dropping the knee down on the chest!]

GM: KING! KONG! KNEEDROP!!

[Monosso flattens out into a pin as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Nenshou's shoulder SAILS up off the mat at the last second!]

GM: No, no! Two count only! Just a two count there as Nenshou lifts that shoulder off the mat just in the nick of time, fans!

[Monosso swings a leg over his prone former partner, raising his right hand to repeatedly slam his fist into the skull of the face-painted grappler!]

GM: Monosso's hammering away! He's raining down right hands on Nenshou's head!

[The referee forces Monosso off and back to his feet at four where he lets loose a hellish scream before leaning down, dragging Nenshou back up to his feet. He wraps both hands around the throat, lifting Nenshou into the air!]

BW: THAT'S A CHOKE! RING THE BELL!

[Monosso holds until four... and a bit beyond before HURLING Nenshou out of the choke and into the corner where his head snaps back from the impact!]

GM: Good grief! What power out of Monosso!

[Grabbing an arm, he wings Nenshou across the ring, smashing him into the buckles again where he stumbles out...

...and gets FLATTENED with a spinning powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM BY MONOSSO!!

[He stays atop Nenshou, grabbing a leg this time as the official hits the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But AGAIN Nenshou lifts a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: No! He couldn't get him! Monosso thought he might have had him there, asking the referee but it was just a two count, Bucky.

BW: Percy Childes is sweating the Mississippi River out there on the floor, Gordo. That was way too close for him. This whole match has been way too close for him.

GM: And you have to wonder if Percy Childes underestimated James Monosso tonight. Did he think that Monosso would simply lay down for Nenshou and let the Pearl of the Orient move on to the Semifinals? Did he think he had too much power over Monosso for something like this to happen?

BW: Percy Childes rarely miscalculates but he may have done exactly that here tonight in New Orleans... and it could cost him EVERYTHING, Gordo. Absolutely EVERYTHING!

[Monosso drags Nenshou off the mat again, tugging him into a one-handed choke...]

GM: Uh oh! Monosso's going for the chokeslam!

[But a desperate Nenshou lashes out, slapping the hand away from his throat and instantly leaping into the air, catching Monosso squarely in the back of the head with an enzuigiri!]

GM: OHHH! You could hear that one down on the Quarter! Nenshou popped him in the back of the skull with that kick... and now both of these men are down on the canvas. Both of them went through a lot tonight and both men are going to have trouble putting the other away, I believe, Bucky.

BW: You're absolutely right. We're over ten minutes into this match which is a heckuva lot longer than I thought James Monosso could survive after what he went through earlier tonight!

[Nenshou rolls over onto his back, sitting up on the canvas. He runs a hand through his jet black hair for a moment before climbing back up to his feet. Outside the ring, the Collector of Oddities shouts something in Japanese to Nenshou who attempts to pull Monosso up with his injured hand before pulling it away, shaking it...]

GM: That hand is bothering him.

BW: His thumb is probably broken, Gordo! You try dragging a three hundred pounder off the mat by the hair with a broken freakin' thumb!

GM: Nenshou switches to the other hand, pulling Monosso back to his feet...

[A knife-edge chop to the throat connects, sending Monosso back into the ropes where Nenshou is right on top of him, throwing rounding kicks to the ribcage, forcing his lower body backwards through the ropes...]

GM: Nenshou steps back... ohhh!

[A thrust kick to the chest sends Monosso tumbling through the ropes, crashing down in a heap on the floor. The official steps in, forcing Nenshou back...

...which allows Juan Vasquez to pull Monosso up off the floor by the arm...]

GM: No! Don't do it, Juan!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE RAILING GOES MONOSSO!

BW: Juan Vasquez is turning out to be quite the helpful member of the Unholy Alliance here tonight, Gordo.

GM: Much to his own dismay, I'm sure.

[The camera cuts to a smirking Percy Childes who gestures for Nenshou to move in on Monosso and finish him off.]

GM: Monosso's leaning against the railing... Nenshou out on the apron again...

[Nenshou suddenly leaps up to the middle rope, springing back...]

GM: BACKFLIP ON THE FLOOR!!

[...and SMASHES into the chest of the rising Monosso, wiping him out again!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: A death-defying springboard moonsault from the apron to the floor and James Monosso just got taken down hard, Gordo!

GM: The high-flying, death-defying style of Nenshou puts Monosso down out here on the floor again... and Nenshou's getting right back up, showing very little ill effects on that knee from earlier tonight.

BW: I bet Percy put him in one heck of a meditation to heal up the knee.

GM: You buy into that stuff?

BW: I believe in Percy Childes.

GM: Ugh.

[Nenshou rises to his feet, dragging the heavily-taped thumb across his throat as he glares down at his feet at the hurting Monosso. Using his left hand, Nenshou again drags Monosso back up...]

GM: Nenshou shoves Monosso back into the ring, pulling himself up on the apron now...

[Nenshou attempts to grab the top rope with both hands but again recoils, pulling his right hand back but leaving the left hand on which is enough to catapult him over the ropes, dropping a somersault legdrop on the back of Monosso's skull!]

GM: Ohh! Another high flying attack from Nenshou... rolling Monosso to his back now...

[Nenshou lunges across...]

GM: Cover by Nenshou gets a one! It gets two! It gets thr- ohh! Monosso gets the shoulder up!

[Quickly to his feet, Nenshou slams his heel down into the upper body with a series of stomps!]

GM: Nenshou's out there stomping Monosso into the canvas now... and again, it looks like he's headed for the top rope!

[Nenshou heads towards the corner, pausing a moment to drag his thumb across his throat again.]

GM: He's saying it's all over but he needs to get up there on those ropes and stop screwing around... he's wasting a whole lot of time in my estimation, Bucky...

[Nenshou steps up to the second rope, looking out at the crowd. He winces as he tries to use his right hand to steady his climb, being forced to switch hands as he steps up top...]

GM: Nenshou steps to the- MONOSSO!

[A desperate Monosso, down on his knees, THROWS himself into the ropes, causing Nenshou to crotch himself on the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A COUNTER BY MONOSSO! SAVING HIMSELF FROM THE MOONSAULT AGAIN!!

[Monosso reaches up, pulling Nenshou backwards and bracing the Asian Assassin's neck against his shoulder, turning his back on the buckles...]

GM: What in the world is James Monosso going to-

[...and DROPS down in a reverse neckbreaker, yanking Nenshou down off the top turnbuckle to do it!]

GM: OHHH!

[The crowd roars as Monosso flips Nenshou to his back, falling across his chest...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[At the very last possible moment, Nenshou lifts a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: OHHHH! SO CLOSE!! SO VERY CLOSE!!

[Monosso pushes up to his knees, shaking his head in disbelief as he grabs a handful of Nenshou's hair, dragging him to his feet where he promptly slams his head into the top turnbuckle, spinning him around...]

GM: Monosso steps up to the second rope...

[Raising his right hand, Monosso starts to hammer down blows to the skull of Nenshou...]

...and shockingly, the crowd starts to count along!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"
"THREE!"
"FOUR!"
"FIVE!"
"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Dropping down off the buckles, Monosso grabs Nenshou in a side headlock...]

GM: Look at this!

[...and charges out to the center of the ring, dragging Nenshou with him, before leaping into the air and SMASHING Nenshou's face into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG HEADLOCK OUT OF THE CORNER!!

[The crowd is roaring as Monosso rolls Nenshou to his back, diving across his chest again!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[And AGAIN the shoulder comes flying up off the canvas!]

GM: Incredible! What a war these two men are going through here tonight in New Orleans to see who will move on to the Semifinals of this World Title Tournament and who will go home!

BW: We're over fifteen minutes into this battle and I'm not sure how either of them - Monosso especially - are still managing to keep going in this one.

[Monosso slowly gets to his feet, looking out at Percy Childes...

...and a twisted expression resembling a smile appears on his face.]

BW: I don't like the looks of that, Gordo.

GM: I don't think you're alone in that, Bucky!

[Monosso leans down, dragging Nenshou up by the hair. He reaches down, grabbing the back of Nenshou's pants...]

GM: I think we know what's-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He FIRES Nenshou shoulderfirst into the ringpost!

[And with that same twisted grin, he steps out on the ring apron, backing all the way up against the ringpost...]

GM: Percy Childes is losing his mind on the floor!

BW: Percy knows what's coming! We ALL know what's coming! And if he hits this, Percy's World Title dreams may be about to come to a crashing halt, daddy!

[Monosso leans his head back, soaking up the buzzing excitement from the New Orleans crowd. The camera cuts to Nenshou, his painted cheek pressed up against the steel ringpost and then back to Monosso who starts to charge down the apron...]

GM: MONOSSO!

[But JUST before he delivers what would likely be a match-ending blow, Juan Vasquez THROWS himself up onto the apron into Monosso's path, taking the big kick RIGHT in the chest...]

GM: OHHHHH!

[...the impact of which knocks him back into the post where his body dislodges Nenshou, causing Nenshou to fall back into the ring as Vasquez falls down to the floor!]

GM: Juan Vasquez just took a bullet for Nenshou! He saved Nenshou's shot at the World Title!

[Stepping back through the ropes with an irritated look on his face, Monosso stalks towards Nenshou who is scooting on his rear backwards, trying to back to a corner while he raises his hands at his former partner...]

GM: Nenshou's begging off! He's had enough of James Monosso!

[Nenshou backs to the corner, pressed up against it as Monosso barrels in, laying in a running knee to the mush of his opponent!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was by Monosso!

[Leaning over, Monosso pulls Nenshou to his feet by the hair. He drags him from the corner, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh my stars! Monosso's got Nenshou hooked! He's got him hooked for a powerbomb!

[With the crowd cheering, Monosso hoists Nenshou up into the air...

...but on the way down, Nenshou scissers the head between his legs, dragging Monosso down into a rana, reaching back to hook the legs!]

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

[The crowd ERUPTS as the shoulder pops up! Both men scramble, trying to get up first...

...but a well-placed spinning back kick by Nenshou on the jaw of Monosso stops him cold, putting him down on his knees...]

GM: Nenshou caught him and-

[Getting a running start, Nenshou springs off a knee, smashing his own knee into Monosso's jaw!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: SHIIIIINIIIIING WIZAAAAAARD!

[Nenshou throws himself across Monosso's chest, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- NO! NO!

[The shoulder comes up again, sending the crowd into a crazed roar! We cut to a panning shot, showing the entire New Orleans crowd on their feet, living and dying with each near fall as Nenshou gets up again, laying in a few kicks to the chest of Monosso as the big man tries to get up to a seated position, knocking him back down on his back...]

GM: Monosso's down again... and Nenshou to the ropes...

[Bouncing off, Nenshou whips his arm around quickly, smashing an elbow down into the chest!]

GM: Another power elbowdrop by Nenshou puts Monosso back down...

BW: He's not gonna try it again, is he?

GM: It certainly looks that way! It looks like Nenshou is going up top for his third attempt of the match at the Moonsault!

[Turning to the corner, Nenshou starts to climb, stepping up to the middle rope...

...then putting one foot on the top rope as he spreads his arms wide, drawing the jeers of the crowd...]

GM: Nenshou uncharacteristically taunting the fans here in New Orleans...

[And then with the other foot up top, Nenshou takes flight!]

GM: MOONSAUL-

BW: MONOSSO MOVES!

[But seeing it coming, Nenshou is able to land on his feet...

...and promptly fall to a knee, clutching the knee he injured in the match with Rick Marley earlier in the night!]

GM: He landed on his feet but at what cost?! What did Nenshou JUST do to his leg?!

[Monosso, having successfully rolled out of the way of the Moonsault again, pushes up to his feet, rushing towards a kneeling Nenshou...

...and CRUSHES him with a big boot to the jaw, a blow that hits so hard, it sends Nenshou sailing backwards near the opposite corner!]

GM: MY STARS IN HEAVEN!!

[Monosso stalks towards Nenshou, going for a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[The crowd jeers loudly as Juan Vasquez reaches into the ring, slipping Nenshou's foot over the bottom rope, an action that forces the pinfall to be broken...]

GM: I can't believe that! I can't believe what I just saw right there! Juan Vasquez just interfered in this match and saved Nenshou from a pinfall!

BW: Time to face the facts, Gordo. It's a whole new Juan Vasquez you're looking at in there.

[Monosso pushes to his knees, glaring at Vasquez who is walking away...

...and then rolls out to the floor, grabbing Vasquez by the arm, swinging him around...]

GM: OHH!

[...and flattens a surprised Vasquez with a right hand!]

GM: He knocked Vasquez flat with that haymaker!

[A nearby Percy Childes shouts and carries on in the direction of James Monosso, waving his crystal-topped cane around wildly as Monosso pulls himself back up on the apron...]

GM: Nenshou's back up... ohh! Another thrust kick to the chest of Monosso!

[Hanging onto the ropes, Monosso manages to avoid falling to the floor as Childes winds up behind the official's back...

...and SLAMS his crystal-topped cane across the back, causing Monosso to crumple down on the ring apron!]

GM: James Monosso is fighting three men out there tonight! He's in that ring with Nenshou but Juan Vasquez and Percy Childes are out there causing all sorts of headaches for him as well!

[Nenshou shoves past Johnny Jagger, leaning over the ropes to drag James Monosso up to his feet...]

GM: Nenshou pulls him up out on the apron... what's this?

[Grabbing Monosso by the arm, Nenshou executes an Irish whip, sending Monosso towards the steel ringpost...]

GM: INTO THE STEE-

[The crowd cheers as Monosso raises his boot, just like he would for a Concussionizer, blocking his path into the steel ringpost. He spins around as Nenshou moves towards him, arm extended...]

GM: Clothesline ducked by Monosso!

[And the big man scores with one of his own, albeit a left-handed clothesline that looked sloppy in execution and doesn't seem to have a ton of effect as Nenshou rolls fairly quickly to a knee while Monosso steps through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring again...

[Monosso pulls Nenshou up to his feet, scoring with a big headbutt that knocks him back into the buckles. Moving into the corner, Monosso grabs the top rope with his left hand...]

GM: He's got Nenshou trapped in the corner...

[...and BLASTS him with a standing right-armed clothesline... and another... and another!]

GM: Monosso's hammering him with clothesline after clothesline in the corner!

[After a half dozen clotheslines connect, Monosso steps back, allowing a staggered Nenshou to stumble towards him, scooping the Asian Assassin up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Uh oh! You know what this means!

[The crowd buzzes as Monosso walks out to the center of the ring, Nenshou slung across his shoulders...]

GM: He's gonna take Nenshou for a trip to Happy Valley!

[Monosso turns towards the opposite corner from which they came, charging towards it...]

GM: HAPPY VALLEY DRIV-

[But again, knowing exactly what his former ally has in mind, Nenshou is able to wriggle free from his grasp...]

...and DRIVES his arms into the throat of Monosso with a cross-armed thrust!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[The blow knocks Monosso back into the corner, struggling for air as Nenshou grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Corner to corner whip... here comes Nenshou!

[The crowd buzzes as Nenshou tumbles across the ring, handspringing back...]

...and BURIES the point of the elbow in Monosso's chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Beautiful handspring elbow executed by Nenshou!

[This time, it's Nenshou's turn to wait as Monosso stumbles out of the corner, scooped up across the chest of the former Longhorn Heritage Champion before being taken down in a quick backbreaker...]

GM: The backbreaker connects and that's usually the prelude for... yes, he's going to the corner!

BW: Come on, Nenshou! Finish this guy!

GM: My unbiased colleague encouraging Nenshou just as Percy Childes is from his spot out on the floor. Nenshou quickly scaling the turnbuckles... stepping up top...

[This time, there is no delay. No looking to the crowd or to his entourage. Nenshou instantly takes flight, soaring through the air with a picture perfect backflip...]

...and CRASHES down onto the torso of Monosso!]

GM: HE HITS IT! Nenshou got ALL of that, fans!

BW: That's it! Cover him!

[But the ribs that were banged up earlier when Monosso raised his knees on the Moonsault attempt appear to be a problem for the face-painted grappler as he rolls away from Monosso, clutching his torso in obvious pain.]

GM: It looks like Nenshou may have banged up his ribs on that move though and he's hurting, fans! He can not take advantage of Monosso's situation here.

BW: This can't be happening. After all those tries, he FINALLY hits the Moonsault and he STILL can't make a cover?!

[Outside the ring, Percy Childes can be heard SCREAMING at Nenshou to get over on top of Monosso for the pin attempt.]

GM: Childes is hollering for Nenshou to cover... he's trying to get there... trying to crawl towards the downed Monosso...

[The crowd is buzzing again, waiting to see what happens as Nenshou lifts an arm...

...and flops it across Monosso's chest!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[The New Orleans fans ERUPT as Monosso, having used the extra moments to recover, just barely slips a shoulder off the mat!]

BW: HOW?! How in the Hell is he doing this, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea! James Monosso is driven here tonight - absolutely driven by necessity! He needs to get out from under Percy Childes' control! He needs to be his own man! And he NEEDS the World Heavyweight Championship! But to get there... to get a chance at it tomorrow night, he's gotta beat the man who just came oh-so-close to putting him down for a one-two-three.

[Nenshou has rolled to his back, hands up over his face as he tries to recover as well.]

GM: We're over twenty minutes into this final match of the Quarterfinal round!

BW: Monosso should be in the friggin' morgue at this point of the night! How the heck is he still walking, let alone fighting?!

GM: James Monosso is showing us a side of himself that we never knew he had before! James Monosso is channeling the man who once held a World Title and was one of the hottest stars in our sport! But can he do it, Bucky? Does he have enough left to put Nenshou down for a three count and move on in the tournament?!

[Nenshou is the first to his feet, throwing kicks at the banged-up ribs of Monosso.]

GM: Nenshou's on the attack once more, trying to figure out a way to put Monosso down once and for all...

[Nenshou backs to the ropes, slowly bouncing off...

...and leaps up, DRIVING both feet squarely down into the torso of Monosso!]

GM: Double stomp! A page out of the playbook of their old ally, Anton Layton.

[Nenshou looks like he's about to attempt a cover when Childes waves it off from the outside, gesturing to the ropes...]

GM: And I think Childes just told Nenshou to double stomp him from the top!

BW: Oh man... if he hits this, it's GOTTA be over!

[With a nod, Nenshou steps out to the apron, again moving to scale the turnbuckles...]

GM: Nenshou's heading for the corner again... but look at Monosso!

[Clutching his ribs, the man from Happy Valley struggles up to his feet, wobbling towards Nenshou who has yet to see him...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Percy's trying to warn him! Nenshou doesn't know he's coming for him!

[As soon as Nenshou steps one foot on the top, he's greeted with a massive haymaker from Monosso that stops him cold!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand by Monosso!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Monosso delivers a second... then a third...]

GM: He's got Nenshou in some trouble here!

[Reaching up, Monosso pulls Nenshou down into a fireman's carry, standing tall on the mat with him...

...and DROPS to his knees, SMASHING the painted face of Nenshou into the top turnbuckle and snapping his head back on the impact!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Monosso just yanks his own legs out from under him and nearly caves in Nenshou's face with that move right there!

BW: It was almost like a Happy Valley Driver but a lot different!

[With a barely-moving Nenshou still slung over his shoulders, Monosso slowly pushes up from his knees to his feet, standing in the corner...]

GM: Monosso's up again... Nenshou's in trouble, fans!

[The Asian Assassin starts to wriggle as Monosso hobbles out of the corner, trying to get free. He lashes out, throwing the point of his elbow into the temple again and again... then brings his knee up as well, catching Monosso hard in the side of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Big knee to the skull!

[The blow frees up Nenshou, allowing him to drop down on his feet behind his opponent...]

...where he VIOLENTLY kicks the back of Monosso's leg, sweeping the leg right out from under him!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: SWEEP! THE! LEG!

[Nenshou promptly grabs the ankle, twisting the leg...]

GM: Nenshou's going for-

[The crowd cheers as Monosso makes a desperate lunge for the ropes, hooking on tightly with both arms to prevent the figure four leglock from behind applied.]

GM: Monosso makes a dive for the ropes and the referee - at about the twenty-five minute mark of this match - is forcing Nenshou to let go of the figure four leglock attempt.

[Nenshou backs off, glaring at the referee as Monosso uses the ropes to drag his upper body under the bottom rope. The former Longhorn Heritage Champ steps out on the apron, measuring his man...]

...and executes a standing front flip, SMASHING his leg down across Monosso's exposed throat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Monosso immediately rolls back and forth, coughing violently as Nenshou sits on the apron next to him. Percy Childes approaches, shouting

something in Japanese to Nenshou who uses the ropes to assist him in getting back to his feet...]

GM: Nenshou's up, stepping back in...

[He grabs Monosso by the ankle with his left hand, dragging him back into the ring before flipping into a double leg cradle...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Monosso breaking the leg cradle, pushing up to his feet in a shocking bridge...]

GM: Holy-

[...and turns it over so that Nenshou's trapped in a standing headscissors!]

GM: He's got-

[Monosso suddenly lifts Nenshou into the air, pausing at the peak of the lift...]

...and uses Nenshou's tights to shove him just a little bit higher into the air...]

GM: FULL EXTENSION!!

[...and DRIVES him down to the mat with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! POWERBOMB!!!

[Monosso lunges across the chest of Nenshou...]

...but the official doesn't see it, having been distracted by Juan Vasquez up on the apron during the powerbomb!]

GM: Referee, get him down from there! Get the man off the apron! We've got a pinfall going on in the ring!

[Climbing to his feet, Monosso glares at the official who is tied up with Vasquez...]

...and then turns his stare onto Percy Childes who is up on the other apron, shouting to Nenshou.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Get down, Percy! Get down!

[Childes tries to do exactly that but he's a bit too slow for Monosso who lunges at him, grabbing him by the jacket collar as the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: HE'S GOT CHILDES!! HE'S GOT HIM BY THE-

[A desperate and terrified Percy Childes lashes out with the crystal-topped cane, smashing it across the chest of Monosso...

...who simply smiles in response!]

GM: Oh my... that smile sends a cold chill down my spine, Bucky.

BW: It sends something trickling down your pant legs too, I bet. It's good thing Percy ain't wearing white pants the day before Labor Day.

[Monosso rears back a right hand, ready to coldcock the Collector of Oddities...]

BW: NENSHOU!

[...but the Asian Assassin is ready to strike, gripping his throat as he grabs Monosso by the arm, swinging him around...]

GM: MIST!

[Nenshou spews a stream of red mist again...

...which Monosso ducks under, causing it to hit Childes squarely in the eyes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED WITH THE MIST! RIGHT IN THE EYES OF CHILDES!!!

[A shocked Nenshou stands still for a moment, staring at his blinded and screaming manager, a ruckus that draws the referee's focus away from Juan Vasquez and back to the action...

...right as Monosso wraps his powerful arms around the torso of Nenshou!]

GM: Monosso's got him hooked! He's got- HE LIFTS!

[And DUMPS Nenshou on the back of the head and neck with a devastating Backdrop Driver!]

GM: DESCENT INTO MADNESS!!

[Monosso rolls over, diving across Nenshou as he reaches back to hook both legs...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the bell, climbing to their feet in unison to pay tribute to the winner!]

GM: He's done it! James Monosso has defied the odds here tonight and he's defeated Nenshou to make the Semifinals! He's in the Final Four and is two victories away from being the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion! Unbelievable!

BW: I'm... I'm in shock, Gordo.

GM: You're not the only one! Listen to these fans cheering for James Monosso! Incredible!

[The announcers fall silent for a moment, allowing the fans at home to hear the New Orleans crowd cheering their hearts out for the display of courage and determination that we just saw out of James Monosso.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner... moving on to the Semifinals...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAMESSSS MONOOOOSSSSOOOOOOO!

[A dazed and exhausted Monosso sits up on the canvas, allowing the official to raise his hand in triumph as he looks around at the cheering crowd with a shake of his head. Outside the ring, Juan Vasquez has helped Percy Childes off the floor and is walking him back down the aisle towards the locker room, leaving a downed Nenshou behind.]

GM: Monosso has done it! Monosso is moving on! And the Unholy Alliance is in a state of disarray! Nenshou eliminated, Childes gets hit with the mist, and if Juan Vasquez' mission was to help bring the gold to Nenshou, he has failed in that assignment, fans!

BW: Percy's not gonna sit still for this, Gordo. Percy is going to rain down hell and havoc on every single person in this promotion.

GM: Perhaps on another night he will... but this night... this night belongs to James Monosso!

[Hurting from the night's battles, Monosso climbs to his feet, wearily raising an arm in victory to the cheers of the crowd as we crossfade from the ring to the Control Center where Mark Steglet is shaking his head.]

MS: James Monosso is moving on... and I never thought I'd hear the fans cheer that man but right here, tonight, in New Orleans that's exactly what happened, Mr. Watkins.

JW: I can't explain it, kid. Maybe it's just the circumstances of who he was facing... maybe they like the guts he showed tonight. I couldn't tell you why these fans here tonight rallied behind Monosso but it'll be REAL interesting to hear his reaction to what just went down here tonight.

MS: The Final Four is set. The Semifinals are locked. And let's find out who will be facing who tomorrow night.

[Stegglet's image is replaced by a graphic showing "Hotshot" Stevie Scott on one side and Supreme Wright on the other.]

MS: In the first semifinal, we'll see Stevie Scott do battle with Supreme Wright! And that means...

[The graphic changes to one showing James Monosso and Sultan Azam Sharif.]

MS: James Monosso meets the Sultan in the other Semifinal! Those four men will collide with the winners meeting for the honor of becoming the very first man to be called the AWA World Heavyweight Champion. A long, long road that began so many months ago in Westwego will come to an end tomorrow night in New Orleans as our new champion is crowned. It's going to be a great night of action tomorrow as we've also got our National Tag Team Title match pitting The Bishop Boys defending the gold against Violence Unlimited. Plus, who could forget the annual thirty man Rumble with the winner earning themselves a shot at the World Title at this year's SuperClash!

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: It's been an awesome night of action, fans, and tomorrow night may somehow even be better! For Jim Watkins, I'm Mark Stegglet in the Control Center and we'll see you tomorrow night for more Blood, Sweat, And Tears... so long everybody!

[The camera zooms in on the four names under the Semifinal column on the "big board"...

...and we fade to black.]

COMING UP NEXT...

Monday, September 3rd
Lakefront Arena
New Orleans, Louisiana

NATIONAL TAG TEAM TITLE MATCH
The Cast is BANNED!
The Bishop Boys vs Violence Unlimited

SEMIFINALS

"Hotshot" Stevie Scott vs Supreme Wright
James Monosso vs Sultan Azam Sharif

FINALS

The two Semifinal winners collide to be the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion

The AWA's annual Rumble - a 30 man event with the winner earning a World Title shot at SuperClash IV

Announced participants:

Alphonse Green

Robert Donovan

Supernova

Chris Staley

Hamilton Graham

Glenn Hudson

Rex Summers

Manny Imbrogno

BC Da Mastah MC

Skywalker Jones

Ryan Martinez

Tin Can Rust

Macht Kraftwerk

Juan Vasquez

Gunnar Gaines

Travis Lynch

MAMMOTH Maximus

November

Rick Marley

William Craven