

THE AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE & EMPIRE SPORTS

Proudly Present

BLOOD SWEAT & TEARS

*Monday, September 3rd
Lakefront Arena
New Orleans, Louisiana*

[We fade in from black to a black and white shot of Jim Watkins sitting in front of a black backdrop on a stool as the sounds of]

"I never held a World Title. I fought my entire life for it - all over the United States. I dragged my wife and kids up and down the country, looking for my opportunity to be the best professional wrestler in the world but it never came my way.

A lot of people will tell you they don't need a World Title to consider their career a success.

They're lying."

[Fade away from Watkins to a shot of Todd Michaelson in the same spot.]

"Former World Champion. The three sweetest words an ex-wrestler can ever hear. It's no secret that I only held the title one night... but it was the greatest night of my career. Nothing ever came close... nothing could top it. It meant I was the best in the world... it meant that the rest of the world looked up to me.

It meant everything."

[We fade again to November, the pale cruiserweight sitting solemnly in the same plain background, barely lit up at all.]

"We scratch and claw. We fight and bleed. We sleep in our cars and have aches in our backs. Endless travel and heartache after heartache. Families seen too few and far between.

And it's all worth it to hear those words....

"And NEW World Champion!"

It's a living dream for each and every one of us."

[We fade from November to Rick Marley sitting backwards in a steel folding chair in front of the same black backdrop.]

"Holding the World Title means one thing: For one shining moment, you were the best in the business. Everyone wanted that belt, but YOU were the one that wore it around their waist...and no matter how much they want to, no matter how hard they try, no one can ever take that away from you.

It means respect."

[Fade to William Craven, massive green shoulders hunched forward, eyes downcast, looking at the red-wrapped masses of callus he calls hands.]

WC: What does ... what would being the World Champion mean ... to William Craven?

[Clenching both hands Craven shakes his head.]

WC: Validation. Proof that a career spanning decades holds meaning. That ... age cannot hold back the Hardcore Heart...

[Looking to camera, Craven grits his sharpened teeth.]

WC: It would be proof ... that I am now who I should have been all those years ago in Los Angeles; The King of the Monsters...

[Fade to Robert Donovan, sitting with his arms crossed and feet up on an unseen object.]

"I ain't ever been a World Champ...ain't even sniffed one for over a decade."

[Donovan raises both hands -- empty hands.]

"Woulda meant the world to be the first man to hold this one."

[Donovan trails off, his hands dropping to his sides.]

"The world."

[We fade in to see young Jeff Jagger sitting on a lone stool up against a black background. His eyes are focused somewhere out beyond the camera; the future perhaps. Without looking at the camera, he speaks.]

"World Champion." It's all I've ever dreamed o' bein' called since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, really. Watchin' my dad lift guys' arms into the air and seein' the look of pure exhilaration on their faces... I wanted that to be me."

[A small smile from Jagger.]

"I know that a long career in this business is a long-shot, an' a chance like this may never come around again. You can dream about it, or you can do somethin' about it."

[Jagger's eyes flicker towards the camera as he focuses on it.]

"I'm done dreamin'."

[Fade to another shot, this one of "The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor on the same stool.]

"I've never been a World Champion... hell, truth be told, I've never even come close to it. Never sniffed it.

I told the world that it didn't matter to me. That I was content bein' the baddest hellraiser this world's ever come across.

[Taylor shakes his head.]

"But once... just once..."

[A deep sigh.]

"Would've been nice, ya know? Would've meant more to me than..."

[Taylor's voice trails off as he's replaced by a shot of Sweet Daddy Williams.]

"They tell me that I'm what you might call... a popular man."

[A shrug.]

"I love it... it's what makes me get up in the morning and pry these ol' bones out of bed. It's what makes me drag my bad knee to the side and slip a pair of jeans on. It's what makes me stand up straight while my back's screamin' in pain at me.

The people love me... and I love them. And I wouldn't have it any other way."

[Williams rubs his chin.]

"But you ask me if I would have done something different to spend one night - just one night - with the World Title in my hands?"

[He pauses, looking off camera...]

"I... I ain't speechless much, son... but that's a question I'm not sure I can answer."

[We fade away from Sweet Daddy Williams to a shot of the four men scheduled to participate in the Semifinals later tonight as the sounds of "Coronation" from the Stardust soundtrack begins to play. Supreme Wright's

image comes out in front of the others, fading into a shot of Supreme Wright, standing outside Lakefront Arena, preparing to leave after the end of Night One.]

"My father was a wrestler. My father's father was a wrestler...and they never came close to ever winning one. And now, here I am...so close. So close...

A man like Mr. Scott can stand there and tell everyone that he's poured three years worth of blood, sweat and tears into becoming a World Champion...

...but by my count, I've been doing THAT for every single one of my twenty-seven years.

It's the pinnacle of this sport, the one thing that says that without a doubt...you're the best. If you're a wrestler, it's ALL you should ever want to be.

It's my passion. It's my life. It's my everything.

All I've ever wanted to be is the World Champion."

[Fade back to the four shot where Sultan Azam Sharif now stands pronounced above the rest. Wearing a light blue suit jacket, white shirt and tie, and his white kaffiyeh with black agal, Sharif has an intense, excited look on his face.]

"To be Vurld Shampwon..."

[His voice trails out, and he is clearly moved by even the thought of it.]

"All ontollEgunt AmerEcun know, I vas Olympic shampwon, Atens Greece, two tousun four. I vas Ashun Game shampwon, Doha Qatar, two tousun six. I do dot for my country, beautiful Iran. All Iranian peepell, I love dem, dey are deh best peepell in deh best country. Deh oldest country in deh vurld, un I do dot for dem.

Now! AWA Vurld Shampwonship! Insha Allah, I om gunna do it again! For Iran! For my peepell! Dey baleef in me! Un it diddunt mattair who I had to go through to win for dem! Mistair Jum Munnasah, Mistair Suprehm Wright, Mistair Steefie Scut! Fil-imteHaan yokram il-mar' aw yohaani! Now we gunna see who deh shampwon is, un vid all Iran vid me, I vill make my peepell proud!

IRAN, NUMBAH VUN!"

[And then we fade back to the four shot before moving on to "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. He's dressed in a very basic AWA t-shirt - one of the first styles that ever went on sale. It looks like it has seen better days.]

"I held the AWA National Title on two occasions."

[Scott pauses.]

"I would tell you I was a different person then but that's not really true. I was the same guy then that I am now... just maybe aimed in a different direction.

No regrets. That's how I try to live my life.

But I didn't appreciate that title when it was around my waist... I can say that for a fact. And I regret that."

[He takes a long look down at the ground before looking up.]

"When I walk out of here tonight as the very first AWA World Champion, you can bet your life that I won't make that mistake again."

[We fade from Stevie's focused gaze to the four shot which turns into the backstage area. The chyron reads "LAST NIGHT, 12:14 AM". A sign reads "FIRST AID STATION".

Being helped out of the first aid area by several white-coated people is James Monosso. He looks practically asleep, completely spent, barely able to limp along even with help. They head towards a nearby ambulance, but as they pass the camera, Monosso's left eye opens just enough to see it.

He speaks loud enough to hear, even as voices echo all over the corridor in the aftermath of the show.]

JM: I'll be back...

My life. My life. That title is my life now...

[They pass by the camera as one of the medical aides urges him to calm down and tells him they'll be at the hospital soon. We fade back to the four shot one more time, holding for a long moment before fading to black...

...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: Ladies and gentlemen... we... are... LIVE... here in the Lakefront Arena in New Orleans, Louisiana, for what is arguably the biggest night in AWA history! One night... four men... the final stop on the Road To Glory as tonight, one man will be crowned the very first AWA World Champion! And Bucky, it's been a long, long road but the end is in sight.

BW: It's in sight... but that's not all, Gordo. The Road To Glory may be ending but the Road To SuperClash IV begins right here tonight!

GM: That's right. In addition to the Semifinals and Finals of our World Title Tournament, we're also going to see the AWA's annual 30 man Rumble with the winner earning a World Title shot that they will receive on Thanksgiving Night in Los Angeles!

BW: Plus, the Bishops get to slap Morton and Haynes all over the Bayou to keep the National Tag Team Titles to boot! I can't wait for this thing to get started!

GM: Of course, we will be joined by our broadcast colleagues throughout the night - and speaking of which, we're going to go right back to the World Title Tournament Control Center where Mark Stegglet has kept us up to date all summer long! Mark?

[We crossfade back to the Tournament Control Center where a beaming Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the Chairman of the Championship Committee, "Big" Jim Watkins. Both are tuxedoed out to the nines and are ready for one hell of a night.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! Jim Watkins, welcome to what many have called the biggest night in AWA history! On this night, we will see the crowning of the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

JW: Way back in May, we started with sixty-four wrestlers - sixty-four of the very best in the world - and tonight, we are down to four. "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, Sultan Azam Sharif, Supreme Wright, and James Monosso - one of those four men will walk out of New Orleans tonight as the man that every other person in this industry will look up to and recognize as the very best professional wrestler in the world today.

MS: In addition, we will see the AWA's annual Rumble, postponed from its usual slot at Memorial Day Mayhem, with thirty of the world's best competing to see who will go on to SuperClash IV on Thanksgiving Night in Los Angeles to meet the World Champion. And I understand, you've got some more names to add to that huge showdown.

JW: I do... first, if we could put up the graphic of the men we've already announced please...

[Both men are temporarily hidden by the aforementioned graphic.]

MS: Let's run down the list:

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

[The graphic fades to reveal our two Control Center hosts once more.]

MS: Who else do you have, Mr. Watkins?

JW: Well, first off, we can now officially add the man who lost in the final Quarterfinal match last night... the enigmatic Nenshou! He's in the Rumble!

MS: Nenshou, who many believed was the odds on favorite to be the first AWA World Champion, is in the Rumble. But I understand you have one more and this is a bit of a surprise.

JW: It certainly is. Late last night, my office got a phone call from a man who competed in the tournament but until that moment, had shown no interest in being in the Rumble. But I can tell you right here and now that this man IS in the building and he IS ready to compete with twenty-nine of the world's best with a World Title shot on the line.

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: He is former World Champion and a member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame - Jeff "Madfox" Matthews!

[We can hear a big cheer from inside the arena!]

MS: Jeff Matthews has been added to the Rumble! That's big news, Mr. Watkins!

JW: He is the twenty-second man to enter the Rumble... eight spots remain. We can also officially announce that the losers of tonight's Semifinal matches - health permitting - will ALSO enter the Rumble.

[Another big cheer from inside the building!]

JW: That makes twenty-four! Add in the handful of surprises we've got in store for you all and I'm really looking forward to seeing what happens here tonight in the Rumble.

MS: The Rumble... the National Tag Team Title Match... plus the Semifinals and Finals of the AWA World Title Tournament. And right now, we'd like to

bring in a special guest to help us run down the four men remaining in the tournament - the Head Trainer of the Combat Corner, Todd Michaelson!

[Michaelson walks into view, dressed in a very expensive-looking olive suit. He shakes hands with both men as he beams at the camera.]

MS: It's an exciting night to be in New Orleans, Todd.

TM: The AWA has made New Orleans the capital of the world of wrestling on this night, Mark. Four of the best in the world meeting to see who will be simply known as THE best.

MS: Can you give us your thoughts on the four men remaining?

[Michaelson nods.]

TM: Absolutely. First, you've got Sultan Azam Sharif whose amateur background is second to no one. When he first arrived in the AWA, a lot of people treated him like a joke... like someone that would be comedy filler on the shows. But the moment he stepped in the ring, you knew he was serious business. Can he beat James Monosso? I don't know. But I know if he locks in the Camel Clutch, no one's getting out of that.

MS: Speaking of holds that no one escapes, how about Supreme Wright's version of the Cobra Clutch Crossface that you developed for Eric Preston so many months ago?

[Michaelson shrugs.]

TM: What do you want me to say, Mark? I was completely caught by surprise when he used it. That move's only been taught to a handful of people in the Combat Corner... and honestly, I had forgotten that he was one of them. But he used it pretty well, right?

MS: Are you concerned about the possibility that Supreme Wright could win the World Title here tonight?

[Michaelson furrows his brow.]

TM: Concerned? I wouldn't say that. The kid's earned his shot. He's earned his spot in the Semifinals and if he wins the whole thing, I'm pretty sure he would have earned that too.

[A familiar voice from off-camera interrupts...]

HSS: How can you say that?!?

[And into the scene walks "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.]

HSS: Maybe it's just me, Michaelson, but you seem pretty damned proud of the fact that Supreme Wright is still in this tournament. What is it, huh? You on his bandwagon now? After he left you high and dry, you just gonna

let it all be water under the bridge because your former protege is one of four men left standing?

[He steps closer to Michaelson, nearly in his face.]

HSS: Maybe you want to see him win, huh? Because then, maybe you'll think your abilities as a trainer aren't so bad after all? I mean, what with Combat Corner failure after Combat Corner failure, Todd, maybe this is just an ego thing for you.

[Michaelson smirks.]

TM: Ego? Of all people, you're gonna come back here and accuse ME of having something be about ego? This isn't about me, Scott. This is about you... the kid... and a shot to be the World Champion. There's four men left and each would be a hell of a champion in their own way. I've got no vested interest either way.

[Stevie takes a step back, nodding.]

HSS: All right, boss. Prove it.

Give me the counter for the Cobra Clutch Crossface.

NOW!

[Michaelson actually laughs which turns Stevie about six shades of red.]

TM: Are you joking? First off, I never said the hold even HAD a counter. Second, the only people who know that hold... and know everything ABOUT that hold... are people who've gone through the Combat Corner. And I'm pretty damn sure that's not you.

You've never liked the Corner... you've never respected the people that come out of it... and tonight, you're just worried that the great Stevie Scott is gonna get his ass kicked by a punk kid with an attitude that learned the biz from...

[Michaelson gestures to himself.]

TM: ...an old guy who YOU took out of WarGames a couple years ago but you were too scared to get in that double cage with me.

[The crowd inside the arena "ooooohs."]

TM: These people may have forgiven and forgotten, Hotshot... but don't dream for a second that I have.

[Scott shakes his head angrily.]

HSS: Don't you give me that crap, Todd! I've been loyal to you and the AWA from day one! I was here when we were working high school gyms in front

of 300 people...doing promotional appearances at malls and car dealerships...I, unlike other people, have NEVER left for Canada, for Vegas, for Phoenix. And believe me...I HAVE had several offers.

[Almost instinctively, Stevie points at the AWA logo behind them.]

HSS: I am AWA through and through, Michaelson, unlike anyone else.

[Stevie looks Todd up and down, scowling.]

HSS: But obviously, that doesn't mean crap to you.

[Before Michaelson can respond, Stevie storms off-camera. With a sigh, Todd shakes his head and walks off the other direction, leaving a shocked Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: A very... tense... situation here between "Hotshot" Stevie Scott and Todd Michaelson. We're about ready to head down to the ring for the first Semifinal matchup of the night but before we do, let's hear from the two men who will be squaring off in that match...

[The words, "RECORDED EARLIER TODAY" flash across the screen, as we see Jason Dane, standing in the backstage interview area with Supreme Wright. The former Combat Corner student is dressed in a three-piece, grey tweed suit, a pink dress shirt, and a tonal red floral necktie. He looks to be all business tonight, staring straight ahead with a stone-faced expression as Dane begins to speak.]

JD: The night we've all been waiting for is finally upon us. Tonight, the AWA crowns its first-ever World Champion! And after months of fierce competition, the biggest tournament in professional wrestling history is finally drawing to a close. I have with me right now, one of the four men competing for a chance at history...Supreme Wright. The big story coming out of last night's matches may have been James Monosso overcoming the odds to advance to the final four, but Supreme...your run to the final four has been every bit as remarkable. Your thoughts, going into tonight?

[A big grin suddenly creeps along Supreme's face.]

SW: You didn't think I'd be here, did you?

[Dane seems to have been caught off-guard by the question.]

JD: Well, ummm...I would say it's a bit of a surprise, yes.

SW: No need to sugarcoat it for me, Mr. Dane...that look you give me every time I show up in front of you says it all.

[He holds up four fingers.]

SW: James Monosso, Stevie Scott, The Sultan Azam Sharif...

[With each name said, he lowers a finger.]

SW: ...and Supreme Wright.

[He leaves that finger hanging in the air, wiggling it as he taunts Dane with a sing-songy rendition.]

SW: Which of these things is not like the others...which one of these things just doesn't belong?

[Supreme chuckles.]

SW: I wasn't supposed to make it past a legend like Mr. Matthews. I was supposed to fall to the might of Royalty's little doggie, Dave Cooper. I was supposed to lose my head at the guillotine of Mr. Craven's Revolution...

[He stands up straight, crossing his arms over his chest with a defiant look on his face.]

SW: ...but here I am, Mr. Dane. Still standing...still breathing...and two wins away from becoming the World Champion.

[A smirk.]

SW: Not bad, for a Combat Corner dropout, huh?

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: You've made it into the top four, Supreme...it's obvious now, that you're much more than just some "dropout".

SW: Am I really, Mr. Dane? If you ask a man like Stevie Scott, he'll tell you that I'm an "outsider" and that means I got no right to hold that World Title instead of him.

[Supreme lowers his head, as a stern look forms on his face.]

SW: My professional wrestling career started in the AWA. Everything that I've been, everything that I stand for, everything that I've fought for these past four years is BECAUSE of what happened when I was in the AWA.

[He stares straight towards the camera.]

SW: Just last night...whether anyone likes it or not...I went out there and fought for this organization's very existence. Two do-or-die matches with the AWA's survival on the line...and I WON. No matter what else happens this weekend, history will tell you that Supreme Wright stepped up and saved the AWA not once, but TWICE in one night.

[He narrows his eyes.]

SW: And if Mr. Scott is still gonna' stand there and have the nerve to call me an "outsider"?

[Wright laughs...before his expression turns serious once more.]

SW: Then he can go straight to hell...'cause that's bull and he knows it.

[He squeezes his eyes shut, trying to collect his thoughts. Supreme then slightly tilts his head to the side, with an inquisitive look on his face.]

SW: Jackson Martin...that name ring a bell, Mr. Scott?

[He frowns and then tilts his head towards the other side.]

SW: How about Pedro Perez? You're familiar with him, right?

[A soft chuckle.]

SW: Nah...of course you wouldn't remember any of the ants that got crushed beneath your feet.

[A sudden look of enlightenment forms on Wright's face.]

SW: Ah, I got one for you. You'd know this one for sure.

Marcus Broussard.

[A mild look of confusion from Jason Dane.]

JD: Marcus...Broussard?

[Supreme nods as he continues on.]

SW: In the Combat Corner, Mr. Broussard was a mentor and a teacher to all of us. He taught me as much about professional wrestling as anyone I've ever known, Mr. Scott. And...you ended his career.

[For the briefest of moments, a grimace of anger flashes across Supreme's face.]

JD: Supreme...it's a well documented fact that you left this organization BECAUSE of your experience in the Combat Corner. Why are you suddenly-...

[Supreme cuts him off.]

SW: It's important to me that people get to hear this. All we ever hear about is the end of my days in the Combat Corner, Mr. Dane...but I spent a year there working alongside those men just looking for a chance to break into this business. Those aren't bonds you just throw away. No matter what happened in the end, men like Pedro Perez, Jackson Martin, Eric Preston, Ricky Armstrong, Jeff Jagger, Skywalker Jones and hell...

...even Aaron Anderson.

We all had the same dream.

We wanted to wrestle for the AWA.

[He shakes his head.]

SW: And now, to see a man like Stevie Scott, who was the golden boy of The Southern Syndicate, a man that's ended the careers of more AWA wrestlers than anyone else who's ever wrestled here, a man that constantly SPIT on those dreams just because he could, standing there acting like some big hero and the protector of all that's good and pure about the AWA?

Honestly?

I think it's a damn joke.

[Supreme leans in towards the camera.]

SW: And despite everything I just said, Mr. Scott...I STILL respect you! You're the greatest National champion in AWA history. You're one of the best wrestlers in all the world. You're one of the few men that actually NEEDS that world title. And there's no doubt in my mind that you DESERVE to hold it.

[His expression turns into a fierce, wide-eyed look.]

SW: But "deserve" ain't got a damn thing to do with it. The World Title ain't going around the waist of the man that "deserves" to hold it the most. And it ain't even going around the waist of the man that NEEDS that title the most.

[He shakes his head.]

SW: What happened between me and the AWA taught me that dreams don't just come true.

You gotta' MAKE them come true.

[Supreme takes in a slow, deep breath.]

SW: I was never destined for greatness. I was never destined to win a World Title. I was never destined to win a damn thing. All I was ever guaranteed... was an opportunity.

[He stares hard into the camera, with an intense, penetrating gaze.]

SW: In this tournament, I've been doubted every single step of the way, but I believed.

I ALWAYS believed.

And that's why I'm standing here, right now.

[He raises his voice ever so slightly, but his belief in these words were never stronger.]

SW: Tonight, I'm TAKING that World Title.

[A beat.]

SW: And I will be...your World Champion.

[We cut from the shot of Dane and Wright to a mostly-empty locker room. Aside from the furnishings, the lone occupant is the aforementioned Stevie Scott.

And he looks a bit worried.

He stares down at the floor, rocking ever-so-slightly back and forth. He is in his ring attire, consisting of full-length black tights with orange airbrushed flames down each leg. His hair is dissheveled. And he seems a bit fidgety as well.]

HSS: So this is it.

[Pause. Longer than would be normal here.]

HSS: The last night...the last chance...destiny awaits.

[He pauses again, running a hand quickly through his hair.]

HSS: I've said from the start of this thing that I would not...under ANY circumstances...allow an outsider to walk away as the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion. And as I look at who is left, only one outsider remains.

My opponent.

Except...he's really not an outsider entirely, is he?

[Finally, Stevie raises his head, glaring hard into the camera.]

HSS: He's worse.

Here's a man who trained...TRAINED in the Combat Corner as the protege of Todd Michaelson. Hand-picked by good old Todd to be the chosen one, the pride of the training headquarters of the AWA. And when it was his time to finally make his debut, what did he do?

He ran. For Las Vegas of all places.

[The two-time National Champion does nothing to hide a disgusted look.]

HSS: Oh, you did well there, didn't you? Did quite well for yourself. Fortune, fame and all that. Titles, high rankings in the year-end awards...you became one of the best.

So now, because you're a "big name..."

[The sarcasm in those last two words was evident.]

HSS: ...you think you can come back here, and all is just gonna be fine? You think you can leave the AWA high and dry, go to Vegas and Phoenix, and then stroll back in and be all, "Hey, I think I can be the first World Champion of the company that I DISRESPECTED?!?!!"

[Disgust turns to anger. No longer nervous, the loudness of Stevie's voice raises.]

HSS: Over. My. Dead. BODY!

[Again, he pauses, his chest rising and dropping with heavy, intense breathing. When he talks again, though, his voice lowers to a near-whisper.]

HSS: I know you got the goods, kid. You're one helluva talent, I ain't denying that. And maybe one day, you'll wear the AWA World Title.

But not while I'm here.

All the blood, all the sweat, all the tears that I've shed over three years here...the early days wrestling in high school gymnasiums and National Guard armories in front of 300 people...I went through that. You didn't. You skipped it because of some lover's spat with Michaelson or because you felt you were too good for us or whatever...it doesn't matter why.

What matters...

[Stevie lets out a hard sigh before finishing.]

HSS: ...is that you LEFT.

And now you want to come back here and reap the benefits of MY hard work?

[He shakes his head...]

HSS: No.

[...and leaps to his feet, delivering a HARD kick to the bench he was just sitting on, sending it tumbling into the nearby lockers with a loud clang.]

HSS: NO!

You see, it's not a matter of whether or not you've earned it, Supreme.

It's whether or not you DESERVE it.

[Stevie points to his forehead.]

HSS: You see these scars up here? They're mementos to the time and effort I spent helping put the AWA where it is today. This one right here? Juan Vasquez made that one with the corner of a wooden JTF plaque.

[He moves his finger slightly to the left.]

HSS: This one? Tin Can Rust slammed my head into a steel cage.

Each one of them has a story, Wright. So let me ask you a question.

[Instinctively, perhaps, Stevie leans in toward the camera.]

HSS: How many scars do YOU have for the AWA?

[Another long pause, before Stevie slowly nods.]

HSS: That's what I thought.

But rest assured, kid...

...you're at least going to get one tonight.

[We crossfade away from a focused Stevie Scott to the ring where Phil Watson is standing as the bell sounds.]

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

[HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

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

[Another big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[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.]

GM: And listen to this reaction for Supreme Wright, Bucky!

BW: For a guy who everyone thought was a traitorous, no good son of a-

GM: BUCKY!

BW: -gun the last couple of months, these idiot fans sure have turned around on `im. If it wasn't for what I heard for Monosso last night, I would say Supreme Wright is getting the most surprising reaction of the men remaining in the tournament.

[As the song kicks into high gear, a spotlight hits the entrance, where we see Supreme Wright stepping through, in a white version of his usual ankle-length longcoat. Wright has his arms crossed in front of his chest, staring straight ahead towards the wrestling ring..._his_ wrestling ring with an intense focus.]

PW: ...he hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing 225 pounds...

SUPREME WRRIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[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, white w/ gold trim. 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.]

GM: Supreme Wright walks into the Semifinals with victories over Jaiden Andrews, Jeff Matthews, Dave Cooper, and William Craven... and when you say it, you really start to realize how impressive is truly is.

BW: And what strikes me is what a wide variety of styles he's faced down and defeated, Gordo. You got a high-flyer in Andrews, a Hall of Fame technician in Matthews, one of the most experienced veterans in the sport in Dave Cooper, and an out-and-out lunatic in William Craven. He's fought through a lot of guys that no one gave him a chance against to get here... but can he do it, Gordo? Can he get through one more man to stand one victory away from shocking the entire wrestling world?

GM: We're about to find out the answer to that question, Bucky.

[There's a momentary silence, the crowd buzzing in anticipation as Wright's music fades. And then the Beastie Boys' "Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun" starts up to a HUGE REACTION from the crowd!]

PW: And his opponent... from St. Louis, Missouri... weighing in at 228 pounds...

"HOTSHOT" STEEEEEEEEEVIEEEEE SCOOOOOTT!!!

[The curtain parts and the former two-time National Champion comes storming into view. He pauses just beyond the entrance for a moment, jerking a thumb at a t-shirt that reads "AWA ORIGINAL" across the front of it. With a nod to the roaring crowd, Scott starts the long walk down the aisle, glaring at Wright who is bouncing his weight from foot to foot, staying loose...]

GM: Stevie Scott makes the Semifinals with victories over former National Champions Marcus Broussard and Ron Houston before moving on to defeat Jerby Jezz of The Rave and Blackwater Bart last night. And the Hotshot has made it very clear from the outset that he did not intend to stand by and watch an outsider walk out of here this weekend with the World Title. Supreme Wright is the LAST outsider standing.

[Scott is walking swiftly down the aisle, ignoring the outstretched hands on either side of him as he stays locked on the ring.]

BW: Stevie Scott is a man who once was willing to do ANYTHING - and I mean ANYTHING - to win the AWA National Title. Now with the stakes raised even higher... as high as they've ever been... you have to wonder what he'll be willing to do.

[Scott dives under the bottom rope into the ring, climbing to his feet...

...and marching right across the ring, stepping up into the face of Supreme Wright, gesturing at his t-shirt as Wright starts running his mouth in Scott's direction...]

GM: Some words being exchanged by-

[The crowd ROARS as Scott suddenly throws a haymaker to the jaw, sending Wright stumbling backwards.]

GM: Ohh! Right hand by the Hotshot!

[Stevie keeps bringing the pressure, throwing right hand after right hand to the skull, backing Wright all the way back to the corner as the referee signals for the bell...]

GM: The bell sounds and this one is officially underway!

[Up against the buckles, Wright pulls up his arms to try and defend himself as Scott throws haymaker after haymaker at the skull...]

GM: Scott's tearing into him! He's all over him in the corner!

BW: Meekly's telling him to get back.

GM: Marty Meekly drawing the assignment of officiating the opening matchup here tonight, trying to get some control early...

[Grabbing one of the arms, Scott goes to fire Wright across the ring but the former Combat Corner student reverses it, sending Scott smashing into the opposite corner as Wright tears across the ring after him, leaving his feet...]

GM: OHH! Big leaping forearm in the corner!

[A fired-up Wright grabs Scott by the hair, blasting him in the jaw over and over and over as the crowd starts to rally behind him!]

GM: It's Wright's turn to hammer away at Scott!

BW: I don't think he liked those right hands in the corner, Gordo!

GM: He certainly didn't - going to work with a barrage of forearms to the side of the head!

[An angry Wright takes a step back at the referee's four count, digs his fingers underneath Scott's "AWA ORIGINAL" t-shirt...

...and gives a HARD yank, ripping the front of the shirt open - an act that draws some jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Ohh, these fans here in New Orleans aren't too sure they liked that, Bucky.

BW: Wright's got a chip on his shoulder, no doubt. He's liable to do some things that not everyone's going to like. You just saw that for sure.

[With Scott's bare chest exposed, Wright winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and leaves a rapidly reddening palm print on the pectorals of Scott with an overhead slap chop!]

GM: Good grief!

[Wright shoves Scott hard in the chest, keeping him in the corner as he turns his back, throwing a back elbow up into the chin!]

GM: Wright's with another hard shot there...

[Grabbing Scott by the arm, Wright wings him across the ring, sending the Hotshot crashing into the buckles...]

GM: Scott hits the corner hard - here comes Wright!

[Wright comes tearing across the ring, looking to deliver the running European uppercut...

...and runs headlong right into a raised boot from Stevie Scott!]

GM: Ohh! Stevie caught him coming in!

BW: The action's very quick in the early part of this one, Gordo. You gotta wonder if they can keep this pace up.

[Scott sets, measuring the dazed Wright...]

GM: HEATSEEK-

[Looking for the quick finish, Scott throws the superkick up but Wright manages to duck under it, lifting up to catch the back of Scott's knee on top of his shoulder...]

GM: What in the...?

[With Scott's leg trapped over his left shoulder, Wright uses his own right leg, slipping it behind the Hotshot's, pushing him down in a back heel trip to the mat. He quickly switches his grip on the left leg, rolling Scott into a half Boston Crab!]

GM: Whoa my! Lightning quick execution by Supreme Wright, going from a counter of the Heatseeker into a submission hold just like that.

BW: Stevie went for the home run too early, Gordo. I think Stevie Scott is a lot more nervous about facing Supreme Wright here in the Semifinals than he's letting on.

[Scott claws at the canvas, very quickly getting to the ropes to force a break which Wright just as quickly grants, allowing the Hotshot to drag himself under the ropes to the floor. He looks up, shaking his leg out as he glares at Wright.]

GM: Stevie Scott pulls out to the floor... and he does NOT look happy, fans.

BW: Going back for a second to what we saw before this match started. Stevie Scott went to Todd Michaelson to ask for the counter to the Cobra Clutch Crossface - the same hold that Wright used to defeat Jeff Matthews. How concerned about that hold do you think the Hotshot must be to do that?

GM: I'd say he's very concerned, Bucky. That hold - we've seen it before, right? We've seen Eric Preston use that hold to render James Monosso - of all people - unconscious. We know what it's capable of... and if we know it, than so does Stevie Scott. I can't blame him for looking for an advantage in this one.

[Scott paces around the ringside area a bit, milking the referee's count up to six before pulling up onto the apron where Wright is gesturing for him to re-enter the squared circle.]

GM: Supreme Wright's calling Stevie Scott back into the ring...

[The Hotshot obliges, stepping into the fray. Wright doesn't come for him, staying in the center of the ring in a partial crouch, waiting for the veteran to come to him.]

GM: Stevie Scott edging away from the ropes... Scott's faced some tremendous technical wrestlers in his career but you'd have to say that Supreme Wright is among the best, Bucky.

BW: Heck, Gordo... I think you could make a case for Wright being the very best technical wrestler that Stevie Scott has ever faced inside the ring.

[Scott moves closer and closer, finally tangling up in a collar and elbow tieup with the former Combat Corner student. Scott tries to force Wright back but Wright twists out of it, ending up behind the Hotshot in a hammerlock.]

GM: Wright hooks in a hammerlock, wrenching up on the arm...

[Stevie looks right then left, trying to find an escape. He reaches back with his free arm, hooking what looks like a snap mare attempt but Wright cranks up on the arm, increasing the pressure and forcing Stevie to bring his free arm back down, patting his trapped arm...]

GM: Stevie Scott's trying to find his way out of this but Wright's got it cinched in pretty snug, Bucky.

BW: And if you thought Stevie was cursing Michaelson BEFORE the match just imagine what he's doing right now being trapped in a hold that Wright probably learned in the Combat Corner.

[Scott parts his legs, reaching down through them to grab for Wright's leg...

...but again Wright turns up the heat, forcing Scott to straighten up, clutching his shoulder and shaking his head as the referee checks for a submission.]

GM: You may recall that Stevie Scott's first round match in this tournament was that brutal "I Quit" war with Marcus Broussard. He didn't give up then and I have a hard time imagining that he'd give up tonight.

BW: Totally different stakes though, Gordo. Sure, if he gives up in this one, he doesn't get his shot to be the World Champion... but he keeps his limbs intact and lives to fight another day. If he quit against Broussard, his AWA career was over!

GM: An excellent point. Are you saying that you think Wright can force a submission out of Stevie Scott here tonight?

BW: I'm just saying that if Scott WERE to give up tonight, I don't think anyone could blame him for it if his career was in jeopardy... and with some of the holds this kid knows, it certainly could be.

[Scott shakes his head again at the official, this time putting his weight back against the chest of Wright as he backs him up into the corner. The referee steps in, calling for a break. Wright immediately lets go of the arm...

...and gets Scott's off elbow SLAMMED into his jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Meekly got Wright to give the clean break but Stevie had other ideas!

[A second back elbow connects as well, snapping Wright's head back as Scott turns around, throwing three right hands to the ribcage as the referee shouts at him to back off.]

GM: Stevie steps back, letting the official check on Wright...

[And then Scott rushes back in, throwing his knee up into the ribcage of Wright. He spins Wright around in the corner, grabbing two hands full of cornrows...

...and SLAMS his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst to the corner!

[Still with his hands tangled in Wright's hair, Scott yanks him back from the corner, dragging him towards the middle of the ring where he pulls him into a front facelock...]

GM: Stevie Scott looking for a suplex here...

[But as he attempts to sling Wright's arm over his neck, Wright grabs Scott's wrist, twisting it around...]

GM: Wright spins out of the suplex attempt...

[Wright holds the armtwist for a moment as Scott searches for a way out...

...and then executes a second armtwist really fast, pulling down hard on the arm and taking Scott clean off his feet and down to the mat.]

GM: Wow! Nice execution on the armtwist... and Wright drops a leg across the arm for good measure!

[With Scott facefirst on the mat, Wright pulls the arm between his legs into a scissor hold before grabbing the wrist with both hands, yanking back on it.]

GM: Supreme Wright is certainly proving himself to be quite adept at some of the most unique submission holds that I've ever seen as he tries to put more pressure on the left arm of Stevie Scott with this unusual armbar.

[Scott slides his body backwards, wriggling towards the ropes where he slips a foot over the bottom rope, causing the referee to force a break which

Wright again quickly gives, rising to his feet as Scott again drags himself out to the floor - this time drawing some jeers from parts of the crowd.]

GM: Stevie Scott seems a little outmatched on the mat with this man right now, Bucky.

BW: Trading holds, going for submissions... that's not really Stevie Scott's game. Stevie's got a technical side but he needs to throw that out the window tonight and drag this kid into a fight. A dirty, low-down, face-scratching, eye-gouging, forehead-bitin' brawl where Stevie can bend the rules as he's so good at doing.

[Scott paces around on the floor again, occasionally looking back at the ring where Supreme Wright is looking on, showing a little bit of impatience as he barks at the official to start a count.]

GM: The referee starts up his ten count here... you can bet that Supreme Wright wouldn't be overjoyed to win that way but in the Semifinals of this tournament, he'll take it.

BW: Of course he would. Wright's not about to pass up a shot at the AWA World Title just to satisfy his ego knowing he can pin the Hotshot or make him submit.

[Wright moves closer to the ropes, shouting at Scott himself...

...a little too close as Stevie Scott lunges under the ropes, hooking Wright around the leg and yanking him off his feet!]

GM: Oh! Veteran move by Stevie Scott to catch Wright a little too close to the ropes...

[Scott drags Wright's left leg under the ropes, lifting it up...

...and SLAMMING the back of the knee down on the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: OHHHH! Stevie Scott going after the leg of Supreme Wright!

[Lifting the leg a second time, the Hotshot SLAMS it down a second time onto the ring apron...]

GM: Again down hard onto the apron! Stevie Scott showing his mean streak tonight here in New Orleans.

BW: Stevie Scott never claimed to be a Boy Scout, Gordo. He's the same guy he's always been in a lot of ways. These people might cheer him now but he's the same guy who tried to break Juan Vasquez' neck with the piledriver. The same guy who led the Southern Syndicate and left a trail of bodies everywhere he went.

[With the referee reprimanding him from inside the ring, Scott SMASHES the leg into the apron a third time, leaving Wright writhing in pain as he rolls back and forth on the mat.]

GM: Supreme Wright looks to be in a tremendous amount of pain down there on the canvas. Stevie Scott has put a vicious assault on that knee in the last several seconds here and Wright may be in some serious trouble.

[The referee's count on Scott reaches seven as the Hotshot looks up at Meekly with a sneer on his face...

...and gives a hard yank on the leg, pulling Wright under the ropes and dumping him down on the floor on the back of his head!]

GM: Oof! Hard fall to the floor for Wright right there.

BW: And this is genius, Gordo. The referee was counting out Stevie Scott and he wasn't done quite yet so he pulled Wright out there too.

GM: I don't understand.

BW: Meekly's gotta stop the count now because they're BOTH on the floor. Remember, there's no double countouts... no double disqualifications... no time limit draws. EVERY match in this tournament MUST have a winner, Gordo!

GM: That's right! A very smart move by Stevie Scott if he wants to try and inflict more punishment outside of the ring.

[Still holding Wright by the leg, Scott slams home a few kicks to the knee before releasing the foot, allowing Wright's leg to drop down to the floor.]

GM: Stevie Scott is out here, looking around for something...

[Changing his mind, Scott moves back in on Wright who has managed to push up to a knee...

...and throws a hard elbow back into the ribs of the approaching Scott!]

GM: He caught Stevie coming in!

[A second elbow backs the Hotshot off as Wright shoves up to his feet, wincing as he puts weight on the injured leg. He reaches out, grabbing Scott by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock of his own...]

GM: Look out here - I think Wright might have had enough of...

[Not looking forward to the idea of taking a suplex on the floor, Scott throws a series of short right hands to the ribs, battling his way free...

...but takes a hard shove in the chest, smashing the small of his back into the edge of the apron!]

GM: Oh! That'll send a jolt right down your spine!

[Wright shoves Scott under the ropes, pushing him back into the ring before rolling back in as well.]

GM: Both men back inside the squared circle now...

[Measuring his man, Wright leaves his feet with an elbow driven into the kidneys of Scott as the Louisiana native falls to his knees!]

GM: He DRIVES an elbow down into the back, rolling Scott to his back for a cover now...

[But Stevie Scott swiftly kicks out before two, lifting a shoulder off the mat. Wright quickly takes the mount on the downed Scott, throwing two big elbows to the skull...

...and then transitions smoothly up to the head, trying to hook the Hotshot in a head and arm choke!]

GM: He's trying to get the head and arm trapped at the same time, trying to use Scott's own arm against him.

BW: So far, Stevie's been able to avoid all of these submission holds. Let's see if he can do the same thing right now.

[Scott grabs a handful of cornrows, rolling Wright over onto his own back, which ends with the Hotshot on top of him, throwing right hands at the skull.]

GM: Stevie takes the shortcut, hammering away now...

[Wright snaps off a pair of hard kicks full force into the back of the neck of Scott. Lifting both legs, Wright hooks them under the arms of the off-balance Scott, dragging him down into a sunset flip position.]

GM: Whoa!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas twice before Scott kicks out.]

GM: Only a two count there but where in the world did a counter like that even come from, Bucky?

BW: I can't figure out where half the stuff this kid comes up with is coming from.

[With both men scrambling to get back to their feet, Wright gets to a knee when Scott DRILLS him with a hooking right hand to the temple!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[The blow knocks Wright flat, sending him rolling under the ropes and out to the floor where he immediately drops down to a knee.]

GM: Scott caught him REAL good with that right hand and Wright bails out to the floor...

[Stepping out on the apron, Scott measures his man for a moment before leaping off, smashing his elbow down on the back of Wright's head, knocking him flat on the floor.]

GM: And the former National Champion has decided to take this fight back outside the ring...

[Scott stays on his man, dragging him up by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE BARRICADE!!!

[Wright's arms hook over the railing, trying to stay on his feet as Scott approaches, throwing a pair of kicks into the chest before dragging Wright off the barricade.]

GM: Stevie Scott FIRED him into the railing and Supreme Wright looks to be in some trouble right here...

[Hooking Wright around the torso, Scott lifts him into the air...]

...and DROPS him straight down, smashing his ribs into the railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOWN ON THE STEEL HE GOES!!

BW: In the span of a couple moments, Stevie Scott has completely turned the tide in this one with two smashes into the steel railing at ringside - one to the back and one to the front.

GM: How much damage does a shot like Supreme Wright just took do?

BW: Could be any number of things, Gordo... but repeated shots like that tend to knock the wind out of you at the very least.

[Scott grabs the railing, stomping the ribs of the floored Wright at ringside as the referee shouts at the Hotshot from inside the ring.]

GM: The referee is telling Scott to let the man up but that's not going to happen, fans. Like Bucky says, Stevie Scott has never claimed to be a Boy Scout. He is who he is - love him or hate him.

[Scott drops down to a knee, driving his other knee into the ribs of Wright. Kneeling on the ribs, he hammers home a pair of right hands before slowly rising to his feet. The Hotshot looks out at the crowd at ringside, a few jeers mixed in with mostly cheers as he drags Wright off the mat by the hair, pulling him back towards the ring...]

GM: He's bringing him back over to the ring, gonna put him back in...

[But before he does, he grabs Wright around the waist...]

...and SLAMS him backfirst into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh!

[Straightening up, Scott throws another pair of right hands, knocking Wright back onto the apron where Scott shoves him under the ropes.]

GM: Wright back in... Scott climbs up on the apron, steps back in as well.

[Scott approaches the kneeling Wright who surges towards him, smashing his head into the midsection!]

GM: Oh! Wright's trying to get back into this!

[From his knees, Wright PASTES Scott with a forearm on the ear, sending the Hotshot back into the ropes as the former Combat Corner student gets back to his feet...]

...and gets caught with a boot to the gut!]

GM: And just like that, Stevie Scott doubles him up with a kick downstairs.

[The Hotshot quickly hooks a front facelock...]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He's gonna suplex him to the floor!

[A very aggressive Stevie Scott hoists Wright up into the air, indeed trying to suplex him over the ropes to the barely-padded concrete floor below!]

GM: OVER THE-

[But at the apex of the lift, Wright manages to shift his position, grabbing Scott by the hair as he falls over the ropes...]

...and SNAPS the back of Scott's neck down over the ropes, sending him falling away from the ropes and down to his hands and knees on the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!! WHAT A COUNTER BY WRIGHT!!

BW: He got Stevie good with that one but he went all the way to the floor anyways, Gordo. How quickly can he take advantage of the situation?

[Wright grabs the ropes, slinging himself under the ropes into the ring where he crawls towards Scott before pushing up to his feet as Scott shoves up to his knees...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED HIM IN THE SKULL!

[Scott collapses under the impact of the roundhouse kick to the head, sprawling out on the canvas as Wright drops to his knees, leaning in for a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the Hotshot lifts the shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Scott's out at two. Fans, we're past the twelve minute mark in this match and it honestly feels like these two might just be getting warmed up.

[Wright shoves up to his knees, looking up at the official who again shows two fingers as Wright climbs back to his feet. He leans down, hauling Scott off the mat by the hair...]

GM: Both men back up... and Wright FIRES Scott into the buckles!

[Moving in on him, Wright grabs Scott by the arm, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: He sends Scott from corner to corner...

[Wright presses his back against the buckles before tearing across the ring and SMASHING Scott under the chin with a running European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Quickly grabbing the arm again, Wright fires Scott across, charging across once more...

...and going into a front flip, catching Scott in the sternum with a rolling koppo kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TWO BRUTAL SHOTS IN THE CORNERS!!

[Wright grabs a limp Scott by the hair, pulling him from the corner into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Wright's got him up! Could be looking for Fat Tuesday here!

[Wright backs to the corner, nodding to the cheering fans...]

GM: Here it comes!

[Wright rushes out of the corner, pushing up Scott up and over his heads as he drops down to his back with his knees raised...]

...but Scott slips to the side, landing on his feet...]

GM: Whoa! Scott counters the-

[And he rapidly grabs Wright's hurting leg, twisting it around, and dropping back in a figure four leglock!]

GM: FIGURE FOUR!! SCOTT HOOKS IT IN!!!

[Wright immediately rocks back and forth, crying out in pain as Scott falls backwards, putting as much pressure as possible on the injured limb!]

GM: The Hotshot countered Fat Tuesday into the Figure Four Leglock and Supreme Wright's in trouble!

[Wright cries out again, smashing his arms back into the canvas as he looks for an escape.]

BW: Wright didn't see this coming, Gordo. He didn't expect Scott to go into a submission hold for certain!

GM: Wright's not too far from the ropes if he can scoot his body a little closer to them, he might be able to manage an escape.

[Scott sits up, then falls back again, applying further pressure to the limb!]

GM: Stevie Scott is going for it all right here in the center of the ring, trying to force a submission out of the Cinderella story of the tournament, Supreme Wright. He wants to knock the final so-called outsider out of this tournament and make sure it's an all-AWA Final later tonight!

BW: Wright doesn't believe he's an outsider though. He thinks his Combat Corner experience gives him that-

GM: He's going for the ropes!

[Wright falls back flat, reaching out at full extension, stretching his arms as far as he can towards the bottom rope...]

...and the referee dives to the mat, slapping the canvas once... twice...]

GM: Wright had to get up! He almost pinned himself right there! Stevie Scott has him so focused on trying to get out of this hold, Supreme Wright almost pinned himself looking for the ropes.

[Pushing up on his elbows, Scott gives a terse "ASK HIM!" to the official who kneels down next to Wright, checking on him but getting a shake of the head in response.]

GM: Supreme Wright continues to fight... continues to hang on...

[Wright flattens out again, reaching and stretching with all he's got...]

GM: He's almost there! So close, Bucky! So close to the-

[Still on his elbows, Scott shoves himself backwards, moving Wright further away from the ropes. The referee again leans in, checking for a submission...]

...which allows Scott to reach back, hooking the middle rope with both hands!]

GM: Look at that! Stevie Scott is using the ropes for illegal leverage!

[There's a smattering of boos for the blatantly illegal act as Scott pulls hard on the ropes, trying to get more behind the hold.]

GM: The referee has no idea what's going on behind his back! Wright's in horrible pain here... again, with a count...

[Wright lifts his shoulder up at two. The referee spins to tell Scott it was only a two and spots him holding the rope!]

GM: The ref saw it! He saw it!

[The official leaps into action, demanding a break from the Hotshot. But Scott hangs on, cranking on the leg as the referee's count begins anew.]

GM: The count's to three... to four... to fi-

[And JUST before the five count, Stevie Scott releases the figure four, climbing to his feet as Wright cradles his injured leg down on the canvas.]

GM: Stevie Scott's back to his feet, arguing with the official now...

[Scott delivers a shove to the chest of the ref, earning himself a warning from the official as he launches into another attack on Wright, repeatedly stomping the injured leg.]

GM: He's all over him, Bucky!

BW: And THIS is the Stevie Scott that I remember, Gordo. This is the guy who is willing to go to any level to walk out of here as the winner tonight. This is the guy who, if he keeps this up, might be the World Champion when it's all said and done.

[The official again steps in, forcing Scott back as Wright rolls to his stomach, trying to crawl away from Scott who moves back in, grabbing Wright by the ankle.]

GM: What's he going to do now?

[Scott lifts Wright bodily off the mat by the foot...

...and SLAMS the injured knee down on the mat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The impact of the shot bounces Wright a few feet towards the ropes where he grabs them, pulling himself through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Wright goes out to the floor... trying to get out of Scott's warpath...

[Scott steps out to the apron, ignoring the protesting referee as he drops down to the floor again.]

GM: The Hotshot's going after him! He's going out to the floor again. And trust me, this is NOT where Supreme Wright wants to be with the former National Champion, fans.

[Scott grabs Wright by the hair, pulling him up to his feet by it. He turns him around, pressing his back against the ring apron...]

GM: Scott grabs the arm...

[The Hotshot attempts an Irish whip but Wright only gets a few steps before crumpling down to the mats on the floor, instantly grabbing his leg in pain.]

GM: He couldn't even get weight on that leg, Bucky.

BW: Scott may have done some serious damage here tonight to Wright.

[A smirking Scott kicks a downed Wright in the ribs a couple of times, forcing him onto his back. He leans over him, laying into Wright verbally...]

GM: Stevie Scott's really letting him have it. Really putting the badmouth on this kid... and I can't say Wright doesn't deserve some degree of that. He really talked his own high level of trash as of late.

[Scott leans down, paintbrushing Wright across the face with a slap.]

GM: Ohh! He slapped the man! I don't know that I condone that, Bucky!

BW: Well, both of these guys have a pretty strong competitive spirit... I think it comes out of that than any sort of disrespect, Gordo.

[Stepping over Wright, Scott drags him up to his feet by the hair, shoving him back into the corner where he lays in a pair of boots to the midsection.]

GM: Scott's got him back up...

[Leaning over, Scott wraps Wright's hurting leg around the ropes, isolating it before throwing some kicks to the knee. The referee steps in, forcing the Hotshot back as Wright grabs at his leg again.]

GM: We're over fifteen minutes into this match as Stevie pulls Wright from the corner by the arm... dragging him out to the middle...

[The Hotshot pulls Wright into a front facelock...]

GM: Scott's setting him up, looking for a big suplex here...

[Scott hoists Wright up into the air, looking for a front-layout suplex...

...but Wright somehow reverses the momentum, sailing back down towards the mat, dragging the former champion down to the mat!]

GM: CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[At the last moment, Scott breaks out of the tight cradle!]

GM: Ohh! A close one there for Supreme Wright, just a little bit away from scoring the victory with that cradle there.

[Both men scramble, trying to get back to their feet first...]

GM: Wright got up first and-

[Scott THROWS himself at the back of Wright's leg, catching him squarely on the knee area with his shoulder!]

GM: Ohh! Stevie chopblocked him!

BW: That was brilliant strategy there! I think he LET Wright get up first so he could deliver that clip - illegal in the NFL but perfectly legal here in the American Wrestling Alliance.

GM: Scott grabs the leg again...

[Tucking the leg under his armpit, Scott looks about to flip his opponent over into a half Boston Crab...

...but Wright throws a few upkicks to the chest, kicking the Hotshot away from him.]

GM: Wright battles out... trying to scoot away...

[Wright rolls over, pushing up to his feet as Scott moves in behind him, hooking a side waistlock...]

GM: Scott's got him hooked!

[Hoisting him into the air, Scott drops Wright down with a back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! That'll knock the wind out of Wright!

[The former champion quickly rolls into a cover, earning a two count before Wright slips a shoulder up. Scott regains his feet, grabbing Wright by the foot...]

GM: Stevie's going for it again... looking for the figure four one more time...

[And as he leans down to grab the other leg, he gets another upkick, this time right on the chin, sending him stumbling backwards!]

GM: Wright kicks his way out of the figure four attempt too!

[Wright again scrambles backwards, trying to get away from an irritated Scott who comes towards him...]

GM: Look out!

[Stevie suddenly surges forward, going for a baseball slide...

...but Wright rolls to the side, avoiding the kick, allowing Scott to sail past him under the ropes.]

GM: Oh! A swing and miss by the Hotshot!

[Wright reaches under the ropes, grabbing Scott by the hair...

...and JERKS back, slamming the base of the Hotshot's neck into the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Still holding the hair, he drags Scott back under the ropes into the ring, pushing him to a seated position...

...and then YANKS back hard again, snapping Scott's head and neck!]

GM: Good grief! Two hard shots to the neck by Wright!

BW: The SURGICALLY-REPAIRED neck at that! Supreme Wright may have been suckering us all in to thinking he was going after arms, legs, ribs, whatever... but it's the neck! Of course, it's the neck!

[Wright gets back up, still holding the hair as he pulls Scott to a seated position...

...and leaps up, flipping over Scott and snapping his neck down!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Rolling neck snap by Wright and that's THREE hard shots to the neck in a row!

[Getting back to his feet with a visible limp, Wright reaches down, dragging Scott to his feet into a front facelock. He slowly turns over, bracing Scott's neck against his shoulder...]

GM: Neckbreaker coming up and... BOOM!

[Scott's neck jolts hard against the shoulder of Supreme Wright who hangs on, pushing back to his feet, rolling Scott into position a second time...]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

[Wright drops down to his rear again, delivering a second neck-snapping move!]

GM: Rolling neckbreakers by Supreme Wright, very quickly doing a lot of damage to the neck of "Hotshot" Stevie Scott...

[The crowd begins to buzz as Wright rolls back to his feet...]

GM: Again?! He's gonna do it again?!

[Wright pauses, ready to drop it down as they stand back to back...]

GM: Wright's got him set up for a third neckbreaker in a row and-

[Suddenly, Wright breaks off, spinning around...

...and DRILLS Scott in the back of the neck with a rolling elbow, whiplashing the Hotshot as he crumples down to the canvas!]

GM: DEAR GOD!!

[With Scott laid out on the mat, Wright quickly flips him over, grabbing the legs to apply a jackknife cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Again, the shoulder flies up just before the three count!]

GM: So close! A close near fall right there!

[Trying to seize the moment, Wright drags Scott off the mat by the hair, quickly lifting him into a fireman's carry...]

Too quickly it turns out as Wright's injured leg causes him to fall off balance, allowing Scott to drag him down into a crucifix!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE- NO! NO! WRIGHT GOT A SHOULDER UP!!

[Both men again try to scramble up. Scott is holding his neck as he gets up off the mat, Wright just a half step behind him...]

GM: They're both back on their feet an-

[As Wright wheels around, Scott strikes!]

GM: HEATSEEK-

[The former Combat Corner student ducks the superkick, spinning around...]

GM: CHOKE!

[The crowd reacts to see Supreme Wright sink in a rear naked choke on a struggling Stevie Scott!]

GM: He's got the choke locked in! We've seen this out of him before! We've seen-

[Scott easily gets to the ropes, causing the referee to call for the break.]

GM: The ref starts a count... two... three... four...

[Suddenly, Wright RIPS Scott away from the ropes...]

GM: Whoa! He just pulled him right off-

[Sucking up the pain in his knee, Wright pops his hips...

...and HURLS Stevie Scott up and over his head, dropping him down on the back of his neck with a suplex!]

GM: OHHHH! HE FOLDED HIM UP LIKE AN ACCORDION WITH THAT!!

[Wright pops back up to his feet, letting loose a roar as he throws his arms apart to a big cheer from the crowd. He grabs a dazed Scott by the hair, pulling him back up off the mat where the Hotshot throws a dizzy right hand that Wright ducks...]

GM: He hooks him again!

[With his arms wrapped around the torso like a bearhug, Wright pops his hips a second time...]

...and HURLS Scott into the turnbuckles with a belly-to-belly throw!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Wright pops back up again, nodding to the cheering crowd as he drags the limp Scott off the mat, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: What's he-?!

[And with just the front facelock applied, Wright lifts Scott off the mat again, dumping him into a suplex!]

BW: He calls that the Guillotine Suplex and-

[Wright rolls through it, securing a guillotine choke!]

BW: HE HOOKS ANOTHER CHOKE!!

[The choke is secured from the mount position, Wright cranking on the head and neck as a suddenly-frantic Scott searches for a way to escape the hold!]

GM: He's got him hooked in the center of the ring! There may not be any way out of this for the Hotshot! This might be the end right here and now. This could be... Wright may be heading to the Finals right now, fans!

[The referee drops down to a knee, checking Stevie Scott for a submission as well as for a lack of consciousness.]

GM: Wright's trying to choke him out! Trying to finish off Stevie Scott in the middle of the ring!

[A desperate Scott grabs the shorts on Wright with both hands, planting his feet and kicking off, rolling Wright over his head and onto his shoulders.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Wright suddenly releases the choke, rolling to his side to avoid pinning himself.]

GM: Whoa! That was a close one, Bucky!

BW: He had to release the hold to avoid the pin. If he'd kept the choke on Stevie, he might have knocked him out but he probably would have ended up getting pinned first.

GM: Stevie Scott HAD to find a way out of that hold and he had to do it quickly.

BW: And that's exactly what he did!

[Wright is quickly to his feet, grabbing Scott by the hair and pulling him up to his feet right into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for the neckbreaker again!

[But as he rolls it over, Scott throws both arms back, grabbing Wright under the arms...]

GM: BACKSLIDE!! This is how Wright won his Quarterfinal!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[A last second shake of the body by Wright jolts him out of the pinning predicament as the crowd buzzes for the nearfall.]

GM: Another close one right there. These two are really tearing into one another here and-

[Both men scramble back to their feet again, Wright reaching his first and again hooking the front facelock...]

GM: He's looking for the Guillotine Suplex again, trying to get his legs set...

[But he recoils away, grabbing at his knee as Stevie Scott straightens up, waiting as Wright turns to face him...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEATSEEKER!!!

[The impact of the superkick knocks Wright through the ropes, sending him down hard to the floor below!]

GM: Ohh! Wright goes down HARD!

BW: But that might have saved the match for him, Gordo! If he hadn't gone to the floor off the Heatseeker, this match might be all over right now. What a horrible break of bad luck for Stevie Scott!

[A frustrated Scott kicks the bottom rope, reaching back to grab at his neck in pain for a moment before stepping through the ropes to the apron...]

GM: Stevie Scott's out on the apron, coming after Wright again.

[Dragging a barely-conscious Wright off the floor mats, Scott shoves him onto the apron and then rolls him under the ropes into the ring. He climbs up on the apron himself, ducking through the ropes...

...and gets caught with a hard kick to the head from Wright who is on his back!]

GM: Ohh! He caught Stevie coming in!

[Reaching up, Wright grabs Stevie around the head, rolling him into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Stevie Scott slips a shoulder up, breaking the count. He angrily gets to his feet, diving atop Wright before he can get off the mat, hammering his head with right hands!]

GM: Stevie's all over him, pounding away on the mat!

[Grabbing Wright by the cornrows, he pulls his upper body off the mat and SLAMS his face into the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! That'll give you a headache!

[Scott climbs to his feet again, pulling Wright up by the back of the shorts. He hooks Wright's leg, lifting him into the air...

...and brings him down across his bent knee!]

GM: Shinbreaker by the Hotshot!

[The Hotshot holds the leg, keeping Wright off-balance hopping on one foot...

...where he leaps into the air, snapping his foot off the back of Scott's skull!]

GM: OHHHH! KICK TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!!!

[Wright rolls Scott to his back, diving across into a pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[The right shoulder comes FLYING off the canvas just before the three count comes down, again causing a roar from the crowd!]

GM: My stars! So close! So very close one more time!

[A dazed Wright pushes up off the mat to his knees, grimacing as he looks up at the official who holds up two fingers...]

GM: The referee's letting Supreme Wright know that it's just a two count.

[Wright climbs to his feet, wincing as he steps over Scott who has rolled to his stomach...]

GM: Wright's standing over him... maybe trying to figure out his next move...

[A still-dazed Wright leans over, hands on his knees for a few moments while he breathes deeply. With a nod of his head, he reaches down to hook a waistlock on the grounded Scott, dragging him up to his feet...

...and Scott suddenly rushes backwards, smashing Wright against the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH! Into the corner!

[Scott swings around, throwing a few haymakers before grabbing Wright in a side headlock.]

GM: Stevie's got him hooked! This is his old partner's move!

[The Hotshot rushes out of the corner, looking to deliver the big running bulldog of Sweet Daddy Williams...

...but Wright shoves him off before he leaps.]

GM: Wright gets out of that... Stevie spins to fac-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Stevie Scott spins around, he gets CREAMED with another rolling elbow that knocks him flat. Wright collapses atop him, reaching back to loosely hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE- NO! NO! SHOULDER UP!!

[Wright again pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands.]

GM: Another near fall for the kid! He was so close, fans! So close to a trip to the Finals for the biggest match of his life!

[The former Combat Corner student climbs to his feet, reaching down to pull Scott off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: What in the...?

[Wright reaches down, underhooking one arm...]

GM: Is he-?!

BW: He is! Every kid who has come out of the Combat Corner knows this move! They all know it thanks to Michaelson!

[Wright hooks the other arm, butterflying them together.]

GM: He's gonna try to beat Stevie Scott with Todd Michaelson's finishing move - the Billion Dollar Bomb!

[The 225 pound Wright pauses, pulling all his strength into his upper body before attempting the lift...

...and failing. He immediately breaks the butterfly, reaching down to grab his leg.]

GM: He couldn't do it! The leg buckled on him and he couldn't get the weight up!

[Scott suddenly springs into action, grabbing Wright's legs and yanking them out from under him. Holding the legs, the Hotshot flips over into a double leg cradle...]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!!

[The official dives to the mat!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Wright kicks out just AFTER the three count, angrily smashing his arms into the mat as Stevie Scott pushes up to his knees, throwing his arms into the air in victory.]

GM: What a battle! What a hard-fought battle by both of these men but in the end, Stevie Scott just squeaked out a victory - AND a trip to the tournament Finals - with that double leg cradle counter.

[The official helps the Hotshot to his feet, raising his arms in victory as Scott falls into the ropes, leaning on them to keep on his feet as Wright sits up on the mat, shaking his head in disbelief.]

GM: And no matter what you think of Supreme Wright, you have to feel the slightest twinge of sympathy for him as he came so close - oh-so-very-close - to moving on to the Finals for the biggest match of his life but that leg that Stevie Scott went after all match long ended up being his undoing.

[Scott turns around, leaning against the ropes. He glares down at Wright who returns the stare...

...and then turns around, leaving the ring.]

GM: Stevie Scott is walking out of here, leaving Wright behind. But the Hotshot is moving on to the Finals. One more win... one victory away from being the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion! We're one match in and what an amazing night we've already seen. But we've got so much more still to come, fans. Right now, we're heading to commercial but we'll be right back with the other Semifinal match with Sultan Azam Sharif meeting James Monosso so don't you DARE go away!

[The announcers fall silent for a moment as Wright climbs to his feet, soaking up the cheers - a standing ovation from many - for the incredible performance he put on throughout the tournament. He looks down at the mat, shaking his head again. The disappointment is evident on his face as he slowly raises an arm, saluting the cheering home state fans before stepping from the ring with a wince as we fade to black.

In the locker room, a cameraman has peeked his camera's lens through a crack in a door. That makes it a bit hard to see what's in the next room, but the one detail we can make out fairly clearly is a man seated at a bench.

There, we see Juan Vasquez, hunched over, with a sullen, dejected look on his face. The former two-time National Champion looks like a mess, unshaven with bloodshot eyes, staring straight ahead in an almost catatonic-like state. His clothes are almost all the same as the night before: a hoodie, black jeans...but he did change his t-shirt...in a bit of dark humor, he now wears a slightly faded black shirt with an EMWC logo and the words "RING CREW" written underneath it, right above the heart area.

The sound of a door opening on the other side of the room is heard, and Vasquez looks up... his expression sours even more. We cannot get a clear look at the other person because the cameraman can't risk discovery, but his voice leaves no room for doubt; it is Percy Childes.]

PC: You know, this doesn't have to be torture.

[Juan doesn't bother turning towards the direction of the voice, just staring straight ahead with an expression devoid of any real emotion.]

PC: I have mentioned this on occasion, and I'll mention it again. Nenshou doesn't work for me. I work for him. A manager works for his clients. And while this situation is... different because of the contract, it doesn't do me any good for you to be resentful and unhappy. You have an objective, don't you? What can I help you with?

[There's silence for a moment, before Vasquez leans forward and rests his chin on the top of his hands, seemingly in deep thought. After a moment, he breaks his silence.]

JV: I wanted to win the Rumble. I wanted the World Title.

[...]

JV: Not anymore.

[More silence. And then...a name.]

JV: Dufresne.

[Juan drops his head.]

JV: Get me Dufresne...

[He momentarily chokes on his words, knowing there's no turning back now.]

JV: ...and you'll have my full cooperation.

[You can literally hear the barely disguised glee in Childes' voice.]

PC: Done.

[Strangely, there's no reaction from Juan, who simply keeps his head lowered.]

PC: You know, at any time, you could have come to me and said "I want Dufresne", and we could have made this deal the easy way. Things don't have to be that hard, Juan. All you needed to do is what the law does... strike a bargain with one member of the perpetrating party, and they'll deliver everyone else. But it all will turn out for the best. I think it will work out for all of us in the end.

[Juan laughs derisively.]

JV: Like it did for Monosso?

[...]

PC: All I ask is for you to give this a chance. You may just discover that it's not so bad to do things pragmatically after all.

[Childes now enters scene, wearing his red-and-black suit, and heads for the door where the cameraman is stationed. We move away as the cameraman quickly hustles to avoid discovery, and the scene ends, fading 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...

We open to a Blood, Sweat, and Tears backdrop. Here stands Count Adrian Bathwaite, alongside Sultan Azam Sharif.

Bathwaite is wearing an orangish-yellow sport jacket, light pink undershirt and orchid tie. Brown dress pants and that ubiquitous cane round out the attire of the silver-haired Eurasian manager, whose features prominently display English teeth and Asian eyes. Sharif is wearing his reddish-brown bisht, white kaffiyeh, and black agal, so all we see of his features is his face... he's got a weather-beaten complexion with a couple of scars, along with a neatly trimmed mustache. His brown eyes express excitement, and he can't so much as stand still.]

CAB: Two more matches, peasants! Two more matches until order is restored to professional wrestling! Two more matches that the Sultan has to win to claim his position at the top of the heap. Nobility ruling over the peasants, as it should be! And after we grant opportunities to only those select few who are of the blood, we'll take that title back to Iran and you'll never see it again! Tell them Sultan.

SAS: Mistair Jum Munassah, I saw vat you do los night. Un I saw dot you are rough-tough, BUT REMEMBAH! I om Olympian, un you diddunt even know how to wrastail! Un ven you got nothing left, it vasn't gonna take long!

Mistair Steffie Scut! I know dot you are great shampwon! I vant to face you un prove dot I am deh real shampwon!

Un Mistair Dahveed Coopair, you say all dot about me un Mistair Count Batwaite, un vere vas you? Ven I vin deh AWA Shampwonship un beat dot jehbronie Mark Lonset, everyvun gonna forget you even vas there! But I do not forget! I vill still made you pay for vat you say!

CAB: Forget that royal-court hanger-on! You just worry about Monosso! All the wrestling world is talking about that filthy thug, as if he suddenly is worthwhile, let alone sapient! He's just another hopped-up freak who probably shoots himself full of drugs to get ahead! Do you want to lose because somebody cheated you, SULTAN?

[Sharif's nostrils flare and he becomes VERY agitated.]

SAS: VAT?! You say dot Mistair Jum Munassah did drug to cheat?!

CAB: Yes. Totally dishonorable.

SAS: DOT IS NOT GOING TO HOPPEN! Jum Muhnassah, you try to cheat vid steroid or vatevah?! I gunna make sure you nevair could take steroid pill again ven I break your bock! I vill not let down Iran because of cheatair! My Iranian peepell gunna be proud ven I vin gold belt, in New Olens

Loozana! Un all deh peepell gunna know... IRAN! IRAN! IRAN NUMBAH VUN!

[And we cut to the Tournament Control Center where Mark Stegklet and Jim Watkins are standing.]

MS: Welcome back, fans. "Hotshot" Stevie Scott wins a grueling battle to make the Finals... but who will join him there? That's a question that we'll be answering in just a few moments but before we do that, Mr. Watkins, you have more Rumble names for us.

JW: I certainly do. Remember, we have twenty-four names announced already with six more spots still to fill. Moments ago, I was informed that another Combat Corner graduate, Jeff Jagger, has joined the Rumble as the twenty-fifth man to enter. Plus, I've just been told...

[Watkins looks disgruntled.]

JW: ...that Dave Cooper is the twenty-sixth man on the list.

MS: Of course, we can also now confirm that if physically cleared by the AWA medical staff, Supreme Wright will be in the match as well. Twenty-six men have entered... four more spots to go. Fans, the Rumble is an hour of the AWA year unlike any other and believe me when I say that you do NOT want to miss it. But right now, it's time to find out who will join-

[Abruptly, we can hear an explosion of boos from inside the building. A puzzled Stegklet listens through his headset.]

MS: Fans, I... okay, we've got an unexpected visitor out in the ring to address the fans. Let's... uh, okay... let's go out there right now!

[We suddenly cut to the ring where, indeed, the crowd is jeering as "The Professional" Dave Cooper has entered the ring. The announcers are silent for a moment, allowing the crowd's negative reaction to be fully heard by the folks at home as Cooper gives trashtalk as good as he's getting it.]

GM: During the Control Center, this man came out here... and quite honestly, Bucky, what right does he have to be out here? He's been eliminated from the World Title Tournament. This night isn't about him or his friends - it's about the crowning of the first AWA World Champion!

BW: You go tell him that, Gordo. I'm sure he'll listen to you.

GM: I highly doubt that. Can we get security out here? We've got a show to do and this man is interrupting-

[Cooper lifts a mic to speak, cutting off Gordon's outrage.]

DC: First of all, every single one of you better keep your mouths shut, because this show doesn't go any further until I've had my say.

[That certainly didn't stop the fans from booing.]

DC: Jim Watkins, you got your way... congratulations. I'm no longer in the running for the latest trinket you've put up for grabs.

[Big cheer! Cooper looks irritated, shaking his head before continuing.]

DC: Now you can sit back there with Stegklet and think your own concern is if that foreigner Sharif walks out with the title later tonight.

[Cooper smirks.]

DC: Well, I've got a message for Watkins and everybody else who professes their loyalty to the AWA...

The fact is, Royalty is still gonna have a say in the outcome of the World Title tournament tonight.

[Now he smirks as the crowd roars with outrage!]

DC: Oh, but everyone is gonna point out that Dave Cooper is out of the tournament and he's not gonna be able to get back in... well, consider this...

There's still a Rumble match tonight... with the winner guaranteed a shot at whoever becomes the World Champion.

[Cooper pauses, letting that sink in.]

GM: We heard just a few moments ago that Dave Cooper had put his name into the Rumble.

BW: There's gonna be 29 other guys who can keep him from winning it.

GM: That's true, Bucky, but still, I don't like where this is going.

[Dave now has a wicked smile on his face.]

DC: Now that I've just increased the heart rate of guys like Gordon Myers, I'm here to tell you that the Championship Committee knew they had no choice but to offer me a spot in the Rumble, seeing as how they offered a spot to every other wrestler who has been eliminated from the tournament.

So, I took my spot... but you know what?

[Cooper delivers a very fake cough.]

DC: I'm not feeling so hot and I'm just not sure I'll be able to compete tonight.

[Cooper grins at the boos from the crowd.]

GM: That son of a... he KNEW that twenty-nine others would be looking to hand him his lunch!

BW: I don't get it though. Why take a spot in the Rumble if you're not planning on competing?

GM: I'm sure we're about to find out.

[Cooper continues.]

DC: Moments ago, I let the Committee know that I would NOT be competing in the Rumble tonight but that I sure would be interested in taking a spot and giving it to somebody else who I believed was deserving.

And when I say somebody who is deserving... that means it's MY choice as to who takes my place!

[The fans continue to boo.]

GM: Wait a minute... he could pick anybody he wants? Don't tell me...

BW: Gordo, you thought you were done hearing with Cooper? Now he has the right to pick anybody he wants to enter the Rumble! There's no telling who he might choose!

GM: Unfortunately, I can only guess who he'd pick.

[Dave still has that wicked grin, clearly enjoying himself.]

DC: But that's not all. That's not the only thing Royalty's got going on here tonight.

[The crowd buzzes with concern.]

DC: Just sit there and ask yourself about the final three men left in the World Title Tournament.

Ask yourself about that foreigner, for starters... Sultan Azam Sharif. You do remember how much Count Adrian Bathwaite was singing the praises of Royalty a few weeks ago... did anyone ever ask why? And did it ever occur to you that, when Sharif announced to everyone what he'd do with his Steal the Spotlight match, why he would ever ask for the reigning National champion in the ring?

Did it ever occur to anyone the only reason he asked for the National champion to come back was because he's been trying to help him?

[The fans aren't booing as much now... it's getting quiet.]

DC: And then we come to James Monosso... the man that was being neglected by the Unholy Alliance so they could groom their chosen one for a World Title run. Well, for everyone who seems to think that Monosso is

suddenly on the side of all that is righteous, ask yourself this: Did it ever occur to you that Monosso was so tired of being treated as second fiddle to somebody else, that he decided to hook up with somebody who would ensure he wouldn't be treated that way? Just as somebody ensured that I would no longer take a back seat to anyone in the tag team ranks?

[Cooper now chuckles, that wicked grin still on his face.]

DC: Finally, let's consider Stevie Scott... everybody was rallying behind Stevie's cause the last time he was chasing after the top title in the AWA... back when Koyla Sudakov was the champion, Stevie made everyone believe he was the hero, the man everyone could trust that he would take the National Title away from the evil Russian and do everyone proud. And as everyone remembers, the first thing he did was hook up with Ben Waterson and show that he just pulled the wool over everyone's eyes.

So what makes you think this time will be any different? What makes any of you think that Stevie is gonna be your hero this time around, and that he isn't just pulling the wool over your eyes, just as he did years ago?

[The fans now seem to be in disbelief.]

GM: Wait a minute... none of that can be true!

BW: Gordo, are you sure about that? He raised some valid points.

GM: I... it can't be! I know those three men have all done things in the past I don't approve of, but... I can't believe ANY of them would sell out to Royalty!

[Cooper then turns in the direction of Gordon and Bucky.]

DC: So, Gordon Myers and Buckthorne Wilde, now you know that I just might hold the fate of the Rumble in the palm of my hand... that I just might hold the Finals of the World Title Tournament in the palm of my hand... and I will promise you that, by the end of the night, you WILL see Royalty make its presence known and impact the outcome of everything that goes down...

...and now, THAT... is the end of the discussion!

[With that, Cooper tosses the mic aside, stopping alongside the ring to jaw at fans, who have gotten over their disbelief to boo the man again. Cooper then ducks between the ropes and heads up the aisle, talking smack at fans along the way.]

GM: Dave Cooper just... he just shocked every single person in this building. It can't be true... it CAN'T be true, Bucky.

BW: I don't know, Gordo... I know we don't want it to be true but...

GM: No, Bucky. I refuse... I absolutely REFUSE to believe that Dave Cooper is doing anything but trying to stir the pot... trying to rev up people's

suspicious in the locker room. After what happened in Westwego and what Royalty has put the AWA through, there's not a single soul in that locker room who would stand by their sides.

BW: We may find out if you're right here tonight.

GM: Moving on from Dave Cooper, let's talk about the World Title Tournament. "Hotshot" Stevie Scott is in the Finals with a hard-fought victory over Supreme Wright. But who will he be facing? Will it be James Monosso or will it Sultan Azam Sharif?

BW: What a weird choice to have to make. Will it be the lunatic who has injured countless wrestlers and threatened AWA employees - including us - or will it be the man from Iran who plans to use his Steal The Spotlight contract at SuperClash IV to put the title on the line against... the former National Champion... if he wins?

GM: There's been a lot of controversy over Sharif's plans for certain but the bigger storyline right now is that my sources are telling me that James Monosso - as of a short while ago at least - is NOT in the building. We know that after the brutal battles he went through last night, Mr. Monosso was taken to a nearby medical facility where I'm told he spent the night, receiving treatment for the various injuries he suffered on Night One. We also know that all four of the Semifinalists were scheduled to participate in interviews earlier today and of the four, James Monosso was the only one who was not available for that.

BW: So, the question becomes... if Monosso ain't here... if he can't compete... does Sultan Azam Sharif get a giftwrapped trip to the Finals to wrestle for the World Title?!

GM: I suppose that decision would be at the discretion of the Championship Committee, Bucky, but there is a better than decent chance of that happening in my opinion. Will it happen? We're about to all find out together, fans, so let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

[Crossfade to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is the last Semifinal match in the tournament to crown the AWA World Champion!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The loud opening vocal of "Saz O Avaz" erupts from the speakers (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=df6x9AgAW-Y>) to a loud reaction from the crowd. The ring lighting drops down, and the softer lights ringing the outside of the arena provide the lighting, providing an entirely different atmosphere.

Coming through the entrance is... a camel. Led by a handler clad in a cream-colored bisht and white kaffiyeh, and ridden by another handler wearing the same, the camel bears a large Iranian flag on a pole attached to the saddle. This is, of course, booed by the crowd.

The flagbearer leads Sultan Azam Sharif, marching proudly behind with a power-walk. He confidently announces that Iran is "numbair vun" to the fans on both sides of the aisle. Bringing up the rear is Count Adrian Bathwaite, whose attire (as we saw in the promo) is probably causing an epileptic seizure in several members of the audience.]

GM: Sultan Azam Sharif, with the emblems of his culture leading the way, wants to win the World Championship for his country. But Count Adrian Bathwaite has more sinister ideas, Bucky.

BW: I dunno, Gordo. Iran's kind of our enemy, isn't it? I ain't sure much is more sinister than wantin' to glorify America's enemies.

GM: The leadership of Iran and the people of Iran are different entities, and I believe that Sharif identifies more with the latter.

[The camel reaches the end of the aisle, and stops. Sharif walks up alongside it, detaches the Iranian flag, and bears it around the ring, doing a full circuit of the ring as the crowd boos the Iranian flag.]

GM: I do wonder, though, if Sharif isn't underestimating Monosso... as impossible as that should be after last night.

BW: He's a freestyle amateur by trade, and they always have a snob attitude towards pros. Maybe moreso an Olympian. Sharif don't really respect guys who can't mat-wrestle worth a lick. Plus Adrian just sold him that Monosso's on drugs... and after last night, that's a real easy sell. I mean, how did he do that? He should be dead!

GM: Considering that James Monosso can't be anywhere near healthy, and has up to two world-class opponents to face tonight, that comment is in bad taste.

[Ascending the ring steps, Sultan Azam Sharif steps into the ring and waves his banner for all to see. The crowd boos the flag, and Bathwaite is busy giving several groups of fans the business outside the ring. Sharif calls for a cable to be sent down from the ceiling, so he can hang his flag above the ring.]

PW: Now in the ring... he is accompanied by Count Adrian Bathwaite...

[The crowd roars with jeers for the manipulative manager!]

PW: From Iran... weighing in at 259 pounds...

SULLLLLLTAAAAAN AAAAZAAAAAAM SHAAAAARIIIIIIIF!

[Sharif gets his usual mixed response, still shouting about Iran to the pro-American crowd - most of whom let him have it. The music fades as Phil Watson continues...]

PW: And his opponent...

[Silence. Sharif is watching his flag being raised into the rafters, and Phil Watson is standing and waiting. The boos are slowly morphing into cheers.

Cue the opening chords of "The Theme From Halloween", and the place explodes!]

BW: Look... these idiots are cheering! James Monosso never changed, never took back the things he's said or done. They're cheering because he decided to beat up Percy instead of somebody else. What a bunch of hypocrites.

GM: There's also the courageous run he has had. He faced horribly brutal matches against Hannibal Carver and Bad Eye McBaine, and then last night... he survived Juan Vasquez, Gunnar Gaines, and Nenshou!

BW: But before all that, you were callin' his toughness freakish and monster-like. I bet Adrian's right. I bet he's on PCPs or somethin'.

GM: I suspect he has been tested, and considering he spent all night at the hospital, they'd know if he had such chemicals in him. But he should be out here by now...

[There is nobody at the entrance. Sharif looks up the aisle in confusion, while Bathwaite has a knowing smile on his face. The cheers have dropped down into a buzz... and then the music stops. The fans are perplexed.]

BW: They cut his music, Gordo! This ain't a good sign!

GM: No... look at the entrance! That is not a good sign at all!

[The man at the entrance? Percy Childes. Seeing this, the crowd boos louder than ever.

The "Collector Of Oddities" saunters down the aisle, alone, wearing a red suit jacket, black undershirt, red tie, and black pants. The bald-headed goateed manager has a vindictive smirk on his face, and his crystal-tipped cane in his hand.]

GM: What is Childes doing here?!

BW: Whatever his intentions, you know they ain't good for Monosso. Not after that turncoat betrayed him last night!

GM: I have a very, VERY bad feeling about this, fans!

[Childes nods a greeting at Bathwaite, which the sextigenarian returns. He then climbs the steps and enters the ring to a loud pouring of boos. He acquires the mic from Phil Watson, and addresses the crowd.]

PC: Well. I didn't anticipate having to do this when I came into New Orleans for the show three days ago... but I did prepare, just in case. Oh, yes... I had my... insurance ready.

[Percy holds the crystal ball up in front of his eyes, chuckling darkly as he looks at it. The fans boo.]

PC: As you all no doubt know... I am the manager of James Monosso.

Not was. AM. I AM his manager, and as such, I make his business decisions. But more than that, it was me who arranged for his release from the penal psychiatric system of the state of New Mexico some two-plus years ago. You remember that, don't you? Monosso just stated that on AWA television not long ago. The pre-show to this very event, if I am not mistaken.

He had been told to keep that information private, but as you all saw last night, he is beyond listening to reason. He is beyond reason itself! He assaulted me in a cowardly attempt to cripple and destroy me. ME. The very reason for his freedom. Why, that absolute lack of judgement is positively... insane.

And I shared that opinion with the penal psychiatric system of the state of New Mexico first thing this morning.

[BOOOOOOO! The fans now see where this is going, and Percy grins wolfishly.]

PC: So I apologize if you believed that you were going to see James Monosso wrestle tonight. At precisely five-fourteen PM this evening, a warrant for his arrest was executed, and he is pending extradition to the state of New Mexico. You see, he wasn't in an insane asylum because some kind soul thought he needed help. He was in an insane asylum because his lawyer pleaded insanity when he assaulted a police officer in Albuquerque in 2001. A justifiable plea, I must say!

[Slowly, a chant starts to grow...]

"MON-OS-SO!" "MON-OS-SO!" "MON-OS-SO!" "MON-OS-SO!"

[Childes looks out at the chanting crowd with disgust, shaking his head.]

PC: You still cheer him? Hypocrites. But that just makes this sweeter. I am the one to whom he was released as part of a work-release program! And when he assaulted me, he violated the terms of that program! By this time tomorrow, he'll be back in his dank cell in New Mexico, and you'll never see him again!

This is what happens to anyone who crosses me. This is the fate of those who try to attack Percy Childes. Brian Von Braun... career ended. Anton Layton... career ended. Eric Preston... career ended. James Monosso... career ended. It is not wise to oppose me.

Count Bathwaite, Sultan, enjoy your bye. Referee, apply the count.

[Percy looks over the fans, and grins at their outrage. Bathwaite celebrates at ringside, while Sharif looks... oddly disappointed. The boos are deafening!]

GM: THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!

BW: Why are YOU complaining?! Monosso wanted to cripple you! He STILL wants to cripple you!

GM: I know... I get that. But... the sanctity of this entire tournament has just been torpedoed! You can't just give a man a bye! You can't take a man out when he hasn't been beaten! I am not a fan of James Monosso... I can not deny that! But this isn't right!

[Percy starts to leave... and is stopped by a voice, cutting through the boos.]

"Marty, stop that count a minute."

[Coming through the entrance is "Big" Jim Watkins. The fans cheer as the head of the Championship Committee stands in the entrance, a wireless mic in hand.]

JW: Percy Childes, you've been a thorn in my side for a long time now. But there's one thing that you did, one dirty trick I actually have a bit of respect for.

A few months ago, James Monosso wanted to settle up with me on my own terms. In the ring. In a fight. Man on man. And you knew I would get canned if I took him up on it. But Monosso, at least, showed me that he wasn't about hidin' behind lawyers and twisting rules. I do not like the man... in fact, I think he IS disturbed. Somewhere along the way, he got his mind all turned about and warped. He's a paranoid hypocrite.

But unlike you, I knew him a long time ago. I knew him because I fought him. I fought him in 1997, 1998. I fought him, and he was not the twisted shell of a human being he is now. There was still a good man there. A man who was a bit bitter, more than a bit unstable, but a man who knew right and wrong and didn't blame the sport for his problems. I do not know how he got from there to what we see now, but I do know this...

[Dramatic pause.]

JW: James Monosso is STILL in this tournament!

[The fans cheer!]

JW: And while he'll have to get his situation worked out in court in New Mexico... we ain't in New Mexico. We're in New Orleans, Louisiana, and these people all paid good money to see a fight!

[Huge cheer! Percy smiles, and puts his mic back to his lips and provides an answer.]

PC: As James Monosso's manager, I am authorized to name a surrogate since he is legally unable to perform!

[Watkins nods.]

JW: Yeah... I know. Believe it or not, I kinda had a hunch you'd try and pull something like this tonight so after last night's show, I asked AWA Legal to send over a copy of Monosso's contract.

[Watkins pauses, looking around a bit.]

JW: You're right. The deal says that in a typical Monosso match, if he's unable to compete, you can pick a replacement for him.

[A shake of the head.]

JW: No clue who agreed to that but it's there. But you know what, Percy... while you may be authorized to pick a replacement for him...

[Watkins pauses again.]

JW: There are some things that as the Chairman of the Championship Committee that I'M authorized to do!

[Big cheer! Watkins pauses, looking around some more. He nods at the crowd, staying quiet for several moments.]

JW: And I bet you're standing up there in the ring wondering what the heck I'm talking about, Childes. So... here's your answer...

One of things I'm authorized to do...

[One more lonnnnng pause.]

JW: ...is come out here and stall for time.

[The crowd begins to buzz with confusion. Percy looks puzzled.]

JW: And that's exactly what I needed to do because Monosso...

[Watkins grins at Childes.]

JW: He just got here... and needed a couple minutes to get ready for his match...

[In an instant, Percy's demeanor changes from smiling to fearful. The fans rise to an excited buzz.]

PC: WHAT?! He... he can't be here! The police took him in to extradite him! He's in jail!

[Watkins nods.]

JW: Yeah, they did... and thanks to an old friend in the New Orleans police department that used to work security when I wrestled in these parts back in the day... I found out about it as soon as they brought him in.

[Another big cheer!]

JW: And of course, I brought my checkbook with me to make sure they let him out on bail... tonight.

[HUGE ROAR OF CHEERS! And then "The Theme From Halloween" starts again, and the fans are deafening! Percy drops the mic and waddles out of the ring as fast as he can!

The curtain is flung aside, and James Monosso lurches towards the ring. His movements are sluggish, but the flat-faced stringy-haired madman is glaring with angry wild eyes. Clad in his one-strap thigh-length black-and-chrome singlet, matching boots, and electrical tape wristbands, Monosso advances down the aisle slowly as the fans cheer!]

GM: JIM WATKINS JUST GOT ONE OVER ON PERCY CHILDES! And with all of the inexplicable influence that Childes has exerted in the AWA, that has to be worth the bail money!

BW: It ain't gonna matter! Look at Monosso! He ain't nowhere near a hundred percent... he ain't nowhere near fifty percent! I wonder if he's even twenty percent! No way he beats Sharif after what he went through yesterday!

GM: There was no way he should have won ANY of his matches last night, and yet he won all of them!

BW: With Percy's help for two of them! Calisto Dufresne had to beat Vasquez for him! Nobody is gonna help him now!

[Monosso steps into the ring, and stands glaring out at Childes, who is retreating quickly. The fans cheer madly.]

GM: I'm not sure how I feel about it, but for now he has thousands of people helping him!

[Childes is backpedaling down the aisle, shouting towards the ring as Monosso watches his exit...

...and as Marty Meekly signals for the bell, Monosso whips around, catching a charging Sultan Azam Sharif!]

GM: There's the bell and-

[The wildman from Happy Valley grabs Sharif, still in his entrance attire, and HURLS him over the ropes to the floor to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: HE THROWS SHARIF OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!!

[With the crowd roaring, Monosso quickly steps out to the apron, shouting at Bathwaite as he draws too near for Monosso's case. The Eurasian quickly moves away, not wanting any part of an angry Monosso who backs to the ringpost as Sharif starts to stir out on the floor...

...and then runs along the length of the apron, stomping Sharif in the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso stomps his skull!

[With Sharif back down on a knee on the floor, Monosso drops down off the apron. He winds up, hammering Sharif with a pair of big right hands, knocking Sharif down to his rear.]

GM: James Monosso has no interest in a wrestling match here tonight against Sharif... he's looking for a fight!

[Monosso surges forward, smashing home a kick into the chest of Sharif, knocking him down to his back. The big man drops to his knees, repeatedly slamming his balled-up fist into the head of Sharif!]

GM: There will be no wristlocks, no hammerlocks, no standing switches from James Monosso - just sheer brutality at its finest!

[Sharif rolls to the side, escaping Monosso for a moment. The big man is obviously hurting as he winces while getting to his feet, pursuing Sharif who is back on his feet and wobbling away...]

GM: Monosso's right behind him!

BW: Sharif's not even out of his robe yet!

[Grabbing a handful of said robe, Monosso CHUCKS the fleeing Sharif over the ringside barricade into the crowd!]

GM: Good grief! Monosso's taking it into the crowd!

[A fired-up Monosso slings his leg over the railing, climbing into the crowd behind Sharif who is down on the floor, tangled up in his robe.]

GM: Sharif's trying to get himself free from his clothes as Monosso drags him back to his feet...

[And gets caught with a well-placed double chop to the throat!]

GM: Ohh! Sharif caught him!

[A gasping Monosso falls backwards, leaning against the railing as Sharif charges him...]

GM: HERE HE CO-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd ERUPTS as Monosso drops his head, hurling Sharif up and over the railing, sending him splatting across the barely-padded concrete floor below!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: Can you imagine how THAT feels on your back?!

GM: Not a clue!

[Monosso continues to lean back against the railing, breathing deeply as the crowd cheers.]

GM: You can see how much every single movement out of James Monosso is taking out of him. He went through so much last night... so much in this tournament. Like you said, Bucky, he can't be anywhere near one hundred percent but he's here... he continues to fight... and he wants to be the first man to wear the AWA World Title around his waist!

[Breathing hard, Monosso steps back over the railing into the ringside area. He wobbles towards Sharif who has managed to shrug out of his entrance garb as he climbs to a knee. Monosso grabs him by the arm, pulling him the rest of the way up to his feet...]

GM: Look out here!

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: He FIRES him into the steel! Oh my!

[Monosso approaches Sharif who seems completely out of sorts by this wild brawling.]

GM: This is NOT Sharif's game, Bucky.

BW: Adrian Bathwaite is over here by us screaming at the referee, trying to get him to restore order.

GM: But as we've said so many times - no double countouts, no double disqualifications... there's very little that Marty Meekly can do to get this thing back inside the ring until one or both of these men are ready to get it back in there.

[Monosso pulls Sharif off the railing, dragging him around the ringside area...]

GM: Uh oh... Monosso's bringing Sharif over here by us now...

BW: I don't want any part of this one, Gordo. I'm outta here.

GM: You sit down, Buckthorn Wilde! This is a Semifinal match in the World Title Tournament and I won't have you running off with a yellow stripe down the middle of your back.

BW: You calling me yella?!

[Monosso nears the announce table, slowly for a moment... but keeps on going.]

GM: He's passing us up... where the heck is he going?

BW: I'm not sure but I think he's-

[The crowd begins to buzz loudly as they realize EXACTLY where Monosso's going.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: He's not!

GM: He is! Monosso's dragging Sharif over towards that camel!

BW: Uh oh. The animal rights people are gonna have our hides for this one. Plus, I heard the World Wildlife people hate professional wrestling. We could get sued into oblivion if someone doesn't stop Monosso, Gordo!

[Monosso gets closer to the camel, the animal handlers protesting as he approaches...]

GM: The camel doesn't like this... trying to get back...

[An angry Monosso grabs one of the handlers by the back of the head, holding Sharif with the other hand...

...and SMASHES their skulls together!]

GM: Double noggin knocker on the camel handler! Good grief!

BW: Bet you never thought you'd say that.

GM: Certainly not.

[With one camel handler on the ground, the other briefly protests before being grabbed by Monosso...]

GM: Not again!

[The crowd roars as the second camel handler's skull meets Sharif's, knocking the handler flat as well!]

GM: Another man down! Monosso's on the warpath tonight in New Orleans!

[Monosso looks down at Sharif, still holding the back of his head...]

...and then looks at the camel who nervously bleats, backing away...]

BW: We got a camel loose in New Orleans and-

[Monosso reaches out, grabbing the camel behind the head...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and SMASHES Sharif's head into the camel's, causing the former Olympian to go sailing backward, flying off his feet and crashing down on the floor again!]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! What in the world am I seeing here tonight?!

[Monosso ignores the protesting official as he pulls Sharif off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring before rolling in behind him to apply a lateral press.]

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

[But Sharif's shoulder comes flying up at two.]

GM: Just a two count there.

BW: Maybe the camel's head isn't as hard as we thought. Shoulda got a Samoan camel.

GM: They have camels in Samoa?

BW: I'm... not really sure actually.

[Monosso climbs to his feet wearily, backing up to the corner, resting against the turnbuckles as he gestures for Sharif to get back to his feet.]

GM: Monosso is having a rough time in there, trying to get a breather between every offensive move it seems. He knows that he needs to keep the match at his pace to stand a chance, Bucky.

BW: He really does, Gordo. Monosso's having a hard time keeping on the attack. It's like he's getting winded when he exerts too much energy. You have to wonder just how bad of physical shape the doctors said he was in at the hospital last night.

[Sharif struggles back to his feet, shaking the cobwebs as Monosso rushes from the corner...]

GM: Here comes Monosso... ohh! He clubs him across the chest with a king-sized clothesline!

[Monosso attempts another cover, grabbing a leg this time, earning another two count before Sharif kicks out.]

GM: Another two count - and again James Monosso goes right for the cover. He knows he needs to finish this thing quickly if he wants to stand a chance of becoming the World Champion here tonight, Bucky.

BW: That's right. I'd say if this match goes much past fifteen to twenty minutes, his night is over whether he wins or loses.

GM: Back to his feet, pulling Sharif up with him...

[Very visibly breathing heavy, Monosso wings Sharif towards the ropes, bouncing him off...]

GM: Irish whip by Monosso...

[The madman from Happy Valley drops his head, looking for his second backdrop of the night...

...but sets too early, getting caught with a hooked boot right in the skull!]

GM: Oh! Sharif caught him coming off the ropes!

[Grabbing Monosso in a gutwrench, Sharif powers him up into the air, throwing him halfway across the ring with a ring-shaking suplex!]

GM: OH MY!! What a suplex by Sharif!

BW: And for a split second, I thought he was looking for that gutwrench powerbomb that he used to put away Pure X last night.

GM: Sultan Azam Sharif makes the Semifinals with wins over Hamilton Graham, Scotty Mayhem, Sweet Daddy Williams, and Pure X.

BW: A lot of people have said that Sharif had the easiest path to the Semis but when you look at that list, you have GOT to be impressed by who he beat to get here.

[Sharif quickly moves Monosso onto his stomach...]

GM: He's going for the Camel Clutch! He's trying to sink it in!

[But Monosso quickly flails to the side, throwing his elbow back and catching a squatting Sharif in the side of the head, knocking him away...

...but he comes right back, catching a rising Monosso with a hooked boot to the chest, knocking his opponent back into the ropes.]

GM: Sharif couldn't get the Clutch applied but he's staying right on top of him. We've passed the five minute mark and then some, Bucky... and of all the matches we've seen in this tournament, this may be the one we keep our eyes on the clock for the most.

BW: It's gotta be, Gordo. Monosso's clock is running low. Sooner or later, his timer will go off and it'll be all over for him.

GM: And you have to wonder... what happens to James Monosso if he DOESN'T succeed this weekend? After all he's sacrificed... all he's given up in the past two days... what happens if he fails?

[Grabbing Monosso by the arm, Sharif whips him across the ring to the far ropes...]

GM: Sharif bounces him off the far side...

[As Monosso rebounds off, Sharif scoops him up under his armpit, wheeling around with him...

...and dropping him down across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Backbreaker by Sharif!

[Keeping Monosso stretched across the knee, Sharif puts a hand on the leg of Monosso along with one on the face, pushing down with both to bend the spine over the knee...]

GM: He's stretching him out - looking for a submission right here!

[But Monosso refuses to quit, shaking his head in refusal as Sharif stretches him out further...]

BW: This may not look like much, Gordo, but I promise you that it's an incredibly painful hold.

GM: I imagine that it is but Monosso is refusing to give in. Adrian Bathwaite is out on the floor shouting at Sharif to "break him"... and Sharif's trying to do exactly that.

[Sharif hears one more "NOOO!" from Monosso before he angrily shoves him off his knee to the canvas, rising to his feet. He glares down at Monosso who rolls to his stomach, keeping the pressure off his back...]

GM: Monosso's trying to relieve the pain on his back by rolling over but that just exposes it for Sharif!

[The Iranian drops a big elbow down to the small of the back... and again... and again...]

GM: A series of big elbows across the back of Monosso...

[Sharif climbs back to his feet, striking a double bicep pose with a shout of "CAMERAMAN, ZOOM IT!" to no one in particular as a handful more fans boo the confident grappler.]

GM: Sharif is in control at this point but he needs to keep his focus on Monosso. At any point, the big man could get up and bring the fight to Sharif like few others can manage.

[Sharif stands over the downed Monosso...

...and drops down to a knee, bringing the other knee down squarely into the lower back!]

GM: Ohh! Sharif drops a knee in there... continuing to punish the back of James Monosso...

[The powerful Iranian drags Monosso off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock, slinging Monosso's arm over his neck...

...and brings him over with a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Sharif suplexes the man out of his boots!

[A floatover gives Sharif a lateral press, pushing up as the referee drops down to count...]

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

[Monosso lifts the shoulder off the canvas at two to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Just a two count there...

[Sharif climbs to his feet, stomping the ribs repeatedly, forcing Monosso over to his stomach again where he again drops a knee into the lower back. He leave the knee there, grabbing a handful of hair to pull Monosso's torso back in a modified surfboard.]

GM: Another submission hold applied here although you'd have to question how legal the hold is with that handful of hair, Bucky.

BW: The referee doesn't seem to have a problem with it.

GM: It certainly would be at his discretion.

[The referee kneels down, checking for a submission from Monosso.]

GM: Monosso again refuses to give up. I have a hard time imagining Monosso giving up with stakes this high.

[Again with a shake of the head, Monosso gets his face shoved back down to the mat as Sharif gets up, reaching down to pull him off the mat...]

GM: Sharif's staying right on him...

[Grabbing the arm, Sharif FLINGS Monosso into the buckles, giving him a jolt down the spine before he staggers out into a big bearhug from Sharif, a hold he only applies for an instant before popping his hips, driving Monosso into the canvas with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: Oh my!

[Sharif crawls on top, not bothering with a leg as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: The belly-to-belly gets him one! It gets two! It gets-

[Again, Monosso fires a shoulder off the mat to break the pin.]

GM: Another two count and as we creep closer to the ten minute mark of this match, you've gotta think that if Monosso's going to make a move to get back on track in this one, he's going to need to do it soon.

[Sharif again gets back up, stomping Monosso in the ribs, rolling him to his side...

...and he SLAMS a soccer style kick into the lower back!]

GM: Oh, good grief!

BW: With football season starting up, Sharif looked like he was going for a Super Bowl ring there instead of the AWA World Title... right through the uprights, daddy!

GM: James Monosso rolls out onto the apron, looking for a chance to get a breather... a chance to get away from Sharif for a moment...

[Sharif doesn't back off though, quickly approaching the ropes. He reaches over them, pulling Monosso back to his feet...

...and eats a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso caught him right there!

[Reaching over the ropes, Monosso grabs Sharif under the arm...

...and with the crowd roaring, he elevates Sharif up and over the top, flipping him down HARD onto his back!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! A HIPTOSS OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!!

[Monosso leans back against the ropes, breathing heavily as Sharif writhes in pain on the barely-padded floor below. The official steps out to the apron, starting a ten count on Sharif as Adrian Bathwaite kneels next to him, shouting encouragement.]

GM: Adrian Bathwaite may have seen the World Title flash before his eyes after that! Sharif was in total control of this one but just like that - Monosso hits a big move and turns the tide in his favor!

[Ignoring the referee's orders to get back into the ring, Monosso wobbles down the length of the apron, turning to lean against the ringpost. He runs a hand through his sweat-soaked hair, waving for Sharif to get back to his feet.]

GM: Bathwaite's trying to get Sharif off the floor... he's up to all fours, reaching back to grab at his lower back. That had to do some serious damage, Bucky.

BW: It was a desperation move by Monosso. He knew he was running out of options... he knew he was running out of time. So he dug down deep and came up with something to get himself out of a very bad situation.

[Monosso waves at Sharif again as the Iranian stirs to his feet, slowly turning around as the madman from Happy Valley charges down the length of the apron...]

GM: HERE COMES MONOSS-

[He looks to stomp the skull of Sharif again but Sharif throws himself forward, grabbing Monosso around the leg, blocking the stomp...

...so Monosso throws himself off the apron, smashing down to the floor with Sharif sandwiched between his knee and the floor!]

GM: OHHH!

[Monosso rolls through the big move, lying on the floor beside Sharif as the referee waves for both men to get back into the ring and continue the fight. Adrian Bathwaite is just a few feet away, screaming at Sharif as loud as his lungs will manage...]

GM: We are over ten minutes into this match and Bucky, you said earlier that as we get close to fifteen minutes, James Monosso will start getting VERY desperate to finish this thing off.

BW: He's gotta be getting desperate already. We know he went to hell and back yesterday so he needs to find a way to put Sharif down for a one-two-

three... I gotta think before fifteen minutes. Maybe twenty. But the longer the match goes, the better chance Sharif has of winning this thing.

[The big man drags Sharif off the floor, ignoring the shouts of Sharif as he shoves him back into the ring.]

GM: And something like that really shows how badly Monosso is looking to finish this match and finish it now. He's not going to take any further time out on the floor as he usually would with an opponent.

[Monosso pulls himself up on the apron...

...where a shockingly daring Adrian Bathwaite flings himself at him, wrapping up Monosso's leg!]

GM: Wait a second! Bathwaite's stopping him from getting back into the ring!

BW: And that just shows how badly Adrian wants that World Title, Gordo. We've seldom seen Adrian willing to put himself in harm's way physically - even when it would benefit Sharif.

[Monosso turns his back on the ring, reaching down to grab Bathwaite by the collar...

...and deadlifts him from the floor to the ring apron to the roars of the crowd!]

GM: He's got him! He's got Bathwaite by the shirt! Let him have it!

[Seeing his manager in trouble, Sharif rushes forward, smashing his knee between the ropes and into the lower back of Monosso!]

GM: Ohh! Sharif nails him from behind!

[The knee to the already-hurting back causes Monosso to release his grip on Bathwaite as Sharif grabs him by the hair, pulling Monosso's torso between the top and middle ropes...]

GM: What is he...?

[Sharif SLAMS his hooked boot up into the face of Monosso while holding the hair...]

GM: Ohh! Boot right to the face! And it's one of those hooked boots at that!

[Sharif continues to hold the hair, slamming his boot up into the face over and over...]

GM: The referee's warning him! He needs to let the man go!

[Sharif backs off at the count of four, arms raised to please his case...

...and the crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Bathwaite drops down off the apron, grabbing Monosso by the ankle and YANKING him off the apron, smashing his face on the ring apron on the way down!]

GM: Good grief! The referee didn't see that?! How could you miss it?! Bathwaite just blatantly interfered in this match, knocking James Monosso down to the floor!

[He buries a few kicks into the ribs before backing off just before the official wheels around...

...and an angry Sharif steps out to the apron.]

GM: Sharif looks fired up now, fans.

BW: Remember what happened when Supernova put his hands on Bathwaite? Sharif wanted to cut off his hands! Monosso just did the same crime in Sharif's book!

[Sharif stands on the apron for a moment, measuring Monosso down on the floor...

...and then jumps off, burying an elbow into Monosso's lower back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Sharif takes a chance and it pays off! We're not used to seeing Sharif EVER take a chance like that but he just did it and it paid big dividends!

[Sharif climbs to his feet, moving to check on Bathwaite who says something along the lines of "I'm fine! Get him! GET HIM!" Sharif nods, turning around and driving another hooked boot into the ribcage of Monosso before leaning down to haul him up by the hair. He turns Monosso's back towards the apron...]

GM: Uh oh - I think we know what's coming here.

[Sharif suddenly surges forward, DRIVING Monosso's lower back into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohhh! An absolutely punishing blow delivered right there by Sharif, rolling Monosso back in now...

[With Monosso back in the ring, Sharif gives himself a nice slap on each pectoral before rolling into the ring, climbing to his feet...]

GM: He's going for the Camel Clutch, fans!

BW: And if he hooks it in, you know it's over!

GM: We're getting dangerously close to the fifteen minute mark of this match, fans. If James Monosso is going to do something to turn this whole thing around, he MUST do it now! He can NOT allow himself to be hooked in that Camel Clutch or like you said, Bucky, it's all over!

[Sharif turns Monosso to face the appropriate direction before settling in...]

GM: Sharif's going for it, crouching down over Monosso...

[The madman from Happy Valley manages to get his knees underneath him before Sharif can hook it in so when the Iranian grappler cups his hands together under Monosso's chin, the hold isn't fully applied.]

GM: He's got the Camel Clutch on!

BW: Not quite, Gordo. He needs to flatten the man out to get the maximum amount of pressure on the back. At this point, it hurts but it doesn't hurt enough to end the match. This puts pressure on the head and neck but it doesn't focus it on the back like the Clutch should.

GM: A great observation there, Bucky. Sharif does need to get him down and I think he just realized it...

[Sharif suddenly releases the chinlock, leaping into the air, and bringing his hind quarters down squarely on the lower back of Monosso, attempting to break him down.]

GM: Sharif's trying to drive him down to the mat, take those legs out from under him...

[Monosso keeps his arms extended though which keeps his body up on all fours to avoid the Camel Clutch at full effectiveness. Sharif angrily straightens up, leaping into the air again...]

GM: OHHH! Down on the back again! Sharif's done it twice but Monosso continues to hold on! He continues to fight it!

[Suddenly, Monosso pushes up to a single knee, causing a panicked Sharif to rain down clubbing forearms on the back of the neck, knocking Monosso back down to all fours. He settles in again, sitting on the lower back as he hooks in the chinlock...]

GM: He gets the hold back on but he still hasn't gotten Monosso's legs out from under him.

BW: The guy may be crazy but he's tough to boot.

GM: Sharif's jerking that head back and forth, hoping to do enough damage with that part of the hold to get a submission out of Monosso but I'm not sure he can do it!

[The crowd begins to buzz, clapping and stomping to cheer their newfound favorite on...]

GM: These fans here in New Orleans are starting to rally behind Monosso! They're letting him hear their support! This is incredible, Bucky!

BW: What?! I can barely hear you!

[Monosso reaches back with his powerful arms, hooking them around Sharif's legs...]

GM: James Monosso's making a move! He's got the legs trapped and he's- my stars, Bucky... HE'S GETTING UP!!

[With the roaring crowd encouraging him, Monosso struggles and strains with Sharif's weight on top of his injured back, forcing himself higher and higher off the mat until...]

GM: HE'S ON HIS FEET!! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

[A panicked Sharif swings his right arm at the ear of Monosso, trying to battle out of his trapped position...

...until Monosso suddenly barrels backwards into the nearest set of turnbuckles, SMASHING Sharif into the corner!]

GM: OHHHH! HE CRUSHED HIM AGAINST THE BUCKLES!!!

[Monosso staggers out, clinging to the top rope to stay on his feet as Sharif stumbles out of the buckles, falling down to the canvas on his back.]

GM: He's got Sharif down! This is it, Bucky! This is his chance!

BW: The fans are going wild! I can't believe what I'm hearing! This is STILL James Monosso, you idiots!

[Monosso pushes up off the ropes, standing tall as he looks out at the roaring fans and breaks into a sprint, charging off the far ropes...]

GM: Monosso off the ropes and-

[The madman from Happy Valley leaps as high as his pain-ravaged body will allow him to...

...and CRUSHES Sharif under the King Kong Kneedrop!]

GM: -HE DROPS THE BIG KNEE ON HIM! HE'S GOING FOR THE COVER, HOOKS THE LEG!!!

[The referee dives to the mat to count as Monosso slips one arm behind Sharif's neck, grabbing his leg with the other arm and locking the hands together in an airtight pin attempt!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! HE GOT HIM!!!

[Monosso immediately breaks the pin, pushing himself to all fours and rolling from the ring!]

GM: HE DID IT! MONOSSO'S HEADING TO THE FINALS!

[The crowd is roaring as Monosso has his hand raised by the referee, gesturing to the madman from Happy Valley as he leans against the ring apron, reaching around to grab at his back.]

GM: James Monosso and Stevie Scott will meet in tonight's Main Event to see who will be the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion! My stars, how in the world did he manage to do this, Bucky? How in the world did he manage to get past Sharif just now?

BW: I don't know... I honestly don't know. He looks physically destroyed... exhausted... how did he get past Sharif? How can he possibly get past Stevie Scott?

[Monosso gives one more raise of the hand before staggering down the aisle towards the locker room area, leaving a shocked Sharif and Bathwaite behind.]

GM: And somewhere in this building, you better believe that Percy Childes is pitching a fit!

BW: Absolutely. Percy put his money on Nenshou and it's starting to look like he may have backed the wrong horse, Gordo.

GM: Fans, Monosso's moving on and we've gotta take a quick break! But we'll be right back with our National Tag Team Title match so don't you dare go away!

[Fade 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.]

Soon after, we fade back up to a shot backstage of Cousin Bo by himself, a National Tag Team Title slung over each shoulder. This must have been prerecorded, as the sounds of action are coming from the ring, yet the roars of the fans are curiously absent. Bo takes a deep breath and begins to talk.]

CB: So, this is it. Blood, Sweat, And Tears. Time for one more fight between The Bishop Boys and Violence Unlimited. And I emphasize ONE. Because this is your last chance, boys. Once this is over and done with, you'll be headed to the back of the line.

[Bo looks around.]

CB: Don't worry about the Bishops. They're here, they're just going over last minute strategy together. Pretty good for a couple of "hicks", wouldn't you say? I'd watch the words I choose carefully if I was you. Because in case you haven't noticed, you're in the South. And us Southerners don't take too kindly to disparaging words like that. But I digress.

[Bo looks around at all the activity going on around him, as staff is still prepping the building for the action to come.]

CB: You'll notice I'm not yelling. Not carrying on. There's a reason for that.

[Bo smiles.]

CB: Supreme confidence. See, we've been sitting around, watching the tapes of you against us. Duane Henry knows what he did wrong in his tournament match with you, Haynes. Those are mistakes he won't make again. You took advantage of a guy not fully understanding of the nuances of wrestling and embarrassed him. Congratulations. But we sure took care of that a few weeks ago.

[Bo chuckles.]

CB: And, Morton, you made a gutsy move when you brought that cast crashing down over Duane Henry's noggin. A smart move? Hell no, it's only served to tick Duane Henry off even more, but it was something, I give you that.

[Bo points to himself.]

CB: Hell, you've even taken me out on occasion. I'm sure that makes you real proud, huh? Beating a manager up. Yeah, that's real classy. A real shining example for all the fans you love so much.

[Bo holds his jaw for a second before continuing.]

CB: There are other things we've done wrong in this feud, but do you think I'm dumb enough to share them with you? I'm not the longest-lasting manager in this company for nothing.

[Bo now points at the camera.]

CB: Tonight, Duane Henry gets his revenge for all you've done to him. He's come so far in such a short time. He's made himself a more complete wrestler. And don't think you can just forget about Cletus Lee. See, the "Redneck Wrecking Machine" is hungry. And, so far, you've done very little to him. Tonight? You do even less to him. The man who may just be the strongest member of the AWA wants to take you out permanently. Looking at his track record, you should be scared. Only a few people have taken him down. Haynes, you're one of them. Don't think it's going to happen again. And as far as pinning him goes? That's a laughable concept. Nobody's done it, nobody will.

[Bo rubs his chin for a second.]

CB: I'm sure you're going to come out fully hyped up, ready to bring on the fight of your life. Well, guess what? The Bishop Boys are going to do the same. This is war. Tonight, you're going to be hit harder and faster than any team has ever done to you before. I guarantee you this. With God as my witness, the title of this show is going to be the defining statement of our match. I'm pretty sure there's going to be blood. You know full well there's gonna be sweat. And on your end at the conclusion of this match, there's going to be tears. Because, after all is said and done, you're going to come up just short.

[Bo takes one of the belts off his shoulder and shows it to the camera.]

CB: See, it may not seem like it sometimes, but we hold these titles with pride. Until the end of this tournament, we are the highest ranking champions in this company. We're proud of that fact. Damn proud. We've done nasty things to keep them. And we're gonna continue to do nasty things. See, we could be doing this for the people ourselves if we really wanted to. Hell, we actually did for a while. But it doesn't matter. What good are cheers? They're not going to buy us groceries. Applause isn't going to buy me a big new house. We operate on hate. Hate for our fellow man. It keeps us hungry for more. More competition.

[Bo places the title back over his shoulder.]

CB: You, on the other hand? You're going to be lost in the grand scheme of things. One day, you're gonna be one of those teams that travels the wrestling convention circuit. You're gonna be out there, hawking autographed 8x10s for 25 bucks a pop. And you're going to be lonely. But, once in a while, you'll have one of those fat guys walking around with their replica belts come up to you. And they're all going to ask the same question.

[Bo scrunches his face up.]

CB: "Didn't you used to BE somebody?"

[Bo's face goes back to normal.]

CB: And the only thought that'll come racing to your mind is "Yes, we did. But then The Bishop Boys came around and embarrassed us. So now we're here. You wanna buy a picture?" And the fatty will just shake his head and walk away. With a belt more valuable than any you'll ever see again.

[Bo is completely stone-faced as he says this.]

CB: So say your last goodbyes to the people tonight. Because tonight is the only night in the Violence Unlimited Farewell Tour. And that's just one more of my truths.

[Bo gives a half-smile as he walks away. Cut back to ringside where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and it is for the AWA National Tag Team Titles!

[Big cheer!]

PW: In this match, the cast on Danny Morton's arm is BANNED!

[That particular stipulation draws boos from the fans.]

PW: Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[The sounds of Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" start to emerge from the arena's loudspeakers.]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes emerge through the curtain to a big roar from the crowd!]

PW: From Tulsa, Oklahoma and Moscow, Tennessee respectively... at a total combined weight of 595 pounds...

DANNY MORTON...

JACKSON HAYNES...

VIIIIIOOOOLENNNNNNNCE UNNNNLIMITED!

[With the Crue song in full effect at this time, Morton and Haynes start making their way down the aisle to the ring. Morton is in the lead, looking as fired up as we've ever seen him. He's barrel-chested, standing in his red trunks and red and white boots. There's no sign of his usual robe he wears to the ring, likely laying in pieces in a hallway somewhere as he stalks towards the ring. Haynes brings up the rear, chucking his faded cowboy hat into the crowd as he follows his partner to the ring, clad in white trunks and black boots.]

GM: The challengers are headed to the ring, ready for a fight, Bucky!

BW: I've heard from more than one source that VU is plenty ticked that this match hasn't received a lot of attention from folks with all the focus on the World Title Tournament and that tonight, they're out for blood to show the world that tag team wrestling is alive and well here in the AWA.

[Morton reaches the ring, outstretching a cast-free arm to pull himself up on the apron. He steps into the ring, running in place to the roar of the crowd as Haynes throws himself under the bottom rope, popping up to his feet with a big roar to the cheering New Orleans fans.]

GM: These two men, they look as ready as I could imagine them being, Bucky.

BW: They do... but in the back of your mind, you have to wonder about the condition of Danny Morton's arm. I'm sure he wouldn't have been cleared to wrestle if it wasn't in decent shape but the Bishop Boys broke that right arm back at the end of March.

GM: Five full months should have been enough time to heal it from what I gather but you're right, Bucky, it'll certainly be a target for the National Tag Team Champions in this battle.

[The music starts to fade as Phil Watson speaks again.]

PW: And their opponents...

["Nothin' To Lose" by Rebel Meets Rebel hits the PA system...

...and just as quickly, the National Tag Team Champions hit the entranceway, tearing through the curtain in a full sprint towards the ring with Cousin Bo jogging behind them.]

PW: Fromkingsland,arkansasweighinginat-

[Watson decides better of it, bailing from the ring as Duane Henry and Cletus Lee Bishop dive under the bottom rope, springing to their feet to meet the incoming challengers as referee Johnny Jagger quickly signals for the bell!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Cletus Lee makes a beeline for "The Hammer" Jackson Haynes, absorbing a couple big shots from Haynes before firing back with a few of his own to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: The big men are going at it and- look at Duane Henry!

[The smallest man in the match instantly throws himself around the waist of Danny Morton in a full-body tackle, taking several hard elbows to the back as he shoves Morton back against the buckles!]

GM: Duane Henry using all he's got to force Morton back...

[Duane Henry pivots his body, blasting Morton on the side of the jaw with a pair of back elbows. He grabs Morton by the arm, looking for a whip out of the corner...]

GM: Morton's hanging on! He won't let Duane Henry execute the whip!

[One of the most powerful men in the AWA lives up to his reputation by reversing the whip attempt...

...and HURLING Duane Henry over the cornerpost and down HARD to the floor below to the ROARS of the crowd!]

GM: HOLY... DID THAT JUST HAPPEN?!

BW: Duane Henry's down on the floor by us! He just got tossed down - right on his back! Cousin Bo is IMMEDIATELY over here to check on him because if he's hurt, the tag titles are as good as gone, daddy!

[Danny Morton pivots away from the fallen Duane Henry, approaching Cletus Lee, who is hammering Haynes with knees to the ribs in the buckles, from the blind side...]

GM: Morton nails him from behind!

BW: The ref's got no control over this one!

GM: You have to think Johnny Jagger may let things go a little bit in this one considering the history between these two teams.

BW: That's right, Gordo. This ain't a match we want to see end in a countout or a DQ... we want a clear winner to this match AND this feud between the two teams that are arguably the best in the world.

GM: And don't forget, whoever wins this match has Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan waiting for them in two weeks' time at Homecoming!

[Morton drags Cletus Lee away from the corner, throwing a series of stinging right jabs that backs the Redneck Wrecking Machine up into the ropes. Haynes moves out to join his partner, attempting a double whip...]

GM: They send Cletus Lee across...

[And meet him HARD with a double standing shoulder tackle that stuns Cletus Lee but does NOT drop him!]

GM: Oh my! Cletus Lee Bishop is one of the hardest men in the industry to take off his feet!

BW: He just got hit with nearly six hundred pounds of shoulder tackle and that didn't do it! Cletus Lee is a BEAST!

[Morton gestures to the ropes before he and Haynes rush towards them in unison, bouncing off them together...]

GM: Here comes the challeng-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in surprise as Cletus Lee Bishop uncorks a brutal double clothesline that knocks both of the incoming challengers off their feet and down to the canvas!]

BW: BEAST! MODE! UNLEASHED!

[Cletus Lee lets loose a roar, pounding his chest with a clenched fist before turning around, sizing up the recovering challengers...]

GM: Danny Morton's getting back up first... and Cletus Lee is right there to greet him...

[The Redneck Wrecking Machine wraps his massive hands around the throat of Morton in a choke.]

GM: The referee's right there, warning Cletus Lee against the-

[The crowd cheers as Morton suddenly lifts Cletus Lee's arms into the air, showing tremendous power...]

GM: Morton powers out of it!

[Morton breaks it off, landing a pair of big right hands to the jaw of Cletus Lee Bishop!]

GM: Morton's firing back... he's got the big man wobbly...

[A third haymaker brings the crowd to their feet as Morton dips down...]

GM: He's gonna slam him! He's gonna slam him!

[But as Morton attempts the bodyslam, Cletus Lee SMASHES his elbow down into the exposed ribcage twice, sending Morton staggering away...]

...where Cletus Lee hooks a handful of trunks and CHUCKS Morton over the top rope and down to the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: Turnabout is fair play! That's what Morton did to Duane Henry and now he just had the exact same thing happen to him!

GM: Morton's down on the floor, grabbing that right arm... hopefully he didn't land on it...

[Cletus Lee takes a few forearm smashes across the back from a fighting Jackson Haynes who turns the big man around, throwing looping hooks into the ribcage, forcing Cletus Lee back against the ropes...]

GM: The Hammer is bringing the thunder down on Cletus Lee with those blows to the body...

[Haynes grabs Cletus Lee's massive arm, winging him across the ring to the far side...]

GM: Shoots him off the ropes...

[Haynes rushes forward, connecting with another shoulder tackle!]

GM: Again he connects! And again he staggers but does not drop the big man!

[A frustrated Haynes rushes him, throwing rights and lefts, barreling the off-balance Cletus Lee back into the corner. He again grabs an arm...]

GM: Corner to corner whip on Cletus Lee... look out here!

[Haynes breaks into a cross-ring sprint, connecting with a huge running clothesline into the buckles!]

GM: OHHH! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Haynes grabs the arm again, firing him across the opposite corner...]

GM: Cletus Lee hits the buckles again... here comes Haynes!

[But Haynes runs headlong right into a raised boot to the jaw by Cletus Lee...]

GM: Ohh! Haynes hits hard!

[Suddenly, Duane Henry is up on the apron, slapping his big brother on the shoulder...]

GM: There's a tag!

BW: Where the heck did Duane Henry come from?!

GM: I have no clue! Last I looked, he was still down and out on the floor... he's climbing the buckles...

[Stepping up top, Duane Henry pauses...

...and then steps onto the shoulders of his cornered big brother!]

GM: WHAT THE...?!

[As Jackson Haynes staggers, turning around, Duane Henry throws himself off his brother's shoulders in a big crossbody, taking Haynes down to the mat!]

GM: OH MY!!

[Duane Henry rolls off of Haynes on impact, not staying on him for a cover as he scampers back to his feet...

...and spots Danny Morton staggering up to his feet...]

GM: Duane Henry's measuring Haynes as he gets back off the mat...

[The smaller Bishop breaks into a sprint, ducking under a wildly-thrown back elbow from Haynes...

...and keeps on going, throwing himself through the ropes with a suicidal tope dive onto Morton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DUANE HENRY BISHOP IS A BALL OF FIRE EARLY ON IN THIS ONE!!

[Climbing to his feet, Duane Henry grabs the back of his head, spinning around in a dazed circle as Haynes steps out to the apron, coming after him. Cousin Bo backs out of Haynes' way as The Hammer drops down to the floor, chasing after Duane Henry.]

GM: Duane Henry is a little dazed after the dive and he doesn't realize that Jackson Haynes is pursuing him, I don't believe, Bucky.

BW: I'm pretty sure you're right about that, Gordo.

[With Cousin Bo shouting, Duane Henry quickly rolls under the ropes into the ring. He turns back around, catching Haynes on the way in with a boot to the chest. A second one lands on the ear, knocking Haynes flat on the canvas.]

GM: Duane Henry caught him coming in, working him over on the mat now with a series of stomps and kicks, forcing Jackson Haynes out to the ring apron.

[Duane Henry leans through the ropes, pulling Haynes to a knee on the apron...

...and gets CRACKED on the jaw with a right hand from the Hammer!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot on the chin by Haynes!

[Haynes straightens up, grabbing Duane Henry by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: What the... you've gotta be kidding me!

[The crowd buzzes as Haynes attempts to lift Duane Henry for a suplex that will take him over the ropes and down to the unforgiving floor...

...but a desperate Duane Henry clings to the ropes, preventing the suplex attempt.]

GM: He's hanging on! Duane Henry's hanging on for dear life!

[Haynes abandons the front facelock, hammering Duane Henry with forearm shots to the ear. With a handful of hair, Haynes runs along the apron...

...and SMASHES Duane Henry's skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst to the corner!

[With Duane Henry stunned, Jackson Haynes steps into the ring, grabbing the smaller man under the armpits...

...and elevating him high into the air, throwing him violently into the turnbuckles where Duane Henry's head snaps back!]

GM: Good grief! Jackson Haynes is showing off his power advantage!

[Haynes lands a trio of big right hands to the skull of the National Tag Team Champion, ignoring the protesting referee as he turns around, grabbing Duane Henry in a snapmare, throwing him down into a seated position on the mat...

...and then ROCKS him with a crossface forearm across the bridge of the nose!]

GM: OHH! Goodness, what a shot that was!

[Haynes comes back from the left side, smashing that arm across the face as well before capping off the brutality with a third crossface forearm smash, leaving Duane Henry prone on the canvas...]

GM: Three brutal shots across the face by Jackson Haynes, living up to his nickname as he hammers Duane Henry Bishop down into the canvas...

[With Duane Henry down on the mat, Haynes leaps as high as he can into the air, dropping a big leg across the chest!]

GM: A whole lot of impact on that legdrop... and Haynes makes a cover!

[The referee dives to the mat, making a two count before Duane Henry lifts the shoulder in time!]

GM: Two count only!

BW: And I think that's an important thing to note here, Gordo. Jackson Haynes just went for a pin attempt early in the match. He and Morton want to crack some skulls, break some people open, and get some payback for that broken arm... but more importantly, they want the AWA National Tag

Team Titles around their waists! They will gladly forego their shot at some kind of physical retribution if it means becoming the AWA National Tag Team Champions for the second time!

[Haynes swings a leg across the torso of Duane Henry, grabbing a handful of hair, before pummeling the skull of the Bishop Boy with big right hands, the crowd roaring in response!]

GM: Jackson Haynes is pounding away, trying to put Duane Henry THROUGH the mat with those big right hands!

[Haynes gets up at the count of four, backing off as Duane Henry rolls himself out to the apron. Haynes pushes past Johnny Jagger to chase Duane Henry down, dragging him up by the hair...]

GM: He's got Duane Henry on his feet, facing away from the ring...

[Pulling back on Duane Henry's head, Jackson Haynes SMASHES him across the chest with a forearm smash... and again... and again... and again... and again. The crowd roars for the barrage of forearm smashes as Jackson Haynes finally lets go, rushing to the ropes behind him...]

GM: Haynes hits the far side... here he comes!

[But as Haynes approaches, Duane Henry drops down, pulling the top rope with him...

...which sends Haynes sailing over the top rope, crashing down to the barely-padded floor with a splat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!!

BW: Jackson Haynes brought the fire there, trying to knock Duane Henry off the apron but Duane Henry was ready for it! He took the ropes down and yet another member of this match just hit the floor VERY hard, Gordo.

GM: He certainly did... and look at Duane Henry here...

[Back on his feet, Duane Henry turns his back on the dazed Jackson Haynes as Haynes tries to get to his feet...]

GM: What's Duane Henry got in mind here, Bucky?

BW: I'm not sure I want to know.

[We wait and wait and wait as Haynes slowly drags himself to his feet, turning towards the ring where Duane Henry suddenly leaps into the air, springing back off the middle rope...]

BW: MOOOOONSAULT!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd ERUPTS as Duane Henry goes to the air, wiping out Jackson Haynes with a picture perfect moonsault from the middle rope to the floor!]

GM: Jackson Haynes is down on the floor! Danny Morton is down on the floor as well! The challengers are in trouble as we get close to the ten minute mark of this matchup. Remember, this match has a half hour time limit - it is not a no time limit affair like our tournament matches.

[Duane Henry slowly gets back to his feet, shaking his head back and forth to clear the fuzziness from the big fall to the floor. From a few feet away, Cousin Bo shouts encouragement to his family member as Duane Henry grabs the ropes, tugging himself under them into the ring.]

GM: Duane Henry's back in... and Cousin Bo is ordering Johnny Jagger to start a ten count...

[Jagger quickly obliges as Danny Morton retakes his spot on the ring apron, shouting at his partner as the crowd begins to clap and stomp, rooting Jackson Haynes on as the Hammer tries to get back to his feet to continue the fight.]

GM: Haynes is starting to stir, fans. Johnny Jagger's count is up to four... now to five...

[But Haynes pushes up to his feet, wobbling towards the ropes...

...and catches a baseball slide from Duane Henry, driving both feet squarely into the mush and knocking Haynes back down to the floor as the crowd jeers!]

GM: Oh, come on! Give the man a chance to get back in there!

BW: Duane Henry's under NO obligation to do that, Gordo. And if they want to retain the titles, they're going to take every chance they have to do to make that happen. That's exactly what Duane Henry just did.

GM: I suppose but in my view, a true champion wants to defeat their opponent INSIDE the ring.

[Duane Henry falls back to the far ropes, shouting at Jagger who shakes his head before starting the count again...]

GM: Jackson Haynes was about to beat this count a few moments ago until Duane Henry struck...

[Haynes again pushes up to his knees relatively quickly as the referee counts three...]

GM: Haynes is going to beat it again...

[But as he nears the ring apron, Duane Henry approaches, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Look out here!

[...and CATAPULTS himself over the ropes for a plancha!]

GM: CROSSBODY OVER THE-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: HAYNES CAUGHT HIM!! JACKSON HAYNES CAUGHT HIM!!

[The Tennessee native turns his body...

...and rushes forward, SMASHING Duane Henry's back into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: HE COULDA BROKE THE MAN IN HALF WITH THAT!!

[Haynes turns around, chucking Duane Henry between the bottom and middle ropes back into the ring. He climbs up on the apron, about to get back in himself when Cletus Lee rushes towards him...]

GM: Running forearm shot by Cletus Lee!

[The big man staggers Haynes with the big shot...

...and then grabs him around the throat!]

GM: He's goozled him! He's looking for a chokeslam off the apron!

[But Haynes slaps the arm away before connecting with a series of right hands to the skull on Cletus Lee, stunning the big man...]

GM: The referee needs to do something about this, fans!

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TWENTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Holding a handful of Cletus Lee's hair with his right hand, Haynes winds waaaaaay back and DRILLS the big man with a left hand between the eyes, knocking him back into the ringpost!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him with that big left!

[Haynes steps back into the ring, glaring at Cletus Lee before doing so. He marches in, catching a rising Duane Henry and pulling him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh! He's got Duane Henry hooked!

[But Cletus Lee isn't about to let what could be a match-ending powerbomb happen as he steps into the ring, smashing Jackson Haynes in the back of the head with a forearm!]

GM: Cletus Lee jumps in to save his brother!

[Which is enough to bring in Danny Morton as well, leaping into the air with a running forearm smash that sends Cletus Lee back into the corner where Morton tees off...]

GM: MORTON'S ON FIRE!!

[A big knife-edge chop blasts across the chest of Cletus Lee! As soon as his arm is clear, it comes rocketing back the other way, smashing an elbow off the jaw of Cletus Lee!]

BW: Danny Morton's throwin' a little violence party for the big man!

[Morton repeats the process - chop then elbow... chop then elbow, rocking Cletus Lee over and over before grabbing the arm...]

GM: Morton's gonna whip the big man...

[The Irish whip sends the Redneck Wrecking Machine barreling across the ring where Jackson Haynes sends Duane Henry crashing into him, the smaller champion falling down to the canvas as the crowd roars!]

GM: Violence Unlimited is bringing the fight to the Bishop Boys right here at Blood, Sweat, and Tears!

BW: Get Morton out of there! He ain't legal!

GM: Neither is Cletus Lee!

[Morton and Haynes double up on Cletus Lee again, each grabbing an arm as they back the bigger man into the ropes...]

GM: It's a two-on-one for the challengers!

[...and fire him across the ring, bringing the six foot nine beast bouncing back towards them...]

GM: Double lift...

[The crowd ROARS as Morton and Haynes each grab Cletus Lee by a leg, hoisting him off the mat...

...and DRIVING him down with a double layout spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG DOUBLE SLAM BY THE CHALLENGERS!!

[Jackson Haynes spins around, grabbing a rising Duane Henry by the hair, tugging him into a standing headscissors again...]

GM: Haynes is calling for the powerbomb!

[Morton steps out to the apron as Cletus Lee rolls to the floor, allowing Haynes to hoist Duane Henry up into the air...]

...where he freezes Haynes at the peak of the lift, drilling him with right hands to the skull...]

GM: Duane Henry's trying to fight it! He's trying to find a way out of this!

[Duane Henry somehow counters the powerbomb, lacing his leg behind Haynes' neck...]

...and DRIVES the Hammer's face into the canvas on the way down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HOW DID HE DO THAT?!

[Duane Henry dives across Haynes' chest, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Haynes powers out at two, heaving Duane Henry into the air!]

GM: Out at two! Jackson Haynes kicks out at two!

[Now it's Duane Henry's turn to take the mount, pummeling Haynes' forehead with clenched right hands to the jeers of the crowd. From the floor, Cousin Bo shouts some instructions to Duane Henry who gets up, shouting at his larger brother who raises his foot up on the ropes...]

...and Duane Henry SLAMS Haynes' head into the boot!]

GM: Ohh! The champions working together before the tag. There's the tag now to bring Cletus Lee in...

[Both men grab Haynes by the hair, winding up and clashing their skulls into Haynes', sending him falling back into the Bishops' corner.]

GM: The Bishops strike with a doubleteam headbutt and they've got Haynes trapped in their corner now...

BW: Gordo, we talked about Danny Morton possibly not being ready for this match and you'll notice that he hasn't been legally in this match ONCE yet. Could VU be trying to protect him?

GM: It's been a while since he's seen ring action. Perhaps they're worried about a little bit of ring rust.

[Cletus Lee raises his leg, pressing his boot into Haynes' windpipe, choking the air out of him as the referee starts a count.]

GM: The ref is right there to count... Cletus Lee breaks it up at four...

[He grabs Haynes by the hair, dragging him from the corner where he scoops Haynes up, slamming him down near the Bishops' corner.]

GM: Big body slam... and you can see that the Bishops are trying to cut the ring in half... they're trying to isolate Jackson Haynes away from his tag team partner so they can doubleteam him.

BW: It's your standard smart tag team wrestling, Gordo. This is how you achieve success as a tag team.

[Cletus Lee walks to his corner, slapping Duane Henry's outstretched hand.]

BW: Another quick tag by the champs, keeping the fresh man in...

[Cletus Lee hoists Duane Henry over his head in a military press...]

GM: Oh my! He's got Duane Henry waaaaay up there!

[...and then steps out from under him, allowing Duane Henry to plummet down onto a floored Haynes with a splash!]

GM: OHHH! That might be enough right there!

[The official dives to the mat to count.]

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

[Haynes again lifts the shoulder at two, avoiding the defeat.]

GM: It was an impressive doubleteam but it still wasn't enough to put Jackson Haynes down for a three count... and now you can see Danny Morton encouraging his partner to make the tag. It's getting a little bit desperate for the challengers, fans.

[Duane Henry quickly gets to his feet, stomping the ribs of Jackson Haynes before leaning over and slapping the hand of Cletus Lee.]

GM: The tag is made and here comes the Redneck Wrecking Machine!

[Cletus Lee backs away as Duane Henry grabs Haynes by the legs, setting for a catapult...]

GM: Duane Henry falls back, launching Haynes... ohh! Big clothesline by Cletus Lee! What a demolishing move by the Bishop Boys!

[With Haynes down on the mat, Cletus Lee backs off, slapping at his leg...]

GM: Uh oh! It looks like Cletus Lee is setting up for the charging big boot!

[Cousin Bo is shouting encouragement from his corner while Danny Morton shouts a warning from his own...]

GM: Haynes is starting to stir...

[Cletus Lee charges across the ring, raising his long leg...]

GM: BIG BOOOOOOOOOO-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[At the last moment, Haynes drops down, causing Cletus Lee to whiff on the big kick and ultimately crotch himself on the top rope!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Shaking the cobwebs, Haynes climbs to his feet, grabbing the top rope in his hands...

...and starts shaking the top rope!]

GM: Haynes is bouncing Cletus Lee up and down on the top rope, driving the ropes into his groin over and over!

[Haynes staggers away from the ropes, heading across the ring where Danny Morton has his hand outstretched...

...and makes a collapsing tag to his partner, drawing a HUUUUUGE cheer from the crowd!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE!!

[Morton comes rushing in, drilling Cletus Lee with a series of right hands while he is still trapped in the ropes. He spins around...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and CLUBS Duane Henry with a forearm smash that sends Duane Henry sailing off the ropes to the floor!]

GM: DOWN GOES DUANE HENRY!!

[Wheeling around, Danny Morton grabs the recovering Cletus Lee by the hair, smashing his skull into Bishop's head, sending him falling back into the corner where Morton mounts the midbuckle...]

GM: Morton's got him cornered!

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[The crowd chants along with Morton as the Oklahoman hammers Cletus Lee before jumping back down to the mat. He grabs Cletus Lee by the hair, dragging him from the corner...]

GM: Clubbing forearm across the back! A second! A third!

[The third knocks Cletus Lee down to a knee where Morton continues, alternating between forearms and double axehandles, smashing Cletus Lee down to all fours where he switches to all double axehandles, raining them down across the broad back of the big man again and again and again...]

GM: DANNY MORTON IS CHOPPIN' THE BIG MAN DOWN TO SIZE!!

[With the crowd roaring with approval, Morton knocks Cletus Lee all the way down to his belly. Morton lets loose a roar of triumph, running in place for a moment before turning his focus towards a rising Duane Henry...

...and breaks into a sprint, HURLING himself between the ropes to smash into the staggered smaller Bishop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUICIDE DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY DANNY MORTON!!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

[A pumped-up Morton climbs to his feet, issuing a stern warning to a nearby Cousin Bo who beats a retreat as Morton climbs back through the ropes into the ring. He stalks towards a rising Cletus Lee, making sure he's behind the big man...

...and hooks a waistlock from behind!]

GM: MORTON'S GOT HIM HOOKED!!

BW: Time to test out that arm, daddy!

[Morton braces himself, setting his feet...

...and LAUNCHES Cletus Lee Bishop into the air, dumping him down on the back of his head with a released German Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MORTON FOLDS HIM IN HALF!!

BW: That might do it, Gordo! He landed RIGHT on the back of his head!

[Morton flips over, crawling towards the downed Bishop.]

GM: Morton makes a cover - the official down to count!

[Johnny Jagger sets himself in position.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[At the last moment, Cletus Lee FIRES a shoulder up off the mat!]

GM: No, no, no! Morton couldn't hold him down for three!

[Morton angrily climbs to his feet, looking around at the cheering crowd as he plots his next move...

...and then DROPS into a three point stance as the crowd roars in response!]

GM: Morton's calling for the three point tackle!

[Morton's set, his knuckles digging into the canvas as his hind quarters shakes in the air, waiting for Cletus Lee to get up off the mat...]

GM: Cletus Lee is... he's getting up and-

[Morton comes tearing across the ring, ready to score with another running shoulder tackle...

...and runs right into Cletus Lee who wraps a massive hand around his throat!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED!

[The six foot nine beast hoists Morton high up into the air...

...and SLAMS him down to the canvas with a chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM!! DANNY MORTON GETS PLANTED TO THE MAT!!

[Cletus Lee staggers forward, collapsing down into a lateral press on the prone Danny Morton.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[Morton's shoulder flies up just before the hand comes down a third time!]

GM: OHH! So close! Cletus Lee Bishop almost scored the victory right there!

[An angry Cletus Lee gets up, glaring at Johnny Jagger who scampers away, holding up two fingers at the larger man who suddenly leans over...

...and slaps the hand of his weary brother.]

GM: What the- he tags in Duane Henry but he's... he looks out on his feet!

[Duane Henry looks a bit puzzled at his bigger brother for a moment when suddenly Cletus Lee spins him around with his back to the ropes, scooping him up in a back suplex...

...and then THROWS him all the way over into a makeshift moonsault on a prone Morton!]

GM: OHH!

BW: WHAT A DOUBLETEAM!!

[Duane Henry bounces off Morton on impact, rolling to the side where he grabs at his ribs. Cletus Lee exits the ring, slapping a hand on the top turnbuckle and shouting at his brother as Duane Henry tries to crawl towards Morton.]

GM: Duane Henry's trying to make a cover... trying to get over onto Morton...

[A weary Duane Henry throws an arm across the chest...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! TH-

[Morton SHOOTS the right arm up off the mat, breaking the pin attempt...

...and Duane Henry promptly grabs the same arm and SLAMS it down to the mat!]

GM: OHH! Duane Henry attacks the arm!

[Climbing to his feet, Duane Henry stomps the right arm a few times, causing Morton to turtle up to avoid any further attacks to the formerly-broken limb as Duane Henry reaches over and slaps his brother's hand.]

GM: The tag is made... in comes the Redneck Wrecking Machine...

[Cletus Lee steps over the ropes into the ring, pulling Danny Morton off the canvas by the arm. He quickly twists it around into an armtwist as Duane

Henry hops up to the middle rope, leaping off with a double axehandle across the twisted limb!]

GM: The Bishops are going for the arm!

[Duane Henry ducks back to the ring apron as Cletus Lee grabs the arm, using it to whip Morton back into the Bishops' corner. The big man charges in, smashing a back elbow into the jaw of Morton!]

GM: Cletus Lee and Duane Henry are working very well together here in this title defense. The champions are showing some tremendous teamwork - some great doubleteams...

[Cletus Lee Bishop hooks Morton's arms under his own, repeatedly slamming his skull into the trapped Oklahoman's!]

GM: The big man is tearing into him in the corner, headbutt after headbutt!

[As he releases the arms, Morton slumps back into the corner, his arms draped over the top rope to stay on his feet which leaves him wide open as Cletus Lee hooks his hands around Morton's throat!]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking Danny Morton!

[The referee steps in, forcing Cletus Lee back...

...which gives Duane Henry the chance to grab Morton by the arm...]

GM: NO!

[...and DROPS down off the apron, snapping Morton's right arm over the top rope!]

GM: OHH!

[Morton staggers out of the corner, clutching his right shoulder...

...and Cletus Lee grabs him under the armpits, LAUNCHING Morton up into the air bodily...]

GM: Big lif- OHHHHH!

[The crowd reacts similarly as Cletus Lee CRACKS Morton in the jaw with a big right hand, knocking him out of the sky!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! Cletus Lee tossed Danny Morton way up into the air and then laid him out with that big right hand! This big man is physically having his way with Danny Morton right now, fans! He's just obliterating him with every shot he throws it seems!

BW: Which makes you have to wonder if Morton was ready to come back for a match of this magnitude!

[Cletus Lee grabs Morton by the leg, dragging him a few feet away from the corner. He again slaps the hand of his brother, watching as Duane Henry scales the turnbuckles...]

GM: They're setting up for a Rocket Launcher, Bucky!

BW: If they hit this, it might be all over!

[Duane Henry pauses up top as Cletus Lee reaches up to hook him...]

GM: Morton's not moving! This might be it!

[...and HURLS Duane Henry off the top rope, sending him sailing through the air...]

GM: ROCKET LAUNCHER!!

[...and DOWN onto the raised knees of Danny Morton!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MORTON GOT THE KNEES UP!! DUANE HENRY JUST CRASHED AND BURNED!!

[Morton rolls to his side, stretching an arm out towards the corner while Duane Henry clutches his ribcage down on the canvas, breathing hard as Cletus Lee slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting at his brother.]

GM: Both men need the tag here!

BW: We've gotta be getting close to the twenty minute mark of the time limit too, Gordo!

GM: I would imagine you're right about that. We just crossed the two hour mark of this telecast with two big matches still to come - the annual 30 man Rumble as well as James Monosso vs Stevie Scott with the World Title on the line. But this one's not over yet... Morton's crawling towards the corner as Duane Henry is doing the same...

BW: Both men trying to get to their corners where their partners are waiting for the tag...

[The crowd is on their feet, cheering on Danny Morton as he inches closer and closer towards Jackson Haynes' outstretched arm...]

GM: Duane Henry's a little bit closer to his corner and-

[The fans jeer as he slaps Cletus Lee's hand!]

GM: Duane Henry makes the tag! In comes Cletus Lee!

[The big man rushes across the ring, grabbing Danny Morton by the back of the trunks, preventing his effort to make the tag!]

GM: Oh! Cletus Lee cuts off Morton's attempt to make the tag! Morton was so close but the big man cut him short...

[Pulling Morton up, Cletus Lee fires him to the ropes...]

GM: Big whip by Cletus Lee... Morton ducks the clothesline, off the far side...

[And the former college football player EXPLODES off the ropes with a flying shouldertackle!]

GM: BIG LEAPING TACKLE!!

BW: But look at Cletus Lee! The big man will NOT go down!

[Cletus Lee staggers backwards, arms wheeling around and around as he tries to keep his balance. Morton pushes up off the mat, turning towards the corner again...

...and ducks under a wildly-thrown right hand, front rolling towards the corner where he pops up and slaps the hand of Jackson Haynes!]

GM: TAG! MORTON MAKES THE TAG!!

[The crowd ERUPTS as a fired-up Jackson Haynes comes tearing into the ring, battering a surprised Cletus Lee Bishop with right hand after right hand to the skull!]

GM: HAYNES IS ALL OVER HIM!

"TWENTY MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[With the call that the time limit is two-thirds of the way home, the Hammer pummels Cletus Lee back into the nearest set of buckles, the right hand continuing to bounce off the skull of the National Tag Team Champion!]

GM: Haynes batters him back to the corner... big whip from corner to corner... and here comes the Hammer!

[Haynes barrels across the ring, DRILLING Bishop with a running clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! That one rattles Cletus Lee from head to toe!

[Haynes grabs the arm again, firing Cletus Lee to the opposite neutral corner...

...and storms across again, smashing into a stunned Cletus Lee with a second running clothesline!]

GM: TWO! BIG! CLOTHESLINES BY HAYNES!!

[Cletus Lee slings his arms over the top rope, trying to stay on his feet as Haynes grabs him by the hair, hammering him with a series of hard right hands to the skull again. Suddenly, Cousin Bo leaps up on the apron, shouting his disapproval of Haynes' tactics...

...and Haynes grabs him by the throat!]

GM: THE HAMMER'S GOT HIM!

BW: Please, Hammer, don't hurt 'em!

[Cousin Bo struggles, trying to free himself, as Duane Henry circles around the ringpost, charging towards the trapped Cousin Bo...

...but gets caught coming in with a back elbow on the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Haynes caught him coming in!

[Grabbing Duane Henry by the hair and Cousin Bo by the hair, Haynes SMASHES their heads together!]

GM: Double noggin knocker by the challenger! Down goes Bo! Down goes Duane Henry!

[Haynes spins around, greeting an incoming Cletus Lee with a running right hand before grabbing the arm...]

GM: He sends Cletus Lee to the corner... look out here!

[Haynes storms towards the buckles where Cletus Lee is leaning against them...

...and BURIES a big running boot under the big man's chin!]

GM: RUNNING BOOT IN THE BUCKLES!!

[Cletus Lee staggers out of the corner as Jackson Haynes leans down, slapping the mat with both hands!]

GM: Look at that though! After the clotheslines... after the big boot... Cletus Lee will NOT fall!

[Haynes dips down, looking for the bodyslam...]

GM: And now it's Haynes going for the bodyslam!

[But Cletus Lee reaches down instead, muscling Jackson Haynes up onto his shoulders!]

GM: OH! HE BLOCKED IT!

[Danny Morton comes rushing in, racing toward Cletus Lee...

...who somehow manages to duck down...]

GM: What the...?

BW: No way!

[...and the crowd ERUPTS in surprise at the sight of Cletus Lee Bishop now with BOTH Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton draped over his shoulders!]

GM: MY STARS! THE REDNECK WRECKING MACHINE IS-

[Cletus Lee walks out to the middle of the ring, very visibly struggling under nearly six hundred pounds of weight draped across his shoulders...

...and suddenly DROPS back, crushing both men with a Samoan Drop!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CLETUS LEE BISHOP IS UNSTOPPABLE!!

BW: BEAST MODE, DADDY!

[Cletus Lee rolls over, shoving Morton aside and attempting a lateral press on Jackson Haynes!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[But Morton saves his partner with a well-placed lunging forearm across the back, forcing the referee to break the pin count!]

GM: Morton breaks it up! He saved VU's bid to become the two-time National Tag Team Champions!

[A wincing Morton pulls Cletus Lee off the mat, hammering him with a right hand!]

GM: Morton's on his knees, throwing big haymakers at Bishop!

[Duane Henry Bishop quickly scales the buckles, turning away from the ring as Danny Morton gets up, knocking Cletus Lee back down with a well-placed forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Morton cracks Cletus Lee with the forearm smash!

[Morton turns as Duane Henry makes a giant leap!]

GM: OFF THE TOP!!

[And the crowd ERUPTS as Morton gets caught across the chest with a moonsault...

...but gets CAUGHT!]

GM: MY STARS! THE POWER! WHAT POWER!!

[Morton holds Duane Henry over his shoulder...

...and then gives a thumbs down, charging across the ring and SMASHING Duane Henry into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Into one set of buckles!

[Morton swings around, charging out of the corner...

...and DRIVES Duane Henry Bishop into the canvas with a thunderous powerslam!]

GM: OKLAHOMA STAMPEDE!!!

[Morton applies a cover on Duane Henry as the referee dives to the mat...

...but waves it off!]

GM: The referee's not counting!

BW: Duane Henry's not the legal man! Neither is Morton! Johnny Jagger knew it and he's telling Morton right now! What a great call by the AWA's Senior Official!

GM: That may be the first time I've ever heard you be respectful to an AWA official!

BW: That may be the first time any of them have ever made a good call!

[Morton gets to his feet, complaining to the referee as Jagger forces Morton backwards, telling him to exit the ring as Duane Henry rolls under the ropes to the ring apron...]

GM: Cletus Lee Bishop is up to his feet, pulling Jackson Haynes up as well... these two men are legal. If a pinfall is going to take place, it has to be between these two men right now!

[Cletus Lee tugs Haynes into a standing headscissors, backing into the corner with a shout...]

GM: He's setting up the Hammer!

[The big man hoists Haynes into the air, lifting him up into position for a crucifix powerbomb...]

GM: Haynes has got nowhere to go here! He's trapped up in the air!

[Cletus Lee starts to charge out of the corner, looking to chuck Haynes across the ring and down to the mat...

...but a wriggling Haynes shakes himself free, dropping down to his feet behind Cletus Lee.]

GM: Haynes slips out!

[The larger Bishop slowly turns, obviously a bit off-balance...]

GM: CLOTHESLI- ducked by Bishop!

[With Haynes off-balance this time, Bishop charges...

...and CONNECTS with the charging big boot, sending Haynes sailing backwards towards his corner...]

GM: TAG! MORTON TAGS HIMSELF IN!!

[Morton storms through the ropes into the ring, catching Bishop coming at him with a series of right hands!]

GM: Morton's hammering away! Trying to beat Cletus Lee back!

[And with Bishop stunned, Morton ducks down...]

GM: He's gonna- HE LIFTS!

[Morton holds him high in the air for a moment and then SLAMS him down hard to the canvas!]

GM: HE SLAMMED THE BIG MAN!! OH YEAH!!

[Morton lets loose a roar as he turns back towards the shocked Cletus Lee who is down on his back...]

GM: Look at this! Duane Henry's up top behind him!

[The smaller Bishop leaps off the top towards Morton as he turns around...

...and gets CAUGHT!]

GM: MORTON CAUGHT HIM!! HE CAUGHT HIM!!!

[The crowd ROARS as Morton shows off his incredible power, lifting Duane Henry straight up over his head in a gorilla press!]

GM: HOLY- HE'S GOT HIM UP!!

[Morton steps forward, showing off the struggling Duane Henry to the entire crowd...

...and then DROPS Duane Henry down on the chest of the stunned Cletus Lee Bishop!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MORTON CRUSHES CLETUS LEE UNDER DUANE HENRY!

[He shoves Duane Henry off Cletus Lee, dropping to his knees to apply a cover.]

GM: Morton gets one! He gets two! He gets thr- NO! SHOULDER UP! CLETUS LEE GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!

[Morton pushes up to his knees, clapping his hands together in frustration as Duane Henry scrambles back up, catching Morton with a low dropkick to the mush!]

GM: Ohh! Duane Henry caught him!

BW: The ref's forcing Duane Henry out of here... he caught Morton with that dropkick and may have bought Cletus Lee some time to recover from that big splash.

[Out on the apron, Duane Henry shouts at his brother, stretching his arm out as far as he can. Cletus Lee sits up on the mat, clutching his chest as he looks up towards his corner.]

GM: Cletus Lee is looking for the tag!

[Morton grabs the big man by the leg, trying to prevent the tag. Cletus Lee kicks away at him, trying to knock Morton off and get to his corner.]

GM: Cletus Lee's fighting to get there with Morton fighting to keep him from getting there. It's a battle of wills here!

[Morton climbs to his feet, pulling hard on the leg to drag Bishop back towards the middle of the ring as the crowd cheers. Morton leaps up, dropping an elbow down in the chest as Duane Henry steps in, charging Morton...]

GM: DUANE HENRY!

[Morton catches him around the waist in a bearhug hold...

...and pops his hips, HURLING Duane Henry halfway across the ring where he bounces off the canvas!]

GM: Overhead throw by Morton! He threw Duane Henry like a sack of potatoes!

[Morton spins around, setting up...

...and then charges across the ring, catching a rising Duane Henry with a running dropkick on the chin, sending Duane Henry snapping back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Morton's got Duane Henry reeling in the corner... Cletus Lee is getting back to his feet...

[Cletus Lee comes tearing across the ring towards Morton's exposed back...

...but the Tulsa native sidesteps, chucking Cletus Lee towards the corner where he SMASHES Duane Henry against the buckles!]

GM: OHHH! Duane Henry gets rocked again!

[As Cletus Lee stumbles backwards, Morton wraps his powerful arms around the big man's waist in a side waistlock...]

GM: He's setting for the Backdrop Driver! Morton's trying to get the strength to get the big man up for it!

[But Cletus Lee slams his fist repeatedly into the skull, battling his way out of the Backdrop Driver attempt.]

GM: Cletus Lee fights his way free!

[And pivots his body, uncorking a BRUTAL lariat that flips Morton end over end, dumping him in a heap on the mat!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A LARIAT BY CLETUS LEE!!

[The big man flips Morton to his back, diving atop for a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But a DIVING save by Jackson Haynes breaks up the pin!]

GM: Haynes saved him! Jackson Haynes with the diving save out of his corner to save his partner! Violence Unlimited are battling to become the two-time National Tag Team Champions and may stop at absolutely nothing to make that happen!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Five minutes! You heard it, we heard it, and you better bet the four men inside the ring heard it! They are five minutes away from the time limit and if they're going to score a win, they've gotta go now!

[Jackson Haynes pulls Cletus Lee Bishop off the mat, hammering away with right hands to push him back into the corner.]

GM: Haynes is all over the big man - the referee's ordering Haynes to get out of the ring but he's not listening! He's gotta get as much as he can out of Cletus Lee before the referee forces him out!

[Haynes grabs the arm, going for the Irish whip...]

GM: Big whip by- no, reversed!

[Haynes goes barreling across the ring towards Duane Henry who kicks back up, lifting his knees...]

...and Haynes runs headlong into the raised knees!]

GM: Ohh! Haynes smashes into the knees and-

[Cletus Lee marches out of the corner, grabbing the dazed Haynes from behind, hooking him around the upper thighs and yanking his legs out to pull him into a wheelbarrow position...]

GM: What's he...?

[The big man hoists Haynes for a wheelbarrow suplex...]

...but Duane Henry rushes out of the corner, leaping up as Cletus Lee brings Haynes back down...]

GM: OHHHHH!

[...and raises his knees, smashing Jackson Haynes' face into them! The crowd ERUPTS in surprise at the big doubleteam as Haynes bounces back up...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets FLATTENED with a wheelbarrow suplex!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! WHAT A DOUBLETEAM BY THE CHAMPIONS!!

[Jackson Haynes rolls from the ring as a dazed Danny Morton battles to his feet, throwing right hands at the ribs of Cletus Lee as he comes for him. Duane Henry rushes to aid his brother as the referee tries to intervene.]

BW: This has broken down, Gordo. The ref's got NO control at this point!

GM: It certainly looks that way.

[The referee wedges himself in front of Duane Henry, forcing him back towards the corner.]

"FOUR MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Four minutes left! Cletus Lee's fighting back, throwing a big knee into the gut of Morton to force him to the ropes.

[The big man lands a few big forearms to the back of the head and neck, knocking Morton down to a knee.]

GM: Cletus Lee pulls Morton up... big knife-edge chop against the ropes...

[An effortless whip sends the Oklahoman bouncing off the far ropes, rebounding towards Lee who throws a big lariat attempt that Morton ducks under, hitting the ropes again...]

GM: Morton with a whole lot of steam...

[And connects solidly with a big running clothesline on Cletus Lee!]

GM: OHH! Big shot by Morton stuns him!

[With Cletus Lee falling backwards, Morton rushes to the ropes again, bouncing off...]

GM: He leaves his feet!

[...and connects with a leaping shoulder tackle for the second time, sending Cletus Lee falling back into the ropes, his arms falling over the top rope to stay on his feet! Morton quickly moves in, closing his fist and hammering away at the skull of the big man!]

GM: Morton's going to work on him! He's pounding him with right hands!

[Pulling Cletus Lee off the ropes to the middle of the ring, he dips down to go for the bodyslam attempt again...

...but Cletus Lee blocks it, hammering his elbow down into the exposed ribs!]

GM: Cletus Lee blocks the slam!

[The big man charges the ropes behind him...]

BW: Duane Henry with the blind tag!

[...and bounces back towards Morton who catches him on the rebound, lifting him into the air, pivoting...]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!!

[Morton applies a cover, reaching back for the leg.]

GM: Morton's got him covered but the referee won't count!

BW: Again, Johnny Jagger's on the ball and he's telling Morton that there was a tag!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Morton didn't see it and-

[And as the Oklahoman gets back to his feet, he gets greeted with a pair of right hands to the jaw from Duane Henry.]

GM: Duane Henry's trying to-

[Morton throws a big right hand that cracks Duane Henry on the chin, sending him falling backwards to the mat.]

GM: Morton floored him... and he's going for the kill!

[Morton pulls Duane Henry to his feet, dragging him into a gutwrench...]

GM: Morton's calling for the Boomer Sooner!

[The powerhouse easily lifts Duane Henry up into the Canadian backbreaker position, turning to face the other side of the ring...]

GM: BIG BOOT!!

[...and gets ROCKED with a Charging Big Boot from Cletus Lee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The blow knocks off Morton's grip, allowing Duane Henry to drop down behind him where he scoops the off-balance Morton up into a torture rack as Cletus Lee races to the other ropes...]

GM: NO!

[...and DRILLS Morton on the side of the head with another big boot, allowing Duane Henry to spin Morton out into a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: DOC ALLAN'S MIRACLE HEADACHE ELIXIR!!

[The referee dives to the mat to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The crowd EXPLODES as Jackson Haynes makes a desperate lunging save to just barely break up the pin in time!]

GM: HAYNES SAVES HIS PARTNER!! HE JUST BARELY GOT THERE, BUCKY!

BW: I can't believe... where the heck did he come from?!

[An angry Cletus Lee waits as Haynes gets back to his feet...]

GM: LOOK OUT!!

[A running clothesline connects...

...and takes BOTH men over the top rope, crashing down to the floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BOTH MEN OUT TO THE FLOOR!!

[With the legal men left alone in the ring, Duane Henry climbs to his feet, stomping Danny Morton's ribs. He pulls Morton up, shoving him back into the corner.]

GM: A series of kicks to the ribs... ohh! Leaping back kick to the chin!

[Duane Henry pulls Morton from the corner, popping him under the chin with a European uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot there by Duane Henry!

[Grabbing a loose side headlock, Duane Henry hammers away at the skull of Morton...

...who suddenly hoists the smaller man into the air...]

GM: OH! Down on the back of the head with a back suplex!

BW: It was NOT the Backdrop Driver though... it wasn't the full impact that Morton usually wants out of-

"TWO MINUTES! TWO MINUTES LEFT!"

[The crowd begins to buzz, rising to their feet for the final two minutes as a dazed Morton pushes up off the mat, throwing an arm across Duane Henry's chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Duane Henry FIRES a shoulder off the mat to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: He almost had him, fans! Danny Morton was a split second away from winning the National Tag Team Titles for the second time!

[Morton slowly climbs to his feet, dragging Duane Henry up by the hair, tugging him into the side waistlock...]

GM: He's got him! Morton's got him hooked!

[Suddenly, Cousin Bo leaps up on the apron, shouting at Morton and Johnny Jagger. The AWA's Senior Official wheels around, shouting at Cousin Bo to try and get him off the apron...]

GM: Get him down from there! Morton's got-

BW: CLETUS LEE!

[The big man is back in the ring, steel chair in hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG SHOT ACROSS THE BACK!!

[Cletus Lee quickly chucks the chair from the ring as the referee wheels around. Duane Henry staggers away as Cletus Lee lifts Morton up onto his shoulders in a torture rack...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: They usually set this up the other way!

GM: Duane Henry's heading for the corner... climbing the ropes...

[A dazed Duane Henry steps up to the middle rope, placing a foot on the top as Cletus Lee suddenly shoves Morton up and over his head, holding him up in a powerbomb position as he backs up a couple steps to the corner...]

GM: What the hell are they doing?!

BW: I have no-

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

[Duane Henry reaches back, hooking Morton around the head and neck. He pushes off the top turnbuckle with his foot, flipping backwards over Morton with a shiranui as Cletus Lee goes for the powerbomb...

...and Duane Henry DRIVES the back of Morton's skull into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Duane Henry throws himself across the motionless Morton!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THEY GOT 'EM!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[An exhausted Duane Henry rolls off the downed Morton as Cletus Lee gets up, letting loose a roar as Cousin Bo snatches the title belts off the timekeeper's table, throwing himself under the ropes into the ring. He hands the belts off, one to each man as the celebration begins.]

GM: The Bishop Boys have done it! They've retained the AWA National Tag Team Titles here at Blood, Sweat, And Tears in New Orleans!

[Cletus Lee bodily yanks his brother to his feet, falling into an embrace as Cousin Bo bounces jubilantly around them. Duane Henry breaks it off, mounting the midbuckle with a triumphant shout.]

GM: You may not like HOW they did but you can not deny that the Bishop Boys have retained the gold against a very stiff challenge from Violence Unlimited.

BW: Haynes and Morton gave it their all, Gordo. We were under a minute to go in the time limit too. This one almost went the distance but in the end, the Bishops wanted it just a little bit more.

GM: The Bishops were also willing to use a steel chair to make it happen. Let's not overlook that. Some would argue that Danny Morton was about to finish off Duane Henry Bishop until Cletus Lee got involved with that weapon, Bucky.

BW: They could argue that... but then they'd have to look at the Bishops standing tall with the gold around their waists.

GM: But for how long, fans? Because now the Bishops have a date in two weeks' time against Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan and what a battle that one should be! Fans, we've got to take a break but when we come back, it's time to get ready to Rumble so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where backstage we go, once again, this time to a growingly familiar face in the AWA spectrum, November. The pale cruiserweight "legend" is dressed in ring gear, standing before an AWA banner.]

N: I couldn't leave. Not just yet. I was here. Once more chance. One more shot. One more match.

[He pauses, mouth pursing.]

N: Then... who knows what?

[A heavy breathed sigh follows.]

N: It's been a hell of a run here in the World Title Tournament. Todd was great enough to have me here. The guys in the back were as inviting as ever. The fans accepted me with open arms. I was given an experience like I have had very few times. I came here to the AWA as an outsider. I came as a foreigner to the company. I came as a... well, to some... a spot filler. They needed guys to fill a whole pile of spots and my name is in a few phone books around here. I've made a name over alot of years and I appreciate that I was given that call.

So now, tonight, knee taped up as tight as ever, a sleepless night behind me, twenty nine other men ahead of me, a chance of a lifetime at the end of the road I am here to pay that appreciation back.

ONE more match.

ONE more chance to show the world my skills.

ONE more chance to show the fans my thanks.

ONE more cha-...

[And then suddenly...a voice.]

"ONE MORE CHANCE TO STEAL FROM SKYWALKER JONES!!!"

[Bursting onto the scene, with entourage in tow, is Skywalker Jones, dressed in a silver suit, with a black fur coat worn on his shoulders. He whips off his designer sunglasses and stares at November with a look of outrage on his face.]

SJ: I saw what you did last night! You think you can STEAL the "In Your Face, Disgrace" from Skywalker Jones? You think you can PLAGIARIZE me without any consequences!?

[In the back, we can hear Buford P. Higgins yelling, "Plagiarism! Straight up plagiasism!"]

N: Plagiarism, huh? So, using a move someone else does is plagiarism? Makes sense. I mean, I guess I could have just called your name out when I did it to really get the idea over. You know... subtlety.

SJ: What!?

[November reaches out and rubs Jones right on the head.]

N: Don't worry kid, you'll get it one day.

[Jones' jaw drops in outrage, as he turns to Higgns and Hercules Hammonds.]

SJ: Did this jiggadolt just touch me!? Did he just touch me!?

[Incensed, Jones begins to slowly back away, pointing a finger threateningly at November.]

SJ: Little man, you BETTER watch your back! 'Cause this ain't over! This ain't over by a longshot!

[Jones makes his exit, as November shakes his head. Fade out to "Showtime" Rick Marley standing in front of a simple AWA backdrop. The

dark haired cruiserweight is dressed for business in his ring attire, his dark hair pulled back in a ponytail.]

RM: So close...

[Marley looks up, glaring at the camera, his face set.]

RM: So close to moving past Nenshou...to...

[Marley pauses, shaking his head.]

RM: You know what? None of you are listening. You don't give a good God damn about me whining about what Vasquez did.

Facts are facts: I opened my mouth about the worst-kept secret in sports and said some stuff that nobody wanted to hear, then Bucky says his piece...

And during the match, not an hour later, AWA's golden boy stepped up and made personally sure that my shoulders were on the mat for the 3 count.

[Marley shakes his head, clearly frustrated, then looks up at the camera, nodding.]

RM: But you know what? It's all good.

That's what you want to hear right, AWA faithful? It's all water under the bridge.

You want to hear about how I'll go out there and put on a show for you. How I'll leave it all in the ring. How I'll sacrifice my blood, sweat and tears for this sport because that's what I love.

You'll want me to stand up and say that Monsosso's wrong...that Nenshou's quest to throw down our sport's past and its tradition can't possibly succeed.

...
...
...

That's what you want, right?

[Marley pauses, then shrugs.]

RM: Get Vasquez to say it. I gave at the office, and it turns out that you leaches have sucked me dry.

[Fade to 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. And standing in front of him is the dark suited, bespectacled and smirking form of Louis Matsui.]

LM: Big Bad Blackwater Bart hit the Piedra on this man...

MM: It's mine...

LM: MAMMOTH Maximus, but could not keep him down! Big Bad Blackwater Bart could not find it in him to pin this man...

MM: It's mine...

LM: MAMMOTH Maximus, and in the end, Big Bad Blackwater Bart had to SETTLE for a countout victory against THIS MAN...

MM: It's mine!

LM: MAMMOTH Maximus... Now, Big Bad Blackwater Bart might have derailed his journey to become the FIRST AWA World Heavyweight champion, but MAMMOTH Maximus will not be denied what is his! He will enter the Rumble and God help the twenty-nine other men who comes between him and HIS shot at the AWA World Heavyweight title!

[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...

LM: That's right...

MM: IT'S MINE...

LM: It's yours!

MM: THE WORLD IS MINE!

[We fade from the boisterous big man to backstage to show Chris Staley in his locker room, leather jacket already on, looking pumped up for tonight. He bounces up and down with nervous energy.]

CS: Alright, this is it. My one last shot at making a name for myself in the AWA. And I can't think of a better way to do it than in the Rumble. I already have a great history with these things. Like I told you before, I won one by eliminating Casey James and Caleb Temple at the same time. Taking out one of those legends would be a big coup, but to throw both of them out? That's a huge achievement.

[Staley smiles.]

CS: Now, tonight, I get the chance to make history again. Watch 29 other bodies go sailing over the top rope, extend my time with the company, and get me a title shot at SuperClash IV.

[Staley rubs his hands in anticipation.]

CS: And the names this time around? Alphonse Green, the self-proclaimed "King Of The Battle Royals"? Big Robert Donovan? The feisty Supernova? The Longhorn Heritage Champion, Glenn Hudson? The amazing Skywalker Jones? The legendary Tin Can Rust? And now I hear we've got Juan Vasquez, of all people, entered into this thing?

[Staley whistles.]

CS: Boy, they sure didn't make this easy, did they? And we don't even know half of the guys entered into this thing yet. That's fine though. I've always thrived on the unknown.

[Staley nods.]

CS: And I've got something going for me that none of those guys I mentioned do. And that, my friends, is my role as an outsider. See, I'm only here on borrowed time. I have no contract. One bad move and I'm headed back to Japan.

[Staley has a grim expression on his face.]

CS: And I've already mentioned seemingly a thousand times already that I am NOT going back.

[Staley points at the camera.]

CS: That's all the motivation I need to win tonight. Tonight, I fight as if there's no tomorrow. Because, if I lose? There literally is no tomorrow in the AWA for me. And knowing that could be my fate is what drives me tonight. No amount of punishment is going to make me go over that top rope. You could beat me from pillar to post, and still I won't give up. I've been at this for way too long now to just fold.

[Staley smiles a bit.]

CS: And knowing there's a title shot lying in wait at the end of this, against whoever the champion is? That's just the cherry on top. Just think. If I could take that title and become a true champion for the first time in my life? They'd have to give me a contract, and the AWA would be my new home. And that old "Vagabond" moniker could finally be put to rest.

[Staley nods.]

CS: But first things first. I don't think anybody's giving me a chance in hell to take this thing. The odds are definitely against me. But I've fought bigger odds and won. Putting myself to the test against some of the AWA's best and brightest? I'm more than ready for this. Tonight, I'm ready to shock the world again. And this? This Rumble truly becomes my Redemption. I can feel it.

[Staley looks confident now, as he walks away, ready to hear his name announced for the Rumble. Cut back to footage where "EARLIER TONIGHT"

flashes across the bottom of a screen as a large green and blue bus pulls up next to the Lakefront Arena. Most of the AWA fans lining up to get inside the arena for the second night Blood Sweat and Tears start booing, while a few fans wearing "Gang Green" T-Shirts actually start cheering. The door at the front of the bus opens up, and out steps "The King of the Battle Royals" himself, Alphonse Green. Green is wearing a pair of blue and green Zubaz pants, and his green "Gang Green" T-Shirt. He waves over to the crowd, who respond with a mostly negative reaction. Walking up beside Green is Jason Dane, who looks like he would rather be elsewhere.]

JD: Well, it looks like the tour bus has arri...

[Green lets out a rather loud yell.]

AG: HAIL TO THE KING BABY!

[Dane shakes his head and checks to make sure he can still hear. Green puts his hands on his hips, beaming at the reaction.]

JD: Yeah, well, judging from the look on your face and that Duke Nukem quote, I assume you went through your "King of the Battle Royals" tour undefeated?

[Green nods his head.]

AG: Indeed I did, and this right here is the final stop on my tour. In a couple of hours, regardless of whatever number I draw, I'm going in there to win, to earn myself the World Title shot, and to bring Waterson International back from the brink of death. All of my Gang Green members are here right now shouting words of encouragement my way..

[More like loud boos. There are actually faint cheers but the boos drown them out.]

AG: ..and I can't let them down.

JD: Do you have any footage from your tour to show us?

[Green grins, and shakes his head.]

AG: No sir.

JD: To be honest, I'm surprised. You've usually not shown any hesitation in bragging and showing off your achievements to the world.

AG: As much as I would like to brag, Dane, I have a DVD coming out. In this economy, we all need to earn a living, and I anticipate my "King of the Battle Royals" DVD to be the hot item this Christmas season. Heck, even Robert Tepper needs whatever royalty money he can get and nobody knows where the hell he's been lately. If you want to see me in a ten minute classic with "Lightning" Larry Lightning to determine a winner in Pittsburgh, or me chopping down that fake King of the Battle Royals "The Blue Ox" Saul

Bunyan, you and all of my Gang Green members out there are going to have to wait.

Now, Jason, I know you've been looking at my ride the moment I got here.

JD: I have to admit, it's a pretty impressive bus.

AG: Well, I got a question for you. In fact, it's gonna be the same exact question I'm going to ask everyone else in the Rumble tonight as I prepare them for takeoff in the Gang Green Flying Machine.

[Dane raises his eyebrows.]

AG: Would you like that?

[Green smiles his unsettling smile and leans in towards Dane.]

AG: Would you like to ride.. with Alphonse Green?

[Green lets out a laugh and slaps Dane on the shoulder, before brushing past him. He lets out a shout of "LET'S PRINT THAT ON A T-SHIRT!", as Dane shakes his head in disbelief and we crossfade to the Tournament Control Center where Mark Stegklet and Jim Watkins are standing in front of the "big board" that has now been cleared of all but two names.]

MS: There you have it, fans. After over three months of battles, we are down from sixty-four men... to two. Before this night is over either "Hotshot" Stevie Scott or James Monosso will be the very first man to call himself the AWA World Heavyweight Champion. Mr. Watkins, your thoughts...

JW: They've both worked so hard and been through so much to get here. Both men being there have a heck of a story too.

MS: They certainly do. But before we get to that... before we can find out who will be the AWA World Champion on Thanksgiving Night for SuperClash IV... we're gonna find out who the challenger will be on that night. Thirty men are about to walk down the aisle with dreams of spending their Turkey Day in Los Angeles fighting for the biggest prize in our sport. Thirty men with the biggest opportunity of their careers. But only one can be left standing. We just heard from many of the men who will be competing in the Rumble but right now, let's go down to ringside to the one man who can make it all official... Phil Watson!

[We crossfade to the ring where the tuxedoed ring announcer is standing.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... it is now time for the annual thirty man over-the-top-rope RUMBLE!

[Big cheer!]

PW: The rules are as follows - earlier tonight, all thirty men selected a number at random. In just a few moments, the men who drew Numbers One and Two will enter the ring. They will do battle for two minutes until the man who drew Number Three joins them. This will continue until all thirty men have competed. The ONLY way to be eliminated is to go OVER the top rope and have BOTH feet touch the floor. The last man standing will be your winner and will move on to SuperClash IV to challenge for the AWA World Title!

[Another big cheer!]

PW: At this time, please allow me to introduce tonight's GUEST ANNOUNCER!

[There's a pregnant pause that ends when Korn's "Kick The PA" blasts out over the PA system to a pretty good response from the crowd in New Orleans. After a few moments, former EMWC owner Chris Blue walks through the curtain. Surprisingly - to those who were EMWC fans - Blue is dressed rather conservatively in a dark blue suit and white dress shirt. He waves to the fans as he makes his way down the aisle, walking up the ringsteps, and ducking through the ropes. Phil Watson hands over the mic with a handshake as a beaming Blue receives it. He again waves to the crowd, showing a growing patch of white hair at both temples. He looks much as he did in the EMWC's glory days but obviously is getting older - aren't we all?]

CB: Thanks... thanks a lot. After all the years of me coming out to a ring in Los Angeles and getting booted out of the building, it really means a lot to me to hear some cheers for a change.

[Some laughs from the crowd.]

CB: I don't have a big speech planned or anything like that but since I was here this weekend for the show, the suits...

[Blue grins.]

CB: Feels pretty good to pin that name on someone else for a change.

[More laughs.]

CB: They asked me if I'd like to say a few words to everyone and since I never turn down the chance to run my mouth, I agreed. As I look out over this huge crowd here tonight in New Orleans and I think back on what everyone... what my friends involved with this company... what they've all been through to get to this point...

[He pauses, running a hand through his hair.]

CB: Yeah. It's pretty impressive. So, really... I just wanted to come out here and say two simple words...

Thank you.

[The crowd cheers!]

CB: I want to thank you all for supporting the AWA... for supporting my friends who built this place from the ground up. For supporting the wrestlers - the guys I know and the guys I'm just meeting this weekend - who are out here busting tail to make sure you guys get to cheer and boo and scream your lungs out. I want to thank you all for supporting the sport we all love so much - professional wrestling - and keeping it going strong when a lot of people thought we should've been dead and buried a long time ago.

And in my own self-interests, I want to thank you all for buying The Best Of Blood, Sweat, And Tears on DVD, Blu Ray, and digital download the past few weeks. We at Empire Sports are so happy at the reaction for the collection and so proud of all the guys who appear on it - men like Steve Spector and Chris Courtade and Casey James and Gary Grayson ... hell, so many very talented guys that aren't around the business anymore and that you people deserve to be able to see in their glory days.

[Blue pauses.]

CB: It's been a real pleasure to be here this weekend, getting the chance to meet the guys here... seeing some old friends. This company right here - the AWA... they're the future of this business, I tell you that.

[Big cheer!]

CB: It's an honor to be associated with them in any way and to see so many of my old friends doing so well for themselves. Heck, I like to think that the last run of the EMWC was almost a trial balloon for the AWA... to see if you people would come out to see a company that prides itself on old school values and respect for the business rather than a joint relying on broken tables and guys waving a weedwhacker around.

But these guys... they've managed to do what I couldn't and I'm so very proud of them ... and proud of all of you for supporting them...

[A nod at the cheering crowd.]

CB: And with that, I invite all of you to be in the house - be in MY house in Los Angeles on Thanksgiving night for SuperClash IV. It's gonna be another night co-promoted by Empire Sports and I really can't wait to see what all these tremendous athletes are going to be able to do on Turkey Day.

[Blue chuckles.]

CB: They're gonna have to bring it 'cause the fans in LA are used to a certain bar that's been set pretty high by some guys who used to run a lot of shows out of there.

And you should know that while SuperClash isn't going to be some kind of a tribute to the E... don't be surprised if you see a few familiar faces back in Los Angeles that night if I have any say in...

[Blue's voice trails off as something outside the ring catches his eye.]

BW: Oh boy...

GM: Does he see? Yes, yes--

[Face tensing, he tracks what he sees until it comes into view for everyone; the green bulk of William Craven. Wearing his sleeveless black vinyl robe, similar slacks and red gauze wrapping at the ankle and wrist, Craven looks ready for action later tonight.]

GM: --he does. William Craven ... joining Chris Blue in the ring. The green man has been given a microphone...

[Alarmed, slightly confused, Blue turns to face Craven as the big monster freak circles him like a wolf on a lamb.]

CB: Craven...?

[Chuckling sardonically, still limping lightly from his match last night with Supreme Wright, Craven flashes his signature "shark-toothed" grin down at Blue.]

WC: Who else would it be? Do you not recognize the crevices and cracks that once highlighted the mighty Empire's many carnivals of carnage?

[Blue looks a little puzzled. Not... worried... not yet at least... but obviously taken a bit aback.]

CB: Sorry, Bill. I almost didn't recognize you there for a second. I've seen you on TV and all but... uhh... wow. It doesn't do it justice. You really do have to see what you've become in person. You have... uhh... well, you've really changed your appearance since you worked for me.

[Breathing deeply, Craven raises his chin with great pride, placing one hand over his heart before clenching it before him.]

WC: I am become the Revolution... The glory is reborn through me and many will be won over to the cause of the Violence.

CB: "The Violence"?

WC: Yes ... as in the Empire. Your ... Empire...

[Blue looks puzzled, again running a hand through his hair.]

CB: Yeah, yeah... I've heard some of what you're doing here. I know what you did to Alex and how you turned Adam and Jeff against him... again.

[Blue chuckles but Craven doesn't look amused.]

CB: Look, Bill... I... uhhh... well, I appreciate that you think the E had a great impact on what you've become as a wrestler. It's obvious that you've enjoyed a lot of success since leaving the E and... well, if we had any part in that, I'm happy for you.

[Blue nods.]

CB: But... well, as far as your Revolution goes... I think what I just said out here kinda speaks for itself, doesn't it? The days of broken tables and shattered glass and weedwhackers...

[He shakes his head.]

CB: That stuff's done, Bill. It's over.

[Craven tilts his head, assessing what Blue is saying.]

CB: And to be honest, I'm GLAD it's done, Bill. I mean... we all made a lot of money in those days but at what cost? Look at what it did to guys like Caleb. Caleb lost everything 'cause of that lifestyle. His wife... his family... and his career got cut short because of it. What about a guy like Simon Ezra? Ezra had the world in the palm of his hand but in the end, he became a warning you'd give to young wrestlers about burning too hot too fast. He became another sad junkie on the streets because of what he went through in the E with all that...

[Blue trails off, noticing that Craven's smile has faded, his face creasing in a dozen places as it tenses.]

CB: Bill, I... maybe you can re-channel some of this stuff? Maybe you can embrace the high impact, high intensity style we did in Los Angeles and not so much the hardcore, huh?

[Craven slowly raises the mic to his mouth.]

WC: No... This cannot be. You, too, are lost?

[Blue looks even more puzzled now.]

CB: Look, I understand you've put a lot of time into this... what did you call it? A Revolution? I appreciate you paying tribute to the memory of what we did but...

[Blue pauses.]

CB: Let it go, Bill.

[Craven's gaze turns cold as Blue takes a couple steps back nonchalantly.]

GM: If anybody's listening to me in security, I've seen that look on Craven's face and you need to get out here _now_.

[Becoming clearly agitated, Craven stops his circling and grabs the top rope, seemingly to steady himself.]

WC: But ... if the Empire is reborn ... you would, of course, be it's Emperor...

[Blue is obviously getting a bit nervous now, backing to the corner.]

CB: Hey... this night's not about me. It's about you guys here in the AWA - the best in the world - and my friends in the back who helped put this thing together. Guys like Bobby Taylor and Jon Stegglet and Todd Mic-

WC: Stegglet is weak--

[Whipping around, Craven startles Blue, who staggers back to the opposite ropes.]

WC: Can't you see!? I'm creating this FOR YOU!!! Stegglet ... I ... I don't think he ever liked the Violence. The Blood, Sweat and Tears that went into everything we did. Weapons, cudgels, blades... EXPLOSIVES! He never had the taste for it. But you ... the progenitor. The man whose Killing Box shortened so many careers. You reject _ME_!? Sickening little wretch...

[Blue, never known for having the best judgment when it came to a confrontation, decides he's tired of this.]

CB: Look... I'm going to go ahead and walk away now. You should too.

[Craven's tone goes up dramatically.]

WC: WALK AWAY?!

[Blue nods.]

CB: Craven, I wanted to be nice about this... I'm not here to start a fight. But the fact of the matter is... if I DID want to re-create the days of Extreme... the days of hardcore... the days of your precious "Violence"... then I would do it.

And I'd do it with men like Martinez and Temple and Annis and Robert Donovan and Casey James and looking around the back, I'd get men like James Monosso and Ebola Zaire...

[He pauses.]

CB: What I wouldn't do is go dig through the gutters and pick a guy who is barely a footnote in the pages of the E's history book...

[The crowd "ooooohs" at that one.]

BW: Is he crazy?

GM: A little bit, yes.

[Blue continues.]

CB: What I wouldn't do is go find some has-been burnout who couldn't handle the original E to begin with and now wants to play pretend and tell the world he was some King of Extreme.

[Another "oooooh." With Craven's back to Blue, the former EMWC owner can't see the expression rapidly changing on the One Man Revolution's face.]

CB: What I wouldn't do is-

[Craven suddenly turns, his gaze cold and unforgiving.]

WC: What you wouldn't do is... breathe.

CB: What are you- ACK!

[The "ACK!" comes when Craven drops the mic and shoves his hand into the mouth of the former EMWC owner in a mandible claw!]

GM: WE NEED HELP! WE NEED HELP OUT HERE NOW!

BW: Blue went too far! He crossed the line!

GM: Whether he did or not, he's an invited guest and a co-sponsor of this event and he's being assaulted by an AWA contracted employee! We need some help out here before this turns into a very bad situation!

BW: What is it NOW?!

[Suddenly, the rings floods with security and AWA officials that quickly drag a screaming Craven off of Blue, leaving his former employer lying on the canvas with a small trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth.]

GM: Thankfully, I think the hold was broken before too much damage was done there but... fans, we need to take a break and try to restore some order before we start the 2012 Rumble! 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...]

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..."

[Static.]

"Dallas, Texas."

[Static.]

"The Crockett Coliseum."

[Static.]

"This is..."

[The salt and pepper crystals materialize into a face we met last week.]

"Terry. Shane. The Third."

[His face morphs into a sly smirk as the camera pans out to reveal him standing outside of the Crockett Coliseum. There are no cars parked out front, no fans littering the walk ways, no posters or signs or any other life form whatsoever. It is just Terry Shane III standing there, arms folded against his chest, black hair flat across his shoulders, and his piercing green eyes jetting towards the camera.]

TSIII: Hello, AWA. So nice that you could stay and talk. It's so difficult to get a hold of you so would you mind having a heart-to-chat with a man who helped make you?

What's that you say? I didn't make you anything? Tsk-tsk.

[He gingerly wags his index finger.]

TSIII: How can you be so cruel to me? How can you be so forgetful? Before there was ever a William Craven or a Stevie Scott... before there was ever a Bullywug or Blackwater Bart... hell before Jack Lynch was shoving his children and their five fingers of doom submission holds down your throats as superstars there was only one family, and one man, that meant anything to the mid-west and his name was Terry Shane Jr.

Like his father before him, he lived and breathed this business. He bled and broke bones before sweating and crying apparently became the thing you named pay-per-views after. Your little dog and pony show is just that... a bunch of reckless animals being judged for who has the best groomed hair and set of pearly white teeth.

For every Supreme Wright and Pure X that you strut out before us there is a swash buckling, tobacco chewing half breed, and an overweight washed up has-been who could be confused for a city worker in San Antonio. Those first two guys are wrestlers, but more importantly...

Those guys are too soft.

[Snicker.]

TSIII: The difference between what I am going to bring to you in two weeks time and what they deliver week in and week out is that Terry Shane the Third does not, I repeat, DOES NOT make people tap out.

I make them surrender

I break their spirit.

I crush their will.

But more importantly...

[He motions for us to come closer.]

TSIII: [whispering] I make them scream "I quit".

Your supposed stars of today revel at the chance of telling tall tales and campfire stories over roasted marshmallows of battles fought and victories that have come and gone. With each passing year these fables become just that... little white lies that become more exaggerated every time they are told.

I will give you stories that need no embellishment.

I will give you memories that are crystal clear.

I will give you all the STRETCHING needed to grant you an everlasting legacy that will live on so that one day your name will be remembered forever, no fabrication needed.

[His tone continues to be patronizing at best.]

TSIII: I give you EVERYTHING yet you, AWA, you have given me nothing so it's only expected that I began to take what rightfully belongs to me. This ring, this battleground if you will, has been seasoned by some of the top wrestlers in the world [snort]...some...now it will be home to the very BEST.

You see, next week isn't about AWA coming back to where it all started.

It isn't about reliving the days of yesteryear or what once was.

It isn't even about trumpeting out your brand new shiny champion.

As much as I bark about my past, my family, and my impact that is about to take place it isn't even about that.

This isn't a homecoming, AWA.

This is an awakening.

This is the birth of something much, much more special.

[Shane grabs the camera, pulling it tight on his face.]

TSIII: ME.

Your Savior.

Your Salience.

Terry. Shane. The Third.

[And then shoves it away.]

TSIII: I'll leave the light on.

[Static.]

[There is a definite buzz in the air in the crowd over what we saw before the commercial break. Chris Blue seems a little shaky as Phil Watson and Jon Stegglet have joined him in the ring, making sure he wants to continue. Blue nods as he raises the mic...]

CB: Let's...

[He pauses, shaking his head.]

CB: LET'S GET READY TO RUMMMMBLLLLLLE!

[BIG CHEER! A slight smile returns to his face.]

CB: Ladies and gentlemen... I give you the man who drew Number One!

[There's a pregnant pause in the air as one and all waits to see who is the unluckiest man in the building on this night.]

Father...Forgive me the wrongs I have done...and those...I am about to do.

[The crowd ERUPTS in a surprised reaction at the music. After a few moments, an angry-looking Rick Marley steps out of the curtain into view. He pauses just beyond the curtain, hands on his hips.]

GM: "Showtime" Rick Marley is Number One!

BW: And if Rick Marley thought there was some grand conspiracy holding him down last night, you gotta think he'll really be crying about it now, Gordo.

GM: Rick Marley draws the first entry into tonight's Rumble and that means that if he's going to go the distance, he's going to need to survive twenty-nine other grapplers and over one hour of action inside the squared circle.

[A surly Marley pulls himself up on the apron, standing in a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. He looks out at the cheering crowd before ducking through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Marley doesn't look too happy, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? Plus, did you hear what he had to say a few moments ago in that video package? Sounded like a pretty bitter man to me, Gordo.

[Marley walks past Blue with a cold glare before settling back into the corner, waiting for the next person to be announced as his music starts to fade.]

CB: And the man who drew Number Two...

[There's a pause, the crowd buzzing with anticipation to see who will start the match with Marley when suddenly "The Fighting Side Of Me" by Merle Haggard plays over the PA system.]

GM: It's Tin Can Rust! One-half of the former National Tag Team Champions, Kentucky's Pride, is the second man in the Rumble!

BW: And for a man the age of Rust, that's some of the worst news he can receive, Gordo. Ricky Marley may not like the idea of going an hour to win this thing but at least he's physically capable of doing it. I don't think you can say the same thing about Tin Can Rust no matter how big of a fan you are of him.

[The grizzled veteran strides through the curtain clad in a pair of plain black wrestling trunks and boots. He's carrying a bottle of water in his hand that he quickly pours over his head, soaking his hair and upper torso as he stands just beyond the entryway. He nods at the cheering crowd, tossing the bottle aside before clapping his hands together and making his way down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: Tin Can Rust is #2... and the odds are definitely stacked against both of these men here tonight, Bucky.

BW: They certainly are. It ain't easy to go from bell to bell in a match like this - no matter how high the stakes.

[Rust calmly climbs the ringsteps, swinging his arms across his chest to stay loose before stepping into the ring. Blue nods to both men before making his exit from the squared circle.]

GM: And it looks like we're about to be joined on commentary by the former owner and operator of the Empire Wrestling Council, Chris Blue. Mr. Blue, welcome to Blood, Sweat, And Tears!

[A third voice speaks up.]

CB: Thanks, Gordon. It's a real honor to be sitting out here with the measuring stick by which all announcers in our business are measured.

BW: What about me?

CB: You're okay too.

GM: I'd like to thank you for joining us even after that unfortunate incident with William Craven a few moments ago.

CB: When the boys asked if I'd sit in out here with you guys, I told 'em I wouldn't miss it. It's been a long time since I've been this close to the action and I gotta say I miss it a little bit, Gordon.

GM: Rick Marley and Tin Can Rust will be starting things off and...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ...we're underway!

[Rust moves slowly from the corner to the middle of the ring, looking across at Rick Marley who has turned his attention out to the announce table, running his mouth in the direction of the announce team.]

GM: Bucky, it sounds like Rick Marley's got some words for you after what you said about him last night.

BW: The truth hurts... but not as much as gettin' tossed over these ropes down on his ear would.

[Rust decides to press the moment, moving in on Marley with a shout to get his attention. Marley turns towards Rust with a sneer...]

GM: Remember, fans, these two men are no strangers to one another.

CB: That's right. They were teammates during the first WarGames in the AWA.

GM: Wow! I'm impressed!

CB: I'm a bit of an expert on the AWA's early days.

[Marley marches out to the middle of the ring, running his mouth in Rust's direction...

...and then delivers a hard shove to the chest, knocking Rust back a few steps.]

GM: Rick Marley looks like he's getting under the skin of Tin Can Rust, fans.

[As Marley continues to shout at Rust, he gets a step too close when he gets dropped with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Rust floors him with that haymaker!

[A surprised Marley scoots backwards on his rear end, backing all the way up against the turnbuckles. He looks up at a ready Rust, fists balled and ready to throw as Marley slowly climbs to his feet, rubbing his chin.]

GM: Marley's back up and Rust is telling him to bring the fight to the middle of the ring. Rust is ready to throw down with twenty-nine other guys if it means getting his shot at the World Title on Thanksgiving Day in Los Angeles.

BW: Rick Marley doesn't want any part of fisticuffs with Tin Can Rust, I guarantee you that. He may think he's a tough guy 'cause he's tangled with Craven and some other lunatics in other places but Rust will bust his mouth open with a punch if he gets the will up in him.

CB: I take it you have problems with Rick Marley.

BW: Did you have problems with people who cried that you put 'em under a glass ceiling?

CB: Actually, we used to smash 'em with the glass ceiling... literally sometimes. Ever seen a Killing Box?

[Marley strides out to the middle of the ring again, once again shouting at Rust who throws the right hand that Marley ducks under.]

GM: Marley goes under the haymaker - lands a few shots of his own...

[Grabbing Rust by the arm, Marley goes for a whip but Rust reverses it, sending him into the ropes...]

GM: Rust counters the whip, shoots Marley in...

[Marley drops into a baseball slide on the rebound, going between the legs of Rust to pop up to his feet behind him...]

GM: Rust spins around... ohh! What a dropkick by Marley! That one knocked Tin Can Rust right off his feet, fans!

[Marley pops right back up, fists at the ready as he shouts at Tin Can Rust.]

CB: Marley seems to have a chip on his shoulder.

GM: He certainly wasn't happy with the words from our broadcast colleague here last night.

BW: You're gonna blame me for Marley being a melodramtic teenage girl?

[Rust pulls himself up using the ropes and Marley rushes forward, planting his hand under the veteran's chin to try to push him over the ropes and down to the floor...]

GM: Marley's trying to shove him over the top! The most basic type of elimination offense you can manage.

BW: You don't see it work too often either. It's too tough to catch someone by surprise or off-balance with something like that.

[Fighting back, Rust buries two big haymakers into the ribcage. With Marley stepping back, he grabs a handful of ponytail and BLASTS Marley between the eyes with a right hand that knocks him back down to the mat.]

GM: These two are trading knockdowns in the early moments of this one as we start to draw near the arrival of the third participant in this matchup.

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

CB: Who's it gonna be?

[The PA kicks to life with Soundgarden's "Jesus Christ Pose" as Chris Staley comes jogging down the aisle to a decent-sized reaction from the AWA faithful. He slaps the outstretched hands along the aisle as he heads towards the brawl in the ring.]

CB: Hey, I know this guy.

GM: Chris Staley draws Number Three! And if this night truly is going to be his redemption like he claims, he's going to need to last a long time in this matchup, gentlemen.

CB: Redemption, huh? Sounds familiar.

[Staley dives headfirst under the ropes, popping up to his feet where Rick Marley is waiting for him with a pair of right hands to the jaw.]

GM: Rick Marley's right there to meet Chris Staley...

["Showtime" grabs Staley by the arm, whipping him into the nearest set of buckles. He charges in after him...]

...and runs headlong right into a raised boot!]

GM: Ohh! Staley gets the boot up!

[Staley pushes himself to the middle rope, promptly leaping off as Tin Can Rust starts towards the corner, smashing a double axehandle over the skull of Marley, knocking him flat.]

GM: Staley knocks Marley off his feet... look out here...

[Staley steps forward, grabbing Marley around the legs...]

GM: It looks like he's setting up for a catapult here.

[...and falls back, launching Marley into the air, and sending him smashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Marley hits the corner hard!

[Staley gets back to his feet...

...and gets popped with a right hand from Tin Can Rust!]

GM: Rust was there waiting for him with a big right hand!

[Rust grabs Staley by the hair, rushing towards the ropes...

...but Staley cuts him off with a back elbow into the gut. He throws a pair of forearms to the jaw before whipping Rust into another corner.]

GM: Staley's got Marley in one corner and Tin Can Rust in another.

CB: Chris Staley's always been a real talented guy but for years there always seemed to be something missing. Whether it was in Portland or the E, he could win Tag Titles and secondary titles but he just never could win the big one.

GM: That could start to change here tonight. A win here puts Chris Staley in the biggest match of his life on the biggest stage of the year, Bucky.

BW: This is a real early draw, Gordo. At Number Three, he's gotta survive almost an hour... maybe more.

[Staley approaches the cornered Rust, throwing a series of stiff kicks to the ribcage...

...and then sprints across the ring, leaping into the air, and burying a forearm into the jaw of a turning Rick Marley!]

GM: Staley goes from corner to corner to hammer Marley with that shot...

[Staley grabs Marley by the arm, firing him across the ring, and sending "Showtime" crashing into Tin Can Rust. Marley staggers backwards, falling flat on his back...

...and then Rust stumbles out, falling headfirst into Marley's groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might ruin Marley's night!

BW: That's just a bump in the road. Marley's night ain't gonna be ruined unless he's going flying over the top rope and both feet touch the floor.

[Staley lets loose a whoop to the crowd as the countdown begins again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd cheers at the masked German, Macht Kraftwerk, jogging down the aisle.]

CB: Hey, I know this guy too!

GM: Macht Kraftwerk, the legendary cruiserweight, is the fourth man into the Rumble! Kraftwerk, you may recall, has spent the last couple of months helping train Tin Can Rust for the World Title Tournament.

[Kraftwerk wastes no time in getting down the aisle, catapulting over the ropes into the ring. He instantly goes for Staley, trying to buy Rust a moment to recover.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Wow! Hard kick to the side of the leg!

[Kraftwerk stands tall, gesturing at Staley who steadies himself...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and replies with a leg kick of his own!]

GM: Ohh! Staley and Kraftwerk are trading low kicks in the middle of the ring!

CB: Kraftwerk's got some amazing kicking power from my recollection, Gordon. This might not be Staley's best course of action.

[Kraftwerk measures his man...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Staley winces before returning fire...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The ferocity of the kick seems to stun Kraftwerk who staggers away a bit, reaching down for his leg. The opening gives Staley what he needs as he moves in, grabbing the right side of Kraftwerk's masked face, and starts unloading with a barrage of forearms to the side of the head!]

GM: FOREARM AFTER FOREARM BY STALEY!

[And then he uncorks a rolling elbow that knocks the former Light Heavyweight Champion flat! The crowd cheers as a fired-up Staley gives a big fist pump in celebration...

...right before he gets leveled from behind by a recovering Rick Marley!

GM: MARLEY FROM BEHIND!

[There are some definite jeers in the air as Marley launches into a full-out assault, stomping and kicking the downed Staley. He grabs Staley by the hair, hauling him to his feet where a right hand knocks Staley into the ropes. Marley pursues, joined by Tin Can Rust...]

GM: It looks like, for the moment, Marley and Rust are forming an alliance here.

BW: Alliances are an important part of matches like these, Gordo. You gotta have someone helping you out in getting tough guys over the top... and it doesn't exactly hurt to have someone watching your back from time to time either.

[Rust and Marley each grab an arm, whipping Staley across the ring. As he rebounds, Rust catches him under an arm, driving him down to the canvas with a side slam as Marley hits the adjacent ropes, rebounding off...

...and snapping off a front flipping legdrop!]

GM: OHHHHH!

CB: Pretty impressive.

GM: That'll take a lot of wind out of Chris Staley's sails, I guarantee you that!

[Marley gets up, throwing his arms wide and doing a little celebratory slow circle to face the crowd...]

...and gets POPPED on the chin with a Tin Can Rust uppercut that sends him sprawling back into the buckles!]

GM: It looks like Rust had had enough of that partnership...

[Rust gives a loud whistle, waving for the rising Macht Kraftwerk to join him in the corner. The masked man happily obliges...]

GM: Kraftwerk and Rust now working together...

[Kraftwerk moves in first, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Three rib-cracking kicks to the ribcage leaves Marley clutching his torso as Rust shoves the cruiserweight aside. He leans over, grabbing the middle rope...]

...and DRIVES his shoulder into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Tin Can Rust is bringing the pain!

[Rust slams his shoulder into the ribs a couple of more times as the countdown to the arrival of the next competitor begins.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: Time to see who drew Number Five...

[There's a pregnant pause as everyone waits for a moment and then erupts into cheers as "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno comes trotting down the aisle.]

GM: It's Mr. Mensa! The World's Smartest Man!

BW: Imbrogno was on a heck of a hot streak coming into the tournament and if things had worked out differently for him, he could have shocked the world. Tonight, he'll get another chance to do exactly that.

GM: Imbrogno is coming in on the early side of the draw for sure. Number Five. And right now, every man who has come to the ring is still in there and now it's starting to get a little crowded, gentlemen.

CB: Over the years I've been watching Rumbles, you tend to see a pattern, Gordon. Guys come in... guys stay in... guys start to pile up... and then sooner or later some big hoss gets the call and starts throwing people around like lawn darts.

[Imbrogno reaches the ring, grabbing the top rope with both hands and catapulting himself over the top rope into the ring. Chris Staley comes towards Imbrogno to meet him...

...and gets caught with a rolling sole butt in the gut!]

GM: Oh! Imbrogno scores down low!

[Mr. Mensa grabs a handful of Staley's trunks, turning towards the ropes...

...and LAUNCHES him over the top rope!]

GM: STALEY'S OVER THE TOP!!

CB: He's hanging on though, Gordon! He grabbed the ropes on the way over the top and hung on for dear life!

[Imbrogno spots Staley out on the apron, measuring him as Staley tries to steady himself...

...and rushes to the adjacent corner, springing back off the middle rope with a dropkick on the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The dropkick stuns Staley, knocking him down to his back on the apron.]

BW: It's always taking a big risk in a battle royal of any sorts to use the ropes like that but right there, it worked out pretty well. Staley's down, Imbrogno's up and-

[Mr. Mensa wheels around and gets caught with a forearm smash to the jaw by Macht Kraftwerk!]

GM: Big shot by the masked German! A match like this is so difficult to deal with, Bucky. Attackers behind every corner. People trying to eliminate you when you think you're in control.

[Kraftwerk grabs Imbrogno by the arm, whipping him towards the ropes...

...where Staley snakes an arm under the bottom rope, tripping up Mr. Mensa, sending him staggering towards the German who snaps off a kick to the right side of the ribcage, quickly following with a kick to the left side as well, leaving Imbrogno clutching at his torso as Kraftwerk steps back...]

CB: I've seen this before. Imbrogno better get out of-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK!! And a beauty!

[The blow snaps off the chest of Imbrogno, not quite catching him under the chin for what might have been a knockout blow, knocking Mr. Mensa down to his knees as Kraftwerk backs off again, measuring Imbrogno...]

GM: Kraftwerk backs off... he's got him set...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Mr. Mensa with a snap kick right to the skull!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHAT A SHOT!!

[Imbrogno collapses on the canvas, clutching his head as Kraftwerk pumps a fist to the cheers of the crowd...

...just as Chris Staley catapults back into the ring, throwing a forearm smash to the side of Kraftwerk's head as he lands.]

GM: Staley's back in...

[The shot cuts to the corner where Tin Can Rust has Marley in a side headlock, hammering away with short right hands.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to Chris Staley snapping off a kick of his own, landing hard on the chest of Kraftwerk, knocking the masked man back into a corner.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The New Orleans fans cheer Ryan Martinez as he comes trotting into the aisle. He gives a big smile to the crowd before heading down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Ryan Martinez - the son of a legend- is the sixth man to enter the 2012 Rumble. Martinez' entry into the World Title Tournament was something of a Cinderella story as he earned his spot with a hard-fought match in a smaller promotion known as Fighting Spirit Wrestling against a former AWA competitor. Things didn't quite work out in the tournament as he'd hoped, guys, but he's hoping to change things here tonight.

BW: He's got his work cut out for him though. He's in there with the very best in the world. They're not gonna fall down and cry when he puts his hands on 'em like that punk kid of Gaines.

CB: It's amazing to me to see Ryan Martinez inside the ring. I still remember this kid at some of the EMWC shows back in the day, begging his old man to let him get into the ring before the show and work out. I saw the very first time he took a bodyslam in the ring... the very first punch he threw...

BW: You saying you let an underage kid take a bodyslam in your rings?

CB: Err... can I still get sued for that?

GM: Six men inside the ring as Ryan Martinez slides under the ropes...

[Ryan Martinez is greeted by Chris Staley throwing a high kick that Martinez manages to duck under...]

...and then SMASHES Staley in the side of the face with a spinning backfist, sending him sprawling backwards where a sneaky Rick Marley grabs him by the trunks...]

GM: MARLEY THROWS STALEY OV- NO! NO! HE HANGS ON!!

[Tin Can Rust grabs Marley by the hair, spinning him around into a right hand as Ryan Martinez moves to help Rust. Each grab an arm, firing "Showtime" across the ring...

...and LAUNCHES him high into the sky with a backdrop that brings Marley crashing down hard on the canvas!]

GM: High elevation by Martinez and Rust!

[Marley staggers up to his feet, right next to where Chris Staley is up on the apron. Using the ropes, Staley pushes himself up, snapping off a kick to the back of the skull!]

GM: OHH!

BW: Enzugiri out of nowhere by Staley!

[Marley staggers forward into the waiting arms of Martinez who lifts Marley up onto his shoulders...

...and DRIVES him back down to the canvas with a Samoan Drop!]

GM: OH MY!! Martinez crushes Marley into the mat!

[Not wanting to turn down a chance to pile on, Imbrogno leaps into the air and SMASHES down backfirst on Marley's chest!]

BW: Imbrogno crushes him under his torso! Suddenly, it's like every man in the match has put a target on Rick Marley, Gordo!

GM: Well, there has been some talk that he inflamed many in the locker room with what he had to say before his match with Nenshou last night, Bucky.

CB: I've seen situations like this go down - when someone runs their mouth so much that they anger an entire locker room. Remember, I used to work with Ronnie D.

BW: Not sure you can mention that name around here.

CB: Hey, your bosses should've asked me. I could've told 'em to avoid him like the plague... Petrow too for that matter.

GM: We don't really mention his name.

CB: Oh. Well, good thing I don't work here, huh?

[Martinez drags Marley off the canvas, hoisting him up into another fireman's carry. He moves towards the ropes, looking to dump Marley over the ropes to the floor while Tin Can Rust throws Manny Imbrogno back into the corner, raining right hands at the jaw of Mr. Mensa!]

GM: We've got six men in there and we're drawing closer and closer to a seventh man joining the fray. Tin Can Rust is hammering Imbrogno into the corner. Martinez is trying to dump Marley over the ropes to the floor. Chris Staley's down on a knee, trying to recover... here comes Kraftwerk to help out Rust...

[Rust steps back, allowing Kraftwerk to snap off a series of rounding kicks into the ribs of Imbrogno!]

GM: Tin Can Rust and Macht Kraftwerk are working together very well so far in this Rumble, Bucky. If they can keep it up, they might manage to go a long way together in this thing.

BW: Maybe but the thing about a Rumble is that sooner or later, you gotta stab the guy helping you in the back. Whether it's your friend, your tag partner... hell, your own family... you gotta bury the blade handle deep in their back.

[As Rust and Kraftwerk take turns throwing blows into the ribs of Imbrogno, the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[Suddenly, the crowd BURSTS into jeers as the King of the Battle Royal, Alphonse Green, comes jogging down the aisle!]

BW: Here it is, Gordo! The man who is gonna win the whole thing!

GM: Are you kidding me? You don't really believe that, do you?

BW: Absolutely! Didn't you see the video footage? He's gone around the country throwing people over the top rope! The Gang Green Flying Machine is in full effect and Alphonse Green is gonna grab a ticket to Los Angeles here tonight!

[Green pulls himself up on the apron, watching gleefully as Macht Kraftwerk smashes Rick Marley with a headbutt between the eyes, trying to help Martinez shove Marley over the ropes to the floor...]

GM: Alphonse Green is in and-

[Grabbing a dazed Imbrogno, Green wheels around...

...and HURLS Mr. Mensa over the ropes to the floor!]

BW: GANG GREEN FLYING MACHINE!

GM: Imbrogno is the first man eliminated from the 2012 Rumble! And can you believe it? It's Alphonse Green who did it!

[Green leaps up and down, celebrating the elimination. He turns around...

...and gets floored from a right hand by Tin Can Rust!]

GM: Ohh! Rust knocks him flat! So much for the Gang Green Flying Machine!

BW: Rust is just a big bully! Has he done ANYTHING in this match but throwing punches at people?!

CB: It's a Rumble, Bucky. What else does he need to do other than throw people over the top?

BW: But he hasn't done that yet, has he?! The only man who has is Alphonse Green!

[Green scrambles back to the corner as Tin Can Rust rushes towards him.]

GM: Here comes Rust and-

[Green suddenly drops down to the mat, causing Rust to smash into the buckles where he wobbles off-balance...

...and Green upends him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: WHOA! TIN CAN RUST IS GONE AS WELL!

BW: This is what you were talking about, C-Blue! This is it! A big pile of guys when suddenly a big guy comes in and starts throwing bodies around!

CB: This guy wasn't exactly what I had in mind, Bucky... but yeah, I guess... sorta.

[Alphonse Green again springs to his feet, leaping up and down in triumph.]

GM: Is he going to do this every time he eliminates someone? He looks like he won the whole thing rather than just tossing out one guy over the top rope!

BW: No, no, no, Gordo! By my count, the Gang Green Flying Machine Counter is at two!

GM: And that puts us back down to five men in the ring. Rick Marley, Chris Staley, Macht Kraftwerk, Ryan Martinez, and Alphonse Green!

CB: It looks like Martinez finally gave up on trying to get Marley over the top with the fireman's carry, putting him down on the mat and smashing him with a knee to the face. Gotta like that out of the kid.

[Standing near the corner, Alphonse Green's eyes dart around the ring, searching for a potential next victim...]

GM: Martinez standing over Marley, stomping him into the mat as- look out!

[Kraftwerk comes dashing across the ring, leaping into the air, landing a dropkick on the chin of Green!]

GM: Ohh! Big running dropkick by Kraftwerk! I don't think Alphonse Green saw that coming, fans.

[With a wave to Chris Staley, the Vagabond approaches the corner, helping out as Kraftwerk shoves Green back into the buckles. Kraftwerk steps back before snapping off a round kick to the ribs!]

GM: Hard kick to the body by the German!

[And then he steps back, allowing Chris Staley to step in and do the same thing!]

GM: Alphonse Green is getting kicked into oblivion by Staley and Kraftwerk working in tandem!

BW: An odd pairing.

CB: Sometimes matches like this make for strange bedfellows, Bucky.

[The crowd cheers as Kraftwerk and Staley continue to exchange chances at kicking Alphonse Green full force in the ribcage, one on either side of Green's body!]

GM: Alphonse Green is taking a pounding from these two right now and he needs to find some way out of this...

[Kraftwerk lands another kick as the countdown starts back up.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

“ONE!”

“BZZZZZZZZZZ!”

[Black Sabbath’s “Heaven And Hell” begins to play over the PA to loud jeers from the New Orleans crowd.]

GM: It’s MAMMOTH Maximus! Maximus is the eighth man in the Rumble!

[Maximus walks down the aisle, the massive man in his black singlet as Louis Matsui walks a few steps with him, giving some final advice before heading back through the curtain as the big man heads towards the ring.]

GM: Maximus is heading in there... and if I were the five men inside the ring, I’d circle the wagons!

[Maximus pulls himself up on the apron, giving a “THE WORLD IS MINE!” bellow before stepping through the ropes. Macht Kraftwerk rushes him, throwing forearms to the side of the head...

...and gets LAID OUT with a hooking forearm smash to the temple!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot!

[Chris Staley takes his chance, running at Maximus with a high thrust kick. Maximus staggers back, giving Staley an opening to grab the ropes with both hands, throwing heavy kicks to the torso...]

GM: Staley’s working over Maximus! Trying to-

[Another hooking blow flies, cracking Staley on the side of the head, sending him down to the mat. Maximus wheels to the side, catching an incoming Ryan Martinez around the throat...

...and powers him up into the air in a two-handed choke!]

GM: Maximus has got him up!

[The big man walks towards the ropes, ready to toss Martinez over the ropes to the floor...

...when Alphonse Green comes tearing across the ring, grabbing Maximus by the back of the singlet!]

BW: GANG GREEN FLYING MACHINE!!

[Maximus angrily ragdolls Martinez down to the mat, turning around to lock eyes with a suddenly-nervous Alphonse Green who lifts his hands, backing down and begging off...]

GM: Alphonse Green wants NO part of MAMMOTH Maximus!

BW: Can you blame him?!

CB: Now THIS is a guy who could have a major impact in a match like this!

[Maximus backs down Green, chasing him to the corner where he throws a quarter of right hands into the ribs. Grabbing Green by the arm, Maximus fires him across the ring...

...and charges in after him, smashing Green into the buckles with a leaping avalanche!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Maximus backs off, waving at Green who staggers out of the corner and gets FLATTENED with a clothesline!]

GM: Maximus is laying out EVERYONE who gets in his path right now!

[Which is Rick Marley’s cue to try and get involved, hammering Louis Matsui’s meal ticket with a few clubbing forearms to the back of the head. Maximus turns, glaring at Marley who backs off...

...and then throws a superkick!]

GM: SUPERKI-

[Maximus easily catches the thrown kick, holding the foot between his hands...]

GM: Oh my stars! Maximus caught the Casting Call!

BW: I don’t know if I’ve seen that happen before!

[Grabbing the leg under his armpit, Maximus grabs Marley by the throat with one hand, lifting “Showtime” into the air...

...and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a modified chokeslam!]

GM: Good grief! A whole lotta impact on that!

[Maximus stands tall in the middle of the ring, bodies laid out all around him as he lets loose a massive bellow!]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus has walked in at Number Eight and completely obliterated anyone still standing in the ring with him!

[Maximus leans down, pulling Macht Kraftwerk off the mat by the hair. He hoists Kraftwerk into the air, pressing him high in the air in a gorilla press!]

GM: He’s gonna toss Kraftwerk to the floor!

[He walks towards the ropes as a countdown begins.]

"TEN!"
"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: Who drew Number Nine?

[The crowd breaks into DEAFENING jeers as Dave Cooper walks through the curtain, a big grin on his face at their reaction.]

GM: "The Professional" Dave Cooper is Number Nine... but he's also not going to compete in this match if you believe what he has to say. He says he's got a replacement that will shock the world.

CB: Words that always spark my curiosity.

GM: But who's it going to be?

BW: I'm guessing we're about to find out... and if it's who everyone is afraid it is, this place may be about to split in half from the reaction!

[Cooper pauses, hands on hips as he looks out at the crowd. He looks down to the ring where MAMMOTH Maximus is waving for him to come join him. Cooper smirks as he produces a mic.]

DC: I'm sure you'd like that, fat man.

[Cooper chuckles as the crowd jeers even Maximus being insulted by him.]

DC: It's time for my big unveiling. The moment that will change this Rumble... that will change the AWA once and for all...

[Cooper pauses.]

DC: It's time to show the world who will be entering the Rumble at Number Nine and going the distance to become the man who will walk into Los Angeles, California on Thanksgiving Night and who WILL become the AWA World Champion that night.

Ladies and gentlemen... the moment you've been waiting for... the MAN you've been waiting for...

[One more pause as Cooper turns to point at the entryway.]

GM: Please don't let it be...

[And the New Orleans crowd ERUPTS in jeers as they spot the man walking through the curtain.]

GM: What the...?

CB: Hey! It's Maurice McArthur!

[Indeed it is. Emerging slowly from the curtain, wearing long, red, loose-fitting pant-length trunks up to his belly button with a huge sweatband around his waist that reads DJPW, the morbidly-obese from Mr. Majestyk wobbling down the aisle. He slaps a high five to Dave Cooper, giving him a nod as he heads down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: McArthur - the man known as 4M - is the ninth man into the 2012 Rumble!

[McArthur reaches the ring, slowly climbing the ringsteps. As he steps through the ropes, MAMMOTH Maximus is waiting for him, hammering him with a clubbing forearm across the temple. McArthur quickly fires back, throwing a martial arts-style thrust to the throat!]

GM: This could get ugly in a hurry, fans!

CB: What the heck happened to McArthur?

GM: Maurice McArthur's downfall from former World Tag Team Champion to what many would call a "garbage match" expert in the Land of the Rising Sun is a story often told.

BW: He kinda looks like Ebola Zaire.

CB: He kinda looks like he ATE Ebola Zaire.

GM: From what I understand, Maximus has a bit of a history with McArthur from their mutual days in Japan...

CB: He's not the only one.

[On cue, Chris Staley tears across the ring, leaping onto McArthur's blubbery back, wrapping him up in a sleeperhold as Maximus continues to throw heavy shots to the torso of McArthur!]

GM: Staley and Maximus are working together against McArthur! Dave Cooper told us that he was bringing something big to the Rumble... and... well, I guess physically speaking, that is true.

[With McArthur back in the corner, Staley is throwing big kicks to the flabby midsection when suddenly Maximus grabs him by the arm, yanking him away from the corner. Maximus squares up, throwing heavy blows to the

body of McArthur for a few moments before moving up to throw at the head...]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus is teeing off on McArthur and-

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd cheers as Gunnar Gaines comes trotting down the aisle.]

GM: The veteran and Hall of Famer, Gunnar Gaines is the tenth man to enter the 2012 Rumble! And what a night it would be for him if he could somehow survive this thing, win the Rumble, and earn that World Title shot at SuperClash IV.

CB: Gaines has had some huge things happen in his career... but to do that? At this stage of his career? That'd be something else, Gordon.

BW: To make it to the end of this thing, Gaines is looking at at least forty minutes in there... I just can't see it as likely.

[Gaines slides into the ring, rushing across the ring...

...and HAMMERING Ryan Martinez in the back of the head with a forearm smash!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: A little bit of payback for what Martinez did to Justin Gaines last night, I suppose?

GM: You don't mess with a man's family, Bucky.

[Gaines spins Martinez around against the ropes, throwing big right hands to the gut. Alphonse Green steps in, looking to help try to eliminate Martinez but Gaines gives him a right hand too, knocking him flat!]

GM: Another big haymaker and that knocks Green flat!

[We cut across the ring where Maximus has pulled McArthur out of the corner. With a bellow, he ducks down, lifting the four hundred pounder off the mat...

...and DROPPING DOWN in a thunderous front powerslam!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[Maximus pops to his feet, pounding at his chest...

...and Rick Marley strikes again, landing a dropkick to the back of Maximus' head, sending him stumbling forward! Macht Kraftwerk and Chris Staley leap into action, each grabbing a leg and trying to upend Maximus over the ropes!]

GM: We've got a group effort going on over there as three men try to get MAMMOTH Maximus out of this thing!

BW: That's a good idea, Gordo. Maximus is just too big and strong - there's no way that any one man is going to stand a chance of getting him over the top rope. It's going to take an army!

GM: Maximus is off-balance and... look at Marley, getting underneath now...

[A quick camera cut shows Gunnar Gaines lifting Ryan Martinez up across his chest, trying to shove him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Gaines has got Martinez in trouble here! Martinez is in trouble on one side of the ring and MAMMOTH Maximus is in trouble on the other side. Two men in danger of being eliminated from the Rumble right here and now.

[Gaines leans into it, trying to shove Martinez out. We quickly cut to the other side of the ring where Maximus has slammed his elbow down into the back of Kraftwerk's neck.]

GM: Maximus is trying to fight his way out of trouble here. An elbow for Kraftwerk...

[Grabbing Staley by the back of the head, Maximus SMASHES Staley's head into his knee, knocking him aside as well!]

GM: Down goes Staley as well!

[Maximus wheels around, grabbing Marley, shoving him up overhead in a gorilla press...]

GM: HE'S GOT STALEY UP!! HE'S GOING TO-

[Marley reaches down, digging his fingers into the eyes, wiggling free from the attempted slam. We cut across the ring where Ryan Martinez is smashing his forearm down onto the back of Gaines' neck, trying to battle his way free as the countdown begins...]

"TEN!"
"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd cheers!]

GM: It's the Louisville Slugger, Tyler Lee! Wow! We haven't seen Tyler Lee in months!

BW: He disappeared after suffering a pretty bad injury during the Tower Of Doom last year but apparently he's back - at least for one night only.

[Lee hits the ring hard, throwing haymakers at anyone that moves. He lands one on Marley... on Staley... on a rising McArthur!]

GM: Tyler Lee is a house of fire, tearing into everyone in sight!

[Lee spins around...

...and gets flattened with a Maximus flying body attack, smashing his arms together on Lee's head!]

GM: MAXIMUS TAKES DOWN LEE! Good grief!

BW: We've passed the one-third mark in the Rumble - we're getting closer to the point where people who come in have a legitimate chance to win this whole thing.

GM: Are you saying that the people who've come in so far have no chance? Guys like Rick Marley? Like Chris Staley? Like MAMMOTH Maximus?

BW: Of course they've got a shot. EVERYONE'S got a shot, Gordo. But I'm saying that the odds increase dramatically the deeper into the Rumble we go. I'm saying that the luck of the draw plays in more in the Rumble than any other time in the AWA's calendar year.

CB: He's right, of course, Gordon. Someone coming in at thirty has a much better chance than Rick Marley coming in at Number One. But that doesn't mean someone can't catch lightning in a bottle and go the distance. I've seen it happen before.

[A quick camera cut shows Martinez back on his feet, hammering Gaines with knife-edge chops against the ropes...

...and then sidesteps as a plodding McArthur rushes at them!]

GM: McArthur misses the double axehandle!

[Martinez and Gaines catch McArthur staggering backwards...

...and DROP him with a double clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Gaines and Martinez working as a team against the big man and-

[Alphonse Green runs over to the two men, patting both on the back and gesturing at McArthur while miming throwing the big man over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Green's trying to get Martinez and Gaines to work with him in eliminating Maurice McArthur from the ring! He wants them to work together to get McArthur out of the Rumble!

[Green grabs McArthur by the arm, shouting at Gaines to grab the other one. Martinez backs off, smirking at Green's enthusiasm as the veteran shakes his head, opting to help Green as we cut to the other side of the ring where MAMMOTH Maximus is hammering on the masked Macht Kraftwerk in the corner.

Another camera cut shows Chris Staley and Tyler Lee trading right hands near the ropes.]

GM: We've got brawling going on all over the ring. Nine men currently inside the ring. Staley with a series of forearms on Tyler Lee, sending him back into the ropes...

BW: Look at Marley!

[Marley rushes in behind Chris Staley, grabbing him by the hair, and DROPPING him with a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! "Showtime" Rick Marley with the sneak attack on Staley!

[Tyler Lee springs off the ropes, CRACKING Marley on the jaw with a right hand!]

GM: The Louisville Slugger putting the fists to Marley, throwing him back into the ropes...

[Lee charges forward, looking for a clothesline...

...but Marley drops down, pulling the top rope down, and sending Lee sailing over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: HE'S GONE! TYLER LEE IS ELIMINATED!

BW: Marley pulled down the ropes, the ol' low bridge, and Lee went flying out to the floor!

GM: Rick Marley has eliminated the Louisville Slugger who has had, unfortunately, a rough and short night as he comes in at Number Eleven and goes out before Number Twelve arrives!

BW: Just barely, Gordo, 'cause the countdown's about to start up again...

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[There's a pregnant pause as all eyes turn towards the entrance where Tomoyasu Hotei's "Battle Without Honor or Humanity" starts to play over the arena speakers.]

GM: What the...?

BW: No, no! That can't be right!

GM: We haven't seen him in months and...

[Suddenly, the scowling seven-footer MAMMOTH Mizusawa, dressed in a black singlet, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots. He takes three giant steps down the aisle before lifting his gigantic arm, pointing to the ring where MAMMOTH Maximus frantically looks around, having just dropped Macht Kraftwerk with a headbutt.]

GM: Maximus can't believe it! If you recall, it was Maximus who put Mizusawa out of action back in Japan several months ago but Mizusawa is here now! He has returned to the AWA and... my stars, I've gotta believe that MAMMOTH Maximus is in a HELL of a lot of trouble!

[The towering Mizusawa strides down the aisle slowly towards the ring, keeping his eyes locked on Maximus who squares up, fists balled up, ready to throw down as the giant comes towards him.]

GM: These two behemoths are about to collide in the center of the ring!

[Mizusawa grabs the top rope, pulling himself onto the ring apron.]

GM: The twelfth man in the 2012 Rumble is about to step into the squared circle. The giant slings a leg over the top rope and-

[Maurice McArthur is the first to make a move, pushing past Maximus to slam Mizusawa with a double axehandle.]

GM: Ohh! McArthur's coming for the giant!

[Flabby forearms rain down on Mizusawa, trying to knock him back over the ropes to the floor...]

...but Mizusawa grabs a handful of hair, smashing his skull into McArthur's to send him staggering back. That allows the giant to get the rest of the way into the ring where he promptly ducks down...]

GM: OH MY STARS!! HE'S GOT MCARTHUR UP!!

[...turns his body, still holding McArthur in bodyslam position...]

GM: What's he-?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS McArthur over the ropes, sending him crashing down to the floor below!]

GM: MCARTHUR IS GONE!! THE GIANT ELIMINATES ONE OF THE BIGGEST MEN IN THE MATCH!

[Mizusawa spins around, absorbing a trio of snap kicks to the ribs for Macht Kraftwerk...]

...who he promptly grabs by the throat, pulling him into a gorilla press!]

GM: He's got the German up as well! He's got him-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -AND LAUNCHES KRAFTWERK DOWN ONTO MCARTHUR!!

CB: This gigantic individual has been in the ring for not even two minutes and he's already eliminated two men from the 2012 Rumble!

[Working together, Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines rush across the ring in tandem, hands connected...]

GM: Double clothesli-

[The giant doesn't take the blow, grabbing both men by the throat instead!]

GM: Mizusawa's got 'em both!

CB: Who the heck is gonna stop this guy?!

[With a powerful lift, he takes both Gaines and Martinez up into the air...

...and DRIVES them both to the canvas with a double chokeslam!]

GM: CHOOOOKESLAM!

[Mizusawa moves past the down and writhing Gaines and Martinez, glaring across the ring at Maximus who is still waiting for his opportunity. From the blindside, Chris Staley smashes Maximus in the side of the head with a forearm smash...]

GM: Ohh! Staley drills him!

[Staley backs Maximus to the ropes, hammering away with kicks to the body...

...when suddenly the big man leans over, slips an arm between the legs...]

GM: He's got Staley and-

[...and straightens up, LAUNCHING Staley over the ropes where he crashes down on the thin mats on the floor below!]

GM: OHH! STALEY'S GONE! MAXIMUS TOSSES CHRIS STALEY!!

BW: We're down to six men in there, daddy, but we're about to add another one!

[With no one standing between Maximus and Mizusawa again, the crowd begins to roar in anticipation when suddenly, the countdown starts...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The sounds of Rush's "Tom Sawyer" brings the crowd to their feet in an EXPLOSION of cheers!]

GM: TRAVIS LYNCH! TRAVIS LYNCH IS NUMBER THIRTEEN!

[Texas' favorite son doesn't wait a second rushing down the aisle towards the ring, diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring. He pops up to his feet, ending up between MAMMOTH Maximus and MAMMOTH Mizusawa...]

GM: Travis Lynch is in the ring and-

[Not wasting any time, Lynch wheels to his side and DRILLS Maximus with a right hand to the skull to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Big right hand on Maximus!

[Bouncing off that big man, Lynch rolls over to the giant, cracking him with a haymaker as well!]

GM: Another big shot on Mizusawa!

[The Texan spins around again, catching the incoming Maximus with a right hand! He turns around again, smashing a fist into Mizusawa's skull!]

GM: Travis Lynch is taking on both of these giants at the same time!

[Grabbing Maximus by the arm, he whips him across, right into Mizusawa! The two giants colliding staggers them both as Lynch winds up his right arm, rushing towards Maximus...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!!

[Maximus absorbs the clothesline, shaking it off with a growl towards a shocked Travis Lynch...

...and buries a boot into the gut!]

GM: Ohh! Maximus goes low!

[He grabs Lynch by the hair, dragging him to a standing position where Mizusawa steps forward, grabbing a handful of hair as well...

...and the two giants FLOOR him with a gigantic double headbutt!]

GM: The giants work together to take down Travis Lynch who was on quite a roll against them both for a bit, fans!

CB: You gotta give Lynch some credit. It takes a lot of guts to go running out there in the middle of a Rumble and go after the two biggest guys in the ring at the same time.

GM: It certainly does.

BW: Don't confuse guts with stupidity, you two. I know Gordo's got a crush on the Stenches but I thought you were smarter than that, CB.

CB: Hey, the Lynches OWNED wrestling in Texas when I was trying to promote the E down there. We drew big houses but the Lynches put us to shame sometimes. I wanted all of 'em in the E so badly for years but the ol' man wouldn't let it happen.

[The camera cuts to a shot over the shoulder of Alphonse Green who is seated in the corner on the mat, trying to stay out of the action as we see Gunnar Gaines throwing right hands at Maximus' skull. A quick cut shows Rick Marley pulling Ryan Martinez to the ropes, trying to upend him over them.]

GM: Marley's trying to play the vulture again, trying to pick up the crumbs and shove Martinez out to the floor!

[But it's Gunnar Gaines who bails out Martinez with a double axehandle across the back of Marley...]

GM: Oh! Gaines saves Martinez from elimination!

BW: I don't get those two. They feud, they fight, they work together. What's going on?

[Gaines and Martinez each grab an arm on Marley, shooting him across the ring...]

GM: Marley off the far side...

[A double clothesline knocks Marley flat. Gaines raises an arm to the crowd as Martinez turns to give a shout...

...and gets CHUCKED over the ropes to the floor by Gaines!]

GM: Ohh! Gunnar Gaines just threw Ryan Martinez to the floor! Martinez is eliminated!

[Gaines looks down at Martinez, giving him a shrug as the disappointed Martinez looks up at him...

...and then gets snuck up on by Alphonse Green who sends him flying over the ropes to the floor!]

BW: GANG GREEN FLYING MACHINE!! THAT'S THREE, DADDY!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

CB: That kid's got spirit, guys. He keeps finding ways to get eliminations that no one is expecting out of him.

[Green again starts to celebrate as the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"
"NINE!"
"EIGHT!"
"SEVEN!"
"SIX!"
"FIVE!"
"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[As the buzzer sounds, all eyes turn towards the entranceway waiting to see who is going to join Marley, Green, Maximus, Mizusawa, and Travis Lynch in the ring...

...and the crowd erupts in boos at the sight of "Red Hot" Rex Summers!]

GM: Rex Summers is in! He's Number Fourteen! We're almost to the halfway mark and the former Longhorn Heritage Champion is joining the fray!

[Summers jogs down the aisle, diving headfirst into the ring...

...and promptly drops an elbow down on the back of a rising Travis Lynch's neck!]

GM: Ohh! Summers goes right for Lynch and there's a whole lot of history there!

BW: Summers had his rightful ownership of the PCW World Title ripped away from him by that thieving Stench! Now it's his turn to take Lynch's chance at becoming the AWA World Champion away from him. Toss 'im out, REXY!

[Summers drags Lynch off the mat by the hair. He grabs a handful of trunks, looking to throw the Texan to the floor.]

GM: Summers tries to toss him out!

[But Lynch grabs the top rope, blocking the throw. He slams his elbow back into the muscular midsection of the former Longhorn Heritage Champion, breaking him down to a knee.

A quick camera cut shows Mizusawa throwing Rick Marley aside, pointing a finger at Maximus who squares up, waving the giant towards him. The giant obliges, racing towards him...

...and takes Maximus over the ropes to the floor with a clothesline where surprisingly Maximus lands on his feet!]

GM: OHHHH! THE GIANT ELIMINATES MAXIMUS!!

[The big blow throws the giant off-balance, leaning over the ropes where Maximus reaches up, grabbing him by the head, pulling down...

...which gives Rick Marley another chance to strike.]

GM: Wait a second! No, no, no!

["Showtime" uses the pulling Maximus to get Mizusawa off the mat...

...where he topples over the ropes to the floor!]

BW: MARLEY ELIMINATES MIZUSAWA!

GM: He may get credit for it but that was as much MAMMOTH Maximus as it was Mizusawa!

[Mizusawa pops to his feet, out for blood...

...but a sea of AWA officials and security come pouring into view, trying to form a wedge between Mizusawa and Maximus!]

GM: We've got backstage employees back here! We've got front office workers! We've got security! They're trying to make sure these two don't tear into one another out here on the floor!

BW: Get `em away from here!

CB: No one told me I might need a bodyguard out here. I've got a few people on speed dial that I could've gotten here to help us out, boys.

GM: Sometimes things get a little out of hand out here at ringside at AWA events but I've got full faith that our security team can restore some order.

[Maximus and Mizusawa are throwing people aside, trying to get at one another when suddenly Louis Matsui arrives in the aisle, shouting at his man.]

GM: Louis Matsui's out here... trying to get Maximus to back down, I think.

[With Matsui barking orders at Maximus, the big man starts to back away, still pointing and shouting at Mizusawa who is struggling against the flood of officials holding him back and the countdown begins again from the distracted crowd...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"
"THREE!"
"TWO!"
"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd cheers as November comes jogging down the aisle, slapping hands as "Rain When I Die" by Alice In Chains plays in the background.]

GM: November is the halfway point in the Rumble! He's Number Fifteen!

CB: Another guy I'm pretty familiar with. He's one of the best high flying cruiserweight grapplers in the world and was really starting to make some noise as a legitimate heavyweight contender when the E closed up shop.

BW: Since then, he's spent time all over the world, plying his trade to anyone who would watch him wrestle. He's one of those guys that you have to say he just loves this sport. He'd show up and wrestle in front of a crowd of two people if you asked him to.

GM: We saw a bit of a run-in backstage between he and Skywalker Jones earlier tonight. Those two have been trading some shots in their recent matches with... shall we say borrowing moves from one another?

[November climbs up on the apron, catapulting over the ropes in a front somersault to become the fifth man in the ring.]

GM: Rick Marley was the first man in so he's been in there for well over twenty minutes of action at this point. Alphonse Green is the next longest in the match at about fifteen minutes. But Travis Lynch and Rex Summers are relatively fresh right now coming in at Numbers Thirteen and Fourteen.

[Rex Summers is the first to come for November, throwing a right hand that November ducks down to avoid, popping up into a dropkick that catches Summers squarely on the chest, knocking him right off his feet and down to the mat.]

GM: November knocks Summers flat!

[Alphonse Green grabs November as he gets up, throwing right hands to the jaw to back November into the ropes. Grabbing an arm, he fires November across the ring..]

GM: Irish whip by Green...

[Green sets for a right hand but November drops into a baseball slide, going through the legs of Green. He pops up behind him, catching the turning Green in a rana...

...which sends Green sailing over the ropes where he frantically grabs the ropes with his arms, tangling himself up and dropping down on the apron to save himself!]

GM: November almost got Green out of there with the headscissors!

[The cruiserweight approaches Green, pulling him to his feet and smashing him with a pair of forearms to the jaw...

...when Rick Marley runs at November from behind!]

GM: Marley from behind!

[November spins away, causing Marley to smack Green with a back elbow. The blow knocks Green back, just barely hanging onto the ropes with one hand.]

GM: Green's trying to hang on!

[November spins Marley around, smacking him with a pair of short back elbows to the jaw. He grabs Marley by the arm, firing him across the ring...]

GM: Big whip by November...

[The Seattle cruiserweight spits on his hand, setting his feet...]

CB: PALM STRIIIIKE!

[But Marley drops down in a baseball slide of his own, avoiding the shotay to the jaw. He pops up to his feet, throwing a weak kick that November catches as he turns around...

...and then leaps up, catching November in the skull with an enzugiri!]

GM: OHHHH! Marley drops him with a kick to the head!

[Marley pops up, throwing his arms apart and going into a full spin which draws a mixed reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Rick Marley has been utilizing a very effective strategy so far in the Rumble but it's not making him the most popular guy in the building with a lot of sneak attacks and what some might consider cowardly elimination attempts.

BW: There's no such thing. You do what you do to win.

CB: I gotta agree with Bucky on that one. If you can eliminate a guy face to face, great. But if it takes you grabbing him when he's not looking and throwing him over the top, so be it.

[Marley turns around...

...and gets CRACKED with a right hand from Travis Lynch!]

GM: Ohh! Lynch knocks Marley flat!

[Lynch tries to pursue as Marley backpedals, scooting back on his rear towards the corner as the countdown begins again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The sound of the buzzer means the arrival of Number Sixteen which draws a decent-sized cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Jeff Jagger is the sixteenth man in the Rumble!

[The former Combat Corner student comes jogging down the aisle, diving under the ropes where he promptly grabs Travis Lynch, swinging him around into a European uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! A hard shot by Jagger to open up his stay here in the Rumble! So many outstanding competitors still to come in this thing, Bucky.

BW: A lot of great guys left - guys like Donovan, like the Longhorn Heritage Champ, like Nenshou and Sharif... too many fantastic competitors to be able to figure out who is gonna win this thing. And as we get closer and closer to the final ten in this match, you've gotta wonder what's gonna happen when all those guys come out at the same time to get in the ring together.

[Jagger has a side headlock applied when Travis Lynch easily powers him off to the ropes where the Carolina native bounces out and gets dropped with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Lynch knocks him right off his feet with a big tackle!

[Lynch spins around as Summers is coming for him with a double axehandle...

...and BURIES a right hand into the gut of Summers, flipping him over to his back!]

GM: Lynch takes down Summers as well!

[Alphonse Green comes up behind Lynch, grabbing a handful of trunks...]

BW: GANG GREEN FLYING-

[But the powerful Lynch slams on the brakes...

...and WRAPS his hand around the skull of Alphonse Green!]

GM: CLAW! THE IRON CLAW IS APPLIED!!

BW: Can't eliminate anyone with this!

GM: That remains to be seen as Lynch is using the Claw to force Green back towards the ropes...

[Green suddenly falls down, wrapping his arms around the legs of Lynch, still trapped in the Iron Claw as Rick Marley comes up from behind, hammering Lynch in the back of the head with a forearm!]

GM: Marley nails Lynch from behind again!

[Back on his feet, Jeff Jagger grabs Marley, spinning him around into a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Jagger with a right hand on Marley!

BW: Everything is so even in there right now, Gordo. No one seems to be able to get an advantage on anyone else.

[Grabbing Marley by the arm, Jagger whips him towards the ropes where Marley drops into a baseball slide which takes him under the ropes, landing on the floor...]

GM: What the...?

BW: That's totally legal, Gordo! He didn't go over the top so-

GM: I get that but what's that all about? Get back in the ring!

[Jagger rushes him, dropping into a baseball slide of his own that Marley sidesteps, immediately grabbing Jagger by the hair, and SLAMMING his face into the ring apron as Jagger hits the floor!]

GM: Jagger tried to follow after him but he made a rookie mistake right there!

[Marley climbs up on the apron, throwing a back kick to the jaw of Jagger that sends him staggering back...]

GM: Wait a second! This isn't-

[Marley leaps to the middle rope, springing back...]

...and WIPES OUT Jagger with a moonsault!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MARLEY AND JAGGER ARE DOWN ON THE FLOOR!!

BW: But neither one of `em are eliminated, Gordo! Neither one of `em went over the top rope to get there!

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[A quick cut back inside the ring shows Travis Lynch and Rex Summers squaring off again. Summers slips a knee into the gut of Lynch, doubling him up where a big kneelift lands, dropping the Texan down to his back on the canvas.]

GM: Summers is stomping the heck out of Travis Lynch down on the canvas...

[Rick Marley climbs to his feet, still standing out on the floor as the countdown begins...]

“TEN!”

“NINE!”

“EIGHT!”

“SEVEN!”

“SIX!”

“FIVE!”

“FOUR!”

“THREE!”

“TWO!”

“ONE!”

“BZZZZZZZZZZ!”

[The crowd EXPLODES into jeers at the sight of William Craven lurching down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Here comes Craven! The One Man Revolution is Number Seventeen!

CB: Really wishing I'd called in that bodyguard.

GM: There is AWA security out here with you now, Mr. Blue. I'm sure you will be fine.

CB: Let's hope so.

[Craven, walking in his robe, scales the ringsteps. He moves through the ropes, shrugging off the robe before he does...]

GM: William Craven is in... and who will be the first to-

[Rex Summers spins around, throwing a right hand at Craven who slaps the blow away, grabbing Summers around the head and neck...

...and PLANTS a shocked "Red Hot" with a uranage slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CRAVEN DROPS HIM!

BW: He dropped `im like he was red hot!

CB: I see what you did there.

[Craven spins around, rushing at a rising Travis Lynch. He leaps up, shifting the weight from one leg to another...

...and delivers a CRUSHING leaping front kick to the chest that sends Lynch sailing backwards, over the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: OHHH! LYNCH IS GONE!!

[Craven spins around again...

...just as Rick Marley springboards off the top rope, catching Craven right on the chin with both feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A breathtaking dropkick from "Showtime" Rick Marley on William Craven! Remember, these two men have an extended history from outside the AWA and while their paths have not crossed here as of yet, we all knew it was only a matter of time!

[We cut to Alphonse Green where he stays down on the mat, trying to avoid Craven's gaze as Marley dives atop the One Man Revolution, hammering away with right hands to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Marley's all over Craven! Rick Marley is passing the thirty minute mark in this contest - remember, he was the very first one in the ring for this Rumble. He's done very well for himself tonight with some very big eliminations but he's still got a long way to go if he thinks he's going to challenge for the World Title at SuperClash IV in Los Angeles.

[With Marley teeing off with right hands on Craven, Jeff Jagger rolls into the ring...

...and catches Marley right on the button with a running low dropkick!]

GM: Ohh! Jagger breaks up the attack on Craven!

[Grabbing Craven by the leg, Jagger twists it around...]

BW: Who the heck goes for a figure four in the middle of a Rumble?!

GM: He's almost got it on and-

[The crowd roars as Jagger drops back, wrenching the leg of the One Man Revolution!]

GM: The Foxtrap is on! The figure four leglock of Jeff Matthews that Jagger spent so many years as a kid watching be applied until he could do it himself when he entered the world of pro wrestling!

[With the figure four locked in on Craven, November grabs Rex Summers by the hair, dragging him towards the ropes where he tries to shove "Red Hot" over the top...]

GM: November's trying to get Summers over the ropes too...

[Trying to seize the moment, Alphonse Green buries a right hand in the ribs of November, breaking off his attack on Summers.]

GM: For the first time, Alphonse Green and Rex Summers... who I would presume are still part of Waterson International together... will get the chance to work as a team on November...

[Each holding an arm, they fire November off to the ropes, setting for a double backdrop...]

...that November avoids by turning around on the rebound, using their backs to backflip over them!]

GM: Oh! November on his feet and-

[And quickly leaves his feet, connecting with a split-legged dropkick that connects with them both, sending them sprawling towards the ropes!]

GM: Novem- wait a second! Look at Marley!

[The crowd buzzes as Marley uses the ropes to slingshot himself up to the top rope, pausing a moment...]

...and then leaps off, soaring through the air...]

GM: FROG...

[...and CRASHES down on the downed Jeff Jagger who had Craven still trapped in the figure four!]

GM: ...SPLASH!! OH MY!!

[Jagger immediately releases the hold, clutching his ribs as he rolls to the side. Marley gets up, glaring down at Jagger and earning some boos from the crowd as they start to count down.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: Who is it gonna be? Number Eighteen...

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of Hank Williams Jr's "You Can't Judge A Book By The Cover" blasting over the PA!]

GM: Whoa!

BW: Where the heck did they dig up THIS guy?!

[The crowd is on their feet as the fat man himself, Vernon Riley, emerges into the aisle. He's wearing a large brown cowboy hat that he promptly FIRES into the crowd before trotting down the aisle in his black tights and red-and-white cowboy boots!]

GM: Vernon Riley - Big Vern if you will - is the eighteenth man in the 2012 Rumble! What a surprise for these fans in New Orleans and all of you watching back home on television!

[Riley quickly climbs the ringsteps, waving his right arm around in the air like he's swinging a lasso, and then steps through the ropes into the ring where he promptly drills Rick Marley with a right hand... and another... and another...]

GM: Riley's all over Marley to kick things off in this one!

[He swings his arms around in a big windup...

...and sends Marley flying away with a big uppercut!]

GM: Down goes Marley!

[As Rex Summers gets to his feet, Riley greets him with an overhead elbow smash that sends "Red Hot" staggering back to the corner. The big man signals to November who nods, rushing across...

...and goes into a front flip, catching Summers solidly with a koppou kick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A whole lotta impact right there with that kick!

[A big grin crosses the face of Vernon Riley as he backs to the corner, hooking a side headlock on Rex Summers. The crowd roars with anticipation as he reaches up, swinging his arm around again...]

GM: Riley’s calling for it! He’s calling for the Roundup!

[Charging out of the corner with Summers in tow, Riley leaps into the air...

...and DRIVES Summers’ face into the canvas!]

GM: RILEY ROUNDUP!! HE PLANTED HIM!!

[Riley pops up to a big cheer from the crowd, a goofy grin on his face as November follows behind him, dragging Summers off the mat, pulling him towards the ropes...]

GM: November’s gonna try and get Summers out of there...

[Big Vern turns towards that interaction, moving to help November eliminate Summers...

...and Alphonse Green bursts into action, rushing behind them to grab November by the back of the trunks and sends him sailing over the ropes!]

GM: GREEN TOSSES NOVEMB- NO! NO! NOVEMBER HANGS ON!!

[Clinging to the ropes, November manages to pull himself back onto the ring apron. A disappointed Green grabs November by the hair, rushing towards the corner...

...but November brings up his foot, blocking the big faceslam into the ringpost!]

GM: November blocks it!

[Using the top rope for momentum, November swings himself into a big forearm smash to the side of Green’s head!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot there! He grabs Green... suplex?!

[The crowd buzzes as November appears to be trying to suplex Green over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: November's trying to get Green over the top! He's trying to suplex him right over the top rope!

[But Green fights it, wrapping his arms and legs around the ropes to block the lift. November suddenly breaks it off, throwing forearm after forearm to the skull of Green!]

GM: Riley's trying to get Summers out! November and Green are fighting as well!

[With the struggles ongoing near the ropes, the countdown begins anew.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The sounds of DJ Khaled's "All I Do Is Win" draws jeers from the fans as Skywalker Jones comes jogging down the aisle shouting, "The world is MINE, fat man!" before reaching ringside where he hops up on the ring apron in a single leap...

...and runs towards November who grabs the ropes in front of him, swinging through the legs of Alphonse Green back into the ring as Jones whiffs on a running high kick!]

GM: Skywalker Jones went right after November but he missed it!

[Jones promptly grabs the top rope, slingshotting himself into a front somersault to land behind Alphonse Green as November bounces off the far ropes, rebounding back...]

GM: November comes back...

[...and throws a dropkick that Jones avoids by dropping down, causing the Seattle native to dropkick Green in the back, sending him THROUGH the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: Good grief! Green's down on the floor!

BW: But he didn't go over the top, daddy!

[Back on his feet, William Craven grabs the nearest person by the throat...

...and drags Rick Marley to the middle of the ring where he promptly hooks him around the throat with BOTH hands!]

GM: Craven's got him! He's got him hooked in the two-handed choke!

BW: We've seen this out of him before!

CB: A shot right across the bow to those fans of Alex Martinez.

[Craven lifts Marley into the air...

...but Marley somehow gets his legs over the shoulders of Craven, smashing him in the head a couple of times before taking him down with a rana!]

GM: Ohh! Marley takes Craven off his feet again! He's got him stunned near the ropes!

[Marley rushes at Craven, throwing himself into a crossbody...

...that Craven avoids by ducking down, causing Marley to sail over the ropes, getting tangled up as he crashes down on the apron!]

GM: Marley missed the crossbody and-

[And the crowd cheers as November runs along the ropes, leaping up to the middle rope and springing back with a dropkick that catches Marley on the chin, knocking him off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Marley's gone! Rick Marley, the first man in the match tonight, is eliminated!

[November pops up...

...and gets CRACKED with a palm strike from Skywalker Jones, sending November falling back into the ropes. He slaps him across the face, adding a little trashtalk...

...and sidesteps just as Craven comes rushing by, throwing a forearm to the jaw of November who manages to stay on the apron somehow!]

GM: November's trying to hang on! Craven's out there, hammering away at him...

[Skywalker Jones runs towards the adjacent corner, mimicking what November did moments early...

...but deadleaps to the top rope before springing back...]

BW: Anything you can do, I can do better!

[...and scoring with a split-legged dropkick, one foot to November that knocks him down on the apron, clinging to the middle rope with both arms

and one foot to Craven, sending him staggering backwards into a dazed Rex Summers who boots Craven in the gut...]

GM: Summers grabs Craven! He's going for the Heat Che-

[Craven abruptly straightens up, backdropping Summers over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHH! SUMMERS IS GONE!! REX SUMMERS IS ELIMINATED!

[Vernon Riley rushes Craven from behind but Craven is ready for him, sidestepping and HURLING Big Vern over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: AND RILEY'S GONE TOO! William Craven just tossed two men in about as many seconds!

[Skywalker Jones leans down over the ropes, dragging November up to his feet as the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: Five men in the ring and we're about see who drew Number Twenty...

[The crowd waits... and waits... and waits...

Until the PA comes to life and the New Orleans crowd goes NUTS!]

#It's alright#

GM: WHAT?!!

#It's alright#

BW: IT CAN'T BE!

#It's alright#

GM: YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME!

#I'm just a little craaaazy#

GM: OH MY GOD!!

[The curtain parts and the imposing seven foot form of the former World Champion and Hall of Famer, Alex Martinez, strides through into the view of the New Orleans crowd that ERUPTS in the loudest reaction of the night!]

GM: ALEX MARTINEZ IS NUMBER TWENTY!! HE'S IN THE RUMBLE!!

BW: And look at Craven!

[A wide-eyed Craven turns to look at the entryway, his jaw dropped to reveal his sharpened pointed teeth.]

GM: What a moment! Listen to these fans here in New Orleans and I think if you listen hard enough, you can hear AWA fans from all over the world losing their collective minds right NOW!

CB: This is an incredible moment, Gordon, and I'm so happy I could be here to be a part of it. Alex Martinez and I have known each other since he was just getting started in this business... and like it or not but that man made his NAME in my company. You want an odds-on favorite, Bucky? I think you're looking at him!

BW: The question quickly becomes though - what kind of shape is he in? We've seen him try to come back from the injuries that William Craven and his lackeys put on him in the past but tonight... well, tonight, Alex Martinez looks like a very different man!

[The seven footer strides down the aisle, pulling himself up onto the apron. He steps over the top rope, glaring right into the eye of William Craven who has pulled Jeff Jagger up off the mat...

...and shoves him at Martinez!]

GM: Craven wants no part of Martinez!

[Martinez catches the incoming Jagger in a two-handed choke, powering him into the sky with no hesitation to the roar of the crowd...

...and DRIVES him into the canvas!]

GM: FIREBOMB!! FIREBOMB!!

[A wide-eyed Craven takes two steps back, ending up right next to the ropes as Martinez gets to his feet, pulling Jagger up by the hair...

...and CHUCKING him effortlessly over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: JAGGER'S GONE! MARTINEZ TOSSES JAGGER!

[In the background, we see Skywalker Jones and November battling out on the apron. November is throwing forearms at Jones, trying to knock him off the apron to the floor but Jones is firing back with forearms of his own!]

GM: November and Skywalker Jones are battling out on the apron!

[Suddenly, November leaps into the air, snaring Jones' head between his legs...

...and both men go toppling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: OHH! NOVEMBER AND JONES ARE GONE TOO!!

[Martinez lifts a hand, pointing at Craven.]

GM: They're all alone! Martinez and Craven are all alone in there!

[Craven is still back by the ropes, still shaking his head in disbelief as Martinez suddenly rushes him!]

GM: HERE WE GO!!

[Martinez lands a huge right hand! And another! And another!]

GM: Martinez with the big whip...

[The Last American Badboy connects with a big boot under the chin, sending Craven stumbling back near the ropes...

...and Martinez charges him, connecting with a big clothesline that takes Craven over the top to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CRAVEN'S GONE! MARTINEZ ELIMINATES CRAVEN!!

[The seven foot beast turns around, throwing his arms apart with a roar!]

GM: MARTINEZ IS STANDING TALL ALL ALONE IN THE CENTER OF THE RING!!

[Out on the floor, the camera cuts to show Skywalker Jones and November trading punches out on the floor. A few of the others who were recently eliminated are out there as well, pushing and shoving as they head for the aisleway!]

GM: There's a fight out on the floor! Brawling out in the aisle! We need some help out here! Get security out here!

[A furious William Craven reaches down, yanking up the ring apron...]

GM: Craven's got his bokken! He's got the wooden sword!

[Craven starts to move back towards the ring when security arrives en masse to block him, pulling him back down off the apron!]

GM: Security's trying to get Craven under control! Craven wants back in there! He wants a shot at Martinez with that wooden sword!

[Security manages to pull Craven back, dragging him into the big mass of humanity at ringside with all the fighting.]

GM: It has broken down into chaos out here, fans!

[When suddenly Alex Martinez breaks into a sprint, bouncing off the far ropes...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and HURLS himself over the top rope in a gigantic dive onto the pile!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARTINEZ LANDS ON THE PILE!! GOOD GOD!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!! WHAT DID I JUST WITNESS?!

CB: Man, that brings back some memories.

[The crowd is absolutely roaring, on their feet screaming and shouting as a "MAR-TIN-EZ!" "MAR-TIN-EZ!" chant starts up. More AWA officials and security come pouring from the back!]

BW: What an idiot! He just eliminated himself from the Rumble! He just robbed himself of a shot to fight for the World Title! Why?! Why would you do that?!

GM: I don't know. You'd have to ask him, Bucky.

BW: Maybe I will!

GM: Alex Martinez is out of the Rumble! He's eliminated! And... my stars, we've got NO ONE left in the ring, Bucky! There's nobody in there! Have you EVER seen that before?!

BW: I don't know, Gordo. I'm not sure if I have! Every single person who has come into the ring has gone over the top rope and has been eliminated! We've got no one in there!

GM: I don't... that means that one of our final ten entries is going to be the winner of this match. One of those ten will win the Rumble and move on to Los Angeles to face the World Champion on Thanksgiving Night at SuperClash IV!

[And the countdown begins...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[All eyes turn towards the entrance, watching and waiting...]

...and ERUPTING into jeers as the Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes, walks into view. He pauses beyond the entrance, sneering at the crowd, and then gestures with his crystal-topped cane towards the entrance curtain which parts to reveal Nenshou.]

GM: Nenshou! The former Longhorn Heritage Champion is the twenty-first man into the Rumble... and in a way, he's Number One all over again!

[Nenshou gets a few quick words from Childes before leaving his manager to go back to the locker room. The face-painted grappler makes his way to the ring, slingshotting through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Nenshou's in the ring... and now he'll stand there and wait for two minutes... which seems to me the perfect time to try and take a quick commercial break! We'll be right back, fans!

[Nenshou settles into the corner, clasping his hands in front of him as we fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

[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.]

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: Oookay.

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 finally fade back to live action where we see Nenshou exactly where we left him. We wait a few silent moments before...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: All eyes turn to the entranceway to see just who will be the twenty-second man into the 2012 Rumble... just about twenty minutes away or so from a potential World Title match at SuperClash IV in Los Angeles...

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation, watching and waiting when...]

GM: Are you kidding me?! How in the world did Percy Childes pull this off?!

[The jeers are loud and vocal as former two-time National Champion, Juan Vasquez, walks into view accompanied by Percy Childes. Childes smirks at the crowd's reaction. A nearby camera zooms in and gets Percy to shout, "It's not WISE to question Percy Childes!" before he nudges them away with the crystal-topped cane.]

GM: Time and time again, we've seen Percy Childes manage to have knowledge of things he should have no knowledge of... we've seen him manipulate things he should have no control over. Right here last night in New Orleans, Childes somehow was able to alter the order of the matches on the show - I KNOW he was!

BW: Got any proof of that?

GM: Of course not but you know it as well as I do.

CB: Wait, I may be a little bit slow on this but are you saying Percy Childes has some kind of influence in the front office?

GM: It would, regrettably, appear so. How else could this happen? How else could his two soldiers in this Rumble draw back to back numbers?

BW: It's called the luck of the draw, Gordo!

GM: Give me a break. And look at Percy talking to Vasquez... giving him some final instructions. We saw a very stealthily-shot video earlier that

shocked us all. We heard Juan Vasquez tell Percy Childes that if Childes can get him Dufresne in the ring, he will do ANYTHING that Childes tells him to do.

BW: That's right, Gordo - and we all know what Childes wants. He wants Vasquez to help secure the World Title around Nenshou's waist. He failed him last night but tonight, he can help Nenshou go to SuperClash IV and fight for the World Championship.

[Vasquez looks cold... almost dead inside as he nods at Childes and turns to make his way down the aisle.]

GM: Vasquez has wasted more than a minute of his time in getting to the ring now.

BW: What different does it make? He's not going to fight Nenshou when he gets there. We can be guaranteed of that.

[Vasquez reaches the ring, grabbing the ropes to pull himself up on the apron. He pauses there, staring at Nenshou who hasn't budged an inch, still in his battle meditation trance. Vasquez nods, stepping through the ropes into the ring...

...and then turns his back on Nenshou, facing the entrance together...]

GM: Are you kidding me? Come on, Juan! You can't do this!

BW: Oh, he's doing it! He's under the control of Percy Childes and this is exactly what Childes wants him to do!

[With Vasquez and Nenshou both in the ring and facing the entryway in unison, the crowd jeers.]

GM: This is disappointing to me. How far has Juan Vasquez gone in his quest for vengeance that he's doing this? This isn't the Juan Vasquez that any of us know and love!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring with boos for what they're seeing - so much that they almost forget to start counting.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

YOooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!

[A loud groan is heard, almost certainly from Bucky. However, the crowd does not share his sentiment. BC emerges onto the aisleway, doing his little dance as the kids start dancing along. BC starts to boogie down to the ring, mic in hand of course. Playing in the background is an instrumental beat that sounds a lot like Frankie Smith's "Double Dutch Bus".]

COMIN' IN AT NUMBAH TWENTY-TWO
GONNA BE TIME TO DO DA DO

[BC slaps hands with some of the fans, bobbing his head along to the music.]

IN TEN SECONDS, I'M GONNA BE DOIN' MAH THING
GONNA KNOCK A BUNCH OF SUCKAS OUT OF DA RING

[B.C. makes his way to the ringside area, waving his arms from side to side. A bunch of fans, of course, join in.]

I THINK IT'S VERY VITAL
THAT I ENTER THE RING AN' EARN MY SHOT AT THAT TITLE

YOooooooooooooooooooooo!!!! YO YO YO YO GO GO GO GO!!

[B.C. drops the mic as you can hear a sigh of relief from Bucky.]

GM: BC Da Mastah MC is one of the favorites of these fans in the match but with the Unholy Alliance waiting for him, I'm not sure how much of a chance he has in-

[As the big man steps through the ropes, Juan Vasquez rushes him, throwing a knee to the temple of the big man, connecting solidly and dropping him down to a knee.]

GM: Vasquez takes him down to a knee... look out here!

[Nenshou charges across the ring, springing off the bent knee to land a big knee of his own into the temple!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CB: SHINING WIZARD!!

[Nenshou stands over the motionless BC who is down on the canvas, gesturing at Vasquez to get him up. The former National Champion obliges, dragging the larger man to his feet, holding his arms behind him...]

GM: Vasquez is holding the AWA's favorite rap sta- ohh! Thrust kick under the chin!

[Vasquez lets him go, watching as BC slumps down to the mat. The crowd jeers as Vasquez doesn't make a single move towards helping, simply watching as Nenshou again gestures for Vasquez to get him back to his feet.]

GM: Vasquez is following Nenshou's every order, pulling BC up to his feet.

[Each man grabs an arm, firing BC across the ring. Nenshou grabs Vasquez by the wrist for a double clothesline...]

GM: Doubleteam here by the Alliance and-

[The crowd ROARS as BC goes into a cartwheel, flipping through the linked arms to break them apart...]

...and promptly lands a big dropkick that sends Nenshou flopping down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A MOVE BY BC!! Come on, kid! Get to it!

[BC pumps a fist, turning towards Vasquez and scoring with a big right hand that sends Vasquez reeling! He grabs Vasquez by the hair, landing a few more haymakers before grabbing him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip by the big man...

[But Vasquez easily ducks under a clothesline, slamming on the brakes as BC turns around...]

...and ROCKS him with a right cross!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A RIGHT HAND!!

CB: The rapper's out on his feet!

[Which allows Vasquez to grab him by the tights, approaching the ropes...]

...and CHUCKS BC over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! BC's gone! He's eliminated by Juan Vasquez!

[Vasquez glares down at the floor at the eliminated rapper as Nenshou takes up a spot behind Vasquez, joining him in staring at their handiwork as the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: We're all waiting to see who Number Twenty-four is but at this point, does it even matter? With Vasquez and Nenshou working in tandem, I'm not sure anyone can get past them.

CB: Someone would need to survive the two minutes with them and hope that the next person in would join up with them in fighting them off. At this late stage of the match, the Unholy Alliance might be in the perfect position to run the table.

[The crowd cheers as Hamilton Graham comes jogging into view with the music from Gladiator playing in the background.]

GM: Hamilton Graham is one of the final seven men to enter this year's Rumble... and this is steep odds even for a former World Champion.

[A quick camera cut shows Juan Vasquez shaking his head, turning away from the aisle.]

GM: And look at this - some conflict on the face of Juan Vasquez. We all know how much respect Vasquez has for Hamilton Graham. There have been persistent rumors for years that Vasquez and Graham train together from time to time and that when looking for advice, Hamilton is one of the first folks that Juan Vasquez trusts enough to call.

BW: That's all well and good but it don't matter right now! He's gotta do what Percy Childes wants him to do!

[Graham slides into the ring, right into a stomping attack from Nenshou who pauses long enough to wave for Vasquez to join him but Juan doesn't budge, looking out at the crowd from across the ring...]

GM: Come on, Juan... you're a better man than this! Stand up for what you believe in! You know this is wrong - you know it!

[Vasquez leans on the ropes, burying his head in his hands as Nenshou drags Hamilton Graham to his feet, throwing a big chop that sends Graham into the ropes. Nenshou turns to look at Vasquez' back for a few moments before turning back to the former World Champion...]

...and who **BLASTS** Nenshou between the eyes with a helluva haymaker!]

GM: Ohh! Graham rocked him!

[A fired-up Hamilton Graham grabs Nenshou by the hair, measuring him...]

...and SMASHES another right hand into the forehead, sending Nenshou stumbling backwards, crashing down on his rear on the mat.]

GM: Hamilton Graham should try to eliminate Nenshou right now while he has the chance! Use this moment where a conflicted Juan Vasquez is looking away from him to try to finish off Nenshou!

[Graham grabs Nenshou by the legs, tugging him closer to the ropes...]

GM: CATAPULT!

[The leverage move sends Nenshou over the ropes...

...but he grabs the top rope with both hands on his way over the top!]

GM: NENSHOU GRABS THE ROPES!! HE'S HANGING ON!!

[Graham gets back up, leaning over the ropes...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: A solid forearm smash connects! Right across the chest of Nenshou!

[Graham continues to pummel, trying to break Nenshou's grip on the ropes and knock him down to the floor!]

GM: Graham continues to pound away! The legend is really letting Nenshou have it right now!

[Suddenly, Juan Vasquez spins around, rushing across the ring towards the two men...

...and grabs a handful of trunks, HURLING Graham over the ropes and down to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Vasquez grabs Nenshou by the arms, pulling him back into the ring to the jeers of the crowd. The former National Champion shakes his head, looking out to where Hamilton Graham is being aided by AWA officials.]

GM: Vasquez looks disheartened... like he can't believe what he just did...

[And he takes an angry shove in the chest from Nenshou who gestures at the ropes...]

BW: Nenshou ain't too happy about what just went down, Gordo. He almost got eliminated by Graham before Vasquez decided to intervene. Juan Vasquez almost failed at his job right there and Nenshou's letting him know all about it.

[Vasquez takes a couple of steps back, obviously fuming as he looks down at the mat in front of him...

...and takes another hard shove that knocks him back to the corner.]

GM: Come on, Juan! Stand up for yourself! Don't take this from them!

[Nenshou reaches up, obviously planning to shove Vasquez again...

...but gets shoved down to the mat himself! Huge cheer!]

GM: Yeah! Yeah! Get him, Juan!

[Vasquez steps forward, fists balled up and ready for a fight as he glares down at the face-painted Nenshou who raises a hand...]

GM: I don't think Nenshou was expecting that, Bucky!

BW: Can you blame him?! Vasquez is supposed to be doing what they tell him to do! He's not supposed to be doing things like this! Get yourself under control, Vasquez!

[Vasquez advances on Nenshou, ready to do some physical damage...

...when the countdown starts again.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of the face-painted young lion from Venice Beach known as Supernova running down the aisle at top speed, diving under the bottom rope, popping up to his feet...

...and getting RIGHT up into the face of Juan Vasquez!]

GM: Whoa!

[Supernova jabs a finger into the chest of the man who came back to the AWA at SuperClash III to save him from an attack.]

"WHAT THE HECK'S GOING ON WITH YOU, MAN?!"

[Vasquez turns his head slightly, taking the verbal abuse.]

“THIS ISN’T YOU! THIS ISN’T WHAT YOU DO!”

[An angry Vasquez turns away from Supernova, trying to ignore him...

...but the young fan favorite refuses to be ignored, grabbing Vasquez and swinging him around by the arm.]

“DON’T YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON ME!”

[Vasquez’ eyes go wide...

...and Nenshou strikes, throwing a forearm to the back of the head that knocks Supernova down to his knees. The crowd jeers as Vasquez stares at the downed Supernova as Nenshou wheels around him, throwing a hard kick to the chest that knocks Supernova flat on his back!]

GM: Ohh! The deadly feet of Nenshou puts down the young man from Venice Beach!

[Nenshou unleashes a series of stomps to Supernova, causing his body to convulse with every blow. Vasquez backs up, giving Nenshou room to operate as the Asian Assassin drags Supernova to his feet, shoving him back into the corner...]

GM: He’s got Supernova against the buckles... ohh! Knife edge chop!

[Nenshou switches his stance, lashing out with a thrust kick to the midsection!]

GM: Nenshou goes low and...

[And then leaps up, spinning around to score with a spinning back kick into the sternum!]

GM: He rocked him with that! Supernova looks like he may be having some trouble breathing!

[Grabbing the arm, Nenshou fires Supernova across the ring before tumbling across after him...]

GM: HANDSPRING ELB-

[But Supernova steps up, hooking the flying Nenshou in a rear waistlock!]

GM: WAIT A SECOND!!

[The fan favorite turns around to face the buckles...

...and LAUNCHES Nenshou up and overhead, bouncing him off the canvas with a German Suplex that brings the crowd to their feet!]

GM: Big throw by Supernova! That might buy him some time, fans!

[Vasquez glares at Supernova from across the ring as the face-painted young lion pulls Nenshou off the mat by the hair..

...and lifts him overhead in a military press!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!!

BW: No, no, no! Vasquez needs to stop this!

[On cue, Vasquez rushes across the ring, throwing himself at Supernova's torso...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

CB: VASQUEZ SPEARS THE KID OUTTA HIS BOOTS!!

[The spear tackle topples Supernova as Nenshou falls harmlessly to the mat. Vasquez promptly takes the mount, hammering Supernova relentlessly with right hands as the fans jeer wildly!]

GM: I can't believe what I'm seeing here! Juan Vasquez is fully under the control of the Unholy Alliance and he's violently assaulting Supernova right here, pounding him into the canvas!

CB: But like I said a few minutes ago, Supernova is REAL close to surviving the two minutes to get to the next guy. If he gets lucky, he'll get someone that will help him divide and conquer the Unholy Alliance.

BW: And if he's unlucky?

CB: Then he's going home.

GM: Supernova was the winner of the 2011 Rumble and went on to SuperClash III to face Calisto Dufresne for the National Title. He came up short on that night but the second time might be a charm for the young lion if he can come up with a victory somehow in this one.

[Vasquez angrily pulls Supernova up by the hair, grabbing an arm to fire him across the ring...

...but Supernova reverses it, sending the former National Champion SLAMMING hard into the buckles!]

GM: Vasquez hits the corner... wait a second...

[Supernova backs to the buckles...

...and then sprints across, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!!

[The leaping body splash connects in the corner, stunning Vasquez as he stumbles out of the buckles, crashing facefirst down to the mat. Supernova looks around at the cheering crowd...

...and then grabs Vasquez by the legs, flipping him to his back...]

BW: This is a mistake, Gordo! Hooking the Solar Flare in right here doesn't do a single thing for you! He's gotta throw Vasquez over the top to the floor if he wants to-

GM: He's going for it though! He's almost...

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT ON!! SUPERNOVA HAS GOT JUAN VASQUEZ IN THE SOLAR FLARE!!!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring as Vasquez cries out in pain, his legs and back being tortured by the man formerly considered his ally as the countdown starts...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[With Supernova temporarily in control of the situation, the eager eyes of the New Orleans crowd turn towards the entrance as they wait for help to arrive...

...and get it!]

GM: DONOVAN! IT'S ROBERT DONOVAN WHO IS NUMBER TWENTY-SIX!

[The seven footer wastes no time in getting to the ring, quickly stepping over the ropes as Nenshou gets to his feet...

...and wraps a massive hand around the throat of his former rival!]

GM: OH! HE'S GOT NENSHOU!!

BW: There's still some bad blood between those two also! You can bet on it!

[Donovan stomps out to the center of the ring, holding Nenshou by the throat. The Asian Assassin struggles, searching for a way free of the bigger man's grasp...]

GM: HE LIFTS!!!

[But as Donovan attempts to chokeslam Nenshou to the mat, Nenshou slips out of his grip on the lift, landing harmlessly on the mat where he promptly throws a thrust kick into the chest.]

GM: Ohh! Nenshou with a high kick... to the ropes...

[On the rebound, Donovan is waiting, scooping Nenshou up by the upper thighs...

...and DRIVING him straight back down to the canvas with a falling spinebuster!]

GM: OHHH! HE PLANTS NENSHOU INTO THE CANVAS THERE!

[Donovan climbs to his feet, glaring at Supernova. He gives him a signal which results in Supernova breaking the Solar Flare on Vasquez to move to help Donovan. The two men pull Nenshou up by the hair...

...and in unison, they THROW him over the top rope!]

GM: NENSHOU'S GONE! HE'S OUTTA HERE!

BW: No, no, no! Look at the foot, Gordo! Look at the foot!

[A quick camera cut shows Nenshou clinging to the ropes, swinging his legs perilously close to the floor.]

BW: He didn't hit the floor! He's using his incredible athletic ability to hang onto the ropes and keep his feet from touching!

[Supernova rushes to the ropes behind them, bouncing off...

...and running right into a Juan Vasquez hiptoss!]

GM: Hiptoss outta nowhere by Vasquez!

[Vasquez immediately dashes to the nearest ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: Here comes the backsplash!

[But Vasquez pulls up short, leaping into the air, and DRIVING his feet down into the gut of Supernova with a double stomp!]

GM: Ohh! Vasquez changes gears there and-

[And finds himself face to face with an angry giant.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Donovan shakes his head at Vasquez, saying something unheard by the microphones.]

GM: Donovan's saying something... man, I'd love to be able to read lips right now.

BW: What could he possibly have to say right now?

GM: He's probably telling him how disappointed he is in the choices that Juan Vasquez has made this weekend - like we all are!

[Donovan takes a step towards Vasquez, still talking as Vasquez puts his hands on his hips, speaking back to Donovan!]

BW: What're these two having a debate in the middle of a Rumble?!

[Suddenly, Donovan reaches out to grab Vasquez by the throat!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM!! HE'S GOT HIM!!

[Vasquez responds in perhaps the most shocking way possible...

...by kicking Robert Donovan square in the groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan crumples to his knees in front of Vasquez, the crowd jeering loudly as Vasquez stares down at him.]

GM: My stars - what in the world has gotten into this man?! I'm in shock, Bucky! Absolutely in shock at what we're seeing out of Juan Vasquez right now!

BW: You shouldn't be, Gordo. This has been coming for months - just brewing, seething underneath the surface for Vasquez. Ever since WrestleRock, it was just a matter of time until this happened and now it's happening under the control of Percy Childes! I love it!

[Vasquez stands tall over Donovan, slowly raising his clenched right fist...]

GM: Oh no! He's calling for that right cross!

BW: If he hits it, he might knock Donovan out cold!

[Vasquez looks out at the jeering crowd, shaking his head...]

GM: He's got it ready! He's got it-

[But just as Vasquez is about to uncork it, a lunging Supernova grabs the arm, blocking the punch!]

GM: Supernova with the save out of nowhere! He just barely got there in time!

[With the action in the ring distracted from him, Nenshou has managed to get back up on the apron, stepping through the ropes into the ring where he connects with a low dropkick to the face of the kneeling Donovan!]

GM: Ohh!

CB: This is breaking down into a tag match!

GM: Not for long though because we're about to have a fifth man join the action inside the ring - Number Twenty-Seven!

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of the Longhorn Heritage Champion dashing down the aisle!]

GM: Glenn Hudson! He's the twenty-seventh man in!

BW: And that's HUGE for Hudson. What a great position to be in! He got a fantastic draw for his first Rumble here in the AWA and he's headed for the ring in a hurry!

GM: Glenn Hudson comes tearing down the aisle knowing that he may be about fifteen minutes away from earning a World Title match at SuperClash IV in Los Angeles!

[Hudson hits the ring hard, battering Nenshou with right hands!]

GM: Two former Longhorn Heritage Champions going at it right there!

[The crowd is roaring as Hudson and Supernova get the Unholy Alliance members in opposite corners, mounting the midbuckle to rain down right hands as Robert Donovan tries to recover on the mat!]

GM: Finally, the odds are back in the favor of the good guys!

[As the fists fly, the fans count along!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Hudson and Supernova drop down to the mat, each grabbing an arm on their respective foes...]

GM: Double whip...

[Vasquez ducks down as Nenshou leapfrogs over him, continuing to rush their opponents.]

GM: OH!

[Vasquez leaps up, throwing a pair of knees into the chest of the shocked Longhorn Heritage Champion while Nenshou takes to the air, landing a spinning leg lariat on a surprised Supernova!]

GM: The Unholy Alliance turns the tide there!

[Grabbing the arms of the men who just whipped them across, Nenshou and Vasquez try to send them into one another...]

...but Supernova leaps over the top, getting enough air to carry himself into a stunned Vasquez with a flying clothesline!]

GM: OHH! SUPERNOVA TAKES OUT VASQUEZ!!

[Hudson turns, smirking at what just happened to Vasquez...]

...and catches an incoming Nenshou with a back kick to the gut!]

GM: Oh! Hudson caught him coming in!

[Spinning around, Hudson hooks a front facelock on Nenshou, rushing towards the corner, running up the buckles...]

CB: TORNADO DD-

[But Nenshou shoves him off, sending Hudson a few feet away where he lands on his feet...]

GM: Nice counter by Nenshou to the DDT!

BW: LOOK!

[Nenshou promptly grabs at his throat, the sign that he's loading up the dreaded and dangerous mist!]

GM: Hudson needs to get dow- DONOVAN!

[The crowd ERUPTS as a rising Donovan grabs Nenshou by the throat, blocking any attempt at the mist. He shakes his head at his former rival, lifting him high into the air...

...and DRIVING him down to the mat with a chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM!! DONOVAN SAVED HUDSON RIGHT THERE!!

[Hudson walks across the ring, clapping Donovan on the shoulder to which Donovan responds by pressing Hudson high over his head!]

GM: Wait! No! What are you doing?!

[And then THROWS him down onto a prone Nenshou to a big cheer!]

GM: Whew! I thought Donovan was trying to eliminate Hudson but he was just using him as a weapon against Nenshou!

[A quick camera cut shows Supernova with Vasquez draped over his shoulders in a fireman's carry, trying to muscle him over the ropes and down to the floor.]

GM: Supernova's trying to get Vasquez over the top to the floor!

BW: That would be huge for him if he can do it, Gordo.

GM: It certainly would.

[Vasquez tries to battle free as the countdown starts up.]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The sounds of Metallica's "One" draws a big cheer from the New Orleans crowd.]

GM: Former World Champion and Hall of Famer Jeff Matthews is the twenty-eighth man in the Rumble!

BW: Only two more spots to go!

[Matthews dives headfirst under the bottom rope on a jog, popping up to his feet...

...and promptly leaping up, catching Robert Donovan around the head and neck...]

GM: FOXDEN!

[...and DRIVES his skull into the canvas with the three-quarter nelson bulldog!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! HE SPIKED DONOVAN!!

[Climbing back to his feet, Matthews shoves Glenn Hudson aside as he leans down to pull Nenshou up by the hair...

...and THROWS him over the top!]

GM: Matthews tosses Nenshou out but the Asian Assassin hangs on! He grabbed onto the ropes to keep himself from falling to the floor!

[Matthews storms towards Nenshou, grabbing a handful of hair to pepper Nenshou with forearms to the side of the skull. He suddenly turns, dashing across the ring...]

GM: HERE COMES MATTHEWS!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT INTO A SUPERKICK FROM HUDSON!!!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Matthews collapses from the impact of the thrust kick under the chin. Hudson throws his arms down, giving a whoop to the crowd...

...and then breaks into his own sprint, charging Nenshou...]

GM: Hudson's gonna give it a try!

[But Nenshou sidesteps, avoiding the running dropkick that Hudson throws at him. The miss causes Hudson to get tangled up in the ropes before falling

down to the canvas. Nenshou grabs the top rope with both hands, catapulting over the ropes and rotating his body to land in a splash on Hudson!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter by Nenshou!

[Nenshou quickly climbs to his feet, grabbing at his ribs...

...and then spots Vasquez in trouble, charging across the ring to throw a round kick into the ribs of Supernova! A second and a third kick causes Supernova to set Vasquez down on the mat where Juan grabs Supernova, holding him steady while he pulverizes the ribcage with a series of kneestrikes!]

GM: The Unholy Alliance - together again - working on Supernova...

[Vasquez grabs Supernova by the arm, whipping him across the ring.]

GM: Vasquez sets for a backdrop by the ROOOO- SUPERNOVA GOES OVER BUT LANDS ON THE APRON!!

[Clinging to the top rope with one hand, Supernova uses the other to hammer Vasquez with right hands to the skull. He grabs a handful of hair, dragging Vasquez to the corner where smashes his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot by Supernova!

[Nenshou takes his shot to get involved but Supernova blocks a right hand from him, grabbing him by the hair...

...and SMASHES their heads together!]

GM: Double noggin knocker by Supernova!

[With the Unholy Alliance staggered, Supernova quickly scales the ropes...]

CB: That's a dangerous place to be in a Rumble!

[...and just as quickly lunges from his perch, catching both men squarely across the chest with a flying crossbody, toppling them down to the canvas below!]

GM: OH MY!! WHAT A DIVE BY SUPERNOVA!!

[A quick camera cut shows Glenn Hudson trying to shove Jeff Matthews over the ropes to the floor.]

CB: A couple of old school guys there trying to get rid of one another and move one step closer to winning this Rumble.

GM: There are two more wrestlers still to join the fray so right now, everyone in this ring has a one in eight chance of being the 2012 Rumble winner and the man to face the World Champion at SuperClash IV.

[A dazed Robert Donovan staggers to his feet, wobbling over towards Matthews and Hudson. He grabs a leg on Matthews, attempting to help Glenn Hudson shove the Madfox over the top rope to the floor as the countdown starts again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

[The crowd cheers as Supreme Wright comes walking down the aisle.]

GM: Supreme Wright is Number Twenty-Nine! One of tonight's Semi-Finalists drew a very advantageous number as he tries to overcome the other seven men remaining in this match to get another shot to become the World Champion.

BW: This isn't Wright's territory. He's a technician... a submission star... a street fight like this isn't his cup of tea so it'll be interesting to see how he manages things.

[Wright climbs up on the ring apron and before even stepping foot inside the ring, he moves to where Donovan and Hudson are working on Matthews, becoming the third man in the match to try and oust the Hall of Famer.]

GM: Wright jumps right in there with Matthews... we've got a three on one trying to toss the former World Champion out of this match. And you've gotta wonder who drew the lucky Number Thirty, Bucky.

BW: I already know.

GM: You do?

BW: You would too if you thought about it.

[Hooking Matthews in a front facelock, Wright tries to drag him over as Hudson and Donovan try to get him over from inside the ring. Matthews is clinging to the ropes with his arms and legs, wrapped up around them as tightly as he can manage.]

CB: Jeff Matthews has plenty of experience in these Rumbles. He won one in the EMWC at one point if memory serves and he's putting that experience to good use right here.

[Donovan taps Hudson on the shoulder, waving him away.]

GM: I think Robert Donovan just asked Hudson to watch his back while he tries to get Matthews over the top on his own!

BW: That makes sense. Donovan's got the pure power to probably get Matthews up in the air...

[Hudson spins away, striking up a defensive posture behind Donovan and drilling an incoming Nenshou with a right hand between the eyes, sending him bouncing away.]

GM: Glenn Hudson's going to stand there and make sure that Donovan gets a clear shot at getting Jeff Matthews over the top to the floor...

[With Wright and Donovan working together to try and oust Jeff Matthews, we cut to another part of the ring where Supernova has Nenshou on his feet by the ropes, trying to grab a leg and toss him over the top.]

BW: We're gettin' down to the nitty gritty here, Gordo. One more guy still needs to come out here and then we'll be down to it. Eight men with a chance to go to SuperClash IV and fight for the World Title.

CB: And a heck of an eight guys it is - you've got former World Champions in there, former National Champions, former Longhorn Heritage Champions, the CURRENT Longhorn Heritage Champion, last year's Rumble winner... man oh man, this is gonna be something to see who walks out of this one with their arm raised.

[Juan Vasquez climbs to his feet, looking around the ring. He looks long and hard at Robert Donovan's exposed back, considering his options but Glenn Hudson is standing at the ready, fists balled up...

...and Vasquez thinks better of it, swinging around to bury a right hand into the ribs of Supernova from behind!]

GM: Vasquez goes right back over to help at Nenshou, saving him from a potentially bad situation.

[Vasquez throws Supernova hard into the nearest set of buckles, smashing a series of knees to the ribs as Nenshou moves in, throwing a dangerous cross-armed thrust into the throat, leaving Supernova gasping for air!]

GM: Supernova's in some trouble again. He's trying to fight off both members of the Unholy Alliance - it feels very strange saying that, fans.

[Nenshou leans down, grabbing a leg on Supernova and lifting it off the mat as Vasquez ties up an arm, trying to get his momentum going backwards over the ropes.]

GM: We've got guys trying to drag people over the top on both sides of the ring!

[A cut back across the ring shows Supreme Wright trying to switch his front facelock grip into an actual guillotine choke.]

CB: Look at that, guys! If Wright can get that choke applied, he might be able to drag an UNCONSCIOUS Jeff Matthews over the top to the floor!

[Matthews has brought his arms up, grabbing at the choking arm in an effort to block the hold from being applied...]

GM: Donovan with a big uppercut shot to the ribs! And another! He's trying to keep Matthews from blocking the choke!

[Glenn Hudson, in the meantime, is keeping his head on a swivel, constantly aware of his surroundings and what's coming up. He's ready for a fight at every opportunity as the countdown begins again...]

"TEN!"

"NINE!"

"EIGHT!"

"SEVEN!"

"SIX!"

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

"BZZZZZZZZZZ!"

GM: Here he is! The final entry into the 2012 Rumble is...

[The sounds of "Saz O Avaz Mahdor" by Mohammed Reza Shajarian fill the air to the usual mixed response that greets the man who accompanies the music.]

GM: Sharif! Sultan Azam Sharif is Number Thirty!

BW: I knew it! What a lucky draw for Sharif!

GM: An incredibly lucky draw for BOTH of the men who came out on the losing side in tonight's Semifinals as they drew Numbers Twenty-Nine and Thirty respectively!

[Count Adrian Bathwaite gives Sharif a few final words of advice before clapping him on the shoulder and sending him on his way down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: Sharif's Number Thirty after that hard-fought battle with James Monosso earlier tonight... and that's gotta put him in an excellent position to win this entire thing, fans!

BW: So, let's break it down here - Nenshou, Vasquez, Supernova, Donovan, Hudson, Matthews, Wright, and now Sharif are the final eight men left in the 2012 Rumble with only one of 'em being able to call themselves the winner and head to SuperClash IV to face the World Champion!

[Sharif stalks down the aisle towards the ring...

...and grabs Supreme Wright by the ankle, pulling him off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: Oh! Sharif just... did he mean to save Jeff Matthews right there?!

BW: Who knows what Sharif's intentions are at times?

[Sharif lays in a few stiff forearms on Wright before hooking a handful of tights and throwing him under the ropes into the ring. Sharif pulls himself up on the apron, turning towards the jeering crowd with a "IRAN NUMBAH ONE!"

GM: Sharif's not earning himself any fans at this point in the Rumb-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG RUNNING DROPKICK TO THE BACK BY HUDSON!!

[The crowd ROARS for the Longhorn Heritage Champion whose dropkick connects solidly with the back of Sharif, sending him toppling down to the floor below!]

GM: Glenn Hudson had seen enough of Sharif's grandstanding and he made him pay for it in a big way, fans!

[A smirking Hudson re-takes his spot behind Donovan, watching the big man's back as he continues to struggle with eliminating the cagey veteran, Jeff Matthews...

...when suddenly, the crowd erupts in a buzz as someone hops over the railing at ringside!]

GM: Whoa!

CB: That guy came right out here by us! We need security out here to-

[The man in question, dressed in a hooded sweatshirt (yes, in this New Orleans heat!) climbs up on the apron, yanking back the hood...]

GM: It's Dave Bryant! Dave Bryant's on the ring apron!

BW: What the heck's he got in his hand?

[With a smirk, Bryant flicks his wrist, tossing a scarred up leather strap with a few pieces of metal on it at the feet of Glenn Hudson whose eyes go wide upon seeing it...]

GM: I think that- my stars, is that what's LEFT of the Longhorn Heritage Title?!

BW: Uh oh.

[Bryant drops down off the apron, backpedaling down the aisle as AWA security hits the ringside area, trying to get him clear...

...when Glenn Hudson suddenly breaks into a sprint...]

GM: LOOK OUT!!

[...and FLINGS himself over the top rope, flipping through the air, and WIPING OUT a shocked pair of security guards that were trying to stand in front of Dave Bryant!]

GM: SOMERSAULT DIVE TO THE FLOOR!! MY STARS IN HEAVEN!!

[A cackling Bryant opts to make his exit a little quicker now as Hudson struggles to get to his feet after the big fall.]

GM: Dave Bryant has turned tail and is gettin' the heck out of here as fast as his dastardly feet will carry him!

CB: Never liked that guy.

GM: Bryant's heading for the exit doors as fast as he can as Glenn Hudson tries to get up... tries to get past security... tries to-

BW: Hey! I just realized something!

GM: What's that?

BW: Glenn Hudson just ELIMINATED himself with that dive! He's gone!

GM: I... yes, I suppose he is! Fans, the Longhorn Heritage Champion was so outraged when he saw what Dave Bryant had done, he threw himself over the ropes in a fit of blind fury. He has been eliminated from the Rumble and that means we're down to SEVEN men battling it out for the right to face the World Champion at SuperClash IV!

[Suddenly, Juan Vasquez breaks away from helping with Supernova, charging across the ring...

...and manages to get the leaning Donovan off his feet, sending him flipping over the ropes where he drags Jeff Matthews down to the floor with him!]

GM: WHOA! WHOA!

BW: Two men gone! Vasquez tosses two of 'em!

GM: With Glenn Hudson out of the picture, Robert Donovan was easy pickings for Juan Vasquez to toss him out and since Donovan was tangled up with Matthews, the Hall of Famer went out as well!

CB: We're down to five, boys!

[Outside the ring, a furious Robert Donovan climbs to his feet and has to be instantly restrained by AWA officials to prevent him from getting back into the ring and going after Vasquez. Donovan wheels around in a rage, shouting "WHERE THE HELL WAS HUDSON?!" to no one in particular.]

GM: Robert Donovan apparently thought that Glenn Hudson was still watching his back!

BW: Is he blaming Hudson for getting eliminated?

GM: It certainly seems that way but you have to remember - you just can't turn your back on ANYONE in a match like this, fans. That was a big mistake by Robert Donovan and it ended up costing him the world here tonight in New Orleans.

[The camera pulls back, showing Nenshou still trying to oust Supernova on one side of the ring. Sharif has Supreme Wright pushed back into the corner, laying in the hooked boots to the ribs while Juan Vasquez stands between the two corners, planning his next move...]

GM: Juan Vasquez has been very efficient here tonight, eliminating several competitors through what amount to a hit-and-move strategy.

CB: If Vasquez wins this thing, I want a front row seat at SuperClash to see him face either Stevie Scott or James Monosso in one of the biggest matches of all time!

GM: A whole lot of history between Vasquez and the Hotshot... and after what's happened here this weekend, a Vasquez/Monosso rematch from last night would be something a lot of people would be interested in seeing, I'd bet.

BW: You both are delusional. You think if Vasquez wins the Rumble that HE gets the shot at the title? Juan Vasquez is out here fighting for Nenshou's shot at the World Title - plain and simple.

CB: Are you saying that if Vasquez wins the Rumble that Percy Childes will FORCE him to give up the title shot to Nenshou?

BW: Guaranteed.

CB: I'm not even sure that's legal, Bucky.

BW: It ain't wise to question a Percy Childes' decision, Blue. Stick around here long enough and you'll learn that in a hurry.

[Vasquez turns back towards the corner with Nenshou and Supernova, going right back to work on pushing the upper body of Supernova...

...who hammers Vasquez with a right hand between the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot by Supernova!

[With Vasquez stumbling back, Supernova rains down a few elbows between the shoulderblades of Nenshou. As the Asian Assassin straightens up, Supernova uses his arms, draped over the top rope, to pull himself into the air where he snaps a kick off the ear of Nenshou, sending him staggering before falling down to his knees on the canvas.]

GM: Supernova's fighting back! Battling his way out of the corner!

[A pair of right hands to Vasquez has the former National Champion stumbling. Supernova shoves him back into the nearest corner, hammering him with right hands to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Supernova is all over Vasquez! Really tearing into him now!

[But Sultan Azam Sharif buries a double axehandle into the back of Supernova's head, breaking up the attack. He grabs the face-painted young lion's arms, pulling them back as he backs away from the corner and Vasquez pops up to the middle rope...

...when suddenly Supreme Wright comes tearing across the ring, springing into the air...]

GM: What in the...?

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING EUROPEAN UPPERCUT!!

[The devastating blow obviously stuns Vasquez as he grabs the ropes frantically, trying to keep from falling to the floor. Wright pops up onto the middle rope, hooking Vasquez under the arm...

...and tosses him down to the mat with a single underhook throw!]

GM: Ohh! Wright bounces Vasquez off the canvas and-

[Sharif spins around, still holding Supernova as Nenshou gets back to his feet, grabbing at this throat...]

GM: NO!

[Supernova somehow ducks down, exposing Sharif...

...but Nenshou holds the mist back, lashing out with a standing side kick to the jaw of Sharif instead!]

GM: Ohh! Nenshou will have no allies in there other than Vasquez!

[Swinging the leg down with surprising force immediately after the thrust kick, Nenshou CRACKS the doubled-up Supernova with an axe kick to the back of the skull!]

GM: GOOD! GRIEF!

BW: Do you even UNDERSTAND the kind of balance and skill it takes to do something like that?! Incredible! Nenshou is the prototype for the 21st century professional wrestler!

GM: Nenshou just took both Sharif AND Supernova out in an instant!

[Supreme Wright pulls Vasquez up by the hair, dragging him over towards the ropes...]

GM: Wright's trying to get Vasquez over the top now, looking for perhaps the biggest elimination of the match since Vasquez has been on a major role all night long.

BW: This is a weird situation for Wright. This isn't his kind of fight. No chance for submissions and mat wrestling. I'm not so sure how he'll fare in there.

[Drawing near the ropes, Wright bumps Vasquez up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry, inching closer to the ropes where the former National Champion grabs the top rope, hanging on tight...]

GM: Vasquez is trying to fight out of it! Throwing knees... now elbows... trying to fight his way free from Wright's grasp!

[The Los Angeles native manages to work his way free, dropping to his knees on the canvas as we cut again to find Nenshou pulling Supernova off the mat, throwing a knife-edge chop into the throat. A second one sends Supernova falling back into the corner. We cut back as Vasquez pops up, dropping Wright with a big hiptoss before dashing to the ropes...

...where Nenshou grabs him by the arm, jerking a thumb at Supernova.]

GM: Vasquez was looking for the backslash but Nenshou apparently has other ideas... other plans for him...

[Vasquez glares at Nenshou before moving to the corner with him, raining down elbows and kicks at the trapped Supernova before pulling him from the corner.]

GM: Nenshou's gesturing for Vasquez to hold Supernova.

[Vasquez grabs the arms, pulling them into a double chickenwing position as Nenshou sets himself...

...and gives the tell-tale sign of grabbing at his throat!]

GM: MIST!

[Nenshou lunges forward, spewing a mouthful of red mist...

...that Supernova avoids, causing the vile liquid to go RIGHT into the eyes of Juan Vasquez!]

GM: OHH! HE MISSED! HE GOT VASQUEZ WITH IT!!

[Vasquez crumples back, rubbing at his eyes as Supernova CRACKS Nenshou with a right hand, knocking him back...

...and then wheels around, rushing Vasquez with a clothesline!]

GM: CLOTHESLIIIIINE... AND OVER THE TOP GOES VASQUEZ!!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the elimination of Juan Vasquez!]

GM: Vasquez is gone! We're down to four!

[Supernova spins back around as Nenshou approaches him...

...and HOISTS the Asian Assassin up into a military press!]

GM: Whoa! He's got Nenshou up in the air! He's gonna-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With a toss, Supernova sends Nenshou sailing OVER the ropes and crashing down on a stunned Juan Vasquez!]

GM: NENSHOU'S GONE TOO!! SUPERNOVA JUST ELIMINATED THE UNHOLY ALLIANCE FROM THE RUMBLE!

BW: We're down to three! Three men remain!

GM: On Thanksgiving Night, it's going to be either Supernova, Sultan Azam Sharif, or Supreme Wright battling for the World Heavyweight Title!

[The crowd roars as Supernova gives a howl to the crowd, moving to confront his long-time enemy Sharif.]

GM: Big right hand on Sharif... there's another...

[A backhand blow sends Sharif wobbling back to the turnbuckles where Supernova quickly pursues...

...and then has to sidestep as Supreme Wright tears across the ring, leaping to throw a back elbow into Sharif's chest!]

GM: Ohh! I think that might've been aimed for Supernova but it's Sharif that Wright ends up connecting with!

[Wright grabs Sharif by the arm, firing him across the ring as Supernova backs to the corner...

...and charges across, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER BY SUPERNOVA!!

[Supernova bounces off, giving a howl as he spins around...

...and gets hoisted up into the air in a fireman's carry.]

GM: He's got Supernova up! He's gonna-

[Wright forces the face-painted young lion up over his head, falling to his back with his legs raised...]

GM: FAT TUESDAY!!

[Supernova's gut SMASHES into the elevated knees of Wright. He bounces back up, standing but clutching his ribcage...

...which allows Sharif to stumble out of the corner, hooking a gutwrench...]

GM: Wait a second here! Sharif's got Supernova!

[The former amateur champion powers Supernova up in a gutwrench, twisting him in the air...]

GM: POWERBOMB!!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[Supernova's body BOUNCES with the impact of the gutwrench powerbomb as Sharif stands over him, slapping his pectorals in celebration.]

GM: Good grief! Supernova just took two absolutely DEVASTATING moves from the men inside the squared circle with him! He took the Fat Tuesday right into the gutwrench powerbomb and he may be done for, fans! That might be it for Supernova in this one!

[Sharif spins around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEAD KICK!

[The standing roundhouse kick to the skull snaps Sharif's head back, spinning him all the way around where Wright hooks him in a bearhug type hold...]

GM: He's setting for the belly-to-belly into the buckles!

[But Sharif slips his arms over Wright's arms, hooking them under his armpits.]

GM: Sharif with the counter! Where in the world did he...?

[Sharif lands a pair of stiff headbutts to the bridge of the nose...]

...and then pops his hips, tossing Wright over his head and down to the canvas with a double arm throw!]

GM: My goodness!

CB: It takes a whole lotta power to pull off a throw like this. Sharif's got tremendous upper body strength and just proved it right there, fans.

[With his two opponents down, Sharif grabs Supernova by the arm, flipping him over onto his stomach...]

GM: Sharif's going for the Camel Clutch!

BW: WHY?!

GM: I have no idea! We've talked in the past about Sharif not exactly being the most experienced in some of the professional wrestling match types... this would certainly apply...

BW: This has gotta be pure instinct but it's a huge mistake at this point in the match...

[Sharif stands over the downed Supernova, slapping his pectorals to the jeers of the crowd as he looks to apply the Camel Clutch...]

GM: He's gonna slap it on him! Supernova's down and he's hurt pretty bad!

[Suddenly, the crowd begins to buzz!]

GM: Sharif's gonna- WHAT THE...?!

[The buzz turns to a shocked roar as someone emerges from ringside, rolling under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: That's... it's Alphonse Green! What the heck is he doing?!

BW: Was he... Gordo, I can't remember him ever being eliminated!

GM: He MUST have been! He had to have been, Bucky!

CB: You know, I think he's right, Gordon. I don't recall seeing him go out either. Was he... has he been UNDER the ring for all that time?!

GM: I think he has!

BW: I KNOW he has! Alphonse Green just showed the world why he's the King of the Battle Royal!

[Green rushes across the ring, grabbing an unsuspecting Sharif from behind...]

...and HURLS him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: SHARIF'S GONE! ALPHONSE GREEN ELIMINATES SHARIF!!

[Green looks almost shocked as he looks out at Sharif on the floor. The crowd is roaring with surprise as Green frantically looks around, planning his next move. As Supreme Wright gets up off the mat, Green rushes to the ropes, leaping up to the middle as he springs back...]

...and SLAMS his foot into the head of the former Combat Corner student!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GROUND CHUCK!

[Green pops back to his feet, looking around wide-eyed again. He spins away from the downed Wright, reaching down to pull Supernova off the mat.]

GM: Green pulls 'Nova up...

BW: GANG GREEN FLYING MACHINE!!

[With a running start, Green looks to hurl Supernova over the top rope...]

GM: OVER THE TOOOO- NO! SUPERNOVA HANGS ON!!

[But Green's already turned away, heading back across the ring towards Supreme Wright. He grabs a handful of Wright's hair, dragging him off the canvas to his feet...]

...when Wright suddenly wraps his arms around the waist of Green!]

GM: Wright hooks him!

[The former Combat Corner student leans back, flinging Green over his head, clear over the top rope...]

...and DOWN onto the floor below!]

GM: GREEN'S GONE! ALPHONSE GREEN IS ELIMINATED!

BW: We're down to two, Gordo!

GM: We certainly are! We're down to the 2011 Rumble winner and the man who challenged for the National Title at SuperClash III and the former Combat Corner student who had arguably the most shocking run through the AWA World Title Tournament!

[Wright looks across the ring, seeing Supernova recovering on the apron and breaks into a full sprint...]

GM: Here comes Wright!

[The former Combat Corner student attempts his running European uppercut...]

...but Supernova sidesteps, avoiding the blow that likely would have knocked him off the apron. Using the top rope, Supernova is able to boost his weight off the apron, lashing out with a kick to the forehead of Wright, sending him toppling backwards.]

GM: Wright got rocked with that one!

[Supernova quickly dashes to the corner...]

...as does Wright!]

GM: Supernova's up top and-

[And Wright runs right up the buckles, grabbing Supernova around the waist, and HURLING him off the top, flipping through the air before he crashes down to the canvas!]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY OFF THE TOP!

[Wright climbs back to his feet, settling back into the buckles as he watches Supernova roll to his stomach, trying to fight his way back to his feet as many of the fans cheer him on.]

GM: Supernova or Supreme Wright - there can only be one.

CB: I gotta admit - these aren't the two guys I would have expected to be the last two standing if you had asked me at the start of this thing. So many big names... so many former champions with long resumes. To see these two young grapplers - the future of this industry - battling for the chance to fight for the World Title... it's an amazing thing to see, guys.

[Supernova manages to get back to his feet, falling back into the corner as Wright rushes across the ring...

...and BLASTS the face-painted fan favorite with a European uppercut!]

GM: OHHH! Supernova got ROCKED!

[Wright grabs Supernova by the side of the head, hammering him with short elbows to the temple!]

GM: Elbow after elbow to the skull! Supernova is stunned - he looks out on his feet!

[Wright dips down, hoisting Supernova up into the fireman's carry...]

GM: He might be looking for Fat Tuesday again...

[Drawing close to the ropes, Wright gets a little bit of a spin going, shoving Supernova off his shoulders in what resembles a Fade To Black...

...but it sends Supernova over the ropes where he manages to land on his feet on the ring apron!]

GM: Supernova hangs on again!

[Grabbing the side of the head, Wright PASTES him with an elbow to the side of the head!]

GM: Supernova's trying to stay up on the apron with Wright tearing into him - elbow after elbow!

[Supernova gets knocked down to a knee on the apron with Wright leaning over, trying to drag him up...

...but Supernova lunges through the ropes, slamming his shoulder into the ribcage of Wright!]

GM: Ohh! Supernova caught him!

[Getting to his feet, Supernova hooks a front facelock, slinging Wright's arm over his neck...]

GM: `Nova's looking to suplex him out! He wants to eliminate Wright the hard way!

[The Venice Beach fan favorite lifts Supreme Wright up into the air for the suplex...]

...but Wright fights it, causing Supernova to set him down on the apron!]

GM: Ohh! Wright hangs on! He's still on the apron!

[Supernova throws a series of right hands, backing Wright down towards the ringpost. He claps his arms together on Wright's head, causing the former Combat Corner student to fall back into the post, barely able to stand as Supernova backs up...]

GM: What's he-?!

[Supernova sprints down the apron, leaping into the air...]

GM: HEAT WAVE!!

[But at the last moment, Wright uses the ropes to pull himself into the ring, causing Supernova to SLAM into the steel...]

...where he slumps to the floor!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT! THE KID JUST WON THE WHOLE THING!

[Supreme Wright - a look of disbelief on his face - slumps to his knees on the canvas, burying his face in the canvas as the crowd roars for the effort put forth by the former Combat Corner student all weekend long.]

GM: Supreme Wright has, in fact, shocked the world here tonight in New Orleans! And in just two months' time, he will be standing in the middle of the ring in Los Angeles, California on the biggest night of the year for the AWA battling for the World Heavyweight Title! Unbelievable!

BW: I don't think anyone expected this, Gordo. For sure, no one expected him to get as far as he did in the tournament... but to win the Rumble after being eliminated from the tournament? That's pretty incredible.

GM: On this night, this young man is on top of the world! And the only thing left for him to do is sit back in the locker room and find out who he'll be facing at SuperClash IV in the biggest match of his life.

[Referee Mickey Meekly slides in, raising Wright's hand as Phil Watson makes it all official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner... and the winner of the 2012 Rumble...

SUUUUPREEEEEEME WRRIIIIIIIIGHT!

[Weary from the weekend, Wright drags himself off the mat, raising a triumphant arm again as the official gestures to him. The hometown crowd cheers with great enthusiasm for the shocking victory as an almost-disbelieving Wright leans against the buckles, shaking his head.]

GM: Supreme Wright has done it - what a moment for this young man and his fans here in his home state of Louisiana! Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with our Main Event - the Finals of the World Title Tournament with James Monosso taking on "Hotshot" Stevie Scott so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

"With former World Champion Todd Michaelson leading the classes, you can guarantee that you will be prepared for in-ring action upon graduation and

with the AWA expanding by the day, you will have a place to work on Day One!"

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to Mark Stegglet who is all alone in the World Title Tournament Control Center!]

MS: Welcome back, fans! After all the months, after all the matches, the time for hype is over and it is time to crown the greatest professional wrestler in the world as the AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

[Stegglet gestures at the fully filled-out "big board."]

MS: You can see the names of all those who've come before them but now...

[The camera zooms in on the final.]

MS: Will it be Stevie Scott? Will it be James Monosso? There's only one way to find out so let's go down to the ring for the introductions!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with no countouts, no disqualifications, and no time limits.

And it is for the AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE!

[The crowd EXPLODES, rising to their feet for the imminent introductions as the sounds of the Beastie Boys begin to emerge from the arena's PA system.]

GM: Here he comes, fans! "Hotshot" Stevie Scott is a former two-time AWA National Champion and one of the biggest stars in AWA history. He walks into this tournament final having defeated Marcus Broussard in one of the most thrilling and brutal battles in AWA history. After that, he knocked off former National Champion Ron Houston, Jerby Jezz of The Rave, Blackwater Bart, and earlier tonight, the 2012 Rumble winner, Supreme Wright. It's a long, hard road to get here to the Finals and now the Hotshot is faced with the reality that if he does win, he's got a rematch date with Supreme Wright awaiting him at SuperClash IV.

BW: But he can't be looking ahead to that, Gordo. He has to focus on the here and now if he wants to walk out of here as the first AWA World Champion.

[The curtain parts and Stevie Scott walks into view. He looks a little worse for wear from his earlier match, now sporting a white t-shirt that says "NO RETREAT, NO SURRENDER" across the front. He pauses to soak up the crowd's reaction just beyond the entrance curtain, a small grin on his face as he enjoys the moment before starting the walk down the aisle to the ring.]

GM: Stevie Scott's is a story of comeback and redemption. He's told the world many times that he's come back from the bottom twice now to achieve great success and there could be no better end to that comeback story here tonight than to walk out of here as the first man to ever wear the AWA World Heavyweight Title around his waist.

BW: He's the fresher man by far. He hasn't had the easiest weekend so far but neither has he had the kind of weekend that James Monosso has had. If you had to pick a favorite coming into the Finals, my money's on Stevie Scott.

GM: And as surprising of a story it is to hear James Monosso greeted with cheers this weekend in New Orleans, you have to also remember that Stevie Scott was once, arguably, the most hated man in our sport by far. As the leader of the dreaded Southern Syndicate, Scott blazed a trail of broken bodies, shattered rules, and ruined dreams alongside men like Calisto Dufresne, Raphael Rhodes, and Ben Waterson. It was only when that particular phase of his career ended that Scott seemed to see the light and return to the good graces of the AWA faithful.

[Scott reaches the ring, pulling himself up onto the apron where he ducks through the ropes into the ring where Phil Watson is waiting alongside Senior Official Johnny Jagger and "Big" Jim Watkins who is holding a metal briefcase in his right hand... actually, the case is handcuffed to his wrist to make sure it doesn't go anywhere. Scott moves to the corner, tugging at the ropes, trying to stay loose as the music changes to the theme from Halloween...]

GM: And that music, once synonymous with the legendary Otto "The Butcher" Verhoeven, now means the arrival of a man who is arguably even more dangerous than the Teutonic Terror EVER was.

[The music hangs in the air for a bit, building a buzz before the curtain whips apart and James Monosso stalks into the building, drawing a big cheer from the majority of the crowd.]

GM: I believe that if I lived a hundred lives I would never cease to be surprised at this reaction to James Monosso. When you think of the actions of Monosso in his time here in the AWA...when you think of the horrific words he has aimed at not only the other wrestlers here or the executives in the front office but at the FANS of the AWA, it is shocking to hear him greeted in this fashion.

BW: You gotta chalk it up to two things, Gordo. I think these people grew a little bit of respect for Monosso this weekend as they watched him subject himself to physical hell on multiple occasions.

GM: What's the other?

BW: These people hate Percy Childes and will cheer ANYONE who decides to take their best shot at ruining his life.

GM: The Collector of Oddities does tend to bring that emotional response out in people - I'll give you that.

[Monosso stands in his usual singlet, sweat already dripping from his stringy hair as he stares down the aisle...

...and promptly punches himself in the face a couple of times before letting out a roar and starting down the aisle.]

GM: James Monosso walks into the tournament Final with victories over Hannibal Carver, Bad Eye McBaine, the Hall of Famer Gunnar Gaines, the enigmatic Nenshou, and earlier tonight, the Olympian Sultan Azam Sharif.

BW: Plus, he had that brutal Falls Count Anywhere war with Juan Vasquez last night to boot.

GM: That's right. And if you assume that Childes and Monosso no longer have a business relationship, there has to be a certain amount of irony in the fact that the final act for Monosso as a member of the Unholy Alliance was to deliver to Percy Childes a man who is perhaps his greatest weapon.

[Monosso reaches the ring, rolling under the ropes, quickly getting to his feet. He paces back and forth, stopped from going right after the Hotshot by Johnny Jagger who steps between them. Monosso looks like a caged animal, waiting to be unleashed as he stalks around the squared circle, eyes locked on Stevie Scott who returns the favor as Jim Watkins steps between them as well to warn against any pre-match activities. Phil Watson raises his mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... after four months of wrestling action and the elimination of sixty-two of the world's finest grapplers...

IT'S TIIIIIIIME...

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: In the corner to my right, coming to the ring out of the historic wrestling city of Saint Louis, Missouri... weighing in tonight at 228 pounds... he is a former two-time AWA National Champion... a man who many would argue is the greatest National Champion of all time... fighting tonight to make history as the very first AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

He is the Hotshot...

STEEEEEEEEVIEEEEE SCOOOOOOOTT!

[The crowd ROARS for the Hotshot as he slowly raises his right arm, saluting the crowd before removing his t-shirt, throwing it into the seats to give a lucky fan a souvenir.]

PW: And his opponent... in the corner to my left... coming to the ring out of the State Of Confusion... weighing in tonight at nearly three hundred pounds of chaos-causing carnage... he is a former World Champion and perhaps the most dangerous man in our sport... fighting tonight to achieve personal glory and secure his future as the very first AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAMESSSS MOOOOONOSSSSSSSSOOOOOOO!

[An equally-loud amount of cheers goes up for Monosso who has no reaction to them, still pacing back and forth as Phil Watson hands the mic off to the nearby Jim Watkins.]

JW: Alright, boys... the people have waited four months for this so I'm gonna make it quick. Your referee for this match is the AWA's Senior Official, Johnny Jagger, but I will be right out there at ringside to make sure nothing funny goes down.

[He lifts the metal briefcase, giving it a slap.]

JW: In this case is the gold... and only one of you can walk out of here tonight with it. In the spirit of what this tournament has been, there will be no double countouts... no double disqualifications... and no time limit. Referee Jagger has also been asked to keep in mind the importance of this match in his enforcement of the rules as the Championship Committee - and the AWA faithful - want to see a clear and undisputed World Champion crowned here tonight.

[Watkins pauses to let that sink in to both men.]

JW: Gentlemen... the chance to become a World Champion does not happen often in the career of a professional wrestler.]

[Another pause.]

JW: Make this one count. Good luck.

[Watkins hands the mic off to Phil Watson, both men making their exit to ringside as Johnny Jagger stands between the two, ordering Monosso back to the corner and doing the same to Stevie Scott. The buzz in the air is audible, the crowd chomping at the bit for the match to begin...]

GM: The electricity that's in the air - you could cut it with a knife, Bucky.

BW: I've never felt anything quite like this and we've been a part of some very big matches, Gordo.

GM: We certainly have but perhaps none bigger in the history of the AWA than this moment right here - the crowning of the very first AWA World Champion is just a short time away now. Referee Johnny Jagger is giving some final instructions to both men...

[Jagger waits for a nod from both men to assert that they're ready...

...and then wheels around, signaling for the bell which the timekeeper quickly sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and the Finals of this historic tournament is underway!

[Stevie Scott edges out of the corner, staring at the much larger man who tugs at the ropes a few times before coming out of the buckles, striding across the ring towards Scott...

...who rushes out to greet him, landing a right hand!]

GM: AND HERE! WE! GO!

[The crowd is ROARING as Scott throws a flurry of fast right hands, trying to stagger the big man right out of the gates!]

GM: Stevie Scott's bringing the fire early, fans!

BW: It surprised Monosso, I think. He's not used to people trying to run out into a fight with him!

[Monosso takes a few more shots, falling back a few steps before throwing a right hand of his own, dropping Scott to a knee!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso's got a whole lot more power behind his shots and may have just rung the Hotshot's bell with that one!

[Raising his arms over his head, Monosso clasps his hands together...]

GM: Monosso CRUSHES Scott over the skull with that double axehandle, knocking the Hotshot down to the mat.

[And Monosso immediately drops to his knees, applying a cover that gets just short of a two count.]

GM: No chance there, fans. No chance at all that he's going to pin Stevie Scott off a double axehandle sledge like that.

BW: He doesn't have to, Gordo. But what it does is cause Stevie Scott to have to shove a three hundred pounder off his chest to stay in the match? It's an easy way to wear a guy down. It also shows how badly Monosso wants this victory... and I'm guessing he wants it early.

GM: Of all the people who've competed this weekend, James Monosso has certainly had the roughest path. He had that brutal Falls Count Anywhere affair with Juan Vasquez last night followed by two tournament matches with Gunnar Gaines and Nenshou. Tonight, he had to beat Sultan Azam Sharif to get here where the former two-time National Champion is waiting for him.

[Monosso pushes up to his feet with some visible effort, immediately stomping the ribs of Scott who had gotten to all fours. A well-placed soccer kick to the ribs forces Scott to roll towards the ropes, looking for an escape.]

GM: Stevie Scott trying to get out from under the stomps and kicks of Monosso, pulling himself up by the ropes...

[As Monosso approaches, the Hotshot returns fire with a back elbow right in the mush!]

GM: Ohh! Stevie caught him coming in!

[Looking for the quick knockout, Scott throws a Heatseeker with little space and preparation, trying to catch Monosso by surprise but the big man catches the foot, holding it so Scott is off-balance...

...and then LUNGES forward, connecting with a clothesline that takes Scott over the ropes, dropping him in a heap on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Monosso lowers the boom on Stevie Scott with that big clothesline and Scott's down on the floor in the early moments of this match.

BW: We've said it many times, Gordo... out on the floor is NOT where you want to be with James Monosso.

GM: Stevie Scott may beg to differ. When you talk about Stevie Scott, you're talking about a man who several months ago decided that he needed to re-discover his mean streak... re-discover his tough side in order to beat Marcus Broussard. And to prove to himself that he'd done it, he took on James Monosso in a Falls Count Anywhere match in the streets of Dallas, Texas!

BW: We've also gotta point out the presence of Jim Watkins out here to make sure we get a real winner... a real champion... out of this thing. Watkins didn't flat out say it but you've gotta believe he's told Johnny Jagger, the AWA's Senior Official, to do his best to avoid counting someone out or disqualifying them.

[Monosso steps out on the apron, backing down, leaning with his back against the steel ringpost as he waits for the Hotshot to stir...

...and rushes towards him, delivering a hard stomp on the skull as he heads past, dropping Scott back down on the floor again where Monosso soon hops down to join him.]

GM: Monosso connects with the running stomp and Stevie Scott is in some trouble early on in this one, fans.

[Out on the floor, Monosso pulls Scott up by the hair, switching to grab him by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES MONOSSO!!

[A fired up Scott gives a shout to the cheering crowd as he moves in on Monosso, grabbing a handful of the stringy hair.]

GM: These two men are battling for the biggest prize in our sport and we now know will be in Los Angeles on Thanksgiving Night to face Supreme Wright in what will likely be the first major defense of the AWA World Title.

[Scott applies a loose side headlock, hammering Monosso repeatedly with clenched fists to the forehead.]

GM: And with each blow that the Hotshot lands, you have to wonder how much gas James Monosso has in the tank.

[Pulling Monosso off the railing by the hair, Scott winds him up...

...and SMASHES his head into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso goes facefirst into the canvas!

[Staggering away from his opponent, Monosso gets near the timekeeper's table, sending Phil Watson scurrying as Scott approaches again, grabbing another handful of hair...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Facefirst into the wooden table now! Good grief!

BW: And you can see how reluctant Johnny Jagger is to count the man out or to disqualify someone. This is what I was talking about, Gordo... this is EXACTLY what I was talking about. Jim Watkins is out here to bully and intimidate these referees into doing what he wants them to do.

GM: Would you want to see a champion crowned by disqualification?

BW: Of course not. But rules are rules and if you want the DQ waived, then man up and make that official. Don't use some kind of wishy washy decision and then try to force the officials live up to it.

[Scott shoves Monosso back under the ropes into the ring, rolling in behind him to apply a cover for a two count.]

GM: Two count only for the Hotshot. And much like Monosso earlier, you would have to believe that Stevie Scott knows he can't get the three count yet.

BW: He does... but he also knows that James Monosso is a man who is quite possibly exhausted. He knows he's a man that had to spend the night in a nearby medical facility getting fluids, getting treatment even to BE HERE tonight. And he knows the more he can test Monosso's stamina... the longer he can stretch out this match, the better shot he has of becoming the World Heavyweight Champion.

[Scott slings a leg over Monosso, grabbing a handful of hair and hammering away with right hands to the skull. Scott breaks the attack at the count of four, glaring at the official as he gets up.]

GM: The referee's telling Scott to break up attacks like that...

BW: ...and Stevie's telling him that he's got 'til five to break and to get off his case!

[Scott is on his feet as Monosso pulls up to a seated position where the Hotshot drops an elbow down on the crown of the skull, sending a jolt down the spine off Monosso. He quickly gets back up, throwing a forearm shot into the base of the neck.]

GM: A hard shot to the neck... ohh! A knee DRIVEN right into the neck!

[Getting back up, Scott dashes to the ropes behind him, bouncing off...

...and THROWING himself into a crossbody at the back of Monosso's neck!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: I'm not sure I've ever seen that out of Stevie but in a big match atmosphere like this, sometimes you gotta bring things to the table that you never have before. If you've got a big move in hiding that you've been waiting to surprise someone with, tonight's the time to use it, daddy!

GM: That had to cause a great deal of pain to the upper back and neck of Monosso and Stevie Scott is immediately back on his feet, stomping away at the back of the neck...

[Scott lifts his arm, measuring his man...

...and drops an elbow right down on the back of the neck. Monosso's body convulses under the blow as Scott works his way back up, winding up the right arm again...]

GM: A pair of elbowdrops to the neck and here in the first five minutes of this battle it looks like Stevie Scott may have developed a gameplan. He may be targeting the neck of James Monosso, Bucky.

BW: It's a sound strategy with Stevie holding the Hotshot Hammer in his pocket. Work the neck, hit the Hammer, walk out the champ.

[Stevie climbs back up, backing to the nearest set of ropes and slowly walking back out...

...and leaps up, dropping a spine-jolting knee into the back of the neck before rolling through to a seated position on the canvas.]

GM: High impact kneedrop to the neck by Scott!

[Turning to his knees, Stevie muscles Monosso over onto his back, leaning across in a sloppy pin attempt.]

GM: Forget about it. You're not gonna pin a man like James Monosso with a cover like that, Bucky.

BW: You're absolutely right about that. He needs to hook a leg, the trunks, something!

[After the official's two count, Scott pushes back to his knees, nodding at what just happened before getting to his feet. He winds up the left arm this time, dropping another elbow to the neck - this time hitting the side of the neck as Monosso was attempting to roll to his stomach.]

GM: Ohh! Monosso was trying to get away from Scott but Stevie cut him off with that elbowdrop!

[Stevie quickly rolls to his knees, grabbing two hands full of Monosso's hair...

...and SLAMS his face into the canvas!]

GM: Stevie Scott's looking to take down Monosso by brute force, Bucky!

BW: And so far, it's working for him. You've gotta wonder if Monosso's just had too much taken out of him this weekend for him to stand and fight against the Hotshot.

GM: Stevie Scott is a former two-time National Champion and some would argue that greatest National Champion of all time.

[Keeping his hand in the hair, Scott gets to his feet, dragging Monosso up there with him. Scott hooks a front facelock, slowly turning over so Monosso's neck is pressed against his shoulder...

...when suddenly Monosso reaches back with both arms, hooking Scott's arms and dragging him down to the mat!]

GM: BACKSLIDE!! BACKSLIDE OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Johnny Jagger dives to all fours.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to Stevie Scott shaking his entire body at the last possible moment, just barely freeing himself from the pinning predicament in time.]

GM: It was a heck of a near fall there for Monosso as he pulled that cradle out of nowhere to come within a heartbeat of the World Heavyweight Title!

[Scott scrambles to his feet, diving onto Monosso with a double axehandle as the Madman From Happy Valley was trying to get to his feet. The impact of the blow knocks Monosso through the ropes, sending him down to the floor again where he lands on his feet.]

GM: Monosso gets knocked to the floor but he's still up and-

[Grabbing the top rope, Scott leaps into the air, swinging back down and swinging BOTH feet right into the face of Monosso, sending him stumbling a few feet back from the ring apron.]

GM: Scott's moving out onto the apron now - what's he got in mind here?

[He measures Monosso for a bit before leaping off the apron, aiming at the back of the neck with an elbowsmash...

...but Monosso fires off a right hand into the falling Scott's midsection instead!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso lands the big right!

[Monosso reaches down, dragging Scott off all fours by the back of the trunks, pulling him into a side waistlock...]

GM: What's Monosso got in mind here?!

[Powering Scott into the air, Monosso holds him as high as he can in a back suplex position, turning his body...

...and then DROPS him lengthwise on the ring apron, drawing a groan of sympathy from the crowd!]

GM: Good grief! What a brutal, vile move by Monosso!

[Scott writhes in pain on the apron, wincing with every movement as Monosso slumps to a knee out on the floor.]

GM: That looks like it took a lot out of Monosso as well. You may be right, Bucky. James Monosso may just not have enough left to effectively compete in this World Title match with Stevie Scott.

[Using the apron, Monosso gets back to his feet. He grabs Scott by the hair, turning him sideways so that his torso is dangling under the ropes and off the apron...

...and then wheels around, snatching the nearby abandoned chair from the timekeeper's table!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Can he do this, Gordo?! Will that crook Watkins allow it?!

GM: I don't know! I'm not sure what the ruling would be if Monosso decides to use that chair. I would think he'd HAVE to be disqualified, Bucky!

[Monosso sizes up the dangling Scott, grabbing the chair with both hands and winding up...

...when Jim Watkins steps into Monosso's path!]

GM: Watkins is waving it off! Watkins says no!

BW: Watkins is telling Monosso that if he uses the chair, it's an automatic disqualification!

[That does the trick as Monosso angrily throws the chair aside, sending it skidding into the ringside barricade. He grabs Scott by the hair, pulling him up into a front facelock...]

GM: What the-?!

BW: No way.

GM: Is Monosso trying to do what I THINK he's trying to do?!

BW: Do you think he's gonna bust out Tex Violence's Modified DDT out here on the concrete floor?!

GM: I think he is!

BW: I think you're right!

[With Scott dangling from the apron and the official shouting at Monosso, James suddenly drops down, spiking Scott's head into the padded floor at ringside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The awkward angle prevents Monosso from getting a legitimate knockout blow out of the Modified DDT but it does leave both the Hotshot and Monosso splayed out on the floor for several moments as the official looks on from inside the ring.]

GM: A very dangerous and impactful move applied by James Monosso, fans, and Stevie Scott is in some serious trouble!

BW: And immediately, you have to notice that Johnny Jagger has elected NOT to count out these two men. With Jim Watkins out here at ringside, he's being INTIMIDATED into not doing his job!

GM: I don't know if I'd go that far, Bucky.

BW: I would! I think Jagger is being bullied by the biggest bully of 'em all!

[Monosso slowly sits up, looking around ringside at the fans who are bit shocked at the dangerous move he just used.]

BW: Why are these idiot fans so surprised by that DDT?! He's still the SAME James Monosso, people! He's the lunatic who threatened Gordon... he's the psychopath who tried to cripple Eric Preston for months... the body count on his record is still the same as it ever was! Just because he turned that violence in the direction of people you don't like anymore don't make him a saint.

[Monosso climbs to his feet, leaning down to drag Stevie Scott back up as well. He shoves Scott under the ropes into the ring before crawling in after him and into a lateral press...]

GM: Monosso's got one! He's got two! He's got th-

[Scott FIRES the shoulder off the canvas!]

GM: I think that the lengthy delay between Monosso hitting that DDT on the floor and actually making the pin attempt is what saved the Hotshot right there.

BW: He also didn't hit it flush, Gordo. When you hit that DDT, you want to DRIVE the man's head into your target. He got 'em on the floor but it wasn't as much impact as he was hoping for.

[Monosso slings a leg over Stevie Scott, raining down right hands on him to the referee's dismay.]

GM: Johnny Jagger starts a count on Monosso!

[But the wild-eyed Monosso is oblivious, still hammering and hammering as the count reaches four... then five...]

BW: The moment of truth!

[The camera catches a look exchanged between Johnny Jagger and Jim Watkins as Jagger gets up, shouting at Monosso again who finally relents...

...and then grabs Scott by the hair, repeatedly smashing the back of his skull into the mat!]

GM: Oh, come on! Get some control in there, Mr. Jagger!

BW: How is he gonna have control if he can't do his job, Gordo?! Jim Watkins wants this match to have a so-called clear winner so badly, he's basically handcuffed the referee into being a spectator in this thing!

[Monosso finally climbs to his feet, raising his hands as the referee reprimands him. He backs off to the corner, leaning on the turnbuckles, his chest heaving rapidly, sweat pouring off his forehead and torso as he watches the Hotshot struggle to recover.]

GM: We're just over the ten minute mark in this matchup but James Monosso looks like he's wrestled for a half hour already, Bucky.

BW: He looks absolutely wrecked. Physically punished and tortured all weekend. Mentally in shambles without Percy out here to guide him. Monosso may be a shell of who he was when this tournament began.

GM: Or he may be a short time away from becoming the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[Scott pushes to a knee, obviously struggling as he shoves himself to his feet...

...and gets a running big boot RIGHT into the chest, knocking him halfway across the ring where he falls into the turnbuckles, snapping his head and neck back in a whiplash-type motion!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: There was a whole lotta impact there, Gordo, but in reality, that boot was probably supposed to land flush on the jaw. I think Monosso couldn't get his leg high enough to deliver it like he wanted to.

GM: You may be right about that but it still did quite a bit of damage, dumping Stevie Scott in the corner in a violent motion that had to do some damage to his surgically-repaired neck.

[Monosso stalks across the ring, grabbing the top rope with both hands, and slams stomps down into the chest of Scott, again earning a five count from the official...

...who he suddenly turns around and violently shoves in the chest, sending Jagger down to the mat on his rear!]

GM: OHH!

BW: That's gotta be a DQ, right?!

[But Jim Watkins is right there to wave Jagger on, gesturing for the match to continue.]

BW: This is ridiculous, Gordo! Now these referees can't even PROTECT themselves!

GM: Monosso needs to be careful here, fans. If he does that again, it could mean his shot at the World Heavyweight Title.

[A glaring Monosso spins back around, throwing more stomps to the chest and then capping it off by raising his leg as high as he can and SLAMMING the heel of his boot right into the face of Scott while releasing a loud exclamation of exertion!]

GM: Man oh man... this is getting ugly.

BW: These two men have no love for one another, Gordo. They've never had an extended war like Monosso and Preston or Scott with Juan Vasquez but you better believe that after that Falls Count Anywhere match earlier this year, they've been on each other's radar. You don't go through a fight like that, smile, and think, "Wow, that was a good fight!" before taking the other guy out for Moons Over My Hammy and a milkshake.

GM: Moons Over... what in the world are you talking about?!

[Monosso ignores the protesting official who is back on his feet as he drags Stevie Scott up off the canvas...

...and eats a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Stevie's trying to fight back!

[Monosso rolls off the punch, sidestepping where he grabs Scott by the hair, and SNAPS him back into the turnbuckles where he experiencing another violent whiplash type of motion!]

GM: Goodness! Monosso has thrown Stevie into the corner very hard on two occasions now. Stevie Scott is grabbing the back of his neck now... both of these men have done some damage to their opponent's neck so far in this one...

[The Madman From Happy Valley grabs Scott by the arm, whipping him across the ring with enough force that Monosso falls to his knees while Scott SLAMS into the corner, again snapping his head and neck back on impact!]

GM: My stars! Stevie Scott is in desperate times here in my estimation, Bucky.

BW: The human neck can't take the amount of snaps that he's taking. That motion is horribly unnatural and is the kinda thing that lands people in traction.

[Monosso slowly drags himself up, collapsing back into the corner with his arms draped over the ropes.]

GM: The question is - can James Monosso take advantage of it? Can he find the strength to push the moment and try to finish off Stevie Scott?

[With a deep breath, Monosso breaks into a sprint across the ring, running as fast as his exhausted body will manage...

...and runs right into the raised boots of Stevie Scott!]

GM: He took too long! He took too long to get there!

[Scott hops up to the middle rope, leaping off towards the stunned Monosso...

...who catches Scott in mid-air, pivots, and DRIVES him into the canvas with a thunderous powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!!

[Monosso stays atop Scott as Jagger dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THE SHOULDER CAME UP!! STEVIE SCOTT GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

[A shocked Monosso rolls off Scott onto the mat beside him, his chest moving in and out rapidly with every breath he tries to pull into his weary body.]

GM: That was SO close, fans! James Monosso was a half inch or less away from becoming the World Champion!

BW: We know how much this means to Monosso. He took an incredible risk in defying Percy Childe so that he could battle for this title this weekend. It's a risk that may define the rest of his career because you know Percy

ain't gonna sit still for that. So, if he doesn't pull off a victory here... if he doesn't walk out of New Orleans with the World Title... what was it all for?

GM: But by the same token, Bucky, Stevie Scott believes he IS the greatest National Champion of all time. When you think of the AWA, most people will think of Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez putting this company on the map for the world to see. How could it be anyone other than the Hotshot to lead the AWA into this new era as the very first man to wear the AWA World Title around his waist?

[Scott rolls to his stomach, trying to crawl away from Monosso and get some time to recover as the official repeatedly shouts for both men to get to their feet and continue the fight.]

GM: No double countouts in this one... just as it's been all throughout this historic tournament. We MUST have a winner.

[Scott reaches the ropes, stretching his arm up to wrap his hand around the middle rope, literally dragging his body off the canvas to his knees, leaning against the turnbuckles as Monosso pushes himself to a seated position, running a hand through his sweat-soaked stringy hair before putting in a whole lot of effort to climb to his feet...

...where he again charges the corner, raising his foot with the intent of DRIVING Scott's head into the middle turnbuckle!]

GM: MONOSSO CHARGES IN!!

[But Scott slumps back, causing Monosso to whiff on the kick, his leg actually going between the top and middle ropes outside the ring.]

GM: Ohh! He missed the kick!

[Stevie Scott promptly rolls under the ropes to the apron, grabbing the trapped leg as he gets to a knee. An off-balance James Monosso takes a couple of desperate swings at the Hotshot as Stevie climbs to his feet...

...and SLAMS the knee into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: James Monosso's knee just met unforgiving solid steel!

[Scott winds the leg up a second time, nodding to the cheering crowd...

...and SLAMS the knee into the post a second time! Monosso stumbles forward, leaning against the turnbuckles. Scott releases the leg, turning to smash Monosso with a pair of right hands to the head before dropping down off the apron.]

GM: Scott's down on the floor... moving to the other side of the post as he wraps Monosso's leg around the steel...

BW: What the heck is he doing, Gordo?

GM: I'm not entirely sure, Bucky.

[Scott pulls himself back up on the apron, leaning down to rip Monosso's leg out from under him.]

GM: What's he-?!

[The Hotshot quickly ties up the legs, dropping back off the apron...]

GM: Ringpost figure four!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of the Hotshot bending and twisting the leg around the steel ringpost!]

GM: THE FIGURE FOUR IS ON!!

BW: Monosso's in trouble, Gordo!

GM: He certainly is! Stevie Scott is punishing that leg around the steel ringpost! Monosso's screaming in pain as the referee shouts at Stevie Scott to break the hold - this IS an illegal hold, fans!

BW: Scott's hanging on! He's going to use as much of this time as he can to see if he can do some serious damage to the leg of Monosso!

GM: The referee's counting... three... four... fiv-

[Perhaps not willing to take a chance, Scott releases the hold, sliding down to the floor...]

...where he SLAMS the knee into the post again. Monosso finally wiggles his leg free of the ropes, falling back to the mat where he grabs at his now-hurting limb.]

GM: Stevie Scott knew he was in trouble. He knew he needed to do something to get back on track and he took advantage of a James Monosso mistake to make it happen!

[Scott rolls back into the ring, grabbing the leg...]

...but Monosso kicks him off, knocking Scott back into the turnbuckles again!]

GM: Monosso's trying to fight him off! His leg may not be able to withstand more punishment!

[Scott comes out of the corner again, picking up the leg...]

...and flipping over the downed Monosso, stretching out the hamstring!]

GM: Ohh! That'll do even MORE damage to the leg of Monosso! Stevie Scott, you have to believe, is thinking about slapping on the figure four and trying to get a submission out of Monosso!

[Scott leans down, dragging Monosso up by the hair...]

GM: Stevie hooks him... turning him over...

[And SNAPS down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! And the Hotshot goes back to the neck as well! He's after the neck AND he's after the leg! Stevie Scott is trying to physically dissect James Monosso right now with the World Heavyweight Title on the line!

BW: Gordo, we're closing in on the twenty minute mark of the match and Monosso's gotta be running on fumes!

[Scott rolls over, flipping Monosso to his back and applying a lax cover.]

GM: Sloppy cover gets one! It gets two! And again, Monosso's out the back door! I don't know what Stevie Scott is thinking but until he really applies a pin, hooking a leg and all, I just don't think he can finish this man off, Bucky.

BW: Not unless Monosso just collapses from sheer exhaustion.

[Scott gets back to his feet, dropping a couple stomps to the head of his opponent before dragging him up by his stringy hair. He buries a boot into the gut of Monosso, turning his back to hook James around the head and neck like a snap mare is coming...]

GM: HOTSHOT HAMM-

[A desperate Monosso feels it coming, shoving Scott off towards the ropes. The Hotshot slams on the brakes, spinning around...]

GM: MONOSSO'S GOT HIM BY THE THROAT!! HE'S GONNA-

[But Scott lashes out with a boot to the knee, causing Monosso to hobble away, trying to create some space...

...but Scott throws himself at the leg, driving his shoulder into the back of the knee!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He clipped him! Scott clips the knee and-

[Quickly back to his feet, Scott twisted the injured leg around his own...]

GM: FIGURE FOUR!

[...and drops back to the canvas, locking in the punishing hold!]

GM: The figure four leglock is sunk in deep in the middle of the ring!

[Monosso is screaming out loud in pain, rocking back and forth and from side to side as he stretches his arms out, looking to grab a rope to escape.]

GM: Monosso needs to get out of this hold fast, fans! If he doesn't escape soon, I think this one's all over!

[Scott rocks back and forth, turning the pressure higher as he attempts to force a submission out of his opponent, looking to claim the World Title in decisive fashion!]

GM: Monosso's trying to hang on! Trying to find a way out!

[Monosso flattens out, reaching as far back as he can, trying to get to the ropes.]

GM: The shoulders are down, the ref's gonna count!

[The count hits two before Monosso straightens up, unable to make the ropes before the three count.]

GM: Scott's ordering the referee to ask him but Monosso is refusing to give in!

BW: I said before that I think it would take a lot to get a submission out of James Monosso and that's still the case. I know the knee's been damaged. I know it's been punished. But I also know that James Monosso has an incredible will to win here tonight in New Orleans in the biggest match of his life!

[Monosso suddenly throws himself to his side...]

GM: He's trying to turn it over! It's the only known reversal for the figure four leglock that doesn't involve getting to the ropes!

BW: He's trying, Gordo, but the question is - can he get there? Monosso's looking to turn this thing over... to send the pressure shooting back up the leg of Stevie Scott instead but as much pain as he's in... as tired as he is... does he have enough left in the tank to pull it off?

GM: He's fighting it... pumping that arm in the air, trying to get the momentum on his side...

[The roar of the crowd is shockingly loud as Monosso attempts to reverse the hold...

...and even louder when he does it!]

GM: He did it! He reversed it!

[Scott quickly grabs the ropes, forcing the referee to untangle their legs and free both men from one another.]

GM: James Monosso escapes but how much damage was done there?

BW: If I'm the Hotshot, I drag him to the middle and lock it on again.

GM: Stevie Scott is back to his feet and I think he may be looking to do exactly that, Bucky.

[Grabbing Monosso by the leg, Scott drags him to the middle. He wraps the leg around his own, leaning down...

...and gets pulled into an inside cradle!]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! I THOUGHT HE HAD HIM THERE, FANS! JAMES MONOSSO HAS NEVER BEEN CLOSER TO BEING THE AWA WORLD CHAMPION THAN HE WAS RIGHT THERE!!

[A shocked Stevie Scott pushes away, rethinking his next step as he looks a bit panicked.]

GM: Stevie Scott thought it was over too, I think, Bucky. That small package came out of nowhere to nearly snatch the World Title away and lock it around the waist of James Monosso.

[Scott retakes his feet, stalking towards Monosso who is trying to scoot on his rear back into the corner.]

GM: Monosso's trying to create some space, find some room to recover from that figure four but Stevie Scott will have none of that.

[Reaching the corner, Scott hauls Monosso to his feet, hooking in a side headlock. He gives a quick swing of his arm to the crowd before charging out of the buckles...

...and DRIVING Monosso facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG!

BW: That was the Riley Roundup, Gordo! Stevie Scott breaking out the finishing move of his old tag team partner Sweet Daddy Williams!

[The Hotshot flips Monosso to his back, applying another sloppy cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN! MONOSSO LIFTS THE SHOULDER AGAIN!!

BW: He's busted open, Gordo!

[The camera zooms in on the forehead of James Monosso which looks like a tomato was thrown at it, red fluid spewing everywhere across it.]

GM: He certainly has been! James Monosso's head has been split wide open and it looks like- yes, Stevie sees it too!

[Taking the mount on Monosso, Stevie grabs his hair with his left hand and hammers the cut forehead with his right!]

GM: Stevie Scott is punching that cut... trying to split him open even more...

[With blood streaming down the face of James Monosso, the referee forces Stevie Scott off him, pushing him back several steps...]

GM: The referee's stepping in there, taking a look at that cut.

BW: Look at Watkins! Watkins is screaming at the official to get out of the way!

GM: This tournament is Jim Watkins' baby. From the moment it was announced, Jim Watkins has done everything within his power and then some to make sure this tournament would truly crown the best professional wrestler in the world as the AWA World Champion. We're down to two men and after all these months, Jim Watkins would rather DIE than see a champion crowned due to blood loss, Bucky.

BW: I think you're absolutely right about that... but how far is too far to go in this situation? James Monosso is obviously hurt badly... he's bleeding now to top that off. His neck is hurting... his leg is hurting... when is enough enough, Gordo?

[Stevie Scott forces his way back in, pulling Monosso off the mat again...

...and again turning his back, hooking Scott around the head and neck...]

GM: HOTSHOT HAM-

[The crowd GASPS as Monosso wraps his arms around the waist of Scott, powering him up into the air...

...and DUMPING him down on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: DESCENT INTO MADNESS!! DESCENT INTO MADNESS!!!

BW: But can he capitalize, Gordo?! Can he make something out of this moment?!

[An utterly exhausted Monosso stays on his back after the devastating backdrop driver, blood still pouring from his forehead as his chest moves in and out rapidly. Monosso continues to try and get more air into his body, trying to force more energy into his muscles.]

GM: Scott's belly down on the mat. He flipped all the way over on impact to his stomach. Monosso's trying to recover... he needs to make a cover here. If he can manage to make the cover here, this one will be all over, fans.

BW: I don't think he can do it, Gordo.

GM: The crowd is absolutely roaring, trying to coax their favorite into motion. For some out there, it's "Hotshot" Stevie Scott - at one time the most hated man in the world. For others, it's James Monosso who might have held that distinction on...

BW: Friday?

GM: Exactly.

[Monosso finally pushes himself over onto his stomach, crawling the couple of feet towards the motionless Stevie Scott.]

GM: He's moving, fans! Monosso trying to get there in time!

[Monosso gets to his knees, still breathing heavily as he muscled Scott onto his back, lunging into a cover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!

BW: There was too much time! Too much of a delay before he got the cover!

[Monosso angrily pushes himself to his knees, wiping an arm across his eyes to clear the bloodflow. He climbs to his feet, leaning down to drag Scott up by the hair...]

GM: Both men back to their feet now...

[Monosso leans over, scooping Scott up in a gorilla press...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got the Hotshot pressed high in the sky!

BW: He's gonna put him in the third row, Gordo! Maybe THEN they'll count the man out if he can't get up and walk back to the ring!

GM: Monosso walks to the ropes, turning to face the other side...

[He suddenly rushes forward, hobbling a bit on the injured leg.]

GM: He's gonna throw- no!

[Scott slips free from the wobbly running press slam attempt, dropping to his feet behind Monosso. The big man turns back to face him when...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: HEATSEEKER!

[The superkick catches Monosso on the chin, sending him sailing backwards...]

...where he goes right through the ropes, falling painfully down to the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: Ohh! He hits the floor!

BW: That might have just saved Monosso's skin, Gordo! I think if he'd fallen down in the ring off the Heatseeker, we'd be watching Stevie Scott walk around the ring with the World Title around his waist right now. But the impact sent him out to the floor...

GM: And Stevie's going out after him!

[The Hotshot steps out on the apron, dropping down to the floor where he immediately pulls Monosso off the floor...]

...and tugs him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He's calling for a piledriver out on the floor!

GM: He can't do that! It'll cripple Monosso!

BW: I told YOU that Scott is the same SOB he's always been. Just 'cause these people cheer him now doesn't mean he cares if they cheer him or not. This is for the AWA World Title... to be the very FIRST AWA World Champion. You do whatever you have to do to make that happen and if that means turning Monosso into a vegetable, you do it!

[Scott leans over, trying to hook his arms around the torso of Monosso!]

GM: I still say that Stevie Scott can't do this! I know he wants the win... I know he wants the title. But does he really want it THIS badly? The piledriver is without a doubt the most dangerous move in our sport. You can shorten careers with it... you can END careers with it!

[Scott struggles, trying to get Monosso off the floor...

...but the bloodied Madman Of Happy Valley stands straight up, backdropping Scott down onto the solid concrete floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Monosso counters the piledriver! Incredible!

[The big man grabs the ropes, tugging himself back inside the ring.]

GM: Monosso wants no part of Scott out on the floor right now. He's suffered too much punishment in this one and he wants to keep things inside the ring until we've got a winner.

[A few moments later, Stevie Scott climbs to his feet, pulling himself up on the apron. He heads to the corner, stepping up on the middle rope...]

GM: What in the...?

[Scott scales the ropes, standing tall for a moment...

...and then leaps off his perch, BURYING the point of the elbow in the base of Monosso's neck!]

GM: OHHH! ELBOW OFF THE TOP!!

[Scott flips Monosso to his back, diving across again...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE- NO! NO!

[Stevie Scott pushes off Monosso, burying his head in his hands in shock as Monosso lies on the mat, tilted slightly to show his shoulder just barely off the canvas!]

GM: He got the shoulder up at two and... man oh man, I can't believe it! After everything James Monosso has been through up to this point in the match, what more... what else can he manage to do here tonight? As much as I dislike the man, you have to admire the heart he's shown here in this match... and really, all weekend long. It's something that I don't think many of us knew he had in him.

BW: We've always known that Monosso was nearly indestructible. We've always known it would take a tank sometimes to knock him flat. But tonight, we're seeing James Monosso stare down the greatest adversity you can imagine a man going through and still somehow managing to keep the fight going for him.

[Scott shakes his head in disbelief as he slowly drags himself off the mat. He looks down at Monosso, angrily stomping his head and neck a few times before the referee pushes him back physically.]

GM: Jagger wants to give Monosso a fair shot to get back to his feet and-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[A frustrated Stevie Scott goes to throw Jagger aside, ending up tossing him down to the mat in a heap. There are a sprinkling of boos for the aggressive act as Scott shows a bit of regret instantly, looking down at Jagger as the referee tries to get back up.]

GM: I don't know if Stevie Scott meant to do that, Bucky. It looked like maybe in the heat of the moment, his emotions got the best of him.

BW: Emotions are not, you know as well as I do, he should be disqualified for that.

GM: That certainly would be at the discretion of the official.

BW: But it's not! Tonight, in this match, it's not... and you know it! Jim Watkins, that big bully, is standing out there refusing to let this referee do his job and what we just saw out of Stevie Scott is directly because of that!

[Stevie leans down, grabbing two hands full of hair to drag Monosso up off the mat. He struggles with the weight as Monosso doesn't give him a whole lot of help.]

GM: Scott pulls him up...

[The crowd buzzes as Scott pulls him back into the standing headscissors.]

GM: Stevie Scott, once again, is looking for that piledriver!

BW: He's tried the Hammer twice and had it fail on him. He's tried the Heatseeker to no avail. It's desperation time for the former National Champion and he knows from past experience that if he hits the piledriver, he WILL be the World Champion.

[Scott leans over, attempting to wrap his arms around the torso of Monosso...

...but equally desperate, Monosso yanks the legs out from under him!]

GM: Ohh!

[Steadying himself, Monosso falls back, using the leverage to CATAPULT Scott into the corner where he smashes his head into the turnbuckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: I think he hit his head on the post! He may be out!

BW: You might be right, Gordo! Stevie looks out on his feet!

[A staggered Hotshot wobbles backwards off the impact as Monosso reaches up, pulling him down into a schoolboy!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THREEEEEE- NO!! NO!! NO!!!

[The crowd ROARS as the Hotshot just narrowly FIRES a shoulder off the mat before the three count comes down. Monosso falls out of the cradle, again lying flat on his back on the mat as he breathes rapidly. The crowd is still buzzing as Monosso, knowing he needs to work quickly to take advantage of the moment, grabs the ropes with one hand, physically pulling himself to a seated position.]

GM: James Monosso was, again, so close to becoming the World Champion!

BW: Gordo, we are closing in on the thirty minute mark of this match and both of these guys have to be relying sheerly on instinct at this point! All the years of training and ring time is paying dividends because they can barely think of what they're doing in there with this much exhaustion.

GM: I don't know how Monosso is even standing yet here, once again, he pulls himself to his feet looking to attack anew.

[Monosso pulls Scott off the mat, lifting him up and slamming him down to the canvas with a thunderous bodyslam that seems to take a ton of exertion out of the big man. He staggers backwards, falling into the ropes where an arm draped over the top rope is the only thing to keep him standing.]

GM: A simple bodyslam, at this late stage of the contest, could be the difference in becoming the World Champion.

BW: Monosso's having a hard time getting ANYTHING done at this point, Gordo.

[Pushing off the ropes, Monosso staggers towards Scott, leaping into the air...]

GM: KNEEDROP!

[But Scott pulls the football out of the way in time, causing Monosso to whiff on the King Kong Kneedrop, slamming his hurting knee into the canvas at high impact!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Scott is quick to his feet, grabbing Monosso's foot on the way up.]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE FIGURE FOUR!

[Scott quickly ties up the leg...

...but a knowing Monosso lifts the free leg, pushing Scott off towards the corner...]

GM: He kicks Stevie off to avoid- wait a second!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Stevie Scott, momentum behind him as he was kicked towards the corner, uses that same momentum to rapidly climb the turnbuckles, his back to the ring and to the downed Monosso who tries to scramble to his feet...]

GM: Scott's heading up top! Stevie Scott is headed up top!

[Monosso staggers up, looking towards the corner where the Hotshot is about to put a foot on the top turnbuckle, preparing to hurl himself backwards with a Steviesault...

...and THROWS himself at the ropes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Scott drops hard, crotching himself on the top turnbuckle to the sympathy of the male fans in the arena!]

GM: IT TOOK EVERYTHING MONOSSO HAD TO DO THAT! ALL HE HAD!!

BW: He didn't have a choice, Gordo! He knew the Steviesault might put him on ice and he did what he had to do to avoid it!

[With Scott hurting, Monosso uses the ropes to drag himself into the same corner. He leans on the top rope, chest visibly heaving...

...and then suddenly straightens up, tugging down his singlet strap to a surprising HUGE cheer!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Monosso lets loose this crazy bellow as he turns to the corner, stepping one foot up onto the middle rope...

...and then the other, looping his arms around the waist of Stevie Scott!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: He can't do this, Gordo! He can't do it!

GM: He's looking for Descent Into Madness off the top rope!

[Freaking the hell out, Scott frantically starts pounding the cut forehead with a right hand. He digs his fingers into the eyes, raking hard...

...which causes Monosso to give up on his attempt, dropping back down to the mat...]

GM: Whew. A close call there for the Hotshot. I thought for sure he-

[Suddenly, Monosso gets a burst of energy from somewhere, leaping up to the right side of Stevie Scott, cocking his right arm back as far as he can manage...

...and BLASTS the Hotshot across the upper body with a earth-shaking lariat that flips Scott off the buckles and DUMPS him violently down on the back of his head on the canvas near the corner!]

GM: MY STARS - WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!! WHAT A CLOTHESLINE!!

[Barely able to move, Monosso shoves himself from his feet into a diving lateral press. There is no semblance of a technical cover, sheer exhaustion allowing him to only put his chest on Scott's chest as the referee dives to the canvas to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

[The crowd ROARS at the three count as Monosso pushes up off the canvas, arms raised...

...when suddenly Johnny Jagger shoves them down!]

GM: WHAT?!

[Jagger excitedly points down at the ropes...

...where we see Stevie Scott's foot draped lifelessly!]

BW: HE GOT A FOOT ON THE ROPES! SCOTT GOT A FOOT ON THE ROPES!! This is amazing! These two are absolutely DESTROYING one another in hopes of being the first World Champion!

GM: That's how much being the champion means to these two men. THIS is the AWA at its finest! THIS is pro wrestling at its finest! The best in the world battling it out to become THE MAN in this industry!

BW: But what else can they do to one another, Gordo?! What more can they manage to do?!

GM: We're just a hair under the thirty minute mark now. If the match had a time limit, we'd be hearing the call from the timekeeper at any moment but it does not, fans. These two men could, quite literally, battle all night if that's what it took to see who could be the World Heavyweight Champion.

BW: That might be what it takes, Gordo!

GM: There's no way, Bucky. There's simply no way. It's sheer exhaustion on both of their parts right now. We've gotta be getting close! Somebody's gotta give!

[Monosso is the first to his feet, head bowed, every movement slower than the one before as he reaches down...]

...and EATS a right hand to the jaw that knocks him back to the corner!]

GM: Big right hand by the Hotshot! Out of nowhere!

[Scott pushes up, still all in all a little fresher than his opponent. He moves towards Monosso, winding up...]

...and PASTING him with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Another hard shot by the Hotshot! Every thing he's got left is in those haymakers. I don't know if I've ever seen Stevie Scott deliver a harder right hand than what he did right there, fans!

[Scott steps up, measuring his man...]

GM: BOOM! Another right hand on the jaw!

BW: Good lord. How is he not breaking his hand on those?

GM: I have no idea.

[Scott grabs Monosso by the arm, whipping him across the ring. The big man gets three-quarters of the way to the corner before his leg gives out, causing him to crumple forward - his face just narrowly missing the turnbuckles when he hits the mat.]

GM: That leg went out from under him! It's taken too much punishment!

[Monosso manages to push himself to a knee, Scott rushing across the ring towards him...]

GM: HEATSEEK-

[But Monosso throws himself backwards, causing Stevie to sail past him where his kick lands harmlessly against the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso avoids it!

[Grabbing Scott by the torso, Monosso SHOVES him back into the corner, mounting the midbuckle...]

GM: What the-?!

[Raising his right hand to a big cheer, Monosso starts hammering away...]

...and to the shock of many, the New Orleans crowd starts to count along!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEV--"

[Before the seventh blow can land, Stevie Scott manages to duck down, pushing through the legs of Monosso. He reaches up, grabbing the back of the singlet to try and yank the big man down...

...but Monosso blindly kicks backwards, catching Scott with a boot squarely in the face, sending him toppling backwards to the canvas!]

GM: OHH!

BW: That was a one in a million shot, Gordo! He couldn't hit that kick again if he tried!

GM: Stevie Scott's down! Monosso's standing on the middle rope and...

[Monosso looks back at Scott, spotting him down on the canvas...

...and then suddenly steps one foot up onto the top turnbuckle!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd is ROARING now, buzzing with anticipation over what everyone in the world now knows is coming!]

BW: He CAN'T do this, Gordo! He physically can't do it!

GM: He's trained and worked alongside Nenshou a long time! Perhaps something... I don't know! But he's got a foot up top... he's standing there, sucking in the air... perhaps trying to suck in the courage to put everything on the line with one jump... one leap of faith if you will...

[Monosso suddenly steps up with the other leg, nearly toppling off the ropes as he puts weight on the injured limb. The crowd can be seen on their feet all over the arena as Monosso stands atop the ropes, perilously close to plummeting down to the concrete floor at any given moment...

...and then, tightly closing his eyes, he LEAPS!]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[In the years that would follow, no one would ever describe the James Monosso Moonsault as the prettiest thing to ever happen inside a squared circle. No one would ever call it the most graceful or the most athletic.

But as the sloppiest Moonsault outside of a Steve Kowalski or a Chris O'Brien started to take form, the fans inside the building that day did realize one word that could be used to describe that particular move.

Effective.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HIT IT! HE HIT IT! HE HIT IT!!

BW: I don't... what the...

[Monosso, riding the adrenaline, reaches back with his arm, tightly hooking both of Scott's legs as the referee dives to the mat and adds one more word to describe the Moonsault Heard 'Round The World...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[Historic.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT!! JAMES MONOSSO... MY STARS, JAMES MONOSSO IS THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!! JAMES MONOSSO HAS DONE IT, FANS!

[The fans, still on their feet off the moonsault, can be seen celebrating this incredible triumph in the aisles of the Lakefront Arena.]

GM: JAMES MONOSSO IS THE WORLD CHAMPION! JAMES MONOSSO IS THE WORLD CHAMPION!

[The sound of the bell again seems to hush the fans a bit as Phil Watson grabs the mic.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

...and UNDISPUTED HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES MONOOOOOOOOSOOOOOOOOOO!

[Monosso, down on his knees on the mat, has his bloodied head buried by his arm, his body occasionally heaving.]

GM: It's been an incredible night... and an unbelievable weekend... we've got a new World Champion - the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion - in the form of James Monosso who put on a historic performance here this weekend to capture the greatest title in the history of our sport! James Monosso has outlasted sixty-three other men to be the first man to wear the most prestigious prize in our industry!

[Monosso, with the aid of Jim Watkins, gets to his feet. Watkins reaches down, unlocking the steel briefcase...

...and hands the glittering gold title belt to Monosso. Huge cheer!]

GM: These fans in New Orleans are STILL on their feet, celebrating one of the biggest victories any of us will ever seen!

[Monosso, title belt in hand, lifts it to his face where he plants a kiss on the golden plate...

...before HOISTING it over his head, showing it off to the entire world!]

GM: He has done it! James Monosso has done it! It's an incredible moment to be a fan of the American Wrestling Alliance! Fans, we are way past our allotted time! We are so grateful to our broadcast partners at WKIK for their continue patience in allowing us to present to you the very best professional wrestling action in the world! It has been a historic night - a historic weekend - here in New Orleans at Blood, Sweat, And Tears!

[A buzz can be heard in the background, one that quickly swells and overtakes the cheering crowd...]

GM: For Mark Stegglet...

BW: Gordo...

GM: Jason Dane...

BW: Gordo!

GM: Colt Patterson...

BW: GORDO!

GM: What?!

BW: LOOK!

[The source of the buzz quickly becomes apparent as someone leaps over the barricade, BLASTS an incoming AWA official with a right hand, and dives under the bottom rope. On a mission, he marches across the ring, snatching the mic out of Phil Watson's hand and pulling it through the ropes into the ring.

Jim Watkins' eyes go wide upon seeing him, ready to go.

James Monosso, leaning against the turnbuckles, doesn't make a single move towards him... yet.

But as he stands in the center of the ring, wearing a t-shirt with the face of Mark Langseth and the caption "THE REAL AWA CHAMPION" underneath...

Joe Petrow has arrived.]

GM: WHAT THE-?! WHAT THE _HELL_ IS _HE_ DOING HERE?!

[Petrow raises a hand as Watkins starts towards him, raising the mic...]

JP: I'm not here for that! I'm not!

[Watkins looks puzzled. Petrow changes his raised hand into a pointed finger, pointing at Monosso's new prize.]

JP: I'm here for THAT!

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers at Petrow's proclamation.]

JP: On behalf of my client, Mark Langseth, I'm here for one reason...

[Dramatic pause.]

JP: ...to challenge you to a World Championship match at SuperClash IV!

[The crowd ERUPTS in a shocked reaction!]

GM: WHAT?! WHAT DID HE SAY?!

BW: Can he do that, Gordo?!

GM: No! Supreme Wright has earned the World Title match at SuperClash against James Monosso! Joe Petrow can't- who the HELL does he think he is to RUIN this historic moment like this?! Who the HELL does he think he is?!

[Petrow lets his challenge sink in...

...and then tosses the mic aside, dropping to his knees and putting his hands behind his head as AWA security and the New Orleans police rush the ring, surrounding him quickly. The handcuffs are on almost instantly, Petrow's arms secured behind his back as they drag him to his feet.]

GM: I think... it looks like Joe Petrow has been arrested, fans! And rightfully so in my book!

[Petrow is being pulled from the ring, past a fuming Jim Watkins...

...when the camera catches Petrow flashing an arrogant grin at Watkins, winking at the Chairman of the Championship Committee...]

GM: Oh... no.

[...which causes Watkins to LUNGE at Petrow, knocking him down to the canvas to the ROAR of the crowd! Watkins quickly grabs him by the hair,

hammering Petrow's forehead repeatedly with right hands as security forms a circle around the situation, trying to keep the police from interfering!]

GM: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT!!

BW: No we don't! Petrow's in `cuffs! We've got a one-sided BEATDOWN!

[The New Orleans police are struggling to get past security who are holding their ground as their boss pummels the man who attempted to destroy the company they work for. With Petrow unable to defend himself, it doesn't take long before the crimson is pouring down the forehead of the former World Champion.]

GM: The police are fighting with security! Joe Petrow, that son of a... he's fighting with Jim Watkins! All hell has broken loose down on the Bayou but on this night - that we will NEVER forget - it is James Monosso who is walking tall out of New Orleans as the World Heavyweight Champion!

[The shot cuts away from the chaos in the ring to the aisleway where Monosso again raises the title belt to the roar of the crowd...

...and we fade to black.]