

# AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

MOBILE CIVIC CENTER  
MOBILE, ALABAMA  
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[As the closing notes to the "Sanford And Son" theme fade into nothing, the viewing audience is greeted by a wide shot of the venue for tonight's Saturday Night Wrestling in Mobile, Alabama. AWA crew members are scurrying around setting up all the equipment from the ring, to all the video monitors, microphones...what have you.

As the crew works their magic, we scan the entire scene and notice an individual sitting in the third row of seats, hunched over with his forearms resting on his thighs. As we pan in closer, we can see that here sits the man known as the Madfox... Jeff Matthews. Jeff just sits there staring at the ring, oblivious to his surroundings. The cameraman makes his way closer to Jeff... and without so much even acknowledging the camera... he speaks...]

JMM: I guess you can say I was a little rusty last time out against Frost. But it just goes to show you that when a true champion doesn't have his best, he still finds a way to survive...

He finds a way to win.

It's funny being in this environment. You walk around and you see the kids, the future of this sport. Some of them have that same drive and motivation that you had. And then you see the "old men" of the sport: some of them trying to relive past glories and some of them well beyond their days of glory. I'm pretty sure that there a few who think that I fit in that category.

People will have you believe that when this World Title tournament was announced, I just decided to show my face again so that the fans wouldn't forget me.

[Jeff cocks his head and looks at the camera now with a sort of disapproving look on his face.]

JMM: My resume and track record speak for themselves. I don't need to assimilate myself into the minds of the masses because I guarantee you that no has forgotten Jeff Matthews and no one will ever forget Jeff Matthews. Victor Frost won't. The man whom he said was held together by duct tape [shaking his head] he didn't break.

But now we travel from one end of the spectrum to the other and that brings me to Supreme Wright. A young man I've heard little about but just recently have heard so much from. A little puppy who feels the need to bark so that the big dogs pay him some attention.

[Jeff shrugs and then turns his attention back to the staff putting the final touches on the.]

JMM: Throughout my career, I've always come out to watch the staff setup to transform whatever venue we were in, into my world.

[Jeff points to the ring.]

JMM: Because that's what this is: MY world. It's good to have your dreams and goals, Mr. Wright. While your goal is admirable, there's a slight flaw to your game plan.

[Jeff turns his attention back to the camera and smirks.]

JMM: To try and achieve that feat, to try and become the first AWA World Champion you are going to have to get through me. You try and diminish everything that I have accomplished but then I look at what you've lacked to accomplish. Yes they call me Madfox, Career Killer, Hall of Famer. What do they call you? They and you fail to realize something. I'm not here trying to become one of the best ever: I already am. I was already the top of this game. But not you....

[Jeff leans back now in his chair and just sticks his hands into the front pouch of the hoodie he's wearing.]

JMM: Beating me would undoubtedly help you start to create a viable legacy for yourself. And you are just chomping at the bit to try and beat me and use me as a stepping stone on what you believe to be a brilliant career. Trust me, I get it. You might be a cocky man, but you still know you want to prove to everyone that you belong. And also wanting to prove it to yourself. Yet therein lays the problem, Mr. Wright. I'm no one's stepping stone. I'm not another notch on the belt and I am most certainly not here to let some punk get in the way of something that I want. Again I repeat, something that I want.

In this sport of ours, everyone has their time. Everyone has their moment in the sun. I never fully got to enjoy that moment. I never got to revel in its glory. I never had the opportunity to sit back and look at what I had accomplished because I was too busy chasing demons and trying to find my identity. Those issues don't exist anymore.

I know who I am. I know what I'm capable of and I know full well that you, Mr. Wright are not the man who will derail me. You will be my stepping stone. You will know what is to have wrestled a true technician... a true wrestler.. a true legend.

You see Mr. Wright, you were right about one thing. I don't need the AWA World Title. The AWA World Title needs me. I don't need this title to complete me; to fulfill me...there is no closure because that would mean that after winning the title that I would be done with this sport. Let me say it for you one more time...

[trademark dramatic pause.]

JMM: I DO \_NOT\_ NEED THE AWA WORLD TITLE.

But...

[Jeff points at the camera.]

JMM: You do need the World Title. You \_need\_ to make a statement. You need to come out here, ramble off at the mouth like the pretentious young punk that you are... not to motivate me. You need to motivate yourself. You call my wife a whore... you decide to mention my daughters. Why exactly? Do you sit there and think that I wouldn't kill a silent mosquito that wanted to sting me the same as one who kept buzzing around pissing me off? You don't motivate me, Mr. Wright. I don't need the motivation. Because when you're a real wrestler... when you're a real man, just being and surviving is plenty of motivation.

[Jeff just shakes his head disagreeing with that thought.]

JMM: Here in Mobile, Alabama... Jeff Matthews is going to put on a wrestling clinic, Mr. Wright. I hope you're ready for it. Don't consider this arrogance... consider it confidence. Don't consider this a threat...consider it a guarantee. Jeff Matthews will walk away tonight victorious. He will continue on to the next round. And don't you worry; I always back up my words. You see, my momma didn't raise no fool...

[Jeff just chuckles as he once again returns his attention to the ring]

JMM: ... and that's a promise.

[Fade to black and to the sounds of "Saturday Night Special" by Lynyrd Skynyrd.

A large white map of the United States fills the screen as the music plays. The shot zooms through the map, different states "popping up" into view as we race past them. As we pull back from the map, it no longer is white but rather made up of the Stars and Stripes.

The map goes into a spin, spinning round and round as we zoom all the way into it, dissolving into a few slow motion shots of animated men battling in a red, white, and blue ring. The animation runs through various wrestling moves from an atomic drop to a bodyslam to a piledriver.

And as the blue animaniac applies a clawhold on the white animaniac, we freeze and the AWA logo fills the screen.

After a moment, we fade away from the cheaply done intro to the smiling faces of two men.

One is clad in a dark navy suit, white dress shirt, and red and white striped tie. He sports nicely-styled salt and pepper hair and a well-groomed

moustache. He grips a wireless mic in his hand, grinning widely at the camera. In his early 60's and the epitome of professionalism, this man is Gordon Myers.

By his side is... well, somewhat a bit more flashy. With a mic in one hand and a glitter covered briefcase in the other, this man is paunchy to say the least. He's got a decent sized gut pushing at the buttons on his lime green dress shirt underneath an eye-burning yellow jacket. His black hair is tousled in all directions like he hasn't run a comb through it in his life. His teeth appeared to have been whitened recently... perhaps several times even as he flashes a huge smile. He's in his early 40's... he's former manager "Big Bucks" Bucky Wilde.

They're standing at ringside right next to the red, white, and blue ringroped squared circle.]

GM: Hello, fans, and welcome to another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all the top stars of the American Wrestling Alliance - THE Major League of professional wrestling. The Road To Glory continues right here tonight in Mobile, Alabama as we'll see what's left of the second round and find out every single competitor who has made the elusive Sweet Sixteen, Bucky!

BW: You got that right, Gordo. Eight men are in... tonight, we find out the other eight!

GM: We've got FIVE big tournament matches here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling including Rick Marley taking on Skywalker Jones, Supreme Wright versus Jeff Matthews, and James Monosso meeting Bad Eye McBaine!

BW: That one's gonna be brutal, Gordo... but what about Tin Can Rust taking on Blackwater Bart? Talk about a physical matchup.

GM: And in tonight's Main Event, the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion, Glenn Hudson takes on the very first man to wear that title who is looking to become the very first man to wear the AWA World Title... the ever-dangerous Nenshou!

BW: Hudson's been on a serious roll since coming to the AWA but I got a feeling that's coming to a crashing halt here tonight, Gordo.

GM: You could be right about that. Nenshou's been on a roll as well. It's gonna be an exciting night of action as we continue down the Road To Glory to New Orleans, Labor Day Weekend, and Blood, Sweat, And Tears! But right now, let's head up to the ring for tonight's opening contest!

[We crossfade to a wider shot of the arena, showing off a standard setup of ring surrounded by railing surrounded by chairs surrounded by the arena's seats. Over seven thousand screaming AWA fans have jammed into the building for the night's action and are all set to go when we crossfade again, this time to the ring where Phil Watson stands by with two rather unfamiliar competitors: one white, the other African-American. The white male is lean-

built, with stringy blond hair that reaches his shoulders. He has on a pair of garish red trunks, white knee pads and white boots. The African-American man has a clean-shaven head, a black beard and is dressed in a pair of purple trunks, black knee pads and black boots. He has a thicker build than his partner, with a slight paunch.]

PW: The next match is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, at a total combined weight of 429 pounds, Red Riggins and J.C. Smooth!

[The white male raises a fist, while his partner holds both hands up in the air, though the crowd remains nonchalant.]

PW: And their opponents...

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

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

THE ANTONS!!!

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Alex Anton starting for his team against Birmingham, Alabama's J.C. Smooth... Collar-and-elbow... And Alex takes him down with a single leg takedown, into a step-over toe hold... No, Smooth kicks Alex away, releasing the hold!

[Smooth gets quickly to his feet and they lock up in another collar-and-elbow. This time Alex transitions into an arm-wringer and, then, pulls the arm between Smooth's legs in a pumphandle position...]

GM: Stretch suplex! What a thing of beauty!

BW: Week in, week out, we see these lugs manhandle the local talent; when are we going to see them against some real competition?

GM: What are you talking about? J.C. Smooth and Red Riggins are some of the best up-and-coming talents that Alabama have got to offer. As the AWA goes on the Road To Glory, we're all about letting the local talent shine and if these guys do well here tonight, who knows, we might be seeing future AWA stars in the making right here.

BW: I think J.C. Smooth's the one seeing stars, because Alex Anton just dropped a fist across his bald noggin.

GM: He picks him up... MASSIVE BELLY-TO-BELLY!!!

[Alex stares at Smooth disdainfully, as he reaches out to tag in his brother. Nick Anton enters the ring, hopping from foot to foot, as he dares J.C. Smooth to get up. Once on his feet, Smooth locks up with Nick with a collar-and-elbow tieup and Nick promptly shoves him into Smooth's own corner, allowing Red Riggins to tag in. Red Riggins enters the ring and Nick Anton meets him with another collar-and-elbow. Riggins shoves Nick against the ropes, but Nick reverses, only to release him at the referee's insistence. With Nick distracted by Senior Official Johnny Jagger, Riggins sneaks in a forearm to Nick's jaw.]

GM: Red Riggins now has Nick Anton on the rebound... Whip off the ropes... Riggins drops down... Nick Anton off the other side. Riggins with a leap-WHOA!

BW: Nick Anton snatched Red Riggins right out of the air and drops him with a bone-crushing powerslam!

[Nick is actually smiling as he pulls Riggins to his feet. He pushes Riggins against the ropes and whips him across the ring...]

BW: A-TRAIN!!!

GM: Flying shoulder tackle, with authority!

[Nick Anton picks Red Riggins up and pulls him to the Antons' corner, to tag in Alex. Alex comes in and underhooks both Riggins' arms...]

BW: A-BOMB!!!

GM: Underhook powerbomb! This one is over!

BW: I think it's over when the Antons say it's over, because Alex just tagged Nick in.

[Alex pulls Riggins to his feet, while on the outside, we see Nick shouting towards one of the ringside cameras, "HEY, COLTS! WATCH THIS!" He begins to climb to the top, as Alex hoists Riggins onto his shoulders.]

GM: We saw this the last time we saw the Antons in action, last month in Florida.

BW: Did Nick Anton just call out the Longhorn Riders?

[Nick Anton launches himself off the top rope and hits Red Riggins with a clothesline on the way down.]

GM: ANTON AIR!!! Cover! One! Two!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: NOW it's over!

PW: Here are your winners... Nick and Alex... THE ANTONS!!!

[Nick gets up and the the referee holds up both brothers' hands in victory. The shot cuts to a slo-mo replay of the match finish.]

GM: You mentioned the last time that it's not quite Doc Allen's Miracle Headache Elixir, but I'm sure you can see the similarities with the Longhorn Riders' Colt Revolver, so maybe that's what Nick meant...

BW: I believe it's called the Air Anton, Gordo. Still, you don't just send the Colt boys a message like that. Their daddy used that move with his partner back in the day, so you could say that it's in the family, and I'm not sure the Colts are one family the Antons want to mess with.

[There is some commotion in the background and one of the ringside cameras catch up with the Antons as they pass by the announce position. Nick is yelling something at Bucky, "... Colt boys! The Bishops! The Lynches! You round up your Southern families and the Antons will knock them down like we do it in Chicago!" Alex smiles and shrugs as he draws his brother away from the announcers.]

GM: Nick Anton there, seemingly with a chip on his shoulder. Nonetheless, folks, tonight, it's the Antons picking up a win. Well, fans, after coming out unannounced and accosting Bucky last week, James Monosso has been forbidden from a live interview this week.

BW: Not to mention allegedly shovin' a metal shipping container on poor Colonel de Klerk. The Colonel is lucky that all he got outta that was bruised ribs. But they can't prove Monosso did it... even though we all know he did.

GM: The madman simply doesn't care who he endangers, or how severely he injures anyone. So he sent his comments in on tape again this week. Sadly, we have to run them. Let's... hm?

BW: What? Why don't I got a headset that I can get news from the truck on?

GM: Because you didn't want the producers telling you what to do.

BW: Oh. Right, there is that. So, what's happenin'?

GM: Apparently, Percy Childes wanted to screen Monosso's comments first. We'll hold off on running them until later in the show.

BW: Nobody's gonna argue with Percy's lawyers, Gordo.

GM: Apparently not. So, instead, we're going backstage to Jason Dane! Jason?

[Back to Jason Dane, who has with him Count Adrian Bathwaite and Sultan Azam Sharif.

Bathwaite wears a mustard yellow jacket with some spangles on it, grey pants, a light pink dress shirt and bright red tie with the flag of Hong Kong on it. A Hong Kong native himself, the Count is a silver-haired man with both Asian and European facial features. He is smiling, and leaning on his black cane. Sharif is also wearing dress clothing, but unlike his manager he is dressed tastefully, with a pale bluish-grey jacket and pants, a white shirt, and a black tie. He wears his white kaffiyeh and black agal on his head, and a large smile can be seen on his battlescarred face underneath his neatly-trimmed mustache. He is still waving his gigantic Iranian flag. The fans boo.]

JD: Last time out, Count Adrian Bathwaite, your man had an impressive second-round win against Scotty Mayhem. As the tournament progresses, who do you see as the biggest obstacles on your man's quest to win the AWA World Championship?

CAB: To answer succinctly, you needle-necked serf, there are not many. Certainly, the highly skilled Dave Cooper would be a challenge.

[Sharif's face sours when he hears that name. He says nothing, although it is clear that he wants to.]

CAB: I must also confess that there are some men of skill left, such as Nenshou, and Louis Matsui's find, the MAMMOTH Maximus. But only one man in the field has the expertise, resume, and credibility of a true champion... and you're looking at him. The Sultan has the blood of nobility, and that makes him a shoe-in.

SAS: Men fahtlek, Mistair Count Batwaite, but I gotta say "Tabrik migoyam, motashakkeram" to my Iranian brothairs, Mistair Hamid Soryan Reihanpour, Mistair Omid Noroozi, un Mistair Ghasem Gholamreza Rezaei, deh first evair Greco-Romun gold medals for Iran, un ve had three in three days! Dey all show dot Iran is numbair vun just like I said! I om so proud, un now I vill not let my country down! It diddunt mattair who is in deh tournamunt to be a threat, Mistair Jahsun Dan! Dis is deh year for Iran to show deh whole vurld dot vat ve already know!

JD: That was an impressive feat, and congratulations to Iran, Sultan. Your country is doing great at wrestling.



[Sharif seems genuinely happy to hear this.]

SAS: Dank you, Mistair Jahsun Dan, dot is very much closs to show, un I congradulate USA on good what-did-you-call-it gymnastuck un vullyboll.

CAB: Those aren't even real sports! A real sport is a combat sport. Wrestling, fencing, boxing, judo, shooting, archery, equestrian, cricket, polo, billiards, croquet, and track cycling. Those are the only sports worth...

JD: Track cycling?! How is tra... OW!

[Bathwaite delivers an Angry Old Man Cane Jab (tm) to Dane's ribs. You knew it was coming.]

CAB: Pipe down, you dirty peasant!

JD: Or croquet or crick...

[Bathwaite attempts another AOMC], but the Sultan snatches his cane in mid-air. Both Bathwaite and Dane turn towards the Sultan in shock.]

SAS: Dot is enough! Mistair Jahsun Dan is ontellEgunt AmerEcun who show raspec to Iran! Un I know you like voman's sport like crochet un crockut, BUT REMEMBAH! Wrostling is deh oldest sport in deh vurld, un ve all come here to Mobul Olubahma to see it! Un wrostling is sport of kings! Just like I vas king in Olympic game, Ashun Game, I gonna be king in AWA ven I win AWA World Shampwonship! IRAN! IRAN NUMBAIR WUN! CAMARAMAN, ZOOM IT! ZOOM IT!

[The Sultan starts flexing, even though he's wearing a dress suit. The cameraman shrugs and gets a closeup of bluish-grey fabric.]

JD: Alright... Gordon, back to you.

BW: And me!

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

GM: Sultan Azam Sharif with some words there for the people... and he is very confident heading into the third round of this tournament, Bucky.

BW: He should be, Gordo. Adrian Bathwaite is right. No one has the nobility... the expertise... the credentials of being a true champion like Sharif does.

GM: You've gotta be kidding me. What about a man like Travis Lynch who just recently held the PCW World Title?

BW: A dead title for a dead promotion.

GM: What about William Craven? He may be a lunatic but I don't think anyone can deny he's a force to be reckoned with.

BW: Craven's a beast but Sharif's a better in-ring performer, Gordo.

GM: I'll make sure he hears that from you... but what about Stevie Scott?

BW: The Hotshot's lookin' good lately... I'll give 'em that, Gordo. But he had his chance to run the AWA forever and he blew it. I don't think he gets another shot at it.

GM: I see. Well, we'll be adding eight more names to the tournament tonight for you to disparage I'm sure. Right now, let's hear from one of the men who will be competing later tonight in some pre-taped footage...

[The camera opens up on a dark and cluttered locker room. It isn't glamorous, nor is it impressive. In fact, it's the kind of room that you can almost smell just by looking at. Mold grows on the walls and the lockers are hold over's from the 70's; bent, broken, rusted and barely hanging on. Down the center of these lockers is an old wooden bench, dented and deformed from years of abuse. Outside the cinder block walls you can hear the distant sounds of cheers, barely heard above the plink, plink of water dripping from some nearby shower.

And among it all, the worn down bench groaning under his mass, is all 300 pounds plus of the angriest, meanest, ugliest cowboy to ever step into the ring. That cowboy? Is none other than the not-so-pride of Sweetwater Texas, Blackwater Bart. And Bart? Well, Bart looks – shall we say – irritated. The source of that irritation would seem to be the crumpled piece of paper in his very large hand, the words written on it, and the message they tell.]

Bart: Been all around this damned world ya' know? Fought all kinds of freaks and fools. Ah done fought me a genuine rhinestone cowboy once; me n' Sam Willis done lifted him up and drove him down like an ornery nail.

[Bart takes another look at the note and spits to the side, his lanky hair soaking his dirty wife beater with sweat.]

Bart: Ah fought a man calling himself some kind of mythical monster type thing. Big huge fat bastard that ran around town all saying how he was going to done destroy all that stepped in his way.

[A frightening, almost predatory grin comes over the cowboy's face.]

Bart: Ah lifted that man up off his pretty little boots though. Ah lifted him straight up and I powerbombed his sorry self all the way ta' hell! Heh... Ah liked that one.

[Bart takes a moment to rub his knee, still looking down at the piece of paper.]

Bart: Been in the ring with a few of them "technical" types too. My brother was one of them...Well, before Ah done broke his neck he was. Now he just kind a' wanders about, talking all tough and punching people in the mouth.

[Bart's free hand closes into a fist, knuckles popping loudly.]

Bart: Ah done taught him that lesson back when he was a boy you know... Just took him a special time in a special lil' ol' bed to learn on it Ah reckon.

[Bart's grin fades for a minute though, as he lifts up the piece of paper.]

Bart: But this... heh... hell, this might be fun for a change.

[The paper is crushed in his hand, and Bart's eyes raise to the camera.]

Bart: Tin...Can...Rust.

[A loud sniff, the cowboy's nostrils flaring wide like a bull set loose.]

Bart: Now there is a damned fight worth getting outa bed in the mornin' son.

[Bart leans forward, muscles – slowly going to fat – clenching and popping as he does so.]

Bart: Ah done heard of you boy. Ah done heard of you puttin' yer knuckles upside the head of a whole mess of fools through the years. Ah've heard tell how about the toughest damned man in Kentucky was getting all riled up again this day or that ta' go tussle with some fool bigger than he was ta' try and win hisself a pretty little belt.

[Bart slaps his rather prodigious midsection.]

Bart: Well son, Ah done make you a deal. Round my waist right now is pretty much the only belt Ah care about. Got me it at Wal-Mart, \$9.95 on sale and it keeps my pants up might nice. All us? All them Glenn Hudson's... All them Gunnar Gaines... All them? We all getting fixed ta' fight over the shiny belt at the end of this thing. That shiny little belt? Well, all that means ta' me is a bigger paycheck and a little longer time before the wife starts whining about having no money. The heads Ah get to bust up along the way? Like that little pretty boy Ah done turned inside out with the Piedra the other day? That's all kinds of bonuses ta' me.

You and me though boy? Ah say we get ourselves together on the eleventh. Ah say we get together in that crappy little trailer park town of Mobile and we stand toe to toe inside that ring and just see who is man enough to keep going on. Ah say we keep ripping at each other till blood done spill and all those old women and lil' children get all worked up ta' the point they can't watch straight on no more. Ah say that little ol' ref gets in the way? Well, Ah say we leave him laying in a pool of blood.

[Bart raises up the scarred and bruised Piedra arm, fist clenched and muscles shaking.]

Bart: Ah say we keep on going Rust, until one of us just can't go no more. And at the end of that time? If Ah ain't done snapped yer little neck with the Piedra like Ah done every other tough man that comes down ta' Blackwater? Ah'll done give you my belt.

[Bart grins again, slapping the Piedra arm with a evil glint in his eye.]

Bart: Then again? Maybe Ah'll just be giving it ta' ya anyway boy. Pain's coming Rust. Pain's been coming ta' you a long ol' time Ah know. But this time? Ah'm the one bringing it.

[A pause.]

Bart: And all the heart in the world ain't gonna keep you standing up to me.

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then back up on the interview area, where Jason Dane's standing by with the two members of the former AWA National Tag Champions, Kentucky's Pride.]

JD: Coming up in second round tournament action is the LWC legend Blackwater Bart facing off against the man joining me now, Tin Can Rust.

[Tin Can Rust nods while behind him, City Jack mugs to the camera jokingly.]

Last week, it seemed to many that you were either jealous or -

TCR: Jealous? I ain't jealous! I'm just mad that I'm not bein' to put in the same league as what I deserve! Got that?

CJ: Hey, easy now big guy. This here ain't no time for lettin' loose none.

[Rust looks over at Jack... and nods.]

TCR: Yeah, I suppose you're right. But listen - I take it as a true slight to me and my chances that nobody's even thinkin' of me and that World Title. For me, it's a real possibility cause I've been there - been the top dog before and I know I still got it in my bones to be there again.

JD: With the remaining competition what it is, though, Tin Can Rust... The road to the World Title is a hard one. And that continues tonight with your match against Blackwater Bart.

TCR: Yeah, yeah... I know. Got Bart tonight. Should I make it out the ring with the win, I probably got more big names from the past or up-and-comers. I got all that. But what you're missin', Dane, is my drive.

[Jack in the back nods to his former tag team partner's words.]

TCR: I ain't gettin' young again anytime soon. My body's gone through too much for any sort of rejuvenation. So I know that this here tournament's my last shot at personal glory. This here's my only and last shot gaining world-wide fame as a man on my own, alright?

[Rust sighs a little before continuing.]

TCR: My glory years for myself are all held tightly in Kentucky. Unless ya were in the state, watchin' the broadcasts from Louisville then... you ain't seen me in my glory, fightin' for myself. All the world's really seen of me at all's been my time here, as a tag teamer. A champion, sure, but a dependent champion.

[The proud Rust pauses again, looking back at Jack.]

TCR: I ain't sayin' nothing bad about you, Jack, but when people see me here? They think nothin' more than me being your hanger-on. But I know I'm more than that and I'm more than even just some tag team specialist. And tonight, I need to PROVE that. Tonight, I need to SHOW that.

CJ: ABSOLUTELY, Tin Can! Tonight's your night! Tonight, in front of all these great Mobile fans, you got to show the world what ya came at with! Ain't

nothin' wrong and ain't nothin' not to be proud of, what ya accomplished and all.

[Jack gives a hearty pat to the shoulder of Rust.]

JD: So, tonight -

[Rust quickly cuts off Dane's thought.]

TCR: No, Dane. No more words and no more questions from ya, all right? I done said my peace about Bart. I done said my peace about my standing and my last chances here in this tournament for personal glory. And I done said every last thing I need to say! Only thing left for me is the fight I tend to take to Bart tonight!

[We crossfade from Rust's determined face to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and in just a moment, we're headed up to the ring for the first of tonight's second round World Title Tournament matches that will see Blackwater Bart and Tin Can Rust square off. Bucky, your thoughts on that one...

BW: I think we're gonna see a lot of haymakers... a lot of fists and elbows flying... maybe some blood... damn sure some bruises. And at the end of it all, one of 'em is gonna be down for the count and the other will be moving on to the Sweet Sixteen.

GM: No predictions?

BW: I've never been the biggest Tin Can Rust fan so I'm sayin' Bart cleans his clock right here tonight and moves on to Round Three, daddy.

GM: Alright, it's time to find out which of these two double-tough individuals is moving on in the tournament so let's go up Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

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

[Merle Haggard's "The Fighting Side of Me" plays over the PA, bringing the AWA fans to sound out a loud cheer for the man known as Tin Can Rust as he steps out of the entrance. Rust - dressed in usual black wrestling tights, black boots, and a "Kentucky's Pride" T-shirt - pauses at the top of the entrance, nodding his head to the cheering crowd.]

PW: From Central City, Kentucky... weighing in at 259 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by City Jack...he is one-half of the former AWA National Tag Team Champions...

TIN! CAN! RUSSSSSSST!

[Those cheers only grow louder, though, as his former tag team partner City Jack steps out of the entrance as well, dressed in a pair of jeans and the same (albeit much larger) Kentucky's Pride shirt. Rust makes his way down to the ring, looking back at Jack as the fan favorite shakes the AWA faithful's outstretched hands. Rust, though, ignores all that as he's all business on his way down to the ring. Once in, he stays in the nearby corner, listening to City Jack shout out encouraging words.]

GM: Tin Can Rust looks like a man ready for a brawl, Bucky.

BW: He better be. Bart's gonna give him all he can handle and then some.

GM: Tin Can Rust, a twenty-six year veteran of this sport, has been in more than his share of brawls, Bucky. If Blackwater Bart thinks he's gonna walk right over Rust, he's in for a big surprise here tonight.

BW: Weren't you watching his interview? Bart don't think nothin' like that, Gordo. He thinks he's in for a fight... and he likes it that way!

[The music fades and is replaced by Metallica's "Devil's Dance" which means the arrival of one pissed-off redneck. Dressed in a pair of dirty blue jeans, a set of cowboy boots, and a stained wifebeater that he rips off with one hand, chucking it into the crowd upon arriving through the curtain.]

BW: That's a nice take-home gift for someone.

[Bart stomps down the aisle, eyes locked on Tin Can Rust who returns the favor, still shifting his weight back and forth as Bart rolls into the ring...

...and Rust meets him there, greeting the rising Bart with a right hand on the jaw as referee Marty Meekly signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go!

[Rust throws a couple more right hands, sending Bart falling back into the buckles. The former tag champion grabs Bart by the arm, looking for an Irish whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Bart!

[Rust slams backfirst into the corner where he bounces out, charging Bart and knocking him down to the mat with a running clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Nice move by Rust!

[Outside the ring, City Jack claps loudly for his friend and former partner, shouting encouragement as Bart rolls to his side, trying to get back up as Rust waves for him to do so.]

GM: Tin Can Rust steps back, waiting for Bart to get up...

[Rust grabs Bart by the hair as he rises, rearing back with his right hand...

...but Bart catches him in the gut right away with a heavy right hand of his own. The blow doubles up Rust which allows Bart to hammer a forearm down across the back of the head, putting Rust down to a knee.]

GM: Good grief! These two men are really hammering away at each other!

BW: You can HEAR every shot they lay in, Gordo. Absolutely punishing.

[Bart drops a couple more forearms across the back of the head and neck, knocking Rust down to all fours. The big cowboy from Sweetwater backs off, measuring his man...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Running kick to the ribcage! Goodness!

[The hard kick connects, causing Rust to roll onto his back and keep on rolling right out of the ring to the floor...

...where Bart wastes no time in joining him!]

GM: Uh oh... this can't be good.

[Bart promptly grabs the recovering Rust by the back of the head, pulling it back and SLAMMING his face into the ring apron!]

GM: Facefirst into the hardest part of the ring!

[Jack shouts some encouragement to his friend who staggers back, leaning against the steel barricade. Bart turns his focus towards Jack, spewing a stream of tobacco juice towards him with a, "Shut yer piehole, fat man!" to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Blackwater Bart with some words...

BW: And chaw juice!

GM: ...for City Jack. How can he wrestle with that stuff in his mouth, Bucky? That's disgusting!

[Bart moves in on Rust whose arms are draped over the steel railing, trying to stay on his feet as Bart throws a big knee into the gut, causing Rust to slump down to his knees on the floor.]

GM: Both men out on the floor... remember, no double countouts in this tournament. As long as they're both out there, the referee has to let all this go.



[Grabbing Rust by the throat, Bart says something the camera don't pick up...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...before SNAPPING Rust backwards, smashing the back of his head into the steel barricade at ringside!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: This man was born into this business as a fighter - remember, he made his biggest marks in this sport in South Laredo and Los Angeles. He knows how to brawl with the best of 'em, daddy!

[A few kicks to the chest follow, causing Rust to slump down in a seated position against the railing...]

...where a boot is pressed into his windpipe as Bart attempts to choke Rust down on the floor!]

GM: Bart's choking him! He's choking him with that boot on the throat!

BW: Best way to do it. You've got all the leverage on your side. Basically, there's three hundred plus pounds being shoved down on Tin Can Rust's windpipe right now. ANYONE can go out from something like that, Gordo.

GM: The referee is warning Bart from inside the ring. He can't count him out but he certainly could disqualify him!

[Bart backs off, glaring up at the official as he walks around the ringside area a bit, keeping an eye on Rust who uses the railing to drag himself back up to his feet...]

...and throws himself to the side as Bart rushes him, throwing a big boot...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which leaves Bart with his nether regions slammed into the barricade!]

GM: Bart went for the big boot and missed it! And look how he ended up!

BW: The ultimate countermove, Gordo!

[Rust backs off for a bit, catching a breather as he leans against another section of the railing as Bart winces in pain.]

GM: Both men are a bit worn down in the early moments of this one...

[Rust slaps his left arm...]

...and then throws himself forward, connecting with a big clothesline that knocks Bart off the railing, putting him in the front row of the ringside fans!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Nearby, City Jack shouts more praise for his friend as Rust again leans on the railing, plotting his next move as Bart lies flat on his back on the concrete floor, his chest heaving as he tries to pull air into his body.]

GM: Rust leans over the railing, pulling the three-hundred pounder to his feet...

[He opts to simply drag Bart over the railing by the arm, pulling him towards the ring where he shoves him under the ropes.]

GM: Rust puts Bart back in... and now he's going in as well...

[With both men back in, Meekly gestures for the match to continue as Rust approaches a rising Bart, grabbing his right arm into an armtwist...

...and lays in a hard kick to the sternum, sending Bart falling back to the corner again.]

GM: That armtwist may be the closest we come to an actual wrestling move in this one tonight, Bucky.

[Rust winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Reverse knife edge chop across the chest! Goodness!

BW: That's gonna leave a welt, Gordo!

GM: Certainly will.

[Rust winds up a second time... and a third... and a fourth, laying in skin-blistering chops each time before the official backs him off.]

GM: The referee backs Rust out of here... but he's moving back in...

[Rust steps up to the midbuckle, raising a clenched fist.]

GM: Big punches in the corner...

[Rust lands a few of those heavy blows, the crowd counting along with him...

...but at a momentary pause, Bart lashes out with a right hand of his own to the ribs of Rust, stunning him. He reaches up, shoving Rust down off the buckles to his back on the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! He shoves Rust down off the ropes... and he's got the right arm cocked! He's calling for the Piedra!

[Bart leans against the buckles, arm at the ready as Rust slowly climbs to a knee, then staggers to his feet...]

GM: PIEDRA LARIA-

[But Rust ducks underneath it, narrowly avoiding the match-ending blow. He swings around, throwing a right hand to an off-balance Bart's jaw. A second one lands as well, staggering the big cowboy.]

GM: Bart's a little wobbly after those haymakers!

[Rust grabs a handful of hair before slamming his skull into Bart's, knocking the cowboy down to a knee. A second headbutt lands as well, putting him on both knees.]

GM: Headbutt by Rust! Bart's down on his knees from the impact of those!

[Rust backs to the ropes, simply leaning on them as he bounces off slowly, stalking towards Bart...

...and laying him out with a hard boot to the mush!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot! That might be it, Bucky!

BW: It might be. The way these two are laying into each other, I don't think this one's gonna last too long!

[Rust drops to his knees, attempting a lateral press but only getting a two count as Bart lifts the shoulder.]

GM: Two count only for Rust there... trying so hard to make it to the Sweet Sixteen.

BW: And a guy like Tin Can Rust has extra motivation, Gordo, because for the majority of his career in the big leagues, he was looked at as City Jack's partner... almost like an afterthought. Sure, he had some singles success in the territories but when he ventured into the spotlight, he had to take a backseat to City Jack. Not tonight. Not if he makes it to the Sweet Sixteen of this tournament. If he does that, Tin Can Rust walks alone even if that fat tub of goo is hanging beside him!

GM: Rust slings a leg over Bart, grabbing him by the hair...

[Having taken the mount, Rust hammers away at the skull of Bart, landing several hard clenched fists to the skull before the official makes him back off at a count of four.]

GM: Rust really laying in the heavy artillery to Blackwater Bart here tonight in Mobile, Alabama! Rust is about nine hours away from home in Central

City, Kentucky... right down the I-65. He told me earlier tonight that he used to spend a lot of time down here in Mobile in his youth with his friends. He thought there wasn't a better place he could imagine where he could gain the biggest singles win in years for himself.

[Rust climbs to his feet, dragging Bart up by the hair with him. He grabs an arm, firing Bart off to the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip by Rust... ducks down...

[But he sets for the backdrop too early, earning himself a hard boot right to the face. Bart grabs him by the back of the hair...

...and CHUCKS him over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Come on, ref!

BW: Nothing illegal about that! It could've been but the AWA fans voted that rule down years ago! The front office put it to a vote - do you want DQs for over-the-top throws and the fans voted no! You can't cry about it now, Gordo, and neither can they!

[Bart drops down to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor where he starts laying in boots to the ribs and back of the prone Tin Can Rust, the crowd jeering him for his brutality.]

GM: Bart's working Rust over on the floor, really going to work with those kicks and stomps... but Tin Can Rust still has got a lot of fight left in him, I'm sure, fans.

[Bart slowly drags Rust off the floor by the hair, pushing him up against the ring apron where he hammers home a few hard forearms across the chest before grabbing the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and FIRING Rust into the steel barricade with an Irish whip!]

GM: Into the steel goes Tin Can Rust! Bart put a lot into that whip and Rust is hurtin' for certain, fans. Tin Can Rust instantly slumps down to a knee, reaching around to his back... that took a lot out of him...

BW: That and being thrown over the top rope!

GM: That too. Blackwater Bart may be getting some practice in for the annual Rumble just in case he gets eliminated here tonight. Remember, anyone who has been eliminated in the tournament is eligible for entry into the Rumble on Labor Day Weekend and the winner walks out with a guaranteed World Title Match on Thanksgiving night in Los Angeles at SuperClash IV in his pocket, fans.

BW: The highest stakes EVER for the Rumble, daddy!

GM: You've got that right.

[Bart pulls Rust up, turning him towards the railing and pushing his throat down over the edge of the steel barricade.]

GM: That's a choke! Ref, that's a choke out there on the floor!

[The referee starts a count from inside the ring again, reaching four and a half before Bart opts to break it to avoid the DQ.]

GM: That was a little close for Blackwater Bart, fans. He came VERY close to getting disqualified for that chokehold.

[Bart drags Rust off the railing by the back of the tights, pulling him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Bart may be setting for a suplex on the floor!

[But before he can lift Rust up, Rust hooks a tight side headlock and hammers away with closed fists at the skull of Bart!]

GM: Rust is fighting back! He's fighting back!

[Bart staggers back from the flurry of offense, allowing Rust to grab him by the arm...]

GM: Another whip... look out!

[...and the big Texan SMASHES into the timekeeper's table, his gut hitting first which causes him to flop over the table, sending papers and equipment spilling onto the floor as Phil Watson and the timekeeper evacuate in a hurry.]

GM: Rust sent him HARD into the timekeeper's table! I'm not sure he intended to do that but that's what happened, fans! Bart smashed into the table and Rust is coming after him there!

[A fired-up Rust, angered over the intentional throw to the floor, grabs Bart by the hair, pulling him off the wooden table...

...and SMASHES his skull into the table!]

GM: Ohhh! Look out over there!

[Rust pulls him up by the hair again...

...and SLAMS his face into the wooden table again!]

GM: Again into that hard wood table! Tin Can Rust is really taking the fight to Blackwater Bart out there on the floor! This is shades of South Laredo at its finest, Bucky!

BW: Maybe THEY should be fighting for the Longhorn Heritage Title and not that goofball Hudson!

[Rust drags Bart off the table by the hair, pulling him around near the ringpost...]

GM: He's gonna send him into the steel, Bucky!

[Rust winds up, ready to drive Bart's skull into the ringpost...]

GM: INTO THE STEE- BLOCKED!

[Bart brings a big long leg up, blocking the smash into the post!]

GM: Bart blocked it and-

[A hard back elbow to the mush stuns Rust, allowing Bart to grab him by the back of the head...]

GM: NO!

[...and SMASH Rust's head into the solid steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rust collapses against the steel, holding it with both arms to stay on his feet as City Jack shouts encouragement from several feet away. The official reprimands Bart from inside the ring. The big cowboy simply sneers at Marty Meekly as he pulls Rust off the post...]

GM: Not again! Don't do it! DON-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL AGAIN!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Rust falls over onto the floor now, crashing facefirst down on the barely-padded concrete. He covers his face with his arms as Bart again fires a few words in the direction of City Jack.]

GM: Blackwater Bart needs to ignore City Jack and focus on his opponent, Tin Can Rust, if he wants to win this thing, Bucky.

BW: You don't think he's focusing on Rust? He just smashed his damn head into the post twice, trying to bust it open like a melon!

[Bart moves in on Rust, delivering a kick to the ribs that rolls Rust to his back, exposing a split forehead.]

GM: Uh oh! Tin Can Rust has been busted open, fans!

[A gleeful look on his face, Bart takes the mount, hammering the split forehead over and over and over with clenched fists.]

GM: Bart's going after that cut on the forehead! He wants Rust to bleed like a faucet out here! And what a brutal way to start our night here in Mobile, fans.

[With the official laying a count on him, Bart again breaks just beyond the count of four, climbing to his feet with Rust's blood covering his knuckles. He shows the hand to the camera, a sick grin on his face as the official shouts for the fight to get back into the ring.]

GM: Marty Meekly's telling Bart to bring the match back inside the squared circle.

BW: In a minute, Gordo... Bart ain't done out there yet.

[He's certainly not as he hauls the bloodied Rust off the floor by the arm, dragging him several feet away from the ring by the same limb.]

GM: Bart's got him by the arm... what's he- no!

[Another Irish whip is served up, aimed at putting Rust's head into the post again...

...but the former Kentucky's Pride member reverses it, sending BART'S head into the steel!]

GM: OHHHH! BART HITS THE STEEL HARD!!!

[And as the Sweetwater native rolls to his back, we find a stream of blood coming from his head as well!]

GM: And now it's Blackwater Bart who has been busted open! We've got two foreheads split wide open and this match hasn't even hit the ten minute mark, fans! There's blood streaming down the faces of both of these men as Rust shoves Bart under the ropes into the ring, rolling in after him now.

[As both men get back to the ring, they both climb to their feet, every bit of effort showing in their faces. The crowd roars as Tin Can Rust rears back, throwing a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by Rust, the blood streaming down his face now!

BW: The Rust Effect is in FULL effect, daddy!

GM: You got that right... ohh! Bart fires back with a right hand of his own!

[Rust falls back a step or two, running the back of his arm over his bloodied forehead...

...and then SLAMS a fist between the eyes of Bart, knocking him to a knee!]

GM: These two men - these bloodied and battered warriors - are standing in the middle of the ring trading shots -ohh! Another haymaker to the mush by Bart! They're standing here trading shots as hard as they can because they want to be in the Sweet Sixteen... they want to move on in the tournament... and they want to be the AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring, climbing to their feet to pay tribute for the exchange of blows between Blackwater Bart and Tin Can Rust!]

GM: THEY'RE BEATING THE HECK OUT OF EACH OTHER!!

[The two men take turns exchanging heavy blows, staggering under the impact of the other man's hardest shots when suddenly Blackwater Bart throws a boot into the gut of Rust, stepping forward into a standing headscissors...]

GM: What the-?!

BW: One of Bart's most memorable moments EVER was a powerbomb on Kraken and Rust don't weigh as much as-

GM: HE LIFTS!!

[And DRIVES Tin Can Rust into the canvas with a thunderous powerbomb!]

GM: POWERBOMB!! POWERBOMB!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Tin Can Rust FIRES a shoulder off the canvas just in time!]

GM: RUST GOT THE SHOULDER UP!! RUST GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

[Bart angrily slams a fist into the canvas as he climbs to his feet, glaring at the official who reiterates that it was a two count only. Bart nods, spitting a mouthful of tobacco juice on the shoes of Marty Meekly to the referee's disgust as the big Texan backs off, standing near the ropes...]

GM: Blackwater Bart thought he had it but now he's setting up for something... it could be that Piedra, Bucky!

BW: If it's the Piedra and he connects, Rust's night and tournament is over, daddy!

[Tin Can Rust slowly pushes to all fours, being cheered on by his long-time friend City Jack. The fans are solidly behind Rust as well, trying to root him



to his feet to continue the fight. After a few more moments, Rust pushes up to his feet, very wobbly as he gets there...

...which makes him an easy target as Bart bounces off the ropes, arm cocked back...]

GM: LARIAT!!

[...and DRILLS Rust across the collarbone, flipping him back to land HARD on the back of his head and neck!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Bart drops to a knee, then into a lateral press with a leg hooked.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

PW: Here is your winner... BLACKWATER BART!

[A bloody and weary Bart climbs to his feet, his Piedra arm raised in victory by the referee. He takes a long, hard look down at the defeated Tin Can Rust as City Jack steps into the ring, ready to defend his partner if need be. The crowd buzzes in anticipation of that...

...and then he simply delivers a nod, stepping through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Was that a nod of respect? Did Blackwater Bart just pay tribute to Tin Can Rust for the incredible fight he put up in this one?

BW: I'm pretty sure that's what just happened, Gordo. Incredible.

GM: A hard-fought battle for both of these men but Blackwater Bart picks up another victory with his devastating Piedra Lariat, moving on to the Sweet Sixteen.

BW: Gordo, I'm lookin' up and down the Sweet Sixteen and the lineup of guys still trying to get there tonight... is the Piedra Lariat that most one-shot knockout move left in this thing? Sure, you've the Heatseeker and the Hotshot Hammer from Stevie Scott... maybe a Grizzly Slam or a Foxden... but the Piedra Lariat may be the most devastating blow left in this thing.

GM: You may be right, Bucky, and as long as that's a weapon in his arsenal, I think that makes Blackwater Bart a serious threat in every match he's in. We could very well be looking at the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion right there, fans.

[Bart slowly walks up the aisle, ignoring the fans giving him grief from the aisleway.]

GM: Let's go to Mark Stegglet who is in the Control Center! Mark?

[We crossfade to a deserted hallway in the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is once again standing before the "big board." He gestures to where Blackwater Bart's name has been added to the Sweet Sixteen alongside Dave Cooper, Jerby Jezz, MAMMOTH Maximus, Travis Lynch, Sultan Azam Sharif, William Craven, November, and Stevie Scott.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Nine men are in the Sweet Sixteen with seven spots remaining to be filled. Those seven will be filled right here tonight in Mobile, Alabama and before we go off the air this evening, you will know each and every competitor who has made it to the third round of this tournament...

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: ...AND you will know EVERY... SINGLE... THIRD ROUND MATCH!

[A big cheer from inside the arena where they can hear the audio from Stegglet's segment.]

MS: It's gonna be a great night here in Mobile but right now, let's get some words from someone who has already made it to Round Three... "The Professional" Dave Cooper.

[Fade in: A rather shaky camera shot, on which we see "The Professional" Dave Cooper, who is dressed in a button-down shirt, blue jeans and a neck brace. He has a defiant look on his face.]

DC: So we are just weeks away from Blood, Sweat and Tears and whoever happens to be my next victim in the World title tournament. And it seems I've drawn the attention of at least one of those chumps who thinks he has a legitimate shot at taking me down.

MAMMOTH Maximus, let me fill you on all you happen to be -- just another big, fat, dumb behemoth who Louie Matsui rolled out after the last such one failed to get the job done. I noticed you sure had to catch your breath after taking on BC Mastah the Whatevah, of all people, so what chance do you really think you have against me? If I draw you in the next round, I can personally guarantee you will be just another name in the long list of overhyped big men guided by Little Louie.

And Matsui, I'm gonna lay it down nice and simple for you -- you don't even compare to the most brilliant mind in all of professional wrestling -- I'd name him except I know I gotta play nice with the AWA brass, but he wanted no part of your plan to take out one Juan Vasquez more than a year ago, because he was too smart to accept playing second banana to a feeble-minded fool such as yourself -- and that's all I'll say about that subject!

[Beat.]

DC: Now, let me address another simpleton who suddenly got the backing of Robert Donovan to come try to take me out -- that's you, Travis Lynch. You

may have had your way with guys like Rex Summers and Bruno Verhoeven, but unlike Bruno, I'm not spending all my days worrying about how I can get out of the shadow of my old fart uncle, and unlike Rex, I'm not spending my time prettying myself up and trumping around a belt he drug out of the closet and dusted off.

And while I'll give you credit for having sense to put it back in the closet where it belongs, you still lack a lot of sense when it comes to wanting me in that ring. There's already one one of your brothers who is spending his time in rehab -- you step into the ring with me and I will guarantee that you'll be joining him in rehab!

[He grimaces a bit.]

DC: Yeah, you idiots out there know I'm still recovering from a neck injury, but I am certainly a fast healer -- and speaking of idiots, that brings me to one idiot who the AWA apparently doesn't like seeing move deeper into the tournament -- that being the Iranian illegal immigrant, Sultan Azam Sharif.

You know, it's not surprising the Sultan talks up those Iranians who are in the Olympics, because what the hell else would Iran be good for anyway? Oh, sure, they supply a ton of oil worldwide so all the Joe Sixpacks can fill up their gas guzzlers they drive back and forth to the Seven-Elevens, but if it wasn't for that, do you know what Iran would be good for, Sharif?

[A long moment of silence.]

DC: Exactly!

And as far as Count Adrian Bathwaite goes... you really need to shut your mouth, you senile, Social-Security-sucking, snail slime! You stand around talking about how you are part of some elite class, but you know as well as everyone else does that only three men are worthy of being called Royalty. You are looking at one of those men -- and as I said earlier, I'm playing nice with the AWA brass, but everyone knows the two men who I'm aligned with -- they and myself are the only ones worthy of the name Royalty, and everyone else, including Bathwaite, are not worth the gum that gets stuck to our shoes!

[A smirk.]

DC: But hey, you'd be the right person to scrape it off our shoes for us.

And let me address one more individual -- an individual who thinks of himself as one of the building blocks of the AWA. That's you, Stevie Scott.

So we started off this tournament with four former National champions. You took out Broussard, Houston took out Sudakov, then you took out Houston -- and Royalty took out Dufresne. And you know as well as I do just who really is the AWA National champion!

But I don't forget you banging on the limo, begging me to come out as Royalty made our getaway Memorial Day weekend, saying you'd kill me. So let me put it to you this way, Stevie.

I would love nothing more than to be the man who would not only be responsible for taking out the last remaining former AWA National champion from the tournament -- but also to be the man responsible for taking OUT one of the building blocks of the AWA, striking right at its very foundation and bringing it that closer to falling to its knees at the feet of Royalty.

I'll say it right now -- I am HOPING it's you and me in the next round, Stevie Scott, just so I can deal the biggest blow yet to the AWA by striking right at the man who some may say represents the very heart of the AWA.

And as everyone knows, to really go for the kill, you go for the heart.

[A snicker.]

DC: And as for the rest of you who have advanced or who are about to advance, it doesn't matter whether you are a full-time commitment to the AWA or just along for that last shot at glory -- I will mow down anyone in my path and, as much as I'm sure they'll try to stop me, there's only one thing that will come out of their attempts.

They will fail to get the job done.

And that is the END of the discussion!

[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 the camera cuts back to AWA interviewer Jason Dane, standing with "Showtime" Rick Marley. The dark haired cruiserweight, stands ready in his wrestling gear, his long hair pulled back in a ponytail as he waits.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, in just moments we have one of the most highly anticipated matchups of the evening as "Showtime" Rick Marley takes on Skywalker Jones. Rarely have we been able to highlight a match up between two such gifted athletes...

[Marley takes the mic from Jason's hand and smiles, shaking his head.]

RM: That's right...Skywalker Jones is one of the most gifted athletes in the world...if not THE most gifted.

Just wait for a half a second and he'll tell you all about it.

Over...and over...and over...and ooooooooooooooooooooooover.

[Marley closes his eyes and slumps forward, faking snoring for a moment before shaking himself 'awake' once again.]

RM: Sorry...just couldn't muster the will to live and keep talking about... well...it's not important.

You see, Jason Dane, TONIGHT Skywalker Jones gets to get into the ring with a guy that's just as fast.

Tonight he climbs into the ring with a guy who's just as agile.

But the difference is, Jason Dane, that the guy he's climbing into the ring with is actually able to concentrate on the match he's involved with for up to an hour without needing to check the instant replay playbacks.

Jones has a million dollar level of athleticism to go along with a fifty cent head...and tonight that balance isn't gonna work out in his favor.

JD: Those are strong words, Rick, but aren't you worried about Nenshou or another of Percy Childes's goons showing up after the things you've been saying about them and your plans for the enigmatic Japanese wrestler?

[Marley's smile moves from an easy-going laugh into something a bit more forced.]

RM: Oh...I'm hoping they do, Jason. It'll save me the trouble of tracking them down later.

You see, me and Skywalker are gonna put on a show.

We're gonna go off the ropes, fly from the turnbuckles and pull off moves that Gordon and Bucky are gonna need to invent new names for...but that doesn't mean for one second that Nenshou's not on my mind. That doesn't mean that I've forgotten what he tried to do to me.

That I've forgotten what he DID to Preston...and nothing he, or his worm Childes or any of the legion of monsters that they want to throw up in between us is gonna stop me from taking Nenshou to task and making him answer for that.

Nothing...

And you can take that to the bank."

[We fade from there back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, at this time, please welcome one half of the Rave, and elite Sweet Sixteen tournament participant, JERBAULD JEEEEEEEEEE!

GM: Gerbiled Jay?? Fans, it appears that our esteemed announcer Phil Watson has made a rare error, as this is obviously Jerby Jezz coming out!

BW: Gordo, \*you\* can't help being wrong in the past, but get the \*future\* right! Jerbauld is the man's full name, and the Z's are silent. Frankly, it's a damned shame that nobody's ever asked him the correct pronunciation of his name until now!

GM: I see. And, uh, Mr. Jeh's entrance is unusual, even for him!

[The Beastie Boys "Sabotage" plays as a...dapper?...suit-wearing Jerby...er, \*Jerbauld\* Jezz (don't pronounce the z's!) strides to the ring. He would

actually look fairly distinguished if the primary color of his suit were not banana yellow, with splotches of various tropical colors of no discernible pattern all over, clashing nicely with his well-groomed but equally multi-colored hair. However, his Ray-ban shades are remarkably subdued with only three-tones.

Striding over to Phil Watson, he does a complicated two-handed gesture that Phil somehow interprets as meaning to hand over the microphone and leave the ring, which he does.]

GM: Like me, the fans are not really sure what to make of this new look, but it looks like he's about to tell us.

BW: Yes, let us pay attention to this man's clear and concise words.

JJ: May I have your retroaspirational satelliation?

GM: Oh brother...

[Jezz waits through a few boos for this gibberish before continuing.]

JJ: Perhaps my new hempshreads have surprised you, but the post-past explologic is clear. With my triumphant triumph over the rogue alien Bumble Bee last month, I am/was/will be the last practitioner of the precustard to what will become wildstyling remaining. I am now/was/will be the elite of the elite! And as such, I must look stanzley to all society throughout all time-space continuum spectrums, and if I must say I've done a yvespliferous job!

But I'm out here on mervous wildness from Senator Wilde hisemself, so I'll get right to the pixel: STEVIE SCOTT! I'm squibbing you out right now!

[Shocked, confused pop from the crowd!]

GM: Jerby, er, JerBAULD Jez--Jeh, is calling out Stevie Scott!? What do you know about this Bucky?

BW: You is/was gotta ask me in twenty years, Gordo. This me doesn't have a clue!

[A few seconds have passed, but nothing has happened.]

JJ: Isn't this just gyzzrus!? The guy calls out people and snarfs careers reft and light but Perots when the labels are turned! I'll even use anciespeak to make it clear: GET! OUT! HERE!

[A few moments pass of nothing going on but Jerby Jezz waving at the entranceway and the crowd buzzing. Finally, walking into the arena floor, is the man that The Rave have called out. Stevie wears jeans, his hot-selling "Hotshot" shirt (available at [AWAShop.com](http://AWAShop.com) for the low price of \$29.95!) and a smile that screams "is this really happening?" As he approaches the ring, he grabs a microphone conveniently placed on the apron and climbs inside

with Jerby, Jerbauld, whatever. The two-time AWA National Champion stares incredulously at him for a moment, looks down and shakes his head before, still grinning the same smile as he looks back at his accuser.]

HSS: I gotta be honest, Jerbow or Jethro or whatever your name is. I wasn't really paying attention to you back there. I generally don't watch the monitors when the freak show comes to town...but someone told me that you called me out. Now, I don't understand and never HAVE understood a made-up word that you've ever said, but I figure what the hell...I ain't got anything else going on tonight and this beats listening to Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton yelling in the locker rooms, so here I am. Now what the hell do you want?

[The crowd cheers Stevie's abrupt approach.]

JJ: Playing Paris with me isn't going to work! I did/have/will figure you out! S Doggity, out with the ancietech!

[The camera shifts to the top of the ramp, where Jerbauld Jezz's partner Shizz Dawg OG, wheels a huge 102-inch television set out on the top of the stage. Shizz' hair has been dyed silverish grey and is filled with sparkles, much like sparkle-hair product often used by teenaged girls except that he seems to have used ten times the amount and now it looks like his hair is made of disco ball. He is wearing a lime green suit jacket, tangerine pants, electric magenta undershirt, and rainbow-swirl tie. He's wearing thick-rimmed glasses and brown dress shoes, two normal items that look out of place on him somehow.]

JJ: This is the smoking gum that shows you for who you truly are! FIZZ IT!

SDOG: ON.

[Shizz waves at the television. Then he remembers that 2012 televisions don't work that way, and he presses the on button with a look of infinite annoyance on his face. The television begins playing various archive footage with time captions:

March 15th, 2008: The supra-loud lead guitar of Nigel Tufnel blasts over the P.A., followed by the other lead guitar from David St. Hubbins. The fans' jeering immediately fires up, and leaping into the entrance portal, striking his Superman Pose (tm) is none other than the innovator of Stevietainment, the purveyor of all that is silly... "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.

November 27th, 2008: Stevie Scott makes his way around the ring to thunderous cheers, dancing a jig with Sweet Daddy Williams

November 26th, 2009: The crowd EXPLODES in jeers as Stevie Scott is given the AWA National Heavyweight Championship.

November 24th, 2011: The former two-time National Champion walks through the curtain, arms spread as he soaks up the cheers of the roaring crowd.]



Then, perhaps playing a little loose with the timeline, the video rapidly cuts back and forth between many different Stevie Scott entrances:

BOOOOO!  
YEAHHH!  
BOOOOO!  
YEAHHH!  
BOOOOO!  
YEAHHH!  
BOOOOO!  
YEAHHHH!

JJ: Fratz it Shizz!

[As Shizz Dawg OG turns off the television, Jerbauld Jezz slowly walks toward the amused Stevie Scott.]

JJ: The evidence is clear. Not even these PROTOSHEEP [the crowd, apparently the "protosheep" in question, boo appropriately] could vasossiliate from cheers to jeers so often in the normal course of time! Which, of course, can mean only one thing.

[Jerbauld Jezz stops, now mere inches away from his would-be foe.]

JJ: You\* didn't\* do all of this in the normal flow of time! You have/is/will \*pamipulate\* the space-time continuum for your own gyzzrus, selfish needs! And now we know for a pseudofact that the roilspur that's attempting to bring about the end of wildstyling as we know it -

[Jezz rips the shades off of his face with a look of dead serious rage]

JJ: - IS \*YOU\*!!!

[There's some heel heat for the accusation. Stevie scratches his head and looks to his left, scrunching his face in a "is this guy serious?" type of look. He pauses, shaking his head as he looks back at the still-furious Jezz.]

HSS: OK...it's obvious you're accusing me of something. And obviously, you're a big fan what with the digging up of my old video clips. I appreciate that a lot. I'm going to assume you're upset because all the times that I've passed you in the locker rooms and halls in the back of arenas, I've never given you an autograph so...

[He keeps talking as he pulls a Sharpie out of his pocket. Because, you know, it makes sense to carry a marker around with you.]

HSS: ...here ya go, kid!

[And grabs Jezz's arm, shoving his sleeve up, and scribbling his autograph on his skin, the crowd squealing with laughter!]

But the sound immediately morphs into a more serious tone after he finishes, as he pats Jerby on the cheek.]

HSS: Free of char-

GM: NO!

[Unnoticed by Stevie Scott (or the camera) until it's too late to react, Shizz Dawg OG has charged into the ring with a steel chair, the rounded edge of which he uses to impart a sharp jab to the back of Stevie Scott's neck, who bends forward, clutching his neck and howling in pain!]

GM: Vile blindside to the back of Stevie Scott's surgically repaired neck!

BW: And they ain't finished, Gordo!

[Grabbing Stevie Scott by the hair, Jerbauld Jezz yanks Scott's head up to look into his eyes and screams "YOU WILL NOT VAPRONIZE ME!".

Then, as Shizz Dawg OG runs to the far ropes, Jezz tosses aside his shades and grabs Stevie Scott in a front facelock. As S-DOG rebounds off the ropes, Jezz jumps, making his body rigid and throwing his legs upward so that, at their height, Shizz Dawg grabs both of Jezz's legs around the ankles and twists with a double leg Dragon Leg Screw, twisting Jezz's entire body, in turn *\*violently\** twisting Stevie Scott by the neck, as all three men crash to the mat to the horror of the crowd!]

GM: MY STARS! I don't know what you'd call that, but it was like Stevie Scott getting hit with a neckbreaker with the force of TWO men behind it!

BW: He brought this all on himself, Gordo!

GM: He didn't even know what these guys were talking about!

BW: That doesn't matter! Jerbauld still deserved to be treated with the respect of a man who's gotten this far into the World Title tournament!

[As Stevie Scott lies on the ground, grabbing his neck with both hands and stamping both feet on the ground in a sign of great pain, Jerbauld Jezz picks himself off the canvas, straightens and dusts off his suit, and retrieves his sunglasses. As he puts them back on, he pauses, looks to the camera, cocks his head, and delivers...

A JERBY GRIN!

GM: This Jerby...Jerbauld, whatever these lunatics want to call themselves, are *\*proud\** of themselves, Bucky! They *\*deliberately\** set out to re-injure the neck of Stevie Scott, and they are *\*proud\** of their actions here tonight!

BW: This isn't the future, Gordo! This is how it's always been! When you don't get respect, you *\*take\** it!

GM: Oh, good grief, he's got the microphone again!

[Yes, Jerbauld Jezz has the mic, and he walks over to the fallen Stevie Scott, squatting down to be close to him as he speaks.]

JJ: Stevie Scott, this is not the time to finish this. But that time will come. And when it does, you will not be defeated. You was/are/will be de\*existed\*...

...and the borscht will never...run dry...AGAIN!

[Jerbauld Jezz throws the mic aside, rolls up his sleeve, and wipes his "autograph" across the face of Stevie Scott, leaving a smear on his cheek as Jezz stands up, adjusts his suit once more, and gestures to Shizz Dawg, who joins him in glaring at the fallen Stevie Scott for another second, before The Rave leave the ring, dodging objects thrown by the irate crowd.]

GM: These guys are \*sick\*! They've always been quirky, sometimes even funny, but there's nothing funny about this at all Bucky, and I don't understand one bit of it!

BW: Stevie Scott doesn't have to understand anything, Gordo! He just has to be aware that these guys have pledged to take him out! And even if he doesn't respect Jerbauld Jezz, he'd \*better\* respect The Rave!

GM: This is terrible... and Stevie Scott is going to need some help out here, fans. He's down... he's hurt... and we need to get him some medical assistance to get back to the locker room, I think.

[The camera cuts to the aisle where a few members of the AWA medical staff including Dr. Ponavitch are charging down the aisle.]

GM: Help is on the way... let's go backstage and give them some time to help Stevie back out of here...

[We open to a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with Skywalker Jones, already dressed in his in-ring attire. In the background, as always, are his entourage: His personal ring announcer, Buford P. Higgins and his massive "insurance policy" Hercules Hammonds. Higgins is dressed in his trademark white suit. Hammonds has his right arm in a sling, presumably as a result of his untelevised match with Supreme Wright on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling.]

JD: Skywalker Jones, in just a few minutes, you take on former World Champion, Rick Marley in what is being billed by some, as a battle of the "Human Highlight Reels!" We started with sixty-four wrestlers, but you and Marley are two of the few who still remain. With a spot in the Sweet Sixteen of the World Title tournament at stake, what are your thoughts going into this match?

[Jones laughs.]

SJ: Little man, you can talk about your field of sixty-four, thirty-two or however many chumps ya' got left in this thing...but really, we're just talkin' about a field of ONE. 'Cause there ain't a man out there that's got the momentum that Skywalker Jones has got!

[In the background, Buford screams, "That's right, playa! They ain't got no momentum!"]

SJ: I took out Calisto Dufresne! Spooked him so bad, that he lost the National title and went into witness protection! I shattered the myth of Juan Vasquez! Left that jigga-dolt a shell of his former self! And then I tossed dirt on the grave of Tommy Fierro! Made MYSELF, the greatest wrestler to ever step foot in the state of Georgia!

[Jones holds up three fingers.]

SJ: That's three men that used to call themselves the greatest in the world... and tonight, Skywalker Jones is gonna' whup himself a fourth one!

[He whips off his designer shades and flashes a million-dollar smile.]

SJ: Ricky Marley, you ain't no "Human Highlight Reel!" You ain't even worth a slow motion replay!

[He cackles loudly.]

SJ: Ya' see, Skywalker Jones has been taking down all these so-called "legends" and "champions", even before this tournament began! Week after week, my "Showcase of Immortality" has been showing the world who the TRUE legend and the TRUE champion of this sport is! And the way I see it, Ricky Marley, compared to Skywalker Jones...you ain't nothin' but another pretender! Nothing but another false god, built up by the liberal media hype machine!

[Buford and Hercules Hammonds chime in, yelling "All hype!"]

SJ: Yeah, you were a World Champion! Yeah, you can fly high and soar in the clouds...but Ricky Marley can't fly as high as Skywalker Jones! Ricky Marley can't reach the stars, like Skywalker Jones, can! And tonight, you're gonna' witness this first hand!

[Jones nods and sticks out his chest for the purposes of exuding maximum swag.]

SJ: 'Cause this ain't ever been a tournament, Jason Dane! Oh nonononono... NO! THIS, little man...has always been the crowning and the coronation, of the only man that deserves to be champion of the world!

[He strikes a rather heroic pose for the camera.]

SJ: NOT lizardman Willie Craven! NOT fatman Percy Childes and his sideshow freaks! NOT that line-stealin', plagiarizing weeaboo, MAMMOTH Maximus! And sure as hell to the no...not that sellout skeeza, Supreme Wright!

[Jones gets an annoyed look on his face and turns around, slapping Hammonds in the shoulder.]

SJ: And I still don't know how you lost to him!

[Hammonds lowers his head, like a disobedient puppy that just got scolded by its owner.]

HH: He almost broke my arm, Jones.

SJ: We talkin' about Supreme Wright. SUPREME WRIGHT! He was nothin' in the Combat Corner! Nothin'! And you tapped out to him like a sucka'! That's just plain disgraceful.

BPH: Disgraceful, playa'! Disgraceful!

[Jones shakes his head at Hammonds, before turning his attention back to the camera.]

SJ: But no matter!

[He waves his hands dismissively.]

SJ: Everyone can try to compare my chances up with any other man left in this tournament and there's always gonna' be that one x-factor that separates me, from the Ricky Marleys of the world...and it's really quite simple.

You can be a legend. A former champion. A CURRENT champion. A man with a reputation spanning all across the globe! But when it comes right down to it...

[He puts on his sunglasses back on and flashes a brilliant smile.]

SJ: You still ain't Skywalker Jones!

[And with a hearty laugh, Jones struts out of view, followed by his entourage.]

JD: Skywalker Jones, extremely confident as always. He'll be taking on Rick Marley...next!

[We crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing all alone.]

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

Introducing now, Skywalker Jones' personal announcer...Buford P. Higgins.

[A huge chorus of boos greet Buford P. Higgins, as he's introduced to the crowd. The ring announcer takes it with a smile, as he speaks into his gold microphone.]

BPH: It's time, once again, to introduce...your next World Champion!

[Big time boos!]

BPH: Rise up on your feet, playas' and pay homage to THE MAN! He comes in tonight, weighing in at an astounding, amazing, uncanny, universally perfect...TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS! He is the one TRUE human highlight reel of professional wrestling! It's time to start up the party, 'cause he's gonna' be whuppin up on poor Ricky Marley...all the way to the Sweet Sixteen! From Hot Coffee, Mississippi!

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

JOOONNNN  
NNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

["All I Do Is Win" by DJ Khalid, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the man that emerges from dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chisled, bare torso. Standing behind him with his right arm in a sling, is Jones' "insurance policy", the massive Hercules Hammonds. Jones stops at the top of the aisle and "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd.

Jones is a lean, well-muscled, athletically built African-American male with a mini-fro and goatee. He has a swagger in his step as he passes through the crowd of cheerleaders, making his way down to the ring. Higgins is there to greet him, taking his furcoat and personal effects, before holding open the ropes for him. However, Jones waves him off, choosing instead to grab onto the top rope and leap onto the top turnbuckle. From there, he backflips into the ring! Jones drops to his knees and performs "The Tebow" pose as his entourage cheers him on.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Jones glares at Watson for interrupting his Tebow moment... and then gets up, kicking the bottom rope in annoyance as a voice rings out over the loudspeakers.]

# Father...Forgive me the wrongs I have done...and those...I am about to do.

[The arena lights dim as laser lights begin to play around the roof of the arena for a five count. Suddenly, the remainder of "Saints of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue floods the PA system as the lights kick back in. As the

audience's eyes adjust to the light level again, they see "Showtime" Rick Marley making his way to the ring. The fair skinned light heavyweight has his long dark hair pulled back in a pony tail and wears a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. White spotlights trail up from his black boots and cascade up the pant legs.]

PW: From Allentown, Pennsylvania... weighing in at 215 pounds...

"SHOOOOOWTIME" RIIIIIIICK MAAAAARRRRLEYYYY!

[Marley slaps hands with the fans at ringside until he is about 15 feet from the ring, at which point he sprints the distance, sliding under the bottom rope, striding across the squared circle to climb to the second rope in front of the announcers' table, where he raises both hands to the crowd before back flipping back into the ring.]

GM: Wow! Flashy entrances for both of these men here tonight and look at Marley, getting right up in the face of Skywalker Jones!

[Marley is reading Jones the riot act as the ring announcer steps out, leaving Mickey Meekly to deal with the two combustible personalities.]

GM: I know a lot of people have really been anticipating the battle between these men ever since the tournament field was announced. Tonight, it's going to happen - a battle between arguably the two most athletic competitors in this entire tournament.

[Jones waves Marley back, looking on in annoyance at the fan favorite as he turns his back on Jones and raises his arms to the crowd...

...which allows Jones to easily Pearl Harbor him from behind with a forearm smash, knocking Marley down to the mat. The crowd jeers as the bell sounds and Jones strikes a double bicep pose over Marley's crawling form.]

GM: A cheapshot by Jones to start this one off!

BW: Hey, Marley had that one comin' if you ask me, Gordo.

GM: I don't recall asking you, Bucky.

BW: Oh, I see how it is.

[Jones dances back and forth, throwing jabs at the air as Marley crawls to the corner, using the ropes to drag himself back to his feet as Jones approaches, all grins...]

"You wanna step to Skywalker, son?! You want to-"

[We'll never know the second part of that as Marley tears out of the corner, landing a right hand on the jaw that sends Jones scrambling backwards. Marley pursues to the cheers of the crowd, landing a second one that backs Jones all the way to the opposite corner...]

GM: Marley grabs the arm... big whip...

[Jones goes to show off his acrobatic skills, running right up the turnbuckles, backflipping off the top, landing safely on his feet with his arms outstretched in a "Check me out!" pose...

...until a tap on the shoulder turns him around and a right hand puts him on his rear!]

GM: Haha! Jones went for the flashy move but Marley knew it was coming and he didn't go for it, Bucky!

[Jones promptly rolls out to the floor, shouting something about a "jive turkey" as Marley backs to the ropes, measuring his opponent...

...and breaking into a charge across the ring!]

GM: HERE COMES MARLEY!!

[Out on the floor, Jones scrambles to get out of the way as Marley goes into a front flip inside the ring, bouncing his legs off the ropes, rolling back into a kneeling position in the ring where he points a mocking finger at Jones who slams his arms into the apron in frustration!]

GM: Rick Marley just showed up Skywalker Jones again! And if Jones thinks he's the best high flyer in the AWA, Rick Marley may be about to prove him wrong, Bucky.

BW: No chance... no chance at all. Marley's good but Jones is the best high flyer in the WORLD today... not just the AWA.

[Marley climbs to his feet, taking a midbuckle to rile up the crowd as an annoyed Jones rolls into the ring, charging the corner...

...where Marley backflips off the middle rope, landing on his feet behind Jones who smashes chestfirst into the corner, stumbling backwards into a side waistlock...]

GM: Marley calls for the Showbomb early!

[But as he tries to get Jones into the waistlock sitout powerbomb, Jones flips right over the top, landing on a knee behind Marley, crouching low as "Showtime" turns around...

...and gets POPPED with a leaping uppercut on the chin, knocking Marley back into the corner!]

GM: Sweet Jumping Beans! He got him with all of that!



[Grabbing Marley by the arm, Jones sends him across from corner to corner, Marley smashing backfirst to the buckles. Jones backs to the corner, giving a shout before charging in after him...

...and leaping into the air, bringing up both knees to smash Marley in the chest in the corner!]

GM: Ohhh!

[The impact of the double knee sends Jones back out towards the middle of the ring where he promptly charges back in, running up the chest of Marley, planting a foot on the face before backflipping out, landing on his feet in a self-congratulating pose to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: And there's the backflip he wanted earlier.

BW: How can these idiots boo this man? He's pure spectacle in every movement!

[Jones moves back in, throwing a pair of forearms to the jaw before leaning down to place Marley up on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Jones may be going for something big early in this one, fans.

[Jones hooks his arms around the torso of Marley.]

BW: Witness To Greatness! He wants the flipping belly to belly off the top!

[But Marley is ready for him, throwing short right hands to the jaw. A double arm bellclapper stuns Jones and a well-placed pushkick to the chest sends him off the ropes, down to the canvas as Marley stands tall on the top rope, waiting for Jones to get up off the mat...]

GM: Jones is up!

[And Marley takes flight, soaring through the air to catch Jones right on the chin with a missile dropkick, sending Jones backflipping across the ring and down to the mat!]

GM: Big flying dropkick off the top by "Showtime" Rick Marley! He caught Jones right on the button with that one, fans!

[Jones rolls out to the apron but can't get to the floor before Marley pulls him up by the hair, reaching over the ropes to grab him. With Jones back on his feet, Marley hammers him with a pair of right hands to the skull before hooking a front facelock...]

GM: Marley's looking to bring Jones in the hard way!

[Marley hoists Jones into the air, looking for a suplex...

...but Jones flips clean over the top again, landing on his feet facing away from Marley where a well-placed back elbow catches "Showtime" in the back of the head!]

GM: Goodness! What a shot by Jones!

[He promptly jumps back up, snaring Marley's head in his arms, and SNAPS him down to the mat with a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Skywalker Jones takes Marley down to the mat hard!

[Jones rolls into a cover, earning a two count before Marley kicks out. Jones is promptly to his feet, uncorking a series of kicks and stomps that forces Marley under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Marley rolls out... look out here...

[Jones dashes to the far ropes, rebounding off at full speed...]

GM: HE'S GOING TO FLY!!

[...and HURLS himself over the top rope, flipping through the air, and crashing down on a stunned Rick Marley with a somersault plancha!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE! WHAT A DIVE BY JONES!!

[Popping back up to his feet, Jones slaps himself in the chest, making the "I want the belt" gesture...

...and then jogs over to his entourage, giving Buford Higgins a big high five and then a leaping chestbump on Hercules Hammonds. He's all smiles as he trots the full circle around the ring, slapping hands with the few fans who are Jones fans.]

GM: Look at this guy celebrate. You would have thought he'd won the World Title already.

[Jones jumps up on the apron, measuring Marley as "Showtime" starts to get back to his feet on the floor...]

GM: Jones is watching... always ready for something...

[As Marley reaches his feet, Jones breaks to run...

...but pulls up short as Marley dives into a roll, ready to avoid any attack off the apron. A big grin breaks across Jones' face, applauding his opponent.]

GM: I'd be impressed if I thought that was genuine applause, Bucky.

BW: Nah, he's just happy he suckered Marley into putting in that much effort to avoid a dive that wasn't coming.

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Jones slingshots himself back into the ring as an irritated Marley rolls under the ropes. The referee signals for the match to continue as Marley gets up, stomping across the ring into a collar and elbow that he uses to push Jones back into the ropes.]

GM: Jones is backed to the ropes...

[Marley breaks the tieup, throwing a pair of forearms to the jaw before uncorking a leaping back kick that catches Jones on the chin, putting him down to a knee.]

GM: Jones to a knee.. Marley measuring him!

["Showtime" spins around, trying to snap off a spinning back kick to the jaw of Jones but Jones ducks down, coming up with Marley's leg on his right shoulder, lifting Marley up into the air...]

GM: What in the world...?!

[Jones holds Marley high for a moment, his right arm threaded between the legs of a surprised Marley...

...who pivots his hips, using his right leg to catch Jones behind the neck, dragging him down in a makeshift headscissors takeover!]

GM: Whoa! Where did THAT come from?!

[Marley scrambles to his feet as Jones does the same, ducking a wild backhand shot from Jones, throwing a shoulder into the gut of Jones, pushing him back into the ropes again...]

GM: Backed into the ropes again... ohh! Hard chop by Marley! And there's a second one!

[Marley grabs Jones by the arm, firing him across the ring...]

GM: Whip by Marley... leapfrogs over Jones...

[As Jones hits the far side, Marley blindly leapfrogs himself again, sending Jones charging across a second time into the ropes where he bounces off once more...]

GM: CASTING CALL!

[But the superkick attempt is caught by a ready Jones, shaking his head at Marley as he uses the trapped foot to swing Marley around...

...where Marley leaps up, catching Jones on the temple with his heel!]

GM: Oh my! What a counter by Rick Marley!

[Marley is the first to his feet, catching a rising Jones with a pair of kicks to the gut, backing him to the corner again. He grabs an arm, sending Jones across, charging in behind him...

...and leaps into the air, smashing a forearm into the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Big leaping smash in the buckles!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Marley drags him out of the corner, leaping up and smashing his face into the mat in the middle of the ring!]

GM: Leaping faceslam by Marley!

[Marley pops up, pumping a fist to the cheers of the crowd as he heads towards the corner...]

GM: Marley's got him down and now Rick Marley is going to fly, fans!

[Marley steps to the apron, scaling the ropes swiftly as Jones rolls to his back...]

GM: Marley's up top... he's got Jones in his sights!

[And hurls himself from the top, sailing through the air, pumping his arms and legs once before crashing into the chest of Jones with a frog splash!]

GM: Splash! Big splash off the top!

[Marley reaches back, hooking a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Jones pops a shoulder free!]

GM: Two count only! He got the shoulder out at two!

[Marley grabs the hair of Jones, SMASHING the back of Jones' head into the mat!]

GM: Ohh!

[A second time keeps Jones down as Marley climbs to his feet, giving a shout to the crowd who echoes in response.]

GM: Rick Marley's got something in mind here, fans!

[He pulls Jones off the mat by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock and SNAPPING him over in a suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Snap suplex by Marley... right back up...

[And right into a jog to the ropes, leaping to the middle rope, and springing back with a moonsault across the chest!]

GM: OHH! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Marley reaches back for a leg, again only earning a two count before Jones slips a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Another two count for Marley! He's bringing the high impact offense to Skywalker Jones but he just can't manage to get a three count at this point in the matchup, fans!

[Nodding to the cheering fans, Marley pulls Jones off the mat again, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's looking for Limeli-

[But Jones knew it as well, pushing Marley back, smashing him into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Jones drives him back to the corner!

[Grabbing the middle rope, Jones lays in a pair of shoulder tackles to the ribcage of Marley. He straightens up, throwing a big right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Goodness! You could hear that one down the street, fans!

BW: He might need to check his dental work after that shot.

[Jones grabs Marley by the arm, going for an Irish whip...

...but pulls him back in, swinging up his leg into a Yakuza kick to the jaw, flipping Marley backwards and down HARD on the back of his head on the canvas!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: Short-armed Yakuza kick! Right outta the playbook of Devon Case! He told me he learned that one when Michaelson made the Combat Corner kids watch a Devon Case versus Jake Shaw match one day.

GM: He learned it from... watching it on video?

BW: Yup. Did it in training the next day. Said Michaelson's chin was bruised from his jaw droppin' to the floor.

[A smirking Jones stacks up Marley in a jackknife cradle, leaning his weight over to push the shoulders down!]

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

[But the shoulder comes off the mat at two!]

GM: Two count only! Two count only right there and-

[Jones pops to his feet, plants a foot right on the sternum of Marley with a stomp...

...and then snaps off a standing Shooting Star Press!]

“NOVEMBER WHO?!”

[Jones’ trashtalk earns some jeers but the standing SSP only earns a two count for the arrogant high-flyer who gets up, a sneer aimed at the referee on his face.]

GM: Jones didn’t like that count, fans... he thought it was a three.

BW: It was close.

GM: Not close enough though.

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Jones drives the sole of his boot down into a prone Marley over and over, forcing him under the ropes to the apron...

...and breaks into a sprint to the far ropes, bouncing off, and drilling Marley with both feet to the ribs in a baseball slide!]

GM: Ohh! Jones sends Marley out to the floor!

[Jones keeps his grip on the top rope, nodding to the crowd as Marley shoves himself up to his feet...]

GM: JONES!

[Skywalker Jones catapults himself over the ropes, flipping to land on Marley’s shoulders for a hurracanrana, snapping him over to the barely-padded floor.]

GM: There wasn’t a ton of impact there, Bucky. If I didn’t know better, I would think that was just him showing off his tremendous talent.

BW: No, you’re probably right. That’s what it was.

GM: Seriously?! This is the World Title Tournament!

[Jones climbs to his feet, shoving Marley under the ropes into the ring, and starts making his way towards the corner.]

GM: Skywalker Jones is perhaps the most dangerous man in the world when coming off the top rope and he’s heading there right now, fans! Jones to the second rope... now to the top...

[He looks out at the crowd, giving a shout...]

“THE WORLD! IS! MINE!”

[...and leaps as high as he can into the air, tucking his head forward and rotating incredibly fast, hoping to land a 630 senton splash.]

GM: OFF THE TOP!

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

GM: HE MISSED!! HE MISSED!!

[Marley, having narrowly avoided the 630 senton, rolls to a knee, nodding to the cheering crowd as he climbs to his feet, leaning down to slap the canvas with both hands!]

GM: Rick Marley is fired up! He wants to end this right now and move on to the Sweet Sixteen!

[Marley moves in on Jones, dragging him up to his feet with two hands full of hair. He shoves him back to the ropes, throwing a few kicks to the ribs before grabbing an arm, firing him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip by Marley... and he flattens him with a flying forearm to the jaw!

[Marley scrambles into a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: JONES GOT A SHOULDER UP!!

[Marley quickly pushes back to his feet, dragging Jones with him, and tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: He’s calling for the Limelight again!

[He swings around, still holding Jones to drive him into the mat with a diamond cutter...]

...but Jones holds firm, looping his arms around the waist...]

GM: Counter!

[...and hoisting Marley into the air, looking for a back suplex...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...where Marley twists his body, hooking a front facelock...]

...and SPIKES Jones' skull into the canvas!]

GM: REWRITE!! A MODIFIED VERSION OF THE REWRITE DDT!!

[Marley flips Jones to his back, applying a press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN!! AGAIN SKYWALKER JONES GETS THE SHOULDER UP!!

[Marley pushes up off the mat, burying his face in his hands as the crowd buzzes with amazement.]

GM: I thought for SURE he had him there, Bucky!

BW: So did Rick Marley!

GM: Marley's gotta bear down here, Bucky. He needs to keep his focus in there and not lose concentration!

[Marley climbs up, dragging Jones up with both hands full of hair again. He backs to the corner with him, hooking a front facelock as he drags Jones to the buckles, pushing up to sit down on the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Marley's sitting up top... maybe looking for a tornado DDT right here...

[But Jones pops his head free, throwing a pair of right hands at the seated Marley...

...who responds with a right hand of his own, spinning Jones away from him, his back to Marley...]

GM: What a right hand by Rick Marl-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jones leaves his feet, snapping a foot back overhead to catch Marley right across the crown of the skull!]

GM: BACKFLIP KICK!! OUT OF NOWHERE!!

[Jones rolls to his knees, turning his head to look at Marley who wearily leaps from the middle rope, arms raised for a double axehandle...

...and Jones ERUPTS to his feet, throwing a leg up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!!

BW: THE CALISTO KILLER! THE DUFRESNE DESTROYER! THE VASQUEZ VANQUISHER!! CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL, DADDY!!

[The thrust kick caught Marley RIGHT under the chin, completely flattening him as Jones dives across Marley, hooking both legs in a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: And this time, it’s MARLEY who gets the shoulder up! Incredible!

[Jones pushes up to his knees, anguish and frustration on his face as he slams his balled-up fists into the mat over and over again, shouting at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: It was only a two count but Skywalker Jones thought he had him there!

[Jones slowly pushes up to his feet, looking around a bit frazzled.]

GM: Perhaps a bit of inexperience on display here for Jones. He’s not sure what he wants to do next. He started one way there, now back the other... is he going up top again?

BW: It certainly looks like it!

GM: This didn’t pay off for him so well the last time he tried it! He missed that big flipping move off the top earlier but he’s headed up a second time, hoping to have better luck...

[With Jones climbing the ropes, he reaches the middle rope, pausing to take a breath. He puts a foot up top, reaching for the ropes to steady himself as he climbs up...

...and gets caught!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: CASTING CALL TO THE TEMPLE!!

[Marley springs back up, leaping to the middle rope as he snares a front facelock on the wobbled Jones, quickly twisting as he leaps off...

...and SMASHES Jones’ face into the canvas!]

GM: LIMELIGHT!! LIMELIGHT!!

[Marley flips Jones to his back, diving across in a lateral press!]

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

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Marley’s done it! Marley is in the Sweet Sixteen!

BW: NOOOO! Skywalker Jones was ROBBED!

GM: How?!

BW: I don’t know but there’s gotta be something they can use to overturn this decision! Skywalker Jones was gonna be the first World Champion! This isn’t fair!

GM: Jones gave it one HECK of an effort, fans... he’s got nothing to be ashamed of... but in the end, he came up just a bit short when he went for that dive off the top. Rick Marley’s experience may have been the secret weapon, Bucky.

BW: Grrr... I don’t want to talk about Rick Marley! I want to talk about Skywalker Jones being ROBBED! Oh, I hope Nenshou rips Marley’s eyes out and THEN spits mist in them!

GM: Bucky!

[The camera cuts to the aisle where Rick Marley is making his exit, slapping the hands of the fans along the barricade.]

GM: Rick Marley’s moving on to the third round... he’s in the Sweet Sixteen and let’s go see Mark Stegglet put his name on the big board!

[We crossfade to the Control Center where Stegglet is doing exactly that, adding Rick Marley’s name to the list as the tenth man to make the third round of the tournament.]

MS: Rick Marley is through to the next round! And as I look up at this board - wow... who wouldn’t like to see Rick Marley take on a William Craven or a November or a Stevie Scott... and that’s just from those who’ve advanced already. The Foxden vs The Limelight? Sign me up! We’ve got ten men in, six more to go... and we’re about to make that five more to go.

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: Over the past couple of weeks, we’ve had our cameras at live AWA events to make sure we captured all the action in this tournament. And last Friday night in Birmingham, Alabama, there was second round tournament action that saw Colby Greene taking on Gunnar Gaines! Let’s go out to Birmingham right now where Jason Dane and Colt Patterson were on hand to call all the action!

[We crossfade to footage marked "Last Saturday Night Wrestling" Jason Dane is backstage holding a microphone. Standing next to him are two members of the Gaines family — Gunnar in street clothes, and his 17-year-old son Justin in his usual black track suit.]

JD: Folks, I'm here with two very special guests at this time — Gunnar Gaines, and his son, Justin Gaines. Gunnar, there's a lot on your mind, I'm sure, given the apology that Justin made on the last show, plus Ryan Martinez graciously accepting the apology tonight, plus your second-round tournament match against Colby Greene coming up very quickly on the calendar. Thoughts?

GG: Sure. Well, I'll start with this World Title tournament, since it's the most important thing to me right now. My opponent is Colby Greene, who somehow worked it so he could fight his 47-year-old uncle in the first round. If I'd known we could fight washed-up relatives in this tournament, I'd have had my dad, Larry, enter! Then again, no one has ever broken out of his Chinlock Suicida. But all jokes aside, Colby Greene is going to find I'm much tougher than his uncle Brett, starting with the fact that I'm much, much, much younger.

JD: How old are you?

GG: I'm 43. And don't start with me — 43 ain't old. I've been working out and sparring like crazy. Even threw in a little Zumba last week, for conditioning.

JD: Will Justin here accompany you to the ring against Colby Greene?

GG: Of course. Look, Jason, if I'm being honest, part of why I'm in this tournament is to see if I can still go, and to experience the unbeatable sensation you only get by fighting in that squared circle. That's what I love. But part of it is to give my son the privilege of watching me wrestle. He was quite small the last time I did. He was so young, I'm not sure if he remembers much of it. This way he gets to see it in person and learn the ropes. That means something to me. Sometimes this ain't the best business to be in. I don't know if I'd recommend it to a kid starting out. But Justin seems to have that passion for it, and I'm all about supporting my boy!

[Dane turns to Justin.]

JD: And Justin, you expect no problems out there due to your inexperience at ringside?

[Justin is grinning about a mile wide at the realization that the backstage interviewer is asking him a question, which has happened only once before in his entire life.]

JG: Well, Jason, thanks for asking. No, I don't. I don't expect problems. You know, I gave that apology to Ryan Martinez and at first I didn't want to do it. But I've realized the wisdom of my father, Gunnar. Ryan didn't deserve this

cloud I've created over his loss, just like my dad didn't deserve any sort of cloud over his win.

JD: I'm impressed you would say that. Most 17-year-olds aren't so reflective.

JG: Well, Jason, I tell you what. Ryan Martinez deserved that apology. I have thought this through, and now I would say I have even less respect for someone who interferes in a match, either deliberately or accidentally. Either you don't know what you're doing, or you're just trying to cause trouble. I'm glad Ryan said he's going to watch my Dad's back in this tournament. That's big of him, after what happened. We don't want ... we don't NEED ... another cloud over my dad's path to the World Title. He's going to win this thing on his own, with neither help nor interference from anyone. Not a cloud in the sky. I'll see to it ... personally.

JD: Gunnar?

GG: That's right. No clouds in our sky. Just a win over Colby Greene, hopefully. Or else, I will fight with every ounce trying, and prove it was a mistake not to put this match on TV.

[Justin reaches over and gives his dad a hard pat on the back.]

JG: Mistake, dad? It's a travesty when you're still the Baddest Thang Running!

[Gunnar opens his mouth, as if surprised he didn't get the last word. There's an awkward pause.]

JD: Well, there you have it. Thanks, gentlemen.

[We abruptly fade to footage marked "BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA" where Gunnar Gaines is standing in the ring, aggressively pointing to a chair that has been set up next to the timekeeper. His son looks up at his father, hands on hips, and then nods as he sits down in the chair.]

JD: Welcome to Birmingham, Alabama, fans, where Colt Patterson and I will be calling the action for this second round battle between the veteran Gunnar Gaines and Colby Greene.

CP: The veteran? The man's older than I am by far.

JD: More successful too.

CP: Keep pushin' your luck, Dane.

[Gaines gives a quick tug of the top rope as the bell rings, circling the young Cajun, looking for an opening as they come together in a collar and elbow tieup.]

JD: Gaines and Greene tied up in the center of the ring, jostling for an edge and... oh! Greene shoves him down to the mat!

CP: Colby Greene's a heck of a powerhouse, Dane. Gaines needs to use some of that experience if he hopes to knock off Colby Greene who beat his uncle Brett, a former World Champion in his own right, about a month ago now.

[The two men tie up again but as Greene goes for another shovedown, Gaines pulls him into a side headlock, hammering away with a series of short right hands to the forehead...]

...and then pops his hips, taking Greene over into a headlock takedown!]

JD: Gaines taking some of your advice there, Colt.

CP: If he was really gonna take my advice, he'd get back to that retirement village in Portland and call it a career before he gets badly hurt out here. If I'm too old for this business, then he damn sure is.

[We crossfade to later in the match where Greene is backed against the ropes as Gaines winds up and fires big right hands over and over and over to the skull, sending the crowd into a frenzy...]

JD: Gaines is all over him with right hands!

[The veteran grabs Greene by the arm, firing him across the ring.]

JD: Irish whip... clothesli- ducked by Greene!

[Colby Greene hits the far side, rebounding off...]

...and leaving his feet, connecting with a leaping shoulder tackle, knocking Gaines down to the mat!]

JD: Greene knocks him flat! Pure power!

[Greene pulls Gaines off the mat, scooping him high, and slamming him down on the canvas!]

JD: Big bodyslam by the Cajun!

[Greene stands over Gaines, nodding at the big slam as the crowd cheers...]

...and we cut ahead to further in the match where Gaines has Greene in the corner, standing on the midbuckle...]

JD: Gaines opens fire on Colby Greene!

[The crowd is counting along as Gaines hammers away at Greene's skull. We cut to the floor where Justin Gaines is on his feet, clapping wildly for the action inside the ring.]

JD: Gaines hops down... right, right, right... ohh! Big uppercut by the veteran!

[He grabs Greene by the arm, winging him across to the far side.]

JD: Gaines charges in and- ohh! Greene gets the boot up!

[He winds up his right arm, charging in...

...and gets caught, Gaines setting for the Grizzly Slam!]

JD: He's got him hooked and-

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts in jeers at the sight of William Craven stumbling down the aisle, wooden sword in hand...]

JD: The One Man Revolution is here! And he's armed!

[But before Craven can get near the ring, the crowd erupts again... this time in cheers!]

JD: It's Ryan Martinez! The son of the Last American Badboy is on the scene!

[Martinez cuts Craven off with a flurry of haymakers, allowing Gaines to spin Greene out of the corner, lift him up, and drive him down to the canvas with the Grizzly Slam!]

JD: GRIZZLY SLAM CONNECTS! ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Gaines celebrates his victory, quickly being joined in the ring by his son as well as Ryan Martinez who stands guard as William Craven opts to fight another day, wandering away as we fade back to the Control Center.]

MS: Alright, Gunnar Gaines is moving on! He's the eleventh man to join the Sweet Sixteen and what a comeback story it would be for this legendary veteran - this Hall of Famer - to make it all the way back to the World Title here in the American Wrestling Alliance! But he's not there yet, fans... he's not there yet. He's still got three more matches to win if he wants to be the AWA World Champion.

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: Three matches. That's all that's left for this men to become the World Champion. When we started on this Road To Glory back in May, it all seemed so far away but now we've whittled the field down to a final sixteen men, all three victories away from being on top of the professional wrestling world. Gunnar Gaines is through, fans... but we've got five more spots to fill before this night is over. Let's hear from another man right now is also three

victories away from the World Heavyweight Title - the man known as November!

[Crossfade to a shot of Jason Dane in the backstage area.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, I am backstage with a man who has made it to the Sweet Sixteen here in the AWA World Championship Tournament, to many a darkhorse and a bit of a surprise making it this far. This is November.

[The camera pans wide, the pale cruiserweight standing beside Jason Dane. His hair is shorter than it was in his previous days of EMWC, worn in a messy faux hawk style. He wears a dark purple polo shirt and dark jeans as he stands there for the interview.]

JD: First of all congratulations on your big win, some call it an upset, over Chris Staley on the last episode of Saturday Night Wrestling. It was quite a night in Chattanooga for you, but word is the aftermath may be a bit more telling. You suffered a knee injury from what I hear.

[November smiles, stifling a chuckle.]

N: It's not that bad.

[Dane pauses, waiting for more... and then continues.]

JD: Longwinded as always! So what IS the story? Is this an injury that could take you out of the tournament, something permanent perhaps?

[A shake of the head precedes his retort.]

N: Listen, it's not that bad. I've seen the company doctor, I've seen my own doctor. MRI's, X-rays, etc, etc, etc... it's really...

[Finger quotes.]

N: ..."nothing". I am a professional wrestler and have been for quite a long time. I've had injuries of all kinds and trust me when I say this is really nothing. I'll wrap it, ice it and move on like we all do every single night. It's part of the business, Jason. We go in, we perform, we get hurt, we get in a rental car, go to the next town, perform again. No off seasons, no holidays. It's...

[Again he pauses. Again he smirks. Again he shakes his head.]

N: You know, I am just saying what every one of us has said in every interview, on every DVD about history, in every book. I... I don't know why I said it. It's gotta get boring hearing the same thing all the time.

JD: Some might say refreshing.

N: Some might.

[There is an awkward pause, Dane ever the professional breaking it.]

JD: So what's next for November in this tournament. Who are you looking to face next? It's quite the field that's advanced so far. William Craven, Stevie Scott, MAMMOTH Maximus, even Dave Cooper. Not to mention who still has matches. It's absolute world class competition in the event!

N: Best in the world.

JD: Best in the world.

N: Listen... Jason...

[He sighs briefly, showing a bit of frustration?]

N: I... I've never been the favorite in any match. I've never been the favorite in a lot of locker rooms. But the fact is I am a company man. I will face whoever they throw in front of me. Bad knee, bum back, head ache, sore ribs, lack of sleep, red eye to Japan an hour after or from Mexico an hour before, I will go out there, I will bring the best I possibly can no matter WHO I face. Craven, Scott... McBaine.

[Was that disdain?]

N: This is a chance for every guy left to prove they ARE the best in the world.

[Emphasis time.]

N: To prove that they believe they ARE the... best... in... the... world. Not a single one of us. Not me, no Scott, not Lynch, not Jerby Jezz, Gaines, Sharif, Bart, Nenshou, Matthews... not a single one of us is in this tournament for the money.

Or the fame.

Or the glory.

Or the accolades.

Despite the facade any guy puts on, the mask, the character, it's all about one thing. It's about being the very, very, VERY BEST IN THE WORLD in the professional wrestling business.

[He pauses, looking right at Jones, eyes silver solid.]

N: Because, in the end... that is what matters, Jason.

[He shakes his head, eyes closing. He smirks... chuckles... out loud.]



N: You know, Jason, I've never said that out loud. It's like someone turned on the light. THAT is what matters, Jason.

THAT is what matters.

[He walks away, Jason Dane left alone in front of the AWA backdrop as we fade away from the Control Center 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.]

As we fade back up, we come to footage marked "TWO WEEKS AGO." It is the locker room area after the last Saturday Night Wrestling. Chris Staley is there, dressed in a sweat-stained red t-shirt and black shorts, his head down, looking into the camera lens.]

CS: Why'd they send you?

[The cameraman stutters, surprised to be speaking.]

C: Uhh... special feature for the Blu Ray. Interviews with the los-

[Staley looks up harshly. The cameraman's words trail off as Staley nods with resignation.]

CS: Can't believe it, man. Said I wasn't going to take November lightly. I didn't. Still beat me. Don't know what went wrong.

[Staley folds his hands together and sighs.]

CS: Thought for sure that my Redemption was at hand. Wrong again. "The underdog becomes the dark horse"? God, I don't even know what the heck I was talking about.

[He shakes his head.]

CS: Man, now I'm probably going to have to go crawling back to Japan. Guess the hardcore junk is all I'm good for.

I said I was never going back, but what options do I have?

[Staley sighs again.]

CS: Nobody here in the States wants me. Or Canada. And I burned my bridges in Mexico.

[Just then, there's a knock at the door. Without looking up, Chris answers.]

CS: Yeah, I'll be out of here in a few minutes.

[The door swings open anyways as Mark Stegglet comes wandering into sight.]

MS: Oh. Sorry, didn't think anyone was in here.

CS: Don't worry about it.

[Stegglet's gaze turns towards the camera, seeing it for the first time. He looks startled.]

MS: Oh, promo time. Should I leave or-?

[Staley doesn't answer, looking down at the floor.]

MS: Surprised you're still here, Chris. I thought you'd be back on a plane to Japan by now.

[Staley grumbles.]

CS: Yeah, guess I'm gonna have to go. I REALLY don't want to go back, my body can't take the strain anymore, but I guess that's my lot in life. Sure did enjoy myself while I was here though.

[Staley stands up slowly, and is about to pick up his previously unseen bag, when Mark interrupts.]

MS: You know, Chris, there could be a solution to your problem.

[Staley stops in his tracks, and looks over at Mark in confusion.]

CS: Really? By all means, do tell.

MS: Well, at Blood, Sweat, and Tears, there's our annual Rumble.

And they're saying that anyone who was eliminated from the tournament has the right to request entry. Last I checked, that would include you.

[Staley's face brightens.]

CS: The Rumble? Of course! Why didn't I think about that?

[Staley heads towards the door.]

CS: I'll go talk to them right now. Y'know, Mark, you're a life-saver. Thanks.

[Staley pats Mark on the shoulder, and quickly leaves the room to go find the Championship Committee. Mark smiles.]

MS: Glad to be of assistance.

[Mark continues looking in the direction Staley went, looking rather pleased with himself. He turns towards the camera.]

MS: Can you turn that off now?

[The camera abruptly cuts off with a burst of static before coming back up on Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, and after the footage we just saw, we can inform you that Chris Staley IS in the Rumble... along with Alphonse Green, Robert Donovan, and Supernova. Quite the field starting to come together for the annual thirty man Rumble, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely - and with the stakes never being higher for that match, I bet we're gonna get a Who's Who of pro wrestling in that Rumble this year, Gordo.

GM: Without a doubt. And now, fans, it's time for the Mirror Ball!

[The shot fades up to the ring where we see a makeshift interview area has been set up near the back of the arena bowl. It has a couple of wooden stools set up over a plush red carpet and a large rectangular mirror hangs behind it. A voiceover rings out over the PA system.]

VO: Ladies and gentlemen... welcome to The Mirror Ball! And here is your host... COLT PATTERSON!

[Colt Patterson walks in from just off-stage. Patterson is flamboyantly dressed in a neon purple skintight leather shirt with the sleeves cut out to reveal his muscular arms. A pair of zebra print pants and snakeskin boots cover the lower half of his body. Rounding out the ensemble are red mirrored sunglasses and a glittering silver beret. He strikes a big double bicep pose before picking up a mic off one of the stools.]

CP: That's right, I am the one and only Colt Patterson and this the Mirror Ball. This is the place where you find out what's really going on in the AWA. And if you want something heard? This is where you say it.

[Boo!]

CP: Now, my guest tonight is a man who's always had plenty to say. Sometimes, he won't shut up, but he's been silent since The First Tangle in Tampa and a lotta crazy stuff's gone down since then. He's a veteran in this sport. He's a man from the land Down Under. He is the current reigning Longhorn Heritage champion. He is... Glenn Hudson!

[Crowd pop as Glenn Hudson walks into the shot. He quickly glances his host up and down, then gives his crazy getup the slightest nod of acknowledgment. Glenn himself is a little more contained, already in his ring gear and wearing a Travis Lynch t-shirt. The champion takes his place on the other stool. Already conspicuous by its absence is the Longhorn Heritage title belt itself.]

CP: Hudson... welcome to the show.

[His guest seems a little more contained than we've seen him, responding with a simple- ]

GH: Cheers.

CP: What's going on, champ? You just made it past Rex Summers to retain the Longhorn Heritage title, then on the next show you let the "Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant steal it from you? And he says he's gonna send it back piece by piece until he gets what he wants. I'm sure you've got something to get off your chest tonight.

[Glenn takes a moment to formulate his thoughts as the microphone angles towards him. The slightest of slight smirks forces its way to the Australian's face despite all seriousness of the matter.]

GH: Well, due to legal matters, it's been almost a month since I've been allowed anywhere near a camera or a microphone. It doesn't take much to get a taste for it back, let me tell you... But yeah, I've got a word or two to say here tonight.

[He pauses to enjoy a small crowd pop.]

CP: Don't leave me hangin' here. Spit it out.

GH: Alright. Let's talk about one David Bryant. The Doctor of Love.

[As he recites the moniker, Glenn spreads his palms apart in front of him, visualising the marquee.]

GH: As a happily divorced man, Colt, I think I'm qualified to say a thing or two about Love. What I've learned most of all over these years is that Love... should be exciting and new.

[A small laugh drifts through the crowd.]

GH: Now, I'll admit I'm a little bit excited right now. Recent events have aroused my interest. But \_new\_?

[A forced quizzical expression.]

GH: A guy grabs a championship belt and then runs off into the wild blue yonder?

[He vaguely waves a hand in no particular direction.]

GH: I'm pretty sure the AWA's fans saw this episode not too long ago!

[Now an ugly round of booing, as said fans are reminded of Westwego.]

GH: This isn't an episode of The Love Boat though. This is more like Gilligan's Island. Dave Bryant is lost at sea and desperate to do whatever he can to hang on.

CP: I don't know, Hudson. Dave Bryant is a lot of things, but desperate? He seems more like a man with a plan to me.

[Glenn takes a moment.]

GH: Well... look, I can appreciate his situation. We've both come back to this sport after many years gone. We both had a door open for us. An opportunity to get back in the game. I walked through my door and won a championship on debut. Dave Bryant probably reckons his door slammed shut in his face. The truth is he had his chances. "Flash" Tucker beat him in the first round. Bryant had his second chance in the battle royal, but Alphonse Green was the last man standing. Third time's a charm, right? And this is what he comes up with.

CP: Hold on a second. I'm not condoning what Bryant's done here. That belt is the AWA's property and whole lot more. But if you want something, a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

[Glenn nods.]

GH: Oh, and he wants something alright. Badly enough to put himself on my radar, and Dave knows what that means. Did you know we've crossed paths once before? Many years ago, sure, back in Ann Arbor. We had a match. It was Yours Truly, Glenn Hudson versus The Doctor of Love, Dave Bryant... \_and\_ his tag-team partner. D'you want to know what happened?

[Colt's reply is laced is sarcasm.]

CP: Tell me.

[In his good time, he does.]

GH: I got sat on by a six hundred pound Japanese man that I'd never even met before. Went by the name of "Sumotori Shogun". D'you want to know what happened next?

CP: Before these threads go out of fashion, please.

[Glenn laughs and continues.]

GH: I picked myself up off the mat...

[He holds his open palm upwards and fingers together, working it back and forth as if wielding a spatula, then suddenly flips his hand over.]

GH: ... and covered Bryant for the three count!

[Pop! Colt, however, is not so impressed.]

CP: Great story, Glenn. Was there a point to it?

GH: The point is that Bryant knows I don't give up on things easily either... and he knows that as long as he carries the Longhorn Heritage championship belt, he's in a whole lot of trouble. Taking my nameplate off the belt and delivering it like some loved-one's pinky finger? Please. It takes more than some empty symbolism to bother me. Bryant's still just making threats and demands.

CP: If Bryant's true to his word, you get the belt back soon, one way or another.

[Glenn didn't like that - and has nothing to say in response. Colt gathers it and continues.]

CP: So you got crushed by a Japanese guy. Funny you should bring that up, since your opponent tonight is the Japanese superstar, Nenshou. A former Longhorn Heritage champion in his own right and I have say, he's one of the favorites to become the first AWA World champion.

[The current champ cracks a wry smile.]

GH: Nenshou is Percy Childes' favorite to win this tournament. That's something everyone can agree on. Don't think for a second that with all this business with Bryant and the belt that I'm looking past Nenshou. I've been watching what he can do. That guy is tricky and he is dangerous, but life wasn't meant to be easy. When tonight's done and dusted, sixteen men move forward. I intend to be one of them.

CP: So you have a game plan coming into this match?

[Glenn chuckles.]

GH: Always, but I'm not gonna...

[A moment's hesitation. He knows better than this but can't help himself.]

GH: Okay, what I can tell you is tha-

[Something suddenly distracts our host, who looks somewhere off-camera. Colt absently moves the microphone away from Hudson whom, after a few seconds of merely lip-readable tactical revelation, stops and frowns at the disturbance. Both men instinctively rise to their feet just as a conveniently nondescript official joins the scene.]

CP: What's this?

[The crowd begin to murmur in confusion. The microphone drops again and a muffled three-way conversation ensues. The official is holding a yellow envelope which he keeps pointing towards Hudson, while his attention is mostly focused on Colt protesting the interruption. Glenn reaches out and grabs the envelope between thumb and forefinger. He lifts it from the hand of the distracted official whom, now gesturing that his job is done, beats a hasty exit. Patterson watches him leave, shaking his head with disapproval, before turning back to his guest.

CP: You gonna open that?

[Hudson, meanwhile, moves the envelope around in his hands, all humour suddenly drained from him. It's evident that one end is heavier than the other. On one side, letters in thick, black magic marker spell the word "WUG". The crowd begins to get rowdy as people gradually catch on.]

CP: You have to open that.

[The champion looks up at Colt Patterson with no discernible expression on his face, but it says enough. Our host forces a breath out through puffed cheeks and takes a step or two back to give the man some space. In one fluid motion, Glenn tears one side of the envelope away and peers inside. Almost immediately, he turns away again - towards anything but the envelope's contents.]

CP: Did he... ?

[Hudson shoulders jump, one solitary grunt of amusement. The crowd noise continues as the champion reaches into the envelope and pulls out something small, metallic and shiny. We only catch a glimpse before the object is obscured again, this time by Glenn Hudson's clenched fist. His knuckles whiten as the discarded envelope flutters to the floor.]

CP: Christie told us... Another show, another piece of the bel-

[Before Patterson can finish his sentence, Hudson claps his free hand solidly around Colt's and pulls the microphone in his own direction.]

GH: If I may.

[Patterson doesn't give up the mic, but doesn't struggle either. Hudson turns to face the camera as the fans begin to settle down attentively.]

GH: Bobby Taylor, I know you've been watching this out the back, and I'm sure your finger's been on the button. That's fine. You've got something to protect. Something that's dear to you, I respect that. Now, I know I've asked for a lot just to be standing here today. To get back on the road and show these fans what I can still do. To be a part of arguably the biggest tournament of all time. I'm sorry, but that's just not enough!

[Confused pop!]

GH: I need to ask you for two more things. But these things aren't for me, mm-mhm...

[He shakes his head.]

GH: They're for someone else!

[Glenn takes a deep breath.]

GH: One... Please give Dave Bryant that piece of paper that he wants so badly. Offer him an AWA contract!

[The crowd give an immediate negative response to that idea!]

GH: Two... Please give Dave Bryant a chance to earn whatever's left of that belt. Sweeten his deal with a shot at the Longhorn Heritage championship!

[The noise from the crowd continues, but some of it positive now at the prospect of the two wily veterans going head to head. Colt Patterson leans in slightly.]

CP: Hudson, that'd be one hell of a match, but aren't you forgetting something? The Sweet Sixteen? The rest of the tournament?

GH: HA! Hear me out. In about three weeks' time, this long road comes to an end. Right now, all eyes are focused on Blood, Sweat and Tears. The AWA meets its first World champion. But when the dust settles, this show packs up, turns around and heads back home to Texas. The Longhorn State was my home away from home for many years, and I can't think of a better time or a better place...

[Glenn's eyes flash with bad intentions.]



GH: 'Tis better to give than to receive, Outlaw, so let me give Dave Bryant the \_absolute hiding\_ of his career!!

[Big pop!]

GH: Homecoming. Me and Bryant. Make it happen...

[He holds up his still clenched fist, the fragment of the defaced championship belt clutched within.]

GH: ... and I promise I'll make \_this\_ count for something.

[With that, Hudson releases his stranglehold on Patterson's microphone and storms off. Colt watches him leave, then slowly turns to the camera. He chuckles softly, revealing his amusement with the fire that was just lit.]

CP: And with that, the Mirror Ball pops the ratings just for you folks back in Dallas. You're welcome.

[Patterson smirks before flipping the mic away and walking off set as we fade backstage to reveal the huge form of MAMMOTH Maximus who is standing in front of an AWA backdrop. He has on a black mask and a black singlet, with a silver M across the front. Standing next to him, looking a tad nervous, is Jason Dane, microphone in hand. On the other side of Maximus is the dark suited, bespectacled and smirking form of Louis Matsui.]

JD: MAMMOTH Maximus, you may be in the Sweet Sixteen, but the third round matches aren't scheduled for tonight. What brings you and Louis Matsui here tonight?

MM: Why are we here tonight? WHY is MAXIMUS here TONIGHT?! Jason DANE! The Road to GLORY is blazed by a PATH of DESTRUCTION! And MAMMOTH Maximus is the trailblazer! There are MEN in the tournament STILL who have PROMISED a REVOLUTION! There are MEN in the tournament STILL who have PROMISED to bring forth the PRETENDER, to challenge him should they be the one to be crowned the FIRST AWA World Heavyweight CHAMPION! There are MEN in the tournament STILL who have aligned themselves with the PRETENDER and his FALSE PROPHET! And there are MEN in the tournament who have anointed themselves the GOLDEN SON! But THESE MEN are NOT the ONLY Chosen ONES!

[Matsui steps up to the mic with a smirk on his face.]

LM: Common \_WISDOM\_ dictates that when all men make large promises, only the FOOL buys into them all. So, we are ALL OF US none the WISER; we are all of us FOOLS to buy into our own hype! I will make no such promises any more than I would promise that the sun will rise tomorrow. Maximus walks his path alone and only Maximus can fulfil his destiny to be the FIRST AWA World Heavyweight CHAMPION! And the wise? The \_WISE\_ throw their lot behind the IN-EVIT-A-BLE!

[MAMMOTH Maximus balls his black fingerless gloved fists and holds them together in front of him, letting out a loud snort as he yells...]

MM: IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[Those words are repeated over the arena speakers as we fade back into the arena bowl...]

# IT'S MINE... #

# IT'S MINE... #

# THE WORLD IS MINE! #

[Leading into Black Sabbath's 'Heaven and Hell'. Twenty-five seconds in, a mountain of a man, if one could call it a man, emerges from the entranceway. He is decked in a black helmet made of moulded plastic, shaped like an elephant's head, with long, curved, white tusks and a segmented black plastic tube forming the trunk. The large helmet is attached to black shoulder pads, like those used in football, which help to hold the headgear up on the man's massive frame. In addition, he is wearing a black singlet, with a silver M across the front, black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads and black boots with silver trim.]

# SING ME A SONG, YOU'RE A SINGER #

# DO ME A WRONG, YOU'RE A BRINGER OF EVIL #

# THE DEVIL IS NEVER A MAKER #

# THE LESS THAT YOU GIVE, YOU'RE A MAKER #

# SO IT'S ON AND ON AND ON #

# IT'S HEAVEN AND HELL #

# OH WELL #

[The man balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him, as the bespectacled Louis Matsui, steps through the entranceway, dressed in a dark suit, as usual. Matsui rubs his hands with glee, pats his client on the shoulder and points to the ring. As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him. Matsui, on the other hand, cannot help but direct a few choice words at the more vocal members of the crowd.]

PW: Hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Louis Matsui, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[MAMMOTH Maximus comes to a stop at the end of the entrance ramp. He begins to remove the helmet, with Matsui's assistance, to reveal a black mask with silver markings around the back. Maximus places the headgear in

front of him, the trunk and tusks pointing towards the ring. He holds his fists together, then throws out his hands to either side of him, just as the trunk attached to the elephantine headgear lets forth a burst of white smoke. He approaches the ring and steps through middle and top ropes. Louis Matsui enters the ring after him and, as the music starts to fade, gives MAMMOTH Maximus some final instructions, before climbing back down to the ringside area and leaving his client in the ring to await the start of the match.]

PW: And his opponent-

[Phil Watson's intro is cut short as Maximus' opponent, a tall, muscular white male with a frizzy mullet and dressed in a pair of red trunks, black knee pads and black boots, comes charging towards the big man. Despite his farmer's tan, Maximus' opponent looks to be in good shape. MAMMOTH Maximus, however, holds his ground.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's journeyman wrestler Mike Wade taking on MAMMOTH Maximus, and here comes Wade with another clothesline off the ropes! And Maximus WILL NOT BUDGE! He is challenging Wade to do it again...

BW: And it's Maximus who knocks his opponent off his feet. Maximus is through to the third round of the World Title tournament and, you know, Gordo, I do find a potential match between MAMMOTH and 'The Professional' Dave Cooper somewhat intriguing.

GM: Say what you will about Maximus and Matsui, but with these two, you know where their loyalties lie. But what did Matsui say about the wise throwing their lot behind the inevitable?

BW: Sorry, Gordo, I have no idea what you're talking about.

GM: What he said-

BW: And I said, Gordo, I have NO IDEA what you're talking about!

GM: Alright! Don't burst an artery, Bucky! Now Maximus has Mike Wade trapped in the corner and he is just laying into him with a series of punches to Wade's sides and ribs. And a headbutt for good measure!

[Maximus whips Wade into the opposite corner and follows up with a running avalanche. He picks Wade up and body slams him near the corner, positioning him parallel to it. He steps over Mike Wade's prone body and begins climbing the ropes.]

BW: Uh-oh!

GM: Maximus heading to the second rope! He leaps off!

BW: PREHISTORIC PLUNGE! Maximus making quick work out of Mike Wade!

GM: Cover! No, Maximus pulls Wade up at one.

BW: He's heading to the second rope again... Another Prehistoric Plunge! He won't be in any shampoo ads soon, but Maximus brought some extra bounce there.

GM: Cover... One... Two...

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And this time, Maximus mercifully ends it.

PW: Here is your winner...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[MAMMOTH Maximus pulls Mike Wade to his feet and throws him through the ropes to the outside. Louis Matsui enters the ring, applauding, before raising the hand of his charge.]

GM: There's no denying how dangerous MAMMOTH Maximus is, Bucky, but how will he fare against some of the other, arguably, more dangerous men who have made it to the third round of the World Title Tournament?

BW: Only time will tell, Gordo, but I look forward to seeing more from Maximus and I look forward to seeing what Louis Matsui's guidance can do for him. You're right there're more dangerous competitors in the field of sixteen, but some would argue that there's nothing more dangerous than a cunning mind like Mister Matsui's.

GM: Physically, MAMMOTH Maximus may be the one to beat in New Orleans on Labor Day weekend but he has yet to be tested - truly tested - in the AWA. We know about his exploits in Japan but here in the States, he's still got a long way to go before he's known as one of the greats.

BW: Not if he wins three more matches in this tournament, Gordo. Three more wins. It's nuts, Gordo. Anyone can put together a three match winning streak. Anyone!

GM: You're absolutely right... but can they do it against the best opposition in the world? We'll find out in less than a month, fans, but right now, let's go backstage where Jason Dane has caught up with the AWA National Tag Team Champions!

[Cut backstage to a shot of Cousin Bo laughing his head off, as he mimes something to the chuckling Bishop Boys. Well, Duane Henry is, at least. Cletus Lee simply gives a half-smile. Jason Dane enters the scene with a microphone and Duane Henry points him out to Bo. Bo turns to look at Dane, looks up, and sighs.]

CB: What do you want, Dane?

JD: Well, first of all, I'd like to know what you were doing two weeks ago, when you interrupted the match between Jackson Haynes and Travis Lynch.

[Bo's eyes narrow.]

CB: Hey, hold on, I resent that. We didn't do anything! We simply came down to ringside to check out the competition.

JD: Right, and next you're going to tell me you had no intentions of interfering.

CB: We didn't!

JD: Oh, come on, Mr. Allan. This whole time you've been feuding with Violence Unlimited, you've repeatedly interfered in matches. Heck, you broke Danny Morton's arm! You can't tell me you didn't have something similar planned for Jackson Haynes.

[Bo folds his arms.]

CB: I can, and I will. It was purely a scouting mission. It's not our fault Haynes couldn't pay attention to the match.

[Bo chuckles again.]

CB: Though it was pretty funny to see the look on his face when the Stench boy rolled him up. I've found myself rewinding that moment over and over again.

[Jason looks at Bo in disdain. Luckily for him, Bo's not paying attention.]

JD: Alright, well, now what are you planning to do at Blood, Sweat, and Tears, when you finally get in the ring with Violence Unlimited with no funny business, and your titles on the line?

CB: AND with Morton not having that cast as a weapon.

JD: Right, that too.

CB: Simply put, it's the end. The end of the games. The end of Violence Unlimited's cheating. And the end of their very careers. We're gonna break Morton's arm again, permanently. And Haynes?

[Bo looks at Cletus Lee.]

CB: I believe the big man's got something cooked up for you.

[Cletus Lee nods and makes a fist.]

JD: What's that supposed to mean?

CB: Oh, you'll find out when the time is right. And we will leave STILL the National Tag Team Champions. I make my promise one more time. We will be the longest reigning tag team champions in the AWA's history.

JD: Maybe not.

[Bo shoots Dane an angry look.]

CB: What in the world are you talking about?

JD: Well, I'm sure you've heard by now that, should you retain your championships, Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan are waiting in the wings. And they both have a bone to pick with you.

[Bo shakes his head vigorously.]

CB: No, no, no, NO! Not happening.

JD What do you mean? The Champion-

[Bo interrupts.]

CB: I don't CARE if the Championship Committee says anything.

JD: Well, you know the Lynches have a rematch clause in the-

[Bo points at Jason.]

CB: Correct! The STENCHES have a rematch clause. Not one Stench and Donovan. Who the heck have they beaten? Nobody. They've never even teamed together before. They want a title shot? I know we're not doing the points thing anymore, but you've got to beat SOMEBODY in order to get a title shot. The Rave have been on a bit of a winning streak. Why don't they get a title shot? They're more deserving.

JD: Yeah, by a bunch of countouts.

CB: A win's a win. That's more than I can say about Randomly Paired Tag Team #5,742. Stench has a problem with us? Well, he can just wait for his brother to come back. And Donovan? It's his own damn fault he couldn't occupy the ref while we did our job. Maybe if he showed some initiative, we'd all be rid of that old gnat Cooper for good, and he'd have advanced in the tournament. But he's too stupid for that. Enough about them, this interview is over!

[Bo looks at the camera and does a nasally Dane impression.]

CB: Back to you at ringside, Gordon.

[Cut back to ringside where Gordon Myers is shaking his head.]

GM: Awful. Absolutely awful. Their day is coming, Bucky. I hope it's Violence Unlimited at Blood, Sweat, And Tears... I truly do. But if not, you know that Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan will be there to give 'em all they can handle at Homecoming.

BW: You may know that but I sure don't, Gordo! I think the Bishops just might do what Cousin Bo says they're gonna do - they may be the longest reigning champions of all time!

GM: I highly doubt that. Alright, I'm being told that we can air the James Monosso segment we mentioned earlier in the show. Let's take you to the footage.

[The scene changes to somewhat grainy camcorder footage of a cheap motel room. Seated in a chair here is James Monosso, wearing a grey T-Shirt and beat-up jeans. The stringy-haired maniac looks into the camera, an intent look on his flat, clean-shaven face, and begins to speak.]

JM: I'm filmin' this two days before the fight. I got Bad Eye McBaine in Mobile. Everyone was askin' me if I was lookin' past him. As if you look past people like that. Why does everyone think I'm dumb because I was in an asylum for most of the last decade? I shoulda never been there in the first place!

But... anyway, McBaine. I could make a bunch of useless threats like the others do. Like I sometimes do, when it might mean somethin'. But he won't care. He's just like me, just like Carver. Except he didn't fight Carver, he fought that little idiot who specializes in fluke battle royals. I know I make it look a lot of times like I don't get hurt, but I do. Carver did what he does. You don't get out of fightin' him without gettin' hurt. I just don't show it because I learned that there's worse things in life than pain. Like torture. Torture is worse than pain. Helplessness is worse than pain. Starvation is worse than pain. And there's more and more. Yeah, Carver did a number on me... and now McBaine comes in daisy fresh. You think I'm lookin' past McBaine? You're the crazy one if so.

[Monosso's expression grows dark. His eyes widen, flashing rage. He is about to say something, when suddenly the footage skips ahead. James is sitting in a different position now, and his demeanor is more irritated than angry.]

JM: Which leaves me with one option. Nobody's gonna shed no tears if I get robbed, and I don't care if they do or don't; sympathy don't mean nothin' to me. The AWA sure won't investigate it. It's just like I told Wilde; they only look out for the guys they like. So I gotta get past McBaine, then somebody else, then Vasquez, then two more guys. Somebody told me it was impossible. But you listen real good... it will happen. I will make it happen. I don't know how yet, but the fact is I either do it, or I'm worse than dead. That's the only option. Take 'em all out. It's them or me. Except...

[Another glower.]

JM: ...except it don't matter what happens against Vasquez. I lose either way. I lose if I beat him and I lose if I don't. That means I have to win the belt no matter what! So of all the people I got up against me right now, Bad Eye McBaine, you're the only guy guardin' the way out of my hell! I don't care who comes after you;

[There's another cut. Monosso seemed to have been in mid-sentence, but we skip ahead to Monosso sitting on the edge of his seat. His eyes are in full wildman mode now.]

JM: I don't care if you take it personal, and I don't care if you don't. All that matters is the title. AWA already proved they won't give me a title shot of my own... this is my only chance. The only chance I have to have a life after wrestling. Somebody will cry and whine about the integrity of the sport, but this sport has no integrity and the whole world knows it.

And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise!

[Cut back to the announce team. Both Myers and Wilde have somewhat pensive looks on their faces.]

GM: There seemed to be parts taken out of that interview, Bucky.

BW: Well, we can't really prove that.

GM: It's obvious! Twice, the footage was cut and restarted later. Monosso was in completely different positions within a blink of an eye.

BW: Maybe he cut out the parts he didn't like.

GM: And maybe the reason for the delay was that Percy Ch-

BW: Don't go makin' allegations ya can't prove, Gordo! Percy's lawyers won't like that! Or worse, they WILL like that. Money in their pockets.

GM: Fans, let's go up to the ring for our next tournament matchup!

[We crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

Introducing first...

["Stroke Of Luck" by Garbage starts up to cheers from the AWA faithful.]

PW: He hails from the Valley Of The Blind... weighing in at 302 pounds...

BAD

EYE

MCBAAAAAAAAAIIINNNNE!



[Smoke had begun to escape from behind the curtain during the introduction, leaving the aisleway nice and smokey as the curtain is slowly pulled back by a hand covered in a black fingerless glove revealing the stocky build of a figure. The figure walks into the aisle revealing himself to be "Bad Eye" McBaine.

He methodically walks towards the ring, never once pay attention to the fans yelling and screaming around him. He wears a time-worn leather jacket and black tights with the letters "EOE" in red on the back. Once he reaches the ring, he stops for a moment and slowly looks over the arena. He tenderly removes his jacket and drops it to the floor before sliding into the ring and rolling into his corner.... waiting...]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a momentary pause, and tension hangs in the air as the fans await the entrance of the next competitor. When that first piano note breaks the tension, the boos rush out like water from a dam. "The Theme From Halloween" is instantly recognizable, and James Monosso wastes no time emerging from the back.]

PW: From the State of Confusion... weighing in at 288 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by the manager, Percy Childes...

He is JAAAAAAAAAMES MONOOOOOSSOOOOOO!

[His wide, flat face is red and flushed, as if he's just been in a heated argument. His greying stringy hair is bone-dry, though, indicating that there was no physical exertion involved. The wild-eyed madman stalks down the aisle with an angry expression, clad as usual in his black one-strap mid-thigh-length singlet with shiny silver trim, matching boots, and electric tape wristbands. Over the singlet is a pale green cutoff PROPERTY OF STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION T-shirt which is a size too small for him.

Not far behind Monosso walks the bald-headed goateed manager, Percy Childes. Percy also seems a bit red-faced and agitated. Childes wears a cream-and-navy dress shirt, a royal blue tie with dark dot-streak patterns, black pants and dress shoes. He has his familiar crystal-tipped cane in hand. The duo head to the ring to the boos of the crowd.]

BW: There's somethin' odd here I can't make out.

GM: The red faces. I think there has been an argument, and it is very easy to guess what the argument was about. Percy Childes has not done his man any favors, and no matter what the reasoning or rationale was, Monosso is right to be angry about Percy's decision to schedule a match with Juan Vasquez at Blood, Sweat, and Tears. The whole thing is forcing Monosso to look forward when he's got an opponent tonight who demands absolute attention.

BW: Monosso isn't gonna be thinkin' about anything other than destroyin' the man in front of him. Trust me.

[James walks up the ring steps, glaring intently into the ring. Percy takes up his place in the corner, and the music dies down. Monosso stands warily on the ring apron. He turns to Childes, shouting a couple words in his direction...

...which allows McBaine the opening to strike, rushing across the ring with a running tackle that knocks Monosso right off the ring apron, dumping him in a heap on the barely padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: What a way to start off what’s sure to be a wild one!

BW: Hey, I heard you like the wild ones.

GM: Huh?

[With an agitated Childes backing away from the scene, Bad Eye McBaine rolls out to the floor as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger calls for the bell... we’re underway here in this second round matchup. These two men are fighting to be the twelfth man into the Sweet Sixteen, fans.

[Out on the floor, McBaine slams home a few kicks to the ribs before dropping to a knee, grabbing a handful of hair, and smashing his fist into Monosso’s skull repeatedly!]

GM: McBaine starting off fast in this one. He’s heard the stories and seen the footage of Monosso in action no doubt and perhaps he wants to end this one as soon as he possibly can.

BW: Even a tough guy like McBaine’s gotta know he doesn’t want to tangle with James Monosso, Gordo.

GM: You got that right.

[McBaine hauls Monosso to his feet by the hair, scooping him up in his arms, and brutally slamming him down on the thin pads covering the concrete floor!]

GM: Good grief! What a slam!

BW: Sounded like a slab of raw meat being shoved off the kitchen counter, daddy!

GM: And this is one of the rare times where James Monosso is actually facing a larger man than him. Monosso has an inch of height on McBaine but he’s giving up about fifteen pounds.

BW: Fifteen pounds may not sound like a heck of a lot to Johnny Whitetrash, his fat wife, and his six kids watching at home but you better believe Monosso will feel that extra weight the longer this match goes.

[McBaine again kneels down, hammering the skull of Monosso, taking advantage of the lack of double countouts for a few moments before shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: McBaine puts him back in... climbing up on the apron now...

[Percy Childes rushes forward, trying to intervene. He swings at the ropes with his crystal-topped cane... nowhere near McBaine, just trying to get his attention.]

GM: McBaine turns towards Childes, threatening him now...

[Percy continues to hold his ground, giving it to McBaine with both barrels as the official shouts at Percy to back off. He finally does, a satisfied smirk on his face as McBaine turns towards a recovering Monosso who throws a heavy right hand into the ribs of his attacker!]

GM: Monosso takes the opening created by Percy Childes to fire back with the right hand!

[Climbing off the mat, Monosso raises both arms over his head, smashing them down across McBaine's wide back with a double axehandle that puts McBaine down to both knees.]

GM: He's got McBaine down on all fours - such incredible impact on each and every shot that James Monosso throws, Bucky.

BW: Monosso puts every ounce of himself into every blow he throws because he never knows when it'll be the last one he'll GET to throw, Gordo.

[Measuring the downed McBaine, Monosso backs to the ropes slowly, springing off into a walk...

...and then leaps into the air, bringing his skull down into the small of McBaine's back with a leaping headbutt!]

GM: Ohh! I don't know that I've seen that one out of Monosso before!

[Kneeling on the mat, Monosso shoves McBaine to his back, lunging across into a cover...]

GM: Wha- Monosso with a quick cover?!

[He only earns a two count but the crowd buzzes with confusion at the quick pin attempt so early into the match.]

GM: I'm really surprised at that, Bucky.

BW: I'm not. The gameplan is clear, Gordo. Win and move on. James Monosso and Percy Childes know that Bad Eye McBaine ain't a guy you want to toy around with 'cause he can turn your lights out in a hurry. So James is gonna try to finish him early and often, daddy!

[Monosso shows a bit more of his wild side as he grabs a handful of hair, pummeling McBaine in the face as the referee starts a count.]

GM: Those are closed fists, ref!

BW: Hence the count, Gordo. Try and keep up.

[Monosso breaks off the attack at the count of three, making sure he comes nowhere close to being disqualified as he keeps the handful of hair, dragging McBaine up to his knees again...

...and then uses the handful of hair to SMASH McBaine's face into the mat!]

GM: Ohh!

[Monosso climbs to his feet, ignoring the cries of the official as he wanders into the corner, leaning back against the buckles as McBaine pushes back up to all fours...

...and then surges out, slamming his foot into the ribs of McBaine at full force!]

GM: Good grief! That's a heck of a way to crack a rib or two!

BW: Monosso didn't hold back a bit there, Gordo... he never does, for sure, but he seems especially violent here tonight in every blow he throws.

[Dropping to his knees, Monosso lets loose a guttural roar as he slams hammerfists down on the exposed ribs until McBaine is able to cover them up with his arms, taking a few more blows before he is able to roll clear under the ropes.]

GM: McBaine rolls back out... not where I'd want to be with James Monosso...

[Monosso steps out on the apron, glaring down at McBaine as he rises to his feet...

...and runs along the length of the ropes, delivering a big stomp to the skull that knocks McBaine back down on the floor. Monosso slumps down, sitting on the ring apron as Childes gestures wildly with the crystal-topped cane, shouting at Monosso to "STAY ON HIM!"]

GM: Percy Childes seems a little more animated tonight as well. Perhaps the strain of how important this match is to the Unholy Alliance is starting to wear on him.

BW: McBaine's a major threat in this tournament, Gordo. Nenshou's chances at the World Title improve greatly the moment he's eliminated.

GM: Nenshou's chances? What about Monosso's chances?

BW: Err, yeah... his too.

[Monosso slides down to the floor, grabbing McBaine by the ankle and dragging him across the floor, away from the ring...

...where he leaps into the air, dropping a heavy elbow on the chest to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: A big elbowedrop... goodness, I think that might have taken as much out of Monosso as it did McBaine.

BW: James Monosso is not above hurting himself in order to hurt his opponent, Gordo. We've seen that time and time again.

[Monosso, breathing heavily from the hard impact on his tailbone, rolls to all fours as Childes again shouts orders to him.]

GM: Percy Childes will not sit still tonight, Bucky.

BW: Like you said, Gordo, this match is REAL important to the odds that the Unholy Alliance walks out of Blood, Sweat, And Tears with the AWA World Title in the family. Percy's gonna make sure he gives his best shot at getting McBaine out of their way.

GM: Monosso to his knees, dragging himself off the floor...

[Holding the bottom rope, Monosso unleashes a barrage of stomps to the ribs of the downed McBaine before pulling himself back up on the apron, rolling through the ropes into the ring where he utters a "Count him."]

GM: Wow! James Monosso is actually looking for a countout victory here. Has that ever happened before?

BW: I don't think so. I can't remember it happening.

[Monosso climbs to his feet, settling back into the corner as McBaine struggles to push off the floor to a knee.]

GM: The referee's count is up to three... now to four...

BW: This could be it, Gordo. If McBaine gets counted out, James Monosso is headed to the Sweet Sixteen and suddenly Percy Childes has a 1/8th chance of managing the World Champion the day after Labor Day.

GM: The odds would certainly tilt in his favor if that happens.

[With the crowd bellowing their approval, McBaine manages to get to his feet...

...which sends Monosso lumbering across the ring, dropping into a sloppy baseball slide...]

GM: Monosso charges!

[But McBaine sidesteps the sliding kick...

...and ROCKS Monosso with a right hand between the bottom and middle ropes, snapping him back down to the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand by McBaine!

[Grabbing Monosso by the leg, McBaine lifts it high...

...and SLAMS the back of it down into the edge of the ring!]

GM: OHHH! He's going after the leg of Monosso!

[He grabs the leg, slamming it down on the apron a second time.]

GM: Good grief! Monosso is wincing in pain as McBaine pulls himself up on the apron...

[He measures the downed Monosso...

...and then DROPS a knee right down in the knee area of Monosso!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A suddenly pain-filled Monosso flails about, smashing his arms into the canvas, twisting his body as McBaine climbs through the ropes, grabbing Monosso by the arms to drag him out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: McBaine grabs the leg... figure four!

[The speed in which the man known for his brawling skills applies the submission hold is startling and Monosso doesn't have a moment to counter before the hold is sunk in deep.]

GM: The figure four leglock is applied in the center of the ring and James Monosso suddenly finds himself in some serious trouble, fans!

BW: Do something, Percy!

[Monosso flails at the mat, smashing his arms repeatedly into the canvas as McBaine leans back, torquing the knee as much as he can. The official drops to all fours, checking for a submission...]

GM: Monosso refuses to quit! Refuses to give in!

BW: But for how long? I don't see a way out of this for him, Gordo! He's too far from the ropes!

GM: McBaine rocks back and forth, applying pressure over and over again on the leg of Monosso... he's stretching for the ropes but like you said, he's too far away, Bucky!

[Monosso grabs at his own hair, yanking hard and actually pulling a chunk out as he tries to grit his teeth and survive the torturous hold.]

GM: James Monosso is trying to hang on! Trying to survive!

[A frantic Percy Childes climbs up on the apron, screaming and shouting at the official who gets up to confront him...]

GM: Get him down from there, referee! Get Childes off the apron!

[McBaine sits up, shouting something similar to Johnny Jagger...

...which gives Monosso a split second to also sit up, digging his fingers into the eyes of McBaine and raking hard, forcing McBaine to break the hold!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: Percy does it again!

[Monosso slides on his rear across the ring, backing into the buckles where he sits, trying to recover as a blinded McBaine struggles to his feet in the opposite corner...

...and then blindly charges across!]

GM: To the corn- ohh! He missed!

[And falls right back into a sloppy schoolboy rollup from Monosso!]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: I think he had a handful of tights, Bucky!

BW: I didn't see nothin' like that, Gordo!

GM: He did! I know he did! Bad Eye McBaine was extremely lucky to get out of that pinning predicament with that much leverage holding him down to the mat.

[McBaine scrambles to his feet, easily beating the hobbling Monosso there where he slams a knee up into the torso. Using the back of his arm to clear his vision, McBaine grabs Monosso by the hair...

...and FLINGS him back into the buckles, snapping Monosso's head and neck back!]

GM: Ohhh! Hard shot there in the corner!

[Grabbing an arm, McBaine goes to whip Monosso across the ring but the Madman only gets a few steps from the buckles before collapsing in a heap on the canvas, clutching his knee...]

GM: Monosso goes down! He couldn't even hold his weight enough to run across the ring right there!

[McBaine nods to the cheering crowd, grabbing Monosso by the foot, stretching the leg out fully...]

...and then kicks the knee! And again! And again!]

GM: He's going right back after the knee and-

[The crowd roars as McBaine looks to apply the figure four leglock again...]

...and gets rolled right into an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MONOSSO ALMOST CAUGHT HIM!!

BW: This is a whole different side of James Monosso! He's a hurt, scared, desperate animal in there right now and Bad Eye McBaine smells blood in the water like a big ol' shark, daddy!

[McBaine again is easily to his feet ahead of Monosso, throwing a few right hands that causes Monosso to fall back into the corner, arms slung over the top rope to stay on his feet.]

GM: Back into the corner... McBaine moving in on him...

[The crowd roars as McBaine tees off, throwing rights and lefts to the body first... then moving up to the head of the Madman, capping it off with an overhead elbowsmash to the forehead that drops Monosso down to a seated position in the corner again.]

GM: McBaine puts him on his backside again, fans! I've NEVER seen James Monosso physically put down like this! This is incredible!

[We cut to a shot on the floor of a sweating Percy Childes who looks physically ill.]

GM: The Collector of Oddities looks like he might throw up, Bucky.



BW: Can you blame him?! This isn't part of the plan!

[Grabbing the top rope, McBaine leans into a boot choke, strangling the air out of Monosso as the crowd buzzes with anticipation of what would be a major blow to the Unholy Alliance.]

GM: That's a choke, ref.

BW: You're siding with Monosso?

GM: A chokehold is illegal no matter who is doing it, Bucky.

[McBaine breaks at four, wobbling away from the downed Monosso, shoving past the official as he heads to the far corner...]

GM: Uh oh... I'm not sure I like the looks of this one...

[The one-eyed monster (stop it!) charges across the ring, raising his leg...

...but hits nothing but buckle as Monosso rolls to the side, allowing McBaine to deliver his running kick into the turnbuckles. Monosso suddenly surges back to his feet, planting a hand around the throat of a stunned McBaine!]

GM: What the-?!

[The crowd gasps as Monosso lifts McBaine off the mat, throwing him down in an off-balance short chokeslam that ends with Monosso down on a knee next to McBaine, falling into a cover.]

GM: Chokeslam gets one! It gets two! It gets th-

[McBaine FIRES a shoulder off the mat, breaking the count!]

GM: Only a two count off the chokeslam as well!

BW: Monosso couldn't get much on that, Gordo. I'm not surprised he only got a two count out of it.

[Monosso grabs the ropes, tugging himself to his feet as Childes continues to shout at him.]

GM: Percy Childes is STILL on James Monosso's case and I think the man from Happy Valley may be starting to tire of it, Bucky.

BW: He's not allowed to get tired of it! Do your job in there, Monosso!

[A harsh glare from Monosso silences Childes... for the moment... before the big man turns back towards McBaine who has struggled up to a knee.]

GM: Monosso's moving back in on- choke!

[The crowd jeers as Monosso simply wraps his hands around McBaine's throat, pressing his thumbs into the windpipe!]

GM: That's a blatant choke, fans!

BW: Turnabout is fair play! He choked Monosso with his boot!

GM: The referee's right there to count... three... four...

[Monosso breaks the hold, quickly being admonished by the official...

...and then hooks it in again!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: He broke at four!

GM: But then he slapped it back on! That could merit a disqualification, Bucky! Repeated offenses - repeat breaking of the rules - is completely at a referee's discretion if he wants to disqualify the competitor.

BW: You think Jagger should disqualify James Monosso? I thought you liked Jagger, Gordo.

GM: Are you implying that Monosso would assault Jagger if he disqualified him?

BW: You better believe it, daddy.

[As Monosso breaks the choke a second time, the official backs him to the ropes, reading him the riot act as McBaine drops to all fours, gasping for air on the canvas.]

GM: The man can barely breathe, Bucky!

BW: Kinda the point of a chokehold, Gordo.

GM: Very funny.

[Monosso shoves past the referee again, moving into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Uh oh!

[He leans over, wrapping his arms around the torso of McBaine...]

GM: He's setting up for... what? A powerbomb?!

BW: I don't think so, Gordo.

[Childes cackles with glee on the floor as Monosso hooks his hands together, steadying himself...]

GM: He's gonna piledrive him! He's gonna-

[But as he attempts to muscle McBaine off the mat, his knee buckles and he's forced to put him back down...

...which is McBaine's cue to straighten up, backdropping Monosso through the air, sending him crashing down on the canvas near the ropes!]

GM: McBaine battles out of the piledriver!

BW: The piledriver is serious business, Gordo... even for Monosso. How desperate does he have to be to win this match that he's willing to go for something like that?

[McBaine struggles to his feet first, leaning over with his hands on his knees as he waits for Monosso to get up.]

GM: Both men battling back up... LOOK OUT!

[A charging clothesline by McBaine connects, taking both men over the top rope and dumping them down on the barely-padded floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A HARD FALL OVER THE TOP BY BOTH COMPETITORS!!

[Edging closer, Percy Childes creeps around the ringpost, clutching the crystal-topped cane in both hands like a baseball bat. The threatening posture draws the referee's attention, sliding to the floor to order Childes back several steps.]

GM: Good call, Johnny Jagger! He saw Percy Childes out there with that cane and he looked like he was gonna do something, Bucky!

BW: How do YOU know?!

GM: He looked suspicious!

BW: Yeah? YOU look suspicious to me! Maybe Jagger should come over here and yell at you!

[McBaine is the first to his feet on the floor, dragging Monosso by the hair over towards the announce desk.]

GM: Hey! Wait a second here! Wait one sec-

[Myers' words are cut off by McBaine SLAMMING Monosso's head into the announce table, sending the announcers scattering.]

BW: See what happened, Gordo?! You got on Percy's case... this is karma!

GM: It's whaa... give me a break!

[McBaine hammers forearms down across the wide back of Monosso...

...and then suddenly wheels around to find Percy Childes creeping closer, the cane slightly raised!]

GM: Aha! You see?! Childes WAS gonna get involved! He was gonna hit him with that cane, I think! But Bad Eye McBaine just caught him and-

[McBaine is about to make a move towards Childes when Monosso suddenly raises up off the announce table...

...and swings his right arm from as far back as he can towards McBaine's face!]

"SMAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A shower of broken glass covers part of the ringside area as Monosso's attempt to swing a glass water pitcher into the face of Bad Eye McBaine fails when McBaine avoids it, causing Monosso to shatter the glass on the steel ringpost!]

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

BW: He tried to hit him with that glass pitcher!

GM: I can SEE that! But why?! If he'd done it, I think he would have been disqualified for SURE!

BW: Haven't you read your history, Gordo?! That's how McBaine lost his eye to begin with! Someone cracked him with a glass pitcher in a match!

[An irate McBaine throws himself into a full tackle, knocking an off-balance Monosso off his feet and onto the announce table a second time! McBaine raises up, throwing heavy right hands to the skull of the man who just attempted to take his other eye!]

GM: MCBAINED IS ALL OVER HIM!

[McBaine's hands land hard, smashing the skull of Monosso repeatedly. After several blows land, McBaine stands on the announce table, kicking Monosso in the ribs until he rolls into the ring. An angry McBaine climbs through the ropes, dropping a knee into the ribs to stop Monosso from rolling.]

GM: Bad Eye McBaine is enraged, Bucky!

BW: Can't say I blame him, I guess.

[McBaine drags Monosso off the mat, glaring dead in his eyes...

...and spitting right in his face!]

GM: Ohh! He spat in the man's face!

[And promptly scoops him up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry.]

GM: He's going for the Blind Valley Driver!

[McBaine walks out to the middle of the ring, turning to show the trapped Monosso to all four sides of the building...

...and then has Monosso wriggle free, escaping to land on his feet behind McBaine where he wraps his powerful arms around the waist...]

GM: NO!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: DESCENT INTO MADNESS!

[The backdrop driver folds McBaine up on the back of his head and neck as Monosso quickly grabs both legs, pushing down into a jackknife cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A tired Monosso promptly rolls off McBaine...

...and keeps on rolling, right out of the ring where he starts walking back up the aisle without an instant of celebration.]

PW: Your winner of the match, advancing to the third round...

JAAAAAAAMES MONOOOOOSSOOOOO!

[Percy Childes happily applauds the announcement...

...and then realizes he's being left behind, turning to scamper up the aisle behind the Madman from Happy Valley.]

GM: James Monosso with... I wouldn't dare call it an upset, fans, but Bad Eye McBaine is a household name and has been one for a long, long while. I don't think many were predicting a Monosso victory here tonight in Mobile.

BW: I was.

GM: Sure you were. But nonetheless, Monosso has carved out his spot in the Sweet Sixteen which gives the Unholy Alliance tremendous odds heading

into the the next round of the tournament! For more on that, let's check in with Mark Steglet who is in the Control Center! Mark?

[Crossfade backstage in front of the big board where Monosso's name has been slid into the Sweet Sixteen.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Twelve men are in, four more to go This has gotta be getting very stressful for the men still remaining. We talked about it earlier... for the folks already in the third round, they now find themselves three victories away from the biggest prize of all time. We've seen some of these men already in the third round with comments... right now, let's hear from another... Travis Lynch!

[The image flickers from to a shot of parking lot, the image bounces as the cameraman adjusts his grip on the camera, and turns to face the rear entrance of the Camp Jordan Arena' the words pre-taped appear in white in the lower right corner. Travis Lynch emerges from the exit of the building, attired in blue jeans and the AWA TRAVIS t-shirt, with a black duffel bag slung over his shoulder. He smiles at the camera before looking around for a brief moment.]

TL: What? No Jason?

CM: He's somewhere in the building but they wanted me to get your opinion on Jack deciding to go with Robert Donovan as his partner over you.

[Travis steps in mid-stride and adjusts the bag on his shoulder.]

TL: I can't say that I'm not disappointed ... I mean Jack's my blood and there's nothing I would rather do than step into that ring by his side and walk out as AWA National Tag Team champions ...

CM: Nothing?

[Travis smirks for a split second.]

TL: Well almost nothing. But in all honestly Donovan is a hoss and with Jack standing by his side, well Jack's walking out as a two time National Tag Team Champion come Homecoming, and how fitting would it be for him to regain those titles at the very event James and him won them the first time.

[Travis smiles broadly.]

TL: But you know what would make Homecoming memorable ... Jack coming out with his newly regained title belt around his waist and me hoisting the AWA World Heavyweight Championship belt high into the air after a successful defense.

CM: Aren't you jumping ahead a bit?

[Travis smiles and runs his hand through his blonde hair.]

TL: Jumping ahead? Jumping ahead? Maybe, just a bit but you heard what Jack said...

[Travis pauses.]

TL: I'm destined to be World Champion ... [Travis points towards the cameraman] you know it, the fans know it, and more importantly I know it!

[He runs both hands through his hair and exhales deeply.]

TL: 'Cause wrestling is what I was born to do. And when those words pass through my lips, it's not just some line; it's the truth. At Blood, Sweat and Tears, I will PROVE it by being crowned the inaugural AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

[Travis slaps the cameraman on his shoulder and nods as he walks past him, slowly all fades to black.]

MS: Travis Lynch believes he has what it takes to move on to the Elite Eight - and beyond - in this tournament on Labor Day weekend at Blood, Sweat, And Tears but he's going to have his work cut out for him, fans, because I was just informed that his opponent in the third round will be none other than the One Man Revolution himself, William Craven! What an outstanding showdown that will be in New Orleans! But that's the third round... tonight, we've still got Round Two business to take care of. One week ago, the AWA was in Tuscaloosa, Alabama for what can best be described as a controversial showdown - at best - between the infamous "Playboy" Ronnie D and the AWA original, Sweet Daddy Williams! Let's take a look at what happened in Tuscaloosa!

[Crossfade from the Control Center to pre-taped footage from Tuscaloosa where Sweet Daddy Williams is standing with Jason Dane, ready to compete.]

JD: Good evening, fans, I am here with Sweet Daddy Williams is one victory away - some would say an unlikely victory away - from the Sweet Sixteen.

[Williams arches an eyebrow.]

SDW: An unlikely victory, huh? Why is that?

[Dane stumbles for a response.]

SDW: It's because I'm facin' some guy that the whole rasslin' world has heard 'bout? Of course everyone knows who Ronnie D is... man spent years tellin' everybody who'd listen 'bout how great he is.

You know what my daddy used to say, JD?

[Dane responds.]

JD: Sweet Daddy's daddy?

[Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: Too cute. My daddy used to say that a man can walk 'round town tellin' the world that the sky is pink, the grass is red, and that he got a whole lot to talk 'bout down under his belt if you catch my meanin'.

[Dane looks like he might blush.]

JD: Yes, I do.

SDW: He can tell the whole world all that stuff... but that don't make it so, JD.

[Dane nods.]

JD: I'm not sure I-

SDW: "Playboy" Ronnie D can stand out here and tell everyone how he should have been a World Champion... he should have been a legend... he should have the respect of the rasslin' world... and he should be a Hall of Famer.

But that don't make it so.

To me, he'll always be a second rate hack who coasted by on his mouth and his reputation.

[Williams smirks.]

SDW: Seems like this business attracts those by the boatload, JD, 'cause I done spent many of my years in it fightin' guys just like that. Guys built on a big ol' reputation and an even bigger mouth.

You know the quickest cure for a big mouth?

[Dane shakes his head. A smiling Williams holds up a clenched fist. He pats Dane on the shoulder and walks out of view as we crossfade to live action where Ronnie D has got the mic in hand in the middle of the ring.]

D: This is unacceptable! My contract specifically says that I only compete on television! I don't wrestle in front of rednecks for nothing! I don't-

[Suddenly, Sweet Daddy Williams rushes across the ring, leaping into the air to smash his hindquarters into D's face, knocking him flat. He gestures to the referee who happily signals for the bell.]

CP: Wait a minute... didn't D just say he doesn't work non-televvised matches?



JD: I heard you tried to get that in your contract too but they told you that non-televvised matches were the only ones they'd let you call.

CP: Real funny, Dane.

[Williams pulls D up, flinging him into the corner where he smashes him into the buckles with a running clothesline. Staying there, he switches to a side headlock, swinging an arm around in the air...]

JD: He's calling for the Riley Roundup!

[Rushing out of the corner, Williams leaps into the air, and SMASHES D's face into the canvas!]

JD: HE NAILED IT!!

[Flipping the infamous rulebreaker onto his back, Williams applies a lateral press.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the bell as Sweet Daddy Williams springs to his feet off the mat, throwing both arms high into the air, and actually falling into an embrace of the official!]

JD: Haha! Sweet Daddy Williams has done it! He's eliminated Ronnie D from this tournament and done so in shocking fashion! Sweet Daddy has turned the Field of 16 into the Sweet DADDY Sixteen!

[Crossfade from the pre-taped footage back to the Control Center where a smirking Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Like I said, controversial to say the least. But from what I hear, the decision will stand and Sweet Daddy Williams is moving on to the Sweet Sixteen! Fans, we'll be back later tonight with more from the Control Center!

[We crossfade from the Control Center to the ring where Phil Watson istands, microphone at the ready. In the ring with him is a tall, athletic African-American man who dances from foot to foot, shadowboxing as the veteran ring announcer speaks.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen ... the following match is scheduled for one fall and has a 15-minute time limit. Introducing first, from Arlington, Virginia... He weighs in tonight at 261 pounds ... this is RASHAAAN HIIILL!

[Leaping into the air with a turn Hill thrusts his arms up in mock victory.]

PW: And his opponent...

\*WHUMP-ump-ump\*

\*Thump-thump\*

[The sounding of a horrible heart is heard, the line reverberating with every noise played over the PA.]

GM: Oh dear.

BW: The man who is gonna send Travis Stench back home to the Stench Family Ranch to live out the rest of his days as an invalid!

#I'm over it!#

[Those words, screamed in a-capela by one David Draiman, precede only briefly an explosion of sound as "Forsaken" bursts out of the PA system and into the arena. The camera angle switches as tension builds; red spotlights brightly illuminating the entrance portal and the crowd waits.

Reptilian blue eyes highlight the shoulders of his black vinyl robe. His hooded head stares down at his gnarled hands, bound as they are in red gauze, clutching a wooden katana in them. The dark figure strides powerfully towards the ring.]

PW: Hailing from Detroit, Michigan! He weighs in tonight at 320 pounds! Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the "One Man Revolution" ... WILLIAM CRAAAVEEENNN!

[Climbing the ringsteps and coming to rest on the apron, Craven looks out at the crowd one time before ducking between the ropes. Thrusting his arms out before him, William slowly parts them, reaching out to his sides, the robe falling heavily into a heap on the mat, and revealing his serpent-tattooed, muscular torso. He then hands his bo'ken off to the timekeeper, taking a microphone in exchange.]

WC: Heh... Rashan, is it?

[Having backed into the corner opposite Craven, hands up defensively, Hill looks confused as his name escapes Craven's lips. Bill's rough, deep voice reverberates throughout the arena as he turns towards his opponent for the night.]

WC: You're a young man, yes? Green ... unformed. Have you considered where your allegiance should lie? A war is set in motion ... the Revolution takes hold. Come. Come here. Come to me...

[Stepping to the center of the ring, Craven beckons to Hill who joins him, uneasily.]

WC: Use your powers of discernment. Answer me this one question ... choose carefully... Are you Extreme...?

[Craven locks eyes with Hill.]

WC: Or are you--

[Grimace, snarl.]

WC: --Old School...?

[Looking around himself uneasily, Hill starts looking for a path of escape. After a moment, however, a smile creeps over his face as the crowd begins to chant.]

Crowd: Old-School! Old-School! Old-School! Old-School! Old-School! Old-School! Old-School!

[His expression turning from one of fear to an almost cocky kind of confidence, Hill looks Craven straight in the eye.]

RH: Okay, old man, you want my answer?

[His eyes shooting wide, every line in Craven's craggy, tattooed green face creases.]

RH/Crowd: Old-School! Old-School! Old-School!

WC: ENOUGH! Why must you all persist!? What I do I do not for myself! I do for all of you... For sweet lady violence... The Revolution must go forth now so that you all can know again the greatness that is Hardcore; Extreme ... the flame, the steel, the glass and the BLOOD! Sweat. Tears...

You!

[Guttermal, Craven stalks back to Hill who maybe, just maybe, is remembering some of that fear he felt a minute ago.]

WC: Do you not know the sacrifices I've made? Body? Mind? Soul? The burden I bear to bring about this change!? The MOUNTAINS I've moved to set all this in motion!? For a year I hid in shadows, bringing all the weapons of the Empire to bear on this place. The man who should have lead this movement spurned the advances of the violence. Giving him every chance to leave of his own accord I broke him down bit by bit and bone by bone. Finally ... I erased Alex Martinez from the wrestling world. He threatened what must be ... he was a cancer ... so I cut. The cancer. Free...

[Quizzical, Hill cocks his head at Craven before smiling. It's a smirk, really.]

RH: Say what? You really are crazy, ain't you? Erased him? You think he's gone?

WC: HE IS GONE! Open your ears!

RH: That ain't what I heard! Word in the locker room is that Alex Martinez is comin' back!

[Big cheer!]

RH: Y'know, the man. The. Man. Living Legend and the greatest wrestler ever? And soon, real soon, he's gonna whoop your big, stupid lizard-green butt--

\*THOOM!\*

[And Rashad's face meets with microphone. Craven roars--.]

WC: PAY NOW THE PRICE FOR SPURNING THE HARDCORE HEART!!!

\*DING!\* \*DING!\* \*DING!\*

GM: And this match is underway!

BW: Why in the world would he do that!? He had to know what was going to happen!

WC: GEEEEET UUUUP!!!

GM: I can't imagine what he could possibly--

\*SMACK!\*

[At this point Craven starts slapping Hill. Every time he tries to rise a great, green hand comes crashing down across his face or neck.]

GM: --be thinking! Craven viciously paintbrushing Hill! These two are about the same height but I don't think they're even remotely close in the strength category.

[Rolling on his shoulders and hips, sideways around the ring, trying to escape Craven, Hill starts catching stomps instead. His hip, spine and shoulder each feel Bill's heel before he manages to pull himself up in the corner.]

BW: And that's the best thing this kid can do; get the heck away from this guy.

GM: Craven choking Hill in the corner!

[Grunting, squealing, Craven cuts off Hill's air with his thumbs and bends him backwards over the top turnbuckle. Gurgling, struggling, there's not much he can do until the referee squeezes his way between both men.]

GM: Just vicious! And now the official getting involved.

[Admonished, Craven paces the ring, trying to get to Hill without being disqualified. Finally, growling out indecipherable words, he ducks between the ropes and snatches up his bo'ken from the apron opposite Hill.]

BW: And Rashan Hill becomes just another statistic, Gordo!

[Charging in, Craven finds himself jerked back by the official. Turning, murder in his eyes, he jerks his wooden blade free. The referee makes it clear that, if he hits Hill with the weapon, he's disqualified.]

GM: And referee Mickey Meekly laying down the law! Look at him actually standing up to the green-skinned maniac!

[Fretting, teeth bared, Craven shrieks one good time and tosses aside the bo'ken. The crowd cheers as Meekly grabs Craven's weapon and walks it to the opposite corner. Meanwhile, Craven charges in...

...right into the raised boots of Rashan Hill!]

GM: BOOTS TO THE FACE! Craven hits the mat like a meteor! Hill with the cover! Meekly doesn't see it!

[Counting, the crowd gets to "2" just as Meekly turns and sprints back in, sliding to position. Before what would have been the 3-count for the crowd Craven kicks out with authority!]

GM: AND RASHAN HILL GOES FLYING!

BW: If you ever doubted the power of the One Man Revolution, let that put your doubts to rest. That's a big man and he just shot him up from a prone position like he was tossin' a basketball!

GM: Hill staying on Craven! This is good. You can't let Craven breathe. The man is a juggernaut; if you let him get going he'll squash you flat and we all know he doesn't stop when you're down!

[Overhand rights and stomps slow Craven's recovery, but with one hand the big man shoves him back. Hitting the ropes he comes right back, nailing his powerhouse opponent with a Superman Punch that staggers him back.]

GM: Rashan Hill doing his best to stay ahead of Craven. He's got a speed advantage and that's kept him alive so far.

[Missing wide, Craven is left vulnerable as Hill nails him with a chop block. A basement dropkick to the temple floors Craven for a second time. Actually pulling him up, Hill slingshots out to the floor, grabbing Craven by the head on the way and hanging him across the top rope! Face pop!]

BW: Frankly, I'm surprised the kid hasn't just laid down yet! All he's doing is riling Craven up!

GM: This is a titanic effort by a young kid, Bucky! Show some support!

BW: Fine. I support assisted suicide. Happy? Go for it, Rashan! Kevorkian awaits!

[Scrambling, Craven hits the mat one time before rising to one knee unsteadily. Hill climbs the apron before lining himself up carefully with the jade titan. As Craven finally regains his feet, Hill LEAPS...

...and flattens Craven with a clothesline over the ropes!]

GM: SLINGSHOT CLOTHESLINE! And he's fallen into a pinning predicament! One--

[Meekly goes down to count the pin but stops short as Craven not only lifts his shoulder but pushes Hill, by the neck, into a kneeling position.]

BW: Uh-oh! He's got Hill goozled!

[Wild panic in his eyes, Rashan chops away at Craven's wrapped and thick wrists and forearms as the "One Man Revolution" uses the ropes (and his victim's neck) to get up.]

GM: Meekly with the five count. Hill fighting for his life!

[Kicks to the thigh, gripping feebly at Craven's face, nothing breaks the grip. Finally, catching him by the leg, Craven uses the grip (leg plus neck) to hurl Hill up before falling with him into a kneefall powerbomb that hits like a bullwhip! Hill bounces and is very, very still; his eyes first rolling up into his head then closing.]

GM: THUNDER MELTER! Vicious Thunder Melter! And I think William Craven has ... he's not going for the cover.

[Rising, steadier now, Craven circles Hill, clawing at his own face and stalking, waiting.]

BW: See? See what happens when some kid too big for his britches pokes the bear? He gets broken!

GM: Craven could pin here--

\*SMACK!\*

GM: And now he's just paintbrushing Hill again. This kid's barely out of wrestling school! He's just a rookie! Pin him and be done with it!

BW: Not gonna happen, Gordo. Early retirement for young Mr. Hill!

[Stirring slightly, Hill's just awake enough to be jerked upright by Craven who grips him for another Thundermelter--]

GM: He's got him again! Not another Thunder--

\*THOOM!\*

[But doesn't fall with the move. Staring down at his victim, Craven breathes hard. Frustrated, he seems to find no satisfaction as the referee starts a 10-count and urges him to stay back from Hill's prone body.]

GM: That ... that wasn't a Thundermelter. That was a Firebomb.

BW: It's official. Rashan Hill's the sacrificial lamb, Gordo. He's a message to Alex Martinez!

[Shouldering past Meekly, Craven gets a double choke on Hill, jerking him awkwardly from the mat and straight up into the air, switches grips and does it again!]

GM: FIREBOMB! FROM THE MAT AND TO THE MAT! Good gravy!

\*DING!\* \*DING!\* \*DING!\*

GM: The referee making the right call and finally just ending this massacre.

[Confused, Craven looks about himself, stunned, as the final announcement is made on his match.]

PW: Ladies and Gentlemen; the winner of this match by way of knockout ... the "One Man Revolution" ... WILLIAM CRAAAVEEENNN!

WC: NOOO!

[Leaping to the outside, Craven finds his bo'ken where Meekly had it taken; the timekeeper's table. Swinging it around in an animated way as he walks, he sends his weapon whizzing over the heads of the announcers.]

GM: Good lord!

BW: Hey! I never said anything bad about you, big man! Revolution is okay by me!

[Sliding into the ring, it's clear that Craven only has one target. Meekly charges up, trying his best to talk Craven out of his continued attack. Craven doesn't even pause as Meekly's hands touch him, he twists the official's collar tight around one hand and hisses just loud enough for the camera to pick up his voice.]

WC: You will leave this place ... and go home to your family ... before I forget what you are ... and they lose you to history...

[Releasing, Craven turns immediately from Meekly (who rolls from the ring and is gone like a flash) to the still prone form of Hill. Stalking, Craven wields his wooden sword in both hands, in front of him, one foot in front of the other as if he were actually facing off in a kendo match. Touching the tip

of his wooden blade to Hill's head he raises up, but stops short as a familiar form hits the ring--]

GM: SUPERNOVA!

[The face-painted warrior ducks a sword swing, vaults Hill, rebounds and hits a heavy clothesline on Craven that sends the bo'ken flying. Punches and chops further press the big monster back until Craven's in the corner.]

BW: Oh, sure, pick on the guy after a hard match!

GM: Bucky!

BW: Shut up, Gordo! When he finally snaps and starts killing everybody I don't want Craven sniffing around after me!

[Meanwhile Supernova has climbed the second turnbuckle and has finished counting to ten on Craven's forehead.]

GM: Supernova rallying, really taking the fight to--

\*THOOM!\*

[Abruptly, Craven grabs Supernova and charges out of the corner--]

GM: --FIREBOMB! Just like that the big monster is in control again!

[Stunned, utterly, Supernova nevertheless keeps trying to move. Rolling to his stomach, he gets up on all fours--]

\*CRACK!\*

[--before taking Craven's heel to the back of the head in the form of an ax kick.]

GM: THE EXECUTIONER'S AXE! Good lord, and Supernova's out! He's unconscious! Both these men are completely unconscious at the hands of this maniac!

[Retrieving his bo'ken yet again as well as a microphone, Craven parks himself in the small space between his two victims, actually falling into a cross-legged sitting position. Perhaps finally satisfied, he chuckles lightly.]

WC: Another victory ... another victim ... another step taken in the journey of the Revolution. These men ... they would deny the revolution it's authority. They cannot see the profundity, cannot see ... even a single thread of value in what the future holds.

They ... are ... \_lost\_.

[Frowning, Craven bends one leg up and keeps the other folded, using his bo'ken to maneuver Supernova's head into his lap.]



WC: This one ... he hides behind his war paint. All the potential in the world ... wasted.

GM: What is he doing...?

BW: What he's doing, Gordo, is removing Supernova's face paint. But, man, why!?

[That's right, Craven's taking the edge of his bo'ken and scraping Supernova's face paint off. It collects at the edge of the blade, a sticky glob of multicolored gel.]

WC: The other ... a sadder case...

[Rising, Craven examines the paint on his wooden blade.]

WC: He has nothing ... nothing but faith in a false prophet. This one will never rise to the heights of the man he worships. The man who, like me, worshipped at the feet of Lady Violence and wept as her Empire died. He's never coming back, Rashad ... "Supernova"...

[Gritting his sharpened teeth, Craven roars.]

WC: HE'S NEVER COMING BACK!

[Smearing the paint from Supernova's face across Rashad Hill's chest, Craven waggles his twin tongues and shouts again.]

WC: NEVER! NEVER!!!

[Dropping the microphone with a \*THUMP\* Craven hooks an arm in the top rope and backflips from the ring. Snatching up his sleeveless ring robe from a ring attendant he stalks up the ramp and is gone. The camera pans over the carnage in the ring one more time before we cut to commercial.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

The words "RECORDED EARLIER TODAY" flash across the screen, as we open to a shot of Jason Dane, standing backstage in front of an AWA backdrop, with Supreme Wright. Wright is dressed stylishly as always, in a Gallery/Doon grey tweed suit with a red vest and matching bowtie. Dane turns to Wright and begin to speak.]

JD: Supreme Wright, after the controversial comments you made on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, the question many of us are still left wondering is...why?

[Wright is stone-faced as he answers a question with a question.]

SW: Why...not?

[He leans in towards Dane slightly closer.]

SW: Is it such a crime, to want a little tougher competition? You see, I'm not here to start a revolution, to right a wrong, or to destroy the AWA.

[He kicks up the intensity just a notch.]

SW: I'm here to \_wrestle.\_

[The grin on his face does nothing to ease the tension.]

SW: And what fun is there in that...without an opponent capable of bringing out the best in you?

[He sighs.]

SW: I'm not an idiot, Mr. Dane...I knew coming in, that the AWA front office wasn't going to do me any favors...and the opponents I've drawn so far show that. Considering our history, it's not really a huge shock that they'd rather see the World Title go around the waist of liars, cheaters, cowards and thieves, before they'd see it go around the waist of Supreme Wright.

[He doesn't seem too upset about it.]

SW: But if they want to make my journey to the AWA World Title a trail of tears, then so be it.

[He turns to the camera, speaking directly to it.]

SW: It'll just make my triumphs *\*that\** much sweeter.

[A wide grin forms on Wright's face.]

SW: Would it really be so terrible, if I won the world title, Mr. Michaelson? Would it really hurt the pride and ego of the American Wrestling Alliance THAT much, to actually have a champion that they could actually be proud of?

[Supreme drops his head and stifles a laugh.]

SW: But I'm getting ahead of myself, aren't I?

JD: You certainly are. You still face the daunting task of defeating Jeff Matthews... the man who you had some VERY strong words for.

SW: You might think what I said about Mr. Matthews was insulting and disrespectful...but there's really no point in thinking any other way. What did you want me to do? Pay him the respect and reverence that's due to a man of his stature?

[Wright chuckles...briefly...before his expression turns completely serious once more.]

SW: Let me remind you, that he's my OPPONENT, Mr. Dane...and it'd be pretty foolish to place him on a pedestal above me. The man aiming to be the World Champion should place NO ONE above himself. The way I see it, Jeff Matthews might be a Hall Of Famer, a former World Champion, one of the toughest, most tenacious, vicious and greatest wrestlers our sport has ever seen...

...but he still taps out the same way as everyone else.

[Supreme bends over and slaps his hand down on the floor.]

\*TAP\* \*TAP\* \*TAP\*

JD: Well, I certainly hope for your sake, that you're ready for him.

[Wright seems to find what Dane said to be amusing, dropping his head as his body shakes with laughter.]

JD: What's so funny?

[The former Combat Corner student lifts his head, seemingly wiping a tear.]

SW: That question. For the last two weeks, that's all I've been hearing.

JD: After the remarks you made, you certainly have to expect there to be some consequences.

SW: But isn't that what I wanted?

[That question brings a slight, but noticeable look of uneasiness on Jason Dane's face. Noticing it as well, Wright tilts his head at Dane and smirks.]

SW: Wouldn't Mr. Matthews be playing exactly into my hands, by becoming the opponent, that I want him to be?

[That smirks turns into a fierce smile, as Supreme's eyes grow wide.]

SW: The Madfox. The Career Killer. The World Champion. The Hall of Famer.

[A short cackle.]

SW: That's the man I've wanted to whup all along, son!

[The animated look on Wright's face quickly fades away, as a more familiar intense look takes its place.]

SW: So am I ready for Jeff Matthews?

[Supreme leans in close to Dane, speaking almost in a whisper.]

SW: You're damn right, I am.

[Wright backs off a bit.]

SW: But the thing is, Mr. Dane...maybe that isn't the question that you people should've been asking. While you were busy wondering if Supreme Wright was prepared to take the butt whuppin' that Mr. Matthews is supposed to give me...did you ever, just once...ask yourself...

[A smirk.]

SW: "Is Jeff Matthews..."

[He levels his gaze at Dane, as a fierce look forms on his face.]

SW: "...ready for Supreme Wright?"

[Judging by Jason Dane's blank stare, Supreme seems to have found his answer. He smiles and slowly nods to himself, before patting Dane on the shoulder and walking off.]

JD: A very...

[Dane still seems a bit frazzled by the interview.]

JD: ...confident Supreme Wright.

[We fade from Jason Dane to...

...the backstage locker room area where the camera has found Jeff Matthews leaning on his forehead against the bathroom mirror, both hands clenching the bathroom sink. You can hear the dripping of the faucet as the mood is eerily somber for a brightly lit room. A few moments of silence and then you hear Jeff... speaking under his breath... chuckling. The bright light of the bathroom casting a massive shadow over his face as his stringy hair hangs down, drops of water dripping off from the tips. Jeff lets out an even more audible chuckle now... and just continues to grip the sides of the faucet.]

JMM: He asks me "What are you willing to sacrifice?"

[Jeff chuckles a little louder.]

JMM: He asks me "How much of yourself are you willing to destroy to get the World Title around your waist?"

My life?

My family?

[Jeff raises his forehead off of the glass and looks directly into himself in the mirror.]

JMM: There are times in the middle of the night when I hear the cries and screams of my babies coming from the coffin as I smashed it time and time again with a sledgehammer. There are times when I look beside at my wife in bed and in place of her face; I see a skull void of life and pleading for me to help her. So ask me again Mr. Wright... what am I willing to sacrifice or destroy?

What do you know of sacrifice?

What do you know of nearly destroying your family... destroying your soul... and destroying your humanity?

[Jeff just continues to stare into the mirror... and the silence draws out for quite a few seconds... and just as you think the scene is about to cut out, Jeff rears back his right hand and sends it punching right through the mirror.]

JMM: TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW OF BEING A WRESTLER, SUPREME WRIGHT! TELL ME HOW YOU ARE WILLING TO SACRIFICE EVERYTHING... WHEN I ALREADY HAVE! MY WIFE AND KIDS DIDN'T WANT ME TO WRESTLE AGAIN... BUT I CAME BACK BECAUSE I WANTED TO COME BACK. WANTED... NOT NEEDED. WANTED... NOT NEEDED. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME, MR. WRIGHT?! HOW DARE YOU QUESTION ME, MY MOTIVES OR WHAT I HAVE GONE THROUGH TO BE HERE TODAY? I STOPPED BEING A WRESTLER???

NO!

[Jeff slowly removes his right hand from the broken glass and just lets it hang by his side. Jeff's stare still fixated at the glass.]

JMM: [almost whispering] I already know what it means to be broken, Mr. Wright. I know what it is to carry the reminders of every time I've been put down and every time I've sacrificed a piece of myself to be a wrestler. Reminders that I can never get rid of.

[Jeff raises his bloody cut hand and wipes it off on his face... the visual almost makes it seem as if he has been crying blood.]

JMM: Jeff Matthews the man has died many times. And every time, he comes back... better and stronger. The cuts, scars, tattoos.... The reminders of everything I have sacrificed. I've always been willing to die for what I've wanted. But you wouldn't know what that means. You're just a little boy who hasn't grown up. You're just a little boy in a big man's game. Don't you ever question me... because when it's all said and done...

[He pulls himself away from the mirror now.]

JMM: ...this isn't my first time at the rodeo. And it certainly won't be my last. You see, when the switch needs to be flipped... I do it.

[A wicked smile forms on his face.]

JMM: [coarse Southern drawl] "The one who conquers and who keeps my works until the end, to him I will give authority over the nations."  
Revelations 2:26

[Jeff laughs. This paints a strange picture with the blood on his face.]

JMM: I'll sacrifice everything... including you, to get what I want.

Trust me.

[And with that, we fade away from Jeff Matthews to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[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 crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and boos (but mostly boos). As the song kicks into high gear, a spotlight hits the entrance, where we see Supreme Wright stepping through. Wright hops around and throws shadow punches to loosen up, before making his way down to the ring.]

PW: ...hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing 225 pounds...

SUPREME WRIIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[Wright enters the ring and proceeds to remove his coat, revealing a lanky, but powerful build, with extremely well-defined musculature, cutting an impressive figure. He wears MMA-style shorts, half-camo and the other half with the stenciled image of a large demon's head. 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.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a long pause.]

GM: All eyes on the entrance way, waiting for the arrival of-

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of not Jeff Matthews' usual entrance music but rather "Carmina Burana" by Carl Orff.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: That's not his usual...

GM: No, it's not... but he HAS used it before. I think Supreme Wright may have made the biggest mistake of his life.

[As the curtain parts, Jeff Matthews emerges from the shadows. He's wearing crimson red tights with "Career Killer" written in black going down the right leg and "Temple" in black going down the left leg.]

He's also wearing a Greek Tragedy mask.]

BW: What's with the mask?

GM: At one point in Jeff Matthews' storied career, he masqueraded as his legendary rival, Caleb Temple. He used that mask to help him accomplish that.

[Matthews stays in the entrance way, blood covering his hand and arm from where he punched the mirror moments ago and as he slowly raises a hand to point at the ring, the music changes to Metallica's "One."

We cut to the ring where Supreme Wright is bouncing from one foot to the other, waving Matthews towards the ring.]

GM: Well, it looks like Supreme Wright got what he was asking for, Bucky. He got the old Jeff Matthews.

BW: Maybe.

GM: Huh? Look at how he's dressed... the music he used to come to the ring...

BW: It's one thing to change your clothes and your music... it's quite another to completely change who you are, Gordo.

GM: It's a good point but to me, Supreme Wright should've been REAL careful what he asked for because it looks like he got it.

[Matthews approaches the ring quickly, promptly diving under the ropes as he gets there. He instantly pops to his feet...

...and meets the incoming Supreme Wright with a right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

[The bell immediately sounds as Matthews throws right hand after right hand, backing Wright to the ropes. He grabs an arm, flinging Wright across...]

GM: Irish whip... Wright off the ropes...

[The former Combat Corner student ducks under a clothesline attempt by Matthews, hitting the ropes behind him...

...but gets dropped with a spinning leg lariat that catches him on the chin!]

GM: Wright gets floored with the big kick!

[But Wright quickly gets back, trying to regroup...



...and a running clothesline from Matthews sends him sailing over the ropes, crashing down to the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: Jeff Matthews is channeling his inner Caleb Temple and just sent Supreme Wright over the top rope and down to the floor below!

[The Madfox backs up, his back against the far ropes as he glares at the rising Wright through the Tragedy mask...

...and suddenly tears across the ring, throwing himself into a somersault, clearing the ropes, and wiping out Supreme Wright below!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MY STARS!! WHAT A DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY JEFF MATTHEWS!!

[The Madfox doesn't take long to regain his feet, staring through his mask down at Supreme Wright who is still down on the floor.]

GM: The Hall of Famer is really taking it to the young man from Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

BW: And how huge would it be for Supreme Wright to walk into his home state in about three weeks' time with the opportunity to walk out as the AWA World Heavyweight Champion? Incredible!

GM: But he's gotta get past Jeff Matthews here tonight first, Bucky.

[Matthews drags Wright off the floor by the cornrows...

...and SLAMS his face into the flat part of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst to the apron!

[Wright spins away from the impact, his back against the apron as Matthews grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Look out here...

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

GM: OHH! Spinefirst into the steel goes Supreme Wright!

BW: Wright wanted the hardcore Jeff Matthews... the one who ruled the roost in Los Angeles for a long, long time. He may have gotten him, Gordo.

GM: Wright's leaning against the steel, trying to stay on his feet...

[Matthews rushes forward as Wright stumbles away from the railing...

...and drops to the floor, scissoring the Madfox's feet between his legs in a drop toehold, bringing him down...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DROP TOEHOLD INTO THE RAILING!!

[Wright pushes himself off the floor, looking down at Matthews who is now facefirst on the barely-padded floor, his head having smashed into the steel barricade off the counter.]

GM: A magnificent counter by Supreme Wright to take control of this one in the early moments.

BW: Six foot three, 225 pounds... Supreme Wright is smaller than most men he'll ever meet inside the squared circle but he's also a heckuva lot better, Gordo. Todd Michaelson may have made the biggest mistake of his pro wrestling career when he let this guy walk out the door.

[Wright leans down, dragging Matthews into a kneeling position on the floor as he digs his fingers underneath the mask...

...and then rips it off, exposing Jeff Matthews' face underneath. He smirks at the jeering crowd as he puts the mask on his own face, throwing his arms apart in a Jesus Christ pose before rolling the Madfox under the ropes and back into the squared circle.]

GM: Matthews is back in, Wright in right after him...

[With Matthews down, Wright strikes the same pose again before leaping into the air, bringing both legs down across the upper body of the Hall of Famer.]

GM: Wright with a double legdrop and... look at this!

[The crowd buzzes as Wright grabs the legs of Jeff Matthews, stepping through them...]

GM: He's doing his best Caleb Temple impression, trying to apply the Last Rites!

[Matthews struggles against, swinging his body back and forth, shaking his legs...

...and ultimately, he frees up a leg enough to upkick Supreme Wright right in his masked jaw!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him on the chin with that kick!

[Wright stumbles back as Matthews climbs to his feet, throwing a big chop across the chest, sending Wright falling back into the buckles.]

GM: Matthews backs him down...

[He throws a few more chops, sending a loud "WHAAAAACK!" into the air off each one of them before grabbing Wright by the arm again, firing him from corner to corner...]

GM: Matthews comin' in behind him!

[Another spinning leg lariat connects, snapping Wright's head back on impact. The Madfox scrambles up, hoisting Wright up to a seated position on the top rope.]

GM: Matthews is moving fast here, going seamlessly from one move to the next - always thinking ahead. It's the sign of a true ring general, Bucky.

BW: Nobody ever said that Matthews ain't one of the best to ever lace 'em up, Gordo. He wouldn't have his name on the Wall of Fame back at the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas if he wasn't. But what I'm sayin' is that his days are done. He admits he doesn't NEED the World Title. I'm thinkin' a man who does - like Supreme Wright - is hungrier than he is to prove he's the best in the world.

[Matthews steps to the middle rope, delivering a pair of right hands before hooking the front facelock, slinging Wright's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's looking for a superplex here!

[Wright suddenly explodes with a barrage of short elbows to the jaw, battling back as Matthews stumbles.]

GM: Whoa! He almost toppled off the ropes there but-

[Wright grabs the right wrist with both hands...

...and then throws himself off the top rope to the floor, bringing the arm snapping down incredibly hard over the ropes!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: I've seen that move done off the apron before but NEVER off the top rope! Matthews' arm might've ripped right out of its socket there, Gordo!

[Matthews rolls around in pain on the canvas, clutching his right shoulder as he grits his teeth in excruciating agony.]

GM: You're absolutely right, Bucky. Jeff Matthews appears to be in a tremendous amount of pain on the canvas there...

[Pulling himself to his feet from his body-sacrificing offense, Wright reaches under the ropes, grabbing Matthews by the left arm, dragging his torso underneath the ropes.]

GM: Oh no... he's got the arm again... he's got-

[And Matthews lets out a hellish scream of pain as Wright raises the right arm, SLAMMING the elbow down on the edge of the apron!]

GM: Supreme Wright may be out to break the man's arm, fans!

BW: The back of the elbow hits the apron... not only does it send a jolt through the elbow but it hyperextends the thing since it's damn sure not meant to bend that way.

[Wright grabs the arm, ready to do it again but Matthews grabs the middle rope with his left hand, dragging his torso far enough out of the ring to prevent another blow to the arm...

...but not a roundhouse kick to the small of the back that Wright delivers from standing on the floor!]

GM: Matthews avoids having his arm smashed into the apron again but he can't avoid the two kicks to the back!

[Grabbing two hands full of hair, Wright tugs Matthews off the apron, dropping him across a bent knee on the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Unique offense from Supreme Wright!

[Wright gets to his feet, tugging off the Tragedy mask and throwing it down on Matthews' prone form to the jeers of the crowd. Wright looks out at the booing fans, making the "sweeping dirt off his shoulder" gesture before dragging Matthews to his feet, rolling him back into the ring. Wright rolls in after him again.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring... Wright dragging Matthews back up off the mat and-

[The crowd cheers as Matthews blindly reaches back, hooking the three-quarter nelson that is the direct prelude to the Foxden...]

GM: FOXDE-

[But Wright is ready for it, pivoting out of it, hooking the Madfox's hurting right arm under his armpit, trying for an armbar takedown!]

GM: Wright's trying to take him down! He counters the Foxden and-

BW: Is he going for the Fujiwara?! Is he gonna beat Jeff Matthews with his own hold?!

[Wright struggles with the Madfox, battling to try and take him off his feet and apply the armbar that Matthews himself is famous for around the world of professional wrestling.]

GM: Can he lock it in?! Can he apply it down on the mat and crank back on the arm?!

[A desperate Jeff Matthews executes a front roll, rolling out of the armbar takedown attempt. He swings to his right, coming up on a knee where he grabs Wright around the leg, ripping that leg out from under him.]

GM: Oh! Single leg takedown by Matthews!

[Matthews hooks the leg under his armpit, wrapping his own legs around Wright's, and falling back into a kneebar!]

GM: Kneebar applied by Matthews! Cranking on the knee, trying to even up the injury scale in this match a bit...

[Wright immediately starts lashing out with heel kicks from his free leg, smashing it into the arms... the ribs... the chest...]

GM: Wright's trying to battle free of the leglock!

[Suddenly, Wright twists his entire weight to the left, rolling himself and Matthews onto their stomachs. Pulling his leg free, Wright grabs Matthews' right leg, twisting it around his own...]

GM: Wright's looking for an STF here!

[Matthews covers up with both arms, making sure that any attempt to apply the facelock would fail miserably. With Wright down on a knee looking to hook in the hold, he slams an open palm into the ribs, trying to bring the arm down...]

GM: Hard shot to the ribs... and another... and a third...

[The right arm swings down to cover up the ribs, allowing Wright to grab the wrist with both hands, yanking back...]

GM: He's got the leg twisted and pulling back the arm with both hands! What a unique hold applied by the former Combat Corner graduate!

[Slipping his leg free from Matthews, he plants his knee against the injured arm, dropping down to the mat to pin the arm under it!]

GM: Oh!

[Kneeling on the arm, Wright yanks back on the wrist, pulling the forearm back at a sharp angle as Matthews struggles against it.]

GM: Wright continues to assault the arm, working it relentlessly!

[Wright shouts at the official to check for a submission as Matthews claws at the canvas with his free hand, trying to get towards the ropes. Suddenly, Wright stands up...]

...and STOMPS the forearm!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief!

[Matthews promptly cradles his right arm, rolling right under the ropes to the floor. Supreme Wright glares at him, gesturing to the official who waves for the match to continue.]

GM: Wright's a little agitated that Matthews went out to the floor, I believe.

[Wright steps through the ropes, looking to pursue...

...when a desperate Matthews pops up, reaching out with his left arm, and pulling Wright's leg out from under him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Wright falls, his back slams into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Jeff Matthews with an absolute act of desperation right there has just drastically turned the tide in this matchup, fans! My stars, Wright hit the apron very hard!

[With Wright down on the floor, Matthews rains down stomp after stomp after stomp to the chest of the former Combat Corner student. The official reprimands the Madfox from inside the ring but he is promptly ignored by the former World Champion who spins away from Wright...]

GM: The Madfox is out here on the floor by us... looking around for something...

[Matthews walks over to the ringside barricade, reaching over to grab an abandoned front row chair. The Madfox folds up the seat, turning back towards Wright who has pushed up to a knee on the floor...]

GM: Wait a second! Jeff Matthews has got a chair! Jeff Matthews is channeling the old Jeff Matthews from his days in Los Angeles but that won't fly here, Madfox! Put it down, Jeff! Put it down!

[The Madfox stalks towards Wright, a cold dead stare in his eyes as he approaches. He taps the chair twice on the mat in front of Wright before swinging it back over his head...]

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

[But a slight grin on the face of the kneeling Wright stops Matthews short. The Madfox glares at Wright, the chair still held above his head...]

GM: Supreme Wright's gonna get his wish! He's gonna get a trip to the Sweet Sixteen if Jeff Matthews swings that chair!

[Suddenly, the Madfox throws the chair angrily to the mats at ringside before grabbing Wright by the hair, chucking him under the ropes into the ring. Matthews uses his left arm to pull himself up on the apron, walking towards the corner...]

GM: The Madfox is headed up top! He did the right thing out here at ringside!

[Matthews slowly scales the ropes, placing one foot on the top as Wright starts to stir on the mat...]

...and leaps off the top, catching him squarely in the chest with a missile dropkick!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Wright!

[Wright immediately rolls out to the floor after getting hit with the dropkick, avoiding any potential pinning predicament. Matthews storms across the ring, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: He's gonna go over the top onto Wright!

[But as he tries to slingshot himself, the Madfox grabs his left arm, staggering away from the ropes and shouting in frustration.]

GM: Matthews couldn't do it, Bucky! He couldn't go over the top with that injured arm!

[An angry Matthews steps out on the apron, measuring Wright as he gets back to his feet...]

...and charges along the apron, leaping off to smash his knee into the standing Wright's face!]

GM: Flying knee off the apron! Oh my!

[Matthews lets loose a roar, standing at ringside over the downed Wright. He uses his left hand to pull Wright up by the hair, chucking him under the ropes back into the ring.]

GM: Jeff Matthews is trying to keep this thing in the ring... he's got Wright down on the mat as he gets back in...

[The Madfox stands, positioning himself behind Wright as the former Combat Corner student tries to get to his feet. Matthews sizes up Wright, ready to strike...]

GM: He's looking for the Foxden again! He's going to-

[As Wright gets to his feet, Matthews spins him around, hooking a three-quarter nelson...]

...and Wright again attempts the armbar takedown, trying to push Matthews down to the mat...]

GM: He's going for the Fujiwara again! For the second time in this match, Supreme Wright is trying to counter the Foxden with the Fujiwara!

BW: Imagine how that'll go down for Jeff Matthews if he has to submit to his own signature hold.

GM: Whether it's to the Fujiwara or not, the most important thing is that the winner of this match is moving on to the Sweet Sixteen. With that on the line, I'm not sure EITHER of these men care how they win or lose this one.

[Matthews struggles against the armbar takedown attempt...

...then twists his body to go back to back to Wright, dragging him down to the mat with a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE COUNTER!! ONE!! TWO!!

[Wright rolls through the backslide, landing on his feet as Matthews pops up on his knees...

...and CRACKS the Madfox in the temple with a roundhouse kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Wright dives atop Matthews, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The Madfox FIRES a shoulder off the mat to break the count!]

GM: Two count only! But it was a heckuva near fall there for Wright! He was a half count away from defeating a former World Champion and a Hall of Famer on his way to moving on to the Sweet Sixteen!

[Wright drags Matthews up, popping him under the chin with a European uppercut, knocking him back into the buckles. He quickly grabs an arm, firing the Madfox from corner to corner...

...and then sprinting across the ring after him, cracking him in the jaw with a running European uppercut!]

GM: What a shot in the corner!

[Wright backs out...

...and then flips forward, catching Matthews right across the face with a rolling koppo kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"



[Matthews stumbles out of the corner as Wright kips up, scissoring the arm between his legs, and dragging the Madfox down to the mat in an armbar...

...but before it's fully secure, Matthews manages to hook a leg with his left arm, flipping into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Wright bridges up off the mat, drawing an "oooooh!" from the crowd as both men get to their feet. They flip over, Wright burying a knee into the midsection of Matthews. He quickly hooks a front facelock, snapping Matthews over in a suplex, floating into a cover.]

GM: Wright with another cover for one! For two! For-

[Matthews lifts the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin again...

...and Wright rolls right into an attempt to slap on the Anaconda Vise!]

GM: Another submission hold attempt! He's trying to hook the arm and head of the Madfox and-

[And a sharp right elbow to the cheekbone of Wright breaks the hold while sending a jolt of pain through Matthews' arm.]

GM: Oh! That'll get Matthews out of there!

[He rolls away, scampering to a knee as Wright angrily gets up, throwing another roundhouse kick...]

GM: Matthews catches it!

[The Madfox catches the leg under his left arm, rising to his feet and twisting the leg in a dragon screw legwhip, dumping Wright down to the mat. He keeps his grip on the leg, getting back to his feet...]

GM: He's going for the figure four - the Foxtrap!

[But as he leans down to grab the other leg, Wright DRIVES his heel into the injured shoulder, causing Matthews to spin away in pain.]

GM: Wright fights out of that as well! This kid's showing a lot of heart and talent tonight in this one, fans!

[Wright pushes up off the mat, grabbing Matthews from behind.]

GM: He's got the Madfox hooked in a rear waistlock - perhaps looking for a suplex of some sor-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Matthews grabs the wrist of Wright, pulling him out of the waistlock...]

...and down to the mat in a Fujiwara armbar!]

GM: HE'S GOT THE FUJIWARA APPLIED!!

[Wright instantly cries out, searching for a way to escape the hold that he knows he can't survive for very long. He slips his knees underneath him, leveraging his body up off the mat...]

GM: Wright's searching for a counter... looking for a way out...

[Tucking his head, Wright rolls through the Fujiwara attempt that is obviously weakened by Matthews' injured limb. Now on his back safe from the pressure, Wright spins to the side, hooking the Madfox into a front facelock!]

GM: Wright spins out! He's looking for a choke, I think!

BW: He could slap on a heck of a guillotine choke from right there, Gordo. Just get that arm hooked in and it might be nighty-night for the Hall of Famer and former World Champion.

[Matthews grabs the wrist of Wright, spinning out of the guillotine attempt, keeping his grip on the arm...

...and drags Wright down to the mat with another Fujiwara!]

GM: And back to the armbar! Listen to these fans living and dying with every move from these two incredible athletes!

BW: Now do you believe that Supreme Wright is the real deal?!

GM: Not yet but I'm starting to!

[This time, Wright wriggles onto his side, taking the pressure off the arm while kicking his legs up, hooking Matthews' left arm...

...and dragging him down in a crucifix!]

GM: CRUCIFIX GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GETS THR-

[Matthews slips out of the hold...

...and reapplies the Fujiwara again!]

GM: He's right back to the Fujiwara armbar! He got it sunk in again!

BW: If he could manage to hang onto it for more than a few seconds, he could probably wrap this thing up right here and now but Wright keeps finding a way out of it - showing the world what a master of the mat he is!

[Wright struggles against the armbar again, again getting his legs under him to block the bulk of the pressure, forcing Matthews into a seated position on the mat...

...and then quickly rolls to his right, much like he did to secure the crucifix but this time, he rolls Matthews all the way over onto his stomach, ending up seated next to him...]

GM: What's he-?

[Wright grabs the right wrist of Jeff Matthews with his left hand, pulling the arm across the throat of the Madfox. He slips his right arm under the right armpit, hooking it on the neck of Matthews...

...and YANKS back!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: That's the Cobra Clutch Crossface! That's Eric Preston's move - the very move that Todd Michaelson taught him in the Combat Corner! How the heck did Supreme Wright-

BW: You said it yourself, Gordo! He learned it in the Combat Corner too! He MUST have! Todd Michaelson must have taught it to Wright as well as Preston!

GM: There's no way out of this! There's no escape! Not a single person has found an escape for this hold!

[Wright's teeth are clenched, pulling back with all the strength and leverage that he can muster...]

BW: THIS is what he wanted, Gordo! THIS is the move he's been looking for all night - not the Fujiwara!

GM: Matthews' left arm is fading! The strength is being sapped from his body! Supreme Wright is choking out the Hall of Famer in the center of the ring here in Mobile, Alabama!

[The crowd buzzes, encouraging the Madfox to find an escape... to find a way out...]

GM: The crowd is trying to get Matthews out of this hold but he's fading fast, fans! He's running out of strength! Running out of air to keep the fight going! Running out of-

[Abruptly, the official leaps to his feet and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Wright instantly breaks the hold, falling back to the canvas next to Matthews. He reaches up, covering his face with his arms as the crowd buzzes in shock.]

GM: My stars... do you realize what just happened, Bucky?!

BW: Supreme Wright just DEFEATED Jeff Matthews in the center of this ring! In the middle of the ring, he beat a former World Champion... a Hall of Famer... and out-and-out LEGEND of this sport! Supreme Wright just sent a message to the rest of the Sweet Sixteen that this World Title is within his reach, daddy!

GM: He certainly has. I'm still in shock. Many people - myself included - believed this was a foregone conclusion... that Jeff Matthews would win this, move on to the Sweet Sixteen where he quite possibly could make history by becoming the first man to wear the AWA World Heavyweight Title. But tonight, it's Supreme Wright who just made history, fans!

[A tired Wright gets to his feet, allowing the official to raise his hand in triumph. Phil Watson is about to make it official when Wright reaches through the ropes, snatching the mic away.]

SW: COMBAT CORNER PRIIIDE!

[The crowd roars with boos, as Wright smiles a grin that has a slight of trace of blood in it.]

SW: That was one hell of a fight you put up, Mr. Matthews...maybe the greatest fight of my life.

Woo!

[He shakes his head and shivers.]

SW: And I know we haven't exactly ever seen eye-to-eye, Mr. Michaelson, but this victory wouldn't have been possible without you. The hold that you created, the hold that Eric Preston made famous, and the one that I just perfected...it was a group effort by us Combat Corner boys!

[It's uncertain if Wright is being disingenuous or if he's speaking from the heart. The crowd doesn't give him the benefit of the doubt.]

SW: But right here, right now...I think it's time me and the AWA buried the hatchet. I've been giving it a lot of thought and I know there's a whole mess of undesireables still in this tournament, but...I can help you.

I can stop them.

[The crowd goes silent for a moment...\_What\_ did he just say???]

SW: You \_know\_ I can.

[He nods, as the smile disappears from his face, replaced by a look of absolute seriousness.]

SW: But...if you want me to do this, I need you to do one thing for me, Mr. Michaelson.

[He holds up three fingers.]

SW: Just three simple words.

[Wright then says the words with passion. Conviction. Feeling.]

SW: "I was wrong."

[The crowd groans in disgust at Wright's audacity. He shrugs.]

SW: But if you don't want to...I understand.

[Smirk.]

SW: I'll see you in round three.

[That sends the crowd back into a frenzy, as Wright seems to be amused by their reaction. And with that, he drops the microphone and exits the ring.]

GM: Supreme Wright has advanced... and you may not like him or his attitude but after tonight, you've gotta be impressed by his talent. I'm still in shock, fans. Jeff Matthews put up a heck of a fight but in the end, Wright scores a shocking victory here in Mobile, Alabama to move on to the Sweet Sixteen. But who will he face in Round Three? Perhaps Mark Stegglet will be able to tell us right now in the Control Center! Mark?

[We crossfade backstage to the makeshift Control Center where Stegglet has pushed Supreme Wright's name from one side of the "big board" to the other.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Supreme Wright advances in what has to be considered a major upset over Jeff Matthews... and while I don't know who he'll be facing in the third round, we have received confirmation on a couple of other matches that we'll be able to announce in just a moment. So, with Wright defeating Matthews, Supreme Wright stands above the field as the best mat technician still in this tournament...

...or does he? Let's go to Montgomery, Alabama and see Pure X take on Manny Imbrogno!

[We crossfade from the Control Center to Montgomery, where Pure X stands by with Mark Stegglet. Pure X is dressed in his wrestling gear already, ready for his match later in the night.]

MS: Fans, coming to you this afternoon from Montgomery where we'll see yet another second round match in the World Title Tournament, this time a

bout between wrestling's smartest man - "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno - and the man currently to my right... Pure X.

[X nods to the camera.]

MS: X, tonight you meet a man who some have dubbed the dark horse of the tournament. What say you?

PX: Hey, those "some" are right. Imbrogno's been impressive thusfar. He's really taken to this tournament now that this place has given him a chance. It's good to see that from the guy cause he is a smart fighter..

[X pauses for a moment.]

PX: But today, it all ends for Imbrogno. And I can say that confidently not because he's lacking in his skill. No... See, today, I'll go out to MY ring and show the fans yet again that pure WRESTLING trumps acrobatics any day, every day.

MS: You're referring to the exciting high flying routine of "Mr. Mensa", topped by his Smart Bomb moonsault? You have in the past shown a particular disdain for such a wrestling style.

[X sort of gives Stegglet a perturbed look.]

PX: Yeah. Look, I don't want to take anything away from the guy - he's got great ability and he certainly knows his stuff in and out of the ring. He's probably forgotten more than I've ever learned... except when it comes to actual wrestling. There? I'm the certified genius in that domain.

[Pure X nods.]

PX: And yeah, I've never been a fan of the acrobats in wrestling. I know they serve their purpose, getting the oohs and aahs from the crowd... But when it gets down to it, EVERY TIME a guy like me - steeped in the real, hard technical style of the ring... Every time a guy like me faces off against an acrobat like Imbrogno? It's no match. It's an annihilation.

MS: Before -

PX: And today will be NO different!

MS: Before I let you go, I want to get your thoughts on Dave Cooper's -

[Again, Pure X gives Stegglet a rotten look.]

MS: - words recently regarding you being the "black sheep" of your family.

PX: Really, Stegglet? You need to even give that a second of attention? Dave Cooper's just trying to lay some foundation, get under my skin just in case he has to meet me in a future round match up. He can continue to mention

that, but it's not going work, alright? I'm not going to let my family name chase me away from my dream, from my destiny once more, ok?

[Pure X's emotions tell a different story, showing a greatly annoyed look.]

PX: Of all things you bring up, Stegglet? Really? Not Imbrogno's IQ... Or me making the legend Gabriel Whitecross tap out... Or parting words Whitecross left after my match with him? Instead, you have to go there? I just...

[X, shaking his head, goes to say something more... but instead storms off before we fade to another backstage shot where Jason Dane is standing with the flamboyant "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno.]

JD: Mr. Imbrogno, the time is here... it is time for the biggest match of your life as you meet Pure X with a spot in the Sweet Sixteen on the line!

[Imbrogno strokes his chin hair.]

MI: Pure X, Pure X... the master of the ring...  
When he traps you in his holds, a submission you will sing...  
He hates the high flying... he hates to see me in the air...  
But a victory over him is truly very rare.

His family name is tainted... his bloodline one of mud...  
When his Uncle's name is mentioned, it truly is a dud...  
But he walks alone... he is his own man...  
And deep down, Mr. Mensa, is perhaps his biggest fan...

But the time has come upon us to put down all the hype...  
The smell is in the air, the moment itself is ripe...  
The moment of truth for yours truly... a moment unlike the rest...  
In just a short time now, we'll really know who's best.

The World Title is the ultimate prize... something one and all desire...  
The kind of prize that drives us... that lives to inspire...  
They call me Mr. Mensa... the world's smartest man...  
But to win true glory, I'll need more than a plan...

So, Pure X, strap your boots on... for one heck of a ride...  
You detest high flying but for me that turns the tide...  
I'll flip and float and fly about... I'll dazzle and distress...  
But when the one-two-three comes down, I'll settle for nothing less.

[Imbrogno nods to the camera with a slight smile and walks out of view as we crossfade down to ringside and join the next match in apparent progress. "Mr. Mensa" is swinging away at Pure X, staggering him towards the ropes. With an Irish Whip he sends him across the ring, stepping and leaping...]

JD: Imbrogno with a flying back elbow to the chest... cover!

CP: And Pure X kicks out quite easily.

JD: Mr. Mensa Manny Imbrogno is doing the improbable and dominating the early goings of this match. Pure X has not been able to get his feet under him and get his offense going.

CP: If ya got the speed, use it.

JD: Well, Imbrogno is a pretty smart man.

CP: Self proclaimed even!

[Imbrogno again takes Pure X to the ropes, going for an Irish whip. Pure X counters it though and stops Mr. Mensa with a knee to the gut before reaching and taking him down with a swinging neckbreaker, taking the wind right out of his sails.]

CP: And here we go. Time for Manny to get torn apart piece by piece. So few guys do it like Pure X can.

JD: He is definitely amongst the most accomplished technical wrestlers in the business today, able to tear down an opponent, as you said, Colt, piece by piece.

[We clip again and Imbrogno is still grounded, Pure X holding one wrist but dropping down with a knee to the chest... and another... and a third. He pauses before pulling the underdog up, soaking in some jeers from the Montgomery crowd. He shakes his head, ignoring them... and dropping a fourth knee before going into a pin, shoving a forearm across Mr. Mensa's face.]

CP: Cover annnd...

[And Imbrogno kicks out at two, sitting up, trying to reach for the ropes.]

JD: If you are just tuning in, Pure X has been really grounding out Manny Imbrogno, using his grinding style to keep the high flyer on the mat. It's not the most exciting style, but it's darned effective.

CP: And that's what you have to be if you want to be World Champion. Forget the flash and pomp, just beat a guy down and win.

[Pure X, keeping the pressure on, grabs deep under Imbrogno's knee... only for Mr. Mensa to reach up and pull him down! POP!]

JD: Small package!

[And Pure X kicks out, scrambling up to his feet. Only Imbrogno is right there, sweeping his legs out with a swipe of the arm, taking him down into a lateral press.]

CP: Kickout again by Pure X!



[Is the third time the charm? Pure X goes to all fours, Imbrogno faster and leaping over, cradling the head and leg.]

JD: Oklahoma roll! IS THIS IT...

[NO!]

CP: No it's not!

[Imbrogno gets to his feet faster than Pure X, tapping his temple, showing how smart he is. Pure X, however, is far from out of it, getting up in the corner. Imbrogno sees his chance and wills the crowd to get behind him as he charges...

...right into a boot to the face! OOOOH!]

JD: Right to the nose and [THWAP!] ENZUIGIRI BY PURE X!

CP: You could hear that right across the building!

JD: Imbrogno is stunned! He is out on his feet... BULLDOG!

[Pure X finishes the sequence, dropping Imbrogno down on his face. Mr. Mensa bounces on impact, Pure X going immediately for the cover.]

JD: Half nelson and cover!

[ONE! TWO! ...and he kicks out but X goes right into a cross armbreaker!]

JD: Cross armbreaker! Cross armbreaker by Pure X on Manny Imbrogno! Right in the middle of the ring and Mr. Mensa is done! How can he possibly escape this devastating hold!

CP: He's going to rip his shoulder right out of the socket!

JD: He is so far from the ropes. There is literally nowhere to go. Pure X is going to move on to the Sweet Sixteen with this hold here!

[Imbrogno flails, trying to escape the hold, looking for an avenue of escape. He tries to push the leg off, grab his own wrist, anything, but to no avail. Pure X yells at him to quit, the referee practically doing the same, only the crowd telling him to fight it.]

JD: How much longer can he...

[Interruption? Because Mr. Mensa thinks his way out of it and rolls up in a burst, pinning Pure X's shoulders to the mat!]

CP: COVER!

[POP!]

JD: Kickout by Pure X but the hold is broken.

[Imbrogno is holding his arm as he gets up... slower then Pure X who plasters him with a clothesline to halt any comeback.]

CP: So much for that. Pure X right back on top again.

JD: Imbrogno's arm could be broken, dislocated, I am not sure how he can keep going with this injury.

[And we cut again, this time with Pure X holding Imbrogno down in a Dragon Sleeper. Mr. Mensa looks weak, the referee showing so as he lifts and arm... but the arm stays up much to the crowd's delight!]

JD: I was sure he was out, Colt! I was sure Mr. Mensa was unconscious but here we go! He is back in this! Can he escape, Colt!?

CP: After all the punishment he's taken? I doubt it, I really doubt it, Dane.

[Reaching down deep, Imbrogno launches a punch upwards into the forehead of Pure X, then another, then another and another and another and another and finally... a big one that breaks him free!]

JD: He did it!

[And the crowd loves it, cheering the perpetual underdog on as he fires up, fist pumping, shaking and turning...]

JD: Dropkick to Pure X!

[Who pops up into a second!]

JD: And a third dropkick!

CP: Cover! No way!

[ONE! TWO! KICKOUT! The crowd ooohhhs in disappointment at the nearfall.]

JD: Three dropkicks in a row by Manny Imbrogno and Mr. Mensa is on top of the world! He... slam in the middle of the ring!

CP: Oh, this is a big mistake!

JD: He's going up top! Imbrogno is going up top!

[And the crowd cheers him right along as he reaches the top, looking out...]

...flips backwards...

...and misses!]

JD: MOONSAULT MISSES! MOONSAULT MISSES! PURE X MOVED AND MR. MENSA MISSED THE MOONSAULT!

[The crowd is on their feet as Pure X gets to his feet, waits for Imbrogno to get to his hands and knees and...

...charges in with a knee to the temple that puts Imbrogno down!]

JD: What a shot!

CP: Right to the temple and... ANOTHER?!

[Indeed! He pulls him to all fours again, steps back... and hits another knee!]

JD: What plans does Pure X have up his sleeve now?! Manny Imbrogno is out! He is unconscious after those two brutal knees to the temple... THE X! THAT ANKLE LOCK IS ON!

[And it takes the referee absolutely no time...]

DING DING DING!

CP: The right call! The absolute right call!

[Pure X unceremoniously throws down the leg of Imbrogno, getting his arm raised in victory.]

PW: YOUR WINNER...

...PURE X!

JD: This field is getting good, Colt! We are seeing some of the absolute best come out of the competitors involved. This tournament is far from a give away!

CP: Far from it... and we haven't even filled the Sweet Sixteen yet!

[We crossfade from Colt and Jason back to Mark Stegglet.]

MS: That's right, Colt. We HAVEN'T filled the Sweet Sixteen yet but we're very, very close. That's why we've got more third round matches to announce right here and now as Pure X moves on to the Sweet Sixteen. Earlier tonight, we announced that Travis Lynch will take on William Craven as part of the third round at Blood, Sweat, And Tears. But now we can announce that due to what happened earlier tonight, Jerby Jezz will meet "Hotshot" Stevie Scott in the third round as well. And how about this battle of the beasts when MAMMOTH Maximus takes on Blackwater Bart? And one more to announce right now as Gunnar Gaines will collide with James Monosso!

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: It's gonna be an exciting weekend of action in New Orleans at Blood, Sweat, And Tears as we see the end of this incredible tournament that we've all been a part of since Memorial Day. But fans, we've still got one more spot to fill in the Sweet Sixteen in tonight's Main Event as the Longhorn Heritage Champion Glenn Hudson clashes with Nenshou, the winner moving into the Sweet Sixteen. Immediately following that match, I'll be right back with you for one final Control Center to run down the rest of the matches announced for the third round of the tournament so stick around because you do NOT want to miss that one, I promise you that!

[We crossfade from Mark Stegglet 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...]

[Static.]

["The AWA is coming home." scrolls across the screen in big white letters.]

[Static.]

["God's Country."]

[Static.]

["Texas"]

[Static.]

[Something's wrong.]

[There's no announcer commentary as the camera tries to right itself. It pans hurriedly through a montage of old wrestling clips. Jack Stein battling Karl O'Connor. Bruno Moretti slamming the massive Giant Colton. The Mauler wreaking havoc and destroying Bobby Watts. "Iron" Brett Bryant going toe to toe with The Great Khan. And finally a dissolving image on Terry Shane Jr. exchanging punches with Clubber O'Riley.]

[Static.]

[Again, before the camera is able to regain focus, a voice thinned in anger speaks.]

"So, you thought you could stonewall me and my family legacy out of the AWA? You thought that you could keep ME out of this place? You thought you could just erase the rich and prestigious heritage of Missouri

Championship Wrestling? You thought that what you were doing here was building something...

[There's a pause.]

...special?"

[At last, the camera zeros in on a clear image. There, seated in a steel chair in the center of the room is a man adorned in a magnificent emerald robe. The voice doesn't stir any memories, neither does the face.]

"My name, as if you gave a damn, is..

[He snickers.]

"Terry"

"Shane"

"The Third."

[The name registers only with you history buffs and from the aforementioned old wrestling clips. Terry Shane Jr. being the famed Missouri wrestling legend and former 2x IWA World Champion Terry Shane Jr.]

TSIII: It's funny, that it comes to this. It's come to me, and the fans, and you silly fools watching in the back. It's come to me pirating five minutes of your show like some pondscum rookie scraping for a reaction. It's come to THIS. But Masterson, Taylor... the rest of you... you pushed me to this point.

[Shane almost rises up in anger, but he leans back.]

TSIII: You big wigs in the front office knew all about the Shane family legacy and what I had to offer the AWA. You knew that I was the Savior today just as my father was for wrestling 30+ years ago. You knew that you were going to bring me in and I would add a spark of life to this stagnant business. But, no. You all were scared. Scared of Terry Shane III having an influence over their fine AWA.

They knew that as guys like Broussard and City Jack grew in popularity and fame that they would need a Savior to come in and set people straight. They knew I was coming. And what do they do? They bury me in minor territories and training camps and tell me it's "not my time". They haul in a who's who list of washed up has-beens and playboys and big names into their World Title tournament.

They destroyed my perfect way in.

My smooth, painless way in.

[He starts to grin.]

TSIII: The egotistical fools that run this company SOLD OUT because they feared how I would make their poster boys look after spending the last five damn years building them up. They thought nothing and NO ONE could touch their happy little wrestling utopia.

But then...

[And his grin gets bigger.]

TSIII: Then they made a mistake.

They opened their arms.

They opened up their home.

And they promised you they would return to where it all started.

[Finally, he rises up.]

TSIII: So guess what AWA? I'm here waiting. And no one is going to stop me from taking what I want. Not red tape. Not your Hot Shots or your Red Hots or even your "Flash" from the past. Not even Bad Eye McBaine. I am going to sit here. And I am going to wait. And when you return to where it all began, heralding your newly crowned champion.

[Pause.]

TSIII: I will be here waiting.

And then I will make every last one of you WISH you had never let it get this far. Then, at last, they WILL give me what I want, what I came for. Because Terry Shane III matters, he is relevant, and he holds all the power in the palm of his hand.

[He extends his hand.]

TSIII: So come home sweet AWA. Because when you get here...

[Sly grin.]

TSIII: Your Savior will be waiting.

[Terry Shane III. Eagerly awaiting your return... AWA: "Homecoming."]

Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where Gordon and Bucky are seated at ringside.]

GM: Terry Shane III, coming soon to the AWA apparently... and that young man certainly seems to have a major chip on his shoulder, Bucky.

BW: He's the son of a legend. Sounds like he's got some grievances that are legit, Gordo.

GM: That remains to be seen. He says he'll be waiting when the AWA returns home to Dallas, Texas - back to the Crockett Coliseum - after a long time away for Homecoming. We already know that whoever the National Tag Team Champions are that night will defend the titles against the team of Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan... but we've also just been informed that the new World Champion, whoever it may be, will appear on The Mirror Ball to address the AWA fans. It's going to be a loaded night of action in Dallas, fans, as well. But right now-

BW: Right now, I want you to stop yapping and tell these people what's coming up right here right now.

GM: I'm not sure I-

BW: Next up is a match featuring your favorite AWA wrestler and mine, Alphonse Green!

GM: Oh great, I'm looking forward to it. No really, I am.

BW: C'mon Gordo, lighten up! Look, I know what will make you feel better. I ran into Alphonse earlier, and he told me that he was going to make a huge announcement following his match. He looked really focused and said that he wants to waste no time making the announcement.

GM: I'm sure it's going to be a good use of our time. Phil Watson's ready, let's go down to the ring for introductions!

DING DING DING

PW: This next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten minute time limit! Already in the ring, from Glory Road, weight unknown.. FUTURESTAR!

[A short, thin man stands in his corner, not acknowledging the crowd's mild reaction. Futurestar's in his usual silver tights and mask.]

PW: And his opponent..

[The unmistakable voice of Freddy Mercury booms over the PA to a heavy chorus of boos.]

# Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.

# I feel Alllllllll---iiiiii---iiiiii-vvvveee

# And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.

# I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.

# Don't. Stop. Me..



PW: From Windermere, Florida, weighing in tonight at one hundred and ninety nine pounds, he is the "King of the Battle Royals".. ALPHONSE GREEN!

[And as "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks into high gear, Alphonse Green steps out onto the aisleway. There are a few members of the crowd, known affectionately as "Gang Green" who have bought into Alphonse Green, but for the most part their cheers are drowned out by the crowd. Green appears to be walking to the ring with a purpose. However, once he reaches the ringside area, he stops. His scowl turns into a smile, and he runs his hand through his curly dirty blond hair. As Futurestar stands and wonders what Green's up to, Green's smile quickly fades, and he rolls into the ring, quickly charging at the masked man!]

DING DING DING

GM: Alphonse Green's not fooling around here in the early going!

BW: He felt he let Waterson International down by losing to "Bad Eye" McBaine, and he wants to get back into Waterson's good graces!

GM: Of course, he's got that 'important' announcement later, so maybe he's going for a quick finish.

[A few loud chops echo throughout the arena, as Futurestar is backed into a corner. Green looks like he's about to let go with another knife edged chop, then he stops and stares down Futurestar, who is stunned in the corner.]

GM: He's got the masked man on the ropes, but it looks like Green's backed off and is letting Futurestar catch his breath? What's he up to?

BW: I'm sure he's got a plan.. HA!

[Green, who backed off for a second, charges at Futurestar in the corner, raining down punches on the masked man. Suddenly, Green grabs a hold of Futurestar's mask, and twists it around so the mask is on backwards!]

GM: Oh come on! He's turned Futurestar's mask around! Futurestar can't see!

BW: Never was a fan of masked men, someone smart like Green can use the mask to his advantage!

[Green backs off, once again, letting Futurestar flail around, throwing punches at a man he can't quite see. Green moves forward, grabs Futurestar's head, and charges towards the opposite ropes, hurling the masked man over the top!]

BW: YES! The Gang Green Flying Machine!

GM: ..what?

BW: If he hits that at the Rumble, victory will be assured!

GM: He actually gave a name to throwing someone over the top rope?

BW: He's the King of the Battle Royals, why not?

[As Gordon groans, Futurestar makes his way back to his feet at ringside. It appears that Futurestar is trying to turn his mask around. Green charges, hurling himself through the second and top ropes, crashing into Futurestar!]

GM: My word! Alphonse Green just wiped Futurestar, and himself out!

[Green shakes the cobwebs out after throwing himself into his opponent, and pulls Futurestar to his feet. Green starts dragging Futurestar over by the announce table.]

BW: If he nails that at the Rumble, it's not gonna count because he threw himself through the ropes!

GM: Well, of course, but it's not exactly a smart move in case he completely misses. Green dragging Futurestar over by us...

[Alphonse Green looks over at the announce table, and shouts loud enough to be heard on camera.]

AG: I'm thirsty! Give me that drink!

GM: HEY! That's my soda! Give that back!

[Green, of course, doesn't listen to Gordon, and takes a big sip of Gordon's drink. Green, however, looks disgusted and spits the soda out at Futurestar!]

AG: That's diet! C'mon Gordo! I knew you were lame, but this is ridiculous!

[As Gordon shouts out in protest to Green, Bucky appears to be trying really hard to hold in his laughter. Referee Marty Meekly is outside, making his way over to the announcers in order to try to restore order. Futurestar, with his mask still on backwards, backs away and bumps into Marty, sending him to the floor!]

BW: Heeheeheeheehee.

GM: Futurestar knocked Meekly over trying to regain his balance! He can't even see him!

[As Meekly tries to get back to his feet, Green reaches into the cup of soda, and pulls out a few ice cubes. Green, looking out over the booing crowd with a huge grin on his face, takes advantage of the situation and starts throwing ice cubes at the poor masked man. The first few appear to miss.]

\*BONK\*

[However, one of the larger ice cubes hits Futurestar right in the forehead!]

BW: YES!

AG: SCORE! Ten points!

[The camera catches Green and Bucky exchanging a high five as Gordon has his head in his hands. Green, noticing Meekly back to his feet, gives the soda back to Gordon, who tosses it aside in disgust. Green then goes back to Futurestar, and starts to drag him back to the ring.]

GM: If Meekly wasn't trying to get back to his feet, that would be a disqualification right there! He also ruined my soda, who does he think he is!

BW: Hey, sometimes these guys get thirsty during a long, grueling match.

GM: We're not even three minutes into this farce.

[Green throws Futurestar back into the ring, and follows him in. Meekly following in as well and questions Green about what went on while he was trying to regain his footing. Green raises his hands, denying any shenanigans, when he notices his right hand is wet. Green then uses Meekly's shirt to dry off his hands! Meekly is upset by this, and points a finger in Green's face, threatening him with a disqualification!]

GM: Disqualify that man! He put his hands on an official!

BW: Have you ever heard of someone getting disqualified for drying off his wet hands during a match?

GM: He disrespected Meekly by using his shirt to wipe his hands! I mean, nobody's ever been disqualified for that, true, but that's just making a mockery off the official!

[Meekly, while appearing to have considered calling for a disqualification, decides to let it go since Green didn't hit him. Green then pulls Futurestar to his feet, locking him in a front facelock. He then swings Futurestar back and forth for about ten seconds, then decides to hook the leg, and spins him around one final time into a swinging fisherman's neckbreaker! The crowd is honestly impressed by the unique move.]

BW: MOSS COVERED THREE HANDLED FAMILY GRENDUNZA!

GM: The first actual wrestling move of this match, and it's an impressive one, I admit. Green can pull off a few nice moves out of his hat when he's not acting like a brat.

[Green pulls Futurestar back to his feet, and ponders his next move.]

GM: He could finish this at any time now after that neckbreaker.

BW: I think he's going to do just that!

[Green, after putting Futurestar back to his feet, springs up to the second rope, then turns and catches Futurestar clean in the face with a kick, knocking the masked man out! Green wastes no time into going into a lax cover as Meekly drops down to make the three count.]

DING DING DING

GM: GROUND CHUCK! And there's the three count!

PW: Here is your winner, ALPHONSE GREEN!

[The crowd boos the result, as Green rolls out to ringside, and makes his way over to Watson. He asks Watson for the mic, who obliges.]

GM: Oh yeah, we have to sit through this.

BW: I can't wait!

AG: Thank you! Thank you indeed!

[The boos continue, as Green ignores them with a broad smile.]

AG: We all know that I am the King of the Battle Royals, but I also have experience with Rumbles, much like the one I am going to win at Blood, Sweat, and Tears!

Ya see, growing up in Peducah, Kentucky, not only was I king of the playground when we used to have all those Battle Royals, but I kept right on winning straight into High School! We all used to pretend we were the EMWC's greatest stars when we were having our own Rumbles to determine who was the king of school. We used to pretend we were guys like the Gremlin, Devon Case, Chris Courtade, you name the star, we pretended we were them.

Except Steve Spector, nobody wanted to be Steve Spector. We used to force the school runt to be Spector.

[Green lets out a laugh, as the crowd boos Green insulting the legendary cruiserweight. Bucky also is heard laughing.]

GM: The disrespect continues.

AG: Of course, every Rumble we used to have had one common result. [Green points to himself.] Me standing tall at the very end! It's going to be no different at Blood, Sweat, and Tears, as I'm going to treat 29 other men much like I used to treat my old school chums. Throwing 'em all over the ropes with my patented Gang Green Flying Machine, and standing tall at the very end as I earn myself a World Title shot at Superclash!

Until then, however, I need a proper warmup. You see, my lovely Gang Green fans nationwide, I've rented out a bus to do a nationwide tour.

[More boos from the crowd, as Green's smile grows even wider.]

BW: I wondered what that nice big green bus was all about!

GM: You noticed that too? How in the world did he even afford to rent out that thing?

AG: I'm going to wrestling shows nationwide, and defending my "King of the Battle Royals" title, with my final stop, at Blood, Sweat, and Tears! My fans who can't come out to see me, don't fret, I will make highlights available, with full matches to come on my first DVD!

Now, with my announcement out of the way, I must go. The bus is all warmed up and ready to bring me to all my Gang Green members who need a little bit of glory in their dreary little lives. Thank you very much!

["Don't Stop Me Now" resumes over the PA as Green leaves to a chorus of boos.]

GM: Alphonse Green with... well, it was an announcement.

BW: A HUGE announcement! He's going on tour for the few weeks remaining until Blood, Sweat, And Tears! Alphonse Green is rallying Gang Green to his side for his entry into the Rumble - he's gonna face the World Champion at SuperClash IV in Los Angeles, daddy!

GM: We'll see about that. Fans, we've got one more match remaining here tonight - it's almost time for the Main Event here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling. But before we head back down to Phil Watson for the introductions, let's go over to Jason Dane who is with one of the competitors...

[The camera pans over to the top of the aisle. Here at the interview platform, Jason Dane is standing by with Percy Childes and Nenshou.

Childes, clad in a light grey button-up shirt, black-navy-and-wine tie, and black pants is standing by with a look of severity on his round face. The bald-headed goateed manager is bearing his crystal-tipped walking stick in his left hand. Nenshou is wearing a red robe with black designs and trim, along with a matching hood draped over his head. The crowd makes its feelings towards the two known... loudly.]

JD: Percy Childes, in a few moments, Nenshou will face Glenn Hudson in the second round of the AWA World Championship tournament. But there is a lot to talk about after what happened two weeks ag... AAAGGGGGHHH!

[Nenshou abruptly cuts Dane off by spewing mist in his face! This elicits a shocked reaction from the fans, which quells a bit when they realize that the 'mist' is clear... and that Dane's reaction was more of fear than anything. Jason had dropped the mic and jumped back, falling off of the interview platform to land unceremoniously on his butt. Fortunately for him, his

landing was more embarrassing than painful as he is caught by an alert boom mic operator.

Percy picks the mic up and dismissively addresses the interviewer.]

PC: That was water, Dane.

[Jason is still freaking out, wiping his face off with his jacket.]

PC: And I have no patience for your sidetracking this week. I am here only to discuss Nenshou, and his match against the Nostalgic Myopia Champion, Glenn Hudson.

[While there are certainly fans who cheer Hudson's name, most are irate that Childes and Nenshou went to such lengths to avoid answering questions about James Monosso and Juan Vasquez. They're booing quite loudly.]

PC: Your jeers are wasteful. They mean nothing, and in that sense they are perfectly appropriate to speak of the Nostalgic Myopia Championship. Nenshou and I held that championship for a long time, and I am sure you remember the details. I set out to prove that the relics of the past were far less than they are remembered. I set out to prove that the modern age, the age that is beginning at Blood, Sweat, and Tears, is far superior to what has come before. And I set out to show you all that the idols you hold in reverence were all failures. I succeeded on all three counts. The fact that you people refuse to acknowledge my victory does not change the fact of my victory.

But now that my desires have been accomplished, it is on to Nenshou's desires. He desires to rule this sport, such as none have ruled it before him. And to that end, Glenn Hudson, he comes for you. It should be noted that we do not consider the stated 'meaning' of the Nostalgic Myopia Championship to be worth any merit. Its true meaning is that the bearer is a champion-level wrestler, here and now, in Dallas, not Laredo/Los Angeles/Portland/New York/St Louis/et cetera et cetera.

[Someone in the crowd yells "WE'RE IN ALABAMA!"]

PC: If you do not understand what I mean, then my message was never for you in the first place. But Glenn Hudson, you know what I mean. Unlike many of the historical figures which were drafted for entry into this tournament, you have shown both ambition and skill since your return. We do not regard you as an ancient relic whose presence is an affront to every modern wrestler who was denied placement in this tournament so that the people could cling to the security blanket of nostalgia. No... you are still relevant. Nenshou respects your skills.

Unfortunately, that means you are a threat.

As you return to retirement, please wear your career-ending injuries as a mark of honor. They were not inflicted out of spite or random bloody-mindedness; they were inflicted because you were quite legitimately a threat

that needed to be removed. Understand that Nenshou respects your skills, but not your basic human rights. Human rights are only for the humans who can enforce them. All of you here in Mobile, you who sit and watch because you are helpless and cannot battle yourselves...

[BOOOOO!]

PC: ...you have no rights. The people in Washington (both sides!) are taking them away, because they have all of the money and all of the guns. That's the way life is. Similarly, Nenshou has the power to do as he wishes. So Glenn Hudson, all that remains is to see if you have the power to save yourself and be able to fight another day. If so, you have earned your championship. Rename it to something relevant.

If not, well, never fear. After all, these people fondly remember failures.

[Percy heads out, tossing the mic in the opposite direction from Dane, who has gotten over the shock of Nenshou's mist fake-out, and is now angrily complaining to an AWA official. Nenshou follows Childes to the aisleway, as the opening lightning bolt of "Raijin's Drums" starts up over the PA.

And we fade to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following non-title contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! It is set for one fall and is the final match in the second round of the AWA World Title Tournament!

Introducing first... being accompanied to the ring by his manager Percy Childes... weighing in at 235 pounds... from the Land of the Rising Sun...

NENNNNNSHOUUUUUU!

[Percy Childes leads the way, sneering at the jeering fans as he carries his crystal-topped cane in front of him, gesturing at the ring. Upon reaching the ring, Nenshou climbs the steps, moving into the ring. After a moment, he shrugs off his robe, revealing black pants and red boots. Suddenly, Nenshou drops to a knee, spewing red mist into the air as he jerks off his hood, revealing black facepaint with red trim underneath.]

GM: Aggh! There's that disgusting mist that he's used to great effect over his time here in the AWA.

BW: Call it disgusting but used at the right time, that mist might end up putting the World Title around his waist, Gordo.

GM: And the manipulative entity in his corner would sure love that.

BW: You're talking about Percy?! Don't let him hear that.

GM: I'm sure he'd just send Monosso after me again - he treats that man like his own personal slave!

BW: Those are strong words, Gordo. Be sure you can back `em up.

[Nenshou backs to his corner as Percy takes a spot on the apron next to him, whispering to his man as the music fades.

A loud, resonating GONG! catches your attention. You have little time to anticipate what may follow, as "Kong Foo Sing" by Aussie band Regurgitator begins to blast from the PA system and through the arena. The crowd pop as Glenn Hudson strolls out at the top of the rampway, nodding with a satisfied expression on his face as he surveys the scene awaiting him. He raises a fist in the air for a few seconds, drawing another cheer from the crowd before making his way towards the ring.]

PW: And his opponent... from Melbourne, Australia... weighing in at 229 pounds... he is the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

GLENNNNN HUUUUDSONNNN!

[Hudson is a compactly-built, Caucasian male in his mid thirties. He has light brown, brush cut hair and a perpetual three day growth. His wrestling gear comprises full length navy blue tights with white trim, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots. His hands and wrists are taped. Hudson slaps a few outreaching fans' hands along the way, but focuses on his destination. He breaks into a jog as he draws closer, sliding under the bottom rope and springing quickly to his feet, ready for an attack...

...but none comes, Nenshou remaining in the corner with his hands clasped together in a meditation pose.]

GM: Glenn Hudson hit the ring ready to go, Bucky. We've seen a lot of attacks before the bell in this tournament and Hudson was ready for another one if it came.

BW: Nenshou's getting ready for battle, Gordo - he's in one of those trances that gets him ready to fight that Percy's told us about.

[AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger speaks to both corners before walking to the center of the ring...

...and calling for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go! It's the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion taking on the first man who wore that title, the enigmatic Nenshou!

BW: The odds-on favorite to win the World Title!

GM: I'm not so sure about that. There are some tremendous competitors remaining in the field, Bucky - including Nenshou's opponent tonight, the Longhorn Heritage Champion, Glenn Hudson. There are many who believe



that by virtue of being the Longhorn Champion, Glenn Hudson is, by rights, the Number One contender to the World Title anyways.

BW: Those people are idiots, Gordo.

GM: We may find out tonight.

[The two men circle one another quickly, looking for an opening as an on-edge Percy Childes barks orders in Japanese from his spot at ringside. After a few more moments, Nenshou and Hudson come together in a collar and elbow tieup, pushing and struggling against one another...

...when Hudson abruptly pulls Nenshou into a side headlock and smashes a fist between his eyes!]

GM: Quick right hand by Hudson!

BW: Hudson's probably not in the best of moods after what happened out here on the Mirror Ball earlier. He may be prone to a lot of fisticuffs in this one, Gordo.

GM: That wouldn't surprise me at all.

[Nenshou climbs back to his feet, running a hand over his facepainted brow as Hudson balls up his fist, ready for more. The official tells Hudson to open up his palms, prompting a brief discussion that ends when Nenshou surges forward, pushing Hudson back in a collar and elbow against the ropes.]

GM: The ref calls for a break... let's see if we get a clean one...

[Nenshou steps back...

...and then lashes out with a knife edge chop across the chest!]

GM: Hard chop by Nenshou and-

[The crowd cheers as Hudson throws another right hand, knocking Nenshou off his feet a second time!]

GM: Hudson rocks Nenshou again!

BW: You gotta remember - even though Hudson isn't who you may think of when you remember the style of the LWC, he was there a long while. He knows how to fight just as well as guys like Donovan and Bart do, Gordo.

GM: Don't tell me that... tell Percy Childes!

[Childes is irate at this point, shouting at the official about the clenched fists which earns him a threat from Hudson.]

GM: Hudson just told Childes he's gonna come over there and give HIM one of those closed fists! Boy, I'd love to see that!

BW: Hudson would do well to focus on his opponent and not Percy Childes if he hopes to move on to the third round of this tournament.

GM: We agree on that one, Bucky.

[Nenshou pounces forward again, again pushing Hudson back against the ropes. On the break this time, he sidesteps and throws a hooking kick into the ribcage of Hudson!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Let's see him throw a haymaker to counter that!

[Holding the top rope, Nenshou throws three more kicks to the body before the official backs him off. He grabs Hudson by the wrist, flinging him across the ring. Nenshou sets for a thrusting front kick but Hudson baseball slides under it on the rebound...]

GM: Nice counter by Hudson!

[Springing back to his feet, Hudson leaves them, throwing a dropkick to the chest of the turning Nenshou, knocking him back down to the canvas. Both men scramble back up, a second dropkick connecting as well, knocking Nenshou down where he promptly rolls out to the floor...]

GM: A pair of dropkicks from the champion has Nenshou on the run, fans!

[Hudson backs up to the far ropes, clapping his hands together a couple of times to rally the fans before breaking into a cross-ring charge...]

GM: HERE! COMES! HUDSON!

[Hudson is about to dive through the ropes when Nenshou steps back, hand up to his throat - a sure sign that the mist is coming...]

...and Hudson slams on the brakes, immediately protesting to the official!]

GM: Nenshou was gonna spray that mist into Hudson's eyes if he dove through the ropes, fans!

BW: Prove it!

GM: The hand to his throat! We see that every time he sprays the mist! It's how he triggers it or something!

BW: He didn't spit the mist and the ref can't do a single thing no matter how much Hudson cries about it.

[An irritated Hudson backs off as the official shouts at Nenshou and Percy Childes who plead innocence but as soon as Nenshou climbs up on the apron, Hudson comes rushing towards him...]

GM: Hudson with a right hand! And a second!

[The second blow knocks Nenshou to a knee where he lashes out, smashing a palm strike into the midsection of Hudson. Rising to his feet, Nenshou catapults over the top, landing on his own feet behind Hudson...]

GM: It looked like a sunset flip was coming there but Nenshou just flipped himself over him and- ohh!

[A hard back elbow catches a surprised Hudson in the back of the head, snapping his neck forward and sending him tumbling into the ropes. The official steps in, reprimanding Nenshou again for the threat of the mist, backing him across the ring...

...and leaving an opportunity for Childes to SLAM the edge of the crystal-topped cane into the ribs of Hudson, putting him down on the mat, rolling around in pain!]

GM: Oh, come on, ref! That was a cheap shot by Percy Childes on the floor with that cane!

BW: Huh? I must've missed that.

GM: I'm sure YOU did but the official should have been on top of that.

[Johnny Jagger turns around, spotting Hudson grabbing his ribs down on the mat. He looks at Childes, pointing an accusing finger but the Collector of Oddities denies it, strolling away as Nenshou drops a knee into the ribs of Hudson!]

GM: And just like that, Nenshou has found a point of weakness to attack on his opponent. A couple of knees to the ribs... ohh! Hard stomp there as well.

[Hudson rolls out to the apron, seeking a temporary refuge from the attacks to the ribs but Nenshou dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and connects with a baseball slide kick that slams into the ribs before knocking Hudson to the floor!]

GM: Ohhh! Sliding kick takes Hudson out of the ring, still holding onto the ribs.

[Nenshou is about to go out to the floor after his opponent when the official steps in again - again trying to keep Nenshou back...

...but again leaving Childes an opening to SLAM his cane down into the ribs!]

GM: Come on!

[Childes walks away again as the referee turns around.]

GM: Again, the referee missed all of that and-

[Suddenly, the crowd breaks into cheers!]

GM: It's Rick Marley! "Showtime" Rick Marley has seen enough of this!

[With the crowd roaring for him, Marley makes his way down the aisle to ringside. He slaps the canvas, shouting in Percy Childes' direction who instantly complains to the official.]

BW: Percy's telling Jagger that Marley ain't got a manager's license and he's absolutely right about that, Gordo! He should NOT be allowed out here!

GM: Oh yeah? How many times have we seen Monosso or Nenshou at ringside for a match that they weren't a part of?! You and Percy Childes didn't seem so concerned about manager's licenses then!

[The arrival of Rick Marley catches Nenshou's attention, drawing a threatening gesture as the Asian Assassin walks towards the ropes, leaning over to take a swipe high above the head of Rick Marley.]

GM: Rick Marley is here and he may have just evened the odds for Glenn Hudson!

[Hudson rolls under the ropes, clutching his ribs as he gets to his feet, creeping up behind the distracted Nenshou...

...and rushes forward, hooking a schoolboy to drag Nenshou down to the mat!]

GM: ROLLUP GETS ONE! GETS TWO! GETS TH-

[Nenshou kicks out in time!]

GM: Ohh! The distraction almost paid major dividends right there for Glenn Hudson! Hudson was a heartbeat away from a spot in the Sweet Sixteen, fans!

[The camera cuts to Childes who mops his soaked brow with a handkerchief as both men scramble to their feet off the mat. Nenshou instantly lashes out with a side kick to the sternum, sending Hudson falling back into the buckles.]

GM: Nice kick by Nenshou puts Hudson into the corner...

[He leaps up, throwing a back kick into the sternum, right in the exact same spot he hit moments ago.]

GM: Two kicks - perfect precision on them - right to the chest.

[Grabbing an arm, Nenshou sends Hudson from coast to coast, rushing across after him, tumbling into a handspring...

...and SMASHING a back elbow into the chest!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That’s like something out of Cirque du Soleil, fans! Absolutely beautiful!

[Nenshou spins around, glaring at Hudson...

...and reaches out, jamming his stiffened fingers into the windpipe, sending a gasping Hudson down to a knee in the corner.]

GM: A blatantly illegal blow to the throat from Nenshou! The referee’s immediately in there, letting Nenshou have it for that strike...

[Which gives Childes another chance to JAM the edge of the cane into the ribs of Hudson, putting him back down on all fours on the canvas...

...and bringing Rick Marley rushing around the ring...]

GM: LOOK OUT!!

[...and DIVING on top of Childes, knocking him flat with a vertical press, slamming a pair of fists into Childes’ meaty jowls to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: MARLEY JUST TOOK OUT PERCY CHILDES! HE JUST TOOK-

[A seething Nenshou grabs the top rope with both hands, catapulting over the ropes...

...and WIPING OUT a surprised Rick Marley!]

GM: NENSHOU GOES AFTER MARLEY!!

[AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger gets out to the floor instantly, trying to regain control as Nenshou throws stiff palm strikes to the cheekbone of Rick Marley.]

GM: Nenshou’s all over Marley! Get him off Rick Marley!

BW: Why?!

GM: WHY?!

BW: Yes! WHY?! Why the HELL should the referee protect Rick Marley after Marley assaulted Percy Childes with NO motivation?!

GM: No motivation?! He hit Hudson with that damned cane several times!

BW: That’s got NOTHING to do with Rick Marley!

[Nenshou backs off of Marley, threatening a backhand at Johnny Jagger before climbing up on the ring apron, still watching from inside the ring...

...and again being totally distracted as Glenn Hudson rushes forward, grabbing a handful of hair, and laying into Nenshou with a standing clothesline, taking Nenshou from the outside of the ring back in!]

GM: OHHHH! What a move by Hudson!

[With Nenshou done, Hudson rushes to the ropes, leaping to the middle rope, and springing back with a picture perfect moonsault!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!! THREE!!!!

BW: There's no ref, Gordo! Quit yer countin'!

[The fans boo the lack of Johnny Jagger as he checks on Rick Marley and Percy Childes outside the ring. Hudson springs to his feet, glaring at the official as he grabs Nenshou by the legs, spreading them apart...]

BW: Wait a second here, he can't-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A smirking Hudson drops a headbutt right into the groin of Nenshou, popping back up and into a double leg cradle as Johnny Jagger slides back in.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Nenshou again fires a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin attempt as Hudson claps his hands together in frustration.]

BW: Why aren't you all over Hudson for the low blow, Myers?!

GM: Well, maybe I pulled a Buckthorn Wilde and didn't see it!

BW: Watch it, Myers! Only my momma calls me Buckthorn!

[Hudson pulls Nenshou up by the hair, snapping off a left jab to the jaw... and another... and another... and another...]

...and then CREAMS Nenshou with a big wind-up right hand that sends the former Longhorn Heritage Champion sail back into the buckles.]

GM: What a right hand by Hudson! The Longhorn Heritage Champion is trying to finish off Nenshou here in Mobile, Alabama with a spot in the Sweet Sixteen on the line!

[Hudson backs off, all the way across the ring to the opposite corner...]

...and points at Nenshou with both hands, sprinting across, throwing himself into a powerful dropkick in the buckles that snaps Nenshou's head back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Nenshou staggers out of the corner into a weak kick to the gut that he easily catches...

The perfect set-up for Hudson to leap up, smashing his foot into the back of Nenshou's head!]

GM: GLENNZUGIRI!!

[The headkick levels Nenshou, allowing Hudson to lunge across for another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as Nenshou lifts a shoulder up again!]

GM: So close! Nenshou was a half count away from-

[Percy Childes, back on his feet, slams his cane into the apron, shouting at Nenshou as Rick Marley, also on his feet, glares from across the ring.]

GM: We've got Childes and Marley STILL out at ringside. They both need to get the heck out of here if you ask me, Bucky.

BW: No one asked you, old man.

GM: You're awfully fiesty right about now.

BW: I'm getting sick of you. After all these years, you may have just trod all over my last good nerve, Myers.

[Hudson again drags Nenshou off the mat, pulling him into a front facelock, slinging an arm over his neck...

...but Nenshou is having none of it, slamming the fingers of his free hand into the throat again!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[As Hudson stumbles back, gasping for air, a dropkick connects with his kneecap, dropping the champion down to a knee as Nenshou scrambles up again, rushing forward, springing off the bent knee...

...and SMASHING his own knee into Hudson's face!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: SHINING WIZARD!!

[Nenshou attempts the pin, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH- no! Hudson's out at two!

[Nenshou pops right back up, racing to the ropes, bouncing off...

...and DRIVING an elbow into the heart of his opponent!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Now THAT'S an elbowdrop, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is!

[Nenshou rolls into another lateral press, gaining another two count before Hudson gets a shoulder up.]

GM: Both these men keeping the pace high, giving it to each other at a high speed, high impact style.

[Nenshou climbs back to his feet, laying in a trio of stomps to the sternum before dropping a knee down across the chest as well!]

GM: Nenshou keeps up the attack, dragging Hudson up... snapmares him over...

"WHAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: ...and lays in a HARD kick to the spine!

[With Hudson in a seated position, Nenshou dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and DRIVES both feet into the face of the Longhorn Heritage Champion!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[He flips Hudson to his back, applying another press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The shoulder just barely slips off the mat this time!]

GM: So close! Nenshou was so close right there to moving on to the next round of this tournament!

[Climbing back to his feet, Nenshou strikes a pose, reaching up to grab at his windpipe...

...which draws Rick Marley up onto the apron!]



GM: Nenshou's got the throat! He's gonna-

[The Asian Assassin spins to the side where the protesting Marley is standing...

...and spews bright green mist right into the eyes!]

GM: AHHH! THE MIST!!

[Marley collapses off the apron, rolling around, clutching his eyes in pain as Nenshou CREAMS a kneeling Hudson with a thrust kick to the jaw!]

GM: Nenshou covers! But Jagger just rolled out! Johnny Jagger's out there checking on Rick Marley!

BW: WHY?!

[With the official distracted, Percy Childes climbs up on the apron, crystal-topped cane in hand. A foot away, Nenshou breaks the pin attempt, pulling Hudson up with his arms behind him...]

GM: No! He's gonna-

[Childes winds up with the cane, swinging hard overhead!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE DRILLED HUDSON BETWEEN THE EYES WITH THE CANE!!

[Nenshou flings the likely-unconscious Hudson down to the canvas, approaching the ropes and scaling them...

...and launching backwards, smashing across the chest of Glenn Hudson!]

BW: MOONSAULT!! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Seeing the pin, Johnny Jagger slides back in!]

GM: NO! JOHNNY, HE HIT HIM WITH A CANE!

BW: SHUT UP, MYERS!

[The official, having missed the interference, slaps the mat once... twice...]

GM: NO!

[...and three times!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner...

NENNNNSHOUUUUUU!

[The crowd jeers the announcement as a gleeful Percy Childes steps into the ring, raising his man's arm in victory.]

GM: By hook or by crook, Percy Childes has led the Unholy Alliance into having a tremendous advantage at Blood, Sweat, And Tears. With both James Monosso and Nenshou in the Sweet Sixteen, the Alliance now has a one-eighth chance of walking out of New Orleans with the AWA World Title...

BW: And imagine how much better chance they stand once Juan Vasquez is in the fold, Gordo!

GM: Dear heavens, I didn't even think of that! Fans, we're out of time! We've gotta go! But before we do, let's go back to the Control Center one more time with the rest of the Round Three matchups! So long everybody!

[Crossfade to the backstage area where Mark Stegklet has slid Nenshou's name into the Sweet Sixteen.]

MS: And there we go, fans. The Sweet Sixteen is set.

[Stegklet steps back so the camera can catch a shot of all sixteen names:

Dave Cooper  
Jerby Jezz  
MAMMOTH Maximus  
Travis Lynch  
Sultan Azam Sharif  
William Craven  
November  
Stevie Scott  
Blackwater Bart  
Rick Marley  
Gunnar Gaines  
James Monosso  
Sweet Daddy Williams  
Supreme Wright  
Pure X  
Nenshou]

MS: Alright, let's run down the third round as it was just given to me by a member of the Championship Committee. Craven vs Lynch. Jerby Jezz vs Stevie Scott. Maximus vs Bart. Gaines vs Monosso. Those we know.

But the rest?

After what we just saw, this one should be explosive when Nenshou does battle with "Showtime" Rick Marley!

The former cruiserweight king November meets the technical wrestling wizard, Pure X!

Sultan Azam Sharif meets the AWA original, Sweet Daddy Williams!

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: And to announce the last match, I've got one of the co-owners of the AWA here with me... Todd Michaelson.

[Michaelson steps into view, a determined look on his face.]

TM: If you've done the math, you know what's next...

...and you can bet Supreme Wright does as well.

You want me to come out here and tell you that I was wrong? You want me to tell the world that I was wrong?

Fine.

[Michaelson pauses.]

TM: I'll do it, kid. I'll do exactly that...

...IF you beat Dave Cooper in the center of the ring. If you get that thorn out of our side... if you remove that threat from the tournament... if you take the so-called Sword of Damocles out from over all of our heads...

I'll come right out to the ring... shake your hand... and tell you I was wrong.

[Michaelson pauses again.]

TM: I hope you can do it, kid. I really do.

[And with that, Mark Stegglet steps in again.]

MS: The World Title Tournament is entering the final phase! As we hit New Orleans, it is time to crown the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion! It's gonna be a weekend that we'll never EVER forget, fans! For everyone here at the American Wrestling Alliance, we'll see you in New Orleans on Labor Day weekend!

[Fade to black.]