

The symbol of excellence in tag team wrestling



THE STAMPEDE CUP



March 2nd and 3rd, 2013
Oklahoma State Fair Arena
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

[We fade in from black to the sounds of Queen's "I Want It All" as a shot of the glittering polished gold and silver Stampede Cup trophy appears on a black background. The camera rotates around it, showing the prize from every side as a voiceover begins.]

"The Stampede Cup."

[The screen splits sixteen ways, showing all of the participating teams with the trophy still super-imposed over them.]

"It is the symbol of excellence in tag team wrestling - the one prize that makes you stand taller than the rest. The one prize that says you truly are the best in the world at what you do.

On this weekend, sixteen teams walk into Oklahoma City, hoping that they have luck on their side. Hoping their skill is greater than the next team. Hoping that they walk out with the trophy..."

[The shot changes to a giant stack of cash.]

"Hoping they walk out with one million dollars."

[The shot changes to one of the past winners: Adrian Freeman and Calisto Dufresne, Violence Unlimited, and the Lynches.]

"Hoping they can earn the right to be called the best tag team walking the planet."

[And then finally to a pair of championship belts, cloaked in darkness.]

"Hoping that they can be the first-ever AWA World Tag Team Champions."

[Back to the Field of Sixteen.]

"Thirty-two men with dreams as high as the sky..."

[The shot fades to a silhouetted pair of grapplers.]

"...but in the end, only two can claim victory. Only two can triumph. Only two can be... the champions.

It's the Stampede Cup."

[The trophy takes center stage again.]

"And it starts... right... now."

[We crossfade directly to the interior of the Oklahoma State Fair Arena, affectionately known as The Big House to fans in the area, where thousands have fans have jammed into the interior of the building to see one of the biggest nights of the year for AWA fans.

The camera shot pans across the massive crowd, cheering at the top of their lungs as the music continues to play, blasting over the PA system. The voice of Gordon Myers shouts out over them.]

GM: Welcome everyone to Oklahoma City and welcome to the biggest weekend of the year for tag team wrestling - The Stampede Cup!

[The panning shot flies over the nearly eight thousand fans in the building for the big event, even showing a few areas of the upper deck tarped off where no seating is available. We also notice a quite large stage set up at one end of the building - probably usually used for concerts and the like but tonight it has a pair of decent sized video screens on either side of the entranceway which has a pretty good sized replica of the Stampede Cup trophy set up alongside it. A long elevated platform, just like the one used "back home" in the Crockett Coliseum has been erected, leading from the stage all the way down to the ring.

In the center of the mass of humanity, the ring sits with its usual red, white, and blue ropes surrounding the white canvas. There's a batch of thin mats over the concrete floor and a metal ringside barricade surrounding the perimeter of it all. Two tables sit at ringside - one for the timekeeper and the ring announcer and the other that we see our announce team standing next to.

Gordon Myers is in a navy blue suit, white dress shirt, and red tie. His salt and pepper hair that is a lot more salt than pepper at this stage and is nicely slicked down to his head as he peers through a set of black-framed glasses at the camera, a wide grin on his face.

By his side is the self-professed "straw that stirs the drink," Bucky Wilde, in a somewhat subtle (by his standards) deep crimson sportscoat, brightly bleached white dress shirt, and a purple and yellow polka dot tie. His teeth look as freshly bleached as his shirt as he grins at the camera.]

GM: Good evening, fans - my name is Gordon Myers and with me as always is my broadcast partner, Bucky Wilde. It is an exciting night to be in Oklahoma City as sixteen of the best tag teams in the world have come to this building with dreams of being THE best in their minds, Bucky.

BW: That's right - and there ain't no better place to prove you're the best than the Stampede Cup. You said it yourself, Gordo - sixteen of the best tag teams in the world comin' to this building tonight but by the end of the weekend, only one team gets the Cup... only one team gets the million bucks... and only one team gets to be the very first AWA World Tag Team Champions, daddy!

GM: You've got that right. This tournament, which was already the most prestigious in the world when it comes to tag team wrestling, became a little more important last weekend when the AWA President, Karl O'Connor, announced that the winner of this tournament would be recognized as the very first AWA World Tag Team Titles - completing the transition of all of our titles to being recognized as World Championships, Bucky.

BW: But don't forget - the Bishop Boys are still the National Tag Team Titles and they'll remain that way until either they win this tournament this weekend or they unify the titles against the winners at a later date.

GM: For months now, Cousin Bo has been telling us that the Bishops are not only the best tag team in the world... but they're the best tag team in AWA history! This weekend, they'll get the chance to prove both of those claims perhaps.

BW: The Bishops have got a great chance of winning the whole thing but there's a lot of great teams in here who have a good shot as well, Gordo.

GM: Who are you picking to win the whole thing?

BW: That's a tough call. I like the overwhelming size of the Prehistoric Powers. I like the skill and managerial guidance for The Aces. And then you've got the young guys like the Blonde Bombers or The Ring Workers who've got something to prove.

GM: What about the former Stampede Cup champions in this thing? The Lynches and Violence Unlimited are both looking to become the first two-time Stampede Cup champions.

BW: There's a reason no team's ever done it... and I don't think that's changing this weekend.

GM: And don't forget about the AWA's Superteam of Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott! Can anyone stop that dynamic duo?

BW: They ain't superheroes, Gordo. They're men... and men who've crossed a line they shouldn't have crossed with Percy Childes. It ain't wise to cross Percy Childes and I think they're gonna learn that lesson here tonight, daddy.

GM: In addition to the first round of Stampede Cup tournament action here tonight, we've also got our World Title match which will see Calisto Dufresne challenging James Monosso with the World Heavyweight Title on the line.

BW: And my sources say that President O'Connor shot down the challenger's request to allow the title to change hands by disqualification.

GM: I understand that is true as well. If Calisto Dufresne wants to win the World Title here tonight in Oklahoma City, he's gonna have to do it the old fashioned way - he's gonna have to EARN it! Fans, we've got all of this exciting action and so much more so right now, let's head backstage and hear from the participants in tonight's opening matchup!

[We fade to the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet standing in front of a large board showing the brackets for the weekend's tournament. He flashes a big grin before proceeding.]

MS: Welcome to the Stampede Cup, fans! As you can see, I'm standing back here in the "big board" area where I'll be all weekend to keep track of all the wins and losses. Who is moving on and who is heading home. We'll have it all for you backstage all weekend but right now... gentlemen, if you would...

[After a moment, we see Violence Unlimited step into view, one on either side of Mark Stegglet. Jackson Haynes is dressed in his familiar black, leather duster and tri-cornered cowboy hat, over his red Confederate flag-style wrestling tights. Hanging off his neck are two title belts, connected to each other by the ends of their straps and another title belt is worn around his waist. Danny Morton is dressed in a red boxing robe, with the hood worn over his head. He carries both of his title belts over each shoulder and likewise, has one around his waist.]

MS: Gentlemen, before you made your shocking return a few weeks ago, it had been a long time since we had last seen Violence Unlimited inside an AWA wrestling ring. Not since your extremely tough loss at the hands of the Bishop Boys way back at Blood, Sweat, and Tears. But tonight, you begin your quest to become the first two-time winners of the Stampede Cup. However the question on everyone's mind is...where have you been?

[The duo are silent for a moment, before Haynes removes his hat, looking slightly less crazed than usual, staring at us from behind strands of wet, messy, dirty blonde hair.]

JH: Boy, you said that the loss to the Bishops was "tough"?

[He laughs.]

JH: "Tough" doesn't even begin to describe it. It was downright heartbreakin'.

[In the background, Danny Morton nods his head in agreement.]

JH: After we lost at Blood, Sweat, and Tears, for the first time ever, there was doubt creepin' in our heads that maybe, just MAYBE...we didn't have it anymore.

JS: And that's why you left?

[Haynes shoots Stegglet a dirty look that has the interviewer cowering just a bit, before continuing on.]

JH: We LEFT...'cause the tag team you saw in 2012, had become a shadow of its former self! I'm a proud man, but I ain't afraid to admit...

...we'd lost a step.

Maybe it was 'cause of that broken arm that The Bishops and The Aces gave Danny. Maybe we'd lost our edge. Whatever it was, we weren't functionin' like the Violence Unlimited that everyone was used to.

[He shakes his head slowly.]

JH: And if we can't perform at our best, then we HAD to go! The AWA deserves our best and we weren't givin' it to'em! We left because we needed to change...we needed to REFOCUS! We needed to regain that drive that led us to winnin' the Stampede Cup...to the AWA National Tag Team Titles...to reachin' the top of this sport and makin' us the greatest tag team in the world!

THAT is why we left.

[Stegglet blinks at Haynes intimidating glare, slightly bowing his head as he asks his follow-up question.]

MS: But...where were you?

[A big grin forms on Danny Morton's bearded visage, as he removes the hood and steps up to the camera.]

DM: The question isn't WHERE were we, little buddy...it should be where WEREN'T we!

[He cackles, before screaming straight into the camera.]

DM: WE WERE EVERYWHERE!

[Haynes moves in and begins counting off the locations...]

JH: Europe! Asia! Africa! South America! Australia! We were everywhere and anywhere there was a wrasslin' ring available! We took on every team that was willin' to fight! We fought and we bled and we fought and we bled, to prove that we STILL had it! That we STILL could rise up and reclaim our right to be called the greatest tag team in the world!

MS: Judging by the titles that you're carrying...it seems that you were extremely successful in the process.

JH: You got that right, boy! We're the champions on three continents! We racked up so many frequent flier miles, we could take a free trip to the moon to defend our gold against the Martians, if we wanted to!

But that ain't what we wanna' do, is it, Danny?

[Morton shakes his head empathically.]

DM: Not at all, Jack! Not at all! 'Cause when we heard that the Stampede Cup was coming back, when we heard that it was gonna' be held in MY home, the great state of Oklahoma [POP!] ...we took the first plane back to the good 'ol USA!

[Another big cheer from the crowd...for America!]

DM: 'Cause no matter how many titles we win, no matter how many countries we conquer, it's the Stampede Cup! It's the AWA! It's winning HERE, that matters! It's winning the Cup that allows you to claim that you're the best of the best and makes it true!

MS: You've got that right, gentlemen. And your quest to become the world's greatest tag team once more, begins as you take on The Rave, tonight.

JH: The two time travelers? From the year 2042?

MS: 2032...

[Haynes gets red in the face.]

JH: I don't give a damn if they're from primordial Earth and painted inside caves! All that matters is that they're our opponents and they're standin' in the way 'tween us and everlastin' glory!

[He throws his hat down on the ground.]

JH: You see, it doesn't matter if they came here from 20 years in the future or 20 MILLION years! Genetic evolution ain't ever gonna' advance far enough to handle the sorta' punishment stickin' my boot down some yokel's throat can do to a human body!

[Morton shoves Haynes hard in the chest.]

DM: That's right, Jack! We're gonna' hit'em! We're gonna' smash'em! We're gonna' send them flying so hard, so far, and so fast, they won't even NEED a Delorean to hit 88 miles per hour to send them back to where they came from!

[The Oklahoman turns his attention towards the camera, beckoning it with his finger.]

DM: Come closer! I got something I need to tell The Rave!

[He grabs the camera, his face more up close and personal than anyone other than Mrs. Morton would be comfortable with.]

DM: Jezz! Shizz Dawg! If you don't survive the fight...if I accidentally hit you too hard and send you flying through a hole ripped in the fabric of time...well, when you two fellas wake up in the future...I want you to do us a favor! I want you to move your hoverboard outta' the way! Turn off your hologram television and grab your sports almanac!

Look it up, boys! LOOK IT UP!

The entry for the Stampede Cup! 2013! It'll be clear as day! The winners! The first TWO-TIME winners of the Stampede Cup! The first EVER AWA World tag team champions?

[He smiles big.]

DM: Violence Unlimited!

[Morton lets go of the camera and back away, slapping himself in the face several times to fire himself up for the match to come as Haynes steps in.]

JH: You see, a lot of teams can talk big and say they'll do this and that...but facts are facts and they don't lie.

There ain't EVER been a team that's WON more matches than Violence Unlimited in the Stampede Cup! There ain't EVER been a team more SUCCESSFUL than Violence Unlimited in the Stampede Cup! There ain't EVER been a team more DOMINANT than Violence Unlimited in the Stampede Cup!

[Haynes bends down and picks his hat back up, dusting it off.]

JH: And before this weekend is over, you're gonna' realize that there ain't ever been a tag team better than Violence unlimited.

Past.

Present.

OR future.

[The madman from Moscow, Tennessee, places his hat back atop his head and turns towards Stegglet, giving him one last wild-eyed glare, before walking off with Morton following behind him. Stegglet watches the pair walk away, only able to muster up two words to describe the interview he just conducted.]

MS: Great Scott.

[Fade out...

...and up on the big stage at the Oklahoma State Fair Arena, Jason Dane addresses the excited crowd.]

JD: Now THAT looks like a team ready to win it all this weekend here in Oklahoma City!

[Big cheer for their hometown!]

JD: Fans, we've got a huge night of action ahead! Eight great tag team matches, a World Title match, and... what in the...?

[The thing that has grabbed Dane's attention is a seven-foot tall plywood box near the edge of the stage. It has gotten his attention, because it's suddenly rattling rather loudly and conspicuously.]

JD: Uh... I don't know what this box is, or why it's up here, but... AH!

[The box suddenly bursts open. All four sides fall outwards, to reveal the contents... a blue police box, apparently from England. The crowd pops when they see that.]

JD: ...what.

[The door to the police box swings open, and out come The Rave. The fans react loudly (cheers and boos) to the comical entrance.

Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG are, as always, wearing the most garish things that the human mind can comprehend without going mad (in at least 90% of the test cases). Jezz, a pale reddish-skinned man, has his hair split into red and green halves, each with a small ponytail. He's wearing baggy stonewashed jeans with "WILDSTYLING HYPER ACCLIMATION TOURNAMENT" printed down one leg in shiny blue lettering, and the other leg has been colored with yellow/orange/purple tiger stripes. He's wearing a pair of mismatched (yellow and brown) galoshes colored with red-and-blue glitter, and a silvery sleeveless winter vest with green piping and lavender highlighting. Orange slitted goggles with tan straps and slits round out his mind-breaking assemblage.

Shizz, who is a light mocha-colored man, has his hair spiked in a spiked fauxhawk, where the spikes alternate between blue and grey. He's wearing two-tone neon green and orchid knee-length tights, and under those he's wearing two-tone orange-and-burgundy sweatpants, visible from the knees down. His feet are adorned by candy-cane striped Roos, and his eyewear of choice today is a comically oversized monacle in a circuitry-patterned setting. His jacket appears to be made of black spangles on a multi-pastel backing. They both sport the brass streamer-launchers on their wrists as normal.

The Rave runs over to Dane and start questioning him.]

Jerby Jezz: Did we make it?! What is the date and time?!

Shizz Dawg OG: Don't just slog there with your gumsocket open, dimscrew!
Echo the query!

[Dane is completely taken aback, and this from someone who's actually used to these people.]

JD: How... how long were you in there?

JJ: This flaphappy jacksaw is no help, Shizz. We proolly overslid our wildstyle! Those gyzzrus roilspurs flutzed us out! This timestream is shattered to chronounits!

SDOG: We're gonna have to detonize the streamkiller bomb, Jerb. All you sheeple, we're truly gretted that we have to rixx you out of the timeflow, but a paradox cascade could end up taking out all tacespime if we don't...

JD: Don't joke about bombs! Your match is next!

JJ: Slowit! We made it, after all?

[The Rave start celebrating as if they've already won. Jason sadly shakes his head as they dance about the stage. Well, that's either dancing, or someone has electrified their underwear. Hard to say.]

SDOG: Quazz! Those roilspurs timejacked our DeLorean and left us flopping through the void! But then we ran into the D...

JJ: Filbritz it, Shizz! The primitates pize that as fiction, because you-flow-who slid back to you-flow-when and gave you-flow--who-else the idea for a pre-holovid so he could have a alibover when he willdoes silde back to the now! I wish we willdid caved that.

SDOG: So, like I was uploading, a fellow timerider willdid found us with our saboed timeride, and he slapbacked us his timeride because he flowed that we willdid win the Wildstyling Hyper Acclamaton Tournament, and it would be an epic timecrash if we didam miss it because we got got. You flow with that?

JD: I do not flow with that.

JJ: All you need to flow with is that... we're styling Violence Unlimited in this timeline? Violence Unlimited! You got the size. You got the power. You got the spacularity! But we got destiny on our side! You like to fight, but you can't fight time!

SDOG: We will not flop these protosheep, no matter how frackish they are! For the history of history and the standishness of the timeflow, for the

borscht to flow and the vision of Senator Wilde to bring peace to the world, for the Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior and for the creds to buy stuff that's worth more in 2032... we will rave!

Rave: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

["So What'cha Want" by the Beastie Boys starts up as The Rave jump down from the stage, and heads towards the ring as the crowd gives them a loud mixed reception.

Crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is already standing in a bright white tux, ready to get down to business.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a FIRST ROUND match in the 2013 Stampede Cup Tournament!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... making their way down to the ring... at a total combined weight of 392 pounds... from New Seattle... Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG...

THE RAAAAAAVE!

[The Rave are stepping through the ropes into the ring just as they're announced, going into some weird cyberpunk war jig around a puzzled Phil Watson before they settle back into their corner, huddling up as their music fades and is replaced by...]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[The crowd sings along with the intro, roaring to life as the multi-time international tag team champions comes storming into view.]

PW: And their opponents... from Moscow, Tennessee and Tulsa, Oklahoma respectively...they are former AWA National Tag Team Champions AND the 2010 Stampede Cup winners...

"The Hammer" Jackson Haynes... Danny Morton...

VIOOOOLENNNNCE UNNNNNLIMITED!

[By this point, the crowd is going hoarse in the early moments of the night as Danny Morton flips back his hooded robe, throwing his arms up and yanking them back down with a powerful shout. A smirking Jackson Haynes does a full spin before whipping his hat towards the entrance curtain,

wheeling around and pointing right at the ring where The Rave have stepped towards the ropes, shouting down the ramp at Morton and Haynes.]

BW: Oh, good one, Jerby Jezz!

GM: Huh?

BW: He just called Danny Morton a flitzing smackborg!

GM: What the heck...? Don't tell me you actually understand these two!

BW: I wouldn't be much of a future Senator if I didn't, would I?

[Morton gets a hard clap on the back from his partner before the 2010 Stampede Cup champions march down the ramp towards the ring where their opponents are again huddling up, looking to figure out a good strategy.]

GM: Violence Unlimited has not been seen in a straight up tag team match in the AWA since last year, Bucky.

BW: They picked a heck of a time to come back though, Gordo. It's the Stampede Cup! I got goosebumps, daddy! Goosebumps!

[Morton and Haynes are on their way down the entrance ramp when suddenly Jerby Jezz drops down to all fours as his partner dashes across the ring, rebounding off the far ropes...]

GM: Look out here!

[Shizz Dawg OG is a blur of motion as he races across the ring, steps up onto his partner's back, springs off, sailing towards Morton and Haynes with a crossbody...

...that the strongman from Oklahoma EASILY snatches out of the sky!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him! He caught him!

[Morton stands on the ramp, looking wide-eyed out at the roaring crowd as Haynes storms past him, catching a rising Jerby Jezz with a big right haymaker on the jaw over the ropes, sending him flailing backwards and down to the mat as Haynes steps into the ring, shouting at referee Davis Warren who frantically calls for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! The first round of the Stampede Cup is underway here in Oklahoma!

BW: Put him down, Morton! Put him down right now!

GM: Danny Morton is looking out at his home state crowd - what do they want him to do with S-DAWG?!

[Morton nods to the roaring crowd, falling backwards and LAUNCHING Shizz Dawg OG into the air, sending him about eight feet away before the much-smaller man SMASHES down onto the wooden platform!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: An overhead throw by Danny Morton and Violence Unlimited may have won this whole thing right there, fans!

[Morton throws his arms apart, giving a roar to the cheering Oklahoma fans as he looks back on the ring where his partner has shoved Jerby Jezz back into the nearest set of turnbuckles.]

GM: The Hammer’s got him cornered and...

[Haynes tees off with a beautiful series of stiff short rights and left jabs to the jaw of Jezz before cracking him with an overhead elbow smash that knocks Jezz down to his knees.]

GM: Jackson Haynes has come to fight here tonight in Oklahoma City!

[Pulling Jezz into a side headlock, Haynes ignores the protesting Davis Warren by laying in a few short right hands to the skull of Jerby Jezz before using the headlock to take him over to his back on the canvas.]

GM: Haynes is doing a number on Jerby Jezz in the early moments of this one...

[Haynes looks out to the ramp, giving a thumbs up to his partner who stomps down after a rising Shizz Dawg OG who is backpedaling down the elevated ramp, begging for mercy from the big powerhouse.]

GM: Danny Morton’s going after the Dawg!

BW: Shizz Dawg if you’re nasty.

GM: I most assuredly am not.

[Morton powerwalks down the ramp, cheeks puffing out in anger as he points at the fleeing Shizz Dawg who seems to want no part of his opponent.]

GM: One of the members of The Rave seems to be headed for the hills, Bucky.

BW: I’d say he was trying to achieve Superior Countout Victory but Morton ain’t the legal man, daddy!

GM: He’s certainly not...

[We cut back to the ring where Jackson Haynes is holding Jerby Jezz on his feet with one handful of hair and driving his fist between the eyes with the other hand.]

GM: Jackson Haynes continues to hammer away at Jerby Jezz, not giving the smaller man any respite here tonight.

BW: You can't, Gordo. You can't let up for a minute if you're in the Stampede Cup trying to be named the best tag team in the world... AND the World Tag Team Champions to boot!

GM: Speaking of boots...

[The crowd roars as Jerby Jezz bounces off the ropes, courtesy of being shoved back by Haynes, and then runs headlong into a big boot to the jaw, flipping him backwards and down to the mat.]

GM: The Hammer is just having his way with Jerby Jezz so far in this one.

BW: Relax, Gordo. The clock says we're under two minutes into a thirty minute time limit. There's a whole lot of time for The Rave to get back into this thing.

GM: There sure is but they gotta be running out of that time as they continue to take punishment from two much larger opponents.

BW: Jerby Jezz may be taking some punishment but Shizz Dawg OG is untouchable out there!

[Morton reaches the top of the stage where the fleeing S-DAWG spins around, taking a running leap and grabbing on to the top of the phone booth. He can be seen gritting his teeth, trying to pull himself up on top of it...

...when suddenly Morton catches him, drawing a huge cheer from the crowd as he wraps his powerful arms around S-DAWG's waist!]

GM: Uh oh! If I was the Dawg right about now, I'd be saying some prayers!

[Morton tears the smaller man off the side of the booth...

...and then DUMPS him down on the back of his head and neck on the wooden ramp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MORTON MAY HAVE FINISHED 'IM RIGHT THERE!

[With Shizz Dawg sprawled out and motionless on the wooden ramp, Danny Morton climbs to his feet, letting loose a mad howl as he hammers away on his own chest with clenched fists.]

GM: Danny Morton is PUMPED here tonight, fans!

[We cut back to the ring where Haynes has shoved Jerby Jezz back into the turnbuckles again, squaring up to throw solid blows to the body, alternating between lefts and rights to the ribs, really rocking Jezz who is crumpling backwards under the impact.]

GM: The referee's trying to get Haynes out of there, trying to back him away from Jerby Jezz who is trapped in the corner, getting pummeled by Jackson Haynes...

[Haynes grabs an arm, showing tremendous power as he shakes Jerby Jezz from head to toe with an Irish whip into the turnbuckles, rumbling across the ring after him and connecting with a heavy clothesline in the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Big clothesline out of Haynes... and another whip. Here he comes again!

[Haynes charges across a second time, again connecting with a thunderous clothesline that really stuns Jezz whose head snaps back, his arms flinging over the top rope to stay on his feet as Haynes marches out of the corner, giving a big whoop to the cheering crowd as we cut back to the entrance ramp where Danny Morton is moving to pull Shizz Dawg OG back to his feet...

...but gets caught with a cross-armed thrust into the throat, spinning Morton away as he clutches his windpipe, gasping for air!]

GM: Ohh! The Dawg with the cheapshot out on the ramp... and Danny Morton's sucking wind right now, trying to get some air back into his lungs.

[Springing back to his feet, Shizz Dawg OG grabs Danny Morton by the back of the hair, dragging the coughing Oklahoman towards the police box that was used during The Rave's entrance...

...and SLAMS his skull into the side of it!]

GM: Headfirst into that... that phone booth looking thing!

[Shizz Dawg nods at the jeering crowd, pulling Morton back by the hair a second time...

...and SLAMS his head into it again!]

GM: A second time into the side of that phone booth and Danny Morton drops down to a knee. He's getting rocked by The Rave for certain, Bucky... well, by S-DAWG at least.

BW: And with Haynes and Jerby Jezz as the legal men, I'm not sure the referee is paying either of these two any mind at all. Shizz Dawg OG could put Morton THROUGH that box and nobody would mind one bit!

[Shizz Dawg pulls Morton back a third time, dragging him around the phone booth...

...and then chucks him inside the open door!]

GM: What the-?!

[Moving quickly, Shizz Dawg buries a trio of boots into the torso of Morton, knocking him backward and allowing The Rave member to pull the door shut. He quickly reaches into the front of his trunks, pulling a silver chain with a key dangling off it out...

...and uses the key to lock it shut!]

GM: He's... did he just-?!

[The phone booth suddenly moves as Shizz Dawg runs out from behind it, jumping up and down at the top of the ramp like they've won the match.]

GM: The Dawg is celebrating but...

[The booth moves from side to side again...]

GM: I think he-

[We cut to a closer camera shot, showing Danny Morton struggling to push free of the box.]

GM: He did! He locked Danny Morton inside that box!

BW: It's brilliant! Brilliant strategy!

GM: Strategy?! What the heck kind of strategy is it?!

[A gleeful Shizz Dawg OG comes rushing down the ramp, occasionally jumping up to give a double fistpump as Haynes continues to dominate Jerby Jezz inside the ring, slamming him down before connecting with a trio of impactful elbowedrops to the sternum!]

GM: Haynes has got Jerby Jezz still down but the Dawg is on his way back down to the ring...

[Reaching the ring, Shizz Dawg quickly grabs the top rope, using it to slingshot himself into a somersault and SLAMS his heel down between the eyes of the incoming Haynes!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[With Haynes stunned, Shizz Dawg shoves past a protesting official, grabbing his partner and pulling him off the mat...]

GM: Both members of The Rave are on their feet and it looks like they're looking to doubleteam Jackson Haynes out here while they have a chance to do so. Danny Morton is frantically trying to escape that phone booth up on the stage but-

[The two members of The Rave stand back to back, leaning down in tandem to lift Haynes up onto their shoulders in a double fireman's carry...

...and then fling him up and down to the mat with an attitude adjusting slam!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: That'll knock the wind right out of ya!

[Shizz Dawg swings around, grabbing Jerby Jezz around the torso in a Northern Lights Suplex hold, lifting him up onto his shoulder...

...and then sitting out in a split-legged drop, causing Jezz to drop both of his knees down into the midsection of Haynes!]

GM: Oh! The Rave goes downstairs on-

[Jezz switches his position, grabbing two hands full of Haynes' hair as Shizz Dawg hits the ropes, rebounding back...

...and then CONNECTS with a low dropkick to the jaw, right between the legs of his own partner!]

GM: Wow! What a series of doubleteams out of The Rave!

[The referee steps in, forcing Shizz Dawg to step out of the ring to the apron as Jerby Jezz drops to his knees, hammering Haynes with a series of overhead elbow smashes to the forehead.]

BW: And just like that, Gordo, The Rave has turned this thing around and Violence Unlimited is in serious trouble!

GM: Danny Morton is still trapped in that- look at this...

[We cut to the entrance ramp where the phone booth has been surrounded by AWA officials who are trying to free Danny Morton from his prison.]

GM: How is this fair, Bucky? How?

BW: Hey, you knew for The Rave to be competitive in this one, they needed to keep one member of Violence Unlimited in the ring for as long as they could.

GM: And?

BW: Looks like what they're doing to me.

[Jerby Jezz drags Haynes up by the arm, holding it at full extension as he kicks away at the torso a few times before shoving the Tennessee native back into the turnbuckles of The Rave's corner. He suddenly steps back and then jumps back in, smashing a back elbow into the jaw!]

GM: Hard elbow shot to the jaw by Jerby Jezz...

[Jezz slaps Shizz Dawg by the hand, bringing him over the ropes to stand on the middle rope, grabbing Haynes by the hair as Jezz hops up on the second rope and does the same...

...and they leap off in tandem, SMASHING Haynes' face into the mat!]

GM: Double faceslam off the ropes!

[Jezz doesn't leave the ring though, joining his partner in repeatedly stomping the hurting Haynes down into the canvas. The referee's count eventually forces Jerby Jezz to exit as Shizz Dawg pulls Haynes off the mat...

...and gets caught with a knee to the gut by Haynes!]

GM: Haynes caught him on the way back to his feet...

[A clubbing forearm across the back knocks Shizz Dawg to a knee... a second flattens him out on his stomach...

...but Jerby Jezz reaches over the ropes, taking a swipe at Haynes!]

GM: Jezz almost got-

[Haynes wheels around, throwing a haymaker at Jerby Jezz who just barely avoids it, dropping down to the floor...

...and grabbing Haynes around the ankles, tugging his legs out from under him. He drags the Hammer under the ropes but Haynes grabs the bottom rope, preventing the drag all the way to the floor...]

GM: Jerby Jezz is trying to pull Haynes out to the floor but Haynes is fighting him off so far.

[Getting back up, Shizz Dawg OG grabs the top rope, slingshotting himself over the top rope...

...and SMASHING down on the midsection of the dangling Haynes with a splash!]

GM: Good grief! What a dangerous move out of The Rave, Bucky!

[Together on the floor, each member of The Rave grabs a leg and gives a yank, pulling Haynes out of the ring where he bounces hard off the barely-padded floor!]

GM: The Rave pulls Haynes out... and they're right back in, waving for the referee to start the ten count.

BW: Superior Countout Victory! Let's do it!

GM: We're approaching the ten minute mark in this one - plenty of time left for these two teams to do battle but Jackson Haynes just took a handful of absolutely brutal doubleteams. But will that be enough to put him down for a ten count outside the ring?

[Jerby Jezz steps back out to the apron, instructing Davis Warren on how to count to ten a little quicker.]

GM: The referee's count is up to three... now four...

[Clutching his ribs, Haynes rolls to all fours before pushing up to his feet at the count of six...]

GM: Haynes is up at six... look out here!

[Shizz Dawg dashes to the ropes, rebounding off into a baseball slide...

...that Haynes sidesteps, waffling the Rave member with an uppercut as he goes by!]

GM: Ohh, what a shot!

[Haynes grabs the rainbow-colored hair and SLAMS his skull into the apron before shoving him back into the ring...]

GM: Haynes puts the Dawg back in...

[As Haynes grabs the bottom rope to get himself back in, Jerby Jezz rushes along the length of the apron, landing a low dropkick to the temple of the climbing Haynes, knocking him right back down on the floor as Davis Warren reads Jerby Jezz the riot act.

We cut up to the stage where a waving official brings in a ring crew member wielding a pair of bolt cutters.]

GM: They're gonna cut him free! They's gonna cut that lock and let Danny Morton back into this thing!

BW: Hurry up, guys! The very future of all these spackglitz depends on it!

[A cut back to the ring reveals Shizz Dawg dragging Haynes by the arm into the ring, making a tag to Jerby Jezz who steps in as the Dawg whips Haynes into the ropes...]

GM: Haynes bounces off... duck down by the Dawg and-

[The crowd jeers as Jerby Jezz leaves his feet to crack Haynes under the chin with a leaping back elbow!]

GM: Ohh! High flying elbow out of Jerby Jezz... and for a split second there, it looked like he wanted to make a pin attempt, Bucky.

BW: Pin!? What the heck is he - a guatomizer?!

GM: What are you talking about?

[Jerby Jezz rushes to the ropes, highstepping his way off of them...

...and does a front flip, dropping a leg across the chest of Haynes!]

GM: The numbers game is just too much for Jackson Haynes to handle on his own. There seems like there are constantly doubleteams and the fresh man in there while Haynes is struggling to hold his own until Danny Morton can get-

[The noise of the rattling phone booth causes Gordon's words to cut off.]

GM: Morton can see everything happening inside the ring and he's starting to lose control out there even as these officials are at ringside, trying to cut that lock off this thing.

[Morton can be heard shouting through the locked door at the officials as he continues to struggle and strain against the lock while Jerby Jezz pulls Haynes up by the hair, looking for another doubleteam as he reaches out to slap the hand of his partner...]

GM: Another quick tag... both members of The Rave are in the ring now...

BW: The timekeeper just slipped me a note to say we're at the ten minute mark - plenty of time left to operate for both of these teams but you've gotta think that like the Rolling Stones say - time is on the Rave's side, yes it is.

GM: We'll see about that. We'll see-

[Suddenly, a loud "CRACK!" is heard and the door of the police box swings open as a fuming Danny Morton storms out. He glares down the aisle, lifting one powerful arm to point at the ring where Jerby Jezz is suddenly looking quite nervous. He shouts at his partner, pointing to Morton frantically. The two men are arguing as Morton comes storming down the rampway towards the ring.]

GM: Here he comes, fans! Danny Morton has been denied for the majority of this match so far but he's on his way to the squared circle and just listen to these home state fans for him!

[Morton makes it to the ring in no time flat, easily blocking a wild right hand from the incoming Jerby Jezz...

...and hoisting him right up into a military press!]

GM: Oh my! Morton's got him up!

[The crowd roars for Morton as he lowers Jezz down, allowing The Rave member's stomach to touch the top of the powerhouse's head before he presses him back up. He repeats this several times, showing off his incredible power...

...and then just steps out from under Jerby Jezz, causing him to SMASH facefirst down to the canvas as the referee barks at Morton, ordering him out of the ring.]

GM: Danny Morton is NOT the legal man in this match, fans. He's-

[Morton takes a running swing at Shizz Dawg who drops to the floor, shaking his head at the big man. Shizz Dawg turns, pointing at his brain to the jeering crowd.]

BW: Missed 'im by THAT much, Gordo, but he still missed 'im!

[Morton rushes to the far side, rebounding back...]

GM: Morton charges...

[...and HURLS himself between the ropes, throwing his 285 pound frame into the air and SMASHING into a shocked Shizz Dawg OG, knocking him flat on the floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WHAT A DIVE OUT OF DANNY MORTON!!

[Back inside the ring, a hurting Jackson Haynes pulls Jerby Jezz off the mat, again hammering him with rights and lefts to the jaw before DRILLING him with a left hand between the eyes that sends Jezz falling back into the ropes, shaking his head and begging for mercy.]

GM: Haynes with another left hand... Jezz staggers to the corner...

[Haynes fires him across the ring again, immediately charging in behind him...

...and gets caught as Jezz kicks his legs up and out, catching an incoming Haynes in the sternum!]

GM: Nice counter by Jezz... up to the midbuckle...

[Jerby Jezz leaps off, landing on the shoulders of Haynes with his legs around the neck...]

GM: He's looking for the headscissors! He's trying to-

[...but Haynes HURLS him forward, causing another whiplash effect with a powerbomb into the buckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A COUNTER BY HAYNES!!

[Marching to his corner, Haynes slaps the hand of Danny Morton who steps into the ring, racing towards the buckles to pull Jezz up on his feet.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Morton winds up, blasting Jezz across the pectorals with a knife-edge chop. On the way back through, Morton slams his forearm into the jaw of Jerby Jezz as well!]

GM: Chop! Forearm! Chop! Forearm!

BW: Danny Morton is throwin’ a violence party for Jerby Jezz!

[Morton yanks Jezz from the corner, hooking in a gutwrench...]

GM: He’s gonna finish-

BW: SHIZZ DAWG OFF THE TOP!

[A diving crossbody DOES save Jerby Jezz from the gutwrench powerbomb...

...but it ends with Danny Morton catching S-DAWG in mid-air, easily slinging him up over his shoulder!]

GM: OH MY! HE CAUGHT HIM! HE CAUGHT HIM!

BW: And I’m afraid I know what he’s gonna do with ‘im!

[Morton rushes to the corner, smashing Shizz Dawg OG’s back into the buckles. He wheels around, rushing to a second corner before bouncing out into the center of the ring...

...and DRIVING the Dawg into the canvas with the Oklahoma Stampede powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!!

BW: But Shizz Dawg ain’t the legal man! He can’t pin-

[Morton grabs the recovering Jerby Jezz by the throat, swinging him around into a gutwrench again. He powers the smaller man up, hanging him over his shoulder in a Canadian backbreaker...]

GM: BOOMER SOONER!

[...and VIOLENTLY slings him down into a facefirst slam, throwing him down onto a prone Shizz Dawg!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Morton flips Jerby Jezz to his back, applying a two-handed press cover as he sticks out his tongue.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jackson Haynes enters the ring, embracing his rising partner as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here are your winners, moving on to the second round of the Stampede Cup Tournament...

VIIIIIOOOOLENNNNCE UNNNLIMITED!

[The cheers are DEAFENING for the home state Morton and his partner Haynes as they continue to celebrate the big win.]

GM: Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes take one step closer towards becoming the first ever two-time Stampede Cup winners AND the first ever AWA World Tag Team Champions!

BW: Let's not get ahead of ourselves, Gordo. They're in the Quarterfinals - that's all. But to get out of their bracket into the Semifinals, they gotta beat the winner of that match later tonight with The Aces taking on Vasquez and Scott. Neither one of those teams will be a walk in the park.

GM: They certainly won't but I believe that Violence Unlimited is up for the challenge, Bucky. I'd LOVE to see them take on Vasquez and Scott - what a battle that would be for our fans!

BW: Well, forget about it, Gordo... no chance the Ego Twins are gettin' past The Aces tonight.

GM: We shall see about that. All night long, fans - in fact, all weekend long, Mark Stegglet's going to be manning the big board to show us how the tournament is progressing... let's go to Mark right now...

[We crossfade from the celebrating Violence Unlimited to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is indeed standing in front of the big board with a slightly odd look on his face. Concern perhaps?]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... as you can see, we've slid Violence Unlimited's name over into the second round. They'll face either The Aces or the team of Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott tomorrow night in the second round but... fans, just moments ago, we got some shocking news. Our next match was scheduled to be The Blonde Bombers of Royalty taking on the superteam of

Supernova and Sultan Azam Sharif... but... well, Royalty had other ideas apparently. First, we're going to take a look at a pre-taped interview with Sharif and Supernova and then... well, see for yourself...

[We crossfade to footage marked "MOMENTS AGO..." The scene is much as it was before we faded to this - showing the big board hanging behind Mark Stegglet. But this time, Stegglet is standing by with two very different individuals.

On his left, the bisht-draped form of Sultan Azam Sharif. Sharif proudly waves his Iranian flag, which doesn't really go over well here at the Oklahoma state fairgrounds. His white kaffiyeh and black agal drape his head, but the determined expression on his face comes through; he has a weatherbeaten complexion, a neatly-trimmed mustache, and brown eyes. The color of his robe is reddish-brown, and this covers most of his body.

Supernova is dressed in his usual wrestling attire: black tights with yellow flames up the side and black wrestling boots. He also wears a Sgt. Pepper jacket, black with yellow trim. As always, his face is painted black and yellow, resembling a flame.]

MS: With me at this time is possibly the most unlikely team in the tournament. Supernova, Sultan Azam Sharif, from the time you both entered the AWA, you were bitter enemies. But now, here you are, a unit about to face off against two members of Royalty in Brad Jacobs and Kenny Stanton, the Blonde Bombers.

SAS: Mistair Mork Stugglet, ven you get in ring vid a mon, you find out who dey are. I fight Mistair Supairnova many times. My formair managair, Count Batwaite, he lie to me about vat Supairnova. Un even now, there is much ve do not agreed on! But! I know dot he is good man inside. I found out ven he fight me vid courage!

Now! Brod Jacub un Kenny Stunton! Ve vont to found out who you are inside! Ve, un all ontollEgunt AmerEcun, all beautiful Iranian, all deese tousun-tousun peepell in Okulhoma City, dey are all sick of hearing dot loudmouth jehbronie Larry Doyail talk. He talk un talk, un we think dot maybe he un dot phony jehbronie Mork Lonset lie to you deh way like Count Batwaite always lie to me. So ve vant to fight you, in deh ring, un find dot out! Tell dem!

S: You know, Mark, Sharif and I are two men who are sometimes described as not being all there... being a little strange... perhaps a little crazy in the head! But that doesn't mean we don't have principles that we stand by! And among those principles we stand by, are that we fight our own battles, we don't want to engage in gang warfare, and if others want to engage in those tactics, we respond!

No matter what the makeup of Royalty has been, it's always been guys who think gang warfare is the way to get the job done! Well, Blonde Bombers, tonight is the night in which two men who have had it up to here with gang warfare are going to show what ultimately will get the job done... and that's

standing up for a common cause, even if, as Sharif just said, we don't see eye to eye on everything. But believe me... we see eye to eye enough that your kind, Royalty, will have to answer for everything you are responsible for!

MS: Alright, Supernova, on the last Saturday Night Wrestling, we all saw Rick Marley take a cheap shot at you with, let's say, a little help.

[Supernova (and some of the fans) groan at the terrible, terrible pun.]

S: Mark, I didn't think you were that weak to roll off that line. Regardless, Rick Marley must think he's quite the comedian. I suppose he thought his idea of stabbing me and Sharif in the back and making Royalty look good at the expense of the entire AWA must have been comedy as well. Well, Marley, you may be laughing now but sooner or later, there comes a time that you will also be held responsible, no matter how many times you may no-show my request to get in the ring and face me.

But believe me, Marley, I'm not the only one who has already had my fill of your comedic acts. [Motions to Sharif.] But let the man himself tell you.

SAS: You know dot ve hof many enemy. Royalty, deh Shahn Gong, all of dem. But in deh Stompede Cup, ve deal vid dem one at a time! Un ve know dot dere are many good tog team like deh Bishop Boys, deh Vilence Alimited, deh Lunch Brothairs...

[Mark and Supernova can't help but laugh at the Sultan's pronunciation of that.]

SAS: I diddunt know vhy you loff, ven everybody likes Lunch.

[That didn't help.]

SAS: VATEVAH! Inshaallah, ve vill vin Stompede Cup un show deh vurld dot you diddunt need to be gong of thug to vin!

S: Hey, we may not be exactly two peas in a pod, but we have enough in common to get the job done. It starts with the Blonde Bombers, it continues with anybody else after that... it's time for the whole Stampede Cup to FEEL THE HEAT!

[Supernova gives his trademark howl in the direction of the camera...

...when suddenly a voice calls out from off-camera.]

"Feel the heat, huh?"

[All eyes turn in the direction of the voice as the camera does the same, revealing Larry Doyle standing in the wings of the interview area.]

LD: The only thing I feel when I see the two of you huggin' and makin' faces at the camera is nauseated!

[Doyle laughs at his own joke, taking a couple steps back as Sharif walks towards him, Supernova a couple steps behind his partner.]

LD: Hold up here... I'm not a wrestler! You can't put your hands on me! Although I really can't say I blame ya. Did you hear I won Sexiest Manager online recently? Put ol' Hindenburg Hayes to shame.

[His constant jabbering doesn't seem to persuade Supernova and Sharif from coming after him as he continues to backpedal - now headed towards a sign that reads "WRESTLER ENTRANCE"]

LD: Hey marble-mouth! You and your mascara-wearin' friend need to back off right now! Don't you two know who I am?! Don't you know who my friends are?!

[A frantic Doyle keeps backing up before finally spinning around, shoving the door marked EXIT open and running through it. Supernova looks at Sharif, hands on his hips. He shrugs and gestures the other way...

...but Sharif's having none of it, his hot temper inflamed as he pushes through the door as well and a loud shout comes from beyond the door!]

MS: What the-?!

[Supernova rushes forward too, pushing through the door as the sound of a struggle is heard. The cameraman surges towards the door, shoving it open to show Brad Jacobs stomping the hell out of Sultan Azam Sharif on the asphalt of the parking lot as Brad Cooper and Kenny Stanton are battering Supernova with fists aplenty.]

MS: Go! Get out there!

[The cameraman strides out into the parking lot as Larry Doyle shouts "GET HIM, BOYS! GET HIM!" as Cooper drags Supernova towards a nearby car, SLAMMING his face-paint covered face into the steel trunk of the car. Stanton drags Supernova away as Cooper swings the trunk open...

...and the Royalty members shove Supernova inside the trunk, slamming it shut as Cooper!]

MS: Hey! You can't do that! Let him out of there!

[Cooper shoves Stegglet aside, rushing to help Brad Jacobs who has been backed against a second car. Sharif is throwing shoulders at the midsection of Jacobs...

...when a sneaky Kenny Stanton buries a knee into the kidneys of Sharif. Cooper is quickly there as well, throwing double axehandles down into the lower back of Sharif.]

MS: Someone get some help! Someone get some help out here!

[An angry Jacobs swings the car door open, allowing Stanton and Cooper to shove Sharif chestfirst against the opening...

...and with a roar, Jacobs SLAMS the car door on the back of Sharif!]

MS: Oh!

[Jacobs opens the door a second time, giving a shout of "YA WANNA MESS WITH ROYALTY?!" before slamming it on the back again, leaving a thin laceration across the lower back. Cooper leans in, pushing on the door as well as he trashtalks Sharif.]

"You thought SuperClash was the end of it?! You thought Royalty was done with you?! This is our show! This is our night! This is our company! We're in charge here!"

[Cooper steps off, gesturing at Jacobs who opens the door a third time...

...and SMASHES it into the back a third time! Kenny Stanton climbs up on top of the car, grabbing Sharif by the arms, hanging on tight as Jacobs slams repeated forearms into the lower back before a sea of AWA officials and security comes flooding into the parking lot and we abruptly cut back to live action where Mark Stegglet is shaking his head as he's joined by the men we just saw - Royalty.

Larry Doyle is dressed for the occasion, in a sequined red jacket, black pants, white shirt and bolo tie, to commemorate the event, naturally. Jacobs and Stanton, the Blonde Bombers, are dressed in electric blue tights, the long version for Stanton and the short trunks version for Jacobs, with black and silver stripes criss crossing diagonally.]

LD: What you just saw is called natural selection, Stegglet, that's a science term. You wanna run with the big dogs, you wanna rule the jungle, you gotta defend your throne. And if you think you've got the guns to take the throne, well then buddy you better be ready, willing and able to back up your claim at a moments notice.

It's high time the men you see before you start getting treated like what we are, and that's Royalty. We ain't kissin' no brass rings, we ain't kissin' hands or shakin' babies, we take what we want. The thing about Royalty is, when you go through your history books, Kings and Queens didn't negotiate for the crown, they didn't ask for it and tell Todd Michaelson how great PWR was, no. They attacked, they waged war, they played dirty. And when the fightin' was over and the war was won, the men left standin' wrote the history books.

You think William the Conqueror got that name because he won England in a game of cards? No. He sailed to shore, he fought like a madman and he wore the head of the man he killed for a crown.

Do you think THESE MEN-

[Doyle gestures behind him, to the assembled destructive force of the Blonde Bombers.]

LD: -are gonna wait in line for the Stampede Cup, do you think they're gonna wait their turn to get the AWA World Tag Team titles, does that sound like something Brad Jacobs and Kenny Stanton would do?

Not a chance, amigo, not on your worthless two dollar life. We fight hard, pedal to the medal, white knuckle tight. We put the odds in our favor.

And if we can't win in a fair fight?

Then we don't fight fair. Don't believe us? Go ask the car door we used to separate Mushmouth's C-4 and C-5 vertebrae. Or go ask Supernova what he thinks, if you can find him.

[Jacobs laughs in the back and Stanton slaps him on the shoulder, as Doyle is in ultra serious mode now.]

LD: And don't go pointin' the finger at me, Stegglet, I just hold the flashlight and lead the way. You wanna know why these two rottweilers, these two stallions, you wanna know why they'll beg, borrow or steal for a victory, why they'll attack Face Painted Larry and Cousin Balki in the parking lot, and do it again if you'll give 'em another chance?

Because they were abused by the AWA, misguided, mismanaged. You put two animals in a cage and feed 'em breadcrumbs, they'll maul the first thing they see. Go look in the eyes of the Bishops, or the Predators. Stand behind the Lynches when they look in the mirror. They're soft, they're water fat. They forgot what it is to scrap and fight for every thing they get, they forgot what it is to LIVE the struggle.

Now look in the eyes of these two men here, look in the eyes of Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs, look 'em in the face when ya talk to 'em. They have evil intent in their eyes, they have blood and destruction in their eyes, they have anger and indignity in their eyes, because they were treated like cannon fodder and left for dead. Everything they have, everything they own, and everything they WILL HAVE is the fruit of their own labor, their own sweat and tears, and after the road they've travelled, who can blame them for leaving this entire tournament in tatters, after we tear this thing to shreds.

That's Royalty, Stegglet. That's what Royalty does. And the fun is just beginning.

[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 we fade back up as Larry Doyle and the Blonde Bombers are standing in the ring. Doyle is leaning over the ropes, shouting down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and- good grief, can someone put a muzzle on him?

BW: Can we invite him down to join us?

GM: If you do, I'm leaving.

BW: Reason enough for me! Hey, Larry!

[Lucky for Gordon, the voice of Phil Watson is heard next.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and it is a first round Stampede Cup matchup. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time... accompanied to the ring by Larry Doyle and representing Royalty...

BRAD JACOBS... KENNY STANTON...

THE BLONNNNNNDE BOMMMMMMBERRRRS!

[Jacobs strikes a double bicep pose as Stanton leaps up on the midbuckle, shouting at the jeering fans giving them grief.]

GM: The Blonde Bombers have hit the ring. Fans, Larry Doyle made a shocking return at SuperClash IV when he arrived with his new Bombers in the form of Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs. They've been impressive since their return but tonight, they're in for an even tougher challenge... but we still don't know if Sultan Azam Sharif will be able to compete here tonight.

BW: I think we're about to find out, Gordo.

GM: Take it away, Phil...

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The vocal open to "Saz O Avaz" plays for a moment before the Persian vocal open transitions into "You've Got Another Thing Comin'" by Judas Priest.]

PW: From-

[Suddenly, the curtain bursts open and Supernova comes tearing into view, full of fire as he races down the elevated rampway. Sultan Azam Sharif hobbles behind him, obviously banged up and hurting yet still trying to compete as he trails his partner down the aisle.]

GM: It looks as though they're comin' and they're comin' to fight, Bu-

[Before Gordon can finish his sentence, a flying Supernova torpedoes his body through the ropes towards Stanton.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERNOVA DIVES THROUGH THE ROPES ON STANTON!

[Jacobs grabs Supernova, yanking him off his partner as Sharif continues to try and get down to the ring, wincing with every step down the elevated wooden walkway.]

GM: Jacobs pulls Supernova up and-

[Sharif finally reaches the ring, stepping through the rope and coming straight for Jacobs before he can assault his face-painted partner!]

GM: OH MY! Supernova and the Sultan aren't wasting anytime here! Supernova just threw himself recklessly through the ropes and wiped out Stanton! Jacobs and the Sultan are trading blows! I don't know if this is the best idea for Sharif after the beating he took earlier but who can blame him?! Royalty viciously attacked the Sultan earlier and there's blood to pay!

[Supernova quickly peels away from Jacobs and Sharif, turning back to Stanton who is rolling out of the ring, nearly toppling over the railing as

Jacobs backs to a corner, trying to regroup as Sharif pursues him. The referee wheels around, waving for the bell.]

GM: Well we are officially under way in the second of eight first round Stampede Cup tournament matches but this match is already firing up! There's no love lost between these two teams as you witnessed earlier when Larry Doyle and his Bombers - not to mention Dave Cooper - will do ANYTHING necessary to advance and win the Stampede Cup!

[Official Davis Warren backs Supernova into his own corner and the face painted combatant reluctantly obliges, stepping out of the ring as Sharif delivers an overhead elbow to the back of the head, knocking him down to one knee.]

GM: Sharif's on the attack, firing Jacobs in...

[Sharif is obviously moving slower than normal as he lifts his arm for a clothesline...

...only to have Jacobs duck underneath it and hit the ropes on the far side of the ring.]

GM: Here comes the former defensive tackle for the U!

[As Jacobs rushes forward, Sharif throws a knee up,

[As Jacobs rushes forward the Sultan is quick to meet him, throwing his knee up... DRIVING it into the oncoming body of Jacobs who is sent flipping over onto his back! Sharif drops down to one knee as well, obviously feeling the effects of the attack earlier.]

GM: The Sultan is back up....he's unloading with stomps and Jacobs is rolling onto his chest! He's trying to crawl right back out of the ring!

[Jacobs makes a grab for the bottom rope as Sharif snatches him by the ankles...

...and YANKS him from the corner! He straddles him and instantly locks his hands over and around the jaw of Brad Jacobs.]

GM: CAMEL CLUTCH! HE'S GOING FOR THE CAMEL CLUTCH ON BRAD JACOBS!

[Just as Sharif begins to sit back into the submission hold, Kenny Stanton - per the instruction of Larry Doyle - slides back into the ring, charging Sharif...]

GM: Sharif's up!

[He catches the incoming Stanton, twisting around to drive him down with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Nice suplex out of Sharif... and Stanton rolls right out of the ring again!

BW: Right back in, right back out for Stanton! Doyle is livid! He's yelling at Davis Warren who just waves it off! He's clearly breaking some kind of rule!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[Sharif takes a huge breath, pulls himself up one knee and leg at a time, and redirects his attention back to Jacobs who is clearly jarred from the quick effects of the Camel Clutch and walks right into a big boot to the midsection by Sharif. Sultan grabs him by the arm, twists it around, and reaches out to his corner where Supernova slaps his hand.]

GM: Supernova quickly ascending the ropes from the outside! He leaps back into the ring! Big double axehandle onto the arm of Jacobs! Everyone was wondering what kind of teamwork we would see from these two! They have limited time together over the course of the past month or two against the Shane Gang but a Larry Doyle managed team is in a whole different class of tag team wrestling.

BW: Because the Ring Workers didn't just walk through half of the roster to get here tonight.

GM: I think even you would agree that the Blonde Bombers are a notch above many of the teams that the Ring Workers clashed with last weekend.

[Sharif exits the ring to the apron, breathing heavily as he leans on the top rope, wincing with every exertion as Jacobs staggers back towards the middle of the ring but Supernova charges him, leaping up to wrap his legs around Jacobs' head and neck...

...and SNAPS him over with a rana!]

GM: Beautiful headscissors takedown out of Supernova!

[Stanton grabs the ropes, dragging himself off the floor and up onto the apron...

...just as Supernova darts towards him, leaving his feet with a flying body splash that sends him tumbling down to the floor and crashing into the railing!]

GM: HEAT WAVE! SUPERNOVA JUST FLOORED STANTON WITH THAT FLYING BODY SPLASH! I've never seen him hit it quite like that but Stanton is down and out of it once more! It's clear what their game plan is! Isolate the Bombers, and they are doing a fine job of it right now!

[Supernova turns his attention back to Brad Jacobs who meets him in the center of the ring and muscles him into a side headlock. Nova pulls back into the ropes, pushing Jacobs off. Jacobs comes barreling off the ropes and Supernova leaps up with a drop-kick...

...only to have Brad Jacobs SWAT him away!]

GM: Oh my! What strength by Jacobs! The former football star just batted Supernova away like a fly!

[Nova spins back up, shakes it off, hits the ropes, running back in the direction of Jacobs and throwing his body into him...

...and Jacobs takes the blunt of the force and doesn't budge an inch!]

BW: That's intimidation for you.

GM: It looks as though Nova isn't ready to give up quite yet!

[Supernova sprints towards the ropes, collides, whips forward, and this time he leaps into the air with a flying body press...

...and Jacobs CHOPS him down with both fists!]

GM: Larry Doyle is loving what he is seeing now! Supernova is beginning to realize that he might not be quite big enough to match power against power with Brad Jacobs.

[Supernova backs off, shaking his head. He looks over to Sharif like he's considering a tag but the Sultan is still leaning over the ropes, appearing to be in no shape to actually get back into the ring.]

GM: Supernova might be looking for a tag here but I wouldn't do it if I were him.

BW: Sharif's a wreck out there in the corner. He probably shouldn't even be IN this match, Gordo.

GM: You may be right about that.

[Jacobs steps towards the corner but leaves himself open for a boot into the gut by Supernova.]

GM: Supernova catches Jacobs coming in... and if Sharif's in as bad of shape as we believe, Supernova has GOT to carry this team here tonight in Oklahoma City if they stand a chance of getting out of the first round.

[The young lion steps from the corner, grabbing Jacobs in a front facelock from which he uses his other hand to grab a fist full of tights...

...and SNAPS Jacobs over with a suplex!]

GM: Oh my! A nice show of power by Supernova who just shows that he may not be as strong as someone like Jacobs, but he's no slouch!

[Jacobs rolls to his chest, pushing up to all fours as Supernova measures him...

...and then races across the ring, springing off the back of Jacobs, soaring towards Kenny Stanton as he LEVELS him with a flying forearm smash that drops Stanton back off the apron to the outside!]

GM: OH MY STARS! STANTON GOES DOWN...AGAIN! The crowd is loving it! Doyle is yelling at Warren -- what do you want him to do, Larry?!

[Doyle finally stops screaming at Warren and attends to Stanton who is spread out on all fours on the ringside mats. Stanton gets up with Doyle's air, throwing his hands up wildly in the air as Supernova turns back to Jacobs who has just managed to push up to all fours again. Fluidly, the face-painted grappler leaps over his back in a rear waistlock and rolls to the side, pinning his shoulders down...]

GM: Cradle by Supernova! One! Two! Kickout by Jacobs!

[Jacobs again pulls himself up to all fours...

...but Supernova leaps over him again, dragging him down in an Oklahoma Roll!]

GM: One! Two! Thr-no!

[Jacobs kicks out. He pulls himself half way up and Supernova drops to one knee, reaches through his legs, and floats him over with a fireman's carry as he hooks his head and leg and falls to the side...

...pinning him down once more!]

GM: Another attempt! One! Two --

[Just as Kenny Stanton comes barreling into the ring and breaks up the pin!]

BW: Yes! Get em' kid!

GM: Stanton's in illegally - and he's all over Supernova!

[Stanton begins hammering away on Supernova like an uncaged animal, recklessly throwing lefts and rights that resemble swats more than punches. The referee is immediately on the scene, shouting at Stanton to back off.]

GM: Come on, referee! Get him out of there!

[Stanton lets up for a split second to glare at the official but the pause is just enough for Supernova to lash out with a perfectly-timed forearm, catching Stanton squarely between the eyes, knocking him back to his rear.]

GM: Oh! Supernova fires back!

[Supernova rolls to all fours, diving towards Stanton with a flurry of right hands of his own.]

GM: And it's time for Supernova to return the favor, hammering away at Kenny Stanton!

[Stanton shoves Supernova off, scrambling up to his feet where the Venice Beach native buries a boot into the midsection, buckling him over. Supernova quickly steps forward, snaring Stanton's head between his legs...]

BW: What the heck's he going for he-

[But we'll never know as Brad Jacobs rushes forward and PUMMELS him with a lunging clothesline!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! JACOBS NEARLY KNOCKED HIM OUT OF HIS BOOTS!

[Supernova lies flat on his back on the canvas for a moment, allowing Kenny Stanton to roll from the ring at the referee's orders while Brad Jacobs leans down, yanking a limp Supernova to his feet by the arm...

...and hoists him high, pressing him over his head!]

GM: He's got him WAAAAAY up there, fans!

[Jacobs steps back a few steps and lets go, sending Supernova sailing down...

...where his groin meets the ropes the hard way before he tumbles to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! Bucky, the referee may disqualify him for that! It's definitely a judgement call by Davis Warren, but if he wanted to, he could disqualify the Blonde Bombers....there's no doubt about it! That would certainly hinder the return of the Bombers and Larry Doyle who have been adamant about winning the Stampede Cup and as well as the AWA World Tag Team Titles.

[Sharif tries to step into the ring and Davis Warren gets in his path, ordering him back to his corner. Sharif yells out in his Iranian accent as Warren insists that he return to his side of the ring.]

GM: Sharif wants in there after what we just saw... but Davis Warren's doing an excellent job of keeping him out of there.

BW: Banged up or not, there's gonna come a time in this match where Sharif HAS to get in there, Gordo. Supernova can't win a friggin' handicap match against the Blonde Bombers - I promise you that.

[With the referee tied up with Sharif, Doyle frantically yells out at Stanton who circles around the ringpost, moving quickly towards Supernova who he scoops up off the ground, holding him across his body...

...and RAMS him back first into the ringpost on the outside!]

GM: OHH! Into the steel goes Supernova!

BW: And I'm sensing a theme here tonight, Gordo. The Bombers are going after the back of Supernova just like they went after the back of Sharif out in the parking lot a little earlier.

GM: Kenny Stanton did that behind the official's back and quite honestly, that might be a good thing. Nobody wants to see a DQ or countout tonight!

BW: I'd agree with that but Doyle, Stanton, and Jacobs just care about earning the "W", Gordo... they couldn't care less about how they get the job done. Judging by their actions earlier, I don't think they are out here to fight fair. Not now, not ever.

[Stanton, still holding Nova, throws Supernova back into the ring under the bottom rope.]

GM: Stanton puts Supernova back in the hard way...

[The face-painted grappler struggles to get to his feet and as he does he throws a wild right hand that meets the jaw of Brad Jacobs.]

GM: Ohh - big right hand on Jacobs!

[But the big man simply shrugs it off, hammering him with a right hand of his own that knocks Supernova down to a knee.]

GM: Supernova with another right... and another! He's trying to fight back against Brad Jacobs!

[Jacobs absorbs a flurry of blows before he simply grabs Supernova, yanking him from a knee up over his shoulder...

...and HURLS him back down to the mat, bouncing him on his spine!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Incredible strength shown by Jacobs. He just dead lifted Nova straight up from his knees and spiked him back down. Jacobs with a cover!

BW: One! Two! Thr-Shoulder up!

[Nova shoots a shoulder up and Jacobs glares at Warren who holds up two fingers. Jacobs peels Supernova up off the canvas and heaves him towards the corner...

...where Nova's body CRASHES against the turnbuckles before falling down on his back!]

GM: When it comes to pure strength and athleticism, Brad Jacobs is often over looked. Remember, this guy was a knee injury away from being a first round draft pick in the NFL after putting together an incredible collegiate football career of the University of Miami.

[Supernova struggles to find the strength to get back up, clutching onto his back. Brad Jacobs positions himself in the far corner of the ring, lower his right hand to the ground into a three point stance, his eyes fixated on Supernova.]

GM: He's measuring him up! He's got Supernova dead in his sights!

[Jacobs feet dig into the canvas as Supernova slowly begins to rise. Finally the face painted hero gets both feet underneath him as his body wheels around towards the center of the ring... the same time that Jacobs charges out of the corner, launching himself across the ring and off the ground...

...SPEARING Supernova's chest and tackling him down!]

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A SPEAR! WHAT A SPEAR BY BRAD JACOBS!

BW: COVER HIM!

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE!

[But before Warren's hand hits the mat for a third time the big boot of Sultan Azam Sharif comes crashing down on Jacobs' back, breaking up the pin!]

GM: Two! Sharif made the save! Now Stanton is in! Kenny Stanton is rushing to the aid of Jacobs!

[Stanton unleashes his wild assault of punches as Sharif drives him back with a thunderous right. Davis Warren immediately splits the two, ordering Sharif back to his corner to the jeers of the fans.]

GM: The referee's trying to get Sharif out of there after Sharif just saved this match for he and his partner...

[Jacobs promptly rolls from the ring, escaping as Stanton immediately pounces on Supernova, twisting his arm around Nova's back. The big man reaches up, clapping his hands together to give the appearance of a tag as Stanton hammerlocks Supernova's arm behind him and then slams him down on it!]

GM: Hammerlock bodyslam! He drops Supernova right on his wrist! Stanton with the cover! One! Two! Three-no another kickout!

[The crowd erupts!]

GM: Supernova showing he's got some fight left in him!

[Grabbing at his arm, Supernova grimaces in pain as Stanton stands over him, flexing to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: The fans here in Oklahoma City aren't too impressed with the physique of Kenny Stanton.

BW: They're just jealous, Gordo.

GM: I see.

[Supernova uses Stanton's pause to pose to crawl on his hands and knees towards his corner where an eager Sharif has his arm extended, waiting for the tag...]

GM: Sharif wants in there in the worst possible way! It may not be in his best interest... and quite frankly, it may not even be in the best interests of his team at this stage of the match but he wants to make that tag and get into the match.

[Struggling, Supernova pushes up to his feet, grabbing at his ribs. He reaches out an arm, heading towards the corner again...]

...but Stanton leaps into the air, locking his legs and arms around the upper body of Supernova and dragging him down into a crucifix cradle!]

BW: One! Two! Kickout! No!

GM: There's no quit in Supernova!

[Scrambling away from Stanton, Supernova again goes to crawl the now-short distance towards his corner but Stanton cuts him off, grabbing his legs and dragging him back to the middle of the ring. He flips Supernova onto his back, flipping over in a double leg cradle...]

GM: Another pin attempt!

BW: One! Two! Thr--

GM: He's out!

[But Stanton quickly grabs Supernova by the arm, twisting it around his leg and dragging him down in another cradle.]

BW: La Majistral cradle! One! Two! Three! No!

[Supernova kicks out again!]

GM: An incredible display of courage and heart by Supernova! Kenny Stanton is throwing countless pinning combinations at him!

BW: What about the talent of this kid? One of the half dozen stars that came out of the Combat Corner but all you ever talk about is Supreme Wright! This kid put in the time! Both he and Brad Jacobs put in the hours at the Combat Corner gym!

[Stanton is quick to his feet as he leaps and drops a leg drop across the throat of Supernova.]

GM: Ohh! Big leaping legdrop by Stanton! I don't think anyone's taking away from the talent of Kenny Stanton or Brad Jacobs, Bucky. They're both obviously very skilled or they wouldn't be in this tournament.

[Stanton rolls Supernova over onto his back, effortlessly sprawling out over the chest of Supernova as Davis Warren drops down for the count. Stanton holds his right arm up victoriously.]

GM: One! Two! Another knockout!

BW: He's toying with Supernova! Top that, lipstick princess!

GM: Stanton had better cool it with the showboating. Supernova is not someone you want to mess around with. He can get back into this thing in a hurry. Fans, we're crossing the ten minute mark of this match and right now, the Blonde Bombers are firmly in control.

[Stanton instantly pulls Nova into a seated headlock position. He flexes his arms around the head and neck of Supernova.]

GM: The crowd is rallying behind Supernova! They're trying to summon whatever strength he's got left inside of him!

[Stanton continues to squeeze as Larry Doyle screams out the orders to him.]

GM: Supernova has been through some intense wars here in the AWA. His battles and blood lost in his epic fights with William Craven are well documented but right now he's found himself trying to carry the team of Sharif and himself after Royalty attacked them earlier. It's not right, it's not fair, but even he knows it's part of the business that he has long since accepted in his quest to fight the good fight. He's battled bullies bigger, stronger, and faster. But tonight, the Blonde Bombers might be too much for even him to overcome.

[Nova begins to vigorously shake his fist, willing himself up to one knee as the crowd cheers him on. Stanton shakes his head no, looking to Doyle who screams back at him. Nova fights his way back up, throwing an elbow into Stanton's midsection...

...and another...

...and a third breaks the hold.]

GM: He's free! Supernova hits the ropes!

[Nova comes running back, dropping Stanton with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Down goes Stanton! Supernova needs to make the tag!

BW: He ain't goin' for it, Gordo! That's a mistake!

[Supernova immediately springs to the ropes once more, hitting them, flying back towards Stanton who drops down causing Nova to continue back against the far side of the ring where he meets the ropes once more, hits them, charges back...

...right into the leg of Kenny Stanton!]

BW: Spinning leg lariat! Stanton with the cover!

GM: One! Two! Thr-

[Sharif dives over the pair, breaking the pin.]

GM: The Sultan with another save!

BW: A huge mistake by Supernova and- here comes Jacobs! All four men are in the ring no-

GM: Davis Warren is pushing Sultan back... but the Sultan's pointing towards Jacobs in the ring! He's absolutely right! If Jacobs is gonna be in there, then Sharif needs to be in as well to protect his partner!

[Davis Warren ignores his plea, escorting Sharif back to the corner as Kenny Stanton bounces off the ropes right into the hands of Brad Jacobs who hoists him high into the air, pressing him up...

...allowing Stanton to twist as he CRASHES downward on top of Supernova!]

GM: OH MY STARS! SOUTHWEST AIRLINES ON SUPERNOVA! DID YOU SEE HOW HIGH HE THREW HIM!

[Stanton rolls out of the ring allowing Brad Jacobs to illegally stay in.]

GM: And thats an illegal exchange, ref! You gotta stay on top of this, referee!

[Warren looks a little puzzled at the sight of Jacobs in the ring as the big man peels Supernova off the canvas. The official questions both Jacobs and Stanton who assure him they made the tag before Jacobs launches Supernova into the corner.]

GM: Hard into the buckles goes Supernova... look out here!

[Jacobs quickly follows in pursuit of him, grabbing the top rope on either side, driving his shoulder into him repeatedly.]

BW: Look at those shots! He's gotta be running on empty!

GM: Jacobs is hammering away with those brutal shoulder thrusts into the midsection of Supernova. He desperately needs a tag, now more than ever!

[The referee again steps in, starting a count on Jacobs who is still driving his shoulder over and over into Nova whose legs have fallen out from underneath him.]

GM: The official's finally getting in there to break this up - the man's been in the corner for a heck of a lot longer than a five count, ref!

[Jacobs backs away, taking a verbal lashing from Warren as Stanton drops down to the floor, grabbing Supernova by the legs and yanking him under the ropes out to the floor where he lands at the feet of Stanton and Larry Doyle!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: Sharif has lost it! He's hobbling around the ring, headed straight for Doyle and Stanton!

[Inside the ring, Brad Jacobs turns the official towards the charging Sharif, pointing at the Sultan. The official shakes his head, moving towards the ropes to shout at Sharif, ordering him back to the corner.]

GM: The referee's telling Sharif to get back to his corner but Sharif's having none of that! He's coming for payback!

BW: Get him, Kenny!

[Stanton races around the ring to meet Sharif...

...only to be leveled by a massive elbow by Sharif that drops him on impact!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Kenny Stanton... and Sharif's still coming for him!

BW: Look at Doyle! He's measuring up Supernova!

[Sharif does his best to drag himself around the ring as Larry Doyle stands over the downed Supernova. The former amateur wrestling star continues his pursuit, and as he does, the official steps through the ropes and leaps in front of Sharif who nearly runs right over him.]

GM: Give me a break, Mr. Warren!

[Furiously, Sharif waves his hands in the air as Warren directs him back towards his corner. Meanwhile, across the ring, Doyle winds up his right leg while he focuses his hands like a camera on the skull of Supernova...

...and then SMASHES his boot right across the side of Nova's head with a stomp, knocking him over!]

GM: That's it! Throw this one out! That's means for a disqualification!

[Sharif snaps, he nearly throws Davis Warren out of his way as he hobbles around the ring. Larry Doyle sees him and begins to goad Sharif in his direction while Brad Jacobs steps down to the outside.]

GM: Sharif's coming for Doyle but now Brad Jacobs is out there as well, pulling Supernova off the floor...

[As Sharif races as fast as his pummeled body will allow him, Jacobs tosses Supernova backward...

...where his back CLANGS against the outside railing!]

BW: Jacobs is an animal out there tonight!

GM: Incredible power on display by Jacobs as he throws Supernova into the barricade at ringside. The referee is losing control of this one. He's trying to keep Sharif from getting involved but in the meantime, he's allowing the Bombers to double and TRIPLE team Supernova at will!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: We've hit the halfway point in the time limit and if Supernova can't get out of there and get Sharif in soon, it won't matter one bit.

[Supernova's body hangs backwards over the railing, his legs still on the ground, his torso bent over into the crowd. Jacobs turns to his partner and pulls him up, but not just to his feet, but up and onto the ring apron.]

GM: What is he -- no, they wouldn't!

BW: Get ready for this one, daddy!

[Jacobs ascends the ring steps while Stanton simultaneously begins to pull himself up and onto the corner turnbuckle. Like they have done so many times before Stanton perches himself upright... Jacobs positions himself beneath him, reaching up, taking hold of Kenny Stanton...]

GM: They're looking for... is this a Rocket Launcher?!

BW: It is! It is! They're gonna cash Supernova's check once and for all right here!

[Jacobs grins as he checks to see if Stanton's ready and then launches him away from the ring and towards Supernova...

...who at the last possible moment dives out of the way causing Kenny Stanton to splash his body against the railing and tumble into the stands!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! BRAD JACOBS JUST THREW HIS OWN PARTNER INTO THE RAILING FROM THE RING! MY --

BW: Calm down, Gordo! Calm down!

GM: Stanton landed RIGHT on the ribcage on the barricade! He may have broken ribs, a cracked sternum, internal injuries - who the heck knows what just happened?!

[Stanton lays in a pile of sodas, food trays, and across two front row chairs as the crowd gather around him, taunting the Bomber. Jacobs is in disbelief of what just happened and instead of checking on Stanton he steps back into the ring, ordering Davis Warren to count out Nova.]

GM: Supernova needs to get back into the ring, he's still motionless on the outside! It took every bit of energy he had left to dive out of the way and if he hadn't -- ohhhh my, it would have been goodnight Irene!

[Two. Three. Four.]

BW: I gotta hand it to Supernova, he's shown the will of a champion tonight and that ain't easy for me to say.

GM: It's hard to believe that neither Sultan Azam Sharif nor Supernova have struck gold here in the AWA with all that they accomplished. But it also shows you what kind of man Sharif is. He could have easily hand picked James Monosso as his opponent at SuperClash IV, knowing the man has as many matches left in him as fingers on my hands! But he chose to go after Mark Langseth and Royalty!

BW: And look where that's got him. He got jumped in the parking lot earlier and now he's bunny hopping around the ring and knee deep in a cold blooded war with the Blonde Bombers.

[Seven. Eight. The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: Nova is up, he's racing for the ring! I'm not sure he even knows where he is!

[Nine.]

GM: He's gonna make it! Here comes Brad Jacobs!

[Supernova pulls himself up to the apron just as Brad Jacobs charges towards him...

...and he catapults himself back in with a flying body press that Brad Jacobs attempts to catch but is instead FLATTENED as the Oklahoma City fans explode!]

GM: Nova is back in! Jacobs nearly stayed on his feet but the momentum of Supernova was too much for even him!

[Supernova elects to crawl away from Brad Jacobs, pulling himself towards his corner, inching himself closer and extending his hand out...

...only to realize that Sultan Azam Sharif is nowhere to be found, still out on the floor pursuing Larry Doyle around the ring.]

GM: Forget about Larry Doyle! Get back over here and save your partner!

[Sharif sees a handful of fans gesturing back towards the ring. He turns towards it, seeing Supernova laid out reaching for him. He stops his pursuit of Doyle who hunches over, visibly out of breath, and he begins to stammer back towards the ring.]

GM: Here comes the Sultan! Nova is looking for him! Sharif is moving as fast as his body will allow him too!

[Nova finally locks eyes with Sharif who hobbles up the steps, nearly faltering from the apron as he tries to hold himself up...reaching out...

...just as Brad Jacobs grabs Supernova and JERKS him back to the center of the ring!]

GM: NO! He was so close!

BW: Jacobs with a big elbow drop to the lower back of Supernova! And another! And another! He's laying into Nova with those massive elbow drops!

GM: Get out of there, Supernova!

[Jacobs stays down after the fifth elbow drop, straddling the downed Supernova, clubbing him with hammering blows across the lower back!]

BW: Look at him, he's taunting Sharif!

[Sharif begins to step through the ropes and Davis Warren again steps between him and his partner. As he does Brad Jacobs jabs the tip of his elbow into the lower spine of Supernova and begins grinding it into the lower back. Warren turns to assist Supernova much quicker this time around, suspicious of Jacobs' tactics by the look in the Sultan's eyes.]

GM: Sharif is going to snap if he doesn't get in there! I don't think Davis Warren will physically be able to hold him back from unleashing on the Bombers any longer than he already has!

[Jacobs backs away as Supernova tries to regroup, ripping one knee from the canvas...then the second...slowly beginning to stir. He nearly falls back down to one knee but is somehow able to balance himself as reaches one hand around to his lower back while he wobbles backwards away from his corner...

...right into the hands of Brad Jacobs who press slams him up into the air...]

GM: SUPERNOVA GETS PRESSED OVERHEAD...

[Jacobs shouts something at Sharif before turning towards the Bombers' corner...

...and DROPPING Supernova facefirst into the top turnbuckle, snapping his head and neck back from impact!]

GM: OHHHH MY! WHAT A SHOT!!

[Supernova crumples to the mat, reaching up to cradle the back of his neck after the devastating impact as Jacobs drops down, attempting another pin.]

GM: Jacobs with a cover! This could be it!

[The referee dives to count.]

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

[Supernova's arm raises up in the air to the cheers of the crowd. Larry Doyle slams his hands against the apron. He snaps his body away from the ring, rushing over to Kenny Stanton who is finally coming to on the outside.]

GM: Larry Doyle thought they had it for sure right there and I think Brad Jacobs believed it as well.

BW: How the heck does Supernova keep getting up from all this punishment?!

[An angry Jacobs shouts at Davis Warren who holds up two fingers again. Jacobs is shaking his head as he gets back to his feet, looking down at Supernova who is trying to push himself up from all fours and back to his feet.]

GM: Brad Jacobs is just taunting Supernova now, shouting at him to get up...

[Jacobs cups his hands to his mouth, giving a howl that draws a whole lot of boos from the crowd.]

BW: Heheheh.

GM: You liked that, did you?

[Jacobs suddenly reaches down, tilting Supernova's head up so that he can see his face, the paint slowly peeling off through the exertion of the matchup.]

GM: Jacobs pulls him back up... scooping him up and over his shoulder...

BW: Powerslam!

[But just as Jacobs attempts to spike Nova down, he slides down the backside, reaching back to snare the arms of Jacobs, dragging him down in a backslide!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: So close! So close! Supernova almost had him - he almost stole this victory away from the Blonde Bombers and I think Larry Doyle nearly had a coronary out on the floor!

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: You hear the call - ten minutes remaining in the time limit of this one and you've gotta be impressed by Supernova who just absolutely refuses to give up the fight despite being all alone in there for the majority of this match.

[Supernova scrambles to his feet, slowly turning towards his corner where he finds Jacobs already standing!]

BW: Uh oh!

[The young lion makes a dive towards Sharif's outstretched hand, throwing himself over the shoulder of Jacobs in the effort...

...but Jacobs simply shakes his head, steadying himself while holding Supernova over his shoulder...]

GM: NO!

[...and FEROCIOUSLY slams him down to the canvas with a spinebuster!]

GM: OHHHH! Just when you thought Supernova was about to make the tag - again, the Blonde Bombers are able to prevent it from happening.

BW: I don't like this here, Gordo. Jacobs shook Supernova's dental work with that spinebuster but he ain't lookin' for a cover. Instead he's standing over him and posing.

GM: Again, the arrogance of the Bombers prevents them from taking advantage of the situation... and that lunatic Doyle out there at ringside clapping isn't helping matters.

[The jeering crowd is all over Brad Jacobs who waves for more and certainly gets it. He cups a hand to his ear, listening to the booing crowd as Supernova rolls to his hands and knees again, inching himself towards the corner where Sharif is losing his mind as he waits to get inside the ring to help his partner...

...at least that's where Supernova THINKS he's going.]

GM: Supernova's going the wrong way!

BW: He don't even know where he is at this point, Gordo. He's crawling towards the neutral corner.

[A smirking Jacobs backs off, mocking Supernova and drawing more jeers onto himself. Supernova pushes up to his knees, looking around in puzzlement as he finds himself in a neutral corner.]

GM: Supernova just realized he went the wrong direction, pulling himself up using the ropes...

[He falls back into the corner, slumping back with his arms holding him up as they lay over the ropes. Doyle shouts something at Jacobs who nods, backing down to the other neutral corner...]

GM: Uh oh... look out here!

[Jacobs launches himself across the ring in a full sprint, lowering his shoulder...

...and DRIVING it right into an empty corner of Supernova's body limply plummets away from him!]

GM: HE HIT THE POST! SUPERNOVA MOVED AND JACOBS HITS THE POST!

[Jacobs crumples back, wincing as he grabs at the shoulder that just hit the steel ringpost!]

GM: This is it! This is his chance! Go get your partner! Go tag Sharif!

[Sharif shouts for Supernova to come towards him as well, getting Supernova who is leaning on the ropes to turn his attention towards his own corner as the crowd is absolutely roaring!]

GM: Supernova's looking for the tag!

BW: But so is Jacobs...

[Jacobs uses the ropes to guide him towards his corner where he finds Kenny Stanton clutching his chest but somewhat ready to accept the tag.]

BW: Jacobs makes the tag!

[Stanton steps in, rushing across the ring to prevent the tag...

...JUST as Supernova makes a final lunge towards Sultan Azam Sharif!]

GM: YES! HERE COMES THE IRANIAN!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Sharif storms into the ring and bashes an oncoming Kenny Stanton with a clubbing right hand!]

GM: Big right hand takes Stanton off his feet!

[Jacobs steps back in, stumbling towards Sharif who buries a boot into the gut before slamming a double axehandle across the back, knocking Jacobs to his knees.]

GM: Sharif's trying to take 'em both on!

[He wheels around to find Stanton coming back towards him so he grips him under the armpits, bodily lifting him off the mat, twisting, and HURLING him into the neutral corner where Stanton's entire body shakes with the impact from hitting the buckles!]

GM: OH MY!! Sharif's showing off some power of his own!

[Sharif visibly winces, grabbing at his back from the big power move but quickly shakes it off as Brad Jacobs gets back up, moving in on him again but Sharif grabs him by the arm, whipping him...

...RIGHT into his own partner in the corner!]

GM: Sharif is cleaning house! This man is on FIIIIIRE!

[The crowd is absolutely rocking as Sharif, bad back and all, charges forward and throws himself into a corner avalanche that smashes the two men into each other and the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHHH!

[Seeing his partner taking on two men, Supernova steps back in, trying to shake down the beating he's taken...]

BW: Supernova's back in already?! That can't be a good idea!

[Supernova steps into the neutral corner as Sharif signals towards their opponents. The young lion nods, racing forward with all his body has left, leaping into the air...

...and HURLING his body into both men as well!]

GM: HEAT WAVE! HEAT WAVE ONTO THE BLONDE BOMBERS! All four men are in the ring!

[Jacobs stumbles out of the corner into a waiting Supernova who grabs him, whipping him towards his partner...

...who throws a kick with his hooked boot, connecting with the midsection of Jacobs!]

GM: Sharif's turning Jacobs around... I don't-

[Suddenly, all makes sense as Supernova whips Stanton as well...

...using Jacobs' doubled-up position to essentially backdrop Stanton down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHH MY!

BW: That ain't fair, Gordo! It ain't fair!

GM: Fair to who?!

[Jacobs straightens up, spinning towards Sharif who wraps his powerful arms around Jacobs' torso. He pauses, readying himself...

...and HURLS Jacobs up and overhead, bouncing him off the canvas with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Sharif's showing that he's no slouch in the power department either! He may not be Brad Jacobs but he can more than hold his own, Bucky!

BW: This can't be happening. It can't be.

[Supernova points at Jacobs, shouting at his partner to "FINISH IT!"]

GM: Sharif's looking out at this cheering crowd... and he's going for it!

[Sharif drags Jacobs to the middle of the ring, flipping him into the proper position...]

GM: He's going for the Camel Clutch!

[Sharif loops Jacobs' arms over his legs, settling in on the back as he reaches down for the chinlock...

...and Larry Doyle leaps up on the apron, waving his arms frantically.]

GM: Doyle's on the apron! Get him down, ref!

[The referee races towards Doyle, trying to get him down...

...and Supernova decides to join him, rushing across the ring to grab Doyle by the shirt to the roars of the crowd!]

GM: Supernova's gonna clean Larry Doyle's clock!

BW: In the meantime, Sharif's got the Clutch on Jacobs! How long can he hang on?! It's an absolutely excruciating hold and-

[The closeup on Jacobs can see him mouthing, "I quit! I quit!"...

...but the referee is still tied up with Doyle and Supernova, preventing them from hearing that...]

GM: Brad Jacobs just gave up! He can't even tap out in this insane position but he just quit! Come on, referee! Get back into this thing! This match should be over right now!

BW: Gordo! Gordo! Look at this!

[The camera cuts to show Kenny Stanton up on the apron...

...clutching Larry Doyle's infamously-loaded cowboy boot in his hands!]

GM: What the-?! NO!

[Stanton steps in, winds up...

...and SLAMS the boot down on the back of Sharif's head, knocking him flat!]

GM: NO! NOT LIKE THIS!

[Stanton throws the boot out of the ring before rushing Supernova from the blind side, upending him over the ropes to the floor. Stanton grabs the official, pointing to where Brad Jacobs has managed to slip an arm over Sharif's chest!]

GM: NO, NO! REF, HE USED THE BOOT!

BW: HE'S GOT THE COVER!

[Supernova pushes off the floor, making a lunge under the ropes...

...but Larry Doyle drops down, hooking Supernova's leg and hanging on for dear life as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: DOYLE'S GOT SUPERNOVA!

BW: ONE!!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

GM: Ahhh, I can't believe it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: They did it! The Blonde Bombers advance to the second round!

GM: Unbelievable! There was all kind of chicanery going on there at the end of that match involving Larry Doyle and his damned boot!

BW: Gordo!

GM: I can't help it. You know as well as I do that Brad Jacobs was giving up inside the Camel Clutch and that Sharif and Supernova should be moving on to the Quarterfinals... but by hook or by crook, the Blonde Bombers have managed to literally STEAL this one from them.

[Phil Watson makes it official...]

PW: The winner of this contest and advancing to the second round of the 2013 Stampede Cup...

THE BLONDE! BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMBERS!

[Stanton and Jacobs flee alongside Doyle, who is clutching his boot to his chest, up the entrance ramp, moving as quickly as they can as a frustrated Supernova glares down the entryway after them.]

GM: I can't believe it but the Blonde Bombers are moving on. Mark Stegglet, what do you think about what we just saw?

[We crossfade backstage to the "big board" where Mark Stegglet is standing, shaking his head.]

MS: Gordon, you said "by hook or by crook" and I can't think of a better way to describe it. Royalty assaulted Sharif and Supernova in the parking lot earlier tonight and STILL required an illegal weapon in the form of that boot to KO Sharif and send themselves to the second round where they will face either The Lynch Brothers - the defending Stampede Cup champions - or the Beale Street Bullies. You gotta think either of those battles would be a tough one for the Bombers as they're looking to make a major impact in this tournament to show that they are a legitimate force in the AWA tag team division. But speaking of major impacts, few teams have been as impressive right out of the gate as these two monsters who are looking to score an upset here tonight and move on to tomorrow night's Quarterfinals - the team that has come to be known as the Prehistoric Powers! Let's hear from them right now!

[Crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" - Louis Matsui stands in front of an AWA backdrop. The paunchy, bespectacled Asian, with light brown skin and short, wavy, black hair, is dressed in a navy suit, lavender shirt and red tie. Instead of his characteristic smirk, however, Matsui is looking rather grim. He clears his throat softly before speaking.]

LM: Before I get to the Stampede Cup, allow me to address recent events. Last month, Mister Percy Childes spoke about dark days returning to the AWA. Besides the twin scourge of Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez, we have

Royalty holding a sword above the AWA's collective heads... Chris Blue threatens to sic William Craven upon those who have failed to show him his due respect... For all intents and purposes, I ought to be afraid...

[Aaand... There's the smirk.]

LM: But I'm not. The more cynical among you might tell me that it's simply because I can't see the grander scheme of things, that a lesser mortal like me could never hope to fathom the larger game the gods play... Or, maybe, I just have faith that wiser powers are at work... That wisdom will ultimately prevail... Or, maybe, it's because I have these two on my side!

[The camera pulls back, but it is still a bit of a tight fit as the towering figure of MAMMOTH Mizusawa, wearing a black singlet, enters the shot to Matsui's right, while his partner, the masked MAMMOTH Maximus, who has on a black singlet with a silver M across the front, enters the shot to Matsui's left. Maximus holds his balled fists, clad in black fingerless gloves, in front of him, letting out a loud snort and continuing to breathe heavily.]

LM: For the better part of last year, these two monsters were looking to destroy one another. Now, they BOTH work to further MY LEGACY! Now, they stand TOGETHER as the TWIN PILLARS of MY DYNASTY! If that's not focus, I don't know what is. There are teams in the Stampede Cup determined to overlook the Prehistoric Powers; there are those who would downplay the threat they pose to any of those teams, but how do you overlook a seven-foot-tall Japanese giant? How do you downplay the threat of MAMMOTH Maximus?

MM: IT'S MINE!

LM: When it was announced that my clients had been entered into the Stampede Cup, Mister Bucky Wilde put it quite accurately: Maximus and Mizusawa are so impressive as a unit, the Selection Committee only needed to see them team up TWICE to add them to the Field of 16! The way I see it, the likes of Larry Doyle can talk all the trash they want, but when his team has 840 pounds of pure power coming straight at them, I think they'll be singing a different tune.

Now, don't think I'm making the same mistake of overlooking our opponents; we've got tough first-round opponents in the Samoan Hit Squad, but one could say the same thing about teams like Gaines and Martinez, former Cup winners Violence Unlimited, or the National Tag Team champions. And just like Mister Percy Childes, just like Mister Bo Allen, just like myself, Mister Rob Christie is a brilliant strategist in his own right. Anyone of us could take it...

BUT MY TEAM'S BIGGER! You can try to chop these redwood down, but most redwood don't fight back. Most redwood don't have a partner redwood you've got to watch out for. But don't just take my word for it; just like the Samoans are about to, step into the ring and find out for yourself.

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

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

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a first round match in the Stampede Cup tournament!

Introducing first...

[Brief silence...then the opening drums of White Zombie's "Blur the Technicolor" hit the PA.]

PW: Coming to the ring at this time...

[Watson pauses as the Robfathah emerges, holding up one hand. Dressed in his usual grey suit, he turns, audibly laughing and points at the curtain, yelling something the cameras can't quite pick up. The camera promptly parts and lets loose a wild-eyed bundle of Samoan brutality, also known as Scola and Mafu, the Samoan Hit Squad. They're dressed in their usual attire -- bare, taped feet, plain black wrestling tights that end just below the knee, taped hands and wrists, and hair as wild as the look in both men's eyes. Scola and Mafu move to stand in front of the Robfathah, who turns around and beckons at Phil Watson to continue.]

PW: ...hailing from the isle of Samoa and weighing in at a combined five hundred and thirty pounds...

[The Robfathah reaches up, clapping both men on the shoulders, sending them sprinting down the aisle!]

PW: They are Scola and Mafu...

[Mafu dives between the middle and top rope in a front roll, springing immediately to his feet while Scola simply steps through the ropes near his partner.]

PW: They are...

THE SAMOAN HIT SQUAD!!

[The Robfathah, smirking as usual, has made his way to the ring and points to Scola and Mafu from the outside. The Samoan Hit Squad stands together in a corner of the ring, glowering.]

PW: And their opponents...

[A familiar throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers.]

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[The crowd erupts into jeers, as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play. Twenty-five seconds in, a masked mountain of a man, with lightly-tanned skin and brown eyes, emerges from the entranceway. He has on a black mask, with silver markings around the back forming two icy peaks; a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim.]

BW: Look at the size of this man, Gordo!

GM: I see him. He's an impressive beast in there for sure.

[More jeering, as he is followed by the paunchy, smirking, bespectacled Asian, with light brown skin and short, wavy, black hair; dressed in a navy suit, lavender shirt, red tie and black Oxford shoes.]

PW: Being accompanied by their manager, MISTER Matsui...

[Matsui is followed by a scowling seven-foot Japanese giant. Thickly-built, with light brown skin, dark eyes and short, black hair, he has on a black singlet, black knee pads and a pair of black boots.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 840 pounds, they are MAMMOTH Maximus and MAMMOTH Mizusawa...

THE PREHISTORIC POWERSSS!!!

[With Maximus to his left and Mizusawa to his right, Matsui motions to his two clients. Mizusawa raises his right fist in the air, while Maximus balls his fists and extends his arms to either side of him. With a nod, Matsui leads the way towards the ring.]

BW: Who can stop these two?! Who?!

GM: In a few moments here, we'll find out if the Samoan Hit Squad can stop them.

BW: I got nothin' but love for the Robfathah and his savages but are you looking at Mister Matsui and his boys?! ARE YOU?!

GM: I see them, Bucky... stop shouting.

BW: I can't see the Samoans stoppin' 'em... and if the Samoans can't stop 'em, then it falls to The Ring Workers to do it and-

GM: You're forgetting Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines. The Ring Workers have to get past them to get a shot at the winner of this match.

BW: That's a foregone conclusion, Gordo. If you think the old man and the golden child have a shot against the Shane Gang, you're as senile as Gaines is.

[As Louis Matsui makes his way down the elevated walkway, he is running his mouth, occasionally taunting the fans sitting on either side of the walkway with a smirk. MAMMOTH Maximus follows behind him, also jawing with the fans. MAMMOTH Mizusawa brings up the rear, still scowling. The booing continues as Matsui reaches the ring. He hangs back, letting Maximus pass and step through the ropes. Maximus balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. Behind him, Mizusawa steps over the top rope and simply walks over to the corner indicated by the official. He is soon joined by his tag team partner and his manager, who remains on the apron, giving his clients some pre-match instructions, as the song fades.]

GM: Some final huddling going on the Matsui Corporation's side of the ring... and it looks like it's going to be MAMMOTH Maximus starting it off for his team.

BW: It's a shame these two teams had to face off in the first round, Gordo, 'cause I'd love to see both of these teams advance. The Robfathah invited me over to their suite for dinner last night - man, you've never seen such a spread of food, Gordo.

GM: Oh really? What did the rest of you eat?

BW: Oh, that's hysterical. A real riot.

[Christie jabs a finger across the ring, slapping Mafu across the chest hard enough to leave a palm print. He climbs down the steps as Scola steps out to the apron.]

GM: An unusual strategy here as it appears that the smallest man in the match is going to start things off against MAMMOTH Maximus which should be an interesting encounter.

BW: Maximus just celebrated a birthday last week too, Gordo, so a million bucks would be a heck of a birthday gift.

GM: How much of that do you think Matsui would take?

BW: That's MISTER Matsui to you and I'm sure he would give Maximus some of it.

GM: That's about what I thought. What a snake he is.

[The bell sounds as referee Marty Meekly calls for it.]

GM: Here we go! Our third matchup of the night is underway with Maximus immediately walking out to the middle of the ring.

[He shouts across at Mafu, giving him a few "THE WORLD IS MINEs"]

GM: Mafu is all of six foot one and two hundred and forty five pounds in there taking on a man who clears six three and weighs four twenty.

BW: Mafu's almost outweighed by two hundred pounds for those idiots at home who can't do the math, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is... you CAN expect Mafu to have a significant speed and athleticism advantage over his much-larger opponent.

[Mafu edges out of the corner, showing some restraint from his usual "wild animal brawling" style. He gets within range, lashing out with a leg kick to the side of Maximus' knee.]

GM: Nice leg kick out of Mafu... and a second finds the same spot.

[An angry Maximus responds by throwing a pair of right-handed haymakers that Mafu avoids by stepping back...

...and then lunges back in, burying a stiff-fingered thrust into the windpipe of Maximus!]

GM: Oh! Right to the throat - an illegal blow and the referee's letting him hear about it right now.

[Mafu ignores the ref, throwing a trio of knife edge chops to the massive chest of Maximus, sending him staggering back into the ropes, hanging onto his throat.]

GM: Mafu grabs an arm... looking to fire Maximus in...

[But Maximus is having none of that, hanging onto the top rope with his free arm. Mafu throws a pair of kicks to the ribs, breaking the grip and attempting the whip again...]

GM: Irish wh- reversed by Maximus!

[Mafu comes fast on the rebound, leaping up to land a flying headbutt to the heart of Maximus who stumbles back.]

GM: Mafu's hitting fast and hard and Maximus is stunned!

[Mafu springs back to his feet, grabbing Maximus on either side of the head, winding up with his head...

...but Maximus reaches up, easily breaking the grip to grab Mafu by the throat with both hands!]

GM: Whoa! That's a choke, ref!

[Maximus easily hoists Mafu up into the air with a two-handed choke, walking away from the ropes...

...and flings Mafu down to the mat with ease.]

GM: And he just throws Mafu down to the mat like he's a sack of garbage!

[As Mafu climbs back to his feet, Maximus rushes towards him, leaping into the air and bringing his arms together to smash on either side of Mafu's head as his body slams into the Samoan!]

GM: OHHH! Big running attack by Maximus!

[Maximus stands over the downed Mafu, looking towards Scola and inviting him into the ring but Rob Christie is right there to keep Scola in the corner, waiting for a legal tag...]

GM: The Robfathah's not about to let his team fall into some trap of Matsui's. Matsui mentioned the ring strategy of men like himself and Christie among others and that's what we're seeing right here. One of these teams has to lose here tonight but neither of these managers want it to be because of a mistake in strategy.

[Maximus slaps himself in the chest, shouting at Scola to "BRING THE WAR!" but a seething Scola simply paces back and forth down the length of the ring apron, trying to resist as his partner slowly climbs back to a knee...

...and gets a clubbing forearm to the back of the head, knocking him back down to the mat!]

GM: Mafu tried to get back up but Maximus was having none of that.

[Maximus backs into the ropes, slowly walking off as he lifts his right arm...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...but Mafu rolls aside, causing Maximus to slam into the canvas!]

GM: He missed! Mafu avoids the elbowdrop... and there's a tag!

[A furious Scola comes in hot, hammering the rising Maximus with a series of forearms across the back. He grabs Maximus by the arm, using his power to whip him into the nearest set of turnbuckles where Maximus slams chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: Into the buckles goes the big man!

[Maximus stumbles backwards towards Scola who winds up his arm and slams a clothesline into the back of the head and neck!]

GM: Ohh! Scola hits hard!

[Maximus drops to a knee as Scola grabs him from behind, pulling his head back...

...and SLAMS a forearm across the sternum!]

GM: Oh! Hard shot out of Scola again! The near-three hundred pounder is bringing the pain!

[Scola keeps his grip on Maximus, Louis Matsui shouting at the official as Scola rains down blows to the chest... actually getting the crowd to count along with him...]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Scola steps back, shoving a battered Maximus down to the mat as the crowd actually cheers.]

GM: It sounds like the fans here in Oklahoma City have decided that the Samoan Hit Squad is the lesser of two evils here tonight.

[Grabbing the top rope, Scola rains down stomps on Maximus, forcing him to roll under the ropes to the floor. The ref steps in, forcing Scola back from the ropes...]

GM: Scola backing away... LOOK OUT!

[The crowd ROARS as Mafu runs down the ring apron, throwing himself into a crossbody on a dazed Maximus, taking him down to the floor! Scola lifts an arm way up, reaching all the way down to slap the canvas in front of him as he spins around...

...and points directly at MAMMOTH Mizusawa!]

GM: Oh my... are you kidding me?!

BW: Scola wants the giant!

GM: It's Scola's turn to call out the biggest man on the opposing team! He wants MAMMOTH Mizusawa in the ring with him right now and- the giant's coming in!

[Mizusawa slings a leg over the top rope...

...but Louis Matsui lunges for the other leg, hanging on tight as he pleads for his giant to not get in there and do battle with the big Samoan.]

GM: Matsui doesn't want him in there! Not yet at least!

BW: That's the key phrase right there, Gordo. Not YET. Believe me, Mister Matsui wants the giant in there with Scola... he wants him in there with Mafu... he wants him in there with the Bishop Boys... Dave Bryant... James Monosso, you name it! I've said it before and I'll say it again - MAMMOTH Mizusawa is a future World Champion - bank on it, daddy!

[Mizusawa looks down at Matsui, shouting something in Japanese at him but Matsui's response seems to settle him down despite Scola's continued barks and shouts in his direction.]

GM: The giant's not coming in after all... but look out here!

[MAMMOTH Maximus slips back into the ring behind Scola, raising his powerful arms overhead...

...and SLAMS them between the shoulderblades with a double axehandle that pitches Scola forward, dropping him down to his chest on the canvas.]

GM: A sneak attack out of Maximus and down goes Scola!

[Maximus stomps Scola a few times before marching across the ring and slapping the outstretched hand of his gigantic tag team partner.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes MAMMOTH Mizusawa!

[The giant reaches down, yanking Scola up to his feet by the arm...

...and YANKS him into a powerful short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Good grief! He takes the three hundred pounder off his feet like he was swatting a fly!

[Mizusawa stands over Scola, leaning down to shout something in Japanese at him.]

GM: I'm pretty sure Scola won't understand that - he doesn't speak Japanese.

BW: I'm not even sure these Samoan savages speak English, Gordo.

GM: An excellent point.

[Mizusawa lifts a leg, stomping down on the sternum of Scola, a blow that causes the muscular Samoan to roll across the ring, clutching at his chest as Mizusawa pursues.]

GM: Scola's trying to get away - looking for a breather perhaps but the giant stays in hot pursuit, dragging him back to his feet...

[A massive overhead slapping chop to the chest sends Scola falling back into the neutral corner as Mizusawa steps in, turning his back as he grabs the top rope with both hands.]

GM: The giant's got him trapped in the corner. The referee's telling Mizusawa to let him back out but...

[Mizusawa leans out of the corner, holds for a moment, and then DRIVES his body back into the buckles, smashing Scola against the corner!]

GM: Scola's taking some big shots from the giant.

BW: That'll teach 'im to call someone out.

[Mizusawa repeats the move, leaning out of the buckles and then driving back in with his body!]

GM: Goodness. That'll knock the wind right out of you.

[Turning around, the giant SMASHES another overhead slapping chop down on the sternum, keeping Scola in position in the corner before Mizusawa throws a series of big knees into the ribcage.]

GM: Mizusawa is asserting his will AT WILL against the Samoan Hit Squad at this stage of the matchup.

[Reaching down, the giant grabs an arm, winging Scola from corner to corner...]

GM: Scola hits the buckles... but he's coming back out!

[Scola connects with a running clothesline on the giant!]

GM: Oh my! Big time clothesline by Scola!

[Seeing the giant wobbled, Scola hits the ropes a second time, rebounding off with another big clothesline!]

GM: He does it again!

BW: But the giant ain't goin' down for no clothesline, Gordo!

GM: The giant is staggered but he's still on his feet!

[Scola slaps his bicep, ready for a third clothesline attempt as he hits the ropes, rebounding off...]

...and running right into a one-handed choke!]

GM: He hooks him!

[The giant powers Scola up into the air, DRIVING the three hundred pounder down to the canvas with a chokeslam!]

GM: CHOKESLAM!! That might do it!

[Setting down to his knees, the giant applies a lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But a diving Mafu breaks up the pin, burying his head between the shoulderblades of the giant to stop the count!]

GM: Ohh! Mafu saves this one for his team! The Prehistoric Powers were about to head to the second round when Mafu made that lunging save with the diving headbutt!

[Mafu pops to his feet, just in time to catch an incoming Maximus with a shuffling side kick to the chest!]

GM: Big kick by Mafu and Maximus falls right back into the buckles!

[Ignoring the official, Mafu rushes the corner, throwing a back elbow into the mush of Maximus! He spins around, facing the big man...

...and leans forward, sinking his teeth into the forehead of Maximus!]

GM: HE'S BITING HIM!! HE'S BITING HIM!!

[A protesting Louis Matsui pulls himself up on the ring apron, shouting at the official as he gestures wildly... which brings the Robfathah up on the opposite side of the ring, equally upset as he shouts at Matsui.]

GM: The managers are getting involved out here as well!

BW: Meekly's living up to his family name here - unable to keep control of the match at all!

GM: He's doing alright so far but this has the potential to get out of control in a hurry!

BW: He's got both managers on the apron and all four guys inside the ring and this is your idea of "alright"?!

[Bucky's point proves true as Mafu whips Maximus out of the corner, sending him crashing into a rising Mizusawa!]

GM: Ohh! The Prehistoric Powers collide!

[The collision forces Mizusawa to stumble backwards, falling into the ropes and ending up with his arms tied up between the top and middle ropes!]

GM: HE'S IN THE ROPES!! MIZUSAWA'S TRAPPED IN THE ROPES!!

BW: But he's the legal man! The Samoans can't do a damn thing with him trapped in the ropes! They can't win this thing with him trapped in the ropes!

GM: Maybe not but it puts MAMMOTH Maximus at their mercy!

[Scola climbs to his feet, moving to help his partner as a double whip sends a dazed Maximus into the ropes...

...and a leaping double shoulderblock flattens the big man!]

GM: THE SAMOANS TOPPLE MAXIMUS!!

[Louis Matsui is back down on the floor, losing his mind at this stage of the matchup.]

GM: I think Matsui thought these Samoans were going to be a pushover no matter what he said in that interview! He thought the Powers were gonna walk all over them!

BW: Can you blame him?!

[With Maximus down, the Samoans turn their attention to the trapped giant, taking turns hammering Mizusawa with chops and elbows and kicks to the torso.]

GM: They're all over BOTH of these gigantic individuals right now!

[Mafu squares up, throwing a knife-edge chop across the chest of the trapped Mizusawa. Each Samoan grabs a handful of the giant's mane, rearing back with their heads...

...and SMASHING a double headbutt on target, knocking Mizusawa through the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! THE SAMOANS HAVE LAID OUT THE GIANT!!

BW: Mizusawa has DEVASTATING headbutts but... well, he ain't no Samoan!

[We cut to a cackling Robfathah who is quite pleased at what he sees, gesturing for Mafu and Scola to go outside of the ring and finish off Mizusawa.]

GM: Rob Christie is quite happy but he needs to keep his team on track. If they're gonna knock off the Prehistoric Powers, they need to stay on their game.

[The Samoans follow Christie's lead, dropping down to the floor where they attempt to pull the giant up to his feet...]

GM: The Samoans are dragging the giant up... lifting that four hundred and twenty pounds off the mat...

[Scola muscles him up onto the apron, rolling him back under the ropes into the ring. Mafu retakes his spot in the corner as MAMMOTH Maximus does the same thing across the ring.]

GM: Marty Meekly finally gets this match back under control. We are approaching the ten minute mark in this one - still plenty of time for both of these teams to put together a rally and win this thing.

[Scola slides back in as well, laying in a few stomps on Mizusawa before switching to clubbing forearms as the giant tries to get back up off the canvas...]

GM: Mizusawa's back to a knee... trying to get the rest of the way up but Scola continues to hammer him down into the mat...

[From a knee, Mizusawa lets out a roar as he shoves Scola back into the ropes, getting back up to catch him rebounding under his arm, holding him there as he slowly turns around...

...and drops him in a side slam!]

GM: Big side slam by the giant... and there's the tag!

[A fired-up Maximus comes in hot, yanking Scola off the mat and throwing him into the turnbuckles. He squares up, throwing lefts and rights, first to the body to bring Scola's blocking arms down and then to the temples!]

GM: Maximus is hammering away! He's all over him!

[With Scola battered in the corner, Maximus grabs an arm, throwing him across to the neutral corner where he charges in behind him...]

GM: AVALANCHE!

[The flying splash connects, crushing Scola against the buckles...

...and a standing clothesline flattens the three hundred pounder as he stumbles out of the buckles!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! He got smashed in the corner and then he got dropped with that clothesline! MAMMOTH Maximus is out for some payback for the way Scola abused him earlier in the matchup.

[Maximus stands over the downed Scola with a shout of "WHO AM I?!" that draws jeers from the crowd.]

BW: This guy may be one of the most dangerous men on the planet, Gordo. Not only is he big... tough... strong... the usual suspects. But he's mean. And he's confident. He's got the confidence to beat people up who don't admit that he's the best thing going.

GM: All of those things are completely true... and now what's he doing?

BW: He's dragging him into the corner! He's setting him up for that Prehistoric Plunge, daddy!

GM: If he hits this, it's all over, fans!

[With Scola in position, Maximus steps up to the second rope with one leg... then with the other. He grabs the top rope with both hands, bouncing up and down to get some momentum building...]

GM: Scola's in trouble! Scola's in big trouble!

[The Robfathah is absolutely screaming at his man to get out of the way as Maximus gives a shout of "THE WORLD IS MINE!" and springs off the middle rope, sending his body horizontal to the canvas...]

GM: PREHISTORIC PLUN-

[BIG ROAR!]

GM: HE MOVED! SCOLA MOVED!

[Maximus SLAMS into the canvas, rolling to his back instantly to clutch at his torso as Scola goes crawling across the ring, heading towards his corner where Mafu is waiting with his hand outstretched...]

GM: Mafu wants the tag but Scola NEEDS the tag! He needs to get the heck out of there and let his partner in there to do some damage instead!

[Scola crawls, getting closer and closer as Maximus rolls to his side, trying to drag himself towards his corner as well...]

GM: Maximus is looking to make the tag as well! We've just passed the ten minute mark in the match and-

[The crowd cheers as Scola makes a lunging tag to Mafu who rushes in, getting there just as Maximus sits up on the mat...]

...and SLAMS his knee into the sternum of Maximus, knocking him right back down to the mat!]

GM: MAFU DROPS HIM WITH THE KNEE!

[Mafu throws himself back to the neutral corner that Maximus just missed the splash from. The Samoan hops up to the midbuckle, smashing a palm into his forehead...]

...and then leaps off, driving his head down into the chest of Maximus!]

GM: HEADBUTT OFF THE SECOND ROPE!!

[Mafu applies the cover, not bothering with a hook of the leg as Marty Meekly drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Maximus rolls a shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Maximus is out at two! But that was very close, Bucky!

BW: Too close. Look at Matsui!

[Louis Matsui seems to be sweating a river down his forehead as he frantically shouts instructions to both of his men.]

GM: Mafu's back up... he's out on the apron...

[The crowd buzzes as Mafu begins climbing, working his way towards the top rope...]

GM: Mafu's gonna fly! Mafu's heading for the top rope!

[Mafu puts one foot up on the top rope, swinging an arm across his chest...]

GM: He's gonna fly! Mafu's poised...

[When suddenly the giant lumbers down the apron, reaching up to grab Mafu around the throat!]

GM: What the-?! Mizusawa's got him! He's got him by the throat!

[Mafu struggles against the grip as the referee moves to the ropes, shouting at the giant to break the hold!]

GM: The referee's telling Mizusawa to back off! Telling him to-

[Mafu suddenly reaches down, grabbing his throat himself!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: It's a nervehold! Right on the Adam's Apple! The Samoan Death Grip!

[The two men stand for a time, each wincing as they try to increase the pressure on their respective grips...]

GM: Who's gonna go down first?! It's the choke from Mizusawa against the deathgrip of Mafu!

[Suddenly, Mizusawa's arms break away, grabbing at Mafu's wrist. The Samoan's eyes go wide at this, sensing weakness!]

GM: MAFU'S STILL HANGING ON! HE BROKE THE CHOKE!

[With the giant and Mafu tangled up, MAMMOTH Maximus climbs to his feet, scaling the ropes where he reaches up, clipping Mafu with a forearm to the side of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot by Maximus!

[Maximus leans over, lifting Mafu up onto his shoulders while still standing on the middle rope...]

GM: Maximus has got him up! He's got him on his back and-

[Maximus throws himself backwards, sailing through the air...]

...and SMASHING Mafu under him on the canvas!]

GM: MY STARS!! A SAMOAN DROP OFF THE MIDDLE ROPE!!

BW: And that Samoan got DROPPED!

[Mafu is motionless, having been crushed under four hundred and twenty pounds! Maximus flips over, applying a press as the referee dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! And there's the three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Maximus gets up, growling and barking at the official who comes to try and raise his hand. A grinning Louis Matsui climbs into the ring, raising Maximus' hand himself as he gestures to him. He then turns to point at the giant with both hands.]

GM: The Prehistoric Powers are heading to the Quarterfinals! Three teams are through to tomorrow night and can sit back in the locker room to wait and see who the other five teams will be.

BW: Big win for the Powers, daddy! Big win for the team that many are overlooking but I think just might be the sleeper pick to win this whole thing, Gordo.

GM: You absolutely could be right. Let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who is at the big board! Mark?

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of the big board.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. The Prehistoric Powers advance to await the winner of our next match with Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines taking on The Ring Workers! Speaking of which, come on in here, gentlemen...

[The camera zooms out a bit to reveal the team in question - Gaines is in his ring gear; Martinez, likewise. For Gaines, this consists of a sleeveless flannel shirt, unbuttoned, over a flannel undershirt and jeans shorts with knee pads and some well-worn black boots. For Martinez, he wears a pair of simple black trunks, black boots, and black kneepads. Over his chest is a simple hooded sweatshirt, also in black.]

JD: Gentlemen, your opponent in the first round happens to be the Ring Workers — a team you tangled with at the last Saturday Night Wrestling. Your thoughts?

RM: Tangled?

[Ryan turns to look at his partner.]

RM: Would you say tangled? Personally? I'd say "obliterated."

Because that's exactly what we did to them last Saturday night.

[Gunnar cracks a smile, shaking his head amusedly.]

GG: Ain't that the truth. They started to call themselves the "Best Thangs Running," but we sort of interrupted them, didn't we? And pretty soon, they were running, all right — in the opposite direction! Now some people might call that a strategic retreat, but I've been around long enough to tell you one simple thing. Cowardice don't lie, and those boys proved that's the one thing they're good at. Being cowards.

RM: Here's the thing. Anyone, anywhere, can say anything they want. You can call yourself The Greatest in the World. Anyone who can string together those words can say it? But saying it one thing.

Proving it is another.

Our action speak for Gunnar and I. What we do? That's louder than any words. We don't need to call ourselves anything. Because our records? They say everything that needs to be said.

JD: So, you look past the Ring Workers, then?

GG: The simple answer is no. We don't look past anyone. Doesn't matter who they are. Run right through them, hell yes. Look past them, never.

JD: Is there anyone you see as the biggest threat standing in your way?

RM: I don't see anyone as a "threat," but me? I see a lot of interesting challenges. Violence Unlimited and the Lynches are the two former winners. They've got to be considered threatening. Personally? I look at it as a challenge. And I love challenges.

JD: And you, Mr. Gaines? Do you have your partners confidence? Surely, some of those teams, who have been together for years, or in the case of the Lynches, their entire lives, have to pose some sort of threat?

GG: I see what you mean and I might be inclined to agree. Personally, I wouldn't single out anyone as our biggest threat. Someone is liable to feel left out and have their feelings hurt. But really, I think the biggest threat standing in our way is Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez. Odd answer, I know, but here's what I mean by that.

Our challenge is, we have to be better than our best selves. We've got the skill, we've got the experience, we've got the toughness. AND, we've got the chemistry. But none of that don't guarantee you squat. I've been there. I know this. We goof around, we get distracted, it takes three seconds and we're eliminated. I don't want that to happen.

[Ryan looks at Gunnar and shakes his head.]

RM: You really think I'm the sort to "goof around?"

[After a look at his intense young partner, Gunnar just shakes his head, chuckling slightly.]

JD: I see you have a guest with you. I assume he'll remain in the audience and not cross the ringside barrier?

[The camera pans back a touch to admit Justin Gaines into the frame. The tall youngster, age 17, stands a few inches taller than his 6'5" father, but is lacking the same type of build. The fresh-faced kid is wearing track warm-ups as per usual, and looks like he feels fortunate just to be there.]

GG: Why don't you answer that softball question, Justin?

[Justin takes a deep breath.]

JG: Jason, no, of course not. No way I'm going to jump that barrier. I have a ringside seat, all right. I earned it by getting on the honor roll. And that's appropriate, because it's my honor to sit so close and watch my father do what he does best. He's one of the best there's ever been, and I'm so glad to see him come back and earn the success he's currently experiencing. It's tempting to want to get closer. But the seat indicated on my ticket is good enough for me, and my tail is going to stay firmly planted in it. Except when I'm standing up to cheer, of course.

JD: Fair enough. Any other comments, gentlemen?

RM: What you've seen so far? It was the warm up. Tonight is the night that Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez make their name. Right here, in the Stampede Cup. It all begins for real.

I don't know what's going to happen tonight when it comes to who we're facing. But I know this? Tonight, we start our path to the ultimate goal.

GG: Damn straight. We don't control who we get to face. We only control what happens in our own matches. And we're going to exercise that control and get as far as we can. Who knows? "Tag Team Champions Gaines and Martinez" has a really nice ring to it. I kinda like it. And I hope we get to say it for real.

RM: Oh, we will.

Count on it!

[Fade to black.

...and straight to commercial where we fade into a high end gym. We see a man pumping iron at what appears to be an extremely expensive exercise machine. After catching a glimpse of the man, being in a gym this fancy, working on a machine that's almost as fancy, it's rather fitting. The man is

former AWA, EMWC North American champion, and international wrestling superstar Jonas Olrikke.]

JO(voice over): We can't all be this beautiful.

[Olrikke finishes his workout, and a lovely young woman runs up to him, embracing him. The woman smells Olrikke, and smiles. She then turns to the camera, flashing what appears to be a blue and white stick of deodorant.]

Woman #1: Magnifika....

[Fade. Olrikke is dressed up in a \$5,000 suit, dancing a slow dance with another lovely young, dark haired woman. The woman is wearing a black dress. The pair look into each other's eyes, dancing to what appears to be Olrikke's theme song "Save A Prayer" by Duran Duran.]

JO(voice over): But we can all do our part to smell beautiful.

[The woman leans in, getting a good whiff. The woman then turns towards the camera, with a smile on her face, holding up a blue and yellow bottle of cologne.]

Woman #2: Magnifika....

[Fade. Olrikke is running some hair cream through his hair. Another fade, and he's splashing after shave on his face.]

JO(voice over): Whether you work hard, or play hard, you need that little extra something to maintain a competitive edge.

[Fade. Olrikke is playing tennis with intensity! Look! The hair on his head isn't moving! Fabulous! After returning a shot, Olrikke pumps his fists in victory.]

JO(voice over): Now in America, Europe's number one men's beauty products will keep you smelling and looking fresh 24 hours a day! Try it today!

[Yet another lovely young lady, who appears to have been his playing partner, runs up to him and gives him a hug. After running her hands through his hair and getting a good sniff, she grins and turns towards the camera, holding up a blue and yellow bottle of hair gel.]

Woman #3: Magnifika....

[Fade to black.

Fade up to the back where Jason Dane stands, his thin smile beginning to curl as the red light of the camera begins to flicker signifying his time to shine is about to begin.]

JD: Fans, we are nearly halfway through Night One of our event that honors the great tradition of tag-team wrestling here in the United States - The Stampede Cup. It is my upmost pleasure to be here on this historical evening where not only do we get to host the most challenging and star studded tournament for tag teams in our great sport but the AWA will stake it's claim on being the home to their first ever_WORLD_Tag Team Champions. Joining me now...

"Enough. Enough. Punch a girl in the face already."

[The camera jump cuts to the right of Jason Dane. Standing there, obviously annoyed, is none other than Miss Sandra Hayes. Her eyes are wide and she impatiently taps "her" branding iron repeatedly into her right hand. Flanking her on each side is Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson, wearing their trademark green and white track jackets that are conveniently zipped down revealing white tees that simply read "Working Rings since 1998" on them.]

MSH: We get it, Jason. Stampede Cup...World Champions...loddy-freaking-da and the whole sha-bang. We've been hearing about it all week, hun, you can save the over dramatic speech for your YouTube videos. I heard you're up to sixteen subscribers now. Great job!

[Dane rolls his eyes.]

MSH: And nothing against anyone here...but after spending half the year enrolled in the school of hard knocks fending for my life while [miming quotes] "men like you" stand idly aside and watch, I've grown a bit tired of it.

No, correct that. WE'VE been growing a bit tired of it.

[Hayes turns Dane, her innocent eyes playful batting in his direction.]

MSH: So what about us, Jason? What about what we did last week just to get here? The AWA has been handing out Stampede Cup entrees at the back door and we had to battle through a ridiculous twelve team gauntlet and take down a former National Tag Team champion in the process just to scrape our way into the bottom of the field of sixteen!

[She leans back, throwing a glance at both Strong and Anderson who nods their heads.]

MSH: But you know what, sugar? It might as well have been a hundred teams! You could have lined up any pair of wrestlers in the arena in front of these warriors last week and the outcome would have been the same! The AWA has been trying to stop us since day one from stepping into the spotlight. They forced Terry to try to steal it! They made Lenny and Aaron fight their way through it! But all the games, all the shenanigans, it's over.

Tonight there is nothing the AWA can hide behind to keep the inevitable from happening. Lenny and Aaron are about to be unleashed on the elite teams

in all of wrestling and walk out of Oklahoma City as the Stampede Cup winners and World Tag Team Champions!

[Strong, the more vocal of the Ring Workers, steps forward.]

Lenny Strong [LS]: We've been boxed in for months on end by the AWA. "You ain't ready yet," they tell us. "It's not your time," they say. "You're not what the fans would want" and whatever other excuses the office seems to fancy themselves in sayin'. Sooner or later, we would have started to believe it if it weren't for one man with a grand vision and a bullet proof plan ready to make it all happen.

[The camera jumps behind Hayes, Anderson, and Strong to reveal Terry Shane III seated in the background. He sits quietly on a folding chair, his head down, arms folded against his chest. His black hair is pulled tightly into a small pony tail for a change and he seems completely uninterested in what is going on before him.]

LS: One man figured it all out, Dane. One man got tired of justifying every decision and every action he made to the board, to the fans, to anyone who put more effort into ignoring him then it takes to listen. One man came to Aaron, Donnie, Harry, and I and said, "Forget them!" "Your time is right...Now." Terry Shane III told us, "Join me," "Fight with me," "Carry my name!"

And you know somethin'?

We're damn proud to do it.

[Strong nods matter-of-factly.]

LS: Ya see, we ain't just a bunch of no-name hoodlums that had nothin' better to do than to attack that crazed lunatic Hannibal Carver at SuperClash IV. No, son, we are much more dangerous than that and we serve a much greater purpose.

And ya know who is gonna find that out first hand tonight?

Old man Gunnar, and rent-a-mart Ryan.

These two have been spittin' the same exact jargon over and over again, but they're so damned tough and are the perfect image of what the AWA wants to crown as champions for anyone to even notice! Dub it on tape, record their three minutes of monthly self mutilation, a poor man's reflection of a less than decorated twenty year career, a young thug trying to desperately to step out of daddy's shadow! Instant Ry-Gunn interview, serves eight! "You beat up my son! You PINNED ME!" "I love you man!" "Arrrrgh!" We get it. Guys... we get it.

But ya know somethin'? As much as the people out there hate us for speaking the truth! We aren't about to insult their intelligence. We aren't here tonight or any night for that matter to pander to them... because let's

face it, this isn't the nineties. There aren't any "Grizzlemaniacs" still alive out there. The people didn't come to see a seventy year old man with layers of fat dripping over his wrestling trunks come and kiss their butts! They came to see WRESTLING!

[Strong is emphatic, animated...but for a wonder, in control. But something inside the "Axeman" snaps.]

Aaron Anderson: Enough of this crap! Dane...we're going to march on out to the ring tonight and get back to basics....

[There's a hint of a smile, more in the eyes than on Anderson's lips.]

AA: And should that occasionally involve Lenny loading up his big elbow...

[Lenny smiles, patting his right arm.]

AA: Or me revving up my size 16 boot and stomping those punks back to the Stone Age where they belong...

...well, that'll be a happy coincidence, won't it?

[Just as Anderson's last word falls from his lips Terry Shane III casually stands up from his chair. He gently folds the chair up, tucks it under his arm, and begins walking towards Dane who can't help but to redirect his attention away from the rest of the Gang and be drawn in towards the "Ring Leader" who methodically walks towards him.]

JD: Terry.

[And then right past him.]

JD: Mr. Shane!

[And as he does, Jason notices something peculiar -- and we aren't talking about the poor man's pony tail he is sporting. Terry's free arm, his left hand, is fastened inside of a fairly hefty looking black guard that wraps around his hand, wrist, and forearm. Dane's eyes become fixated on it, so much, that he yells out to Terry Shane III once more.]

JD: The arm, Terry! What's wrong with your arm?!

[Miss Sandra Hayes gently flicks her branding iron near the nether region of Jason Dane causing him to awkwardly jump back. As he attempts to regather himself he is forced to watch the Shane Gang leave the scene, his last question left unanswered...

...as we crossfade back down to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a first round matchup in the Stampede Cup tournament. The winner

of this match will face the Prehistoric Powers tomorrow night in the Quarterfinals!

Introducing first...

[Burst of static. Serguei Prokofiev's callous and haunting "Dance of the Knights" trumpets over the arena speakers. Beginning with the delicate strings and then the bursting of the horns and woodwinds layer on top as the dynamic music begins to play. The curtains part as a sparsely covered leg slides its way around the hem of the curtain, taunting the fanboys. Finally, the rest of the Siren whips around the edge of the drapes and begins working the crowd. Her playful, borderline annoyingly happy strut down to the ring is peppered with the occasional spin to display the wares to the slobbering teenagers. She blows kisses, the occasional eye contact that you feel is aimed directly at you, all before she stops midway and gestures back to the entrance portal behind her.]

PW: They are accompanied to the ring by Miss Sandra Hayes... representing the Shane Gang... at a total combined weight of 505 pounds... the team of Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong...

THE RIIIIING WORRRRKERRRRS!

[Lenny Strong steps out first, then Aaron Anderson, and finally the Ring Leader of the Shane Gang makes his way out behind them. Anderson and Strong still bare their trademark green and white track suits while Shane is dressed down in dark jeans and a shirt that reads on the front in big letters, "God Forgives" and as he walks past the camera on the back side of his shirt, "The Shane Gang Does Not".]

GM: I'm surprised to see Terry Shane III accompanying his teammates to the match tonight. It's no secret that he suffered a serious injury following last week's attack at the hands of Hannibal Carver. An attack that left the back of his head dripping in blood and a trip to the Emergency Room to follow. More so, he seems to be nursing his left arm of all things as he has it wrapped up tight in some sort of wrist guard.

BW: How can you say you are surprised? This man is their leader! A real leader stands by his team no matter what. This man lives, breathes, and preaches loyalty.

GM: Let's not get carried away.

[The Shane Gang reaches the ring in fairly short order. Anderson and Strong exchange a high ten as Terry Shane glares at anyone and everyone in sight. Miss Sandra Hayes can be seen giving some words towards AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger, tapping him on the chest with the branding iron.]

GM: It looks like Miss Hayes is threatening our referee, Bucky!

BW: Threatening?! There's absolutely not a bit of evidence to support that! She could sue you for slander, Gordo!

[Phil Watson takes some verbal beating from Lenny Strong who gets up in his face before Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The indelible opening riff of "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers rings throughout the arena, and the fans cheer! As the famous open to the song reaches the point where the rest of the instruments kick in, it transitions right into "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead. At this point, Ryan Martinez and Gunnar "Grizzly" Gaines step through the curtain to the approval of the fans.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California and Fairbanks, Alaska respectively... at a total combined weight of 540 pounds...

...RYAN MARTINEZ and GUNNAR "GRIZZLY" GAINES!

[Gaines flashes his trademark Grizzly Grin, but replaces it quickly with a stonefaced, deadpan look. His tall and muscular young partner matches his determined expression. Both men stride side-by-side down the aisle. Gaines wears his usual black boots, cutoff jeans, thermal undershirt, open flannel shirt and black belt. His wild, long brown hair is tied back, but his beard is trimmed. Martinez wears long wrestling tights, black with a red inseam, and a pair black and red wrestling boots. He runs a hand through his slicked back brown hair as the two men approach ringside.]

GM: Here they come, fans - they were the first team to earn a seeding in this year's tournament when they defeated The Rave way back at SuperClash IV and since then, they've been red hot as they enter this weekend looking to show the world that they're deserving of the hype!

BW: They're not deserving of it! Not in the slightest! The Ring Workers tell it true, Gordo - they're coasting on a reputation built in the 1990s and one built on Alex Martinez' DNA! What have either of these guys done in the past year or two to deserve this spot here tonight?

GM: Other than defeating The Rave like I just talked about?!

[Gunnar Gaines reaches the ring ropes, climbing down the ringsteps to ringside where he heads to the barricade.]

BW: Look! The old man can't even remember where the ring is! GAINES! IT'S OVER THERE!

GM: Would you stop? You can see just as plainly as I can that Gunnar Gaines has walked over there to the railing to shake the hand of his 17 year old son, Justin.

BW: Oh, great. The punk kid is here again.

GM: Justin Gaines is here to support his father and Ryan Martinez - that's right. Can you blame him for that?

BW: That makes him fair game in my books!

GM: He's a fan! A paying spectator! Not to mention, he's only 17 years old!

BW: Semantics.

[Ryan Martinez stands on the apron, hands on his hips as he waits for his partner to finish greeting his son. After a few moments, Gunnar climbs the ringsteps where Lenny Strong is waiting in the corner, delivering all sorts of trash talk.]

GM: This Shane Gang is just too much, Bucky. Too obnoxious. Too arrogant.

BW: And at the end of this weekend, they just might be the best tag team in the world. Can you deal with that?

GM: I'm honestly not sure I can.

[Ryan Martinez steps into the ring, being cut off by the official as Martinez makes a move towards Strong and Anderson. Terry Shane steps out of the ring, making his exit alongside Miss Sandra Hayes as heated words are exchanged all over the ring.]

GM: This one got kicked up a notch last week when Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez had heard enough of the trash talking by Anderson and Strong and came after them.

BW: Can we agree to call them "RyGunn" at least?

GM: The favored name of fans all over the world but not one that's been adopted by Martinez and Gaines as of yet. And if there is one thing that fans of that team can be grateful for, it's that Donnie White and Harry Hyatt are still serving out their suspension and can't make this even more of a numbers game out here.

[The official forces both teams back to their respective corners. Both sides quickly huddle up before making their decisions.]

GM: Aaron Anderson is going to start things off for his team... and it's going to be Ryan Martinez for his side.

[The lanky Martinez exchanges a high five with his partner as referee Johnny Jagger signals for the bell to sound.]

GM: And here we go!

[Ryan Martinez stalks right out of his corner, moving towards Anderson who backs off into his own corner, shaking his head and wagging a finger at Martinez.]

GM: Get the man out of the corner, ref. Get Aaron Anderson out there to middle where he can fight like a man.

BW: In due time, Gordo. Aaron Anderson's not gonna be bullied into anything.

[Miss Sandra Hayes can be heard shouting insults at Martinez about his alleged parentage as Terry Shane paces back and forth at ringside, seemingly seething about something. Lenny Strong slaps his partner on the back as Anderson edges out. Martinez takes two steps towards him but Anderson is right back into the corner. The crowd jeers.]

GM: Are we having a wrestling match tonight or a game of hide and seek?

BW: They're mindgames, Gordo. You've been around since Adam and Eve were pro wrestling's first power couple so I'd think you'd recognize it.

[The fiery Martinez complains loudly to the official who again tells Anderson to get out of the corner. Anderson ignores him, instead inviting Martinez into the corner...

...and Martinez obliges, charging in with fists flying to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Whoa!

BW: Right where they want him! Sucker!

GM: You sure about that?!

[The crowd is roaring as Martinez dishes out haymakers to Anderson... then Strong... then Anderson... then Strong... then Anderson... then Strong. Miss Sandra Hayes climbs up on the apron and Martinez threatens one in her direction, forcing her to drop back down to the floor with a yelp!]

BW: He just tried to strike a woman!

GM: He did not!

[Martinez wheels back around, catching Anderson with a shot to the gut as Anderson attempted to attack him from behind. The usually clean shaven Martinez is showing some five o'clock shadow as he grabs Anderson by the back of the head, dragging him to the neutral corner...]

GM: Headfirst to the top turnbuckle!

"ONE!"

[Martinez grins, looking around at the crowd with a nod as he pulls Anderson's head back again...]

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Still holding the wobbly Anderson by the head, Martinez swings around, racing across the ring...]

GM: Martinez to the far side!

[...and SLAMS Anderson's skull into the top turnbuckle with authority, sending him sailing back to the middle of the ring where he collapses down to the canvas!]

GM: ANDERSON GOES DOWN!

[Martinez spins around, catching an incoming Lenny Strong with a running clothesline, mowing down Strong to another big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Martinez flattens him!

[This time, it's Terry Shane who pulls himself up on the apron but Martinez rushes towards him...

...and Shane jumps right back down, angrily slamming his arms down in frustration on the apron and then after a split second, howling in pain as he grabs at the arm wrapped in the heavy brace!]

BW: The man hurts himself and these idiots laugh!

GM: There's a whole lot of people who would tell you that Terry Shane III deserves any pain he gets.

BW: And I bet you're one of them.

GM: What happened to his arm anyways? Last I saw, he was bleeding out of the back of his head - not his arm.

BW: When Terry Shane wants you to know what happened to his arm, he'll tell you, Gordo.

[With Shane down, Anderson and Strong exit the ring to huddle back up with their cohorts, plotting their next move.]

GM: Looks like it's time for some regrouping... and we'll use this time to take a quick commercial break! But we'll be right back with more Stampede Cup action after this!

[We fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

As we fade back up from commercial, we find Ryan Martinez holding Aaron Anderson in a front facelock, dragging him to the corner where he slaps the

hand of the waiting Gunnar Gaines who steps in and buries a right hand into the ribcage of the doubled-up Anderson.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and as you can see, Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines have continued to keep control of this battle throughout the break. Gaines scoops him up and slams him down... seventeen years ago, in 1996, Gunnar Gaines was voted the #1 wrestler in the world. Today, he stands alongside the son of one of the greatest of all time as they attempt to become the very first AWA World Tag Team Champions!

BW: Seventeen years ago. You telling me he found time to knock up Missus Gaines while keeping the touring schedule of the best wrestler in the world? Miracles DO happen.

[Gaines shoves Anderson back against the ropes, throwing another right hand to the gut as Anderson bounces off, causing him to pitch forward and land facefirst on the mat.]

GM: Aaron Anderson should think about looking for a tag soon. He's been in there since the outset and just can't seem to get on track, Bucky.

BW: It's still early, Gordo.

GM: It is but-

[The man from Fairbanks, Alaska bounces off the ropes and drops his two hundred and eight-five pounds down across the back of the head in the form of an elbowdrop.]

GM: Big elbow by Gunnar "Grizzly" Gaines - trying to make it back to the winner's circle at the age of 43 years old.

[Gaines leans down, dragging Anderson up by the back of the trunks into a side waistlock. He lifts him up, dropping him down in a back suplex before floating into a pin attempt...]

GM: Gaines gets one! He's got two! But Anderson's out at two, rolling his shoulder right out of the pinning predicament.

[Gaines slowly gets back up, reaching back and tugging at his ponytail before he grabs an arm on Anderson, pulling him back up and sending him crashing chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Powerful whip by Gaines... Anderson staggers out...

[He hooks the back suplex again, lifting Anderson up...

...but this time, the first graduate of the Combat Corner flips over the top, landing on a knee behind Gaines!]

GM: Anderson goes out the back door...

[He buries a forearm shot into the kidneys of Gaines before grabbing the ponytail and YANKS him back over a bent knee!]

GM: Ohh! Modified backbreaker by Anderson!

[Anderson pushes back up, staggering across the ring where he slaps the hand of his partner who rushes in to prevent a tag from a quickly-kneeling Gunnar Gaines. Strong smashes him with a forearm to the back of the skull but grabs the hair, pulling Gaines back to the middle of the ring...

...and flashes a middle finger to Martinez to the jeers of the crowd and a pissed-off glare from the Latino.]

GM: Strong prevents the tag...

BW: And gives Martinez a little sign language to go with it.

GM: The Shane Gang wouldn't know class if it bit them on the arm.

BW: I think Miss Hayes would beg to differ.

[Strong pulls Gaines up off the mat...

...and gets a heavy right hand to the gut for his efforts!]

GM: Strong may be a heavy hitter... but Gunnar Gaines has years of experience in throwing those fisticuffs!

BW: All four of the guys in this match are known for their striking skills.

[Gaines lands a second as he pushes up off the mat to his feet. He reaches out, grabbing Strong by the hair...

...and Strong slips a knee into the gut in return!]

GM: Strong fires back...

[With Gaines stunned, Strong rushes to the ropes behind him, bouncing off...

...and leaving his feet, burying a forearm in the side of Gaines' head, sending him down to a knee!]

GM: Leaping forearm smash out of Strong!

[Grabbing the ponytail, Strong opens fire, landing forearm after forearm after forearm on the ear of the Grizzly One!]

GM: Strong's taking the fight to Gunnar Gaines LIVE at the Stampede Cup, fans!

[Strong breaks away, dashing to the ropes again...]

GM: Off the far side...

[Strong attempts a running knee on the kneeling Gaines who suddenly gets up, wrapping his powerful arms around the incoming Strong, tucking his head under the armpit...

...and HURLS Strong across the ring with a Northern Lights suplex!]

GM: OH MY!!

BW: Released Northern Lights suplex by Gaines! He almost tossed Lenny Strong right out of the ring!

[Gaines climbs back to his feet, moving a little slower than he was at the start of the match as he lumbers towards Strong who is using the ropes to get back to his feet...

...and Strong lunges backwards, connecting with a back elbow under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Strong fires back!

BW: Man, this kid is tough!

[A second back elbow knocks Gaines back to the middle of the ring giving Strong some room as he bounces off the ropes, rushing towards Gaines with a third back elbow...]

GM: Gaines ducks the elbow!

[...and grabs Strong as he goes by in a rear waistlock!]

GM: GAINES IS GOING FOR A SUPLEX!!

[But Strong elbows out of it, landing three sharp elbows on the ear before spinning around and SMASHING his elbow between the eyes of the veteran - a blow that causes him to collapse to the mat.]

GM: Strong scores with that devastating elbow and he covers!

[Meekly dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Gaines lifts a shoulder, breaking the count as Ryan Martinez shouts encouragement from the corner.]

GM: The younger Martinez is in the corner, trying to rally his partner as Gaines has taken some punishment from Strong.

[Climbing to his feet, Strong mockingly claps his hands at Martinez who was doing the same, trying to get the fans behind the Alaskan.]

GM: Oh, come on. What a jerk this guy is!

[Strong smirks at a fuming Martinez, giving a shout of "GO GUNNAR!" before Martinez has heard enough, storming through the ropes to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Martinez is coming for him! He's coming for him!

[But the referee steps in, blocking his path...

...which allows Aaron Anderson to slip through the ropes into the ring, clapping his hands together over his head as he replaces Strong in the ring, raining down stomps on a rising Gunnar Gaines.]

GM: An illegal exchange was just made by the Ring Workers.

BW: Sounded like a tag to me!

GM: Very funny.

[Anderson pulls Gaines up by the arm, ducking down to explode upwards with a European uppercut that knocks Gaines back into the neutral corner. Anderson smirks at Martinez being forced back out to the apron as he moves in on Gaines.]

GM: Anderson grabs an arm... cross corner whip coming up...

[The Axeman from Charlotte sends Gaines across the ring. He backs to the corner, measuring the veteran before rushing across after him...]

GM: Big kick!

[Anderson leaps off one foot, lashing out with the other for a pump kick...

...but Gaines sidesteps, causing Anderson to kick the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Gaines avoids it!

[He quickly hooks Anderson...

...and SNAPS him back in a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: Oh my! Big counter by the veteran... and he's crawling towards the corner... looking to make a tag here!

[Miss Sandra Hayes immediately gets up on the apron, swinging the branding iron around. We cut to the floor where Justin Gaines is shouting at her, telling her to get down from the apron... and then cut back to the ring

where Gaines is up on his knees, looking towards Ryan Martinez' outstretched hand...]

GM: Martinez is ready! Martinez is waiting!

[Having heard enough of Hayes, the referee spins around to order her down to the floor...

...which allows Lenny Strong to rush in, grabbing Gaines by the ponytail and dragging him across the ring to the Ring Workers' side of the squared circle again...]

GM: Strong prevents the tag!

[...which brings in a hot-headed Ryan Martinez, throwing forearm shots at the skull of Lenny Strong!]

GM: Martinez is comin' for Strong!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Martinez and Strong trading brutal forearm and elbow shots to the skull in the middle of the squared circle...

...until Aaron Anderson slips a knee into the back of Martinez, breaking up the attack!]

GM: Ohh! Anderson with the Pearl Harbor job from behind!

[Anderson grabs the arms of Martinez, holding them behind him in a double chickenwing as Strong tees off, throwing a half dozen more elbows to the skull before Anderson shoves him back towards Strong who grabs a handful of hair...

...and CHUCKS Martinez through the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! COME ON, REFEREE!

[The referee spins around, shouting at Strong to get out of the ring but Strong ignores him, moving in to help Anderson pull Gaines back to his feet, moving him into the ropes...]

GM: This is an illegal doubleteam, fans!

BW: Aren't all doubleteams illegal?

[The double Irish whip sends Gaines into the ropes. On the way back, the Ring Workers shove him as high up into the air as they can...

...and Anderson CREAMS him with a European uppercut on the way down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Anderson quickly applies a lateral press but the referee refuses to count until Lenny Strong has exited the ring.]

BW: Count him, ref!

GM: The ref's getting Strong out of there before he counts. A smart and fair move if you ask me.

BW: No one's askin' ya.

[The referee finally dives down to count but only gets to two before Gaines rolls a shoulder off the mat.]

BW: That shoulda been three right there. The referee intentionally stalled to give Gaines a chance to recover! He's either incompetent or he's biased and since he's from the Carolinas, I'm gonna guess he's both!

GM: You know Aaron Anderson's from the Carolinas as well, right?

BW: He's from the good side though.

GM: I see.

[Anderson complains about the count to the ref... as does Strong... and Hayes... yet Terry Shane just stands glumly in the corner, glaring intensely across the ring at Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines.]

GM: Everyone's got an opinion out here about the referee's performance but you know what they say about opinions. I think that holds especially true with these folks.

[The first graduate of the Combat Corner pulls Gaines to his feet, dragging him to the Shane Gang corner where he makes the legal tag to Lenny Strong.]

GM: Another quick tag... the Ring Workers showing the talent that let them do so well in that Gauntlet Match last week that put them in this tournament to begin with.

[Anderson grabs Gaines by the hair, dragging him a few feet out where he grabs his arms, turning him towards the corner where Strong hops up to the midbuckle...

...and leaps off, snapping a kick off the ear of Gaines!]

GM: Good grief!

[Strong applies a quick cover, earning another two count before the veteran escapes the pin attempt!]

GM: Gaines is out at two and Strong can't believe it!

[Strong takes the mount, hammering Gaines with stiff forearms to the side of the head!]

GM: Strong's hammering away at Grizzly Gaines, going to town on him with those elbow smashes!

[Angrily getting to his feet, Strong slaps the hand of Aaron Anderson who climbs the ropes from the outside as Strong lifts Gaines back up, holding him in a front facelock...]

...and Anderson comes off the top, bringing a forearm down across the shoulderblades!]

GM: Simple doubleteam right there but very effective.

[Anderson stomps Gaines a few times while Miss Sandra Hayes gives instructions from the floor. He drags Gaines over to the ropes, draping his neck over the middle rope...]

GM: Oh, come on!

[The Charlotte native leans down on the back of the neck, pushing the throat into the rope and choking the air of the veteran!]

GM: We're past the ten minute mark in this one and right now, the Ring Workers have established control over Gunnar Gaines who is in desperate need of a tag at this point in time.

[The ref backs Anderson off, causing Gaines to slump down to the mat, rolling over to his back with his head hanging out over the apron...]

...which brings Terry Shane around the corner where he SLAMS the wrist guard down into the throat, pushing down to strangle the air out of a struggling Gaines!]

GM: REFEREE, GET CONTROL OF THIS THING!!

[Justin Gaines can be seen in the background losing his mind, shouting at Ryan Martinez to "DO SOMETHING!" Martinez hesitates a moment before dropping to the floor, rushing to his partner's aid as Terry Shane bails out, not wanting to tangle with the son of the Hall of Famer.]

GM: Terry Shane blatantly just interfered in this match! He used that wrist guard to strike Gunnar Gaines in the throat and then choked him with it!

[Shane stands on the other side of the ring, the recipient of a harsh glare from Ryan Martinez who points at Terry Shane, shouting at the referee as Justin Gaines does the same. Martinez leans down, saying something to his partner who rolls back under the ropes.]

GM: Ryan Martinez prevented any further damage from Terry Shane but you have to wonder if the damage was done, fans.

[Anderson grabs Gaines by the legs, hauling him out to the center of the ring. He parts the legs, stomping hard on the midsection of the Grizzly One before he strides to his corner, slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: The tag is made once more... and in comes Lenny Strong...

[Each man grabs a leg on the downed Gaines, pulling them apart...

...and YANKING hard, using a wishbone to stretch out the leg muscles of the veteran!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: When's the last time you've seen a wishbone used, Gordo?!

GM: It's been quite some time. The Ring Workers are showing that they're not only a modern tag team but they are also students of the game, appreciating the history that has come before them.

BW: It'd be hard not to be considering they take their marching orders from the son of a former World Champion and legend in our sport, Terry Shane Jr.

[Still holding the legs, Strong and Anderson drop an elbow in tandem on the inside of the knees of Gaines before getting back to their feet...]

GM: Speaking of Terry Shane Jr...

[The Ring Workers quickly hook on a pair of spinning toeholds on the legs of the Hall of Famer...]

BW: Double spinning toehold! Paying tribute to the legacy of the Shane family right here tonight in Oklahoma City!

GM: How long have they both been in there now?!

[Long enough for Ryan Martinez who steps into the ring, rushing forward to SMASH a forearm into the jaw of Aaron Anderson, knocking him down on his back side. Martinez spins, throwing a forearm to the jaw of Lenny Strong too, a blow that sends him staggering back into the ropes...

...but the referee steps in, pushing Martinez back before any more damage can be dished out.]

GM: Martinez is being forced out again... and look at this!

[Strong rushes back in, grabbing the foot of Gaines and holding it straight up...

...and flips forward, stretching out the hamstring of Gaines!]

GM: Good grief!

[Strong sits on the canvas, smirking at the jeering crowd as Gaines rolls back and forth, clutching the back of his leg as Miss Sandra Hayes claps proudly for her men.]

GM: Lenny Strong's back up... and another tag is made...

[Strong holds the ankle, stretching the leg out as Anderson rushes in, hitting the ropes...

...and drops into a baseball slide dropkick to the captured leg!]

GM: Ohh! Another brutal shot to the leg of Gunnar Gaines!

[Gaines rolls to his side, trying to drag himself towards Ryan Martinez' outstretched hand...

...but Anderson grabs the foot, dragging Gaines back towards the Ring Workers' corner.]

GM: Anderson cuts off the tag, pulling him back to their side of the ring.

BW: Beautiful tag team wrestling - cutting the ring in half. You gotta be impressed by Anderson and Strong, Gordo. You gotta think they'd make a heck of a first World Tag Team Champions.

GM: Perhaps they would but I'm not sure they have the character to make people proud of them as champions.

[Anderson twists the leg around his own, pinning his knee against the knee of Gaines...

...and leaps up, DRIVING the knee into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! That'll do some damage!

BW: And at some point, you start to wonder, Gordo. If by some way, Gaines and Martinez are able to stage a comeback and win this thing, what kind of shape would Gaines' knee be in?!

GM: An excellent point, Bucky. As we near the fifteen minute mark - the halfway point - of this match, every moment that Gunnar Gaines remains in the ring takes Gaines and Martinez one step closer to elimination from the tournament in my estimation.

[Anderson reaches up, slapping the hand of Lenny Strong who steps back in.]

GM: Quick tags, frequent tags... moving in and out to keep the fresh man in.

[Strong grabs Gaines by the arm, dragging him to his feet. Gaines immediately falls back into the ropes, barely able to put any weight on the

leg. He clutches the top rope, making him easy prey for Strong who snaps off a quick series of leg kicks...]

GM: Strong going after the leg against the ropes...

[And DRILLS Gaines with an elbowsmash on the ear!]

GM: Goodness!

“FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!”

[Strong nods towards Terry Shane III who shouts something up to his ally. Strong leans down, lifting the 285 pounder up onto his shoulders in a fireman’s carry, holding him by the arm and leg...]

GM: Strong’s got him up...

[...and THROWS him over his head, smashing down on the canvas with an impactful slam!]

GM: That might do it right there!

[Strong settles in, making a cover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Gaines lifts his injured leg, draping it over the bottom rope!]

GM: Gaines got a foot on the ropes!

[Martinez, who had stepped into the ring to try and break it up, steps back out on the apron, angrily slamming a hand on the top turnbuckle as he shouts for his partner to “GET INTO IT!”]

GM: Martinez is trying to fire up his partner but... Strong’s pulling him off the mat again...

[Gaines throws a desperation right uppercut to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Gaines caught him with the right hand!

[Gaines turns towards his corner, stumbling a few steps towards the buckles where Martinez has his hand outstretched...]

GM: GAINES GOING FOR A TA- no!

[Strong grabs a handful of Gaines’ jeans from behind, tugging him back towards him where he buries a forearm into the kidneys...

...and then does a full spin, throwing a rolling elbow at the back of Gaines’ head, a blow that pitches Gaines forward...]

GM: TAG!

[...right into the waiting hand of Ryan Martinez!]

GM: MARTINEZ IS IN!

[A shocked Strong takes a series of stiff forearm smashes to the jaw before a spinning backfist sends him sprawling backwards, dropping down to the mat. Martinez is about to go after him when Aaron Anderson ducks through the ropes, rushing at him...]

GM: Anderson's not the legal man and-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez launches him sky high, throwing him down to the mat with an impactful backdrop! Martinez wheels around, cocking a fist towards Terry Shane who has jumped up on the apron again...]

GM: Martinez grabs Shane! He's got him by the shirt!

[Shane struggles against the grip, trying to free himself as Lenny Strong gets back to his feet. He rushes Martinez from behind...

...who sidesteps, causing Strong to bump into Shane, knocking him off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: No, no, no! This isn't right!

[A shocked Strong spins around, getting hoisted up onto the shoulders of Martinez. He walks out to the middle of the ring, doing a full spin so one and all can see Strong...

...and drops to the side, SMASHING Strong's skull into the canvas!]

GM: DEATH! VALLEY! DRIVER!

[Martinez flips over, covering Strong!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[A lunging Aaron Anderson breaks up the pin attempt with a diving forearm across the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh - Anderson saved the match for the Ring Workers right there!

[Anderson continues to hammer away on Martinez, ignoring Johnny Jagger as he drags the Los Angeles native up to his feet. He hooks him around the head, reaching down to grab a leg as well...]

GM: What's he-?!

[Anderson LAUNCHES Martinez up and overhead, sending him bouncing off the canvas with an Exploder Suplex!]

GM: Ohhh! Impressive throw by Anderson... and he's not done!

[Dragging Martinez back up, Anderson goes for a whip...

...but Martinez reverses, sending Anderson crashing into the corner! He staggers out into the waiting arms of Martinez who scoops him up, pivoting...]

GM: POWERSLAM!! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: He's got him! ONE!!

BW: No, no! The ref waves it off! Anderson's not the legal man!

[A frustrated Martinez claps his hands together, glaring at the official who points at Strong who is trying to use the ropes to drag himself up to his feet...]

GM: Martinez is up, shoving Anderson out of the ring and turning his attention back to Strong who is in the corner, barely able to stand after that Death Valley Driver.

[Martinez approaches the corner, winding up and throwing a big knife edge chop across the chest... and another... and another...]

GM: Big series of chops out of Martinez...

BW: Look at Anderson! He's getting back in!

[Anderson climbs back to his feet, giving a shout at Martinez who wheels around, turning his focus again...

...which allows Strong to charges out of the corner, spinning...]

GM: ROLLING ELBOW!!

[The blow sends Martinez staggering forward as Anderson does a spin, leaping up to DRIVE his boot into the jaw of Martinez!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: ASSAULT AND BATTERY CONNECTS!

[Anderson shouts at his partner, ordering him into a cover as he stands guard. Gunnar Gaines forces himself into the ring, trading right hands with Anderson as Strong attempts a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Martinez rolls a shoulder up, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Gaines and Anderson are going at it!

[The crowd roars for Gaines as he lashes out with a series of short jabs to the jaw followed by a left haymaker that knocks Anderson down to the mat. Gaines lifts him up off the mat by the hair...

...and HURLS him over the ropes out onto the ramp!]

GM: They cleared out Anderson!

[Strong gets up, hammering Gaines from behind with a forearm smash to the back of the head, sending Gaines through the ropes and out onto the ramp as well...]

GM: Anderson and Gaines on the ramp... Strong and Martinez inside the ring!

[Gaines and Anderson are trading haymakers out on the elevated walkway as Strong pulls Martinez up, throwing a series of stiff forearms to the jaw. A well-placed shot sends Martinez through the ropes, knocking him down to the floor.]

GM: Martinez gets knocked to the floor... and Strong's going after him!

[Strong steps out on the apron, measuring Martinez as Terry Shane shouts orders from nearby...]

GM: Strong leaps off the apron!

[A double axehandle aimed for the skull of Martinez misfires as Martinez sidesteps, causing Strong to slam chestfirst into the steel security railing at ringside!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Martinez backs into the ring apron, leaning against it, waving for Strong to turn around...]

GM: Ryan Martinez is measuring his man - setting up for something...

[As Strong turns, Martinez rushes forward...]

GM: SPEEEEEAAAA-

[But Strong gets his arm grabbed by Terry Shane, tugged to the side as Martinez SLAMS headfirst into the steel barricade!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! GOOD GRIEF ALMIGHTY!!

[Martinez curls up in a ball on the barely-padded floor, a hand creeping around to the back of his neck.]

GM: Martinez may have knocked himself out cold right there!

[Strong pushes up on the railing, sneering out at the jeering crowd...

...and his eyes come to rest on one particularly vocal fan at ringside.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Oh yeah! Do it, Lenny!

GM: Justin Gaines is up in the face of Lenny Strong, shouting at him... screaming at-

[The crowd ROARS in shock as Strong grabs the 17 year old around the head, yanking him over the railing into the ringside area...

...where he promptly SLAMS a boot into the ribcage!]

GM: OHH! COME ON!! He just kicked a fan!

BW: That's no fan! That's Gaines' punk kid! I told you he was fair game and obviously, the Shane Gang agrees!

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

[Strong and Shane stand over Justin Gaines, mocking him by clutching at their ribcage...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Gunnar Gaines, obviously in pain as he grabs at his knee, standing up on the ring apron...]

GM: Gaines is on the apron! Gaines is-

[Gaines hobbles down the apron as quickly as he can as Strong and Shane turn around...

...and he THROWS himself into a somersault, crashing backside first into Lenny Strong who shoves Terry Shane out of the way, taking the full brunt of the assault himself!]

GM: GAINES TAKES OUT STRONG!!

[Terry Shane steps to the side, shouting at the downed Gunnar Gaines...

...when suddenly Justin Gaines jumps on his back, flailing about to hit Shane in the head and neck!]

GM: JUSTIN GAINES! JUSTIN GAINES!

[Shane struggles to get free from the younger Gaines' grip as Lenny Strong uses the apron to drag himself back into the ring. Gunnar Gaines pushes up to a knee, flashing a Grizzly Grin at the sight of his son tangling with Terry Shane III...

...and then looks with concern at his partner who is still down on the floor, clutching his head and neck. Gaines shakes his head, using the ropes to pull himself under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines is back in...

[The referee steps up to Gaines, pointing at Martinez. Miss Sandra Hayes climbs up on the apron, shouting at the official as well.]

GM: The referee's tied up with Sandra Hayes... Strong's out on his feet...

[Taking a quick look at the official, Gaines bounces off the ropes, hobbling off. He does a three-step strut, dropping to his knee in front of a stunned Strong...

...and SLAMS his arm up into the groin of Strong!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ALASKAN UPPERCUT!!

[Gaines reaches up, snaring the head of Strong and dragging him down into a small package!]

GM: CRADLE!

[The referee spins away from Sandra Hayes who reaches out, just missing grabbing the official who dives to his knees...

...and then waves his hands, refusing to count the pin.]

GM: Gaines isn't legal!

BW: This idiot ref should be counting Martinez out of the damn ring! Now... look at this! Martinez is actually getting up!

[But the young lion seems to be out on his feet, staggering over to the apron where he drags himself up into the ring, again waiting as Gaines and Strong struggle back up...]

GM: Strong's up and-

[He takes a right hand from Gaines... and another... and then a left that has him swinging at air...]

GM: Strong's dazed... ooof! What an uppercut!

[The uppercut swings Strong around, sending him staggering into Martinez who buries a boot into the gut. He hooks the front facelock, slinging Strong's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's got him hooked! HE LIFTS!

[Martinez lifts Strong up, allowing the blood to rush to his head as Gunnar Gaines exits the ring, moving to the corner where he starts to climb...]

GM: Martinez holds him high and...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRAINBUSTER! DOWN ON THE TOP OF THE HEAD!!

[Gaines struggles to steady himself up top with the banged-up leg...

...and LEAPS off, plummeting downwards with three hundred pounds CRUSHING Strong beneath him!]

GM: SPLASHBUSTER CONNECTS!!

[Gaines rolls over, clutching his knee as Martinez makes a dive, reaching back for both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: They've done it! It's over!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... moving on to the second round... the team of Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines!

[Martinez and Gaines celebrate their victory as Miss Sandra Hayes looks absolutely stunned down at ringside...

...as Terry Shane III and Aaron Anderson shout at one another, trying to piece together what just happened...]

GM: Anderson, Shane, Hayes - they're all beside themselves down here at ringside! They can't believe it! They thought they had this thing won - they thought it was a lock!

[A livid Hayes shouts at Anderson, gesturing at the ring. With a nod, Anderson dives under the ropes into the ring, racing across...

...and THROWS himself into a clip, driving his shoulder into the back of Gaines' knee!]

GM: OHHHH! COME ON!

[Ryan Martinez pulls Aaron Anderson off his partner, hammering him with right hands...

...when suddenly Terry Shane III slides into the ring, winding up, and CLUBBING Martinez across the back of the head with the wrist guard!]

GM: There's nothing wrong with his wrist! He's using that as an excuse to have his arm wrapped in a weapon at all times!

[Shane starts stomping the back of Martinez' head as Anderson is just a few feet away, wrapping Gaines' leg in a spinning toehold as Miss Sandra Hayes shouts encouragement from up on the ring apron, waving her branding iron back and forth...]

GM: We've got a problem here, fans! These two men just advanced to the next round but they're being savaged by these sore losers! They may be taken out of the tournament right here and now! They may-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: HANNIBAL CARVER!! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS IN THE BUILDING!

[A chair-wielding Carver dashes down the aisle, ducking through the ropes into the ring. He takes a swing at Shane who dives out of the ring, just narrowly avoiding it. Sandra Hayes bails out too...

...which leaves Anderson with his back turned to Carver!]

GM: Oh no!

BW: Get out of there, Double A! Get out of there!

[Carver winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES the steel chair down across the back of Aaron Anderson, knocking him out of the spinning toehold, through the ropes, and out to the floor!]

GM: CARVER CLEARS HIM OUT!!

[Carver stands over Martinez and Gaines, challenging the Shane Gang to climb back in there with him.]

GM: The Shane Gang is runnin' for it! They want no part of Hannibal Carver when he's got that steel chair in his hands!

BW: Can you blame 'em?! Choose to fight another day, Terry! This thug ain't got nothin' on ya!

[Hayes gathers her troops, pushing them back up the aisle as Carver calls for more...

...and we fade to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Wow! What a wild match that was... Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez are advancing to the next round where they'll take on the Prehistoric Powers... IF Gunnar Gaines can compete after taking further punishment on that knee. We'll try to get some word on that before we go off the air tonight but folks, putting aside the Stampede Cup for just one moment, I'm joined now by an individual involved in singles competition...

[The former Longhorn Heritage champion, Glenn Hudson, wanders up from the right of the shot. He rests his hands on his hips and nods as Stegglet continues.]

MS: Glenn Hudson, tomorrow night you'll be facing Alphonse Green, a young man who has been a real thorn in your side of late. You must be looking forward to finally being able to face Green one on one inside the squared circle.

[A puzzled expression crosses the Australian's face, as if he weren't expecting such a statement. He responds after a moment or two of faux puzzlement.]

GH: Well, I suppose it certainly will be enjoyable, but Mark... don't let it distract you. People are tuning in to see this-

[At first it appears Hudson gestures towards himself, but then we notice the official AWA Stampede Cup t-shirt!]

GH: - and this.

[His arm swings over towards the tournament brackets mounted on the wall behind them.]

GH: The Stampede Cup is the big-top circus. Alphonse Green and I are just the clowns they send out between the acts. This clown's gonna slap the other clown down and kick him in the butt, everyone laughs and then we all get on with our lives. Alphonse Green is just my idea of good, harmless fun, so don't expect another match of the year candidate.

[Hudson cracks a far too pleasant smile.]

GH: Mate, this is recreation for me, after SuperClash... After that ladder match. Concussed, bruised, busted wide open. But when tomorrow night's said and done? The only place I'll be bleeding from...

[He raises clenched fists.]

GH: ... will be my knuckles.

[Suddenly clapping his hands together with enthusiasm, he turns to his right to face the big board. Knowing better, Stegglet just goes with it.]

GH: So let's talk about the real story, the important stuff. Who's still in this tournament and where's the good money? Which team will be the first AWA World Tag Team champions?

[There's an awkward silence as Hudson just stares at the brackets.]

GH: To be honest? I don't have much.

[He turns back to the camera with a cheeky grin, followed by a reluctant shrug.]

GH: Okay then. The field is so competitive, it still could be anyone's. We look at who has momentum during the past few weeks, who's made an impact, who's raised some hell. We see Gaines and Martinez and the Beale Street Bullies and the Princes of the Universe themselves. What you have to remember though, first and foremost; this is tag team competition and only the winners move forward.

[An index finger is wagged excitedly at Stegglet.]

GH: One miscommunication, one stuff-up and you can take the rest of this weekend off. These guys don't have that many runs on the board yet working together as a unit... If you and your old buddy are standing on the other side of that ring, one mistake is not really a lot to ask for.

[Hudson points the finger back towards the board, specifically the top left corner.]

GH: So, Mark, with that in mind you'd have to consider the National Tag Team champions, the Bishop Boys, the favourites here. They have the experience and they have the form. But then you have to factor in a WORLD title awarded to winners of the Stampede Cup. That changes everything! The Bishops could lose one match, the final match, and suddenly they're no longer the number one team in town. I think they stand to lose the most here and that pressure on their shoulders has to be mounting.

[Further hamming his analysis up, the veteran strokes his stubbly jaw for a few moments before taking a large, deliberate step to his left. The other side of the brackets are revealed.]

GH: I think the formula to look for is this; who've been around a while but still have a lot to prove? Take our big Main Event match tonight down here.

[A gesture towards the bottom right hand corner this time.]

GH: What a story it would be if they went all the way! Let's be honest, we'd be talking about it for a long time. Another pair of dark horses are The Aces, here. If they can put one past Stevie and Juan, that kind of boost could see them through to the f-

[We hear a muffled voice off-camera. Hudson's eyes flick to his left and light up as he exclaims-]

GH: THERE HE IS!!

[Stegglet suddenly recoils in a panic as Hudson draws his right arm back... to throw a big haymaker that CONNECTS with an inbound Alphonse Green! Green's arms flail in wild surprise but the clearly readied Hudson's shots are right on the money. After ROCKING him with two more hard right hands, Hudson grabs Green around the back of the neck with his left hand and glances around, biting his bottom lip as he ponders where to take this donnybrook next. He spots the big board with the tournament brackets mounted and, satisfied with this, begins to lead his dazed opponent towards it!]

MS: No, Glenn!

[Hudson's shoulders slump and he casts a disappointment frown at the prescient Stegglet. A moment's distraction is all Green needs to slip out of his grasp and escape the scene of this botched sneak attack. Shaking and flexing his fingers to bring some life back to them, the veteran is clearly amused by what just transpired.]

GH: What did I tell you, Mark? These four are going to take an absolutely hiding. Now seems as good a time as any to say it...

[He blows lightly upon his sore knuckles, then-]

GH: OOOOOHHHHH!!!

[Stegglet gingerly backs up a step, while Hudson chuckles and turns towards the camera.]

GH: That didn't quite go as planned, hey? Alphonse, wherever the hell you've scampered off to... If there was a brain inside that dented head of yours, you'd stay there.

[A smirk.]

GH: So we'll all see you tomorrow then?! I promise you this, though - whatever you think-

[We hear another muffled noise, this time a deep thud followed by a dull grinding sound. While the fired up veteran is occupied with the camera, a curious Stegglet turns towards the source. He witnesses the same thing we do - the horrible sight of the wall behind them both, somehow TILTING, tipping forward, about to CRASH down on top of them!]

MS: LOOK OUT!

[Stegglet dives for cover, but Hudson is too slow to react and falls beneath the descending wall! Not crushed under bricks and mortar - thankfully! - but pinned underneath what is revealed to be a heavy wooden set nonetheless. Revealed where the set once stood, is Alphonse Green. Green steps on top of the toppled wooden set, with that creepy smile plastered over his face. With a mighty yell, Green flexes his muscles, or lack thereof, at the camera. Green turn slowly turns his head towards Stegglet.]

MS: What.... what have you done?

[Green hops off of the set, and snatches the mic from Stegglet. Green looks down at his handiwork, and nods approvingly. Green holds the mic with his left hand, using his right hand to shield his eyes.]

AG: It's things that make you go....

[Green then raises his right arm, arcing his hand.]

AG: OOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

[Green then tosses the mic back towards Stegglet, and struts backwards out of the scene. Stegglet looks shaken after what happened.]

MS: We need some help out here!

[Stegglet does his part by kneeling and grabbing the set. Several AWA officials rush on the scene to help assist Stegglet in order get the set off of Hudson. As the set is lifted high enough, Hudson gets to hands and knees and pushes upwards with his back with a deep grunt. Once freed, he stumbles forward rubbing his shoulder. Hudson waves a concerned Stegglet away, irritable but apparently more surprised by what just transpired than seriously hurt by it.]

GH: Little bastard...

[As more hands arrive to assist with re-erecting the big board and its surrounds, Stegglet gathers himself and turns back towards the camera.]

MS: Hudson seems to be okay... Outrageous... Another attack by Alphonse Green and this time, hopefully, a failed attempt to take Glenn Hudson out of action! This can only add more fuel to the fire. Fans, making the assumption nothing else like this happens between now and tomorrow night, I think it's safe to say we have one HECK of a fight to look forward to! We're going to

take another break but we'll be right back with more here on the Stampede Cup!

Fade to black.]

VO: The following is a paid advertisement and does reflect the views of American Wrestling Alliance.

[Fade in to a wide shot, soft-filtered lens view of an old gym with an empty wrestling ring in the center ring.]

ML: And on the 8th day, God looked down on his planned paradise and said, "I need a legend." So God made a King.

[Shot fades to a black and white close up shot of a confident looking Mark Langseth, looking straight into the camera. Then as the voice over continues, the screen shows a rolling collection of still shots of Langseth in the ring throughout his career.]

ML: God said, "I need somebody willing to get up before dawn, keep in top shape for all hours, ply his craft heroically despite the risk of injury, compete at a Hall of Fame level, and the most dedicated man in his profession. So God made a King.

[Grainy footage of Mark Langseth from the Westwego Incident, standing tall in the ring with the National Title before the shot cuts out.]

ML: God said, "I need somebody willing to get in the ring everyday against the best in the business, beat them down, make them submit, watch their careers die and then say to them 'Maybe next year'....

[Slow roll of still shots of Langseth locking opponents in the Greatness Personified anklelock.]

ML: "...I need somebody who has the unbeatable will to win, overcoming all odds and masterfully turning any situation to his favor. I need somebody who no man has pinned or submitted in nearly a decade." So God made a King.

[Slow fade into a black and white shot of Mark Langseth, sitting on his throne with his newly adorned crown, at the AWA coronation.]

ML: God said onto the world, "It had to be somebody who'd fight the good fight and not cut corners. Somebody to build an organization around, somebody that others would look up to, somebody to be the only deserving champion - nationally and internationally..."

[Rapid fire shots of Langseth defending his National Title in other federations, with those logos pixelated out.]

ML: Somebody who'd laugh, sigh, and reply with smiling eyes when all the world finally recognizes and unites under one banner, properly bowing down to the power of Royalty. "So God made a King."

[As the screen shows a final black and white shot of Langseth, standing tall in the ring, the following familiar words appear:

Bring Justice To Royalty
Sign the Petition
www.RoyaltyAWA.com/petitionforjustice/

[Fade.

We open up to a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with Supreme Wright in the interview area. As usual, Wright is dressed in dapper fashion, wearing a three-piece, gray plaid tweed suit. He looks off into the crowd with a thousand-yard stare, as Dane begins to speak.]

JD: Welcome back to the Stampede Cup, fans... Supreme Wright, we all heard Alex Martinez's challenge on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling and the question on everyone's mind now is...will you accept his challenge?

[Supreme removes his glasses and takes out a handkerchief, wiping them as he begins to speak.]

SW: Before I give my answer, Mr. Dane...there's something that Mr. Martinez said, that I want to address.

He said that I thought I was "better" than him.

[He puts his glasses back on and looks up into the camera.]

SW: Do I think I'm "better" than Mr. Martinez?

[Supreme shakes his head slowly.]

SW: No. I don't "think" I'm better than Mr. Martinez.

[The Louisiana native raises his head, voice filled with conviction.]

SW: I KNOW I'm better than Mr. Martinez.

[This admission seems to rub several people the wrong way, although a few cheer his boldness. Sensing the mixed reaction, Supreme smiles to himself.]

SW: I realize what this may sound like to other people. I understand that it might seem like I'm dismissing a man that's considered a living legend of this sport...but this ain't meant to be disrespectful and this ain't false bravado.

It's simply what I believe.

[His eyes grow wide.]

SW: Because I HAVE to. Because I NEED to. Because the man that will hold the world title, the man that will take it from Mr. Monosso...will be the greatest wrestler in all the world.

And there's no room for doubt in his mind that he IS the very best that this sport has to offer.

[Supreme stares right into the camera.]

SW: And it's because of this very reason, that I REJECT your challenge, Mr. Martinez.

[To say that everyone is surprised by this answer, would be putting it mildly. There's a look of shock on Jason Dane's face, to say the least.]

JD: What!?

SW: I reject Mr. Martinez's challenge...because I find it inadequate.

[Dane's expression is filled with confusion.]

JD: Supreme, when you first came to the AWA, you said you were here to seek out the best possible competition. You went as far as to slander Jeff Matthews and his family just to motivate him to give you the greatest possible challenge. You constantly place yourself in harm's way just for the thrill of fighting. You've NEVER turned down a single challenge before...so why now?

[Supreme doesn't hesitate to answer.]

SW: Mr. Dane...

[He cocks his head to the side.]

SW: ...how did I earn my title shot against Mr. Monosso the first time around?

[Jason Dane sputters a bit, not expecting an answer to his question being another question.]

JD: Well, ummm...you won the Rumble...

[Dane's eyes suddenly open in realization, as he repeats the words, this time with an underlying sense of satisfaction that he was able to figure out what Supreme's getting at.]

JD: You won the Rumble!

[Wright smirks.]

SW: Exactly, Mr. Dane.

[He turns his attention back to the camera.]

SW: You see, Mr. Martinez...this isn't meant to be a slight against you. It's the simple fact that it's not JUST you that I need to prove that I'm better than.

It's EVERYONE.

[Supreme grabs Dane's hand, bringing the microphone closer towards him and darn near yanking Dane off his feet.]

SW: That's why right here, right now...

...I'm officially announcing my entry into this year's Memorial Day Rumble!

[He lets go of Dane's hand, as the interviewer tries to regain his bearings.]

JD: So instead of just taking on Alex Martinez...you want to take on the entire roster? Instead of fighting one man...you want to face twenty-nine? Sure, you've won the Rumble before, but what you're proposing to do is almost impossible to repeat again!

[Supreme chuckles.]

SW: Far be it for me, to be so arrogant to think that Mr. Martinez and I should be able to monopolize the opportunity to challenge for the AWA World title between just ourselves, Mr. Dane. If I'm gonna' get another shot at the World Title, I'm gonna' leave NO doubt in ANYONE'S mind that I've earned it.

[He dusts off his suit and adjusts his tie.]

SW: And if either one of us is gonna' be the number one contender, Mr. Martinez, I'm sure you'd agree that they're gonna' need to prove that they actually ARE number one.

So I ask you...

...do you accept MY challenge?

[And with that, Wright walks off, leaving everyone stupefied by this turn of events as we fade back to the ring where we see Phil Watson standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a first round match in the Stampede Cup tournament!

[Watson pauses, shaking his head.]

PW: And now...Skywalker Jones' personal ring announcer... Buford P. Higgins.

[The crowd roars with boos as Higgins steps into the ring, all smiles.]

BPH: OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA...it's time to get up off your seat and pay homage to the world's greatest tag team!

Put their names on The Cup and make the check out to cash, Mr. O'Connor, 'cause here comes your future Stampede Cup champions! They weigh in at a combined, miraculous, magnificent, monstrous FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN POUNDS! Hailing from the great state of M-I-S-S-I-S-S-I-P-P-I... MISSISSIPPI! You got the man that can benchpress the world!

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLEEEEEEESSS HAMMONDS!

And his tag team partner...the man who is quite simply the GREATEST of all-time! I'm gonna' have to ask all of you fine people to raise your heads to see him, 'cause quite frankly there ain't anyone on his level! He is the one TRUE spotlight of professional wrestling...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

JOOONNNNN
NNNNNNNNNEEEEESSS!!!!

[The ultra obnoxious "We Already Won" by Flo Rida, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the men that emerge from behind the curtain. Dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chisled, bare torso is Skywalker Jones, seated atop the shoulders of the massive Hercules Hammonds.

From his seat, high atop the world, Jones "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. Hammonds reaches the ringside area, where Jones hops off his shoulders and onto the ring apron, where he proceeds to slingshot into the ring with a somersault, landing cleanly onto his feet. He holds out his arms to a roar of boos from the crowd, as Hammonds steps through the ropes and just stands there with his arms folded over his chest, looking menacing.]

GM: Skywalker Jones and November have had one of the longer running and more spectacular rivalries in the AWA. Every time they've stepped into a ring against each other, the result has been nothing short of breathtaking.

Tonight, expectations run even higher, as the legendary Japanese light heavyweight, LION Tetsuo makes his North American debut in this first round Stampede Cup match!

BW: I've seen tapes of Tetsuo and I gotta' admit he's got every right to be as big a deal as he is in Japan, Gordo, but Jones and Hammonds just might be the most physically gifted tag team in the world!

GM: Jones and Hammonds are certainly an imposing duo, but November and Tetsuo are recognized as two of the greatest light heavyweights to ever strap on a pair of wrestling boots.

[Watson takes the mic back from Higgins before he continues.]

PW: And their opponents... Introducing first, from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at an even two hundred pounds...

...NOVEMBER!

[The emotional opening chords of Alice in Chains' "Rain When I Die" are accompanied by a darkening of the lights, sending the entire arena into darkness. Blue spotlights flash erratically around the entrance way, converging with the flashing camera bulbs in a sea of blue and white chaos. From the acrid smoke pouring from the entrance portal emerges a silhouette, that of a man standing in a crucifix manner. As this happens, blue spotlights blink around the arena, the fans' excitement raising audibly into a huge set of cheers!

The erratic flashes accompany the man as he spins, facing the ring, his face, young, clean shaven, angular features, visible in full. Settling to a knee, the man, identifiable as such now by his lithe but muscular tone, raises his arms in a crucifix like manner. A pause... and then in a flourish to his feet he comes.]

GM: It was at SuperClash where November won Steal the Spotlight and Skywalker Jones suffered injuries that put him out of action until last month. A rivalry born out of both men's perceived lack of respect towards each other turned intensely personal as a result.

[As November makes his way to the ring, "Rain When I Die" fades out as "A Vision" by Luna Sea kicks in over the PA. A few well-timed bursts of white light kick out from the sides of the entrance ramp before LION Tetsuo proudly strides into view.]

PW: And his partner, hailing from Osaka, Japan...weighing in at ninety-seven kilograms...tonight, he makes his North American debut...

...LION TETSUOOOOOO!!!

[Tetsuo stands at the top of the aisle, being engulfed by orange and yellow flashing strobe lights. He's clad in a full bodysuit - covering him from the tips of his toes to the top of his head. The suit is also orange and yellow - solid

orange on the legs with slashes of yellow and white mixed in. The upper body is the opposite - all white with slashes of yellow and orange. The mask has an elaborate lion's mane built into it, flowing orange and white hair draped halfway down Tetsuo's back. He throws his head back in a lion's roar that the crowd echoes before walking down the elevated ramp.]

GM: AND THERE HE IS! The legendary LION Tetsuo!

[About halfway down the ramp, Tetsuo joins up with November, as the duo break out into a sprint...and then simultaneously leap over the top rope in a somersault, landing on their backs and rolling up to their feet...

...when suddenly, Jones and Hammonds attack from behind!]

GM: OH!! Jones and Hammonds aren't waiting for the bell!

BW: Jones and Hammonds just Pearl-

GM: BUCKY!

BW: You were thinking it! Admit it!

[Jones and Hammonds both whip their opponents into the ropes and duck down, telegraphing a back drop. However, November and Tetsuo both roll off their backs, landing on their feet behind Jones and Hammonds.]

GM: Both men backflip over, on their feet and-

[As the two Combat Corner alum turn around, they're both hit with dropkicks that send them stumbling back. Jones falls out of the ring, while the larger Hammonds stays on his feet. Not for long, however, as November and Tetsuo then leap up and hit him with a DOUBLE dropkick, that knocks the big man over the top and deposits him right next to Jones!]

GM: OH! November and Tetsuo turn the tables on Jones and Hammonds, sending both of the out to the floor!

[November and LION Tetsuo pump their fists, inciting the crowd's cheers to reach a fever pitch, before they both run to the opposite side of the ring, building speed as they rebound off the ropes...

...and dive onto both Hammonds and Jones with stereo somersault planchas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS!! SOMERSAULT DIVES BY TETSUO AND NOVEMBER TAKE DOWN JONES AND HAMMONDS!

[The camera cuts to a shot at ringside, where we see November and Tetsuo sliding back into the ring to receive a standing ovation from the crowd!

Meanwhile, Buford P. Higgins is yelling frantically at Jones and Hammonds to get back to their feet.]

GM: Hammonds and Jones tried to gain an early advantage but it backfired on them in the most spectacular fashion!

BW: This is a marathon, Gordo...not a sprint. You better believe that the most electrifying tag team in the entire AWA is gonna' be right there at the finish line!

GM: You might think Jones and Hammonds are spectacular but I'd argue November and LION Tetsuo are every bit as amazing!

BW: And you'd be wrong!

[Hercules Hammonds is the first to make it back to his feet, climbing up onto the apron. Tetsuo and November are there to meet him, hooking him up for a double suplex. They lift him into the air and hold him there for a second, before bouncing his legs off the top rope and suplexing him back into the ring!]

GM: A double-team slingshot suplex on Hercules Hammonds has him coming in the hard way!

"DING DING!"

GM: And Marty Meekly's signaling for this match to officially start!

BW: Start??? We've BEEN started!

[November is quick to his feet, running into the ropes and leaping up, springboarding off the top rope and back onto Hammonds with a moonsault! He immediately rolls off, as Tetsuo springboards into the ring from the apron, crashing onto the strongman with a frog splash!]

GM: WHAT AN AERIAL ASSAULT FROM NOVEMBER AND TETSUO! HERE'S THE PIN...NO! HAMMONDS KICKS OUT WITH AUTHORITY!

BW: Oh man, that was kinda close! Get it together, guys!

GM: Getting a little worried there, Bucky?

BW: Never!

[Tetsuo gets to his feet, hitting Hammonds with a series of stiff kicks to the chest and head...]

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

"SMACK!"

GM: Tetsuo is just wearing out Hammonds with these kicks!

[To his credit, Hammonds stays standing after taking the punishing blows, as Tetsuo runs into the ropes, catching him with a leaping leg lariat that finally takes the big man off his feet!]

GM: DOWN GOES HAMMONDS!

[Tetsuo then quickly tags in November, who climbs to the top rope. As Hammonds rises to his feet, November launches himself at Hammonds with a cross bodyblock...]

GM: OHH!!

[...only to be caught in mid-air! LION Tetsuo sees his tag team partner in trouble, running at Hammonds, only to be sent out of the ring as a big boot from Hammonds shoves him right out!]

GM: Out goes Tetsuo! November's in trouble here!

BW: Hammonds is a beast! A monster! If Tetsuo and November wanna' take him down, they're not gonna' get it done without working together, Gordo!

[With November still in his clutches, Hammonds struts around the ring for a second, before he brings November down over his knee with a backbreaker, holding on and then flinging him over head with a fallaway slam!]

"TAG ME IN, HERC!"

[A big chorus of boos come from the crowd, as Skywalker Jones has just climbed back onto the apron, eager to get in the action, once he sees November in trouble!]

GM: Skywalker Jones sees that the tide has turned and he wants in!

BW: You sound like that's a terrible thing he's doing, Gordo. If anything, he should be commended for being smart enough to seize an opening!

[Jones climbs to the second rope, as Hammonds lifts November off the ground and into his clutches. Jones proceeds to leap off with the Seattle native, dropping him into an inverted atomic drop off the middle rope...]

GM: OH! November comes down onto Skywalker Jones' knee the hard way!

BW: That ain't kosher, daddy!

[...and with November stunned, Jones quickly grabs him around the waist and brings him up and over into a bridging Northern Lights suplex!]

GM: And a suplex with the bridge! There's one! There's two...

[But November manages to break the bridge just as the referee raises his hand for the third time. Jones shakes his head with disdain and grabs a handful of hair, punching away at his rival with several right hands.]

GM: Hey, those are closed fists! Get in there, ref!

[However, Jones stops his assault before any intervention is needed, pulling November to his feet. He whips November into the corner, quickly following in with leaping double knees to the chest.]

GM: Flying knees from Jones!

[November stumbles forward clutching his chest, right into a boot to the midsection from Jones. The Combat Corner alum proceeds to lift November up into a vertical suplex, holding him in that position...]

GM: Some impressive strength displayed by Jones, being able to keep November up in that suplex position.

[...and then dropping November gut-first over the top rope!]

GM: OH!

[Backing up and holding out his hands like he's framing a picture, Jones then runs at November, just about taking his head off with a king-sized Yakuza kick!]

GM: MY STARS! November was hung out to dry and had no way of avoiding that kick!

BW: Shades of Devon Case with that Yakuza kick right there, Gordo! I'm sure November's been on the wrong end of that move more than a couple of times!

[Jones drops down for an arrogant cover, but November kicks out with time to spare, drawing an annoyed look from the Combat Corner alum. He slaps his hands quickly in the face of Marty Meekly, imploring him to count faster, before turning his attention back to November and dragging him to his feet. He screams in his rival's face...]

"I'M THE SPOTLIGHT, FOOL! ME!!!"

[...before slapping him right across the face!]

GM: There's no need for that! Sickening, disrespectful behavior shown by Skywalker Jones, here!

[Tagging Hammonds back in, Jones shoves November into his waiting arms...]

BW: It just went from bad to worst for November, Gordo!

[...catching him in a bearhug. Hammonds takes a few steps forward, before falling back and tossing November over his head with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: OHHH! What a thunderous suplex from Hercules Hammonds!

BW: I'll always say that Marcus Broussard's got the best belly-to-belly suplex I've ever seen, but I don't think I ever seen anyone just THROW someone across the ring like that!

GM: November's been taking one heck of a beating here. He needs a tag badly.

[Hammonds covers November, but LION Tetsuo is quick to break up the pin with a stomp to the back. As he returns to corner, Hammonds smiles at him, shouting "Don't even sweat you, little man!"]

GM: LION Tetsuo breaks up the pin, but I'm afraid that's just a momentary reprieve.

[Pulling November to his feet, Hammonds sends him hard into the corner. He charges in for an avalanche, but November ducks out of the way at the last possible moment, causing the big man to hit the turnbuckles chest-first!]

GM: OH! Nobody home for Hercules Hammonds!

[Springboarding off the second rope, November twists his body, catching a stunned Hammonds and DRIVING his head into the canvas with a Tornado DDT!]

"OHHHHHH!!!"

GM: HAMMONDS IS DOWN! LION Tetsuo's on the apron, just begging for the tag!

[Crawling, November makes a move towards his corner and dives forward...]

GM: AND THERE'S THE TAG! Tetsuo is in!

[Meanwhile, Hammonds has crawled over to HIS corner and tags in Jones...]

BW: AND HERE COMES JONES!

[Jones leaps over the top rope and charges at Tetsuo. The masked legend rolls under Jones' clothesline attempt and does a back handspring, his legs catching Jones around the neck...]

GM: Headscissors by Tetsuo...OH!

[...only to have Jones cartwheel through and land cleanly onto his feet!]

GM: OH! Jones lands on his feet!

[Jones keeps on going, running into the ropes and ducking under as Tetsuo leapfrogs over him. Tetsuo drops down on his back, looking to monkey flip Jones over as he rebounds off the ropes, but Jones dives over him...landing on his hands with a perfect handstand!]

GM and BW: Woah!

[He catches an unaware Tetsuo around the neck with HIS legs and proceeds to do a headscissors of his own, only to have Tetsuo also cartwheel through and land on his feet!]

GM: INCREDIBLE!

BW: What the heck am I seeing here!?

[Jones is slackjawed for a moment, stunned that someone had matched him in athletic prowess as the crowd rises to their feet with cheers for the amazing display of agility. However, his shock quickly turns to anger as he charges at Tetsuo, only to be side-stepped and shoved into the ropes, where Tetsuo catches him on the rebound with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker!]

GM: OH! What a backbreaker!

[Hammonds quickly reenters the ring, attempting to assist Jones, but Tetsuo sees him coming, taking him down with a drop-toehold that sends him crashing onto Jones!]

GM: Hammonds' interference backfires!

[With Jones and Hammonds stacked atop each other, November takes his cue, slingshotting himself into the ring and landing atop the duo with a somersault senton!]

GM: OH MY STARS! And November crashes the party!

BW: Hey! Get all these guys out of the ring! Restore some order in there, ref!

GM: This is some fast and furious action, Bucky...we're all having a hard time keeping up with these four!

[As Hammonds rolls out of the ring, this leaves Tetsuo and November alone in the ring with Jones. The Japanese star pulls Jones to his feet and lifts him up, placing him on the top turnbuckle. From there, November runs in, leaping into the air and catching Jones in the jaw with one hell of a palm strike!]

"SMAAACCKK!!!"

GM: OH! November hits the Meteor Punch!

BW: I don't like the looks of this! Get back in there, Herc!

[From there, November then DEADLEAPS into the air from a standing position, hooking his legs around Jones' head and flings him from his perch with a rana!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[As Jones lands onto the canvas, we see that Tetsuo has already climbed to the top turnbuckle in his place. He throws his head back and lets loose a lion's roar that draws a big cheer from the crowd, before he leaps high into the air...]

"OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...and DRIVES both of his feet onto a prone Skywalker Jones!]

GM: OH MY STARS AND GARTERS! THAT'S THE LION BITE! THIS HAS TO BE IT! ONE! TWO! THR-

[Big time boos!]

GM: NO! Hercules Hammonds just pulled LION Tetsuo out of the ring!

BW: Thank goodness!

[Hammonds tries to do more damage to Tetsuo, but an ultra-stiff palm strike stuns him long enough for November to come flying in with a plancha that takes down the big man on the outside!]

GM: NOVEMBER FLIES ONTO HERCULES HAMMONDS!

[Pulling his partner to his feet, November signals something to LION Tetsuo, before the two set Hammonds up for a double suplex!]

GM: Oh my! They're going to suplex Hercules Hammonds on the floor!

BW: Herc is as strong as they come, but even this is gonna' be bad news for him if it hits!

[The two legendary high-flyers try to lift Hammonds up, but he resists. Landing back on his feet, he lets loose a loud roar...]

"RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...before muscling BOTH November and Tetsuo with a double suplex of his own!]

GM: IMPOSSIBLE! HERCULES HAMMONDS JUST SUPLEXED TWO MEN AT THE SAME TIME!

BW: What are those two thinking??? You don't try to out-muscle the strongest man in the promotion! That's suicide!

[Sitting up, Hammonds shakes out the cobwebs and gets to his feet, rolling back into the ring to check on Jones as November and Tetsuo both stay down on the floor.]

GM: And finally, for the first time in this match, it looks like we might actually be able to catch our breaths!

[Inside the ring, Hercules Hammonds helps a groggy Jones to his feet, only to have Jones suddenly shove Hammonds in the chest!]

BW: Hey! What's this about!?

GM: I don't know, but Skywalker Jones seems to be livid!

[Jones turns and points to the high-flying duo on the floor, slowly getting back to their feet and turns back to Hammonds, reading him the riot act. He then shouts, "DO IT!" at Hammonds and without warning, the big man from Tupelo suddenly places Jones into a standing headscissors and lifts him into the air for a crucifix powerbomb, drawing a shocked roar from the Oklahoma crowd!]

GM: WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT THE HECK ARE THESE TWO DOING!?!

BW: Clear the runways, Gordo... 'cause I think Skywalker Jones is ready for takeoff!

GM: Is he insane!? What's he thinking!?

[With Jones held high into the air, Hercules Hammonds lets loose another roar, as he TOSSES his tag team partner over the top rope and into November and Tetsuo!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM and BW: OHHHHHHHHHH!!!

GM: HERCULES HAMMONDS JUST...HE JUST LAUNCHED SKYWALKER JONES RIGHT INTO NOVEMBER AND LION TETSUO!!!

BW: LIKE A ROCKET! LIKE A ROCKET SAILING THROUGH THE SKY! JONES AND HAMMONDS AIN'T GOT NO REGARD FOR HUMAN LIFE, DADDY!

[The camera cuts to a shot of Hercules Hammonds pounding himself in the chest and raising his arms into the air triumphantly while on the outside, Skywalker Jones lies atop the sprawled bodies of November and Tetsuo. Lying on his back, Jones cackles, before stumbling to his feet and then dashing towards an exuberant Buford P. Higgins, as the two leap into the air for a high-five!]

GM: I'm at a loss for words, Bucky. Have you ever seen anyone do THAT to their tag team partner?

BW: I told you before that Jones and Hammonds were the perfect combination of strength and speed, Gordo. I told you that they were capable of doing just about anything in that ring and they just proved it! Hammonds just used Jones as a damn weapon!

[Jones drags Tetsuo to his feet and tosses him back into the ring. He grabs November off the floor and does the same. Rolling back into the ring, he proudly declares, "IT'S ALL OVER!"]

GM: This crowd's really letting Skywalker Jones have it!

BW: They can cry all they want, but Jones ain't sayin' nothing but the truth! This match IS over!

[Jones throws November into the ropes as Hammonds grabs him on the rebound and tosses him high into the air. As he descends, Jones is there to meet him, catching him with a hellacious superkick!]

"SMMMMMAAAAAAAAAAAAAACCKKKK!!!"

GM: OHHH!!!

BW: What a superkick! WHAT A SUPERKICK!

GM: November might be out cold!

[Chuckling November to the outside, Jones then turns his attention to Tetsuo, holding up his finger and yelling, "One more time!"]

GM: Oh no, they're going to do the same to LION Tetsuo!

BW: Oh no? Oh yes!

[Jones whips Tetsuo into the ropes and like before, Hammonds throws Tetsuo into the air. However, the masked man contorts his body in mid-flight, dropkicking Skywalker Jones as he lands!]

GM: What a dropkick! Tetsuo's still in this!

[Jones is sent flying through the ropes and to the outside, as a shocked Hammonds quickly tries to retaliate, wildly missing with a lariat. He spins around, just in time to be caught in a three-quarter nelson by a leaping Tetsuo...

...and having his skull driven into the canvas with a HUGE Ace Crusher!]

GM: OHHH!!!

BW: That's the Rising Sun Crusher! He's put away some of the best to ever come outta' Japan with that!

[Tetsuo quickly goes for the cover, but Meekly refuses to count, indicating that Hammonds isn't the legal man!]

GM: Oh no! That's right! Skywalker Jones is the legal man!

[While Tetsuo argues with Marty Meekly, on the outside, Jones has gotten back up to a knee...]

"SMAAACCK!"

[...giving November a perfect opportunity to catch him with a Shining Wizard!]

GM: THE REIGN DANCE! Jones never saw it coming!

[November then quickly gets to his feet and climbs up onto the apron.]

GM: Wait, what's November planning here?

BW: We saw this at SuperClash, Gordo...he's gonna' try to hit the Shooting Star Press on Jones on the floor!

[He points at the prone Jones and then runs along the apron before leaping off with a beautiful shooting star press...

...that hits nothing but the floor padding as Jones rolls out of the way!]

GM: OH!!! NOVEMBER WENT FOR IT ALL RIGHT THERE AND IT MIGHT'VE COST HIM EVERYTHING!!!

BW: CRASH AND BURN, DADDY!!! CRASH AND BURN!!

GM: November's not moving. He hit the floor with nothing but those thin mats protecting him from the concrete.

[Jones rolls to his feet, leaning against the ring apron for support, when he's suddenly dragged into the ring by the afro by a visibly livid LION Tetsuo!]

GM: Skywalker Jones is still the legal man and LION Tetsuo's not wasting any time trying to finish him off!

BW: He better do it quick, 'cause once Hercules Hammonds recovers, he ain't gonna' be able to fight off the both of'em!

[In the corner, Tetsuo hammers Jones with a series of rapid forearm smashes, before a spinning back elbow knocks Jones into the canvas in a seated position, slumped against the turnbuckles.]

"OH!!!"

GM: OH! What an elbow shot!

[As Jones falls, Tetsuo suddenly turns away from the corner and runs across the ring towards the opposite corner, nailing a groggy Hercules Hammonds in the face with running boot to the head!]

GM: OH! And then a brutal kick to the skull of Hercules Hammonds! LION Tetsuo is cleaning house!

[Hammonds drops into seated position slumped against the turnbuckles, much like his tag team partner as Tetsuo points to Jones, across the ring. He claps his hands and lets loose another lion's roar...

....before running in and somersaulting forward, crushing Jones against the turnbuckles with a koppou kick!]

GM: OH MY STARS! LION Tetsuo is taking it to BOTH Hammonds and Jones!

BW: This ain't right! No way this is happening! Get in there, Buford! Put a stop to this!

[The masked legend from Japan then turns his attention to Hercules Hammonds, motioning that he's going to do the same to the big man from Mississippi!]

GM: Tetsuo is pointing at Hammonds! He's going for the daily double here!

[Tetsuo sprints across the ring and somersaults forward into the corner as he did before, smashing into Hammonds to a big pop from the crowd!]

GM: AND HE GETS HAMMONDS! LION TETSUO IS ON FIRE-...oh no!

BW: OH YES!

[The cheers of the crowd soon turn into shocked disbelief, as Hammonds RISES to his feet with LION Tetsuo hanging upside-down in his grasp!]

GM: How is this even possible???

BW: That's Hercules Hammonds, Gordo! Are you going to doubt him against when he says he's the strongest man in the AWA!? Are you going to give me that baloney about Brody being in this man's class!?

[Deadlifting Tetsuo back up into the air, Hammonds whiplashes the Japanese legend's body down towards the canvas with a devastating powerbomb!]

"THUUUUUUUDDDDDD!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: Hercules Hammonds hits a massive, MASSIVE powerbomb on LION Tetsuo! He caught Tetsuo as he came in at him in the corner...and he just used his overwhelming strength to powerbomb him!

BW: He almost put him through the ring with that one!

[Holding onto Tetsuo, Hammonds powers him back up into the air for yet another powerbomb. However, as he lifts, Skywalker Jones suddenly sprints out of the corner, leaping up into the air and raising his knees into Tetsuo's back, as they complete their devastating powerbomb/lungblower combination known as...]

GM: DROP THE WORLD! JONES AND HAMMONDS HIT IT OUT OF NOWHERE!!!

BW: Count to a million, Gordo...'cause this is over!

GM: Jones has the cover! ONE! TWO! THR-

[A massive roar of boos!]

GM: ...No! Jones picks Tetsuo off the canvas! Why would he do that!?

BW: He's not done with him, Gordo! He wants to send a message loud and clear to November!

[Holding Tetsuo up by the mask, Skywalker Jones turns to Buford P. Higgins at ringside with a sick smile on his face and shouts a question that chills many of the fans at ringside...]

"SHOULD WE BREAK HIM IN HALF, BUFORD!?!"

[And without hesitation, the ring announcer answers back...]

"INTO A MILLION PIECES, JONES! INTO A MILLION PIECES!"

[HUGE BOOS!]

GM: No! NO! You have the match won, damnit! This isn't necessary!

[Ignoring Marty Meekly's pleas, Hercules Hammonds grabs a limp LION Tetsuo off the canvas and lifts him into the air for a vertical suplex, holding him in position as Jones takes a step back...]

"SMAAAACCKKK!!!"

[...and nails an upside-down Tetsuo in the skull with a vile superkick...]

"THUUUUUDDDD!!!"

[...before Hammonds drives Tetsuo back down into the canvas with a modified sideslam!]

GM: November's out cold on the outside! Tetsuo's practically defenseless!
Just end it!

BW: I've told you before that Jones is still burning up over what happened at him at SuperClash, Gordo! This is a kid that thinks he's the greatest thing walking on the planet and November not only took away his moment in the spotlight...he put him out of action for three months! And then November called him out! He brought in a so-called "legend" from Japan to teach Jones and Hammonds some respect...well, this is Jones' response to that garbage! He doesn't need to learn any stinkin' respect! He doesn't need to pay homage to anyone! He's Skywalker freakin' Jones!

[Strutting around the ring with his swagger turned up to eleven, Jones leaps up onto the top turnbuckle in one motion. Perched up top, he shouts, "Pick him up! Pick him up!", at Hercules Hammonds, who gutwrenches Tetsuo off the canvas, and lifts him over his right shoulder. Jones rises to his full height and gives a quick glare to the unconscious November on the outside, before throwing his head back and mocking Tetsuo's lion roar...]

GM: This is disgusting. Just absolutely disgusting behavior.

[...before flying off the top rope and connecting with a flying double stomp on Tetsuo...]

GM and BW: OHHH!!

[...right as Hercules Hammonds SLAMS Tetsuo face-first into the canvas with the Hammonds Hammer!]

"THHHHHHHHHHHUUUUUUUUUUDDDDDD!!!"

GM and BW: OHHHHHHHHH!!!

GM: Just end it! He's had enough!

[Jones directs Hammonds to exit the ring...]

GM: Wait, what's he...

[...before tagging Hammonds back in and shouting "INTO A MILLION PIECES, HERC!"]

GM: ...no! NO!

[Pulling Tetsuo up off the ground and lifting him up into the torture rack, Hammonds repeatedly bends the spine of LION Tetsuo across his massive shoulders, as Marty Meekly almost immediately calls for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hammonds drops Tetsuo off his shoulders as a stunned, shocked silence falls over the crowd, not quite believing the brutal and decisive victory Hammonds and Jones just earned. Buford P. Higgins enters the ring to announce the winners, but Jones is quick to snatch the microphone from his personal ring announcer.]

SJ: Ain't no need to announce the winners, Buford...you got plenty of time to do that tomorrow night, when we win the Cup!

[Jones turns to Hammonds.]

SJ: So what'd you think about that match, Herc? You impressed by anything you saw?

[The big man crosses his arms over his chest and thinks it over for a second, before answering in his usual, deep bass tone.]

HH: Yeah. WE looked pretty impressive, Jones.

[Jones cackles, shaking the crowd out of their silence and drawing a loud chorus of boos.]

SJ: Nah! Nah! I ain't havin' this! Don't be hatin'! Don't be hatin'! There's no need to hate, people! No need to hate, just 'cause the jigga-dolts you love got WHUPPED by greatest tag team in all the world!

[Jones points to November, being treated by AWA medical staff on the outside of the ring.]

SJ: I PROVED that November ain't in Skywalker Jones' league! Me and Herc PROVED that there ain't no legend BIG enough or GREAT enough to stand up to us!

[He looks down at the prone Tetsuo with disgust.]

SJ: This piece of straight up garbage is supposed to be a legend? This is the fool that millions of Japanese children worship and love?

[Jones' expression twists into one of rage.]

SJ: NO! NO!

[He suddenly drops down, tearing and pulling at Tetsuo's mask.]

SJ: HELL NO!

[With a violent yank, he practically tears the entire mask off LION Tetsuo's head, leaving barely enough to cover the lower portion of the Japanese legend's face. He holds up what he did tear off up for the crowd, the orange and white lion's mane...having essentially scalped LION Tetsuo.]

SJ: The person that anyone should be worshipping is ME!

[He tosses down his handful of Tetsuo's mask into the ground and runs towards the nearest corner, climbing up to the second turnbuckle and screaming at the booing crowd.]

SJ: I'M THE SPOTLIGHT! I'M THE GREATEST!

[He runs over to a different corner and shouts at the crowd in that area of the arena.]

SJ: SKYWALKER JONES IS WHO YOU LOVE AND ADORE!!!

ME!!!

ME!!!

[With a wide-eyed, heavy-breathing, crazed look on his face, Jones turns to the camera, gritting his teeth and speaking with barely contained anger and desperation.]

SJ: SKY. WALKER. JONES.

[And with that, he spikes Buford P. Higgins gold microphone violently into the canvas and exits the ring as his entourage quickly follow behind him. The crowd showers him with boos, as we're left with a scene of carnage and the unconscious forms of LION Tetsuo and November as we fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

We fade back up backstage to Mark Stegglet, who stands with two large rednecks with title belts and their impeccably dressed manager. Yes, kids, it's your National Tag Team Champions, The Bishop Boys, and their manager, Cousin Bo. Mark gulps, as he's always afraid of what the Bishops might decide to suddenly do. He steps closer to Bo and begins the interview. Or, at least, attempts to.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guests at this time are the reigning National Tag...

[Mark gets cut off by Bo.]

CB: Yes, yes, the whole world knows who we are, you incompetent fool. And they'd like to think they know what we're about. Well, I'm about to change the program on you. Duane Henry?

[Duane Henry looks at his cousin.]

DHB: Yessir?

CB: Why don't you enlighten the world as to what you're going to do to...

[Bo chuckles.]

CB: ...BCIQ?

[Duane Henry smiles, showing that several teeth are missing. Not a pretty sight.]

DHB: With pleasure, cuz.

[Duane Henry turns to the camera.]

DHB: Well well well, it seems all y'all fans out there got ta choose which pigs we gets to slaughter in the first round, huh? Well, that's fine. We woulda beaten up on any o' them bums, but it looks ta me like ya picked the rappin' fat man and the so-called "Smartest Man in the World". Nice way to git into the tournament, huh? Beat absolutely nobody, don't earn your spots. Ya git in simply because the FANS wanna see you.

[Duane Henry shakes his head.]

DHB: Well, if you're so dang smart, why didn't ya start a campaign tellin' all the people NOT ta vote for ya? Ah mean, ya had ta know that we...

[Duane Henry pats Cletus Lee on the shoulder where his title belt rests.]

DHB: ...were the two standin' in yer path. An' that ain't good for your health. But if ya wanna go so bad, believe you me, we's more than ready for ya. You two wanna rap an' read some poetry?

[Duane Henry makes a face like a foul odor is in the air.]

DHB: Mebbe if ya spent less time on yer lil' hobbies, an' more time trainin' in the ring, ya'd have a fightin' chance against us. I said a _fightin_ chance, not a winnin' one.

[He shakes his head.]

DHB: 'Cause in case you ain't been listenin', we's been ready for our destiny for the last few months. Ready ta win the Stampede Cup, the ONE thing that's eluded us in our history with th' AWA. But now? Oh, man, now we's gonna get them brand spankin' new _World_ Tag Team Titles too. If we wasn't already motivated, that sure perked us up.

[Cletus Lee nods in the background.]

DHB: We was ready for the longest National Tag Title reign in AWA history, but man, them new belts are pretty sweet. An' now, we can simply just call ourselves th' longest reignin' tag team champions in AWA history, PERIOD!

[Duane Henry and Cousin Bo laugh over that thought, while Cletus Lee simply stands in the background, nodding in approval.]

DHB: Hey, Cletus Lee, whatcha think about them BCIQ boys?

[Cletus Lee looks at his brother, and gives a simple cutthroat gesture.]

DHB: Hehe, ah like it, ah like it. The time fer talkin' is over. Ya know dang well what we want, what we NEED. BCIQ? If ya want to write somethin', how about startin' wit' a dang epitaph fer yourselves?

[Duane Henry spits on the ground and walks out of the scene. Cousin Bo stays behind for a second, and simply laughs at a visibly nervous Stegglet.]

With a wave of his arm, Cousin Bo guides Cletus Lee towards the ring. And we crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing...]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a Round One match in the Stampede Cup tournament. Introducing first...

YYYYYYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

[What sounds like an instrumental knockoff of "Basketball" by Kurtis Blow starts to play over the PA system as the crowd goes nuts for the popular poetic duo of BCIQ. Out steps B.C. Da Masta MC, wearing his red adidas coat, and big shades. The high top fade is extra high tonight. Alongside the "Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound" is "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno, who is looking extra smart as usual. Manny has straight, shoulder-length brown hair, a trimmed beard, and a muscular build. He's wearing an orange tweed blazer (with elbow patches!) with the Mensa emblem on the crest.]

BC: A SHOUT OUT TO ALL OUR CREW
WE'RE NOT HERE IN THE STAMPEDE CUP, WITHOUT YOU!

[Pop from the crowd after B.C.'s acknowledgement. B.C. nods his head, then continues his rap down the aisle.]

BC: WE GOT A TOUGH DRAW, THE CHAMPS ARE TOUGH DUDES, INDEED
EACH MEMBER OF THAT CREW IS A ROTTEN SEED

[B.C. pauses, a confident smirk crossing his face. Nodding in Manny's direction, both men continue down the aisle.]

BC: WE MIGHT BE MOCKED BY THOSE REDNECK CHUMP BISHOP BOYS
YO FELLAS, DON'T OVERLOOK US, WE'RE HERE TO MAKE SOME NOISE

Y'ALL ARE LIKE THE KANSAS JAYHAWKS, WITH YOUR FANCY SLAMS
BUT WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR THE UPSET, LIKE OUR BOYS, THE VCU RAMS

[B.C. stops at ringside and opens up his Adidas jacket, showing off his basketball themed singlet, colored basketball orange, with B.C. written in black. Imbrogno removes his jacket to reveal a matching singlet with I.Q. written in black.]

BC: BASKETBALL'S MY FAVORITE SPORT, THAT'S NO MYSTERY
TIME TO DISH THE ROCK TO MY MAN MANNY, TO DROP SOME HISTORY

[B.C. passes Manny the mic, much like how one would pass a basketball. Without missing a beat, Manny flawlessly snatches the mic out of midair. He recites his poem as the music fades and the two men ascend the steps and enter the ring.]

MI: It happened on March 17th, 1989,
When Princeton faced the Hoyas with a whole lot on the line.

A number sixteen seed has never defeated a number one.

But with Ivy League smarts and funky style, they proved it could be done!

Wrestling is not basketball; we need no points to win.

All we need to get is one submission or one pin.

"Victory is impossible?" That theory we'll debunk!

When Manny makes the pass and BC hits the slam dunk!

[Manny does his best Chris Paul impression, miming an alley oop, and much like De'Andre Jordan, B.C. brings it on home with a mimed slam dunk! The fans cheer the gesture. BC gets the mic back and continues to work the crowd.]

BC: YO YO YO YO! GO GO GO GO!

YO YO Y...*thud*

[And then an arriving Duane Henry Bishop punches him square in the face, driving the mic into his teeth and sending the big man reeling!]

BW: Oh, thank God!

GM: The Bishop Boys are not waiting for their entrance! They're attacking BCIQ!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[Duane Henry is attacking solo at first, as he's a lot faster than Cletus Lee. Duane Henry is wearing his usual beat-up old black jeans and black boots, and has his fists taped up. Clean-shaven and sporting shoulder-length dirty blonde hair, The smaller of the Bishop Boys is hammering BC Da Masta MC. This single-minded assault exposes his back to Imbrogno, who dropkicks him away from BC.]

GM: Duane Henry Bishop may have made a serious mistake, Bucky! He charged full-speed, and he's so much faster than his brother that he's alone!

BW: Overconfidence, Gordo.

[Imbrogno sends Duane Henry off the ropes and hits a nice jumping back elbow. Referee Ricky Longfellow is motioning for the dazed BC, who had his bell rung by Duane's brutal punches, to get out of the ring. So he is unaware as the massive form of Cletus Lee Bishop steps over the top rope. The six-nine wild-haired scraggy-bearded Bishop Boy, wearing matching attire to his brother. He marches straight up to Manny, who catches him coming in with a dropkick.]

GM: Here comes Cletus Lee, and the dropkick rocked him back a step!

BW: A half-step, maybe.

GM: Imbrogno with a second dropkick on Cletus Lee! He cannot take the big man down, but this is keeping him at bay!

BW: But he took his attention from Duane Henry, and he paid for it!

GM: Duane Henry pulling Imbrogno's head back, and uncorking a hatchet-like forearm to the upper chest of "Mr. Mensa"! Ricky Longfellow is trying to get Cletus Lee out of the ring, but the Bishops don't care. Duane Henry with a headbutt!

BW: And Cletus with a knee to the ribs! Imbrogno flipped over like a car off the interstate overpass!

GM: Cletus Lee could likely THROW a car off the interstate overpass! The Bishop Boys scooping up Imbrogno and sending him off the ropes...

[As the Bishops set up a double team, BC Da Masta MC gets in the ring... and the Bishops are facing away from him! Manny dashes off the ropes, ducks a double clothesline, and runs right into his partner... who catches him in a military press!]

BW: Hey! That fat idiot didn't tag in!

GM: BC has his partner up... and hurls him right at the Bishop Boys!

BW: Ha ha! They caught him!

[Cletus and Duane easily catch Manny... but then BC goes low, spearing them both in the midsection with a huge shoulderblock! Cletus doubles over a bit and lets go of Manny, and this causes Duane to fall forward... Manny rolls him into a small package! The fans cheer the possible upset!]

GM: SMALL PACKAGE ON DUANE HENRY! BC FIRING ON CLETUS LEE TO KEEP HIM AWAY!

BW: Two count only... it'll take a whole lot more than that to keep one of the champions down. And what was Longfellow doing counting that pin anyway?!

[Only now does Cousin Bo Allan get to ringside, carrying the National Tag Team Titles. He's already irate, chewing out Longfellow for exactly that.]

GM: BC and Cletus Lee are exchanging blows. Cletus is easily the stronger of the two, but a simple striking attack is ill-suited against BC because of his size and ability to absorb impacts.

BW: Also, you can't give him a concussion because of the distance between his skull and his brain. Now, Manny, you could do serious damage there to him. And somebody must have, for him to be teaming with this idiot.

GM: Imbrogno with a hip toss... blocked by Duane Henry, and a standing clothesline takes down Imbrogno! Manny rolls under the bottom rope to get separation; not a bad idea.

BW: But now BC Da Fat-T is alone against both Bishops.

GM: Cousin Bo trying to get Duane Henry out of there... the Bishops have not assigned a legal man yet, after a full minute, and are on the verge of disqualification you'd have to think. Duane Henry with the chop block on BC... and Cletus Lee clotheslines BC over Duane Henry! That's one way to bring the mountainous man down!

BW: I don't see why either Bishop should have to leave the ring. Combined, they weigh about the same as BC Da Flabby MC.

GM: He's only got about forty to fifty pounds on Cletus. Though it scares me that ANYONE has forty to fifty pounds on Cletus Lee Bishop. Cousin Bo has gotten Duane Henry to leave the ring, finally.

BW: Cletus off the ropes... ho ho ho ho! That's a BIG elbow drop, daddy!

GM: Cletus Lee dropping all three hundred twenty eight pounds on BC Da Masta MC. Following it up with a blatant chokehold!

BW: Everything Cletus does is blatant, Gordo. He's an honest man.

GM: He... well... I guess that's very true. Cletus Lee and Duane Henry don't typically hide their intentions. Bo Allan is as trustworthy as a weatherman, but his charges are extremely straightforward. But what they do is illegal and usually unethical.

BW: Ethics are relative. Anyway, he's done choking and now he's kicking. That better?

GM: More legal, anyway. BC seated and a running boot by Cletus Lee! That size sixteen, at least, right to the cranium of Da Masta MC. And Cletus Lee tagging in Duane Henry! Duane Henry Bishop coming in off the second turnbuckle... bombs away! Nailed him with the fist drop off the second rope!

BW: Cover! But no. BC coughed and the shockwaves transmitted through the flab flung Duane Henry off.

GM: Duane Henry up, and stomping Da Masta MC. The Bishops keeping the nearly four hundred pound rapper on his back; a wise tactic. Jumping leg drop by Duane Henry, and raining down closed fists on BC.

BW: I wonder if this big dummy knows what rhymes with "beatdown", so he can describe for us all what happened once he gets his jaw fixed.

GM: Duane Henry... pulling BC up? That may not be a good idea. Measuring the big man with some jabs, and a roundhouse right!

BW: Tagging in Cletus Lee. I bet Cletus has no trouble putting him back down.

GM: A hard overhand left by Cletus Lee, and BC staggering.

[Cletus Lee actually seems confused that BC didn't fall, so he hits him again. Da Masta MC wobbles and staggers, but he's still on his feet. Cletus nods a little bit, as if the thought "this guy can take my punches" is just now crossing his mind. He then smiles slightly as he unloads with a much faster flurry of punches.]

BW: Uh oh. I think Cletus Lee doesn't get too many chances to unload on a guy who can stand up to it. He might not stop. As in, ever.

GM: BC putting up a guard, and firing back! Fistfighting has ensued, and neither man seems interested in opening their hands. But the biggest Bishop is getting the best of it. He has backed BC all the way to the neutral corner.

[With a bellow, Cletus Lee Irish-Whips BC at the far corner and follows after him for an avalanche. But Da Masta MC bounces out upon hitting the corner, and slams right into Cletus with a thunderous shoulderblock that actually staggers the big man... severely!]

GM: WHAT AN IMPACT!

BW: Anybody else woulda been sent flyin' after that, but Cletus Lee is still on his feet! We've seen it time and again, ya can't take him down!

GM: BC Da Masta MC is shocked, but Cletus Lee wants him to do it again!

BW: And if anybody was dumb enough to follow an opponent's request... yep, there he goes.

[A second explosive collision, and Cletus Lee again weathers the blow... much more easily this time, as he was ready for it. BC holds up an index finger: "one more!". Cletus nods and sets himself as BC barrels off... into a high cross body!]

GM: HIGH CROSS BODY BY BC... AND CLETUS CAUGHT HIM!
UNBELIEVEABLE!

[But here comes Imbrogno... and a dropkick to BC's back causes the big redneck to tilt dangerously backwards! The crowd cheers as Cletus falling is inevitable!]

BW: Oh no! He'll be crushed!

GM: Duane Henry to the rescue! He dropkicks Cletus Lee in the back! And Cletus into a powerslam on BC! I cannot believe he caught a three hundred seventy-plus pounder in the air!

BW: At this point, I refuse to be surprised by Cletus' power. He's not the biggest man in the AWA, but he's close, and he is so insanely hard to take down that BCIQ has to be kicking themselves over losing that chance. Oh, no wait, that's the Bishops kicking them.

GM: Duane Henry Bishop with some cheap shots before leaving the ring. Cletus Lee up again, and tagging his brother in. BC Da Masta MC should have tagged when he had the chance, but inexperience showing.

[The fans boo the Bishops as Cletus whips Duane off the far ropes, and ducks down. He back body drops his own brother onto BC, and Duane Henry lands with a senton on BC's stomach, almost bouncing off the big man!]

BW: Dangerous move, when you throw your own partner like that. But it paid off that time!

GM: A cover by Duane... and an arrogant one. He didn't even get two, not hooking a leg or even really putting any weight on Da Masta MC's shoulders.

BW: He probably couldn't _find_ the man's shoulders. I haven't seen proof that he even has shoulders.

GM: Absurdist humor aside, Duane Henry picking up Da Masta MC. He sends BC to his corner, and Cletus starts choking him from the apron. Blatantly.

BW: I prefer "honestly". "Blatantly" has negative connotations.

Crowd: "B! C! B! C! B! C! B! C!"

GM: The fans getting behind Da Masta MC as Duane moves in... BC kicks him! And again! He elbows Cletus Lee!

[With a desperate surge, BC grabs Duane Henry's long hair, winds him up, and smashes his skull right into that of his brother! Duane falls to his back and Cletus is stunned! The crowd cheers!]

GM: Heart and fortitude by BC Da Masta MC to fight out of the corner! He is heading for the tag... yes! Tag to Manny Imbrogno!

[The crowd erupts as Manny leaps over the top rope with a forward flip.]

BW: I dunno... if he was THAT smart, he'd have taken off a while ago.

GM: Flying headscissors takedown on a just-standing Duane Henry Bishop! Imbrogno has never been in a matchup this high-profile, but the fans are behind him, and he has got to bring everything he's got against the National Tag Team Champions!

[The takedown doesn't keep Duane Henry down, but "Mr. Mensa" quickly hammers him in the midsection with a kick to double him over, takes a step

back, and launches a fierce leaping knee to the side of Bishop's neck. That blow sends Duane Henry down, and Imbrogno descends upon him, twisting the arm and barring it behind Duane Henry with a stepover armbar.]

BW: This ain't a bad idea... I guess that should be expected from Mr. Mensa. But if he can hurt Duane Henry's arm, that'll mess up his offense.

GM: True, though Duane Henry is the more adaptable Bishop Boy. Imbrogno using the leverage of the hold to slowly work Duane Henry Bishop towards his corner.

BW: He can't possibly be thinkin' of tagging BC Duh-my already!

GM: He does! BC in, and planting a hard boot to the shoulder of Duane Henry! Imbrogno releases... and BC twisting into a stepover armbar! He picks up for Imbrogno with the hold!

BW: But... why tag that quick after BC took all that damage?

GM: One, Da Masta MC can take great punishment, and two, I'm going to assume that Mr. Mensa has a plan. BC bearing down on the hold with three-seventy or such, and... tagging back out!

[Instead of entering conventionally, Imbrogno slingshots in with a kneesmash to the shoulder blade of Duane Henry as BC has the hold on. BC releases and exits as Imbrogno slaps on a stepover armbar again.]

BW: Okay, now I get it.

GM: Quick tags and working the armbar. Most of the lasting damage of the armbar happens from the torque of the initial application. Do that constantly, and hit the punishing double-team each time? This is reminiscent of one of my favorite teams from the Mid-Atlantic territory in the late sixties and seventies, Dancing Dan Claymore and Crusher Wilcox!

BW: Ha, I haven't heard THOSE names in forever and a day. Wait, wasn't Claymore a Princeton graduate?

GM: First Ivy League graduate in the sport that I know of.

BW: That's what Imbrogno meant! They're using the Princeton offense here. Trying to upset the much higher seed by controlling the pace of the match. Huh, who knew his stupid poem would mean something.

GM: Imbrogno tags out to BC again... OUCH! That time an elbow drop to the shoulder in the armbar, and that's near four hundred pounds! BC reapplies the armbar... and Duane Henry is really starting to feel this! He's loudly struggling against the hold!

BW: Yeah, while I don't normally complain about a strategy as long as it works... this is going to put the crowd to sleep, but more importantly... Gordo, how long did Claymore and Wilcox matches tend to run?

GM: They set up their opponents for the inevitable fall by wearing them down this way, and I see what you mean. We have a thirty minute time limit, and we're close to ten minutes in. There's probably not time for this to set up a submission; Duane Henry is too hardened.

[We get a close-up of Imbrogno coaching BC. He says "Lean in with your weight! You can do it!", and BC nods.]

BW: Huh. You know, BC never did much with holds before this. Imbrogno's really helped that big fool out. I guess he's not too dumb to learn. Or Manny's really that smart.

GM: Tag made, and Manny again with the slingshot stomp to the shoulder. Switch and armbar. The crowd is muted, but intent on the action. I believe they understand the idea behind this.

BW: Alrght, Cletus Lee just lost his patience with this!

[The big Bishop Boy comes in, and BC shouts "Cletus!" to warn Manny. Immediately, Manny lets go of the hold and diverolls between Cletus' legs. The wild-eyed maniac is completely confused by this, and Manny jumps up and knees him in the spine. Cletus grimaces, but doesn't move. He spins with a clothesline, but Manny is already tumbling away. Cletus continues to advance on him, but he ducks, dodges, flips, and spins... Cletus clearly can't catch the gymnast. In the meantime, BC enters the ring and slaps an armbar on Duane Henry as Longfellow futilely chases Cletus Lee around trying to get him out. The camera gets a look at Cousin Bo, who suddenly has a very nervous look on his face.]

GM: Cletus Lee can't lay a finger on Imbrogno!

BW: But he'll never figure that out! I think Bo just did the math on this one... BCIQ has a gameplan that can beat the Bishops. And Duane and Cletus just ain't mentally equipped to do anything about it. He's gonna hafta do something.

GM: Cletus Lee ignoring the referee. Imbrogno keeps holding up five fingers to the referee, every time he ducks and dodges. And Cousin Bo is on the apron, ordering Cletus out of the ring!

BW: Nope, Cletus saw BC, and he's ignoring Bo!

GM: Cletus Lee rushes BC Da Masta MC with a brutal elbow! BC rolls out of the ring, and Cletus is going after him... Imbrogno reapplies the armbar on Duane Henry! BCIQ completely manipulating the Bishop Boys here!

[Outside the ring, Cletus Lee Bishop is throwing windmill punches at BC. The Alpharetta native is blocking, rather than punching back, and thus the damage is greatly mitigated. Ricky Longfellow continues to command Cletus Lee back to the corner, as he's the aggressor. Finally, Cousin Bo sees his

opening, gets in the ring, and smacks Manny Imbrogno with one of the National Tag Team Titles!]

BW: Ha ha! Good old Cousin Bo!

GM: CHEAP SHOT! But that will be for nothing if Cletus Lee gets them disqualified. He's screaming at Longfellow now, something about his opponents not fighting. We rarely see him verbalize much, but this tactic of BCIQ has gotten under his skin.

[A frustrated Duane Henry is pounding on a prone Imbrogno with his left hand (as the other team had been working the right arm) as Cousin Bo grabs Cletus by the hair and gets in his face, explaining in no uncertain terms that he's a fraction away from costing them the tournament. Given the respite, Longfellow returns to the ring and starts counting to five on Duane Henry, who ignores him.]

BW: Duane Henry should have gone for the pin as soon as Longfellow showed up, but he's so flustered from the constant armbars that he doesn't care!

GM: No doubt Manny was stunned after Bo Allan hit him with the belt; he very possibly could have gotten a pin. Duane Henry pulling him up, whipping Imbrogno off the ropes... LEVELS HIM!

BW: Devastating left-armed clothesline flipped Manny like the Whizzer here at the state fair! You said it earlier, how Duane Henry is so adaptable. He's one arm down, but he's got the whole rest of his body to hurt you with.

GM: Cletus Lee over to the corner, and he wants the tag! But Duane Henry wants to hurt somebody, and he pulls up Imbrogno again! Whips him to the ropes... spinebuster... NO! LOOK AT THAT!

[The "that" was Manny grabbing Duane's arm in mid-spinebuster and turning outwards to bulldog him onto his right shoulder with the momentum! The crowd cheers the clever counter!]

BW: Duane Henry missed a golden opportunity to tag... hey!

[Imbrogno, still dazed on the mat and with Duane Henry instinctively clutching him so he can't get away, sticks out his leg towards the corner... just in reach of BC for the tag!]

GM: An extremely intelligent move by Mr. Mensa! That's a perfectly legal tag!

BW: IT IS?!? That doesn't seem- Duane Henry don't see him coming... no!

GM: ELBOW DROP! HE DROPPED IT ALL ON DUANE HENRY AND THE COVER!

[The near four hundred pounder puts his weight down on Duane's shoulders, and Duane's legs flail as he's trapped under the girth. The crowd is up as this is a legitimate threat, but Cletus Lee runs in and boots BC in his stadium-size stomach at the two count.]

BW: Thank goodness. If the Bishops were upset in the first round? They'd kill everybody. Possibly literally. None of these fans would be safe; they'd go nuts. Tell me you couldn't see Cletus Lee Bishop go crazed and take out fans.

GM: He's come very close before. But right now, Bo Allan has gotten him under control as he's back out of the ring. BC Da Masta MC reapplying the armbar on Duane Henry... and here we go again! Back to the Princeton offense, as you called it.

BW: You know, I kinda thought BCIQ would be pushovers. They really can't match up to the Bishops head-on. But Manny Imbrogno's strategies really do make this team something else. Dangerous.

GM: BC waiting for Manny to shake off the cobwebs, and tags him. No slingshot this time, Manny enters, and a standing backflip across the head and shoulder! Ouch!

BW: And slaps on the armbar. Here we go again is right, but we're running out of time for this. We're creeping in on fifteen minutes into this thing. Are they fighting for a draw?

GM: That gains them nothing. Even if it IS the National Champions, there's so much more at stake in the tournament that this is a foolish notion. There's something we're not seeing yet. Tag back to BC, who comes in and just lays into Duane with a brutal kick. He put his weight into it, jumping in like the old-timers did. Duane actually yelped there, and he's a hard man to hurt. Armbar by BC.

[We get another shot of Manny coaching, as he's holding his head. "Hold steady! Keep him grounded!" Manny's got a bloody nose from the beating he took from Duane Henry, and is a bit unsteady himself, but still coaching.]

BW: I hate to admit, but Imbrogno would be a GREAT manager. And BC Da Human Hum-Vee can take directions. Maybe a manager would do him some good.

GM: Tag back to Imbrogno. He jumps in, and a snapping elbow drop to the shoulder. Imbrogno with... a different armbar! Spinning armhold... no! LA MAJISTRAL CRADLE!

BW: Woah! He got a near fall with that!

GM: Duane Henry kicking out, and Imbrogno back to the armbar. And the tag again. The champions have not been able to get any sustained offense in this match at all, at least since the opening minutes, due to the old school

strategy of BCIQ. And Duane Henry Bishop's right shoulder has got to be killing him at this point.

BW: BC Da Masta Of Eating is back legal, and a falling headbutt to the shoulder. Armbar again...Bo looks like he just swallowed a snake and it's comin' back up.

GM: He's an intelligent strategist himself, and he knows that BCIQ has pretty much blown up whatever plan he had for this match. It is very hard to get Cletus Lee and Duane Henry to adjust on the fly. Cletus Lee wants to rush in again, but after Bo gave him his last talking to, he's unsure if he should.

[And finally, Cousin Bo has developed his counter strategy. He calls Cletus down to the floor, and starts whispering into his ear. Cletus' face contorts with exertion as he tries to get hold of what he's being asked to do.]

BW: Well, moment of truth, Gordo. The Bishops' tournament hopes might ride on Cletus Lee being able to carry out instructions.

GM: Another tag by BCIQ. Imbrogno in... huh. Cletus was about to move in, and Bo called him back. Odd. And another quick tag. BC in. They keep hammering the shoulder on each exchange.

BW: He's sending him now!

[Cletus runs around the ring at top speed. Manny sees him coming, figures out what he's doing, and quickly reaches in for the tag... but Bo Allan is already distracting Longfellow, so he doesn't see the tag. Mr. Mensa jumps into the ring, but Cletus' long arms reach in and pull him out!]

GM: And the solution is obvious... destroy the man with the plan! Cletus Lee hammering Manny Imbrogno! He's got him by the neck with one arm and is punching him with the other!

BW: That'll get Da Vaster Bel-Ly off Duane Henry!

[BC steps through the ropes... and suddenly, with a big stupid triumphant grin, Cletus Lee tosses Manny away and reaches up to grab BC on the apron... and propels his enormous adversary to the steel barricade with a loud CRAAASSHH!]

GM: OH MY!

BW: Ha ha! That was the plan! That's what Bo told him to do, and Cletus Lee actually did it!

[As Cletus Lee stands over BC, beaming proudly that he managed to follow a plan, Manny slides into the ring unseen by him. Oddly, he's smirking, as if he knows something...]

GM: Imbrogno in, and his expression is...

BW: Like it's all according to plan somehow.

GM: DROPKICK ON BO ALLAN! Imbrogno using that explosive quickness to nail the Bishop Boys' manager and knock him off the apron!

BW: That was awful stupid for a guy so smart! Duane Henry is all over him! Haven't they seen what happens to people who hit Bo Allan?

GM: It was somewhat bold, but Duane Henry is again unloading on Imbrogno! Spinning leg attack by Duane Henry flattens Manny, who is rolling out to the floor!

BW: And Duane isn't gonna let him go so easy! He's coming off the ropes... no way!

[The fans stand as Duane Henry bounds off the far ropes, and launches himself with abandon through the ropes, smashing into Manny with a Bullet Tope! Both men hit the floor and are laid out as the crowd roars for the soaring move!]

GM: SPECTACULAR! But Duane Henry has wiped himself out possibly as much as Imbrogno!

BW: That don't matter! Cletus Lee is over there to mop up.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: Cletus Lee Bishop grabbing Manny Imbrogno from the floor, and presses him overhead! He wants to gorilla press slam him on the floor, but Manny slides down the back out of desperation!

[Desperately, Imbrogno flings himself away from Cletus Lee... his movements are nowhere near as quick and precise as earlier, though. His narrow escape puts him next to the ring, so he slides in. However, he is too groggy from the tope to get up before Cletus follows him in. Manny crawls to the referee, and unashamedly grabs his leg as Cletus stomps away at him.]

BW: Manny Imbrogno is begging the ref to stop it! That might be the smartest move he's made!

GM: He's baiting Cletus to do something foolish to the referee, and after the shot he took from Duane Henry, that maybe all he CAN do. The referee pushing Cletus back, and Cletus Lee is angry and frustrated, but after the rebuke Bo Allan gave him earlier, he's obeying!

BW: Doesn't matter... Duane Henry's in to finish this.

[Duane Henry reaches down to pick up Manny, who is reaching in his trunks. Duane sees it too late, and Manny belts him with a foreign object before falling back!]

BW: HEY!

GM: FOREIGN OBJECT! MANNY IMBROGNO USED A FOREIGN OBJECT!

BW: Remember, BC recruited him, but Manny has never been a goody-two-shoes! He's cheated before and he'll do it again!

GM: AND LOOK WHO IS ALREADY ON THE TOP ROPE WAITING!

BW: NO!

[Oh, yes. The fans are up as they see it... BC Da Masta MC had been forgotten. He had crawled up the ropes at his glacial pace. And he waited while Manny did his thing to get Duane Henry down. And now... he leaps! And the crowd EXPLODES!]

GM: __TURNTABLE__! TURNTABLE! HE HIT IT! HE HIT IT! IT'S OVER!

BW: NO! NO! YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME!

GM: Imbrogno jumps on Cletus Lee, to keep him from stepping through the ropes! Longfellow sees the pin! BC and Duane Henry are the legal men! The upset of the year!

BW: NO!

Crowd: ONE!

BW: NOOOO!

Crowd: TWO!

BW: NOOOOOOOOO!

Crowd: THRE... OOOHHHHHHHHH!

[Unable to get through the ropes with Imbrogno scissoring his body, Cletus Lee does the only thing he can do. He uses his strength to rip Manny off of him... and he straight throws him at the pin. Manny's body bounces off of Longfellow into BC, stopping the count to the loud chagrin of the capacity crowd.]

GM: CLETUS LEE JUST THREW IMBROGNO ACROSS THE RING! THAT FREAKISH POWER SAVED THE BISHOP BOYS!

BW: Get up, Bo!

GM: Duane Henry is done, but Longfellow is down! Cletus Lee is in, and he's free to do whatever he wants!

BW: Manny better have plans A through Z lined up!

[Bellowing, Cletus charges a rising Imbrogno... and the Charging Big Boot sends him slamming into the mat and skidding out of the ring on his back from the impact.]

GM: CHARGING BIG BOOT! Imbrogno is out!

BW: It's one on one now! BC and Cletus Lee!

GM: The big men are up and brawling! Cletus is hammering away in a berserk rage! Da Masta MC can't throw down with... DROPKICK!

[The surprise dropkick by BC catches Cletus in full advance, and sends him sprawling off balance to a roar from the fans!]

GM: HE'S TEETERING! CAN DA MASTA MC DO THE IMPOSSIBLE?!

[As the audience cheers him on, BC careens off the ropes for a jumping shoulderblock... but Duane Henry, with the last of his strength after being flattened by the Turntable, puts up his boot to catch BC in the groin as he passes. Da Masta MC's full charge turns into a stumble... right into Cletus. He bumps weakly into Cletus, and the opportunity to knock him down is lost. Cletus Lee regains his balance, and happily takes his turn, running off the ropes and plastering him in the back of the head with a running Axe Kick. The big man drops like a very heavy rock!]

GM: CRUSHING AXE KICK TO BC! And... oh, no. Can even Cletus Lee Bishop do this?

BW: I might take back what I said about never bein' surprised by his strength!

[Crouching down, Cletus gets BC in wheelbarrow position, grunts, psychs himself up... and manhandles the 375 pounder up and over with a colossal ring-shaking THUUUUD!]

GM: UNBELIEVABLE! __WHEELBARROW SUPLEX__! ON BC DA MASTA MC!

BW: That man gets scarier every time I see him.

GM: Longfellow back on the job, and shooing Cletus out... Cletus Lee seems satisfied. Duane Henry crawling over on BC Da Masta MC...

BW: One... two... YES! The champions made it out alive!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The fans boo, as Bo Allan, who took a hard bump when Manny dropkicked him off the apron, rolls into the ring with a look of infinite relief on his face. "Nothin' To Lose" by Rebel Meets Rebel begins to play as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: The winners of this contest, advancing to the second round of the tournament... the AWA National Tag Team Champions... THE BISHOP BOYS!

[Relief turns to a cold, snarling rage, as Bo Allan suddenly grabs Cletus and Duane both by the hair. And we hear five words. "For this, you end them." And the Bishops immediately set to do that, descending on Manny as he weakly crawls back into the ring.]

GM: They won the match! What are the Bishop Boys doing?!

BW: Sending a message. They got embarrassed, Bo got hit, and now there will be consequences.

GM: A message? Isn't prevailing through adversity a message?

BW: Yep, and here comes message two... DOC ALLAN'S MIRACLE HEADACHE ELIXIR!

[The boos rain down from all corners as Duane Henry, still teetering from the Turntable, hoists up Imbrogno in the Argentine backbreaker hold as Cletus Lee bounds off the far ropes. Barreling in like a freight train, Cletus hammers Manny with the Charging Big Boot as Duane uses the momentum to turn Manny into a nasty powerbomb! The music stops and the bell starts ringing.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: The referee should reverse the decision!

BW: And the Bishops would reverse his skeletal structure. He's got a family.

GM: Bo Allan wants more! Imbrogno is out! They're picking up BC now!

BW: Maybe Duane could have gotten him up normally, but after a Turntable? I don't think they can Elixir him.

GM: Wait... Cletus Lee is lifting him in the backbreaker! And... Duane Henry is running off the ropes!

[The Bishops do an inverted version of the Elixir to BC Da Masta MC. Even Cletus can't hold BC up in that position easily, so he doesn't get a full stand. But that just makes it possible for Duane Henry Bishop to execute a running big boot. Cletus, not being good with complex moves, just sort of uses the momentum to slam BC down, so this really doesn't end up being a Doc Allan's Miracle Headache Elixir, but due to BC's size, it's still fairly impressive and damaging... and the crowd boos them for it. And doubly so as Bo Allan is driving one of the belts into Manny Imbrogno's back as he lays unmoving.]

BW: Gordo, this is what happens when you cross the Bishop Boys. No matter who you are or how you do it. Everybody here thought this was some great thing, a near-upset. But to them, it tarnishes their reputation. It's a slap in the face. And they will have blood.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Also, ringing a bell ain't gonna stop them. Unless you ring it upside their head. And you better ring it real, real hard.

GM: Ricky Longfellow finally threatening a reverse decision, and Bo Allan stops the onslaught. Well, sort of. Cletus Lee throws BC out of the ring! And Duane Henry chucks out Manny Imbrogno on the other side!

["Nothin' To Lose" starts up again, and the camera catches Duane Henry, clutching his shoulder and ribs, but still defiantly stomping around the ring and yelling: "This is OUR ring. We own this place. Somebody stop us, I dare ya!" Cletus Lee is glaring at the booing fans, and Cousin Bo is holding up the National Tag Team Titles as if to declare that they are still the team to beat as we fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a first round match in the Stampede Cup tournament. Introducing first...

[The Black Keys' "Hard Row" kicks in to a big cheer from the crowd!]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at a combined weight of 485 pounds... they are the defending Stampede Cup champions... they are accompanied to the ring by their brother Travis... Jack and James...

THE LYNNNNNNCH BROTHERRRS!

[As the cheers pick up and the music continues to play, James Lynch jogs out through the curtain in his standard yellow Speedo trunks and a light grey zipped jacket. As always, we can see his bare feet walking on the rampway as he pumps a fist at the cheering crowd just before his brothers stride through to join him.

First comes Travis, in a pair of blue jeans and a t-shirt a couple sizes too small to show off his muscles. Finally, Jack rounds out the group in his long black coat and cowboy hat. Beneath the open coat, we can spy a set of black trunks with a matching kneepad on his right knee. And lastly, a pair of black cowboy boots with silver trim. He gives a whoop, throwing up his right hand, covered in a black fingerless glove, to an even bigger cheer before the trio starts to make their way down the aisle to ringside.]

GM: The Lynch Brothers won the 2011 Stampede Cup by defeating Violence Unlimited in the Finals. Even though they'd later go on to capture the National Tag Team Titles, many believe the Lynches have never been the same since that night when they won the Cup.

BW: The Cup's a hard row to walk, Gordo. Look at the teams who've won it in the past. Freeman and Dufresne won the first one and they broke up not too long after. Violence Unlimited won in 2010 and they've run hot and cold since then. And like you said, I'm not sure the Lynches have ever been the same team they were that night. It's a bit of a curse hangin' out there for tag teams, Gordo.

GM: That's ridiculous. You're claiming that winning the Cup, the right to be called the best tag team in the world, and a million dollars is a curse?

BW: Nah, I'm sayin' that stuff makes a curse go down your gullet a lot easier.

[The Lynches enter the ring, each taking a midbuckle to pay tribute to the cheering fans as their music starts to fade and is replaced by Judas Priest's "Living After Midnight" which brings a huge negative reaction from the crowd.]

PW: And their opponents... from Beale Street... weighing in at a total combined weight of 575 pounds... being accompanied to the ring by "Dangerous" Dick Wyatt... Robert Donovan and Adam Rogers...

THE BEAAAAAALE STREEEEET BULLLLLIEEEEEES!

[The boos grow louder as Dick Wyatt comes tearing through the curtain first, his hands twisted to form twin "pistols" as he fires away at the ringside fans. He "holsters" his guns before turning to point towards the entrance curtain where Adam Rogers saunters through next.

The former World Champion is in a t-shirt resembling the Stars And Bars of the Confederate flag over a set of black trunks with "BULLIES" written in white scripts across the rump. He slaps an arm around the shoulders of Dick Wyatt before jerking a thumb over his shoulder at the curtain.

The boos come pouring down even more as Robert Donovan, the big man of the squad, comes striding into view. He looks around at the crowd, shaking his head at their reaction as he stands in a pair of loose leather pants with stylized griffins running up the outside of each leg, a dark red double-strapped singlet with the word "Heritage" scrawled across his abdomen, and black boots. He joins his comrades, pausing to adjust the heavy brace on his left elbow. With a clap on the back of Rogers, the trio makes their way down the aisle.]

GM: There they are, Bucky... and I still can't get used to seeing this. Robert Donovan, from the moment he stepped foot in the AWA, fought the good fight. We all knew his history - his reputation - but none of that seemed to matter here. Heck, there was a time that Robert Donovan stood inside that ring to rally the forces of good against some of the darkest times in AWA history.

BW: And where did it get him, Gordo? He lost the Longhorn Heritage Title that meant so much to him to Nenshou and never came close to getting it back. Royalty got him ousted from the World Title Tournament. He buddied up to those stinkin' Stench boys and couldn't get the tag titles either. So, who can blame him for callin' up some men he feels as close as family to?

GM: You want new allies? Fine. But no one ever said he had to stab Jack Lynch - and the fans that supported him so long - in the back for it!

[Donovan reaches the ring where a seething Jack Lynch is standing, pacing back and forth as Travis Lynch steps out to the apron, giving his brothers some final words of encouragement before he drops to the floor. Dick Wyatt

points at the Lynches, shouting some threats before he takes the ringsteps down to the floor as well, leaving Rogers and Donovan to huddle up out on the ramp.]

GM: Rogers and Donovan are taking their time getting in there. They've had some less than kind words for the Lynches and I wouldn't be surprised if they're feeling a little nervous about having to eat those words here tonight in Oklahoma City.

[Rogers gestures at the ring as James Lynch suddenly breaks into a dash, hitting the ropes behind him, tearing across the ring...

...and gracefully leaping over the top rope, knocking both Rogers and Donovan down on the ramp to a BIG ROAR from the crowd!]

GM: OH MY!!

[Lynch pops back up, pumping a fist as his big brother steps through the ropes to join him as a puzzled official calls for the bell.]

BW: What?! Why would you call for the bell now?!

GM: That's a good point. They're not even in the ring doing battle at this point.

[James Lynch pulls Adam Rogers off the mat, slamming a right hand into the side of his head as Jack Lynch throws a big boot into the chest of the rising Donovan, stopping him in his tracks.]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[Jack grabs the kneeling Donovan in a side headlock, repeatedly hammering his skull with the gloved right hand as Dick Wyatt shouts at them from ringside. James connects with another right, knocking Rogers up against the ropes...

...and delivers a running clothesline that takes Rogers over the top rope, dumping him down on the canvas inside the ring!]

GM: LYNCH TAKES HIM OVER THE TOP AND IN!!

[James Lynch turns towards the corner, quickly scaling the ropes to step one bare foot onto the top turnbuckle...]

GM: Lynch is going up top! He's gonna fly in the opening moments of this on-

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Dick Wyatt shouting all sorts of insults at James Lynch, Lynch shocks the crowd - and Wyatt - by leaping off the top rope to the floor, wiping out Wyatt instead of a staggered Rogers!]

GM: HE WENT AFTER WYATT!

BW: Why?! What an idiot! He had Rogers in trouble and who knows - stranger things have happened - he might have been able to finish the match right there but he jumped on Dick Wyatt instead!

[The crowd is cheering loudly as James Lynch hammers a downed Wyatt with right hands. We cut back to the ramp where Jack Lynch is kicking Donovan in the chest repeatedly, knocking him back into a seated position against the ring ropes. Lynch drops to a knee, grabbing Donovan by the back of the head to pummel him with right hands to the skull!]

GM: James Lynch is usually a very level-headed man who is capable of keeping his eyes on the prize but the Beale Street Bullies have driven the Lynches to a whole other level with their words and actions over recent weeks!

BW: This would be a Main Event on its own anywhere in the world, Gordo, but here in the AWA, we've still got two HUGE matches to come after it!

GM: Remember, the winner of this one will face the Blonde Bombers in the Quarterfinals tomorrow night and that should be a heck of a match no matter the winner.

BW: I'm torn, Gordo.

GM: Oh?

BW: Part of me wants the Bullies to finish off the Lynches once and for all right here in front of me now... but part of me would love to see the Bombers beat the heck out of 'em tomorrow night.

GM: You're too much, Bucky Wilde.

[Adam Rogers approaches the ropes near where James Lynch has dispatched of Dick Wyatt and is climbing back up on the apron. Using the middle rope, Lynch slingshots himself between the ropes, slamming a shoulder into the midsection of Rogers.]

GM: Lynch goes downstairs and- sunset flip!

[The referee drops down, making a two count before Rogers claps his legs together on the ears of James Lynch to break the pin attempt.]

GM: Rogers is out at two... both men quickly scrambling up...

[Rogers takes a wild swing at Lynch who ducks under, hooking him around the waist as he turns. He lifts the Natural into the air, holding him high for all to see...

...and then drops him on a bent knee tailbone-first!]

GM: Atomic drop by Lynch!

[Rogers straightens up, reaching around to grab at his rear as he tiptoes his way in a circle...

...RIGHT into an Iron Claw!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW!

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: JAMES LYNCH SINKS IN THE CLAW AND-

[Dick Wyatt promptly leaps up on the ring apron, shouting at anyone in sight...

...which brings Travis Lynch around the apron, reaching up to hook a handful of Wyatt's jeans and YANKS him down to the floor before dropping him with a right hand to another huge cheer!]

GM: Oh my! This is gonna be a wild one!

BW: If Rogers don't get out of that Claw soon, it's gonna be over!

[Rogers struggles against the hold, fighting against the fingers applying heavy pressure to his temple. The referee turns to shout at Wyatt and Travis...

...which allows Rogers to rake his fingers across the eyes of Lynch to break the hold!]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Adam Rogers to break the hol- ohh! And he levels him with a forearm to the back of the head!

[Rogers' lunging overhead forearm smash knocks Lynch down to the canvas where the Natural grabs two hands full of Lynch's hair and SLAMS his face into the mat!]

GM: Rogers is right on top of him... not backing away for a second to recover from that Iron Claw...

[Pressing Lynch's face into the canvas, Rogers uses the hair to drag his head back and forth, raking the face on the mat!]

GM: Ahhh!

BW: That's a good way to get a serious case of mat burn, daddy.

[Climbing to his feet, Rogers rains down a few stomps on the back of Lynch's shoulders. He backs off, measuring his man...

...and then DROPS a tumbling kneedrop on the back of the head, smashing Lynch's face into the mat before he rolls through it, smirking at the nearest camera as he sits on the canvas.]

GM: Rogers drops the knee on the back of the head... that's a good way to break a nose.

BW: Exactly why he did it, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure it was.

[We cut outside the ring where Travis Lynch has gone back to the Lynch's corner where Jack finally has arrived. Across the ring, Robert Donovan pauses outside the squared circle to help a fuming Dick Wyatt back up to his feet.]

GM: For the moment at least, it looks like the fighting out on the floor and ramp has stopped and we can get down to a regular tag match.

BW: As hot under the collar as these six guys are at one another, ain't nothin' regular 'bout this one, Gordo.

GM: They're going to need to be careful though. If you let your temper go too much in one of these matches, you'll end up disqualified and out of the tournament all together.

[An angry Robert Donovan scales the ringsteps, slamming an arm on the top turnbuckle as Rogers pulls Lynch off the mat by the hair. He shouts "BOOT!" to Donovan who raises a long leg up, allowing Rogers to slam Lynch's face into the boot before he tags the big man in.]

GM: In comes Donovan off the tag... all seven foot two and three thirty two of him.

[Donovan grabs Lynch by the arm, throwing him back into the Bullies' corner. The big man moves in quickly, throwing a heavy knee to the ribs... and another... and a third.]

GM: Donovan laying in the big knees in the buckles...

[Lynch throws a pair of right hands, trying to battle out but Donovan slams a back elbow into the mush.]

GM: Lynch started to fight back, trying to get to his own corner most likely but Donovan wasn't having any of that.

[Grabbing an arm, Donovan drags James Lynch out of the corner to the middle of the ropes, flinging him effortlessly into the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip by Donovan... big right han-

[But Lynch drops into a baseball slide, going through the legs of the much larger man...]

...and exploding into the air as he rises, connecting with a bare-footed dropkick to the chin!]

GM: Big dropkick by Lynch!

[Lynch scrambles up, throwing a second one...]

GM: And the second one connects as well! Donovan is shaken!

[Lynch drops to all fours, attempting to crawl between the legs of Donovan who reaches down, grabbing a bodylock to prevent the escape...]

...and deadlifts Lynch straight up into the air into powerbomb position!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[But at the top of the lift, Lynch peppers him with a series of right hands to the skull, causing Donovan to fall backwards, slamming down to the canvas as Lynch does a front roll, lunging for a tag to his big brother...]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Jack Lynch!

[Lynch comes in fast, slingshotting over the top rope and greeting the rising Donovan with a quick pair of haymakers. He grabs his former partner by the arm, firing him off to the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip again...

[Lynch rushes him, throwing a big clothesline!]

GM: Oh!

[But Donovan doesn't fall, pinwheeling his arms around as he takes a few steps back to steady himself.]

GM: Donovan's still on his feet!

[Lynch dashes to the ropes again, bouncing off and leaving his feet to smash a forearm off the skull of Donovan...]

...who again steps back but does not fall!]

GM: Donovan's refusing to go down in there and Jack Lynch is getting a little hot under the collar because of it!

[Lynch throws a big boot to the gut, pulling Donovan down a bit...]

...and sinks his teeth into the forehead of his former partner!]

BW: He's biting him, Myers! What in the...?

GM: I can see that!

BW: What kind of hero is this?!

[Lynch breaks away at a four count, spitting on the canvas as Donovan stumbles back against the ropes.]

GM: You don't usually see something like that out of Jack Lynch but tonight, I think the Lynches are on a whole other level in the amount of pain they want to dish out against these two... three if you count Wyatt.

BW: And we know that James Lynch is countin' Wyatt!

GM: He certainly is.

[Jack Lynch approaches the ropes, throwing a big knife edge chop across the chest of the seven footer!]

GM: Oh my! What a chop out of Lynch!

[A second chop lands before Lynch grabs the arm, looking for another whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Lynch hits the ropes, rebounding back...

...and getting hoisted right up off the mat by Donovan who clutches Lynch under his arm, spinning around...]

GM: SLAAAAM! Big slam out of Donovan!

BW: What a slam! That was real boss, man!

GM: Boss? What in the world are you talking about?

[Donovan pushes up to his knees, breathing a little heavy as he glares across the ring at James Lynch who is shouting at him. He then turns to Travis, pointing a finger of warning at him. The youngest of the Lynch brothers makes a move to climb up on the apron but a shout from the referee forces him back down.]

GM: The referee might want to consider throwing Wyatt and Travis out of here, Bucky. That just seems like one too many combustible elements in this one.

BW: I hate to agree with ya, Gordo, but ya may be right 'bout that.

[Donovan grabs Lynch by the long brown hair, smashing his face repeatedly with right hands before shoving him back down to the mat. The big man

gets up off the canvas, dusting himself off to the jeers of the crowd before he backs into the ropes, slowly walking off...]

GM: Off the ropes...

[...and DROPS a thunderous legdrop down across the neck!]

GM: OHHH!

[Donovan rolls out of the legdrop, smirking at the jeering crowd as he reaches up to slap his partner's hand.]

GM: In comes Rogers off the tag...

[Rogers makes a dive, slamming the point of his elbow down into the throat of Lynch before wrapping his hands around the throat of the Texan, strangling the air out of him much to the protests of Lynch's younger brothers as well as the referee.]

GM: Rogers is blatantly choking the man on the mat - this man is a far cry from the man who many considered the best technical wrestler in the world at one point in time.

BW: Oh, waa waa waa. I'm so sick of your cryin', Gordo. Two of your beloved heroes finally saw the light and you just sit around and mope about it. Get over it.

[Rogers gets to his feet after breaking at four and a half, delivering a few more stomps before pulling Lynch back to his feet, ducking down to scoop him into the air...]

GM: Scoop slam out of Rogers... ohh! Quick elbowdrop down to the chest!

BW: It was like two impacts in one, that's how quick he dropped that elbow!

[Rogers rolls over, digging the point of his elbow into the chest of Lynch as he does so. He places a knee on the chest of Lynch, leaning over him.]

GM: Some trashtalking going on here by Adam Rogers...

"SLAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Oh, come on! He just slapped the man right across-

[The crowd ERUPTS as James Lynch steps through the ropes, tearing across the ring to make a diving spear tackle on the kneeling Rogers, taking him down to the mat!]

GM: LYNCH ON ROGERS! LYNCH ON ROGERS!

[James Lynch is hammering Rogers with right hands when Robert Donovan swings a leg over the top rope, entering the ring...]

BW: Donovan's coming back in too!

[The referee steps in to block the seven footer's path but Donovan shoves him aside, rushing in to deliver a running kick to the face of James Lynch, knocking him flat!]

GM: Sweet mercy! What a kick!

[Donovan doesn't pause for a moment, pulling James Lynch up by the hair and holding him in a full nelson for his partner who gets back up, shouting at Lynch, sticking a finger in his face...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: And a slap for James Lynch as well!

BW: Oh, he had that comin', Gordo!

GM: What?!

BW: Lynch jumped him illegally!

[With James Lynch trapped in a powerful full nelson out of Donovan, Rogers backs down, nodding at his partner as he dashes to the ropes, rebounding off with an arm cocked...]

GM: Big right ha-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: HE MOVED! HE MOVED!

[The running haymaker connects with Donovan, sending him falling back into the ropes. A shocked Rogers gives his mea culpas to his partner before he turns back around...

...into a double dropkick out of the Lynches that brings the fans to their feet as Rogers pinballs down to the mat, bouncing around before rolling out to the floor!]

GM: Rogers bails out of there! He wants no part of the Lynches!

[James Lynch approaches, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: SLINGSHOT...

[...and throws himself towards a stunned Rogers who gets shoved aside by Wyatt who takes the dive himself!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WYATT GETS INVOLVED AGAIN! HE JUST SAVED ADAM ROGERS' SKIN!

[James Lynch gets back to his feet, angrily stomping the downed Wyatt in frustration as he turns his attention back towards Adam Rogers who is retreating, moving around the ringpost with Lynch in pursuit...]

GM: Adam Rogers is running for it and James Lynch is comin' for him!

BW: Yeah, but Jack is the legal man, right?

GM: I believe that's right, yes.

[Rogers scrambles up on the apron, facing James Lynch who pulls within reach...

...but fails to notice Jack approaching from the blind side, throwing a pair of right hands to the skull from behind before swinging Rogers around, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: Lynch is gonna bring him in the hard way!

[The eldest of the Lynch brothers hoists Rogers up into the air...

...and brings him crashing down to the canvas with a vertical suplex!]

GM: Big suplex by Jack Lynch takes him down...

[Lynch looks about to go for a cover when a double axehandle across the shoulderblades by Robert Donovan cuts him off, knocking him to all fours where Donovan lays in a vicious punt kick to the ribs as the official shouts at him, trying to back him out of the ring.]

GM: Get him out of there, referee! He's got no business-

BW: Speaking of having no business getting involved!

[Travis Lynch hops up on the apron again, shouting at Donovan who turns his attention towards the youngest of the Lynches, returning fire with some harsh words of his own.]

GM: This whole thing is like a powder keg out here, Bucky.

BW: But who's the spark, daddy?

GM: I'm afraid we're going to find out before too much longer.

[The attack on Lynch allows Rogers to get back to his feet first. He approaches the six foot seven Texas from behind, watching as Lynch climbs to all fours before he leans in, sinking in a rear waistlock...]

GM: What in the... what is Rogers doing?!

BW: He's gonna give him the German from there! A deadlift German, daddy!

[He certainly tries to do exactly that, lifting Lynch from all fours to his feet....]

...but that's as far as he gets before Lynch pastes him with a back elbow to the ear! Rogers breaks the hold, grabbing at his ear as he slowly does a full 360...]

GM: Rogers turns back towards him... EAR CLAPPER!

[The crowd roars as Lynch slams his arms together on the ears, causing a wincing Rogers to stagger off towards the neutral corner where Lynch pursues, swinging him around and back into the buckles...]

GM: Lynch steps up to the middle rope...

[He raises the gloved right hand to a big cheer before raining down blows on the skull of the Natural as the crowd counts along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down, grabbing an arm and firing Rogers across into the opposite corner where he approaches and again steps up to the second rope...]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

BW: Good thing these fans are countin' for him 'cause Lynch can't count that high!

[Lynch gets about four blows landed before Robert Donovan steps in, drawing the referee's focus...]

...which allows Dick Wyatt to pull himself up on the apron near the corner...]

GM: Wyatt's on the apron!

[Lynch pivots slightly, putting a foot on the middle rope instead of the buckle as he finishes off his ten count by hammering Dick Wyatt repeatedly, knocking him back down to the floor to a huge reaction!]

GM: Lynch takes him down as we-

[Rogers suddenly twists his body, shoving upwards to upend Jack Lynch over the top rope, dumping him down on the barely-padded floor at ringside down next to a floored Dick Wyatt!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: ROGERS SENDS HIM TO THE FLOOR! GOOD GRIEF!!

[The former World Champion doesn't waste a moment, dropping down to his back to roll under the ropes. He pauses, shaking the cobwebs from the heavy right hands for a moment before pulling Lynch off the floor by the arm...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

GM: OHHH! HE WHIPPED HIM INTO THE RAMP!!

[Lynch collapses to all fours, clutching at his lower back that just slammed into the wooden rampway.]

GM: Jack Lynch goes down hard! We're past the ten minute mark in this one and what a war it's been so far, Bucky.

BW: Neither of these teams is holding back. If they're saving something for tomorrow night, I haven't got a clue what it is!

[Rogers approaches, grabbing Lynch by the hair to tug him up to his knees. He leans over, shouting in Lynch's face as Travis Lynch shouts across the ring at him.]

GM: We've got angry words flying all over ringside here in this one.

[Rogers ignores Travis, pulling Jack up to his feet. He tugs him into a front facelock...]

GM: Oh no.

BW: He's gonna suplex him on the floor, daddy!

[The former World Champion hoists the Texan up, bringing him over a pretty short distance as he SLAMS backfirst down on top of the wooden ramp!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: That'll send a jolt down to your toes, Gordo!

GM: I'm not sure if that's worse than landing on that barely-padded concrete floor or not but Lynch just hit real hard and- now what in the world is THIS about?!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Larry Doyle and Dave Cooper appear up on the top of the entrance ramp...]

GM: I don't like the looks of this at all.

BW: Why? They haven't done anything.

GM: Yet! We know that Dave Cooper and Royalty have got their hearts set on making life completely and utter hell for AWA management until they get what they want - namely the reinstatement of Mark Langseth. We saw that earlier tonight when they jumped Sultan Azam Sharif and Supernova out in the parking lot.

BW: I'm not sure even Dave Cooper is crazy enough to jump out here between these six and try to ruin the Cup for the AWA. I think you're jumpin' the gun here, Gordo.

GM: We'll see about that.

[The camera holds on Cooper and Doyle as they huddle up, pointing towards the ring...]

...and then cuts back to ringside where Rogers has scaled the ringsteps. He takes a glance down the ramp at the two new arrivals as he pulls Lynch off the ramp, chucking him through the ropes and back into the squared circle.]

GM: Rogers steps back in as well... Lynch makes a move towards his corner but Rogers grabs the ankle to cut him off!

[A smirking Rogers drops another elbow on Lynch, this one to the back of the head to break up the tag effort. With Lynch down, Rogers pulls him into a front facelock, pointing down the ramp at Dave Cooper before slinging an arm over his neck...]

GM: Now what's this all about?

[Rogers hoists Lynch horizontal off the canvas before bringing him crashing down facefirst to the mat!]

GM: Gourdbuster!

BW: Rogers takes a page out of Dave Cooper's playbook!

[The camera cuts to Cooper who has an amused look on his face, mockingly applauding Rogers who returns the favor with a mocking bow before striding to his corner, slapping the hand of the seven footer.]

GM: In comes the big man once again...

[Donovan turns as well, glaring at Cooper.]

GM: There's no love lost between Dave Cooper and Robert Donovan, that's for sure.

BW: Too bad. I'd love to see Royalty add the Bullies to the mix.

GM: Are you kidding me? They'd be unstoppable!

BW: I know. That's why I want to see it.

[Donovan pulls a dazed Jack Lynch off the mat, whipping him into the neutral corner. The seven footer starts from halfway across the ring, racing towards the buckles...

...and running right into a raised boot!]

GM: OHH!

[Donovan stumbles back, giving Lynch a window of space to hop up to the middle rope, springing off with an overhead elbow smash between the eyes!]

GM: Lynch has got the big man dazed but he needs to get out of there... he needs to make the tag!

[Lynch turns towards his corner, reaching his arm out as he walks towards the buckles...

...but Donovan reaches out, hooking Lynch by the back of the trunks, tugging him into a side waistlock before lifting him into the air...]

GM: Ohh! Backdrop suplex by Donovan!

[The seven footer rolls over into a pin attempt but only gets to two before James Lynch rushes in, stomping the back of Donovan's head...

...which brings Rogers in again!]

GM: Uh oh! Uh oh! We've got all four men in there!

[James Lynch is hammering the incoming Adam Rogers, knocking him back into the corner as Robert Donovan gets back to his feet. He angrily stomps towards the exposed back of Lynch as Jack Lynch rolls towards his own corner...]

GM: Donovan's coming up behind Lynch!

[The big man raises both arms overhead, clasping his hands together in a double axehandle...

...but Lynch wheels around, sinking an Iron Claw on the abdominals of Donovan!]

GM: STOMACH CLAW!!

[Donovan cries out in pain, staggering backwards as Lynch backs him across the ring. Rogers shakes off the effects of the punches, rushing Lynch from the blind side to connect with a big knee into the back...]

GM: That'll break the Claw for sure!

[Rogers promptly hooks a waistlock, waiting for Donovan who quickly rushes the ropes...]

...and goes tumbling over the top as Travis Lynch interferes, tugging down the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: DQ! DISQUALIFY THEM!

[But the referee was shielded from the action by the arrival of Larry Doyle and Dave Cooper at ringside. Doyle is up on the ramp, shouting at the official as Dave Cooper drops off the ramp down to ringside, quickly moving around the ringpost...]

GM: What the hell?! Where's Cooper going?!

[Cooper stops at the timekeeper's table, scooping up a steel chair in his hands as Travis Lynch gets back up on the apron, pointing at Doyle...]

GM: Wait a second! NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The chairshot BLASTS Travis across the back, knocking him off the apron to the floor. A shocked Rogers releases James Lynch who rushes the ropes, stepping through them to the apron, rushing to his brother's side. Dave Cooper slips around the ringpost, still unseen by most of the men involved in the match...]

...and comes face-to-face with Dick Wyatt who looks puzzled at him. Cooper shrugs...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and JAMS the end of the chair back into the gut of Wyatt!]

GM: Cooper assaulted Travis Lynch AND Dick Wyatt!

[With Wyatt doubled up, Cooper takes a glance over his shoulder, winding up with the steel chair...]

...and taking a very slow swing with it - too slow - as Wyatt lifts his hands, blocking the chair...]

GM: WYATT'S GOT THE CHAIR!

[Which is Cooper's cue to bail out, ducking a wild swing from Wyatt as he hurdles the barricade, running through the crowd and towards the exit of the building. Wyatt angrily slams the chair into the railing, turning back towards the ring...]

GM: SPEAR!

[The crowd ERUPTS as James Lynch delivers a big spear tackle on Dick Wyatt, knocking him back into the railing!]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: Lynch thinks Wyatt hit Travis! He heard the chair! He saw Wyatt with it! He has no clue that Dave Cooper came out here and did that!

GM: Lynch pulls Wyatt up... what's he doing?!

[A furious James Lynch fires Wyatt under the ropes into the ring, shouting in at his big brother who is on his feet...]

...and HOOKS the Iron Claw on Wyatt!]

GM: THE CLAW!! THE CLAW!!

BW: But he ain't legal, Gordo! He ain't legal at all! He ain't even in this match!

[Adam Rogers slips in behind Jack Lynch, smashing him in the back with a knee before hooking a rear waistlock...]

...but a dazed Travis Lynch reaches under the bottom rope, grabbing Rogers by the ankle and yanking him out of the ring where he begins battering him with a right hands!]

GM: TRAVIS IS ON ROGERS!!

[Suddenly, Larry Doyle just backs away, a big grin on his face as he heads back towards the locker room. The referee wheels around...]

...and his jaw drops as he looks around. He sees Dick Wyatt and Jack Lynch trading haymakers. He looks to the floor to see Adam Rogers being pummeled by Travis Lynch...]

GM: No, no! Don't do it, ref! Don't-

[...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd roars with disapproval as Donovan and James Lynch join the battle, trading haymakers as well as the referee slides out to talk to the ring announcer.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... both teams have been DISQUALIFIED!
Therefore, both teams have been ELIMINATED from the tournament!

[The crowd roars again, not sure what to make of that announcement as the brawl continues in the ring!]

GM: All hell is breaking loose in there! All hell has broken loose out here! A double disqualification means they're both out! They're both gone! Instead of eight teams advancing to tomorrow night, there will only be seven, Bucky!

BW: I'll do you one better, Gordo - it means that the Blonde Bombers just got gift-wrapped a trip to the Semifinals!

GM: The Blonde Bomb- I'll be damned! Well, I'll be damned, Bucky! This whole thing was a setup! Cooper... Doyle... it was all a damned setup!

BW: That's a bold statement to make, Gordo. You got any proof of that?!

GM: It's obvious! It's plainly obvious! We talked about who the spark would be for this powder keg... we just didn't think it was going to be Dave Cooper! Royalty strikes again and... my stars, did Dave Cooper and Larry Doyle just hand this whole tournament to the Blonde Bombers?! Fans, we've gotta get some control over this situation! We've gotta- let's go take a quick break!

[Fade to black...

...and then slowly fade to a graphic that reads and is accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[Cut to the silhouette of a man sitting on a stool, bathed in shadows, talking to the camera.]

"They say too much of a good thing can ruin it for everyone..."

[The camera zooms in on the now illuminated face of the man sitting on the stool, all short blonde hair and blue eyes, dressed to the nines in a tailor made suit.]

Marcus Broussard: ...but they've never seen this DVD before.

["Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing plays in the background as Broussard speaks.]

MB: The AWA is proud to present the AWA Superstar Series. A collection of DVDs that focus on the greatest wrestlers the AWA has ever seen. And it's even prouder that the first volume is all about _me_.

[Broussard points to himself as clips from Broussard's AWA career fly by.]

MB: I'll take you to the first Memorial Day Mayhem with never before seen footage as I win the first ever AWA National title.

[A clip of Broussard celebrating in the ring with the title, and hugging his wife backstage.]

MB: I'll take you to the Broussard Estate, and we'll walk through the state of the art fitness center on the South Wing of the house, where I prepared to go one hour with the "Natural" Adam Rogers.

[A clip of Broussard walking through what looks like a gym in warmup pants, and then to the First Year Anniversary Show, where Broussard and Rogers still stood after a 60 minute draw.]

MB: We'll tour the Combat Corner, where men like Aaron Anderson, Eric Preston and Supreme Wright were trained by yours truly and Todd Michaelson, and we'll go behind the scenes as I returned to take on the Southern Syndicate.

[A clip of Broussard announcing his return to the AWA, with the crowd going crazy in the background.]

MB: We'll go to WarGames on the Bayou, we'll go to WrestleRock. We'll Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash and we'll go one on one with Stevie Scott in my last match ever. Over three hours of the very BEST the AWA has ever seen, blazing trails and setting the standard like only I can do. All handpicked by me, so you know you're getting that Broussard guarantee.

From the early days of feuding with Ron Houston, ruling the roost with the Super Ninja, to coming home to preserve the company I built, it's all here.

Marcus Broussard...

[The San Jose Shark hooks a thumb at himself.]

MB: ...you can't be me, but you can be just like me. Learn to love it, my friends.

[The camera fades out to the cover of the DVD collection, as the voice of Mark Stegglet speaks.]

MS: Marcus Broussard: Learn to Love It is available at Wal-Mart, Target and wherever AWA videos are sold!

[We fade from the shot of the DVD back to black...]

...and then back up in the locker room area where Jason Dane is standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

JD: Fans, I cannot believe what I just saw go down... we all knew about the bad blood between the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies, so you figured there might be some controversy... but for the controversy to involve...

[He stops as "The Professional" Dave Cooper strolls in front of the backdrop, a big smirk on his face.]

JD: ...this man right here, I could not imagine that! Dave Cooper, what business do you have interfering in the match between the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies?!

DC: Jason, I figured you were the inquiring mind who wanted to get to the scoop, so I figured I'd do you a favor and tell you... let me start off by saying that, when I look at the Lynches and the Bullies, I can only sit back in amazement at the fact that you can have six men together and not find one ounce of a brain between any of them.

When I see any Lynch, I see somebody that stands as the perfect example as to why some people need to use birth control more often, lest you end up with a whole flock of backwater hicks like them populating this world. To see any combination of them win the Stampede Cup is a shame and a disgrace and it's something I'm not gonna let happen again.

And as far as the Beale Street Bullies are concerned... well, I enjoyed being a thorn in Robert Donovan's side so much I figured I'd keep the tradition going. Meanwhile, you got Adam Rogers going insane right before everyone's eyes. But everyone shouldn't be surprised, as anybody who has to live every day with the thought that he could never be as good as Mark Langseth was, and has lived in Langseth's shadow ever since his career began, would certainly be bound to go insane.

As for Dick Wyatt, guilt by association is the only excuse I need to say that I can't stand the man.

JD: Something tells me this is more than just any issue you have with the Lynches or the Bullies... after all, the winner of that match was to face the Blonde Bombers!

DC: And why should the Bombers have to get their hands dirty and risk infection from whatever diseases slobs like the Lynches or the Bullies might have picked up?

Besides, everyone knows that Mark Langseth and myself should have been a team in the Stampede Cup, so I decided to take out two of the AWA's favorites to make up for our absence. Heck, I may just have to keep taking more teams out... after all, the AWA has quite a few of its favorites still infesting this tournament. Kind of like how it started with Supernova and the Sultan of Salami.

But, instead, I think I'll just keep everyone guessing, but do just enough to let it be known that Royalty is the only superior force in the AWA and that the Bombers are destined to win the Cup... and Jason, that is the END of the discussion!

[With that, Dave Cooper storms off the set.]

JD: Fans, something has to be done about that man before he causes even more trouble. We're about to go down to ringside for our next match but before we do, let's hear this comments recorded earlier today with one of the teams in our next match - The Aces!

[Cut to the Aces, Percy Childes, and Raven standing against a blue backdrop. "Delicious" Daniel Tyler stands to the right of the screen with his partner, "Sweet" Steven Childes standing to Tyler's left. Percy stands behind Steven. Raven stands behind the Aces, but between them so she's able to be seen over their shoulders. She's got a firm grip in a mirror. All four wear clothes.]

SC: We come to the inevitable. The Stampede Cup is finally here, and now the entire line-up is known.

[Steven waves it off.]

SC: It doesn't matter. Two years, the Aces have competed in this tournament, and we came up short. This year is OUR time. This year is OUR moment. This year, the Stampede Cup is OURS to win. No more talk, no more games.

DT: OUR year. OUR prize. We get to kickstart this years Stampede Cup by eliminating the AWA mega powers. I can't think of a better way to start it off for the Aces other than slapping around Stevie and Juan before we beat those chumps.

[Tyler looks to his partner.]

SC: Welcome to our wheelhouse, Stevie and Juan. Don't let the short trip hurt your ego.

DT: As for the other fourteen teams, watch and learn how to make tag team wrestling an ART.

[We fade from the pre-recorded footage to the ring where the ring announcer is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is the final match in the first round of the Stampede Cup tournament. Introducing first...

[Cue up Red Kross' "Dancing Queen" cover as the crowd erupts into boos.]

PW: Hailing from Jacksonville, Florida and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and fifteen pounds. Here are... "SWEET" Steven Childes! "DEL-ICIOUS" Daniel Tyler...

THHHHHHHHHHHHHHE AAAAAAAAAAAAAACES!

[The song continues to play, but no one emerges on the raised entrance way. The boos die down a bit as Phil Watson looks to the entrance portal.]

GM: The Aces aren't coming out, Bucky.

BW: Wouldn't surprise me if Scott and Vasquez locked the Aces in their locker room.

[The song stops and starts up again. Watson is confused.]

PW: From Jacksonville, Florida and weighing four-hundred and fifteen pounds. Here are THE ACCCCCCCCCCCES!

[Fifteen seconds into the song, no one emerges onto the raised aisle.]

BW: This can't be good.

GM: I apologize to those watching the show. We're trying to get word on the Aces right now.

[Raven and Percy Childes emerge onto the raised entrance. Percy, a bald rotund short man clad in a nice black jacket and pants with wine-colored tie, waddles his way down towards the ring carrying a travel bag of some sort. Raven, an exotic black-haired beauty in a gold evening gown, moves a bit quicker and with a look of panic on her face. She gets to the ring ropes and converses with Phil Watson.]

GM: Raven is out there now... Percy Childes is following her...

[Watson looks annoyed and looks over to Percy Childes. Childes gives Watson a nod affirming what Raven has told him.]

BW: Wonder what the deal is.

PW: Percy Childes regrets to inform everyone the Aces aren't able to make the match due to transportation difficulties.

[BIG round of boos.]

GM: What!? AGAIN!?

BW: Man, the Aces need to find a new travel agent.

[Phil Watson shrugs as the crowd ROARS to life at the sight of Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott coming through the curtain, looking over their shoulders as

they quickly make their way down to ringside. Vasquez shouts at Childes, pointing an accusing finger as Percy takes the mic from Watson.]

[Childes is finally at the ring where he gets the mic from Phil Watson.]

PC: I apologize for the confusion, ladies and gentlemen. But there's no need to riot! You needn't demand a refund. No, I have found a suitable replacement for the Aces. In fact, there's only one tag team in all the world who could fill their shoes.

[Some boos ring out, which grow louder as "Walk Like an Egyptian" by The Bangles starts playing, mid-song.]

PC: Hailing from Cairo, Egypt and weighing in a total combined weight of four-hundred and fifteen pounds! They are former Egyptian Tag Team Champions. Give a WARM welcome to... THHHHHHHHHHHHE
PHHHHHHARAOWOOOOOHS!

[Out come the Pharaohs to a bigger round of boos.]

BW: HAHAAHAHAHAHAHA!

GM: You have to be kidding me!

[The Pharaohs head down to the ring, obviously the Aces underneath masks. "Ramseys" and "Darius" are in matching outfits: white cloths around their waist, hanging to just past their knees; standard gold wrestling trunks; gold wrestling boots; and gold wrist and armbands. Their gold masks have the same faces as seen on a sarcophagus. They do the 'Walk Like An Egyptian' dance now and then to further antagonize the crowd as they get about halfway down the ramp...

...at which point Vasquez and Scott decide they've seen enough, stepping through the ropes to the ramp, rushing towards their opponents!]

GM: Here they come!

[The crowd ROARS to life as the two teams meet in the aisleway, trading haymakers as fast as they can throw them as referee Davis Warren shouts for them to get the action back to the ring.]

GM: Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott decided not to waste any more time in taking the fight to these two! The Unholy Alliance has declared war on Vasquez and Scott for what they've done to Percy Childes over the past several months and this is the first major battle between these two, taking place right here in the first round of the Stampede Cup!

BW: The winner of this one is gonna move on to face Violence Unlimited tomorrow night in the second round and after what we saw out of VU earlier tonight, I almost feel sorry for whoever advances, daddy.

GM: This is the final match in the first round. We know six of the seven teams who will be advancing in the tournament. That's right, fans - if you're just joining us, Dave Cooper of Royalty engineered a double disqualification in our matchup between The Lynches and The Beale Street Bullies which means the Blonde Bombers will be receiving a bye to the Semifinals tomorrow night where they'll face either Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds or the National Tag Team Champions, The Bishop Boys!

BW: You gotta like the Bombers' chances of winning the whole thing with that bye on their side, Gordo.

GM: You certainly do...

[With both teams trading shots as Gordon and Bucky hyped Night Two, Vasquez and Scott batter their way to an advantage, dragging the still-masked Tyler and Childes by the masks towards the ring. Scott gives Vasquez a shout who nods in response, both men hooking their opponents underneath the armpit with their own arms...

...and HURL them in tandem over the top rope and down inside the ring with a massive double hiptoss!]

GM: Ohh my! What a pair of throws by the AWA's Super Team!

[Vasquez and Scott step through the ropes, continuing to pursue the opposition as Percy Childes frantically shouts at his men, trying to get them to regroup as Scott and Vasquez pull the masked men up off the canvas as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: There's the bell and this match is officially underway. Remember, a thirty minute time limit in this one with the winner moving on to Night Two for a shot at becoming the very first AWA World Tag Team Champions.

[Backing the Pharaohs into the ropes, Vasquez and Scott send them off the far side with a pair of Irish whips...

...and go downstairs on the rebound with a pair of right hands that flip both men over and down to the canvas!]

GM: Vasquez and Stevie Scott are asserting their will in the opening moments of this matchup... and finally, Percy Childes is able to get his men to roll out to the floor.

[A quick huddle-up follows, Raven on the outside looking in as Percy chatters away to his two masked men...

...which gives Juan Vasquez a moment to slink up to the top rope, pausing for a moment...]

GM: VASQUEZ IS UP TOP!!

[...and HURLS himself from his perch, wiping out both Aces AND Percy Childes with a diving crossbody off the top rope!]

GM: OHHHH MY!!!

[Vasquez pops up to his feet, reaching down for the nearest masked man and chucking him under the ropes to a waiting Stevie Scott as Vasquez walks around the ring, heading back to his corner as Raven tries to assist the two fallen allies at her feet.]

GM: Vasquez is in there with... I believe that's Darius... also known as "Delicious" Daniel Tyler.

BW: Huh? That's Darius alright but I don't know where you're getting the idea that these two are The Aces, Gordo!

GM: I've got eyes... and a brain.

BW: Well, I've got eyes too, Gordo.

GM: One out of two ain't bad.

BW: What the HELL are you implying, Myers?!

[Vasquez pulls Darius to his feet, shoving him back into a neutral corner before BLASTING him across the pectorals with a knife-edge chop!]

GM: Big chop out of Vasquez...

[He grabs Darius by the arm, looking for another whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Vasquez hits the neutral corner as Darius charges in...]

GM: He leaps!

[But Vasquez sidesteps, allowing Darius to slam chestfirst into the corner. He stumbles out, clutching at his sternum as Vasquez hooks him from behind, hoisting him up...

...and DROPPING him down on the back of the head and neck with a back suplex!]

GM: Nice suplex by Vasquez... and he's immediately into a cover!

BW: A far cry from the Vasquez we saw almost all of 2012, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is but it's good to see the old Juan Vasquez again - even as Darius kicks out at just a hair over a one count.

[A couple of stomps by Vasquez sends Darius rolling out to the floor. The referee steps in, forcing Vasquez back...

...which allows Darius and Ramseys to make an illegal switch, falling into an embrace, doing a quick spin, and then shoving the other man in.]

GM: I think they switched there! I'm almost positive of it!

BW: You're talkin' crazy, Gordo. I didn't see anything.

GM: I'm not even sure your eyes are open sometimes, Bucky. That was an illegal switch and judging by the reaction of these fans in Oklahoma City, the entire building saw it except for you.

BW: And Davis Warren - the only set of eyes that matter.

GM: You're right about that.

[Vasquez leans over to pull Ramseys off the mat...

...but the masked man slams his head into the midsection of the former National Champion, doubling him up. Reaching up, Ramseys tucks his head underneath the chin of Vasquez, dropping down on his rear end in a split-legged jawbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Vasquez didn't see the switch and the fresh man caught him in that jawbreaker!

[Vasquez stumbles back, clutching at his chin as Ramseys springs up, a blur of motion as he hits the ropes, flying back towards Vasquez with a clothesline that takes the bigger man down.]

GM: If I'm correct, that's Steven Childes in the ring right now - all five foot ten and two-oh-six of him who just laid in that running clothesline with a whole lotta impact.

[Ramseys pops back up, flashing a gesture at Stevie Scott that brings the hot-headed Hotshot barreling through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: In comes Stevie!

[Scott makes a beeline for Ramseys...

...but referee Warren cuts him off, forcing the Hotshot backwards against his will as Darius ducks into the ring, moving in just as Ramseys shoots Vasquez off into the ropes.]

GM: Illegal doubleteam!

[Ramseys ducks down as Vasquez hurdles over him, racing towards Darius who leaves his feet, cracking Vasquez on the forehead with a flying forearm smash before rolling out of the ring as the referee turns back around.]

GM: The Aces-

BW: The Pharaohs!

GM: Whatever you want to call them - they just pulled off an illegal doubleteam while the referee was putting Stevie Scott out of the ring.

BW: Maybe the Hotshot should watch his temper and not get his partner in trouble.

GM: A valid point but the official needs to keep his eye on the action inside the ring to prevent things like that from happening.

[Ramseys lays in a few stomps on the downed Vasquez before turning towards the ropes, dashing at them...]

GM: Ramseys leaps up!

[Springing off the middle rope, Ramseys flips through the air...]

BW: MOONSAULT!

[Vasquez rolls aside to avoid the flying splash but Ramseys lands deftly on his feet, shaking his head at Vasquez who pushes up to his knees...

...and gets CREAMED with a low dropkick to the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ramseys with a cover! He's got one! He's got two!

[Vasquez raises the shoulder at two. Ramseys promptly grabs a handful of hair on Vasquez, hammering away with short right hands to the skull before gesturing to his partner who raises a leg through the ropes, bending it so his knees is exposed...

...and Ramseys SLAMS Vasquez headfirst into the knee before making the tag.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes Daniel Tyler.

BW: DARIUS!

GM: Whatever.

[Each man grabs an arm on Vasquez, flinging him across the ring, and catching him on the rebound with a double Japanese armdrag, tossing him overhead and down to the canvas!]

BW: Beautiful doubleteam by the Pharaohs! I know they're the Egyptian Tag Team Champions and all but you've gotta be impressed at how well they're competing inside an American ring, Gordo.

GM: You're ridiculous.

[Vasquez rolls towards the ropes as Darius comes after him, stomping and kicking at the ribs, forcing Vasquez under the ropes to the ring apron. Darius leans over the ropes, pulling Vasquez up to his feet...]

GM: Darius pulls him off the mat...

[Hanging onto the ropes, Darius leaps up, swinging a leg around to crack Vasquez in the ear with an enzuigiri-type kick!]

GM: Ohh! Headkick out of Tyler...

[Darius quickly hooks a front facelock on the dazed Vasquez, slinging an arm over his neck...]

...and muscles him over the top, dropping him down with a vertical suplex!]

GM: ...and then brings him in the hard way!

[Darius pops up to his feet, striking a double bicep pose to the jeers of the crowd. He grabs at the back of his head, swiveling his hips around to even louder jeers as Stevie Scott shouts something disparaging at him.]

GM: Whatever you want to call this guy, he's wasting a whole lot of time right now in there, fans. If he thinks they're going to beat Vasquez and Scott easily, he's got another thing coming.

[Scott shouts again, drawing Darius' attention towards him. A little war of words is exchanged as Juan Vasquez rolls to a knee, grabbing onto the ropes to try to get off the mat...]

GM: Vasquez is getting to his feet behind Darius!

[At a shouted warning from Percy Childes, Darius wheels around to find Vasquez up on his feet, leaning against the ropes. He promptly charges his weakened foe...]

GM: Darius-

[Vasquez steps away from the ropes, sidestepping the charge to force Darius into the ropes where he bounces off...]

...and gets LAUNCHED into the air, thrown down to the canvas with a big high hiptoss!]

GM: HUUUUUGE HIPTOSS OUT OF VASQUEZ!

[Vasquez turns towards his corner...

...which is Ramseys cue to come dashing into the ring as well, charging Vasquez from behind...]

GM: Look out!

[But Vasquez sidesteps again, tossing Ramseys through the air...

...and RIGHT down on top of Darius!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Vasquez has taken `em both down... and he's headed for the corner!

[Vasquez wobbles to the corner, slapping the hand of his partner!]

GM: In comes the Hotshot on the tag...

[Stevie Scott steps in, all fired up as he slams his hands down on the top turnbuckle, turning to point at the recovering Pharaohs...

...and runs `em down with a double clothesline!]

GM: STEVIE BOWLS `EM BOTH OVER!! A STRIKE FOR SURE!!

[Stevie slams his hands down on the ropes again, shouting “COME ON!” at the two masked man who are trying to get up off the canvas...

...and runs them over with a second double clothesline to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Stevie takes `em down again!

[Which is Percy Childes' cue to climb up on the apron, shouting at the referee...

...which is Stevie Scott's cue to march over towards the Collector of Oddities, grabbing him by the shirt!]

GM: HE'S GOT PERCY CHILDES!

BW: No fair! No fair! Get him off Percy!

[Percy frantically starts screaming, begging for help... for mercy... whatever he can get...]

GM: Percy's in trouble, Bucky!

BW: You were sayin', Gordo?

[The crowd boos wildly as Tully Brawn comes jogging down the ramp, heading straight towards the ring.]

GM: Tully Brawn's got no business being out here! None at all! Referee, stop that man before it's too late!

[The official spins around, spotting Brawn and stepping out onto the ramp to block his path...]

GM: Good job, Davis Warren!

[Warren manages to stop Brawn from reaching the ring but that leaves him unable to see Ramseys SLAM an arm up into the groin of the Hotshot, taking the former National Champion down as a red-faced Percy Childes collapses down off the apron, coughing and gasping for air as Raven comes to his side.]

GM: LOW BLOW!!

[With Darius back on his feet, Ramseys drags Scott to the middle of the ring, propping him up...]

GM: Stevie Scott's on his feet but for how long as-

[Ramseys leaps up, lashing out with a spinning leg lariat as Darius goes low with a spinning back legsweep...]

...which WIPES OUT Scott!]

GM: Bucky Wilde, you say these men are not the Aces but we just saw them use one of the Aces' signature doubleteam moves!

BW: The Pharaohs are obviously inspired by The Aces, Gordo. And who can blame them? The Aces are one of the greatest tag teams of all time!

[Ramseys throws himself into a lateral press but the official is still tied up with an over-anxious Tully Brawn, unable to see the three count attempt as Darius guards the pinning predicament.]

GM: There's no referee! They might have been able to get a pin here on Stevie Scott but Tully Brawn's got the referee tied up as he tried to come out here to help Percy Childes.

[Brawn shoves the official aside as he hops off the elevated ramp, moving around the ring to check on Percy Childes.]

GM: The referee's stepping back in... and he's waving Ramseys out of the ring. Apparently Darius is still the legal man although I can't imagine how Davis Warren remembers that.

[Ramseys steps out to the apron as Darius pulls Scott off the mat, throwing a pair of stinging left jabs before a right haymaker sends Scott falling back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Big right hand puts the Hotshot in the buckles...

[Darius reaches back, hooking a snapmare and taking Scott down to the mat...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAP!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HARD kick to the spine!

[Darius shoves Scott down to the mat, backing the corner where he hops up onto the midbuckle, giving his right arm a slap...]

GM: Tyler leaps!

[...and BURIES the point of his elbow into the throat!]

GM: Ohh! A diving elbowdrop by Tyler... and there's a cover!

[Darius lunges across the chest, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[But Scott lifts the shoulder, breaking the count.]

GM: Two count only right there as the Hotshot gets a shoulder off the mat.

[Darius climbs to his feet, raining down stomps on Stevie Scott to the jeers of the crowd...]

...and then backs to his corner, slapping the outstretched hand of Ramseys.]

GM: The tag is made again... and in comes Ramseys for the doubleteam...

[Each grabs an arm on Scott, whipping him into the ropes...]

GM: Double backdrop!

[But Scott pulls up short, burying a boot into the face of Ramseys!]

GM: Oh! Stevie caught him!

[Darius straightens up, charging the Hotshot...

...who sidesteps and HURLS Darius over the top rope and down to the floor below to a big cheer!]

GM: HE CLEARS OUT TYLER!

BW: DARIUS!

GM: Would you stop?!

[Scott wheels around as Ramseys charges him, throwing a dropkick...

...that Stevie sidesteps, causing Ramseys to slam down on his back!]

GM: The dropkick gets nothing but air!

[Vasquez calls for the tag but Scott isn't done yet, pulling a rising Ramseys into a front facelock. He hoists him into the air...

...and hangs him out to dry over the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Scott rushes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off...

...but Ramseys deadleaps to the top rope, springing off...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...and snares Scott's head between his legs, snapping him off into a hurracanrana!]

GM: OH MY!!

[Ramseys reaches back, hooking both legs tightly in a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS with joy as Scott just BARELY kicks out of the cradle attempt in time!]

BW: He almost got him, Gordo!

GM: He certainly did! Stevie Scott tried to stay in there and get one more big shot in on Steven Childes but Childes made him pay for it!

BW: That ain't Steven Childes, Gordo!

GM: Sure it's not.

[Both men attempt to scramble off the mat, looking to get the edge first. Ramseys is the first one up, leaping up to throw a pump kick...

...but Stevie sidesteps again, waiting as Ramseys turns, throwing jab... jab... jab... jab...]

GM: The fists are flyin'!

[Darius rolls back in, popping to his feet...]

GM: Darius is in!

[...and Stevie pivots to face him, throwing jabs at him as well - once, twice, three times, four times, five times...]

GM: The Aces are wobbly!

[Stevie does a full spin, cracking both men across their masked faces with a right hand - one after the other!]

GM: Ohh! Down they go again!

[And this time, Stevie marches to the corner to tag in Juan Vasquez to a big cheer!]

GM: The tag is made... and in comes Vasquez!

[Each grabs an arm, flinging the Pharaohs across the ring...

...and LAUNCHING them overhead and down to the canvas with a double backdrop!]

GM: DOUBLE BACKDROP BY VASQUEZ AND THE HOTSHOT!

[Darius and Ramseys struggle up to their feet as Scott says something to Vasquez who nods. The two men approach their opponents from behind, waiting for them to turn...

...and land a double boot to the gut as they turn to face Scott and Vasquez!]

GM: They go downstairs and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Vasquez and Scott rip the masks off their opponents, throwing them down to the mat to reveal Steven Childes and Daniel Tyler who frantically try to cover up their faces, dropping down to the mat and rolling from the ring to huddle up with Percy Childes and Tully Brawn.]

GM: Hah! Of course it's the Aces! Was there ever any doubt?!

BW: I, for one, am shocked, Gordo! Absolutely shocked!

[Vasquez and Scott mock the huddle on the floor, throwing the two masks out into the crowd to some big cheers.]

GM: The Aces have been unmasked and we can all see clearly now through the... whatever it was that the Unholy Alliance was trying to pull.

[Tully Brawn shouts into the ring, pointing at Vasquez who waves him forward...]

GM: Juan Vasquez says he'll take on Tully Brawn as well!

[Brawn hops up on the apron but bails back down to the floor at the sight of Vasquez rearing back with the fearsome right cross.]

GM: Haha! Tully Brawn wants NO part of that right cross!

[With Vasquez and Brawn trading words, Childs huddles up with his team...

...unaware that Stevie Scott has slid out to the floor and is creeping up on them. He grabs Childs and Tyler by the hair, SMASHING their skulls together and knocking Percy down in the process to another big cheer!]

GM: STEVIE SCOTT WITH THE DOUBLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[The crowd is roaring as Scott pulls Daniel Tyler off the mat, throwing him under the ropes to a waiting Juan Vasquez who pulls Tyler to his feet, shoving him back into the corner, leaning over to grab the middle rope...]

GM: Vasquez with a shoulder down low... and another... and another...

[Vasquez straightens up, grabbing Tyler by the arm...]

GM: He sends him across... follows him in...

[A big running knee to the gut catches Tyler square, causing him to slump down to his rear end in the corner. Vasquez looks around at the cheering fans before grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: He's got Tyler in trouble here, fans!

[Vasquez lunges forward, slamming his knee into the face of Tyler... once... twice... three times... four times... five times... six times, battering Tyler all the way down so that his head is leaning against the midbuckle...]

GM: Vasquez backs across the ring, pointing to the corner...

[The former National Champion sprints across the ring at top speed and SLAMS his knee into the face of the stunned Tyler!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Vasquez grabs a foot, dragging Tyler away from the corner and drops down into a pinning position.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[The crowd jeers as Tully Brawn reaches in from outside the ring, grabbing Vasquez by the ankle, and dragging him under the ropes to the floor!]

GM: What the-?! Brawn pulls out Vasquez!

[An angry Vasquez spins around, dropping Brawn with a right hand!]

GM: Oh yeah! Let him have it, Juan!

BW: You're the very beacon of impartiality, Myers.

GM: Tully Brawn's got no business being out here, Bucky! None at all!

BW: He's a member of the Unholy Alliance, ain't he?! Those are his boys in there battling to get to the next round of the tournament! He's got EVERY right to be out there if you ask me!

GM: No one was asking you. Fans, we're past the ten minute mark in this match - remember, only a thirty minute time limit in these first round matches.

[Vasquez climbs back up on the apron with the aid of the ropes, looking to get back into the ring where Tyler is down on the mat...

...but Steven Childes has other ideas, getting up on the apron next to Vasquez...]

GM: Childes is on the apron... big right hand by Vasquez knocks him back...

[But Childes rushes back in, throwing a forearm to the ear on the former National Champion. He grabs a handful of hair, leaping over the ropes into the ring and snapping Vasquez' throat down on the top rope, sending him sailing backwards off the apron and down to the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on, referee!

[The official backs down Childes, shouting at him for the illegal attack as Daniel Tyler tries to get back to his feet in the corner. Stevie Scott shouts across the ring at the referee as well, gesturing at Childes. The official peels off to discuss the situation with the Hotshot...

...which allows Childes to grab the top rope, slingshotting himself over the top in a somersault...]

GM: CHILDES GOES OVER THE TOP...

[...and DOWN onto the prone Vasquez with a senton splash!]

GM: ...DOWN ONTO VASQUEZ!!

[With the referee still distracted, Childes and Brawn pull Vasquez off the mat. Brawn holds the arms as Childes lights him up with chops across the chest before they shove him back into the ring together...]

GM: Vasquez gets pushed back in by Brawn... the referee has GOT to get Tully Brawn out of here, Bucky!

[A recovering Daniel Tyler has a few stomps for Vasquez, keeping him down on the mat as Childes retakes his spot on the apron, shouting across the ring at Stevie Scott.]

GM: A whole lot of bad feelings going on on both side sides of this ring tonight.

[Tyler tugs Vasquez up to his feet by the hair, pulling him into a double underhook...]

GM: Tyler's got him hooked... and snaps him over with a butterfly suplex! Nice execution on that suplex there... and Steven Childes is calling for the tag...

[Tyler makes the tag just before whipping Vasquez across the ring into the corner. He rushes in behind him, connecting with a clothesline that takes Vasquez off his feet to a seated position on the mat...]

...when Steven Childes comes tearing across the ring, throwing himself into a cannonball against the buckles!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Beautiful doubleteam by The Aces! And what you're seeing is exactly what happens when a great tag team faces two great singles wrestlers, Gordo. The Aces are using their teamwork and their experience as a tag team to completely overwhelm Vasquez and Stevie Scott at times. Sure, Vasquez and Scott may get a flurry in from time to time but The Aces are establishing themselves in control over and over again.

[Childes gets back to his feet, dragging Vasquez from the corner by the boot and getting another two count off a lateral press. The high flyer gets up, questioning the official angrily as he waits for the fan favorite to rise...]

GM: Vasquez needs to make a tag right about now, I think. He's starting to look a little weary from the double teams and having to constantly battle a fresh man in there.

[Vasquez gets to a knee where he eats a sharp savate kick to the gut... and second puts him down on both knees...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where a thrust kick to the chin lays him out!]

GM: That might do it! He might have knocked Vasquez cold with that!

[Childes makes another cover as the referee dives down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The shoulder comes flying off the mat, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: No, no! Two count only right there!

[Tully Brawn pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at the official who gets back to his feet, ordering Brawn to get down. Stevie Scott comes down the apron, doing the same thing as Steven Childes gets back to his feet, pulling Vasquez to the Aces' corner by the hair where he slaps the hand of his partner.]

GM: Another quick tag will bring Daniel Tyler back in...

[Childes pulls Vasquez up as his partner enters, hooking Vasquez around the head and neck as Tyler steps in and does the same but from the rear...]

GM: What in the world...?

[Tyler snaps off a Russian legsweep just as Childes executes an STO takedown, SMASHING the back of Vasquez' head into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: They call that the Crackerjack, daddy... and that might be it!

[Tyler rolls into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR-

[This time, Stevie Scott decides not to risk it, rushing in to stomp the back of Tyler's head to break the pin. The referee gets right up, forcing Scott back to the corner...

...which allows Tully Brawn to hop up on the ring apron.]

GM: Brawn's on the apron! He's climbing in the-

[Scott shoves past the official, racing past him to BLAST Tully Brawn with a right hand that sends him sprawling through the ropes and off the apron to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! STEVIE FLOORS BRAWN!!

[The referee steps in again, forcing Stevie Scott back out to the apron before he wheels around, pointing at a rising Tully Brawn...

...and points back to the locker room!]

BW: WHAT?!

GM: He's gone! He's outta here! The referee just ejected Tully Brawn from ringside!

BW: He can't do that!

GM: He certainly can and he certainly just did!

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: We've reached the halfway point in this time limit as Tully Brawn is being forced to leave the ringside area! The Aces are livid! Percy Childes is livid! And with that kind of reaction, you have to wonder if referee Davis Warren just foiled some kind of plan that the Unholy Alliance may have had to steal the outcome of this match, fans!

BW: Slander! I call slander!

GM: I call reality! James Monosso talks about Calisto Dufresne likely having a plan for tonight - well, you KNOW that Percy Childes wasn't going into this big match and letting fate decide the winner!

[Percy Childes frantically waves his crystal-topped cane at Daniel Tyler, telling the shocked Ace to stay on his game.]

GM: Tyler's turning back to Vasquez... pulling him off the mat...

[Tyler scoops him up, slamming him down on the canvas...

...and then points towards the neutral corner...]

GM: What's this? What's he calling for here?

[With the crowd buzzing with concern for Juan Vasquez, Daniel Tyler begins to scale the turnbuckles, looking for the homerun that would end the match and send he and his partner onto Night Two of the tournament...]

GM: Tyler's on the second rope... now stepping up top...

[Facing away from the ring, Tyler looks out at the crowd, takes a deep breath...

...and throws himself backwards in one heck of a graceful-looking moonsault, getting full rotation as he sails down towards a stunned Juan Vasquez...]

BW: MOONSAULT!

[...RIGHT onto the raised knees of Vasquez!]

GM: HE GOT THE KNEES UP! HE GOT THE KNEES UP!

[The crowd ERUPTS in surprise as Tyler falls back, clutching at his ribcage!]

GM: Juan Vasquez just saved himself... and perhaps the outcome of this match for he and his partner!

BW: He got in a lucky shot but now he needs to make the tag!

GM: He certainly does. Both men are down and both men are looking to get to their respective corners to make the tag to their partners.

[The camera shot cuts to the corner where Steven Childes has his arm stretched out.]

GM: Steven Childes is ready and waiting.

[Cut to the other corner where Stevie Scott is standing on the bottom rope, shouting at his partner...]

GM: Stevie Scott is as well. It's a race now, fans!

[Tyler rolls to all fours, still clutching his ribcage as he inches closer and closer towards his corner. Juan Vasquez is sliding backwards, his arm outstretched as he tries to use his legs to push himself across the mat to his waiting partner...]

BW: "Delicious" Daniel's getting closer!

GM: He bounced off the knees and ended up pretty close to his own corner to begin with... he's got a shorter distance to travel and he's getting close, fans!

[We cut to Percy Childes at ringside who is SCREAMING at Tyler to make the tag, sweat pouring off his forehead...]

GM: Tyler's getting close! He's almost there!

[Vasquez rolls over, pushing up to his knees...]

BW: TAG! IN COMES CHILDES!

[Childes come in fast and hard, racing towards the kneeling Vasquez...

...who THROWS himself forward at the last moment before Childes DRILLS him from behind, slapping the outstretched hand of his partner!]

GM: TAG! TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Stevie Scott grabs Childes from outside the ring, rushing the length of the ropes to SLAM his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Headfirst to the corner!

[Still hanging onto the hair, Scott pulls Childes into a front facelock, dragging him back to the middle of the ropes by the entrance ramp...]

GM: Oh no...

[The Hotshot powers Childes up...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS him with a suplex on the wooden ramp!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! A SUPLEX ON THE RAMP!!

[Childes winces in pain, arching his body up off the ramp as he rolls to his side. Stevie Scott nods to the cheering crowd as he turns away from the ring to go after Childes who is now on his belly, breathing heavily from the impact...]

GM: Stevie Scott's got no mercy in him as he pulls Childes back up off the wooden ramp. The referee's telling him to get this fight back inside the squared circle but I think the Hotshot's got other ideas...

[Scott pulls Childes into a double underhook, nodding to the cheering crowd again before he hoists "Sweet" Steven into the air, twisting him over...

...and DROPPING him across a bent knee!]

GM: OHHH! SPINAL TAP BY THE HOTSHOT!!

BW: Percy's gotta think of something fast!

[We cut to Percy Childes who is down on a knee, his mouth moving rapidly.]

GM: What's he doing? Praying? I don't think God is listening to Percy Childes... on this day or any other!

[Back out on the ramp, Steven Childes is rolling under the ropes into the ring as Stevie Scott steps back through, fire in his eyes as he grabs Childes by the ankle to prevent him from going any further...

...and then drops a heavy elbow into the small of the back!]

GM: Big elbowdrop to the lower back...

[Stevie plants a knee in the kidneys, grabbing a handful of Childes' hair and CRANKING back! Childes screams out in pain at the tortuous hold as the referee orders a break.]

BW: Break the hold, ref!

GM: He's counting the man - three... four... fiv- whoa! That was close, Bucky!

BW: He should have been disqualified for it!

GM: Stevie Scott DID break just before the five count. Just barely before it but he did break the hold.

[Stevie gets back to his feet, stomping the lower back a couple of times before he grabs a handful of trunks, pulling Childes up to his feet and into a side waistlock...]

GM: Belly to back coming up...

[Stevie hoists him up for the suplex...

...but Childes somehow manages to flip over the top, throwing himself into a two-handed shove that rushes Stevie Scott across the ring...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and sends him CRASHING into Juan Vasquez who had just managed to get back on the apron!]

GM: Childes shoves him into his own partner!

[Stevie quickly recovers though, wheeling around to drop Childes with a right hand to the jaw. He starts to go after him when suddenly...]

GM: What the-?!

[The referee steps in, waving his arms and pointing at Vasquez!]

GM: I don't understand!

BW: I do! The ref says it was a tag! Childes just got the weaker man tagged back into the match!

[Scott's arguing with the official as a barely-moving Vasquez is totally unaware of what just happened...

...even when a quick dropkick to the side of the head sends Scott through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Childes knocks Stevie out of there and-

[He PASTES Vasquez with a forearm to the side of the head before dragging him through the ropes...

...and all the way across the ring before a furious Stevie Scott can get back on the apron, attempting to tag back in.]

BW: What a brilliant move by Steven Childes - absolutely a magnificent piece of strategy to get the fresh man out of there and get the weakened man back into the matchup.

[Childes reaches up, slapping the hand of his partner who, still clutching at his ribs, climbs back through the ropes into the ring as Childes pulls Vasquez off the canvas...]

GM: Both men setting up something here...

[Each man hooks Vasquez as if attempting a belly to back suplex, lifting him up for that same move...]

...and then laying out, throwing him facefirst down to the canvas as they drop to their rears!]

GM: OHHH!

[Tyler flips Vasquez over to attempt a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Again, Stevie Scott rushes in, throwing a forearm at the back of Tyler's head to break the pin. He pops up, throwing a right hand to the jaw of Childes as well before the official steps in to force him back to his corner...]

...which allows Childes and Tyler to doubleteam again, lifting Vasquez off the mat. They quickly hook a double front facelock, lifting the former champion up for a double suplex...]

GM: Another doubleteam...

[But at the peak of the lift, Tyler bails out of the suplex, dropping to his back and raising his knees as Childes DROPS Vasquez gutfirst across the knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Scott makes ANOTHER lunging save of his partner, staying behind to hammer Tyler with some hammerfists as Childes watches from outside the ring. The referee steps in again, forcing Stevie Scott back as Childes ducks back in, hopping up to the midbuckle as Tyler pulls Vasquez off the mat, holding his arms behind him...]

GM: Come on, referee!

BW: Hey, you can blame Stevie Scott for ALL of this, Gordo!

[Childes leaps off the buckles with a dropkick attempt...]

...that Vasquez slips out of the way of, causing Childes to dropkick his own partner off the middle rope!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

"TWENTY MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Ten minutes remaining in the time limit for this one... and Stevie Scott is BEGGING his partner to make the tag!

[Vasquez, down on his knees, again tries to make the long trek across the ring to where the Hotshot is eagerly waiting to get back legally into the matchup.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has got a LONG way to go to get across that ring and make the tag to his partner!

[Cut to Stevie Scott who is slapping his hand on the buckle in rhythm, getting the crowd to chant "VAS-QUEZ!" "VAS-QUEZ!" "VAS-QUEZ!" repeatedly, trying to drive a little more life into his former arch-rival now tag team partner...]

GM: The Hotshot's got that hand out there, begging for the tag, pleading for the tag... but Vasquez is only about halfway across the ring!

[Tyler gets back off the mat, shaking the cobwebs as he dashes to the corner, drilling Stevie Scott with a forearm shot that knocks him off the apron to the floor...]

...and then wheels back around, charging and FLATTENING Vasquez with a sliding clothesline!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Tyler flips Vasquez over again, diving across.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez FIRES a shoulder off the mat before the three count can come down!]

GM: How close was that! Juan Vasquez was a half a count or less away from losing this match for his team and Daniel Tyler can't believe it! He thought he had the match won right there!

[Tyler angrily shouts at the official as he hooks Vasquez in a front facelock, dragging him up...]

...and slowly turns him over!]

GM: He's looking for the Razzle Dazzle! If he hits this, it's over!

[Tyler gets back to back with Vasquez, looking out to taunt the jeering crowd...]

...and wastes just a little too much time as Vasquez reaches up, prying the arm from around his neck...]

GM: He's breaking it! He's breaking the hold!

[...and then hooks the arms of Tyler, dragging him down in a backslide!]

GM: BACKSLIDE!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[This time, the crowd roars in disappointment as Tyler just barely inches a shoulder off the mat. Desperately, both men scramble off the mat, trying to beat the other to their feet...

...and Vasquez gets their first, burying a knee into the gut of the rising Tyler!]

GM: Vasquez goes low, doubling him up...

[A tired Vasquez hits the ropes behind him, bouncing off with a big boot to the side of the head of Tyler, spinning him around and down to a knee. Vasquez looks to the corner. Not seeing Stevie Scott, he grabs two handfuls of Tyler's hair and PASTES him with a devastating headbutt!]

GM: Ohh! What a headbutt!

BW: Vasquez has one of the hardest heads in the spot - we've seen him go head-to-head - so to speak - with Raphael Rhodes, MAMMOTH Mizusawa, and others in the past!

[A second headbutt has Tyler slumping down but Vasquez muscles him up to his feet, hooking a rear waistlock with one arm as he hammers away with rapid-fire clubbing forearms to the back of the head and neck with the other...]

GM: Good grief! He's hammering Daniel Tyler into oblivion!

[With Tyler out on his feet, Vasquez hooks the rear waistlock with both arms before hoisting Tyler up...

...and DUMPING him on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: WAISTLOCK SUPLEX BY VASQUEZ! HE'S GOT A BRIDGE!!

[The referee dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS! DANIEL TYLER GOT THE SHOULDER OFF THE MAT IN TIME!!

[Vasquez rolls to a sitting position, shaking his head at the nearfall as he breathes heavily. From outside the ring, we can hear Percy Childes screaming instructions to the dazed Daniel Tyler who is facefirst down on the mat. Stevie Scott is back up on the apron as well, shouting for his partner to make the tag...]

GM: Stevie's waiting for the tag! Stevie's-

[Suddenly, Percy Childes pulls himself up on the apron, gesturing wildly with his crystal-topped cane, drawing the referee's attention...

...and Raven throws herself at the legs of Stevie Scott, wrapping them both up!]

GM: What the-?! What the heck is Raven doing?!

BW: I have no-

GM: LOOK AT THIS!

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as "Showtime" Rick Marley suddenly rolls out from under the ring apron, sliding into the ring...]

GM: What the-?! What the HELL is Marley doing out there?!

[Marley is standing behind Vasquez, frantically waving for him to get up, keeping one eye on the official who Percy Childes is occupying by physically grabbing him around the head and neck.]

GM: This is a setup! This is a damn setup!

[Steven Childes slides in, dashing across the ring to throw himself into a cannonball attack on Stevie Scott, knocking both the Hotshot AND Raven down to the floor. Childes wheels around, a big grin on his face as Vasquez slowly turns around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CASTING CALL! CASTING CALL BY MARLEY ON VASQUEZ!!

[The superkick flattens Vasquez, knocking him down to the mat. Steven Childes waves at Percy who lets go of the official just as Marley bails back out to the floor, ducking down out of view!]

GM: Marley strikes and then he's gone like a thief in the night!

[Childes is standing guard as a dazed Daniel Tyler flops over, throwing an arm across Vasquez' heaving chest! The referee drops down to count!]

GM: NO! NO!

BW: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Stevie Scott reaches under the bottom rope...

...and YANKS the official out of the ring!]

BW: WHAT THE HELL?! HE CAN'T DO THAT!

[The Hotshot waves at Raven, at Percy Childes, and then drags the referee by the arm around the ring...

...where we see Rick Marley skulking!]

GM: Stevie's pointing out Marley! He's telling the referee what just happened!

[On the other side of the ring, Daniel Tyler rolls out to the floor while all this is going on. Percy Childes is right there next to him, kneeling down out of view. As our camera cuts to that side of the ring, we find Tyler apparently rolling under the ring apron...]

GM: What in the... wait a second!

[Gordon's angry reaction is at the sight of what appears to be a completely different person - clad in a Pharaoh mask - rolling back into view. Percy leans down, talking to him. While we're watching this, the crowd ROARS!]

GM: The referee just ejected Rick Marley too!

[Steven Childes suddenly slingshots over the top rope, aiming for Stevie Scott...

...who sidesteps and allows Childes to eat the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Stevie Scott grabs the referee, pointing to the ring where Vasquez has managed to drag himself to the corner...

...and Scott hops up on the corner, reaching in to tag himself in!]

GM: The tag is made! Stevie Scott is the legal man!

[Scott marches across the ring where the masked man is now on his feet, looking pretty worn down...]

GM: I don't think that's Daniel Tyler, fans!

BW: What?!

GM: I think they made a switch out here! I think Tyler's under the ring and someone else wearing one of those masks is-

[Scott reaches over the ropes, pulling the masked man up...]

GM: Stevie, I think that's-

[Stevie suddenly gets his hand slapped away as the masked man grabs hold of him and SMASHES him with a headbutt between the eyes, a blow that knocks Stevie Scott backwards like he's been hit with a brick!]

GM: What the...?

BW: What a headbutt by Daniel Tyler!

GM: It's not- that mask is loaded, Bucky! There's no way a headbutt would knock Stevie flat like that!

[The masked man steps through the ropes. He quickly grabs a limp Scott by the arm, dragging him up and into a standing headscissors where he promptly hooks both arms in a double underhook...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: OHHHH!

[The masked man flips the unconscious Hotshot onto his back, diving across with a leg hook...]

GM: The referee has no idea! He has no clue what's-

BW: SHADDUP, GORDO!

[The referee dives down to count...]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE! YES! YES! YES!

GM: You've gotta be kidding me!

[The masked man promptly rolls out of the ring as quickly as he can, again falling out of the camera's view. The shot shifts almost instantly to show Daniel Tyler clearly crawling out from under the ring.]

GM: There! There! That's Tyler right there!

[Tyler tugs on a mask of his own, diving into an embrace with Percy Childes.]

GM: This is... this is terrible, fans. The Aces are going to advance in this tournament... and look at that! Whoever that masked man is who just aided the Aces is running for his life up the aisle!

[The camera gets a pretty clear shot of that... then pans up onto the ramp where Tully Brawn and Rick Marley are standing, big grins on their faces as they applaud what just happened.]

GM: I don't... is Rick Marley a member of the Unholy Alliance?!

BW: Isn't that obvious? What a great decision by Ricky Marley!

GM: The Unholy Alliance is getting ready for war and they've just drafted a big gun to their side of the battlelines, fans! Look at these guys... Tyler, Childes, Raven, and Percy are running out of here like thieves in the night and they're not much better than that if you ask me!

BW: The Aces are movin' on, daddy... and so much for this so-called Super Team! Vasquez and Stevie Scott are eliminated in the very first round and I love it, daddy!

GM: You would. Fans... what an awful way to end our first night of tournament action here in Oklahoma City but we now know the seven teams remaining in the tournament as well as the full lineup of second round matches we'll be seeing tomorrow night. We're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll be back with Mark Stegglet and the big board to see what's coming up next!

[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 to live action where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of the "big board."]

MS: Welcome back, fans... and with the shocking result that we just witnessed, we're down to seven teams remaining in this tournament! Let's take a look at the board...

[Stegglet steps to the side, gesturing to the board.]

MS: Seven teams advance... and Round Two tomorrow night is going to feature three very big matches. The National Tag Team Champions narrowly escaped with a victory here tonight over BCIQ... well, tomorrow night they're going to face a serious test when the Bishop Boys take on Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds!

[A graphic appears highlighting that matchup.]

MS: In the other half of that bracket, the Blonde Bombers will receive a bye to the Semifinals thanks to that controversial double disqualification between The Bullies and the Lynches... engineered, some would say, by the Bombers' partners-in-crime in Royalty, Dave Cooper. The Bombers skip all the way to the Semifinals where they'll await either the Bishops or the team of Jones and Hammonds.

[A graphic appears showing the Blonde Bombers with Larry Doyle.]

MS: In our second match of the second round, the monstrous team of MAMMOTH Mizusawa and MAMMOTH Maximus - The Prehistoric Powers - will do battle with Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines who we've been told WILL compete tomorrow night no matter what!

[Yep. A graphic to spotlight that showdown.]

MS: And in the final match of the second round, The Aces will meet former National Tag Team Champions and the 2010 Stampede Cup winners, Violence Unlimited in what should be an outstanding encounter. Three big matches which will lead us to the Semifinals. You will NOT want to miss tomorrow night's action at the Stampede Cup.

[The graphics fade to show Stegglet anew.]

MS: But we're not done here tonight, fans. All night long we've put our focus on tag team wrestling... but that's at an end. We've got one more match to go here tonight and it does not involve tag team wrestling. It is the World Title match. Two men fighting for the greatest prize in all the land - the AWA World Heavyweight Title. And right now, the challenger is about to step in here with me just moments before arguably the biggest match in his career - Calisto Dufresne... come on in here...

[The camera shot zooms out a bit to show "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne standing alongside Mark Stegglet. Dufresne is already clad in his wrestling attire; his long blond hair pulled back into a tight pony tail, emphasizing his sharp features. As usual, he looks supremely confident as a smirk rests upon his face.]

MS: I'm here with the challenger to James Monosso tonight, former National Champion, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Calisto, are you ready for the challenge that is James Monosso?

CD: Is Kobe Bryant ready to take a game winning shot? Is SEAL Team Six ready to burst in on some unsuspecting terrorist? Is Warren Buffet ready to make the stock trade of his life? The best in the world in any given field are _always_ ready, Stegglet. And Calisto Dufresne is no different tonight.

MS: How do you prepare for a man who is so ruthless and dominating inside the squared circle, such as James Monosso?

CD: I'm fairly certain that James Monosso was wrestling some Nazi in the 1936 Olympics. When you've been around since the dawn of time, you're bound to have some ruthless and dominating moments. The sun shines on a dog's rear end on occasion. If you want to talk about ruthless and dominating, you need look no further than your's truly. I've taken a man's eye simply because he was a fly buzzing around my head.

[A cold stare at the camera.]

CD: What lengths do you think I'd go to for the AWA World Title?

MS: Monosso says he's prepared for whatever plan you've devised to steal the AWA World Title, and-

[Dufresne dismisses the question with a wave of his hand.]

CD: The only plan I've devised is to show up tonight and step in the ring as the greatest talent in the wrestling world. How many times have you seen my shoulders pinned to the mat since I've been here?

[Clearly it's a rhetorical question, because Dufresne doesn't wait for an answer.]

CD: Unlike that maniac, I don't need to rely on underhanded tactics and brutal attacks on unsuspecting victims to be the best in the world. He doesn't need to burn what few brain cells he has left in trying to figure out what my plan is tonight.

It's simple, James: You bring the belt.

[Dufresne raises his fists, before a nod, a wink and a smile.]

CD: I'll bring these.

[And on that note, Dufresne storms off camera, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Did I hear that right? Does Calisto Dufresne intend to fight James Monosso straight up with the World Title on the line? I find that VERY hard to believe. Earlier tonight, our cameras caught up with the World Heavyweight Champion as well... let's hear what James Monosso had to say just hours before his World Title defense!

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" in an area best described as the bowels of the building. Up against a grey cinder-block-and-cement wall sits the AWA World Champion, James Monosso. There's no interviewer, just Monosso, clad in his black PROPERTY OF MYSELF T-Shirt with pale green lettering. This is worn over his one-strap black-and-silver singlet. The AWA World Championship belt is strapped around his waist. The wide-faced stringy-haired madman, whose temples are showing grey, looks into the camera with wild, unsteady eyes.]

James Monosso: I told the cameraman to come back here, instead of me goin' out there like they wanted. Becuase of you, Dufresne.

I know how you work. You act like you're a reasonable man. You're not a reasonable man. Everything is a plot, a plan. You're a schemer, always trying to trick somebody out of something. Even when you don't want or need it. You do it because it's in your soul. It's who you are. You got some plan to get me, to get my title. So I ain't goin' out for an interview, where you could pull some trick.

You want the title to change hands on a disqualification? Tough. I'm not stupid. I'm not a lemming wanna-be hero who fights for honor, whatever that even means. You're not going to bait me by pretending to have a moral objection. Nobody believes your stupid act. You're gonna hafta do better than that.

Ever since you came to the AWA, you've got your way. Every time. Some people might think what I'm doin' is cowardly. Refusin' your stipulations. Stayin' out back like I was hidin'. I already heard it from some of these guys back here. They asked me why I was scared of a guy so much smaller. Why I was hidin' from a man who's never won a fair fight. You know the answer, Dufresne.

Fightin' with honor got City Jack blinded. Fightin' with honor got Vasquez crushed under the boots of twenty guys. Fightin' with honor got Eric Preston a one-way ticket to skid row. Fightin' with honor... got you rolled in Westwego. But for that one night, you always preyed on the people who fought that way.

So lemme ask you a question, Dufresne. You ever in your life fight a man just like you?

[As he says this, the champion leans forward. His look in his eyes is growing more intense as his tone lowers.]

JM: All this time, you cruised by because you'd do what the rest wouldn't. But I'll do anything. I'll hide. I'll suffer disgrace. I ain't proud. 'Cause in the end, I got the thing that justifies whatever I do. You had it, and you screwed it up because you were proud. I ain't gonna make that same mistake. And when we get IN the ring? I'm gonna look at you with one thought in my mind: "I gotta destroy this man before he steals my title."

I don't know what you got planned, and you know what that means? I'm scared. I'm desperate. I'll do anything. ANYTHING. Just like you. Except I'm not a schemer; I'm a killer. The fans want a hero, but I'll never be that. I don't care. But there's one other thing the fans want, Dufresne. Somethin' I'll give them tonight. And that thing they want is a reckoning. They want blood. Your blood. And it so happens I need to spill your blood, Dufresne. NEED to. Or you'll steal my title somehow. Call it the price for your success in the past. You taught me that the best way to deal with you is unflinching cold violence.

And if somehow, you get the AWA to accept your inane request? If they go and say the belt changes hands on a DQ? If you get me DQed?

I'm gonna make it worth my while.

And I'll never be back in the AWA. Think about that. THINK about that. They can't suspend me. They can't fine me. There is no consequences to anything I do if I lose my belt. NO. CONSEQUENCES.

I'd think that over real, real hard before I tried to get clever if I were you. Or we might both have to retire tonight.

And you'd have to be INSANE to think otherwise.

[We cut back to a nice panning shot of the Oklahoma City crowd, the fans buzzing with enthusiasm for what is about to come...

...and then breaking into jeers as the sounds of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" kick in.]

GM: Calisto Dufresne says he has no plans tonight - no crazy plots like WrestleRock in the summer of 2011 when the Ladykiller helped orchestrate a beating the likes of which few in this business have ever come back from in order to put the National Title around his waist. That remains to be seen in my book.

BW: You don't trust Calisto Dufresne, Gordo?

GM: Not as far as I can throw him.

BW: You shouldn't throw anyone, Gordo... not with that bad back of yours.

[After a few moments, Calisto Dufresne strides into view. He pauses a few feet beyond the curtain, raising his arms straight out to his sides to soak up the intense jeers from the crowd.]

GM: These fans here in Oklahoma City do not like Calisto Dufresne.

BW: And he don't care one bit! In fact, I think he kinda prefers it that way. It's much easier when the fans don't like you, Gordo.

GM: How so?

BW: You don't have to worry about the rules... you don't have to worry about doing things the fans like. If you wanna waffle someone with a tire iron to win a match, do it and don't give a damn 'bout what anyone thinks.

[Dufresne smirks at the crowd's reaction, walking down the ramp in a set of royal purple trunks and matching boots. He has foregone the three-piece suit for this night, all business as he heads down the ramp to the ring, ducking through the ropes into the squared circle.]

GM: The challenger is in... and whether you believe him or not regarding his plans for this evening, you have to believe that he is ready and perfectly capable of winning the World Title right here tonight in Oklahoma City.

[Dufresne settles back against the turnbuckles as his music starts to fade and is replaced by the theme to Halloween and a HUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: Wow.

BW: Unbelievable, isn't it? Why, Gordo? Why would these people cheer for a monster like Monosso like this?

GM: James Monosso has told the world that he has not changed. He is the same person that drove Eric Preston to become the man he is today. He is the same man who helped end the AWA careers of men like Vernon Riley. He is the same man who tormented the entire AWA for ages. However, when Percy Childes betrayed James Monosso last year during the World Title tournament, something changed in the way that the AWA fans look at Monosso.

[The cheers grow louder as Monosso strides into view, the World Heavyweight Title immediately thrust up into the air by the powerful arm of the former mental patient.]

GM: There he is, Bucky. The man who lives on borrowed time every time he steps into a ring here in the AWA. The doctors have told him that his neck is severely injured and that he **MUST** retire. Monosso, however, has signed a medical waiver with the AWA and says he will **NOT** retire until he loses that World Heavyweight Title. Could that happen here tonight?

BW: It's gotta happen, Gordo! Monosso is a wreck - a physical mess. One bad fall on that neck and he's in a wheelchair for the rest of his days... and Calisto Dufresne is more than capable of giving him that bad fall, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is. You think of Dufresne's primary weapon - the Wham Bam Thank You Ma'am DDT. If he were to hit that on James Monosso, not only would Monosso's World Title reign come to an end... not only would his career come to an end... but you have to wonder if his ability to walk out of the ring under his own power would come to an end as well.

[Monosso glares down the ramp at his challenger as he continues to make his way down the aisle, the title belt still held up over his head. He stands in his trademark singlet and t-shirt, stepping through the ropes into the ring where Dufresne is standing, waiting. The World Champion comes up with his fists raised, ready for any pre-match attack that Dufresne might attempt...

...but none comes, a smirking Dufresne simply pacing back and forth as Monosso stares with a slightly surprised look on his face.]

GM: James Monosso was ready, Bucky... he was ready for an attack but none came.

BW: Of course not! Calisto Dufresne has sworn it - no games, no tricks here tonight. He wants to win the World Title on his own.

[Monosso settles back into his corner as Phil Watson steps into the middle of the ring...]

PW: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: It is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and it is for the AWA World Heavyweight Title!

[The cheers grow louder!]

PW: Introducing first... he is the challenger...

[Dufresne steps out of the corner to a tremendous shower of boos from the Oklahoma City crowd.]

PW: From Avery Island, Louisiana... weighing in at 245 pounds... he is a former AWA National Tag Team Champion... one-half of the 2009 winners of the Stampede Cup... and a former AWA National Champion...

He is the Ladykiller...

CAAAAAAALIIISTOOOO DUUUUUFRESNNNE!

[Dufresne slowly raises both arms, eyes closed as the jeers pour down over the challenger.]

PW: And his opponent... from the State of Confusion... standing six foot seven and weighing in at 288 pounds... he is the current reigning and defending AWA World Heavyweight Champion...

Ladies and gentlemen...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES MONOSSOOOOOOOOOO!

[Monosso, eyes clinched, leans back in the corner as the cheers pour down over him. He slowly raises the World Title belt, opening his eyes to stare at it before planting a kiss on the faceplate and reluctantly handing the title belt to the official who holds it high, walking around the ring for everyone to see it...

...and then hands it out of the ring to the timekeeper, Monosso watching all the while.]

GM: James Monosso is watching every step the official takes with that title belt. You gotta think he's wondering if that was the last time he'd hold the title. Is that the last time he'd hold that belt as the World Champion?

BW: Did he just kiss the title belt goodbye?

GM: We're about to find out, Bucky.

[Monosso straightens up, rolling his neck back and forth as Dufresne starts hopping from one foot to the other, shaking out his arms as the ring announcer exits. AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger steps into the middle of the ring, giving final instructions to both men...

...and signals for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HERE! WE! GO! The Main Event of Night One of the Stampede Cup. Tomorrow night, we will crown the very first AWA World Tag Team Champions but right here tonight, we're talking about the World Heavyweight Championship!

[Dufresne does not rush from the corner, not looking for a slugfest to envelop him. Monosso is hesitant as well, perhaps trying to protect himself physically.]

GM: There are so many variables that go into a match like this, it's hard to predict a winner, Bucky.

BW: I ain't havin' a hard time with it. Dufresne's the new champion right here tonight, Gordo.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[Dufresne edges out of the corner, walking to the side as he keeps his back up against the ropes. Monosso pivots to face him, moving forward in a direct line towards Dufresne...]

GM: Dufresne's backing off... he wants to size up Monosso before he just runs in there - that much is clear.

[Dufresne backs himself up against the ropes as Monosso comes straight towards him...

...and then suddenly reaches out, slapping the World Champion across the face!]

GM: Ohh! He slapped him! He slapped Monosso!

[The champion's eyes go crazy wide as he glares at the smirking Dufresne...

...who promptly bails out, ducking through the ropes to avoid the champion's assault. The referee steps in, trying to keep Monosso from pummeling the challenger in the ropes...]

GM: Dufresne's trying to cover up! He wants no part of this!

BW: The challenger's trying to get in Monosso's head but... man, that's a heck of a way to try and do it. You wouldn't catch me slapping Monosso across the face under ANY circumstances.

GM: Nor me.

[The official edges Monosso back to the middle of the ring, allowing Dufresne to duck back in. He leans against the ropes, waving for Monosso to "bring it."]

GM: Dufresne's obviously trying to get under the champion's skin. Maybe hoping he can lure him into making a mistake of some kind.

[Monosso shoves past the official, rushing towards Dufresne who buries a knee into his gut as he approaches. A second knee sends Monosso staggering away towards the middle of the ring...

...where Dufresne lowers the boom with a double axehandle to the back of the neck!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne hits hard and down goes Monosso!

[The Ladykiller wastes no time, stomping the back of the World Champion's neck, forcing him to roll for the ropes.]

GM: Dufresne's going straight for the neck - not wasting any time at all at making his intentions quite clear.

BW: Remember back at SuperClash IV when Supreme Wright said that in order to beat Monosso for the World Title, you'd have to cripple him? I think Calisto Dufresne's up for that challenge here tonight. He WILL cripple James Monosso to win the World Title if that's what it takes.

[Monosso rolls right under the ropes out onto the elevated ramp. The referee steps in Dufresne's path, trying to keep him back but the Ladykiller simply shoves him aside, stepping through the ropes out onto the platform.]

GM: The Ladykiller's going after him... remember, Dufresne had asked the President's office to approve a stipulation that if Monosso was disqualified, the title would change hands. That idea was shot down so the title can not change hands on a countout or a DQ here tonight in this one.

[Dufresne reaches the World Champion just as Monosso pushes up to his knees, throwing a right hand to the gut of the challenger!]

GM: Monosso with a right hand downstairs!

[He throws a kneeling haymaker at the doubled-up Dufresne, cracking him on the jaw and sending him staggering backwards. Monosso climbs to his feet...

...and breaks into a charge, connecting with a mammoth clothesline, flipping the Ladykiller over the ropes and back into the ring!]

GM: Oh my! Monosso fights right back and shows the challenger that he will NOT be intimidated!

BW: It's a good point, Gordo. A lot of people have speculated that because of Monosso's physical condition, he might need to fight a more defensive - maybe even a more conservative styler here tonight but so far that hasn't been the case.

[Monosso steps through the ropes, stalking towards his challenger who is rapidly trying to crawl across the ring, looking to get away from the angry World Champion.]

GM: Dufresne's trying to beat a retreat, looking to- ohh, I don't think so!

[Dufresne rolls over to his knees, lifting his hands to beg off as the crowd jeers and Monosso shakes his head.]

GM: The Ladykiller is looking for a little bit of mercy here out of James Monosso but I don't think the World Champion is capable of mercy, Bucky.

BW: I think you're absolutely right about that but the longer that Monosso stands there like a dolt, the more time Dufresne buys himself to recover from the huge clothesli-

[The crowd cheers as Monosso raises his leg and delivers a chest-thumping boot to the sternum, sending Dufresne down to the mat where he promptly rolls out of the ring.]

GM: The challenger slides out to the floor... but Monosso's going after him.

[Clutching his chest, Dufresne rests against the ring apron, his back turned to the ring...]

...which makes it fairly easy for Monosso to reach between the ropes, snaring Dufresne by the hair and physically dragging him with two hands full of hair back inside the squared circle!]

GM: HE BRINGS HIM BACK IN!

[Monosso pulls Dufresne the rest of the way up to his feet before laying in an overhand right that sends the challenger falling back into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Monosso's hands hit so heavy, Bucky. There's just so much anger and passion behind every one of the blows he lands.

BW: You're talking 'bout a guy on borrowed time. He's gotta make every punch count. You know, going into tonight's title defense, the best analysis said that Monosso would be looking to end this match quickly for a couple of different reasons, Gordo.

GM: Big whip coming up... and Dufresne SLAMS hard back into the corner!

[Monosso barrels across the ring, throwing a big double axehandle into the chest of Dufresne, causing his legs to flop up into the air before he slumps down to his rear on the canvas...]

...and the champion plants his boot right down on the throat of his challenger!]

GM: That's a choke, fans! No doubt about it! And the AWA's Senior Official, Johnny Jagger, is right in there to call for the break... laying in that count...

BW: This may be where Monosso gets himself disqualified just like Dufresne predicted!

GM: I don't think so.

[The champion peels away at the count of four, pacing out to the middle of the ring where he lets loose a roar, spinning to charge back in...]

...and SMASHES his boot into the face of the seated Dufresne, knocking him senseless and sending him sprawling through the ropes and down to the floor again!]

GM: Ohhh! What a big boot out of Monosso!

BW: Are you gonna let me finish what I was saying? I was pointing out that most people believe Monosso will try to end this match quickly for two reasons - the first one is that stack of dimes he calls a neck... one hard shot and that whole thing is tumbling down.

GM: And the second?

BW: Don't forget - Monosso had to get a waiver of the thirty day rule so that he could even compete here tonight at the Stampede Cup. So, he hasn't been in the ring to compete since New Year's Eve! You know how much ring rust you can accumulate in two months of inactivity?

GM: I'm sure he's been working out, staying ready.

BW: It ain't the same thing, Gordo... and you'd know that if you'd ever been in the ring.

[As the announcers bicker, Monosso has exited the ring, pulling Dufresne to his feet and laying in a heavy forearm to the chest to knock him back into the edge of the ring apron...]

GM: The champion's going to work out here on the floor - one of his favorite places to fight...

[Grabbing an arm, he goes for another whip...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES DUFRESNE!!

[Monosso rushes forward again, connecting with a big clothesline that flips Dufresne over the steel barricade and deposits him into the front row of fans in the Big House! BIG CHEER!]

GM: MONOSSO PUTS HIM IN THE FRONT ROW!!

BW: A smart champion would bail out right now, get back in the ring and tell that referee to start counting.

GM: That's not Monosso.

BW: No, it's not. 'Cause I said a "smart champion." Monosso's got both oars in the water but the boat's done sprung one heck of a leak, Gordo. There ain't a chance he'll be working for a countout here like you know Dufresne would do if the boots were on the other feet.

[Showing that he's not looking for a countout, Monosso reaches over the railing, dragging Dufresne back up to his feet. The challenger looks completely out of it as Monosso grabs a front facelock, reaching down to hook a handful of tights...]

GM: Uh oh! He's gonna bring Dufresne back in the hard way!

[The World Champion pauses, preparing for the strain he's about to put his upper body through...

...and then powers Dufresne up into the air, holding him high for a moment, dangling upside down, and then DROPS him down in a painful suplex on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

BW: That'll send you right to the chiropractor, daddy! Dufresne's back just took a really bad shot right there and the Ladykiller's gotta find a way to get out from under Monosso and get some offense in or this one's gonna be over in a hurry.

GM: Remember, fans, a sixty minute time limit in this one-

BW: That's like all night for Monosso... heck, all year! He ain't goin' the hour, Gordo... don't you worry 'bout that. You'll be home in time for Love Connection.

[Monosso leans against the railing for a bit, already showing some signs of fatigue before he pushes off, stomping down on the chest of Dufresne before he ducks under the ropes, rolling back in...]

GM: Hey, look at this... we might have BOTH been wrong, Bucky. It looks like James Monosso WOULD settle for a countout in this one.

BW: It's the smart thing to do... which is exactly why I didn't think he'd go for it.

GM: The referee is starting a ten count on Dufresne as Monosso pushes up to his knees, breathing very heavily. We're just a hair over five minutes into this match and Monosso looks like he's having a REAL hard time of things. It could be the ring rust like you said or it could be that neck injury is getting worse and worse with every time he steps into that ring.

BW: Never forget that we're talking about a man whose doctors have ORDERED to retire. Just 'cause he's on some damn fool's crusade to be the honorable champion don't take the truth out of the situation, Gordo.

[The referee's count hits seven when Dufresne pulls himself up using the ring apron, dragging himself onto the apron using the ropes which brings Monosso to his feet and marching in...]

GM: The World Champion's back on the attack...

[He leans over the ropes again...

...and Dufresne throws himself through the ropes, catching Monosso solidly in the breadbasket with a shoulder tackle that doubles him up!]

GM: Dufresne goes low... and he goes high!

[The "goes high" is a slingshot into a sunset flip over the ropes, dragging the World Champion's shoulders down to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Monosso SLAMS his legs together on the sides of Dufresne's head, breaking the pin attempt and leaving Dufresne crawling across the ring again, dragging himself to his feet in the turnbuckles as Monosso gets up in the opposite corner...]

GM: Both men back to their feet... Monosso charges!

[The big man raises his big leg to deliver a running big boot...

...but Dufresne bails out, causing Monosso to swing and miss, driving his right foot into the top turnbuckle, jamming his knee and causing him to hobble as he spins out of the corner...]

GM: Uh oh! The knee looks like it got twisted or something when he missed the big kick and-

[And Dufresne spots the injury immediately, throwing a big sweeping kick to the back of the knee that kicks Monosso's legs right out from under him, knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: Oh! Dufresne kicks the knee, knocking him down... and look at this! He's all over him!

[A desperate Dufresne drops to all fours, shoving Monosso back down before he can get to his feet and diving atop him with a series of short right hands to the skull. He grabs the stringy hair with both hands and SLAMS the back of Monosso's head into the mat!]

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

[The referee's count forces Dufresne to get back to his feet, looking around angrily before he starts stomping the knee, pinning it down to the canvas as the Ladykiller unleashes a brutal attack...]

GM: Dufresne's right back to work on the knee...

BW: Sometimes it don't take much to turn a match completely around and that's what we just saw. Monosso was cruising for the first five or six minutes of the match but one big mistake turns things around and puts the Ladykiller back in control.

[Backing into the ropes, Dufresne bounces off...

...and DROPS a knee down onto the pain-wrecked leg!]

GM: OHHH!

[Monosso visibly winces in pain at the blow, reaching down to cradle his own leg as Dufresne grabs him by the good leg, dragging him out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: He's looking for the figure four!

[Dufresne wraps up the leg in the spinning toehold, reaching down...

...and gets pulled down into a small package!]

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

[But the challenger breaks out of the cradle, breaking the pin attempt as well. Both men attempt to scramble up but the sore knee slows Monosso, allowing Dufresne to get their first, hammering the kneeling World Champion with a right hand across the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand from the challenger to stay in control as he drags Monosso off the mat, shoving him back into the corner. What's he... he's wrapping that leg around the middle rope!

[Dufresne starts wildly kicking at the leg, again drawing the referee's count for the repeated blows to the cornered man. At least a half dozen kicks land though before the four count forces Dufresne to back out, his hands raised as the referee leans in.]

GM: I think Johnny Jagger is checking to see if Monosso wants to continue.

[A one-handed shove sends Jagger down to the mat on his rear end. He looks up embarrassed as the crowd cheers, threatening to disqualify Monosso if he does it again.]

GM: I guess that's our answer.

BW: Did you see Monosso trying to get disqualified right there?

GM: That is NOT what he was trying to do.

BW: Sure it was! He knows the penalty for laying hands on an AWA official. He was hoping to get disqualified and get the heck out of there before Dufresne puts him in the retirement home.

GM: James Monosso's body has been through a lot in his wrestling career. He started as a rookie in 1992 - twenty-one years ago now. That's a long time to put your body through the rigors of professional wrestling, Bucky.

BW: There ain't a lot of guys who can handle a twenty year career inside this ring for sure. James Monosso is one of them... so far... but tonight could be the night that the whole thing comes to an end.

[Dufresne backs to the adjacent corner, lifting his hands to "size up" Monosso like he's shooting a movie...]

...and then breaks into a spring, SLAMMING his own knee into Monosso's trapped leg!]

GM: Goodness!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Dufresne drags Monosso away from the corner, a growing smirk on his face...]

BW: You can see the confidence growing again on the part of the challenger, Gordo. He can smell it! He can smell it in the air!

GM: What?

BW: Fortune and glory, old man. Fortune and glory.

[Dufresne grabs the leg, bending it up on a standing Monosso as he hooks a side waistlock, lifting the nearly three hundred pound World Champion up into the air...]

...and brings the bent leg SMASHING down on Dufresne's own bent leg!]

GM: Shinbreaker by Dufr- whoa!

[The challenger shocks the crowd by bouncing Monosso out of the shinbreaker right into a back suplex that jolts the head and neck of the World Champion!]

GM: Nice combination there by the challenger... and he's looking for a cover right here...

[The referee delivers a two count before the World Champion lifts a shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Two count only off the suplex... but Dufresne's right back up, going after the leg again...

[Dufresne grabs the leg again, looking to apply the figure four leglock...]

GM: He's going for the figure four!

BW: We usually see Dufresne apply this around the ringpost but when you're fighting for the World Title, you sometimes have to pull a few new weapons out of your arsenal.

GM: He wraps up the leg and-

[As Dufresne spins away, Monosso plants his foot on the butt of Dufresne, shoving him out of the hold...

...and sending him SMASHING chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH! A timely and effective counter by the World Champion has Dufresne reeling!

[Dufresne slowly backs from the corner, his arms throwing air punches as his eyes stare vacantly at the crowd...]

GM: He might not even know where he is after that!

[Pushing up off the mat with a whole lot of effort, Monosso wraps his powerful arms around Dufresne from the side...]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[The crowd erupts at the sight of the Descent Into Madness backdrop driver being set up...

...but Dufresne feels the arms and lashes out, knowing what's coming next, as he smashes the point of his elbow off the forehead of the World Champion!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne battles out!

BW: We're just over ten minutes into this thing and it may be getting to be desperate time for the World Champion as he went for Descent Into Madness - he went for that backdrop driver - before Dufresne was really properly softened up for it if you ask me.

[Monosso staggers back a few feet, turning away from Dufresne who pauses to shake the cobwebs before moving forward, hooking Monosso for a side Russian leg sweep...

...and lunges forward, SLAMMING Monosso's skull into the mat!]

GM: OH MY! He took that Russian leg sweep and went forward with it instead of backwards! Monosso went facefirst into the canvas off of that and he may have been knocked out!

[Dufresne muscles him onto his back, lunging across the chest.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[Monosso again rolls a shoulder off the mat as Dufresne claps his hands together in frustration.]

GM: I think Dufresne thought he got more of that. It was a devastating move but Monosso somehow found a way to will that shoulder up off the

mat. A lot of the time, I think Monosso's fighting on pure heart at this point - just an overwhelming desire to lose that World Title on his own terms and no one else's.

[Dufresne takes the mount, grabbing a handful of hair to give him leverage as he SLAMS his right hand into the skull of Monosso... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Get in there, Johnny Jagger!

[The referee steps in, counting quickly to four before Dufresne backs off, again raising his hands in a "I'm doing nothing wrong" gesture. The referee gives him some verbal dressing-down as the Ladykiller gets back up off the mat, staring down at the barely-moving Monosso...]

BW: I can feel it in the air, Gordo! History is on the verge of being made right here in Oklahoma City! The rightful AWA World Champion is about to reclaim his prize!

GM: The rightful World Champion?! How the heck do you figure that?!

BW: Calisto Dufresne had the National Title STOLEN from him almost a year ago in Westwego, right?

GM: You could argue that, yes.

BW: In my mind, that makes him the rightful National Champion... the rightful National Champion who was excluded from the biggest tournament of all time to crown the very first World Champion.

GM: He didn't want in that tournament! He chose not to compete in it!

BW: You really think Monosso wins that tournament if Dufresne is involved? The Ladykiller is the rightful National Champion... and when this is all said and done, he's gonna be the rightful World Champion as well in my eyes and the eyes of the entire wrestling world, daddy!

GM: You're delusional - you really are! Calisto Dufresne won the National Title through one of the biggest dastardly plots in the history of our sport. In the meantime, James Monosso beat a Who's Who of professional wrestling to become the champion - and has since beaten Supreme Wright and Nenshou to KEEP that title! You can call James Monosso a lot of things but to imply that he's not deserving of that World Title belt around his waist is flat out a sham you're trying to pull on the American Wrestling Alliance fans!

[While this round of bantering was going on, Dufresne threw Monosso into the corner and is hammering him with back elbows to the jaw, snapping the World Champion's head and neck back with every blow...

...and then slips his arm around the head, drawing jeers from the fans as he swings his arm around...]

GM: Is he... I think he's calling for the Riley Roundup!

[Gripping his headlocking arm with the other hand, Dufresne charges out of the corner, leaping into the air...

...and DRIVES Monosso facefirst into the canvas with a bulldog headlock!]

GM: Bulldog! He got all of that!

[Dufresne pushes up to his knees, swinging his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture before muscling Monosso onto his back, diving across in a pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Again, Monosso just barely raises the shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: No, no! He got the shoulder up!

[Dufresne again grabs a handful of hair, hammering Monosso with short right hands between the eyes before he gets up to his feet, looking around a bit puzzled.]

BW: And this is when doubt starts to creep in for a challenger, Gordo. That moment when you start to wonder if you've got what it takes to put a champion down for a three count. It happens in almost every title match and it's a moment that either makes or breaks potential champions. This is the biggest night of Calisto Dufresne's life. He needs to suck it up, fight down the nerves, shrug off the pressure, and bury the doubt if he wants to be the World Champion.

[The Ladykiller looks out at the jeering crowd...

...and then pulls Monosso to his feet, suddenly certain of what he must do next.]

GM: He pulls him off the- uh oh!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as Dufresne hooks a front facelock on the dazed Monosso...]

GM: We're about fifteen minutes into this match and for the first time, we now see Calisto Dufresne trying to set up for the Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am - that lifting DDT that has claimed so many victims over the years.

BW: If he's gonna do it, he'd better do it and stop jawing with these fans!

[Dufresne does seem to be taking a bit too long to execute his signature move as he berates a pair of fans at ringside waving a "MONOSSO RULES!" sign at him...

...which gives the World Champion a chance to gain enough wind to charge, SLAMMING Dufresne's back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! Into the corner!

[Monosso grabs the top rope, straightening up to bury a knee into the gut of his challenger, doubling him over. Grabbing the long blonde hair, Monosso hauls him several feet out of the corner...]

GM: Monosso scoops him up... over the shoulder...

[The World Champion backs up into the turnbuckles, charging out of the corner...]

GM: POWERSLA-

[But Dufresne wriggles out, landing on his feet behind Monosso who quickly spins...

...as Dufresne leaps up, scissoring Monosso's head between his legs, and snapping him over, bouncing the World Champion's skull off the canvas!]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: Out of nowhere with the head-spike! And how often have we seen Dufresne do THAT?!

GM: Not very often! Dufresne's digging deep into the playbook right here tonight with the AWA World Title on the line...

[Dufresne pushes up to his feet, marching over towards the leg. He promptly hooks it, wrapping it around his leg...

...and DROPS down, smashing it under his knee!]

GM: OHHH!

[Monosso sits up, his pain ravaged with pain just before a pair of short right hands out of the Ladykiller sends him back down to the mat. Dufresne quickly gets back up, grabbing the leg again...]

GM: Here we go!

[Dufresne wraps the leg, leaning down to grab the other...

...and falls back into a textbook figure four leglock!]

GM: FIGURE FOUR!! HE HOOKS IT IN AT LAST!

[Dufresne rocks back and forth, applying greater pressure on the trapped leg as Monosso cries out in pain, gritting his teeth as he tries to survive the punishing hold and find an escape.]

GM: The referee's right down there on the mat... right there to check to see if Monosso submits...

BW: He don't even have to make the man submit, Gordo. I've seen men pass out from the pain in this hold and lose by pinfall! Dufresne might be able to pull it off that way too! The World Title is within his grasp! He's almost there!

GM: As we creep towards the twenty minute mark of this match, you've got to wonder just how much is left in the tank of James Monosso.

BW: He's just lucky that Dufresne hasn't gone after the neck as hard as I thought he would. That leg injury presented itself to the challenger and he went right after that instead.

[Dufresne continues to rock back and forth, increasing the pressure as he gives a shout of "ASK HIM!" to the ref who does exactly that...

...and gets a response of Monosso hooking him by the collar of his shirt, pulling him down on top of him!]

BW: Look at him trying to get disqualified again!

GM: That's not what's happening, Bucky! Not at all!

BW: Bah! I don't believe that for a second. This so-called champion is trying to take the coward's way out!

[Monosso rolls to his hip, trying to find an escape by rolling to his stomach but Dufresne cranks up the pressure again, forcing him back onto his shoulders as the referee checks them...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[...but Monosso sits up at the last moment, breaking the pinning situation to the relief of the crowd.]

GM: There's that near-pinfall that you talked about, Bucky. So close to a pinfall there. James Monosso needs to find a way out of this hold and he needs to do it swiftly.

[Monosso flattens out, stretching back as far as he can, reaching for the ropes...

...and is again forced to sit up at the last moment to avoid a three count.]

GM: He can't get to the ropes... he couldn't turn it over. What can he do? What else can he do?

BW: Nothing! Those are the two known escapes for the figure four leglock and I don't think a mat wizard like Monosso is about to invent a new counter here tonight, daddy! The title's comin' home to the Ladykiller!

GM: Not yet it isn't!

[But Monosso's struggles to defend himself are starting to slow, his arms moving a bit slower, his head drooping down a bit as Dufresne sits up and drops back a few times, trying to squeeze the final bits of resistance out of the World Heavyweight Champion!]

GM: Monosso's starting to fade!

BW: Yes! Yes! Ring the bell!

GM: He absolutely refuses to quit though!

BW: Good! He'll have a matching torn up knee to go with his busted-up neck to send him into the retirement village! I hear shuffleboard's a real tough one to do with a bad wheel - think it over, Monosso!

GM: Would you stop?!

[With the crowd roaring - a chant of "MO-NOS-SO!" slowly building throughout the Oklahoma City crowd, Monosso starts pumping those lifeless arms, looking for one final burst of energy...]

GM: He's got enough left for one more try, Bucky! One more attempt to escape this dangerous hold!

[The arm is pumping as Monosso rolls to a hip, trying to flip Dufresne over onto his stomach and reverse the pressure right up the other way!]

GM: He's trying! He's trying hard! Monosso wants to roll this right over and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as he does it!]

GM: HE DID IT! HE DID IT!

[The referee wheels around, starting to ask the Ladykiller if he wants to submit instead...

...but Dufresne quickly releases the hold, rolling free before any significant damage can be done. But James Monosso is not as lucky, laying flat on his chest on the mat, lifting the pain-filled leg as he tries to shake some life into it.]

GM: Monosso escaped the hold but for how long? How much time did he just buy himself with that escape?!

BW: None! He bought himself a few more seconds as the World Champion maybe but Dufresne's already up and he's moving in again...

[Dufresne drags the injured Monosso off the mat with two hands full of hair. He smirks at the off-balance World Champion before looking out to the crowd and giving a shout...]

"GET OUT OF HERE!"

[...before HURLING Monosso over the top rope by the hair, sending him crashing down onto the wooden platform!]

GM: Ohh! He sends Monosso over the top onto the ramp... but remember, a countout will do him no good! A countout gives him a win over the World Champion but NOT the AWA World Heavyweight Title!

[Dufresne obviously doesn't intend for that to happen as he steps through the ropes onto the wooden platform. He leans down, grabbing a handful of hair to pull Monosso to his knees...

...where the World Champion throws a desperation right hand to the gut!]

GM: Monosso's fighting back and- ohh! Dufresne cracks him with a knee to the jaw!

[Monosso slumps back down to both knees as Dufresne looks down at him...]

GM: What's he... oh no! Oh my god, no!

[Gordon's concerned cries comes as Dufresne pulls Monosso into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's gonna piledrive him, Bucky! He's gonna deliver the piledriver on that wooden ramp!

BW: He'll break his damn neck for sure with that! He's gonna make sure that Monosso has to retire after tonight!

GM: We talked about Dufresne being completely willing to cripple Monosso to win the World Title tonight... and I think that's what he's about to try and do!

[The crowd is buzzing with concern for the World Champion as Dufresne reaches down, hooking his arms around the torso of Monosso...]

GM: He's getting set up... I can't believe this! Somebody needs to stop this!

[The referee is SCREAMING at Dufresne from inside the ring, demanding that he not attempt the potentially career-ending move.]

GM: Dufresne's got him set... but can he get the big man off the ramp?!

[Monosso slumps down to his knees, trying to avoid the lift. An angry Dufresne steps back, slamming joined hands down on the back of the neck in a double axehandle. Three heavy shots seems to sap the resistance out of Monosso as Dufresne pulls him back into the standing headscissors...]

GM: He's got him set! He's going again!

[But before he can do it, Monosso yanks the legs out from under him!]

GM: Monosso saves himself! He just saved- SLINGSHOT!

[The big catapult sends Dufresne sailing towards the ropes where he flies over the top, slamming down on the canvas hard onto his back!]

GM: Ohh! Dufresne goes down hard... but James Monosso manages to save himself from that piledriver.

BW: But look at him! He's out, Gordo! He's completely out!

[An angry Dufresne staggers back to his feet, grabbing at the back of his head. He shouts at the official who steps aside, allowing the Ladykiller to go out onto the ramp as he starts his ten count on both men...]

BW: Dufresne needs to forget about the piledriver, drag him back in, and get the win with the Wham Bam! Monosso's so banged-up and tired right now, there's no way he could defend himself against it! No way!

[Dufresne seems to be thinking exactly that as he leans down, pulling Monosso up with two hands full of hair...]

...a grip that Monosso breaks before CRACKING Dufresne across the jaw with a right hand out of left field!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!!

[Dufresne falls back, hitting the ropes to stagger back towards Monosso who reaches out, hooking a hand around the throat of the Ladykiller!]

GM: He's going for the chokeslam!

BW: No way he gets him up! Monosso can barely stand right now!

[The Ladykiller lashes out, burying a boot into the gut of the waiting Monosso...]

...and tugs him into a front facelock!]

GM: He hooks him! He's got him hooked!

[Dufresne suddenly lifts Monosso up into the air...]

...and DRIVES him skullfirst down onto the wooden ramp!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU MA’AM!

GM: HE HIT IT ON THE RAMP!! MONOSSO GOES HEADFIRST INTO THE RAMP!!

[But in a sight absolutely terrifying to fans of the World Champion, Monosso immediately grabs at his neck as Dufresne lays flat on his back on the ramp...]

GM: It took a lot out of both men but-

BW: But how MUCH did it take out of Monosso?! He’s out there grabbing his neck and... did Calisto Dufresne just end the career of James Monosso, Gordo?! Did that stack of dimes he calls a neck finally get cashed in?!

GM: He’s not moving, fans...

[Dufresne sits up on the ramp, trying to clear the cobwebs. He looks up at the ring where the referee’s count is up to six...

...and frantically grabs the downed Monosso by the wrist with both hands, trying to drag him into the ring...]

GM: Wait a second! Dufresne’s trying to- he’s trying to pull the World Champion into the ring!

BW: He’s got to! If he wants the World Title here tonight, he’s GOT to!

GM: He’s running out of time though - the count is up to seven... now to eight...

[Dufresne has barely budged the dead weight of James Monosso, getting half the distance to the ring. He looks back at the official who gets to nine...

...and the Ladykiller throws Monosso’s arm down to the platform before making a lunge at the ropes, throwing himself between them just before the ten count comes down.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

BW: NO!

[The referee waves his arms back and forth, moving to talk to the ringside timekeeper and ring announcer. Phil Watson nods as he raises the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winner of the match...

[Watson pauses.]

PW: ...as a result of a COUNTOUT!

[The boos start pouring down.]

PW: ...CAAAAALIIISTOOOO DUUUUFRESNNNNE!

[The boos intensify as Dufresne rolls to his knees, throwing his arms up in the air in triumph...]

PW: However, AWA rules state that the title can NOT change hands on a countout. Therefore, still the AWA World Heavyweight Champion...
JAAAAAAMES MONOOOOSSSOOOOO!

[There are some cheers for the good news.]

BW: What a sham, Gordo! What a joke!

GM: Huh?

BW: James Monosso just got himself INTENTIONALLY counted out to save the World Title!

GM: He... he what?! The man is barely moving out there! He may be seriously injured! He may be unconscious! He may have a broken damn neck!

BW: I don't buy it for a second, Gordo. He could've gotten into the ring to finish this match but he took the coward's way out and he took the countout to save his title! James Monosso is no real champion! James Monosso is a paper champion in my eyes!

GM: You're out of your mind! You're absolutely out of your mind! Calisto Dufresne hit that impact DDT on the wooden ramp and it took everything he had to get HIMSELF back into the ring before the countout. He made his best effort to get Monosso in there as well but it just wasn't happening. Calisto Dufresne has won this match... he's defeated the AWA World Champion... but he does NOT win the World Title.

[An angry Dufresne, back on his feet, snatches the World Title belt out of the hands of Johnny Jagger, thrusting it over his head into the air...]

GM: That's not his title... that does NOT belong to him, fans!

BW: The heck it doesn't! Calisto Dufresne is not only the rightful World Champion like I said earlier but now he's the uncrowned World Champion as well! I demand justice! I demand a rematch for Dufresne where he gets what he wanted - he called it, Gordo!

GM: What are you talking...?

BW: I'm talking about a match where the title can change hands on countouts or disqualifications! Calisto KNEW this was gonna happen! He KNEW that Monosso was gonna pull something like that!

GM: Bucky, the man is unconscious! Look! There's AWA medical personnel racing down the ramp to check on him. He could be in serious danger of a permanent injury and you're accusing him of... I don't know what the heck you're accusing him of! Fans, this situation is obviously a very serious one and although we need to go off the air, we're going to keep the cameras rolling and tomorrow night, when we come on the air, we will show you what happened! We're out of time! For Mark Stegglet at the big board, Jason Dane, and Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon Myers and we'll see you tomorrow night... at the matches! So long everybody!

BW: No justice, no peace! No justice, no peace!

GM: Give me a break.

[The camera holds on the ring, showing Calisto Dufresne in the foreground with the AWA World Title held high over his head. In the background, we can see Dr. Bob Ponavitch leaning down next to James Monosso, giving his medics instructions...

...as we fade to black.]