

# THE BATTLE OF



# SASKATCHEWAN

NIGHT ONE - JULY TWENTY-SECOND - MOSAIC STADIUM

## PART TWO PART THREE

[A black screen.]

White text appears on behalf of the AWA legal team to inform you of the penalties involved if you happen to do things with the Pay Per View that you're about to watch that you shouldn't.

From that, we fade to another black screen with the AWA logo splashed across a starry field. A barrage of lasers flash in from all sides of the screen, etching along the borders of the letters, illuminating the plain white text into glowing and glittering gold. A deep voiceover begins. The words "American Wrestling Alliance" come up one by one at the bottom of the screen.]

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[Back to black for a moment...

...and then up on a pair of wrestling boots, standing in a cement tunnel. A bright light is coming from the end of the tunnel, a dull roar starting to be heard. A voiceover begins - immediately recognized as the voice of longtime AWA competitor Sweet Daddy Williams.]

"It's go time."

[The boots start walking towards the bright light, thumping down on the cement with each step.]

"No matter how many times you do it. No matter how many matches and how long of a career - it still gets ya. The nerves. The butterflies. You're about to walk out in front of the world and do what you better than anyone else. Whew. It's a heavy feeling."

[The steps get closer to the light, the roar getting louder as well.]

"You've trained. You're prepared. You've done cardio til your lungs hurt. You've watched tape til your eyes bleed. You're an expert at everything it takes to be a champion in this business... until the bell rings at least."

[We can hear some indistinguishable music start to blast, echoing down the tunnel as we get closer... closer... closer...]

"On most nights, it's just another town... another show... another chance to put some money in your pocket. "Just." "Just" another chance to feed your kids... put clothes on their backs... pay the mortgage. "Just" another chance to buy your mama that car she's been dreaming of."

[Closer... closer... closer.]

"But on nights like this? It's a whole lot more. For some, this night is about making a name for themselves..."

[Quick cuts of Harley Hamilton throwing a big boot and Margarita Flores swinging a Texas-sized lariat.]

"Or the opportunity of a lifetime..."

[Quick cuts of Kurayami dropping a massive splash on someone and Skylar Swift soaring through the air.]

"One last shot at a legacy... at putting your name in the history books..."

[The UWF World Title belt and a rapid-fire montage of great moments in UWF history.]

"But for most of the people on this night... it's about the Cup."

[A quick shot of the Cup, glittering and sparkling in the spotlight. The footsteps are getting closer to the bright light, the noise now becoming clearer that it is a roaring crowd screaming and shouting over the music.]

"The honor. The glory. The prestige."

[Steps get closer.]

"A life-changing amount of money."

[Quick cuts of big houses, fancy cars, bottles of champagne.]

"One weekend can change everything. For you. Your family. Your place in this sport."

[We're almost to the bright lights now.]

"The Stampede Cup. The Battle of Saskatchewan."

[Almoost there.]

"Yeah, it's go time alright."

[And as the footsteps stride into the light at the end of the tunnel, we can hear the roaring crowd at full volume now...]

...and we cut back to black.

We fade back up to an aerial shot above the field of Mosaic Stadium, pointing down at the ring surrounded by a mass of over 40,000 fans on the field and in the stands, hooting and hollering for the two nights of action about to come their way.

Bursts of red, white, and gold pyro streak towards the sky as the fans get even louder and the sounds of Rush's "Limelight" rocks the Canadian fans to their very souls.

More pyro flies into the sky as we get a panning shot of the stadium "floor" where we see the ring set up with red and white ropes. The AWA protective mats surrounding the ring are present as is a metal barricade keeping the rabid fans at bay. We catch a glimpse of the two tables at ringside before cutting to a shot of some screaming fans with their faces painted red and white, holding up a several person long banner that reads "CANADA LOVES THE AWA!"

One more burst of pyro goes screeching towards the sky, drawing our attention to the entrance stage where it erupted from. There's a very large video wall hanging above the metal stage... but it doesn't stop there. Above the video wall is a giant LED maple leaf flashing red and white. Right next to that is already one of the most Instagrammed locations of the night - a giant animatronic brown bear tipping back a can of Mooselips with a giant LED "neon" sign of the Mooselips logo right underneath it.

As the smoke starts to clear, we get another elevated shot showing the long metal ramp leading from the video wall and stage down towards the ring. We can see steel chairs have been set up all over the field in addition to the permanent seating of the stadium.

The voice of Gordon Myers cuts through the rabid Canadian din.]

GM: Hello, Saskatchewan! The AWA has ventured once more to the Great White North and we are ON! THE! AIR!

[Another huge cheer goes up as the bear takes a big drink.]

GM: It's a wild scene here inside of Mosaic Stadium in Regina, Saskatchewan as we get ready for a two night event that promises to shake Canada to its very core! The Battle of Saskatchewan has at long last arrived!

[Cut to the video wall flashing that BoS logo to even more cheers.]

GM: Joining me for this very special two-night Pay Per View event is my longtime broadcast colleague, Bucky Wilde... and Buckthorn, old friend, welcome to the Battle of Saskatchewan!

BW: You mean we're going to get to have some REAL wrestling action again and not that hardcore garbage nostalgia-fest that Blue and his buddies put on a few weeks ago?

[As we cut to the announce team, Gordon is grimacing at that comment.]

GM: Easy there, Bucky. Let's just be happy that we're back here at ringside for AWA action after a few weeks off... and let's be happy that we've got one heck of a show to call over the next two nights without a doubt!

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. We've got title matches! We've got history being made in the final UWF World Title match! And we've got the Cup, daddy!

GM: The Stampede Cup tournament featuring 24 of the greatest tag teams on the planet here in this stadium over the next two nights. Who's gonna come out on top? We're going to have to wait and see... but we're not going to have to wait long because right now, we're going backstage to hear from the teams in our opening match!

[We fade from the ringside shot to one backstage somewhere in Mosaic Stadium where we find Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: Gordon, Bucky, my friends... it's great to be back with you both here tonight in Regina... here in the Great White North. And earlier this week on the AWA app we ran several fan polls on the entrants of the Stampede Cup, and out of all the brackets, our opening match was a toss-up according to our survey. It was between the War Pigs - Ripper and Havoc - and my guests at this time. Daniel Ross, MISTER, come on in here.

[MISTER and Ross enter on either side of Sweet Lou. Ross in a black and white satin jacket, and MISTER in a wine-colored naval greatcoat, both branded with the art deco "RINGKRIEGER" logo.]

SLB: Gentlemen, in a few short minutes, we will finally resolve the argument that has been taking place online... I'm sure you've been following it...

[MISTER nods to Ross, who takes out a Nokia flip phone from his jacket pocket and displays it for the camera.]

SLB: Or not... MISTER, the leader of Ringkrieger, and the man they call "Der Ogor as Innsbruck," this afternoon in Saskatchewan is one that I'm sure you have been anticipating for many months now.

M: We are Ringkrieger, and we are here to restore honor to this sport. The Stampede Cup is a magnificent opportunity to make our statement to the AWA, and assert the Ringkrieger manifesto on a massive stage. There are three categories of wrestlers in this sport.

SLB: And what would those be?

M: The first category are wrestlers who take the sport seriously; they treat wrestling with the respect that we in Ringkrieger feel it deserves. Men like Oliver St. Laurent and Karsten Marquardt, who defeated the British Bashers for the Battle Knights Wrestling Tag Team Championship, and women like Laura Davis who respect the canvas like any serious artist.

Category two contains wrestlers that we would have nothing to say to, beyond maybe a...

[MISTER slightly nods his head rhetorically.]

M: ..."Hello."

And the third category are the wrestlers that we despise and have no respect for! Our opponents belong in this category. The War Pigs may be good at talking, but they are nothing more than theatrical showmen who spend more time planning their presentation than they do in the gym!

There are already too many who are like that bracketed in the tournament. We have come to Saskatchewan to bang the drum in the defense of the purity of the sport. We are Ringkrieger, and there is one phrase that drives us: "Respektiere die Leinwand."

[Ross holds up Ringkrieger's scarf with the same phrase on it.]

SLB: Now, Daniel Ross... before you head down to the ring, I have to follow up for a statement you made on Power Hour. When you said, "the War Pigs will get theirs," or words to that effect, what did you mean?

[Ross smirks coldly at Blackwell, revealing his broken front tooth. MISTER claps his partner on the shoulder and heads off camera.]

SLB: A man of few words that one. Now, let's go over to our friend Mark Stegglet who is standing by with the War Pigs! Mark?

[We fade to another part of the locker room area where a grinning Mark Stegglet is standing with the War Pigs, Ripper and Havoc. Both men have their blue face paint on, Ripper with the heavy chain over his shoulders and Havoc with the big weightlifting belt that reads HAVOC across. Stegglet is standing between both men.]

MS: Thanks, Sweet Lou! Now, gentlemen...

SLB: Gentlemen...

[Havoc scoffs at Mark and glares at him.]

MS: My apologies. Ripper, Havoc, we are just moments away from your match with Ringkrieger - a team the two of you have had a war of words with for the past several months.

[Havoc sneers before speaking... loudly.]

H: WORDS?! THE WAR PIGS CAME HERE TO FIGHT, WE AIN'T GOT MUCH USE FOR WORDS AROUND HERE! BUT YOU SAY WE GOT A PROBLEM WITH RINGKRIEGER?

[Havoc chuckles darkly.]

H: WELL, YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, STEGGLET! THE PROBLEM WE HAVE IS THAT THEY KEEP ON TALKING AND THEY NEED TO KEEP THE WAR PIGS' NAME OUT OF THEIR PRETTY LITTLE MOUTHS! BUT WE'RE ABOUT SOLVE THAT PROBLEM, AIN'T WE, BROTHER?!

[Ripper comes over and starts in his low gravelly voice.]

R: YOU KNOW, MAYBE THOSE TWO HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THE WAY WE LOOK! MAYBE THEY HAVE A PROBLEM WITH HOW WE DRESS! MAYBE THEY HAVE A PROBLEM WITH HOW WE FIGHT! BUT THEY'RE DAMN SURE GONNA HAVE A PROBLEM WITH WHAT WE DO TO THEM TONIGHT!

[Ripper points at Havoc and then back to himself.]

R: THOSE TWO JOKES COME AFTER ME AND MY BROTHER AND THEY TALK ABOUT RESPECT FOR THE CANVAS! WELL, HAVOC AND I HAVE NO PROBLEM RESPECTING THE CANVAS BY LEAVING YOUR BROKEN AND BLOODIED BODIES LAYING RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT AFTER WE BEAT YOU DOWN! YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT RESPECT? WELL, THE WAR PIGS ONLY DEAL IN DOMINANCE!

[Havoc nods.]

H: THAT'S RIGHT BRO, TWENTY FOUR TOTAL TEAMS AND AFTER ONLY TWO NIGHTS, ONE LEFT STANDING. YOU HAVE FORMER CHAMPS, YOU HAVE CURRENT

CHAMPS IN THIS THING, YOU WIN THIS THING YOU ARE THE DOMINANT TEAM! SO CHAMPS CAN KEEP THEIR GOLD FOR NOW, WE'LL TAKE THE DOMINANCE! IN ORDER TO DO THAT WE GOTTA DISH OUT FIVE BEATINGS! WWWWEEELLLLLL...

[Havoc cracks his neck and snarls as he pounds his fists together.]

H: ...ON TO BEATING NUMBER ONE!!

[With that, the two massive men storm off towards the ring, leaving Mark Steggle behind.]

MS: The war of words is over, fans - and now it's time to get physical. Let's head down to Rebecca Ortiz for the very first match of the Stampede Cup!

[We fade from backstage to a panning shot of the cheering Mosaic Stadium crowd... and then as the bell sounds, we fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing in a sparkling red dress with a white sash tied around the waist.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is a FIRST ROUND MATCH in the STAMPEDE CUP TOURNAMENT!

[Big cheer!]

RO: It is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit with the winner advancing to the second round to meet the team of Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver!

[A roar from the 40,000 strong in the stadium.]

RO: Introducing first...

[A dramatic orchestral string, accompanied by the scoreboard turning into a flat white rectangle...

...And a second sting, which turns the scoreboard a solid black, except for a single word in art deco font:

'RINGKRIEGER'.]

"DON GIOVANNI, A CENAR TECO. M'INVITASTI, E SON VENUTO."

[Ross and MISTER both stand upright on the entrance stage in the early evening sun, hands clasped behind their back. The massive MISTER nods to his teammate, and they both make their way down the aisle to the climatic scene of Mozart's "Don Giovanni."]

GM: We're so glad you've joined us as we come to you from the province of Saskatchewan, fans! And our opening contest looks to be a real "canonizing knock-down drag-out" to steal a line from my Chinook colleague Al Pickard!

BW: We're going to open the Stampede Cup with some class, Gordo!

GM: I presume someone with your wardrobe would know a great deal about class, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Or, absolute-ment, as they say up here. You have to do it in both official languages, Gordo.

GM: Ringkrieger, facing some stiff opposition from the War Pigs in our opening contest...

[Cut from Ringkrieger's entrance to a shot of some fans in the "Mooselips Party Pit." A couple of young pasty prairie men have their shirts off, their faces painted like the War Pigs in green and white, Mooselips flags tied around their necks like capes. One of them has even hollowed out a watermelon and is wearing it like a makeshift helmet. When they see the camera they shout "WAAAAAR PIIIGS, WOOWOOO!" and flex their already inebriated muscles.]

GM: And we have some great fans here in Mosaic for this opening clash of styles.

BW: Good to see Prime Minister Trudeau joined us tonight!

GM: Bucky!

[MISTER and Ross both round the ring and step onto the apron. They both wipe their feet on the edge of the canvas before they step through the ropes in military-like unison.]

RO: ...Weighing in at a combined weight of 525 pounds... Daniel Ross... MISTER... they are RINGKRIEGER!

[Ross and MISTER both clasp their hands behind the back, and stand in the middle of the ring, chests out.]

GM: And if either man has anything resembling nerves in front of this throng of wrestling fans, they are not showing any signs of it. And knowing who their opponents are, if they do have stage fright they'd best keep it to themselves.

[The music fades as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The AWA faithful jammed into Mosaic Stadium respond with a mix of cheers and boos as sirens begin to blare. After a moment, the opening chords of Black Sabbath's classic "War Pigs" begins to play.]

RO: From DEEEEEEEETROIT, MICHIGAN... weighing in at 575 pounds...

RIPPER... HAVOC...

THE WAAAAAARRRRRRR PIIIIIIIIIGS!

[The crowd gets louder for the opening match as out from the back comes Ripper and Havoc, The War Pigs. Ripper is about six four and built like a tank. He is shaved bald except his goatee and he has on blue and black face paint. He has a huge chain across his shoulders that drops down to about his waist.

Havoc stands about six two and is muscular as well, though not as broad as his brother. He has a shortly trimmed Mohawk and also has blue and black face paint. He has a midnight blue weight lifting belt around his waist with metal studs and the word HAVOC printed across the back.

Both men have on long tights that are blue at the waist and drop to a point at the front and back of the knee. The bottom of the tights are black that come up to a point around the inside and outside of the men's thighs.]

GM: Ripper and Havoc... the War Pigs are on their- HERE THEY COME!

[The duo breaks into a sprint down the very long ramp, tearing towards the ring as the crowd gets louder. Daniel Ross and MISTER square up, now waiting for the War

Pigs arrival in the ring as referee Andy Dawson steps to the side, knowing what's coming...

...and as Ripper and Havoc slide under the bottom rope headfirst, they pop up to their feet and start swinging for the fences!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: AND HERE! WE! GO!

BW: THE 2017 STAMPEDE CUP IS UNDERWAY, DADDY!

[Ripper is paired up with Daniel Ross, who responds to the fists to the face with short elbowstrikes to the jaw. A few feet away, Havoc is throwing his right hand as swiftly as he can at the skull of MISTER who absorbs them all without response, stumbling backwards towards the ropes...]

GM: The fight is on in Mosaic Stadium and... Havoc to the ropes...

[Havoc bounces back, charging in at MISTER who sidesteps, hurling the aggressive Havoc through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: One-half - the larger half for that matter - of the War Pigs goes spilling out to the floor and...

[MISTER stomps away from the ropes, heading across the ring as Ripper swings around, fist drawn back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and gets BLASTED with a knife edge chop across the chest that sends Ripper stumbling in a circle...]

GM: One of the hardest hitters in our sport just laid one in on Ripper and...

[Ripper stumbles back towards Daniel Ross who uses a snapmare to flip Ripper over into a seated position...

...and BURIES a soccer kick into the spine before dashing to the ropes...]

GM: MISTER steps out on the apron and...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: GOAL! GOAL!

[The running soccer kick to the chest knocks Ripper back onto his back as Daniel Ross promptly drops into a lateral press, grinding his forearm into the cheekbone of Ripper...]

GM: Quick cover gets one! He gets two!

[But Ripper kicks out with ease, shoving Ross off of him. Ross is quickly back up, backing to the corner where he slaps his partner's hand.]

GM: Ross bringing MISTER in on the tag... these two work so well together, Bucky. They really are considered one of the top teams in this tournament...

BW: IF they can get past the War Pigs.

GM: One of the toughest first round tests for sure... and remember, the superteam of Hannibal Carver and Ryan Martinez awaits the winner of this one.

BW: Can you imagine that, Gordo? Imagine coming into this weekend, looking to make a big splash and win this thing... and you get told to get past the second round, you've gotta beat either Ringkrieger or the War Pigs... and then Martinez and Carver too?

GM: Twenty-four of the best teams in the world here in Mosaic Stadium this weekend looking to make that aforementioned splash and... speaking of splashes...

[The crowd cheers as MISTER drops all his weight down in a running seated senton on the sternum of Ripper...]

GM: THREE HUNDRED AND FIVE POUNDS DOWWWWWN ON THE CHEST!

[...where he stays seated, crossing his arms emphatically as the referee counts to two a second time.]

GM: Two count only...

BW: Which just goes to show how powerful these War Pigs are, Gordo. Three hundred pounds down on him and he kicks at two.

GM: It's still very early in this showdown. Remember, fans... all of these first round matches have a twenty minute time limit so the teams involved will need to be coming on strong.

BW: Because a time limit draw means BOTH teams are out, Gordo!

GM: It certainly does.

[MISTER hauls Ripper off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock and simply walking him across the ring to the Ringkrieger corner...]

BW: Just muscling Ripper around like he's a cruiserweight. You know, Der Oger aus Innsbruck may not look like a powerhouse because he's not ripped to shreds like the War Pigs but he's just as strong in my book.

[MISTER swings a knee up into the midsection of Ripper while holding the front facelock and then slaps the outstretched hand of Daniel Ross.]

GM: In comes Daniel Ross... the man known as Thunderfoot throughout the indy scene... makes the tag.

[Ross promptly SLAMS a clubbing forearm down across the back of Ripper...

...and MISTER swings down a double axehandle, driving Ripper down to all fours before he steps out.]

GM: A simple doubleteam there but very effective... and I'd say that's a really good way to describe both of these competitors, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. MISTER and Daniel Ross aren't going to make any highlight reels with some crazy top rope move but they're going to hit you hard, slam you down even harder, and tie you into knots so you don't even have a hand free to tap out with.

[Ross pulls Ripper up again, throwing a pair of forearms, backing him out to mid-ring. Ross backs off, taking aim...

...and suddenly has his feet ripped out from under him thanks to Havoc on the outside!]

GM: Oh! Havoc trips up Ross from the floor and... and he drags him right under the ropes to the floor!

[The War Pigs' powerhouse quickly ties up Ross...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and HURLS him through the air, sending him crashing into the ringside railing!]

GM: ROSS HITS THE STEEL!

[Ross stumbles out towards Havoc who muscled him right back up, throwing him backfirst into the edge of the ring apron...]

GM: AND NOW INTO THE APRON AS WELL!

BW: He's tossing him around like a rag doll, Gordo!

[Ross staggers away from the apron, wobbling towards Havoc who ignores the referee's cries as he lifts Ross into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS him down on the barely-padded football field!]

GM: BIG SLAM ON THE FLOOR!

[Havoc glares into the ring at the protesting official... and then barks a few words towards MISTER who has come over to complain the illegal actions as well.]

BW: I don't speak German but I'm pretty sure MISTER just told Havoc that he doesn't respect the canvas.

GM: You know he's Austrian, right?

BW: Close enough.

[Havoc peels Ross off the floor, chucking him back under the ropes and barking at his partner as he walks back towards the War Pigs' corner.]

GM: Well, that certainly changes the complexion of this one as Ripper goes to work, putting the boots to Daniel Ross down on the canvas... ohhh... big leaping fistdrop by Ripper, right down between the eyes!

[A quick cover gains a two count before Ross kicks out.]

GM: Ross out at two... and look at Ripper now, just pounding that fist down between the eyes!

BW: And the War Pigs keep it simple too, Gordo. They may not have the submission skills of Ringkrieger but they'll pummel an opponent into giving up.

[Ripper drags Ross off the mat, scooping him up and slamming him down on the canvas. He promptly leaps high in the air, dropping a leg down across the chest before sliding into another lateral press.]

GM: Leaping legdrop for one! For two!

[But Ross slips out again as Havoc takes his spot on the apron, pounding the top turnbuckle a few times. Ripper climbs to his feet, dragging Ross with him...]

GM: Looks like Ripper's taking Daniel Ross over towards the wrong part of town... ohhh! And headfirst into the top turnbuckle!

[Ross collapses into the corner, arms slung over the top rope as Ripper tags in Havoc.]

GM: And there's the tag to the big powerhouse in the War Pigs.

BW: They're both powerhouses, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely but Havoc's got a little more size for sure...

[Havoc steps in, joining his partner in driving a series of boots into the midsection of Ross as MISTER shouts a protest from across the ring. The referee starts his five count, calling for a break...

...and Ripper finally obliges, sliding from the ring as Havoc drags Ross out of the corner...]

GM: Right back to the middle of the ring... look at this!

[The crowd ROARS as Havoc presses Daniel Ross over his head with ease, holding him there, turning so that all four sides of Mosaic Stadium can see him aloft...

...and then HURLS him down to the canvas. Ross immediately rolls to his hip, arching his back and grabbing at it as Havoc stands over him, throwing his arms back in a roar.]

GM: We're about five minutes into the very first match in the 2017 Stampede Cup, fans. The War Pigs and Ringkrieger doing battle to advance to the second round where the surprising team of Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver await them.

[Havoc watches as Ross rolls to all fours, trying to crawl across the ring to where MISTER is waiting with his massive paw-like hand outstretched...]

GM: Ross is looking to make that tag, looking to get the fresh man in... but Havoc will have none of that...

[Measuring his man, Havoc leaps high into the air, dropping a punishing elbow down into the kidneys.]

GM: That'll cut off any attempt at a tag for now as Havoc gets up and drags Ross across the ring by the foot...

[Reaching out, Havoc slaps Ripper's offered hand.]

GM: The War Pigs make the exchange here - both teams showing those pillars that good tag team wrestling are built upon, Bucky.

BW: It's all about divide and conquer. Cut the ring in half. Work together efficiently. Have your partner's back. Keep the fresh man in.

GM: Both War Pigs in, pulling Ross to his feet...

[They back Ross into the ropes, whipping him across the ring in tandem...]

GM: Double whip and... OHHHH! Big running double clothesline takes him down!

BW: And we just talked about working well together - that's a perfect example, daddy!

[Havoc vacates the ring as Ripper makes the cover, earning another two count before Ross slips out. MISTER, who had stepped halfway through the ropes, ducks back out as the referee reprimands him.]

GM: MISTER was ready to make a save there but his partner was able to get free.

[Ripper again takes to pounding Ross's head with a closed right hand as the referee reprimands him.]

GM: The official certainly has his hands full with these two teams, Bucky. They've been at each other's throats for months... just battling all over the country on the live events... but this is the first time we've seen them do battle on television with the whole world watching.

BW: They're going to town on one another, Gordo. No love lost in this one.

[Ripper hauls Ross to his feet, shoving him back into the neutral corner...]

GM: Ripper backs him to the corner... cross-corner whip...

[And Ripper goes barreling in after him, throwing himself into a mighty clothesline!]

GM: Big clothesline in one corner...

BW: He's not done, Gordo!

[Ripper sends him back the other way, charging in again...]

GM: Another clothesline! Rocking Daniel Ross from head to toe!

[He backs out of the corner, pulling Ross with him, slowly turning him over, and dropping him down in a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohhh! That might be enough!

[Ripper rolls over into a lateral press, not bothering to hook a leg as the referee counts once... twice...]

GM: No! Out at two again!

BW: They just can't keep Ross down!

[The crowd cheers for the resilience of Daniel Ross as Ripper shows a little frustration as he gets to his feet, glaring at the referee before driving the sole of his boot down between the eyes once... twice... three times.]

GM: Ripper putting the boots to Daniel Ross again...

[Ripper walks across the ring, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Another tag for the War Pigs brings Havoc back in...

[Ripper and Havoc pull Ross off the mat again, backing him across the ring...]

GM: The War Pigs shoot him across...

[The two powerhouses double up, looking for a double backdrop attempt but Ross is ready for them, pulling up short to boot Havoc in the throat!]

GM: OH!

[Ripper straightens up as well, coming in swinging with a big right hand...]

GM: Ross caught it and-

[The crowd ROARS as Ross drags Ripper down to the mat in the unfriendly confines of a Fujiwara Armbar!]

GM: FUJIWARA! FUJIWARA LOCKED IN!

[Ripper slaps the canvas as the crowd cheers...

...but the referee waves his hands!]

GM: Ripper's tapping out but he's not the legal man! He's not the legal-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A HUGE double axehandle crashes down over Ross' head, breaking the submission hold attempt.]

GM: AND HAVOC BREAKS THE HOLD!

BW: Ross showing just how dangerous that Fujiwara Armbar is in his hands. Ripper was tapping out almost immediately but since he wasn't legal, all it did was leave Ross open for Havoc to lower the boom on him.

[Havoc yanks Ross off the mat, pounding his fist into the face a few times before grabbing the arm...]

GM: Another whip by Havoc, keeping Ross in motion...

[And as Ross bounces back, Havoc lifts him up in his powerful arms, twisting him around...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!

BW: THAT MIGHT DO IT!

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[There's a big mixed reaction as MISTER steps through the ropes, booting Havoc in the head just in time to break the pin attempt!]

GM: MISTER breaks it up in time! And the fans aren't sure how they feel about that. Both of these teams have gotten both cheers and boos here tonight... obviously both teams with their fair share of fans and detractors.

[Havoc shakes off the boot, glaring at MISTER as the referee escorts the Austrian out of the ring...]

GM: MISTER's out... and Havoc's not happy about the nearfall there. He thought he had him beat with that impactful spinning powerslam...

[Havoc points to the corner, giving a thumbs up as Ripper nods.]

GM: And we've seen this before, fans! Havoc's calling for the WMD - the Weapon of Mass Destruction!

[Havoc pulls Ross up, walking him across the ring as he shouts to Ripper...]

GM: Havoc is directing traffic in there, giving some orders to Ripper...

BW: And he's going up top, Gordo!

[The crowd is buzzing as Havoc ducks low, lifting Ross up onto his shoulders in an electric chair as Ripper scales the turnbuckles...]

BW: If they hit this, it's all over, daddy!

[Ripper reaches the top, crouched with one foot still on the middle rope as Havoc gets into position...]

...and Daniel Ross starts raining down 12 to 6 elbows on the crown of his face-painted skull!]

GM: ELBOWS! ELBOWS TO THE HEAD! ELBOWS TO-

[Ross manages to fight free, slipping out behind Havoc and SHOVING him in the back, sending him sailing towards the corner...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where he sends Ripper crashing down, landing crotchfirst on the top rope!]

GM: RIPPER GOES DOWN... AND ROSS IS LOOKING FOR THE TAG!

[Daniel Ross spins around, stumbling across the ring as Havoc comes rushing out of the corner...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But a shout from MISTER warns Ross who ducks down, sending Havoc flying past him. An off-balance Havoc whips around towards Ross who winds up...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The barrage of quickly-swung chops leaves Havoc wobbly on his feet...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADBUTT!

[The staggering clash of skull on skull leaves Havoc barely standing as Ross stumbles past him...]

GM: TAG!

[There's a cheer throughout Mosaic Stadium as MISTER slips through the ropes, spinning Havoc around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OVERHAND CHOP TO THE CHEST!

BW: It's like getting hit with a frying pan!

[The blow sends Havoc stumbling backwards towards his corner but MISTER cuts him off, grabbing the wrist to throw him back to the Ringkrieger corner where he crashes into the buckles, staggering back out...]

GM: MISTER to the far corn- OHHH!

[The crowd ROARS as MISTER swings his leg up, catching the crotched Ripper in the head, knocking him off the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: MISTER CLEARS OUT RIPPER!

[MISTER spins around, rushing back across, throwing himself into the air...]

GM: OHHH! FRONT DROPKICK BY MISTER!

[The flying feet send Havoc flying back into the corner again, staggering back out as MISTER comes up, burying a boot into the midsection...]

GM: MISTER HOOKS HIM! THIS COULD DO IT!

[...and powers him up into the air, flipping him over, and DRIVING him down with a powerbomb!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Grabbing the legs, MISTER flips over into a double leg cradle.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He got him!

[MISTER slides off of Havoc, a sneer on his face as Daniel Ross steps in to join him, keeping a watchful eye on Ripper who is still trying to recover on the floor from MISTER's big boot.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... your winners... and moving on to the Second Round... RINGKRIEEEEEGERRRRR!

[Ross and MISTER stride to mid-ring, arms behind their backs and standing at attention as the crowd responds with a mix of cheers and boos for their victory.]

GM: Ringkrieger may not be the most popular tag team in this tournament this weekend, Bucky, but right now, that doesn't matter to them.

BW: Love them or hate them, you've gotta respect their skills inside the ring... and the War Pigs just learned that firsthand.

GM: The team of MISTER and Daniel Ross... known as Ringkrieger... are moving on to the second round where the all-star team of Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver awaits them! We're just getting started here in Regina, fans, so let's go backstage right now to Sweet Lou Blackwell!

[We crossfade from the posing Ringkrieger to Sweet Lou who has a big grin on his face.]

SLB: Alright, Gordon! The excitement has started already here in Mosaic Stadium at the Battle of Saskatchewan and this tournament is off and running. Ringkrieger takes the win... moving on to the second round... and let's take a look at the tournament board, shall we?

[The camera pulls back to reveal Blackwell standing in front of a large wall with the tournament bracket on it. We can see that Ringkrieger has very efficiently already been added so that it looks something like this...]



SLB: Ringkrieger taking on Carver and Martinez in the second round and that oughta be a barn burner right back here tomorrow night in Mosaic Stadium. But coming up next, we're heading down to the bottom of our first round bracket to feature a battle between two tag teams with a lot of AWA experience... the Samoan Hit Squad and former AWA National Tag Team Champions - and one of the greatest

tag teams in AWA history, I might add - Kentucky's Pride! I've been looking forward to this one since it was announced... and I think I'm not the only one judging by this ACCESS 365 clip we got earlier today. Take a look...

[With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo and an EARLIER TODAY graphic, we go backstage where we find Veronica Westerly exiting through a doorway, presumably what would be Javier Castillo's office. She shuts the door behind her and gestures to somebody standing off camera.]

VW: Javier isn't ready to talk to the two of you -- not yet, anyway. Before he does, he wants to see what you can do out there.

[The camera cuts to see the somebody who Westerly is addressing.

Or two of them, actually.

The Samoan Hit Squad is opposite her. Scola stands off to the side, his arms folded and a menacing glare on his face. He is dressed in his wrestling attire, black tights with a blue floral pattern and white wrestling boots. His afro has grown out a bit more than when we last saw him.

Standing closer to Westerly is Mafu, who wears similar tights but no wrestling boots. His unkempt hair hangs down the sides of his face. His eyes are wide open, like he's about to snap at any minute.]

VW: I always knew the two of you had what it took to be one of the best tag teams in the AWA. And you showed that the past year. If only your manager had been more cooperative with Korugun, you might be the World Tag Team Champions right now.

[That remark causes Scola to raise his eyebrows. He grunts at Westerly, who is quick to point a finger at him.]

VW: Listen, I am backing both of you because you can be a real asset to Korugun right now. But don't think you're going to intimidate me. If you want another shot here, you will not start trouble with me, and you certainly won't start trouble with the boss. Are we clear?

[Scola glares at Westerly for a moment, while Mafu stares at him for a moment. Scola lets loose a breath, then nods his head.]

VW: Good. Now, Kentucky's Pride is indeed one of the great tag teams from the AWA's past, but Javier has made it clear he is not interested in promoting the past. He wants to see who can be a part of the AWA's present and future. The two of you can be part of that, but you must show what you can do in that ring, and nothing would please Javier more than taking out Kentucky's Pride and putting an end to this nostalgia run of theirs.

[That's when Mafu snaps his gaze toward Westerly and speaks.]

M: You want us to take out Kentucky's Pride? We want nothing more than to do that! My brother and I are here to prove that we are the most dangerous team in all of wrestling! You want us to take out Kentucky's Pride, we will deliver!

[He raises a finger toward Westerly.]

M: But then, you need to come through with what you promised us! Too many times, people have told us they have our best interest, and too many times, they have shown otherwise! Now, you have promised us much, so if we deliver on what you expect, we want you to deliver what we expect!

[Westerly swats his finger away.]

VW: You are NOT to point at me... is that understood?

[Mafu grits his teeth, his eyes still wide, but after a moment, he nods.]

VW: Good. Now, remember that I am the one who backed your entry into the Stampede Cup, and if you do take out Kentucky's Pride, there is no question I'm going to push Javier to get you aligned with Korugun. If you can take them down, then believe me, I will deliver what you expect. All you need to do is save your aggression for Kentucky's Pride and not for me. Are we clear on that?

[Scola and Mafu exchange a glance, then Mafu turns back to Westerly.]

M: We are. And we will destroy Kentucky's Pride, that is a promise!

[Westerly looks at Scola, who just gives a slight nod.]

VW: Then go out there and show everyone that I am right to back you.

[Scola relaxes his posture, then gestures to his brother. Mafu whips his head back, his hair flying away from his face, and slaps Scola's back. The two then head off down the hallway...

...and with another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we end up back to live action at another part of the building where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: It's a historic weekend here in Canada as the AWA brings the Stampede Cup back at the Battle of Saskatchewan. In the great history of the AWA, this event has happened six times - this weekend being the seventh - and only five teams have won that prestigious Cup. This weekend, the two men joining me right now hope to add their names to that list.

[Shot opens wider as Kentucky's Pride and Landon Grant step into view. City Jack and Tin Can Rust are in their ring gear, each wearing a "Kentucky's Pride" t-shirt. Grant stands to the side and to the back of his father while Jack and Rust step forward slightly.]

CJ: Mister Stegglet! Damn good to see ya again!

[Jack sweeps in for an aggressive handshake and a wink.]

MS: Well, thank you, City Jack, and it's great to see you and your partner Tin Can Rust here tonight to compete once more for the Stampede Cup.

CJ: "THE BATTLE... of SAS-KAT-CHEWINGON"! I say, Mister Dane, this here, being but a couple moments away from steppin' back in that there ring? Gettin' in front of all those amazing AWA fans? Bein' back to what I dreamed of doing as a youngin' and just... Just being a wrestler once more - not a retired wrestler, but a true blue wrestler?

[Jack's smile can't be contained as he shakes his in disbelief.]

CJ: I swear to ya, Mister Stegglet, it's more than a gift. This here ain't what I thought I'd be doing after all my trials and injuries. But because of these two men beside me?

[Jack puts an arm around the shoulder of his son, Landon Grant.]

CJ: For my son - MY SON! A true man as there ever was one now - and trust me, I don't believe it. I remember this one runnin' around full diapers and all -

[Grant rolls his eyes and lets out a sigh in embarrassment.]

CJ: And now here he is, bringin' us down to the ring, takin' up my profession? Mister Stegglet, it's...

[A little choked up by his emotions, Jack pauses and wipes just below his nose.]

CJ: Look, all I can say is I'm damn proud. Damn proud! And it's cause of him I can even stand here and be seen in the shape as I once was. Trainin' him to be the competitor he is was trainin' me all along. And to be here, standing beside my own son -

[Jack shakes his head again and wags his index finger about.]

CJ: It's a moment I never thought could happen.

[City Jack looks over at his son and the two give each other a knowing nod.]

CJ: And then, Mister Stegglet, this man -

[Jack puts his meaty arm around his long time tag team partner, who breaks his stoic look to turn to Jack.]

CJ: A man that's been with me through the good, the bad, and the downright ugly. If it wasn't for Tin Can Rust, there'd be no City Jack. There'd be no time in the Grande Isle, no time traveling the country under every roof top and ring, no time here in the AWA. Without this man -

[Jack pauses again, tugging harder around Rust with his arm.]

CJ: I'd be half the man I'd be. And I ain't even going to lay out the joke about me with that line cause I mean it. Rust has been my sail and rudder throughout my career and I couldn't think of a better tag team partner, better friend, better BROTHER than this man.

[Rust nods at Jack, breaking a smile at the words of friend. Jack, realizing things took a real turn, lets go of Grant and Rust and cracks a smile.]

CJ: Heh, now I'm sorry, Mister Stegglet, I done mo-nop-o-lized your time, but I just had to say what I had to say.

MS: No, it's perfectly fine, City Jack. In fact, all I had was one question for you and Tin Can Rust - what are your thoughts on your first round opponents tonight - the Samoan Hit Squad?

[Jack goes to answer, but Rust puts a hand up.]

TCR: Sorry Jack, but time is short and I can probably answer... to the point.

[Jack smiles and holds his hands up while he steps back towards Grant.]

TCR: The Samoans, they're tough. Experienced. Determined. Dangerous. Two men who've known each other their whole lives. But Dane, and no disrespect to the Samoans, but Jack and I and all those things and more. And tonight, we'll be the better team.

[Rust nods and pats Dane on the shoulder before leading Grant and Jack out of the shot.]

MS: Kentucky's Pride looking to make some history tonight here in Mosaic Stadium. Will it happen? Let's head down to the ring and find out!

[We fade back to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following Stampede Cup first round matchup is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit!

[The unmistakable notes from the tuba that signals the start of "The Theme from Jaws" kicks in over the PA system.]

RO: Introducing first, from the Isle of Samoa... at a combined weight 530 pounds... here are Scola and Mafu...

THE SAAAAAMOOOOOOANNNNNN HIT SQUAD!

[The large video wall lights up with clips of past matches featuring the Samoan Hit Squad in action, mixed in with Scola staring menacingly at the camera, arms folded, and Mafu with his face in the camera, wagging his tongue.]

The brothers come out through the entranceway and walk down the ramp. Mafu walks out in front, his unkempt black hair hanging down the sides of his face, his eyes wide, like he's ready to tear apart the first person he sees. He wears a pair of black wrestling tights with a blue floral pattern and wears no boots. Scola walks behind him, a hard stare on his face, his afro having grown out longer, and he wears tights similar to his brother, but he is wearing white wrestling boots.]

GM: The Samoan Hit Squad, back in the AWA for the Stampede Cup, but it's worth noting the manager they had last year is not here tonight.

BW: And from the sounds of things, Javier Castillo doesn't want that manager anywhere near the AWA now! But it looks like he's giving the Samoans another chance.

GM: We saw the clip moments ago with Veronica Westerly. She seems to think these two men have what it takes to be members of Korugun's army.

BW: And she may be right. Let's not forget the Samoan Hit Squad is one of the most dangerous teams to have ever wrestled in the AWA!

[Mafu and Scola walk down the aisle, Mafu snapping his head from one side to the other as he walks and, once in a while, wagging his tongue. Scola keeps his gaze fixed on the ring, never acknowledging the fans.]

When the two reach the ring, Mafu slides underneath the bottom rope and rises to his knees, snaps his head back and forth, his eyes still wide, then his lips form a cruel smile. Scola, meanwhile, walks toward the steps, ascends them and climbs through the ropes. He stands behind Mafu, placing his hands on his shoulders, and glares at the crowd, with Mafu laughing and wagging his tongue again.]

GM: And it's important to note that the Samoans didn't just take the past eight months off, Bucky.

BW: No sir, they've been competing in Japan... in Mexico... all over the United States and Canada. They've really been working hard to keep their game sharp and that may be the big difference in this first round matchup.

GM: We're about to find out.

[The music fades as Rebecca raises the mic.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[In a change from their usual theme, the upbeat notes of Johnny Cash's cover of "My Old Kentucky Home (Turbentine and Dandelion Wine)" plays, which still brings a cheer from the crowd as they expect the entrance of two of the most iconic wrestlers in AWA's tag team history.]

RO: ...at a total combined weight of 553 pounds... being accompanied down the aisle by Landon Grant...

They are... TIN CAN RUST... CITY JACK...

KENTUCKYYYYYYYYY'S PRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIDE!

[The crowd ROARS for the introduction.]

GM: It's been a long time, but I can happy say welcome home City Jack and Tin Can Rust, Kentucky's Pride!

BW: Happy is not the word I'd use, Gordo, to see these two old slobs back in the ring.

GM: The first AWA National Tag Team champions, well respected members of the AWA alumni, what's not to like?

BW: You said it, Gordo - first champs, but how long ago? "Alumni", meaning done, retired. These two old dogs need to stay out of the ring... but since they're not, I've got a feeling that the Samoans may put them out to pasture once and for all.

[The crowd at Mosaic Stadium lets out a louder cheer as City Jack and Tin Can Rust step out to the top of the ramp. Jack can't hide his enthusiasm, wearing a smile ear to ear; Rust, though, is typically all business with a sour yet determined look on his face. The two pause for a moment before the third member of the Pride steps out, Jack's son Landon Grant, sporting a smile matching his dad's.

The trio wear the same black and green "Kentucky's Pride" t-shirt over their gear; Rust with his plain black wrestling tights and boots and Jack with his dark brown wrestling singlet, black boots, and bands over his forearms. Jack also sports a brace over his right knee. Grant's dressed in street wear and has two towels for each KP member.

The three make their long way down to the ring as the video wall shows highlights of the duo's most memorable moments throughout their AWA careers. As they pass the fans, Jack and Grant try to slap some of the fans' hands, but mostly point and wave back due to the distance. Rust, though, tries to tell Jack to hurry up to the ring. Once finally to the ring ropes, all three pause - taking in the spectacle Mooselips and the Saskatchewan Board of Tourism provided - before Jack and Rust finally step through and raise their hands for another cheer from the welcoming Canadian crowd.]

GM: A big reaction from these AWA fans for Kentucky's Pride here in Mosaic Stadium!

BW: Lots of nostalgia acts got big reactions in South Philly a couple of weeks ago too, Gordo... doesn't mean any of them belong in the ring anymore.

GM: Well, that much we can agree on... but these two look to be in great shape... err... relatively speaking.

BW: City Jack, as always, looks like a shortstack on two feet.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Bucky, even you have to admit these two look like they're in better physical condition than during their in-ring days.

BW: I admit nothing, Gordo... but I'll tell you this much. We talked about how the Samoans have been working all over the globe for the past eight months or so... Kentucky's Pride was not. Sure, Tin Can Rust was working all over the country doing independent shots for whatever star-hungry promoter would give him the time of day... but Jack was essentially retired, managing those stupid pancake restaurants of his...

GM: Hungry Jack Pancakes - check for a location in your area.

BW: ...and had to be dragged back into the ring by his son, Landon Grant. They may look alright, Gordo... but in the ring - where it counts - they're going to be overmatched.

GM: We're about to find out if you're right, Bucky, as referee Andy Dawson checks in on both teams, getting ready to start this match off. And as both teams have a final huddle... it looks like it'll be Mafu starting things off for the Samoans... and City Jack for Kentucky's Pride.

[Jack and Rust have a few final words with Landon Grant who is standing on the apron.]

GM: Landon Grant, the son of the legendary City Jack, will be in the corner of his father and his father's long time friend... but no one in the corner of the Samoans who we've grown accustomed to seeing with a manager by their sides over the years. How will that impact the match, Bucky?

BW: Honestly, it hurts the Samoans. Their last manager had them performing at a top level until he was gone... just like that.

[Bucky snaps his fingers on cue.]

BW: They're not the best team when it comes to strategy or the mental aspects of the sport. They've got a hot temper... a lack of focus... they need someone to rein them in. Veronica Westerly seems to have interest in bringing them into the Korugun ranks but she's not here tonight and I think that puts a check mark of advantage in Kentucky Pride's column, Gordo.

GM: Top notch analysis right there, fans, as this one is now set to begin. Jack and Mafu... Kentucky's Pride and the Samoan Hit Squad doing battle to see who will move on to face another legendary tag team in Dynasty.

[Scola and Mafu exchange a double high five before the wild-eyed Mafu turns back to look across at his veteran opponent. Mafu gives a shout, lifting his leg high into the air and stomping down on the canvas...]

GM: And it looks like we're going to get a little pre-match ritual out of Mafu, doing some kind of a dance it appears.

BW: A dance? That's called a haka, you ninny.

GM: My apologies.

BW: It's an ancient ceremonial dance that's long been associated when it's time to go into battle... and that's exactly what time it is now.

[City Jack looks on as Mafu goes through a ritual of stomps, claps, slaps on his own body, and aggressive shouts before finally coming to a halt. There's polite applause from the fans for the cultural expression - even City Jack applauds as Tin Can Rust looks on without a change of expression on his face.]

GM: Alright, it looks like we're set for... well, maybe not.

[As Mafu walked out to approach Jack, the latter raises his hand to halt him. He slowly turns, looking back over his shoulder at Mafu...

...and then slowly shifts his ample hindquarters from side to side with a grin as the fans roar!]

BW: Oh, nice... real nice! That fat hillbilly is mocking the man's heritage, Gordo!

GM: Well, the fans seem to like it.

BW: I'm not surprised. Have you seen some of these people? These people are like... where is Jack from?

GM: Liberty, Kentucky.

BW: Yeah, this Saskatchewan is just like Liberty, Kentucky - filled with a bunch of beer-swilling hillbillies! No wonder they like this idiot!

[Mafu's eyes flash with anger as he charges at Jack and the bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[But the overly-aggressive Mafu runs right into a stiff jab to the jaw by Jack... and another... and another...]

GM: City Jack popping that jab up under the chin, snapping back the head of Mafu...

[A few more jabs follow, leaving Mafu slightly stunned...

...and an overhead elbow comes down hard between the eyes, knocking him a few steps back before he falls to his rear end to another big cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah! City Jack takes Mafu down to start this one off...

[Jack leans back, slapping the hand of Tin Can Rust.]

GM: Tag! Very early on in this one... and Kentucky's Pride looking to doubleteam in the opening moments of this twenty minute time limit affair. Double whip on Mafu and...

[The two veterans twist to the side, launching Mafu up and over with a double hiptoss to cheers from the Mosaic Stadium crowd!]

GM: Double hiptoss on the money by Kentucky's Pride!

[The powerhouse of the Samoan Hit Squad comes rushing through the ropes to get involved...

...and also gets tossed down on the mat courtesy of a double hiptoss!]

GM: Hiptosses for BOTH members of the Samoan Hit Squad!

[Turning back to Mafu (and ignoring the referee's orders to get one man out), Kentucky's Pride whips the rising Mafu across the ring to the corner where he crashes into the buckles, staggering out...]

GM: HIIIIIIIIIGH DOUBLE BACKDROP BY THE FORMER NATIONAL TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!

[Scola comes back to his feet, getting fired across to the corner as well...

...and he too gets LAUNCHED skyward before crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: BACKDROP FOR SCOLA AS WELL!

[City Jack wheels around, eyes on Mafu as he climbs to his feet, falling back against the ropes as Jack lumbers towards him, taking him up and over the top rope with a running clothesline!]

GM: And down to the floor goes Mafu thanks to that clothesline...

[As Scola rises, Tin Can Rust rushes him with a clothesline of his own...]

GM: AND OUT GOES SCOLA AS WELL!

[The crowd in Mosaic Stadium is ROCKING now as City Jack gives a big whoop, pumping his fist as Landon Grant does the same out on the floor. Tin Can Rust nods approvingly as Jack exits the ring, leaving Rust in there, waving his hand at the Samoans who are out on the floor looking to regroup.]

GM: Kentucky's Pride coming on strong in the early moments of this one, sending both members of the Samoan Hit Squad out to the floor... and what do you think about what we're seeing from Jack and Rust so far, Bucky?

BW: I think it's a quick start but sooner or later, the years and the mileage kick in and these two get sent to the scrapyard.

[Mafu and Scola huddle up on the floor, earning a kick of the ropes from Rust who shouts "COME ON!" at the duo, waving them into the ring again.]

GM: Tin Can Rust has always had a bit of a short fuse and he's looking to get his hands on these Samoans again. Bucky, when you look back on the history of the Stampede Cup, it really is surprising that Kentucky's Pride never made it to the Finals.

BW: In fairness to them though, Gordo... they DID win the very first tag team tournament in AWA history, becoming the very first AWA National Tag Team Champions back on Thanksgiving weekend of 2008.

GM: Very true... and those National Tag Team Titles were championships they held for a little over a year... one of the longest reigns in AWA history.

[Mafu slides headfirst under the bottom rope, coming up to his knees and staring at a waiting Rust, his tongue lolled out of his mouth as he glares at the fan favorite. The Samoan hops up to his feet, literally barking at Rust who shakes his head.]

GM: Tin Can Rust was never one for antics and that's what he's getting out of Mafu right now.

[The two come together mid-ring with Rust quickly pulling the wild Samoan into a side headlock...]

GM: Rust with the headlock, trying to slow things down a little perhaps.

BW: I don't think there's a "perhaps" to use in there, Gordo. Rust is still actively competing for sure but he's in his mid-40s now so he's not going to be able to go toe to toe for a long time. This headlock slows it down... gives him a breather... and allows him to try and grind it out.

[Rust grimaces as Mafu throws a pair of forearms at the ribs, trying to break free.]

GM: Mafu trying to battle his way out but Rust continues to hang on, controlling Mafu all around that ring...

[Mafu backs Rust to the ropes for a bounce of momentum before shoving him off...]

GM: Mafu shoots him off, Rust off the far side...

[And a big running shoulder tackle from the 259 pound Tin Can Rust knocks Mafu down to the canvas. Rust quickly breaks to the ropes a second time as Mafu comes up, diving down at the feet...]

GM: Dropdown by Mafu, Rust up and over... off the ropes again...

[...which is when Scola slides down the apron, taking a swipe at Rust who snatches the ropes, swinging around and firing back!]

GM: Look out now! Rust and Scola getting into it and-

[The referee loudly protests the skirmish as Rust shouts a warning at Scola, turning around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

GM: THRUST KICK! ON TARGET! RIGHT ON THE CHIN!

[The big thrust kick drops Rust like a rock, allowing Mafu to scramble into a pin attempt.]

GM: Mafu with a cover for one! He gets two! He gets- no, just a two count off the thrust kick... almost a superkick ala Stevie Scott or many others over the years.

[A sneering Mafu barks at the official before popping up to his feet, striding across and making the tag.]

GM: The tag is made, bringing Scola into the fray... the big powerhouse of the Samoan Hit Squad who brought about this turning of the tide with that momentary distraction on Tin Can Rust.

[Scola goes to work with a series of heavy stomps as Mafu vacates the ring, the crowd jeering for every blow.]

GM: Scola working over Rust who is still down on the canvas after that thrust kick from Mafu... and Mafu is fired up now, pacing the apron, shouting to his partner to put a beating on Tin Can Rust.

BW: A lot on the line for the Samoans, Gordo. There were a lot of surprised people when the Samoans got shown the door last fall. This is their chance to break back into the AWA roster and to do it by gaining the favor of Javier Castillo.

GM: Veronica Westerly letting the Samoans know that Castillo has no stomach for nostalgia... especially after what went down in South Philly.

BW: We've been asked not to talk about that.

GM: The whole show?

BW: Well, preferably, yes... but especially what happened to You Know Who in the Korugun corporate office.

[Scola muscles Tin Can Rust to his feet, shoving him back into the Samoans' corner, and charging right in with a running tackle to the midsection.]

GM: Scola goes downstairs with that one, trying to knock the wind out of Tin Can Rust... and he drives that shoulder in again! And a third time!

[Again, the referee's loud protests forces Scola to step back, arms raised...]

GM: Scola backs off...

[And as he does, Mafu slips the tag rope around the throat of Rust, yanking back on it, choking the air out of his lungs as Rust tries to escape. City Jack shouts from across the ring, pointing towards the Samoans' corner as Landon Grant takes a few steps in that direction...]

GM: Come on, referee!

[...but pulls up short as Mafu lets go, leaving Rust coughing and gasping for air near the turnbuckles.]

GM: Rust in a bad way right now as Scola looks to do even more damage...

[Shoving Rust up out of a slouch, Scola hooks the veteran's arms over the top rope, completely exposing his chest...]

GM: Tin Can Rust trying to play defense here but Scola's got him wide open...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans for the big clubbing forearm down across the sternum of the veteran!]

GM: What a forearm shot by Scola!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Make it two and Rust is in some trouble now, falling to a knee and breathing heavily...

BW: He may be rethinking this night... this...

GM: Don't call it a comeback.

BW: I see Albano's rubbing off on you.

[Scola grabs Rust around the neck, swinging his knee up into the sternum for a pair of kneestrikes as well before he yanks the veteran back to his feet...]

GM: Hard to believe it, Bucky - but this is a rematch from the 2010 Stampede Cup when these two teams met in the second round. Kentucky's Pride picked up the win that night but fell in the Semifinals to eventual winners, Violence Unlimited.

BW: Seven years later, they're right back at it... you gotta love it!

[Scola throws a heavy forearm shot to the jaw, sending Rust stumbling backwards where he hits the ropes...]

...and bounces back with a big haymaker on the chin to cheers!]

GM: Tin Can Rust with a big right hand!

[Rust winds up, throwing a second... and a third...]

GM: The fans in Mosaic Stadium are roaring as Rust brings the fire and-OHHHHHHH!

[The crowd groans as Scola UNCORKS a devastating standing clothesline that flattens Rust. Scola balls up his fists, pushing them down into Rust's chest as he attempts a pin, pushing up and glaring across at City Jack who is cheering his friend and partner on.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- no! Rust is out at two!

[The fans cheer and Landon Grant slaps the apron a few times, nodding his head as Scola climbs to his feet, throwing a glance to his corner where Mafu waves an arm.]

GM: Scola hauling Tin Can Rust up to his feet again... walking him to the corner...

[Mafu lifts a leg through the ropes, giving Scola a target to throw Rust into before he slaps the offered hand as well.]

GM: The Samoans make the exchange again, bringing Mafu back inside the ring...

[A sneering Mafu grabs Rust by what's left of his thinning hair and SMASHES his head into the top turnbuckle, a blow that drops Rust to a knee where Mafu SLAMS his head into the middle buckle as well, sending him down to the mat on all fours where... you guessed it... Mafu DRIVES his head into the bottom turnbuckle, leaving Rust laid out on his face on the canvas.]

GM: Mafu just so vicious in there... so violent. Tin Can Rust is in a bad way at this point in this first round showdown - both teams looking to advance to Round Two tomorrow night to face former World Tag Team Champions, Dynasty.

[Mafu stalks around the ring, barking at City Jack who is shouting encouragement to his friend as Rust pulls himself to a seated position against the turnbuckles...]

...which is when Mafu charges in with a bellow, twisting to jam his hindquarters into the face!]

GM: OHHH! HIP ATTACK IN THE CORNER!

BW: Mafu making like another legendary tag team - Strictly Business - as he backs that-

GM: Please don't.

[Grabbing Rust by the foot, Mafu drags him from the corner, dropping to his knees for another pin attempt.]

GM: The hip attack could do it - he's got one! He's got two! He's got- no! Again, Tin Can Rust kicks out at two!

[The crowd continues to cheer as City Jack nods excitedly, slapping his hand on the top turnbuckle with a loud "COME ON, RUST!" as Landon Grant looks on anxiously.]

GM: The son of City Jack, Landon Grant, out there at ringside supporting his father and one of his trainers. Grant, it's said, was very instrumental in getting these two together for this tournament and you know he doesn't want to see them go out in the first round.

[Mafu climbs to his feet, glaring at the official and actually snapping with his teeth in his direction. The referee darts backwards, wagging a finger at him in response.]

GM: Gotta be careful in there. A disqualification ends your tournament in a hurry, Bucky.

BW: And this is part of the problem with the Samoans not having a manager out here with them, Gordo. Think back to the managers the Samoans have had in the past and their efforts to keep them under control. Now they're on their own and that's a dangerous place to be in.

[Mafu walks to the corner, slapping Scola's hand.]

GM: Another tag for the Samoan Hit Squad as Scola comes back in. They're pulling Rust up now...

[Each with a handful of hair, the Samoans wind up in tandem...

...and CRUSH Rust with a double headbutt that puts him right back down on the canvas!]

GM: Double headbutt! A potential knockout blow in the hands of these two!

[Mafu exits the ring as Scola attempts another lateral press.]

GM: Scola with the cover.. can he get him this time?

[But again, Rust slips a shoulder at two to big cheers!]

GM: And out the back door again! Tin Can Rust desperately trying to hang on, to give his team a chance to advance to the second round and potentially beyond...

[Scola regains his feet, looking a little confused for a moment as he steps one way... then turns back to go the other.]

GM: Perhaps more signs of struggling without a manager there, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. Scola's having trouble thinking a couple of steps ahead and he's wasting valuable time...

[Scola steps over Rust, pulling him up by the wrist where he whips him the short distance into the Samoans' corner...]

GM: Another tag. Quick exchanges by Mafu and Scola as we close in on ten minute mark of this twenty minute time limit.

[From his spot on the apron, Mafu snatches Rust by the hair as Scola does the same.]

GM: Another double headbutt perhaps and-

[But Rust swings his left arm up, jamming his elbow up under the chin of Mafu!]

GM: Oh!

[Rust grabs Scola by the back of the head and SMASHES Scola's skull into Mafu's, sending the wild-eyed Samoan tumbling off the apron to a big cheer!]

GM: And Tin Can Rust is trying to fight out of the corner! He's in the wrong part of town and he knows it!

[Rust fires off a series of right hands that sends Scola backpedaling across the ring out to the middle. The veteran grabs an arm, whipping Scola to the ropes where he bounces back into a big right hand to the midsection.]

GM: Rust just wallops him in the breadbasket with that right hand!

[Backing into the ropes, Rust bounces back...

...and sends Scola FLYING through the air with a running kneelift!]

GM: SCOLA GETS FLATTENED! AND THIS IS TIN CAN RUST'S CHANCE TO MAKE THAT TAG!

[Rust, who had fallen to his own knees after the kneelift, looks towards his corner where City Jack is standing, arm outstretched in his direction.]

GM: Everyone's ready for Rust to make that tag! The fans are ready! Landon Grant is ready! And most importantly, City Jack is ready! Tin Can Rust down on his knees, looking up at his partner... and he starts to crawl!

[Rust edges forward on his hands and knees, inching towards his eager partner...]

GM: The Canadian fans are letting the man from Kentucky hear it!

[A chant is echoing out over Mosaic Stadium.]

"LET'S GO RUST!"

"LET'S GO RUST!"

"LET'S GO RUST!"

[Rust nods his head, stretching out again but coming up just short...]

GM: Scola's trying to get off the mat, looking to cut off this tag before it can happen!

[Jack stretches out his arm again, still a couple of feet away as Rust falls forward onto all fours again, breathing heavily as he crawls another step or two closer...]

GM: He's almost there, fans! He's so close now! He's just gotta reach up and-

“TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!”

GM: We’ve reached the halfway point in the time limit for this first round battle between two all-time great AWA teams! Tin Can Rust is SO close now... reaching up... just inches away and-

[The crowd ROARS with jeers as Mafu comes charging across the ring, leaping into the air, and DRIVES his skull down between the shoulderblades of Tin Can Rust, cutting off his attempt to make the tag!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MAFU FROM THE OUTSIDE!

BW: Brilliant move by the Samoans!

[The referee is all over Mafu now, backing him across the ring as City Jack shouts a threat or two in the Samoan’s direction.]

GM: Mafu being forced out... but that gives Scola time to get back to his feet...

[Scola grabs Tin Can Rust by the ankles, dragging him back towards the middle of the ring where he steps around him, takes aim...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[...and swandives down to the canvas with a headbutt of his own...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! RUST ROLLS CLEAR AND-

[Rust rolls right to his knees, crawling with a little more quickness this time as the crowd is roaring for the much-anticipated tag...]

GM: Rust is on his way! Scola’s down- he can’t do anything to stop it this time and...

[The crowd cheers as Rust makes a lunge!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd EXPLODES as City Jack comes through the ring, swinging his arms up and down...]

GM: CITY JACK IS FIRED UP AND... BIG RIGHT HAND ON SCOLA! AND ANOTHER! AND A THIRD!

[Ducking low, Jack lifts Scola up into the air and SLAMS him down on the canvas!]

GM: Scoop and a slam on Scola... and here comes Mafu!

[Mafu races past the protesting official...

...and gets scooped right up as well, Jack twisting around so that he can...]

GM: OHH! BIG SLAM RIGHT ON TOP OF SCOLA! OH MY!

[With a pile of Samoans on the canvas, City Jack gives a big whoop to the crowd as he pulls Mafu off the mat by the hair, pointing out to the crowd...]

...and with a run across the ring, he HURLS Mafu over the top rope, sending him crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

GM: JACK CLEARS OUT MAFU!

[A grinning City Jack pumps his right arm a few times, walking around the rising Scola...]

GM: Jack's got that arm cocked and ready... looking for that big ol' Metropill forearm!

[And as Scola straightens up, City Jack lets him have it!]

GM: METROPILL ON THE MONEY!

[The forearm sends Scola off his feet, crashing back down on the canvas!]

GM: Scola goes flying off that one... trying to get back to his feet though...

[But as he does, Jack is ready and waiting to deliver a second Metropill!]

GM: The second one sends him flying again!

[Scola slams down to the canvas a second time, Jack pumping his right arm for all to see in celebration...]

GM: City Jack is bringing the thunder here to Mosaic Stadium, looking to cash a ticket for he and his longtime friend and partner, Tin Can Rust, to advance to the second round...

[Jack crouches low, wiggling his fingers with anticipation as he waits for Scola to rise to his feet again...]

GM: City Jack may be setting up for that Metroboom of his - that belly to belly suplex!

[...but before Jack can lock it in, a grasping hand at his ankle gets his attention!]

BW: Mafu hooks him from behind! He may have just saved his partner's skin!

[Jack angrily twists around, ripping his ankle out of Mafu's grip as the referee reprimands Mafu for the outside interference...]

...and as Jack turns around...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as Scola launches himself at Jack, connecting with a running big boot that snaps Jack's head back, dropping him in a heap!]

GM: BIG BOOT! BIG BOOT!

BW: COVER HIM!

[Scola seems about to do just that when a shout from Mafu who is back on the apron gets his attention.]

GM: No cover! Scola's looking at Mafu - Mafu looks like he wants... yes! Tag!

BW: What?! No!

[Mafu nods wildly, stepping to the second rope... then to the top... gleefully looking out at the jeering Mosaic Stadium crowd!]

GM: Mafu's on top! He's ready to fly and...

[Mafu HURLS himself into the air, soaring down towards City Jack's prone form...

...which remains prone until he suddenly jerks his legs up!]

GM: KNEES! KNEES! MAFU LANDS ON THE KNEES!

[The crowd ROARS as Mafu clutches his ribcage in pain. Jack reaches up, snatching him around the head and neck, hooking a leg...

...and rolls him swiftly onto his shoulders!]

GM: ROLLUP! OUT OF NOWHERE! ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO!

[Scola tries to rush back in, throwing himself towards them...

...but comes up short as the referee slaps the mat a third time!]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A ROAR goes up from the crowd as Rust pumps a fist in the air and City Jack rolls off of Mafu. Landon Grant, a huge grin on his face, scrambles up on the apron, ducking through the ropes as he joins the celebration.]

GM: What a win for Kentucky's Pride and they're moving on to the second round!

BW: Bah! This was a fluke if you ask me, Gordo. Plain and simple. The Samoans had this thing won and if it wasn't for a bone-headed move brought on by lack of leadership, they'd be the ones moving on to the second round and not those two old hillbillies.

GM: Landon Grant helping his father up off the mat, this battle obviously having taken a lot out of both members of Kentucky's Pride.

BW: That's right. They barely survived ONE match tonight. You expect me to think they're some Cinderella story that's going to run off three more wins tomorrow night to win this thing? I don't think so, jack!

[Tin Can Rust joins Grant and City Jack in the ring, congratulatory high fives and hugs all around. The fans are cheering for this victory as City Jack points to them, pounding a fist on his heart.]

GM: These fans love Kentucky's Pride and boy, do Jack and Rust feel likewise. A big win here in Mosaic Stadium and the former National Tag Team Champions are moving on to tomorrow night where they'll face Dynasty in the second round! And after what we heard from Veronica Westerly earlier tonight, you've gotta believe that the AWA President, Javier Castillo, is NOT happy after what we just saw. In fact, I'm told that Mark Stegglet is standing by with El Presidente right now. Mark?

[We fade to the backstage area where Stegglet is indeed standing next to Javier Castillo who looks like he's had better months. Castillo's dressed in his signature black suit and dress shirt... all black... just like his mood.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. After a fun night in South Philly a couple of weeks ago, it's good to be back in an AWA arena... and Mr. Castillo, I'd wager you'd say the same.

[Castillo glares at Stegglet.]

JC: Would you, Stegglet? Would you really? Because the way I see it, no matter what arena I step into lately - things have NOT been going my way. A week in Philadelphia is no picnic ever but the week I spent there was one of the worst weeks of my life.

MS: And I'm guessing that has - in part - something to do with the fact that your boss, John Wesley Hardin, made a shocking return to wrest-

[Castillo holds up a hand.]

JC: I'm under strict orders not to discuss Mr. Hardin's... incident... in South Philly.

MC: You mean when Casey James slammed his-

[Castillo holds up his hand again.]

JC: Do not make me warn you a third time, Stegglet.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Fair enough. But that's not the only problem you encountered in South Philly...

[Stegglet trails off as the hulking form of the AWA President's personal security, John Law, steps up behind him. Law is dressed in an all black suit with a white dress shirt and a pair of mirrored sunglasses. An earpiece rounds out the very Secret Service style get-up as Castillo greets him.]

JC: Mr. Law, you have a report.

[It is not a question as Law nods.]

JL: Yes, sir. As you requested, we have additional security stationed throughout the building here tonight. None of the barred personnel will get in here tonight... I promise you that.

MS: Barred personnel? I assume he's referring to-

[Castillo raises his hand again.]

JC: Stegglet, I am quite tired of people promoting the names of competitors not currently on the AWA roster. Let me assure you that those people may have been at Liberty Or Death or Eternally Extreme but they will NOT be here at the Battle of Saskatchewan. Isn't that right, Mr. Law?

[Law nods his head.]

JL: Affirmative, sir.

[Stegglet looks up at Law... and then back to Castillo who is now grinning.]

MS: That's all it took to change your mood?

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: This is a new beginning, Mr. Stegglet. A fresh start if you will. We can throw away the nostalgia we were drowning in in South Philly and chart a course full steam ahead for September 4th in MY home country of Mexico.

MS: You're referring to Estrellas En El Cielo in Guadalupe, Mexico.

JC: It will be a glorious night, Mark. A true homecoming for a Mexican hero.

[Stegglet arches an eyebrow.]

MS: You?

[Castillo glares at him.]

JC: Don't sound so surprised, Mr. Stegglet. My people recognize my talents... my brilliant... my power... and they idolize me for it. So, I will be working with our friends in SouthWest Lucha Libre to put on the best show possible for our fans in Mexico.

MS: A noble goal for sure. But that's really all it took to change your mood?

[Castillo grins.]

JC: You caught me, Mark. No, there's something else. But not tonight... no, no. Tomorrow night. With the whole world watching.

MS: Can you give us a hint?

JC: Let's just say that there's been a... restructuring of the chain of command at Korugun.

MS: A restructuring? That's pretty vague.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Yes it is, Mr. Stegglet. Yes it is.

[And with that, Javier Castillo walks out of view, leaving John Law to tower menacingly over Mark Stegglet who looks up nervously at him as we fade back out to a shot elsewhere backstage, where we see Sweet Lou Blackwell standing by with Harley Hamilton. The second generation star is dressed in her entrance gear, hugging her white Arctic Fox fur coat close to her body.]

SLB: Harley Hamilton, in just a few moments, you take on Margarita Flores, the tall drink of Texas water, who...

[Harley puts her finger to Blackwell's lips, shushing him.]

HH: Shhh shhh shhh...Let me just stop you right there, Larry.

MS: Lou.

[She gives him an incredulous look.]

HH: Whatever. It's just that I keep hearing everyone around here describing Margie Flores as a "tall drink of water" like she's some great beauty. I mean, are you guys just going to blatantly lie to yourselves and overlook things like the huge tobacco stain running down her chin every time she's on camera and you know...

...her face?

[A roll of the eyes.]

HH: The fact is, there isn't a person walking on this planet thirsty enough to take a drink of that glass of raw sewage!

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Now look here, young lady... I am not about to sit here quiet while you disparage the appearance of Margarita Flores, who... I might mention... knocked you out cold with her devastating lariat.

[Harley stares at Lo with contempt.]

HH: Really? We're really going to do this?

SLB: Do what?

HH: Just completely ignore the fact that tall, drunk and ugly, cheapshot'd me with that lariat?

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Some might say that was a receipt for the kick you blindsided Margarita Flores with at Liberty or Death.

[Harley doesn't seem impressed by Blackwell's logic.]

HH: And some people might say that old cougar Michelle Bailey, isn't a homewrecker! It's irrelevant! The fact is, if I wasn't tricked into an ambush attack by Margie Flores, and that's EXACTLY what that was, she would never have landed that dumb lariat on me in a million years!

Yeah, she's big and she's strong and she's tougher than a \$2 steak, but that's all she's got! Margie isn't as fast as me, she isn't as complete of an athlete as me, and she sure as heck isn't as smart as me. That stupidly powerful lariat she's got is her only hope and prayer against true wrestling greatness like me.

She knows it. I know it.

And there's no way I'm going to even give her THE CHANCE to land it on me!

SLB: You sound awfully confident, Harley.

[She gives a short toss of her hair and smirks.]

HH: And why shouldn't I be? I'll tell you exactly how this match is going to go. I'm going to dismantle that big redwood we call a woman. I'm going to break her down. Piece by piece...limb...by...

...limb.

[She makes a motion like she's snapping something in half.]

HH: I'm going to have her begging for mercy. I'm going to have her fighting back tears. I'm going to make her regret ever laying her filthy hands on me. I'm going to show her the exact difference between natural born trash...

[Another smirk. This one way more obnoxious.]

...and a natural born legend.

[And with that, Harley walks off, leaving a disgusted Sweet Lou shaking his head as we fade out to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: The following contest is a WOMEN'S DIVISION matchup set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit.

["Flashing Lights" by Kanye West begins to play over the PA system. Bright gold flood lights fill the entrance way and dry ice smoke rises as we see Harley Hamilton coming into view, wearing big movie star sunglasses, dressed in a full length, hooded white Arctic fox fur coat over her wrestling attire. She turns and lets the fur coat slip slightly to bare a little skin as she strikes a sultry pose. White lights then immediately flash all around her, as if paparazzi were taking photos of her.]

RO: Introducing first... she hails from Kansas City, Missouri...weighing in at 145 pounds...

HARLEYYYYYY HAMILTOOOOONNNNN!!!

[Harley sashays her way down the aisle. Reaching the ringside area, she shimmy's out of her fur coat, revealing her wrestling attire underneath: a black vinyl mock neck sports bra top with the image of a gold crown across her chest, a pair of almost obscenely low-rise boy shorts, black wrist tape and knee-high wrestling boots. She has the powerful build of an elite athlete, her shoulder length strawberry blonde hair styled with tight side braids on one side and curls on the other.]

GM: The always confident Harley Hamilton with a sneer on her face here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame her, Gordo? We're out in the middle of nowhere! Does this town even HAVE a Starbucks?!

[Hamilton enters the ring, leaning back against the buckles as Rebecca Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd her opponent...

[Santana's "Warrior" starts to play, drawing a BIG CHEER from the Canadian crowd. About fifteen seconds in, Margarita Flores walks out through the entranceway, a folded over length of bullrope draped across the back of her neck. She is also dressed in a beige cowboy hat, a black bustier top, matching shorts under a pair of beige chaps, with a patch of the flag of Texas sewn onto the outside of the right leg and a patch of the flag of Canada on the outside of the left leg, and black boots. More importantly, Flores is double fisting cans of Mooselips, one of which she raises in the air, yelling "YEEEEAAH!!!" as she does. She knocks back one of the cans, before starting her way down the ramp, towards the ring.]

RO: Hailing from La Feria, Texas and weighing in at 176 pounds...

MARGARRRITAAA FLORESSSSSSS!

[As Flores makes her way down the aisle, she occasionally holds the can of beer up, toasting the fans. Midway down the ramp, she tosses the presumably empty can aside and pops open the second one.]

BW: And if you thought Harley Hamilton was sneering before, check her out now, Gordo. Not only is she in the sticks of Canada... now she's gotta deal with this redneck from Texas... which you'd have to call the Canada of the United States.

GM: The Canada of... would you stop?!

BW: Hey, if this ramp was any longer, Flores wouldn't pass a sobriety test to get in the ring.

GM: You're too much, Buckthorn Wilde.

[Reaching the ring, Flores removes her hat, placing it on the apron near one of the ring posts. She places the can of Mooselips next to the hat. Flores then rolls under the ropes and quickly pops up to her feet. She picks up the can of beer and once more raises it in the air. As the music fades, Flores goes to her corner and drapes the bullrope over the top ring post hook...

...which is Harley Hamilton's opportunity to strike from the blind side!]

GM: Ohhh! Hamilton trying to get off to a quick start!

[Referee Shari Miranda signals for the bell as Hamilton pounds away at the ribs of Flores before turning her around, back against the buckles...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A hard chop across the chest knocks Flores backwards as Hamilton stays on the attack, swinging her forearm into the ear of Flores over and over again...]

GM: Harley Hamilton got the quick start before the bell and she's trying to take advantage of it!

[The flurry of forearms shift as Hamilton grabs the top rope, swinging her foot up into the midsection a few times as well.]

GM: Hamilton grabs the arm, big whip across the ring...

[But the tall drink of Texas water slams on the brakes, reversing the whip and sending Hamilton crashing into the far turnbuckles instead...]

GM: Hamilton hits the corner, stumbling out towards the middle...

[Flores grabs the stumbling Hamilton by the wrist, whipping her across the ring the other way and into a second set of turnbuckles!]

GM: She hits the corner again...

[The Missouri native stumbles out towards Flores who scoops her up in her powerful arms, swinging her around in a full circle, and SLAMS her down on the canvas with a spine-shaking bodyslam!]

GM: SCOOP SLAM SHAKES HARLEY HAMILTON TO THE CORE!

[Hamilton grimaces, rolling to a hip as she grabs at her lower back. Flores grabs a handful of blonde hair, hauling Hamilton up to her feet by it...]

GM: Flores... my stars, she's calling for the Lariat! She's gonna end this right now!

[Grabbing the wrist again, Flores whips Hamilton the ropes, cocking back her right arm...

...but Hamilton grabs the top rope, blocking her return!]

GM: Hamilton hangs on, saving herself...

BW: Smart move and-

[Flores rushes at her, looking to hit the Lariat anyways...

...but Hamilton ducks down, pulling the top rope down with her as the aggressive Flores spills over the ropes, falling out to the floor!]

GM: Ohhh! And a VERY smart move indeed as Hamilton completely turns it around with one simple move...

[Harley Hamilton slips out to the apron, taking aim as Flores steadies herself on her feet on the floor...

...and dashes down the apron, looking to deliver a big kick to the chest!]

GM: PENALTY KI- NO!

[It's a swing and a miss as Flores sidesteps, causing Hamilton to go flying past her, stumbling to a stop on the apron...

...and Flores hooks the ankles from behind, giving a yank and DROPPING Hamilton facefirst down on the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hamilton immediately goes up, grabbing at her nose to check for blood as Flores gives a nod of the head to the cheering Canadian crowd.]

GM: And this time, it's Flores with a smart move to counter! These two - you can easily see this matchup coming back to us down the road someday with the AWA Women's World Title on the line, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. The future of the Division could very well be in the hand of women just like these two.

GM: It's been called the most competitive division in the entire sport and when you see women like these two... like Skylar Swift and Kurayami who we'll see in action later tonight for the World Title... it's hard to argue that claim, Bucky.

BW: And somehow it seems to just get better all the time.

[Hamilton rolls off the apron, again wiping the back of her hand under her nose as Flores grabs her by the hair...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FACEFIRST OFF THE APRON!

[Hamilton stumbles away from Flores who looks up at the official who has started a count and is up to five.]

GM: Flores making sure that she's aware of the referee's count. Ten count only here in the AWA for any new fans who may be joining us for the first time.

[Flores grabs the fleeing Hamilton by the hair, swinging her around and tossing her under the bottom rope...]

GM: And you start to get the feeling that Harley Hamilton really wants NO part of Margarita Flores.

BW: Can you blame her? Six foot one, 176 pounds of mean nasty Texan.

[Flores steps up on the apron as Harley dashes to the far ropes, rebounding back towards Flores who swings her leg up between the ropes...

...in a kick that Hamilton catches before swiftly spinning around and DRILLING her with a back elbow!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The elbow lands flush, knocking Flores off the apron and down to the floor below. A smirking Hamilton tucks her arms over the top rope, backflipping over them to land on the apron...]

GM: Hamilton showing off that athleticism...

[Out on the apron, Hamilton leans against the ringpost, measuring a stunned Flores who is pushing up off the floor to her feet...

...and then sprints down the length of the apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS her with a running penalty kick to the chest!]

GM: Good grief! Down goes Flores off that kick... that same kick Harley Hamilton was looking for a little earlier in the match.

[Hamilton hops off the apron, rubbing her nose again before tossing Flores under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: And now it's Harley Hamilton tossing Flores back in, breaking the referee's ten count. She rolls in after her and now both women are back in the ring in this fifteen minute time limit affair in the Women's Division.

BW: This one's got Top 10 ranking implications too, Gordo. Flores is the Number Six contender to the Women's World Title... right on the cusp of earning a title shot if you ask me. Harley Hamilton was recently ranked but fell out during the last rankings. A win here tonight would almost certainly put her right back into the mix.

[Flores is slow to get up as Hamilton slides in behind her, grabbing her by the hair, and storming her over towards the corner where she SLAMS her headfirst into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Slams her skull into the buckles... ohh! Hard forearm shot to the jaw there might have Flores seeing stars!

[Grabbing the arm, Hamilton whips Flores from one corner to the next, sending her crashing into the buckles. She throws up her arms to jeers before dashing in after her, leaping up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING KNEESTRIKE TO THE JAW!

[Still resting against the buckles, Hamilton pauses to blow a kiss to the crowd which quickly starts jeering her again. She smirks as she hooks an arm around Flores' head in a loose side headlock...]

GM: Coming out of the corner and... BULLDOG!

[Having DRIVEN Flores facefirst to the canvas, Hamilton flips her larger opponent over, attempting a lateral press...]

GM: The bulldog gets one! It gets two! It gets- no! Flores powers out of it!

[Hamilton glares at Shari Miranda as she gets back to her feet, slapping her hands together with a taunting "ONETWOTHREE, GIRLFRIEND, IT'S NOT THAT HARD!" Miranda holds up two fingers as Hamilton shakes her head, turning back towards Flores who is crawling across the ring...]

GM: Flores trying to get some space, Hamilton catches up though, dragging her off the mat... ohh!

[Flores catches her with a back elbow up under the chin, snapping Harley's head back!]

GM: What a shot by Flores!

[But Hamilton rears back and SLAMS a forearm into Flores' jaw, stunning the big Texan again. The daughter of the legendary Hamilton Graham slides into position, flipping Flores over with a snapmare that she also rolls through, moving quickly to the ropes...]

GM: Hamilton off the far side and...

[...but as she approaches, she abruptly slams on the brakes...]

GM: What's she...?

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: She SLAPS her across the face! Come on!

[Hamilton grins at the reaction of the crowd as Flores rolls to her chest, a hand up on her cheek immediately.]

GM: Such disrespect on the part of Harley Hamilton. Can you imagine her father ever doing something like that, Bucky?

BW: Well, no... but would you rather she split Flores' eyebrow open?

[Hamilton taunts the crowd a little more before she turns her focus back towards Flores who is pulling herself up off the canvas...]

GM: Flores turns around... ohh! Another big forearm shot sends Flores back to the corner...

[Hamilton steps in, letting loose a shout as she throws a hard forearm to the jaw again... and again... and again...

...and then leans down, muscling the 176 pounder up against the ropes, flipping her upside down and tying her legs to the Tree of Woe.]

GM: Flores getting wrapped up, tied upside down by Hamilton...

[Harley drops to her knees, laying the badmouth on the trapped Margarita Flores.]

GM: If Harley Hamilton worked as hard on getting better in the ring as she does at running her mouth, she'd be...

BW: Exactly what she is, Gordo. Because she does!

[Another slap rings off the cheek of Flores as Hamilton backs across the ring, taking aim...

...and then sprints across at full speed, leaping into the air...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOTGUN DROPKICK! STRAIGHT TO THE HEART!

[She yanks Flores down out of the Tree of Woe, diving across her...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[Flores kicks out, escaping the pin...

...and Hamilton promptly pulls her into a headbutt!]

GM: OHHH! And just like that, she covers again!

[Another two count follows before Flores slips out once more.]

GM: So close again! Harley Hamilton is giving it everything she's got, trying to knock off that tall drink of Texas water but Margarita Flores is refusing to stay down.

[Hamilton climbs to her feet once more, dragging Flores with her and tugging her into a front facelock...]

GM: Suplex on the way perhaps...

BW: That's a big woman to get up into the air, Gordo. Can Harley do it?

[Hamilton struggles and strains, trying to hoist Flores up into the air.]

GM: She's giving it her best but Flores may just be too big for her, Bucky.

[Another attempt actually budes Flores off the mat but only for an instant as she settles back down...

...and reverses it, lifting Hamilton up into the air instead but a well-placed and timed knee bounces off Flores' skull, forcing her to set Harley back down on the canvas again!]

GM: Reversed one way and then back again... look at this!

[Holding the front facelock, Harley Hamilton rushes to the ropes, running up them...]

GM: TORNADO DD- OHHHH!

[The crowd ROARS as the powerful Flores shoves Hamilton into the air on the spin out of the corner, tossing her halfway across the ring before Hamilton bounces down on the canvas!]

GM: FLORES POWERS OUT OF IT!

[Flores falls back into the buckles, shaking the cobwebs as she watches Hamilton struggle to get to all fours across the ring. The La Feria, Texas native pushes off the ropes, stumbling across the ring towards the rising Hamilton...]

GM: Big boot downstairs on Hamilton...

[But a well-placed kneelift lifts her right back up, sending Harley stumbling backwards into the corner herself. Flores is hot in pursuit though, winding up as she approaches...]

GM: Flores has her trapped in the corner now!

[The crowd cheers as Flores lands a trio of hooking forearms to the temple, driving her down to a knee where she switches to big clubbing blows across the back of the neck, driving Harley all the way down to the mat before spinning away with a big roar that the Canadian crowd echoes!]

GM: Margarita Flores bringing the thunder here in Mosaic Stadium, looking to pick up a big win and perhaps set her sights on the winner of tonight's World Title showdown between Kurayami and Skylar Swift.

[Flores stomps across the ring, ignoring the protests of Shari Miranda for the attack in the corner...]

GM: Flores is getting an earful from Shari Miranda for not letting Harley out of the corner but...

BW: Flores doesn't give a damn, Gordo. She's feeling it right now and she thinks that victory may be in her reach.

[Turning back towards the corner, Flores stomps across, grabbing a rising Harley by the hair, swinging her back around to face the corner...]

GM: Facefirst to the corner! And again!

[Flores continues the attack, the crowd counting along...]

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[The final blow lifts Harley into the air, sending her flying backwards and crashing facefirst down on the mat. Flores nods her head approvingly, raising her big right arm to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: And Margarita Flores is calling for that lariat, I think, Bucky!

BW: If she hits it, Harley may not be able to post on her Instagram for a week!

[Flores measures the rising Hamilton, trying to stay out of her vision before dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Flores hits the ropes, building up steam...

[...but a big swinging lariat comes up empty as Hamilton cartwheels to the side out of the way, coming up with a smirk. She dashes to the ropes herself, bouncing off towards Flores who swings a leg up...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BIG BOOT! RIGHT UNDER THE CHIN!

BW: Harley got knocked flat! She might be seeing double right about now!

GM: And if that raised right arm is any indication, it may be about to get a whole lot worse for her! Flores pulling her up off the mat, holding her steady...

[A dazed Hamilton seems to be easy prey for Flores as she throws that right arm up one more time, getting a big cheer as she dashes to the ropes...]

GM: Flores hits the ropes and-

[Flores suddenly pitches forward, stumbling towards Harley. She angrily twists around, shouting at the official.]

GM: What just...?

[The camera abruptly cuts to show the other side of the ring, just out of view of the official, where Cinder is lying flat on the ringside mats.]

GM: Cinder?!

BW: She just tripped up Flores and-

[Flores angrily jerks around towards Hamilton who rushes towards her...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BIG BOOT BY HARLEY! RUNNING KICK UNDER THE CHIN!

[The running kick sends Flores staggering in a circle towards the ropes which is when Harley swoops in, dragging her down into a schoolgirl!]

BW: Rollup by Harley! She’s got her down and...

GM: LOOK AT THE ROPES!

[The crowd jeers as Hamilton waits for the referee to be down and counting before slipping her feet up on the middle ropes for leverage...]

...which is when Cinder leaps up, grabbing the feet to hold them in place as Flores struggles to escape...]

GM: No, no! Not like this!

[But the unaware official's three count lands just before Hamilton expertly slips her feet off the ropes, rolling under the ropes swiftly as Margarita Flores sits up with an incredulous look on her face.]

GM: I can't believe it!

BW: I can! What a brilliant move by Harley Hamilton to take advantage of Margarita Flores getting all distracted and-

GM: And I suppose Harley had NOTHING to do with Cinder's interference!

[Hamilton, out on the floor, grins up as a rising Flores, throwing a look at Cinder before getting her eyes back on the Texan.]

BW: I don't know, Gordo. Harley's not exactly rushing over to thank Cinder. Who knows what gets into Cinder's head. She may have done this all on her own!

[Flores throws a look of her own at Cinder, pointing an accusing finger. Cinder shakes her head with a "who? Me?" shout as she quickly sidesteps to her left, trying to get over towards the ramp as Flores steps through the ropes...

...and goes tearing after them both, sending both Cinder and Hamilton running separately up the aisle towards the locker room!]

GM: And Margarita's on the move!

BW: No way she's catching them, Gordo.

GM: If she does, I wouldn't want to be EITHER of those young ladies because Margarita Flores is rightfully ticked off at just went down here in Mosaic Stadium.

[The camera holds on Flores charging up the aisle after them for a moment before we cut back down to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Well, I may not like the tactics that Harley Hamilton and Cinder used there but I can't argue the result. Harley Hamilton picks up the win tonight at the Battle of Saskatchewan in one of a handful of singles matches we'll see here this weekend. Of course, the big attraction this weekend is the Stampede Cup tournament - the world's best tag teams going to war for that beautiful trophy and the million dollar check at the end of the rainbow. We've already seen Ringkrieger and former National Tag Team Champions, Kentucky's Pride, advance to Night Two and the second round of the tournament but we've got a lot more matches in this first round still to come.

BW: A lot of great teams still in action. The Gold Standard. Guerreros Del Mundo. And don't forget about Violence Unlimited taking on the Prophets of Rage in our tag team Main Event of the night.

GM: But before we get to that, we're about to see the much-anticipated showdown between The Summit led by Callum Mahoney and the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad - boy, that's a mouthful - featuring two very familiar faces to AWA fans. In fact, we caught up with that duo moments ago... let's see what they've gotta say before this re-debut of sorts.

[The camera fades into a shot of two pairs of boots and pans upward... and keeps on panning upward, as we're presented with two absolute giants: The 6'8 Cain Jackson and his tag team partner, the 6'11 AJ Martinez. Or as they're collectively known, The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad.

The two members of Mifune-Gun are a sight to behold. Jackson looks much the same as we last saw him, albeit a little more sharp, little more stylish and a hell of a lot meaner. A sight of pure intimidation with a dreadlock ponytail, he's wearing a black blazer sans shirt, opened to reveal his well-muscled chest and torso, black leather pants and boots.

Beside him is the Latinx Khal Drogo himself, "Hot Stuff" AJ Martinez. Just an inch shy of his father's seven feet in height, Martinez has his wavy black hair pulled back into a stylish manbun, he wears a tight black shirt that's stretched so tightly across his muscular chest it looks painted on. Like his partner, Martinez wears black leather pants and boots. There's a cocky smirk on his face, and a very impressive looking Rolex watch on his wrist.]

AJM: Hey AWA...we're baaacccccckkkk!

[Martinez grins.]

AJM: Reunited and it FEELS SO GOOD!

CJ: Ain't that good, AJ.

[Jackson scratches his beard.]

CJ: The more things change, the more they stay the same. New ownership, new management...

...and the AWA is still rotten to the core.

[Jackson tugs on the lapels of his blazer.]

CJ: But that's not our problem anymore, is it?

[Martinez shakes his head.]

AJM: Nope Nope Nope!

CJ: We aren't two prodigal sons finding their way back home. We got no skin in this game between the AWA and Korugun. The AWA used us up and spit us out after they thought we'd outlived our use to them. They threw us to the wolves...

AJM: ...AND NOW WE LEAD THE PACK!

[Jackson nods in agreement.]

CJ: Japan wasn't ever going to be big enough to contain us. From Tokyo to Osaka and all points in between: We came, we saw, we conquered. And now here we are in Saskatchewan, ready to do it all over again.

AJM: Last time anyone on this side of the Pacific saw us, they saw two men being overlooked and mistreated.

You saw the toughest, meanest, nastiest sonuvagun as nothing more than a sidekick...

[Martinez looks over at Jackson and shakes his head.]

AJM: And you saw me as nothing more than some "junior" scrub, refusing to recognize that I am nothing less than elite.

But that's fine. Because here we are, back in the AWA, and comin' for that million dollars. And you know something, Cain?

I sure could use a million dollars.

[Cain frowns.]

CJ: Your old man has more money than the federal reserve. Like hell you need a million dollars.

AJM: Need it? Nah...

Want it? Hell yeah.

It's what I've learned hangin' out with Cain, tearin' through Japan and the rest of Asia. The name of the game is respect. And respect is counted in broken necks and cashed checks.

Respect times a million? That's what I'm looking for.

[Jackson smiles.]

CJ: Sounds good to me.

[Martinez rubs his chin in thought.]

AJM: But I guess we gotta address the elephant in the room. People want to know, what happens after we walk through Sweeney and Smythe? What if we end up taking on Mifune and Grayson?

People wanna know what'll happen if the Mifune-gun assassins find themselves squaring off against their boss?

[Jackson snorts.]

CJ: What do you mean what will we do? I'll kick the old man's teeth down his throat. I'm sure he'll appreciate it.

[Martinez cackles.]

AJM: The mean old bastard wouldn't have it any other way!

But we'll keep our attention on Sweeney and Smythe first. It won't be easy, and it won't be pretty... and I'm talking about what's in store for you two.

But it'll be oh so sweet when Canada gets a load of us.

CJ: All these tag teams can talk about being the biggest and the baddest around, but they don't come any bigger and they don't come any badder than us.

AJM: So, whoever you are, start run...

[Martinez shakes his head.]

AJM: Nah, I mean you better count on...

[Martinez and Jackson stop and look at each other.]

AJM: I mean you're gonna get...

[Martinez clears his throat.]

AJM: Here it is...

[He claps his hands and rubs them together, setting us up for the punchline.]

AJM: Everyone listening to me right now – know this. We're the Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad and when we tangle with us, you got two choices...

[Martinez smirks.]

AJM: Bow down or get knocked down!

[And with that, we fade back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a first round match in the 2017 STAMMMMMPEDE CUP tournament!

[Big Canadian cheer!]

RO: Introducing first...

[The crowd erupts in jeers as the Brian Boru Irish Pipe Band's rendition of "The Pikeman's March" starts to play. Callum Mahoney, sandy-haired with lightly-tanned skin, strides through the entranceway, dressed in a black (faux) leather jacket over a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear standing on its hind legs across the front, black knee pads and black boots. He stands with hands on hips and a sneer on his lips, soaking in the reaction from the crowd.

Behind him, the bearded, strapping Malcolm Sweeney comes striding through the entranceway. Red-haired and pale of skin, Sweeney has on an open, sleeveless, ankle-length, black (faux) leather coat over a pair of black trunks, black knee pads, with the image of two crossed spears, or pikes, in silver on the front of each, and black boots. As he takes his position to the right and slightly in front of Mahoney, we see that Sweeney has wrapped black tape around both wrists. He balls his fists and throws his arms out to either side of him, letting out a battle cry as he does so.

He is followed by the muscular Rory Smythe, who has golden tanned skin, hazel eyes and wavy, dark brown hair, closely-cropped around the sides and back. Smythe has on a sleeveless, ankle-length, white vinyl coat over tights that are, similarly, white for the most part, except for the coat of arms of Ireland – a gold, silver-stringed Celtic harp (cláirseach) on an azure field, which covers most of Smythe's left thigh, and matching blue boots. With Sweeney and Smythe flanking him, Sweeney to his right, Mahoney leads the way to the ring.]

RO: Hailing from the Republic of Ireland, they are...

MALCOLM SWEENEY...

CALLUM MAHONEY...

And RORY SMYTHE...

THE SUMMIT!

[As they make their way down the aisle, all three men largely ignore the jeers and taunts, although Sweeney does have to stare down a particularly vociferous youth at ringside. Reaching the ring, Mahoney climbs the steps, wiping the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes. He is followed by Sweeney, who heads to a corner, climbs onto the middle rope, thumps his chest twice with his right fist, and then once more throws his arms out to either side of him. Smythe, meanwhile, heads to a different corner, climbs onto the middle rope, and raises his arms in the air.

As the music fades, Mahoney heads to The Summit's corner, where he is joined by Sweeney and Smythe. Mahoney holds up his right arm in front of him, bent at the elbow, forearm at a seventy degree angle to the mat. Sweeney, then Smythe, hold their forearms up to Mahoney's. Lowering their arms, they confer about which two members will be in the match.]

GM: Now, this is a little unusual, fans. We've been told that AWA President Javier Castillo has told the Summit that they could choose which two members would compete in the match... but what we don't know is if they advance, they can change to a different two team members.

BW: Ordinarily, I'd say no, Gordo... but with the Dogs of War in this tournament as well and with their ties to Korugun, you have to wonder if El Presidente might want them to have an advantage when they compete in this tournament tomorrow night... against the winner of this very match.

GM: A stiff challenge awaits the winner of this one for sure with the SouthWest Lucha Libre Trios Champions waiting in the wings... well, as the Summit continues to discuss this matchup, let's go back to Rebecca for the introduction of their opponents!

[Rebecca Ortiz raises the mic.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[We hear the PA system come to life as dialogue from "Conan the Barbarian" is heard...]

WHAT IS BEST IN LIFE?"

"TO CRUSH YOUR ENEMIES, TO SEE THEM DRIVEN BEFORE YOU, AND TO HEAR THE LAMENTATIONS OF THEIR WOMEN."

[A metal cover of "Anvil of Crom" then begins to play as we hear the loud revving of an engine and a six-wheel truck reminiscent of Lord Humungus' vehicle in "Mad Max 2: The Road Warrior" drives into the stadium, eliciting a massive roar from the crowd!]

RO: Fighting out of Japan... at a total combined weight of 610 pounds...

"THE BEAST" CAIN JACKSON!

"HOT STUFF" AJ MARTINEZ!

THE KABUKICHO ASSASSINATION MANIAC SQUAAAAAAAAAAAAAD!

[The front bull bars of the vehicle have two scantily-clad women in metal bikini armor hanging off them. In the driver's seat is a face familiar to all, the former and once again current AWA competitor Cain Jackson. Hanging from the back, menacingly holding a trident into the air and screaming like a wild man is the former Alex Martin, now rechristened AJ Martinez.]

GM: A flashy entrance here for the debuting... re-debating... categorize it however you want... Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad... and boy, do we need a shortened version of that name to call them.

BW: I'm going with K-A-M-S.

GM: Works for me.

[Jackson and Martinez then exit the vehicle, sharing a fist bump, before turning to the crowd and raising their arms into the air as Saskatchewan crowd showers the duo with excited cheers.]

GM: A lot of cheers here in Canada for KAMS who have been on quite the tear in Japan over the past several months - really doing some damage in Tiger Paw Pro alongside their Mifune-gun allies... two of which they might end up facing later in this tournament if things go their way. But right now, they've gotta focus on this new international trio - The Summit.

[Mahoney gives a nod to both Smythe and Sweeney before he drops off the apron with a clap of his hands.]

GM: And it looks like it'll be Rory Smythe and Malcolm Sweeney competing on behalf of The Summit... Callum Mahoney will be out there on the floor, providing some guidance for his allies.

[Smythe nods to Sweeney, giving him a high five before stepping through the ropes to the apron.]

GM: Malcolm Sweeney staying in there for his squad... and Cain Jackson staying in for his team.

[With Jackson and Sweeney standing in their respective corners, referee Davis Warren signals for the bell.]

GM: The bell sounds and off we go in this much-anticipated Stampede Cup first round matchup!

[Sweeney claps his hands together, sidestepping out of the corner into a circle, forcing Cain Jackson to match his movement, both making a full trek around the ring before coming together in a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Lockup in the middle... Cain Jackson at six foot eight and 285 pounds... Malcolm Sweeney checking in at six foot four and 267 pounds.

BW: In other words, two big slabs of beef in that ring shoving each other around right now.

[Sweeney and Jackson are dead center in the middle, pushing back and forth, trying to get an edge...]

GM: Neither one of these two are getting anywhere so far and-

[They abruptly break apart, glaring at one another as Mahoney shouts some words in to his cousin.]

GM: A stand-off so far... and as these two circle one another once more, you have to wonder if they're going to try it again.

[A few more moments pass of some staring and gesturing angrily at one another before they tie up a second time...]

GM: Here we go again, locked up in the middle... fighting for an edge...

[This time though, Sweeney spins out, shoving Jackson towards the neutral corner. The Irishman approaches fast, swinging his leg up...]

GM: Jackson sidesteps the big boot from Sweeney!

[Jackson rushes in himself, swinging his own leg up...]

GM: BIG BOO-

[But Jackson misses as well, kicking the top turnbuckle as Sweeney sidesteps away...

...and there's a momentary pause as the two men stare one another down, the crowd ROARING for the showdown!]

GM: Both men missed a shot to land their respective big boots and... HERE WE GO!

[The crowd EXPLODES as Sweeney and Jackson come together again - but this time, it's in a hailstorm of flying fists!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands in Mosaic Stadium!

[The crowd is ROARING for every blown by the two large competitors... and get louder as Jackson's barrage of blows backs Sweeney across the ring out towards the middle. Jackson breaks off the attack, grabbing Sweeney by the back of the head, rushing him towards the neutral corner...]

GM: Facefirst to the- no! Sweeney gets the boot up to block!

[A stiff back elbow to the ribs breaks off Jackson's effort so Sweeney smashes his head into the top turnbuckle before twisting him around, his back against the corner.]

GM: Sweeney takes the advantage with Jackson trapped in the corner...

[The crowd groans as Sweeney clubs Jackson across the sternum with two heavy forearm blows and then switches to chops...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Hard chop in the corner!

BW: Looks like Sweeney's picked up some of his cousin's knack for punishing his opponents with heavy striking.

[Grabbing Jackson by the wrist, Sweeney goes to whip him across the ring but Jackson holds fire, twisting around to reverse it.]

GM: Jackson reverses it... charging in!

[A big running clothesline is the goal as Jackson bears down on him...

...and runs right into a raised boot to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jackson stumbles backwards, clutching at his chin as Sweeney charges out, flooring Jackson with a double axehandle blow across the sternum!]

GM: Hammer blow by Sweeney and does goes Cain Jackson!

[But Jackson is quick to regain his feet, coming right back in on Sweeney again who catches him on the way up with a clubbing forearm across the back and then a short knee to the sternum...]

GM: Sweeney bringing the toughness in this one, trying to use that physicality that made him one of the most successful competitors in all of Europe to his advantage here tonight...

[With Jackson reeling from the kneelift, Sweeney whips him to the ropes, ducking his head...]

GM: Backdr- no!

[Jackson pulls up early, booting Sweeney in the face, straightening the Irishman up...

...which is when Jackson THROWS himself into a lariat, falling to his knees as he drags Sweeney down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Big clothesline from a big man... and speaking of big men, we're about to get AJ Martinez in the ring.

BW: The artist formerly known as Alex Martin.

GM: Exactly. Yet another offspring from the legendary Alex Martinez... even going so far to take his father's old "Hot Stuff" nickname.

[The 6'10 Martinez comes over the top rope, joining his KAMS partner inside the ring...]

GM: Jackson... look at this now... a mighty lift, slinging Sweeney over his shoulder...

[Storming across the ring with Sweeney over his shoulder in a backbreaker submission, Jackson SLAMS him gutfirst over the top turnbuckle!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Cain Jackson hangs Malcolm Sweeney out to dry over the buckles and... look out!

[Jackson slides to the side, leaving Sweeney dangling as AJ Martinez storms across the ring, tossing his six foot ten inch frame slightly into the air, and CRUSHES Sweeney's torso against the buckles with a flying elbowsmash.]

GM: AJ Martinez leaving his feet on that one to achieve major damage. Martinez, the son of Alex Martinez and Veronica Westerly-Temple, of course is no stranger to AWA fans who saw him compete as Alex Martin back in the Team Supreme days.

[Martinez leans Sweeney up, leaving him sitting on the top turnbuckle as he winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS an overhand chop right across the chest, causing Sweeney to grab the top rope to prevent a hard fall to the floor.]

GM: Sweeney trying to hang on up top there. Callum Mahoney shouting at the official, trying to get Davis Warren to back off AJ Martinez...

[The referee does exactly that, wedging himself between Martinez and the corner, pushing him back...]

BW: Takes some guts for a guy the size of Warren to get in the way of a six ten beast like Martinez.

[But that momentary break is all it takes for Sweeney to get his feet on the middle rope, pushing off as Martinez moves back in...

...and DROPS the big man off his feet with a flying tackle off the midbuckle!]

GM: OHHH! AND MALCOLM SWEENEY TAKES HIM DOWN!

[Mahoney slaps the mat in celebration, pointing to the corner where Rory Smythe is waiting with his arm outstretched...]

GM: Her Majesty's Might in the corner, waiting for the tag...

[Sweeney pushes up to all fours... then to his feet, stumbling towards the corner where Rory Smythe awaits him...]

GM: TAG!

[Smythe comes in quickly, smashing a pair of right hands into the jaw of a rising AJ Martinez...]

GM: Smythe going after Martinez...

[Whipping the Son of Martinez into the ropes, Smythe runs him right down with a powerful clothesline!]

GM: AJ Martinez gets dropped again... and this can't be what the young man was expecting after the tear he's been on in Japan!

BW: Welcome back to the AWA, pal!

[Smythe rushes across the ring again...

...and throws himself into a forearm smash, knocking Cain Jackson off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Smythe drops Cain Jackson as well!

[He circles back to the rising Martinez, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: Oh, you've gotta be kidding me!

[Looking out at the crowd now roaring with anticipation, Smythe slings Martinez' arm over his neck...]

GM: Rory Smythe is looking to suplex the six foot 10, 325 pound Martinez!

[Clenching his jaw, Smythe grabs a handful of tights, looking for extra leverage as he goes to lift...

...and gets a double axehandle clubbed down between his shoulderblades by Cain Jackson!]

GM: Ohhh! Jackson intervenes!

BW: Maybe Smythe should've left him out of it, Gordo.

GM: You could be right about that... and now the referee's trying to get Cain Jackson back out of the ring...

[With Smythe doubled up, AJ Martinez straightens up, smashing a double axehandle of his own down across Smythe's back, knocking him down to a knee.]

GM: Martinez pulls him in... perhaps looking for a powerbomb here...

[Tugging him into a standing headscissors, Martinez muscles Smythe up into the air...

...where the Brit begins raining down right hands on the skull!]

GM: SMYTHE'S TRYING TO FIGHT OUT OF IT! TRYING TO-

[A well-placed fist between the eyes breaks him loose, dropping down on his feet in front of him...

...where Smythe ducks down, lifting him up off the mat!]

GM: SCOOP AND A... NO!

[But Martinez' size allows him to slip back down on the canvas, twisting to lift a struggling Smythe up in his powerful arms...

...where he DROPS down in a side slam!]

GM: Side slam! Right down on the back goes Smythe!

[Keeping his arms around the legs, Martinez leans back into a pin attempt.]

GM: Martinez gets one! He gets two! He gets- no!

[Smythe breaks out of the pin at two, rolling to his side as Martinez gets to his feet, glaring at the official...]

"A two count? A TWO COUNT?! LOOK AT THIS FACE!"

[Martinez leans in, holding up his chin like he's posing for the latest ad campaign for... something fashionable.]

"A face like this does NOT get a two count, Davis Warren!"

[Warren shrugs, holding up two fingers as Martinez sighs, turning back to an angry shout from Cain Jackson.]

GM: Cain Jackson wants the tag... and he's gonna get it.

[Martinez angrily slaps his partner's hand. Jackson points at Smythe with a loud "STAY FOCUSED!" Martinez shrugs and nods, moving to pull Smythe off the mat as Jackson grabs the other arm...]

GM: Double whip by KAMS...

[Martinez loops an arm over his partner's shoulders as they swing their legs up in tandem, catching the rebounding Smythe under the chin with a double big boot...]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Somebody check the tenth row for Smythe's teeth, daddy!

[Martinez strikes a pose... showing off his calf muscles apparently... before ducking out to the apron as Cain Jackson attempts a cover of his own.]

GM: Cain Jackson with the cover for one... for two... another kickout by Rory Smythe!

[Sweeney slaps the top turnbuckle, shouting for his partner to get to the corner as Callum Mahoney smashes his hands down on the apron a few times, clapping and cheering on his ally.]

GM: Rory Smythe rolling to all fours, trying to get across the ring but Cain Jackson's not done with him yet, dragging him back up to his feet... ohhh! And he buries a forearm into the lower back!

[Twisting Smythe around, Jackson lifts him up over his shoulder, walking over towards the neutral corner...]

GM: Smythe's trying to get loose... I have no idea what Jackson's looking to do here...

[Hanging on to the struggling Smythe, Jackson runs out of the corner, leaping up, and SLAMMING him down onto his back!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: He calls that one the Highway To Hell, Gordo! I hear Sudakov taught him that!

[With Smythe prone, Jackson slides into the mount position, showing some of the skill picked up at the learning tree of Supreme Wright.]

GM: Jackson's got him mounted - big right hands from the top! Pounding Smythe into the canvas!

[Mahoney grabs the middle rope, climbing a knee up on the apron before Cain Jackson spots him, breaking off his attack to point him out to the official. Mahoney quickly backs off, hands raised as he eyeballs Jackson from the floor.]

GM: Callum Mahoney earning a warning from the official there... looked like he was thinking about getting involved...

[The referee continues to warn Mahoney as Jackson pulls Smythe off the mat, delivering a pair of right hands that sends Her Majesty's Might staggering back into the corner...]

GM: Backs him down into the wrong part of town if you're Rory Smythe...

[Jackson reaches out, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Another tag for KAMS as we close in on the ten minute mark.

BW: You've gotta be impressed with the teamwork of KAMS, Gordo. They haven't been a team for as long as some teams in this tournament... but they've been a team longer than The Summit and it shows.

[Jackson grabs Smythe by the arm, dragging him to the neutral corner before whipping him across to the opposite side.]

GM: Smythe hits the buckles again and... LOOK OUT!

[Grabbing Martinez by the arm, Jackson whips his own partner across, sending 325 pounds of Hot Stuff crashing into the torso of Rory Smythe!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez steps to the side, flinging Smythe by the head out of the corner towards a waiting Cain Jackson who lifts him up, pivots...

...and DRIVES him down with a spinebuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SPINEBUSTER BY CAIN JACKSON!

[Jackson stays down on all fours as his six foot ten partner dashes across the ring, stepping up on Jackson's back...

...and CRUSHES Smythe underneath him with a king-sized senton!]

"OHH!"

[Martinez sits up with a loud "BOOOOOOM, BITCHES!" Jackson rolls out as Martinez flips over, planting his hands on the chest of Smythe, smirking as he covers him...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

[The crowd groans as Malcolm Sweeney comes through the ropes, delivering a boot to the back of Martinez' head, breaking up the pin.]

GM: SWEENEY MAKES THE SAVE!

BW: He had to, Gordo! I think it was over right there if he didn't!

[AJ Martinez turns to glare at Sweeney as the Irishman is escorted from the ring by the referee. "Hot Stuff" gets to his feet, pointing a threatening finger with a loud "YOU'RE MESSIN' WITH THE WRONG GUY!" as Cain Jackson again shouts at his partner to stay on Rory Smythe.]

GM: Martinez having some trouble staying focused on The Summit here... perhaps a little too excited to be back in the AWA.

BW: Hard to blame him for that, Gordo. The AWA is THE place to be in professional wrestling.

GM: You got that right... and as Martinez pulls Smythe back to his feet, you've gotta wonder how much more Rory Smythe has left in the tank. He's taking a pounding from two very large competitors, Bucky.

BW: He needs to make the tag, Gordo. And he needs to do it soon.

[Martinez drags Smythe off the mat, lifting him up over his shoulder, and brings him down on a bent knee in an inverted atomic drop!]

GM: Ohh! That'll send a jolt right down the spine of Rory Smythe!

[A smirking Martinez clutches his groin, wobbling around in a mocking fashion before he dashes to the ropes, rebounding back off...]

GM: Off the far side and...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM! SMYTHE CAUGHT HIM ON THE WAY IN!

[The spinning powerslam leaves both men out on the canvas, the crowd roaring for the show of strength out of Her Majesty's Might.]

GM: Both men down! Both men shaken up after that!

BW: And this is his chance, Gordo. This is Smythe's chance to make that tag!

[Smythe rolls to his hip, looking up at Malcolm Sweeney's outstretched hand.]

GM: Smythe's looking to his corner and Sweeney's looking for that tag!

[Sweeney insistently slaps the top turnbuckle as Callum Mahoney looks on nervously, watching as AJ Martinez sits up on the canvas, grabbing at his lower back as Cain Jackson calls for a tag of his own.]

GM: Jackson wants the tag! Sweeney wants the tag! Who's gonna get it though?

[Smythe pushes to all fours, crawling on his hands and knees across the ring...]

GM: Smythe's trying to get there first!

BW: Sweeney's ready!

[Her Majesty's Might reaches up...]

GM: TAG!

[Sweeney comes quickly through the ropes, grabbing the rising AJ Martinez by the wrist, dragging him up into a flurry of fists... then forearms...]

GM: Sweeney's pounding away on Martinez who-

[The six foot ten Martinez suddenly reaches out, wrapping his hand angrily around Sweeney's throat...]

GM: MARTINEZ HOOKS HIM! CHOKESL-

[But Sweeney slaps the hand away...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADBUTT!

[Martinez stumbles backwards towards the ropes as Sweeney pursues, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Sweeney shoots him across...

[But as Martinez rebounds back, Sweeney sidesteps, catching a waistlock as he goes around...]

GM: Waistlock!

[Sweeney grits his teeth, looking to deliver a German Suplex on the 325 pound Martinez...]

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

[...who promptly SMASHES the back of his head into Sweeney's face!]

GM: OHH!

[Martinez whips around, ready to strike but Sweeney buries a boot into the gut, doubling the big man up. The Irishman dashes to the nearest ropes, bouncing back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING KNEELIFT! GOOD GRIEF!

[Martinez' eyelids flutter as he stumbles backwards, falling towards his corner...]

GM: TAG!

[...and Cain Jackson comes racing through the ropes, lighting up Malcolm Sweeney with a series of right hands!]

GM: Jackson's got Sweeney backpedaling, bringing the fire...

[With Sweeney stunned, Jackson turns, running to the ropes behind him...]

GM: Jackson off the ropes and... OHHH!

[The crowd roars as Sweeney uncorks a big boot to the jaw, knocking Jackson backwards a few steps...]

GM: What a shot by-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And the crowd EXPLODES as Jackson absorbs the boot, going into a full spin and FLATTENING Sweeney with a discus lariat!]

GM: THAT MIGHT DO IT! ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SMYTHE WITH THE DIVING SAVE!

[The crowd is buzzing for the nearfall as Rory Smythe gets back up off the mat, grimacing as he does...]

BW: Smythe is still trying to recover from that beating he took from KAMS but somehow he found enough in him to get in there and... wait a second!

[With the referee protesting, Smythe pulls Jackson off the canvas, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for it again and...

[The crowd ROARS as Smythe powers the six foot eight, 285 pounder straight up into the air...]

GM: SUPLEX! SUPLEX! LOOK AT THE POWER!

[...and holds... and holds... and holds...]

GM: INCREDIBLE STRENGTH BY RORY SMYTHE!

[...and DROPS Jackson down with a delayed vertical suplex that leaves the crowd buzzing!]

GM: Rory Smythe with the big suplex! The referee's forcing him out though - shouting him out of the ring... Smythe's arguing with the official, he wants some more of Cain Jackson!

[Mahoney's up on the apron now too, arguing with the referee as Malcolm Sweeney gets to his feet, grabbing the dazed Jackson, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: He's looking for Sweeney's Frenzy!

GM: Can he get Jackson up for that?! Can he...?

[With the referee's back still turned, AJ Martinez steps back into the ring, swinging Sweeney towards him...]

GM: CHOKE!

[...and Martinez turns Sweeney around as Jackson straightens up...]

GM: DOUBLE CHOKE!

BW: What are they...?!

[The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad HOISTS Sweeney up into the air...

...and DOWN onto a pair of bent knees!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WELCOME TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE! OHHHH MYYYYY!

[Martinez pops up, rushing the corner, and sends BOTH of the other Summit members off the apron with a double clothesline. Jackson covers the downed Sweeney as the referee turns around, diving to the mat...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Jackson rolls off of Sweeney to a knee, lifting his arm in the air to (mostly) cheers from the Mosaic Stadium crowd.]

GM: A hard-fought battle for both of these teams... a match that really could've gone either way but in the end, it's Tiger Paw Pro's Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad that advances to the second round and... wow. The Dogs of War will wait for them there and I can't wait to see that!

BW: That's going to be one hell of a match, Gordo. I'm impressed by both of these teams here tonight but one team had to lose and The Summit goes down to that brutal double chokeslam/backbreaker combination.

GM: Behind the referee's back, I might add. If the referee had been able to keep control... who knows what happens.

[AJ Martinez joins Cain Jackson in the ring, allowing the official to raise their arms to another round of (mostly) cheers.]

GM: The Dogs of War are looking on, I'm sure... looking on at the team they'll face in the second round tomorrow night right back here in Mosaic Stadium... and they've gotta be impressed.

BW: Absolutely.

GM: Fans, this Stampede Cup tournament is just getting started. Three teams advance to Night Two but we've got five more who will still try to do so here tonight. And coming up in just a few moments, we will see the unlikely duo of Raphael Rhodes and Sid Osborne taking on Guerreros Del Mundo. Let's go backstage right now and hear from the duo from Mexico!

[We fade from the ring to the backstage area where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing.]

SLB: Alright, Gordon... I am backstage here at Mosaic Stadium in Regina... waiting to talk to Guerreros Del Mundo in just a few moments.

[He looks awkwardly back and forth for a moment before going into a stage whisper.]

SLB: I'm not supposed to talk about it on the air but if you head over to the AWA App right now and check out Sweet Lou's Scoops, you can hear all about why Angelica Westerly - the founder and leader of Guerreros Del Mundo is not here tonight and is actually spending much of her time these days South of the border.. and not the Canadian border if you get my meaning.

[Blackwell chuckles.]

SLB: All the news that's too hot for TV available on the AWA app, fans. Now, as I said, we're about to talk to Logan Blackburn, Arminius, and Destro Star - the three man currently making up Guerreros Del Mundo but before we do, let's take a look at our updated bracket...

[Blackwell twists slightly, pointing up to the large bracket in place behind him which has been updated with the most recent results.]



SLB: Three teams already through here tonight, setting up some hotly-anticipated matches tomorrow night right back here in Mosaic Stadium. We just saw Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad advance... they'll be facing the Dogs of War, the new SWLL Trios Champions. Dynasty - a legendary team in their own right - will do battle with former AWA National Tag Team Champions and a sentimental favorite this weekend, Kentucky's Pride. And of course, the international juggernaut known as Ringkrieger will take on the makeshift but potentially incredible duo of Ryan Martinez and Hannibal Carver. And speaking of international juggernauts... we caught up with the trio of Logan Blackburn and the team that will be competing in just a few moments, Arminius and Destro Star! Let's take a look.

[Blackwell turns away from the bracket as we fade to a pre-recorded shot backstage where we see a man dressed in traditional English hunting attire. Looking like he's ready to attend a pheasant shoot, the infamous Logan Blackburn, is wearing a tweed shooting jacket over a waistcoat, a red silk tie, hunting breeks and knee-high argyle socks. Standing behind him are his masked "Lucha Assassins", Arminius and Destro Star.

Arminius wears a blood red mask with holes cut for eyes, nose, and mouth but that conceals the rest of his identity. A small hole in the back allows braided black hair to escape and hang down the back of his head to hide neck. His torso is also covered with a skin-tight black bodysuit with a golden Celtic Cross that covers the entire front of the outfit.

Destro Star wears a silver mask with small slits for his eyes and mouth. His body is concealed by a flowing red cape, secured around his neck by a gold chain with his family crest hanging from it.

Looking rather smug, Blackburn clasps his hands together and begins to speak.]

LB: Right then, I believe it's time to make a proper introduction. For those who are uninformed, my name is Logan Blackburn and I'm what some may call a cad. A rogue. A scalawag. A scamp.

[He smirks.]

LB: A no good, DIRTY... ROTTEN... SCOUNDREL!

[Blackburn strokes his beard.]

LB: And they would be right. I AM all those things. But those cabbages can bugger off, because I'm also the greatest wrestler on the whole bleepin' planet!

[He shakes his head dismissively.]

LB: But enough about me. There will be plenty of time to talk our heads off about my greatness. What I'm here for tonight, is to talk our heads off about the greatness of these two blokes standing right behind me.

ARMINIUS! The man who ignores gravity!

DESTRO STAR! The walking weapon! The man who would rule this world!

[Blackburn grins.]

LB: Raphael Rhodes. You josser. You bellend. Just staring at your mug disgusts me. You really think that you and that git Osbourne can shut your gobs, stop your willy-waving and pretend to like each other long enough to become a cohesive unit? Don't make me laugh!

[Blackburn turns to Arminius and Destro Star.]

LB: Now these men. This...THIS! is a team! This is a well-oiled machine! Top of the line and best in show! They might as well give us the trophy and million dollars now!

[He turns back to the camera.]

LB: Our opponents on the other hand... well, I haven't seen a bigger disaster since this season's English Premier League. Rhodes, you think you can nick a victory from my Lucha assassins? Even that slag you call a wife isn't dumb enough to lie to you about your chances.

None. You have absolutely none.

The Stampede Cup is for teams. Partners. Two men with the synergy and chemistry to flawlessly move and compete as one.

You two have none of that.

And that's why we're going to smash you. A resounding win over you two numpties, as we make our way to to a resounding victory in the whole damn Stampede Cup! And I'll have the best seat in the house to witness it all.

I can't wait to see it.

[He chuckles and turns to Arminius and Destro Star once more.]

LB: Gentlemen. Glory awaits us!

[And with that, the trio walk off. We fade from backstage to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a first round Stampede Cup matchup!

Introducing first... he is accompanied by his trainer and advisor, Dana Kaiser... weighing in tonight at 217 pounds, he currently resides in Minneapolis, Minnesota... this is...

RAPHAELLLLLLLLLL RHOOOOOOOOOOODESSSSSSSSSS!

[Some very different music for Rhodes plays, as "Winning Forces" by Bardoni & Warr begins to ring through Mosaic Stadium. After about 15 seconds, Raphael Rhodes, trailed closely behind by Dana Kaiser, walks from the entrance. His shaggy brown hair is kept just barely out of his eyes, and his beard is neatly trimmed. Video highlights from Rhodes' matches from Rising Pro Wrestling in Japan are playing on the entrance wall, showing him wrestling men like Shane Destiny, Ryo and Jun Yamamoto, Usagi Yoshida, and more. Rhodes stops for a brief moment at the giant animatronic beer-guzzling bear. He shakes his head and points his thumb at the bear with a brief grin to Kaiser, with the camera's microphone picking up "reminds me of Simon", before resuming his long walk down to the center of the stadium.]

GM: And here's someone you could definitely say is a wild card entrant into the Stampede Cup, Bucky.

BW: You got that right, Gordo. For all the years I've known Raph, I've never known him to play well with others. From his time in the Southern Syndicate... heck, from teaming with his own brother in the 2009 Stampede Cup, he isn't really known as a team player.

GM: That must tell you how badly he wants to get his hands on Guerreros del Mundo, though.

BW: Especially considering who his partner is, and what they put each other through at Liberty or Death. Yikes.

[Rhodes is wearing some unfamiliar attire as well, wearing a very beaten up black leather motorcycle jacket, with the left sleeve sporting a serious slash diagonally on the sleeve. The Union Jack, distressed and faded, is painted onto the back of the jacket. He's wearing black leg-length tights with his first name down the left leg and his last name down the right leg in light blue magazine cutout letters, along with light blue boots. His wrists and hands are taped heavily, and he snarls for the camera, revealing a light blue mouthguard. Kaiser is wearing Rhodes' Rising Pro hooded track jacket, along with jeans and sneakers, and is carrying with her a light blue towel and a bottle of water.]

GM: I understand there's some historical significance to this music, as well as the attire that Raphael is wearing tonight?

BW: So from what Dana told me, they are thanking the Yamamotos for giving them the chance to get revenge in this match. Raph used to enter to this music back when he spent nearly five years working for them in Rising Pro. And that attire, Gordo? He was wearing that when he won the Rising Pro Championship.

GM: He did say recently that he felt he had to travel the world to learn how to become great, and Bucky, perhaps that's where this all started with Logan Blackburn. We still don't know why Blackburn and his thugs attacked Rhodes, and later Sid Osborne.

BW: Raph's been mysteriously silent on that one. That usually means trouble. Big trouble.

[Rhodes makes his way to the ring, listening to Kaiser give him one last bit of hyping up before he removes his jacket, climbing the steps and through the ropes into the ring. Rhodes circles the ring by quickly stepping laterally, before taking a corner and beginning to roll his shoulders and stretch out his hips while his music fades.]

GM: One thing I have to wonder about, Bucky, is just why Raphael Rhodes is coming out here on his own. Where is his partner?

BW: Not exactly the best sign of a budding team to come out here separately, is it?

GM: No, not really.

[Kaiser says something off-mic to Rhodes who shrugs as Ortiz continues.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his tag team partner..

[The crowd begins to settle down as Rhodes and Kaiser look to the entranceway. After a few moments, they look at each other with a slight look of concern.]

BW: So, uh... is this kid coming out or what?

GM: It appears to be a question that Raphael Rhodes is asking himself and his manager! They both seem as in the dark as the rest of us.

[Finally, the sounds of Pennywise's "Revolution" rips to life over the PA system.]

RO: From Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at 260 pounds...

He is the SIN CITY SAVIORRRRRRR...

SIIIIIIIIIIID OSBORRRRRRRRRNNNNNNE!

[Sid Osborne appears through the entrance tunnel in a black hoodie with "SHUT ME UP" written on the back in what appears to be duct tape. He unzips the hoodie as he walks the ramp to a pretty loud reaction from the Canadian crowd. Underneath it, we can see the thick torso of the Sin City Savior in a flat black double singlet with red trim that goes down to mid-thigh.]

BW: It's about time!

GM: Perhaps some mind games being played here by the rookie.

BW: Yeah, just a question of who he's playing them on... his opponents or his partner?

[Osborne slides under the bottom rope, discarding the hoodie to reveal a thick torso covered in tattoos. He walks over to Rhodes and Kaiser, smirking. Kaiser shakes her head and rolls her eyes as she quickly goes over last minute strategy with the makeshift team.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The sounds of "Unstoppable" by E.S. Posthumus comes across the PA system in Mosaic Stadium to boos from the Canadian crowd.]

RO: Introducing first... being accompanied to the ring by Logan Blackburn... at a total combined weight of 395 pounds... ARMINIUS AND DESTRO STAR... GUERRERRRRRRRRROOOOOOS DELLLLLL MUNNNNNNNDOOOOOOO!

[The boos get louder as the infamous trio comes into view, dressed as we saw them moments ago. Blackburn sneers at the crowd's reaction as Destro Star and Arminius flank him on either side, nodding their heads towards the ring...

...and at a lift of the arm from Blackburn, the two luchadors go sprinting down the lengthy ramp towards the ring.]

GM: And here come the luchadors, fans!

BW: I'm already exhausted just watching them run down that ramp, Gordo.

GM: And you're likely to be a lot more tired by the time this one is done. Arminius and Destro Star are likely to bring quite the lightning quick pace to this battle - giving us a little sneak preview of what we're going to see coming up on September 4th at Estadio BBVA in Guadalupe, Mexico at Estrellas En El Cielo.

[Arminius and Destro Star reach the ring in a hurry, diving headfirst under the bottom rope into the ring. Both Raphael Rhodes and Sid Osborne step forward, ready to engage if needed as Dana Kaiser departs the ring swiftly. Referee Andy Dawson steps between the two teams, arms extended as he tries to get both teams to back down...]

GM: Just like that, we've got some words being exchanged between the two teams in this match, battling it out to see who will face the American Idols in the second round of the tournament tomorrow night... the referee trying to keep some control until this one gets going officially...

[But a fired-up Osborne shoves past the referee, his fist drawn back as Arminius and Destro Star quickly bail out of the ring to the floor, shaking their heads as the fans boo again.]

GM: Guerreros Del Mundo failing to live up to their name there, Bucky... wanting no part of a war with these two.

BW: Can you blame them? Osborne and Rhodes beat the hell out of each other not that long ago and enjoyed it so much, they decided they want to team together and beat up other people too!

GM: That's not exactly accurate. Osborne and Rhodes became a team for this tournament AFTER being assaulted by these two... well, these three actually when you add in Logan Blackburn.

BW: And you gotta add in Blackburn, Gordo, because if you follow this business at all, you know these three have been causing all sorts of problems for wrestlers down in Mexico. This triangle of terror so to speak has been beating up luchadors all over the place and they can't wait to show the world the hot streak they're on down in Guadalupe in just over a month.

[Blackburn arrives at ringside, huddling up with his allies on the floor, looking up at Rhodes and Osborne, the latter of which is standing on the middle rope, pointing and shouting at the trio on the floor. The sneering Dirty Rotten Scoundrel waves a

dismissive hand at Osborne who the referee manages to get off the ropes, backing him across the ring as Blackburn smirks.]

GM: Logan Blackburn was first introduced to AWA fans back in the days leading up to the Battle of Boston... look out here...

[With a word to his allies, Blackburn gets up on the apron, shouting in the direction of Raphael Rhodes...]

BW: Oh, we know there's no love lost here, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely not... and Rhodes moving over to confront Blackburn with some words of his own...

[Blackburn takes all of Rhodes' shouted barbs, recoiling in mocking pain and then...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SPAT ON HIM! HE SPAT ON RAPHAEL RHODES!

[Rhodes fumes for a moment, a wad of spittle on his chest...

...and then breaks towards the ropes, charging Blackburn with outstretched arms...]

GM: RHODES GOING FOR-

[But Blackburn drops off the apron as Arminius and Destro Star charge down it, swinging their legs up as Rhodes' attempt carries his upper body and head over the top rope...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRIVE their feet into the head of the stretching Rhodes!]

GM: DOUBLE ENZUIGIRI!

[Osborne again shoves past the referee, rushing to aid his partner who is stumbling backwards away from the ropes as Destro Star and Arminius split apart, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: LEAP... SPRINGBOARD!

[The two luchadors go soaring through the air with a double springboard crossbody that takes both Osborne and Rhodes off their feet as the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: So much for getting this one off to an even start. We're off and going. Twenty minute time limit first round matchup in the 2017 Stampede Cup tournament!

[Both Destro Star and Arminius roll off the downed Rhodes and Osborne who both quickly recover, climbing to their feet as the two luchadors go to work.]

GM: Chops by Arminius on Rhodes... forearm strikes by Destro Star on Osborne, backing them both across the ring...

BW: Gotta get some control in there, ref. Two men in and two men out.

GM: It seems like this may be a difficult one to keep control of, Bucky.

[Just a foot or two from the ropes, Rhodes and Osborne slam on the brakes and start fighting back, Rhodes with chops and Osborne with forearms...]

GM: Here we go! Osborne and Rhodes bringing the striking game themselves!

BW: Seems more up their alley, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely.

[The strikes of the makeshift duo batter the luchadors back to mid-ring...

...where they quickly strike with a pair of eyegouges!]

GM: Ohhh! Come on! Right to the eyes!

[Blackburn claps, smiling and nodding as Arminius and Destro Star break away, dashing to the ropes behind them, rebounding back quickly towards their opponents...

...who drop down, lunging forwards...]

GM: OHHHH!

[The crowd ROARS as both Rhodes and Osborne lift the luchadors into the air in dueling double leg takedowns, driving them down to the canvas, and quickly taking the mount before delivering some blows from above!]

GM: SLAPS BY RHODES! FISTS BY OSBORNE! OH MY!

[The battering continues for a few more seconds before the referee's shouts cause Rhodes and Osborne to abandon their attacks, getting to their feet as Arminius and Destro Star quickly roll to the floor.]

GM: The luchadors are out... Logan Blackburn moving over to talk to his allies in Triángulo de la Muerte - the Triangle of Death. These three have been nearly unstoppable throughout Mexico... currently one of the top contenders to the Southwest Lucha Libre Trios Titles that are now held by the Dogs of War. You have to imagine these three may be looking for six man tag action when the AWA comes to town in September as we-ELLLLLLLL!

[Gordon's exclamation comes as Sid Osborne dashes to the ropes, rebounding back at high velocity, and HURLS himself between the ropes with a tope onto Destro Star!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF, FANS! THE SIN CITY SAVIOR WITH THE BIG DIVE TO THE FLOOR AND-

[Arminius grabs Sid Osborne's hair from behind, dragging him off the floor...

...which is when Raphael Rhodes snatches Arminius' braided ponytail, ripping him around into a pair of chops to the chest and a pair of forearms to the jaw that leaves him reeling!]

GM: The referee's struggling to keep this one under control, Bucky.

BW: He hasn't even gotten it under control at all!

[Rhodes grabs Arminius by the arm, swinging him around and whipping him across the ringside area...]

GM: Irish whi- WHOA!

[The crowd gasps as Arminius does a running front somersault, hurling over the ringside railing and landing on his feet just beyond the barricade near the front row of fans who are screaming and shouting at being "involved" in the action. The camera cuts to Raphael Rhodes, his jaw dropped at Arminius' athletic move.]

GM: Rhodes can't believe it but here he comes and-

[But as Rhodes approaches, Arminius leaps off the grass, landing on the railing, and springs off there with a flying clothesline that topples Raphael Rhodes!]

GM: ARMINIUS TAKES HIM DOWN!

BW: These lucha guys are flipping and flying everywhere, Gordo!

GM: They certainly are... but with Arminius and Rhodes down, Osborne rolls Destro Star back in... looking to take advantage of his own dive to the floor moments ago...

[Back inside the ring, Osborne pulls the luchador to his feet, whipping him into the turnbuckles where he promptly follows him in with a running clothesline that shakes Destro Star from head to toe...]

GM: Running clothesline connects... another whip and-

[As Destro Star approaches the opposite corner, he drops into a baseball slide, going under the ropes outside the ring. A frustrated Osborne follows him, sliding under the ropes himself as Destro Star circles the ringpost, rolling back in...]

GM: Osborne trying to catch up with the speedy Destro Star and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A short kneelift catches Osborne in the jaw as he tries to come through the ropes after the luchador. With Osborne hanging over the middle rope, Destro Star leaps to the middle rope, springing back with a legdrop across the back of the neck, flipping Osborne through the ropes and down onto the canvas.]

GM: Here we go - first cover of the match!

[A two count follows before Osborne kicks out... and Destro Star keeps on going, pulling him up and whipping him across into the far corner...]

GM: Destro Star not letting up for a split second, Osborne to the corner again... here comes Destro Star!

[Approaching the corner quickly, Destro Star leaves his feet, extending a leg, and snapping the Sin City Savior's head back with a one-legged dropkick under the chin!]

GM: OHHH! Wow! A lot of impact there... snapmares him out of the corner and... ohhh! Another dropkick! This one to the back of the head! And quickly into another cover!

[Another two count results before Osborne kicks out.]

GM: Destro Star is a blur of motion in there, striking quickly and in devastating fashion... back on his feet in the blink of an eye... and there's a tag to Arminius who is even faster!

BW: Arminius on his way in to help his brother... did you know they're brothers, Gordo?

GM: You would never guess to see some of the battles they've had in the past but yes. Brothers... allies... partners... occasional rivals and enemies... these two have been through it all in their time in Mexico and have a ton of success as both singles, tags, and trios with Blackburn to show for it.

[With both luchadors inside the ring, they whip Osborne across the ring together...]

GM: Double whip... and up and over he goes with a double hiptoss!

[The double hiptoss puts Osborne down in the middle of the ring as Arminius and Destro Star scramble into position...]

...and Destro Star leaps high, tucking his legs for a senton as his brother snaps off a somersault legdrop onto Osborne at the same time!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a doubleteam... and another cover by the luchadors!

[Osborne again kicks out at two to cheers from the Canadian crowd.]

GM: The Sin City Savior has been unable to get back on track after that knee to the chops by Destro Star and right now, Guerreros del Mundo are having their way with him, Bucky.

BW: You know, you mention Guerreros del Mundo - where the heck is Angelica Westerly? Where has she been lately?

GM: I'm told that Miss Westerly is on GDM business in Mexico, preparing for the AWA's arrival... whatever that means.

BW: It can't mean anything good for the superstars of the AWA, Gordo.

GM: That's a fact. And as Destro Star exits the ring, Arminius pulls Osborne back to his feet... ohh! Palm strike... another...

[The masked luchador uncorks a series of stiff and quick palm strikes, driving the Sin City Savior several steps back before he steps back himself...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK!

[The thrust kick under the chin sends Osborne falling back towards the ropes where a flipping koppo kick finishes the job, knocking him through the ropes and out to the ringside floor!]

GM: Ohhh! All the way to the floor. Remember, fans... there is a football field under those ringside mats tonight. Still not exactly soft but not the unforgiving concrete that AWA competitors are used to for sure.

[With Osborne out on the floor, Arminius steps out on the apron, clapping his hands over his head to jeers from the Canadian crowd as he walks down the length of the ring, turning to lean his back against the steel ringpost...]

GM: Arminius out on the apron, measuring his man as Osborne struggles to get up off the floor...

[As the Sin City Savior gets to his feet, Arminius charges down the apron, leaping into the air...]

...and DRIVES Osborne down onto the floor with tucked knees!]

GM: METEORA ON THE FLOOOOOORRRRRR!

[Arminius gets to his feet, applauding himself as Logan Blackburn joins in to even more boos.]

GM: Well, these two certainly seem pleased with themselves, Bucky.

BW: Guerreros del Mundo are dominating right now. Everyone should join in on this round of applause.

[Arminius rolls back into the ring, slapping Destro Star's hand, bringing his brother back inside the ring...]

GM: Arminius is out, Destro Star back in and... what's this now?

[Destro Star highsteps to mid-ring, stomping down hard as he extends his arm towards the outside of the ring where Arminius left Sid Osborne who is struggling to get to his feet again...]

BW: Look out! He's got rocket launchers on his wrists!

GM: He does not! Would you stop? Those aren't real!

BW: We'll see about that.

[Destro Star sprints to the ropes nearest Osborne, rebounding back...]

GM: Destro Star building up speed... off another set of ropes, flying across the ring now and...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEAT SEEKING MISSILE TO THE FLOOOOOORRRRRR!

[The crowd is ROARING for the impressive dive that sends Osborne sailing backwards up the aisle onto the ramp leading from the entrance stage.]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A DIVE BY DESTRO STAR!

[Destro Star gets up to his feet, planting a foot on Osborne's prone form and striking a pose with a clenched fist raised in the air to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: The luchador wasting some valuable time out there, fans. He should be looking to take advantage of this but right now he's out there in the aisle posing...

[At a shout from Logan Blackburn, Destro Star drags Osborne off the ramp, pulling him towards the ring where he chucks him under the bottom rope into the ring before climbing up on the apron...]

GM: Destro Star puts him back in... perhaps looking to finish him off...

[Holding the top rope, Destro Star leaps into the air, both feet landing on the top rope...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD SPLASH!

[...and plummets down towards the Sin City Savior...]

GM: MISSED! HE MISSED! OSBORNE ROLLS CLEAR IN TIME!

[The Canadian crowd cheers as Osborne rolls to his hands and knees, crawling across the ring towards a ready and waiting Raphael Rhodes who has his arm outstretched waiting...]

GM: And now Osborne's looking for the tag! Can he get there in time?! Can he make the tag?!

[Destro Star rolls to his back, clutching his ribcage as Osborne draws closer to the corner, Arminius shouting at his brother and partner...]

GM: Arminius is trying to get his brother to stop Osborne but... TAG!

[The crowd cheers as Raphael Rhodes comes through the ropes, pulling Destro Star right up off the mat...]

GM: FOREARM! ANOTHER! A THIRD!

[With the luchador reeling, Rhodes hooks him by the back of the head...]

GM: UPPERCUT! ANOTHER! A THIRD!

[Destro Star's knees buckle on the final uppercut, slumping to a knee but Rhodes yanks him right back up, whipping him to the ropes...]

GM: Raphael Rhodes shoots him in...

[The luchador bounces off, coming towards a waiting Rhodes who SHOVES him skyward, sending him straight up into the air...]

...and yes, when a luchador goes up, he also must come down!]

GM: FACEFIRST DOWN ON THE MAT!

[A fired-up Rhodes steps into a straddle behind Destro Star, reaching down...]

GM: HE GRABS THE EYEHOLE ON THE MASK!

[Yanking the mask, Rhodes pulls Destro Star to his knees, sneering down at him as the Canadian crowd cheers...]

GM: OHHH! CROSSFACE!

[The stunning blow across the cheekbone leaves Destro Star barely vertical as Rhodes winds up from the other side...]

GM: AND ANOTHER ONE COMES ACROSS THE OTHER WAY!

[Destro Star slumps forward, his arms coming down to keep himself from faceplanting on the mat...

...which is when Rhodes steps back, leaning down to snatch a rear waistlock!]

GM: What's he...?! Rhodes hooks the waistlock but... are you kidding me?!

[With a grimace and a roar, Rhodes deadlifts the 198 pound Destro Star up into the waistlock...

...and THROWS him down on the back of the head with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Rhodes gets back to his feet, ducking a wildly throwing blow by an incoming Arminius...]

GM: Arminius trying to help his brother and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND HE GETS A GERMAN AS WELL!

[The pair of German Suplexes has Logan Blackburn screaming and shouting at his luchador allies who roll from the ring to the floor as Rhodes lets loose a shout of his own as he gets back to his feet, looking outside the ring...]

GM: Guerreros del Mundo are out on the floor but Raphael Rhodes is going out after them! He's not about to give them a breather...

BW: No way. It's not part of his makeup, Gordo. Rhodes gives no quarter.

[Rhodes rolls out to the floor, grabbing a masked man in each hand and clashes their skulls together to another cheer!]

GM: NOGGIN KNOCKER ON THE FLOOR!

[The two luchadors spin away, falling to the thin pads at ringside as Rhodes turns with a glare...

...and locks eyes with an approaching Logan Blackburn.]

GM: Hang on now! We may getting more than we paid for, fans!

[Rhodes extends an arm, threatening Blackburn with a point...]

GM: Raphael Rhodes looks like he's coming to get a piece of the Dirty Rotten Scoundrel!

[Blackburn backs away, begging off, shaking his head as the crowd cheers the idea of Rhodes getting his hands on Blackburn...]

GM: Blackburn's in trouble, fans! Rhodes has got his eyes on Logan Blackburn and-

[But a shout from Dana Kaiser causes Rhodes to quickly turn away from Blackburn...

...and right into a spinning leg lariat by Destro Star that takes Rhodes off his feet!]

GM: OHHH! Sneak attack from behind by Destro Star on the floor!

[Arminius is on his feet as well, stumbling towards the apron as Destro Star takes a knee next to Rhodes on the outside. Sid Osborne is still down on a knee in his own corner, no help to Rhodes as Blackburn directs traffic on the outside.]

GM: Blackburn's telling Arminius to get up on the apron... I think he was already on the way there... what do they have in mind here though?

BW: Whatever it is, Osborne can't do a thing about it! He's still hurting... right?

GM: What are you trying to imply, Bucky?!

BW: Not a thing, Gordo. Not a thing.

[Back on his feet, Destro Star grabs Rhodes by the legs, dropping back in a catapult as Arminius runs down the apron...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and delivers a running kick that sends Rhodes falling back, landing across Destro Star's raised knees.]

GM: Destro Star hanging on - something else in their gameplan it looks like...

[Arminius throws a glance to make sure Rhodes is in position before he slingshots over the top rope, drawing a shout from the referee...]

GM: Arminius isn't the legal man but he doesn't seem to-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd roars in a collective groan as Arminius slingshots over the top rope into a somersault senton onto Rhodes who is propped up by Destro Star's knees!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: You said it, Gordo! What a devastating bit of business that was! I don't know if Rhodes is getting up from that, daddy.

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

[Arminius drags Rhodes out of his brother's grasp, chucking him under the ropes into the ring where Rhodes rolls to his chest, clutching his lower back in pain as Arminius scrambles up on the apron, grabbing the top rope...]

GM: Arminius is on the apron...

BW: But like you said, he's not legal, Gordo!

[A leap into the air sends the high flyer flipping over the top rope with a somersault legdrop, the calf SMASHING down across the small of Rhodes' back, causing him to howl in pain as Arminius flips him over...]

GM: Arminius looking to cover but... no, the referee says no! Like we both said now, he's not legal and...

BW: Look out!

[Arminius suddenly finds himself getting clubbed across the ear by a charging Sid Osborne to cheers!]

GM: OSBORNE'S IN!

[But the emotional Osborne quickly finds himself wrapped up by the official who is ordering him to exit the ring as Arminius reels against the ropes, grabbing at his ear as Destro Star rolls under the bottom rope...]

GM: Osborne... they're trying to get him out of there and-

BW: And that leaves Rhodes at the mercy of GDM!

[The duo pulls Rhodes off the mat, whipping him to the ropes together...]

GM: Rhodes off the ropes...

[Arminius and Destro Star drop to a knee each, swinging a backfist up into the gut of Rhodes, doubling him up. Destro Star rises as Arminius swings a leg around, sweeping Rhodes' legs out from under him...]

GM: Legsweep by the illegal man and...

[Destro Star leaps into the air, dropping his near 200 pounds down across Rhodes' chest with a senton splash...]

...right before Arminius snaps off a standing Shooting Star Press, promptly rolling from the ring as Destro Star wraps up the legs and the referee turns around...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DIVING SAVE BY THE SIN CITY SAVIOR, LIVING UP TO THAT NAME!

[The referee again shouts at Osborne, demanding that the emotional youngster exit the ring as Destro Star rolls to a knee. He gets to his feet, slapping the hand of his brother...]

GM: Another tag by GDM... and Arminius runs down the apron, grabbing the top rope...

[Destro Star vacates the ring as Arminius leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...]

GM: 450 SPLAAAAAAAASH!

[But the crowd ERUPTS as Raphael Rhodes brings his legs up at the last moment, his knees catching Arminius right in the midsection!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KNEES UP! KNEES UP BY RAPHAEL RHODES!

[Dana Kaiser cheers gleefully at ringside, shouting to her husband as he rolls to his hip, looking across to where Sid Osborne's arm is extended in his direction...]

GM: And the Sin City Savior is looking to get back in that ring in the very worst way!

[Rhodes gets to all fours, crawling across the ring as Arminius clutches at his ribs, trying to get to the ropes to help get himself to his feet...]

GM: Arminius trying to get up! Rhodes trying to get to the corner! Who is going to get there first? Who is going to...?

[The crowd ROARS as Rhodes DIVES into a tag!]

GM: TAG! IN COMES SID!

[The fired-up Sin City Savior charges the rising Arminius, throwing a trio of looping right hands to the masked head before switching to big chops...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Arminius falls back into the neutral corner as Osborne grabs the top rope, smashing his boot into the masked man's midsection, kicking his damaged ribs over and over... and over... and over... and over...]

GM: OSBORNE'S GOING CRAZY IN REGINA!

[The barrage of boots puts Arminius down in a seated position in the corner as Osborne gives a shout that gets cut off by the censors mid-stream.]

GM: Our apologies for that one, fans. This young man is FIRED UP!

[Osborne reaches the opposite corner, pointing both fingers across at Arminius before he charges across the ring, throwing himself into a somersault...]

GM: CANNONBALL IN THE CORNER!

[Osborne pops up, throwing his arms back with a shout that the Canadian crowd echoes in tribute...]

GM: Osborne's got Arminius down and... DESTRO STAR!

[But the incoming luchador gets LAUNCHED overhead in a belly-to-belly throw, the Sin City Savior HURLING him into a makeshift cannonball on Arminius as well!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[With both luchadors sprawled out on the canvas and Logan Blackburn looking on with concern, Osborne yanks Destro Star off the mat, throwing him to the opposite neutral corner, storming in after him...]

GM: RUNNING CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS!

[Spinning around, Osborne rushes towards the seated Arminius...]

GM: OHHH! SLIDING CLOTHESLINE IN THE OTHER CORNER!

[Osborne pops up to his feet, pumping his right arm a few times as the fans continue to cheer loudly. He grabs a handful of mask, dragging Arminius to his feet, walking him out to the middle of the ring...]

GM: Arminius can barely stand and Osborne's got him right where he-

[The crowd EXPLODES as Osborne throws a standing lariat, flipping Arminius inside out and dumping him down on the mat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: THAT MIGHT DO IT! SID COVERS!

[The referee dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DIVING SAVE BY DESTRO STAR! JUST IN TIME!

[Destro Star gets to his feet, arguing with the official who is ordering him out of the ring...

...which means he never sees a rampaging Raphael Rhodes coming, connecting with a clothesline that causes both Destro Star and Rhodes to topple over the top rope, crashing down where Rhodes' lower back SLAMS down on the edge of the ring apron before they hit the floor!]

GM: RHODES TAKES THEM BOTH OUT! RHODES AND DESTRO STAR OUT TO THE FLOOR!

BW: Did you see that fall by Rhodes?! Right on the back!

GM: A hard fall by Rhodes and... look at this now... Osborne's looking to finish this, I think! He's got a window of opportunity with Destro Star out of the picture...

[Osborne whips Arminius to the corner, charging in after him...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: RUNNING PALM STRIKE IN THE CORNER!

[With Arminius in a daze, Osborne ducks low, muscling him up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle. The Sin City Savior nods to the cheering crowd before he climbs to the midbuckle...]

GM: Osborne might be looking for a superplex here, fans... yes... yes he is!

BW: Taking a page out of his partner's playbook!

GM: Osborne hooks him, trying to get him up...

[But the luchador ain't goin' down like that, swinging his fist over and over into the ribs, trying to battle his way out...]

GM: Arminius is fighting it! Trying to break free!

[Osborne lets go of the front facelock, wincing as he grabs at his ribs. Arminius loops in a few haymakers to the side of the head, both men now standing on the middle rope...

...which is when Arminius leaps into the air, snatching Osborne's head between his legs, twisting around to toss him off the ropes with an impactful rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A MOVE BY ARMINIUS!

BW: He's still the legal man too! Crawling towards him!

[Arminius clears the distance with his crawl, lunging into a lateral press!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! OSBORNE KICKS OUT IN TIME!

BW: That was almost it, Gordo! We almost had a GDM/American Idols second round match LOCKED IN!

GM: Almost but not quite... and now it turns to Arminius who tries to find a way to finish off Osborne!

[Arminius rolls to his back, clutching his ribs as he breathes heavily on the canvas.]

GM: Both men are down after the exertion of that top rope rana... and you gotta wonder as we get close to the fifteen minute mark of this match, who has enough left to finish this? Rhodes and Destro Star are both down on the floor... we can see Rhodes trying to get to his feet...

[Blackburn balls up his fists, pounding them into the canvas as he shouts at Arminius who sits up, weary but ready to keep fighting...]

GM: Arminius may have September 4th in the back of his mind but how great would it be for this young man to come back to his home country of Mexico as a winner of the Stampede Cup?

BW: Guerreros del Mundo might earn themselves a shot at the World Tag Team Titles that night if they can pull that off here this weekend, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely... and as Arminius gets to his feet, he drags Osborne up with him...

[The luchador ducks low, wrapping his arms around Osborne's torso.]

GM: Arminius is just a hair under two hundred pounds but he's surprisingly strong for his size... we've seen him lift some opponents you might not expect him to...

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Five minutes to go! It's pressure time for these two teams, Bucky!

BW: A time limit draw sends them BOTH packing!

[Arminius lets loose a shout as he lifts Osborne into the air, dropping the Sin City Savior with a Northern Lights Suplex...

...that he rolls right through, somehow turning it into a deadlift vertical suplex, dropping Osborne with a spine-shaking slam!]

GM: Impressive show of strength by Arminius... and he's pointing to the corner, looking to finish this!

[A stumble in his step, Arminius staggers to the corner, ducking through the ropes to the apron...]

BW: Arminius is the master of that 630 senton he calls the Notch, Draw, Loose... and if he hits that, Guerreros del Mundo are heading to the second round!

[Arminius steps up on the middle rope, struggling as he climbs to the top...

...which is when Raphael Rhodes pulls himself up on the apron, stumbling down it towards Arminius...]

GM: Rhodes trying to intervene here! He knows his partner is in trouble!

[Arminius gets BLASTED across the chest with a knife edge chop by Rhodes!]

GM: Rhodes trying to chop him down... Arminius trying to hang on...

[Another chop lands, causing Arminius to lean down, grabbing the top rope to stay on his feet...

...where he reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes!]

GM: Eyegouge! Eyegouge and-

[But before he can fully rake the eyes, Arminius suddenly recoils as Sid Osborne charges the corner, leaping into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERMAN PUNCH! SUPERMAN PUNCH ON ARMINIUS!

[The blow causes Arminius to slump down, seated on the top turnbuckle as Rhodes wipes his vision clear, gesturing to Osborne who nods, heading to the adjacent corner...]

GM: Osborne's the legal man but it's Rhodes coming in and...

[Grabbing the back of Arminius' head, Rhodes pulls it down towards him...

...and CRACKS him with a fierce European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Arminius' arms flail limply as a satisfied Rhodes steps to the middle rope, looping his arm around Arminius' neck and throwing the luchador's arm over his own. He throws a glance to the adjacent corner where Osborne is standing on the middle rope, one foot on the top. With a nod, Rhodes steps to the top...]

GM: RHODES IS UP TOP! HE LIFTS!

[Rhodes muscles him into air, taking him high...]

GM: NOTHING FANCY!

[...and sends him CRASHING down with the top rope superplex as Osborne leaps into the air...]

GM: OSBORNE FROM THE OTHER CORNER!

[...and SMASHES down onto the prone Arminius with his Stage Dive frog splash!]

GM: STAGE DIVE OFF THE TOP!

[Osborne hooks a leg as Rhodes stands guard, making sure no one intervenes to break the pin...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Rhodes pumps a fist triumphantly as the bell sounds.]

GM: Osborne and Rhodes pick up the win here at the Stampede Cup!

[Osborne pushes up to his knees, a grin on his face as Rebecca Ortiz makes it official.]

GM: A hard-fought matchup on both sides of the ring... both of these teams giving it all they've got and... well, Bucky, one of them had to win and one of them had to lose.

BW: Brilliant analysis there, Gordo. I guess that's why they pay you to call the wristlocks and bodyslams. Rhodes and Osborne with the win - and I'm callin' a spade a spade, daddy... this is an upset! Mark it down! I'm calling upset! Sid Osborne and Raphael Rhodes are moving on to the second round to face the American Idols and as good as those two are as singles competitors, I don't think anyone who watches tag team wrestling thought they were gonna knock off Guerreros del Mundo.

GM: Logan Blackburn looking on... he looks quite displeased... and I have to imagine this isn't the end of this one for him.

BW: Not a chance, Gordo. Not a chance.

GM: Nevertheless, Rhodes and Osborne pick up the win and move on in the tournament here at the Battle of Saskatchewan... and let's go backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell who's going to take a look at our updated bracket!

[We fade to the backstage area where Lou is prepared to do exactly that.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon! Bucky Wilde calls it an upset and it's hard to argue that but it's a big win for the team of Rhodes and Osborne, moving on to the second round which means they'll be back here tomorrow night for more tournament action... and let's take a look at the bracket as promised...

[Blackwell steps to the side, gesturing to the large wall-mounted bracket behind him.]

SLB: As we check it out, we can see the team who've advanced to Night Two. We're talking about Ringkrieger, KAMS, Rhodes and Osborne, and Kentucky's Pride. Now, that's already set up a few very intriguing second round matchups but we've got more still to come. Still tonight, we're looking forward to showdowns between the Gold Standard and The Hive... between the Canadian duo of Colton and Hunter and their opponents Kingsley and Sawyer... between the two-time Cup winners Violence Unlimited and the legendary Prophets of Rage... and of course, in just a few minutes now, we'll see the mysterious Machines taking on The Band. We caught up with both of those teams earlier today and right now, we're going to hear exactly what they had to say. Take a look!

[Lou gestures to the screen as we cut to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where Past Lou is standing in front of the same bracket we saw moments ago just before it was filled in with tonight's action.]

SLB: It's the Battle of Saskatchewan... it's the Stampede Cup... and I'm pretty excited to be here right now to introduce the world to this enigmatic duo. For months now, we've heard the whispers, we've seen flashes of them wrestling across the globe, we've seen flickering lights and cryptic videos and finally...

[Lou gathers himself, getting a little too worked up.]

SLB: Finally, I am pleased to bring to you a team that I have heard rave reviews about as they've been dominating the competition over in Total Japan Pro Wrestling... The Machines!

[Blackwell clenches the mic in one hand and pumps a fist in the air with the other. The man can't help himself, he's a fan first and foremost. He pauses, a confused look on his face though as no one arrives...]

SLB: Perhaps they didn't hear me... The Maaachines!

[Still nothing. Blackwell shakes his head with a shrug.]

SLB: Fans, I do apologize. I had it on good word that we were going to get our first in person glimpse-

[Enter The Machines.

From either side of Blackwell comes out two men dressed in black body suits covering them from head to toe. Their heads are masked in a black skull masks straight out of an artificial intelligence movie with detailed robotic markings and chiseled bone structure. The Machine to the left is around six feet tall, built like a tank with broad shoulders and muscles busting out of the body suit. To Blackwell's right is a man slightly taller, abs piercing through the skin tight armor one arm sleeve removed showing off a shredded arm bursting with veins. Blackwell grins at their arrival.]

SLB: Gentlemen...what an honor it is to finally have you here in the AWA and what a moment to make your debut. Tonight in this building, the finest tag teams across the globe gather for one weekend to crown the very best tag team the world has to offer. The Stampede Cup is on the line and the Machines from The Land of the Rising Sun have stepped foot on Canadian soil to stake their claim at being the top team in all of professional wrestling!

[The bulkier of the two Machines steps forward first.]

Machine #1 (M1): Domo.

[The Machine graciously nods as Blackwell fidgets with his earpiece.]

SLB: Okay, I've got someone ready to translate. Never got around to learning Japanese, you know.

[He taps his earpiece with a nod.]

SLB: You may fire when ready.

[Machine #1 nods and then begins to speak. We can hear Japanese words being uttered as he does and white text translation comes up on screen for the folks at home.]

M1 (translated from Japanese): You know AWA officials came to Japan over a year ago when there were rumors circulating that the AWA would be coming back to Japan for another Rising Sun Showdown. It was not long before the negotiations between Tiger Paw Pro Wrestling and the AWA had begun to...what is the word?

[Blackwell pauses, waiting for the translation to finish before responding.]

SLB: I don't think there isn't a dirt sheet on the internet that hasn't covered the political... challenges between the two parties.

[The big Machine glares at Blackwell and then back towards the camera.]

BM: Very well. So AWA began to look elsewhere. AWA heard of a team that was too rough and too ready to be contained in the likes of the Tiger Paw Dojo and that refused to fit the mold. A team that wanted to pave its own path and blaze its own trail in the wrestling world, whom struck down from the air and skies above like rockets red glare. AWA heard of the Machines that were filling arenas unlike the sport had ever seen in Japan. Teams all over the country were taking notice and all wanted to try their hand at sharing a ring with them and we lyn--

[The second Machine looks at his partner and shakes his head.]

SLB: What? What did he say?

M1: Decimated them. All of them.

ACHILLES.

Party of the Dead.

Express.

Oinkers. Flapjacks. Boppers.

It did not matter if they were from the States, Europe, or bred in Japan. All of them pale in comparison to what stands before you today. They could not withstand the type of violence and brutality that we brought to the ring, Blackwell-san. We only know of one path and while it is pure, it is also physical, it is also vicious, and it is without limits or mercy. We, as you Americans say, have the goods, and my fellow Machine here is going to tell you all about it.

[The slimmer of the two Machines nods his head as he rolls his shoulders.]

M2: {once again translated from Japanese} What you are looking at here, Lou, is two of the finest beings ever to grace this planet. When the Machines arose from the depths of Mount Fuji, the nation of Nippon took notice! The plumes of smoke rose high into the skies and the citizens of Japan feared that Mount Fuji was going to bring upon their doom. Slowly, we emerged from the plumes of smoke, lava dripping from our bodies and they were correct, doom was coming.

[The second Machine pauses .]

M2: Only the doom was not for the citizen's of Nippon. It was for the so-called world caliber tag teams. Teams we ran roughshod over, teams we made beg for our mercy, which is was and will never be granted! The Machines are creating a symphony of destruction, a symphony that has finally made it's way to the United States.

Lou Blackwell, we watched these American fans drop to their knees, tilt their heads back with tears and their eyes and beg their daddies to finally bring them a real team. To finally bring them a world caliber team to carry the AWA from the hell that currently resides here.

Next Gen. The Shooting Stars. The Gold Standard. The American Idols.

[The second Machine laughs as he looks at his partner.]

M1: The drumline.

[Blackwell looks confused.]

SLB: Did you get that right?

[He shakes his head, tapping his earpiece again.]

SLB: Oh! You mean The Band?

M2: If that is all the AWA has to offer...

[The slimmer Machine just begins to laugh again.]

SLB: And what of you two? What shall we call each of you?

[The Machines step off the stage, laughing it up with one another.

M1: Don't you worry about it, Blackwell-san.

M2: It's just like The Machines tell the ladies... we'll call you.

[Lou just stares at the two of them as they walk off screen as the camera cuts to footage also marked "EARLIER TONIGHT." This one is with Mark Stegglet standing in a locker room somewhere.]

MS: Hello, fans. I stand here backstage at Mosaic Stadium with the Battle of Saskatchewan featuring the Stampede Cup just hours away and... well, I've been given the... unique... assignment of talking to one of the newest tag teams on the AWA scene - the current Combat Corner Wrestling Tag Team Champions... Laredo Morrison... Jimi Jam Jester... The Band.

[Stegglet pauses, waiting for the Band to arrive on camera. He turns slightly, his gaze off-camera.]

MS: Guys?

[He gestures to someone unseen.]

"Not good enough. Try it again, Marky Mark."

[Stegglet sighs, shaking his head.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... LAREDO MORRISON... JIMI JAM JESTER... THE BAND!

[Stegglet looks expectantly.]

"NOT. GOOD. ENOUGH!"

[Stegglet sighs again.]

MS: I don't understand. What do you want from me?!

[A large arm swoops in from off-camera, handing an index card to Stegglet.]

MS: Seriously?

"Do you want your interview or not, Funky Bunch?"

[Stegglet grimaces, rolling his eyes.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... as I stand here in a SOLD OUT MOSAIC STADIUM where the world's greatest wrestling fans have gathered to witness the true MONSTERS OF ROCK... I have only one question for you...

[He pauses, looking off-camera again.]

MS: Are you ready to rock?

"Louder."

MS: Are you ready to rock?!

"MAKE ME FEEL IT, KID!"

MS: ARE YOU READY TO ROCK?!

"Nice... bring it home!"

MS: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... BOYS AND GIRLS... CHILDREN OF ALL AGES... THE GREATEST TAG TEAM ON THE PLANET...

LAREDO MORRISON...

JIMI! JAM! JESTER!

THE BANNNNNNNNNNNNNND!

[Stegglet pauses, breathing heavily, looking expectantly off-camera. A moment or two passes before a hulking figure steps into view. A few inches shy of seven feet tall, over three hundred pounds with ease. He's in purple and gold full-length pants and boots with matching gold-tinted sunglasses. He is Laredo Morrison.]

LM: It'll do, kid.

[Morrison nods.]

MS: I'm so glad. Well... with all that out of the way, I've gotta ask how you feel about your AWA debut here tonight.

LM: It's not about how I feel, Funky Bunch. It's about how... HE... feels.

[He jerks a thumb off-camera. Stegglet sighs.]

MS: Really? Does it have to be?

[And with a loud "YEAH YEAH YEAH, BAYBAY!" the Jester of Rock And Roll struts into view, high-stepping all the while. Just shy of six feet, Jimi Jam Jester is thin and lanky... almost skinny... short of 200 pounds. He's got a pair of mirrored shades on the tip of his nose, showing off some wild eyes underneath. His long blonde hair looks straight out of an 80s music video, hanging past his shoulders and kinda... all

over the place. He's covered in tattoos... most of which are pretty poorly selected including a neck tattoo of his self-designed Jester of Rock And Roll logo that adorns all his merchandise. The neck tattoo is bad. Real bad. Impossible to unsee bad. His ears are pierced as is his nose. And he looks quite happy to be here.]

JJJ: MARKY MARK, THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH HAS ARRIVED IN...

[He pauses... thinking... thinking... thinking... until finally Laredo Morrison leans over, whispering into his ear.]

JJJ: They named this town WHAT?!

[Morrison grimaces, whispering again.]

JJJ: Ohhhh. Regina. Got it. REGINA, CANADA... WE! ARE! HERE! AND YOU!

[He leans towards the camera, one side of his mouth curling up in a smirk.]

JJJ: ...are so, so lucky. The hype is real - believe it all - because The Band has come to town and we are gonna ROCK... YOUR... FACES... OFF!

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Okay... well, fans of CCW know that you've enjoyed quite a bit of success there... actually winning a tournament to earn this spot in the Stampede Cup.

JJJ: True.

MS: And you two are also the current CCW Tag Team Champions.

JJJ: True!

MS: But a lot of people think you've overmatched in this tournament.

JJJ: TRUE!

[Jester grins... and then stops cold.]

JJJ: WAIT! NO! FAKE NEWS! FAKE NEWS, MARKY MARK! Tell 'em, big man.

[Jester turns away in a huff as Laredo Morrison grabs the mic.]

LM: I don't care what those VIRGINS in their parents' BASEMENT are saying, Stegglet! The Band is here in this tournament because The Band BELONGS in this tournament! When you're talking about the best teams in the world, you better be talkin' about the Band because if you're not then... then... well, you're just a bunch of...

[Jester leans back in.]

JJJ: LOSERS!

[The two burst into belly-grabbing laughter as Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: Alright, can we at least talk about your opponents tonight?

[Jester nods.]

JJJ: Good call, Funky Bunch. We need to talk about them. We gotta talk about them because they're not getting the respect they deserve either! I mean,

everyone's talking about Violence Unlimited because they've won the Cup before. Everyone's talking about the Prophets of Rage because they maybe could be sorta Hall of Famers. But no one's talking about the ACTUAL Hall of Famers in this tournament... the team that WE'RE facing.

[Stegglet looks confused.]

MS: I don't... the Machines aren't Hall of Famers.

[Jester waves a dismissive hand as Laredo steps back in.]

LM: Of course they are, Stegglet! I was there! I was in the E when they were there... them... the Frats... the EOC... the Down Boys... Squish Squash... the Rapturers... the Suicide Blondes... the Natural Predators... the-

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: I think we get it... and I think I understand now. You're mistaking the team you're facing tonight for the team from the 90s.

[Laredo arches an eyebrow.]

LM: Two Machines?

MS: Yes. Well, no actually. The Machines in Japan have been a-

LM: They're from JAPAN?!

[Stegglet looks on silently.]

MS: ...yes?

[Jester swings around, eyes wide and angry.]

JJJ: NO! NO! NO! MY RIDER SAYS NO WRESTLERS FROM JAPAN!

MS: What?!

JJJ: Look, it's not what you think... it's just... well...

[He looks around like someone might be listening in... someone other than the hundreds of thousands of fans watching on TV.]

JJJ: ...they hit REALLY hard.

[Morrison steps in, swinging his arms wide in front of the camera.]

LM: We're gonna have to do this all over again! Cut! I SAID CUT, DAMN IT!

[Morrison palms the lens, sending us to static then to black...

...and we fade back up to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following first round Stampede Cup matchup is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first...

[Red Lights.

The stadium falls silent. A moment passes before what can best be described as the cries of the wind and whispers of the streets build up. Suddenly, a hard hitting

industrial guitar riff rips through the airwaves as "The Machine In Me" by The Enigma TNG kicks in.]

RO: Hailing from the DEPTHS OF MOUNT FUJI... weighing in at an undisclosed amount here are...

THHHHHHE MAAAAAAAAAAAAACHINNNNNNNNESSS!!!!

[The crowd buzzes. Eyes dart all around as red light spiral like sirens throughout the stadium. Finally they cast down on the main entrance where smoke begins to build up underneath the stage. Another screech of a guitar followed by a hard hitting drum beat and two figures begin to rise through the flooring with smoke erupting out from around them as fire spits into the air around them.]

GM: Wow! Quite the impressive entrance here for the enigmatic duo from Japan known only to us as The Machines, Bucky.

BW: You talk about hype, these two have had the hype train rolling for months now. The Rise of the Machines... well, we're looking at the Machines rise right now, daddy, literally up through that stage.

[The circular base reaches ground level and two men dressed in tight black wrestling gear stand amongst the smoke and fire. The man on the left is shorter, wider, his upper body bursting through his sleeves. His right arm is heavily braced similar to what Barry Bonds sported while effortlessly swatting home runs into McCovey Cove. His head is encompassed by a black skull mask with intricate designs forming a chiseled and robotic bone structure.

To the right is a man slightly taller, leaner, wearing the same body armor with one sleeve missing revealing an arm coarse with muscular veins. As the smoke clears the two men begin their trek down toward the ring.]

GM: Alright, Bucky... I know you've done your research on this team. What can you tell me about the Machines?

BW: That's a trick question, Gordo. I can tell you a lot about the history of The Machines... I can tell you that this particular team name... team concept... whatever you want to call it has been around in Japan off and on since the 1970s. The Land of the Rising Sun has seen a lot of Machines over the years. They'll come and they'll go and then a new team will arrive in their place with the same name.

GM: So, why is it a trick question?

BW: Because this particular Machines duo has only been around for about eight months or so. Now, it's been an impressive eight months. If you're a fan of Total Japan Pro Wrestling, you know these two have been throwing opponents around like lawndarts for the majority of that time, racking up some big wins against some of the best teams in Japan. They also went on tours of Europe and Australia. Now they've come to the Stampede Cup hoping to take that Machines legacy and cement it by winning that trophy and the million bucks.

[The Machines methodically march to the ring. The music behind them continues to intensify but their movements never waiver or change. They reach the ring and split in opposite directions before reaching the steel steps across from one another. A step at a time the two Machines move up the steps before standing on top of the apron and lower themselves into the ring.]

GM: The Machines have arrived... not just in the ring here tonight in Regina but here in the AWA. There has been some talk that this appearance this weekend may

not be the only one for the Machines - that they're looking to conquer the United States just as they did to Japan.

BW: I've heard that too... but that probably depends on how they fare here this weekend, Gordo.

GM: And their first test will come in the form of the current Combat Corner Wrestling Tag Team Champions... The Band.

BW: A lot of people are counting The Band out this weekend, Gordo... but I'm a big fan of Jimi Jam and Laredo... I think they got the goods and they could surprise some people.

GM: We're about to find out as Rebecca calls them to the ring.

[The Machines settle into their corner as Rebecca Ortiz raises the mic again.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents...

[We cut to the top of the aisle as an unfamiliar long-haired guy in a black "Ramones" t-shirt walks into view. He's holding a guitar case in one hand and a mic stand in the other. He sets the mic stand down, leaning down to open the guitar case, pulling an acoustic guitar into view. He straightens up, leaning over the mic.]

"Gimme a check... check one... cheeeeeeck... green eggs and ham... Sam I am... check check. Good?"

[With a nod, he steps to the side, holding the guitar out...

...and the lights in Mosaic Stadium drop to black drawing an "oooooooooh" from the sold-out crowd followed by a very loud ovation... which is odd because no one is cheering at all. In fact, we can hear some pretty loud booing too which means that ovation must be pre-recorded. A booming pre-recorded voice rings out over the PA system.]

"REGINA, CANADA..."

[More fake cheers.]

"ARE YOU READY TO ROCK?!"

[Louder fake cheers.]

"I SAID... ARE YOU READY TO ROCK?!"

[Even louder fake cheers.]

"WELL, ALRIGHT... from the Sunset Strip... the Rock and Roll Sensation that's rocking' the nation... the Kings of the Power Chord... the masters of the Whammy Bar...

First... he is THE TALENT... LAAAAAAREEEEEEDOOOOOOOOOOO MORRRISONNNNN!

AND... HIS! TAG! TEAM! PARRRRRRRTNERRRRRRRR!

He is THE JESTER of ROCK AND ROLL!

JIMMMMMMMMMIIIIIII  
JAAAAAAAAAMMMMM

JESSSSSSSSSTERRRRRRRRRR!

Together they are... THE BANNNNNNNNNNNND!

[A single spotlight lances through the stadium, splashing down on the entryway to the louder fake roar of them all. After a moment, the so-called Jester of Rock And Roll comes walking through the curtain, Laredo Morrison walking right behind him, a big grin on his face. Both men are dressed as we saw them earlier but Jimi Jam has added a multi-color feather boa, a pair of pitch black sunglasses, and a few gold chains hanging around his neck. A huge grin on his face, he ignores the jeering fans, walking straight up to the mic.]

JJJ: Alright, Canada! Who's ready to feel the rock from head to TOOOOOOOOE?!

[Another fake cheer. He nods.]

JJJ: WELL, ALRIGHT!

[He reaches out a hand to the side... which lands an electric guitar in his hand. The Jester hits a few strings on the guitar...

...and then starts blasting through a series of power chords with no real structure. He just keeps strumming... and strumming... and strumming as he starts walking down the aisle towards the ring. Laredo Morrison bobs his head, eyes closed as he "rocks out" behind his front man.]

GM: He's... good grief, does he HAVE to do that?!

BW: I love this one, Gordo! It's no "My Baby's Gone Blind" but...

GM: You actually listen to this stuff?

BW: Coming from a guy who thinks Louis Armstrong is cutting edge, I'm not about to listen to your taste in music.

[As he reaches the ring, Jester climbs up on the apron, turning towards the fans where he goes into a bunch of full sweeping arm power chords... and then swings the guitar up behind his head, strumming like a madman. The guitar work is getting a whole lot worse by this point and the boos are blasting him from all sides of the building...

...and then flips a switch on the guitar, sparks suddenly shooting from the end as he continues to play on...]

GM: How long is this going to go on?

BW: You never say that when Martinez is out here talking. Just enjoy the art.

GM: I'd enjoy it a lot more with earplugs.

[The lights kick back on as Jimi Jam Jester hands his sparkling guitar over to Laredo who deposits it at ringside with a firm warning to the ringside attendant. Jester gives a "YEAH, ALRIGHT!" before ducking through the ropes into the ring. He grabs the top rope, banging his head back and forth a few times, sending his long blonde hair flying like crazy...

...and then does this nutty backbend, dropping almost down to the mat as Laredo strikes a pose behind him, raising a clenched fist as he looks over his own pair of sunglasses at the jeering crowd.]

GM: Well, a whole lot of fanfare for BOTH of these debuting teams, Bucky.

BW: What can I say? Mooselips spared no expense.

GM: Apparently not. But with all that ballyhoo over, it's time to focus on in-ring action... and just who is going to be starting this one out for their respective teams. Now, these Machines... any idea what we should call them, Bucky?

BW: I'm going to go out on a limb, Gordo, and suggest Machine #1 and Machine #2 for now.

GM: Sounds logical. I suppose whoever starts the match will be #1?

BW: Nah, he'll be #2.

GM: Why?

BW: Just to confuse people... including you.

GM: Mission accomplished... and over on the other side of the ring, there's a pretty heated discussion going on between Jimi Jam Jester and Laredo Morrison over who will be starting for their team.

BW: I have it on good authority that Laredo Morrison usually starts it out for his team... the opening act for The Band so to speak.

GM: I don't think that's how that works.

[Morrison is standing, hands on his hips, shaking his head as Jester nods and points insistently at the ring. We cut closer to listen in on their debate.]

JJJ: I got this, baybee! I got this! You believe in Jimi Jam, don'tcha? Huh?!

[Morrison reluctantly nods, lifting his hands in agreement as he ducks through the ropes to the outside.]

GM: Well, it looks like Jimi Jam has won this argument and he'll be starting things off with Machine #2...

[The bell sounds as Jimi grins, clapping his hands together a few times, seemingly trying to rally the fans to do the same. Spoiler: They don't.]

GM: The fans here in Regina don't seem to be enamored with The Band so far.

BW: You gotta see 'em live, Gordo. They're great live.

GM: They're... huh?

[Jester gives a loud whoop as he swings around, fists balled up...

...and sees a very large Machine #2 - the larger of the two easily - waiting for him. Jester lets out a shriek, falling backwards towards his corner, slapping Laredo Morrison's hand.]

"You got this, baybee! I believe in you!"

[The crowd laughs at Jester as he ducks out of the ring. Morrison shakes his head as he ducks through the ropes, measuring up much better with his large masked and bodysuited opponent.]

GM: Definitely a better matchup sizewise... and Morrison's not showing any fear of Machine #2 - unlike his partner - moving right into a collar and elbow, jockeying for position...

[The tieup sees the two largest men in the match battling it out, shoving one another back and forth without budging...]

GM: Neither man able to get an edge yet, pretty evenly matched so far and... I may have spoken too soon though.

[Morrison puts his all into it, shoving Machine #2 a step back.]

GM: Morrison trying to use that leverage advantage...

[Another step.]

BW: He's doing it, Gordo. Morrison's backing down one-half of the Machines...

[Morrison shoves him back another step... and another...]

GM: He's got him backing down and...

[Morrison suddenly comes to a halt, pushing hard but going nowhere...]

...and then with a grunt, the mighty Machine HURLS Morrison down to the canvas, throwing him down with ease.]

GM: Ohhh! Look at the power!

[The masked man raises his arms, striking a double bicep pose... which is a little odd since his arms are covered by a bodysuit... but it's tight enough to show off how well they're sculpted anyways.]

GM: Morrison gets tossed down just when he thought things were well in hand.

[Morrison grimaces as he gets up, nodding his head at the powerful Machine #2...

...and then points to the referee.]

"YOU! HE PULLED MY HAIR!"

[Morrison mimics the hairpull... to laughter from the crowd and a look of disbelief at the official as Morrison tries to demonstrate the hairpull on some very thin scraps of hair remaining on his mostly-bald head.]

GM: Laredo Morrison complaining about a hairpull but... well, I don't think that's likely, Bucky.

BW: I... well... hey, I'm not going to argue with a legend like Laredo Morrison.

GM: A... legend?

BW: Sure! You saw old men like Hardin and Thunder show up in South Philly looking like they'd be better off in the retirement village than in the ring but that's not Laredo Morrison! He was Main Eventing the Skydome... he was bleeding people out in South Laredo... he was outdrinking Gunnar Gaines...

GM: What in the WORLD are you talking about?!

[Getting nowhere with the referee, Morrison waves him off and then rushes towards Machine #2 again, locking up a second time. But this lockup only lasts a moment before he pulls out, yanking the masked man into a side headlock.]

GM: Morrison cranking on that headlock, wrenching the head and neck of the masked Machine...

[But the powerful masked man wraps his arms around the body, backing Morrison into the ropes where he easily shoves him off across the ring as Jimi Jam claps his hands a few times, shouting to his partner...

...and Morrison runs right into a big shoulder tackle that causes neither man to budge!]

GM: Oh! Big clash in the middle and no one goes down! The Machine stands tall as does Laredo Morrison...

[Morrison nods his head again, getting a little fired up for how evenly matched he seems to be with the larger Machine. He points insistently to the ropes.]

GM: And it looks like Laredo wants to try it again. He wants the masked man to hit the ropes this time.

[The larger Machine obliges, rushing in to bounce off towards Morrison who - instead of throwing another tackle - drops down flat on the mat, throwing himself at the Machine's feet.]

GM: Drop down, the masked man up and over... off the far side...

[Another big crash of combatants occurs in center ring... and again, neither man budes off the collision.]

GM: Both men hold their ground again! We've got a bit of a feeling out period between these two teams who obviously have never met before. High stakes in this one for two teams new to the AWA. The winner moves on to the second round tomorrow night to meet former AWA World Tag Team Champions, The Lights Out Express.

[Morrison shouts a few words in the masked man's direction as Jimi Jam does the same. The masked man turns slightly, staring in Jester's direction who smirks before strutting down the apron away from him...

...and the slight distraction gives Morrison the chance to throw himself at the masked man's torso, driving him back into The Band's corner.]

GM: Back in the corner now...

[Morrison holds the middle rope, driving his shoulder into the midsection a few times before straightening up and slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: Tag is made and in comes Jimi Jam Jester...

[Jester comes in quick, constantly in motion, shaking and bouncing, bopping his head and torso around as he nudges his partner aside, throwing a big right hand to the gut... and another... and another...]

GM: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[The referee warns Jester as Morrison steps out. The former rock star wraps his skinny arm around the head and neck of Machine #2 with a loud "I GOT YOU NOW, BAYBEE!" ]

GM: Jester with the side headlock now, dragging the Machine away from the corner and... whoa, he shoves him off with ease...

[Jester goes sailing across the ring, bouncing back off the ropes towards the larger Machine who straightens up and FLATTENS Jester with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Ohhh! And down goes Jimi Jam Jester off that!

[The Jester of Rock and Roll grabs his shoulder in pain, promptly rolling across the mat towards the ropes. He takes a knee, looking nervously over at the Machine who strikes another pose.]

GM: The Machine showing Jimi Jam Jester and the rest of the world that his power can't be overlooked... and look at this now...

[Jester gets back to his feet, a big smirk on his face as he strikes a double bicep of his own.]

GM: That's... less impressive.

BW: Just barely.

GM: Oh, come on. I've seen Q-Tips with better definition than those pipe cleaners, Bucky.

[Jester looks out to the fans, showing off his slight frame as they jeer.]

GM: And again, the fans don't seem thrilled with The Band's antics so far... not that Jester seems to care... or maybe even notice. He could be that delusional.

[Jester twists around to look at the larger Machine, nodding his head... "LET'S GO, BAYBEE!" ]

GM: Collar and elbow tieup... and Jester is certainly overmatched here if he tries to match power with this Machine...

[But Jester doesn't even try, quickly grabbing a side headlock...]

BW: Hah! That's why he didn't even try, Gordo. He knew he couldn't match power but he can match wits... brains... smarts...

GM: I get it.

[Holding the headlock, Jester drags the Machine around the ring with the headlock... although one might get the impression the masked man is letting it happen as they end up near the ropes...]

...and the Machine lifts Jester right up off the mat in a side waistlock...]

BW: Look at the power! Like he's nothing!

GM: Well, Jester's less than 200 pounds, right?

[And with one large step away from the ropes, the Machine HURLS Jester through the air, sending him bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: WHAT A THROW!

[Jester scrambles up, holding his lower back, moving swiftly towards the masked man who snatches a side headlock of his own...

...and Jester immediately lets out a scream... a squeal... a squeak... and dives to the ropes, shouting "BREAK IT, REF! BREAK IT!" ]

GM: Jester quickly to the ropes, getting out of that headlock...

[Still on the ropes, Jester shouts "BACK HIM UP, REF!" The referee again obliges, keeping the Machine back...

...as Jester points to the corner, shouting "I WANT HIM!" at the other Machine.]

GM: And it looks like Jimi Jam has had enough of the larger half of the Machines.

BW: It's not like the smaller half is tiny. Look at the muscles in that exposed arm. He's ripped and cut too, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is... but not quite as massive as Machine #2 so maybe Jimi Jam stands a better chance against Machine #1.

BW: We'll see.

[The exchange is made between the Machines, bringing the slightly smaller half of the team in the ring. He pauses, swinging his arms across his torso a few times to loosen up...

...and then meets Jester in mid-ring in a collar and elbow tieup, quickly shoving him back towards the neutral corner...]

GM: Jester getting backed down. Just not enough strength to compete with EITHER of these guys and- oh! Jester goes to the eyes!

[The masked man stumbles back, rubbing at his eyes as Jester grabs his masked head, takes aim, and SLAMS his skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Headfirst to the corner goes Machine #1... and Jester's got the edge and is looking to keep it...

[Swinging the Machine around, Jester whips him towards the other neutral corner where he smashes into the buckles, staggering out towards Jester who uses a drop toehold to take off his feet...

...and then springs up, going into a wild jig complete with some ridiculous-looking strutting!]

GM: It was... a drop toehold, Bucky.

BW: A nice one though.

GM: Hardly worth all this.

BW: Hey, Jimi Jam is an excitable guy. I hear when he got his Grammy nomination, he danced his way down the Sunset Strip wearing nothing but a-

GM: That's enough of that.

[Jimi Jam throws a glare at the jeering crowd, the first sign of him losing his cool with his "adoring fans." He grabs the Machine by the wrist, pulling him off the mat, whipping him to the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip... the Machine on the move...

[Jester winds up, swinging a right hand into the gut of the rebounding Machine...

...and promptly howls in pain, swinging his hand back and forth, blowing on his knuckles. The Machine simply shrugs, watching as Jester stumbles to the corner, making sure to use his other hand to slap Laredo Morrison's offered tag.]

GM: Jester's out and Laredo Morrison back in... maybe we'll get back down to business now...

[Morrison comes quickly through the ropes, charging across the ring with a bellow...

...and runs right into a back elbow by Machine #1 that takes him off his feet!]

GM: Elbow puts him down... Morrison right back up though...

[But a running clothesline takes him down a second time.]

GM: Clothesline connects as well... Morrison getting up a little slower this time...

[With Morrison back on his feet, Machine #1 lifts him into the air, dropping him down in an inverted atomic drop...

...and then sprints to the ropes behind him, rebounding back with a clothesline to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Running clothesline to the back of the neck! Down goes Morrison again!

[And this time, cradling the back of his neck, Morrison rolls under the ropes to the floor, wincing in pain as Machine #2 looks down at him from the inside. Jimi Jam Jester drops off the apron, rushing to his partner's side, rubbing his neck frantically as he gives him a peptalk.]

"You got this! He ain't nothin' on ya, baybee! He ain't a thing!"

[Laredo nods, agreeing as he slides back under the ropes into the ring, coming up quickly to his feet, throwing a haymaker as he does...

...but the masked man blocks it, throwing his own...]

GM: Right hand! Another! A third backing Morrison into the corner...

[The masked man continues to pound away on him, driving Morrison down to a knee as Jester gets up on the apron, waving his arms and shrieking wildly at the closed fists. The referee moves towards Jester, ordering him back to the corner...]

GM: Jimi Ham is more like it, Bucky.

BW: Oh, come on. He's just worried about his partner.

[The ruckus gains the Machine's attention as well as he turns towards Jester, walking towards him with a threatening gesture extended...

...which is when Laredo Morrison charges him from the blind side, smashing a running double axehandle into the back of the head, sending the masked man down to the mat to jeers from the crowd!]

GM: Ohhh! Sneak attack from the blind side by Laredo Morrison!

[With Machine #2 down on the mat, a smirking Jester lets loose a high pitch laugh as he slaps Morrison's shoulder.]

GM: Quick tag brings Jimi Jam Jester back into the ring...

[Grabbing the top rope, Jester launches into a series of stomps and kicks onto the masked man, ignoring the referee's count until it reaches four and change when he backs off, smirking in the direction of the much-larger Machine who points a threatening finger his way.]

BW: I wouldn't want to be on the receiving end of that threat, Gordo.

GM: Nor would I. A monster of a man out there on the apron and very powerful from what we've seen so far tonight.

[Jester hauls Machine #1 off the mat, pulling him up and steadying him...

...and then drops back, swinging his arms up, down, and all around in what you might approximate as a rough-looking karate kata.]

GM: What in the world?

BW: He's trained with some of the great martial arts masters of the world, Gordo.

GM: Really? Are you sure about that?

[Jester lashes out with a weird-looking chop to the side of the neck... and another... and another... and then snaps off a backfist to the masked cheekbone, sending Machine #1 stumbling back into the corner as Jester holds the pose, grinning at his "martial arts mastery."]

GM: Well, that backfist had some mustard on it... I'll give him that.

[Grabbing Machine #1 by the arm, Jester whips him across. He falls back into the corner, slinging his head back, his long hair falling across the turnbuckles...

...and then sprints across the ring, leaping into the air, and smashing his hind quarters into the face of the Machine!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Flying hip attack on the money!

BW: He calls that the Backstage Pass, daddy!

[With the masked man reeling, Jester scrambles up on the middle rope, raising his hand high into the air, slowly running it down his chest as his tongue lolls out of his mouth in something that is probably supposed to look seductive...

...and then SMASHES his fist down into the head as he shouts "ONE!"]

GM: Jester pounding away in the corner...

[A second punch... "TWO!"]

GM: Is he counting his own punches?

BW: Well, the fans are supposed to be counting them for him, Gordo...

GM: They're not.

BW: Obviously. Oh, but I understand why, Gordo. Don't they only speak French here?

GM: No... not at all.

BW: Pretty sure you're wrong.

[A third one lands before Jester twists his face up angrily.]

"COME ON, BAYBEE!"

[The crowd jeers loudly as Jester waves a dismissive hand at them before digging his fingers into the masked man's eyes again.]

GM: Jester taking out his anger at the fans on Machine #1 here... dragging him across the ring now...

[Jester hooks the masked man in a front facelock before slapping the offered hand.]

GM: Tag by the Band, bringing Laredo Morrison back into the ring...

[Morrison winds up, smashing a double axehandle down across the back of the masked man. Jester exits as Machine #1 staggers away, reaching out an arm towards his corner...]

GM: Machine #1 looking for a tag but-

BW: No! Cut off by Morrison!

[Morrison hooks the back of the Machine's bodysuit, dragging him back towards him where he scoops him up and slams him down on the canvas.]

GM: Scoop and a slam by the six foot eight, 312 pound Morrison!

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

[With the Machine down, Morrison throws himself to the ropes, rebounding back, leaping into the air...]

GM: Ohhh! Big leaping legdrop by Morrison - and he covers!

[A two count follows before Machine #1 kicks out.]

GM: Just a two count though... couldn't keep him down. Moments ago, we heard the ten minute call - the halfway point in this twenty minute time limit in the first round of this tournament.

BW: Both teams trying to get to tomorrow night - step by step making their way through this incredible gauntlet of a tournament. The Lights Out Express, former tag champs themselves, are awaiting the winner.

GM: And we all know what a stiff challenge that'll be as Morrison drags Machine #1 back to his feet... big whip to the neutral corner...

[Morrison backs up, pumping his right arm a few times before he charges across the ring with a loud roar..]

...and runs right into a pair of raised boots catching him under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MACHINE #1 GETS THE FEET UP! HE CAUGHT HIM FLUSH!

[Morrison staggers backwards, his arms pinwheeling around as the masked man hangs onto the top rope, dragging himself along them towards his corner where...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd cheers as the larger of the two Machines tags back in.]

GM: Machine #2 on the exchange and-

BW: You know, maybe he should've been #1 after all.

GM: Would you stop?!

[The bigger of the two masked men comes through the ropes, rushing across the ring to fell Morrison with a running clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline takes down Morrison... and here comes Jester!

[Jimi Jam is just barely through the ropes, turning quickly towards the big man...

...who runs him right down as well!]

GM: Make it two! A clothesline for each member of the Band drops them both and...

[Gordon trails off as Machine #2 pulls Morrison off the mat, scooping him up and slamming him down.]

GM: Scoop slam, shaking the ring with the impact...

[Back on his feet, Jester staggers towards the masked man who catches him, lifts him...

...and PRESSES him overhead!]

GM: GORILLA PRESS!

[The big man walks around the ring with Jester pressed high overhead. Jester can be heard shrieking with terror as the masked man walks back towards the downed Morrison...

...and DROPS the sub-two hundred pound Jester down on his own partner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The masked man plants two mighty hands on Jester's back, pushing him down on top of Morrison...]

GM: Is this a pin attempt?

[The referee shakes his head, waving it off and getting a loud "COUNT!" from the masked man.]

GM: The official says no. I'm not sure that's a legal pin attempt.

BW: I'd have to check my rulebook.

GM: Make sure you wear an oxygen mask to protect you from all the dust on it.

[The masked man turns towards the official, menacing him physically as Jester rolls under the ropes to the floor...]

GM: The official and this masked man trading... well, I'm not sure our referee speaks Japanese so they may not be trading words... but nevertheless, the momentary distraction allows Jimi Jam Jester to escape the ring. This big man needs to focus on the match and the legal man in the ring, Laredo Morrison.

[Machine #2 turns his attention back to Morrison who is trying to get up off the mat as the big man approaches him, wrapping his powerful arms around The Talent's torso...

...and leans back, hurling Morrison's 312 pound body across the ring with ease, sending him bouncing off the canvas!]

GM: NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX!

BW: No bridge on that one! He was going for distance!

[The Machine climbs off the canvas, the crowd cheering as he approaches the downed Morrison...]

GM: And it looks like the man from Japan is not done quite yet, pulling Morrison off the mat again...

[He wraps him up a second time, this time in belly-to-belly form...

...and HURLS him through the air again, Morrison's body crashing and skidding across the mat!]

GM: What a pair of suplexes by Machine #2!

[The masked man climbs to his feet, gripping his hands together and striking another pose...

...before quickly twisting around, looking to coldcock Jimi Jam Jester who is out on the apron.]

GM: Swing and a miss!

BW: Jimi's too quick for him, Gordo! Quick as a cat!

[Jester grabs the Machine's legs, yanking them out from under him as he tries to drag him to the floor...

...but the masked man sits up on the mat, reaching through the ropes and connecting with a right hand that sends Jester staggering backwards!]

GM: The masked man fights off outside interference from Jimi Jam Jester... getting back to his feet and- ohh! Morrison from the blind side again!

[A running back elbow to the back of the head sends Machine #2 toppling through the ropes to the floor. The referee reprimands Morrison who begs off... and then drops to the mat, rolling outside to ringside.]

GM: Morrison's going out after Machine #2... and here comes Jester as well!

[The crowd jeers loudly as The Band starts stomping and kicking Machine #2 down on the floor...]

GM: We've got a two-on-one outside the ring! The referee's trying to restore order and-

BW: Good luck with that!

[The jeers turn to cheers as Machine #1 comes charging around the ring, joining the fray with a flurry of haymakers to both Jester and Morrison, breaking up - temporarily at least - the assault...]

GM: We've got all four men fighting on the floor now! The referee trying to get two men back in... the two legal men, I might add, who are Morrison and Machine #2!

[Morrison however is currently brawling with Machine #1, swinging a knee up into his ribcage before pulling him over towards the ringside barricade...]

GM: They're out by the railing now, that protective steel barrier to keep the fans in Mosaic Stadium at bay. Big right hands from Morrison, trying to keep Machine #1 out of this fray and- OHHH!

[The crowd groans as Morrison lifts the masked man into the air, dropping him throatfirst across the steel railing!]

GM: MORRISON CLOTHESLINES HIM ON THE RAILING! Right down on the throat!

[Machine #1 collapses in a heap, clutching his throat as he violently coughs on the floor. Morrison turns back towards his partner who just got dropped with a big right hand from Machine #2!]

GM: We've got Jester down on the outside! We've got Machine #1 down as well!

BW: It looks like a train derailment out here, Gordo. We've got bodies all over the floor!

GM: Morrison tied up with Machine #2 again - and you can hear the count of the official, up to five now as he continues to struggle to get some kind of control over this madness!

[Morrison reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes of the masked man...

...and then SLAMS his face into the ring apron before rolling under the ropes, shouting "COUNT! COUNT!" to the official who continues his same pace.]

BW: I think Laredo was hoping for a little quicker count here, Gordo.

GM: This count is perfectly fine... up to seven now... can Machine #2 beat the count? Can he get in there in time?

[The masked man grabs the ring ropes, looking to pull himself into the ring as he wipes the back of his hand across his blurred eyes...

...and suddenly looks down at his feet.]

GM: What's he-?

BW: He's not gonna make it! The count is at eight!

[The Machine looks up at the referee, gesturing wildly at his feet...]

GM: What is going on over there?

[Our camera shot cuts to the other side of the ring, revealing a pair of thin arms snaking out from under the ring to wrap themselves around the ankle of the larger Machine!]

GM: That's Jester!

BW: Jimi Jam's got the ankle! Brilliant!

[The Machine again looks up at the official, trying to gesture down to his feet as the referee counts "NINE!"]

GM: The referee doesn't know what's happening! He only knows that Machine #2 is out on the floor and-

"TEN!"

[The official pivots, waving for the bell as the crowd jeers.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Are you kidding me?! Did that just happen?!

[The voice of Rebecca Ortiz clarifies the situation.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... the Machines have been COUNTED OUT!

[More boos pour down.]

RO: Therefore, your winners... moving on in the tournament... THE BANNNNNNNND!

[The sound of an electric guitar rips through the PA system as Laredo Morrison gets to his feet, pumping his fists in the air as he hops up and down. The masked Machine looks on in disbelief...]

...and then reaches down, grabbing the wrist holding onto his ankle!]

GM: Yeah! Get him! Get him!

BW: You sound like Westerly out here. Show some professionalism, Gordo!

[The masked man easily drags Jester out from under the ring, a panicked look on the rockstar's face.]

GM: Jimi Jam Jester may have managed to somehow steal this win for his team but he's not done yet!

[The Machine yanks him to his feet, tossing him under the ropes into the ring...

...which is where Laredo Morrison grabs his partner, dragging him across the ring where they both spill out to the floor to jeers. The masked man gets in after him, charging the ropes and coming up empty as they escape in time.]

GM: And the Band is running for it. I'm guessing there won't be an encore.

BW: Oh, that's where you're wrong, Gordo. The encore comes tomorrow night when they take on the Lights Out Express, daddy!

GM: The Machines are both in the ring now, staring down the ramp. Obviously, with the masks on, we can't get an idea what they're feeling but... well, there's gotta be some disappointment coming all the way to the AWA from Japan to fall short in the first round through less than honorable means.

BW: If they're looking for honor, they can go back to Japan! This is America and all we care about is winning!

[Gordon sighs.]

GM: That sounds about right. Fans, the Band advances to the second round... the Machines are eliminated... and let's go back to Sweet Lou who has the updated bracket for us.

[We fade from the ring to the backstage area where Sweet Lou is shaking his head as he stands in front of the large bracket on the wall.]

SLB: Thanks, Gordon... and to say that I'm disappointed by the results of that one - the blatant chicanery from The Band - well, I'd say that's an understatement, old friend. Nevertheless, there's no use crying in our Mooselips Beer as The Band has moved on to the second round where they'll take on the Lights Out Express - the former AWA World Tag Team Champions - and let's take a look at the full updated bracket...



SLB: Three more first round matchups remain in this one with the next one coming up in just a few moments but in addition to that, we've got two more big matches here tonight in Regina - title matches at that. First up, we'll see...

[Blackwell furrows his brow as he looks off-camera for a moment.]

SLB: See here, young lady... I've got a job to do here and I can't have this going-

[Lou is interrupted by the sight of a familiar face - the competitor who very recently appeared on AWA television as the pupil of Laura Davis - Donna Martinelli who is dressed in a pair of black jeans, a white Combat Corner t-shirt, and is carrying a green and white sign that reads "LET DONNA MARTINELLI GRADUATE!!!!!" Martinelli is pacing back and forth, waving the sign emphatically for the camera to see.]

SLB: What is this all about, young lady?

[Martinelli comes to an abrupt halt, throwing some bleached blond hair back as she turns to the camera.]

DM: What is it about, Sweet Lou? It's about justice! It's about freedom! It's about... it's about... ME GETTING WHAT I WANT!

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

DM: For far too long, Lou Blackwell, I've been stuck... I've been held back... I've been...

[She grimaces, biting her bottom lip.]

DM: TODD BLOCKED!

[Blackwell's eyes bulge.]

SLB: Listen hear, we don't tolerate that kind of language here... wait a second... did you say "Todd Blocked?"

[She nods her head emphatically.]

DM: That's right, Lou. You see, for the past couple of years, I've been training in the Combat Center - you know that. And for the past year or so... I've been ready! I've been waiting to come to the AWA and show off my talents to the world. But Todd Michaelson... my teacher... my trainer... HE SAYS NO!

[Blackwell shrugs.]

SLB: He IS the Head Trainer. He does have that right.

[Martinelli's mouth twists into a pout.]

DM: BUT IT'S! NOT! FAIRRRRRRR! LOU! I've been training hard! I trained hard at the Combat Corner! And then Laura... Miss Davis, sorry... she came and she took me under her wing... and she says I'm ready, Lou! SHE SAYS I'M READY!

[Blackwell looks puzzled at what he should say.]

DM: So, I've made a decision that if my future is in Todd Michaelson's hand... then I will FORCE his hand!

[She shoves the sign up again, sticking it right in front of the camera.]

DM: LET DONNA MARTINELLI GRADUATE! LET DONNA MARTINELLI GRADUATE!  
LET DONNA MARTINELLI GRADUATE! LET DONNA MARTINELLI GRADUATE!

[Martinelli stomps out of view, her voice still ringing clear as Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Some obvious tension between student and teacher, fans... who knows how that one will turn out. Speaking of unpredictable situations... how about our next matchup with the team of Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer taking on Blake Colton and Jackson Hunter? With all the recent controversy surrounding Jackson Hunter, all eyes are on this one. But right now, we're going to over to the team of Kingsley and Sawyer who are standing by with my good friend, Theresa Lynch! Theresa?

[And we cut to another part of the backstage interview set where Theresa Lynch stands between the members of the newly-formed duo set to make an attempt at turning some heads. To her right is former Lynch family nemesis, Alexander Kingsley III; to her left, the former owner of the Rusty Spur, Curt Sawyer. Both wear matching red jackets with their initials embroidered over the left pec. It's been a little over a month since we've seen them on an AWA broadcast, but the once out-of-shape Sawyer looks even better than he did previously. Kingsley's blond stubble surrounds his arrogant grin while Sawyer's brown beard does the same over much more intense, serious expression.]

TL: Thanks, Lou, but someone needs to tell me... how do I always end up having to interview this guy? Did I make someone mad in the office or what?

[Kingsley, clearly loving this, smirks arrogantly as he slowly pulls Theresa's mic hand toward him.]

AK3: Oh, come on, Sweet T. You know you love it. That's why I am always sure to request you for these little... shall we call them exchanges?

[He winks at Lynch, who promptly jerks her hand out of Kingsley's grasp.]

TL: In your dreams. But I'm a professional and I'm still going to do my job here. So... you and Curt Sawyer have a tall task ahead of you, especially since you haven't exactly been able to crack the lineups at any shows as of late. How do you expect to overcome your lack of experience as a team?

AK3: Ah, Theresa. You're so cute when you get like this. You see, you clearly don't know what you don't know.

You may be correct that we haven't been able to get into an AWA ring as of late. But that doesn't mean we haven't been in ANY ring. You see, when you have the financial resources I do, you can bring the best to YOU in order to prepare. And that is precisely what we've done.

[Kingsley pauses, glancing at an anxious Sawyer.]

AK3: It has not been without its challenges. Curt here, he's had to unlearn so much of what he was taught...and I use that term loosely...at the Combat Corner. But Curt is hungry. Curt wants success in the AWA just as badly as I do. So when you combine our hunger into one unified force, Theresa, well...

...it's only a matter of time until we ascend to the very top of the tag team division.

[Lynch turns to Sawyer, who rubs his hands together.]

TL: And for you, Curt Sawyer, a lot of people have questioned your decision to team with Alexander Kingsley, myself included.

[Sawyer cuts Lynch off before she can add to her thoughts or ask a question.]

CS: It's been a helluva last couple of months, I'll tell ya that. You know, Theresa, I heard a lot of things about this man.

[He points to his partner and nods.]

CS: A LOT of things. Even after I accepted his offer back on Power Hour a few months back, I had people callin' me up, comin' up to me in the back, hell...even comin' up to me on the streets and sayin' "Curt, man, why are you listening to Kingsley? He's nothing but trouble!"

[Sawyer pauses, shaking his head.]

CS: Nah, man. Y'all just don't know him. Alexander here, he took me in when no one else would. Gave me a chance. Gave me the training and the resources I NEVER got in the Combat Corner where I was treated like a damned afterthought.

[That got Theresa's attention, as she raises her eyebrows in surprise to that last comment. Kingsley, for his part, smiles.]

CS: Yeah, I see that look on your face too, Theresa. But it's the damned truth. I was just the old, fat bar owner that would cozy up with the boys and give out some free drinks after the matches at the old Crockett Coliseum. Man, I was just a joke to them. To ALL of them. INCLUDING Todd Michaelson.

[Sawyer pauses, the ire in his voice raising.]

CS: But lemme tell ya, Theresa. That stops TONIGHT. Tonight, Curt Sawyer ain't a joke any more. Tonight, Curt Sawyer's gonna beat the living HELL out of whoever's across the ring from me, and it don't matter one bit who it is.

AK3: We're close, Theresa, We are oh so close. In fact...

[Kingsley smirks in the way only he can.]

AK3: We might just surprise some of these Mooselips-drinking cretins here tonight.

[He now turns his attention to his partner.]

AK3: But remember one thing, Curt. Remember what he told us.

There is no honor among thieves.

[Sawyer hangs on those words and slowly nods, although the look on his face tells the story that he might not quite get it. Theresa holds up her free hand.]

TL: Wait a minute..."he"? Who do you mean by "he"?

[Kingsley smirks and gently pats Lynch on the shoulder, but instead looks at Sawyer and motions off-camera.]

AK3: Come on, Curt. Let's go show the world what we've been working on.

[Sawyer nods as Kingsley walks out of the picture. But before he follows, Sawyer exchanges a look with Lynch, whose expression is one of near-begging the old

Rusty Spur owner to reconsider. Curt waits a pair of seconds, but then follows Kingsley out of the picture...

...and we cut to the Battle of Saskatchewan backdrop with the words "EARLIER TONIGHT" displayed. The colossal "Death Star" Blake Colton snickers malevolently behind his mirrored shades, stroking his disheveled beard. In front of him steps the forever-glowing Jackson Hunter. The two men have the demeanor of a sasquatch and a velociraptor, respectively.]

JH: Teams of the Stampede Cup, please attend carefully. So you're talking about...? You're talking about... talkin' about that World Title you came within an eyelash of beating Detson for, some punk flippy kids from Minnesota keep screwing with you, somebody don't want to say the Pledge of Allegiance, you got beat up by Shadoo Rage in a parking lot... so forth. Let's talk about something important. Are they all here?

BC: All except Raphael Rhodes' partner.

JH: ...Well, I'm going anyway! Let's talk about something important! [Pointing offscreen.] Put that replica championship belt from AWAShop.com DOWN! Championship belts are for closers only. Do you think I'm messing with you? I am not messing with you. I'm here from the Broken Arrow Ranch. I'm here from Mooselips and Saskatchewan's Premier Brad Wall. And I'm here on a mission of mercy. Your name's "The Lights Out Express?"...You Shane Gang hangers-on call yourselves wrestlers?

[He listens, rhetorically, to the imagined response.]

JH: Yeah, you're right: you don't have to take this. 'Cause the good news is - you're out of this thing. The bad news is - you've got, all of you got, just two days to regain your pride, starting with tonight.

BC: Oh, have we got your attention now?

JH: Good. 'Cause we're adding a little something to the Battle of Saskatchewan. As you all know, first prize is the Stampede Cup. Second prize is two sets of steak knives. Third prize is NOTHING. You get the picture? You laughing now? Mooselips paid good money to bring you here.

BC: Some of them say the competition's weak.

JH: 'The competition's weak.' The competition's weak? You're weak. I've been in this business twenty-five years.

BC: Tell 'em our name.

JH: 2017 STAMPEDE CUP WINNERS, that's our name! You know why, MISTER and Daniel Ross? 'Cause you drove a Hyundai to get here tonight, we drove an eighty thousand dollar Ford F150 King Ranch with an all leather cow interior. That's our name! And your name is 'you're wanting.' And you can't play in a man's game. You can't score a fall. Then go home, Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket, and tell Queen Bee your troubles. Because only one thing counts in this life!

BC: Your names... being called... by Rebecca Ortiz... at the end of the match!

JH: You hear me, you...

[The words briefly stick in his mouth as he doesn't want to get censored.]

JH: ...Sssshooting Stars? J-A-X. Judgement. Action. Execution. Judgment: do I judge you worthy opponents? Action: if you're standing in my way, I have to do something to be rid of you. Execution: finish them off in a way that demonstrates that no one else should dare mess with you. J-A-X. You've got the Stampede Cup sitting right out there. You think they brought it here just to show off how shiny it is under the fancy lights? The fans are sitting out there waiting to cheer you! Are you gonna go to the finals? Are you man enough to go to the finals?

BC: What's the problem, guys? Yeah you, Kingsley and Sawyer!

[Hunter holds up the AWA National Championship]

JH: You see this belt? You see this belt? I won the Golden Ticket in my first AWA in-ring appearance, I won Steal the Spotlight in my second, and I cashed those in for this beauty in my third. What have you two done in the AWA? You see, fellas, that's who I am. And you... Sawyer... Kingsley... are nothing.

BC: Curt Sawyer, are you a nice guy?

JH: He better not be when that bell rings.

BC: AK3, do you got lots of money in the bank?

JH: Go home and play with your futures market, Kingsley! You wanna wrestle in the Stampede Cup? Then win! You think this is abuse? You think this is abuse, you co--

[Again, the profanity sticks in Hunter's throat. Colton steps in.]

BC: ...You stockbroker?

JH: If you can't take this -- how can you take the abuse you get when I lock you in the Mindflayer?

BC: How are you gonna handle the abuse I give you when you realize I'm armed and fully operational?

JH: If you don't like it -- the Regina International Airport is a ten minute taxi ride away. Blake and myself, we can go out there tonight and tomorrow night with the skills you got, and have matches that'll put us in the Hall of Fame! Over a forty-eight hour period!

BC: Can you, War Pigs? Can you, Dogs of War? Go and do likewise! J-A-X!

JH: The Cup is out there: if you pick it up, it's yours. If you don't -- I got no sympathy for you, and I'll be watching for you to resurface in Tiger Paw Pro. And you know what you'll be sayin', a bunch of losers sitting in Cowboy Bob's All-You-Can-Keep-Down Ribs: 'Oh yeah, I used to be a wrestler. It's a tough racket.'

[Hunter holds up the National Title again.]

JH: This is the new "authority" in the AWA. This is the National Title. And to you, it's gold, and you don't get to challenge for it. Why?

BC: Because to give it to anyone in that locker room would be throwing it away. It's for closers. I'd wish you other remaining teams good luck, but you wouldn't know what to do with it if you got it.

JH: And to answer your question, pal: 'How did I become National Champion?' I have it because someone let me earn it. They asked me for a favor. I said, the real

favor, follow my advice and just give us the Stampede Cup while you're at it. Because if you don't think I'll take it with me on my way out the door...

...Just watch me.

BC: Heh heh heh.

[Colton claps his massive hand on Hunter's shoulder as they depart off-screen...

...and we crossfade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following first round Stampede Cup tournament matchup is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit.

[Ortiz lowers the mic as "Make The Money" by Macklemore & Ryan Lewis kicks in over the PA, previously unheard in an AWA arena. After a few moments, we see the team who this now introduces stepping into view.

First, it's the former owner of the Rusty Spur bar. Sporting a brown beard, he does not have with him the trademark axe handle he used to carry around. Instead, he looks focused, glaring toward the ring with apparent tunnel-vision. Gone is his old Members Only jacket, replaced by a sleek red jacket with his initials of "CS" embroidered over the left pec. He wears matching red tights along with black boots and a black brace on his right knee.]

RO: Introducing first, from Dallas, Texas, weighing in at 262 pounds...

CUUUURT SAWWWWYYYERRRR!

[And beside him, wearing a matching red jacket with "AK" embroidered over the left pec and matching red trunks, is Alexander Kingsley III. Unlike Sawyer, AK3 smirks and throws a glance at his partner.]

RO: And his partner, making his winter residence in Saint John, US Virgin Islands...weighing in at 242 pounds...

ALEXANDER KINGSLEEEEEY THE THIIIIIRD!

[Kingsley raises his arms in the air upon the mention of his name, then slaps Sawyer on the shoulder as they make their way to the ring.]

GM: The somewhat-surprising duo of Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer on their way down the aisle... and I call them that because in all my wildest dreams, Bucky Wilde, I can't imagine that Curt Sawyer - the hard-working family man - would ever align himself with the likes of this spoiled punk.

BW: Hey, you heard what Sawyer had to say, Gordo. Kingsley was there for him when no one else was. When the AWA had tossed Sawyer aside and left the Rusty Spur on the verge of bankruptcy, it was Kingsley who had his back... who helped him finish his training... who helped him get back on his feet financially.

GM: Alexander Kingsley, of course, is part of the Kingsley family that owns former AWA sponsor - Kingsley Online Entertainment. Kingsley doesn't have an extensive AWA history, Bucky... but what he has is certainly controversial.

BW: He's no fan of the Lynch family which makes him a-okay in my book, daddy.

[The duo enter the ring, huddling up for a last minute strategy session as their music fades...]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[The scoreboard above the entrance glitches for a second, then turns a uniform blue. The sound of a videotape being placed into a VCR plays over the PA. In small digital letters, "PLAY" and "SP" appear in the top left corner of the wall.

Then the wall hisses with the usual sights and sounds of an old VHS tape: the occasional tracking glitch, the video artifacts of a chewed-up tape, INTERPOL "expressing its concern," etc.

Cut to archival footage of Al Pickard, play-by-play announcer of Chinook Wrestling.]

AP: Hi-de-ho and fiddle-de-dee, wrestling fans! Welcome to the Greatest Show on Canvas!

[Glitch.]

AP: ...This young fella fighting out of Saskatchewan, 22 years of age... Jackson Hunter is his name.

[Archival footage of Jackson Hunter entering the small Chinook venue: a little more toned, wearing a cheesy-looking purple and white long-legged singlet, and sporting a magnificent peroxide blonde mullet. Neil Young's "My My, Hey Hey (Out of the Blue)" plays in the background, and plays throughout.]

"My my, hey hey. Rock and roll is here to stay."

[Glitch cut to archival footage of Chinook Wrestling's crown jewel, Jeremiah "The Sheriff" Colton: surrounded by hundreds of adoring fans, fading into standing on the middle rope after a hard-fought victory kissing a championship belt, then fading into Colton marshaling Calgary's Stampede Parade atop a huge float surrounded by his family, a very large baby in his hands - even as an infant, Blake Colton was huge.]

"It's better to burn out, than fade away. My my, hey hey."

[Glitch to later footage: Hunter and "The Sheriff" glare daggers into each other in the middle of the ring. Fade to Hunter applying the Mindflayer to Colton in the middle of a Chinook ring, surrounded by officials trying to separate them. Fade to Colton applying his own submission hold - the double armbar - to Hunter. Fade to both antagonists writhing on the mat, their hands wrapped around each other's throats...]

"Out of the blue, and into the black. You pay for this and they give you that."

[Glitch cut to even more modern footage: the middle-aged Jeremiah Colton's long, stringy hair is now salt-and-pepper grey. Jackson Hunter, now in his thirties, has a hairline that has receded up his scalp dramatically. They are obviously engaged in a street fight, until "The Sheriff's" legendary ill-temper surfaces: He scoops a dazed Hunter upright, and in slow-motion, sits out in a belly-to-belly inverted piledriver: the same one delivered to Maxim Zharkov weeks ago.]

"And once you're gone, you can't ever come back, when you're out of the blue and into the black."

[Hunter crumples to the mat as Colton looks shocked at his own actions. He walks up the aisle in the small Chinook arena, briefly pausing to lock eyes with a teenage boy partway up the aisle, who is younger than his size would hint at. Blake Colton looks at his father like he doesn't even recognize him.]

"Hey hey, my my. Rock and roll can never die."

[Back in the ring, Hunter's hand twitches uncontrollably, as though he is going to crawl after Colton in traumatized rage. The camera briefly catches a glimpse of his eyes. They are glassy, but full of apocalyptic wrath. Through the magic of special effects, glitch to a blank screen, save for Hunter's two eyes, now an angry red.]

"There's more to the picture than meets the eye. Hey hey, my my."

[Cut back to live action. As soon as "My My, Hey Hey" ends, Neil Young and Crazy Horse's harder rocking bookend "Hey Hey, My My (Into the Black)" echoes through Mosaic Stadium.]

GM: Listen to this, Bucky!

BW: I CAN'T HEAR YOU IN HERE, GORDO!

[The crowd roars as a massive, bearded barrel chested man coolly appears at the ring entryway. He pulls a can of Mooselips beer from his denim vest, rips the top open, points at the animatronic bear to one side of the stage, and mimics the bear taking a big swig of beer. Blake Colton roars back at the Saskatchewan crowd.]

"THIS IS COLTON COUNTRY, BAHDS!"

[Colton spikes the empty can to the ground enthusiastically, then points to the entryway behind him as a lean looking figure in a floor-length high-collared suede coat the color of charcoal appears, the AWA National Championship belt cradled in his arms across his chest. To say the sold-out Mosaic Stadium has been anticipating the return to the ring for their local hero is putting it mildly.]

BW: He's been waiting nine years to step back into the ring in Western Canada, and dang it all if he hasn't found a way to do so in style! He maneuvered the AWA into hosting this event not far from the heart of Colton Country where he was blackballed so many years ago! In front of an international audience with 40,000 of his closest friends, Gordo!

GM: "Friends" is not a word I would associate with this sick individual, but is no denying he is by a huge margin the hometown favorite of the Stampede Cup.

[Colton looks very much like the Sasquatch he has been compared to, with his mop of unkempt dirty blonde hair emerging from the top of his "Rising Sun" bandana and his bushy, untrimmed beard. His massive, powerlifter arms and barrel chest are barely contained by the denim jacket he wears, the sleeves already torn away. Colton almost giddily soaks in the Saskatchewan fans' appreciation, and grins behind his mirrored aviator shades as he slowly makes his way down the ramp beside his father's archrival. He claps his newfound mentor on the shoulder, hyping him up further.]

"This is for you, Jax! This is what you've deserved!"

"It's what we deserve, Death Star!"

[Colton briefly signs along with Neil Young as they approach the ring.]

"Out of the blue, and into the black!"

GM: To the very same song that Jackson Hunter used to walk to the rings of Chinook, Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton have arrived in Regina like conquering heroes. I've been told by some of the local sportswriters that a lot of Canadian Football League teams dread playing the Roughriders in Regina, because the

hometown crowds are so boisterous and so loud that they can rattle any away team! You have to think that with 40,000 people so strongly on your side, that Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley will barely be able to hear themselves think, much less communicate offense.

[Ortiz continues, raising her voice a little louder to be heard.]

RO: At a combined weight of 560 pounds... They are Mooselips Brewing's official entry in the Stampede Cup! First, from Calgary, Alberta... he is the "DEATH STAR..."

[Colton pauses on his way up the ring steps to spread his arms wide, mouthing "Death Star" along with Ortiz.]

RO: ...BLAKE... COLLLLLL-TOOOOON.

[As he ascends the ring steps, Jackson Hunter turns his back to the ring to face the crowd. He takes a moment to drink in his surroundings, trying to suppress a sinister smile.]

RO: And from the Broken Arrow Ranch in Last Mountain, Saskatchewan...

...JAAAAAAACKSONNNNNN...

...HUNNNNNNTERRRRR!!!

[Hunter flings his arms into the air at a 45 degree angle, gesturing a Nixonian "peace sign" on either hand. From behind the scoreboard, green and white fireworks erupt in a 45-degree angle from either direction. He then presses both palms to his lips and blows a kiss to everyone at Mosaic Stadium before stepping through the ropes.]

GM: Fans, do not adjust your sets: this vile, reprehensible human being who has threatened to rip the heart out of the AWA by leaving with the National Championship, who masterminded The Axis with Juan Vasquez, who put two members of that same Axis on the shelf in a callous and calculating manner...

BW: He's gettin' a hero's welcome up here in Saskatchewan, Gordo! About time someone appreciated what he gave this sport!

["Hey Hey My My" fades out, and we get our first (AWA-sanctioned) look at the Canadian conspirators' ring gear: Colton is in red and black bike short tights with white and yellow trim. The word "DEATH STAR" is written across the back, and a stylized infinity symbol crest is on the front. His knee pads are red, and he has short red and black wrestling boots with white laces. Hunter wears shiny, black and silver snakeskin-patterned loose-fitting pants, and a sleeveless black and dark grey rashguard top.]

GM: Oftentimes over the years, we've heard Canada referred to as a sort of Bizarro World by wrestling announcers... and that certainly seems to fit here tonight. Showing their love for their hometown heroes, they find themselves with a very, very different opinion than the majority of AWA fans.

BW: Gordo, the Colton family are like gods up here! It's like the same kind of idol worship that those stinkin' Stenches get in Texas. You can't be surprised by this response.

GM: For Colton, no. Despite his recent treachery, I'm not surprised the fans of Western Canada are thrilled to see a Colton in action. But Hunter? Hunter wreaked havoc all over Chinook Wrestling during his time there... and since arriving in the AWA-

BW: Since arriving in the AWA, he's managed the World Champion and the National Champion... he's put the words "Chinook Wrestling" back on the map again... made it relevant. And now, he's helped engineer the plan that brought this HUGE event to Mosaic Stadium this weekend when half the wrestling world kept asking why in the world the AWA would be running out here in the middle of nowhere.

[Hunter and Colton now engage in a pre-match huddle as well, Hunter keeping his eyes across the ring where he sees Alexander Kingsley gesture to the apron. Curt Sawyer seems to have a different opinion, pointing across the ring but a "watch and learn, Curt!" convinces him to step out of the ring.]

GM: Watch and learn, Alexander Kingsley says, and apparently Curt Sawyer intends to do just that as Kingsley will start things off for his team and on the other side...

[Hunter slaps Colton twice on the chest, nodding his head as the Death Star steps to the apron as well.]

GM: Jackson Hunter, the Bird of Prey himself... and I can't believe I'm saying this but... the AWA National Champion... will be starting for his team.

BW: It's been a few weeks now. Still not over it?

GM: Over the fact that Jordan Ohara had worked so hard for that moment only to have Jackson Hunter rob him of it? Over the fact that Colton and Hunter brutally assaulted Maxim Zharkov, putting the Tsar on the shelf indefinitely? Is that what I'm supposed to be over?

BW: Well, yes.

GM: Not a chance.

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And as the bell sounds, Kingsley and Hunter circle out of their respective corners, the crowd cheering the start of the first round matchup.]

GM: Another first round match here tonight on Night One of the Battle of Saskatchewan... the winner of this one moves on to tomorrow night to take on the AWA World Tag Team Champions and the team many consider to be the odds-on favorite in this tournament, Next Gen.

[Coming together, they tie up in the middle of the ring, Kingsley quickly spinning out into a rear hammerlock on Hunter who grimaces as he grabs at his shoulder.]

GM: Kingsley showing off the technique that he - or his parents - paid a lot of money for him to learn. Alexander Kingsley has been trained for combat arts by some of the best in the world, Bucky.

BW: They spared no expense in creating the super-athlete that is Alexander Kingsley, Gordo. He's had boxing coaches, MMA coaches, and the best pro wrestling trainers on the planet.

GM: Kingsley hanging onto the arm as Hunter searches for a way out...

[With a smirk, Hunter reaches back, wrapping his free arm around Kingsley's head and neck...

...and leaps high into the air, leaning back and then coming right back the other way to snapmare Kingsley down to the mat!]

GM: A flying mare by Hunter, showing off some of that high-flying skill he was known for in his glory days right here in Canada... and the fans certainly appreciate that, giving him a nice round of applause...

[Surprised by Hunter's athletic move, Kingsley immediately rolls to the floor, looking up at the Bird of Prey with a grimace.]

GM: The National Champion seems to be enjoying this crowd reaction here in Regina, really playing into it...

[Hunter suddenly breaks towards the ropes, rebounding back quickly...]

GM: LOOK OUT HERE!

[...but as Hunter dips his head between the ropes like he's going for a tope, he comes to an abrupt halt, looking out at the scrambling Kingsley with a twisted grin...

...and a pair of middle fingers that gets another big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Hunter playing some mind games with Kingsley out here... with all of us really...

[A fired-up Kingsley scrambles up on the apron, barking at Hunter who winds up and punches him between the eyes, knocking him back down to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Big haymaker to the skull by Hunter and down goes Kingsley!

[Sawyer shouts something at Hunter who ignores him, turning to the roaring fans and waving his arms, getting them even more fired up.]

GM: What a world we live in.

[A grinning Hunter looks over to Colton who turns to the crowd, waving his arms as well and getting them even louder...]

BW: It's a SERIOUS home field advantage for Hunter and Colton, daddy!

[With Hunter and Colton both looking to the crowd, Kingsley rolls back in, charging Hunter from the blind side and sending him sprawling out through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Ohhh! Kingsley attacks from behind and-

[Blake Colton starts to step through the ropes before the referee cuts him off, leaving Colton to angrily shout at Kingsley who smirks deviously in response before firing off some words of his own in the heavyweight's direction.]

GM: And now it's Kingsley and Colton trading words. Is this what Curt Sawyer is supposed to be watching and learning, Bucky?

BW: Well, maybe not this but-

[With Kingsley distracted, Hunter snatches his legs out from under him, knocking him down to the mat where he yanks the feet, pulling Kingsley to the floor where an angry Hunter repeatedly pummels him with fists to the skull...]

GM: Hunter's all over him on the floor and-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -AND HUNTER PUTS HIM INTO THE RINGSIDE BARRICADE! OH MY!

[Kingsley leans against the steel, his ribs resting against the same spot they smashed into moments earlier... but Hunter's not about to ease up on his attack, chucking Kingsley under the bottom rope...]

GM: Hunter puts him back in, rolling himself back in as well...

[Back on his feet, Hunter grabs Kingsley by the feet...]

GM: He's going for the Mindflayer - his version of that scorpion deathlock and-

[Kingsley draws his knees towards his chest before kicking off, sending Hunter sprawling backwards to disappointed jeers from the crowd. Kingsley slides away, getting to a knee as he and Hunter eye one another warily...]

GM: We've got ourselves a standoff and... oh ho, how about this, Bucky? A tag on BOTH sides of the ring.

[The crowd cheers loudly as Blake Colton tags himself in. Curt Sawyer also tags in but that gets less of a reaction.]

GM: Colton and Sawyer are in... the larger half of both these teams.

BW: Just barely though, Gordo. Sawyer and Kingsley are almost the same size even though Kingsley's in better condition.

GM: Not for long perhaps. Whatever workout regimen Kingsley is putting Sawyer through, it seems to be working as he looks in much better shape since when he first returned to the AWA earlier this year.

[Sawyer stomps across the ring, getting right up in Colton's face...]

GM: Curt Sawyer shows no fear of Blake Colton to the shock of no one who knows this man... although with his recent decisions, I'm not sure any of us actually knows him.

[Sawyer jabs a finger in Colton's face, shouting at him now...

...and Colton responds with a big right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Right hand by Colton!

[Sawyer stumbles back a step and then responds in kind.]

GM: Sawyer returns fire!

[Colton also backpedals once and then launches another blow.]

GM: Colton again with the right!

[Sawyer falls back a little further this time but is right back in his face to throw another haymaker!]

GM: Sawyer again as well!

[And with the Canadian crowd roaring, the two men go to battle, each throwing that clenched fist as fast as they can...]

GM: They're trading right hands in the center of the ring... and look at this now!

[Sawyer starts looping his fist in as fast as he can throw it, causing Colton to stumble under the relentless assault, staggering backwards...]

GM: Sawyer's getting the better of this exchange, battering Colton back across the ring...

[A retreating Colton runs out of real estate though, bumping up against the ropes as Sawyer keeps on coming...]

...but Colton pushes off the buckles, throwing his own right hand a little faster this time!]

GM: And just like that, now it's Colton with an edge!

[Colton is on the move, rocking and firing with the Canadian crowd going wild as he drives Sawyer back to mid-ring. He reaches out, grabbing Sawyer by the wrist...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed!

[The reversal sends Colton to the ropes, bouncing back towards Sawyer...]

...and RUNS RIGHT OVER Sawyer with a running tackle!]

GM: OHHHH MY!

[The crowd is ROARING for Colton as he throws his arms down in a mighty flex, letting loose a Mooselips bear-sized roar to go with it.]

GM: Blake Colton is FIRED UP to be back home!

[Colton strikes a double bicep pose which isn't really his strong suit but he does it anyways, turning to show all four sides of the crowd while Curt Sawyer comes up off the mat, glaring at the Canadian.]

GM: Colton certainly is pleased with himself... but I can't say Curt Sawyer is...

[As Colton turns, Sawyer rushes at him, locking up fiercely. He tries to shove Colton back but the Canadian Strongman twists him into a side headlock instead.]

GM: Colton to the headlock, wrenching the head and neck of Sawyer...

[But Sawyer's no weakling himself, shoving Colton off to the ropes...]

GM: Colton to the ropes... Sawyer drops down, Colton goes up and over...

[And as Colton hits the far ropes, Alexander Kingsley slides down the apron and buries his knee in the small of Colton's back, causing him to cry out and stumble away from the ropes as the referee points an accusing finger at Kingsley.]

GM: Kingsley with the cheap shot from the apron, drawing the ire of these Regina fans again...

[Colton angrily turns around, lunging at Kingsley who drops off the apron, wagging a finger at Colton...]

...who promptly comes flying through the ropes out to the floor thanks to a running knee to the back by Sawyer!]

GM: Ohhh! And out to the floor goes Blake Colton!

BW: That was a nice bit of teamwork there by Sawyer and Kingsley, Gordo. Working very smoothly as a unit there.

GM: We'll see if that keeps up as Sawyer ducks through the ropes, heading out after Colton now...

[The Texan pulls the Canadian Strongman off the floor by the arm, taking aim and falling to a knee as he whips him across the ringside area...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEPS GOES COLTON!

BW: And with all that body hitting the steel, he sent the STEPS flying, Gordo!

[Sawyer climbs to his feet, ignoring the jeering crowd as he walks over to where Colton is laid out on the floor. The former barkeep stomps Colton over and over, the crowd getting louder with every blow...

...and Jackson Hunter is getting louder with every blow as well, screaming and shouting from the apron towards Sawyer. The referee walks over to intervene, trying to prevent him from going after Sawyer on the floor.]

GM: Jackson Hunter having a hard time keeping his emotions in-

[The audio cuts out for several seconds as Jackson Hunter continues to shout.]

GM: We apologize for that, fans.

BW: The Patron Saint of the Seven Second Delay strikes again.

GM: That's what my old friend, Al Pickard, used to refer to him as and it certainly seems apropos here tonight.

[With Hunter engaged with the referee, Alexander Kingsley hops down to the floor, pulling Colton up between he and Sawyer...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE WHIP INTO THE RAILING!

[The ringside barricade shifts under the impact of Colton hitting it, bending at the junction point to the adjacent section of railing. Kingsley nudges his partner, waving him on as he retreats back to their corner...

...and Sawyer obliges, rushing forward and connecting with a clothesline that flips the bulky Colton over the railing and into the ringside seating!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE FRONT ROW GOES BLAKE COLTON!

[Sawyer leans against the ringside railing for a moment as the referee breaks away from Hunter, starting a ten count on Colton and Sawyer.]

GM: The referee starts up his count - we could be on the verge of a countout like we saw in our last match, Bucky.

BW: Or even a double countout which would eliminate BOTH teams and give Next Gen a much UNDESERVED bye!

GM: The World Tag Team Champions have to be looking on with great interest on this matchup...

[Sawyer leans over the railing, making a grab at Colton's arm...

...but a shout from Alexander Kingsley cuts him off, drawing his attention.]

GM: Kingsley telling Sawyer to leave him - to get back in the ring and take the countout.

BW: It's certainly the smart thing to do. Ask Jimi Jam Jester.

GM: Sawyer looks conflicted though, Bucky. Like he wants to get Colton back in there and beat him fair and square in the middle.

BW: Ugh! It doesn't matter how you play the game - get the damn win, Sawyer!

[Sawyer throws another look back at Colton... and then back at an insistent Kingsley before he turns to head back to the ring finally.]

GM: Sawyer looks like he's going to do as Kingsley demands... rolling back in...

[The referee's count is at four as Sawyer rolls in and Kingsley loudly implores the referee to count faster.]

GM: Sawyer on his feet, looking over to Kingsley...

[Kingsley waves an arm at the official, again "rooting" for a quicker pace of count as the referee shouts "FIVE!"]

GM: We're up to five now. Could Hunter and Colton be about to suffer the same fate as The Machines in our last match? Hunter's screaming at Colton now, begging him to get back in there.

BW: The fans too! It's deafening in here right now, Gordo!

GM: We're up to six now and... Colton's on his feet! Colton's trying to get himself back over the railing...

[The count hits "SEVEN!" as Colton flops down on the floor inside the railing, the ringside fans slapping their hands against the steel as they implore him to get back into the ring in time.]

GM: We're up to eight! Colton's crawling on his hands and knees towards the ring! Can he get in there in time?!

[At "NINE!" we see Colton drag himself to his feet using the ring apron...

...and THROWS himself under the bottom rope JUST before the count of ten to a ROAR from the crowd and a minor tantrum from Kingsley who screams at the official while kicking the bottom rope.]

GM: He made it! He just barely made it in time!

[Sawyer rushes across the ring, falling to his knees with a double axehandle down on the back of Colton. He gets back up, dropping a second... then a third...]

BW: Colton may be back in there but Sawyer's all over him!

[Dragging the Death Star off the mat, Sawyer whips him to the neutral corner where Colton's back slams into the turnbuckles before staggering out into Sawyer's waiting arms...]

GM: Sawyer lifts.. SIDE SLAM!

[Hooking the leg, Sawyer leans backwards into a makeshift pin attempt.]

GM: They've got one! They've got two! They've got- no! Colton kicks out at two!

[Sawyer grimaces at the official as Kingsley calls for a tag from the corner. The former bar keep gets up and obliges, slapping the offered hand.]

GM: The tag is made, in comes Alexander Kingsley...

[Kingsley and Sawyer break into a series of stomps on the downed Colton, drawing more jeers from the Regina crowd.]

GM: Come on, referee! Keep this under control!

BW: Never thought I'd hear you try to stick up for a team with Jackson Hunter on it.

GM: I... uhh... I did do that, didn't I? If I was Catholic, I'd be looking for a Confessional right about now.

[Sawyer steps out as Kingsley drags Colton to his feet, his hands locked around the back of the neck...]

GM: We talked about the martial arts training of Kingsley and here it comes here - ohh! Kneestrike... another... Muay Thai knees driving Colton back towards the neutral corner...

[But the powerful Colton reaches up, shoving Kingsley hard, sending him flying back away from the corner to the middle of the ring...]

...where he runs back in, lighting up Colton with a running European uppercut!]

GM: OHHH! Kingsley taking a page out of Supreme Wright's playbook right there! Good grief!

[With Colton's arms hooked over the top rope, hanging on to stay on his feet, Kingsley snatches a front facelock, dragging him towards the corner where he reaches out a hand...]

GM: Tag! Sawyer back in... up on the middle rope...

[The Texan leaps off the middle rope, bringing a double axehandle down across the back as Kingsley lets go.]

GM: Down goes Colton again... and another cover for Sawyer and Kingsley... and another two count!

"TEN MINUTES HAVE GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Ten minutes is the call. The halfway point in the time limit for this one as these two teams battle it out to make it to Night Two where Next Gen awaits the winners...

[Sawyer grabs the wrist of Colton straight out of the pin attempt, twisting it into armwringer as he leans the Canadian Strongman back to his feet...]

GM: Ohh! He pulls Colton into a shouldertackle... and another... and another...

[Colton repeatedly bounces off Sawyer, stunned by the repeated tackles as Sawyer keeps control of the wrist, pulling Colton again...

...but this time, Colton doesn't budge!]

GM: Colton hangs on!

[Sawyer's eyes flash with panic as he pulls the arm again...

...and again, Colton holds his ground!]

BW: Colton's blocking it!

[Sawyer's eyes bulge as he tries one more time and gets nowhere promptly...

...but when Colton pulls Sawyer's wrist, the Texan goes flying into a short-arm clothesline that lifts him off the mat before dumping him down on the canvas!]

GM: What a reversal by the big man from Canada!

[Colton slumps to his knees after delivering the clothesline, looking across the ring at the corner where Jackson Hunter frantically slaps the top turnbuckle, trying to draw Colton towards him...]

GM: Colton down to his knee, crawling across the ring towards his partner but the question is - can he get there?

[Sawyer rolls to his chest, pulling himself the shorter distance towards his own corner as Colton continues to inch closer.]

GM: Tag! In comes Kingsley and-

[The crowd groans as Kingsley gets a running start, leaps up, and STOMPS the lower back of Colton, cutting off his effort to get to the corner.]

GM: Kingsley cuts him off!

[A fired-up Jackson Hunter ducks through the ropes, looking to attack Kingsley...

...but the official steps in, blocking his path as Kingsley grabs Colton by the hair, dragging him back across the ring to the jeers of the fans!]

GM: Kingsley takes the distraction and gets an advantage off it, pulling him over to the corner...

[A few quick stomps leaves Colton prone as Kingsley hops up to the middle rope, facing away from the ring...]

GM: Kingsley on the second rope... FISTDROP!

[The crowd boos loudly as Kingsley twists his body, coming down to his knees with a fist down between the eyes of Colton!]

GM: FISTDROP CONNECTS!

[He waves his arms across his torso in a "it's over!" gesture before settling into a North-South pin attempt!]

GM: Kingsley with another cover for one! For two! For-

[Again, Colton kicks out, lifting his shoulder off the mat before the three count falls.]

GM: Another kickout! Blake Colton continues to show some king-sized resiliency in front of his hometown fans!

[Kingsley angrily claps his hands together as he rises to his feet, turning towards the official and clapping his hands together three times swiftly.]

GM: Kingsley complaining about the speed of the count to no avail... the referee's saying it was a two count.

[Glaring at the referee, Kingsley turns his attention back to Colton who is struggling to get off the canvas. He yanks the Canadian into a front facelock, slinging Colton's arm over his neck...]

GM: Suplex on the way perhaps... Kingsley lift- no, blocked!

[Kingsley tries for the suplex a second time but Colton holds firm, refusing to go up for it...]

GM: Kingsley can't get him up...

[The crowd ROARS as Colton reverses the attempt, taking Kingsley up and over with a spine-rattling suplex!]

GM: ...BUT COLTON CAN! DOWN GOES KINGSLEY ON THE CANVAS!

[Colton stays down after the suplex as well, both men laid out on the mat as the Canadian crowd cheers Colton on.]

GM: Both men are down... and now we've got ourselves a race to the corner... a race to see who can make the tag first...

[Hunter and Sawyer are in their respective corners, arms stretched out towards their partners.]

GM: We can see just how badly both of these teams are looking for the exchange after that suplex. Colton rolls over onto his chest now, arms underneath him as he looks up at his partner...

[Colton starts to elbowcrawl on his stomach, inching his way across the ring as Kingsley rolls to a hip, grabbing at his lower back.]

GM: Both men are moving... both men trying to find their respective corners...

BW: Who's gonna get there first?

GM: Colton's dragging his 340 pound body across the ring where Jackson Hunter - the AWA National Champion it pains me to say - is waiting for him.

[Hunter insistently shoves his hand out, shouting "COME ON, KID!" to his partner who continues to inch towards him as Kingsley rolls over completely, clearing a lot of distance in a hurry.]

GM: Kingsley's almost there! He might get there first!

[Kingsley rolls to a knee, looking up at his partner just out of reach...]

GM: TAG!

[Sawyer comes through the ropes quickly, rushing across the ring where...]

GM: TAG ON THE OTHER SIDE!

[...Jackson Hunter comes in, fists flying!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The Canadian crowd is roaring as Hunter and Sawyer throw down near Hunter's corner, fists bouncing off one another head's as they throw them from deep on their heels!]

BW: WE'VE GOT A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS, DADDY!

[Hunter catches Sawyer with a right hand that stuns him before the Bird of Prey switches his stance, snapping off a jab into the jaw... and another... and another... and another. He snatches Sawyer by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The reversal sends Hunter into the ropes as Sawyer bends over for a backdrop...

...but Hunter holds on to the ropes, stopping the rebound, and SNAPS a foot up into the mouth that straightens Sawyer up!]

GM: OH! He caught him!

[Sawyer stumbles back as Hunter leaps into the air, driving his feet into Sawyer's kneecap!]

GM: Dropkick to the knee, Sawyer reeling from that!

[Sawyer slumps to a knee, wincing in pain as Hunter slides behind him, lifting the attacked leg off the mat by the ankle...

...and SLAMS Sawyer's knee down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The quick assault on the knee leaves Sawyer grimacing in pain as Hunter keeps his grip on the ankle, flipping Sawyer over onto his back as he reaches down for the other leg...]

GM: MINDFLAYER! MINDFLAY-

BW: NO! KINGSLEY FROM BEHIND!

[Kingsley's running forearm to the back of the head knocks Hunter down to his knees, saving Curt Sawyer from the Mindflayer for the moment...]

...but big Blake Colton comes barnstorming back in as well, running over Kingsley with a clubbing forearm between the shoulderblades!]

GM: All four men inside the ring now! It's breaking down!

[On his feet, Sawyer winds and throws on Colton, hammering away at the young Canadian as the crowd roars for the exchange!]

GM: Colton and Sawyer trading right hands! And now Kingsley and Hunter are as well! All four men fighting all over this ring... all over the- backed into the corners now!

[Hunter tees off on Kingsley in the corner.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[In the opposite corner, Colton winds up with two bear paw-like hands...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE CHOP BY COLTON!

BW: Sawyer might need a pec transplant after that one!

[With Sawyer and Kingsley reeling, the two Canadians grab them by the arms, whipping them into a crash in mid-ring!]

GM: OHH! Big smash in the middle!

[The duo spin away after the crash, wobbling away from one another...]

...and Colton and Hunter run them down with a pair of clotheslines to another big cheer!]

GM: THE CANADIANS PICK UP THE SPARE!

BW: Do they even bowl in Canada?

[A fired-up Hunter drags Kingsley off the mat by the hair...]

...and HURLS him through the ropes to the floor, sending him crashing down on the thin mats outside the ring!]

GM: Ohhh! Out goes Kingsley to the floor... and look at this!

[Colton scoops up a surprised Hunter, slamming him down on top of a prone Sawyer!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Hunter flips over, applying a lateral press as Colton exits the ring.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[But Sawyer's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking up the pin!]

GM: NO! Two count only!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Just five minutes to go - both teams need to kick it up to a higher level right NOW if they want to avoid a double elimination!

[Getting off the mat, glaring at the official, Hunter slaps Colton's offered hand.]

GM: Another quick tag... Blake Colton in on the exchange...

[Colton pulls Sawyer up off the mat, lifting him up over his shoulder, leaning over slightly as Hunter runs to the ropes, rebounding back...

...and leaps up, swinging his knee forward!]

GM: OHHHH! INSTANT KARMA TO THE SPINE!

[Hunter lands on the mat and keeps on going as Colton lifts Sawyer higher and then HURLS him down in a modified spinebuster slam!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COLTON DRIVES HIM DOWN! ANOTHER COVER!

BW: THIS MIGHT DO IT!

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KINGSLEY MAKES THE SAVE! HE SAVES THIS ONE FOR HIS SQUAD!

[A fired up Kingsley comes up off the mat, pumping a fist, staggering in a circle towards the ropes...

...which is when Jackson Hunter comes barreling across the ring, wrapping up Kingsley in a clothesline that sends BOTH men toppling over the ropes, crashing down hard on the apron before they hit the floor together!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HUNTER CLEARS OUT KINGSLEY!

BW: We're back down to the legal men!

[Colton pulls Sawyer off the mat by the wrist, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip across...

[The rebounding Sawyer ducks under a clothesline, bouncing off the far side...]

GM: Sawyer off the ropes and...

[Leaping into the air, Sawyer SMASHES his elbow right between Colton's eyes, sending him down to the mat!]

GM: DOWN GOES COLTON!

BW: And now it's Sawyer who may have a chance to win this thing!

GM: Colton went down like a bag of rocks and Sawyer makes a cover!  
ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[Colton's shoulder pops up off the mat, breaking the pin to cheers from the partisan crowd.]

GM: Curt Sawyer gets two right there, looking to find a way to finish off Blake Colton and cash his team's ticket to Night Two and the second round of this tournament!

[Sawyer pounds a fist into the canvas in frustration before getting to his feet, leaning down to drag the larger Colton up by the arm.]

GM: We've got about three and a half minutes to go as Sawyer FIRES Colton into the corner with that big whip!

[Sawyer marches to the corner, stepping in to snatch a side headlock...]

GM: Headlock in the corner...

[With a twirl of his arm, Sawyer signals his intentions as he charges from the buckles, dragging Colton with him, leaping into the air..

...and DRIVES Colton facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: RUNNING BULLDOG OUT OF THE CORNER! HE GOT ALL OF THAT! COULD THAT BE ENOUGH?!

[A weary Sawyer rolls Colton onto his back, diving across his massive torso.]

GM: ANOTHER COVER FOR ONE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP AGAIN!

BW: Where the heck is Colton getting the fire in his belly to do this from, Gordo?! He's kicking out over and over again and-

"THREE MINUTES! THREE MINUTES!"

[The timekeeper's call seems to light a fire under Sawyer who quickly gets to his feet, pulling Colton up with him...]

GM: We're down to under three minutes, fans! Three minutes left in this twenty minute time limit as these two teams battle it out to see who will move on to face the AWA World Tag Team Champions in the second round of this tournament!

[With Colton back on his feet, Sawyer pumps his arm a couple of times before ducking low...]

GM: SCOOP SLAM!

[The 270 pound Sawyer manages to put enough mustard into the lift to get Colton up over his head...

...but Colton has a little too much momentum and slips out behind Sawyer, causing the former barkeep to stumble as Colton lands on his feet...]

GM: Colton slips out and-

[Colton immediately collapses to a knee, screaming in pain as he grabs his other knee.]

GM: What the...?!

BW: He hurt himself! He hurt the knee!

[Colton cries out over and over again as he clutches his knee, the official rushing to his side as Curt Sawyer turns around. Sawyer takes a step towards Colton but holds up, a concerned look crossing his face.]

GM: Colton's knee is hurt and by the looks of things, it's hurt badly... and thankfully Curt Sawyer remembers who he USED to be at least and he's not trying to take advantage of this injury.

BW: Kingsley won't be too happy about that, Gordo.

GM: Well, you're probably right about that.

[Colton slinks from a kneeling position to a sitting position, vigorously rubbing at his left knee as Sawyer looks on confused. The official warns Sawyer to stay back before turning to the downed and hurting Colton.]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

[Sawyer gestures to the air, pointing at a watch that isn't on his wrist but the official waves him back a second time.]

GM: We're under two minutes now but I've got a feeling this one's over, Bucky.

BW: That knee must have buckled or something. I didn't quite see what happened but- HEY!

[With Sawyer looking down at Colton and the referee doing the same, Jackson Hunter slides under the bottom rope behind the Texan...]

GM: Hunter's in! BEHIND YOU!

[...and SLAMS his arm up into the groin of Curt Sawyer!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!

[Hunter rolls from the ring as Sawyer crumples down to his knees...

...and suddenly, a smirking Blake Colton is back on his feet.]

GM: What the hell?!

BW: Are you kidding me?! Brilliant! Absolutely brilliant!

[Colton hops up and down a couple of times, showing that his knee is completely fine before he grabs Sawyer by the head, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Wait a second! Colton's got Sawyer set and... HE LIFTS!

[At the peak of the lift, Colton uses the tights to shove Sawyer just a little bit higher into the air..

...and then DRIVES him down with a colossal powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: That's GOTTA be it!

[Colton plants his palms on the chest of Sawyer, sticking out his tongue as the referee counts one... two...]

GM: HE GOT HIM!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Colton climbs to his feet as a jubilant Jackson Hunter throws his arms into the air to celebrate. He slides back into the ring, rushing to embrace his young protege as the Canadian crowd cheers the win.]

GM: Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton are moving on in the Stampede Cup tournament!

BW: What a win!

GM: It was a hard-fought battle... but in the end, the chicanery of Hunter and Colton pays dividends as they pick up a tainted victory.

BW: A win's a win, Gordo. Nobody puts an asterisk on the check for the winner's purse.

GM: And despite the less-than-clean victory, the Canadian fans are still showing Hunter and Colton the love here in Mosaic Stadium... for some reason.

[Hunter and Colton each mount midbuckles, pointing to their fans as we see Alexander Kingsley staring up from the floor, an agitated look on his face as Curt Sawyer rolls out to join him, a pain-filled and undoubtedly angry look on his face. He leans on the apron, barely able to support his own weight at the moment as he slams an arm down on it. Kingsley reaches out, placing a hand on his partner's shoulders as our camera catches their exchange.]

AK3: Curt, this is exactly what we've been talking about, man. No mercy. Ever.

[A dejected Sawyer slaps the apron in frustration a second time, then does the same to the side of his head. Hard. He falls back against the apron again, grabbing at his lower back as Kingsley grabs Sawyer by the shoulders and spins him around so the two are almost nose-to-nose.]

AK3: Hey, call it a lesson learned. But let's not make this mistake again. Got it?

[Sawyer looks down, avoiding eye contact, but finally nods and meets Kingsley's gaze.]

CS: I'm gonna make this up to you. And to him. I'll set this right, Alex.

[Kingsley smiles and nods, patting him on the back.]

AK3: I know you will, my friend.

[The duo turns to make their way up the aisle as Hunter and Colton continue to celebrate with the fans...

...and we fade backstage to Sweet Lou Blackwell.]

SLB: The Stampede Cup continues here at The Battle of Saskatchewan as the team of Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton trick and scam their way into the second round where they'll encounter the World Tag Team Champions, Next Gen, tomorrow night in this same stadium. Two more tournament matches to come here tonight with The Gold Standard taking on one of SWLL's representatives in this tournament, The Hive. Also, don't forget about the massive collision still to come with the legendary and explosive - no pun intended - Prophets of Rage taking on the two-time Stampede Cup winners, Violence Unlimited. But before we get to that...

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: Joining me now, the woman fighting to become the next AWA Women's World Champion... Skylar Swift.

[The camera cascades back. Skylar's honey brown hair is pulled up tight into two small buns a top her head. She has a green sequined duster jacket on with embellished jewels scattered all over. The sleeves are short and there's a gold tie that fastens it around her waist and pulled just tight enough and draping just low enough to the floor to cover up her ring gear for the night. She stands right beside "Sweet" Lou Blackwell who is all smiles as he presses the mic back up to his own mouth.]

SLB: Skylar, what a crazy night this must be for you. A night I'm sure you've dreamed about... that pun WAS intended...

[Blackwell chuckles to himself.]

SLB: ...probably since you were a little girl! A shot at the top prize in women's wrestling on a stage like no other. A stage, well, that must feel like a bit of a homecoming to you!

[Sklyar nods.]

SS: You're sweet, Lou... but you know you are. A little pun thrown right back at ya.

[Skylar winks.]

SS: Now I went to my fair share of Homecomings in my teenage years and even brought home a cute little tiara my senior year of high school that I think my dad still has in my old bedroom. There was a big game beforehand, there were fancy dresses, cute boys in tuxedos with ten dollar sneakers which I never understood, and I even rode in a limo for the first time.

We danced, we laughed, we made memories, I hung up my corsage in my room to dry out until it basically disintegrated and as far as senior moments go it was right up there with the best.

SLB: That sounds fabulous!

SS: It was more than that, Lou. It was epic. Some of the friends I had then are still some of my best friends now. In fact, there's a few of them sitting out in the stands tonight sportin' their DREAM BIG shirts and I know they are so, so proud of me, Lou.

And while I may be coming home tonight...

[A short pause.]

SS: I assure you this is going to be anything BUT a homecoming.

SLB: I didn't mean to imply-

SS: No, no, it's not you, Lou. Well, it's not just you. I know what everyone is thinking. What a fun little feel good story. What a cute moment for Skylar. Roll out a couple carpets, make her get out of bed at 4am this morning to hit the local morning shows, let her ride in the back of a convertible and wave her hand around and smile for the press.

It's good TV, Lou.

I get it.

But eventually you know what is going to happen?

The bell is going to ring and standing across from me is a woman who makes monsters hide under their bed. Kurayami is a force unlike no other, Lou. She lies awake at night crafting different ways to torture, maim, and humiliate women just like me and then she walks out to the ring every week and does something even worse.

I may have worn a crown at Homecoming but the Queen of the Kaiju chews up princesses and licks her fingers clean of their blood.

[Blackwell, a bit taken back, cringes at this notion.]

SS: I won't lie to you or our great fans and pretend that there wasn't a moment when it was announced that the AWA would be coming here that I didn't let my mind wander a bit.

Heck, my mind was doing double back handsprings in the clouds.

Me? Wrestling here in Canada?! For a WORLD TITLE?!

It's more than even I could have hoped for.

More than I could have ever dreamed of.

Yes, that little gem-pun was for you, Lou.

[She puts her hand on Blackwell's shoulder and he just stares at her.]

SS: But this isn't a Disney movie where you can wave a magic wand of trickery or deception and hope that the Evil Queen will fall off a cliff and be crushed by a boulder.

Kurayami IS the boulder, Lou.

There isn't a sword of Truth to stab her with, a ravine to shove her into, a sorcerer to call on to defeat her or a bow of a ship to run over with and pray that a bolt of

lightning will magically strike her at the exact same moment. Trust me, I've thought of all of these plans and know they aren't going to work because this is real life and Kurayami is a serious problem who has annihilated everyone in her path and left them a shell of what they once were.

Yet five other women and I tore down the house in Philadelphia for a chance to step in front of this fierce beast and when I laid across Sonova and saw the official hit the three count the little girl inside of me screamed at the top of her lungs, "You did it, girl!" and then reality sunk in.

My prize was a date with destiny otherwise known as the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo.

So let me ask you, Lou. Does this sound like the homecoming little girls dream of?

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SS: No, it doesn't. But I've never been one to back down from a fight. Gone crazy and delirious and had my parents calling sanity hotlines? Sure, but what girl doesn't go a little bonkers once... or twice.

[Swift mouths "sorry mom" into the camera.]

SS: I know I'm the underdog. I know people are already counting me out. I know there's parents who brought their little girls to the arena tonight because they have my poster on their wall and their sons and daughters begged them to bring them here and they don't know a thing about wrestling or just how bad and terrible this woman is who in just a few minutes is going to be standing across from me.

To them?

To what their young daughters and sons are about to see?

To the scars they may endure?

Emotionally.

Mentally.

I sincerely and wholeheartedly apologize.

I'm truly, from the bottom of my heart, sorry.

But I can not and will not stop until that MONSTER is gone. I will bleed, I will break, I will push my body beyond limits even I think it is capable of. I – I hope I make them proud but no matter what she does to me. No matter how far she pushes me I --

[She pauses, lowering her head.]

SS: I won't stop.

[Skylar lets out a deep exhale.]

SS: (softly) I can't stop.

SLB: Skylar?

[A longer pause.]

SS: (murmuring) She has to be stopped, Lou.

[She looks up at Lou, her eyes softening.]

SS: She HAS to be stopped.

[The shot holds on Swift as we slowly fade to another part of the building where we find Theresa Lynch standing with the Women's World Champion, Kurayami. The champion is dressed in a black singlet with shiny black vinyl over it. A pair of ominous-looking spikes extend from each shoulder on the jacket which is over a red t-shirt promising "END OF DAYS." A white swipe of facepaint goes from temple to temple and a sneering dripping bloody smile has been painted on her mouth. The Women's World Title rests over her shoulder as Lynch begins speaking.]

TL: Alright, fans... a very determined Skylar Swift with Lou but as you can see, I've been joined by the Women's World Champion herself, Kurayami, who is coming off a very successful tour of Japan...

[Kurayami nods.]

TL: ...and a very UNSUCCESSFUL night in South Philly when she was pinned by Julie Somers.

[The champion glares at Theresa.]

K: Is that supposed to be funny?

[Lynch raises her hands, begging off.]

TL: No, no... I'm just telling a story for the fans at home.

K: A story, huh? Okay, I'll bite. Tell me the story.

[Lynch looks nervous but soldiers on.]

TL: Well, okay. Your story begins at the start of this year when you made your presence known in dominant fashion, winning that title, putting the champion Lauryn Rage on the shelf for months, and instilling this... dominion of fear... over the entire AWA Women's Division.

[Kurayami smiles, nodding approvingly.]

TL: For months, the women of the AWA were obviously terrified by you... by what you could potentially do to them as we saw with the likes of Betty Chang.

[The champion rubs her hands together, still nodding.]

TL: And then... then Medusa Rage came along and upset all that. She showed that there were women in this business who COULD stand up to you... who COULD stand and fight you... and when she did that, she inspired the entire Women's Division to do the same. We saw Julie Somers do it in South Philly... we hear rumors that Betty Chang wants to get her hands on you in Mexico... heck, Skylar Swift - your opponent tonight - actually beat five other women all desperately trying to get this chance to face you tonight.

[The smile is gone now.]

TL: I've gotta ask, champ - is the fear of Kurayami gone?

[A throaty growl escapes from Kurayami.]

K: Let me tell you a story, Theresa.

[The camera pulls closer on Kurayami turns to face it.]

K: Once upon a time, there was a pampered little princess named Skylar in a far away kingdom called Canada...

[Theresa rolls her eyes.]

K: Now, Skylar was a very lucky little girl because her parents loved her so much. The world loved her so much because she was so pretty and perky and perfect. She could do no wrong... and so she got everything she ever wanted.

The nicest clothes. The newest toys. Everything.

And as she got older, it only got better for little Skylar because the boys came running too. The teachers all adored her. The future was so bright for little Skylar - the sky was the limit.

[Kurayami sneers.]

K: But being the pampered pretty princess wasn't enough for Skylar. She wanted more. So even when her family's connections got her offers to act... to model... to be that perfect princess for the entire world... she still wanted more.

Because this princess also had a passion.

Pro wrestling.

No one understood it, Theresa. Why would this beautiful, brilliant girl want to sully herself with the likes of carnies and brutes?

But to her credit, she persisted... and doors opened for her. Doors opened that would never be unlocked for others. Doors swung open as quickly as she appeared to guide her to her dream.

And one day she arrived... the American Wrestling Alliance. THE place to be.

[The menacing champion raises a finger.]

K: And still it wasn't enough. Because she wanted to be a champion. She wanted to be THE champion. And she wanted to do it with all her loyal subjects watching.

And Theresa, she earned that chance. Tonight.

[She smirks.]

K: Tonight, Princess Skylar gets to live the fairytale. The end is near though. The last pages of the story are almost here.

We know how the story goes in her head, don't we?

The perfect little princess charges in on her steed, weapons at the ready. And she battles the big, mean, nasty dragon who stands in front of her treasure. They fight... oh, do they fight... but in the end, she slays the dragon and the peasants rejoice for their princess.

[Kurayami chuckles - a dark, throaty laugh.]

K: But that's just a dream. That's just a story.

Because for you, Skylar... you're about to meet a very different end.

That was your dream.

[She jerks a thumb at yourself.]

K: This is your reality. And the reality, Theresa, is that Skylar Swift might tell the world she's not afraid of the Bloody She-Wolf of Tokyo... just like Julie Somers and Betty Chang... just like Medusa and Lauryn Rage... just like Margarita Flores and Kelly Kowalski and Ayako Fujiwara and all the rest do.

But the reality tells a very different story.

Because when Skylar Swift looks in the mirror at her perfect pretty face... there's something hiding behind it.

And that's fear.

Fear of what the Queen of Kaiju can do to someone in that ring. Ask Chang! Ask Rage! Ask the parade of broken bodies I left in Japan. Skylar, you don't have to ask, do you? Because you know. You know what I can do and it's what keeps you up at night.

It's what makes you jump when you hear a door slam. It's what makes you break out in a cold sweat when you hear footsteps on the stairs.

[Kurayami sneers.]

K: You're afraid, Skylar. They all are. And that's okay. You should be afraid. It's the wise decision. But there's one even wiser, little girl.

Don't show up. Don't go out there tonight.

Because if you do, you know what's coming next.

There is no Happy Ever After. Not for you. Not with me.

[Kurayami slaps the title belt once before turning away, leaving Theresa Lynch behind.]

TL: Skylar Swift walks into Mosaic Stadium looking for her Cinderella story here tonight but Kurayami has other plans. The Women's World Title match is coming up... right now! Rebecca, my friend... the floor is yours!

[We fade from backstage to a panning shot of Mosaic Stadium. The fans are on their feet, waving their arms in the direction of the boom camera drifting over them. Cut to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen... please put your hands together and help me welcome Canada's very own...

[The lights dim down.]

RO: ...REPARTEE!

[A spotlight shines just to the left of the entrance way. The Canadian indie electro pop band is all smiles and the hometown crowd cheers on lead singer Meg Warren as she leans into the mic. The band members all give one another a nod as the keyboardist Josh Banfield begins to hit the electric intro.]

#I'm the typical  
Running-from-my-battles  
Keep it quiet  
No flying off the handle#

#You're tougher  
Confident encounter  
You're gonna break the rules  
Just because you wanna#

[Warren grins at the cheering crowd.]

#I'm nervous  
Just keep it on the surface  
Don't wanna stir the pot  
Or admit i'm jealous#

#Calm down  
It's safer on the ground  
If it doesn't keep the peace  
Don't say it out loud#

[The crowd begins to wave their arms in the air along with the beat and the build up of them singing along with her increases as the song hits the softer spot of the song.]

#I wanted to resist this  
Love affair with conflict  
I got my share of wounds  
I don't need them from you  
No matter how i fight this  
You've showed me that you're worth it  
So let's start a war...#

[The crowd tries to sing ahead but Warren pulls back the mic, pausing, as a coy little smile overtakes her face as she leans back in.]

MW: LET ME HEAR YOU, SASKATCHEWAN!

[The band continues to play the chorus as Warren leans in once more.]

MW: YOU BETTER PUT YOUR HANDS TOGETHER FOR MY GOOD FRIEND...

...AND YOUR CANADIAN DREAM GIRL!

[The noise level really begins to take off.]

MW: SKYYYYYYYYYYYLAR SWIIIIIIIIIIIFT!!!

[And a DEAFENING roar for the Dream Girl from Montreal, Canada. Skylar Swift LEAPS through the entrance way and the place goes absolutely nuts. She leans into a power stance as she points towards Warren who mirrors her pose and the two ladies crank their fists as Warren screams into the mic!]

#'Cause you're worth fighting for!!!#

\*\* BOOM! \*\*

\*\* BOOM! \*\*

\*\* BOOM! \*\*

\*\* BOOM! \*\*

\*\* SKEEEEEE-BOOOOOOOOOOM!!!! \*\*

[Fireworks fill the sky over the stadium as Skylar Swift throws her arms in the air. It's madness in Mosaic Stadium as young girls rush the railing as if they were rushing the Stagecoach stage. Arms are hurled over the railing and the Dream Girl is quick to oblige as she tries to slap the hands of every young fan that she can reach.]

#C'mon over and we'll settle it right  
Put your dukes up 'cause i'm ready to fight  
For you-ou  
I'll fight for you-ou-ou  
Don't want the pain but i'll take it stride  
Put your dukes up 'cause i'm ready to fight  
For you-ou-ou-oooo#

[Skylar stops for a moment, soaking in the moment. She nods her head proudly, matter-of-factly, and confidently as she surveys the arena. She has a throwback Expos hat spun around backwards over her honey brown hair, retro pale blue suspenders bedazzled out beyond belief over a white crop top, and short matching tights with a white maple leaf on her backside. She has knee high white with the old school stir ups with glittered up low top white Nike shoes with the same blue tone swoosh shining like diamonds.]

#Don't want a  
Big ego  
They tell us when we're little  
It's better to be quiet and to not cause trouble#

#Sit pretty  
Keep everybody happy  
Don't speak up, you don't wanna be bossy#

#You came along  
Broke it all down  
You saw fire and you didn't wanna put it out#

[Skylar stops near a little girl, no more than six years old, and she snaps the Expos cap off her head and plops it onto the little girl's head and leans in for a quick selfie and the girl jumps up and down and nearly faints into her father's arms as Skylar smiles and slaps a few more hands.]

#No crutches  
I'm rolling with the punches  
We flicker like a flame burning everything it touches#

#I wanted to resist this  
Love affair with conflict  
I got my share of wounds  
I don't need them from you  
No matter how i fight this  
You've showed me that you're worth it  
So let's start a war  
'Cause you're worth fighting for!!!#

[Skylar slides into the ring and there's another huge ovation as she throws her arms up in the air once more. She leans against the ropes closest to the walkway towards Repartee that continue to rock the house and she begins shouting out the lyrics to the song back towards Meg Warren.]

#C'mon over and we'll settle it right  
Put your dukes up 'cause i'm ready to fight  
For you  
I'll fight for you  
Don't want the pain but i'll take it stride  
Put your dukes up 'cause i'm ready to fight  
For you#

#If i turn away now  
Do i lose this battle?  
Will you stay around  
If i back down?  
If i back down?#

#Or do you wanna fair fight  
Because i'm your equal?  
You wanna get in my mind  
Know what i'm like, oh#

#I wanted to embrace this  
Boring lack of conflict  
But that was all before

C'mon over and we'll settle it right  
Put your dukes up-#

[But before Warren can finish her next lyric, the lights in the stadium come crashing down...

...and a loud, booming laugh is heard over the PA system just before Judas Priest's "Dominator" kicks in. Meg Warren looks around in confusion as Skylar Swift watches from the ring...]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[A TOWER of flames bursts out from either side of the entrance stage, nearly singing Repartee as they quickly scatter. A few moments pass before Kurayami emerges on the entrance stage, not even acknowledging the band nearby. Her eyes are locked on the night's challenger who bravely beckons her towards the ring. The Queen of the Kaiju gives a nod of acceptance, slapping the title belt over her shoulder before she comes storming down the aisle.]

GM: Skylar Swift was having one heck of a moment here in front of the Canadian fans and Kurayami couldn't even let her have that, Bucky.

BW: Nope. Sorry. Kurayami's not one for feel-good moments that's for sure. The Women's World Champion has arrived and the time for pomp and circumstance is over!

GM: Kurayami wasting no time making her way down the aisle towards the ring where her spunky challenger awaits her. Skylar Swift won this title shot back at Liberty Or Death in that Six For A Shot matchup. A title shot - her first title shot to my recollection - in front of her home country. These fans are ready, Skylar Swift is ready too, Bucky.

BW: She'd better be because Kurayami is DEFINITELY ready.

[Kurayami reaches ringside, shrugging out of her spiked jacket before stepping up on the ringsteps. Skylar Swift fires off a few words in her direction, pointing up to Repartee who are standing shocked on the ramp... but Kurayami doesn't respond, simply stepping through the ropes - a cold expression on her face. She stands in the corner, taking the title belt off her shoulder and tossing it in the direction of the referee.]

GM: What was that?!

BW: You know, Gordo... a lot of times when champions are about to defend the title, they stare at it... plant a kiss on it... almost like they're saying goodbye. Not Kurayami. She's confident that title is coming back to her here tonight.

GM: We'll see about that. Rebecca, take it away.

[The music fades and the lights dip down as a trio of spotlights hit the ring, lighting up both champion and challenger.]

RO: Ladies and gentlemen.. the following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is for the AWA WOMEN'S WORRRRRRRRLD CHAMPIONSHIP!

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER! The Mosaic Stadium fans begin stomping their feet!]

RO: Introducing first... to my left... weighing in at 125 pounds... representing...

[Ortiz can't help but to crack a smile.]

RO: CAAAAAANAAAAAADAAAAA!!!!

[Explosive ovation!]

RO: She is the challenger.... She is YOUR DREAM GIRL!

SKYYYYYYYYYYYLAIAAAAAAAAAAAAAAR!

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIFT!!!!

[A grinning Swift gets the HUUUUUUGE ROAR from the Canadian crowd as she steps from the corner, thrusting her arms into the air.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd her opponent...

[The jeers start immediately.]

RO: From Japan... weighing in at 250 pounds... she is the AWA WORRRRRRLD WOMEN'S CHAMMMMPIONNNNNNN...

KUUUUUUURAAAAAAAYAAAAAMIIIIIIIIII!

[Kurayami doesn't budge at all. No raise of an arm. No step to mid-ring. No intimidating bellow. She's all business as she keeps her eyes on Skylar Swift. The ring announcer quickly exits the ring, sensing trouble. The lights come up as champion and challenger stand across the ring from one another, waiting for the bell to ring...]

GM: Referee Shari Miranda with a few final words for both competitors...

[Miranda holds up the title belt for all to see, drawing another big cheer.]

GM: ...and here we go!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Kurayami wastes no time in walking out of her corner, stopping mid-ring and waiting...]

GM: Well, it looks as though Kurayami is ready to get this started right in the middle of the ring... will the challenger oblige?

BW: She shouldn't. She should turn around and run for it. Forget those crazy dreams. Forget this little homecoming. Run like your life depends on it... because it actually might.

[Swift edges out of the corner, moving towards Kurayami...

...who takes a long step forward which causes Swift to backpedal back a step, looking anxious.]

BW: And there's that fear that Kurayami was talking about. It's easy to say you're not afraid of someone, Gordo, but it's a horse of a different color to stand your ground against a monster like Kurayami.

GM: It is indeed... the fans are solidly behind Skylar Swift though which may give her an added boost of courage here tonight.

[Kurayami steps forward again as Swift backpedals a second time, suddenly realizing she's backed herself into her corner. A smirk crosses Kurayami's face as Swift sidesteps to her right...

...and Kurayami matches her.]

GM: Uh oh. Swift finds herself in the wrong part of town. She certainly can't match power or strength with the likes of the Women's World Champion, Bucky.

BW: No chance of that, Gordo. If she wants to stand any chance at all, she needs to stick... she needs to move... she needs to run... she needs to fly. She's half the size of the champion and she knows what Kurayami is capable of - they all do. Every woman in the Division does.

[Swift moves quickly to her left but Kurayami again matches her, making sure she's got the challenger trapped in the corner...]

GM: No way out for Swift!

[A look of panic crosses Swift's face a moment before Kurayami lunges for her, looking to wrap her massive hands around Swift's thin neck...

...but Swift ducks down, avoiding the dive, swinging around to face the champion.]

GM: Swift finds a way out and- FOREARM ON THE JAW!

[With a shout, Swift throws a second forearm... and a third!]

GM: Swift pounding away on the champion and- uh oh!

[Reaching out, Kurayami shoves Swift backwards to create some space, sending Swift backrolling across the mat to her feet. Kurayami is immediately on the move though, looking to strike before Swift can regain her footing.]

GM: The champion charges...

[The Lady of Pain swings a right hand aimed at Swift's head but the challenger ducks under it. A left hand comes back the other way but Swift leans back and avoids it as well.]

GM: Swing and a miss by the champion...

[With Kurayami off-balance, Swift snaps off a quick leg kick to the side of the knee.]

GM: Swift going downstairs on the champion... another kick to the side of the knee...

[But Kurayami absorbs the blows to the leg, swinging another big right hand that Swift deftly ducks under to avoid. The left comes flying in again but Swift backrolls to avoid it, coming to her feet quickly and throwing a dropkick at the off-balance Kurayami who stumbles backwards off the blow.]

GM: Dropkick by the challenger! That one knocks Kurayami a little off her game, fans!

[Swift gets back off the mat just as Kurayami lunges at her again. The Canadian Dream Girl snaps off a spin move that might make LeBron James jealous before hopping up onto Kurayami's massive back, wrapping her arms around the champion's head and neck...]

GM: SLEEPERHOLD! SLEEPER LOCKED IN!

[Well... almost. As Swift struggles to get her arms into a high leverage position, the Women's World Champion reaches back, grabbing her by the head and neck, and flips her over in a snapmare!]

GM: No! Kurayami escapes!

BW: That was that incredible power on display, Gordo. It just puts her in a totally different class of competitor.

[With Swift down on the mat, Kurayami raises her arm...]

GM: ELBOW!

[...but Swift rolls to the side, avoiding the big elbowdrop.]

GM: Big miss by the champion...

BW: She's gonna try it again though!

[Kurayami winds up a second time, going for a second attempt at the elbow but again Swift rolls aside to avoid it!]

GM: Two big elbows miss the mark by the Women's World Champion who seems to be a little off her game early on here in Regina. You think suffering that shocking pinfall loss at Eternally Extreme might be in her head, Bucky?

BW: If it is, she'd better get it out of there in a hurry 'cause Swift is on the move and-

[Coming off the ropes in a charge, Swift leaps into the air, bringing her knees into the chest of the seated Kurayami and riding her down to the canvas!]

GM: METEORA ON THE MAT!

[Kneeling on the shoulders, Swift leans back, trying desperately to hook a leg as the referee starts to count...

...but before she can get to the leg, Kurayami has kicked out with ease.]

GM: Not even a one count there. That's the toughness of Kurayami on display...

[The Women's World Champion starts to get off the mat when Skylar Swift rushes at her, leaping up again, and then delivers a low dropkick to the chest that sends the champion falling back through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Swift using that speed, that quickness, that explosiveness we talked about earlier... and now she's got the champion outside the ring early on.

BW: She should stay in there, Gordo. The last thing Skylar Swift wants is a fight on the floor with Kurayami...

[With the champion on the floor, Swift steps out to the apron, pointing to the cheering fans...]

GM: Skylar Swift has got the early advantage, looking to cement it here out on the floor...

[Swift's back is against the steel ringpost as Kurayami pulls herself back to her feet...

...and the Canadian Dream Girl sprints down the length of the apron, leaping off into another Meteora, riding Kurayami all the way down onto the thin mats covering the football field!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DOUBLE KNEES AGAIN AND SWIFT RIDES HER ALL THE WAAAAAY DOWN!

[The fired-up challenger climbs to her feet, letting loose a shout of "LET'S DO THIS, REGINA!" and getting a HUGE ROAR in response!]

GM: The challenger is riding on pure emotion right now, being carried by this gigantic crowd here in Mosaic Stadium trying to make this night a homecoming that they and Skylar will NEVER forget!

[Swift turns back towards Kurayami who is already trying to get up off the floor...

...and then rolls under the ropes, walking towards the corner.]

GM: The World Champion starting to rise on the outside... but Skylar Swift looks like she's about to rise on the inside, Bucky!

BW: Dangerous move here - high risk offense carries the chance of great reward but there's a reason why it's called high risk, Gordo.

GM: Swift to the second rope... now to the top...

[The Canadian Dream Girl looks down on Kurayami who has regained her feet but is stumbling a little...

...and Swift HURLS HERSELF from the top rope, soaring through the Mosaic Stadium sky and CRASHES down onto the champion, wiping her out with a crossbody off the top!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: AND SKYLAR SWIFT TAKES THE CHAMPION DOWN AGAIN! OH MY!

[Swift is a little slower to get up this time, showing a little wobble in her step as she walks towards the barricade, giving a big high five to a pair of teenage girls rocking their own Skylar t-shirts, jumping up and down with excitement at being so close to their idol.]

GM: The fans are pumped and so is Skylar Swift! Skylar Swift, let's face it, Bucky... she came into this match as the underdog. There are very few in this industry who picked Swift to defeat Kurayami tonight... but she believes she can do it... and the fans believe she can do it... and maybe that's enough!

BW: Don't get ahead of yourself, Gordo. It's still early.

GM: Kurayami again getting back up much quicker than you might expect. What a dominant champion she has been since defeating Lauryn Rage for the title earlier this year. For her, this is just another chance to put another notch in her belt but Skylar Swift is determined for this night to be much more than that for herself and her fans!

[While Swift continues to celebrate with the ringside fans, Kurayami rolls back inside the ring. The challenger turns, spotting her, and walks quickly back towards the ring, scrambling up on the ring apron...]

GM: Swift looking like she's got big ideas here yet again, Bucky... she's climbing those ropes from the outside...

BW: Kurayami's gotta swat one of these moves out of the sky and put this match to the pace that she wants, Gordo. She can't wrestle at Swift's pace, she'll be sucking wind in no time at all.

[Swift again climbs the ropes, stepping to the top as Kurayami slowly staggers in a circle to face her...]

GM: OFF THE TOP!

[The challenger leaps into the air, intent on driving Kurayami down onto the mat with another flying crossbody...]

GM: FLYING CROSSBODY AND-

BW: CAUGHT!

[The crowd grumbles with concern as the mighty Kurayami absorbs the flying press, catching a struggling Swift in her powerful arms...]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRIVES her down into the canvas with a thunderous front powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! SHE SHOOK THE RING WITH THAT ONE!

BW: That might do it right now, Gordo!

[Kurayami leans back down into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! TH-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KICKOUT! SWIFT KICKS OUT IN TIME!

[The crowd is really murmuring now, petrified at the near fall gained by the Women’s World Champion so early in the matchup.]

BW: That was VERY close to ruining Swift’s night and the night of a lot of these fans who came out to Mosaic Stadium to cheer her on.

GM: Indeed it was. Kurayami is such a monster in there - so devastating. No matter how much you think you have her on the run, she’s got so many explosive weapons that can just completely turn around a match in one moment.

[Kurayami climbs back to her feet, again a little wobble in her walk as she leans down, hauling Swift off the mat by the hair and just tosses her like a limp dishrag into the corner. Swift smashes into the buckles hard, her head whipping back as Kurayami backs off to mid-ring, creating some space...]

GM: What’s she got in mind here?

[With a bellow, the Women’s World Champion rushes forward, her 250 pound frame heading on a collision course with a stunned Swift...]

GM: AVALANCHE!

[...but Swift manages to lean back, kicking her legs up, and slips smoothly through the ropes to the apron as Kurayami SLAMS into the empty corner!]

GM: OHH! SWIFT GETS OUT OF THE WAY! SHE’S NOT DONE YET!

[Kurayami stumbles back a step as Swift grabs the top rope, swinging her legs up and smashing a foot off the champion’s head!]

GM: Kick to the head... and again, Kurayami looks stunned. Perhaps she took this challenge too lightly, Bucky.

BW: It wouldn’t be the first time that someone’s taken Skylar Swift too lightly, Gordo. Looks can be deceiving though.

[Kurayami stumbles back even further as Swift slingshots over the ropes, scissoring her legs around the Women’s World Champion’s neck...

...and pushes off the ropes, using the momentum to drag the champion down with a headscissors!]

GM: Takes her down again! Skylar Swift has come to compete tonight... she’s come to fight for that Women’s World Title and she’s going to give it all she’s got to take it in front of her home country of Canada!

[Swift scrambles up to her feet, grabbing at her lower back as she does. Kurayami is quick to stir as well, Swift racing past her to hit the ropes behind her. Swift hits the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: Swift from behind... Kurayami doesn't know where she is!

BW: Now she does!

[The crowd cheers as Swift leaps up, scissoring the head again, swinging around and around in a satellite headscissors...

...and then spins out, popping up to hook a front facelock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DDT! DDT! SWIFT SPIKES HER! RIGHT DOWN ON THE HEAD AND NECK!

[Swift dives atop Kurayami.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO!

[But the Queen of the Kaiju kicks out, breaking up the pin.]

BW: And there are a lot of people who have speculated that Kurayami's neck may be her weakness, Gordo. We saw what the Snakebite did to her at the hands of Medusa Rage. We saw how concerned she seems to be by Margarita Flores' lariat. Skylar Swift's done her homework and she's looking to take advantage of it.

GM: She couldn't keep her down for three right there, Bucky, but if that neck really is the champion's weakness, that DDT may have done some serious damage.

[Swift claps her hands together as she climbs back to her feet, looking out on the cheering crowd. She stomps Kurayami on the chest once... then again, keeping her in place before pointing to the corner...]

GM: And look at this, Skylar Swift is looking to fly again!

BW: She's pushing her luck if you ask me, Gordo.

GM: Nobody asked you, Bucky! These fans are fully in favor of this idea as Skylar ducks out... and she's heading up top!

[Swift starts the climb up the buckles...]

GM: And you've gotta wonder if Skylar's thinking about the Broken Dreams DDT - her version of the tornado DDT!

[Swift steps to the second rope as Kurayami starts to get up off the mat.]

GM: Swift now to the top... Kurayami climbing to her feet...

BW: She's in perfect position for that DDT if that's what Swift is looking for!

GM: If she hits it-

[But Gordon doesn't even get there as Kurayami charges the corner with a bellow, throwing herself backwards into the buckles, hitting with enough force to stagger Swift who leans down, grabbing the ropes to stay up top...

...which is when Kurayami reaches up, snatches her by the hair...]

GM: Uh oh!

[...and HURLS her from her perch, throwing her down with a mighty slam that sends Swift halfway across the ring!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT DOWN \_HARD\_ ON THE CANVAS GOES THE CHALLENGER!

[Kurayami falls back into the corner, taking a moment to catch a breather as Swift writhes in pain on the canvas, clutching at her lower back.]

GM: The challenger has taken TWO hard shots to that back now and it looks like we might have an idea of Kurayami's gameplan.

BW: It's a good one. Get the back dinged up and you'll slow her down... you'll take away some of her speed, some of her high flying ability. Most importantly, you force her into fighting your match... and NO ONE wants to fight Kurayami's match, Gordo.

GM: Definitely not... and Kurayami might smell blood in the water...

[Dragging the challenger off the mat, the champion grabs her under the armpits, lifting and throwing her back into the buckles.]

GM: Incredible power on the part of the World Champion, backing down now... the last time she tried this, Swift was able to move but...

[Kurayami charges forward, her 250 pounds coming like a freight train...]

GM: ... NOT THIS TIME!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Snatching a handful of hair, Kurayami prevents Swift from slumping to the mat, dragging her out by the same grip on the hair...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and WRECKS Swift with a devastating standing lariat!]

GM: WHAT A LARIAT! COULD THAT BE IT?!

[Kurayami drops to her knee, leaning her weight across Swift's torso.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO!

[But Swift slips out from under Kurayami's large frame, breaking the pin.]

GM: No! Two count only! The challenger escapes in time!

[The crowd cheers the "kickout" as Swift lives to continue fighting, rolling away from Kurayami, trying to get a breather as the champion pushes up to her knees, looking a little surprised at Swift's escape.]

GM: I think Kurayami thought she had her there, Bucky.

BW: That lariat out of Kurayami is one of the hardest in the business, Gordo. Can you blame her for thinking she got the W?

GM: The Canadian fans so solidly behind Skylar Swift, hoping she can defy the odds here tonight but as Kurayami gets to her feet, you've gotta wonder if she's just physically overmatched... if Kurayami is just too much for her...

[The World Champion gets to her feet, walking towards Swift who has managed to crawl to the corner and is now trying to drag herself to her feet...]

GM: Swift's trying to get up... trying to get-

[Kurayami snatches the hair, yanking Swift the rest of the way up, shoving the challenger back into the corner...]

GM: Swift's trapped in the corner again - gotta get out of there...

[But Kurayami blocks her path, squaring up to throw a hooking right forearm aimed at the temple of Swift, shouting as she throws it...]

"HAAAAAH!"

[Another one comes from the left.]

"HAAAAAH!"

[And then she starts to batter Swift back and forth with the hooking blows.]

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

[The barrage of blows has Swift sinking deeper into the corner, arms draped over the top rope, trying to hang on to a standing position as the referee steps in, demanding that Kurayami back off...]

GM: Shari Miranda backing down Kurayami, giving Swift a chance to recover...

[But Kurayami brushes past the official, squaring up again...]

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

"HAAAAAH!"

[Swift is now just barely hanging on with arm, the referee shouting at Kurayami to back off...]

...but the World Champion goes into a spin, snapping off a spinning backfist that sends Swift spilling through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohhh my! Kurayami just DRIVES Swift out to the floor!

[The crowd jeers the massive World Champion as she looks down coldly over the ropes at the barely-moving challenger who is spilled out on the ringside mats.]

GM: Swift hits hard and... well, we've seen a countout tonight already, Bucky.

BW: For the champion, a countout is as good as a pin or a... well, never mind.

GM: It may be good enough for the win but that's not how Kurayami wants this to go down, Bucky.

BW: Kurayami wants to show the world that what happened at Eternally Extreme was a fluke. She wants to show the world that she's the same dominant champion she's been since she won that title, putting Lauryn Rage on a surgeon's table in the process. Hey, I just thought of some good news for Skylar, Gordo.

GM: What's that?

BW: If she ends up needing surgery too, at least she won't have to pay for it thanks to socialized medicine!

GM: We should all be so lucky.

[Kurayami drops down to the floor, looking out on the jeering crowd as she approaches the downed Swift.]

GM: The World Champion hauling her up off the mat and... ALL THE WAY UP!

[The crowd ROARS as Kurayami gorilla presses Skylar Swift straight up over her head, holding... holding... holding...]

...and then DROPS her facefirst on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: FACEFIRST ON THE FLOOR!

BW: Lucky for Swift, that was on the football field and not on the concrete floor like we're used to.

GM: You got that right. But it hurt nonetheless and Skylar Swift is in a lot of trouble as we close in on the fifteen minute mark of this battle for the AWA Women's World Title.

[Swift is barely moving as Kurayami stares out on the jeering crowd, a sneer on her face.]

GM: The fans are letting the Queen of the Kaiju have it for what she's doing to their hero here tonight. Skylar Swift has come from the penthouse to the basement in a hurry as Kurayami is just physically dominating her at this point.

[Kurayami stares down a young girl in the front row giving her an emphatic thumbs down, causing the girl to cower back towards her parents. The champion steps closer, leaning down, trying to match the girl's gaze but the young child is turning away now...]

GM: Oh, come on. There's no need for this. None at all!

[She snatches Swift off the mat by the hair, lifting her up off and tossing her back inside the ring...]

...and then whips around to stare at the girl and her parents again.]

GM: This is uncalled for, Bucky.

BW: I gotta agree there. Focus on Swift. Focus on the title, champ. This kid means nothing to you - heck, she barely means anything to her parents!

GM: BUCKY!

[The champion points to the girl who seems on the verge of tears now...]

"THIS! IS FOR YOU!"

[...and turns back to the ring, pulling herself up on the ring apron...]

GM: Kurayami telling that young lady that what happens next is for her and-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HIGH KICK! HIGH KICK TO THE EAR BY SWIFT!

[Kurayami's eyelids flutter, flopping onto the top rope to stay on the apron as the challenger falls to a knee, grabbing at her lower back...]

GM: WHAT A SHOT BY SWIFT!

BW: But can she take advantage of it?!

[Swift gets up off the match, nodding her head as she grabs the champion by the arm, the crowd roaring as she sets her feet...]

GM: She's gonna whip her to the post! Irish wh-

[But Kurayami reverses it, yanking Swift back the other way...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHORT-ARM CLOTHESLINE! OH MY!

[The big clothesline flattens Swift as Kurayami leans on the top rope again, shaking her head a bit, rubbing at her ear.]

GM: That kick seems to have shaken up the champion but not enough for Swift to really get an edge. She's down from that clothesline... and look at this now...

[Grabbing the foot, Kurayami drags Swift out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Uh oh. The champ's got her out in the middle of the ring...

[Kurayami takes aim, dropping back into the ropes...]

GM: No, no! Not this!

[...and rebounds off, getting a few steps of momentum, and LEAPS into the air!]

GM: BIG SPLAAAAAAAAASH!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Kurayami CRUSHES Swift underneath her 250 pound frame as the Canadian crowd groans in sympathy for their Dream Girl.]

BW: The splash that once put Miyuki Ozaki on the shelf may have just done the same thing to Skylar Swift!

[Settling back into a pin attempt, Kurayami doesn't bother to hook a leg, staring out at the crowd, nodding along with the count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT! KICKOUT! OH MY STARS!

[A shocked expression crosses Kurayami's face as she stares at the official, holding up three fingers. But Shari Miranda denies the charge, holding up two fingers instead, waving for the match to continue...]

BW: I don't know how she kicked out of that, Gordo.

GM: Pure heart! Pure determination! And she's floating on the support from all these fans here in Canada showing their love for her, driving her upward and onward!

[Kurayami slowly gets to her feet, looking down coldly on Swift's barely-moving frame...]

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

GM: Kurayami looks like she's more determined than ever to finish off the challenger now...

[The champion leans down in slow motion, her fingers wrapping in the hair of Swift, sneering as she drags Swift off the mat. She pulls her into a standing position, staring into the eyes of the Canadian Dream Girl who given her one hell of a fight so far...]

...and then YANKS her into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Oh no.

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

GM: Kurayami pulls her into position... and I gotta think she's looking for that Hinotama powerbomb!

BW: And if she hits it, it's over! It's all over!

GM: Skylar Swift knows it too!

BW: If she's conscious!

[Kurayami gives a confident nod to the roaring Canadian crowd before she hoists Swift up into the air, flipping her into powerbomb position...]

GM: HINOTAM- hang on!

[Swift manages to keep her momentum going forward, slipping over Kurayami, trying to get her down for a sunset flip...]

...but Kurayami leans forward, reaching back to hook the legs, preventing the takedown!]

GM: Swift escaped - almost! But Kurayami's still got her... still got those legs wrapped up and-

[Swift suddenly straightens up...

...and then jerks forward quickly, giving herself just a little bit of extra momentum...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the legs tucked under the arms manage to pull Kurayami over, SLAMMING her down to the canvas in a high speed sunset flip!]

GM: SHE'S GOT HER! SHE'S GOT THE CHAMPION!

[The referee dives to count!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: NO, NO, NO! KURAYAMI KICKS OUT!

BW: JUST BARELY! HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

GM: WHAT?!

BW: I SAID, HOW CLOSE WAS THAT?!

GM: THIS CROWD IS OFF THE CHARTS RIGHT NOW CHEERING ON SKYLAR SWIFT! I CAN'T HEAR A THING YOU'RE SAYING, BUCKY!

[A weary Swift rolls to her hip, breathing heavily as the crowd urges her back to her feet, looking for her to take advantage of Kurayami's sure-to-be temporary condition!]

GM: Swift's gotta get up! Swift's gotta find a way to put an end to this!

[Swift rolls to her knees, grimacing as she struggles to get to her feet...]

GM: Listen to this crowd!

[With Swift battling to get up, the crowd starts chanting in support.]

"LET'S GO SKY-LAR!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO SKY-LAR!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO SKY-LAR!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

[The chant fills the body of Swift with inspiration, nodding her head as she climbs off the canvas, clutching her lower back in pain as she turns back towards Kurayami who has managed to get to a knee. Swift sets her feet, taking aim...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[The crowd cheers as Swift lands a hard kick to the chest of Kurayami with her right leg... then shifts her feet...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: She switches to the left leg, finding the mark in impressive fashion!

[And back to the right...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and the left...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[Right.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[Left.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[Right.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[Left.]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[She shuffles her feet, stepping back, taking aim...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and BURIES the sole of her boot under the chin of the Women’s World Champion!]

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!

BW: COVER HER!

[The crowd implores Swift to do exactly that. The Canadian Dream Girl who fell to her knees after the superkick makes a lunge, diving across Kurayami’s heaving chest!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KICKOUT! KURAYAMI KICKS OUT AGAIN! AGAIN!

[Swift buries her face in her hands, kneeling down on the canvas, her forehead pressed to the mat as she is rocked by the emotion of the roaring crowd and the frustration of the near fall!]

GM: And now it's Swift who can't believe it! Now it's Swift who thought she had it won!

BW: Don't give up now, kid! You've got the champion down!

GM: Bucky, if I didn't know any better, I'd think the electricity in this stadium - the love these people feel for Skylar Swift, cheering her on... is getting in your head! It's getting to you!

BW: It's just good strategy! She's got her down and-

[Swift swings a leg over the rising Kurayami, pushing her back down onto her back before laying in a massive elbowstrike from the mount...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And another.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And another.]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[She postures up, letting loose a big shout to the Canadian crowd...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lands one more big elbowstrike, flattening the Women's World Champion down on the mat as Swift collapses alongside her!]

GM: Some hard elbows from the top... putting Kurayami down again and that's a major feat on its own!

[Swift rolls over to her back, breathing hard as the crowd starts chanting for her once more...]

"LET'S GO SKY-LAR!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO SKY-LAR!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO SKY-LAR!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

[Swift sits up to a huge roar, nodding her head as she drags herself up off the canvas...

...and wobbles to the corner, collapsing against the turnbuckles.]

GM: Swift's on her feet, trying to stay that way.

BW: I don't know how much she's got left, Gordo.

GM: Neither do I. We're creeping up on the twenty minute mark of this one but-

BW: But twenty minutes against Kurayami feels like an hour against most opponents!

[Swift takes a deep breath before boosting herself up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle, reaching out and beckoning Kurayami to her feet with both arms...]

GM: Swift's calling for Kurayami to get up now!

BW: And NOW she might be looking for that Broken Dreams DDT!

GM: Swift's standing on the second rope, watching as Kurayami struggles to get up off the canvas... what a battle this has been for the Women's World Title! The fans here in Mosaic Stadium are on their feet, sensing that a title change may be on the horizon for them!

BW: Not if the Lady of Pain can help it!

[Swift shouts at Kurayami, a loud "UP!" at the champion who obliges, getting to her feet, slowing staggering in a circle towards the waiting challenger who leaps from her perch, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: BROKEN DREAMS!

[...but as Swift twists around for the tornado DDT, Kurayami lifts her up, shoves her off, and sends her sailing halfway across the ring before she faceplants down onto the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A COUNTER! WHAT A COUNTER BY THE CHAMPION!

[With Swift down, Kurayami collapses back against the buckles, breathing hard as she hangs on to the top strand to stay on her feet...]

GM: Swift got launched halfway across the ring off that tornado DDT attempt... Kurayami saving her title with that move, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. I don't think her title reign would've survived that DDT.

GM: And now she's waiting... like a predator waiting for its prey...

[And as Swift pushes up off the mat, clutching her chest, Kurayami comes barreling across the ring, leaping into the air, and DRIVING her feet squarely into Swift's injured chest, sending her flying backwards into the buckles where her head SNAPS back in a whiplash-type effect!]

GM: SHOTGUN DROPKICK! STRAIGHT TO THE HEART!

[With Swift motionless in the corner, clinging to the ropes, Kurayami drags herself off the mat, glaring at her challenger as she backs across the ring to the opposite corner...]

GM: Swift can barely stay on her feet! Kurayami looking for the deathblow!

[As Swift stumbles forward, pushing off the buckles, the World Champion comes lumbering across the ring - a couple of steps slower than her usual charge...]

GM: CLOTHESLI- OHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's reaction as Swift uncorks the mother of all backbends, arching her way to safety as Kurayami whiffs on a running clothesline, smashing hard into the turnbuckles as Swift straightens up, spinning around...]

GM: KURAYAMI PUT HERSELF INTO THE BUCKLES AND-

[As Kurayami staggers back towards Swift, Skylar buries a boot in her ample midsection, twisting to hook her head, tucking Kurayami's jaw against her shoulder...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...and leaps up, dropping down on her tailbone and JAMMING Kurayami's jaw into her shoulder!]

GM: SNAKEBITE! SNAKEBITE!

BW: Swift trained at the Age of Rage school for a time - she's no stranger to the Rage family!

[The stunning blow sends Kurayami stumbling backwards into the buckles but she does not fall, instead bouncing off the corner towards Swift who is rising again...]

GM: Kurayami stays up... she stays standing!

[...and Swift boots her in the gut again, turning into the same position...]

GM: Again?! Another Snakebite?!

[But instead, Swift drags Kurayami across the ring, getting a running start as she runs right up the turnbuckles, twisting around and leaping off still in position...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SWINGING SNAKEBITE! SHE GOT HER! SHE GOT HER! COVER HER, KID! GET YOUR HAPPY ENDING!

[With the crowd absolutely SHATTERING the decibel meter, Swift muscles Kurayami over onto her shoulders, diving across her chest...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! KICKOUT!

[The crowd buzzes with shock as Kurayami holds the position, her shoulder just an inch or two off the mat as the referee's hand was just as close to delivering the match-ending three count!]

BW: That was as close as it gets, Gordo! That was almost everything Skylar Swift has EVER dreamed of! What a move! What a match!

GM: I can't believe it! I thought it was over there! I thought we were witnessing history and a dream come true for so many fans here tonight in Canada!

BW: It's not over yet!

[Swift pushes to her knees, looking down at Kurayami almost in awe. She shakes her head as she looks out at the crowd, disbelief on her face...]

GM: Now's not the time to lose faith in yourself, Skylar!

BW: It's easy to say that when you're out here, Gordo. You don't know what it's like to give an unbeatable opponent your best shot and see them still kick out. And that might've been Swift's best shot, daddy.

GM: Skylar Swift slowly getting up... she looks shocked... she looks confused...

[Swift tugs at her own hair, almost as if she doesn't know what to do next.]

GM: Come on, kid! Shake it off!

[Swift's look of doubt is evident as she looks down at the barely-moving Kurayami...

...and then...]

"LET'S GO SKY-LAR!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO SKY-LAR!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO SKY-LAR!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

[Swift looks out at the crowd as the chant gets louder.]

"LET'S GO SKY-LAR!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO SKY-LAR!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

"LET'S GO SKY-LAR!"  
clap clap clapclapclap

[A smile crosses her face, the doubt washing away as she hears the people - HER people - showing their support... their love... their belief in her...]

GM: The fans are on their feet! Urging her to get out of her own head! Urging her to take one more shot at it!

[Clapping her hands together, Swift backs to the corner again, crouching low as she watches Kurayami try to get off the canvas...]

GM: Swift's got her in her sights! One more shot!

[The World Champion gets to a knee, battling to her feet as Swift claps her hands together again shouting "COME ON!"]

GM: Kurayami's getting up! The monster rises once more!

[A dazed and staggered monster looks across at Swift who claps her hands together one more time, nodding her head before she surges out of the corner, leaping into the air, twisting around...]

GM: BEAUTIFUL DREAMER!

[The tornado roundhouse is on the way as Kurayami sees it coming, twisting around herself...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and SMASHES home a spinning backfist that SLAMS into Swift’s temple, knocking her out of the sky!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! WHAT A SHOT!

[Kurayami quickly leaps into the air, dropping 250 pounds down on the chest of Swift!]

GM: SENTON! 250 POUND SENTON!

[The champion rolls to a knee, grabbing Swift’s hair as she climbs to her feet, pulling her into a standing headscissors...]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Kurayami’s not taking any chances this time! And not wasting any time either - one after another, these heavy blows are landing, cutting off any of Swift’s attempts to try and stage a comeback!

[...and lifts Swift into the air, flipping her over, and DRIVING her down into the canvas!]

“THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HINOTAMA! HINOTAMA! THE POWERBOMB CONNECTS!

[With Swift motionless at her feet and the shellshocked crowd buzzing, Kurayami turns away from Swift...]

...and points a finger at the stunned little girl at ringside.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[With a smirk, Kurayami steps to the corner, climbing the turnbuckles...]

GM: Wait a second! Enough is enough! You’ve done enough! You’ve done-

[...and SNAPS off a picture-perfect moonsault that CRUSHES Swift underneath her. She presses off the mat, staying in position, glaring out at the crowd as the referee counts one... two... three.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Gaaaah.

[The Canadian crowd jeers loudly as Kurayami retakes her feet, staring down at Swift’s prone form that she just crushed with a moonsault.]

BW: The powerbomb was bad enough, Gordo, but after she hits that moonsault... forget about it. No one’s kicking out of that.

GM: What an effort. What a fight put up by Skylar Swift in front of all these adoring fans in her home country of Canada... but in the end, she comes up just a bit short against the monster known as Kurayami.

[Shari Miranda walks over to present the title to the champion who snatches it away, lifting it overhead as she roars to the loudly jeering crowd.]

GM: Kurayami keeps the gold... she stays the champion... and while Skylar Swift may have come up short, Bucky, there is a locker room full of very tough competitors that are lining up to take their shot at Kurayami.

BW: You know what the Queen of Kaiju says about that? Bring 'em on. Bring 'em all on.

GM: She may live to regret that challenge.

[Kurayami steps through the ropes, slinging the title over her shoulder as she starts to make her way back up the aisle towards the locker room, the fans letting her have it for her entire exit.]

GM: Kurayami made no fans here tonight at The Battle of Saskatchewan, Bucky.

BW: Probably not but she kept the gold and she gets the winner's half of the purse and that's all she cares about.

GM: And keeping her Korugun overlords happy.

BW: That too.

GM: Kurayami got challenged a lot harder in this one than I think she expected but she hangs on to get the win... to keep the title... but there will be more challenges ahead of her down the road.

[As the champion disappears through the curtain, the referee kneels down next to Skylar Swift who is clutching her ribs, struggling to get to a seated position with the aid of the official.]

GM: And there you see Skylar Swift, the unsuccessful challenger, trying to get up off the mat. What heart this young lady showed here tonight.

BW: They don't give titles for heart, Gordo.

GM: So I've heard. But if they did, this young lady would be the greatest champion of them all.

[The Canadian crowd starts cheering Swift again... loudly... very loudly.]

GM: And listen to the show of respect... of love... out of these Canadian fans in Mosaic Stadium tonight, letting Skylar Swift know just how much they appreciate the effort she put in in this one.

[And slowly, a chant starts up - paying tribute... honoring their fallen challenger.]

"SKY-LAR!"

"SKY-LAR!"

"SKY-LAR!"

"SKY-LAR!"

"SKY-LAR!"

[Swift looks up at the cheering crowd, her face covered in emotion as the referee slips an arm around her, helping to guide her up to her feet to an even bigger cheer.]

GM: What a moment for this young lady, fans. What a moment to witness.

[Swift seems on the verge of tears now, waving a hand towards the crowd. The cheers get louder. A shouted "I love you, Skylar!" gets a smile on her face and gets an "I love you too!" in response. With the aid of Shari Miranda, Swift slowly makes her way to the ropes, again waving to the crowd as they continue to chant.]

"SKY-LAR!"

"SKY-LAR!"

"SKY-LAR!"

[Swift balls up her fist, patting her chest with it as she looks out on the roaring Mosaic Stadium crowd.]

GM: Skylar Swift gave it all she had... all she could muster... but in the end, she comes up short in getting that happily ever after she was looking for. But this... this ain't half bad.

[Swift stands on the ramp, a smile on her face, tears in her eyes as she looks out on her adoring crowd...

...and we fade to a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before we go on to the backstage area - more specifically to the office of AWA President Javier Castillo who is sitting behind his desk. Veronica Westerly is lurking nearby, consulting an iPad in her arms. A knock at the door is heard.]

JC: ENTER!

[The door swings open to reveal Castillo's personal bodyguard, John Law. Law is dressed in what almost appears to be a military style uniform. His mirrored sunglasses are pulled down over his eyes and a black earpiece wire trails down his neck to disappears into his collar.]

JL: You asked to see me, sir.

[Castillo nods, looking up at Law.]

JC: I did. I did, yes. I wanted to make sure that all of our security precautions are in place for tonight and tomorrow night. So far so good, eh?

[Law nods.]

JL: Yes, sir. The boost in budget from the corporate office certainly helped.

JC: Indeed. And the new men you hired... you trust them?

[Law nods.]

JL: As long as the check clears.

[Castillo grins.]

JC: No fear needed then, my friend. And they know their targets for the weekend.

[Law pulls out a cellphone, referring to something on it.]

JL: Their “Do Not Admit” list is lengthy, sir. But they know it. Supernova.

[Castillo nods.]

JL: Erica Toughill.

[Castillo nods again.]

JL: Max Magnum.

[Castillo grimaces and then nods.]

JC: Unfortunately, yes. Continue.

[Castillo refers to the list again.]

JL: Anyone from Eternally Extreme who might look be looking for a receipt.

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: That’s a big list on its own... but yes.

[Law continues.]

JL: Casey James.

[Castillo arches an eyebrow.]

JC: Oh?

[Now it’s Law’s turn to grimace.]

JL: That one came direct from corporate. From J-

[Castillo raises his hand.]

JC: Oh, I think we all know who it came from. And one more, I believe...?

[Law throws a subtle glance to the side before speaking.]

JL: Brian James.

[Castillo throws a glance in the same direction... no subtlety here.]

JC: Indeed.

[Westerly fidgets a bit as El Presidente’s eyes stay on her.]

JC: Nothing to add to the conversation, Miss Westerly?

[Veronica looks up from the iPad just slightly, giving a slight shake of her head before looking back down.]

JC: Good. Mr. Law, judging by the lack of unpleasant... interruptions... so far tonight, I'd say your new team is doing quite well for themselves. Please pass along my gratitude.

JL: Yes, sir.

JC: Dismissed.

[Law makes his exit, leaving an uncomfortable silence behind. A few moments pass before Westerly speaks up again.]

VW: He won't come uninvited, you know. He's too proud for that. Too honorable.

[Castillo smirks.]

JC: I'd prefer not to trust your bastard son's opinion of honor. And since you - and everyone else for that matter - seem to have little to no control over him, I'd prefer to keep Mr. Law and his men watching all of our backs.

[Westerly doesn't respond.]

JC: Miss Westerly, do we need to have a conversation regarding where your loyalties lie?

[She doesn't look up.]

VW: No.

JC: Good. Because I'd hate to think that you were being disloyal to me. It would pain me to think it, Veronica. After all, it was me who got your sister a job in the AWA after the worst roster bloodletting this place has ever seen.

[Westerly is quiet as she responds, barely above a whisper.]

VW: I know.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: It was me who got your brother a job here over much more qualified candidates.

[Westerly responds softly.]

VW: I know.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: And it was me who took care of all of your father's medical bills and got him into the best facilities with the best doctors that Korugun has to offer.

[Her voice gets quieter.]

VW: I know.

JC: Good. Now, with all those things you know, Miss Westerly, I only ask for two things in response.

Remember them.

AND SHOW SOME DAMN LOYALTY.

[Castillo smashes his fist down on his desk for emphasis... but Westerly does not jump, her eyes coming up into a glare for a moment... a brief sense of resistance...

...which flickers, fades, and disappears completely as she lowers her head again.]

VW: Yes sir.

[Castillo nods again, reaching over to rub at a key resting on a metal hook on his desk.]

JC: We're in dangerous times, Miss Westerly... a time when we need all the allies we can get. I do not value you lightly, Veronica... but I also will not tolerate treachery. Understood?

[Westerly nods.]

VW: Yes, Mr. Castillo.

[Castillo nods.]

JC: Now... go and find the UWF people. I want to make sure our sponsors are thrilled when this night is over.

[She nods again, turning to exit, leaving Castillo to lock his fingers behind his head, leaning back in his chair and putting his feet on the desk as we get another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before we fade to another part of the backstage area, ending up with Mark Stegglet standing in front of the Stampede Cup bracket.]

MS: The Stampede Cup is well underway with just two more first round matches to go here tonight. A lot of highly-anticipated matches are already locked in for the second round and some potential barnburners beyond but right now, I'm about to be joined by some old friends back in the AWA to take part in this weekend's tournament. Of course, I'm referring to Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee... also known as The Hive!

[Amidst a flurry of buzzing, The Hive dashes into view, Bumble Bee leaping into the air before landing alongside Mark. Both men are dressed in full bodysuits and masks that cover every bit from sole to scalp. Bumble Bee's gear is mostly yellow with some black accents here and there. Yellow Jacket's is the opposite, mostly black with yellow accents. Both men have antennae on the tops of their masks and black "stingers" on their butts.]

MS: Welcome back, gentlemen!

[Bumble Bee pauses, clearing his throat for a moment.]

BB: Hello... Mark.

[Stegglet's eyes go wide.]

MS: Wait! What?! In all your time working down in Mexico, you two learned English?!

[Bumble Bee shrugs.]

BB: BZZZ BUZZ BZZ BZ BUZZZ!

[Stegglet sighs.]

MS: I guess not. Well, thanks for trying. So... uhh... the Stampede Cup, huh? A match with the Gold Standard? Umm... thoughts?

[This time, it's Yellow Jacket's turn.]

YJ: Buz buzz buzzy buzz buz bzz!

[Stegglet nods his head slowly.]

MS: I see. Well, if the last month or so has taught us anything, I suppose it's that some things never change. If only Imbrogno still had a job, we could have him translate for..

[Stegglet's words trail off as his eyes drift off-camera. He sighs audibly and then makes a gesture with his head for the cameraman to follow... which reveals Omega in all his superhero splendor. In addition to his usual royal blue tights and blue mask, Omega also sports a trucker cap emblazoned with the words "DOG RIVER" in friendly script; apparently the Neptunian has been fraternizing with the local fans.]

O: Wwwwwwwwhat's up, Citizens of the Planet Saskatchewan!

MS: Hello Omega.

O: Am I interrupting, Citizen Stegglet?

[Stegglet looks at The Hive on either side of him.]

MS: Not... really. We're having a little communication problem.

[Omega arches an eyebrow.]

O: I see! Well, perhaps I can help!

[Stegglet looks surprised.]

MS: You? How?

O: Well, I spent a summer backpacking with the Bee People on Vortis Seven. The dialect is probably different to be sure but if it would help, Citizen Stegglet, I would be happy to listen in and see if I could translate...

[Stegglet shrugs.]

MS: What can it hurt?

[Omega steps closer, smiling as he places a hand on the shoulder of Yellow Jacket who turns towards the AWA's resident superhero.]

YJ: BZZ BZ BZZZZ BZ BUZZY BZ BZZ!

[Bumble Bee nods emphatically, stepping into the conversation.]

BB: BUZZ BUZZ BUZZZZ BUZZ BUZZY BZ BZZZ!

[Omega nods, stroking his chin.]

YJ: BUZZY BUZ BUZZ BUZ BUZZ BZZ BZZ BZZZ!

BB: BUZZ BUZZ BZZ BUZZ BUZZ BZZZ BUZZY!

[Omega nods again, grinning.]

MS: Well?

[Omega turns to the camera, raising a finger...]

[...he performs what could charitably be described as the Running Man. He then breaks into a crude Cabbage Patch.]

O: You see, Mark, they communicate information by dancing.

[Omega quickly, awkwardly pops and locks in the direction of Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee. They both shake their heads.]

BB: Bzz.

YJ: Bzzz bz bzz.

MS: Sooo... can you translate?

O: Nope! Omega... out!

[...and then exits. Stage Right. Steggle and The Hive watch him go, shaking their heads as we fade to another part of backstage where we see the Olympic Gold Medalist, Bret Grayson staring straight into the camera with an intense look on his face. The American Hero is draped in the flag of the United States serving as a sort of cape over his wrestling gear. Standing behind him is his tag team partner, the infamous Japanese shooter, Takeshi Mifune. Mifune walks around Grayson, mocking him in his accented, broken English as the American's fury seems to grow with every word.]

Mifune: You lost to Johnny Detson. You not the World Champion. You lost because you were not strong enough. You are WEAK.

Weak little loser.

[Mifune leans in close and whispers mockingly into Grayson's ear.]

Mifune: Looooosssseeerrrr.

[He steps to the opposite side and whispers into his other ear.]

Mifune: Looooosssseeerrrr.

[Suddenly, Grayson snaps to attention and turns around, getting right into Mifune's face, his cheeks red with anger. Mifune smirks.]

Mifune: What? Are you mad? Are you angry?

Do you want to hurt me?

[Grayson glares at his tag team partner.]

BG: I want to slap that ugly smile off your face. I want to snap your ankle like a twig. I want to tear your damn head off.

Mifune: Then what stopping you?

BG: Because you're right, Mifune. I did lose to Johnny Detson. I don't have the AWA World Title around my waist right now, because I wasn't strong enough to defeat him.

[Mifune chuckles.]

Mifune: Exactly Grayson-san. If you were strong, you would have done everything possible to win. You would have broken Detson's ankle. You would have broken his NECK. And you would be champion now.

So tell me, weakling, how will you fix this disgrace?

What will you do with your anger?

How will you be strong?

BG: We're going to go out there and defeat The Hive.

[Mifune cackles.]

Mifune: That's all? Defeat two insects? That will heal your injured pride?

[Grayson quickly shakes his head.]

BG: Hell no! The Hive are just the beginning. First we're going to defeat those costumed freaks, but we'll keep on winning and we'll keep on advancing.

We're going to win whole damn tournament.

We're going to win the Stampede Cup!

[Mifune seems unimpressed.]

Mifune: Is that all?

[Grayson's anger seems to be rising once again.]

BG: We're going to win, Mifune. We're going to dominate. We're going to leave behind a trail of broken bodies and broken dreams. And when it's all said and done, there won't be any doubt that we're the gold standard of professional wrestling.

[He goes nose to nose with Mifune.]

BG: And if that's still not enough for you, old man, I'll take you down and snap your freakin' ankle in the middle of the ring while they're handing us that million dollars and the Stampede Cup!

[Mifune's toothless grin grows wide. He pats Grayson on the shoulder, finally satisfied by his response.]

Mifune: Good... GOOD. Do it if you can, Grayson-san. Prove to me and the world that you're not a weakling. Show them. Show them all! Show them that we are...

...ichiban.

[With that, Mifune walks away, leaving behind Grayson, staring straight ahead with a murderous look on his face. Fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a FIRST ROUND match in the Stampede Cup tournament!

Introducing first...

[Suddenly, a loud buzzing is heard over the PA system - loud, insistent, grating. A cartoonish voice rings out.]

"There's nothing in here but BEES!"

[A wild thrash metal version of "Flight Of The Bumblebee" which sounds as weird as you might imagine tears to life over the PA system as the two men we saw earlier emerge into view.]

RO: At a total combined weight of 338 pounds... from the Land of Honey...

BUMBLE BEE and YELLOW JACKET...

THE HIIIIIIIIIIIIIVE!

[The two costumed flying insects come swiftly down the ramp, ducking from side to side to slap the offered hands of the AWA faithful that are welcoming them back after some time away.]

GM: The Hive making their AWA return after a several year absence but these fans are showing them that they've been missed.

BW: Well, these fans should learn to speak for themselves because when I see these two, the only thing I miss is having a fly swatter out here.

GM: Give me a break. Former SWLL tag team champions heading to the ring, hoping to make a big impression here this weekend before the AWA heads down to Mexico later this summer.

[Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket reach the ring, each catapulting over the top rope in side-by-side somersaults, springing to their feet and leaping into the air, jabbing their stingers in the direction of the fans to cheers as their music starts to fade.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

[A loud roar from the crowd can be heard as "Kaze ni Nare" by Ayumi Nakamura begins to play over the PA system. As it plays, images of Takeshi Mifune beating the living hell out of various people (Wrestlers, referees, fans, Japanese celebrities, mascots... anyone and everyone) interspliced with footage of Bret Grayson doing the exact same to opponent after opponent in the ring, are shown on the video wall..

The crowd then roars big time, as they see the entranceway begin to fill with thick white mist, like a smoke cloud.

The entranceway floods with golden light, as if a rocket were taking off. The light drops, replaced by red, white, and blue small spotlights playing through the now-receding mist, as a previously unseen trapdoor opens up, revealing... none other than Bret Grayson rising from beneath the stage! The Olympic gold medalist is kneeling, his body covered by the American flag.]

#Oshiete yo hito wa naze sagashi tsuzukeru no#  
#Kagirinaku setsunai ashitano#  
#Yumeeeeee woooooooooooooooooooooooooo#

RO: Coming to the ring now, they weigh in at a combined weight of 473 pounds...  
"THE SHADOW WOLF" TAKESHI MIFUNE... BRET GRAYSON...

THE GOOOOOOLLLDDDD STTTTTAAAAANNNNNDDDDARD!!!

[The cheers grow louder, as we see "The Shadow Wolf" Takeshi Mifune emerging from the entrance to stand behind the kneeling Grayson, looking like everyone's worst nightmare. Mifune, a thick, stocky Japanese male, is wearing simple black trunks and short black boots with white tape on his wrists. On his head is a porkpie hat and in his hands is a black towel. Flanked on both sides, we see two Japanese "young boy" wrestling trainees in black tracksuits, waving black flags on a pole, bearing the "Mifune-Gun" logo.]

GM: Always with an entourage, Takeshi Mifune.

BW: I appreciate the entourage, Gordo.

GM: Why is that?

BW: Less chance he'll get antsy and come after one of us instead.

[Grayson and Mifune proceed to make their way down to the ring, with Grayson sliding in first and dropping to his knees in the middle of the ring, spreading the American flag open like a pair of wings as Mifune stands on the apron, waiting for one of the young boys to hold open the ropes for him. As the young boy does...]

"OHHHH!"

[...Mifune knocks him off the apron with a vicious kick to the chest and proceeds to laugh at his student's misery, before he steps through the ropes and takes his place behind Grayson, crossing his arms over his chest, at the exact moment the song hits its climax and an entire stadium of Canadians scream out in Japanese...]

"KAZE NI NARRRREEEEEE!!!"

GM: The Gold Standard's got their share of fans here tonight as well obviously... and this should be a very interesting matchup, Bucky.

BW: Grayson and Mifune are all business in there while The Hive is notorious for engaging in some antics that I'm guessing may not sit well with the Gold Standard.

GM: Both teams looking to move on to the second round tomorrow night right back here in Mosaic Stadium where the Shooting Stars await the winner... and it looks like we're just about ready to get this one underway.

[There is a little pre-match conference on both sides of the ring before two men step out and two stay in.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As the bell sounds, Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket exchange a leaning rub of their antennae as the Olympic gold medalist looks annoyed from across the ring, already protesting to the official.]

GM: Bret Grayson with some words for Scott Ezra already.

BW: Hey, Grayson takes this business very seriously and having to put up with the likes of this garbage across the ring from him offends him no doubt.

GM: Garbage? Those are multiple time SWLL tag team champions you're talking about there, Bucky.

BW: All that bee junk may be big hits down in Mexico but it just don't fly here.

[The two men circle out of their respective corners, looking for an opening as the crowd settles in for the first of the final two first round matchups.]

GM: Here we go now... lockup...

[But Bumble Bee has other ideas as he ducks under Grayson's grasping arms, walking right past him towards the neutral corner where he stops, shaking his stinger back and forth to cheers and laughter from the crowd.]

GM: Haha! Bumble Bee having a good time here in Regina!

[Grayson smirks, nodding his head at Bumble Bee as he stands and watches for a moment before gesturing at his opponent.]

BW: Come on! Bret Grayson wants to get this going!

GM: Grayson, of course, is coming off one of the best months of his professional career with that incredible gauntlet match and the World Title shot against Johnny Detson that followed. But this weekend is all about the tag teams and Grayson's one-half of a good one with the Shadow Wolf out there on the apron.

[Bumble Bee spins around to face a waiting Grayson, circling once again. They come to a halt before lunging at one another a second time...

...and this time, Bumble Bee drops into a front roll, avoiding the tieup and coming up to his feet in one motion just a couple of feet away from Takeshi Mifune who sneers at the bee who twists around to shake his stinger in Mifune's direction.]

GM: And these fans are loving this, Bucky!

BW: I'll give you three guesses who isn't... but you'll only need one.

[Mifune takes a swipe at the masked bee who straightens up, wagging a finger at the Shadow Wolf...

...and turns right around into a lunging double leg takedown from the Olympic gold medalist who scoops Bumble Bee right up into the air, twisting him around, and throwing him down violently on the canvas to a mixed reaction!]

GM: Oh my! What a takedown by the gold medalist!

[Grayson steps over the downed Bumble Bee, snatching him up by the antenna to all fours...]

GM: OHHH! CROSSFACE BY GRAYSON!

[The crowd groans as Grayson throws a second forearm, blasting it the other way across the masked cheekbone of Bumble Bee!]

GM: Make it a pair and...

[Grayson leans down, hooking his arms around the luchador's waist and yanking him straight up into a standing position...]

GM: On his feet and... waistlock!

[But before Grayson can snap off one of his signature German Suplexes, Bumble Bee whips an elbow backwards into the side of the head. A second one lands on the ear, forcing Grayson to let go, clutching his ear in pain as Bumble Bee dashes to the ropes...]

GM: To the ropes goes Bumble Bee...

[Grayson winds up with a right hand but Bumble Bee goes low, sliding between the wide stance and popping up to his feet behind the Olympian.]

GM: Bumble Bee through the legs, back on his feet and...

[And as Grayson turns around, the luchador leaves his feet, snatching Grayson's head between his legs, and snaps him over with a textbook rana!]

GM: My oh my! Bumble Bee is a blur of motion in there... both men scrambling up to their feet now and- armdrag by Bumble Bee!

[The armdrag flings Grayson several feet away, both men still moving quickly to keep up with one another...]

GM: Grayson back up... and back down with another armdrag!

BW: Grayson needs to regroup, Gordo. He's fighting the Hive's game right now!

[And as the Olympic gold medalist rises again, a well-placed dropkick on the chin sends him flying backwards towards his own corner...

...where he slams on the brakes, sliding back on a knee towards Takeshi Mifune as the crowd cheers the flurry of offense.]

GM: Bret Grayson looks pretty annoyed right now, fans.

BW: I don't know if that annoyance is at The Hive or with himself for letting them dictate the pace. You know, you look at someone with the amateur wrestling credentials of Bret Grayson and it's easy to forget that he doesn't have a ton of pro wrestling experience yet. He's still got some learning to do and that might be what Mifune is saying to him right now.

[Grayson nods at his partner, climbing to his feet and slapping Mifune's offered hand.]

BW: There's the tag and whatever shenanigans these two bees had in mind, I'd abandon them right now because if they mess around with Mifune, they'll find out the hard way how serious this man is.

[The Shadow Wolf comes through the ropes, a smirk on his face as he approaches Bumble Bee. He claps his hands together, gesturing towards Bumble Bee.]

GM: Is he... applauding what Bumble Bee has pulled off so far?

BW: If I was Bumble Bee, that would send a chill right down my spine.

GM: Mifune easing in now... looking for another tieup...

[Mifune telegraphs the tieup, lunging at Bumble Bee who again ducks under, shaking his stinger in Mifune's direction...]

...which appears to be what Mifune was hoping for as he BURIES a forearm into the small of the luchador's back!]

GM: OHHH! Hard forearm right into the kidneys!

[Bumble Bee sinks down to his knees as Mifune grabs him by the head...

...and DRIVES his knee into the small of the back as well!]

GM: Two devastating shots to the back sends the luchador right down onto his hands and knees...

[Measuring his man, Mifune circles Bumble Bee once before leaping high into the air and stomping the lower back, causing the masked man to flatten out on the canvas, grabbing at his lower back...]

BW: Simple but oh-so-devastating... that should be Mifune's tagline, Gordo.

GM: Look at this now... dropping down onto the back and... and he pulls him right up into a camel clutch!

[Locking his fingers under the mask-covered chin, Mifune cranks back hard, stretching out the neck and back.]

GM: You said it, Bucky. Simple but devastating. The camel clutch has been a fixture of professional wrestling for decades and Mifune's using it to great effectiveness right here, really cranking on that neck...

[The referee kneels on the mat, checking for any possible submission but waves for the match to continue.]

GM: The match goes on as Bumble Bee is able to resist the submission... so far at least.

[Mifune glares at the official...

...and then slips his fingers apart, grasping at the masked face of Bumble Bee...

...and coming away with a confused look on his face.]

GM: I think he's trying to grab at the mouth or the nose!

[But with the mask blocking those openings, Mifune fails to "enhance" his grip and just rises to his feet with a snarl.]

BW: Well, that just made him mad now, Gordo.

GM: You may be right about that. Mifune hauling Bumble Bee up to his feet now and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: Goodness! What an overhead chop, right across the chest!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The second one leaves Bumble Bee leaning over, grabbing at his chest as the merciless Mifune shoves him back by the chin, leaving him wide open as he winds up again...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and connects with a knife edge chop this time, sending the masked man falling over the top rope and down to the floor below!]

GM: CHOPPED HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE DAMN RING!

[A surly Mifune nods approvingly before ignoring the protests of the official and ducking out onto the apron. He hops down on the floor, moving quickly towards Bumble Bee who is getting up off the mat...]

GM: Mifune grabs him outside now and... ohhh! He smashes him facefirst off the apron!

[Bumble Bee stumbles away, staggering down the length of the apron, trying to create some distance as Mifune pursues him.]

BW: Mifune's not letting up at all. He's got his eyes locked on winning this thing and to do it, the Gold Standard's gotta get past the Hive first...

[Grabbing onto Bumble Bee's antenna, Mifune drags him towards himself, scooping him up...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SCOOP SLAM ON THE FLOOR!

BW: And the only thing Bumble Bee can be grateful for right now, Gordo, is that the grass feels a whole lot better on that slam than concrete would - no matter how good the protective padding is!

GM: You've got a point there... and look at Mifune, not giving Bumble Bee an instant for a breather. He just lifts him off the floor and tosses him right back in almost immediately.

BW: The Shadow Wolf asks no quarter and certainly gives none.

[Mifune rolls back under the ropes as well, promptly planting his knee down on the ankle of Bumble Bee as the luchador stretches out his arm, looking to crawl to his corner.]

BW: If you're a fan of tag team wrestling, you gotta love a move like that right there, Gordo.

[Mifune smiles as he digs his kneecap into the ankle, grinding it back and forth as Bumble Bee clutches his head, kicking his free leg into the mat repeatedly.]

GM: And if you're a sadist, you've gotta love a move like that one.

[The Shadow Wolf climbs to his feet, dragging Bumble Bee up by the antenna again and scoop slams him a second time before applying a lateral press.]

GM: Mifune looking to finish this off... but only a two count there on the bodyslam.

[Mifune pushes up to his knees...

...and CLUBS his forearm down across the torso of Bumble Bee... once... twice... three times.]

GM: Goodness. Mifune bringing the brutality right there, just pounding Bumble Bee into the canvas...

[Again, Mifune is on his feet, dragging the luchador up by the wrist, whipping him towards the Gold Standard's corner...]

GM: Irish whip to the corn- whoa!

[The crowd (and Gordon) react to Bumble Bee leaping to the second rope on his approach, swinging a boot up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

[...and kicking Bret Grayson in the ear, sending him off the apron as Bumble Bee follows through on the kick, springing off into a somersault dive onto Mifune!]

GM: WHAT A MOVE OUT OF BUMBLE BEE! AND HE CREATES AN OPENING TO GET TO HIS CORNER!

[With Grayson down on the floor and Mifune down off the dive, Bumble Bee crawls across the ring towards a waiting Yellow Jacket, the crowd cheering loudly as he attempts to get to his corner...]

GM: The fans here in Mosaic Stadium are rallying behind the Hive here tonight... and as Yellow Jacket sticks out that arm, he...

[The crowd ROARS!]

GM: TAG!

[Yellow Jacket slingshots over the top rope, rushing across the ring, wrapping his arms around the torso of the rising Mifune, driving him back into his own corner...]

GM: Back in the corner they go... shoulders downstairs!

[The crowd cheers as Yellow Jacket lays in tackle after tackle to the midsection...]

GM: He's going to town on Mifune in the corner...

[An Irish whip out of the corner sends Mifune crashing into The Hive's empty corner. Bumble Bee is out on the floor taking a breather as Yellow Jacket rushes across the ring...]

GM: Look out here!

[Yellow Jacket drops into a baseball slide as he approaches the corner, sliding under the ropes to the floor where he yanks Mifune's ankles out from under him, putting the Shadow Wolf facefirst on the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! Innovative offense on the part of The Hive...

[The masked man scrambles back up on the apron, slingshotting over the top rope...]

GM: LEGDROP! DOWN ACROSS THE BACK OF THE NECK!

[The luchador flips Mifune over onto his back, diving across his torso.]

GM: ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO!

[But Mifune kicks out, breaking the pin at two.]

GM: Two count only... and now it's Yellow Jacket trying to push the pace, pulling Mifune right back up off the mat and-

[Once on their feet, Mifune slaps the gripping hand away, opening up a shot for him to BURY a short forearm into the masked man's jaw!]

GM: OHH! Forearm shot!

[Yellow Jacket stumbles back a step as Mifune lashes out with the other arm...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and slaps the masked man across his face!]

GM: Good grief!

[And with Yellow Jacket REALLY stunned now, Mifune snatches him by the antenna, smashing his skull into the luchador's!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[Yellow Jacket almost slumps to a knee before Mifune steadies him, whipping him around so that Mifune has his back...

...and reaches out his arms, trying to lock in his Japanese Sleeperhold!]

GM: SLEEPER- NO!

[But Yellow Jacket sits out on the hold before it can be fully applied, dropping down onto his butt on the mat...

...and rolls back onto his shoulders, snapping off a kick to the chest of Mifune, sending him staggering back into the ropes!]

GM: Yellow Jacket escapes and...

[The crowd "ooooohs" as Yellow Jacket somehow propels his body into a really quick spin on his back, ending up with his feet facing Mifune who stumbles towards him...

...and as Mifune reaches down towards him, Yellow Jacket kips up off the mat, scissoring Mifune's head between his legs, taking him over with a short rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Yellow Jacket showing off incredible athleticism - giving these fans in Regina and watching at home around the world just another sneak preview of the kind of action they can hope to see in Mexico later this summer when the AWA ventures South of the Border for the very first time!

[Climbing back up on his feet, Yellow Jacket highsteps around the ring, getting the fans going once more...

...and then sprints across the ring, leaping into the air, sailing between the top and middle rope to snatch another headscissors, whipping around and dumping Mifune on the canvas again!]

GM: ANOTHER HEADSCISSORS TAKEDOWN ON THE FLOOOOOOOR!

[The crowd is ROARING for Yellow Jacket as he climbs to his feet, pumping his fists gleefully. With Mifune down on the floor, the luchador looks to take advantage, dragging him right back up...]

GM: Yellow Jacket puts him in... again, wasting no time as he gets up on the apron... climbing the turnbuckles now...

BW: Mifune's in trouble! The Gold Standard's in trouble!

GM: As the luchador climbs, remember that the winner of this one advances to the second round to take on the Shooting Stars tomorrow night! Will it be The Hive or will it be the Gold Standard?

[Yellow Jacket gets one foot on the top rope, looking down...

...and then recoiling in horror as Bret Grayson comes illegally into the ring, sprinting across where he runs right up the ropes, wrapping his arms around the torso...]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[...and HURLS Yellow Jacket off the top rope, three-quarters of the way across the ring, and down HARD on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE! WHAT A MOVE!

BW: TOTALLY ILLEGAL BUT WHAT A MOVE!

[Bumble Bee tries to come through the ropes but the referee cuts him off, shouting at Grayson to vacate the ring as well.]

GM: The referee's trying to restore some order here as Grayson exits... Scott Ezra trying to keep Bumble Bee out as well! Bret Grayson potentially saving this match for his team there with that move - as you said, illegal but what a move! An overhead belly to belly superplex and this crowd is absolutely BUZZING after witnessing that!

[Climbing to his feet off the canvas, Mifune nods approvingly at Grayson who still seems to be fuming in the corner, waving a hand at the Shadow Wolf. Mifune obliges, dragging a limp Yellow Jacket off the mat, shoving him into the Gold Standard's corner.]

GM: Tag!

[The tag brings the Olympic gold medalist quickly back through the ropes where he grabs the middle rope, laying in shoulders to the ribs of a stunned Yellow Jacket...]

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Grayson's laying in some heavy shots to the body, doing even further damage to the torso - the core of Yellow Jacket after that devastating superplex.

[At the referee's shouted warning, Grayson straightens up, steps back...

...and then steps right back in, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"WHAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The series of heavy clubbing forearms across the sternum leaves Yellow Jacket reeling as Grayson steps back again.]

GM: Bret Grayson is absolutely dominating Yellow Jacket as we're over halfway through the time limit of this one... pulling him out of the corner...

[Grayson angrily swings Yellow Jacket around by the shoulder...]

GM: Waistlock!

[The arms lock in around Yellow Jacket's torso but a weary and desperate Yellow Jacket isn't done yet, snapping his elbow back into Grayson's jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Back elbow connects and-

[Grayson breaks his grip, delivering a two-handed shove to the back that sends Yellow Jacket flying into the corner where Mifune winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

GM: ELBOWSTRIKE \_RIGHT\_ TO THE JAW!

[The blow buckles Yellow Jacket's knees, sending him staggering back towards Grayson again...]

GM: WAISTLOCK!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

[Grayson lifts the luchador into the air, bringing him crashing down hard on his upper back and neck...

...and then hangs on, rolling through the suplex right back up to his feet...]

BW: He's not done, Gordo!

GM: Obviously not! Back on his feet now...

[Holding the dazed and limp Yellow Jacket in his powerful arms, Grayson lifts him up again...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"  
"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!"

GM: MAKE IT TWO! AND HE'S \_STILL\_ NOT DONE!

BW: It's Canada, Gordo! Even a US Olympian knows you gotta go for the hat trick!

[Grayson rolls up again but Yellow Jacket surges forward, throwing himself towards the ropes, wrapping his arms around them to try to prevent another suplex...

...a move that causes some grumbling from the Canadian crowd who were indeed looking forward to the hat trick.]

GM: Yellow Jacket trying to hang on! Trying to save himself!

[The luchador struggles against Grayson's powerful grip, fighting to stay on the ropes as the referee shouts for a break...]

GM: Can he hang on?! Can he...?

[Suddenly, Bumble Bee goes running down the apron, using the top rope to swing his legs up over Yellow Jacket's head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[The kick to the forehead of Grayson sends the Olympian staggering backwards as Yellow Jacket yanks hard on the ropes, pulling himself towards his corner as Bumble Bee scampers back into place...]

GM: TAG!

[...and then slingshots over the top rope into the ring to a big cheer, sprinting at full speed immediately...]

GM: Bumble Bee coming in hot and-

[...leaping into the air, snaring Grayson's head between his legs, and snapping him over into a rana!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A TAKEDOWN BY BUMBLE BEE!

[The Hive member pulls himself up off the mat, twisting around and charging the corner...

...and sends Mifune flying off the apron with a running dropkick!]

GM: HE CLEARS OUT MIFUNE!

[The crowd is ROARING as Bumble Bee turns back towards the rising Grayson, grabbing an arm and whipping him to the Gold Standard's corner. The Hive member gestures to his backside as he walks across the ring...

...and then sprints to the opposite corner, leaping up and twisting around to SLAM his hindquarters into Grayson's face!]

GM: STINGER SPLASH IN THE CORNER! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!

BW: This can't be happening!

[Bumble Bee backs off, beckoning a dazed Grayson towards him. The Olympian staggers out, swinging a wild right hand...]

GM: Bumble Bee ducks the right hand...

[And as Grayson falls past him, Bumble Bee steps behind him, leaping high into the air, snaring the head and neck of Grayson again...]

GM: REVERSE RAN- NO!

[The attempted "poison" rana comes to an abrupt halt as Bret Grayson holds his ground, refusing to over and leaving Bumble Bee dangling precariously over Grayson's shoulders and back as the Olympian hangs on to his lower legs...

...and then steps to his corner, slapping the outstretched hand.]

GM: TAG!

[The Shadow Wolf steps through the ropes and keeps on running, hitting the far ropes behind Grayson, bouncing back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS the dangling Bumble Bee with a soccer kick right to the masked face!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: You could hear that one back across the border, daddy!

[Mifune leans down, swinging a limp Bumble Bee back up into an electric chair position on Grayson's shoulder. The referee is shouting at the gold medalist to vacate the ring but before he does, he lifts Bumble Bee off his shoulders, dropping him down...

...where he catches him in mid-fall around the torso, DRIVING him back down on the canvas with a released German Suplex, a throw so strong it actually flips Bumble Bee right back up to his feet...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! What a suplex!

[...where Mifune boots him in the gut, pulls him into a standing headscissors, threads the arms between the legs in a cradle piledriver position, lifting Bumble Bee off the canvas...]

BW: Mifune's got him up and...

[...and DROPS him facefirst to the canvas with a pancake piledriver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE CALLS THAT THE ROOSEVELT!

[Flipping Bumble Bee over, Mifune leans across, cradling the leg, sticking out his tongue in a taunt as the referee counts...]

GM: This one's ov- OHHH!

[The crowd reacts one more time as Grayson throws himself into a flying back elbowsmash, knocking Yellow Jacket off the apron as the referee counts three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: The Gold Standard picks up the win, moving on to the second round where the Shooting Stars await them!

BW: That's going to be a heck of a matchup, Gordo... but I gotta call this one like I see it. This right here is an upset!

GM: An upset? Really?

BW: Absolutely. Mifune and Grayson have the resume as singles competitors but they're still fairly new to the tag team game. The Hive's been teaming together for years and like we said earlier, they've won the SWLL tag team titles on more than one occasion. This is an upset and the Gold Standard should be very proud of themselves as they move on to tomorrow night!

GM: An excellent effort put in by both teams and - upset or not - the Hive has to be very disappointed to be going home early. I'm sure we haven't seen the last of them though as the AWA gets ready for our big trip South of the border for our upcoming show in Mexico... but for tonight... for this weekend, it's The Gold Standard moving on. Fans, we've got one more first round match to go here tonight in the Stampede Cup tournament so let's go backstage and hear from the two teams involved in that final showdown.

[We fade into a shot backstage, where we see "Sweet" Lou Blackwell standing by with Violence Unlimited. Danny Morton is wearing a red boxer's robe with the hood lowered. Beside him is Jackson Haynes, dressed in his trademark floppy tri-cornered cowboy hat and a black leather duster over his wrestling trunks. Morton paces around back and forth, shadow boxing with an invisible opponent, while Haynes just stands there, mean mugging the camera.]

SLB: Ladies and gentlemen, I have with me now, a team that is without a doubt, the greatest in the history of the Stampede Cup and possibly in the history of professional wrestling itself! The only two-time winners in Stampede Cup history... Violence Unlimited!

DM: Aw, you're making me blush, Lou!

[Morton playfully grabs Blackwell and shakes him by the shoulders. Lou seems a bit flustered as he's darn near thrown off his feet by Morton's incredible strength.]

DM: But the record speaks for itself, doesn't it? Not only have we won the Cup twice, but every single time we've entered the Stampede Cup, we've made it to the finals! There isn't another team out there with a record that even comes close to what we've done in this tournament!

JH: Hell, they might as well rename the damn tournament and trophy after us.

[Haynes turns and spits.]

DM: Who knows, Jack? If we win again, they just might do that!

JH: "If"? When'd a dirty word like that enter your vocabulary, Danny? There ain't no "if" about it... not when it comes to us and The Stampede Cup!

[Morton nods, rubbing his hands together in glee.]

DM: Violence Unlimited and The Stampede Cup! Back together again! It just feels right, doesn't it? Like peanut butter and jelly! Peaches and cream! Mashed potatoes and gravy!

JH: ...My fist and Shadoe Rage's face.

DM: Ha ha! That too, Jack! That too!

SLB: Speaking of Shadoe Rage, your first round opponents are possibly the greatest challenge you two have EVER faced in the Stampede Cup. You're taking on one of the greatest tag teams of all-time in a dream match that could main event in any arena around the world. I'm talking about the team of Shadoe Rage and his brother Derek... The Prophets of Rage!

[Morton chuckles.]

DM: We've heard the hype, Lou! We've been hearing it for weeks! The greatest team in AWA history versus the greatest team in history... PERIOD! What we've done in the Stampede Cup? It's what The Prophets of Rage have done in every single promotion they've ever stepped into! How many other legendary teams have they beaten? How many times have they held the gold?

[Morton holds up his hands.]

DM: I don't have enough fingers and toes to count them, Lou!

[He then clenches his hands into fists, as a serious look forms on his face.]

DM: But this match? It's about much more than the Cup!

[Haynes cuts in, eyes wide with fury.]

JH: THIS IS PERSONAL!

I've fought Shadoe Rage for months. I made that man bleed enough blood to make every single one of our matches look like a damn crime scene when they were over. But if there's anything that crazy sumbitch ever proved, it's that he won't stay down. He'll keep gettin' up and he'll keep on takin' an asswhuppin' 'til one of us in a hospital bed or in a wooden box!

[Morton interjects.]

DM: And probably not even then, Jack! He just was in a hospital bed just a few days ago!

JH: And we're gonna put him right back in one! Him and that overgrown freak he calls a brother! I still owe him one for what he did to me in the Ring of Iron!

SLB: From my understanding, The Prophets of Rage probably shouldn't even be here tonight. The extent of their injuries was so severe, they were suppose to be out of action for several weeks, possibly even longer!

DM: Well that's a damn shame, isn't it, Lou? A real tragedy! Those two brothers hate each other so much, they fought until the both of them were almost blown up into a million pieces. And now, Javier Castillo's dragging them outta' their hospital beds and forcing them to team together! Don't you just feel awful for them, Jack?

[Haynes removes his hat and holds it to his chest.]

JH: Yeah, I feel so awful 'bout it, Danny, that it's makin' me sick to my stomach. It's makin' my body shake. It's makin' me ill...

...FROM THE ANTICIPATION AND EXCITEMENT OF ALL THE HORRIBLE THINGS WE'RE BOUT TO DO TO'EM!

[Haynes twists his hat around in his hands, as a crazed look takes shapes onto his ugly mug.]

JH: If anyone thinks for a second that I have even a single drop of sympathy or compassion for those two broken, dysfunctional pieces of garbage, point'em out to me, so I can slap 'em across the face for their ignorance!

[He raises his hand, as if to backhand somebody.]

JH: I could give two craps 'bout how The Prophets of Rage beat each other up, cut each other up, and blew each other up 'til they were both half dead. 'Cause the fact is, the so-called "greatest team in history" is gonna BE history. Me and Danny are gonna' put'em outta' their misery.

Half dead?

[A disturbing smile.]

JH: By the time we're done with'em, they're gonna' be ALL dead.

[And with that, Haynes walks off, with a laughing Morton following closely behind him.]

SLB: Violence Unlimited looking to make the Stampede Cup finals for the fourth time... and to win it all for the third time... but before they can come close to doing either of those things, they've got one heck of a first round opponent to get through... and let's hear what's on the minds of the Prophets of Rage just moments before bell time!

[We fade to another part of the backstage area where the Prophets of Rage are standing. Shadoc Rage dominates the foreground, back to the camera, arms thrown out wide so that his black sequined cape can be seen. His dreadlocks are tied up in a high bun. Purple lettering across the back spells out PROPHETS 2017. Derek Rage stands behind him, rubbing his black-gloved fist as he glares down at his brother. He chews his lip as he sucks his tooth. That activates Shadoc Rage as he whirls to face the camera, ripping the sunglasses from his face to show the world his hyperactive hazel eyes.]

SR: Freak out! Freak out! FREAK OUT! Don't touch that remote. Don't check that guide. This isn't a flashback to 1997. This is live in July 2017! Regina, Saskatchewan, Mosaic Stadium ... the past is the PRESENT and the future looks bleak for every other team in the Stampede Cup because the Prophets of Rage are back together again one time and one time only. Don't you dare miss it! Don't you dare miss it! Don't you dare miss it! Blink and you'll be asking where was I when the greatest reunion in tag-team wrestling happened? Where was I? Lost in the clouds, man. Lost in the clouds!

[Rage spins in a circle, chewing his lip. He growls and shakes with energy as he steps in front of his brother, obscuring as much as he can.]

SR: For everybody who knows! And everybody should know there's no love lost between me and the big man here. No love lost at all. But that doesn't matter because there's one thing I know, Big Man! Your blood is the same as my blood and no one tries to control our destiny! No one controls our destiny but us!

[He turns his back to the camera as he jabs his finger into Derek Rage's massive chest. And then he turns back to the camera. His eyes are burning hotter than ever like molten metal. His voice becomes a ragged, strangled whisper as he crowds the camera.]

SR: So Chris Blue, we know you for what you are. Petty, opportunistic and egotistical. You didn't make us. And you couldn't break us. But we broke the E, didn't we. We broke the E! Never lost those belts. No we didn't. And so now you try to keep us out the Hall of Fame and you tried to pit us against each other to destroy our careers. Yeah, your little plan almost worked. You almost got to say you ended the Prophets of Rage. But now your worst nightmare has come true. Here we are! Right here! Right now! In the flesh!

[He wipes spittle from the corners of his mouth.]

SR: And Violence Unlimited that's too bad for you! Too bad for you! Too bad for you! Because we know your reputation as the baddest toughest roughest team around. But you've just been stepping into the void left by the Prophets of Rage. That's our name. That's our place. That's our role.

Jackson Haynes, you already got a taste of the Rage in the Ring of Iron. We haven't seen you since then have. No we haven't. No we haven't. Because not only was your foolish pride beaten down but your body was too! Stomped you into dust! And now you want to bring Danny Morton into this too. Well, he can come get some, man. We're giving it out free!

[Rage spreads his toned arms wide.]

SR: Mosaic Stadium is Rage Country and our chief expert is kicking American asses! Here's one for you! Here's one for you! Here's one for you! Because we're going to finish our career as we should. Stampede Cup champions. We're ending it on our terms with victory after victory after victory after victory. And when we stand tall, winners over 23 other teams, that'll be it. Our legacy will be cemented. The best to ever do it. And nobody will be able to pretend. Nobody will be able to lie! Nobody will be able to deny... you will all make way for the Prophets of Rage! Power to the people... tell the people, say. Tell 'em, Big Man! Tell 'em!

[He spins and slaps his brother on the chest. Derek Rage winces nearly imperceptibly. He frowns, shouldering his brother aside as he steps forward to dominate the screen. He glances over his shoulder in disgust before turning his full attention onto the screen.]

DR: Unlike my brother, I'm not for the long talking. Jackson Hayes, Danny Morton, let's make something clear. You're two big bad men and you can dish it out. Lord knows I would like nothing better than to watch you beat my brother around the ring. But here's the truth. You can't break him. I know. I've tried. And you damn sure can't break me. So there is going to be a clash of the Titans at the Stampede Cup.

[Shadoe Rage bursts back onto the camera, shouldering his way in front of his brother. He pushes his face right into the camera so that only he can be seen.]

SR: AND THE PROPHETS ARE GOING TO SURVIVE ... And Violence Unlimited ... you're going to die ... IN DARKNESS!

[With that, he whirls off screen with a flourish, jerking his chin at his brother whom he has just upstaged. Derek Rage sucks a tooth as he shakes his head. He takes a deep breath and nods, muttering to himself. Suddenly he composes himself and finishes the interview.]

DR: Fade to black.

[With his tag line delivered, he stalks off the set after his brother. Mumbled curses can just be heard coming under his breath. The shot fades out...]

...and up to the ring to Rebecca Ortiz.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is the FINAL match of the first round of the 2017 Stampede Cup tournament!

[A big ROAR goes up from the fans, already buzzing with anticipation for the dream match about to drop in their laps.]

RO: Introducing first... they are the 2010 and 2012 winners of the Stampede Cup! Tonight, they weigh in at a combined weight of 595 pounds...

"THE HAMMER!" JACKSON HAYNES!!!

"PROFESSOR PAIN!" DANNY MORTON!!!

VIOLEEEEEENNNNNNNNNNNCCCCCEEEE UNLIMMMIIIIITTTTTTEEEEDDDD!!!!

[The sounds of Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" suddenly fills the air as the Saskatchewan crowd rises to their feet. The crowd, familiar with this entrance, sing along to the opening lyrics.]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[Huge columns of fire proceed to spout forth from the top of the rampway like the flames of hell!]

\*WOOOOOOOOOSSSSHHHHH!!!\*

"AHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

[When the flames disappear, the crowd roars once more at the sight of Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes, illuminated by spotlights, both wearing frightening Japanese Daikijin (great devil god) Noh masks. Beneath the masks, Morton is dressed in his traditional red boxer's robe. Meanwhile, Haynes is in his leather duster, revealing crimson red wrestling trunks underneath. In his right hand, he carries his infamous bull rope, dragging it behind him.

Morton jogs down the aisle, ready to get the match started ASAP, while Haynes takes his sweet time, moving at a glacial pace and threatening various sections of the crowd by swinging his bull rope at them, causing the fans to wisely scatter away from him in fear, as he curses up a storm, shouting out the many ways he's going to torture The Prophets of Rage.]

GM: Violence Unlimited - considered by many to be the team to beat this weekend here in Regina - heading down the aisle and... well, the crowd seems to be a bit split, Bucky.

BW: I think that's to be expected with Haynes and Morton taking on a pair of Canadians. We heard it earlier with Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton out here and I'm expecting a bit of a hero's welcome for the reunited Prophets, daddy.

[Reaching ringside, the two remove their masks and entrance gear, getting ready for battle. They turn to each other and give a nod, before they both dive under the ropes and into the ring! Haynes throws up his left hand, with his bull rope clenched

tightly in his grasp, as Morton runs the ropes back and forth, before coming to a complete stop and standing beside Haynes, throwing both hands into the air to the aforementioned mixed reaction from the Canadian crowd. Morton and Haynes clash forearms together as they settle back, waiting for the arrival of their opponents...]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd their opponents...

"BONG"

"BONG"

"BONG"

[All the stadium lights go out in Mosaic Stadium. The Canadian crowd tenses as the bell tolls. Purple spotlights focus on the entrance ramp as dry ice smoke starts to roil around the stage. As the mist rises, the familiar piano music starts its funereal dirge.

#DUM DUM DA DUM DUM DA DUM DA DUM DA DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM#

The Canadians cheer as Chopin's "Death March" plays over the speakers.]

GM: We haven't heard that music in nearly a decade, Bucky.

BW: I never thought I would hear it again. The Prophets of Rage were supposed to be deader than their theme music. But one thing is always true, Gordo. Never say never in professional wrestling.

GM: Indeed. And here they come. One of the greatest tag teams in the history of our sport - the Prophets of Rage.

[Shadoe Rage emerges first, arms spread wide so that his cape billows around him. He twirls down the aisle in time with the piano. He is dressed all in black, wearing his classic gear: black long tights and singlets, piped with dark purple. Behind him emerges the giant Derek Rage. The 7'2, 340 pound monster is robed in a satin black boxers robe, a towel wrapped around his neck and a hood pulled up over his head. He follows his brother down the long walk, his head kept low the whole way.]

RO: Weighing in at a combined weight of 584 pounds... both men hailing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada...

[The Canadian crowd responds predictably loud for their native sons.]

RO: ... they are Shadoe and Derek Rage... the PROPHETS OF RAAAAAAAAAAGE!

GM: And with that announcement the Prophets of Rage are back in action. I wonder what we can expect from him against Violence Unlimited.

BW: A lot of violence, Gordo. A lot of chaos. A lot of blood maybe. These two teams are pretty similar in mindset. It's gonna be an ugly fight from right out of the gate, Gordo. We might need more than one referee to control this one.

GM: One fall, twenty minute time limit between two of the greatest tag teams of all time. On one side, you've got the legendary Prophets of Rage who've won tag team gold just about everywhere they've competed together over the years. A team that is always in the mix for a spot in the Hall of Fame. On the other, you've got arguably the greatest tag team on the planet right now - Violence Unlimited. They've won tag titles in the States, they've won them in Japan... and of course,

they are a two-time winner - the ONLY two-time winner - of this tournament they're competing in right now. Bucky, this should be something else.

BW: It really should be, Gordo, and for me, my biggest concern is that twenty minutes isn't enough to contain this match.

GM: A fair point. And as you mentioned, I also wonder if the referee will be able to keep control. There is absolutely no love lost between Jackson Haynes and Shadoe Rage after they've waged war here in the AWA for months. A time limit draw or some kind of a disqualification are both legitimate concerns in my opinion.

[While Haynes and Morton exchange some final words of strategy, Shadoe and Derek Rage very noticeably are not speaking to one another.]

GM: Two very different approaches to this match.

BW: You've gotta remember that the Rages wanted no part of teaming together in this tournament. This is a Javier Castillo brainchild to appease the suits here in Canada who wanted this night to be all about Canada. We've got the UWF World Title match coming up shortly, we've got the return of Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton to their old stomping grounds, and now we've got perhaps Canada's greatest tag team reuniting.

[Haynes and Morton bash forearms aggressively into one another as Morton steps out, leaving Haynes in the ring to a sneer from Shadoe Rage who nods approvingly.]

GM: Haynes and Shadoe Rage eyeballing each other from across the ring and from the looks on both of their faces, I've gotta think they didn't get enough of one another in that parking lot in Chicago, Bucky.

BW: You can say that again. Shadoe Rage is pacing back and forth like a damn tiger just waiting for-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[And at the sound of the bell, Haynes and Shadoe Rage sprint from their respective corners to a HUGE ROAR, coming together mid-ring with fists flying from both men!]

GM: HERE WE GO!

[The cheers get louder as Haynes and Rage keep throwing, showing little regard for the damage being done by the other...]

BW: IT'S LIKE A DAMN HOCKEY FIGHT, GORDO!

GM: IT SURE IS! THE FISTS ARE FLYING IN SASKATCHEWAN!

[Haynes rears back and throws an absolute bomb that nearly knocks Rage to a knee, staggering backwards as "The Hammer" moves in on him to jeers from the sold-out crowd!]

GM: What a shot by Haynes! Here we go again!

[Haynes winds up, throwing a second heavy blow that buckles Rage's knees, sending him stumbling back again as Derek shouts something no doubt offensive in his brother's direction.]

GM: Haynes showing that you don't wanna try to outpunch him!

[Shadoe throws a glare towards his larger brother, whipping around to duck under a third right hand...]

GM: Rage ducks the haymaker, spins around...

[And Shadoe snaps off a jab to the jaw of Haynes!]

GM: Right jab! Right on the button!

[He snaps off another, the crowd getting louder for every blow.]

GM: Another jab... make it three!

BW: And now it's Haynes on wobbly knees!

[With Haynes stunned, Shadoe winds up his right arm, bringing the point of his elbow down between the eyes, knocking the Hammer off his feet and down to the mat to a HUGE ROAR from the Mosaic Stadium crowd!]

GM: ELBOW TAKES DOWN HAYNES!

[Shadoe thrusts his arms aggressively out to his sides, going into a spin for the Canadian faithful as he mutters something unheard by all.]

GM: And can you believe it, Bucky? These fans are going NUTS for Shadoe Rage right now!

BW: Oh, Canada.

[All fired up, Shadoe ducks down, dragging Haynes up with two hands full of hair, still talking as he gets him there. He lets go with his left hand, twirling it around in the air before he charges across the ring, leaping into the air..

...and SNAPS Haynes' throat down over the top rope, sending him flopping back on the canvas coughing and gasping as Rage lands on his feet on the floor, nodding to the cheering fans with a loud "THAT'S RIGHT! YOU GOT IT!"

GM: We are DEFINITELY in Rage Country here tonight... and Shadoe Rage has managed to get Jackson Haynes down early in this one.

BW: He's not done either.

GM: Quick as a cat, Rage is up on the apron... climbing to the top...

BW: Already?!

GM: Haynes trying to get back to his feet...

[Still rubbing at his throat, Haynes manages to struggle to a vertical base as Rage gets to the top, thrusting his arms over his head...

...and then leaps from his perch, clasping his hands together and SMASHING them down between the eyes of Haynes!]

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE! HE NAILED IT!

[With Haynes flat on his back on the mat again, Shadoe throws a glance towards his brother who mockingly applauds as Shadoe dives into a lateral press.]

GM: Shadoe covers! He's got one! He's got two! He's got- no! Out at two!

[Rage pops up to his feet, moving swiftly as he claps his hands together.]

GM: Shadoe gets a two off the axehandle... but he's staying on him, dragging him up by the hair again and getting a warning from the referee for it...

[Predictably ignoring the official, Shadoe twirls Haynes around once and HURLS him between the ropes, sending Haynes crashing off the ringside mats. With a nod to the still-cheering crowd, Shadoe starts walking across the ring towards his corner...]

GM: And it looks like Shadoe's going up again. Ducking between-

[The referee claps his hands together, pointing to the corner...]

GM: Tag!

BW: Uh oh.

[Shadoe snaps up, glaring at his smirking brother who drops off the apron - now the legal man in the match.]

BW: Shadoe didn't seem to like that too much, Gordo.

GM: Not at all... but a legal tag it is nonetheless and the big seven footer is out on the floor now with Jackson Haynes.

[Pulling Haynes off the ringside mats, Derek Rage lowers his shoulder into the midsection and charges forward...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Haynes gets DRIVEN spinefirst into the edge of the apron!

[Derek Rage buries a long leg in the midsection with a kneelift, swinging Haynes around and shoving him back into the ring. The seven footer pulls himself up on the apron, ignoring an angry shout from his brother as he steps over the ropes into the ring where Haynes is trying to crawl across to his partner.]

GM: Derek Rage back in... Jackson Haynes on the move and... ohhh!

[The crowd groans along with a 340 pound elbowdrop down into the small of Haynes' back. The seven footer waggles a finger at Danny Morton who had his arm stretched out towards his partner.]

GM: The big man cuts off the tag... not letting Haynes get anywhere near his corner...

[Climbing to his feet, Derek Rage stands over the prone Haynes for a moment, looking down at him. He leans down, hooking a hand in the back of Haynes' tights and YANKS him to a standing position...]

GM: Wow! Look at the power!

[He uses the grip on the tights to fling Haynes back into the Prophets' corner, striding out three-quarters of the way towards the VU corner. Danny Morton has a few words for Derek Rage who just smirks as he slowly turns...

...and then barrels across the ring towards a stunned Haynes!]

GM: Ohhhh! Big running clothesline in the corner!

[Rage bounces out slightly, watching as Haynes slumps to a seated position against the buckles...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and goes right upside his brother's head, knocking him off the apron with the blow!]

GM: OH! He slapped him!

BW: Is that a... was that a tag?

[Derek Rage smirks at his brother before he steps back out to the apron. Shadoe pops right back up on the apron, taking a swing of his own at the seven footer who manages to avoid it. The two men trade angry words over the turnbuckles with the referee trying to keep them apart.]

GM: And this one may be breaking down before... wait a second...

[The crowd breaks into loud JEERS at the sight of two men walking through the curtain at the top of the aisle onto the large entrance stage.]

GM: Here comes trouble, fans.

["Trouble" in the mind of Gordon Myers comes in the form of AWA President Javier Castillo and his personal security, John Law, walking down the ramp towards the ring. Castillo looks quite agitated, striding quickly down the long steel ramp, pointing to the ring.]

GM: Castillo doesn't look too happy, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? He put this team together for this night and they look like they're gonna implode in the first round!

[Castillo reaches ringside, angrily shouting at both Rage brothers as John Law stands menacingly behind him, looking up at both members of the Prophets of Rage...

...all of whom miss Jackson Haynes crawling across to slap the hand of Danny Morton.]

GM: We've got a tag and-

[Morton comes storming across the ring, leaping into the air with a flying shouldertackle that sends Derek Rage sailing off the apron to the floor as Castillo looks on in horror!]

GM: PROFESSOR PAIN SENDS DEREK RAGE FLYING!

[Morton snatches Shadoe Rage by the hair, chucking him over the ropes and down to the mat with ease.]

GM: Morton brings Shadoe in! Danny Morton looking to get him a piece of the legendary Prophets of Rage here tonight in Mosaic Stadium!

[As Shadoe regains his feet, Morton lashes out with a stiff jab to the jaw... and a backhand chop to couple with it...]

GM: Jab! Chop! Jab! Chop!

[Grabbing Rage by the hair, Morton rushes the corner, smashing him headfirst into the top turnbuckle with enough force to lift Rage into the air, dumping him back down on the mat.]

GM: Danny Morton is showing the world why Violence Unlimited has won this tournament on two occasions!

[Morton ducks low, watching as Shadoe Rage comes off the mat. He lunges in, snatching a leg, lifting Rage into the sky, twisting around, and throws him down with an amateur style takedown!]

GM: What a takedown!

BW: I bet even Bret Grayson was impressed by that one, Gordo.

[Shadoe pushes up to his hands and knees, forcing his way to a doubled-up position where Morton SLAMS a forearm down across the back... then a left-armed one follows... and a right-armed one puts Shadoe back down on all fours!]

BW: Nothing amateur about this, daddy!

[Morton keeps on pummeling - left, right, left, right - forcing Shadoe down onto his stomach on the mat...

...and Morton twists around, throwing himself into a running dropkick that knocks an entering Derek Rage back over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: MORTON KEEPS DEREK RAGE OUT OF THIS!

[The American Murder Machine pumps his arms up and down, letting loose a roar that draws jeers from an overwhelming majority of the Canadian crowd...

...but he ignores that, sprinting to the ropes, rebounding back across the ring...]

GM: What is he...?!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Morton HURLS himself between the top and middle ropes, diving out and slamming his forearm into the jaw of Derek Rage, knocking the seven footer flat on the ringside mats to a shocked reaction from the Regina crowd!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE BY DANNY MORTON!

[Morton climbs back to his feet, letting loose another roar...

...and then fires off a few words in the direction of Javier Castillo and John Law.]

BW: Better watch yourself there, Morton.

GM: Hey, he doesn't work here. He may be one of a handful who can say whatever they want to Castillo without being afraid of what he'll do in retaliation.

[Morton points a threatening finger at the duo before turning back to the ring, climbing up on the apron, ducking through the middle rope...

...where Shadoe Rage rushes him, throwing himself into a double axehandle, falling to his knees as he knocks Morton through the ropes to the outside!]

GM: And now it's Morton who goes out to the floor! This one is getting wild, Bucky!

[The former AWA World Television Champion angrily gets to his feet, shoving past the official as he steps to the corner, climbing the ropes swiftly...]

GM: Shadoe Rage is going up top again! Danny Morton trying to get up off the floor but he may not like what's waiting for him!

[As the former tag champion climbs to his feet, Rage leaps off the top rope, crashing down with a double axehandle across the crown of Morton's skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DEATH FROM ABOVE ON THE FLOOR!

[Shadoe Rage kneels by Morton's head, shouting down at him...]

"YOU'RE NOTHING! NOTHING TO ME! NOTHING TO RAGE COUNTRY!"

[Climbing off the floor, Shadoe looks out at the cheering crowd, a... lustful expression on his face. He licks his lips, nodding his head.]

GM: If I didn't know better, Bucky... I'd say that Shadoe Rage is enjoying the reaction of these fans here in Mosaic Stadium.

BW: I mean... he doesn't hear cheers too often... and that's putting it mildly... so... who knows. I've never been one of try and get inside the head of Shadoe Rage and I ain't about to start now.

[Shadoe leans down, dragging Morton off the ringside mats...

...and promptly SLAMS his head into the ring apron, causing Morton to stumble away, falling into an embrace of the steel ringside post.]

GM: And I do NOT know if Violence Unlimited wants to fight on the floor with the Brothers Rage, Bucky.

BW: VU can fight with the best of them, Gordo... but having seen what the Rages did in that parking lot in Chicago and in that stadium in Philly, I wouldn't want to get outside the ring with them.

[Shadoe pulls himself up on the apron, having a brief argument with the referee...

...which gives Derek Rage the opening to grab Morton's arms with both hands...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[Morton's head SMASHES into the steel ringpost thanks to the seven footer who lets go of the wrists, allowing Morton to slump to his knees against the steel.]

BW: Derek Rage was looking for a little bit of payback from Morton constantly coming after him in this one... and... well, he got it, I'd say.

GM: I'd agree. Did you hear that sickening thud when Morton's head hit the steel, Bucky? Did you hear it?

BW: Oh, I heard it. I think the whole building heard that one... and when someone's head hits steel like that, I'd be very surprised if he wasn't... yep.

[The crowd "oooooooohs" as Morton slumps over onto his back, a crimson flower spreading wide across his forehead.]

GM: Danny Morton's been busted open by his skull to the steel ringpost there... and look at this now! Shadoe Rage is out there like a shark...

[He pulls Morton up with both hands, winds him up...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE STEEL AGAIN! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Morton slumps to the floor a second time, leaving a bloody trail on the ringside mats as Shadoe Rage takes a tongue-lashing from the official.]

GM: Well, the Rages may not have a lot in common these days... but they're both showing a brutal, bloodthirsty side here in what they just did to Danny Morton.

[Shadoe Rage flips Morton to his back, grabbing him by the back of the head as he smashes a right hand down into the cut forehead... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Rage is just pounding away on that lacerated forehead... trying to split him open even wider...

[As the referee's count hits five, Rage climbs off the mat, pulling the bloodied Morton up and chucking him under the ropes.]

GM: Danny Morton's sporting the crimson mask in there, bleeding heavily and that can't be good news for Violence Unlimited's chances of picking up their third Stampede Cup here tonight.

[Shadoe Rage climbs up on the apron, pointing to the cheering crowd before stepping through the ropes...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and gets slapped HARD on the back by his seven foot brother. The camera cuts to Javier Castillo who grimaces, shaking his head back and forth as he watches the seven footer climb into the ring.]

GM: Another hard tag by the Prophets... and again, we've got words being exchanged by Shadoe Rage and his brother, Derek.

BW: The last time this happened, Haynes made the tag! They need to get over this and start working as a team.

GM: The Prophets are doing very well for themselves at this point in the match but you're right, Bucky... they can't win this tournament... maybe not even this match even if they can't get on the same page.

BW: They're not even in the same chapter right now! They're barely in the same book!

[Shadoe Rage is still shouting at his brother as he steps out to the apron, leaving his seven foot brother to stalk Danny Morton who is attempting to get up off the mat, blood streaming down his forehead...]

GM: Derek Rage walking right up alongside him...

[Derek lifts Morton up under his arm, walking around with him for all to see...

...and DROPS him down in a ring-shaking side slam, landing so he can look right in the eyes of his brother as he hooks a leg, leaning back into a side press.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- no! Morton kicks out at two!

[Shadoe smirks at his brother, shouting "Can't finish him off? No, no, no... you can't!" Javier Castillo leans over to John Law, whispering to his head of security as Derek Rage climbs off the mat, glaring at his brother.]

GM: And again, we've got the Prophets of Rage expending a little too much of their focus towards one another...

"TEN MINUTES GONE BY! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: The halfway point in the time limit has been reached... and you're right, Bucky. You've gotta wonder if the twenty minute time limit will be enough to keep one of these two teams down for a three count.

[A shout from Javier Castillo gets Derek Rage's attention, giving El Presidente a nod as he turns his attention towards a crawling Danny Morton.]

GM: Morton trying to get some space between he and Derek Rage, trying to get to his corner...

BW: No chance.

[Derek Rage takes a long-legged step over Morton, standing in between Morton and a reaching Haynes. Ignoring Haynes, Rage uses the toe of his boot to roll Morton onto his back...

...and then leans over, taunting him.]

GM: Oh, come on. There's no call for this. There's no-

[Morton suddenly lashes backwards, catching Derek Rage with a boot to the skull that sends him stumbling back towards Jackson Haynes!]

GM: Morton caught him!

[Professor Pain rolls to his knees, blood streaming down his head as Derek Rage clasps his hands over his head, stepping closer...]

GM: Double axehand- no! Right hand downstairs!

[There's a sprinkling of cheers in the crowd as Morton lands a second right hand to the gut of Derek Rage!]

GM: Morton's trying to fight back, trying to clear a path to get to his corner - to his partner!

[Morton climbs off the mat, winding up his big right hand but Derek Rage steps forward...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BIG BOOT! RIGHT UNDER THE CHIN!

[The seven footer’s leg at full extension strikes with enough power to knock Morton flat again, his embers of a comeback being extinguished by the giant.]

GM: Danny Morton was trying to string together something there to get back into this but Derek Rage had other ideas... and he’s not done yet.

BW: I think Morton made him mad.

[Pulling Morton up, Rage grabs him under the armpits, lifting his 285 pound frame into the air and tossing him into the neutral corner.]

GM: Throws him to the buckles... and now he’s coming in after him...

[Holding Morton’s body in the corner with his larger frame, Derek Rage swings a knee up into the midsection... and again... and again...]

GM: Knee after knee to the body... the referee’s trying to get Derek Rage to back off but-

[Rage suddenly grabs the back of Morton’s head, swinging his forearm up into the jaw over and over, quicker and more violent with each blow landed, snapping Morton’s head back repeatedly.]

GM: Come on! Get him out of the corner!

[The referee seems on the verge of calling for the bell when Derek Rage suddenly steps back, absolutely seething as Morton wraps her arms around the top rope, trying to stay on his feet.]

GM: VERY close to a disqualification right there... and the referee is letting the big man have it right now.

[Jackson Haynes shouts something in Derek Rage’s direction, balling up his fists and inviting the fight...

...but Derek Rage shakes him off, dragging Morton out to the center of the ring...]

GM: Out to the middle... look out here...

[Rage holds his massive hand aloft to cheers from the Canadian crowd...]

GM: He’s calling for the Hammer of God!

BW: If he hits it, it’s over, daddy!

[...and wraps his fingers around the bloodied skull of Danny Morton!]

GM: CLAW! HE LOCKS THE CLAW ON!

BW: Yeah, but unlike those stinkin’ Stenches, he’s not looking for a submission. He’s looking to take Danny Morton for a tall ride with a hard landing!

[Rage slips his other hand around to Morton's back for extra support, bending his knees when Morton's hands shoot up, grabbing Rage's wrist...]

GM: Hold on there! Morton's trying to stop this slam!

[...and starts slowly forcing the hand away from his head to another flurry of cheers from a small part of the crowd!]

GM: MORTON'S BREAKING THE HOLD! HE'S BREAKING THE HOLD!

[With his hand lifted off Morton's bloody head, Rage swings his knee up into the midsection, doubling up Morton again...]

GM: Derek Rage looks less than pleased that Danny Morton was able to power out of that clawhold... and a big whip sends Morton CRASHING into the turnbuckles!

[Morton lets out a loud shout as he slams into the buckles. Shadoo Rage sticks out his hand to his brother as Derek Rage eyeballs him...

...and then with a shake of his head, he turns his back on his brother.]

GM: I guess that's a no on the tag.

BW: That sounds right.

[An agitated Castillo slams a hand down on the apron, pointing to the corner but Derek Rage ignores Castillo as well, charging the distance to the neutral corner...]

GM: TO THE CORNER!

[...and twists his body around, looking to drive his rear into the body in the hip attack he calls the Box Out!]

GM: BOX OUT TO THE- NO!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MORTON MOVES! MORTON MOVES!

[Derek Rage stumbles back, grabbing at his lower back, pain on his face as Danny Morton hangs onto the top rope, staggering down the length of the ropes towards his waiting partner...]

GM: Morton on the move annnnnnnnd...

[...and there's another smaller positive reaction at Morton falling into a slap of the hands!]

GM: TAG!

[Jackson Haynes comes through the ropes, throwing his arms up in the air and giving a big war whoop before he charges across the ring...]

GM: Right hand on Derek Rage! Another! Make it three!

[With Rage stumbled, Haynes winds up the left, measuring his man...

...and DRILLS him between the eyes with it!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!

[The seven footer stumbles backwards, falling into the ropes where his arms quickly become tied up between the top and middle ropes...]

GM: Caught in the ropes! He's caught in the ropes!

[Derek Rage struggles to get free, yanking and pulling at his arms as Jackson Haynes points to the trapped big man...]

GM: Haynes to the ropes, coming back strong...

[...and a big boot from the rampaging Haynes snaps Rage's head back as it catches him under the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HAYNES ROCKS HIM AGAIN!

[Grabbing Rage by the back of the head, Haynes SMASHES a right hand between the eyes... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Haynes is hammering away - living up to his nickname!

[The referee steps in, warning Haynes to back off...]

GM: Another right... and another... and finally, Haynes creates some space at the referee's order...

[Haynes backs halfway across the ring, pumping his right arm as he steps back in...]

GM: The referee was trying to get Derek Rage loose but... ohhh, another right hand!

[The referee steps to the side as Haynes hammers away again... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Haynes is risking a disqualification here, Bucky!

BW: He sure is. The referee's right there, telling him to back off... and Haynes finally does again.

[The referee goes back to work, trying to get the arms loose again as Haynes shouts, "I'm gonna bust him open like he did to ya, Danny!" to his partner before stepping back in...]

...and steps RIGHT into a big kick to the gut from one of Derek Rage's long legs.]

GM: Ohh! Derek Rage goes downstairs... and now he's loose! The referee got him loose!

BW: He should make that tag now, Gordo.

GM: No sign of that happening though. Shadoe Rage again shouting for the tag and again, his brother ignores him!

[Castillo pounds his fist into the mat, shouting at Derek Rage who grabs Haynes by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[And as the seven footer bounces off the ropes, Haynes lifts him up in his powerful arms...

...and THROWS him right back down in a ring-shaking standing spinebuster!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Haynes sinks to his knees, folding the legs up in a jackknife cover as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: Haynes with the cover for one! He’s got two! He’s got- no! Derek Rage is out at two!

[The Moscow, Tennessee native climbs to his feet, angrily clapping his hands together as he looks at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Jackson Haynes was hoping for the three count there... you can see his partner, Danny Morton, out on the apron still bleeding heavily and you’ve gotta wonder how much he’s got left to contribute to this first round Stampede Cup battle!

BW: And what a way to wrap up the first round, daddy!

GM: No doubt about it... and Jackson Haynes is pulling the seven footer off the canvas now, looking to pour it on...

[Haynes grabs the wrist, whipping the giant into the neutral corner...]

GM: Whip to the buckles... here comes Haynes...

[A huge running clothesline connects, shaking Derek Rage from head to toe as Castillo angrily slams a hand down on the apron, shouting “DO SOMETHING!” at Shadoe Rage who shakes his head.]

GM: Clothesline in one corner..

[Haynes whips Rage back the other way into the other neutral corner, charging in after him...]

GM: ...and make it a pair!

BW: That one nearly lifted Rage off his feet! What a clothesline!

[Haynes nudges Rage out of the corner, sending him stumbling out as Haynes winds up again...

...and absolutely CLUBS Derek Rage in the back of the head and neck with a standing lariat!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: LARIAT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD! COULD THIS BE ENOUGH?!

[Haynes flips Derek Rage to his back, applying another pin attempt.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd cheers as Shadoe Rage comes flying into the frame, bashing Haynes across the back with a double axehandle to break up the cover!]

GM: Shadoe Rage makes the save!

[Shadoe shouts down at his brother as he exits the ring...

...or tries to before Jackson Haynes storms him, smashing a fist into the ear, knocking Rage through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Haynes and Shadoe Rage hooking it up once more and down to the floor goes Shadoe Rage!

"FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: The five minute call by the timekeeper! Just five minutes to go in this first round matchup and you've gotta wonder who is going to be able to pull this out... if anyone!

BW: I hate being right sometimes, Gordo.

GM: No, you don't.

BW: #truth.

[Haynes shouts something muted by the quick reflexes of someone in production before turning back to a slowly rising Derek Rage.]

GM: Derek Rage trying to get to his feet and we apologize for the language of Jackson Haynes, fans...

BW: Maybe Haynes thinks he's on Eternally Extreme 3.

[Gordon chuckles as Haynes winds up and DRILLS Rage with a right hand... and another... and a third...]

GM: Jackson Haynes pounding away on Derek Rage, trying to chop this seven foot giant down to size...

[With Derek staggered again, Haynes pumps his right arm once, bouncing back to the ropes...

...where he promptly faceplants on the mat thanks to Shadoe Rage yanking his ankle from the floor!]

GM: OH! Shadoe trips him up!

[A wild-eyed Shadoe Rage drags Jackson Haynes under the bottom rope to the outside...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and promptly HURLS him backwards into the ringside barricade!]

GM: Good grief! Shadoe Rage with fire in his eyes here, Bucky, just took out Jackson Haynes for the moment... and look at the grin on Javier Castillo's face. He's loving this!

BW: El Presidente loves him some violence for sure.

[Rage ignores the shouts of the referee as he walks towards Haynes, crowning him with an overhead elbow smash, knocking Haynes down to a knee.]

GM: Time is ticking here in Regina and Shadoe Rage - when he gets in this headspace, Bucky, I don't even know if he's conscious of things like time limits...

BW: ...or rules. But it's a good point, Gordo. Like you said, time is ticking and if either of these teams want to advance in this tournament, they need to shake it off, get in there, and find a way to get the W.

[Shadoe drags Haynes off the railing, chucking him back under the ropes where Derek Rage is standing, nodding his head approvingly.]

GM: We're down under four minutes left. Derek Rage pulling Haynes off the mat, again ignoring Shadoe's request for a tag...

[Rage swings a long leg up, driving his knee into the midsection, doubling up Haynes once again...]

GM: Downstairs goes the big man...

[The seven footer steps forward into a standing headscissors...]

GM: What's this now? A powerbomb?!

BW: Haynes is over 300 pounds, Gordo! I don't know if Rage can do this!

GM: He's gonna try!

[Derek Rage muscles Haynes up, lifting him into powerbomb position...

...which is when Haynes starts pistoning his right hand down between the eyes of Derek Rage, trying to prevent the big powerbomb!]

GM: HAYNES IS FIGHTING IT! HE'S FIGHTING AND... HE'S FREE!

[Having slugged his way out, Haynes lands on his feet behind the seven footer, staggers a few steps and...]

GM: TAG! IN COMES PROFESSOR PAIN!

[The bloodied Morton storms across the ring, connecting with a running clothesline that stuns Derek Rage but does not drop him!]

GM: Oh my! Rage is still standing after THAT clothesline?! Are you kidding me?!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

GM: Three minutes on the call! It's time to turn it up a notch!

[Snatching Rage by the back of the head, Morton squares up and...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[Hanging on, he launches into a second...]

GM: Another headbutt!

[...and keeps on going!]

GM: Oh! OH! OHHHHHHHHH!

[The final headbutt in the series knocks Rage down to a knee as the blood continues to stream down the head of Danny Morton. Outside the ring, Javier Castillo paces nervously, eyes on the action as Morton gives a big shout to a mixed reaction from the Canadian crowd...]

GM: Morton's got him dazed! He's got Derek Rage stunned!

[Sliding behind the giant, Morton wraps his powerful arms around the torso...]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: He's going for a German Suplex!

GM: Derek Rage is over seven feet tall! He's 340 pounds! He's-

BW: GOING UP!

[Morton manages to get the giant up off the mat, causing a ripple of excitement to wash over the Mosaic Stadium crowd...]

...but Morton puts him back down, grimacing as he does.]

GM: No! No! He couldn't get him up!

[Rage snaps an elbow back on the jaw once... twice... and a third one is ducked by Morton who ends up still holding Rage...]

GM: NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[...and takes him over with a big release suplex that thrills the crowd!]

GM: OH MY! WHAT A THROW BY MORTON!

[Morton climbs to his feet, blood streaming down his head as he pumps his arms triumphantly, circling the downed seven footer as Castillo moves towards John Law, gesturing at the ring...]

GM: Morton's ready... he's waiting...

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN! TWO MINUTES!"

GM: Two minutes left! Danny Morton's gotta go quick! He's gotta finish him off and move on to tomorrow night to face the Soldiers of Fortune!

[Derek Rage pulls himself to a knee, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs as Morton sweeps in behind him, wrapping his arms around his torso from the side as he yanks the seven footer to his feet...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE BACKDROP DRIVER!

[But as Morton goes to lift, the seven footer slams his elbow down into the back of Morton's neck once... twice... three times, breaking free of his grip!]

GM: RAGE BREAKS FREE!

[The bloodied Morton staggers in a circle...]

...and walks right into a Derek Rage clawhold!]

GM: CLAW!

BW: HAMMER OF GOD ON THE WAY!

[But as Rage lifts, Morton manages to slip out, landing on his feet in front of the 340 pound Rage...

...who he ducks low on, scooping up into his powerful arms, and swings him up over his shoulder!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!

BW: WHAT?! HOW?!

GM: DANNY MORTON IS ONE OF THE STRONGEST MEN IN WRESTLING! WE'VE SAID IT MANY TIMES OVER THE YEARS! AND THERE IS NO DENYING IT NOW!

[Morton struggles under the 340 pounder...

...but surges forward, smashing Rage into the buckles!]

GM: Into the corner! We know what comes next!

[Morton stumbles out of the corner, leaping up slightly, and DRIVES Rage down to the canvas with a ring-shaking powerslam!]

GM: OKLAHOMA STAMPEDE! HE HITS THE STAMPEDE OUT OF THE CORNER!

[Morton pushes up off the mat, blood streaming off his forehead as he leans in, wrapping up Rage's giant-sized legs!]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-  
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHADOE RAGE OFF THE TOP FOR THE SAAAAAVE!

[The crowd ROARS for a flying Shadoe Rage, diving onto the pile with a Death From Above on the back of Morton's head, breaking up the pin JUST in time!]

GM: Shadoe Rage saves the match for the Prophets right there! Danny Morton had this match won and-

[The crowd gets even louder as Jackson Haynes comes storming across the ring, BLASTING Shadoe Rage with a right hand that knocks him down to the mat. Rage tries to crawl back away from a pissed-off Haynes as he stomps and kicks him on the canvas...]

GM: Haynes is all over Rage! Haynes is all over Shadoe Rage!

BW: It's Chicago all over again! Bring the cars out here to ringside and let's do Ring of Iron 2!

[The referee is shouting at Jackson Haynes, trying to get the Hammer to back off as he wraps his hands around the throat of Rage, trying to strangle the air out of him down on the mat...]

"ONE MINUTE! SIXTY SECONDS TO GO!"

GM: We're down to a minute! We're down to-

[Javier Castillo suddenly jumps up on the apron as well, waving his arms and shouting at both Jackson Haynes and the referee - the latter of which turns his attention towards El Presidente.]

GM: What's going on here?! Get him down from there! Get him-

[The crowd suddenly surges in volume as John Law slides under the ropes on the opposite side of the ring...]

GM: JOHN LAW! LAW'S IN THE RING! LAW'S IN THE RING!

BW: Castillo's got the referee tied up! He's got-

[Law pulls Danny Morton swiftly off the canvas, wrapping his hand around the throat of the bloodied Oklahoman...]

GM: No, no, NO!

[...and lifts Morton into the air, throwing him violently down to the canvas behind the distracted referee's back!]

BW: LAWMAKER CHOKESLAM! MORTON'S DOWN!

[Law grabs Derek Rage by the arm, dragging him across the canvas, dropping him down on top of Morton before vacating the ring...]

GM: And just like that, he's out of there and... oh, come on!

[Castillo frantically points at the action in the ring, causing the referee to pivot around, diving to the mat...]

GM: NO! NO!

[...slapping the mat once... twice...]

GM: Not like this!

[...and a third time before calling for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ohhhh, come on! Give me a break, Bucky!

BW: They did it! The Prophets win! They knock off the two-time Stampede Cup champions! They beat maybe the best tag team in the world, Gordo!

[Derek Rage rolls from the ring, throwing his arms in the air as Jackson Haynes turns from his brawl with Shadoe Rage, a shocked expression on his face.]

GM: Haynes can't believe it. Just a moment ago, Danny Morton seemed on the verge of winning this thing for his team and... well, just like that, it's over with the Prophets moving on... thanks to Javier Castillo and John Law.

BW: You didn't think Korugun was just going to sit back and watch a million dollars be handed over to just anyone, did you?

GM: I thought, as a partial owner of the AWA, they might encourage the best tag teams in the world to fight and win on their own... not with outside interference.

[Shadoe Rage is also on the floor now, looking over at his brother with his arms raised and a gleeful Javier Castillo looking on.]

GM: I'm not entirely sure Shadoe Rage knows what just happened but he knows that they won, that they're moving on to tomorrow night, and that they're heading into a showdown with the Soldiers of Fortune.

BW: AND they just beat one of the favorites to win the whole thing!

GM: It's hard to call it an upset considering the resume of the Prophets, Bucky, but considering how long it's been since they've been an active tag team - you gotta call it a surprise.

BW: Absolutely. I think everyone was excited by the idea of this matchup... but very few expected it to end with the elimination of Violence Unlimited from this tournament.

GM: Nevertheless, that's what happened moments ago. A win by the Prophets of Rage - a tainted win - but it goes down as a victory and the Prophets are moving on.

[Jackson Haynes kneels down next to his bloodied partner, helping him to a seated position, trying to understand what just happened as the Prophets make their way back up the aisle, not speaking to one another but with Shadoe staring at his brother's back as they exit.]

GM: Well, fans... it's been an exciting Night 1 of the Battle of Saskatchewan featuring the Stampede Cup tournament. Round One is in the books so let's take a look at the updated bracket and see all the incredible matches that Round Two and beyond are likely to bring us tomorrow night.

[A graphic overtakes the shot, showing said bracket.]



GM: Bucky, looking at that bracket, what matches are you looking forward to the most in Round 2?

BW: There are a few that really stand out to me, Gordo. The Gold Standard versus the Shooting Stars should be an excellent encounter between two teams really hoping to make names for themselves this weekend. How about the superteam of Carver and Martinez against Ringkrieger?

GM: Both good picks. Me, I'm looking forward to the World Tag Team Champions - Next Gen - getting the chance to teach a lesson to Jackson Hunter and Blake Colton. And the oldtimer in me can't wait to see Kentucky's Pride take on Dynasty. So many more great matches coming up tomorrow night as well but that's looking ahead. At this point in our night, it's time to take a look back instead. When the AWA decided they were coming to Canada for this historic two night event, they really wanted to send a love letter to wrestling fans in this great nation... and while having talent like the Prophets of Rage and Skylar Swift on the card helps with that, there was really one idea that stood out above all others - one final UWF World Title match for the company that meant so much to Canadian wrestling fans and truly wrestling fans all over the world.

BW: You know I don't like putting over anyone but us, Gordo, but you gotta admit that the UWF was one of the superpowers of pro wrestling at a time when competition for that spot was second to none. They were an elite level promotion and to be a champion there meant you truly were one of the best in the world.

GM: When the UWF agreed to take part in this event, we wanted to make sure that they truly felt at home. We wanted to make sure this wasn't UWF wrestlers fighting for a UWF title in an AWA ring with AWA announcers and AWA production. No, no. In just a few moments, Bucky and I are going to call it a night and from here on out, this is a UWF show. They make the rules. The show is all theirs and we couldn't be prouder to do it.

BW: Plus, I want to get back to the hotel early before the buffet shuts down.

GM: Would you stop?! Fans, I have a feeling that we're all in for a very special Main Event here tonight. For all of us in the AWA, we thank you for joining us and to our friends in the UWF, we wish you good luck. Take it away!

[We fade from the grinning Gordon Myers to somewhere in the halls of Mosaic Stadium once again. But we're not greeted with the image of Sweet Lou Blackwell. Nor is it the face of Theresa Lynch. No, the person we see is somebody not seen on a wrestling program in several years, but all the same one who's been synonymous with Canadian wrestling. The master of the Flip Side Dance, the one, the only...]

MO: Moe Owens here!

[HUGE POP from inside the stadium as the crowd gets their first look in quite some time at Moe, dressed in a tuxedo for the night.]

MO: Thank you Gordon and Bucky, we're just about ready here for tonight's outstanding main event matchup at the Battle of Saskatchewan Night One. And joining me right now, one of the two men hoping to leave Mosaic Stadium with the UWF World Championship on their shoulder. Please welcome the twice former champion, Youth Gone Wild!

[As the man himself steps into the shot, a LOUD pop rises from within the stadium in the background. It brings a smile to his face at the recognition shown by the thousands in attendance.]

MO: Wild, welcome to Saskatchewan! Now I know it's been a long, long time since we saw you last, but how does it feel to have one last opportunity to take home the title that a lot of people argue you made famous?

YGW: Moe, you know, it's nice to know you have nothing to prove. When Serge Annis and I fought for the UWF title for the first time, we were a struggling promotion trying to get noticed in a sea of people who thought they had the next big thing in pro wrestling. When I left, the UWF World Title WAS the big thing in pro wrestling. Shout out to everyone who fought for that title and made it mean what it's mean over the years. Alex...Chicken Man...[he smiles here, glad for the chance to tweak Serge Annis one more time]...who else...the Fop, I guess [rolls eyes], Apocalypse...

[Here he holds up his hands for the crowd to shout "WHO?", and Saskatchewan obliges.]

YGW: ...who else? Joe Reed...I guess even those Pride douchecanoes. This became the biggest title in pro wrestling, and even when I wasn't the one fighting for it, it made me proud to know I was one of the ones who made it worth fighting for. So everyone who asked me what it would take for one more match...now you know.

MO: And I have to ask, how are you feeling tonight, physically?

YGW: Look...I've always known I was one of the lucky ones. After more than a decade of jumping off that top rope (points, gets cheers), I managed to walk away with a few bucks in my pocket and, for the most part, the ability to wake up without anything hurting too much. If you saw me at a convention, it's because I wanted to be there and see the fans, not because I needed the money.

Some of you may not know this, but I own a sports bar in Buffalo. Just off 190 near Unity Park - come say hi, I'm there most nights. Anyways, in the back we have a wrestling ring. It's there for theme nights - when the weather's nice, you know, for Buffalo...It's cold, but we're tough. Put on a coat and come out. Anyways, the ring is there for when we put up the big pay-per-views on the big screen and have watch parties...but when the call came through, I started treating it as a wrestling ring. It's been a minute since I've locked up for real, but I think anyone looking for ring rust is going to have to look elsewhere.

MO: You're taking on Brett Greene, someone I know you're more than familiar with from all your battles against one another in the UWF. Do you think you're ready to take on your old rival one more time here?

YGW: Well...part of getting the ring rust off is working out with people who can push you. That being said...guys?

[As he pauses, a couple of other figures step into the camera shot now and at the sight of them, the crowd roars again! Tom Landis, a former UWF and MBC champion, and Alex Kidd, former three-time UWF champion are both dressed in jeans and Youth Gone Wild t-shirts. YGW makes a point to give each one a handshake before pulling them in for a quick hug. All three stand together, raising their hands as a quick chant of "LEGION!" rings out from in the stadium.]

MO: Alex, Tom, so great to see you here for this impromptu Legion reunion here, and it sounds like Saskatchewan agrees.

[Another HUGE pop rises in the background, bring smiles to each of their faces.]

AK: I know I can speak for Tom and myself when I say we wouldn't miss it for the world. It's great that we have the opportunity to be here tonight representing the

Universal Wrestling Federation in any capacity, and it will be even greater to see this man here stick it to Brett Greene on a grand stage, one last time.

TL: Exactly Alex, and if anybody thinks that this match is going to end in a less than definitive way, they've got another thing coming to them. All three of us have worn this title before at some point-

AK: Some of us more than once, Tom.

[Landis shoots Alex a dirty look at first, then breaks out into a grin and continues.]

TL: -And the very last UWF title match is going to end with the better man getting his hand raised. No matter who it is, although my money is on Wild here.

YGW: All of us walked away satisfied with what we'd built, and what we'd accomplished. Meanwhile, Brett Greene turned into a grouchy bastard...well, he always was a grouchy bastard. He turned into an old grouchy bastard...oh, here he comes. Prove me wrong, Brett. Prove. Me. Wrong.

[Moe is about to speak again when he suddenly stops, his eyes going wide for a moment as three more gentlemen walk into frame from the other side now. A HUGE HEEL POP erupts within the stadium now: One dressed in warmup gear, that would be Brett Greene. The other two flanking him, dressed in suits. Scott "Hotspot" Daniels and Daniel Kidd. The looks on the faces of Legion seem to be less surprised by the interruption, more of an vibe of 'it figures'. Finally, Moe finds his voice again.]

MO: Brett Greene!

BG: You look surprised, Owens. But it takes two to wrestle doesn't it? And I bet you just happened to forget to come and interview me tonight too, right?

SD: Typical, typical, typical. Moe you want to focus on the feel good story of Wild here slurping back greasy chicken wings while he trains, yet ignore the reality that Brett Greene here has been in top notch shape the entire time. He didn't need to train. He just needed the opportunity.

MO: Well I'm sorry, but...

SD: No no. Don't interrupt. That's why we always had to speak the loudest. Not just with our words, but with our actions inside that ring. And tonight, despite your narrative Moe, the UWF World title will end back home in a Pridesman's hands, where it belongs.

DK: That has to be it, Moseph here just plain forgot that the greatest group of talent in UWF history was waiting patiently backstage to be interviewed.

[Owens grimaces at hearing his embarrassing first name, but Wild smiles. He's been given an opening, and he knows it.]

YGW: Sorry, Dan. But years of TV analytics told us...you guys talking isn't great for ratings.

[The younger Kidd grimaces, annoyed to have his insult so quickly turned around, while his older cousin gives him a wary look.]

AK: I suppose Dan that you're here to play nice, right? Or are you all looking to cause trouble, just like old times. The leopards never change their spots, do they gents?

SD: Woah woah, leopards? No. We are lions. And we're not the ones who showed up looking like we're ready for a pier six brawl, are we? Nice shirt.

[Daniels points at the YGW shirt and scoffs.]

SD: This is a twelve thousand dollar suit pal. I don't need to sully it by drawing any more Legion blood. We've got enough of that on our hands from years back, don't we?

DK: Typical Legion, innit? Playing the numbers game. Looking for advantage wherever they can.

TL: Feel like playing the numbers game, Dan? Here's a number for you, who amongst us have been a world champion before? [points to Wild] One. [points to Alex] Two. [points to Brett] Three. [points to Daniels] Four. [points to himself] Five. [starts to point to Dan, but stops short.] Oh.

BG: You see, Scott, Dan, this is why I asked you to be here. I know what Wild is like. I know how his weaselly little brain works.

[At being called "weaselly", Youth Gone Wild balls his fists up and takes a half step forward. He may be a good guy, but he's still a guy, a man, and you can't insult him without consequence. Greene sees this and reacts with mock horror.]

BG: That's not the way I wanna play this at all! I was hoping for a straight up match, may the best man win! So if it'll set your mind at ease...

[Greene turns to his two stablemates.]

BG: Scott, Dan, will you solemnly promise me ya won't interfere tonight, unless it's to protect me from Legion trickery?

SD: You've got it Brett. Whatever you say.

DK: I promise, Brett, scout's honor.

[Daniels flashes his trademark Cheshire Cat grin. Even Moe Owens, the consummate down-the-middle reporter, rolls his eyes at this nonsense. The Legionnaires openly scoff.]

BG: Fellas, your word is more than good enough for me. And if it's good enough for me, it should be more than good enough for a pack of Legion types. So let's go get ready.

[All three of the Pridesmen turn and leave, and though there's no funny business in that leaving their three adversaries all watch them carefully as they exit.]

YGW: [waving] See ya in the ring, grouchy bastard!

MO: Wow, well if you needed any more tension leading into this main event match, then I don't know what to tell you guys. Sending it back, one more time, take it away.

[And when we fade back into the live shot in the stadium we can hear the crowd rumbling loudly with noise as a tall blonde woman stands in the middle of the ring now. It's not Rebecca Ortiz, no this is the former ring announcer of the late Universal Wrestling Federation, Debbie "Debs" Henshall. She smiles at the respectful crowd who seems to remember her, and raises the microphone in her hand up to her mouth.]

DH: Ladies and gentlemen, would you please welcome the special commentary team for tonight's main event!

[The swell of noise waits for it... waits for it...

# Sha la la la la la la la la la la #

[And as the voice of Alex Alexakis shatters the silence, the crowd ERUPTS for the opening to Everclear's rendition of "Brown-Eyed Girl".]

# Sha la la la la la la la la la la #  
# Go! #

[The music gets louder now as it kicks in, and Debs grins widely as the first of the announcers is revealed.]

DH: Introducing first...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMYYYYYYYY  
MAAAAAARRRRRRRRSHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLLL!

# I hear a song makes me think of a girl I used to know #  
# I sing along when I hear it on the radio now #

[And the audience only gets louder as Amy Marshall makes her way out onto the stage. She takes a few steps forward and looks out on the sea of her fellow countrymen and women, dressed in black boots, bluejeans and a bright red t-shirt with a white maple leaf on the front of it.]

# Hey now where did we go? #  
# Ooh yeah, days when the rains came #  
# Way down in the hollow #  
# Ooh yeah, playin' a new game #  
# Laughin' and a runnin', hey, hey, hey #  
# Skippin' and a jumpin', yeah, yeah #  
# In the misty morning fog #  
# Oh baby and our hearts a thumpin' #  
# And you my brown eyed girl #  
# You, my brown eyed girl #

[Giving the crowd a scan, she waves at the energized audience and then takes a couple of steps to the side as suddenly the song is replaced, by a hard, deliberate guitar and soon after drum beat. Mick Jagger's voice kicks in next, and "Doom and Gloom" by the Rolling Stones takes over.]

DH: Next...

SAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM  
STEEEEEEEEEEEEEELEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

# I had a dream last night that I was pilot in a plane #  
# And all the passengers were drunk and insane #  
# I crash landed in a Louisiana swamp #  
# Shot up a horde of zombies, but I come out on top #

[Sam Steeley emerges next from the back now, wearing jeans and the trademark black leather jacket, and pumping his fists towards the crowd as he walks past Amy at first, reveling in the reaction from the people.]

# What's it all about? #

# Guess it just reflects my mood #  
# Sitting in the dirt #  
# Feeling kind of hurt #  
# All I hear is doom and gloom #

[Now he moves to stand next to Amy, sharing a grin with his longtime colleague and offers a handshake to her. She goes to accept and he jerks it back, which leads Amy to threaten a mighty slap and Sam puts up his hands in apology. The rock song stops soon after, and after a slow rhythmic drum beat kicks up the long familiar grinding start of Black Sabbath's "Iron Man" completes the holy trio.]

DH: And finally...

DAAAAAAVIIIIIIID RRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOGERSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

[The instrumental continues as David Rogers is the last out of the back and onto the stage, and the man wearing the nicely tailored suit waves to the now roaring audience at seeing the three back together for the first time in years.]

# I am Iron Man #

[As his colleagues motion a bow towards him, this breaks Dave up and he laughs before calling the other two in for a quick embrace, and then together the three begin the walk down the ramp towards ringside as Ozzy's voice thunders out.]

# Has he lost his mind? #  
# Can he see or is he blind? #  
# Can he walk at all #  
# Or if he moves will he fall? #

[The crowd is on its feet for the announce crew, who each seem to be taken aback by the reaction in their own right. Amy veers from side to side of the ramp to reach out and shake hands of fans who stretch out, and even Sam uncharacteristically reaches out to grease a few palms. We assume.]

# Is he alive or dead? #  
# Has he thoughts within his head? #  
# We'll just pass him there #  
# Why should we even care? #

[They pick up pace a little bit and walk around the corner of the ring, nodding to the ring announcer as they take their place at one of the announcer desks at ringside. Sam takes a few extra seconds to get showered with adulation from the denizens of the Mooselips Party Pit, putting on his headset but not yet ready to take his seat. The others however, are.]

DR: Hello wrestling fans! It's been a long evening with some tremendous action already, and we're just moments away from the historic main event of night one here at the Battle of Saskatchewan! I'm David Rogers, for one more time I'm joined here with Amy Marshall and of course, Sam Steeley. Sam?

[Still on his feet, with his back to the camera and getting the Party Pit to bow to him.]

SS: Busy, take a number.

AM: Oh give me a break.

[Reaching up, Amy gives Sam a yank by the back of his jacket and pulls him into his seat behind the desk. Fumbling at first, Sam tries to right himself and straightens his hair.]

DR: Thank you.

AM: My pleasure.

DR: Before we get started here, I'd like to extend a personal thank you for the invitation to this event tonight, and for the opportunity to give the great fans of Canada this chance one more time to witness a piece of UWF history. Thanks to the AWA of course, and to everyone who had a hand in making this possible.

SS: Thanks for the buffet, it was great.

AM: It's rare that you get a chance to see other sides of the business, but it really has been a great evening. And Skylar Swift, my seven year old daughter told me that aside from her godmother she's got a new favorite wrestler tonight. Keep being you, Canadian Dream Girl.

SS: Plus she's hot.

DR: Well here we are, just a few moments away from a match that everybody has been waiting to see for a few weeks now. And in a way, is five years in the making.

SS: Yup, finally the UWF World Title comes home to the Pride one last time! And I can't wait!

AM: Slow down there, that's far from a done deal Sam. This could just as easily go to Legion as it could the Pride. More specifically, to Youth Gone Wild as it could Brett Greene.

DR: Yes, this match was signed relatively at the last minute, as many of our viewers know originally it was supposed to be Juan Vasquez defending the UWF Championship, which he's been in possession of for almost six years now and prior to the UWF closing its doors. December Nineteenth, Two Thousand and Ten when he defeated Trey DaMann. But stemming from recent events-

SS: Recent events being he couldn't get along with any company, hah.

DR: -Mr. Vasquez decided to bow out of this match and was stripped of the championship. And now for one last time, we've got a championship match between two longtime stalwarts of the UWF's great history, Youth Gone Wild and Brett Greene.

AM: One of whom was an original member of the roster, the other who came around just a few months after that. And two men who etched their legacies in the UWF ring. So it seems kind of fitting that one of them will be the final man to win that title tonight.

SS: And one of them will go home crying to Buffalo.

AM: Wanna bet?

SS: Because that worked so well the last time for Wild? Besides, I'm gonna win a bundle when Martinez and Carver win the whole damn tournament tomorrow.

DR: My friends, it's been a long time but we're finally at the moment. Tonight's main event here at the Battle of Saskatchewan, Night One, now let's get back to the ring for the introductions. Take it away, Debs.

[Debs stands ready once again, back in the middle of the ring as the rumbling crowd is amped. Suddenly the opening strains of Aerosmith's "Walk On Water" hits the dozens of speakers around the stadium, and a HUGE HEEL POP rises! A few fireworks are shot off first, the song melody causing a swell in the crowd.]

# High class #  
# Moolah #

[Steven Tyler's voice kicking in accompanies the figure of Brett Greene stepping through the entrance and to the top of the rampway. His eyes are focused straight ahead, down towards the squared circle.]

# Bolt-ons #  
# Fast car #  
# Quick fix #  
# Freak out #

[Seconds later he's joined once again by his cornermen, Scott "Hotspot" Daniels and Daniel Kidd. Both Daniels and Kidd are dressed in their suits from before, Greene in his warm-up jacket and a pair of knee length bike trunks with red accents on the legs, and matching boots. The lights narrow to a spotlight on the trio as they begin the slow walk down the ramp towards ringside.]

# Nose bleed #  
# Skull cap #  
# Pissed off #  
# Pissed on #

DR: Quite a response from the forty-thousand plus here in attendance.

SS: Damn right, they know a winner when they see it. I'm getting shivers here, Dave! Seeing them together again to represent the black and red, it's the stuff dreams are made of!

DR: We know the bond in particular between Brett and Scott, those two have been best friends in this business for decades. Mostly.

[The three men walk together down the ramp, Greene leading with Kidd and Daniels following behind. Fans try to stretch out and get a hi-five, but none of these men are in the mood to play up to the fans right now. They get to the bottom of the ramp and begin to walk around ringside, Brett stopping long enough to give a hug to members of his family, and a kiss to the forehead of his daughter in the front row.]

AM: There's Brett's daughter, Susan, here for her dad's big moment. Wow, she's grown up into a beautiful young woman.

# I never seen a smile that looked so sad #  
# Yeah, you make me feel so good #  
# 'Cause you're so bad #

[Daniels and Kidd remain on the outside of the ring as Brett walks up the steps to the outside apron, and the raucous crowd applauds loudly for the longtime veteran wrestler one more time. Brett takes a second to pause, finally, and then ducks between the ropes into the ring.]

DR: Former multiple times a champion, founding member of the Pride, Brett Greene is what you call a consummate professional.

AM: He's also a tricky bastard, but give him his due. He looks ready.

# Hey little darlin' #  
# Your love is legendary #  
# Love's four letters #  
# Ain't in no dictionary #  
# 'Scuse my position #  
# But it ain't missionary #  
# Ah, but I want to #  
# Walk on the water with you, yeah! #

[Brett stands on the second turnbuckle facing out to the crowd, as down beneath him on the floor Daniels jaws with some rowdy members of the Party Pit as only Hotspot is capable of. The music fades away slowly, leaving a moment of silence... causing the crowd to stir. After Juan Vasquez pulled out of the match, is there another surprise in the offing.]

Then...

THE.

MOST.

FAMOUS.

GUITAR.

RIFF.

IN.

UWF.

HISTORY!

The opening licks of "Youth Gone Wild" by Skid Row send a crowd (far too many of whom are younger than this song) into a frenzy. It's a rumble that feels like it's going to shake the stadium to its foundation, and when Sebastian Bach's wild operatic range opens up, the place is about to blow.]

# Since I was born they couldn't hold me down #  
# Another misfit kid, another burned-out town #

[Stepping through the curtain is a noticeably older, but still fit, Youth Gone Wild. His left knee is a bit more wrapped than we might remember, and he's still rocking shorter hair, but clearly, the Bastard Math T-shirt is a deliberate fashion choice, not a necessity to cover up a lack of cardio. At the sight of him, a few fireworks are set off overhead once again, the screen relaying images from a hall of fame career. The camera next to him partially picks up what he says to the home audience members:]

YGW: Not gonna lie... kinda missed that part.

# I never played by the rules, I never really cared #  
# My nasty reputation takes me everywhere #  
# I look and see it's not only me #  
# So many others have stood where I stand #  
# We are the young, so raise your hands #

[As the metal infused song picks up, Wild offers a little headbang with the crowd and soon is joined by Alex Kidd and Tom Landis on stage along with him, his cornermen for the night likewise ready to go. The less formal dressing of these two men show that they, unlike the Pride, are here for a good time tonight and not just business.]

AM: When you think of the Pride, you have to think of their counterparts in Legion. That's the bedrock of the UWF's foundation, and some of the earliest, nastiest wars were between these two groups of men.

DR: Really between all these men involved. Let's not forget it was Wild and Alex Kidd who gave us the match of the year almost twenty years ago now over the same world title. There's history between these six individuals any way you look.

# They call us problem child #  
# We spend our lives on trial #  
# We walk an endless mile #  
# We are the youth gone wild #

[Together they walk down the ramp towards the ring, with a stadium of thousands of people now singing the chorus, and the utter joy on their faces is evident. Youth Gone Wild hits the ringside area first, followed by the other two moments later, and they circle the ring shaking hands with the crowd likewise, exchanging looks at the Pride for a moment.

As Tom and Alex stop across the ring from Daniels and Kidd, they stand off to the side by two other women in the crowd seated beside the contingent of Brett's family members.]

SS: Wait a minute, how many comped seats did they get? Why are the wives here?

DR: Those aren't just the wives of Landis and Alex Kidd, they also happen to be part of the rich tradition of Canadian wrestling themselves. Tara Marshall, a longtime part of the UWF's women's division of course, and Alicia Powers, who competed in the UWF herself and is a member of the first family of British Columbia wrestling, the vaunted Powers Family.

SS: Should have paid full price.

[Wild continues to circle the ring and stops to headbang again to the song along with the Mooselips-fueled pit, then rolls under the bottom rope into the ring.]

# We stand and we won't fall #  
# We're one and one for all #  
# The writing's on the wall #  
# We are the youth gone wild #

[Rising to his feet, Wild climbs to the second turnbuckle and pumps his fist as his music fades away, and once again we're left with a quieting down of the crowd as he hops down, turning back to face across the ring from his opponent. Debbie Henshall stands in the middle of the ring still, waiting to make the introductions.]

DH: Ladies and gentlemen...

This is your MAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING!

[HUUUUUUUGE POP!]

DH: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is for THE UWF HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD!

[The camera focuses in on the podium situated next to the announce position. Atop a red velvet pillow sits the championship belt itself, a symbol of the UWF and a symbol of the past twenty plus years of wrestling.

Back to the ring, where Greene and Wild have take their places in their corners. On the outside aprons are the other four men, having climbed up to stand behind their men.]

DH: Introducing first... He hails from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and weighs in at two hundred and sixty-six pounds... Seconded by Scott "Hotspot" Daniels and Daniel Kidd... A former Heavyweight Champion of the World...

[illegible]

[The crowd ROARS, tinged with boos as Greene raises an arm into the air, and Daniels rubs his shoulders talking him up to anyone who'll listen while Daniel points threateningly across the ring towards Legion. Greene slowly takes off the warmup jacket and tosses it out of the ring, revealing a physique not untouched by time but still in remarkably good shape.]

DH: And his opponent! From Buffalo, New York, weighing in at two hundred and twenty-five pounds... He's seconded by "The British Wonderkid" Alex Kidd and "Hellraiser" Tom Landis... Two times a former World Heavyweight Champion... This is...

YUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUTH  
G000000000000000000000000000000000ONE  
WIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIILLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLD!

[Now it's an overwhelming ovation from the crowd towards Wild, who pumps a fist again into the air as he stares across the ring at Brett and the Pride. He glances over at the championship belt for a moment, and after exchanging hi-fives again with Tom and Alex he gets in a last minute stretch along the top rope. The other Legionnaires climb back down to the floor first, and soon the Pride does likewise leaving the two wrestlers in the ring to settle this.]

DR: So here it is, one more match for ultimate bragging rights now. Former UWF official Scott Ingraham in the ring there, it's been some time since he was in a ring as well but nice to see him back one more time too.

AM: This is just absolutely surreal, to be here. To see this. They're older, long since retired from the ring, but they have one thing in common. They both want to make history as the last man ever to win the championship and send the UWF out properly.

DR: I couldn't have said it any better myself.

"DING! DING! DING!"

DR: And we're off now, with this once more in a lifetime match.

[Despite the bell having rung, Wild doesn't move just yet from his corner. Neither does Greene, as each man is still looking around the stadium in amazement while the crowd lets them know with another slow building roar of cheers what the moment means.]

AM: You have to think in all likelihood that this is probably the last ride for both Wild and Brett. Which means you can't blame either of them for wanting to breathe it all in one more time.

SS: That's a lot of stale Molson and beaver tail breath though.

AM: Mooselips, Sam. The sponsor is Mooselips. Did you even read the memo?

[Very slowly, each man walks towards the middle of the ring now that it's all underway. The referee motions towards them and it's Brett who lifts his arms up first to ask for a lock-up. Youth Gone Wild begins to oblige his longtime adversary...

...and Brett fires off a closed fist right into his face! HEEL POP!]

SS: That's my boy!

DR: Greene with the element of surprise to kick things off, and he connects with a second shot just as stiff!

[Wild is forced to backpedal from the punches to the head, but as Brett reaches out to try and grab at him the Buffalo native is able to dodge and return fire with a fine uppercut of his own! POP!]

DR: And now it's Youth Gone Wild's opening volley here, a knife-edge chop right across the chest to follow. Brett seems a bit rattled... but a thumb to the eye stops Wild in his tracks once again.

SS: You know, blindness happens when you get older.

AM: So does senility.

[With YGW backing up into the ropes and rubbing at his eye, Greene takes control of the match with a strong Irish whip across the ropes and swings for the fences with a clothesline that whiffs when Wild ducks underneath.]

DR: On the return here, and Wild tries a cross bodyblock... right into the arms of his opponent though!

[Brett catches YGW easily and without hesitation slams him to the mat, the sound of it echoing throughout the stadium as a chorus of boos rises up. It's like music to the old man's ears, as he shrugs his shoulders to the crowd as if 'what can you do?' before stomping YGW viciously in the side of the head.]

DR: Brett's starting to hear it now from the fans, which really is nothing new for him.

SS: If the Pride gave a damn about what people thought of them they'd be Legion. Or less successful. Six of one, really.

[Wild is forced to cover up as the stomps continue to rain down on him, and he manages to roll to the side of the ring as Brett stalks right after him, dropping a knee into his side too.]

DR: I have to admit I'm surprised, thus far this match has gone in favor of Brett Greene almost entirely. As a late addition to the match, you'd think that would favor his opponent.

SS: That's what Amy here is for.

AM: You're really on a roll tonight, aren't you?

[Brett grabs at Wild's arm and tries to pull him up by it, but the spry YGW instead begins to yank him down into an armbar type hold and quickly latches on!]

AM: Look at that, the old dog's learned some new tricks!

DR: We did hear him say he's kept in shape through the years with that wrestling ring out back of his bar.

SS: Yeah. In \_BUFFALO\_.

AM: What's wrong with that?

SS: Buffalo's a dump. Can you imagine anything from that city involved in a championship game of any kind?

[As Greene struggles to break Wild's grip on his arm, he chops away at him and tries to push him under the bottom rope to the floor. Wild releases it and rolls out to the apron...]

DR: Greene tries to take command again but a shoulder right into the stomach doubling him up. And here's Youth Gone Wild sailing right back into the ring with a sunset flip!

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOO! NO! BRETT KICKS OUT!

AM: But man was that a close call, this main event nearly ended right here and there!

[Greene, having narrowly avoided a flash defeat, rolls to his knees and glares at his younger opponent. Wild spins and gets back to his feet faster, tweaking his adversary by holding up a hand with his thumb and forefinger just apart, grin on his face. Nearby, Daniels slams his hand on the mat in anger, gritting his teeth.]

DR: Message received, I'd say. Or at least I'd hope so.

SS: That's just out and out disrespect there, Dave. No class from Youth Gone Wild, big surprise.

DR: Both men now up on their feet again, and here we go with a proper collar and elbow tie-up. Controlled by Wild, Brett backed up against the ropes now and the referee trying to get between them...

[\*CRAACK!\*

DR: KNIFE-EDGE CHOP!

AM: That one rung out here in Mosaic Stadium.

DR: And Greene is sure feeling it, now Wild sending him across the ring with an Irish whip here... Dropkick square in the face! And down goes Brett Greene, he's rattled now.

[Backing up to a corner, Greene reaches to pull himself up and YGW comes right after him with a flying splash up against the turnbuckles, leaving Brett crushed in between. Wild tries to snare him with a schoolboy roll-up right there again...]

DR: Greene blocks the attempt, he's got a grip on the ropes! And a knee into the sternum of Wild now, kneeling on his chest.

SS: You couldn't sum up the Pride-Legion rivalry any more perfectly than that.

DR: And Brett up, only to drop a knee to the chest now!

[Wild coughs and sits up quickly, but Brett seizes on the chance and grabs him by the head to pull him up off the mat in a facelock, keeping control of Wild and leading him from the corner before delivering a pair of heavy kneelifts, followed by an abdominal stretch.]

SS: Expertly applied, Brett.

DR: Greene trying with a submission hold early on here, certainly a large part of his ring style over the years. His camel clutch in particular gained him quite a few wins throughout his career.

[Grimacing in pain as his opponent tightens the hold and begins to dig his free elbow into his side, YGW tries reaching for the nearest ropes but is stopped just short of it by a gleeful Brett Greene. On the outside Daniels is happy to get in Wild's face, telling him to 'just give up and get back to obscurity', then laughs into the camera over his shoulder.]

AM: The years haven't made Scott Daniels any more tolerable when he gets like this.

DR: Once again now it's Greene digging right into Wild's side and doing maximum damage here. He's trying to get to those ropes still... oh and now an elbow jabbed right between the ribs! Greene releases the hold... Knee into the face now!

[Greene reapplies the abdominal stretch on his foe quickly after inflicting more pain on Youth Gone Wild, reaching back and grabbing for the top rope to add leverage in with the referee's attention solely on Wild. The crowd loudly boos him for it, and soon starts a chant that tries to get under his skin:

"GROU-CHY BAS-TARD! GROU-CHY BAS-TARD! GROU-CHY BAS-TARD!"

"GROU-CHY BAS-TARD! GROU-CHY BAS-TARD! GROU-CHY BAS-TARD!"

"GROU-CHY BAS-TARD! GROU-CHY BAS-TARD! GROU-CHY BAS-TARD!"

AM: Seems like the crowd has spoken.

SS: These drunken yokels wouldn't know class if it bit them in the ass.

[Reacting with a sneer towards the crowd, Brett lets go of the top rope and digs again with his elbow into Wild's side, but mustering up the strength to escape it's Wild who snaps off a hiptoss and flings the Pridesman to the ground before collapsing to his knees and gasping for a breath.]

DR: That hold's slowed Youth Gone Wild down, and keeping him from regaining control right now.

SS: It looks like there's something wrong with Wild alright. Legionnaire's Disease!

AM: You proud of yourself for that one?

SS: I'VE BEEN WAITING TWENTY YEARS TO USE IT.

[Brett manages to get back to his feet first and reaches out for the head of his opponent, but he's caught by surprise with a jab to the gut and YGW lands a pair of striking blows to the head next. To the delight of the crowd he leaves his feet...]

DR: Dropkick by Wild, and down goes Greene! He's trying to get right back up though... Second dropkick and now Brett tumbles to the outside apron!

AM: He can't let up now, keep on him.

DR: He's doing just that now, grabs Brett Greene by the arm now... AND GREENE SNAPS WILD'S THROAT ON THE ROPES!

[Having jumped down to the stadium floor, Greene takes a moment to sneer at the crowd, asking "Who's grouchy now?" and LOUDLY the crowd showers him once again with booing. As he takes a moment to regroup the other Pride members come around for a hi-five. Wild struggles to get up again, and his own cornermen are there to try and will him to get up.]

SS: How sweet, the old men are trying to give a pep talk. Or figuring out where to get their early bird meal at after the show.

DR: Really, you just have to wonder if Brett's ring acumen and awareness are better suited tonight than Wild's fly by the seat of your pants style.

[Wild pushes himself up as Alex Kidd claps him on the back, and in a matter of seconds the reckless former youth bolts across the ring towards where the Pride are still standing together...]

DR: WILD TAKING TO THE AIR-

[Spotting the momentum is Daniel Kidd, who shouts out a warning and causes the Pride members to scatter on the floor...]

...as Wild fakes them out and stops just short of launching himself. HUGE POP from the crowd as he points to his temple and admonishes Greene and the others.]

DR: -Okay maybe not.

AM: He got them to scatter like cockroaches though.

[Greene rolls quickly back under the bottom rope just long enough to break the count and then returns again to the floor. Wild rises to his feet and dares him to get back in and come at him but Brett taunts him and huddles up with Kidd and Daniels.]

SS: Nice strategy, but I wonder if it was a fakeout because Youth can't Go Wild anymore.

DR: Uh, Sam...

SS: Those creaky old knees don't give you much of a base to get air, afterall.

DR: Sam...

SS: Now look at Brett. He's getting a good rest out there, everything he's doing is deliberate, not to waste motion.

AM: Sam!

SS: What?

DR: YOUTH GONE WILD FROM THE TOP ROPE WITH A CORKSCREW SPLASH... AND TAKES OUT THE PRIDE!

[The crowd ROARS as Wild leaps from the top rope and lands right on top of the gathering of wrestlers, sending all three crashing to the ground. YGW is the one to pop right up from it, playing up to the crowd and breaks the ten count himself this time.]

AM: Not bad, Wild with the Seven-Ten Split.

DR: Those knees don't seem so creaky either.

[Returning to the ring, Wild rolls back to his feet again and waits while Greene crawls to the edge of the ring, and pulls himself up with the ropes and onto the apron. As the fan favorite steps back to allow him a chance to climb through the ropes Greene slips through them...]

DR: Monkey flip attack from Youth Gone Wild, down goes Brett Greene again! And now back to applying the armbar, he's got Greene trapped!

SS: Get to the ropes, Brett!

DR: He's got them there... Wild releases it and once again back to his feet now.

[YGW grabs Greene as soon as he lets go of the ropes again and drags him up with a facelock applied, driving a knee into his stomach next and then throws him into the ropes with an Irish whip. On the rebound Greene ducks a clothesline and follows through to the other side of the ring, but Wild spins around and leaps up in the air to nail another standing dropkick square on Brett's chin. POP!]

AM: Thirty-eight years old and he's still moving awfully well, even with all the miles on that body. He may not be quite as agile as he used to be, but all things considered he's still got that spring.

SS: Coming from you that's quite an assessment, Amy.

AM: What's that supposed to mean?

SS: C'mon, confirm those rumors.

AM: I swear to god, I'll drop you where you stand, Sam.

DR: Ahem. One thing you can say, Brett can't let Wild's antics lull him into a false sense of security, he's still as cagey a veteran as Brett himself is.

[Coming off the ropes with a snap legdrop across the throat, Brett pushes away from a pinfall attempt by YGW and struggles to sit up. The Bayou-born wrestler is dragged back to his feet once again and flung to the ropes, but reverses it and sends Wild in for the ride instead...]

DR: Tilt-a-whirl headscissors by Youth Gone Wild, Greene is corkscrewed right into the mat and a cover!

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! KICKOUT!

[The crowd groans in disappointment as Greene escapes the cover, shoving Wild off. The Legion member gets back up and doesn't let up on Brett, hammering on him with a few more shots to the head and tries to apply a sleeperhold, but Brett shoves him off and sends Wild into the ropes again. On the rebound...]

DR: Brett swings for the fences here but Wild ducks a clothesline... Second return...

[BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!]

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, A SPINEBUSTER SLAM PLANTS YOUTH GONE WILD!

SS: COVER! HOOK THAT LEG!

DR: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-SHOULDER'S UP!

[The crowd holds its collective breath as Wild is able to get his shoulder off the mat at the last second, breaking the count.]

HUGE SIGH OF RELIEF POP!]

DR: That was very nearly the end, right there! A devastating spinebuster, one I'm sure Youth Gone Wild will be feeling for days.

[Now as both wrestlers slowly make it back to their feet, Brett is able to overtake his smaller opponent with some vicious elbows and chops before setting him right back down with a nasty looking backbreaker that folds YGW in half.]

SS: Feel that one too, Wild!

DR: All roads still lead to the camel clutch, this focused assault to Wild's back will slow him down and at the same time leave him vulnerable.

[Sitting up but grimacing in pain, Wild reaches out and is met with a stomp, stunning him. Following that, Greene begins to rake his bootlaces across Wild's face, Wild flailing around and trying to shake it off.]

DR: This crowd is not happy with what they're seeing, Brett Greene keeping himself in control of things as a sore Youth Gone Wild slowly picking himself back up.

AM: I mean, Brett back in his heyday had one of the highest ring IQs we've ever seen. Dave you mentioned maximum damage, that's just what he's doing here. Youth Gone Wild on the other hand, he was most effective by taking those big chances, big swings. Sometimes they pay off, sometimes they don't.

[With his staggered opponent reeling, Brett throws him towards the ropes and he bounces back right into a thrust shoulder only delivering more agony. Wild has no time to react to it though, as Brett deviates from the shoulder right into a snap teardrop suplex dumping him back down!]

DR: GOOD LORD! Greene now floats over and hooks a leg again with the cover.

ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! Kickout though by Wild!

AM: He's working smarter, not harder here.

SS: Hey! Who says Brett's not working harder? He's smart AND hard!

DR: Please stop talking.

[Angry with the kickout by his foe, Greene drags Wild up again by the head and whips him to the corner, runs in and drives his shoulder into YGW's stomach knocking the wind out of him. A standing clothesline snaps his head back, and Wild

starts to collapse out of the corner. Greene drags him to the middle of the ring and drops a knee into the small of his back before reaching down...]

DR: COULD THIS BE THE CAMEL CLUCH? Wild's fighting it though, he's very aware of what that means, Brett's struggling to slip the hold on though...

LEGSWEEP BY YOUTH GONE WILD!

AM: That bought him a little bit of time at least.

DR: Wild up now, backs off of the ropes... Rolling Thunder Splash!

[The point of impact sees YGW's back come down across the sternum of his enemy, leaving Greene to wheeze and gasp while Wild clutches at his back on the mat right beside him.]

SS: Now what was the point of that? Amy if you think Wild's working smarter too, then just turn in your credibility card.

AM: Hey I also said Wild was most effective with big swings and taking chances.

DR: Nevertheless, both men are definitely feeling the pain here and slow to get back up again.

[Wild manages to beat Greene to his feet although just barely, and grabs him by the head directing him to the corner nearby. Once there he delivers an elbow and softens Brett up with a headbutt, then an uppercut.]

DR: Youth Gone Wild feeling himself here, backs up across the ring... running splash in the corner! Brett Greene quite dazed here now...

A SMALL PACKAGE DRIVER!

ONNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! THRE- NO! Referee Scott Ingraham holding up two fingers there, Brett Greene manages to get a shoulder off the mat.

SS: Where the hell did he get that from?!?

AM: Do you listen to anything? Wild's been training for this, and if I'm sure of anything it's that he learned a few new tricks.

[Rolling to his knees, Wild takes a deep breath and again holds up a hand with his thumb and forefinger an inch or so apart. Greene tries to struggle to the outside again but YGW gets a hold of him first and keeps him from escaping. A kneedrop softens Brett up enough...]

DR: Wild now looking to head to familiar territory, the top rope!

SS: Hope that hip holds up.

[YGW begins to climb up as his opponent slowly sits up, but as the crowd awaits some sort of high risk stunt Greene reaches out and kicks at the ropes... And Wild falls, crotching himself. HEEL POP!]

DR: Oww, a hard fall by the fan favorite, now Greene with the intent on making him suffer all the more for it. He's climbing up the turnbuckles himself here, what is he thinking?

AM: Not really known for the high risk, but maybe he's looking to take a page out of Wild's playbook.

[Adjusting himself as he tries to rise again, Wild catches a couple of thunderous shots to the face as Greene stands on the inside middle rope, slowly fighting to hook Wild. They both battle for position...]

DR: Oh boy, this is a very dangerous position for both men to be up there, the ring rust may cause some balance issues.

SS: That or an inner ear disorder.

DR: Greene looking for a superplex by the looks of things, but Youth Gone Wild is fighting it and hanging on here for dear life. A shot to the head from Brett... Headbutt! That rattled Wild... No! He's firing off with several stiff shots of his own!

[Both wrestlers unleash a barrage of punches while up high on the turnbuckles, as they take turns slugging each other as the gradual speed picks up. Finally they both go to swing at the same time...]

DR: AND A DOUBLE SHOT SENDS BOTH MEN CRASHING TO THE OUTSIDE!

[HUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGE POP!]

And here come the reinforcements! Scott and Dan over to Brett Greene's side, but here are Tom and Alex as well to make sure there's no funny business.

SS: Oh sure, when it's Tom and Alex they're peacekeepers. Give me a break.

AM: Well it's not like Dan and Scott are there to sell toasters.

SS: They've already sold a ton of them, look at the suit Scott's wearing. The finest that fifteen thousand dollars will get you.

AM: Fifteen?

[As the referee proactively jumps out of the ring to keep the extras at bay, stepping in between the other four men Greene pulls himself up and rolls into the ring. Moments later Wild tries to do the same thing and rolls right into a barrage of heavy knees against the side of his head.]

DR: And just like that it's Brett back in control here, he's got Youth Gone Wild dazed... AND A WICKED DDT FLOORS HIM AGAIN! Greene rolls on top here for a cover...

SS: Get the hell in there, Ingraham!

[The official spots the pin in progress and dives in to make the count...]

DR: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! BUT WILD WITH THE KICK OUT!

SS: What the hell? Brett Greene should be the world champion now! That idiot referee cost him the match!

AM: Or maybe the Pride shouldn't have stuck their noses in there in the first place, he wouldn't have been out of position.

DR: Nobody would ever say what he does is flashy, but Brett Greene is very effective and came so close to winning the match and taking home the title.

[As the crowd on the outside dissipates, an angry Brett drags Wild back to his feet again and slugs him back into the ropes, then throws him across the ring with a whip once again. A running high knee forces YGW to crumple to his knees, and a tight chancery hold by Brett keeps Wild on the defensive.]

DR: Repeated sledgehammer shots across the back of the neck here, Greene deliberately focusing where he can soften up for his camel clutch. Wild reeling now...

[THUMP!]

DR: BRETT HITS THE PRIDE BREAKER! And Youth Gone Wild rolls to the outside apron now to save himself!

AM: What a heads-up move, Brett can't go for a cover after landing it!

[With Wild now in a seriously bad way but on the outside apron trying to recover, Greene gets to one knee and raises an arm up, while pointing out at Scott Daniels on the floor while the crowd boos like crazy again. Daniels mugs for the camera once more, showing off the trademark Cheshire Cat smile.]

SS: Brett managed to pay a little tribute to his best friend there with one of the most devastating moves ever!

AM: Oh come on, everybody had an ace crusher in the nineties. And the BTF was the more superior move anyways.

[As Brett moves to the side of the ring and grabs Wild through the ropes, Wild fights back with a series of kicks to the face. YGW pulls himself up by the ropes and as Greene tries again, Wild hammers him in the face and smashes Brett's head into the turnbuckle...]

DR: SUPERKICK BY YOUTH GONE WILD FROM THE RING APRON! Brett Greene goes stumbling back to mid-ring... Wild's headed to the top rope again...

AND LANDS A SOMERSAULT BULLDOG!

[An enormous POP echoes throughout the stadium as Wild sails through the air and flips into a HUGE bulldog into the mat, drilling Greene headfirst into the canvas!

Himself still dazed and working by instinct, Wild drape an arm across Brett's chest...]

DR: THE COVER!

ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!  
TWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

THRR-  
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  
BRETT'S FOOT WAS ON THE ROPES!

[Disappointed pop!]

AM: So close! So damn close there, Wild almost pulled it off with Alex Kidd's signature move!

SS: Stealing somebody else's maneuver, what a jerk.

DR: It would have been far from the first time that move won the world title.

AM: You might as well call it a Nostalgia Bomb.

[The crowd, realizing that both men are getting weary now in this stage of the match, gets increasingly louder with a wall of noise showering the ring, clapping to will both men to get back up now. Caught up in the moment, the four cornermen all do the same thing, slapping the edge of the ring.]

DR: What a moment this is, fans, just an incredible situation as Youth Gone Wild and Brett Greene are here trying to give one last performance to cap off legendary careers.

[Reaching for the ropes, it's Wild who makes it back onto his feet first, staggering once he's up. Greene is slower, pushing himself up without assistance and he's unsteady too, but then without warning propels himself right at Wild and hurls his entire body at the twice-former champion and sends them both to the outside!]

DR: A kamikaze-like move from Greene, but he managed to hang onto the ropes and saved himself from hitting the floor! Youth Gone Wild though not so lucky!

AM: Wild's head hit the floor hard, that was a nasty landing!

[The crowd gasps as they see a replay of the tumble to the outside: while Brett keeps a hand on the top rope and redirects himself to land on the apron, Wild goes all the way to the outside and his head strikes the side of the ring before hitting the ground.]

DR: Yes that was indeed a rough landing, and Youth Gone Wild has yet to move here.

AM: And cue the vultures.

[Unable to fight his natural instincts and with Youth Gone Wild laying at his feet, Scott Daniels lashes out and kicks him in the ribs. The crowd BOOS the hell out of him, and Daniels holds up his hands in triumph to goad them further on as Dan Kidd provides coverage for the referee, who misses the whole thing. What neither he or Scott see is the tandem of Alex Kidd and Tom Landis heading around the corner of the towards him.]

SS: Look out Scott!

AM: My ass, look out! He got involved, here comes those peacekeepers... they want a piece of Hotspot!

[Coming to their friend's rescue, Kidd and Landis make a beeline at Hotspot, who finally notices and starts to back up. Landis makes a move at him first and walks right into a thumb to the eye, as the Kidd cousins just immediately start throwing punches at one another!

HUUUUUUUGE POP!]

DR: This is getting wildly out of control now, we have a brawl going on outside the ring now and the referee trying to regain control here!

SS: NOO! Watch the suit! That thing's worth twenty thousand dollars!

AM: I thought it was twelve thousand?

SS: By Scott walking out here it appreciates in value!

[Ingraham tries to yell at the contingent of wrestlers out on the floor as Alex Kidd sends Daniel Kidd into the barricade at ringside while Daniels hammers on Landis and once he has a chance to, takes off the suit jacket and lays it down safely on the announce table.]

SS: Don't worry, I'll take good care of it!

DR: Brett Greene leaving the ring to try and get it all sorted out here too, as is Scott Ingraham!

[Greene leaves the ring and quickly rolls a still down and out Youth Gone Wild back into the ring, then grabs Alex Kidd from behind and holds his arms behind his back so Daniel can take a few shots.]

AM: He's not trying to break it up, he's just giving them a numbers advantage!

SS: Genius!

DR: It's a two-on-one here, the match is at a standstill thanks to this brawl here between Legion and the Pride!

SS: Just like the good old days!

[Alex manages to get a kick in on his younger cousin and then breaks out of Greene's grasp, and the longtime personal enemies stare off before Daniels clobbers Alex from behind. Now it's Landis who tangles with Greene, but Referee Ingraham gets in between them and threatens Landis with disqualifying YGW if he actually hits Brett.

As the chaos on the floor has everyone's attention, the crowd suddenly reacts as on the other side of the ring a figure jumps over the barrier and suddenly slides right into the ring where Youth Gone Wild is still trying to recover.]

AM: Wait a minute, who's that!?!

[The male, dressed in black jeans and a hoodie pops up to his feet and grabs YGW, setting him up in a powerbomb position as the crowd screams, and he stops to yank the hood down to reveal his face...]

DR: OH MY GOD, THAT'S COLBY GREENE!

[HUUUUUUUUUUUGE HEEL POP!!]

AM: Brett's nephew?!? What the hell?

DR: That as well as a wrestler himself, he had stints in RCW as well as the UWF! I didn't even realize he was here tonight with the Greene family!

[Colby smirks and then hoists Wild up before DROPPING him with a sitout powerbomb in the middle of the ring to PLANT him!]

DR: THE BAYOU BOMB! WILD IS OUT!

[The Baby Bull scrambles back out of the ring before the referee can turn back around and disqualify his uncle for it, but Brett is acutely aware of what just happened and suddenly grabs the referee and throws Ingraham back into the ring with a rough shove.]

DR: This was all a setup! I don't believe it!

SS: How can you NOT?

[Ingraham admonishes Brett, but Greene ignores him and goes immediately for the cover on his foe...]

DR: NOT LIKE THIS! ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!  
TWOOO!  
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-

NO!! WILD KICKED OUT!

SS: DAMMIT!

[Brett angrily slaps his hand on the mat and yells at the official, who stands his ground and confirms it was a two and two thirds count. On the outside the brawl between the cornermen is just about winding down, as Landis shoves Daniels back-first into the barrier while Alex tosses Daniel Kidd towards the announce table.]

SS: Dick move, Landis, you know he's had a bad back for twenty years! That's corporate knowledge!

AM: Well, he was part of the Pride himself once.

DR: Despite all best efforts this match isn't over yet, Youth Gone Wild is still breathing and kicking here.

[Greene drags a semi-conscious Wild back to a standing position and grabs him by the head, trying to drain the last bit of energy from him with a sleeper hold.]

DR: Leave it to the Pride to have that extra ace up their sleeve in the form of Colby Greene, but somehow, some way Youth Gone Wild is still refusing to lay down here.

[Dave gets a dirty look from a disheveled Scott Daniels who passes by the announce position, looking for his jacket once again.]

SS: Here you go Scott, I told you I wouldn't let anything happen to it.

AM: Yeah, I just hope you didn't leave any cash in the pockets.

[Wild struggles under the power of the sleeper, swinging to free himself and Brett releases it, clubbing him in the back of the head with a clothesline instead. The force sends Wild pitching forward to the corner and Brett tries to follow right up, running in...

\*CRACK!\*

DR: AND THEIR HEADS COLLIDE! DOWN GOES BRETT GREENE!

[YGW remains on his feet, propped up by the turnbuckles while Greene is flattened on the mat. After a few seconds, Wild grabs his head but spots the positioning...]

AM: Youth Gone Wild headed to the top rope again!

DR: THE WILDFLYER... MISSES! CRASH AND BURN!

SS: COVER BY BRETT!

DR: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNE!  
TWOOO!  
THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE- SHOULDER UP! HOW? HOW?

[MONSTER POP as Wild staves off defeat once again by rolling his shoulder off the canvas!]

Brett rolls onto his knees and reaches for Wild, turning him over too as he grabs a chinlock...]

SS: THE CAMEL CLUTCH! BRETT'S GOT THE CAMEL CLUTCH! OH THE HUMANITY!

DR: He doesn't quite have it locked in, but it may be enough to do the job!

[Brett's knee firmly against Wild's back as he pulls back on the chinlock, the modified version of his submission specialty elicits a drawn out groan from Youth Gone Wild who struggles to maintain his chance to continue... Wild reaches for the ropes, just out of his grasp, Greene pulling back even harder...]

...and out of desperation Wild changes his momentum and pushes off the other way, rolling Brett right out of position and landing on top of him!]

AM: HE ESCAPED!

DR: Brett lets go here, buying Youth Gone Wild a little time now.

AM: These guys are both exhausted, what have they got left in the tank?

[Wild hauls himself back up slowly, once more pushing for the ropes while Brett struggles to one knee, fighting back to his own feet too. He makes it up and reaches for Wild, eating an elbow to the forehead. They begin to exchange punches back and forth as the crowd reacts with each one...]

"BOO!"

"YAY!"

"BOO!"

"YAY!"

"BOO!"

"YAY!"

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

The last one in reference to a straight up knee to the groin, doubling YGW up and Brett pounces...]

DR: Waistlock hold by Greene... HE'S GOING FOR THE BRETT BOMB!

SS: Back to basics, yes! Finish this!

[Greene hoists Wild up across his shoulder to prepare him for the inverted powerbomb, but the momentum allows Wild to go up and right over, landing on his feet behind him...]

DR: Wild's free! Greene turns around... SUPERKICK! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!

[The crowd pops as Brett drops like a rock, and though staggered Wild reaches for the corner and makes it to the top rope in just seconds... leaps...]



DR: With a classic match that's sure to go down in the history books, we've crowned a new UWF champion here on an unforgettable evening! And now a show of respect between longtime enemies, sometimes allies... what a night.

AM: You said it, this is a scene I never thought we'd see, and I'm proud to have been a part of it tonight.

SS: Congratulations to Wild I guess, but whether or not the company's around or not, keep looking over your shoulder. If I know the Pride, you'll never be safe as long as you have that belt.

AM: Way to stay on brand, Sam.

[Slowly the members of the Pride begin to leave the ring, allowing Wild to have his moment in the sun. After climbing the ropes for a few moments, he ducks to the floor as well and climbs right into the Mooselips Party Pit to celebrate with the frenzied general admission folks. Brett walks to where his family are, including Colby, taking time to hug each one of them as Wild's theme song starts over from the beginning now as the celebrations continue. More fireworks explode overhead!]

DR: And that's going to do it for us tonight, here at Night One of the Battle of Saskatchewan. But make sure you're right back here for Night Two tomorrow night... So much still to come. The rest of the Stampede Cup Tournament, the dreaded No Man's Land Match with Supreme Wright and King Kong Hogan, and of course in the main event Johnny Detson defends the AWA World Championship against Kerry Kendrick! Thank you once again to everyone who had a hand in making this night possible, and for one more time this is David Rogers signing off from Mosaic Stadium! Goodnight!

[The cameras catch the celebration continuing, as Youth Gone Wild catches up with his fellow Legionnaires and their wives at ringside. One more time he raises the championship belt into the air, and we hang on the shot before fading to black.]