

THE BATTLE OF



SASKATCHEWAN

NIGHT ONE - JULY TWENTY-SECOND - MOSAIC STADIUM

[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."

[Almoooooost 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! WWEEELLLLLL...

[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 Stegglet 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 sparking 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, WOOOOOO!" 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!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...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...

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

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 muscles 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...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"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!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!

BW: THAT MIGHT DO IT!

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[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!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

"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...

KENTUCKYYYYYYYYYYY'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!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

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...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

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...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[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! ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"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...]

<TO BE CONTINUED!>