

MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM

HARPER STADIUM
FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS
MAY 28TH, 2012

[As the closing notes to the Andy Griffith Show theme fade into nothing, it is replaced with a shot of the American flag flapping in the breeze outside of the Arena Theatre. The voice of Gordon Myers is heard.]

"Francis Marion Crawford once said... 'They fell, but o'er their glorious grave floats free the banner of the cause they died to save.'"

On this Memorial Day, we proudly send our thoughts and our prayers to the memories of those who have died for their country and to the loved ones they left behind."

[A silent moment, still holding on the flag before fading to black.

After a few moments, we slowly fade back up to reveal a shot of the AWA National Title belt. A voiceover begins.]

"A title once revered and honored as the greatest in all the land..."

[A shadow falls over the glittering golden championship.]

"...becomes tarnished and sullied by a dishonorable traitor."

[The shadow completely envelops the belt, leaving it barely visible.]

"In its place rises a new honor, glowing and soaring like a Phoenix burned beyond recognition and suddenly whole anew, pushing higher and higher into the sky to hold its rightful place above all others."

[We catch a slight glimpse of a new title belt - also golden with a black leather strap - but few details of it are visible as it pushes towards the sky, climbing, soaring.]

"It is the AWA World Heavyweight Title - a prize grand enough to draw the finest competitors from all over the world. A goal worthy of bringing the best in the business to the AWA. A championship that represents the final opportunity for so many superstars of the past who come to the AWA seeking one more chance.

It is the past. The present. The future all in one.

Tonight, the path to become the first to wear this honor begins as sixty-four men walk into the American Wrestling Alliance with golden dreams filling their nights.

A dream to be the best in the world.

A dream to be champion.”

[The title belt soars through the clouds, breaking into space where the sun’s golden lights drenches it, making it barely recognizable.]

“For one man, his Road To Glory begins tonight...”

[The belt hovers in a pause for a moment.]

“His opportunity.

His chance.

His dream seeking to become reality.

Tonight, the quest to crown the first AWA World Champion begins.

And tonight, some men’s dreams are shattered.

[The shot of the sun-soaked title belt EXPLODES into pieces that fly at the camera as we fade briefly to black...

...and then back up to a live shot inside the converted rodeo arena known as Harper Stadium in Fort Smith, Arkansas. The jam-packed crowd of over eight thousand fans are standing, screaming, cheering their hearts out for the beginning of the biggest show ever to come to their town.

The camera pans across the building showing rows upon rows of metal folding chairs surrounding the ring. Many of the chair stand on dirt floors while the ring appears to have placed on top of some black padding to cover up the filth.

At the back of the floor seating stands an eight foot high fence that separates the floor area from an elevated walkway and then onto bleacher seating that goes all the way to the back wall of the building. On one end of the building there is a stage area, typically used for concerts and the like, that has had an AWA interview area set up along with a small video wall, nothing more than a pair of big screen TVs connected to one another. Right now, the Memorial Day Mayhem and AWA logos are lighting up the TVs interchangeably.

The voice of Gordon Myers booms over the PA system, sending the crowd to even more of a roar.]

GM: Welcome one and all to Fort Smith, Arkansas!

[Big hometown cheer!]

GM: And welcome to what has become one of the biggest events of the year for the American Wrestling Alliance - MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM!

[An even bigger cheer rings out!]

GM: My name is Gordon Myers and by my side, as always, is the king of all fashion, Bucky Wilde!

[The shot cuts to ringside where an announce table has been set up. We see Gordon dressed in a nice navy blue suit and tie standing alongside Bucky who is sporting what can best be described as an American flag projectile vomiting its way into a suit. A red, white, and blue sportscoat... and pants... and socks... and a top hat made to look like the flag.]

BW: I got a feelin' you're mockin' me, Gordo!

GM: Not one bit. You can feel the electricity in the air here in Arkansas, Bucky.

BW: That's not all that's in the air, Gordo. You smell that?

GM: What on earth are you talking about?

BW: I just think it's fitting that we got out on tour for the summer, getting the heck out of that mudhole in Texas with all those foul-smellin' hicks and then run us right down to Arkansas of all places - a rodeo arena! At least it smells like Texas!

GM: Would you stop?! Fans, Memorial Day Mayhem has taken on even bigger importance this year as not only does it represent the start of our annual summer tour but this year, it also represents the start of the mammoth sixty-four man tournament to crown the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

BW: We've got first round matches all night long, daddy, but none bigger than our Main Event.

GM: Two words. Five letters. I Quit. And that match is not just a first round match... it's not just an I Quit match between arguably the two greatest National Champions of all time... but it is also a LOSER LEAVES TOWN match! That's right! Tonight will be the final time that we see Marcus Broussard or Stevie Scott compete in that squared circle right behind us, fans. It truly is an end of an era for the AWA here tonight in Fort Smith.

BW: Marcus Broussard was the first man signed to the AWA. He was the FACE of the AWA in those first few months. The San Jose Shark was the first man to wear the AWA National Title. When he calls himself the Franchise of this company, he ain't wrong, Gordo.

GM: Perhaps but the AWA revolved around his opponent tonight, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott for nearly two years! The team with Sweet Daddy Williams, the shocking betrayal to join up with Ben Waterson, the Southern Syndicate's reign of terror, the wars with Juan Vasquez. When you say "AWA" to a lot of fans, their minds immediately go to Stevie Scott.

BW: One way or another, this ENDS here tonight, Gordo.

GM: It certainly does... but the big attraction here tonight is the World Title Tournament and we're going to be talking about it all night long. In the days leading up to tonight, the Championship Committee has announced fifty-four competitors that are in the tournament and tonight, they will announce the final ten. I can't wait to see who else they've got in store for us.

BW: The first fifty-four have knocked me flat time and time again so these final ten are gonna be something else.

GM: With that in mind, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who I understand is standing by with the Chairman of the Championship Committee! Mark?

[We crossfade to a backstage area where the night's tournament matches have been placed on the wall so we can see them. There are no brackets to speak of - simply one side of the wall that says "ROUND ONE" and another empty side that says "ROUND TWO." Mark Stegglet and Jim Watkins are standing in front of it.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! As you can see, I've been joined back here tonight by "Big" Jim Watkins. Mr. Watkins, what an exciting night it is here in Fort Smith, Arkansas!

JW: It sure is, Mark. I walked these aisles before the show tonight and the fans are all buzzing. They can't wait to see the first night of tournament action here in Harper Stadium - just like the rest of the stops on our summer tour are tellin' us they can't wait 'til we come to town with the tournament to boot. It's gonna be a red hot summer for the AWA as we walk the Road To Glory.

MS: I was told you have a special announcement to make about the tournament, Mr. Watkins.

[Watkins nods.]

JW: That's right, Mark. You know, the Championship Committee thought long and hard about how to make sure the best in the world wins this thing. We had a lot of discussions about how to avoid any chicanery like what went down in Westwego.

MS: I'm told the entire Committee AND the front office are here tonight.

JW: That's right. We didn't want to take any chances so the whole Committee is here and the owners - Jon Stegglet, Todd, Bobby, Lori, Bill... everyone's here to make sure we can act quickly and decisively if anything goes down. But in order to try and get that last man standing to be the best man standing, we've made a slight change in the rules for this tourn-

[Suddenly, a loud buzzing noise erupts from off camera. And if you're an entomologist, you might be able to detect two distinct buzzing noises, unique in their own way as the two masked men who make up the tag team known as The Hive - Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee - burst into view, buzzing excitedly back and forth at each other.]

JW: What in the...?

MS: Gentlemen, gentlemen! You're interrupting an important interview!

[Bumble Bee buzzes something angrily as Stegglet before jabbing a finger into his partner's chest.]

MS: Whoa! What's going on with you two?!

[Yellow Jacket puts his hands on his hips, leaning over the mic.]

YJ: Buzz buzz buzzy buzzing! Buzzbuzz buzz BUZZ!

[He punctuates the final "BUZZ!" with a two-handed shove in the chest of his partner.]

MS: Mr. Watkins, do you have any idea what-

JW: Don't look at me, kid. I don't speak bee.

[Bumble Bee fires back and then Yellow Jacket returns the favor, the two bees just going to town with buzzing at each other until Jim Watkins has had enough.]

JW: KNOCK IT OFF!

[Suddenly, the Hive falls silent.]

JW: Now, look... obviously you two have something you feel is important to tell us. So why don't you dig down deep, use your big boy words, and get it out.

[Bumble Bee looks at Watkins, clenching his fists, looking around, nodding his head, digging down deep and...]

BB: Buzz?

[Watkins sighs deeply, shaking his head.]

JW: Sorry, kid. I don't have the slightest clue what you're saying.

[A voice rings out from off-camera to a big cheer from inside the building.]

"Perhaps I can be of assistance!"

[The camera pulls back slightly to reveal "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno as he walks into view.]

MI: In my status as the World's Smartest Man, you will find that I often have answers to the questions that mere mortal men fail to find solutions to, Mr. James Watkins.

JW: It's Jim. You know what they're saying?

[He lifts a finger to his chin thoughtfully.]

MI: I believe I do, yes.

JW: And?

MI: They seem to be in possession of some confusion. It appears as though both of our fine flying friends here were told that they are going to compete in tonight's extravaganza as part of the first round of the tournament.

MS: The Hive are in the tournament?!

MI: Young Stegglet, please do not interrupt me again with such an obvious restatement of my informative dialogue. Yes, The Hive are in the tournament.

JW: So what's the problem?

MI: The problem, James, is that both of these young anthophila were told that their first round opponent would be revealed here tonight and as of now, neither has been told who they will compete against.

[Watkins nods.]

JW: Gotcha. Well, boys, the answer is simple. In the first round, it's gonna be you...

[Watkins points at Yellow Jacket.]

JW: ...against you.

[And then points at Bumble Bee to a shocked response from the crowd in the arena watching the big screen TVs. The Hive members seem even more surprised, angrily shaking their heads as Watkins shrugs his shoulders.]

JW: And that match is right now. Let's hook 'em up.

[A slightly-annoyed Watkins walks out of view, leaving the foursome behind.]

MS: Yellow Jacket versus Bumble Bee in a first round match... now! Let's go back down to ringside for that one!

[We crossfade away from Stegglet to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is a first round matchup in the AWA World Title Tournament!

[Big cheer for the start of the tournament!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The horrific sound of a swarm of bees fills the air followed by a cartoonish sounding "There's nothing in here but BEES!" which is followed by the At Vance hard rock version of "Flight Of The Bumblebee" which whips the crowd (especially the kids) into a head-banging frenzy!]

PW: From Parts Unknown... weighing in at 166 lbs...

BUMBLE BEEEEEE!

[The crowd's cheers only get louder as Bumble Bee comes tearing through the curtain, pumping both arms. He's in a primarily yellow bodysuit that has a few black stripes to break it up. He's wearing a yellow mask with black "antennae" coming from the top. Quite noticeable by her absence is Queen Bee as the masked man starts walking down the aisle, slapping the hands of fans on both sides of the barricade-lined aisle.]

GM: Our opening match is about to get started - an impromptu bonus match for us here on Memorial Day Mayhem and Bucky, I can't help but notice that Jim Watkins didn't get to make his announcement.

BW: He said something about a rules change. What could that be about, Gordo?

GM: I have no idea. I'm sure we'll find out though at some point.

[Bumble Bee climbs up on the apron, catapulting over the ropes in a full somersault, landing on his feet to a big cheer from the crowd. The music continues as Phil Watson does the same.]

PW: And his opponent... also from Parts Unknown... weighing in at 172 pounds...

YELLOOOOW JAAAACKET!

[Yellow Jacket comes flying through the curtain - quite literally - as he leaps into a front rolling somersault, rolling up to a knee where he bangs his head back and forth a few times before getting to his feet. Yellow Jacket wears similar attire to his partner, a full-length bodysuit that covers his entire body from head to toe with alternating yellow and black stripes.]

GM: And what a way to start off the World Title Tournament. Two very athletic young men... tag team partners who will show the world that being partners isn't as important as being World Champion.

BW: We really don't know a lot about these guys either, Gordo. They could be MORE than partners. They may be best friends... maybe even brothers... but at the end of the day, if you're not in this business to be the best... to become the World Heavyweight Champion... then you have no business being in this sport at all, Gordo.

GM: I'd agree with that.

[Yellow Jacket grabs the middle rope from out on the floor, pulling himself through the bottom and middle ropes, rolling up to his feet to another big cheer.]

GM: Both members of The Hive are in there... and you notice that there's no Queen Bee out here. I'm guessing she wanted no part in having to pick sides between these two.

BW: Or she and Mr. Mensa are sizing up the size of his-

GM: Bucky!

BW: -brain pan.

[The two tag team partners square off in the center of the ring, staring each other down from behind their masks...

...and then share a quick embrace before breaking away into opposite corners to the cheers of the crowd!]

BW: Aw, how cute.

GM: A quick show of friendship between The Hive and-

[Referee Marty Meekly steps in the middle, calling for the bell to start the match and the tournament.]

GM: The AWA World Title Tournament is underway!

[Big cheer! The two masked men come together in the center of the ring again but this time, there's no embrace - there's a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: They lock up in the center... Yellow Jacket goes quickly into an armtwist on his smaller tag team partner...

[Bumble Bee quickly goes into a front roll away from the pressure before kipping up to his feet and then armdragging Yellow Jacket down to the canvas across the ring!]

GM: Very nice counter to the armbar there by Bumble Bee... look out here!

[The masked man shows off the high-speed, high-risk offense that The Hive is known for as he sprints across the ring, throwing himself into a dropkick on his rising partner, sending him through the ropes to the apron!]

GM: These two aren't wasting any time here in digging into the high risk offense.

BW: Did you expect they'd trade holds for an hour?

[Reaching over the ropes, Bumble Bee pulls Yellow Jacket to a standing position where he creams him with a pair of forearms before hooking a front facelock, slinging his partner's arm over his neck.]

GM: And it looks like Bumble Bee's gonna bring him in the hard way, fans!

[The masked man hoists him up but at the peak of the lift, Yellow Jacket flips over, landing on his feet facing Bumble Bee's back where he promptly leaps up, landing both feet right between the shoulder blades, a dropkick that sends Bumble Bee tumbling over the ropes to the floor below!]

GM: A big counter by Yellow Jacket and what a hard fall to the floor off that dropkick, fans!

[Yellow Jacket grabs the top rope with one hand, waving his other arm to encourage his partner to get up off the floor.]

GM: Bumble Bee's trying to get up... Yellow Jacket's waiting for him though!

[As Bumble Bee regains his feet, Yellow Jacket grabs the top rope with both hands, slingshotting himself over the ropes, landing on the shoulders of Bumble Bee with his legs wrapped around the head.]

GM: Headscissors over the- no!

[Bumble Bee blocks the rana attempt by setting Yellow Jacket down in a seated position on the ring apron...

...and then ROCKS him with a forearm shot to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh!

[Turning his back on his partner, Bumble Bee reaches back with both arms, grabbing Yellow Jacket under the armpits...

...and brings him sailing off the apron, CRASHING down on the barely-padded floor with an overhead slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Yellow Jacket just hit the floor INCREDIBLY hard, fans!

[Bumble Bee, down on his knees on the ground, nods his head at the cheering crowd as he climbs back up to his feet. He leans down, dragging his partner off the floor by the arm and shoves him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Bumble Bee's back up on the apron, grabs the top rope with both hands...

[And catapults himself over the top, smashing down backfirst across the chest of his partner!]

GM: BACKSPLASH!! He got all of that!

[Bumble Bee rolls over, hooking a leg as the official dives to the canvas.]

GM: Bumble Bee covers for one! For two! For-

[But Yellow Jacket's shoulder flies off the mat!]

GM: Only a two count there. Bumble Bee's gonna need more than that to put his partner down for a three count, fans.

[Bumble Bee gets back to his feet, turning towards the corner. He walks over there, climbing the ropes from inside the ring.]

GM: Bumble Bee's headed up top! He could be looking for some kind of flipping splash here!

[A stunned Yellow Jacket slowly climbs to his feet...

...and immediately spots his partner scaling the ropes, breaking into a dash where he leaps into the air, throwing a forearm into the small of Bumble Bee's back!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him on the way up!

[With Bumble Bee partially perched on the top rope, Yellow Jacket ducks under him, slipping his head and neck up between the legs of Bumble Bee and taking him off the buckles in an electric chair lift...]

GM: Yellow Jacket's got him on his shoulders...

[Bumble Bee fights back, throwing right hands to the antennae-covered head of his tag team partner who staggers towards the ropes...

...and then shoves him off, causing Bumble Bee to smash throatfirst down on the top rope!]

GM: Oh!

[Yellow Jacket promptly hooks Bumble Bee's arms, pulling them into a double chickenwing...

...and SNAPS him over to the canvas with a bridging Tiger suplex!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The referee dives to the canvas to count!]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[Bumble Bee's shoulder comes sailing off the mat just in time!]

GM: Just a two count!

BW: How close was that, Gordo?!

GM: Very close! A devastating suplex by Yellow Jacket!

[With Bumble Bee still struggling to gain a breath, Yellow Jacket yanks him back to his feet, firing him off to the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip by Yellow Jacket!

[His smaller partner rebounds off, ducking a back elbow from Yellow Jacket, hitting the far side.]

GM: He ducks the elbow... ducks it again!

[Bumble Bee continues to build up speed as he hits the ropes for a second time, rebounding off...]

GM: HERE HE COMES!!

[...and HURLS himself into the air, connecting with a hard crossbody block!]

GM: OHHH!

[Bumble Bee attempts to hook a leg but Yellow Jacket promptly shoves him off, rolling up to a knee...

...and EATING a spinning back kick to the mush!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The camera cuts to ringside where a grinning November is on his feet, applauding what he just saw.]

GM: November is out at ringside - he's one of the field of sixty-four, Bucky, as we found out last week.

BW: And he certainly seems to like what he's seeing, Gordo.

GM: He sure does.

[We cut back to the ring where Bumble Bee pumps a fist to the cheering crowd before turning back to the corner, scaling the ropes with a little more urgency this time, spinning to face the ring...

...and takes flight, sailing through the air, and CRASHING down on a prone Yellow Jacket with a flying legdrop!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: When he does that with Yellow Jacket, they call it Buzzworthy! And if he pins his partner with it right here, it'll certainly be worthy of that name, Gordo.

GM: Bumble Bee covers! He gets one! He gets two! He gets-

"OHOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: Near fall there for Bumble Bee! He can't believe it!

[A kneeling Bumble Bee shakes his head on the mat, looking questioningly at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Just a two count but how close was that, fans?

[Bumble Bee slowly gets to his feet, hands on his hips as he tries to determine what to do next. He reaches down, pulling his partner to his feet by the arm where he flings him into the nearest set of buckles.]

GM: Yellow Jacket hits the corner hard and Bumble Bee's right after him...

[The crowd cheers a trio of hard chops across the chest before Bumble Bee grabs the arm again, this time sending Yellow Jacket all the way across the ring to the opposite corner.]

GM: Cross-corner whip by the smaller member of the Hive... here he comes!

[At the last moment, Bumble Bee leaps to attempt a soaring forearm smash but Yellow Jacket twists his body, catching the incoming Bumble Bee in a fireman's carry!

GM: Whoa! How did he do that?!

BW: A great counter by Yellow Jacket - now what's he gonna do with it?!

[The crowd cheers as Yellow Jacket marches out of the corner, high-stepping his way out to the center of the ring where he throws Bumble Bee over his head, bringing him crashing down across two knees!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE BY YELLOW JACKET!!

[He promptly rolls Bumble Bee to his back, attempting a cover.]

GM: Cover for one!! TWO!!! THR-

[The crowd reacts with a mixed response as Bumble Bee kicks out in time.]

“FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!”

[Yellow Jacket pushes off the mat...

...and points at the downed Bumble Bee.]

GM: What's he got in mind here?

[The crowd jeers as Yellow Jacket heads to the corner, scaling the ropes underneath him...]

GM: Yellow Jacket's up top! He's gonna fly!

[Suddenly, the flying bee takes to the sky, soaring through the air...

...and SMASHING his skull into the head of his prone partner!]

GM: ANTENNA ASSAULT!

[The flying headbutt sends Yellow Jacket bouncing away, actually rolling under the ropes to the ring apron as his partner flails about on the mat, clutching his skull!]

GM: He hit the flying headbutt off the top but he wasn't able to take advantage of it, Bucky!

BW: That's part of why they call it high risk, Gordo. He hit the move and it did so much damage to him delivering it, it actually may have cost him victory in the match right there.

[With both men down, the crowd starts clapping and stomping, trying to cheer on their favorite.]

GM: The fans are rallying behind BOTH members of The Hive as we are watching this bonus first round matchup to see who moves on to the second round of the AWA World Title Tournament.

BW: Whoever gets up first may have this one in the bag, Gordo.

GM: You could be right.

[Having delivered the headbutt, Yellow Jacket is the first to recover as well, climbing to his feet on the apron with the aid of the ropes.]

GM: Yellow Jacket is up! His partner is still down though and- look at this!

BW: He's going up again!

[The crowd roars for the death-defying Yellow Jacket as he strides down the ring apron and begins climbing the ropes yet again.]

GM: Yellow Jacket's going up top, looking to finish his partner off and move on to the second round of this tournament...

[With Yellow Jacket up to the second rope, he stumbles slightly, having to catch his footing as he attempts to step to the top...

...while Bumble Bee shocks the crowd byipping up to his feet across the ring!]

GM: What the-?!

[The smaller member of the Hive breaks into a sprint, leaping into the air...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HIGH KNEE! HIGH KNEE!!

[The leaping kneestrike catches Yellow Jacket squarely in the temple before he can step up top, causing him to slump over in a prone position on the buckles as Bumble Bee dashes to the opposite corner, sprinting back across...]

GM: He's a blur of motion in there as-

[In a full-on sprint, Bumble Bee leaps off the mat, throwing himself into the air where he snares the head of his partner between his legs...

...and SNAPS him over to the mat in a rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE TAKES HIM DOWN HARD!!

[Bumble Bee pops back up again, charging to another set of buckles. He quickly scales them, pausing up top for just a split second before he takes flight, sailing backwards through the air with a backflip...

...and comes CRASHING down across his partner's chest with a double kneedrop!]

GM: OHHHHH! BEE'S KNEES!

[He flattens out, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING”

PW: Here is your winner, moving on to the second round...

BUMBLE BEEEEEEEEEE!

[An overjoyed Bumble Bee springs to his feet, leaping to the midbuckle to celebrate moving on to the second round.]

GM: Bumble Bee is your winner as he defeats his own tag team partner, Yellow Jacket, to move on to the second round. A big win - a singles win no less - for a man who we're used to seeing in tag team action.

BW: Hey, it could very well be someone we're used to seeing tag team action that wins this whole thing, Gordo. What about a guy like Cletus Lee Bishop? You think he stands less of a chance of being the World Champion simply because he usually has a partner out on the apron?

GM: Cletus Lee Bishop is a formidable competitor and I'm very interested to see how he does in this event. But right now, we're talking about the first man to break into the second round - Bumble Bee! You can see him helping his partner back to his feet now... a big embrace...

[The crowd cheers the mid-ring hug.]

GM: No hard feelings there, fans. But Bumble Bee is moving on to Round Two of this enormous tournament. We're going to have a lot more tournament action throughout this night but right now, let's find out one of the final ten participants in the tournament! Mark?

[We crossfade back to the Tournament Update area backstage where Mark Stegglet has just finished putting Bumble Bee's name up under the ROUND TWO header.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! What a match that was! A heckuva lot of fun. But we're back here tonight in this area for one reason...

[He gestures to the big board where there are several names missing from the list.]

MS: Ten more names. Ten more names to put on this list to hit the magic number of sixty-four. And it's my privilege and honor to be the one who gets to help fill this list out. Right now, let's take a look at some words from the fifty-fifth man to enter the World Title Tournament...

[We crossfade to a shot of a beautiful day on the bayou. The cameraperson does his best to follow along the waters of a lake as a fan boat floats across at high speed. In it, are three gentlemen that look like they could be right out of "Swamp People" or "Duck Dynasty", burly beards and all. We hear a voice speak with a calm, Cajun accent.]

CG: For d'ose of you lookin' for Colby Greene, that ain't me.

[The camera slowly zooms out from the tranquil waters and the fan boat. The camera is actually on a wooden deck overlooking the waterfront. Standing, leaning up against a railing looking out is the man known as "The Bayou Badboy". Greene sports a plain looking Gold's Gym cut shirt. His curly brown hair is tied back to reveal his face and week's growth groomed beard. He speaks with an air of calmness about him, but his eyes appear to be hiding an angry rage within.]

CG: Now I know a lot of you at home are sitting d'er thinking who the Hell is d'is guy? And maybe a few long time RCW fans might remember this face... When de wrestlin' world last saw Colby Greene, he was picking fights in de MBC Underground. You see, I been looking for a real fight for a long, long time.

[The screen quickly flashes black and white dubbed footage. Greene holding the River City title. Greene tearing apart an opponent with a short arm clothesline. A close up of a look of rage on young Colby's face as he hoists someone up for an elevated powerbomb and drops in a sitdown powerbomb from way up high. The screen cuts back to the bayou. Pausing for reflection, Greene finally turns and faces the camera.]

CG: And now here I am, and I got my opportunity. One of sixty four men vying for de opportunity to win a World Championship in de AWA. It even gonna be a family affair, cuz my Uncle Brett Greene is entered into this tourney. Well don't d'at beat all? I even see a few names of my ol' running buddies from back in de day.]

[Back to more quick flashes of Greene's past life, standing tall with fellow Club Elite members Mark Langseth and Luke Kinsey... Hitting a spine buster on Madison J. Valentine on a chair. A bloody Greene spitting into the face of an unseen opponent before colliding with fists blazing.]

CG: Out `ere, I am a man of serenity. This `ere is my home. Keeps me calm. But get me out of de bayou and put me in de ring? Well, d'ats where you get a whole different Colby Greene. I ain't someone that likes to come out and talk talk talk... D'at ain't me.

[A flash of Greene having a mic shoved in his face by Roy "Laser" Beam only to be pushed away and ignored.]

CG: I'm someone d'at does mah talking in de ring. From de sound of de bell, to the moment they announce Colby Greene de winner. I hit hard. I fight harder. And anyone d'at goes up against me gonna get de battle of their life, I guarantee.

[Shot of Greene taking punches from opponents, and then exploding back on the offensive. This is followed by a shot of Greene raising the UWF Eurasia title high. Cut back as the camera begins to zoom in on Colby.]

CG: D'ey probably say Colby Greene ain't gonna matter much in d'is tournament...

But you see d'ats where d'ey wrong. I ain't been gone, I just been waiting. And de AWA World Heavyweight championship is lookin' pretty good to me, along with sixty three other men who wanna stand in mah way...

T'ings don't look so good for d'em other guys no? Not if Colby Greene has any say in de matter. Know what I mean?

[The screen fades to black from Greene's confident smirk.]

We fade to commercial to find a giant Kingsley Online Entertainment logo. A voiceover begins.]

VO: We live in an online world.

[A shot of a young child on his laptop computer.]

VO: Today, you are more likely to watch a television show on your computer or mobile device than you are an actual television.

[A family gathered around an iPad with an elderly couple.]

VO: Video chat is no longer an element of science fiction - it is reality. It is now.

[A young girl plays a video game with body movements.]

VO: The future is before us. The future is around us. The future is...

[The Kingsley Online Entertainment logo appears once more.]

VO: ...Kingsley.

[Fade to black.]

And as we fade back up, backstage we are, where we find "Hotshot" Stevie Scott walking into the arena, duffel bag in hand and a cocky Steviegrin~! on his mush. From behind him, a vaguely familiar voice with an Australian accent calls out.]

GH: Stevie. Love your work, mate.

[The camera turns to the source, presumably as does Stevie. We see Glenn Hudson leaning out of a doorway. He beats his fist against his heart and then points at Scott.]

GH: Give him hell out there.

[Having said his piece, Glenn ducks back into the room and out of sight.]

HSS: Yeah, thanks, chieftain. But who in the crap _are_ you, anyway?

[Glenn steps slowly back into the corridor and we get our first good look at him. He stands just under six feet tall and is wearing jeans and an AWA t-shirt. His own slight grin and slighter frown make it unclear how he took to not being recognized. Glenn stops after a few paces, crosses his hands over his stomach and declares with hammy effect-]

GH: Glenn Hudson - a fine, upstanding gentleman of solid character. Used to be a pro-wrestler, as it turns out.

[Stevie raises an eyebrow and rubs his chin.]

HSS: Glenn...Hudson...upstanding...

[And there goes the proverbial light bulb.]

HSS: Say it ain't so!

[Glenn scratches the back of his head as he looks around with faux sheepishness.]

GH: Sometimes.. sometimes, it just is.

HSS: So you're here...where's Rob James? Is this the Nine Inch Males Reunion Tour? 'Cause that would be almost as good as me sending Marcus Broussard packing from the AWA for good.

[Hudson considers that for a second, but then shakes his head emphatically.]

GH: Sorry. They've just got me to deal with this time. Haven't spoken with Rob James in years. No idea what he's up to these days. All I can tell you for sure, he's definitely not in that room over there.

[Glenn points a thumb back towards the doorway. Stevie feigns disappointment.]

HSS: Ah well. Well, good luck to you in this tournament thingy. Hopefully you won't have to face me anywhere along the way. I'd hate to be the one to make your comeback that short-lived, my brother.

[A small sigh escapes Hudson. In earlier days, he may have rankled slightly at this. Now he seems more or less at ease.]

GH: Que sera, sera, Stevie.

[Glenn walks over and extends his hand. Stevie accepts the handshake.]

HSS: Why are you speaking Spanish?

GH: Cada loco con su tema.

HSS: Oh, right. Taco un burrito or some such.

[Stevie shrugs.]

HSS: Well, this is getting awkward.

[Glenn responds with a slight laugh and nod.]

GH: Get on with it, then.

[He offers a casual salute and walks out of the shot. Stevie watches, a quizzical look on his face.]

HSS: Man, I gotta go find Rob James!

[Fade to the interior of Harper Stadium where Jason Dane is standing in front of the double big screen TV "video wall", mic in hand.]

JD: Welcome back to Memorial Day Mayhem, fans! And joining me right now is a man who will be competing in the first round of the World Title Tournament later tonight - Oliver Strickland!

[The crowd jeers the arrival of Oliver Strickland, clad in a simple pair of white wrestling trunks with kneepads and boots to match. He is all alone as he steps up to the mic.]

OS: Mr. Dane.

JD: Oliver, I'm curious if-

OS: Your curiosities do not concern me, Jason Dane. However, I am curious if you truly expect me to waste my minutes and seconds out here in front of these unwashed miscreants in Arkansas...

[The crowd ROARS with a negative reaction!]

OS: ...and listen to you babble on endlessly without any modicum of respect for those who you foist your inquiries upon.

JD: I don't think I under-

OS: Oh, I am quite certain you do not. Jason Dane... are you a former champion in this - the sport of kings?

JD: No.

OS: I see. Am I?

[Dane looks puzzled.]

JD: Yes, of course.

OS: Are you a well-respected veteran of this sport? A man who has spent FIVE decades in this industry?

[Dane is getting flustered now.]

JD: No, of course not!

OS: I see. Am I?

JD: You know that you are!

OS: Mr. Dane, I implore you to hold your patience while I inquire further in regards to your knowledge. There is only one final question. Mr. Dane, do you feel you have addressed Oliver Strickland with the utmost of respect?

JD: Um, I believe I-

OS: Of course you do. I, myself, believe you have failed in this regard. I believe that you failed to introduce Oliver Strickland with the degree of integrity that I deserve.

JD: Are you referring to the fact that I didn't call you MISTER Oliver Strickland?

[Strickland glares at Jason Dane.]

OS: You seek answers that you should already hold. Much like this miscreant Percy Childes. This so-called Collector of Oddities who ventures out into the shadows and enlists the collective strength of mental health facility patients and unwashed savages.

You seek answers like the enigmatic Nenshou. He who believes he is the future of our great sport and plans to lay waste to all of those who represent the past.

I represent the past, Jason Dane. I am aware of that. I acknowledge that fact with great joy and pride.

I am the past. I will not be the future of this company - of our sport. I am a man who competes on borrowed time.

[Pause.]

OS: Which also makes me a man with little to lose. Percy Childes, Nenshou... perhaps tonight you will find that a man with little to lose becomes the greatest threat of all to those who have EVERYTHING to lose.

[A confident smile crosses Strickland's face.]

OS: Mr. Dane.

BC: ... autotune?

BW: Well, at least the fat fool's stopped rapping! I dunno how much more my ears could have taken of this!

[B.C., looking perplexed, enters the ring as the crowd doesn't know what to make of the sudden end to B.C.'s latest masterpiece. B.C. looks out at the crowd, seemingly to ask for their forgiveness as he says 'autotune?' in a confused voice.]

GM: It appears that B.C. has a problem with Dustin Dream and his use of autotune, Bucky.

BW: I don't know what his problem is, Gordo. Autotune is great! It even makes you sound good.

GM: Will you stop? It's time to introduce B.C.'s opponent.

[BC removes his pants and jacket, revealing a bright purple singlet with B.C. in graffiti writing in the front. B.C. leans in the corner to await the arrival of his opponent in the World Title Tournament.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Justin Bieber's "Boyfriend" sends the Arkansas crowd into what can best be described as a frenzy of rage.]

PW: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 213 pounds... he is "Teenage Dream"...

DUSSSSSSSTINNNNNN DREEEEEEEEAMERRRRRRR!

[The curtain parts and Dreamer makes his way through the curtain, flipping his bleached blonde hair back out of his eyes. He's sporting a sparkling silver sequined jacket with matching pants, a completely blinding scene as he struts into view, arms raised.]

GM: This young man made his AWA debut a few weeks ago now and was quite impressive inside the squared circle, Bucky.

BW: He's flashy, cocky, and incredibly talented. And he's got every little girl in this building tonight on their feet cheering. Tiger Beat, here he comes!

GM: Dustin Dreamer made it quite clear to us that the World Title is a secondary goal for him. He wants to be a teen idol and just thinks that wearing the big gold might make that possible for him. I can tell you right now that BC Da Mastah MC holds no such illusions. He wants to be the best wrestler in the world today.

BW: I want to be named People's Sexiest Man Alive but that don't mean it's gonna happen, daddy.

[He pauses a few feet out from the entrance curtain, doing a full spin...

...and then pointing with both arms towards the entryway which brings out two tastefully yet scantily clad dancing girls - the kind you might expect to see standing behind Britney Spears on stage - each holding a sparkling firework candle in each hand. They take up positions on either side of Dreamer, holding the sparklers up in an arc as he slowly moves under them to ringside.]

GM: This is the same flashy entrance we saw from Dreamer a few weeks ago, Bucky.

BW: You know who I heard took issue with this kid?

GM: Who's that?

BW: Skywalker Jones.

GM: Well, they do have very similar styles in AND out of the ring. And considering Jones' desire to be the king of all spotlights, I can see why he might get upset at someone trying to steal it away from him.

[Standing in front of the apron, Dreamer nods to one of the dancing girls who tears away his silver pants, leaving a pair of also-shiny silver trunks behind. She then helps him out of his jacket, showing off a well-toned but slender torso. Dreamer cracks a slight smirk at the nearest camera before he deadleaps up onto the apron, not using his hands at all as he catches his balance on the apron. He pauses there, wagging a finger at the crowd...

...and dashes to the corner where he leaps to the top and gracefully backflips off the top, landing on his feet to a handful of cheers!]

GM: This young man sure knows how to make an entrance, Bucky.

[The arrogant Dreamer does a full spin, moving across the ring as he does so...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd roars as Dreamer slaps BC across the face, sneering at him...

...and then gets dropped with an uppercut as the crowd roars louder!]

GM: Ohh! He got rocked by the AWA's answer to Jay Z!

BW: What the- you don't know who Justin Bieber is but you know who Jay Z is?!

GM: He's the one married to Jennifer Hudson, right?

BW: Jennifer Huds- no! That's some other guy!

[Referee Mickey Meekly signals for the bell as BC drags Dreamer off the mat by the arm, winging him into the nearest set of buckles where he promptly charges in, delivering a heavy clothesline in the corner!]

GM: Big clothesline by BC!

[And as Dreamer stumbles out, BC scoops him up in his beefy arms, laying him out with a big bodyslam!]

GM: He slams Dreamer down to the canvas... look out below!

[The crowd cheers as BC leaps into the air, landing with a heavy elbowdrop into the sternum of Dreamer before rolling his three hundred and sixty-six pound frame into a lateral press!]

GM: BC gets the cover for one! He gets two! He-

[Dreamer slips out from under the pin attempt at the count of two.]

GM: Dreamer's out at two but look out here!

[Still fired up by the slap, BC grabs a handful of hair and repeatedly slams his fist into the skull of Dustin Dreamer! Dreamer flails about, swinging his arms and stomping his feet repeatedly until the referee's count hits four at which point BC lets go of the hair and Dreamer frantically rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Dreamer escapes to the floor and-

BW: This fat slob's going after him! Get him back, ref!

[The crowd cheers as BC steps out on the apron...

...and Dreamer lunges forward, grabbing both legs and yanking them out from under the bulky brawler, causing him to slam the back of his head down on the ring apron before hitting the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DID YOU SEE THAT?!

BW: Of course I saw it! What a brilliant move by Dustin Dreamer!

GM: He might have given BC a concussion, Bucky! What a brutal, savage move right there and the back of BC's head **SLAMMED** into the hardest part of the ring apron!

[BC rolls back and forth on the floor, clutching the back of his head in pain as Dreamer jumps on top him, grabbing his opponent's head with both hands...

...and **SLAMS** the back of his skull into the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: What?! There's nothing illegal about that!

GM: It's not illegal but it's downright vicious! He's trying to give BC a serious head injury out here on the floor, Bucky.

BW: This ain't ballet, Gordo! All's fair!

[Dreamer pops back up to his feet, raining down stomps on the upper body of BC before pulling himself up on the apron, striding down the length of it to rest his back against the ringpost.]

GM: Dreamer's trying to size him up... trying to measure the man for something...

[Charging down the length of the apron, Dreamer throws himself into a Shooting Star Press...

...and CRASHES down on the prone BC on the padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: Skywalker Jones might have even jumped out of his seat on that one!

GM: He certainly might have!

[Dreamer pops up to his feet, throwing his arms out from his side, going into a full spin to the jeers of the crowd. He walks over to the railing, leaning over to slap the outstretched hands of a pair of young girls.]

GM: Those little girls seem to be fans of Dustin Dreamer but the majority of the people in this building tonight certainly are not. They're really letting him have it, Bucky.

BW: They're just jealous, Gordo.

GM: JEALOUS?!

BW: Jealous! He's got the looks, the talent, the charisma! This man has "WORLD CHAMPION" written all over him, daddy!

[Dreamer drags a limp BC off the floor by the arm, struggling to get his three hundred and sixty-six pounds off the floor, shoving BC under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Dreamer's putting him back in, dragging himself up on the apron now...

[Dustin Dreamer drops to a knee, pointing to the corner with both hands.]

GM: Dreamer's calling for something here... wasting time...

[The Teenage Dream walks down the length of the apron, climbing up the ropes as he lays the badmouth on BC.]

GM: Dreamer's just talking the whole time! Can someone shut him up please?

BW: Shut him up?! Are you serious?!

[Dreamer steps up to the top rope, waving an arm around in the air...

...and takes a big leap off the top, his body rotating in the air as he sails through the sky, and CRASHES down across the prone form of BC with a big splash!]

GM: BIG! SPLASH!

[Dreamer shoves himself back down on BC, shouting at the official.]

GM: He's got a cover for one! For two! For-

[BC powers out at two, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Just a two count there. I don't know how in the world BC kicked out of that considering the shots to the head he's taken in this one, Bucky.

BW: Maybe now you'll believe me that he ain't got nothin' up there to hurt!

GM: Oh, give me a break!

[Dreamer lays in the boots to the downed BC, shouting at the official as he backs off. He measures BC for a second and then surges forward, going into a cartwheel...]

GM: What in the...?

[...twisted into a moonsault!]

GM: That seemed kinda unnecessary.

BW: But impactful!

GM: Yeah but he could've done it from a standing position and it would have been just as impactful.

[Dreamer springs back to his feet, foregoing any pin attempt as he breaks out a strut, drawing jeers from the crowd.]

GM: This guy is just too much, Bucky.

BW: I know! He's incredible!

GM: I don't think we're talking about the same thing.

[Dreamer rains down some more stomps before doing a full spin, arms outstretched to the sides...

...and then just breaks out some more stomps.]

GM: Come on, referee! Get in there!

[The Teenage Dream finally breaks off the attack, dragging BC back to his feet and whipping him into the buckles. Dreamer moves in on him, throwing a pair of forearms to the jaw before grabbing the arm...]

GM: Dreamer whips him across... here we go!

[Dustin Dreamer charges from corner to corner, leaving his feet with a leaping leg lariat that results in him landing out on the ring apron as BC staggers out of the corner. Dreamer again turns to the crowd, pumping his fist as he charges to mid-apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands, leaping into the air, springing off the top rope...

...and uncorking a NASTY spinning leg lariat to the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A MOVE! WHAT A MOVE BY DREAMER!!

[Dreamer flips the barely-conscious BC to his back before applying another lateral press - not bothering to hook a leg.]

GM: Dreamer's got one! He's got two! He's got thr-

[But just before the three count comes down, BC Da Mastah MC throws his shoulder up off the mat to the shock of the fans!]

GM: Oh my stars! How did he kick out of that?! How on Earth did he kick out of that?!

BW: I have no idea! Stay on him, Dreamer!

[A shocked Dreamer gets up off the mat, shouting at Mickey Meekly who continues to show two fingers. Dreamer lays in a few more stomps before heading to the corner, his back to the ring...]

GM: We saw this a few weeks ago! We saw this, Bucky!

BW: Yes we did and if he hits that twisting splash off the top, it's over, daddy!

[Dreamer steps to the top rope, still having not looked back one bit...

...and leaps backwards, twisting his body as he does so...]

BW: PHOENIX SPLAAAAAA-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! BC GOT OUT OF THE WAY!!

[The AWA's favorite rap star rolls out to the apron, dazed and staggered as he hobbles towards the ring apron. He slowly begins to climb the corner ropes, stopping on the middle rope as the crowd roars...

...and waves his arm in the air as the hip hop beat begins to play!]

BW: NO! NO! NO!

GM: BC'S GONNA DROP IT ALL!

[BC Da Mastah MC steps to the top rope, looking out at the crowd...

...and DROPS three hundred and sixty-six pounds squarely across the chest of the prone Dustin Dreamer!]

GM: TURNTABLE! TURNTABLE!!

[BC excitedly reaches back, hooking a leg.]

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

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as the bell rings!]

GM: CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

BW: NO! THIS DID _NOT_ JUST HAPPEN!

[A tired BC Da Mastah MC climbs to his feet, throwing his arms exhaustedly to the sky.]

PW: Your winner of the match... advancing to the second round of the tournament...

BC DA MASTAH MCEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The crowd ROARS again as BC falls back against the ropes, throwing a beefy arm in the air to celebrate his shocking victory.]

GM: You gotta call this an upset, Bucky!

BW: It sure makes ME upset!

GM: BC Da Mastah MC walked into this tournament with a lot of people thinking he didn't stand a chance to even survive the first round but he just proved the entire world wrong! He went in there with a competitor who was younger, faster, and more athletic and he survived this match on sheer heart, fans!

BW: With all that weight, the heart may go next.

GM: Would you stop?! What a win! What a moment for this young man!

[BC staggers to the corner, pushing himself up to the middle rope to look out on the cheering crowd, pumping his arm over and over in the air as the fans continue to roar for the feel-good moment!]

GM: These fans are loving this moment and fans, this night is just getting started! Let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet in our Tournament Control Center! Mark?

[We crossfade to the backstage area where a smiling Mark Stegglet is putting BC's name up under ROUND TWO on the big board.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! What an upset! BC Da Mastah MC is heading to the second round alongside Bumble Bee! Can you believe it? This field of sixty-four is slowly getting chipped down by these men here tonight but we've got more to add to the list! Take a look at the next man added to the tournament!

[We fade up on a very long shot of the exterior of a pretty dingy looking building.

It's the AWA Combat Corner.

Just then, a voice rings out; Too deep to be the one from the commercial, but the message remains the same...]

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer to the building.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

[There's a hearty laugh heard off-camera, as the shot pans down to a young, well-dressed African-American male, standing in front of the doors of the building. Dressed in a gray, three-piece tweed suit, the familiar tight cornrows and black horn-rimmed glasses immediately make him

recognizable to fans of wrestling. There's only one man that could possibly dress this way and make it look so damn stylish.

Supreme Wright.]

SW: This place brings back a lot of memories.

[He crosses his arms over his chest and shakes his head as he stares at the sign on the front.]

SW: Just a damn shame that I'm not allowed inside, anymore.

[Supreme turns to the camera.]

SW: Do any of you remember who the first graduate of the Combat Corner was?

[Wright pauses for a moment, as if expecting someone to answer, before lowering his head and laughing.]

SW: Of course you don't. All you would remember is that he was a failure. A spectacular...FAILURE. That young buck came in and he was gone faster than you could say, "Eric Preston." But if you're still trying to think of his name, it was Aaron Anderson.

[A hardened expression forms on his face.]

SW: And he stole my spot.

[Supreme's eyes edge sideways for a moment, as he lets the bitter feelings settle in.]

SW: Ask Mr. Broussard. Ask Mr. Vasquez. Ask any single man that ever stepped foot into the Combat Corner and he'll tell ya'...Aaron Anderson didn't deserve to be there.

I did.

[He points to himself.]

SW: But I wasn't Mr. Michaelson's pet project. I wasn't his boy. I wasn't some dumb kid outta' podunk university in Minnesota, that he could mold in his own image. Nah, I was a third-generation wrestler, an NCAA Division I All-American...someone with too many credentials and too much credibility for the Combat Corner to take credit for becoming a success in this sport.

[A roll of the eyes.]

SW: And that's how little _Division II_ nobody, Aaron Anderson ended up becoming the first man to walk out the doors of the Combat Corner and into an AWA ring...and that's how Supreme Wright became the first man to walk out of the Combat Corner...

...and into the rings of another promotion.

[Supreme stops to adjust his tie...and grins.]

SW: We all know what happened then, right? I've won more titles and more awards than every single man that's ever come out of the Combat Corner COMBINED. Dominated Las Vegas- "The Sin City Saint." Tearin' it up in Phoenix- "The Mega Prospect" shines.

[...]

SW: Mr. Freeman says "Hi", by the way.

[A short wave.]

SW: But just how does it feel, to know that the greatest wrestler to ever come out of the Combat Corner, never even wrestled for the AWA?

[A smirk.]

SW: I left Dallas, said my goodbyes and I never looked back.

'Til now.

[He takes a quick glance at the sign on the building, before turning back to the camera.]

SW: Don't think I'm coming back outta' any love or loyalty to the AWA...that ship's sailed a long time ago. Nah, I'm coming back outta' love and loyalty to the only thing that has and will ALWAYS matter to me.

[His eyes widen just a bit as there's a noticeable uptick of intensity in his being.]

SW: Being the greatest damn wrestler that ever lived.

[Wright nods.]

SW: The biggest tournament in professional wrestling history. The most talent-filled group of professional wrestlers ever assembled... did you think I was gonna' pass this up?

[He grins and shakes his head slowly.]

SW: Not on your life. Supreme Wright is gonna' conquer 'em all. I'm gonna' take that World Title and I'm gonna' become the AWA Champion that I was always destined to be.

[Supreme lowers his head and chuckles softly to himself.]

SW: Praise the lord, hallelujah, AWA.

[He raises his head. Wright's face remains otherwise expressionless, but his eyes remain open wide, giving an almost borderline crazed quality to the fierce look on his face.]

SW: Your prodigal son has returned.

[Fade out.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where we find "Red Hot" Rex Summers standing alongside Jason Dane out on the interview stage.]

JD: Welcome back, fans. Memorial Day Mayhem is already shaping up to be one for the ages but in just a short while, this man standing next to me, will face the ultimate two-faced challenge. On one hand, you will attempt to retain your Longhorn Heritage Championship and on the other, you will try to be the third man to move on to the second round of this World Title Tournament. Rex Summers, your thoughts...

[Summers stands stripped to the waist - no robe, no eyecandy dangling off his arm. Just him, his wrestling tights, and a title belt slung over his shoulder.]

RS: Two goals. Two sides of the same coin, Jason Dane. On one side, you have the desire to be the Longhorn Heritage Champion... to be the ONLY singles champion in the American Wrestling Alliance until Labor Day.

On the other, you have the overwhelming utter NEED to move on in this tournament. The all-encompassing necessity to walk out of that ring tonight as the winner so that I can walk back INTO that ring at some point in the near future with my World Title dreams alive.

Two goals. Two sides of the same coin.

[Summers pauses.]

RS: No matter how you toss the coin, Jason Dane... no matter how it falls. Heads. Tails. Or one of those fluke moments in a million where it lands on its edge. No matter how it falls, Rex Summers knows that to accomplish BOTH of those goals tonight, he need do only one thing.

Win.

[An arrogant grin crosses his face.]

RS: If I step forward tonight into that squared circle and do what I do better than anyone else on the planet and win? Then all of these questions become moot points, Jason Dane.

There will be no more talk of a Bullywug. No more talk of a miracle comeback. No more talk of one more cretin from South Laredo who will rise forth, strip this title from around my waist, and become my new worst nightmare.

There will be no more talk of Travis Lynch - the thorn in my side that will not fade.

There will be no more talk of Robert Donovan.

[Summers smirks.]

RS: There simply will be Waterson International and yours truly, Rex Summers, the man who would be World Champion.

All I have to do is win, Jason Dane.

Victory.

Total. Sudden. Dominant. Victory.

That's all it takes.

[Summers nods.]

RS: And there's nothing in the world that Rex Summers knows how to do any better.

So, when Glenn Hudson... the so-called Bullywug... climbs into the ring tonight with visions of championship gold dancing through his senile mind...

...and his head gets an up-close introduction to the mat courtesy of a Heat Check.

[A smirk.]

RS: That's how you win. That's victory.

And that? That's what Rex Summers brings to the table tonight.

[Summers blows a kiss at the camera as Jason Dane wraps up.]

JD: Let's go backstage where we've got one of the participants in our next match standing by!

[Fade into the locker room area where we see Travis Lynch slowly wrapping white tape around his right wrist. Lynch looks up at the camera and begins to speak.]

TL: About a year ago I said Memorial Day was going to be the moment that the AWA takes notice of me. That I was going to win the Rumble, win a shot at any title the AWA has to offer and stake my claim as the best wrestler in Texas.

[Travis' usual smile slowly fades as he stares directly at camera.]

TL: But that wasn't meant to be as my family's past, one self-proclaimed "Red Hot" Rex Summers, took exception to the fact that Jack, James and myself were setting up shop here.

[Travis shakes his head.]

TL: And he ripped my chance of backing up my words ... something a Lynch ALWAYS does... away from me! He turned me into a liar to all the

great fans of the AWA and everyone in Texas who have supported myself and my family for so long.

So what had the makings of a great night was ruined by the personal pettiness of an ego maniac ... and his pettiness grew and grew as he would jump me at every opportunity ... derailing any chances I had for moving up the ladder. While Jack and James were winning the Stampede Cup and the AWA Tag Team Championship Belts; I was hunting down a man ... actually to call him a man is too good of a compliment for him ...

[Travis pauses and breathes deeply for a moment.]

TL: He's a snake and everyone knows it. I mean heck after I took him to the woodshed and won the PCW Heavyweight Championship from him he somehow wrangled himself the Longhorn Heritage Championship!

[He runs his hands through his curly blond hair, with a look of exasperation in his eyes.]

TL: I couldn't believe it ... but that's how the dominoes fall sometimes. Now don't get me wrong I was happier than a pig in mud holding the PCW Championship high into the air and finally bringing it back home after so long, and I knew that a my chance in the AWA was coming ... that it would only be a matter of time before I was knocking on the door of a championship match ...

But then the self-proclaimed "New Butcher" shows up ... and he wants to pick up where his father left off ...

[Travis just drops his head and looks at the floor as he continues to speak.]

TL: Tormenting the Lynches. It's like I have a target on my back for people who had issues with the old man ... Yet, unlike Summers who just tarnished our good name by dragging our legacy deep into the muck Bruno ... Bruno decided to burn our legacy!

[Travis snaps his head up and stares into the camera a fire in his eyes.]

TL: If you think you're getting away with that Bruno, you're DEAD WRONG! Tonight, I take my pound of flesh from your ass!

[The crowd inside the arena watching on the big screens cheer loudly at the show of emotion from the youngest Lynch.]

TL: All of Texas has seen me knock you senseless once and tonight ... tonight I'll knock your teeth out! And when I do Bruno, it will be Travis Lynch who advances on towards the AWA World Heavyweight Championship ... and you ... well you'll be just like your father finally realizing you never mess with a Lynch!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is a first round matchup in the tournament to crown the first AWA World Champion.

Introducing first...

[The sounds of the theme to Halloween plays over the PA system to the jeers of the crowd.]

PW: From Berlin, Germany... weighing in at 285 pounds... he is the Butcher...

BRUUUUUNOOOOO VERRRRRHOOOOEVENNNN!

[The massive German beast known as the Butcher walks out into view, letting loose a bellow to the crowd to a lot of boos...

...which quickly turns into cheers as a wild-eyed Travis Lynch comes tearing through the curtain, leaping up onto the back of Verhoeven and toppling them both down onto the padding covering the dirt floor!]

GM: LYNCH ATTACKS HIM IN THE AISLE!!

[An angry Travis Lynch flips Bruno to his back, hammering him with heavy right hands out in the aisle!]

GM: The brawl's going on! The bell hasn't rung yet so this match isn't official.

[Lynch climbs to his feet, laying in kicks to the ribs of Verhoeven. The Butcher struggles back to his feet, catching a trio of hooking blows to the ribs, knocking him back again the steel railing!]

GM: Lynch is hammering away at him!

[Lynch leans over the railing, grabbing a steel chair away from a ringside fan who is offering it up...

...and DRIVES the edge of chair into the ribs of Verhoeven!]

GM: Ohh!

[With Verhoeven doubled up, Lynch switches his grip on the chair, raising it high over his head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SLAMS it down across the upper back, knocking Verhoeven down on the ground! An angry Lynch fires the chair down on the floor, giving a shout to the cheering crowd!]

GM: Travis Lynch has brought the fight to the Butcher! Verhoeven crossed the line when he burned up the PCW World Title and now Travis Lynch is making him pay for it.

[Lynch grabs Verhoeven by the arm, dragging him down the length of the aisle to the cheers of the crowd. Upon reaching ringside, Lynch pulls him off the floor, shoving the German under the ropes as referee Johnny Jagger signals for the bell.]

BW: What?!

GM: The match is underway!

BW: Are you kidding me?! Disqualify this punk!

GM: The match hadn't started yet, Bucky.

BW: And it shouldn't! Lynch should be fined and suspended for attacking Verhoeven before the bell! He should be thrown out of the tournament effective immediately!

[Lynch pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes, and waving for the big German to get back to his feet.]

GM: Lynch is measuring the man, waiting for him to rise...

[And as the German gets up, a running dropkick connects, sending the German crashing back against the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Verhoeven hits the corner hard!

[Lynch moves in towards the buckles, hopping up on the second rope where he raises his right fist over his head...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down off the buckles, hooking Verhoeven under the armpit and HURLING him halfway across the ring with a big hiptoss!]

GM: Ohh! He tossed the big man like he was nothing, Bucky!

BW: Verhoeven's still reeling from getting clubbed with that chair...

[Lynch raises his right hand, fingers in position for the Iron Claw.]

GM: Lynch is calling for the Claw! He's set for it!

[And as the German staggers back to his feet, Lynch surges forward!]

GM: CLAW! THE CLAW IS ON!!

[Verhoeven falls backwards, reaching up to grab at Lynch's powerful hand, trying to find a way to break the grip.]

GM: Verhoeven's trapped in the Claw! This might be it right here!

BW: No way, Gordo! No way!

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts in jeers as Verhoeven's representative, Theodore Colville, comes sprinting down the aisle as fast as his legs will carry him.]

GM: Look! It's Colville! He's heading towards the ring!

[Colville throws himself up on the apron, clinging to the ropes as he shouts at the official who wheels around to get him down...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! BRUNO GOES LOW ON LYNCH!

[The low kick easily breaks the Iron Claw, dropping Lynch down to a kneeling position on the canvas. Verhoeven winds up his powerful arms...

...and SMASHES a double axehandle down across the back of Lynch's head and neck!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Colville drops down to the floor as an angry and reeling Verhoeven yanks Lynch off the mat by the hair, standing him up...

...and nearly rips his head clean off his shoulders with a standing lariat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Verhoeven drops to his knees, throwing himself into a lateral press.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got th-

[Lynch fires his shoulder off the mat to break the pin!]

GM: That was close, Bucky.

BW: Verhoeven hit that standing lariat and I thought that was it, Gordo.

GM: And now Travis Lynch is in serious trouble after taking that low blow AND that standing lariat from the Butcher.

[An angry German drags Lynch up by the hair, shoving him back into the nearest set of turnbuckles.]

GM: Verhoeven's on the attack in the corner... look out here...

[Balling up his fists, Verhoeven squares his shoulders and goes to town on the Texan, throwing repeated rights and lefts to the muscular body of Travis Lynch.]

BW: The Butcher looks like he's pounding a side of beef in there!

GM: Verhoeven's boxing skills are very well known.

[The Butcher hammers away at the ribcage, repeatedly driving in his fist as the referee steps in, forcing Verhoeven to back away...

...where he suddenly shoves the official side, charging in to connect with a big clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[As Lynch staggers out, the six foot eight German drops him with a big boot under the jaw!]

GM: Down goes Lynch!

[Verhoeven drops to his knees, planting his fists in the chest of Lynch.]

GM: The Butcher gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[The Texan throws his shoulder off the mat again, breaking the pin.]

GM: Two count! Two count only!

[The fired-up Verhoeven grabs Lynch by the hair, rolling him to his stomach and SLAMMING the Texan's face into the canvas!]

GM: Facefirst to the mat... and again!

[With Colville shouting encouragement from the floor, the Butcher climbs back to his feet, dragging Lynch up by the arm, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Oh my stars... he might be looking for a powerbomb here!

[The 285 pound German reaches down, hooking his arms together around the waist of Lynch...

...and hoists him high into the air, pausing at the top of the lift.]

GM: POWERBOMB!

BW: Lynch is fighting it!

[At the peak of the lift, Lynch takes a chance to throw a quick series of right hands to the head, causing Verhoeven to stumble, dropping Lynch down to a knee on the mat...

...where he explodes into a double leg takedown, knocking the German back down to the mat with the Texan on top of him!]

GM: DOWN GOES THE BUTCHER!!

[The crowd roars as Lynch hammers Verhoeven with right hands from the mounted position before being shoved off by the powerful German.]

GM: Both men trying to get back to their feet...

[The German is ready, throwing a haymaker that Lynch blocks with his left hand...

...and then counters with a right to the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand by Travis Lynch!

[Verhoeven throws another right hand that Lynch slaps away before replying with one of his own...]

GM: A second! There's a third!

[With Verhoeven stunned, Lynch dips down, scooping the near three hundred pounder up in his arms...]

GM: Lynch picks him up!

[...and SLAMMING him down to the canvas to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Big bodyslam by Travis Lynch!

[Lynch throws his arms back with a roar.]

GM: That took a lot of upper body strength from Lynch and that's something this kid has in spades, Bucky!

BW: Yeah, yeah, yeah... Stench is in great shape. Ain't no denying that.

[The Texan backs into the ropes, slowly walking back out to the middle of the ring where he leaps up...

...and BURIES a kneedrop in the chest of the German!]

GM: Ohh! A flying kneedrop straight to the heart of the Butcher!

[The camera catches an alarmed look on Colville's face as Lynch attempts a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But the powerful German kicks out, shoving Lynch a few feet away. The Texan is quickly to his feet, ready to go as Verhoeven takes a knee. Lynch quickly snares a side headlock, swinging an arm around in the air as Verhoeven climbs off the mat.]

GM: Lynch is calling for the bulldog! He's got him hooked and-

[Lynch's efforts are cut short when the powerful Verhoeven slams on the brakes, wrapping his mammoth arms around the torso of Lynch before hoisting him into the air and dropping him down on the back of his head and neck with a side suplex!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter by Verhoeven!

[The German rolls away from the scene, ending up out on the apron trying to recover as Lynch lies on the mat, clutching the back of his head. Colville can be seen slapping the canvas repeatedly, shouting encouragement to his meal ticket.]

GM: Both men are down after that big suplex... so much at stake here for them both, Bucky.

BW: One man will move on to Round Two... and the other will go back to Texas to weep at his mama's knee.

GM: Oh, you're hysterical.

[Out on the apron, Verhoeven drags himself to a standing position using the ropes. Theodore Colville moves quickly to his side, pointing wildly at the recovering Lynch.]

GM: Verhoeven is dazed but he needs to act now if he wants to take advantage of that side suplex. The side suplex gave him a momentary advantage but it'll be all gone if he doesn't move in for the kill and quickly.

[The six foot eight German steps through the ropes, reaching Lynch as he pushes up to his knees...

...and wrapping a powerful hand around his throat!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Verhoeven bodily lifts Lynch up to his feet by the throat.]

“FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!”

GM: The Butcher’s got him! This could be it!

[The Butcher reaches up with his free hand and drags a thumb across his throat...]

GM: He’s calling for the Slaughterslam!

BW: If he hits it, say good night, Travvie!

[Lynch starts to struggle against the grip, reaching up with his powerful arms to grab Verhoeven by the wrist.]

GM: Bruno’s trying to get loose! But so is Lynch! Lynch is fighting the Slaughterslam!

[Verhoeven attempts to tighten his grip, jerking Lynch to the side to try and break free of his counter attempts.]

GM: Who’s going to be able to have their way here? We’re at the halfway point in the time limit for this one and-

[Lynch throws a right hand, catching Verhoeven on the jaw!]

GM: Travis fires in a haymaker!

BW: But Verhoeven is hanging on!

[The powerful Butcher shakes his head at Lynch, tightening his grip yet again...

...and again Lynch throws a right hand to the temple!]

GM: Lynch is trying to fight his way out of this, Bucky!

BW: I can see that!

GM: Lynch throws another! And another!

[But Verhoeven has seen enough as he powers Lynch up into the air...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous chokeslam!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: It wasn't the Slaughterslam but it may have been enough, Gordo!

GM: Look at that, Bucky! Look at the ring generalship of Travis Lynch! He got hit with the chokeslam but he knew exactly where he was and rolled right out of the ring to the safety of the ring apron. He was in trouble and he got out of there in a hurry, fans!

[A kneeling Verhoeven SLAMS his fists into the canvas, shouting something in German at the official who waves for the action to continue. A shout aimed at Colville has the legal representative move himself next to Travis Lynch, preventing him from rolling off the apron as the Butcher regains his feet.]

GM: Verhoeven's back up... and he's moving in on Travis Lynch again, fans!

[As the German draws near, he leans over the top rope, grabbing a dazed Lynch by the hair and hauling him back up to his feet. He pulls Lynch's head back, exposing the chest...

...and HAMMERS a forearm down across the pectorals!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[The Butcher winds up a second time, slamming his arm down again.]

GM: Two big forearms by the German...

[Verhoeven lands a third big blow before swinging Lynch around, tugging him into a front facelock before slinging the Texan's arm over his neck.]

GM: Verhoeven's going to bring him in the hard way!

[The Butcher lifts him up into the air, holding him high up in the vertical suplex position...

...and brings him CRASHING down hard on the canvas!]

GM: Lynch hits the mat hard!

[Verhoeven backs to the corner, slapping the top turnbuckle with his hand before he pushes himself up to the middle rope.]

GM: What in the world is Verhoeven doing here?

BW: He's gonna fly, daddy!

GM: Apparently... but why? Why in the world would someone his size even ATTEMPT something off the ropes?!

[A dazed Lynch pushes to a knee, totally unaware of what's waiting behind him...

...or so it seems. But as Lynch gets both legs under him, he spins and rushes forward towards the corner where a shocked Verhoeven is standing as Lynch winds up and SINKS the Iron Claw into the midsection of the German!]

GM: CLAW! CLAW!!

[The crowd is roaring for Travis Lynch as he rips and tears at the midsection of his opposition, trying to break him down.]

GM: Lynch has got the Claw sunk in deep on the abdominal muscles of Bruno Verhoeven!

[Verhoeven screams in pain, hammering fists down on the skull of a resilient Travis Lynch, trying to force him to break the hold...

...when suddenly Lynch reaches up with his free hand and HURLS Verhoeven off the middle rope and down to the canvas!]

GM: HE THROWS HIM DOWN!!

[Travis Lynch, showing signs of fatigue, slaps the top turnbuckle with both arms as he shouts to the crowd who responds with a roar. He slowly turns around, slapping his clenched right hand to a cheer...

...and as Verhoeven climbs to his feet, Lynch goes into a full spin out of the corner before CRACKING the Butcher on the temple with a right hand!]

GM: DISCUS PUNCH! DISCUS PUNCH!!

[Lynch collapses atop Verhoeven!]

GM: ONE! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sound of the bell.]

GM: Travis Lynch has done it! He's moving on to the second round of this tournament!

BW: I can't believe it!

GM: Lynch scored the big comeback with the Iron Claw on the guts of the German followed up with the big Discus Punch. Right out of the Travis Lynch playbook, Bucky.

BW: What a disappointing loss this has to be for Verhoeven. He thought he had this match won... he was the easy favorite going into it and now...

GM: Now he'll be sitting on the sidelines of this tournament, waiting and watching to see what's next. He'll be-

[The crowd ROARS with jeers as Verhoeven blitzes Travis Lynch from behind with a running clothesline to the back of the skull!]

GM: Ohh! Verhoeven has struck again! He attacks Travis Lynch from behind and-

[Not wasting a moment this time, Verhoeven grabs Lynch by the throat, hoisting him high into the air...

...and DRIVING him down across the bent knee in a chokeslam/backbreaker combo!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SLAUGHTERSLAM!! Verhoeven hits Lynch with the Slaughterslam!

BW: It’s a little too late, Gordo, but the Butcher is trying to send a message!

GM: A message?! What message?!

BW: He’s showing the world that even though he’s out of the tournament, he is NOT going to just stand by and watch everything develop without him. He WILL still have a major impact on this tournament going forward.

GM: Unbelievable. Travis Lynch is absolutely motionless on the mat as Bruno Verhoeven stands over him, taunting him.

[With Lynch down on the mat, Verhoeven slowly raises his gloved right hand over his head.]

GM: Bruno Verhoeven can celebrate all he wants but the fact is, Travis Lynch is heading for the next round. And to see his name put up on the Big Board, let’s go backstage to Mark Stegglet! Mark?

[We crossfade back to the Tournament Control Center where Mark Stegglet is, in fact, putting Travis Lynch’s name up on the Big Board.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! Travis Lynch is indeed heading to the second round of this tournament alongside Bumble Bee and BC Da Mastah MC. It’s a good night for the fans of the AWA so far as three of the most popular men in the entire promotion are moving on to the second round of this historic tournament. We’ll have to wait and see if this trend continues throughout the night but right now, let’s find out the next person to be added to the field of sixty-four!

[We find ourselves inside Los Angeles International Airport, more specifically a small space in-between the Terminal 3 Food Court and Hudson News. The shakiness of the shot suggests that this footage is homemade, with the director currently behind the camera. The shakiness comes to a halt for a moment, then goes askew once again as the amateur cameraman sets up for the main footage. As the screen goes back to a still and upright shot, we see a very tired looking man walking into the shot...]

???: What a fantastic homecoming party.

[The male decides to take a seat against a wall, looking frustrated and dejected - as if he's expecting to be noticed but is unfortunately ignored by the passengers and employees inside the airport. He pauses to take a look around, then continues.]

JA: You see, when you're Jaiden Andrews and you're back in the United States, nobody gives a damn. It doesn't matter if you were once known as _the_ up and coming superstar in the sport. It doesn't matter if you once won a tournament of the best of the best in the world, holding up a trophy to the cheers and admiration of those in attendance. It doesn't even matter that your name was once synonymous with some of the same names that headline shows today... guys like Pure X and Sudakov.

[A fire burns in Andrews' eyes as he continues.]

JA: Because here in the United States of America, Jaiden Andrews is a _nobody_.

[Andrews pauses for a few moments, staring off into space as if really contemplating his last words.]

JA: So why bother, then? Why bother to leave Japan, a country that has embraced you in a way that nowhere else has, to come back to a country that could care less about you? Why bother to leave a _guaranteed_ paycheck, benefits, and lifestyle and return to _nothing_? Why bother to throw my name into a tournament where I'll be looked over and seen as a _non_ threat?

[Andrews holds up an index finger.]

JA: Redemption.

[The look on Andrews' face begins to soften a bit.]

JA: When it comes down to it, _I_ haven't forgotten about who I am. _I_ haven't forgotten about what I did, who I defeated, and what I achieved. _I_ haven't forgotten about the feeling of hearing a crowd yell and scream upon the mere sound of my theme music. And most importantly, _I_ haven't forgotten about what I'm able to do once I step inside a wrestling ring...

[His look tightens again, the determination in his eyes piercing the camera.]

JA: ...whether that ring is in the United States, Japan, or anywhere else in the world.

[Andrews stands up, walking closer to the camera.]

JA: I _want_ my career back. I _want_ my life back. I _want_ things to be back to where they were. I realize that I can't change the past. I realize that

I can't rearrange the events of ten years ago. But I can start again. And if this little tournament can be a catalyst to my redemption, so be it. Imagine a victory over a Rick Marley. A Jeff Matthews. Even a guy like November. All of them are or were the foundations of this sport... a place where I want to take a rightful seat...

...a place where I know I can take a seat.

[Raising the camera to face level now, Andrews continues.]

JA: The SoCal Superstar is back... and I'm not going anywhere.

[Fade to black.]

We fade into the outside of a restaurant with a sign above it that reads "Cool Bar & Grille." Standing on the outside of the building are "Acme" Andrew Sterling and Dan "Cool Cat" Thomas. Both men are wearing t-shirts with "Cool Bar & Grille" written across the front and blue jeans.]

AS: Hello! I'm Andrew Sterling.

DT: And I'm Dan Thomas.

AS: You probably remember us from great matches such as Unholy War.

DT: Rumble in Sin City.

AS: Loser Gives Up Scientology.

DT: And Escape from Disneyland. Okay. That last one didn't really happen.

[Sterling points at the camera.]

AS: We're still waiting on you, Token White Boyz! But, we'd like to announce the grand opening of the Cool Bar & Grille in Dallas, Texas. We're located just off of I-635 in Grapevine, Texas.

DT: That's pretty close to DFW! We've got great signature dishes! Like our Coolio Alligator Po' Boy.

AS: You can't forget our signature Angus Beef Steaks!

DT: Or our delicious salads!

AS: Let's not forget our signature pancakes!

DT: Uh... we don't serve pancakes, dude.

AS: WELL WE SHOULD!

DT: Right.

AS: For you AWA fans who are hongry after a Saturday night full of action-packed excitement...

DT: Hongry?

AS: Yeah, when you're hungrier than hungry.

DT: Ooookay.

AS: At any rate, bring your AWA Saturday Night Wrestling ticket stubs, and you'll receive a free dessert with the purchase of any entree! Remember, that's the Cool Bar & Grille in Grapevine, Texas right off of I-635!

[We fade out.

And then back up to live action where the camera opens closely on the disgruntled face of Ron Houston. The former National Champion's brows narrow as he stares into the camera. The top of his shoulders barely protrudes into a shot that focuses almost exclusively on his face. His steel blue eyes pierce out from behind The Athens Georgia Madman's slowly eroding face.. the years of wear and tear having finally taken their toll, culminating in the man that stands before us now. His face slowly darkens into a hue of red.]

RH: Ain't the first time ah've had yer foot crawl up 'gainst mah jaw, _Hotshot_..

[Houston's teeth clench.]

RH: .. May twenty fifth, two thousand nine.. me, you, Adam Rogers.. Memorial Day Mayhem.. three years ago.. almost ta the day.. ya did the same thing.

[Houston's eyes close.. as if he's reliving the moment.]

RH: Ah'm bout ta Fade "The Natural" right out of the Rumble. 'Bout ta just be me and _you_.. 'bout ta get mah shot at at a repeat.. and ya snapped yer foot off mah jaw and took away mah shot at repeating. Usurped mah glory in one fell swoop of that there foot.

Ya hopped up on the second buckle and ya pumped yer fist in the air and ya "saluted" the crowed like ya actually gave a damn what a single person in that arena thought 'bout ya. Acted like ya was honored. Sweet Daddy came down and ya fellas embraced in the center of the ring.. the crowd was raucous.. and ah remember thinkin'..

[Houston pauses.. chuckling at the notion.]

RH: .. ya know what.. victory be damned.. good fer him.

[The chuckle drops just like the other shoe did in retrospect.]

RH: Good. Fer. Him.

[Sarcasm oozes off his every word.]

RH: What a _touchin'_ moment!

[Houston continues, bitterness betraying his every word.]

RH: Meanwhile, that entire time, that _entire_ time, the seed had already been planted.. ya were already in bed with Waterson.. biding your time. Plannin' ta betray each and every person who helped build up the "Hotshot" that stood before us that night. The "Hotshot" who took the time ta kick mah face.. bow ta the crowd before him.. hug his best friend. Then stab each and every one of us in the back. The shadow of mah ignorance still cast a pall over me.

But _that_ is the Stevie Scott ah remember..

[Houston slaps the black and blue mark that hangs from the bottom of his jawline.]

RH: .. and _that's_ the Stevie Scott ah see when I look at ya now.

Three years later.

Same tiger.

Same stripes.

[Houston's brimming frustration hangs right below the surface, if not right on it, as he continues.]

RH: Tryin' ta hide like a coward behind a hero he can never be. Dodgin', even if only in his own mind, the man he truly is.. the man he always was.. the man he'll always be.. buried behind a sloppy smile and a history that's betrayed everythin' he's tryin' ta pretend be. Like a child playin' make believe.

Yer a _fake_ "Hotshot".. yer an imposter and a fraud.. masqueradin' as somethin' you'll never be and after ah'm done puttin' another of mah great regrets ta bed..

[Aside.]

RH: Heya, Kolya..

[End aside.]

RH: ..Ah'm hopin' and prayin' that yer still here.. cause ah've got somethin' for ya.

Something' ah've been waitin' ta give ta you.. ta Brian Von Braun.. ta Kolya Sudakov.. and all the other men who've turned me into the man ah am today..

An ornery.. bitter.. pissed off Fadin' machine.

[Houston pauses ever so briefly to collect himself.]

RH: Forget gold.. ah'm just comin' fer what's mine.

[Almost regretfully.]

RH: A little bit of compensation.. a repayment if ya will.. fer the happiness that ya've taken from me.

And ah'll collect it the only way ah know how ta..

[Houston turns to walk away.. his voice trailing.]

RH: .. by Fadin' each and every one of ya.

[Fade from the closeup of Ron Houston to the interior of Harper Stadium - more precisely onto the interview stage where Jason Dane and the entire crowd has just watched Ron Houston speak on the big screen TVs.]

JD: Ron Houston apparently has made himself a hitlist of all of those he feels has wronged him in the past and he plans to make his way through that list in the weeks and months to come in this tournament, starting in two weeks' time against Kolya Sudakov in a first round battle of two former National Champions!

But that's two weeks away. Right now, we're still here at Memorial Day Mayhem and our night is nowhere near done. Coming up next... gentlemen, come on in here...

[Dane's arm gesture and a subsequent camera pan reveals "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes and his man Nenshou.

Percy is wearing a black suit jacket and pants, a white undershirt, and a scarlet tie. The bald, pudgy, goateed manager is carrying his crystal-tipped cane in one hand, and a championship belt in another. Nenshou is wearing a red jacket made of a light material, with baggy, pointed sleeves and a pointed hood which covers his face... sort of like a bizarre cross between a red hoodie and a Klan mask. His trunks are red and his boots are black.]

JD: Percy Childes, we're just moments away from Nenshou's first-round tournament match against the highly experienced and very dangerous Mister Oliver Strickland. Your thoughts?

PC: My thoughts on Oliver Strickland?

JD: Yes.

PC: I think he is a man with no sense of context.

Strickland, you demand respect. Respect for the things you have done in the past. Well, I don't know if you've been following our program these past few years, so let me cover some ground that the AWA fans will find familiar. There is no wrestler from the past who deserves respect based on the things they did in the past. Why? Because they're all failures. Each and every one of them. Why? Let me show you.

[Percy holds up the championship belt he brought with him.]

PC: I found this in a pawn shop last week. It looks like a championship from one of the past federations, one of the territories that tried and failed. Which narrows the list of suspects down to... ALL OF THEM. Portland collapsed and died. Los Angeles collapsed and died. New York collapsed and died. St. Louis collapsed and died. Laredo collapsed and died. Biloxi collapsed and died. I'm hearing the death throes from Phoenix as we speak. Toronto has been a zombie for years. And that says nothing about the second-through-bottom-tier organizations... all of which featured "legends" who fought with their body and soul. All of them featured men like you, Oliver Strickland... and some of them DID feature you, Oliver Strickland. And they all went belly-up. Failed. FAILED.

Is that what you want your respect for? Forgive me if I find that to be laughable.

Are you a dangerous man? Of course! I know your skill, and I know your willpower. But look. The thing in my hand is a thing which men of skill fought for, bled for, and gave everything they had for. Men nearly died for this! It was the most important thing in their worlds. And to think... five years later, they could have had it for one hundred dollars.

My Nenshou is not here on some misguided quest for respect... though respect him you will. His ability is beyond you, Strickland; beyond what you once were, and far beyond what you are now. That is no mark on you... indeed, you still retain a level of talent most men would sell their souls for. But for Nenshou, that would be a downgrade of monumental proportions. He is here on a quest, but not one of respect. He is here to succeed where all of the "legends" failed. The Hall Of Fame is littered with the names and likenesses of those who could not sustain greatness... and yet they are somehow venerated! Those men who are considered in that general league are still given whatever they wish... witness the likes of yourself, of Gabriel Whitecross, of Gunnar Gaines, of Hamilton Graham, of Hannibal Carver, of Glenn Hudson... men who have stolen the opportunities from wrestlers of this generation, in order to do what? Fail AGAIN?

How backwards are we?! Why are we repeating the mistakes of the past instead of finding the way of the future?! It would at least be understandable if these people were still in the sport, such as the case with the likes of James Monosso. But no, these fools stand up from their couches

and chase the lost memories of their youth... lost through years of concussion-induced dementia.

You, Oliver Strickland, are the first to fall in this iteration of the unending conflict between maudlin sentiment and the exceptionalism for which sport itself was designed! Nenshou has heard your cries for respect, SIR... and he is quite motivated to silence them. Or better yet, to replace them with screams of an entirely different sort. As for your dreams of recapturing your memories of glory? Your dreams of reclaiming the days when you quested for greatness?

After Nenshou finishes you... ANY of you... I will gracefully give you these two fine parting gifts.

[With that, Percy pulls two objects from his coat pocket... a \$100 bill and a road map with some red markings on it.]

PC: A hundred bucks, and the directions to every pawn shop within two hundred miles. That's the only road to glory you people will EVER ride down again!

[With that, the opening thunderstrike of "Raijin's Drums" plays, and Percy leads the way down the aisle... Nenshou follows silently after him.]

JD: You heard the man... let's go down to the ring to see Nenshou take on MISTER Oliver Strickland in yet another first round matchup!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is a first round matchup in the tournament to crown the first AWA World Champion!

Introducing first...

[The music continues from the previous interview segment as the camera cuts to Nenshou and Percy Childes walking down the aisle.]

PW: He hails from the Land of the Rising Sun... weighing in at 235 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by his manager, the Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes...

He... is...

NENNNNSHOUUUUUUU!

[Percy Childes enters the ring first, pointing his crystal-topped cane towards the enigmatic Nenshou as he steps through the ropes into the squared circle. Nenshou stops in center ring, looking around at the jeering crowd...

...and a lightning quick movement, he tears off the cloth hood and lets a stream of red mist fly into the air!]

GM: Whoa! No matter how times we see him do it, I never get used to it, Bucky.

BW: You know who else isn't going to get used to it? Oliver Strickland when it's burning his eyes out of his head!

GM: You're that confident in Nenshou? You think he's just going to lay one of the greatest mat technicians in the history of our sport to waste?

BW: I believe that Nenshou is ready to become what Percy's always told us he is - the future of this sport. And that means he's ready to become the World Heavyweight Champion. Oliver Strickland admits it himself... he's not the future... he may not even be the present at this stage in his career.

GM: Which makes him a desperate man... a man with nothing to lose as he said.

BW: Nenshou aims to prove him wrong, Gordo. Cause he DOES have something to lose... his eyesight.

GM: Let's go back to Phil...

[The ring announcer continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The curtain parts to reveal quite the piece of eye candy - a stunning brunette in a much-too-tight white dress who applauds proudly as she walks into view. There is no entrance music as the curtain parts again.]

PW: From Glastonbury, Connecticut... weighing in at 245 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by the lovely Vanessa...

MISTER...

[Watson pauses, making sure everyone heard the formality.]

PW: OLLLLLLLIVERRRRR STRIIIIICKLAAAAAAND!

[Strickland strides into view, wasting no time in getting down the aisle. He does not play to the fans... he does not flex or cup a hand to his ear. He doesn't even acknowledge that he's not alone in the building as the 50 year old grappler heads to the ring.]

GM: A former Southern Heavyweight Champion and a world-renowned competitor inside the squared circle, Oliver Strickland certainly is a dark horse candidate to go the distance in this tournament.

BW: I'd agree... if he hadn't drawn Nenshou in the first round.

[Climbing the steps, Strickland ducks through the ropes where he allows the waiting Vanessa to remove his plain white robe from around his upper body. There is no posing, no playing to the crowd, no waving an arm or pumping a fist. Strickland merely nods at the crowd's reaction, moving back to his corner as Vanessa, robe in hand, exits the ring to the floor.]

GM: This should be a very intriguing matchup, Bucky.

BW: Oh, I agree with that. This won't be a walk in the park for Nenshou. If Percy was looking for his man to be tested in the first round, I think he'll get his wish and then some.

[Referee Mickey Meekly gives both men some final words of instruction before he signals for the bell to start the matchup.]

GM: And here we go! The fourth of our first round matches here tonight in the tournament to crown the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion and this should be a good one, fans.

[Oliver Strickland wastes no time in marching out of the corner to the middle of the ring and extending his hand...]

GM: Oliver Strickland offers up a handshake to Nenshou... that's interesting.

BW: He's a good sport. Usually you're all over that kind of garbage.

GM: I do enjoy good sportsmanship but when you're talking about Nenshou, you have to wonder if he-

[The Asian Assassin simply responds by dragging his taped thumb across his throat and giving Strickland a thumbs down.]

GM: Well, I guess that answers-

[An enraged Strickland, furious at the snub, lunges into a collar and elbow tieup with the former Longhorn Heritage Champion, immediately securing a rear waistlock...]

...and POWERS Nenshou up into the air, twisting his body, and hurling the smaller man down facefirst on the canvas to a HUGE shocked response from the crowd!]

GM: Oh my stars! What a show of power from Strickland!

BW: And you wouldn't expect to see that kind of power out of Strickland. He's not a large man. Not a ton of muscles.

GM: Nenshou certainly didn't expect that.

[Nenshou slowly climbs back to his feet, glaring at Strickland, and this time it's Nenshou who rushes into a collar and elbow tieup...]

...and in what amounts to an instant replay, is quickly waistlocked and thrown down to the canvas in impressive fashion for the second time!]

GM: Good grief! Oliver Strickland is manhandling him around the ring!

[At the urging of Percy Childes, Nenshou rolls out to the floor. Childes huddles up with him, gesturing wildly at the ring as Vanessa taunts the duo from nearby. Strickland, however, ignores the duo as he paces back and forth, trying to keep loose.]

GM: The referee starts his count... but Nenshou's back up on the apron at the count of three.

[Strickland pauses his pacing, hands on hips as he awaits his opponent's return to the ring.]

GM: Nenshou's waiting, watching...

[Strickland walks to the center, gesturing angrily at Nenshou as the referee requests the man from Japan to re-enter the ring. Percy Childes barks something in the direction of Strickland who turns his head for a moment as Nenshou slips into the ring, rushing forward...

...and gets taken down with an armdrag!]

GM: Strickland takes him down again!

[Strickland releases, climbing to his feet and waving Nenshou forward. Showing uncharacteristic emotion, Nenshou gets up, rushing forward again, and getting taken down with another armdrag that quickly gets turned into a kneeling armbar on the canvas.]

GM: Strickland secures the armbar, shouting at the official to check the man but there's no submission there.

BW: There'll be a submission later tonight in the Main Event though. That's for sure.

GM: There sure will be.

[Strickland cranks back on the arm, shouting again to "CHECK HIM!" just as Nenshou rolls himself back onto his shoulders and SNAPS a kick into the temple of the kneeling Strickland!]

GM: Ohh! Unorthodox offense on the part of Nenshou!

[Climbing to his feet, Nenshou shakes out the arm as he throws a second kick at a kneeling Strickland, this one landing squarely in the chest and folding Strickland back on his own legs.]

GM: Goodness... that's gotta do a number on your hamstrings.

[With Strickland down on his own lower body, Nenshou measures him and then leaps into the air...]

...DRIVING both feet down squarely in the chest!]

GM: OHHHHH! What a double stomp!

BW: A page taken right out of the playbook of Anton Layton, Gordo!

GM: It certainly was.

[Childes shouts something in Japanese into the ring to Nenshou who nods.]

GM: You've gotta wonder what Percy said right there. Obviously something he didn't want any of us to know.

BW: How do you know that? We don't know the extent of the English that Nenshou is able to understand. Maybe Percy's just trying to communicate with him.

GM: I bet he's up to something, Bucky.

[With Strickland still down on the mat, Nenshou yanks a leg out from under him, holding it by the foot...]

...and SNAPS a kick into the side of the knee!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief!

BW: Nenshou's got his eyes locked on that leg!

[Still holding the foot, Nenshou lashes out with a series of kicks to the side of the knee, leaving Strickland wincing as he tries to grab at his leg.]

GM: It's pretty unusual to see Nenshou target a limb like this, Bucky. He usually wants that high impact offense leading to the high risk offense. He uses the martial arts skills and the high flying.

BW: Maybe Percy wants him to mix it up a bit to try and get through this tournament.

[Shoving the leg back to the mat, Nenshou pins the ankle down with his left foot...]

...and then DROPS his right knee on the side of the knee, causing Strickland to sit up and howl in pain.]

GM: Good grief!

[Nenshou simply grabs Strickland by the face, shoving him back down to the mat as he grinds his kneecap back and forth on the side of Strickland's injured knee.]

GM: That's just savage! Absolutely brutal!

[The referee steps in, warning Nenshou.]

BW: What's Meekly going on about? Is that even illegal?

GM: I'm not really sure actually. Mickey Meekly must think it is.

[Nenshou climbs back to his feet, raining down a quartet of stomps on the knee as Strickland rolls away, sliding under the ropes to the apron. The Asian Assassin stalks after him, grabbing the top rope and catapulting over the top, landing on his feet on the floor...]

GM: Now THAT'S a dangerous move, Bucky. You could blow out a knee, break an ankle... and for what?

BW: To show the world what an incredible athlete you are!

GM: At what potential cost?!

[Out on the floor, Nenshou shoves Strickland's upper body back into the ring so that his legs are dangling out over the apron. He grabs the wounded leg, lifting it high in the air...]

...and SLAMS the knee down on the edge of the apron!]

GM: OHHH! Strickland's knee just got DRIVEN into the hardest part of the ring!

[The veteran cries out in pain, leaning against the ropes as he reaches through them to grab at his leg. A martial arts thrust to the throat sends a gasping Strickland back down to the mat.]

GM: Nenshou's going for it again!

[Grabbing the boot, Nenshou lifts Strickland's leg straight up...]

...and SLAMS it down into the edge of the apron again!]

GM: Another hard shot to the knee!

[Strickland howls in pain again as he clutches at his knee, earning a knife-edge chop across the throat area that puts him back down on the canvas.]

GM: Nenshou is targeting the knee, really going after it.

[As the referee's count hits eight, Nenshou rolls back under the ropes. He promptly grabs the top rope, planting his boot on the exposed throat of Strickland, choking him until the referee's count hits four and then breaks off the illegal attack, backing away...]

GM: The referee breaks it up, reprimanding Nenshou now and-

[With the official's back turned, Childes winds up and SLAMS his crystal-topped cane into the injured knee!]

GM: Oh, come on! Referee, for heaven's sake, turn around!

BW: Hey, he's doing his job in there! It's not HIS fault that Percy knows how to play the game, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure it's not but he needs to try to be aware of being lured into such a situation.

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES!"

[Nenshou pushes past the official, grabbing Strickland by the arm and hauling him away from the ropes. A well-placed leaping kneedrop connects, leaving Strickland down on the mat as Nenshou gets back up, moving around to the feet...]

GM: Look out here... what's he got in mind, Bucky?

[The Asian Assassin grabs one of Strickland's legs, straightening it out, and twisting around it...]

GM: The spinning toehold! One of Strickland's favorite holds is being used against him!

[Nenshou goes to lock the hold on a second time, leaning over to put on more pressure...

...and Strickland reaches up, pulling him down into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The official dives down to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd deflates with disappointment as Nenshou barely escapes the pin attempt. Percy Childes can be seen clutching his chest out on the floor.]

GM: We were a half count away from the biggest upset of the night, fans! Nenshou almost found himself eliminated from the very tournament he returned to the AWA to participate in!

[Nenshou scrambles to his feet as Strickland does the same...

...and catches the rising veteran squarely on the chin with a thrust kick!]

GM: Ohhh! Standing side kick on the jaw! Strickland may be out after that one!

[The blow sent Strickland sailing back to the corner, leaning against the buckles to stay on his feet as Nenshou approaches.]

GM: Nenshou's moving in on him, looking for the kill perhaps...

[Grabbing the top rope, Nenshou lays in kick after kick to the side of Strickland's knee, chopping him down to a kneeling position in the buckles before pulling him back up by the arm, going for an Irish whip...]

GM: Big whip by Nensh- ohhh.

BW: He collapsed, Gordo! Strickland's leg couldn't hold his weight and he just collapsed in the middle of the ring!

GM: That's exactly what happened and you have to believe that Nenshou and Percy Childes liked what they saw right there, fans.

[Nenshou slowly moves in on Strickland again, the again veteran trying to crawl away from his attacker but the Japanese grappler swoops down, grabbing Strickland's ankle, lifting his leg high off the mat...

...and DRIVES his kneecap back into the canvas!]

GM: Gaaah. Someone put a stop to this thing. This has gone too far, Bucky!

BW: There's no such thing as going too far when the chance to become the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion is on the line, daddy!

[Strickland rolls back and forth on the mat, clutching his injured limb as Vanessa looks on at ringside - a display of concern etched on her face as Nenshou grabs the leg again, delivering a pair of kicks before he attempts the spinning toehold again.]

BW: You know, Gordo... it just occurred to me. Percy may be looking to gain a submission over Strickland with his own hold! What a humiliating moment that would be for the former Southern Heavyweight Champion!

[Nenshou twists the leg around, looking to apply the pressure when a desperate Strickland raises his free leg and uses it to push Nenshou off from behind, sending him sprawling away to a decent amount of cheers from the fans.]

GM: You can hear the fans starting to rally behind Oliver Strickland. They may not like him but they hate Nenshou even more.

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Nenshou rapidly swings around, moving back in on Strickland who has managed to push himself up to his own knees...

...and SURGES forward on the charging Nenshou, taking his legs out from under him with a double leg takedown!]

GM: Oh my! Strickland caught him coming in! Strickland saw him coming and he went for the big double leg dive!

[Still holding the legs, Strickland edges back a few steps and then falls back, leveraging Nenshou up into the air...

...where he SLAMS facefirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: CATAPULT TO THE CORNER!! Nenshou's stunned!

[And as the Asian Assassin staggers backwards, Strickland hauls him down into a sunset flip type pin!]

GM: He rolls him up! He's got one! He's got two! He's got thr-

[But again, Nenshou fires a shoulder up to avoid the three count!]

GM: Another near fall for Oliver Strickland!

[Strickland steadies himself as he regains his feet, snatching Nenshou from his knees into a double underhook...

...and then essentially hoists him into the air on one leg, bringing him CRASHING down to the canvas!]

GM: Butterfly suplex and a beauty!

[Strickland rolls over into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got thr- no! Again! Again, Nenshou's out just before the three count!

[Strickland promptly rolls out of the pinning position, wincing as he pushes up to his feet with Nenshou's left leg in his hand...

...and swings an arm around in the air to a cheer from the fans!]

GM: Strickland must be feeling the moment as he pauses to salute the fans there... something he rarely does...

BW: He's going for the spinning toehold!

[The crowd ERUPTS as he twists the leg around his own, locking in his preferred finishing hold as Nenshou flails about on the canvas in pain.]

GM: He's got it locked in! Strickland's got the spinning toehold applied!

[Sensing danger, Percy Childes leaps up on the apron, shouting frantically at the official...

...and on the other side of the ring, Vanessa does the same!]

GM: What in the world?!

BW: The two managers are getting involved here!

GM: Percy Childes was trying to call the official's attention away from the submission and I think Vanessa is trying to call it BACK to the spinning toehold!

[Childes is absolutely throwing a fit now, kicking the ropes, screaming insults in Vanessa's direction as Strickland re-applies the hold, sending Nenshou into a whole new set of convulsing movements on the mat!]

GM: This could be it, fans! Strickland's got that hold sunk in deep in the middle of the ring! I don't see any way out of this hold for Nenshou! He can't get to the ropes! He can't-

[But as Strickland goes to apply the hold yet again, he stumbles, the injured knee causing trouble as Nenshou lashes out with a kick to the temple, sending Strickland staggering backwards as Percy shouts out to his man.]

GM: Did he just say...?

[And as Nenshou kips up to his feet, an impressive move considering how much he's hobbling as he walks towards Strickland...

...he LASHES out with a brutal kick to the back of Strickland's leg, sending the veteran CRASHING down hard to the canvas!]

BW: SWEEP THE LEG!

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Hearing the timekeeper's call, Nenshou flips Strickland to his stomach, hooking the injured limb in an Indian Deathlock...

...and then bridges backwards, cupping his hands under the chin of the stretched out veteran!]

GM: The Nenshoulock! An absolutely brutal submission hold by Nenshou!

[Strickland is fighting it, screaming in pain as he pounds his fists into the canvas...

...and ultimately slumps over as the official calls for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Did he give up? He slumped over, seemingly unconscious but he may have given up before that, Bucky.

BW: Has Strickland ever given up before?

GM: I'm sure he has in his lengthy career but it is certainly a rare thing to witness.

[The official leans over, speaking with the ring announcer who makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match... by SUBMISSION...

NENNNNNSHOUUUUUU!

[Nenshou stands over the barely-conscious Strickland, glaring down at him as Percy Childes joins him in the ring. Childes lifts his charge's hand in the air in victory, gesturing at him with the crystal-topped cane. Vanessa crawls under the ropes, kneeling next to her fallen man.]

GM: An outstanding matchup there and Oliver Strickland really gave it everything he had left in the tank. It was a terrific showing for him and a couple of times, I thought he had the match won, Bucky.

BW: I did too... but in the end, the master strategy of Nenshou and Childes pays BIG dividends tonight in this pig-infested hole they call Arkansas!

GM: Strickland rolls to his back, Vanessa's right there to check on him...

[The crowd GASPS as Nenshou grabs Vanessa by the hair.]

GM: No!

BW: Oh, we've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: We certainly have and we have NO need to see it again! Let her go!

[Nenshou pulls Vanessa to her feet, the smaller woman pleading to him to release her as he menaces her. A chuckling Percy Childes reaches into his suit jacket, withdrawing two items...

...and placing them on the chest of the fallen Strickland.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Haha! It's the map and the Benjamin! Percy promised he'd give 'em to the oldtimer!

GM: A map to all the local pawn shops and a hundred dollar bill - totally designed to humiliate a man who put up such a strong effort in defeat. Ridiculous. Now, you've proved your point, Childes - let the woman go!

[Childes shouts at Nenshou, gesturing wildly with his cane.]

GM: He just told Nenshou to mist her! Not that! Somebody's gotta stop-

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers as "Showtime" Rick Marley comes barreling down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: Rick Marley! Rick Marley's coming! Hurry up, kid!

[Marley hits the ring fast, leaping up on the ring apron, grabbing the top rope behind Nenshou.]

GM: Nenshou hasn't seen him yet!

[Marley leaps into the air, springing off the top rope...

...and DRILLING Nenshou in the back of the head with a missile dropkick that sends Nenshou sprawling to the mat where he rolls to the safety of the floor!]

GM: NENSHOU'S OUTTA THERE!!

[Marley gets to his feet, turning his focus to a fleeing Childes and grabbing him by the suit jacket...

...which he RIPS clean off the Collector of Oddities as Childes falls through the ropes to the floor! The crowd roars as Marley SPIKES the suit jacket on the canvas, spitting on it as he glares out at Nenshou and Childes who are rapidly retreating back up the aisle. Vanessa thanks Marley briefly, helping Strickland from the ring as Marley angrily paces around the squared circle, gesturing for a mic.]

GM: Rick Marley arrived just in the nick of time to save this young lady from serious injury and... it looks like he's got something to say, Bucky...

[Marley stands on the second rope, pointing at Nenshou and Percy' Childes's retreating forms as they move down the aisle. The dark-haired cruiserweight paces back and forth, gesturing for the enigmatic Japanese star to come back, going so far as to sit on the second rope and lift the top in the process.

Finally, he shakes his head, standing in the ring as he watches them head for the hills.]

RM: Not a lot of fun having something like that happen to you, is it Nenshou? I wasn't a big fan, and you can bet that Eric Preston wasn't either...especially not after you blinded him with that crap you try to vomit all over me. And then you try to do the same thing to an innocent woman?! Not on my watch!

[Marley pauses, pacing around the ring for a moment before he continues.]

RM: I warned you...I warned Percy, I warned Nenshou, and I warned anyone that still has rocks-for-brains that are still listening to their song and dance: You made it personal...and now every time you turn around, you're gonna find me standing there waiting for you.

You win a match, you'll find me.

You try to get involved in someone else's business again, you'll find me.

You go to grab a snack at craft services, I'll be holding the ketchup bottle that gets smashed into your worthless skulls.

You tried to end my career, and in the process you ended up blinding a kid who did nothing but put his body on the line to entertain these fans, then dive in the way to save a guy that he'd just gone through hell and back to beat.

In short, you ruined the career of a guy who's warm puddle of spit is worth more than you sorry sacks.

You ruined his chance at fame and glory...

Now I'm gonna make you answer for it.

[The crowd roars in approval of Marley's declaration]

RM: So Childes - Bring in whatever hired guns you want. Hide Nenshou behind The Butcher... behind Monosso... behind whoever else you can convince that you're really out for them while you use 'em up and spit 'em out.

It's not going to matter...I'm through playing fair with you.

Welcome to the next level.

[With that, Marley drops the mic and is about to exit the ring when suddenly...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...a masked man in a pitch black bodysuit with no sleeves arrives on the scene. He wears a black half-mask that covers the upper portion of his head, hiding his identity behind tiny orange and red flames and a blood-red maltese cross that's emblazoned on his chest.

To the educated fan who has been paying attention during the announcement of the participants in the tournament, we know this man is Gideon Hellbane.

And we know he's come for Rick Marley.]

GM: That's... that's Gideon Hellbane!

BW: He had Marley dead to rights! Why didn't he attack him?!

GM: I have no idea but-

[Marley's seen enough of the near three-hundred pounder's menacing gaze, throwing a right hand to the masked jaw. And a second. And a third.]

GM: Marley's taking the fight to Gideon Hellbane!

[Grabbing the arm, he whips Hellbane across, throwing a dropkick...

...but Hellbane grabs the top rope with both arms, preventing the rebound and causing Marley to crash down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Hellbane avoided the dropkick and now-

[Pulling Marley up by the hair, Hellbane hoists him over his shoulder into a bodyslam position, running out to the middle of the ring...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a Michinoku Driver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF, BUCKY!

BW: He finished him right there! Marley's done for!

[Hellbane slowly rises, the crowd buzzing with confusion over what they just saw as he stands over a motionless Rick Marley.]

GM: And as much as I hate to say it, Rick Marley brought that on himself, fans. Hellbane hadn't made a single act of aggression towards him and Marley struck first! What a devastating move Hellbane hit him with though... some kind of a split-legged slam but Marley landed more on the back of his head than his back. A brutal move and Marley may need some help in getting out of here.

BW: Forget all that! Nenshou's moving on to the second round!

GM: Nice segue. So, yes, fans... Nenshou defeats Mister Oliver Strickland in impressive fashion...

BW: By submission!

GM: Right. By submission. And now he'll move on to the second round of this tournament where... what if he meets Rick Marley?

BW: Marley may not even be able to continue in the tournament after taking that move from Gideon Hellbane.

GM: You could be right about that. Fans, let's go back to Mark Stegglet in the Tournament Control Center! Mark?

[We crossfade to the back where Mark Stegglet is placing Nenshou's name on the right side of the column.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! Nenshou is movin' on and the Unholy Alliance has gotta be happy about that news. But one thing they won't be happy about is Rick Marley getting involved in this business, I can assure you of that. The tournament is in full swing now as yet another man steps into the second round but we're not done announcing the men who are stepping into the FIRST round. Take a look at our next participant...

[Fade to black.]

VO: Fade in...to a fat man wearing a suit.

[The mocking voice actually accompanies a fade-in...what do you know, to a fat guy in a rather dashing suit. The rotund individual standing in a rather plain room with an AWA backdrop has a goatee, long blonde hair, visibly touched with grey at the temples and pulled back, and a massive grin on his face.]

RC: Hey, who remembers the Robfathah?

[Christie pauses, waiting for a response that can't possibly come.]

RC: Aww, I knew you guys wouldn't forget lil' ol' me. I mean, it's hard to forget a bowling ball with legs, for one thing, plus Percy Childes and Ben Waterson exist as living monuments to my greatness -- after all, where would either of those clones be without the Robfathah?

[Christie chuckles.]

RC: But nevermind that nonsense, for once, I'm not here to put myself over. No, I'm here on behalf of an old friend, a man who broke into the business many, many, maaaaaany...

[Emphasis on the many, which draws an irritated yell from whomever Christie is talking about.]

Voice: Get on with it, tons of fun, they don't need to know how damned old we both are.

[Christie shrugs.]

RC: Anyway, this man and I both broke into the wrestling business at the same time, maintained a friendship throughout, after both our careers kind of went into a long hibernation, blah blah blah, et cetera.

[Christie suddenly looks less amused.]

RC: Hibernation we both plan to wake up from, all thanks to...dare I say his name? Oh, yes, I dare. My friend and I are back, and it's all thanks to Mark Langseth.

Voice: Don't thank that jerk during my promo, Christie, or you're gonna find yourself looking for someone else to latch onto real fast.

[Christie quickly rushes into his next sentence.]

RC: Anyway, allow me to introduce a man who is a former world champion of the GFWA, a former world champion of the GLCW, a former Television champion of the EMWC...

"The Doctor of Love", Dave Bryant!

[No music, no rigamarole, just a former champion of a number of organizations strolling in from off camera, smirk on his face. Dave definitely looks a bit older and a bit thicker than he did the last time he was on camera over a decade ago, but nonetheless he looks like a man who has kept himself ready to go at any time.]

DB: First of all, let me make this clear -- while my tubby friend here might want to thank Langseth for creating this opportunity for us, I will do NO such thing. I absolutely despise that clown, and just to make sure I still remember how to talk into a microphone, I'm going to tell you all why.

[Bryant actually glares into the camera, apparently genuinely angry.]

DB: I hate that guy because he has what I should have had! That man has a fraction, an ounce, not even a tenth of the wrestling talent that I have in one finger, and he's some kind of legend around here -- a legend of the business! He's a Hall of Famer, he's the National Champion, he's the most hated man in the history of the AWA, and the bastard doesn't even have a CONTRACT with the AWA!

[The Robfathah is standing to the side, visibly trying to stop Bryant's diatribe, but it does no good.]

DB: Fact is, I hate Mark Langseth for the same reason just about everybody else does, and that's jealousy. A lot of you don't have the simple...

[Bryant sneaks a quick look at Christie, who makes a motion that seems to be saying, "Tone it down, don't want to pay a fine."]

DB: ...fortitude to see it, but I am a man of limitless fortitude and a man who has looked in the mirror. I see what everybody else sees, a guy who had it all at his fingertips and threw it all away because of stupid ego, because of idiotic pride. I see a man who could be in Mark Langseth's shoes right now if he had just gone out to that ring and did what he does best every single night! That's why I'm jealous of Mark Langseth, because I could be in his exact spot right now...

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: ...defending the AWA National Title all over the world like a TRUE champion.

[Christie walks back onto camera, shaking his head slightly.]

RC: You really are still a-

[He pauses.]

RC: ...jerk.

[Bryant rolls his eyes.]

DB: Yeah, but thanks to me, we've got another shot, fat man. Another shot at glory, and more importantly, another chance to make sure some of these clowns NEVER see glory. See, kids, the Doctor of Love isn't necessarily here to WIN this thing.

RC: ...what?

DB: You heard me. I have no idea who I'm facing or when I'm facing them, but I hope it's one of these young up and comers the AWA is sporting. I hope it's someone full of hope, with a gleam in their eye that only the young folks in this business still have, the thought that if they just bring their best to that ring, they've got a real shot at becoming the AWA's first World Champion.

[Bryant grins.]

DB: I'm hoping for that because I wanna kick dirt right in their eye, Rob. I wanna see that hope die in their eyes as they slink away from the ring, crushed in defeat, while the referee holds my hand up in triumph. I wanna show some of these kids just what's waiting for most of them in this tournament.

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: ...and what's waiting is loss. Loss to me, loss to someone else, cleanly beaten or cheated out of victory, it doesn't matter. Sixty-three people are coming in, hope in their eyes as they strive to become the first AWA World Title, and I already have a leg up on every single one of them, Mr. Christie. Do you know why?

RC: Why's that?

[Bryant looks over at the Robfathah and laughs.]

DB: I don't have that burden, Rob. I don't have any hope in me for this tournament...

[Bryant stops laughing.]

DB: ...because when you're the best, you don't need hope.

[Abrupt fade to black.]

The shot comes to a close up of the face of former AWA star, City Jack.]

CJ: Former AWA National Tag Team Champion, City Jack, here to talk to you about a serious issue here in America...

[The camera dramatically pulls back to show a restaurant "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks".]

CJ: The most important meal of the day! Breakfast!

[The shot cuts to Jack, sitting down in a booth, with a big plate of pancakes.]

CJ: Now just looky here, all these fluffy flapjacks, smothered all on by every flavor of syrup you can imagine! Topped with all the butter in the world your eyes can see!

[As City Jack grabs a forkload of pancake, the shot zooms to Jack's bearded face, eye's bulging wide.]

CJ: This here meal's enough even for this hungry hoss!

[Jack shovels the mass of butter, syrup, and pancake into his mouth and chews with a smile on his face.]

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

[The shot then cuts to a green screen of Jack in front of quick, blown-up shots of all the breakfast foods the restaurant offers.]

CJ: Not a flapjack fanatic? No problem! We've got ahm-lets! Eggs of any kind! Waffles! Bacon! Sausage! Breakfast burritos! Oat-meal! Soups! Dishes o' fresh fruit! Cre... Cra...

[Jack smiles as the background picture remains stuck on a crepe, with the words "World Famous Savory Crepes". Jack points to the words.]

CJ: Them things!

[The shot then cuts to Jack, back in the booth, but this time with every imaginable food item the restaurant offers.]

CJ: Why, if you're like me and can't decide? Get 'em all! Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks offers ALL sort of combos your heart - and stomach -

[Jack pats his protruding gut.]

CJ: Can desire!

[Jack waves his hand across the plethora of breakfast items in front of him.]

CJ: So when you're hungry and looking for somethin' to fill your gullet -

[Jack holds up a cup of coffee.]

CJ: Or just looking for a quick cup o' joe, come on down to Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks! For locations, just go on that wide webbed world and put in "Flapjacksforjacks.com" and make your way to a place near you!

[Jack smiles, winks with a nods... and then rams another big wad of pancake into his face.]

CJ: Ammnnd temlll mfJacmk mmssemt ffmmya!

[City Jack holds up a fork as "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks" pops above his head with the website address pulsating below Jack's face. Fade to black.]

We fade up backstage, following behind Glenn Hudson as he walks down a corridor similar to the one seen earlier. He turns his head slightly, acknowledging the cameraman.]

GH: You're still here?

Cameraman: You still haven't done your pre-match interview.

GH: Hmm... yes.

[The Australian's head turns left and right - he is clearly looking for someone.]

GH: Rob?

[Hudson peeks into an open doorway and smiles as he is apparently spotted by the occupants.]

GH: No worries.

[He resumes his search. A random guy appears some way down the corridor, unrecognizable but presumably a member of the crew. Glenn waves to get his attention and approaches. We follow behind.]

GH: G'day, mate.

[Random Guy recognizes him.]

RG: Hey Glenn. How are you doing?

GH: Doing great, thanks. I'm just looking for an old acquaintance of mine. Can you help me?

[Random Guy nods.]

RG: Sure, I'll try. Who are you after?

GH: I'm looking for my buddy, Rob.

[Random Guy gives the former Nine Inch Male a dubious look, uncertain what to make of this.]

GH: You'd know Rob if you saw him. He stands out from the crowd. He's kind of.. He's a bit, well..

[Struggling, Glenn shrugs and reluctantly holds his hand out, palm open and facing down. The hand remains there motionless for a few long seconds.. before moving in an unexpected but thankfully unlibellous direction - up, up, up above Glenn's head. Then, after a moment's consideration, a little higher still.]

GH: Tall fella, an' he kinda sounds like this when he's talkin' to yer..

[Hey, that sounded a bit like-]

RG: Oh.. Rob _Donovan_.. No, I haven't seen him, sorry.

[Hudson slumps slightly with disappointment.]

GH: Never mind. Thanks anyway.

[The raised hand swings down into a dismissive wave, inviting Random Guy to proceed on his way. Glenn now turns his attention to the camera for the first time.]

GH: Ah, well. I'm sure we'll bump into each other sooner or later. Hey there, people. This is Glenn Hudson, hitting the ground running.

[We keep up as he begins to pace down the corridor again.]

GH: Not many people enjoy the privilege of walking into a company like this one, straight into a title match. But.. it seems the AWA Championship Committee saw dollar signs.

[Hudson grins and taps fingertips to his chest.]

GH: Fair enough, my past may have something to do with it. My past is a mixed bag too, I'll be the first to admit. Honestly? I'm relieved people remember that the man who'd strutted around South Laredo mooning Mark Cutter was the same man who'd pinned Casey James the day after his twenty-second birthday. The same man who'd tangled with Robert Donovan and Tex Violence at the same time and walked out the winner.

[He stops and puts a hand to his chest.]

GH: It warms my heart to know the legacy of South Laredo lives on in the Longhorn Heritage Championship.

[A smirk.]

GH: I'll be as happy as a hog in slops to keep that legacy alive, if that's the way things have to happen.. 'cause best I can tell, there are only two possible outcomes here. I could beat our Red Hot champ and go on to the next round of the World Championship tournament. On the other hand, I could lose the match, and then what? I could be back on a plane to Melbourne, Australia by next weekend. My Summer could be finished before it even started..

[An evil glint flashes in Glenn's eyes as he starts to hit his stride.]

GH: Something I reckon "Placeholder" could sympathize well with.

[We resume our journey down the corridor.]

GH: Now, there's something you need to know about Melbourne, Australia. We have a saying - "If you don't like the weather, wait ten minutes." But lately? The weather Down Under's been getting its act together, following the script. "Chilliness is Approaching", I think I'm allowed to say. So, instead of having four seasons in a single day, Melbourne copped half the month's average rainfall last Friday.

[Stopping again, we receive a blank stare, as if waiting for us to catch his point. On sensing that the point's not that obvious after all, Glenn shakes his head emphatically and explains-]

GH: I don't want to _deal_ with that right now!

[His brow furrows, Hudson taking a moment to gather his thoughts.]

GH: As shocking as this scenario sounds, it could be a lot worse. My opponent, Rex Summers? Now there's a man with with something to worry about. But does he even realize it?

[Glenn steps up and leans in closer, his tone now somewhat restrained.]

GH: Rex Summers shouldn't be worried about the calibre of his opponent at Memorial Day Mayhem. He shouldn't be worried about the other sixty-two has-beens and never-weres padding out the tournament brackets. He shouldn't even be worried about his right shoulder [Hudson raises his own] getting more of a workout than his left [and then the other]. What Rex _should_ be worried about are the people he referred to "inbred idiots" a week and a half ago.. and what _they're_ going to do to him when they get the chance.

[Absurdly, he looks around to ensure no-one is eavesdropping before continuing with apparent seriousness.]

GH: Rex, those people you called "inbred idiots".. At first I thought you meant the people of South Laredo, Texas. Then I realized you really meant South-EAST Laredo - otherwise known as Nuevo Laredo, just on the other side of the Rio Grande. You may not have been following the news lately, Rex, but there are some dangerous hombres in Southeast Laredo. Much more dangerous than anyone you'll face inside the squared circle. No steel chairs. No brass knucks. These vatos? Their calibres are thirty-eight and five-seven. Not the kind of Operation Fast and Furious you're probably used to. But they'll be waiting for you, Rex, 'cause they don't take insults well and their grudges tend to hang around - literally.

[A wide smiles cracks open Hudson's sober facade.]

GH: So.. enjoy the tour, mate! When August creeps into September, the AWA will ride back into the Lone Star State. Let me tell you, it's just a swim and a drive to Dallas.

[Glenn cringes and shakes his head with regret, inhaling sharply as he imagines the trouble that must surely await the Red Hot one.]

GH: We may find that Summer's end truly is.. Summers' end!

[Eyes locked on us, he quickly runs a thumb across his throat - abrupt cut back out to ringside where our announce team stands slackjawed.]

BW: Did he just say...?

GM: He did.

BW: And was he implying that...?

GM: He was.

BW: Gordo, he just threatened a man's life on national television!

GM: Well, not directly. He just said that Rex Summers might want to be careful when he goes back to Texas.

BW: That sounds like a threat to me!

GM: Perhaps... but Glenn Hudson can't rely on the citizen of Southeast Laredo to win this match for him... his first match inside the squared circle in a long, long time. Can he do it? Only one way to find out so let's head up to Phil Watson for the introductions!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and is both a first round World Title tournament matchup as well as being for the Longhorn Heritage Title!

Introducing first...

[A loud, resonating GONG! catches your attention. You have little time to anticipate what may follow, as "Kong Foo Sing" by Aussie band Regurgitator begins to blast from the PA system and through the arena.]

PW: From Melbourne, Australia... weighing in at 229 pounds...

GLENNNNNN HUUUUUDSONNNNNN!

[The crowd pops as Glenn Hudson strolls out at the top of the rampway, nodding with a satisfied expression on his face as he surveys the scene awaiting him. He raises a fist in the air for a few seconds, drawing another cheer from the crowd before making his way towards the ring.]

GM: What a moment this must be for Glenn Hudson, fans. At thirty-six years old, from what we're told, he hasn't actively competed in the world of professional wrestling for NINE years.

BW: And I think that he must have made some enemies on the Championship Committee over the years. Why else would they cut his comeback short to one night?

GM: You're that confident that Rex Summers can defeat someone who is a former World Champion in his own right who has met AND defeated some out-and-out legends of our sport?

BW: Rex Summers can beat anyone on any day, Gordo. And that's anyone who HASN'T been out of action for nearly a decade.

GM: I'm wondering if Mr. Red Hot's overconfidence might be a big problem for him here tonight in Fort Smith, Arkansas.

[Hudson is a compactly-built, Caucasian male in his mid thirties. He has light brown, brush cut hair and a perpetual three day growth. His wrestling gear comprises full length navy blue tights with white trim, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots. His hands and wrists are taped. Hudson slaps a few outreaching fans' hands along the way, but focuses on his destination. He breaks into a jog as he draws closer, sliding under the bottom rope and springing quickly to his feet.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Janet Jackson's "Black Cat" rings out over the PA system, drawing big jeers from the capacity crowd.]

PW: Currently residing in Fort Lauderdale, Florida... being accompanied to the ring by his manager, the Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson... weighing in at 251 pounds... he is the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

"RED HOT"

REEEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMMERRRRRS!

[Summers struts through the curtain to an explosion of boos from the AWA faithful. After a moment, Ben Waterson joins him. Waterson is sporting a very nice (and very expensive) olive-colored suit. He's holding his infamous metal briefcase in his hand, holding it up to even more jeers as a red and silver sequined robe wearing Summers starts the walk towards the ring.]

GM: Rex Summers has held the Longhorn Heritage Title since February 25th so about three months now. He defeated Robert Donovan for the title on that night and has promised to bring that championship to even greater heights than those before him did.

BW: And he's already done that in my opinion!

GM: Seriously? What top contenders has he defended against? Who has he beaten?

BW: He doesn't answer to you, Gordo.

[Summers strides confidently down the aisle. He pauses just before reaching the ring, lifting a muscular arm to point at Hudson who is pacing back and forth nervously, waiting for his opponent to get into the ring. Waterson climbs the steps first, holding the ropes open to allow Summers to step through them into the squared circle. Summers approaches the ring announcer, snatching the mic away.]

RS: Cut the music.

[The music abruptly stops.]

RS: With visions of golden title belts dancing through the heads of sixty-three other men like sugarplums, this champion needs only look on the sexiest shoulder in the business to see one.

And after tonight, when I toss THAT...

[Summers points at Hudson.]

RS: ...shrimp back on the barbie...

[The crowd jeers as Hudson smirks in response.]

RS: ...send him packing... and crush every dream left in his old bones...

[More boos.]

RS: Then you people will realize that since Day One, I've been telling you all the truth about "Red Hot" Rex Summers. I was born, bred, and destined to be a World Champion... and after the hottest summer on record is over, I will be YOUR World Champion.

Now, sit back, relax, and let your old ladies feast their eyes on what they dropped YOUR hard-earned money to see...

[With an arrogant smirk, Summers shrugs his robe off into Ben Waterson's hands, revealing the best cut body in the sport of professional wrestling, capped off with his chiseled abs wrapped in the Longhorn Heritage Title belt that he quickly unclips and hands off to referee Marty Meekly who holds the gold up with both hands.]

GM: We're about ready to go here for this unique matchup that is a first round tournament match AND a Longhorn Heritage Title match all rolled up in one.

[Summers and Waterson trade some final words before a handshake and Waterson's exit to the floor, grabbing his metal briefcase again.]

GM: I never like seeing Waterson with that briefcase. There's too much bad history here in the AWA involving him and that particular weapon.

BW: Weapon?! He's a businessman, Gordo!

GM: I'm sure he is.

[Referee Marty Meekly signals for the bell to start the match.]

GM: And here we go!

[Glenn Hudson claps his hands together, moving to his left as he tries to circle around the Longhorn Heritage Champion who matches the movement, leaving both champion and challenger circling one another, looking for the early advantage.]

GM: Both men not too eager to rush into anything here. Hudson, as we've mentioned, has not been in the ring competitively for a long time now and Summers just doesn't know what to expect from him.

BW: It's the ultimate element of surprise, Gordo. Rex can go back and watch old Hudson matches - and I'm sure he did - but who knows what has changed on this guy in a near decade away from the sport.

[Finally, they start to come together slowly for a collar and elbow tieup but Summers slips a knee up into the midsection of the tentative Hudson before they can tangle.]

GM: Ohh! Summers goes downstairs right away!

BW: Hudson looks scared to death in there, Gordo. Absolutely terrified.

GM: I don't know about that. He does look a little cautious though.

[Summers hammers down a forearm on the back of the head and neck, knocking Hudson down to a knee where an overhead elbow smash lands between the eyes, knocking him the rest of the way down facefirst on the canvas.]

GM: Summers puts him down with that elbow!

[From the floor, Waterson can be heard shouting, "STOMP 'IM!" and Summers quickly obliges, repeatedly stomping on the back of Hudson's head and neck area.]

GM: And as Rex Summers instantly puts a target on the neck of Glenn Hudson, you know he's thinking about the Heat Check.

BW: The Heat Check is the ultimate equalizer, Gordo. No matter how big, how bad, how tough you are, the Heat Check WILL lay you out!

[Hudson pushes up to a knee, earning a forearm to the jaw before Summers hauls him up by the hair, connecting with a second forearm smash. He reaches down, grabbing an arm, whipping Hudson across...]

GM: Irish whip by the champ- clothesline ducked by Hudson!

[The challenger hits the far ropes, rebounding off at high speed, and hurling himself into the air, connecting with a back elbow solidly on the jaw of Summers!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot right there!

[Summers scrambles, trying to get back to his feet as Hudson does the same...

...and gets rushed by a charging Hudson who connects with a running clothesline that takes Summers over the top rope, dumping him somehow on the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Hard fall on the apron by Summers!

BW: It could have been worse. He could have gone all the way to the floor.

GM: You're one hundred percent right about that, Bucky.

[Hudson marches around the ring, pumping his arms to the roar of the crowd as Summers tries to drag himself off the apron to his feet...

...and Hudson sprints at him, running alongside the same ropes and connecting with another clothesline, this one sending Summers sailing off the apron and crashing down to the floor below!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: THE CHALLENGER DROPS HIM ON THE FLOOR!!

[Hudson drops down to the mat, rolling under the ropes to join his opponent outside the ring.]

GM: Glenn Hudson needs to keep the pressure on Rex Summers right now and that’s exactly what he appears to be doing, fans. He’s gone out there to the floor, dragging Summers up by the hair...

[From a few feet away, Ben Waterson lets loose a barrage of verbal taunts aimed at Hudson who shouts at him in response before shoving Summers back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Hudson puts him back in. You can’t win the title out on the floor so a smart move there by the challenger.

[Hudson grabs the ropes, pulling himself up on the apron...

...where Ben Waterson draws closer.]

GM: Get Waterson away from him!

[The official steps in, shouting at the manager who backs off as Hudson again verbally threatens him. Hudson steps through the ropes as the referee is still berating Waterson...

...which makes him an easy victim for an eyegouge from a rising Rex Summers!]

GM: Ohh! Summers goes to the eyes!

[Grabbing an arm on Hudson, Summers fires him into the nearest set of turnbuckles at high velocity. As the challenger staggers out, Summers drops him with a left-armed clothesline!]

GM: Turnabout is fair play and Summers just delivered a clothesline of his own!

[Rising back to his feet, Summers coils the left arm up in a single bicep pose...

...and then drops the elbow down into the chest of Hudson!]

GM: Elbowdrop by the champion... quickly back to his feet... and there’s a second. Another one on the way... three big elbowdrops by the Longhorn Heritage Champion!

[Summers rolls to his knees, striking a double bicep pose to the jeers of the men in the building and the squeals of the women. He smirks at the reaction before climbing back to his feet.]

GM: The champion's back on his feet, dragging Hudson away from the corner...

[With Hudson back in the center of the ring, Summers leaps into the air, dropping a fist down between the eyes before applying a sloppy lateral press.]

GM: Summers with a cover - he gets one! He gets two!

[But the challenger slips out at two to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Two count only there for the champion.

[Summers briefly argues with the official as he climbs back to his feet, dropping a few stomps to the ribs of Hudson before hauling him up by the arm, flinging him into the far corner...

...and charging in after him!]

GM: Summers with an avalanche in the corner!

[And he buries a boot into the ribs of the staggered Hudson, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Summers sets for the suplex... he lift-

[The crowd ROARS as Hudson counters into an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd gasps in disappointment as Summers slips a shoulder free. Outside the ring, Ben Waterson is screaming at his man as an angry Summers pushes up off the mat...

...and CREAMS a rising Hudson with a right-armed clothesline!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by Summers!

[Climbing back to his feet, Summers holds up the right arm, ready to pose with it...

...and then angrily waves it off, just dropping the elbow instead.]

GM: An elbow from the right side now... there's two... and there's a third!

[Summers regains his standing position, glaring down at Hudson, and then DRIVES a fourth elbow, right down into the windpipe!]

GM: Goodness!

[Hudson rolls back and forth on the canvas, clutching his throat as Summers slowly gets back to his feet, looking out at Waterson who voices his approval.]

GM: Summers pulls him up... going for that suplex again...

[And this time, he DRILLS Hudson with a bone-rattling vertical suplex, sitting up with an arrogant grin as Hudson clutches at his back.]

GM: Big time suplex by "Red Hot" Rex Summers and he may be starting to smell blood in the water, Bucky.

BW: He should pull 'im up, Heat Check 'im, and call it a night, daddy.

[Summers pushes back up to his feet, reaching down to drag Hudson to his feet, popping him with a forearm uppercut to the jaw, sending Hudson falling back to the corner. Grabbing an arm, Summers fires him across again, his whole body crashing hard into the turnbuckles.]

GM: Glenn Hudson may not have known what he was getting himself into getting back into the ring, Bucky. He's taking a tremendous amount of punishment in there at the hands of the Longhorn Heritage Champion.

BW: He certainly is and he may just want to call it a night, a career, and say thanks for the memories, pal.

[Summers turns away from the hurting Hudson, striking a double bicep pose in the direction of the fans.]

GM: And I can't say I approve of this, Bucky. Rex Summers should be looking to finish off his opponent - not posing for the fans.

BW: I gotta agree with you there. There'll be plenty of time to pose after the match is over.

[The champion moves his hands behind his head, crunching his body to show off his chiseled abs to the squeals of the women in the crowd...

...which gives Glenn Hudson an opportunity, sprinting out of the corner, leaving his feet, and connecting with a dropkick squarely to the back that sends Summers sailing OVER the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: HUDSON CLEARS HIM OUT!!

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: We're at the halfway point in the time limit of this one as Hudson exits the ring, moving out after Summers...

[He drops down off the apron, threatening a backhand in the direction of Ben Waterson as he hauls Summers up to his feet, pasting him with a right hand to the jaw that knocks the champion back into the apron.]

GM: Hudson's clearing out the front row! He's telling people to move!

[And then with a hold of Summers' arm, Hudson executes an Irish whip that sends Summers sailing OVER the steel railing and into the front row of ringside fans!]

GM: INTO THE CROWD GOES REX SUMMERS!!

[Hudson backs up, leaning against the ring apron as Ben Waterson rushes to the railing, checking on his man.]

GM: Glenn Hudson has turned up the heat now! The butterflies in his belly just got squashed and he's realizing what he's fighting for, Bucky!

BW: I'm completely shocked by Hudson right now. I thought he was done for and he's rallied himself back into this match. No more being tentative for Hudson. He's bringing the fight to the Longhorn Heritage Champion!

[As Summers pulls himself to his feet using the railing, Hudson rushes towards the railing...

...and LEAPS into the air, wiping out Summers with a dive over the barricade into the front row of the Fort Smith crowd to another big reaction from the crowd!]

GM: And these fans are coming up behind Glenn Hudson! They realize what's at stake here as well. They believe that Glenn Hudson's got a shot to upset Rex Summers and move into the second round of this tournament!

[Hudson lands a few right hands on the downed Summers before climbing to his feet with a whoop. He high fives a few of the ringside fans before grabbing Summers by the hair, hauling him to his feet, and chucking him back over the security railing before following him back into the ringside area.]

GM: Glenn Hudson is bringing Summers back to the ring. He knows that if he wants to walk out of here with the Longhorn Heritage Title tonight, he's gotta do it in the ring!

[Hudson rolls Summers under the ropes back into the ring before pulling himself up on the apron. Hudson is about to climb back in when a desperate Rex Summers grabs the official, pulling his attention away from ringside where Ben Waterson wraps himself around Hudson's leg like a small child!]

GM: Waterson's got Hudson! He's trying to delay him! He's trying to buy his man some time!

[With his free leg, Hudson lashes out with kicks, trying to free himself from the manager's grasp.]

GM: Hudson's trying to kick his way to freedom!

[Waterson bails out just before the official catches on to something amiss, wheeling around to find a frustrated Hudson glaring at Waterson as he walks away. Hudson steps through the ropes, shaking his head as he moves towards the recovering Summers who is backpedaling away from Hudson, hands raised as he begs for mercy...]

GM: The challenger's got Rex Summers on the run, fans! Rex Summers is backing off, sensing that his title reign could be in jeopardy right here tonight in Fort Smith, Arkansas!

[But Hudson's having none of that, shaking his head as he approaches the now-cornered Summers who suddenly lashes out with a right hand that Hudson blocks, throwing a left jab that snaps out and catches Summers on the chin!]

GM: Stinging left jab by Hudson! And another! And another!

[A series of left jabs to the jaw has Summers reeling until a big right hand follows up, dropping the champion back down to the mat where he promptly rolls out to the apron, attempting to get to the floor...

...but Hudson reaches over the ropes, grabbing a handful of hair to block his escape to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Hudson's got him! Summers tried to get out of town but Glenn Hudson stopped him!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Hooking his hands behind Summers' neck, he pulls the larger man's throat down on the top rope, dropping to his knees to choke the air out of the champion!]

BW: He's choking him, Myers!

GM: I can see that.

BW: Why aren't you up in arms about it?! If it were one of your favorites-

GM: Well, it's certainly an illegal move and the referee's letting him know that right now.

[Hudson breaks at four, pointing at Waterson and arguing he was justified in the chokehold...

...and then delivers a big right hand to the jaw, sending Summers sailing off the apron and down to the floor again!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot!

[The challenger slams his arms into the top rope, shouting to the cheering crowd as he steps out to the apron, waving Waterson away again, and leaps off with a double axehandle across the back of the rising Summers, sending him stumbling over to the announce table.]

GM: Look out... they're right here by us now...

[Hudson grabs Summers by the hair, pulling his head back...

...and SLAMMING his face into the wooden table!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Still holding the hair, Hudson wheels him around and under the ropes into the ring. He rolls in after him to apply a lateral press.]

GM: The challenger gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[Summers FIRES a shoulder off the canvas before the count of three!]

GM: Two count only!

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN!"

[With the time limit drawing closer, Hudson picks up the pressure, grabbing a handful of hair and hammering Summers with right hands to the skull before shoving him back down to the canvas, climbing to his feet...

...and pointing to the corner!]

GM: Hudson's heading up top!

[The Australian steps up to the second rope...

...where Ben Waterson leaps up on the apron, screaming and shouting at Hudson!]

GM: For crying out loud, get him down from there!

[Hudson pauses, returning verbal fire at Waterson as the official moves in to get involved.]

GM: Marty Meekly's in the corner, trying to get Waterson out of there...

[Hudson decides to ignore Waterson, stepping to the top rope...]

GM: Hudson's up top! The challenger's gonna fly!

[And with a blind leap, Hudson backflips off the top rope...]

BW: MOONSAULT!

[...and comes up empty as Rex Summers just narrowly avoids the big dive!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Rex Summers quickly regains his feet, pulling Hudson into a double underhook...]

GM: He's going for the Heat Check!

[...but before he can secure the second hook, Hudson spins out of it, leaping into the air with his arms gripped around one of Summers' arms. He flails out with his legs, managing to hook Summers' other arm, and drags him down to the mat in a crucifix!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SO CLOSE! Glenn Hudson was a half second away from winning the Longhorn Heritage Title, Bucky!

BW: That was too damn close.

[Hudson struggles, trying to get to his feet before Rex Summers gets there first. Both men arrive to a standing position at about the same time. Summers takes a swing, a from-the-heels wild right hand that Hudson avoids it...

...and then leaps up, snaring Summers' head in his arms, and SNAPS it off the mat!]

GM: NECKBREAKER!!

[Hudson rolls over into another cover, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Summers' shoulder flies up again, breaking the pin attempt again.]

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

[At the sound of the timekeeper's call, we immediately see Rex Summers rolling for the ropes, trying to escape the ring.]

GM: What the-?! Summers is trying to get out, Bucky!

BW: He is not!

GM: He certainly is! Rex Summers has just shifted gears from trying to win this match to trying to escape the match with his Longhorn Heritage Title intact!

[Summers - with the aid of his manager - rolls out to the floor, falling into an embrace with Ben Waterson as Hudson gets back up again, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and CATAPULTING himself over the top rope, crashing down on a shocked Summers and Waterson!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE WIPED 'EM BOTH OUT!! GLENN HUDSON IS ON FIRE!!

[Hudson climbs back to his feet, dragging Summers off the mat with two hands full of hair, rolling him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: He puts him back in... Waterson's still down on the floor and the challenger's looking to finish Summers off and win this title right here and now!

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

GM: The challenger's back in - time is running out!

[Hudson quickly pulls Summers off the mat, grabbing an arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Hudson bounces off the ropes, burying a boot into the mush of a doubled-up Summers.]

GM: Hudson counters the backslide!

[Summers staggers back as Hudson throws another kick, this one a little lighter and a little slower, allowing Summers to catch the leg...

...which turns out to be exactly what Hudson wanted as he leaps into the air, snapping his free foot off the back of Summers' head!]

GM: HEAD KICK! HE CALLS IT THE GLENNZUGIRI!

[Hudson rolls over, throwing himself over a prone Summers.]

"FIFTEEN SECONDS!"

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[Rex Summers again throws a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Hudson pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands as he shakes his head back and forth.]

GM: Rex Summers somehow got up from that and Glenn Hudson can't believe it! Glenn Hudson thought he had it won right there, fans! He thought he had it won!

[Hudson looks around, obviously a bit confused as to what to do next.]

BW: That ring rust is getting to him! The old instincts may be a bit shot!

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The bell sounds as Glenn Hudson was about to scale the ropes. He drops to a knee out on the apron, slapping the canvas in frustration.]

GM: This one's over, fans! This one went the distance! Glenn Hudson came close - oh-so-close to becoming the Longhorn Heritage Champion - but he just couldn't get the three count.

BW: They're both eliminated, Gordo!

GM: That's right. We got caught up in the ramifications of the Longhorn Heritage Title - a title that Rex Summers will retain now - that we forgot about the tournament! A time limit draw means BOTH men will be eliminated from the tournament.

[Hudson climbs to his feet, leaning against the ropes as Rex Summers rolls from the ring, leaning on Ben Waterson as the duo makes their way back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Rex Summers and Ben Waterson are getting the heck out of town but you've gotta feel for Glenn Hudson. You absolutely have to feel for the man. He came back to the ring after a nine year absence. He came so close, fans. So close. But in the end, it's all for naught. He has to face the facts that he didn't get the job done and now he's gotta get on a plane, fly home to Australia, and hang up those boots once and for all.

[Hudson steps back into the ring, hands on hips as he looks down at the mat. The crowd rises to their feet, saluting the man who entertained them all for so long. He raises his head, nodding to the fans as he raises an arm to salute them.]

GM: Glenn Hudson gave it everything he had, fans. Absolutely everything he had and-

[Suddenly, a voice rings out and all eyes turn towards the stage to the source of it - "Big" Jim Watkins.]

JW: If I can have everyone's attention for a moment...

[Hudson is the last to look over at Watkins, confusion on his face.]

JW: Earlier tonight, I said I had an announcement to make about this tournament - an announcement that was interrupted by a couple of buzzing bees.

Considering what we just saw, I think it's time to make that announcement.

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: The Championship Committee has decided that we want to make sure that the absolute best in the world wins this tournament. To do that, we want to make sure that EVERY match has a winner.

[The crowd buzzes, starting to catch on.]

JW: That means that every match will be fought under very specific rules... there will be NO double countouts...

[Big cheer!]

JW: There will be NO double disqualifications...

[BIGGER CHEER!]

JW: And I think it also goes without saying that...

[Watkins grins.]

JW: ...there will be NO TIME LIMIT DRAWS!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the announcement. The camera cuts to Rex Summers and Ben Waterson who were about to step through the curtain. Both men look shocked. Summers immediately turns to his manager and shouts at him, "DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?!" Waterson frantically shakes his head.]

JW: So, Rex, Ben... if you can hear me back there, it's time to get back down to that ring because this match ain't ending until there's a winner!

[The crowd ROARS again as Ben Waterson and Rex Summers slowly come walking back down the aisle.]

BW: Are you KIDDING me?! How can this happen, Myers?! What kind of crap is Watkins trying to pull?!

GM: We knew he had an announcement to make and boy oh boy, did he make it! No double countouts... no double disqualifications... no time limit draws! There MUST be a winner in EVERY match in this tournament! Incredible!

[Summers looks shell-shocked, shaking his head back and forth as he approaches the ringside area.]

GM: Rex Summers looks stunned! He can't believe it!

BW: Of course he can't believe it! Who CAN believe it?!

GM: And look at Glenn Hudson! Glenn Hudson has been given a second chance! A second lease on life! Glenn Hudson has just been given the opportunity of a lifetime!

[Waterson grabs the title belt, clutching it to his chest as Summers pulls himself up on the apron. Marty Meekly signals for the match to continue as Hudson rushes forward, grabbing the top rope in both hands...

...and CATAPULTING Summers over the ropes into the ring!]

GM: And here we go! The match is on... again!

BW: This isn't right, Gordo! This isn't right at all!

[Hudson promptly grabs the legs of Summers, flipping over into a double leg cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Summers FIRES a shoulder off the canvas just in time!]

GM: Another two count for the challenger!

[Hudson pushes up to his knees, grabbing Summers by the hair...

...and SLAMMING his face into the canvas!]

GM: Oh my!

[He lifts Summers' head off the mat again, DRIVING it into the mat a second time!]

GM: TWICE! TWICE HE GOES FACEFIRST TO THE MAT!

[Hudson gets back to his feet, pulling Summers up with him and whipping him the short distance into the buckles. The challenger backs off, pointing across the ring with both arms...

...and breaks into a full sprint!]

GM: Here comes Hudson!

[The challenger leaves his feet, DRIVING them into the upper body and face of Summers with a corner-to-corner dropkick!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Hudson pops up to a knee, grabbing a stunned Summers, and dragging him into another small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: AGAIN!! AGAIN HE KICKS OUT!! AGAIN HE'S OUT AT TWO!!! INCREDIBLE!

[A dazed and hurting Summers rolls to his side, trying to exit the ring again but Hudson grabs him by the ankle, preventing his escape. He hauls Summers back to the center of the ring, dropping an elbow on the back of the head, smashing Summers' face into the mat!]

GM: Hudson keeps him in there...

[The challenger flips Summers to his back, pointing to the corner...]

GM: We saw this earlier! He's going for that backflip splash again!

BW: What an idiot! He missed it earlier!

[Hudson steps up to the second rope, then to the top...

...which is Ben Waterson's cue to pull himself up on the apron, pulling the top rope just hard enough for Hudson to lose his balance, falling to crotch himself!]

"OHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!"

GM: Ring the bell, ref! That's a DQ!

BW: I thought there are no DQs!

GM: There's no DOUBLE DQs, Bucky! That was Ben Waterson INTENTIONALLY interfering in this match!

BW: No, no, no! That was an accident!

[While the referee is discussing this with Ben Waterson, Rex Summers regains his feet, staggering towards the corner where Hudson is straddling the top rope.]

GM: The referee hasn't rung the bell yet and Summers is going for the kill!

[Summers wraps his arms around the waist of Glenn Hudson.]

GM: He's going for a belly to back off the top!

BW: If he hits this, it's over, daddy!

[Summers braces himself, ready to strike...

...but Hudson lashes out backwards, catching Summers squarely on the jaw with an elbow!]

GM: Ohh! Elbow to the side of the head!

[Hudson lashes out again, scoring with a second elbowstrike!]

GM: He caught him again!

[Using incredible balance and athleticism, Hudson pushes himself back up off the buckles, twisting his body around to face Summers...

...and hooking a front facelock on the man who is standing on the middle rope!]

GM: What the-?!

[Hudson suddenly shoves off the ropes, twisting Summers around as they sail off the ropes...

...and PLANT him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! DDT! DDT!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Hudson scoring with a modified version of his No Hard Feelings tornado DDT and then urges him forward as he crawls, crawls, crawls... and covers!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A shocked Ben Waterson falls to his knees at ringside, staring at the ring disbelief as Hudson rolls onto his back, breathing heavily as the official points to him.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner... moving on to the second round...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: ...and NEEEEEEEW LONGHORN HERITAGE CHAMPION...

GLENNNNNNNNNN HUUUUUUDSONNNNNNNN!

[An exhausted Hudson pushes himself to a seated position on the mat, a look of sheer disbelief on his face as Marty Meekly hands him the Longhorn Heritage Title!]

GM: My stars, fans! Can you believe it?! Glenn Hudson has returned to professional wrestling after a nine year absence and he has won the AWA Longhorn Heritage Championship! Incredible!

BW: This isn't right! It's not fair at all! The time limit was up - the match was over! Rex Summers just got robbed by that hick Jim Watkins and the crooked Championship Committee!

[Summers rolls out to the floor, clutching his head and neck as Ben Waterson grabs him around the waist, helping him back up the aisle towards the locker room area.]

GM: Rex Summers came into this match with all the confidence in the world and Glenn Hudson just proved to the entire world that ANYTHING can happen in this tournament, fans! Glenn Hudson is your new Longhorn Heritage Champion and he's moving on to the second round of this tournament!

[Hudson slowly gets to his feet with the aid of Marty Meekly, looking down at the title belt still gripped in his fingers. A look of completely consuming joy covers his face at last as he lifts the title belt over his head with both hands, drawing a huge cheer from the crowd!]

BW: This makes me sick. This guy's got no business with that title belt! It doesn't belong to him!

GM: Oh, I beg to differ! You're looking at the new champion right now, Bucky!

BW: NO! I refuse to believe it! REFUSE!

[Hudson walks to the corner, stepping up on the midbuckle, holding the title belt high over his head to even more cheers.]

GM: What a moment for Glenn Hudson! These fans in Fort Smith are on their feet and-

[With a grin, Hudson slings the title belt over his right shoulder...

...and then gestures to the empty spot over his bare left shoulder.]

GM: Haha! I love it! Maybe that young lady that Summers mistreated last week would like to give the new champ a call!

BW: Leave Placeholder out of this! She wants no part of some reject from a prison colony!

GM: Glenn Hudson is the new champ! He's moving on! And it's a celebratory atmosphere here in Harper Stadium, Mark Stegglet!

[We crossfade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is in the makeshift Tournament Control Center, gesturing to where Glenn Hudson's name has been added to the Round Two section of the big board.]

MS: What a night this is turning out to be, Gordon! I don't think many people gave Glenn Hudson a shot of defeating Rex Summers here tonight but that's exactly what just happened and he's moving on to the second round of this tournament - representing Laredo, Texas with great pride and honor!

But he's not the only one coming into this tournament with some history in that legendary town... take a look...

[The scene opens on a relatively unremarkable soundstage. A green screen projection of the AWA logo is all that is seen, and the deep - rumbling - breath of a out of shot person is all that can be heard. Well, until he starts speaking that is.]

Voice: Ya' know what really drives me damned insane?

[The voice is gravel, a flat sound of a man that has seen it all.]

Voice: Drama queens.

[And with that, over 300 pounds of muscle, fat, and pissed off cowboy enters the shot. He stands over six feet, he is wearing a faded and stained "LWC" t-shirt, and he is the most pissed off looking man you have ever seen. He is...

Blackwater Bart.]

Bart: Damned lil boys with too much time on their hands staring up at light bulbs all talking about violence. Violence? Hell boy, Ah done ripped that rhinestone wearing cowpoke apart back in the day, and ain't no one who damn well is praising his name like he's the Lord returned on Sunday.

[Bart slaps one baseball glove like hand against his chest, sending a reverberating echo through the room.]

Bart: Some other dumb fool talking about, heritage, about tradition. You want to talk about all that son? You take a look right here then. You take a look, at Blackwater Bart Wyatt. You take a look at a man that done gone from one side of this country to the next, up to Canada and across the ocean to step inside a lil ol' ring, to take this arm right here...

[Bart slaps the Piedra Lariat arm, moving forward towards the camera as if stalking it.]

Bart: And put it upside some fools head! Ah done fought and left flesh, blood, and broken dreams across continents, son! People may run around, all jacked up on their nice suits, and their lil ol' babbling conversations with themselves. You got a whole damned tourney filled with sonovas like that. People that ain't done more than talk about how bad they are in more years than they done shown it.

[Bart grins. Trust me, it is not a pleasant sight.]

Bart: This here? This here ain't about talk to me, boys. This ain't about who can spin the prettiest tune, about who can wear the nicest suit, or even about who can count the most belts around their pretty little waists. This right here, this is my life. Day in. Day out.

[Another slap of the arm, the bicep almost tearing away at the thin and faded cloth.]

Bart: 64 men. 64 wrestlers, talkers, and fighters. All vying for one thing when it comes down to it.

[Bart rubs two meaty fingers together.]

Bart: A payday. You want to get in the ring with me, son? You got to realize one simple, little, fact. This ain't no party for me. This ain't no clinic, no revelation, no three-tent revival! Ah got me a fat wife and some dumbass kids at home that are expecting me to come home with a paycheck! Every damn match? Every damn man Ah've done put into the ground time and time again has been nothing but a paycheck to me. Get in the way of that boy?

[Bart laughs. A barking, ugly, thing.]

Bart: You gonna get hurt.

[Fade to black.]

And then back up to a shot of Travis Lynch standing in front of a generic AWA logo.]

TL: You're watchin' AWA Saturday Night Wrestling on the WKIK Superstation where we're kickin' it up a notch!

[The shot of Lynch fades to one of Clayton Shaw.]

CS: WKIK is the official television network of America and we at the AWA are proud to be right here on WKIK! U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!

[Shaw fades away to be replaced by BC Da Mastah MC.]

BC: When I'm sittin' at home flippin' the dial...
The only place I wanna be is showin' Gomer Pyle...
They got the Jetsons, Mama's Family, and the AWA...
Yeah, you know I'm talkin' 'bout W-K-I-K...

YO! YO! YO! GO! GO! GO!

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out to a shot of the interview area, where Jason Dane stands by. Standing next to Dane are two men whose faces may not be well-known to AWA fans; but certainly are known to the wrestling world as a whole. Andrew "Flash" Tucker and "Money Driven" Mike Sebastian - better known to the world as Strictly Business - stand smirking at the camera. The crowd gives a resounding cheer at the sight of the former World Tag Team Champions both in Los Angeles and Canada.]

Sebastian, as always, is dressed impeccably; a pair of black slacks and a heavily-starched navy blue collared shirt cling to his slim frame. His blond hair remains closely cropped and he looks tanned and healthy. Tucker is a bit more casual, clad simply in a tight-fitting black v-neck t-shirt and blue jeans; his long blond hair hanging down past his shoulders. Both men hold beers in hand and appear to be enjoying the show. Though both men are now in their mid-30s, they remain in great shape. Dane receives the cue that we are live and begins.]

JD: Fans, welcome back to Memorial Day Mayhem; and we've got a very special treat for all of you tonight! Standing next to me are the former EMWC and UWF World Tag Team Champions and men who were voted as the top tag team in the world twice, Strictly Business is in the house!

[Another resounding cheer from the Arkansas faithful.]

JD: Gentlemen, what brings you to Memorial Day Mayhem?

[Sebastian merely smirks at Tucker and steps back a bit; allowing his partner in crime to do the talking.]

AT: Well, like most good stories that ever happened to the two of us, it started with some whiskey and a bet.

[Dane cocks an eyebrow, but allows Tucker to continue.]

AT: Since Mikey an' I hung up our jerseys, I been runnin' this l'il bar out on the beach in the Grand Caymans. Haven't paid much attention to what's been happenin' stateside. Too much crime, war, the housing market is in the toilet... Hell, people are even eatin' each other, I heard.

[An incredulous shake of the head.]

AT: But since we called it quits with a nice little nest egg ten years ago, Mikey here has been runnin' my investment portfolio; and he shoots down on the private jet... don't ask me how two kids who got in this business with nothin' more than a dream ended up with a private jet...

[A smirk and a shrug.]

AT: Anyway, Mikey comes down every couple o' months to tell me how he's made me more money than God an' all this - I don't read my mail, you understand - and so we're sittin' at the bar with a couple o' co-eds gabberin' in our ear an' he starts tellin' me 'bout this whole fiasco with Mar-

[Dane quickly yanks the microphone away from Tucker, garnering a quizzical look from Tucker.]

AT: Anyway, this whole fiasco with Mar-

[Dane does it again.]

JD: We don't mention his name around here.

[Tucker laughs.]

AT: Oh. Well, we try not to either. Somethin' 'bout an incident with produce.

[A quick 'screw you' look from Sebastian, with a good-natured grin in return from Tucker.]

AT: Anyway, so Mikey is tellin' me 'bout how there's a World Title tournament an' all this, an' I'm about six Jack an' Cokes deep an' I start mouthin' off about how none o' these guys runnin' around the AWA could hold my jock strap...

[A pause.]

AT: Correction, my ample jock strap. An' Mikey, ever the wrestlin' historian starts yammerin' on 'bout how these guys are actually pretty damn good. I ignore him, regalin' he an' these co-eds 'bout my conquests in this business - like he wasn't there for every damn one of 'em and like these co-eds were even in middle school at that point, mind you - an' so he bets me that I can't do it. That I can't put my foot upside the chin o' a couple o' these clowns an' walk out World Champion.

An' I'll be damned if I didn't tell 'im I'd go hop on the plane an' walk in this buildin' an' do just that.

[The crowd pops in understanding.]

JD: So you're saying that you're joining the World Title Tournament!?

AT: No, that's not what I'm sayin'.

[The crowd and Dane both deflate a bit.]

AT: I'm sayin' I'm _winning_ the World Title Tournament!

[The pop returns as Sebastian rolls his eyes in the background.]

AT: After all, it's not jus' gold at stake...

[Tucker raises his beer and grins.]

AT: ...there's one o' these.

[The camera focuses back on Dane.]

JD: One more huge name added to our World Title Tournament roster! And speaking of members of the field of sixty-four, let's throw things backstage to Mark Stegglet, who I understand has one of the competitors in our next match. Take it away, Mark.

[Cut to Mark in the locker room, who nods.]

MS: That's right, Jason, I'm here with Duane Henry Bishop and, as always, Cousin Bo.

[Bo is grinning from ear to ear tonight, while Duane Henry sits on a bench, taping up his fists.]

MS: Mr. Allan, you look to be in good spirits.

CB: And why wouldn't I? Tonight, we are HOME. There's nothing better than coming home to a packed house of crazed Razorbacks. The icing on the cake? Tonight, Duane Henry takes his first step to possibly becoming the the first AWA World Champion by taking out that big moron Jackson Haynes for good.

MS: Yes, about that, how do you feel about his surprise return two weeks ago?

[Bo's expression changes to one of anger.]

CB: How do I feel? I feel like...

[Bo is interrupted by Duane Henry, who stands up and places a hand on his cousin's shoulder.]

DHB: Cuz, I'll handle this.

[Bo shrugs.]

CB: The floor's all yours.

[Duane Henry nods and looks towards the camera. He speaks in a rather hushed tone.]

DHB: How 'bout how I felt?

MS: O...Okay, how did you feel two weeks ago?

DHB: I was handlin' m' business, makin' dang sure that loser of an opponent never stepped foot into a ring 'gain. And then, outta nowhere, Jackson stinkin' Haynes shows his face 'round here, an' attacks me with that stupid bullrope o' his. From behind, o' course. So, how do I feel 'bout it?

[Duane Henry rolls his neck and snorts.]

DHB: I felt embarrassed, that's how I felt. See, I thought that big idiot had run home to his mama or off ta Japan or somethin'. I was sure he was never comin' back. But he did. An' now? Now HE'S gonna feel what it's like to leave the buildin' in an ambulance, jus' like his ol' partner.

[Duane Henry points to the camera.]

DHB: Haynes, you're gonna regret ever showin' your face again. You've stepped into MY neck o' the woods now, an' believe you me, there ain't gonna be nothin' more satisfyin' than seein' you bein' carried OUT o' here a broken man while I take the next step in m' quest to be a champion 'round here once again.

[Duane Henry goes back to taping his fists. Bo turns back to Mark with a smile.]

CB: Well, you heard the man. Tonight, Jackson Haynes pays with his career.

[Bo points to the locker room door.]

CB: Now get out. We've got a gameplan to go over.

[Bo shoves Mark and the cameraman out and slams the door behind them.]

MS: Well, you heard it. Tonight, Duane Henry Bishop is determined to send Jackson Haynes out of the AWA permanently. Will he succeed? Let's go to the ring to find out.

[Cut back to ringside where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with no time limit and is a first round matchup in the tournament to crown the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

Introducing first...

[The sounds of Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose" kicks in to a slightly more positive than usual reaction to that music.]

GM: Well, how about that?

BW: The home state of the Bishop Boys are comin' out to support their guys!

GM: I don't know about all that but it's certainly a more positive reaction than we're used to hearing for them.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by Cousin Bo... weighing in at 240 pounds... from Kingsland, Arkansas...

DUANE HENRY BIIIIIIIISSSSSSSHOP!

[Duane Henry pops through the curtain in beat-up old black jeans and black boots. He slaps a taped hand against his chest, giving a whoop to those who actually ARE cheering him.]

GM: Duane Henry is from Kingsland, Arkansas... about two hundred miles down the road from here.

[Cousin Bo trails his relative, gleefully clapping for him as Duane Henry puts one foot up on the top of the railing, looking out at the crowd...

...which ERUPTS at the sight of one pissed-off Oklahoman tearing into view!]

GM: HAYNES!

[The crowd ROARS as Haynes lays in a heavy forearm onto the back of Duane Henry, toppling him over the railing into the crowd.]

GM: JACKSON HAYNES HAS ARRIVED AT MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM!

BW: First Lynch, now Haynes?! What's with all these sneak attacks tonight?!

[Haynes grabs the railing with both hands, violently shaking it back and forth until one end of it snaps free from the next piece of railing.]

GM: What in the...?!

[Haynes shoves the railing aside, stepping into the crowd where a sea of fans try to surround the battling duo and flee from them at the same time. Haynes reaches down as Duane Henry rises...

...and throws a handful of dirt into the face of Jackson Haynes!]

GM: Ohh!

[Haynes staggers backwards, flailing his arms back and forth as he blindly trying to wipe his eyes clean.]

GM: The ever-resourceful Bishop Boys just turned the tide on Jackson Haynes in a hurry. Haynes took the fight into the crowd before the match even started and Duane Henry made him pay for it. He was down on the ground, back there where the floor mats have a gap. He got a handful of dirt or sand and chucked right in Jackson Haynes' eyes.

[Climbing back to his feet, Duane Henry grabs the blinded Haynes by the hair...

...and FLINGS him skullfirst into the piece of barricade that is hanging loose, snapping it free from the other side and knocking the metal railing over, leaving a big gap in the barricade.]

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE RAILING!

[Duane Henry flips Jackson Haynes onto his back, pushing him down against the steel and hammers away with his taped fists to the skull!]

GM: Duane Henry Bishop is all over him back at the back of the aisle!

[Bishop climbs to his feet, stomping Haynes repeatedly into the steel before he leans over, grabbing an electrical cord.]

GM: He's got a power cable! Hopefully that thing's not live!

[Bishop kneels down, placing the cord against the windpipe of Haynes, strangling the air out of him...]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking Jackson Haynes down on the ground!

[A still-blinded Haynes is gasping for air, trying to grab the cord and push it off his windpipe.]

GM: Haynes is fighting it but Bishop is trying to strangle him!

BW: I love this, Gordo! He's doing all the things out there that he can get away with because the match hasn't started yet. He should grab a chair next and lay a few shots in as well.

GM: You'd like that, wouldn't you?!

BW: You didn't seem to have a problem when that punk Stench did it earlier!

[Bishop climbs to his feet, sneering at the gasping Haynes who rolls to his stomach. He leans down, grabbing Haynes by his wild hair and dragging him down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Duane Henry's trying to get the fight down to the ring. He wants to get this thing started and see if he can wrap it up quickly.

BW: I'm not sure I agree with that strategy, Gordo.

GM: I know, I know... you want him to hit him with a tank.

BW: Is there a tank available?

[Duane Henry flings Haynes under the ropes into the ring, pulling himself up on the apron and ordering Johnny Jagger to call for the bell which the AWA Senior Official quickly does.]

GM: And this match is underway now for real!

[Duane Henry steps through the ropes, balling up his fists as he waits for a still-partially blinded Haynes to get up off the mat...]

GM: Big right han- blocked by Haynes!

[And the big man from Moscow, Tennessee lashes out with a haymaker of his own, knocking Duane Henry down to the mat on his rear!]

GM: Oh yeah!

[Haynes rubs the back of his forearm across his dirt-stained face, trying to clear his vision as Duane Henry gets back to his feet, rushing back in, and jumping on the back of Haynes, throwing brutal looking crossface forearms across the face of the six foot six beast!]

GM: Duane Henry's all over him! Look at those forearms!

[A wild-eyed Haynes throws himself backwards, smashing Duane Henry against the turnbuckles. As he steps out of the corner, we see a trickle of blood escaping the nose of the Hammer.]

GM: One of those forearms caught him good on the nose it looks like, Bucky. A little bit of blood coming out of that right nostril.

[Haynes swings around, grabbing Duane Henry by the hair, and BLASTS him between the eyes with a right hand! A second one follows and a third comes right after that, causing Duane Henry to slump down onto his rear in the corner as Haynes takes a big boot and sticks it on the throat of Duane Henry, choking the life out of him...]

GM: And now it's Haynes who is choking Duane Henry!

BW: But it's illegal this time! Get in there, Jagger! Do your job!

[The AWA's Senior Official steps in, waving Jackson Haynes back.]

GM: Haynes breaks the choke at four... just barely.

[Haynes reaches down, hauling Duane Henry back up off the mat...

...and catches an uppercut on the chin!]

GM: Ohh! Haynes got caught!

[With the big man staggered, Duane Henry leaves his feet, twisting back around and catching him on the chin with a back kick that knocks the Hammer down to the mat!]

GM: Some kind of martial arts kick right there by Duane Henry puts his opponent down on the mat again...

[Duane Henry opens up the throttle, raining down stomps to the head of Jackson Haynes as the big man tries to get back up off the mat.]

GM: He's trying to keep Haynes down where they're the same size but Jackson Haynes refuses to stay down! He keeps getting back up!

[With Haynes down on a knee, Duane Henry grabs a handful of hair and DRILLS Haynes between the eyes with a right hand!]

GM: Big shot by Bishop! Both of these men are former National Tag Team Champions so they know what it's like to compete in a big match environment and with the winner of this match moving to the second round of this historic World Title tournament, there may be no match bigger to them at the moment.

[Duane Henry charges to the ropes behind him, rebounding off...

...and DRILLING the kneeling Haynes in the face with a low dropkick, immediately attempting a cover.]

GM: Covers him for one! He's got two!

[But the powerful Haynes HURLS Duane Henry up and off of him, sending him sprawling on the canvas a few feet away to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Powerful kickout by Jackson Haynes... and he's heading back to his feet now...

[Duane Henry scrambles to his feet, throwing a kick to the chest of the rising Haynes... a second one connects as well but the third one gets caught by Haynes as he pushes the rest of the way up to his feet...]

GM: Haynes has got him by the leg!

[Ducking down, Haynes grabs the other leg, sweeping it out from under his opponent and quickly hooking both legs under his armpits...

...before falling backwards, catapulting Duane Henry through the air, OVER THE ROPES, and down HARD to the floor below!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF, FANS!! JACKSON HAYNES JUST DUMPED DUANE HENRY ALL THE WAY OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!!

[Duane Henry rolls around on the floor, clutching his arm that he used to cushion the fall.]

GM: Duane Henry looks like he might have hurt his arm on that fall and that lights up Jackson Haynes who couldn't be happier than to see one of the men who broke his partner's arm a couple months ago suffering an arm injury.

[Haynes steps out to the apron before dropping down to the floor where he promptly STOMPS the arm that Duane Henry's holding.]

GM: Goodness!

[Haynes delivers a second stomp to the arm, smashing it into the barely-padded floor.]

"YA THINK IT'S FUNNY?!?"

[The Hammer violently stomps the arm again, causing Duane Henry to flail about, kicking his legs in pain.]

"ARE YA LAUGHIN' NOW?!?"

[Haynes switches his stance, delivering a rib-cracking soccer kick into the torso of Duane Henry Bishop!]

"LAUGH, BOY!! I DARE YA!!"

[Reaching down, Haynes drags Duane Henry Bishop to his feet by the hair...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He just SLAPPED the taste right out of Duane Henry's mouth!

[With the smaller man stunned, Jackson Haynes snapmares him over into a seated position on the floor...

...and delivers a forearm crossface that sends a loud "CRAAAACK!" into the air!]

GM: OHH!

BW: He broke the man's nose, Gordo! He must have!

[Duane Henry's hands instantly shoot up to his face, covering what is likely to be a broken nose that is pouring blood from it.]

GM: Good grief! It's like someone opened a faucet and turned the water on full blast! Blood is absolutely streaming out of the nose of Duane Henry Bishop after that devastating forearm smash by Jackson Haynes! An eye for an eye, I suppose, Bucky!

BW: An eye for an eye?! He had a little nose bleed! And in reply, he just shattered Duane Henry Bishop's nose! That ain't no eye for an eye!

[Still fired up, Haynes reaches down, slapping Duane Henry's hands away from his face...

...and grabs the broken nose between his fingers, twisting it to howls of pain from Duane Henry!]

GM: Good grief! This might be going too far!

[Using the injured nose to drag Bishop to his feet, Haynes grabs a handful of Bishop's black jeans...

...and FIRES him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: Gaaah!

BW: Haynes sure is taking advantage of this no double countout rule, Gordo!

GM: He certainly is.

[Moving to the other side of the ringpost, Haynes grabs Bishop by the injured arm, pushing him back a couple feet...

...and then YANKS the injured shoulder into the steel again!]

GM: My goodness! Jackson Haynes came into this match with a very clear goal, Bucky. He wants to hurt this man. He wants to make him pay for what the Bishops did to Violence Unlimited back at the Anniversary Show in March - and more specifically, he wants to break that arm just like the Bishops did to Danny Morton when they chased him out of the AWA!

[Haynes pushes Duane Henry away again, ripping him back into the post to the cheers of the crowd as Cousin Bo screams at the official who simply shrugs his shoulders.]

GM: Cousin Bo is calling for the referee to order Haynes back into the ring but with a no double countout rule in effect, Haynes can pretty much keep Duane Henry out here as long as he wants, Bucky!

BW: You think Watkins didn't know THAT too?! This is a crime!

[Haynes finally relents, rolling Duane Henry back under the ropes into the ring. He steps up on the apron, moving into the ring...]

GM: Haynes back in, moving in on Bishop...

[Duane Henry has rolled clear across to the other apron, clutching his hurting arm limply against his torso. But Jackson Haynes is not done, reaching down to drag Duane Henry to his feet by the hair.]

GM: Uh oh! Duane Henry's on the apron and Haynes is in the ring!

[Haynes delivers a big overhead elbowsmash, causing Duane Henry to grab the top rope with his good arm, trying to stay up on the apron.]

GM: Haynes trying to club this young man down off the apron to the floor.

[Taking a step back, Haynes lashes out with a big headbutt that catches Duane Henry right in the bridge of the nose, sending him sprawling off the apron to the floor where Cousin Bo quickly races to his side.]

GM: Haynes sends him down to the floor, just battering the smaller man at this point in the matchup. Johnny Jagger steps in, trying to get Haynes to back off and stay off the floor.

BW: You think that's gonna work?

GM: Probably not.

[Proving the announce team right, Haynes nudges past the official, dropping out to the floor where Cousin Bo quickly scampers away, leaving Haynes and Duane Henry behind.]

GM: Haynes pulls Duane Henry to his feet and-

[A desperate Duane Henry jams a thumb into the eye, again blinding Haynes!]

GM: Ohh! Haynes got caught with a cheapshot!

[Grabbing Haynes' hair with both hands, Duane Henry wheels him around...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADFIRST TO THE RINGPOST!!

[Haynes drops down to the floor, sprawled out as Duane Henry leans against the ring apron. He reaches up with his good arm, wiping it across his bloody nose to try and clear his airways.]

GM: Duane Henry's hurting but he knows he's gotta find a way to get back into this match. The ringpost shot will help but he's gotta stay on Jackson Haynes.

[Grabbing the middle rope, Duane Henry pulls himself up on the apron, leaning against the ropes...

...and then leaps off, dropping a flying leg across the chest of Haynes!]

GM: OHHHH! Duane Henry with a high risk attack from the apron to the floor!

[The smaller Bishop rolls to his stomach, reaching back to clutch at his tailbone area.]

GM: And it looks like Duane Henry might have hurt himself on that legdrop as well.

BW: You don't think he knew that might happen? Duane Henry is totally willing to risk hurting himself if it means he might get to hurt Jackson Haynes in the process!

[Duane Henry winces in pain, pounding his fist on the barely-padded floor as he pushes back up to his knees, breathing heavily.]

GM: Duane Henry willing his way back to his feet, a few stomps to the chest of Haynes.

BW: Bishop is giving up seventy pounds in this match. He's gotta find more ways to stick and move and stay out of the wheelhouse of Jackson Haynes.

GM: I would agree with you but it seems like Duane Henry is determined to keep this match to a fight!

[Duane Henry reaches down with the good arm, dragging Haynes off the floor and shoving him back under the ropes into the ring. He rolls in after his opponent, slowly climbing to his feet as Cousin Bo shouts encouragement from the floor...]

GM: Duane Henry standing over Haynes - ohh! Fistdrop between the eyes!

[A tired Bishop applies a cover, not bothering with a leg. The referee's count hits two before Haynes easily powers out of the pin attempt.]

GM: You're not going to get the man without hooking a leg, Bucky.

BW: He can't hook the leg with a broken arm, Gordo!

GM: You think the arm is broken?

BW: I'm not sure but he sure seems to be favoring it right now. Like he can't use it for nothin'!

[An angry Duane Henry pushes up, slamming a balled up fist down into the face and throat over and over like swinging a hammer.]

BW: That's frustration right there. That's frustration at not being able to do what he wants to do in there.

[Bishop climbs to his feet, glaring down at Haynes as Cousin Bo shouts something from the floor. With a nod, Bishop pushes Haynes up into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHH! Big kick to the back!

[Haynes drops back down to the mat, wincing in pain from the blow. Duane Henry measures him and then drops a big knee on the cheekbone of Haynes!]

GM: Goodness!

[Bishop applies another cover, earning another two count before Haynes kicks out.]

GM: Another two count! I just don't know if Duane Henry has anything in his arsenal that's enough to put Jackson Haynes down for a three count, Bucky.

BW: Of course he does! It's just a matter of finding it!

[Duane Henry climbs to his feet, looking out at Cousin Bo with even more frustration on his face.]

GM: Cousin Bo just told him to go up top!

BW: I don't know if I like this, Gordo.

GM: Duane Henry, with a busted nose and a banged-up arm, is heading for the high risk district!

[Stepping out to the apron, Duane Henry begins the long, slow climb to the top rope. He gets one foot on the top turnbuckle, looking down at a prone Haynes...]

GM: SPLAAAAASH!

[But at the last moment...]

GM: KNEES!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Duane Henry Bishop landing on the raised knees of Jackson Haynes!]

GM: Haynes got the knees up and Duane Henry CRASHED! AND! BURNED!

[Haynes slowly gets to his feet, looking down at Bishop who is clutching his now-hurting ribs as well. The big man pulls Bishop up, flinging him into the turnbuckles...]

...and charges hard to the corner, connecting with a running clothesline in the buckles!]

GM: OHHHH! Big running clothesline in the corner!

[Haynes backs off, grabbing the arm, firing him across the ring to the opposite corner...]

...and breaks into another sprint, landing a second running clothesline!]

GM: BACK! TO! BACK! CLOTHESLINES!

[The Hammer fires him across a third time, slapping his leg once before charging across the ring...]

...and CREAMING Duane Henry with a running big boot to the jaw!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[A frantic Cousin Bo leaps up on the apron, waving his arms like a madman.]

GM: What the heck is he doing?! Get him down from there!

[Haynes swings around, glaring at Cousin Bo who is totally unaware he's being watched...]

...and gets ROCKED with a running back elbow from behind, sending Cousin Bo sailing off the apron to the floor! BIG CHEER!]

GM: HAYNES WIPES OUT COUSIN BO!!

[Suddenly, Cletus Lee Bishop comes lumbering through the curtain, heading down the aisle towards the ring!]

BW: The big man comes for thee, Jackson Haynes!

GM: The Redneck Wrecking Machine, Cletus Lee Bishop, is headed for the ring and Jackson Haynes does not look happy about this!

[Fists balled up at the ready, Haynes takes up a fighting stance as Cletus Lee arrives at ringside. Haynes gives a "COME ON!" shout as Cletus Lee circles the ring, glaring up at him. The referee steps over to the ropes, shouting at Cletus Lee, warning him to not get involved.]

GM: Cletus Lee is being told to stay out of the match but I don't know if he even heard the man!

BW: Doesn't matter if he did. Cletus Lee is gonna do whatever the heck he wants, Gordo.

GM: I can believe that.

[Cletus Lee stands over Cousin Bo, glaring up at Haynes who wheels around to grab Duane Henry off the mat. He points a finger right at Cletus Lee Bishop, tugging Duane Henry into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's going for the powerbomb!

[But Cletus Lee grabs the top rope, pulling himself up on the apron...

...which causes Haynes to throw Duane Henry aside, rushing to confront him.]

GM: Look out here!

[The referee throws himself between the two big men, preventing anything physical from developing...

...and allowing a barely-moving Cousin Bo to slide a steel chair under the ropes!]

GM: Wait a second! Where'd that chair come from?!

BW: Bo did it! Cousin Bo got it in there!

[A dazed Duane Henry grabs it, rising to his feet with the chair gripped in his hands...

...just as Jackson Haynes wheels around, bringing his own hands up to block the swing!]

GM: Haynes blocks it! He's got the chair shot blocked!

[A big boot to the gut causes Duane Henry to drop the chair, allowing Haynes to fling it aside and pull Duane Henry back into powerbomb position...

...which is Cletus Lee's cue to step over the ropes, shove Johnny Jagger aside...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and CREAM a surprised Jackson Haynes with a Charging Big Boot!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG BOOT! BIG BOOT!

[The referee IMMEDIATELY calls for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers as the referee gestures at Jackson Haynes.]

GM: Jackson Haynes just won this match! He won this match by disqualification and he'll move on the second round of this tournament but right now, he's got bigger issues, Bucky!

BW: Cletus Lee Bishop BIG!

[With Haynes laid out from the big boot, Cletus Lee picks the steel chair up off the mat, rearing back with it...]

GM: No, no, no!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF ALMIGHTY!

[Jackson Haynes flattens out, motionless on the canvas as Cletus Lee Bishop stands over him, steel chair still dangling from his right hand. A dazed Duane Henry Bishop gets to his feet, snatching the chair out of his brother's hand...

...and drops down to his knees, folding the chair up over Haynes' arm!]

GM: No, no! This is how they broke Danny Morton's arm! This is how they-

[Duane Henry Bishop hops up to the middle rope, sitting on the top turnbuckle. He mimes breaking something in half with his hands, smirking at the downed Haynes...

...when suddenly the crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[A blur of motion comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring!]

GM: IT'S DANNY MORTON! IT'S DANNY MORTON!

[The Oklahoma native dives headfirst under the bottom rope, dressed in his street clothes of a pair of blue jeans and an Oklahoma football jersey...

...and his arm in a glaringly white cast.]

GM: MORTON'S IN THE RING!!

[He winds up with his uncovered arm, delivering a running clothesline that takes Cletus Lee Bishop over the ropes, sending him crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

GM: CLETUS LEE IS GONE!!

[Morton wheels around, drawing back his cast-covered arm...]

GM: No, no, no!

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A high impact cast shot BLASTS off the skull of Duane Henry Bishop, sending him sailing off the middle rope, flying over the ropes, and CRASHING down to the floor as the crowd EXPLODES in a roar!]

GM: MORTON CLEARS THE RING!! DANNY MORTON CLEARS THE RING!!
DANNY MORTON IS OUT HERE IN STREET CLOTHES AND HAS SENT THE
BISHOP BOYS RUNNING FOR IT!!

[Morton stands near the ropes, shouting at the Bishop Boys as they make their exit down the aisle towards the back. Cletus Lee is basically carrying an unconscious Duane Henry over his shoulder as Cousin Bo trails closely behind.]

GM: Danny Morton is back and cast or not, he has just cleared the ring!

[Morton leans down, helping his partner back to his feet. Haynes drapes an arm over Morton's neck, the former National Tag Team Champions standing near the ropes, shouting down the aisle at their fleeing rivals as we fade to black.

We fade to commercial to find a giant Kingsley Online Entertainment logo. A voiceover begins.]

VO: We live in an online world.

[A shot of a young child on his laptop computer.]

VO: Today, you are more likely to watch a television show on your computer or mobile device than you are an actual television.

[A family gathered around an iPad with an elderly couple.]

VO: Video chat is no longer an element of science fiction - it is reality. It is now.

[A young girl plays a video game with body movements.]

VO: The future is before us. The future is around us. The future is...

[The Kingsley Online Entertainment logo appears once more.]

VO: ...Kingsley.

[Fade to black.]

We open backstage, where we see Jason Dane, standing by with Juan Vasquez.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here with Juan Vasquez, who will in a few moments, step into the ring against one of the most dangerous men in all the world...the Botswana Beast, Ebola Zaire. Juan, you were on the verge of victory on the last edition of Saturday Night Wrestling, before the sudden appearance of Ebola Zaire cost you your match against Skywalker Jones. Your thoughts going into tonight's match?

JV: What CAN I say, Dane? There's a lot of things I can say...that I WANT to say...but the fact is...

[He squeezes his eyes shut.]

JV: ...I lost.

[A heavy exhale...and Juan then drops his head and places a palm to his face, rapidly repeating his words.]

JV: I lost, I lost, I lost, I lost, I lost, I lost, I lost, I lost, I lost, I lost...

[He looks up, expressionless, with a tone of grudging acceptance in his voice.]

JV: ...I LOST.

[A conflicted look forms on his face.]

JV: We can talk about the how and the why all we want, but the bottom line is, Skywalker Jones earned that win. He wanted that win. He wrestled his butt off for that win. And in the end, he TOOK that win. Skywalker Jones won because he was focused on our match.

I was focused on Ebola Zaire.

[The former National champ shakes his head.]

JV: And I still am.

[A sigh.]

JV: Zaire...he ain't like anything I've ever faced before. In my career, I've faced men that've been called beasts. Men that've been called monsters. I've fought all over the world, I've fought in the land of extreme and I've never come across a single person that was like this.

They weren't _anything_ like Ebola Zaire.

[A frown.]

JV: Other men can be reasoned with. Other men rampage and destroy with meaning and purpose. To make you fear'em. To showoff their dominance. To draw out a reaction or an emotion. But not Zaire. He does things without reason. He's relentless. He's got a one-track mind. All he understands is violence. All he understands is that he has to hurt...

...me.

[Juan tenses up, balling his hands into fists.]

JV: So he's gonna' keep on coming. As long as Percy Childe and Ben Waterson need protecting, as long as I'm still standing, he's gonna' keep coming at me and he ain't gonna' stop.

[He stares up and draws in a deep breath.]

JV: Because all he understands is violence.

[Juan lowers his head to eye level, staring straight at the camera.]

JV: So I'll MAKE sure that he understands. Because all he understands is violence...I'll make DAMN sure my message gets through loud and clear:

Ebola Zaire might be a beast...he might be a monster...he might be the most bloodthirsty and savage wrestler to ever step into an AWA ring...but by the end of the night, Ebola Zaire'll understand that inside that ring, the REAL beast...the TRUE monster...

[A beat. Juan simply glares at the camera.]

JV: ...is Juan Vasquez.

[Juan gives Jason Dane a quick stare, before turning and walking off.]

Fade to another part of the building where Colt Patterson is standing between Ben Waterson, a little worse for wear from his encounter with Glenn Hudson earlier in the evening, "Red Hot" Rex Summers who looks so mad, he might try to Heat Check the universe, and Ebola Zaire who has a white

towel covering most of his face, revealing just one haunting eye below a mass of scar tissue.]

CP: Good evening, sports fans, my name is Colt Patterson and as you can see, I've been joined by part of Waterson International. Ben, it's been a heck of a night for you already.

[An enraged Waterson speaks.]

ATTSBW: A heck of a night? A HECK OF A NIGHT?! Yes, Colt Patterson, I guess you can say it's been a heck of a night. Waterson International walked into this pigsty state to accomplish three goals...

Send this man to the second round with the Longhorn Heritage Title still around his waist...

[Waterson claps an angry Rex Summers on the shoulder.]

ATTSBW: That did not happen thanks to some blatant chicanery by the Championship Committee and that redneck Jim Watkins. Jim Watkins is so crooked, he got pulled over in Arizona once 'cause they thought he'd been drinking. When they asked him to walk the straight line, he trailed right on off and fell into the Grand Canyon. Should've left him there to rot if you ask me because he pulled some kind of crap out there tonight and ROBBED Rex Summers of the Longhorn Heritage Title.

RS: It was a time limit draw! Everyone knows that! The bell rang, they made the announcement... and THEN Watkins says there's no time limit. You ain't gotta be a rocket scientist to know something stinks in this building tonight and it ain't all the bull droppings out back, jack!

CP: I completely agree with both of you on this. What Jim Watkins did was over the line and completely unprofessional but the fact remains, Glenn Hudson is the new Longhorn Heritage Champion and you are OUT of the tournament.

ATTSBW: One of those things is not like the other, Colt.

CP: Meaning?

ATTSBW: Meaning that my legal team has already been in contact with the AWA front office and we fully expect this decision to be overturned in the days ahead.

CP: Well, we'll see about that. But you said you had three goals here tonight.

ATTSBW: Three goals... one of which we've failed... so far. Our second goal is for Marcus Broussard, the greatest in-ring technician the AWA has ever bore witness to, to make that ungrateful twit Stevie Scott say "I Quit" so loud that wrestling fans from coast to coast can hear it. And when that

happens, at long last, I'll have my vengeance on Stevie Scott for what he did to me so long ago.

CP: Alright, what about Goal #3?

[Waterson cracks a grin.]

ATTSBW: Colt, Goal #3 may be the best one of `em all. Juan Vasquez, the night you became the National Champion... the night the Southern Syndicate went up in a blaze of glory... the night when you and I were supposed to rise up as one, stand before the world, and shout "THIS... IS WHERE THE POWER LIES!"

On that night, you had other ideas. You had other plans. You walked into that building that night knowing that you were going to use me and then humiliate me in front of the entire world.

And that's exactly what you did.

[Waterson shakes his head.]

ATTSBW: I walked away. I bided my time. I waited, I planned, I studied your every move. And when the moment came, I struck. Alongside brilliant minds like Louis Matsui and Percy Childes, I struck. Alongside stone cold killers like Nenshou and Marcus Broussard, I struck.

And with the help of an old friend, we snatched away the thing you treasured most and put you on the shelf for so long, you had a layer of dust on you when you came back.

But the dust is gone... only the rage remains...

[A smirk.]

ATTSBW: I told you that I wanted you to come back. Everyone else wanted you gone but even after Wrestlerock, I knew I needed more. It wasn't enough what happened that night. You suffered... you hurt... but it wasn't enough.

I needed total elimination.

And tonight? With the most bloodthirsty beast ever unleashed on the world by my side, I'll get exactly that.

Tonight, the dark spirits reach down deep and send forth their greatest creation to make you drip the last drops of blood out of your rotting form.

Tonight, you meet Ebola Zaire.

[Waterson chuckles.]

ATTSBW: And you meet your end.

[Waterson International makes their exit, leaving Colt Patterson behind.]

CP: Three goals... hey, even the best hitter in baseball don't hit a thousand! Gordon, Buckthorn... back to you!

[We crossfade away from the feather boa-wearing Patterson to the ringside area where our announce team is standing.]

GM: Thanks for that, Colt. Now, before we go back to the ring for more action, we've got something very special going down. Tonight, Dave Cooper, one of the men responsible for this very tournament happening, will step into this ring and issue a public apology to the entire world for his actions over the past several weeks.

BW: You really believe that? You think he's going to apologize?

GM: If he doesn't, I believe he'll be hit with another indefinite suspension... or worse.

BW: I just can't see it, Gordo. As defiant as he's been... as defiant as his friends have been, just spitting in the AWA's face at every opportunity... I just can't imagine that he'll do it.

GM: We're about to find out so let's go up to the ring for that!

[As we pan up to the ring, we find Mark Stegklet standing front and center, a big grin on his face since he's been given some pretty choice assignments on this evening.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen... do not adjust your television sets, this is NOT the Tournament Control Center... however, what we are out here to do right now does have ties to the tournament itself.

[Stegglet gestures to the others in the ring.]

MS: As you can see, I have been joined here in the ring by the Chairman of the Championship Committee, Jim Watkins. Mr. Watkins, it's been a heck of a show so far!

[Watkins nods, very stoic.]

JW: It really has and I got a feeling it's only gonna get better with our last three matches... AFTER we get this piece of business taken care of.

[Stegglet looks around at the two uniformed security guards in the ring.]

MS: Expecting trouble?

JW: Not expecting... but after what's gone down in recent weeks, I think I'd be a fool to not be prepared for some kind of trouble, don't you? So, I

grabbed a couple of the AWA's finest security guards and brought 'em out here with us.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Alright... well, at this time, I suppose we should bring the other involved party in this situation out to the ring. AWA fans, would you please welcome to Memorial Day Mayhem a former AWA National Tag Team Champion... he is "The Professional"... DAVE COOPER!

["The Professional" Dave Cooper emerges from the back, flanked by four security guards of his own. There is no music playing, but it likely wouldn't have been heard given how loud the boos are. Dave Cooper is dressed in a white button-down shirt and blue jeans. As the security guards escort him down the aisle, they occasionally have to throw their arms up as fans are leaning over the railing -- being egged on by Cooper, who jaws at several along the way.]

BW: Does that look like a guy coming to apologize to the fans, Gordo?

GM: I have to admit that it certainly does not. He's actually trying to antagonize our fans along the ringside barricade! And what's with HIS security team?

BW: To be honest with you, Gordo, I think he's more likely to need it than Watkins is.

GM: You could be right about that. Dave Cooper has quickly worked himself into becoming one of the most hated men in the entire AWA.

BW: Guilt by association.

GM: To a degree, yes. He once was one of the most popular men in the AWA as part of the tag team Rough N' Ready but that team's alliance with two individuals who will remain nameless really sunk his stock in the eyes of the fans.

[Cooper and the guards have reached the ring, at which point Cooper climbs up onto the ring apron, waving with his arm at the security guards. Watkins, standing in the ring, nods at the guards as if to indicate it's OK. The guards head back up the aisle as Cooper steps between the ropes.]

JW: Mr. Cooper, I believe there is no need for a bunch of talk about what's gonna happen. You know what you're here for so let's hear it...

[Cooper just stands there, looking at Watkins, who folds his arms, his expression not changing. Cooper then smiles slightly, but it goes away as he draws the mic to his lips.]

DC: You're looking for an apology, Watkins?

[Silence again-- Watkins doesn't respond, but the look on his face makes it clear he expects Cooper to cooperate.]

DC: I guess you're not gonna let me out of the building until I give you an apology, right?

[Watkins again says nothing, but now he looks a bit annoyed.]

DC: Fine -- you want an apology, you got one.

[He then turns away from Watkins, addressing the crowd.]

DC: I hereby apologize...

[A long pause.]

DC: I hereby apologize...

[Another long pause.]

DC: I hereby apologize for having to take the measures that I took, but my hand was forced...

[He then slowly turns back to Watkins, then pointing his finger at him.]

DC: ...by that man right there!

[Now Watkins looks angry and he takes a step toward Cooper, but Cooper interjects.]

DC: No, I'm gonna talk and you are gonna only do two things -- stand there and shut up!

[The crowd's boos have returned and are loud. Watkins looks ready to knock Cooper flat but Mark Stegglet raises an arm, trying to dissuade the Chairman.]

DC: If anybody owes an apology to the AWA, it's you, Watkins!

[The crowd really lets Cooper have it for that one!]

DC: You owe the AWA an apology for making them sit here and listen to this! You owe the AWA an apology for this sham of trying to keep one of its top superstars - yours truly - out of action. And you owe the AWA an apology for not giving the people what they want... Dave Cooper versus Robert Donovan right here tonight!

[The crowd cheers - yes, that IS what they wanted to see!]

DC: But being the bigger man that I am, I've decided to help you out on that last one, Jimmy. Because when you get back to your office tonight, you will

find signed, sealed, and delivered papers from my management team that state that on the Fourth of July, 2012...

[Dramatic pause.]

DC: I... WILL... face Robert Donovan in one-on-one action!

[HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

DC: But that's not all you need to apologize for, Jimmy, is it?

[Cooper smirks.]

GM: What's he going on about now?

BW: No clue.

[Cooper raises the mic again.]

DC: You need to apologize for what went down LAST year on the Fourth of July.

You remember damn well what happened the Fourth of July, 2011, right? When nearly every man who represents everything you say you stand against went out and beat the hell out of Juan Vasquez just so Calisto Dufresne could get a cheap victory -- and you know damn well Royalty never took part and never wanted to take part.

Because whether anyone likes it or not, Royalty knew the only way to rightly earn a championship is to do it in the ring on our own, not by having a whole army soften somebody up.

[Watkins shouts something off-mic but Cooper just smirks at him.]

DC: You don't like to hear that, do ya? Well, the truth hurts, doesn't it, Watkins? And yeah, you and everyone in that locker room may cry foul over what Royalty did in Westwego, but we did what we had to do to ensure that Calisto Dufresne was taken down -- we could have easily done it for you had you not chosen to suspend us all for simply speaking our minds, but you couldn't let it be, could you?

Well, when you look at the facts, it's not too difficult to figure out why you wanted Royalty out of the way -- you had to have been on the take with Dufresne!

[Watkins is steaming mad now.]

GM: Oh, give me a break! What a sham that is!

BW: Is it? I mean, I'm not the world's biggest Dave Cooper fan but he makes a good point.

[Cooper, seeing that Watkins is near the edge, goes one step further.]

DC: Seeing the way you dress, I'm guessing that Dufresne didn't give you money... and I've seen your beat-up rental car out there so he didn't pawn off one of his hand-me down cars... what could it be? What could it be?

[Cooper taps his chin, mockingly thinking... and then snaps his fingers.]

DC: There IS a reason they call him the Ladykiller, right? Maybe he DID pawn off one of his hand-me downs.

[The crowd "ooooohs" at the implication.]

DC: Well, I can't say I blame you for that... I mean...

[Bait the hook.]

DC: I've SEEN your wife!

[And that'll do it as Jim Watkins shoves Mark Stegglet aside, rushing at Dave Cooper. Watkins throws himself into a tackle, knocking Cooper back into the corner where he starts throwing haymakers to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: WATKINS HAS HEARD ENOUGH! WATKINS HAS SNAPPED!

[The crowd is going nuts as Watkins tears into the former National Tag Team Champion with right hands to the midsection...

...and then gets fingers RAKED across his eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Cooper goes to the eyes of Watkins!

[Watkins staggers away from Cooper, grabbing at his injured eyes...

...and then walks right into a boot to the gut following by a SNAPPING DDT! into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: COOPER JUST DDT'D JIM WATKINS!!

BW: Oh my God.

GM: He should be FIRED on the spot for that! He should be-

[Watkins' two security guards rush forward, completely caught unaware by the speed of Cooper's assault...

...but Cooper is ready for them, catching the first with a knee to the gut before CHUCKING him over the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: Good grief! He just tossed a security guard!

[The other guard pulls a can of pepper spray from his pocket but Cooper catches the arm...

...and KICKS the guard right between the goalposts!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Cooper kicks the guard out of the ring, sneering at the jeering crowd as he picks the can of pepper spray up off the mat.]

GM: Oh no. What in the world is he going to do with that?

[The Professional walks over to the downed Watkins, standing over him as he taunts him...

...and then lifts the can of pepper spray high into the air!]

GM: No, no, no! Don't do it, Cooper! Don't do that!

BW: He's gonna blind him, Gordo! It's gonna be like City Jack all over again!

[Cooper leans over, putting the can down to point blank range on the barely moving Watkins...

...when suddenly the Chairman gets an unlikely savior!]

GM: MARK STEGGLET!

[The crowd roars for the courageous young man as he leaps upon the back of Cooper, flailing his arms to grab him around the head and neck, trying to pull him off of Watkins!]

GM: Mark Stegglet's trying to get Cooper off of Watkins! He's trying to buy some time for-

[Cooper reaches back, grabbing Stegglet around the head and neck, and SNAPMARES him off his back and down to the mat.]

GM: Ohh!

[An angry Cooper throws the pepper spray can aside, pulling Stegglet up by the arm...]

GM: Wait a second! What the HELL is he doing?!

[...and whips him towards the ropes!]

GM: NO! DON'T DO THIS! DON'T DO IT!

[As Stegglet rebounds off, Cooper sets, picking him up around the upper thighs, pivoting his body...

...and DRIVING Mark Stegglet's spine into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! HE HIT MARK STEGGLET WITH A SPINEBUSTER!!

[Cooper pops back up to his feet, dragging a thumb across his throat as he stands over Stegglet, gloating to the near-riotous crowd!]

GM: What a sick son of a-

BW: Gordo!

GM: -gun this guy is! Dave Cooper has SNAPPED! He's lost it! He just assaulted the Chairman of the Championship Committee, two security guards, AND a helpless announcer! This guy makes me sick! Absolutely disgusting!

[And with Cooper standing over Stegglet, suddenly the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: DONOVAN!

[The seven footer is coming fast down the aisle towards the ring, quickly followed by half of the locker room.]

GM: Oh yeah! Get him! Get that piece of trash!

[But Dave Cooper wisely bails out of the ring, hurdling the barricade and making fast tracks through the crowd, heading out of Harper Stadium where we can only assume he - once again- has a car waiting for him. A few wrestlers follow him over the railing, attempting a pursuit but Robert Donovan stays in the ring, kneeling down next to Mark Stegglet. He looks up, fire in his eyes... as we fade to black.

Cut in on a darkened room. A single fading light bulb hangs from the ceiling. As the camera zooms in slowly, it is filled by the rather large silhouette of a what appears to be a man. He sits there in a wifebeater as if carved out of a twisted stone, a myriad of scars covering his thick arms. His face is hidden behind a wall of stringy matted vines one would assume would be his hair. Seconds multiply as only silence is heard. Finally his deep raspy voice can be heard...]

Voice: Do you have any idea of what Hell is?

[The words slip out softy from behind the black strings of hair.]

V: Do you have any real idea of what it means to be trapped... bound... imprisoned with those fiery walls?

[The voice chuckles just a bit.]

V: Of course that last version would be completely dependent on what you believe Hell might appear as...

Some see it as a fiery wasteland of tortured souls, screaming in pain, bathed in suffering all for sins they committed in a previous life...

They see the fire and the brimstone, they feel the shattered bone slicing through their skin as demonic beings sit above them, their wardens of misery and torment...

Every day of every minute paying for a perceived injustice against an all powerful being who plagues us all with the freedom of will... one who tempts us with the very fruit that he will punish us for indulging within...

[Pause, but just for a moment.]

V: If I was a religious man, that could be just enough to cause me to lose faith...

[The figure moves forward in his chair just a bit into the light. While his face still cannot be seen, one can make out the blackish gray stubble of a beard beneath his greasy jet black hair.]

V: I am quite far from being a religious man...

But even I know what the pain of living within Hell can do to a man's body, mind and soul...

[His large meaty fists come together before his face, rubbing and smoothing the numerous war torn marks upon them.]

V: Waking up every morning, the blood within my veins boiling in order to escape the scars healed shut by time covering my body...

The way my fingers tremble curled around my cup of coffee as I watch the ineptitude of those around me who need to have their foreheads torn to shreds...

Being forced sit idly by as pretenders to my crown prance around a sacred battleground that I once called my home... Desecrating the legend I spent years defining in this so-called sport...

[His hands finally part and pull the matted vines from his face revealing a rather large black eye patch covering his right eye. It is the man they call "Bad Eye" McBaine.]

McB: That is what I call living in Hell...

Otherwise known as Retirement...

But those days are now so close to being behind me...

[He hungrily licks his lips as a certain gleam grows within his one good eye.]

McB: Sixty three poor souls will serve as my key to my prison from the damnation of everyday life...

Escaping my Hell by releasing it on others...

[He smirks.]

McB: Thank you AWA...

My faith has finally been restored...

[Cut to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where a solemn Jason Dane is standing in the backstage area alongside a pissed-off Jim Watkins.]

JD: Welcome back, fans. Moments ago, we saw one of the most heinous acts ever perpetrated inside an AWA ring when Dave Cooper assaulted two security guards, Jim Watkins here, and my good friend and colleague, Mark Stegglet.

[Watkins clutches his skull, leaning against the wall, his face red with rage.]

JD: Mr. Watkins, this can not be allowed to happen.

JW: You think?

[A fuming Watkins is obviously in pain as his grip switches to the back of his neck.]

JD: Can I get you some medical attent-

JW: Nah, I'm not giving that son of a bitch the satisfaction, kid.

[Dane looks alarmed.]

JD: Mr. Watkins, we are LIVE on the air right now and...

JW: And I'm not supposed to be talking like that, I know. Excuse me if I think the powers that be at WKIK will give ol' JW a pass since he just got spiked right on top of his damned skull.

JD: Nevertheless, something's gotta be done about Dave Cooper, right?

JW: As soon as I finish talking to you, I'm heading down to my office to talk to the Committee. Since it's Cooper involved, we gotta get the lawyers involved but... well, I can't imagine this is gonna end well for him, Jason.

JD: Is there any word on the condi-

JW: Sorry, kid. I don't know a thing about Stegglet yet. His uncle's with him though. We'll let you know as soon as we find out.

[Watkins shakes his head as Dane stands silent for a moment.]

JW: This is turning into one hell of a night, ain't it?

[Almost on cue, Cousin Bo and the Bishop Boys walk into view.]

CB: You're telling me.

[Watkins turns slightly, glaring at Cousin Bo.]

JW: I ain't got time for you right now, Allan.

CB: I think when you hear what I've got to say, you'll make time, Jimmy.

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: Alright, make it quick.

CB: You talk about it being a hell of a night... did you see what happened out there during our match? Did you see BOTH of my men get attacked by a lunatic with a deadly weapon on his arm?!

JW: You're talking about Morton?

CB: Of course I'm talking about Morton! He tried to cave in Duane Henry's skull with the damn thing! His head probably hurts worse than yours does right now.

[Watkins grimaces, placing a hand on his forehead.]

JW: Don't know about that. Are you really back here to complain about Morton 'cause I damn sure don't have time for-

CB: No. I'm here to offer up my boys' services.

[Watkins looks confused.]

JW: Services? For what?

CB: It's my understanding that you're in need of someone to step into the National Tag Team Title match tonight.

[Watkins' jaw visibly drops.]

JW: What the hell are you talking about now?

[Bo looks around in mock confusion.]

CB: Jimmy, are you really the last to know?

[A slight "tsk, tsk" is heard.]

CB: My sources tell me that the Aces are pleading car trouble and they're not in the building right now.

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: What the hell... Childes assured me that they were here! He told me that they were in the locker room for the Unholy Alliance!

CB: A good manager always tries to protect his men. Did you actually SEE them, Jimmy?

[Watkins glares at Cousin Bo.]

CB: Uh huh. Thought so. But it's no big deal, Jimbo... because my boys are ready to step into their place here tonight and walk out of our home state with the AWA National Tag Team Titles around our waists for the second time!

[Bo lifts a finger.]

CB: Two-time National Tag Team Champs! It ain't never been done before, Jimbo.

[Watkins rubs his chin thoughtfully.]

JW: I need to go find Percy Childes.

CB: Wait. We'll walk with you. I think I can make you an offer you won't refuse.

[Cousin Bo smirks at Jason Dane before the quartet walks off camera, leaving the announcer behind.]

JD: What in the world is going on back here now, fans? The Aces aren't here? The Bishops are trying to get the shot? What's going to happen now? Let's go back to the ring where Phil Watson's standing by with our next match!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with NO DISQUALIFICATION!

[The crowd ROARS at the added stipulation!]

PW: Introducing first... representing Waterson International... from DEEPEST... DARKEST... AFRICA... he is the Botswana Beast... the African Nightmare...

EEEEEEBOOOOOOLAAAAA ZAAAAAIRRRRRE!

[With jungle drums and tribal chanting coming across the PA system, Ebola Zaire wobbles out from behind the entrance curtain. Looking like something out of a horror movie, the morbidly obese Zaire trudges towards the ring behind him. He wears a red cloth hood over his head, long tails hanging off it over his back. His fingers are heavily taped - something we notice as he continually slaps at his own chest. His red boots with a curling point polish off the white pants ensemble. The fans boo as the savage beast

somehow wedges himself under the ropes, crawling on all fours to the center of the ring with a fork clenched between his teeth.]

GM: Does Juan Vasquez know what he's gotten himself into, Bucky?

BW: I really don't know if he does. Not at all. He says he does - he says he knows he's never faced anyone like Zaire before. He's never faced someone whose sole focus is to hurt him and hurt him badly... just because he likes it! Zaire might be taking marching orders from Waterson or Childes or whoever it is but at the end of the day, no one REALLY controls this man.

GM: Remember, Ebola Zaire has been slapped with a suspension for assaulting an AWA official that will go into effect immediately following this match, Bucky. So, at this point, Zaire's got nothing left to lose and could do just about anything he wants inside a no-disqualification match.

BW: This whole area is about to be declared a war zone.

GM: Which may very well explain why Ben Waterson is nowhere to be seen.

BW: He may choose to lead this one from afar, daddy.

GM: You may be right about that.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

["They Reminisce over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth kicks in to an ENORMOUS roar from the AWA faithful.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... he is a two-time former AWA National Champion...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAAAASSSSQUEZ!

[Vasquez pops through the curtain on cue to an even bigger response. He's clad in his usual tracksuit and looks to be all business as he hops back and forth from foot to foot in the entryway...

...before breaking into a sprint, charging down the length of the aisle, diving under the ropes, and springing to his feet just as a waiting Zaire clubs him over the head with a flabby forearm blow!]

GM: It's on! It's underway! And here we go!

[Vasquez attempts to fire back, throwing hooking right hands into the bulbous midsection of the Killer of the Kalahari.]

GM: Vasquez is going toe to toe with the big man!

[The former champion steps back, blasting Zaire with a forearm shot to the jaw that sends him stumbling a few steps backwards. Vasquez gives a shout as he rears back the right hand...]

GM: He's gonna break out the right cross early, fans!

[But before he can deliver it, Zaire catches him under the chin with a martial arts thrust, his taped fingers catching Vasquez in the windpipe and sending the gasping fan favorite down to a knee, his hands wrapped around his throat.]

GM: A shot RIGHT to the throat!

BW: There's no DQs, Gordo! Zaire can hit him in the throat all night!

[Proving Bucky to be correct, Zaire yanks Vasquez' head back by the hair, exposing his throat...

...and DRIVING an overhead knife edge chop to the throat!]

GM: Ohhh!

[Vasquez collapses to the canvas, hands wrapped around his throat as he coughs and gasps for air. Zaire swiftly puts some hooked boots into the ribs of Vasquez, rolling him onto his back where Zaire swings his beefy arm around...]

GM: ELBOW!

[But the near-four hundred pounder misses the big elbowdrop, slamming into the canvas as Vasquez rolls to the relative safety of the ring.]

GM: Vasquez got out of the way just in the nick of time, avoiding that big meat cleaver-like elbow!

[Zaire slowly rolls to a knee, pushing his unbalanced frame off the canvas as Vasquez grabs the top rope, slingshotting himself off the canvas...]

GM: SPRINGBOARD!

[But whatever Vasquez was attempting gets cut short as Zaire lashes out with another thrust to the throat, knocking the former National Champion out of the sky!]

GM: Ohh! My stars! He took him down hard right there, fans!

[Zaire slumps back against the ropes, a sick grin on his face as he looks down at Vasquez who is once again clutching his throat.]

BW: He loves this, Gordo! That sick psychopath is loving every second of this and-

[Zaire drops to a knee, reaching down to his boot.]

GM: What in the world is he doing, Bucky?

[The crowd buzzes as Zaire proceeds to loosen the laces on his boot, pulling a spare lace out from the inside.]

GM: He's got a shoelace! He pulled a spare shoelace out from his boot!

[Crawling across the ring, Zaire wraps the shoelace around Vasquez' throat, pushing down on it to cut off the flow of air!]

GM: He's choking him with it!

[Vasquez flails his arms and legs, kicking at the canvas as Zaire pushes down with all his weight.]

GM: That's nearly four hundred pounds being used to strangle the air out of another human being, fans!

BW: Ya think Vasquez is regretting agreeing to this match right about now?

GM: I don't know, Bucky. He's been so determined - so focused - on getting vengeance on those who wronged him back at Wrestlerock almost a year ago and Zaire is just one more stepping stone to get back to where he feels he belongs.

[Vasquez lifts his arms, pushing back against Zaire...

...and then digs his fingers into the big man's eyes, raking across and breaking the chokehold!]

GM: Ohh! Desperate times call for desperate measures and there may be no greater desperation than when you're sucking air like your life depends on it, Bucky.

BW: His life DID depend on it, Gordo. Zaire wasn't about to stop right there until Vasquez was out cold... or worse.

[Still sucking wind, Vasquez climbs to his feet, reaching down to the mat and picking up the discarded shoelace as he pulls Zaire to a kneeling position, looping it around his throat...

...and YANKING back!]

GM: Oh my stars! Now it's Vasquez who is choking the life out of Ebola Zaire!

BW: Look at the eyes, Gordo! That ain't everyone's favorite son! That's a man who means business and wants to detach Zaire's head from his body!

[Vasquez plants his knee into the middle of Zaire's back, pulling back even harder. The crowd buzzes with concern as Vasquez looks determined to end Zaire right here and now.]

GM: I know this is a no disqualification match but...

[Zaire reaches up blindly...

...and rakes his fingernails down the chest of Vasquez!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That might be okay. Some guys like that.

GM: ...

BW: I think.

[Vasquez however, must not, as he falls back, reeling from the rake of the flesh. Zaire pushes himself off the mat, driving his huge skull into Vasquez' exposed midsection as he climbs to his feet...

...and sinks his teeth into the forehead of Vasquez!]

GM: He's biting him! Zaire is biting Juan Vasquez!

[Vasquez frantically fights back, throwing right hands into the ribcage as Zaire digs his teeth into the flesh of his opponent...

...and then SMASHES him between the eyes with a headbutt!]

GM: Oh my! Zaire creamed him with that headbutt!

BW: Vasquez has one of the hardest heads in the business and that rattled even him!

[Zaire, having knocked Vasquez down to a knee again, wraps his hands around his opponent's throat, his thumbs pushing in on the windpipe and leaving Vasquez gasping for air once more.]

GM: Vasquez is being choked again! Zaire has gone back to that choke over and over now and that's gotta wear out even someone with the stamina of Juan Vasquez, Bucky.

BW: It does. It's hard work to get air into your body when you're being choked like this and then when you break the choke, your body continues to work hard to replace the air you lost.

[Vasquez slumps to both knees, his eyes starting to flutter as he searches for a way out...

...and finds one!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW!! LOW BLOW BY VASQUEZ!!

[With Zaire staggered, stumbling away, Vasquez retakes his feet and throws a dropkick at the back, sending Zaire falling into the ropes...

...where Vasquez rushes forward, living up to the Memorial Day Rumble tradition by upending Zaire over the ropes, sending him crashing down in a heap on the barely-padded floor at ringside!]

GM: OVER THE TOP GOES ZAIRE!! VASQUEZ TOSSES HIM TO THE FLOOR!!

[A fired-up Vasquez slams a hand into the top turnbuckle, glaring down at the barely-moving Zaire...

...and heading to the corner.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Vasquez is going to take a chance here - a big one!

[Vasquez steps to the second rope, pausing to take a few deep breaths before he places a foot on the top rope, watching Zaire as the big man lumbers back to a knee...

...which is good enough for the two-time former champion as he HURLS himself from his perch, sailing through the air, and CRASHING down on a stunned Zaire to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A DIVE!! VASQUEZ JUST WIPED OUT ZAIRE!!

[Vasquez rolls into a mount, laying in several hard right hands to the jaw before climbing back to his feet...

...and snatching a steel chair out from under Phil Watson, leaving him sprawled out on the floor.]

GM: Vasquez has got a chair! He's coming for blood here tonight in Fort Smith, Arkansas!

[The two-time champion winds up with the chair, waiting and watching as Zaire struggles to get back off the floor...]

GM: He's gonna crown him, Bucky!

[Vasquez takes a full force swing...]

GM: NO, NO!

[...and BLASTS Zaire right over the skull with the chair!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Zaire topples back down to the mat, rolling to his stomach as a furious-looking Vasquez stands over him, steel chair still in hand before he chucks it to the floor with rage.]

GM: Juan Vasquez just DRILLED Ebola Zaire over the head with that steel chair!

[Vasquez stands tall, glaring down at Zaire for several moments before the big man rolls to his back, revealing a massive cut on the forehead with blood pouring out of the wound.]

GM: My stars, Vasquez just split his head like a melon, fans!

BW: And this is probably a good time to tell those parents at home that to use your best judgment if your kids are watching this show 'cause this is about to get worse before it gets better, I think!

[Zaire's blood-covered skull is quickly no better than an extra on a horror movie as Vasquez drags him off the floor by the arm, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Vasquez puts him back in... and he's looking to finish this right here and now, fans!

[With Zaire down on the mat, Vasquez climbs up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Slingshot!

[He lands across the massive gut with a splash, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[Suddenly, Vasquez rolls off of Zaire clutching the side of his face, rolling back and forth in pain.]

GM: What in the-?!

[A bloody Zaire slowly sits up off the mat, lifting his right arm to reveal the aforementioned fork gripped in his hand.]

GM: I think he just raked that fork across Vasquez' face!

[A guess that proves to be correct as Vasquez' hands move away from his face to reveal four nasty gouges that stretch a few inches down his left cheek.]

GM: Zaire is showing that even during a pin attempt, you can't be too careful against a madman like him!

[Zaire pushes to a knee, running a hand across his blood-soaked forehead before staggering up to his feet.]

GM: That steel chair really did a number on the Botswana Beast. His forehead is ripped apart and blood is absolutely all over the place, starting to get all over the canvas of the ring now as well.

[Zaire reaches down, trying to grab Vasquez who rolls away and throws an upkick that catches him in the chin.]

GM: Ohh! Vasquez caught him coming in!

[Vasquez rolls to a knee himself as Zaire staggers back in, fork raised over his head.]

GM: Look out, Juan!

[As Zaire brings the fork down in a stabbing motion, Vasquez throws himself into a front roll, avoiding the blow and scampering back to his feet where Zaire is quickly moving towards him again...

...throwing a backhand attempt at slashing Vasquez with the fork, again coming up empty as Vasquez uses his speed to avoid the blow, throwing himself back against the buckles!]

GM: Zaire missed twice!

BW: But he's still coming, Gordo!

GM: He's got Vasquez trapped in the corner this time!

[Zaire moves in on him, fork gripped in hand...

...but Vasquez leans back in the buckles, throwing his legs up to smash his feet right into the former champion's face, sending him staggering backwards.]

GM: Ohh! He caught him again!

[Vasquez hops up on the middle rope, steadying himself as Zaire pushes back towards him...

...and leaps off the buckles, throwing a crossbody block that topples Zaire down to the mat!]

GM: Crossbody off the second rope!

[Not wanting to risk another slash of the face, Vasquez rolls right out of the cover, retaking his feet...

...and THROWING himself into the air, crashing backfirst across the massive torso of Zaire!]

GM: Backsplash!

BW: Shades of Tommy Stephens!

[Vasquez pops back to his feet, rushing to the ropes, and throws a second big senton, smashing down on Zaire before he has a chance to recover.]

GM: Two big backslashes!

[With Zaire down and stunned, Vasquez quickly races to the corner, climbing from the inside...]

GM: Vasquez is going up top! He's looking to finish this lunatic off right now!

[Reaching the top rope, Vasquez pauses for a moment, and then throws himself backwards, flipping through the air...]

BW: MOOOONSAAUUUULT!

[Vasquez CRASHES down across the chest of Zaire, knocking the fork from his hand. Spotting the utensil, Vasquez lunges into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a beefy leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Zaire slams the point of his elbow into the ribs of Vasquez, causing the former champion to break up his pin attempt, rolling off Zaire. Vasquez rolls to his feet, grabbing at his ribs as Zaire pushes to a knee...

...and gets CREAMED with a running knee to the mush by Vasquez!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: Vasquez is throwing everything he's got at Zaire and he's doing it so fast that Zaire doesn't even know what hit him! It's the ultimate game of stick and move right now, Gordo!

[Vasquez stands over Zaire, reaching down to interlock fingers with the big man...

...and then pulls Zaire up while STOMPING his face down!]

GM: Ohh!

[The process repeats, Vasquez keeping the hands locked as he stomps the face of Zaire over and over and over. After about ten stomps, he releases the knucklelock and falls into a press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Zaire throws Vasquez off, breaking the cover. Vasquez again scampers to his feet, not wanting to be caught on the mat when Zaire gets up.]

GM: Zaire's trying to get up a little quicker but for a man of his size and condition, it seems almost imposs-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[An attempt at the right cross from Vasquez to the kneeling Zaire comes up empty as Zaire throws a sloppy forearm into the knee of Vasquez, pushing it back against the grain!]

GM: Good grief! That's the kind of move that'll rip a knee right out!

BW: Zaire just proved he's not just some braindead killing machine, Gordo. That was a brilliant move to avoid that devastating right hand that Vasquez keeps in his arsenal.

[Zaire climbs to his feet, lifting his leg and shaking it until his loosened boot falls right off his foot.]

GM: Zaire's got his boot! That hooked boot is in his hands and-

[As Vasquez climbs back up, Zaire winds up and DRILLS him between the eyes with the hooked area on the boot, sending Vasquez sprawling facefirst to the canvas...

...where a DEVASTATING near-four hundred pound elbow drop connects with the back of his head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars, he hit the elbow! That might do it right there, fans!

[Zaire pushes up, rolling Vasquez to his back and leaning over him.]

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

[But Vasquez wiggles out from under the big man, revealing a small trickle of blood on his forehead from the boot strike. Vasquez crawls away from Zaire, rolling under the ropes to the floor to try and get some recovery time.]

GM: Zaire steps out on the apron... he's going after Vasquez...

[Lumbering along the apron, Zaire delivers a big boot to the skull of Vasquez, knocking him back down to the floor...]

...and then backs down the apron, his back resting against the steel ringpost.]

GM: What's he going to do here?

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: Oh my stars! Don't do it, Zaire! Get out of there, Juan!

[Zaire smiles a bloody smile, the crimson dripping from his forehead into his mouth as he lustily licks his lips...]

GM: Ugh, I think I'm gonna be sick.

[He slaps his belly a few times, leaving a bloody handprint on it before lumbering down the ring apron...]

GM: NO!

[...and throwing himself off, not getting any higher than the apron as he plummets downwards...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and just NARROWLY misses a downed Vasquez!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE SPLASH ON THE FLOOR!!

[Vasquez rolls to a knee, shaking his head at what he narrowly avoided as he climbs off the floor...]

...and reaches under the ropes, pulling Zaire's hooked boot into his hands.]

GM: Uh oh!

[Dropping down into a kneeling mount, Vasquez slips the boot over his right hand as he drags Zaire's head off the floor with his left hand...]

...and DRILLS him with the boot-covered fist!]

GM: Ohhh!

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez SMASHES the boot into Zaire's already-bloody forehead over and over and over and over and over before climbing off the madman with a roar! The fans echo said roar as Vasquez places the boot on the apron, dragging a limp Zaire off the floor by the arm and shoving him back into the ring...]

GM: Vasquez puts him back in... and now he's going up top again!

BW: He's taking the boot with him, Gordo!

[Vasquez scales the ropes, slipping the boot over his arm again as he reaches the second rope. Stepping to the top, he pauses to look down at the bloodied and prone Zaire...

...and HURLS himself into the air, plummeting downwards!]

GM: HE HIT IT! HE NAILED IT!!

[The boot BOUNCES off the skull of Zaire, flying away as Vasquez again applies a cover, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY GOD!! MY STARS IN HEAVEN!! ZAIRE GOT A SHOULDER UP!!

[With no sense of authority in the kickout at all, Zaire simply shrugs Vasquez off of him, shocking the capacity crowd inside Harper Stadium!]

GM: I thought he had him, fans! I thought he had him right there!

BW: Ebola Zaire is RELENTLESS! He cannot be stopped! He just keeps on coming!

[Vasquez crawls back, eyes wide in disbelief at the kickout. He shakes his head back and forth. An accomplished lip reader might be able to pick up him saying, "What the hell do I have to do...?"]

GM: Juan Vasquez can't believe he kicked out either!

BW: He's gotta stay on him though, Gordo! He's gotta stay on the man!

[A fired-up Vasquez pulls Zaire to his knees and BLASTS him with a headbutt to the bloodied skull!]

GM: Headbutt!

[Not happy with one, Juan rears back and delivers another... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: HEADBUTTS BY VASQUEZ!!

[The crowd is ROARING for the display of intensity by Vasquez...

...and then roaring in shock as Zaire rises to his feet, winds up, and creams Vasquez with a headbutt of his own like he didn't even feel the others!]

GM: What in the world?! What is going on in this building tonight?!

[Zaire stands before a downed Vasquez who is scooting backwards, away from the wide-eyed bloody monster who stands before him, ready to continue the fight. Zaire stumbles forward, arms outstretched as Vasquez reaches the corner, pulling himself to his feet...

...and again catching Zaire coming in with two big boots to the mush!]

GM: He caught him again!

[Grabbing Zaire by the back of the head, Vasquez wheels around and SLAMS him headfirst into the top turnbuckle...

...only to catch a throat thrust uppercut by Zaire, sending Vasquez right back down to the mat, clutching his windpipe!]

GM: He didn't even feel that either! Ebola Zaire is shocking a lot of people here tonight!

BW: Why?! This is what he's known for! This is why Percy Childes spent so much money to put him in the Unholy Alliance. Ask Jack Lynch... hell, ask old man Lynch if you can drag him out of the bar on the corner! Ebola Zaire is an unstoppable monster!

[Grabbing a kneeling Vasquez by the hair, Zaire pulls his head back to expose the throat one more time...]

GM: He's going for the Death Strike! He's-

[A desperate Vasquez SLAMS his fist down on the exposed foot of Zaire!]

GM: Ohh!

[Zaire stumbles back, possibly having had his toes broken by Vasquez who springs to his feet, cocking his right hand back...]

GM: He's going for it! He's going for it!

[And as Zaire swings back around, Vasquez throws the right cross...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...connecting solidly on the jaw of Zaire, spinning him around towards the ropes where Vasquez pounces, leaping onto the back and JAMMING his taped right thumb into the side of the neck!]

GM: ASSASSIN'S SPIKE! ASSASSIN'S SPIKE!!

[Zaire frantically begins pumping his arms, searching for a way out of the hold that has claimed many a victim before.]

GM: Vasquez has got it locked in and there's no way out of this, fans! No way at all!

[Zaire struggles against the hold, trying to wiggle his way free...

...but abruptly slumps to his knees as Vasquez spreads his feet, getting a better base to apply the hold!]

GM: Zaire's going out! Vasquez is putting him to sleep with the Spike!

[Zaire's arms fall to his side, touching the mat all over, almost as if he's looking for something...

...and then he finds it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With re-discovered fork in hand, Zaire lashes out with it, driving it into the bicep of Vasquez and digging in deep! Vasquez howls in pain, immediately releasing the hold and falling to his knees, reaching up to his arm where blood has already started to leak from the upper arm.]

GM: Oh my stars... did you SEE that?!

[Zaire retakes his feet, standing behind the kneeling Vasquez...

...and JAMS the fork into the shoulder!]

GM: Ohh!

[Zaire lifts the fork again, wildly stabbing down, catching a different spot on the upper arm.]

GM: He's stabbing the man! He's stabbing Juan Vasquez with that fork!

[Vasquez raises both arms, trying to defend himself as Zaire pulls the fork free again, swinging it down once more...

...and JAMMING it into the forearm of Vasquez!]

GM: We need some help! We need to get this under control!

[Vasquez slumps down to the canvas in pain, Zaire dropping down to his knees after him. He grabs Juan by the wrist, pinning it to the mat as he slams the fork down over and over and over into the arm, blood pouring from the wounds he's leaving behind...

...when suddenly the bell frantically rings and a handful of AWA officials come flooding into the ring to try and stop the assault!]

GM: The bell rung! I don't know why or how or what's going on but the bell just rung! We've got officials in the ring trying to figure out a way to get this lunatic under contr-

[The crowd GASPS as a kneeling Zaire SLAMS the fork into the forehead of an AWA official that was trying to hold his arm back.]

GM: Oh my stars! He's already been suspended for attacking officials! That suspension started as soon as the bell rung, fans, but what on earth has gotten into this psychotic monster?!

[Zaire swings the fork wildly at another official, sending him scattering and giving him enough room to swing the fork down into Vasquez' arm yet again. By this point, Vasquez is motionless on the canvas, presumably having passed out from the shock of having his arm stabbed repeatedly.]

GM: Get out of here! Cut! Go to commercial!

[We abruptly cut away from the horrific scene in the ring to...

We fade into the outside of a restaurant with a sign above it that reads "Cool Bar & Grille." Standing on the outside of the building are "Acme" Andrew Sterling and Dan "Cool Cat" Thomas. Both men are wearing t-shirts with "Cool Bar & Grille" written across the front and blue jeans.]

AS: Hello! I'm Andrew Sterling.

DT: And I'm Dan Thomas.

AS: You probably remember us from great matches such as Unholy War.

DT: Rumble in Sin City.

AS: Loser Gives Up Scientology.

DT: And Escape from Disneyland. Okay. That last one didn't really happen.

[Sterling points at the camera.]

AS: We're still waiting on you, Token White Boyz! But, we'd like to announce the grand opening of the Cool Bar & Grille in Dallas, Texas. We're located just off of I-635 in Grapevine, Texas.

DT: That's pretty close to DFW! We've got great signature dishes! Like our Coolio Alligator Po' Boy.

AS: You can't forget our signature Angus Beef Steaks!

DT: Or our delicious salads!

AS: Let's not forget our signature pancakes!

DT: Uh... we don't serve pancakes, dude.

AS: WELL WE SHOULD!

DT: Right.

AS: For you AWA fans who are hongry after a Saturday night full of action-packed excitement...

DT: Hongry?

AS: Yeah, when you're hungrier than hungry.

DT: Ooookay.

AS: At any rate, bring your AWA Saturday Night Wrestling ticket stubs, and you'll receive a free dessert with the purchase of any entree! Remember, that's the Cool Bar & Grille in Grapevine, Texas right off of I-635!

[We fade out.]

And then back up to your telecast of Memorial Day Mayhem where we find Jason Dane stationed outside a door marked "TRAINER'S ROOM." Loud shouts and cries of pain are coming from inside the door coupled with a few muted words that we have to imagine are expletives.]

JD: Fans, welcome back to Memorial Day Mayhem where I am standing outside the trainer's room. Moments ago, Juan Vasquez was carried on a stretcher through this very door with his arm bleeding profusely. We are trying to get some comments from the AWA medical staff-

[Dane's eyes light up as someone approaches - AWA head medic Dr. Bob Ponavitch.]

JD: Dr. Ponavitch! Sir, can you tell us what you know?

BP: No, no... I need to get in there, son. Please step aside.

[Ponavitch pushes through the door. As it opens, we catch a glimpse of Juan Vasquez, bloody from the shoulder down kicking over a nearby medic.]

JD: Ebola Zaire was IMMEDIATELY escorted from the building - we do know that much. I am told that his suspension is immediate and that the Championship Committee will be meeting in the coming days about possibly lengthening that suspension after his actions here tonight. He certainly will NOT make the field of 64 which has three spots remaining by my count.

[Dane looks up again.]

JD: Mr. Watkins!

[Jim Watkins pauses in front of the door.]

JW: Jason, I don't know anything yet. I just hope it's not as bad as it looks.

JD: Mr. Watkins, what's going on with-

JW: Jason, please... I need to get in there. I need to find out his condition so I can figure out if we need to replace him in the tournament.

[Dane looks surprised.]

JD: The tournament? Juan Vasquez is in the tournament?

[Watkins curtly nods.]

JD: But I thought he-

[Watkins, perhaps feeling he's said too much, pushes past Dane into the room and slams the door behind him.]

JD: Fans, I guess we just broke a major scoop here. Juan Vasquez apparently IS in the World Title Tournament and he is number sixty-two in the field of sixty-four! Gordon, Bucky... back to you at ringside!

[We crossfade back to the ringside area where our announce team is seated.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason. A pretty big piece of news buried in all the drama surrounding that injured arm. Juan Vasquez had his arm absolutely BUTCHERED by the Botswana Beast, Ebola Zaire who I believe may have just earned himself a permanent ban from the AWA, Bucky.

BW: I don't know about that but he can probably count on a pretty lengthy suspension after what he just did to Juan Vasquez.

GM: And somewhere in the locker room, I'm sure Ben Waterson is VERY pleased at what he just saw. But nevertheless, Juan Vasquez is number sixty-two in this World Title Tournament... and right about now, we're going to find out-

[Words we haven't heard a long time. Not since the end of 2011.]

#its all right...

Its all right...

I'm just a little...

[And with that, the audience is up on their feet, as they do indeed get.]

#A LITTLE CRAZY

[And out steps Alex Martinez. The seven foot tall hall of fame legend certainly looks better than he did when last he was seen. He's on his feet, for one. Moving well. Dressed in a black t-shirt and blue jeans, Martinez makes his way to the ring without sign of the injuries that plagued him. The multiple time world champion steps to the center of the ring, microphone in hand.]

AM: It has been a long time.

Too long.

[Drowned out by the chants of "WELCOME BACK!" Martinez pauses, a rare smile showing on the intense giant's face.]

AM: Thank you. Thank you.

Last time ya saw me? Well, most of ya probably thought it was the last time you'd see me. But I'm back. 'Cuz I ain't the sorta guy that can be stopped, not even by a Dragon!

[Another massive pop from the crowd.]

AM: But I ain't here to talk. I'm here to do two things. And the first thing I'm gonna do?

I'm enterin' the world title tournament!

[More cheers from the crowd.]

AM: And the second thing I'm doin', is makin' an announcement. And that's this. When, not if, but when, I win my -fifth- world title?

William Craven, you're the first person I'm defendin' it against.

[Martinez pulls off his mirrored sunglasses, and the dire expression that radiates from his dark eyes is enough to silence the crowd before they can cheer again.]

AM: Ya took your best shot Craven, but it just wasn't good enough, was it? Ya came at me, and spent a year throwin' every guy that ya could. Came at me from behind. I'm still here. And I'm ready now. Ready to look ya in the eye and put ya down.

But first, I'm doin' what ya never could. I'm winnin' myself a World Title. So I can give ya the chance. The chance ya think I took from ya. The chance to be a World Champion.

[A voice rings out to interrupt.]

"After all that we've been through ... you truly believe that I would let this stand?"

[Descending the entranceway, microphone in hand, comes the hulking green form of the "One Man Revolution" known as William Craven. Sneering, the man beast surveys the man he stalked for over a year with disdain as Martinez does his best to straighten up to his full height; 7 inches taller than the bulky Craven.]

WC: 'Though ... if you have regained your footing since last I saw you, broken, ruined by my own hand, perhaps ... perhaps you believe that anything is truly possible.

[Martinez cracks a slight grin, showing confidence in the face of a madman.]

AM: Not anythin'. You beatin' me in a fair fight? That ain't possible.

[Though he stands his ground, Martinez does not move forward, does not attack Craven. Cocking his head to one side, Craven's face loses all trace of mirth and he slowly circles Martinez.]

WC: Fair? What ... this is professional wrestling we're discussing, yes?

[Realizing that Craven's going to move behind him Martinez turns uneasily on his heel to remain facing the hulking green monster.]

WC: Heh, aheh, oh ... but reality beckons, Mighty Martinez. Yes, my Minion has fled but that name perseveres for you are indeed a _mighty_ man. You will not compete for that crown you claim, no, for the crown is destined to rest upon me. Yes, it is mine, I shall take it when the time comes and all others have fallen by the wayside. Rather ... you may not compete unless you meet my demands.

[Martinez shakes his head.]

AM: We still playin' this game? Ya think you got the right to make demands?

[Martinez puts his mirrored sunglasses back on.]

AM: Since I got a tournament to win before I take ya on, I'll indulge ya. For a minute at least. What're these demands of yours, Billy boy?

[This time, it's Craven's turn to smile.]

WC: Right? Right and wrong are mere constructs created by priests and politicians to hypnotize the plebeians into submission. What I offer you ... is a bargain...

[Smirking, Craven inhales sharply and slowly sighs the air back out.]

WC: Can you not see your role in all of this, Martinez? You play in this sandbox, a titan among children --the same as me-- and pretend that "old school" is a state of being to be exalted and all the while you neglect your roots. What pulled you up from obscurity? What made you a _king_ in the previous millennium?

Hardcore, Alexander ... hardcore...

[Martinez smirks.]

AM: What made me a king? Ya know what made me a king, Craven? It was takin' people like you, and puttin' them in traction.

[Chuckling, Craven shakes his head.]

WC: Your memory of events past are skewed at best. Do you still not see your role in all of this, Alexander, you could still be as I am; an avatar of violence. The alternative is oblivion...

Let me be clear; before you enter into this tournament, meant to give the AWA something it has never had before; a King, you must join. The Revolution...

[Martinez looks irritated now.]

AM: Join the Revolution?

Lemme explain somethin' to ya, Craven. The "revolution" is over. And me? I was the victor. I _am_ the last man standin'. I'm here, and all the other people ya dragged outta mothballs? Those that ain't already back in their holes will be put back there soon enough.

Revolution ain't about swingin' chairs or puttin' a guy through a table. Its about fightin' with everything ya got. It's not about the props or the furniture. It's about the one thing the "Dragon" will never have.

That's heart, Craven.

Join you?

[Martinez shakes his head.]

AM: Only time I'll be joinin' ya is in the ring, when we face off, and I _DESTROY_ you.

[His eyes going wide, Craven looks incredulous, then shows the Hall of Famer his palms, backing away.]

WC: Of course, of course. I should ... respect your wishes, yes? We should settle things in the ring. Like men...

[Backing away Craven bows out of the scene and up the ramp, eyes locked with Martinez.]

AM: After the tourney Craven... see ya then.

[With Craven out of sight, a still wary Alex Martinez makes his way out of the ring.]

GM: A tense few minutes there. I really thought that we were going to have a brawl on our hands.

BW: Martinez was just lucky, Gordo, because if it had come down to a fight Martinez would've been on the shelf yet again.

["Little Crazy" plays again as Martinez descends the ring steps and the crowd once more chants "Welcome back!" for the titanic wrestler. Turning, waving, he thanks all the fans as the cheers thunder all around him--then silence.]

BOOM!

GM: CRAVEN! Tackle by Craven! Martinez hits the concrete and hard!

BW: I spoke too soon! Say goodbye to the "Badboy" 'cause he's going away for another year!

WC: PETULANT CHILD!

[Yanking on Martinez' hair, Craven palms the big man's forehead and shoves it down _hard_, gripping him by the temples with his left hand. The fans boo and, yet, despite all the noise Craven's shrieking voice is heard above it all.]

WC: I SHOWED YOU THE POWER OF THE VIOLENCE! I REMOVED YOU FROM MY WORLD AND STILL YOU CANNOT SEE--TAKE YOUR HANDS--GAH!

[A frenetic struggle ensues as Martinez grasps at Craven's wrists, trying to wriggle out from underneath the green freak. Folding one of Martinez' arms across his chest, Craven kneels on it, pinning it down and anchoring the other shoulder with his other knee.]

WC: DID YOU THINK YOURSELF SAFE!? THAT I NEEDED THE SHADOWS TO TAKE YOU DOWN!?

[Continuing to struggle, Martinez is on the receiving end of several slaps from Craven.]

WC: DOWN! DOWN YOU UNGRATEFUL BASTARD! I OFFERED YOU A RETURN TO THE OLD WAYS AND YOU SPURN ME!? I NEED NO WEAPONS TO DESTROY YOU! NO ALLIES TO ERASE YOUR STAIN FROM MY KINGDOM!

[Abruptly throwing his weight forward, Craven locks his meathook-like hands around Martinez' thick neck.]

WC: ALL I NEED IS MY HANDS ... AND A LITTLE TIME!

GM: He's strangling Martinez! He's just strangling him!

BW: Okay, okay... this is too much. I mean... Martinez might have it coming and all but he still don't look right to me! It's like Craven is picking on an injured man!

GM: You think he's above that?! We need to get some security out here before- my stars, look at Martinez!

[Martinez' face rapidly darkens to a purplish color as his legs kick, finding no purchase. Craven shrieks, spittle spewing from between his teeth as he hunches forward, throwing his full weight on Martinez' chest and throat.]

GM: Good God, someone stop him! He's squeezing the life out of Alex Martinez!

BW: He brought this on himself! Alex Martinez needs saved because Alex Martinez didn't show the leader of the Hardcore Revolution the proper respect! Obviously he's not 100% either so why would he antagonize Craven!?

[All goes silent as Martinez, sunglasses askew seems to fade away. His one visible eye flutters, rolls back, then closes...

...but Craven doesn't stop. Frantically shrieking still he squeezes ever harder. Members of the security force stream in from all sides and pull at Craven. With a mighty heave five of them manage to pull Craven up, but not off, as Martinez comes with him, limp and lifeless.]

GM: It's like a horror movie!

WC: AAAAH--AWAY WITH YOU!

[Flailing, Craven releases Martinez and slaps aside all but one of the security force. The fifth man latches a chokehold on Craven, but releases with a scream as Craven sinks sharpened teeth into his arm! The crowd's reaction goes from heel heat to terror as the security force scatters and Craven turns slowly back towards Martinez' still form, blood dripping from his grinning maw.]

GM: What's Craven saying? The man has no microphone.

BW: You can call him a man if you want to, Gordo, but tonight, more than before, we see that William Craven is no more than a monster.

[It's unclear what Craven's saying, but his intent is obvious. Stalking low over to Martinez, he grabs up the pad over the floor and pulls hard, flipping the big man over and exposing the concrete. Pulling him by the wrist he sets him, face down, on the concrete and steps on his head, posturing, assuming a martial arts stance.]

GM: Oh no ... not this...

BW: He's setting up for the Executioner's Axe... Heel to ... to temple, skull against concrete. Christ, don't do it, Craven! I don't want to be a witness in another federal case!

GM: I--what?

[Shrieking again, Craven's eyes bulge and he heaves his leg up--

--only to be slammed awkwardly into the ring by someone who's just jumped the guardrail!]

BW: A fan's jumped the guardrail! Somebody get him away before Craven comes for him too!

[Wearing street clothes, the newcomer takes Craven down, mounts his chest and begins raining right hands down on his forehead. The fans in the front row recognize him first as a woman, voice hoarse from screaming, shouts out his name, sending a roar of recognition through the crowd.]

GM: Wait a second! It's Supernova!

[The AWA fan favorite is hammering Craven repeatedly.]

GM: Security floods back in, and we have more now! They're ... they're letting Supernova have his way and, yes, it looks like they're going to evac Martinez.

[Roaring, Craven manages to heave Supernova off of him, but the smaller man is on Craven's back before the Green Beast can get to his feet. This choke hold isn't interrupted by a bite as 'Nova cinches it in tight.]

BW: They had the gurney ready, and they're wheeling Martinez up the ramp, isolating his neck as they go. What's this mean for the Last American Badboy's spot in the World Title Tourney, Gordo?

[More and more security officers leap the guardrail and flood the ringside area as Craven slams Supernova back first into the corner post of the ring. Finally free he sees Martinez disappear to the back and starts to run up the ramp. Seeing his path blocked by a veritable army of security he roars in frustration. Behind him more security gathers, seemingly on a mission to apprehend him.]

GM: An army, an ocean of security flooding in on Craven--but they part as Supernova crashes through! It's a mad brawl!

[Battering one another with hands and feet Supernova and Craven bounce off the guard rails as security tries to separate them. The crowd shrieks with excitement as chaos reigns.]

GM: It's madness! Fans, we're going to go back to the locker room to Jason Dane to find out about this National Tag Team Title situation and, hopefully, when we return, order will have been restored here in the arena!

JD: Thanks, Gordon. To be honest with you, I don't feel like we know a heck of a lot more about this situation than we did earlier tonight. We know that at some point today, the Aces WERE in the building because we have a pre-taped interview they did with Mark Stegglet here at Harper Stadium. What we're currently being told is that following that interview, they left the building and haven't been seen since. What that means for the National Tag Team Title Match - no one seems to have the answer to that. We're going to show you that interview from the Aces right now and when we come back from that, it'll be time for the Tag Title match so we'll all find out together exactly what's going on!

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where Mark Stegglet is standing backstage with a mic in hand. Steggers is dressed in his standard interview attire. Flanking his sides are the Aces, "Sweet" Steven on the right and "Delicious" Daniel on the left. Both men are in their wrestling attire with their masks on.]

MS: Tonight, the Aces get a chance to wrestle for the National Tag Team Titles against the Lynch Boys. You two earned a shot at SuperClash Three to become the number one contenders.

[Childes steps forward.]

SC: It's been a long hard road for us, Mark. We've had to deal with favoritism, nepotism, and a deck stacked against the Aces because of Jim Watkins' inability to run the AWA as an unbiased commissioner. That doesn't matter anymore. We finally have our shot. Tonight, we'll bring the National Tag Team titles home to the Alliance, where they rightfully belong. We'll be the starting point of total domination of the AWA.

MS: Your thoughts, Daniel?

DT: Your NEW National Tag Team Champions... THE
AAAAAAAAAAACCCCCCCCCCEEEEEES!

[Tyler smirks.]

DT: Has a nice ring to it. That's what you'll hear at the end of our match, Mark.

[The footage fades back to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the center of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a one hour time limit and it is for the AWA National Tag Team Titles!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... they are the challengers...

[Watson pauses, looking around.]

BW: Well, who is it? Did they find the Aces or not?!

[Watson looks over at referee Johnny Jagger with a shrug.]

GM: I don't think even Phil Watson knows-

[Suddenly, Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose" kicks in to a big surprised reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Oh, for the love of Pete...

[A gleeful Cousin Bo is the first through the curtain, immediately doing the "we want the belt" gesture and shouting into the nearest camera, "I love it when a plan comes together!" as he walks by, soaking up the verbal abuse of the ringside fans. The mammoth Cletus Lee Bishop is close behind, making sure the abuse stays verbal. Duane Henry brings up the rear, a visible white gauze bandage wrapped around his skull. He looks a little wobbly as he heads down the aisle behind his family.]

GM: Somehow, somehow, it appears that the Bishop Boys have lied, cheated, and stolen this National Tag Team Title shot for themselves, Bucky!

BW: Wow! That's huge! They went from having a bad night at the hands of a returning Danny Morton to being in a match for the National Tag Team Titles! They've got a chance to become the first ever two-time champs, Gordo.

GM: I'm quite aware of that and somewhere in this locker room, you have to believe that Percy Childes just flipped his lid over this development!

BW: Oh, no doubt. The Aces, wherever the heck they are, just cost Percy the chance to bring some gold to the Unholy Alliance and family or not, that won't earn them any favors with the Collector of Oddities.

[Cousin Bo huddles up with Duane Henry and Cletus Lee out on the floor for several moments as the fans continue to boo him, waiting for their opponents to arrive.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of Ted Nugent's "Stranglehold" kicks in to a big roar from the crowd.]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... they are the AWA National Tag Team Champions... Jack and James... THE LYNNNNNNCH BROTHERS!

[The cheers intensify as James Lynch comes jogging through the entrance curtain, clad in his usual lightly zipped grey jacket and yellow Speedo wrestling trunks. Lynch throws a hand in the air to salute the crowd, standing barefoot at the top of the aisle as his big brother strides into view

to even more cheers. The tall, lanky Texan is, as always, dressed all in black from the cowboy hat sitting on his head, the long open trenchcoat covering his torso, and the big black cowboy boots on his feet. Like his brother, he raises his hand to the crowd, showing off a black leather fingerless glove that he twists into the form of the Iron Claw. Both men have their title belt strapped around their waist.]

GM: The champs are here, fans! And you've gotta wonder what's going through their minds right now. They thought they were coming out here to face The Aces but now, they've got the Bishop Boys instead. Those are two VERY different teams, Bucky.

BW: Two very different teams, for sure. The Aces were going to rely on speed, quickness, and high flying... maybe even stamina to try and wear the Lynches down. But the Bishops will come at'cha full force and at full strength. Cletus Lee's like a mack truck in there and Duane Henry's as tough as they come. This should be REAL interesting, Gordo.

[The Lynches make their way down the aisle, shouting to the ringside fans as they slap hands all the way down the entryway.]

GM: The champions making their way into ringside...

[Jack Lynch rolls under the ropes, climbing to his feet as James Lynch pulls himself up on the apron, standing to salute the fans...

...when Cousin Bo suddenly strikes!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The manager of the Bishop Boys, a metal tire iron in hand, SMASHES the steel into the side and back of James Lynch's knee, sending the smaller Lynch brother toppling down off the apron!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[The crowd roars its disapproval as Cousin Bo puts the boots to a now-screaming James Lynch out on the floor.]

GM: Cousin Bo just hit James Lynch in the knee with something! He hit him with that tire iron!

[Suddenly, Jack Lynch realizes something is going on, wheeling around to help his brother...

...and getting jumped by Duane Henry and Cletus Lee Bishop from behind!]

GM: The Bishops are all over Jack Lynch!

[Jack spins back into the fray, throwing his gloved hand as fast as humanly possible...

...but a well-placed knee into the ribs from Duane Henry cuts off the comeback as Cletus Lee pulls Jack's arms behind him, allowing Duane Henry free reign to slam his fist into Jack's head over and over again!]

GM: The referee should break this up! This should be a disqualification!

BW: The match hasn't even started yet, Gordo!

GM: I know it hasn't but-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd gasps as Cousin Bo SLAMS James Lynch's skull into the steel ringpost, leaving him sprawled out on the floor!]

GM: Cousin Bo just SMASHED James' skull into the steel!

[Cousin Bo lays in a few more boots before spinning off, waving to the ring where Cletus Lee grabs the official by the collar, pointing at the timekeeper.]

GM: No, don't do it, Mickey! Don't-

[A terrified Mickey Meekly signals for the bell, officially starting the match!]

GM: My stars, this match is legally underway, Bucky! The referee should NOT have started this thing!

BW: You may be right, Gordo, but he did! He started the match and now it's all legal!

[The camera cuts to the floor where James Lynch has rolled to his back, a horrific looking cut on his forehead belching blood everywhere to be seen. A joyful Cousin Bo stands over Lynch, shouting at him before turning back to the ring where the referee has forced Cletus Lee out of the ring, leaving Duane Henry Bishop inside the squared circle with Jack Lynch, throwing kicks to the gut in the corner.]

GM: Duane Henry is all over him!

[Duane Henry throws a back elbow to the chin, leaving Lynch kneeling in the corner. The wild-eyed Bishop wraps his hands around the throat of Jack Lynch, pushing him back against the buckles in the corner.]

GM: Bishop's choking Lynch in the corner! Get in there, referee!

[The referee's count hits four, forcing Duane Henry Bishop to break the count. The smaller Bishop drags Lynch up by the arm, whipping him from corner to corner...]

GM: Duane Henry fires him in!

[Charging across the ring, Duane Henry throws himself into a front flip, landing a big cannonball splash on Jack Lynch against the turnbuckles!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[A fired-up Duane Henry slaps Cletus Lee’s hand, bringing the big man into the ring where he promptly pulls Jack Lynch up by the hair, hooking Lynch’s arms under his own...

...and SMASHES his head into Lynch’s!]

GM: Headbutt!

[Cletus Lee delivers headbutt after headbutt, rocking Lynch with each and every blow. The camera cuts to the floor where James Lynch is dragging himself across the floor.]

GM: Cletus Lee is really taking the fight to Jack Lynch in there...

[Having landed a series of big headbutts, Cletus Lee steps back and throws Lynch down on the mat. He leans back, slapping Duane Henry’s hand.]

GM: The tag is made!

[Duane Henry quickly climbs the ropes, reaching down as Cletus Lee reaches up, grabbing his brother’s arms...

...and YANKS him down, flipping Duane Henry over and brings him CRASHING down on a prone Jack Lynch!]

GM: Good grief! What a doubleteam - and that might do it right there, Bucky!

BW: It might! We may have new champions right now!

[Duane Henry rolls over into a lateral press as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: We’ve got one! We’ve got two! We’ve got-

[The crowd gasps in relief as Lynch’s shoulder comes sailing off the mat in time! An angry Duane Henry grabs a handful of Lynch’s hair, slamming his fist down repeatedly into the skull of the Texan.]

GM: Hammer blows to the skull! Over and over again!

[Duane Henry climbs to his feet, grabbing at his head as he wobbles back against the ropes...

...and angrily slaps his brother’s hand.]

GM: Duane Henry is showing some effects from that cast shot to the skull that he took from Danny Morton earlier tonight and he's bringing the big man back into the match, fans!

[Cletus Lee steps over the ropes, staring at his brother for a moment. Duane Henry waves him off, pointing at Jack Lynch insistently.]

GM: Duane Henry's telling his big brother not to worry about him. He needs to finish off Jack Lynch. You can tell that time is of the urgency here for these men. They can see James Lynch down and bloodied, slowly trying to get back to his feet. If James can get back into this match, the Bishops might be in trouble.

BW: They need to finish Jack Lynch right now!

[Cletus Lee pulls Jack Lynch up by the arm...

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

GM: OHHHH! DOWN GOES JACK LYNCH AGAIN!!

[The big man lays in a few hard kicks to the body, rolling Lynch onto his back as Cousin Bo is screaming his head off on the floor, ordering his cousin to do more.]

GM: Cletus Lee looks a little confused out there. He's always been a little bit muddled when it comes to strategy and ring generalship. Cousin Bo is trying to give him direction but I'm not sure if it's working, fans.

[Out on the floor, we again find James Lynch, using the ring apron to drag himself to a knee, blood pouring off his head onto the mats at ringside. Cletus Lee drags Jack off the mat by the hair, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh!

[With a nod, Cletus Lee pulls Jack Lynch into the air, tossing him up over his head into a crucifix position...]

GM: Oh my stars - he's got him up, fans! He's got Jack Lynch up in the air!

[Cletus Lee backs to his corner, pausing for a moment before rushing across the ring...

...and Jack wriggles free, dropping to his feet behind Cletus Lee!]

GM: Ohh! Jack breaks loose!

[And as Cletus Lee turns around, Jack Lynch drills him with a haymaker to the jaw that sends the big man stumbling back!]

GM: Big right hand by Lynch! And there's a second! A third one connects as well!

[Lynch drops back, bouncing off the ropes, and leaves his feet, connecting with a high knee to the jaw that stumbles Cletus Lee but does not drop him!]

BW: Cletus Lee Bishop will NOT fall! This man has an incredible jaw, Gordo! I don't know if I've EVER seen him knocked flat from a single shot!

[Lynch grabs the dazed big man by the arm, firing him across...]

GM: Irish whip by the Texan, Bishop off the ropes...

[And Lynch hoists him up, twisting his body...

...and DRIVING Bishop into the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!!

[Lynch dives across Bishop, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[A diving Duane Henry Bishop comes rushing into the ring, breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: Two count only! Two count only!

[A fired-up Jack Lynch drags Duane Henry to his feet...

...and PASTES him with a right hand that sends Duane Henry down to the mat, rolling out to the floor!]

GM: Duane Henry's out of the ring!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch turns back to the rising Cletus Lee Bishop, holding his hand high in the air...]

GM: Lynch is calling for the Claw! He's calling for the Iron Claw!

[Lynch stands at the ready, leather glove formed in the legendary hold...]

GM: Bishop has no idea it's coming! Cousin Bo is screaming at him and-

[A panicked Cousin Bo leaps up on the apron, shouting at Jack Lynch...

...who rushes towards him, grabbing Bo by the head and neck, throwing him over the ropes in a makeshift snapmare that sends the crowd into a frenzy!]

GM: Oh yeah! Jack's got Cousin Bo!

BW: This isn't right! This isn't fair!

GM: Bo got himself involved in this thing when he attacked James Lynch out on the floor!

[Pulling Bo up by the arm, Jack nods his head and gives a big whip, sending Bo crashing into a rising Cletus Lee, sending Cletus Lee falling back into the ropes, his arms getting trapped between the top and middle rope to another huge roar from the crowd!]

GM: HE'S TRAPPED! CLETUS LEE IS TRAPPED!!

[With another nod to the roaring crowd, Jack Lynch pulls the leather glove-clad hand back...

...and SINKS it into the temples of a stunned Cousin Bo Allan!]

GM: CLAW!! THE CLAW'S ON COUSIN BO!!

BW: As awful as that is, Jack Lynch is a typical Stench moron! You can't pin the manager, you idiot! You can't do it!

[With Cousin Bo flailing his arms, screaming in pain from the legendary Lynch family Iron Claw, Duane Henry Bishop rolls back under the ropes into the ring. He dashes towards Jack Lynch and Cousin Bo, sidestepping past them before leaping to the middle rope...

...and springing back, flipping through the air with a moonsault that crashes into both men, knocking them both down to the mat!]

GM: OHHH! HE TOOK OUT HIS COUSIN!!

BW: Yeah, but he broke the Clawhold! He accomplished what he needed to accomplish right there!

GM: Is he even the legal man?!

BW: I'm not sure... do you think Meekly has a clue?!

[A puzzled Mickey Meekly seems to be trying to figure that out right now, looking at both men...

...and then ordering Duane Henry out of the ring as Cletus Lee somehow frees himself from the ropes.]

GM: Order is being restored. Cousin Bo is out as well and Cletus Lee pulls Jack Lynch up off the mat, whipping him into the buckles...

[The big man promptly charges in, connecting with a huge running clothesline in the buckles as James Lynch manages to drag himself to his feet outside the ring.]

GM: You can see James Lynch in the corner of your screen. Bloodied beyond belief but still trying to get back into this thing. What heart this young man possesses inside of that ring, fans.

[As Jack staggers out, Cletus Lee hooks him around the throat with his right hand.]

GM: Uh oh! He's got him goozled!

[But Lynch is having none of that, throwing a big right hand to the jaw. A second breaks Cletus Lee's grip and a picture perfect standing dropkick sends Cletus Lee falling back into his own corner where Duane Henry tags himself back in, quickly scaling the ropes...]

GM: Duane Henry's going up top and-

[But Jack Lynch sees it coming, charging in and throwing another dropkick, this one sweeping Duane Henry's legs out from under him, causing the smaller Bishop to crotch himself up top!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jack Lynch shoves Cletus Lee back into the corner, quickly climbing to the second rope where he holds that gloved hand high in the air...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[With Cletus Lee dazed, Lynch leans forward to grab Duane Henry in a front facelock, slinging his arm over the Texan's neck...]

GM: Jack Lynch has got him set!

[A mighty lift takes Duane Henry up into the air...

...where he ultimately CRASHES down hard to the canvas!]

GM: SUPERPLEX!! SUPERPLEX BY JACK LYNCH!!

[Lynch rolls over, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd jeers wildly as Cousin Bo slips his arm into the ring, placing Duane Henry's foot on the bottom rope.]

GM: Foot on the ropes! Cousin Bo put his foot on the ropes!

[Jack Lynch slowly climbs to his feet, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: The referee's insisting it was a two count - he didn't see Cousin Bo interfering...

[The lanky Texan drags Duane Henry off the mat, drilling him with a right hand that sends him falling back to the corner. Lynch grabs his arm, firing him off the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Lynch drops back to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and leaves his feet, BLASTING Duane Henry with a lariat!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Lynch, having rolled through the big lariat, crawls back towards the downed Duane Henry, applying a lateral press.]

GM: Lynch covers for one! For two! For thr-

[This time, it's Cletus Lee who breaks up the pin attempt with a heavy elbowdrop to the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Get him out of there, referee!

[The official backs the big man up, forcing the Redneck Wrecking Machine back out onto the ring apron as Jack Lynch crawls back to his feet, glaring at Cletus Lee. Outside the ring, we see James Lynch finally pulling himself up onto the apron, slumped over the top turnbuckle.]

GM: James Lynch has made it up onto the apron at long last! But is he able to do anything?! Can Jack tag him in? SHOULD Jack tag him in?!

[Jack Lynch takes a glance at his corner, shaking his head at his younger brother as he drags Duane Henry off the canvas by the arm, flinging him towards the ropes...]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Duane Henry, off the far side...

[The crowd ERUPTS as Jack Lynch secures the Iron Claw!]

GM: CLAW!! THE CLAW IS ON!!!

[Suddenly, Cletus Lee Bishop comes rushing into the ring, trying to intervene...

...where suddenly he finds himself locked in the Claw with the offhand!]

GM: DOUBLE CLAW! Lynch has got Iron Claws on both of them!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring as Jack Lynch has the double Iron Claw locked on the two challengers...

...who suddenly throw knees into the gut of the Texan!]

GM: The Bishops break the hold!

[Cletus Lee and Duane Henry each grab a hold of Lynch, hooking a double suplex...

...and taking the Texan up, over, and down to the canvas!]

GM: DOUBLE SUPLEX TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[Jack Lynch gets hurled across the ring in the Bishops' double suplex...

...which puts him right near his own corner where a bloodied James Lynch reaches over the ropes and slaps his big brother's hand!]

GM: Oh my stars!

[James Lynch tags himself into the match, quickly climbing the ropes...

...and leaping off, connecting with a split-legged missile dropkick that sends both Bishops down to the mat with a thud!]

GM: OHHHHHH! WHAT A MOVE!!

[A fired-up James Lynch climbs to his feet, pumping a fist to the crowd as the Texan turns back towards the two Bishops...

...and hooks the rising Duane Henry in another Iron Claw!]

GM: JAMES HAS IT HOOKED!!

[The referee rushes in, checking on Duane Henry who struggles against the clawhold...]

GM: LOOK OUT!!

[The crowd ROARS at Cletus Lee delivering the big charging boot to the side of the jaw, spinning him around as Duane Henry dips down, scooping Lynch up into a torture rack backbreaker as Cletus Lee races through, hitting the far ropes and rebounding off...]

GM: NO!

[...where he DRILLS a captured James Lynch in the side of the head, swinging Lynch around into a sitout powerbomb!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DOC ALLAN’S MIRACLE HEADACHE ELIXIR!!!

[Out on the floor, Cousin Bo throws himself at the legs of Jack Lynch who is on the apron, struggling to get back into the ring as Duane Henry applies a lateral press...]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!

GM: We’ve got new champions!

[The crowd ROARS in a mix of rage, disappointment, and shock as Duane Henry rolls off the bloody James Lynch as Mickey Meekly hands him one of the National Tag Team Title belts.]

GM: By hook or by crook, the Bishop Boys have won the National Tag Team Titles for the second time here tonight in their home state of Arkansas... and you can actually hear a handful of cheers here tonight for them.

BW: The Bishops said they were comin’ for the gold and tonight, they’ve done exactly that, daddy! Cousin Bo looks like the happiest man in the world!

[Cousin Bo jumps up and down, clinging Cletus Lee’s title belt to his chest as Duane Henry slowly gets off the mat, thrusting his newly-won title belt into the air as Cletus Lee stands in the corner, surveying the whole scene with the slightest hint of a smile on his face.]

GM: The Bishop Boys have defeated the Lynches to become the new National Tag Team Champions and I don’t think anyone could have predicted that happening here tonight, fans.

BW: And we talked about it earlier tonight but what in the world must Percy Childes be thinking right now? He had the Aces in position to walk out of Arkansas with the gold but somehow, somehow, the Bishops found themselves in that spot instead.

GM: It’s been an incredible night and we’ve still got our huge Main Event to come plus... who in the world is the sixty-fourth man to enter to the World Title Tournament? We’re about to find out right after this break!

[Before we fade to commercial, we cut to Jason Dane, standing alongside Stevie Scott in front of the standard AWA banner. Stevie is now ready to rumble, as they say, in his usual ring attire, plus his brand new t-shirt fresh from the AWA Marketing Department which reads "Hotshot" in red letters

with gold trim against the white shirt. Dane, serious as a broadcast journalist should be, gets the ball rolling.]

JD: I am here with Stevie Scott just a few moments before his big grudge match with Marcus Broussard. A lot is at stake tonight, Stevie, specifically your career and Broussard's career here in the AWA. Both of you were here since the start in 2008 and to think the loser of this match will never return to the AWA...it has to be weighing on your mind heavily.

[Not surprisingly, Stevie reacts with a grin.]

HSS: You only worry if you're not prepared, Dane. And let's just say that I'm not worried.

Let's go over a little history lesson. Do you remember, Jason, what happened when Broussard and I last crossed paths?

JD: He beat you just a few months ago.

[Stevie shakes his head.]

HSS: No, no, I mean before that. Before we started this feud that I'm ending tonight.

[Dane stares blankly, searching the answer before Stevie jumps back in.]

HSS: Man, you really suck at your job. Let me assist you. See, it was shortly after I won the AWA National Title and all these people were up in arms about how I did it, Broussard being among them. He ran his mouth, he wanted a piece of the Hotshot, and so it went. Well, Marcus gave it the ol' college try, but do you know what happened?

[Stevie stops, looking at Dane for an answer. But as soon as he opens his mouth to do that, Stevie cuts him off.]

HSS: Arm. Totally screwed up. Bye-bye Broussardie.

Which, if you think about it, is pretty ironic considering the move Marcus intends to use on _me_ to make me quit is a Fujiwara Armbar.

Well guess what, Marcus?

[Stevie extends his right arm, shaking it around.]

HSS: Bend it. Stretch it. Break it. Rip it out of its socket. I don't care. I still got another one. You are NOT going to get me to say those two words...you know, the two words you've said about a dozen times already in 2012.

[An arrogant grin follows.]

HSS: You upped the ante, Marcus, and I'm glad you did. Because at the core of this battle, it's no longer about who was the better National Champion. It's no longer about who has made the bigger impact on the AWA. It's about who is the better _man_. It's about who's got the most guts, the one who can hold on when the pain is beyond excruciating, when the body says it can't go on anymore, when the legs won't support the rest of you when you stand up.

And here is why I love it.

[The two-time National Champion points at the camera.]

HSS: You've already proven you can't do it. Time and time again, you've quit. A leopard can't change its spots, Broussard. You are what you are, talented as though you may be...you ain't got it up here..

[Stevie taps his temple to indicate where "up here" is.]

HSS: ...or down here.

[Stevie then points to his...stomach. Guts! Where did you think he was going, perverts?]

HSS: As for me? Twice, I've pulled myself up by the bootstraps and remade myself. I've been at absolute rock-bottom before...but here I stand today. A better man because of it. A stronger man. A man that is prepared for what we're going to face tonight. And with that said, the time for talk is over. There are only two words left to be said, Marcus.

Hope you've been rehearsing.

[Before Dane can respond, Stevie turns and walks away. Dane shrugs and faces the camera.]

JD: There you have it. A very focused and confident Stevie Scott. We'll be right back, AWA fans, so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

The shot comes to a close up of the face of former AWA star, City Jack.]

CJ: Former AWA National Tag Team Champion, City Jack, here to talk to you about a serious issue here in America...

[The camera dramatically pulls back to show a restaurant "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks".]

CJ: The most important meal of the day! Breakfast!

[The shot cuts to Jack, sitting down in a booth, with a big plate of pancakes.]

CJ: Now just looky here, all these fluffy flapjacks, smothered all on by every flavor of syrup you can imagine! Topped with all the butter in the world your eyes can see!

[As City Jack grabs a forkload of pancake, the shot zooms to Jack's bearded face, eye's bulging wide.]

CJ: This here meal's enough even for this hungry hoss!

[Jack shovels the mass of butter, syrup, and pancake into his mouth and chews with a smile on his face.]

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

[The shot then cuts to a green screen of Jack in front of quick, blown-up shots of all the breakfast foods the restaurant offers.]

CJ: Not a flapjack fanatic? No problem! We've got ahm-lets! Eggs of any kind! Waffles! Bacon! Sausage! Breakfast burritos! Oat-meal! Soups! Dishes o' fresh fruit! Cre... Cra...

[Jack smiles as the background picture remains stuck on a crepe, with the worlds "World Famous Savory Crepes". Jack points to the words.]

CJ: Them things!

[The shot then cuts to Jack, back in the booth, but this time with every imaginable food item the restaurant offers.]

CJ: Why, if you're like me and can't decide? Get 'em all! Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks offers ALL sort of combos your heart - and stomach -

[Jack pats his protruding gut.]

CJ: Can desire!

[Jack waves his hand across the plethora of breakfast items in front of him.]

CJ: So when you're hungry and looking for somethin' to fill your gullet -

[Jack holds up a cup of coffee.]

CJ: Or just looking for a quick cup o' joe, come on down to Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks! For locations, just go on that wide webbed world and put in "Flapjacksforjacks.com" and make your way to a place near you!

[Jack smiles, winks with a nods... and then rams another big wad of pancake into his face.]

CJ: Ammnnd temlll mfJacmk mmssemt ffmmya!

[City Jack holds up a fork as "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks" pops above his head with the website address pulsating below Jack's face. Fade to black.]

And then back up to live action where we find Jason Dane standing alone in the ring.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen... at this time, just moments before our huge Main Event, it is my distinct honor to reveal to the entire world the final man to enter the World Title Tournament - Number 64...

[Dane pauses, waiting, watching, blissfully unaware as to who is about to come through the curtain.]

Suddenly, the lights go out in Harper Stadium to a big roar from the crowd.]

GM: Now, what's this all about?

BW: I have no idea. I've heard that the Championship Committee has been having a real hard time locking down the person that agreed to be Number Sixty-Four. Apparently they couldn't get this individual to sign on the dotted line after a verbal agreement for several weeks.

[And with the announcers, fans, and the world waiting to see who the final entrance in the Field of Sixty-Four will be...

...the big screen TVs serving as a makeshift "JumboTron" illuminate with a very familiar graphic.]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me.

[Pink spotlights light up the arena, panning back and forth across the capacity crowd as a red heart-monitor graph appears on the big screen as slow beeps turn faster... then faster again... causing the heart monitor to race across the screens. The crowd is reacting in a similar fashion, buzzing in disbelief at what they're seeing - a graphic that hasn't been seen in the world of professional wrestling for well over ten years.]

Suddenly, the heart monitor flatlines as an ear-piercing beep resounds throughout the rodeo arena. The long beep continues for several moments before stopping dead. The flatline graphic suddenly scrambles to form two words.

MARQUEE MAN

The words quickly scroll off to the side of the screen, leaving the blank heart monitor for an instant before the flatline reforms into another word...

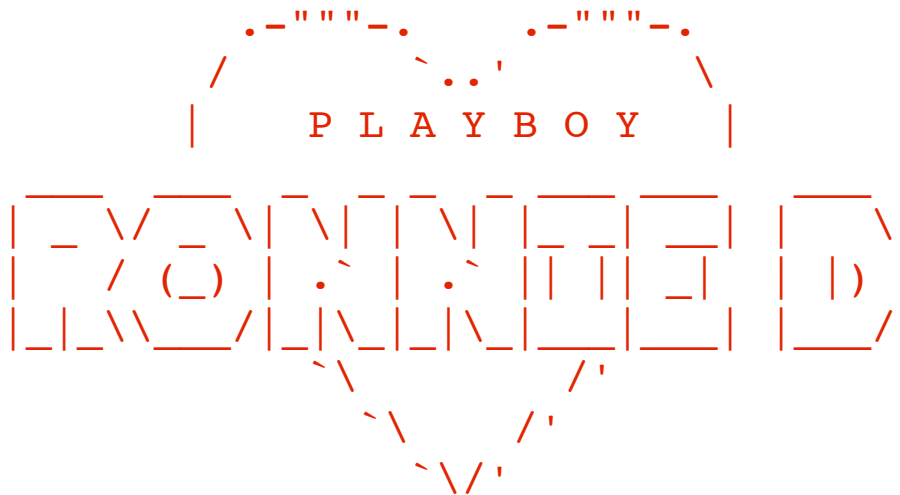
ICON

Again, the word quickly moves off the screens to the side, leaving the still flatline until one final set of words emerges...

GOD OF WRESTLING

The crowd is buzzing - confusion, excitement, irritation, wonder. You name it - the emotions are present as the crowd waits for the one final thing that will prove their suspicions to be true.

And then... it arrives.



[The arena ERUPTS in surprise at the sight of the logo flashing across the screen...

...and then erupts a second time in shock as the curtain parts.]

GM: Well, I'll be damned.

[With the curtain slung open, out walks a man who hasn't been in a wrestling ring in over twelve years - "Playboy" Ronnie D.]

BW: Am I seeing things, Gordo?! Is this really happening?!

GM: We've seen a lot of strange things happen here tonight and we've seen a lot of people come from the history books, kicking the doors down here in the AWA to get into this World Title Tournament but I don't think anyone, anywhere could have predicted this!

[Gone is the fancy ring attire - wearing a black dress shirt, jeans, and black cowboy boots, he strikes a much more muted appearance than in his heyday. Also gone is the hair, the long blonde mane cut short and his hairline receding, with the slightest hints of grey starting to show. His eyes show crow's feet at the edges as he scans the audience, looks out over the crowd and takes the longest walk in the world, down the aisle to the squared circle.

The fans still seem to be in shock as he heads to the ring, walking with a purpose.]

GM: If you would have told me going into tonight that this man - arguably the most controversial superstar to ever lace a set of wrestling boots - would be the sixty-fourth man entered into this tournament, I'd call you a lunatic!

BW: Especially considering the people who own this company and this man's history with them... men like Jon Stegglet, Todd Michaelson, Bobby Taylor... they don't like this guy, Gordo!

GM: Not one bit. One of the most shocking incidents in the history of this business was this man, "Playboy" Ronnie D, walking out of the EMWC mere days before he was to compete in a Pay Per View Main Event for the EMWC World Title. And those three men you mentioned? They were right there to see it happen. You better believe that as much as time may heal old wounds, that one still stings for all of them.

[Having taken his time in getting to the ring, D steps into the ring where Jason Dane is waiting, his jaw dropped down to his feet. The Playboy approaches, leaning over the mic.]

RD: The way your mouth hangs open like that, I almost mistook you for your sister, kid.

[The crowd "ooooohs!" as D snatches the mic away from the AWA's interviewer.]

RD: I'm pretty sure I can handle this on my own so why don't you scamper on out of here and see if you can rustle me up a beer, kiddo.

[Dane looks annoyed at being dismissed but does indeed exit the ring, leaving the controversial superstar behind. D takes a long look around Harper Stadium, enjoying the moment as the crowd is still buzzing at his arrival.]

RD: For those of you who don't know who I am, don't you worry - by the time I'm done here, you won't ever forget this face.

For those of you with longer memories and shorter hairlines... Well, I'm sure you knew this day would come.

[D smirks at the crowd's reaction to that.]

RD: There once was a time where I needed no introduction to any wrestling ring in North America, but after 12 years away from the sport, perhaps one is due. My name is "Playboy" Ronnie D -

[From the half of the audience who remember him, an odd mix of cheers and taunts is elicited. At one time possibly the most hated man in pro wrestling and definitely the most infamous, he still provokes boos and hisses from those who remember him, though a few stand and applaud in

appreciation of one of the game's most well-known competitors making his return to the ring.

The younger half of the audience looks on, not sure what to make of the man in the ring – they've heard his name, they know the stories, but how to react to him seems to escape them at the moment.]

RD: Seems more than a few of you know the name... Glad to see you again, too. But for those of you too young to remember me, my name is "Playboy" Ronnie D and when this sport was big, there was only one thing bigger than it, and that was me.

[The boos start again, a little louder this time as some of the younger fans start to see what their brothers, their uncle and fathers saw in Ronnie D when he last graced the squared circle.]

GM: Humble, isn't he?

BW: You want humble, you're lookin' in the wrong place when "Playboy" Ronnie D is in that ring. The guy used to be on top of the world, Gordo! He ain't lying when he stands in there and says that for a period of time, he was bigger than anyone else who got in there with him - Porter, Thunder, the Syndicate! All of 'em!

GM: I don't know about all that.

[D looks around at the jeering crowd, a look of disdain starting to grow on his face.]

RD: You don't like it?

[More boos! He angrily responds, gesturing at the crowd.]

RD: Go complain to the guys that write the history books, then, 'cause that's a cold, hard fact.

[The boos continue to come as D settles down slightly.]

RD: Now why don't you all show some respect and pipe down when you're being spoken to by a living legend?

[Now the younger fans get into it, as well. The boos start to rain down from each corner of the arena. He's back, and making friends just as quick as ever.]

RD: You know, the way you plebians treat a founder of the sport on his return to the squared circle just shows how far this sport has sunk. I brought this sport to heights it had never seen, and had audiences bigger than anyone in this sport could have dreamed of.

I headlined the largest pay-per-view in the history of wrestling, and beat Brody Thunder with his shoulders flat in the ring in my hometown.

I put the EMWC on the map by luring Brody Thunder over to get his ass whipped again at Showtime, their biggest spectacle of the year.

I wrestled "Dreamlover" Trey Porter in the most-anticipated match of all time and delivered a show so great, they still talk about it on the internet message boards 13 years later.

I was so big, the IIWF had to personally invite me to kick Brody Thunder's ass a third time so that their last card ever would be worth watching.

I cashed cheques so big that I was able to spend the last 10 years of my life sailing my boat down in the Caribbean and waiting for the call for my Hall of Fame nomination.

[A pause. D looks down at the mat for a second, reaching up to scratch at his head. He slowly looks up, eyes locked on the closer cameraman.]

RD: But that call hasn't come yet.

After 10 long years of waiting for the phone to ring, I thought maybe I'd forgot to send in my application or something, so I went on my computer and started Googling for the Hall of Fame, and lo and behold, I find internet message boards stuffed with people talking about who should be in the Hall of Fame and why and whatnot and so forth.

And would you know that every last one of those internet geeks was writing their opinion on whether Ronnie D should be in the Hall or not.

"He's over-rated."

"It was all hype."

"He was an imitator."

[Another pause.]

RD: If you ask me, without me being put in on the first ballot, this so-called Hall of Fame is as full of crap as all of these people talking about me on the Internet!

[Another shower of jeers pours down!]

RD: Let me ask you, how are you supposed to have a Hall of Fame without including the man who showed you all how to be famous?!

I look up and down the list of men in that Hall of Fame and all I see are guys whose shoulders I put down to the mat... or guys who I couldn't be bothered to do that to because they weren't worthy of carrying my jock from town to town!

I see Thunder... I see Annis... I see Joe Reed...

[D shakes his head.]

RD: The Internet had spoken. They said I wasn't good enough. They said I was NEVER good enough.

I think they're dead wrong.

[He lifts a finger.]

RD: But there was one point the critics made that I couldn't argue – "He never won the World Title."

[D nods.]

RD: That much is true. I may have headlined some of the biggest pay per views of all time, wrestled in some of the most epic classics of our sport, but I've never won a World Title, never been the champion.

And so that's what brings me here tonight...

[He looks around at the jam-packed crowd in Harper Stadium.]

RD: ...to this godforsaken backwater town...

[The crowd ROARS their disapproval for his description of Fort Smith, Arkansas...]

RD: ...to this equally backwater promotion that I wouldn't have touched with a 40 foot pole at the height of my career...

Can you believe they told me they wouldn't fire off pyro when I came out? What a joke.

[He chuckles at the crowd really giving him grief for downtalking the AWA.]

RD: But that's why I'm here in all this squalor... to take away the one excuse the jealous ingrates on the Hall of Fame Selection Committee have, to set right the only wrong in my career....

To put a World Title around my waist once and for all.

[The crowd reacts a little more positive at that, still psyched for the tournament already underway.]

RD: For weeks, I've told the front office here that I was coming and tonight, I'm putting my name on the line that is dotted. Tonight, I'm signing the contracts and making it official...

"Playboy" Ronnie D is back to get what's his – a World Title and my rightful spot in the Hall of Fame.

And I'll step over anyone I have to in order to get it.

[D pauses, looking up at the ceiling.]

RD: Now, if it's not too much of a bother and if you rednecks can afford the licensing fee... can someone hit my music?

[The sounds of Right Said Fred's "I'm Too Sexy" fills the air to more boos from the crowd as D carelessly flips the mic away, sending him crashing to the mat as he steps out of the ring, making his exit back up the aisle.]

GM: Memorial Day Mayhem just got a notch more interesting as "Playboy" Ronnie D has returned to the world of professional wrestling for two reasons - to win the World Title and to earn a spot in the Hall of Fame.

BW: It don't get more simple than that, Gordo.

GM: It certainly doesn't... but you better believe this one's gonna make headlines tomorrow! "Playboy" Ronnie D is back and the wrestling world may never be the same! But one thing we know is going to make the wrestling world never be the same is this "I Quit" match coming up in mere moments. And right now, I'm told that Marcus Broussard is standing by with comments on that big, big encounter!

[We fade away from the ring to the backstage area where Marcus Broussard - focused, determined, and ready for war - is standing alongside his manager, the Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson.]

MB: It seems like only yesterday, Hotshot. You. Me. The first edition of Saturday Night Wrestling. None of us knew if we'd even be drawing a paycheck from this place for a month let alone four years later.

But it didn't take long to establish the pecking order around here. Me, the Main Event. Me, the future of the sport. Me, the franchise player.

You? You were the joke. The comedy act. The bit player designed to make people laugh before they saw the real talent in action.

[Broussard shakes his head.]

MB: But somewhere along the way, that all changed, didn't it? I got hurt. I went home... just like you're so fond of telling everyone.

You stuck around though. You "re-invented" yourself as you claim. You went from the butt of all jokes to...

[A smirk.]

MB: Well, what DO you call someone who rode Sweet Daddy Williams' coattails to becoming relevant again?

[Waterson chuckles from off mic.]

MB: But then there was your big moment... your saving grace... the period of time that made you a star in this business again.

And it was all thanks to this man.

[The San Jose Shark jerks a thumb at Ben Waterson who nods.]

MB: He took you from nothing and made you a superstar... made you a winner... made you a champion.

And how did you repay him?

Your lack of gratitude for this man and what he did for you makes me physically sick to my stomach, Scott. It makes me want to vomit up all the crap you've been shoveling for the past several months as you tried to convince these people that this isn't about the past... it's not about who was the better National Champion... it's not about who stands on Page One of the AWA history books...

That's EXACTLY what this is about, Hotshot.

It's about the two greatest to ever lace a boot in this company about to step into that ring together - one of us for the final time ever.

It's about the legacy that we leave behind for others to follow.

It's about history.

[Broussard pauses.]

MB: You say this isn't about the past... but that's where you're wrong. Because this match changes the course that this entire ship sails on for the rest of time. It changes the past... it changes the present... and it damn sure changes the future.

Because when it's all said and done out there tonight in MY ring, only one of us can still be standing... only one of us can have our hands raised...

[Another smirk.]

MB: And only one of us will still work here tomorrow.

[Waterson snatches the mic.]

ATTSBW: Stevie Scott has been a burr in the heel of my shoe since that night when we went our separate ways. Ever since then, I've known someday it would come to this.

And that night at Wrestlerock, the writing was very clearly put on the wall for me.

This has to end with Stevie Scott out of the AWA...

[Pause. Waterson turns towards Broussard, a very serious expression on his face.]

ATTSBW: And it will. Right, Marcus?

[Broussard nods.]

MB: You got it, boss.

[Waterson nods in response.]

ATTSBW: Make sure of it. Because he can't beat you tonight. No one can defeat you but you. You're the only way that match ends. You're the only reason that bell rings.

Every single bit of this match is on you, Marcus. I can't help you any further. It's all on you.

Win. Lose.

[Waterson nods, running a hand through his perfectly-styled hair.]

ATTSBW: It's... all... on... you. And failure...

[A shake of the head.]

ATTSBW: ...is not an option.

Consider yourself warned, champ.

[Waterson walks away, leaving Broussard behind, still glaring at the camera.]

MB: Failure... is NOT... an option.

[The camera holds on the focused stare of the San Jose Shark before fading back down to ringside where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is an I QUIT match where the loser must leave town!

[The crowd ROARS for the announcement of the Main Event.]

PW: It is also a first round World Title tournament match and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening!

[Another big cheer!]

PW: There will be no pinfalls, no countouts, no submissions, and no disqualifications. The only way to win is to force your opponent to say, "I Quit!"

[The cheers keep on coming!]

PW: And now... introducing first...

[The sounds of "Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing fills the air to the jeers of the capacity crowd.]

PW: From San Jose, California... weighing in tonight at 252 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Ben Waterson... he was the first man to ever wear the AWA National Title...

He is the San Jose Shark...

MAAAAARRRRRCUUUUUSSSS BROUUUUUUUSSAAAAARRRRRRRRRD!

[The curtain parts as Ben Waterson stalks out in the same suit we saw him in earlier in the night. Waterson seems all business, not taking the time to mock the ringside fans as he turns to await his charge who enters a few moments later to a shower of boos.]

GM: There he is, Bucky. We may be witnessing the final ring entrance of one of the all-time greats here in the AWA, Marcus Broussard.

BW: No chance of that, Gordo. Absolutely no chance.

GM: Care to place a small wager on that?

BW: Whatcha got in mind?

GM: If Stevie Scott wins tonight, you wear one of his t-shirts on the next Saturday Night Wrestling.

BW: Only if you do the same if the Shark wins.

GM: Agreed.

[The deal in place, Marcus Broussard walks down the aisle towards the ring. The San Jose Shark's upper body is defined and toned although not something that will stand out in the wrestling world, with his right upper bicep sporting a tattoo of a shark. He's got sandy blonde hair cut short and styled fashionably unkempt, with a few days worth of stubble on his face at all times. Sporting dark blue wrestling trunks with gold stripes on the side and the same shark tattoo'd on his right bicep on the backside of the trunks in gold, his boots are dark blue and reach mid calf, with gold tassles.]

GM: The San Jose Shark looking very solemn out there, Bucky. You know he's got the entire world running through his mind tonight with the stakes in this one.

BW: Of course he does, Gordo. He's the best in the world! He'd be an idiot like the rest of these losers if he wasn't thinking about what's on the line tonight. His future... possibly his very career.

GM: It wasn't that long ago that Broussard quite frankly nearly had to be dragged out of retirement to come back to the AWA. It would be very easy to see him slip back INTO retirement if he lost this match here tonight, fans.

[Broussard and Waterson reach ringside. They exchange words on the floor before a quick handshake. Broussard quickly scales the steps, ducking through the ropes to even more jeers as he circles around the ring, staying loose and waiting for his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent...

[There's a momentary pause as Broussard's music fades, anticipation filling the air as a buzz ripples through the Harper Stadium crowd until...]

BW: Where is he?!

[..."Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun" by the Beastie Boys blasts over the PA system to an enormous response!]

PW: From St. Louis, Missouri... weighing in at 228 pounds... one of the greatest AWA National Champions of all time...

He is the Hotshot...

STEEEEEEEEEEVIEEEEEEEEEEEEE SCOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOTT!

[The cheers pick up as the man who was formerly the most hated man in the universe to a lot of these fans comes striding through the curtain. The Hotshot pauses, looking out over the roaring crowd with a slight look of disbelief on his face. The corners of his mouth twist up into a grin... a Steviegrin~! perhaps?]

GM: Stevie Scott looks like he can't believe the reception he's getting here in Fort Smith, Arkansas, fans! He looks truly flattered by the response of these fans!

BW: It ain't easy to go from a low down piece of gutter trash to one of the most loved men in the company... twice! But that just goes to show how stupid these idiots in the crowd are.

GM: Would you knock it off?!

[Scott points out to the crowd, his dirty blond hair pulled back into a ponytail. He's opted to go a little more street fight than professional wrestling match in his attire, wearing a set of dirty blue jeans rather than his usual full-length tights. He's also wearing a t-shirt that reads, "NO RETREAT,

NO SURRENDER" across the front. As he approaches a cameraman, he jerks a thumb towards the front of his shirt, nodding his head slowly.]

GM: No retreat and no surrender - you got that right! That's the kind of attitude that Stevie Scott is going to need here tonight if he's going to win this match. And remember how much is at stake in this match. It's not just the pride and dignity of these two men, one of whom will be forced to say those words in front of the entire world. It's not just a spot in the second round of this historic World Title Tournament. This match is Loser Leaves Town, fans. The loser of this one? He's gone. He's gone for good! And believe me when I say that would be absolutely devastating to that man's career.

[Scott stalks down the aisle, ignoring the barricade-side fans as he heads towards the ring where Marcus Broussard is standing and waiting. Phil Watson has already abandoned the ring, leaving the San Jose Shark all alone in there with a familiar face.]

GM: Michael Meekly is making his return to officiating here tonight and what an assignment he's drawn. The biggest match of the night... the biggest match of the year... and quite possibly, the biggest match we've seen here in the AWA in a long, long time, fans. There is so much at stake here - you can take one look at the two men involved in this match and know that this is not your typical wrestling match. These two want to win this match so badly, you have to believe they'll be both willing to go to whatever extremes are necessary to make that happen, Bucky.

BW: Oh, without a doubt. Marcus Broussard and Ben Waterson are willing to go to the deepest depths to put Stevie Scott out of the AWA forever and the Hotshot ain't exactly a Boy Scout in there even if he is kissin' some babies these days.

[Scott reaches ringside, pulling himself up on the apron. He steps through the ropes, fists raised in case of a sneak attack. Broussard simply shakes his head though, standing still as he waits for Scott to approach.]

GM: The San Jose Shark wanted no part of that. Scott was ready to be assaulted before the bell but it looks like Broussard wants this one to start on the up and up.

BW: Broussard wants to win this match - have no doubt of that. But he also wants to make sure that Stevie Scott's got no excuses, Gordo. He doesn't want to hear these fans and people like you tell him until the end of days that Scott got robbed!

[Stevie Scott strides across the ring, meeting the San Jose Shark in the dead center of the squared circle. The crowd is roaring for the face-to-face staredown, the two men both getting some final words in on one another.]

GM: What a moment! And what I wouldn't give to be able to read lips right now.

[Michael Meekly reaches outside the ring, retrieving the wireless mic from Phil Watson.]

GM: The referee has the mic - he'll be in there for one reason, to try and be there when one of these two men say "I Quit" for the entire world to hear. That's his only responsibility in a match like this, fans.

[Meekly taps the mic, making sure it's working, and then with a nod approaches the two men. He gives them both some final instructions, gesturing to the mic...

...and then spins around, signaling for the bell to a huge reaction!]

GM: Here we go!

[The camera holds on the face-off, watching as Broussard runs his mouth in the Hotshot's direction...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and then reaches way back and slaps his rival across the face, spinning the Hotshot around so that his back is to Broussard who continues to talk trash in his direction!]

GM: Broussard's letting him have it verbally in there!

BW: And physically! What a slap!

GM: He slapped his opponent right in the mouth and-

[Scott quickly spins around, fuming with anger, and dives forward, taking Broussard off his feet with a big double leg takedown, tackling him down to the canvas where the Hotshot proceeds to drop bombs on a shocked San Jose Shark to the joy of the crowd!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[With the Hotshot hammering away on his rival, Broussard immediately tries to cover up, reaching his arms up over his head but the defense seems to not sway Scott as he continues to pummel the Shark, landing a few blows here and there but mostly having them blocked away harmlessly.]

GM: Stevie Scott needs to be careful to not let his emotions drive him in a match like this, Bucky.

BW: That's right. He's starting off hot but Broussard's not taking a whole lot of damage. He could just lay there, take a few blows, and let Scott punch himself out.

[Or he could wait for Scott to slow slightly and then pull off a sweep, taking Scott's legs out and pushing him down to his back.]

GM: Nice reversal by Broussard!

[Broussard throws a few blows of his own, forcing Scott to bring up his arms to protect himself. The Shark quickly grabs the left wrist of the Hotshot, swinging his legs around to attempt a cross armbreaker!]

GM: Broussard's going for the arm early!

[The San Jose Shark pulls hard on the wrist, trying to hyper-extend the elbow but Scott is ready for it, clasp his hands together to avoid the armbar.]

BW: The key to getting this hold sunk in is to straighten out the arm so you can yank it back against the grain and snap that elbow out of place but with Scott holding his hands together, this is the best possible counter to this hold.

[Broussard yanks backwards, trying to extend himself into the hold but Scott continues to hold firm.]

GM: And at what point do you give up on a hold and move on, Bucky?

BW: When you're putting too much energy into trying to secure it.

[Suddenly, Scott rolls to his side and then up to his feet, pushing the San Jose Shark down onto his shoulders.]

GM: In a normal match, this might be a good pinning predicament for Broussard but remember, there are no pinfalls in this one and-

[Scott abruptly drops a knee into the ribs of Broussard.]

GM: Short knee drop! Almost no elevation but there was some impact there.

[A second one causes Broussard to release his grip on the wrist, opening up his torso as Scott lands a third knee, this one with a lot more impact as he's able to leap up before dropping it.]

GM: Three knees to the ribs... Broussard's trying to escape...

[The San Jose Shark rolls to all fours, trying to get away from the knees to the ribs but Scott wraps his arms around the waist, holding Broussard steady as he throws a big knee into the ribs...]

GM: Another big knee downstairs!

BW: This is unusual style offense from the Hotshot. These knees to the body are almost like something you would see in a MMA fight, Gordo.

GM: Maybe Scott decided to bring some different elements to his gameplan tonight knowing that he probably can't outwrestle Broussard on the mat.

BW: He DEFINITELY can't outwrestle Broussard. Scott's going to need to dig down deep into his arsenal if he plans to wrangle a submission here tonight in my opinion, Gordo. This stipulation definitely plays to the strengths of the San Jose Shark.

[A second and third power knee land, sending Broussard rolling away out to the ring apron where Ben Waterson rushes over, speaking to his charge as Scott climbs to his feet...

...and connects with a baseball slide, smashing both feet into the injured ribs and knocking Broussard out on the floor where Waterson frantically backs away seeing Scott roll out as well.]

GM: Both men are out on the floor near us... Stevie Scott is trying to clear the front row out...

BW: I don't know what he's got in mind, Gordo, but it's one hundred percent legal for sure.

GM: That it is. EVERYTHING is in this one which makes it so very dangerous. Think about all the violent things we've seen go down tonight in this building and then realize that in this match, all of those things would be completely legal.

BW: Forks and all.

GM: Don't remind me of that.

[With a handful of Broussard's hair, Scott drags him towards the ringside barricade, pulling him into a front facelock...]

GM: Uh oh... I'm not sure I like the looks of this...

[Scott hoists his rival into the air in preparation for a vertical suplex...

...then turns his body slightly, dropping Broussard down!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GUTFIRST ON THE STEEL RAILING!!

[The San Jose Shark slumps off the railing into the front row of seats, clutching at his ribcage as Ben Waterson very vocally protests from several feet away. The Hotshot wheels around, tossing a threat in the direction of the Agent of the Stars who scampers away, not looking to tangle with his former charge.]

GM: Boy, Waterson got out of there in a hurry!

BW: I would too. Did you hear what Scott threatened to do to him?

GM: No. What?

BW: It's not fit to repeat on the air but suffice to say it involved a turkey, a bottle of Mello Yello, and a 32-book set of World Book Encyclopedia.

[Scott reaches over the railing, grabbing his hurting rival by the hair...

...proving to be a mistake as a desperate Broussard grabs the wrist and SWINGS Scott's arm down, smashing his elbow into the railing!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Right on the funny bone but I don't think the Hotshot's laughing, daddy!

GM: Broussard's been using the Fujiwara Armbar in the weeks leading up to this match, doing a whole lot of damage to the arms of anyone who has crossed his path and you better believe that he's got a clear goal of applying that hold here tonight.

BW: I'll do you one better, Gordo. That's his gameplan. Hook the Fujiwara, break Scott's arm, call it a night, and we goin' Sizzlah!

GM: Some things never change.

[Broussard uses the railing to drag himself back to his feet, wincing as he gets up with one hand on his ribs before grabbing Scott's arm a second time...

...and SLAMMING it down into the steel for a second time! Scott bounces back, grabbing at his elbow as he staggers away from the railing back towards the ring.]

GM: Scott's hurting and now it's the San Jose Shark going after him!

[Broussard hurdles the barricade, rushing up behind him as Scott reaches the ring apron. He promptly grabs the arm a third time and DRIVES the forearm into the edge of the ring!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: And that time, after smashing it into solid steel twice, Broussard slams it into the hardest part of the ring as well!

[Scott rolls under the ropes into the ring as Broussard grabs him by the foot, trying to prevent an escape...

...and eats a faceful of boot into the mouth!]

GM: Stevie's trying to kick him away! Trying to get a moment to recover!

[Broussard pushes forward, trying to get through the ropes but the Hotshot lands a second big kick to the face, knocking his rival a few feet back before he surges forward, climbing up on the apron which allows the former two-time National Champion to scramble to his feet, set up...

...and throw a Heatseeker that hits nothing but air as Broussard throws himself back off the apron!]

GM: Ohh! So close!

[A smirking Broussard shakes his head, pointing to his brainpan with his right hand. An angry Scott comes forward, shouting at Broussard...

...who slips an arm under the ropes, yanking Scott's leg out from under him!]

GM: Oh! He trips him up!

BW: And there's that emotion taking hold of the Hotshot again.

[Grabbing the foot and ankle, Broussard lifts Scott's leg off the apron...

...and SLAMS the back of his knee down into the edge of the hardest part of the ring!]

GM: Good grief! His knee just smashed into the apron!

BW: Broussard's an equal opportunity torturer in there tonight. He has so many submission holds in his arsenal... he can go after arms, legs, necks, whatever he wants.

[At Waterson's shout of "AGAIN! AGAIN!," Broussard lifts the leg again, and SMASHES the leg into the apron a second time. Scott cries out in pain this time, pulling both legs under the ropes and scooting his body away from the ropes as Broussard rolls back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: And as we've said so many times in the past four years, Marcus Broussard, the San Jose Shark, may be smelling blood in the water right about now.

[Scott slides to the ropes, dragging himself back to his feet as Broussard approaches...

...and pops him in the jaw with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand by the Hotshot!

[But an angry Broussard rushes back in, first throwing a kick to the midsection and then grabbing Scott by the back of the neck before cracking him under the chin with a European uppercut!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by the San Jose Shark!

[Scott falls back, arms draped over the top rope as Broussard moves back in. He promptly hooks his fingers under the t-shirt, tearing the front of it completely out before rearing back...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: Knife edge chop by the Shark!

BW: That’ll take the skin right off your chest, Gordo!

GM: It certainly will.

[A second and third chop land, keeping Scott’s arms draped back over the ropes. Broussard backs off a step, shouting something off-mic at the Hotshot who pulls his arms free...

...and simply sticks a finger in the eye of his rival!]

GM: Ohh! Eyepoke!

BW: Pardon the pun but I don’t think Marcus saw that one coming.

[And Scott promptly wraps his arms around the torso, hoisting him up into the air but when he goes to drop him, he overshoots, hitting Marcus’ gut on the top rope and sending him flopping over the ropes and down to the floor yet again!]

GM: Back out to the floor goes- Scott’s going out after him!

[Stevie Scott steps out on the apron, measuring Broussard down on the barely-padded floor. Ben Waterson suddenly leaps into view, shouting at the Hotshot, slowly his attack just for a moment...

...but a moment is all a rising Broussard needs to lunge forward, grabbing the front of Scott’s pants...]

GM: NO!

[...and YANKING Scott towards him, sending him sailing off the ring apron where he CRASHES hard down on the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That’s the kind of move that can COMPLETELY turn the tide in a matchup, Bucky! What a leverage move by Marcus Broussard!

BW: The man is a ring general, Gordo. He knows exactly where he is at all times and how to use his surroundings to his advantage.

[Scott rolls back and forth on the mats, clutching his ribcage as Broussard leans against the apron for a moment, plotting out his next move. He slowly edges towards the timekeeper's table, grabbing the timekeeper's hammer.]

GM: What in the...?

BW: He took the hammer! Broussard's got the hammer that the timekeeper uses to hit the bell and I think he's gonna use it to ring Stevie Scott's bell right about now!

[Turning the hammer upside down with the metal end facing down, Broussard pulls Scott off the floor by the hair to his knees...]

GM: Stevie Scott's still hurting from that big fall off the apron. I'm not sure he has a clue what's coming, Bucky. I think he's-

[Broussard takes the metal edge, pushing it into the Hotshot's forehead!]

GM: He's digging it into the forehead!

[The San Jose Shark shouts, "ASK HIM!" at the official who slides out to the floor, mic in hand.]

MM: Stevie! Whaddya say?

[Scott lets loose a growl of pain as Broussard pushes harder and harder on the steel weapon. Another shout of "ASK HIM!" causes Michael Meekly to raise the mic a second time.]

MM: Stevie, do you give up?

[Scott is still grunting in pain at the weapon being pushed into his skull but still manages a loud "NOOO!" before Broussard angrily throws the hammer aside, allowing Scott to slump facefirst down to the floor.]

GM: Stevie Scott was able to hang on there... and quite frankly, that was the kind of submission attempt I was expecting FROM the Hotshot. I thought Broussard would be tying him up in knots in there but I figured Stevie might brawl his way into a submission.

[Broussard leans down, dragging Scott up by the arm he was working on earlier.]

GM: And he's going back to the arm, fans. We're about to the ten minute mark in this matchup but remember, there's no time limit in this one either. We gotta have a winner!

[Broussard pulls Scott by the arm, setting him up so that they're on opposite sides of the steel ringpost...

...and then SLAMS the inside of Scott's arm into the steel!]

GM: Good grief!

[A second slam into the steel has the crowd roaring for Broussard's head and a third forces Scott to slump to a knee on the floor in pain...

...when Broussard suddenly wheels away, grabbing Phil Watson's chair.]

GM: Uh oh! Broussard's got a steel chair!

[Winding up with it, the San Jose Shark gets a slight running approach going...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Broussard recoils away, clutching at his own hands in pain as he wobbles away from the steel ringpost, the discarded chair laying on the ground next to the Hotshot who slowly climbs back up, wincing with every movement of the injured arm. He leans down, picking up the chair with his good arm...]

GM: Uh oh! Now the Hotshot's got the chair!

[He winces, visibly biting his bottom lip as he lifts the chair with both arms...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK OF BROUSSARD!

[Broussard drops to his knees, his face etched in pain as he rests there. Scott slowly walks around him so that he can face his rival, taking an eternity to raise the chair over his head a second time...]

GM: He's gonna crown him! He's gonna cave Broussard's skull right in!

[Scott pauses, chair overhead as he shouts at the official who races over, mic in hand...]

MM: Marcus, whaddya say?!

[Broussard defiantly shakes his head in refusal. Scott glares at him, "I'm gonna bust your damn skull!"]

MM: Do you quit?!

[Broussard again refuses as Scott prepares to deliver a huge overhead chairshot...

...but fearing the worst, Ben Waterson grabs the chair, hanging on for dear life as Scott tries to rip it clean from his hands!]

GM: Waterson's getting involved already! He's trying to save Broussard from that chairshot!

BW: He's GOT to, Gordo! If Stevie hits him with that, he'll give him a concussion and end this thing right here and now!

[Scott wheels around, furious at Waterson, and shoves him down to the floor with both hands...

...and then starts stalking towards the manager, chair in hand.]

GM: Oh my stars.

BW: No, no! He's not part of this match!

GM: He's made himself part of this match - all night long in fact!

[Waterson scoots on his rear end away from Scott who continues to approach, steel chair in hand. The Hotshot slowly turns the chair around in his hands, the seat back facing down...

...and then steps on Waterson's foot, pinning his leg down to the floor!]

GM: Waterson's caught!

BW: Don't do it, Stevie! Don't you do it, you son of a-

[Scott suddenly swings the chair down, DRIVING the edge of the chairback into the ankle of Waterson who promptly HOWLS in pain!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[A smirking Scott throws the chair aside, soaking up the cheers of the raucous crowd as Waterson lies on the floor, clutching his ankle in agony.]

GM: He might have broken Waterson's ankle with the chair!

[Scott stands over him, still grinning...

...which makes him an easy target for Marcus Broussard who rushes forward, leaping up, and smashing his knee between the shoulderblades of Scott, sending him lurching forward, smashing his waist into the railing, and flipping over the barricade into the front row!]

GM: OHHH! Into the crowd goes the Hotshot!

[Broussard kneels down next to Waterson who angrily waves in Scott's direction with a "GET THAT SON OF A BITCH!"

GM: Fans, we apologize for the language of Ben Waterson.

BW: How do you apologize for the language of someone who just had his ankle snapped on national television!? Scott's out of control! He's completely out of control!

GM: Hey, he got himself into that situation!

[The San Jose Shark hurdles over the barricade, dragging Scott to his feet by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock...]

GM: Broussard may be looking to return the favor by hanging Scott out to dry on the steel railing...

[Not exactly. Broussard lifts Scott off the mat, twisting his body slightly just as the Hotshot did earlier...]

...and lets go, sending Scott CRASHING down into the first few rows of seats!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! This match has broken down, fans! This has turned into a fight of epic proportions!

[Broussard steps back, leaning against the barricade as Scott slumps down into the second row, resting on a few vacated seats. The ringside mics pick up Broussard shouting, "UP! GET UP!" at the Hotshot.]

GM: Broussard wants him to get up, Bucky! He's not done with Stevie Scott just yet!

[Shoving a ringside fans aside, Broussard wades into the sea of humanity, flipping the Hotshot onto his back on the seats, drilling him with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot to the head! And there's another one right after it!

[Still holding the hair, Broussard flips Scott back over and SLAMS his face into the seat of one of the metal chairs! He grabs the hair with a second hand, using it to drag Scott out of the crowd and into the aisle where he pulls his rival to his feet, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Look out!

[A big whip sends Scott charging down the aisle, smashing his back into the steel barricade!]

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES THE HOTSHOT!!

[Broussard hurdles over the railing, promptly hooking a front facelock, hoisting him into the air, and bringing him crashing spinefirst down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Suplex over the railing to the floor!

[The San Jose Shark comes up a little sore, grabbing at the ribs that the Hotshot worked over earlier in the match. He delivers a few stomps to the kidneys of Scott who has rolled over to his stomach...

...and then plants his knee in the lower back, reaching over to grab Scott by the hair and yanking back.]

GM: A modified version of the bow and arrow or the surfboard hold right here. Broussard calls for Michael Meekly to come check for a submission.

[Meekly flattens out on the floor, the mic shoved right into Scott's face to pick up every heavy breath and mutter of pain.]

MM: Do you give up, Stevie? Do you?

[Scott shouts a "NOOOOO!" as Broussard cups his hand under the chin, tugging up harder on Scott's head, really wrenching his neck.]

GM: Look at the pressure of this hold, putting extraordinary strain on the neck and back right out here on the floor.

[After a second refusal to quit, Broussard breaks the hold, climbing to his feet where he drops a few stomps to the lower back before pulling Scott to his feet, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. The San Jose Shark follows, climbing into the ring and promptly backing to the corner, hoisting himself up to the middle rope...]

GM: Broussard's just measuring Scott's every movement and-

[He leaps off the second rope, driving the point of his elbow down into the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! Nice execution on the elbow!

[Broussard pops right back up to his feet, leaning down to flip Scott over onto his back. He leans over again, grabbing the legs of his rival underneath his armpits...]

GM: Is he- a Boston Crab?!

BW: I'm not sure I've ever seen this from Marcus before!

[Not wanting to take any more punishment to his already-hurting back, Scott flails back and forth, trying to jerk his legs free from his opponent's grasp...]

GM: He's fighting it, Bucky! Stevie's fighting it!

[Tired of trying to turn him over, Marcus lets go of one leg...

...and DROPS an elbow right into the groin of his opponent!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Beautiful move!

GM: Beautiful move?! He dropped an elbow to the groin!

BW: It's completely legal though so tonight, it's a beautiful move!

[As Scott winces in pain, a smirking Broussard sits up on the mat, enjoying the jeers of the crowd. The San Jose Shark climbs to his feet, waving for more boos from the crowd.]

GM: What a jerk! This guy is actually ENJOYING these fans letting him have it!

[This time when Marcus grabs the legs, he easily turns Scott onto his stomach and into a Boston Crab!]

GM: He's got the Boston Crab locked in! Michael Meekly is immediately down on the mat to check...

[Meekly asks Scott right away if he wants to give up and gets a prompt refusal.]

GM: Stevie's trying to hang on although he's gotta be in tremendous pain at this stage of the matchup, Bucky.

[Broussard leans back, further wrenching the lower back of his rival.]

BW: Look at the pressure applied! God, I love watching Marcus Broussard compete inside that squared circle. Every move, every hold is applied with such perfect precision and accuracy. This is an expertly applied Boston Crab and as simple of a hold as it may be, Stevie Scott may simply be in too much pain. He may have to give it up, Gordo!

GM: But if he does, then he is out of this tournament AND he has wrestled his last match in the AWA! There's so much at stake in this one - so much on the line!

[Scott tries to grab at the ropes just out of reach but the referee shakes it off, informing him that he can't force a break even if he gets there.]

GM: There's no DQs in this one. Broussard could put a hold on with Stevie already in the ropes and the referee couldn't force him to break it up. Getting to the ropes does Stevie Scott no good!

[Scott continues to struggle against the hold, grabbing the ropes anyways. A large part of the crowd cheers, expecting the break but the official waves it off, asking Stevie if he wants to submit again.]

HSS: Get the hell out of my face, Meekly!

[The crowd cheers that as well as Scott hangs onto the bottom rope with both hands...

...and then grabs the middle rope with his left hand!]

GM: Broussard's starting to lose the leverage!

[And as Scott grabs the middle rope with his right hand, it forces the leverage back the other way, causing Broussard to flip forward, falling out of the Boston Crab he'd applied!]

GM: He breaks it! Stevie breaks it!

BW: He almost had his back broken in half - he got out just in time!

[Scott clings to the middle rope, trying to recover as Broussard regains his feet, angrily dusting himself off before moving back in on the Hotshot.]

GM: Marcus moving in, kick to the-

[A simple kick to the gut is sidestepped by Stevie Scott who shoves Broussard forward, causing him to land with his legs on either side of the middle rope...

...which Scott promptly kicks right up into the groin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Low blow by the Hotshot! Turnabout is fair play!

[Glaring at Broussard, Scott winds up and kicks the middle rope again... and again... and again... and again, causing Broussard to bounce up and down with his groin smashing into the middle rope over and over!]

GM: Repeated low blows by Stevie Scott and now he's got Broussard reeling!

[Scott backs off, rushing forward and connecting with a left-armed clothesline that knocks Broussard flat down on the mat to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! Stevie takes him down!

[Wheeling around, Scott grabs the top rope with both hands, raining down kicks on the downed Broussard at his feet, stomping the head and chest repeatedly, forcing him under the ropes to the apron. Scott leans over the ropes, dragging Broussard up by the arm...

...but the San Jose Shark is waiting for it, grabbing the arm with both hands and dropping down off the apron, snapping the injured limb down on the cable!]

GM: Good grief!

[Scott snaps back, crashing on the canvas where he instantly grabs at his injured arm. Broussard quickly rolls back into the ring, rushing towards Scott who is trying to get back to his feet before the San Jose Shark can strike...]

GM: He's going for it!

[Grabbing the arm under his own, Broussard attempts to leverage Scott into a takedown where he can lock in the Fujiwara Armbar!]

GM: He's trying to get the Fujiwara sunk in!

[Scott reaches across with his free hand, digging his fingers into the eyes of Broussard and raking hard!]

GM: Ohh! He raked the eyes!

[Swinging around, he grabs Broussard by the back of the trunks...

...and RAMS him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES BROUSSARD!!

[The camera cuts to ringside, showing the San Jose Shark's upper body through the buckles, his head resting against the steel ringpost as Scott steps out to the apron, backing down to the opposite post.]

GM: Now, wait a second!

BW: He's taking a page out of Monosso's playbook!

[Scott gestures at the official, telling him to ask.]

MM: Marcus! Marcus, can you hear me?! Do you give up?!

[Broussard chokes out a quiet "No" to the cheers of the crowd who apparently actually want to see this to happen to their former favorite son.]

GM: He said no! Scott looks almost happy about that too!

[With a sneer, Scott rushes down the apron at top speed, raising his leg...

...and KICKING Broussard's skull into the steel!]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CONCUSSIONIZER BY THE HOTSHOT!!

[Broussard instantly slumps backwards, potentially unconscious as he hits the mat without movement.]

GM: Broussard may be out, fans! He may not be able to continue!

BW: What would that mean?! He didn't give up!

GM: I would still think Stevie Scott would be declared the winner!

BW: That doesn't seem fair!

[Scott steps back through the ropes, snatching the mic away from Michael Meekly as he walks towards his rival.]

HSS: I don't know... if you can even hear me right now...

[Scott stands over him.]

HSS: But right now... would be a really good time to call it a night, Shark.

[The Hotshot lowers the mic, pressing it close to Broussard's mouth. But the San Jose Shark just releases a barely-audible groan. The former two-time National Champion shakes his head, looking over to the official.]

HSS: I don't think Meekly will go for that one. Good enough, Meeks?

[Michael Meekly shakes his head.]

HSS: Didn't think so.

[Dropping the mic, Scott rolls out of the ring to the floor, dropping down to a knee as he digs under the ring...

...and comes back with a duffel bag. He tosses it over the ropes into the ring.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: He was ready for this! He thought he might need something to force a submission out of Broussard and he planted this bag under the ring hours ago!

GM: But what in the world is in the bag?!

BW: I'm not-

GM: WHAT'S IN THE BAG?!

BW: Easy, Gordo. It's not like it's someone's head or something.

[Scott rolls back into the ring, retrieving his bag. He digs inside for a moment...

...and then holds up a shiny (and slightly blood-covered) fork in his hand!]

GM: What the...?!

BW: That's Ebola Zaire's fork! He stole the damn thing!

GM: I don't think it's the one he used tonight but it's certainly one of the forks we've seen Zaire use in the past!

[Marching over to Broussard, Scott pulls him to his knees by the hair, tugging his head back so that the San Jose Shark's eyes slip open...

...just before Scott buries the tines into his forehead!]

GM: AHHHH!

[Broussard instantly wakes up from the pain, lifting his arms to try and force Scott's hand away but the downward leverage is too much for Broussard, his forehead quickly carved up into a bloody mess by the Hotshot!]

GM: Stevie Scott has snapped! He's willing to do ANYTHING to win this!

BW: Can you blame him?! We've gone over and over what's at stake here tonight for these two men. This is their careers, Gordo! Their livelihood! That's what is at stake and when that's at stake, you HAVE to do whatever it takes. You HAVE to be willing to do anything to win!

GM: Marcus Broussard's forehead has been savaged by Stevie Scott! An absolute bloody mess and-

[Scott shouts for Meekly to ask him as the official scoops the mic up off the mat.]

MM: MARCUS! MARCUS, WHADDYA SAY?!

[Broussard again chokes out a weakened "Nooooo!" as Scott continues to push the fork into his forehead!]

GM: He refuses to give up! Broussard refuses to quit! We're closing in on the twenty minute mark of this match and the San Jose Shark is defiant, Bucky!

BW: He doesn't want to go home! Broussard wants to add his name to the history books one more time. He wants to be the first AWA World Champion just like he was the first National Champion and the only way to do that is to go through Stevie Scott here tonight!

GM: And I suppose the only way to do that is to not quit!

BW: You got that right, Gordo!

[An angry Scott finally breaks off the fork attack, throwing the bloody weapon aside as he pulls Broussard off the mat...

...and tugs him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: What the-?! Are you kidding me?!

BW: Oh my god.

[Scott angrily gestures for the mic.]

HSS: You quit right now, you son of a bitch.

GM: Fans, we apologi-

HSS: You quit right now or I'll break your god damned neck!

[The crowd "oooooooohs!" at the threat. Scott shoves the mic back into the hands of the official who drops to a knee, putting the mic into Broussard's face.]

MM: MARCUS, DO YOU GIVE UP?!

MB: You'll... have...

[A weary Broussard struggles to get the words out.]

MB: You'll have to kill me, mother-

[A wise Meekly jerks the mic away before the rest of that can come out.]

GM: I can't believe this! Broussard just told Scott he'll have to kill him!

BW: He may not kill him but if he hits the piledriver, he might break his damn neck!

GM: How many people have we seen Stevie Scott put in the hospital with the piledriver?! But we haven't seen him use the damn thing in months! He hasn't used it since he got hit with it back at SuperClash II! It's been over a year since he's used the piledriver on anyone!

[The camera zooms in on the Hotshot who is obviously a bit conflicted about what he's set up to do. He doesn't seem exactly eager to deliver the devastating move. He pauses, gesturing for the mic again...]

HSS: I don't want to do it, Marcus.

[The crowd buzzes at the honesty.]

HSS: But I will. Last chance.

[He glares at Ben Waterson who is leaning on the apron, barely able to stand.]

HSS: Consider yourself warned.

[The official kneels again, giving Broussard a chance to respond.]

MB: Do it, Hotshot... do it.

[Scott shakes his head at the defiant Broussard.]

MB: DO IT, YOU BASTARD!

[Scott shakes his head again, still refusing to believe what he's hearing...

...which is just enough time for Broussard to yank the legs out from under Scott!]

GM: Counter!

[Broussard promptly steps through the legs, crossing them over, and turning Scott onto his stomach.]

GM: He's got the Last Rites applied! Ever the student of the game, Marcus Broussard has just broken out Caleb Temple's old finishing submission hold! He's trying to force a submission out of Stevie Scott with a move we've NEVER seen Broussard use before!

[The San Jose Shark leans back, losing his footing a bit in the process of applying the unfamiliar hold.]

GM: Where do you think he learned this, Bucky?

BW: Knowing Marcus, he may have just picked it up from some old match tapes.

GM: He's trying to get the right positioning on it but he seems to be struggling a bit to get the footwork right. He keeps shifting his legs and feet around and-

[Suddenly, Stevie Scott reaches behind himself, wrapping an arm around Broussard's leg. He pulls hard on it, trying to upend the off-balance former National Champion...]

GM: The Hotshot's trying to reverse it! He's trying to turn it over!

[Scott pulls harder and harder on the leg, trying to pull it out from under his rival as the crowd roars their support for the Hotshot.]

GM: Come on, Stevie!

BW: Oh, that's great, Myers! Real great! Way to be impartial! And way to support a guy you couldn't STAND not that long ago. You're as big of an idiot as these hayseeds in Fort Smith, Arkansas!

[One final full strength pull, Stevie screaming with effort, is enough to topple Broussard to a knee. He angrily releases the hold, swinging around to move in on a rising Hotshot.]

GM: Stevie slipped out of the Last Rites and-

[Broussard throws an angry (and sloppy) left hand that Scott easily sidesteps, catching the Shark as he sails by, snapping him back down to the mat with a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: Whoa my! Nice counter by the Hotsh- whoa! Whoa!

[The crowd roars as Scott rolls backwards in the Russian legsweep position, taking his feet near the head of Broussard. He uses Marcus' arm to pull him into a slightly elevated position off the mat, looping his leg over the back of Marcus' neck and pushing down on the arm, fully outstretched across the Hotshot's torso!]

GM: What in the world?!

BW: It's a strangle hold gamma!

GM: A what?!

BW: Stevie used to use this all the time but we haven't seen it in years! He's isolated the left arm and he's basically using all his weight to crimp Marcus' neck as he pushes his head down, chin to chest.

GM: If he can hang onto this long enough-

BW: Marcus will pass out!

[The crowd is roaring for the surprising submission hold that the Hotshot has pulled out of nowhere, having apparently saved it for what he believed to be the perfect moment. The camera zooms in on the bloody Broussard, battling with his right arm, trying to find a way to free himself as the referee gets right in the mix, holding the mic in his face.]

MB: NOOOO! HELL NO!

[Stevie tries to increase the pressure, planting his left elbow into the shoulder as he pushes up on the arm, applying torque on the limb as well.]

GM: Broussard's trying to fight it! He doesn't want to go out like this!

BW: Get out of it, Marcus!

[The referee sticks the mic in his face again.]

MB: NO! NO!

[The official shakes his head at the Hotshot who continues to apply the hold, looking down as Broussard's free arm starts to slow its flailing efforts to escape.]

GM: He's losing air to his brain, Bucky! Broussard is passing out inside this hold!

BW: What does that mean? What happens if he passes out?!

GM: I would think that Stevie Scott would win the match!

BW: No, no! Wake up, Marcus!

[Broussard's arm, however, is getting slower and slower as it swings around the air.]

GM: He's fading, fans! We may be witnessing the final moments for Marcus Broussard inside an AWA ring! The San Jose Shark's final stand may be upon us! That arm is slowing down dramatically and-

[The referee moves in again, this time grabbing Broussard's free arm and dropping it. Meekly leans closer, lifting the closed eyelids of Broussard.]

GM: I think he's in serious trouble, fans! Michael Meekly's taking a good, hard look here...

[Meekly suddenly stands up, waving his arms and shouting, "That's it!"]

GM: It's over, I think! Michael Meekly's heading over towards the timekeeper...

[But he never quite makes it as Stevie Scott pops out of the hold...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!?

[The Hotshot stands over the now-unconscious Michael Meekly, staring down at him. He leans over, snatching up the mic off the mat.]

HSS: He didn't... say... "I Quit."

[Scott throws the mic down on Meekly's motionless form.]

GM: Can you believe THAT?! Stevie Scott just stopped Michael Meekly from ending this match because he wants the submission! He wants to hear Broussard say, "I Quit" to the entire world... and so he hit that Heatseeker on the official for this match!

BW: That might earn Stevie a little vacation.

GM: It might. Could cost him a few dollars from his paycheck too. Of course, if he loses this match, none of that matters, Bucky!

BW: You're right. But right now, Marcus is in a heck of a lot of trouble whether the match is still going or not!

[Stevie Scott leans over, grabbing at Meekly's waist.]

BW: Uhhh... is he taking off the referee's pants?!

GM: No! He's taking off his belt! That leather belt around his waist!

BW: Oh, that makes more sense.

[Pulling the belt free, Scott stalks towards the downed Broussard who is lying facefirst on the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good god! He lashed him with that leather belt!

[Scott smirks at the cheers of the crowd, raising the belt over his head again...]

GM: He's gonna do it again!

[...and lashes the leather belt down across the back again, leaving a nasty red welt behind!]

GM: Good grief! Scott's taking the hide off him!

[A few more big lashes with the belt lands, Broussard's body convulsing under every shot. Finally, Scott leans down, dragging Broussard over to the ropes where he leans him against the buckles, exposing his back as he winds up with the belt again...]

...and spots a hobbling Ben Waterson up on the apron, shouting in Scott's direction as he tries to save his man!]

GM: Waterson's on the apron again! Hasn't he had enough for one night?!

[Apparently not as he reads his former managerial charge the riot act. Scott lunges towards him and with the banged-up ankle, Waterson is too slow to react, getting grabbed around the neck with the leather belt...]

GM: He's got Waterson!

[A yank of the belt brings Waterson over the ropes, crashing down on the canvas clutching his neck in pain. Scott leans down, grabbing the collar of Waterson's suit jacket, yanking it clear off his body and throwing it out of the ring.]

GM: There goes the suit jacket!

BW: That's a ten thousand dollar suit! Ben's gonna take that out of Scott's hide!

GM: I think it's Waterson who should be worried about his hide, Bucky.

[A quick tear of the dress shirt leaves Waterson's milky white flesh exposed...

...flesh that rapidly turns a bright shade of nasty red as the leather belt lashes down across his skin!]

GM: Ohh! He's whipping Waterson now!

[A second belt shot lands... and a third... and a fourth... and a fifth, all connecting with the exposed back of Waterson who yelps in pain with every blow. Stevie Scott grins at the crowd's reaction to the beating of Waterson...

...all the while failing to notice a rising Broussard who suddenly has a steel chair in his hands!]

GM: Broussard's up and he's got-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ACROSS THE BACK!! DOWN GOES THE HOTSHOT!!

[The impact of the steel chair shot knocks Stevie Scott facefirst to the mat, reaching back to grab at his lower back as Ben Waterson rolls out of the ring to the floor, wincing in pain with every movement. Broussard switches his grip on the chair, turning the seat back edge down as he raises it high into the air...]

GM: We've see this before! We saw-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RIGHT DOWN IN THE LOWER BACK!! GOOD GOD!

[A completely enraged Broussard picks up the pace of his assault, repeatedly slamming the edge of the steel chair into the kidney area of the Hotshot!]

GM: He's wearing him out with that steel chair! Over and over again to the lower back of Stevie Scott!

BW: Now's the time, Marcus! Finish this punk and get us to the Sizzlah!

[Broussard angrily throws the chair aside after a half dozen shots to the lower back, dragging a limp Scott to his feet by the back of the pants, tugging him into a side waistlock...]

...and dropping him down on the mat with a high impact back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Belly to back by the master of the suplex!

[Rolling back to his feet, he reaches down with both arms, physically powering Scott off the mat in a rear waistlock...]

GM: Oh my stars... what's this?!

BW: Oh, we don't get this one too often from the Shark!

[Still in the waistlock, Broussard takes him all the way over, dropping him down on the back of his head and neck in a German suplex!]

GM: Good grief! A big high impact suplex by the San Jose Shark!

[Scott rolls back and forth on the mat, clutching the back of his head and neck.]

GM: Stevie Scott just took one heck of a suplex almost right on top of his head and Broussard looks like he's going for that one again, fans! He's pulling him back up, hooking in that waistlock...

[But as soon as the waistlock is slapped on, Scott pushes off with both feet, driving Broussard back into the corner...]

GM: He's trying to break up the hold! And at some point, we need to get another referee out here!

[Scott stands in the corner, throwing back elbows to the jaw of Broussard, breaking the waistlock. He reaches back, grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- no, reversed by Broussard!

[Scott hits the buckles, bouncing out...]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by the Hotshot!

[Who slams on the breaks, spins around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and lays out a shocked Marcus Broussard with a Heatseeker!]

GM: HEATSEEKER! HEATSEEKER BY THE HOTSHOT!!

[And with Broussard down and motionless on the mat, Scott drops to his knees, crawling towards the San Jose Shark...

...and snatching up the discarded fork on his way!]

GM: He's got the fork again!

[Throwing himself on top of Broussard like he's going for an Anaconda Vice, Scott tries to drive the fork into the eye area of the San Jose Shark!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's trying to shove that fork into the eye!

BW: He can't do that, can he?!

GM: You said it yourself, Bucky! Everything's legal in this one! Even an attempt to BLIND another man with a damned fork!

[The fork gets perilously close to the eye as a shocked Broussard throws both arms up, trying to block the efforts. He gets enough space between them to roll to the side, causing Scott to fall to the mat, the fork sticking into the canvas!]

GM: Oh!

BW: That could've been Broussard's friggin' eye, Gordo!

GM: This match is getting out of hand! This match is the kind of thing that William Craven talks about as being inevitable... as being the future of the AWA! This is the kind of match that William Craven wants to see in the AWA EVERY night!

BW: As long as he's the one in it carving up people's heads with a fork.

GM: I'm sure you're right about that.

[With the fork sticking straight up in the canvas, both men try to scramble to their feet to continue the fight just as AWA Senior Official Johnny Jagger slides into the ring.]

GM: Jagger's in! The fight continues!

[Ignoring the presence of the new official, Scott lumbers forward, throwing a right hand to the jaw of Broussard.]

GM: Right hand by the Hotshot!

[Broussard returns fire, scoring with a stiff forearm to the jaw!]

GM: And Broussard's right back with a shot of his own!

[Scott brings the haymaker again, smashing his fist into the side of the skull!]

GM: Another right hand!

[Broussard squares up, throwing a big knife edge chop across the chest.]

GM: Good grief! After all of this, they're back to trading blows in the center of the ring, just trying to will themselves to put the other man down long enough to lock in something - ANYTHING - that will force the other man to give up the fight, say "I Quit", and head off into the night out of the AWA forever!

BW: At this point, I don't know if ANYTHING will get that done, Gordo. We may be here all night and then some!

GM: I certainly hope not. We're really pushing our luck with our friends at WKIK here tonight!

[Scott gets a flurry going, throwing rights and lefts, hammering Broussard back to the corner where he balls his fists up, throwing hooking haymakers to the ribs of the San Jose Shark over and over!]

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

[The Hotshot grabs the arm, whipping him from the corner but Broussard pulls up short, dragging Scott towards him...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and snaring him in a bodylock before taking him up and over with a twisting belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY! BELLY TO BELLY! THE TRADEMARK MOVE OF THE SAN JOSE SHARK, MARCUS BROUSSARD!!

[But the effort used up on the big suplex seems to have taken a lot out of Broussard as well. Both men lie flat on their backs in the center of the ring, sucking air into their lungs as the crowd roars for the display they've seen

from both men so far, trying to urge their favorite back to his feet to continue the fight.]

GM: The fans are rallying behind Stevie Scott, trying to get him up and find a way to finish this match. They want to see Marcus Broussard packing!

BW: Ungrateful punks. They were the ones who wanted him out of retirement to begin with to finish off the Southern Syndicate in WarGames! If it wasn't for Broussard, the Southern Syndicate might still rule the AWA!

GM: If it wasn't for him, Juan Vasquez wouldn't have missed months of action as well! He was directly responsible for part of what went down at Wrestlerock last year - don't forget that, Bucky!

BW: Oh, believe me. I haven't forgotten Wrestlerock at all!

[With both men down on the mat, Stevie Scott rolls over to his stomach, covering up the bag he carried into the ring earlier in the match, digging through it.]

GM: Scott's going through the bag! He's barely able to move but he's looking for something in there - something that he thinks may be able to help him win this match, fans!

[Broussard is the first to stir, pushing up to his knees. A look of sheer exhaustion covers the face of the man who once went to a sixty minute draw against Adam Rogers on AWA television.]

GM: We're at the thirty minute mark in this epic battle and neither of these men seem prepared to call it a night - and a career - here in this ring, Bucky. They're both fighting so hard... putting so much into this thing... putting EVERYTHING they've got on the line!

[The San Jose Shark pushes himself to his feet, stumbling over into the turnbuckles. He leans against them, his chest heaving as he tries to get enough wind to come up with something, anything, to finish off this most hated of opponents.]

GM: Broussard's on his feet... what should he do, Bucky? What CAN he do?!

BW: He needs to go back to his bread and butter - he needs to hook that Fujiwara in, snap the limb, call it a night, and head out to the Sizzlah!

GM: Will you shut up about the stupid Sizzler?!

BW: You talk about a sponsor like that?!

GM: They're not a sponsor!

BW: And never will be with you talking about them like that!

[Broussard slowly walks across the ring, sizing up his opponent as Scott pushes up to all fours, the bag still cradled underneath him. The San Jose Shark grabs a handful of hair, dragging Scott to his feet...

...where the Hotshot explodes with a right hand aimed at the skull of his opponent!]

GM: Big right han-

[But Broussard avoids the sloppily-thrown punch, hooking the arm long enough to reveal a set of brass knuckles on the fist...

...and then takes him down hard to mat, yanking back on the arm!]

GM: FUJIWARA! THE ARMBAR IS SUNK IN DEEP!

[The camera zooms in on Broussard, easily yanking the brass knuckles off the hand of the Hotshot, kicking them away to the floor at ringside. Ben Waterson gives a shout of joy, slamming his arms into the canvas as Broussard hooks in the proper grip for the Fujiwara, yanking back hard on the limb!]

GM: Stevie Scott's arm is in tremendous trouble right here. Broussard learned this hold from the master of it, Jeff "Madfox" Matthews... and if he's able to keep it on right here where he's at, I don't think Stevie Scott's going to have a choice but to say those two dreaded words.

BW: They've both fought so long and hard - not just in this match but throughout the course of their careers. Through Broussard's days in Los Angeles with the EMWC and Stevie Scott's days in Knoxville among other places. These two have worked their entire careers to be exactly where they are right now - both men former champions of the greatest promotion on the planet... both men widely respected as being amongst the best in the world... both men fighting to stay there. And tonight, only one of them can stay. The other? Well, he don't gotta go home but he can't stay here, daddy!

GM: Could that be Stevie Scott? Moments ago, we thought it was Marcus Broussard who could be experiencing the final moments of his AWA career but perhaps it is in fact, Stevie Scott, who is having that happen to him. He may be in there, in horrific pain, remembering the night he won the Memorial Day Rumble... the night he beat Kolya Sudakov to become the National Champion... all the good times he had as the leader of the Southern Syndicate... the war with Juan Vasquez and then fighting his way all the way back to here! To this moment in time!

[Scott claws at the canvas then grabs at his own hair, gritting his teeth and violently shaking his head at Johnny Jagger.]

GM: Jagger's right down there on his hands and knees with the mic, making sure he's got the proper position to find out if Stevie Scott is going to end his AWA career with two simple words... five simple letters... "I Quit!"

BW: He's fighting it, Gordo! I've seen men give up in this hold a heck of a lot quicker than the Hotshot is!

GM: He might be risking a broken arm - ligament or tendon damage... perhaps even a dislocated or torn shoulder to fight this hold. But Stevie Scott knows what's at stake - he knows what happens if he gives in! How do you do it, Bucky? How do you give up when you know what's on the line?!

BW: At some point, you HAVE to, Gordo! At some point, the pain becomes too much to stand or you realize that if you don't, your life becomes irrevocably changed. Not your life IN the ring but your life OUTSIDE the ring. What if Broussard takes that arm and Scott suffers permanent nerve damage, the kind of damage that ends Stevie Scott's ability to ever use that arm again? No more hugging the family... no more putting the peanut butter back in the cabinet... heck, he might not even be able to drive himself down the street. We're talking serious, permanent injury. Is THAT enough to make someone say "I Quit"?

GM: I suppose it would be. And Stevie Scott may be facing that very situation right now. He's trying to get his legs under him, trying to roll out of the hold but that's just increasing Broussard's pressure on the armbar. He appears to have no counter for this - no way out! He can't go to the ropes, he can't force a break that way. How does he do it, Bucky? How does he get out of this hold?

BW: I don't know if he does, Gordo.

[Suddenly, Scott's efforts to free himself start to slow down. The free arm is moving less and less, his body starting to flatten out on the canvas.]

GM: I think the Hotshot's passing out! I think the pain is too much for him and he's passing out from it!

[The referee kneels down, leaning in close, and comes to the same conclusion. He taps Broussard on the shoulder...]

...and the San Jose Shark springs to his feet, arms thrust into the air as the crowd jeers.]

GM: Broussard is celebrating but I didn't hear anything!

BW: Of course you didn't! Scott's unconscious! This one's over 'cause he can't continue!

GM: I'm not so sure about that. Ben Waterson's over here by us trying to get the timekeeper to ring the bell but they're conversing with the official now. What's the deal, Johnny Jagger?

[Broussard seems to be wondering the same thing, having not heard the bell sound yet. He marches across the ring, swinging Jagger around and thrusting a finger in his face with a "WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON!?"]

GM: Jagger's trying to explain himself...

[Jagger rapidly swings his arms back and forth in a "safe" gesture. He shouts, "HE DIDN'T GIVE UP! HE DIDN'T SAY "I QUIT!"]

GM: Jagger's saying that the Hotshot never quit!

BW: That's 'cause he's out cold! Come on, referee! Get on top of this!

GM: This is the referee's discretion, Bucky. This is the ultimate judgment call! The referee says that Scott being unconscious is NOT enough. He HAS to say the words in order for this match to end!

BW: Wasn't Meekly going to end the match in the same situation earlier?!

GM: It certainly appeared he was but Johnny Jagger seems to have ruled in the opposite-

[The crowd collectively gasps as Broussard reaches out, wrapping his arms around the referee in a bodylock...

...and DRIVES him into the canvas with a belly-to-belly suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: We've got another official down! Broussard just assaulted the referee!

[The crowd is buzzing with concern as Broussard rises to his feet, glaring down at the motionless official.]

GM: Marcus Broussard has just taken out the second referee in this match, fans!

BW: We're gonna need another ref, daddy!

GM: We certainly are!

[Broussard stalks over towards the downed Scott, stomping the arm and shoulder repeatedly to the jeers of the crowd. He reaches down, yanking Scott up by the arm and shoving him into the corner where he wraps the arm around the top rope, raining down punches and forearms and elbows on the arm and shoulder, each blow causing Scott's body to twitch in pain.]

GM: Broussard's got the arm isolated and he knows that Scott can't take much more of this, fans!

[The San Jose Shark plants the point of his elbow in the shoulder joint, digging it back and forth - an action that snaps Scott back to the edge of consciousness as he cries out in pain!]

GM: Stevie Scott's in a whole lot of trouble here, fans. If you're a fan of the Hotshot, make sure your VCR is running because you may be seeing him inside an AWA ring for the last time.

BW: VCR?!

[Broussard steps out to the apron, moving towards the ringpost where Scott is leaning against the buckles. A hard forearm to the ear knocks Scott to a knee, his torso still pushed against the corner as Broussard drops down to the floor below. The San Jose Shark reaches up, grabbing the injured arm with both hands...

...and YANKS Scott shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Broussard repeats the action twice... three times... four times... five times, each time Scott's injured arm and shoulder being crushed against the solid and unforgiving steel ringpost!]

GM: Broussard is absolutely DESTROYING the shoulder of Stevie Scott! Even if Scott were to somehow come back and win this thing, I don't know if he'd EVER be the same again, fans! That arm and shoulder may be suffering PERMANENT damage at the hands of Marcus Broussard!

[With the shoulder still pushed against the steel, Broussard grabs the arm again, placing his foot against the ringpost, and leans back as hard and as far as he can, pulling the shoulder against the steel. Scott again cries out in pain, actually biting the turnbuckle in front of him to try and brace himself against the torture his arm and shoulder are going through!]

GM: Stevie Scott looks like he might call it quits right now if there was a referee to stop the match! But Marcus Broussard laid out the official and now-

[One more hard yank against the steel has Scott collapsing down on the mat, his arm pinned to his side, completely immobile as Broussard rolls back into the ring. He looks out at the jeering crowd, shaking his head as he pulls Scott up by the arm, tucking it under his armpit...]

GM: He's going for the Fujiwara again!

[...but Scott is ready for it this time, twisting his body enough to land a back elbow with his good arm solidly to the back of Broussard's head! The blow stuns the San Jose Shark as Scott wheels around, throwing a boot into the midsection of his rival...]

GM: HOTSHOT HAMMER!

[Scott turns his back, reaching back blindly with the bad arm to hook Broussard around the head and neck, putting the Shark's jaw solidly against his shoulder as he jumps slightly...

...and SMASHES Broussard's jaw into his shoulder!]

GM: He got it, Bucky! He got the Hammer!

[Both lie flat on their backs in the center of the ring, the crowd roaring for the action they've seen so far but urging Stevie Scott to somehow get back to his feet and finish this thing.]

GM: Stevie Scott unveiled the Hotshot Hammer just a few weeks ago but it paid big dividends right there, saving him from the Fujiwara Armbar being applied for a second time!

BW: I don't know if he got all of it, Gordo. That arm's in pretty bad shape and it looked like he lost control of Broussard in the middle of delivering it.

GM: He may not have gotten it all but I think he got enough to save himself for the time being at least! Both men are down! Both men are hurting! Both men are in extreme pain! But both men know what's at stake... both men are willing to dig down deep and find the strength they've never been able to find before to put the other man away once and for all!

BW: We're creeping up on the forty minute mark of this match, Gordo, and I can't believe the amount of punishment these two men have put one another through!

[Rolling to his stomach, Scott is grabbing at his injured shoulder as he somehow manages to scoot himself towards the corner. He twists his body, throwing his back against the buckles into a seated position.]

GM: Broussard is still down off the Hammer but Stevie Scott is showing signs of life, fans! Stevie Scott is in the corner, trying to catch a breath, trying to gather up the strength to put his rival away and send him packing from the AWA once and for all!

[Scott pulls his leg towards him, reaching down with his good arm towards his boot.]

GM: What's the Hotshot doing here?

BW: I think he's taking his boot off! Maybe he saw the success that Vasquez had with that strategy against Zaire earlier tonight.

GM: You could be right. He's unlacing that boot - having a heck of a time with it though. He's trying to unlace his boot with one hand, pulling the strings free...

[With the boot about halfway loosened, Scott sticks his hand into it, feeling around as the San Jose Shark pushes up to all fours on the other side of the ring, slowly dragging himself off the mat...

...and scooping up a nearby steel chair!]

GM: Oh my stars! Broussard's got the chair again!

BW: He's gonna finish this! He's gonna finish him right here and now, Gordo!

[Broussard breathes heavily, trying to catch a wind as he rears back with the chair, taking it all the way back over his head as he slowly stalks across the ring to the corner where Scott has managed to roll to his knees, hunched over on the mat...]

GM: Stevie Scott is defenseless! Stevie Scott is in a lot of trouble right here!

[The San Jose Shark inches closer and closer, practically dragging his feet across the ring as his exhausted form looks to finish off his opponent, the former two-time National Champion.]

GM: Broussard, step by step, inch by inch, gets closer to where Stevie Scott is kneeling on the mat...

[Broussard stands before his rival, saying something unheard by the ringside mics as he prepares to cave in his skull with the chair..

...when suddenly Scott raises up, straightening himself up on the mat!]

"WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of a blaze of glory tearing out of the hands of Stevie Scott and lighting up the face of Marcus Broussard, taking the San Jose Shark down to the mat, rolling around in pain as he covers his scorched face with his arms!]

GM: FIREBALL! FIREBALL BY THE HOTSHOT!!

[With Broussard screaming in pain, Scott slowly pushes himself up off the mat as another referee hits the ring... this one a little bit older and a little bit slower.]

GM: It's Max "Moldy" Meekly! The AWA's Director of Officiating is going to finish this one off!

BW: Where did they dig up that old fossil!?

[Meekly climbs into the ring, waving his arms for the match to continue as Scott slowly walks from the corner, his injured arm still being pinned to his side by the good arm.]

GM: Stevie Scott is in so much pain... so much agony.

[Approaching the still-screaming Broussard, Scott reaches down with the good arm to grab a handful of hair, dragging the San Jose Shark to his feet...

...and tugging him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: What?! He can't do it, Gordo! He can't do it! His arm won't support Marcus' weight!

GM: We may be about to find out!

[Scott gestures for Meekly to move in. The elder stateman of the officiating crew does exactly that, kneeling down to ask.]

Moldy: Come on, son... give it up, will ya?

[Broussard does not answer, a howl of pain from the fireball his only response. Moldy Meekly tries again.]

Moldy: You gotta give it up, kid! He's gonna do it! Do you quit?!

[Broussard again has no response, a guttural moan this time being his only answer. Scott leans down, jerking the mic away from the official, breathing heavily into the mic.]

HSS: You hear me?! You hear me, you... you piece of trash?!

[Broussard still doesn't respond.]

HSS: I'm gonna break your neck, Broussard! I'm gonna put you in traction like Vasquez did to me!

[Still no response.]

HSS: You think my arm hurts?

[Scott spits on the canvas.]

HSS: You won't be able to FEEL yours!

[The San Jose Shark cries out one more time before giving his response...]

MB: Go... to... HELLLLLL!

[The crowd ROARS as Broussard's defiance as Scott shakes his head.]

HSS: You first.

[He throws the mic down, gritting his teeth as he reaches down with the badly-abused arm, hooking his hands around the torso...]

GM: My stars! He's gonna do it! He's gonna do it, Bucky!

[With an extraordinary effort and a cry of pain of his own, Scott somehow gets Broussard up off the mat, holding him for a split second before dropping down on his tailbone, DRIVING Broussard's head and neck into the canvas with a piledriver!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd falls silent as Broussard goes motionless, not moving a bit on the canvas. Scott pushes up to a seated position, grabbing the discarded mic and shoving it under Broussard's chin with a "QUIT! QUIT, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"]

MB: That...

[A loud cough fills the PA system as Broussard struggles to speak.]

MB: That all you got?

[A furious Scott pushes up off the mat, the rage and adrenaline flowing through him as he ignores all the pain and punishment that he's been through, pulling a limp Broussard off the mat and into a standing headscissors again...]

GM: NO! NO, NOT AGAIN!

[Meekly dives to the mat, sticking the mic in.]

Moldy: He's gonna do it again, kid! He'll break your neck! Give it up, kid! Give it up! What do you say?

[There's a momentary pause as Broussard groans in pain.]

MB: I...

[Dramatic pause. A pair of loud coughs as Scott reaches down to secure the torso again...]

MB: I quit!

[Meekly springs to his feet, calling for the bell!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[An exhausted Scott straightens up as the crowd ERUPTS in cheers at the sound of the bell. He shoves Broussard to the side, allowing his rival to fall limply to the mat. The Hotshot stumbles over to the ropes, leaning against them as Max Meekly grabs his good arm, raising it high in the air to even louder cheers from the crowd.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

STEEEEEEEEVIEEEEE SCOOOOOOOTTT!

[The camera cuts outside the ring where Ben Waterson is losing his mind, shouting at Meekly, shouting at the fans, shouting at our announce duo.]

GM: What the heck are you yelling at us about?! It's not our fault!

[A hobbling Waterson shoves the timekeeper down to the floor, snatching up the chair he was sitting on...

...and SLAMMING it repeatedly into the timekeeper's table, sending the bell and various other items crashing to the floor.]

GM: Ben Waterson is throwing a temper tantrum out here! He just lost his biggest meal ticket and he's snapped, Bucky!

BW: Can you blame him? He just lost BOTH of his guys in the World Title Tournament in the same night! Plus Ebola Zaire's suspension kicked in tonight. It's been a pretty bad night for Waterson International.

[Sliding the chair into the ring, Waterson rolls in, wincing as he climbs up to his feet. He leans over, picking the chair back up as he approaches a still-downed Broussard, shouting at him.]

GM: Oh, come on, Waterson. He did the best he could. Marcus Broussard's got NOTHING to be ashamed of here tonight! Not a single thing!

BW: Waterson can't believe he quit. I don't think he had a choice in the matter but you can hear Waterson right now... calling him a coward and a weakling...

GM: There's no call for this, fans... none at all. Marcus Broussard fought his heart out here tonight in Fort Smith, Arkansas and Ben Waterson needs to realize that. There's nothing more he could have done...

BW: Except not give up.

GM: Of course that's true but someone HAD to give up! He was facing a possible broken neck or worse, Bucky. He didn't have a choice but to give up - you said it yourself.

BW: And I believe it, Gordo. But Ben Waterson is seeing things much differently.

[An angry Waterson slaps his hands together, raising the chair over his head.]

GM: NO! He's gonna hit Broussard!

BW: Oh, I don't like this. He's been through enough, Ben! His career is over - let's just let it go!

[Waterson looks ready to smash the skull of still-unmoving Broussard with the chair, certain to cause even more damage...]

GM: Don't do it! Somebody stop him!

[...when Stevie Scott intervenes, grabbing the chair in his hand and snatching it away from the manager!]

GM: Yes! Stevie pulls the chair away!

[The crowd roars, shocked at what they're seeing as the Hotshot saves his rival from certain injury, throwing the chair aside as Ben Waterson gets the heck out of the ring...]

GM: Waterson's running for it! He's running out of here like a thief in the night!

[After a moment's pause like he's thinking of pursuing, Scott shakes his head, turning around to walk back towards where Marcus Broussard is still down on the mat. Scott stands over him, hands on hips as the crowd buzzes, wondering what's coming next...]

GM: Marcus Broussard lies before Stevie Scott broken and beaten... a man who has wrestled his final match here in the AWA... and now all eyes are on the ring wondering what's coming next...

[Scott slowly extends his arm, grabbing Broussard by the arm and hauling the limp body to his feet. Scott puts a hand on his shoulder to steady him as Broussard falls back against the ropes...]

...and then lowers the hand in Broussard's direction.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! After everything these two men have put each other through tonight, it looks like maybe... just maybe... there may have been some mutual respect to grow out of this war, Bucky.

BW: I feel sick.

[Broussard glares up into the eyes of the man who just put him out of the AWA - who has effectively ended his career...]

...and nods his head before stretching his hand out, accepting the handshake.]

GM: Oh yeah! What a moment! What a match! What a night! Fans, the summer has begun for the AWA! The Road To Glory is underway and we have taken our first steps towards crowning the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring for the handshake inside the ring!]

GM: These fans in Arkansas are loving what they've seen here tonight. Absolutely incredible! For Jason Dane, Mark Stegglet, and Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon Myers and we'll see you next time... at the matches! So long everybody!

[The shot holds on the handshake inside the ring...

...and then slowly fades to black.]