

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

BOJANGLES COLISEUM
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA
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[As the closing notes to the "Sanford And Son" theme fade into nothing, the viewing audience is greeted by the sounds of "Saturday Night Special" by Lynyrd Skynyrd.

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

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

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

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

One is clad in a dark navy suit, white dress shirt, and red and white striped tie. He sports nicely-styled salt and pepper hair and a well-groomed moustache. He grips a wireless mic in his hand, grinning widely at the camera. In his early 60's and the epitome of professionalism, this man is Gordon Myers.

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

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

GM: Hello, fans, and welcome to another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all the top stars of the American Wrestling Alliance - THE Major League of professional wrestling. We've got another sizzling hot show on our hands as we continue down the Road To Glory and the AWA World Title Tournament is in full swing, Bucky.

BW: The first round is underway and tonight, we're going to see FIVE more men added to the second round.

GM: We've got a lot of big first round matches tonight including Robert Donovan taking on Cletus Lee Bishop, Dave Bryant meeting Andrew Tucker, and the big Main Event that's going to see William Craven battle Supernova. That one's gonna be something else. And before we go to the ring for tonight's opening matchup, let's go to the interview area to Jason Dane who has a very special guest. Jason?

[We crossfade to a small raised platform just off the entrance aisle. Jason Dane is there and he is wearing an umpire's chest protector over his suit. The reason why is clear; he's interviewing Count AAdrian Bathwaite.

The short, silver-haired Eurasian manager is wearing a shiny paisley-and-beige button-up dress shirt that looks like it was designed by a blind man. He matches this with navy blue slacks and a cream-colored tie. The bucktoothed sextegenarian is sporting his black cane in one hand, and a rolled-up newspaper in the other. He has a nasty smile on his face... the Asian eyes and English teeth give this a really creepy vibe. The crowd is booing him, naturally.]

JD: With me at this time, Count Adrian Bathwaite...

CAB: You're a slow learner, Dane, but at least you finally got that much right!

JD: The manager of Sultan Azam Sharif, and one of the most controversial figures surrounding this World Ti... OW!

[Since jabbing Dane in the ribs with his cane isn't an option, Bathwaite gets him in the kneecap. The fans jeer as Dane hobbles backwards a bit.]

CAB: You tried that trick with the chest protector before, you needle-necked serf. It didn't work any better then, did it? No, men like you exist at the mercy of men like me. If you want something controversial about this World Title Tournament, besides the fact they're having it at all, it is that the people will now be forced to recognize that! People like you... all of you... exist at the mercy of men like me. And there are a scant handful in this tournament who are there at the level of nobility. I'm putting my money on my man. The Great and Honorable Sultan! Take a look at this paper, fresh off the press from Tehran!

[Bathwaite unrolls the newspaper, which bears a photo of Sultan Azam Sharif, dressed in a nice tailored black suit and white kaffiyeh, at some formal event.]

CAB: Iran venerates its heroes; yet another reason why they are morally superior, even though I don't hold to their religion. I do respect it. I respect their way of life, their understanding of societal structure. Greatness is elevated on the backs of the lowly, just as it should be. You wonder why your newspapers don't feature men like this? Because your cesspool society lives

in denial, and tries to make it possible for lowlives and common peasants to ascend the ladder. Your front pages show embarrassing "celebrities" who are nothing more than dirt farmers who tried to rise above their station because they managed to get good looks or some obscure skill. The embarrassing behavior of these imbeciles is simply their nature; the pig always returns to the slop.

Iran venerates the Sultan because he is different. He was born better than you, just as his parents were and their parents before them. There is no substitute for noble blood, and we will prove that when the Sultan wins the tournament, and does the right thing.

JD: Don't start again on the "right thing"! You know the AWA will never allow that to happen!

CAB: Oh, I'm sure. I'm sure they don't want to see my Sultan unify the World and National Titles. I know that, because it will be yet another example to each and every poor miserable serf that watches this program, in these seats or at home...

[Cheap heat always works: the fans are irate.]

CAB: ...that YES, there really are people who are born with privilege. Yes, the blooded exist and are better than you, and it is your duty as a semi-human to obey and give fealty. We will prove it to you and end this ridiculous fascination with the mistaken premises of "freedom" and "equality". We are not after a gold belt or a sum of money, we are after what is rightfully ours by right of birth...

The world.

For ourselves, and for those in our caste who have been denied their rule for too long. We will do our part to return mankind to the truth. And you...

[Bathwaite jabs Dane's other kneecap, eliciting a yelp of pain.]

CAB: Get some ointment on that knee; you'll have a great deal of genuflection to perform in the years to come.

[The loud vocal open to "Saz O Avaz" begins (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=df6x9AgAW-Y>), and Bathwaite heads over to the aisleway. A huge billowing Iranian flag is thrust through the entranceway, followed by the bisht-draped form of Sultan Azam Sharif. The crowd boos, mostly because of Bathwaite's lead-in. However, there are still a few fans who cheer Sharif, because they know of his actual character.

Sharif's reddish-brown bisht and white kaffiyeh (with plain black agal) basically makes him look like a large mound of flowing fabric as he heads down the aisle. He waves his enormous flag with pride, which does not endear him to anyone. He makes his way directly to the ring, where a lean black-haired man with a largish nose waits. He's wearing a white gi with a green belt, and is barefoot.]

GM: Adrian Bathwaite is a megalomaniac!

BW: COUNT Adrian Bathwaite! And he can be whatever he wants when he's got that man backin' him up.

GM: Sultan Azam Sharif, the former Olympian, set to take on Albert Showens this week. And you can see that Bathwaite has got his claws hooked back into the Sultan, but good. Bathwaite was on an extended sabbatical due to injury for a good portion of the winter, and without him Sharif flourished. He was beginning to show us that his true colors aren't really all that bad, but Bathwaite is back manipulating him worse than ever. He actually wants Sharif to get the World Title and defend it against... well, you KNOW who he wants him to defend it against!

BW: To be fair, Gordo, if that did happen and Sharif won that match, it'd end every problem the AWA has with him. We'd get our National Title back. We'd get our history back.

GM: True, but... something about the way Bathwaite acts tells me that might not be what he has in mind.

[Sharif is now in the ring, waving his huge flag and pointing at his chest.]

BW: Come on, that'd be stupid, Gordo! Who wouldn't want to be the manager of the World Champion? Who'd be so dumb as to sabotage his whole career for nothing? That's what Bathwaite would be doing.

GM: To some men, principle is the most important thing in their life. Above money. Above career. Above common sense. And I think Bathwaite's warped principle of "nobility" might be just that for him. He'd trade his career for some twisted justification that he is inherently superior to everyone else by birthright... he's mad.

[The music dulls down, as Sharif begins the disrobing process. Showens is loosening up in the corner, and the intros begin.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit.

In the corner to my left, from Colorado Springs, Colorado... weighing two-hundred thirty-three pounds... ALBERT SHOWENS!

[Mild fan reaction for the judoka. Showens bows.]

PW: And to my right... introducing first, the manager... COUNT ADRIAN BATHWAITE!

[The crowd boos him vehemently, drawing an angry cane-shaking tirade.]

PW: He represents... from Shiraz, Iran... weighing two-hundred fifty-one pounds... SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

[Sharif, who is now disrobed, flexes his well-developed musculature. Scarred in many places, the former Olympian and Asian Games champion has neatly cut black hair, a meticulously groomed mustache, and a solid physique. He wears a loose white sirwal (pants), tucked into a pair of shiny gold boots with curled hooked toes, reminiscent of galesh. A shiny gold sash around his waist and white wristbands complete his attire. He waves his huge flag a bit more before handing it to a ring attendant... who nearly falls off the apron trying to hold the thing.]

GM: That Iranian flag might outweigh the Sultan's opponent, Bucky.

BW: That flagpole is legitimately about forty pounds. He waves it around in one hand. Try that at home, kids.

GM: No, DON'T try that at home, kids! Sharif is a phenomenal athlete, and today facing an unusual opponent. This is a very interesting matchup.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The bell goes, and Sharif heads to the middle of the ring, where Showens has taken a stance. The Sultan goes for a collar-and-elbow tieup, but Showens has no intention of doing that, and whips the Iranian to the mat with a shoulder throw!]

BW: Hey, judo-boy looks ready tonight.

GM: We've seen Showens before; he fights using judo. And we have definitely seen how unorthodox styles confuse Sharif. He's a mat wrestler through and through, an impeccable amateur, but he has often showed duck-out-of-water tendencies against wrestlers who don't wrestle conventionally.

BW: I bet that's why Bathwaite picked this opponent. Get Sharif ready for the tournament.

[Sharif approaches Showens again, and this time Albert pulls back, falling into a sacrifice throw. Sharif rolls up, rubbing his back and staring at Showens in incredulous disbelief.]

GM: It certainly seems that this is the first time the Sultan has encountered judo.

BW: Yeah, and a lot of guys in the tourney have multiple styles. They'll all be tougher to beat than Showens. Adrian is showing the Sultan that he's gotta be ready for anything. Of course, the minute this DOES turn into a wrestling match... forget it. Olympian, you know.

GM: That remains to be seen.

[Sharif approaches a third time, and Showens throws him again. This time, Sharif doesn't let go of the arm, and he wraps his leg over Showens' shoulder in an effort to take him down to an armbar. Equal to the task, the

Coloradan swings his legs down to avoid going over, wrapping Sharif's leg in a scissorhold... the Sultan rolls all the way over, effectively escaping Showens' counter.]

GM: One mat exchange, and Showens manages to escape unharmed. A small victory.

BW: True!

[The two men meet again, and this throw effort is blocked by Sharif, who proceeds to suplex Showens halfway across the ring with a belly-to-belly overhead suplex.]

GM: INCREDIBLE SUPLEX BY SHARIF! Once he got a feel for Showens' attack, he blocked the throw by sinking his hips, and exploded out of it with a breathtaking suplex!

BW: And here comes the Greco-Roman boots to the head!

GM: Sharif following in with those illegal boots! The point of the boots being employed to the ribs and the back! Seven hard kicks by Sharif, and Showens is in big trouble now!

BW: The boots ain't illegal, daddy. They're cultural heritage!

GM: They are not! Nobody in Iran or anywhere else wears boots like that! Actual galesh are shoes made of soft leather or hide, not boots made of hardened material... that isn't leather, Bucky, that's a weapon! Bathwaite designed those to give his man an unfair advantage!

BW: Cry to the Competition Committee, daddy.

GM: Showens getting up, and getting blasted by a chop to the chest! Sharif pushed all of his weight and power into that chop and leveled his man. Elbow drop by the Sultan, who is in complete control... and now a knee to the small of the back. Surfboard applied by the Sultan, who is in complete control.

[Sharif has Showens in a seated position, knee to the back and wrenching back on both arms. The judoka is struggling to escape.]

BW: Stretchin' him out like a rubber band. Showens' arms'll be five inches longer each after this.

GM: As usual, Sharif controlling his man on the mat. We don't know who his first round opponent will be yet, Bucky, but whomever it is will need to stay on their feet. Sharif has an impressive record in the AWA; the only man to actually defeat him to date is Supernova. And we all know that Sharif would love another chance at the painted warrior in the tournament if he can get one.

BW: He would, and I wouldn't be surprised if AWA brass made that happen. They're going to give Sharif the hardest road they can; I bet money on it. They might even have somebody come in just to injure him. There's some shady characters we're bringing in... I wouldn't put it past them.

GM: Are you accusing the AWA of...?

BW: Hey, I would if I was them! Bathwaite wants to put the validity of the company on the line, and he has the right to do it if they win! I'd be disappointed if the AWA didn't play dirty with Sharif, seein' how they play dirty with people they just don't like for no real reason, like Waterson and Childs and Craven, so on.

GM: Preposterous! If that were the case, the company would have no validity TO put on the line!

BW: Wow... you're more naive than even I thought, Gordo.

[During this banter, Showens has risen to his feet through extended effort... Sharif released the right arm, twisted the left arm into an armwringer, tucked his head in, and used an over-the-back armbar takedown to flip Showens onto his back! He maintains the armbar on the mat.]

GM: A sound takedown by Sharif, who is dominant in the area of technical wrestling. But there are men who can match him in that category in the tournament, for sure.

BW: Maybe. There ain't no other Olympic-level wrestlers in the tournament that I'm aware of.

GM: The professional style, while using the amateur style as a foundation, is still a different thing. Sharif himself forgets that sometimes. Showens working his way up to his feet... nice maneuver!

[Showens does a roll to get to his feet and alleviate the pressure, hits Sharif three times in the face and chest with his free arm, and then executes a front-roll shoulder throw, landing on Sharif in the process!]

BW: Albert's still got fight in him!

GM: Maybe more than just a little... he's trying to apply a triangle strangle!

BW: An illegal choke!

GM: It's not illegal, actually... it is a form of a sleeperhold because it cuts off blood supply to the brain!

[Showens has one of Sharif's arms, and wraps his legs around the head in an effort to apply the sankaku-jime (Gordon doesn't know that word). Sharif twists, using his free arm to block the legs from constricting all the way, and frees his held arm after a momentary struggle. He then rolls into a

kneebar on Showens, reversing the situation entirely as he switches body positions in a flash.]

GM: Sharif dodging a bullet... he's not fast on his feet whatsoever, but can position very quickly on the mat.

[Oh, he's not done. Showens blocks the hold before it is applied all the way, so Sharif stands up while still holding the leg, stomps Showens in the midsection, and grabs his other leg.]

GM: GIANT SWING BY THE SULTAN!

BW: I ain't seen this in a while!

GM: Sultan with four, five, six revolutions, and letting Showens go, crashing into the ropes!

BW: Well, he dizzied himself too.

[Stumbling a bit after the giant swing, Sharif backs into the far ropes. He sees Showens using the ropes on the other side to pull himself up... and takes the opening to execute one of his trademark moves. He runs and leaps on Showens' back as he's pulled himself up on the second rope, driving his weight down and driving the ropes into Showens' neck and chest with the hobby horse!]

GM: Brutal impact! Sharif with the hobby horse, and that quite often is the beginning of the end.

BW: Albert is stunned, no doubt. Sharif has him up... AND GOODBYE, KID!

GM: WHAT A MAGNIFICENT SUPLEX! SIDE WAISTLOCK SUPLEX DRILLING ALBERT SHOWENS ONTO HIS SHOULDERS AND UPPER BACK, FOLDED HIM LIKE AN ACCORDION!

BW: He suplexes ANYBODY in the tournament like that, and he's advancing... cause ya see what's next, right?

GM: Sharif dragging the legs of Albert Showens to face him east! These fans roared at that spectacular suplex, but now they're on their feet as they can see the end coming. CAMEL CLUTCH IS APPLIED!

BW: Why even bother asking, ref? It's over. Do the kid a favor and ring it now.

GM: Showens is trying to hold on. He has a lot of heart and a lot of fighting spirit, but the only thing that can break this hold is raw strength and power. Technique cannot do it, speed cannot do it. Even Marcus Broussard learned that the hard way... and there's the submission. Showens tapping the calf of Sharif.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: And now we find out if Sharif respects Showens.

[Boos rain down as Sharif does not relinquish the hold. Showens has turned purple and is screaming in agony, tapping the calf vehemently.]

GM: This is absurd! Adrain Bathwaite actually convinced Sharif that merciless action is a form of respect! Sharif refusing to let go of the hold!

BW: Right, because if he just let go immediately, it would show that he thinks the kid is weak. Good job, Albert, you impressed him.

GM: HE'LL BREAK HIS BACK! THERE IS NO EXCUSE FOR THIS ON BATHWAITE'S PART! He wants Sharif to cripple people, and he's brainwashed him into thinking it's honorable! Finally, Sharif lets go before the five-count, and we can only hope that didn't seriously and permanently injure this young man!

BW: Hey, I did say the ref should have done him a favor and called it immediately!

GM: *sigh* Let's get the official word.

[*DING*]

PW: The winner of this contest, by way of submission... SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

["Saz O Avaz" starts up again to the boos of the crowd, as Sharif shows off his physique by flexing for the nearest camera. Bathwaite cackles gleefully, wiping his shoes (now that we can see them, even they are atrocious... white with rhinestones) on the immobile Showens behind Sharif's back.]

GM: Sharif is one of the odds-on favorites in the tournament, undoubtedly. And the one the AWA would least like to see win.

BW: Imagine a Sharif vs Dave Cooper final.

GM: ...I stand corrected. SECOND least like to see win. We shall see who his first-round opponent is very soon, I am sure.

BW: We'll be back after this word from our sponsor... Sizzlah!

GM: There are no Sizzlers in Georgia, Bucky.

BW: ...that makes me sad.

[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.]

And then back up to live action where we find Gordon Myers standing alongside a clearly agitated "Showtime" Rick Marley. The dark haired fan favorite is looking around, his face serious as Gordon greets him.]

GM: Folks, I'm standing here with "Showtime" Rick Marley, who's scheduled to face none other than the man that has seemingly shown up with one goal in mind: putting an end to him once and for all. How do you prepare for something like that, Rick?

[Marley nods, then takes a breath before responding.]

RM: Gordo, it's not a pleasant thing to have to deal with, I'll admit it. Here I was minding my own business by taking care of some unbalanced books that those snakes in the grass Nenshou and Percy Childes...getting some payback for Eric Preston...

I mean, the kid still hasn't gotten full sight back, Gordo. They don't know if he ever will.

But I'm doing the right thing, taking the fight to 'em when...bammo.

No good deed goes unpunished. This oversized escapee from the USA up all night horror franchise wanders and does a number on me...I should have known better.

[Marley trails off, shaking his head, then looks back at Gordon.]

RM: This isn't the first time that a guy's trying to make his name off of me...and it's certainly not gonna be the last. But I'll say it now, and I'll say it again when he's across the ring from me: I'm done.

I'm done being some random lunatic's punching bag. I'm done with guys thinking that I'm going to be their ticket to glory. I'm done with people thinking that I'm a stepping stone to the top. I'm done with playing it cute or funny.

You came after the bull, now you get the horns, Hellbane.

You've been calling me out since you arrived and now you've got my undivided attention...and what that's gonna mean is the beat down of your LIFE.

No matter what happens inside of that ring.

No matter what moves you pull.

No matter how big you are.

No matter how much help you bring.

One fact is inevitable and inescapable: That at the end of our match you're going to be lying on your back, staring up at the lights with a goofy expression on your face while *I* have my arm raised in victory.

Welcome to the big leagues, big boy...

Welcome to the next level.

[Gordon nods as Marley walks out of view.]

GM: Rick Marley will take on Gideon Hellbane later on tonight in another first round matchup and you have to wonder if the size difference will be a problem for "Showtime." But right now, let's go backstage where I'm told yet another one of our first round participants has some comments!

[Cut to some unknown room in the back, which is pretty unadorned minus a pair of folding chairs, both occupied by the same man, Dave Bryant. He's sitting in one and has his wrestling-booted feet crossed on another. He's wearing a dark blue robe and is leaning back somewhat nonchalantly, a slight grin on his face.]

DB: You guys want in on a little secret? You know, just a little tidbit between you...

[Dave points to the camera.]

DB: ...and me? You do! Well, here it is: when the fat man told me that I'd be facing Andrew "Flash" Tucker in the first round of the AWA World Title tournament...

[Bryant's slight grin turns into a full-on laugh.]

DB: I couldn't believe my luck! For those of you who are not students of history, allow me to provide a refreshingly brief lesson. See, you already know that Mr. Tucker is half of a tag team that had attained some semblance of infamy in a certain California-based organization that existed over a decade ago. He participated in a six man tag team match alongside...

[Bryant puts on the most absurdly fake look of concentration ever.]

DB: ...Ah, hell, can't remember that guy's name. Anyway, six man tag between them and us -- us being myself and my two partners, Setzer Van Strife and...

[Bryant's smirk returns.]

DB: ...future AWA National Champion, Hall of Famer Mark Langseth.

[Bryant pauses, just to soak in the future anger surely headed his way.]

DB: Due to some slick negotiating on Langseth's part, the tag titles owned by Mr. Tucker and his partner are up for grabs...and due to Mr. Tucker's partner having a watermelon smashed onto his head and subsequently kicked into a state of near unconsciousness by yours truly, Setzer Van Strife and I walked away with tag team gold.

[Bryant takes his feet off the other steel chair and leans forward.]

DB: See, I haven't done this "promo" thing in awhile and thought that it might be difficult to get back into the swing of things, but I think that, deep down, whoever put these matches together wants to see me go far. Why else feed me such easy material for the first real interview I've done in over a decade? You see, Tucker, when I was told you and I were going to go at it in the first round of this tournament, I didn't laugh. I didn't mock you, I didn't have one bad word to say about you. You might ask why, when I've had bad things to say about just about anybody else I've wrestled in my career?

[Bryant shrugs.]

DB: I couldn't remember a single thing about that night. I forgot about running you and your partner out of the business on a rail. I forgot all about walking out that night, holding your belt high overhead as I won a tag team championship for the first time in my career. In short, Tucker, I forgot about you! You might scoff at this, and I know the people in the cheap seats don't believe it. After all, it was a first in my career, and I walked out of that night a champion! Something like that is impossible to forget about...right?

[Bryant's grin fades.]

DB: Wrong. You see, Tucker, that's how little you amount to in my memories. I remember every individual accolade, every singles championship I ever won...but I didn't remember taking that tag team gold

away from you and your partner. It didn't mean anything at all to me, Tucker...

[Bryant abruptly stands up.]

DB: ...and neither do you. You, Andrew "Flash" Tucker, are a bump in my road back to credibility, a small detour on my path to holding championship gold once again. You were nothing to me in California, and you're even less to me now, and since you aren't gonna have anybody to tag out to or anyone to come in and break a submission or ruin a pinfall attempt, I think it's pretty clear how this is gonna end.

[Bryant's smirk slowly returns.]

DB: ...in case you need help figuring it out, Mr. Tucker, the ending involves you staring up at the lights...

[Bryant begins to walk out, then pauses, his back to the camera.]

DB: ...and me moving on in this tournament.

[Bryant pushes the door open and steps out as the picture cuts back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Toledo, Ohio... Ace Potter!

[Ace jumps up on the midbuckle with a "I'M THE ONE, BABY!" as the crowd jeers.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Hans Zimmer's score from the Gladiator soundtrack begins to play over the PA system.]

PW: From Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at 245 pounds...

"HANDSOME" HAAAAMILTONNN GRAAAAAHAAAAM!

[Graham comes slowly striding out from the curtain. He stands, hands on hips, looking out at the Charlotte crowd who pays him his due respect. With a nod, he trots down the aisle. We can see a pair of royal blue trunks with "HHG" written in gold script across the rear. He wears a red windbreaker style jacket over his bare torso and his permed hair is absolutely magnificent as he trots up the ringsteps, ducking through the ropes.]

GM: A former World Champion in his own right and a true Living Legend in our sport, Bucky.

BW: Hamilton Graham is quite arguably the greatest of all time and the AWA fans should be down on their knees paying him tribute right about now.

[Graham shrugs out of his ring jacket, handing it off to a ringside attendant as he swings his tattooed forearms back and forth, getting loose for the battle about to begin. The referee gives both men some final words before calling for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Potter and Graham quickly come together in a collar and elbow tieup which Graham breaks up by yanking Potter down to the mat with an armdrag.]

GM: Graham breaks out the armdrag to take Potter down... both men quickly back up though and-

[As Potter comes in this time, he gets greeted with a haymaker between the eyes that sends him falling back into the buckles.]

GM: Goodness! Hamilton Graham with that big knuckleduster to the head has Ace Potter reeling early in this one...

[Moving in on Potter, Graham rears back and HAMMERS him across the chest with a forearm!]

GM: You could hear that one six blocks away!

[Hooking Potter by the arm, Graham drags him from the corner into an armtwist before slamming his elbow down on the shoulderjoint, forcing Potter down to his knees. A second well-placed elbow causes Potter to cry out just before Graham plants his knee against the tricep area, forcing Potter bellyfirst to the mat...

...and then DROPS a big knee into the same area!]

GM: Nice mat wrestling by Graham, using his knee to force Potter down to the mat before dropping that knee into the arm.

[Kneeling on the tricep and shoulderjoint area, Graham yanks up on the wrist with both hands, shouting "ASK HIM!" to the official who does exactly that.]

GM: Graham's looking for a submission here but the referee says Potter is hanging on...

[Graham grits his teeth, pulling even harder on the arm. Potter cries out in pain but still refuses to quit, forcing Graham to break the hold and drop an elbow across the back of the neck.]

BW: You've gotta love the expertise of a man like Hamilton Graham. We just saw him physically break down Potter using the arm but when he sees that the submission isn't coming, he gives it up and drops that elbow down on the head and neck.

[Climbing to his feet, Graham drags Potter up as well...

...and crowns him with a headbutt that knocks Potter back down to the mat!]

GM: The headbutt is one of Graham's most feared weapons! He has the kind of headbutt you'd expect to see Juan Vasquez unleash on someone.

[Pulling Potter into a side headlock by the hair, Graham uncorks a series of hard right hands to the skull. The referee slides in, calling for a break, but Graham uses the headlock to take Potter down to the mat instead.]

GM: Headlock takeover by the former World Champ and- ohh! Fistdrop between the eyes!

[A smirking Graham holds up the clenched fist, the referee reprimanding him for it.]

GM: And listen to Hamilton Graham claiming he didn't use the clenched fist when he's showing it to the official!

BW: No one ever accused Graham of being a nice guy in there, Gordo.

GM: They certainly didn't.

[Dragging Potter to his feet, Graham lands another headbutt, this one sending Potter spiraling away and landing chestfirst against the turnbuckles. Graham approaches from behind, reaching down to pull Potter's legs out from under him.]

GM: What in the world...?

[With Potter's arms wrapped around the top rope, Graham lifts the rest of his using his legs so that he's about parallel with the mat...

...and BURIES a boot into the lower midsection!]

GM: Ohhh! I think that kick was low!

[The official seems to suspect the same, rushing to confront Graham who gestures at his belt line.]

GM: Graham says it was above the belt but what else is he going to say, Bucky?

BW: That's true but I think he's a honest kind of guy, Gordo. He's telling the truth there I'm pretty sure.

[Graham grabs Potter by the back of the trunks, pulling him into a forearm shiver into the kidneys before lifting him in a side waistlock, dumping him down on the back of the head and neck with it.]

GM: Beautiful back suplex by Graham! He folded the man up with it and look out here... Graham's backing the corner, stepping up to the middle rope now...

[He stands tall, arms raised for a few moments...

...and then down a slow motion fall off the midbuckle, smashing his rock hard skull into the prone Potter's head!]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[Graham quickly crawls into a cover as the official drops to count.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The former World Champion slowly climbs to his feet, allowing the official to raise his hand as Phil Watson makes it official.]

GM: An impressive victory for Hamilton Graham and it looks like he's coming out here to join us... and boy oh boy, do we have some news for him that we just got, fans!

[Graham steps out to the apron, looking out at the crowd before dropping down to the floor where he joins Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Hamilton Graham, welcome back to the AWA and congratulations on another impressive victory to add to the long list of those in your career.

[Graham nods.]

HG: It's a pleasure to be back, Gordon.

GM: Now, as a former World Champion yourself, you know what wearing a World Title means to someone's career.

HG: That I do, Gordon. It means that you etch your name in permanent ink in the history books of this great sport. It means that no one can ever take it away from you - that one moment in time where you were the greatest professional athlete in the world.

GM: And you want that again?

HG: I don't think you belong in this business if you don't CONSTANTLY want that feeling, Gordon.

GM: And what do you say to the people who believe you're... well, to be blunt... too old to be in this tournament? Too old to be competing? Too old to still be in this business?

[Graham glares at Gordon for a moment.]

HG: That certainly is blunt, Gordon.

[Myers smiles.]

HG: What I say to those people is that on Labor Day weekend, when they're huddled around a barbecue stuffing their faces with hamburgers and drinking beer, when they turn it over to WKIK to see the best in the world do what they do better than anyone else...

When they're watching Hamilton Graham have the AWA World Title wrapped around his waist...

[Graham smirks, lifting his fist.]

HG: ...then I'll be waiting for their apology.

[Myers nods.]

GM: Hamilton, just moments ago, we were informed that your first round opponent will be Sultan Azam Sharif... and that match is going to take place at The First Tangle In Tampa on the 4th of July!

[Graham pauses for a moment, looking up thoughtfully.]

HG: Sharif, huh?

[Myers nods.]

HG: You know, I was standing back there earlier tonight when he was out here wrestling. He's good, Gordon. He's very good.

But you know what else he is? He's an enemy of the state!

[Myers looks slightly uncomfortable.]

HG: He stands out here on American soil, waving a flag of Iran back and forth like some kind of a national hero. Well, I tell you, Gordon, I grew up in a world that knew and feared their enemies properly.

And now, just like then, Iran IS an enemy!

This guy, Sharif, may not be fighting on the front lines but he's out here every week telling the world how Iran is Number One. Well, Sharif, you're looking at a man who has representing HIS country with pride inside that squared circle for a long time now and I have no intention of letting you stand over me on the 4th of July and wave that rag you call a flag back and forth over me.

GM: Don't you also have a history with Adrian Bathwaite?

HG: Don't get me started on that piece of Eurotrash!

[The crowd cheers that.]

HG: Around these parts, you people fear the piledriver... you regard it as some weapon of mass destruction... and you should!

When it gets used, you talk in hushed tones about respect for your opponent's health and how beating an opponent is not the same thing as crippling one...

You talk of unwritten rules...

[Graham shakes his head.]

HG: But when you're battling someone who is out to destroy your country, you throw ALL rules - written, unwritten, whatever - out the window and do whatever it takes to defend it.

Sharif, you are LOOKING at the master of the piledriver! You are LOOKING at a man who has shortened careers and outright ENDED careers with that very move.

And you are looking at a man who will have no hesitation if the opportunity presents itself to SPIKE you on your skull, end your career, and proudly wave the American flag over your motionless body.

[An angry Graham storms off, leaving Gordon and Bucky behind.]

GM: That sounds like a man who will stop at NOTHING to defeat Sultan Azam Sharif in a few weeks' time, Bucky.

BW: You got that right. Sheesh.

GM: Fans, we've gotta take a quick break but we'll be right back with our first tournament matchup of the night so don't you dare go away!

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

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

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

CP: My people!

[He spreads his arms wide, drawing a mixed response from the crowd.]

CP: Forget about Stevie's Hotspot. Michaelson's Money Pit is a thing of the past. THIS... is The Mirror Ball... and when the AWA decided they wanted a new show on SNW, they came to the ONLY man in the AWA who truly is willing to stand up and speak the truth! I don't care if it's the goodiest-two-shoes around or the darkest of souls, Colt Patterson is the man who will ask

the hard questions and get the answers that you people want to hear. I'm the guy who will kick up the closet door and show everyone all the skeletons.

[Patterson pauses, looking out on the crowd.]

CP: And when you talk about men with skeletons in their closet, you've gotta be talking about the first guest here on The Mirror Ball... the Collector of Oddities and the leader of the Unholy Alliance... Percy Childes!

[Percy half-waddles, half-struts from the back. The bald, short, pudgy manager is wearing grey dress pants, a white dress shirt, and a diagonal striped navy-and-burgundy tie. He has a smile on his face as he approaches Patterson. The fans boo him whole-heartedly. Childes accepts a handshake from Patterson before the former World Champion starts speaking.]

CP: Percy Childes, I got a lot of respect for ya... but I am the man who asks the hard questions. So, let's cut right to the chase here... where the HELL were the Aces at Memorial Day Mayhem?

[The crowd cheers the blunt question as Childes looks irritated already.]

PC: I have a better idea, Patterson. Why don't you tell me?

[Patterson sticks a finger in the face of Childes.]

CP: Don't play that game with me, Percy. Answer the question!

[Childes backs off, raising his hands mockingly.]

PC: Oh, of course, of course. Obviously, Patterson, you're a former wrestler... former World Champion in fact, yes? Competed in the AWA not long ago, still in shape. That's why they sent you to do this. Dane is too easy to intimidate. I merely mention the mad Monosso or intimate that Nenshou is nearby, and he caves in quickly.

But I don't care who you are. Nenshou is here; very close by. It doesn't matter whether that fact intimidates you. And I say all this not to make threats or change the subject; I say this because the AWA has something to hide. You came here to ask me why the Aces missed their World Tag Team Title match... AGAIN... as if we had anything to do with that. Or, more accurately, as if the AWA had nothing to do with it.

[Patterson shakes his head.]

CP: All I hear are a bunch of words that ain't tellin' no one a thing, Percy. Are you implying-

PC: No, I'm outright stating it, Patterson. You know why the Aces were not present for their title match. Because Bo Allan made the AWA an offer, and they took him up on it. Anything to keep the Childes name from the championship roll. I can hardly fault Allan for that, although just because I

don't take it personally doesn't mean he's not going to suffer for his role in this. Bo Allan keeps himself out of danger because he commands great force. I command greater force. But all things in due time. Given the AWA's repeated complicity in robbing the Aces of their hard-earned championship matches...

[Patterson waves his hand dismissively.]

CP: Lemme get this straight... first off, you're threatening the Bishop Boys and Cousin Bo. Do you really think they'll sit still for that? And then you're blaming the AWA for a SECOND time for the Aces losing out on a title match?

PC: Well, the first one was blatant! Deny it!

CP: I won't deny it. The first time around the Aces got that title shot ripped right out from under them. But this time? Jim Watkins had enough to deal with at Mayhem - he didn't need to have to rebuild a title match at the same time. I just don't see a motive.

[A sneering Percy responds sarcastically.]

PC: No, Texas promoters would never harbor a grudge against my family... oh, wait, they've done that for two generations.

[Percy jabs his crystal-topped cane into Colt's chest.]

PC: And of course, the Bishops against Violence Unlimited is a dream marquee match, in their eyes. No, the motive is clear. The AWA gave Bo Allan the travel schedule of the Aces, and I have documents that prove it.

CP: Oh yeah? Let's see it!

[Percy waves him off.]

PC: I've got nothing to prove to you, Patterson. I've already proven it to the proper authority.

CP: Meaning what?

PC: Meaning that a federal judge in San Antonio has ruled that the AWA is in breach of contract with the Aces based on the evidence that I speak of. Therefore, the same judge has ruled that the Aces will be paid their appropriate salaries for the rest of the year... while they operate under my advice to take their skills elsewhere.

CP: The Aces have left the AWA?!

[Childes smirks.]

PC: Seeing as though they were already being paid for the rest of the year, I have signed a new deal for them to compete in Japan until such time as I feel they are no longer in danger.

CP: In danger of what, Childes?

PC: Isn't it obvious? Do you really believe it to be beyond this front office to send someone to permanently injure my nephew and his tag team partner out of spite?

[Patterson shakes his head.]

CP: Alright, well, I suppose that answers that question. But I've got another one for ya... and I know you know what I'm talking about...

[Childes arches an eyebrow.]

PC: Mr. Kingsley, I presume?

[Patterson nods.]

CP: You got it, pal. Two weeks ago, Alexander Kingsley the Third laid out a challenge to your man, Nenshou, because of what he did to Kingsley's mentor, Oliver Strickland back at Mayhem. Whaddya got to say about that?

[Childes slowly shakes his head.]

PC: The strong survive. The weak fall. You know this, Patterson. You survived for a time, and inevitably fell.

He issued a challenge. But Nenshou does not care who Alexander Kingsley The Third is. Nenshou has a single overriding goal. Distractions are unforgivable. All of the money that man has will not buy him relevance. Unless...

CP: Unless what?

PC: As much as there are many elements in the AWA who actively seek my elimination, there are other, more reasonable people who can be negotiated with. You see, Kingsley, I myself am a man of means. I freely admit, you outstrip me in the category of wealth by a large sum. But I have as much as I need. However, as a businessman, I cannot turn down an opportunity to make a profitable deal. While you outrank me in wealth, I outrank you in influence. Given a payment sufficient to cover the... expedition costs... I am sure I could arrange for the tournament brackets to be arranged in a mutually acceptable way.

[Patterson shakes his head.]

CP: I don't think a person in the building has a clue what you just said.

PC: Predictable. But I'm sure Mr. Kingsley will understand very, very clearly. Consider it a counter-offer.

CP: What I'd like you to do is repeat yourself in a way so that these people know EXACTLY what you mean!

[The crowd cheers.]

PC: I'm sure of that. But I'm also sure I don't intend to lower myself to mingle with the lowest common denominator... be that them...

[A smile as he taps the crystal-topped cane against Patterson's muscular chest.]

PC ...or you.

[Patterson glares at Childes for a moment before slapping the cane away, stepping closer to Childes and grabbing a handful of shirt. The smile that Percy has worn throughout the bulk of the interview promptly melts away, replaced by a stern glare.]

PC: Colt Patterson. It is not wise to upset me.

CP: Oh? Monosso isn't even allowed in the state from what I hear, and...

PC: Let me re-emphasize. It is not WISE to offend me.

[Patterson's hard stare breaks. He blinks a few times, his grip loosening.]

CP: Are... are you threatening me?

[The tone of Patterson's voice is audibly one of someone who just got a bit nervous.]

PC: I believe we are done here.

[Without further explanation, Childes removes himself from Patterson's grip, turning, and leaving. Patterson stands still for a moment, silent before he turns and quickly exits in the opposite direction.]

GM: What... what in the world was that all about?

BW: Nothing. But we just found out that the Aces are gone! They're heading to Japan! They just walked out on-

GM: Bucky, something just happened there again...

BW: Gordo, drop it. Let's talk more about the wrestling.

GM: What is it about wis-

BW: Let's go backstage where... uhh... somebody's standing by!

GM: Bucky, what are you trying to cov-

[We abruptly cut from our announce team back to the locker room area where we get a simple shot of "The Professional" Dave Cooper standing before the camera. He's dressed in a yellow button-down shirt and blue jeans, a scowl on his face.]

DC: It seems to me that Jim Watkins just simply has no recollection of the history of the AWA as it pertains to me -- if he uses that thing between his ears that he calls a brain, he'd remember exactly what I'm talking about.

And how my plight was once similar to what The Aces experienced... and how a couple of inbreds wound up becoming World Tag Team Champions each time.

Tell me again how there can't be anything going on with Watkins -- well, except for the fact that I doubt Cousin Bo is bribing him with women. After all, I've seen what Bo and his boys hang out with -- you could hardly call them "women."

[A smirk.]

DC: But as far as the World title tournament is concerned, I simply joined up in this farce for one reason -- to ensure that I collect that title belt and then see to it that the proper treatment is given to that belt and then that the REAL AWA top dog is recognized as such.

And I'm not gonna deny that I picked Cletus Lee Bishop to face Robert Donovan so two guys who I dislike equally can just simply beat the crap out of each other -- but I have no doubts that Donovan can get it done and that I'll see him on the Fourth of July.

First of all, because we all know that if your last name is Bishop, you are dumber than a box of rocks and you can't get by without greasing the palms of the front office.

Second, because I know Donovan wants me in the ring so badly, he'll do whatever it takes to get to the next round. I want him fired up -- I want him firing on all cylinders -- because it's gonna make it that much better for me when I beat him into the ground come Fourth of July.

[Beat.]

DC: Oh, but you say, The Professional still has to get past his first-round opponent. He's gotta face Jack Towel -- and I can hear you saying, "Hey, Professional, why didn't you get yourself an opponent who could test you? Why didn't you ask for Jeff Matthews? Or Bad Eye McBaine? Or any of those guys with storied careers who would bring the best out in you?"

Let me tell you why I picked Jack Towel -- because I know enough about him to know that, at one time, he was a feel-good story.

Hey, doesn't everybody love the underdog? The guy who all the experts say has no chance of winning and his opponent is gonna win in a walkover?

[A slight laugh.]

DC: Well, that's exactly the reason why I picked Jack Towel. Let the underdog have an opportunity to take The Professional out in the first round and save the AWA from what he has planned for the rest of the tournament.

Unfortunately, the underdog's opportunity will be short lived. And there will be no feel-good story this time... well, at least for all the idiots who trudge home, complaining about their jobs, when most of them just spend their time staring at a computer screen or downloading apps on a smart phone without getting any real work done, and then head off to the arena to cheer on guys like Donovan and Stevie Scott like the bleating sheep they are.

But I know who's definitely gonna feel good after tonight -- you're looking right at the man who's gonna feel good about whipping some punk's rear end and moving on to whip yet another punk's rear end.

[A nod.]

DC: In summary, I'm beating Jack Towel tonight, I expect Donovan to win tonight, and then I will be whipping Donovan's rear end come July 4 -- and that is the END of the discussion.

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is a first round matchup in the AWA World Title Tournament. Introducing first... hailing from the Holy City of Jersualem...

[Slowly, softly, the sounds of Carl Orff's "O Fortuna" can be heard playing over the loudspeakers.]

GM: This isn't the only guy to use this for entrance music, Bucky.

BW: If this guy's as crazy as the other guy, Marley's in for a bad, bad night, Gordo.

[The crowd begins to murmur as the creepy operatic theme continues. The music begins to grow louder and louder, the choir's voices ringing through the rafters of the arena and as the music builds to a deafening crescendo, it ends with a loud thunderclap over the PA system. A single spotlight hits the entryway, revealing black-draped form in the aisle. He walks swiftly to the ring, quickly mounting a turnbuckle.]

PW: Weighing in at 290 pounds... he is...

GIDEEEEONNNN HELLLLBAAAAAAAAAANE!

[Resembling a large predatory raven with a midnight-black cape draped from its muscular shoulders, the man raises his masked head from within the shadows of a pointed cowl as he looks about the arena, his grim-set mouth and chin the only parts of his face visible below his mask. Dropping lightly down from the top turnbuckle, Hellbane throws off his black cape and cowl to toss them over the top rope and out of the ring.]

PW: And his opponent...

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

["Saints Of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue floods the PA system as the curtain parts...]

PW: From Miami, Florida... weighing in at 215 pounds...

"SHOOOOOWTIIIIIME" RIIIIICK MAAAAARRRRLEEEY!

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

GM: Rick Marley is an AWA original, fans. He went away but has returned once more with his eyes set on becoming the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion. But to get a step closer to that goal, he has to defeat the man who entered the tournament with the goal of getting a shot at Marley...

[Marley slaps the hands of the ringside fans, breaking into a sprint from about 15 feet out, diving under the bottom rope. He pops to his feet, striding across the squared circle to climb to the second rope, raising both hands to the crowd...

...and then blindly leaping backwards, twisting his body to catch an incoming Gideon Hellbane with a cross bodyblock!]

GM: OHHHH!

[The bell sounds as Marley rolls out of the cover, hooking Hellbane's masked head with his left arm while he pummels it with his right!]

GM: Marley's all over Hellbane - there's the bell! The referee's starting this one right now, fans!

[With Hellbane scrambling to cover up, Marley hooks his fingers under the mask, trying to rip it right off.]

GM: He's trying to take the mask off! He wants to know who Hellbane is under that hood!

[From his back, the masked man throws a pair of forearms to the jaw that knocks Marley back a step. Both men break apart, scrambling to get to their feet first.]

GM: Marley's up first... backhand chop! There's another!

[A third chop is caught by Hellbane's powerful arms where he promptly wrenches the arm behind Marley into a hammerlock...

...but Marley fights back, throwing his free arm back twice, bouncing his elbow off his opponent's masked temple!]

GM: Marley battles out of it!

[With his back to Hellbane, Marley buries a mule kick into the abdomen before spinning around, snaring the masked man in a front facelock...]

GM: Marley's looking for Limelight!

[But Hellbane spins out of the front facelock, twisting the arm around into a hammerlock again. Marley reaches back with the free arm this time, hooking it around the head of Hellbane before kicking up into the air...

...and using his momentum to take a surprised Hellbane off his feet and down to the mat!]

GM: Marley takes him down... look out!

[Marley cocks the leg back, ready to throw the Casting Call as Hellbane rises to his feet...]

GM: CASTING CA-

[But Hellbane ducks under the big superkick effort, causing Marley to sail past him. Marley grabs the ropes to stop himself, spinning himself back around...

...where a big running clothesline takes him over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! HELLBANE CLEARS HIM OUT!!

[Hellbane quickly steps through the ropes, wasting no time in dropping down to the floor where Marley is laid out from the clothesline.]

GM: Hellbane's going right after him!

BW: Now THIS looks like a guy who wants the World Title, daddy!

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[The near-three hundred pound Hellbane pulls Marley off the floor by the back of the trunks, tugging him into a side waistlock. He powers him up for a back suplex...

...but Marley blindly reaches back, grabbing the ropes with both hands!]

GM: Marley's got the ropes! He's blocking the-

[Hellbane struggles against him, trying to rip him free from the ropes...

...and does exactly that, surging forward and HURLING Marley out of the atomic drop-style lift, causing him to SMASH backfirst on the thinly-padded floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: That wasn't entirely intentional from where I'm sitting, Gordo, but it sure was effective.

GM: It looked like Hellbane was just trying to get Marley out of the ropes but it was a case of him not knowing his own strength. As he ripped Marley away from the ropes, he actually lost his grip and threw him several feet before Marley bounced off the floor! And when I say "bounced", I mean it, fans! Rick Marley bounced about six inches off the floor on impact!

[Hellbane reaches up, tugging his mask in place as he stalks towards the downed Marley, pulling him up by the hair.]

GM: Remember, in this tournament, there are no double countouts so these two can stay out here as long as they want.

[Grabbing Marley by the arm, Hellbane waves the fans away from the ringside barricade before whipping Marley the furthest distance he can towards the steel railing, charging in after him...

...but Marley deadleaps over the railing, landing on his feet just beyond it as Hellbane SMASHES chestfirst into the steel!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter by Marley!

[Hellbane staggers backwards, clutching his sternum as Marley rushes back the other way, leaping up on the railing...

...and then springing off, catching Hellbane's head between his legs and taking him down in a rana!]

GM: WHAT A HEADSCISSORS BY RICK MARLEY!!!

[The crowd is roaring for the athletic move of Rick Marley as Hellbane crawls towards the ring, pulling himself up using the ring apron as Marley struggles to get back up.]

GM: Both men are back to their feet now, Marley staggering towards the masked man... big right hand by Hellbane!

[Grabbing Marley by the hair, he pastes him with a forearm to the jaw!]

GM: Goodness! Big shot by the big man!

[A handful of hair allows Hellbane to easily toss Marley under the ropes back into the ring before climbing back up onto the ring apron...

...where Marley tries to strike back, throwing himself into the adjacent ropes, springing back...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DROPKICK ON THE MONEY!!!

[With a dazed Hellbane out on the apron, Marley pulls himself back up. He grabs Hellbane by the mask, tugging him into a front facelock over the top rope...]

GM: He's gonna suplex him in?!

BW: No way! The guy's almost three hundred pounds, Gordo!

GM: Marley's gonna give it a shot anyways!

[The crowd buzzes as the dark-haired cruiserweight attempts to power Hellbane up into a suplex. He gives it one attempt, failing miserably. The crowd rallies behind him as he tries again, actually getting Hellbane's feet off the mat this time before setting him back down...

...and getting SMASHED in the face with a headbutt!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt by Hellbane!

BW: And you know what I like about masked guys, Gordo? They could EASILY have something stuffed up inside that mask to make that headbutt a knockout shot!

GM: Hellbane didn't get searched by the official before the match that we saw - that's true.

[A wild haymaker from Hellbane sends Marley staggering away as he steps through the ropes to join his smaller opponent.]

GM: Both men back inside the ring now to the relief of Mickey Meekly.

[Marley spins around, throwing a right hand that Hellbane easily blocks before landing a second powerful headbutt to the bridge of the nose, knocking Marley down to a knee...

...where Hellbane promptly scoops him up into the air, turning around to violently slam him down to the canvas!]

GM: Big bodyslam by Hellbane!

[With a handful of hair, he drags Marley up, scooping him right back up in his powerful arms...

...and driving him down to the mat with a second powerful bodyslam!]

GM: Two big slams by Hellbane...

BW: Third time's a charm?

GM: He's got him up a third time! Turning a full 360 with him this time, fans!

[And once he's shown him off to the entire crowd, he PLANTS him with a spine-rattling bodyslam!]

GM: Three big slams back to back to back and he's-

[The crowd buzzes as Hellbane leaves his feet, dropping a big elbow down into the chest of Marley!]

GM: And an elbowdrop to boot!

[Hellbane quickly rolls into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg as Meekly drops to count.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two!

[But Marley slips a shoulder free to avoid the three count.]

GM: Only a two count there for the masked man.

BW: This is a big, big dude but even with that, I'd have to call this a major upset if he knocks off Marley, Gordo.

GM: I'd have to agree.

[Hellbane pushes up to his knees before climbing the rest of the way up to his feet. He leans down, grabbing Marley by the hair...

...and gets pulled into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But the powerful masked man kicks out before the three count! Both men quickly scramble, trying to reach their feet first...

...but it's Hellbane who makes it, knocking Marley back down to the mat with a heavy forearm smash across the upper back!]

GM: Ohh! That'll cut Marley back down to the mat!

[A pair of elbowdrops to the kidneys sees Marley rolling first to his back and then out to the ring apron. Hellbane regains his feet, reaching over the ropes to grab Marley by the arm, dragging him up to his feet.]

GM: Hellbane's got him hooked... suplex on the way...

[Marley throws a pair of right hands to the ribs, trying to fight off the suplex attempt.]

GM: Marley's fighting the suplex!

[With Hellbane's grip broken, Marley hooks his hands behind the big man's head...

...and drops off the apron, snapping his throat down on the top rope!]

GM: Ohh! What a counter by Marley!

[Marley grabs the middle rope, dragging himself back up on the apron. He grabs the top rope with both hands, sizing up the gasping Hellbane...]

GM: Marley's gonna fly!

[The highflyer leaps into the air, springing off the top rope, soaring through the air...

...and catches Hellbane right on the chin with a dropkick!]

GM: Dropkick puts the big man down!

[Marley pops back up to his feet, swinging an arm around to the cheers of the crowd as Hellbane staggers up to his feet. "Showtime" buries a boot in the midsection, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: He's going for Limelight!

[But Hellbane is having none of it, wrapping his powerful arms around the torso and HURLING Marley halfway across the ring with an overhead belly to belly throw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Quickly getting back up, Hellbane gestures for a spiking slam.]

GM: He's calling for it! We saw this back at Memorial Day Mayhem! He calls it the Purgatory Plunge and if he hits it, Rick Marley's World Championship dreams will end right here tonight!

[The masked man grabs Marley by the hair, dragging his limp form off the mat. He ducks down, scooping Marley up into bodyslam position...

...but Marley flips right over the top, landing on his feet behind Hellbane, and SNAPPING him down to the canvas with a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: OHH! MARLEY WITH THE COUNTER!!

[Marley crawls across the ring, using the ropes to drag himself to his feet in the corner as Hellbane slowly staggers up, clutching the back of his skull as he rises...

...and gets POPPED under the chin with a Casting Call superkick!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The impact of the superkick sends Hellbane falling back into the corner.]

GM: He caught all of that and Hellbane was lucky that he fell back to the ropes, Bucky!

BW: Could be luck or it could be incredible ring awareness. He might have known how close he was to the safety of the ropes and thrown himself back there to avoid a pin.

GM: But Marley's moving in on him...

[Approaching the corner, Marley lands a trio of forearms to the jaw before firing Hellbane across the ring, racing after him...

...and leaving his feet to connect with a leaping forearm smash!]

GM: BIG FOREARM IN THE BUCKLES!!

[Ducking down, Marley lifts Hellbane up, sitting him on the top turnbuckle. He steps up to the second rope himself...]

GM: What's Marley looking for here?!

[Whatever it was, instead he finds a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Hellbane's fighting back!

[A second right hand connects!]

GM: Marley's staggered and-

[A big shove sends Marley back down to the canvas as Hellbane stands tall on the middle rope...]

GM: Marley rolls back to his feet, moving in...

[But Hellbane catches him coming in as he leaps off the midbuckle, wiping out Marley with a flying shoulderblock off the middle rope!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[The impact sends Marley halfway across the ring, allowing him to roll under the ropes to the safety of the floor as Hellbane pushes up to his knees, looking around in confusion.]

GM: Marley got knocked all the way to the floor from that shoulder tackle!

BW: It may have saved the match for him too, Gordo. That was a three hundred pound rocket someone just shot right at his chest!

[The camera cuts outside the ring where Marley is flat on his back, chest heaving as Hellbane angrily pushes up to his feet, shaking his head in annoyance as he looks out at the crowd with his hands on his hips.]

GM: Gideon Hellbane doesn't understand what happened. I'm not sure he even realizes where Marley is yet.

[Proving Gordon correct, Hellbane approaches one side of the ring, peering over the ropes. He kicks the ropes in frustration before moving to the adjacent set of ropes. Spotting Marley, he steps through them to the apron, looking down at his recovering opponent.]

GM: Marley's trying to get back to his feet out there on the floor. Hellbane's standing, just watching and waiting...

[As Marley drags himself to his feet, he looks up at the masked man who seems to be taunting him from the apron...

...and breaks into a sprint in the opposite direction, hurdling the barricade at ringside.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: He's running for it, Gordo!

GM: Rick Marley just jumped over the railing into the crowd and... oh my stars, Hellbane's going after him!

[Marley, having paused just beyond the apron, wades deeper into the crowd as Hellbane steps over the railing. The larger masked man comes jogging after him, chasing Marley as "Showtime" moves swiftly through the cheering fans.]

GM: I have no idea what's going on here.

BW: I think I do.

GM: You do?!

[Rounding a section of floor seating, Marley takes a glance over his shoulder. The lumbering Hellbane is in pursuit, shoving his way past cheering AWA fans who keep getting in his path.]

GM: Marley's waaaaay out there now. Our cameras are going to have a hard time keeping up with him if he goes much further.

[A wide shot of the arena sees Marley circling around the section of seats, making sure that Hellbane is still in pursuit...

...and then heads back towards the ring!]

GM: He's coming back this way!

BW: I knew it!

GM: What?!

BW: Marley did this to Gabriel Whitecross a few years ago! He pulled this same trick on Whitecross!

[Marley hurdles the barricade again, sliding back into the ring as a now-gasping Hellbane steps over the railing as well.]

GM: Did Rick Marley just tire out Gideon Hellbane on a wild goose chase?!

[As Hellbane reaches the apron, Marley dashes across the ring, scoring with a baseball slide dropkick that sends Hellbane crashing backwards into the barricade to the roar of the crowd!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MARLEY KNOCKS HELLBANE INTO THE RAILING!!!

[Rising to his feet with a nod, Marley grabs the top rope with both hands. As Hellbane pushes up off the steel, Marley leaps into the air, springing off the top rope into a somersault...

...and WIPES OUT GIDEON HELLBANE WITH A SOMERSAULT DIVE TO THE FLOOR!!]

"OHH!"

GM: MY STARS IN HEAVEN, WHAT A DIVE BY MARLEY!!!

[Marley slowly climbs to his feet, throwing an arm into the air to the roars of the crowd. He drags Hellbane up by the mask, shoving him under the

bottom rope into the ring. We can see Hellbane's chest heaving as Marley quickly climbs the adjacent turnbuckles, stepping to the top rope...]

GM: Marley's up top! He's gonna fly!

[Suddenly, "Showtime" lives up to his nickname as he hurls himself into the air, tucking his arms and legs...

...and CRASHES down backfirst across the sternum of Hellbane!]

GM: HIGHLIGHT REEL! HIGHLIGHT REEL!

[Marley flips over, grabbing Hellbane's legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS for the bell as Marley rolls off his defeated opponent, raising his arm triumphantly into the air.]

GM: Rick Marley has done it! Rick Marley has defeated Gideon Hellbane and is moving on to the second round of this tournament, fans.

BW: It was a tough fight for Marley but somehow he found a way to pull it off.

GM: He certainly did... and take a look here... it looks like Marley wants to see who is under that mask...

[Marley mimes pulling the mask off to the crowd a few times, getting cheers from all sides of the building. He drags Hellbane up to his feet, pushing him back to the corner where he tucks his fingers underneath the edges of the mask, tugging and pulling until...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[The crowd collectively gasps as the mask comes off, revealing a very colorful and disturbing tattoo.]

GM: Ugh!

[The tattoo essentially shows a human face with the skin peeling away, revealing muscle, bone, and blood. The artwork seems to be smeared from the sweat pouring off the formerly masked man's head, revealing it to be a temporary piece of art.]

GM: I'm not sure but I think that's... isn't that Jason Keening under that hood?!

BW: It is! It's Keening! But what the heck is on his face?!

[Marley looks puzzled at Keening for a moment before Keening snatches the mask out of his hands.]

GM: Jason Keening's got that mask in his hands. When the heck was the last time we saw Keening compete in an AWA ring, Bucky?

BW: It's been quite a while.

[Marley still looks confused as Keening takes the mask and simply drops it on the mat before exiting the ring.]

GM: I don't have a clue what that was all about but apparently Gideon Hellbane was Jason Keening... but Keening or Hellbane, whatever you want to call him, just fell short and suffered defeat at the hands of Rick Marley.

[Marley picks the mask up off the mat, looking on with a shake of his head as Jason Keening strides down the aisle without looking back.]

GM: Fans, we've got four more big first round tournament matches still to come tonight and before we go to break, let's hear from one of the men IN one of those matches!

[We cut backstage to where Jason Dane stands alongside Andrew "Flash" Tucker, who is already clad in his wrestling attire. His chest is covered by a gray sleeveless t-shirt and his long blond hair is tied back into a tight pony tail. Dane gets the sign that he's live and begins.]

JD: I'm here with Andrew "Flash" Tucker, who is preparing for his first round tournament match against a former nemesis, "Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant and...

[Tucker interjects.]

AT: How's Lori doin'?

[Dane looks a little flustered.]

JD: I'm sorry?

AT: How's Lori doin'? You know... your sister? She wasn't half bad lookin' in her day, y'know. I like 'em a little sassy.

[Dane stares at Tucker, somewhat slack-jawed, before continuing.]

JD: Don't you think you should be focusing on tonight's match against Dave Bryant? Are there no nerves after not having competed in a singles match in a decade?

[Tucker shrugs.]

AT: This ain't exactly my first rodeo, Dane. I've headlined stadiums full of tens o' thousands o' people all around the world. I figure it's pretty much

like ridin' a bike. When I got in today, I went through my same ole' routine as I've done a thousand times before:

Parked car in performer's lot.

Went into dressing room.

Changed into gear.

[Tucker's lips curl up in a derisive smile.]

AT: And in a few minutes, send some poor bastard home with a headache and a three-count.

JD: What are your thoughts about facing Dave Bryant?

AT: What about it? I was hoping to get a hold of one o' these young pups who walk around here like the cock o' the walk; but I guess I'll have to wait to the second round for that. Instead I get another guy with some rust to shake off. And as far as I'm concerned, when all else is equal, it's talent that'll make the difference.

An' Lord knows I got a whole lot o' that.

JD: Perhaps more importantly, the two of you share some...

[Dane pauses, choosing his words carefully.]

JD: ...interesting... history. Does that play into anything tonight?

[Tucker cracks a small smile and snorts.]

AT: Won every major tag team title in the business. Named the greatest tag team on the planet - twice - an' all anybody remembers is that damn incident with produce.

[A shrug.]

AT: It is what it is, I guess. Makes for an interestin' bit o' storyline for the suits to sell tickets off of, though. But to answer your question, Dane, no, it doesn't play anythin' into tonight. As far as I'm concerned, it's just another guy in there.

[Tucker raises a finger.]

AT: _However..._ When the opportunity presents itself, I'm gonna take some special pride in the fact that when it was all said an' done, I put him down with a superkick...

[Another smirk.]

AT: ...Right to the melon.

[And on that note, Tucker storms off camera and we 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 fade back up backstage. Nestled somewhere in the confines of the arena is a small room where two men await what is about to transpire in only a few minutes. Jim Towel circles the room at a slow pace, dragging his bum legs with each painful step, as his younger brother the self proclaimed "Amazing" Jack Towel trails him and matches his every move.]

JMT: This is not good.

"A"JT: He picked me!

JMT: I know Jack, this is NOT what we wanted.

[Jack shoots his hands in the air.]

"A"JT": Me! He could have picked Juan Vasquez, Bad Eye McBaine, Ronnie D, or whoever he wanted but he chose me! This is –

JMT: Jack...

A"JT [smiling]: -- awesome! I'm the first choice!

[Jim stops dead in his tracks and of course it is only inevitable that the human space case Jack walks right into him.]

JMT: Dammit, Jack. Pay attention!

"A"JT: This is the greatest thing ever! Dave Cooper could have chosen any single superstar he wanted to prove that he is the best and most deserving World Title contender there is and it was a shock to no one that he chose me!

JMT: Well...

"A"JT: Apparently he has been watching my highlight clips and saw my late night cable advertisement campaign about taking the wrestling world by storm!

JMT: Not exactly, Jack.

[Jack looks at Jim, a bit perplexed, but naturally ignores it.]

"A"JT: The Amazing Jack Towel is moments away from phase one of becoming the most decorated and recognized wrestling sensation in the entire world and it all begins with my man Dave Cooper! This is so exciting! We are going to put on such a show, Jim! Can you believe it!

[Jack slaps Jim with both hands against his chest.]

"A"JT: Jim, fetch my cape!

[He gestures over to his signature red cape stuffed in a plastic bag with magic marker written over it that reads "ring gear".]

JMT: Excu—

"A"JT: You're right, Jim. There's no time!

[And with that Jack storms out of the room as Jim just stands there, head down, gingerly shaking it from side to side.]

JMT: Crap.

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

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

[The sounds of John Williams' iconic theme to Superman hits the PA as Jack Towel comes tearing out of the locker room area, full-out sprinting his way down the aisle to the ring.]

PW: Weighing in at-

[Phil doesn't even get that out before Towel hits the ring, running back and forth like a wild man, bouncing off every rope he sees while pumping his arms.]

PW: "AMAZING" JACK TOOOOOWEL!

[Watson lunges backwards to a corner as Towel almost runs right into him.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The boos begin before music starts or anything, the crowd knowing perfectly well who is about to walk through the curtain and not being the least bit happy about it. After a few moments, "The Professional" by Leon starts up and the boos EXPLODE to an even higher decibel level from the Carolina crowd.]

PW: From Albuquerque, New Mexico... weighing in at 260 pounds...

He is the Professional...

DAAAAAAAVE COOOOOOOOPER!

[The boos only intensify as Cooper strides out through the curtain. Dressed in standard black trunks, black kneepads, and white boots, he looks out over the crowd with a cold glare. He tugs on the brown vest over his upper body,

jerkling a thumb towards the back as he turns towards the camera showing "The Professional" written across the back in white lettering. With a sneer, he turns back to the camera and starts to walk down the aisle.]

GM: Arguably the most hated man in the entire AWA, Bucky. This guy has been nothing but trouble for the superstars of the AWA, the front office, and the fans for MONTHS now!

BW: You're absolutely right, Gordo... but what you fail to mention is that he's a former National Tag Team Champion, a veteran grappler, and in my opinion, one of the odds-on favorites to walk out of Labor Day weekend with the AWA World Heavyweight Title around his waist.

GM: I hope you're wrong, Bucky.

BW: But what if I'm not?

[Cooper reaches ringside, shrugging out of his vest, dropping it to the floor as he shakes his head at Towel STILL running around the ring.]

BW: Towel's gonna be out of gas before the bell at this rate.

GM: I'm afraid you're right. What in the world is he even doing in there?

[Cooper smirks as he pulls himself up on the apron, stepping a leg through the ropes as Towel changes direction, charging towards him...]

GM: Here we go!

[Towel leaves his feet, throwing a low dropkick that is aimed at the leg of Dave Cooper...]

...but completely misses as Towel slides his entire torso under the bottom rope.]

BW: Whoops.

[Cooper looks down at Towel, still halfway in the ring...]

...and with a smile of his own, Towel SLAMS both hands up into the underside of the middle rope, jamming it up into the groin of Dave Cooper!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd cheers Towel for the low blow as he uses the same rope to drag himself back into the ring, waving for the official to start the match which Marty Meekly quickly does...]

...just before Towel drags him down into a small package!]

GM: ONE! TWO!! THRE-

[Cooper just BARELY gets a shoulder up before the three count!]

GM: Oh my stars! We were a half a count away from a MAJOR upset, fans!

[Jack Towel scampers to his feet, catching a kneeling Cooper with a low dropkick to the mush, making another quick cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE- NO! NO!

[Cooper lifts the shoulder again as Towel pops back to his feet, measures his man...

...and snaps off a front flipping legdrop!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Towel spins his body into a lateral press, grabbing a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The crowd groans as Dave Cooper gets a shoulder up, just narrowly avoiding a three count.]

GM: Jack Towel has started this one off incredibly fast!

BW: Cooper’s still hurting from the low blow and Towel’s not giving him a chance to recover from it! He’s-

[Towel hits the ropes, rebounding back towards a rising Cooper...

...who sidesteps Towel, throwing him to the ropes behind the Professional. Towel bounces off again...]

GM: NO!

[...and gets scooped up by Cooper who spins around and DRIVES him into the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! COOPER PLANTS HIM!!

[Popping back to his feet, Cooper drags a thumb across his throat as he hauls a limp Jack Towel up, pulling him into a front facelock. He hoists the smaller man up with ease...

...and DROPS him facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: Gourdbuster!

BW: It’s over, daddy!

GM: I believe you’re right, Bucky.

[Cooper smirks as he rolls Towel to his back, leaning across in a lateral press.]

GM: There's one! There's two! And there's three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Your winner of the match, moving on to the second round...

DAAAAAAVE COOOOOOPER!

[A smiling Cooper rolls into a seated position, allowing the referee to raise his hand for an instant before he snatches his arm away. He rises to his feet, "dusting off" his shoulders before making his exit from the ring, leaving Jack Towel laid out on the canvas.]

GM: Jack Towel gave it a good effort but Dave Cooper was just too much for him and now he's moving on to the second round. But the question is - will Robert Donovan be joining him there? Cooper's going to be competing in Round Two in Tampa on the 4th of July but will his opponent be Robert Donovan or Cletus Lee Bishop?

BW: I wouldn't be looking forward to EITHER of those guys if I'm Dave Cooper.

GM: But knowing him and the people he associates with, I wouldn't be surprised if he's got something up his sleeve, Bucky. Fans, let's go to the interview stage where Jason Dane is standing by! Jason?

[We cut to the AWA interview platform where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time... he will be in our Main Event later tonight, taking on William Craven in the first round of the AWA World Title tournament... he is none other than SUPERNOVA!

[The fans cheer loudly as "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest plays. And that's when Supernova emerges from the entranceway, his face painted, his wrestling attire and vest adorned. He stands at the entranceway momentarily, soaking in the cheers, then cups his hands to his mouth and howls. Supernova then heads to the interview platform, where he turns briefly to the crowd and flexes his arms, an intense look on his face, before turning to face Jason.]

JD: Supernova, for many weeks, you have had multiple run-ins with William Craven. And at Memorial Day Mayhem, we saw what happened when William Craven attacked Alex Martinez as he announced his intentions to enter the World title tournament. Martinez is now unable to compete and you have drawn Craven in the first round. Do you believe you are ready for the challenge Craven will present tonight?

S: Jason, I'm always up for a challenge! And it's no secret that, ever since I locked my sights on William Craven, the man hasn't taken kindly to it. And I'll admit that the first time he and I came face to face, he got the better of me. But since then... as I've shown I'll take the fight right to him, I've noticed that look of doubt start to cross his eyes... that he didn't realize what he was getting himself into when he stirred me up!

Just like I noticed that doubt in his eyes when Alex Martinez was in that ring at Memorial Day Mayhem, announced he was returning and joining the World Title Tournament and how he wanted no part of Craven's so-called revolution! And then, when I saw Craven attack Martinez, I knew then that Craven was scared to death of the monsters he unleashed!

[Fans cheer.]

S: And while it's unfortunate that they won't let Martinez wrestle in the tournament, I had a chance to talk to him and he told me that, if it were up to him, he'd still be in it... but he promised he will be back someday.

And he knew that I badly wanted to get William Craven in the ring... he understood that I wanted to stand up for what the AWA is truly all about, but he just asked me for one favor.

[A slight laugh.]

S: He said, "Save a piece of Craven for me!"

[Fans cheer.]

JD: You mentioned the revolution that William Craven has promised. Supernova, you should know enough by now as to how Craven approaches his matches. How are you going to counter that attack?

S: Hey, I won't deny Craven is a tough son of a gun... but I'm noticing that doubt is starting to cross his mind that he's just gonna walk over anyone who gets in his way. That doubt that his revolution is gonna die a quick death when he finds out that nobody is buying into his revolution! And as far as his plan of attack goes... I just keep my counterattack real simple...

[His eyes grow wild.]

S: I'M GONNA WHIP HIS HIDE FROM ONE END OF THE ARENA TO THE OTHER!

[He turns again to the crowd, lets loose a howl, then back to Jason, Supernova still with a wild look in his eyes.]

JD: But isn't that what Craven wants? After all, we've seen so many matches get out of hand -- why, at Memorial Day Mayhem, you saw what happened between Stevie Scott and Marcus Broussard, and what happened between Juan Vasquez and Ebola Zaire. Some are saying that maybe Craven is right -- that the revolution is already underway.

S: Jason, there's a difference between those two matches and the type of revolution that Craven wants. Yeah, you're gonna see tempers flare, you're gonna see emotions rise and you're gonna see things get heated at times -- but the point is, those types of situations only happen once in a while. It's not a case of everyone trying to maim each other every single night the AWA comes to town!

The way Craven wants his revolution to go down, he wants that happening every night. But the fact is, for every bloodbath that has happened in AWA, you've had multiple times in which two men or two teams just simply looked to outwrestle one another. That's the foundation AWA was built on, and even after somebody like Juan or Stevie was involved in a vicious encounter, they'll still be coming back for the next show, declaring that they are the best at what they do and they plan to keep proving it through good old-fashioned wrestling.

[Fans cheer.]

S: And it's the same foundation that I swear to defend. But, sometimes, when you defend something that's close to your heart, the gloves have to come off once in a while -- and tonight, well...

[Another slight laugh.]

S: Those gloves are definitely coming off... and William Craven will most certainly...

[He pauses, an intense look forming on his face as his voice raises.]

S: FEEL!

THE!

HEAT!

[Fans cheer again as Supernova turns to the crowd and plays up to them, before leaving the platform.]

JD: You heard it, fans, Supernova is ready to take the fight to William Craven! Gordon and Bucky, back to you!

GM: Thanks, Jason. And THAT man is ready for a fight, Bucky!

BW: He might be ready for a fight but I'm not sure if even Supernova is ready for what William Craven's likely to dish out to him. The One Man Revolution believes the next step in his mission is paved in gold. Can you imagine what would happen with William Craven as the AWA World Champion?

GM: I'd prefer not to. I'd much rather think about what would happen with Supernova as the AWA World Champion - a title he came very close to winning last November at SuperClash III!

BW: That may be as close as he EVER gets if Craven gets his way tonight.

GM: You've got that right. Fans, let's go up to the ring and say hello to some old friends!

[Cut back to the ring where "Go U Northwestern," as performed by the Northwestern University Marching Band, is fading to a stop, as Nick and Alex Anton converse in their corner. Alex, dressed in a purple singlet with white trim, with the letters "NU" on the right thigh and the letters "AA" on the left thigh, black knee pads and black boots, is nodding reassuringly. Nick, similarly attired, but with an image of a wildcat's head on his left thigh, slaps his brother on the back as he exits the ring. Across from them is a thickly-built man, with a thick, bushy goatee and thinning dirty blond hair. He is dressed in a black singlet, red tights and black boots. On the apron, in the opposite corner, is a burlier man, with a thicker, bushier beard and stringy reddish brown hair, dressed in a yellow singlet, red tights and black boots.]

GM: And here we go! It's the returning Antons against a couple of local talents here, Fred Barnes and Joe Langham. Langham locking up with Alex Anton... Sweet arm drag! Alex is back to his feet...

BW: As is, Langham; one wouldn't expect someone of his build to move that quickly, but he did.

GM: Collar-and-elbow tie-up... And Alex takes him down with a well-executed fireman's carry takeover!

[Alex Anton pulls Joe Langham back to his feet, but Langham pushes him against the ropes and throws a fist which connects with Alex's jaw, followed by a forearm.]

GM: Joe Langham staying on Alex Anton... Irish whip!

BW: LEAPFROG!

GM: Talk about someone not moving like he's built; Alex Anton is deceptively agile...

[As he catches Langham on the rebound...]

BW: EXPLODER! What impact!

GM: He covers! Kickout at two!

[Alex Anton drags Joe Langham to his corner as he tags Nick in, but Langham slips out of his grip and tags in Fred Barnes.]

GM: Nick Anton meets big Fred Barnes with a flurry of punches... No! Can he get him up?

BW: Ugly belly-to-belly suplex does its job! Barnes might be bigger than Nick, but he got him up for the overhead belly-to-belly all the same.

[The usually-scowling Nick Anton is actually on his feet, pumping his fist to the crowd, before he tags Alex back in. The camera catches Alex smilingly tell his brother, "That's the best you can do?" as he pulls Fred Barnes to his feet.]

GM: Nick Anton catches Joe Langham with a clothesline on his way in... Hits the ropes! Another massive clothesline, followed by a waistlock suplex by Alex!

BW: They call that the Windy City Windup and that's it for Barnes and Langham...

"DING! DING! DING!"

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

[Without much fanfare, both Antons roll to the outside and head towards the announce position, where Gordon Myers stands by with a mic in hand.]

GM: Gentlemen, welcome back! And what a return it has been. Your thoughts, please.

AA: Thank you, Mister Myers. As you know, we recently did a stint in Japan, and while we valued every single moment of that experience, nothing beats the electricity of an American audience!

[He pauses for the cheers to die down.]

AA: One thing we've got to say to the AWA faithful, though... We're sorry.

[The crowd is silent, but there is a perceptible buzz.]

AA: We're sorry we weren't in the arena when that walking pile of crap, American Mastodon, Maximus, whatever his name is, attacked Mizusawa in Japan. We're sorry we weren't in the arena two weeks ago when The Rave took advantage of an already hurt James Lynch to further injure him. You see, nobody died and made us sheriffs round these parts, and neither my brother nor I want to be head prefect, but when things like these happen in our absence, we cannot help but feel like we've let folks down, that we've let our friends down, and that we've let all you fans down.

NA: What my brother is trying to say, Gordon, is that punks like Heebie Jeebies and his pet Dawg wouldn't have gotten away with what they did had the Antons been around. Well, guess what, boys? We're back and we're not planning on going anywhere for a while. We've got our eyes on the National Tag Team Titles, no doubt about it, but if we have to take out some trash

along the way, well, consider it an additional service provided by the Antons. The next time a couple of punks try to shoot someone in the face with streamers? They better enjoy the taste of those streamers, because I'm going to personally feed it to them, one way, or the other!

[The brothers exchange a high five as they walk away from the announce table, leaving behind a bemused Gordon Myers.]

GM: The Antons are back and they mean business, fans! Now, let's go backstage with yet another one of the participants in tonight's tournament matches!

[Cut backstage where we see Cletus Lee Bishop standing in front of the camera. Nobody else is around, so Cletus Lee just stares at the camera. We hear a cough coming from behind the camera. Cletus Lee just blinks. Well, this is fun.]

Cameraman: Um, Cletus Lee, do you have any comm-

[And just like that, we're saved by the opening of a door, and the subsequent slamming of it. And, what do you know, it's Cousin Bo walking into frame, and he looks angry. He paces back and forth, and Cletus Lee's eyes follow him. Bo's face is beet red, and it looks like he's just going to keep pacing, but he stops, looks at the camera, and holds a finger in the air [no, not that one].]

CB: What the HELL is your deal, Watkins?! What are you doing, giving match-making abilities to a man who shouldn't even be allowed in the damn building?! This is absolutely ridiculous! You're just gonna let Cooper screw us over AGAIN?! Unbelievable!

[Bo holds his head as if he's got a headache coming on.]

CB: Cooper...

[Bo apparently can't even think straight.]

CB: Cooper, I swear, one day, we will be the end of you. Mark that down, because once again, it's the damn truth.

[Bo exhales and adjusts his suit.]

CB: But, that is going to have to wait, isn't it? Because, right now, the big man here's going to have to face Robert Donovan.

[Cletus Lee actually kinda smiles at that. Bo throws his hands in the air.]

CB: Fine, that's just fine. Because Cletus Lee wants to prove that he's the best big man in the business today, not you.

[Cletus Lee nods.]

CB: Donovan, I can promise you one thing. This is going to be an ugly, ugly fight. We may already have the National Tag Titles, but that doesn't mean Cletus Lee is just going to take it easy. He wants more. He DEMANDS more. And it's all gonna end with Cletus Lee at the end of this tournament holding up TWO titles!

[Cletus Lee nods again.]

CB: I'm begging you, Donovan. Please bring everything in your arsenal. See what it's like to face a man who laughs at the idea of pain. And ask yourself "My god, what will it take to bring this man down?" Well, I can answer that for you real easy. Nothing! This man cannot be pinned, and there's no way in hell he ever submits.

[Cletus Lee shakes his head. Boy, he sure is expressive tonight.]

CB: Oh, don't think we're taking you lightly. We know about every place you've been. We know about the endless trail of broken bodies you've left in your wake. It's impressive, to say the least.

[Bo hikes a thumb at Cletus Lee.]

CB: But this man has an impressive trail too. And here's the thing, Donovan. When you've been around as long as you have, you tend to rack up injuries. It's just part of the game. We know exactly where to strike. Cletus Lee? He's still a young buck, and he's injury-free. So what are you going to do when your usual bag of tricks doesn't work? Do you have an alternative game plan? I'm betting that you don't.

[Bo turns to Cletus Lee.]

CB: Now, you know exactly what you have to do, right?

[Cletus Lee nods. He ALMOST says something, but stops just short.]

CB: Good. And just what exactly are you going to do?

[Cletus Lee grumbles and makes a cross-throat-cutting gesture.]

CB: Good, good.

[Bo turns back to the camera.]

CB: Tonight, Donovan, you're going to be left staring at the lights, praying that all the suffering ends. And, remember, you can thank one person for all of this.

[Bo scowls.]

CB: Dave [BLEEP]damned Cooper.

[Bo sighs and shakes his head and exits, Cletus Lee giving one more nasty look at the camera before he leaves too. And, just then, a blur goes right by. Huh, was that Duane Henry? The shot fades out as we contemplate that thought.]

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.]

And as we fade back up, we find Jason Dane in his old stomping grounds - the Control Center. A generic AWA logo graphic is above his right shoulder as he stands in front of a bank of television monitors.]

JD: Hello, fans! And welcome to the AWA World Title Tournament Control Center! I'm Jason Dane and I'm here to get you caught up with ALL the goings on as the AWA strides down the Road To Glory all summer long. While our next big stop is in Tampa on the 4th of July, the AWA Championship Committee has been busy all week long laying out the remainder of the first round matches.

All except for one.

You see, with Juan Vasquez withdrawing from the tournament, there is one spot left to fill in our epic field of sixty-four. Now, I was just informed that to open the show at The First Tangle In Tampa, we will be seeing a special **SECOND CHANCE BATTLE ROYAL!**

It's an open invitational Battle Royal with anyone and everyone invited to participate. Didn't make the field of sixty-four? Here's your last chance. Already eliminated? You got one more opportunity to get back in. The Battle Royal will begin before the show goes on the air in Tampa but the AWA WILL bring you the conclusion LIVE on WKIK!

And you can bet that news will make-

[Suddenly, a loud, hoarse voice is heard off camera. You can see Dane suddering.]

?: Now wait a cotton pickin' minute there, Jason!

[Wandering on camera is Alphonse Green, wearing his somewhat famous "Gang Green" T-shirt. Buy yours today! Green has a really goofy smile on his face as he takes a seat next to Dane, who scoots off slightly.]

AG: Thank you for having me on here on the Control Center, Jason. I'm always glad to be here with my favorite interviewer, talking to each and every one of my adoring fans out there.

JD: I don't recall inviting you here, Alphonse.

AG: Let's not sweat the details, you needed me out here to address the situation about the last spot in the World Title Tournament. Did you say that there's going to be a second chance battle royal for that last spot?

JD: I did.

[Green's wide grin grows even wider, if that was possible.]

AG: Now why would you need to waste such time, and perfectly good bodies, in a battle royal that the Greatest Light Heavyweight of All Time, the King of Battle Royals himself...

[Green points to himself.]

AG: ...Alphonse Green, will win? It's a foregone conclusion! Not only that, but this tournament needs star power! Marcus Broussard never quit! It was dubbed, I tell ya!

JD: He quit fair and square and you know it!

[Green seemingly ignores Dane's valid point and continues.]

AG: Not only that, Rex Summers was screwed out of advancing to the round of 32, along with losing his title to some irrelevant chump whose best days were behind him when I was conquerin' the sand box in middle school. It's true, Jason! I was the King of the Battle Royals even way back when! Why don't you ask the boys and girls at Clark Elementary School in Paducah, Kentucky who the king of the playground actually was! Another reason why having this battle royal is a waste of time!

[Green throws back his head and laughs.]

JD: You know that there is no way the Championship Committee is going to simply hand you a spot, especially since you were pinned and lost your right to be in the tournament a few weeks back! On top of that, Waterson International is not looking very good right now.

[Green's laughter slows to a crawl, and a scowl forms on his face as he realizes that Dane, once again, has very valid points.]

AG: You know, Dane.. I haven't even heard from Ben since Memorial Day Mayhem, and frankly I don't blame him! He's assembled the very best

talents in the entire world and none of them are left in this tournament. Wherever he is right now, Jason, he'd be proud of me for stepping up to the plate and taking the initiative! Grabbin' the brass ring, and a bunch of other cliché stuff, ya know what I mean? You say that the Committee isn't gonna hand me a spot, despite my immaculate performance in Battle Royals so far in my career?

JD: Of course.

AG: ..fine. Waterson International needs to be restored to it's former glory, and I'm gonna get the ball rolling when I enter that Second Chance Battle Royal, roll through that tournament, and become the first, and greatest AWA World Heavyweight Champion. "King of the Battle Royals, the Greatest Light Heavyweight Of All Time, and the First and Greatest AWA World Heavyweight Champion" Alphonse Green.. rolls off the tongue beautifully, don'tcha think?

[Dane shakes his head in disbelief at the mouthful of words that came out of Green's mouth to describe himself.]

JD: No, not really.

AG: You'll get used to it.

[Dane rolls his eyes, as Green decides he's had enough and walks out of the Control Center.]

JD: Strong words from Alphonse Green as he looks to prove that being the King of the Battle Royals is no fluke. So, that solves the big mystery about who will be the final man in this tournament. But what about some of the big matches announced by the Championship Committee earlier this week? What about the big showdown on July 14th that will see Madison J. Valentine take on Blackwater Bart? Or the same night when Jeff Matthews meets Victor Frost?

The 4th of July is jam-packed as well as "Playboy" Ronnie D steps into the ring for the first time in ages when he meets "Playboy" Johnny Casanova! And don't forget what is sure to be one of the most violent matches we'll ever witness when James Monosso meets Hannibal Carver.

In fact, both of those men had comments this week about their match on the 4th of July... let's take a look...

[We open up to camcorder-recorded footage of a dimly lit location. There's nothing but a white-washed block wall here within sight, and a single wooden chair. Longtime AWA viewers have seen this place before... seated in the chair is the man who occasionally uses this environment to share his thoughts when he's not allowed in the arena: James Monosso.

Monosso is a tall broad-shouldered man with a physique that is more built for strength than for show. His muscled aren't bodybuilder-ripped, but they're clearly evident. His stringy black hair flows down to his shoulder, and there are clearly visible strands of grey as well as greying roots. The

years are catching up with Monosso fast. His wide, flat-cheeked face is clean-shaven, and like the rest of his body, it bears the scars of almost three decades of battle. He is wearing a plain white T-Shirt and worn blue jeans, and he's glaring into the camera with wild eyes.]

JM: Hi.

[Awkward pause.]

JM: You probably noticed this, but I'm not there.

[Awkward pause dos.]

JM: Last time I was in Atlanta, well, I went the wrong way down one of the one-way streets. Because they're ALL one-way streets. Because Atlanta was designed by a retard on hallucinogenic drugs. Anyway, Percy thought I might still be wanted for something that may or may not have happened involving a cop and a parking meter and the windshield wiper blade of my rental so I'm sitting this one out.

But I got things I want to talk about. They finally decided on my first-round match. It ain't a surprise, really. Promoters think they're clever, but they do such obvious things. I got Hannibal Carver in Tampa on the Fourth.

They probably think, "hey, these are both guys who fight the same and like to hurt people, let's have them kill each other for our entertainment". That's kind of the point of this sport, you see. Cut right through the bullshit about honor and glory and respect and championships meaning anything. The World Title ain't nothing but a belt. Yeah, I said it. I've had it before, remember? No, no, wait. You don't remember, cause it happened before 1997. Wrestling fans think the sport was invented in 1997.

Ask Hamilton Graham, he knows it too!

The World Title is an excuse to watch two or more men bleed each other dry. To get the pigeons, the wallets, the 'easy marks', whatever you want to call them... paying customers. At the end of the day, all you fans are soulless sadists who just want to enjoy the suffering and death of other living beings because it entertains you, and your only regret is that we die too slowly and too far off-camera for you to take in. We die the death of the forgotten, crippled and used, some slow and some fast, some by the final failure of the health we spilled out for you, some by the drugs we use to attempt to function after said health is gone, and some by our own hands when even THAT doesn't work. One of those is going to happen to me soon. I don't know which one; I just know that you creeps wish you could watch it on pay-per-view. But in a manner of speaking, you are. You just slap a World Title on it and pretend it means something.

And me? I got nothing; no money, no job skills, no past and no future, so I really don't have a choice but to go along and wring whatever money I can in order to survive.

So Carver, I never seen you fight. Because when you got big, I was in a cell. Cells don't have cable, doubly so when the walls are padded and the beds got straps on 'em. So if I get any of this wrong about you, oh well. I don't really care who you are anyway. But from what I seen, you're one of those big tough guys who do anything to win or hurt or maim. There are dozens of you (and me!) in every orgainzation that ever was; the difference is you and I are better at it than they are. Don't mind me; I'm cutting to the chase today.

So you had this run a few years ago. I had the same run ten or more years before that, only nobody remembers it anymore. So it's funny. You're probably used to the pretty-boy wrestlers who always like to steal our spotlight (read: big paychecks) with their fancy patter and showy style. The irony is... to me, that's what you are.

War never changes, just like you said. Somebody always comes in and tries to steal something from you, and the war goes on from there. The difference between you and me is that people remember you, so you get that free ride wherever and whenever. I had to beg for scraps for months and months to get into this company, and they been trying to put me out of it ever since. You? You walk right in as soon as they put big money on the line. That's all the World Title is... the paycheck.

War never changes, alright. The man who wants it more almost always wins. You? You want orphans and pine boxes. Joke's on you... nobody gives a damn about me, and nobody ever will. Me? I want to live.

You talk and people talk and everybody talks using exaggerated corny phrases. "Fighting for your life" is the one I hear abused a lot. But for me... it's real. It's true. I fight for my life every week, whether it's Hannibal Carver or Steve Scott or Futurestar or Chris Choisnet... every time. All the time.

And that's why you can't win. War never changes... it's won or lost before the battle ever begins. Even I know a bit of Sun Tzu.

And the rest of you? You'd be INSANE to think otherwise.

[Abruptly, we cut to static.]

Fade in to a dark blue AWA backdrop. Standing in front of it, wearing a "Fearless Iranians From Hell" t-shirt and leaning on a branding iron like a walking stick, is Hannibal Carver. He scratches his chin, then looks sideways at the camera.]

HC: I used to be like yeh, James.

[Sigh.]

HC: A little man in a suit. Always telling me what the path was. When to speak, when to be silent. When to act, when to hang back. To not drop every husband and son on their head...

[A grin, one that more resembles an Irish graveyard than anything promoting happiness.]

HC: ... to not shove an interfering skirt off a balcony.

[Carver looks upwards, humming the tune to "Memories" for a moment before continuing.]

HC: It's hard to see with those blinders on. A few extra sandbucks in your pocket, and they even seem worth having around. More than that, they seem essential. It isn't until yeh do it on your own... until yeh put all the scrubs on the shelf all by yeh lonesome do yeh truly see...

[He places the palm of his hand on the top of his head, slowly wiping it down until it reaches his brow and he lets it fall.]

HC: The little masters of today. The little insects that do nothing but make noise in the walls...

[Taps his temple with his middle and forefinger, almost making a hand sign for a handgun.]

HC: ... chittering away and gnawing on the wiring with useless mandibles. If it wasn't for a _true_ friend?

[Carver picks up the branding iron, staring at it intently.]

HC: I might've never known what to do. Some free advice: Smack them in the back of the head and maybe smash their face into concrete a few times?

[Nods.]

HC: They turn right around. The beautiful look of recognition and understanding, all from the magic of massive head trauma.

[He lowers the branding iron, to once again lean on it. He turns back to the camera, a completely humorless grin on his face.]

HC: Not for the fans, but to be a man. To put in a cast anyone that would insult me enough to think their opinion is worth a damn. As you can see James, my time away from these shores has made ol' Carver so kind. All this is free of charge, and I'm not even done helping' yeh.

[Scowl.]

HC: I'm gonna help yeh into yer grave.

Just because I can feel a kinship with yeh... don't mean a thing. Yeh slimy suit thinks I'm just coming off a dusty couch to get my name in the funny papers again?

[Spits.]

HC: Ignorance is bliss, but ignorance can put also yeh in a pine box. The great north and the Great Lakes felt my hate, over and over again. The ER owes me several lifetimes over, for all the lives I put in jeopardy. This sport is a cruel and shallow trench.

[And again, that grin.]

HC: Good men die like dogs... and yer just the latest mutt that wandered into the yard.

And I know, yeh have a small army with yeh. The slimy suit. The mist-spewing assassin. The two-timing' tag team. But, when the deck's stacked against me?

[A wide grin, proudly showing off the teeth lost in countless bar brawls.]

HC: I always find it helpful to have an angel watching over me.

[From off-camera, a voice suddenly is heard.]

V: My liege...

[A pale-skinned man covered in scars and tattoos walking in. Shirtless, he wears only a pair of baggy pants with a pentagram on each knee, hands wrapped in black tape. On his head, a solid mask in the shape of a devil's face with curving black horns, black goatee and sinister smile.

Carver's sadistic guardian "angel"... the former Angel Demente, Angel Juarez.]

AD: My life... for yours...

[Carver nods, a hateful smile beginning to curl on the corner of his mouth.]

HC: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls...

Dyin' time's here.

[Fade back out to the Control Center where Jason Dane is shaking his head.]

JD: It's going to be something else when those two men collide in just a couple weeks in Tampa, Florida. The AWA's first trip to the Sunshine State and we're bringing a lineup loaded to the brim! We already mentioned Carver vs Monosso and Casanova vs D. But what about Pure X taking on Gabriel Whitecross? What about Gunnar Gaines meeting Ryan Martinez? What about Hamilton Graham vs Sultan Azam Sharif? And the ultimate game of Family Feud when Brett Greene and Colby Greene collide with a spot in the second round going to the winner! It's going to be a tremendous night in Tampa... just like it was on June the 10th in Huntsville, Alabama when... well, believe me when I tell you that the Alabama fans were in for

QUITE the surprise. Colt Patterson and I were at ringside to call the action so let's take a look at some highlights now!

[Crossfade to footage marked "JUNE 10th - HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA" where we see Jason Dane and Colt Patterson standing.]

JD: We're down at ringside, AWA fans, for another big first round tournament match where the Alabama fans are sitting and waiting for their first round matchup here tonight. But in somewhat surprising news, we have been informed that neither Alexander Cote NOR Brian Von Braun are in the building. I spoke with Bill Masterson, a member of the AWA front office, about these shocking developments...

[We cut to a shot of a makeshift interview area where Dane is standing alongside the aforementioned Bill Masterson.]

JD: Mr. Masterson, what in the world is going on back here tonight?

[A frustrated-looking Masterson shakes his head.]

BM: Alexander Cote couldn't clear Customs coming in from Canada... some kind of legal problems. So, we were already scrambling to find someone to step in for him and take on Von Braun. Then, an hour ago, we find out that Von Braun's doctors won't medically clear him to compete.

JD: Wow.

BM: Understatement of the night, my friend.

JD: Have you found replacements yet?

BM: Just a few moments ago. It was tough, JD. We had to find guys who hadn't already been in the tournament yet were in the building to compete tonight.

JD: Can you give us a hint?

BM: I can do better than that.

[Masterson gestures to his right, the cameraman swinging in that direction to find a Japanese man, dressed in nice clothing and wearing a black derby hat. He has slick black hair, a thin mustache and Fu Manchu beard, and bushy black eyebrows. This is Mr. Sadisuto, a ring veteran who has been a star for various regional promotions. He is smiling broadly, and he bows upon seeing Dane and the camera.]

MS: Ohayou gozaimasu, boy-san!

JD: Mr. Sadisuto! Am I to understand that you have filled in as an emergency substitute?

MS: Velly velly true, boy-san. Mastah Sadisuto, always ready to take advantage of opportunity. I have wrestle for many year, have won championship many times. But never World Championship. For that, I will do annnnnything! Ha ha ha ha...

[The smile vanishes as Sadisuto becomes quite serious.]

MS: Mastah Sadisuto has fought every kind of opponent. I am master of martial art, and wrestling, and anybody between me and World Championship... I will make them suffah! They will learn new paaaaiiin, boy-san. New pain that they have never felt! Velly velly much pain, and Mastah Sadisuto will go on in tournament.

World Championship is something, boy-san, that every professional wrestler should be willing to kill for, if necessary. I have two World Championship matches in twenty-five year. One in 1993, one in 1995. Back then, I think that I would have many many chances. But! World Championship is rare thing. If you no seize chance, it slip through fingers like sand. That is why! Why a wrestler should be willing to kill for it. But Mastah Sadisuto, long time ago, after serving Japanese army, make a vow that I never again kill a man. A solemn vow, boy-san. But you be amazed to know what man can live through! And tonight, I gonna show you how much a man must suffah to be World Champion.

[Despite the somewhat... uncomfortable... topic, Sadisuto's smile reappears on his face. He bows to the camera.]

MS: Sayonara, boy-san. Mastah Sadisuto have to prepare.

JD: ...why do you keep calling me "Mister Boy"?

MS: Look in mirror, boy-san. Ha ha ha ha ha!

[With that, Sadisuto walks off, and Dane shakes his head.]

JD: Sadisuto is a well-traveled veteran, and he's going to be a very dangerous first-round draw for someone... for...

[Dane's gaze drifts to the side.]

JD: ...oh no.

[Rushing in front of the camera, shoving Dane aside, forming a multi-hued wall of mismashed color that could very well have been painted by Bongo The Ape, wearing several different multi-colored hats at the same time and looking to be in a great hurry stands Rave member Jerby Jezz, with his tag team partner Shizz Dawg OG standing in the background.]

JJ: Greebings from 2032! Much love and gewtonium 2302 to that scherblizzt Von Braun. Thanks to the Interstellar Trabulator for spin me through timespace, via a short detour two weeks beforehand to tickle a butterfly, so that it may it may trigger the chain of events that will lead to the medical

vitztor and then cause that gyzzrus loaf Watkins to bump into me in the hallway and yell in his agibated manner "YOU! HOOK 'EM UP, GADDUMMIT!"

SDOG: Lynch terminus was SO syrizarical, but we need to get MORE hands-will on the past to bring the Borscht flow to it's full prototential!

JJ: Tonight we RE-right the wrong that wrongly strified the might of the night life in the end that begun in an egregious manner that we wrong-righted, to create the AWA World Wildstyling Championship 20 years early! The future is now!

RAVE: RAVE, AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

[As Jason Dane rolls his eyes off-camera, we fade from backstage to the ring where Jerby Jezz is standing across the ring from Mr. Sadisuto. As the bell sounds, Jerby Jezz breaks into a sprint, throwing himself into the air, flailing his arms on both sides of the Japanese man's head, barreling him back into the corner.]

JD: Sadisuto's back into the corner!

[Jerby Jezz throws flailing rights and lefts before spinning back around, catching the Japanese man with a back elbow on the chin!]

JD: Hard shot to the chin!

[Jezz throws himself down on his back, flailing his legs upwards with repeated kicks to the torso...

...and then bridges up, hooking his legs around the head to take Sadisuto down in a headscissors! From outside the ring, Shizz Dawg OG shouts his encouragement as Jezz pops back to his feet, stomping his foot in the corner...]

JD: Sadisuto working to regain a vertical base... here comes Jezz!

[But the Rave member runs headlong into a brutal knife-edge chop that knocks him off his feet and down to the mat. Popping back up, he eats a second chop that causes his legs to sail out from under him, slamming down on his back on the canvas.]

JD: A pair of big chops by Sadisuto!

CP: Sadisuto has a ton of martial arts skill, Dane. He's got the big chops and kicks!

[Jezz gets up a third time, staggering off the mat...

...and gets ROCKED with a running knife edge chop, flipping Jezz completely over, dumping him chestfirst down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A series of stomps follows, forcing Jerby Jazz under the ropes to the floor as we crossfade to later in the match...

...where we find Sadisuto throwing big chops in the corner, lighting up the chest of Jerby Jazz.]

JD: Mr. Sadisuto is lighting him up!

[Grabbing Jazz by the arm, Sadisuto twists it around...

...and lashes back with a high kick, knocking Jazz down to the mat again...]

JD: S-DAWG on the apr-

[But Sadisuto is waiting for him, popping him with an overhead chop, knocking Shizz Dawg OG off the apron to the floor!]

JD: He clears out both members of The Rave and Mr. Sadisuto is walking tall!

[We crossfade again to later in the match where Jerby Jazz is ducking under a wildly-thrown knife edge chop, hitting the ropes...

...and leaving his feet with a leaping knee to the mush, sending Sadisuto staggering backwards!]

JD: Ohh! Big knee to the jaw!

[Jerby Jazz hits the ropes behind the Japanese superstar, rolling back to sweep out his legs with a rolling tackle!]

JD: Down goes Sadisuto!

[Jazz pops back up to his feet, pointing out to the crowd...

...and snaps off a standing moonsault!]

“OHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd roars in surprise as Sadisuto slips a shoulder off the mat...

...and we cut ahead again, showing Jazz setting Sadisuto on the top turnbuckle...]

JD: Jazz puts Sadisuto up to- OHHHH!

[The crowd gasps as Jazz landing a leaping uppercut to the jaw of Sadisuto before scaling the ropes, turning to stand beside the Japanese star. He grabs a handful of Sadisuto's hair, throwing a knee to the skull... and

another... and another... before lacing his leg over the back of Sadisuto's head, leaping off...

...and SMASHING him facefirst into the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[We cut ahead again to Jezz throwing back kicks to the ribs in the corner. He promptly throws himself backwards, smashing his back into Sadisuto's torso!]

JD: BOOM! He throws himself into Sadisuto!

[Grabbing the Japanese star by the arm, Jerby Jezz wings him across the ring, rushing behind him...

...and throwing himself into a spinning leg lariat in the corner!]

JD: JEZZ GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Sadisuto stumbles out of the corner as Jezz rushes to the ropes, leaping to the midbuckle, springing back...

...and getting knocked out of the sky as Sadisuto twists his body, throwing Jezz down to the canvas!]

JD: OHHH!

[Sadisuto drops back to the corner, turning his back as he reaches into his tights...]

CP: Sadisuto is digging for treasure, Dane!

JD: He's looking for something!

CP: If he's having to try that hard, I feel bad for Mrs. Sadisuto.

[A frantic Shizz Dawg OG jumps up on the apron, shouting at his partner, trying to warn him of what's about to come as Jerby Jezz reaches under the ropes...]

JD: What the-?!

CP: That rainbow freak just snatched my water bottle!

JD: I can see that but why?!

[Jezz throws his head back, drinking out of the bottle as Sadisuto approaches...]

JD: Sadisuto's got a handful of-

[As Jezz turns around, Sadisuto swings his arm towards him.]

JD: SALT!

[But as he attempts to throw the salt, Jezz leans up and SPEWS a mouthful of water in the face of the Japanese star, sending the salt sailing backwards, some of it hitting the referee in the face!]

JD: The referee's blinded! He can't see a thing!

CP: He wasted my water, Dane!

JD: He used your water to save his skin!

[With the official blinded, Shizz Dawg OG grabs the top rope with both hands, leaping up to the top rope...

...and DRILLING Sadisuto in the jaw with a missile dropkick!]

JD: HE CAUGHT HIM FLUSH IN THE-

[Sadisuto staggers back...

...into the waiting arms of Jerby Jezz who muscles him up into a fireman's carry.]

JD: He's got him up!

[With Sadisuto trapped in the fireman's carry, Shizz Dawg OG hits the ropes, rebounding off...

...into a leaping front flip where he grabs Sadisuto by the head, twisting his head as Jerby Jezz lets go...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: FLIPPING NECKBREAKER!!

[Shizz Dawg scrambles up, shaking the partially-blinded official, shoving him towards the lateral press that Jerby Jezz has applied.]

JD: Meekly can barely see but-

[But nonetheless, he raises his arm and slaps the canvas once... twice... and three times.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

JD: Jerby Jezz with an illegal assist but he's moving on to the second round!

CP: By hook or by crook, Shizz Dawg OG sends Jezz on to the second round of this tournament. He's gonna be one of thirty-two men fighting to become the AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[We crossfade from the pre-taped action in Alabama back to the Control Center.]

JD: Like Colt Patterson said, Jerby Jezz of The Rave finds himself thrust into the second round of this tournament. What a shocker! And I bet not even the time travelers themselves saw that one coming. So, let's take a look at who has moved through into the second round so far...

[A graphic replaces Jason on the screen:

Bumble Bee
Jackson Haynes
BC Da Mastah MC
Stevie Scott
Nenshou
Travis Lynch
Glenn Hudson
MAMMOTH Maximus
Scotty Mayhem
November
Tin Can Rust
Ron Houston
Dave Cooper
Rick Marley
Jerby Jezz]

JD: Fifteen men have advanced into the second round. Almost halfway there. And before we leave the air tonight, we'll know five more names to be added to the list. We've got highlights from The Spectre versus Sweet Daddy Williams in Atlanta to show you as well as "Carolina Crusher" Jeff Jagger meeting Chris Staley in Greenville, South Carolina. In addition, we've still got three BIG matches here on Saturday Night Wrestling with Robert Donovan versus Cletus Lee Bishop, Andrew Tucker taking on Dave Bryant, and tonight's Main Event pitting William Craven against Supernova! It's going to be a wild night here in Charlotte so don't you dare go away!

[We fade away from Jason Dane and the Control Center to a graphic that plays over Willie Nelson's "On The Road Again." A voiceover is heard as well.]

VO: The AWA's summer tour is underway and it'll be making stops in your favorite Southern cities throughout the months of June, July, and August!

The tour continues a week from tonight in Norfolk, Virginia! You will see Skywalker Jones in action alongside James Monosso and Playboy Enterprises. Plus, Alexander Kingsley the Third meets Manny Imbrogno in first round tournament action!

[The graphic fades and is replaced by another.]

VO: Then on Sunday, July 1st, we'll be in Richmond, Virginia for another night of AWA action featuring "Hotshot" Stevie Scott, "Red Hot" Rex Summers, and the Lynch brothers! Richmond, get ready for tournament action when Skywalker Jones meets El Corazon Negro in the first round!

[That graphic goes away as well.]

VO: And what about the Fourth of July! The First Tangle In Tampa will be LIVE on WKIK for another huge night of action featuring SIX HUGE FIRST ROUND MATCHES!

[The graphic fades to a standard AWA logo.]

VO: The AWA is rollin' all over the South all summer long so don't miss out when we come to YOUR town!

[We fade away from the commercial back to live action backstage to a close-up of a fairly nondescript door. As we begin to zoom out, the camera is briefly obscured by the massive frame of Robert Donovan walking by, passing in front of the door. The cameraman shouts out.]

Cameraman: Hey! Rob!

[Donovan pauses, looking back at him.]

Cameraman: Can I get a few words before your match tonight?

[Donovan glares at the cameraman for a moment.]

RD: Not now. I've got business to-

[Suddenly, the door swings open, revealing the new Longhorn Heritage Champion as its occupant. Glenn Hudson strides out into the corridor, the gold draped over one shoulder and a quizzical expression on his face. Hudson cracks a smile as he spots his fellow South Laredo veteran for the first time in over a decade.]

GH: MATE!!!

[Hudson flashes a casual salute to Donovan.]

GH: It's been a while, hey?! Didn't expect to s-

[The big man abruptly steps forward, standing directly in front of the Longhorn Heritage champ, looking at him rather intently. After a moment of awkward silence, a smile almost crosses Donovan's face, as he reaches out...and claps the champion twice, hard, on the belt-clad shoulder. Donovan turns, still grinning, and walks off, leaving the current Longhorn Heritage champion slightly confused...and probably with a bruised shoulder.]

Glenn takes a few slow steps backwards as he watches Donovan leave. He gingerly slides the belt off his shoulder and into both hands, peering at it as if searching his reflection for an explanation of what just happened. Not receiving one, Hudson sighs - however the look of concern on the veteran's face seems to have lifted a little. This man who has thrived on misdirection and uncertainty during his own career knows full well that the meaning of things will become apparent in due course. Satisfied at least to allow for a smirk, it's time for him to move on.]

GH: Time to face the critics.

[Hudson turns and starts to make his way in the opposite direction. We cut back to the commentary team at ringside. Bucky is clearly amused.]

BW: Hahahaha! Did you see that?! Hudson darn near jumped out of his skin! Donovan could've given him a heart attack!

GM: Maybe not the reunion Glenn Hudson had in mind.

BW: If he thinks he's gonna go around bein' friends with everyone while he has-

[A loud GONG! cuts that short as "Kong Foo Sing" by Regurgitator starts to blast over the public address system. Gordon and Bucky turn their heads towards the entrance area in unison. The new Longhorn Heritage Champion steps through the curtain to an enthused pop from the crowd. Glenn Hudson is dressed simply in a black t-shirt and blue jeans, but all eyes are drawn to the gold now worn around the Australian's waist.

A very pleased-looking Hudson pumps a fist into the air, milking the cheers. He starts to make his way down the aisle, slapping an outreaching hand here and there. When he reaches ringside, he unfastens the belt from his waist and drapes it back over his shoulder. Glenn continues around one corner of the ring and around to the adjacent side before quickly turning and rolling into the ring. He pops to his feet and holds the belt above his head. Another crowd pop! The music cuts off.]

GM: It's sounds like this man has some fans here tonight, at least.

BW: Just wait and see. Wait until the fifth of July, when this farce is over and that belt's back where it belongs.

GM: Well, you may call it farce, "Red Hot" Rex Summers called it robbery, but the fact remains that Glenn Hudson is the new champion. After nine years out of this sport, he defeated Summers in his comeback match at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Hudson collects a microphone from a ring attendant and wanders back to the middle of the ring, grinning from ear to ear.]

GH: G'day, Charlotte.

[Another, slightly cheaper pop. Hudson shrugs and nods to himself, satisfied that the classics are still relevant.]

GH: I'm gonna try to keep this short and sweet tonight. There are only two things I really need to say, but.. I get distracted sometimes. Alright, first thing. Two words.

[He throws up a Victory sign.]

GH: Thank you.

[Pop!]

GH: Thank you to the AWA for granting me this opportunity, the chance to get back in there and fight for something worth fighting for. To mix it up with the best field of talent in this business today. To make it a comeback to remember. And.. thank you - all of you..

[He points the microphone out towards the crowd briefly.]

GH: .. for sharing that with me.

[Pop and some applause from the fans. Hudson awkwardly tries to return the gesture, juggling microphone and belt.]

GH: It has to be said. Thank you too.. to "Red Hot" Rex Summers.

[The applause quickly turns to loud boos.]

GH: I know, I know. He has a punchable face, but honestly - Rex has good intentions in his heart. He's learned some hard lessons and he wants more than anything to share what he's learned.

[The booing dies down a little as we wonder where Glenn's going to take this.]

GH: Rex Summers knew that it's the champion that makes a championship what it is. Before he won this.

[He glances at the belt for a moment.]

GH: Rex Summers learned that a champion needs a clear, undisputed victory to pave their way, to put their best foot forward. Six months after All Star Showdown.. Six months after Rob Donovan..

[Crowd pop! Hudson grins and gives the belt a slap of his own for good measure before continuing.]

GH: .. The dodgiest of dodgy victories, and everyone knew it. Rex Summers now understands that when a title changes and there are doubts hanging, questions to be answered, you've just gotta settle it. Bottom line..

[A pause.]

GH: Rex Summers wants me to do this right. He doesn't want to draw this controversy out for months and months. So.. that leads us the second thing I need to say. Yes. Rematch. The First Tangle In Tampa. It's gonna happen. It has to happen.

[Another pop!]

GH: Thanks again.

[With that, Hudson flicks the microphone over his shoulder and his music kicks off once more. The cheers continue as Glenn lifts the belt up high again, walking a small circle before leaving the ring and heading back.]

GM: Well, the challenge was issued two weeks ago and it HAS been accepted! At The First Tangle In Tampa, Glenn Hudson will put his newly-won Longhorn Heritage Title on the line against the former champion, Rex Summers in a match that will have NO time limit, fans! And I personally can't wait for that one. But right now, let's go up to the ring for more first round tournament action!

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

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

[After a brief pause to heighten the anticipation or dull the edge of the indifference, a song recognizable at some point hits the PA system...

"Big Gun" by AC/DC.]

GM: That's Dave Bryant's theme music, and apparently this matchup brings a pretty sordid history along with it, Bucky.

BW: You think, Gordo? You think maybe Tucker remembers this guy and his two partners embarrassing them in front of their peers and thousands upon thousands of fans? You think he maybe remembers Bryant parading around with what used to be his tag team gold all those years ago? Maybe that kind of thing would stick in your head?

GM: Your sarcasm is certainly on point tonight!

BW: Why thank you!

[The Robfathah is first through the curtain, a fat man in an expensive suit. The former award-winning manager takes a few steps down the aisle, grins, and abruptly turns to face the entrance, pointing with both hands. Shortly thereafter, "The Doctor of Love" himself emerges, clad in a midnight blue silk robe with his name scrawled across the back in suitably glittery lettering.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, to be accompanied to the ring by "The Robfathah", Rob Christie...hailing from Las Vegas, Nevada, he stands at six feet, two inches tall and weights in at two hundred and thirty-five pounds...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

DAVE...

BRYANT!!

[The crowd isn't sure what to think of the good Doctor, so they do what they would do to any other cocky jerk -- boo him mercilessly! The Robfathah leads his charge to the ring, where Bryant walks calmly up the ringsteps and steps between the ropes, walking slowly over to the far corner and shrugging off his robe, grinning slightly as he looks around at the crowd. The robe goes over the top and into the hands of a nearby attendant, revealing a semi-stocky physique, deep blue trunks with 'DB' on the back, black kneepads, and black/deep blue boots. Bryant reaches back with both hands, grasping the top rope and leaning forward, stretching out. The Robfathah has made his way around the ring to Bryant's corner, and he folds his arms, a wide smile on his rather wide face.]

PW: And his opponent...

["When Worlds Collide" by Powerman 5000 kicks in to a big cheer from the AWA crowd.]

PW: From Oakland, California... weighing in at 225 pounds...

ANDREW

"FLAAAAAAAAASH"

TUUUUUCKERRRRRRR!

[Tucker bursts through the curtain in a sea of flashbulbs, throwing his arms apart and backing into the nearest barricade to allow the fans to embrace him and pat him on the back. Clad in long black tights with white lighting bolts adorned upon them, his blonde hair is flowing freely past his shoulders and his trademark Oakley sunglasses are covering his eyes as he turns towards the ring, raising a muscular arm to point at Bryant who smirks, waving his opponent towards the ring.]

GM: There's a lot of bad blood in this one, Bucky.

BW: There certainly is...and as much as Dave Bryant would like us to believe that he'd forgotten all about what happened to Tucker back in Los Angeles, you know it's just not true. No one forgets something like that... especially when there's gold involved, daddy.

[Tucker swiftly walks the aisle, jogging up the ringsteps. He glances at The Robfathah, threatening a backhand in the fat man's direction as he steps through the ropes to the cheers of the crowd.]

BW: Listen to these Carolina savages - cheering a man for threatening to strike a helpless manager.

GM: I've seen tapes of Christie in action. He's far from helpless.

BW: You know, Gordo... The Robfathah used to be an executive for the EMWC in Los Angeles. Maybe if Bryant gets eliminated early, we can find a spot for him in the front office. Heck, maybe the Championship Committee could use a guy like him!

GM: I sincerely doubt that.

BW: Really? I think he'd make a great Chairman of the Championship Committee actually! Watch your back, Watkins!

GM: I think "Big" Jim has little to be afraid of in that respect.

[Tucker tugs on the ropes, trying to stay loose as Bryant gets a last minute consult in with The Robfathah. Michael Meekly has words for all three men before he calls for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Tucker wastes no time in meeting Bryant in the center of the ring, going right to a collar and elbow tieup and promptly taking Bryant off his feet with an armdrag!]

GM: Tucker takes him down!

[Bryant pops right back up, shouting in Tucker's direction with a finger point punctuating his words. Tucker waves him off, circling around before they come together once more...]

GM: Back to the tieup... Bryant's got a little more size on Tucker, muscling him back into the corner...

[The referee steps in, calling for a clean break and it looks like Bryant is about to oblige when he buries a knee into the ribs. With a smirk, he brushes off the official, grabbing Tucker by the arm...]

GM: Bryant on the attack early, whip across the ring...

[Where Tucker promptly shows off his athleticism by running up the buckles, backflipping off, and landing on his feet...]

...with Dave Bryant, the wily veteran, standing right behind him, having not charged in after him!]

GM: Look out behind-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[As Tucker turns around, the Doctor Of Love paintbrushes him across the face, snapping Tucker's head around...]

...and sending "Flash" into a fury as he takes both of Bryant's legs out from under him, tackling him to the canvas!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[Tucker quickly begins hammering away at Bryant with clenched fists, battering him relentlessly as the referee starts a five count. At the count of four, Tucker breaks off his attack, allowing Bryant to roll out of the ring but Tucker's in hot pursuit, not allowing Bryant to escape to the floor as he hooks a handful of hair, dragging Bryant back up on the apron!]

GM: He's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[Scooping Bryant up, Tucker slams him down hard on the canvas with a bodyslam...]

...and then dives atop him again, throwing haymakers as quickly as he can manage!]

GM: He's trying to batter Bryant into oblivion!

[The referee's right on top of the situation again, counting to four before Tucker lets up and Bryant starts rolling away again...]

...only to catch a baseball slide kick to the ribs that deposits the Doctor of Love on the floor!]

GM: Ohh! That time Tucker took him out himself!

[Rising to his feet, Tucker grabs the top rope with both hands, waiting for Bryant to rise...]

...and catapults himself over the ropes, crashing down on a surprised Dave Bryant!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TUCKER WIPES HIM OUT ON THE FLOOR!!

[And promptly starts hammering Bryant's skull with right hands yet again!]

GM: He's all over him, fans! All over Bryant on the floor!

[A rather vocal Robfathah approaches, shouting at Tucker who suddenly gets to his feet, fists balled up as he strides towards Christie who quickly begins to backpedal!]

GM: Tucker wants a piece of Christie as well!

BW: Why?! What did he do?!

GM: I think Andrew Tucker's just mad at the entire world here tonight, fans! He wants to put a beating on anyone who is standing in that ring.

BW: So you're saying Meekly oughta be careful?

[Having successfully chased off The Robfathah, Tucker turns his focus back to Bryant who has risen to a knee...

...and slams his own head into Tucker's stomach on approach!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant cuts him off!

[Bryant wraps his arms around Tucker's waist...

...and SLAMS his spine into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Into the apron! The hardest part of the ring!

[Bryant takes a step back, throwing hooking rights and lefts to the ribcage of Andrew Tucker before blasting him with a European uppercut that sends Tucker sprawling between the middle and bottom ropes and back into the ring.]

BW: Bryant giving Tucker's dentist some extra work with that forearm and now he's on the attack, Gordo.

[Bryant pulls himself up on the apron, looking to pursue Tucker who returns fire, lunging through the ropes to drive his shoulder into Bryant's midsection...]

GM: Tucker catches him coming in. What's he setting up for here?

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Tucker catapults himself over the ropes again, grabbing Bryant around the waist on the way down...

...but Bryant clings to the top rope with both arms, struggling to avoid the sunset powerbomb!]

GM: BRYANT'S HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE!!

[With Tucker standing on the floor, his arms are wrapped around Bryant's thighs, trying to pry him loose from the ropes and powerbomb him onto the thinly-padded floor!]

GM: Andrew Tucker is trying to put Bryant THROUGH the floor!

[Tucker's momentum and tenacity seems to break Bryant down as the Doctor of Love's right arm slips off the ropes...

...and his fingers DIG into the eyes of Tucker!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant goes to the eyes!

[The Doctor of Love grabs a blinded Tucker by the long blonde hair, turning him facedown towards the mat with his knee braced against the back of the head...

...and DROPS down, driving Tucker's face into the ring apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Tucker crumples backwards from the savage assault, sprawling out on the floor as Bryant retakes his feet on the apron, arrogantly sneering down at the laid-out Tucker.]

GM: An absolutely diabolical move out there on the apron by Dave Bryant!

BW: Are you kidding me?! Tucker tried to powerbomb the guy on the floor! When you try something like that, anything that happens to you from there on out is fair game if you ask me.

GM: I'm not sure anyone did quite frankly.

BW: Watch your mouth, Myers. Don't get snippy with me.

[Bryant drops down to the floor, slowly dragging Tucker off the mats at ringside by the hair. With two hands full of hair, he SLAMS Tucker's face into the ring apron a second time, causing him to collapse in a heap against the apron where Bryant shoves him under the ropes.]

GM: Bryant puts him back in...

[Pulling himself up on the apron, Bryant slings himself between the top and middle ropes into a lateral press...

...with his feet strategically placed on the middle rope!]

GM: He's got his feet on the ropes! Ref, he's got his feet on-

BW: Shut your hole, Myers!

[But the referee spots the illegal leverage halfway into his count anyways, waving it off much to the dismay of both Bryant and Christie who give the official an earful.]

GM: The referee saw the feet on the ropes and broke it up. Good call, ref!

[Bryant leans down, dragging Tucker up by the hair again. A dazed Tucker throws a sloppy right hand that Bryant sidesteps, grabbing the arm as it sails by him. He secures an armbar with his right arm before raining down elbows on the shoulder joint with his left arm.]

GM: Oh! Repeated elbows to the arm and shoulder!

[The precision assault forces Tucker down to a knee where Bryant uses the leverage of the armbar to force Tucker all the way down to his stomach, cranking back on the arm in a makeshift Fujiwara attempt.]

GM: Bryant's got the arm trapped and he's wrenching back on it!

BW: He's no Marcus Broussard or Jeff Matthews with that Fujiwara but it's nicely sunk in. It'll do, Gordo... it'll do.

[Tucker claws at the mat as Bryant leans back, pulling on the arm with both hands.]

GM: So much pressure being applied to the shoulder joint!

[With Tucker refusing to quit, Bryant breaks the hold, climbing to his feet and repeatedly stomping the arm and shoulder. Tucker promptly rolls away from the attack, rolling closer to the ropes as Bryant methodically approaches, looking to inflict more punishment.]

GM: Bryant's moving in on him... Tucker trying to find a way to-

[Reaching up, Tucker hooks Bryant by the front of the trunks, using the leverage to pull him down, sending him sailing through the ropes and out onto the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Nice leverage move by Tucker! He's got Bryant out on the apron as he drags himself up off the mat.

[Back on his feet, Tucker stretches out, reaching down to pull Bryant to his feet. He goes to apply a front facelock with his right arm when Bryant grabs it with both hands...

...and DROPS down off the apron, snapping the limb down across the top rope! Tucker goes flailing backwards, clutching his right arm as Bryant ducks back under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Bryant's back in!

[Approaching from the rear, Bryant grabs the right arm to spin Tucker around...

...and gets caught with a big left hand on the jaw! Big cheer!]

GM: Tucker fires back with the left hand!

[A second left hand sends Bryant stumbling back a few steps, dropping to a knee for an instant before pushing himself back to his feet...

...and getting caught in a leaping hurricanrana from Tucker, legs cradled tightly as Meekly dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Bryant fires a shoulder off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt. Both men scramble, trying to beat the other to their feet. Tucker gets there first, landing a heavy knife-edge chop across the chest that sends Bryant reeling back into the ropes!]

GM: Good grief! He really laid that one in!

BW: This is a very personal situation, Gordo. A long time these two have waited to settle this score.

[Tucker marches in, winding up again and landing a second skin-blistering chop. A bright red welt starts to spread on Bryant's chest as Tucker grabs him by the wrist...]

GM: Whip by Tucker...

[The former Strictly Business member ducks his head, looking for a backdrop but gets a boot to the mush instead from the wily Bryant who winds up and lowers the boom with a big clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Tucker off the clothesline!

[A fired-up Bryant starts stomping the right shoulder of Tucker, trying to wear it down. Tucker rolls to his side, looking to protect it...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Hard kick to the spine!

[Tucker cringes from being kicked full force in the small of the back, rolling over to his stomach which makes him easy pickings for Bryant who plants his knee into the shoulderjoint before grabbing Tucker's arm and wrenching up on it.]

GM: Another armbar applied by Bryant who seems to have developed quite the ground game since the last time anyone saw him compete.

[Bryant yanks up on the arm, shouting at the official to check for a submission. But Meekly comes up shaking his head, informing the Doctor of Love that his opponent refuses to give in. An angry Bryant gets up, tugging down his kneepad.]

GM: He's pulling down the kneepad, exposing his kneecap...

[And leaps into the air, dropping the bony knee right down on the right shoulder!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief!

[With the knee still in place, Bryant tugs up on the arm again, screaming once more for the official to ask his opponent to give up. But Tucker screams a negative reply a moment before Bryant breaks the hold, dropping a second knee into the shoulder!]

GM: Bryant's going after that right arm and shoulder on Andrew Tucker, really taking the attack to it.

[Climbing back to his feet, Bryant drags Tucker up by the arm, dragging him to the ropes where he wraps the arm around the top rope before slamming the point of his elbow into the shoulder a few more times. The official steps in, backing Bryant off.]

GM: Get off the man - he's in the ropes!

BW: Bryant wants to take that arm home with him, Gordo.

GM: You could be right about that. He's absolutely vicious in his attack on it.

[Grabbing the arm again, Bryant whips Tucker across the ring, knocking him flat with a back elbow under the chin. He smirks at the jeering crowd as he does a little strut and then drops a kneepad-less kneedrop across the skull.]

GM: Kneedrop on the target! And there's a cover for one! For two!

[But Tucker kicks out before three, leaving an angry Bryant on his knees, hammering Tucker with right hands. He swiftly gets up at the referee's count of four, dragging Tucker up as well, flinging him through the ropes.]

GM: Bryant tried to send him to the floor but Tucker managed to land on the apron to save himself.

BW: For the moment.

GM: The Doctor of Love's moving in on him...

[As Bryant approaches, he throws a pair of right hands to the jaw of the rising Tucker. Tucker throws a right hand in response before Bryant leans in, sinking his teeth into the forehead of his opponent!]

GM: He's biting him! Come on, referee!

[The referee backs Bryant off as the Doctor of Love makes a big show of spitting repeatedly, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.]

BW: Ewww. Who knows where Tucker's been.

[Bryant dashes to the ropes behind him, bouncing off with a big charge across the ring...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[At the last possible moment, Tucker drops his head through the ropes, backdropping Bryant over the ropes and sending him CRASHING down on the barely-padded floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A DESPERATION COUNTER BY ANDREW TUCKER AND DAVE BRYANT'S IN SERIOUS TROUBLE, FANS!!

[Still hanging onto the ropes, Tucker pulls himself into a standing position against the ropes, breathing heavily as he tries to get a second wind. Out on the floor, the Robfathah has raced to Christie's side, kneeling next to him to try and encourage him back to his feet.]

GM: Bryant hit the ground hard there, Bucky.

BW: He certainly did. He hit that thin padding on the floor. It's concrete under there, Gordo!

GM: It's an easy way to end up at the chiropractor on Monday morning.

[With Christie's help, Bryant manages to regain his feet, barely able to stand...

...when suddenly Tucker leaps into the air, springing back off the middle rope...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: MOONSAULT!! MOONSAULT TO THE FLOOR BY TUCKER!!

[The crowd is absolutely ROARING now as Andrew Tucker went to the sky to wipe out Dave Bryant... just narrowly missing The Robfathah who moves quite well for a man of his girth.]

GM: Tucker's down! Bryant's down! But remember, there can NOT be a double countout in a tournament match! There MUST be a winner, fans!

[Several moments pass, The Robfathah shouting encouragement from nearby as Tucker slowly rises to his feet, dragging Bryant up using his left hand. He visibly is trying to protect his right arm as he shoves the Doctor of Love under the ropes into the ring. He reaches up with his left arm, dragging himself up onto the ring apron...]

GM: Bryant's back in and Tucker's coming in- no! He's heading up top!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Andrew "Flash" Tucker heads to the corner, slowly climbing the turnbuckles...]

GM: Tucker's heading up top! Bryant's down on his back and his opponent is heading for the penthouse!

[Tucker steps up to the top rope, looking out at the cheering crowd with his arms raised high over his head...

...and leaps into the air, tucking his arms and legs, and CRASHES down across the chest of Bryant!]

GM: FROG SPLASH!! THE TRADEMARK MOVE OF MIKE SEBASTIAN!!

BW: Tucker showin' some love to his tag partner!

[Tucker bounces off the prone Bryant, landing a few feet away and having to crawl back to throw himself into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! SHOULDER UP!! MY STARS, HOW IN THE WORLD...?!

[Tucker seems to be asking the same question as he climbs to his feet, burying his head in his hands. He pushes up off the mat, falling back to the corner where he waves his left arm, encouraging Bryant to get up off the mat...]

GM: He's looking for the Chronic Jumble Jaw! Tucker's superkick has claimed a lot of victims over the years and he's looking to finish off Dave Bryant right here and now to move on to the second round of this tournament!

[Bryant rolls to all fours, clutching his ribs where he took the full force of the frog splash. He slowly pushes up to his knees, glaring at Tucker for a moment before he climbs to his feet...]

GM: SUPERKICK!!!

[But the Doctor Of Love, a master of the superkick in his own right, sees it coming and easily ducks under it, allowing Tucker to sail past him. Bryant quickly sets his feet as Tucker turns...]

BW: CALL ME IN THE MORNI-

[Much as Bryant did a moment earlier, Tucker ducks under the superkick attempt from his opponent, swinging around to face him as he turns...

...and both men lash out with their trademark superkick at the same time, catching each other squarely under the chin and sending one another sailing backwards, crumpling to the canvas to an ENORMOUS ROAR from the crowd!]

GM: DOUBLE SUPERKICK!!

BW: Holy- I don't think I've ever seen that before! They superkicked each other at the same time, Gordo!

GM: That's EXACTLY what happened! Tucker and Bryant both went for their signature move and laid EACH OTHER out!

[The crowd is roaring, on their feet now as they cheer on Andrew Tucker, trying to inspire him to get back up and continue the fight as Dave Bryant crawls towards the sound of his manager's voice.]

GM: The Robfathah is here by us, screaming at his man... begging him to get up. And across the ring, you can see Andrew Tucker flat on his back, staring at the lights.

BW: Bryant looks like an infantry soldier in there, belly-crawling his away across the ring. He can't even push up onto all fours, Gordo.

GM: Both men are down. Both men are hurt after hitting one another with their patented superkicks!

[Tucker suddenly rolls to his stomach, trying to shove his arms underneath him and force himself off the mat. Across the ring, Bryant continues to belly-crawl inch by inch towards The Robfathah who is repeatedly slamming his clenched fist on the apron.]

GM: Gaah, that man's obnoxious.

BW: I kinda like him, Gordo.

GM: You would.

BW: I bet HE'D go to Sizzlah after the show with me.

GM: I bet he'd put them out of business.

[Bryant stretches out his right arm, almost as if he's hoping to tag Christie into the match.]

GM: What the heck... this isn't a tag match, Bucky!

BW: Maybe Bryant's confused. Maybe he saw Tucker in there with him and thought Setzer Van Strife was standing in his corner again waiting for a tag.

GM: Heaven help us if that's true.

[The Doctor of Love draws nearer and nearer towards the ropes where The Robfathah is standing as Tucker pushes up onto all fours.]

GM: Both men are starting to stir! Both men trying to get off the mat before the other one does!

BW: This is one of those moments, Gordo. Whoever gets up first might win the whole friggin' thing!

[Suddenly, Christie pulls himself up on the apron, drawing the attention of the official.]

GM: What the-?! Get him down from there!

[Bryant pushes up to his knees, lifting his hands as Christie digs into his pocket, giving a quick underhanded throw of an object towards the Doctor Of Love.]

GM: He threw something! Christie just threw something to Bryant!

BW: Are you sure about that?

GM: I'm positive! Bryant's got something in his hand!

[Bryant turtles up, covering up his fist as Tucker approaches. Tucker leans down...

...and gets POPPED on the jaw with a clenched fist!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He knocked him flat! He knocked him out cold!

[The Doctor Of Love stuffs the object down the front of his trunks, crawling over onto Tucker. Christie frantically gestures at the unconscious Tucker, waving the official to count.]

GM: No, no! Not like this! Not like this please!

[Meekly dives to the mat, ready to count down Tucker's shoulders.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[The crowd abruptly breaks into a ROAR at the sight of someone hurdling over the barricade...]

GM: THRE- WHAT THE?!

[...grabbing the official by the leg and tugging him from the ring!]

GM: Someone just pulled the ref out!

BW: Bryant had it won!

GM: He did! He most certainly did! By hook or by crook but this fan just intervened and-

[The “fan” in question suddenly is caught by the camera.]

GM: Hey! That’s Mike Sebastian!

BW: What the HELL is he doing here?!

GM: Mike Sebastian is Andrew Tucker’s tag team partner in Strictly Business and he just bailed his partner out in this match!

[A furious Dave Bryant stalks over to the ropes, shouting down at Sebastian who is arguing with the official on the floor, gesturing to Bryant’s trunks.]

GM: Sebastian’s telling the ref what happened! He’s telling the official that Bryant coldcocked Tucker with whatever the heck is in his tights, Bucky!

BW: I still don’t know if I believe that.

GM: It happened! We all saw it happen!

[Bryant leans down, taking a swing at Sebastian who counters by leaping up, grabbing Bryant around the head and neck, and dropping off the apron to snap Bryant’s throat off the top rope!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: That’s illegal! Outside interference!

GM: The referee’s letting it go and-

[Bryant staggers back into the ring...

...where Tucker pulls him down into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: SCHOOLBOY!! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

BW: Ahhh! What a ripoff!

[Tucker promptly rolls from the ring, falling into the embrace of Mike Sebastian as the duo starts to walk back up the aisle, celebrating Tucker’s victory.]

GM: Andrew Tucker is moving on to the second round of this tournament, fans! Tucker just rolled up Bryant after Bryant nearly won with an illegal blow from whatever the heck he stuffed down into his tights! Bryant almost stole it but thanks to Mike Sebastian, he couldn’t get it done. Andrew Tucker is moving on, fans!

BW: That whole thing makes me sick. Sebastian, the referee letting the interference go, all of it!

GM: Like it or not, Andrew "Flash" Tucker is moving on to the second round of the tournament and Dave Bryant's comeback may have just been cut short, Bucky.

BW: Disgusting.

GM: Fans, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more AWA action so don't you dare go away!

[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 fade back up on the backstage area where Jason Dane stands.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen... please welcome my guest at this time... "Playboy" Johnny Casanova!

[Casanova struts into view looking like a million bucks. Dressed in a fitted perfect Yves Saint Laurent black suit with a matching vest and red tie. His dyed blonde hair is slicked back and shades cover his eyes. He smacks Dane on the shoulder nearly sending him tumbling. Dane regains his footing.]

JD: Johnny Casanova, I have to ask what is on everyone's mind. Where have you been?

[Casanova hesitates then smiles at Dane.]

JC: Jason Dane... take a look at me daddy! [spins around] I got the Twenty-five hundred dollar suit, the fifteen hundred dollar Tanino Crisci's shoes and the Rolex baby!

[Runs his hands through his hair.]

JC: But if you don't get what I'm saying Dane, and there is a good chance you aren't... I've been livin' the dream daddy! Late nights, hot girls and expensive champagne. Celebrating my victory on the Fourth of July!

JD: Celebrating your... but you haven't even wrestled yet! How can you be so sure you will even win against Ronnie D?

[Johnny shakes his head.]

JC: Take a good loooong look at what stands before you Dane. I'm the home wreckin', butt smackin', fly by night and LOOKING OH SO TIGHT! _REAL_ "PLAYBOY"! Known as Johnny Casanova! While I...

[Dane interrupts getting a scowl from the self proclaimed "REAL" Playboy.]

JD: Are you not even a little worried of facing a man like Ronnie D in the first round? We're talking about a man who was at one time considered one of the best in this sport. Some would even argue a legend!

[Casanova scoffs. He takes off his shades and stares at Dane.]

JC: You know Dane, you could be right. Ronnie D just might be a pioneer in this sport. He may just be a legend. But do you know what those two words have in common?

JD: Greatness?

[Casanova smirks.]

JC: _OLD_ Dane. To be a pioneer in the sport, means a long time ago daddy! To be a legend it means a legacy or done something that the people will never forget! Ronnie D did some stuff a _twenty_ years ago Dane. I don't know but when is that last time you heard that name in the ring?

When's the last time his name main evented a card?

[Hearing no response, Casanova continues.]

JC: That's right Dane, A LONG TIME AGO DADDY! He's a relic! He may have used the "Playboy" moniker first, [jets two thumbs at his own chest] But I'm the guy who made it famous daddy! While I'm out on the town with the most gorgeous women on the planet begging to get some of Johnny Casanova... that dinosaur is out front of the local manor trying to score a date with the widows of World War II veterans!

[Casanova laughs and does a little dance. Obviously fired up. Dane shakes his head a little annoyed.]

JD: You have to give Ronnie D some credit. You can't think it will be that easy.

JC: Jason Dane, my fine little friend, you're looking at the next AWA World Heavyweight champion. You want me to give Ronnie D some credit? [smirks] Okay daddy.

[turns to camera.]

JC: Ronnie D, I want to thank-you for joining this tournament. I want to thank-you for getting out of the rocker you've been sitting in for the past twenty years and signing on the dotted line to come to the AWA for this tournament. But most importantly Ronnie D, I want to thank you Daddy for the easiest advancement into the second round when I show the World just who is the REAL "Playboy" and send you packing back to obscurity where you NEVER should have left.

[Casanova spins and laughs again as he runs his hands through his hair again. He smacks Dane on the shoulder before walking out of view.]

JD: Overconfidence is a dangerous enemy... especially when you're talking about the best in the world battling it out for the AWA World Heavyweight Title. Gordon, Bucky... back to you...

[We crossfade back down to ringside where the announcers are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. The World Heavyweight Title tournament certainly has brought the best from around the world including men like "Playboy" Ronnie D and Gabriel Whitecross. In fact, our next match will have one of the many outside competitors in the World Title Tournament on display. In fact, he's a man that many of us in the AWA are already very familiar with...

BW: I still can't believe Todd Michaelson blew it this badly! We could've made a mint off this guy!

[Cut to the ring.]

PW: The following contest is a special showcase match, scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Phoenix, Arizona... Eric Thomas!

[A tall, beefy dude that looks to be about 270 pounds raises a flabby arm to the indifference of the crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights go out as the haunting vocals of Deborah Harry can be heard over the PA system.]

Step into a world #
Where there's no one left #
But the very best

No MC can test

["Step into a World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One begins to play as the crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and boos(but mostly boos). As the song kicks into high gear, a spotlight hits the entrance, where we see Supreme Wright stepping through. Wright hops around and throws shadow punches to loosen up, before making his way down to the ring as the houselights come back up.]

PW: ...hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing 225 pounds...

SUPREME WRRIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[Wright's hair is pulled back into tight cornrows snaking into an intricate zig-zag design and he wears an AWA Combat Corner t-shirt, much to the crowd's chagrin. He climbs to the second turnbuckle and removes the shirt, tossing it into the crowd...only to have it quickly tossed back at him!]

BW: Did you see that, Gordo? He was wearing a Combat Corner shirt! The nerve of this guy...I kinda' like it!

GM: Indeed I did. For the viewers at home who aren't aware... Supreme Wright was a former student of the AWA's very own Combat Corner, who left the school under some very controversial circumstances back in 2009. He's found success wrestling all around the world, but has come back to the AWA for a shot at becoming our very first World Champion.

BW: And he ain't had a lot of kind things to say about the AWA since he came back, Gordo. There's still a lot of bitter feelings over what happened back then.

GM: A sentiment many of our fans disagree with...as we just saw.

[Simply laughing off the crowd's ire, Wright motions for Phil Watson's microphone, turning to his opponent. He begins to speak, even as a small, but vocal portion of the crowd chants, "You sold out!" at him.]

SW: Mr. Thomas...unlike me, this ain't the first time you've been in an AWA ring, is it?

[The Arizona native shakes his head.]

SW: Would you mind telling these fine people out here, who you wrestled previously?

[Supreme points the microphone at Thomas, who leans in to answer.]

ET: Aaron Anderson.

[Supreme feigns shock.]

SW: AARON ANDERSON! My goodness! And here you are, over two and a half years later, facing the man that you SHOULD'VE been facing that night instead of that washout! Ain't that just the biggest coincidence?

[Thomas shrugs.]

SW: Well, Mr. Thomas...good luck to ya'. May the best man win.

[Supreme holds his hand out to Thomas with a big smile. Thomas stares suspiciously at Wright for a moment, before shaking his hand and moving back to his corner. Wright then turns his attention to the camera as the smile drops from his face.]

SW: And Jaiden Andrews? You BETTER be watchin'.

[Wright then hands the microphone back to Phil Watson, as he turns to stretch out in a neutral corner.]

BW: Wow, Gordo...ain't that crazy? The guy that wrestled the first ever Combat Corner graduate has a match against the guy that thinks HE should've been the first graduate!

GM: Somehow, I doubt this match-up was a coincidence at all.

BW: You're just being paranoid!

GM: Whatever you say, Bucky. Well, I've certainly heard a lot about Supreme Wright, but this will be the first time we'll see him in action in the AWA.

"DING DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Wright and Thomas tie-up in the center of the ring, with Wright immediately procuring a standing wristlock. Thomas looks for an escape, scooping Wright up and bodyslamming him. However, Wright keeps the wristlock on as he falls, pulling Thomas down to the canvas with a modified armdrag and getting back to his feet...maintaining the hold!]

GM: OH! Wright relentless with that wristlock, keeping it locked on, even as Thomas slammed him to the mat.

BW: He's supposed to be one of the top mat wrestlers in the sport, Gordo. You usually can't just try to beat those kind of guys with brute force.

[From there, Thomas fights his way back to his feet as Wright quickly switches over to a top wristlock. With a suddenly yank downwards, he sends Thomas hitting the canvas hard.]

GM: A very unique takedown from Wright.

BW: Thomas hit hard with that one, Gordo. Landed right on his head and elbow. Wright used nothing but leverage and Thomas' own weight against him on that one.

[Wright pulls Thomas to his feet and locks him into a cravate, dragging him towards the ropes and then whipping him forward with a snapmare...]

GM: Oh my! A snapmare right into the ropes!

BW: Puckett's legs got whipped right into those ring ropes, Gordo...and those things don't got much give. I've seen a lotta' men use the ring as a weapon, but never quite like that.

GM: Wright making very unique use of basic wrestling holds, so far.

BW: In the hands of a skilled wrestler, even the most basic holds are deadly, Gordo!

[As Thomas seems to have suffered some damage to his right leg, he's dragged into the middle of the ring by the ankle. Wright then wraps his arm around the injured leg and suddenly falls back, causing the Texan to yell out in pain!]

GM: That looked almost like Wright was trying to DDT Puckett's leg!

BW: That's EXACTLY what it was! From what I've seen of him, Wright's M.O. is to go after an injured body part and just work it over 'til the entire limb's useless.

GM: Eric Thomas is certainly in a precarious position right now.

[Grabbing Thomas' leg, Wright then twists him over into a half crab.]

GM: And now Wright's got Thomas stuck in that half crab right in the middle of the ring, showing off his submission expertise.

BW: If you've seen the tapes on this kid...you'd know we're not even scratching the surface here. Wright can twist this guy into a pretzel if he wants t-...

[As Puckett tries to drag himself into the ropes, Wright quickly switches holds, going from a half crab and right into an STF!]

BW: ...see what I mean?

GM: Thomas was getting close to the ropes and Wright cut him right off. Very impressive.

BW: He's got him all twisted up, right now. He's got the leg hooked, he's got that facelock cinched in...Wright's just stretching the heck outta' this guy.

[Thomas desperately reaches for the ropes, but as he does so, Wright once again transitions the hold, moving from a facelock right into a...]

GM: A FULL NELSON! Supreme Wright's ability to seamlessly go from one submission right into another is amazing.

BW: You hear the crowd? They were hating on him earlier, but even they're impressed! Kinda' makes you wonder what the heck Todd Michaelson was thinking when he was graduating all those other chumps ahead of him, doesn't it?

GM: The Combat Corner's produced many fine professional wrestlers.

BW: Yeah, but then they go and let the best one get away!

GM: I'm sure Jeff Jagger or Skywalker Jones would disagree with that assessment.

BW: Jones I'll give you. He's got a legit argument...but Jagger? HA!

[Switching gears, Wright releases his toehold and with the full nelson still applied, pulls Thomas back to his feet. He then quickly rushes towards the nearest corner, ramming the Arizona-native chest-first into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Oh! Thomas hits the corner hard.

[With Thomas stuck in the corner, Wright places his opponent's legs over the second rope and bends the Arizonian backwards with a knee right into the small of his back...quickly followed by a kick to back and seamlessly pivoting around, DRIVING Thomas to the canvas with an elbowdrop!]

GM: What a series of moves from Wright!

BW: Can you imagine what Jaiden Andrews must be thinking right now? This is what he's gotta' deal with in just a few weeks!

GM: Jaiden Andrews is a long time veteran in this sport. He will certainly be up to the challenge.

BW: Yeah, but I got a feeling he's never been in the ring with someone quite like this, Gordo. We've seen our share of great technical wrestlers in the AWA, but this guy does stuff I'm not even sure existed before tonight!

GM: I have to agree with that...he's a very unique wrestler.

[Dragging Thomas back towards the center of the ring, Wright pulls hard on his leg, before going into a spinning toehold, apparently attempting a figure-four leglock. However, as he bends down to secure it, Thomas suddenly springs to life, catching Wright with a big right hand!]

GM: Oh! A closed fist stops Wright dead in his tracks!

BW: Wright's been wrestling rings around Thomas all match, but a punch to the jaw's just as good as a wristlock!

[Another big punch sends Wright staggering back as Thomas gets back to his feet, limping. He runs...or rather, hobbles into the ropes, only to immediately get cracked in the jaw with an elbowshot from Wright!]

BW: Hell, an elbow's fine too!

[Dazed from the blow, the burly Thomas leaves himself open for a pair of one-two strikes from Wright's right and left elbows. Wright then hits him with a spinning reverse elbow that sends him toppling. As he gets to his knees, Wright moves in...]

GM: A devastating combination of blows from Wright...

"SMAAACCKK!"

GM: OH!!! WHAT A KICK TO THE HEAD!

BW: Koyla Sudakov couldn't have thrown a better roundhouse than that, daddy!

[With Thomas nothing more than dead weight now, Wright then pulls him up to his feet and lifts the man from Phoenix over his shoulder in a bearhug. He then proceeds to cross Thomas' right leg under the crook of Thomas' own left knee, effectively trapping it. Wright holds Thomas' legs in that position for a second, before he takes a step forward and sits out, DRIVING Puckett knees-first into the canvas!]

GM: OH MY STARS! I've never seen a kneebreaker executed like that! Have you, Bucky?

BW: That was like a double kneebreaker, Gordo. He crossed the man's legs over each other and drove'em both down into the mat. He might've blown out his knees right there!

[The former Combat Corner student sits there, admiring his own handiwork for a second, as Thomas holds his knees in pain. He then gets up and turns Thomas onto his stomach. From there, he laces Thomas' legs over his arms and then interlocks his fingers together, applying an inverted cloverleaf, otherwise known as...]

GM: AND THERE'S THE SUPREMACY! That's Supreme Wright's trademark submission hold!

BW: He's bending the hell out of Puckett! He's gonna' break the kid's back!

[Only a few seconds pass, before Eric Thomas furiously slaps his hand repeatedly on the canvas, screaming out in agony all the while!]

GM: And it's over!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Your winner of the match...

SUPREEEME WRRIIGGGGHHHHHT!

[Another decidedly negative reaction comes from the AWA faithful, as Wright's arm is raised in victory, looking otherwise indifferent to the result. As he exits the ring, he passes by a camera...]

"Was THAT good enough, Mr. Michaelson?"

[...and walks to the back, ignoring the crowd.]

GM: Supreme Wright has sent out a **STRONG** message to everyone in the World Title Tournament with an absolutely dominating performance.

BW: Thomas had zero clue how to deal with Wright, tonight. That was the very definition of being outwrestled.

GM: Eric Thomas may have struggled, but you can be sure that Jaiden Andrews is doing his homework right now, because Supreme Wright looks like he's going to be a very tough out in the tournament.

BW: Then he better hit the books harder, 'cause based on tonight's performance, Wright's looking like a dang calculus problem!

GM: That match will take place in a little less than a month's time right here on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans, and trust me - you do NOT want to miss it when it happens. Let's go to Jason Dane at the interview platform!

[Crossfade to Dane at the platform.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, please help me welcome to Charlotte... Travis Lynch!

[Just as Dane finishes saying his name, "Tom Sawyer" by Rush plays throughout the Bojangles Arena. The youngest of the Lynch wrestling clan steps out from the back and instantly fills the air with the deafening screams of the ladies in the house, nearly drowning out his music. The young man is dressed in a pair of blue jeans, his trademark cowboy boots, and a black AWA Lynch Brothers t-shirt which, as usual, appears a size too small for him.]

GM: Travis Lynch defeated Bruno Verhoeven about a month ago at Memorial Day Mayhem to cash his ticket to the second round of this tournament. It

was an impressive victory and really opened some eyes of people who thought he didn't stand a chance in this thing.

[He slaps a few hands on his way to the platform then climbs up the steps, raising both arms in the air to the cheers of the crowd as the music fades and Dane begins.]

JD: First things first, Travis, congratulations on advancing to the field of thirty-two for the AWA World Championship.

[Travis smiles for a moment and as he does the females in attendance cheer.]

JD: But it seems that victory for you has sent The New Butcher, Bruno Verhoeven, on a rampage in the AWA as he is leaving opponents laying in crumpled heaps.

[Travis nods in agreement.]

TL: Crumpled is a good way to say it, Jason. I found out at Memorial Day Mayhem that the Slaughterslam is vicious and if Verhoeven had connected with it earlier in the match I wouldn't be standing here as a part of the second round.

[The crowd boos at that thought by Travis.]

TL: But I am and I plan on advancing again!

[Loud cheers erupt for Texas' Favorite Son.]

JD: And from that ovation these people seem to agree with you.

[Travis smiles again as he thrusts his arm into the air, acknowledging the fans cheers.]

JD: But the question on everyone's mind, Travis, is how is James?

[The smile fades as Travis runs his right hand through his hair.]

TL: James is holding up, Jason... he's holding up back home at the ranch.

JD: How serious is his injury?

TL: That's not something I'm going to get into. When James wants everyone to know what happened he'll let them know. But I will thank all the fans for the support that James has received over the past few weeks. He truly appreciates it.

JD: So what does this mean for the Lynches here in the AWA?

[Travis looks at Jason for a brief moment.]

TL: The Lynches in the AWA? Last time I checked Jack's still standing tall and so am I!

JD: I wasn't implying-

TL: I know what you meant Jason. Well, there is business that needs to be taken care of. Last time I checked when you try to take out a Lynch you damn better take us all out. Rave, payback is coming. Be it in the form of the Discus punch or a few Iron Claws you will pay and since you claim to be from the future you probably already knew that.

[Travis smirks and winks at the camera.]

TL: And as for the Bishop Boys...

[Travis grabs the microphone from Jason.]

TL: All big 'Black' Jack needs to do is ask and I'm right there by his side to bring those AWA National Tag Team Championship Belts back to the Lynch family!

[The crowd cheers that as Lynch pats Dane on the back and starts to exit the arena as "Tom Sawyer" begins to play again. We crossfade back down to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Travis Lynch may be the youngest of the Lynch wrestling family but no one can say he's lacking in the heart department, fans. He's got his plate full with the tournament but he's also ready and willing to take it to The Rave for what they did to his big brother, James, two weeks ago... AND he wants Jack Lynch to know that he's ready to go for the tag titles with him if he needs him.

BW: Oh, little baby Stench is a big tough guy now. But I'm guessing he won't be anywhere NEAR as tough when he draws his second round opponent. Man, I hope it's someone who separates his head from his shoulders permanently!

GM: You make me sick. Fans, let's go back up to the ring for more- wait a minute! Sultan Azam Sharif is out here, and he is not scheduled... his match was earlier.

BW: Where's he think he's going without Bathwaite?

[Indeed, Sharif is now arriving at ringside. His match was well over an hour ago, and he is now clad in his street clothes. For Sharif, that's a suit and tie... he is well-dressed, a startling change from his traditional ring garb. His kaffiyeh and agal, however, remain entrenched atop his head.

Sharif heads to the broadcast position, and moves up to Gordon and Bucky. Gordon picks up the wired house mic at the broadcast table and clicks it on... it's his job to be prepared.]

GM: Sultan, you already had your interview time!

[Sharif answers in that infamous thick barely-intelligible accent... and a very serious tone of voice.]

SAS: Men fahtlek, Mistair Gordun Myer, but dis is umportunt. Mistair Count Batwaite, he had forbid me to speak, but for my honair, I haf to say vat I haf to say.

I just find out dot my opponunt, Tompa Florda, gunna be Mistair Homultun Grom. Un I know dot all deh wrasslairs, all deh fans, tousan tousan peepell all over deh vurld, dey all tink dot Mistair Homultun Grom is vash up un cannot wrastle. But I vont to tell you story about dot man, un vat he do for me.

Five year ago, Tehran Iran, oldest country in deh vurld, best wrastling team in deh vurld, dey tell me dot I vasn't gonna be on Olympic team for Bejing China. I vas Olympian for Athens Greece, I vas Ashun Game shampwon, Busan Sout Korea, un Doha Qatar! But dey tell me dot my wrastling career vas over un I diddunt make Bejing Olympic team. I only ever wrastle my whole life! I haf nothing vidout dot, un Iran vould not let me Omigrate to othair country to wrastle. But Benham al Ebrahim, good man, he tell me dot I could go professanul, to AmerEca, un dot vhy he call up only AmerEcun wraslair he trust.

Mistair Homultun Grom, he come ten tousun mile to Shiraz Iran, he didnt know deh longuage, he only knew dot vun man vant to be professanul wrastlair. Un he train me to be professunal wrastlair, he train very hard. He give no mercy, un I diddunt vant mercy. He give me deh best training, un become my coach for AmerEcun wrastling. He do this for me, un I know dot he did it for deh money, but he diddunt haf to come all deh vay to Iran ven dere vere peepell vant to be train in USA. He come ten tousun mile, because he believe dot Olympic shapwon, Ashun game shampwon, who only know wrastling his whole life, dot I vould make him proud un make wrastling proud!

Now! Mistair Homultun Grom! I gonna pay dot bock! Un dis is how I'm gunna pay dot bock! Tompa Florda, July Four, all deh peepell, tousun tousun people in Tompa Florda, dey all gonna shant "USA USA". Dey gonna see you, Mistair Homultun Grom, un I know you vant to prove to deh vurld dot you are still strong! Still great wrastlair! Still a shampwon! Un on July Four, I gonna come at you, un do for you vat you do for me! No mercy! I gonna come to Tompa Florda to destroy you, to break your bock... because dot is how you teach me! Un you gonna need to be still strong, still shampwon, to make it in ring with me!

Dot is vat I give to you... just vat you always vant. Deh shance to show all deh peepell, vat ontollEgunt AmerEcun already know, dot you are REAL. I do dis for you, because it is honair to me. I give you de hardest fight dot you ever haf! De BEST motch! Un dey gunna know dot you are real.

But Mistair Homultun Grom... I believe in you dot you are still strong. Still shampwon.

BUT REMEMBAH!

[Sharif pauses, staring hard into the camera. It is an unsettling stare... not unlike that of his "coach".]

SAS: Iran.

Iran, Mistair Homultun Grom... Iran numbair vun.

[Solemnly, Sharif holds up a single index finger. He's not shouting this the way he normally does. The meaning of the gesture is clear... he's there to win. And with that, he heads off.]

GM: Bro-THER. Sharif with a history with Hamilton Graham, who trained him for the professional ranks after his amateur career in Iran!

BW: And that's exactly how a man like Hamilton Graham would train someone to be, Gordo. The Sultan's going to Tampa to take Graham out, no mercy, no quarter. No sympathy for an old man... just how Hamilton wants it, daddy!

GM: I guarantee we won't see Hamilton Graham crack a smile over that, but that does indeed sound like what he'd approve of. That match at Tampa just became even more interesting... Sharif intends to go full-out and injure Graham if he can, to force Graham to show the world his full strength!

BW: And you know that Graham was gonna do likewise; that's the only way he knows.

GM: I just wonder what Bathwaite thinks about this. He has a long history with Hamilton Graham from their wars in the ring many years ago. Bathwaite got the better of Graham in the early years, but when Hamilton hit his prime, the tables completely turned and Adrian suffered some crushing defeats at the hands of Hamilton Graham. And we all know how that man carries grudges.

BW: Forever. Yeah, this'll be REAL interesting.

GM: I just can't believe Graham didn't mention any of this earlier tonight, Bucky. He made it seem like he and Sharif were total strangers and... well, some of his comments were quite inflammatory. We're going to need to get to the bottom of this one, fans. We're going to take a quick break and we'll be right back with the Control Center!

[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 fade back up to live action to what can only be the AWA World Title Tournament Control Center. Jason Dane is standing before a bank of monitors as he begins to speak.]

JD: Welcome back to the Control Center, fans... your source of all the breaking news about this historic tournament that is ongoing here on Saturday Night Wrestling, The First Tangle In Tampa, and just about everywhere else that the AWA can be seen LIVE! It was a week ago now, in Atlanta, Georgia, where The Spectre did battle with the hometown hero Sweet Daddy Williams with a slot in the second round on the line. Let's hear from both men and then go down to ringside where myself and Colt Patterson were calling all the action!

[The camera cuts backstage to Jason Dane in front of an AWA banner, standing with the mic held out to the fullest extent his arm will allow. The camera pulls back a bit more to reveal the source of the interviewer's discomfort...the goth madman known as The Spectre. Clad in a cutoff black t shirt, black jean shorts and Doc Marten Combat boots, the ghoulish grappler stands with his face partially obscured by his dreadlocks as Jason Dane looks at him carefully...sort of the way someone might watch a rabid animal were they to find themselves in the same room with it.

With the doors and windows barred.

For his part, The Spectre stands...and waits...quietly watching the small man with a humorless amusement.]

JD: Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen...I'm here with a ring veteran who's new to AWA, arriving only just prior to the World Title Tournament, The Spectre. His unorthodox--

[Spectre moves forward, reaching out slowly and removing the mic from Jason Dane's hand, then shooing him off camera before turning to look into the lens.]

Spectre: We have no time for your questions and tired platitudes, Jason Dane...and certainly not the patience for them. Our purpose here is not to bandy about with the help. It's not to terrify the audience as it gasps in terror at the violent outbursts from the exotic madman who has arrived in their midst...and it's certainly not to amuse small children or sell popcicles and action figures.

We have come to AWA for one purpose and one purpose only:

We have come to lay claim to your World Title.

As we explained before, the claims that have been made...and you, Jason Dane have helped to perpetuate...with regards to the tradition associated with your corner of the sport that we have dedicated our life to offend us. We feel that you have stolen credit that rightly belongs elsewhere, and we intend to show you precisely what happens when a travesty of this nature occurs.

We will bring fury.

We will bring hatred.

We will bring ferocity.

And you? You will counter with a dancing fat man."

[Spectre shakes his dreadlocked head, staring first at Dane, then at the camera.]

Spectre: "Sweet Daddy" Williams, we believe it's called...but in the end its name isn't our concern...it will simply be another name in a long line that we've left lying broken and bloodied in our wake.

He will shake and shimmy to the adulation of the crowd...and we will show them what TRUE violence is. We will bare our teeth, spill his blood and offer him a baptism in pain.

And as his fans stare on in horror at the atrocities that we have unleashed upon them, each and every one will realize what it means to truly...

Fear the Dark."

[Spectre looks at Dane and drops the mic before stalking off camera... and we fade to a similar shot backstage where Sweet Daddy Williams is standing with Colt Patterson.]

CP: I'm back here in the locker room with Sweet Daddy Williams. Sweet Daddy, I've been walkin' the streets of your hometown - Hotlanta, GA - all day long and these people are jacked to see you compete tonight.

[Williams cracks a big grin, clad in a pair of navy blue trunks and a white windbreaker jacket that is partially unsnapped.]

SDW: Hotlanta, GA, baby... it's home sweet home for ol' Sweet Daddy and believe me when I tell ya's that there ain't no place like home. The people are buzzin', you could cook an egg on the asphalt, and the building's been sold out for weeks 'cause everybody's comin' to see their hometown boy, yours truly, do what I do better than anyone else.

You know, Colt... bein' home reminds me of my youth.

[Williams looks up, rubbing his chin.]

SDW: Reminds me of walkin' those hot streets to school and back every day. Reminds me of chasin' down the ice cream truck on a summer afternoon. It reminds me of Sunday dinner with the whole family and neighborhood at my grandma's house.

But most of all, it reminds me of my mama - God rest her soul.

[He looks down for a moment, silent for a bit.]

SDW: I loved my mama, Colt. She was the light of my life. She was always there when I needed anything - whether it was someone to sew up my pants or to wipe the blood off my knee. She took me to my Little League games and was there on my first day of wrestling school.

But the thing I remember most was the stories she used to tell. Big, long-winded stories that seemed like they'd go on for hours about our family. I liked those - they made me laugh.

But the ones I liked the best were the ones she'd tell me every night before I tucked my ol' Sweet Daddy self into bed. She told funny ones and sad ones and happy ones and wild ones...

[A grin.]

SDW: But my favorites were the scary ones, Colt. She never wanted to tell 'em at night - said I wouldn't be able to sleep but I'd beg and I'd plead and eventually she'd start up about some sick twisted freak who terrorized kids and families and neighborhoods.

She was right though. Sometimes I couldn't sleep after one of those stories. In fact, some nights after she told one, I'd wake up in the middle of the night screaming from some silly nightmare.

And that's exactly what they were, Colt... silly. My mama would come in when she heard me yellin' and carryin' on and she'd say, "Virg, you know better than that. You know it's just a story. The Boogeyman don't exist for real."

[A nod.]

SDW: And she was right. He don't exist. So I'd tuck my head back down on the pillow and I'd call it a night. See, once I realized that the big, bad, scary things in her stories weren't nothin' to be afraid of, I could sleep easy.

Just like you, Spectre.

You stand there and look all gloomy and talk a good talk about being dark and scary. You threaten me... my family... my friends... the whole flippin' world if you can. You tell me how you're the darkness come to life and you're going to take over my world and wipe away the sunshine.

But at the end of the day, Spectre... you just like the boogeyman in my nightmares. When my eyes are closed and I'm a little kid again, I might get scared... I might even break out into a cold sweat thinkin' 'bout you.

[He claps his hands together suddenly.]

SDW: But when I open my eyes and the light shines in, I see you for what you really are.

Some chump trying to be a movie monster.

[And with that, SDW goes to exit the shot and we fade back to the ring where the match is already in progress. The Spectre has Williams in the corner, kicking away at his ribcage.]

JD: The Spectre's got Williams trapped in the corner, working him over with boots to the body...

[Grabbing an arm, Spectre wings the big man across the ring, charging his 275 pound frame in after him...]

...and Williams sidesteps, causing Spectre to slam chestfirst into the corner!]

JD: Williams avoids the charge!

[Wheeling around, Williams throws a big right hand to a staggered Spectre... and another... and another... all big hooking blows that catch the New York City native on the chin.]

JD: Some stinging shots by Williams! He's heating up out there!

[Waving his arms around and jiggling his lower body, Williams winds up and claps his arms together on the ears of the Spectre, knocking him down to a knee on the mat to the cheers of Williams' hometown fans...]

...and we crossfade to a bit later in the match where Williams is charging in on a cornered Spectre, throwing his arm up for a back elbow...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: HE MISSED THE CHARGE!!!

[The Spectre spins around, rage in his eyes as he approaches a stunned fan favorite...]

JD: This can't be good for Williams, fans!

[With Williams trapped in the corner, The Spectre throws a flurry of body punches, each cracking the fan favorite in the ribcage...]

...and then violently swings around, landing a spinning backfist that catches Williams right on the cheekbone, sending him falling through the ropes to the floor!]

JD: The Spectre was going for Fata Morgana but Williams fell out of the ring and avoided that three-quarter nelson bulldog! If he'd hit that, it might have been lights out for the hometown favorite!

[An angry Spectre steps out to the apron, pursuing Williams as he drops down to the floor.]

JD: He's out on the floor! He's going after Williams!

CP: And this is exactly where Williams does NOT want to be, Dane.

JD: You can say that again.

[The Spectre has a slight smile as he drops to the floor, pulling Williams away from the ring apron.]

JD: Remember, there are no double countouts or double disqualifications in this tournament. It's not quite an Anything Goes atmosphere but under the right circumstances, it could come close to that.

[A big leaping stomp to the chest seems to take the starch out of Williams, leaving The Spectre standing over him as we crossfade a bit further into the match where The Spectre has Williams by the arm, facing the steel railing furthest away from him...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: WILLIAMS HITS THE BARRICADE!!!

[He slumps down to the floor from the impact, sitting on his rear and leaning back against the railing as the Spectre breaks into a charge...

...and DELIVERS a huge running knee to the skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: My god! The Spectre is REALLY taking the fight to Williams out on the floor!

CP: And you can sense it from these fans, Dane. They know their man is in serious trouble here tonight in his hometown.

[With Williams down on the floor, The Spectre drops to his knees, wrapping his hands around the fan favorite's throat and throttling him back and forth as the official orders the fight back into the ring...

...and we crossfade to later in the match where The Spectre is hammering Williams in a corner, battering him relentlessly as the official steps in behind him, trying to force a break!]

JD: The referee's trying to get him to break off the attack!

[At the count of four, The Spectre steps back, ignoring the official as he moves back in...

...and gets popped with a right hand on the jaw!]

JD: Sweet Daddy's firing back!

[The crowd roars as a second punch lands. Williams grabs the back of The Spectre's head, slamming it into the top turnbuckle!]

JD: He smashes the man's head into the corner!

[Still holding the head, Williams repeats over and over as the crowd counts along...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Williams grabs a rear waistlock, hoisting him into the air, and dropping him tailbone first down on the bent knee!]

JD: Sky high atomic drop by Sweet Daddy!

[With The Spectre down on the mat, Williams hits the ropes, swinging his right arm around and around...

...and DROPS a three hundred pound elbow down on the chest!]

JD: BIIIIIG ELBOW!!

[Williams rolls into a cover, reaching back for a leg...

...and gaining a near fall before we fade again to just a bit later in the match where Williams has been trapped against the buckles again as The Spectre approaches.]

JD: This match is well past the fifteen minute mark and these two are really letting one another have it, Colt.

CP: I didn't think it'd go this long, Dane. That fat slob Williams ain't exactly a cardio machine and The Spectre's usually the winner by this point in this matches.

[With Williams' head exposed, The Spectre leans in and sinks his teeth into the forehead of the fan favorite!]

JD: He's biting the man!

[The official steps in, starting a count as The Spectre gnaws on the forehead of his opponent!]

JD: The referee's counting two... three... four... come on, ref!

[The official steps closer, grabbing the Spectre from behind...

...and getting violently FLUNG down to the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: That could be a-

[From his back, the official waves to the timekeeper.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

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

PW: Your winner of the match as a result of a disqualification...

SWEET! DADDY! WILLLLLLLLLLLIAMS!!

[The Spectre, angry at the announcement, stalks towards the official who quickly bails out of the ring...

...and then turns back towards Williams, moving quickly towards him...]

JD: Get out of there, Sweet Daddy!

[But the Atlanta native is ready for him, throwing a flurry of right hands that forces the NYC native back to the corner. Williams quickly hooks in a side headlock, swinging an arm in the air...]

JD: RILEY ROUNDUP!

[Rushing out of the corner, Williams PLANTS The Spectre facefirst on the canvas to the roar of the crowd! He slowly rises to his feet, the referee raising an arm in victory as the fans celebrate.]

JD: Sweet Daddy Williams is moving on the second round of this tournament thanks to a disqualification. And fans, we'll be right back after this commercial break!

[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.

Cut to show a darkened wasteland of concrete; a room dominated by a singular shape of rounded steel and the network of pipes and vents that run in and out of it. Dimly lit, flickering fluorescent bulbs do little to reveal detail in the scene and create a sense of foreboding. In the corner a grainy form twitches and begins to speak.]

"Like a warm blanket I return here to my roots. This is how the people remember me at my beginnings, a creature of shadow ... a nightmare creature...

[Pan and zoom in on the bulky form of William Craven, white, sharpened teeth flashing in the scarce illumination. Diffuse, his green, tattooed skin appears a dull olive tone that ripples in the light and almost merges with the

concrete in places as he sits, back against a boiler, on the foundation of the arena.]

WC: At last the time has come. A challenge, real, not alluded to then repealed before the battle can truly begin. Do you recall our first meeting, "Supernova"? You, the champion of a lost cause, I the catalyst for AWA's transformation. I the true hero ... you the villain. True, the powers that be and the hoi polloi may not believe as such but, objectively, it is true or ... will be, once history has it's say.

[Twin points of light appear, shimmering; Craven's eyes. They fixate in an unnatural stare on the camera lens and, thus, the viewer.]

WC: It is true that history is written by the victors. For the most part the victors are more accurately called "survivors" for total victory can come only when the enemy is no longer alive to contest the issue...

Sadly, such actions can lead to incarceration in these backwards times but, Supernova, that doesn't mean that I can't hurt you so badly that your soul sees the other side and you beg for such sweet release.

"Supernova" ... heh...

[Shark-toothed grin.]

WC: If only the Revolution were complete so that I could bring to bear all the arsenal I have at my disposal but, no, I must fight on your terms. We all must all do battle on the American Wrestling Alliance's _terms_ or be cast out of contention.

In the end there will be no room for doubt in the outcome. It will be but the first step in my ascension of the throne. For while you only play at war ... I am a Lord of War...

[Leaning forward, the 45-year-old green freak of nature ponderously shifts his weight to his feet and slowly rises.]

WC: Supernova, your painted face and contrived method of combat put me in mind of a Comanche Brave, shouting to the heavens your valor and facing down rivals in a bout of feinted combat. Skirmishes between tribes would appear vicious yet never prove fatal. These were friends and neighbors proving their manhood by pretending to be deadly warriors. For many societies this practice is called "Counting Coup". Your practice. The AWA's ... _practice_.

[Lumbering forward, Craven steps more clearly into the light, turning from the camera as it pans to follow him. Pulling at his arms and neck, twisting at the waist, he loosens up, a horrific cacophony of sound, like breaking wood, accompanies his stretching as bones come loose in preparation for tonight's match.]

WC: This play is an insult, an affront to the Violence. You practice your Counting Coup? I practice Total War and, even with my hands tied, I yet have more weapons available to me than you could ever conceive.

Un-contrived, I have no _methods_ and yet I use them all. I do what is necessary to win, Supernova! Think back, you, winner of the Rumble, the champion before you. You accord yourself with "honor" and soak up the cheers of an appreciative, loving public ... and lose. Do you lose because the champion is the better man? No ... you lose because you fail to embrace the Violence.

Whether you agree or disagree the objective truth of professional wrestling is the Violence! We step between those ropes and the man in the striped shirt looks on, aware that his role is to say who has won the battle and little else. In AWA he is afforded too much control ... the referee _enforces_ Counting Coup. The people who watch are unaware that something is wrong, that they are cheated as wrestling's true nature is hidden. So much so that they rail against it when it is at last revealed.

Some part of you must know, Supernova, that had you been ... just a little more like me ... Calisto Dufrense would have fallen by the wayside. You would have been champion that night. Yours was Counting Coup and his was Total War; he won, you lost, need more be said!?

[Sighing, Craven wrings his red-wrapped hands and shakes his head.]

WC: But you are _stubborn_ ... aren't you? Stubborn in your inability to see truths as you hide behind contrivance. Does that word even have meaning for you; "contrivance"? Hrm? Do you know it's meaning?

You deny reality. You deny who you are. You create a system of honor to deny the violence. You create "Supernova" to deny your Christian name! Who are you really? You paint your face, sign photographs for children as if you truly were a star in the heavens burning it's last. How can you live behind so many veils? How can you possibly hope to hold yourself up as paragon when you so clearly _hate_ everything about yourself and your nature as both man and combatant!?

I am William Craven and, though my names owned are more than the Devil himself I am, nevertheless, exactly who I say I am. When I look in the mirror I see my own skin and when I wash my face it begins green and ends _green_. Do you understand? Nothing about me is mystery, I have nothing to hide and I revel in the nature of what I am; a combatant in the total war that is professional wrestling!

[Becoming more animated, Craven paces to and fro before turning towards the camera, a slash of light illuminating clearly the left half of his body and outlining the right.]

WC: War is upon us, "Supernova", can you feel it? Electricity seizes me and the roar of the crowd beckons as they prepare to cheer you on and bury me beneath their shouted hate. Tonight ... I play my part, I will be the villain

but, make no mistake, when the revolution is complete I will be seen as savior. These people, blinded as they are by the AWA's glamour, will proclaim their love for me and mine when the Revolution is completed. Meanwhile, for you and yours ... it gets worse...

[A sardonic chuckle escapes Craven as we cut away to the ring where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, two weeks ago, we saw a very... tense... confrontation between the Chairman of the Championship Committee, Jim Watkins, and Juan Vasquez. The end result of that was Vasquez walking out on the World Title Tournament... and perhaps being given carte blanche to walk out on the AWA itself as well. Tonight, we have been told that a member of the AWA front office will be here to address this situation personally. Mr. Vasquez has elected not to appear here tonight pending a resolution of this situation so at this time, I would like to welcome to the ring my guest. He is a co-owner of the American Wrestling Alliance...

[Dramatic pause.]

JD: ...and the Outlaw of professional wrestling... Bobby Taylor!

[Foregoing any pomp and circumstance on arrival, Taylor swiftly walks down the aisle in a black suit with a white dress shirt and bright red tie. He climbs the steps, moving through the ropes into the ring where he shakes Jason's hand.]

JD: Mr. Taylor, welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling!

BT: Thanks, Jason. I just wish it could be under better circumstances.

[Dane nods.]

JD: Speaking of which, have you spoken with Juan Vasquez in the last two weeks?

BT: I have not. I thought it best to let him cool off a bit.

JD: And what about Jim Watkins? He's a bit conspicuous by his absence so far here tonight.

BT: We gave Jim the night off as well.

[Dane looks a bit surprised by that.]

JD: From my understanding, you're out here to address Juan Vasquez so the floor is yours, sir.

[Taylor grabs the offered mic.]

BT: What happened to Juan Vasquez at Wrestlerock... and basically everything that has happened since then, is in at least part, my fault. I was

the one who ended up handing Dufresne that “anywhere, anytime” title shot because I was so blinded by rage, I just had to get my hands on Slater no matter what the cost was.

The cost... was Juan Vasquez losing the National Title and being put into a hospital after one of the worst beatings I’ve ever seen inside a wrestling ring. And if you know my history, you know I’m an expert on that particular subject.

[Taylor pauses.]

BT: I’ve apologized to Juan Vasquez. I’ve offered my help in any way he needs it. So far, he has not accepted that offer...

...tonight that changes.

[Taylor pulls off his Stetson.]

BT: He may not want me physically involved in this but it was my powers as an owner that started this mess and hopefully it’s the same powers that ends it.

I understand how you’re feeling, Juan. I’ve been where you’ve been. If Blue had told me I couldn’t get my hands on Hardin after Toronto, I probably would have done the same thing you did as well.

But that don’t make it right.

[The crowd buzzes.]

BT: These people... these people out here pay their hard-earned money to watch you perform. These kids out here? They worship you. You’re their damned hero.

[A well-timed shot of a young boy in a Vasquez shirt is shown.]

BT: And what you did two weeks ago was a slap in the face to ALL of them.

You don’t want to be in the tournament? Fine. I’m not going to lie and say we don’t want you there... but I’m also not gonna beg ya. When you’re an old man in a living room somewhere looking your own mortality in the eye, you’ll look back and think you could have been the first AWA World Champion but you were too busy chasing ghosts. That’s something that YOU’LL have to live with.

[A pause, Taylor strokes his chin.]

BT: But if that’s what you want, Juan... then I’m gonna help you get those damn ghosts.

[Big cheer!]

BT: If you want Zaire on the 4th of July in Tampa...

[Dramatic pause.]

BT: ...you got it!

[BIG CHEER!]

BT: But there's a problem. I'm all alone in this. The Championship Committee wants nothing to do with it. The front office doesn't want to be responsible for it. And quite frankly, after what Zaire's done to the referees around here, they don't want any part of it either.

Fortunately for you, I happen to know of a match that doesn't require any AWA officials to participate.

[The crowd begins to buzz, wondering if Taylor is teasing what they think he is.]

BT: So at the First Tangle In Tampa, they better put up some storm shelters because we're bringing the mother of all violent storms to town when Juan Vasquez meets the Botswana Butcher, Ebola Zaire...

[Pause.]

BT: ...in an OUTLAW RULES MATCH!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers! Taylor grins at the reaction, letting it die down a bit before he raises a finger.]

BT: And if you want to get your hands on Dufresne, we're going to make that happen too. I can't tell you when, I can't tell you where - ironic, huh? - but sooner or later, I'll deliver that piece of trash to you and you can do whatever you gotta do to cast those devils off your back and move on with your life.

Because if you can't do that, Juan?

[Taylor shakes his head.]

BT: I'm afraid you'll turn into the very thing you're chasing.

[Taylor nods his head in Dane's direction before tossing him the mic and making his exit.]

GM: Wow! The deal has been struck! Bobby Taylor is bringing Ebola Zaire AND Calisto Dufresne back to face Juan Vasquez... and Zaire's gonna face him in Tampa under OUTLAW RULES! Can you believe that?!

BW: I CAN'T believe that! Taylor's lost his mind! Those two are gonna rip the entire city of Tampa out into the ocean!

GM: Outlaw Rules means there ARE no rules... and no referee! Anything goes until one man is simply unable to continue any longer! That's gonna be something else, fans. But right now, let's go backstage where Robert Donovan has some words towards tonight's opponent!

[One swift cut to the back later and we see Robert Donovan standing in the middle of an otherwise deserted locker room. Donovan is dressed in his ring attire, his fists are taped and he looks otherwise ready to be done with the evening's business. The big man's hands are both clenched into fists, resting on his legs as he leans back, staring intently at the camera.]

RD: I gotta admit, Cooper...you actually threw me a pretty good curve with your choice for my first round opponent.

[Donovan shrugs slightly.]

RD: I was lookin' at all the names still out there after I went back to the locker room an' you crawled back into whatever hole you hide in 'fore you make your nightly appearance, an' I had to admit there was a whole lot of ghosts from my past you coulda dug up to try 'n stand between me an' our upcomin' date on July 4th. I know you're a student o' history, Cooper, so I fully expected you to tell me I was gonna face off against a guy that's been a thorn in my side since I broke into the business, like "Bad Eye" McBaine, a guy I had a number o' run-ins with in Jeff Matthews, one o' the most ruthless men I've ever run into in Blackwater Bart...but no, you went with a choice I wouldn't expect. Bold move, Cooper...smart one, too.

[Donovan leans forward slightly.]

RD: See, I know all those guys. They're all damned tough guys, veterans of the ring, take yer pick o' compliments and you can apply 'em to anybody I just named, and to a whole lot o' guys I didn't...so you go with the guy you know, but a guy I don't really know a damn thing about. You go with a guy who just got himself one half of the tag team championships, too...so don't worry, Cooper, you got my attention.

[Donovan chuckles.]

RD: Sendin' a guy who makes a livin' off beatin' people up with the help of one, or two other people? Good idea, Dave. It's a good idea because I know you got no real desire to see me on the Fourth of July. I know you're hopin' for ol' Cletus Lee to do your dirty work for ya, maybe his partner or Cousin Bo waffles me with a chair while the ref ain't lookin' and he gets a cheap pin on a big man, knockin' me out of the tournament and givin' you a reprieve.

[Donovan's amused look fades abruptly.]

RD: Thing is, Cooper, there ain't gonna be a reprieve. You send three guys after me, I don't give a damn. I ain't about to talk bad about Cletus Lee Bishop, the man didn't get half his tag title by bein' stupid or weak or lackin' ability in the ring. Thing is, Dave, you coulda named anybody who was left

when you picked my opponent, 'cause they all look the same to me right now.

[Brief pause.]

RD: They're all just a barricade, Cooper. Just a barrier between me an' the two things I want most right now...to move on in this tournament, an' to get your sorry ass in that ring an' settle this once and for all!

[Donovan stands up.]

RD: An' just so you know, Cooper, pissed as I am at you, much as I wanna get you in that ring an' take you down for the world to see...you're still secondary. You're still an' afterthought compared to the real goal, an' that goal is to get to the end of this tournament, take out whoever's standin' opposite me in the final match, an' be the first man holdin' that AWA World Championship high overhead.

[Donovan turns and walks towards the door, then stops, turning back to the camera.]

RD: I know a man swoll up as he is with ego as yourself ain't gonna wanna hear that, Cooper, but despite everythin' you've done, winnin' that title is still more important to me than you'll ever be...which is gonna make what I'm willin' to do to you on the Fourth, what I'm willin' to sacrifice in order to make sure your sorry ass doesn't trouble any of us anymore...all the more frightenin' to behold.

[Donovan abruptly turns and, shoving the door open in front of him, stalks out of the room.]

We crossfade away from the shot back down to the ringside area where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: That match isn't too much further away at this point, Bucky... and what do you think we'll see when Donovan meets big Cletus Lee Bishop?

BW: It's gonna be a war, Gordo. Fists, boots, chokes, clubbing... you name it. But in the end, it comes down to whether or not an accomplished tag team wrestler in Cletus Lee Bishop can make the adjustment to singles for the biggest singles match of his life tonight.

GM: And I've got a bad feeling that he WON'T be alone, fans! Speaking of not being alone, you saw footage earlier of Sweet Daddy Williams defeating The Spectre and moving on in the World Title Tournament in his hometown of Atlanta... but SDW wasn't alone in making headlines in Hotlanta last weekend. It was a wild night in Atlanta as former world champion and past AWA competitor Tommy Fierro was making a special appearance in front of his hometown crowd! But when Skywalker Jones showed up to stir up trouble, what happened next proved once again that literally ANYTHING can happen in the AWA. Lets take a look!

[We crossfade to footage marked "JUNE 16th - ATLANTA, GEORGIA", where we see Skywalker Jones standing across from Tommy Fierro, who doesn't look pleased to see the flashy high-flyer. Standing behind Jones, as always are his personal ring announcer, Buford P. Higgins and his bodyguard, Hercules Hammonds. The footage catches Jones in mid-rant as the crowd jeers in the background.]

SJ: ...and you might've been hot stuff twenty years ago, but now you ain't nothing but an ancient artifact put out on display for these people!

[A huge chorus of boos from the crowd.]

SJ: But it just so happens, that Skywalker Jones needs another victim for his Showcase of Immortality! Skywalker Jones has wiped out TWO National Champions...but now it's about time he takes down a WORLD CHAMPION.

And while Skywalker Jones thinks it's kinda' hilarious that they consider you a "legend"...he can't help but remember the old saying...

"Legends never die."

[A smirk.]

SJ: So why don't we put your immortality to the test, fat man?

[Jones removes his sunglasses.]

SJ: Tonight, why don't you wrestle Skywalker Jones?

[Fierro looks around at his hometown fans and chuckles.]

TF: You wanna' step into the ring with ol' Tommy Fierro? You wanna' fight this southern boy in front of all these fans in Atlanta, Georgia!? [POP!] Well, shucks...I'll be your huckleberry..

[Fierro holds up a finger.]

TF: ...on one condition.

[A grin.]

TF: You've got a spot in the World Title Tournament...and I want in! I want one last chance at holdin' the big gold! So put your spot in the tournament on the line and you'll have your match!

[BIG POP! Meanwhile, the smile on Jones' face disappears as a look of uncertainty forms on his face.]

SJ: Nah! Nuh uh! No way! I ain't puttin' nothing on the line, fat man!

TF: Fine. I can't blame you if you don't wanna' put that spot up for grabs. I can't blame you...

...for bein' scared.

[A look of complete outrage forms on Jones' face as the crowd roars.]

SJ: WHAT!? WHAT!? Scared!? You say I'm scared!? I ain't scared of nobody! You want me to put my spot in the World title tournament up so I get the privilege of whuppin' your butt all around Atlanta!? Then I will! I'll put my spot on the line!

[Just as suddenly as he said it, a look of regret instantly forms on Jones' face.]

TF[Laughing]: Well...then I guess we got ourselves a match.

[Crossfade to later in the night, where we see Skywalker Jones and Tommy Fierro standing across the ring from each other, now dressed in their wrestling gear.]

JD: What a match we have here, folks! Skywalker Jones has put his spot in the AWA World Title tournament on the line against former World Champion, Tommy Fierro!

CP: Tommy tricked that youngster right into putting that spot up for grabs. Jones thought he was in control of the situation and the old dog turned the tables right around on him.

JD: But can Fierro seize the moment and get one more shot at becoming a World Champion?

CP: Hell, he's already been to the top of the mountain once...and if there's anything I've learned about this sport, it's that anything can happen.

[The bell rings, as Jones explodes out of the corner, trying to get the jump on Fierro. However, Fierro side-steps him as Jones hits the corner hard. When he spins around, he's met by a huge knife-edge chop!]

"SMAAACK!"

JD: What a chop!

[Fierro then whips Jones across the ring, where he hits the turnbuckles hard. Stumbling out, he's powered high into the air with a back bodydrop!]

JD: BIIIG BACKDROP!

[POP!]

JD: AND A DROPKICK FROM FIERRO SENDS JONES TO THE OUTSIDE!

CP: Whew...I didn't think Fierro still had those sorta' springs in those legs!

JD: Tommy Fierro has this Atlanta crowd going wild!

[As Fierro claps his hands to fire up the crowd, we crossfade to deeper into the match...

...where we see Skywalker Jones catching with a BIG springboard clothesline!]

JD: What a flying clothesline from Skywalker Jones!

[Choosing not to go for a cover, Jones instead climbs up to the second turnbuckle of the nearest corner and begins to mockingly clap his hands at the crowd the same way the former World Champion had done earlier!]

JD: Skywalker Jones choosing to waste time making fun of his opponent, rather than concentrate on the match.

CP: It hasn't come back to bite him in the butt yet, but the kid's gotta' realize just how much is at stake here!

[Going back to Fierro, Jones stomps him in place, before arrogantly brushing imaginary dirt from his shoulder and leaping high into the air, crashing down onto Fierro with an elbowdrop!]

JD: The 40-inch vertical elbowdrop hits and THERE'S the cover!

[The referee's hand slaps the mat once, twice...before Fierro powers out.]

JD: Only two!

[Jones complains to the referee as we once again cut to later in the match...

...just as Tommy Fierro comes off the ropes with a vertical bodypress!]

CP: HE GOT HIM!

JD: THE FIERRO PRESS!!! ONE! TWO! TH-NO!!!

CP: That was as close as it gets!

[Fierro slaps the mat in frustration as Jones slips a shoulder right before the three. The former World Champion pulls Jones off the canvas and boots him in the gut, before hitting the ropes. He goes for a running kneelift, but Jones stands up straight, causing Fierro to run right past him. As the Georgian spins around, Jones tries for his trademark superkick...

...only for Fierro to duck under!]

JD: The superkick misses...

"SMAAAAAACK!!!"

JD: ...BUT THAT UPPERCUT FROM FIERRO DOESN'T! ONE! TWO!

[Big time boos!]

JD: HIGGINS PUT JONES' FOOT ON THE ROPES!

[The crowd boos loudly, as Higgins feigns innocence. Fierro walks over and yells at the announcer, as a groggy Skywalker Jones hits him from behind!]

JD: No! Jones with a knee to the back!

[With Fierro bent backwards, Jones grabs him in an inverted facelock and then lifts him into the air, taking him over with a reverse suplex!]

JD: OH!

CP: Fierro took his eyes off the prize for a second there and it's turned this match completely around!

[Once again, we move ahead to later in the match...

...where we see a fired up Tommy Fierro ramming Skywalker Jones' head repeatedly into the top turnbuckle as the crowd counts along!]

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[...]

"ELEVEN!"

JD: FIERRO'S ON FIRE!

CP: Ever since Jones missed that dive to the outside, it's been all Fierro!

[Releasing Jones from his grip, Fierro takes a step back, allowing a dazed Jones to back out of the corner and into his arms, where he scoops up the high-flyer and slams him down onto the canvas! He then turns to the crowd and twirls a finger into the air, drawing a roar as they sense the end is near!]

JD: Fierro's calling for that big kneedrop off the top rope! This is the move that won him the World Title so many years ago!

[Fierro climbs the ropes, albeit slowly. He places a foot on the top turnbuckle and looks down at Jones, before leaping off...

...and hitting nothing but the ring canvas!]

JD: HE MISSED IT! JONES ROLLED OUT OF THE WAY!

CP: He took too much time and paid the price for it!

[Both men get to their feet at the same time, with Fierro throwing a wild haymaker, that misses, as Jones ducks under and then in the same motion, suddenly somersaults into the air with his leg outstretched, catching the former World Champion now standing behind him atop the skull with a Pele-esque bicycle kick!]

JD and CP: Ohhh!

[Fierro's eyes glaze over, before he teeters over like a fallen tree onto his back. Wasting no time, Jones leaps onto the top rope in a single bound with his back turned to Fierro...]

"THIS IS HOW YOU DO A KNEEDROP, PEOPLE!"

[...and he suddenly backflips off the top turnbuckle, going for what looks to be a moonsault, but he tucks in both of his legs as he flies through the air, CRUSHING Tommy Fierro's midsection with a double kneedrop!]

JD: WHOOOOOAAAAA!!!

CP: That...that's just insane. I honestly don't know how else to put it.

JD: A moonsault double kneedrop right onto Tommy Fierro! Unbelievable! And there's the cover!

[Jones crawls...and then dives onto Fierro!]

JD: ONE! TWO! THREE!!! Jones has pinned the former World Champion!

[The crowd ferociously jeers the result, as Skywalker Jones gets to a knee and does a "Tebow" pose over Fierro's fallen body. Hercules Hammonds snaps pictures with his iPhone, as we go to Buford...]

BPH: Your winner and INEVITABLE, future World Champion...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath, now!]

[illegible]

The shot comes to a close up of the face of former AWA star, City Jack.]

[The camera dramatically pulls back to show a restaurant "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks".]

[The shot cuts to Jack, sitting down in a booth, with a big plate of pancakes.]

[As City Jack grabs a forkload of pancake, the shot zooms to Jack's bearded face, eye's bulging wide.]

[Jack shovels the mass of butter, syrup, and pancake into his mouth and chews with a smile on his face.]

[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.]

[Jack smiles as the background picture remains stuck on a crepe, with the worlds "World Famous Savory Crepes". Jack points to the words.]

[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.]

Crossfade to a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton. The two are dressed in street clothes, with Morton sporting a cast on his broken right arm.]

JD: Danny Morton, you made a shocking return at Memorial Day Mayhem, coming to the aid of your tag team partner, Jackson Haynes in his match against Duane Henry Bishop. From everything we've heard, the attack you suffered at the hands of The Bishop Boys and The Aces should have put you out of action for months, if not longer.

[Morton chuckles.]

DM: Little buddy, maybe a normal man would've been put out of commission for a long, long time, but if there's one thing about Danny Morton, it's that he's NOT normal! The doctors told me, "Danny! Your arm's still broken! You're not ready to go back to the AWA yet! You're not ready to wrestle! Stay at home! Heal up!"

[He takes a moment to glance down at his broken arm.]

DM: And I admit it, I was in bad shape. I've never taken a beating like that before. I've had broken bones, I've split my head wide open, I've had so many staples put into me, I've lost count...but they got me that time in the cage. They got me good. And I thought to myself...maybe I should just stay in Oklahoma. Maybe I should take the time off and let the arm heal.

[Morton points to his bearded visage.]

DM: But does THIS look like the face of a man that's just gonna' sit at home sipping tea and watching soaps while the guys that did this to him are laughing it up? Does this look like a man that's gonna' abandon a man that's as close to him as a brother... [Pointing to Haynes] and leave him to fend for himself against The Bishop Boys? In the entire time that you've known us, have you EVER known Violence Unlimited to be the type of men to just take their ball and go home!?

[Morton furiously shakes his head.]

DM: Not when there's still a score that needs to be settled and a fight to be had!

Hey, Bishops!

[The firey Oklahoman holds up his cast covered arm.]

DM: You're afraid of the cast?

[Suddenly and without warning, Morton punches himself in the skull with his cast!]

DM: YOU'RE AFRAID OF THE CAST?

[Once more, he smashes his cast into his skull.]

DM: YOU'RE AFRAID OF THE CAST???

[We see that he's busted himself open, as blood begins to ooze from the cut, but Morton's so fired up, he doesn't even seem to notice it.]

DM: THEN FORGET THE CAST!

[And with that, Morton and Haynes begin to turn and walk away, but Jason Dane stops them.]

JD: Wait a minute! Are you saying that you're willing to face The Bishop Boys in a match without that cast protecting your broken arm?

DM: Did I stutter? That's exactly what I'm saying!

JD: But do you honestly believe that you and Jackson Haynes can win the National Tag Team Titles with your ar-

[Morton cuts Dane off.]

DM: It's about so much more than just winning the tag titles. It doesn't matter what it takes...me and Jack'll get those bastards inside a ring. They might've taken my arm, but that's ALL they took! I could have one arm, one leg, one eye or no arms, no legs, and no eyes...and it still wouldn't matter! I'd still be there to fight! So you better believe that no matter what condition I'm in...The Bishop Boys would still be in the fight of their damn lives!

[And with that, he and Haynes exit, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: A challenge has been issued, fans! Violence Unlimited has held the National Tag Team Titles before... but can they hold them again to become the SECOND team to wear the titles twice? We may find out much sooner than we thought! Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[We crossfade down to ringside where the announce team is seated.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason. Did I hear that right, Bucky? Did Danny Morton just volunteer to challenge for the National Tag Team Titles WITHOUT that cast on his arm?!

BW: That's what I got out of it. The man is double tough, no doubt, but he's also flat out crazy, Gordo.

GM: You better believe it. His arm is broken! He can't do that!

BW: You want to be the one to tell him that?

GM: I'll pass on that. Fans, the AWA World Title Tournament is about to continue with yet another big first round matchup so let's go up to the ring for more action!

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

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

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation.]

PW: Introducing first...

[The sounds of "Nothin' To Lose" kick in to a shower of jeers from the crowd.]

PW: From Kingsland, Arkansas... being accompan-

[Watson cuts off abruptly as Cousin Bo comes sailing through the curtain, crashing down on his rear on the floor!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Get the camera back there!

[The cameraman quickly obliges, charging up the aisle and stuffing the lens through the curtain to reveal Robert Donovan and Cletus Lee Bishop simply hammering one another with fists just past the entrance curtain!]

GM: We've got a fight going on backstage! The fight is on, fans!

[Donovan connects with a haymaker that sends Cletus Lee flailing backwards, smashing into the hallway wall. The seven footer snatches up a nearby steel chair in his hands, flinging it at the National Tag Team Champion...

...but Cletus Lee sidesteps it, the chair clattering to a stop on the floor as it bounces off the wall!]

GM: Good grief! Donovan threw a chair at Cletus Lee!

BW: And I love this, Gordo! The bell ain't rang yet so this is completely legal!

[A pissed-off Cletus Lee surges forward, throwing himself at Donovan and barreling him back over a wooden table set up against one of the walls, throwing wild right hands all the while!]

GM: Who knows if the bell will EVER ring after this?! They're a long way from the ring and the start of this match if you ask me!

[Cletus Lee pushes Donovan back onto the table, hands wrapped around Donovan's throat!]

GM: He's choking Donovan!

[A gasping Donovan reaches up, digging his fingers into the eyes of Cletus Lee Bishop and raking them across his face!]

GM: Donovan goes to the eyes!

[As Bishop staggers away, a coughing Donovan straightens up, angrily shoving the wooden table over as he marches after Cletus Lee who walks through the curtain to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: They're inside the arena now at least!

[A heavy clubbing forearm across the back sends Cletus Lee staggering a few more feet down the aisle as Donovan pursues him, throwing a hard glare at Cousin Bo who looks about to intervene.]

GM: Donovan's gonna keep Cousin Bo out of his way one way or another... and from the look on Cousin Bo's face, I'm guessing it was Donovan who shoved him down through the curtain a few moments earlier, Bucky.

BW: What? You thought it was Cletus Lee?! The man's own blood?!

[Donovan grabs Cletus Lee from behind, smashing his head into the back of the skull!]

GM: Big headbutt from behind by Donovan!

[Swinging Cletus Lee around, Donovan grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Look out!

[Donovan puts all his power into an Irish whip...

...and sends Cletus Lee sailing OVER the barricade, wiping out an entire section of seats!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: We’ve got bodies all over the place, Gordo! It looks like a Demolition Derby out there!

[A handful of AWA officials come tearing down the aisle, rushing to the area where Cletus Lee landed to check on some fans who got flattened by the big man sailing over the steel barricade onto them.]

GM: Robert Donovan went for a whip and Cletus Lee took flight!

[Cousin Bo stands a safe distance away, chastising Donovan for his actions as the seven footer glares at the chaotic scene before him.]

GM: We’ve got officials in the stands, Cletus Lee Bishop is still down in the seats... this is a wild scene, fans, and we’re going to take a quick break while they try to restore some ord-

[Gordon’s words are cut off by a horrific roar and the sight of Cletus Lee Bishop rising to his feet like some kind of a movie monster...

...and HURLING the closest AWA official away from him bodily!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: It’s alive! IT’S ALIIIIIVE!

[With a slight smirk, Donovan shoves past a pair of AWA security, stepping over the railing to join the fray...

...and gets caught coming over the steel with a flung steel chair off the left shoulder!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Turnabout is fair play! Cletus Lee just did what Donovan tried to do to him in the back!

[Cletus Lee grabs another chair, winding up with it...

...and HURLING it towards a stunned Donovan who raises an arm, slapping the flung steel weapon aside!]

GM: Donovan's under assault out there with those chairs - the officials are trying to get Cletus Lee under control...

BW: Good luck with that.

GM: ...because throwing weapons like that is dangerous for everyone around them!

[Cletus Lee Bishop doesn't seem to care though as he picks up a third chair, letting loose a guttural roar in the direction of the fan who was seated in it a few moments ago...]

GM: LOOK OUT!!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE DRILLS DONOVAN ACROSS THE BACK!!!

[With Donovan reeling from the sudden steel chair assault, Cletus Lee drags him away from the railing...]

GM: What the heck is he trying to do?!

BW: He's trying to get him off the floor!

GM: Cletus Lee is six foot nine and three twenty-eight of one of the strongest men you'll ever see inside the squared circle...

BW: Or outside it for that matter.

GM: ...but Donovan is over seven feet tall and almost three fifty!

[Cletus Lee lets loose a god-awful shout as he somehow manages to power Donovan up into the air...

...and FLINGS him down into a half-empty section of steel chairs with a bodyslam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[The crowd is ROARING for the wild brawl as the camera zooms in to reveal a badly-dented chair back where Donovan's body landed!]

GM: He mangled that steel chair by being slammed on top of it! Incredible!

BW: We keep hearing William Craven talking about a One Man Revolution - talking about this kind of action becoming the norm here in the AWA. And when you see matches like this... matches like Zaire and Vasquez at Mayhem... even the I Quit match... and you have to start to wonder if he's right, Gordo.

GM: He is NOT right.

BW: I don't know about that. Maybe the world of Extreme is taking over the AWA and we're all just pawns in this crazy game.

[Cletus Lee leans over Donovan, wrapping his mighty paws around Donovan's throat, choking the air out of him as Cousin Bo shouts his approval from the aisle.]

GM: You can tell that Cousin Bo doesn't want to get too close to this action, Bucky.

BW: Can you blame him? The man's already been knocked down once!

[Donovan pushes Cletus Lee back, giving him enough space to sit up on the chair...

...and gets CRACKED with a straight right hand to the jaw, knocking him off the row of seats and down onto the floor!]

GM: Good grief! What a right hand!

[Cletus Lee climbs atop the steel chairs, letting loose a roar as he slams a fist into his chest.]

GM: Cletus Lee Bishop is one-half of the National Tag Team Champions and right now, he's showing Robert Donovan - and the rest of the world - exactly why he's a force to be reckoned with in this tournament!

[Cousin Bo shouts instructions from the aisleway but Cletus Lee seems oblivious, continuing to look out on the jeering crowd with rage...

...which allows Robert Donovan just enough time to push up off the floor...]

GM: Donovan's up! Donovan is-

[The seven foot two powerhouse HURLS himself upwards into a spear tackle that sends Cletus Lee sailing backwards...

...and CRASHING down onto another section of steel chairs!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!! THEY HIT THE CHAIRS HARD AGAIN!!

[The crowd is still roaring as a big panning shot from overhead shows both Donovan and Bishop laid out over a section of seats. Cletus Lee is on his

back, chest heaving as Donovan is sprawled over a steel chair a few feet away...

...and Cousin Bo suddenly pushes up onto a railing, waving his arms towards the back.]

GM: What is he doing, Bucky?

BW: He's throwing up a signal of some sorts... trying to- awww yeah!

[The crowd jeers as Duane Henry Bishop comes jogging down the aisle.]

GM: He's got no business being out here!

BW: He's got no business out here?! That's his partner! His brother! If he doesn't have the right to be out here, who the heck does?!

[Duane Henry swiftly hurdles the barricade, shoving past people to get to his brother's side...

...and with the aid of Cousin Bo, they get the big man to his feet, dragging him down the aisle towards the ring...]

GM: Cousin Bo and Duane Henry are trying to get Cletus Lee to the ring!

BW: I don't get it.

GM: I don't either.

[The duo shoves Cletus Lee under the ropes...

...and then Cousin Bo rushes to the timekeeper's table, smashing the bell with the hammer.]

GM: The bell just rang but... but it was Cousin Bo who rang it! That's not official!

[Cousin Bo pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at Mickey Meekly to start a ten count on Robert Donovan.]

GM: Bo Allan wants a ten count to begin but... there's no way! You can't do it, Mickey!

[Mickey Meekly holds firm, waving Cousin Bo off and refusing to start a count...

...when suddenly Duane Henry Bishop rolls into the ring, grabbing Meekly by the shirt collar and shaking him back and forth!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: The inmates are runnin' the asylum, Gordo! Where the hell is Jim Watkins when we've got officials being abused in there?!

GM: You know very well that Jim Watkins has the night off!

BW: Then where is Stegglet or Taylor or Michaelson?! Somebody's gotta do something about all this, Gordo!

[A terrified Meekly starts his count. Bishop releases him but stays in the ring, waving for him to count faster...]

GM: This is awful! If Robert Donovan gets counted out like this - if he gets ELIMINATED from this tournament like this...

BW: What?! If it happens, then the Championship Committee and the front office has got no one to blame but themselves! This all started in Westwego and it just continues to snowball! No one has any authority any more! It's chaos every night we're on the air!

[Slowly, Donovan regains his with the aid of several AWA officials and fans in the crowd.]

GM: Donovan's up! Hurry up, Rob!

BW: Oh, you're such a homer!

[Donovan stumbles over the railing, heading down the aisle towards the ring where Cousin Bo and Duane Henry are encouraging the official to count faster...]

GM: The count is up to five... now six...

[Cousin Bo rushes towards Donovan, trying to stop the big man from getting back to the ring...

...and gets ROCKED with a big boot to the jaw, knocking Cousin Bo out cold!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh yeah! That little weasel had it coming!

[Donovan continues to come forward, the count now to seven as Duane Henry grabs the top rope...

...and CATAPULTS himself over the top with a cross body!]

GM: DONOVAN CAUGHT HIM!! THE SEVEN FOOTER CAUGHT HIM!!

[No longer under an immediate threat from Duane Henry, Meekly pauses his count...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DONOVAN DROPS TO HIS KNEES WITH A POWERSLAM ON THE FLOOR!
GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!!

[A smirking Donovan pushes up off the floor, grabbing the top rope with both hands and pulling himself up on the apron...]

GM: Donovan's on the apron and-

[Cletus Lee Bishop is back on his feet and ready to go, catching Donovan coming in with a heavy forearm to the back of the head and neck. A few more clubbing blows follow, taking Donovan down to a knee.]

GM: Cletus Lee chops Donovan down to the mat...

[The Kingsland native rushes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off...

...and CREAMS a rising Donovan with a big lariat, knocking him flat!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Cletus Lee levels Donovan and there's a cover! We've got one! We've got two! We've got th-

[But Donovan POWERS out of the pin attempt, throwing Cletus Lee off of him and a couple of feet away!]

GM: No! No way! Donovan won't stay down for a three count off the lariat!

[Cletus Lee regains his feet, glaring at the official as he does so. He turns back to Donovan, pulling him up to a knee by the hair...

...and gets caught with a right hand to the breadbasket!]

GM: Ohh! Donovan goes downstairs!

[A second right hand backs Cletus Lee up as Donovan climbs up to his feet, winding up, and connecting with a big haymaker to the jaw that sends the Redneck Wrecking Machine falling back into the ropes...]

GM: And now it's Cletus Lee who may be in trouble here.

BW: His manager is out cold... his partner just got flattened... but Cletus Lee Bishop is still standing tall!

GM: But for how long?!

[Grabbing Cletus Lee by the arm, Donovan wings him across the ring...]

GM: Big whip by Donovan...

[The seven foot two big man from Pensacola, Florida lays in a big knee to the gut, doubling up Cletus Lee...]

...and putting him right into the position Donovan is looking for as he wraps his powerful arms around the torso!]

GM: He's looking for the gutwrench powerbomb!

[Donovan tries to muscle Cletus Lee up off the mat but the Redneck Wrecking Machine is fighting it, dropping to a knee to avoid it as he clings to Donovan's leg.]

GM: Donovan can't get him up for the powerbomb and-

[He suddenly breaks off the attempt, slamming a double axehandle down across the head... a second one hits the back of the neck... and a third is back on the head, knocking Cletus Lee down to the mat...]

...where Donovan DRILLS him with a punt kick to the ribs!]

GM: Good grief! That'll cause a sting to rattle down your spine!

[Donovan leans down, dragging Cletus Lee off the mat. He winds up his right arm, taking a big swing...]

...but the man who is one-half of the tag team champions traps the arm under his own. Donovan throws a left, trying to break free but Cletus Lee hooks that limb as well!]

GM: Cletus Lee's got his arms trapped and-

[He suddenly and violently lashes out, smashing his skull into Donovan's... over and over and over again...]

GM: Headbutts!

BW: Donovan's trapped! He can't get out! He can't block 'em! He's just getting ruined by those big headbutts!

[After several big headbutts connect, Cletus Lee lets go, grabbing Donovan by the hair...]

...and sinking his teeth into the forehead of the seven footer!]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting Donovan!

[At the referee's count of four, Cletus Lee Bishop shoves his opponent away, pushing him back into the corner where he lifts his long leg, planting his boot on the windpipe of Donovan.]

GM: He's using his boot to choke the big man here... get in there, referee!

BW: Meekly's sticking his rat nose in there right now, Gordo. What more do you want him to do?

GM: Right now, I want him to count and not warn!

[The official's count is slow in starting but it eventually forces a break at the count of four as Cletus Lee mockingly laughs in Meekly's face before finally breaking. He grabs Donovan by the arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Big whip by the Redneck Wrecking Machine and he's coming after him!

[Cletus Lee tears across the ring like a wildman, raising his big leg at the last moment...

...and kicks the top turnbuckle as Donovan sidesteps, bouncing off the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS Cletus Lee with a lariat of his own!]

GM: BIG! TIME! LARIAT!

[Donovan throws himself into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But at the last possible moment, a desperate Cletus Lee lifts his leg, dropping his foot on the bottom rope. The referee spots it in time to stop his count, pointing it out to an incensed Robert Donovan who climbs back to his feet, leaning down to grab Cletus Lee by the hair, dragging him back off the mat...

...and right back into the gutwrench!]

GM: Donovan hooks him! He's going for the powerbomb again!

[Suddenly, the crowd EXPLODES into jeers as Dave Cooper leaps up on the ring apron, shouting at Donovan!]

GM: What in the...?!

BW: Where the heck did HE come from?!

GM: I have no idea! I think he came out of the crowd!

BW: I think he came out from under the ring!

GM: You could be right... that sounds like the kind of low down, sneaky thing that Cooper and his buddies might pull!

[Donovan peels away from Cletus Lee, turning his focus towards Dave Cooper. His eyes flare with outrage as he stalks towards Cooper who is just running his mouth as quickly as he possibly can...

...until Donovan surges forward, reaching out to grab Cooper around the throat! The crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM! HE'S GOT HIM!!

[But with Donovan's back turned, Cletus Lee looks to take advantage of the situation, rushing forward...]

GM: LOOK OUT!!

[Bishop raises his long leg...]

BW: BIG BOOOOOOOOO-

[But Donovan sees it coming, sidestepping...

...and allowing Bishop to deliver the big boot as a glancing blow off the shoulder of Dave Cooper, sending the former National Tag Team Champion crashing down off the apron to the floor!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE HIT COOPER INSTEAD!!

[And as Cletus Lee turns around, he gets a hand wrapped around his throat! The crowd roars again as Donovan powers Cletus Lee up into the air and DRIVES him down to the canvas!]

GM: CHOKESLAM!! CHOKESLAM!!

[Donovan drops to his knees to apply a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers as Dave Cooper yanked Donovan out of the cover and clear out to the floor just before the count of three!]

GM: Oh, come on! Referee, do something about this gu-

[BOOM!]

GM: DONOVAN FLATTENS HIM WITH A RIGHT HAND!!

[The seven foot two giant slides back into the ring, burying a boot into the gut of a rising Cletus Lee, pulling him back into a gutwrench...

...which is Dave Cooper's cue as he slides into the ring, steel chair in hand...]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan drops like a rock from the impact of the chair across his back!]

GM: COOPER BLASTS HIM WITH THE CHAIR!!

[Meekly swings around, waving an arm...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd jeers the sound of the bell as Phil Watson grabs the mic.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... due to outside interference, Cletus Lee Bishop has been DISQUALIFIED!

[A big cheer goes up!]

PW: Moving on to the second round... your winner of the match... ROBERT DONNNNNNOVAAAAAN!

[A fired-up Cooper ignores a protesting Meekly, raising the chair over his head a second time...

...and SLAMS it down across Donovan's knee!]

GM: OHHHHH! COME ON!!

[Cooper winds up a third time, ready to deliver another shot to the knee...

...when suddenly Cletus Lee Bishop grabs the chair in both hands! Big cheer!]

GM: CLETUS LEE!

[Cooper slowly turns around, eyes coming to rest on an absolutely LIVID Cletus Lee Bishop!]

GM: Cooper got Cletus Lee disqualified! He got him-

[Cooper suddenly lets go of the chair, quickly fleeing the ring...

...and then fleeing from a charging Duane Henry as well, hurdling the barricade and making his way through the crowd with Duane Henry in hot pursuit!]

GM: Cooper's making a run for it! Duane Henry's going after him! Cletus Lee is out and Robert Donovan is moving on to the second round! We've gotta take a break but we'll be right back with more AWA Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 Chris Staley backstage, head down, sitting on a bench, just like he was last time. This time, he's not wearing a shirt, showing off his scarred body. He rubs his hands together and looks up with a hint of a smile on his face.]

CS: So, this is it, time for me to take my first step to becoming AWA World Champion.

[Staley looks at his body, repulsed.]

CS: You don't understand what this means to me. For one thing, I'll never have to go back to Japan.

[He raises an eyebrow.]

CS: Oh, I know, that's the holy land to other wrestlers. But for me? It was hell. The only promotions that wanted me were the scummy hardcore organizations. They paid very well, but hardcore wasn't what I really wanted to do. Guess being in the EMWC attaches a stigma to some people, huh?

[Staley chuckles.]

CS: Well, that's over with now. I'm here to talk about the AWA. I'm here in the AWA for the tournament to prove to the world that I am indeed capable

of being a pure professional wrestler. Capable of doing SO much more than I ever did as a stupid kid.

[Staley rubs his chin.]

CS: And while we're on the subject of kids, it seems I've drawn Jeff Jagger in the first round. You're the ref's boy, right?

[Staley nods.]

CS: I've seen some of your stuff, and you've got some serious potential. Know that I'm definitely not going to underestimate you. I know better than anybody that it only takes three seconds to make a new star, and, bam, I'm right out of this tournament.

[He sighs.]

CS: The thing about this though, Jeff, is that you simply want the victory. I, on the other hand, NEED it. I need to silence my legion of critics, but more importantly, I need to prove to myself that I have this in me. And what better place than the AWA to prove it?

[Staley stops for a second, and looks around. He nods when he hears what he wants to hear.]

CS: I hear these fans out there right now, and they've been hot as hell all night. I feed off that energy, it makes me go. They came here looking for a good fight, and I intend on giving it to them.

[Staley puts his hand out.]

CS: And, win or lose, I intend on shaking your hand afterwards.

[Staley stands up and takes his long black leather coat out of one of the lockers and puts it on.]

CS: And who knows? Maybe I'll even find...

[Staley cracks a smile.]

CS: ...my Redemption. Greenville, let's do this!

[Staley walks off as we fade to another piece of pre-taped footage where we find Jason Dane standing alongside the young "Carolina Crusher" Jeff Jagger. Jagger is clad in a simple pair of blue jeans and a black t-shirt missing the sleeves. His medium length brown hair falls unkempt around his determined face.]

JD: Fans, I'm here alongside young Jeff Jagger, preparing to compete in the World Title tournament this evening in his first crack at AWA gold. How are you feeling, Jeff?

JJ: Nervous as all Hell.

[This elicits a bit of a laugh from Dane in response to the candor displayed by the youngster.]

JJ: There's a ton o' talent amongst these 63 other guys. They went in an' pulled in a dozen guys I grew up idolizin' for one more shot at glory. The thought at facin' any one o' those guys is enough to give me goosebumps. But the idea o' havin' to run through a handful of 'em...

[Jagger shakes his head.]

JJ: If this is gonna happen, it's gonna be the toughest thing I've ever done; that's for damn sure.

JD: Speaking of some of these legends that have thrown their name in the hat for a chance at the AWA World Title, you face one of them in the first round tonight, in Chris Staley. This is a man with a long history in this business. Where do you think your advantages lie?

[A nod from Jagger.]

JJ: It's pretty simple, Jase. I wasn't sittin' on a beach somewhere sippin' Mai Tai's livin' off a fortune earned a decade ago or collectin' royalty checks from ole' Pay Per View DVDs. I've been in the gym _every day._ I've been tryin' to get better an' better _every day._

An' when I said I was nervous, it ain't 'cause I feel like I'm comin' in to this tournament out-gunned. I'm in better shape than every one o' these guys, includin' Chris Staley. There's no ring rust with me. I've got tons of old footage on these guys to get the scoutin' report just right.

[A small smile from the Carolina Crusher.]

JJ: I'm happy to pay the royalties to you, boys. I consider it money well spent. The reason for the nerves is simply this:

I want it more.

Chris, I respect what you've done in this business. I hope that in two decades that I can have the accolades you carry around with you. And tonight, I want you to bring those accolades into the ring with ya'.

But you're gonna need a lot more than accolades to stop me from my dream. You bring your history...

[Jagger's eyes twinkle dangerously.]

JJ: ...While I make it.

[With that, Jagger storms off camera and we crossfade to footage marked "STALEY vs JAGGER - GREENVILLE, SC" As the footage comes up, we see

Jeff Jagger execute a go-behind waistlock on Staley, holding tight for a few moments before dropping down to the mat, switching to a double leg trip from behind that puts Staley facefirst on the mat. Jagger quickly applies a side headlock.]

JD: Jeff Jagger's out to impress these Carolina fans here tonight with a nice display of grappling to start the matchup.

[Wrapping his arms around Jagger's waist, Staley rolls him onto his shoulders, earning a two count before Jagger lifts a shoulder.]

JD: A quick two count on the rollup for Staley but Jagger was well aware of what we happening and knew what he had to do to counter it.

[Jagger cranks down on the headlock as we crossfade to later in the match where we see Jagger running at top speed towards a cornered Staley who steps back, allowing Jagger to slam chestfirst to the buckles. Staley hooks him from behind in a waistlock...

...and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a German Suplex!]

JD: Jagger gets PLANTED with that German! That one had all impact, no bridge as the great Jon Stegglet used to say and Jagger's going to be reeling after that one.

[Staley grabs him by the arm, dragging him to his feet. He yanks Jagger into a front facelock, leaning down to hook one of Jagger's legs...]

JD: I haven't seen one of these lately.

CP: Me neither, Dane. He picks him up... and slams him down with the cradle suplex!

[Having hit the fisherman suplex cleanly, Staley bridges as the official drops down to count, getting up to two before Jagger slips free from Staley's grip...

...and we crossfade to later in the match again, showing Staley wearing out Jagger with kicks to the ribs in the corner. He quickly switches stances, throwing the kicks to the side of the legs instead, forcing Jagger down to a knee as Staley backs off...]

JD: He's setting Jagger up for something here!

[Staley rushes back in towards the corner...

...but Jagger springs up, sidestepping the charge, and wrapping his arms around Staley's head and neck!]

JD: SLEEPER!

[Jagger hangs on tight, dragging Staley away from the ropes and out to the center of the ring to the loud cheers of the Carolina crowd.]

JD: Jagger's got it hooked in deep but can he hang on long enough to put Staley out of commission?

CP: He's right in the middle of the ring, Dane. This could be it.

JD: It certainly could!

[With the hometown crowd roaring for him, Jagger leaps up onto the back of Staley, trying to ride him down into the mat and achieve ultimate leverage to put him out.]

JD: Jagger's up on the back! Trying to hang on!

[A desperate Staley flails about, trying to swing his arms back and knock Jagger from his perch. Failing miserably, he changes tactics, angling his body back to the corner...

...and SLAMS himself backwards into the buckles, smashing Jagger against the corner!]

JD: Ohh! Staley's trying to battle his way out of this hold but Jagger's hanging on even after being driven into the corner!

[Staley edges out, Jagger's arms still wrapped around his head and neck...

...and SLAMS himself back again!]

JD: TWICE! TWICE HE HITS THE BUCKLES!!

[The second one lands with enough impact to break the hold, Staley slightly staggering away as Jagger leans against the buckles.]

JD: He broke the hold! And maybe just in the nick of time to look at him, Colt!

CP: He had a one way ticket to Dream Street, Dane, but just jumped off the bus before it reached the station.

[Jagger suddenly leaps up to the second rope, leaning forward and slipping his legs over the shoulders of Staley who is facing away from him. Staley staggers out, Jagger up on his shoulders in electric chair position...]

JD: Jagger's looking for Victory Roll out of the corner!

[Getting his momentum going forward, Jagger flips forward in a Victory Roll attempt...

...but Staley drops down, tightly cradling both of Jagger's legs!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The shot cuts ahead a few more moments, showing a victorious Staley living up to his word as he shakes a disappointed Jeff Jagger's hand.]

JD: Chris Staley can add his name to the list of thirty-two, fans! He's moving on to the second round in what has to be a disappointing loss for Jeff Jagger who certainly had hopes of making it deep into this tournament. That's it for this week's edition of the World Title Tournament Control Center, fans! And we'll see you next time LIVE from Tampa, Florida when we present The First Tangle In Tampa! And right now, let's go to some pre-taped footage where I got a chance to speak another man who has already made the field of thirty-two... and a man who perhaps created some controversy with his words two weeks ago... "Hotshot" Stevie Scott!

[OK, let's. Standing in front of an AWA banner are indeed Jason Dane and Stevie Scott. Stevie is back to wearing his white t-shirt with "Hotshot" written across the front, angled slightly upward, in red letters with gold trim. The shirt also has red piping. As usual, he stands with a cocky grin as Dane brings it in.]

JD: Stevie, it seems you have raised some eyebrows and ruffled some feathers with the words you had to say at the end of the last Saturday Night Wrestling.

[The Hotshot shakes his head, rubbing his right hand through his hair while laughing that short, breathless laugh that he's gotten so good at lately.]

HSS: Ruffled some feathers, eh? Raised some eyebrows, you say?

Then we'll call it mission accomplished.

First of all, Ron Houston...you have permission to run your mouth about me when you can manage to stick around for more than a few months at a time. I've done more here in the AWA and in the professional wrestling business than you've ever DREAMED of doing, other than perfecting the disappearing act, which I hear they're about to name after you.

But if you want to keep talking, give your old friend Marcus Broussard a call and ask what happens when you get under my skin a little too much.

[Steviegrin~!]

HSS: Now, moving on to more important things...it's come to my attention that there are still a lot of Stevie Scott doubters out there, people who think that maybe my time has come and gone already, that the AWA doesn't need to hitch its wagon to this old, played-out horse.

[Short, quick laugh again.]

HSS: For those of you who don't remember, allow me to re-introduce myself.

I am a two-time AWA National Champion.

I've been in every WarGames...won the Rumble...headlined the biggest cards in the AWA, from Memorial Day Mayhem to SuperClash, and more shows than Gordon Myers can remember.

I've put...

[Again he laughs, running his hand through his hair.]

HSS: I've put more men out of commission than anyone else in the short history of the AWA. Gary Bright, Jeremy Rhodes, Adam Rogers, Marcus Broussard twice, the list goes on.

And now they want to doubt, Jason Dane, if I can be a major player in the AWA again. They want to doubt if Stevie Scott can emerge as the last man standing from a field of 64 to become the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion. They want to doubt if Stevie Scott can be the future of the American Wrestling Alliance.

[Stevie holds up two fingers to Dane.]

HSS: Twice, Jason Dane, TWICE I have pulled myself up from the depths of ruin. Twice I have hit rock bottom and had to back to the drawing board, to figure out how to adapt in order to stay at the top of the game.

And I've done it. Time and time again, I have gone out there and proven myself among the best that this sport has to offer. I've proven that I can walk the walk as well as I talk the talk. I've proven that when I say something's going to happen, you can take it to the bank.

So why, Jason Dane, will this time be any different?

[The Hotshot pauses, as if waiting for Dane to answer. After a few beats of uncomfortable silence, Dane finally responds.]

JD: I do-

[Predictably, Stevie immediately interrupts.]

HSS: Exactly! You don't know. If you stop and think it over, no one really should know why, should they? All you got to do is look at my resume to understand. But you know what? That's never seemed to matter. Because for whatever reason, Stevie Scott has always had his share of doubters.

They thought I couldn't win the Rumble. But I did.

They thought I couldn't derail the Russian War Machine, Kolya Sudakov, when he spent eight months running roughshod over the AWA. But I did.

They thought I couldn't become a two-time AWA National Champion. They thought I couldn't beat Juan Vasquez, Mr. International Superstar, time and again. But I did.

They thought I couldn't come back from a broken neck. They thought I couldn't hang with James Monosso in a no-DQ match. They thought I couldn't beat Marcus Broussard and send him out of the AWA forever.

[That laugh.]

HSS: But. I. Did.

You seeing a pattern here, Jason?

[Dane tilts his head to the side, then nods.]

HSS: Of course you are. It's as plain as the big nose on Bucky Wilde's face. As shiny as the trail of slime that Ben Waterson leaves behind everywhere he goes.

I _AM_ Stevie Scott.

I _AM_ the heartbeat of the AWA.

And _that_, Jason Dane, is never going to change.

[We fade away from the focused and determined Stevie Scott to Phil Watson standing along in the ring.]

PW: It is now time for your MAIN EVENT of the evening! The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a first round match in the AWA World Title Tournament.

Introducing first...

["Forsaken" by David Draiman plays']

PW: Hailing from Detroit, Michigan. He weighs in tonight at 320 pounds. This is WILLIAM CRAVEN!

[The green man beast comes to the ring wearing black vinyl slacks, red gauze on his hands and feet, and a black ring robe. He poses for the crowd before turning, ready for his match.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The opening riffs of "You Got Another Thing Comin" by Judas Priest kick in over the PA system, causing the crowd to stir. As the tempo picks up, the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova comes out from the entranceway.]

PW: Introducing, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...

IS...

SUPERNOVA!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the sides and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. He is also wearing a white vest with a big, fiery yellow sun on the back and the word "Supernova" beneath it in yellow lettering. And most notable is his face paint, black and yellow, resembling a flame.

As he heads down the aisle, he is more than happy to slap the hands of the fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade but as Supernova approaches the ring, he comes to a stop just as the aisleway opens up into the ringside area. He looks up at the squared circle and his opponent who is pacing back and forth across the ring like a caged animal waiting to be released from captivity.]

GM: And you can see the experience starting to measure Supernova's actions. A year ago, he might have rushed right into the fight but now? Now, he knows that he'd be playing right into Craven's hands if he does that. Now, he stands back, waits and watches, and figures out the best way to get into the mix with the so-called One Man Revolution.

[Supernova slowly scales the ringsteps, looking up at Craven who walks quicker now, getting more and more eager to get his hands on the Venice Beach youngster. The young fan favorite steps through the ropes into the ring...

...and William Craven strikes!]

GM: There's the bell! Here we go!

[Craven promptly hammers Supernova, raining down forearms across the back and neck of his younger opponent...

...who tries to fire back, first throwing haymakers to the body, and then climbing the ladder to throw him at the head of the wild man!]

GM: Supernova's fighting back! He was ready for this fight to come to him!

[Craven backs off, waiting for Supernova to rush towards him...

...and catches him with an uppercut-style martial arts thrust, driving his stiffened fingers into the windpipe!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him in the throat!

[Supernova stumbles backwards, hands shooting up to his neck as he falls back into the buckles. Craven lunges forward, slapping the hands away as he wraps his hands around his throat!]

GM: That's a choke, fans! He's choking Supernova!

[The referee starts a count, reaching four before Craven backs off...

...and lunges right back in, hooking his hands around the throat again!]

GM: He's choking the life out of Supernova! This is exactly what he did to Alex Martinez at Memorial Day Mayhem, knocking Martinez out of this tournament!

[The official steps in again, starting another count. This time, Craven holds on until the count of five and brave Johnny Jagger pushes his way in, shoving Craven away from Supernova.]

GM: Whoa! Look out!

BW: What the heck is Jagger thinking, Gordo?! He should be counting - not physically putting his hands on a wrestler!

GM: He WAS counting and Craven ignored him!

BW: Then call for the bell and do your job!

[Craven glares at the official, a frightening enough look to send a chill down your spine as he grabs Supernova by the arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Cross-corner whip by Craven!

[A rushing Craven attempts to barrel backfirst into Supernova who pulls himself out of the way, causing Craven to smash hard into the corner!]

GM: OHHH! He missed the charge to the buckles!

[Supernova swings around, throwing a big right hand to the jaw... and another... and a third. He switches his stance, lighting up the chest of Craven with big knife edge chops as the official starts a count!]

BW: So if he reaches five this time, is he gonna drag Supernova out of there?

GM: He might!

[Breaking the assault at four, the Venice Beach native grabs Craven by the arm, firing him across the ring where Craven slams into the buckles, stumbling back out to the middle of the ring...

...where Supernova LAUNCHES him overhead and down to the canvas with a high backdrop!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP BY SUPERNOVA!!

[With Craven down and writhing in pain on the mat, Supernova spins around, reaching down to grab his legs...]

GM: He's going for the Solar Flare!

[The crowd ROARS as Supernova attempts to tie up Craven in the Texas Cloverleaf but Craven makes a lunge for the ropes, forcing the official to call for a break. Supernova releases the hold, watching as Craven pulls himself out of the ring to the floor...]

GM: Craven's out to the floor, looking for a place to recover from that high backdrop. He took the early edge in the match but Supernova came battling back to retak-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd EXPLODES at the sight of Supernova dashing across the ring and HURLING his body over the top rope, wiping out Craven on the barely-padded concrete floor!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE!! WHAT A DEATH-DEFYING DIVE BY SUPERNOVA!!

[Climbing back to his feet, Supernova lets loose a howl as he pounds at his chest a few times before leaning down to drag Craven off the floor. He shoves him back under the ropes into the ring before pulling himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes.]

GM: Both men are back inside the squared circle. This is where Supernova wants to keep it you have to believe, Bucky.

BW: If he's got the sense of a mudpie, he does.

[Pulling Craven to his feet, Supernova ducks down, scooping the larger man up into his powerful arms...

...and SLAMMING him down to the mat in a scoop slam!]

GM: Big slam by Supernova and-

[Big cheer!]

GM: He's headed up top!

[Stepping out to the apron, Supernova goes to the corner and begins to climb.]

GM: Supernova's up to the middle rope... now with a foot up top...

[He lets loose another howl before pushing up to the top with both legs, steadying himself before flinging himself off his perch with a body splash...]

GM: BIG SPLASH OFF THE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Having successfully rolled out of the way of the flying splash, Craven scoots back to the corner, his back pressed against the turnbuckles. He rocks back and forth a bit, perhaps soothing himself from the abuse he's taken so far in the match.]

GM: I don't think this man is rowing with both oars in the water.

BW: Ya think?!

GM: I realize it's kind of an obvious statement but look at him, Bucky!

BW: I see him. But you know what I think? Sometimes you don't have to row with both oars in the water if you're willing to take the one that's out of the water and club someone upside the head with it!

[Craven uses the ropes to drag himself up off the mat, eyeing Supernova as the youngster tries to regain his feet...

...and hooks him from behind, pulling his head back by his short blonde hair!]

GM: He's got Supernova by the hair, dragging him into an inverted facelock...

[...and DRIVING the back of 'Nova's skull into the canvas with a reverse DDT!]

GM: Ohh! He spiked him!

[Craven rolls over into a vertical press, an awkward looking pin attempt that only gains a two count. He straightens up, glaring at Jagger...

...and then wraps his hands around the throat again!]

GM: Oh, come on! Get in there, referee!

[The referee starts a count, moving quickly to break the attack. Craven breaks it off at four and a half before slowly regaining his feet. He lumbers across the ring to the ropes, leaning against them...

...and then charges out of them, jumping into the air and dropping all his weight down on the sternum!]

GM: Ohh! Backsplash by Craven!

BW: And when you're the size that Craven is, you ECLIPSE Tommy Stephens!

[Craven rolls over, applying another press.]

GM: Craven's got him down again for one! For two! For-

[But Supernova lifts the shoulder off the canvas again, earning a series of short right hands to the ribcage before Craven regains his feet, stomping the same part of the body.]

GM: William Craven, the so-called One Man Revolution, is taking the fight to Supernova. You know how badly Craven wants through to the second round.

BW: And it's not even so much that he wants the World Title, Gordo. He just wants the spotlight on his cause - the power that having the title would give him as he tries to further his belief that the worlds of Extreme and hardcore are destined to overtake everything that the AWA represents and stands for.

[Craven leans down, dragging Supernova off the mat by the throat, and then just pure power lifts him straight up into a double-handed chokehold!]

GM: He's got Supernova up! He's choking him!

[Supernova flails his arms, kicking his legs to try and free himself so Craven flings him away, tossing him down to the mat...

...and rushes forward with a Yakuza kick attempt at the rising Supernova who sidesteps, hooking a waistlock...]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[The young lion shows off some pure power of his own, muscling Craven's large form up into the air...

...and DUMPING him down on the back of his head with a German Suplex!]

GM: What a move! A tremendous counter by Supernova and William Craven is in big trouble, fans! BIG trouble!

[Failing to hold a bridge, Supernova crawls into a lateral press.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! HE'S GOT TH-

[But Craven lifts a shoulder at the last moment to the jeers of the AWA faithful. Climbing to his feet, Supernova reaches down to grab the feet, pulling the legs up...

...and gets an uppercut blow to the throat again, sending the fan favorite staggering away!]

GM: Craven knocks him back to- LOOK OUT!

[Suddenly, Craven rushes forward with his arm outstretched, getting tangled up with Supernova as they both goes twisting over the top rope. Supernova clears everything, flying out to the floor as Craven flips over and SLAMS spinefirst down on the apron!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief!

BW: That might have hurt Craven worse than it did Supernova, Gordo!

GM: I’m pretty sure it did!

[With Craven laid out on the apron and Supernova down on the floor, the AWA’s Senior Official is about to start a double count when he thinks better of it, waving for the match to continue.]

BW: That idiot Jagger was going to count them both out.

GM: He started to, yes, but then he thought better of it, realizing that would be against the official rules of this tournament. No double countouts, no double disqualifications, no time limit draws - every match MUST have a winner!

[The crowd tries to rally support for the downed Supernova but after a bit, they realize he’s still not getting back to his feet yet. Johnny Jagger slides to the floor, checking on both men.]

BW: Does this whole “every match must have a winner” apply if they’re both out cold and can’t continue?

GM: Well, I have to admit, I don’t know. Both of these men went down hard after that tangled-up clothesline over the ropes to the floor. Craven’s back slammed into the hardest part of the ring at a sickening impact and Supernova went all the way over the top to that thinly-padded floor outside the ring.

[Slowly, Supernova pushes up to his hands and knees on the floor as Craven uses the ropes to drag himself to a sitting position.]

GM: Both men are starting to stir - the match will go on!

[Jagger slides back into the ring as Craven drags himself all the way up to his feet, leaning against the ring ropes as Supernova pushes up to his feet...

...and surges towards the One Man Revolution, landing a big blow to the midsection. The young man reaches up with both arms, grabbing a surprised Craven...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and HURLS him off the apron, sending him CRASHING down to the unforgiving concrete floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE THREW HIM OFF THE APRON TO THE FLOOR!!

BW: Did you hear the SPLAT Craven made?! I feel sick after hearing that! The human body shouldn't make a sound like that, Gordo!

GM: I totally agree and now it's Craven laid out on the floor!

[A still-hurting Supernova staggers across the ringside area, dropping down to a knee and grabbing Craven by the hair...]

GM: Big right hand by Supernova! And there's a second! And a third! And a fourth!

[The repeated heavy shots to the head by the Venice Beach youngster has Craven's head bouncing endlessly off the barely-padded concrete. Slowly climbing to his feet, Supernova lets loose another howl, pounding his chest before dragging a barely-moving Craven to his knees with two hands full of his hair, hurling him under the ropes into the ring before rolling himself in as well.]

GM: Supernova crawling in - a cover!

[More like a muscular arm thrown across the madman's chest.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But Craven FIRES a shoulder up at the last moment...

...and then suddenly lifts his other hand as well, shoving it into the mouth of Supernova!]

GM: What the-?! He's choking him!

BW: No, no, no! He's got a mandible claw sunk in!

[Supernova's arms start to flail wildly as he falls backwards, completely caught by surprise!]

GM: Supernova's in trouble! He needs to get out of that!

[But Craven's sudden movement has Supernova reeling, falling back onto his back as Craven kneels astride him, burying his fingers under the tongue of the face-painted young lion!]

GM: Supernova's fighting it but he's trapped! He's down on the mat!

BW: Count him, ref! His shoulders are down!

[Jagger suddenly realizes exactly that, dropping down to all fours.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The shoulder comes up but Supernova is still trapped in the clawhold, struggling and fighting against it as he searches for a way to escape the dangerous submission hold...

...and then suddenly slumps down, his shoulders down on the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow! I am shocked, fans! I am absolutely shocked!

[Craven whips his head back, a maniacal look in his eyes as he looks to shove his hand even deeper into the throat of Supernova!]

GM: The match is over! Get him off the man! Get him-

[The crowd begins to buzz as a trickle of blood starts to escape the corner of Supernova's mouth!]

GM: Craven's digging those fingers deeper! He's trying to- hell, I don't have a CLUE what he's trying to do other than hurt the man and hurt him badly, fans!

BW: Craven's trying to finish off Supernova right here tonight once and for all!

GM: The man is bleeding from the mouth! The referee should reverse his decision right now! He should-

[Craven abruptly stands up, his fingers covered in blood as he glares at the protesting official. He drops down, rolling under the ropes to the floor where he drops to a knee...]

GM: What in the world is he... oh no!

[The crowd buzzes as Craven rises back to his feet, having retrieved his wooden sword from under the ring!]

GM: Get him out of here with that thing! He's got no business out here with that! None at all! The match is over - he's moving on to the second round, fans! He's got no right to be getting into the ring with that thing in his hands!

[Craven rolls back under the ropes, clutching his prized weapon to his chest. He slowly raises it over his head, stalking across the ring towards Supernova who is flat on his back with blood trickling out of the corner of his mouth...]

GM: My stars, someone needs to stop this lunatic! Someone needs to get in there and stop him from doing whatever the heck it is that he's planning on doing to Supernova! Someone needs to- fans, we're out of time! We gotta go!

BW: What?!

GM: We'll see you on in Tampa on the 4th of July!

[And as Craven stalks closer and closer to his prey...

...we abruptly cut to black.]