

# AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

ALLEN ARENA  
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE  
JUNE 9TH, 2012

[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: Welcome everyone to Music City, USA - Nashville, Tennessee - where we are LIVE for another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all the stars of the AWA galaxy! I'm Gordon Myers and by my side as always...

BW: Don't talk to me, Gordo. I'm still steamed about Memorial Day Mayhem.

GM: Mr. Buckthorn Wilde who hasn't quite gotten over the events of two weeks ago.

BW: Get over it?! Marcus Broussard is gone FOREVER! Rex Summers lost his title to some ex-con from New Zealand! We've got a wrestling bee in the second round of the tournament! Need I go on?

GM: I think we get the idea. The AWA World Title Tournament did indeed kick off two weeks ago at Memorial Day Mayhem and fourteen out of our historic field of sixty-four competed on that night. Seven men have advanced to the second round already and let's take a look at that list...

[The shot wipes into a graphic that shows the seven men who've advanced to the second round:

Glenn Hudson  
Travis Lynch  
Nenshou  
Stevie Scott  
BC Da Mastah MC  
Jackson Haynes  
Bumble Bee]

GM: Certainly some surprises in there as Bucky alluded to and right here tonight in Nashville, we're going to be adding more names to that list. We've got three big tournament matches here tonight plus we've got highlights from a couple of other shows the AWA put on over the past couple weeks where more first round action went down. But right now, let's go up to the ring for our opening matchup!

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

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, in the corner to my right, from Nashville, Tennessee... Johnny Tate!

[A fiery young man hops up on the midbuckle, his long red hair flowing behind him as he pumps a fist to the hometown crowd that gives him a few cheers.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A totally unfamiliar yet very classy sounding classical piece begins to play over the PA system. Those who were paying attention about a month ago begin to boo but there are a few who crane their necks to see who is coming through the curtain. After a few moments as the music crescendos, we see a muscular Japanese man walk into view wearing a black and silver - and quite glittery - gi. He takes three steps into the aisle before dropping into a full bow.]

GM: There you see Sebastian, the so-called "manservant" for the man about to make his way through the curtain.

BW: And one of our best sponsors!

[A few more moments pass before a second man walks into view. He's a clean cut, well-toned young man. He's not overly muscular... and honestly, he's not even overly athletic looking. His short bleached blonde hair is cropped close to his head as is his luxurious close-cut beard.]

PW: Making his spring home in West Palm Beach, Florida... weighing in at 260 pounds...

[The Japanese man takes up a position behind him as he passes - one that could be considered a protective spot as Phil continues.]

PW: Being accompanied to the ring by Sebastian... he is Alexander Kingsley III!

[Kingsley and Sebastian draw closer to the ring as Kingsley looks out with disgust over the now-jeering crowd. Kingsley's dressed in a golden sportscoat with slacks to match over a glittering silver shirt. Sebastian climbs up onto the apron, sitting on the ropes to hold them open for Kingsley who ducks through them. He stands in the middle of the ring, raising his arms out to his side.]

GM: Alexander Kingsley the Third made quite the impression on all of us a few weeks back in his AWA debut. He is a quite skilled competitor - although he's gotta be disheartened by the loss of his trainer and mentor, Mister Oliver Strickland, at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: I talked to Alexander before the show and he told me he'd be coming over here personally after this match to address that situation.

GM: Something to look forward to, I suppose.

[Sebastian grabs the tail of the golden sportcoat and yanks hard, removing both tearaway items in one pull. Kingsley smirks at the still-jeering fans, gesturing to his pants which end up in Sebastian's hands as he repeats the process, leaving Kingsley in a simple set of black boots and trunks with "AK3" splashed across both in gold script. He's also sporting black kneepads to round out the ensemble. Kingsley makes a dismissive gesture as Sebastian who exits the ring, leaving the official to give AK3 a few final words before calling for the bell.]

GM: And this one's underway... and we saw this a few weeks ago, Bucky. Kingsley offering a handshake to the young man across the ring from him.

BW: He means it too, Gordo! No funny stuff on that!

GM: I'm not so sure about that.

[Johnny Tate cautiously accepts the handshake. With a nod, Kingsley claps his hands together and begins circling young Tate, looking for an opening. He quickly dives in, grabbing a leg and pulling it out from under Tate, taking him down to the mat.]

GM: Nice single leg takedown by Kingsley... immediately into a spinning toehold, one of the finishing moves of his mentor, Mister Strickland. Kingsley showing off his amateur background.

BW: The guy's got background in EVERYTHING you can imagine, Gordo. Mat wrestling, high flying, martial arts - I'm told he even spent time in the death match circuits in Japan just to prove to himself he could do it!

[Kingsley cranks on the leg a few times as Tate slides to the ropes, grabbing the bottom one and forcing a shockingly clean break.]

GM: Clean break by Kingsley there.

BW: You sound surprised, Gordo.

GM: I AM surprised, Bucky.

BW: This guy doesn't need shortcuts. He's the real deal.

[As Tate climbs to his feet, he locks up with Kingsley who easily muscled him back against the ropes...

...where he HAMMERS a clubbing forearm across the sternum, shocking Tate for a split second before he whips him across the ring, connecting with an impactful spinning powerslam on the rebound!]

GM: Whoa my! Kingsley's not wasting any time tonight, Bucky!

[A smirking Kingsley climbs to his feet, throwing his arms apart to the jeers of the crowd before tucking his fist up high and dropping it down into the forehead of Tate.]

GM: A fistdrop right there - and into the cover!

[The referee counts two before Kingsley pulls his opponent off the mat.]

GM: There's no call for that, Bucky! When you've got an opponent beaten, you should finish the man! This is a total show of disrespect on the part of Alexander Kingsley the Third!

[Kingsley shakes his head at the official as he hauls Tate back up off the mat, burying a boot into the midsection. He pulls him into a standing headscissors, reaching down to hook his arms around the torso.]

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

[Kingsley powers Tate into the air, holding him at the top of the lift for a few seconds...

...and then DRIVES him down to the canvas with a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: He calls that the Cashbomb!

BW: Did you pronounce that with the dollar sign?

GM: I wouldn't know how if I wanted to.

[The official hits the mat, slapping it three times before calling for the bell.]

GM: Kingsley scores another victory via that devastating sitout powerbomb.

BW: Nobody kicks out of the Ca\$hbomb, Gordo.

GM: Well, no one has so-

BW: Nobody!

GM: I see. And now it appears that Mr. Kingsley and Sebastian are making their way over here to us as promised.

[The camera cuts to the ringside where Gordon and Bucky are joined by the winner and his ally.]

GM: Another impressive victory, Mr. Kingsley.

AK3: And of course, the viewing pleasure was yours, Mr. Myers.

GM: Bucky says you have something to say about one of the matches that occurred at Memorial Day Mayhem where your friend and mentor, Mister Oliver Strickland was defeated by Nenshou.

[Kingsley is obviously upset at that outcome, stiffening at the mention of it.]

AK3: My good friend, Buckthorn, is absolutely correct and is a credit to his profession of journalism. My mentor Mister Oliver Strickland went into the match at Memorial Day Mayhem expecting to find an opponent of dignity, integrity, and honor.

Instead, he finds a hooligan who uses facepaint and some kind of toxic spray from his mouth to injure and humiliate.

This savage from the Far East even assaulted a woman, Gordon Myers!

[Myers nods.]

GM: I was right there at ringside. I saw the whole thing.

AK3: Yet you did nothing to stop it. Nor did any of the other savages that currently reside in the AWA locker room.

GM: Well, Rick Marley tried to-

AK3: Sebastian and myself were relaxing on a beach in Bali on that night or we most certainly would have put Mr. Nenshou in his proper place.

But a locker room full of people sat idly by and did nothing as a true LEGEND of our business was violently assaulted and injured by this beast.

[Myers interrupts.]

GM: Wait, I thought you were upset about the wom-

[Kingsley interrupts in kind.]

AK3: Perhaps I'm not making myself clear, Gordon Myers. All the money in the world can buy a lot of things...

[An arrogant smirk.]

AK3: I should know.

[A chuckle as Sebastian peels off a couple of hundred dollar bills from a thick wad of cash in his hand.]

AK3: But what it doesn't buy is the friendship of a man like Mister Oliver Strickand - my ally, my friend, my teacher...

It does buy a lot though... like... say... a match with this Nenshou creature.

[Gordon looks shocked.]

GM: Are you saying you're going to BUY a match with Nenshou?

[Kingsley grins.]

AK3: That is precisely what I'm saying. I have a message for a certain Collector of Oddities.

[Kingsley lifts a finger, pointing at the camera.]

AK3: Everybody's got a price.

Name your price, Percy Childes. Name your price.

[Gordon speaks up once more.]

GM: What about the World Title Tournament?

[Kingsley grins.]

AK3: Now that I don't have to face my good friend, Mister Oliver Strickland, in it...

[One more arrogant sneer at the camera.]

AK3: Victory's as good as money in the bank.

[Kingsley turns, walking back up the aisle as Sebastian peels off a couple more hundred dollar bills, stuffing them in Bucky's jacket pocket.]

GM: Did he just-

BW: Dinner's on me tonight, Gordo!

GM: You didn't even conduct the interview! Fans, speaking of the World Title Tournament, there were a few matches over the past couple weeks held at live arena events as we discussed earlier. Later tonight, we'll be seeing the highlights of November taking on Hector Morales Jr. but right now, let's take a look at some words from one of the men who will be competing right here tonight in his own first round tournament match - Dick Bass!

[We pan backstage where Jason Dane stands with a ticked off looking Dick Bass who is decked out in his usual attire as has his bullwhip "Delilah" coiled around his heavily taped right hand.]

JD: I'm standing backstage with Dick Bass, who later tonight will take on his fellow stable mate Sco-

[Dane is cut off as Bass sticks a meaty finger in his face and grabs him by the suit collar.]

Bass: Stop right there weasel! Scotty Mayhem ain't nah' stable mate of mine, ya got it!?

[Dane nods his head as he stares frightened at the bullwhip Bass has under his chin. Bass stares holes through the interviewer before turning his attention to the camera.]

DB: Scotty Mayhem! I heard ya' runnin' yer mouth about you goin' ta' be the next AWA World Heavyweight champion. [smirks] Well that's funny son 'cause I was just tellin' Johnny Casanova back in tha' dressing-room tha' same about me!

[Bass snorts]

DB: Ya see boy, I don't think ya' have figured it out yet, so lemme paint a clearer picture for ya' so maybe that pea sized brain of yours can comprehend what I'm tellin' ya.

You will never be a World champion.

And yer' never going to beat me.

[Bass spits]

DB: Ya' see Dane this goes back farther then just tha' AWA. Ever since that piece of garbage has set foot in a wrasslin' ring, Him and I have always crossed paths. But what Scotty Mayhem fails to tell everybody is that I have whipped his sorry butt EVERY time we have met in tha' ring. You go ahead and look back in tha' record books and you will see Dick Bass defeated Scotty Mayhem. So tha' question is...

[Bass scowls at the camera.]

DB: What is gonna' ta' make tonight any different?

[Bass smirks cruelly]

DB: NOTHIN' that's what! We've been down this road a million times Scotty Mayhem and tha' ending is always tha' same. You lookin' up at tha' lights wondering what just happened [sticks a finger in his own chest] and me with my hand raised in victory over you once again. It never changes boy. It NEVER will change. You can't beat me 'cause you ain't got tha' heart or tha' skills to do it.

Johnny Casanova has paid me a big lump sum of cash to make sure his road to the championship is as easy as pie. We both agreed that there can't be any other endin' then tha' two of us standing across from each other to see just how will be tha' first AWA World Heavyweight champion. Now you know me boy, I always get tha' job done. By hook or crook, It will be me and Casanova in tha' finals for that big piece of gold.

[taps his temple]

DB: So do you get it son? Scotty Mayhem isn't in the equation. He never was. You can come down to that ring in yer' fancy little attire and I'll be more then happy ta' knock you out of it. That's how it's gonna' go boy. No and's, if's or but's 'bout it. Tonight I start makin' my way to the finals and at the same time, get rid of garbage so I can see Johnny Casanova across tha' ring and two REAL men can fight for the right to wear tha' AWA gold. All those others, includin' you Scotty Mayhem, are just bumps in tha' road and I'll prove it tonight when I whip your butt like a red headed step child.

[Turns to Dane.]

DB: Now get outta' my face before I make you my pre-match warm-up. Ole Delilah is jus' a beggin' to scar some flesh.

[Bass smirks as Dane quickly nods and disappears from view as we fade back to the main arena.]

GM: Dick Bass is a bully! He just terrorized Jason Dane back there with that hideous bullwhip!



BW: Don't let Bass hear you call his sweet lady "hideous" - he'll be after you next.

GM: I just hope that when Scotty Mayhem gets his hands on him later tonight, he teaches Bass a lesson or two in respect. I'm sick of announcers getting bullied and physically accosted around here lately, Bucky.

BW: Hey, I'm not too fond of the precedent either, Gordo.

GM: Ladies and gentlemen, as you probably are aware, at Memorial Day Mayhem, we saw the crowning of a new Longhorn Heritage Champion when Glenn Hudson defeated Rex Summers in their first round match. Now, there was some controversy there as the pinfall actually occurred AFTER the ten minute time limit had expired. We're going to take you back to the closing minutes of that match and then we'll come back and speak to Rex Summers and Ben Waterson about what happened. Roll it!

[We fade to footage marked "SUMMERS V. HUDSON - MEMORIAL DAY MAYHEM"]

"ONE MINUTE REMAINS! SIXTY SECONDS!"

[At the sound of the timekeeper's call, we immediately see Rex Summers rolling for the ropes, trying to escape the ring.]

GM: What the-?! Summers is trying to get out, Bucky!

BW: He is not!

GM: He certainly is! Rex Summers has just shifted gears from trying to win this match to trying to escape the match with his Longhorn Heritage Title intact!

[Summers - with the aid of his manager - rolls out to the floor, falling into an embrace with Ben Waterson as Hudson gets back up again, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and CATAPULTING himself over the top rope, crashing down on a shocked Summers and Waterson!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE WIPED `EM BOTH OUT!! GLENN HUDSON IS ON FIRE!!

[Hudson climbs back to his feet, dragging Summers off the mat with two hands full of hair, rolling him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: He puts him back in... Waterson's still down on the floor and the challenger's looking to finish Summers off and win this title right here and now!

"THIRTY SECONDS!"

GM: The challenger's back in - time is running out!

[Hudson quickly pulls Summers off the mat, grabbing an arm.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Hudson bounces off the ropes, burying a boot into the mush of a doubled-up Summers.]

GM: Hudson counters the backslide!

[Summers staggers back as Hudson throws another kick, this one a little lighter and a little slower, allowing Summers to catch the leg...

...which turns out to be exactly what Hudson wanted as he leaps into the air, snapping his free foot off the back of Summers' head!]

GM: HEAD KICK! HE CALLS IT THE GLENNZUGIRI!

[Hudson rolls over, throwing himself over a prone Summers.]

"FIFTEEN SECONDS!"

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Rex Summers again throws a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Hudson pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands as he shakes his head back and forth.]

GM: Rex Summers somehow got up from that and Glenn Hudson can't believe it! Glenn Hudson thought he had it won right there, fans! He thought he had it won!

[Hudson looks around, obviously a bit confused as to what to do next.]

BW: That ring rust is getting to him! The old instincts may be a bit shot!

"FIVE!"

"FOUR!"

"THREE!"

"TWO!"

"ONE!"

[The bell sounds as Glenn Hudson was about to scale the ropes. He drops to a knee out on the apron, slapping the canvas in frustration.]

GM: This one's over, fans! This one went the distance! Glenn Hudson came close - oh-so-close to becoming the Longhorn Heritage Champion - but he just couldn't get the three count.

BW: They're both eliminated, Gordo!

GM: That's right. We got caught up in the ramifications of the Longhorn Heritage Title - a title that Rex Summers will retain now - that we forgot about the tournament! A time limit draw means BOTH men will be eliminated from the tournament.

[Hudson climbs to his feet, leaning against the ropes as Rex Summers rolls from the ring, leaning on Ben Waterson as the duo makes their way back up the aisle towards the locker room.]

GM: Rex Summers and Ben Waterson are getting the heck out of town but you've gotta feel for Glenn Hudson. You absolutely have to feel for the man. He came back to the ring after a nine year absence. He came so close, fans. So close. But in the end, it's all for naught. He has to face the facts that he didn't get the job done and now he's gotta get on a plane, fly home to Australia, and hang up those boots once and for all.

[Hudson steps back into the ring, hands on hips as he looks down at the mat. The crowd rises to their feet, saluting the man who entertained them all for so long. He raises his head, nodding to the fans as he raises an arm to salute them.]

GM: Glenn Hudson gave it everything he had, fans. Absolutely everything he had and-

[Suddenly, a voice rings out and all eyes turn towards the stage to the source of it - "Big" Jim Watkins.]

JW: If I can have everyone's attention for a moment...

[Hudson is the last to look over at Watkins, confusion on his face.]

JW: Earlier tonight, I said I had an announcement to make about this tournament - an announcement that was interrupted by a couple of buzzing bees.

Considering what we just saw, I think it's time to make that announcement.

[Watkins pauses.]

JW: The Championship Committee has decided that we want to make sure that the absolute best in the world wins this tournament. To do that, we want to make sure that EVERY match has a winner.

[The crowd buzzes, starting to catch on.]

JW: That means that every match will be fought under very specific rules... there will be NO double countouts...

[Big cheer!]

JW: There will be NO double disqualifications...

[BIGGER CHEER!]

JW: And I think it also goes without saying that...

[Watkins grins.]

JW: ...there will be NO TIME LIMIT DRAWS!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the announcement. The camera cuts to Rex Summers and Ben Waterson who were about to step through the curtain. Both men look shocked. Summers immediately turns to his manager and shouts at him, "DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?!" Waterson frantically shakes his head.]

JW: So, Rex, Ben... if you can hear me back there, it's time to get back down to that ring because this match ain't ending until there's a winner!

[The crowd ROARS again as Ben Waterson and Rex Summers slowly come walking back down the aisle.]

BW: Are you KIDDING me?! How can this happen, Myers?! What kind of crap is Watkins trying to pull?!

GM: We knew he had an announcement to make and boy oh boy, did he make it! No double countouts... no double disqualifications... no time limit draws! There MUST be a winner in EVERY match in this tournament! Incredible!

[Summers looks shell-shocked, shaking his head back and forth as he approaches the ringside area.]

GM: Rex Summers looks stunned! He can't believe it!

BW: Of course he can't believe it! Who CAN believe it?!

GM: And look at Glenn Hudson! Glenn Hudson has been given a second chance! A second lease on life! Glenn Hudson has just been given the opportunity of a lifetime!

[Waterson grabs the title belt, clutching it to his chest as Summers pulls himself up on the apron. Marty Meekly signals for the match to continue as Hudson rushes forward, grabbing the top rope in both hands...

...and CATAPULTING Summers over the ropes into the ring!]

GM: And here we go! The match is on... again!

BW: This isn't right, Gordo! This isn't right at all!

[Hudson promptly grabs the legs of Summers, flipping over into a double leg cradle.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Summers FIRES a shoulder off the canvas just in time!]

GM: Another two count for the challenger!

[Hudson pushes up to his knees, grabbing Summers by the hair...

...and SLAMMING his face into the canvas!]

GM: Oh my!

[He lifts Summers' head off the mat again, DRIVING it into the mat a second time!]

GM: TWICE! TWICE HE GOES FACEFIRST TO THE MAT!

[Hudson gets back to his feet, pulling Summers up with him and whipping him the short distance into the buckles. The challenger backs off, pointing across the ring with both arms...

...and breaks into a full sprint!]

GM: Here comes Hudson!

[The challenger leaves his feet, DRIVING them into the upper body and face of Summers with a corner-to-corner dropkick!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Hudson pops up to a knee, grabbing a stunned Summers, and dragging him into another small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AGAIN!! AGAIN HE KICKS OUT!! AGAIN HE'S OUT AT TWO!!!  
INCREDIBLE!

[A dazed and hurting Summers rolls to his side, trying to exit the ring again but Hudson grabs him by the ankle, preventing his escape. He hauls Summers back to the center of the ring, dropping an elbow on the back of the head, smashing Summers' face into the mat!]

GM: Hudson keeps him in there...

[The challenger flips Summers to his back, pointing to the corner...]

GM: We saw this earlier! He's going for that backflip splash again!

BW: What an idiot! He missed it earlier!

[Hudson steps up to the second rope, then to the top...

...which is Ben Waterson's cue to pull himself up on the apron, pulling the top rope just hard enough for Hudson to lose his balance, falling to crotch himself!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ring the bell, ref! That's a DQ!

BW: I thought there are no DQs!

GM: There's no DOUBLE DQs, Bucky! That was Ben Waterson INTENTIONALLY interfering in this match!

BW: No, no, no! That was an accident!

[While the referee is discussing this with Ben Waterson, Rex Summers regains his feet, staggering towards the corner where Hudson is straddling the top rope.]

GM: The referee hasn't rung the bell yet and Summers is going for the kill!

[Summers wraps his arms around the waist of Glenn Hudson.]

GM: He's going for a belly to back off the top!

BW: If he hits this, it's over, daddy!

[Summers braces himself, ready to strike...

...but Hudson lashes out backwards, catching Summers squarely on the jaw with an elbow!]

GM: Ohh! Elbow to the side of the head!

[Hudson lashes out again, scoring with a second elbowstrike!]

GM: He caught him again!

[Using incredible balance and athleticism, Hudson pushes himself back up off the buckles, twisting his body around to face Summers...

...and hooking a front facelock on the man who is standing on the middle rope!]

GM: What the-?!

[Hudson suddenly shoves off the ropes, twisting Summers around as they sail off the ropes...

...and PLANT him skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: DDT! DDT! DDT!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Hudson scoring with a modified version of his No Hard Feelings tornado DDT and then urges him forward as he crawls, crawls, crawls... and covers!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[A shocked Ben Waterson falls to his knees at ringside, staring at the ring disbelief as Hudson rolls onto his back, breathing heavily as the official points to him.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner... moving on to the second round...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: ...and NEEEEEEEW LONGHORN HERITAGE CHAMPION...

GLENNNNNNNNN HUUUUUDSONNNNNNNN!

[An exhausted Hudson pushes himself to a seated position on the mat, a look of sheer disbelief on his face as Marty Meekly hands him the Longhorn Heritage Title!]

GM: My stars, fans! Can you believe it?! Glenn Hudson has returned to professional wrestling after a nine year absence and he has won the AWA Longhorn Heritage Championship! Incredible!

BW: This isn't right! It's not fair at all! The time limit was up - the match was over! Rex Summers just got robbed by that hick Jim Watkins and the crooked Championship Committee!

[And on that note, we fade back to live action where a fuming Rex Summers is standing alongside the announce duo.]

GM: Alright, as promised, I'm standing here alongside Rex Summers, the FORMER AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

[Summers visibly cringes at the "FORMER."]

GM: ...but I don't see any sight of Ben Waterson. Mr. Summers, where is your manager?

[Summers glares at Myers, obviously a sore subject.]

RS: Don't you worry about where Ben Waterson is, Myers. He's got important business to attend to and couldn't be bothered to come out to this podunk town and deal with all the rednecks out here.

[The boos hit hard on that one.]

GM: More important... than you?

[Summers cringes again.]

RS: You watch your mouth, Myers, before I decide that Dave Cooper's the smartest man around and I slap the taste right outta your mouth.

[Myers backs off, hands held up as Bucky steps in.]

BW: Rex, we all saw it go down right there. We all know you were robbed of the gold. I know that Ben went in front of the Championship Committee to plead your case. What happened?

RS: You're absolutely right, Bucky! I was robbed! That piece of gold was ripped right off my waist and absolutely handed to that decrepit dirtball Hudson. Ben went in there to the Committee and he pointed out to them that their own rulebook states that every Longhorn Heritage title match is a ten minute time limit... and that even if I was pinned after ten minutes, the title should NOT change hands.

BW: And?

RS: They pointed out something in the rulebook that gives the Championship Committee to overrule that time limit when they deem it necessary.

BW: They're saying Watkins had the right to do that?!

RS: That's exactly what they're saying.



BW: Unbelievable. So what do you do now?

[Summers pauses.]

RS: I get my belt back.

BW: Alright!

RS: The Committee says that due to the controversial nature of the end of the match, I could pick my date for a rematch... so on the Fourth of July, a little event the AWA is calling The First Tangle In Tampa... you're going to see Rex Summers vs Glenn Hudson for the Longhorn Heritage title one more time... and this time, Hudson... you won't have a time limit to deal with!

BW: No time limit?!

RS: No time limit. If I want to kick his head in for an hour, I've got all night to do it, baby! And Hudson, you may think you're hot as can be right now 'cause you beat the best in the world but believe me, old man... you're heading for a Heat Check.

[Summers storms out of view, leaving our announce team behind. Bucky, mic in hand, looks elated!]

BW: I've always wanted to do this! We'll be right back after these messages!

[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 the huge form of MAMMOTH Maximus who is standing in front of an AWA backdrop. He has on a black mask and a black singlet, with a silver M across the front. Standing next to him, looking a tad nervous, is Jason Dane, microphone in hand. On the other side of Maximus is the dark suited, bespectacled and smirking form of Louis Matsui.]

JD: MAMMOTH Maximus, we've heard you talk about your aspirations to become the AWA's first World Heavyweight Champion. Tonight, you take that first step towards achieving that goal by stepping into the ring against, I have been told, one of Japan's finest. Your thoughts, as we head towards the match?

MM: One of Japan's FINEST? Is that what you call some scab who's replacing that punk Taguchi, after he decided he'd take his toy belt and go home? PET-

[Maximus stops short at the stern glance from Matsui and Dane's eyes growing wide.]

MM: Don't think you did me any favors, because I was looking forward to showing Papa Taguchi's boy some AWA hospitality and giving him some payback for the way he treated me in Tiger Paw Pro. You see, some of you fans of Japanese wrestling like to talk about how much it is all about RESPECT! How the fans respect what the athletes do... How the athletes respect their fellow competitors... Respect your teachers, respect your dojo, respect the company... As a young man, competing for the first time in a foreign land, that's what I was told to expect and that was all I ever wanted to show... That this gaijin knew what RESPECT meant!

And then you realize just what a load of bull it all is after you've worked with the Taguchis for more than a couple of months. THEN you learn that RESPECT meant nothing if you weren't willing to do what it takes to earn it and, for me, that meant pushing my weight around, knocking Daddy's boy down a couple of notches and putting a couple of Japan's FINEST in their rightful places. Whoever it is that "Big" Jim Watkins has waiting for me, I'm going to do to him what I've done to the likes of Yoshinari Taguchi, Kenichi Noda, Yoji Naito... I even took out a certain seven-foot-tall, four hundred-pounder and added his giant carcass to the trail of Japanese bodies I left behind!

LM: THAT was in Japan... Just think what MAMMOTH Maximus will do to the poor sucker who stumbles into HIS backyard!

[MAMMOTH Maximus balls his black fingerless gloved fists and holds them together in front of him, letting out a loud snort as he yells...]

MM: IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[We fade away from Maximus' large form to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

[Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play over the arena speakers. Twenty-five seconds in, a mountain of a man, if one could call it a man, emerges from the entranceway. He is decked in a black helmet made of moulded plastic, shaped like an elephant's head, with long, curved, white tusks and a segmented black plastic tube forming the trunk. The large helmet is attached to black shoulder pads, like those used in football, which help to hold the headgear up on the man's massive frame. In addition, he is wearing a black singlet, with a silver M across the front, black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads and black boots with silver trim.]

# SING ME A SONG, YOU'RE A SINGER #  
# DO ME A WRONG, YOU'RE A BRINGER OF EVIL #  
# THE DEVIL IS NEVER A MAKER #  
# THE LESS THAT YOU GIVE, YOU'RE A MAKER #  
# SO IT'S ON AND ON AND ON #  
# IT'S HEAVEN AND HELL #  
# OH WELL #

[The man balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him, as the bespectacled Louis Matsui, steps through the entranceway, dressed in a dark suit, as usual. Matsui rubs his hands with glee, pats his client on the shoulder and points to the ring. As he comes down the aisle, the big man pays little attention to the fans on either side of him. Matsui, on the other hand, cannot help but direct a few choice words at the more vocal members of the crowd.]

PW: Hailing from the San Bernardino Mountains, weighing in at 420 pounds and being accompanied to the ring by Louis Matsui, he is...

MAMMOTH MAAAXIIMUSSS!!!

[MAMMOTH Maximus comes to a stop at the end of the entrance ramp. He begins to remove the helmet, with Matsui's assistance, to reveal a black mask with silver markings around the back. Maximus places the headgear in front of him, the trunk and tusks pointing towards the ring. He holds his fists together, then throws out his hands to either side of him, just as the trunk attached to the elephantine headgear lets forth a burst of white smoke. He approaches the ring and steps through middle and top ropes. Louis Matsui enters the ring after him and, as the music starts to fade, gives MAMMOTH Maximus some final instructions, before climbing back down to the ringside area and leaving his client in the ring to await the start of the match.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Watson pauses.]

GM: Who is it, Bucky?

BW: I've got nothin' on this one, Gordo, other than Jim Watkins selected this competitor PERSONALLY and the guy is, indeed, from Japan...

[All eyes turn to the entrance, waiting and watching...]

GM: Whoever it is, he sure knows how to build suspense...

[Watson continues.]

PW: From Nagasaki, Japan... weighing in at 411 pounds...

[One more dramatic pause as the curtain parts, the sounds of "This Fire Burns" by Killswitch Engage kicking in over the PA system. Out wobbles a very, very large man. He emerges from the curtain slowly, wearing long, red, loose fitting pant-length trunks up this belly button.]

PW: He is Mr. Majestyk...

MAUUUURRIIIIIICE MCARRRRRRRTHUR!

[The grappler better known as 4M stumbles into view, lifting an obese arm into the air to the jeers of the crowd.]

BW: Maurice McArthur?! But he's-

GM: A former death match guy from Japan, yes.

BW: But you know who he used to team with, right?

GM: Valtharius The Mad?

BW: No, Joe Pet-

GM: Right. Got it.

BW: But why would Watkins choose HIM?!

[McArthur wobbles further down the aisle, a dark headband stained with sweat and reading "DJPW" across the top wrapped around his head. He's got a wad of chewing tobacco stuffed into his mouth, chomping on it as he heads towards the ring.

Oh, and he's got a strand of barbed wire wrapped around his upper arm and shoulders a few times, cutting into his flesh already.]

GM: What in the world are we seeing here, Bucky? What's with the barbed wire?!

BW: You said it yourself, he's a death match guy. After his runs in the States got cut short, he got a gig in Japan and they loved him there. He wasn't afraid to bleed and bleed heavily. He was a friggin' hero in Death Japan Pro Wrestling.

GM: Death Japan... he basically made a career out of butchering himself.

BW: Is that any different than guys like Carver and the Spectre that we're hyping for this tournament?

[With all the discussion ongoing, 4M has reached the ring, pulling himself up on the apron where the referee stops him short, gesturing at the barbed wire.]

GM: Well, thank heavens for that. There may not be any double disqualifications in this tournament but there ARE rules still, Bucky.

BW: He's being forced to take the barbed wire off his upper body, completely cutting his upper arm and shoulder up in the process.

[The removal of the barbed wire leaves a bloody arm and shoulder behind as he drops the barbed wire on the floor with a expletive that gets muted.]

GM: We apologize for the language of this competitor, fans.

[4M shouts, "ARE YOU [BLEEPING] HAPPY NOW?!" at the official as Maximus rushes across the ring, drilling him with a swinging forearm to the temple that sees 4M clinging to the top rope, trying to stay up on the apron as Mickey Meekly signals for the bell.]

GM: Here we go! This tournament matchup is underway!

[Barking with each blow, Maximus continues to rain down clubbing forearms across the side of the head, leaving 4M hanging onto the ropes for his life. Grabbing a handful of 4M's hair, Maximus straightens him up...

...and CONNECTS with a brutal clothesline, knocking 4M first to his back down on the apron where he slowly rolls off the floor, waddling away from the ring apron as Maximus steps through the ropes, looking to continue the fight.]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus put him down and now he's going out after him!

BW: And this is where things get dangerous, Gordo. No double countouts, no double DQs. McArthur might be able to do a whole lot of damage under those rules.

GM: Maximus, at twenty-seven years old, is truly entering the prime of his career at the right moment here in the AWA. A recent addition to the roster, you have to think he's well-positioned to be a serious threat in this tournament, fans.

BW: With Louis Matsui by his side, I think he's a MAJOR threat to win this whole thing.

[Maximus drops down to the floor, approaching 4M from behind. The bulky McArthur is leaning over the ringside railing as Maximus draws near. At the feel of Maximus grabbing his arm, McArthur wheels around and drives his hand into the throat of Maximus!]

GM: Ohh!

[Maximus stumbles backwards, clutching his throat and gasping for air as McArthur quickly tucks his hand under his flabby arm into the armpit and then pins that arm to his side.]

GM: I think he hit Maximus in the throat with something!

BW: Can you prove that?

GM: Make him lift his arm! I think he hid it under there!

BW: In his armpit? That's kinda gross, isn't it?

GM: There's not a thing about McArthur that's not gross!

[With Maximus falling back against the apron, coughing violently, McArthur draws near and wraps his bulky hands around Maximus' throat in a blatant chokehold.]

GM: He's choking him, ref!

BW: Totally legal!

GM: It is NOT!

[Maximus uses his tremendous power to bat McArthur's arms away before stunning him with a headbutt between the eyes, knocking him a couple steps back...

...and then surges forward, smashing both arms together on the ears of McArthur, knocking him flat to the barely-padded floor below!]

GM: Ohh! Nice shot by Maximus!

[From the other side of the ring, we hear Louis Matsui shouting, "GET HIM IN THE RING!" Maximus nods, dragging the obese form of McArthur off the mat, shoving him under the ropes (with much effort and pulling up of the ropes.)]

GM: McArthur's back in and Maximus is going back in as well.

[With McArthur down on his back like a turtle trying to get up, Maximus winds up his heavy arm...

...and DROPS a four hundred and twenty pound elbow down in the chest of McArthur, causing his legs to flail upwards and then fall back motionless to the mat!]

GM: A big elbow!

BW: I think McArthur might be done right here and now.

GM: You could be right, Bucky.

[Maximus pushes himself back to his feet, glaring down at the motionless McArthur on the canvas. Reaching down, the big man hauls McArthur up by the arm...

...and gets another shot to the throat!]

GM: Good grief! McArthur goes back to the throat!

[Grabbing a reeling Maximus by the ears, he pulls him closer...

...and sinks his teeth into Maximus' forehead!]

GM: He's biting him, Bucky!

BW: I've seen tapes of some of his matches in Japan. I think we should consider ourselves lucky that this is all he's doing to him, Gordo.

[McArthur slips a hand under his armpit in mid-bite and promptly uses the same hand to strike Maximus in the ear, knocking him down to a knee...

...and then moves his hand back to his armpit.]

GM: What in the world...? Referee, check that man!

[The official seems to a bit curious at 4M's obsession with his armpit, asking him about it but 4M doesn't reply before slamming a boot into the chest of the kneeling Maximus, knocking him down to the canvas. He turns away from the official, reaching for his armpit and then stuffing his hand down the front of his loose-fitting pants.]

GM: I think he... did he just move something from one place to another?

[The referee shouts at McArthur, ordering him to lift his arm as Louis Matsui shouts at Meekly from the floor.]

GM: Matsui saw it! He's telling the referee to check the pants but Meekly seems hesitant to do it!

[McArthur suddenly shoves the referee aside, going for an elbowdrop of his own...

...but SLAMS down on the canvas as Maximus rolls aside!]

GM: Ohhh! He missed the big elbow!

[Maximus slowly pushes up off the mat, shaking off the effects of the attack he just took...

...and leaps into the air, dropping all his weight down across the chest of McArthur!]

GM: SPLASH!! HE GOT IT ALL!!

[Maximus pushes up to his knees, planting his fists in the chest of McArthur.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But McArthur kicks out just before the three count comes down to the dismay of the crowd!]

GM: McArthur kicks out! Can you believe it?

BW: Considering some of the punishment he put his body through in Japan, I'm not exactly surprised that he's a resilient son of a gun, Gordo.

[Maximus seems to be a bit surprised as he pushes the rest of the way up to his feet, looking out at Matsui with dismay. Matsui shouts at Maximus, ordering him to stay on the man. With a nod, Maximus drags McArthur off the mat, cuffing him with a forearm to the temple that sends McArthur falling back into the buckles.]

GM: McArthur can barely stand in there - he's totally outmatched, Bucky, and I can't imagine why the Championship Committee thought this was a good idea.

BW: Frankly, neither can I, Gordo. I think Jim Watkins missed the boat on this one.

[With McArthur cornered, Maximus squares his shoulders and prepares to unleash hell, throwing rights and lefts. Some punches land but mostly they're brutalizing hooking forearm shots that leave McArthur completely out on his feet. The referee steps in at the count of four, backing Maximus up...

...which allows McArthur to slip a hand into the front of his pants, retrieving his weapon of choice!]

GM: He's got it again! Whatever it is that he's been using to hit Maximus, he's got it in his hand and-

[But this time, Maximus saw it and rushes forward, connecting with an avalanche in the corner, sending the weapon sailing through the air and out to the floor!]



GM: Good grief!

[McArthur stumbles away from the corner, Maximus leaning over to scoop him up...]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[...and quickly SMASH him down to the canvas with a front powerslam! He pops up to his feet, throwing back his arms in a mighty roar as the crowd actually cheers the big power move!]

GM: MAXIMUS SLAMMED THE BIG MAN!!

[And with the drag of a thumb across the throat, Maximus steps up to the middle rope, grabbing the top with both hands as he bounces up and down several times...

...and then kicks his legs out, going horizontal to the mat, and CRASHES down on the torso of McArthur!]

GM: PREHISTORIC CRUSSSSSH!

[Maximus pushes up to his knees, planting his palms on the chest again as the referee makes a mercifully quick three count.]

“DING! DING! DING!”

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

MAMMOTH MAXIMUSSSSSS!

[The crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and boos for the impressive victory as Maximus regains his feet, barking “THE WORLD IS MINE!” at the fans...

...and then shoves the official aside, moving to the corner again!]

GM: Wait a second! The match is over! There’s no call for this, Bucky!

BW: You want to tell him that?

GM: He’s gonna do it again! He’s gonna break the ribs of-

[Maximus lets loose a loud roar before hurling himself into the air a second time, crushing the morbidly obese body of 4M underneath him!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MAXIMUS SMASHES HIM A SECOND TIME!!

[With Louis Matsui now in the ring, clapping and grinning, Maximus gets to his feet and allows his manage to raise his hand in triumph.]

GM: MAMMOTH Maximus has won this one, fans, in impressive fashion and he's moving on to the second round.

BW: I don't want to take anything away from Maximus' win, Gordo, but I still wonder what the heck Jim Watkins was thinking when he signed on McArthur for this tournament.

GM: I'm right there with you. But nonetheless, we're going to need some help out here for McArthur... maybe a stretcher.

BW: And about a dozen guys to carry it.

GM: That sounds about right. Fans, MAMMOTH Maximus moves on to the second round! But he's not the only one who'll be trying to do that here tonight. Earlier, we heard from Dick Bass about his first round matchup here tonight in Nashville but now let's hear from his opponent, Scotty Mayhem!

[We open in the backstage area where Scotty Mayhem stands with his ever-slimming Big Mama. As always, Mayhem is dressed to impress adorned in a dark purple and silver sequined robe with "Mayhem" across the back in bold black lettering. A matching headband tries to tame his wild hair while white jammer sunglasses cover his eyes. Big Mama wears a deep purple sequined dress that ends just before the knees, matching pumps and diamond necklace hangs from her neck while matching earrings drip from her ear. As always Mayhem is fired up. The veins pop in his neck and his hands flail as he begins to speak.]

SM: OHHHH YEEAAAAH! Finally it's time to separate the men from the boys-yeah! The Mayhem has been patiently waiting to climb into that ring and prove to everyone that without a doubt, he will be the next AWA World Heavyweight Champion-yeah.

[Mayhem looks around like he's paranoid, of course this is just the mannerisms of the man known as "Mr. Intensity". He adjusts his shades, his arms and fingers always moving like he can't stand still.]

SM: Over sixty men in the tournament to crown a new champion-yeah. All the talk is over and it's time for action! I've been waiting a long time for this! For over a year "Mr. Intensity" has been slicin' an a dicin' trying to get to the mountain top!

[Adjusts his shades and twirls his finger.]

SM: And tonight the journey begins. Tonight the fight for the brass ring begins for Scotty Mayhem and I'm fired up- yeah! All the sacrifices and injuries over the years all come to this. One shot! A once in a life time chance to prove to everyone that Scotty Mayhem is indeed the king of mountain!

[Points at the camera.]

SM: And what a better way to start that journey then facing you Dick Bass, yeah. What better way to put my exclamation point on this tournament, to show everyone that Scotty Mayhem is the next World Champion, then kick your behind all over that ring! You and I have a long storied past Bass, that goes WAY before this! You and I have never seen eye to eye brother and I doubt we ever will- oh no. But I promise you this Dick Bass! YOU WON'T STOP THE INTENSITY THAT IS SCOTTY MAYHEM! I'm a one man wrecking crew! Scotty Mayhem is the next AWA World Champion and after I beat you one-two-three in the middle of the ring Bass. You can have the honor of watching Scotty Mayhem cut through the rest of his opponents LIKE A HOT KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER- YEAH!

[Mayhem turns to Mama who smiles and nods along with Mayhem, who is nodding for no apparent reason except for the fact he can't stand still... ever.]

SM: I know what you're going to say Dick Bass. You're no different then me. You want that belt just as badly as I do. You want that big piece of gold strapped around your waist so you to can show the World that you have what it takes to be the best.

[Shakes his head and adjusts his shades. His face a cherry red by now as it looks as though he struggles to talk. The veins in his neck look like their going to explode as he continues.]

SM: But it's just to bad your standing across from the Mayhem, brother. Maybe you would have it made it further if the cards were dealt different, but they weren't! You have to face the locomotive known as "Mr. Intensity" Scotty Mayhem and I can promise you, brother, I'm going to show you what Intensity is all about- YEAH!

[Mayhem twiddles his fingers and circles his arms.]

SM: This is pay back for that cheap win over Jeff Jagger! We'll call it a little retribution for that poor excuse of win you got over him just a few months ago- yeah! I know he's burnin' inside to get another shot at you, Dick Bass, but it won't be in this tournament! I'm the next AWA Heavyweight champion and after I bust your sternum with the big Jacksonville Jam elbow, brother. [nods head] Everyone will know that Scotty Mayhem is more action then mouth! They'll know Scotty Mayhem means business and more then that, they will know they are looking at the UNCROWNED AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION! Big Mama!

[Big Mama smiles shyly.]

BM: OH YEEEEAAAAH!

SM: DIG IT!

[The camera fades as we go back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty

minute time limit! Introducing first...

[The Black Keys' "Hard Row" blares over the loudspeakers, to a HUGE reaction!]

PW: ...at a total combined weight of four hundred and eighty-five pounds... from Dallas, Texas, the former AWA Tag Team Champions...

JAMES AND JACK... THE LYNCH BROTHERS!

[The curtain pulls back to reveal the tall, lanky form of Jack Lynch. The eldest Lynch, as always, is dressed all in black. Atop his head is a black cowboy hat. His body is covered by a long black coat. It's open, and beneath it, we can see black wrestling trunks, and a black pad on his right knee. The only color is the silver trim on the toes of his black cowboy boots. On his right hand is a fingerless glove made of black leather.

By his side is the middle Lynch brother James Lynch, the dirty brown hair, clean cut, young Texan. James wears a grey lightly zipped jacket and yellow speedo wrestling trunks. He's also barefoot. And he's also sporting a huge white taping on his left knee, as he gimps down the aisle at half speed.]

BW: That James Lynch is a horse! A real thoroughbred!

GM: My stars and garters! Are you actually complimenting James Lynch?

BW: Complimenting?? I'm saying that Stench is too dumb to know that he's injured! His horse name would be "I'll Have Another Beating"!

[Neither man acknowledges the cheers, walking straight down the aisle, through the ropes, and into the ring, the camera focusing on Jack, who stands facing the entrance, beckoning for his opponents to make their way.]

GM: Fans, if you missed Memorial Day Mayhem, besides missing one of the greatest shows of all time, you also missed Cousin Bo taking out the knee of James Lynch in a heinous pre-match attack that led to the Lynch Brothers losing the tag team championships, as well as to losing their first match as a team in over one year in the AWA!

BW: Certainly the darkest period of tag team wrestling in AWA history, Gordo! And I'm looking forward to the golden age that Cletus Lee and Duane Henry Bishop will return us to!

GM: Fans, I'm told that this match was scheduled before the events of Memorial Day Mayhem took place, but that James Lynch himself demanded that it go on as scheduled.

BW: Too stupid to know that the glue factory truck is coming!

PW: And their opponents...

[Decidedly mixed reaction to the blaring "So Wha'Cha Want?" by The Beastie Boys]

PW: Making their way down the aisle, from New Seattle, in the year 2032... at a total combined weight of three-hundred ninety-two pounds...

...JERBY JEZZ and SHIZZ DAWG OG... THE RAVE!

[Amidst a seizure-inducing display of colorful flashing strobe lights, the rainbow-haired mismatch of colors known as The Rave saunter down to the ring in a manner that only people 20 years in the future could appreciate, Jerby Jezz showing particular preference to orange, yellow, and fuchsia, while Shizz Dawg OG rocks the blue, topaz, and succotash look, both wearing the thick brass wristbands that they use to shoot rainbow streamers out in some futuristic ceremony. Both members seem to be enjoying themselves, and enjoying seeing the Lynch Brothers without the tag team titles.]

GM: Back in January, these two teams tore down the house in an AWA tag team title match, no thanks to the pre-match attack of James Lynch of their own that The Rave pulled off!

BW: Well, if the Stenches have to wrestle tonight, at least they're fortunate enough that they can walk over these two midgets again.

GM: You seem a little harsh towards The Rave this time around, Bucky.

BW: You can only disappoint me so many times, Gordo!

GM: Well, despite their incredible displays over the past year, The Rave have yet to really put together a signature victory, and of course, they have NEVER earned a PINFALL victo...WHOA!

[While Gordon and Bucky were jabbering, The Rave have been taunting Jack Lynch from outside the ring, at just over arm's reach away...with the words that viewers can understand, apparently getting on their case over "attempting to sprune the future" With all four of their eyes on Jack, they were caught completely off guard as James Lynch painstakingly made his way up to the top turnbuckle and, pushing off with his good leg, flies with a cross body block that sends BOTH Ravers down hard to the floor!]

GM: And this time, it's The Rave who took their eye off the ball!

BW: You CONDONE this hideous sportsmanship!?

GM: What's good for the goose is good for the gander!

BW: I figured an Okie would say something like that!

[An enraged James Lynch tries to stand...but his knee buckles out from under him! Still, from his knees, he takes care of getting The Rave ready for the match, ripping off the garish jackets of Jerby Jezz and S-DOG, and

throwing them into the crowd! Meanwhile, big brother Jack steps out and, grabbing both Ravers by the hair, picks them up and hurls them under the ropes and into the ring! Jack shouts at referee Mickey Meekly to call for the bell, and, as usual, he does so.]

BW: This ref is going to start the match like that!?

GM: Mickey Meekly was the official for the previous Rave/Lynches encounter, and it would appear that he is willing to allow the score to be evened, so to speak.

BW: Take note, tag teams: any match Mickey Meekly is officiating, attack your team before the bell! Unless you're The Rave, in which case it doesn't matter what you do.

[While James Lynch pulls himself upright using the ropes and gingerly makes his way to his corner, in the ring, Jack Lynch picks up Jerby Jezz, and delivers a move that doesn't resemble a body slam as much as it does a burly man throwing a sandbag, sending Jezz spinning through the air and crashing near the far corner, where his momentum rolls him through the ropes and clear out onto the apron, before turning his attention to Shizz Dawg.]

GM: It appears that Jack Lynch has also decided who the legal man in this match should be.

BW: Why not? Being a Stench gives you Carte Blanche to decide anything in the AWA!

GM: Jack shoots The Dawg into the ropes...not sure you want to put these guys in motion, but Jack puts him down with a big back bodydrop!

BW: C'mon guys! You've had the entire history of time to study the Stenches, surely you must have figured out some way to beat them!?

GM: Jack Lynch, picking up The Dawg...

BW: \*SHIZZ\* Dawg!

GM: ...OG, and slams him down just as quickly with a bodyslam. Jack looks to make the tag...and thinks better of it! Going back to his opponent, and Jack not letting him get up, \*drops\* an elbow to the back of the neck! Rolling him over for the cover...1....kickout at one! And Jack Lynch cinches in with a side headlock. Very one-sided match thus far, Bucky.

BW: Well, what do you expect when they attack The Rave before the bell!?

GM: Indeed...The Dawg tries to fight his way to his feet here, he really needs to make a tag!

[Shizz Dawg buries one elbow, then another, into the gut of Jack Lynch, getting some degree of separation that allows him to quickly rake the eyes

of the elder Lynch. While receiving a scolding from Mickey Meekly, S-DOG rushes over to make that tag that he needs...

But instead of taking his place on the apron, he runs ahead of Jerby Jezz, and delivers a low dropkick that sends Jack Lynch to a knee...the perfect position that allow Jezz to whack him with a Shining Wizard!]

GM: The Rave find themselves in much the same position they had the Lynch Brothers in back in January...can they find a way to finish the job this time!

BW: The Rave always finishes the job, Gordo!

[Closeup of Jerby Jezz looking down at the fallen Jack Lynch...a look of utter disgust crossing his face, before he does the unthinkable...]

GM: LATERAL PRESS BY JERBY JEZZ! Cover...1...and kickout at one! Sorry to raise my voice fans, but The Rave going for a cover is about as uncharacteristic a move as you'll ever see!

BW: Oh NOW you guys know what a cover is!? Why couldn't you have done that back in January, when it would have made me a Senator For Life??

[Indeed, Shizz Dawg OG is furious on the apron, screaming "Jezz! Don't be a Furring Tsipris!", prompting an apologetic "Yeah, that was a gyzzrus spouse!" reply from Jerby Jezz.]

BW: For crying out loud guys, if you're going to lose anyway, you might as well at least stay true to your messed-up selves!

[Jerby Jezz returns to a rising Jack Lynch and attempts to do a more Rave-like thing by throwing him through the ropes...but Jack puts on the brakes at the edge, and turns to bury a knee into the Raver's scrawny midsection.]

GM: Jack Lynch using his size to his advantage there to block Jezz's throw, going into an arm-wringer, steps back...NICE short-armed clothesline...still holding on, YANKS Jezz back to his feet with one arm, and ANOTHER stiff clothesline! Jezz has to be knocked silly from that!

BW: Jerby Jezz didn't really need to be \*knocked\* silly...he's long since been there!

GM: Jack Lynch, wasting no time picking up Jezz once more, walking over near his corner...backbreaker! Picks him back up again...ANOTHER big backbreaker! Jack Lynch is decimating The Rave single-handedly!

BW: Why are you acting surprised, Gordo? You saw this exact same thing play out just a few months ago!

GM: Even I'm willing to give The Rave more credit than you seem to be, but they definitely seem out of their game here as...oh my, Jack Lynch, backing up, sitting on the top turnbuckle! This is not the place we usually see the elder Lynch perched, Bucky!

BW: This isn't about beating The Rave anymore, Gordo! This is about sending a message to The Bishop Boys! No doubt the Stenches will be named the number one contenders again after this match, and they're saying hey, if we can do this with just one healthy guy, then just imagine what we'll do to you with two!

GM: Standing tall on the second rope, the crowd buzzing in anticipation... second rope legdrop! He got all of that Bucky!

BW: Well, this worked last time...\*DO\* something, Shizz Dawg!

[Cut to a shot of S-DOG and, as if hearing the cry for help, extends his arm for the tag about six inches further.]

BW: Useless! Completely useless! I won't even be a lousy STATE Senator at this rate!

GM: And the crowd is even hotter now, as Jack Lynch makes the sign that they all want to see!

[Indeed, the claw hand of Jack Lynch is raised, signaling the end of yet another conquest. He picks up Shizz Dawg by the hair, but a familiar voice is calling his name.]

GM: James Lynch is calling for the tag! He wants to finish this match off!

BW: Talk about your cherry pickers, Gordo!

GM: James Lynch suffered a concussion at the hands of The Rave, Bucky, I think he still has a little payback remaining!

[Jack Lynch looks to the crowd, as if to say "Should I?" The fans respond with a resounding chant of "JAMES! JAMES! JAMES!" Seeing that the situation is well in hand, he gives the fans what they want.]

GM: There's the tag! Jack Lynch, waiting for his brother to get into the ring...now whips Jezz to the far side, on the rebound, IRON CLAW! James has the claw locked in the middle of the ring!

BW: Oh, \*now\* Shizzy gets in there! Lotta good that'll do!

GM: Jack sees it coming...and The Dawg gets a claw of his own! Mickey Meekly trying to get Jack out of the ring, he's only got a five count in there!

BW: No difference, Jezz is flailing around like he's got bees in his trunks! And I ain't talking about The Hive!

[Indeed, the arms of Jerby Jezz are flailing wildly, but it's no use, because his arm's length is not nearly as long as that of James. However, whether accidentally, on purpose, or maybe even accidentally on purpose...



PSSSSSSSSSSSSST!]

GM: THE STREAMERS! Those rainbow streamers shot point blank into James Lynch's face!

BW: They never got the chance to take them off!

[Little paper streamers never hurt anyone...unless they are shot out like a cannonball less than six inches away from one's face. James Lynch recoils backwards in pain...and he has the claw locked on so tightly, that he pulls Jerby Jezz right on top of him.]

GM: Mickey Meekly hears the sound, he sees the streamers...and he's making a count??

BW: Jack Stench doesn't realize it!

GM: 1...2...

[Locked in the zone of squeezing S-DOG's brains out, the sound of streamer fire didn't phase Jack Lynch...but the sound of a pinfall does. Jack leisurely turns around to see what he assumes is his brother on top...and takes a split second to realize that things are the other way around. When he does, he immediately turns lose his clawhold and dives to break up the pin.]

GM: ...3! Was it 3? It was 3! Jack Lynch shoves Jerby Jezz away, but he was not in time to break up the count!

BW: Wait...WHAT!?!?

[DING! DING! DING!]

BW: Did that really happen!?

PW: The winners of this match, as a result of a pinfall....JERBY JEZZ... SHIZZ DAWG OG...THE RAVE!!!

GM: The crowd is in shocked silence here, and I don't blame them one bit! Let's look at the replay here...it looks like he slammed that brass wrist band, which as you mentioned Bucky, he never got to take off, and nobody ever thought to check, into James Lynch's wrist, which must have triggered the release mechanism!

BW: Blind luck, Gordo! You can't plan something like that when your head is in a vise!

GM: And the force of that...oh, look at that! Look at how James Lynch's injured leg fell back at that horrible angle! There was no way he was kicking out after that! And Jack wouldn't have ever suspected that the claw would be countered like that!

BW: However it happened Gordo, it happened! James Lynch has been pinned twice in a row...and now by The Rave, no less!

GM: Back to live action, you see James, holding his face with one hand and his knee with the other. Jack standing over, and he and Mickey Meekly are calling for a doctor.

BW: Call for the vet! Better yet, call for

GM: The Rave! From Behind!

[Yes, from behind, both members of The Rave run, twist, and strike with simultaneous enzuigiris to the back of Jack Lynch's head, the force sending him staggering through the ropes and onto the floor!]

[DING! DING! DING!]

GM: Now there is no call for this! Jack Lynch has been knocked to the floor, The Dawg...

BW: \*SHIZZ\* DAWG!!

GM ...OG, directing traffic, Jerby Jezz runs, backdropped by his own partner over the top rope, SEATED SPLASH onto Jack Lynch on the floor!

BW: From twelve, fifteen feet, even a little guy WILL do some damage!

[DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING! DING!]

[Having enough of the timekeeper's futile attempt to restore order, Jezz rushes over, screaming "FRAZZ IT, DINGMAN!" before grabbing the bell and sliding it under the ropes to his partner.]

GM: No! Don't do this! You've got the win, enough is enough!

BW: Don't you get it, Gordo? Nobody's taken these guys seriously since the Stenches beat them! Hell, \*I\* haven't taken them seriously! But we will now! We ALL will now!

[Seeing the trouble unfolding around him, James Lynch has somehow willed his way to his feet, and stands on one leg, his injured left leg held up by his left arm, his right arm hanging low with his hand balled up in a defiant fist, daring Shizz Dawg OG to bring it on.

Shizz Dawg obliges, charging towards James, who prepares to block an expected blow to the head...but after feinting up, S-DOG goes low, slamming the injured left knee with the bell, a howling James dropping down to that injured knee.]

GM: This isn't about payback! This isn't about sending a message! This is about ending a man's CAREER!

BW: JEZZ! This is your chance! DO it!

GM: Oh, dear God, no...

[Jerby Jezz slides into the ring and, seeing the position of James Lynch, runs in up from behind, leaps onto the shoulders of his foe, grapevines his legs around James' neck, and bridges back, bending his neck, back, and left leg in ways they were never intended to bend.]

GM: WE NEED HELP! MUSCLES, TENDONS, LIGAMENTS, ALL COULD BE TORN TO SHREDS!

[The fans have long since awoken from their stupor...as Shizz Dawg OG keeps Mickey Meekly at bay, they are all screaming for somebody to help!]

GM: TRAVIS LYNCH!

[The youngest of the Lynch wrestling clan comes sailing down the aisle, steel chair gripped in hand...

...and The Rave bail from the ring just as the young Texan arrives, trailed close behind by The Hive. Travis knees next to James as Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket turn their attention to the rising Jack Lynch.]

BW: I don't believe it Gordo. Those two...those two MEN, have done what no one else in the AWA has ever done. They have taken a Stench Brother OUT!

GM: I don't know if that's the case just yet Bucky, but there's no denying that James Lynch is in a world of pain right now!

[Cut back to a shot of The Rave backing down the aisle, admiring their handiwork, Jerby Jezz satisfied enough to shout "IT'S ABOUT DAMNED TIME WARP!", before the camera cuts back to the scene in the ring, where Jack Lynch, The Hive, Travis Lynch, Mickey Meekly, and two trainers are looking over a clearly injured James Lynch.]

BW: I NEVER say this Gordo, but I'm saying it now! I apologize to The Rave! You sent a Stench to the glue factory, and I will NEVER doubt you again! This is the dawning of the Age of Sagittarius!

GM: You mean Aquarius?

BW: The future's changed, Gordo! Get with the new times! All those cheap victories that the Stenches picked up during their Reign of Shame have come back to bite them in the

GM: That is ENOUGH, Bucky! With that victory, The Rave may just find themselves back in title contention once more, but the real story here is when, or IF, we will ever see James Lynch back in an AWA ring again! Fans,

we've gotta take a quick break. We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade out.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back up to live action where Gordon and Bucky are standing at ringside. Gordon looks disappointed, maybe saddened, as he raises the mic.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and moments ago, we witnessed a very bad situation. James Lynch was carried out of here on a stretcher with what appears to be a very serious knee injury. You may recall that he had his knee hurt back at Memorial Day Mayhem by Cousin Bo Allan, directly costing the Lynches the National Tag Team Titles. And now The Rave - of all people - have brutally attacked both Lynch brothers!

BW: AFTER they scored their first pinfall win!

GM: You're absolutely right. The Rave just shocked the world by scoring their first pinfall victory in the AWA EVER by beating the former National Tag Team Champions.

BW: And that's gotta be HUGE in moving them up the rankings, Gordo.

GM: I'd have to agree with that. The new National Tag Team Champions, the Bishop Boys, certainly have some tough challenges ahead of them in the days, weeks, and months to come in the form of teams like The Rave and the returning Violence Unlimited. But the Lynches? Maybe not.

BW: Not to mention The War Pigs... maybe even The Hive.

GM: The Skullcrushers are currently in Japan along with the Southern Stallions but when they make their returns, they could both instantly jump into the mix as well. The AWA tag team division continues to be red hot but... well, what about The Aces?

BW: I heard the Aces were LIVID about what happened at Memorial Day Mayhem when they were denied their opportunity at the gold, Gordo. They informed the Championship Committee that they were out... they're done... they're finished here! They couldn't put up with the bias anymore and they've walked out on the AWA!

GM: I've heard similar rumors but I'm told that in two weeks' time, Percy Childes WILL address the future of the Aces here in the AWA in the debut of a new segment here on AWA television - a new interview segment hosted by Colt Patterson.

BW: Finally! Finally, the AWA hires an interviewer who can REALLY get the answers, daddy! Colt Patterson can get the job done!

GM: I suppose we'll find out about that in two weeks. But in the meantime, let's get back down to the ring for more action!

[Crossfade 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... in the corner to my right... from Bucksport, Tennessee... Jed Oates!

[The stained overall wearing hillbilly raises both arms to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: A local favorite, Jed Oates has worked his way through various Tennessee promotions for years now. A true veteran of the game, Bucky.

BW: A veteran who's about to have his lights turned out, daddy!

GM: We'll see about that.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[Ian McKellen's voice booms over the PA:]

"Because there is no land of tolerance. There is no peace. Not here, or anywhere else."

[Then, strobe lights start to flicker around the entrance area just as "The Game Has Changed" by Daft Punk begins to play and Bruno Verhoeven's massive frame comes into view. For a moment, the young German's eyes wander around the arena, disgust obvious on his face. He spits on the ground once, then marches toward the ring, not acknowledging the crowd at all anymore.]

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

BRUUUUUNOOOOO VERRRHOOOOOEVEN!

[His movements are tense, almost rigid, and his jaw is working all the time. Bruno slowly climbs the ring steps, pushes down the top rope and climbs over it into the ring. Verhoeven takes a moment to glare at the referee before he moves into the center of the ring and raise a gloved fist above his head. The salute lasts only a few seconds before he lumbers back into his corner as the bell sounds.]

GM: Here we go! Bruno Verhoeven is fresh off being eliminated from the World Title Tournament at the hands of Travis Lynch at Memorial Day Mayhem and I'm told he's quite upset about it, Bucky.

BW: Of course he's upset about it! It's the chance of a lifetime taken away from him by one of those idiot Stench kids!

[Verhoeven marches out of the corner, fire in his eyes as a panicked Oates rushes forward, throwing rights and lefts at the powerful torso of Verhoeven...

...who simply reaches up, palming Oates' face, and shoving him down to the mat!]

GM: Verhoeven just shoves him down!

[And the Butcher's in immediate motion, barreling the rising Oates back into the corner where he goes to town, throwing rights and lefts to the ribs.]

GM: The Butcher's all over him!

[Verhoeven shows off his boxing background with picture perfect high power strikes to the ribcage, leaving Oates crumpled down to a knee on the canvas. The German raises his powerful arms overhead...

...and SLAMS a double axehandle down across the back of Oates' head!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief!

[Verhoeven turns, looking out at the jeering crowd. He slams a fist into his own muscular chest, shouting in German at the crowd.]

BW: What's he saying, Gordo?

GM: I have no idea. I don't speak German, Bucky.

BW: Sheesh. I thought you were supposed to be a professional!

[The powerful German reaches down, dragging Oates up by his wild beard...

...and yanks him into a full nelson. He leaves the hold applied for a moment before hoisting Oates into the air...]

GM: Oh my...

[...and HURLS him bodily down to the canvas on the back of his head and neck!]

GM: ...STAAAARS!

[Oates flails about on the canvas, grabbing the back of his head in pain. Verhoeven walks around the squared circle slowly again, looking out at the booing crowd. He eventually makes his way back around to Oates as the journeyman grappler manages to get back to his feet...

...and catches a big boot to the chest, sending Oates crashing back into the buckles with a whiplash-type effect!]

GM: Ohh! Oates' head and neck just SNAPPED back!

[Verhoeven rushes in, delivering a powerful clothesline in the corner!]

GM: Good grief! This guy is a force of nature inside that ring!

[Holding Oates by the beard, Verhoeven strides out to the center of the ring, audibly berating the native in German.]

BW: You think Oates speaks German?

GM: I have no idea.

BW: You think even aware someone's speaking to him right now?

GM: I don't- oh no.

[The crowd begins to buzz as Verhoeven tugs Oates into a standing headscissors, looking out at the jeering crowd...

...and then hoists Oates into the air for a powerbomb, holding him high above...]

GM: He's got Oates high in the air and-

[Verhoeven twists his body suddenly and HURLS Oates spinefirst into the buckles...]

GM: OHHH! BUCKLE BOMB!!

[And as Oates stumbles out, Verhoeven grabs him by the throat!]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Enough is enough!

[The German hoists Oates up into the air by the throat...

...and brings him CRASHING down across a bent knee!]

GM: SLAUGHTERSLAM!! SLAUGHTERSLAM!!

[Verhoeven drops to a knee, planting an open palm on the chest.]

GM: The Slaughterslam gets him one... gets him two... and gets him three.

[The bell sounds as Verhoeven slowly gets back to his feet, smashing a fist into his own chest a few times as the crowd continues to boo him.]

GM: Bruno Verhoeven claims another victim with the Slaughterslam. He may be out of the tournament thanks to Travis Lynch but the big German is certainly still a force to be reckoned with, Bucky.

BW: He's a beast... just like his old man was.

[Verhoeven stands in the center of the ring, looking down at the barely-moving Oates...

...and then reaches down, grabbing him by the throat again!]

GM: What the-?!

[The German lifts Oates to his feet again, seamlessly powering him into the air a second time...



...and bringing him down HARD across the knee a second time!]

GM: SLAUGHTERSLAM! ANOTHER ONE!!

[He shoves Oates off his knee and down to the mat, standing over him and raising his arms with a mighty roar as a pair of AWA medics come rushing down the aisle, pushing a stretcher before them.]

GM: Bruno Verhoeven delivered a second Slaughterslam after the bell and it looks like Jed Oates is going to need to be taken from the ring on a stretcher. This guy's twisted, Bucky.

BW: Well, I don't really know Oates that well but-

GM: You know very well that I meant Verhoeven.

BW: Oh! Hey, you'd be mad too if you lost the chance at the World Title to a friggin' Lynch.

GM: These medical team members are out here with the stretcher - now what the heck is he doing, Bucky?!

[The crowd buzzes as Verhoeven pulls a motionless Oates off the mat again...

...and lifts him over his head in a big gorilla press!]

GM: He's got him up! Verhoeven's got Oates up and-

[He slowly walks to the ropes, chucking Oates over the top and down onto the stretcher that absolutely breaks apart upon the Tennessee native crashing down on it!]

GM: GOOD GOD!! GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!! He threw him over the top to the floor!

BW: They want him on the stretcher?! He's ON the stretcher now, daddy!

GM: Give me a break! Get out of here - let's cut away from this animal!

[An abrupt cut takes us back to the locker room area where we find Sweet Daddy Williams standing with Jason Dane. Williams is in a red windbreaker shiny jacket that is unsnapped halfway down his chest to reveal a gold chain underneath.]

JD: I am backstage with one of the men who have yet to compete in this World Title tournament, Sweet Daddy Williams! Sweet Daddy, I'm sure you've been watching the tournament so far... what are your thoughts?

[Williams chuckles.]

SDW: My thoughts are that the Championship Committee has done a heck of a job in puttin' this thing together and that it's gonna take the best wrestler in the whole world to get through the field of sixty-four.

JD: Some top notch guys in there, right?

SDW: Absolutely, JD. When you see names from days gone by like Blackwater Bart and Bad Eye McBaine emerging from the shadows to compete in it, you know you're in for a heck of a fight if you want to be the last man standing.

And believe me when I tell you, Sweet Daddy Williams wants to be the last man standing.

JD: Obviously, being the first World Champion would be a tremendous honor.

[Williams shakes his head.]

SDW: That ain't what this is about, JD. Sure, you're right, of course. It'd be a great honor to be the first. But this is about more than that for Sweet Daddy Williams.

This is about time.

[Williams nods.]

SDW: JD, when I wake up in the morning, roll my big ol' butt out of bed, hustle myself into the bathroom and take a look at the man staring back at me in the mirror, you know what I see?

[Dane shakes his head.]

SDW: I see a man who Father Time done had his way with. I see a man who is on his last legs if you will. I see a man who KNOWS that he's on borrowed time, fighting every day with men younger than me, stronger than me, quicker than me.

I see a desperate man... and when I look around this field of sixty-four, I see a whole lot of other desperate men.

Hamilton Graham... some say he's the best of all time but he wants that one more World Title before he fades off into the shadows.

Gunnar Gaines... man who has done it all in this business. He's ALREADY a Hall of Famer, baby, but he knows that the AWA World Title being around his waist would put him just one notch above the rest of us.

The list goes on and on, JD... crazy ol' James Monosso... Brian Von Braun makin' the big comeback... Victor Frost comin' from up North to take OUR title.

[Williams slaps his chest.]

SDW: And then you got me... the Sweet Daddy... comin' to you live, direct, and livin' color straight out of Hotlanta, GA, baby!

Sweet Daddy Williams is a desperate man...

...and desperate men do desperate things, JD.

[Dane looks puzzled.]

JD: What are you saying?

SDW: I'm sayin' there ain't nothin'... NOTHIN'... that the Sweet Daddy won't do to walk out of this Road To Glory at the end of summer with that big gold belt slung over my shoulder, baby. Believe that.

[Williams walks off leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Sweet Daddy Williams is a man looking for gold! Now, let's go back down to the ring for what should be a very interesting situation...

[We crossfade back down to the ringside area where suddenly "The Professional" by Leon begins to play, drawing loud boos.]

GM: Uh oh... this can't be good.

BW: Like it or not, he's here.

GM: "The Professional" Dave Cooper was responsible for a heinous attack on Jim Watkins and Mark Stegglet at Memorial Day Mayhem -- there was no call for what transpired.

BW: Well, Gordo, there's just one problem -- Watkins threw the first punch. And Cooper was supposedly telling people it was self defense.

GM: I think his actions at Memorial Day Mayhem went beyond what anyone would call self defense.

[Dave Cooper, dressed in blue jeans and white button-down shirt, marches down the rampway, turning to the fans once in a while and jawing with them. As he walks to the ring, he stops by the timekeeper's table and quickly takes a mic, then steps into the ring.]

DC: First of all, the AWA knows very well that it was Jim Watkins and Mark Stegglet who each made the first move and they should have known better -- I'm not the kind of guy who just backs down if somebody strikes me -- I strike back!

[The fans boo in response.]

DC: And after taking into account what went down at Memorial Day Mayhem, I can only say that if I've got even the announcers trying to get

physical with me, then I definitely have reasons to be worried about my safety in this company.

And so, after getting a little managerial advice, I have come to the conclusion that, for my own well being, I must pull out of that match on the 4th of July with Robert Donovan.

[And that just makes the boos louder.]

DC: However, being the generous individual that I am, I am willing to reconsider. Rumor has it that there is at least one wrestler who was given a spot in the World title tournament who isn't gonna make it due to circumstances beyond his control. A so-called Last American Badboy.

So the way I see it, given my managerial advice and the circumstances that have arisen, I'm only willing to meet up with Robert Donovan this Fourth of July if it happens to be a World title tournament match!

GM: What?! Now he wants in the World title tournament?!

BW: Hey, doesn't everybody?

GM: But this is the same man who bears part responsibility for the tournament in the first place, and has been openly critical of it!

DC: Now, I know what I've said about the National championship and that's not gonna change, but the way I see it, the only way for me to be appeased given concerns for my safety, is to let me into the World Title tournament, then let me choose my opponent for the first round, then let me choose Donovan's first-round opponent as well!

GM: Come on! These demands are unreasonable!

DC: And if Donovan is that eager to get his hands on me, he should have no problem getting past whoever I choose to face him in the first round -- and then, once all those conditions have been settled, then we'll get it on at the Fourth of July in a second-round tournament match!

Those are my conditions -- and that is the END of the discussion!

[Suddenly, the curtain parts and out comes a very angry-looking Jim Watkins. Trailing closely behind is Jon Stegglet, talking to Watkins the entire time they are walking towards the ring.]

GM: Here comes Jim Watkins... and surprisingly, Jon Stegglet is with him!

BW: Maybe they're gonna toss Watkins out on his ear and Stegglet's gonna take over again.

GM: You'd like that, wouldn't you?

BW: Hey, I'm no Stegglet fan either.

[Upon reaching the ring, Watkins snatches an offered mic away, stepping through the ropes with Jon Stegglet coming in after him. The Chairman of the Championship Committee strides across the ring, coming nose to nose with Cooper.]

JW: You've got a lot of nerve comin' out here and talkin' the trash you talk after what you pulled at Mayhem!

[Big cheer!]

JW: You stand out here and say you were only defending yourself but all these people can smell the air and know exactly what you're out here shovelin' tonight!

[Another big cheer!]

JW: The fact is, you baited me into it and I fell for it. I can live with that. You kicked my ass pretty solid too. I can live with that also.

But what I CAN'T live with is what you did in Westwego and every night you've showed your cocky punk face since then! I CAN'T live with you jerking around the AWA front office... and most of all, these fans!

You used to be a good guy, Cooper... I don't know what the hell Pet...

[Watkins trails off, shaking his head.]

JW: I don't know what they did to you but you've gone too far now. Somebody needs to knock some sense into ya.

[Watkins steps back, cracking his knuckles.]

JW: And I'm gonna be the one to do it!

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation of another Cooper and Watkins brawl when a surprised Jon Stegglet rushes into the fray, stepping between the two men as he snatches the mic from Watkins.]

JS: Damn it, Jim... this isn't what we talked about.

[Watkins shouts at Cooper off mic, ready to brawl.]

JS: Jim, listen to me! You're letting your emotions get the better of you again just like back in Fort Smith. You can't do it. You can't let Cooper get under your skin.

I know you want to kick the crap out of him... believe me, I get it...

[Stegglet wheels around, jabbing a finger in the air at Cooper.]

JS: It was MY blood that he attacked at Mayhem. It's MY family that's in a hospital bed back home hoping to recover. So, yeah... I get it. You want to bust him up and make him pay for what he's done... and I couldn't agree more.

But that's not your fight.

[The crowd jeers.]

JS: And it's not my fight either. But you know whose fight it is?

[With that, crowd cheers loudly as the man whose fight it is quickly strides through the curtain and down the aisle.]

GM: Oh, my, this could turn ugly very fast.

[Donovan makes ringside in very short time, his eyes never once leaving Cooper's, even as Donovan clomps up the ringsteps and steps over the top rope, pausing to stare at Cooper for a little longer before glancing over at Watkins, one hand extended. Watkins turns over his mic, and the big man turns back towards Cooper, looking somewhat disgusted.]

RD: Y'all really think this pile o' crap has nerve?

[Donovan laughs, but there's no humor in it.]

RD: Hell no he doesn't. A man with nerve woulda stuck to his guns after acceptin' the first challenge. A man with nerve woulda faced me in that parkin' lot man to man, instead of tryin' to cave in my skull before gettin' into a fight. A man with nerve...well, a man with nerve probably woulda skipped associatin' with men like Langseth an' Petrow in the first place, so nerve? That ain't somethin' this clown's got in ready supply.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: An' now, this coward is out here holdin' what might be my last chance at a World Championship at gunpoint 'cause he ain't got the nerve to fight. Guess I shouldn't expect much different, I think "The Professional" here has done a damn good job provin' that the only person he cares about is himself, so he ain't about to give a damn about what this tournament an' this title means to me...

[Donovan looks over at Stegglet.]

RD: ...but you do, Jon. I ain't even been close to a World Title in over a decade, and the last time I was even this close I damn near got bled out in the middle of the ring. You know how much that National title match against Dufresne mattered to me...an' you know how badly I wanted to \_kill\_ everybody involved with takin' that away from me.

[Donovan pauses, but Stegglet picks up the slack.]

JS: The way I see this, Rob... you've got two choices. You can either walk out of this ring right now...

[Pause.]

JS: OR... you can accept Cooper's terms, win your first round match, and break the son of a bitch in HALF on the 4th of July!

[HUUUUUGE CHEER! Donovan slowly looks up and locks eyes with "The Professional".]

RD: Cooper...you better find yourself a hell of a ringer, boy. You better find the worst, the nastiest, the most unbeatable man you can find outta what's left o' the field o' 64. You better find the most unstoppable monster mankind ever laid eyes on, 'cause if I get through him, I'm gonna leave your sorry ass layin' on the Fourth of July.

[Donovan looks over at Watkins, then back at Cooper.]

RD: To make this good an' formal, Cooper, I accept your challenge...so let's hook 'em up!

[The crowd ROARS at Donovan's acceptance of the challenge.]

GM: It's on! Dave Cooper's in the World Title Tournament and not only does he get to pick his own first round opponent... he gets to pick Robert Donovan's as well! But if they both win, then Cooper meets Donovan on the Fourth of July in the second round of the tournament! Wow!

BW: Donovan may have just cost himself his last chance to be a World Champion, Gordo.

GM: He may... or he may have just paved his road to glory right over that treacherous scumbag's rear end! Fans, we've gotta take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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.

Fade back up to the locker room area where we see Bruno Verhoeven, still dressed in his ring attire, and his spokesman Theodore Colville. Bruno is drenched in sweat. He has crossed his heavily tattooed arms across his chest but his eyes are wide and brimming with psychotic energy.

Colville, wearing a yellow dress shirt and a cream-colored sportscoat, is holding a microphone in his hands.]

TWC: My client, Mister Bruno Verhoeven, has asked me to address the cameras of the American Wrestling Alliance tonight. Since he feels disrespected by the American fans he refuses to employ the English language anymore to express his thoughts. Still, he wants everybody to know that tonight was just the beginning. Travis Lynch may have cost him



his chance at the World Title that should be his by right of his talent, his gifts, his pedigree ... but that setback will not stop the Son of the Verhoeven.

[He takes a moment to adjust his wire rimmed glasses. Verhoeven makes a low hissing sound through clenched teeth.]

TWC: My client has vowed that his family name ... his name ... will be like a thunderstrike in this sport and whoever steps into the ring to contest that claim will suffer the severe and unrepentant consequences, just like Mister Oates tonight. My client stresses that the time for mercy and compassion has come and gone.

Finally, Mister Verhoeven stresses that ... (he clears his throat) ... the slaughter has only just begun an- AH!

[Verhoeven roughly shoves Colville aside and steps toward the camera. He grabs it with both hands and shoves the lens right up to his face until his grimace blocks out everything else. Again, there is the crazy hissing sound but droplets of sweat blur the view and we cut back to ringside.]

GM: Good grief, Bucky... Verhoeven may have snapped!

BW: And if he has, we can all blame that redneck midget, Travis Lynch for it!

GM: Bruno Verhoeven sent his opponent tonight out of the building on a stretcher and... and now he says the time for mercy and compassion has come and gone and that the slaughter has only just begun?!

BW: If what we saw out of Verhoeven tonight was mercy and compassion, I can't wait to see him in two weeks, Gordo.

GM: Absolutely. Fans, it's time for more first round tournament action so let's go up to Phil Watson!

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

PW: The following contest is a first round match in the AWA World Heavyweight Title tournament and it is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

[The boos rain down as the beginning chords of 'Country Boy' by Aaron Lewis begins to play. A few moments later, their disdain is justified as the big cowboy strides out, a stern look on his face.]

PW: Representing Playboy Enterprises... he hails from Tampa, Florida... weighing in at 285 pounds...

"DIRTY!"

DICK!

BAAAAAAAAAAAAASS!

[The big man is decked out in simple black trunks, black knee pads, black boots and a black leather vest. His weathered face and menacing brown eyes almost covered by the black Stetson he has tipped close to his brow. A thick handlebar mustache rainbows his tense lips, while his trusty whip 'Delilah', is clutched in his heavily taped right hand.]

GM: No sign of Johnny Casanova out here tonight, Bucky.

BW: Maybe he's citing conflict of interest. I mean, if Bass wins, he and Casanova may meet up in a later round.

GM: Is that a good or a bad thing for Playboy Enterprises?

BW: Well, we heard Bass earlier talk about facing Casanova in the Finals of this tournament so they are prepared for that if it happens. I would usually say that as long as gold ends up in the group, it's all good... but Dick Bass is a ruthless son of a gun. As long as Casanova's paying the bills, he's got Bass' allegiance but if it comes down to him or the Playboy, I know where Dick Bass' loyalty lies.

[Bass climbs up the ringsteps, holding his hat as he dips into the ring. He coils up Delilah, hooking her around a ringpost and then hands his hat out to a ringside attendant, revealing hair buzzed closer to the skin. He slowly turns around, rubbing his knuckles and wiping his boots on the canvas as his music fades.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Rock Warriors" by The Rods begins to blare, signaling the arrival of only one man.]

PW: From Jacksonville, Florida... representing Playboy Enterprises and being accompanied to the ring by Big Mama... weighing in at 237 pounds...

"Mr. Intensity"...

SCOOOOOOOTTYYYYY MAAAAAYHEMMMM!

[Welcome to Flash Bulb City as Scotty Mayhem walks through the curtain, decked out in the same dark purple and silver robe and headband we saw him earlier in the night. He spreads his powerful arms wide, doing a full spin to the cheer of the crowd before pointing to the entrance curtain where the ever-slimming Big Mama walks into view, wearing a matching deep purple sequined dress and clapping for her man. Mayhem nods his head, throwing an arm into the air and spinning it around before pointing to the ring where Dick Bass has taken a spot on the midbuckle, shouting down the aisle at his opponent.]

GM: This is a clash between two members of Playboy Enterprises and-

BW: It is not! Mayhem is NOT part of Playboy Enterprises!

GM: Oh, but that's where you're wrong. We've seen the paperwork and better still, we see Big Mama out here with him!

BW: That Jezebel never was good for anything!

[Mayhem slowly makes his way down the aisle, constantly shouting at Bass in response as the crowd continues to roar for him. As he reaches ringside, he walks right up the steps near where Bass is standing, taking a swipe at the cowboy who drops back down to the mat, fists balled up and ready for a fight. Mayhem points to Big Mama, gesturing for her to stay out of the ring as he turns towards her...

...and Dick Bass strikes, charging forward with a running forearm to the back of the head that stuns Mayhem. Bass quickly strikes, pulling Mayhem's head back and **BLASTING** him with a clubbing forearm across the chest!]

GM: Good grief! Dick Bass has assaulted Scotty Mayhem before the bell and he's all over him, fans!

[The referee steps in, trying to call Bass off as the cowboy hammers Mayhem's skull with clenched fists in a loose headlock. Grabbing Mayhem by the hair, Bass drops down to his rear, snapping Mayhem's throat down over the top rope, sending Mayhem flailing backwards and crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

GM: Dick Bass has put Mayhem down on the floor... and it looks like the referee is saying this match is underway but I sure didn't hear a bell, Bucky.

BW: I think I did.

GM: Now I'm positive I didn't hear one.

[Bass steps out to the apron, holding onto the top rope as he rains down stomps on the skull of the recovering Mayhem, knocking him back down to the floor. Big Mama shouts something in Bass' direction, earning a stern look from the cowboy.]

GM: Bass is out on the floor now as well... look out here...

BW: You don't want to get into a fight with Dick Bass. This isn't how Mayhem's gonna win this match, Gordo.

GM: I wouldn't think so. Remember, at one time Scotty Mayhem was voted the Best Technical Wrestler in the state of Florida... and how excited must Mayhem be that the AWA is going to make their debut in the Sunshine State at some point this summer. More details on that in the weeks ahead, fans, but right now Scotty Mayhem is being dragged to his feet by the arm... look out!

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd jeers Bass for flinging Mayhem into the nearest set of guardrails.]

GM: A big whip into the steel and Scotty Mayhem is hurtin' for certain after that, fans.

[Bass approaches, using the hair to pull Mayhem into a side headlock.]

GM: It's not everyday you see a headlock applied out on the floor but-

[Suddenly, Mayhem wraps his arms around the waist of his larger opponent, lifting him into the air...

...and dropping him with his legs on either side of the steel railing!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: Ring the bell, ref! That's a DQ!

GM: It certainly could be. That's definitely up to the referee's discretion though.

[It would be if the referee wasn't tied up talking to Big Mama who is complaining about the attack before the bell. A grinning Mayhem waves an arm in the air to the cheering crowd before quickly sliding under the ropes, moving to the corner...]

GM: Mayhem's going up top! The referee missed the move on the railing and suddenly, Scotty Mayhem realizes that he's got an opportunity to move into the second round right here and now!

[Mayhem quickly and easily scales the buckles, holding his arms overhead for a moment before leaping off, sailing through the air away from the ring, and SMASHES his hands down over Bass' skull, sending him toppling into the front row of seats at ringside!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! A DOUBLE AXEHANDLE OFF THE TOP PUTS BASS INTO THE CROWD!!

[The crowd roars for the death-defying dive from the top rope, Mayhem down on the floor at ringside for a few moments as he also tries to recover from the big fall to the floor.]

GM: All the way from the top rope to the barely-padded floor below and now it's Dick Bass who is in trouble early on in this matchup. He may not even know where he is at this point, Bucky.

[Mayhem grabs the railing, pulling himself to his feet and thrusts an arm into the air to even more cheers from the crowd.]

BW: Enjoy this while you can, Mayhem, 'cause pretty soon you'll be using a dustpan to scoop up what's left of your teeth!

[Mayhem leans over the railing, grabbing Bass by the arm to drag him up to his feet.]

GM: And in case you missed Memorial Day Mayhem, remember the ruling announced by Jim Watkins. There will no double countouts, no double disqualifications, and no time limits in this tournament - there MUST be a winner in every match!

[Mayhem pulls Bass into a front facelock, slinging Bass' arm over his neck, and muscles him over into a sloppy suplex on the floor!]

GM: Ohh! I don't know how much of that he got. It looked like he had a hard time getting him up for that suplex, Bucky.

BW: Bass is a big guy. Mayhem's giving up a couple of inches and about thirty pounds. But you're right, he didn't get all of that suplex for sure.

[Mr. Intensity rolls over, grabbing Bass by the back of the head and hammering him with clenched fists to the face.]

GM: Big shots out there on the floor... but Mayhem's gonna put him back in now!

[With Bass back in the ring, Mayhem slides in as well. He pops up to his feet, approaching the recovering Bass and crowning him with an overhead elbow smash, sending Bass falling back into the buckles where Mayhem mounts the midbuckle, holding his fist in the air...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EI-"

[But suddenly, Bass slips down lower, moving between Mayhem's legs to wind up behind him...

...and delivers a HARD shove, sending Mayhem flipping over the ropes and CRASHING down hard on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!! DID YOU SEE THAT?!

BW: Oh, I saw it! I saw Dick Bass just COMPLETELY change the course of this matchup! It might be over right now, Gordo!

GM: We couldn't see from this vantage point. Hopefully... my stars, I pray he didn't land on his head...

[We quickly cut to a split screen to show the replay.]

BW: There you can see Mayhem used an illegal clenched fist on Dick Bass in the corner... also illegal I might add...

[Bass ducks out from under Mayhem, shoving him from behind...]

BW: Bass slips out, gives him a little nudge...

GM: Little nudge?!

[The replay angle cuts to show Mayhem flipping through the air and SLAMMING backfirst down on the floor!]

BW: Gaaaaaah! That'll send you straight to the chiropractor!

GM: Or worse! Thankfully though, he landed on his back and not his head or neck but right now, that one counter puts Scotty Mayhem in a whole heap of trouble, fans.

[Dick Bass again moves from the ring, stepping out on the apron where he berates Big Mama who is kneeling down to check on Mayhem's condition.]

GM: Oh, leave her alone! Big Mama is obviously quite concerned about Scotty Mayhem after that fall to the floor and Bass is giving her a hard time about it!

[Bass drops down off the apron, threatening a backhand in Big Mama's direction, drawing him jeers from the fans as she scampers away from him to safety.]

GM: He just threatened to hit her!

BW: Oh, and he'll do it too! Don't even think for a second he won't. He'll put one right upside her big mouth!

GM: And you condone that?!

BW: Not exactly, no.

[Bass lays in a few kicks to the spine of Scotty Mayhem who is still down on the floor before dragging him off the floor by his wild hair, scooping him up into his arms...

...and SLAMMING him down on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief! A big scoop slam on the floor!

BW: And that's not gonna do his back any favors, Gordo.

GM: It's certainly not.

[Bass measures Mayhem who is trying to roll away from him...

...and drops a big elbow down into the kidneys, stopping all of Mayhem's movement!]

GM: Bass drops all his weight down in that elbowdrop... and now he's dragging Mayhem back to his feet...

[Leaning over like he's going for an inverted atomic drop, he wraps his arms around Mayhem's waist...

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

GM: My stars, Mayhem's in tremendous pain, fans! Look at the expression on his face right now!

BW: And Dick Bass is getting closer and closer to hitting that Bass Breaker and moving on to the second round with every move out here on the floor.

[Straightening up, he grabs Mayhem by the hair, and DRILLS him between the eyes with a right hand, sending Mayhem rolling under the ropes back into the ring. A sneering Bass pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes to join his opponent in the ring.]

GM: Mayhem's trying to get out! He's crawling for the other side of the ring!

[But Bass cuts him off, grabbing his foot and dragging him back to the center of the ring where he drops a second elbow into the lower back, stopping Mayhem cold before rolling him into a lateral press.]

GM: Bass covers for one! For two! For th-

[The crowd cheers as Mayhem squeaks a shoulder off the mat in time.]

GM: Two count only! Mayhem narrowly escaped but it was an escape nonetheless!

[Bass grabs Mayhem by the hair again, landing a series of hard right hands to the skull, leaving Mayhem rolling around on the mat, flailing about as Bass climbs to his feet, backing to the corner...]

GM: And this time, it's Dick Bass who is climbing the ropes, hopping up to the second rope...

[He again takes his time, methodically measuring his man...

...and then leaps off, driving the sole of his boot into the heart of Mayhem!]

GM: Stomp off the second rope! Good grief!

[Bass smirks at a shouting Big Mama as he drops to his knees, applying another cover.]

GM: Bass covers again for one... for two... for- no! Just a two count again!

[The crowd cheers for the kickout and Mayhem against tries to crawl away, trying to create some space. Bass takes a while getting back to his feet this time...]

GM: Dick Bass moves very slowly, very deliberate in his every action inside that ring, fans.

BW: He might be taking a little too much time right now, Gordo. Mayhem's getting back to his feet.

[Using the ropes, Mayhem has managed to drag himself off the mat, turning his injured back into the buckles as Bass approaches...

...and lashes out, connecting with a stinging jab to Bass' jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Mayhem fights back!

[But an angry Bass throws a knee into the midsection, cutting off the comeback before he smashes Mayhem in the bridge of the nose with a headbutt, knocking Mr. Intensity back to the corner...]

GM: Bass grabs the arm... big whip coming up...

[The big Floridian sends Mayhem sailing across the ring where Mayhem is able to slightly twist his body, absorbing the buckles on his shoulder instead of his injured back. Bass charges in after him, arm outstretched...]

GM: Clothesline in the corn-

[Big cheer!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[And an ever-resourceful Scotty Mayhem slips in behind Bass, dragging him down into an inside cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!!

[The official dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"



[Mayhem quickly rolls from the ring, desperate to avoid further assault from Bass who is quickly to his feet and angrily swinging as he tries to get at Mayhem!]

GM: Scotty Mayhem with the win! He rolled him up out of nowhere for the win!

BW: Dick Bass is HOT, Gordo!

GM: He's absolutely irate but it was a clean one, two, three!

[An angry Bass stomps to the corner, grabbing Delilah and promptly cracking the whip in the official's direction who bails out to the floor as well. A grinning Big Mama joins Mayhem, helping hold him up as they back down the aisle, celebrating their victory as Bass continues to throw a big ol' temper tantrum inside the ring.]

GM: Scotty Mayhem gets the win and that sure does spoil the plans for Playboy Enterprises! There will be no Dick Bass/Johnny Casanova final in this tournament!

BW: I think Mayhem held the trunks!

GM: He most certainly did not. A huge win for Scotty Mayhem and he's moving on to the second round of this historic tournament! The ninth man to make it to the second round... well, sort of. We told you earlier tonight that there were tournament matches held over the past two weeks while the AWA has been on the road and when we come back from this commercial break, we're going to take a look at highlights from those matches on the road to see who ELSE has made it to the next round so don't you dare go away!

[Abrupt fade to black.

The shot comes to a close up of the face of former AWA star, City Jack.]

CJ: Former AWA National Tag Team Champion, City Jack, here to talk to you about a serious issue here in America...

[The camera dramatically pulls back to show a restaurant "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks".]

CJ: The most important meal of the day! Breakfast!

[The shot cuts to Jack, sitting down in a booth, with a big plate of pancakes.]

CJ: Now just looky here, all these fluffy flapjacks, smothered all on by every flavor of syrup you can imagine! Topped with all the butter in the world your eyes can see!

[As City Jack grabs a forkload of pancake, the shot zooms to Jack's bearded face, eye's bulging wide.]

CJ: This here meal's enough even for this hungry hoss!

[Jack shovels the mass of butter, syrup, and pancake into his mouth and chews with a smile on his face.]

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

[The shot then cuts to a green screen of Jack in front of quick, blown-up shots of all the breakfast foods the restaurant offers.]

CJ: Not a flapjack fanatic? No problem! We've got ahm-lets! Eggs of any kind! Waffles! Bacon! Sausage! Breakfast burritos! Oat-meal! Soups! Dishes o' fresh fruit! Cre... Cra...

[Jack smiles as the background picture remains stuck on a crepe, with the words "World Famous Savory Crepes". Jack points to the words.]

CJ: Them things!

[The shot then cuts to Jack, back in the booth, but this time with every imaginable food item the restaurant offers.]

CJ: Why, if you're like me and can't decide? Get 'em all! Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks offers ALL sort of combos your heart - and stomach -

[Jack pats his protruding gut.]

CJ: Can desire!

[Jack waves his hand across the plethora of breakfast items in front of him.]

CJ: So when you're hungry and looking for somethin' to fill your gullet -

[Jack holds up a cup of coffee.]

CJ: Or just looking for a quick cup o' joe, come on down to Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks! For locations, just go on that wide webbed world and put in "[Flapjacksforjacks.com](http://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: Welcome to the AWA World Title Tournament Control Center! I'm Jason Dane and with the World Title Tournament in full swing, the powers that be have decided to stick me in here to keep everyone up to date on what's going on. Moments ago, we saw Scotty Mayhem defeat Dick Bass which puts him in the second round... the ninth man that we've seen make the elusive field of thirty-two. Let's take a look at who's in so far...

[A graphic comes up with the names of those already advancing to the second round:

Glenn Hudson  
Travis Lynch  
Nenshou  
Stevie Scott  
BC Da Mastah MC  
Jackson Haynes  
Bumble Bee  
MAMMOTH Maximus  
Scotty Mayhem]

JD: Nine men in... nine men out... and a whole lot of others still to compete in the weeks to come. Let's take a look at some of the upcoming matches that have already been announced... we've still got Kolya Sudakov taking on Ron Houston in a clash of two former National Champions to come in tonight's Main Event.

But two weeks from tonight, we're in for one heck of a show with FIVE big first round matches.

Earlier tonight, we heard Robert Donovan agree to the conditions laid out by Dave Cooper. Cooper took Alex Martinez' spot in the tournament after the Last American Badboy had to bow out due to injury... and we're now being told he has selected Jack Towel as his first round opponent. And for Robert Donovan? Cooper has selected a man he knows quite well... one-half of the National Tag Team Champions, Cletus Lee Bishop! What a showdown that should be! So, those are two of the matches we'll see on the 23rd of this month.

What else? "Showtime" Rick Marley will meet the man who attacked him at Memorial Day Mayhem, Gideon Hellbane!

In a match with a lot of history, Andrew "Flash" Tucker will meet Dave Bryant!

And in the night's Main Event, the One Man Revolution, William Craven, takes on one of the most popular men in the tournament, Supernova!

FIVE! HUGE! MATCHES! All coming up on June 23rd when the AWA brings you Saturday Night Wrestling!

[A graphic comes up behind Dane of the American flag.]

JD: But how about the 4th of July? We know that if Donovan and Cooper both advance, they'll meet each other in a second round matchup that night. But in addition to that, we've got two huge matches already announced where Pure X will meet Gabriel Whitecross in what should be an outstanding encounter and just added, the leader of Playboy Enterprises, Johnny Casanova will meet the man who shocked the world by his return at Memorial Day Mayhem, "Playboy" Ronnie D!

That's right - it's "Playboy" Johnny C taking on "Playboy" Ronnie D on the 4th of July!

[Dane grins.]

JD: This tournament is shaping up to be one for the ages and we've still got a lot more competitors who haven't even stepped into the ring yet. However, over the past couple of weeks, the AWA has been on the road with several non-televised live events where fans at some of the AWA's favorite cities got a chance to see tournament action themselves! Now it's time for us to see what they saw... let's take a look right now!

[We crossfade to footage marked "LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS - JUNE 1st" where we see Tin Can Rust across the ring from Lenny Getz.]

JD: Hello everyone, I'm Jason Dane along with Colt Patterson calling the action in this first round tournament match for the Control Center! Colt, it's been a while!

CP: It sure has. The suits down in Dallas don't like us together too often, Dane. We show the world that Myers and Wilde are a couple of stuffed suits past their prime!

JD: Gordon, Bucky... remember who it was that said that. But right now, we're going to call the action here in this matchup between Tin Can Rust and Lenny Getz. What do you know about Lenny Getz, Colt?

CP: The guy's been in the business since the 1980s. He's wrestled all over the world but he always seems to come back to the Southern United States.

[Getz stands across the ring from TCR, long bleached blonde hair and blue eyes. His ample midsection doesn't make him look like much of a threat in the ring though.]

JD: And of course, all AWA fans are familiar with Tin Can Rust. Formerly one-half of the National Tag Team Champions, Kentucky's Pride, Rust hasn't seen action in an AWA ring in quite some time. He was essentially retired from what I understand until this opportunity came up for him.

CP: He's an AWA original though, JD. He was here when things first started so he knows how important it would be to be the first man to wear the AWA World Title.

JD: I'm surprised you're not in this tournament, Colt.

CP: I'm pretty happy being retired, Dane. Besides, who'd be able to keep you honest if I wasn't around?

[As the bell rings, Getz struts out to the center of the ring where Rust is standing...

...and gets dropped with a right hand!]

JD: Tin Can Rust knocked him flat!

[Rust grabs the rising Getz by the hair, rushing to the corner to SLAM him headfirst into the top turnbuckle, sending him flailing backwards where he rolls back to his feet, throwing his arms up in a "stuck the landing" pose...

...where Rust barrels him over with a running shoulder block that sends Getz sailing from the ring and out to the floor!]

JD: Tin Can Rust is starting fast in this one and he's already got his opponent outside the ring!

[We cut ahead several minutes into the match where Rust has Getz in the corner and is repeatedly lighting up his chest with knife-edge chops, leaving bright red welts on the pectorals of Getz.]

JD: Rust has had Getz' number since the opening moments of this one... corner-to-corner whip here... running back elbow to the jaw!

[Rust grabs the arm again, firing Getz across once more.]

JD: Rust follows him in!

[But Getz brings his feet up, catching Rust on the chin!]

JD: Getz sticks a boot in his face, Colt!

CP: Lenny Getz is a wily veteran, Dane. Rust better not be taking him too lightly in there.

[Getz staggers out, burying a boot into the gut of Rust before winding up with his leg...

...and DRILLING the veteran with a big time kneelift!]

JD: Million dollar kneelift by Lenny Getz puts Rust down on his back!

[A handful of stomps to the head leaves Rust cradling his noggin as Getz delivers a kick to the back that rolls Rust onto his stomach. Pointing to the corner, Getz does a little Getz Strut all the way to the buckles.]

JD: A little struttin' going on by Lenny Getz as he settles into the corner, leaping up to the second rope...

[He reaches down, slapping his knee a few times...

...and then leaps off, burying his knee right into the small of Rust's back!]

JD: Nice execution on the kneedrop by Getz!

CP: And he really stuck it deep in there, Dane. A lot of guys hit a kneedrop, they roll through it to lessen the impact on their own knee. Not Getz. He sucked it up and stuck that knee into the spine! I love it!

[We cut ahead deeper into the match again, this time with Getz depositing Rust on the top rope before backing up and connecting with a hard hook punch to the jaw!]

JD: Getz sets him down on the turnbuckles... and I think he's got a superplex in mind here...

CP: If he hits that, he may be heading for the Winner's Circle, Dane.

JD: Absolutely.

[Stepping up to the second rope, Getz hooks a front facelock, looping Rust's arm over the back of his neck...]

JD: He's setting for it... gonna take him down...

[But Rust fights back, throwing a series of right hands to the ribs before a big headbutt catches Getz right in the nose, sending him falling back down to the mat.]

JD: Rust fights free of it! That headbutt rang Getz' bell!

[Rust repositions himself on the ropes, standing on the middle rope as Getz starts to rise...

...and hurling himself off, connecting with a flying clothesline off the midbuckle!]

JD: CLOTHESLINE OFF THE SECOND ROPE!!

[Rust rolls into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!!

[The bell rings as Rust climbs to his feet, allowing the official to raise his hand.]

JD: Tin Can Rust is moving on to the second round of this tournament, fans!

[As Rust celebrates his victory, we fade to another piece of footage, this one marked "JUNE 2nd - MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE. This time, we see famed luchador Hector Morales Jr. inside the ring.]

JD: Colt Patterson, it's time for another first round tournament matchup with SouthWest Lucha Libre superstar Hector Morales Jr. going one on one with November!

CP: November ain't been seen from in the States in years, right, Dane?

JD: That's right but he HAS been doing very well for himself internationally. He spent a lot of time in Japan where they truly appreciate his type of wrestling style but he also spent time in Mexico where his path has crossed with Morales in the past. Go online, fans... go to YouTube and look up some of those classics in Mexico between these two men over the years.

[As the bell rings, Morales Jr. rushes across the ring, throwing himself into a dropkick that catches November off-guard, forcing him to roll under the ropes to the apron.]

JD: Morales starts things off quickly...

[With November standing on the apron, Morales dashes to the nearest adjacent ropes, springing back into a somersault...

...and knocks the smaller man off the apron and down to the floor to the cheers of the crowd!]

JD: Backspring somersault senton off the ropes... impressive move by Morales and he gets a cheer from this crowd in Memphis who like what they're seeing so far.

[Morales pulls November off the floor by his strikingly-shorter hair.]

CP: Looks like November got a haircut since the last time he wrestled in the States.

JD: Thanks to Morales.

[Morales' arm gets slapped away by November who follows it up with a hard overhead chop across the chest. He reaches back with both hands, grabbing the middle rope and pulling himself off the floor, snaring Morales' head between his legs.]

JD: November hooks him... ohh!

[The crowd groans as November brings up his right leg and SMASHES it down over the top of Morales' skull before shoving himself away from the ropes and taking Morales down with a headscissors!]

JD: Rana takedown out on the floor... and look at November...

[Grabbing the ropes again, November pulls himself up on the apron, rushing down to turn his back against the post as Morales starts to rise...

...and sprints down the length of the apron, throwing himself into a somersault dive of his own, taking out Morales with the big time move off the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With both men down on the floor, we cut ahead several minutes into the match where Morales has November trapped in the corner, spinning around to throw a back kick into the gut.]

JD: Irish whip by Morales...

[But November walks up the buckles, backflipping out to land on his feet behind the charging Morales...]

JD: Nice counter by November...

[...who turns around into a leaping back kick that catches the luchador on the chin, knocking him back into the buckles!]

JD: Nice kick by November who-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to November THROWING himself towards the corner in a koppo kick, driving his heel and calf squarely between the eyes of Morales!]

JD: My goodness! The koppo kick in the corner connects solidly, Colt!

CP: These guys are doin' moves I don't have a clue the name of. I feel like old man Myers out here right now.

[November pops back up to his feet, his back to Morales and throws a series of right and left back elbows to the skull, keeping him stunned before turning around, grabbing Morales under the armpits, and lifting him up to seat him on the top turnbuckle.]

JD: What's November got in mind right here, fans?!

[Leaning waaaaaaay down, November EXPLODES upwards with a palm strike that catches Morales right under the chin!]

JD: SHOOOOTAAAAY UPPERCUT!!



[With Morales dazed, November grabs the top rope, springing up to the second rope where he springs off again, catching Morales' head between his legs...

...and SNAPPING him off the ropes with a rana!]

JD: Oh my! Down goes Morales again!

[November quickly regains his feet, grabbing the downed Morales' arm, twisting it around his own leg...

...and rolls Morales into a La Majistral!]

JD: Lucha style rollup by November gets a one! Gets a two! Gets a-

[Morales is out at two...

...and DRILLS a rising November with a forearm to the ear! November stumbles backwards, giving Morales a chance to regain his feet where he throws a sloppy kick that November goes to catch...]

JD: November blocks the ki-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Morales leaps up, snapping his foot off the back of November's skull!]

JD: ENZUUUGIIIRIIII!

[The man from Tocola, Mexico springs to his feet, quickly rushing to the corner where he climbs to the middle rope before placing one foot on the top...

...and kicks off into a moonsault that's half off the middle rope and half off the top, crashing down across November!]

JD: Moonsault for one! Moonsault for two! Moonsault for-

[November's shoulder comes sailing out, breaking the pin attempt. Morales is quickly to his feet, grabbing November's right arm and yanking it behind him. He quickly does the same with the left, planting his foot squarely between the shoulderblades as he cranks repeatedly on the arm.]

JD: Surfboard applied by Morales! He's got it locked on in the center of the ring!

[The crowd is buzzing as Morales yanks back harder and harder, cranking the arms like he's rowing a boat. But November somehow manages to wiggle enough to get his foot on the bottom rope, forcing the official to break the hold as November rolls out of the ring...

...and Morales takes the fight to him, grabbing the top rope with both hands, and slingshotting himself over the top onto a stunned November, taking both men down to the floor! The crowd roars as we cut to deeper in the match.]

JD: These two men have been going at it for over ten minutes now, throwing every high flying move they can think of at each other.

CP: We've seen some pretty hard shots and snug submission holds too. These two aren't one dimensional by any stretch of the imagination, Dane.

JD: Not at all.

[November has Morales against the ropes, throwing spinning back chops into the chest over and over again before spinning back the other direction to pop him with a forearm to the jaw!]

JD: Goodness! November scores with a knockout level forearm!

[Grabbing Morales by the arm, November goes for an Irish whip.]

JD: November fires him across... Morales ducks a high spinning back kick, off the far side...

[Morales throws himself into the air, hooking November's head between his legs...

...but November fights it, swinging around and sitting out into a thunderous split-legged powerbomb!]

JD: Holy-

[November rolls back to his feet, still holding the legs...

...and then flips through into a double leg cradle!]

JD: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The referee's count hits two before Morales slips a shoulder free.]

JD: Morales kicks out of the powerbomb as well! These two are quite literally throwing their entire arsenal at each other!

[November rolls to his knees, burying his head in his hands for a moment before angrily slapping the canvas in frustration. He regains his feet, pulling his rival off the mat...

...but Morales leans back down, picking the leg out from under him!]

JD: Morales with the single leg... he's going for the Cloverleaf!

[The crowd cheers for Morales attempting one of his signature holds...

...but then cheers louder as November kips up off the mat, hooking the rana, and snapping Morales down to the mat!]

JD: What the-?!

[November springs to his feet, strikes a pose, and then executes a stunning standing Shooting Star Press, crashing across the chest as he reaches back to hook both of Morales' struggling legs!]

JD: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

[November springs to his feet, elatedly throwing his arms in the air with a huge grin on his face as he falls back against the ropes. The official rushes over to raise his hand, pointing to him.]

JD: November is moving on to the second round with a victory over his long-time rival, Hector Morales Jr.!

CP: That was a heck of a match, JD. I'd like to see a rematch between these two.

JD: You're not alone in that, I'm sure. So, November moves on to the second round - one of thirty-two men who will be moving on to continue their quest to become the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

[We crossfade from the ring to another shot of November backstage standing before an AWA banner. He stands, turned away from the camera, hair wet from effort and battle, skin flush from exhaustion and pain. He looks up, towards the three letters emblazoned on the canvas. As is his trademark over flourish, he slowly turns back towards the viewers, sweeping his hair back and the last moment with a shake of his head.]

N: Who would have thought.

[A smirk.]

N: Who would have thought that I would be here, once again on American television, in a major American company. I had been written off. I vanished right off the radar, not a blip for years after I left Los Angeles. A ghost. Instead, quietly, on my own, I kept going. Armories and gymnasiums. Bingo Halls and legions. England. Canada. Mexico. Japan. As myself and as other identities as I tried to find my own.

But then a funny thing happened. In my travels around the world, endless naps in endless waiting lines in endless airports I discovered something really interesting about myself. I found I never did lose anything. My identity never went anywhere. Hell... I'd fought for it, battled for it, in the Empire for years. I fought... I FOUGHT... to be myself, to show that I was something in this world and in this business. No matter who thought otherwise.

No matter who thought I wouldn't make it.

No matter who got in my way to stop me.

No matter who denied me a chance.

No matter who I battled, where I battled...

[He pauses, the enormity of his career cascading upon him at once. A deep breath. Calming.]

N: Like my battles against Hector Morales in my past. Hector and I had a long bloody battle in Mexico. His hair against mine.

[The results quite obvious as he once again brushes a hand through hair much shorter than in previous incarnations.]

N: Match after match. A war unlike any other I had ever had in my life. We were friends, Hector and I. People didn't know that. They saw us bloodying each other, fighting in the stands and arenas all over Mexico and never for once thought we could be friends. Not after Guadalajara. Not after Arena Mexico.

But we, in the end, were... and are. Kindred souls and all that.

Only fitting that tonight, here in perhaps the biggest stage in all of wrestling, it happened again. In the biggest field of talent ever assembled we battled once last time. Book closed. Time to move on. Time to move up.

[He tilts his head back up, looking at the three letters.]

N: And so here it is. I am in the AWA World Title Tournament. I am in the top thirty two now. I am the name no one expected to ever appear again. Time to step back into the light. Back onto the stage. Time to once again be the one to step up onto the podium, in front of the crowd and be the one to lay down the challenge. The challenge goes something like this.

I challenge the best in the world. I challenge the field of the AWA World Title Tournament to do no wrong. I challenge this field to be the best in the world. I challenge this field to stake their claim as I am right now. Planting my flag in the soil and saying this.

[Set jaw. Focus eyes.]

N: I, November, shall be the winner of the AWA World Title Tournament.

[We fade away from the backstage footage back to the Control Center and Jason Dane.]

JD: And there you have it, two big tournament matches at non-televvised events over the past couple weeks and it doesn't stop there. Let's take a look at where the Road To Glory will be taking the AWA over the next few weeks plus some of the matches we'll be seeing!

[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!

Coming up tomorrow afternoon in Huntsville, Alabama, the stars of the AWA will be in the building such as "Showtime" Rick Marley, James Monosso, and The War Pigs! Plus, you'll be seeing Round One tournament action when Brian Von Braun meets Alexander Cote!

[The graphic with all the information for that show fades and is replaced by a new slide.]

VO: Next weekend, we'll be LIVE in Hotlanta, Georgia for another night of AWA action on Saturday, June 16th with Atlanta's own Sweet Daddy Williams on the show taking on The Spectre in one-on-one first round tournament action! Plus a special guest appearance by Tommy Fierro!

On Sunday, June 17th, the AWA rolls into Greenville, South Carolina with Stevie Scott, Travis Lynch, and the new Longhorn Heritage Champion Glenn Hudson on the card as well as first round tournament action with Chris Staley meeting Jeff Jagger!

[Those graphics fade to be replaced by one shouting "SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in bold print.]

VO: Saturday, June 23rd, the AWA returns to the airwaves with another edition of Saturday Night Wrestling featuring FIVE big first round tournament matches from Charlotte, North Carolina!

And don't forget about the Fourth Of July and the big First Tangle In Tampa coming to you LIVE on WKIK from Tampa, Florida! That's right, the AWA invades the Sunshine State for the very first time for one of the biggest shows of the year!

[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 where Jason Dane is standing with three very satisfied looking men.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, at this time, I'm joined by the new AWA National Tag Tea-

[Jason is cut off by a "Ahem" from the man in the suit. Dane sighs.]

JD: I stand corrected - I am joined by the FIRST-EVER two-time AWA National Tag Team Champions, the Bishop Boys... joined, of course, by their manager Cousin Bo Allan.

[Bo nods, satisfied with that introduction. As is usual, Duane Henry's actually wearing his belt, while Cletus Lee lets his dangle from one of his massive hands.]

JD: Mr. Allan, I'd be remiss if I didn't ask the big question on everyone's minds. Exactly what happened at Memorial Day Mayhem to cause you to win the titles?

[Bo looks confused.]

CB: What do you mean? Isn't it obvious? We won the freakin' match!

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: Er, yes, but that's not what I meant. I'd like to know how in the world The Bishop Boys got the title shot in the first place.

[Bo shrugs.]

CB: Good luck, I guess. The Aces went AWOL, and Jim Watkins needed new contenders to save face. I kindly offered my cousins as a substitution, being former tag champions and undefeated since our return, and that seemed to be good enough reason for him. The end result is what you see here.

[Bo gestures to Duane Henry's belt. Duane Henry smiles and pats the belt.]

CB: Once again, I am the "truth sayer". Did I not repeatedly say we'd be the first two-time champs?

JD: You did, yes.

CB: Well, there you go. And I'm again telling you that whenever the Stampede Cup returns, we're gonna win that too. Then there's no doubt in anyone's mind that The Bishop Boys are the greatest tag team in AWA history.

JD: Be that as it may, what about the \_other\_ match at Memorial Day Mayhem? You know, the one Duane Henry was actually scheduled for?

[Bo narrows his eyes.]

CB: Are you sassing me?

[Dane sighs again.]

JD: No, Mr. Allan.

CB: That's what I thought. Anyway, it may not have had the result we were looking for, but I'm still proud of Duane Henry for taking everything that moron Haynes threw at him and dishing it out to him twice as hard.

[Dane looks stunned.]

JD: Proud?! You all cheated during that match repeatedly! Duane Henry lost by disqualification!

CB: You call it cheating, I call it softening him up. Now Jackson Haynes has somewhat of an idea of how his little buddy feels. And we WOULD have taken it all the way if it wasn't for said little buddy.

JD: Speaking of which, thank heavens that Danny Morton showed up when he did to save his partner. You intended to do the exact same thing to Jackson Haynes that you did to Danny Morton back in March!

[Bo glares at Dane.]

CB: Oh, so when we do something you don't like, it's cheating, but when your favorites do the exact same thing, you praise them.

JD: That was after the match ended! You know you could have taken Jackson Haynes out permanently!

CB: And it's a damn shame we didn't.

[Dane rolls his eyes, praying that Bo doesn't see it.]

CB: And did you see that cast Morton had on?! That thing must have a damn steel plate on it!

JD: What?!

CB: He knocked Cletus Lee clear out of the ring with that thing! Nobody does that to him!

[Cletus Lee snarls in the background.]

CB: Especially not some sawed-off runt like Morton. I'm telling you, that thing's dangerous.

JD: The doctors have made it very clear that Danny Morton's arm is still not fully healed! His arm needs to be in that cast for an indefinite period of time... thanks to you.

[Bo looks annoyed, waving Dane off.]

CB: That's a load of crap, Dane. He's got that thing on there to try and help give him an edge in his matches. And I'm telling you right now, we don't fight them again until the Championship Committee bans him from wearing it. You hear me? No cast or no match.

We'll go focus on Cletus Lee putting his big boot right upside Donovan's empty skull and taking the first step towards becoming World Champion until the Committee decides to do the right thing.

[Duane Henry decides to interject.]

DHB: An' y'know what, Haynes?

[Duane Henry looks down at his belt, chuckles, and looks back up.]

DHB: Yeah, I AM laughin' now.

[Duane Henry laughs a whiskey-soaked laugh and walks off. Cletus Lee follows him with the smallest hint of a smile.]

CB: And Dane? Don't you EVER raise your voice to me again, you won't like the end result.

[Bo leaves in a huff.]

JD: The new National Tag Team Champions... and possibly the first AWA World Champion as well? Not if Robert Donovan has anything to say about that. Gordon, back to you...

[Cut back to ringside to our announce duo.]

BW: Why do they never send it back to me?!

GM: I honestly have no idea but what about that declaration by the Bishop Boys? No cast or no match! The Championship Committee may have their work cut out for them when it comes to dealing with these three individuals. But right now, let's go back up to the ring for more tag team action!

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

PW: The following tag team match is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from Parts Unknown, the team of the Red Demon...

[A masked man predictably dressed all in red raises an arm.]

PW: ...and the Enforcer!

[A second masked man does the same.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The opening riff of Bob Seger's "Old Time Rock And Roll" starts up to a buzz from the confused crowd.]



And as the lyric kicks in, the crowd EXPLODES into cheers as the curtain parts and a pair of familiar faces come walking into view.]

GM: Oh yeah!

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: From Rock And Roll City, USA... Scotty Storm and Marty Morgan...

THE RRRRRRRROCKSTAAAAAR EXXXXXPRESSSSSSSS!

[Storm and Morgan are halfway to the ring by the time the introduction finishes, slapping the hands of every fan reaching over the railing. Some of the more aggressive female fans are leaning in for hugs and a few kisses as well as the two fan favorites work their way towards the ring. Storm gets there first, pulling himself up on the apron in his black full-length tights with a pair of green bandanas tied around his legs. He grabs the top rope, leaning back and shaking his groove thang to the roar of the crowd. Marty Morgan slides headfirst into the ring, taking a midbuckle spot to point to the cheering fans.]

GM: Scotty and Marty, the Rockstar Express, have returned to the AWA!

[Scotty Storm steps into the ring, sharing a double high five with his partner as they settle into their corner. After a brief discussion, Storm opts to start the match while his partner steps out to the apron.]

GM: The bell sounds and here we go, fans!

[The Red Demon lumbers out of his corner, moving for a tieup but Storm drops down to the mat, taking him down with a drop toehold that draws laughs from the crowd. Storm pops back to his feet, hooking a side headlock on the rising big man.]

GM: Scotty hooks in the headlock... the Demon throws him off...

[As the Red Demon rears back with a right hand, Storm baseball slides through his legs, popping up to his feet behind him...

...and CLAPS his arms together on the Demon's ears!]

GM: Haha!

[The Demon stumbles around, turning a full 360 degrees back to Storm who leaves his feet, scoring with a dropkick that knocks the bigger man down on his rear end as Storm springs back to his feet and does a little jig for the cheering crowd, shifting his rear from side to side.]

GM: Ahh, the fans love the Rockstar Express, Bucky!

BW: Couldn't tell you why but it seems to be the case.

GM: The Red Demon slides to his corner, tagging in the Enforcer who hasn't had the best of luck so far in 2012. He's been on the losing end pretty much every time we've seen him.

BW: Gee, what a shock.

[The Enforcer moves in a little slower than his partner did, actually getting the collar and elbow tieup. The masked man gives a "ALRIGHT!" shout, celebrating the hold as Storm moves back towards his corner, reaching back to slap his partner's hand before throwing the Enforcer off towards the ropes...]

GM: The tag is made...

[The Enforcer bounces back, leaping over a dropdown by Storm, and getting taken clean out of the sky with a picture perfect flying forearm by Marty Morgan!]

GM: Ohh! Marty takes 'im down!

[Morgan climbs back to his feet, pulling The Enforcer up by the arm and quickly executing an armtwist before slapping the hand of his partner...]

GM: Storm comes right back in... middle rope...

[...who drops a double axehandle across the twisted limb!]

GM: That'll rip an arm out of joint!

[Storm grabs the same arm, going for another armtwist before slapping Morgan's hand. Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Morgan catapults himself over, landing kneefirst on the twisted arm!]

GM: The Rockstars are working the Enforcer's arm and if they keep this up, there won't be anything left of that arm, fans.

[Another tag brings Scotty Storm back in as he grabs the Enforcer's other arm...]

GM: Double armtwist by the Rockstars...

[They turn the hold into a double Irish whip, sending the Enforcer into the ropes. He rebounds off, getting hoisted up by his legs...

...and DUMPED facefirst on the canvas!]

GM: Flapjack by the Rockstars!

[Morgan rolls back to the apron as Storm climbs to his feet, ducking as the Red Demon takes a swing at him...

...and then charging back in, leaving his feet and landing with a right hand that knocks the Demon to the floor to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Big right hand by Storm!

[Storm rushes across, slapping his partner's hand again, pulling the Enforcer back up together...]

GM: Another double whip... double haymaker to the breadbasket!

[With the Enforcer doubled up, Storm rushes to the ropes behind him while Morgan hits the ropes in front of him...]

...and as Storm goes into a rolling tackle, sweeping the masked man's legs out from under him, Morgan DRILLS him with a spinning leg lariat that takes the Enforcer down on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What in the world is that?!

[Morgan applies a lateral press, not even bothering to hook a leg as the referee makes a three count.]

GM: The Rockstars claim victory here in their return to the AWA!

[Storm and Morgan briefly celebrate before exiting the ring, dropping down to the floor where Gordon moves to meet them.]

GM: Scotty and Marty, the Rockstar Express, have returned to the AWA! Welcome back, gentlemen.

[Marty claps Gordon on the shoulder. Both men are all smiles.]

MM: Thanks, Mr. Myers. It's good to see you again... it's good to see all these great fans again...

[Big cheer!]

MM: Heck, it's even good seeing ol' Bucky again!

[Scotty Storm reaches over and tousles Bucky's hair to another round of cheers.]

GM: It's been a long time since we've seen the two of you here in the AWA. Almost an entire year if memory serves me correct.

SS: You're absolutely right, Mr. Myers. After what happened to us last year at the hands of Violence Unlimited, we sat back and realized that the Rockstars had gotten a little soft in our time with the AWA.

MM: That's right - the catered meals, the fancy clothes, the big tour buses takin' us around the great United States... we'd gotten a little too comfortable with it all and maybe weren't as sharp as we'd like to be in that ring anymore.

SS: So, when we lost big to VU, we decided to take some time off to make sure we were still doin' what we loved to do. Marty and I took a nice long vacation, hittin' up some of our favorite hotspots in this great country of ours. We went on down to Hotlanta, GA... down to New Orleans and Bourbon Street...

MM: Up to NYC... down to Sin City itself, Las Vegas... and all points in between. And everywhere we went, the people wanted to know when we were gonna be back on their TVs.

SS: But even after all that, we still weren't sure we were ready, Mr. Myers. So, we decided to put the band back together!

[Myers looks puzzled.]

SS: We went out and we called up all our old friends from back home... the guys we used to party with every night of the week... and we rented a broken down junkheap of a bus.

MM: That's right and then we got on the horn and called up every promoter in this great country and offered to come to town for 'em to show their city how Marty and Scotty like to do things.

SS: And you know how we do things, Mr. Myers.

[Gordon nods, eyes wide.]

SS: We rock and roll, we strut and stroll, we went North, South, East, and West and hit anyplace where there was someone in a Rockstar Express t-shirt waiting to see us. And I'll tell you, Mr. Myers, after a long time of working the big cities with the AWA, it was nice to get back to the heartland of America and see those small towns where people are struggling to survive yet still put down their hard-earned dollars to see me and Marty do what we do better than any tag team on the planet.

MM: Now, a couple of weeks ago, we wrestled an afternoon show at a state fair in Iowa. We wrapped things up and headed off with some of the locals to the nearest tavern. Scotty and I were gettin' in some forty ounce curls with some of the finest young ladies that the great state of Iowa has to offer up when someone flipped the TV to WKIK.

SS: We hadn't watched a drop of AWA TV since we've been gone, Mr. Myers, because we didn't want to see what we were missing.

But as we sat there in that saloon and we watched what happened to the Lynches... and we watched the Bishop Boys lie, cheat, and steal their way back into another National Tag Team Title reign, I looked across my pint of

Coors to Marty and saw him lookin' right back at me. Right there, on the spot, we knew what we had to do.

MM: We had to shake off the funk of what happened to us last year, we needed to get back on that bus, and we needed to get that hunk o' junk down here to Nashville - Music City, baby!

[Big cheer!]

MM: Because when you rock as hard as the Rockstar Express does, comin' to Music City is the best place to start that next tour. And that's exactly what we're doing here tonight, Mr. Myers. We're starting our next tour... right out here on the road with the AWA for the summer as we go to the Carolinas and to Florida and wherever else the road takes us.

But this time, Mr. Myers... we're makin' it real clear from the time the first note on Scotty's guitar plays... we're comin' for the Bishops... we're coming for the National Tag Team Titles...

[Scotty Storm leans in to speak into the mic.]

SS: And heck, we've even cleared a spot off our mantle for that good ol' Stampede Cup, baby.

[Another big cheer!]

SS: So, Bishops... VU... Lynches... Rave... whoever out there wants to try on the Rockstar Express for find, just give us a holler and you can be our Opening Act on the greatest tour of all time! Yeaaaah, alright!

[Another high ten between the partners is exchanged as they walk off in unison, leaving Gordon and Bucky behind.]

BW: I can't believe that idiot touched my hair.

[Scotty Storm rushes back into view, messing up Bucky's hair again, before rushing away once more.]

BW: ARRRRGH!

GM: Hehe... the Rockstar Express is back, fans! We've gotta take another break but our Main Event is next so don't you dare go away!

[Cut to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then we fade back up to live action where we find Jason Dane standing in the center of the ring standing next to a battle-scarred Juan Vasquez. The former two-time National champion's face is covered in bruises and a bandage on his cheek, concealing the scratches he received from Ebola Zaire's fork. He's dressed in a black hoodie and an old school LWC Bishop "Avatar of Extreme" t-shirt underneath. The look on his face is obvious... he ain't happy.]

JD: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. At Memorial Day Mayhem, we witnessed one of the bloodiest brawls in recent memory between the psychotic Ebola Zaire and the man standing beside me...Juan Vasquez! A vicious attack by Zaire and his fork left your arm a bloody mess and put your status in the World Title Tournament in doubt. Juan, your thoughts?

JV: My thoughts? Well, Jason...I think a picture's worth a thousand words...

[And with that, Juan removes his jacket, slipping it off to reveal a heavily taped left arm bandaged from his forearm all the way up to his shoulder, a result of the vicious fork attack he endured at the hands of Zaire.]

JV: Does \*this\* look like I'm finished with Zaire and Waterson?

[He shakes his head.]

JV: The arm's gonna' be okay, but this ain't over. Suspension or no suspension, it ain't over. Not by a long shot.

JD: But with your inclusion into the World Title Tournamen-...

[Juan cuts him off.]

JV: The World Title Tournament?

[He chuckles.]

JV: Before we start talking about the World Title Tournament, I'm gonna' need "Big" Jim Watkins to answer one question for me, Dane. So if you hear me back there, Mr. Watkins, you've got a two-time National champion that wants a moment of your time!

[After a few moments, a puzzled Jim Watkins emerges from beyond the curtain. He's in his usual attire but looks a little worse for wear - dark circles under the eyes and quite a bit of facial hair - as he approaches, looking questioningly at Vasquez.]

JW: Alright, kid... you got me out here. What's up?

[Watkins is obviously more than a bit tired, the fatigue in his voice ringing clear.]

JV: Here's the deal, Jim. We've got a whole lot of wrestlers in this tournament. Wrestlers from just about every era of wrestling. Wrestlers from every corner of the world. But I gotta' ask...is HE gonna' be there?

[Watkins gets a confused look on his face, not quite sure who Juan's talking about.]

JV: There's only one man I could be talkin' about now that I had to stand on the sidelines and watch Broussard's career ended by someone else. In this tournament...will I get my shot at Calisto Dufresne?

[There's a smattering of boos at the mention of the former National Champion.]

JW: I tried, Juan. I made him an offer the night after Westwego... once we knew what we were gonna do, he was my first phone call. I honestly feel a little bit bad about how all that went down for him...

[The look of outrage on Juan's face is priceless.]

JV: You feel bad for HIM!? Did you forget how he won the title in the first place?

[Watkins waves a hand dismissively.]

JW: Yeah, yeah... you got hosed too... no doubt about it. But he wasn't interested, Juan. He said he'll come back when he's damn good and ready... and he says he'll be the World Champion right after that.

So, to answer your question... no, in this tournament you will NOT get a shot at Dufresne.

[The crowd grumbles at that announcement as Juan frowns and nods his head, looking away.]

JV: I didn't think so.

[He looks Big Jim in the eye.]

JV: Well then, Jim...as much as I'd love to wear that AWA World title around my waist...as much as I want to be the man who's name goes down as the first wrestler to hold the title...

...I'm gonna' have to respectfully DECLINE participating in your world title tournament.

[The look of shock on Jim Watkins and Jason Dane's faces says it all.]

JW: Decline?! But... but you're a two-time National Champ! You're one of the most popular guys in the company! You're the-

[Vasquez interrupts.]

JV: And while you're still here, I wanna' tell you one more thing.

[Still not over the shock of Juan's previous announcement, the next one has Watkins' jaw almost hitting the floor.]

JV: I want you to lift Ebola Zaire's suspension.

[Juan points to his bandaged arm.]

JV: Look at what he did to me! At what he did to the referees and all the boys working backstage with that damn fork! You want him to be punished for what he's done? Then don't keep him out of the ring. Put him in the ring with me one more time, 'cause I'm gonna' make damn sure I bleed his fat carcass dry!

[Watkins begins to say something in response, but Juan cuts him off.]



JV: Woah! Woah...I wasn't quite finished yet. I also want you to track down Dufresne to whatever hole he's crawled into and I want you to tell him that he'd better get his ass back to the AWA so we can finish what HE started at WrestleRock...or I'm gonna' look for him and finish it myself.

[There's a look of uncertainty on Watkins' face.]

JV: Don't think I will? I've done it before, haven't I?

[Watkins is steaming mad now, gesturing wildly at Vasquez.]

JW: You're gonna become some back alley thug now?! Running through streets and bars and backjumpin' people when they're not lookin?! That's what you've become now, Vasquez?! That's what we get out of you?! You're supposed to be a [BLEEP BLEEP] hero, for crying out loud! These kids out here - they look up to you! They think you're a role model for 'em! They think-

[The fired up Watkins abruptly stops, looking down at the mat and shaking his head for a moment.]

JW: No, the answer's no, Vasquez. You go find him in an alley... at a bar... in the streets. I don't give a damn any more what you do. I'm doing what I think is best for this company and you haven't given me one damn reason to do things your way... amigo!

[The "amigo" is punctuated by Watkins jabbing a finger into Vasquez' chest and earning a "ohhhhh" from the crowd.]

JV: Why should you do this? I don't think you have any choice. 'Cause for one thing, if you don't...

...I'm gonna' make Westwego look like a small inconvenience.

[Watkins' eyes bulge wide, his face turning red with anger.]

JW: You're gonna threaten me now?! You're gonna threaten this company?! You DON'T threaten me, Vasquez! I'll drag you out in the streets myself and smile as the Committee slaps you with fines, suspensions, whatever-

[Vasquez interrupts loudly.]

JV: Go ahead! Fine me! Suspend me! Fire me! I don't care! If YOU can't give me Zaire and Dufrense...

[He stops himself for a moment, choosing his next words carefully, before he drops his next bomb...]

JV: ...there's plenty of places out there that will.

[Woah. That got everyone's attention. Juan's expression is stone. He's not

kidding. Watkins stands silent, considering everything that Vasquez has just said... ESPECIALLY the last statement he made.]

JV: So what's it gonna' be, Jim?

[The Chairman of the Championship Committee slowly raises his head, his eyes coming to rest on Vasquez...

...and with a shake of his head, Watkins turns away from one of the AWA's top superstars, exiting the ring and walking back up the aisle as the crowd buzzes in confusion.]

GM: Jim... I can't believe this... Jim Watkins just WALKED OUT on Juan Vasquez! Vasquez dropped an ultimatum in his lap - he said to lift the suspension on Zaire, bring back Dufresne, and give him matches with both of them or he'd find somewhere else - another promotion presumably - who would!

BW: What the heck does this mean, Gordo? Has Jim Watkins effectively called Juan Vasquez' bluff? Has he backed Vasquez into a corner where he has to either walk away or back down from his demands?

GM: And would he do it? Vasquez has been AWA since almost the very beginning. Would he really walk away from this company over this situation?

[A shocked Vasquez stands in the ring, hands on hips, watching the Chairman of the Championship Committee walk out of the building, leaving him behind.]

GM: I don't know what to make of this, fans. Jim Watkins has walked away from this confrontation with Juan Vasquez and this crowd is stunned... absolutely stunned. It's... well, it's Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling and as hard as it may be to focus on that considering what we just saw, we have to remember that these two men are going to battle to see who moves on to the second round of this tournament.

BW: Two former National Champions... two long-time enemies. It was Sudakov who actually won the title from Houston under less than normal circumstances and if you believe Houston, it was Sudakov causing that arm injury that really put Houston's career off track. His arm has been injured several times in the past few years and he says it's all because of that incident with the Russians.

GM: That was a different Kolya Sudakov, Bucky... a completely different man. He was blinded by the teachings of his uncle but now he stands alone, he walks alone, and he wants the opportunity to become the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion. A huge success in the world of Mixed Martial Arts, Sudakov has never held a World Title before... not in MMA, not in pro wrestling. The National Title was close but not close enough for the Russian War Machine. In fact, we got comments from Sudakov just moments ago on this big time matchup. Let's take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "MOMENTS AGO..." where Kolya Sudakov is seated in front of a metal locker. In it, we can see three photographs present but can't quite make them out.]

KS: Tonight, Kolya gets... how you say... chance of a lifetime.

[He solemnly nods.]

KS: Kolya's entire career, he has someone else by him... guiding him. When Kolya first come from the world of Mixed Martial Arts, Ben Waterson brought Kolya to professional wrestling. Waterson watch over Kolya, get Kolya proper training for pro wrestling...

...and stab Kolya in back for Stevie Scott.

[Sudakov fumes at that, gripping his right fist in the palm of his left hand.]

KS: When Kolya leave Waterson, Uncle Vladimir show up. Family.

[The Russian War Machine gestures to the photos, causing the cameraman to zoom in on them. All three are shots of Kolya and his Uncle Vladimir Velikov. One in action, one an obvious studio shot with the Russian Chain being held between them. And a final one which appears to be an old family photo. As the camera pulls back, Sudakov looks a bit saddened.]

KS: But Uncle Vladimir fail Kolya too. He fail Kolya worst of all when he gets Kostovich involved.

Ivan Kostovich was Kolya hero. As a child in Russia, Kolya dream of going to United States to be big star like Ivan Kostovich. When we meet in AWA, Kolya was so happy. Kolya overjoyed.

[Sudakov shakes his head.]

KS: Kostovich try to ruin Kolya - try to end Kolya career.

[Kolya rises from the wooden bench, tugging the straps of his black singlet in place.]

KS: But now Kolya walk alone. Kolya has no friends. Kolya has no allies. Kolya has no one to tell Kolya what can and can't be done.

Waterson would say Kolya can't survive sixty-four men.

Uncle Vladimir would say Kolya can't beat Ron Houston.

Kostovich would say Kolya not good enough to be in tournament at all.

[Sudakov claps his hands together, causing an echo to ring out in the empty locker room.]

KS: Kolya say they all wrong. Kolya CAN survive sixty-three others. Kolya IS good enough to be in tournament.

And Kolya CAN beat Ron Houston.

[Sudakov looks down once more, slowly looking back up after a moment.]

KS: Kolya done things in life he not so proud of.

Kolya attack Ron Houston long time ago, hurt him, take his title. Ron Houston wants revenge.

[Sudakov nods.]

KS: Kolya no blame Ron Houston. And in dream world, Ron Houston get his fairytale ending... he get his revenge... he go on to win World Title.

[A sudden shake of the head.]

KS: But this no fairytale, Houston. This is real world.

You in Kolya's world now.

And in Kolya's world?

[He raises his powerful right arm, holding it in Sickel position.]

KS: Kolya no dream. Kolya your worst nightmare.

[And with a long pause, holding on Sudakov's intense face... we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is your MAIN EVENT of the evening! It is a first round match in the tournament to crown the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

Introducing first...

[The slow rumbling of "God's Gonna Cut You Down, by Johnny Cash erupts onto the ears of all in attendance. The collective crowd rises and turns towards the entrance where a massive figure has just stepped through the curtain.]

PW: Weighing in at 286 pounds... from Athens, Georgia... he is the East Coast Terror...

RONNNNNNNNN HOUUUUUUUUSTON!

[Houston rapidly starts stalking down towards the ring. He ignores the outstretched hands, walking in his large trenchcoat that hangs down to the floor. He steps up on the apron, ducking through the ropes as he plucks the cowboy hat off his head, tossing it out to the crowd. He shrugs the

trenchcoat off, letting it fall to the mat and revealing his right arm covered in a black sleeve. Reaching up, he tugs the sleeve into place as he leans back against the buckles, still not responding to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: That man is focused, Bucky.

BW: After all the comebacks and false starts his career has had since Sudakov injured him back in the fall of 2008, Houston knows this could very well be his last chance to climb that mountain. When he beat Marcus Broussard for the National Title, he was on top of the wrestling world. Since then, he's been little more than a punchline. Tonight, we find out who the real Ron Houston really is - contender... or joke.

[The sounds of Johnny Cash fade and are replaced by the ripping guitars leading into Sudakov's Metallica entrance.]

PW: And his opponent... from Russia... weighing in at 272 pounds... he is the Russian War Machine...

KOLLLLLLLYAAAAA SUUUUUUDAAAAKOOOOV!

[A few moments pass before Sudakov walks with purpose through the entrance curtain, the Russian chain draped across his powerful shoulders. Sudakov too ignores the outstretched hands, his eyes locked on the ring where Ron Houston awaits him.]

GM: Man, Sudakov's all business as well.

BW: He looks like the friggin' Terminator, Gordo!

GM: And he's got his sights set on Ron Houston.

[Sudakov pulls himself up on the apron, pausing there to stare at Houston who has started to bounce from foot to foot, throwing jabs out at the air to loosen up. With a nod, Sudakov shrugs his powerful shoulders, sending his heavy metal chain down to the floor with a thud. He ducks through the ropes, popping up and throwing a big roundhouse at the air followed by a spinning backfist that takes him within a few feet of Houston who steps towards him before Mickey Meekly throws himself between the two men, trying to back them apart.]

GM: This one almost blew up right there. You know, a lot of people thought that when these two men teamed up at WarGames two years ago, that they had buried the hatchet but I think the atmosphere surrounding this match right now proves that's dead wrong. Dead. Wrong.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. Houston's been holding a grudge for a long, long time for sure.

GM: Sudakov backs to the corner, allowing the official a few moments to speak with him before the match.

[Sudakov rolls his head from side to side, his powerful body held inside a black singlet that goes down to mid-thigh. A golden hammer and sickle are right dead center in the middle of it. Across the ring, Houston is still throwing ghost punches as Meekly wheels around...

...and signals for the bell!]

“DING! DING! DING!”

GM: Here we go! The final first round matchup of the night - these two men fighting to be the twelfth man into the second round of the tournament! A whole lot more still to join that elite field of thirty-two moving further down the Road To Glory but it's one step at a time and right now, this is the step ahead of us.

[Houston storms out of the corner, marching with purpose across the ring, his fists still balled up in front of him. He gets to the corner of the Russian War Machine quickly, throwing a pair of haymakers that knocks Sudakov back to the buckles.]

GM: Houston coming out fast and furious...

[But Sudakov fires back, using power and precision to get past Houston's wild haymakers, first with a series of jabs that catch Sudakov on the jaw and then a lunging right hand that puts Houston down on the mat with Sudakov standing over him.]

GM: Whoa my! You don't want to trade punches with Sudakov!

BW: I don't care how much of a tough guy brawler you think you are, if you trade punches with a former Mixed Martial Arts star, you WILL go down!

[Sudakov strikes a pose, his powerful body on display above a seething Houston who rolls back to his feet, throwing himself into a full body spear tackle, taking Sudakov down to the mat!]

GM: Oh my! Houston takes him down with a tackle!

BW: Sudakov didn't see that one coming. He was standing there, posing like an idiot, and Houston took his legs right out from under him.

[Houston quickly scrambles to take a mounted position, raining down punches on Sudakov who looks for an escape on the bottom...

...and again uses his MMA skills to sweep Houston right over onto his back, landing a big elbow shot to the mouth of Houston!]

GM: Goodness! What a shot that was!

[Sudakov straightens up, dropping big bombs from the top on Houston, forcing the Georgia native to cover up with both arms...

...at which point Sudakov snatches the right wrist, yanking Houston into a cross armbreaker!]

GM: ARMBAR! ARMBAR!

[Houston has his right arm completely jerked backwards, the elbow close to hyperextension as he scrambles, flailing about until his leg comes to rest on the bottom rope. The referee immediately forces a break, Sudakov holding until the count of three though until he lets go.]

GM: Oh, that was close, Bucky.

BW: Sudakov had that oft-injured arm in his grip and he was gonna snap it like a twig, Gordo.

GM: I believe you're right.

[Houston promptly rolls to the floor on the break, clutching his right elbow. He winces as he shakes out the arm, glaring at Sudakov as the Russian rises back to his feet inside the ring.]

GM: We talked earlier about that right arm being the Achilles Heel for Ron Houston. The arm has been injured and re-injured time and time again... and of course, the first time it was injured, it was at the hands of Kolya Sudakov and Vladimir Velikov.

[Houston shouts at Sudakov, pointing at him with the left arm. Sudakov dismissively waves him off, walking around the ring and waiting for his opponent to get back inside the squared circle.]

GM: The referee's count is up to five... now six...

[Houston pulls himself up on the apron, still keeping his right arm back a bit as he eyes Sudakov warily. The Athens, Georgia Madman steps through the ropes into the ring...

...and then quickly drops to a knee, left hand back and ready to strike as Sudakov feigns a Sickie attempt!]

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

[Sudakov cracks a slight grin at Houston's reaction to the Sickie feint.]

GM: Ron Houston nearly leapt right out of his boots at the idea of the Russian Sickie coming for him. He knows that if Sudakov hits that, his lights will go out and his dream of being the first AWA World Champion will be lost right here and now in Nashville.

[The Russian War Machine smirks, waving Houston back to his feet. The East Coast Terror obliges, glaring at Sudakov as he does so. Sudakov moves back in, arms up for a tieup...

...but Houston catches him coming in with a boot to the gut!]

GM: Ohh!

[Rearing back with his left arm, Houston smashes a forearm across the back of the head and neck, knocking Sudakov down to a knee where a well-placed overhead elbow smash knocks him down to the mat.]

GM: Houston puts him down... look out here...

[A series of hard stomps sends Sudakov rolling across the ring, clearing out to the floor where Houston slips his leg through the ropes, delivering one more stomp to put Sudakov down on the floor...

...and then drops down to the mat, rolling out after him.]

GM: Uh oh! Ron Houston's taking the fight to the floor early!

[Grabbing Sudakov by the back of the head, Houston SLAMS his skull into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot that was!

[Sudakov stumbles away, coming to rest with his hands braced on the timekeeper's table where Houston catches up to him, slamming his head into the wooden table!]

GM: Into the table now as well! First the apron, then the table! Houston's all over Sudakov out there on the floor!

[With Sudakov pushed back over the table, Houston fires off a series of clubbing right forearms across the sternum before dragging him up by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: He FIRES him into the steel railing at ringside! These fans surrounding the ring tonight are solidly split on this one. They like both of these men pretty much equally and are showing both men their support tonight in Nashville!

[Houston approaches Sudakov, shoving him back against the steel as he grabs for his arm again...]

GM: Another whip, it looks like...

[...and SLAMS the right arm down on the steel railing!]

GM: OHHHHHH! HE SLAMMED HIS ARM ON THE STEEL!!



[Sudakov crumples to his knees, clutching his right arm in his hands.]

GM: Houston smashed Sudakov's right arm into the steel railing!

BW: And Sudakov went down like he'd been shot!

[Pushing Sudakov back against the railing on his rear, Houston lays in a series of stomps to the chest, keeping him against the barricade...

...and then lays in a sick kick to the arm that's pinned against the steel!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[The referee slides out to the floor, waving Houston to bring the fight back into the ring. The Athens, Georgia Madman ignores the official, dragging Sudakov up to his feet by the arm, scooping him up over his shoulder in powerslam position...]

GM: Oh no... no, no... don't do that...

[Houston shoves the official aside, rushing towards the steel ringpost...

...and SLAMS Sudakov shoulderfirst into it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Houston leans against the apron for a moment, breathing deeply as he looks out over the crowd, responding with a mixture of cheers and boos at his actions. He kneels down, dragging Sudakov off by the arm...

...and SLAMS the forearm down on the ring apron!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: What are you griping about now?! Isn't Houston one of your favorites?!

GM: He is but there's no call for this!

BW: No call for it?! You said it yourself - Houston's never been the same since Sudakov injured him almost four years ago!

GM: Actually, I think you said that.

BW: Oh. Well, I thought it sounded too intelligent for you!

[Houston shoves Sudakov under the ropes into the ring, rolling in himself after him and going for a cover.]

GM: Houston's got him down for one... for two...

[But Sudakov lifts the healthy shoulder off the mat to break the count. Houston grabs the left arm, physically pushing it down to the mat and

shouting "Count him again!" but again only getting a two count as Sudakov lifts his injured arm on the second pin attempt.]

GM: Sudakov's out at two...

[Cradling Sudakov's bald head in his left arm, Houston slams his right fist into the head over and over and over again, breaking at the count of four as he climbs to his feet...

...and STOMPS the extended right arm, causing Sudakov to cry out in pain!]

BW: This is something to see, Gordo. You're looking at a man who competed internationally in the world of Mixed Martial Arts, fighting some of the toughest men in the world... we've seen him fight some equally tough guys here in the AWA in Towers of Doom and WarGames... and now he's down on the mat screaming in pain. Ron Houston is really showing the world something here tonight. Maybe this time, he's serious about this comeback.

[Houston drops to a knee, placing his kneecap right on the forearm and grinding it back and forth. Sudakov flails about, kicking his legs and swinging his free arm, trying to pull Houston off his injured limb.]

GM: Sudakov wriggles free, trying to get away from Houston now... looking for a momentary escape...

BW: He may be looking for a permanent vacation right about now.

[Grabbing Sudakov by the leg, Houston pulls him back to the middle of the ring where he attempts an elbowdrop...

...that misses when Sudakov rolls to the side!]

GM: He missed the elbow!

[Houston scrambles back to his feet, cocking the arm again...

...and bounces off the canvas a second time!]

GM: And he misses it a second time! Two big elbowdrops come up empty for the former National Champion and now the... well, the OTHER former National Champion is trying to get back to his feet!

[Sudakov pulls himself up in the buckles using his left arm, leaning against the corner as Houston angrily gets up, storming towards him...]

GM: AVALAN-

"WHAAAAAAAAACK!"

[The crowd ROARS as Sudakov pivots at the last moment, throwing a standing side kick up under the chin!]

GM: OHH! What a shot!

[Houston stumbles backwards as Sudakov tries to steady himself, shaking his right arm frantically as he tries to recover from the beating he's taken so far in the match.]

GM: Houston's coming back in for him!

[Houston pushes in quickly, not giving Sudakov a chance to cover as he pushes him back against the corner, throwing a big knee to the ribs. A second one doubles up Sudakov as Houston grabs him by the left arm, winging him across the ring...]

GM: Big whip across... here comes Houston!

[And he lands a big running clothesline, knocking Sudakov down to a knee in the corner. Houston grabs him by the throat, pulling him up to his feet...

...where Sudakov throws a trio of knees to the exposed ribcage, sending Houston staggering away. Sudakov moves quickly, throwing a left hand to the kidneys that straightens Houston up. A second left to the kidneys has Houston falling forward as Sudakov pursues.]

GM: He's tearing Houston apart with those strikes to the body!

[Swinging Houston around, Sudakov shoves him back into the buckles, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and snapping off a brutal round kick to the body!]

GM: Ohh!

[A second one lands... then a third... then a fourth, each making a sickening "SNAAAAP!" sound as it connects. Houston lowers his arms, trying to cover up his ribs...

...and Sudakov kicks again, this time landing squarely on the covered right arm!]

GM: Ohh! He kicked him in the arm! He kicked Houston in the arm!

[Houston immediately spins away, turning his back to Sudakov as he pins his own arm against the buckles, trying to protect it.]

BW: It wouldn't be the first time that someone has broken an arm trying to block one of Sudakov's kicks, Gordo!

GM: It certainly wouldn't!

[Grabbing Houston from behind, Sudakov pulls his neck down so that it's braced against the Russian's shoulder...

...and drops down to the mat, snapping Houston down with a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: Neckbreaker! He got all of that!

[Using his left arm, Sudakov pulls himself into a lateral press.]

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

[But Houston slips a shoulder up at two, allowing Sudakov to secure the mount, raining down left hands on the head of Houston who again covers his head with his arm. Spotting the sleeve on the right arm, Sudakov switches to overhead elbows, bringing the point of the elbow down on the right arm over and over again with his left arm!]

GM: Sudakov's trying to break the arm!

BW: Well, I guess turnabout is fair play, Gordo!

GM: I suppose you're right!

[The referee lunges in, trying to force a break. Sudakov gets up, glaring down at Houston who is still covering his head...]

"WHAAAAAAP!"

GM: Goodness! A kick to the ribs that you could've heard all the way down the road in Memphis!

[Houston rolls under the ropes, clutching his ribs with his right arm. Stepping through the ropes, Sudakov drops down to the floor to go after him. He throws a sloppy left forearm, bouncing it off the upper back of Houston before he angrily pulls Houston up with the left hand, shoving him back against the ring apron...]

GM: Left handed knife edge chop by Sudakov!

[A few more connect, stinging but not hurting badly as he's throwing them with his off-hand. He winces as he grabs Houston's left arm with both of his hands...]

"CLAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: And this time it's Sudakov putting Houston into the steel!

[Sudakov reaches back, slapping his right arm once before breaking into a charge as Houston stumbles off the railing...]

GM: SICKL-

[But Houston ducks down, grabbing Sudakov around the upper thighs, hoisting him into the air...

...and then spins around, throwing himself into the barricade!]

"CRAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd reacts to the steel barricade being snapped off its hinges as Houston and Sudakov go sailing through it into the front row at ringside! A handful of fans scatter, trying to get away from the action but more surge towards it, trying to be a part of it.]

GM: The barricade goes down! Houston went for a spinebuster of sorts into the railing but the barricade couldn't hold nearly six hundred pounds smashing into it at that level of momentum! They went right through it and now both men are down out here at ringside!

BW: The referee's out here checking on them but he can't count 'em out, Gordo!

GM: He certainly can't. By order of the Championship Committee, not a single match in this tournament can end that way. Every match MUST have a winner.

[Houston rolls off of Sudakov, his chest heaving as he grabs his right arm in pain. Nearby, Sudakov is lying on top of the broken steel barricade which wiped out a few ringside seats, toppling them over. The fans that were in those seats are standing nearby, being attended to by AWA officials as security forms a human wall to prevent the crowd from surging beyond the railing.]

GM: Both men are down, both men are hurting. This has been a tremendously physical encounter between these two long-time rivals and you've just gotta wonder who has more left in the tank to try to finish this match off, Bucky.

BW: Is it Sudakov who has kept a pretty active schedule for a while now or is it Houston who has had a bunch of time off to recharge the batteries?

[A tired Houston pushes off the floor, taking a seated position to the cheers of some of the crowd. A young man in a t-shirt that reads "MADMEN" rushes forward, slapping him on the back before security pushes the youngster out of harm's way. With a nod, Ron Houston pushes himself up - first to a knee and then with much effort, all the way up to his feet. He shoves past a security guard, pulling Sudakov, who had gotten to a knee himself, the rest of the way up to his feet, dragging him over the downed railing and back towards the ring, hurling him under the ropes.]

GM: Houston puts Sudakov back in... he's coming in after him now...

[Climbing to his feet, Houston looks out at the crowd, slowly raising his sleeve-covered right arm... and then quickly yanks it down, wincing in pain as he cradles it to his chest.]

GM: And Ron Houston may have re-injured that arm, Bucky.

BW: I think that'll eternally be a hurting limb, Gordo. It may not be injured but it probably hurts like a son of a gun right now.

GM: But the question is - HOW much does it hurt? Does it hurt so much that he can't use it to execute something like the Pulse Killer or the Fade To Black? He may need that arm if he wants to try and finish off the Russian War Machine in the middle of this ring.

[Pulling Sudakov slowly back to his feet, Houston grits his teeth, rearing back his right arm...]

GM: LARIAT!

[The big clothesline bounces squarely off the chest of Sudakov, knocking him flat...

...but Houston immediately falls to his knees, clutching his right arm as he leans over, his forehead touching the mat.]

GM: He hit the big Lariat but he can't do anything with it! He can't make a cover because it hurt his arm too much to deliver it!

BW: And that's exactly what you were just talking about, Gordo. The arm hurts bad... so bad that when he hits the big blow that might have won this match for him, he can't take advantage of it.

GM: Sudakov's down... he may be out but I don't think Houston got all of that Lariat. He couldn't throw it with the power behind it that he wanted to because it hurt so bad.

BW: But Sudakov ain't movin', Gordo. It might not have been a full power Lariat but I think it's probably enough to get a win for him if he could have made the cover!

GM: You could be right, Bucky.

[Forcing down the pain, Houston finally crawls towards Sudakov, throwing his left arm across the prone Russian's chest.]

GM: Houston gets one! He's got two! He's got thr-

[But the Russian War Machine FIRES a shoulder off the canvas, just barely getting the shoulder up before the count of three. A frustrated Houston pushes up to his knees, slamming his left arm into the mat as he shouts at the official who holds up two fingers.]

GM: Meekly says it was only a two count!

BW: It was close but I think he's right, Gordo.

GM: So do I.

[Houston slowly pushes up to his feet, shaking his right arm as he leans down to drag the Russian up with his left. He steadies the Russian, switching hands to hold him with the right arm...]

GM: He's setting for another Lariat!

[The Athens, Georgia Madman uncorks a second standing Lariat, this one thrown with the off arm!]

GM: LARI-

[The dazed Russian sees it coming, ducking his head to allow it to sail past him...

...and then reaches up with his left arm, snagging the arm as it flies by him. He leaps up, hooking the right arm between his legs, and drags Houston down into a crucifix!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But Houston's entire body lifts off the mat, his shoulders coming up just barely in time to break the pin, rolling towards his knees...

...and Sudakov hangs on, keeping the arms trapped as he raises his right arm and SLAMS the point of his elbow into Houston's temple!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[The Russian War Machine flattens Houston down to his stomach, raining down elbow after elbow with the injured arm. He winces, pausing before and after each blow as he tries to fight through the agony he's putting himself through.]

GM: Sudakov's got him trapped! Those elbows are on target over and over again!

BW: He's putting everything he's got into those elbowstrikes to the head and that's gotta be killing him, Gordo! As banged up as his arm is, this has got to be physical hell he's putting himself through!

[Sudakov continues to rain down blows from the crucifix position as Meekly flattens out next to Houston, trying to find out if he wants to submit.]

GM: Mickey Meekly's right down in there, checking for a submission from the East Coast Terror!

BW: Submission?! Better make sure he's still conscious!

[Meekly seems to be checking for that as well, trying to get close enough to check Houston without eating an elbow...

...when suddenly Houston slips his legs beneath him and with a guttural roar, he pushes himself up off the mat, Sudakov draped across his shoulders!]

GM: WHAT THE-?! HOW IN THE WORLD DID HE DO THAT?!

[Sudakov lands a couple more elbows but he's lost the leverage at this point, allowing Houston to do one quick spin before hurling Sudakov off his shoulders and down to the canvas!]

GM: FADE TO BLACK!!

[A tired and hurting Houston slumps down on the mat, throwing himself across Sudakov!]

GM: ONE! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell sounds as Houston rolls onto his back, instantly reaching up to grab his arm in pain.]

GM: My stars, Ron Houston has done it! Ron Houston has defeated Kolya Sudakov and in the process, he has EARNED a spot in the second round of this tournament, fans! The Russian War Machine has been defeated by the Fade To Black!

BW: A fantastic match, Gordo. Really enjoyed that one.

GM: Neither man has anything to be ashamed of with that performance. They were both so close to coming away with a victory but Ron Houston may have wanted it just a little bit more, fans.

[A tired Houston sits up, breathing heavily as he looks over at the still-downed Sudakov who is staring up at the lights. With the aid of Mickey Meekly, Ron Houston regains his feet, stepping closer to the downed Sudakov with his fists still clenched.]

GM: Uh oh. This might not be over quite yet, Bucky.

BW: Houston may want to make sure that Sudakov never haunts him again. He may be looking to put Sudakov on the shelf just like Sudakov did to him.

GM: He may have already done that, Bucky. Who knows how badly Sudakov's arm is hurt?



[The large right fist of the Athens George Madman unclenches as Houston stands over his bitter rival. Smoke practically billowing out of his nostrils as his chest heaves in and out, his breathing erratic from the war his body and mind have just been through.

The haunting stroll down memory lane.

Now laying before him like a painted canvas.

Houston stares at his hurting right arm as Sudakov begins to churn on the canvas.

His arm hangs covered in a black sleeve as a stark reminder that his past looms over him large, like a shadow. He stares at the covered flesh that is the responsibility of the man before him.. his eyes jutting from the black sleeve back to Sudakov. Back and forth. Back and forth. As if he's fighting visions of the night his world crumbled. A legacy relinquished before its time.

Sudakov looks up as the silence begins to fill the arena.

Houston extends his arm.]

GM: Shades of Memorial Day Mayhem! Houston is extending his arm to an old rival! Who would've ever thought they would've seen the day where Ron Houston is offering his hand to the man who broke that same arm?

BW: Oh, get a room.

[Sudakov looks around as if seeking the crowd's approval. Their cheers growing as they wildly support the notion of the two fan favorites making amends. Slowly, surely, Kolya comes to the same conclusion and extends his own arm into the waiting arm of the East Coast Terror... who yanks Sudakov to his feet.]

GM: What a scene we have here to close out Saturday Nigh-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: OH YES!

GM: HOUSTON YANKED SUDAKOV UP INTO A FADE TO BLACK!

BW: That's the second one of those he's taken tonight, Gordo! Methinks Ron Houston is still a \_little\_ bit peeved with him.. after all these years.

[The crowd, unsure how to react. The hardcore Madmen cheer the revenge that's unfolded.. others express concern. Ron Houston.. he simply stares down at his fallen enemy before dropping down and rolling out of the ring.. where Gordon Myers has rushed down to meet him in the aisle, mic en tow.]

GM: Ron.. what was-

[Houston interjects.]

RH: Ah \_ain't\_, Stevie Scott.

GM: That much is for cert-

RH: If ah don't like ya.. if ah got issues with ya.. if ah tell ya ah'm comin' fer ya.. ya can rest assured..

[Houston jabs two thumbs into his own chest.]

RH: \_Ah\_ ain't huggin' ya after like we was friends the entire damn time. That bell ringin' don't make me wanna take mah boot off the throat of that there man.

GM: The match was over! You won! Was this really necessary?!

[Houston's face turns quizzical, as if he doesn't understand the question.]

RH: Was it necessary? Was it \_necessary\_?!

Was. It. Necessary?

[Houston points in disgust back towards the ring where Sudakov lays staring at the insides of his eyelids.]

Was it necessary ta break mah arm? Ta ambush me? Beat me within an inch of retirement? Force me ta \_over\_ and \_over\_ again be plagued by the same injuries? Ta have ta worry \_each\_ and \_every\_ time that ah come out here if "this'll be the night mah career finally ends"? Or, worse yet, "will ah even be able ta use the dang thing ta hug mah wife and kids tomorrow"?

He brought it on \_himself\_.

Ain't nobody else put Kolya Sudakov in this situation.. but Kolya Sudakov.

There's an old sayin', Gordo, and it ain't "revenge is a dish best served with hugs and kisses".

[Houston looks back towards the ring.]

RH: That there man took from me the man ah was, a man ah loved ta be, and left me as nothin' but a shell of a man ah spent a lifetime becomin'. And he did it with an unapologetic russkie heart that ta this day ain't beaten one damn apologized fer what he done.

[Houston reflects on Gordon's question again.]

RH: "Was it necessary?"

[Houston scoffs.]

RH: Ah'd beat him \_forever\_ if ah could, Gordon!

[The former National Champion points into the camera.]

RH: Line 'em up.

Hotshot.. Bee Vee Bee..hell.. ah'd take on Gary Bright if ya could find the grave he's hidin' in.. makes no difference ta me.

Ah've got a place fer all of 'em.

And their time is comin'.

[Houston storms off camera as a befuddled Gordon Myers is left standing by himself.. shrugging his shoulders in confusion... as we fade back to the Tournament Control Center where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Alright, fans! Ron Houston moves on to the second round - becoming the twelfth man to earn a spot in that field of thirty-two! There are so many big matches coming up in the weeks ahead, so many first round showdowns to get through. Plus, we're being told that Glenn Hudson will be here next time on Saturday Night Wrestling to address the fans and to discuss Rex Summers' challenge towards him for The First Tangle In Tampa! We're also being told that a member of AWA ownership will be there to address Juan Vasquez personally! Plus, FIVE! HUGE! MATCHES! It's gonna be one heck of a night coming up in two weeks' time and a night that you do NOT want to-

[Dane pauses, holding a hand to his ear.]

JD: Hang on... hang on... I'm being told that- yes, go back to the arena!

[We cut back to the arena where we can hear the Beastie Boys' "Looking Down the Barrel of a Gun" already playing to the cheers of the fans. After a few moments of not-really-dramatic pause, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott emerges into the aisle as the pop gets louder. He wears a faded pair of blue jeans and the same "No Retreat, No Surrender" shirt he wore at Memorial Day Mayhem. Surveying the crowd, he grins before striding down the aisle toward the broadcast table.]

GM: Unexpectedly, here comes the man that was victorious in what many are saying is thus far the match of the year candidate in professional wrestling, two-time AWA National Champion "Hotshot" Stevie Scott.

BW: It was a helluva match indeed, Gordo. Helluva match. I gotta admit, it didn't end like I thought it would. I figured we'd finally seen the last of Stevie Scott in the AWA.

GM: Instead it was Marcus Broussard that lost the loser leaves town match, and we wish him the best in his future endeavors.

[The music fades out as Stevie reaches the broadcast table, still with the Steviegrin~! on his mush.]

GM: And Stevie, welcome to AWA Saturday Night on the heels of your impressive victory a few nights ago. It was a tight match that could have gone either way and, to be honest, it very easily could have been Marcus Broussard appearing here tonight instead of yourself.

[Stevie shrugs at Gordon's comment.]

HSS: You know what they say. If "ifs" and "buts" were candy and nuts, Marcus Broussard would still be in the AWA.

[A cocky smirk follows.]

HSS: But in all seriousness, Gordo, I've got to tip my cap to Marcus Broussard. It was a helluva fight, Buckthorn, but like I said I would, I came out on top...which should serve to you as another reminder, that when Stevie Scott says he's gonna do something? Book it, 'cause it's going down that way. But credit where it's due, Broussard showed why he's one of the best in the sport, and as the handshake we had after the match showed, I gained a ton of respect for that dude on Memorial Day and I know the same was true for him.

GM: You put a lot of your time and energy into that battle with Broussard, and it capped off what was a bad night for Waterson International. Obviously, your history with Ben Waterson is well-known as is the dislike that exists between you two. But with things falling apart for his latest stable of wrestlers, will you continue to pursue him or do you move onto other things?

[Stevie nods, again with the smirk.]

HSS: You know, Gordo, that's a good question. First of all, yes, I can't think of anyone in the AWA...or anyone I've ever come across in this business, for that matter...that I despise worse than Ben Waterson. The man's an agent for two reasons - number one, he can't cut it up there...

[A point toward the ring.]

HSS: ...and number two, he's as big a sleazeball as they come. So it pains me greatly that his night fell apart and I'd like to say I'm going to keep going after him but, really...what's he got left? Alphonse Green? Sorry, but I've got bigger fish to fry.

GM: And by bigger fish you mean...

HSS: All the attention on my match with Marcus Broussard was on two things, Myers. The "I Quit" stipulation and the "Loser Leaves Town" stipulation. And in all that one thing got lost.

It was also a first-round tournament match in the AWA World Title Tournament.

Which means the Hotshot is onto the second round, doesn't it?

[Myers nods.]

GM: Indeed it does.

HSS: You see, Gordon...pardon me for a moment here, I don't need interruptions.

[As he speaks, he takes the hand-held microphone away from Myers and steps away toward the ring with the camera following.]

HSS: You see, there was a lot of talk going into my match with Broussard about who was the greatest AWA National Champion. We've had a bunch of 'em...myself, Broussard, Vasquez, Sudakov...but if you take a good look at history, you're going to be hard-pressed to argue that anyone surpassed my record when I sat atop the AWA.

[While talking, Stevie climbs into the ring, finishing off his last sentence standing inside the ropes.]

HSS: But Marcus and I, we had another thing in common, too.

We were among the few people left here that were in the AWA from the very start, from that first night that, like Marcus said, we entered wondering if we were going to walk out of there with a paycheck or just a pat on the back. And we both put in our blood, our sweat, our tears night in and night out. We did it in a small TV studio...we did it in National Guard Armories...we did it in high school gymnasiums...appearances in the food court of malls, at car dealerships, anything we could do to get the name of the American Wrestling Alliance out there...by God, we did it.

[Stevie again pauses, surveying the surroundings inside Allen Arena.]

HSS: Now take a look at us. We've got our own arena back in Dallas. We go on tour all over the southeastern United States. We do it in five thousand seat arenas like this one here at Lipscomb University in Nashville, Tennessee!

[Hometown pop!]

HSS: And we've finally got a World. Heavyweight. Championship. We've arrived, Marcus! Hate that you're not here to enjoy it anymore, but all those hours we put in to put the AWA on the map...we did it.

I mean, just take a look at the list of names in this World Title Tournament. You've got Madison J. Valentine. You've got Jeff Matthews. You've got Gunnar Gaines. Chris Staley. Andrew Tucker. Gabriel Whitecross. Heck, we've even enticed Ronnie D to dust himself off.

Those among others...all here to take a shot to win something that I helped build from day one.

Well, let me make something real clear to each and every one of you boys who think you can just show up and cash in on other people's hard work.

[The two-time National Champion points toward the camera locked in on him.]

HSS: It. Ain't. Happening!

[Big pop!]

HSS: I don't give a crap WHO you are or what you've done. Don't care if you're a former EMWC, IIWF, GFWA, UWF, SCRA, or ABCDEFG champion. You're on MY turf here, in MY backyard, and I'll be DAMNED if I'm gonna let ANY of you waltz in here and lay claim to what men like myself, like Marcus Broussard, like Sweet Daddy Williams, like Kolya Sudakov have worked for while buying into a dream and a vision that Todd Michaelson and five other guys had.

That vision is now reality. And believe me, boys...

[Stevie shoves a thumb into his chest.]

HSS: There ain't NOBODY it's more real to than the man standing right here.

[The Hotshot turns to face the broadcast table.]

HSS: So you want to know what's next for me, Gordon? I'll tell you what's next.

Adding the AWA World Heavyweight Title to my resume. And making sure...

...that it stays in house.

[Leaning over the ropes, Stevie tosses the microphone back toward Myers, and "Looking Down the Barrel of a Gun" kicks back on. He quickly steps through the ropes and heads up the aisle to the back, staring straight ahead the whole time as we fade to black.]