

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

UNF ARENA
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA
JULY 14TH, 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: Hello, fans, and welcome to another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling featuring all the top stars of the American Wrestling Alliance - THE Major League of professional wrestling. And Bucky Wilde, tonight, we will see the final four matches in the first round of this historic tournament which will crown the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion!

BW: Four more matches to go in the first round and with the 4th of July behind us, all eyes are aimed towards Labor Day weekend, Blood, Sweat, And Tears, and becoming the first AWA World Champion, daddy!

GM: In addition to that, the National Tag Team Titles will be on the line tonight when the Bishop Boys defend against some combination of Playboy Enterprises!

BW: That's got Match of the Year written all over it, Gordo. Two of my favorite teams in the world going at it for the gold!

GM: It's going to be an exciting night of action here in the UNF Arena in Jacksonville, Florida on the campus of the University of Northern Florida! So, right now, let's kick things up to the ring for our opening match!

[We crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing. As he begins to speak, we fade to a wider shot of the arena, showing off a standard setup of ring surrounded by railing surrounded by chairs surrounded by the arena's seats. Over five thousand screaming AWA fans have jammed into the building for the night's action and are all set to go when Phil Watson gets us going.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall. Already in the ring at this time ... from Jamestown, Colorado ... weighing in at 221 pounds ...

KYLE ... HOOOOOULDER!!!!

PW: And his opponent ...

[The indelible opening riff of "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers rings out.]

BW: [audibly rolling his eyes] Oh jeez... he's back again.

[The slide guitar comes in, and out steps the man with the Grizzly Grin on his face. The crowd erupts!]

PW: From Fairbanks, Alaska ... weighing in at 285 pounds ... he is a third generation wrestler, a world champion multiple times over, and a member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame here is ...

GUUUNNNNNNAAAARRR ... "THE GRIZZZZZZLY" ... GAAAAAAAINES!!!

[The Grizzly Grin disappears as Gaines look back towards the entrance and, with a slightly displeased look on his face, motions to someone. Then again — this time, with a little more menacingly. Out steps Gunnar's son, Justin Gaines in his track pants and "Still the Baddest Thang Running" T-shirt. He's beaming, but a little uneasily.]

PW: Accompanying Gunnar to the ring, from Fairbanks High School ... JUUUUUSTIN GAAAAAINES!!!

[With determination, and with his son following close behind, Gunnar makes his way to the ring clad in his trademark ring wear — black boots, cutoff jeans, thermal undershirt, open flannel shirt and black belt. His wild, long brown hair is tied back, but his beard is trimmed.]

BW: Justin Gaines has the guts to show his face on AWA Television again. Will wonders never cease. Shouldn't this punk kid be in school today?

GM: [exasperated] It's summer, Bucky.

[A pause, as Bucky searches for a comeback.]

BW: Well, then, shouldn't this kid be in Summer School? I'm sure he's as big of an idiot as his old man.

[Gunnar rolls into the ring and begins to stand, then thinks better of it. He rolls right back out and gathers a folding chair from the timekeeper. In one very emphatic motion he opens and sets down the chair near the announce table and well away from the ring. He points at his son, then the chair.]

GM: This may BE Summer School for Justin Gaines, but it looks like he's in detention. Folks, let me tell you what Bucky is alluding to. We take you back to the First Tangle in Tampa, where Gunnar Gaines was in a hard-fought, first-round AWA World Championship tournament matchup with Ryan Martinez. It was one heck of a matchup between Gaines, the wily veteran, and Martinez, the promising upstart.

BW: It was a decent match, which Ryan was handily winning. And then Justin Gaines got involved.

GM: I don't agree that either of them was "handily winning," but here's the tape.

[Footage shows Justin Gaines standing on the apron when suddenly Ryan Martinez is throw to the ropes and they collide, knocking Justin to the floor. Ryan glares over the top rope at Justin, then turns around to face Gunnar, just in time to eat a Grizzly Slam.]

GM: It's true that Justin Gaines made contact with Gunnar's opponent, and it's true that Gunnar Gaines advanced, but I don't think it was deliberate. I really don't think Gunnar saw what happened there, but when he sees an opening to deliver the Grizzly Slam, it's almost like a reflex. He's going to seize that opportunity, and he did. Just like Justin Gaines seized what he thought might have been the only opportunity to see his dad perform, one last time.

BW: Someone ought to confront that kid. Legacy schmegacy.

[Back to live action. Gaines and Houlder circle each other in the ring. Gaines offers a handshake, which Houlder declines.]

BW: Smart move by Houlder, declining that handshake. Handshakes only lead to cheating, just like sportsmanship only leads to --

GM: To sporting?

[Gaines and Houlder tie up, where the strength advantage of the 6'5" Gaines quickly becomes evident.]

GM: Gaines! Shoving Houlder into the corner! He comes in with a right! A left! Forearm smash and an uppercut!

[Slobber is launched skyward in slow motion from the face of Kyle Houlder from that last blow, as referee Mickey Meekly steps in.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines, wasting no time tonight. He's displaying a healthy degree of confidence after that win over Ryan Martinez.

[Houlder, using the referee as a shield, tries to sneak past and eye gouge Gaines, but Gunnar tilts his head slightly and it's a glancing blow. Gunnar grabs the gouging arm and sits down into a side armbar, taking Houlder to the mat! Justin Gaines, at ringside, applauds the move!]

BW: You know, the thing that disgusts me about Gunnar Gaines is that he could have stayed retired. He should have stayed retired. But he didn't. He's out here pathetically trying to relive the past. And he's using his son to help him do it.

GM: I think if you had the guts to ask him, he'd tell you this isn't about the past, but the future. The fans can see, and I can see, that Gunnar's return to wrestling is about rebuilding his family legacy, which is one of the richest in our great sport. He couldn't let his career end on the note it did, and he's working hard to reclaim what he feels should belong to him and to his family. Wrestling is in this man's blood. His father wrestled, his grandfather wrestled, and I have no doubt one day his son will, too.

BW: Bah.

[Gaines lets the armbar go and rolls over sideways — right over Kyle Houlder — to get to his feet. He pauses to glare at Justin, then turns towards Houlder and is rewarded with an eye rake. Houlder follows with two kicks to the legs, wobbling the much larger Gaines. He shoots him to the ropes, but Gunnar recovers on the bounce. He takes a three-step strut and drops to his knees.]

GM: Uppercut by Gaines! Square on the nose! Houlder's got to be seeing stars after a blow like that!

BW: You know, I think I finally figured out why that twerp Justin Gaines is here.

[Houlder staggers backwards as Gaines pops to his feet and grabs collar-and-elbow. He overpowers Houlder into power bomb position, head between

knees, then extends his own arms outward in a pose as Justin screams encouragement.]

GM: And why would that be?

BW: His ex-wife Cheryl has a date tonight, so it's Gunnar's turn to babysit. The date's with me, by the way. That's right.

GM: Nice. Real classy, Bucky. I think the day you get a date with her is the day elephants fly.

[The crowd cheers as Gunnar lifts Houlder up to his shoulders, but then falls backwards, dropping the opponent neck-first over the top rope! Houlder is flung skyward like a rag doll, limbs flailing in several directions!]

GM: Ohh! What a move! Gunnar with a high-impact move to Kyle Houlder, snapping his throat over the ropes!

BW: Does he call that a Gunnar Stunner?

GM: I believe he does! And I believe we know what's next!

[Gaines waits as Houlder staggers around from the impact of the move. Houlder turns and walks, throat first, right into the grasp of the waiting Grizzly. Gaines lifts him up in the air, then drives him down to the mat with full force.]

GM: GRIZZLY SLAM! With authority! And I do believe it's academic!

[Referee Mickey Meekly counts, and Justin Gaines leads them in chanting ...]

ONE! TWO! THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The referee raises Gunnar's hand, as Justin Gaines rolls in the ring to celebrate with his father. Cut to a shot of the ringside announce team.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines, making quick work of Kyle Houlder tonight as he tunes up for the second round of the AWA World Title Tournament!

BW: That's it. I said someone should confront these two, and someone's about to.

[Wilde gets up from his chair, grabs a mic from the time table and rolls in the ring. Gaines and Gaines, on their way out between the opposite ring ropes, turn and notice the announcer's entry. They reverse course.]

BW: [his mic live in the arena] Hold up, I have a few questions to ask you two.

[Gunnar approaches the color man, with his son close behind.]

BW: Gunnar Gaines, you cheated to win the other night. I wonder if —

[Gaines stares unblinkingly at the announcer in disbelief as the announcer stops mid-sentence. Gunnar grabs the microphone out of the hand of Bucky Wilde, who backs away half a step.]

GG: You wonder how I have the balls to even come out here. Ha. Now, I realize you've never condoned cheating in any way, Bucky, but the thing of it is, what happened in my match at the First Tangle in Tampa wasn't cheating. It was an accident. There's a difference and let me explain. You see, Justin, here, didn't mean to run into Ryan Martinez, and Ryan Martinez surely didn't mean to run into him. I mean, that's crazy. But I do think my son, due to his inexperience and overzealousness, was standing in the wrong place at the wrong time. Weren't you, son?

[Justin looks at the microphone, which Gunnar is holding in front of him. Then he looks at Gunnar, who is looking right at him. Then he looks back at the microphone and decides to take his medicine.]

JG: That's right. I shouldn't have been standing on the apron. It's true, I was there to watch your back and cheer you on, but there was nothing going on in the ring that justified getting up onto the ring structure. You had the match well in hand and it was about to reach a fairly contested conclusion on its own, without my undue involvement.

[Gunnar pulls back the microphone.]

GG: it certainly was. And that's why you were about to deliver an apology. Weren't you, son?

[Gunnar narrows his eyes at his son, extending the microphone towards him.]

JG: I was? I mean ... yes, I was. I mean, of course I was. You and Ryan Martinez respect each other. For that matter, I respect Ryan Martinez too. I respect him so much, I have his rookie card in mint condition and I even want it autographed and that's the truth. That's why I want to extend to Ryan Martinez my sincerest apologies for my misjudgment. I was so excited about watching my father compete that I got a little bit carried away in the moment, which I'm sure he too can understand even though his own father is on the shelf. That doesn't justify what I did and I apologize for that. But I also want Ryan to realize that we made the save when William Craven attacked him and we didn't have to do that.

[Gunnar glares at him.]

JG: When I say "we" made the save, I mean "we" in the sense of the Gaines family. I didn't personally do anything, but was there supporting my father as HE selflessly --

[Gunnar pulls the mic back.]

GG: That'll do, Justin. But son, you need to understand, you're NOT a professional wrestler, not yet at least — you're a high school student. Technically, you may be a manager, but you're only that because I choose to allow it. Now, I know you want to be a wrestler. Let me tell you, son. If you don't keep your head out here, it ain't never gonna happen. You could easily have gotten me disqualified. I could be out of this tournament right now. Did that occur to you? Is that what you want?

JG: No ... it isn't.

GG: Good. Then stop thinking you're a wrestler or a badass. I let you watch and learn and lend your moral support. That's it.

[Justin nods — but then Bucky Wilde, who had been listening the whole time, steps in and grabs the mic.]

BW: Oh my God. What a crock. You guys don't fool me for one second. This is all an elaborate ruse.

[Gaines puts his hand on the microphone, his paw dwarfing that of the smaller Wilde.]

GG: Know what, Buck-meister? Save it. I heard you talking crap about me on last week's tape. Pretty much we all know you're the textbook opposite of a unbiased observer. Look, I don't mind if you run your mouth. It's what you're paid to do. But the other day, you saw me fight. And despite your expectations, you saw me win. You saw that with your two beady eyes, did you not? You did. And you'll keep seeing it whether you like it or you don't.

[Gunnar tilts his head slightly, stroking his chin with one hand while holding the mic with the other.]

GG: Now, I don't know who I'll be facing in Round Two, but I do know one thing. I'm going to spend hours in my gym getting ready. Lifting, stretching, sparring, cardio — the works. Maybe a little Pilates. Then I'm going to suit up in THIS ring outfit, which I made famous, and come out to THIS ring, and fight with every ounce I have. Big or little, good or bad, young or old, bring them all on. First I was six wins from the title, now I'm five, pretty soon I'll either be one win away — or I will leave it all in the ring trying, just like you hope anyone in that locker room would. And that's the way it's supposed to be. Just like I said before, the AWA has never had a World Champion before, but I'm here, and I'm fixing to change that. And I'm fixing to change it ...

[He lets that hang in the air, then adds one more concluding word.]

GG: ... Personally.

["Bad to the Bone" rings out over the public address system as Gunnar and son roll out of the ring in tandem and Bucky Wilde stands there shaking his head.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines, making a statement tonight as he destroys Kyle Houlder in quick fashion, then gives Bucky Wilde a piece of his mind. And I have to think he also taught his son Justin a valuable lesson. You fight with integrity, and when you fail to meet that standard, even accidentally, you own up. And in a world where parents enable their kids to lie and cheat, and then they defend them for doing it, that's so refreshing to see.

[Wilde arrives back at the table as Gunnar and son continue to exit and the crowd cheers them on.]

GM: Speaking of liars and cheaters, any response, Bucky?

BW: I hope father and son both get injured in the same match — accidentally of course — and we never see either of them again.

GM: What a terrible thing to hope for. Fans, as we said, it's going to be an exciting night of tournament action right here tonight and right now, let's go backstage to some comments from one of the competitors in tonight's action!

[We go backstage to Jason Dane, who is standing next to a man who will have the task of having to face off against "Bad Eye" McBaine in a first round World Title Tournament match, none other than Alphonse Green! Green is dressed in his wrestling gear, and is wearing his "Gang Green" T-shirt(buy yours today). Green is looking rather confident, like he usually does. Dane, remembering Green's interruption a few weeks ago, doesn't seem to be that pleased with interviewing him.]

JD: With me at this time is the man who won the Second Chance Battle Royal, and kept his immaculate record in battle royals..

[Green, of course, interrupts Dane.]

AG: You're darn right my record in battle royals continues to be perfect! Never expect anything less from "The King of the Battle Royals", "The Greatest Light Heavyweight of All Time, and Future AWA World Heavyweight Champion, All Around Good Guy and Rookie of the Year", Alphonse Green, daddy! I can't wait until the Rumble at Blood, Sweat, and Tears! I'm gonna go into the Rumble as World Heavyweight Champion, and I will put that title on the line in the Rumble itself, because I know I can win that thing, baby!

[Green smiles, pleased with himself about his growing nickname.]

JD: Conspicuous by his absence is Ben Waterson, who was laid out by Juan Vasquez at the First Tangle in Tampa, and you didn't fare much better when you were trying to help out!

AG: Dane, there will be a time and a place when I get my hands on that worthless little worm, Juan Vazquez, for what he did to my boss, who was only an innocent bystander at the First Tangle in Tampa....

[Dane rolls his eyes in disagreement.]

AG: But I've heard from Ben since then, and he told me not to worry about it, that he's got it all under control. All he wants me to do is focus on the World Title, and bring it home where it belongs, to Waterson international.

[Green lets out a deep breath.]

AG: All right, I'm calm now. Now then, the man my people want me to talk about, my first round opponent in the World Title tournament.. "Bad Guy" McBaine.

JD: ..Bad Eye

[Green ignores Dane's correction, and rambles on.]

AG: Well, "Bad Guy", you're looking at the AWA's resident "Good Guy", me. A man who is as Teflon as Tiger Woods, daddy. A man who can do whatever he wants, whenever he wants, with no comeuppance or retaliation whatsoever!

[Green pauses, looking deep in thought.]

AG: Dane.. we could put "Teflon Like Tiger Woods" on a t-shirt! The AWA will make millions! Get that done right away, will ya?

JD: You know full well the trademarks involved wouldn't make that possible.

AG: Whatever. I'll just add it to my ever expanding nickname. You can't stop the nickname!

[Green shakes his head in disappointment, realizing that Dane is correct about the trademarks. He then looks up, looking somewhat focused.]

AG: Hey Dane, the Longhorn Wrestling Council was actually the first ever wrestlin' promotion my daddy ever let me watch, did ya know that?

JD: Really? I'm surprised you were really allowed to watch something like that growing up.

AG: It's true! My daddy always wanted me and my siblings to follow in his footsteps and get into the wrestling business. The hard hittin' action and ultra violence really blew my ten year old mind. I've seen "Bad Guy" McBaine go toe to toe with some of the most intimidatin' looking people I've ever seen. With legends like Casey James, Tex Violence, Bishop, Sam Willis, and even Robert Donovan running around, you really needed to be a "Bad Guy" to survive!

JD: If you were such a fan of the LWC, then why refer to "Bad Eye" McBaine tonight as "Bad Guy"? That's disrespect for one of the toughest men to ever step foot inside of the squared circle!

[A big grin crosses Green's face, despite having an idea of what he's up against. Green shudders noticeably.]

AG: I was 10 years old. That's how I heard it. It stuck.

[Dane shakes his head, as the grin slowly fades from Green's face, it seems like all the matches he's remembering from the LWC days are flooding into his mind.]

AG: McBaine, times have changed since the Longhorn Wrestling Council was at it's peak. You no longer need to be the baddest man in this business in order to succeed.

[Pause, as Green is shaking a little bit.]

AG: These fans.. my people.. these people... they want a story to be told in the ring. Much like the greatest works of fiction, there is a good guy, and there is a bad guy, [Pause, it appears that Green's lost his train of thought.] and when the final chapter comes to a close, the good guy ALWAYS wins.

You got me by a half a foot.. 100 pounds.. oh boy. Stay calm. Ben told you to stay calm. Stay calm...

[Green looks white as a sheet, then rushes off past a slightly confused Jason Dane.]

JD: Wow, that was a bit awkward. It looks like Alphonse Green realized what he just might be in for tonight, guys. Maybe what Green needs is a serious reality check, and a guy of "Bad Eye" McBaine's reputation might be able to give him that reality check. Speaking of which... let's take a look at some pre-recorded comments from that man right now.

[And with that the camera fades out.. and then it cuts to the smokey interior of what appears to be a rather dingy establishment. A few drunken patrons fill the enterprise as the camera slowly pans around the musky room finally settling on the massive leather jacket covered back of a figure sitting at the bar. The camera approaches the figure as very familiar voice to the independent circuit is heard...]

Figure: When I was but a young lad, I was told of many stories of a man that walked this Earth much like you do Mr. Green...

Or can I call you Alphonse?

[As the camera begins to reveal the profile of the figure, his face covered in a matted mask of stringy jet black hair. Once known as the terror of the Grand Isle ... it is the one eyed warrior "Bad Eye" McBaine... and he speaks again...]

McB: I can remember sitting motionless for hours upon hours listening to the wondrous tales of the almost mythical powers this supposed 'man' held within his hands...

The mere mention of his name would send a slight shiver down my spine because I associated it with unmeasurable power...

After all...

That's what the world believed he actually contained within him...

[A small chuckle barely escapes McBaine's chest.]

McB: I can remember the look of pure joy on my poor mother's face whenever I asked her to retell me the stories that she had told me the night before...

He brought hope to her heart...

I could see that...

Even through the bloody noses... the black eyes... the swollen lips...

The mere thought of him brought out something in her that she normally never held while we lived with that monster she called her love...

[McBaine reaches over the bar and brings a half finished bottle of Wild Turkey to him. He proceeds to drop his head back and take a swig of the sweet nectar.]

McB: He gave her hope...

In the moments when he wasn't beating it out of her...

[McBaine remains motionless for a second, vision lost in a memory.]

McB: He gave ME hope...

When his fists were not covered in her blood...

[McBaine slowly begins to shake his head causing the black vines it to sway back and forth.]

McB: Alphonse...

I seen what you can do... it is something that I cannot and will not deny... and I am big enough of a man to admit it. For all those fans who litter the the AWA week in and week out... for all those fans who tune in to a channel buried within the confines of a digital cable box...

You gave them a smile while they watch you head to the ring to enter a battle royal that you didn't even deserve to sit at ringside for...

You give them a chuckle when they watched your hand raised in victory for staying in a ring instead of putting the finishing touches on an opponent and pinning them to the ground...

You give these delusional people many, many things to which they BELIEVE they actually need...

[Seconds slowly give birth to more of their kind as McBaine's one good eye intently watches the bottle within his hand.]

McB: It is the reason why you are like the 'man' from my past...

You give the masses the taste of something they believe they actually need in this life...

Hope...

[McBaine quickly takes another swig from the bottle.]

McB: They see you and they think to themselves...

"If I smile and make a mockery of a lifestyle that the true of heart are drawn to... then I will be successful..."

"If I lose in life because I am not good enough... someone in power might just allow me a second chance to redeem myself"

"If I emulate the man known as Alphonse Green... I will be able to write a comeback story that the masses will always cheer me for..."

[McBaine softly shakes his head.]

McB: Alphonse...

Al...

All you are giving them is a false hope, for they do not realize that your supposed victory was nothing but a fluke...

At most... a singular piece of bad luck...

Why?

Because now you stand across from me...

[McBaine points a single finger at himself.]

McB: I left retirement for one reason and having a good sported wrestling match with the likes of you was never that reason...

Losing to you... that was never a reason either...

But I welcome your feeble attempts tonight to test the waters of true manhood. I welcome them because there is something I want from you Al...

I want the cheers of the masses as you run to the ring...

I want you to make them believe... believe that your win of the Second Chance Battle Royal was a sign that if you believe in Hope, that good things follow...

[He chuckles slightly.]

McB: I want the screams from the masses as I pull the hope from their 'future champion'...

I want to pull the hope from them like it was pulled from me in my childhood days...

For the mythical power of second chances are just that...

A myth...

[McBaine turns around on the bar stool and faces the semi-empty tavern.]

McB: A leopard doesn't change its spots...

And just because you were given a second chance does not mean anything will be different...

And after tonight, all of your second chances are over Al...

They will not exist...

Neither will you, Al.

Neither will you...

[McBaine slowly lumbers up, his good eye focused on the ground when suddenly the side of his mouth curls into a devilish smirk.]

McB: I've missed this...

[With that McBaine lumbers off as the camera cuts to black.]

And then back up on a shot of Travis Lynch, standing in a black t-shirt that says "TRAVIS" across the front in gold script.]

TL: It's one of the hottest summers on record...

[Lynch wipes his sweaty brow with the back of his hand, showing off his muscular bicep in the process.]

TL: The perfect weather for hitting the beach... the ballpark... the pool... or even the gym...

[We cut to a shot of Travis lifting weights. Impressive, no? His voiceover continues.]

TL: So, when you're digging through your closet and trying to find the perfect outfit when you're looking to dress to impress...

[We cut back to the first shot of Travis who jerks a thumb at his chest.]

TL: Look no further than the brand new Travis Lynch t-shirt. Available in all sizes, shapes, and colors... we've even got a tanktop version of it.

[Yep. We cut to a shot of Travis in the tanktop, delivering the gun show.]

TL: The new Travis Lynch t-shirt - available at all AWA events all summer long and at AWA.com!

[Cut to a graphic telling where you can buy said t-shirt before fading to black...

...and then fading back up on live action where the shot opens to an overhead of a Seattle skyline, the airplane or helicopter taking the video swooping over the famous Space Needle, keeping track before swinging back over the sprawling city and dark, evening ocean.]

#I am a man of constant sorrow...

#I've seen trouble all my days...

[Charm City Devil's wonderful rendition of an Emry Arthur classic scratches over the audio as the camera spins down into the perpetually raining city, this time no different. A man slogs through the downpour, dark hair plastered to pale white skin, hands shoved into the pockets of pants. He reaches out with one hand, brushing his hands up to his hair...

...and November enters a loud arena, shaking his hair back as the crowd silently cheers the popular high flier's appearance in a long ago Empire.]

#For six long years...

#I've seen trouble...

#Little pleasures have I found...

#For in this world...

[And a similar shot, this time in a small building in Japan.]

#I'm bound to ramble...

[A dirty floored arena in Mexico.]

#I've no friends to help me now...

[And an overcrowded bar somewhere in Europe.]

#Well I'm a man...

#I'm a man...

#I'm a man of constant sorrow...

[The shots speed up, showing November at his finest. He springs over the ropes, landing on a group of collected athletes with a dazzling somersault dive... he leaps, springboarding off the corner middle rope, wrapping his legs around a masked man's head, sending him flying... a group of quick kicks ends with a jumping back kick and follow up moonsault...]

#Well I'm a man...

#I'm a man...

#I'm a man of no tomorrow...

[Then the opposite. Somber. Standing at the top of an empty arena, alone. Backstage, hand to a rib, a trainer upwrapped a bandage. Blood pouring from a wound on his head as he staggers through a backstage hall.]

#I've seen trouble all my days!

[Again a shot of him in a capacity filled arena, pumping a fist into the air before springboarding into the air...]

#It's time for goodbyes my old lover...

[Diving onto Matt Saunders through a table.]

#I don't think I will see you again...

[Hitting a missile dropkick onto two men in red masks.]

#For I'm bound to ride...

[Diving, arms and legs spread for seeming boundless feet into a crowd and onto a large, bleeding Japanese athlete.]

#That Southern railroad...

[Another missile dropkick, hitting the man square on before kipping up with a fistpump, at the top of the celebration..]

#Perhaps I'll die on this train...

[...grabbing a steaming coffee from a street vendor, walking through the rain that threatens to wash away all.]

#Perhaps I'll die on this train...

[He stops, pausing, looking up at the sky with closed eyes, letting water pour in rivulets down his angular face. He returns it slowly, turning...]

#Well I'm a man...
#I'm a man...
#I'm a man of constant sorrow...

[...to face the mass that is Redemption: Chris Blue, Caleb Temple, Rob Donovan, Mark Langseth... the crowd as stunned as they as he stands in front of them, before them... against them.]

#Well I'm a man...
#I'm a man...
#I'm a man of no tomorrow...

[A standing shooting star press atop of a cage onto Kevin Slater, a highlight of highlights in the career of the "moody cruiserweight".]

#I've seen trouble all my days!

[A title raised above his head in the Empire... in Japan... in Mexico...

#I've seen trouble all my days!

[The music fades as does the picture. It turns still, grainy, just out of focused vision. His name overwriting the screen...]

NOVEMBER

And then we fade from the music video back to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the ring.]

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

[The familiar voice of one Freddy Mercury begins to boom over the PA.]

Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.
I feel Alllllllll---lllllll---lllllll-vvvveee
And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.
I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.
Don't. Stop. Me..

[And bursting out onto the aisleway on cue is Alphonse Green to a chrous of boos as Queen's "Don't Stop Me Now" kicks in.]

PW: Coming down the aisle, now hailing from Windermere, Florida, weighing in at one hundred and ninety-nine pounds.. here is.. ALPHONSE.. GREEN!

[Green starts to swagger down the aisle, taunting the fans who have taken to hating the arrogant young man. Green is dressed in Kentucky Wildcat blue shorts, with blue kneepads, and white boots. He's also wearing a blue studded leather jacket, with the letters A.G. ripped into the back, and for some strange reason, a hard leather black patch on the right shoulder. His

formerly cherubic face is more chiseled, and he actually looks like the type of person girls would root for if he wasn't such a dislikable young man.]

GM: This is the biggest night of Alphonse Green's life, fans... but unfortunately for him, I believe it'll also be one of the worst. The self-proclaimed "King Of The Battle Royals" will have to do more than throw someone over the top rope to win this one.

BW: You don't think he can do it, do you?

GM: Do you?

BW: You know, Gordo... with The Dark Knight Rises opening up next week, I rewatched The Dark Knight last night. And one thing struck me hard. No one else may do it but I BELIEVE in Alphonse Green!

[Once Green reaches ringside, he looks around the arena... a lot. He shakes his head at himself, taking a deep breath before he pulls himself up to the apron as the boos continue. He stands on the apron for a long time as well...]

GM: Alphonse Green doesn't look like he's in any hurry to get in there tonight, Bucky.

BW: You've seen what McBaine is capable of. Can you blame him?

GM: I certainly cannot. I think Mr. Green's in serious trouble here in Jacksonville tonight.

[Shaking his head again, staring down at the mat, Green backs into a corner, clinging to the ropes as his music fades out.]

PW: And his opponent...

["Stroke Of Luck" by Garbage starts up over the loudspeakers to a huge reaction from the Florida crowd. The curtain is slowly pulled back by a hand covered in a black fingerless glove that reveals the stock build of Bad Eye McBaine as he walks into view to even more cheers.]

PW: Weighing in at 302 pounds... from the Valley Of The Blind...

BAD EYYYYYYYYE MCBAAAAAAAAAINE!

[Wearing a time-worn leather jacket and paying no attention to the fans screaming and shouting all around him, McBaine stalks down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Here he comes, Bucky. A man that many have said could be the favorite in this tournament! Could you be looking at the man who will be the first AWA World Champion?

BW: It wouldn't surprise me, Gordo. McBaine is double tough and then some!

[McBaine stops at the end of the aisle, tenderly removing his jacket and dropping it to the floor. He pauses, slowly looking over the whole arena before rolling into the ring. Climbing to his feet, he slowly raises his arm, pointing at the cornered Alphonse Green who very visibly gulps as he swings his arms back and forth to get ready.]

GM: Referee Marty Meekly steps in between, giving some final words to both men - reminding them, no doubt, that there is no time limit, no double countouts, and no double disqualifications in this tournament. Every match MUST have a winner!

[As the official finishes, he wheels around and signals for the bell to the cheers of the Jacksonville crowd.]

GM: There's the bell and-

[With a loud war cry, Green comes tearing out of the corner, perhaps hoping to catch McBaine by surprise...

...and runs right into McBaine's waiting arms as he lifts, pivots, and DRIVES Green backfirst to the canvas!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER! RIGHT OUT OF THE GATES!!

[Green flails about on the mat, promptly rolling under the ropes to the safety of the floor...

...or so he thought.]

GM: McBaine's coming out after him, fans.

[Grabbing Green by the arm, McBaine flings him towards the barricade.]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL HE GOES!!

[Green slumps down to a knee against the railing as McBaine stalks towards him.]

GM: McBaine's got his eyes locked on the second round and beyond of this World Title Tournament but he's gotta go through this second generation competitor first. The son of Anthony "Dead Lift" Green who was a very popular competitor up in the Pacific Northwest in the 80s, Alphonse Green needs to figure out something in a hurry to get back on his game.

[As McBaine reaches down to make a grab at him, Green crawls through the larger (and slower) man's legs.]

GM: Oh! He goes under!

[He pops up to his feet behind McBaine, throwing a hooking right hand into the ribs. A second one follows and then a third as well as McBaine spins around, falling back against the railing.]

GM: Green manages to turn things around out on the floor and now he's got McBaine in some trouble!

[Green squares up, lashing out with a knife-edge chop across the chest. A few more follow, leaving a red welt on the chest of the brawler from the Valley of the Blind as Green grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Now it's Green attempting the Irish whip but it's reversed by McBaine and- ohh! How about that?!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's reaction as Green deadleaps up onto the apron, avoiding slamming into it. A shocked McBaine quickly moves in, catching a back kick to the jaw from Green!]

GM: Green caught him on the way in and now he's setting up for something on the apron!

[Grabbing the top rope with both hands, Green slingshots himself over the ropes into the ring. He promptly turns, grabs the rope again, and slingshots himself back over into a crossbody that knocks a surprised McBaine down to the floor!]

GM: And that's a nice dive to the floor by Green! I've gotta say, Bucky, I'm a little surprised at how Green's taking the fight to Bad Eye McBaine so far in this one.

[Down on the floor, Green rises to his feet, pumping a fist at the crowd with a "YEAAAAAH! COME ON!" before dragging McBaine into a seated position...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Big kick to the back by Green!

BW: And I don't wanna jinx it, Gordo, but Alphonse Green is actually dominating Bad Eye McBaine at this point in the match. Yeah, he got hit with the spinebuster early but ever since then, he's been in total control.

[A few more boots to the back land before McBaine slumps down onto his side on the floor. Green rolls back into the ring, waving for Meekly to start a ten count.]

GM: It looks like Alphonse Green has decided he'd be happy with a countout victory here in this one.

BW: A countout's as good as a pinfall in moving you on to the second round.

GM: The last man left in the tournament from Waterson International, Alphonse Green is looking to advance and keep their hopes alive of taking home the World Title at Blood, Sweat, And Tears in September.

[Green keeps waving at Marty Meekly, ordering him to count faster. The official's count reaches five before McBaine drags himself off the floor, staggering up to his feet...]

GM: HERE COMES GREEN!

[Green breaks into a full cross-ring sprint towards McBaine...

...and LEAPS through the top and middle ropes with a tope!]

GM: SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ROARS as McBaine leaps upwards in mid-dive, CRACKING Green upside the jaw with a stiff forearm that stops the dive cold, leaving him hanging over the middle rope on Dream Street!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF, BUCKY!!

BW: Imagine the impact of a leaping forearm thrown by McBaine right into the momentum of the dive from Green. Good grief is right. I'm surprised Green is even CONSCIOUS at this point!

[McBaine walks to his side to the timekeeper's table, snatching a steel chair out from under Phil Watson.]

GM: Now, wait a second! That's not legal, McBaine!

BW: If he uses that, Green's moving on! Whack him, Bad Guy!

GM: Not you too!

[McBaine, leaving the chair unfolded, sets it down on the floor near Green...

...and then steps up on it.]

GM: What in the world?!

BW: I have no idea.

[Standing on the chair facing Green, McBaine hooks a front facelock, slinging Green's arm over his neck...]

GM: Oh my stars! Don't do it, Bad Eye! Don't do it!

[McBaine gives a powerful lift, taking Green off the ropes, into the air...

...and brings him CRASHING down on the barely-padded floor with a high impact suplex!]

GM: SUPERPLEX!! A modified sort of superplex off that chair! What a creative offensive attack by Bad Eye McBaine right there, fans! And with the jolt that Alphonse Green just took onto his back, he might be done right there!

[McBaine climbs to his feet, rubbing his tailbone as he rises.]

BW: Looks like McBaine took a pretty hard fall off that move as well but nowhere near the level of impact that Alphonse Green just did.

[McBaine leans down, dragging Green back to his feet and tossing him under the ropes into the ring. McBaine rolls under the ropes as well, pushing up to his feet to the cheers of the crowd as he approaches the prone Green.]

GM: He might be able to pin the man right here, Bucky.

BW: He might but I have a feeling that McBaine's not done with him yet.

[Pulling Green up by the arm, McBaine effortlessly tosses him into the nearest set of buckles.]

GM: Six foot six, three hundred pounds - Bad Eye McBaine is an absolute monster inside that squared circle and he's going to be nothing but trouble for ANYONE who crosses paths with him in this tournament.

[With Green in the corner, McBaine squares up, throwing fists into the ribs repeatedly.]

GM: McBaine's hammering away on Green in the corner!

[He switches up his attack, pummeling the head this time, forcing Green down to a seated position in the corner as the referee forces McBaine backwards, breaking up the assault.]

GM: McBaine pounded on him until the count of four and then Marty Meekly was able to back him off...

[McBaine drags him back up off the mat, grabbing the arm again...]

GM: Cross-corner whip!

[McBaine charges in behind him...

...so when Green manages to duck through the ropes to safety, McBaine SLAMS chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Green quickly exits the ring, scampering up to the top rope with the crowd buzzing...]

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

[He flings himself off the top rope, looking for a crossbody off the top...

...but McBaine catches him, pivoting in one movement...]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM TO COUNTER THE CROSSBODY!!!

[McBaine climbs to his feet, standing over the downed Green, and drags a thumb across his throat.]

GM: That's it! McBaine says it's over!

[He hauls a limp Alphonse Green up by the hair, dragging him into a fireman's carry...]

BW: Oh god.

GM: He's got Green up on his shoulders... what's he-?

[Suddenly, McBaine shifts to the side, DRIVING Green down on top of his skull and neck!]

GM: BLIND! VALLEY! DRIVER!

[McBaine plants a knee in Green's chest as the official drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[McBaine rises off of Green, nodding at his fallen opponent as the referee raises his hand and Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner, moving on to the second round... BAD EYE MCBAINE!

[McBaine nods at the crowd's reaction before exiting the ring, leaving Green motionless on the mat.]

GM: Bad Eye McBaine is victorious tonight here in Jacksonville and he will move on to the second round of this tournament - the Field of Thirty-two! Green put up a heck of a fight... more than I think anyone expected of him but in the end, McBaine was just too much for him to handle.

BW: McBaine was gonna be a tough draw for anyone he faced, Gordo. He's gotta be considered one of the favorites to win the whole thing at this point.

GM: He's got a one in thirty-two chance!

BW: He's got better than that, I promise you.

GM: Fans, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet who is in the Tournament Control Center!

[Crossfade back to the locker room area where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of the "Big Board" with all the tournament results so far on it.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. As you can see, we've added Bad Eye McBaine to the list of those moving on to the second round. We've got three more first round matches to go here tonight and then the second round will be in full swing. Let's take a look at the list...

[A graphic displays the full list of those advancing to the second round:

Bumble Bee
Jackson Haynes
BC Da Mastah MC
Stevie Scott
Nenshou
Travis Lynch
Glenn Hudson
MAMMOTH Maximus
Scotty Mayhem
November
Tin Can Rust
Ron Houston
Jerby Jezz
Sweet Daddy Williams
Chris Staley
Rick Marley
Andrew Tucker
William Craven
Manny Imbrogno
Skywalker Jones
Dave Cooper
Robert Donovan
"Playboy" Ronnie D
Pure X
Colby Greene
James Monosso
Sultan Azam Sharif
Gunnar Gaines]

MS: As you can see, Dave Cooper's name has been marked in bold as he has already won his second round match and will advance to the third round - the Sweet Sixteen. That means that his opponent in the second round, Robert Donovan, is already eliminated from the tournament. But let's talk about second round matches. At The First Tangle In Tampa, we learned that

Jerby Jezz would meet Bumble Bee and William Craven will take on Andrew Tucker in the second round as well as Travis Lynch meeting Jackson Haynes.

But now we can add two more matches to the list as we've just been informed that on the next Saturday Night Wrestling, we will see two competitors who have spent several years competing in Japan collide as Chris Staley takes on November. Plus, we've got one more match that should be a big one as two former AWA National Champions clash - it'll be Ron Houston taking on "Hotshot" Stevie Scott! And what a match that should be!

Join me back here later tonight as we find out the final three men to advance to the second round! But right now, let's take a look at some pre-recorded comments from the only man to have advanced to the Sweet Sixteen...

[Stegglet looks a little disgusted as he says his name.]

MS: Dave Cooper. Roll it.

[Fade in: Somewhat shaky footage is shown of "The Professional" Dave Cooper, standing against a wall, dressed in a button-down shirt, blue jeans and a neck brace. He has a defiant look on his face.]

DC: Allow me to state the facts regarding what went down in Tampa. The record shows that I beat Robert Donovan and that the hero of the AWA is out of the running for that precious World Title. The record shows that Jim Watkins admitted that he asked The Bishop Boys to take me out in exchange for a tag team title shot and that he has been on the take with them and Cousin Bo. And the record shows that trio of inbred hicks happily accepted that proposal, thus making it quite clear to me they've been in cahoots with Watkins long before that.

And that's all that needs to be said about Tampa!

[He grimaces a bit at that point.]

DC: Now, you'll have to excuse me if I don't feel like talking as much as I would like to -- but first of all, I got a load off my chest in Tampa about what I think about the AWA and nearly everyone who happens to be associated with it -- and second, because I've got a neck injury now and it's gonna take me some time to recover.

But I can assure that I will recover in enough time to kick the rear end of whoever it is who gets stuck against me in the third round of action.

Until then, though, I regret to inform you all that I will not be making any appearance on an AWA show until I am back at full strength and ready to go for the third round. Seeing as how so many second-round matches are yet to come, I can wait for the next victim to be lined up against me.

[He grimaces again, but then shakes it off.]

DC: And as far as who happens to be that next victim, it doesn't matter if it's that cornerstone of the AWA, Stevie Scott -- or if it's the black sheep of the Langseth family, Pure X -- or if it's that Middle Eastern with too much sand between his ears, Sultan Azam Sharif -- or if it's that overhyped relic from the past, Ronnie D -- or if it's that overhyped flippy floppy guy from the present, Skywalker Jones -- or if it's Louis Matsui latest version of knuckleheads fattened up for Thanksgiving dinner, MAMMOTH Maximus -- I will guarantee that whoever gets sent up against me is gonna join Jack Towel and Robert Donovan as guys who got bounced out of the tourney by The Professional and can't do a thing about it.

But with that being said -- I'm gonna have plenty to say about everybody else who remains in this tournament and just what I'm gonna do to them once I get back to full strength -- because I am on the AWA roster, I will be heard and I will remind you all who is gonna win this tournament and then see to it that the precious little prize now created is tossed aside so the proper recognition can be given to the National Champion...

...and to the voice of the AWA, Gordon Myers, that is the END of the discussion!

[Fade 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...]

The words "RECORDED EARLIER TODAY" flash across the screen, as we open to a shot of Jason Dane, standing backstage with Supreme Wright. The former Combat Corner dropout is dressed stylishly as always, looking rather dapper in his tweed suit and black-rimmed glasses. Dane turns to the camera and begins to speak.]

JD: Supreme Wright, tonight you face Jaiden Andrews in a highly anticipated first round match-up in the World heavyweight title tournament. Your thoughts going into this match?

[Wright raises an eyebrow.]

SW: Jaiden Andrews?

[He smirks to himself.]

SW: Nice joke.

[Noticing the frown on Jason Dane's face, Wright quickly shakes his head.]

SW: Please don't look at me like that, Mr. Dane...'cause that's not what I meant. I got nothing but RESPECT for Jaiden Andrews' ability. But the fact that I'm facing HIM of all people, in the first round?

That ain't just a coincidence.

[Wright removes his glasses and wipes them with a checkered handkerchief.]

SW: I'd be a fool not to see it...

[He holds them up to the light, before putting them back on.]

SW: ...and mama didn't raise no fool.

[Wright turns to the camera, speaking directly to...somebody.]

SW: SOMEONE on the Championship Committee thought it'd be cute...
SOMEONE on the Championship Committee thought it'd be funny...
SOMEONE thought it'd be absolutely hilarious, if they stuck Supreme Wright inside the ring...

...with one of Todd Michaelson's golden boys.

[He shakes his head disapprovingly.]

SW: They probably thought that it'd get a rise outta' me...but truth be told?

It doesn't bother me one damn bit.

[Wright straightens his necktie.]

SW: It doesn't matter who he knows. What matters...is what he's done.

When I look at Jaiden Andrews, I don't see a man that was Michaelson's pride and joy. What I see...is the man that won the J*STAR crown. What I see...is the man that dominated PWR. What I see...is a man that's wrestled all around the world from Europe to Japan and all points inbetween. What I see...is a man capable of stepping inside a wrestling ring on any given day and being able to hang with the very best in the world.

But you know what else I see?

[An intense, serious look forms on Wright's face.]

SW: I see a man standing in the way of my hopes and my dreams. I see a man that wants to step into that ring...

...MY ring...

...and take away my opportunity to prove that I am indeed, the greatest wrestler in the world.

[Wright chuckles quietly to himself.]

SW: I'm getting goosebumps, Mr. Dane.

[A dangerous-looking smile slowly creeps up on the former Combat Corner student's face.]

SW: 'Cause I can't wait to get into my ring to destroy this man.

[A shocked and confused look forms on Dane's face.]

JD: "Destroy" him!? Wait just a second...you just said you hold no ill will towards Jaiden Andrews!

SW: I don't.

[Supreme sighs.]

SW: But he's my opponent...and that's the sort of courtesy and respect I extend to any man brave enough to step into my ring.

Don't you understand, Mr. Dane?

I ain't here to settle a personal grudge! I ain't here to settle a score! I ain't here to rub my success in everyone's faces!

I'm here...

[He locks eyes with Dane, as the interviewer visibly becomes uncomfortable under Wright's glare.]

SW: ...to win a World Title.

[And with that, Wright turns and walks away as we fade to the ring where Phil Watson stands by as "Go U Northwestern," as performed by the Northwestern University Marching Band, starts to play over the arena speakers. A scowling Nick Anton is out first, looking the audience over intently. His brother Alex follows, arms raised, before pumping his fist and pointing at the audience with the other hand.]

PW: The next match is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, hail from Chicago, Illinois, at a total combined weight of 547 pounds, Nick and Alex...

THE ANTONS!!!

[Nick has his eyes locked on the ring as he makes his way down the entrance, occasionally slapping the hand of a fan on the near side of it. Alex, however, is trying to slap hands and high-five as many fans as he can. When he reaches the ring, he steps through the ropes and heads towards their corner, pointing a warning finger and jawing with his opponents as he does so. Nick walks along the apron towards the corner and climbs onto the middle rope. He rests his hands on Alex's shoulders, who raises his arms in the air, pointing to the sky, as the music fades to a stop.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: It's the Antons taking on two local wrestlers, Jack Card and Carl Riggs. It's Alex and Card to start. Collar-and-elbow... Arm wringer... And Alex takes him down with a fireman's carry takeover!

BW: I believe it was a handful of tights that did it, Gordo, and Card is, rightfully, complaining to the official. The Antons should be disqualified.

GM: I saw nothing of that sort, Bucky, and neither did the referee!

[Alex and Card circle each other, before engaging in another collar-and-elbow tie-up.]

GM: And immediately back to a tieup as Alex shoves Card back into the corner... will we get a clean break?

[Alex brings him back out with an arm drag. Card scrambles to his feet and again complains about Anton grabbing a handful of tights. Referee Marty Meekly waves it away exasperatedly.]

BW: Right there, Gordo, right from the get go, we have crooked refereeing in favor of the Antons!

GM: Oh, give me a break!

[At the referee's nonchalance, Jack Card steps up to Alex Anton and shoves him in the chest. Alex takes a step back and looks to his brother, as if to say, "Can you believe this guy?" Nick gestures for Alex to punch him in the face, but the two men once again engage with another collar-and-elbow, which Alex quickly converts into a side headlock.]

GM: If I was Jack Card, I don't think I'd be too eager to get into a fight with the Antons. They're two strong, tough kids, Bucky.

BW: Dumb too.

[Card shoves him towards the ropes, forcing Alex to release the hold on the rebound. Alex hits the ropes on the other side of the ring and returns with a clothesline, which knocks Card down.]

GM: Big clothesline by Alex Anton puts Card down... but Card's quickly back to his feet...

[Alex Anton rushes off the ropes, racing towards him, as Card goes for an arm...]

GM: Card with the armdr- no!

[Slamming on the brakes, Anton hooks a full nelson instead of being armdragged...

...and takes Card all the way over the top, dropping him down on the back of his head and neck with a high impact suplex!]

GM: FULL NELSON SUPLEX FOLDS THE MAN IN HALF!!

BW: What a brutal move by Alex Anton. Card's done, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is... but the Antons aren't done with their opponents tonight quite yet. Perhaps trying to send a message to the Championship Committee that they are back and they're looking to get a shot at the best tag teams in the world - teams like the Bishops, like Violence Unlimited, like the Rockstar Express.

[Alex Anton drags Card up by the head, snapmaring him into Card's own corner.]

GM: Anton's waving for Riggs to tag his partner but Riggs looks reluctant to do so, and who can blame him?

GM: There's the tag, anyway. Carl Riggs does not look like he wants to be anywhere near Alex Anton, but he has no choice. Collar-and-elbow...

BW: Followed by a scientific rake to the eyes! That's one way to deal with the lug...

[Riggs pushes Alex into the ropes and whips him out of it. Alex reverses and sends Riggs into the ropes on the opposite side instead. He catches him with a back body drop on the rebound.]

BW: If only for a while.

GM: And now Anton stretching out Riggs' arm with an armbar of sorts.

[Still holding onto the arm, Alex pulls Riggs to the Antons' corner and tags in Nick, to a loud cheer from the crowd. Nick pumps his fist to keep the fans cheering, allowing Riggs to recover slightly as he pulls away from Alex.]

GM: Alex lets go of the arm and that gives Carl Riggs a chance to regroup a bit but not for long as Nick pushes right into a collar and elbow tieup... but Riggs goes right to the eyes again! Cheapshot!

[With Nick Anton momentarily blinded, Riggs throws a series of left hands to the skull, sending Nick back into the ropes. Thinking he has Anton reeling, Riggs raises a fist to the crowd, turning his back on Nick momentarily. He turns around to deliver what he expects to be a crushing blow, but is met with a flying shoulder, as Nick Anton bursts forward with a tackle.]

GM: Oh my! What a tackle! And Anton's not done, pulling Riggs to his feet...

[Leaning over, Anton lifts Riggs and deposits him on the top turnbuckle, sitting and facing the ring.]

GM: Uh oh. This could be trouble for Carl Riggs, fans.

[Nick Anton steps up to the middle rope, looping his arms around Riggs' torso...

...and popping his hips, sending Riggs over his head and CRASHING down to the canvas!]

BW: BRUTAL overhead belly-to-belly superplex! Riggs BOUNCED off the mat, Gordo!

GM: And that's gotta be it, doesn't it?

[Nick Anton climbs to his feet, stomping Riggs a few times before pulling him up and shoving him to the corner where Jack Card is on a knee.]

GM: Wait a second... Jack Card's barely conscious! He can't get back in there!

[Reaching over the ropes, Nick Anton grabs Card by the arm, pulling him up and slapping his hand on Riggs' hand.]

GM: Nick Anton just forced a tag!

BW: What a pair of bullies these two are!

[Nick uses Card's arm to drag him over the ropes, dragging him all the way across to his brother.]

GM: Alex tags back in, taking over for Nick as they fire Jack Card into the ropes...

[Alex hoists Card into the air, swinging him around, and dumping him down in a big slam!]

GM: WHIRLING SIDE SLAM!! WHAT IMPACT!!

BW: Those with brain cells would call that a tilt-a-whirl slam, Gordo!

[Alex climbs to his feet, nodding to the cheering crowd and then motioning for his brother to go up top.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: He's not the legal man! Get him down from there, Meekly!

[Alex hoists Card up on his shoulders in an electric chair lift as Nick scales all the way up to the top rope...]

GM: This is trouble for Jack Card!

[Alex turns around, facing Nick who launches himself off the top rope and hits Card with a clothesline on the way down.]

BW: AIR ANTON!!! They could have broken Card's neck with that move!

[Nick Anton gets to his feet, challenging Carl Riggs to do something, as Alex Anton covers Jack Card, hooking the far leg for good measure.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And this one is over!

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

[Alex gets up and the brothers hug, before the referee holds their hands up in victory. The shot cuts to a slo-mo replay of the match finish.]

BW: It's not quite Doc Allen's Miracle HeadacheElixir, but it sure is effective. Watch here as Alex times the fall for maximum impact from Nick's clothesline; not too early as to lose the energy...

GM: It's so easy to overlook the Anton boys, with everything that is going on, but I think it's only a matter of time before they take that next step towards the big prize.

BW: I'm not too sure they can do to some of the other teams in the AWA what they did to Card and Riggs tonight, but I'd love to see them try, if only to see them get knocked down on their butts for their effort.

GM: Fans, let's go backstage to hear from yet another competitor who will be in action later tonight as part of the World Title Tournament... Blackwater Bart!

[We crossfade to a shot where the camera opens on a basic green screen, colored in a deep black with bright red writing etched into it. Writing that spells out four letters, one name, and says all that there needs to be said about the 300 pound plus force of nature that currently stands in front of said screen. That man, of course, is none other than Blackwater Bart; and he doesn't look too happy.]

Bart: Madison J Valentine...

[Bart turns his head, shooting a stream of tobacco juice off camera as he snarls in disgust.]

Bart: You got ta' be damn near kidding me don't ya? All the [BLEEP]damned men in this here tussle and I get thrown up against some lil boy with three names? What makes you so damned proud of yourself boy that you gotta call yourself something like that? You think Ah need to know yer middle damn initial? My daddy wasn't the smartest man, Ah'll give you that, but one of the things he did say was there were two types of people with three names in this world.

[Bart holds up two fingers in front of the camera.]

Bart: Those crazy damn folk that shoot presidents and talk about them being all lizard people in disguise, and bankers.

[Another snarl.]

Bart: And boy? Ah don't know which Ah done like less!

[The two fingers fold down into a fist, which Bart clenches.]

BW: No worries, Buford P. Higgins, your job is safe!

PW: And his opponent...

[The boos pick up as "So What'cha Want" by the Beastie Boys plays, to the backdrop of colorful strobe lighting.]

PW: Accompanied to the ring by his tag team partner Shizz Dawg OG, from New Seattle, in the year 2032, weighing in at 192 pounds, one half of The Rave, JERBY JEZZ!

[Dressed to wrestle, Jerby Jezz now has slightly shorter hair (though it remains every bit as colorful), pant-length trunks with various jagged streaks of indigo, mauve, maize, cyan, cinnabar, and glaucous, with appropriately clashing boots. Accompanying him is the shoulder-length 17-colored haired of S-DOG, rocking the night with a headache-inducing full length trenchcoat sporting a myriad of attached fabric shreds, all of different length and colors.]

GM: Do not adjust your television sets, it is only The Rave, or should I say, Jerby Jezz, in rare singles competition.

BW: Not rare anymore, Gordo!

GM: Indeed, Bucky, it was last month in Huntsville, Alabama, when The Rave expected to meet The Hive in yet another chapter of their feud, only for Jerby Jezz to be unexpectedly thrust into the first round of the AWA World Heavyweight Championship tournament, even more unexpectedly win that match over the wily veteran Mr. Sadisuto, and even MORE unexpectedly, get matched up against Bumble Bee for a spot in the Final 16!

BW: Do you honestly think that all of the improbable things that had to happen to bring this about was nothing but coincidence? The Rave _made_ this happen! They _control_ the _future_, Gordo!

GM: All I'm willing to say is that Jerby Jezz is a _very_ lucky young man.

BW: And you're lucky that you won't have to say Shizz Dawg OG's name!

[Staying at ringside to provide "moral support", Shizz Dawg OG watches Jerby Jezz circle the ornery Clubfoot Jenkins as the bell sounds to begin the match.]

GM: This will be my first chance to see Jerby Jezz in singles competition, so it will be interesting to see how he combats the much larger Doug Jenkins.

BW: Clubfoot!

GM: I'm not saying that!

[Sizing up his barefoot opponent, particularly his lame left leg, Jerby Jezz rapidly circles to the left, lashing out with quick kicks to the leg, backing away before Jenkins can get to him, then repeating the maneuver, completing several trips around the ring in the process.]

GM: Smart gameplan by Jezz, using his quickness while exploiting his opponent's weakness.

[A frustrated Jenkins yells "STAND STILL, DADGUMMIT!", lumbering forward with a desperation haymaker that Jezz easily sidesteps. Now behind his opponent, Jezz clambers up his Jenkins back, climbing up onto the hillbilly's shoulders. Raising a hand to the sky and shouting "Early Pearly Curly Whirly!"...]

BW: That's not how I remember the lyrics!

[...Jezz spins around into a headscissors...and keeps spinning!...spending himself and Jenkins around a full three revolutions before hurling his foe forward, just missing smacking his head on the bottom rope as his momentum sends his head and arms hanging off of the apron!]

GM: How in the world did Jezz do that?? Jenkins in trouble halfway out of the ring, Jezz trying to get at him but referee Mickey Meekly is holding him back.

BW: Why!? He's not doing anything wrong!

GM: Doug Jenkins is in the ropes, and deserves a chance to free himself.

BW: Is he better off now, Gordo?

GM: Oh come on, that's despicable!

[While Meekly and Jerby Jezz argue over the rulebook, progressing about as well as any conversation between two people speaking completely different languages, Shizz Dawg OG takes the opportunity to land several stiff punches to the exposed head of Clubfoot Jenkins, and drag him into an even more perilous position hanging off of the apron.]

BW: You can't blame the man's partner for helping him out! Besides, Clubfoot was looking at him funny!

GM: He was not!

BW: Are you kidding? With that googly eye, he looks at everyone funny!

[Satisfied that S-DOG has done his damage, Jerby Jezz does an end around on the official and does a hands-free run up the turnbuckles, pausing briefly to raise his arms to the sky, before jumping down...]

GM: NO! Good Lord, no!

[...and crashing HARD into the back and neck of Clubfoot Jenkins with his own keister, sending both men tumbling to the floor to the gasps of the crowd!]

BW: Now that's using your...well, not his _head_, but he did put another part of his anatomy to good use!

GM: As usual, Jerby Jezz showing no concern for his own body, let alone that of his opponent! Jezz, rolling back in the ring and...it appears that, as usual, he will be satisfied with a countout.

BW: You know Gordo, technically, Jerby Jezz can become the AWA World Champion without pinning anybody! And he would never need to pin anyone ever again! He really could change the complexion of professional wrestling forever!

GM: I find that highly unlikely, but it sure seems like anything is possible these days! Referee up to four now, and...wait a minute.

[The floor camera shows that, while the referee stands in the middle of the ring making the count, Clubfoot Jenkins HAS gotten back to his hands and knees out on the floor.]

GM: Well, how about that, Bucky! I didn't think there was any way Mr. Jenkins would get up from that impact, but look at him go!

BW: Jezz made a mistake, Gordo! He shouldn't have hit that hick hillbilly in the head!

GM: Jezz looking a bit concerned here, the official is up to seven, and Jenkins has clawed himself to an upright position on the side of the ring! He's going to...

BW: Shizz Dawg!

GM: No! Disqualify that man!

BW: The ref didn't see it!

[While the referee stands in the center of the ring making his count, Shizz Dawg OG has shed his trench coat and, stooping low below the referee's line of vision, dives at Clubfoot Jenkins left leg, clipping him hard from behind and dropping him to one knee in great pain, as the referee finishes his ten count and calls for the bell.]

GM: Referee Mickey Meekly needs to brush up on his countouts, he was way out of position to see what just happened! Jerby Jezz had this match well in hand, that wasn't necessary at all, Bucky!

BW: On the contrary, Gordo, they just reminded everyone that they are a tag team, and when you face one, you'd better keep an eye on the other!

PW: The winner of this match, as a result of a countout, JERBY JEZZ!

GM: Oh, come on, guys!

[Not even waiting for his hand to be raised in victory, Jerby Jezz slides under the bottom rope, leaps onto the shoulders of his kneeling foe from behind, and bridges back, torquing the neck, back, and leg of Clubfoot Jenkins!]

GM: This is the move that put James Lynch out of wrestling! Somebody get in there!

BW: You heard him, Shizz Dawg, get in there!

GM: That is NOT what I meant!

[The bell rings frantically, as Shizz Dawg OG puts the boots to Clubfoot Jenkins' midsection, while Jerby Jezz continues to pile on the pressure with this painful hold, until...]

GM: Thank goodness, it's The Hive!

[With Queen Bee in tow, Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket sprint down the aisle to make the save, Bumble Bee kicking Jerby Jezz out of the hold, while Yellow Jack goes toe to toe with S-DOG!]

BW: Now's your chance, boys! Finish Bumble Bee off and Jezz is clear into the third round!

GM: Bumble Bee throws Jezz in the ring!

BW: NO! Anywhere but inside the ring!

[Following Jezz inside, Bumble Bee gets caught with a stomp by Jerby Jezz, who quickly picks him up and throws Bumble Bee into the ropes, and goes for a clothesline...that gets ducked by Bumble Bee! With timing on his side, Bumble Bee lets out a "ZZZZ!" as he catches Jezz with a roundhouse kick to the midsection!]

GM: Oh! Bumble Bee is on fire!

"ZZZZ!"

"ZZZZ!"

"ZZZZ!"

"ZZZZ!"

"ZZZZ!"

[Even the crowd gets into the chant, as the rapid-fire kicks have backed Jerby Jezz into the corner. Meanwhile...]

GM: And look over on the outside!

BW: Damn! The Swarm!

[Outside of the ring, Shizz Dawg OG is draped over the guardrail, as Yellow Jacket and Queen Bee take turns running up the apron and smashing S-DOG with a series of leaping axehandles, as the crowd watching this action roars its approval! Meanwhile, the crowd watching the other action is winding up with an "OOOOOOOOOOOH!" before letting loose with a final "ZZZZ!", as Bumble Bee connects with a running high knee to the jaw of Jerby Jezz, who stumbles out of the corner and does a half twist before falling on his back!]

GM: The Hive have taken control of the situation! Yellow Jacket in the ring, and the bees are gesturing to the corners! They could be going up for Buzzworthy! Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket, standing high above Jezz!

BW: *DO* SOMETHING, SHIZZ DAWG!

[Something is done. That something is S-DOG desperately reaching in, grabbing hold of Jerby Jezz's leg, and yanking him out of the ring before The Hive can make their move.]

GM: Oh, The Hive were so close to hitting that move on Jerby Jezz and gaining a big advantage for Bumble Bee in the tournament!

BW: They had no business being out here, Gordo, and they have no business being in the World Title Tournament! Jerby Jezz will finish this when the time comes!

[Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG stumble backwards down the aisle towards the back, their eyes in a heated gaze at the forms of Yellow Jacket and Bumble Bee, still standing tall on the top rope, the crowd chanting their new favorite catchphrase of "ZZZZ!" in their honor.]

GM: Quite possibly the AWA's longest running rivalry will continue in the second round of the AWA World Championship tournament! Fans, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more action!

[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.

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and is a first round match in the tournament to crown the AWA World Champion. Introducing first...

[The lights go out as the haunting vocals of Deborah Harry can be heard over the PA system.]

Step into a world #
Where there's no one left #
But the very best #
No MC can test

["Step into a World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One begins to play as the crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and boos(but mostly boos). As the song kicks into high gear, a spotlight hits the entrance, where we see Supreme Wright stepping through. Wright hops around and throws shadow punches to loosen up, before making his way down to the ring as the houselights come back up.]

PW: ...hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing 225 pounds...

SUPREME WRRIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[Wright enters the ring and proceeds to remove his coat, revealing a lanky, but powerful build, with extremely well-defined musculature, cutting an impressive figure. He wears MMA-style shorts, half-army camouflage/half adorned with an airbrushed image of a dragon clawing it's way out from the fabric. Wright's hair is pulled back into cornrows snaking into an intricate "S"-shape design and his arms and chest are covered in various tattoos. He wears MMA fight gloves on his hands and amateur-style wrestling shoes. There's no doubt in his demeanor... he's ready for battle.]

PW: And his opponent... making his way to ringside...

["Blood On My Hands" by The Used plays over the PA System.]

PW: ...hailing from Los Angeles, California.

[The crowd cheers!]

PW: Standing 6'1" and weighing in at 255 pounds...

JAAAAIDENNNNN ANNNNNNDREWWWWWS!!!!

[The curtains are tossed to the side, and emerging from the back is Jaiden Andrews, who stands at the entrance with his head bowed. He then looks up, raising a hand to run it through his hair, then sizes up the cheering crowd. Raising an arm into the air, he makes his way to ringside, slapping hands with the fans as he does so... though his gaze fixates on the ring.

Getting to ringside, Andrews slides underneath the bottom rope, then immediately gets to his feet. Walking to each of the turnbuckles, Andrews climbs them and raises his arms into the air, the fans cheering and taking pictures. As he descends the last turnbuckle, he makes his way to his corner, taking off the t-shirt and tossing it backwards into the crowd. Andrews then looks down, beginning to take deep breaths and preparing a strategy for his upcoming match as Wright paces back and forth in his corner of the ring, listening to referee Michael Meekly's final instructions.]

GM: There's the bell! Let's get this one going!

[Supreme Wright immediately marches out of his corner, stopping in mid-ring as Andrews does the same. The two square off in the center, trading words that seem to start civil enough but quickly escalate as Andrews delivers a two-handed shove to the chest...]

GM: Ohh! Wright stumbles back off the shove and-

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He cuffed Andrews right upside the ear!

[Andrews recoils away in pain, grabbing at his ear as Wright hammers a forearm to the back of the head. He quickly spins Andrews around into a front facelock, snapping him over with a suplex.]

GM: Vertical suplex right out of the gate and Supreme Wright is all over Jaiden Andrews in the opening moments of this one!

[A hard knee driven down into the spine has Andrews scurrying away from his attacker, trying to get back to his feet to return fire. But Wright grabs him around the head and neck, snapmaring him into a seated position on the canvas...]

GM: He takes Andrews over... ohhh!

[The crowd echoes Gordon's reaction as Wright SLAMS his arms together on the ears of Andrews, causing the high flyer to flail about in pain on the mat with his hands clutched to the sides of his head.]

GM: Supreme Wright with another hard shot to the ears of Andrews!

BW: Wright is showing a whole lot of intensity to start this match off - constantly moving and attacking the whole time while not giving Jaiden Andrews a moment to regroup.

[Wright yanks Andrews off the mat by the arm, backing him to the ropes where he goes for a whip...

...but Andrews slides under the bottom rope to safety, looking up with a shake of his head at an annoyed Wright who chooses to pursue, ducking through the ropes to the floor...]

GM: But Andrews slides right back in! He might be just a bit too fast for Supreme Wright, Bucky.

BW: If you were going to chalk up an advantage to Andrews, I think that would be it, Gordo.

[Wright angrily gets up on the apron, shouting at Andrews who rushes in to drill him with a forearm to the jaw.]

GM: Ohh! Big forearm to the mush!

[Andrews winds up for a second but Wright fires back with a knife-edge chop across the chest. He grabs Andrews by the back of the head, rushing towards the corner...]

GM: To the buck!- no! Foot up!

[Andrews uses his counter to SLAM Wright's head into the turnbuckle, sending him staggering back on the apron.]

GM: He reversed it on Wright and now Andrews is looking for-

[Leaping up to the middle rope, Andrews springs back, twisting his body to throw a dropkick to the jaw of Wright that sends him crashing down to the floor to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Oh my! Jaiden Andrews with a big dropkick turns the tide in this one and these fans in Jacksonville seem to be solidly behind Jaiden Andrews tonight, Bucky.

BW: Supreme Wright is one of the finest wrestlers in the world... but to many, he'll always be the punk kid who walked out of the Combat Corner AND the AWA because they told him he wasn't ready yet. But you can bet tonight that Supreme Wright's about to PROVE to the world that he's ready, Gordo.

[Andrews climbs to his feet, slapping the top rope a couple of times as he waits for Wright to get back to his feet...

...and then catapults himself over the ropes, landing on the shoulders of Wright, and snapping him down onto the floor with a rana!]

GM: OHHH MY STARS!! Another death-defying move by Jaiden Andrews and Supreme Wright is in trouble early in this one, fans!

[Andrews rolls back into the ring as he gets up, drawing more cheers from the fans as he settles back to his corner and allows the referee to start a ten count on Supreme Wright.]

GM: The ref starts to count Wright out of the ring but it doesn't take long for him to get back to his feet. Supreme Wright is up and... well, it looks like he's going to take his time out there on the floor, really try to regroup.

BW: A guy like Wright HAD to have had a gameplan going into this match and right now, he's way off of it. He needs some time to settle down and get his mind right before getting back in there.

[Wright waits until the count of seven before he pulls himself up on the apron, quickly ducking back into the ring before Andrews has a chance to attack again...

...but Andrews quickly rushes in, pushing Wright back to the ropes where he fires him off...]

GM: Irish whip to the far side...

[Andrews sets for a hiptoss but a rebounding Wright blocks it. Andrews tries it again but still Wright goes nowhere.]

GM: He's trying to take Wright down with the hiplock but Wright's fighting it...

[Instead, Andrews goes the other way with it, swinging his momentum towards Wright, going across the back of the former Combat Corner student, and coming right back around to yank Wright down to the mat with an armdrag takedown!]

GM: Whoa my! Nice armdrag by Andrews! Both men quickly back up though and the fight continues...

[Andrews rushes at a slightly off-balance Wright who sidesteps, shoving Andrews to the ropes behind him...]

GM: Andrews hits the ropes, Wright ducks down and Andrews goes over, off the far side... leapfrog by Wright...

[Wright drops down to his back, legs up in the air for a monkey flip but Andrews leaps over the top, front rolling back to his feet...]

GM: Andrews avoids the monkey flip... leaps up to the middle rope...

[...and springs back with a breathtaking moonsault, knocking Wright down to the mat as the official dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Wright easily shrugs out of the pin attempt, more annoyed than hurt as both men race back to their feet yet again.]

GM: Both men back up, moving so quick right now...

[Andrews promptly floors Wright with a leaping heel kick that knocks Wright down, sending him rolling from the ring.]

GM: Wright's out to the... well, I would say the safety of the floor but with a high flyer like Jaiden Andrews in the ring with him, I believe nowhere is safe right now.

[Andrews pops up, points to the staggered Wright as he regains his feet. The former Todd Michaelson student races to the ropes, rebounding off at top speed...]

GM: LOOK OUT!!

[...but as Wright bails out, Andrews leaps through the top and middle ropes, using the ropes to swing himself back into the ring to a big cheer from the Florida fans!]

GM: Wow! What athleticism on display tonight by Jaiden Andrews!

[An embarrassed Wright rushes back into the ring, running right into a drop toehold from Andrews.]

GM: Wright gets taken down again! And he's HOT under the collar!

[Andrews drags Wright up by the arm, going for a whip...

...but Wright stops short, pulling the arm of Andrews to send a knee up into his gut!]

GM: Oh! Wright cuts off the whip with a shot down South!

[Wright promptly wraps his arms around the torso of Andrews, popping his hips and sending Andrews overhead with a belly-to-belly throw...

...and sending Andrews CRASHING backfirst into the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Andrews slides down off the buckles, smacking his head into the mat as Wright gets up, standing over him, reading him the riot act...]

GM: Wright's letting him have it! Supreme Wright has had enough of Jaiden Andrews' high-flying and showboating!

[Wright gives him a few more moments of harsh words before reaching down...

...and SLAPPING Andrews across the face again!]

GM: Good grief! He caught him on the ear again!

[Wright angrily drags Andrews away from the corner by the foot, back out to the center of the ring where he promptly pulls Andrews into a seated position before dashing to the ropes...

...and delivers a running big boot to the ear of Andrews!]

GM: Ohh!

[Wright plants his knee on the side of Andrews' neck, forcing it into the mat as he winds up his right arm...

...and SLAPS his hand down on the ear!]

GM: What in the...

[He slaps his hand down on the ear a second time!]

GM: He's repeatedly-

[And again.]

GM: He-

[And again!]

GM: Buck-

[And yes, again! Wright caps it off with a series of five big slaps down across the ear as fast as he can throw them, springing back to his feet with a roar as Andrews lies motionless on the canvas, clutching the side of his head.]

GM: A series of brutal shots to the side of the head - right on the ear of Jaiden Andrews! Supreme Wright is absolutely vicious!

[Wright walks around the ring, the crowd jeering him as he does. He steps up to the middle rope, making the "I want the belt" gesture in the direction of the crowd who boos even louder.]

GM: Supreme Wright has made it very clear that he's here to win this whole tournament. Just showing up the AWA and Todd Michaelson is not enough. He wants the gold.

BW: And when you see the level of skill that he has inside that squared circle, you have to believe he very well could make that happen.

GM: He certainly could.

[As Wright hops down off the buckle, he glares at Andrews who is dragging himself up off the mat...

...and stumbles into the corner.]

GM: Ohh, Andrews fell into the buckles there. He looks like he might be having some trouble keeping his balance in there after all those shots to the ears.

BW: You KNOW that's what Wright was aiming for too!

GM: You could very well be right. Wright approaching in the corner...

[Wright lashes out with a hard kick to the side of Andrews' knee. Andrews grabs the top rope with both arms, trying to prevent being knocked down to the mat.]

GM: Wright kicks the leg hard!

[Wright lashes out with another kick... and another... and another... and another... before the official backs Wright out of the corner, leaving Andrews clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet... or foot.]

GM: Jaiden Andrews needs those legs intact, Bucky. He needs them to use that high flying style he's so well known for. Remember, Andrews has wrestled for the past several years under a mask known as Black Cicada X using a high flying set of assaults that has made him one of the most exciting grapplers in the world to watch.

BW: It's not the only thing Andrews has got in his arsenal, Gordo. Supreme Wright needs to keep that in mind 'cause there's a reason this kid started his own training camp called SoCal Strong Style. He can hurt you in a lot of ways.

[Wright moves back in, grabbing Andrews by the arm to fire him from corner to corner.]

GM: Andrews hits the corner hard... here comes Wright!

[Racing across the ring, Wright cocks his arm...

...and CRACKS Andrews with a running European uppercut under the chin!]

GM: GOOD... GRIEF! I've seen European uppercuts thrown and I've seen 'em thrown VERY hard before but I'm not sure I've ever seen someone run from corner to corner to deliver one like that! He might have knocked Andrews out cold with that!

[A limp Andrews hangs from the ropes, his arms keeping him up. Wright ducks down, lifting Andrews up into a seated position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Wright sets him down up top and-

[Andrews reaches down, firing right hands to the skull of Wright but a second European uppercut stops him short!]

GM: Ohh! Another devastating uppercut!

[Wright steps up to the second rope, looking to further his attack but Andrews unleashes a series of hard elbows, driving the point right down into the ear of Wright...

...and then shoves him down off the ropes to the mat!]

GM: Andrews shoves him down! He's gonna-

[Wright EXPLODES to his feet, grabbing the leg of Andrews under his armpit before Andrews can stir to his feet...

...and twists his body, RIPPING Andrews off the buckles and down to the mat!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Dragon screw legwhip off the buckles!

[But Wright keeps his grip on the leg, rolling back up to his feet...

...and then does a front flip while holding the leg, snapping the hamstring of Andrews and leaving him clutching his leg on the canvas!]

GM: Good grief! Supreme Wright is attempting to tear that leg apart!

[Wright rolls up to a knee, watching Andrews as he rolls back and forth in pain, grabbing his leg in pain.]

GM: Jaiden Andrews is in a whole lot of pain down on the canvas as Supreme Wright climbs back to his feet, eyeing his opponent as he tries to figure out what he wants to do next.

BW: I'll bet it involves that leg.

GM: I'm sure that's a safe bet.

[Wright makes a lunge for the leg, grabbing at the ankle but Andrews desperately lashes out with the other leg, catching Wright on the chin once and then twice before Wright falls back, allowing Andrews to grab the ropes, dragging himself under them to the floor.]

GM: Andrews pulls himself out to the floor... Wright's coming for him...

[Wright ducks his head under the top rope, reaching through as Andrews grabs the ropes with both hands, pulling himself up to DRIVE a forearm up into the jaw of Wright!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Andrews! The former student of Todd Michaelson - well, I guess you can say that about BOTH of these men - but I'm referring to the man from Southern California and you better believe he'd LOVE to have the AWA World Title around his waist when the AWA comes to Los Angeles, California for the very first time on Thanksgiving night for SuperClash IV.

[Andrews drags himself up on the apron, shaking his left leg to try and get some life back in it. He grabs Wright by the cornrows, slamming a kick up into the face over and over and over and over...]

GM: Kicks to the face!

[Andrews pulls back, leaning against the ropes as he backs towards the ringpost...

...and then charges out, visibly limping...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and CREAMS Supreme Wright with a kneelift to the face!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Andrews falls to a knee after connecting with the hard blow. He straightens up, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...and just BARELY clears the ropes, dragging Wright down in a sunset flip!]

GM: Sunset flip gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[But Wright SMASHES his legs together on the head of Andrews to break up the pin...

...right on the ears.]

GM: Ohh!

[Andrews falls back, rolling around on the mat as he grabs at the sides of his head. Supreme Wright slowly gets to a knee, lifting a hand to his nose to check for blood before climbing the rest of the way to his feet.]

GM: Wright's back up, dragging Andrews up as well...

[Wright hoists Andrews up over his shoulder, reaching down to cross Andrews' legs over each other.]

GM: What in the world...?

[Wright suddenly steps forward, sitting out...

...which DRIVES both knees into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH MY STARS!!

[Andrews winces in pain as he rests on his knees, having had both knees jammed into the mat. Wright slides back up to his feet, pointing both fingers at the kneeling SoCal Superstar...

...and SNAPS off a roundhouse kick to the side of the head!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Andrews collapses to the canvas, allowing Wright to make a cover, tightly hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Andrews' shoulder shoots up off the canvas in time!]

GM: A very close nearfall there for that one! We've just crossed the ten minute mark in this match and these two men have taken a ton out of each other physically!

[Wright climbs to his feet, grabbing Andrews by the leg. He spins around into a spinning toehold, reaching down for the off leg...

...and Andrews reaches up, dragging Wright down into an inside cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: KICKOUT! HE KICKED OUT IN TIME!!

[Both men scramble up, trying to get to their feet before the other...

...but Wright gets there first, throwing a dropkick to the knee of Andrews, taking him down again!]

GM: Wright kicks his leg out from under him with the dropkick! It takes him down to a knee...

[Wright gets up, grabbing Andrews by the head and popping him with an elbow. Clinging to the head, he smashes elbow after elbow smash into the jaw of a stunned Andrews...

...who abruptly raises both arms, blocking an elbow before swinging his right leg back around into a legsweep, kicking Wright's legs out from under him!]

GM: Oh! Andrews sweeps out the legs! To his feet!

[With an audible grunt, Andrews snaps off a somersault, smashing his leg down across the chest of Wright!]

GM: Flipping legdrop!

[Andrews reaches, trying to grab a leg but fails as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Without the leg hooked, Wright kicks out at two.]

GM: Out at two... and again, both men trying to get back to their feet...

[Andrews is up first, stumbling a bit as he gets there. He smashes an overhead elbow down on the back of a rising Wright's head, putting him down into a seated position. Andrews sets, leaning down to slap the mat before SMACKING home a kick into the base of Wright's spine!]

GM: Ohh!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Struggling to stand, Andrews lets loose a hellacious roar before striking one more time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...this one landing soundly on the temple, causing Wright to collapse to the canvas where Andrews dives into a pinning situation.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! HE GOT THE SHOULDER UP!!

BW: Incredible, Myers! Where in the heck are these two getting the strength from?!

GM: I have no idea but they keep on fighting!

[With Wright down, Andrews backs off to the corner where he slaps his right knee...]

GM: Jaiden Andrews - I've seen this before, Bucky...

BW: He's calling for the Shining Wizard - he's won a lot of matches with this and if he hits it right now, he's moving on to the field of thirty-two!

[Andrews waves him up, slapping his knee again and as Wright struggles up to a knee, he surges forward, hobbling a bit as he steps up on the bent knee...]

...where Wright strikes, shoving the off-balance Andrews into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Wright blocks the knee - the Shining Whazzat?

[The SoCal Superstar stumbles away from the ropes...]

...where Wright VIOLENTLY kicks the back of the knee, taking Andrews' legs out from under him!]

GM: Down goes Andrews!

[Andrews has barely hit the canvas when Wright snares the injured leg in his arms, flipping Andrews to his stomach where he promptly ties up the leg with his own, dropping down to the canvas where he secures a sleeperhold as well!]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Gordo, I thought you were a student of the game! That's the Aristoclutch! The move made famous by Lord Byron, the legendary technical wrestler! And Wright's got it EXPERTLY applied!

GM: Jaiden Andrews is crying out in pain, his knee is being torn apart inside that hold! There's a tremendous amount of pressure on the leg! Andrews is clawing at the canvas, trying to find a way to get to the ropes to escape this hold but...

[The sleeperhold applied around the head and neck seems to be immobilizing Andrews, giving him no way to get to the ropes to escape the torturous hold.]

GM: The hold is on... it's on deep... Andrews is fighting it and-

[Suddenly, the referee pops to his feet, wheeling around to signal for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: He gave up! Andrews submitted to the Aristoclutch!

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Your winner of the match by way of submission...

SUPREME WRRIIIIIIGHT!

[Wright rises to his feet, having immediately released the hold following the sound of the bell. He allows the official to raise his arm, soaking up the reaction from the crowd. The majority of the fans still boo Wright but he's obviously gained a few supporters with his efforts in this showdown.]

GM: Supreme Wright is victorious in a heck of a match, fans. Jaiden Andrews gave it all he had but it just wasn't quite enough.

BW: He gave up, Gordo, but he didn't have much of a choice in the matter. I've seen that hold rip knees apart and have a devastating effect on careers. If Andrews wanted to keep wrestling after tonight, I think he didn't have a choice but to give it up.

GM: You're absolutely right about that. Andrews sitting up now, obviously disappointed in the results of this one. He gave it his all though so he should be proud of himself.

BW: He can be proud of himself for his efforts, sure, but at the end of the night, he knows what this loss means for him. No World Title... no big Southern California homecoming in November. Where does Jaiden Andrews go from here?

[Wright stands over Andrews for a moment before extending his hand to him.]

GM: Supreme Wright is offering his hand to Andrews... offering to help him up...

[Andrews takes the offer, climbing to his feet where he visibly winces as he tries to put weight on the left leg.]

GM: Wright's offering his hand again... he wants to shake the hand of Jaiden Andrews... can you believe that? After all they just went through, he wants to shake the man's hand.

[Andrews looks around at the jeering crowd and promptly ignores them, reaching out his hand to accept the offer of sportsmanship which draws a few surprised cheers.]

GM: I can't believe he shook his hand after all that.

BW: Why not, Gordo? No matter if you like the kid or not, you have to recognize that Supreme Wright is a heck of a wrestler. He didn't cheat in there tonight. It's not like he won by waffling Andrews with a roll of dimes. He won fair and square in a hard-hitting and brutal match. Why WOULDN'T he shake the man's hand after that?

GM: I can think of a lot of reasons. Fans, Supreme Wright is moving on to the second round and now let's go back to Mark Stegglet who is standing by in the Control Center!

[We crossfade to Mark Stegglet who is standing in front of Supreme Wright's name being added to the board.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon... and then there were two. Two spots left in the second round of this tournament. One of them will go to either Jeff Matthews or Victor Frost. The other? To Madison J. Valentine or Blackwater Bart! That's right - two big first round matches still to come tonight here in Jacksonville.

Earlier tonight, I spoke of some of the second round matches that will be coming to the AWA in the days ahead - one of which should be a very interesting encounter between Andrew Tucker and William Craven. Earlier today, we caught up with Andrew "Flash" Tucker to talk about his very dangerous second round opponent.

[Crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where Jason Dane is standing alongside one of the 32 remaining competitors in the AWA World Title tournament, Andrew "Flash" Tucker. Tucker is clad in a white polo shirt with horizontal blue stripes and a pair of indigo colored jeans. His long blond hair falls past his shoulders and his trademark Oakley sunglasses are perched on top of his head. He stares at the camera seriously as Jason Dane is given the cue to begin.]

JD: Fans, with me tonight is one of the men who will be competing in two weeks for a shot at cracking the sweet 16 of the AWA World Title tournament, Andrew "Flash" Tucker. But boy does he have a road in front of him, as he runs up against perhaps the most dangerous man in the sport, William Craven. You have to be concerned, right?

[Tucker's opaline green eyes flicker with annoyance.]

AT: Concerned about what?

JD: Craven's lust for blood, for starters.

AT: This ain't the first time William Craven has come lookin' for my blood, Jase. I came to this tournament to have a crack at some o' these young guns risin' up through the ranks, but it seems as though the powers-that-be are more interested in me settlin' old debts.

JD: I assume you're referring to your time in Los Angeles when Craven had an... unhealthy interest in your manager at the time, Piper Evans.

[Tucker shakes his head in bewilderment.]

AT: Unhealthy don't describe it. But, see, ole' Billy Craven is certainly right about one thing - things have changed over the past decade. There's no

Mike Sebastian. There's no Piper Evans. An' that ain't good news for you, my man.

[Dane raises an eyebrow, inquiring.]

AT: Y'see, ten years ago, I had more than myself to look out for. I had to have Mikey's back. I had to keep you as far away from Piper as humanly possible. Well, now?

[A smirk.]

AT: It's just you an' me. You wanna bring an extreme revolution to the AWA? I'm happy to oblige. Ain't much in this business that was ever personal for me. But what you did was personal. Hell, it still is. I dunno how much sleep I lost, lyin' on Piper's couch every other night, waitin' for you to burst through that door with that giant sword of yours.

Well I ain't losin' no sleep now, Bill. Your crazy scare tactics may work on these young pups, but it ain't nothin' new to me. We've been in wars with one another, an' I know that you're a man just like the rest of us. You eat like the rest of us. You put your pants on one leg at a time like the rest of us.

An' in two short weeks...

[A stoic look crosses Tucker's face.]

AT: ...You'll bleed like the rest of us.

[Tucker storms off camera, leaving Dane alone as we crossfade back to live action where Phil Watson is standing in the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the corner to my right, from Huntsville, Alabama... Keith Jackson!

[Jackson raises an arm as Watson continues.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A loud, resonating GONG! catches your attention. You have little time to anticipate what may follow, as "Kong Foo Sing" by Aussie band Regurgitator begins to blast from the PA system and through the arena. The crowd pop as Glenn Hudson strolls out at the top of the rampway, nodding with a satisfied expression on his face as he surveys the scene awaiting him. He raises a fist in the air for a few seconds, drawing another cheer from the crowd before making his way towards the ring.]

PW: From Melbourne, Australia... weighing in at 229 pounds... he is the AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

GLENNNNNN HUUUUDSONNNNN!

[Hudson is a compactly-built, Caucasian male in his mid thirties. He has light brown, brush cut hair and a perpetual three day growth. His wrestling gear comprises full length navy blue tights with white trim, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots. His hands and wrists are taped. Hudson slaps a few outreaching fans' hands along the way, but focuses on his destination. He breaks into a jog as he draws closer, sliding under the bottom rope and springing quickly to his feet, hoisting the Longhorn Heritage Title belt over his head with both hands!]

GM: There he is, Bucky, the Longhorn Heritage Champion!

BW: Still can't believe it, Gordo. Not only did he score a shocking upset to knock off Rex Summers for the title at Memorial Day Mayhem but now he defeated Summers in a rematch on the 4th of July!

GM: And you've gotta think it'll be a good, long while before Summers will see another shot at the gold.

BW: Unfortunately, I think you're right about that, Gordo.

[Hudson hands off the title belt, tugging on a rope as he waits for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Hudson dashes to his right, bouncing off the ropes and stopping short before tangling up with Jackson. He cracks a grin at the veteran before backing off, shaking out his arm...

...and then lunging into a collar and elbow tieup that Jackson quickly turns around, backing Hudson down into the corner...]

GM: Jackson backs him down... the referee's calling for a break...

[Jackson gives the break but not before he lands a right hand on the jaw.]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot to the chin by Jackson!

[Grabbing an arm, he fires Hudson across the ring but Hudson leaps to the midbuckle, twisting around as he leaps off, knocking a charging Jackson down with a cross body press!]

GM: Hudson takes him down!

[As Jackson springs back up, he gets caught with a left jab... and another... and another. The series of quick left jabs sends Jackson falling back a step, giving Hudson enough room to drop him with a hard right hand on the jaw!]

GM: Big right hand and down goes Keith Jackson!

[Jackson uses the ropes to drag himself to his feet as Hudson approaches, grabbing two hands full of hair to pull Jackson to the corner, smashing his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Headfirst to the buckles!

[Hudson grins at the crowd's reaction as he repeats the attack.]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Jackson staggers out of the corner, taking a wild swing with a left hand before face planting down to the mat. Hudson chuckles, mimicking Jackson's staggering left hand before he falls down to the mat next to his opponent.]

GM: Glenn Hudson is a fun loving guy, Bucky. He likes to have a good time inside that ring.

BW: So does Sweet Daddy Williams. Look at what a joke he is.

GM: I sure hope he hears you say that.

[Hudson rolls to his back, kippping up off the mat to some cheers as he holds his arms apart in a "how 'bout that?" gesture. He grins as he leans down, pulling Jackson up by the arm, winging him around into the buckles before backing to the opposite corner...]

GM: Hudson's in the corner, measuring his man...

[The Australian breaks into a sprint, charging across the ring...

...and CREAMING Jackson with a running dropkick in the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Jackson staggers out, again throwing a wild left that Hudson easily ducks, watching his opponent wobble by...

...and then deadleaps up, snatching Jackson's head between his legs, and SPIKES his skull into the canvas with a reverse rana!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: That's it, Gordo.

GM: It certainly is. Hudson covers for a one... a two... and there's the three!

[Hudson climbs to his feet, all grins as the referee hands the Longhorn Heritage Title belt back to him. He lifts it with one arm, celebrating his victory.]

GM: Glenn Hudson is your winner and you've gotta think that there are a number of top contenders knocking on the door of the Championship Committee to get a shot at Hudson and the gold.

BW: And that list gets longer and longer with every person eliminated from the World Title Tournament, daddy.

GM: It certainly do- wait a second!

[Suddenly, someone dressed in a hooded sweatshirt has hopped the barricade, diving headfirst under the ropes into the ring...

...and as Hudson turns...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...he gets LEVELED with a superkick on the chin!]

GM: Good grief! What a kick!

BW: Who the heck is in the ring, Gordo?!

[The hood gets pulled back to reveal...]

GM: DAVE BRYANT!

BW: Haha! I love it, Gordo! The Doctor Of Love told the entire world back in Tampa that the AWA would regret it if they didn't give him a contract. He said that he'd be here to make an impact and judging by the way Hudson's head snapped back, he damn sure made an impact!

[Bryant stands over the motionless Hudson, whispering something to him.]

GM: What is he saying? What on Earth could he possibly- can we get some security out here, for crying out loud!

[And with that, Bryant reaches down, picking up Hudson's fallen title belt...

...and slowly raises it over his head.]

GM: These fans are really letting Bryant have it! He's got the title belt in his hands but- now, hold on!

[With a smirk and an eye towards the entrance where several AWA officials flanked by security have started making their way down the aisle to the ring, Bryant ducks through the ropes, dropping down to the floor...]

GM: Bryant's got the belt! He's still got the Longhorn Heritage Title!

[The Doctor Of Love hurdles the barricade, a big grin on his face as he jogs through the crowd towards the exit, cradling the title belt against his chest.]

GM: Dave Bryant is walking out of here! He's walking out of Jacksonville with a title belt that does NOT belong to him!

BW: He doesn't even work here! This is nuts!

[A few of the security guards opt to pursue Bryant through the crowd as a dazed Hudson slowly sits up, looking for his championship belt as we fade to black.]

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

VO: We live in an online world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[The Kingsley Online Entertainment logo appears once more.]

VO: ...Kingsley.

[Fade to black.]

And backstage we do go, where Jason Dane is standing alongside a very, very happy "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Stevie wears his new "Hotshot" shirt from AWA Marketing (get yours today at AWAShop.com for \$29.99!), his face sporting stubble, and a huge smile.]

JD: Stevie Scott, you heard the announcement earlier...you will be facing Ron Houston on the next edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling in a

second-round match in the AWA World Title tournament. Can you give us your initial reaction to this?

[The two-time National Champion raises his eyebrows in surprise at the question.]

HSS: My reaction? My _reaction_? Was this smile...

[He points to his mouth, putting the grin from earlier back on.]

HSS: ...not reaction enough? My reaction, Jason Dane, is that I LOVE THIS! You see, all Houston's been doing since he's come back to the AWA for the 43rd time is run his mouth about Stevie Scott. The Hotshot hurt his widdle feelings when I tagged myself in during that eight-man tag match down in Dallas because Houston didn't even know what STATE he was in and Broussard needed to be pinned. But no, ol' Ronnie got all butt-hurt because I guess I was ruining his big re-re-re-re-re-re-re-return and ever since then, he's been obsessed with dropping my name every time he gets a microphone near him.

[And there's that laugh while running his hand through his hair.]

HSS: Well, Wonnie, you're gonna get your chance now, big man. You've had a lot of big words to say about what you'd like to do to the old Hotshot. Now it's time to back it up. You sure like to talk big, you sure like to act big and bad, but all that talking and chest-pounding don't mean a thing when you get into the ring with me. You've been around here enough times to know that when Stevie Scott says he's going to do something, you better take it to the bank with a deposit slip in hand.

[Stevie grins and chuckles.]

HSS: Last month, I took out the first-ever AWA National Champion. And in two weeks' time?

[Annnd, no more grin. He be serious now.]

HSS: I'm gonna take out the second.

[Stevie spins on his heels and exits the camera shot, while Dane looks back at the camera.]

JD: A very confident Stevie Scott, gentlemen. Right now, let's head over to the Tournament Control Center and my good friend, Mark Stegglet!

[We crossfade to another part of the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing in front of the "big board."]

MS: Two spots remain, fans... just two spots left in the elusive field of thirty-two, one step closer to becoming the first ever AWA World Heavyweight Champion. Remember, before this night is over, we will know all thirty-two

names of who is moving on to the second round of this tournament and joining me right now...

[Stegglet gestures off camera to reveal another competitor in tonight's first round action - Madison J. Valentine - who appears to be more interested in checking out the fit of his new black elbow pads and gleaming red wrestling trunks than renewing his acquaintance with Mark Stegglet. The interviewer, getting used to this indifference, wastes no time...]

MS: ...is a man who is about to head to the ring, Madison J. Valentine. MJV, can you tell us how you're feeling right now, moments away from your first match in five years, against Blackwater Bart with one of two remaining spots in the second round of the AWA World Title tournament on the line?

[The ex-RCW, GLCW and UWF star gazes off into the lights, dark hair and eyes sheening.]

VALENTINE: To be completely honest with you, Mark, I've got to say my feelings are mixed...

MS: How so?

VALENTINE: Well of course, over the last few weeks, being on the road, being part of the business again, it's been... [he thinks about the most fitting predicate] ... it's been nice.

There's a kind of nostalgia to it, you know? Getting back into the ring after these five years, it's like going back to your old hometown. At first, you find you're feeling your way around again, remembering all these things you thought you'd long since forgotten...

... It's nice, as I said. The familiarity of it.

[He smiles wryly at Stegglet, as if to reassure him that this really is going somewhere...]

VALENTINE: But then, going back to your old hometown can be kind of gloomy too.

Seeing places getting run down; seeing places boarded up. People fallen on hard times.

[Pause.]

VALENTINE: And I was prepared for that, coming back for this tournament. That there would be other guys who hadn't moved on from this business as successfully as I had. That there would be other guys, long past their prime, still hanging around, trying to make it work...

[Running his fingertips over his beard, Valentine shakes his head.]

VALENTINE: But let me tell you, Mark, it's another thing entirely looking across the ring at a man like my opponent tonight, Blackwater Bart, and knowing that sending him packing from this tournament means taking food off his family table, out of his children's mouths.

I'm not a bad guy, believe me. That's not a nice feeling.

[Under Valentine's forceful stare, Stegglet nods his most solemn agreement.]

VALENTINE: Don't get me wrong, though, I won't let that get in the way of doing what I've got to do out there. I can't imagine that Blackwater Bart would thank me for my charity...

And what he needs to realize, if he thinks that extra motivation is going to give him the edge over me, is that I've got my own kids to think about. Not in the sense that I need to win to keep them from going hungry -- thank God, I've provided for them better than that.

[Stegglet looks to see if Valentine is going to pat himself on the back.]

VALENTINE: No, I've got to think about my kids in the sense that this is the first chance they've had to see me do this, live and in person. They're old enough now to have watched some of my DVDs, to have an idea of what their daddy used to do before they came along...

But I owe it to them to show them now what I've tried to show them their entire lives: with everything you do, whatever it is, to do it to the absolute best of your ability.

[He squares his broad, tanned shoulders and looks directly into the camera.]

VALENTINE: So Fabian, Genevieve: this one's for you, kids.

[Stegglet removes the microphone a fraction of an inch, but MJV continues unexpectedly--]

VALENTINE: -- and perhaps, if Blackwater Bart's children are huddled round the TV set at home, watching us tonight, I hope there's something that they can take from this as well.

[A final nod. Stegglet checks that he's not jumping the gun, and concludes.]

MS: Madison J. Valentine, thank you.

[MJV thanks him in return, and disappears as we crossfade out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and it is a first round match in the tournament to crown the AWA World Champion! Introducing first...

Holy Calamity! Scream Insanity!

All you ever gonna be's another great fan o' me! #

[Apparently unembarrassed to do so to the accompaniment of 'Holy Calamity' by Handsome Boy Modelling School, Mad Valentine pulls the curtain aside and strides out into the aisleway. In monogrammed crimson trunks, with black knee and elbow pads and patent white boots, he wastes no time making his way to the ring, unsurprised but nonetheless unimpressed by the crowd's indifference to his return to action. About the only people excited enough to get out of their seats are three Chinese businessmen in the front row, and Valentine greets them with an air of familiarity as he circles round the apron, shaking hands and pausing for an iPhone photo. As they holler and applaud, he rolls underneath the ropes and pops up to his feet, searching up in the lights for sight of his family sitting out of harm's way. Locating them, he climbs the turnbuckle and waves in their direction as his music fades.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of Metallica's "Devil's Dance" hits the PA to a large reaction from the AWA faithful. Phil Watson hasn't uttered a word of introduction before Blackwater Bart tears through the curtain, a heavy steel chain clenched in his hand as he thrusts his powerful arm into the air to an even bigger roar from the fans.]

GM: The master of the Piedra Laria- here he comes!

[Without wasting a moment, Bart rushes to the ring, dropping the chain before sliding headfirst under the bottom rope. A surprised Valentine rushes towards him...

...but gets caught with a haymaker to the jaw that sends him reeling backwards!]

GM: Big right hand by Bart!

[Grabbing Valentine by the hair, Bart hammers him time and again with wild right hands to the ear.]

GM: There is no precision in the striking of Blackwater Bart! He just rears back and fires with all his strength!

[He wraps his hands around the throat of Valentine, hoisting him up into the air, earning himself a four count before he hurls the smaller man bodily into the buckles where his body jolts on impact!]

GM: Good grief! Bart just tossed Valentine around like a ragdoll!

[Moving in on Valentine, Bart gets caught with a back elbow to the chin. Valentine pulls him to the corner, pushing his throat down onto the top rope!]

GM: Valentine turns the man around into a chokehold! He's pushing down on the back of the neck of Blackwater Bart!

BW: He can't outfight the man - maybe he can outcheat him?

[Bart lashes back with an elbow to the ribs, breaking off Valentine's attack...

...and then RAKES his fingers across the eyes, sending Valentine staggering away clutching his eyes.]

GM: Bart goes to the eyes and Valentine can't see a thing!

[A clubbing forearm to the back of the head sends Valentine tumbling forward, falling to his knees. Bart steps up, raising both arms over his head before delivering a double axehandle on top of the skull, knocking Valentine down to the canvas.]

GM: Blackwater Bart is one of the heaviest hitters you'll ever encounter, Bucky. Every blow he throws just has so much force and impact behind it.

[With Valentine down facefirst on the mat, Bart cocks his arm, dropping a heavy elbow to the back of the neck.]

GM: Nice elbow by Bart!

[Climbing to a knee, Bart rains down forearms on the back of the neck before dragging Valentine up by the hair, shoving him back into the corner again...

...and planting his boot under the chin, choking Valentine with it!]

GM: He's using his boot to choke the smaller man!

[At the count of four, Bart releases again, moving in to pull Valentine into a side headlock before hammering his forehead with clenched fists to the skull!]

GM: Bart's hammering away on him...

[Valentine backs the big man into the ropes, bouncing him off...]

GM: Valentine shoots him in...

[The 215 pounder leapfrogs over, sending Bart under him to the far ropes...

...and then blindly leaps back, spinning around to crack Bart on the chin with a forearm!]

GM: Ohh! Flying forearm and a beaut!

[Valentine crawls into a pin attempt, grabbing a leg.]

GM: He gets one! He gets two!

[But Bart powers out at two, shoving Valentine right back up to his feet where he lashes out with a kick to the ribs of a rising Bart. A second one lands as well, sending an echoing "SMAAAACK!" into the Jacksonville crowd. Valentine leans down, dragging Bart to his feet by the hair...]

GM: Big haymaker by Valentine sends Bart falling back to the corner... he's gonna fire him across...

[Valentine grabs the arm, going for a whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Bart!

[And Valentine SLAMS chestfirst into the buckles at high velocity, smashing into them before stumbling backwards into the waiting arms of Bart who hoists Valentine into the air...

...and drops him on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! That'll take some of the wind out of Valentine's sails!

[Bart climbs back to his feet and slaps his bicep to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: Already?! He's calling for the Piedra Lariat already!

[But Valentine, having done his homework, bails out of the ring by rolling under the ropes to the floor...

...where an angry Blackwater Bart is quick to pursue!]

GM: Valentine rolled out but Bart's coming for him!

[Out on the floor, Bart grabs Valentine by the arm...

...and WHIPS him towards the steel barricade...]

GM: INTO THE STEE- OHHH!

[Valentine leaps over the railing on a run, landing on his feet just beyond it. He turns around, flashing a smirk at Bart while also flashing him some sign language.]

GM: Oh! Fans, we apologize for that obscene-

[Bart rushes towards Valentine, fuming with rage...

...and at the last moment, Valentine throws himself into a low dropkick, sending the railing SMASHING into Bart's knees!]

GM: Wow! What a move by Valentine! What a crafty, strategic move by Madison J. Valentine!

BW: And those aging wheels on Blackwater Bart just took a hard shot to the steel, daddy!

[Valentine rises to his feet, again smirking at the now-downed Bart as he grabs the railing with both hands. He leaps up, hurdling the barricade, and drops a picture perfect somersault senton down across the sternum of his hurting opponent.]

GM: Valentine has re-taken control outside of the ring of this one. We're not even five minutes into this one yet, Bucky, and these two have been inside, outside, all over the place. The advantage has turned several times from one to the other.

[Valentine climbs to his feet, delivering a pair of stomps to the chest of Bart before pulling him up with two hands full of hair, shoving him under the bottom rope just enough so that his legs are hanging over the edge of the ring apron.]

GM: Valentine puts Bart back in... almost. What's he doing here, Bucky?

[Grabbing Bart by the ankle, Valentine lifts his leg...

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

GM: OHHHH!

[Bart rolls over, pulling his leg up to grab at his knee as Valentine pulls himself up on the apron, pinning the other leg down with his foot to keep Bart from escaping.]

GM: A brutal move by Madison J. Valentine - that really put a hurting on Blackwater Bart...

[Valentine leaps up, dropping his knee down into the other leg!]

GM: Good grief! Valentine with an all-out assault on the legs of Blackwater Bart!

[With Bart down on the mat, writhing in pain, Valentine slingshots over the ropes, dropping an elbow down across the chest before going for another cover.]

GM: Valentine covers for one! For two!

[But Bart slips a foot on the ropes, breaking the pin.]

GM: Valentine had him too close to the ropes, Bucky.

BW: An unusual mistake there for him. He's a veteran - he knows better than that.

[Pulling Bart to a seated position, Valentine hammers away with a series of short right hands to the cheekbone and then SLAMS an overhead elbow down on the skull, shoving Bart back down to a prone position on the mat.]

GM: Valentine's enjoying a lot more success with a very physical attack than I would have thought, Bucky. I expected more of a stick and move kind of gameplan out of him.

BW: I think ordinarily you'd be right, Gordo. But he's enjoying some success in this attack so why not stick with it and see where it takes ya?

[Valentine turns his back on Bart, running his hands through his hair for a moment to taunt the crowd before uncorking a picture perfect standing moonsault...

...right on the raised knees of Blackwater Bart!]

GM: OHHH!

[Valentine recoils away, clutching his ribs in pain as Bart rolls to his side, grabbing at his hurting knees.]

GM: Bart brought up the injured knees to block the backflip splash and Valentine's hurting off that as well. Both men look worse for wear after that one.

[Bart slowly pushes up to a knee, grabbing a kneeling Valentine and hammering him with a right hand to the skull. A second one sends Valentine back down to the mat before Bart can rise to a standing position. He puts a few boots into the ribs of Valentine, forcing the smaller man under the ropes out onto the apron...]

GM: Valentine's out on the apron but Bart's looking to bring him in the hard way, I think...

[Dragging the smaller man to his feet, Bart pastes him with a few right hands and then pulls his head down, pressing his face into the ropes...

...and drags his face along the top rope, raking the eye with the covering!]

GM: Ahhh! That's gotta sting!

BW: Bart goes back to the eyes of Valentine with that!

[Bart grabs Valentine by the back of the head, slamming his skull into the top turnbuckle, causing him to stagger back from the corner towards the middle of the apron, facing the buckle he just hit. With a slap of his arm, Bart charges the ropes that Valentine is facing, rebounding off...]

GM: PIEDRA LARI-

[Valentine ducks under the wildly thrown Piedra Lariat attempt, sending Bart sailing past where he slams on the brakes.]

GM: He missed the Lariat!

[And as Bart turns around, slightly off-balance, Valentine uses the ropes to swing himself up, delivering a kick to the side of the head!]

GM: Ohh! He caught him there!

[Valentine grabs Bart by the back of the head, dropping off the apron and snapping his throat down over the top rope!]

GM: Ohh! Valentine snaps his throat on the ropes!

[He grabs the ropes, pulling himself back up on the apron and rushes towards the corner, quickly scaling the turnbuckles...]

GM: Valentine's got Bart stunned and he's gonna- off the top!

[Valentine wastes no time in leaping from his perch, driving both feet into the chest of Bart, sending him sailing across the ring and crashing down to the canvas near the corner.]

GM: Big time dropkick off the top rope by Valentine and could that be all for Bart?!

[Valentine crawls across the ring, throwing himself into another cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Bart again kicks out, lifting a shoulder off the mat. Valentine angrily claps his hands together, getting to his feet and delivering a barrage of kicks to the ribs that sees Bart roll under the ropes to the floor...

...and Valentine rise to his feet, grabbing the top rope with both hands!]

GM: Valentine's going after him! He's gonna fly!

[Valentine catapults himself over the top rope, aimed at delivering a cross body on Bart...

...who sidesteps and causes Valentine to crash and burn on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He missed the dive! He hit the floor hard, Bucky!

BW: That's the problem with the high risk offense, Gordo. Every now and again, you're gonna roll a snake eyes.

[Holding the bottom rope, Bart lays in a series of stomps to the upper body. He leans down, hauling Valentine up by the hair. A pair of right hands has him reeling against the apron where Bart grabs him by the hair again, hauling him away from the ring...

...and then THROWS him bodily backwards, the back of Valentine's head and neck SLAMMING into the hardest part of the ring!]

GM: Oh my stars!

BW: Did you see that, Gordo?! His head snapped back like he was in a car wreck! He might have whiplash after somethin' like that!

[Bart angrily shoves Valentine under the ropes into the ring, rolling in after him. He promptly pulls him up, applying a front facelock before slowly turning over with the back of Valentine's neck braced against his shoulder...

...and drops down to his rear, jolting the spine of his victim with a reverse neckbreaker!]

GM: OHHH! That might do it!

[Bart rolls over, applying a press of his own.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- no! That's all! Just a two count for Bart!

[Bart angrily slings a leg over Valentine, taking the mount. He grabs him by the back of the head, laying in heavy right hands to the skull as the referee starts a count!]

GM: Bart's hammering away on Valentine!

BW: Get him off the man, ref!

GM: The ref's count is up to three... now four... now fi-

[Bart just barely breaks off the attack in time, holding open his hands as he gets to his feet.]

GM: Whoa, that was close, Bucky. The referee almost had no choice but to disqualify Blackwater Bart!

BW: You gotta keep your cool in a tournament like this. One mistake like that and it's the end of your Road To Glory, daddy!

[Bart reaches down, pulling Valentine up to his feet. A right-left-right to the ribs sends Valentine falling back to the buckles...

...and Bart storms in, bringing up his leg to deliver a big running boot to the jaw!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[Valentine starts to stagger out of the corner when Bart grabs him by the back of the trunks...

...and YANKS him back into the buckles again, his head and neck snapping once more!]

GM: Good grief!

[Bart delivers a big boot to the gut, pulling the hurting Valentine into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He’s going for a powerbomb, I believe!

[Bart turns around, facing out to the center of the ring as he lifts Valentine up into the air. A desperate Valentine starts swinging, throwing right hand after right hand to the skull, trying to battle free...

...and he does, landing on his feet right in front of Bart who rears back his right arm...]

GM: LARIAT!

[...and DRILLS Valentine with a one-step Piedra Lariat, completely flipping the smaller man over before dumping him down on the back of his head!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: THE LARIAT CONNECTS!! IT’S OVER!!

[Bart flips Valentine into a cover as the official dives to the mat.]

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

“DING! DING! DING!”

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

BLACKWATER BAAAAAARRRRT!

[A hurting Bart rises to his feet, lifting an arm in triumph as the referee gestures to him.]

GM: It was a hard-fought battle but Blackwater Bart scores a victory with his devastating Piedra Lariat - and quite honestly, Bucky, I don’t know if I’ve seen a more effective “one punch knockout” than that clothesline.

BW: He’s laid out a ton of people with it over the years and now you can add Madison J. Valentine to that list. Bart’s moving on to the second round, daddy!

GM: He certainly is. Now, let's go back to Mark Stegglet who can add Blackwater Bart's name to the field of thirty-two! Mark?

[We crossfade to the backstage area where Stegglet is indeed adding Blackwater Bart's name to the list.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. One spot left! After six weeks of battles, we're down to one spot remaining in the second round of this tournament. Will it be Jeff Matthews or Victor Frost claiming that spot? We'll find out later tonight but right now, let's take a look at some pre-recorded comments from one of the man already in the second round, William Craven!

[Cut to the pre-taped footage marked "EARLIER TODAY"! Nothing but a big, bald green freak of nature standing before an AWA banner. Pacing before the camera like a caged tiger, William Craven is clearly agitated. All spit and gravel, his voice spills out from that scarred head as his arms flail about in wild gestulation.]

WC: "The sins of the father ... are visited upon the son." These words, concise in phrasing, cut quickly to the point of a verse repeated throughout the old testament. Many years have passed me by since I believed such rambling nonsense, having found something new, something dearer to myself ot worship ... still, they apply here.

Ryan. Poor Ryan. I ... remember you. Clearly. What people don't know, couldn't know, is that 'though your father and I are enemies ... our sons ... are not. Heh, aheh, how many people have said already, asked in vain "why didn't Martinez see this coming!?" Why ... why would this _boy_, not quite half way through his salad days, even green as he is, come to AWA knowing the fate that had befallen his legend of a father!?

The answer; he had no occasion to. Had no reason to fear me. He knew me as a voice in the next room and then as nothing more than a background character in the life of a dear childhood friend! Oh, but Ryan ... you _should_ have known better in spite of this, son. You should have known.

I mean ... why else would Billy have decided to go by his middle name in his senior year of high school? Why would William Henry Craven the Third suddenly start going by Henry _Gomez_? Gomez, his mother's maiden name!

[Scoffing, Craven shakes his head, laughing mechanically in an effort to portray his rage as mirth.]

WC: MY SON HATES ME, RYAN! You should have known better. You should have known better and you shouldn't have buckled so easily. Much as I'm sure this will torment your father the act, itself, was unsatisfying. Then there was Gaines...

Oh, Gunnar, I've heard your reputation. The hard-nosed brawler ... who clearly was nothing of the sort. Oh, I'm certain you're making excuses for how readily your knees gave way. Beginning with how I was armed and

ending with how the years have infirmed you; Father Time shedding his skin to become the Grim Reaper. Make all the excuses you wish, Gaines. I feel the weight of years as well. They press. They crush. In the end ... you either bear them with a smile ... or you lay down and _die_.

Can you see my smile, Gaines...?

[Craven flashes his bleach-white, sharpened teeth, set in sharp contrast to the few empty spots where teeth should be.]

WC: Good luck in the tournament, Gaines. Assuming you don't dry up and blow away, perhaps we can cross swords and set the fire alight in one, final, glorious conflagration to set the sky aflame! Proof that old war horses can yet _rage_ against the dying of the light.

Unless you _prefer_ to lay down.

[A much more honest laughter escapes Craven.]

WC: So many stand between the Revolution and the crown. Some are men ... many are boys. Tucker. Tucker falls somewhere between...

Do you remember the days you stood alongside Sebastian, the two of you, shepherding a young girl through an asylum in which the patients ran wild and only the doctors wore restraints? You must. You must remember the days when I sought her attentions and she, seeing an older man, someone with experience, would doubtless have approved of my advances ... if only the two of you were absent. Distractions prevented my repayment of the debt I owed you. Now, however, if it weren't already clear ... I have a very _very_ long memory and, now, 14. Years. Later... Here we are.

I will lay bare your bones, Tucker. You will be rent asunder, you will surrender, you will beg and you will cry. And I ... I will continue to _RISE_!

This realm, the AWA, is the one I have chosen to be my own. You, a visitor, will not keep me from my prize. You will not keep me from my crown...

[His glare, fixating on the camera lens as it is, breaks suddenly as Craven's eyes shoot to the left, as if remembering something.]

WC: But it is not all bad, not all battle lines drawn, now is it? No ... now it becomes clear that, title aside, I am a One Man Revolution no more!

Vasquez, so long exalted, friend to my most hated, the Mighty Martinez, showed such ferocity against Ebola Zaire. Hannibal Carver. The always _reliable_ James Monosso with his allies. Heh. Tampa flowed red, AWA was stained ... and the Revolution took hold. My message to the mending Martinez and the collateral damage that resulted was scarcely noticed in the wider view of events. Even if none of that were true, set it aside, still ... my victory takes shape...

[Tugging at the red wrappings about his hands, wrists and forearms, Craven stares down, his ice-blue eyes fixate, their pupils contracting to pinpoints.]

WC: Heh, aheh! A link to the Empire! A veritable rainbow bridge to Valhalla forms!

Yes, we shed tears! I did. I cried in triumph and in anguish in the moments when victory was at hand and in the moments when it was ripped away! We all cried for the glory we had won and the glory we were denied as another stood tall. We were as gladiators fighting before Caesar! We knew our lot and would have it no other way.

[Frantic, Craven gnashes his sharpened teeth, tearing at the gauze as it flakes, first red then white dust shooting into the air.]

WC: Yes, we did sweat! Buckets of the stuff poured from us as the hot lights fought us like demons; another enemy to fend off in an arena full of them! This was but one small aspect of the environment that turned boys into men, men into warriors and warriors into GODS! We that could not be stopped stood tall, dry as the desert, and proclaimed that, because the Empire did not kill us ... we were the Empire...

[Finally, with one final unravelling, Craven's green forearms, several shades lighter than the rest of his arms, are exposed. There, amid the tendons and veins and other myriad scarring are a series of aggravated cuts. The lividity combined with a fresh, pink staining of blood make it clear, even without the short gashes in suicide position, that Craven's been cutting himself. For a moment, cradling the mass of red cotton in his hands, Craven doesn't move, not even to breathe. Finally, squeezing his eyes shut, he gasps before speaking again.]

WC: Yes ... we did bleed. All of us. Ezra. Temple. Matthews. Martinez. Even Langseth, when it was unavoidable, was known to wear the crimson mask... The ultimate badge of honor; to be injured and yet perservere. Your life would be drawn out by an enemy who would cut at you, viciously, or simply bludgeon until your flesh literally gave way. Even in defeat ... you could be a winner ... if you gave the people what they wanted. What they wanted ... even if they didn't know they wanted it.

[Cocking his head to one side, Craven drops one part of the gauze and winds the other between his fingers, forming a cats cradle of the center while letting one end dangle from each hand.]

WC: Barbed wire ... flame ... men missing parts of themselves ... every weapon known to man ... television blackouts ... police actions ... the law held no meaning within the confines of that world.

[His eyes welling up, Craven looks ever more entranced by his own efforts. Looping the mass of gauze around his neck he lets it hang there like some sort of Hawaiian lei.]

WC: And now ... Blood Sweat and Tears comes to the AWA ... the Revolution nears completion. I, the avatar of violence, will bring a new era of Extreme to the world of professional wrestling ... and nothing ... will ever ... be. The. Same...

[Letting his head loll back Craven raises his arms slowly to his sides, his fingers splayed, the cuts on his forearms become clearer. As he tenses his upper body a single red drop forms and trails slowly towards the floor. It releases and falls as we cut back to the arena.

Cut to the interview area, where Jason Dane stands alongside the familiar form of "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes.

A short, pudgy man (though he's lost a lot of weight since his debut, and is now 'overweight' instead of 'obese'), Percy is wearing a tan button-up dress shirt and brown slacks today. The bald haired manager with the dark mustache and goatee is smiling broadly. He has his crystal-tipped walking stick in one hand. He is loudly booed.]

JD: Wih me at this time, Percy Childes. Percy, both of your men are in through the second round of the tournament. But rumor has it that the First Tangle In Tampa may not have ended well for you, in the long run. James Monosso had a great deal taken out of him in his war with Hannibal Carver. And the man you put on loan to Ben Waterson, Ebola Zaire, is gone... along with your ally Waterson himself!

[Percy just chuckles.]

PC: All goes as I have foreseen it, Jason.

JD: Please tell me that wasn't a Star Wars reference.

PC: I'll save those for Nenshou's opponent this evening. But to the point: yes, the mad Monosso took a great deal of damage. But he is a hardy soul, as we are all acutely aware. I am keeping him from needless battle, so he will next fight in the second round. He will endure.

JD: No thanks to you; you didn't even show for his match!

PC: I was on hand if he needed aid. Carver's aide did not attack, so it was not required. It is foolish to waste resources when they're not needed.

JD: So Nenshou would have helped him if he needed it?

PC: Nenshou was in Japan. I have other resources, but I digress. Tonight, my Nenshou takes on an eager young opponent in order to keep his skills sharp for the tournament. His march to the World Title is inevitable, as you will soon see.

JD: So if Monosso and Nenshou end up opponents in the fina...

PC: We are finished, Dane.

[An eruption of vile green liquid splatters on the back of Dane's head, and he ducks forward startled. Nenshou steps forward from the wall behind Dane, and passes him with a baleful glare. Wearing red facepaint with black and old kanji, the silent Japanese superstar has a short black brushcut with some kanji shaved into the back. He is wearing a red-and black jacket with pouted shoulders and a jagged hemline, baggy black pants, and red wrestling boots.

The lightning strike that begins "Raijin's Drums" by George Sakalis plays, and the boos rain down as Percy leads Nenshou down the aisle. Nenshou moves slowly, and there's an unusual amount of anger in his expression.]

GM: Nenshou is in a foul mood, Bucky.

BW: Wanna know why? Earlier on, some practical joker in the back stole his hood. You know, them masks an' hoods he always wears to the ring? Somebody got his and cut it up. The boys like to rib each other, but Nenshou ain't exactly from around here. That kinda stuff is only gonna tick him off.

GM: Well, he's a professional wrestler, and he needs to get over it. Sweet Daddy Williams once glued my... er, glued A toupee on my head backwards and I had to wear it for a whole show. These things happen in this sport.

BW: I remember that! That was Williams? I hate him less now!

[Nenshou hops into the ring as Phil Watson makes the introductions.]

[*DING*]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and a ten minute time limit!

Introducing first, the manager... "The Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes!

[BOOOOO!]

PW: He represents, from The Land Of The Rising Sun, weighing two-hundred thirty-five pounds...

...NENSHOU!

[Nenshou storms up to the second rope, and spews red mist out over the crowd.]

GM: Didn't he just spit green?!

BW: I dunno how he does it, Gordo. I just know he does it.

[After a moment, "Raijin's Drums" dies down, and "Ridin' Dirty" by Chamillionaire starts up. The crowd gives a cheer as whomever this is will

be facing Nenshou... then the lyrics start, and we hear that it is actually "White And Nerdy" by Weird Al Yankovic.]

BW: Only one guy would use "Weird" Al Yankovic as theme music...

[The crowd cheers as the "Wrestling Wiki" Walter Warren proudly strides from the back. A lean man with slicked-back black hair and somewhat pale skin, Walter wears red wrestling trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots. He also sports a grey Batman logo T-shirt and thick-rimmed glasses. As he comes down the aisle, he stops at the end, where he turns to look at the fans and raises his right hands, separates his fingers and gives the "live long and prosper" Vulcan sign to the fans as he is introduced.]

PW: His opponent, making his way to the ring... from Silicon Valley, California... weighing two-hundred thirty-five pounds...

...THE "WRESTLING WIKI" WALTER WARREN!

[Warren turns to the ring, just in time to see the black-and-red blur of Nenshou barrelling over the top rope with a tope con hilo!]

GM: AMBUSH BY NENSHOU! AN INCREDIBLE FRONT SOMERSAULT ONTO WALTER WARREN!

BW: You'd think the know-it-all would have known that Nenshou don't wait for nothin'.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: The bell is gone, and we are underway. Nenshou stomping the life out of Walter Warren at ringside!

[* CRAAAASH! *]

BW: RIGHT INTO THE BARRICADE! Nenshou just grabbed the kid and threw him!

GM: The men are very nearly the same exact size, but Nenshou is by far the more accomplished of the two in terms of achievements. This is, to my knowledge, the first singles match for Warren on Saturday Night Wrestling although we have heard from him before.

BW: Somethin' he can post on the Innernet in a couplea weeks when his arms work again.

GM: Nenshou with hard kicks, and rolling Walter Warren back into the ring. The "Wrestling Wiki"... whatever that is... is in deep trouble. Nenshou extends the fingers, and there's that borderline-illegal chop thrust to the throat!

BW: If there ain't no DQ, it's legal.

GM: Untrue and you know it, Bucky. Nenshou off the ropes as Warren is writhing on the mat, and what a savage elbowdrop! That powerdrive elbow into the chest of Walter Warren, and it looks like Nenshou is off the ropes to deliver another... hits it! And now Nenshou applies... what is this?

[What it is, is a chinlock with Nenshou's knee on the back of Warren's neck. Nenshou is on one knee, and has his hands cupped on Warren's chin, using his knee to bend the man's neck way back.]

BW: This is a mismatch, Gordo.

GM: Maybe, maybe not. Walter Warren, as I've been told, was a 'superfan' who broke into this sport by showing up week after week until he got a job with the ring crew. He has worked his way up to what is a defacto apprenticeship, with a few veterans teaching him the ins and outs of the sport.

[Warren sits out, and Nenshou turns the hold into a reverse chinlock.]

BW: A whole lot of legends got started that way... and a whole lot more invalids got themselves crippled that way.

GM: He has the passion for the sport to succeed.

[As the crowd urges him on, "Double-Double-W" gets his feet under him and pulls himself up. Nenshou pulls his hair to take him back down, twisting and riding Warren into the canvas with a side headlock. He turns this into a facelock, leaning way back to pull the "Wrestling Wiki" far back in an effort to tear off his head.]

BW: Yes, he does. They put him in with Graham early on, and got 'tested', and he didn't quit. But passion is only one part of it. This kid has passion, but Nenshou has passion, talent, training, and backing.

GM: Can young Walter Warren find a way to compete against the former and inaugural Longhorn Heritage Champion?

[Walter's in a precarious position in the facelock, but he pushes up as hard as he can, and uses Nenshou's own leverage to get himself to his knees. He goes from here to one knee and turns into the hold, managing to straighten out into an escape. Nenshou bolts to his feet, but 4W meets him coming with an armdrag!]

GM: COUNTER AND ARMDRAG! Walter Warren withstood the early offense of Nenshou, and fighting back! A second armdrag... and a straightforward kick to the face as Nenshou gets up!

BW: Laid that one into him! This kid better keep on the pressure; that was a good shot!

GM: Picking up Nenshou, and a hard body slam! Drops a quick knee into the forehead... no jump on that, he just dropped with it!

BW: He's scouted him, Gordo. Usin' quick moves, because Nenshou is too fast for anything else. He'd dodge a normal elbow or knee drop.

GM: Warren has claimed that his extensive scouting gives him an edge. Grabs the leg of Nenshou, and elbowdrops the knee! Transition into a kneebar! He has targeted the leg of the ace aerialist, and that is a wise move.

BW: Let's face it; there's very few styles that ya can't cramp by workin' on a knee or an ankle. Legs are harder to get holds on an' work down than the other body parts, because they're a lot stronger than arms. But it's the most effective body part to injure.

GM: And I wonder if Nenshou's anger has cost him his focus.

BW: Nah. He's got that "battle meditation" stuff that Percy always goes on about. He ain't lost focus, Walter just got one on him. The kid has got some talent.

GM: Nenshou sticking his fingers in his mouth... and I'm sure that if Warren were looking at him, he'd know what was next. **RAKE OF THE EYES, AND YOU KNOW HE HAD SOME OF THAT NOXIOUS MIST ON HIS FINGERS!**

BW: Prove it!

GM: His fingertips are green!

BW: Ha! Last time he spit, it was red! You lose! His fingers must be clean.

GM: ... **THAT MAKES NO SENSE!**

BW: Both guys up, and Nenshou with the spinnin' heel kick drops the know-it-all! Come on, Gordo, do I gotta do play-by-play too?

GM: Nenshou with an Irish-Whip, reversed by Warren! Warren with the back body drop, puts his head down, Nenshou puts the brakes on and kicks... **WARREN SET HIM UP!** Walter Warren has Nenshou's leg... leg drag takedown!

BW: Dragon screw leg whip!

GM: Er, yes, that. And Warren is not releasing the leg! He's standing Nenshou up... a second dragon screw leg whip, as it's called! Trying to damage that left leg of Nenshou! He pulls him up again...

BW: Counter... no! The Wrestlin' Wicky really does have his strategy down! Nenshou went for an enzuigiri but the kid was lookin' for it and ducked him!

GM: Steptoe toe hold by Walter Warren... **OH NO!**

[Unfortunately, Percy Childes had taken the opportunity to complain to Michael Meekly, and this leaves Walter wide open... Nenshou sits up and blasts him in the face with green mist! The crowd goes bananas, trying to get Meekly to turn around!]

GM: COME ON! How can this not be a disqualification!

BW: Ref didn't see it!

GM: HE HAS GREEN POISON ALL OVER HIS FACE!

BW: Prove how it got there.

GM: That's insipid, Bucky! Nenshou up and hammering away on a defenseless Walter Warren! And throws him out of the ring!

BW: Well, maybe the smart guy can figure out what's in that mist an' put it on Wikipedia. And then die when Nenshou goes to his house an' kills him.

GM: Nenshou is running off the ropes... BRUTAL! He stuffs Warren in the face with a dropkick through the ropes! He lanced between the second and bottom ropes, held on to the second rope to keep himself from hitting the floor, and crushed poor Walter Warren with that devastating move!

BW: Warren bounced off the barricade and hit the floor. I think he's done, daddy.

GM: Michael Meekly beginning the count as Nenshou picks up Warren and... rams him into the post! That was needless! Rolling Warren back in, and I hope Michael Meekly sees the green on Walter Warren's face!

BW: Eh, that stuff don't really show up too well on a sweaty face. It don't show up too good on black hair, either. And now the kid's busted open.

GM: A small trickle of blood is on Warren's face after meeting the steel! Nenshou picks up Walter Warren... measures him, and hits the backbreaker! I think we know where this is going!

[So do the fans, who stand up for a good look at the best moonsault in wrestling. Nenshou does not disappoint, ascending the turnbuckles in a flash before snapping down with great velocity and force!]

GM: AND THERE'S THE _MOONSAULT_! This one is ov... HEY!

BW: He picked him up! Hoo boy, he's still upset about his hood.

GM: That's no reason to do this! Nenshou is turning Warren over, and crossing his legs... HE'S LOCKING IN THE NENSHOULOCK! Why?! The kid was already beaten!

BW: But now he's gonna have the excruciating pain to remember this by.

GM: What, was it Warren that vandalized his hood?

BW: Maybe. Maybe not. I bet Nenshou don't even care. Remember how Percy was smiling when Dane interviewed him? He knew this was coming.

GM: Warren tapping out with his last strength! This match is over!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: And Nenshou not releasing the hold!

BW: Maybe he's just showing respect, Sultan Azam Sharif style?

GM: No, this is very different! Sharif does it because he thinks it is honorable... Nenshou is doing it to cripple a kid! Out of spite! Come on, get some help in there!

PW: The winner of the match... by submission... NENSHOU!

[*DING*DING*DING*DING*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Ringing the bell won't stop him! Nenshou is out of con... no, that's not right. He's completely in control of himself, and trying to annihilate this young man.

BW: Succeeding, too.

[The fans cheer as we get some arrivals from the locker room. Rick Marley hits the ring first, but by then, Nenshou has already let go and is sliding out.]

GM: And now they run with their tails tucked between their legs!

BW: No, now they leave because there ain't no point in that fight right now. Nenshou don't fight for free.

["Raijin's Drums" plays over the PA as several referees check on Walter Warren.]

GM: With the mood that Nenshou is in, I would hate to be his second round opponent, fans. We're going to take a quick break and then we'll be right back with Colt Patterson and the Mirror Ball!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

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

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

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

CP: Jacksonville, Florida - where you at?!

[Big cheer! Patterson grins.]

CP: This is the Mirror Ball... and I am your host, Colt Patterson... and of course, the pleasure is all yours. Tonight, I am about to bring out here a man who right now is one of the most controversial figures in the entire American Wrestling Alliance. Some of the stuff he's done lately has been borderline criminal! The AWA wanted answers... they know that all of you wanted answers... and they know there's only one man who can get 'em those answers.

My guest at this time is the current - for now - Chairman of the Championship Committee... "Big" Jim Watkins!

[After a momentary pauses, Jim Watkins walks onto the set. The Chairman has obviously seen better days. He's sporting several days of facial hair, his black suit looks wrinkled, his hair is a bit messy as well, and as the camera zooms in on him as he shakes Colt Patterson's hands, we see some bloodshot eyes to boot.]

CP: Jim Watkins, you got a lot to answer for, my friend. You've had so many run-ins lately with AWA superstars, I hear the line's out the door of the front office putting in complaints about you.

[Watkins sighs before speaking.]

JW: The job of the Chairman of the Championship Committee is not an easy one, Colt. At times, you are forced to make decisions that may not necessarily be popular with the wrestlers... nor with the fans. But believe me, every decision I make, I make with the best interests of this company in mind.

CP: Like choosing to let Juan Vasquez walk away from the AWA instead of giving him Zaire? That's in the best interests of the AWA?

[Watkins shakes his head.]

JW: Obviously not. But what IS in the best interests of the AWA is not allowing a wrestler - no matter who he is or how popular he is with the fans - dictate AWA policy and that's EXACTLY what Juan Vasquez was allowed to do when the front office got involved in that situation.

[Patterson nods.]

CP: Let's talk about the rising body count in the AWA lately. We've seen a lot of very violent matches - not the usual fare from this company. Between Monosso and Carver and Zaire and Vasquez in Tampa, I felt like I was back in Los Angeles watching one of their old shows.

JW: Remember, Colt... I had nothing to do with Zaire and Vasquez... you can't put the blame on-

CP: But you can't deny that the level of violence is rising higher and higher in the AWA as of late. Is William Craven right? Is the revolution happening before our very eyes?

JW: I don't believe so, no. But I do believe that desperate times call for desperate measures.

[Patterson rubs his chin.]

CP: Speaking of desperate measures... I suppose the the Chairman getting in bed with the Bishop Boys... that's what you'd call that, huh?

[Watkins freezes as the crowd jeers.]

CP: I suppose you think that allying yourself with the National Tag Team Champions is what's... best for business?

[Still no comment.]

CP: I guess you think getting involved in the first second round match of the tournament and sending one of the favorites packing - being DIRECTLY responsible for that - is what's best for business too, right?

JW: Look, I-

CP: And don't go trying to hide the truth on this one, Watkins! We'll know! the people will know! And you better believe that I'll know so you better spill it and spill it true! Just the facts, jack!

[Watkins slowly starts to speak.]

JW: It's... complicated.

[The boos pick up again. Watkins shakes his head, waving them off.]

JW: Please, you don't understand...

CP: Oh, I think we do. We heard Cousin Bo Allan say it as clear as day - they held up their end of the deal. What was the deal, Watkins?

[Watkins pauses, nodding.]

JW: Okay, fine. I made a deal with Bo Allan back at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[BIG BURST OF BOOS!]

JW: It's not what you think! We needed someone to face the Lynches for the tag titles anyways so he made me an offer and I accepted it.

CP: What were the terms of this so-called offer?

[Watkins glares at Patterson.]

JW: I gave them the shot at the Lynches on Memorial Day. In exchange, they...

[He pauses, the boos picking up again.]

JW: ...they promised that they'd take out Dave Cooper whenever and wherever I wanted them to do it. I took the deal! You people don't understand what Cooper is doing to-

[From off-camera, a rather loud voice proclaims...]

RD: Go ahead, Jimmy -- tell me I don't understand what Dave Cooper is doin' to this place!

[A rather angry seven footer storms onto the little makeshift interview area, dressed in his usual attire. He's also looking a bit haggard, with more grey showing at the temples than usual, a couple of weeks worth of beard grown in, but most of what shows on Donovan's face right now is anger.]

RD: C'mon, Jimmy, explain to the nice people how Dave Cooper got so far into your head that you forgot you ain't a wrestler any more, so far into your head that you were more'n happy to piss away what little trust there was left for ya from anybody behind that curtain!

[Watkins tries to respond, but Donovan isn't having any of that.]

RD: I ain't out here to listen to you right now, Jimmy! You've done all the talkin' yer gonna do for the next few minutes, an' now I'm gonna respond. I ain't gonna pretend to speak for everybody back there, but I know a hell of a lot of us looked at you with respect, looked at you as a guy who was maybe a little more than just a suit. You used to be one of us, a fighter, a guy who didn't run away when stuff got nasty.

[Donovan pauses.]

RD: We trusted you, Jimmy, an' even after Westwego, most of us still thought you could lead us outta this...but we were wrong. You ain't got what it takes to get us outta this mess, Watkins, an' what you did in Tampa proved that beyond the shadow o' any doubt! You made a deal with those Bishop clowns, promised 'em a title shot if they'd do what you told 'em to. They got their shot, and then...

[Donovan turns his head away for a second, taking a deep breath.]

RD: ...Then they did exactly what you told 'em to, Jim. You said, "Take out Dave Cooper," an' they did exactly that, knocked him flat for the whole audience to see.

[Watkins is visibly protesting, but Donovan's glare brings him up short.]

RD: C'mon, don't gimme that crap! You told those lunatics to take somebody out, an' you thought you could tell 'em when an' where to do it? You ain't done much to prove it lately, Jimmy, but even I'm pretty sure you ain't that stupid. No, you knew what you were gettin' into when you made a bargain with those boys, an' you got exactly what you bargained for.

[Some of the anger goes out of the big man's face.]

RD: Your damn bargain cost me a shot at bein' the first ever AWA World Champion, Jimmy.

[Crowd is definitely unhappy about that, and lets the Chairman know about it.]

RD: Don't know if you've watched the tape from Tampa or not, but Gordon Myers said it better'n I ever could've when he talked about how me an' Cooper were on the tail ends of our careers, both out there willin' to put it all on the line 'cause it might be our last shot at a winner, and you...you and your damn pride, your stupid deal with the devil...you robbed me, Jimmy. All bullcrap aside, I thought you were my friend, Jimmy, an' all the while you were holdin' the leash of the men who took me out of the damned tournament!

[Donovan looks between Patterson and Watkins.]

RD: Ain't a soul standin' here right now that doesn't know what that would've meant. How much would either o' you given for a chance to be the first World Champ of one of the last places willin' to give you a shot before you had to hang 'em up for good, huh? What would you have sacrificed, how much would you've been willin' to sweat and bleed for an honest chance?

[As usual, Donovan doesn't wait for an answer.]

RD: I coulda taken a loss, Jimmy. Ain't the first time I'd have blown it on the big stage, an' it may not be the last, but I coulda taken it. That would've been an honest result, just two men fightin' with all they got for a chance to go on an' hold that gold high overhead for the very first time...

[Donovan trails off.]

RD: There ain't a damn thing you can ever do to make up for what you did to me, Jim. Ain't no check you can sign an' no promise you can make that's gonna make up for this. This was my last shot at history, my last chance for true glory, an' you...you...

[The anger is definitely back, and Donovan seems to spit out his next words.]

RD: You owe me, Jimmy, an' you owe me somethin' you can't EVER repay!

...but I do know somethin' you can do for me, Jimmy. You hand me the Bishops. You give me a chance to take from them what they took from me...

[The big man rolls his neck, producing an unpleasant crackling noise.]

RD: ...championship gold.

[The crowd pops as they realize what Donovan's demanding, and Watkins response is pretty clear, even with the microphone a little ways off.]

JW: Rob, you want a tag title shot with no partner? I can't do that --

[Donovan steps forward, right into Watkins' face, one big hand seizing the front of the Chairman's shirt collar and dragging him in close.]

RD: I'll for damn sure FIND somebody, Jimmy. You make that match, and you make it as soon as you can, 'cause otherwise I'm just gonna round up anybody else who's feelin' screwed over right now an' wait for those bastards in a parking lot. I'll leave a trail of blood an' bodies so wide behind me that it'll make my time in South Laredo and California look like a damn picnic! You make this happen, Jimmy, 'cause if you don't...

[Donovan releases the Chairman.]

RD: That revolution you're so damned afraid of is gonna happen a lot quicker'n you think.

[And with that, Donovan stomps away, leaving a surprised and flustered Jim Watkins behind. Colt Patterson smirks at the reaction, dropping the mic.

We crossfade from the ring to the locker room of Jeff "Madfox" Matthews. Jeff sits there in front of his locker, making his final preparations before his first round tournament match. Jeff finishes tightly lacing up his high black wrestling boots and grabs the roll of tape lying on the bench next to him. Jeff proceeds to start taping his hands and wrists.... Acknowledging the camera... and he...speak..]

JMM: Choices.

At the end of this journey we call life; we will look back and decide whether or not the choices we made were the right ones. Now, this will be determined by those who made the choices or by those who witnessed what those choices led to.

Now I know I've made some questionable choices in my life and in my career. I'll be the first to admit that. I won't stand here before all over you and say otherwise. But a long time ago I heard a quote that let me know that as questionable as they may have been, they were necessary.

[Jeff looks straight into the camera now.]

JMM: "Decide what you want, decide what you are willing to exchange for it. Establish your priorities and go to work."

[Jeff looks away and then continues to tape up his wrists.]

JMM: Through all the years, countless federations, numerous states, hundreds of opponents... there has been a constant theme in my career. I have and will continue to do whatever it takes to get what it is that I want. When I first decided to become a wrestler, I busted my ass every day and night to make sure I was in the best condition. I made sure that I had studied every tape and every move. I practiced from the rooster's early morning crow to the moment where the moonlight was all we could see. I wanted to be a great wrestler.

And I became one of the best ever.

[He now begins to tapes his other hand.]

JMM: Not many else here in this tournament can say that. Not many people can call themselves a Hall of Famer. Gunnar Gaines? Robert Donovan? William Craven?

[Jeff shakes his head disgusted after mentioning that name.]

JMM: Ryan is not his father, William. And as much as I believe that the sins of the father can be revisited.... You have overstepped your boundaries. Be advised "Dragon", that while we had a similar path and mind frame with Alex... I suggest that you tread lightly. I won't hesitate to drop you on your demented ass in a heartbeat. No hard feelings though, ok?

[Jeff throws the roll of tape into the locker.]

JMM: I remember the names Madison J Valentine, Stevie Scott, Blackwater Bart, Bad Eye McBaine. Names, faces, wrestlers who made a name for themselves in prized federations. Men who created legacies for themselves. But I'd be crazy to say that this tournament has the 64 best the world has to offer. I can't sit here and honestly say that. But I can and will give credit where it's due...

[Jeff stands up and grabs a black t-shirt and puts it on.... It reads "REDEMPTION" in red letters.]

JMM: I've watched you for quite some time Mr. Victor Frost. You've been a cool character, pun intended. The bravado, the suits, the epic fights, the countless federations.... They've etched a name for you in the history of our sport. But somehow in all this time, we've never crossed paths. I won't go down the line and name all your accomplishments, because quite frankly they mean nothing at this moment in time. We all know. "Violent" Victor Frost... he's a bad ass. Problem is Victor? These so called "victims" you thought that would be placed in front of you...

[Jeff sarcastically looks around from side to side.]

JMM: That's not what you're getting. I wish this could have been a little different, Victor. Your hardcore ways, your violent nature... this coulda been a bloodbath somewhere else. Master of the Ring? You didn't beat both Caleb Temple and Alex Martinez in a Killing Box Match. You didn't fight Casey James to the brink of death in a crucifixion match. You've forged yourself a pretty decent history but lets get down to brass tacks... You didn't do any of these things because in 15 years... you've never run across a man like Jeff Matthews.

Madfox... Career Killer... World Champion... Hall of Famer...

[Jeff inhales as he brushes the stringy hair out of his eyes...]

JMM: Wrestler. At the end of all of this, I hope that you can realize one thing Victor. It wasn't you. It was me. You ran into the wrong man. You ran into the one person who could be more violent than you. The only person who could be more of a wrestler than you. Smoke your cigarettes, wear your fancy three piece suits... continue to live the life and persona you always have. But when you hear that cracking... when you feel that stinging sensation running up and down your spine and when the last thing you remember is hearing the referee yell out the number three....

[Jeff just chuckles.]

JMM: It will all make sense. My name is Jeff Matthews. In a few seconds the lights will turn off and a familiar song will reverberate throughout this arena. And then Victor? Your night will be through. Again, it's nothing personal Victor. You're just standing in the way of something that I dearly want... and crave. And I will stop at nothing to get it....

[Jeff closes his locker and starts to walk out of the locker room towards the arena...]

JMM: ...and that's a promise.

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and it is for the AWA National Tag Team Titles!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing fi-

[Before Phil can even get the words out of his mouth, the sounds of Rebel Meets Rebel's "Nothin' To Lose" starts up to a big shower of jeers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Well, this a little surprising. The champions are coming out here first.

BW: Maybe they heard what Watkins and Donovan had to say and wanted to be fresh on everyone's minds!

[The Redneck Wrecking Machine, Cletus Lee Bishop, leads the way. You can practically see the steam pouring out of his ears as he marches down the aisle. Duane Henry is right behind him, actually holding both title belts - one slung over each shoulder. And bringing up the rear is Cousin Bo Allan with quite the confident smile on his face.]

GM: Bo Allan looks like the cat who ate the canary, Bucky.

BW: He looks pretty confident that's for sure.

GM: After what we just heard from Robert Donovan, I'm not so sure I'd be out here smiling like that.

BW: I was just told that Donovan has been locked in his dressing room with security standing in front of it. He won't be getting involved in this match for sure, Gordo.

GM: So, the Bishops may be safe from Robert Donovan tonight... but I'd imagine that their day will come.

[Phil Watson looks a little puzzled, shifting the cards in his hands around before continuing.]

PW: From Kingsland, Arkansas... at a total combined weight of 568 pounds... they are the AWA National Tag Team Champions... being accompanied to the ring by Cousin Bo...

Cletus Lee... Duane Henry...

THE BISSSSSSHHHHOP BOOOOOOOOYS!

[Duane Henry mounts the midbuckle, hoisting both title belts into the air to more boos from the fans. Cousin Bo stands in a corner, clapping for his men as he waits for the challengers to arrive.]

PW: And their opponents...

[Robert Palmer's "Addicted To Love" kicks in over the PA.]

PW: Representing Playboy Enterprises... they are the team of...

"DIRTY" DICK BASS and "PLAYBOY" JOHNNY CASANOOOOOVAAAA!

[All eyes turn to the entrance...

...and wait...

...and wait...

...and wait...

...and then abruptly, the music cuts off.]

GM: Where are the challengers?

BW: Beats me. Maybe Johnny C's too busy back there with one of his female fans if you catch my meaning.

GM: Oh, I think we all catch your meaning. This is unusual.

[Phil Watson confers with the referee and then lifts the mic again.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The music starts up once more. The camera cuts to Cousin Bo who is leaning back in the corner, arms on the ropes, a big silly smile on his face.]

PW: Representing Playboy Enterprises... they are the team of "Dirty" Dick Bass and "Playboy" Johnny Casanova!

[The camera cuts to the entranceway again...

...and waits for several more moments before cutting back to the ring where Duane Henry is physically having to hold up a cackling Cousin Bo.]

GM: What is this? What's he laughing about? Something's going on here, Bucky. Something stinks to high heaven about this situation.

BW: What the heck are you talking about, Gordo?

GM: Alright, I've had enough of this. Something fishy's going on here and I intend on getting to the bottom of it.

BW: Hehehe. Be sure to anger Cletus Lee for me!

[A loud "THUNK" is heard as Gordon takes off his headset and makes his way into the ring. He gestures to Phil for his microphone, and Phil hands it over. Gordon turns to the laughing Bo.]

GM: Alright, let's get to the point here, Mr. Allan. Exactly what is going on? Why is Playboy Enterprises not making their way out here?

[Bo tries hard to keep a straight face, but it just doesn't work. He just keeps laughing. Gordon tries his best to keep his composure.]

GM: Oh, come on! You owe me and the fans here tonight an explanation. And, darnit, we want one now!

[The fans cheer. And, oh boy, that show of bravado got Bo's attention. He points at Myers as he answers.]

CB: Ah, finally growing a pair, huh? Normally, I'd sic one of the boys here on you for getting an attitude with me, but you know what? You're right. You DO deserve an answer.

GM: Thank you. Now please tell us just what's so funny.

CB: Ah, so you haven't heard the rumors?

GM: What rumors?

CB: Well...

[Bo snickers.]

CB ...it seems Playboy Enterprises won't be showing up!

[Boos from the fans, who really wanted to see a match.]

GM: What?! Why not?!

[Bo just shakes his head.]

CB: Well, from everything I've heard backstage, it seems like they've had... haha... travel problems!

[More boos from the crowd. Gordon stares at Bo hard.]

GM: Travel problems. Again. I see.

CB: Yup. Boy, I guess the airlines really DO like us! Every single time, we're ready, but our opponents just don't show up! What a lucky break we keep getting. If it's going to keep turning out this way, we'll be the champions forever!

GM: Uh huh. And I suppose you don't have anything to do with this.

[Bo looks shocked by that accusation.]

CB: Gosh, Myers, it's like we said last time, we're regular air traffic controllers. I don't understand how you can accuse me of having anything to do with this. I don't work for the airlines or the rental car companies.

[Gordon doesn't look amused.]

GM: It seems pretty convenient to me that your opponents keep going missing.

CB: You know something? I resent having to stand here and listen to your accusations. I am a man of honor. As far as I'm concerned, this interview is over. Boys, let's go.

[Cousin Bo and the Bishops begin to leave, when...]

"HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BOY!"

[...Violence Unlimited appears at the top of the aisle to a huge chorus of cheers from the crowd! Jackson Haynes and Danny Morton are in street clothes; Haynes wearing his familiar tri-corner, floppy cowboy hat and Morton wearing that heavily plastered cast on his broken right arm.]

JH: Now, I've seen my share of lucky coincidences in my lifetime, but recently, it seems like you gentlemen got a damn rabbit's foot nailed to your butts!

[Haynes shakes his head.]

JH: But lemme tell you right here, right now, that when me and Danny get our shot at The Bishops, there ain't gonna' be no "travel problems". There ain't gonna' be no "missed flights", no "broken down" automobiles, and I guarantee that there sure as hell ain't gonna' be no friggin' no-shows from Violence Unlimited!

'Cause it don't matter if we gotta' camp outside an arena for a week, a month, or hell...even a year! We'll get our shot at you and when we do, we're gonna' take back OUR National Tag Team titles!

[Big pop! Morton takes the microphone from Haynes and holds up his right arm.]

DM: We're ready to throw down whenever you are, fellas! Name the time and name the place and we'll be in that ring ready to fight, rain or shine! Just say the word and the cast comes off...

...and then your title reign comes to an end!

[Morton screams out "YEAH!!!" and punctuates his statement by sticking out his tongue and pounding his chest as the crowd goes wild! An angry Duane Henry snatches the microphone away from Gordon...]

DHB: HEY! All I hear is you flappin' your gums! You wanna throw down? We don't gotta wait! Come and git you some right now!

[Haynes and Morton both turn to each other with grins on their faces and without saying another word...rush towards the ring! Gordon Myers vacates the area as fast as humanly possible, as The Bishops and Violence Unlimited begin to brawl inside the ring!]

BW: I ain't seen Gordon Myers run that fast, since the time they announced last call for the open bar at Tommy Fierro's birthday party...but The Bishops and Violence Unlimited are beatin' the holy heck outta' each other! ...Oh! Welcome back, Gordo!

GM[Breathing heavy]: Next time...you do the interview!

[Haynes and Cletus Lee lay into each other with incredibly stiff haymakers, with neither one backing down from the other. Meanwhile, Duane Henry is getting the best of Danny Morton, hitting him with a series of stomps as the Oklahoman slid into the ring. He tries to whip Morton into the ropes, but it's reversed...and as he rebounds off the ropes back towards Morton, the man many consider to be the strongest in all of the AWA, wildly swings a lariat at Duane Henry...]

"SMMMMAAAAACCCKKK!!!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[...with his cast-covered right arm!]

BW: OH SWEET JESUS!!! WHAT A LARIAT!!!

[Duane Henry is knocked out COLD by the blow, as Cousin Bo shouts at Cletus Lee to make a tactical retreat. They drag a limp, unconscious Duane Henry from the ring, as Violence Unlimited shout at the retreating tag team champions. Haynes and Morton then further incite the crowd, as they grab the title belts left behind by The Bishops...holding them high into the air!]

BW: Did you see that!? That's exactly why that cast needs to be banned! Duane Henry got the soul knocked outta' his body! That's just not right! I can guarantee you that if Morton didn't have that illegal weapon wrapped around his arm, this fight would've had a different result!

GM: Oh my stars and garters! Violence Unlimited have sent a **STRONG** message to The Bishops, tonight! They want their match with The Bishops and they want it as soon as possible! Fans, we've gotta take one more break and we'll be right back with tonight's Main Event so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

AS: Hello! I'm Andrew Sterling.

DT: And I'm Dan Thomas.

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

DT: Rumble in Sin City.

AS: Loser Gives Up Scientology.

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

[Sterling points at the camera.]

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

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

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

DT: Or our delicious salads!

AS: Let's not forget our signature pancakes!

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

AS: WELL WE SHOULD!

DT: Right.

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

DT: Hongry?

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

DT: Ooookay.

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

[We fade out.]

And then back up to a nice live panning shot of the UNF Arena in Jacksonville, Florida. We can see the fans settling in, back from their runs to the restroom and the concession stand, getting ready for the night's Main Event when suddenly...

"They Reminisce over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth begins to play as the crowd erupts with excitement...but not quite as loudly as you would expect when they see Juan Vasquez emerging from behind the curtain.]

GM: Juan Vasquez achieved a measure of revenge at First Tangle in Tampa against Ebola Zaire and Ben Waterson...but he took drastic measures to get it. I just don't know what's going on in his head these days.

BW: I don't think anyone does, Gordo. That look he gave Zaire right before he finished him off is the kind of thing that'll haunt your dreams!

GM: Maybe we'll get some answers tonight.

[Juan is dressed in a black skeleton hoodie and an old school Caleb Temple t-shirt with the message "Vengeance is Mine" scrawled on it. His face is a mess, bearing the battle scars from his match with Ebola Zaire. A huge bandage is plastered across his carved up forehead. Bruises are intermixed with healing cuts on his face. And underneath his shirt, we can see hints of the bandages still wrapping his ravaged left arm. He steps through the ropes slowly and carefully, almost as if his battered body isn't capable of exerting any more effort than that. There's a very tired look on his face as he begins to speak...]

JV: I had no choice.

[He looks up and sighs.]

JV: I know there's a lot of you wondering just what came over me in Tampa. I know that there's some of you that think that I went too far...and maybe I did.

[The expression on his face hardens just a bit.]

JV: But I had to do it.

[Juan squeezes his eyes shut.]

JV: To conquer that beast...to vanquish that monster...

...I had to become one.

[His eyes open as he shakes his head slowly.]

JV: And I don't regret it one damn bit.

It was the only way to stop Zaire. It was the only way to lay that demon to rest...and now that Waterson's out of the way, my work's almost done.

[He nods to himself.]

JV: Calisto Dufrense can keep on hiding and if he's ever ready to come back, I'll still be here...but I realize that I need to move on with my life. I can't keep on chasing ghosts, while the rest of the world passes me by. But before I can, I gotta' tie up one more loose end. I...

[Suddenly, the sounds of Soul Coughing's "Super Bon Bon" starts up to a surprised reaction from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Hey, wait a second...

BW: You got a problem with this?

GM: I might! Fans, that music can mean the arrival of only one man...

[And as the original AWA National Champion Marcus Broussard walks very slowly into view, the crowd responds with a mixture of cheers and boos. Broussard is in a pair of blue jeans and a white t-shirt. A white neckbrace is very visible as well. His dark sunglasses are over his eyes as he very slowly walks down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: Marcus Broussard LOST a Loser Leaves Town match to Stevie Scott back at Memorial Day Mayhem. Now, I may be old school but to me that means that when you're gone, you stay gone, Bucky!

BW: You don't even know why the man is here, Gordo! Just let him say what he's here to say!

[Broussard very gingerly makes his way up the steps, climbing through the ropes. Vasquez' fists are balled up, ready for a fight at the slightest sign of danger. Broussard quickly puts his hands up, slowly shaking his head back and forth as he gestures for and receives a house mic.]

MB: That's not... look, that's not why I'm here, Vasquez. That's not what I'm out here for.

[Broussard pauses, still shaking his head.]

MB: No. Not anymore.

[Vasquez slowly lowers his hands to his sides as Broussard looks at him.]

MB: I know I'm not supposed to be out here. I'm sure Myers over there has already broken a blood vessel at the idea that I'm here after losing to Scott back on Memorial Day. But I'm not here for that either. This is not the start of some big Marcus Broussard comeback. That's not what this is about either. Those days are over.

[He points to his neckbrace.]

MB: In part, thanks to this. I lost that match... I had to leave the AWA. And I walked away. I went home and I started working the phones to see who had room in their world for the San Jose Shark. I called Canada, Phoenix, Vegas... even over in Japan. You name it. I had offers... good offers... and while I was sitting at home trying to figure out which one to take, I got the results of my post-show physical.

Needless to say, they weren't good. The doctors... they think...

[He looks down for a silent moment before slowly looking back up.]

MB: They think there's a damn good chance that I never get into this ring to wrestle again... and that's a hard thing to live with, Vasquez.

But you know what's just as hard to live with?

[Broussard shakes his head.]

MB: I've done some pretty nasty things in my career... things I'm not necessarily proud of... but the thing that keeps me up at night sometimes... the thing that makes it hard for me to look myself in the mirror some mornings...

It's what I helped do to you at WrestleRock over a year ago, Vasquez.

[The crowd buzzes, confused by what they're hearing.]

MB: I've always been about one-on-one competition... about proving that I was the best in the world inside this ring night in and night out.

But what happened to you last year? That didn't prove a damn thing. It didn't make me better than you in the ring... it didn't make me tougher than you... and it didn't make me a bigger badass than you...

All it did was make it so that I lost my career trying to prove to the next guy that I was better than him.

[He pauses, slapping his chest.]

MB: That's on me, Juan. I can live with that. If I never step foot in this ring again because of what I did, I can live with that.

But I wanted...

[He pauses.]

MB: I NEEDED to come out here to look you in the eye and tell you that what happened to you a year ago was wrong... dead wrong...

And...

[One more dramatic pause.]

MB: And I'm sorry, okay?

[The San Jose Shark slowly extends his hand towards Vasquez...who looks down for a second...before shaking it!]

BW: Well, I'll be damned.

GM: I never thought I'd see this, but Juan Vasquez looks like he's ready to put the ghosts of WrestleRock behind him! He's actually shaking Marcus Broussard's hand!

[Juan turns to the crowd, as he raises Broussard's arm into the air triumphantly to their applause...

...when suddenly he pulls Broussard right into a clothesline to the shock of all!]

BW: WHAT THE HECK!

GM: WHAT IS JUAN VASQUEZ DOING!?!]

BW: He suckered Broussard right in! Hook, line, and sinker! He wasn't forgiving him for WrestleRock! He just wanted an opportunity to hit him with a cheapshot!

[The crowd isn't sure how to react to what they're seeing, some wanting Broussard to get the beating from Vasquez that he's had coming to him, but others not exactly comfortable with the fact Vasquez just attacked an injured and seemingly remorseful man. Juan picks the microphone off the ground, livid with rage.]

JV: You're sorry!? YOU'RE SORRY!?!?!]

[He runs a hand through his hair, laughing, before looking down grimly at Marcus Broussard.]

JV: So am I.

[And with that, Juan tosses the microphone aside and pulls Broussard up to his knees, tearing off his neckbrace...and applying the Assassin's Spike!]

GM: THE ASSASSIN'S SPIKE!!! MARCUS BROUSSARD HAS A CAREER THREATENING NECK INJURY AND JUAN VASQUEZ IS TRYING TO MAKE SURE HE NEVER WRESTLES EVER AGAIN!!! SOMEONE HAS TO STOP THIS!!!]

BW: Vasquez just wants his revenge and he doesn't give a damn how he gets it! This ain't the man we knew! This ain't a hero or nothing! This is a madman!

[As Broussard's body goes limp in his grasp, Juan releases the hold, allowing Broussard to slump to the canvas, unconscious. He stares down coldly at the body, ignoring the crowd's shocked and horrified reaction, before dropping down and rolling out of the ring, walking back up the aisle without so much as staring back at the destruction he left behind him as we abruptly fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

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

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

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

CJ: Them things!

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

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

[Jack pats his protruding gut.]

CJ: Can desire!

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

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

[Jack holds up a cup of coffee.]

CJ: Or just looking for a quick cup o' joe, come on down to Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks! For locations, just go on that wide webbed world and put in "Flapjacksforjacks.com" and make your way to a place near you!

[Jack smiles, winks with a nods... and then rams another big wad of pancake into his face.]

CJ: Ammnnd temlll mfJacmk mmssemt ffmmya!

[City Jack holds up a fork as "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks" pops above his head with the website address pulsating below Jack's face. Fade to black.

And then back up to ringside where the announce team is standing.]

GM: Welcome back, fans, to Saturday Night Wrestling. It's Main Event time here on SNW and in mere moments, we're going to see the Hall of Famer, Jeff Matthews, taking on Victor Frost in the final first round match of the AWA World Title Tournament. But before we do, we are hearing something unusual from the production truck. Apparently, the interview stage camera was in the back to get a battery change, when the cameraman heard something interesting and filmed it.

BW: You sure we ain't hirin' stalkers to follow the boys with cameras? I thought we didn't do that here!

GM: No, but I'm being told we're going to show the footage.

[We cut to a somewhat wobbly scene of Percy Childes watching a monitor and speaking on his cellphone. He is grinning from ear to ear.]

PC: ...only ends one way. I'm telling you, Ben. You didn't fail. WE didn't fail. He's on his way...

[Percy then wanders over to the gorilla position, which is only a few feet from where he stood. And through it walks... Juan Vasquez.]

PC: Congratulations.

[Vasquez glares at Childes, before chuckling softly to himself.]

JV: It's funny how things work out, 'cause you were exactly the person I was looking for.

[Childes raises an eyebrow at the statement, as Vasquez continues on.]

JV: If you were watching, you'd know that I mentioned I had one more loose end to take care of...and that would be you and The Unholy Alliance.

[He points at Childes, who doesn't seem the least bit threatened.]

PC: I think not. No, Juan, with the combination of your actions tonight and those in Tampa, I'd say the days where you had the ability to name your own matches are gone. They won't listen to you, not now. You're just another washed-up ex-superstar.

[The statement by Childes takes Vasquez aback. He blinks, and responds in an even more guttural voice.]

JV: _What_ did you say?

PC: The mighty have fallen, Juan Vasquez. And you know it. You're already rationalizing. "I did what I had to do." You no longer seek wins, you no longer concern yourself with wrestling. There is only vengeance, only blood, and it will never end until all of your enemies are destroyed. Only, you made too many enemies, didn't you, Juan? Where does it end? With me? With Nenshou? What about the Russians? Will you take a plane to Moscow to accost Ivan Kostovich? What about Layton and Polemos? Are you fine with the fact that you'll never avenge yourself upon them, since they fell by the hands of another? What about Alex Epstein? Do you confess that he was justified, seeing how he only did what you are doing? Do you then confess that everyone you are assaulting now will be justified if they come to you when you least expect it... armed, violent? Where does it end, Juan Vasquez?

Don't you know the answer? I think you do. I think you know that it's over for you. It will never end now. You have let your rage consume you. It will escalate and escalate until there's nothing left of you inside. I've seen it before. We've all seen it before.

[Vasquez's head is lowered in thought, as he carefully considers Childes' words.]

JV: There's always an ending, Childes. I've carried this burden enough times to know that. It might not be the one I want or the I choose, but there's ALWAYS an ending.

[He locks eyes with Childes.]

JV: And I already know where this ends. With _you._

PC: And do you want to put your hands on me? Take a look around you, Juan. I come prepared.

[Juan looks around, noticing something(or someone) and shakes his head. The cameraman is hidden, so it is hard for him to scan around the room.]

JV: Just him?

[Childes shakes his head.]

PC: The gentlemen at the table over there are some of the security that the AWA hired for the event. They are unique among the rest of the hired security force in that they are off-duty police officers. If you attack me here and now, I will press criminal charges. And that will happen if you attack me anywhere. I am not a wrestler, and unlike Waterson I will not put myself in a situation where you can inflict violence on my person.

Unless there is a very good incentive to do so.

JV: Like what?

PC: Like your contract.

[There is a moment of silence as that sinks in. Over the recording, we can hear Gordon Myers gulp loudly.]

JV: What about my contract?

PC: I will give you a match against the wrestler of my choice. Unlike you, I maintain my contacts in the matchmaking department. You choose the match, I will choose whom you face. And if you win, I will face your rage for five minutes. And if you do not win, I will become your manager, with a contractual clause that you may NOT harm me, directly or indirectly. And you will do what I say, and you will work as the rest of us do...

...to ensure that Nenshou becomes the World Champion.

[Another pause. Vasquez's face contorts; he hates what he is hearing, but is clearly weighing the option.]

JV: ...For how long?

PC: The rest of your AWA career.

[Vasquez laughs in disbelief.]

JV: Are you kidding, me? Hell no.

[Juan turns to leave. Childes, however, keeps talking.]

PC: Then your vengeance goes incomplete. Also for the rest of your AWA career. You lose either way. If you ever somehow get a match against my men, I just won't show. I did it when Carver threatened me with the violence of his slave. I'll do it with you.

JV[Walking away]: That just means you're a coward.

PC: I am not too proud to do what must be done, Vasquez. That is the last line you'd cross if you wanted to regain what you TRULY lost that day.

[Juan stops walking.]

JV: What.

[A flat 'What' is Vasquez's only response... and then he turns and approaches Childes again. Once again, they're eye-to-eye.]

JV: Blood, Sweat and Tears. Falls count anywhere. Name your man.

PC: Monosso. Done. And Juan?

JV: Yeah?

PC: I'm not being facetious when I say... I'll take very good care of you as a member of the Alliance. Ha ha ha ha!

[Percy walks off, with a previously unseen Nenshou appearing seemingly out of nowhere, following close behind. Vasquez stares at the duo as they walk away. After a moment, he looks down briefly, as if to contemplate what he's just done...before turning around and walking away.

We crossfade 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 the final first round matchup in the AWA World Title Tournament!

Introducing first...

[The crowd buzzes with anticipation as the PA crackles to life. After a moment of static we hear Kurt Russel's voice.

"You tell them I'm coming . . . and Hell's coming with me! You hear! Hell's coming with me!"

[The quote from Tombstone is replaced by "Black Mass" by Danzig. Red lights flicker across the entrance area as "Violent" Victor Frost saunters into view. Frost is a caucasian in his mid-thirties, gifted with a powerful, muscular upper body. His black hair is closely cropped and somewhat thinning and has a five o'clock shadow on his face. His ring attire consists of black spandex trunks covered with stylized white lightning and black wrestling boots with "VF" printed in white letters down the side of the right one. A crimson elbow pad on his right arm and a black vest with "VIOLENT" in crimson letters on its back complete the outfit.

Halfway down the aisle, Frost reveals a microphone in his hand. As "Black Mass" is cut in mid-refrain the grinning German Machine addresses the Jacksonville crowd in his hoarse, slightly accented English.]

VF: Ah ah ah ... so these are the AWA faithful, ja?

[His head swivels around as he climbs the ring steps.]

VF: These are the fans who believe they deserve a World Champion?

[He ducks through ropes into the ring, licking his lips before he continues.]

VF: These are loyal and trusted followers who cheer the likes of Robert Donovan ... (He pauses as the crowd does indeed cheer.)

Travis Lynch ... (Again, the crowd expresses their love for the fan favorite.)

Glenn Hudson, Tin Can Rust, Sweet Daddy Williams ... Juan Vasquez?

[The fans continue to pop for each name, again a little less for Vasquez than you might expect. Victor's grin grows wider.]

VF: Wow ... you are as pathetic as I thought.

[Immediately, the good mood of the crowd turns into jeers.]

VF: So you love those yokels and failures and want one of them to win this tournament, to bring a World Title to the grand stage? They cannot do that.

I!

[He jabs a thumb at his meaty chest.]

VF: The German Machine! The Violent One! Victor Frost! An international phenomenon!

[Once more, thumb to the chest.]

VF: _I_ will be the only worthy title holder the AWA could ever want!

[The crowd boos Frost but the German ignores them as clearly enjoys provoking the locals.]

VF: You might consider me an outsider, an invader ... but, quick history lessons, the Romans thought the same thing about the Germanic Tribes back when they had their proud empire and those Goths and Teutons brought that proud and blind nation to its knees. They destroyed one thousand years of tradition and rituals and made the ruins their own ... ach, I will enjoy doing the same here.

[Some fans have started a "U-S-A!" chant as Victor spins around once, one index finger extended to point at virtually everybody in the arena.]

VF: I will drag this promotion and every single one of you kicking and screaming into my world and it will start tonight, with Jeff Matthews.

[Now, he clenches his hand into a tight fist.]

VF: The Mad Fox. The Boy Scout. The second Temple. A man who knows about pain, about loss, about suffering ... about the Black Mass that grows in our hearts and minds.

A man that has been broken so many times he is only held together by duct tape.

Oh, from afar, he still looks like the champion of old, a fearsome force but I saw him backstage, I got up close and that duct tape ... it is about to fray and come loose.

One good hit ...

[The fists starts to hit the air in slow, methodical shadow punches.]

VF: ... and Matthews will come shatter like a china doll.

So bring him out so I can show the "folks" here in Jacksonville what it means to ... PRAISE THE VIOLENCE!

[Frost flings the microphone to Phil Watson and throws a couple of more punches as the attention turns to the entrance once again.]

PW: And his opponent...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

[Sounds of gunfire reverberate throughout the arena as the opening guitar part starts up to "One" by Metallica. A HUGE mixed pop hits the arena as the spotlight hits the entranceway. It stays there focused for a few more seconds as the song gets to James Hetfield's voice.]

#I can't remember anything, can't tell if this is true or dream.
#Deep down inside I feel the scream, this terrible silence stops me.
#Now that the war is through with me, I'm waking up I can not see.
#That there's not much left of me, nothing is real but pain now

[The crowd joins in on..]

#HOLD MY BREATH AS I WISH FOR DEATH... OH PLEASE GOD WAKE ME!

[The fans cheer as Phil Watson continues.]

PW: From Durham, North Carolina... weighing in at 259 pounds...

He is the Madfox...

JEEEEEEEEFF MAAAAATTHEWWWS!

[Out from behind the curtain, steps out Jeff Matthews, decked out in his ring attire which consists of crimson colored wrestling tights and high, laced up black boots. Jeff's body is covered with the tattoos of Temple and the scars which he has endured throughout his career. Jeff slowly places the black elbow pads on and methodically makes his way to the ring, every so often looking to the crowd.]

GM: Here he comes, fans - the Hall of Famer, the former World Champion... and you'll pardon me if I sound a little distracted but... did you hear what I just heard, Bucky? Juan Vasquez is putting his AWA career on the line on Labor Day Weekend against JAMES MONOSSO?!

BW: It ain't a Loser Leaves Town match, Gordo! But if Vasquez loses, he's going to become part of the Unholy Alliance!

GM: But if he wins, he gets five minutes inside the ring with Percy Childes and you better believe that he can get a lot of damage done in five minutes.

BW: Just ask Louis Matsui.

[Matthews ducks through the ropes into the ring, raising an arm to a pretty decent response.]

GM: Let's try and get our attention back on this match... and to me, Bucky, this is what the AWA World Title Tournament is all about. Two of the best in the world set to go at it. It's hard to imagine that only one of these guys is going to make it to the second round.

BW: Frost is a former World Champion, he's won a major tournament already, and he's currently the North American Champion up there in Canada. Jeff Matthews is a Hall of Famer, a former World Champion, and arguably the best submission wrestler in the world. When you say these are two of the best in the world, you are absolutely correct, Gordo.

[The referee is in the middle of giving instructions when Frost surges from the corner, shoving him aside, and rushing Matthews in the corner as the bell sounds!]

GM: Frost didn't want to wait any longer and the final match in the first round of the World Title Tournament is underway, fans!

[The bullrush of punches catches Matthews a bit off-balance, allowing Frost to grab him by the neck with his left hand, throwing massive right hooks first to the body and later to the head.]

GM: Frost is all over him early in this one!

[With Matthews trapped in the corner, the referee starts a five count only to see Frost break at four...

...and then wrap both of his hands around the Madfox's throat!]

GM: That's a choke! A blatant chokehold in the corner! Get in there, ref!

[The AWA's Senior Official, Johnny Jagger, starts another five count as Frost badmouths Matthews while strangling him.]

GM: The referee's count is to three... now four... now fi-

[Frost breaks just before five, lifting his hands high to show the break...

...and then hooks it in again, a maniacal grin on his face as Matthews struggles against the illegal hold!]

GM: Frost is choking him again! Come on, referee!

BW: He's counting, Gordo! Jagger's doing his job!

GM: Not well enough at this point!

[Frost breaks at four again, arrogantly walking away from Matthews who clings to the top rope, coughing violently and gasping for air. The crowd jeers the German as he walks to the opposite corner...]

GM: The big German is six foot four and 266 pounds... outweighing Matthews slightly...

[Frost barrels across the ring, turning for a back elbow at the last moment and CRACKING Matthews under the chin, knocking him down into a seated position in the corner.]

GM: High impact elbow by the German and you've gotta wonder if perhaps Jeff Matthews is suffering from some ring rust. If you recall, he did compete several months ago as part of a tag team with Caleb Temple here in the AWA against Adam Rogers and Alex Martinez but other than that, he's been in semi-retirement for quite some time.

[Frost grabs the top rope with both hands before launching into a series of brutal stomps to the upper body of Matthews before capping it off with a stomp to the face that puts him down on the mat.]

GM: Good grief, Bucky.

BW: Victor Frost is showing that he's not a man to be trifled with. He's pure arrogance... pure ego... pure aggression... and one of the most violent men - pun intended - that you'll ever encounter inside a wrestling ring...

[Leaning down, Frost grabs an ankle and drags Matthews out to the center of the ring before dropping an elbow into the chest and rolling into a cover.]

GM: Frost has him down for one... for two...

[But Matthews slips out of the pin attempt at two. Frost grabs a handful of his hair, hammering away with clenched fists to the temple before angrily shoving Matthews back down to the mat.]

GM: Just a two count but Frost is staying right on top of him so far in this one. Back on his feet now...

[Frost looks down at the prone Matthews, clenching his fist and raising up to his face where he blows on his knuckles...

...and then leaps HIGH into the air before driving the same fist down between the eyes of the Hall of Famer!]

GM: Good grief! A sky high fistdrop from Frost... and another cover...

[Frost again scores a two count before Matthews kicks out. Ever an arrogant smirk on his face, Frost hauls Matthews off the mat by the hair...]

GM: Frost pulls him up...

[Grabbing an arm, he fires Matthews into the ropes, holding his ground as the Madfox rebounds...]

...and dropping the man from Durham, North Carolina with a high impact shoulderblock.]

GM: Ohh! Down goes Matthews again!

[Frost stands over him, still smirking as he "brushes the dirt" off his shoulder before dropping another elbow to the chest. This time though, he doesn't even attempt the pin, just pulling himself up and bringing Matthews up with him...

...where the Madfox throws a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Matthews with a haymaker!

[The blow caught Frost by surprise and a second one sends him staggering back a few feet.]

GM: Two right hands by the Madfox has got Frost reeling!

BW: If you want a fight, Matthews will give it to you. It's not really his game but he can certainly do it based off all those years in Los Angeles!

GM: And how much would Jeff Matthews love to walk into Los Angeles on Thanksgiving Night with the World Title around his waist?

[As Frost moves back in, Matthews turns his back, reaching up with his arms to secure a three-quarter nelson...]

GM: FOXDE-

[But Frost feels the move coming, shoving Matthews off to the ropes.]

GM: Frost has it well-scouted...

[As Matthews rebounds, Frost hoists him up in his arms across his chest, holding him for a bit...

...and DROPS him down on a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: Ohh!

[Frost stays on the knee for a moment before rising back up, showing off his power as he holds Matthews again...

...and AGAIN brings him down across the knee!]

GM: A second backbreaker! Pure impact right there!

BW: He's not done either!

[Frost lifts Matthews up a third time... pausing, turning a full 360 to show off the Madfox's predicament to the masses...

...and CRASHES down across the knee a third time before arrogantly shoving him off the leg and down to the mat.]

GM: Three big backbreakers by Victor Frost and will that be enough?

[Frost obviously believes so as he simply takes his right hand and slaps it down on the chest, ordering the official to count...]

GM: An arrogant cover by Victor Frost, looking for the impressive victory right here...

[The referee's count gets to two before Matthews' legs swing up off the mat, scissoring the arm that was formerly on his chest a moment ago, grabbing the wrist with his hands...

...and taking Frost down in a cross armbreaker!]

GM: ARMBAR! ARMBAR OUT OF NOWHERE!!

BW: You gotta watch out with Matthews! He can catch you in a submission at just about any time!

GM: Frost has got his hands clasped together, trying to keep that hold from taking effect. If Matthews can extend the arm, he can hyper-extend the elbow and end this match in a hurry, fans!

BW: Frost has gotta hang on! His future in this tournament depends on it, Gordo! This isn't Matthews' armbar of choice but it's still good enough to snap that arm if he gets it on!

[Frost rolls to his side, managing to get his legs under him. He pushes up off the mat to his feet, still trying to rip his arm out of Matthews' grip when the Madfox abruptly breaks the hold...

...and SLAMS the back of his leg up into Frost's face. A second kick follows before he releases the hold, allowing Frost to stagger away from him as he regains his feet.]

GM: Both men back up now - a narrow escape for Victor Frost right there.

[With Matthews on his feet, he stalks towards Frost, throwing a pair of big chops across the chest, sending Frost back into the corner. Matthews moves in, grabbing the arm...]

GM: Corner to corner whip by Matthews...BOOM! Into the corner hard goes Frost...

[The German staggers out into a front waistlock from Matthews, a split second before the Madfox takes him up and over in a Northern Lights release suplex, sending Frost bouncing off the canvas towards the opposite corner.]

GM: Big overhead throw by Matthews! Nicely done by the Madfox!

[Matthews quickly retakes his feet, reaching back to grab at his punished back for an instant as he waits for Frost to recover. The German drags himself up, using the ropes to get to a standing position as Matthews rushes towards the corner...

...and leaves his feet, lashing out with a spinning leg lariat into the buckles that rocks the slightly larger man!]

GM: OHHH!

[The Madfox hooks a side headlock on the dazed Frost, rushing out of the corner...

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

GM: BULLDOG!! RIGHT ON THE MONEY!!

[Matthews flips Frost to his back, attempting a pin.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! TH- NO! Just a two count for Matthews!

[The Madfox returns the favor from earlier, throwing heavy right hands to the skull of the downed Frost from the mount position, earning the referee's count. At the count of four, he climbs to his feet, letting loose a shout to the crowd who roars their approval.]

GM: Jeff Matthews has got this crowd behind him now! They're seeing the Jeff Matthews they remember seeing years ago on television! They're seeing the man they helped put on top of the wrestling world!

[Matthews hauls Frost off the mat by the arm, winging him across the ring where he catches him on the rebound with a shot to the gut.]

GM: Matthews goes downstairs and- ohh! Big kneelift by the Madfox!

[With Frost down again, Matthews heads towards the corner, hopping up on the midbuckle where he stands, measuring his man...

...and leaps off, driving an elbow into the throat!]

GM: Nice elbow by Matthews!

BW: This is like a Jeff Matthews highlight reel, daddy!

[Matthews attempts another cover, earning another two count before the shoulder comes up...

...and he slips right back into the mount, hammering away again!]

GM: Sometimes when we think of Jeff Matthews - we think of the technician, the submission specialist... but we forget the years he spent in Los Angeles going through tables and broken glass. We forget that Matthews also has the brawling skills to let him hang tough with just about anyone in the sport. Victor Frost is finding that out firsthand right now.

[Back on his feet after another four count, Matthews grabs a leg, looking for the figure four...]

GM: He's calling for the Foxtrap!

[But as he turns around with the leg in hand, Frost lifts his other leg to kick Matthews off, sending him chestfirst into the turnbuckles. The big German swiftly regains his feet, hooking a stunned Matthews in a full nelson.]

GM: Full nelson hooked in and-

[Frost hoists Matthews off the canvas for a moment before SLAMMING him down hard on the back of the head!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[An angry Frost applies a cover, earning himself a two count as well. Frost immediately goes back to the choke, throttling Matthews back and forth to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Frost countered the figure four and now he's making Matthews pay for it! He's choking him down on the canvas!

[Frost breaks at a near five count, slowly taking his feet again. He reaches down, dragging Matthews up to his feet where he pulls him into a front facelock, rapidly bringing heavy knees up into the upper body and head!]

GM: A series of big knees from Frost!

BW: He calls it Graphic Violence!

GM: Call it what you want but I call it effective!

[After a barrage of knees, Frost chucks Matthews back into the corner. He winds up, throwing a big elbow to the jaw... and a second... and a third...

...before going into a full spin and DRILLING the Madfox with a rolling elbow to the jaw as well!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: GRAPHIC VIOLENCE PART TWO!!

[With Matthews out on his feet, Frost scoops him into a fireman's carry as he staggers out of the buckles...

...and then steps up onto the second rope with him draped across his shoulders!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got Matthews up for the Violator!

BW: If he hits it, he's moving on to the second round!

GM: Matthews is trapped! He's set for that second rope drop!

[Frost takes a few moments to taunt the crowd, ready to smash his opponent into the mat with a second rope Samoan Drop...

...but a desperate Matthews starts throwing elbow after elbow to the ear of Frost, attempting to battle his way out of the clutch!]

GM: Matthews is fighting it! He's trying to get-

[The blows stagger Frost, allowing Matthews to turn the momentum...

...and pull Frost down into a crucifix from the middle rope, the back of the German's head SMASHING into the canvas!]

GM: CRUCIFIX!! ONE!! TWO!!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: So close! So very close right there! He was a half count away from-

BW: FOXDEN!!

[As the two men were both struggling to get off the canvas, Matthews suddenly leapt into the air, securing the three-quarter nelson...

...and DRIVING Frost's skull into the mat!]

GM: HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Matthews rolls into a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Matthews promptly rolls off to a seated position, the official raising his hand in triumph.]

GM: He's done it! He's done it! Jeff Matthews is moving on the second round of this tournament! Incredible!

BW: Wow! That Foxden came out of NOWHERE, Gordo!

GM: It certainly did. They had both just taken a hard tumble off the ropes when Matthews was able to secure the Foxden like you said - out of nowhere - to earn the three count. And now, Jeff Matthews... the Hall of Famer... is moving on to the second round of this tournament! The Field of Thirty-Two is complete, fans! A huge win for Matthews to cap off another exciting night of action here on WKIK! We're out of time! We've gotta go! We'll see you next time, fans! So long everybody!

[As Matthews has his hand raised again by the official, on his feet this time, we fade to black.]