

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CAMP JORDAN ARENA
CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE
JULY 28TH, 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. Two weeks ago, we saw the first round of the AWA World Title Tournament come to an end. Tonight, the second round is in full swing here in Chattanooga, Tennessee!

BW: That's right, Gordo. Plus, we're gonna see highlights of second round matches that have been taking place all week long, daddy!

GM: The Road To Glory continues towards Labor Day Weekend and that massive two night extravaganza called Blood, Sweat, And Tears where we will be seeing the very first AWA World Champion crowned in the middle of the ring!

BW: You know the match I'm looking forward to tonight, Gordo?

GM: Which one is that?

BW: I can't wait to see Ron Houston and Stevie Scott in the battle of former National Champions, daddy!

GM: That's our Main Event later tonight. It's gonna be an exciting night of action here in Chattanooga but right now, let's head up to the ring for our opening matchup!

[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: Tonight's opening contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit.

[Cue the AWA Customer Care Center Hold Music. The crowd boos. Charles S. Rant emerges onto the elevated aisle followed by his supervisor, Jim.]

PW: Weighing in at two-hundred and one pounds and coming from the AWA Customer Care Center. He is accompanied to the ring by his supervisor, Jim. Here is... CHARLES S. RAAAAAAAAAANT!

[The duo head to the ring with Jim in the lead. His entrance music stops and a voice is heard over the PA.]

We appreciate your patience. Your call is very important to us. Unfortunately, all of our representatives are currently busy with other customers. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered in the order received

[This gets the crowd booing louder. The horrible hold music continues. Jim and Rant get to the ring. Rant steps through the ropes. Rant walks to one side of the ring and shakes his head. The hold music stops again.]

We appreciate your patience. Your call is very important to us. Unfortunately, all of our representatives are currently busy with other customers. Please stay on the line and your call will be answered in the order received

[Rant says to the crowd, "I'll get to your calls as soon as I can!" The hold music starts back up as James takes his spot on the outside of the ring. The hold music finally stops.]

GM: Well, here's a man we haven't seen in the AWA for some time.

BW: Too busy working customer service, so I hear.

GM: I doubt this man knows anything about customer service.

BW: Don't besmirch the good name of the AWA Customer Care Center.

["You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest starts up over the PA system, drawing a loud crowd response. And that's when the blonde, crew-cut wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entranceway.]

PW: Introducing, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... ladies and gentlemen...

THIS...
IS...
SUPERNOVA!

GM: And here comes one the AWA's biggest fan favorites!

BW: Not based on what I heard from the customer service surveys Rant took!

GM: I would very much doubt the result of any survey taken by Rant!

BW: I told you, Gordo, don't besmirch the good name of...

GM: Bucky, that's enough!

[Supernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a small, fiery sun on the sides. His face is painted yellow and black, resembling a flame.

As he heads down the rampway, he is more than happy to slap the hands of fans whose arms are stretched over the barricade. Upon reaching the ring, he climbs between the ropes, then cups his hands to his mouth and lets loose a howl, before taking his place in the corner.]

GM: Supernova hasn't exactly had good fortune on his side in recent weeks.

BW: Yeah, he found out the hard way what it's like to tangle with William Craven, and then he found out just how serious Dave Bryant was about crashing the party in the AWA!

GM: I'm sure Supernova isn't finished with either man, but tonight, he's got to focus on Charles S. Rant.

[Supernova and Rant meet up in the center of the ring, Rant jawing at the face-painted fan favorite. Supernova just meets Rant with a stare, then Rant suddenly shoves Supernova in the chest.]

GM: And Rant just taunting Supernova!

BW: And look at this -- the idiot Supernova doesn't know how to respond! I think Craven is finally getting into his head.

GM: I'm not sure about that, Bucky. Supernova just looks very intense.

[Rant now smirks and shouts at Supernova, his words clearly heard.

"Oh, you got nothing to say?"

Supernova just stares back at Rant -- who then hauls off and slaps Supernova upside the face!]

BW: HA! He still won't do any...

[But now the look on Supernova's face has changed, as he balls up his fists and grunts at Rant, who suddenly backpedals.]

GM: You were saying, Bucky?

BW: I... Rant's obviously got some calls to answer and...

GM: Then he can put them on hold like he always does! He's got a match -- Rant with a shot --blocked by Supernova! And now Supernova is going to work!

[Hard forearm shots rock Rant, who gets backed up into the corner. Supernova then sends Rant to the opposite corner.]

GM: Is he going for the Heat Wave... no, Supernova comes in and takes Rant out of the corner with a monkey flip!

BW: Rant's gotta it together -- he's getting back up...

GM: But Supernova is up faster and a dropkick takes him down! Rant rolling out of the ring!

[As Rant leans up against the apron, trying to catch his breath, some ringside fans taunt him, prompting Rant to respond to their taunts as Jim approaches him...

...but Jim backs off suddenly, and for good reason.]

GM: Supernova is - OVER THE ROPES AND RANT GOES DOWN!!

BW: He's trying to address customer complaints! How dare Supernova interrupt his work!

[Supernova now proceeds to rain blows down on Rant, before dragging him to his feet.]

GM: Rant shoved back into the ring... Supernova follows him in and drags him up again. He has him up... atomic drop!

BW: Impact right down on the spine! Supernova charging -- clothesline takes Rant down!

[As Rant groggily sits up, Supernova cups his hands to his mouth and howls, drawing a loud crowd response.]

GM: Supernova back on the attack... he sends Rant into the ropes... and lifts him up overhead!

[But as he does, Rant is quick to think and reaches down to gouge Supernova in the eyes, forcing the fan favorite to lower his opponent to the canvas.]

BW: Now there's a way to counter that.

GM: An illegal counter, no less... now Rant with another rake across the face... he comes off the ropes and gets Supernova with a clothesline!

BW: And look at this -- an elbowdrop! And he's not done yet!

[Rant is quick to fire off a series of three elbowdrops, before quickly dropping into a lateral press.]

GM: One... two... Supernova kicks out with authority!

BW: But he nearly got the fall! That close to a major upset!

GM: Rant may not know much about customer service but he knows how to wrestle!

[Rant now drags Supernova off the canvas, taking him over with a vertical suplex.]

GM: And a textbook suplex by Rant... now look at this.

[Rant turns to the crowd and shouts, "I'll get to your calls when I can!" This prompts boos from the crowd.]

BW: See, he doesn't forget how important his customers are.

GM: He better not forget about the match, though... Rant turning back as Supernova is to his feet... Rant with a kick right to the shoulder and he's backing Supernova into the ropes.

[An Irish whipsees Rant put his head down... and Supernova put on the brakes.]

GM: Supernova grab Rant... slams his face into the canvas!

BW: He had the hair!

GM: I beg to differ, Bucky... Rant made a mistake in putting his head down and Supernova is back in control!

[Supernova scoops up Rant and bodyslams him to the canvas, then turns and signals to the crowd.]

GM: Supernova coming off the ropes... big splash connects! And there's a cover... one... two... Rant gets the shoulder up!

BW: How about that, Gordo? Rant can take the punishment as well as he can dish it out!

GM: And Supernova looks surprised!

[Supernova looks at the referee for a moment, who holds up two fingers. The face-painted fan favorite drags Rant to his feet again.]

GM: Supernova applies a bearhug -- trying to get the submission.

BW: And there it is -- that classic Greco-Roman counter!

GM: A rake to the eyes is what it is -- and it's against the rules!

BW: Nah, it's just a customer service rep dealing with an angry party on the other line.

GM: Bucky, stop that!

[Rant now picks up Supernova, managing to bodyslam him, then turns to the crowd and gives a thumbs down sign.]

BW: Now he's gonna finish this!

GM: Rant climbing up to the second rope... Supernova just getting to his feet.

[Rant smirks as he leaps off the second rope, his hands raised for an axehandle blow...

...leaving him open to a fist right to the midsection.]

GM: Supernova counters!

BW: Closed fist!

GM: But to the midsection! And now look... Jim is on the apron!

BW: He's gotta give some pointers to Rant, that's all!

[Jim immediately catches Supernova's eye and the face-painted fan favorite is quick to charge him, prompting Jim to slide off the apron, stumbling a bit as he does.]

GM: Jim has Supernova distracted!

BW: It's the way a supervisor-employee relationship works, Gordo! And Supernova's too stupid to know that!

GM: Jim backing off as Supernova is in the corner, yelling at him! And Rant is up!

[Rant comes charging in, looking to strike from behind...

...but Supernova catches him coming at the last second and sidesteps him.]

GM: Supernova shoves Rant into the corner! Face first to the buckles goes Rant!

BW: Oh no... don't tell me what's coming next...

[Supernova then turns Rant around, an Irish whip sending him to the opposite corner...

...and we all know what's coming next.]

GM: HEAT WAVE! Supernova got all of it!

BW: Rant is down!

[Rant stumbles out of the corner and falls face first to the canvas, just as Jim climbs to the apron again...

...but doesn't stay there for long.]

GM: Supernova nails Jim! He's out of the picture!

BW: If Jim were his boss, Supernova would be written up for that!

GM: But he's not... and now Supernova has Rant! Turns him over, grabs his legs and ties him up! The Solar Flare is locked on!

[Supernova leans back in the submission hold, and while Rant struggles to get out, it isn't long before he's telling the referee he's had enough.]

GM: And there's the submission! Supernova gets the win!

BW: Well, he may have gotten Rant tonight, but he knows very well guys like Craven are gonna be that much harder to beat!

[The bell sounds as Supernova waits a few seconds before releasing the hold, then cupping his hands and howling to the crowd once more.]

PW: The winner of the match... SUPERNOVA!

[The face-painted wrestler then ducks between the ropes and hops to the floor, slapping hands with ringside fans.]

GM: Supernova took an early first-round exit from the World Title tournament and fell short of winning that second-chance Battle Royal... but I'm sure this young man isn't finished with William Craven.

BW: If Supernova was smart... and we know he isn't... he'd say he's finished with Craven. Does he really want to get another beatdown at his hands? Did he not see what happened to Ryan Martinez? Does he not know what's in store for Andrew Tucker later tonight?

GM: Bucky, you should know by now that Supernova is not one to give up that easily! Let's go up to Jason Dane, who will get a few words with this young man!

[We go up to the interview platform with Jason.]

JD: All right, fans, Supernova comes away with another victory -- let me get a few words from one of the most popular men in the AWA.

[Supernova heads up to the interview platform, playing up briefly to the fans.]

JD: All right, Supernova, I know you had hoped to go further in the World Title tournament than you did -- the question everyone wants to know is this: What's next for Supernova?

S: Jason, I may not be in the World Title tournament any longer, but I'm far from done with William Craven! He can consider himself lucky that I left the building early and wasn't there when his attack on Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines went down, or you can better believe I'd be right there to remind Craven that I'm still here and I'm still not going away any time soon!

[He turns to the camera.]

S: Now, Craven, you might have a win over me. You might be correct to say that there's been a lot of guys here in the AWA turning things up a notch -- that guys like Hannibal Carver have shown up to ply their trade and that guys like Juan Vasquez have been going over the line in ways even I didn't anticipate.

But you think this is all because of what YOU have unleashed?

You think that Vasquez has gone to the depths he's gone to because of your revolution?

You think James Monosso and his antics have anything to do with your revolution?

I don't think so, Craven! The fact is, Monosso been around for a while and everyone's been used to his out-of-control antics! And, yeah, I'll admit I never thought I'd see Vasquez go to the lengths he's gone to, but I know he's got a lot on his mind and wants to get even for every man who wronged him in the past!

But then, Craven -- you still got me to deal with.

[A slight laugh.]

S: See, Craven, guys like me are known for being a little stubborn -- a little stubborn to just accept whatever revolution some guy proclaims is coming. A little stubborn to not go away quietly when all appears to be lost.

And that's why, Craven, I won't be repeating the mistake I made in Tampa of taking off before the show is over -- I'm staying here for the rest of the night and I will be watching your match with Tucker personally!

And I just may happen to have the best seat in the house tonight.

[A slight laugh again.]

JD: Supernova, what could you be talking about?

S: Let's just say, Jason, that's for me to know and William Craven to find out!

[He turns to the crowd and howls once more before departing.]

JD: A mysterious word from Supernova aimed at William Craven, fans, and right now, let's go to my good friend Mark Stegglet who is in the World Title Tournament Control Center!

[We crossfade away from the live shot to a backstage area where the "big board" has been erected once more. This time, we see all the scheduled second round matches with Dave Cooper's name obviously already moved into the "Sweet Sixteen" section of the wall.]

MS: Thanks, Jason! The World Title Tournament will continue right here on Saturday Night Wrestling later tonight with four big second round matchups but the second round has actually been going on all week at AWA live events throughout the South. Last Friday night, the AWA went to Savannah, Georgia for another night of action and the great fans in that city got to see the second round kick into high gear as two long-time rivals met as Jerby Jezz took on Bumble Bee to see who would move on to the Sweet Sixteen! Right now, let's go to some highlights from that matchup!

[We cut to show a backstage area.

Prerecorded in Savannah, Georgia just hours before the World Title Tournament match between Jerby Jezz and Bumble Bee, we see The Rave standing in front of a colorful backdrop. They have a cloth decorated in every color of the rainbow (and some that are not) tacked up on the wall to use as an interview backdrop. And they practically blend into it, because... well, they're the Rave! They look like they were rejected from My Little Pony Freindship Is Magic because they were too colorful (oh, and human... but primarily too colorful).

Jerby Jezz has his hair cut shorter than normal; the hair is dyed in a swirling vortex of red, blue, and lime green. This causes a very odd contrast with his odd pale reddish Eskimo-Lithuanian skin. Jerby is wearing what looks like a chain mail muscle shirt which has been lacquered with stripes of purple, orange, green, and pink, and he's wearing baggy tan pleather pants with patches of every conceivable shade.

Shizz Dawg OG has tied five 'tails' in his now-shoulder-length hair; these are dyed orange, yellow, magenta, indigo, and forest green. These colors fade into white at the top of his head, which features a bright sky-blue dot. The pale brown skinned Cablinasian is wearing a light grey sportcoat which has been airbrushed in swooshes of royal blue, chartreuse, maroon, and dark brown. He's not wearing anything under it. His pants are knee-length jean shorts which are black, but which have pink, yellow, and scarlet cloth stitched in, and a kelly green belt. Both Ravers have their brass steampunkish wrist streamer-launchers.]

JJ: Look up, loseweakers! The Rave has timeslid to the flippety floppity floo cause we got to distribute the uploads to all you jacksaws, so satellate your earlobes! No matter what you think you saw on the commercials, the future is not now. The future is not Kingsley. The future is 2032, and wildstyling rules supreme! But some scrumunder roilspur keeps following us back through the timeflow trying to ruin our mission from Senator Wilde, and break timespace. We all know these dumb drones are part of a clone army being genevated by the evil Queen, who is an alien.

SDOG: In the year 2032, we know that all firmbody that wear masks are aliens. It's in all the Sociophysics textflows in the third sequence! And just like we rocknihilated the alien incrush in 2029, we're gonna termify this alien lookscout unit when we take the Queen back to 2032 for judgement!

JJ: But tonight, we're gonna swing the flow back to wildstyling, when we beat the drones in this Half Wildstyle Novelfight to get closer to closing out this gyzzrus obsession you jacksaws in the past have with Half Wildstyling! Real wildstlying is done by the creed of the Rainbow Warrior, two-over-two! So when we snarf the World Half Wildstyling Novelfight Title, we will defend it only in proper wildstlye fashion!

SDOG: We're gonna kroove on down to the battlerun, snarf a superior countout victory, snaglock that evil Queen and timeslide her back to 2032 to

face the Alien Extermification Overwatch. They'll probably slag her with an electron ram. She deserves it.

JJ: The Rave is making time safe for the winhaving jaggos, so show us the proper observance, jacksaws! RAVE!

The Rave: RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

[The scene cuts away to the ring where we see Bumble Bee and Jerby Jezz circling one another, ready to tie up as the voices of Jason Dane and Colt Patterson are heard.]

JD: Yet another chapter in the never-ending feud between The Hive and The Rave will be written here tonight in Savannah as Bumble Bee and Jerby Jezz meet with a spot in the Sweet Sixteen of the AWA World Title Tournament on the line, Colt.

CP: There's a whole lotta guys sitting at home tonight steamed that they're out and one of these two goofs are gonna make the Sweet Sixteen. If I'm a guy like Supernova or Robert Donovan, I'm breaking all my living room furniture tonight.

JD: This tournament has seen some high profile showdowns early on which has led to some shocking results and in a way, has paved the road for these two unlikely participants to be this deep into the tournament.

[As the two men come together in a lockup, Jerby Jezz immediately secures an overhand wristlock. It doesn't take long though for Bumble Bee to work his way to the ropes, grabbing the top rope with his free hand and snapping off a back somersault out of the pressure...

...and then leaping right back up, throwing a side kick to the temple that sends Jerby Jezz flailing through the ropes, crashing down to the floor!]

JD: It doesn't take long for Bumble Bee to take his rival out of the ring and now he's coming after him.

[The masked man slingshots over the ropes, backing to the ringpost as he waits for Jerby Jezz to get up with the aid of Shizz Dawg OG...

...who throws himself in front of his partner as a human shield.]

JD: Shizz Dawg is blocking Bumble Bee, preventing him from-

[But Bumble Bee breaks into a sprint anyways, throwing himself into a front flip...

...that easily clears a shocked Shizz Dawg, nailing Jerby Jezz in the chest and knocking him back down to the floor!]

JD: Hahah! You gotta love that! He leapt right over Shizz Dawg OG like it was nothing, Colt.

CP: The kid can fly... I'll give him that much.

[Back on his feet, Bumble Bee ignores the taunts from Shizz Dawg, rolling Jerby Jezz under the ropes into the ring. He climbs up on the apron, grabbing the top rope with both hands...

...as Shizz Dawg grabs his leg with both hands!]

JD: The referee is right there - this could certainly earn Jerby Jezz a disqualification if the referee was so inclined, fans!

[Yellow Jacket comes sprinting around the ring, jumping into the air as he nears the ringpost...

...and uses the steel post to swing his torso around, slamming his legs into the back of Shizz Dawg OG!]

JD: Yellow Jacket frees up his partner and-

[Bumble Bee leaps to the middle rope, blindly springing backwards...

...and wiping out BOTH Shizz Dawg as well as his own partner with an Asai Moonsault!]

JD: BREATHTAKING MOONSAULT TO THE FLOOR!!

[A fired up Jerby Jezz races to the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and throwing himself into a headfirst dive under the bottom rope, clearing under it, and flying right into a front facelock on Bumble Bee that he pivots, twists, and DRIVES the masked skull into the thinly-padded floor!]

JD: BASEBALL SLIDE TORNADO DDT BY JERBY JEZZ!! What a move!

[With Jerby Jezz the last man standing amongst the four, we crossfade to later in the match...

...where Jerby Jezz has Bumble Bee trapped in the corner, throwing kicks into the ribs.]

JD: Jerby Jezz is trying to take some of the wind out of Bumble Bee's sails with those blows to the body...

[Grabbing an arm, he fires the masked man across the ring, charging hard behind him as Bumble Bee throws himself into a front flip, rolling up the buckles into a seated position backwards on the top rope...

...and the charging Jerby Jezz leaps high into the air, grabbing the masked man from behind before he can rise to his feet to mount the buckles, yanking backwards, and bringing Bumble Bee's back CRASHING down across the knees!]

JD: LUNGBLOWER! OUTTA NOWHERE!!

[Jerby Jezz promptly shoves Bumble Bee under the ropes, turning to the official to look for a ten count as we crossfade again...

...to find Bumble Bee throwing big forearms at a dazed Jerby Jezz in the middle of the ring before spinning around and clocking him with a rolling elbow!]

JD: Rolling elbow puts Jerby Jezz down on the mat... and Bumble Bee's heading up top!

[The masked man gets to the middle rope, one foot on the top when Shizz Dawg pulls himself up on the apron that Bumble Bee is facing, charging towards the corner...

...and leaping to the middle rope, ready to fire away when Bumble Bee catches him with a hard forearm, causing Shizz Dawg to plummet backwards off the middle rope, SMASHING his spine against the ring apron before flopping to the floor!]

JD: Good grief, Colt!

CP: As someone who has had a back injury in the past, I can tell you that seeing something like that makes me a little sick to my stomach.

[Bumble Bee finishes the climb to the top...

...but gets caught by Jerby Jezz who crouches low before leaping high, catching Bumble Bee under the chin with a leaping punch!]

JD: Ahh!

"OHHHHHHH!"

[The blow staggers Bumble Bee, causing him to crotch himself on the top rope. He quickly scales the ropes as well, stepping to the second rope where he turns his back, hooking the head and neck of Bumble Bee like he's attempting a snap mare...

...and then executes a snap mare off the middle rope, bouncing Bumble Bee off the canvas!]

JD: I'm not sure I've ever seen that done before!

CP: Seems like we say that a lot when these four guys are in the ring... around the ring... whatever.

[Jerby Jezz stands on the middle rope, shouting some kind of "future talk" to the crowd before slapping his chest a few times...]

JD: What's he calling for, Colt?

CP: Seriously? I left my "Super Nutcase Freakshow" decoder ring at home tonight.

[Jerby Jezz leaps into the air from the middle rope, throwing himself into a front flip...]

JD: SOMERSAULT SENNNNNNTOOOOO-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

JD: NOBODY HOME!!

[Jerby Jezz rolls over, grabbing at his back as Bumble Bee rolls back from his escape route, ending up right next to Jezz as The Rave member pushes up to his knees...

...right where the masked man wants him as he kips up from his back, snaring a headscissors, and THROWING Jezz between the second and bottom rope to the floor!]

JD: Wow! Where the heck did that come from?!

[Jezz lands dangerously close to Yellow Jacket and as he climbs to his feet, he delivers a two-handed shove to Yellow Jacket, knocking him away. Yellow Jacket starts to come for him but Queen Bee steps him, buzzing him away as Jezz taunts the masked man...

...and gets caught in the face with two feet from Bumble Bee as he leaps up, using the ropes to swing his legs between the second and bottom rope in a kick!]

JD: FEET TO THE FACE!!

[With Jerby Jezz dazed and staggering back towards the barricade, Bumble Bee swings an arm around before dashing to the far ropes, bouncing off them at full speed as he rushes across...]

JD: HEEEEERE HEEEE COMMMMMES!!

[...and HURLS himself over the top rope, twisting through the air, and WIPING OUT Jerby Jezz!]

JD: AAAABUUUUUNAAAAAAIII!!!

CP: What the- speak English, Dane!

JD: What a death-defying corkscrew plancha to the floor by Bumble Bee!

[With bodies strewn all over ringside, we crossfade to later in the match where Bumble Bee is hammering away with clenched fists from the

midbuckle, the crowd buzzing along with him. He leaps down, grabbing the arm...]

JD: Corner to corner whip... here he comes!

[Bumble Bee takes flight, scoring with a leaping butt-butt to the face!]

JD: STINGER SPLASH!!

[Suddenly, Shizz Dawg leaps up on the apron, reaching over the ropes at Bumble Bee which of course draws Yellow Jacket up on the apron as well.]

JD: Yellow Jacket moves to interve- ohh!

[Shizz Dawg catches him approaching, burying a boot into the groin.]

JD: He went low on Yellow Jacket!

[Grabbing Yellow Jacket in a front facelock, Shizz Dawg leaps into the air...

...and SMASHES the masked man's skull into the edge of the ring apron with a DDT!]

JD: OH MY GOD!!!

CP: He won't wake up for a week, jack!

JD: Yellow Jacket just got SPIKED on his head on the ring apron! He's out!

[An overjoyed Shizz Dawg leaps off the apron, racing around the ringpost...

...and scoops up Queen Bee over his shoulder, rushing towards the aisle with her!]

JD: What the-!?

CP: He's got the Queen!

JD: Why?!

[Bumble Bee turns his focus towards that, shouting an angry stream of buzzing in the direction of Shizz Dawg who turns to face him, shouting something in response...]

JD: Bumble Bee's distracted! His partner's down, his manager's being kidnapped!

CP: Beenapped?

JD: Whatever you want to call it, she's- LOOK OUT!!

[With a running headstart, Jerby Jezz throws himself horizontal to the mat as Bumble Bee turns...

...and gets SPEARED through the ropes and out to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

JD: OH MY GOD!! WHAT DID WE JUST SEE?!?

[Jerby Jezz and Bumble Bee are both motionless on the floor as a gleeful Shizz Dawg unceremoniously dumps Queen Bee on her shapely rear end on the floor before charging back down the aisle as the referee starts his ten count.]

JD: Shizz Dawg’s back at ringside... shoving his partner back in...

[The count comes steady from the official now, reaching five... six... seven as Shizz Dawg OG celebrates wildly at every count.]

JD: The count’s up to eight... now nine...

“DING! DING! DING!”

[At the referee’s signal, Shizz Dawg rolls in, lifting his partner’s arm up in victory.]

JD: They won it, fans! The Rave somehow managed to pull this one out and Jerby Jezz - can you believe it? - is headed to the Sweet Sixteen!

[With The Rave celebrating in the ring, we crossfade back to Mark Stegglet who has slid Jerby Jezz’ name next to Dave Cooper.]

MS: Jerby Jezz with a victory over his rival to move on to the Sweet Sixteen of this tournament - two men in... fourteen more spots to go! Fans, we’ll find out more names of who is in and who is out throughout the night but right now, we’re going to take a quick break and come right back with more action!

[Fade 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 back up to live action where we find Jason Dane in the backstage interview area.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm joined at this time by an individual who will compete later tonight in second-round tournament action, please welcome Chris Staley.

[Staley enters the shot, dressed in his long black leather jacket. He rubs his hands together in anticipation and nods at Jason.]

JD: Chris, tonight you face a man I'm sure you remember from your EMWC days, the aerial artist known as November.

[Staley nods again.]

CS: Sure do. Was a hell of an athlete in those days. Still is.

JD: Chris, I have to ask. You seem rather nervous tonight. Why?

CS: Well, Jason, I outweigh November and I have more experience in this business. With that said, I know I'm the underdog tonight. November's gained accolades from pretty much everywhere he's competed. While I was slumming it in Japan, he just kept winning on the big stage and adding to his legacy. He has his reputation. On the other hand, exactly what do I have? A couple of token title reigns and my own reputation that, let's face it, isn't exactly sterling.

JD: Well, Chris, I'm surprised. Before tonight, you sounded confident and ready to go. November's the one that's known for being moody. What's changed?

CS: To be honest? Nothing.

[Staley looks at the ground and sighs.]

CS: Look, you know how I've been talking about my Redemption, right?

JD: Yes.

CS: Well, it's not just a name for a stable I used to run with. It's a credo of mine. I need redemption. It's what I live for. Tonight, I'm ready to do whatever it takes to earn that redemption. I can't go back to Japan. I'm done with that hardcore crap. I need to stay in this tournament. I need to become the AWA World Champion.

[Staley's eyes light up as he mentions the championship.]

JD: You mentioned your past in hardcore. What do you think of your old nemesis, William Craven, and his quest to-

[Staley throws his hands up.]

CS: Whoa, stop right there, Jason. I could go on for hours about Craven, but that'll have to wait if I can get to him. Tonight, it's all about November.

JD: Understood. What exactly is your game plan then?

[Staley chuckles.]

CS: Come on, Jason, you know better than that. A true professional always keeps that secret.

[Jason smiles and shrugs.]

CS: Let's keep this simple. November, tonight, I'm bringing my very best to the table. I'd ask for you to do the same, but I already know you will.

[Staley nods.]

CS: And, remember, I'm only three seconds away from my redemption. And the underdog? Becomes the dark horse.

[Staley, looking a bit more amped up now, walks off.]

JD: Well, fans, you heard him. Chris Staley is ready. Will he find his redemption? We'll find out later tonight. Back to you at ringside.

[Cut back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are seated.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. Later tonight, we'll see Chris Staley take on November to see who will move on to the Sweet Sixteen. But right now, it's time to head up to the ring for tag team action! Two teams looking for a chance to bolt up the rankings.

BW: All that's on the line here is, possibly, a career. We got the TV debut of the Longhorn Riders, and they're takin' on another young team that ain't caught their break yet in the Surfer Dudes. Chances on TV like this are real, real rare, and they better know it! So we're gonna see 'em fight to the end.

GM: Both teams have been impressive in arena events, and they are all very young in their careers. Let's go up to Phil Watson for the introductions.

[As we cut to the AWA's erstwhile announcer, the driving guitar beat of Joe Satriani's "Ride" plays over the PA. Immediately two men stride from the back. Clad in white dusters (over black Harley Davidson T-Shirts), blue jeans, brown leather cowboy boots, brown leather cutoff gloves, and black motorcycle helmets with a red "Longhorn Riders" logo airbrushed on each side, this is "Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt... the brothers known as the Longhorn Riders. They are side-by-side and almost in step as they power-walk straight to the ring.]

PW: The following tag team contest is set for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit!

Introducing first, coming down the aisle... from Gun Barrel City, Texas... at a total combined weight of five hundred forty two pounds...

..."Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt...

...THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

[The cowboy bikers reach the ring at the same time and go straight in to a mixed reaction from the crowd. Nobody knows what this team is all about yet, but they do seem to be very intense. Though the Colts have different builds, they do have similar facial features and the same reddish-brown haircolor. Pete is the bulkier of the two; he's barrel-chested, with thick muscles up top and a bit of a beer gut down below. His hair is shorter, but is wavy in style; he sports a thick horseshoe mustache. Jim is taller, and is quite lanky. His hair is a straight mullet; he sports a thin horseshoe mustache. Both men go to center ring and lift their arms to the fans, as if declaring that this is their turf.]

GM: This is a second generation tag team, Bucky.

BW: Oh, I know all about 'em. Their daddy was Sam Colt, one half of one of the best tag team of the late 80s and early-to-mid 90s, the Cowboys From Hell. He was a World Tag Team Champion on multiple occasions. If his kids have what he had, they'll make it.

GM: It does bear mentioning... Sam Colt never did play by the rules.

BW: Like I said. If they have what he had, they'll make it.

["Ride" dies down, and is replaced by the much more familiar "Surfin' USA" by the Beach Boys. The crowd cheers almost by instinct, because you know that a heel would never use that song.]

PW: And their opponents, about to make their way to the ring... hailing from Southern California and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-five pounds...

...here are Vance Ricks and Trampus Kennedy...

...THE SURFER DUDES!

[Kennedy and Ricks make their way down the entrance aisle towards the ring. Trampus Kennedy is your prototypical 80's southern California surfer guy. He's got a blonde hair and blue eyes. His hobby as a body builder is evident in his build. He's cut with washboard abs, and definition in all the right places. He's got a very dark tan. His hair is just shy of being long enough to put into a ponytail, and his bangs hang in his eyes. Kennedy's ring attire consists of tie-dyed bicycle shorts with tie-dyed kneepads. The padding covering the knee is black. He also sports black elbowpads, white wrist tape, white finger tape, and a tie-dyed color baseball cap worn backwards. He's got a banana-yellow jacket with "Surfer Dudes" embroidered on the back. Vance Ricks has short, spiked blonde hair. The hair is obviously dyed, his darker roots are visible. He's also a cut specimen, but not as cut as his partner. Ricks sports a tattoo on his right shoulder of a yin and yang with kanji script underneath translating into "Life & Death". Visually speaking, he is another stereotypical southern Cali surfer kid. Vance's ring attire consists of tie-dyed standard wrestling trunks with white kneepads and white elbowpads. He wears the same jacket to the ring as his partner with "Surfer Dudes" scrawled across the back. He also sports a tie-dyed baseball cap worn backwards.]

Both men stop periodically to slap hands with any fans who have their hands out-stretched.]

GM: Two energetic young men that we've seen before, Bucky, the Surfer Dudes.

BW: No, no, no. They can't be Surfer Dudes. If you're surfer dudes, go surf. You gotta be a Wrestling Dude if you want to make it here.

GM: I understand your point, but both Trampus Kennedy and Vance Ricks have immense talent.

BW: They do. But they'll never make anything with it if they're gonna act like beach bums!

[Kennedy and Ricks get to the ring and climb in. Ricks climbs up onto the second turnbuckle and gives the crowd the Shaka sign. Kennedy removes his jacket and strikes a bicep flex. Ricks hops off the second turnbuckle and sheds his jacket. And then they both get run over as the Longhorn Riders attack before the bell with stereo clotheslines.]

BW: HA HA! Surf's up, dudes!

GM: BLITZ ATTACK BEFORE THE BELL! The Longhorn Riders are not waiting for anything! Pete Colt hammering Trampus Kennedy with a brutal three hundred pound elbow drop, and Jim Colt kicking Vance Ricks out of the ring!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Well, that's the way they do it! The Longhorn Riders don't get paid by the hour!

GM: Both men with the double team on Trampus Kennedy, as Marty Meekly applies a count. A double vertical suplex, taking the man over with extreme force! Pete Colt exits, and Jim Colt mounting and hammering away!

BW: "Slim" Jim is snapping into Trampus Kennedy right now with those big punches.

GM: Well, we all knew that line was coming. The crowd booing the ruthless tactics of the Longhorn Riders, but the Colts could care less.

BW: That's the advantage of being second generation. You know tricks that others don't, and you think of little things that others have to learn first-hand. Pete and Jim came from a tag team specialist, so they knew just when to strike.

GM: Jim Colt picking up Trampus Kennedy, side headlock, and bringing him to the Longhorn Riders corner. Tag is made, and in comes Pete. Jim holding him wide open for a big meaty fist to the ribs from the much larger Colt brother. And the Riders aren't done! They whip Trampus to the ropes... both Riders bounce off the far ropes...

[As the Texas team goes for a double rebound, though, Vance Ricks trips Jim Colt! The crowd cheers as Pete barrels off alone... into an explosive belly-to-belly suplex from Trampus Kennedy!]

[* T H U D ! *]

GM: WHAT A SUPLEX! TRAMPUS KENNEDY WHIPPED THE NEAR THREE HUNDRED POUND PETE COLT OVER! HE'S GOT ONE... TWO...

BW: Not that early, he won't get him. But man, that kid is a LOT stronger than he looks!

GM: At six-one, two-fifty, Trampus Kennedy packs a lot of compact power in his frame! He gets up, armwringer on Pete Colt, and over to tag to Vance Ricks, who quickly ran over to get the tag.

BW: And Ricks knew exactly what he had to do and where to go. The Surfer Dude matches I've seen, daddy, Ricks seems to be the one with the instincts for tag wrestling. Maybe he needs to get off the beach, and get a manager. Maybe a more ruthless partner. Kennedy has more of a singles style... maybe he needs a manager too. These kids are throwin' their careers away on that dumb surfer stuff.

GM: As opposed to the biker-cowboy 'stuff' that the Longhorn Riders are expressing? You don't seem to think that is a detraction from them.

BW: Because cowboys and bikers are bad men who whip anyone who gets in their way. That's a GOOD mentality for wrestling. Surfers just lay on a beach and swim all day. How is this even a contest?

GM: Well, look in the ring!

[During this last bit of dialogue, Ricks entered the ring via the second rope and elbowed Pete Colt in the shoulder. He then applied his own armwringer, and transitioned it down into an armbar. Pete Colt stood up, backed him into the ropes, and tried to whip him off. But Vance countered with a sudden deep armdrag to take the large powerhouse down, and retain the armbar.]

BW: Yeah, they got an armbar. The problem with this strategy is that Pete's too strong for it. His build is thick; you can't really hurt or impede him this way.

GM: That remains to be seen. Vance Ricks moving to a hammerlock and using it to take Pete down. And a kneedrop to the shoulder!

BW: Dragging Pete to the corner before the tag; smart tag move.

GM: Both Surfer Dudes are in, and whipping big "Texas" Pete Colt off the ropes, and a great double flying back elbow connects! That shot will hurt a man of any size! Pete Colt is down, and Trampus Kennedy going for the arms... double chickenwing is applied! Kennedy straddling Pete's back with the double chickenwing applied!

BW: He likes submission holds, but there's a problem with that, Gordo. And there it is...

[* W H A C K ! *]

GM: AND A CRUSHING JUMPING KICK TO THE FACE OF TRAMPUS KENNEDY! Jim Colt blasted him with some... odd style of kick! But it hit like a ton of bricks!

BW: That's a Float Kick, Gordo! You swing your non-kicking leg up to get yourself momentum, and swing it back down hard so you take off into the kick like a rocket! And Kennedy's jaw just took off like a rocket, too!

GM: A completely illegal maneuver, as Jim Colt is not the legal man! You cannot let that go with just a warning; it completely changed the course of this contest!

BW: This ain't soccer, Gordo. You can't give him a yellow card. You either warn or DQ, and I never saw anyone get DQed for doin' that one time.

GM: Tag is made, and Jim Colt in the ring... big running kneelift takes down Trampus, who was wobbling to his feet! Jim Colt apparently has leg strength to spare.

BW: And he just proved it, Gordo... did you see how high he got with that legdrop?!

GM: Yes, that was an extremely high jump. And a cover gets two, before Trampus Kennedy kicks out. Trampus is now the one who will need to figure out what to do.

BW: I hope he's better at figuring something out than his mother is.

GM: What?! You don't know anything about the man's mother, for goodness sake!

BW: All I need to know is this: she had nine months and the best she could do was 'Trampus'.

GM: ...

BW: You will find my logic is flawless.

GM: Abdominal stretch by "Slim" Jim Colt. His height is working for him here... at six-six, he can really stretch a man.

BW: Very true. I knew a man back in the day who was six-eleven, and got submissions off the abdominal stretch because of it. I don't think Trampus'll quit from this... I mean, he went through grade school with the name Trampus and didn't jump off a bridge, so he can take punishment without givin' in.

GM: I... sadly find your logic to be flawless there. Trampus Kennedy is a submission wrestler, though, and Jim Colt will need to be careful that he doesn't counter... like that! Violent hip toss by Kennedy taking Jim straight down!

BW: Ah, but Jim grabbed his boot when he went down! Kennedy can't go for the tag, and Jim's tall enough to reach his brother's arm.

GM: Pete Colt is tagged back in, and a clubbing forearm finds its way to the side of Kennedy's head! Now grabbing the smaller man in a headlock, and his raw power must make this an Excedrin headache number fifty-three!

BW: No question, he's gotta be one of the strongest guys in the AWA.

GM: And an illegal thumb shot to the throat as the referee went around to the other side! An egregious error by Marty Meekly, and Colt knew enough to take advantage. The second generation status showing there.

BW: Ricks almost ran in there, but thought better of it. Not as dumb as most dumb rookie baby-kissin' goody-two-shoes kids.

GM: Pete Colt picks up Kennedy... and has him WAY UP IN THE AIR!

[* B O O M ! *]

GM: BRUTAL GORILLA PRESS SLAM!

BW: That's it, daddy! You can count to fifty!

GM: Apparently not... the cover got only two! Pete Colt failing to hook a leg there, and it may have cost him. Now he seems to be angry... gathering up Kennedy, shoving him to the corner, and jawing at Marty Meekly. Who should know better than to fall for this!

BW: Tag rope chokeout by Jim Colt! The kids know the classics!

[Boos echo as "Slim" Jim Colt has his tag rope wrapped around the neck of Trampus Kennedy. This time, Vance Ricks takes a chance and runs across to the corner to get at Jim Colt. He dropkicks Jim Colt off the apron, after which Meekly sees him and starts moving him back to the corner.]

GM: Vance Ricks breaks up the illegal choke!

BW: But you saw the inexperience! Pete shoulda made sure Marty intercepted Ricks. A veteran tag wrestler woulda done that and got a free double team.

GM: You mean a veteran cheater!

BW: Also known as a "winner". But Pete's usin' the time wisely, chokin' Kennedy on the top rope.

GM: The Longhorn Riders showing no compunction for breaking the rules. Jim Colt back up on the apron, and assisting his brother's chokehold! Come on, referee!

BW: He's over there now, puttin' on a count. Relax, Gordo.

GM: You could have counted to twenty with what was going on behind his back. Pete Colt tagging his brother Jim, and picking up Kennedy in a slam position.

[Jim enters the ring, goes down to a knee, and Pete throws Kennedy straight up in the air, so that he lands gut-first on Jim's knee!]

GM: WHAT ELEVATION! That drove all of the wind from Trampus Kennedy, and Jim Colt covers... Vance Ricks with the save before the two-count!

BW: Can't fault him. Good tag instincts, daddy. No reason to leave it to chance.

GM: Jim Colt is up and raking that hard leather cowboy boot into the eyes of Kennedy as Meekly chastises Ricks. Now Jim Colt gathering up a dazed Kennedy... whipping him off the ropes...

[Jim rushes Kennedy and throws a fast, vicious Yakuza kick... but Kennedy does a diveroll under it! Jim gets nothing but air, and by the time he turns around, Kennedy is already upon him!]

GM: MISSILE SHOULDERBLOCK BY KENNEDY! He ducked what looked to be a knockout blow from Jim Colt, and laid him low with the shoulderblock!

BW: He got all of it, Gordo! But now he's gotta make a tag!

GM: Trampus Kennedy dragging himself to his corner... but Pete Colt has his boot! Pete Colt reaching through the ropes and grabbing Trampus by the boot! He's wide open for Jim...

[The crowd shouts a warning as Jim Colt scrambles to his feet, runs off the ropes, and leaps into another legdrop... but Kennedy ditches his boot! The sudden loss of resistance causes Pete to fall backwards from the apron, and Jim whiffs the legdrop as Kennedy rolls away... into his corner for the tag! The fans cheer loudly!]

GM: WHAT A MOVE BY KENNEDY, AND HE MAKES THE TAG!

BW: And Ricks better make hay while the sun shines, because Pete's on the concrete! Jim can't tag!

GM: Flying punch to the head by Vance Ricks, who is fired up! A deep armdrag on Jim Colt as he staggers! Colt back up, and down with another armdrag!

BW: He's measuring him up now, Gordo... wham!

GM: Soccer-style kick to the side of the head as Jim was on all fours! Colt got his arms up but it was still a hard shot!

BW: We could use this guy to qualify for the World Cup!

GM: Vance Ricks now climbing up! All the way to the top rope!

[Ricks looks around the arena at the screaming fans, and slowly raises his right hand... thumb and pinky extended in the 'shaka' sign! He then leaps and brings that same hand down hard across the forehead of Jim Colt with a flying chop. Jim slowly falls backwards, like a tree having just been chopped down.]

GM: The big Shaka Drop, and these fans are in full approval!

BW: Shaka what? Is this guy a Zulu?

GM: Vance Ricks going up to the top rope again! He's looking for the finishing touches... BUT PETE COLT FROM BEHIND! Pete shoved him off the top rope to the canvas!

BW: Well, now you done it! He's mad now. In fact, "Texas" Pete is hot!

GM: *sigh* We knew that one was coming, too. Pete Colt blatantly entering the ring without a tag, and going after Vance Ricks! He presses him up...

[* T H U D ! *]

GM: ...BUT TRAMPUS KENNEDY FROM BEHIND WITH A BELLY-TO-BACK SUPLEX ON THE THREE HUNDRED POUNDER! RICKS FALLS ON PETE'S CHEST! Kennedy with the suplex on the big man while he had Ricks pressed up... that's over five hundred pounds!

BW: Pete was unbalanced because he was pressing a man, but that's still impressive! I can't believe he did that!

GM: The Surfer Dudes with the double dropkick on Pete Colt! And a double dropkick for Jim Colt! And another for Pete that sends him to the apron!

BW: Come on, ref! This is way more than five seconds!

GM: Vance Ricks to the ropes, climbing the turnbuckles again, and Trampus Kennedy is lifting Jim Colt in the bearhug... no, Marty Meekly making him release! There was no tag, so there is no five-second grace period!

[Kennedy aborts the bearhug, complaining to Meekly. Vance stops as the planned Wipe Out finisher is disrupted, but then goes forward with his end, launching a high cross bodyblock...]

[* C R A A C K ! *]

BW: HE KICKED HIS FACE OFF, GORDO!

GM: JIM COLT DECIMATED VANCE RICKS WITH THAT FLOAT KICK AS HE JUMPED DOWN FOR THE HIGH CROSS BODY!

[The crowd explodes in a loud reaction for the vicious counter, and the force of the blow sends Jim Colt backwards, onto his backside. He scrambles back and tags in Pete for good measure.]

GM: Pete Colt in... and blasts Trampus Kennedy off the apron with a hard clothesline! Now over to Ricks, who is groggy and dazed... lifts him up on his shoulders...

[Another loud reaction is heard as Jim Colt jumps up onto the top rope, and then rockets off of it with all of that leg strength, into a brutal clothesline that sends Vance three-sixtying off of Pete's shoulders!]

BW: _THE COLT REVOLVER_! That's the same move their daddy and his partner used to win titles all over the world!

GM: It will win them this match, unquestionably. One, two, and three... the Longhorn Riders have won their TV debut, shady tactics and all!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: These guys are gonna be someone to reckon with, daddy. Mark it. They need some experience, but they got what it takes to make it.

GM: Let's get the official word.

PW: The winners of this contest... "Texas" Pete Colt and "Slim" Jim Colt... THE LONGHORN RIDERS!

["Ride" by Joe Satriani starts up, and Pete gives the big Texas "hook 'em" sign. Jim rolled to the apron after the clothesline, and he is still laying there as he took some hard shots right near the end. Vance is out, and Trampus has re-entered too late to stop the count... he's on his knees next to his partner, watching in case the Colts press the issue. The crowd boos the Longhorn Riders, and a sneering Pete exits the ring.]

BW: Well? Did I call it or what?

GM: I don't remember you making any prediction. All four men have bright futures ahead in the sport, but tonight belongs to the Longhorn Riders...

BW: Let me correct you, daddy. All four men MIGHT have bright futures. But for the two clowns in the ring, they gotta ditch that tie-dye, kiss the beach goodbye, and get serious. I see they got talent, but talent alone ain't gonna get it done. You gotta be mean, and the Colt kids are all you want of that and more.

GM: The Surfer Dudes have a great deal of ambition, and I believe they'll earn another opportunity. The Riders just did, and I am sure we'll see more of them in the future. But, fans, in just a few moments, we're going to see our first tournament match of the night when Scotty Mayhem collides with Sultan Azam Sharif.

BW: That means everyone better keep their eyes open for Jim Watkins 'cause we all know that the front office doesn't want Sharif anywhere near that title, Gordo.

GM: Remember, Sharif has promised that if he wins the title, he will use his Steal The Spotlight contract that he won at SuperClash III to bring the former National Champion back to the AWA to face him. And yes, the front office certainly doesn't want to be put into that position. However, I'm told that the Jim Watkins situation just got a little bit more complicated here tonight. For more on that, let's go to the interview area to Jason Dane. Jason?

[We crossfade to the back of the arena bowl to the interview area.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. I have it on good authority that Jim Watkins is NOT in the building tonight. After what happened two weeks ago in the situation with Robert Donovan and the Bishops, I'm being told that Watkins was asked to come back to Dallas this weekend and face a disciplinary hearing at the hands of the front office. Jon Stegglet and Bobby Taylor, two of the AWA's owners, ARE here tonight and will handle Watkins' duties but... we could be seeing the end of Jim Watkins' days as the Chairman of the Championship Committee.

[Dane looks saddened to deliver that news.]

JD: And now, joining me right now... i

[The camera pulls back a bit to reveal Count Adrian Bathwaite and Sultan Azam Sharif. Bathwaite is clad in a royal pink sport jacket with some white frills, along with a red undershirt and yellow tie. The flag of Hong Kong is stitched into his breast pocket. He is wearing yellow pants and red shoes. Sharif is wearing his normal to-ring attire, with a reddish-brown bisht, white kaffiyeh, black agal, and a huge Iranian flag borne proudly over his shoulder.]

JD: A short turnaround time for my guest at this time, Sultan Azam Sharif, along with his manager Count Adrian Bathwaite. Just weeks ago, he had a brutal confrontation with his mentor, the legendary Hamilton Graham. And tonight, a very different style of competitor who may even be more intense than Graham himself in Scotty Mayhem. Count Bathwaite, I know you have forbidden the Sultan to speak, so please tell us how he's dealing with the short turnaround.

[The silver-haired manager of mixed English-Chinese descent chuckles, and a slight smile plays across his bucktoothed face.]

CAB: For once, a good question and proper deference, Dane. Even the dogs learn to heel eventually. Yes, no doubt the AWA wants my man to fail, by giving him a better rested opponent. But this man is a machine! He is not fatigued; in fact, this just helps him keep the momentum. And given the timing of tonight's event... well, let me just say that I've had a discussion with the Sultan this morning. He has a message he wants to give, and I'll allow it. Go on, Sultan.

[Sharif steps forward, and begins to speak in his outrageous accent.]

SAS: Dank you, Mistair Count Batwaite. Joo know, Mistair Jahsun Dan, dot lass night, London Anglund, Olympic Game opun ceremony begun. Un I wanted to be dere, London Anglund, vid my country. I see dem in parade, un I remembair how I vas dere in Atens Greece, for my country. For Iran!

All ontollEgunt AmerEcun, ontollEgunt fons all ovair deh vurld, dey all know dot Iranian wrestlairs, deh best wrastlairs in deh vurld! Deh oldest country in deh vurld, deh oldest sport in deh vurld! Deh sport of kings! Un I see my

countrymen, proud to vave deh flog! Proud to represent Iran! Un dot is ven my heart go out to dem, dot I vant to be side by side vid dem to represent Iran also! But I know dot I hof motch against Mistair Scott Mah-hem, un dot is ven I realize!

I om side by side vid my Iranian brothairs! Dis is my Olympics! Un I gunna win deh gold belt, just like gold medal! I gunna do it for my country! I already know dot all deh peepell here in Chutonooga Tenusee gunna shant "USA USA"! But dot only remind me! Dot remind me of my country! "Iran! Iran!" I gunna hear my peepell shant my country, in my heart!

Un Mistair Scott Mah-hem, I know dot you always vant to win very much. Dey called you Mistair Untensuty for dot reason. BUT REMEMBAH! In Iran, dey call me Pahlavn-e Keshvar, un you look dot up vat dot mean!

JD: Alright, Sultan Azam Sharif, the Olympic opening ceremony last night filling you with national pride. But at the First Tangle In Tampa, you were feeling something very different.

SAS: It vas very much plasure to compeht against my coach, Mistair Homultun Grom, un I om very proud to beat him...

JD: I was referring to after the match... OW!

[Bathwaite interrupts Dane with a sharp jab to the ribs with his cane.]

CAB: I should have known it wasn't going to last! Stirring up trouble again, Dane! I ought to have you strung from the rafters!

SAS: Yi'emil min il-habba 'ubba.

JD: Pardon?

CAB: He said you're making something out of nothing! And tonight, my man is going take something and make nothing... specifically he's going to take Scotty Mayhem, that dirt farmer who has been trying to elevate himself into an elite athletic club, and obliterate him! There'll be nothing left of the lunatic, and I have personally assured Johnny Casanova that all of his problems are over with Mayhem tonight.

SAS: VATEVAH! I diddunt care about dot, I only care about gold belt! Mistair Scotty Mah-hem! I vant you to wrastle deh best motch of your life, so dot my Iranian peepell can be proud ven I vin it for IRAN! DIS IS MY OLYMPIC!

[Uh,oh. Sharif is now getting pumped up by the thought of this being the Olympics for him. He rips his kaffiyeh off, revealing his neatly groomed short black hair and mustache. And very wide, focused brown eyes.

SAS: I'M OXCITED! I DO IT FOR IRAN! IRAN! IRAN NUMBAH VUN!

[Without even waiting for the cameraman to "zoom it", Sharif starts powerwalking down the aisle, waving his huge Iranian flag. The fans give a loud series of boos... Iran doesn't have many fans here. Bathwaite smirks, and heads after him. The open of "Saz O Avaz" follows, but Sharif is already halfway down the aisle.]

GM: A very energetic Sultan Azam Sharif, who may be mirroring his opponent a bit more than usual as he's definitely bringing some intensity tonight.

BW: You heard it, Gordo. The Olympics got him all fired up to win gold for his country. But this is even more meaningful than Olympic gold if you ask me! It's the first ever AWA World Championship in arguably the most stacked, star-studded tournament field ever!

GM: And I suspect that Adrian Bathwaite is stirring the Sultan's national pride up to distract him from their recent disputes... and especially from Bathwaite's motives in this! Let's not forget what he plans to do if Sharif wins the title!

[Sharif has hit the ring, and he sheds his bisht to reveal his fine-yet-battlescarred physique, and baggy white sirwal (pants) tucked into gold galesh-shaped hooked boots. He waves his flag proudly as the ring announcer begins.]

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

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from the nation of Iran...

[The crowd ERUPTS in jeers!]

PW: ...and being accompanied to the ring by his manager, Count Adrian Bathwaite...

[Even more jeers!]

PW: ...weighing in tonight at 259 pounds...

SULLLLTAAAAAAN AZAAAAAAM SHAAAARIIIIIIIF!

[Sharif continues to wave his flag back and forth like a madman, earning a ton of boos from the very patriotic crowd.]

PW: And his opponent...

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

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, about to make his way down the aisle... being accompanied by Big Mama and representing Playboy Enterprises... he hails from Jacksonville, Florida... weighing in at 237 pounds...

"MR. INTENSITY"

SCOTTYYYYYYYYYYYYY

MAAAAAAAAYHEMMMMMM!

[Welcome to Flash Bulb City - Population 2 - as Scotty Mayhem walks out of the curtain decked out in a red, white, and blue sequined robe. He immediately throws his arms apart, doing a slow turn as the arena lights make his robe glitter. He jerks a taped thumb towards the entrance, bringing more cheers for Big Mama as he walks through the curtain in a match red, white, and blue ankle-length gown, clapping softly with a big smile on her face.]

GM: Big Mama looks better and better each time we see her, Bucky.

BW: Jezebels usually do, Gordo.

GM: Jeze- would you stop?!

[Mayhem yanks off his head band, tossing it to the crowd to more cheers as he starts to walk the aisle, slapping the hands of some of the fans, feeding off the energy of the Chattanooga crowd as he draws closer and closer to the ring. He pauses at the ringside area, lifting a muscular arm to point at Sharif who is still waving the flag. He twirls his right index finger in the sky before dashing forward, diving under the bottom rope into the ring...

...where Sharif promptly buries a hooked boot into the ribs!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Get him, Sultan!

[Sharif hands the flagpole out of the ring as the bell rings. Sharif looks puzzled at the bell and then goes back to work on Mayhem with more kicks to the body.]

GM: Sharif seemed to think the match started as soon as Mayhem entered the ring. He looked completely puzzled when the bell rang after the fact. More of Bathwaite's doing to be sure.

[Sharif delivers two more hooked boots to the ribs before leaning down to drag Mayhem off the mat.]

GM: Big whip to the corner by Sharif... Mayhem hits the buckles hard...

[Sharif backs to the opposite corner, laying in two big slaps across his muscular chest before throwing his arms overhead, rushing across the ring for a hammer blow with a loud bellow...]

GM: Sharif charges in!

[But Mayhem dives aside, causing Sharif to slam chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: Mayhem avoids the big hammer... and look out here...

[Mayhem grabs the stunned Sharif by the back of the head and SMASHES his skull into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Into the buckle he goes!

[Mayhem turns, pointing to the adjacent corner...

...and charges down that set of ropes, slamming Sharif's head into that corner as well!]

GM: Sharif hits the buckles again!

[Mr. Intensity wheels around, twirling his finger in the air before charging down the next set of ropes, smashing Sharif's head into the third corner!]

GM: Make it three!

[Mayhem nods his head to the cheering crowd before rushing down the last set of ropes...

...and SLAMS a dazed Sharif's head into the final top turnbuckle!]

GM: Mayhem goes four for four!

[And then turns around, chucking Sharif through the ropes.]

GM: Mayhem tries to send him to the floor but Sharif got tangled up, he's still on the apron...

[The Iranian rises up off the apron...

...and gets creamed with an overhead elbow between the eyes, sending Sharif tumbling down to the floor to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Down to the floor goes Sharif and Count Adrian Bathwaite is IMMEDIATELY on the scene! He knows that his man is in trouble in the early moments of this one...

BW: Look out for Mayhem!

[Mayhem quickly scales the ropes, rising to the top. He throws his arms over his head, ready to leap from his perch...

...but Bathwaite physically pulls Sharif by the arm, dragging him out of range for Mayhem. The crowd jeers Bathwaite for his actions.]

BW: Brilliant move by Bathwaite! Mayhem was looking to come off the top rope onto Sharif but Bathwaite saw it coming. He knew he had to get his man out of there.

GM: Brilliant, huh? I suppose you can call it that. I'd call it cheating.

BW: Of course you would!

[Bathwaite huddles up with Sharif out on the floor as Mayhem complains to the official inside the ring. The referee shrugs it off, shouting at Bathwaite to get his man back into the ring.]

GM: Sharif's coming back in... he's hot under the collar as well...

[Mayhem catches Sharif coming in with a boot across the sternum. He straightens him up, jabbing away with a left hand to the jaw repeatedly as the crowd roars.]

GM: Mayhem's got him by the head!

[He twirls the off-hand around before charging towards the ropes, leaping up to clothesline Sharif using the top rope...

...but Sharif shoves him off, sending him sailing through the air, and CRASHING down hard on the barely-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MAYHEM GOES OVER THE TOP DOWN ONTO HIS BACK!!

BW: A big counter by Sharif and Mayhem's done for! Ring the bell right now!

[Sharif promptly drops to the mat, rolling under the ropes to the floor. He drags a limp Mayhem off the floor, shoving him back against the apron. Sharif leans over, wrapping his arms around the torso...]

GM: He's got Mayhem back against the apron and- ohhh! Sharif slams his back into the apron!

[A few more shoulder tackles to gut, sending the back into the apron.]

GM: Sharif is working his back out on the floor... using that ring apron as a weapon...

[Sharif shoves Mayhem back under the ropes before rolling himself back in as well. The former Olympian climbs to his feet, stalking towards Mayhem who is dragging himself to his feet...

...and gets hooked in a side waistlock a split second before being powered up into the air and dumped down on his back!]

GM: Big side suplex by Sharif... this could do it...

[Sharif rolls Mayhem onto his stomach, looking to settle in for the Camel Clutch...

...but Mayhem frantically crawls, lunging towards the safety of the ropes, throwing himself over the middle rope!]

GM: Mayhem desperately gets to the ropes! Wow! He knew it was coming, Bucky. He could feel the Camel Clutch coming and he got the heck out of there in a hurry...

[But he doesn't go far enough as Sharif races the few steps towards the ropes, leaping into the air to bring his weight down on the back up of the upper body and neck!]

GM: Hobby horse connects!

[Sharif promptly pulls Mayhem off the ropes by the back of the trunks, tugging him into a side waistlock...

...and folds him up with a hard side suplex onto the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Sharif pops up, slapping his chest with a "IRAN NUMBAH VUN!" to the jeers of the crowd which slowly responds with a "U-S-A!" chant.]

GM: These fans in Tennessee are getting on Sharif's case a bit here.

[Sharif looks a little flustered, stepping up on the midbuckle to shout "I-RAN! I-RAN! I-RAN!" which gets him even more boos as Mayhem rolls under the ropes to the apron. Big Mama is immediately by his side, checking on Mr. Intensity as an angry Sharif hops down off the buckles, stomping across the ring to where Mayhem is sprawled out.]

GM: Mayhem's still down off that big suplex but he's trying to get back up off the mat...

[Using the ropes, Mayhem lunges through the ropes, slamming his shoulder into the midsection of the incoming Sharif. Straightening up, he slingshots himself over the top, dragging Sharif down in a sunset flip!]

GM: Sunset flip for one! For two! For-

[Sharif slams his boots together on the ears of Mayhem, breaking up the pin attempt. The man from Iran rolls to his knees, pushing up off the mat as Mayhem balls up his fists...]

GM: Another stinging jab! And another!

[Mayhem snaps off a series of jabs to the jaw and then smashes his elbow down over the skull, knocking Sharif back into the ropes where Mayhem grabs the arm, firing him across...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Cocking the elbow again, Mayhem dashes across, smashing it into the forehead of Sharif, dropping him to the mat!]

GM: Another big elbow!

[Sharif scrambles, trying to get back up before Mayhem strikes again and runs right into a haymaker. Mayhem pulls Sharif into a front facelock, slinging his arm over the neck and brings him down to the mat with a spine-shaking suplex!]

GM: Big suplex by Mayhem and he floats into a cover! Mayhem gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[And the shoulder pops up off the canvas!]

GM: Sharif's out at two!

[Mayhem slings a leg over Sharif, grabbing him by the back of the head and hammering away with clenched fists to the skull!]

BW: Get him off the man, Meekly!

[The official's count reaches four before the fiery Mayhem backs off, glaring at him. He shouts in Meekly's direction as Sharif rolls away, moving towards the ropes.]

GM: Sharif looks like he's trying to get out of there and Mayhem's coming after him...

[Grabbing the top rope, Mayhem throws a series of stomps to the ribs and back, sending Sharif rolling under the ropes to the floor...

...and then promptly turns towards the corner, rushing to scale the ropes as Sharif recovers on a knee!]

GM: Sharif's down on the floor and Scotty Mayhem is gonna fly!

[Mayhem reaches the top rope, throwing both arms over his head...]

GM: He's up top - on his perch!

[And as Sharif pushes to his feet, Mayhem leaps from the top, hands clenched together in a double axehandle...]

GM: BOMBS AWAY!

[...but Sharif raises both of his powerful arms straight up, holding his ground as the double axehandle plummets towards him...]

BW: SHARIF!

[...breaking the axehandle apart with his arms, causing Mayhem to crash to the floor without harming Sharif who promptly wraps his arms around Mayhem's body...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and POPS his hips, sending Mayhem sailing up and overhead, bouncing off the thinly-padded floor!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[A fired-up Sharif marches over to Mayhem, pulling him up by the hair with both hands and throwing him under the ropes. Sharif is quickly back in and just as quickly starts laying into Mayhem with hard kicks to the spine with the hooked boot!]

GM: Sharif's all over him... working the back...

[Sharif leaps up, dropping a knee down into the spine of Mayhem!]

GM: Mayhem's in trouble, fans! He may not even know it yet but he's in serious trouble right now.

[And just like that, Sharif settles in, cupping his hands under the chin of Mayhem in the Camel Clutch.]

GM: The Camel Clutch is applied!

[Sharif jerks Mayhem's head from side to side, turning up the pressure on the neck of his opponent...]

...and an anguished Mayhem shouts out a submission!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Ignoring the bell and doing what he considers a show of respect to his opponent, Sharif keeps the hold applied as the referee swiftly starts a count.]

GM: Come on, referee! Break the hold! Sharif, you've beaten the man - you've done enough!

BW: He's gotta show him a little more respect, Gordo.

[Big Mama shouts at Sharif from ringside as he finally breaks the hold, rising to his feet as his music begins to play again. He allows the referee to raise his hand.]

GM: Finally, he breaks the hold... and Sultan Azam Sharif is headed for the Sweet Sixteen, fans! It's Dave Cooper, Jerby Jezz, and Sultan Azam Sharif already in the third round of the AWA World Title Tournament! We now know almost one-fourth of the competitors who have advanced to the Sweet Sixteen of this tournament, Bucky.

[Bucky can be heard audibly chuckling.]

GM: What's so funny?

BW: Cooper's through. Sharif's in. And somewhere Jim Watkins and the rest of the front office is tearing their hair out.

GM: I suppose you're right. Those are not the men that our front office wants to see in this tournament still - I promise you that, fans. Let's go to Mark Stegglet in the Control Center!

[We crossfade to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet has just moved Sultan Azam Sharif's name into the Sweet Sixteen on the "big board."]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Sharif scores another victory and he's moving on to the third round of this historic tournament. As you mentioned, there probably are a lot of people who are none too happy about that match result.

So, three men are in... before the night is over, we'll know an additional FIVE who have advanced which'll take us to the halfway mark. Who will it be, fans? Who will move on to the Sweet Sixteen here tonight in Chattanooga? Right now, let's catch up with one of the men who'll step into that ring in just a short while - the man known as November - who spoke to Jason Dane earlier this evening.

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." Backstage we go to where Jason Dane stands with one of the second round competitors, a bit of a surprise to a lot of pundits, November. November is still the pale, grey eyed man as before, though aged a few years. His hair is not the stringy wet morass it once was but instead is shorn shorter into a faux hawk, messy style look. Dressed in dark blue ring gear with a silver style water marking, he stands before an AWA banner, gaze cast downwards as Dane speaks.]

JD: I am backstage with November, who will compete with Chris Staley for a spot in the Sweet Sixteen of the AWA World Championship Tournament later tonight. Your opponent, Chris Staley, is not entirely unfamiliar to you, a member of the famed Redemption, a group which you yourself were amongst the first to stand up against. As a matter of fact, a lot of critics and fans call it the most important moment in your career.

[The microphone is turned in his direction, but as is the norm for the "moody cruiserweight" he pauses for almost too long before looking upwards and towards Dane.]

N: It's funny. I've won championships, major titles in major companies. I've fought some of the very best in the industry around the world and what people call my most important moment was me speaking.

Me. Speaking.

And let's face it, Jason, I've never really been known for my abilities to speak on the microphone. But... it's true. Everything they say about that pivotal moment in my wrestling career is true. Before that I was simply another wrestler in a division that wasn't always showcased. I was someone known more for their ability to do a few fancy moves. But that moment right there, me climbing into a ring and pouring out my heart. That is what mattered.

JD: Speaking of heart, you are not amongst the largest competitors left in the tournament. Bad Eye McBaine, James Monosso, Tin Can Rust, Ron Houston, Gunnar Gaines, Blackwater Bart, the list goes on and on of the men who tower over you physically. How does this affect your strategy and thought process as you progress here in the AWA World Championship Tournament?

[November rubs his hands through his hair, a moment of awkwardness and trademark shyness overcoming the veteran briefly.]

N: Right now, Jason, I am focused on my next opponent.

JD: One, who mentioned, you have had issues with in the past and...

[Uncharacteristically, November cuts him off, showing some gumption in the force and tone.]

N: Exactly. In the past. A long, long time in the past, Jason. Let's remember that. Let's not forget that. Let's instead focus on the here and now. Everything I've done in the last years was me working to this point. After I left Los Angeles I took time off, I seriously considered walking away from the wrestling business, leaving everything behind and moving on with my life. But you know what happened, Jason?

[A pause. He looks at the camera with focused intent as he continues.]

N: Nothing. There was nothing else for me. I was a kid who got into the wrestling business without a shred of real world education. I didn't have a degree. I didn't have work experience other than in the wrestling business. I had nowhere else to go and then one night it hit me. Why leave? Why did I feel the need to leave the business I love quite dearly just because I was homeless? And so it went, I travelled the world. I worked gymnasiums in front of fifty people for a hot dog and a smile and worked in arenas in front of thirty thousand fans for some of the best pay days of my life.

But each and every match, whether against some rookie kid in Florida or some old man in Calgary or against national heroes in Japan and Mexico and Britain and Germany and South Africa...

[His tone intense, he slows down.]

N: All those matches meant as much to me as the other. It was progression. It was me doing the only thing I knew, getting better, learning more. It was me gaining experience for nights like tonight. Where I step onto a national stage, in front of rabid fans, in front of a locker room full of some of the best wrestlers in the world. Where I get to put everything I've learned and worked at for years around the world into action and prove, right here, in front of this crowd, in front of the fans there on television, in front of the best wrestlers in the world, in front of the suits running the show that...

[A pause as he searches for a conclusion.]

N: That...

JD: That you deserve to be here, in one of the top fields ever assembled?

[November smiles at the interruption. Polite and succinct, but interruption none the less.]

N: That...

That I am not just another guy from the past looking for one last moment of sunshine.

That I am not a fluke.

That I am not just a moody cruiserweight.

[This brings a remembered smirk to his face.]

N: That tonight, Jason Dane, here in a few moments against Chris Staley, that I belong and deserve to be where I am today. That all the work and travel. The dedication and time. The years. The injuries. A bad publicity. The lack of publicity. The naysayers. The doubters. The fans. The supporters.

[Again he shows a new intensity.]

N: That everything I've ever done in the wrestling business from California to Japan to England to Mexico to Germany to Africa, to India, to Australia, to Canada to right here in Chatanooga, Tennessee _mattered_. Tonight, as much as it is about reaching the Sweet Sixteen and getting one step closer to the biggest prize in the industry today, one step closer to the most coveted title perhaps to have ever been sought after in the wrestling business. Tonight, Jason Dane, as typical and scripted as it may sound.

It's about, well...

...redemption.

[November looks at Jason Dane one more time... to the camera... and then walks off to the side for his match.]

JD: It's a newly focused, energized November going into his second round match with Chris Staley tonight.

[We crossfade from the pre-taped footage back to Mark Stegklet in the Control Center.]

MS: November certainly appears to be a man ready for battle here tonight in Tennessee... but he better be because you know that his opponent will be. We'll see those two men compete in just a short while but right now, we're going to take a look at footage recorded a week ago - last Saturday - in Charleston, South Carolina where the fans there saw more second round tournament action when BC Da Mastah MC took on MAMMOTH Maximus. We caught up with Maximus and his manager, Louis Matsui, shortly before bell time... let's hear what was on their minds...

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

JD: MAMMOTH Maximus, Louis Matsui, as you head into the second round of the world title tournament, you have requested for some airtime; what have you got to say to your opponent in the second round?

MM: Knuckleheads fattened up for Thanksgiving dinner? KNUCKLEHEADS! FATTENED UP for THANKSGIVING DINNER?! COOPER! There are so many people I wish I could run roughshod over on my way to fulfilling MY destiny of becoming the FIRST AWA WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, but that remarked just placed you on the top of my hitlist! Oh, after I'm done with the rapping fool, and rest assured I WILL DESTROY HIM, I hope the suits put me in the ring against you in the third round, because the NEXT TIME you utter a remark like that, Cooper? [Holding up two balled fists.] I'll make it my priority to feed you a couple of knuckle sandwiches! Call it... The MAMMOTH Special...

[Matsui leans in with a smirk on his face.]

LM: He might not look it, but the man does take pride in how he looks... You see, Dave, you might run with that nest of vipers outside of this company... You know, the pretender and his false prophet... But it would be most UNWISE for you to think that their actions have any bearing on your well-being here in the AWA, if you know what I mean. And, Mister Watkins, the next time you want a job done right... The next time you need someone to solve your Professional problem? You COULD NOT make a wiser decision than coming to me and my client, MAMMOTH... Maximus!

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

MM: IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[We fade from the huge form of Maximus to BC Da Mastah MC who is putting the finishing touches to the preparation for his upcoming second round tournament match with MAMMOTH Maximus. BC puts on his faux fur jacket, and straightens out his hat, looking a little bit tentative. as he does so. BC lets out a deep breath, noticing the camera, then psyches himself up.]

BC: Yo. To tell tell all y'all the truth, I'mma bit nervous steppin' into the ring with one bad motha..an' I better shut my mouth 'cause this is a PG rated show.

[BC snickers to himself.]

BC: MAMMOTH Maximus.. a man so big an' bad they had to capitalize th' first part of his name. Hell, he's th' dude that tore apart the last big bad motha' that had that name, right?

[BC pauses for a moment, then nods his head.]

BC: That's really somethin', isn't it? Yeah, I'm nervous, but I ain't afraid. Got so much on th' line here, a chance to move into the sweetness that is the last 16. I got my awesome fans out there backin' me every step of the way, an' I know this sounds cliché but I'mma gonna ride them all the way to the top. With them behind me, I ain't got nothin' to be afraid of.

But damn, I've seen what that cat can do. He tore apart Japan for quite a while. Those Japanese folks, they love their big Americans out there, huh? Ya know, that reminds me of somethin' my ol' trainer, the somewhat kinda known Joey EZ Money once told me.

[Another pause, as the Round Mound of Hip Hop Sound appears to be traveling down old Memory Lane.]

BC: "You're a big bad mofo, an' big bad mofos travel to Japan, to make lots of dough, an' to get some fantastic world experience. Some of the top homeboys out there, they got nothin' bad to say about their experience an' it only helped them. Some of 'em won World Championships, became legends in our sport, literal Hall of Famers, an' if I ever get stuck here in the States, spinnin' my wheels like a record.. go to Japan, it can only do ya some good."

I'm probably paraphrasin' or somethin', but ya get the jist. Maybe some day I'll travel out to the land of the Risin' Sun, get a lot of experience, an' come back a new man. I just hope I don't lose my identity out there, what makes me... me.

[BC grins, then stands up and puts on his gold chains and sunglasses.]

BC: Maybe some of what that MAMMOTH Maximus dude learned out there will rub off on me here tonight. Win or lose, I'm gonna take this as a lesson.

YOO!

[BC dances off to the side as the camera fades out and we abruptly fade to pre-recorded footage of the ring in Charleston. The voices of Colt Patterson and Jason Dane calling all the action are heard as MAMMOTH Maximus is obliterating BC Da Mastah MC in the corner with a series of rights and lefts to the stomach, before stepping out and running in... "running"... with an avalanche in the corner, BC crumpling downwards.]

JD: Folks, we are in it deep here! For those of you just tuning in we are in the middle of second round tournament action as MAMMOTH Maximus takes on BC Da Mastah MC... and it has barely been a contest so far!

CP: 'cept for a few bursts in the beginning, BC has NOT been able to get any offense going. It's early pay window for him tonight at this rate.

[Louis Matsui is having a hey day on the outside, sending his charge back into action. He reaches down, grabbing the crowd favorite up...

...who starts firing back to the midsection of the four hundred pounder!]

JD: We might have spoken too early, Colt! BC fighting back here, driving the four hundred and twenty pound MAMMOTH Maximus back into the middle of the ring!

[CRUNCH! OH!]

CP: You were saying?!

JD: A headbutt stops that! Maximus is back on top!

[And goes for a cover on the downed MC, who quickly kicks out yet still clutches at his face as we crossfade deeper into the match...

...where we find Maximus holding BC Da Mastah MC down in a Fujiwara armbar. The crowd cheers their favorite on, but he's held down tight.

JD: BC is in trouble here. Maximus has targeted that shoulder in the past couple minutes with a couple slams right on the joint. BC Da Mastah MC may be tough, but I don't know if he can take much more of this.

CP: How could he? There is a monster ripping his arm out.

[Maximus really wrenches back, but goes too far and BC is able to somehow get his other arm under him and rolling through towards the hold, sending Maximus over top and rolling him up!]

CP: What the?!

JD: Kickout! BC couldn't hold him down long enough.

[Both men get up as fast as their combined near half a ton can, pushing their bulk to their feet. Maximus is JUST a small bit faster though, launching ahead and clotheslining BC down! He pauses to soak in both the jeers of the crowd and applause of his manager before coming off the ropes, landing an elbow to the chest.]

JD: Right to the heart and this could be it... ONE! TWO! No!

[POP!]

CP: There's a lot of tonnage being thrown around in there. These two men cannot keep going at this pace, not with their size and their weight. Some fried chicken joint is going to be making money tonight.

JD: ...?

[MAMMOTH bends straight over and clamps a meaty paw around the throat of Da Mastah MC, pulling him to his feet, much easier than he should be able to with a man that size. He transfers his grip to the wrist, reaching back and swinging an arm as he pulls BC in... into a short arm clothesline but doesn't let go!]

JD: The power of this man is amazing! He is ragdolling an opponent who is a near four hundred pounder and hits ANOTHER short arm clothesline!

[And follows with a third that puts the big jolly man down, going for a pin but not getting the three.]

CP: Man alive, I think every man in the tournament has to be watching this match and dreading being matched up against MAMMOTH Maximus.

JD: Don't count BC out! He's known for his heart and certainly has the crowd behind him in every match!

[We crossfade ahead once again, finding BC in another jointlock.]

JD: BC has this crowd behind him! MAMMOTH is struggling to keep this shoulder lock on!

CP: This is a near miracle. I don't care who you are, you shouldn't be getting out of a hold from this sort of man!

[Reaching deep as the crowd cheers and claps get louder, BC reaches back and then punches MAMMOTH in the gut... and then again... and then again... and again and again and again before Maximus stops him with a forearm across his wide fat back!]

JD: The comeback halted!

[And Louis loves it.]

CP: One shot! He took half a dozen shots to the gut but stopped him in his tracks with one simple shot.

[MAMMOTH shakes off the punches, holding his stomach, then hits the ropes...

...and runs right into the damndest and fattest dropkick you'll ever see!
HUGE POP!]

JD: WHAT A DROPKICK! A DROPKICK FROM A THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY POUND BC DA MASTAH MC!

[But MAMMOTH won't go down!]

CP: It wasn't the prettiest but it turned the tide!

[MAMMOTH gets his balance and charges in, only to be FINALLY taken off his feet with a hiptoss! The crowd POPS huge again for BC as his improbable athleticism kicks in. He hits the ropes himself, coming back at MAMMOTH but turning as he does, launching with a big ole butt to the chest, taking the big man down!]

JD: I cannot believe I am saying this but... BUT THIS MIGHT BE IT!
COVEEEEERRRR

[ONE! TWO! STRONG KICKOUT!]

CP: MAMMOTH just didn't kick out, he KICKED out with authority! He isn't done, not by a longshot! Fifteen other men will be quaking in their boots next round, waiting for the draw to come up and dreading getting this man. I am telling you, Louis Matsui is a happy manager right now.

JD: MAMMOTH Maximus is still on the defensive, Colt. Don't get too far ahead of yourself. We've seen more than once in this tournament that the improbable can happen and the improbable could very well happen right here tonight in Charleston, South Carolina!

CP: You are kidding me, right?

[Getting back to his feet, BC calls on the crowd to get behind him, clapping his hands up high in rhythm. The crowd gets right behind him, happy to join in. At the same time he yells at MAMMOTH to get up, swinging his arm in a big circle, launching out with a left hand to the jaw.]

BC: YEAH!

[And another!]

BC: YEAH!

[And a third!]

BC: YEAH!

[He swings it around big, does a lil dance, winds up his right...]

BC: LEMME HEAR YOU SAY YEAHHHHHHH

[Crowd: YEEEEAAAA--OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!]

JD: GOOZLE!

[That would mean MAMMOTH has BC by the throat, lifting him somewhat up before depositing him right on his back.]

CP: CHOOOOOKESLAAAAAAM!

JD: He lifted BC up and put him right down! Amazing power!

[And doesn't go for the cover, but instead backs to the rope, trumbling back and leaping, coming down with an angry splash across the chest of Da Mastah MC!]

CP: He drove the rhymes right out of him!

JD: And he STILL isn't done!

[Standing up, taking a deep breath, MAMMOTH looks out of the booing crowd, before looking down at Matsui. His manager smiles widely, clapping, telling MAMMOTH to finish it.]

CP: BC is in big trouble.

JD: Everyone in this tournament is. I... I have to agree with you, Colt.

[MAMMOTH grabs one of BC's wrists, pulling him towards the corner. He gets him to where he wants before stepping to the first rope... then the second... the crowd buzzing in anticipation, yelling at BC, their chosen favorite, to move, get up, anything to save him. MAMMOTH gets both feet to the middle rope and starts bouncing.]

JD: He's going for the Prehistoric Plunge! This has put more then a few people away! He is going to... OH NO!

[The conjoined shock isn't from the move, but rather from him NOT doing it... and instead heading to the top rope!]

CP: What is he doing! What is this monster doing!?

JD: I am not believing what I am seeing!

[He reaches the top and...

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

...reaches the bottom! HUUUUGE SHOCKED POP!]

JD: MOOOOOONNNNNNSAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUULT!

[The BC is absolutely dead, MAMMOTH even hurt from the impact but still reaching over to grab the leg.]

CP: This is over!

[And it is, the count academic.]

"DING DING DING!"

PW: YOUR WINNER... MAMMOTH MAXIMUS!

CP: I am telling the committee making up the pairings... Dave Cooper may have the perfect opponent right now, right here. Make it happen!

JD: Oh my... do you know how happy that would make the AWA and it's fans! Book it! Book it right now!

[Crossfade back to the Control Center where Mark Stegglet points to the newest name to be added to the Sweet Sixteen.]

MS: MAMMOTH Maximus. The largest man remaining in the tournament is in the Sweet Sixteen, fans, and who in the world can stop that giant of a man inside the squared circle? We'll get an opportunity to find out the answer to that question in the days and weeks to come for sure. We're going to take a quick break and we'll be right back with more tournament action as Chris Staley meets November - don't you dare go away!

[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 find Ryan Martinez backstage, still showing signs of being banged up from William Craven's attack, stands with a microphone in hand. He's dressed simply, wearing a black t-shirt and a pair of brown pants. Young Ryan has the same intensity in his eyes as his father, though his youthful appearance softens it somewhat.]

RM: A few weeks ago, I was eliminated from the World Title Tournament. After that? I was attacked by a man who's last name is very, very fitting. But I'm not here to talk about you, William Craven. Because I know you're going to get yours.

No, I'm here to talk about Justin Gaines, and what he said two weeks ago.

Some people would make excuses. Some people would complain. I'm not here to do that. I fought my best, and at the end of the day, Gunnar Gaines is moving forward. That's all there to say about that. Well, almost all there is.

Because you see, Justin Gaines, you did something that impressed me. You came out here two weeks ago, and you apologized. You might be young...

[Ryan chuckles. How often does he have a chance to talk about someone else being young?]

RM: But it takes a man to do what you did. So, in the spirit of that?

I accept your apology.

I respect you, and you can be sure that I respect your father. Gunnar? You're a legend. A man I've watched for a long time. And honestly? I've always looked up to you. So, since you encouraged your son to do the right thing? I'm going to do the same.

From here on out? I'm watching your back. Your son is going back to school, but rest assured, you're not alone. I'll make sure no one else comes after you. If I can't go all the way? Well, I'll make sure you get far.

That's something you can count on.

[His piece said, Ryan steps away as we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

Introducing first...

[The opening strains of Soundgarden's "Jesus Christ Pose" kicks in to a decent reaction from the AWA crowd.]

PW: From Wildwood, New Jersey... weighing in at 245 pounds...

CHRISSSSSS STAAAAAAAALYYYYYY!

[Staley strides through the curtain, a long black leather jacket over his shirtless torso. His silver pants and black boots are visible as he strides down the aisle, slapping as many outstretched hands as he can.]

GM: Chris Staley advanced to the second round with a victory over Jeff Jagger - a hardfought battle to be sure. Staley was once a staple in major promotions like the EMWC and the IIWF but after leaving the United States, he toiled in the underbelly of pro wrestling - the hardcore scene in Japan where wrestlers put themselves through physical torment to make a buck.

BW: His body - I saw him earlier tonight up close, Gordo - his body is absolutely covered in scars. And every scar's got a story. "Oh, that one is when I fell off the scaffold into a net made of barbed wire. That one there is when I went over the top rope onto a table covered in light bulbs." Just sick, sick stuff, Gordo.

GM: Chris Staley looks at this tournament as his way out of that world. This is his chance to come back to the United States and come back to a place that values his ability as a professional wrestler... not his ability to bleed buckets.

[Staley reaches ringside, catapulting himself into the ring before removing his leather jacket. After a moment, the music shifts to another 90's grunge act - Alice In Chains - with "Rain When I Die."]

PW: And his opponent...

[After a moment, smoke begins pouring from the entranceway and a figure emerges as a silhouette, standing with his back to the ring, arms spread wide in his own Jesus Christ Pose as the fans begin to cheer.]

PW: From Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 198 pounds...

NOOOOOOOVEMMMMBERRRRRR!!

[The high flyer spins around, facing the crowd to a bigger cheer before starting to make his way down the aisle with a slow, methodical pace.]

GM: November was once recognized as one of the greatest cruiserweight wrestlers in the world... and when he left the United States, he too went to Japan but his experience there was quite different, Bucky.

BW: Where Staley had to make a living busting up his body, November's style was cherished by the Japanese people and he lived the high life there as a major superstar.

GM: But all roads in wrestling lead back the United States - to the AWA - and to this World Title Tournament...an opportunity for November to prove that he can make it in the big time once more.

[Drawing near the ring, November takes a two step dash, diving under the ropes into the ring. He warily gets to his feet, ready to defend himself as needed as the official comes to give him some final instructions.]

GM: This match means so much to both of these men, fans. It'll be quite interesting to see how far they're willing to go to secure the win that would move them on in this tournament they've both journeyed so far to be a part of.

BW: With stakes this high, you've GOT to be willing to go all the way, Gordo.

[The referee wheels around to call for the bell.]

GM: And here we go! Senior Official Johnny Jagger calls for the match to begin and these two men quickly emerge from their respective corners, circling one another like two prize fighters in a boxing ring...

[Staley seems to resemble that remark, snapping off jabs that hit nothing but air but keep a wary November from rushing in to the fight.]

GM: Chris Staley trained at the hands of the "Jersey Jazzman" Bobby Winters - that oughta bring back some memories for you, Bucky.

BW: I remember Winters. All too well.

GM: But with a background like that, you know Staley's got good fundamentals as well as his fancier offense.

[Staley throws a kick aimed for November's ribs, the smaller man dancing away from it harmlessly. Staley squares up again, looking something like an MMA fighter as he bounces on the balls of his feet, trying to stay ready as November circles again...

...and suddenly lunges in, making a grab for Staley's front leg.]

GM: Single leg attempt by November, he's got a hold of it but can he bring the bigger man down?

[Staley fights it, throwing heavy forearms at the exposed back of November, trying to battle his way free. The off-balance Staley stumbles backwards, falling into the corner where November quickly takes his feet, throwing a series of short kicks to the ribs...

...and then leaps up, spinning away, and SMASHING his boot into the sternum of his opponent!]

GM: Ohh! November explodes with a series of kicks to the body... and now he's on the attack...

[Ever a blur of motion, November grabs an arm, firing Staley across the ring and charging in after him...

...but Staley is ready for him, grabbing the ropes and kicking himself up into the air as November sprints at full speed into the buckles, smashing his chest into the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Staley yanks November out by the arm, spinning him around in the corner to put his back against the buckles...

...and LASHES out with a high impact kick to the chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Staley grabs the top rope, laying in those kicks repeatedly into the chest as well!]

GM: Staley's laying into him! Big high impact kicks to the chest!

[Staley squares up, throwing a back elbow into the jaw of November before grabbing November by the arm...]

GM: Irish whip... here comes Staley!

[November rushes across the ring, running right up the buckles as Staley sprints in after him...

...and throws a backflip up and over the top of Staley, landing on his feet as Staley turns into the charge, cushioning the miss!]

GM: Backflip by November!

[Staley rushes out and November deadleaps up, snaring Staley's head between his legs...

...and snapping him down to the mat with a rana!]

GM: Oh my! November takes him down with a headscissors!

[Staley pops right back up, coming towards the smaller man again but catches a dropkick right on the kneecap, stumbling him down to all fours...

...where November catches him with a front flip legdrop across the back of neck!]

GM: Good grief! November is perpetual motion inside that ring!

[Staley promptly rolls out of the ring, rolling right out to the floor as November approaches, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Look out below!

[The highflyer takes flight, catapulting himself over the ropes and crashing down onto Staley with a crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG DIVE BY NOVEMBER TAKES STALEY DOWN AND OUT!!

[November climbs back to his feet, throwing up an arm to the cheers of the crowd. He grins at the reaction, rolling himself back under the ring as the referee starts a ten count.]

GM: Whew. That was a wild start to this matchup, Bucky.

BW: November's flying around out here like a carrier pigeon without a place to go, daddy! Chris Staley looks completely out of sorts here. Maybe he didn't think November would still be as fast as he is but he's movin'!

GM: November has completely caught Staley off his game to start this match off. Staley's back on his feet, walking around the ringside area, trying to regroup a bit after the quick start.

[Staley paces around the ringside area, occasionally glancing up at a waiting November as the referee's count reaches six... seven... eight... and then he

finally pulls himself up on the apron. November steps back as Staley climbs through the ropes...]

GM: Staley back in... they're circling once more...

[November starts to move into a collar and elbow but Staley lashes out with a kick to the side of the knee.]

GM: Ohh! He kicks him right in the knee!

[November winces as Staley hits a second... then a third...]

GM: Two more kicks to the leg and November's hurting.

BW: Smart move by Staley to try and take those legs out. He knows that if November's gonna beat him, it's gonna be because of speed and all that high flying so Staley's gonna take that option away from him, Gordo.

GM: November backs off the corner, trying to protect the leg...

[But Staley lunges forward, diving for a single leg. Since he's already off-balance, Staley takes him down to the mat, yanking the leg to get him there.]

GM: He gets November down... going for a half Crab!

[Staley grabs the leg under his arm, flipping November over onto his stomach.]

GM: Half Boston Crab is locked in!

[But November quickly scrambles to his left, wrapping an arm around the bottom rope. The referee steps in, slapping Staley on the shoulder and ordering him to break the hold. He holds the half Crab for a few more second before releasing, allowing November to drag himself out to the apron.]

GM: November gets out of the submission hold. His leg may have taken a little bit of punishment there in that but it could've been much, much worse.

[Staley moves to the ropes, leaning over them to pull November up by the arm...

...but November opens fire with a palm strike to the midsection through the ropes, knocking Staley back a step or two...]

GM: November caught him coming in... he's headed for the corner...

[But he only gets up to the middle rope before Staley rushes in, throwing a high kick into the ribs of November, sending him sailing off the ropes, crashing down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[The crowd reacts strongly to the move - some in shock at the hard fall floor to the floor that November took and some reacting negatively towards Staley for the aggressive move.]

GM: Chris Staley just caught November going up with that kick and November is HURT, fans!

[Staley drops to his back, rolling under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: And now he's going out after him! Come on, Chris! Give the guy a second to get back up!

BW: Are you serious? This is the AWA World Title, Gordo! You do WHATEVER it takes to move on in this tournament. I don't care if you just kicked the Pope off the top rope, you go out there and try to finish him off.

[Dragging November off the floor, Staley shoves him under the ropes into the ring before climbing up on the apron. He grabs the top rope, slingshotting over them to drop a leg across the chest!]

GM: Ohh! Big legdrop!

[Staley stays on November, gesturing for the referee to count.]

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

[November drapes a leg over the bottom rope, breaking up the pinfall.]

GM: November gets out at two and-

[Staley climbs to his feet, looking down at the leg that is draped over the bottom rope...

...and then leaps into the air, smashing down backfirst across the leg!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: That leg BENT underneath Staley! He may have just snapped the thing!

[Staley sits up on the mat as November grabs at his leg, wincing in pain. The official kneels down, checking to see if November wants to stop the match. Staley grabs the ropes, dragging himself to his feet.]

GM: Staley's asking the ref if November's going to quit.

BW: Not a chance, Gordo.

GM: You think so? You think that much of November?

BW: I think that much of the AWA World Title. Considering the backgrounds of both of these men, I think November would rather have his leg torn off than to give up in this one.

[The official shakes his head at Staley who shoves him aside, reaching down to haul November up by the hair. November keeps one leg off the mat, trying to avoid putting his weight on it.]

GM: Staley pulls him up, shoving him back to the corner...

[Grabbing the top rope, Staley throws a series of kicks to the side of the leg. November shouts out in pain as Staley hammers away at the injured limb.]

GM: Get him back, ref!

[Johnny Jagger steps in, backing Staley off as November clings to the top rope to stay on one foot...

...and then leaps off that one foot, throwing it at the chest of Staley, sending him stumbling back.]

GM: November's trying to defend himself!

[Leaning back in the corner, November throws the injured leg in an attempted kick to the stomach but Staley catches it under his arm.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: He's gonna tear-

[Staley suddenly jerks to the side, whipping November down to the canvas with the leg, putting incredible torque on the knee!]

GM: LEGWHIP!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[November screams out in pain, rolling back and forth as he grabs at this knee. Staley stands over him for a moment, watching as the official knees down to check for a submission.]

GM: Johnny Jagger's asking him if he wants to quit again... November still refusing, still saying no...

[Staley shakes his head as he leans down, grabbing the leg...

...and gets plucked into a small package!]

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

[But Staley powerfully kicks out, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Staley's out at two! He scrambles back up and-

[November throws his healthy leg back for his knees, slamming it into the back of Staley's legs, toppling him down.]

GM: Legsweep...

[November pushes up off the mat, visibly hobbling as he strikes a pose over the downed Staley...]

BW: I've seen this! He's going for the standing Shooting Star Pr-

[But Staley's seen it too, swinging his leg up from a prone position to the side of the knee, knocking November down to both knees. Staley climbs to his feet, yanking November up into a rear waistlock...]

GM: Staley's got him hooked... he lifts!

[And DUMPS November down on the back of his head and neck, folding him up with a German Suplex that he holds for a bridge!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[November shoots a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Staley's on his feet... pulls November into a standing headscissors...

[He lifts November up, going for a powerbomb...

...but the high flyer hooks his legs around the head, snapping backwards...]

GM: OHHH!

[...and sends Staley sailing over the ropes, tumbling down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ALL THE WAY TO THE FLOOR!! STALEY HITS HARD!!!

[November uses the ropes to pull himself to a knee, wincing with every movement as he slowly gets to his feet. He looks over the ropes, staring at Staley, pondering what he wants to do next as the former Vagabond pushes up to a knee on the floor...]

GM: November's on his feet... stomping that bad leg, trying to shake some life into his knee...

[Wincing, November walks to the opposite side of the ring. He leans over, hands on his legs as he breathes deeply...

...and then breaks into a sprint as Staley climbs to his feet.]

GM: HERE COMES NOVEMB-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The high flyer throws himself between the top and middle ropes...

...right into a hard elbow shot that cuts the dive short, leaving November dangling over the middle rope!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by Staley and November may be out cold!

[Turning his back on the ring, Staley reaches back, grabbing November under the armpits...]

GM: Staley's got November under the arms! He's got-

[In one motion, Staley yanks November out of the ring, flipping him over his head...

...and bringing him CRASHING down hard on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: That was a modified version of what Staley likes to call the JCP Edge!

GM: Call it what you want but November BOUNCED off that floor outside the ring! He might be out, Bucky!

[With both men down on the floor, the referee waves off any attempt at a double countout, signaling for the match to continue.]

GM: Both men are down... both men are hurting. These two men who have spent so many years now in Japan are back in the States and they are really taking it to one another in the middle of this ring in Chattanooga, Tennessee. But who has enough, Bucky? Who has what it takes to move on to the Sweet Sixteen of this tournament?

BW: It may be whoever gets their tail up first out here on the floor, Gordo.

GM: You certainly may be right about that... and don't look now but that's Chris Staley!

[Staley staggers to his feet, leaning against the ring apron for support as he tries to recover. He leans down, dragging November off the floor by the hair and shoving him back into the ring before climbing up on the ring apron...

...and then pointing to the corner.]

GM: Chris Staley says HE'S going up to now! Staley's gonna take to the sky!

[Staley reaches the top rope, steadying himself as he extends his arms to his sides...

...and leaps off, sailing through the air with his leg outstretched!]

GM: LEGDROP!!

[And he CONNECTS solidly, bouncing off the canvas. He rolls a few feet away, clutching his tailbone for a moment before rolling back into a sloppy lateral press.]

GM: Staley covers for one! He gets two! He's got th- no! No!

[The crowd cheers for November again getting a shoulder off the canvas. Staley pushes up to his knees, shaking his head in disbelief as he looks at referee Johnny Jagger who holds up two fingers. Staley nods, slowly getting back up again, dragging November up by the arm...]

GM: Staley brings him back up... look at this, Bucky...

[Staley ducks under, grabbing November's injured leg and tucking it up. He lifts the high flyer into the air before bringing his leg down across Staley's bent knee...]

GM: Shinbuster by Stal- ohh!

[...and in one movement, he bounces November back up, dropping him down on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: Nice execution by Staley! He might have him after that!

[But Staley opts not to attempt the cover, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he hauls November back up, lifting him in the air before putting him down on the top rope.]

GM: He sets November up top... perhaps a superplex coming up?

BW: If I know Staley, he's got something worse in mind.

[Before he can join November on the ropes, he eats a hard right hand across the jaw. A second follows, sending him back a step. November stands up on the middle buckle...]

GM: November leaps off!

[He hooks the leg around the head again, attempting another rana...

...but Staley catches him, DRIVING him down to the mat in a powerbomb in one motion!]

GM: WHAT A COUNTER!! WHAT A COUNTER BY STALEY!!

[Grabbing November by the legs, Staley steps through, turning him over into the scorpion deathlock hold he calls the Lethal Injection.]

GM: LETHAL INJECTION!! LETHAL INJECTION!!

[But in his excitement, Staley applies the hold WAAAAAY too close to the ropes, allowing November to lunge for them and grab them before the hold is sunk in too deep.]

GM: He's in the ropes! Break the hold, ref!

[Jagger's count reaches three before Staley releases the hold, looking quite irritated at himself as he leans down to grab November by the hair...

...and gets pulled down into a cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The shoulder flies up off the mat just in time. Both men try to scramble up off the mat, November ducking under a wild backhand chop by Staley, and pulling him down in a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd groans as Staley lifts a shoulder off the mat again! November pushes himself back up, trying to get to Staley before he gets off all fours. He grabs an arm, wrapping it around his leg...

...and rolling through into a La Majistral!]

GM: ANOTHER ROLLUP GETS ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[And AGAIN a shoulder comes up, November and Staley both looking more and more tired as the pin attempts keep coming. November gets to his feet again, moving towards Staley who throws a knee into the gut, doubling him up...]

GM: Staley hooks him, throwing an arm over his neck...

[The New Jersey native gives a cry of "BRAINBUSTER!" before attempting to lift November up for the head-dropping move...

...but November flips over the top of it, landing safely on a bent knee on the canvas.]

GM: He gets free!

[Leaping right back up, November drives both feet into the back of Staley, sending him sailing through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! The dropkick puts Staley out... November backing to the far side...

[He gives his knee a couple of hard slaps, trying to smack some life into it before breaking into a sprint...

...and THROWING himself into a suicide dive, sailing between the top and middle ropes to wipe out Staley at ringside to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: WHAT A DIVE BY NOVEMBER!!

BW: A beautiful tope dive through the ropes and Staley didn't even know what hit him right there, Gordo!

GM: You could be right about that, Bucky. Both men are down and out on the floor once again... check that... November pushes up to his knees! Listen to these fans respond to the high flyer!

[November drags Staley up by the arm, throwing him under the ropes into the ring. He uses the ropes to drag himself up on the apron...

...and then moves towards the corner!]

GM: Busted up knee and all, November wants to fly, fans! He's gonna put on a show for all the fans here in Chattanooga and all you fans watching at home!

[November slowly scales the corner, very visibly having trouble putting full weight on the injured knee. He kneels on the top turnbuckle with his bad leg, using his other leg to push himself to his feet.]

BW: He's having trouble up there, Gordo. I'm not sure he can keep his balance.

GM: He better hope so 'cause it's a long way down if he can't!

[The high flyer steadies himself, staring down at an unmoving Staley...

...who is suddenly up and very quickly moving!]

GM: STALEY'S UP!!

[And he strikes, pushing November's legs out from under him and causing him to crotch himself up top!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STALEY CAUGHT HIM UP TOP!!

[Without wasting a moment, Staley steps up to the middle rope, leaning over onto the top rope to catch a breather.]

GM: Staley's up there with him... looking for something to finish November off and move on to the Sweet Sixteen...

[Staley leans over, sliding an arm through the legs, trying to get November up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

GM: He's going for the Crown Of Thorns!

BW: A top rope Death Valley Driver - if he hits it, it's over!

GM: If he hits it, November's CAREER may be over!

[A desperate November lashes out, smashing his head into the back of Staley's skull!]

GM: Headbutt!

[A second headbutt connects... then a third!]

GM: Two more! November knows he's in trouble here! He's gotta do whatever it takes to get out of this!

[Staley straightens up, obviously a little wobbled after the trio of headbutts. November lets loose a crazy shout and SMASHES his open palm into the cheekbone of Staley, sending him spinning away and crashing chestfirst down to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!! WHAT A RIGHT HAND!!

BW: It was a palm strike! November CREAMED him with it!

[Sensing his opportunity, November rises to his feet, stepping up to the top rope. He stands tall, arms at his side...

...and with one more shout, he throws himself into the air, sailing forwards while flipping backwards...]

GM: OFF THE TOP!!

[...and CRASHES down across Staley's back!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: That's the November Reign! The Shooting Star off the top!

[He flips Staley to his back, tightly hooking both legs.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[A tired November rolls off Staley, throwing an arm in the air as the crowd cheers the result.]

PW: Here is your winner... NOOOOOVEMMMMBERRRR!

[The referee takes a knee next to November, checking on both he and the man he just defeated.]

GM: An outstanding battle for both of these men but in the end, November had just a little bit more, fans. He's moving on to the third round of the tournament - into the Sweet Sixteen.

[November rises to his feet, hobbling over to the corner where he pushes himself up onto the second rope, saluting the cheering fans as the official continues to check on the downed Chris Staley.]

GM: A big win for November here in Tennessee and now he has to start wondering who he will encounter in the third round... who will he have to defeat to move on to the Elite Eight - the quarterfinals of the tournament - and get one step closer to becoming the first AWA World Heavyweight Champion.

[With the aid of the official, Chris Staley gets to his feet. He looks dejected at the loss, shaking his head back and forth while staring at the canvas. November climbs down gingerly from the ropes, turning to face his opponent who raises his head...

...and extends his hand.]

GM: How about that, Bucky? We saw this with Jeff Jagger... this is a very different Chris Staley than American fans are used to seeing.

BW: The old Staley would've waffled him with a tire iron when his back was turned, Gordo.

GM: November accepts the handshake - a nice moment there for both of these men as Staley raises November's hand, pointing to him. You gotta love that!

BW: I do?

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

[We crossfade to the backstage area where November's name has been slid across the "big board" to join Dave Cooper, Sultan Azam Sharif, Jerby Jez, and MAMMOTH Maximus in the Sweet Sixteen.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! The Sweet Sixteen is starting to come together as we now know five men who will move on to the third round of this historic tournament and don't forget, before this night is over, we will know three more names to add to the list. Will it be Travis Lynch or Jackson Haynes? Andrew Tucker or William Craven? And in tonight's Main Event, will it be Ron

Houston or "Hotshot" Stevie Scott? But right now, let's hear from a man who will be competing two weeks from tonight in the second round of the tournament against a former World Champion and Hall of Famer in Jeff "Madfox" Matthews - of course, I'm referring to Supreme Wright!

[We fade into a shot of Jason Dane, recorded "EARLIER TODAY" backstage. There's a generic AWA logo graphic above his right shoulder as he stands in front of a non-descript wall.]

JD: Hello, fans! This is Jason Dane, welcoming you back to the AWA World Title Tournament Control Center! We had three big second round matches go down recently at our arena shows, but there's one wrestler in the tournament that's been making quite a name for himself lately.

[A profile shot of Supreme Wright replaces the AWA graphic.]

JD: Supreme Wright, has been wrestling at a torrid pace, wrestling in a match at every possible arena event the AWA has held in recent weeks. Lets take a look!

[We crossfade to footage of Wright, locking a young man in full length black trunks and boots into a front facelock. Wright then powers his opponent over by the neck like a vertical suplex, backrolling through right into a seated guillotine choke! It doesn't take long, before his opponent taps out.]

JD: In Savannah, Georgia, Wright submitted Kyle Houlder in thirty-three seconds!

[The shot then cuts to one of Wright battling a young African-American with a flattop afro, wearing black tights with red trim. His opponent attempts a springboard clothesline, only to be snatched out of mid-air with an armbar takedown. Without a moment's hesitation, Wright has flipped over into a Cattle Mutilation, causing his opponent to scream out in pain.]

JD: The very next night in Charleston, South Carolina, he finished off Rashan Hill with a spectacular mid-air counter, right into that painful looking Cattle Mutilation hold.

[We then cut to another shot of Wright, executing a single-arm DDT on Chris Choynet. He quickly spins into an Omoplata shoulderlock, but Choynet fights it, trying to escape...only to suddenly find himself caught in a triangle choke! It's only a matter of seconds, before he too, is forced to tap.]

JD: Then for the third time in as many nights, Wright procured another submission victory, this time over a game Chris Choynet, in Augusta, Georgia!

[The camera then crossfades to a photographic still of Wright, pulling back on the massive arm of Hercules Hammonds, as Skywalker Jones and Buford P. Higgins look on in disbelief in the background.]

JD: And earlier tonight, in a match that could not be televised due to time constraints, Wright made fellow Combat Corner alumnus, Hercules Hammonds submit to a hold that his second round opponent, Jeff Matthews is VERY familiar with...the Fujiwara armbar!

[We then cut back to the Control Center, where we now see Supreme Wright dressed in his usual dapper fashion, standing beside Jason Dane.]

JD: And I'd like to now welcome, Supreme Wright into the Control Center!

[Wright waves to the camera.]

JD: It's been a very impressive series of wins for you so far in the AWA, Supreme. You're quickly building yourself up as a force to be reckoned with in the World Title Tournament.

SW: Thank you for the kind words, Mr. Dane. I seriously appreciate it.

JD: You have a big showdown with Jeff Matthews in the second round of the World Title tournament on July 28th. Do you have any thoughts about going up against one of the most decorated and dangerous men left in the tournament?

[A slight smile can be seen on Supreme's face as he answers.]

SW: Well, I certainly look forward to making Mr. Matthews tap out in the middle of this ring, sir.

[There's a mild look of surprise from Dane when he hears that.]

JD: That's a BOLD claim. I'm not sure I've ever heard anyone take Jeff Matthews so lightly. Do you honestly think that-

[Supreme cuts him off.]

SW: Lets get one thing straight, Mr. Dane...I don't "think" I can defeat Mr. Matthews...I KNOW I can defeat Mr. Matthews.

Because this isn't Jeff Matthews...or at least the one I want to face. Nostalgia clouds our minds and everyone still calls him the Madfox...the Career Killer...World Champion...and Hall of Famer...

[Wright turns and speaks directly into the camera.]

SW: ...but it's been a long, long time since you've been any of that, hasn't it, Mr. Matthews?

[There's a stern, serious...almost angry look on Wright's face.]

SW: At some point, you hung up the boots and decided to become a husband and a father...

[A sigh filled with disappointment.]

SW: ...and that's when you stopped truly being a wrestler.

[He shakes his head sadly.]

SW: Yeah...you came back. You came back and tormented Mr. Martinez. But when that was done, I guess you got the urge again...so now you've come back, telling us all just how much you "want" the AWA World title.

[A slight frown.]

SW: But you see, there's a difference between need and want, Mr. Matthews. Every man in this tournament "wants" the World Title...but there's only a few of us that NEED that title.

Do you really NEED the title, Mr. Matthews? Would it complete you? Would it fulfill you? Would it bring you closure?

'Cause I could've sworn, you found peace and fulfillment when you brought a chair down Caleb Temple's head seventeen times in the Killing Box. I would've bet anything, that you found finality when you broke Alex Martinez.

[There's a slight look of concern on Dane's face.]

JD: I don't know what you think you're doing, Supreme, but you're talking about some things you probably shouldn't...

[Supreme turns and simply glares at Dane, silencing the interviewer, before continuing on.]

SW: You don't need the World Title, Mr. Matthews. You left this sport while you were still in the prime of your life. Instead of being one of the best...you could've been THE best. But instead, you chose to walk away.

And that tells me all I need to know.

You don't love this sport enough to NEED the World Title.

[He points a finger to his chest.]

SW: But I do.

JD: Be that as it may, Supreme, you-

[Without warning, Wright grabs the microphone from Jason Dane and calmly states...]

SW: Debbie Matthews is a whore.

[A look of shock and confusion is all over Jason Dane's face, as Wright keeps on going.]

JD: Wait a minute, what are you...

SW: Your daughters are nothing but a couple of-

[Dane manages to rip the microphone away from Wright before he can finish his sentence.]

JD: Supreme Wright! That's enough, damnit! What's come over you!? Just... just what do you think you're doing!?!

[Supreme smiles to himself and turns to Dane, still strangely nonchalant about what he just did.]

SW: It's called "motivation", Mr. Dane.

JD: "Motivation!?" Why on Earth would you think that Jeff Matthews, of all people, would need any motivation!? Do you realize what you might have just done? Why would you try to provoke him like that???

[Wright's expression turns extremely serious as he stares Jason Dane right in the eyes.]

SW: Because as he is now...Jeff Matthews ain't even close to being the man that he used to be.

[His eyes grow wide...almost crazed.]

SW: He ain't the opponent that I NEED him to be.

[Wright removes his glasses, placing them in his suit jacket and then turns back to the camera, speaking directly to the one man that needs to hear this.]

SW: I want to face "The Madfox." The "Career Killer." The man that stood toe-to-toe with the sickest and most depraved men that ever laced up a pair of boots and made THEM feel fear. I want THAT man to stand across the ring from me. I want THAT man to hate me. To loathe me. To want nothing more, than to put me in the Fujiwara armbar and to take my damn arm!

[A twisted smile forms on Wright's face at the very thought of such an opponent.]

SW: THAT is the man I want to face inside the ring and defeat.

[Dane seems absolutely bewildered by Wright's words.]

JD: I can't believe what I'm hearing. I can't believe what you're saying! Who would ever want THAT!? ...This is insane.

[Supreme turns his attention back to Dane.]

SW: No, Mr. Dane...insanity is doing something without reason and without benefit. I'm saying this, because when I win the AWA World Title, I don't want a single person out there who could say that Supreme Wright didn't earn it. I don't want a single person out there who could say Supreme Wright took a single damn shortcut on his way to cementing himself as the greatest wrestler in all the world.

[The look on Wright's face has become fierce and deadly serious.]

SW: And to achieve that...I'm willing to risk _everything._

[Jason Dane can only blink in response, dumbfounded by Wright's words.]

SW: How much of yourself are you ready to sacrifice, Mr. Matthews? How much of yourself are you willing to destroy to get that World Title around your waist? Your family? That peaceful life you've built for yourself away from the ring? Just what are you willing to give up in order to be the very best one last time?

[A smirk.]

SW: Just how far are you willing to go to defeat Supreme Wright?

[He holds up his hand and shakes his head.]

SW: Actually, don't bother answering, Mr. Matthews. I already know the answer.

[The words are grim and ominous.]

SW: Not far enough.

[And with that, Supreme adjusts his tie and turns to leave, pausing briefly to address a very uncomfortable-looking Jason Dane.]

SW: Thank you for your time, Mr. Dane.

[As Wright leaves, Jason Dane shakes his head and says the three words that best describe the madness he just heard.]

JD: Oh my god.

[Fade back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Some very disturbing words right there, fans, from Supreme Wright. You have to wonder if he has the slightest clue what he's doing.

BW: Oh, I think he knows real well what he's doing, Gordo.

GM: I guess we'll find out in a couple of weeks. Now, Bucky... I understand you have some special footage you want to present...

[Bucky gets a big grin on his face.]

BW: That's right, Gordo! Two weeks ago, the front office came to me and said, "Look, Patterson's not gonna make it to Chattanooga so we need a replacement for the Mirror Ball." Of course, you know what that means!

GM: Unfortunately, I-

BW: It's time for a special edition of The Call Of The Wilde, daddy!

GM: That's what I was afraid-

BW: I knew that this one had to be something special... something killer to fit in with how awesome the World Title Tournament has been so far. I was rakin' my brain to try and figure out who to interview when I got a phone call. This? This wasn't what I expected at all, Gordo. Let's roll the tape...

[The camera opens up to a spacious wood-panelled room, a cross between a home office and a home library. Shelves and shelves of books line the walls, and the dark blue upholstery and carpet provide the contrast for the brown panelling. A large variety of exhibition cases are found in various parts of the room, each detailing some antiquity, fossil, or artifact of some kind. The centerpiece of the room is a magnificent antique desk, a huge piece adorned with an expensive computer, a stained glass lamp, and various bits of decor.

Seated behind the desk is the "Collector Of Oddities" Percy Childes. The short, bald, goateed manager is wearing a cream-and-brown polo shirt, and has a slight smile on his round face. Also present is none other than "Big Bucks" Bucky Wilde. At the time of this pre-recorded segment, Bucky was wearing a white rhinestone-laden dress shirt and blue pants. Bucky looks all around him and whistles in appreciation.]

BW: Percy, it's an honor to be here in your home for a very special edition of "The Call Of The Wilde"!

PC: Nonsense, Bucky, the honor is mine! Not many people can say that a legendary announcer came to his home to conduct one in the finest series of interview segments in the industry.

BW: Well... you're right about that. It really is an honor all round. So the first question I have is why we're here. I won't divulge the city we're in, but it ain't Chattanooga.

PC: Thank goodness for that. The fumigation bills would be enormous.

[We can hear the crowd boo from the house audio played under the segment.]

PC: But what you mean is why I have pulled Nenshou and James Monosso back, sending them to relax instead of appearing on Saturday Night Wrestling. And the answer is simple enough. The whole wrestling world has been buzzing over the deal I made with Juan Vasquez at the end of Saturday

Night Wrestling. And rightfully so! The very future of professional wrestling will be decided on Labor Day Weekend, Bucky. Juan Vasquez is a very shrewd man. No doubt, he would like to get what he seeks without having to go through the mad Monosso for it. He cannot do so if I am here, nor can he weaken Monosso if he is not in Chattanooga.

BW: Makes sense, but what do you mean that the future of professional wrestling will be decided on Labor Day? You mean the World Title, right?

PC: In part, yes. But that is only one aspect of it. It is the single most important event in our sport, possibly ever. But certainly in the current era.

Think of it: the new face of our sport will be decided. Whomever is the very first AWA World Champion will literally hold wrestling itself in sway. There are other territories with exceedingly talented wrestlers. But all of them are in the stages of failure. Didn't I mention this over and over in the past? All of the so-called 'great' territories have fallen. That makes them failures. Our competition is failing. It is we who hold the present and future in our hands. We're even commandeering the skeleton of the dead Los Angeles territory to wear it as a prize, like a man would wear a lion's pelt in the African savannah to pronounce his victory over the beast.

BW: You're talkin' about Empire Sports and Blood, Sweat, and Tears?

PC: Naturally. The dead trappings of what was once considered great. We are surpassing that, Bucky. And the new AWA champion will be the symbol of that succession. But before that, we have another match that will shape our sport.

BW: Vasquez versus Monosso.

PC: Two great former champions. The long forgotten conqueror, come from the figurative grave to face the legend we all saw made before our eyes in this era. It is what epics are made of, isn't it? But what is at stake? Everything!

You see, Juan Vasquez defined the current era of professional wrestling. He, along with a few others such as Stevie Scott, was the star who epitomized the modern era of wrestling. But surely you see the signs of the new era?

BW: You're not in with Craven, are you?

PC: Of course not. Craven wants to go backwards to the era before this. I move forwards, to the era beyond. The era that will begin on Labor Day Weekend. Whether or not it resembles Craven's dream is honestly irrelevant to me. What is relevant is that we are in the very last few weeks of a dying era. The era of Phoenix, Toronto, St. Louis, and Las Vegas is over. St. Louis died early, Phoenix is sputtering, Toronto is a shambling corpse of what it was, and Las Vegas cannot build momentum. It is Dallas that is carrying the day. And with an unintended assist from Mark Langseth, who expedited our transition to the world stage by removing one of the two crutches this company leaned on, we are moving wrestling into the next generation.

BW: What was the other crutch?

PC: Juan Vasquez. And now the moment is here. Juan Vasquez is a shade of what he once was, but what remains is a more efficient predator. He is violent and vicious because he has to be. He cannot survive at the level of competition he is accustomed to without amplifying his aggression. It happens to them all. Age. Injury. And in this case, it was WrestleRock. The Juan Vasquez we knew is unmade. And now he must become something new to survive. Something far more virulent.

And something I can use. Ohhh, yes.

[Percy's face is engulfed by a genuine smile. An evil, evil smile.]

BW: If James Monosso wins. But what if he don't?

PC: Fortune favors the bold. In one very real sense, I am risking my life. If we fail, then I will surely be crippled. I understand this. The risk is worth taking. Juan Vasquez is not what he was, but he is still a powerful force... so powerful, that whomever controls him could shape the world of wrestling. And right now... he doesn't even control himself, Bucky. But with me, supporting Nenshou, that world is ours. The sand is falling from the hourglass on Juan's career; he can feel it, and his actions reveal it. There is only one way to extend one's career beyond the time when that sand runs out, you know. Only one way.

BW: And that is?

PC: That is what Juan Vasquez will see for himself on Labor Day!

BW: What do you... wait. You mean Monosso.

PC: Yes. Juan Vasquez, listen well. The purpose of this sport, this enterprise, is to make money. You have made, by all accounts, a fantastic living in this sport. But now, it is our turn. Look at this room, Bucky Wilde. Is it not magnificent?

BW: Like bein' in a mansion.

PC: Follow me, cameraman.

[Percy stands, and heads through an oaken door. A small hallway leads out to a modest living room. It is tastefully decorated, but lacks the opulence of the office.]

PC: I live in a good house. It is not magnificent, it is not sublime. It is just a house. All of the customization I have afforded has gone into my office. It is where I house my collections... I am a Collector Of Oddities, after all! And it stands as a constant reminder of what I want. What I want is that mansion, Bucky Wilde, of which my office reminded you. An existence of opulence and leisure. I am willing to do whatever is needed to ensure this.

For myself. For Nenshou. And.. possibly... for Juan Vasquez. You are already accustomed to the life I desire, aren't you, Juan? But how will you stay there? How indeed?

After Labor Day, we will discuss your future. And you will eventually come to see that losing to Monosso was the best thing that could have happened to you.

BW: Alright, we're out of time for "The Call Of The Wilde"! I'm gonna go play golf with Percy and then hit the Sizzlah! Back to me, Bucky Wilde!

[We cut back to the arena.]

BW: Thank you for passing it back to the star of the show, Bucky! And what an interview! The Call Of The Wilde, bringin' you the down-low again. Colt Patterson and Todd Michaelson combined couldn't tie my shoes!

GM: You're wearing Velcro.

BW: ...

GM: Fans, we've gotta take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling action so don't go away!

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

VO: We live in an online world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[The Kingsley Online Entertainment logo appears once more.]

VO: ...Kingsley.

[Fade to black.]

Crossfade to the backstage area where the official tournament "big board" resides, along with Mark Stegglet. Beside Mark, in street clothes, are the duo of Tin Can Rust and City Jack, formerly known as Kentucky's Pride.]

MS: Welcome back to the Control Center, fans. Joining me tonight are Tin Can Rust and City Jack. Uh, I thought your new training partner, Macht Kraftwerk, would be with you as well?

CJ: Naw, Mark - Macht's up in Louisville, but you can be sure that guy's workin' my man Tin Can into his top gear! He'll be a machine for the next round!

MS: Tin Can -

[Rust shifts his eyes over at Stegglet.]

TCR: Yeah.

MS: On the next Saturday Night Wrestling, you face off against one of the legends of the Longhorn Wrestling Council and a man who made quite a statement against Madison J. Valentine last time out, one Blackwater Bart. Your thoughts?

[Rust gives Stegglet an annoyed look.]

TCR: What do you want me to say, Stegglet? Yeah, he gave a good show couple weeks back. Got it.

MS: And? What about his past and what he'll bring to the ring when you meet in Mobile?

[Rust sighs.]

TCR: On the level? Bart's legend to Texas. I ain't deny anything about that. What didn't he do down in Laredo, right? But the thing that gets me, Stegglet? The thing that put the chip on my shoulder is whatever he did down in Texas... I did the same right in Kentucky. I was the man to beat, the man blistering and pastin' people to ground in Louisville in the 90's and 2000's.

[Rust gets a little more agitated.]

TCR: I held the top titles! I was THE man of my era, of my state! So where's my "legend of" comment, huh? Why ain't you askin' Bart what thinks when he faces off against one the great Kentuckians on the time, huh?

CJ: Whoa, there, Rust. Nobody's sayin'-

TCR: Yeah, that's the problem, Jack. Nobody's sayin' a damn thing about me. Every time this runt -

[Rust jabs his meaty thumb into the shoulder of Stegglet.]

TCR: - does his tournament updates, listin' the legends and big names left going, my name's never coming out his of his lips. For all I've done in my

career, back up north of here and in AWA, I think I deserve just a bit of respect more than bein' the tournament afterthought.

MS: I don't think anyone's thinking you're an afterthought. It's just that Bart's -

TCR: Makin' some grand return? Like I said, I ain't takin' anything away from the man. He's tough, a heavy hitter and can cut a man down with that lariat of his. But I'm just as tough and can still deal like none other. And if it takes puttin' down the legend from Laredo to make people finally take me as more than City Jack's hanger-on 'round here, then that's what I'll do!

[With that, Rust walks off, leaving a somewhat shocked City Jack.]

CJ: I... Ah... Man. I don't know...

[Jack just shakes his head and offers a handshake to Stegglet before following Rust's trail out of the shot.]

MS: A very... upset Tin Can Rust, fans. He'll need all of that aggression and then some if he hopes to knock off Blackwater Bart in two weeks' time. But right now, let's go back to last Sunday afternoon in Augusta, Georgia where more tournament action went down between Travis Lynch and Violence Unlimited's Jackson Haynes!

[We crossfade from Chattanooga to the locker room in Augusta where we see a dirty blond haired figure doing push-ups. After the figure bangs out ten more push-ups he stands to his feet and looks at the camera. Travis Lynch nods and reaches for a black t-shirt that's just laying on the wooden bench next to him. Travis sits down upon the bench and the camera focuses on the black t-shirt with the word TRAVIS written upon it in a gold script (which can be purchased at all AWA Live Shows). Travis begins to wrap his left wrist with white athletic tape.]

TL: Tonight, I'm stepping into the ring with a former tag team champion, a man who has gone through wars with my brothers ... one half of Violence Unlimited, Jackson Haynes. Haynes, I know that Jack and James have respect for what you can do in the ring ... the sheer brutality you bring with each and every single strike you lay into your opponents. But Jackson, like my brothers I've had my own share of wars here in the AWA. My head's been split open and my face has been a crimson mask ... a mask the Lynches have worn for generations with honor and pride.

[Travis bites the athletic tape and rips it. He slowly smooths the tape before he begins to wrap his right wrist.]

TL: You see Jackson, we Lynches ... we were taught what it takes to be called champion. We were taught you have to be willin' to sacrifice, to take the beatings and dish the beatings right back. We were taught that blood will be spilt and if it's your own so be it. The old man taught us to just wipe the blood from the eyes and keep goin'. I know Jack and James showed you

that ... and I showed both Rex Summers and Bruno Verhoeven the same darn thing!

[Once again Travis rips the athletic tape with his teeth and smooths out the athletic tape.]

TL: Jackson, no matter what good ol' Bucky tries to tell everyone, I'm not stupid ... I know you're going to come at me with everything you got and then some.

[Travis stands to his feet and tosses the roll of tape to the side.]

TL: You, thirty other men and myself ... heck we're all going for the biggest prize in the game today.

[Travis stares at the camera with a serious look upon his face.]

TL: But after tonight only one of us is going to advance to the Sweet Sixteen and Jackson I am going to be that man.

[Travis winks at the camera as it fades to the inside of the arena where we find a shot of Travis Lynch coming through the entrance curtain.]

JD: And we are here with another second round match in the AWA World Championship Tournament and this one promises to be one heck of an affair!

CP: I'm undecided, Jason.

JD: About?

CP: If I want to see Haynes smack that stupid grin off Lynch's face more or if I'd rather see Lynch rip Haynes' head open with that Iron Claw. Tough one.

[Travis Lynch makes his way down to the ring, clapping hands with fans, fist pumping and high fiving, more than a couple ladies swooning over his muscular physique. His opponent, Jackson Haynes, stands in the ring, intimidating as all can be.]

PW: This contest is scheduled for one fall and is a second round match in the AWA World Title Tournament! Introducing, already in the ring, one half of Violence Unlimited... "THE HAMMER" JACKSON HAYNES! And his opponent, entering the ring as this moment [SHRILL GIRL SCREAMS!] from Dallas, Texas, TRAVIS LYNCH!

[And of, course, to Lynch's great joy, the crowd loves his energy and shows it with a raucous cheer.]

JD: This should be a great match, Bucky! These two may not have direct history with one another of any real substance but Violence Unlimited has had more than one run in with the Lynch Brothers in the past. No doubt Travis' siblings have been giving him some advice in training leading up to this important contest.

CP: A tag team wrestler facing the brother of another tag team in a singles match for a singles title. Cats love dogs! Rain goes up!

JD: You're in an interesting mood tonight.

CP: Can't help myself, Dane. It's something about World Title Tournament matches... they get my blood pumpin'.

[The match clips to a short bit, Travis Lynch holding the larger Jackson Haynes in a side headlock, wrenching on it as he settles into a balanced position. The Hammer struggles a bit, trying to break the hold to no avail. Instead he backs the Lynch to the ropes, throwing him across the ring. Travis Lynch comes in with a shoulder block... and promptly bounces right off!]

CP: You aren't going to take him down that easy! Look at the size of that gorilla!

JD: Haynes wants him to try again!

[And he does, this time bouncing off again! Lynch looks somewhat shocked, looking to the crowd for support as Haynes eggs him on to go for a third. Always a third in professional wrestling, always a third.]

CP: Why does anyone think this is a good idea?

[Lynch hits the ropes for a repeat, but this time it's Haynes stepping up, knocking down Travis Lynch with a thunderous shoulder tackle of his own, sending the crowd favorite to the ropes, rolling his muscle as he tries to work the knot out. We clip again...

...this time to Haynes punishing a seated Travis Lynch in the corner with heavy stomps., the ref counting to five to make him break and move away.]

JD: Jackson Haynes is laying it into Travis Lynch here! Stomp after stomp from the three hundred pounder! The Hammer is... well... hammering Travis Lynch and has the young man in a precarious position right now!

[The girls in the crowd scream for Travis to get up and fight, but Haynes will not let him, stepping away to appease the referee before crunching back in with another boot, placing it into the throat of Lynch.]

CP: Textbook, classic Jackson Haynes, beating down some poor kid and stealing his lunch money. There's a reason him and Danny Morton are maybe the scariest tag team in the world, Jason!

JD: Scary is right! Look at him... and the ref nearly got to five, Colt! He nearly reached five! "The Hammer" could have been disqualified right there and lost his chance at the AWA World Championship!

[Pulling the dazed Lynch back up by his hair... and getting yet another warning... Haynes puts him to the ropes, sending him across the ring with an Irish Whip. He ducks down, but Lynch leaps over, spinning on the spot and launching up with a dropkick that staggers the big man... then a clothesline that staggers him again! He starts to topple, many of the crowd cheering for him to do so but then he catches his balance...

...only to be taken down with a running shoulder tackle, Lynch going for the quick cover!]

JD: And a kickout by Haynes. He still has a whole bunch of fight left in him!

CP: But there is the veteran instinct! As soon as Travis let him go, he rolled towards the ropes to get a breather.

JD: Travis Lynch sees it!

[And won't have any of it, reaching over the rope and grabbing "The Hammer" pulling him up to his feet. With a quick run he makes his way across the ring, Haynes hair in hand and smashes his head against the turnbuckle from the outside! The Hammer is dazed, nearly falling, but instead Lynch grabs him and ducks his head under Haynes' arm pit, lifting him up...]

CP: Look at that power!

[...bringing him back in with an atomic drop to a POP!]

JD: Tremendous power shown by the young man, bringing the three hundred pounder in and crushing his tailbone!

CP: This match isn't over yet! These two both know what's at stake in this match! It's a trip to the Sweet Sixteen and one step closer to the AWA World Championship!

[Lynch swings his arm, winding it up to show the crowd what's next. He comes off the ropes with a sprint, clothesline out...

...but Haynes shoots out himself, CRASHING into Travis Lynch with a ramming headbutt to the sternum, taking the wind right out of him and the roaring crowd!]

JD: That will stop your heart! That skull of Jackson Haynes, hard as concrete, right to the heart THE HEART of Travis Lynch!

[Lynch crumples, clutching his chest, Haynes staggering back and leaning against the ropes as he catches his breath and shakes off the effects of the match thus far. Seeing Lynch getting up he drops down, hooking the far leg.]

JD: COVER!

[ONE! TWO! KICKOUT!]

CP: Not enough!

[And knowing it isn't he quickly heaves Lynch up and lifts him onto his shoulders, a few steps ending with a powerslam!]

JD: RUNNING POWERSLAM! He takes a page out of his partner's, Danny Morton, playbook and- cover! THIS COULD BE IT!

[ONE! TWO!]

JD: NOT ENOUGH AGAIN!

[Many of the crowd, of course, cheers for Lynch kicking out, Haynes slamming the mat in frustration...

...and then we clip again, this time with Jackson Haynes applying the Scorpion Deathlock to Travis Lynch in the middle of the ring. He leans way back, sweat pouring as he tries to keep both the hold on and a struggling Lynch in the middle of the ring.]

CP: How much longer can Travis Lynch last in this hold?! I've been in one, trust me, if it's on right your knee, your back, your ankle, your hip, all are being torqued and twisted. This is one hold you don't easily escape.

JD: Not without heart and willpower, two things Travis Lynch... his whole family... has in bunches!

[Lynch struggles, the crowd's support increasing in volume as he scratches and crawls to the ropes. Haynes keeps a hold of him, trying to resist but Lynch keeps crawling...

...and crawling...

...and crawling...

...before making the ropes to a BIG POP!]

JD: He got 'em! Travis Lynch got the break he needed and is out of that deadly Scorpion Deathlock of the Hammer!

CP: Too late though? Has the damage been done? Look at him, he can barely get up under his own power. That might have been enough for Jackson Haynes to finish this match now!

JD: Both men are exhausted but it is undoubtedly Jackson Haynes with the advantage here. This could be close to ending. Jackson Haynes might just be on his way to the Sweet Sixteen!

[Jackson wearily picks up a staggering Travis Lynch, pulls him to the middle of the ring by the nape of his neck and signals for it!]

JD: ORIENTAL SPIKE... DUCKED!

[Indeed it is, Lynch ducking the swing and putting Haynes down with a loud belly to back suplex!]

JD: Both men down in the center of the ring!

[A brief clip takes us to Lynch getting up right near the eight count, blocking a wild haymaker from Haynes and firing back with a series of his own punches, staggering the bigger man. Haynes wobbles and totters with each shot, Lynch firing up the crowd before...]

JD/CP: IRON CLAW!

[He latches it on to a great reaction, but Haynes bats it away, clutching at the pain. Lynch hits the ropes, coming back with a clothesline... another... and finally a third, putting Haynes down hard!]

JD: Travis Lynch is on a comeback! Travis Lynch, by god, is back in this match!

CP: He's on fire here! Doin' the family proud! Cover!

[But Haynes kicks out at two!]

JD: Nearly had him there.

[Instead of wasting his own energy, Lynch lets Haynes back up before whipping him into the corner... only to be reversed! The Violence Unlimited member trundles in... SLAMMING a big boot into the face of the trapped and dazed Lynch brother!]

JD: Right on target!

CP: Oh man, Travis is in trouble. He's seeing stars and... here it comes! POWERBOMB!

[But before he can even fully pull Lynch out for the maneuver, the crowd bursts into boos! From the entrance way come the Bishop Boys, Cousin Bo following quickly behind Cletus Lee and Duane Henry. The Violence Unlimited member sees his hated rivals and turns, dropping Lynch and yelling at the three to get out of dodge. Knowing the explosiveness, the referee quickly ducks out of the ring, right in the way of the Bishops. He blocks both from getting at the increasingly angry Haynes, "The Hammer" yelling at them to "bring it on, boys!"]

JD: We got quite a situation here, Colt. The Bishop Boys are up to absolutely no good and do not belong out here, interfering in this contest.

CP: Or, they are scouting talent?

JD: Come on, this isn't... wait... THE REFEREE IS BANNING THEM FROM RINGSIDE!

[BIG POP!]

JD: The Bishop Boys are being forced from ringside by the referee! Jackson Haynes can go back to work and... oh lord. He's setting up for the Powerbomb again, watching the Bishops as he does it! He's sending a message, Colt!

CP: To the Bishops and the entire locker room!

[Haynes continues to shout and gesture at the Bishops as he sets up for the powerbomb, waiting several moments before finally attempting to lift Lynch into the air...]

JD: POWERBOMB!

[Buuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuut... at the top of the lift, Travis Lynch keeps going, right over top and behind, down to the mat and bringing The Hammer down with him! BIG POP!]

JD: WHAT A COUNTER! WHAT A COUNTER! HE HAS HIM!

[ONE! TWO! THREEEEEEEEEE! DING DING DING!]

JD: WOW!

CP: Travis Lynch with a come from behind victory... but a tainted one!

JD: You are completely correct there, Colt! If not for the Bishop Boys, Jackson Haynes may very well have won this match right here and now and advanced to the Sweet Sixteen!

PW: YOUR WINNER OF THE MATCH...

TRAVIS LYNCH!

[BIG FACE POP! Lynch is still staggered as the referee raises his hands, a dejected and angry Jackson Haynes still in the ring, staring at the young man.]

JD: This might not be done yet!

CP: This is The Hammer we are talking about. No one in the AWA likes a good fight like him.

[Lynch looks right back at Haynes, cocking his head and shrugging apologetically. Jackson, steaming, moves closer and closer, Lynch raising a hand, explaining himself. Haynes moves closer...]

...and then reaches out, ruffling the hair of Lynch before raising his arm in victory to yet another set of cheers.]

JD: Phew. I thought for sure we were going to have another fight on our hands here, one Travis Lynch did not want. But in the end, Jackson Haynes knows a winner when he sees one and that winner tonight is Travis Lynch, moving onto the Sweet Sixteen in the AWA World Title Tournament!

[Crossfade back to Chattanooga where Travis Lynch's name has been slid to the Sweet Sixteen.]

MS: It may not have happened in the cleanest of fashions but Travis Lynch is moving on to the third round of this tournament, fans! And I know the people back home in Dallas are loving that news. But right now, let's hear from a man who is hoping to climb into that ring in just a few moments and join him in the Sweet Sixteen!

[We cut to another area backstage to where we find Jason Dane standing alongside Andrew "Flash" Tucker, who is clad in his wrestling attire; already prepared for his battle against William Craven. His bare chest glistens with water and his long blond hair is pulled back into a tight pony tail, revealing a focused, determined face from the former tag team superstar. Uncharacteristically, Tucker's fists are wrapped with tape.]

JD: Fans, I'm backstage with Andrew "Flash" Tucker, just moments before his battle with William Craven; as the two look to secure a spot in the sweet 16 of the AWA World Title tournament. Andrew, are you ready?

AT: I've been ready for over a decade, Jason. This I'll foray back into the business has been nothin' if not eventful. There were only really three pieces o' unfinished business in my career when I hung 'em up. I took care o' one of 'em a few weeks back; I'm about to go to take care of another. Wouldn't be surprised if Jim Watkins got those two Cool boys to trade in their chef hats for a pair o' wrestlin' boots at this rate.

[A wry smirk from Tucker.]

JD: You seem fairly relaxed considering the level of violence you're about to run into...

[The smirk remains as he stares down at his tape-wrapped fists.]

AT: Yeah, I figure I'm gonna head out there in a few minutes an' get myself into a war the likes I ain't seen in a long, long time. Violence, indeed. But the thing is, Dane, while I certainly anticipate takin' a fair share o' punishment from ole' Billy Craven, I also anticipate dishin' it out in spades, too.

JD: Are you concerned about unwittingly pushing Craven's desire to see the AWA become more like the EMWC with that gameplan?

AT: As he so aptly pointed out, I'm a visitor 'round these parts. I don't have the slightest clue as to what the AWA's mission statement is, or what brand o' wrestlin' they're lookin' to put out there. An' frankly, I don't care. The suits knew what they were doin' when they made this matchup. So, if I end up helpin' push Craven's little "extreme revolution" a little bit further, so be it.

What you put Piper, Mike an' I through went further than this sport. It wasn't about anythin' professionally. It followed us outside of the ring. An' now it's time to settle that _inside_ of it.

Craven, if you think that gettin' your tail kicked around an arena, endin' up with a body that looks like a corpse from all the cuts, an' surgeries, an' broken bones is some kinda badge of honor, then you're a bigger crackpot than I ever gave you credit for.

[Tucker shakes his head in disdain.]

AT: Not all of us in Los Angeles got our rocks off from endin' the night a bloody mess. I got outta this business at 25 to _avoid_ that. I wanted to live to a ripe old age an' spend all the money I made. As much as I loved entertainin' these fans, at some point the cost outweighed the benefit. The broken bones, the stitches... settlin' a score just wasn't worth it. But tonight...

[Tucker's fists visibly clench as his lips purse together.]

AT: ...Tonight, I make an exception.

[Tucker storms off camera, leaving Dane staring after him; a look of concern etched on his face as we cut to darkness. A voice, speaking quickly, fervently and with a confidential tone.

WC: Do I have your attention? Are you here with me?

[A rustling as the silhouette of a hand grasps the lens, pulling it about to face a creature of shadow. A slash of light reveals a single line of green, cut diagonally; one eye, several scars and the suggestion of sinew. William Craven.]

WC: So many years. Pressing. Nations ... risen and fallen, my former life, before the violence took hold not even a memory. Rather something the few who can hold my attention reference before I turn my eyes from them. Unimportant. Years wasted ... serving a nation that served me _nothing_ but a section 8. Wasted holding back the rabble from riot in bars and nightclubs when they would have best served the greater good in bloodletting as their fellows cheered them on...

Untold thousands, perhaps millions, spent to hold back the madness ... until I realized it wasn't madness; merely truth.

[Craven sucks in a ragged gasp, chuckling.]

WC: Do I have your attention!? Don't be rude. This ... this is important to me. Important to everyone. Before the laws of this damned nation and all that came after murder was held as the one rite most holy. Pagan rituals ... Christian condemnation, 'though they deny to this day any wrongdoing. Murder. Killing. Killing the defenseless ... wrong, yes, but the STRONG!? Ah ... aheh... Bloodsport. The Romans. The Romans, they had it, yes? Ess ... pee ... cue ... arh... So many great sayings spring forth from these great battles. "Aut vincere aut mori" meaning 'conquer or die'. "Potius mori quam foedari", death before dishonor! "Ave morituri te salutant!" We who are about to die SALUTE YOU!!!

[The man holding the camera pulls back and it is, to the viewers, as if they were attempting to flee only to be pulled back by a green monster, now more strongly illuminated by the light leaking through what appears now to be the door to a closet, slightly ajar.]

WC: No. Nono! Don't go. No. There is more. More to teach. This is all leading up to something. All these years ... hundreds, thousands, creating this society of soft and complacent former people all getting fatter sitting in recliners and drinking beers. Sinful... A society of men and women unready to face down a threat. Unwilling to step into the line of fire. No heroes these. The heroes they choose are those that allow them to sit back ever further, spreading, melting into the furniture; the ground before ultimately DISSOLVING into sick sacks of oily fat!

The few that number among the strong have an obligation to set straight the weak. The weak will rail against the true hero, saying that violence is bad, fried chicken is good and staring numbly at an idiot box while tapping moronic "tweets" into what passes today for a phone is nigh unto Godliness!

They. Are. Wrong...

[Seething, Craven's breath comes ever more quickly.]

WC: You're afraid, I can tell. You shouldn't be. But no, fear ... fear is natural. Fear is good. You need only know when it is warning you against danger and when it is false! There is no need to fear the violence ... not for the weak, not when so many laws hold it back. These protections I would not argue against. Not for the strong ... for the strong are made to strive, to fight ... to die ... in violence...

[In through the nose and out through the mouth. Craven rubs his scalp back and forth before raking it one good time with his red-taped fingertips. Struggling, he seems to regain more composure.]

WC: And that is the crux of it all, yes? The struggle of the strong ... ideologies split by yet reveling in ... the violence... This "Old School" seeks to control the violence, to control that which can not be controlled. Must not be controlled. They hate the violence with one upraised fist while ever cradling her with the other arm. This ... this is why the Revolution must persevere. To release the violence. To bring back again the Blood.

Bring back the Sweat. Bring back the Tears. This... The coronation day. The day when the gates will be thrown wide and the violence will reign over all...

But that day is not here yet, hm? No... This is but another step down the long road towards the Revolution's ultimate victory. Tonight ... Tucker...

[Craven fairly spits the name.]

WC: Don't think for a moment that I underestimate you, Andrew. I remember your tricks, that kick of yours but I also know that while I have thrived under the hot lights, dancing on the world stage, you've been mostly absent.

Ring rust? Perhaps ... perhaps not. How many years have _you_ wasted, Andrew? Since the Empire. Since the violence last knew you on a first name basis? I hear you've been playing bartender 'though ... how much of that I can believe I'm not sure. Perhaps you've known some of it, just a bit, breaking the chins and jaws of the thugs who invade your establishment. But the spotlight ... the spotlight is a different thing.

[Wringing his hands it looks like Craven's found his center. He seems, comparatively, almost zen.]

WC: You may yet have a role to play in the Revolution, Andrew. I've thought on this a great deal. My years spent taking cover charges and ejecting moody barflies, your years spent serving suds. Our paths seem similar and yet ... I can not be sure. I can not be sure until you prove something to me. Tonight, before you fall, I ask only that you draw _blood_. Show that you are more a warrior than you were in the days of the Empire. Show to the Avatar of violence that you are worthy to serve her cause and you may yet bask in the glow of the Empire resurrected...

[His head turning, Craven stares off into the distance, seemingly a million miles away.]

WC: Meanwhile, tonight, I pray to the violence ... and call for the resurrection to be ... while preparing to make for her a sacrifice of blood. Your blood. The blood of Andrew "Flash" Tucker...

[His face going completely slack, Craven seems in a stupor for a moment before his eyes go wide and a shark-toothed grin overtakes his face and every wrinkle and scar on it etches deep into the green. He shudders as deep, rough sardonic laughter overtakes him and we cut away to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

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

Introducing first...

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

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

ANDREW

"FLAAAAAAAASH"

TUUUUUCKERRRRRRR!

[Tucker bursts through the curtain in a sea of flashbulbs as the cheers continue. Tucker, unusually, makes no effort to acknowledge the Chattanooga faithful. His focus is solely on the ring and the battle awaiting him. Clad in long black tights with white lighting bolts adorned upon them, the former Strictly Business member has left his trademark Oakleys back in the locker room and pulled his blond hair into a tight pony tail; clearly foregoing any glitz or glamor with the preparation for the war he's about to enter into. He quickly scales the steps, moving through the ropes. He tosses his sunglasses aside, turning to face the entrance. Tucker leans over, fists balled up at the ready...]

GM: Tucker's ready, Bucky! He's ready for a fight!

BW: He may think he's ready, Gordo... but it's William Craven. It's the One Man Revolution. He wants to take the AWA and bury it in blood-covered barbed wire, broken tables, and shattered glass. You think he'll think twice before he rips a comeback case like Tucker into sixty-three pieces?

GM: I certainly do not. And now, the arena waits for the arrival of William Craven.

#I'm over it!#

[Those words, screamed in a-capela by one David Draiman, precede only briefly an explosion of sound as "Forsaken" bursts out of the PA system and into the arena. The camera angle switches as tension builds; red spotlights brightly illuminating the entrance portal and the crowd waits as a cloaked figure amidst a billowing cloud of smoke.]

BW: Ask and you're gonna get it, Gordo.

GM: The One Man Revolution himself... a walking monster...

[Reptilian blue eyes highlight the shoulders of his black vinyl robe. His hooded head stares down at his gnarled hands, bound as they are in red gauze, clutching a wooden katana in them.]

GM: I truly wish the AWA would not allow him to bring that wooden sword down to the ring with him any longer. He has proven to be quite dangerous with that thing in his hands.

[The dark figure strides powerfully towards the ring.]

PW: Hailing from Detroit, Michigan! He weighs in tonight at 320 pounds!
Ladies and Gentlemen, this is William Craven!

[Climbing the ringsteps and coming to rest on the apron, Craven looks out at the crowd one time before ducking between the ropes...

...where Tucker rushes forward, leaping into the air, and throwing a big forearm to the jaw of Craven, sending him back against the ropes. Craven immediately tries to free himself from his ring jacket, throwing his katana down to the mat as Tucker continues to hammer away with clenched fists to the skull!]

GM: Tucker's got him on the ropes, hittin' hard!

[After a barrage of blows as the bell rings, Tucker grabs Craven by the arm, attempting an Irish whip...

...but the powerful Craven pulls up short, flinging Tucker towards the ropes!]

GM: Craven reverses the whip!

[As Tucker quickly rebounds off, Craven takes a backhanded swing that connects with nothing. Tucker hits the far side, bouncing off again, this time ducking under a wild clothesline attempt.]

GM: Tucker ducks under again - one more time off the ropes!

[This time, Tucker throws himself into the air, spinning around and catching Craven on the chin with a spinning leg lariat!]

GM: Ohh! Andrew Tucker takes to the sky and he takes Craven right off his feet!

[Once on the mat, both men immediately start to scramble back to their feet.]

GM: Craven with a right- ducked by Tucker!

[A wild left haymaker is ducked as well, leaving Craven off-balance and Tucker in constant motion, throwing a spinning back kick into the ribs that sends Craven back into the corner.]

GM: Into the buckles... Tucker's up!

[Stepping up to the midbuckle, Tucker raises his right hand and starts raining down punches...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"
"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Tucker hops down to big cheers, again grabbing Craven by the arm.]

GM: He FIRES him across the ring, Craven hitting the corner hard...

[Tucker charges across the ring again, leaping into the air, and smashing a forearm into the jaw. He quickly hooks a side headlock, slamming his fist over and over into the skull!]

GM: Tucker's all over him, fans! He's beating the tar out of Craven in the early moments of this one...

[Backing to the ropes, Craven slings Tucker off to the far side, dropping down to the mat which forces the rebounding Tucker to leap over him, hitting the far ropes again...]

GM: Craven staying down and-

[But as Tucker tries to do the leapover again, Craven abruptly pushes up off the mat, taking Tucker's legs out from under him in a trip, sending a likely embarrassed Tucker down to the mat.]

GM: Oh! Unique offense from Craven and-

[Back on his feet, Craven UNLOADS a powerful soccer kick to the chest of the rising Tucker, sending him sprawling back down to the canvas.]

GM: Good grief! What a kick!

[Craven suddenly tears into Tucker with a series of kicks to the ribs and stomps to the chest that sends "Flash" rolling right out of the ring to the apron.]

GM: Andrew Tucker's looking for a safe haven out there.

BW: Good luck with that. When it's Craven in that ring, nowhere is safe, Gordo.

[The One Man Revolution reaches over the ropes, pulling Tucker up by the hair. He hooks a front facelock, using his power to lift Tucker in a suplex...

...and DROPS him gutfirst over the top rope, leaving him hung out to dry!]

GM: Tucker gets dropped over the ropes... Craven's got some bad intentions now for sure...

[Running to the adjacent ropes, Craven comes back with a running high kick that catches Tucker under the chin, sending him crashing down off the apron to the floor...

...exactly where William Craven wanted him.]

GM: Uh oh... I don't like the looks of this.

BW: Get ready to move, Gordo.

GM: Craven's out here on the floor by us, pulling Tucker to his feet...

[He suddenly grabs an arm, firing him towards the announce table...]

BW: CLEEEEEAAAAR!

[And Tucker's lower body SLAMS into the edge of the table, causing his upper body to flop over it as a gleeful Craven looks around the ringside area, plotting his next attack...]

GM: Craven's grabbing the legs of Tucker in a wheelbarrow...

[He once again shows off his power by lifting Tucker straight up, holding him there...

...and then twisting to the side to SLAM Tucker facefirst on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

BW: That might do it right there, Gordo! This could be over!

GM: I don't know about that. Andrew Tucker's a tough competitor... it's gonna take a lot to put him down for a three count.

BW: Why would you even SAY that within earshot of Craven?! He'll take it as a challenge!

[A few more soccer kicks to the ribs sees Tucker roll onto his back as Craven stands over him, his filed teeth on display as he smiles at Tucker's predicament.]

GM: This guy is sick, Bucky... absolutely demented. It'll be a great day in the AWA when someone sends him packing.

BW: Maybe but who the heck's gonna manage that, Gordo? He's laid waste to everyone that's been put in front of him! Martinez! Supernova! Gaines! Now Tucker!

GM: I hardly think Supernova would agree with that assessment, Bucky. Remember, he had a warning for Craven earlier tonight.

BW: But where is he then, Gordo? Where is Supernova if he's going to be the big hero to save us all from this lunatic?!

GM: I don't have an answer for that, Bucky.

[Craven drags Tucker off the mat by the hair, shoving him back against the ring apron...

...and HAMMERING down with a forearm smash across the sternum, crumpling Tucker down to his knees. He keeps a handful of hair gripped tightly...]

GM: Craven's just physically dominating Tucker out here on the flo- ohh! Big headbutt by Craven and Tucker goes all the way down to the floor once again.

[Spinning away from the downed Tucker, Craven leans over, looking for something...]

GM: What is he...?

BW: Uh oh.

GM: What?

BW: This can't be good.

[With a demented smirk, Craven hooks his fingers under the floor mats and starts yanking on it...]

GM: He's pulling up the mats at ringside! He's tearing up those mats to expose the floor underneath!

BW: Can't the referee do something about this?

GM: Marty Meekly is right there, trying to dissuade him from going any further. He came out to the floor to state his case but Craven's ignoring him. William Craven may be risking disqualification right here, Bucky.

BW: If it furthers his One Man Revolution, I think he might be okay with that.

[Tossing the floor mats back against the barricade, Craven stands over the exposed floor, throwing his head back with a twisted laugh before moving back in on Tucker who is on a knee...

...and throws a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Tucker's fighting back! Tucker may be seeing his career flash before his eyes and he's fighting back! A second right hand downstairs connects!

[Tucker gets back to his feet, grabbing Craven by the back of the head...

...and SMASHING his skull into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot into the apron!

[Craven stumbles away, moving along the ring apron where Tucker pursues, grabbing his head again...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: OHHH! INTO THE STEEL RINGPOST!!

[The One Man Revolution falls backwards, grabbing the ringpost with a hand to keep himself standing. Tucker throws three big roundhouse kicks to the small of the back, putting Craven right up against the ringpost before he backs off, setting himself...]

GM: What's Tucker got in mind here?

[With a shout, Tucker snaps off his trademark superkick known as the Chronic Jumble Jaw aimed right at the back of Craven's skull with the intent to drive his face into the steel post again...]

...but Craven drops down to a knee, causing Tucker's kick to hit nothing but steel.]

GM: He missed the thrust kick!

[Tucker stumbles off-balance, trying not to put weight on that foot for a moment as Craven rises from the floor like a beast from the depth of Hell, throwing a vicious spinning backhand from behind, catching Tucker on the temple and knocking him down to the floor.]

GM: Good grief! What a brutal shot that was!

[Stalking towards the downed Tucker, Craven pulls him up by the back of the trunks, tugging him into a full nelson...]

GM: Craven's got him hooked for- NO!

[The crowd groans as Craven hoists Tucker into the air in the full nelson, pauses a moment...]

...and then releases, switching his grip to a wheelbarrow as he sits out, smashing Tucker's face into the exposed floor!]

GM: GOODNESS!

BW: Tucker's face just got erased right off his skull, daddy!

GM: Andrew Tucker is down on the floor and you gotta believe he's hurt and hurt badly after that, fans. The fans at ringside are standing, craning their necks to try and get a look as William Craven climbs back up to his feet...

[And promptly SNAPS a stomp down on the back of the head, smashing Tucker's face into the floor again!]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for that!

[Craven wheels around, looking around the ringside area once again. He stalks towards the timekeeper...

...and shoves him down to the floor, grabbing the steel chair underneath him.]

GM: Uh oh! Craven's got a chair!

BW: If he uses it, he's gonna get disqualified!

GM: Good! He deserves to be disqualified! He deserves to be fined, suspended, and flat out FIRED!

BW: You gotta be a cold hearted son of a gun to root for someone to get fired in this economy, Gordo.

GM: William Craven would have it coming, Bucky. If anyone would, he would.

[Craven slowly stalks towards the downed Tucker, waiting for him to roll over to his back, a stream of blood pouring out of his right nostril.]

GM: Andrew Tucker may have a broken nose after that... and Craven's not finished with him...

[Craven approaches, the chair dangling from his right hand, dragging along the floor...

...when suddenly, the crowd ERUPTS into cheers!]

GM: LOOK AT THAT!! IT'S SUPERNOVA!!

[Supernova walks swiftly down the aisle...

...carrying his own steel chair!]

BW: He ain't comin' alone, Gordo!

GM: He most certainly is not! Supernova's got a chair of his own and William Craven is frozen in his tracks!

[The Southern California fan favorite stalks right over to the downed Tucker, taking up a protective stance with the chair as Craven eyes 'Nova up and down, almost as if trying to decide if he wants to strike.]

GM: William Craven doesn't know what to do! He doesn't know if he should try to take Supernova's head off with that chair right now or not...

[After a tense couple of moments, Craven angrily throws the chair aside, sending it smashing into the steel barricade before rolling under the ropes into the ring. Nodding his head, Supernova unfolds the chair, taking a seat at ringside as Andrew Tucker, still bleeding from the nose, pushes up to his knees. He crawls forward, using the ring apron to get back to his feet.]

GM: Tucker pulls himself back in the ring, trying to avoid a countout but Craven is right there waiting for him...

[And like an uncaged animal, Craven just drops to his knees and starts raining down blows with both arms. There is no precision to his strikes, just out and out mauling as he throws both limbs as quickly and with as much impact as his body will muster...]

GM: He's all over him! Come on, referee! Get in there!

[The official starts a count, hitting four and nearly five before Craven breaks off the beating...

...and then wraps his hands around the throat of Tucker, shaking him back and forth by the neck!]

GM: This guy has snapped! The appearance of Supernova out here seems to have driven him over the edge!

[Angrily dragging Tucker to his feet by the throat with both hands, Craven looks out at Supernova before lifting Tucker in the air...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's got him up!

[...and then throws him halfway across the ring, sending Tucker bouncing off the canvas.]

GM: Good grief! I thought he might have been looking for his version of the Firebomb there - the Thunder Melter.

BW: If he'd hit that, Tucker'd be done for... but I don't know if Craven's done punishing him yet, Gordo.

[Craven backs to the corner, hunching over like an animal ready to strike at his prey, waiting.. stalking...

...and then charging out of the corner as Tucker regains a wobbly foot!]

GM: CRAVEN!

[He throws his big foot up, striking with a mafia kick that connects right at the heart of the six foot one inch Tucker, sending him sailing back to the corner where he promptly stumbles back out, right into Craven's arms...

...where he chucks Tucker up and over his head with an Exploder Suplex!]

GM: What a throw! Tucker's in some serious trouble at this stage of the match, fans. He's barely able to stand at this point. And William Craven just keeps pouring on the punishment.

[Craven takes a knee, crawling across the ring on all fours with a twisted grin on his face. He grabs Tucker by the hair, pulling him to a seated position...

...and sinks his filed teeth into the forehead of Tucker!]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting the man! Craven's nothing more than a wild rabid animal who needs to be put down!

BW: Who's gonna do it, Gordo? You? There's no one! No one can stop this man!

[Craven breaks his dental assault at the count of four, pushing up to his feet with a thick string of saliva hanging off his chin.]

GM: Uggh... absolutely sickening.

[A series of kicks to the ribs sending Tucker rolling under the ropes again before Craven leans over them, dragging Tucker up by the arm...

...but he throws the free arm into a right hand to the gut!]

GM: Tucker's fighting back again!

BW: Just stay down, man... just stay down.

[Tucker throws a second right hand downstairs before straightening up, throwing another haymaker, this one to the temple of the One Man Revolution, staggering him back a few steps. Tucker grabs the top rope with both hands, slingshotting himself into the ring, throwing a kick into the chest, sending Craven down to a knee in the middle of the ring...]

GM: Tucker's trying to-

[Tucker moves quickly, lacing his leg over the back of Craven's neck as he traps an arm, leaping up and smashing Craven's face into the canvas!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A MOVE!!

BW: Usually that move is done with the victim standing up, getting more leverage and impact but at this point, Tucker's gonna take what he can get, daddy!

[Tucker rolls Craven to his back, throwing an arm across the chest.]

GM: Tucker gets one! He gets two! He gets-

[Craven kicks out with authority, showing that he's a long way from going down for a three count. Tucker promptly takes the mount, hammering away with right hands!]

GM: Just a two count but look at Andrew Tucker! Tucker's taking the fight to Craven!

BW: That's a mistake, Gordo. He's letting his emotions get the better of him. He needs to fight with a clear and cool head and use his strengths to his advantage!

[The referee forces the break at a four count as Tucker gets back to his feet, throwing back his arms with an anguished shout. He stands over Craven and throws kicks after kick to the ribs, forcing Craven to roll under the ropes to the floor...]

GM: Craven rolls out... he's hurting a bit here...

[Tucker slaps an arm on the top turnbuckle before starting to scale the corner ropes, stopping with one foot on the top as he waits for Craven to get back up...

...and then HURLS himself off the top rope, wiping out Craven with a crossbody!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A DIVE OFF THE TOP!! BOTH MEN ARE DOWN AFTER THAT ONE!!

[The camera cuts to Supernova who is applauding the daredevil dive to the floor from Tucker. He gives a shout of, "Come on, Flash!" as he cheers on the fan favorite.]

GM: Supernova's staying out here, trying to make sure William Craven doesn't get away with anything crazy. Andrew Tucker's starting to get back to his feet...

[Once there, Tucker gives a "YEAAAH!" to the crowd before leaning down, dragging Craven to a knee...

...where the One Man Revolution throws a right hand up into the throat of Tucker!]

GM: Ohh! A shot to the throat! Cheap shot by Craven!

[Craven gets to his feet, grabbing Tucker under the arm and around the neck...]

GM: LOOK OUT!!

[...and takes him high into the air, smashing him down on the announce table with a big hiptoss throw!

The announcers fall silent as they scatter away from the table, very close witnesses as Craven moves in on the "tabled" Tucker, applying another chokehold!]

GM: I don't- can anyone hear me?

BW: I gotcha, Gordo.

GM: That lunatic just threw Tucker on our table!

[A quick cut to Supernova shows the face-painted grappler shaking his head in irritation. He is on his feet, making sure Craven stays under control as the referee orders the chokehold broken.]

GM: Craven breaks at four... climbing up on the apron right here above us...

[He leans down, dragging Tucker to his feet on the table.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this at all, fans.

[Craven wraps an arm around the head and neck, looping the other around Tucker's right arm to set for a uranage slam...]

GM: Wait a second! Wait a second here!

[...but a desperate Tucker sees what's coming too, lashing out with a back elbow to the jaw!]

GM: Come on, Tucker! Get out of this!

[A second elbow connects as well... but a third breaks Craven's grip, forcing him to stumble back several steps along the ring apron as Tucker steps off the table and up onto the apron...]

GM: Both men are on the apron above us now... this is getting more and more dangerous with every passing moment, fans!

[Tucker throws a series of hard forearm shots, backing Craven all the way up against the ringpost. Tucker goes for another right hand but Craven blocks it, lashing out with a headbutt to the bridge of the bloodied nose, sending Tucker staggering away!]

GM: They're battling it out tooth and nail above us here, Bucky!

BW: Above you. I'm getting the heck out of here.

[With Tucker stunned, Craven surges forward, trotting towards him...

...but Tucker drops his head, tilting his body slightly for a backdrop attempt...]

GM: BACKDR-

[...but Craven hooks the top rope with both hands, swinging himself over the ropes to land on his feet inside the ring!]

GM: What in the-

BW: Where'd that come from out of Craven?!

[A surprised Tucker wheels around, throwing a weak right hand that Craven snatches out of the sky by grabbing the wrist of Tucker, doing an armtwist with it...

...and BURYING his fist into the chest of Tucker!]

GM: HEART PUNCH!!

[The blow sends Tucker sailing off the apron, crashing down on the floor below, clutching his chest. Craven gives a wail as he backs off, waving for Tucker to rise...]

GM: What in the... what the HELL is he thinking?!

BW: He's out of his mind, Gordo! Who knows what he's thinking?!

GM: Craven looks like he's setting up for something here... he looks like he's gonna-

[Tucker pushes up to a knee...

...and Craven breaks into a sprint, charging at full speed across the ring...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! He can't be going to-

BW: DIIIIIVE!

[Craven THROWS himself between the top and middle rope, sailing through the air...

...and WIPES OUT Andrew Tucker under three hundred plus pounds of One Man Revolution!]

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!! DID I JUST SEE THAT?!

[Both men are laid out on the floor for several moments, the announcers silent after Gordon's exclaimed questions, leaving us to hear the roaring crowd for the shocking big dive to the floor.]

BW: And do you believe it? That crazy son of a gun is getting up!

[Craven slowly rises to his feet, nodding his head at Supernova as he chucks Tucker under the ropes into the ring before rolling himself back in. He leans down, grabbing Tucker by the throat with both hands...

...and lifting him all the way from a downed position on the mat up into the raised double choke...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!!

[...and DOWN to the mat with the Thunder Melter powerbomb!]

GM: That's it, Bucky!

[Craven applies a lateral press, showing Tucker the slightest respect by hooking the leg.]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner...

WILLLLLLLIAAAAAAM CRAAAAAAAAVENNNN!

[An annoyed Supernova shakes his head, picking up the steel chair and walking away as Craven rolls off the prone Tucker, patting him softly on the chest as he climbs to his feet. Meekly raises his hand, pointing at him.]

GM: The AWA just can't catch a break, fans. Sultan Azam Sharif, Dave Cooper, and William Craven have ALL advanced to the Sweet Sixteen of this tournament. Unbelievable.

BW: He's not done, Gordo.

GM: Of course he's not!

[With Supernova walking back up the aisle, Craven peels the downed Tucker off the mat...

...and CHUCKS him over the top rope, sending him crashing down in a heap on the floor!]

GM: Somebody's gotta stop this! This just isn't right, fans! It's not right at all!

[Craven rolls to the floor, pulling Tucker up by the hair...

...and applying the double choke again, pushing Tucker backwards until he's right over the exposed part of the floor!]

GM: Oh, come on! Don't do this! There's no need for this!

[But Craven doesn't flinch, lifting Tucker up in his powerful arms, holding him high...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and the crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Supernova, steel chair in hand, standing over Craven who collapsed down to the floor from the chairshot across the back!]

GM: SUPERNOVA WITH THE CHAIR!! THAT'LL STOP CRAVEN!!

BW: Will it?!

[After several moments, Craven regains his feet, glaring at Supernova who once again has taken a protective stance over Andrew Tucker's prone form.]

GM: Supernova says if Craven wants a fight, he'll give him a fight!

[The corners of Craven's mouth lifts slightly, gesturing to the chair in Supernova's hands...

...and then mockingly he applauds the face-painted fan favorite, slowly backing away to the jeers of the crowd, heading back down the aisle towards the locker room as Supernova holds his ground.]

GM: What just happened, Bucky?

BW: I think Craven believes that Supernova's becoming part of the Revolution! He's got the chair, swingin' it like a madman. Maybe he's right, Gordo! Maybe this is the future of the AWA!

GM: Perish the thought. Supernova did what he had to do to save Andrew Tucker... not because he likes being a hardcore lunatic like Craven!

BW: I'm not so sure about that, Gordo. There's something kinda... thrilling... about taking a swing with a chair like that. You've never done it... you don't know!

GM: What are you saying, Bucky? You're supporting Craven in this madness?

BW: I'm not saying that! I'm just... it's a rush, you know?

GM: I most certainly do not... and I think we should end this discussion before we both say something we might regret. Let's go back to Mark in the Control Center!

[Crossfade to Mark Stegglet as he slides another name into position on the list.]

MS: William Craven has advanced. Only one spot left to fill here tonight before we fill the final eight positions over the next two weeks of AWA live events and Saturday Night Wrestling. If the AWA is coming to your town in the next two weeks, you do NOT want to miss it!

But right now, let's check in with someone who will compete in the second round right here tonight, looking to move on to the Sweet Sixteen himself - former National Champion, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott!

[And we cut to an AWA backdrop, hanging on the wall behind the aforementioned "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. He is already in his ring attire for the night, his short-ish dirt blond hair uncombed and naturally spiked at various spots on his head, and noticeable stubble covering his face. He looks down at the floor, microphone in hand, laughing a quiet but clearly calculated chuckle.]

HSS: Ron Houston. The Athens, Georgia Madman. The six foot seven tall beast of an individual that's taken on and defeated some of the best that the AWA has ever had to offer. A former National Champion in his own right, and a damn good one at that.

[Stevie snaps his head up toward the camera, still grinning.]

HSS: But as I stand here and speak tonight, as I prepare for our second-round match in the AWA World Title Tournament...NONE of that means a dang thing to me.

[He pauses, shifting the mic from his right hand to his left.]

HSS: I find it pretty interesting, Ron, that the Championship Committee seems to enjoy putting former National Champions against each other in the early matches in this thing. And you and I, we're the last two standing. I took out Broussard, you took down Sudakov, and that's a tad ironic if you consider who each of us beat to begin our National Title reigns.

[The grin has slowly disappeared from his face, replaced by an intense stare.]

HSS: Another irony...despite our history in the AWA, despite being two of the cornerstones of this company, you and I have never faced off against each other one-on-one. But tonight, that changes.

[Stevie glances down, running his right hand through his hair, and still looks down as he resumes talking.]

HSS: See, I don't know exactly how you feel about it, Houston, but the AWA World Title? It means EVERYTHING to me. I have worked way too long and way too hard NOT to walk out of Blood, Sweat and Tears with the belt over my shoulder. I've been at the highest peaks and I've been in the lowest valleys during my time here and you better believe all that time is firmly planted not in the back, but in the front of my mind when I think about what's at stake here.

[Another pause, followed by that short-breathed laugh. He looks back up at the camera.]

HSS: So the question is, Ronnie...what's it worth to YOU?

Just like me, you've had high points and low points here in the AWA. But how tough were you REALLY through the low times, hmm? What did you do when things just weren't going your way?

[A knowing smile.]

HSS: You know what you did. I know what you did. All the fans of the AWA know EXACTLY what you did.

You ran.

When the going got tough, Ron Houston packed his bags and hit the highway. All six foot seven of ya, the once-proclaimed toughest man in the business by my pal Juan Vasquez!

[Stevie, who was speaking quite loudly in that last sentence, now lowers his voice almost to a whisper.]

HSS: Well, let me tell you a thing or two about toughness.

[Just as quickly as he dropped his voice, it soon starts to slowly rise to a crescendo.]

HSS: It ain't measured by how big you are, or how tall you are, or whether you've got words like "Shark" or "Madman" in your nickname.

[The Hotshot jabs a thumb into his chest.]

HSS: It's measured right here. It's measured by how many times you get back up after you've been knocked down. And anyone who knows of my history here, they know I've been knocked down a lot of times.

But here I am still. Still fighting, still pouring my heart and soul into this little business of ours. You know how that old saying goes, right? It's not the size of the dog in the fight, it's the size of the fight in the dog?

[Stevie takes a step closer to the camera.]

HSS: You better count on the fact that THIS dog has a helluva lot of fight in him.

And hey, Houston...one more thing to remember before we go out there in just a few moments. You've made a living off of a little maneuver you like to call Fade To Black. But after tonight?

You're going to fade into obscurity.

[The camera holds his stare for a few beats before fading back to Myers and Wilde who are looking around a bit. Gordon gestures to the ring, forcing the cameraman to pan there where one of the co-owners of the AWA, "The Outlaw" Bobby Taylor, stands. He looks pretty unhappy, to say the least.]

GM: Fans, as you can see, one of the co-owners is standing in the ring, and he just marched out here during the Control Center! There was no announcement, no fanfare of any kind...and I think you can all see that he wouldn't have been in the mood for any of that anyhow.

BW: From that look on his face, I'd guess he's about to talk about the Longhorn Heritage title belt, Gordo.

GM: Certainly doesn't look like Mr. Taylor has any good news to deliver...but whatever it is, he's been handed a microphone.

[Taylor leans down over the top rope, taking a proffered microphone, then walks back to the center of the ring.]

BT: Two weeks ago, someone decided that they wanted a spot in the AWA... and they decided the best way to do it was to jump a man from behind, steal his property, and run for his life with OUR Longhorn Heritage Title belt.

That someone made a mistake.

That someone got a phone call from the office and told him very clearly that he was to get his tail back here in two weeks, bring back the belt... and we'd let him come out here and speak his mind.

Hell, who knows. He might have gotten a deal out of it. Stranger things have happened.

[Taylor pauses, running a hand through his hair before he reaches into his jacket, pulling out what appears to be a disc in a plain white sleeve.]

BT: But someone decided to make another mistake. He sent this in... this DVD with a note telling us to air it instead...

[Taylor nods for a moment...

...and then snaps the disc in half, throwing it down to the mat to a big cheer from the crowd!]

BT: That's what I think of your counter-offer, Bryant! You had one chance to make things right and you screwed that up too... just like you've screwed up every other opportunity in your career...

Before I stepped out here tonight, I picked up the phone and made a call. Dave Bryant, as of right now...

[He pauses.]

BT: ...you are wanted by the Jacksonville, Florida police department for trespassing and grand theft!

[Big cheer!]

BT: Also, that paycheck you claim you "don't need." Consider it that belonging to Glenn Hudson for his inconvenience... a chunk at a time until we get our belt back.

[Taylor almost grins at that, and then is interrupted by a somewhat unfamiliar tune -- "Ego, the Living Planet" by Monster Magnet.]

BW: I don't know who thinks coming out here right now is such a great idea, Gordo, but they better watch themselves! There's not a soul in the office right now who isn't ready to fight, and the brawl we saw Bobby Taylor get into with Rob Donovan indicates that the former "Outlaw" still has a heck of a lot of fight left in him.

GM: Indeed, Bucky, but...whose music is that?

[Question asked and answered as "The Robfathah" himself, Rob Christie, walks through the entrance curtain. The rotund manager is wearing a pretty decent suit, has his hair tied back and looks just a bit nervous as he slowly walks up the aisle. He's already got his hands up and is clearly trying to placate Taylor, who is watching Christie with a mix of anger and disbelief. The Robfathah walks up the ringsteps and steps into the ring, asking for and, for some reason, being handed a microphone.]

BT: You.

[Christie quickly nods, speaking off-mic for a bit.]

BT: Known you for a long time, Christie... but never thought you'd be dumb enough to come out here as Bryant's manager and-

[Christie holds up one hand.]

RC: First of all, I have legitimate business in the AWA, Mr. Taylor, in the form of a newly signed manager's license...but that's not why I'm out here. I'm out here right now to tell you, these people, and everybody in the back and in the office that I had NOTHING to do with the stunt Dave pulled with the Longhorn Heritage title! My contract with him expired a little after the night of the Second Chance Rumble, and when I actually offered to try to go

to bat for him with the office he said, and I quote, "No thanks, fat man, I've got my own ideas how to get their attention." I didn't know any details!

[The Robfathah seems a bit frantic to distance himself from that event, and Taylor's had enough.]

BT: Fine. We get it. We all get it! You had nothing to do with it.

[Christie nods adamantly.]

BT: That doesn't explain why you're out here interrupting me.

[Christie winces, easing into his next words.]

RC: Call it a last favor for an old friend...Dave thought that you might not even bother seeing what he had to say, so he sent me a message to deliver in case that happened.

[Christie reaches into his sport coat, pulling out a padded envelope and a piece of paper. He looks at the paper briefly, and clearly mutters something that can't be repeated on air, thankfully out of range of the microphone. He looks up at the camera and shakes his head, then raises the paper in a hand that's trembling ever so slightly.]

RC: Um...he just says for you to open the envelope, Mr. Taylor.

[Christie tosses the padded envelope to the Outlaw, who glares at the fat man for a moment before tearing it open...letting a small metallic object fall to the mat. He bends down to pick it up as the camera zooms in...

...revealing what appears to be a nameplate from a championship title belt, bearing the name Glenn Hudson.]

RC: He told me to tell you that for every television show he doesn't hear from you or every paycheck he doesn't receive in full...

[Christie pauses.]

RC: You can expect another piece of the Longhorn Heritage title to arrive in the mail.

[And Christie gets the heck out of the ring as quickly as he can... which, granted, is not that fast, as Taylor stares at the piece of metal.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Dave Bryant just destroyed the Longhorn Heritage Title belt!

BW: He did not! All he did was take Hudson's name off the thing. That's not destroying it... destroying it is what he's going to do if he doesn't get his way!

GM: This is awful! That's terrible! Bobby Taylor and the AWA front office is being held hostage by this... this...

BW: Watch it, Gordo. He may send a piece of gold your way.

GM: That man doesn't even work for this company and he's... I can't believe this. I hope the police toss him in a cell somewhere tonight!

BW: Well, if Taylor gets his way, he will.

GM: Let's go backstage to Jason Dane...

[We go backstage to Jason Dane, who stands next to a less than pleased Alphonse Green. Green, despite rocking a killer "Gang Green" T-Shirt, has a really disappointed look on his face as Dane looks like the proverbial cat that ate the canary.]

JD: I'm here backstage with Alphonse Green, and Alphonse, I have to say..

[Green holds up a hand, interrupting Dane.]

AG: Cram it, slappy. I know what you're about to say. You're about to gloat that I lost my first round match, and blew Waterson International's final shot at earning their birthright, the AWA World Heavyweight Championship. I get it, Dane. You've had it out for me ever since you found out I have more Twitter followers than you.

JD: Wait, what? You have more followers than I do? Somehow I doubt that, and besides, I was going to compliment you on going toe to toe with one of the toughest men that has ever stepped foot inside of a wrestling ring!

AG: Yea, that really does make me feel better about losing, hearing that from you.

[Green rolls his eyes.]

AG: I go on wrestling message boards, checked out Twitter, and the amount of members of Gang Green I let down with my loss to "Bad Guy" McBaine..

JD: "Bad Eye".

[Green shoots Dane a really dirty look for correcting him.]

AG: Quiet.

All of my people I let down, and Ben Waterson.. oh boy did he let me have it for losing. This was our last chance, Dane.. was. Sure, after he finished yelling at me, he told me to go round up a partner and go for the Tag Team titles. Now, I don't know if I want to get on the bad side of the Bishop Boys, the fine upstanding gentlemen that they are. They haven't done anything wrong!

[Dane scoffs.]

AG: ..but if he wants me to do something, I should do it. However, I did tell him that there is one more chance for Waterson International to get the World Title, and that's the Rumble at Blood, Sweat, and Tears. Being the "King of the Battle Royals" that I am, I will be the first man to announce his entrance into the Rumble. I told Waterson to chill, to relax, I got this.

So now.. I gotta prepare, two weeks from now I'm gonna face off against some chump that probably thinks I'm easy pickings because I lost to "Bad Guy" McBaine.

[Dane interrupts once again.]

JD: "Bad". "Eye."

[Green rolls his eyes and shakes his head.]

AG: ...I'll send that chump packin', then I'll go on, win the Rumble, win the World Title, then carry some poor guy who wants to be in the presence of greatness! By the end of the year, Dane, you're gonna have the pleasure of interviewing "The Greatest Light Heavyweight Of All Time, Teflon Like Tiger Woods, The King of the Battle Royals, The Rookie of the Year, One Half of the AWA National Tag Team Champions, and the AWA Heavyweight Champion of the World".. Alphonse Green.

[For the first time in this promo, Green smiles a very broad smile, content with his newest nickname for himself, before shuffling off to who knows where. Dane looks on as Green leaves, turns to the camera and shakes his head.]

JD: ..Alphonse Green, ladies and gentlemen. Back to you guys at ringside.

[We crossfade back to the ringside area where the fans are abuzz. In the ring are Phil Watson, a referee, a couple of confused-looking AWA officials, and a stocky wrestler with short brown hair, a green singlet with the Italian flag on the front, white kneepads and boots.]

GM: Fans, we are back, and there is some kind of commotion going on backstage. This is scheduled to be a match between Pieter Wilhelm de Klerk and the Sicilian Stud. But from what we're hearing, de Klerk had an accident in the loading dock just moments ago.

BW: Ya gotta walk through the loading dock to get to the arena entrance because of the setup here in Chattanooga. Sounds like of the big containers we ship the ring and barricades in fell. Not sure how that happens, or how de Klerk would be involved.

GM: In any case, reports say that de Klerk is going to be hospitalized. This was to be his first match back after injury, and now it sounds like he may need another leave of absence. Well, it looks like the Sicilian Stud will get a forfeit victory.

BW: Huh. Maybe he's got paizanos from Sicily who made the Colonel and offer he couldn't refuse!

GM: I doubt that. Let's go up to Phil Watson.

PW: The following match is set for one fall and a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Catania, Sicily... weighing two-hundred fifty pounds... THE SICILIAN STUD!

[The Sicilian raises both hands in the air. He doesn't look very happy about the situation.]

PW: The Sicilian Stud's opponent, Colonel Pieter Wilhelm de Klerk, was injured in an accident in the back. Therefore, pending a count of ten by the referee, this match will be a forfeit.

[The crowd boos, because who wants to pay money to see a forfeit. Meekly starts the count.]

GM: Fans, as I understand it, none of the other wrestlers who are not booked to compete are prepared or willing to take the match on such short notice. So a victory for the Sicil...

[A shrill piano cuts off Gordon Myers, and makes Meekly stop his count in surprise. The Stud's head snaps up and looks towards the aisle, unmistakable fear in his eyes. That is "The Theme From Halloween", and that means only one thing... the fans react loudly and stand, also looking at the aisle for a man who is not supposed to be here.]

GM: ...that... that is James Monosso's music!

BW: Impossible, Gordo. He ain't here. I bet it's Vasquez tryin' to play some mind game. Got to be... uhhhhh... OR NOT!

[Stalking from behind the curtain comes James Monosso, and the fans boo loudly. Monosso, clad in his black-and-chrome one-strap thigh-length singlet, is glaring at the ring as he walks quickly down the aisle. Much more quickly than usual. The stringy-haired madman, greying at the roots, has a menacing expression on his flat clean-shaven face. He's idly carrying a large piece of chain with an attachment hook on both ends.]

GM: MONOSSO IS HERE! But... Percy Childes ordered him to stay away from Chattanooga!

BW: Gordo! That chain! That's what they use to secure those big containers we ship the ring parts in!

GM: James Monosso... did he arrange for de Klerk's "accident"?

[Monosso hits the ring, and informs Meekly that he is taking the match. One of the officials comes up to tell him that there are procedures for this.]

Monosso tells him there are also procedures for funeral arrangements, and he can go backstage and make one or the other. Both Meekly and the official back up and tell Watson to go ahead. The Stud looks like he's about to either faint or cry.]

PW: Substituting for P.W. de Klerk... from the State Of Confusion... weighing two-hundred eighty-eight pounds... JAMES MONOSSO!

BW: I can only guess that Monosso wanted a match tonight, but why? Why do all this, Gordo? I... I ain't got a clue!

GM: Monosso always has reasons for everything he does. He's insane, but not because he does things for no reason; if anything, his reasoning is twisted and insane. Marty meekly telling him to get rid of the chain, and it looks like Monosso wasn't even aware that he was still carrying it!

[James ditches the three-foot length of thick chain at ringside, and Meekly calls for the bell as the music stops.]

[*DING*DING*]

GM: And the Stud going full speed! The Sicilian Stud, backing up Monosso with forearms! Surely, he must know that he has to strike quickly. James Monosso had an unspeakably brutal match two weeks ago against Hannibal Carver, and he's got one two weeks from now against Bad Eye McBaine! He'll have one after that against Juan Vasquez where falls will count anywhere in the world! And that is on top of any tournament matches he may have the same night! Why he would elect to wrestle yet again... AND HE CRUSHES THE SICILIAN STUD!

[As Gordon was speculating, the Stud went after Monosso with some forearms and a European Uppercut. He tried to lock Monosso in a front facelock, but two nasty hooks, one from each side, slam into the ribcage of the Stud. Monosso then stands snatches his opponent by the head and arm, and plants him into the canvas with a lifting side slam that bounces the Stud off the mat!]

BW: The Stud has gotta wrestle him! Take him down! Don't hit him! That's a fool's game.

GM: You have to wonder how Juan Vasquez, or Bad Eye McBaine for that matter, will approach Monosso. The madman is standing on the fingers of the Sicilian Stud, and pulling him up by the hair! This is just a... thuggish tactic. There's no technique or skill here, just simple intent to inflict pain.

BW: Yeah. And?

GM: Monosso clobbering the Sicilian Stud with a sledgehammer-like blow, double axehandle swung into the side of the head like a baseball bat.

BW: Imagine, Gordo. Imagine if, in the span of two months, if Monosso beat Carver, McBaine, and Vasquez. Add that onto his World Title run early in his career... wouldn't you have to make a Hall Of Fame case?

GM: Never. This animal does not belong in the Hall Of Fame. Monosso throwing the Sicilian Stud to the corner. Irish-Whip into the opposite corner... what velocity! the Stud bounces out of the turnbuckles, his back smashed into the buckles... and James Monosso almost kicks his head off with a big boot! What must be going through Percy Childes' mind right now?! He told Monosso to stay put!

BW: This is bad, Gordo. Percy don't like to be ignored. You shoulda seen him deal with the waiter when we went out to eat after I interviewed him earlier this week. He tried to get to somebody that came in after us while we were waitin'...

GM: That's not relevant. Monosso with that thunderous kneedrop! The King Kong Kneedrop, the cover, and this match is over!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: That didn't take long.

GM: Nor would anyone have expected it to. Thankfully, no effort to injure the Sicilian Stud here, which makes me question why he went to all of this trouble.

PW: The winner of this match... JAMES MONOSSO!

BW: Uh, oh! Gordon... he's coming this way!

GM: We have to get out... oh no.

[Too late. Monosso thrusts a finger at Myers and demands that he sit down. Having already been (unsuccessfully) attacked by the maniac once, Myers does so, his eyes looking around and pleading for the intervention of security.]

BW: C'mon, James, you don't wanna hurt Myers!

[Monosso is now in range, and he grabs Bucky by the shoulder.]

BW: GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

JM: Make me.

BW: ...please?

JM: Better. You stand here, you hold the microphone. This is the Call Of The Wilde, Part Two. And I want you to know, Bucky Wilde, I saw how you were all buddy-buddy with Percy. You went to his house. Nice house. Where is it?

BW: I... uh, I can't tell you that!

JM: I SAID WHERE IS IT?!

[Monosso screams and grabs Bucky by the face, and the panicked commentator changes his tune in a hurry.]

BW: Highland Park! 143 Evergreen Shoals Place! Don't kill me!

JM: I never been to Percy's house! All I do is make him money. I do his dirty work, and you know what I get? I get told to stay home, because I got a big match comin' up. Against Juan Vasquez. Where was that a year and a half ago when it woulda meant something?! NOW I get to fight Vasquez. Now, of all times. And ain't this the funniest thing, that Vasquez thinks he has to LOSE that match to be doin' Percy's dirty work? That's a laugh.

BW: What... what do you mean?

JM: Don't play stupid!

BW: I'm not playi... I'm not stupid!

JM: Juan Vasquez! I know you're here! Percy didn't want me here because he didn't want you to cheap shot me! Well, go ahead! Cheap shot me! It don't matter! You think that if you lose, you're gonna be workin' for him and that spoiled kid Nenshou? I got news for you, and all these idiots lookin' at me like I'm talkin' in hieroglyphics... you already ARE doin' Percy's dirty work! You're doin' the one thing he needed done the most: you're takin' out the biggest obstacle that brat has to bein' World Champion!

BW: Uhhhh...

JM: ME, YOU MORON! Didn't anybody think, "hey, that match is on Labor Day Weekend, and so are the last three rounds of the World Title Tournament!" Vasquez ain't in the tournament... but I am! I gotta come back here next week and fight Bad Eye McBaine. You think it's a coincidence that all these rough tough bruisers from the past have come in, and they all fight me? Huh? You don't think Percy's bribin' his way to the title? He wanted me to clear out Carver, to clear out McBaine, and then he'll throw in Vasquez to make sure I don't make it to Nenshou in one piece! I already had to fight three matches to win the title; now I'd have to fight four! What kind of manager, with the chance to manage the first World Champion of AWA, would ADD a match for his man? Against Vasquez of all people?!

BW: Well, he, uh, must be...

JM: He wants me out of Nenshou's way! And you think I'm gonna sit home like a good little boy? You pay attention, Vasquez! Percy's whole plan is to have Nenshou, and an old warhorse to clear a path for him. Think about that real, real hard. All you made was a verbal. Don't sign that match!

BW: Well, you could just thro...

[In his desperate desire to appease Monosso, Bucky catches himself before he finishes that thought... not wanting to provoke Childes any more than he does Monosso.]

BW: ...aaah, throttle Vasquez tonight, and weaken him for...

JM: Throw the match is what you were gonna say, you coward! You're almost as much a coward as Myers is a hypocrite. No, I can't throw the match, because if somethin' happens to Percy... rrrrrrr...

[The thought is making Monosso very, very angry.]

JM: He didn't stick his neck out like he did for no reason! He acts like he's just takin' a risk... no, he's got plans even for that! I have to win! I have to fight Vasquez and win, or... or the worst thing that could happen to me will happen! Don't ask about that again. me or Percy. I ain't got no special reason I can't get rid of you, Wilde. The AWA brass only threatened me with a firing if I hurt Myers or Dane.

[Bucky's fear suddenly turns to a flash of anger.]

BW: THEY SAID WHAT?

JM: The usual. Jerks who only look out for the ones they like. Just like Percy. But I'm gonna beat even this! Two weeks from now, I got McBaine, and he's gonna have a matchin' set of bad eyes when I get done there! the more they pile up on me, the lower I'll go! I have to win! I have to win the World Title, and I have to beat Vasquez, and I don't care how hard it is! I'll do anything and everything... heh, don't you see it?

BW: See what?

JM: Former champion. Backed up against a wall. Impossible task in front of him. Doing anything and everything necessary to do what needs to be done. Don't you see it?

BW: See WHAT?!

JM: I bet Vasquez sees it.

[And with that strange statement, Monosso simply walks away. Bucky just stares after him, perplexed.]

GM: Thank God he's leaving without harming anyone. That doesn't always happen.

BW: I'm even more confused now.

GM: You didn't even ask him why he went to all of this trouble with de Klerk to get a relatively minor match.

BW: Gordo, you know how I was feelin' first hand. I was tryin' ta keep my underwear white; hard to think in that environment. He almost pulled my face off.

GM: But now we see that there is definite and very real dissension in the ranks of Percy Childes' Unholy Alliance! James Monosso got a match tonight, I believe, to send a message directly to Childes! Childes put his hopes and dreams in jeopardy, so Monosso put Childes' physical well-being in jeopardy by taking yet another match before the confrontation with Vasquez at Blood, Sweat, and Tears. And then he pointed out, rightfully so, that Bad Eye McBaine still stands between himself and that match.

BW: Percy is gonna have to help him, you're right, Gordo. Monosso is psycho, but he ain't stupid. He's puttin' pressure right back on Percy. This thing could explode in a hundred different ways.

GM: Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 on a nice panning shot of the arena crowd just before The Black Keys' "Hard Row" blares over the loudspeakers, as the AWA welcomes back a man not seen for some time.]

BW: No! I thought we were just down to one of those stinkin' Stenches!

GM: Think again Bucky. Let's all welcome back one half of the former National Tag Team Champions.

[And the crowds for the reappearance of Jack Lynch. The eldest of the Lynch brothers is, as always, dressed head to toe in black. The tall, lanky, former champion has his father's cowboy hat tipped slightly forward, shading his eyes from the glare of the lights overhead. As the master of the Iron Claw makes his way down to ringside, he pauses to slap the outstretched hands of his many fans. Finally, he steps into the ring, where Jack cracks an uncharacteristic grin, soaking in the adulation of the fans.]

JL: I gotta say... I wasn't expecting this. But man, does it feel good!

[Once more, the AWA faithful make themselves heard.]

JL: I love it!

But before I gotta hear everyone talk about how we Lynches take up too much time, I'm gonna cut right to the chase. Ya see, I got good news, and I got bad news, then I got some more bad news, and then, I got some more good news.

The good news is, while I was at the ranch, I got a call from the front office. Now, the suits up there, they don't like what happened to me and Jimmy anymore than me and Jimmy do. So what they did is, they offered me and a partner of my choosing a shot at whoever wins between Violence Unlimited and those damn Bishops.

[A huge cheer rises from the crowd.]

JL: Now, I'll be honest. At first, I turned 'em down. Which brings me to the bad news. See? Jimmy is gonna recover, but he's still got a long road ahead of him. And I'll be honest with ya? It's just hard to see me teamin' with anyone that ain't Jimmy.

Then I realized that I knew the perfect person to team with..

["Tom Sawyer" by Rush roars to life over the arena sound system and the crowd goes wild as Travis Lynch emerges from the back attired in blue jeans and the new AWA Travis Lynch t-shirt and his trademark cowboy boots. Travis smiles widely as he slaps the hands of the nearby fans. As he reaches the ring side area a lovely woman reaches over the guardrail, grabs him and plants a kiss on him. Jack smirks and rolls his eyes at his younger brother as Travis continues to smile.]

BW: She better get tested. There's no telling what diseases these Stenches have on that ranch of theirs.

[Travis slaps his brother on the back and takes the microphone from Jack. He looks out at the crowd and begins to speak.]

TL: Do you know what you're looking at right now?

[Travis wastes no time answering his question for the fans.]

TL: You're looking at two-thirds of the greatest unit this industry has ever seen. Two brothers who have been through fire and brimstone for one another more times than we can count.

BW: Since the Stenches can't count past three it's probably only been four times.

TL: I was hung by the Lost Boy and Jack and James were there for me. Jack, was nearly stabbed to death by the vicious Ebola Zaire and James and myself were there for him. Hell, Jack and James won the AWA National Tag Team Titles and I was right there celebrating with them and when I finally brought the PCW Heavyweight Title back home to the ranch from Magic Rex, Jack and James were right there hosting me in the air upon their shoulders.

[Jack nods in agreement.]

BW: Does he realize that the last two have nothing to do with fire and brimstone?

TL: And Jack, let's face it there is one and only one choice to stand by your side against Violence Unlimited or the Bishops Boys ...

[Travis looks at Jack and smirks as he points to himself with his left thumb.]

TL: ME!

[The crowd cheers loudly as Travis hands his brother the microphone back. Jack removes his hat, so he can look his brother square in the eyes.]

JL: Nothin' means more to me than hearin' you make that offer Trav. I hope ya know that. But see? There's something you're forgettin'.

It ain't a tag belt that belongs around that waist.

You're meant to be World Champion, Travis, and I ain't gettin' in the way of that.

[The crowd, especially the female contingent, cheers at the thought of Travis as World Champion. There is, however, discontent from the fans, who don't understand why Jack has turned his brother down.]

JL: You're meant for somethin' else, Trav. So, though I appreciate the offer. I'm gonna have to say no. That's the bad news.

[Travis slowly shakes his head and extends his hands, obviously questioning that decision.]

JL: But the good news is?

...I think I found someone who'll fit just fine, hangin' with the Lynch clan.

[There's a brief moment of silence during which the crowd buzzes excitedly... and then Metallica's cover of "Turn the Page" begins to play.]

GM: Oh my goodness.

[The crowd roars its approval as Rob Donovan parts the curtain, standing in the aisle for just a moment to soak it in before making his way up the aisle, slapping a few hands along the way. He's dressed in his usual attire -- black jeans, black boots, and a t-shirt with "Heritage" scrawled across it in blood-red writing. Donovan clomps up the ringsteps and stands on the apron for a moment, looking out at the crowd and grinning before stepping over the top rope and into the ring. He walks right up to Jack and Travis and shakes hands with each of them, Travis handing the microphone off immediately afterwards.]

RD: First of all, lemme tell you somethin', Travis...

[Donovan steps right in front of the younger Lynch.]

RD: I got somethin' to ask of ya. If you run into Dave Cooper in the World Title tournament...

[Donovan pauses, anger crossing his face briefly.]

RD: ...Knock a few of his damn teeth out for me!

[Travis grins and nods emphatically, drawing a returning nod from the big man.]

RD: Now, onto other business...an' that business is the Bishop Boys!

[Donovan turns his gaze onto Jack Lynch, who's already rubbing his hands together in anticipation.]

RD: You an' me, Jack, we ain't all that different. We both got history in this business...we both have family history goin' way the hell back. We both come from families that spent a hell of a lot of time stompin' around cities like Dallas...

[Donovan smirks as he deliberately pauses for the cheap pop.]

RD: ...an' maybe most important of all, we both lost somethin' we cherish to those damned Bishops!

[The crowd boos that one lustily.]

RD: Everybody saw what went down at Memorial Day Mayhem. I know you Lynch boys ain't much for excuses, but y'all got thrown into the fire there... courtesy o' Jim Watkins, might I add...

[Donovan stops, his free hand clenching into a fist.]

RD: ...an' everybody saw what happened in Tampa. Two weeks later, I put my face about two inches away from Watkins' an' I told him I'd find a tag team partner...so I called a member o' one of the most respected wrestling families in the history of the whole damn business!

[The crowd pops as Donovan points at Jack Lynch.]

RD: You an' me, Jack, an' I know it ain't gonna be quite the same as walkin' out there with a brother, but if the Bishops make it past Violence Unlimited on Labor Day, they sure as hell ain't makin' it past you an' me! You hear that, Cletus Lee? You hear that, Duane Henry? An' don't for a second think I forgot about you, Bo, I got a big ol' goozle with your name on it if you ever decide to get brave enough to lay hands on me again!

[Donovan lowers the mic briefly, then raises it.]

RD: You boys make it past Violence Unlimited...an' there's only three sure things in your future. One, Jack Lynch's right hand clamped onto yer heads an' some of the vilest pain you can imagine!

[Jack turns to the crowd and holds up one hand briefly in the Claw position.]

RD: Two, the damndest power bomb you ever felt in your life, courtesy of the man you screwed out of the World Title tournament...

[Donovan holds up three fingers.]

RD: An' the last thing, Bishops, is Jack Lynch an' Rob Donovan strappin' on those gold belts after the bell rings!

[Suddenly, Jason Dane appears, stepping through the ropes into the ring. Everyone looks quizzically at him.]

JD: Pardon me, gentlemen... I just received three pieces of news that I thought would be of interest to all of you...

First, earlier today, the Chairman of the Championship Committee, Jim Watkins went before a review panel to defend his recent actions.

[Donovan barks something off-mic. Dane nods.]

JD: Mr. Donovan, the panel agreed with you. They have found that Mr. Watkins' recent actions were not fitting of his position with the company and as such, they have placed him on PROBATION!

[The crowd buzzes with confusion.]

JD: If Mr. Watkins does one more thing that the panel considers to be unsuitable for his office... he will be dismissed from the Championship Committee!

[A few cheers but mostly more confused buzz at this announcement.]

JD: Secondly, the Championship Committee just sent forth word that The Bishop Boys will be defending the title at Blood, Sweat, And Tears... against the Number One contenders... VIOLENCE UNLIMITED!

[HUUUUUGE CHEER! Jack Lynch nods at the announcement as Donovan glares at Dane.]

JD: And finally, in conjunction with that announcement, the Championship Committee has also ruled that the winner of the match at Blood, Sweat, and Tears will defend the titles as well... against Jack Lynch and Robert Donovan...

[Big cheer! Donovan grins, nodding his head as the Lynches exchange a high five.]

JD: ...at AWA Homecoming back in the great state of Texas!

[Another huge cheer! Dane turns to exit as Donovan and Jack Lynch exchange a handshake to more cheers from the crowd. We cut down to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: How about that, Bucky? Big news all around!

BW: Two tag title matches announced! Donovan and that idjit Lynch teaming up! And Old Man Watkins is heading out of town on a rail, daddy!

GM: Not yet. Jim Watkins, whose decisions of late have been up for much debate, has been placed on probation by the AWA. That's the equivalent of having two strikes on you, Bucky.

BW: It is... and when Strike Three comes, he's outta here!

GM: Jim Watkins is a good man... a good man who has made some mistakes. That shouldn't cost him his job in my opinion.

BW: It won't... unless he blows it again!

GM: You're enjoying this too much. Fans, it's almost Main Event time here on Saturday Night Wrestling! We know seven of the first eight to make it to the Sweet Sixteen.

[The sounds of "God's Gonna Cut You Down" by Johnny Cash starts up to a mixed reaction from the crowd as Ron Houston starts to walk down the aisle.]

GM: Let's go to Mark Stegglet to review the seven who are in before tonight's big Main Event!

[For the final time of the night, we crossfade to the Control Center where Mark Stegglet is standing next to Ron Houston and Stevie Scott's names on the list.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Seven men are already moving on to the Sweet Sixteen and the third round of this historic World Title Tournament. Let's take a quick look...

[He steps a few steps to the other side of the "big board", revealing a list of names...]

MS: Jerby Jezz is in... so is MAMMOTH Maximus and Travis Lynch. All of those happened at non-televised events over the past two weeks. Right here tonight, we saw Sultan Azam Sharif advance along with William Craven, November, and of course, back at The First Tangle In Tampa, Dave Cooper defeated Robert Donovan to make the Sweet Sixteen as well.

And in just a few moments, either Stevie Scott or Ron Houston will add their name to that list.

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: But the action doesn't stop here tonight in Chattanooga, fans. Remember, this Friday night in Birmingham, Alabama, you can see Colby Greene take on Gunnar Gaines at a live arena event. Saturday night in Tuscaloosa sees Sweet Daddy Williams meet "Playboy" Ronnie D. And Sunday afternoon in Montgomery, we'll see Pure X battle Manny Imbrogno. Highlights of all three of those matches will be something to look forward to for sure.

But in two weeks' time, the AWA hits Mobile, Alabama with five more second round matches.

[Stegglet holds up five fingers as he announces that.]

MS: It'll be a battle of the high flyers when Skywalker Jones meets "Showtime" Rick Marley. A battle of two of the best brawlers in our sport when James Monosso meets Bad Eye McBaine. Supreme Wright will clash with Jeff Matthews in what could be a scientific classic. Former National Tag Team Champion Tin Can Rust will tangle with Blackwater Bart. And the current Longhorn Heritage Champion, Glenn Hudson, will collide with the very first man to wear that title, the enigmatic Nenshou! It's going to be an exciting night of action in Mobile, fans, so don't you dare miss it!

From the World Title Tournament Control Center, I'm Mark Stegglet and we'll see you next time, fans!

[We crossfade from Mark Stegglet to the ring where Ron Houston is already standing in the corner, shadowboxing. The sounds of the Beastie Boys' "Looking Down The Barrel Of A Gun" is blasting over the PA as "Hotshot" Stevie Scott makes his way down the aisle.]

GM: Thanks for that, Mark. The AWA World Title Tournament is the talk of the wrestling business and the finish line is suddenly within sight, Bucky. We are just over a month away from knowing who is the best wrestler in the world today... who is the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion! Could it be one of these two men?

BW: It certainly COULD be. They've both got the resume to do it. And as Stevie pointed out earlier, they're the final two National Champions left in this thing. .

GM: The tournament field is filled with Hall of Famers, former World Champions, some former tag team champions, you name it, we've got it... but after tonight, there will only be one former National Champion left standing.

[Scott climbs the ringsteps, moving through the ropes into the ring. He walks to the center of the ring where Senior Official Johnny Jagger quickly moves to cut him off.]

GM: Jagger making sure that Scott doesn't go after Houston before the bell and... look at this! Houston's coming out here to meet him, fans!

[Ron Houston, the East Coast Terror, strides confidently out of his corner, immediately tearing into the Hotshot verbally.]

GM: Houston's letting him have it right here and now before the bell even rings.

[Scott shakes his head at Houston, chuckling to himself a bit.]

BW: Is Stevie laughing at him?

GM: It certainly appears that way. Ron Houston isn't likely to take too kindly to that, Bucky.

[Houston gets even more fired up, shouting over Johnny Jagger's head at Scott who lifts his hand, opening and closing it in a mocking gesture.]

GM: I think Stevie Scott's trying to get under the skin of Ron Houston.

BW: I think it's working.

[Houston is literally screaming at this point, drawing a forced yawn out of his opponent.]

GM: Man, if Stevie Scott's trying to play mind games with Ron Houston - consider this one checkmate already!

[Jagger wheels around, calling for the bell as Houston reaches out, shoving Scott back several steps with both hands. He shouts as he does so, still giving it to the Hotshot who spun around on the shove. He looks out on the crowd, hands on hips...

...and simply shrugs his shoulders before wheeling around and STRIKING with the Heatseeker superkick up under the chin!]

GM: OHHH! HEATSEEKER!! HEATSEEKER!!

[Houston is dazed from the blow...

...which makes him easy pickings as Scott leaps up, hooking Houston's head as if for a snap mare...]

GM: HOTSHOT HAMMER!!

[...and DROPS straight down, jamming Houston's jaw into his shoulder, sending the Athens, Georgia Madman flailing backwards to the canvas. Scott quickly covers, tightly hooking both legs.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here is your winner...

"HOTSHOT" STEEEEEEEVIEEEE SCOTTTTTT!

[A smirking Stevie Scott sits up on the mat, looking out at the roaring crowd as the official raises his hand.]

GM: Stevie Scott has won and he's won in a shockingly quick fashion!

BW: Houston got himself all worked up, blew his cool, and then Stevie Scott struck - turning his lights out in a hurry, daddy!

GM: The Hotshot has won... the Hotshot is moving on... he's in the Sweet Sixteen! And after defeating Marcus Broussard and Ron Houston - BOTH former National Champions - who is next for Stevie Scott?!

BW: He sure looks proud of himself, Gordo.

GM: He certainly does... and these fans are proud of him to boot, Bucky! Fans, we're out of time! We've gotta go! Our thanks to WKIK for bearing with us while we went into overtime again! We'll see you next time... at the matches! So long everybody!

[Scott is still smirking as he sits on the canvas, checking an invisible watch as we fade to black.]