



THE FIRST TANGLE IN TAMPA

JULY 4TH, 2012



GEORGE STEINBRENNER FIELD

TAMPA, FLORIDA

[We fade in from black on a shot of a waving flag of the United States of America. Gordon Myers' voice is heard in voiceover form.]

"A great man once said 'Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe, to assure the survival and success of liberty.'

On this, our nation's birthday, we will celebrate the very best way we know how - by presenting the greatest professional wrestling action in the world today. But while you are enjoying our birthday gift to America, we ask that you please take a moment and recall the true price of liberty and freedom - the sacrifices being made by our servicemen around the world yesterday, today, and tomorrow as well as their families who selflessly send them off to a foreign land, knowing very well what tomorrow may bring.

To them, we say thank you...

...and God Bless America."

[The shot of the flag fades out and is replaced by a shot of the old AWA National Title belt. The belt is partially in shadows, the front plates somewhat obscured by the darkness. A voiceover begins.]

"It was the symbol of excellence in our sport - a treasure fought for by the best in the world night in and night out."

[The darkness grows greater, completely hiding the title in blackness.]

"But one night... one dark and stormy night in Louisiana cast the championship into the void forever."

[A streaming ray of sunlight hits the screen, causing a lens flare as a new title belt is seen - bigger, fancier, but not entirely visible because of the intentional glare.]

"A Road To Glory paved in gold stood before sixty-four men at the beginning. Battles were fought, triumphs were celebrated, disappointments brought tears of frustration.

The Road To Glory stops once more tonight - for the first time ever bringing the American Wrestling Alliance to the Sunshine State - a fitting name for a place where the AWA will shine the brightest light imaginable on the best in the world.

This is the AWA.

This is the World Title Tournament.

And tonight, this is The First Tangle In Tampa."

[The shot fades quickly to black and is replaced by a wide shot of George Steinbrenner Field in Tampa, Florida. The night's skies are dark and threatening as clouds hang over the stadium. But the poor weather has done little to dampen the enthusiasm of the roaring crowd as we come on the air.

The wide shot shows the ring somewhere around the second base spot on the field with an entry aisle constructed coming in from the dugout area. A metal barricade has been set up around the ring and also down the entryway. Thin black mats have been placed around the ring, covering the grass and dirt. Row of steel chairs immediately surround the ringside area, turning into wooden bleachers as we go further back towards the outfield wall. The other sides of the ring have a clear view from the stadium seats as well. A large video wall and scoreboard hang above the left-center field wall, showing the action already in progress inside the ring as we hear the voice of Gordon Myers live for the first time tonight.]

GM: Hello, ladies and gentlemen, and a Happy Fourth of July to you all! We hope you've had a tremendous day of fun and sun and good food with family and friends and that you're now settling in to join us here on WKIK for the night where we expect to have a fantastic night of action!

BW: We're ALREADY having a fantastic night of action! Look at this chaos in the ring!

GM: My partner here at ringside, Bucky Wilde, is absolutely correct as the Second Chance Battle Royal is indeed underway, fans!

[We crossfade to the ring where there's a whole lot of fighting go on.]

GM: We've already seen several eliminations from the Battle Royal - all of these men battling it out for the sixty-fourth spot in our tournament.

BW: I'm not sure why they're fightin' so hard, Gordo. I wouldn't be fightin' that hard if I was told that if I WON, I got to face Bad Eye McBaine! What kind of prize is that?

GM: In a tournament like this, anything can happen as we've already seen in the past several weeks but right now, let's run down the men who are still inside the ring right now in this matchup.

BW: A lot of bodies already over the top to the floor.

GM: And that IS the only way to be eliminated. Here's what we're down to, fans - Alphonse Green, Yellow Jacket of The Hive, Mister Oliver Strickland AND his protege Alexander Kingsley III...

BW: Which gives them a HUGE edge.

GM: S-Dawg OG from The Rave, Mr. Sadisuto, Chris Choynet, Rene Rouss-ohhhh! Scratch that! Rene Rousseau just went over the top courtesy of Kingsley and Strickland working in tandem! Kenta Kitukawa's still in there, the man from Tiger Paw Pro.

BW: And his fellow man from Japan, "4M" Maurice McArthur!

GM: Dave Bryant's still alive and finally, Supernova is still in the fray! We've got eleven men left fighting for the final spot in the tournament...

BW: And a shot at Bad Eye McBaine. Whew.

GM: I suppose it's only fitting that if you're going to get a second chance to be in the tournament, you've gotta go through one of the toughest first round opponents if you get there.

BW: But for some of these guys, this is their first shot, Gordo. Some of these guys aren't like Yellow Jacket, Sadisuto, Bryant, 4M... that face-painted punk Supernova. What about a guy like Kitukawa who is just trying to crack the door open a little bit?

GM: The first student of Todd Michaelson, Kenta Kitukawa has tried to break into the North American Pro Wrestling scene for years but has been unable to do so. This could be his chance.

[The camera cuts to McArthur, breathing heavily in the corner as Kitukawa hammers him with knife-edge chops across the chest, leaving nasty red welts behind...]

GM: Kitukawa is probably the hardest hitter left in this thing and-

[Approaching from behind, Mr. Sadisuto digs his fingers into Kitukawa's eyes, raking across!]

GM: Ohh! Sadisuto with the cheap shot from behind!

BW: Can you really call ANYTHING a cheap shot in a Battle Royal?

[Sadisuto grabs Kitukawa by the arms, dragging him out of the corner in a double chickenwing as 4M wobbles out of the corner, winding up...]

...and DROPS Sadisuto with a clothesline as Kitzukawa powers out of his hold!]

GM: Ohh! He missed! He missed!

[Kitzukawa lets loose a roar before grabbing 4M by the hair, dragging his head down where he snaps off a series of brutal short kicks to the face!]

GM: Kitzukawa's all over him, fans!

[4M slumps to the mat as Kitzukawa celebrates, turning around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: CALL ME IN THE MORNING!!

GM: Bryant connects with the superkick and-

[Alphonse Green forcefully grabs Bryant's wrist, dragging him into a double clothesline that takes Kitzukawa over the ropes and down to the floor!]

PW: Kenta Kitzukawa has been ELIMINATED!

GM: We're down to ten, fans!

[Green hops up and down gleefully, dragging Bryant into a reluctant embrace...

...and then hurls the Doctor Of Love aside, taking a full force running dropkick to the chest from Yellow Jacket, sending Green collapsing back to the buckles!]

GM: Alphonse Green, the so-called King of the Battle Royals, looks to be in some trouble here, fans!

[We cut across the ring where Chris Choynet is being worked over by the duo of Strickland and Kingsley.]

BW: You gotta be impressed with how Kingsley and Strickland are working together in there, Gordo. They've made several eliminations themselves.

GM: I am impressed but I also have to wonder what happens if it comes down to the two of them. This isn't a prize you can split, Bucky.

BW: Quit trying to cause problems!

[Kingsley pulls Choynet off the mat, steadying him by the hair as Strickland ducks down into a fireman's carry...

...and deposits Choynet over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: Choynet's gone as well! We're down to nine!

[The crowd roars as Supernova wheels Strickland around, dropping him with a right hand. The face-painted young lion throws a backhand shot to Kingsley, staggering him as well before he throws a boot to the gut.]

GM: Supernova's taking Strickland AND Kingsley on!

BW: That can't last long.

[Supernova grabs Kingsley...

...and hoists him overhead in a gorilla press!]

GM: HE'S GOT KINGSLEY UP!!

[But Shizz Dawg OG comes out of nowhere to slam his skull into Supernova's gut, forcing him to drop Kingsley down to the mat. With Supernova gasping for air, Shizz Dawg helps Kingsley up, patting him on the shoulder...

...and Kingsley grabs him by the hair, HURLING him over the ropes!]

GM: IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF- NO! NO! S-DAWG HANGS ON!!

[Just barely grabbing the top rope with his right hand, Shizz Dawg OG hangs perilously from the apron, trying to blindly reach back and grab the ropes with his left hand. Seeing his rival in trouble, Yellow Jacket races alongside the apron where The Rave member is standing, leaping to the middle rope, springing off...

...and sailing over the ropes where he hooks Shizz Dawg's head between his legs, trying to yank him down with a rana to the floor!]

GM: I think Yellow Jacket just tried to eliminate himself AND Sh- the Dawg in the process!

[But somehow, Shizz Dawg managed to get both of his arms hooked over the top rope, preventing the headscissors takedown and leaving Yellow Jacket dangling off the apron upside down...

...which makes him easy pickings for Dave Bryant who races across the ring, dropping into a baseball slide that catches The Hive member in the back of the head, knocking him down to the floor!]

PW: Yellow Jacket has been ELIMINATED!

[The crowd jeers that announcement as an arrogant Bryant gets back to his feet, smirking at the crowd...

...and then gets CRACKED in the jaw by Supernova, knocking him flat!]

GM: Ohh! Supernova drops Bryant with a big right hand! We're down to the great eight here, fans! One of these eight men are going to earn the final spot in the tournament and a first round date with Bad Eye McBaine in a couple of weeks' time.

[Backing Bryant into the corner, Supernova hammers away at him, throwing fisticuffs as quickly as he can...

...but he gets hammered from behind by an Alphonse Green double axehandle!]

GM: Clubbing blow by Green!

[Who promptly gets dropped as Supernova spins around with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: And down goes Green!

[On the other side of the ring, we see Maurice McArthur cornering Mister Oliver Strickland, throwing stiff-fingered thrusts to the throat, leaving Strickland down on a knee, gasping for air.

Another cut finds Shizz Dawg OG running along the apron, grabbing Dave Bryant's arm before the Doctor Of Love can escape the corner, and trying to pull Bryant over the ropes by the arm!]

GM: A most unorthodox attempt to eliminate someone... I don't think he's got the power or the leverage to pull this off, Bucky.

BW: I'd have to agree with you there, Gordo.

[Fearing Bryant's in jeopardy, Alphonse Green grabs him by the other arm, pulling the opposite direction.]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: Alphonse Green is trying to help Bryant! I think he's taken a liking to him, Gordo. We've seen him help Bryant several times in this match so far.

[With Bryant's arms stretched out to either side, it leaves him completely exposed to Supernova throwing rights and lefts to the ribs of the Doctor of Love, the crowd roaring for every shot.]

GM: Supernova's heating up!

[Breaking off the attack, he grabs Green by the hair...

...and then grabs Shizz Dawg by the hair.]

GM: A double noggin knock perhaps?

[Supernova does indeed slam Green and Shizz Dawg's heads together...

...RIGHT on the head of Dave Bryant! Big cheer!]

GM: TRIPLE NOGGIN KNOCKER!

[And with all three of the men dazed, Supernova leaves his feet to land a dropkick to the back of Shizz Dawg, sending him off the apron to the floor!]

PW: Shizz Dawg OG has been ELIMINATED!

GM: We're down to sev-

[On the other side of the ring, Strickland and Kingsley doubleteam McArthur, dumping him to the floor!]

GM: Six! Make that six, fans! It's down to Green, Bryant, Strickland, Kingsley, Supernova, and Mr. Sadisuto!

BW: And this can't be good news for Supernova.

GM: I wouldn't think so. This is potentially breaking down into a five on one situation for Supernova, Bucky.

[The young lion seems to realize that, backing into a corner with his fists raised as he sizes up the competition standing around him on all sides. A smirking Alphonse Green shouts something off-mic at Supernova before turning to the others, gesturing at Supernova.]

GM: Alphonse Green is trying to rally the troops, he's trying to get all five of these guys to go after Supernova together...

[But Alexander Kingsley the Third is not about to take instructions from the self-proclaimed King of the Battle Royal, burying a knee into the kidneys of Mr. Sadisuto from behind, throwing him back into the corner where Dave Bryant joins him in hammering the Japanese competitors with clenched fists.]

GM: So much for that plan, Bucky!

BW: I have to admit, Gordo... that's pretty dumb if you ask me. Alphonse Green had a great plan there. Get rid of the guy who won the Rumble last year - he's gotta be the odds-on favorite!

GM: Even more than the King of the Battle Royal?

BW: Let's be serious here for a minute, Gordo. Alphonse Green is a rapidly improving competitor but he's NOT Supernova.

[A panicked Green gestures to Mister Oliver Strickland, pointing towards the corner frantically.]

GM: Now Green's trying to get Strickland to go after Supernova!

[Green shoves Strickland with both hands, gesturing again...]

"Get in there, old man!"

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Did he just call him-

[An enraged Strickland POPS Green under the chin with a European uppercut, sending Green flailing backwards and down to the mat. Strickland moves towards Green...

...and Supernova rushes in as well, catching Strickland with a series of right hands that backs him all the way across the ring to the opposite corner!]

GM: Supernova's all over Strickland... grabs the arm... big whip...

[Supernova falls back to the corner as Green staggers back to his feet, facing the corner where Strickland is...]

GM: HERE COMES SUPERNOVA!

[...and Green slowly turns as Supernova leaps into the air, SMASHING Green and Strickland in the corner with a Heat Wave splash!]

GM: HEAT WAVE IN THE CORNER!! HE CRUSHES 'EM BOTH!!

[Green staggers out, collapsing facefirst to the mat. Strickland follows, hanging onto the top rope as he stumbles out...

...and gets DRILLED with a big clothesline, taking Strickland over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: STRICKLAND'S GONE!

[On cue, Alexander Kingsley III turns around, enraged at seeing his mentor out on the floor, and breaks into a charge...

...that Supernova sidesteps, grabbing a handful of hair, and HURLING AK3 over the ropes to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KINGSLEY'S GONE!! WE'RE DOWN TO FOUR!

[A shocked Dave Bryant looks across the ring at Supernova who is now beating on his chest, letting loose a howl to the crowd. Bryant reaches back for Mr. Sadisuto's arm, whipping him out of the buckles...

...into a big spinning powerslam from Supernova!]

GM: POWERSLAM! HE PLANTS HIM!

[Supernova pops back up to his feet again, pointing a finger at Bryant who lifts his palms, backing up, shaking his head...]

GM: Dave Bryant wants NO PART of Supernova, fans!

BW: It's still a three on one! GET HIM!

[Bryant backs to the buckles before realizing he's trapped himself as the muscular young man approaches...]

...and Bryant sticks a thumb in the eye of the face-painted grappler!]

GM: Ohh! Bryant goes to the eyes!

[Grabbing a handful of the flat-topped hair, Bryant SLAMS his face into the top turnbuckle...]

...and Supernova stands up defiantly, glaring at Bryant with a slight smirk on his face!]

BW: Are you KIDDING me?!

[Bryant backs off again, catching Supernova coming at him with a boot to the gut. He slams a forearm across the back of the head, knocking 'Nova down to a knee.]

GM: Bryant knocks him to a knee...

[The Doctor of Love dashes to the ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: Clothesli-

[...and gets caught under the chin with a standing dropkick from Supernova!]

GM: Down goes Bryant!

[Alphonse Green staggers to his feet, wobbling towards Supernova's exposed back...]

...but he wheels around, catching Green with another right hand, knocking him flat!]

GM: We're down to four men in there... Supernova pulls Mr. Sadisuto up off the mat...

[Bryant tries to seize the moment, throwing his patented superkick at the back of Mr. Sadisuto's head...]

BW: CALL ME IN THE MORN-

[But Supernova steps aside, allowing the superkick to connect under Mr. Sadisuto's chin...

...and sends the Japanese grappler tumbling over the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! MR. SADISUTO IS GONE!! Three men remaining!

[A stunned Bryant backs off again...

...and keeps backing... backing all the way across the ring until his back hits the ropes which is Supernova's cue to charge!]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[At the last possible moment, Bryant drops down, pulling the top rope with him which sends Supernova sailing over the ropes...

...where he somehow grabs the top rope, swinging around to hang onto the apron!]

GM: Supernova's on the apron! He's hanging on!

[Bryant wheels around, hammering Supernova with right hands, trying to knock him off the apron...

...when Alphonse Green slowly climbs to his feet, looking across at what's going on...]

GM: Green is up! Bryant doesn't see him!

[Green slowly approaches, looking almost nervous as he creeps up behind Dave Bryant...

...and then with a big smile on his face, he surges forward, upending Bryant over the ropes, sending him sprawling to the floor!]

GM: HE'S GONE! BRYANT'S GONE!!

[But Supernova is still on the apron, still fighting to hang on as Alphonse Green freaks the heck out, flailing at the face-painted young lion with rights and lefts, trying to knock him off the apron to the floor...]

GM: Green's frantically trying to knock Supernova out of there!

[Green turns slightly, throwing a back elbow to the jaw of Supernova. A second one lands, leaving the Venice Beach native hanging onto the top rope by one hand...

...and then surges forward, connecting with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot by Supernova!

[Supernova steps through the ropes, grabbing a loose side headlock and hammering Green several times, sending him staggering across the ring to the other side. Green leans against the ropes, barely able to stand as Supernova slaps his arm..]

GM: Supernova's calling for a clothesline! That'll be enough, fans!

[Supernova charges back towards the ropes...

...when suddenly Dave Bryant reaches up from the floor, grabbing a handful of the top rope, pulling it down...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and sends Supernova CRASHING down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner of the Second Chance Battle Royal, earning the final spot in the tournament...

ALLLLLPHONNNNNSE GREEEEEEEEEEEEEN!

[Green drops to his knees, throwing his arms in the air in triumph as an irritated Supernova glares up at him from the floor. Dave Bryant beats a quick retreat, headed up the aisle swiftly as the fans jeer his actions.]

GM: Supernova... I can't say for sure... but I believe that Supernova would have won this match if it hadn't been for Dave Bryant!

BW: Gordo, Gordo... remember when I said earlier that Alphonse Green was no Supernova?

GM: Yeah.

BW: Well, that's because he's BETTER! Ahahahah!

GM: Give me a break. Fans, Alphonse Green is in the tournament and in a couple weeks, he's going to meet Bad Eye McBaine in a first round match. Incredible. Let's go to the on deck circle to Jason Dane for the first time tonight!

[The camera pans across Steinbrenner Field, at all of the fans in attendance. We then go to the interview platform, where Jason Dane stands with James Monosso.

Monosso is clad in his usual one-strap black singlet with shiny silver trim, matching boots, and black electrical tape wristbands. He wears his pale green "PROPERTY OF STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION" T-Shirt over this. His stringy black hair, greying at the roots, is already damp with sweat from the sweltering heat in Tampa... however, despite this, he has a grin on his wide, flat, clean-shaven face.]

JD: With me at this time, a man who is about to go to war... James Monosso. James, in just moments, you'll be facing one of the most violent men in the history of our sport, Hannibal Carver.

JM: Yeah, yeah, but he'll be facing one of the most violent men in the history of our sport, James Monosso. Anyway, look. It ain't a Texas Death Match. It ain't a Falls Count Anywhere Match. It ain't a Japanese Exploding Barbed Wire Match. It ain't a Killing Box or an Ultimate Death Match or even a freaking Meatgrinder. It's just a match.

JD: Well, that's true...

JM: Which means it's gonna be whatever we want it to be!

[Monosso's grin grows.]

JM: There's wood bats in the dugouts, there's grounds equipment over there behind that door in left field, and each and every part of this slapdash wrestling arena can be pulled up off the baseball field and used. We'd have done LESS damage in a barbed wire cage! And that suits me fine, because for months, ever since Stevie Scott mouthed off and got put down, Percy's kept me away from all the fights. He's paid me, sure, but I had to sit home and watch a bunch of fat-faced blowhards come in and try to set themselves up above me. I slid down the rankings, I fell out of sight and mind, and every other week I had to watch a bunch of people paint "MURDER ME" signs on their foreheads with their tongues!

But now the wait is over. Carver, you called me a dog? Yeah, sure, I'm a dog. A hungry dog. A dog that had to stare through the cage doors at the steaks that were bein' waved in front of his face. A dog that has been smellin' meat for months with only enough dry kibble to get by. You think you're going to put me down? So did all the others. Turns out this old dog has a bulletproof skull.

But all that talkin' shows you got a windpipe. And those're delicious.

[Impossibly, the grin gets even wider.]

JD: And what of the revelation that Carver is bringing a bodyguard, Angel Juarez?

JM: Don't know him. Don't care. Percy said he'd take care of that, and I'll take care of Carver.

JD: He also had some pointed... advice... about Percy Childes.

[The grin fades, and an audible snarl is heard as James slides from happy to annoyed.]

JM: He don't know nothin' about my situation, or about me. He showed that when he said I had an army to fight with. That ain't how it works; WE fight for 'golden child' Nenshou, and then I gotta do my own dirty work too. But that's fine, that's fine...

JD: Wow, was that resentment in your voice?

[Uh, oh. Monosso suddenly realizes what he just let out, and grabs Dane by the neck! The fans shout as Jason's pupils dilate to the size of thumbtacks.]

JM: IT AIN'T NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! I CAME HERE TO WIN THAT TITLE! ALL YOU PEOPLE EVER DO IS TRY AND STIR THINGS UP AND RUIN WHATEVER I GOT GOIN'!

[James shoves Dane away, and the announcer stumbles to his knees, dropping the mic. Monosso angrily picks it up, and yells into it.]

JM: CARVER! I don't care about your overdramatic babble! Your threats are a joke to me, as mine are to you! Get out here and fight! I'm done with talk! _NOW_ dyin' time is here!

[Officially enraged, Monosso whips the mic down, sending it bouncing off Dane's back. He then storms down the steps and towards the ring. "The Theme From Halloween" starts playing, and the crowd boos without mercy as the voice of Phil Watson rings out.]

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

[Big cheer!]

PW: The Championship Committee asks that we remind you, the fans of the AWA, that in this tournament - there are NO TIME LIMITS, NO DOUBLE COUNTOUTS, and NO DOUBLE DISQUALIFICATIONS! In other words, there MUST be a winner!

[The crowd cheers even louder as Monosso storms into the ring, stepping through the ropes and marching towards the referee who backpedals like hell, jumping through the ropes to the floor as the Madman from Happy Valley continues to pace around the ring.]

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring at this time... weighing in at 288 pounds... from The State Of Confusion... representing the Unholy Alliance...

JAAAAAAAAAMES MONOOOOSSSSSSOOOOO!!!

[Monosso stands facing the aisleway, glaring at the dugouts in anticipation of his opponent's arrival.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The melodic, almost tribal baseline of "Finger Paintings Of The Insane" by Acid Bath begins to play. As the heavy as hell guitars kick in, out walk Hannibal Carver with a twenty ounce bottle of Guinness in one hand and his ever-present branding iron in the other. At his side, the now unmasked and screeching Angel Juarez.]

PW: From South Boston, Mass... weighing in at 260 pounds and accompanied to the ring by Angel Juarez...

HANNIBAAAAAL CAAAAARRRRRVERRRRR!

[The two make their way to the ring, Carver polishing off half of his bottle in between grabbing Juarez by the neck now and again to prevent him from going into the crowd to attack fans.]

GM: This is gonna be something else, Bucky.

BW: Is he drinking beer on the way to the ring?

GM: Can't say I've ever seen that before.

[Reaching ringside, Carver looks up at Monosso who is still standing ready and waiting for his opponent. With a flick of his wrist, Carver tosses the beer bottle aside, gesturing at Monosso with his branding iron...]

GM: Is he actually THREATENING James Monosso?

BW: He's crazier than I thought.

GM: Carver's holding back Angel Juarez who looks like he just wants to charge right at Monosso.

BW: HE'S crazier than I thought too.

GM: And with Juarez out there at ringside, you have to notice that Percy Childes is absolutely nowhere to be seen for this one, Bucky.

BW: Heck, I'm tempted to get out of here too with these two nutcases squaring off. Percy's no fool, Gordo.

[Carver angrily throws the branding iron aside, grabbing the ropes to pull himself up right in front of Monosso...

...who immediately opens fire, clubbing Carver with his right hand and arm over and over and over!]

GM: Monosso's hammering him!

[But Carver does not back down as the bell sounds, giving as good as he's getting!]

GM: We've got a slugfest going on! One man in the ring - one man out!

[Monosso suddenly ducks down, throwing a shoulderblock into the midsection from inside the ring, doubling up Carver. Monosso grabs him by the back of the neck, pulling down over the top rope!]

GM: He's choking Carver on the ropes!

[The referee steps in, delivering a four count before Monosso backs off...

...and then comes right back in, throwing haymakers again, leaving Carver clinging to the top rope to stay up on the apron!]

GM: Carver's trying to hang on but Monosso just keeps hammering him with those heavy blows to the skull!

[An angry Monosso leans forward, sinking his teeth into the forehead of Carver causing the Boston native to flail his arms, searching for an escape as the official counts again.]

GM: Mickey Meekly reaches four before Monosso breaks it -ohh! Big right hand to the bridge of the nose!

[The shot wells up tears in the eyes of Carver, forcing him down to a knee on the apron...

...which allows Monosso to grab the top rope with both hands, leaning back and PUSHING his leg through the ropes, drilling Carver with a kick to the side of the face that knocks him out to the floor!]

GM: Right out here on the padding that covers that grass at ringside... uh oh...

BW: Here comes Monosso!

[Wasting no time, Monosso steps out on the apron, backing the length of the apron to rest his back against the steel ringpost, waiting for Carver to get back off the floor...

...and then charges down the length of the apron, smashing a boot down over the skull of Carver!]

GM: Ohh! Running stomp to the skull!

[Monosso drops down to the floor, sneering at a nearby Angel Juarez who gives him an earful.]

GM: Juarez would be wise to stay away from the Madman from Happy Valley, Bucky.

BW: He would... but he's just as nuts so who knows what he'll do.

[Monosso leans down, pulling his opponent up by the arm...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

[...and FIRES Carver into the steel barricade surrounding the ringside area!]

GM: Carver SLAMS into the steel!

[Approaching the stunned Carver, Monosso wraps his hands around his throat, choking the air from his lungs to a mixed reaction from the crowd.]

GM: The fans don't like either of these guys, Bucky.

BW: Who cares?

[Monosso digs his thumbs into the fleshy part of the throat, trying to squeeze the windpipe as Carver slaps at the arms gripping him. Monosso slams his head between Carver's eyes, knocking him back against the railing again.]

GM: The Madman backs off... what in the world is he thinking about here?

[Monosso sets himself, ready to charge back in...]

GM: Here comes Monos-

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd erupts as Carver steps away from the railing, dropping down, and takes Monosso down with a drop toehold that SMASHES Monosso's skull into the steel barricade!]

GM: HEAD! FIRST! TO THE STEEL!

[Monosso crumpled against the steel on impact, his upper torso and face pressed against the railing as Carver slowly climbs back to his feet, glaring down at Monosso...]

...and then SLAMMING the sole of his boot into the back of Monosso's head, smashing his face into the steel a second time!]

GM: Good grief! What a brutal stomp by Carver!

[Dropping to his knees, Carver grabs Monosso's long hair with both hands, raking Monosso's face back and forth against the steel railing. After a few moments of this, he flings Monosso aside, allowing him to slip down to a prone position on the floor as Carver rises to his feet.]

GM: Hannibal Carver is standing tall out on the floor. He's- what's he doing?!

[The wildman from South Boston leans over the railing, shouting at a fan to get out of his seat and then snatches up the vacated steel chair.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: Can he do that?

GM: No! No he can't! This is NOT a no disqualification match! Carver needs to put that chair down, fans! If he uses it, he'll be disqualified and he'll be out of the tournament!

[The official slides to the floor, saying all the same things to Carver as he stands over Monosso, chair gripped in his hands. Carver angrily glares at the official...

...and then chucks the chair aside in annoyance, leaning down to pull Monosso up using both hands filled with hair.]

GM: Carver drags Monosso up...

[He hauls the Madman of Happy Valley over towards the apron, slinging his lower body under the ropes while making sure his upper body stays outside the ring...

...and then SLAMS the point of his elbow down onto Monosso's throat!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: I'm trying to recall, Gordo, but have we EVER seen Monosso kinda physically thrown around like this?

GM: I don't think so, Bucky.

[Carver drags himself up on the apron, measuring Monosso, and then drops off, smashing his elbow into the windpipe a second time!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief!

[Monosso flails about on the canvas, clutching his throat as he gasps for air. He rolls out of the ring to the floor, violently coughing as a sneering Carver stands over him.]

GM: Hannibal Carver is showing the entire world that he's come to Tampa to fight! He ain't here to showboat and talk a big game, he's here to take the fight right to one of the baddest men walkin'!

[Carver looks down at Monosso who is struggling to breathe.]

"Get up, bitch!"

[The crowd "ooohs!" as the censor comes a split second too late.]

GM: Fans, we apologize for that. Hannibal Carver is NOT an AWA superstar and may not be aware of our rules regarding presenting a family friendly show!

BW: Family friendly?! Some nutjob in the Championship Committee scheduled THIS match and you're talking about being family friendly?!

[An angry Monosso surges to his knees, throwing a haymaker at the stomach of Carver. A second one lands as well, sending the South Boston native staggering backwards as Monosso grabs the apron, pulling himself to his feet...]

GM: Both men are standing! Both men are on their feet!

[Carver rushes towards Monosso, arms raised over his head...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...but Monosso snatches him in his powerful arms, doing a full spin, and DRIVING Carver's spine into the barely-padded infield dirt!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: POWERSLAM ON THE FLOOR!! And Gordon Myers, I think Hannibal Carver is OUT at second base!

GM: Oh, that's hysterical! You're a real riot!

[Carver lies motionless on the floor. Angel Juarez is howling - almost as if he'd had the painful move done to him. Monosso turns his gaze towards Juarez, raising an arm to point at him...]

GM: Monosso's laying down a threat to Juarez! Telling him to stay out of his business!

[Monosso reaches down, hauling a motionless Carver up by the arm, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. The wildman from the Unholy Alliance rolls under the ropes as well, pushing up to a knee as he hears a mixed reaction from the crowd.]

GM: These fans are NOT supporters of James Monosso after some of the stuff he's pulled in his nearly three years here in the AWA but Hannibal Carver is NOT a fan favorite as well.

BW: I'd imagine there are people here in Tampa who WILL cheer James Monosso on this night, Gordo... and a guy like Stevie Scott may be one of 'em!

GM: Stevie Scott has made it very clear that he intends to win the AWA World Title... he intends to be the very AWA World Champion... and he'll be damned if some outsider from another company will waltz in and walk out with that gold. In fact, Stevie Scott had a very interesting conversation earlier tonight with another AWA competitor about the World Title... we'll be showing you that a little later but right now, James Monosso is climbing to his feet and Hannibal Carver may be in some serious trouble.

[Monosso hauls Carver up by the arm, winging him into the turnbuckles where Carver's spine rattles against the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Carver hits the corner hard!

[Monosso marches to the corner, pulling Carver out and turning him so that his head is draped over the top rope, pushing down on the back of his neck!]

GM: He's choking Carver on the top rope! Choking the life out of him!

[Carver struggles against it, throwing elbows back at the ribs of Monosso who continues to choke the man, ignoring his efforts to defend himself.]

GM: Get in there, referee!

[The official backs Monosso off who quickly grabs at his wrist tape, unwrapping a long strand...

...and then uses the tape to tie Carver's throat to the top rope!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: Uh oh! This is getting ugly!

GM: GETTING?!

[With Carver trapped against the top rope, Monosso raises his powerful arms over his head...

...and SLAMS a double axehandle down on the back of the neck!]

GM: Ohh!

[A second one lands, bouncing off the broad back of Carver. A third one smashes the back of the head! Monosso continues to lay into Carver with

them, showing no regard as to where they land as long as they land with great impact and ferocity!]

GM: Carver's being hammered into the ropes by Monosso!

[Carver slumps down to a knee, still being choked by the tape. His face is turning red as Monosso lays in another axehandle, smashing it across the bridge of the nose of Carver, a blow that actually snaps the tape and allows Carver to slump down to the mat!]

GM: Good grief! Monosso's snapped!

[Grabbing the top rope, Monosso lays in a series of kicks and stomps, forcing Carver under the ropes to the apron where Monosso steps out alongside him...]

GM: The madman's going out there after him... another stomp... and another... and another!

[Monosso reaches down, dragging Carver up to his feet on the apron...

...and somehow slips him into a side waistlock!]

GM: What the-?!

[The crowd buzzes as Monosso hooks those powerful arms around the torso...]

GM: He's gonna suplex Carver off the apron! He can't do this, Bucky!

BW: You gonna stop him?!

[The former resident of Happy Valley struggles, trying to break Carver's grip on the ropes to get him up...

...but Carver LASHES out backwards, catching Monosso squarely on the nose with a back elbow!]

GM: OHHH!

[Carver releases his grip on the ropes, turning his body slightly...

...and UNCORKS a standing lariat, sending Monosso sailing backwards off the apron, crashing down to the padding covering the outfield grass!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[The crowd is ROARING as Carver leans against the ropes, a sick grin on his face as Monosso lies sprawled on the padding, flat on his back - exactly as he landed!]

BW: Monosso may be done, Gordo! He landed RIGHT on his back... right on the back of his head and neck as well! James Monosso landed EXTREMELY hard and we may have just seen the end of the madman of Happy Valley!

GM: No way, Bucky! No way! We've seen him go through worse things than this and keep on coming! James Monosso WILL get back to his feet - I guarantee it! It was an incredible fall and you can bet he'll be hurting for days after it but Hannibal Carver did NOT just finish James Monosso!

BW: Am I hearing you right? Are you defending Monosso?!

GM: There is NO defense for some of the things that James Monosso has done, Bucky... but you better believe that when you stop to take measure of the toughest men in our sport, he WILL BE on that list! That's a fact!

[Carver drops to a knee on the apron, gesturing at Monosso to the jeers of the crowd.]

"This is your monster? THIS?!"

[Carver steps off the apron, walking past Monosso to the steel barricade at ringside where he reaches over it, grabbing another steel chair...

...and carelessly flings it backwards over his head, sending it crashing into the ring.]

GM: What the HELL is this lunatic doing?!

[He grabs a second one, throwing it overhead as well, almost clearing the ring when it hits the far ropes and bounces back, nearly hitting the official. Carver shouts at a ringside fan before turning back to the ring, rolling under the ropes.]

GM: He tossed a couple of chairs into the ring and now he's crawling back in there...

[Carver sets up one of the steel chairs...

...and takes a seat, leaning back with his arms behind his head to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Carver just told the ref to count Monosso out!

[Michael Meekly starts to do exactly that, the crowd jeering with each and every count. Carver's twisted grin seems to grow as the count does, the South Boston native nodding in approval at the crowd's reaction...]

GM: The count is up to five... now six...

[And at the count of seven, James Monosso rises...]

GM: Oh my god.

[...and he looks PISSED!]

GM: MONOSSO IS COMING FOR CARVER!!

[Carver springs out of his seat as Monosso climbs up on the apron, rushing towards him...]

GM: Monosso's on the apr-

[But Carver LUNGES, connecting with a leaping shoulder tackle that sends Monosso back off the apron, crashing down onto his hip this time.]

GM: Carver sends him back to the floor... but he's not satisfied, fans! He's going after him!

[Carver steps out on the apron to go after the madman of Happy Valley...

...who reaches up, hooking Carver by the back of the ankle, and YANKING his leg out from under him!]

GM: OHH!

[Carver comes plummeting awkwardly off the apron...

...and gets CLOTHESLINED back into the apron as he's falling, the small of his back SLAMMING into the edge of the ring!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Carver collapses down to all fours, clutching the small of his back as Monosso stands over him...]

"TIME! TO! DIE!"

[...and leaps into the air, dropping a King Kong kneedrop down into the kidneys! The crowd falls silent at the sight of a motionless Carver pinned under the knee of an enraged Monosso.]

GM: Monosso dropped the knee on the back! He could've crippled the man!

[A freaking-out Angel Juarez leaps up on the apron, running down the length of it and throwing himself into a front flip...

...that Monosso catches, wheeling around...]

GM: NO!

[...and POWERBOMBS Juarez on the prone Carver's spine!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Monosso looks up at Meekly with a warning glare.]

BW: Monosso's almost daring Meekly to ring that bell! He'll end up like Juarez just did!

[Monosso reaches down, dragging Carver up by the arm and shoving him back into the ring. He climbs through the ropes, dropping into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock!]

GM: He kicked out! My stars, he kicked out!

BW: Hannibal Carver's showing the world that he's no pushover either! He can take a beating as well as anyone and he can dish it out to boot, Gordo!

GM: He certainly can!

[Monosso rises to his feet, looking down at Carver with a slightly different expression. Surprise? Respect? Whatever it is, it quickly vanished as Monosso steps to the side of the downed Carver...

...and picks up one of the steel chairs that Carver flung into the ring earlier!]

GM: Oh no... oh my, this can't be good...

BW: He can't use that, Gordo! He can't do it!

GM: You're right, Bucky. It's no DOUBLE DQs not no DQ. If he uses that chair, he certainly will be disqualified!

[Meekly seems to be explaining this to Monosso who nods his head in understanding. He pulls Carver to a knee...

...and shoves the chair into his chest.]

GM: Oh my stars...

BW: He just ARMED Hannibal Carver! He can't be DQd if they both have a chair, can he?!

GM: I have no idea!

[Monosso retreats, picking up the second chair and turning back towards the kneeling Carver.]

GM: Monosso's got the chair!

BW: Carver's got one too but I don't know if he's even aware of it!

[Carver slowly gets up, chair in his hands...

...and brings it up just in time, blocking a deadly chairshot aimed for his skull!]

GM: Ohh! Carver blocked it! He blocked one chair with his own chair!

[Carver throws a desperation boot to the gut, doubling up Monosso as he switches his grip on the chair...]

GM: No, no, no!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG SHOT ACROSS THE BACK!! GAAAAH!

[An angry Carver throws the chair down to the mat, grabbing a kneeling Monosso by the hair and pulling him to his feet...

...and tugging him into a front facelock, quickly slinging Monosso's arm over his neck...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's going for that brainbuster! ON THE CHAIR!

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

[Carver looks to lift the larger man up but Monosso's having none of it, throwing short right hands to the ribs of Carver to break up the lift...

...and simply grabs a handful of trunks, wheeling around...]

GM: NO!

[...and ROCKETS Carver shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CARVER GOES INTO THE STEEL!!!

[And there's not a single soul in George Steinbrenner Stadium who doesn't know what's coming now. Monosso nods as he steps out to the apron, backing all the way down to the ringpost...]

GM: Monosso's got him right where he wants him!

[The big man lumbers down the ring apron, raising his leg at the last moment...

...and SMASHING Carver's skull between his boot and the steel ringpost!]

GM: CONCUSSIONIZER!!

[The impact of the blow causes Carver to go limp. Monosso reaches through the ropes, shoving him down to the mat before stepping back into the ring and applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEE- WHAAAAAT?!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of Hannibal Carver INCHING his shoulder off the canvas just before the three count!]

GM: CARVER KICKED OUT OF THE CONCUSSIONIZER!! MY STARS!!

[An enraged Monosso glares at the official before climbing up, dragging Carver up and into a side waistlock...]

GM: Monosso's got him and-

[Not wasting a split second, Monosso powers him up into the air and DRIVES him down on the back of the head and neck!]

GM: DESCENT INTO MADNESS!!

[The backdrop driver folds Carver up completely, dumping him motionless on the mat as Monosso drops into another lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

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

JAAAAAMES MONOSSSSSSSOOOOO!

[Monosso rises to his feet, looking down at the vanquished Hannibal Carver with a slight nod...

...and simply turns to exit the ring, leaving the motionless Carver behind.]

GM: James Monosso with an impressive and physical victory over Hannibal Carver and that means that he's moving on to the second round... moving on to be one of thirty-two men who will be struggling to get into that Sweet Sixteen.

BW: And somewhere in this building, Percy Childe is smiling, Gordo.

GM: You'd better believe it. One step closer to one of his men walking out of Labor Day weekend with the AWA World Title around their waist. Now, remember, fans, we have a big announcement still to come about Labor Day weekend that I promise you, you will NOT want to miss...

BW: You know what it is?

GM: I do.

BW: Tell me.

GM: I don't think so.

BW: How the heck do YOU know what it is? I'm supposed to get all the scoops! It's in my contract!

GM: Not this time. Fans, we've gotta take a quick break and we'll be right back with more here at The First Tangle In Tampa!

[Fade to black.

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

VO: We live in an online world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[The Kingsley Online Entertainment logo appears once more.]

VO: ...Kingsley.

[Fade to black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and then fading back up to live action where we find - surprise, surprise - Mark Stegglet standing in front of the big jumbo screen in left-center field!]

MS: Hello, everyone, and welcome back to-

[A big cheer goes up from the crowd. Stegglet pauses, looking embarrassed for a moment...

...and then quickly turns, waving at the crowd rapidly with a big grin on his face before turning back to the camera.]

MS: Welcome to the World Title Tournament Control Center! Just moments ago, we saw James Monosso advance to the second round of the tournament so... gentlemen, if you please...

[Stegglet jerks a thumb over his shoulder and then beams as the list of participants in the second round appears on the big screen. Stegglet nods.]

MS: I'm going to be out here all night to cover who moves on and who goes home as well as bringing you interviews with some of the participants in tonight's action. Plus, we've got news about the second round to deliver all night long so why not start right now - I've just been informed by the Championship Committee that you can add another second round matchup to the list that will see William Craven meet Andrew "Flash" Tucker!

[The crowd cheers!]

MS: It's going to be an exciting night of action all night long here in Tampa but right now, let's go over to my good friend Jason Dane who has caught up with one of the participants in our next match! Jason?

[We crossfade to the backstage area where we're standing just outside a locker room door.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm about to head into this locker room to try and get some words with Colby Greene as he prepares for the biggest match of his life. Let's get in there...

[Dane knocks and then walks in without waiting for an answer. The cameraman follows, revealing a generic looking locker room where the former RCW star Colby Greene is busy getting ready for action later tonight. He's running tape over the fingers of one hand, testing its strength to see how it feels when he makes a fist. He's lost in concentration, building up his focus, biting off the end of the tape absent-mindedly as he stares down at his own hand. In short, he looks like a man no one would want to interrupt.]

JD: Colby Greene?

[Greene looks up in annoyance.]

JD: I'm Jason Dane. I'm one of the interview-

CG: I know who you are.

JD: Would you mind if I get a few words about-

[Another knock on the door follows. Colby looks up, more than a bit annoyed... until he sees it's his uncle, the middle aged Brett Greene, popping his head into the locker room. Once The Bayou Badboy sees it's family trying to get his attention, his expression softens. Well, at least a little bit. Jason Dane steps back, looking at Brett Greene.]

JD: Brett Greene. Can I get some wor-

[Brett ignores him, speaking directly to his nephew.]

BG: Big match tonight.

CG: Hmm. Ain't d'at de truth...

BG: Mind if I pop in, say my piece? It'll only take a minute.

[Colby nods as he finishes up with the tape on his wrists. Upon getting permission from his nephew, Brett walks into the dressing room. It's clear he's made his preparations to wrestle as well, as he's already in his classic red and black gear. If you didn't already know the two men were related, you'd guess they might be from the similarities in build and in their faces, the most notable differences being that Colby's a good deal younger, in somewhat better shape - or less round at the midsection, at least - and that his Southern accent is more pronounced, likely as he hasn't had quite the amount of time and travel put into Northern territories that Brett did over the years. The man once known as The Baby Bull stands up and greets his uncle with a handshake, both men still ignoring Jason Dane.]

BG: I gotta say, I didn't exactly expect it'd be you and me, right off the bat. Reckon those promoters, they can't resist the chance for family drama.

CG: A lil part o' me hoped it'd be de finals when I come knocking at yer door Uncle Brett. Wouldn't d'at be something? But looks like we're getting it out of de way real quick.

BG: And I don't need to tell ya what a World title... heck, what just a CHANCE at a World title means. You win that big strap, you get acknowledged as the best in the world. It can turn a career around on a dime. Make a man a whole heap of money, get his name out there, get him opportunities he ain't even considered before, didn't even know existed before. You can have a good run, even a great run in this here business without ever winnin' one... but a man wins that title, 'specially if no one expects him to do it, that... that changes everything. You know what I'm sayin' here?

CG: I hear you... And I appreciate de pep talk and all, but it's unnecessary. Words d'at need not be said. I'm ready for d'is Uncle Brett. I'm ready to step out that d'er shadow you have on de ground, and make a name for mahself. Now its' unfortunate d'at I gotta go through family to get de opportunity, but d'ats just de cards we were dealt. It ain't anything personal.

[Brett smiles at his nephew, but it's a smile that's a bit off somehow... not so much encouraging as mildly amused.]

BG: I ain't talkin' 'bout you. I'm talkin' 'bout what this'll do for MY career. I'm talkin' 'bout how this will change MY legacy in this sport. Now I love you, Colby. You're my kin... you're my blood. But tonight... you're also in my way.

Come tomorrow, we're still gonna be family. You're still gonna be invited to barbeque out at my place. I'm still gonna tip a few back and watch football with ya' once the season starts up. But tonight... tonight, I won't hesitate to do what I need to do. An' neither should you. You got me, nephew?

[Colby moves right up into his uncle's face. He's pretty much pure intensity, staring into the eyes of Brett, neither man flinching. The situation seems tense for a moment, but then Colby holds out a hand, which Brett accepts in a firm handshake.]

CG: I 'ear you... And I ain't holding back. I'm going right through you Uncle Brett. Bring de best you got, and I gonna show you that de Greene family name is in good hands w'it me... Know what I mean?

[His Uncle eyes him cautiously, and nods.]

CG: May de best Greene win.

[The two let go of the handshake, nod at each other in mutual respect... and then Brett turns to walk out of the room, leaving his nephew to his pre-match rituals. Dane looks at the exiting Brett Greene... then over at Colby

Greene who has turned his back on Dane. With a shrug, Dane turns to the camera and points at it in silence.

We crossfade back to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing, a big grin on Gordon's face.]

GM: Thanks for that, Jason. It appears that the two men in our next match had no desire to speak with Jason Dane, Bucky.

BW: Never stops him from pestering me.

[Gordon chuckles.]

GM: Fans, earlier tonight, we mentioned that "Hotshot" Stevie Scott approached another member of the AWA locker room today, trying to speak with him about the World Title Tournament... someone you... well, let's just say it was an interaction that surprised us all. Take a look...

[The screen abruptly cuts to an out-of-focus shot of gray. As the lens comes into focus, it appears that we are in the back halls of what we assume to be George Steinbrenner Field. And the camera is moving.

From off-camera, a voice.]

"Let's go! Hustle up, junior."

[The camera pans quickly to the right, down a new hallway where we see the origin of the voice.

"Hotshot" Stevie Scott.

Nearly power-walking down the hall and his head swiveling both directions, it is clear that the two-time AWA National Champion is looking for something. Or someone.]

HSS: Here we go. This way! Move it!

[Turning 90 degrees to the left, Stevie moves quickly down another hallway, the cameraman hustling to stay behind. And finally, we see the subject of his search.

Juan Vasquez.

No doubt acting on instinct, the former bitter rival of Scott drops into a partial fighting stance while at the same time throwing a quick glance toward the camera. Stevie holds up his hands to try to ease Juan, allowing the cameraman time to move into a better position in front of the duo.]

HSS: Hey...Juan...easy, pal. Not looking for trouble. You know that.

[Slowly, but cautiously, Vasquez eases up.]

JV: What do you want, Stevie?

HSS: Look, Juan...you and I have had our problems in the past. For me, it's water under the bridge. I don't know how long you like to hold grudges so for all I know, you're gonna slap me in the mush mid-sentence. But, here is what I DO know.

[He pauses briefly, adding to the tension, before pointing to his longtime rival.]

HSS: You and me, bro, we MADE the AWA what it is today.

We put this place on the map. It was our war that stretched from Texas to the Carolinas and everywhere in between that made people around the world stand up and take notice of the AWA. Even today, people STILL talk about it. It's nearly stuff of legends now. Our names, pal, they are etched in the fabric of the American Wrestling Alliance for as long as people remember the place.

It was OUR feud that carried the AWA from a promotion that couldn't get outside of Texas to one that can't stop from being seen around the world. It was OUR battles that put the AWA into a position to have a 64-man tournament for a World Heavyweight Title...a tournament that's got people from all over the damned business coming in for their shot at it.

[Stevie inches closer to Vasquez, who pins his chest and shoulders back in response.]

HSS: So why in the HELL are you going to sit around, pull yourself out of the tournament, and give someone else a chance to earn the championship, the recognition, the HONOR that you and I bled for night after night after night?

Don't you get it, man? This is OUR time. This is OUR place. This is OUR title. I know you're pissed off...I would be too, man. I would be too. And I understand you're hell-bent on getting revenge on each and every single person that put you out for all those months.

[Making a point, Stevie methodically rubs his neck...the same one injured by a Vasquez piledriver.]

HSS: Believe me...I GET IT.

But you're missing the bigger picture.

Tonight, there's a second-chance battle royal. You know about it. It's your chance to get your butt back in here where you belong.

Get in that battle royal, Juan. Get in there and win it because let's face it...you'll be by FAR the best damn wrestler in it.

Get in there, win it, and get back in the tournament. And then maybe old man Watkins will put you and me on opposite sides of the bracket.

And then we'll do what we always do...we'll knock out every obstacle that gets in our way until the finals are you...and me.

Because, Juan, if I don't win this thing....there's only one person I want to see emerge as the first WORLD Champion of the AWA.

And that person is Juan Vasquez.

[Juan takes in everything Stevie says and then stares coolly at his long-time rival, speaking barely above a whisper.]

JV: What day is it today, Stevie?

[Steve rolls his eyes.]

HSS: July 4th. What's that got to do with anyth-...oh.

[The sudden realization that today is indeed, the one year anniversary of Vasquez's attack hits Stevie Scott.]

JV: By my count-and correct me if I'm wrong, "Hotshot"...today makes it exactly ONE YEAR since WrestleRock.

And you're asking me on today, of all days...to do what's best for you, the World Title, and the AWA?

You're asking me...to take a step back and have a little perspective?

[There's a look of utter disdain on Vasquez's face.]

JV: It seems to me that you DON'T get it, amigo.

Right now, the only thing on my mind, is the same thing that's been runnin' through my head since I woke up in that hospital in Durham...and you better believe that the AWA World Title and what Stevie Scott wants ain't got a damn thing to do with it.

[He looks down for a moment, before turning away from Stevie, apparently unable to look him in the eye.]

JV: Everybody wants me to be something that I just CAN'T be right now. I can't be their hero, their champion, or hell...even the wrestler that Stevie Scott wants to see.

Right now, I'm none of those things. Right now...

...I'm just Juan Vasquez.

[For a split-second, Juan drops the mask...and exhales a very, tired sigh.]

JV: A man that wants nothing more...than a little peace of mind.

[He then turns back to Stevie, now staring at him once again with a stoic, serious look on his face.]

JV: You already took Broussard from me, Stevie...

...but you're NOT taking away tonight.

[And with that, Juan shoves past Stevie Scott and disappears down the long corridor. Fade back to the announce team.]

GM: So, Stevie Scott made one more attempt to convince Juan Vasquez to join the World Title Tournament by joining the Second Chance Battle Royal... but quite obviously, that attempt failed. Juan Vasquez did not join the Battle Royal. Juan Vasquez will not be in the tournament. And Juan Vasquez has turned down his chance to be the first AWA World Champion because of how badly he wants vengeance over what happened to him one year ago. Later tonight, we're going to see him in action - in that Outlaw Rules match with Ebola Zaire. Bucky, it's hard to say this but this is a very different Juan Vasquez that we're seeing these days.

BW: Can you blame him? It's been one year since WrestleRock and he STILL hasn't avenged himself completely. Broussard slipped away from him. Waterson's in hiding. Dufresne's off the grid. Juan Vasquez is a very angry man and to date, he hasn't been able to take out that anger the way he wants to.

GM: We'll see if he gets that chance later tonight but right now, let's go up to the ring for our next tournament match!

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

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

["Passion's Killing Floor" by HIM starts up to a small reaction from the AWA crowd.]

PW: From Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing in at 251 pounds...

He is "The Bayou Badboy"...

COOOOLLLLBYYY GREEEEEEENEEEE!

[Greene trots out through the curtain to a few more cheers. Greene looks young but has obviously dedicated a good majority of his years training his body as he sports a tremendous physique. He runs a hand through his brown hair caught somewhere between the short and long stages. The powerhouse slaps his left bicep right where the outlined shape of Louisiana is tattooed...

...and he begins jogging down the aisle, completely ignoring the fans lining the barricade. He pulls himself up on the apron stepping through the ropes into the ring where he settles into a corner as the music changes.]

PW: And his opponent...

[With "Lakini's Juice" by Live playing over the PA system, a larger reaction comes out from the crowd to cheer as the aging powerhouse, Brett Greene, emerges from the entrance curtain.]

PW: From Baton Rouge, Louisiana... weighing in at 265 pounds...

BREEEEEEEETT GREEEEEEEEEENE!

[Greene, wearing black wrestling tights with red trim, black boots, and black and red t-shirt reading "Pride Wrestling - Buy the Toaster!", stands clear of the entranceway at the top of the aisle, hands on his hips as he surveys the crowd. The veteran smiles as he sees particular fans cheering or holding supportive signs, and he starts pointing to a few to acknowledge their cheers as his entrance music continues.]

GM: And as the AWA World Title Tournament continues, we see two family members ready to square off to see who gets to move on to the second round.

BW: That just goes to show you how much this World Title means to people around this business, Gordo. These two aren't even from the AWA and they're willing to smack down their own blood to try and strap it around their waist.

GM: Of course, Brett Greene is a former World Champion in his own rights, having held the UWF World Title for about twenty days in 1997 - some fifteen years ago.

[Greene starts to walk down the aisle, hands held up at each side to accept high fives from those fans who are inclined to lean out over the railing. Brett's being passive in his fan interaction now, though, his focus mostly on the ring and the task ahead of him as he makes his way to ringside.]

GM: Both members of this family seem very focused here tonight - very intense as they face what they're going to have to do. Greene vs Greene - nephew vs uncle - blood vs blood. One way or another, it's going to be a very tense time at the next family reunion, Bucky.

BW: One of 'em won't give a damn if he's carrying the gold though. I promise you that. I've never had much use for family anyways... 'cept my mama.

GM: Awww.

BW: Don't be talkin' 'bout my mama, Myers. I'll cut ya!

GM: You'll... what?!

[Greene walks up the ring steps to the apron, stepping in between the bottom and middle ropes before heading quickly to a corner to stretch out and await the beginning of the match. A simple nod acknowledges the continuing cheers, but otherwise he is all business as he turns to face his nephew who hasn't taken his eyes off of his uncle since he came through the curtain...]

GM: Referee Michael Meekly with some words for both men... and there's the bell!

[As soon as the bell rings, Colby Greene comes tearing out of the corner. Michael Meekly has to lunge to the side to avoid Colby's charge, his arm outstretched as he looks to take his Uncle's head clean off with a vicious lariat...]

GM: LARIAT!

[...but Brett ducks under it, allowing Colby to hit shoulderfirst in the corner where he slams on the brakes, spinning around, charging back out as his Uncle turns around...]

GM: SPEAR TACKLE!

[...but Brett sidesteps, shoving his nephew to the side where Colby slams chestfirst into the corner. He slowly turns around, glaring back to the middle of the ring where his Uncle is standing, a grin on his face.]

"I ain't falling for that, kid!"

[Colby nods his head, slapping his bicep again as he shouts back.]

"Can't blame a guy for tryin'!"

[Brett nods in response, waving his nephew out for a collar and elbow tieup. Colby quickly accepts, hooking up in a lockup in the middle of the ring.]

GM: The veteran Brett Greene taking on his younger nephew who - look at the power here, pushing his Uncle back into the corner... the referee calls for a break here...

[Colby steps back, hammering down with a heavy forearm across the sternum.]

GM: Ohh! High impact shot by Colby!

[He grabs his Uncle by the arm, attempting an Irish whip but Brett reverses it, sending his nephew crashing into the buckles...

...where he charges back out, catching his Uncle by surprise with a shoulder tackle that knocks him flat!]

GM: Colby showing off why they call him the Baby Bull as he runs right over his Uncle Brett, knocking him down to the mat.

[But the veteran quickly scampers up as Colby rushes to the ropes. Brett sidesteps his rebounding nephew, throwing him towards the ropes where Colby bounces off again...

...and puts him down on his back with a knife-edge chop!]

GM: The chop takes him down... Colby back up... and right back down from another chop!

[Colby scampers up, charging a third time, and gets knocked flat with a chop for the third time before he rolls out to the floor, angrily slapping the canvas.]

GM: And Colby Greene's showing a little bit of frustration right there. His Uncle managed to knock him down with those chops three separate times.

[Colby paces around the ringside area, looking up at his Uncle who stands at the ready.]

GM: Colby Greene is trying to regroup, trying to re-establish his gameplan. The Bayou Badboy knows that he needs to be on his game if he's going to stand a chance of putting down his Uncle for the one-two-three.

[At the referee's count of six, Colby pulls himself on the apron, ducking through the ropes. He marches back to the center of the ring, moving right into another collar and elbow...

...that Brett quickly twists the arm, going behind into a rear hammerlock!]

GM: The hammerlock applied from behind... Brett Greene showing his experience advantage as he- ohh, duck down into a single leg trip from behind... and now right into a side headlock...

BW: No one would ever call Brett Greene a scientific wizard inside that ring but he ain't no slouch either, Gordo. He can chain together a few moves and make 'em count.

[Colby doesn't waste much time in fighting back to his feet, throwing a pair of forearms to the ribs before shoving his Uncle off to the ropes...]

GM: Brett Greene into the ropes... he ducks a clothesline on the rebound, hits the far side...

[And then runs his nephew right over with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: Down goes Colby off the tackle! Brett Greene was a defensive lineman at LSU and played a few years in the CFL as well.

[Colby scampers to his feet, throwing a right hand that Brett manages to turn into a scoop slam!]

GM: Brett slams his nephew down hard...

[But an attempt at a leaping elbow drop comes up empty, Colby rolling out from under it. He quickly gets to his feet, looking for an elbowdrop of his own but Brett rolls under it. And this time, they both get up together, fists at the ready...

...and the crowd cheers for the standoff.]

GM: The fans are certainly split when it comes to this match. They just don't know who they want to throw their support behind.

[The standoff doesn't last long though as Colby Greene lunges into another tieup, again powering his Uncle back into the corner...

...and steps back, throwing a forearm into the ribcage!]

GM: Ohh, nice shot to the gut by Colby!

[He throws a couple more, rattling the ribcage of his elder before grabbing him by the arm again, wheeling him across the ring where he charges in after him...

...and connects with a big lumbering clothesline across the chest!]

GM: Ohh! The clothesline in the corner connects!

[And as Brett staggers out, he gets a boot to the gut that doubles him up as Colby steps forward, hooking a gutwrench and hoisting Brett clear up over his shoulder in a backbreaker position...]

GM: He's looking for the Brett Bomb! He's going for his Uncle's own finisher!

[But Brett easily wriggles out, reaching back with both arms to hook a backslide...

...and drags his nephew down to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The shoulder sails off the canvas before the three count can come, both men scrambling to their feet to get an edge. A wild right hand by Colby is ducked by Brett who hooks a side waistlock, looking to take his nephew up and over with a back suplex...

...but Colby battles out, hammering away with short rights to the skull of his Uncle!]

GM: Colby battles free, grabs the arm...

[And YANKS his Uncle into a devastating short-arm clothesline!]

GM: OHHH! What a powerful clothesline by Colby Greene!

BW: He calls that one the Greeting From Mardi Gras and I bet Brett Greene's head hurts like he was at Mardi Gras last night after that one, Gordo.

GM: All the pain and none of the pleasure.

BW: What do you know about the "pleasure" of Mardi Gras? You sly old dog you!

[Gordon tries to quickly change the subject as Colby drags his Uncle back to his feet, flinging him into the ropes. He catches him with a boot on the rebound before hooking him and snapping him back down to the canvas with a side Russian legsweep!]

GM: Oh! Nice execution on the Russian legsweep by Colby Greene!

BW: And right now, this young kid is taking the fight to his Uncle.

[Slipping into a lateral press, Colby earns a two count.]

GM: Two count only there for the Bayou Badboy who failed to hook a leg on the pin attempt.

BW: Something that his Uncle would have NEVER forgotten to do.

GM: You could be absolutely correct about that, Bucky.

[Pulling Brett to his feet, Colby shoves him back to the corner where he lights him up with a series of stiff forearms to the side of the skull before whipping him across the ring again.]

GM: Corner to corner whip by Colby... here he comes!

[Colby's charge finds him running right into two raised boots that catch him on the chin, sending him staggering backwards as Brett drops down into a three point stance...

...and EXPLODES out of the corner with a running clothesline!]

GM: OHHHH!

[A fired up Brett slams his arms into the top rope, giving a shout to the cheering crowd as he grabs his nephew by the hair, pulling him into a front facelock...

...and SNAPS him over in a suplex!]

GM: Brett Greene with the perfect execution on a snap suplex...

[Climbing back to his feet, Brett nudges the official out of the way as he races to the ropes, rebounding off, and leaps high in the air, crashing down on the chest of Colby with a leaping kneedrop!]

GM: Ohh! That might do it right there!

[Brett reaches back for a leg, earning a two count before the knockout.]

GM: A two count only for Brett Greene.

[Colby rolls to his stomach, grabbing at the small of his back which makes him perfect pickings for Brett Greene as he cups his hands under the chin of his nephew!]

GM: He's going for a camel clutch!

BW: This used to be how he finished most of his matches off but can he do it here against his own nephew? Is he willing to hang onto the hold long enough to do it?

[But as Brett hooks his hands under the chin, Colby backpedals, pulling his head free and sliding between the legs of his Uncle. The Bayou Badboy quickly gets up, hooking a rear waistlock...

...and POWERS his Uncle over, bringing him crashing down on the back of the head and neck with a German suplex!]

GM: OHHH! Waistlock suplex on a forty-seven year old man!

[Colby doesn't attempt a bridge, breaking the hold and rolling his Uncle onto his shoulders.]

GM: We get one! We get two! We get-

[As the shoulder comes off the mat, Colby claps his hands together in frustration, looking for what comes next for him. He opts to get to his feet, measuring his Uncle as he falls back against the ropes, waving for Brett to get back to his feet...

...and then rushes in, CREAMING Brett Greene with a running kneelift!]

GM: OHHH! Louisiana Onestep!

[Colby dives across his Uncle again, this time reaching back for a leg which gets him closer to three but nowhere near close enough.]

GM: The kneelift must have rattled his Uncle's cage but they've both gotta hang on and keep going. The second round of this tournament is so close for both of them right now, Bucky.

BW: A three count away from moving one step further down the Road To Glory and I find this one to be REAL interesting, Gordo. You've got a guy in Brett Greene who hasn't held the World Title for fifteen years of action... and then there's a guy like Colby Greene who can flex all the muscles he wants and still not be able to claim a World Title on his resume.

[Colby pulls his Uncle off the mat by the arm, promptly flinging him into the ropes...]

GM: Off the far side and... upside down, all around, and DOOOOWN across the knee!

BW: Tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! And it takes a whole lot of power to do that to someone the size of Brett Greene, daddy!

[The Bayou Badboy rolls his Uncle onto his stomach, settling in to attempt a camel clutch...]

BW: I got a wicked sense of deja vu right here, Gordo.

GM: So do I. We just saw this from Brett Greene and now Colby's attempting to apply the same hold.

[But much like his nephew did, Brett Greene shoves himself backwards so that Colby's legs are on his shoulders...

...and lifts straight up!]

GM: Oh my! He's got Colby Greene up on his shoulders in an electric chair!

[Colby hammers away at his Uncle's head, trying to break up the lift but Brett Greene will not be denied, walking around the ring with his nephew on display...

...and then DIVES backwards, smashing his nephew into the canvas!]

GM: What a slam! And here's the cover by Brett Greene! He gets one! Gets two!

[But a powerful kickout from Colby throws Brett a few feet away and draws an impressed "oooooh!" from the Tampa crowd.]

GM: Wow! Still a whole lot of power left in Colby Greene as he kicks out of that at two.

[Brett pulls his nephew off the mat, scooping him up across his body in a bodyslam position...

...and then falls back, HURLING Colby through the air over his head and sending him crashing to the canvas!]

GM: Overhead slam by Brett Greene!

BW: It's a fallaway slam, you ninny!

GM: Whatever you want to call it, it was effective. Brett Greene at forty-seven years old is one of the oldest competitors in this tournament but he's looking to push that setting sun back up into the sky here tonight and show he's still got what it takes to be a World Champion.

[Back on his feet, Brett measures his nephew, standing across the ring as Colby uses the ropes to try and pull himself to his feet, waving an arm for the younger man to rise...]

GM: Colby's pulling himself to his feet... Brett's waiting for him...

[As the Bayou Badboy gets to a vertical position, Brett Greene comes tearing across the ring towards him, arm outstretched...

...but Colby Greene spots his Uncle coming in, dropping back down to avoid the clothesline as Brett goes over the top, crashing down hard on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He missed the clothesline and went all the way down to the floor! Goodness! That was an incredibly hard fall for a man of any age but at forty-seven years old, you have to wonder if that's just too much for him to take, fans.

[Colby Greene takes a few moments to get a second wind before rolling under the ropes to join his Uncle out on the floor. He leans down, pulling Brett up by the arm...

...and drills him across the chest with a knife-edge chop, sending Brett falling back against the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh! Big chop by Brett Greene!

[But then he simply shoves his Uncle under the ropes into the ring.]

BW: Gaaah, what a sucker! He shoulda put him into the railing... into the post... something!

GM: That's his own flesh and blood, Bucky!

BW: I'd run my Uncle over with a car for the World Title, daddy!

[Colby rolls back into the ring as well, retaking his feet. He slowly approaches, reaching down...

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

GM: SMALL PACKAGE OUT OF NOWHERE!! ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: You see, Gordo?! He went easy on the old man and almost paid for it right there!

[Colby is quickly back to his feet and absolutely CREAMS his Uncle with a standing lariat, flipping him back onto the back of his head and neck from the impact!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by Colby Greene!

[He folds up his Uncle in a jackknife pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- Brett Greene slips a shoulder out! Two very close near falls - one for each man - in the past minute or so. These two men are getting down to the nitty gritty and they know that only one of them can take this win and move on to the second round of this tournament. Who's it gonna be?!

[Colby regains his feet, pulling his Uncle up to his and right into a standing headscissors near the corner...]

GM: Colby's got him set up! He's going for the Bayou Bomb!

[The young powerhouse hoists Brett Greene into the air, holding him high at the top of the lift and then using the trunks to lift him a little bit higher...

...where Brett Greene has scouted that it's the best place to escape the move, wriggling until he slips free, dropping down behind his nephew.]

GM: He escapes! Brett slips out the back!

[Both men quickly turn to face one another, Brett slipping a knee into the gut as he does so. He snatches a gutwrench, hoisting his nephew over his shoulder in a backbreaker and calls out for the "BRETT BOMB!" to the cheers from the crowd...]

GM: He's gonna plant him! He's gonna finish him right here!

[But just as his Uncle did moments ago, Colby knows what's coming well enough to slip out the back!]

GM: Colby escapes the Brett Bomb and-

[The crowd roars as Colby reaches back from their back-to-back position, slipping his hands under his Uncle's armpits...

...and POWERS HIM UP into a crucifix powerbomb position, holding for a moment, and then DRIVING him down to the canvas!]

GM: OH MY!! WHAT A POWERBOMB!!

[He crawls across his downed Uncle's chest!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[HUUUUUGE ROAR FROM THE CROWD!]

GM: KICKOUT!! MY STARS, HE KICKED OUT OF THAT POWERBOMB!!!

[A frustrated Colby Greene shakes his head, slapping the canvas as he gets back to his feet, dragging his Uncle up with him. He pulls him into a standing headscissors again, lifting him up into powerbomb position where he does a few spins...

...and THEN lifts him up using the trunks to full extension before DRIVING his Uncle down to the canvas a second time!]

GM: SPINNING BAYOU BOMB!

BW: It's over!

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner... COLBY GREEEEEEENE!

[The Bayou Badboy climbs to his feet, arm raised by the official in victory.]

GM: Colby Greene is victorious here in Tampa, he's moving on to the second round with a victory over his Uncle Brett, a former World Champion himself. What a win for young Colby here tonight, Bucky.

BW: His power... in the end, I think it was his power that was just too much for Father Time to overcome.

GM: At forty-seven years old, Brett Greene just did not have enough in the tank to defeat his young nephew who pulls him back to his feet... and there's a nice handshake and an embrace. You gotta love that!

[The fans certainly do as they cheer what they're seeing.]

GM: Colby Greene is moving on and now, let's go over to Mark in the Control Center! Mark?

[We crossfade from the ring to the Tournament Control Center out in left-center field. Mark Stegglet is there.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! And now, we can add Colby Greene's name to the big board of competitors moving on to the second round of this tournament. The field of thirty-two is getting closer and closer to filling up, fans, but the first round does NOT end here tonight in Tampa. We're going to have one more night of first round matches on the next Saturday Night Wrestling -

matches like Bad Eye McBaine versus Alphonse Green... like Jeff Matthews taking on Victor Frost... and like Blackwater Bart meeting this man...
Madison J. Valentine-

[The camera pans to the side a bit to reveal Madison J. Valentine, arms folded as he looks around at the stadium. At the sound of his name, MJV forces his politest look in Stegglet's direction.]

MS: -who is checking out the competition ahead of his World Title tournament debut in ten days' time. And Mad, can I start by asking -- how does it feel to be back in Tampa, where you gained considerable notoriety as a National Champion back in the early 2000s?

[Valentine uncrosses his arms and leans in conspiratorially.]

VALENTINE: You know, Mark, it's the strangest thing... this must be the first time I've ever been in Tampa without feeling an overwhelming desire to just get the hell away from here.

[The added emphasis on those last six words elicits some booing from the stadium seats. Stegglet shrugs, acknowledging that the answer wasn't completely disparaging.]

VALENTINE: Don't get me wrong: the place itself is just as repulsive as it's ever been.

[He places a reassuring hand on Stegglet's shoulder as he says this.]

VALENTINE: Maybe even more so. I mean, Tampa has always been a cultural wasteland, but ten or eleven years ago it at least had some successful sporting brands to distract from that.

But now, what is there? It's not like my nostalgia for pirate paraphernalia is going to keep me from heading straight from my hotel to the airport first thing tomorrow morning.

[More boos. Valentine raises a hand in apology.]

VALENTINE: To be fair though, as a city, Tampa isn't a whole lot worse than a lot of the places where I spent time when I was wrestling. My aversion to it is just more... personal.

[Continuing, he strokes a thumb across his beard.]

VALENTINE: You see, Mark, you're right: I did enjoy success while I was here. I did win titles, and I did gain notoriety, as you put it. But it was also while I was here that I started to realize that, whatever I achieved in this business -- however hard I worked, whoever I defeated -- I would never receive as much recognition as I deserved for it.

[He locks his eyes on Stegglet's, coercing him into keeping a straight face.]

VALENTINE: Here, I realized I was simply too honest to get to the top of this business.

So even after I moved on to other places, for five years after that, for the remainder of my wrestling career, I feel like I was trying to get away from Tampa. Away from Tampa, to a place where my talent and my effort would be rewarded, instead of treated with contempt.

[He adjusts the lapels of his suit, Breitling chinking on his wrist.]

VALENTINE: I found that place eventually. But needless to say, it wasn't in this sport.

[Stegglet spots a small window of opportunity, and ventures another question.]

MS: So will winning the AWA World Title set the record straight on your wrestling career?

[MJV looks as if he'd forgotten his interviewer could form actual sentences.]

VALENTINE: If you were keeping up, Mark, you'd know that I don't need to set any records straight any more. I make my own records, now. That's why I can come back here to Tampa, hold my head up high, and make it known that my success could only be denied for so long.

And the AWA World Title, win or lose, makes no difference to that.

[He produces a smile of vivid self-satisfaction. Stegglet nods and concedes.]

MS: Mad Valentine, thank you. We all hope you enjoy the rest of your evening...

[He's already taken one step away, leaving Stegglet behind.]

MS: Fans, we've gotta take another break but we'll be right back with more action LIVE right here in Tampa, Florida!

[Big hometown cheer as we 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 come back up to live action where we see Dave Bryant pacing around, still wearing his wrestling gear, still showing signs of some wear after his performance this evening. The self-professed Doctor of Love looks somewhat nervous, an odd expression on the face of a man who generally exudes confidence.]

DB: I've been in a lot of places in my lifetime, experienced a hell of a lot of things, but this...this isn't one of them. This uncertainty, this notion that I may not have a job after tonight, and I can't say I'm enjoying it one damned bit.

[Bryant stops pacing and stares into the camera.]

DB: You find me in a position I'm pretty unfamiliar with -- wondering if I did enough to impress somebody into offering me a deal. Wondering! One of the best in the world in that ring and I'm sitting back here hoping that there's a knock on that door, a knock from somebody waiting to talk about making a deal...

...a deal to keep me here.

[Bryant pauses.]

DB: It's funny, I guess. I used to laugh at the ham-and-egggers who would have to sweat about finding work, used to laugh at the everyday wrestler who bounced around from place to place, just trying to find somewhere to catch on enough to stick around for a few more paychecks.

[Bryant scratches his chin briefly, then laughs.]

DB: Now...now I'm that guy. I'm the guy wondering if he managed enough of an effort to catch the right eye. I'm the guy wondering if I can expect a phone call or if I'm just gonna go back home.

[Bryant shakes his head.]

DB: Before any of you clowns jump to conclusions, just let me clear something up -- this isn't about money. I did a lot of stupid things when I was younger, but I never dumped a ton of money into a casino or anything that stupid, so money is not a problem for me. No, my problem is something a hell of a lot more important than money...

[The Doctor's eyes blaze.]

DB: My problem is that even after a ten year absence, I still believe I'm one of the best the wrestling world has to offer. I can still run circles around your best up and comers, and I can still make your stale vets look like fools in that ring, and I'm sitting back here waiting. Waiting!

[Bryant looks away from the camera, but only briefly.]

DB: You might think that if I don't hear from you that I'll just walk away, leave quietly, but that's for damn sure not happening. If somebody doesn't walk through that door with a contract, if I don't get a phone call, if I don't hear a word...I'll get in my car. I'll drive away...

[Bryant trails off.]

DB: ...and on July the fourteenth, I will show up and do something to make you regret like hell the fact that I went home empty handed tonight.

[The Doctor Of Love facepalms the camera, shoving it aside as he storms out of view and we fade back to the interior of George Steinbrenner Stadium, the crowd cheering as the camera lands on Jason Dane.]

JD: Welcome back, fans. It's already been an exciting night of action so far and we're really just getting started. Coming up in just a few moments will be our next first round World Title Tournament matchup but later tonight, we're going to see a war for the ages when Juan Vasquez meets the Botswana Beast, Ebola Zaire in an Outlaw Rules match! And joining me right now...

[The crowd begins to jeer as the camera pulls back to reveal the interview subject.]

JD: ...is not only Ebola Zaire but the man who has guided him into this matchup, the Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson!

[Waterson is all grins as he approaches, dressed in a stylish black suit that has him visibly sweating in this humidity. Ebola Zaire is close behind, a black executioner-style hood hanging over his fleshy face and part of his upper body. The part of his torso that we can see is littered with the scars he's accumulated over the years. In his hands is gripped what appears to be a wooden broom handle with both ends heavily taped.]

JD: Mr. Waterson, welcome to Tampa.

[Waterson looks around disparagingly.]

ATTSBW: For years when people mentioned the name of this city in conjunction with professional wrestling, it brought a certain stigma with it. There was only one promotion who made their home here... and they scorched the Earth so badly behind them that no one dared step foot to promote professional wrestling here for years after.

But at long last, TRUE professional wrestling has returned to Tampa Bay!

[Big cheer!]

ATTSBW: You're welcome.

JD: I see. Mr. Waterson, after the events of Memorial Day Mayhem where you saw TWO members of Waterson International eliminated from the World Title Tournament in the same night, you have been very quiet.

[Waterson glares at Dane.]

ATTSBW: Sixty-four men stepped into that tournament with a shot to win the World Title. Yours truly had two chances... and saw them both go up in smoke in one night. So, forgive me if I haven't been in the best of moods lately, Dane. This is the biggest thing to happen to the AWA since the birth of the Southern Syndicate... MY Southern Syndicate... and for Waterson International to no longer be a part of it is inconceivable!

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: So you must be thrilled that Alphonse Green won the Second Chance Battle Royal earlier tonight to earn his spot in the tournament.

[Waterson looks puzzled.]

ATTSBW: Come again?

JD: Alphonse Green won the Battle Royal to start tonight's show and earned a spot in the tournament because of it.

[Waterson, still looking confused, shakes his head.]

ATTSBW: Is that a fact? Huh. Well, good for him.

JD: Did you honestly not know that Gree-

ATTSBW: Dane, my attention has been elsewhere as of late and I can't be bothered to keep track of everything that is going on in the wrestling world at the moment! Not until there's one very big thorn in my side that is permanently removed.

JD: You're speaking of Juan Vasquez.

ATTSBW: You're not as dumb as you - or your sister - look, Dane. Juan Vasquez has haunted me from practically my first day in the AWA. He has harassed my men... he has physically assaulted me... and he has taken titles out from under me.

Tonight, it ends.

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: You talk about what he's done to you... what about what you did to HIM?! What about one year ago at WrestleRock where you, Percy Chiles, and Louis Matsui conspired to END his career in the middle of the ring?!

ATTSBW: You know, Dane... it wouldn't be wise for you to question me again...

[Dane visibly does a double-take, looking at Waterson who glares an implied threat.]

ATTSBW: Yes, I conspired with those gentlemen to put Juan Vasquez in a hole somewhere! Yes, I enlisted the aid of men like Marcus Broussard, Pedro Perez, and Calisto Dufresne to do our DAMNDEST to make sure that Vasquez woke up in a hospital bed somewhere and stayed there permanently.

But as I said several months ago when Vasquez emerged from the shadows...

I always knew you'd come back, Vasquez.

And I always wanted you to come back.

[A smirk.]

ATTSBW: Because I wanted to make sure that when you were finally put out... when you were finally finished... when you were finally taken out of my life once and for all...

...I wanted to be the one responsible for it.

I didn't want shared credit! I don't want the history books to say that I worked with Matsui and Childes to end you!

I want it to be, Vasquez... I want it to be only me.

[Waterson chuckles.]

ATTSBW: And with this man by my side...

[He jerks a thumb at Zaire who hasn't done anything other than smash his chest with the broom stick repeatedly.]

ATTSBW: ...that's exactly what's going to be happen. See you soon...

[One last dastardly grin.]

ATTSBW: ...amigo.

[Waterson turns to walk away with Zaire trailing behind him.]

JD: Ben Waterson is looking to END Juan Vasquez here tonight. Will it happen? You'll have to stay tuned to find out but right now, let's go backstage to some pre-taped comments from the participants in our next tournament matchup!

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Jason Dane is standing alongside his interview subject.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me at this time is one of the men who will compete here tonight in Tampa, Florida in the first round of the AWA World Title Tournament - Gabriel Whitecross!

[Stripped to the waist, and bedecked in jet black thereafter, the still heavily-muscular and tattooed British powerhouse affords himself a smile. The grey-haired and goateed 'Era Of Defiance' has changed little from yesteryear.]

GW: Jason, it is a pleasure to be here. It is true that I have been away from these realms for quite a time - but my passion for the sport still remains just as intoxicating as ever.

JD: Indeed, and Mr. Whitecross, tonight you face off against - uh, excuse me?

[Dane's interview's cut short as Pure X steps into the shot, next to Jason. For his part, Gabriel looks cautious, although not 100% surprised by the intrusion.]

JD: You're not scheduled -

PX: I know, I know. Not my time right now. I apologize, Jason, but it's now or never, really. Tonight, he -

[X juts his finger towards Whitecross.]

PX: And I step into an AWA ring and show everybody here tonight the best wrestling match this place's seen. But before that can happen, I had to...

[The younger wrestler takes a step towards Whitecross, locking eyes. Instinctively, Gabriel's facade takes on a much more 'serious' aspect, and the physical stance he now adopts also reflects this. In the back, Dane steps with X, making sure the mic's in place.]

PX: Thank the man that taught me everything I know about this sport.

[Pure X extends his hand out towards his elder, who looks down at it curiously. Whitecross raises a quizzical eyebrow, but the intensity and suspicion never leaves him. His verbal response is typically swathed in sharp, cynical sarcasm.]

GW: Really? ... How very ... Langseth-ian of you ...

[Gabriel allows his words to trail off into silence, before folding his beefy arms tightly upon his broad chest. His head tilts to one side, signaling Pure X to 'please continue'. X, for his part, tries his best to hold his grimace back from his stated last name.]

PX: Look, I know. It doesn't make a lick of sense considering this is the first time I ever met you, face to face. But really? Ultimately it was you, the legendary Gabriel Whitecross, who I see as my teacher - my role model. Sure, I know the man who taught me things first hand wasn't you... I know it was the man that I unfortunately can call my uncle...

[Pure X shakes his head.]

PX: A man that, unfortunately, you can call your former pupil.

[Even despite the years, the bitter memory of betrayal still obviously hits a raw nerve, within Gabriel. However, the lines that crease his face soften a fraction.]

PX: But everything he taught me? The timing? The holds? The way to command a ring? I mean, that was all you, Whitecross. As some dumb kid watching "An Evening", "Heat", or pretty much anywhere you were, I was in awe. I mean... The move that I call "The X", that my uncle calls "Greatness Personified", is and ALWAYS will be known first by it's true name... the Family Name.

[X, sort of lost in his words, pauses and sighs.]

PX: I know you don't want or need my pity, but it's an injustice that the man who pretty much stole your place in the wrestling world is in the Hall of

Fame and you're not. It's pathetic that my uncle won't even acknowledge what you did for him.

[X pauses, disgusted with himself by association. Whitecross seems to be affected by Pure X's words, and allows himself a sigh ; possibly a sign of letting go of pre-conceived notions about the man stood in front of him.]

PX: So, please, before we tear down the house tonight with our match, do me the honor of shaking my hand?

[Whitecross half smiles in a genuine manner.]

GW: Pure X, you did not have to apologize for the actions of your uncle ... But I greatly appreciate both this gesture, and the implication that I had influence in the development of your undoubtable skill and ring ethics. I thank you, for this - and I look forward to testing my steel against yours.

[The two soon to-be competitors shake hands. As the two break, X narrows his eyes slightly before speaking up.]

PX: Just one thing, though... And don't take it the wrong way, but there's something my uncle or the Langseth trait managed to pass down to me... and it's the thirst to win. And to win at all costs. Now that might mean something different to me and my uncle, but do know this: I intend to be the first AWA World Champion. And to do that? All admiration aside, I've got to beat you in that ring.

[Gabriel now grins openly ; a grin born from a strange amalgam of respect and dark determination.]

GW: And my adversary, I wish you luck, with that. Severely battle-scarred I indeed am - but weary? ... No ; I am anything but that ... And trust me when I say that it will only take a true Champion to defeat me. So see you soon, Pure X ... See you oh-so soon...

[And with that, the warhorse from Oxfordshire moves purposefully out of shot. Pure X looks on, smiling and nodding before departing the shot as well as we fade from backstage to the ringside area where our announce team is standing.]

GM: Fans, coming up next is one of the most intriguing matchups in the first round of the World Title Tournament. It will pit the legendary "Era Of Defiance" Gabriel Whitecross against the technical master Pure X. Both men are guest stars in the tournament, and the AWA would love to have either man join our ranks... which they will if they win the tournament, Bucky. And these two are definite threats to do just that.

BW: That's for sure, Gordo. Whitecross and Pure X are both World Champion level talents, and Whitecross has been a World Champion before! It's kind of a dream match in some ways.

GM: There is some fascinating history here, as Whitecross trained the man who trained Pure X... and who is the reason we're HAVING this World Title tournament in the first place.

BW: Langseth. Don't it make your nervous, Gordo? X is Langseth's nephew. How is THAT gonna come into play if he wins the title?!

GM: I don't know.

BW: Maybe they're in cahoots. Wouldn't that be somethin'?

GM: That would be a travesty of the highest order!

BW: Well, we shouldn'ta took the risk and invited Langseth's nephew to the tournament! Dumb move, guys. Just sayin'.

GM: It is not fair to assume that kind of thing about someone, Bucky. We have seen Pure X in the AWA before, and we know just how talented he is. We've also seen Gabriel Whitecross, though he's never actually competed until now. Whitecross is a long-time veteran of the sport, a champion all over the world, and possesses one of the most feared styles and repertoires in the sport.

BW: That's true. Whitecross can do almost literally ANYTHING. Fight, wrestle, throw you around, fly... he's a jack of all trades and, uh, a master of all of them too. But his weakness is his body, Gordo. He CAN do everything, but his body has been through so many wars that it'll betray him. Everything's been injured; you don't gotta look hard for a weak point. And he's no spring chicken; the guy's north of forty. Plus, he's got a terminal disease.

GM: He... wait, WHAT?

BW: Baby-kissin'-itis! He used to be a vicious killer, an' that side of him is still there. He was unbeatable! But for years now, he got some strange idea in his head that he has to show honor an' fair play an' all that dumb stuff. That's his other weakness.

GM: You shouldn't be so blithe saying things like that! Pure X is still young, and he recently took up mixed martial arts in an effort to diversify his attack. We'll definitely see what he has learned today, because he will need it all!

[The beginning electro-static opening notes of Stabbing Westward's "The Thing I Hate" play over the PA, and the fans stand up for the next match. They cheer... though the man who is approaching the ring isn't technically what you'd call a 'babyface', he is an excellent wrestler who has been missed.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall and no time limit! It is a first round match in the AWA World Championship Tournament!

Introducing first... from Los Angeles, California... weighing in at two hundred twenty-seven pounds...

...PUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRREEEEEEEE X!

[Pure X steps through the curtain without delay, a look of all business on his face as he steps onto the aisle. X has on slightly different gear than his normal attire as he wears dark green wrestling tights with two sabres on each leg in the X pattern, a dark green tee with a white X on the front, and black boots. His total frame seems a little bulkier, more muscular than last seen in AWA years ago, as well. A long-haired young man with brown hair and eyes, Pure X's gaze is focused on the ring. The walk is long on this baseball field, and he is beelining with no delay.]

GM: It's been two years since we last saw Pure X in an AWA ring and since then, he's gone on to be a World Champion elsewhere and even dabbled in some caged fighting.

BW: THIS is the World Title now, Gordo.

GM: Without a doubt. But Pure X DID win a recognized World Title. We feel that our World Title will be the most prestigious in the sport, but the fact is, the man has achieved at the highest level and won top-flight championships.

BW: Okay, I'll buy that. But he ain't done it consistently yet, daddy. At one time, Pure X was considered one of the top young talents in the ring. Now that he's in his prime, he should be at the top of the ranks. But he's so preoccupied fighting the shadows of his name that he hasn't done anything for the past year.

[As Pure X steps up to the ring, he pauses for a moment to take in the sight of the ring and the fans. The fans cheer him, happy to see such a talent return to the ring. With a nod, X ducks through the ropes and makes his way to ref to talk over the match.]

GM: X making contact with Marty Meekly. He is all business, and will want to know exactly how lenient or stringent the official will be.

BW: We ain't gonna call him X all day, are we?

GM: Do you prefer Pure?

BW: I dunno what "Pure X" even means, so I'm gonna call him Pyerks.

GM: WHAT?

BW: P-U-R-E-X... Pyerks!

GM: Oh, BRO-ther.

BW: He should wrestle Chris Shwanay. Phil Watson would cry.

PW: And his opponent...

["The Thing I Hate" fades out as the venomous wash of guitar feedback that opens "Something Wicked" by Nuclear Assault fades in. The fans cheer loudly as the recognizable theme heralds a very familiar and popular superstar in the sport.

Upon the instance when the bass, guitar and drums lock together and work as one, the red, white, and blue material of the connecting curtain is thrust aside, revealing a muscular male figure standing perfectly upright with his hands resting comfortably upon his hips.

In exact unison with this happening, the scoreboard videowall comes alive to depict one simple word that is projected against a pitch black backdrop in a 3-D icy-white shade... That word is:

DEFIANCE

With the crowd now on their collective feet and cheering at the top of their voices, the man pauses in his motionless stance for a few seconds more, before stepping forward into the long aisleway at Steinbrenner Field with a sense of purpose that is obvious to all... This fighter can only be one man... He is ... Gabriel Whitecross.

As is the norm, the heavily tattooed and goateed warrior is stripped to the waist, while black denim jeans and short white boots adorn his lower extremities. A metallic, white legbrace hugs the lines of his right knee and his fingers are heavily swathed in cream coloured insulation tape. Thick black leather supports also encircle his wrists to the point just below his elbow.

Not even allowing himself even the remotest semblance of a smile at the favourable reception afforded to him, Gabriel pulls back his long, grey shoulder length locks and efficiently ties it into a tight ponytail, as he rapidly covers the long distance to the ring.]

PW: From Oxfordshire, England... weighing in at two hundred sixty-seven pounds...

..."THE ERA OF DEFIANCE"...

...GAAAABRIEL WHIIIIITECROOOOOSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

GM: Gabriel Whitecross is here, and he is in magnificent condition, Bucky.

BW: He's still active, and has been for years... he didn't come outta retirement like some of these guys did. But he wrestles a light schedule up in Canada (_everybody_ wrestles a light schedule in Canada!), so he's

reasonably fresh. It'll give him a bit of a conditioning edge against the AWA guys who wrestle a real tough schedule against top talent.

GM: But not against Pure X, whose biggest problem will be ring rust rather than conditioning.

[Without hesitation, Gabriel slides expertly under the bottom rope and stalks his way to the very centre of the canvas, where he raises a solitary fist to the skies to officially announce his arrival and to show acceptance and appreciation of the fans' support. Pure X patiently waits in the corner for the scene to conclude.]

GM: Whitecross, as always, taking a moment to soak in the energy of the crowd, before turning his focus to his opponent.

BW: But Pyerks' focus is already there, daddy! Look!

[The moment that "Something Wicked" dies down, Pure X moves in, circling Whitecross in a way that closes the distance between the two swiftly. But he's not attempting to sneak up on anyone... he ensures that Whitecross sees him by giving a small 'come on' gesture as he crosses in front of him. Whitecross nods once, and his gaze is locked solely on his opponent. The two men lock up as Meekly calls for the opening bell.]

[*DING*DING*]

GM: Collar and elbow tieup. Hipock takedown by... no, Whitecross tried the takedown but Pure X landing on his feet and applying the side headlock. Whitecross pushes him off to the ropes, drop down in front, Pure X over and rebounding off the far ropes... clothesline, NO, crucifix, no, DDT, no, belly-to-belly suplex by Whitecross!

[Let's describe that in more detail than Gordon had time to: Whitecross tried to clothesline an incoming Pure X, who ducked and went up for a crucifix takeover... momentarily, before swinging his feet around in front to go for a DDT instead. However, his crucifix feint didn't serve to disorient Whitecross, whose experience served him well. Locking his hands around Pure X, Whitecross executed a Release Northern Lights Suplex, which Gordon described as a belly-to belly. Pure X rolls out of the ring immediately, holding his back.]

BW: Pyerks tried to trick Whitecross by goin' for that crucifix, and switchin' his move suddenly. But Gabe's too experienced for that.

GM: Very astute veteran move by Pure X to exit the ring immediately. The biggest danger against Gabriel Whitecross is letting him get momentum. One series of moves from Whitecross will usually escalate into a match-ending scenario if left unchecked. X is young, but has logged significant ring time.

BW: Plus he was tutored by Mark Langseth.

[Pure X shoots Bucky a nasty look, as he was within earshot when the former Announcer Of The Year made that remark. The Pittsburgh native ascends the ringsteps and reenters the ring in a huff.]

GM: Pure X heard you, Bucky. He is his own man, and hates to be reminded of the shadow looming over him.

BW: That shadow looms over this whole tournament, Gordo. He'll have to get used to it.

GM: Unless Dave Cooper or Sultan Azam Sharif win the tournament, we likely will never have to see that shadow again. Lockup again. Pure X transitions the collar-and-elbow into an armlock. Whitecross giving ground... and a side biel throw of some kind tosses Pure X right off of him! There is a large power discrepancy here, though maybe not as much as I think, seeing that Pure X has added some muscle mass during his absence.

BW: He hasn't been wrestling, but he's been on the roid-I-mean-road, daddy.

GM: I doubt your allegations, Bucky. His name reveals his commitment to 'purity'. Another lockup, and a good drop toehold by Pure X. And he is keeping that toehold applied. Many wrestlers use the drop toehold as a takedown, but not as a hold, as X is using it here.

BW: Pyerks is a student of the sport, Gordo. He knows a whole lot more tricks than most guys. Even though he's got one style, technical wrestling, you can't really do too much scout work on him. He don't leave footprints.

GM: Er, what? Why doesn't he leave footprints?

BW: That's an expression, daddy. He don't use patterns. That means there's only so much help scouting can give you. Whitecross is even worse about that, because his style is literally "I do everything".

GM: Whitecross crossing his legs, using his free leg to push back in the toehold. Pure X trying to fend that off, but Whitecross has it, and escapes the hold. Both men up quickly... Pure X up more quickly, and a palm strike to the chest! That opens him up to go behind and get a half-nelson, takes him down with it... into a kind of a seated abdominal stretch! Pure X shifting gears and looking to cinch Whitecross in a different hold!

BW: He knows all of the holds, daddy. Whitecross can't match him in technical wrestling. Maybe nobody can.

GM: There are only a few who I believe could make that claim. Whitecross is good enough, however, to make life difficult for Pure X. He has gotten to his knees, and now to the ropes. Pure X breaks immediately. Whitecross knew how to maneuver himself out of that predicament. The two men wasting no time locking up again.

BW: Hard elbow shot by Gabriel Whitecross. The old man knows how to lay one in on ya.

GM: That sets up a side headlock takedown, and Whitecross maintaining control. Side headlock on the mat, and Pure X immediately rolling him back onto his shoulders! Meekly there for the count, but Whitecross uses his weight to upend that pinning predicament before Meekly can raise his hand for the two.

BW: This is a real simple hold, but a strength and weight advantage makes it a lot more punishin' than it looks.

GM: That is true. Whitecross' weight and power being employed to basically compress the skull of Pure X. X pushing up, and he is trying to power to his feet. It looks like his recent strength training is paying off, because he is able to do just that!

BW: And he got out the back door with a hammerlock. Swung him around into a front facelock. It's real easy for Pyerks to switch from hold to hold so he can get to the position he wants.

GM: I believe he just makes it LOOK easy with his fine technique. And please stop calling him "Pyerks". Pure X is two words.

BW: I'm makin' improvements, Gordo. I'm a future ten time Announcer Of The Year, not to mention a future Senator. I can make these decisions.

GM: The only 'future' appellation that is of consequence is who will be the future AWA World Champion. Pure X going from the front facelock... scissoring Whitecross! He's trying to apply a choke out of this, but Whitecross...

[W H A M !]

GM: ...SPINEBUSTERS HIM! PURE X LEFT HIS FEET TO TRY AND DRAG WHITECROSS DOWN, AND HE PAID FOR IT! The veteran was expecting it, and he crushed him with his power! The fans cheering that big move!

BW: But Pyerks rolled right out of the ring again! Smart move!

GM: The back of Pure X's head bounced off the canvas on the spinebuster, so clearing his cobwebs is very wise indeed. Though it looks like the patience of the technician may be ablating. He's muttering angrily to himself after that exchange.

BW: Well, sure. It is kinda frustrating when your opponent is so experienced that he knows an answer for all your moves. That's what's happenin'. Pyerks is tryin' to wrestle aggressively, but Whitecross gets out of everything. You can't really scout Pyerks' repetoire, but ya don't HAVE to if you've seen everything.

GM: Pure X milking the ten count, stalking around the ring. He is noted for a poor temper, Bucky, which is quite detrimental to a style that requires patience. X going up the ring steps, and back in at nine.

BW: What he needs ta do is use that temper, an' learn how ta knock somebody's block off. Diversify. Use the ring bell. That always works.

GM: Bucky! *sigh* Another lockup, and X shoots in for the single-leg takedown... gets it! Whitecross tried to block, but Pure X was too quick. Kneebar by Pure X, and this will not be easy to escape!

BW: No, it won't. Whitecross tryin' ta get that left leg in to push Pyerks' body away, but there's no openin'. He's gonna hafta use the ropes, Gordo.

GM: The ropes are several feet away. Gabriel Whitecross dragging himself towards them... reaching... reaching... the crowd is making good noise, urging him on... and he has the ropes! Pure X releasing the hold, but not the leg!

[Extricating his own legs from the kneebar he had on Gabriel Whitecross, Pure X stands. He still has a firm grasp on his more experienced counterpart's leg, and he drags him away from the ropes, planting a couple of kicks into the hamstring. He then twists the right leg, and snaps into a spinning toehold! The fans are urging Whitecross to escape.]

BW: Pyerks ain't gonna give ya an opening from one hold to the next. Ya gotta make it.

GM: Shades of Mister Oliver Strickland with this hold, and it appears that Pure X has opted to target the legs of Whitecross. That may be wise... it is well-known that Whitecross suffered a devastating knee injury years ago in a World Title Match in Los Angeles against Curtis Hansen. He still wears a brace on that right leg to this day!

BW: You mention that World Title in LA, Gordo... it's probably worth mentioning that Whitecross won that title in - gasp - a World Title Tournament! Sure, it ain't nothin' like we're doin' here. But- Oh! Pyerks made a mistake, daddy!

[Pure X leaned down to mouth at Whitecross, and found himself swiftly rolled back into an inside cradle! Pure X instinctively rolls his shoulders off the mat, but Whitecross has escaped his hold... the veteran takes to his feet as Steinbrenner Field gives a cheer for the escape.]

GM: Pure X up and shooting at the legs of Whitecross, but this time Gabriel hammers down at his head and shoulders with a fast double-axehandle! He drove his weight down into the blow, and flattened Pure X to the mat! Pure anticipation by the veteran!

BW: He knocked the wind out of him... Pyerks was NOT expecting that. He figured he was too fast for the old man.

GM: Whitecross lifts Pure X, and a hard body slam plants him to the mat. A jumping elbowdrop follows right away, and a hook of the leg! That pin attempt will only get one.

BW: No way you're ever gonna pin Pyerks with that.

GM: Both men rise, but Whitecross is the aggressor with some hard strikes utilizing the front of his elbow! Perfectly legal blows, and a roundhouse kick to the stomach of Pure X doubles him over!

BW: Uh, oh... he's got the arms hooked!

GM: A crisp butterfly suplex, into a cover! One, two, but no more than two as Pure X kicks out! Up again, and Whitecross dragging Pure X up by the wrist... **HARD SHORTARM CLOTHESLINE!**

BW: Darn near took his head off, and he never let go of the wrist! He's gonna drag Pyerks back up an' do it again!

GM: A second shortarm clothesline by Whitecross! Now pulling up Pure X one more time... **AND THE THIRD ONE FLIPS HIM STRAIGHT OVER!**

[The crowd cheers the devastating blow loudly, as the third shortarm clothesline makes Pure X do a 360. Whitecross runs to the ropes with the followthrough, and plants both feet into his brown-haired foe's face with the baseball slide dropkick! Swinging his body around on the mat, Whitecross again hooks a leg, and Marty Meekly drops down for what is only just a two-count.]

BW: And now I see Whitecross' game. He's gonna keep goin' for pins whenever he can, even when he knows he won't get him. He's got forty pounds on Pyerks. That's gonna pressure him an' wear him out.

GM: Wise tactics by Gabriel Whitecross, who applies a standing surfboard to Pure X. The arms are outstretched, and Whitecross with the foot in the upper back to stretch him out and deny him wind.

BW: Biggest thing with this hold? Pure X is gonna hafta counter it with strength or slippin' out like a greased rat. Ya can't really reverse this into another hold.

GM: No doubt, that is why Whitecross selected it... **GOODNESS!**

[Pure X pushes backwards with his legs... driving his body into Whitecross' right leg, which is planted in his back. Gabriel can't keep his right leg straightened, and this gives Pure X the room, slack, and leverage he needs to yank Whitecross forward with his arms! Whitecross flips over the top of Pure X, who bodyscissors him and twists one of his arms into an armbar. Supporting Whitecross though they are, that counter still gets a reaction from the crowd.]

BW: ...uhhhhh, okay, even ten-time Announcers Of The Year can be wrong! How the heck did he DO that?!

GM: Pure X is incredible! He countered the surfboard into an armbar bodyscissor combination, and now using the bodyscissors to move himself down Whitecross' body... releasing the arm and going for the leg! Yes, he has now transitioned into some sort of tendon hold, it looks like.

[Turning his body over to flip Whitecross over, Pure X wrenches back on the right leg, in a cross between a half crab and bodyscissors.]

BW: I ain't seen this hold too often, daddy. He knows 'em all.

GM: Simply put, Whitecross cannot match hold-for-hold against Pure X. Gabriel prefers technical matches, but his diversification means he can't possibly go head-on against a single-style specialist.

BW: In other words, he needs ta let loose. That guy has years an' years of hate an' rage in there. He's one of the scariest men in the world when he lets go of his composure... I really think he could kill somebody, Gordo. Literally. But he bottles it all up, an' has for years. Well, all that "honor" an' "dignity" is just gonna get him beat if he tries to outwrestle Pyerks.

GM: Whitecross pushing up, and getting himself turned back over onto his back. That will alleviate the pressure of the hold, and Pure X releasing the scissorshold and rolling to his feet. But he has not released the leg!

[Stepping on Whitecross' left ankle, and taking a moment to secure it snugly underfoot, Pure X gets a wide base and splits out Gabriel's legs, wrenching on his right ankle as he does.]

BW: OW. Forcin' a man to do a split just ain't right, daddy.

GM: Another uncommon hold in this day and age, the split hamstring pull. This can induce tendon damage.

BW: The big advantage of Pyerks' style here is that he can really hit Whitecross' weaknesses an' still deflect his strengths. He can do lots of damage to those always-injured body parts, like his right knee. And he can kill Whitecross' momentum with his holds when the old man gets on a roll.

GM: A tough matchup for both men. Whitecross is pulling himself backwards on the mat, away from Pure X, to reduce the tension and to try to get his left leg free. And he does so... his size advantage made that hold difficult to sustain. But Pure X twisting into another spinning toehold... no! **FIGURE FOUR LEGLOCK!**

BW: Uh oh!

[The famous figure-four gets a rise out of the fans. Whitecross' face betrays great pain, as he drags himself to the ropes frantically.]

GM: AND WHITECROSS CANNOT STAY IN THIS HOLD FOR LONG! This will do serious damage to the knee!

BW: It could snap his leg like a matchstick, daddy!

GM: Whitecross reaches the ropes, and Pure X breaks, but was the damage done?

BW: It woulda been, had he milked the five-count like he should have! Come on, Pyerks, I know Langseth taught you better than that!

GM: A very clean match by Pure X, despite his temper and churlish attitude, he's not a malevolent person or a cheater.

BW: If he wants to be a winner, he better learn!

GM: Whitecross to his feet, and Pure X grabbing his arm... Irish-Whip to the corner! Whitecross hard in!

BW: Well, I thought he'd take him to the center for another hold. He must have some other idea now.

GM: Pure X walks in after him, shoulder thrust to the ribs, and Irish-Whips him to the opposite corner. Following after, and kicking his right knee this time. Pulling him from the corner, and Irish-Whipping him to the ropes this time! I believe his idea is making Gabriel run on that leg, Bucky.

BW: That's gotta be it. He dropped down in front, and Whitecross almost didn't make the jump... he'd have taken a real embarrassin' and painful fall if he hadn't.

GM: Pure X running in... DROPKICK TO THE KNEE! Whitecross down... no, wait, he's not!

[The dropkick was precise, and Whitecross falls forward. However, he pushes up immediately, getting his good left leg under him, to return to his feet before Pure X can follow up with a hold!]

BW: That ain't gonna stop Pyerks...

[Pure X runs at Whitecross, twists in front of him, and tries a rolling ankle pick takedown. This works, as he bars his left calf behind Whitecross' right knee, and rolls forward to trip Gabriel down and roll into an anklelock submission. Which is no ordinary anklelock submission...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR __THE X__!

[But Whitecross doesn't fall flat. Instead he does a forward roll, so that when Pure X comes up with his ankle, Gabe isn't on his face... he's on his shoulders in mid-roll! Thus, he can easily grab Pure X's ankle and roll forward in a mockery of X's own rolling ankle pick, to come up with HIS

anklelock submission... an even more famous version! The crowd goes wild at the well-known submission finisher!]

GM: BUT WHITECROSS COUNTERED INTO THE __FAMILY NAME__! AND THIS MIGHT BE THE MOST DEVASTATING HOLD OF ALL!

BW: They got the same anklelock, Gordo, but Whitecross was the original master of it! He taught it to Langseth, Langseth taught it to X!

[The look of agony on Pure X's face says it all... he was taken off-guard, and now is in immense pain as Whitecross has firmly anchored himself on a knee behind the technical wizard.]

GM: The grandfather of The X is applied, and now Pure X has the crushing pain of the Family Name weighing on him... in more sense than one, ironically!

BW: Yeah, but remember, Gordo... Whitecross ain't touched Pyerks' leg all match! You ain't gonna make a guy submit unless you wear down a body part!

GM: True, but this is a very efficient way to do just that... Pure X pulls himself to the ropes! Whitecross breaks... and notice, Pure X did not reverse or counter!

BW: True. Maybe the old man has the best anklelock after all!

GM: Now Pure X is moving gingerly, and Whitecross rocks him with a hard knife-edge chop! X falls into the ropes, bounces out... and is blasted with a lunging European Uppercut! That drops Pure X like a stone! And X rolls out of the ring... there's something different about him, Bucky.

BW: I think he's spooked. Whitecross set him up with that counter, and he couldn't escape or counter the Family Name. He's NEVER come across a hold he can't escape or reverse. And it is his own hold! From the master of his master! I think it might have just set in for the first time who he's in there with.

GM: Indeed, Whitecross is a legend. Pure X did well to get out of the ring before Gabriel could string together a counter-offensive, but he's back in now. Hobbled a bit on his own left leg after the Family Name... Pure X and Whitecross meet and lock up. Pure X shoots low again, Whitecross blocks, front facelock by Whitecross, single leg takedown by Pure X, Whitecross rolls backwards and kicks off of Pure X's FACE to do so!

BW: Ha! That took X by surprise!

GM: Whitecross up, and levels X with a leaping clothesline! You can see the pain that Gabriel fought through to get the takeoff there, but he blasted Pure X with it! Going for the cover, hooks the leg, two count only!

BW: Stickin' with a game plan no matter what happens is a pro move.

GM: Whitecross up first, behind Pure X. He's grabbed him by the seat of the pants and the back of the shoulder... AND AN INVERTED BODY SLAM PLANTS PURE X RIGHT ON HIS FACE!

BW: WOW. You could almost hear a 'splat' when that happened.

GM: Pure X is stunned, holding his ribs, and that had to knock all of his air out! Gabriel Whitecross grasps the left leg of Pure X... and now he's going to work on the ankle! Kneedrop rides the ankle into the canvas... using his own left knee to not exacerbate the damage to his right. And then he hooks the left ankle under his arm, and tumbles over Pure X's head, trying to snap that ankle and tear that hamstring!

BW: See, now I get it. If Whitecross tried to work on the leg from the start, Pyerks woulda owned him. That's his game. Whitecross had to beat him up and wear him down and maybe get in his head a bit first. THEN he would have openings to work the leg.

GM: That is true, and Pure X is quickly up to his feet, switching the left foot behind to keep it from Gabriel. But a spinning back kick to the stomach meets the Pure one... doubling him up for a double underhook. Another suplex?

[* B L A M ! *]

BW: DOUBLE UNDERHOOK POWERBOMB, GORDO! HE WIPED HIM OUT!

GM: SHADES OF TODD MICHAELSON'S BILLION DOLLAR BOMB AND THE CROWD ON THEIR FEET AFTER THAT! PURE X MAY BE MOMENTS AWAY FROM DEFEAT!

BW: If he could follow up! But that spinnin' back kick ain't a smart move to do when your knee's been a target! He hurt himself! He gritted it up and bore the pain for the powerbomb, but ya just can't ignore that forever. Whitecross is tryin' ta rely on his pain tolerance rather than adjustin' his moves for the hurt knee!

GM: Gabriel tightens that knee brace back up, and returns to his task. WHITECROSS GRABS THE ANKLE, AND HE'S GOING FOR THE _FAMILY NAME_ AGAIN...

[Pure X's instincts take over, and he kicks frantically with his right foot, pushing Whitecross off of him. He scrambles to the ropes and pulls himself up the best he can, but he's clearly heavily impaired from the double underhook powerbomb, and is moving very sluggishly. Whitecross picks his spot, and drives his shoulder down into the knee and side of the left leg of Pure X, sending the smaller man crumpling to the canvas.]

GM: X able to counter, possibly thanks to Whitecross' own leg issues. Both men clearly have an injured leg, and I swear I saw actual panic when Pure X realized what Whitecross was going for.

BW: No doubt! But he's gotta move forward! The best way out of a hold is to not get in a hold, usually by just beatin' the other guy!

GM: Gabriel Whitecross tangling Pure X's left leg in the ropes! He has his knee up over the middle rope and his instep tucked in the bottom rope! Marty Meekly applies a count, and Gabriel steps off the bottom rope with his left leg... and drives his weight down into the side of Pure X's knee with a hard elbow drop!

BW: Now maybe we'll see that killer instinct... no, he's lettin' Pyerks out! He shoulda just kept him stuck in there until he got himself out!

GM: That would have been illegal.

BW: But smart, daddy. I'd rather do smart than do legal. Winners always do.

GM: Whitecross pulls Pure X back up, and...

[* W H A C K ! *]

GM: ...AND PURE X KICKS HIM SENSELESS WITH A BACK BRAIN KICK!

BW: Enzuigiri, daddy! That's an equalizer!

GM: That could be the match if Pure X covers him, but he had to plant with his left leg, and like Whitecross before him, he cannot immediately follow up!

BW: Pyerks gettin' up first, though. That's important!

GM: Whitecross storms up, and throws a kick... poor idea! It was blocked by Pure X, who caught his leg!

BW: His right leg! See, even legends make mistakes!

GM: Pure X shoots in... SUPLEX...

[The Pittsburgher has Whitecross' right leg hooked over his left arm, and shoots in to tuck Whitecross' head in with his left arm, as if for a Capture Suplex. He lifts, but as soon as he gets Gabe up off the mat, he suddenly brings his left arm down off the neck, turning in towards the right leg, and SLAMMING Gabriel down onto his right leg with his weight behind it! The fans react loudly to the unusual move.]

GM: ...WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?!

BW: A BROKE LEG, DADDY! HE SPIKED WHITECROSS RIGHT ON THAT LEG!

GM: The impact was on the hip and the knee, and Pure X was pulling up on the calf to try and bend that knee sideways! A clever and brutal move, and

Whitecross in agony! Legscissors submission by Pure X now! The technician back in command of the match.

BW: I dunno, Gordo. This hold uses Pyerks' own leg as a bar ta hyperextend Gabe's knee. But if his leg's hurt... yeah, take a look!

GM: With the crowd behind him, Whitecross using his superior power to wrench Pure X's left leg out of the hold! He's got himself free...

[With both men on their backs, and with Whitecross having Pure X's left leg in his hands... the veteran makes a very sharp twist onto his back. Pure X follows to keep his leg from being twisted off, and Gabe quickly shifts into position for the anklelock, trapping Pure X in it again to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: ...__FAMILY NAME__! HE'S GOT IT AGAIN!

BW: GET OUT OR TAP, PYERKS!

[Pure X immediately tries the former. He tries to use his right leg to kick Whitecross off, but the veteran's positioning is perfect and he easily resists that. He tries to roll underneath, but Whitecross stops that with a quick backwards shift. He tries to straighten his ankle out using his right leg for leverage, but he cannot budge the powerful arms of Whitecross. So he frantically crawls and reaches for the ropes... and they are, fortunately, barely within reach.]

GM: PURE X COULD NOT COUNTER THE HOLD! HE HAD TO USE THE ROPES, AND WAS LUCKY HE COULD REACH THEM!

BW: He took way too long tryin' ta counter, Gordo! I think that hold might be in his head! His ankle's gotta be messed up for sure after that!

GM: Gabriel immediately relinquished the hold, and is moving in for the finish. Hard blows with the elbows and with the flat of the hand, perfectly legal strikes, and he has battered Pure X against the ropes! Now sending his hobbled adversary off the ropes... flings him up in the air... HE WENT FOR THE __DAMNATION__, BUT PURE X COUNTERED WITH A SWINGING ELBOW ACROSS HIS STERNUM!

[To wit: Whitecross threw an onrushing Pure X up into the air, flapjack-style. He then turned to catch him with an Ace Crusher as he fell: the Damnation. But Pure X had this finishing move scouted, and got himself turned around as Whitecross threw him up, so he'd come down with an elbow to interrupt the Ace Crusher attempt. The crowd applauds the counter, and both men are down.]

GM: Both Whitecross and Pure X are down and getting up slowly. But Pure X has gotten behind Whitecross! Full Nelson... GOING FOR THE __PURE IMPACT__!

[The Dragon Suplex finisher of Pure X is countered by Whitecross sticking his left leg in behind X's left leg, and executing a rolling ankle pick much like the one X did to him earlier! The fans are excited, on their feet as they know where this leads.]

GM: BUT WHITECROSS COUNTERS INTO THE __FAMILY NAME__ AGAIN!
AND NOW PURE X IS NOWHERE NEAR THE ROPES!

BW: It's over, daddy! He can't counter this hold! He already proved it!

[X struggles, and tries again to use his right leg to escape... but Whitecross again can easily fend that off. He tries to push himself up so that he can do a roll-under to reverse, but Whitecross slides him back. And so, he does the only thing he can... he raises his arm, and taps...

...no. He will not tap. Screaming in agony, Pure X tries one last counter... he pulls his right leg out to the side, trying to get his left knee on the mat. This increases the pain of the hold, but he does it, and in the instant he has before this snaps his ankle, he pushes up as hard as he can to get that right foot under him and get to his feet... er, foot! The crowd pops in amazement!]

GM: What in the world?!

[From there, he diverolls forward, and Whitecross cannot resist the momentum of that... it pulls him sharply forward and off of his knee, making it possible for Pure X to pick his ankle... and reverse the hold!]

BW: HE REVERSED IT! HE REVERSED IT! HE REVERSED IT INTO __THE X__!

GM: I'VE NEVER SEEN SOMEONE STAND THEMSELVES UP FROM AN ANKLELOCK... HE COULD HAVE SNAPPED HIS OWN ANKLE DOING THAT! BUT NOW HE HAS HIS HOLD! HIS ANKLELOCK! AND CAN THE GRANDFATHER OF THE ANKLELOCK ESCAPE IT?!

[Pure X's version is standing... he doesn't stay on his knees as Whitecross does. So Gabriel's first instinct is to re-counter it by going under as Pure X did. But X steps over his right leg, blocking that effort... Gabe is at an angle off the mat where it's not possible for him to tuck under. Whitecross tries to use his power to push off to the side, but X's base is unshakable.

And then Whitecross feels it. Something he has felt before. The warning sign that his leg is about to break. He ignored it once, and almost lost his career.

This time, he is older and wiser... he taps out.]

BW: WHITECROSS TAPS! WHITECROSS TAPS! PURE X WINS!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The response is loud and mixed; the fan favorite lost, but cleanly. Pure X immediately releases the hold and falls to clutch his own left leg; Whitecross' efforts to push to the side were only resisted by ignoring his own pain. Both men are down and hurting, but the fans give them a loud ovation.]

GM: In what you'd have to call a technical classic, Pure X has defeated Gabriel Whitecross! He has beaten the master of his master, and what a victory that is! Pure X advances to the second round of the tournament, but it pushed him to the brink to do it!

BW: Because Whitecross played his game! Why on Earth would a guy who can wrestle any style want to technically wrestle Pure X? He should have torn this place up beating on him, brawling, and flinging him like a ragdoll with power!

GM: Because this is what wrestling is all about, Bucky! There was no grudges, no hate... just two men competing for a prize. The purest essence of competition. And in the end, Gabriel Whitecross did the right thing. He wrestled the match the way it is supposed to be wrestled. There is no shame in that.

BW: There is too, Myers! Losing! What do you not understand about this?! Right and wrong in sports goes like this: winnin' is right and losin' is wrong! Whitecross shoulda let that dark side out and did everything to cripple his opponent so he could win. Instead, he's goin' back to England with a small paycheck and nothin' else.

GM: He'll have his honor.

BW: Honor don't pay the bills.

[Both men rise, moving slowly and limping. Phil Watson is between them, giving the official word:]

PW: The winner of this match... by submission...

... PUUUUUURRRRRRRREEEEEEEE X!

[The fans give a round of respect cheering for the enigmatic X. Whitecross approaches X with a very serious look on his face... that piercing, unsettling glare of his. Pure X stiffens up and gets ready for round two. But what is extended is a hand, and over Watson's live mic, we hear the distinctively dignified voice of Gabriel Whitecross speak to X.]

GW: I acknowledge. You are nothing less than a true master of our art. Never compromise your ideals about your craft, my young friend.

[And at those words, the normally abrasive X goes wide-eyed in surprise. He stares a moment... and then accepts the proffered hand gratefully, shaking it. His answer is respectful in tone and content.]

PX: Thank you. Thank you.

["The Thing I Hate" starts up, and we can't hear the rest of what Pure X says, but Whitecross smiles and bows his head towards the young man who had just defeated him, before exiting the ring. Pure X looks around to the crowd, who is cheering the display of sportsmanship, and offers a rare smile of his own before accepting the referee's raising of his hand for the win.]

GM: Finally... sportsmanship.

BW: ...

GM: Bucky?

BW: I need a bucket! I'm gonna lose my lunch! I'm gonna lose my breakfast, brunch, an' post-lunch-pre-dinner-snack-meal!

GM: A bit of sanity returns to the sport right there, and it is a moment that Pure X will never forget. However, it is a moment he will need to put behind him, because he will have another tough challenge in the second round, no matter who his opponent may be.

BW: Yeah, maybe he can stop worryin' about validation an' start worryin' about money an' titles like he should be. I guarantee his uncle just disowned him five times over.

GM: Another highlight of Pure X's day, if so. Fans, let's go to Mark Stegglet in the Control Center!

[We crossfade to the left-center field area where a grinning Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon, and as a long-time fan of Gabriel Whitecross, it was a great thrill and privilege to be able to see him compete inside an AWA ring as part of this tournament. What a match we just saw, fans, and as we add Pure X's name to the big board, he can truly feel he has EARNED his spot in the second round! But we still have a handful of people trying to battle their way out of the first round including my guest at this time... Ryan Martinez!

[The crowd cheers for the son of the legendary Hall of Famer as he steps into view. The younger Martinez has short brown hair, and an intensity in his eyes that belies his youth. Dressed in a simple blue shirt and a pair of wrestling trunks, its clear that Ryan is fired up for his first round match.]

MS: Moments from now, we'll see a collision of the old and the new. As you, Ryan Martinez, take on the legendary Gunnar Gaines. What's on your mind, Mr. Martinez?

RM: Mark, first off, let me say, I'm honored to be here. Honored that I finally get to wrestle in an AWA ring. That said, you could probably guess what's on my mind.

MS: Well, there is your recent match against our former National Champion. The very match that earned you a spot in the tournament. And then there is the matter of William Cra-

[Ryan's eyes flash angrily, and he shakes his head, warning Stegglet away from this topic.]

RM: You're wrong. Neither of those things are on my mind. What happened between Lan- your former champ and I? It already happened. The world saw it. And as for the other thing? Believe me when I say this, Mark.

Everything in its proper time and place.

Tonight? And until the end of this tournament, there are only two things on my mind. That World Title belt. And everyone I have to beat to get that belt. Tonight, that's Gunnar Gaines. So tonight, he's the only thing I'm thinking about.

MS: But what about?

RM: No Mark, there is no "what about." There's only Gunnar Gaines. I've never won a title belt before. Never held a single one. So for first title belt to be, not just a World Title, but the first ever World Title in the AWA?

There's no room in my mind for "what about" Mark. Not with that at stake.

So tonight, it's me and Gunnar Gaines. Youth against experience. And when it's all over? I'll be in round two.

You can count on it.

MS: And there you have it. Ryan Martinez fired up and ready to go for his first round matchup here tonight. But what about his opponent? Let's go backstage to Jason Dane and find out!

[Cut to a locker room backstage, where Jason Dane is holding a microphone.]

JD: Thanks, Mark! With me at this time is a man who DOES need an introduction -- depending on how long you've been watching our beloved sport. He's a member of the Professional Wrestling Hall of Fame, once voted number one in the world, and multiple time world champion. He is returning after six years out of action to compete in the first round of the AWA World Title Tournament, and tonight he'll be competing against young sensation Ryan Martinez. I'm talking about the man they call the "Grizzly," third-generation wrestler Gunnar Gaines.

[Gaines steps into the shot. He's attired in his standard gear — a sleeveless flannel shirt, thermal undershirt, denim cutoffs along with presumably black kneepads and boots, but those are not visible in the shot. Gaines bobs from foot to foot as if he's raring and ready for combat.]

JD: Gunnar, how do you feel to be minutes away from re-entering a wrestling ring, and what have you been doing to prepare?

GG: Well, Jason, butterflies ... It's not the manly thing to admit, but I've got butterflies as I stand here in this locker room and realize this is actually happening. I'm actually in a locker room, geared up and ready to go out there, and fight. And not just fight, but fight for a championship belt that no one has ever held before, yet it already is one of the richest prizes in our sport, and that's the AWA World Championship. At this stage of my career, I may not be a favorite, but I will give it my all and see if maybe I can't surprise a few people. As for getting ready, I've just been doing the things one does, and I think you know what those are.

JD: Fair enough. And are you anxious to hear the crowd response when you step through the curtain?

GG: Yes and no. Yes, because it's part of the experience, and it'll be interesting to hear what that response is — positive, negative, whatever. No, because five seconds after I start hearing that response, I'll tune it out, whatever it may be. When I go out to the ring, I go out there for business, and tonight my business is to give my opponent, Ryan Martinez, the best fight possible. I've been watching this kid and I certainly don't take him for granted, particularly given his lineage and family background. I know what it's all about to be raised in the wrestling environment, where wrestling is not just in your blood but practically in your genes. There's a special advantage there and Ryan Martinez has it, I'm sure. Plus, he's just a strong competitor, flat out — not that I can't teach him a thing or two.

JD: Speaking of wrestling and family background, who is this standing beside you?

[The shot pans back a touch to include the wide-eyed young man standing next to Gunnar Gaines. He looks to be tall — taller than Gunnar, by an inch or two, but not as built yet. Looking to be about 17, he has wavy blond hair with bangs, cut short in the back, and is wearing a gray hoodie and black track pants.]

GG: Well, Jason, this is my son, Justin. He wanted to be here for support.

[Gunnar nods at Justin, who then strips off the gray hoodie to reveal a T-shirt with a cartoon Gunnar face on it, an AWA logo, the year 2012, and the slogan, "STILL the Baddest Thang Running."]

JD: Obviously you're proud of your son. He's a championship high school wrestler, I understand, getting ready to go back for his junior year. Will he be at ringside tonight?

[Gunnar smiles huge, then reaches over with one arm and puts it around his son, giving him a little squeeze.]

GG: You're damn right, I'm very proud of my boy. And he really wants to be out there to cheer me on, or to deal with whatever unfairness may present

itself at ringside, which as you know has a tendency to happen in our wonderful sport. But no, we decided, and I think Justin agrees, he's not going to be out there. He's simply too young to be in an environment like that. That time may come, but not yet.

JD: Justin, DO you agree?

[Justin's big smile becomes about 30 watts brighter just at the realization that he's being asked a question by a professional wrestling interviewer for the first time ever. Although he's respectful, he's not shy and he doesn't stutter. In fact, he seems natural in front of a microphone.]

JG: Honestly, Mr. Dane, I want to be out there. You see, I don't know what my father's career holds. This might be my only opportunity to be out there and watch my Dad as he wrestles just a few feet away. Nothing could replace that experience for me. But if my Dad says I'm not ready to do this, then I need to listen to him. He knows what he's saying. He knows what he's DOING. He —

[Gunnar grabs the microphone that Jason Dane was holding in his son's face and pulls it towards himself.]

GG: You know what, Justin? You just told me what I needed to hear, and now I'm going to tell YOU something, son. Grab your manager's license ...

[Gunnar stops speaking to take in the look on his son's face, which is absolutely priceless.]

JG: My what?

GG: You heard me. Grab your manager's license, which is in an envelope taped to my locker, and meet me out there.

[Justin looks as if this is NOT what he was expecting to hear. The feeling of wanting to be there is replaced by a feeling of wondering exactly what it is he's supposed to do once he gets there. Gunnar watches a second or two as several waves of realization wash over his son, Justin.]

GG: Don't worry, you'll be fine. You handled yourself here, you'll handle yourself out there. Go on, get to Gorilla. I'll catch up.

[Gunnar gives his son a pat on the back and Justin departs the shot on Cloud Nine.]

JD: Gunnar, Justin mentioned this might be the only opportunity for him to stand at ringside and watch you wrestle, in person. Now that he's not here I feel more comfortable asking you — will it be?

[The Grizzly thinks about that for a second.]

GG: Well, Jason, it obviously won't be my last match if I win. As I've told people, I'm here to take it all the way. So, maybe we're about to find out.

[Gunnar departs the shot.]

JD: Gunnar Gaines, the man many thought would never enter a wrestling ring again, is about to do exactly that. And all of us are about to see what he has left in the tank, as he faces the young phenom, Ryan Martinez, in a matchup of multi-generational stars. Fans, we've got to take a quick break but we'll be right back with Gunnar Gaines versus Ryan Martinez LIVE at The First Tangle In Tampa - don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

AS: Hello! I'm Andrew Sterling.

DT: And I'm Dan Thomas.

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

DT: Rumble in Sin City.

AS: Loser Gives Up Scientology.

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

[Sterling points at the camera.]

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

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

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

DT: Or our delicious salads!

AS: Let's not forget our signature pancakes!

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

AS: WELL WE SHOULD!

DT: Right.

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

DT: Hongry?

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

DT: Ooookay.

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

[We fade out.

And as we fade back up, we land on the back where Jason Dane stands before the AWA banner. He adjusts his tie once before turning to the camera, microphone at the ready.]

JD: Welcome back, fans - Jason Dane here with a man who has already advanced to the second round in the AWA World Title Tournament; "The One Man Revolution" William Craven...

[Stepping in from stage left comes the bulky green form of Craven, dressed in his black sleeveless ring robe and wooden sword gripped in one red-wrapped hand.]

JD: Welcome, Mr. Craven.

WC: I accept your courtesy, Jason, and thank you.

[Craven's heavy oaken weapon raises to rest upon his shoulder as Dane flinches back.]

WC: Heh. Aheh, feeling jumpy, Dane?

JD: No, no of course not. It's great to have you here. You're one of only a few men to advance thusfar in the World Title tournament and you did so in dramatic fashion while dealing a blow against your rival Supernova and silencing many of your detractors.

WC: Detractors? What's this then? Heh, I've not been privy to their criticisms.

[Dane's eyebrows raise in surprise.]

JD: Well ... you haven't heard what people say? This is, technically, your first actual pinfall win in the AWA. Your critics have said that you're incapable of finishing a match ... only brutalizing your opponents. In fact there are still some who say that you weren't trying to pin Supernova, only hurt him.

WC: And what do you think, Dane?

JD: What do ... well, I've looked at the tape a few times and it does look like a pin attempt to me.

WC: No, Dane ... they're right...

JD: They ... are?

WC: Heh, I ... I fought to focus, to remember that my revolution is not yet complete, that my baser urges are yet prohibited by the AWA's cursed _rules_. I found the corner, fought down the demons, and rejoined the battle. I was too conscious of my actions early on, varying from my usual pattern of attack. When I found that grip, found the soft, pink tissues in the mouth of Supernova ... I was at once myself again. All I wanted was to probe around ... see what I could find...

...what I could ... rip. Out. Of him...

[Eyes shooting wide, Dane's jaw drops in shock. Craven sneers, showing his sharpened teeth.]

JD: That, that's horrible!

WC: Isn't it? Isn't it 'though... I had every intention of pulling him up, wrenching his limbs, crushing him to the mat and making him either cry for mercy or lay down to my supremacy but it ended too soon. THEN ... then he laid down and all I could think about was that I wasn't done. He had more to answer for having opposed my revolution and sought to exalt the ridiculous idea of "Old School" but then I remembered.

I remembered the look in his eyes, Dane...

JD: Look?

WC: It was after we were both stunned and recovering from our fall. He made his way inside and I used the ropes to rise. There was a moment of hesitation there ... then a look of hate that overtook his eyes. He was about to pull me into the ring, fingers outstretched, then, in a fit of anger he hurled me down to the floor.

He's changing, Dane...

JD: No.

WC: He is. This is a sign that the Revolution is taking root. Now, defeated, my words still ringing in his ears about his first failure to capture the title, he'll begin to doubt himself. In his doubt the seed of Extreme, of Hardcore ... will germinate; will grow. Perhaps he shall be the first to join the Revolution, yes?

[Craven chuckles as the two halves of his split tongue flopping about as he licks his jagged chops. Jason Dane looks increasingly worried.]

JD: So ... having eliminated one man from the tournament--

WC: Two.

JD: Two?

WC: Do not forget, Dane, that Alex Martinez is departed from the AWA before his return could even begin.

JD: As we heard earlier tonight, your next opponent - your second round opponent - is Andrew "Flash" Tucker. You know him, don't you?

WC: Do I? Oh ... I do, yes...

[Pondering, Craven raises his hand to his chin before peering into the camera.]

WC: What I know is that this time ... there will be no tag team partner, no tiny woman to hide behind, Tucker. And I ... I am a changed man from what you knew. Larger, stronger--

[Craven bares his teeth and waggles his split tongue once.]

WC: --more ... monstrous. Doubtless, Tucker, you remember me; the man. But you have never met the Revolution. In these 10 years gone by I do believe that, as it was for you then ... now... It. Gets. Worse...

[Stalking back the way he came, Craven disappears, leaving a very intense-looking Jason Dane in his wake.]

JD: A lot of people may not like him but when he speaks it's hard not to believe. That was William Craven, one of the odds-makers favorites in the AWA World Title Tournament. Now, let's go down to Phil Watson for our next first round matchup!

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

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

[The opening guitar of "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead blares over the loudspeakers.]

PW: Standing six foot five and weighing in at two hundred and fifty-five pounds... from Los Angeles, California...

RYYYYYYAAAAAAN MAAAAARRRTIIIIINEZZZZ!

[As the music continues, Ryan Martinez steps out into the aisle. Tall and muscular, the young Martinez runs a hand through his slicked back brown hair. He wears long wrestling tights, black with a red inseam, and a pair of black and red wrestling boots.]

GM: The son of a legend and a Hall of Famer is set to make his debut inside an AWA ring. Remember, he earned this spot in the tournament through a very tough battle he gave our former National Champion in another promotion. But the Championship Committee has done him no favors in the selection of his first round opponent, fans.

[His handsome face is set in determination as he makes his way through the crowd, too focused on the task at hand to be aware of the hands that reach out and slap him on the shoulders and back. Martinez walks up the steps towards the ring, wiping his boots on the apron before stepping inside. He moves quickly towards his corner, exhaling, body tensed, waiting for the bell.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The indelible opening riff of "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers rings throughout the arena. The slide guitar comes in, and out steps the man with the Grizzly Grin on his face. The crowd erupts!]

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

GUUUNNNNNNNAAAAARRR ... "THE GRIZZZZZZLY" ... GAAAAAAAINES!

[The Grizzly Grin disappears in an instant, replaced by a stone-faced, deadpan look. With determination, Gunnar makes his way to the ring clad in his trademark ring wear — black boots, cutoff jeans, thermal undershirt, open flannel shirt and black belt. His wild, long brown hair is tied back, but his beard is trimmed.]

GM: That's strange.

BW: What's that?

GM: Am I mistaken or didn't Gunnar just tell his son Justin that he could come out here and be his second at ringside?

BW: You're right, he did. Maybe second thoughts? Maybe Gaines realized that in his first match in a wrestling ring in a long, long time he should be focused on his opponent and not his snot-nosed kid.

GM: I'm sure Gunnar Gaines would strongly object to his son being referred to in that manner by you, Bucky.

BW: Oh, I'm shakin' in my snakeskin cowboy boots, Gordo.

[He rolls into the ring and stands in one smooth motion, raising his right hand to the sky and stepping forward with another huge Grizzly Grin on his face. He looks across the ring at young Ryan Martinez who tugs the ropes, staying loose for the battle to come.]

GM: This should be a VERY interesting match, fans - a battle of two generations as Gunnar Gaines, one of the biggest stars EVER in our sport tangles with Ryan Martinez, the son of arguably THE biggest star ever in our sport.

BW: Yeah, but daddy Alex ain't here to help him tonight, Gordo. If Ryan Martinez wants to move on to the second round of this World Title Tournament, he's gotta earn his keep against one of the best to ever lace 'em up. Gunnar Gaines may not be the Baddest Thang Runnin' no more but that don't mean he can't take the fight to a kid like Martinez.

GM: Referee Mickey Meekly has some final words for both men and... there's the bell! Here we go!

[The crowd cheers at the bell as Ryan Martinez walks swiftly from the corner to the middle where Gaines is still flashing that Grizzly Grin...

...and offers his hand to the legend.]

BW: Gaaaah! What in the world is with these people tonight?!

GM: A whole lot of good sportsmanship in there air here in Tampa tonight as the first round of the World Title Tournament continues.

BW: Makes me look forward to Cooper and Donovan comin' out here later 'cause you can bet neither of them are shaking hands, Gordo.

GM: Now that's a fact.

[Gaines gives a nod of respect, shaking Martinez' hand to the cheers of the crowd. They split apart, squaring off as they circle one another and the crowd claps in rhythm, pulling them together into a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Into the tieup to start the match... identical heights in this one but Martinez is giving up thirty pounds to the larger Gaines...

BW: Which'll be interesting because Martinez likes a high impact power game in what I've seen from him so far. I'm not sure he can powerhouse Gaines around the ring.

[Martinez seems to be finding that out right now as he attempts to shove Gaines back into a corner but the veteran digs in his heels...

...and SHOVES Martinez down to the mat to a cheer from the crowd!]

GM: And just like that, Ryan Martinez found out the hard way that he may need to take a different tactic against this veteran of the ring wars.

[Martinez quickly pops up to his feet, backing into the corner and sizing up Gaines who stays across the ring, not looking to pursue quite yet.]

GM: When you're talking about a guy like Gunnar Gaines who hasn't wrestled for many years, I'd say there's a lot of a feeling out process to go through on both sides of the ring, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. Martinez can watch all the tape he wants of Gaines but who knows how the old man has changed with time. And Gaines has got a lot of ring rust to work off here tonight so this should be real interesting early on to see if either of these guys can take a quick advantage.

[After a bit more circling, the two square off into a collar and elbow tieup again...

...which Gaines quickly turns into a hiptoss, bouncing Martinez off the canvas. He steps to the sides, flashing a grin as Martinez rolls to his knee, fists at the ready if Gaines comes for him but the veteran does not, simply backing off and giving Martinez room to get back to his feet.]

GM: In the early moments of this one, Gaines has managed to use some power to gain an edge as well as his vast experience. That tieup to the hiptoss was a thing of beauty, Bucky.

BW: Martinez is still, in many ways, a rookie. He's gonna make a lot of mistakes. He's gonna come too hard when he should back off and let things come to him.

[The young man climbs to his feet, dusting himself off as he stalks towards Gaines, hooking the collar and elbow for the third time. Gaines sidesteps again, hooking an arm under the armpit of Martinez...

...but Martinez pulls off a standing switch, using his own strength to power Gaines over in a hiptoss!]

GM: Ryan Martinez returns the favor!

[And this time, when Gaines rises to a knee, Martinez moves in on him with a powerful double axehandle across the crown of the skull that knocks him down to his back on the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot across the forehead by Martinez!

[Martinez quickly moves to the ropes, ready to drop a leg...

...but Gaines rolls right under the ropes to the floor, looking up and shaking his head at Martinez who stops in his tracks, hands on hips as Gaines waggles a finger at him Dikembe Mutombo style.]

GM: Gaines isn't having any of that. He saw the legdrop coming and he got the heck out of there in a hurry...

[Martinez nods at Gaines, taking a seat on the middle rope and inviting the veteran back into the ring. Gaines warily pulls himself up on the apron, staring at Martinez, trying to size up how much he can trust the youngster...

...and rolls the dice, stepping through the ropes safely as Martinez lets him through. The young man rises to his feet, applauding Gaines as the veteran nods in respect.]

GM: A mutual show of respect there from both of these men.

BW: Continuing to make me lose my lunch.

[After a few moments of circling, Martinez lunges in for another tieup. He uses his momentum to shove Gaines all the way back into the buckles where Mickey Meekly steps in, calling for a break.]

GM: The ref's count is up to three... four...

[Martinez steps back, breaking cleanly...

...and Gaines grabs him under the armpits, spinning his back into the corner.]

GM: Gaines turns it around!

[The burly brawler throws two stiff right jabs to the nose. A left hook follows, smacking the cheekbone of the younger competitor. An uppercut seals the deal, snapping Martinez' head back to the protests of the referee. Gaines shrugs his shoulders in Meekly's direction, grabbing Martinez by the arm...]

GM: Perhaps the feeling out period is over, fans!

[Gaines rockets Martinez across the ring, sending him crashing hard into the buckles where Gaines pursues with a charge...

...and gets a raised boot to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez caught him coming in!

[A slightly-irritated Martinez steps from the corner, swinging Gaines' back into the buckles as he winds up his right hand...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What a chop by Martinez!

[Gaines struggles to get out of the buckles but finds himself shoved back in as Martinez winds up a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Two knife-edge chops by Ryan Martinez!

[Gaines tries to get away again but Martinez grabs him by the head, cradling it with one arm as he pounds away with forearm shots to the skull with the free arm!]

GM: Big forearms in the corner! He's rocking the veteran!

[Martinez steps back at the referee's order, allowing Gaines to stumble out of the corner where the younger man scoops him up in his powerful arms, slamming him down to the canvas!]

GM: Scoop slam by Martinez!

[Balling up his fist, Martinez leaps into the air, dropping to his knees and burying the fist between the eyes!]

GM: The fistdrop finds the mark - quick cover by Martinez!

[The referee's count hits two before Gaines' shoulder flies up off the canvas.]

GM: Two count only.

BW: And Martinez would do well to ape Gabriel Whitecross' strategy from earlier tonight - try to wear Gaines down by making him kick out of cover after cover. Even if you think you've got no chance to get a pinfall, go for the cover anyways. Gaines can't have a ton in his gas tank, Gordo.

GM: I wouldn't think so, no. Martinez pulls the older man back to his feet - ohh!

[Gaines slaps the hand away from his shirt, throwing a left hand to the jaw that sends Martinez staggering backwards.]

GM: Gaines caught him with a left!

[Martinez stumbles back at him, throwing a big haymaker that Gaines ducks under, hooking his powerful arms in a side waistlock before lifting Martinez off the mat, dumping on the back of his head in a back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! That'll take some of the fight out of the younger Martinez!

[Gaines rolls over into a lateral press, earning himself a two count before Martinez fires a shoulder up.]

GM: And these two have exchanged pin attempts in the early moments of this one. They both are looking to win this one - not punish an opponent.

BW: There's too much at stake for both of them. This is the AWA World Title Tournament - the fight to be the FIRST man to wear that title. You cement yourself in the history books forever if you win this tournament. For Ryan Martinez, this is his first chance to do something epic - truly memorable. For Gunnar Gaines, this could be his LAST chance, Gordo.

GM: You're absolutely right about that.

[Gaines lands a few right hands on the downed Martinez before dragging him up, shoving him back to the ropes where he snaps off a few hooking blows to the ribs and stomach before grabbing an arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Martinez!

[Gaines hits the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: Clothesli- ducked by Gaines!

[...and hitting the far ropes, bouncing off a second time...]

GM: Knife-edge chop... no, ducked again!

[...and hits yet another set of ropes, building more momentum as he bounces off a third time...]

GM: Martinez sets... backdr-

[But he sets a bit too early, which allows the bulky Gaines to leap over the top, dragging Martinez down in a sunset flip!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!! HE GETS ONE!! HE GETS TWO!! HE GETS-

[Martinez' shoulder comes sailing up at the count of two, breaking the pin attempt as Gaines pushes up off the mat, narrowly beating the younger man to his feet and throwing a jab to the mush!]

GM: Gaines snaps off another right hand! And a second!

[But Martinez fires back, landing a knee to the midsection that doubles up the veteran.]

GM: Ohh! Martinez goes downstairs on him!

[Martinez quickly hooks a front facelock, ready to spike the veteran on his skull with a DDT...

...but Gaines surges forward, shoving the smaller man back into the corner where he stands up, throwing hooking shots to the body again!]

GM: Gaines again with the fisticuffs, really taking the fight to Ryan Martinez!

[Leaning over, Gaines grabs the middle rope and SLAMS his shoulder into the ribs of Martinez. The referee steps closer, calling for a break as Gaines smashes his shoulder into the ribcage again... and again... and again!]

GM: He's going after the ribcage of Martinez!

[At the referee's four count, Gaines straightens up to grab Martinez by the hair, dragging him from the corner into a front facelock...]

GM: Gaines has got him hooked by the ropes...

[A suplex attempt goes nowhere as Martinez blocks it, fighting the lift...

...and turning it into one of his own.]

GM: Supl- no! Gaines grabs the ropes!

[Ever the ring general, Gunnar Gaines clings to the ropes, avoiding being taken into the air by Martinez...

...and then goes back to a lift of his own, hoisting Martinez into the air...]

GM: He's got him up and-

[Martinez throws a knee to the skull of Gaines at the peak of the lift, staggering the veteran...

...and causing him to DROP Martinez gutfirst on the top rope...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...where he bounces off, crashing to the ground outside the ring with a violent thud!]

GM: Good grief!

BW: It might be over right there, Gordo!

GM: That was totally an accident! Completely unintentional! Gunnar Gaines was going for a vertical suplex when Martinez cracked him with that knee to the skull, forcing him to drop him over the ropes. But you can tell by the look on Gaines' face that that wasn't his goal.

[Gaines stands near the ropes, looking down at Martinez. He puts his hands on his hips, explaining what happened to the official who nods before starting up a ten count.]

GM: Mickey Meekly's going to start a count on Ryan Martinez and you can bet that this wasn't Gunnar Gaines had in mind, Bucky.

BW: Winning?

GM: Winning like this.

BW: Who cares how you win as long as your hand is raised? Gaines should consider it a friggin' miracle if he moves on to the second round of this tournament and not worry about which God delivered it unto him. Winter is

coming for his ancient carcass so he'd better enjoy the summer while he can!

GM: What in the world are you talking about?

BW: You wouldn't understand.

[The referee's count hits four as Ryan Martinez starts to stir outside the ring, rolling to his knees as he clutches his ribs in pain. Gaines shouts at him, encouraging him to get back up as the count goes to five... then six...]

GM: Ryan Martinez is trying to fight his way back up and-

BW: Look at this, Gordo!

[A few fans cheer as Justin Gaines comes jogging down the aisle, a big smile on his face.]

GM: It looks like whatever kept Justin Gaines from coming out here earlier is no longer an issue. He's coming out here to see his dad compete in the AWA World Title Tournament!

[Justin Gaines arrives at ringside just as Ryan Martinez hauls himself under the ropes and back into the ring at the count of eight. The crowd cheers the gutsy effort by Martinez as Gaines steps closer, clapping for his opponent.]

GM: Even Gunnar Gaines is happy that Martinez made it back in.

BW: Senile old bat.

[Gaines leans down, looking to check in on the youngster...

...and gets CRACKED with a solid right uppercut on the chin, sending him staggering backwards and crashing down on the mat. Justin Gaines immediately shouts at Martinez as the crowd responds with a mixed reaction.]

GM: Martinez popped him one, Bucky!

BW: Good! About time someone shows some fight in this one!

GM: I'm guessing that Ryan Martinez is none too pleased with what happened to him getting thrown over the top to the floor and he's looking for a little bit of payback!

[Martinez forces his way to his feet, grabbing at his ribs as he shouts something off-mic at Gaines.]

GM: I think Martinez feels disrespected here. We all know how important honor is to him and I think he believes Gaines just delivered a cheap shot on him.

[Martinez approaches Gaines as the veteran pushes up to a knee, ready to defend himself as his son shouts encouragement from the corner. Gaines climbs to his feet, backpedaling as Martinez surges forward, delivering a running forearm to the jaw that knocks Gaines back to the corner where Martinez lands a few more to the referee's dismay.]

GM: He's got Gaines in the corner, hammering away with forearm shots!

[Grabbing an arm on Gaines, Martinez wings him across, sending him crashing into the buckles...]

GM: Gaines hits the corner hard!

[...which brings him staggering out of the buckles, allowing Martinez to hoist him across his powerful shoulders, DRIVING Gaines down to the mat with a Samoan Drop!]

GM: SAAAAAAMOOOAN DROP!

[Martinez flips over, attempting another lateral press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Gaines lifts a shoulder at two, earning the cheers of the crowd and the especially loud cheers of his young son who slaps the canvas in encouragement, shouting to his father.]

GM: Only a two count there and what it must do to the fighting spirit of Gunnar Gaines to have his son, Justin, in his corner cheering him on. You know Gaines doesn't want to lose in front of his son so he may just keep on coming, Bucky... just keep on coming.

BW: That's a nice sentiment but snot-nosed punk or not, Gaines will eventually run out of gas in his tank. If he hasn't finished Martinez by that point, he WILL go down, Gordo.

[Martinez angrily gets to his feet, dragging Gaines up by the arm and firing him to the closest corner. Gaines again comes stumbling out before he gets launched overhead, crashing down to the canvas below.]

GM: HIIIIIIIGH BACK BODY DROP BY MARTINEZ!!

[The six foot five youngster walks out to the center of the ring, nodding to the cheering fans. He slaps his right arm, turning back towards the recovering Gaines.]

GM: Martinez is measuring him... the fans are split here tonight in Tampa, I think.

BW: Between people who saw Martinez' first match on the Internet and people who saw Gaines' first match as a silent film?

GM: Very funny.

[Martinez slaps his arm again as Gaines slowly pushes up off the mat...]

GM: Gaines is dazed - his son is shouting to him!

[As Gaines reaches his feet, Martinez tears across the ring towards him...

...but the shouted warnings from his son is enough to get Gaines to duck under the clothesline attempt, turning to catch Martinez in a rear waistlock from behind...]

GM: Gaines caught him!

[Gaines breaks the waistlock, hammering down on the back of the head with a few forearm smashes...

...and then wraps his powerful around the head and neck!]

GM: SLEEPER!

[The crowd ROARS for the sleeperhold being sunk in!]

GM: Gaines has got a sleeperhold applied in the center of the ring!

[Martinez struggles against it, looking for an escape as Gaines turns up the pressure with his powerful arms.]

BW: Gaines doesn't have the muscles that he used to have, Gordo, but you can bet he's still strong enough to take Martinez out if the kid can't find a way out of this thing!

[The younger grappler battles against Gaines' tight grip, arms outstretched as he reaches for the ropes...]

GM: Martinez is trying to get to the ropes to force a break! That may be his only way out of this thing...

[With his arms fully out as far as they can go, Martinez strains to move closer to the ropes...

...and suddenly grabs the top rope with both hands!]

GM: He made it! The ref calls for a break!

[But Gaines hangs on for a bit, the ref starting a count as Martinez pulls on the ropes with his powerful arms, dragging Gaines closer to the ropes...

...and then yanking one more time, causing both Martinez and Gaines to topple over the ropes!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The cameraman rushes to that side of the ring, showing Martinez sprawled on the floor where Gaines is lying on the ring apron, his back having slammed into it on the way over the ropes!]

GM: BOTH MEN ARE DOWN!! BOTH MEN HIT HARD!!

BW: I think Gaines hit the apron with Martinez on top of him, slammed his back into it, and then Martinez rolled off to the floor! It was a hard fall for both of them but I think Gaines took the worst of it, Gordo!

GM: You might be right... can we get a replay to check that out, guys?

[The shot holds for a few more seconds as Justin Gaines rushes around the ringpost, checking on his father's condition...

...and then we indeed cut to a split screen replay where we see Martinez drag both he and his opponent over the ropes, tangled together as they hit the apron together, Gaines' spine slamming into the apron just before they come apart and Martinez falls roughly to the floor!]

GM: And it looks like it happened just like you thought, Bucky. Both men went outside in a rough fashion but the Hall of Famer certainly took the worst of that exchange.

[Justin Gaines is still by his father's side as we return to live action, rubbing his shoulders as he encourages him to get back up. A dazed Ryan Martinez climbs back to his feet, dragging himself up with the aid of the timekeeper's table. Grabbing the ropes, Martinez pulls himself up onto the apron, stumbling towards Gaines who is still flat on his back on the hardest part of the ring. His son scampers away with a shout at Martinez as Ryan reaches down, hauling Gaines to his feet by the arm...]

GM: What in the world...?

BW: Both men are on the apron but Martinez is pulling him to his feet. This can't be good news for Gaines, Gordo.

GM: I wouldn't think so. You know that Ryan Martinez grew up watching his father in the land of Extreme so who knows what he might have picked up along the way.

[But Martinez simply shoves Gaines back through the ropes into the ring to the surprise of the crowd.]

GM: Ryan Martinez is certainly living up to his reputation as a man of honor inside that ring, Gordo. He had every opportunity there to do something pretty vicious that would have gained an advantage for him but once again, he does the right thing and puts Gaines back into the ring.

[Martinez steps through the ropes, the crowd still cheering for his show of sportsmanship as he drags Gaines up off the mat, tugging him into a front facelock, slinging the older grappler's arm over his neck...]

GM: He's calling for the brainbuster! If he hits it, it's over, fans!

[But Martinez struggles to get the larger man up off the canvas. Gaines takes advantage of the delay, throwing some hard shots to the ribs that breaks off the lift.]

GM: Gaines battles out of it! He's-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Gaines straightens up, hooking his right hand around Martinez' throat!]

GM: He's got him hooked! He's going for the Grizzly Slam!

BW: A whole lot of people have gone down to this over the years, Gordo!

GM: They certainly have and-

[A frantic Martinez slaps the grip off his throat, spinning around and CRACKING Gaines upside the jaw with a spinning backfist in the same motion, sending Gaines sprawling backwards into the ropes where he bounces off...

...into a Martinez rear waistlock. The younger man holds it for a moment, then twists his body and Gaines' around so that the veteran faces the ropes...]

GM: What is he-

[...and then uses the built-up momentum to HOIST Gaines' near three-hundred pound form into the air...]

GM: OH MY-

[...and DUMP him on the back of the head and neck with a German Suplex!]

GM: -STAAAAARRRRRS!

[Martinez holds the bridge, keeping Gaines' shoulders pinned to the canvas as the referee drops to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP!! SHOULDER UP!! MY STARS, GAINES GOT A SHOULDER UP!

BW: I thought he had him there, Gordo!

GM: So did I!

[So did Justin Gaines by the way he's reacting, leaning over the apron and slamming a hand into the mat to cheer his father on. His face is covered with worry though as Martinez climbs to his feet, looking down in disbelief.]

GM: Ryan Martinez thought he had him beaten as well, I believe, Bucky.

BW: Judging from the look on his face, he sure did.

[Martinez slowly reaches down, grabbing Gaines by the arm. He gives a shake of the head as he drags the legend to his feet by the arm, whipping him into a corner.]

GM: Gaines hits the corner hard again! Martinez has a lot of impact behind everything that he does inside that ring, fans. He hits hard, he throws hard, and he slams hard!

[With Gaines against the buckles, Martinez does a few step dash and throws a big back elbow to the chin!]

GM: Martinez cracks him with the elbow...

[He grabs Gaines by the head, dragging him from the corner and pulling him into a front facelock, slinging Gaines' arm over his neck...]

GM: He's going for the brainbuster again!

BW: Can he get him up this time?!

[Justin Gaines suddenly leaps up on the apron, shouting at the official.]

GM: What the-?!

BW: I think he just told Meekly to stop the match!

GM: Justin Gaines, Gunnar's son, appears to be trying to get the official to stop this matchup. I think he's afraid for his father's welfare, fans. He's trying to get-

[Martinez pauses, looking at Meekly for a split second who shrugs his shoulders...

...and Gaines shoves off with both hands, sending Martinez into the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and right into Justin Gaines who he sends sailing off the apron to the floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[A shocked Martinez looks down at the floor, stunned by what just happened before he turns around...

...and gets a hand quickly wrapped around his throat before Gaines lifts Martinez into the air, and DRIVES him down to the canvas with his hand still hooked around the throat!]

GM: GRIZZLY SLAM! GRIZZLY SLAM!!

[The official dives to the canvas!]

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

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd roars at the sight of Gunnar Gaines climbing to his feet, his hand being raised in victory by the official.]

PW: Your winner of the match...

GUNNNAAAAAAR GAAAAAAINESSSS!

[The official points to Gaines who looks elated. He pumps a fist in the air, celebrating his victory...

...and then spots his son down on the floor. Gunnar quickly exits the ring, moving to his son's side.]

GM: Gunnar's going out there to check on his son. I'm not sure he knows what happened.

BW: You kidding me? An old schemer like Gunnar Gaines knows EXACTLY what happened. And you can bet he planted his punk kid at ringside to make sure something like this went down.

[Gaines helps his son up off the floor, questioning him as to what just happened...

...when suddenly, the crowd breaks into a frightened buzz!]

GM: Oh my- no!

[The buzz proves to be dead-on as William Craven hurdles the steel barricade, rolling under the ropes into the ring, climbing to his feet...

...and pointing his wooden sword directly at Ryan Martinez who has just managed to get to all fours.]

GM: No, no, no! This can't be happening!

BW: This guy is certifiably insane, Gordo! ANYTHING can be happening when he's around!

[Craven cocks his head to the side, appraising Martinez' condition as the son of his latest rival pushes up to his knees...

...and locks eyes with the One Man Revolution.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this, fans!

BW: And this kid is all alone out here, Gordo. He doesn't know a soul in that locker room to bail him out against a psychotic like Craven!

GM: Martinez is still trying to recover from that Grizzly Slam and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Martinez, defiant as his father, flashes a little sign language in Craven's direction of the middle finger variety.]

BW: Oh my god.

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The wooden sword comes down in a chopping motion like Craven is splitting logs, smashing into the skull of Ryan Martinez, causing him to topple facefirst to the canvas motionless.]

GM: CRAVEN JUST CAVED IN THE SKULL OF RYAN MARTINEZ!

[A fuming Craven paces around Martinez' prone form, the wooden sword slung over his shoulder.]

GM: My stars, I don't think he's finished either, Bucky.

BW: I KNOW he's not finished! He's gonna do to this kid the same thing he did to his old man!

[Craven suddenly lashes out again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and strikes the completely exposed and unprotected head of a prone Martinez!]

GM: AHFFF! What a sick, sadistic monster this guy is! There was no call for that at all, Bucky! Absolutely no call for it!

BW: You act like the bulk of his actions are fully justified. He's a lunatic without a doubt!

[Sitting down on the upper back of Martinez, Craven slips the wooden sword across his throat...

...and then yanks back in a Camel Clutch type hold!]

GM: Oh my- look at this guy!

[With an almost gleeful expression on his face, Craven's knuckles turn white from the pressure he's exerting on the wooden sword. Martinez' fingers fly up to his throat, trying to relieve the strain as he struggles to get air into his body. A harsh cough follows, saliva dripping from the corner of his mouth as he attempts to suck air into his lungs.]

GM: Craven's trying to choke the life out of Ryan Martinez! He's trying to-

[Suddenly, Gunnar Gaines has seen enough!]

GM: GAINES! GAINES!

[Gaines makes no secret of why he's inside the ring, pointing a finger at Craven who slowly rises from his prone prey...

...and points his sword at his new challenger.]

GM: Dear god, what in the world is Gaines thinking?!

BW: You have to be impressed that he'd even get involved in something like this with a madman like Craven!

[Craven suddenly rushes forward, taking a baseball-style swing at the temple of Gaines who ducks down, wheeling around to throw a series of rights and lefts at the ribcage of the One Man Revolution, forcing him back into the ropes.]

GM: Yeah! Get him, Gunnar! Get him!

[Gaines grabs Craven's left arm, firing him into the ropes and setting up on the rebound...

...but Craven pulls up short on the backdrop attempt...]

GM: NO!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and BLASTS the back of Gaines' skull with the wooden sword!]

BW: Gaines is down too!

GM: Craven can not be stopped, fans! How many people have stepped up and tried to stop this man over the years and how many people have failed?! Who can do it?! Who can actually stop him?!

[Craven winds up with the sword a second time, smashing it down across the back of Gaines' prone skull!]

GM: A second brutal shot across the head of Gunnar Gaines! Good grief!

[The One Man Revolution takes his spot in the center of the ring, bodies strewn all around him as holds the sword over his head, posing as the rage of the Tampa fans rains down all around him.]

GM: William Craven has just brutally assaulted TWO men for no apparent reason at all!

BW: Are you serious? I'll go with you on the "he's crazy" trip for sure. But he had obvious reasons for this, Gordo.

GM: Like what?

BW: Gaines was collateral damage. Gaines could have gotten out of here safe and sound - happy to be on his way to the second round of the tournament - but he had to be a hero! He had to do something to suck up to all these idiots in the crowd!

GM: And what about Ryan Martinez?!

BW: An opportunity to brutalize the son of the man you spent a year of your life tormenting? Really? I don't think there was a soul in this building surprised to see Craven come for Ryan Martinez... and if Martinez was surprised, then he's an even bigger idiot than his old man.

GM: I can't believe you. Fans, let's get out of here... let's go... where are we going? Fine. Mark Stegglet in the Tournament Control Center.

[We abruptly fade from the ring to the outfield grass where Mark Stegglet is standing. We can still hear Craven being booed by the crowd, Stegglet struggling to be heard over the reaction.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! Gunnar Gaines is moving on to the second round but what about what we just saw from William Craven? The man can not be contained... he can not be held back... what more can this man do to those that stand in his path? And Andrew Tucker's next for him? I almost feel sorry for Mr. Tucker. But speaking of men who've moved on to the second round, let's welcome one of those men in here right now. Being accompanied by his long-time friend City Jack, let's hear it from Tin Can Rust!

[A big cheer goes up for the former AWA National Tag Team Champion. After a moment, an odd trio walks into view. The aforementioned City Jack and Tin Can Rust are there... along with Macht Kraftwerk who is dressed in his ring gear along with a towel around his neck as he sucks down a bottle of water through his mask.]

MS: Well, this is quite the odd trio. Apparently we're also being joined by Macht Kraftwerk who competed earlier tonight in our Second Chance Battle Royal. Unfortunately, he was eliminated before we went LIVE on WKIK but... City Jack, what's going on? Why are you and Tin Can Rust here in Tampa? And why are you here with Macht K-

CJ: Why am I here? It's the honest to God, good-ol' U-S-of-A's birthday to DAY! So why wouldn't I be here, celebratin' this here great holiday with some of the greatest Americans this side o' this Mississippi?

MS: Uh...

CJ: Exactly!

[Kraftwerk's working on bottle number two, the Battle Royal that occurred some time ago apparently having voided him of every drop of water in his body. Rust looks on at the German, shaking his head.]

CJ: And what you get off callin' us odd? We're just three fine American's, celebratin' the day like Washin'ton, Jeff'son, Fran'lin, and all them great forefathers meant us to do, to-day!

[Macht nods and lifts a thumbs up as he guzzles down the water.]

MS: While we have you, I'd like to actually get some words with the man amongst you who's still in the World Title tournament.

TCR: Sure, I -

CJ: Of course! Of COURSE! But I got to say -

[Rust steps back, grumbling.]

CJ: It's a darn shame that this here Machatda... Machatda Krafty couldn't join Rust in the tournament there for the title of the World, you here? I was really pullin' for you, guy -

[Jack nods at the German, who - finally down with the second bottle of water - nods back.]

MK: Ahhhhhh!

[Stegglet moves the mic back to the German, which upsets Rust in the background.]

MK: Ja! Myself is much happy to be here! It was much fun for me to be out there in the ring, in front of all of these wonderful and proud fans on this favorite day of mine, too!

CJ: See, Stegglet!

[Jack taps at Stegglet's shoulder.]

CJ: Somethin' in common, like two us patriotic peas in a red, white, and blue pod!

MK: Great America, I love it here and love this day which all my heart! It was a shame... Much shame I could not advance, though...

[Macht, momentary sullenness upon him, lowers his head. In this moment of silence that even City Jack observes, Rust leans in.]

TCR: Uh, Mark, about the second round, I -

MK: But it was great fun! Much great fun! It was too long, being out of the ring for myself. Much too much long.

[Rust sighs as Jack snaps his fingers.]

CJ: It just came to me! It just, right here, right now! It's Mach-ta, right?

MK: Ja... sort of.

CJ: Well, like I said, I liked your fight out there -

MK: Myself always takes pride in my fight - power and balance and always a good show!

[Kraftwerk pumps his fist... which even gets Stegglet joining in with Rust for a good eye roll.]

CJ: See, I don't know if YOU know that my former partner here, Tin Can Rust -

MK: Ja, Man of Can.

TCR: It's not... That's not my name.

CJ: Yeah, Rust here's still in this thing! And this could be crazy cause we just met right here, but maybe lets us get together here so you could help in Rust's trainin'?

TCR: Huh?

MK: Sure!

CJ: That's right on! Right on! This here's just what you need, Rust!

[Jack puts his arm around Kraftwerk's towed neck and leads him off camera. Rust, looks at Stegglet with an almost death stare before shaking his head as he follows the new best friends.]

MS: Well, uhh... it looks like Tin Can Rust has got himself a new training partner! We'll see in the coming weeks if it will help him move on to the Sweet Sixteen of this tournament or not. Fans, we've already had one heck of an exciting night here in Tampa and we've got FIVE big matches still to come so right now, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more of The First Tangle In Tampa!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

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

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

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

CJ: Them things!

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

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

[Jack pats his protruding gut.]

CJ: Can desire!

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

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

[Jack holds up a cup of coffee.]

CJ: Or just looking for a quick cup o' joe, come on down to Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks! For locations, just go on that wide webbed world and put in "Flapjacksforjacks.com" and make your way to a place near you!

[Jack smiles, winks with a nods... and then rams another big wad of pancake into his face.]

CJ: Ammnnd temlll mfJacmk mmssemt ffmmya!

[City Jack holds up a fork as "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks" pops above his head with the website address pulsating below Jack's face. Fade to black.]

And as we fade back up, we come to a shot of Jason Dane backstage somewhere with Cousin Bo and The Bishop Boys. In the upper left-hand corner, it says "Recorded Earlier This Week". All three men look to be steaming mad. Dane takes a breath and starts.]

JD: Mr. Allan, you've asked for some interview time, and it's been granted. The floor is all yours.

CB: Gee, Dane, thanks. I was really hoping you'd be nice enough to let us talk like this.

[Oh yeah, he's definitely being sarcastic.]

CB: As a matter of fact, what I'm really hoping for is you getting out of here and letting us have our say uninterrupted. You're gonna be paid for this anyway, so what the hell, right?

[Jason sighs and hands the mic over to Bo, then leaves, muttering under his breath.]

CB: Now that that's taken care of, let's get down to business. It seems the name "Bishop" is on everybody's tongue lately. Can't really blame them for that. We ARE the cornerstone of the tag team division.

[Bo points to Cletus Lee's hand that grasps his belt.]

CB: I told the world we'd be the first two-time champions. As usual, I was right. I've told the world that we will win the Stampede Cup when it returns. But for now, I have a new truth to unleash on the world. Simply put, we are going to have the longest reign in National Tag Title history. Not exactly surprising, I know.

[Bo looks to the floor and chuckles.]

CB: Anyway, getting back to those that would threaten us. First of all, Percy Childes, keep your fat mouth shut about matters you know nothing about. Yes, that's right, we got your travel schedule. Just like we did with Rough N' Ready. After all, we're regular freakin' air traffic controllers.

[Duane Henry snorts in the background.]

CB: Let's just face reality, Percy. Nobody gave a damn about your nephew and his special friend, so they hightailed it to Japan, where all the unwanted from the U.S. go.

[Bo nods, contented.]

CB: As for you, Lynches... How the hell many of you ARE there?! I don't care, get to the back of the line. You're not worth speaking another word about.

[Bo shakes his head.]

CB: How messed up is this damn company when DONOVAN is the only one paying us a compliment?

[Cletus Lee's eyes light up when he hears that name.]

CB: And as for you, Violence Unlimited, we wan- HEY!

[Just then, the mic is yanked right out of Bo's hand, but we can still hear him faintly.]

CB: Dammit, Duane Henry, you... you... don't have the microphone.

[Bo and Duane Henry look at each other in shock. Both slowly turn their heads, and see that the man holding the mic is... CLETUS LEE?! Bo speaks to him as if he's talking to a child.]

CB: Okay, now, just give the mic back and everything will be just fine, I promise.

[Cletus Lee looks at Bo like he's speaking a foreign language, and waves him off. And then...

CLB: DONOVAN!

[THE MONSTER SPEAKS! And with a voice that could possibly be the loudest and deepest in AWA history. It's either him or Tumaffi, too close to call. And strangely, he doesn't have much of an accent, unlike his brother.]

CLB: DONOVAN! KNOW THIS! DAMN, THAT MATCH WAS FUN! BUT I KNOW I WOULD HAVE BEATEN YOU! ONE DAY, WE _WILL_ MEET AGAIN!

[Cletus Lee pulls the hair back away from his eyes, so we can see that psychotic stare. He holds up two fingers and speaks a little more quietly, but still loud enough to be heard in China.]

CLB: There are two things I want to address. Number one? Violence Unlimited! Know that I'm so disappointed we won't have our match on July 4th! I was hoping we could end you then and there. I'm so pleased you're so angry, Morton. Let that anger out. Let it consume you. I want to know that when we do destroy you, it'll be with you at your absolute best! And Danny Boy, you ask an important question.

[Cletus Lee laughs, a very eerie sound. And he takes a look at his title belt.]

CLB: Were we afraid of the cast?

[Cletus Lee slams his title belt into his own head.]

CLB: I DON'T KNOW, DANNY, WERE WE AFRAID OF THE CAST?!

[Again, he hits his head with his belt.]

CLB: WERE WE?!

[Again with the belt to the head.]

CLB: WERE WE?!

[Again!]

CLB: WERE WE?!

[Again!]

CLB: WERE WE?!

[Again!]

CLB: WERE WE?!

[Bo and Duane Henry intervene and take the title out of Cletus Lee's hand. The Redneck Wrecking Machine smiles as the blood starts flowing from his head.]

CLB: NO, MORTON, WE DON'T CARE ABOUT THE CAST! WE JUST WANT A NICE CLEAN WRESTLING MATCH! NO FOREIGN OBJECTS!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

[Cletus Lee tastes the blood now and continues to smile, a horrifying visage. Bo and Duane Henry are off in the corner talking to each other and gesturing wildly. Unfortunately, we can't hear what's being said, but we can see the looks of disbelief on their faces.]

CLB: And THEN, there's ONE more... gnawing... little... insect that just...
WON'T GO AWAY!

[Cletus Lee begins shaking.]

CLB: DAVE COOPER! YOU DARE TALK ABOUT SCREWING YOU OVER?!
YOU'VE NOW DONE IT TWICE YOURSELF! The FIRST time?! This man right here...

[Cletus Lee points to Bo.]

CLB: ...told the WORLD you were in league with Joe Petrow! AND YOU WERE!

[Cletus Lee looks offscreen at somebody.]

CLB: Yeah, I said his name! So fine me, I don't care!

[He turns back to the camera.]

CLB: And when you did? Not only did you steal the titles from us, you drove me over the edge and we got suspended!

[Cletus Lee balls up his fists.]

CLB: Now you've pushed me again! I could've handled Donovan, but no, YOU had to screw ME over AGAIN! GAH!

[Cletus Lee spits on the ground, with the blood mixed in.]

CLB: COOPER! COOPER! YOU ARE A DEAD MAN WALKING! I DON'T KNOW WHEN! I DON'T KNOW WHERE! BUT ONE DAY, YOU WILL GET YOURS! I WILL CRIPPLE YOU FOR GOOD, OLD MAN! I PROMISE YOU, YOU WILL _NOT_ BE TAKING THAT WORLD TITLE! END OF DISCUSSION!

[Cletus Lee forcefully points off screen, and Bo and Duane Henry leave in a hurry, seemingly somewhat scared by the big man's tirade. Cletus Lee stays behind, looking at the camera for a second, before he spits more blood right

into it. The cameraman almost drops the camera, but catches it, just in time to see Cletus Lee stomping his way out of sight. Fade back to ringside.]

GM: Wow.

BW: You can say that again.

GM: The Bishop Boys appear to be on a bit of a rampage as of late and I wouldn't want to be anyone - the Lynches, Dave Cooper, Robert Donovan - on their list, fans. They're not going to be in action here tonight and I understand that is NOT sitting well with Cousin Bo who went before the Championship Committee earlier this week to DEMAND that their first title defense be scheduled.

[Gordon smiles.]

GM: Well, ask and you shall receive, Mr. Allan. I am now being told that on the very next Saturday Night Wrestling, the Bishop Boys will put their National Tag Team Titles on the line against Playboy Enterprises!

BW: Oh, that's gonna be a hot one, Gordo! The Playboy and Dirty Dick against the Bishops?!

GM: Who knows? Scotty Mayhem is part of that group as well. Maybe he's gonna team with one of them against the champs.

BW: You really know how to take the air outta my tires, Myers. As much as I'd love to see the Bishops slap Mayhem around for a few weeks, I'd much rather see "Playboy" Johnny C and Dick Bass get their shot at the gold!

GM: Speaking of Mr. Casanova, he'll be in action later tonight in a first round tournament matchup when he takes on "Playboy" Ronnie D which should be a very... interesting... encounter. But right now, let's go to some pre-recorded comments when our own Colt Patterson caught up with former World Champion Hamilton Graham!

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" where Hamilton Graham, dressed in a plain red button up shirt and black slacks is standing alongside Colt Patterson who is in red leather pants, a black nylon shirt with the sleeves cut out, and a pair of reflective red sunglasses.]

CP: Hamilton Graham, the world wants to know - two weeks ago you and your opponent tonight, Sultan Azam Sharif, had very different stories about your histories with one another. You stood out here and ran him down, talked about his homeland, talked about his country, and made the world believe you barely knew the man. He says not only do you know him but you're the one who TRAINED him for the ring. We want the truth, jack!

[Graham grimaces.]

HG: The truth, huh? The truth is that I misjudged Sharif two weeks ago - that's the truth. I thought he was too self-centered... too arrogant... that Bathwaite's head was too far jammed up his a-

[Patterson yanks the mic back.]

CP: Not on my watch, bucko.

[Graham nods.]

HG: I thought he wouldn't have the courage to tell the world the truth... just like I didn't. What Sharif says is true, Patterson. In a wrestling world that had thrown me aside like a piece of garbage, I kept looking for a way to stay relevant... and more importantly, I kept looking for a way to stay employed. I am the proudest American you will ever find, Colt Patterson, and as I stand here on Independence Day - our nation's birthday - and prepare to go out to that ring to compete tonight, I'm looking to do Old Glory and all those who wave it and salute it proud.

But once upon a time, the government of Iran came calling for Hamilton Graham.

"We need you, Mr. Graham. You are the greatest of all time, Mr. Graham. No one else can do the job like you, Mr. Graham."

And of course, the job they referred to was getting an amateur wrestler - an accomplished amateur wrestler no doubt - ready for the pros. They wanted me to take a raw lump of clay in Sharif and mold him into a future World Champion.

[Graham nods.]

HG: I took the job, Patterson. With my pride stuck in my throat... with every American bone in my body shouting for me not to... I took the job because I wanted to believe that I could still make a difference in this sport.

I took Sharif from a kid who knew how to do a double leg to a man who can break your back with the Camel Clutch. I took him from a wanna-be... a pretender... and I turned him into the greatest contender of all.

Was I proud of it? Am I proud of it?

[Graham shakes his head.]

HG: The kid's got guts... he's got heart... but he's also got the brainpan of a mental midget. He's got that piece of garbage Bathwaite filling his head with all sorts of nonsense about this country and about the people in it.

I'm not proud of what Sharif has become... but I AM proud of what he COULD become.

[A nod.]

HG: So, that's the truth, Patterson. That's why I lied about our history two weeks ago. I wasn't ready for the world to know that part of my past but now Sharif has shed the light on it... he's shown it to the world...

And here we are.

CP: Alright, I guess I can buy that. Later tonight, you face Sharif in a first round matchup. Your thoughts?

[Graham smirks.]

HG: Tell me something, Patterson. What was Sharif known for before he came to this country?

CP: Wrestling.

HG: What KIND of wrestling?

CP: Amateur wrestling.

[Another nod.]

HG: That's right. You see, Sharif, in a lot of ways, you're STILL an amateur. Because you were too proud... because you were too brainwashed to listen to me.

Hamilton Graham is a pro. Hamilton Graham is the greatest professional wrestler that has ever laced a set of boots.

And tonight, I'm gonna prove it.

[Fade back to ringside where [At the interview platform, Jason Dane stands with Count Adrian Bathwaite. The silver-haired sextegenarian stands with a light aqua button-up shirt, khaki knee-length trousers, and dark sunglasses (which is rather pragmatic being outdoors in Tampa during a hot summer). The Eurasian manager lifts his nose as if sniffing the wind, and smiles broadly... his bad English teeth become jarringly visible as he does.]

JD: With me at this time, Count Adrian Bathwaite, the manager of Sultan Azam Sharif. And in just a few moments, the SULTAN will be challenged in the first round of the World Title Tournament by the legendary Hamilton Graham.

CAB: Do you smell that? Aaaaah. Unseasonably hot weather makes plants and animals decay. That's the charnel smell of death in the air. I couldn't think of a more perfect setting for what is going to happen to Hamilton Graham.

Bring it here, boy!

JD: What is... what in the world?!

[A young animal handler brings up a vulture. The vulture has a little chain on its leg to keep it from flying away.]

CAB: I had fifteen large vultures brought in from Saudi Arabia. Why from Saudi Arabia, when we have a whole state full of vultures in Florida? Because the ones in Arabia are accustomed to feeding on human flesh! In the desert of Arabia, there's always a body from some fool who mismanaged his water. These lot are not afraid of people and will come pluck apart a body even in the middle of a crowd, and the Arabians let them because they respect the natural order... unlike Hamilton Graham.

Graham, you filth-encrusted swine, I remember when you came up in this sport. You and your cocksure demeanor, always presenting yourself as some menacing killer. I put you in your place when you were young, but you didn't learn your lessons, and have evaded karmic retribution for thirty years since! You've cheated the natural order by taking what belongs to the gentry, and sullyng it with your low-class brand of thuggery! But today, it all ends! And when it does, these vultures I imported will strip away the leathery meat from your bones and restore the natural order once and for all! Ha ha ha!

Animal Handler: We couldn't get the permit to release them.

CAB: WHAT?! I don't need a permit! I am nobility! Go back there and set them loose anyway, you mewling cur!

JD: That's... demented. OW!

CAB: And you keep silent, you needle-necked serf! When Hamilton Graham lies broken at my feet, it will be a grand victory! Don't spoil it with your lowborn pres... eh?

[Abruptly, Sultan Azam Sharif himself enters stage left. Despite the hot weather, he's wearing his reddish-brown bisht and white kaffiyeh. His enormous Iranian flag is also with him, held in one hand.]

CAB: Sultan! I told you, no interviews!

SAS: Men fahtlek, but honair demonds dot I say dis! Mistair Count Batwaite, you stop saying dot about Mistair Homultun Grom! He is a mon of honair! Un he always show no mercy, because to show no mercy is to show raspec! DOT is because a on you raspec does not need mercy!

NOW! Mistair Homulutn Grom! I raspec you! Un I gonna show everybody dot ven I beat you vid no mercy! IRAN! IRAN NUMBAH VUN! CAMARAMAN, ZOOM IT!

[The Sultan flexes his free arm, but of course we can't really see it under his draping robe. As he speaks, a semi-frustrated Bathwaite leans back behind Sharif, points at the animal handler he brought with him, and makes some pantomimes of going backstage and releasing the vultures.]

JD: Alright, the Sultan is ready... let's go back to the ring for the introductions!

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

PW: From Kansas City, Missouri... weighing in at 245 pounds...
"HANDSOME" HAAAAMILTONNN GRAAAAAHAAAAM!

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

GM: Here comes Hamilton Graham, a man that many people would consider to be the greatest wrestler in the history of our sport.

BW: You got that right, Gordo. When you talk about legends of our sport, they don't come any bigger than Hamilton Graham.

[Graham shrugs out of his ring jacket, handing it off to a ringside attendant as he swings his tattooed forearms back and forth, getting loose for the battle about to begin.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The loud vocal open to "Saz O Avaz" begins (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=df6x9AgAW-Y>) to play as a huge billowing Iranian flag is thrust through the entranceway, followed by the bisht-draped form of Sultan Azam Sharif. The crowd mostly boos, because it's July 4th and they're proud Americans, damnit! However, there are still a few fans who cheer Sharif, because they know of his actual character. Sharif's reddish-brown bisht and white kaffiyeh (with plain black agal) basically makes him look like a large mound of flowing fabric as he heads down the aisle. He waves his enormous flag with pride, which does not endear him to anyone.]

PW: He is accompanied to the ring by his manager, Count Adrian Bathwaite... from Shiraz, Iran... weighing two-hundred fifty-one pounds...

SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

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

GM: Sultan Azam Sharif, with Count Adrian Bathwaite...two men who both share an interesting and complicated history with Hamilton Graham.

BW: That's an understatement if I ever heard one. Ken Burns could put out a ten part documentary on the subject and we'd still be leaving out details, daddy!

GM: Can the student defeat the master? We're about to find out!

"DING DING!"

[As Graham and Sharif stare down each other from across the ring, a chant rings out from the crowd...]

"U - S - A!" "U - S - A!" "U - S - A!"
"U - S - A!" "U - S - A!" "U - S - A!"
"U - S - A!" "U - S - A!" "U - S - A!"
"U - S - A!" "U - S - A!" "U - S - A!"

[Graham claps his hands together in rhythm with the chant, before locking up with Sharif!]

GM: Graham and Sharif lock up, but listen to these chants...they're deafening!

BW: The fans are definitely letting us know who's side they're on, but the Sultan doesn't even care. He's all business in the ring.

[Graham quickly slaps on a side headlock, squeezing tightly, as Sharif struggles to break the hold. He locks his arms around Graham's waist, attempting to lift him up for one of his patented suplexes, but a punishing fist to the top of Sharif's skull stops him.]

GM: Sharif was going for one of those big suplexes that he likes to throw, but Hamilton Graham's fists stopped that cold...oh! And he takes The Sultan over onto the mat!

BW: Usually, The Sultan would absorb a punch and still drop an opponent on his head with a suplex, but there ain't too many men in this sport that can take a punch from Hamilton Graham and NOT feel the effects!

GM: Graham really grinding in that headlock, keeping Sharif grounded.

BW: It's was over 90 degrees out here today, Gordo, and the humidity is awful here tonight in Tampa. Graham's gotta' conserve his energy in this heat, especially against an Olympic-level athlete like Sharif. The last thing he wants to do is burn himself out. Believe me, just leaning down on Sharif like that is gonna' wear him down plenty.

[Falling back on his amateur wrestling background, Sharif attempts to leverage his way out of the hold, by rolling Graham into a pinning predicament.]

GM: Graham onto his shoulders...one...two...no! He rolls out of it!

[Sharif and Graham both get back to their feet at the same time, but Graham drops to his knees and headbutts The Sultan right in the midsection, stopping the Iranian dead in his tracks.]

GM: Big headbutt to the gut from Hamilton Graham!

[POP!]

GM: And a regular headbutt to the skull knocks The Sultan down to the mat!

BW: Graham's head is hard as a rock. He's been cracking skulls open with his head since Sharif was still in diapers, Gordo!

[Pulling Sharif to his feet, Graham whips The Sultan into the far corner, but it's reversed. Graham hits the corner hard and the living legend stumbles into Sharif's grasp...]

GM: OH! What a belly-to-belly suplex from Sharif! He threw Hamilton Graham right over his head!

BW: Graham was in complete control, wrestling the match at his pace...and The Sultan turned it all around with one throw!

[Boooo!!!]

GM: And now The Sultan's putting the boots to Graham!

BW: Look at Bathwaite...he's loving this!

[Stopping for a moment, The Sultan shouts, "IRAN NUMBAH VUN!", before delivering one last boot to Graham, much to the crowd's chagrin.]

GM: The crowd really letting The Sultan have it, now.

BW: Hey...freedom of speech. That's what's beautiful about this country. We're free to think and speak our minds!

[The Sultan pulls Graham back to his feet and lifts him up.]

GM: Sharif slams Hamilton back down to the canvas! OH! And Sharif drops a big elbow! One! No! Only two!

BW: I don't care who you are...it's gonna' take a lot more than just an elbowdrop to put Hamilton Graham away!

[Grabbing a handful of Graham's permed hair, Sharif yanks him to his feet and scoops the former world champion up, dropping him across his knee with a backbreaker!]

GM: A beautiful backbreaker sends Hamilton Graham back down to the mat, writhing in pain!

[Receiving some instructions from Bathwaite on the outside, The Sultan turns Graham onto his stomach and drives a knee into the small of his back! He repeats the motion, driving his knee down into Graham's back five more times!]

GM: And these knees are just tearing Hamilton Graham's back apart!

BW: Bathwaite doesn't just want this win. He wants Sharif to make Graham suffer. Time ain't done anything to weaken the grudge those two got!

[Bathwaite yells out, "One more!" to Sharif, who backs into the ropes for some momentum, before leaping into the air for one last kneedrop...]

"THHHUUUDD!"

[...that misses!]

GM: OH! Nobody home on that one!

[Sharif comes up slightly gimpy, as Graham gets to his feet, clutching his back. He drives a boot into Sharif's mid-section, before wrapping an arm around the Iranian's waist, lifting him high into the air by the knee...]

GM: THERE'S A BIG KNEEBREAKER FROM HAMILTON GRAHAM!

[BIG POP!]

GM: AND THERE'S THE INDIAN DEATHLOCK! Graham's won hundreds of matches with this hold! He regained the World Title from Tommy Fierro with it! And now The Sultan's experiencing it first hand!

BW: You better believe this ain't the first time Sharif's been in this hold! If Graham really trained him how to be a professional wrestler, he had to have been tortured with it dozens of times!

GM: Bathwaite screaming at Sharif to counter the hold, but I'm not even sure he can hear him!

[Sharif grits his teeth in agony, as Graham continues to apply pressure. He pulls himself towards the ropes, reaching out for them...]

GM: HE GOT TO THE ROPES!

BW: But Graham ain't letting him go!

[Adrian Bathwaite screams in protest on the outside, as the referee applies a five-count, with Graham finally releasing the hold at the count of four.]

BW: The Sultan might've broken the hold, but Graham was smart enough to milk that five-count for all its worth.

GM: Sharif's mobility has to be severely limited after that.

[Rolling to the outside of the ring, Sharif holds his leg in pain, as Bathwaite goes to check on his charge. However, Graham presses his advantage and follows Sharif out of the ring, causing Bathwaite to beat a hasty retreat as his long-time adversary approaches!]

GM: Adrian Bathwaite getting out of Dodge as Hamilton Graham comes after Sharif!

BW: They might be bitter rivals, but Bathwaite ain't no fool! Graham wouldn't even have thought twice about putting his lights out!

[Pulling The Sultan to his feet, Graham places his former student into a standing headscissors, bringing a loud roar from the crowd!]

GM: Wait a minute! No! You can't do this!

BW: Graham's gonna' piledrive him, Gordo! He's gonna' try to break The Sultan's neck!

GM: They talked about showing no mercy before this match, but...this is going too far!

[Graham gives a shout of "U-S-A!" to a loud roar from the crowd, before attempting to lift The Sultan off the ground. However, his back gives out at the last second, allowing The Sultan to stand straight up and backdrop Graham over!]

GM: NO! The Sultan reverses! He might not be my favorite wrestler on the roster, but not even The Sultan deserved that!

BW: These guys weren't kidding when they said they were out for blood!

[Getting up slowly, Graham is tossed back into the ring by The Sultan. Sharif follows him back in and hits Graham with a double chop to the throat. He then whips Graham into the ropes...]

GM: Into the ropes...

[...but ducks his head too soon...]

GM: CRADLE SUPLEX!!! GRAHAM'S GOT HIM! ONE! TWO! T-

[Heel pop!]

GM: No! Bathwaite! Get him off the apron!

[Hamilton Graham breaks the pin to confront Adrian Bathwaite, who has climbed onto the apron. Graham grabs Bathwaite by the lapels of his silk shirt, readying himself to deliver a fist into Bathwaite's jaw, but The Sultan is back up, burying his boot into Graham's back.]

GM: The Sultan from behind!

"THHHUUUUDD!!!"

GM: BIG SUPLEX BY SHARIF!!!

BW: That was almost like Danny Morton's backdrop driver or James Monosso's Descent into Madness! Graham landed right on his neck!

[Not quite done, Sharif drags Graham back up to his feet and then hits an Exploder suplex!]

GM: AND ANOTHER SUPLEX FROM SHARIF!

BW: That's gotta' be it. Those had to be two of the nastiest suplexes I'd ever laid witness to!

[Having landed at an ungodly angle, Hamilton Graham is then dragged by the legs, so he faces towards the east. Sharif then bends down and applies...]

GM: THE CAMEL CLUTCH!!! HAMILTON GRAHAM'S TRAPPED WITH NOWHERE TO GO!

BW: I hate to say it, but I think it's over! Graham's one of the toughest son of a guns I've ever met, but he's not breaking this hold!

GM: He's refusing to quit! He's not giving up!

BW: Graham might've had a shot at breaking out of it twenty years ago, but he's not gonna' do it now! Quit before he breaks your back!

[Graham's head is violently wrenched back and forth, as he defiantly yells, "NOOO!" at the referee. Finally, the former World Champion's movements begin to slow as he slowly fades into unconsciousness. The referee raises his arm and drops it, before quickly spinning around and calling for the bell!]

"DING DING DING!"

GM: IT'S OVER! Hamilton Graham fought it as long as he could, but he's passed out in the Camel Clutch!

[HEEL POP!]

GM: RELEASE THE HOLD, DAMNIT! GRAHAM'S UNCONSCIOUS!

BW: Sharif's got nothing BUT respect for Hamilton Graham and he's gonna' show it. He ain't breaking this hold anytime soon. Hell, Graham might even want it this way!

GM: That's absurd! This is Bathwaite's sick teachings making a mockery of our sport!

[Finally, after the referee begins to apply the five-count, Sharif releases the hold, staring down at the fallen Graham and giving him a nod of respect before flexing for the closest camera.]

PW: The winner of this contest, by way of submission...

SULTAN AZAM SHARIF!

["Saz O Avaz" begins to play, as the crowd boos ferociously. Meanwhile, Adrian Bathwaite walks over to the fallen Graham...and begins to stomp him!]

GM: THAT'S ENOUGH! You already beat him...this isn't necessary!

BW: Old grudges die hard, Gordo.

[The boos intensify, as The Sultan turns and sees what his manager is doing. An angered look forms on his face, as he violently PULLS Bathwaite away from Graham!]

BW: WAIT A MINUTE! What's this!?

[A look of shock is on Bathwaite's face, as he's not used to having The Sultan's anger directed towards him. The Sultan points to the unconscious Graham and begins arguing with Bathwaite!]

GM: Oh my! The Sultan saw Adrian Bathwaite attacking Hamilton Graham and he doesn't seem happy about it, at all!

BW: Wait...calm down, Sultan! Count Bathwaite didn't mean anything by it!

[Finally, Bathwaite manages to calm Sharif down slightly and the two exit the ring, still bickering all the way to the back. Crossfade to the Tournament Control Center where Mark Stegglet is looking up as Sultan Azam Sharif's name lights up the board.]

MS: Sharif has made it to the second round of the tournament - much to the dismay of the AWA front office you have to believe. Remember, Sharif has sworn that if he wins the tournament, he will use his Steal The Spotlight contract that he won last Thanksgiving at SuperClash III to force the Championship Committee to reinstate the last man to hold the AWA National Title! And you've gotta believe that the Championship Committee, the front office, heck... this entire company... will do anything they can to prevent that from happening. In fact, the only person that the front office is likely to want to win the World Title less than Sharif is this man, competing in the first second round matchup later tonight - let's hear from Dave Cooper.

[We cut to a simple shot of "The Professional" Dave Cooper standing before the camera. He is already dressed in his wrestling attire.]

DC: So, Robert Donovan, you did what I expected you to do -- of course, you know you can thank me for the fact you advanced to the second round.

It's funny, though, how you talked about how I picked for your opponent a man you didn't know much about -- which makes me wonder if you bother to pay attention to what's going on in the AWA. I would figure a man who prides himself on being the guy willing to stand up for the AWA would actually get familiar with what the roster has to offer.

But it seems ever since I got under your skin, you just didn't want to pay attention to anyone else in the AWA but me. Hey, not my fault you aren't willing to do your homework on anybody else in the AWA that you might happen to meet up with, simply because you have tunnel vision focused on yours truly.

[His eyes narrow.]

DC: I remember when I made it clear I was coming after the Longhorn Heritage title you once held and you just brushed me off and told me to get to the back of the line -- and what's happened since then? You let yourself get suckered into a match with Rex Summers, you let Calisto Dufresne get the better of you and then you lose that title -- and then I come along and show everyone just how you take down Dufresne and you couldn't stand it. So then you figured you'd come running after me.

So, really, it should have been no surprise that you would have all kinds of problems with Cletus Lee Bishop. And as everyone saw, I had to come down to ringside to help you out. All I was gonna do was give you some pointers since you didn't pay enough attention to what the Bishops were all about, and then you had to turn around and sucker punch me. Thus, I figured I'd just get right to the point and make sure you got the win, so you could get what you wanted -- you and me in the ring.

[A slight smirk, but it goes away quickly.]

DC: At long last you get your chance to stand up for the AWA and take care of the big, bad Professional who dared to stand up for the men he associates himself with. You get your chance to show everyone you are the big man on

campus, the man who is destined to become the first AWA World Champion...

...even as you know that, if you do make it that far, you're still just gonna play second fiddle to the real AWA National Champion.

But with that said, you aren't gonna make it that far, because The Professional is gonna see to it that you don't.

[A nod.]

DC: I'd tell you to go talk to Cousin Bo for advice about what to do to handle me, except he's too busy pretending he's innocent when it comes to his dealing under the table with Jim Watkins.

But you better ask yourself this: If you didn't bother to get yourself prepared for the likes of the Bishop Boys, then what makes you think you are prepared to face me? All you know about me is that I like to get under people's skin -- with you being the prime example -- and I want to make sure that the proper recognition is given to the man we all know is the rightful AWA National champion.

Otherwise, Donovan, you don't know enough about me to know what I will have in store for you -- and that's gonna work to my advantage, because you better believe I've watched you closely and know exactly what to expect from you.

And after tonight's match, there will be no question who is going to be on his way to winning that AWA World title, and that's The Professional... and that is definitely the END of the discussion!

[Fade to black.

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

VO: We live in an online world.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[The Kingsley Online Entertainment logo appears once more.]

VO: ...Kingsley.

[Fade to black.

We fade back up on 'Playboy' Ronnie D in the locker room, adjusting the waistband on his tights and getting ready to head back out to the ring for the first time in fifteen years.]

Ronnie D: Tonight is the night, after fifteen long years, that "Playboy" Ronnie D comes back to the squared circle and begins his quest to win a World Title and take his rightful spot in the Hall of Fame.

After all I've done, the heights of the industry I've been to, I still can't get the recognition I deserve from the Hall of Fame committee. The very same Hall of Fame committee that found the time to nominate and induct Jessica Starbird -- a woman -- into the Hall of Fame.

You name your legends, I beat 'em. I beat Brody Thunder, I beat Trey Porter, I woulda beat Serge Annis... I headlined the IIeW, the biggest supercard ever, bringing 8 federations together in the SkyDome in Toronto to showcase the best that wrestling had to offer. Do you know what the best the industry had to offer? It was me, pinning Brody Thunder's shoulders to the mat for the one, two, three.

I headlined No Imitations Accepted, bringing the largest audience to a pay-per-view ever... do you know what the largest pay-per-view audience in wrestling history at that time paid to watch? They paid to watch me beat Trey Porter fair and square and send him into retirement, off to play shuffleboard and canasta with the other senior citizens.

When the IIWF closed its doors and had its last Pay-Per-View, and nobody was buying the tickets because nobody cared anymore, do you know who they called to bring the hottest feud in pro-wrestling onto their card to send the old dog off properly? They called me. I beat Brody Thunder within an inch of his life, and if I'd needed a third win to prove that I was the better man, I would have taken it. And after the show was over, do you know who all the fans were talking about? What their favorite match was? Who they thought was the best performer of the night? It sure wasn't Creed. It sure wasn't Casey James. It wasn't J.W. Hardin. It was me. Me, me, me.

But somehow, Jessica Starbird has her spot in permanence, and I'm out here strapping on the boots one more time to win a worthless World Title just to prove to these pinheads that I deserve to be in the Hall of Fame.

And so now, to add to the indignities, I have to wrestle none other than "Playboy" Johnny Casanova. I don't know you, I don't know anything about you, and I don't care. Here's all I have to say about you: I'm going to ask you to stop using my name, out of respect, and I'm going to ask you to kindly get the hell out of my way while I win this title. If you can do that,

we'll get along fine. Otherwise, I'll find a spot for you on my Hall of Fame highlight reel.

[D storms out of sight, leaving us to abruptly cut to Jason Dane standing by on the interview stage.]

JD: Fans, my guest at this time will be in competition later tonight. In fact..

[The crowd start to rouse, however Dane doesn't miss a beat.]

JD: .. he will defending the Longhorn Heritage Title in a rematch later tonight against "Red Hot" Rex Summers!

[A now familiar Australian voice is audible out of the shot.]

GH: So, this is where the magic happens?

[Glenn Hudson walks up beside Dane. He is wearing his ring gear and a plain black t-shirt, belt resting on his shoulder. Hudson peers around at the crowd, a sly grin on his face as he soaks in the atmosphere.]

JD: Glenn Hudson, welcome!

GH: No worries, thanks very much.

JD: Glenn, the last two months for you must have been like a rollercoaster, to say the very least. How are you feeling right now?

GH: Pretty much like I'm on a rollercoaster. Adrenaline pumping.. Butterflies in the stomach.. Women screaming..

[A small but loud segment of the audience oblige, to his amusement.]

JD: After nearly a decade out of the sport, you stepped back into the ring on Memorial Day. To be honest, no-one knew what to expect and possibly more questions came out of that match than answers.

GH: Fair enough. All the drama aside, I've won one match. One. Was it a fluke? Maybe. Am I still that good? Very possibly, but I don't expect the world to draw a conclusion based on the result of one match. I did fly into Dallas with some expectations, though. Expectations that I'd have to defeat six men before ever wearing gold again. Six of the greatest - that's a road trip, mate. But..

[The Australian casts a glance at the Longhorn Heritage belt and shrugs helplessly.]

GH: I still have my eye on the big prize, like half the locker room back there, but in the meantime it looks like I have some unfinished business.

JD: In more ways than one. The former champion "Red Hot" Rex Summers has been quite vocal since Memorial Day Mayhem, demanding his rematch.

He feels the powers that be are working against him. He feels that.. well, you shouldn't even be standing here right now.

GH: Jason, I'm normally such a grim and dour fellow, but this actually made me laugh. Rex Summers has spent the last month telling anyone who'll listen that a geriatric managed to beat him in about ten and a half minutes. Look, I'm still new here and I'm still getting to grips with how Agent To The Stars, Ben Waterson promotes his talent.. but this PR strategy seems counter-productive. Summers should've spent this time talking me up, not down. By now, even people who missed our first match must be thinking "What a chump."

[Crowd pop!]

GH: Truth is, I need to win this rematch at least as much as Rex does. If I'm going to defend a championship again, I don't need any new controversy chasing me. Let's open a window and air the stink out before it sets in.

[Dane too pauses as he considers the wording of his next question.]

JD: If you'll pardon me for a moment while we're on the topic of age, you're not alone in the field of former competitors coming out of retirement to challenge for the AWA World title. How do you feel about some of the criticism made that it's time to step aside so young talent can enjoy the spotlight?

GH: This is why it's so silly - I'm only thirty-six years old and I've been on the sidelines for nine long years. That's nine years healthy, not picking up injuries along the way. Most guys are past their best at thirty-six, but I feel better now than I have for a long time. This is as prime as I'm gonna get, so why wouldn't I want to be here?

JD: So you're ready to refute Rex Summers' implications that you no longer belong inside the squared circle?

GH: Refute. I like that. That's exactly what's I'm gonna do. We'll see who belongs in that ring before this is over. Make sure you watch that match, Jason.

[The Longhorn Heritage champion gives Dane a quick, casual salute and departs.]

JD: Glenn Hudson still with a lot to prove. What do we have in store for tonight and will any doubts be laid to rest? We're going to find out soon but right now, let's go down to the ring for the final first round matchup of the night!

[We crossfade to Phil Watson.]

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

Introducing first...

[The sounds of Robert Palmer's "Addicted To Love" blast out over the PA system to jeers from the crowd.]

PW: Weighing in tonight at a self-proclaimed "trim and cut 205 pounds"... making his summer home in Beverly Hills, California... representing Playboy Enterprises...

He is the Playboy...

JOHNNNNNNYYYYY CAAAASSSAANOOOOOVAAAAAA!

[The curtain parts and "Playboy" Johnny Casanova comes strutting through the curtain to even more boos. He pauses just beyond the entrance, doing a full spin to show off as he jerks a thumb at the back of his glittering robe to the sparkling words, "The REAL Playboy."]

BW: Haha! I love it!

GM: I thought you liked Ronnie D.

BW: I do like Ronnie D... as much as someone can like a low-down, scum-sucking dog... but Casanova's right, daddy. While D's been sitting in a Canadian slum for the past ten years, resting on his laurels, Casanova's been on the road, busting his tail, and making the world forget that there was EVER another Playboy.

GM: So, you're throwing your support behind Johnny Casanova tonight?

BW: You got that right... unless he's losing.

GM: Ah, I see. Fans, you can see that Casanova is coming out here all alone. No sign of his partner-in-crime, Dick Bass. Remember, Playboy Enterprises will be facing the Bishop Boys in two weeks for the National Tag Team Titles but you can bet Casanova's not even thinking about that right now - he's focused on the World Heavyweight Title and what could be the biggest match of his life right here tonight, fans.

[Casanova walks up the steps, ducking through the ropes and going into another spin in the center of the ring as his music fades.]

PW: And his opponent...

[BOOM! Kill the lights.]

GM: Whoa!

BW: You know how long it takes to power up stadium lights? We may be watching this next match sitting in the dark the whole time.

[There's several seconds of nothing, the crowd buzzing in anticipation as they await the arrival of one of the most controversial superstars to ever lace a pair of boots.

And then...]

GM: Here we go...

[The Jumbotron in left field blanks out, erasing the names of the men who've advanced to the second round in the tournament as pink spotlights dance throughout the crowd and a red heart-monitor graph appears on the big screen. The monitor beeps - slowly at first but gaining in speed and frequency, over and over and over until it flatlines.

An ear-piercing beep fills the air, lasting several moments before dying out. The flatline graphic remains until it turns into two words.]

MARQUEE MAN

The words quickly scroll off to the side of the screen, leaving the blank heart monitor for an instant before the flatline reforms into another word...

ICON

Again, the word quickly moves off the screens to the side, leaving the still flatline until one final set of words emerges...

GOD OF WRESTLING

The crowd is buzzing with excitement as they wait for the final piece of the puzzle.

And then... it arrives.



[The Florida crowd ERUPTS into jeers at the sight of the logo flashing across the screen and grows even louder with their derision when "I'm Too Sexy" by Right Said Fred begins to blast over the PA system.]

GM: For the first time in over twelve years, "Playboy" Ronnie D is about to step through that curtain for a professional wrestling match.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: From Every Young Girl's Dream... he weighs in at 242 pounds...

"PLAAAAAAAYBOOOOOOOY" RONNNNNNIEEEEEEE DEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

[The curtain tears apart and a very determined-looking Ronnie D storms into view. He's dressed in a black tanktop with a broken red heart across the front of it, jerking a thumb at himself as he looks out at the jeering crowd. He sneers at their reaction, standing in bright red full-length tights with "PLAYBOY" written across the rump in white script.]

GM: Well, Bucky, whaddya think?

BW: He looks in pretty good shape, Gordo.

GM: That he does.

[D shouts something off-mic at the crowd before starting his way down the aisle towards the ring. He makes a big show out of avoiding any touching from the barricade-side fans, threatening to backhand a young boy who holds up a sign that reads, "D STINKS!"]

BW: Love him or hate him, you cannot deny that the man does know how to make an entrance, Gordo.

GM: I suppose that's true. But you've got to wonder - is twelve years too long? Does Ronnie D still have what it takes to compete at this high of a level? Does he have what is necessary to become the AWA World Champion?

BW: I don't know if he does or he don't, Gordo - but I know it's gonna be a heck of a ride to find out.

[D pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at the fans again as he runs a hand through his short greying hair, stepping into the ring...

...and getting POPPED with an uppercut by Casanova!]

GM: Ohh! Casanova attacks before the bell!

[The referee, Senior Official Johnny Jagger, signals for the bell!]

GM: And the battle of the Playboys is underway! The Championship Committee did a wise thing by ensuring that we had our senior official set to keep order during this match.

BW: These guys certainly deserve top billing and as much as Jagger drives me crazy most of the time, these guys deserve that respect.

GM: I was referring more to the fact that both men cheat blatantly and we'll need someone to sniff it out.

[Having landed a few more shots to the jaw, Casanova grabs D by the arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip by the Playboy...

BW: You're gonna have to be more specific than that, Gordo.

[Casanova winds up for a right hand as D rebounds, dropping into a baseball slide to go through the legs of Casanova. He pops up to his feet, pointing at his head in delight...

...but a turning Casanova cracks him again upside the jaw, sending D down to the mat where he promptly rolls out to the floor!]

GM: Whoa! A hot start to this one as Casanova apparently is taking exception to all the hype that's been lavished on Ronnie D since his return to wrestling back at Memorial Day Mayhem.

BW: You're absolutely right, Gordo. Casanova knows that while everyone's falling all over themselves to talk about D, he's got a perfectly good shot of knocking the old-timer off in the first round here tonight... and what a story that would be for Casanova.

[D paces around the ring a bit, glaring up into the squared circle where Casanova is waiting with his fists balled up. Johnny Jagger has started a count on Ronnie D as he tries to regroup.]

GM: Ronnie D is shaken up early here in Tampa and Bucky, you heard what this man had to say earlier - talking about his history, pointing out who he's beaten and where he's competed.

BW: He ain't lyin' about any of it, Gordo.

GM: That may very well be true but I've gotta think the guy is quite simply out of touch. He referred to the AWA World Title as "worthless" - a statement that is horribly wrong. This will be the most prestigious title in our industry and the fact that he doesn't appreciate the opportunity he's been given really makes me wonder if he deserves it, Bucky.

BW: Deep down, I think D is still angry that he never won a World Title in his prime. He came close, no doubt. We all have heard the story - we know he was scheduled to compete for the World Title just a week after he walked

out on the EMWC... and that was the closest he ever came. I think it stings him, Gordo... I think it eats him up inside. He may be ranting and raving about the Hall of Fame but I believe it's more than that. He can't stand the fact that "former World Champion" isn't part of his resume.

[D slowly rolls back into the ring, the referee holding Casanova back as Ronnie retakes his feet. Casanova does not surge forward, instead locking eyes with D for the first time.]

GM: D has managed to slow things down here - exactly what he was hoping for in my opinion.

[Standing across the ring from one another, the two men size each other up for a few moments, puzzling out their next step when D suddenly shakes his head with a look of disgust, gesturing at Casanova's ever-expanding waistline...]

"You call yourself a Playboy?!"

[And that's enough to bring Casanova rushing in again, meeting D in the middle of the ring where they come together into a collar and elbow tieup. Despite Casanova's size advantage, Ronnie deftly applies a wrist lock on Casanova, causing the bigger man to wince in pain. That's quickly followed up by a stiff elbow to the arm of Casanova that drops him to one knee.]

GM: Ronnie D takes advantage of Casanova's emotions there. Casanova rushed into the situation and D, the veteran, was able to hook that arm.

BW: Let's not forget - the man is good, Gordo. When you hear the name "Playboy" Ronnie D mentioned by wrestling fans, you may hear words like "overhyped" and "overrated." But you have to remember... he DID beat Brody Thunder... he DID beat Trey Porter. The guy has some top notch credentials to back up his big mouth and it ain't likely he's lost that kind of talent overnight, daddy!

GM: I'd agree with you except we're not talking about losing them overnight - we're talking about losing them over the course of fifteen years!

[Ronnie holds on to the wristlock, yanking Casanova to his feet and throws him into the corner, dashing behind him and connecting across the chest of Casanova with a clothesline!]

GM: For some of our fans not familiar with Ronnie D INSIDE the ring, he's an extremely versatile competitor. He's not afraid to fly off the top ropes, but also possesses some underrated strength and can be extremely explosive as well.

BW: Don't forget the fact that the ladies throw themselves at him at every turn. If that shameless hussy Big Mama ran off with Scotty Mayhem, imagine what she'd of done had she took one look at the original Playboy!

GM: I'm not sure what any of that has to do with this match.

[Casanova staggers out of the corner as Ronnie D doubles him over with a boot to his (ample) midsection.]

GM: D's got him in trouble early here... to the ropes...

[And as he bounces off the nearby ropes, rebounding off, he leaps up, hooking a leg over the back of Casanova's neck, and DRIVES his face into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! What a move by Ronnie D! And he's going for a quick cover!

[D flips Casanova to his back, throwing himself into a lateral press that gets a two count before Casanova easily escapes.]

GM: Just a two count there. He's going to need more than that to put Casanova down for a three count.

[Ronnie doesn't seem bothered by the kickout and quickly scrambles to his feet. He cocks back his foot and lets loose...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: Oh my stars! Ronnie D just kicked Johnny Casanova square in the face! That's not how we do things in Texas!

BW: Have you seen Juan Vasquez lately, Gordo? Anything goes around here these days.

[The referee issues a warning to D for the kick to the face. D merely looks out at the jeering crowd with a smirk, making the "I want the belt" gesture as he leans down to drag the larger Playboy to his feet...

...when Casanova reaches up and uses a move that Ronnie D used oh-so-well fifteen years ago...]

GM: He poked him in the eyes! A little bit of retribution earned by Casanova there!

[Temporarily blinded, Ronnie tries to shake off the underhanded tactic; but Casanova wastes no time and begins firing at the original Playboy with big haymakers!!]

BW: Do you hear that?

GM: Hear what?

BW: The crowd is finally coming to their senses and showing some appreciation for Johnny Casanova!

GM: They sure are, Bucky. But I don't think they're appreciating our own Playboy as much as they're appreciating anyone putting a lickin' to Ronnie D!

[Our announcing duo aren't the only ones who notice the crowd reaction to the lefts and rights that Casanova is throwing. Casanova seems to pull some energy from the crowd and swivels his hips a bit and reaches back with a biiiiiig right hand right to the jaw that floors D!]

GM: Johnny Casanova may not have the pure wrestling ability that Ronnie D does, but he can do some serious damage with those big fists!

[Casanova wastes no time in following up, dropping short, yet stiff elbows onto Ronnie D's prized face. He repeats the process half a dozen times as the crowd continues to build in its excitement behind Ronnie being punished.]

GM: That big right followed up with a series of elbowdrops to the head and face!

BW: Casanova needs to be careful though, Gordo. He's moving very fast and hitting very hard but the guy's got a pretty limited gas tank. He can NOT afford to run out of gas in this one.

GM: An excellent point, Bucky.

[Climbing back to his feet again, Casanova backs to the ropes, looking for one more elbowdrop. He hits the ropes, gaining moment as he comes backs, leaps up...]

GM: BOOOOM!

[...and DROPS a big leaping elbowdrop on the chest!]

GM: Another big elbow and I do mean BIG, fans!

[Casanova rolls over, hooking a leg.]

GM: He's got him down for one! For two- but that's all! D's out at two!

BW: It goes both ways, Gordo. D needs more than that facedriver to gain a three count but Casanova needs more than some big elbows being dropped on 'im. But right now, he needs to stay on him, Gordo... if he wants a crack at the gold, he needs to stay on top of the man and finish him off 'cause if he makes one little slip-up, D will take advantage of it for sure.

[A fired up Casanova drags Ronnie D up, whipping him to the ropes...]

GM: D hits the ropes, bouncing back...

[And a back elbow tucked up under the chin sends D sprawling back down to the canvas, the fans cheering for the big move!]

GM: Casanova makes another cover - one! Two!

[But again, D is out at two.]

BW: He needs something bigger than that, Gordo. He needs to look for the Playboy Plunge to try and finish D off.

[Pushing to a knee, Casanova grabs a handful of hair, hammering away at the skull of Ronnie D to the delight of the crowd. Casanova cracks a grin at their reaction, swiveling his hips to... cheers?]

GM: This is certainly a bizarre world we're in here tonight as these fans are actually cheering Johnny Casanova. Many of us speculated that it might happen with Casanova tangling with Ronnie D but I don't think we actually believed it until now.

[Casanova drags D to his feet by the hair, the staggered former 90's star standing in front of him as he winds up his right hand...

...and CONNECTS with a big haymaker that sends D crashing back against the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! That was a hard shot!

[And a grinning Casanova shouts out, "I ALWAYS WANTED TO DO THIS!" as he hops to the midbuckle, fist raised...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me.

[...and rains down blows on the skull of Ronnie D!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Casanova hops down as D slumps down to his knees. Casanova turns his back on D as Johnny Jagger moves in to protest the clenched fists...

...when D throws himself forward, clipping the legs of Casanova and sending him tumbling into the official, knocking Jagger across the ring and down to the mat!]

GM: Ohh! Come on!

[Casanova pushes back up, shaking off the clip as D stays on his knees...

...and SLAMS his arm up into the groin of the AWA's Playboy!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW!! LOW BLOW BY RONNIE D!

BW: But the referee is down! He didn't see a thing! Ronnie D went down South on Casanova, putting him down on the mat - and you NEVER want to turn your back on a man like Ronnie D. He can take the slightest mistake and turn it to his advantage like we just saw right there.

GM: That low blow may have just completely turned the tide in this one. The momentum may be switching jerseys right now as D climbs to his feet, dragging a hurting Casanova back up and right into a front facelock...

[Ronnie wastes no time in recapturing the advantage, leaping up in the air and pulling Casanova down with a stiff, leaping DDT that smashes Casanova's head into the mat!]

GM: Ohhh! Leaping spiking DDT and Casanova may be in trouble right here, fans!

[But instead of making the cover for a sure-fire near fall (at least), Ronnie D opts to climb atop Casanova, piling on lefts and rights to the head!]

GM: D's all over him and those are closed fists!

BW: Considering the reputation of a guy like Ronnie D, Casanova oughta consider himself lucky those closed fists aren't wrapped around a roll of dimes or a pair of brass knuckles, daddy!

[Johnny Jagger interjects, demanding that Ronnie D remove himself and is forced into a four and a half count before Ronnie finally relents.]

GM: Whoa! That was REAL close to a disqualification, Bucky!

BW: And as much as D wants to bend the rules here in this one, he DEFINITELY doesn't want that. He wants to move on to the second round and keep his hopes of strapping that AWA World Title around his waist alive and well!

[The original Playboy yanks up Casanova by his blond locks and pushes him into the corner, hefting him into a sitting position on the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: This ain't good news for Johnny C!

[Bucky speaks the truth as Ronnie follows up to the top rope, hooking Casanova in a front facelock...]

GM: Ronnie D's up on the middle rope, looking for that superplex...

BW: Can he get him up? Casanova's a big dude!

GM: D's trying, trying to get the leverage he needs to take Casanova up and over off the buckles!

[But Casanova is fighting it, grabbing the top rope with his free hand to prevent the lift. After a couple of failed efforts from D, Casanova breaks his grip and slams his fist into the ribs a few times.]

GM: Casanova's fighting back!

[And suddenly, he slams his arms together on D's head!]

GM: OHHHH!

"THUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: D FALLS OFF THE ROPES TO THE MAT!!

[Casanova swings his legs over the ropes, standing on the middle rope as D struggles back to his feet...

...and leaps off his perch, catching D solidly across the chest with a cross body!]

GM: CROSSBODY OFF THE ROPES!!

[Casanova reaches back, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THR- NO! NO! D KICKS OUT AT TWO!!

[Casanova slaps the canvas in frustration, glaring at the official who holds up two fingers. Casanova mimics slapping the canvas three times, shouting, "Come on, baby!" at Johnny Jagger.]

BW: You gotta wonder if Jagger might slow count Casanova to get some payback for his runt son.

GM: Oh, come on, Bucky. Johnny Jagger is a fine, respected official!

BW: Who is also a father who would probably do anything for his runt son.

[Casanova climbs to his feet, dragging D off the mat to fire him into the ropes...]

GM: He fires D off the ropes...

[Casanova hooks D on the rebound, claspings his head and neck inside a sleeperhold!]

GM: SLEEPER! CASANOVA HOOKS IT IN!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sight of D struggling against the sleeperhold!]

GM: "Playboy" Johnny C is wrenching in that sleeperhold trying to regain the advantage and move one step closer to the AWA World Title!

[Ronnie D begins to flail madly in an attempt to escape from the sleeperhold.]

GM: D's searching for a way out! Desperately trying to find a way out of the sleeperhold!

[Johnny Casanova, however, has the move clamped on well and Ronnie's not going anywhere.]

GM: D's starting to fade! His arms are slowing down... he's barely moving them now...

[Sensing he's losing bloodflow to his brain, Ronnie does what he does best - cheat like Hell.]

GM: Wait! What is he-?

[Wrenching his body around, D reaches up with both hands and blatantly rakes the eyes of Casanova!]

GM: Oh, come on! A blatant rake of the eyes by Casanova! A completely illegal-

BW: Give it a rest, Gordo! This is the World Title we're talkin' about, daddy. Not a National Title. The _World_ Title. There's nothing off limits!

[Casanova instinctively releases the hold and paws at his face in pain. Ronnie spins around, kicking Casanova in the midsection, doubling him over...]

GM: D hooks him by the hair...

[And leaps up, SMASHING Casanova's face into the canvas with a split-legged faceslam!]

GM: Ohhh! Casanova hits the mat incredibly hard!

[D flips him over again, going for a pin attempt.]

GM: D gets one! He gets two! HE GETS- no!

[Again, Casanova lifts the shoulder off the canvas before the count of three.]

GM: And Johnny Casanova continues to show the world that he wants this win - and this World Title - as much as anyone else in the field does, fans!

[Ronnie D pushes up to his knees, his face covered in irritation at the kickout and at the crowd cheering for the kickout. Climbing to his feet, D leans down to grab the legs of the blonde superstar...]

GM: What's he going for here? He twists the leg around and- figure four!

[Casanova cries out in pain, slamming his arms into the canvas as D wrenches the knee in the punishing hold.]

GM: The figure four is locked in as Ronnie D changes course offensively. As we mentioned earlier, fans, Ronnie D is an extremely diverse competitor and can employ any number of tactics in an effort to win.

BW: That's part of why he headlined this sport for several years, daddy. That and his charisma that's second only to my own.

[Casanova eventually manages to reach the ropes and Johnny Jagger demands the release of the hold. And naturally, Ronnie waits until a count of 4.99999 is applied before releasing it.]

GM: D again takes his time in breaking the hold, hanging on until the absolute last possible second before letting go of it...

[With Casanova clutching his knee and grimacing in pain, Ronnie D slowly walks towards him, measuring him down on the mat...]

...and then drops a big knee right on the injured limb he was just working over!]

GM: A kneedrop right on the injured leg. Ego notwithstanding, Ronnie D is nothing if not crafty.

BW: Well, he knows that Johnny has an extra few pounds to carry around; and to do it on one leg ain't easy!

[Dragging Casanova to his feet, D grabs by the wrist and whips him into the corner. D backs up to the opposite corner and sizes up Casanova, dashing across the ring and leaps into the air with a running dropkick!]

"OHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! CASANOVA DUCKS AWAY JUST IN TIME!

[With the crowd cheering him on, Casanova wastes no time in hooking the staggered Ronnie D in a front facelock, lifting him up into the air...]

GM: Suplex on the way!

[...and then dropping his legs across the top rope, gaining added momentum in getting D up and over, crashing down on the canvas with a stiff slingshot suplex!]

GM: Playboy Plex! Nicely done!

BW: He's down on his rear end looking proud of himself but he better try and take advantage of this situation while he can, Gordo. If he thinks he's gonna beat D, now's the time to do it!

[The crowd is absolutely roaring as Casanova climbs to his feet, a big grin on his face. He cups a hand by his ear, leaning out to try and get more cheers from the fans.]

BW: What the heck is he thinking?! You don't care about these idiot fans! Finish the job in there, Casanova!

[With D still down, Casanova rushes to the ropes, rebounding off...

...and dropping another three hundred pound elbow to the chest!]

GM: OHHH! Casanova going for the win here! ONE!! TWO!!
THHHHHRRRRREEE--NO!!!! RONNIE D SHOOTS A SHOULDER UP JUST IN TIME!

BW: He almost had him right there! Can you imagine the headlines if Ronnie D gets dumped in the first round?!

GM: I'm sure Johnny Casanova is imagining them right now!

[Pushing his advantage, the AWA's Playboy yanks D up by the hair, rushing towards the turnbuckles, and SLAMS his head into the top turnbuckle to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! Hard to the buckles!

[Never letting go of the hair, Casanova storms over to the opposite turnbuckle and reaches back again, but Ronnie sticks a foot on the second rope, blocking it.]

BW: And there he goes again! It's almost brilliant in its simplicity, really.

GM: Another thumb to the eye; you've got to be kidding me!

[Kidding we are not. As Casanova doubles over in pain from a move he's used countless times, Ronnie D reaches back and hammers home an overhead elbowsmash to the back of the neck, toppling the larger man...

...and then points to the corner.]

GM: D takes the cheap shot and now he's headed up top!

[Exiting the ring, D quickly begins scampering to the top rope, ready to fly. The fans are rising to their feet in unison. Despite their distaste for Ronnie D, fans love moves like this and the flashbulbs begin to go off as D steps to the top rope, looking around at the crowd. He flashes a cocky smirk...

GM: What's he gonna do up there? He's got Casanova down and hurting!

[...and leaps off, extending his lower body, and CRASHING down with a legdrop across the exposed throat of Casanova!]

GM: LEGDROP OFF THE TOP!

[The impact clearly rattles the spine of "Playboy" Ronnie D who likely hasn't felt anything like it in several years. He visibly cringes as he pushes over onto his knees, perhaps seeking a lateral press pin attempt.]

BW: This might be all she wrote for Johnny C's title dreams!

[A crawling D throws an arm across Casanova's chest!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[The crowd ROARS as Casanova fires a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Two count only! My stars, was that ever close!

[An angry Ronnie D pushes back up to his knees, letting loose a roar of frustrated anguish as he shoves himself to his feet. He angrily shakes his head, stomping Casanova a few times before leaning over to pull him up by the hair...]

GM: D pulls him up and-

[BOOM! Big right uppercut to the chin that sparks the crowd!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot!

[Breathing hard from the toughest match he's had in some time, Casanova shoves up to his feet, balling up his fists as D comes back in, throwing a right hand of his own...]

GM: Casanova blocks the right - ohh! He lands one of his own!

[D collapses back down onto the mat, Casanova lunging to his knees and grabbing the hair.]

GM: And now it's Casanova all over Ronnie D!

[The crowd cheers as the AWA's Playboy lands several big right hands to the skull, breaking before the five count lands on him.]

GM: This is getting nasty in there, Bucky.

BW: Let 'em play, Gordo. Too much at stake here to get Jagger's big nose in the middle of things.

[Casanova pulls D up to his feet and walks him over to the turnbuckle and once again smashes his head against the turnbuckle, which sends D sprawling backwards to the mat; where Johnny C goes for the cover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRRR--NO!

BW: After all those battles in his time in Los Angeles, if there's one thing Ronnie D can definitely do, is take a ton of punishment.

[An angry Casanova lands several more big right hands, shaking his own hand in pain as he climbs to his feet.]

GM: Casanova might have hurt his hand there - that'll be something to watch for sure. But he stays right on top of his man, pulling him up and...

[D gets slammed down hard to the canvas as Casanova stands over him.]

GM: Big, hard slam by Casanova... and as hard as he's breathing right now, you have to think he's looking to finish this match REAL soon.

[Casanova looks out at the cheering crowd, again swiveling his hips in their direction.]

GM: Johnny Casanova is on a roll right now, Bucky, and he's loving this energy from the crowd!

BW: He needs to ignore these idiots and focus on Ronnie D. He of all people should know that!

[Trying to catch his breath, Casanova backs to the corner, breathing heavily as he leans against the turnbuckles...]

GM: Ronnie's fighting his way up but it looks like Casanova is waiting for him...

[Johnny rushes forward, connecting with a big kneelift that sends D sailing backwards through the air before crashing down to the canvas.]

GM: What a kneelift by Casanova and this crowd is growing to a fever pitch right now! They sense an early exit for Ronnie D!

BW: Be smart, Johnny.

[With D down on the mat, clutching his jaw, Casanova bounces off the ropes again...

...and DROPS 310 pounds down across D's chest with a big splash!]

GM: HE SPLASHED HIM! BIG SPLASH BY CASANOVA!!

[The referee dives to the canvas to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: We were so close right there, fans! A half count - maybe less - away from sending Johnny Casanova to the second round of this tournament. Incredible!

[Casanova slowly climbs to his feet, slapping his hands together in frustration as the crowd urges him on...

...and then he suddenly comes to a stop.]

GM: What in the-?!

BW: He’s heading for the corner! This guy... is he gonna climb the ropes?!

GM: There’s no call for this, fans! Casanova should NOT be doing this!

[But the crowd is roaring now, cheering him on every step of way

BW: What in the world is he doing!?

GM: He's going to end this match right now, Bucky! He's harkening back to his youth and he’s going to fly!

[A very wobbly Casanova steps up to the top rope, throwing up his arms in a “I love you” sign. He pauses, takes a couple of real deep breaths...

...and then HURLS himself off the top rope, sailing through the air towards his intended target...]

GM: SPLAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[D scampers to his feet, quickly scaling the same turnbuckles that Casanova leapt from moments earlier. He reaches the top rope, pausing for a moment...

...and then leaping from his perch, sailing through the air...]

GM: HEARTBREAKER FROM THE TOP!!

[...and CRUSHES Casanova's skull underneath his flying kneedrop!]

GM: HE GOT IT!! HE HIT IT ALL!!

[D rolls over, applying a press..]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The Tampa fans burst into jeers at the sight of a triumphant "Playboy" Ronnie D rolls to his back, his arm being raised in the air in victory by Johnny Jagger.]

GM: "Playboy" Ronnie D has done it. He has returned from a lengthy absence and despite the best efforts of Johnny Casanova, Ronnie D is moving on to the second round of this tournament, fans!

BW: I knew it! I told you he could do it, Myers!

GM: You most certainly did not! Fans, let's go over to Mark Stegglet in the Control Center!

[And that's where we go as Mark Stegglet gestures the board which lights up with "Playboy" Ronnie D's name added to the list of those already advancing to the second round of the tournament.]

MS: Take a look, fans. Ronnie D, by hook or by crook, advances to the field of thirty-two and we've just been informed that his second round opponent will be announced on the next Saturday Night Wrestling so you will not want to miss that, I'm sure.

But right now, let's take one final look at the last batch of first round matchups that we'll see on that same night. The first round inches ever so close to wrapping up and we've only got a handful of the original Field of Sixty-Four still to compete...

[A graphic comes up on the screen, showing the final four first round matches to take place.]

MS: On July 14th, we will see Madison J Valentine who we heard from earlier tonight take on the ever-dangerous Blackwater Bart. Alphonse Green, who won the Second Chance Battle Royal to start off tonight's action, meets Bad Eye McBaine. The former Combat Corner student Supreme Wright meets Jaiden Andrews. And of course, the Hall of Famer, Jeff "Madfox" Matthews takes on Victor Frost.

Eight fantastic competitors... four big matches... the final four first round matchups are coming in just ten days...

But in just a short while, the second round of the tournament will begin as Dave Cooper meets Robert Donovan. We heard from Mr. Cooper earlier tonight but right now, let's hear some pre-recorded comments from Robert Donovan!

[One cut to the the back later, and we see a rather tall man standing in front of an AWA banner. This particular tall man is a former Longhorn Heritage Champion, the man preparing to face Dave Cooper after months of evasion and legal finagling, none other than Robert Donovan. Rob's already in his ring gear, wearing a blood-red tank top that reads, "Redemption" across the front. His fists are taped, hair tied back out of the way, boots strapped on tight and the big man's demeanor is clearly..

...Calm?]

RD: Bet at least a few of y'all are a lil' confused right now, wonderin' why I ain't up here full o' fire, spittin' every curse word I know in a vain attempt to describe just what Dave Cooper is, what he's done, an' more to the point, what I'm gonna do to him this evenin', right?

[Donovan chuckles briefly.]

RD: Trust me, I'm right there with ya. It's the same spot I was in about four hours ago, stormin' around, glarin' at everythin' an' everybody I saw, makin' sure I told people to stay the hell outta my way without ever havin' to say a word. Ain't a soul approached me today, ain't nobody come to wish me good luck, an' it ain't because there aren't a whole host o' men an' women sittin' back here that wanted to, they saw the look on my face and knew that I was in one o' those places where you just can't approach somebody, unless you wanna get a lil' sample of whatever they got in store later that night.

[Donovan pauses, taking a deep breath.]

RD: But I knew if I went out there tonight with that showin' in my face, Cooper'd see it clear as day. Much as I hate that son of a bitch, he's got a devious lil' mind an' he would know how to make sure that "kill 'em all" attitude got me exactly where he wanted me -- in a spot where he could avoid the fight, get me DQ'd or get me chasin' him into some stupid spot where he could take advantage, move on in this tournament, and leave me spittin' nails, with no recourse but to tear up a dressin' room or smash a few rows o' lockers.

[The big man rolls his neck slowly, producing an audible -- and unpleasant -- popping, grinding sound.]

RD: I ain't lettin' you have it that easy, Cooper. Ain't a part of me that ain't screamin' loud as it can that I ought to say to hell with this tournament, to hell with the title an' just run out there, take out one of your damned eyes, an' send it to your other Royalty pals to make sure they never set foot in an AWA buildin' again...or even better, that they come runnin' to save what's left o' yer sorry hide.

[Donovan leans back, chuckling.]

RD: Just like I told you two weeks ago, though, Cooper, you ain't worth it. You ain't worth the time I'd probably wind up doin', you ain't worth the lawsuit I'd probably lose, an' most of all, you ain't worth losin' my spot in this tournament. You connived your way into this match, an' truth be told, I shouldn't even have given ya that. I should've just let you rot, sittin' on the outside lookin' in with no good reason to ever walk into one of our arenas again, but no. I let my anger get the best o' me an' as a result, you're in this damn thing until somebody takes you out of it.

[Donovan closes his eyes briefly, fighting to stay calm.]

RD: ...so, since I let you in, I got an obligation to make sure I'm the one that bounces yer sorry tail out, Cooper! I got an obligation to the boys in the back, to everybody who ever gave a damn about the AWA, to every wrestler that ever walked through these doors...to the two men sittin' at ringside, makin' us look like a million bucks, to the boys who bust their tails in the Combat Corner, hopin' to make it to TV one day, to the fellas we hire at every venue to put the ring together an' tear it down long after we've all gone home to our families or gone out to ruin whatever town we happen to be in.

[Donovan takes another deep breath, blowing this one out audibly, almost literally letting off some steam.]

RD: I owe it to every past National Champion that you lifted your leg an' whizzed all over, even that lousy bastard Dufresne, to make sure that you never get so much as a WHIFF of the AWA World Championship. I let your sorry tail into this lil' shindig, Cooper, so it's up to me an' not another soul on this earth to kick your tail out!

[The big man's face reddens slightly.]

RD: You've had a nice lil' run here, Cooper, but it's comin' to an end right now! I'm gonna put you down through that mat, send you packin' out of this tournament, then by almighty God as my witness, I ain't leavin' until you break, boy! I ain't leavin' until they peel me off your pathetic carcass!

[Donovan's face is beet red now, and he lets out an explosive breath.]

RD: You ain't gonna walk away this time, Cooper, because there's no place for you to run. It's just you an' me in that ring, an' there ain't nothin' to save you now!

[Donovan walks away, the cameraman staying as far away as possible as the big man slams the door open, stepping out into the hallway as we 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 fade back up to live action where Jason Dane is standing at the interview area alongside the former Longhorn Heritage Champion, "Red Hot" Rex Summers, who quite notably is standing alone.]

JD: Welcome back, fans, and-

[An angry Summers grabs Dane's arm, jerking the mic towards him.]

RS: I think it's pretty flippin' obvious to the trailer trash at home, sitting in their double wides and having Billy Bob adjust the rabbit ears who has joined you, don't you?

[Dane looks irritated already.]

JD: Well, I suppos-

[Summers jerks the arm again.]

RS: And I'm betting if you surveyed a thousand people across this country of ours, that not a damn one of them gives a holy piece of petrified dog crap what you've got to say right now. They're tuning in to listen to me - Rex Summers - the best in the world.

[Dane snatches the mic back.]

JD: How can you call yourself "the best in the-

[As expected, Summers pulls the mic towards him again.]

RS: I bet if you ran the same survey asking if they knew you were going to ask that question, even the mental midgets tuning in right now and going, "Aw shucks, did we miss the Lynch boys rasslin'?" would say, "Yes, Jason Dane is predictability personified."

How can I call myself the best in the world?

Because I own a mirror, Dane. And every morning when I wake up and look in it, I know that I'm looking at the greatest professional wrestler in the history of our sport.

That's your cue to run your mouth about Glenn Hudson beating me at Memorial Day Mayhem.

[Summers waits as Dane slowly edges the mic towards him.]

JD: Well, he-

[And has it jerked right back away.]

RS: Yeah, Glenn Hudson beat me. Some... thing... that used to call itself a "Bullywug" beat me. It happened. Despite my repeated attempts to convince myself it was just a nightmare, it actually happened.

I took the man too lightly. I thought the years away from our sport would make him too slow... too sloppy... not good enough to beat me.

I was wrong.

I want all you morons at home to crank up your volume on your hearing aids, grab a pencil eraser and dig the wax out of your ears and listen real close because you may never hear me say that again... or this...

Glenn Hudson is a good wrestler.

[Summers nods.]

RS: If he wasn't, he wouldn't be in the AWA... he wouldn't be competing for the World Title... and he wouldn't have MY Longhorn Heritage Title draped over his shoulder.

He is a good wrestler.

But he is NOT Rex Summers.

So, while he stands out here and tells his knock knock jokes that don't make any sense to Americans, I am in the gym getting stronger... faster... better... with each and every day that goes by. I am becoming the ultimate specimen - the kind of poster child for professional wrestling that will someday be placed in science books.

Glenn Hudson will make you laugh. I'll make your jaws drop.

So, Bullywug... tell me a good one... make me smile...

[Summers pauses, gesturing at his empty waist.]

RS: Because when I get through with you tonight, it's going to be YOU who is nothing but a punchline.

[Summers strikes a double bicep pose before walking out of view, heading towards the ring as the voice of Phil Watson fills the air along with Janet Jackson's "Black Cat."

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with NO TIME LIMIT and it is for the AWA Longhorn Heritage Championship!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first... on his way down the aisle... from St. Paul, Minnesota... weighing in at 251 pounds... he is the challenger...

"RED HOT"

REEEEEEEEEEEX SUMMMMMERRRRRRSSSS!

[Summers swiftly makes his way up the steel steps, climbing through the ropes. He yanks off his robe, throwing it outside the ring with no fanfare.]

GM: Rex Summers obviously is all business here tonight, fans. We're used to him grabbing the mic, running down the fans, doing a little striptease with his robe. Not tonight.

BW: And still no Ben Waterson out here with him, Gordo.

GM: Which is incredibly odd as we know that Waterson is in the building and plans to be at ringside for Ebola Zaire's match with Juan Vasquez later tonight. Ben Waterson seemingly has abandoned the members of Waterson International, fans.

[Summers back to a corner, tugging at the ropes as his music fades.]

PW: And his opponent...

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

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

GLENNNNNNN HUUUUUDSONNNNNN!

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

...where Rex Summers charges him, laying in a running forearm to the jaw that knocks Hudson down to a knee as Mickey Meekly signals for the bell to start the match!]

GM: Here we go! The rematch from Memorial Day Mayhem - Summers vs Hudson II for the AWA Longhorn Heritage Title!

[Summers slams his forearm down across the back of the head and neck a few times, flattening Hudson down on his chest on the mat. A few stomps follow before Summers breaks off the attack, striking a pose and swiveling his hips in the direction of the crowd to a shower of jeers.]

GM: Rex Summers takes an early advantage in this rematch for the Longhorn Heritage Title... ohh! Hard kick to the ribs!

[The soccer-style kick sends Hudson rolling under the ropes to the ring apron. Summers approaches, a sneer on his face as he reaches over the ropes, dragging Hudson up off the mat and into a front facelock...]

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

BW: Hudson hasn't even gotten the title belt off his waist yet!

[As Summers prepares to bring Hudson over the ropes with a suplex, Hudson throws a few right hands to the ribs, breaking up the move before grabbing the back of Summers' head...

...and DROPPING off the apron, snapping Summers' throat down over the top rope!]

GM: Ohh! He used the top rope to clothesline him!

[Summers staggers backwards as Hudson rushes under the ropes into the ring, shooting in behind him to drag him down in a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[A shocked Summers BARELY gets a shoulder up before the count of three!]

GM: How close was that, fans?! Glenn Hudson with the rollup out of nowhere and he just barely misses getting the three count.

[Climbing to his feet, Hudson unclasps the title belt from around his waist, holding it up to the crowd. As Summers rises, Hudson gestures at it...]

"This is what we're fighting for! You want it?! Come and take it!"

[...and flings the title belt halfway across the ring, Summers' eyes tracking the treasured gold strap as it hits the mat. He glares at Hudson before marching from the corner, leaning over to pick up the belt...

...when Hudson rushes in, hooks his head, and drags him into an inside cradle!]

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

[Another shocking near fall is broken up when Summers just barely lifts his shoulder in time. He's annoyed, enraged, and humiliated as he gets back up to his feet where Hudson ducks under a wild right hand attempt, catching him with a dropkick from behind that sends Summers through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Glenn Hudson is off to an incredibly quick start here tonight, showing the world that just because the match has no time limit - that doesn't mean that he's going to try and stretch it out.

BW: A pin in the first minute is just as good as one in the twenty-first minute, daddy. But a no time limit match creates a whole new dilemma in terms of strategy.

GM: How so?

BW: The basic problem is trying to decide if you're going to use it to try and wear your opponent out or not. For a guy like Hudson who hasn't had a lot

of ring time yet, a long match could be very bad for him. But if he goes too fast to try and finish things quickly, he might burn himself out before he gets the win. Also, one of the championship advantages is taken away in this match because in your standard Longhorn Heritage matches with a ten minute time limit, you know you've got a certain amount of time to survive and if you're having a bad night, you can go into a stalling pattern to try and get there. All that is out the window for Hudson here tonight.

[Opting to not follow Summers out to the floor, Hudson takes a seat on the ropes, gesturing for Summers to climb into the ring and join him.]

GM: The champion invites his challenger to step back into the ring.

[Summers opts to take the long way around, moving around to the opposite side of the ring before pulling himself up on the apron. A smirking Hudson approaches him, fists balled up in a boxing stance as Summers orders the official to keep Hudson back.]

GM: Summers steps back in.

[As Hudson approaches, Summers dives into a collar and elbow, using his strength advantage to push the smaller man back into the ropes.]

GM: The referee calls for a break...

[Summers steps back at the count of three, throwing a straight right hand to the midsection of the champion. He swiftly grabs an arm, flinging Hudson across the ring...]

GM: Big right han- ducked by Hudson!

[The champion slams on the brakes, spinning around and catching Summers on the chin with a left jab to the mush!]

GM: Oh!

[A series of short left jabs follow, leaving Summers wobbled before Hudson drops him with a big haymaker right hand!]

GM: Ohh! Down goes the challenger!

[Summers is quick to get back to his feet...

...and gets armdragged right back off them, taking him down to the canvas.]

GM: The armdrag takes him down and there's a second one! Summers is reeling now as he gets back to his fee-

[And the crowd ERUPTS as a running clothesline takes Summers over the ropes, dropping him down below in a heap on the barely-padded outfield grass.]

GM: Summers went down hard off the clothesline... and look out here, fans!

[Standing in the center of the ring, Hudson makes a gesture with his arms towards Summers, waiting for the challenger to get up to his feet...

...and breaks into a sprint, charging towards the ropes...]

GM: HERE COMES THE CHAMP!!

[Hudson HURLS himself over the ropes, wiping out a stunned Summers with a crossbody!]

GM: OHHHHH MY, WHAT A DIVE!!

[The champion pops back up to his feet, soaking up the cheers of the crowd as he stands over a laid-out Rex Summers. Hudson slaps himself hard across the chest, obviously pumped up for his first title defense as he reaches down, dragging Summers to his feet and shoving him under the ropes into the ring. He grabs the top rope with both hands, waiting for Summers to settle onto his back...]

GM: Hudson's setting up for something here...

[...and catapults over the ropes with a somersault, CRASHING backfirst down onto Summers' ripped torso!]

GM: OHHH!

[Fresh off the somersault senton, Hudson flips over, grabbing a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!!

[But Summers kicks out at two. Hudson grabs him by the hair, hammering him with right hands to the joy of the crowd. The referee forces a break at four, Hudson nodding at the official...

...and then grabbing the hair again, smashing his fist into the skull!]

BW: Get him off Summers, ref! That's illegal!

[Hudson again breaks at four, climbing to his feet this time as he grabs Summers by the wrist, hauling him back to his feet.]

GM: Summers is back up... ohh! He goes hard to the buckles!

[And the champion immediately charges in behind him, leaping up...]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

GM: HE MISSED!

BW: Hudson went for a running dropkick into the corner but Summers got the heck out of there and he crashed and burned, daddy!

GM: Glenn Hudson just hit the mat VERY hard - landing right on the back of his head and neck on the canvas in the corner.

[Hanging onto the top rope, Summers lets loose a series of stomps and kicks, forcing Hudson under the ropes to the apron. The referee forces him back, ordering him to give Hudson space to get back up. But as soon as the champion finds his feet...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...Summers charges forward, laying his powerful shoulder into a running tackle that catches Hudson squarely in the torso, sending him SAILING off the apron, flying through the air, and CRASHING into the steel barricade at ringside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief, Bucky! Two very hard falls in succession for Glenn Hudson and the champion's in trouble right now!

BW: We're only just over five minutes into this thing and the champion has suddenly found himself in serious jeopardy of losing that Longhorn Heritage Title, Gordo!

[A fuming Summers steps out to the apron, dropping off to the floor and approaching Hudson who has an arm draped over the railing to try and stay on his feet.]

GM: Summers is out on the floor, moving in on Hudson...

[The former World Champion lays in a series of hard kicks to the ribs of Hudson, knocking him off his feet and down to the ground. Grabbing the railing, Summers switches to stomps, repeatedly smashing Hudson's upper body into the floor.]

GM: The former champion is all over the man who defeated him for the title back at Memorial Day Mayhem out on the outside of the ring where he is VERY dangerous, fans.

[Dragging Hudson off the mat, Summers hooks a front facelock on him, slinging Hudson's arm over his neck...

...and SNAPS him over onto the floor with a suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SNAP SUPLEX ON THE FLOOR!! GOOD GRIEF!

BW: Now, that ain't concrete those pads are covering here tonight but that don't mean it hurts a whole lot less. Getting thrown down like that on the ground hurts no matter if it's concrete, asphalt, and a baseball diamond, daddy!

[Summers sits up on the floor, smirking at the closest camera as he does a single arm bicep flex.]

BW: Not now, Remy! There ain't no time for posin' when the gold is on the line!

GM: I gotta agree with that. What in the world is he thinking?

BW: He's thinking about giving all the ladies what they plunked their cash down to see, Gordo... but what he needs to think about is pinning those shoulders down for the one-two-three!

[The former champion climbs to his feet, ignoring the booing crowd as he strikes another pose - the double bicep this time - before reaching down to drag Hudson's limp form off the floor by the arm...]

GM: He pulls Hudson back to his feet - the champion can barely stand right now...

[Getting closer to the ring, Summers executes an Irish whip but Hudson doesn't have enough room to turn around and take the impact on his back and hips - instead his ribcage SLAMS into the hardest part of the ring!]

GM: OHHH!

[Hudson grimaces as he melts down to the floor, clutching his ribs that just hit the ring apron. Summers is brimming with confidence as he approaches, throwing a few straight right hands to the kneeling Hudson before landing a big knee to the jaw that lays him out!]

GM: The referee is being incredibly lenient with this, Bucky. Remember, this is NOT a tournament match - the no double countout rule does not apply here tonight in this Longhorn Heritage Title match.

[Summers drops a few stomps to the exposed ribs before hauling Hudson up again by the hair, shoving him under the ropes and finally back into the squared circle to a sarcastic cheer from the crowd.]

GM: Rex Summers is FINALLY bringing this fight back into the ring, rolling back in as well.

[He stalks Hudson, walking slowly across the ring as he measures him...

...and then DROPS a devastating knee into the injured ribs!]

GM: OHHH!

[Summers grinds his knee back and forth on the ribs a few times before settling into a lateral press.]

GM: Cover for one! For two! For th-

[But Hudson FIRES a shoulder off the canvas before the three count comes down.]

GM: Only a two count there! Hudson was able to get out of that pin attempt in time but you've gotta wonder how much longer he can absorb the amount of punishment he's taking at the hands of Rex Summers.

[Summers climbs to his feet, bringing Hudson up with him as he ducks in, scooping him up...

...and VIOLENTLY slamming him down in a rib-shaking bodyslam!]

GM: Big high-impact bodyslam by Summers!

[Summers stands over Hudson for a moment and then leaps into the air, dropping a big elbow into the ribs!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot right there!

[Summers rolls into another cover, earning another two count. He pushes up to his knees, glaring at the official...

...and then throws a series of short right hands into the ribs!]

GM: Good grief! Summers is hammering away at the ribcage of Hudson!

[Climbing to his feet, he walks backwards, bouncing off the ropes...]

BW: Here comes another elbow, Gordo...

[Summers leaps into the air, arm cocked...

...but hits nothing but canvas as Hudson rolls aside!]

GM: SUMMERS MISSED THE ELBOW DROP!!

[The crowd roars for the champion as he pushes up off the mat. Summers sits up off the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HARD kick to the chest!

[Hudson squares up, ready to strike again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The repeated hard kicks causes Summers to topple backwards to the mat where Hudson quickly intertwines his fingers with Summers, trapping the arms as he lifts his leg and STOMPS down on the chest!]

GM: Ohh!

[Still holding the hands, Hudson delivers stomp after stomp after stomp to the prone Summers, the crowd roaring before he finally breaks away with a shout to the Tampa fans!]

GM: Glenn Hudson is fired up right now! He's looking to finish off Summers now but what will it take? Last time, it took a modified version of Hudson's No Hard Feelings flying DDT to get the job done. Can he do that same thing again to keep his title?

[Hudson reaches down, dragging Summers up by the hair. He throws a series of stiff right hands, forcing Summers back into the corner.]

GM: Big whip by Hudson - Summers hits the corner hard!

[The champion dashes across the ring, leaping into the air to throw a forearm smash...

...but Summers ducks his head, hooking Hudson around the waist, turning around...]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

[...and DRIVES Hudson spinefirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: A fantastic counter by the challenger and Glenn Hudson is in a whole lot of pain, fans!

BW: It was almost like a spinebuster, Gordo... but instead of driving him into the mat, he puts him into the buckles!

GM: Fans, we are closing in on the ten minute mark of this match. In a normal Longhorn Heritage Title match, that would be the time limit but not tonight! Not this time! They've got all night to try and finish each other off if that's what it takes!

[With Hudson in the corner, Summers leans over, setting him down on the top rope.]

GM: Summers puts him up top... what's he thinking of here?

BW: He's looking for a superplex, I think... but I'm not sure that's a good idea, Gordo. It was something like this that directly led to him getting hit with that flying DDT back on Memorial Day and losing his title. He needs to be real careful up there with Hudson.

GM: Summers hooks him... Hudson's trying to fight back...

[A series of short rights to the ribs pauses Summers' offense...

...but he cuts it off by slamming his head into Hudson's face!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt cuts off Hudson's comeback!

[Going back to the front facelock, Summers slings Hudson's arm over his neck...]

GM: Here it comes! He's got it locked!

[And with a powerful lift, he takes Hudson into the air, holding him high...

...and SMASHING his spine into the canvas!]

GM: SUPERPLEX!! SUPERPLEX!!

[Summers promptly pushes up to his feet, swinging his arms apart in a "It's over!" gesture before applying a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- NO! NO! HUDSON GOT A SHOULDER UP!!

BW: How in the world did he manage to pull that off, Gordo?!

GM: I have no idea but Glenn Hudson got that shoulder up just before the count of three. He was a half count away - maybe less - from being a former Longhorn Heritage Champion!

[Summers is totally irate as he gets to his feet, grabbing the official by the shirt and forcing him back to the corner as he shouts at him.]

BW: Whoa! Remy needs to be real careful there, Gordo.

GM: He put his hands on an AWA referee! He should be immediately disqualified!

BW: Well, Meekly would be within his rights to do exactly that but he's holding off so far.

[With Summers berating the official, the Longhorn Heritage Champion crawls across the ring, using the ropes to drag himself back to his feet in the corner. Summers turns around, spotting his prey...]

GM: Here comes Summers!

["Red Hot" aims to squash Hudson in the corner with an avalanche but Hudson is on the move, front rolling out of the buckles and causing Summers to crash chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: He missed! Hudson dove out of the way and-

[As Summers stumbles backwards, Hudson drags him down in a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ROLLUP GETS ONE!! GETS TWO!! GETS THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd groans as Summers kicks out of the surprising pin attempt. Glenn Hudson is quicker to his feet though, wincing at how fast he got up as he grabs at his ribs...]

GM: Both men up... Summers with a right han- ducked by Hudson!

[Who leaps up, grabbing the arm as it goes by and scissoring the flailing left arm between his legs, dragging Summers down in a crucifix!]

GM: Another pinning combination! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But again, Summers is able to escape with just a near fall. He's obviously struggling to get back up though, pushing up to his hands and knees...

...where the much-quicker Hudson is able to grab an arm, twisting it around his own leg, and drags Summers down in a La Majistral!]

GM: HUDSON PULLS HIM DOWN AGAIN!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: So close! Glenn Hudson was a half a count away or less of retaining his title right there, fans!

[With Summers tired and dizzy, the former champ struggles to his feet where Hudson throws a weak kick to the body that Summers easily catches...

...a split second before Hudson leaps up, cracking him in the back of the skull with an enzugiri!]

GM: BACK BRAIN KICK!! DOWN GOES SUMMERS!!

[Hudson crawls across, tightly hooking both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE- MY STARS, HE KICKS OUT AGAIN!!

BW: And thank God for this no time limit stipulation 'cause we're past the ten minute mark, daddy!

GM: What a battle these two are putting on!

[A rising Summers gets cracked in the jaw with a kneelift that sends him falling back into the corner. Hudson backs off, pointing with both arms at the dazed Summers...

...and sprints across, throwing himself into a picture perfect running dropkick that SNAPS Summers' head back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He got ALL of that, fans! Summers is out on his feet!

[With Summers staggering out of the corner, Hudson rushes into the buckles, quickly scaling them...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and blindly leaps backwards as Summers stumbles towards him, catching him squarely across the chest with a moonsault that topples them both over to the mat!]

GM: BACKFLIP OFF THE BUCKLES!!

[But Hudson is unable to secure a pin, immediately rolling to his back and grabbing his ribs.]

GM: Uh oh! Hudson hurt himself on that dive, Bucky!

BW: He sure did. Those ribs were all sorts of busted up before and I think he just made the situation worse!

[With both men down on the mat, the referee starts a ten count. The fans quickly rally behind Glenn Hudson, trying to encourage him back to his feet and erupt in jeers as Summers beats the count at six...

...and promptly BURIES a boot into the ribcage of his opponent!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: That was perfectly legal!

GM: It was not! He kicked with the toe of the boot! That's ILLEGAL!

BW: Ehh, semantics.

[Summers nods at the jeering crowd as he leans down, dragging Hudson up to his feet...

...and pulling him into a double underhook!]

GM: He's going for the Heat Check! If he hits this-

[But before Gordon can speculate, a desperate Hudson spins out of the underhook, grabbing the arm of his opponent...

...and yanks him towards a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: COUNTER!!

[Summers slaps aside the clothesline attempt, throwing a knee into the ribs. He quickly hoists Hudson onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry...]

GM: Summers has got him up! I don't know what he's planning on here but-

[But suddenly, Summers shoves Hudson up and over his head...

...and brings him CRASHING down on the bent knee!]

GM: OH MY STARS!!

BW: That's it, Gordo! With those banged up ribs, he ain't gettin' up from that!

[An arrogant Summers stops, standing over Hudson to strike a double bicep pose before starting to slowly lower himself into a pinning position...

...and then pausing, looking out at the crowd. He lifts a finger, showing it all around...]

BW: Yeah! One more time! He's gonna do it again and REALLY put Hudson out once and for all!

[Summers leans down, pulling Hudson up by the hair and quickly hoisting him into another fireman's carry...]

GM: He's gonna do it again! The ribs may already be broken and-

[Hudson suddenly starts struggling, throwing arms and legs at Summers' head, wriggling free to land on his feet behind Summers where he sucks up all his strength, leaping into the air to grab Summers' head between his legs...

...and SPIKES it into the canvas from behind with a reverse rana!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The impact folds up Summers like an accordion, allowing Hudson to lunge into a jackknife pin!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[Hudson quickly rolls from the ring, snatching his title belt off the timekeeper’s table. He lifts it in the air, grabbing his ribs in pain as Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: Here is your winner... and STILL AWA Longhorn Heritage Champion...

GLENNNNNNN HUUUUUDSONNNNN!

[The referee joins the champion out on the floor, raising his hand in victory as the crowd cheers for the successful title defense.]

GM: Glenn Hudson has retained the title here in Tampa and what a move he used to finish this match off, Bucky.

BW: A leaping reverse rana... just spiked poor Remy on top of his head. He didn’t stand a chance after that one.

GM: So, Glenn Hudson keeps his gold... and don’t forget, he’s still in the tournament as well. Not only does he keep his gold but he may be adding to it in the future! He is one of thirty-two men who will walk into that second round just one step closer to becoming the very first AWA World Heavyweight Champion. In fact, I understand that Mark Steglet is standing by in the Control Center with some news about the second round. Mark?

[We crossfade to the left-center field wall where Mark Steglet gestures to the “field of thirty-two” - some of which has already had their names placed on the scoreboard. The camera pans down the list, showing who has advanced so far:

Bumble Bee
Jackson Haynes
BC Da Mastah MC
Stevie Scott
Nenshou
Travis Lynch
Glenn Hudson
MAMMOTH Maximus
Scotty Mayhem
November
Tin Can Rust
Ron Houston
Jerby Jezz
Sweet Daddy Williams

Chris Staley
Rick Marley
Andrew Tucker
William Craven
Manny Imbrogno
Skywalker Jones
Dave Cooper
Robert Donovan
"Playboy" Ronnie D
Pure X
Colby Greene
James Monosso
Sultan Azam Sharif
Gunnar Gaines

Plus four very visible vacancies as we wait for the next Saturday Night Wrestling.]

MS: Twenty-eight men are moving on to the second round... four more names to add to the list. Now, we know that later tonight, we'll find out the first man to make it to the third round - the prestigious Sweet Sixteen - when Dave Cooper meets Robert Donovan in just a short time from now. We also know that Andrew Tucker and William Craven will collide in the second round as well. But I have just been informed that two more second round matches have been determined. The first will see a long-running feud here in the AWA continue when The Hive's Bumble Bee takes on The Rave's Jerby Jezz!

[Big cheer from the crowd!]

MS: Plus, the Lynches and Violence Unlimited will tangle once more with the youngest Lynch of 'em all, Travis Lynch, taking on "The Hammer" Jackson Haynes! Two big second round matches to add to the two we already know about. This tournament gets better and better all the time, fans, and I just can't wait to see what gets announced next for it! Right now, we're going to take a quick break and then we'll be right back with the first second round matchup in this tournament when "The Professional" Dave Cooper takes on Robert Donovan so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

AS: Hello! I'm Andrew Sterling.

DT: And I'm Dan Thomas.

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

DT: Rumble in Sin City.

AS: Loser Gives Up Scientology.

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

[Sterling points at the camera.]

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

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

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

DT: Or our delicious salads!

AS: Let's not forget our signature pancakes!

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

AS: WELL WE SHOULD!

DT: Right.

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

DT: Hongry?

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

DT: Ooookay.

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

[We fade out.

And fade back in on the ring where Dave Cooper has taken up residence. He's sitting on a steel chair, feet up on a second, mic in hand. He's also speaking as we fade back in.]

DC: -tell that piece of crooked garbage Watkins that I'm not his puppet! He doesn't tell me what to do and when to do it!

[The crowd jeers!]

DC: And while you're at it, see if that big goof Donovan is ready to get his stinkin' tail down to this ring so I can put him down for the one, two, three and get a step closer to being able to take this piece of tin you're going to give to the winner of this...

...and burn the damn thing in the middle of the ring!

[The boos intensify.]

DC: 'Cause the fact of the matter is that there's only ONE champion that this company should be recognizing as the best in the world and he's already got a piece of gold around his waist that he's been defending all over the world! You want to make someone a World Champion, Watkins, pick up your phone and see if he'll take your call!

On second thought, you'd better call Joe. He's got a bunch of iPhones sitting around... don't know what he does with 'em all...

[Cooper smirks as the crowd continues to boo.]

DC: Watson, don't you even think about getting in here and interrupting me. You're not needed here. Everybody knows who Donovan is. And these people DAMN sure know who I am! Just call Donovan out here, ring the bell, and let's do this!

[Cooper pauses for a moment, looking down the aisle as we cut to ringside where the announce team is seated. Gordon Myers is shaking his head before he speaks.]

GM: Fans, we are back live here in Tampa where Dave Cooper apparently doesn't believe in following the show's format.

BW: Shocking, right?

GM: Cooper came out here during the break, demanding that Donovan come out to face him now. They're scheduled to compete right now but Phil Watson is supposed to-

[Gordon suddenly cuts off as he looks up. The camera shifts to show Cooper standing by the ropes.]

DC: Myers, can you shut your mouth too?!

[The crowd ERUPTS in boos! No one badmouths Gordon Myers!]

DC: These people are as sick of listening to you run your mouth as I am. Between you and Watson, I'm surprised there's even anyone watching this match right now. Can't we get Cannon out here again? At least she's decent to look at when she's flapping her gums.

[More boos. Cooper seems oblivious.]

DC: Hey Gordo... I better not watch this match back later and find out you were running your mouth about me or my friends. If I do, well... let's just say I feel another case of self-defense coming on... ain't that right, Marky Mark?!

[The camera cuts to Mark Stegglet who shouts something off-mic towards the ring.]

GM: This man has changed so much since his early days here in the AWA, fans. He's just not even the same person at all.

BW: I'd be careful if I were you, Gordo. I don't think he's kidding.

[Cooper leans over the ropes.]

DC: What are you saying, old timer?! Get in here and say it to my face! Get in here or I'll come out there and slap your lying tongue out of your damn mouth!

[Cooper is about to step through the ropes when the crowd suddenly ERUPTS in cheers! The camera abruptly cuts to the top of the aisle where a fuming Robert Donovan is marching down the aisle towards the ring, absolutely furious as he glares at Cooper who backs off, tossing one of the chairs out of the ring and grabbing the other in his hands as he shouts for Donovan to "get in here!"]

GM: Robert Donovan has heard enough! He's gonna shut this loudmouth up once and for all!

[Donovan pulls himself up on the apron, stepping over the ropes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Donovan falls back, tumbling over the ropes down onto the apron after being struck in the right arm and shoulder with Cooper's steel chair. The official loses his mind, Marty Meekly SCREAMING at Cooper who chucks the chair aside and shouts, "NOW you can ring the bell!"]

GM: Oh, come on! That's gotta be a disqualification!

BW: How can it be a disqualification?! The match hadn't even started yet!

[Cooper slides out to the floor, hammering the downed Donovan with right hands. He grabs the right arm, stretching it out fully...

...and SLAMMING the tricep down on the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: Dave Cooper has attacked and attacked viciously before the bell right here at the start of his second round match with Robert Donovan! The bell

still hasn't sounded yet - I don't even know if this match is officially underway!

[Pulling Donovan down off the apron, Cooper hammerlocks the right arm behind his back...]

GM: NO!

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE POST!! HIS SHOULDER HIT SOLID, UNFORGIVING STEEL!

[Donovan collapses to the floor, wincing in pain as he grabs at his arm. Cooper stands over him, smirking for several moments as the official shouts at him from inside the ring. He looks up at Marty Meekly, shouting again at him to call for the bell.]

GM: Cooper wants this match to start! He wants this match underway right now!

[The official hesitates, watching Cooper as he stomps Donovan's arm and shoulder repeatedly out on the floor. The former National Tag Team Champion wheels away, ducking under the ropes to snatch the discarded steel chair up in his hands again...]

GM: Cooper's got the chair and-

[He's about to slam it down onto the shoulder again when the official suddenly spins around and signals for the bell!]

GM: What the-?!

[Meekly turns back to Cooper, his arm raised to signal the timekeeper again in an implied threat.]

BW: What just happened?

GM: Marty Meekly started the match so that Cooper couldn't use the chair on Donovan again! It's an odd decision to make, for sure, but it stops Cooper short.

[Cooper hesitates, not wanting to be disqualified...

...and angrily throws the chair aside, sending it sliding into the barricade before dropping a few more stomps on the injured shoulder.]

GM: Cooper's all over him! He's trying to break the arm, tear the shoulder, whatever he needs to do!

[The official looks like he's about to start a double countout but pulls up, shaking his head.]

GM: No double countout in this second round tournament match.

[Cooper drags Donovan off the floor by the arm, wrapping the arm around the ringpost...

...and YANKING the shoulder into the steel!]

GM: Good grief! The shoulder hits the steel a second time! And Dave Cooper is absolutely relentless tonight, fans! He wants to move on to the second round and if he can injure Donovan in the process, it's even better!

[Donovan grabs the bottom rope, dragging himself under them into the ring. An annoyed Cooper pursues, rolling in as well.]

BW: What a smart move by Donovan there, Gordo. When he's on offense, Donovan loves fighting out on the floor but right now, he's in a lot of trouble and he knows he needs to be back inside the ring to keep Cooper away from things like ring aprons and steel posts.

GM: That's for sure.

[Cooper climbs to his feet, leaning down to grab the wrist...

...and gets popped with a left hand off Donovan's back!]

GM: Ohh! Donovan caught him!

[Straightening up from the blow, Cooper steadies himself and STOMPS hard on the shoulderjoint!]

GM: Good grief!

[Leaning down again, Cooper pins the arm to the mat, measuring the seven footer...

...and drops a knee down on the arm!]

GM: Cooper continues his assault on the right arm of Robert Donovan. Look at him here, kneeling on the arm as he isolates the wrist and forearm, keeping Donovan at his mercy.

[Climbing back to his feet, Cooper lands a couple more stomps to the arm before rolling Donovan to his stomach and applying a rear straddle armbar.]

GM: Armbar applied by Cooper, wrenching on that limb and trying to force a submission out of the big man!

[Meekly drops to a knee, checking to see if Donovan wants to give it up but the big man angrily shakes his head.]

GM: Can Cooper apply enough pressure to the arm to get Donovan to give it up?

[The official does his job well, staying close enough to check on the former Longhorn Heritage Champion as Cooper continues to try and yank the arm out of socket.]

GM: Dave Cooper has that hold expertly applied - he's one of the finest in-ring technicians you'll find in the business no matter what you may feel about his personality over the past year or so.

[Donovan again refuses to submit and Cooper releases the hold, shoving Donovan down to the mat where he delivers a pair of stomps to the arm, straightening it out...

...and then backing to the corner where he hops up to stand on the middle rope.]

GM: Cooper's on the midbuckle... what's he-?!

[The crowd jeers as Cooper leans down, tugging down his kneepad to expose the solid bone.]

GM: Oh my stars - he's gonna drop that knee on the arm from up there!

BW: Cooper may be taking a page out of the Bishops' playbook. He may be looking to break Donovan's arm with this, daddy!

[Cooper leaps off the ropes, aiming for the outstretched arm...

...and instead finds Donovan's outstretched leg, his boot catching the falling Cooper under the chin!]

GM: OHHH!

[The impact of the big boot being raised up sends Cooper falling back to the buckles, stunned but not dropped as Donovan rolls to his knees, trying to push up to his feet.]

GM: Cooper trying to stay on him...

[The Professional throws a pair of right hands to the jaw of the rising Donovan who responds with a left hand of his own, sending Cooper falling back to the corner a second time.]

GM: Donovan's on his feet! This crowd is going wild for the big man!

[A surly-looking Donovan approaches the corner, throwing a big knee into the ribs of Cooper. A second one follows suit before Donovan slightly turns his body, throwing his left elbow back into the jaw of Cooper.]

GM: Donovan's trying to impose his size on Cooper, using his power edge to really put a hurting on him in the corner...

[Grabbing Cooper by the back of the head, Donovan marches alongside the ropes and SLAMS his head into the top turnbuckle, sending Cooper staggering back out of the corner.]

GM: The big man's coming for him again...

[Donovan reaches out his left arm, grabbing Cooper by the right wrist and throwing him across the ring in a one-armed Irish whip...]

GM: Donovan shoots him in...

[And drops him with a left-handed clothesline!]

GM: The seven footer is using his off arm for all of his offense but so far, he's really doing a number on Dave Cooper like that.

BW: We'll see if he can keep it up when the big power moves come into play. Can he chokeslam Cooper with his left arm? Can he powerbomb him with only one arm?

[Donovan backs to the ropes, bouncing off...]

...and drops a heavy leg across the chest of Cooper before rolling into a cover.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- Cooper lifts a shoulder at two!

[Winching as he tries to push himself to his feet, Donovan shakes out his arm as he backs to the corner, looking to figure out his next attack.]

GM: Donovan's measuring him, waiting for Cooper to rise...

[And as the Professional does, Donovan stalks across the ring, throwing the big boot...]

...but Cooper sidesteps it, avoiding the kick that might have turned his lights out!]

GM: Cooper avoids the big boot!

[Donovan quickly turns, getting a boot to the gut...]

...and getting SPIKED skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: DDT!! DDT!!

[A confident Cooper waves his arms in a "it's over!" gesture as he flips Donovan to his back, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE-

[But the lengthy legs of Robert Donovan save him as his foot drapes over the bottom rope, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Donovan got a foot on the ropes to break up the pin and Dave Cooper is shouting at our official again. He thought he had the match won right there but he came up a little bit short.

[Marty Meekly doesn't back down an inch though, letting Cooper have it verbally to the cheers of the crowd. An angry Cooper shoves Meekly in the chest with both hands, knocking him back to the corner. Meekly angrily gestures at the AWA logo on his shirt, holding out the striped shirt to show that he's an official.]

GM: Meekly's telling him what's what right now! If Cooper keeps this up, he's gonna get disqualified!

[Cooper slowly backs down, realizing that Meekly means what he's saying. He turns back to Donovan who has managed to get up to his knees again, throwing a left hand into the gut of the incoming Cooper!]

GM: Donovan catches him coming in again!

[Rising up, Donovan reaches down with both arms to apply a gutwrench to Dave Cooper who immediately begins struggling, trying to free himself from what would be certain defeat!]

GM: He's going for the gutwrench powerbomb and Cooper's trying to get the heck out of there in a hurry!

[Donovan attempts to lift Cooper off the mat...

...but quickly puts him back down, staggering away and clutching his injured arm as Cooper straightens up, connecting with a double axehandle from behind that knocks Donovan chestfirst into the buckles!]

BW: He couldn't get him up, Gordo! That arm went through too much punishment!

GM: Donovan couldn't find the strength in his right arm to get Cooper up for that powerbomb and now Cooper's back on top of him in the corner - elbow smash after elbow smash across the injured shoulder!

[Cooper continues to rain down punishment on the arm and shoulder forcing the official to step in, laying down a count. At the count of four, he backs off, arms raised.]

GM: Cooper breaks at four... grabs the wrist...

[The former Rough N Ready member sends Donovan stampeding across the ring, running hard into the buckles.]

GM: Cooper's coming in after him!

[And runs headlong into a raised boot again!]

GM: DONOVAN GETS THE BOOT UP AGAIN!!

[The seven footer steps out of the corner, dropping a big left elbow into the chest of Cooper!]

GM: Elbow!

[Donovan flips over, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Cooper again lifts a shoulder off the mat as Donovan lifts a leg over him, moving into a mount as he raises his left fist, hammering down on Cooper.]

GM: Big left hands to the skull of Dave Cooper by Donovan!

[At the count of four, Donovan climbs to his feet, pulling Cooper up with him...

...and wraps his left hand around Cooper's throat!]

GM: He's got him, Bucky! He's going for the chokeslam!

[A desperate Cooper slams his open palm into the right shoulder, causing Donovan to break his chokehold, stumbling backwards in pain.]

GM: Ohh! Smart counter by Cooper!

[Grabbing Donovan from behind by the tights, Cooper spins him around and...

...ROCKETS him shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[As Donovan staggers out, Cooper drags him down in a schoolboy, slipping his feet over the middle rope!]

GM: He's got his feet on the ropes, ref!

BW: Meekly doesn't see it!

[The official slaps the mat once... twice... and THEN spots the feet, waving off the pin attempt!]

GM: He almost stole one right there! Thank the maker for Marty Meekly!

[Meekly and Cooper argue again as Donovan rolls to all fours, pushing to his knees where he grabs his injured arm. Cooper shoves the referee aside, leaning closer to Donovan...]

"I'm gonna rip that damn thing off your body!"

[Cooper grabs the arm, trying to wrench Donovan down into a Fujiwara Armbar...]

...but a desperate Donovan stands up, lifting Cooper up under his armpit...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!! HE'S GOT COOPER UP!!

[...and DROPS him down backfirst on the canvas in a side slam!]

GM: SIDE SLAM BY DONOVAN!!

[Donovan grabs both legs, leaning back in a sloppy pin attempt.]

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

[Cooper again FIRES a shoulder off the mat in time!]

GM: He still can't hold him down for a three count, fans! Both of these men have tried time and time again to keep the other man down for the count of three but neither have been able to do it.

BW: That's just sheer fighting spirit on both of their parts. Remember, Gordo, this is a second round match in this tournament - you win, you're in the Sweet Sixteen which means you're four victories away from the biggest prize in our sport - the AWA World Heavyweight Title.

GM: And with the ages of both of these men, this could be their final opportunity to pick up that gold, fans. So you better believe they're gonna give it everything they've got here tonight in Tampa, Florida! What a night it's been here in Tampa for the very first time that the AWA has held an event in the great state of Florida!

[Donovan climbs to his feet, dragging Cooper up by the hair.]

GM: Both men back up again... and Donovan seems to be hesitating, like he's not even sure what he can do with the arm banged up that badly. He needs to find something in his arsenal that he can do with the left arm to finish off Cooper.

[Steadying the former tag champion on his feet, Donovan winds up with the left arm...]

...and throws the best possible lariat he can land with a left arm!]

GM: OHH! Big lariat!

[He collapses to his knees, making another pin attempt.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Suddenly, the referee finds himself being dragged out of the ring!]

GM: What the-?!

BW: It's Cousin Bo!

GM: What the HELL is going on here?!

[The crowd jeers at the sight of Cousin Bo Allan shouting at the official, getting him all tied up. Donovan pushes up off the mat, looking puzzled at what's going on outside the ring.]

GM: Cousin Bo has the refer-

BW: BISHOPS!

[The jeers grow louder as Duane Henry Bishop and Cletus Lee Bishop come tearing down the aisle, sliding into the ring. Duane Henry is quickly up, heading straight for the downed Dave Cooper...

...but Robert Donovan is waiting for him, drilling the smaller man with a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: What the... it looks like Donovan is protecting Dave Cooper!

BW: Of course he is! If the Bishops hit Cooper, Donovan's going to be disqualified!

[Donovan turns his focus to Cletus Lee Bishop, throwing left hands as quickly as he can to try and fight off the Redneck Wrecking Machine, a struggle that seems to be going pretty well until Duane Henry wraps up the legs of Donovan from his knees, making him easy prey as Cletus Lee comes charging in...

...and CONNECTS with a Charging Big Boot that sends Donovan sailing through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: CLETUS LEE SENDS DONOVAN TO THE FLOOR!!

[Dave Cooper climbs to his feet, spotting the Bishops but gets tackled by Duane Henry before he can make a run for it. Several hard shots from Cletus Lee takes the starch out of Cooper's sails before Duane Henry rips him out of the corner, hoisting him up into a torture rack as Cletus Lee hits the ropes again...]

GM: NO!

[...and DRIVES HOME another Charging Big Boot to the side of Cooper's head, allowing Duane Henry to use the momentum to spin Cooper out into a sitout powerbomb...]

GM: DOC ALLAN'S MIRACLE HEADACHE ELIXIR!!

[...all of which just happened in front of the referee's very eyes as he struggles to get away from Cousin Bo.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: NO! This can't happen! This can't be happening!

[The referee quickly consults with Phil Watson who makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... due to outside interference from the Bishop Boys... Robert Donovan...

[Dramatic pause.]

PW: ...has been DISQUALIFIED! Your winner of the match, moving on to the third round...

DAAAAAAVE COOOOOOPERRRR!

[The crowd is absolutely deafening in pouring jeers down on the motionless Dave Cooper as the Bishops stand tall over him.]

GM: The damned Bishop Boys are the cause of this! Dave Cooper should NOT be moving on in this tournament... and one of the favorites to win the whole thing just got knocked out!

[We cut to the floor where Donovan is up to a knee, glaring at the ring where Cousin Bo is celebrating what just happened as the fans really let him have it.]

GM: Look at Robert Donovan's eyes, fans. I would NOT want to be in the shoes of the Bishop Boys right now and-

[Donovan abruptly gets to his feet, grabbing the ring apron with both hands and pulling... and pulling... and pulling until the apron yanks right off in his hands. He angrily throws the apron down to the thin mats at ringside...]

...and then leans over, digging his fingers into a section between two mats, trying to rip them off the floor!]

GM: Donovan has snapped! The Bishop Boys have moved into retreat mode at ringside but Donovan has lost it! He's snapped out here at ringside and he's tearing the place up!

BW: Uh oh, he's coming over here!

[Not even pausing for a moment, Donovan upends the announce table, sending their television monitor crashing off the mats as he flips it over onto the floor. He shouts at both Gordon and Bucky who beat a quick retreat as we abruptly cut to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CJ: MMMMM-HMMMMM!

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

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

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

CJ: Them things!

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

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

[Jack pats his protruding gut.]

CJ: Can desire!

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

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

[Jack holds up a cup of coffee.]

CJ: Or just looking for a quick cup o' joe, come on down to Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks! For locations, just go on that wide webbed world and put in "Flapjacksforjacks.com" and make your way to a place near you!

[Jack smiles, winks with a nods... and then rams another big wad of pancake into his face.]

CJ: Ammnnd temlll mfJacmk mmssemt ffmmya!

[City Jack holds up a fork as "Big Jack's Flapjacks and Stacks" pops above his head with the website address pulsating below Jack's face. Fade to black.]

And then back up to live action where we find Mark Stegglet standing backstage alongside the Chairman of the Championship Committee, "Big" Jim Watkins.]

MS: Welcome back, fans... Mr. Watkins, controversy, once again is in the air and is surrounding Dave Cooper.

[Jim Watkins looks more than a bit agitated as he shakes his head back and forth.]

JW: It wasn't supposed to be like this, kid. It really wasn't.

[Watkins' voice trails off as he looks down at the ground.]

MS: Mr. Watkins, I'm not sure I understand.

JW: Me neither. I don't understand how that piece of trash can continue to win matches and be successful after everything he's done while guys like Supernova and Jeff Jagger can't catch a break in this tournament. I don't understand how someone who loves this business, who loves this company, hasn't taken matters into their own hands and put this guy on the shelf once and for all!

[Stegglet looks shocked.]

MS: Are you suggesting-

JW: I'm just saying that times changes... the business changes. In my day, a guy does something like Cooper's been pulling, he ends up with a broken

leg, a broken neck... who knows. All I know is that he's still standing, still walking around like the cock of the walk and-

[Suddenly, some loud voices are heard from off-camera. Stegglet looks up, confused. Watkins suddenly looks even more agitated. The camera shot pulls back a bit as Cousin Bo, Duane Henry, and Cletus Lee Bishop - the National Tag Team Champions - appear on scene.]

MS: We're being joined by-

CB: You see what we did out there, boys?! Didja?!

MS: We certainly did! You cost Robert Donovan the chance to move-

[Bo waves him off.]

CB: Forget about Donovan. He ain't nothin' to no one! What we did was show Dave Cooper how we treat no-good, scumsuckin' bastards like him 'round these parts! Duane Henry got 'im up and Cletus Lee kicked him right in the ol' melon - BAM! Doc Allan's Miracle Headache Elixir claims another victim!

[Duane Henry claps his big brother on the shoulder as Cousin Bo gloats.]

CB: I told ya, Watkins.

JW: This isn't the time for-

CB: I told ya we'd live up to our end of the deal!

[Stegglet's jaw drops as Watkins' gaze drops to the ground.]

MS: What is he... what does that mean?! Did you make a deal with-

[Watkins' eyes raise, full of fire as he glares at Cousin Bo.]

JW: This WASN'T what we agreed on, Allan! This wasn't-

[Suddenly, another voice comes from off-camera... a very pissed off voice.]

"YOU HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS, WATKINS?!"

[The camera pans to reveal Robert Donovan trying to shove his way past a mob of security guards. The camera pulls back to reveal Cletus Lee trying to do the same thing with Duane Henry and Cousin Bo trying to hold him back. Jim Watkins is shouting off-mic at all of them, trying to restore order as Donovan sends a security guard flying away from him as we abruptly cut to black.

And then back up to a shot of Travis Lynch standing in front of a generic AWA logo.]

TL: You're watchin' AWA Saturday Night Wrestling on the WKIK Superstation where we're kickin' it up a notch!

[The shot of Lynch fades to one of Clayton Shaw.]

CS: WKIK is the official television network of America and we at the AWA are proud to be right here on WKIK! U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!

[Shaw fades away to be replaced by BC Da Mastah MC.]

BC: When I'm sittin' at home flippin' the dial...
The only place I wanna be is showin' Gomer Pyle...
They got the Jetsons, Mama's Family, and the AWA...
Yeah, you know I'm talkin' 'bout W-K-I-K...

YO! YO! YO! GO! GO! GO!

[The shot of everyone's favorite wrestling rapper fades out to a shot of former Chairman of the Championship Committee and AWA co-owner, Jon Stegglet, who is standing next to Jason Dane inside the ring.]

JD: Welcome back, fans, to The First Tangle In Tampa! Florida fans, lemme hear you - are you having a good time?!

[HUUUUUGE CHEER!]

JD: Mr. Stegglet, it is quite obvious that the fans here in Florida are happy to have the AWA in town.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: It's always a treat for us when we're able to take our shows on the road to places that may not get to see us all the time... but it's even more of a treat when we get to a place that has NEVER hosted an AWA event but has been looking to do so for such a long time. The great state of Florida has been bidding and pushing for an AWA event for a while now and we in the front office are incredibly happy that we were finally able to make this happen for all of us.

[Respectful cheers from the Tampa crowd.]

JD: Now, when it was announced that you were coming here tonight to address all of the AWA fans around the world LIVE on WKIK, it was said that this announcement would deal with both our annual Labor Day event as well as with the annual extravaganza known as SuperClash.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: That's right. As you know, we had previously announced that our Labor Day event would be one of the biggest events of all time as it would not only feature the semi-finals and finals of our World Title Tournament but also the annual Rumble with the winner earning a title shot at November's

SuperClash IV. And the more we looked at the tournament, the more we realized that we were going to be hard-pressed to finish it by that day.

JD: Are you saying what I think you're saying?

JS: I am. When we come to New Orleans for Labor Day Weekend, we're going to be having a TWO NIGHT show!

[Big cheer!]

JS: There will be tournament matches on both nights as we get down to the Final Four for Labor Day itself. And I tell you this, when the action gets hot down on the Bayou, it's going to take every single drop of someone's blood, sweat, and tears to walk out the AWA World Champion.

That's why we have decided to name this special two night event - in conjunction with our sponsor for the weekend, my old friends at Empire Sports...

BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS!

[BIGGER CHEER!]

JD: Empire Sports? You mean our old boss is-

[Stegglet grins.]

JS: It seems he's got a special DVD and Blu-Ray coming out entitled "The Best Of Blood, Sweat, And Tears" that's in need of some promotion. We were happy to oblige.

And on a similar note, that brings me to SuperClash IV.

[The crowd buzzes in anticipation.]

JS: I said at the start of this that there's nothing better for us in the AWA than to come to a new town that has been really dying to see the AWA come to their area. For quite some time now, we have toyed with the idea of running a show in Southern California...

And I'm happy to announce that this year... SuperClash IV will be coming to you from the City of Angels, Los Angeles, California in yet another event co-sponsored by Empire Sports.

SuperClash IV: It's Showtime will be LIVE on Thanksgiving Night from the historic Sports Arena in Los Angeles and we can't wait for the fans in LA to get to see us in action!

[Dane takes the mic to close it out.]

JD: Wow! What a pair of announcements by the front office! And I'm sure we'll have more information about both big events in the days, weeks, and

months to come, fans, but right now, it's Main Event time here at The First Tangle In Tampa so-

[The drumbeats start low, but quickly build i intensity. More join in... this is "Mai", as heard here: (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aFxJDaaasm8>). The first man through the curtain is the "Agent To The Stars" Ben Waterson, and directly behind him looms the immense girth and massive frame of Ebola Zaire.

Waterson is all business as he walks the aisle, ignoring the ringside fans and the jeers pouring down on him. He continues to turn, speaking to Zaire who, of course, does not response.

Looking like something out of a horror movie, the morbidly obese Zaire trudges towards the ring behind him. He wears a red cloth hood over his head, long tails hanging off it over his back. His fingers are heavily taped - something we notice as he continually slaps at his own chest with one hand while gripping the taped-up broom handle we saw him with earlier in the other hand. His red boots with a curling point polish off the white pants ensemble. The fans boo as the two men take their sweet time heading down the aisle.

The duo enter the ring where Waterson procures the microphone.]

ATTSBW: Los Angeles, huh? The City of Angels you call it but to those of us in the wrestling business, it's known as the Land of Extreme. But of course, Jonnie... you already know that.

[Stegglet doesn't respond.]

ATTSBW: You bring the AWA - the promotion built upon being family entertainment... being old school professional wrestling... being what the true sport of wrestling should look like... and you throw us into the lion's den of hardcore, extreme, ultraviolence... use whatever trendy name you want for it but it's not what this place says it's all about.

It's not what YOU...

[Waterson jabs a finger into Stegglet's chest.]

ATTSBW: ...say it's all about.

But if it's extreme you want... if it's hardcore you crave... if it's ultraviolence you seek... look no further than the man standing before you right now. Percy Childes may have brought him to the AWA but I have honed him into a machine that wants nothing more than to hurt people.

Namely Juan Vasquez.

Tonight, your golden child will bleed, Stegglet. He'll bleed like he's never bled before. He'll bleed buckets... he'll bleed an ocean of crimson that we can paddle upon to get to Los Angeles.

[Waterson cackles as he tosses the mic aside, watching Zaire as he takes a knee in the corner, waiting for the arrival of his opponent.]

PW: And his opponent...

[A slow, haunting piano chord plays, as the crowd realizes it's not "They Reminisce over You" that's playing over the PA system.]

It's dark...and hell is hot#

[Instead, DMX's "Ain't No Sunshine" blares throughout George Steinbrenner Field, as Juan Vasquez appears at the entrance with his head lowered, drawing a huge roar from the crowd! Not wearing his familiar white tracksuit with black trim, we see that Vasquez isn't dressed for a wrestling match...but for a war. The former two-time AWA National champion is wearing a pair of black jeans, steel-toe boots, a wifebeater tanktop and when he lifts his head for the crowd to see...the frightening image of "Dia de los Muertos" skull facepaint upon his visage.]

Ain't no sunshine when it's on #
Only darkness every day #
Ain't no sunshine when it's on #
Cuz when it's on, ya gonna be gone #
Every time cuz we don't play

[The crowd doesn't really know what to make of what they see before them, as an almost collective gasp can be heard. Vasquez's eyes are focused solely on the ring and Zaire, his concentration unbroken by the rabidly cheering crowd.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in tonight at 238 pounds...

He is a former two-time AWA National champion...

JUUUUUUUUUUUAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNN

VAAAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSQUUUUUUUUEEEEEZZZZ!!!

[Juan remains rooted in front of the entrance, locking eyes with the crazed Zaire...

...and suddenly, without warning, he blazes down the aisle, making a beeline straight for the Botswana Beast as the crowd explodes with cheers!]

GM: HERE HE COMES! HERE HE COMES!

[Vasquez dives headfirst under the ropes, sending Waterson scattering away as Vasquez gets to his feet...

...and gets that taped-off broom handle JAMMED into his midsection!]

GM: Ohh! Zaire with the broom handle to the gut!

[A second shot lands in the ribs, sending Vasquez stumbling backwards into the corner where Zaire pursues, still holding the wooden stick...

...that he presses into Vasquez' throat, pushing his head back and choking the air out of the former National Champion!]

GM: He's choking Vasquez in the corner!

[The bell rings to start the match.]

BW: There's the bell... and ain't no ref out here to call for it either, Gordo.

GM: This is Outlaw Rules. No rules, no ref is the tagline and you better believe it's true. Bobby Taylor himself made this match. To win it, you have to render your opponent completely unable to defend himself any further. And can you imagine what would have to be done to one of these men to make that happen?

BW: Well, one year ago, we saw Juan Vasquez rendered completely unable to defend himself, Gordo. And it took half the locker room to do it. Tonight, Ebola Zaire's gonna try to do it himself!

GM: But by the same token, Zaire has shed blood on every continent around the world. He's one of the most feared men in professional wrestling history and tonight, he gets the chance to show exactly why.

[Vasquez grabs the broomstick with his hands, pushing back on it to try and get some room to breathe...

...and lashes out with a kick to the body!]

GM: Ohh! Vasquez kicks him in the gut!

[A second and third kick follow, breaking the choke just a bit and giving Vasquez room to slam a right hand between the eyes of Zaire.]

GM: They're fighting in the corner, using closed fists, using weapons, choking... but in this one, all of this is completely legal, Bucky. Completely legal.

BW: The lack of a referee is all because of Zaire too. He's been out of control in recent weeks, attacking anyone and everyone around him.

GM: Ben Waterson unleashed this monster who is on loan from Percy Childes on Juan Vasquez. Childes and Waterson did this in unison to try and take Juan Vasquez out of the AWA once and for all. And remember, Ebola Zaire is suspended! As soon as this match ends, he's going to be out on suspension for an unspecified period of time.

[With Zaire staggering back, Vasquez leaps up to the midbuckle and springs off, throwing his steel-toed boots into the jaw with a dropkick!]

GM: Ohh! Those heavy boots just got thrown right in the jaw of Ebola Zaire!

[Zaire staggers backwards again, his arms swinging as he tries to maintain his balance. Vasquez climbs back up to his feet, throwing a haymaker to the body of Zaire. A second one follows before Vasquez drags Zaire into a side headlock, balling up his fist and repeatedly slamming it into the skull of the Botswana Beast!]

GM: Vasquez is all over him! Vasquez is-

[Zaire wraps his arms around the torso, lifting Vasquez off the canvas, and drops Vasquez down on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Zaire takes him down hard!

[Rolling to his knees, Zaire wraps his hands around the throat of Vasquez, his eyes going wide as he digs his thumbs into the fleshy area around the windpipe!]

BW: Look at this! Look at his eyes, Gordo! The man ain't playin' with even half a deck! He may only have a card or two!

GM: And there's no referee to stop this! No one can stop this but Ebola Zaire and Juan Vasquez!

[Vasquez grabs at the wrists, trying to fight his way free of Zaire's deadly grip. He swings a leg up, kicking Zaire in the back! A second kick connects as well, loosening the grip before a third breaks it completely, allowing Vasquez to roll away from Zaire to the ropes...]

GM: Zaire's getting to his feet, coming for Vasquez...

[The former champion surges to his knees, throwing his head into the flabby midsection of Zaire. Still kneeling, he pops him under the chin with an uppercut that sends Zaire stumbling backwards into the ropes.]

GM: Vasquez wobbles the larger man, back to his feet now...

[Vasquez slams both hands into the canvas, rushing to the far ropes, rebounding back...

...and THROWING himself into a spear tackle that sends both he and Zaire through the ropes where they crash down in a heap on the floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! WHAT AN IMPACTFUL MOVE BY VASQUEZ!!

[The crowd is roaring for the high-impact fall to the floor as both Vasquez and Zaire lay motionless out on the floor.]

BW: That reminded me of Simon Ezra... the old Blood Angel... with the way he threw himself into that spear tackle, Gordo. Vasquez ain't the biggest dog in the fight but when he puts his mind to it - just like Ezra used to - he can really get some sudden impact with a move like that.

[Ben Waterson circles around the ring, shouting unacknowledged support to Ebola Zaire as Vasquez pushes up to his knees to the cheers of the crowd. He grabs Zaire by the head, slamming his fist into the forehead several times...

...and then leans down, sinking his teeth into the forehead of the Beast!]

GM: AHHH! He's biting him! He's biting him!

[Vasquez digs into the scarred forehead with his teeth, predictably breaking the skin and leaving a stream of blood coming down the face of Zaire. Vasquez climbs to his feet, dropping a few stomps on the chest of Zaire before turning away towards the ring, pulling up the ring apron...]

GM: Vasquez is looking under the ring for something... what's under there? What's he looking for?

[Vasquez drops to a knee, digging deeper...

...and pulls out a metal toolbox.]

GM: What in the world is he doing with that?

BW: Maybe the ring needs some repairs.

GM: Somehow I doubt that.

[Lifting the metal box high over his head, Vasquez approaches Zaire who has managed to roll to all fours...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and THROWS the toolbox down on the back of Zaire!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[The toolbox opens up, wrenches, screwdrivers, and assorted other tools scattering all over the ringside area. Vasquez leans down, pulling Zaire into a seated position where he slams his fist into the bleeding forehead of Zaire over and over again as a loud rumble of thunder sounds in the distance.]

GM: Fans, the forecast here in Tampa throughout the week has called for scattered thunderstorms so we can only hope we can get this match in before we get any rain here tonight.

[Vasquez drops down to a knee, scooping up a screwdriver off the floor.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: What the heck has gotten into Juan Vasquez?!

[Vasquez straightens up, nodding to the crowd as he gestures to the heavily taped arm that was a victim of Zaire's dangerous fork attack on Memorial Day weekend...

...and then JAMS the pointy end of the screwdriver into the bloody forehead!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!! VASQUEZ HAS SNAPPED!

[Vasquez continues to press the sharp steel into the forehead, digging deeper and deeper into the skin as Zaire struggles to free himself. Ben Waterson is screaming from nearby.]

GM: Zaire is a bloody mess out here at ringside and we're just- what? Not even five minutes into this match!

[After several moments of drawing blood, Vasquez angrily throws the bloodied weapon aside, dragging Zaire off the floor and shoving him back under the ropes into the ring. He leans down, picking up the metal toolbox as he steps up on the apron...

...and starts to climb the ropes.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! What the heck is he gonna do with that toolbox?!

[Vasquez steps up top, positioning the metal box underneath his right arm as he measures the downed Zaire...]

GM: What the heck is gonna-

BW: He's gonna drop that toolbox off the top onto Zaire!

GM: He'll cave in the man's skull!

[Seeing Zaire in trouble, Waterson grabs his discarded broom handle, climbing up on the ring apron...

...and taking a full force swing across the back of Vasquez' knee...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...which crotches Vasquez up top!]

GM: Good grief! Ben Waterson struck and struck hard right there!

[A smirking Waterson approaches Vasquez.]

"YOU THINK I'M DONE WITH YOU?!"

[Waterson winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and sends Vasquez toppling off the apron into the ring.]

GM: Ben Waterson just knocked Vasquez off the ropes... and to be honest with you, fans, he may have just saved Ebola Zaire from suffering defeat in this one. If Vasquez had come off the top and smashed Zaire over the head with that metal toolbox, I think there's no way Zaire would have gotten up from that.

BW: And now, BOTH men are down on the mat!

[Waterson stays standing on the apron, slamming the broom handle into the top turnbuckle again and again as he shouts for Zaire to get to his feet and continue the fight...

...and then changes his mind, getting in the ring himself.]

GM: What the HELL is Ben Waterson doing?!

[Wooden broom handle in hand, Waterson winds up with it...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HARD shot across the back with that piece of lumber!

[Waterson winds up again and again, lashing downward with the wooden broom handle across the back...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: This is ridiculous! Someone needs to get Waterson out of there!

BW: This is Juan Vasquez' fight! If he wants Waterson out of there, he needs to get up and get him out of there himself, Gordo!

[Waterson stands over Vasquez, sneering at the jeering crowd.]

GM: These fans are absolutely sickened by what they're seeing! Sure, this match has no ref... sure, it has no rules... but how in the world can this be fair?!

BW: Fair?! Who the HELL said anything about this being fair, Myers?!

[With Vasquez down on the mat, Ebola Zaire climbs to his feet. He glares at Waterson, enough to get the manager to step aside and allow Zaire to pull Vasquez off the mat by the hair, lashing out with a stiff-fingered thrust to the throat that sends the two-time National Champion falling back to the buckles, gasping for air.]

GM: What a shot to the throat by Zaire!

[Zaire lunges at him, throwing a stiff back elbow into the jaw as his near four hundred pounds smashes Vasquez against the buckles as Waterson takes off his leather belt.]

GM: Waterson's still in there and he's giving his belt to Zaire!

[The Botswana Beast winds up with it, lashing down across the chest of Vasquez...]

GM: Ohh! He whipped him with the belt!

[Vasquez crumples down to all fours as Zaire winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ANOTHER LASH WITH THE BELT!!

[Vasquez flattens out on his chest, dazed and hurting as Zaire winds up with his gigantic elbow...

...and DROPS it down on the back of his head and neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Nearly FOUR HUNDRED pounds dropped on the back of the head! And that might be it right there, fans! That might be all she wrote for Juan Vasquez!

[Zaire stays on top of Vasquez for a few moments, making the two-time National Champion rest underneath nearly four hundred pounds of flesh. He

slowly pushes to a knee, watching Vasquez for any sign of movement.
Waterson throws his arms up in triumph as he shouts at the jeering crowd.]

GM: Waterson thinks it's over! He thinks that Zaire has just finished off Juan Vasquez with that big elbowdrop, Bucky.

BW: He may be right too. Vasquez ain't moved a bit yet.

[Zaire pushes up to his feet, settling back into the corner to catch a breather while his opponent tries to stir from the mat. Waterson takes a spot next to Zaire, patting him on the back, gesturing at the downed Vasquez. Blood continues to pour from Zaire's head as he wipes at his wound with the back of his arm, smearing the crimson all over his face and now, his arm as well.]

GM: Vasquez is still down. Can you imagine what it must be like to have nearly four hundred pounds dropped on the back of your head and neck like that, Bucky? He may be completely unconscious!

[But Vasquez twitches, his right arm sliding underneath him to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: He's moving! Juan Vasquez is moving!

[He moves his left arm under him as well as an irate Waterson kicks the bottom rope, shouting at Zaire who nods with a blank expression on his face...

...and digs into a pocket on his trunks, pulling a fork into view.]

GM: Oh my god.

BW: He's gonna carve Vasquez up like a pig, Gordo!

GM: This fork is what led us to this! This fork is the reason that Juan Vasquez' arm is completely wrapped up in white tape!

[Vasquez shoves himself off the mat, pushing himself onto his knees. He looks up at Zaire who shakes his head in disbelief as Vasquez raises his arms, waving Zaire forward...]

GM: Parents, if you've got small children watching at home, now would be a good time to use that parental discretion because-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!! He just STABBED Vasquez in the skull!

[Vasquez collapses back down onto his back, hands shooting up to his face as he rolls back and forth in pain. Zaire grins a sickening smile as the crimson drips from his forehead into his mouth, creating a bloody grin as he reaches down, pulling Vasquez to a seated position, revealing a trickle of blood coming from his forehead!]

GM: And Juan Vasquez has been busted open as well!

[Zaire lifts the fork again, stabbing it down into the forehead...

...and this time he keeps it there, digging it into the flesh just as Vasquez did with the screwdriver earlier in the match!]

GM: AHHHHH!

[Blood starts to pour from the wound on Vasquez' head as Zaire looks to carve his forehead up with the fork. Zaire leans over, applying more pressure...

...and Vasquez rolls back, lashing out with a kick to the head of Zaire! A second one connects as well, forcing Zaire to stagger away as Vasquez rolls under the ropes to the apron, blood dripping off his forehead onto the mat.]

GM: Vasquez has been BADLY busted open, fans!

BW: And listen to Waterson screaming at Zaire to finish him! This is Ben Waterson's night! This is the night he's been waiting for, fans! He wants Vasquez to leave here on a stretcher and NEVER come back! And he thinks Ebola Zaire is the perfect weapon to make that happen!

[Zaire leans over the ropes, hauling Vasquez off the apron by the hair, his back to the ring. The Botswana Beast raises his arm, blood-covered fork still in hand...

...but Vasquez blindly reaches backwards, digging his fingers into the eyes of Zaire and gouging them!]

GM: OHHH! Vasquez goes to the eyes!

[Turning around, Vasquez grabs Zaire by the back of the head, rushing along the ropes and SMASHES Zaire's bloody head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Into the buckles!

[With Zaire staggered, Vasquez sets to work at untying the turnbuckle pad, throwing it aside.]

GM: Juan Vasquez has just exposed that solid steel that holds the ropes together!

[He reaches over the ropes, stepping up on the second rope to be able to get Zaire within reach...

...and catches a stiff-fingered thrust to the throat, sending him sailing off the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! Right down on the thin pads at ringside!

BW: And underneath those pads is the dirt that makes up the infield here at Steinbrenner Field!

[Zaire shoves an encouraging Waterson aside as he steps out to the apron, backing down the length of the ropes to rest his massive back against the ringpost...]

GM: Oh my god. We've seen this before, Bucky!

BW: But if he hits it now, it may be the last thing Vasquez EVER sees!

[The near four hundred pounder slaps his bulbous stomach a few times, jiggling his fleshy stomach before slowly pacing down the length of the apron...

...and LEAPING OFF!]

GM: SPLAAAAAAAAA-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Juan Vasquez escapes certain doom by rolling aside, allowing Zaire to CRASH down on the thinly padded floor at ringside!]

GM: He missed the big running splash off the apron! Zaire came up VERY empty and he's gotta be hurting badly, Bucky!

BW: He sure does. That could snap some ribs under the fat gut of his.

[Vasquez pushes up to all fours, crawling towards the timekeeper's table.]

GM: Zaire is down... he might be done, Bucky.

[Waterson stands on the middle rope, shouting at the downed Zaire, screaming at him to get back up.]

GM: Ben Waterson is absolutely in a state of panic now. He is seeing the man that he thought would be his saving grace against Vasquez potentially finish himself off!

[Vasquez uses the table to pull himself up...

...and then yanks the table up onto its end, knocking a stack of papers, the ring bell, and various other objects down onto the floor abruptly.]

GM: Oh my... Juan Vasquez has got the timekeeper's table!

[Dragging the table over towards Zaire, Vasquez hooks it under his arm like he's going for a suplex...

...and leverages it up, holding it high for a moment before falling back with it, slamming the wooden table down across the back of Zaire!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The table bounces off Zaire’s back, scattering to the side as Zaire lies motionless underneath it. Vasquez climbs to his feet, spitting on the downed Zaire.]

“STAY DOWN, YOU PIECE OF SH-”

[The audio abruptly cuts out as Vasquez wipes the blood from his eyes, leaning back against the ring apron to catch his breath as Waterson slides from the ring, still shouting at the monster from around the ring.]

GM: Waterson’s trying to get Zaire back up! Trying to get the Beast to rise! We’re over ten minutes into this battle and both of these men have put one another through the wringer for sure.

[Vasquez pushes himself up on the apron, sitting on it, leaning against the ropes as another clap of thunder is heard. He looks up through blood-stung eyes at the dark cloudy night sky as Waterson’s voice is heard again.]

GM: Ben Waterson is absolutely SCREAMING at Ebola Zaire now!

BW: This isn’t what he bargained for, Gordo. Percy Childes delivered Zaire to him but this wasn’t the deal that Waterson had in mind, Gordo... not at all.

GM: You’ve gotta wonder if Vasquez holds Childes responsible at all for him being in this situation as well. We know Vasquez wants vengeance on Ben Waterson for what happened to him one year ago today... but does he still seek it on anyone else?

BW: With Broussard out of the AWA and Dufresne M.I.A., I’m not sure there’s anyone left, Gordo. This is it for him. If he wins this one, he might finally be able to put that ghost to bed.

[Vasquez glares at Zaire long and hard, waiting to see what happens next...

...and then angrily slams his hand down on the apron as Zaire pushes his body up to his knees, knocking the wooden table off his back down onto the floor.]

GM: Zaire rises! Zaire is getting up!

[Vasquez shoves himself off the apron, looking around for something...

...and starts kicking at the wooden ringsteps!]

BW: Uh oh... I think Vasquez may have lost it, Gordo. He's over here kicking the ringsteps when he should be kicking Zaire in the melon instead.

GM: I don't think that's what's going on. I think Vasquez is trying to break those steps away from the ringpost!

[A few more kicks land before whatever was holding the steps to the post snaps and the steps topple over under a boot from Vasquez. The two-time National Champion leans over and with a roar of effort, he hoists the heavy wooden steps up near his head, walking over towards Zaire who is up on a knee, looking at Vasquez through blood-covered eyes...]

BW: What the hell is he gonna do with those steps?!

[Vasquez steps up to the kneeling Zaire, lifting the steps as high as he possibly can over his head...]

GM: My god - he's gonna kill him, fans! He's gonna cave in his skull!

[Vasquez stands tall, roaring with rage...

...when Zaire suddenly lashes out, dragging his hand across the ribcage of Vasquez in a slashing motion...]

GM: What the-?!

[Vasquez abruptly drops the steps behind him, doubling up to grab at his body...]

GM: What in the world just happened there?!

[Vasquez staggers backwards, resting against the ring apron and revealing a thin line of blood across his body.]

BW: Did... did Zaire just slash him with something?!

[Zaire climbs to his feet, a bloody grin on his face as we catch a glimpse of a golden spike clutched in his hand.]

GM: He's got the Golden Spike! He's got Anton Layton's old weapon and he just used it like a knife... like a sword... to save himself from those wooden steps!

[And Zaire lashes out with the Spike again, catching Vasquez in the throat with it which knocks him back onto the wooden steps!]

GM: Ohh! Zaire's got the Golden Spike - a gift from Percy Childe no doubt!

[Zaire lifts the Spike over his head, pushing back on Vasquez' head with his free hand to expose the throat...]

GM: My stars... this can't be happening! He's going for the Death Strike with that Golden Spike!

[The crowd is buzzing with fear for the health of Juan Vasquez as Zaire's bulky arm goes high over his head...

...and a panicked Juan Vasquez pushes off the steps with his legs, backflipping over and out of Zaire's grip as Zaire takes the big swing, stabbing the Spike downwards...]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[...and embedding the Spike in the wooden ringsteps!]

GM: Oh my stars! Look at what would have happened if Vasquez hadn't-

[Vasquez grabs a shocked Zaire by the back of the head, SLAMMING it into the wooden steps!]

GM: Ohh!

[Pulling the Beast's head up again, Vasquez SLAMS it down into the wooden ringsteps a second time...

...and then leans down, sinking his teeth into the forehead again!]

GM: He's biting him again! He's biting Zaire's bloody forehead!

[And as he shoves Zaire away down onto the steps, Vasquez spits a mouthful of Zaire's blood at the nearest camera man, showering the lens.]

GM: Ohh! That's disgusting! Vasquez just spat the man's blood on the camera and I can't believe what we're seeing out of Vasquez here tonight. Juan Vasquez is... I hate to say it, fans... but I think he may be going too far here tonight in this one...

[Vasquez pulls Zaire up by the back of the head, dragging him away from the ring...]

GM: Now where in the world are they going?

BW: I have no idea. It looks like they're headed for the aisle!

[Vasquez turns towards the railing, shoving Zaire over it into the front row before hurdling over it himself. He grabs Zaire by the back of the head again and SLAMS his skull into an abandoned steel seat at ringside!]

GM: Into the chairs! The fans at ringside are scattering and who in the world can blame them?!

[Vasquez follows a staggering Zaire, grabbing him by the back of the head again and looking for the same assault...

...but Zaire straightens his arms, grabbing the back of a chair and blocking Vasquez' attempt!]

GM: Zaire blocks it! They're fighting their way deeper into the crowd here at ringside... ohh! Back elbow to the heart by Zaire...

[Grabbing Vasquez under the armpit and around the head, Zaire HURLS him a couple of rows deep with a big biel throw that has the crowd scattering and roaring at the same time!]

GM: MY STARS!! VASQUEZ' SPINE HITS SOLID STEEL!!

[The cameraman digs deeper into the crowd, pushing his way past a group of fans who've ringed the downed Vasquez, trying to encourage the fan favorite as Zaire approaches, shoving fans aside...]

GM: We may need to get more security out here. Zaire is like an uncaged animal running around out there in the crowd.

BW: And if you've followed the news at all lately, you know what happens when the general public gets inside the tiger's cage!

GM: Zaire came into the crowd! Not the other way around!

BW: Semantics. Besides, the last time I checked, it was VASQUEZ who took this fight into the crowd - not Zaire! You can blame him for whatever the heck happens next, Gordo!

[Zaire reaches down, pushing Vasquez' throat down on the back of a steel chair, strangling the air out of him as the surrounding fans shout encouragement at Vasquez.]

GM: Zaire's choking him on the chair! He's got his throat pressed against the steel and-

[The crowd groans as Zaire lashes out with a downward chop to the back of the neck, forcing his throat into the steel chair! Vasquez falls off the chair, hands up to his throat as he gasps for air.]

GM: Good grief!

[Zaire pulls Vasquez off the steel, dragging him deeper into the crowd.]

GM: Uh oh... we're getting real close to those wooden bleachers that are set up by the outfield wall!

[Zaire grabs Vasquez by the hair, SLAMMING his face into the metal supports for the wooden bleachers, sending him crashing down onto the outfield grass.]

GM: Vasquez is down out there in left field... ohh! Hard boot to the ribs!
And another! And another!

[The brutal kicks from Zaire send Vasquez rolling away. He somehow manages to get to his feet, staggering away from the Botswana Beast. Zaire pursues, moving through the fans who have abandoned their seats to try and follow the action.]

GM: Fans, the brawl has spilled into the outfield here at George Steinbrenner Field and we can no longer see it from our spot here at ringside. We've got our monitors on the table and will do our best to follow the action for you all but-

[Zaire catches Vasquez with a knife-edge chop, sending him staggering back towards the left field wall. Zaire shoves him back against the wall, winding up again...]

GM: Another big chop! Down goes Vasquez to a knee!

[The Botswana Beast stands over him, ready to attack once more...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but a desperate Vasquez SLAMS his arm up into the groin of Zaire!]

GM: Vasquez goes low on Zaire!

[Popping back to his feet, Vasquez grabs Zaire by the back of the head, SMASHING his head into the left field wall and leaving a bloody smear on it.]

GM: Vasquez smashes him into the wall and-

[Vasquez turns away from Zaire, grabbing the top of the outfield wall with both hands...

...and somehow drags himself up, using the bleachers beyond the wall to steady himself...]

GM: VASQUEZ IS STANDING ON THE LEFT FIELD WALL! HE'S UP ON TOP OF-

[The two-time National Champion suddenly flings himself off the wall, catching Zaire with a crossbody, knocking the Botswana Beast down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: VASQUEZ WIPES OUT ZAIRE!!!

[With both men down on the outfield grass, the crowd is absolutely roaring their support for the action they're watching unfold. From inside the ring, Ben Waterson is totally irate, screaming and shouting, kicking the ropes in frustration...]

GM: My stars, what a war these two men are going through here in Tampa tonight! The great state of Florida has seen the AWA come to town and show the entire wrestling world what professional wrestling at its finest looks like!

BW: You call this professional wrestling?! This is a street fight! This is William Craven's dream come true, Gordo!

GM: It certainly is violence taken to another level but-

[Vasquez climbs to his feet, throwing his head back in a wild roar as he wipes the blood from his eyes again. A loud clap of thunder nearly drowns out the roar as Vasquez leans down, grabbing Zaire by the leg and dragging him through the grass back towards the ring...]

GM: Vasquez is bringing him back towards the ring- no, perhaps he's not. Where is he going?

[The crowd begins to buzz as Vasquez delivers a few hard stomps to the bloodied head of Zaire and then turns his focus towards the wooden bleachers.]

GM: Oh no...

BW: Vasquez has lost it! He's climbing the bleachers!

[Vasquez gets about ten feet off the ground when he turns to walk to the edge, looking over it down at the prone Zaire who is still down on the outfield grass. Suddenly, a rain starts to fall over George Steinbrenner Field.]

GM: The rain has started to come down here in Tampa!

[A loud clap of thunder fills the air as Vasquez looks up at the raining sky. A jagged bolt of lightning can be seen in the background, hopefully a long ways away as Vasquez looks back down...

...and sees Zaire nowhere to be found!]

GM: ZAIRE'S CLIMBING THE BLEACHERS AS WELL!

[The crowd buzzes as Zaire climbs the wooden bleachers, shoving fans aside as he draws closer and closer to Vasquez who has turned his focus to the climbing Zaire, ready to meet him with clenched fists.]

GM: Zaire's a few feet away and-

[Vasquez HURLS himself into the air, knocking Zaire several rows down the bleachers. He quickly takes the mount, hammering the bloodied head of Ebola Zaire with right hands as the crowd roars for the action they're seeing firsthand!]

GM: The fight is on in the bleachers now! Our cameraman is up there, trying to follow the action...

[Vasquez climbs out of the mount, dragging Zaire up by the arm, and SLAMMING his bloody skull into one of the wooden benches now vacated by the AWA faithful!]

GM: Vasquez and Zaire are scattering fans all over the place as they try to tear each other apart up in the bleachers here at The First Tangle In Tampa!

BW: This may be the LAST Tangle In Tampa the way these two are going at it, daddy!

GM: We are approaching the twenty minute mark of action here in this one... Vasquez backing down the bleachers...

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez storms down the wooden bench, leaping into the air...

...and CRASHES down backfirst across Zaire's exposed back, smashing his torso into the bench!]

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS UP IN THE BLEACHERS!!

[Vasquez rolls off Zaire, wincing in pain as he leans against the bench above him. He turns to his side, flipping Zaire onto his back...

...and getting a fork jammed into his forehead!]

GM: OHH!

[The bloodthirsty Zaire forces himself off the bleachers, pushing off his back to a knee where he grabs Vasquez by the hair, JAMMING the fork into his skull again, knocking Vasquez down to his knees in front of Zaire.]

GM: Oh no!

[Zaire grabs Vasquez by the bandaged left arm, pulling it back to expose the torso...

...and STICKS the fork into the forehead of Vasquez again, digging it back and forth to draw even more blood out of Vasquez' already split-open forehead!]

GM: Vasquez is bleeding like a stuck pig and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOW BLOW!! LOW BLOW!!

[Vasquez staggers up, grabbing Zaire by the back of the head and SLAMMING his skull into the metal handrailing at the edge of the bleacher seats!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the steel!

[The two-time National Champion does it again, smashing the skull into the steel and causing Zaire to slump over the railing...]

GM: Zaire's in a lot of trouble, fans! He's hurt and he's hurt- NO!

[The crowd GASPS in collective shock as Vasquez ducks down, grabbing Zaire by the leg and upending him over the railing...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...sending him crashing down to the outfield grass, completely out of view of the cameraman who was in the bleachers with him!]

GM: MY GOD!! MY GOD IN HEAVEN!!

BW: JUAN VASQUEZ JUST SENT EBOLA ZAIRE STRAIGHT TO HELL!

[The camera cuts to the ring where a wide-eyed Ben Waterson looks on in total and utter disbelief. His jaw is dropped as he stares out into the equally stunned crowd who does not respond in a positive manner to what they just saw. There is a strong buzz present but nothing to show that they approve of what just happened.]

GM: I can't... Bucky, I cannot believe what we just witnessed.

BW: Can someone get over there? What the hell just happened to him?!

[The cameraman rushes past Vasquez who is standing, head thrown back with rain pouring down on him, washing the mix of blood and facepaint off his face in a stream. The camera lens tilts carefully over the edge to reveal Zaire lying flat on his back in the wet outfield grass, a ring of fans around him as a pair of AWA officials rush to his side.]

GM: That's it... that's GOTTA be it!

BW: Vasquez just chucked him over the railing some ten feet off the ground onto the outfield grass! He could be out cold! He could have landed on his head!

GM: I don't- we're hearing that he did thankfully land on his back rather than his head or neck. Zaire might be hurt badly nonetheless, fans. He is NOT moving out there.

[The camera turns back to Vasquez who slowly lowers his gaze, staring at the lens and into the eyes of every fan watching at home around the world. He lifts a finger...]

"Almost... done."

[...and then raises the finger to point at the ring where Ben Waterson is standing!]

GM: Oh my god!

BW: BEN! BEN! GET OUT OF THERE!!

[Vasquez starts striding down the bleachers, heading through the crowd towards the ring where Ben Waterson looks nervous but doesn't go anywhere quite yet. Instead, he scoops up a steel chair in his hands, sliding back into the ring where he smashes it into the mat, ready for Vasquez to come for him!]

GM: Waterson's got a chair! He's gonna defend himself with it!

[Vasquez pushes through the crowd, hopping over the barricade into the ringside area...

...and rolls under the ropes where Waterson comes rushing towards him...]

GM: HE SWINGS!

[But Vasquez raises his arms, blocking the swung chair with his hands. He struggles against Waterson for a moment and then buries a boot into the gut, snatching the chair away...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The chair BLASTS off the back of Waterson, knocking him down to the mat in a heap.]

GM: Good grief. Waterson looks like he's been sh-

[Vasquez winds up, the chair straight back over his head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[Five savage chairshots crash across the spine of Waterson, leaving the manager completely motionless on the canvas as the crowd falls to a hush at the violent side of Juan Vasquez that they're seeing. He angrily throws the chair down to the canvas, turning to the nearest cameraman and pulling the camera towards him...]

"DUFRESNE! DUFRESNNNNNE!"

GM: Juan Vasquez is calling into that camera... he wants Calisto Dufresne who thankfully is not here tonight.

BW: And after he sees what Vasquez did to Zaire and Waterson, Dufresne may NEVER come back!

GM: You could be absolutely right about that, Bucky.

[Vasquez looks out at the stunned crowd...

...and slowly drags his taped thumb across his throat, turning towards Ben Waterson again...]

GM: Oh my god, he's not done with Waterson.

BW: Somebody needs to stop this.

[And on cue, here comes some help for Ben Waterson!]

GM: Here comes Alphonse Green! And Rex Summers!

[Green and Summers hit the ring hard as Vasquez shoves Waterson aside, turning to face his new threat...

...and DRILLS Green with a right cross on his way in, sending him tumbling through the ropes to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! HE CAUGHT ALPHONSE GREEN WITH THE RIGHT HAND!!

[Rex Summers though catches Vasquez with a forearm to the back of the head, knocking him down to the mat where he starts stomping and kicking the downed and bloody Vasquez.]

GM: Rex Summers is putting the boots to Vasquez - trying to get some payback for his manager who just got the holy heck pummeled out of him with that steel chair!

BW: You gotta wonder if Ben Waterson's gonna be able to walk out of here on his own power after getting whopped like that with that chair, Gordo.

GM: I sincerely doubt it.

[With Vasquez down on the mat, Summers peels off, retrieving the aforementioned chair. Gripping it in his hands, he turns back to Vasquez, rearing back with the chair over his head...]

GM: He's gonna crown Vasquez with the-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: VASQUEZ GOES DOWNSTAIRS ON SUMMERS!

[Summers drops the chair, clutching his nether regions as Vasquez climbs to his feet...

...and SINKS his thumb into the side of Summers' throat!]

GM: ASSASSIN'S SPIKE! HE'S GOT THE SPIKE ON SUMMERS!

[Summers wriggles against the hold, fighting it with his muscular arms as Vasquez attempts to drive the consciousness out of him and leave him unable to defend himself against the Los Angeles native's wrath.]

GM: Summers is trying to find a way out! He's fighting it!

[And Vasquez suddenly breaks the hold, swinging Summers around to hoist him up on his shoulder, reaching back to cradle his head...

...and charges a few feet out, dropping down to SMASH the back of Summers' head into the dropped steel chair!]

GM: CITY OF ANGELS ON THE CHAIR!!

[Summers promptly rolls from the ring to the floor as Vasquez rises to his feet...

...and turns back to Waterson, pointing at his prone form!]

GM: Oh my stars - he's STILL not done with Waterson!

[Marching across the ring, Vasquez drags Waterson's limp form off the mat by the hair, tugging him into a standing headscissors!]

GM: Oh my god, no!

BW: He's going for the piledriver! He's gonna put Waterson in the hospital!

GM: Just like Waterson helped do to him one year ago!

[Vasquez looks around at the buzzing crowd, hardly a single soul encouraging him to do what he's preparing to do...

...and he suddenly breaks his grip, shoving Waterson to a knee.]

GM: Oh, thank the stars. Juan Vasquez thought better of what he was about to do right there! He was gonna deliver the piledriver to Ben Waterson and-

[Suddenly, he pulls Waterson up, making the manager stare into his blood-soaked eyes...]

"Tell Dufresne I'm comin' for him..."

[...and pulls Waterson into a front facelock, hoisting him off the canvas, and SPIKING him skullfirst into the mat with a lifting DDT... a very familiar lifting DDT!]

BW: He just hit Waterson with Calisto Dufrense's own move!

GM: You want to talk about a message being sent to someone! Juan Vasquez just sent Calisto Dufresne a crystal clear message... he just spiked Ben Waterson on his skull with the Wham, Bam, Thank You Ma'am!

[Vasquez stands over the prone Waterson, slowly raising an arm...

...when suddenly the buzzing crowd ERUPTS in shock as Ebola Zaire stumbles over the railing, rolling into the ring behind Vasquez!]

GM: OH MY STARS! OH MY STARS!!

BW: HE LIVES!!

[A dazed and barely-mobile Zaire lifts his arm behind the distracted Vasquez, revealing the blood-covered fork once again...

...and STABS it down into the heavily-taped left arm!]

GM: OH!

[The impact of the blow fells Vasquez, knocking him to his knees where Zaire grabs the left arm, stretching it out fully to expose the whole thing as he lifts his arm again, again stabbing it down into the white tape!]

GM: It's Memorial Day Mayhem revisited! We're reliving that nightmare before our very eyes right here and now! Zaire's got Vasquez down and he's stabbing him over and over in the arm!

BW: I'm not sure how deep it's going through that protective white tape though!

[A small red circle appears through the white tape but Bucky seems to be correct as a lot of Zaire's blows seem to be cut short before they can truly dig deep. Angrily, Zaire throws his fork aside as he digs into the white tape with his fingernails, trying to rip it off the arm of his victim...]

GM: Zaire's tearing - just ripping and tearing - at that protective tape, trying to expose the arm of Juan Vasquez!

[The frantic actions of the wobbled Zaire allows Vasquez to roll back onto his shoulders, swinging a foot to catch Zaire on the ear! A second kick stuns him even more, knocking Zaire to a knee. Vasquez rolls over, taking his own knee as he reaches down into his boot...]

GM: Vasquez is digging into his boot and-

[The crowd reacts with shock as Vasquez pulls out his own fork, lashing out with it to dig it into the bloodied forehead of his opponent, causing Zaire to fall back into a seated position!]

GM: Vasquez has got his own fork! He's got his own weapon!

[Grabbing Zaire's fleshy arm and stretching it out, Vasquez raises the fork over his head...

...and STABS down at the arm!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: This is just like that monster Zaire did to him at Memorial Day Mayhem!

GM: It certainly is! And I don't care WHO is doing this and WHO it's being done to, this is absolutely vile behavior!

[Vasquez swings the fork down over and over again, stabbing it into the meaty arm of Zaire and leaving several trails of crimson pouring from the limb.]

GM: Gaaah! I don't know if I can watch much more of this!

[An angry Vasquez turns aside, STABBING the fork deep into a turnbuckle. He turns away, letting loose a roar of rage as he leans down, picking up the discarded steel chair...]

GM: He's got the chair!

[...and turns back towards the prone Zaire, stalking towards him with the metal weapon in hand. As he approaches, he sees Zaire crawling towards his own fork, gripping it in his desperate and bloody hands...]

GM: Zaire's got the fork again and-

[Vasquez lets loose a "NO!" as he stomps down hard, crushing Zaire's hand beneath his foot.]

GM: Oh! My stars, he might have broken Zaire's hand right there!

[Lifting the steel chair slowly to turn the edge facing down, Vasquez swings the chair downwards...]

...and SMASHES the edge of the chairback into the wrist!]

GM: Good grief!

[He tosses the chair down, dropping to bodily pin the arm down to the mat. He grabs the wrist, repeatedly slamming the hand and arm into the mat until the fork slips free from Zaire's grip...]

...and then grabs Zaire's middle finger in his hand.]

GM: What is he- he's got the man's finger in his hands and-

[Vasquez, suddenly and viciously, YANKS back on the middle finger...]

GM: OHH!

[...and for the first time EVER, we hear Ebola Zaire cry out in pain!]

BW: Zaire screamed! Ebola Zaire just had his finger broken by Vasquez!

GM: Damn it, he's gone too far, Bucky! He's gone too far!

[Vasquez climbs back to his feet, retrieving the steel chair as he looks down at the bloodied and broken Ebola Zaire.]

GM: Both of these men have been to Hell and back here tonight but Juan Vasquez is still standing! This match has GOT to be over right now!

BW: Zaire's still moving, Gordo! The match ain't over til he ain't moving!

GM: He doesn't know any better! Driven by a thirst of carnage... powered by his love of causing pain and savagery... the Botswana Beast will NOT stay down, fans! The Botswana Beast, broken finger and all, is trying to push himself up off the mat...

[Up on his knees, Zaire looks up at Vasquez who stands over him, steel chair in hand...]

...and grins the bloodiest smile you'll ever see!]

GM: Oh. My. God.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A brutal chairshot across the skull leave Zaire on his knees, bloodied and battered. His eyes roll back in his head, unable to defend himself any further...]

...but unwilling to go down!]

GM: Unbelievable! Zaire will not go down! Zaire will not STAY down! Zaire will not-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A second steel chair shot lands, this time ending up horse collared around Zaire's head and neck as the crowd buzzes in shock at what they're seeing Vasquez do to another human being!]

GM: TWO HONEST TO GOD VILE CHAIRSHOTS TO THE HEAD!!
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA STOP THIS!! SOMEBODY'S GOTTA STOP THIS RIGHT NOW!!

[Vasquez stands over Zaire, glaring at him...

...and LASHES out with a right cross, snapping Zaire's head back to the side!]

GM: RIGHT CROSS!

[But Zaire slowly turns his head back, his eyes totally vacant in their expression...]

GM: ZAIRE WILL NOT DIE!!

[Vasquez shakes his head at Zaire, slowly pacing around to the backside of him, using the horse collar chair to tug Zaire back a bit...

...and raises his right hand, one finger extended straight up!]

GM: Don't do it, Juan! He's done! He's finished! He's-

[But Vasquez does not listen to Gordon Myers... or the fans... or the voice inside him telling him he's gone too far...

He puts everything he's got until final right cross to the back of Zaire's head, snapping his head forward, and causing to collapse facefirst in a bloody, motionless heap on the mat.]

GM: That's it! That's gotta be it! Zaire's not moving at all!

[Vasquez stands over him, fist at the ready just in case...]

GM: Juan Vasquez has done it. Juan Vasquez has conquered the Beast!

[Vasquez looks around the ring, eyes landing on a motionless Ben Waterson... then on Rex Summers and Alphonse Green on the floor... and then finally on the Beast himself...

...and then just turns his head and walks away from the carnage.]

GM: It's over! Juan Vasquez is walking out victorious... but at what cost?! What price did Juan Vasquez pay to put Ebola Zaire down?! What price did he pay to savage this man within an inch of his life?! What price did he pay to FINALLY bury the ghosts of WrestleRock?! One year ago, Juan Vasquez was carried out of a building... tonight, he walks out on his own... but is he still even the same man?! What has Juan Vasquez become in his quest for vengeance?!

[Vasquez slowly walks down the aisle, not turning one bit to see the bodies he leaves behind him. Not acknowledging the confused fans, some of whom still cheer for their hero.

The cameraman positions himself between Vasquez and the exit, ready to move as the former two-time National Champion walks towards him. Vasquez pulls to a halt, lifting one finger...

"One more."

...and then shoves past the cameraman, making his exit as we fade to black.]