

AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

CROCKETT COLISEUM
DALLAS, TEXAS
FEBRUARY 23RD, 2013

[As the closing notes to the "Sanford And Son" theme fade into nothing, we fade into the sounds of "Saturday Night Special" by Lynyrd Skynyrd.

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

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

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

After a moment, we fade away from the cheaply done intro to a shot of the cheering Crockett Coliseum crowd. The fans are jammed into the bleachers, screaming their heads off as the show comes on the air. Very little has changed since our last visit to the Coliseum - we still have the elevated entryway leading from the entrance to the ring. There are raised interview platforms on either side of the ramp - one for your standard interviews and one that was formerly the home of the Money Pit and the Mirror Ball but now sits abandoned.

The rampway cuts through the crowd to the ring - a standard white canvas surrounded by red, white, and blue ropes. There are thin blue mats covering the hard concrete floor before you reach the steel barricades that have been erected at ringside around the ring, finally replacing the rope "railings" that once stood there.

Two small tables are at ringside - one for the ring announcer and timekeeper, both waving as our camera pans past them. The other seats our announce team.

Gordon Myers, the dean of professional wrestling broadcasting wears a salt and pepper jacket that matches his similar-colored hair, a navy blue dress shirt and red tie. He is all grins as he looks to the camera through his black-framed eyeglasses. By his side is Buckthorn "Big Bucks" Wilde, a former legendary manager in the South turned successful color commentator, dressed in an eye-scorching sunburst yellow jacket coupled with a orange dress shirt and lime green tie. He smiles a freshly-whitened smile as the camera rests on him.]

GM: Good evening, fans, and welcome to another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling where you will see all the stars of the American Wrestling Alliance. By my side, as always, is Bucky Wilde... and Bucky, the Stampede Cup is just a week away!

BW: The Stampede Cup has always been one of my favorite events of the year, Gordo, and after a one year hiatus, it's back and some would say it's better than ever.

GM: It would certainly be difficult to argue that point when you look at the list of teams who are involved in this prestigious event coming up on March 2nd and 3rd in Oklahoma City. Thirteen teams are in - three spots remain. One of those spots has been offered to Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott who will appear right here later on tonight to answer that offer.

BW: They gotta take it, Gordo. They want to talk a big, bad game against the Unholy Alliance, they gotta take it.

GM: The fifteenth spot in our Field Of Sixteen will be filled in tonight's Main Event. For the first time ever, we will be seeing an open invitational Tag Team Gauntlet match with the last team standing earning that spot. Two teams will start that match - a victory sends you on to face the next team but a time limit draw sends both teams back to the locker room. That should be something else.

BW: Some really top notch teams have entered this thing in hopes they can sneak into the Stampede Cup through the back door.

GM: And of course, the final slot will be filled in the days to come by an exclusive online fan poll where you - the AWA faithful - can select the final entry into this year's tournament. By the end of this night, we will know fifteen of the teams that will compete in Oklahoma City and that's not all, we will also know the seeding and tournament bracket as well!

BW: My sources shot me over a sneak peek at that bracket - it's gonna be something else, Gordo.

GM: In addition to that, the World Television Title will be defended right here tonight against a challenger that we have not seen compete for some time - Native American warrior Yuma Weaver. The Doctor of Love has his work cut out for him against Weaver, Bucky.

BW: Bryant said he wanted to face the best in the world every week and it looks like the AWA is taking him up on that challenge, dragging Weaver out of mothballs to face him. But before this night is over, I'm betting Weaver is walkin' a trail of tears, daddy!

GM: Unbelievable. And don't forget that Jason Dane will be conducting a live interview with the new AWA President Karl O'Connor here tonight as well. We've got all of that plus a whole lot more but for right now, let's head up to the ring for our opening contest!

[The bell sounds as we crossfade to Phil Watson.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first... in the ring at this time... weighing in at 365 pounds... from Detroit, Michigan... Clubber Cassidy!

[A quite large, bulky man raises his big arms over his head. There's not a ton of muscle tone in this one but he looks straight out of a biker gang with an assortment of colorful tattoos and a ratty red beard that hangs halfway down his chest. He threatens to backhand the entire booing crowd at once when suddenly music kicks in and the crowd ROARS!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: Here comes trouble, Gordo.

[As harsh guitars ring out across the PA system, drums and clanging cymbals quickly following as the ring announcer continues...]

PW: And his opponent...

[The sounds of House Of Pain and Helmet performing "Just Another Victim" sends the crowd into another roar as a massive mound of man storms into sight through the entrance curtain. He instantly throws both arms up with a roar, jerking them back down just as quickly as he powerwalks down the aisle towards the ring. He strikes an absolutely frightening visage as though not very tall, he's wide and thick as they come.]

GM: Will you look at this physical specimen?

BW: I'd rather not. And Clubber Cassidy, as big of a man as he is, might want to start looking the other way too 'cause this guy is pure intensity bottled up in a physical form.

[He pauses halfway down the entrance ramp, head bouncing to the beat as he hops from one foot to the other a few times, swinging his arms laterally across his torso, gritting his teeth as he stares at the ring where his opponent boldly gives him a "bring it on!" gesture. A snarl escapes the powerful beast as he resumes his powerwalk, showing off the incredible muscle tone in his all red singlet, black kneepads, and matching boots.]

PW: From Parts Unknown... weighing in at 285 pounds...

BROOOOOODYYYYYY!

[Ducking through the ropes, Brody instantly straightens back up, throwing up an arm to point at the night's opponent with a shout of "TIME TO DIE!"]

GM: Goodness.

BW: He's not a man of many words but when he speaks, you better listen.

GM: Absolutely.

[Referee Ricky Longfellow spins to his side, signaling for the bell, which brings an aggressive Cassidy charging out of the corner, arms raised over his for a running double axehandle...]

...and he runs RIGHT into a big boot to the chest that Brody rides down into a sternum-punishing STOMP!]

GM: Good grief!

[Cassidy instantly reaches up, cradling his chest with both hands as he winces in pain. Brody backs off, stalking around the ring, waving a hand at his burly opponent with a shout of "UP!"]

BW: Brody's pretty talkative here tonight. He's usually like a mute out here.

GM: He's still pretty much refused to give anyone here in the AWA any interview time.

[Brody finally marches back in on the now on-all-fours Cassidy, reaching down to secure a gutwrench...]

BW: You gotta be kidding me.

GM: That's not a small man he's in there with, Bucky. I'm not sure if he-

[With a loud bellow, Brody POWERS Cassidy up off the canvas, flinging him down to the mat with a standing gutwrench suplex!]

GM: My stars!

[Brody swings his arms across his chest again, trembling with intensity as he gestures for Cassidy to rise. He nods at the roaring crowd, swinging his right arm around a few times...]

GM: What's he got in mind now?

[As a dazed Cassidy gets up, still clutching his chest, Brody rushes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off...]

...and SLAMMING his arm into the back of Cassidy's head with a devastating enzuilariato (clothesline to the back of the head for you savages) that drops Cassidy facefirst back down to the mat.]

BW: That'll give you a serious case of whiplash and send you straight to the chiropractor, daddy. It's like getting hit from behind by a big rig.

[Brody walks over to the ropes, grabbing the top strand with both hands and giving it a little shake to even more cheers from the crowd.]

BW: He might rip that top rope right off and end the show.

GM: I wouldn't be surprised considering his power.

[Brody circles back around, flipping Cassidy over to his back and dragging him up to his feet. Nodding to the crowd, he ducks down, scooping the big man up to hold him across his chest...]

BW: Holy-

GM: He's holding over three hundred pounds up like it's-

[...and brings Cassidy DOWN across a bent knee as he shouts "JUST!"]

GM: Ohhh! Backbreaker by Brody!

BW: He ain't done, Gordo! He's hanging on!

[Brody again nods, lifting Cassidy up across his chest a second time, turning to face another part of the Crockett Coliseum crowd...

...and brings him down into a second backbreaker as "ANOTHER!" is bellowed out loud for all to hear!]

GM: One more time?

[Brody grits his teeth, muscling the dead weight of Cassidy up for a third time...

...and DROPS down into a front powerslam as he shouts "VICTIM!"]

GM: My stars, this man is something else.

BW: Completely undefeated so far here in the AWA. No one's been able to stop him at all.

[He delivers a big two-handed slap across the chest of Cassidy before pushing up to his feet. He lifts both arms up like he's going to do a double bicep pose and then tugs them up and down a few times.]

GM: What is he...?

BW: He's signaling for something with that.

GM: He certainly is. But what is he...?

[Brody again lifts Cassidy up off the canvas, turning so he can duck down behind him, sliding his right arm between the legs...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's not-

BW: He is!

[He certainly is as Brody struggles a bit under the weight before straightening up, holding the bulky Cassidy across his shoulders in a torture rack.]

GM: This is a message to Hercules Hammonds who did this a couple of weeks ago and made some comments-

BW: WHO BRODY?!

GM: That's exactly what he said and if he's watching, I think he knows EXACTLY who Brody is right now!

[Brody stretches the spine of Cassidy over his broad shoulders for a handful of seconds before the referee wheels around and calls for the bell again.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Brody turns a full spin, showing off the racked Cassidy for one and all to see...

...and then DROPS to his knees, jolting the spine of the larger man before he lets him slip off his shoulders and down to the mat. The referee raises Brody's hand as he lets the slightest of smiles escape.]

PW: Here is your winner... BROOOOODYYYYYY!

[He pops back up to his feet, leaning in close to the nearest camera.]

"PLAY... TIME... IS OVER!"

[Brody gives his shoulders a powerful shrug, rolling his neck as he steps out onto the ramp, marching back up the aisle to the cheers of the crowd as we crossfade back to Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Goodness, this man is something else, Bucky.

BW: He is... and if he's on a collision course with Hercules Hammonds, I'm tellin' ya right here and now that I want a ticket when that one goes down. Whew boy.

GM: Hercules Hammonds is scheduled to be in action here later tonight alongside his Stampede Cup tag team partner, Skywalker Jones. You have to wonder if Hammonds will have a message right back to the man they call Brody. Fans, let's go backstage to our very own Mark Stegglet who has a very special guest. Mark?

[Crossfade to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing alongside the night's challenger for the World Television Championship - Yuma Weaver. Weaver is already dressed to compete in a pair of navy blue trunks. His dark-skinned barrel-chest is exposed and his dark hair has been split by a bright red faux hawk right down the center. Two streaks of simple red paint are under each eye.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Yuma Weaver, it has been quite some time since we've seen you inside an AWA ring but tonight, you receive a huge opportunity in your return to challenge Dave Bryant for the newly-rechristened AWA World Television Title. Your thoughts.

[Weaver's eyes are clenched tight, listening to every word coming from the interviewer.]

YW: Opportunity.

[A nod.]

YW: Opportunity is all I've ever wanted in this sport, Mark. Opportunity is all I've ever wanted out of life. Whether it was on the gridiron at the University of Oklahoma or in the National Football League where I had the honor of playing with three different historic teams... or later on when I humbly threw myself at Todd Michaelson's feet inside the Combat Corner and prayed that he could make me a half of the man that my Uncle - the great Chief Thunder Mountain - was.

I've asked for an opportunity... and an opportunity I've gotten.

[Weaver's eyes fly open, filled with emotion.]

YW: You say it's been a while since you've seen me inside an AWA ring and with all the injuries I've battled since my debut here, you tell the gospel truth, Mark Stegglet.

But with every hospital stay... every visit to the physical therapist... even when I went under the knife, I was watching... I was waiting.

Waiting for an opportunity to show the world what Edward Weaver was capable of.

[Weaver lifts a powerful arm, pointing at the camera.]

YW: Opportunity. Tonight, I receive the biggest opportunity that a young man like me could hope for, Mark. I receive a chance to become the one thing that drives us all - a champion.

Dave Bryant has dug down deep and brought back the Doctor of Love that we have not seen compete in nearly fifteen years. A man of skill. A man of talent. A man of experience. A championship-level performer.

You will not hear me come out here and disparage him or anything that he's done.

[A nod.]

YW: Instead, you will hear me say very clearly that Dave Bryant must find a way to bring forth that effort... that talent... that skill... that experience...

one more night as he steps into the ring with a man who has waited... watched and waited...

For this... opportunity.

[Weaver breathes heavily, glaring into the camera as Mark Stegglet pulls the mic before him.]

MS: Yuma Weaver has returned on this night in Dallas and this is one man who does not plan to let opportunity pass him by. Gordon, Bucky... back to you!

[Crossfade back to the ringside area.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. That World Television Title match will be our Hour One Main Event coming up in just a short while but before we get to that, let's talk about the World Title match that we will see at the Stampede Cup.

BW: You mean the World Title change?

GM: Calisto Dufresne has put together one of the most dubious winning streaks in recent memory to earn this title shot. Now, I realize that a win is a win but...

BW: But nothin', Gordo! He beat Vasquez! He beat Wright! He beat Martinez! That's the kind of stuff that LEGENDS are made of and in just one week's time, we're going to be able to say it's also the kind of stuff that the World Champion is made of when he puts down James Monosso to capture the gold and right a wrong that started last year in Westwego.

GM: To earn the title shot, he tricked James Monosso into getting Alex Martinez disqualified!

BW: Are you saying that a disqualification is worth less than a pinfall?

GM: Obviously not in the eyes of the Championship Committee... and perhaps it's not, Bucky, but I just think we'd all feel a little better about Dufresne allegedly earning that title shot if he'd picked up a pinfall or two in there.

BW: ALLEGEDLY?! ALLEGEDLY?! You're starting to wear my nerves, Myers. Calisto Dufresne is the rightful Number One contender to the World Heavyweight Title and in seven nights, I can't wait until you have to call him the brand new World Heavyweight Champion while James Monosso is being rolled down to the local retirement home once and for all.

GM: We shall see about that. Both men are in attendance tonight and both men will have comments regarding their World Title contest later in the evening. But right now, I'm being told that we're supposed to have some words from "Showtime" Rick Marley, who we haven't heard from since his unprovoked attack on Supernova, followed up by a REALLY thin explanation...

BW: Thin? Marley laid it all out for us. It was clear as day...and - most importantly - he gave ME the credit! Talk about a positive influence here in AWA!

GM: Positive? He turned his back on all of AWA with his--

BW: He was just trying to help us see the truth, Gordo!

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

["Saints of Los Angeles" by Motley Crue floods the PA system as "Showtime" Rick Marley is making his way to the ring. The fair skinned light heavyweight has his long dark hair pulled back in a pony tail and wears a midnight blue set of long legged trunks with the word "Showtime" stitched across the butt. White spotlights trail up from his black boots and cascade up the pant legs.

The fans stand in a full throated negative greeting, showing Marley exactly what they think of his words and actions of late...which Marley decides to take as cheers, smiling at the audience and waving to them on his way down to the ring...which naturally only serves to further infuriate them.]

GM: Marley's soaking up the boos, Bucky. Acting like he's earned some sort of accolades.

BW: I think he's filled in his own soundtrack, daddy. Maybe he feels like the fans in AWA are broken too.

[Marley pauses in the ring, looking around at the fans for a moment, smiling and nodding before bringing the wireless mic up to his lips.]

RM: It's so nice to be missed! I'll grant you that I was sort of hoping for more inventive language than the standard 'you suck', but both of those are monosyllabic, and I don't know why I thought that the South had learned to speak coherently yet...

[Lots of boos for the blatant insult of the fans.]

RM: But enough about your shortcomings. I've covered those...and the AWA's too. Even Supernova's...

[Fans cheer at the mention of the fan favorite, but Marley ignores them, pushing on.]

RM: And THAT was a long list. No no, Pointing out other people's flaws is too easy...and at the same hard simply too cerebral for you mouth breathers to get...you need to be shown, preferably with pictures drawn in non toxic crayons so that if you happen to eat them (mistaking them for a deep fried twinkie or something), then your kids won't end up mentally hand-- Oh hell, nevermind. That boat's clearly sailed.

[More boos rain down.]

RM: So...Supernova wanted a match with me? He wanted me to prove that he's a mindless, face painted hack that doesn't deserve the sort of reputation that he's created for himself?

I'll be honest, at first I was 'I'm Rick Marley, I don't need to prove a thing to him.'...but then I thought about it. I'm talking about how I haven't gotten the chances that I deserve...about how AWA and their glass ceiling have been holding guys like me down and propping guys like Supernova and Juan Vasquez up.

Why SHOULDN'T I give him EXACTLY...WHAT...HE...WANTS?

[The crowd erupts into applause at the idea of Supernova getting his hands on Marley...]

RM: So, AWA Faithful...I give you a man who has talent to match his stature... or vice versa...SOOPERNOVA!

["You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest then kicks in over the PAs ystem as the crowd loudly cheers.]

GM: And here he comes! He'll shut Marley up once and for all after the way that Marley betrayed him!

BW: This guy must own stock in Advil, daddy... busts up my head every time he comes to the ring...

[The face-painted wrestler known as Supernova appears at the entrance...well...in actuality he doesn't. What appears at the entrances appears to be a version of Supernova that's been shrunk in the wash. He stands about five feet tall and weighs 120 pounds at most..]

GM: Who in the world is that?!?!?

BW: HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

RM: And introducing my opponent, who has been sick...hailing from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds...

GM: Not even if there were two of him on that scale!

BW: (laughing) Stop, Gordo, you're ruining Supernova's entrance!

RM: ...ladies and gentlemen... THIS... IS... SOOPERNOVA!

[Soopernova is dressed in black tights with yellow flames running up the side and black wrestling boots, each with a VERY small, fiery sun on the sides. his face Soopernova slaps hands with ringside fans On his way to the ring...Upon reaching the ring, he steps between the ropes and removes his

vest, throws back his head and attempts his "trademarked" howl...he gets about two seconds in, then doubles over with a coughing fit.]

GM: This is just wrong. They can't actually be...

“DING DING DING”

BW: How lucky are these fans, daddy? They're gonna get to see Rick Marley take on Supernova as an unscheduled match!

GM: That's not Supernova, Bucky!

BW: Sure it is...that's his outfit if I've ever seen it!

[Soopternova and Marley circle and start with a collar and elbow tie up... which ends with Marley shoving the miniNova back and doing a bicep flex that brings a chorus of boos.]

BW: Marley's really been working out! A few weeks ago he could have never tossed around Supernova like he weighed 100 pounds soaking wet.

GM: That man DOES weight 100 pounds soaking wet! This is a travesty.

[miniNova comes to his feet, charging at Marley, who quickly catches him with an arm drag takedown. MiniNova is back up, and Marley catches him with a hip toss.]

GM: This is just disgusting! Somebody needs to put a stop to this before that little man gets hurt!

BW: Hey, Supernova called out Marley last week, daddy. If he didn't want this match, he shouldn't have asked for it.

[Marley apparently overheard Gordon's comments over the mic as he moves over to the corner, climbing to the second rope and points towards Myers threateningly and begins jawing at him.]

GM: Rick Marley apparently taking some time out of this matchup to try and intimidate me. I assure you, fans, I'm quite confident that Rick Marley has no intention of assaulting me.

BW: Actually, I think Rick Marley's been suspended in other promotions in the past for attacking announcers.

[Marley continues to jaw as miniNova comes to his feet...then, as Marley hops off of the 2nd rope, he attacks! MiniNova charges and leaps as Marley turns, which catches "Showtime" with a flying cross body block that sends him stumbling back into the turnbuckle, where he hits his head on the bottom one as he falls. MiniNova quickly goes for the cover!]

GM: Quick cover for one! He's got two! He's-

[Marley kicks out, angrily scrambling off the mat.]

GM: A kickout at two but oh my, that would have served him right!

BW: Marley showed his competitive spirit there with a strong kickout after Supernova attacked him from behind!

GM: You're unbelievable sometimes.

[Marley yells at MiniNova, who moves in and punches Marley in the stomach, then sends him for a ride...or tries to. Marley reverses, sending him into the ropes...and nails the Casting Call Superkick on the rebound.]

GM: GOOD GR- he nearly took that little guy's head off with that kick!

BW: That's what happens when you call out a man like Ricky Marley!

GM: For the last time, that is NOT Supernova and there's not a soul watching this match that believes otherwise.

[Marley looks down at his teeny tiny fallen opponent, then moves towards his legs, locking on the Showstopper. MiniNova immediately begins tapping out...but Marley leaves the hold on for a 4 1/2 count before releasing...then he celebrates as if he just won the World Title.]

GM: Well, Rick Marley obviously has issues. He's out here celebrating like he just accomplished something when all he managed to do was put Supernova's own hold on a man half of Marley's size.

BW: Are you serious right now?! Rick Marley's been using that move for YEARS, Gordo! He's been using it long before Supernova's mama taught him how to apply his mascara.

GM: You're about as bad as he is, Bucky. You both better watch out when Supernova catches wind of this. Rick Marley's days in the AWA may be numbered once Supernova gets ahold of him.

[Marley continues to jump up and down, "celebrating" his victory.]

GM: Fans, we're going to commercial so you don't have to see any more of this. We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[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 backstage, where Jason Dane stands with Gunnar Gaines, wearing his street clothes rather than usual ring wear. In this case, that means jeans and a leather jacket over a blue, untucked polo shirt. Absent, at least for the moment, is Gaines' young partner, Ryan Martinez.]

JD: Mr. Gaines, you and your partner Ryan Martinez, since forming your duo have very quickly established yourselves in the AWA's tag team division. What do you attribute your quick rise to?

GG: Jason, it's two things. Talent and commitment. You have old Gunnar's experience, young Ryan's fire and both of our skills — that's talent. Plus you have the total determination to go after every match with everything we have, just like I've always done and just like Ryan has learned to do. That's commitment. Hence, talent and commitment.

[Gaines shrugs, a slight smile on his face.]

GG: Plus, we're awesome and we kick everyone's tail that gets booked in a match with us. How? Well, for one thing, we own the most lethal tag team move seen in years, the Splashbuster. That's Ryan's brainbuster. And then, a split second later, my Grizzly Splash. Now that's IMPACT. Impact on your back, impact on your neck, and impact on your torso and your ribcage. After you get hit with the Splashbuster, you're as good as a grease spot. The refs throwing up the X sign is like trying to resuscitate Elvis 36 years later. It's just a complete waste of time.

JD: Well, you two have certainly won favor with the fans, and you've definitely earned your spot in the Stampede Cup tournament. But that sort of notoriety can quickly put a target on your back. On our last show, your

names were on the lips of both the Aces and the Ring Workers. What are your thoughts on being called out so publicly?

GG: In all these years, I've learned something. That the little pups always want to bark at the big dogs. We may be a new team, but you know you've made it when all of the lesser teams are trying to prove themselves by calling you out.

The only thing this tells me is that everyone knows how good they are, and they think they can make a name off of us. I don't call that threatening. I call it predictable.

JD: So you're not worried about all the talk?

GG: Worried? Why would I be worried? Talk is cheap, but cheap as it is, the Aces and the Ring Workers aren't worth the cost.

JD: Do you have anything to say to them at all?

GG: Me? No, but I know someone who does.

[Gaines turns to the side, and the camera follows his line of sight, where we see Gunnar's partner, Ryan Martinez. Young Ryan, dressed only in his ring trunks and boots, is pacing back and forth, working himself into a frenzy, sweat already pouring from his brow. He turns to the camera, and in his intense eyes, one can see echoes of his famously ill tempered father.]

RM: I have heard enough!

Everyone has got some cute remark to make. Everyone has got something to say about me, or about my partner. You all want to call Gunnar old, you all want to say I'm just here because of my last name? I'm challenging all of you to do one thing. Just one simple thing:

Say it to our faces!

[As Martinez continues to stalk back and forth, Gunnar steps forward again.]

GG: Normally, I'd be the veteran voice of reason. Normally, I'd try to calm the kid down. But after what happened with Donovan and the Bullies? Well, I'm tired of being the good cop. The kid wants to get into a fight?

I'm just the sort of guy who'll jump in with him.

Ring Workers, Aces, all the rest? Like I said, talk is cheap. So next time Ryan or I have something to say? We're going to say it with our fists. Isn't that right?

[Ryan stops, and whirls around, looking at the camera.]

RM: Count on it!

JD: Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez. Fired up. I wouldn't want to be the next team to get in the ring with them. But do they have enough to beat the best tag teams in the world and win the Stampede Cup next weekend in Oklahoma City? The only way to find out if you can't join us LIVE at the arena is to join us LIVE right here on WKIK, the Nation's Superstation, for the best wrestling action in the world. But right now, let's go right back down to ringside to Gordon and Bucky!

[Crossfade back down to ringside where the announce team is seated.]

GM: Thanks, Jason. Fans, in just seven nights, the 2013 edition of the Stampede Cup will take place in Oklahoma City... but one of the more intriguing storylines of that tournament will be the arrival here in the United States of a Japanese superstar in LION Tetsuo as he teams with November. Tetsuo has never appeared here in the United States and the AWA is quite honored that he would choose now to make that debut.

BW: I'm sure we've got some fans at home who aren't familiar with the name but believe me when I say this guy is like a superhero in Japan. The kids line up to see him. Heck, he's got his own animated TV show for cryin' out loud!

GM: LION Tetsuo is regarded as one of the greatest junior heavyweight wrestlers in the world and in Oklahoma City, he teams with yet another man who holds that honor as they attempt to shock the world. But before we get to that, let's take a look at some highlights of a match that took place just a few short weeks ago in Osaka, Japan pitting LION Tetsuo against Toshiaki Goto. Our own Jason Dane did the commentary on this one to help educate us all on the legendary LION Tetsuo!

[We crossfade to footage marked "February 3rd - Osaka, Japan" The crowd is jammed into what appears to be a building holding around 6,000 fans. The green roped ring sits in front of a cheering crowd as the man we can presume is Toshiaki Goto is tugging on the ring ropes in his corner, loosening up for battle. He's dressed in simple black trunks and boots, a good-looking young man who flashes a smile at a few ringside fans before the sounds of "A Vision" by Luna Sea kicks in over the PA to even louder roar. A few well-timed bursts of white pyro kick out from the sides of the entrance ramp before LION Tetsuo proudly strides into view.]

JD: This very special matchup is coming to us courtesy of our friends at Tiger Paw Pro - a promotion where LION Tetsuo has been one of the main event stars for the past several years. And there he is... the Masked Wonder himself.

[Tetsuo stands at the top of the aisle, being engulfed by orange and yellow flashing strobe lights. He's clad in a full bodysuit - covering him from the tips of his toes to the top of his head. The suit is also orange and yellow - solid orange on the legs with slashes of yellow and white mixed in. The upper body is the opposite - all white with slashes of yellow and orange. The mask has an elaborate lion's mane built into it, flowing orange and white

hair draped halfway down Tetsuo's back. He throws his head back in a lion's roar that the crowd echoes before walking down the elevated ramp.]

JD: There you hear that trademark lion's roar coming out of LION Tetsuo - the crowd always shouting it along with him much like Supernova's howl here in the AWA.

[About halfway down the ramp, Tetsuo breaks into a jog, turning into a sprint...

...and then leaps over the top rope in a somersault, landing on his back and rolling up to his feet, ready to defend himself if Toshiaki Goto has any ideas of a sneak attack.

With the crowd roaring, we crossfade to later in the match where Goto has Tetsuo in the corner, hammering him with brutal knife-edge chops across the bodysuit-adorned chest.]

JD: Goto had the offense early, using his devastating hard-hitting attack to put Tetsuo on the defensive but it wouldn't last long...

[Grabbing Tetsuo by the arm, Goto wings him across the ring where Tetsuo deftly runs up the ropes, flipping backwards over a charging Goto who turns, slamming his back into the buckles as Tetsuo lands on his feet...

...and surges forward, flipping in a koppou kick that catches Goto flush on the chin!]

JD: Tetsuo utilizes a dazzling style of high-flying mixed with powerful striking to put his opponents away. A veteran of the sport, many of Tetsuo's more daring high flying tactics have been replaced by simpler and more impactful attacks. His speed isn't what it used to be either thanks to a pair of knee surgeries in 2008 that have slowed him down.

[We crossfade again, this time showing Goto climbing to his feet out on the floor as Tetsuo scales to the top rope, flinging himself off into a crossbody on the floored Goto!]

JD: A perfect example there of the new style of Tetsuo. The old LION Tetsuo might have attempted some kind of flipping, twisting attack from the top rope but the age and experience of the Rising Sun has let him modify his style into something more effective. With the high flying attacks, Tetsuo was a crowd favorite but never could seem to put together a successful run. With his modified style, Tetsuo has held several titles in Tiger Paw Pro and throughout Japan, winning the prestigious Junior SkyStar Crown on three occasions.

[Crossfade deeper as Tetsuo catapults himself into a somersault over the top rope and into a senton splash on a downed Goto. Another crossfade shows Tetsuo hammering Goto with short forearms against the turnbuckles before knocking him to his knees with a spinning back elbow that catches Goto on the temple.]

JD: You can see the striking there that has really elevated Tetsuo's game to a whole other level. Few will forget the knockout victory he achieved in 2011 against the equally-brutal striking power of TAN with the Tiger Paw Pro Junior Heavyweight Title on the line - a match voted in the Top Three of that year by readers of Puroresu Weekly in Japan.

[Another crossfade shows Tetsuo down on the canvas with Goto scaling to the top rope. Tetsuo suddenly kips up off the mat, dashing across the ring where he leaps up, throwing an enzugiri that stuns Goto.]

JD: Another devastating kick to the back of the skull leaves Toshiaki Goto struggling to maintain his balance as Tetsuo climbs the ropes alongside him...

[Reaching the top rope, Tetsuo leans over, hooking a three-quarter nelson on a stunned Goto...

...and leaps off the top, SMASHING Goto's skull into the canvas!]

JD: The Rising Sun Crusher!

[Tetsuo rolls Goto to his back, attempting a cover but only earning the closest of near falls. With the crowd buzzing, Tetsuo claps his hands together, rushing towards the corner where he just took flight, scaling the ropes with his back turned on the downed opponent...]

JD: And when Tetsuo goes to the top rope, you know there's trouble afoot...

[Tetsuo suddenly turns, throwing his head back in that lion's roar which we hear from the entire building...

...and then leaps off, tucking his legs as high up to his chest as he can...]

JD: DOUBLE STOMP!

[...and SMASHES Goto's skull into the canvas with the flying double stomp off the top rope to the "OHHHHHH!" of the crowd.]

JD: He calls it the Lion's Bite and just like it did in 2011 when he challenged KENTA Kitzukawa for the Tiger Paw Pro Global Crown, it scored a three count against Goto in Osaka.

[Tetsuo celebrates his victory as his music begins to play again.]

JD: LION Tetsuo is coming to the United States... he's coming to the American Wrestling Alliance... and he's coming to the Stampede Cup!

[We crossfade from the pre-taped footage to live action backstage where Mark Stegklet is standing alongside Alphonse Green. Green has a brand new t-shirt. It's a drawing of Green in a "Regular Show" style, with Green going "OOOOOOOHHHH!". Stegklet, much like Jason Dane, doesn't feel very

comfortable around the "King of the Battle Royals", and keeps a safe distance, but enough to stick the mic in Green's direction.]

MS: I'm here backstage with "The King Of"-

AG: Like my shirt?

MS: Pardon?

[Green proudly shows off his shirt, then the smile on his face turns into a frown and he snaps back at Stegglet.]

AG: Too bad! No one can have it! My legal team tells me that Cartoon Network has some pretty powerful lawyers, so this is probably the only one of this t-shirt that will ever be in existence. Unless you can get them made from some hole in the wall place at some sort of boardwalk or whatever.

[Green lets out a sigh, as Stegglet looks like he has some obvious doubts about the existence of Green's legal team.]

MS: You have a legal team? [Stegglet shakes his head.] Never mind. I'm here to ask you about your recent issues with Glenn Hudson-

[Once again Green interrupts.]

AG: The guy interrupted me when I was trying to appeal to Dave Bryant when I thought the man had gone soft! Can you believe how rude some people can be? Interrupting others when they're trying to say something, unbelievable.

[Stegglet rolls his eyes at the irony of that statement.]

MS: You know, Hudson's upset that you cost him a shot at the AWA Television Title and a measure of revenge against Bryant, and he's issued a challenge to you. In fact, AWA President Karl O'Connor's stated that if you accept, the match will take place at Night Two of the Stampede Cup.

AG: Ah yes, the Stampede Cup!

You know, Steggmeister.. to be honest, I was actually tempted to throw my hat into the whole Stampede Cup shebang. Imagine me, "The King of the Battle Royals" carrying some poor chump on his broad shoulders and powerful back all the way through a tournament, defeating the best tag teams in the world today. The headlines: "Alphonse Green and Some Guy roll through the Stampede Cup." "Alphonse Green wins money." "Alphonse Green is rich." Sounds appealing, doesn't it?

[Stegglet shakes his head in disagreement. Green, of course, continues to ramble on.]

AG: But, there isn't a single person without a date to the dance that is worthy of being my tag team partner, especially Glenn Hudson. I saw what

he had to say and quite frankly with that accent it was hard to tell if he wanted to fight me or team with me.

Thanks for clearing it up, Steggbrenner! [Stegglet rolls his eyes.] Hudson, I'm going to play your game. If you want me in the ring, then that's perfectly fine with me! After all, it's all about opportunities! I'm gonna admit, Hudson's got a grocery list of achievements in this industry, and what a feather in the proverbial cap it would be for me to kick his head clean off his shoulders for a third time! The AWA Championship Committee will have to take notice once I beat the second greatest Australian wrestler ever. Maybe they'll finally put me in the rankings of the Television AND the World Title. The sooner I'm the face of this company, the better off it'll be!

MS: Did you just refer to Hudson as the 'second' greatest Australian Wrestler of all time?

AG: You betcha! I already sent the greatest of all time, Zack Kelly, on a first class ride on the Gang Green Flying Machine, and I'm about ready to upgrade Hudson's seat at the Stampede Cup. Everyone rides first class! OOOOOOOHHHHHHH!!!!

[With that, Green raises his arms in the air and "OOOOOOOOHHHHH!!!!!"s off camera. Stegglet looks on and shakes his head in bewilderment.]

MS: I really wish we had a third guy doing interviews back here. Well, there you have it, Green accepts Hudson's challenge to face him, and it will take place on Night Two at the Stampede Cup! Right now, I'm told that my good buddy Jason Dane is standing by with one of the biggest guests of them all. Jason?

[Cut to another part of backstage where Jason Dane stands in front of the massive frame of Alex Martinez. The Badboy dwarfs Dane, looking down at him with glowering expression on his face. Dane's body language suggests that he's intimidated by hostile giant.]

JD: Thanks, Mark. As you can see, I'm standing here with the Last American Badboy, Alex Martinez and... uhh...

AM: Go ahead, ask!

[Dane practically jumps when Martinez barks at him.]

JD: On the last episode of Saturday Night Wrestling, we saw...

AM: Say it.

JD: We saw Callisto Dufresne, uh...

AM: What ya saw was Dufresne cheat his way to the cheapest sorta win. What ya saw was Dufresne steal my title shot.

JD: Yes, and...

AM: And now, ya gotta ask the crazy man what he thinks about it, right? I'm bettin' you're startin' to rethink everything about your career. But ya know somethin', Dane.

[Martinez claps a large hand on Dane's shoulder, and then, uncharacteristically, grins.]

AM: Ya got nothin' to worry about. I ain't mad.

JD: You're not?

AM: Well, that's a lie. I'm furious. But Dufresne, your time will come. You're going to the Stampede Cup. You're gettin' your shot. Its yours. Ya took it, but that don't make it any less yours.

I know, for a fact, that one way or another, I'll get a chance to put my hands on ya. I'll save my anger for then. Right now, you just concentrate on your World Title shot.

Trust me, I ain't goin' nowhere.

You're not the reason I'm out here right now. I'm out here for a different reason. A reason named Supreme Wright.

[Dane nods.]

JD: Mr. Wright certainly had some choice words for you.

AM: He did, but what he said wasn't as important as what he meant.

Supreme Wright, you think you're better than me.

[Martinez is silent a moment, pulling his sunglasses away from his eyes.]

AM: And ya know what? That's okay. You ain't the first. But ya think no one ever gives ya anything. Ya think you're constantly gettin' the short end of the stick. So I'm givin' ya somethin'.

I'm givin' ya the chance to come and prove you're better than me.

Look, at the Cup, Dufresne is takin' on Monosso. Winner is the World Champion, loser moves down the ladder. That means there needs to be a new Number One Contender.

I'll be at the Cup anyway. I wanna watch the kid win it with Grizz. So, since I'm already there, I may as well do somethin' while I'm there.

[Martinez points a finger at the camera lens.]

AM: So, Supreme Wright, I'm challengin' ya, right here and now. One on one, you and me, we fight. And if you win? I promise ya, I won't ever even

think about askin' for another title shot until you've had your chance. I'll take myself outta contention, and stay out of it until you've had your chance.

I know you're in the building, so I'll just wait for your answer.

[With his piece said, Martinez stalks off.]

JD: And there you have it folks, a challenge from Alex Martinez to Supreme Wright for the Stampede Cup! What will Mr. Wright say? We'll find out later tonight. But right now, let's head down to the ring for more action!

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... weighing in at 246 pounds...

SHAAADOOOOOOE RAAAAAAGE!

[As Irene Cara's lyrics to "Fame" hit, Rage swirls through the curtains, arms outstretched. Today he wears a sleeveless diaphanous gold robe with 'Angel of Death' in burgundy sequins on the back. He wears a matching burgundy bandana and classic burgundy-rimmed Swatch Shields sunglasses. He eggs on the crowd as he marches to the ring, pointing to the sky and promising the crowd that they are in for a show.]

GM: Shadoe Rage has been on a roll since his return to the AWA but tonight, he's in for what may be stiffer competition when he meets the Unholy Alliance's Tully Brawn.

BW: I think that winning streak is comin' to an end here tonight, daddy.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Rage leaps through the ropes, removing his robes to reveal a lean upper body, a pair of burgundy low-rise trunks and hot pink knee-high boots. He quickly settles back into the corner, waiting for the arrival of his opponent...]

PW: And his opponent... coming down the aisle accompanied by the Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes...

This is TULLY BRAAAAAAAWWWWWN!

[Just as before, Tully Brawn steps out to no theme music. Percy Childes accompanies the young man. Dressed in blue trunks, kneepads, black boots, and taped fists, the young man casually strolls down the aisle with an awkward smile and a curious expression. He has on a black shirt with "BRAWN" etched in bronze letters across the front.]

BW: Percy has turned this kid into a work machine. No theatrics, no acknowledgment of the crowd, no eye contact with anyone other than Shadoe Rage who is bouncing around in the ring waiting for him.

GM: But Brawn's still just a rookie in this great sport. He's got his work cut out for him meeting a veteran like Shadoe Rage inside the squared circle.

[Brawn steps between the ropes and immediately leans back in his corner as Childes leans over the ropes, talking to the young man. Brawn smiles as he listens, offering a quick nod in response as the referee calls for the bell. Referee Ricky Longfellow orders Childes to step down off the apron.]

BW: Percy Childes is trying to get in one last coaching session before he unleashes his newest find onto Shadoe Rage.

GM: Tully Brawn, of course, the youngest member of the Von Braun clan.

BW: Keep that on the downlow, Gordo. He ain't exactly proud of being a part of that family.

GM: Disgusting. The Von Braun name drips with history here in our sport and for this young man to be ashamed to wear it makes me sick to my stomach.

[Childes finally steps down the ringsteps to the floor as Longfellow steps back, waving for the match to begin.]

GM: The bell had already sounded but now, it's go time.

[The two men edge from their corners, circling around and around one another as the crowd waits and watches.]

BW: Both men are a bit hesitant to lock up in the center of the ring.

GM: Rage is a crafty veteran, but he's not about to exchange hold for hold with someone with the wrestling lineage of Tully Brawn, rookie or not.

[Rage and Brawn creep forward, still circling the ring. Percy shouts at Brawn to stay in his corner and the youngest Von Braun obliges, repositioning himself with his back to the Collector of Oddities. Rage feints forward and Brawn doesn't flinch, standing his ground. Brawn tries to close the gap in-between the two with a big lunge forward of his own that Rage sidesteps, wheeling around with his fists raised.]

GM: Shadoe Rage wants no part of a collar and elbow in the center there, using his speed to his advantage.

BW: You call it using his speed, I call it showing the yellow stripe down his back.

[Brawn moves back in, arms raised as he goes to tieup...

...but again Rage sidesteps, throwing Brawn past him. He slaps himself in the chest a couple of times, throwing a couple of phantom punches to a glaring Tully Brawn.]

GM: Gotta wonder if Rage is really afraid to lock up with Brawn, or if he's just trying to play mind games with the youngster.

BW: To think along with his brother Derek he was part of one of the most feared tag teams of the early part of this century. Now he's just some chump dancing away from a rookie.

GM: Shadoo Rage has shown no desire to speak of his brother or of the Prophets - he is determined to establish himself as a top flight singles competitor here in the AWA.

[Longfellow gestures for the men to battle it out and Brawn rushes forward again, arms outstretched as he attempts to wrap them around his opponent...

...who somersaults underneath the reaching arms, coming up to his feet on the other side of the ring to some cheers from the fans who appreciate his agility.]

GM: Rage again avoids the attack... and he might be getting on Tully Brawn's nerves a bit. Rage's antics seem to be rattling Tully Brawn a bit - let's see if he can keep himself composed here in an important match this early in his career.

[Brawn slaps the top rope with both hands, angrily gesturing at Rage first to the official who shrugs his shoulders and then to Percy who waves him off with the crystal-topped cane, ordering him to rush forward...]

GM: Brawn's coming for him again!

[Rage bounces from left to right, goading Brawn with his hands to "come and get him". Brawn gladly accepts, stomping in his direction and dropping to one knee as if to shoot for his right leg only to jump back up...

...and POP Rage with a right hand to the jaw as he tried to sidestep the takedown feint!]

GM: Ohh! Big right hand by Brawn! Longfellow didn't like that one bit!

BW: I did! That was genius! He faked the takedown attempt and threw the big right hand. He'd seen enough of this cat and mouse game and let Rage have it with the haymaker.

[Outside the ring, Percy applauds his charge as he ignores the referee's warning so that he can grab Rage around the head and neck.]

GM: Brawn pulls him into a side headlo-

[Rage twists his body, spinning out of the headlock attempt and behind Brawn where he slips out a leg, shoving Brawn into a single leg trip that sends Brawn bouncing facefirst off the canvas!]

GM: Nice takedown by Rage!

BW: He's quick, I'll give him that.

GM: Rage has been impressive since returning to the AWA, riling up crowds with his in-ring theatrics and impressive agility.

BW: He's been impressing someone else as of late too, one Miss Sandra Hayes.

GM: She's graced us and him with her presence on two previous occasions, I wouldn't be shocked to see her out here for a third show in a row.

BW: Yes please.

[Brawn rolls to his feet before Rage can inflict further damage. He angrily shouts at Rage, waving him forward. Rage accepts, locking up with him once more.]

GM: Back to the tieup... both men jockeying for position...

[Brawn shoves hard, trying to force the smaller man backwards...

...but Rage drops back, pulling Brawn with him and lifting his legs to press his feet into the chest!]

GM: Whoa my! Monkey flip by Rage!

[Rage pops back up, ready to defend himself as the crowd cheers. Brawn pushes up to his knees, slamming a fist down into the mat before getting back to his feet.]

GM: Brawn is losing his cool again in there. Percy Chides is desperately shouting at him, trying to get him back under control.

[Brawn is sulking as he gets back to his feet, kicking the bottom rope in frustration as he reaches around to grab at his lower back. He points at Rage, shouting at the official who again waves for the battle to continue. The referee shakes him off...

...and Brawn rushes forward, racing at Rage who shows off his impressive vertical leap by leapfrogging over the incoming Brawn who flails into the ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: Brawn coming back... clothesli- ducked by Rage!

[Brawn stumbles into the ropes a second time, bouncing off towards Rage who drops down to the mat, forcing Brawn to hurdle over him, hitting the ropes for a third rebound...]

GM: Off the far side again...

[Rage again drops to his back, looking for another monkey flip but Brawn pulls up short, his eyes lighting up when he sees two legs dangling out in the open. He grabs the left heel, twisting Rage over to his back...]

BW: He's going for the Family Shame - the reverse Figure Four!

[...but Rage wriggles free and throws his body onto the bottom rope, wrapping his arms around it.]

BW: Seeing a leg is like a shark seeing blood in the water if you're a Von Braun. Their family has built a legacy off of leglocks and Southern mat wrestling!

GM: I thought he wasn't a Von Braun.

BW: He ain't... but he's got their cursed blood runnin' through his veins.

GM: Well, Tully Brawn might consider himself more of a member of the Childes family than the Von Braun's but that killer instinct... that gluttony to punish that burns through the body of Scott, Brian, and the rest of the family is inside of him! He can change the name, but he can't change where he comes from.

[Longfellow motions for Brawn to stay back as Shadoe regathers himself and steps away from the ropes. Rage gives a Tully a little, "alright, lets go" nod and Brawn moves in on him...]

...only to be met with a drop-kick that swipes both legs out from underneath him!]

GM: Nice move from Rage, the Canadian native has been looking half his age since returning to action with fast paced moves and his cat like reflexes.

[Brawn begins to pull himself back up and as he rises...]

GM: Look out!

[Rage deadleaps in the air, grabbing a handful of Brawn's hair and SMASHING his face into the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! He slams him facefirst to the mat!

[Rage scrambles into a cover, earning a two count before Brawn gets the shoulder off the canvas.]

GM: Two count only for Rage right there.

[The veteran gets back to his feet, stomping his foot down into the gut of Brawn, a blow that forces him to sit up as Rage takes a few steps away and then throws himself forward, grabbing the back of Brawn's head and SNAPPING forward!]

GM: Ohh! What a move out of Shadoe Rage! He flips over, stretching out the neck in a bad way and that'll leave Tully Brawn hurting in the morning for sure.

[Rage rolls back to his feet, racing to the ropes where he rebounds off, charging back towards the seated and dazed Brawn...

...and SMASHES his knee right into the face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! Rage lays in that running knee, smashing Tully Brawn right in the face with it full force. If this keeps up, Tully Brawn's in for a long night.

BW: Nah, he's in for a real short night if this keeps up, Gordo.

GM: I suppose you're right about that.

[Rage turns towards the floor, shouting something at Percy Childes who was yelling at Brawn.]

GM: Shadoe Rage with some strong words for the Collector of Oddities.

BW: That's pretty stupid if you ask me. The Alliance will eat this guy's lunch if he gets on Percy's bad side. Or as Percy would say, "It ain't wise to make Percy Childes angry."

[Rage turns back towards the middle of the ring as a staggering Brawn tries to get up off the mat.]

GM: Brawn's up to a knee, trying to get to his feet...

[The former tag team champion hops up on the middle turnbuckle, waving an arm around to bring the crowd up...

...and leaps off, smashing his elbow down over the skull of Brawn!]

GM: Big elbow off the middle rope and down goes Brawn!

BW: Percy is going bananas on the outside! He's sensing his protege is in a world of trouble! If he has a hidden agenda in this match now would be a good time to address it.

[Climbing back from his knees, Rage shakes both fists to the cheering crowd who cheer a little louder. Percy Childes is shouting to Brawn, begging him to get up as Rage crouches down, waving for Brawn to rise... waiting for him to get back to his feet...]

GM: Brawn staggering up again... the kid's got some fight in him for sure...

[Brawn stands on wobbly legs in the middle of the ring, stumbling backwards towards Rage. Brawn spins at the last moment as Rage surges forward, leaping up as he grabs for Brawn's head and neck...

...but Brawn drops back, shoving hard with both arms to knock Rage back down to the mat!]

GM: Oh! Great counter by Brawn!

[Brawn grabs the legs, kicking over into a double leg cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Rage FIRES a shoulder off the canvas before the three count comes down!]

GM: Rage almost got caught. He was caught off-guard by the counter and it was almost enough for a three count.

BW: But not enough. If Brawn's gonna strike and turn this thing around, he needs to do it now.

[Brawn spins around, holding the legs...]

GM: CATAPULT!

[Brawn falls back, launching Rage into the air...

...where he lands on the second rope, landing perfectly. The crowd cheers as he blindly leaps backwards, spinning to catch a rising Brawn squarely in the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: CROSSBODY!! ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[This time, it's Brawn's turn to lift the shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin attempt!]

GM: Two count only for Shadoe Rage. He almost had him though.

BW: Almost only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades... and he's gettin' the heck out of there, Gordo.

[Brawn starts rolling, going right out under the bottom rope to the ring apron where Percy Childes races to his side, huddling up with his charge.]

GM: Percy Childes is right there to give him some advice...

BW: You gotta be impressed by Brawn gettin' the heck out of there when he was in trouble, Gordo. That's pure instincts right there, you can't teach that. I don't care how long you are in this business, some guys got it, and most don't. Tully might be getting his young tail whipped around the ring now but he's flashed signs of veteran ring awareness as if he's been doing this for years.

[Childes grabs Brawn by the shoulders, shaking him violently as he shouts him to get back up and keep the fight going. Shadoe Rage approaches, threatening a backhand of Childes who steps back, gesturing angrily with his cane...]

GM: Rage reaches down, pulling him up...

[Rage hooks Brawn, slinging an arm over the back of his neck...

...and then suddenly shoves Brawn back down to the mat, pointing a finger at Percy Childes who suddenly has raised his crystal-topped cane over his head, looking to strike...]

GM: Look at that! He got caught red-handed! He was looking to hit Rage with that cane and Shadoe Rage caught him!

BW: I think he was just making sure Rage didn't twist an ankle being the noble man that he is.

GM: Don't defend him.

[Rage shakes his head as Percy backs off again. Rage pulls Brawn up a second time, hooking for the suplex once more...]

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

BW: No way -- he can't!

GM: Shadoe Rage is trying to suplex Tully Brawn into the ring...

[Rage reaches over the ropes, grabbing a handful of tights, fastens his grip...lifts...

...just as Percy Childes reaches through, grabbing Tully Brawn by the ankles!]

GM: Rage doesn't even see him! That snake!

BW: Clever if you ask me.

[Rage attempts to lift Brawn once more, never even seeing Percy's hands cutting in. The referee somehow fails to notice it as well, being shielded from it by Rage's torso.]

GM: Percy Childes is trying to save Tully Brawn and- ohh! Hard forearm across the back by Rage!

[The former Prophet tees off, hammering down with his forearms to the back of Brawn...

...but suddenly, Brawn snaps out of it, firing back with shots of his own!]

GM: We've got a slugfest on our hands! Right hand by Rage... Brawn fires back! Big shot by Tully! Another! Shadoe Rage firing back! Tully with a hard uppercut! Rage is reeling! This is not where Shadoe Rage wants to be, exchanging punches with Brawn!

[Brawn delivers a stiff shot between the eyes, sending Rage stumbling backwards to a knee. The Southerner ducks through the ropes, grabbing Rage by the hair...

...and SLAMS his fist between the eyes a second time, knocking Rage flat down on his back!]

GM: Tully Brawn's got a knack for the fisticuffs just like the rest of his family.

BW: Steven's got a pretty good right hand, that's for sure.

GM: He is NOT a member of the Childes family, Bucky.

[With Rage down on the mat, Brawn steps up to his head and then uses his boots to rake the face of Rage!]

GM: Oh, come on! Don't let this kid act that way, Ricky! Do your job in there!

[Ricky Longfellow issues another warning to Tully Brawn who innocently raises his hands. Rage tries to claw his back up to his feet and Tully DRIVES the sole of his boot right into his head, knocking him back down to the mat.]

GM: The nerve.

BW: Not the kind of mat wrestling you were expecting from him?

GM: This kid is full of pomp and disrespect. With every moment he stands in there, I think he's less of a Von Braun than perhaps ANY of us thought!

BW: Really? It wasn't so many years ago that Brian Von Braun went by the moniker of "The Invader". He didn't get that name because of childhood obsession with Atari video games, I'll tell you that.

[With Rage on his knees, Brawn stalks forward, grabbing him by the side of the head and slamming his right hand into his cheek. He repeats this again, and again, before Rage fires back with a punch to the solar plexus.]

GM: Rage is trying to fight back!

BW: He should stick to cartwheels and monkey flips 'cause brawlin' really ain't his thing, daddy.

[Brawn throws a hard knee to the gut of his opponent, doubling him up and putting him back down on his knees where Brawn lets loose a big boot to the heart, knocking him back down onto his back.]

GM: Brawn's got him back down...

[Rage tries to push up off the mat, getting his shoulders up just before Brawn CRUSHES his chest with a thunderous elbow drop!]

GM: Brawn with the cover! One! Two! No! Kickout!

[Brawn slams his fists down and covers him again.]

GM: One! Two! No!

[And again, this time smothering Rage's face with his entire body.]

GM: Another pinfall attempt! This time only a one!

BW: No shocker there.

[Brawn stays glued to Rage, flipping him over and then crossing Rage's ankles inside the nook of his knee. He reaches forward, grabbing the hair of Rage's head and pulling his arm around him.]

BW: Brawn setting Rage up for a modified Inverted Indian Deathlock of sorts -- no, wait!

[But instead of clutching onto his right hand with his left Brawn elects to pummel Rage with successive punches over, and over, and over again...]

GM: Break this up, referee! Those are closed fists!

[Rage's hair flings back with each and every vicious fist his face receives as Tully Brawn continues to club him. Finally Longfellow has seen enough and he intervenes, literally grabbing Brawn and pulling him off of Shadoe Rage.]

GM: Another stern warning from Ricky Longfellow, you've got to wonder how much longer he will let this go if Brawn continues to ignore not only the rulebook but his warnings.

[Rage remains down on all fours as Brawn pleads his case to Longfellow. Just as Rage lifts his hand off the canvas, Brawn abandons Longfellow, sprinting towards Shadoe Rage...

...and BLASTS him with a running knee trembler!]

GM: OH MY STARS! I think he's out!

[Brawn leisurely looks out to the crowd in the corner who voice their hatred for him. He smiles and wanders back to Shadoe Rage, covering him.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR- NO! SHOULDER UP AT TWO!

BW: Brawn might have wasted too much time there. Remember, he's still just a rookie but if he'd covered immediately, he might be having his hand raised right now.

[An angry Brawn glares at the official as he gets up off the canvas, showing three fingers.]

GM: Tully Brawn thinks it was a slow count.

BW: He might be right.

GM: Looked pretty good to me, Bucky.

"TEN MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: You heard the timekeeper call five minutes left in the fifteen minute time limit of this battle.

[Brawn peels Rage up off the canvas, shoving him back towards the ropes, holding the hair with his left hand as he rears his right hand back...]

GM: Brawn's got him against the ropes and- OHHHH!

[The crowd echoes the cry as Brawn uncorks a wicked uppercut that actually knocks Rage through the ropes, sending him tumbling down to the floor.]

GM: A devastating right hand by Tully Brawn sends Rage all the way down to the floor... and Percy Childes has GOT to be pleased with what he's seeing right now.

[A clapping Childes shouts something to Brawn who nods in response.]

BW: Percy just pointed out that they're running low on time. He's only got about five minutes left to finish this off.

GM: Brawn's heading out there after him...

[Brawn delivers a few hard stomps out on the floor, ignoring the referee who starts his ten count and the fans booing him wildly from ringside.]

GM: Brawn pulls him off the floor, shoving him back under the ropes into the ring...

[Brawn swings Rage around, facing up with his upper body hanging off the apron...

...and SLAMS the point of his elbow down on the throat, leaving Rage gasping for air!]

GM: What a brutal blow from Tully Brawn!

[Rage rolls back into the ring, coughing violently as Brawn uses the ropes to pull himself up on the apron, ducking back into the ring.]

GM: Brawn's moving in again...

[Brawn reaches down, looking to pull Rage off the mat...

...but Rage plucks him into a small package!]

GM: OH! SMALL PACKAGE! ONE! TWO! THREE!

BW: NO, HE GOT A SHOULDER UP!

[Longfellow confirms Bucky's call, holding up two fingers.]

BW: Told ya.

GM: Time is ticking for both of these men and you can sense an urgency on both of their parts as they try to get back up...

[Brawn is slightly ahead of the battered Rage, getting back to his feet to deliver a big knee into the sternum of his opponent. He grabs an arm, dragging Rage off the mat...]

GM: Brawn FIRES him into the turnbuckles... Rage hit the corner very hard and-

[Brawn charges forward, rushing in on Rage and SLAMMING the point of his elbow back into the sternum, causing Rage to flop backwards, his arms collapsing over the ropes in the corner...]

GM: Rage is in trouble here! We're under four minutes left and-

[Brawn grabs the top rope with both hands, burying heavy boots into the prone body of Shadoe Rage!]

GM: Get the man out of the corner, ref!

[The son of the retired Dick Longfellow moves into action, insisting that this is his last warning to Tully Brawn who backs away from the corner. The action causes Longfellow to turn his back on Rage, backing Brawn across the ring...

...which allows Percy Childes to leap up onto the ring apron, using his cane to strangle Shadoe Rage!]

GM: WHAT THE-?! Turn around, referee! Turn around!

[Suddenly there's a commotion in the crowd.]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: SHE'S BAAAAAAACK!

GM: What's SHE doing here?!

[Strutting down the aisle twirling her trustee branding iron is none other than Miss Sandra Hayes. Percy Childes hears the commotion and immediately drops down, going into defense mode.]

GM: Percy Childes dropped down... he thought... I don't know what he thought actually. He couldn't have thought it was Sandra Hayes though!

BW: I told you last time out that Miss Hayes has a thing for Shadoe Rage.

GM: I can't argue with firsthand proof. Miss Hayes is back out here for a third time, scouting, watching, God knows what she is doing to be quite honest. Business or pleasure, Terry Shane III didn't seem as eager to sign the dotted line two weeks ago with his words about the legacy of Shadoe Rage and his rich wrestling history.

BW: I believe he said, "he hasn't been relevant since the 90's".

GM: Nevertheless, Percy is furious! He's scolding Miss Hayes!

[Childes shouts out as Miss Hayes who gingerly closes in on him. With every shouted obscenity, Childes delivers he waves his cane...

...only to have Miss Sandra Hayes bat the cane away with her branding iron!]

GM: Percy isn't going to like that.

[Half appalled, half shocked, Childes jabs the cane out in Miss Hayes direction once more, and again...

...she swats it away! Percy looks incredulous at her, shouting at the Siren while back inside the ring, Tully Brawn pulls Shadoe Rage back out of the corner towards the middle of the ring...]

GM: We've got just under three minutes remaining in the time limit of this one as Tully Brawn is looking to finish this off...

[Brawn shouts something in Sandra Hayes' direction, causing a furious Siren to get up on the apron, waving her branding iron at him.]

GM: What did he call her?

BW: I think I can't repeat that on a family show.

[Brawn shakes his head, shouting something at Hayes again. He gestures at her, forcing Longfellow to move over to the ropes, ordering Hayes to get down as Brawn goes for an Irish whip...]

GM: Irish whip sends Rage in...

[Rage rebounds off towards Brawn who ducks down for a backdrop...

...and gets a boot to the face, straightening Brawn up!]

GM: Ohh! Rage caught him... and he's heading into the rop-

[Rage is about to hit the ropes when Percy Chiles, having moved into position, strikes...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CANE ACROSS THE BACK!!

[Rage stumbles forward after being hit with the cane, falling to his knees in front of Tully Brawn...

...when suddenly the crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: VON BRAUN! VON BRAUN!

[Brian Von Braun comes tearing down the aisle towards the ring, quickly moving down the ringsteps, moving past a surprised Sandra Hayes, swinging around the ringpost...

...and GRABBING Chiles by the collar!]

GM: OH! HE'S GOT PERCY! HE'S GOT PERCY CHILDES!

[Tully Brawn, who had just pulled Rage into a front facelock, spots his manager in trouble. He shouts at Von Braun who is not paying a lick of attention to the ring, shouting at Chiles...]

GM: What's he-?!

[Brawn shoves Rage away, stalking towards the ropes to shout at his brother...

...which allows Rage to rush towards him, pulling him down into a schoolboy!]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE! HE DID IT! RAGE PINNED TULLY BRAWN!

BW: What in the...?

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: The winner of the match...

SHADOOOOOE RAAAAAAGE!!!

[Rage promptly bails out of the ring, grinning widely at the announcement as Sandra Hayes celebrates at ringside by jumping up and down. Brian Von Braun looks up at the ring in surprise, shaking his head back and forth.]

GM: Von Braun wanted a piece of Percy Childes but I don't think he wanted any part of costing Tully Brawn the match. The look on his face tells a very different story, fans.

BW: Of course he wanted to cost Brawn the match! Of course he did! He's jealous of his little brother! He's selfish and jealous of being forced out of the spotlight!

[Staggering back up the entrance ramp, Tully Brawn is being helped by his manager as Mark Stegglet approaches with a microphone... interrupting the exit from the ring as the young rookie continues to clutch at his hair. There's a bit of a loud whine as he sucks in air through the pain!]

MS: This has got to be a big disappointment... a huge road bump as Tully Brawn faces defeat in what amounts to his second match here in AWA! What are your immediate thoughts on the matter?

[Tully suddenly screams, and turns a wild gaze toward Stegglet... stalking for a moment before a hand on his shoulder brings him pause. He blinks the violence from his eyes and licks his lips, running a hand through his hair before he leans in to speak into the microphone...]

TB: You think this is funny?! I don't see you chasing down everyone else after they lose a match... asking them their quickest thoughts before they even get to the dressing room... I DON'T SEE IT!!! You wanna' mock me? You wanna' dance on my failure?! Another setback due to my brother... my blood... MY BLOOD!!! This isn't peace... was that peace between us? Was that brotherly love?! HUH?!?!!

[Brawn staggers backward in confusion, and suddenly starts to walk down the aisle a few paces... leaving Stegglet to stand in stunned confusion himself as Brawn walks toward one row of fans, to the next, and then back up the aisle as he points one fan out...]

TB: That person right there is laughing at me... that one right there. You see that person, Von Braun... you see that rat right there?! They're laughing at me because of you... you know how many times I had to see that face in High School, Middle School, Grade School... all because of you, because I was related to you, because of what you did in that ring, because of just how dirty, deceitful, monstrous, and psychopathic you acted in that ring.... And NOW you're sad that you're all alone?!?!! WHAT ABOUT ME!!!! I paid for your sins, Brian.... ME!!!

[He suddenly turns to regard his manager, nodding his head as he points toward the other man.]

TB: You warned me... you warned me about it. You told me how he'd be, and I tried to bury it last time... I was wrong! I was wrong and he's trying to humiliate me, just like you said he would... just like you described... I should've listened to you last week, should've just left him out here crying and carrying on like the big stupid fake faker that he is! I'm an idiot!!! He played me... he played me and you were right!

[Tully nods, tears in his eyes as he walks to the back with Percy Childes... leaving Stegglet to watch after them in stunned confusion.]

GM: What in the world was that all about?

BW: Tully Brawn's obviously upset about what just went down out here thanks to his no account brother.

GM: Brian Von Braun did not intend - oh, forget you. You're not going to believe me anyways. Fans, let's go backstage where Jason Dane has caught up with one of the participants in tonight's gauntlet match! Jason?

[Crossfade to backstage where Jason Dane stands alongside the "new" team from the Kentucky area. Tin Can Rust, looking calm, wears his normal ring gear along with a black T-shirt with a smashed & rusted tin can on the front. Jackson Bouron, meanwhile, looks like he's just had a couple cups of coffee, some red bull, and some other stimulants.]

JD: With me are two of the men looking to secure their spot tonight in the Stampede Cup, Tin Can Rust and Jackson Bouron.

JB: Secure, Dane?! Secure's me rammin' my size fifteens down the throats of them other guys thinkin' they got a chance! It ain't not secure for us - it's a LOCK!

JD: Well, secure or lock... A win tonight and you're in.

TCR: It's a tall order, Jason. Go in, whenever we're announced, and last until you're the final two. Gauntlet matches by design only let the very best win, especially going into a tournament like the Cup. Now I know I'm confident - no matter where we start in the match. I held those tag titles for nearly a year, competed in more Cup matches than anyone else in this gauntlet.

JB: SURVIVORS, Dane! Survivors win! Rust and me, we're SURVIVORS! We ain't no little mommas boys like of the rest of these boys thinkin' they got a shot. You got what Rust here said, right? You got that and this -

[Bouron takes a step back and flexes towards the camera.]

JB: Ain't none of them wussies got the physical like I got! Ain't none of them a man like me! All them weak, fragile -

[Jackson gives an extra bicep flex before addressing Dane again.]

JB: - twiglike creampuffs probably already writin' excuses as they wipin away their little cryin' eyes!

JD: From what I heard, many of the other teams -

JB: Man, those other teams are makin' all their ink wet on them cryin' sheets!

JD: I think I see -

JB: THEY'RE DONE! THEY AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' TO TOUCH US! I'LL TAKE THEY HEADS OFF WITH MY ARMS!

[Rust, seeing Bouron's going off a bit, steps in between his partner and the now-concerned Dane.]

TCR: Jason, I think what my friend here is trying to say is that tonight, the man from New Madrid?

[Rust looks over at Bouron, who rapidly nods in agreement.]

TCR: - and me? Will be victorious.

[With a nod, Rust and Bouron walk out of view, leaving Jason Dane behind.]

JD: You talk about confidence. As those two men head into the Tag Team Gauntlet in tonight's Main Event, they remain VERY confident that they're going to earn the fifteenth slot in the Field of Sixteen right here tonight, fans. Let's go back down to the ring where Mark Stegglet has a special guest. Mark?

[Cut to the ring where Mark Stegglet stands in the dead-center, adjusting his blue-striped scarlet tie. He raises the mic decorated with the stars and bars of the AWA logo to his lips.]

MS: Hello, Dallas! [Cheap pop!] They are hanging from the rafters here at the Crockett Coliseum, and one of the reasons -- well several of the reasons -- are my guests at this time! Please welcome...

[There's an uncomfortable pause, Stegglet thumbs through a pair of index cards in his hand.]

MS [low]: Being led at this time by Professional Wrestling's 2012 Rookie of the Year... Terry Shane III.

[Stegglet shakes his head, disgusted.]

MS: And the "unofficial" female manager of the year, Miss Sandra Hayes. Here is the Shane Gang.

[Hit the static button.]

GM: Even a veteran reporter like Mark Stegglet has a tough night from time to time, and these guys just never seem to go easy on him.

BW: Everyone picks on Jason Dane, gotta keep Stegglet in check, daddy!

[Serguei Prokofiev's callous and haunting "Dance of the Knights" trumpets over the arena speakers. Beginning with the delicate strings and then the bursting of the horns and woodwinds layer on top as the dynamic music begins to play.

Sure enough, flipping open the curtains first is the Siren herself, grin wide and decidedly cheery. Miss Hayes struts out in a leather tank top and black pants so tight it's a wonder she can still breathe in them. Her tar black hair is strewn over her right shoulder and over her left rests the infamous branding iron that she so freely swings without cause or concern. Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong march out next, flanking the sides of Miss Hayes in their signature green/white track jackets and ring tights. Each of them are holding an unusual, large, object.]

GM: Are those? They wouldn't really-

BW: Life size cardboard cut outs of Donnie White and Harry Hyatt!

GM: Ridiculous. Hyatt and White are serving the first half of their month long suspension after interfering in the six man tag match between the Shane Gang and Supernova, Sultan Azam Sharif, and Hannibal Carver last week.

BW: That worked out quite well for them all things considered.

GM: Granted, Terry Shane III did cover Carver for the win but not before Lenny Strong blatantly blasted him with a loaded elbow and then dragged the near unconscious body of Terry Shane III over him.

BW: Indeed, a terrific display of team work.

[Indeed. Strong and Anderson come to a stop beside the Siren and they firmly set down the cardboard cut outs. Standing behind them with his back turned is none other than the Ring Leader himself, Terry Shane III. Emerald Robe, check. Arms stretched, check. Slow picturesque and effortless spin forward to keep his black hair from slapping his cheek, check.]

GM: Every week the entrances get bigger, the steps get smaller, and the time wasted increases. These guys make me sick.

BW: You forgot "and the dresses get shorter." I do love me some Miss Sandra Hayes.

[As the Shane Gang hits the ring Miss Hayes sets herself on the middle ropes, allowing her men to enter. Anderson. Strong. Then Shane. They collect themselves in the center of the ring and Aaron Anderson plants the cutout of Donnie White beside him, Lenny Strong then does the same with

the cutout of Harry Hyatt. In the middle of it all stands Terry Shane III and Miss Sandra Hayes whose hand holds onto Shane's elbow with a tenuous grip, as if she expects him to wrench that arm away at any moment. And it's clear from the Salience's expression why: he's angry, more-so than usual, his lips pulled back in a deep frown and eyes flared with fire.]

MS: Miss Hayes, gentlemen... thank you for joining us this--

[Without hesitation, Shane rips the mic from Stegglet.]

TS3: Let us forget about the senseless formalities, Mark. You and I both know we are not out here to play nice and pretend like this interview is your shot at winning a Prime Time Emmy Award. I know what YOU want to talk about. I know what EVERYONE has been talking about. Trust me when I say it is most definitely NOT the poorly crafted cardboard cut outs of Donnie White and Harry Hyatt behind me because that will have to wait a few more seconds for what I have to say.

[His nostrils begin to flare as his breaths become deeper, heavier. Lenny Strong grins as he shakes the cut out of Hyatt which draws anything but a smile from Shane.]

TS3: What I want to talk about is simple. It is REAL simple. Come in real close for this one, jack.

[He gestures towards the camera man who obliges, stepping forward, Shane's face quickly filling the entire camera view.]

TS3: I want to talk about how damn GOOD it felt to pin Hannibal Carver last show.

[And quickly the hard glare brightens, a brief glimpse of a rare smile from Terry Shane III.]

TS3: How I told the entire WORLD that with the greatest tag team in wrestling by my side that it was in fact INEVITABLE that Hannibal Carver, Supernova, and Sultan Azam Sharif would fall at OUR hands. Did I not say that? Did I not tell these people that, Mark?! Go ahead, report it!

[Shane probes the mic into Stegglet's face.]

MS [soft]: Yes.

TS3: What was that, Mark? I think the little kiddies in the second row want to know what you said. They paid good money for those seats!

[He shoves the mic further into Stegglet's face, forcing him to bend back and push it away.]

MS: I said yes!

TS3: Thank you, puppet. You can return to your box.

[Shane "shoo's" him away with his hand.]

TS3: But despite our glory, DESPITE our success... President Karl O'Connor deemed it necessary to not only PUNISH Donnie White and Harry Hyatt for living up to their contractual obligations as my personal brooding ringside enforcers and all around nice guys... but he SUSPENDED them. For THIRTY days no less. I ask you, why? Why Karl? There is a question for you to take later tonight, write that down on your little notepad, Mark, and give it to Dane. The man once dubbed the "St. Louis" Strangler" throwing out suspensions for my guys for doing what they are paid to do!

[Shane angrily rips himself free from the hand of Miss Sandra Hayes, she knew it was only a matter of time.]

TS3: But the biggest travesty... the biggest INJUSTICE of it all is NOT the suspension. Oh, no. You see Karl must still be upset that my father once pummeled his son across the head with a steel chair because for some UNKNOWN reason these two men...

[He gestures to Strong and Anderson.]

TS3: MY Ring Workers! They have to FIGHT for a chance to enter the Stampede Cup. These men that have scraped, clawed, and quite frankly CHEWED at the bottom rung of the AWA ladder for the past few years as they REPEATEDLY stomped holes in Combat Corner dropouts and blasted upcoming stars with elbows and face kicks! These two men who, by my side last week, took down the AWA's super hero team of do-gooders and international posterboys! You want poster boys, Karl? Look at them! Look at these faces!

[Shane finally acknowledges the cardboard cutouts of Donnie White and Harry Hyatt, dragging them to his side.]

TS3: THESE are posterboys! THESE are WRESTLERS that will take AWA across the borders to new heights! And you treat them like garbage. You BAN them from Television, from the hearts of the AWA fans!

[This drags out a heave of boos from the crowd.]

TS3: So hear me now, Karl O'Connor. Hear me now Hannibal Carver because I know you have nothing better to do than to hang onto every word that drips out of my mouth. Hear me now, AWA. Tonight in the Main Event. THESE men....

[Strong and Anderson step forward.]

TS3: This team of unselfishness, this team of perfect execution, this team of pure uninhibited wrestling destruction... is going to march into the ring and pummel ANY team that steps in their path. MY Ring Workers are no fluke, what they did last week to your stars was no joke and I am going to love watching face after face bounce off their knees and elbows and crumble

down to the mat over and over again. See, tonight, MY Ring Workers are going to be UNLEASHED on the AWA tag division.

They have absolutely NOTHING to lose. Nothing you can take from them that you have not already STOLEN from them for the past three years! I will stand by their side just as they have done so for me and there is not a SINGLE team in this company that can stop them. Because MY Ring Workers....like Aaron Anderson so poetically put it last week...

Are not just the BADDEST...

[He pauses, taking a moment to look both Lenny Strong and Anderson in the eyes.]

TS3: But they are the BEST...

...THANGZ...

....RUNN--

[Strike up the band, "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers erupts over the speakers.]

GM: GAINES AND MARTINEZ! GUNNAR GAINES AND RYAN MARTINEZ ARE RUNNING DOWN THE RAMP TOWARDS THE RING!

[The crowd explodes as the sight of Gaines and Martinez barreling down the aisle.]

GM: Terry Shane's mouth has gotten himself into trouble yet again and I for one pray they stomp another hole right down the center of his face!

BW: Nice unbiased commentating.

GM: Oh please.

[The youthful Martinez takes the lead, racing through the ropes as Terry Shane grabs Miss Sandra Hayes and the pair of them shield themselves in the corner. Martinez bursts up to his feet, lunging for Aaron Anderson who grabs a hold of the Hyatt cutout..rears back...swinging...

___THWACK!!!___

....and Martinez's overhand right EXPLODES the cardboard into a dozen pieces with a single blow!

BW: He killed cardboard Harry!

GM: Give me a break!

[Gunnar is right in after his partner and Lenny Strong, who raises the cutout of Donnie White over his head, instantly BLASTING Gunnar over his back

with it...splitting the cardboard in two! Gaines turns, waving his finger at Strong who frantically holds half of what is leftover in each of his hands. Simultaneously he claps them towards Gunnar who Buries his fist right between the eyes of Strong, staggering him.]

GM: Gaines is having none of the Ring Workers senseless shenanigans! He's going for broke as he tackles Strong to the ground!

[Gaines lands on top of Strong, straddling him much like a cage fighter would do, flattening him out, and then raining VICIOUS haymakers across Strong's face as he desperately tries to protect himself. Strong finally explodes with his hips, bucking "Grizzly" from over him, and he instantly rolls towards the ropes and right out of the ring.]

GM: Lenny Strong is showing his true colors, he's fleeing the scene! He's definitely the fastest thang running now!

BW: I see what you did there... and I don't like it! Not one bit!

[Ryan Martinez and Aaron Anderson exchange shot for shot and finally the larger Martinez is able to DRIVE Anderson into the corner. Aaron heaves a knee into Martinez's gut that doubles him over and instead of following up with another shot he rolls himself backward over the top rope and lands on the apron. Before he can step down Martinez LEAPS forward...

...ROPING his arm across the head of Anderson who is sent tumbling backwards to the floor with a massive clothesline!]

GM: Gaines and Martinez are cleaning house! Now Anderson is... well he's crawling over the railing and into the crowd! The Shane Gang are retreating! They have left Terry Shane III and Miss Sandra Hayes high and dry in the center of the ring!

BW: They are simply preserving energy for the tag team gauntlet later tonight.

[The crowd's wild cheers grow with every running step the Shane Gang takes away from the ring as Gaines and Martinez flee after them. However those cheers are soon washed away for another kind of cheer which is much different...something much greater...something much madder...well, we should say, SOMEONE.]

GM: CARVER! HANNIBAL CARVER IS BEHIND TERRY SHANE III!

[The crowd explodes as that eerie feeling like you're being watched takes over the face of Terry Shane III and you can almost see the exact moment his face pales up as he turns and locks eyes with the Boston Madman.]

GM: It's Carver and Shane! Finally the madman has Terry Shane III all to him-

[And before Gordon can even finish his sentence Terry Shane III grabs a hold of Miss Sandra Hayes and flings her in the direction of Hannibal who ducks her errant swing of the branding iron!]

BW: Miss Hayes swinging for the fences!

GM: And coming up a mile short.

BW: Well, it IS only Spring Training!

[Carver instantly turns towards her as she gathers herself back up, cocking back the branding iron, and unleashing it's fury towards him...

...only to have him snare the branding iron mid-flight between his hands...RIPPING it from her grip!]

GM: Carver has got the branding iron! Miss Hayes is down on her knees...begging!

BW: Family show. This is a family show!

[Carver shakes his head and slaps the branding iron in his hands. She waves her hands dramatically...

...just as Terry Shane III lunges for his knee and chops him down to all fours!]

GM: Shane attacking from behind! The Ring Leader reaches for the branding iron! He's trying to pry that iron from the hands of Carver!

[Carver doesn't give, instead using Shane's force to assist in pulling himself back up. Both men clasp onto the branding iron, rearing back, tugging with all of their strength.]

GM: We've got a tug-of-war over that branding iron! Carver won't budge and Terry Shane III knows if he lets up it will spell the end for his night!

[Shane desperately tries to rip it free and after one final tug Carver stares at him, grinning, measuring, plotting....and with one final heave he mightily yanks back which forces Terry Shane III twisting around in his direction...

...and Carver CRUSHES the back of his skull with a Rolling Elbow as the branding iron goes flying!]

GM: MIND ERASER! MIND ERASER BY HANNIBAL CARVER! For the second show in a row Carver has laid out Terry Shane III with that violent elbow to the back of the head!

[Shane lays unconscious chest first on the mat, a small smear of blood trickling from the back of his head as Carver stands over him. Miss Sandra Hayes, recovered branding iron in hand, feints towards Shane waiting for a reaction from Carver who just stares down at the Ring Leader. Hayes

reaches for Shane's legs, grabbing him by the ankles, and as we have seen her do on several occasions begins dragging Shane from the ring. Carver's stare remains frozen on the Salience, his chest pumping with heavy breaths, as he watches the limp body of Terry Shane III being pulled from the ring.]

GM: Hannibal Carver has sent Terry Shane III a message loud and clear! If there was ever a night to attack the Ring Leader it was on this night! No Donnie White! No Harry Hyatt! The Ring Workers were sent running with their tails between their legs at the expense of Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez! There was nowhere for Terry Shane III to hide and Hannibal Carver LAID. HIM. OUT! Tonight the Shane Gang was exposed and their leader was left for dead! Anderson and Strong have the biggest challenge of their careers ahead of them later this evening, who knows what kind of shape and mindset they will be in! Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you DARE go away!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then fade back up to live action up on the interview platform where Mark Stegglet is standing by with the Aces' valet, Raven. Stegglet's in his usual attire. Raven's dressed in a conservatively cut black evening gown. Her long, black hair falls freely down to her mid-back. Her pale complexion is accentuated by her vibrant blue eyes. Steggmeister seems confused by only having Raven out on the interview platform with him.]

MS: We are back LIVE here in Dallas and... well, I was told the Aces had asked for interview time, but you're the only one out here, Raven.

[She nods.]

MS: No Percy Childes either?

[She shakes her head.]

MS: I'm a bit confused by this turn of events. Are you here to talk on behalf of the Aces?

[She shakes her head.]

MS: Can you speak?

[Raven eyes Stegglet for a moment and then rolls her eyes.]

R: Yes, Mark. I can. I speak only when I have something to say.

MS: Right.

R: The Aces regret to inform their endearing public they can't be here tonight.

MS: Where are the Aces?

R: They're off training for the Stampede Cup, Mark. The Cup takes precedence over addressing those who don't believe in them or are actively working against them.

MS: "Actively working against them"?

R: Steven and Daniel address this in their pre-taped message.

MS: Pre-tape... oh, brother. Roll it, I suppose.

[We cut to a shot of "Sweet" Steven Childes and "Delicious" Daniel Tyler. We only see their faces, evidence they're filming this from a laptop camera. Good foundation? Check. Guyliner? Check. Daniel with obnoxiously bright red hair? Check. Childes is seated with Daniel looking over his shoulder.]

DT: We're oh so sorry we couldn't be at the arena, but we've got the Stampede Cup to prepare for this moment. I have a question. When is enough, enough?

SC: We challenge Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez to enter in the Stampede Cup. Instead of having to... ya know... WIN a match. These two get offered an AUTOMATIC spot in the tournament. It's decisions like that, which makes the job of EVERY team in the AWA daunting.

[Childes shakes his head.]

SC: Not us. Not the Aces. Seeing Scott and Vasquez HANDED the opportunity to compete in the Stampede Cup ENCOURAGES us to beat them. To put them on the mat and beat them decisively.

DT: Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez EARNED their spot. The Aces EARNED our spot. EVERY team has EARNED their spot.

SC: What about the Bishop Boys?

DT: They're the AWA National Tag Team Champions. Being champions means they EARNED their spot. Even better, the Bishops SHOWED the world two weeks ago why they're in the Cup.

SC: Even a change in leadership, the state of the AWA stays the same. Only this time, they try to disguise their blatancy by saying they took Uncle Percy's suggestions.

DT: Stevie, Juan? The Aces are watching this match with more interest than ANYONE.

SC: We'll see you two at the Stampede Cup.

[We cut back to Stegglet and Raven on the interview stage.]

MS: The Aces imply a biased benefiting Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez.

R: There are no implications, Mark.

MS: Are you saying you agree with this statement?

R: Are you willing to ignore the evidence, Mark? We're done here.

[Raven turns and walks off the interview stage.]

MS: The Aces seem to believe that Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott plan to accept this spot in the tournament when they're out here later tonight. Are they right? We'll all find out soon enough, fans... but right now, I'm being told that Jason Dane has caught up the Shane Gang on their way out of the building. Jason?

[We cut backstage where Jason Dane is rushing to catch up with the aforementioned Shane Gang as they head towards a sign marked "WRESTLER'S ENTRANCE"]

JD: Terry...Terry!

[Neither one stops.]

JD: Miss Hayes! Please, a moment of your time!

[The glare Miss Hayes spares Jason is small but cold, her head only glancing over her shoulder for a brief moment.]

MSH: We REALLY don't have time, Jason. Mr. Shane is in no condition to be conducting interviews.

JD: Just one question, please!

AA [low, menacing]: She said no.

JD: What about the Tag Team Gauntlet later tonight! Are you all really leaving?!

[Lenny Strong stops dead in his tracks and turns towards Jason, shoving his chest right into the face of Jason Dane who peers up at him like a child.]

LS: Didja think we were runnin' out of here? Seriously?! The Gauntlet...it can wait! Those teams are gonna get what's comin' to them in just a bit. But right now we've gotta attend to the boss man, ya hear me? We ain't runnin' from nobody!

[Jason darts his head around the left shoulder of Strong, his eyes scanning for Terry Shane III. He sees glimpses of Shane's neck spattered with dried blood through the long strands of black hair. What he also sees is Terry Shane III clutching his left wrist tightly in his right arm against his chest as he kicks the back door open.]

JD: And Terry... what about your head? Or your --

[Finally Miss Sandra Hayes has had enough. The Siren's thin figure slices in-between Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson who escort Terry Shane III through the wrestler's entrance...and exit...door. She swoops up right in front of Dane who taken back by her sudden movements, backing him against the wall.]

MSH: You know what?! Terry's head... well it's JUST dandy, handsome. And despite what you might think, Aaron and Lenny aren't running from anyone! They didn't run from that mad Iranian, they didn't run from that little pampered princess Supernova, and they sure as heck aren't running from Ry-Gunn or whatever cutesie Brajolina nickname you kids are calling them! When those two are done playing footsies... Lenny and Aaron will be ready! Whether it's in the Stampede Cup, whether they have the guts to show up again later tonight, or whether it's in the parking lot of the hospital that we are headed to right now! We don't care! You hear me, Jason?!

JD: Loud and clear. And what about Shadoe Rage, Miss Hayes? What about your involvement in his match earlier-

[Before Jason can finish Miss Hayes snaps away from Jason, storming out the back door.]

JD: You heard it, fans, Terry Shane III is off to receive medical attention presumably from that elbow to the skull from Hannibal Carver earlier this evening. Lenny Strong said the Ring Workers would be back for the Tag Team Gauntlet and I for one would hate to be standing in their way. Back to you, Gordon.

[Crossfade back to ringside.]

BW: AND BUCKY! Gaaah.

GM: The Shane Gang is leaving the building, fans! Strong and Anderson say they'll be back in time for the Main Event but... what if they're not? What if they don't get back in time and they end up losing out on a Stampede Cup spot by forfeit?

BW: That ain't gonna happen.

GM: But if it does-

BW: It AIN'T gonna happen! Miss Hayes won't let it happen!

GM: We'll find out later tonight, I suppose. But coming up next, fans, we've got more tag team action featuring one of the teams already in the Field of Sixteen - so let's go up to Phil Watson for more action!

["Guard Your Grill" by Naughty By Nature begin to play over the PA. The fans react with interest as these words of wisdom come up over the PA, courtesy of the song open:]

Has this ever happened to you? Can you name that tune?

If these victims knew how to guard their grill, this never would have happened.

[And then bursting out from the curtain comes the tag team of "Wingman" Will E. Fly and Baller Freeman: Criminal Intent. The devious duo, both

of whom are fairly pale-skinned, wear black jean-shorts, and old white (but dirty) Adidas high-tops with white socks visible underneath. In the front is Baller Freeman, a barrel-chested man wearing an old New York Islanders jersey. Freeman, whose brown fauxhawk and long brown Fu Manchu mustache adorns his scruffy fat face, has taped fists and black kneepads. Behind him is "Wingman" Will E. Fly, who wears an unbuttoned Brooklyn Dodgers throwback jersey, a brown leather aviator cap with built-in goggles, black elbowpads, and taped wrists. Fly's slick black mullet and handlebar mustache give him a distinctive look, along with the prominent cheekbones on his face.

The two men mouth off all the way down the aisle. Will E. Fly gives fistbumps to the fans who ask for them, and Freeman just rambles like a madman, often directly to a fan as he passes. The crowd gives some newguys cheers as the duo proceeds and the introduction is given.]

PW: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... coming down the aisle, at a total combined weight of five hundred five pounds... from Brooklyn, New York...

...Baller Freeman... "Wingman" Will E. Fly...

...They are... CRIMINAL INTENT!

[The mild cheers continue as Baller rolls under the bottom rope, and bounces right up to his feet, flinging a fist in the air in one smooth motion. He dances a bit on the balls of his feet like a boxer, fists clenched, as Will E. uses the ropes to slingshot himself into a diveroll into the ring. Fly steps up on the second rope, raising his fist to the fans.]

PW: And now...Skywalker Jones' personal ring announcer...Buford P. Higgins.

[A smattering of boos greets the world's greatest hypeman.]

BPH: Oh. My. Goodness!

[There's a huge smile on Buford's face. A look bordering on giddiness.]

BPH: All of y'all are sooo lucky!

[He chuckles to himself.]

BPH: 'Cause tonight, it's the reformation of the greatest tag team in ALL the world! They weigh in at a combined, universally FLAWLESS FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN POUNDS! I'm talkin' about the strongest man in ALL the land! He wears your granddad's clothes and best believe, he looks INCREDIBLE! He is the Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth wonder of world!

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLEEEEEESSS HAMMONDS!

And his tag team partner...making his return to the ring after a THREE MONTH absence! That's right! It's the second comin' of the greatest high-flyer of this or ANY age! Ladies, I'm gonna' have to ask you to advert your eyes or you just might not be able to handle the excitement! Here is the TRUE spotlight of professional wrestling...the ONLY human highlight reel...

Sky, Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

JOOONNNN
NNNNNNNNNEEEEESSS!!!!

[The ultra obnoxious "We Already Won" by Flo Rida, plays as a throng of cheerleaders burst through from the entrance, cheering on the men that emerge from behind the curtain. Dressed in a full-length furcoat, worn over his well-chiseled, bare torso is Skywalker Jones, seated atop the shoulders of the massive Hercules Hammonds.

From his seat, high atop the world, Jones "makes it rain", tossing a large handful of dollars into the air as it floats back down into the crowd. Jones is a lean, well-muscded, athletically built African-American male with a mini-fro and goatee. He has a swagger in his step as he passes through the crowd of cheerleaders, making his way down to the ring. Hammonds reaches the ringside area, where Jones hops off his shoulders and onto the ring apron, where he proceeds to slingshot into the ring with a somersault, landing cleanly onto his feet. He holds out his arms to a roar of boos from the crowd, as Hammonds steps through the ropes and just stands there, looking menacing.]

GM: It was at SuperClash IV, where Skywalker Jones attempted one of his trademark high-flying dives and landed directly into November's knees, resulting in several broken ribs, a punctured lung and months of inactivity. However, tonight he's back and ready to show the world that he and Hercules Hammonds are ready to win the Stampede Cup.

BW: I was able to talk to him before the show, Gordo and I could tell that the fact November was able to win Steal the Spotlight from him is still bothering him. This ain't a grudge he's gonna' let go of anytime soon!

GM: Well, he and November will have their showdown eventually, but tonight, Jones and Hercules Hammonds take on the newcomer team of Criminal Intent.

"DING DING DING"

[Hercules Hammonds starts off against Will E. Fly. The smaller Fly tries to keep his distance from the much larger Hammonds, hitting him with occasional kicks to the side of the leg that don't really seem to bothering Hammonds at all.]

GM: Even though he and Baller Freeman are new to the AWA, Will E. Fly is well aware of the strength of Hercules Hammonds.

BW: He can only run from Hammonds for so long before he gets caught, Gordo... and once that happens? Snap, crackle, pop!

[Hammonds seems to be getting frustrated by this game of cat-and-mouse, finally charging in to grab at Fly, who ducks under and gives Hercules a hard kick to the back of the knee. He follows it up with a big leaping elbow shot to the back of the head that has Hammonds stumbling a few steps forward. He keeps it up, grabbing Hammonds around the waist and shoving him into the ropes, where Baller Freeman is close by to get in a few cheap shots of his own!]

GM: Hercules Hammonds found himself in the wrong part of the ring and Criminal Intent is all over him!

BW: Hey ref, do your job!

[The crowd cheers at Criminal Intent's roughhouse tactics, but their cheers quickly turn to boos as the referee breaks it up.]

BW: I can't believe the crowd is cheering these cheaters!

[However, as Will E. Fly distracts the referee, Baller Freeman is there to strike Hammonds with a brutal left haymaker!]

GM: OH! WHAT A PUNCH!

[However, living up to his namesake, Hammonds is stunned, but doesn't fall as he backs away from the ropes. Will E. Fly runs into the ropes and comes back with a clothesline that merely wobbles Hammonds. He runs into the ropes once again and hits a clothesline that sends him wobbling even further, but he maintains his balance.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds just won't fall!

BW: You're gonna' have to hit him with something harder, Fly! Like a shovel!

GM: Considering Criminal Intent's reputation, he just might, Bucky.

BW: Oh crud...I was just kidding! Don't listen to me!

[Looking to let loose with some heavier ammo, Fly quickly limbs to the top rope and waits for Hammonds to turn around, before diving at him with a somersault body attack...or at least that was what he meant to do before...]

GM: HAMMONDS CATCHES FLY IN MID-AIR!!!

BW: This ain't good for Fly, Gordo! He's caught in Hercule Hammonds' grasp with nowhere to go but right through the ring and straight to

China, daddy!

[Hammonds muscles Fly into the air into a powerbomb position and charges towards the far corner, tossing Fly forward as Skywalker Jones runs across the ring apron to meet Fly's body as it hits the turnbuckles, catching him in the back with an enzuigiri...]

"CRAAACK!"

GM: OHHH!!!

[...that sends him back towards Hammonds, who flapjacks Fly straight into the air and simply walks away, letting him fall face-first into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM and BW: OHHHHHHHHHH!!!

GM: How do you even begin to describe what we just saw?

BW: I ain't even gonna' try, Gordo. We all saw it with our own eyes and that's good enough!

[Hammonds struts his way to his corner with a little swagger in his step and tags in Skywalker Jones, who grabs onto the top rope and springboards in, hitting the prone Fly with a flying legdrop!]

GM: And Skywalker Jones comes leaping in with a huge legdrop!

[Happy at his own handiwork, Jones sits there for a moment, before rising to his feet and measuring Fly up, before leaping into the air and hitting a standing somersault legdrop!]

GM: And now a flipping legdrop by Jones! That might be it! One, two...NO! Baller Freeman makes the save!

BW: It looks like those three months off didn't take away anything from him. Jones is as fast and as sharp as ever! What a wrestler!

GM: I have to agree. Jones is looking very impressive so far.

[Looking slightly annoyed, Jones pulls Fly back to his feet and slams him onto the canvas. He gets back to his feet and proceeds to brush imaginary dirt off his shoulder, drawing a chorus of boos from the crowd!]

GM: We've seen this before...this is that huge leaping elbowdrop from Skywalker Jones!

[Jones leaps as high as he possibly can into the air, prepared to drive his elbow straight into Fly's heart, but at the last possible moment, Fly rolls away, causing Jones to hit nothing but canvas!]

GM: NO! The elbow comes up empty!

[Popping up to his feet holding his elbow, Jones looks up just in time to receive a spinning heel kick to the face from Fly!]

GM: And a big spinning kick from Fly turns the tide!

[A weary-looking Fly tags out to Baller Freeman, who comes in and stomps away at Jones, before dragging him up to his feet and nailing the high-flyer with a headbutt right between the eyes.]

GM: Baller Freeman certainly isn't the most technically accomplished wrestler around, but he's taking the fight right to Skywalker Jones!

BW: He's just a no-finesse thug, Gordo! There ain't no comparison between him and a world-class athlete like Jones!

[Freeman whips Jones into the ropes and catches him on the rebound, dropping him back-first across his knee with a pendulum backbreaker. Holding Jones in position, Will E. Fly quickly scales the ropes and leaps off, catching Jones with a flying elbowdrop across the chest!]

"OHHH!!!"

GM: We were amazed by the teamwork shown by Jones and Hammonds earlier, but Criminal Intent has some beautiful teamwork of their own!

BW: Kinda sloppy, if you ask me.

[Freeman goes for the quick cover, but Jones manages to kickout well before three. Freeman keeps up the attack, pounding away at Jones, before whipping him hard into the corner. He charges in, but Jones lifts a boot, catching Freeman under the jaw.]

GM: Oh! Freeman ran right into that boot from Jones! Jones up on the second turnbuckle...OH!!! What a dropkick!

BW: If Jones can make the tag to Hammonds, it'll be all she wrote for Freeman!

[Unfortunately for Jones, he is far from his corner. Meanwhile, his dropkick sent Freeman flying...and much closer to Fly. Freeman easily tags out, as Fly quickly runs in and grabs Jones by the leg. Freeman comes over and helps drag Jones away from Hammonds' outstretched hand to a roaring cheer from the crowd!]

GM: NO! Skywalker Jones is denied!

[Both members of Criminal Intent stomp away at Jones, before dragging him to his feet. Fly and Freeman then whip Skywalker Jones into the ropes. However, Jones rolls under their attempted double clothesline, performing a back handspring to land back on his feet and then does a standing backflip, connecting with a double Pele kick to both members of Criminal Intent!]

GM: OH!!! That backflip kick catches both members of Criminal Intent right on top of the head! They're both on dream street!

BW: How many people in the world could even pull off a move like that?

[Grabbing Freeman in a front facelock, Jones quickly leaps into the air and uses Fly as a fulcrum, kicking him in the chest and using the momentum to drive Freeman's head into the canvas with a tornado DDT!]

"THHHUUUDDDD!!!"

BW: What the heck was that!? How did he even do that? Does gravity even apply to this man!?

GM: Skywalker Jones regains control of this match with some simply AMAZING counters and now Hercules Hammonds is BEGGING for the tag!

[Heel pop!]

GM: And Jones makes the tag! Here comes Hammonds...OH! He just bowled over Will E. Fly!

BW: Hammonds ain't just muscle upon muscles, Gordo. That man's got an explosiveness that you just don't expect from someone his size.

GM: You might say... just like Brody.

BW: Who Brody?

GM: Don't you get started on that too!

[The massive Hammonds pulls Will E. Fly to his feet and whips him into the corner. He then grabs Freeman and does the same, whipping him right into his partner!]

GM: Criminal Intent are stacked against each other in the corner and Hammonds is revving up the engines!

[Bouncing on the balls of his feet, Hammonds proceeds to charge in full speed into the corner and smashes into both members of Criminal Intent with an avalanche!]

GM: Criminal Intent just got sandwiched between Hercules Hammonds and the corner!

[Freeman stumbles out of the corner as Hammonds bends down and lifts him up across his shoulders into a fireman's carry. Will E. Fly soon follows, also stumbling out of the corner and into Hammonds' arms, as the strongman then proceeds to scoop up the "Wingman"!]

BW: Woah! Woah! Woah! He's got 'em both! He's got them BOTH!

GM: I can't believe what I'm seeing! That's BOTH members of Criminal Intent that Hercules Hammonds is carrying around!

[Hammonds flashes his pearly whites, before letting out a long, loud bellow...]

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"WH0000000000000000000000000000000000000000000...."
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[He squares up...]

"BROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO ODDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDYYYYYYYYYYY???"

[...and falls back, simultaneously tossing Fly over his head with a fallaway slam and driving Freeman into the canvas with a Samoan drop!]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: OH MY LORD! Hammonds strength is unreal! He's...he's...

BW: ...Herculean?

GM: As corny as it may sound...YES!

BW: Earlier tonight, we saw Brody put a 360 pounds man in the rack... but right there...Hammonds was carrying 500 pounds of humanity with a smile! You heard him, didn't ya' Gordo? "Who Brody?"! He said it again! Big Herc ain't impressed! He ain't impressed at all!

[Hammonds pulls Freeman to his feet and lifts him up for a vertical suplex, holding him there for a moment, before driving him back down into a side slam!]

GM: OH! Hercules Hammonds is a one man wrecking crew in there!

BW: You asked earlier what would Hercules Hammonds' response be to Brody and this is what it is, Gordo! Look at this man and be in awe!

"OH!!!"

"OOHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

GM: And there's the Rack! Hammonds has Fly up in the...

"OOO!!!"

BW: Don't bother asking me what the heck that was Gordo, 'cause I ain't ever seen anything like it! Half the things Jones and Hammonds have done are things I ain't ever seen in a wrestling ring!

[As Fly literally BOUNCES off Freeman and rolls out of the ring...the entire Crockett Coliseum audience rises to their feet once they notice Jones is perched up top. Jones cups his hands to his mouth and shouts...]

"ZERO G!!!"

[...before leaping off the top rope and crashing down onto the most picture perfect shooting star press he's ever done!]

GM: ZERO G! The very move that put Jones out for all those months in a horrible ring accident and he just hit it all on Baller Freeman!

BW: That's his way of saying he's back, daddy! There's no doubt there! There's no fear! All there is, is the best high-flyer in all of professional wrestling!

GM: Here's the count! One! Two! Three!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Take it away, Buford!]

BPH: Your winners, like there was ever any doubt...

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLLEESSSS HAMMONDS!

And...

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

JOONNNN
NNNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

[Big time boos!]

BW: Just look at the speed...the precision...the absolutely crazy innovation from Jones and Hammonds, Gordo! We got one man in there that might be the strongest man in the entire AWA and the other...the other might be the greatest natural athlete we've EVER seen in professional wrestling. PERIOD. How can anyone in the Stampede Cup prepare for this?

GM: Incredible. And you've gotta wonder just where Jones and Hammonds will land when the Stampede Cup seedings are announced here later tonight. It should be very, very interesting. Coming up next, fans, we've got our Hour One Main Event... this World Television Title clash between the challenger, Yuma Weaver, and this man who we caught up to earlier today, the World Television Champion, Dave Bryant!

[As Jones and Hammonds celebrate their victory, a swift cut brings us to the aforementioned prerecorded interview. The AWA Television Champion stands in a room that's mostly nondescript -- sans the champion and the large AWA banner he stands in front of, that is. The champ's dressed in his usual robe and ring gear, wearing his usual smirk along with both. Microphone in hand, Dave Bryant seems more than prepared to address the audience, so he begins.]

DB: First things first...your ears stop ringing yet, Sweet Daddy?

[Bryant chuckles briefly.]

DB: Seems like everybody that wants to be somebody's crawling out of the woodwork for a shot at the new champ, and I can't tell you all how happy that makes me. I told the AWA, hell, the entire wrestling world that this would become the most important title in the AWA, the belt that everybody wanted to wear, the belt that represented the very best the AWA has to offer, and the more people who come up to me and beat their chest and claim they'll be the one to take it from around my waist, the more confident I get.

[Bryant gives the belt a pat, then unwraps it from his waist, placing it on his shoulder.]

DB: To get one question I've heard time and again already out of the way, the Longhorn Heritage title was retired for one simple reason -- business! As much as the fans of the LWC loved it, respected it, even revered it, at the end of the day it was a small-time promotion in a lousy part of a lousy state. It was all right to give it a nod for awhile, but I think everybody in that office knew that one day a change would have to be made, and considering my history with Television titles...

[Bryant's expression darkens briefly, but then he smiles.]

DB: ...why not start that change with me? I came into the AWA as if from nowhere, turned it on its ear, took a championship in my third match in the organization and defended it in one of the most glorious outings in the history of the AWA, a first-time event on the biggest show of the year. Karl O'Connor is no fool, he saw an opportunity to capitalize on all the momentum I generated, and he took it. Now, the AWA has a title that fans will see every time we're on TV. It has a guaranteed main event caliber match every single night we do television! That's why anybody and everybody wants a piece of the champ...and it's why I'm facing Yuma Weaver tonight.

[Bryant's expression gets a little more serious.]

DB: You see, I'm sure you all expect me to stand here and mock Weaver, give him crap for what he's done -- or more what he's failed to do -- in the AWA, but I'm not gonna do that. I'm not gonna do that for one simple reason..

[The smirk returns.]

DB: Weaver? He already knows he's a joke. He came in here planning to be a house afire, a destructive force, a man who wanted to represent pride in his heritage, and instead, he lets some buffoon in the front office convince him that he'd be best suited walking out to that ring with the nickname "Big Chief". He let some clown convince him that being a caricature would be the way to capture the hearts of the audience, and in his gullibility he let himself be changed from a dangerous man into an ambulatory punchline.

[Bryant shakes his head in disgust.]

DB: You could've been so much more, Weaver. You could've been a great representative of Native Americans, you could have been a champion, not just of the AWA, but of a people who were robbed of everything from their homeland to their heritage. Now? Now, "Chief", you're just a pathetic mockery, a sad, sorry joke that the audience laughs at, not with...

[Bryant trails off briefly.]

DB: ...but it doesn't have to stay that way, Yuma. There's nothing I can say to you to convince you not to come out and wrestle me tonight, and that's fine. You're gonna get one hundred percent of the man who won the first ever ladder match, one hundred percent of the "Doctor of Love", one hundred percent of the AWA Television Champion...and when you scrape yourself off the mat tonight, Weaver, you give me a call, because I've been where you are and know that a man as dangerous as you should be more than a joke. I can't promise you respect, but...

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: ...I'm pretty sure I can make you feared.

[Fade back to the ring where Yuma Weaver is already standing, jogging in place as Phil Watson raises the mic.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a ten minute time limit and it is for the AWA World Television Title!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, he is the challenger... from Bernice, Oklahoma... weighing in at 258 pounds...

"BIG CHIEF"... YUUUUUMAAAA WEEEAVER!

[Weaver throws an arm into the air, earning some cheers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: The "Big Chief" Yuma Weaver... the challenger from Bernice, Oklahoma who would love to go back to his home state next week for the Stampede Cup with the World Television Title around his waist.

BW: But in order to do that, Gordo, he's gotta beat the man who has been unbeatable since last September... the World Television Champion, Dave Bryant.

GM: Speak of the devil...

[The music quickly shifts to the opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" and the crowd begins to boo accordingly. This, of course, heralds the arrival of "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, who steps through the curtain in his blue

sequined robe, pausing in the entrance to bask in the vitriol being rained down upon him.]

PW: And his opponent... coming to the ring...he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, stands six feet, two inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds...

He is "The Doctor of Love"... and the current reigning and defending AWA World Television Champion...

He is...

DAAAAAAVE... BRYYYYYYYYYANT!

[The boos get louder as the Las Vegas native makes his way, laughing, down the aisle. Bryant reaches the ropes, staring in at Weaver who is still bouncing back and forth, hitting the ropes occasionally, staying loose for the title battle to come...]

GM: What's he waiting for, Bucky?

BW: A real champion always makes a grand entrance, Gordo.

[Bryant smirks, untying the belt securing his robe. He stands before the ropes, shrugging out of the robe and spreading his arms wide as the glittering golden belt fastened around his waist is revealed.]

BW: Oh yeah! Look at that belt, daddy!

GM: We're told that Dave Bryant PERSONALLY paid for that title belt after destroying the Longhorn Heritage Title belt... and if that's true, he paid a pretty penny for it. That's belt is gorgeous.

[Bryant unclasps the title belt, planting a kiss on the front plate before handing the gold over the ropes to referee Davis Warren who steps back, holding the title belt high over his head before handing it out to the timekeeper. The Doctor of Love glares at an anxious Yuma Weaver, gesturing for him to step back as he moves through the ropes.]

GM: Bryant finally steps in there and-

[Weaver rushes forward, throwing an overhead chop that smashes down over the top of Bryant's skull as referee Davis Warren urgently signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! Here we go!

[A second overhead chop sends Bryant stumbling backwards, falling into the ropes that he just stepped through. Weaver grabs Bryant by the arm, winging him across...]

GM: Irish whip by Weaver... OHHHH MY!!

[The crowd cheers as Weaver ducks down, elevating Bryant high up into the air before the World Television Champion CRASHES down to the canvas!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP by the challenger!

[Weaver spins around, slapping himself across the pectorals and leaving a red welt behind. He grabs a recovering Bryant by the hair, charging towards the corner...

...and SMASHES Bryant's head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: OHH! Headfirst into the top turnbuckle!

[Weaver spins around again, pointing across the ring to the opposite corner...

...and charges across, slamming Bryant's head into the top buckle a second time, sending the World Television Champion staggering back out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Yuma Weaver is pinballing the champion around the ring!

BW: This can't be what Dave Bryant had in mind, Gordo, but he also couldn't have imagined that Weaver was gonna jump him before the bell! Yuma Weaver claims to be a man of honor... a man of respect... and he just turned into a no-good son of a gun before our very eyes!

GM: Yuma Weaver said he wasn't about to pass up this opportunity here tonight to become the World Television Champion and that's exactly what we're witnessing, fans!

[Weaver catches up with a wobbly Bryant, grabbing the back of the hair, charging to a third corner...]

GM: Into the buckles again!

[The Native American turns, pointing to the last corner...]

GM: And then there was one!

[With a whoop, Weaver charges across the ring, winding up the Doctor of Love...

...and SLAMS his head into the corner for a fourth and final time as Bryant staggers backwards, stumbles a few steps, and then faceplants down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my! The challenger's got Dave Bryant in trouble in the early moments of this one. Remember, these World Television Title matches have a ten minute time limit so both champion and challenger have to bring the offense right out of the gate.

[Weaver charges across, bouncing off the ropes. He slowly walks out, throwing his right arm all the way to full extension...

...and DROPS a big chop to the back of Bryant's skull!]

GM: Falling Tomahawk chop by Weaver... and Weaver flips Bryant over, going for a lateral press...

[The Native American reaches back to hook a leg...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Bryant slips a shoulder free off the mat, allowing Weaver to slip a leg over into the mount. He grabs a handful of hair, jabbing a thrusting chop down between the eyes of the champion.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That's in the eyes, Gordo!

GM: You could be right. If not, it was dangerously close to it.

[Weaver lands a few more chops from the mount, earning a four count from the referee before Weaver breaks off the assault, climbing back to his feet...]

GM: Weaver's back up, reaching down to grab Bryant by the arm...

[He hauls Bryant back up to his feet, firing him off into the ropes...]

GM: Another whip...

[Weaver winds up, cracking Bryant across the ribs with a brutal knife-edge chop that knocks the feet right out from under the World Television Champion, dumping him down to the mat where he's cradling his ribs in pain.]

GM: What a devastating chop out of Weaver!

[With his opponent down, Weaver lifts a finger to the crowd with a shout of "ONE MORE TIME?!" to a big cheer from the fans.]

GM: These fans want to see that chop again and Weaver looks set to oblige, pulling Bryant off the mat by the arm...

[Weaver yanks Bryant towards him, throwing him into the ropes once more...]

GM: Weaver winds up... BIG CHOP!

[But as the arm draws near, Bryant reaches out, grabbing the attacking arm, and DRIVING Weaver down to the canvas with an armbar takedown!]

GM: Whoa!

BW: What a counter out of the Doctor of Love, daddy!

GM: Weaver was going for another one of those rib-cracking chops but Bryant saw it coming and took him down with an armbar.

BW: Now he's cranking back on the arm with the Fujiwara armbar, a hold very familiar to wrestling fans around the globe.

GM: The signature hold of Jeff "Madfox" Matthews, a former World Champion and Hall of Famer is applied by Bryant as he tries to wrench that limb back, perhaps trying to force a submission out of the young challenger.

[The Native American grappler cries out in pain as Bryant plants his feet on the canvas, pushing up to create a bridge with his body, putting the maximum amount of pressure on the trapped limb...]

GM: Weaver's trying to fight it... trying to get the distance to the ropes where Bryant will be forced to break the hold.

BW: Bryant took him down in the middle of the ring though, Gordo. Those ropes are an awfully long way away from where they're at right now.

[Bryant holds the armbar for several more excruciating seconds before abruptly breaking the hold, climbing to his feet to rain down a series of stomps on the arm and shoulder...]

...and then leaps up, dropping his knee on the shoulder joint!]

GM: Oh my!

[Grabbing Weaver by the wrist, Bryant stays kneeling on the shoulder as he tugs up on the limb by the wrist, trying to yank a submission out of his challenger.]

GM: Bryant's switched to a different type of armbar but it's no less painful in my estimation, Bucky.

BW: You ever been in a hold like that, Gordo?

GM: Can't say that I have.

BW: Weaver's eyes should be tearing up right about now. It's great.

GM: Give me a break.

[Bryant's switch of his grip allowed Weaver to get a couple feet closer to the ropes, stretching out his free arm as far as he can as he looks to escape Bryant's dangerous hold.]

GM: Weaver's trying to get out of this - he knows he's got a limited time to get out of this hold and get back on track if he wants a chance at winning the World Television Title right here tonight in Dallas.

[Bryant smirks as he tugs hard on the wrist, shouting "ASK HIM!" at the ref who obliges... and then comes up waving his arms, shaking his head.]

GM: The referee says that Weaver's hanging on. Yuma Weaver is refusing to give it up so far.

BW: Give him time. Soon it'll be a choice between giving up the match and giving up the arm... and Weaver's spent way too much time sitting on the shelf with injuries over the past year or so to want to go through that again.

[Weaver manages to drag himself a little closer to the ropes - close enough for Bryant to suddenly break the hold, getting back to his feet and dropping an elbow on the back of Weaver's head. The Doctor of Love rolls him to his back, lunging across...]

GM: Cover gets one! He's got two! He's- no! The challenger's out at two!

[Bryant pushes up, staring at Davis Warren who holds up two fingers again. A grumbling champion drags Weaver off the mat by the hurting limb... and JERKS it hard, causing Weaver to collapse to a knee, wincing in pain as he grabs at his shoulder with the free hand. Bryant twists the arm around, holding onto the wrist as the referee again checks for a submission.]

GM: Dave Bryant's really going after that arm here tonight, dragging Weaver over to the ropes.

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

[The champion quickly wraps Weaver's arm around the top rope...

...and SLAMS the point of his elbow down on the hurting shoulder!]

GM: The referee's telling Bryant to get Weaver out of the ropes but Bryant's not listening... another elbow... and a third!

[The referee's count reaches four and a half before Bryant backs off, arms raised. The official gets up in the champion's face, giving him some grief as Weaver leans against the turnbuckles, trying to shake some feeling back into his arm...

...and gets caught with a running knee into the gut!]

GM: Bryant lets up for a moment but then rushes right back in there to lower the boom on Yuma Weaver...

[Grabbing the challenger's injured arm, Bryant attempts a whip...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[Weaver sends Bryant CRASHING backfirst into the turnbuckles where the Doctor of Love staggers out...]

...into Weaver's waiting arms where he uses his good arm to lift Bryant up onto his shoulders...]

GM: He's got Bryant up and-

[Weaver suddenly falls backwards, SMASHING Bryant underneath him with a Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Weaver flips over, throwing his good arm over into another lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[This time, it's Bryant's turn to slip a shoulder out. Weaver pushes up, wincing as he grabs at his pain-filled shoulder. He falls back against the ropes, waving for Bryant to get back up...]

GM: Weaver's trying to measure his man... trying to set him up for something here...

[Bryant stumbles forward as he reaches his feet, grabbing the top turnbuckle to brace himself before turning back around as Weaver charges towards him...]

GM: In comes Weav-

[The World Television Champion spies Weaver moving in on him quickly and manages to sidestep, grabbing a handful of trunks as Weaver goes by...]

...and FIRES him shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES WEAVER!!

[Grabbing the trunks again, Bryant pulls Weaver from the corner, yanking him around into a doubled-up position where he scissors the injured arm between his legs, front rolling over...]

BW: CROSS ARMBREAKER!!

[Weaver hangs on for a few moments but before long, he's frantically slapping his hand on the canvas...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here is your winner and STILL AWA World Television Champion...

DAAAAAAAVE BRYYYYYANNNNT!

[Bryant holds the armbar, waiting until the referee starts a fresh five count... and even then holding until four before he releases. He rolls back to his feet, a big smirk on his face as the referee awards him the title belt. Bryant holds it high overhead, drawing more jeers from the crowd.]

GM: Dave Bryant is able to score a submission victory with a cross armbar-

BW: Armbreaker.

GM: Whatever. A dangerous hold that takes him to the Winner's Circle with the World Television Title belt in hand. Bryant has sworn to be out here each and every week, putting that title belt on the line.

BW: Not just that... he wants to defend against the best in the world. He wants to surround that title with the highest level of competition and make it THE title belt to shoot for here in the AWA. He's beaten Sweet Daddy Williams and Yuma Weaver in consecutive defenses and I, for one, can't wait to see what he's got up his sleeve next, Gordo.

GM: With that, I have to agree. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black...

...and straight to commercial where we fade into a high end gym. We see a man pumping iron at what appears to be an extremely expensive exercise machine. After catching a glimpse of the man, being in a gym this fancy, working on a machine that's almost as fancy, it's rather fitting. The man is former AWA, EMWC North American champion, and international wrestling superstar Jonas Olrikke.]

JO(voice over): We can't all be this beautiful.

[Olrikke finishes his workout, and a lovely young woman runs up to him, embracing him. The woman smells Olrikke, and smiles. She then turns to the camera, flashing what appears to be a blue and white stick of deodorant.]

Woman #1: Magnifika....

[Fade. Olrikke is dressed up in a \$5,000 suit, dancing a slow dance with another lovely young, dark haired woman. The woman is wearing a black dress. The pair look into each other's eyes, dancing to what appears to be Olrikke's theme song "Save A Prayer" by Duran Duran.]

JO(voice over): But we can all do our part to smell beautiful.

[The woman leans in, getting a good whiff. The woman then turns towards the camera, with a smile on her face, holding up a blue and yellow bottle of cologne.]

Woman #2: Magnifika....

[Fade. Olrikke is running some hair cream through his hair. Another fade, and he's splashing after shave on his face.]

JO(voice over): Whether you work hard, or play hard, you need that little extra something to maintain a competitive edge.

[Fade. Olrikke is playing tennis with intensity! Look! The hair on his head isn't moving! Fabulous! After returning a shot, Olrikke pumps his fists in victory.]

JO(voice over): Now in America, Europe's number one men's beauty products will keep you smelling and looking fresh 24 hours a day! Try it today!

[Yet another lovely young lady, who appears to have been his playing partner, runs up to him and gives him a hug. After running her hands through his hair and getting a good sniff, she grins and turns towards the camera, holding up a blue and yellow bottle of hair gel.]

Woman #3: Magnifika....

[Fade to black.

And then back up to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY", where Mark Stegglet is standing by with The Rave.

Jerby Jezz, a pale reddish skinned man, has bleached his hair white and somehow gotten it all to spike even though it's almost shoulder-length. A couple of the spikes are colored in blue, red, or yellow. He's wearing a clear plastic poncho with an iridescent film on it that makes it give off colored reflections like a soap bubble. His baggy indigo pants seem to have a variety of colorful metal studs of various shapes stuck into them (they seem to be cheap earrings or such), and he's wearing orchid moon boots with a blue and orange inverted V shaped stripe around the front.

Shizz Dawg OG, a light mocha-skinned man, has his hair back in a ponytail with stripes of maroon, green, and tan leading up to the cyan hair atop his head. He's wearing a bright green pleather vest with swashes of red fabric crisscrossing it, and track pants which are pink on one leg and neon yellow on the other. He's wearing grey sneakers which have been dipped in gold glitter then sprinkled with multicolored spangles.

Oh, and they're carrying the Stampede Cup.]

MS: I'm here with The Rave... and where did you get that?! And what did you DO to it?!

[The camera gets a closeup of the Stampede Cup. Something is decidedly off with it. The word Stampede has been filed out, and the metal is tarnished and worn. The area where the cup connects to the base is a bit rusty.]

SDOG: Haven't you been satellating your earlobes, dimscrew? We've already revelated that The Rave willdid have won the... I can't even say your anciespeak word for it. The Wildstyling Hyper Acclimation Tournament!

MS: What?

SDOG: Exactly! We slid on backforward to 2032 to snarf the trophy from our collection to flip it up in front of all our winhaving jaggos that rave for The Rave, so they'd flow with the upload. Shill out your credits on The Rave!

JJ: Just like Shizz Dawg and myself scooped our creds for living expenses here in... what is it, 2013?... by shilling down on the sports teams we knew weredid have won your primitary early-century sports, the Creed Of The Rainbow Warrior demands that we slapback the protosheep that believe in us.

MS: Wait. If you came back in time to gamble on sporting events because you knew the outcome, wouldn't you be affecting the timeline and potentially destabilizing the economy?

[In a rare occurence, The Rave are stunned into silence. They glare at Stegglet with anger.]

JJ: How would you flow with the gics of timesliding, you frackish primitate?! You don't even flow with what the rules of the Timesliding Internal Covert Knowledge Timeflutz Oversight Corrective Killcorps even are!

[Jezz suddenly slaps his hands to his mouth, and both Rave fly into a panic. They run around the platform, looking around the arena desperately, before returning to an incredulous Stegglet.]

SDOG: *whew* They aren't here. Producers! Rixx that from the holocube data! We never spilled!

MS: Whatever. About this trophy. We just sent the finalized design to the engraving company last week, and that information hasn't been released. How did you know what the trophy was going to look like to have this knockoff made?!

SDOG: Another scrubtaking doubter! We splash you undeflatable proof that we've flowed with the truth for our whole mission, and you still gotta pize! Frally?

JJ: Mindslip this gyzzrus poptard, Shizz. We're here to bus a warning! We flow that the roilspur is still slurking out there! And we flow that whoever him/her/them/it wasis, he/she/they/it wants to keep us from our destined victory. But now that the protoworld has seen the undeflatable evidence that we willdid win the St... shine, that's a gyzzrus name! It's like you sheeple calling it The Nazi Holocaust Cup. But... well, you'll find out when it willdoes happen. For now, just flow that if the roilspur stops us from winning and rechristening the Wildstyling Hyper Acclamation Tournament, the timeseams will sprip and paradox will rixx your whole timeline!

SDOG: So, if you jacksaws enjoy things like EXISTING, you'll flup off and watch The Rave bring the world one cycle closer to the way of wildstyling!

Rave: RAVE! RAVE AGAINST THE DYING OF THE BORSCHT!

[The Rave snatches their Stampede Cup trophy(?) back from Stegglet, and march off the platform with a gait that looks like a cross between strutting and electrocution.]

MS: I... don't know how they got that, but The Rave certainly has their sights locked on the Stampede Cup. Sort of. In their own way.

[We crossfade back down to ringside where the announce team is seated.]

GM: Thanks, Mark. The Stampede Cup is the talk of professional wrestling right now. The tournament as well as the non-tournament matches including-

[Suddenly, the opening riffs of ZZ Top's "Sharp Dressed Man" come blaring through the Crockett Coliseum PA system and the crowd immediately jumps to its collective feet and showers the entryway with boos. From it emerges the challenger for the AWA World Title at the Stampede Cup, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Dufresne is clad in a gray three-piece suit with a blue collared shirt underneath. His long blond hair cascades down past his shoulders as his ever-present smirk is plastered across his face. He soaks in the reaction from the AWA faithful before making his way towards Jason Dane in the interview area. Eventually, the boos die down and Dane begins.]

JD: Fans, I'm here with the number one contender to the AWA World Title, "Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne. Let's start with two weeks ago, Calisto, where you defeated Hall of Famer Alex Martinez, albeit by somewhat controversial circumstances.

[Dufresne nods solemnly.]

CD: Controversial indeed, Dane. It became obvious to James Monosso that I was taking control of that match and was mere moments away from finishing Martinez and he decided to use underhanded tactics – par for the course with him, as we all know – to try and put me out of commission before I could make it to Stampede Cup. Some champion you've got here.

[Dane is momentarily speechless at this version of events, but recovers.]

JD: I'm not sure that's how most people would see what happened two weeks ago. You've won numerous matches via disqualification since your return, and...

[Dufresne cuts Dane off.]

CD: You bring up a great point, Jason. I have been the victim of senseless and heinous attacks at every turn, dating back to Westwego. There's some sort of conspiracy happening deep within the bowels of the AWA to keep Calisto Dufresne from being the leader of this organization. I don't know who is behind it, exactly, but rest assured that my throngs of adoring fans and I will not stand for it any longer! Their attempts to prop up a man who has continuously shown blatant disregard for the rules and regulations of the AWA cannot go on any longer.

[A self-righteous nod.]

CD: And that's why I'm here to formally request that at the Stampede Cup, should James Monosso continue to employ underhanded tactics and attempt to hold on to the World Title by getting himself disqualified...

[A pause, and a smirk.]

CD: ...That the title be allowed to change hands as a result.

[The crowd immediately makes its feelings known to that request, raining boos down on Dufresne.]

JD: You seriously think the AWA would consider such a request after watching what you've done since your return?

CD: If Karl O'Connor wishes to usher in a new era in the AWA – an era of honesty and transparency – then he needs to stop these senseless attacks on me and hold people accountable. And I can't think of any better way to hold someone accountable than to close the shameless loopholes that allow corrupt men to hold on to their championships.

The Stampede Cup has been one of the biggest nights on the AWA calendar, year after year. As many of you recall, I was the winner of the original Stampede Cup. I show up on the biggest stage, Jason. And if the AWA will ensure a fair fight, you can be sure that Calisto Dufresne will show up once again.

And when I leave?

[A nod. A wink. A smile.]

CD: I'll be 15 pounds heavier.

[“Sharp Dressed Man” kicks in once again and Dufresne turns, walking back through the entryway, chased by the jeers from the Dallas faithful. Fade to black.]

VO: The following is a paid advertisement and does reflect the views of American Wrestling Alliance.

[Fade in to a wide shot, soft-filtered lens view of an old gym with an empty wrestling ring in the center ring.]

ML: And on the 8th day, God looked down on his planned paradise and said, "I need a legend." So God made a King.

[Shot fades to a black and white close up shot of a confident looking Mark Langseth, looking straight into the camera. Then as the voice over continues, the screen shows a rolling collection of still shots of Langseth in the ring throughout his career.]

ML: God said, "I need somebody willing to get up before dawn, keep in top shape for all hours, ply his craft heroically despite the risk of injury, compete at a Hall of Fame level, and the most dedicated man in his profession. So God made a King.

[Grainy footage of Mark Langseth from the Westwego Incident, standing tall in the ring with the National Title before the shot cuts out.]

ML: God said, "I need somebody willing to get in the ring everyday against the best in the business, beat them down, make them submit, watch their careers die and then say to them 'Maybe next year'....

[Slow roll of still shots of Langseth locking opponents in the Greatness Personified anklelock.]

ML: "...I need somebody who has the unbeatable will to win, overcoming all odds and masterfully turning any situation to his favor. I need somebody who no man has pinned or submitted in nearly a decade." So God made a King.

[Slow fade into a black and white shot of Mark Langseth, sitting on his throne with his newly adorned crown, at the AWA coronation.]

ML: God said onto the world, "It had to be somebody who'd fight the good fight and not cut corners. Somebody to build an organization around, somebody that others would look up to, somebody to be the only deserving champion - nationally and internationally..."

[Rapid fire shots of Langseth defending his National Title in other federations, with those logos pixelated out.]

ML: Somebody who'd laugh, sigh, and reply with smiling eyes when all the world finally recognizes and unites under one banner, properly bowing down to the power of Royalty. "So God made a King."

[As the screen shows a final black and white shot of Langseth, standing tall in the ring, the following familiar words appear:

Bring Justice To Royalty
Sign the Petition
www.RoyaltyAWA.com/petitionforjustice/

[Fade.

As we fade back up, we see action unfolding in the ring in full swing.]

GM: Fans, we're back from commercial but this match didn't wait! The Blonde Bombers assaulted the Surfer Dudes as they walked to the ring, and it's been a mismatch from the word go!

LD: You got that right, Gordon Myers, the Surfer Dudes drew the short end of the stick for this week's ritualistic beating but that don't mean we'll have any sympathy for them!

[A quick shot of the booth shows Larry Doyle sitting in on commentary, to the delight of Bucky Wilde and the dismay of Gordon Myers.]

BW: Yeah, Larry baby, you tell 'em!

LD: Thank you Buckthorne, don't mind if I do!

[In the ring, Brad Jacobs runs over Vance Ricks with a clothesline and growls at the audience, then simply steps on and over Ricks.]

LD: Lookit what's going on in the ring boys, that's called a demolition derby. Brad Jacobs and Kenny Stanton, Stanton and Jacobs, THE team of 2013 and beyond, handling their business with the Surfer Dudes and before you call this a mismatch Bucky Wilde, I have it on good authority that Vance Ricks himself was trained by none other than that old geezer Hamilton Graham and Trampus Kennedy once saw Hamilton Graham at the gas station. These are two studs in the ring, fellas, and the Blonde Bombers are throwing them out like a day late pre-

[Silence, although it's very clear what Doyle was getting at.]

GM: Fans, we apologize for the words of La-

LD: You don't have to apologize for me, Myers, I'm a grown man, my name's sown in the back of my underwear just like everyone else! I keep getting censored by these AWA bureaucrats because they're afraid of the truth that I speak and the truth that I bring. If I had anymore truth to bring I'd be walking down on a mountain carrying stone tablets, but the AWA is non-denominational.

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!"

GM: Picture perf-

LD: That's called a double team move extraordinaire by the master of double team moves, the lady's pet and the man's regret, that's "Smooth" Kenny Stanton, thank you very much.

[Bear hug into a dropkick, fyi.]

LD: But let me talk about something else, I done talked about the Blonde Bombers enough. The whole world knows that they're bound to be the next Stampede Cup champions. The whole world knows the Bombers are the next AWA National Tag Team champions, that's common knowledge. The whole world saw us win that over the top Bunkhouse Stampede to gain a top seed in the drawing. Fat men, small men, bald men, they all saw the Bombers knock out Violence Unlimited, they saw the Bombers take out the Lynch Boys and the Broad Street Bullies-

BW: Beale Street.

LD: Well wherever they're from, they're big, they're bad, they smell like industrial solvent and a urinal cake, and my guys knocked 'em out.

[Quick tags by the Bombers, with Jacobs slamming Trampus Kennedy near the ropes as Kenny Stanton grabbing the top strand, swiiiiiiiveling his hips, and then leaping over with a legdrop.]

LD: But let me talk about the Stampede Cup for one second. The whole world's taking about it, the whole world's watching it. I got people in the streets asking me what's up with James Monosso, is he gonna retire if Dufresne beats him, or is he gonna lose his damn mind again and try to eat the title? You've got William Craven walking around here with his head sown back together looking like Frankenstein's monster, and you've got Chris Blue leading him around by the tie, and Chris Blue makes Dr. Frankenstein look like Doc McStuffins by comparison. No one knows what in the world is happening with the Longhorn Heritage, it's changing hands more times then-

BW: Easy, Larry baby, easy!

LD: It's being passed around more than a large pizza with extra cheese in the Prehistoric Predators locker room, it's got more mileage than a 1973 El Camino, but all I know is that Dave Cooper is the RIGHTFUL AWA Longhorn Heritage champion.

GM: How's that, exactly?!

LD: It's the associative reflexive property adjusted for inflation. This is science, Myers, we're in America. Bucky, will you do something with him please, I need to go announce this.

[With a thunk, Doyle drops the headsets and runs back to the ring as the Bombers go up to opposite corners, Jacobs with Ricks in tow, Stanton all by his lonesome in the spotlight, Kennedy splattered on the outside.]

GM: That man is exhausting!

BW: Look in the ring, Gordo, we're about to see a perfect ten!

[Jacobs dives back with the superplex, and Stanton touches down a moment later with the top rope splash, and it's all over but the counting. The fans explode for the high impact move, but continue to boo the Bombers.]

BW: BLONDE BOMBSHELL! BLONDE BOMBSHELL! Ohhh baby, they got it all right there!

[And here's Larry Doyle again, talking into the camera.]

LD: Pearl Jam don't know nothin, brother, who's Bo Derek? That was a ten! A perfect ten!

[Stanton hooks a leg as Jacobs gets up and flashes a perfect ten with his hands to the audience...]

GM: One! Two! Three! This one's over, folks, but I'm not sure it ever got started!

BW: The Blonde Bombers are on a serious roll Gordo, Larry Doyle has them primed for a run like we ain't never seen before!

[Phil Watson announcers the winners.]

PW: The winners of the match! In five minutes, six seconds...

GM: Five minutes?! That seemed like twenty with that man sitting here!

PW: THE BLOOOO-

[Heeeeere's Larry.]

LD: Gimme that, gimme that, I'll take that! Your winners! "SMOOTH" KENNY STANTON! "THE BIG DEAL" BRAD JACOBS!

THE BLOOOOOOOOOOONDE!
BOOOOOOOOMMBBBBAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHSSSS!

[No one claps for the pair, who don't mind as they celebrate giddily.]

LD: And while I have this microphone, let me just tell you all that the Blonde Bombers are on a collision course with greatness, and at the Stampede Cup we'll take our first step towards ruling this here wrestling world. There isn't a team out there who can match the strength and the stamina, the power and the precision, the HUNGER that these men have!

You're lookin' at a group of men who were never givin' nothin' in their lives, who worked for everything they got. Who did things the right way, waited their turn, learned from the older guys and when it was their time to carry the ball, you know what happened?

Nothin', that's right, not a damned thing. These two men are tired of WAITING for their turn, they're ready to take their turn, the Stampede Cup and everything else the AWA has to offer. If you got two dollars and a nickel, the Blonde Bombers will take it from ya. If you're walkin' down the street with your kid and he's got a lollipop, rest assured the big man here will be in possession of that candy in no time flat.

We're not picky, we're hungry. If you got it, and we want it, it's as good as done baby. The Bombers are gonna take it, I guarantee ya.

[Doyle looks back at his charges, arms crossed behind him and listening.]

LD: But let's talk about someone who can't even do that yet. Let's talk about the finals of the Stampede Cup, or what is was SUPPOSED TO BE. In one corner, the Blonde Bombers. In the other corner?

[It's at that point that "The Professional" Dave Cooper steps between the ropes. Larry Doyle greets him with a high five, then hands the mic over to Cooper.]

DC: And Larry will allow me to finish that thought... in the other corner was supposed to be myself and Mark Langseth.

When I was tagging up before, the Stampede Cup was the one prize that always eluded me. To know that a couple of drunken barroom brawlers whose best move is shouting at the top of their lungs, and a couple of backwater hicks who multiply more than rabbits, have laid claim to that prize while I have not, disgusts me to no end.

Now, I have no objection to Stanton and Jacobs winning the Cup, not just because they are Royalty, but because they are men who have three elements that are lacking in nearly every team in the AWA: Class, dignity and table manners. But what bothers me is the fact that I don't even get a chance to challenge these gentlemen because the AWA refuses to reinstate the man who would be my partner... and that's Mark Langseth.

[Mark's name draws more boos on top of those already being drawn.]

DC: Indeed, I am coming after the Longhorn title, the TV title, whatever they want to call it... and the fact that Dave Bryant is putting against a man who I already whipped into shape more than a year ago is something else that disgusts me... but why just settle for that?

When you commit to Royalty, you commit to standing by your fellow members, and the instant you fail to stand by them is the instant you are gone. And that is why I will stand by Mark Langseth and continue to press

for him to be reinstated or the entire AWA is gonna pay the price. I don't care whether it's Sultan Azam Sharif, Terry Shane III, Louie Matsui or anybody else who keeps namedropping Royalty just to keep themselves relevant... Royalty is going to hurt people and make their lives miserable until the right thing is done and Mark Langseth is allowed to return to this promotion... and that is the END of the discussion!

[Cooper spikes the mic into the mat, exchanging high fives with his Royalty allies as we fade to black.]

A graphic appears...]

"In 2009..."

[We fade up to show Ben Waterson, steel briefcase in hand, up on the ring apron and shouting instructions to Duane Henry and Cletus Lee Bishop. Cletus Lee has a dazed Adrian Freeman up on his shoulders as Duane Henry scales the turnbuckles...]

"OHHH!"

GM: WHAT THE HELL?!

[...and gets SMASHED in the knee with the briefcase, sending him flying sideways off the top rope to the concrete floor! A shocked Cletus Lee looks on as Adrian Freeman smashes his arm up into the groin, rising up to receive a thrown briefcase from Waterson that he uses to bash Cletus Lee over the skull, knocking him to a knee.]

GM: WHAT DID WATERSON JUST DO?!

[As Waterson shoves Calisto Dufresne under the ropes into the ring, the Ladykiller hooks a front facelock on Cletus Lee as Freeman kneels under him, using all his strength to shove Bishop horizontal to the canvas...

...where Dufresne SPIKES him skullfirst into the metal briefcase!]

GM: DOWN! DOWN TO THE STEEL!

[Freeman throws the briefcase aside, dragging the official over as Freeman scores the three count.

The shot goes black once more for a moment before another graphic comes up...]

"In 2010..."

[The video comes back, showing Dave Cooper whipping Jackson Haynes across the ring, looking to set up for the spinebuster... but Haynes grabs the ropes, refusing to rebound. An angry Cooper charges him...

...and a desperate Haynes drops his head, backdropping Cooper all the way over the top rope and down to the floor as the crowd roars in response.]

GM: HE SENDS COOPER TO THE FLOOR!!!

[Haynes leans against the ropes, breathing heavily for a few moments before throwing himself into the hand of Danny Morton who comes in face, rushing to the far ropes, rebounding off...]

GM: A SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES BY MORTON!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[With Cooper completely laid out, Morton lets loose a wild whoop before throwing the Professional back into the ring. Morton pulls himself back up on the apron, ducking through the ropes...]

...but Eric Matthew Somers intervenes, grabbing Morton by the throat from his spot on the apron!]

GM: He's got Morton by the throat!

[Morton wraps up the arm, blocking the chokeslam and unleashing a series of headbutts that stuns Somers. Morton breaks away, hitting the ropes again...]

...but Cooper steps in unexpectedly, lifting Morton off the mat and DRIVING him back down!]

GM: SPINEBUSTER!! SPINEBUSTER!!

[Cooper covers, getting a very close near fall. He gets back up, arguing with the official as he reaches down, grabbing Morton's legs...]

GM: He's going for the Cloverleaf!

[...and gets dragged down to the mat in a cradle! Jackson Haynes sprints into the ring, wrapping himself around the legs of an incoming Somers as the referee hits the canvas three times!]

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! VIOLENCE UNLIMITED BEAT THE CHAMPS!

[We fade to black again for a moment before a new graphic comes up.]

"In 2011..."

[As the footage comes back up, we see a bloodied and dazed Danny Morton pulling James Lynch off the mat...]

...when Lynch suddenly slaps the arm away, sinking his fingers into the blood-soaked skull of Morton!]

GM: CLAW!

[A desperate Morton buries a knee in the gut, wrapping his powerful arms around Lynch's torso...]

"OOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BACK! DROP! DRIVER!!!

[Lynch hits HARD on the back of his head and neck, his older brother Jack cringing at the impact from his place on the apron as James rolls under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Can James Lynch get up to beat the ten count though? If he can't, it won't matter! If he gets counted out, this match is as over as if he got pinned, fans!

[Inside the ring, Morton collapses from the exertion, blood pooling around his head on the canvas as Jackson Haynes shouts at him from their corner, slapping the top turnbuckle to try and revive him.]

GM: The sounds tell the story in this one, fans! The crowd is shocked but trying to rally their favorites while the two partners on the apron try to get their partner to their feet!

[With the referee continuing to count towards ten, Danny Morton rolls himself out to the floor, dragging a motionless James Lynch to his feet and shoving him under the ropes to a deafening roar from the Atlanta crowd.]

GM: Danny Morton puts James Lynch back in! He didn't want to win that way! He didn't want the countout!

[Back in the ring, Morton collapses into the turnbuckles, slapping the hand of his partner who races in, lunging into a cover for a very close near fall. Haynes slams his fists into the canvas several times before dragging Lynch off the mat to his feet. The Hammer looks him dead in the eyes, shaking his head...]

GM: You get the feeling that Jackson Haynes didn't want to have to do this. He wanted the kid to stay down but...

[Haynes jerks Lynch into a standing headscissors. A terrified Jack Lynch turns away from the ring, unable to watch as the near three hundred pound big man lifts the much-smaller Lynch into the air...

...at which point, a desperate James Lynch hooks his legs around Haynes' head, dragging him down to the canvas, reaching back to tightly hook both legs!]

GM: CRADLE!! CRADLE!!

[Jack Lynch sprints across the ring, throwing himself around the legs of Morton as the official drops to count, the fans counting with him for the three count!]

GM: THEY DID IT!! THEY DID IT!! THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!! BY GOD,
THE LYNCHES WIN THE CUP!!

[Fade to black for a long moment before another graphic emerges.]

"What will 2013 bring?"

[It fades. One more.]

"The Stampede Cup Returns In 2013..."

[Fade to black...

We fade back up to the interview position, where Jason Dane is standing by with James Monosso. The World Heavyweight Champion is wearing a black T-shirt with "PROPERTY OF MYSELF" stenciled upon it in pale green print. A tall and wide-shouldered man, Monosso sports the World Heavyweight Championship belt around his waist. The streaks of grey at the roots of his stringy black hair reveals his advanced age (by wrestling standards). The crowd cheers him as he stands up straight before them.]

JD: James Monosso, we're not far out from the Stampede Cup, and your date with destiny. You will be defending the World Heavyweight Title against none other than Calisto Dufresne.

JM: Yeah. Dufresne. Let's see. He got his head kicked in at SuperClash, and argued his way into this match. Just like always. He gets where he wants to go without really working for it.

JD: You've seemed to indicate that doesn't bother you.

JM: Doesn't bother me? No, you misunderstood. I don't got no moral issue with him. Some people get all horrified at guys like him, as if this crap hasn't been goin' on since the dawn of time. No, my problem is real simple... he's in my way. He's got some cheap plan to take my belt. To take what's left of my health. To ruin the rest of my life. What the heck do you think my problem with him is?!

If I said I hated him because he does anything he has to do to get ahead, I'd be a hypocrite. But there's one difference between me and Dufresne. He'll do anything to get what he wants. But this ain't about want. It's about need. I don't want to destroy him... I need to destroy him. The guy always finds some cheap way to get everything. The guy won his National title by ambushin' a dumb sucker kid after a match, so that his big brother could hand him a title shot that he could use after eighty people jumped the champion. It was all his plan. He's got a plan here too, and I don't know what it is. So I think I need a plan too. And that plan is to destroy him before he can do whatever it is he's thinkin' about.

Dufresne tools around in luxury cars, wearin' fancy tailored suits, because he still ain't figured it out. Dufresne thinks he's some kind of genius, some kind

of mastermind, but he missed the most obvious thing of all: it ends. Dufresne, you ain't a special little snowflake, unique from all the rest. Every dime you waste on your toys and your lifestyle brings you ten cents closer to all the rest who came before you. They thought they were so smart. They cheated everyone, lied when they needed to, manipulated, all to live the high life. And every one of them bottomed out as soon as they faced adversity. The money stops flowin' the minute you take your foot off the accelerator... or the minute somebody comes along and wrecks your ride.

If you knew that, you'd save your cash. Every dime. But like me, you won't know until it's too late. You're fightin' for your life and you don't even know it. I'm here tellin' you, but that overblown ego won't let you believe me. Not until it happens. All these people remember everything you ever did. They're just waitin' for someone to come along and wreck your ride. It already happened to me. Now, it's your turn.

JD: After the way that World Title qualifier ended, you might think that Alex Martinez is interested in getting some payback... and possibly on you, since you cost him the match.

JM: Oh, well. Martinez knows better than anyone how life ain't fair. He's gotten more breaks than Todd Michaelson's back, so he got no room to complain about it. Maybe he can go talk to Supreme Wright about what it means to earn a title match. I had to wait years for mine... and I only got one because of the tournament. Otherwise, nobody was gonna give me a sniff of this belt. I was Number One contender for how long? I even tried to jump anybody lower ranked than me who got a title match, but I had to stop because the Championship Committee responded by just lowerin' me down the rankings without losin' to anyone. So cry me a freakin' river, boo hoo. Wright had a chance. Martinez had a whole career of chances. Maybe they'll get other chances, but mostly they need to shut up. I'll fight whoever they put in front of me, with two exceptions that I already mentioned.

JD: One last question. Since you were, in large part, responsible for the situation, can I get your comments on Todd Michaelson taking on Eric Preston?

JM: Funny. All the time I was after Preston, him and Michaelson kept on about how I should take responsibility. How I blamed everyone and everything but me for my life, for what happened to me, for what I was doing. And now... well, Eric Preston really has become me, hasn't he?

JD: ...I hadn't thought of it that way.

JM: He was going to, anyway. I just saved him twenty years. If he wants to waste it beating up Michaelson instead of going out and getting a sustainable career like I tried to get him to do, that's his problem, not mine. He's even dumber than I thought. And if Michaelson wants to use dumb kids like that to make his pay, then he deserves what he gets.

JD: Not the answer I was expecting.

JM: I told you time and again. I found out I was wrong about some things... but I ain't changed. You'd have to be insane to think otherwise!

[With that, Monosso is out...

...and we're fading up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring at this time, from Parts Unknown at a combined weight of 520 pounds...

THE EXECUTIONERS!

[Two men clad in black from head to toe, including masks, bellow at the fans to some jeering.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The lights go out in the Coliseum, as we're serenaded by Freddie Mercury and the rest of Queen.]

#Here we are, born to be kings#
#WE ARE PRINCES OF THE UNIVERSE#

["Princes of the Universe" continues to play over the PA system, as a spotlight hits the entrance, where Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott emerge, drawing a HUMONGOUS POP from the crowd!]

PW: Weighing in tonight at a total combined weight of 466 pounds...they are the team of STEVIE SCOTT and JUAAAAAAN VASSSQUEZZZ!

[HUGE FACE POP! The two former National champions make their way down the aisle to the rabid cheers of the fans.]

GM: Here they come, Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott, two of the greatest National champions in AWA history and two men with their sights set on taking down Percy Childe and The Unholy Alliance! Can you believe the reaction these two are getting?

BW: Yeah, these are two of the biggest names in AWA history, but do you think they can take on an experienced tag team like The Aces? Vasquez and Scott spent years HATING each other!

GM: The history between Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez is indeed a long and complicated one, but now they're both on the same side and that can only spell trouble for anyone that gets in their way.

BW: I'm sure Percy Childe and The Aces beg to differ.

[Vasquez and Scott both climb to opposite corners, raising their arms to acknowledge the crowd. However, The Executioners see their opening and immediately attack them from behind!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: OH! The Executioners catch Vasquez and Scott off-guard!

[The Executioners pound away on Vasquez and Scott in their respective corners, before Executioner #1 and #2 both send Vasquez and Scott into the ropes. However, the two former National Champions reverse it, sending both Executioners up and over with a back bodydrop !]

GM: OHHH! Vasquez and Scott turn the tables on The Executioners!

[Executioner #1 and #2 both roll out of opposite sides of the ring, trying to regroup. However, Scott and Vasquez don't let up, nodding to each other before running in opposite directions, each diving through the ropes and taking out an Executioner with a tope!]

GM: OH MY STARS! Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez take out The Executioners with stereo suicide dives to the outside!

BW: But this ain't tag team wrestling! This ain't teamwork! These are just two individuals beating up two overmatched opponents at the same time!

[Vasquez and Scott roll both Executioners back into the ring, pulling both masked men to their feet. Vasquez then lifts Executioner #1 over his back, hooking his leg and grabs him around the head as he readies him for the City of Angels, while Scott grabs Executioner #2 around the head in a 3/4 nelson, drawing a roar from the crowd...]

"THHHUUUUDDDD!!!"

GM: THE CITY OF ANGELS! THE HOTSHOT HAMMER! VASQUEZ AND SCOTT BOTH HAVE THE PIN!

BW: Hey, you can't do that! Double pins ain't in the rulebook!

[The referee apparently doesn't know or doesn't care, as he drops down and counts both pins to a big Pop!]

GM: ONE! TWO! THREE! They got'em! Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez pick up the win!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: YOUR WINNERS...STEVIE SCOTT AND JUAN VASQUEZ!

GM: Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez make short work of The Executioners, but the question remains, will they accept that reserved spot in The Stampede Cup?

BW: What I just saw out there barely resembled tag team wrestling, Myers! No matter how accomplished they are as singles wrestlers, they're just not ready for The Cup! They're not ready for a team like The Aces!

GM: That may be your opinion, Bucky, but what I saw was two of the best in the sport working together and absolutely steamrolling their opponents. And...

[Suddenly, the crowd buzzes with confusion as two individuals hurdle the barricade, diving headfirst into the ring, and ambushing Vasquez and Scott from behind!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: THE ACES!

[As the camera settles in, we discover that it is, indeed, the Aces who have struck against the AWA's superpowers, stomping and kicking them into the canvas!]

GM: They're not even supposed to be here!

BW: SURPRISE, SURPRISE, SURPRISE!

GM: This isn't funny at all! The Aces said they weren't even in the building tonight - that they were preparing for the Stampede Cup but that's not true. Not at all! They're assaulting Vasquez and Scott from behind!

[With the crowd jeering, Stevie and Daniel are putting the boots to their two rivals. Childes swings away, strutting across the ring as Tyler pulls Vasquez up to his feet...]

GM: Tyler's holding Vasquez' arms behind him... letting Stevie measure him...

BW: That's Steven, ya ignorant wretch!

[Childes rushes across the ring, leaping up for a dropkick...

...but Vasquez bails out of the way, causing Tyler to take both feet to the mush!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[And with a recovering Stevie Scott up to his feet, they work together to send Childes into the ropes. As he comes back, Scott lays one in downstairs, doubling up Childes...

...who gets CRACKED with a right cross!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Childes drops to the mat, promptly rolling out of the ring with what little sense is left in him after the big blow. Tyler rushes Vasquez from behind, throwing a flurry of punches before Scott pulls him away, scooping him up and slamming him down...

...and then hiptossing Vasquez onto Tyler in a senton!]

GM: OHH!

BW: That was pretty impressive, Gordo!

[Tyler rolls out as well, retreating through the crowd alongside his partner as a fired up Vasquez and Scott make their way over to the announcers' table, filled with energy.]

GM: Juan, Stevie, quite a debut for you as a team tonight. And then we just saw-

[Gordon may or may not have wanted to continue talking. We'll never know because a hyper Stevie immediately starts ranting.]

HSS: Gordo, that ain't nothing compared to what we've got in store for the Unholy Alliance! You know, two weeks ago, we heard The Aces running their mouths about what they were going to do...

[Stevie stops for a moment, laughing at the thought of The Aces' threats.]

HSS: ...what they were going to do to US. Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez. The two greatest wrestlers ever to come through the AWA. And a couple of scrubs, a couple of Magic Mike wannabes, they think they're going to put a beatdown on US like they tried to do just now?

[Stevie smirks.]

HSS: Gordo, you and I both know that's got about a good a chance of happening as Percy Childes does of going on a diet.

GM: All levity aside, they've challenged you to enter the Stampede Cup and Karl O'Connor has left a spot open for the two of you. So the question you must answer tonight is, do you accept that challenge and a spot in the Cup?

[Stevie makes an "are you kidding me" face, whatever that looks like.]

HSS: Juan, you want to field this one?

[Juan takes the mic.]

JV: You want to know if we're gonna' accept The Aces' challenge?

You want to know if we're gonna' enter the Stampede Cup?

You want to know if Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez, two of the BEST to ever step foot inside a wrestling ring are gonna' accept the opportunity to whup the Unholy Alliance, show the world that they're the greatest tag team of'em all and get paid a million dollars to do it!?!?!]

[He chuckles to himself, before looking back up with a fired-up, wide-eyed look on his face.]

JV: The answer's as obvious as the botox in Dan Tyler's lips!

YES! YES! HELL FREAKIN' YES!!!

[Big pop!]

JV: We want the million dollars! We want the Stampede Cup! And most of all...we want those bastards, Childs and Tyler inside the ring!

[The crowd is driven into further states of frenzy by Vasquez's firey delivery.]

JV: You see, you want to paint us as cowards...you can call us "spineless"... but history tells us that when the going gets tough?

HSS: The Aces don't even show up!

[Knee-slapping laughter all around.]

JV: We'll be at The Stampede Cup, amigo. The question is....will you?

GM: I think we've got our answer, fans! Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott are in the Stampede Cup! And if they happen to collide with The Aces in that tournament, we'll need to batten down the hatches for that one, fans. Right now, however, we're going to go back to the backstage area where Jason Dane is sitting down with the AWA President Karl O'Connor to ask him some of the most asked questions by the fans of the AWA. This should be a VERY interesting interview. Jason, take it away!

[We crossfade back to the backstage area where Jason is sitting across from a coffee table with the President of the American Wrestling Alliance, Karl O'Connor. O'Connor is an older gentleman, smiling at Gordon's introduction in his three piece suit.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon... and thank you, Mr. O'Connor for giving me the chance to speak with you tonight.

KOC: It's my pleasure, Jason.

JD: It may not be for long.

[Jason grins as he rifles through a pile of index cards in front of him.]

JD: On these cards, I have written down some of the best questions asked by fans submitting to my website, my Twitter feed, and to the AWA website

as well. Mr. O'Connor, can you confirm that I have not shared with you any of the contents on these cards?

[He nods.]

JD: Thank you sir... now let's get started...

A fan on the AWA message board asks, "You've been on the job for a few weeks now, how does running a wrestling company compare with your wrestling career?"

[O'Connor grins.]

KOC: I think it's important to note that I don't "run" the AWA in the strictest sense. Much of the off-screen business is handled by men like Jon Stegglet and Bobby Taylor and their office staff. However, in the areas that I've encountered so far, I'm having a blast as the AWA President. Being able to directly influence what our great fans see at home is an amazing feeling for sure.

[Dane nods.]

JD: "Please clarify the status of the Longhorn Heritage Title. Has it officially had a name change? If so, why?"

[O'Connor grimaces a bit.]

KOC: Believe me when I say that I knew the change of the Longhorn Heritage Title - and yes, it is officially changed to the World Television Title - would not win me many fans... especially in the great state of Texas. And we've received a lot of e-mails from fans wanting to know why. To be honest, we felt that the name of the title was too limiting for what we wanted it to be.

It's been a long time since the AWA was a "Texas or bust" company even though we still run about six months out of the year in the Lone Star State. But considering our presence in areas stretching as far as Florida and California, we just felt it was time for a change to something that better reflected our goals.

[O'Connor nods.]

KOC: The front office of the AWA - and much of the locker room - continue to have great admiration and respect for the Longhorn Wrestling Council and will continue to look for ways to pay it tribute... much as we will next weekend in Oklahoma City with the Stampede Cup

[Dane flips through to another card.]

JD: Here's a related question - when titles go through a transition such as the Longhorn Heritage Title to the World Television Title, do the existing rematch clauses remain valid?

[O'Connor's brow furrows a bit.]

KOC: If you're asking me if someone who was promised a title shot at the National Title will receive one at the World Title, I suppose the answer is yes.

JD: What about the tag team titles?

KOC: What about them?

JD: We've been seeing a trend as of late. The National Title became the World Title. The Longhorn Heritage Title became the World Television Title. Yet we still have National Tag Team Titles.

[O'Connor grins.]

KOC: So we do.

JD: Please, sir. Can you answer the question? Will we see the National Tag Team Titles turned into World Tag Team Titles?

[O'Connor pauses.]

KOC: Yes.

[Dane looks surprised at the scoop he just unearthed.]

JD: Seriously? When?

KOC: At the Stampede Cup.

[Dane's jaw drops a little further.]

JD: Are you saying that the Stampede Cup tournament is also for the AWA World Tag Team Titles?

KOC: I'm saying exactly that.

JD: But what about the National Tag Team Titles that the Bishops hold?

KOC: In fairness to them, we have decided that if they win the tournament, they will be recognized as the Unified World Tag Team Champions.

JD: And if they don't?

KOC: Then they will receive a future chance to unify the titles against the World Tag Team Champions.

[Dane nods.]

JD: Wow. Big news here on Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. The very first AWA World Tag Team Champions will be crowned next weekend in Oklahoma

City. Mr. O'Connor, you mention title unification. I suppose this next series relates directly to that. From a Twitter user named TeamLangsethHOF, "Why does the AWA pander to Martinez' HOF claim w/title chance yet keeps an unbeaten champion on the shelf?"

[Dane sets the card down.]

JD: Of course, that question refers to the now-quite lengthy suspension of former World Champion and the last man to hold the AWA National Title, Mark Langseth. What is the status of Mr. Langseth in the AWA?

KOC: It's a very complicated situation, Jason. My last communication with the AWA legal team said that negotiations are ongoing with Mr. Langseth's legal team and that a resolution to this "Langseth Situation" should be coming in the very near future.

JD: Do you believe that will satisfy Royalty who have pledged to continue to disrupt the AWA at every chance until Mr. Langseth has been reinstated?

KOC: I can't imagine it will, no. However, I can say that Jim Watkins had laid a lot of the groundwork for these negotiations and I think we all know how Mr. Watkins felt about lawyers. He handled a lot of it himself and we're very close to a solution.

JD: Any hint as to what that solution might be?

[O'Connor shakes his head.]

KOC: I can't comment on ongoing negotiations. And for that matter, I can't comment on any ongoing negotiations we might be having with future additions to the AWA roster so if you were going to-

[Dane crumples up another card, throwing it aside.]

JD: You mention Jim Watkins. We had a few questions related to him as well. One fan says, "Jim Watkins was fired for wrestling Joe Petrow at SuperClash IV. Will Todd Michaelson suffer consequences if he follows through with his challenge to Eric Preston?"

[O'Connor strokes his chin.]

KOC: Yes, yes he will. After lengthy consideration, I have ruled that if Todd Michaelson persists with this Eric Preston challenge, he will be indefinitely suspended as the Head Trainer of the Combat Corner.

[Dane looks surprised by that news as well.]

JD: Wow. Has Todd responded to that?

KOC: He has not. However, my understanding is that he will address the situation on a special edition of The Money Pit next weekend at the Stampede Cup that I have asked him to host.

JD: Will you be the guest on that show?

KOC: No. But Eric Preston will be.

[Dane shakes his head.]

JD: I don't understand.

KOC: As of this moment, Eric Preston is not under contract to the American Wrestling Alliance as a member of the wrestling roster. But considering his recent actions, we have decided to offer that contract for him to sign at the Cup... on the set of the Money Pit. At that point, Todd Michaelson can address his future as well.

[Dane nods.]

JD: Speaking of the Stampede Cup, earlier tonight, Alex Martinez issued a challenge to Supreme Wright for a Number One contender's match to be held in Oklahoma City. Is that match sanctioned by your office and has Supreme Wright accepted?

KOC: We would be happy to sanction that match considering recent events - however, I have been told by Mr. Wright that he does not intend to answer that challenge until next weekend. We'll all find out then whether or not he accepts.

[Dane grabs a different card.]

JD: Let's change gears a bit here... "For years, there have been rumors that the AWA would hold shows in other countries, such as Mexico or Japan. How close are we to seeing an AWA card on foreign soil?"

[O'Connor shifts his weight in his seat.]

KOC: To be honest, that's a decision left to others in the front office. But from my understanding, that day remains in the plans for some point in the future... not the immediate future though.

JD: On a related note, we have seen occasional appearances here in the AWA from competitors from Mexico and Japan. Are there plans for any future talent exchanges?

KOC: I love seeing competitors like LION Tetsuo here in the AWA so - yes, I sure hope so. Our partner promotions in Mexico and Japan are thriving and we welcome any chance to bring in some of the talent from either of those places.

[Dane smirks a bit.]

JD: Speaking of partner promotions... at SuperClash IV, we saw several ads for Sunshine State Wrestling, a company based in Florida that was going to

have some attachment to the AWA but since then... nothing. What's the current status of SSW?

[O'Connor bites his bottom lip.]

KOC: Again, that's a little outside of my office's area of responsibility but my understanding is that SSW's investors are going through some financial difficulties. SSW is still something that's in the working stage - we're hopeful to see it come to fruition but as of right now, that deal is on hold.

JD: Fair enough. We're approaching the two year anniversary of the AWA's purchase of Premier Championship Wrestling right here in Texas... and you must be aware that when the decision was made to bring you on board as the AWA's first President, rumors were running rampant that the AWA was about to announce the purchase of a territory in your former stomping grounds of the Mid-West... specifically Kansas City and St. Louis. What can you tell us about that?

[O'Connor shifts again noticeably.]

KOC: No comment.

JD: That's it?

KOC: That's it.

[Dane frowns.]

JD: Mr. O'Connor, the people watching this show deserve answers.

KOC: And they'll get them when I feel I can responsibly answer the question.

JD: Responsibly? You want to talk about being responsible? Where was that desire when Nenshou spewed that mist in my face and got a slap on the wrist for it?

[Dane sticks out a finger, jabbing at the air.]

JD: Where was that desire when the end of SuperClash IV had an appearance by an individual that we can only assume was one of the mysterious "Wise Men"? When does the AWA plan on addressing the existence of these "Wise Men"? What do they do? Who are they? What powers do they have? Are they directly allowing Percy Childe to have illegal influence over matchmaking and decisions here in the AWA? Who else do they plan on benefiting? How deep does their power go?

[O'Connor raises a hand, glaring at Dane.]

KOC: This isn't what I signed on for.

JD: Really? When I signed my contract to announce for this company, playing second fiddle to Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde wasn't what I signed on for either! When I stuck a microphone in Nenshou's face, having my eyesight nearly stolen from me wasn't what I signed on for either!

[An angry Dane is turning red in the face as Karl O'Connor gets up from his seat.]

KOC: This interview is over, son.

[O'Connor walks out, leaving a steaming Jason Dane behind.]

JD: If you feel we were denied the truth here tonight, fans, only you can force that change to occur. Only you can force management of the AWA to stand tall and proudly speak the truth... to give the answers that you deserve. Tonight, we got some answers... yet there are many more that hang out there unanswered by the powers that be. Questions that NEED to be answered. Your questions. The truth is out there, fans... but you've gotta fight for it.

[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 Phil Watson is standing inside the squared circle.]

PW: The following contest is your MAIN EVENT of the evening. It is the Open Invitational Tag Team Gauntlet Match! The rules are as follows - all of the entered teams have drawn numbers earlier in the evening. Those numbers will determine their order of entry into the matchup. In just a moment, two teams will battle it out inside this very ring with a ten minute time limit. The winning team moves on to face the team who drew Number Three - however, if the time limit is reached then BOTH teams will be eliminated. The last team standing will be the fifteenth team entered into the Stampede Cup!

[Big cheer!]

PW: And the Championship Committee has asked me to remind you that there MUST be a winner!

[Bigger cheer! With a flourish, Phil Watson gestures towards the side of the ring opposite the hard camera which results in a big "POP!" and a blue and white banner with the Stampede Cup logo unrolling to another a big cheer!]

GM: There it is, Bucky... that's what this is all about.

BW: And the Stampede Cup this year is BIGGER than ever thanks to what we just heard out of Karl O'Connor! Not only do you get the Cup... not only do you get to tell the world that you're the best tag team walkin' the planet... not only do you get a million bucks. But this year... you get crowned the AWA World Tag Team Champions?!

GM: What a bombshell to drop on the AWA just days before the Stampede Cup but it certainly raises the stakes higher than ever, fans. Well, let's find out who drew the unluckiest draw of the night... Number One.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And now... the team who drew Number One!

[The sounds of Belle And Sebastian's "The Blues Are Still Blue" kick in to almost no reaction from the crowd.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 367 pounds, Andy and Will, THE BLUUUUUEEEEE BROTHERS!

[The pasty white dumplings of the AWA walk into view and raise their arms to absolutely zero reaction, as everybody knows that they are just cannon fodder for whomever is about to come to ringside. They quickly make their way down the aisle, exchanging a high five for simply getting entrance music this time out.

Cut to the entrance way as "War Machine" by Kiss blares out at a deafening volume while two smoke generators on either side of the entrance come to life with a WHOOSH and rapidly obscure it.]

PW: And their first opponents...from Parts Unknown, they are the West Coast Tag Team Champions...THE DRAGON SLAYERS!

[Like a bolt from the blue, two masked men dressed from head to toe all in purple (save for their black boots and white lining around the eye, ear, and mouth holes) burst down the ramp at full speed, stopping only to leapfrog over the ropes, and head directly towards the pre-match stretching Blue Brothers, who are caught completely off guard at the clubbing onslaught. Perhaps due to time constraints, referee Johnny Jagger nonetheless calls for the bell, as the clubbing continues.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: We've heard about these guys before, the West Coast Tag Team Champions The Dragon Slayers, and they're getting the chance to show that they belong in the Stampede Cup!

[One of the Dragon Slayers takes Will and throws him through the ropes and out onto the ramp, then goes back and proceeds to double-team stomp Andy with the other, Johnny Jagger screaming at one of the men to leave.

BW: They look good!

GM: Yes they do, Bucky! They come in all action! Backbreaker now by one of them, the referee has to get control here, this is NOT a tornado match!

BW: Settle down, he's doing it Gordo!

[Referee Johnny Jagger finally cuts in and orders one of the Dragon Slayers to leave, forcibly escorting one of them to his corner. The Dragon Slayer decides that he's had enough of kicking Andy, and goes over to Will, who's pulled himself onto the apron. The Dragon Slayer picks him up over the rope and backs up, presumably setting up for some sort of slam.

But we'll never know what he had in mind because, while walking backwards, he trips over the fallen Andy. In a perfect storm of

ridiculousness, the Dragon Slayer on the apron turns around to jaw with the audience while the referee turns back to the action, just in time to see Will on top of the Dragon Slayer as they both fall to the mat. The ref immediately dives in to make the count.]

GM: What the...

[Jagger's rapid fire count sees Will put his opponent down for the one... two...THREE!!!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[As Will rolls off of his foe, and the other Dragon Slayer storms into the ring in disbelief, the crowd erupts in laughter...and then cheers!]

BW: GORDO! GORDO! GORDO! DID YOU SEE THAT!?

GM: MY STARS! THE BLUE BROTHERS BEAT THE DRAGON SLAYERS!

[The Dragon Slayers are a mess, alternating between pounding and kicking the ropes, and screaming at the official, before storming out of the ring. As they pass the interview area, where Mark Stegglet is standing by, they forcibly head to the platform to say their piece.]

DS1: YOU'RE A STEGGLET! RESTART THE MATCH!

DS2: WHAT ARE THESE TWO GEEKS YOU PUT US IN THERE WITH!?

DS1: WE CAME ALL THE WAY FROM THE WEST COAST TO PROVE WE BELONG IN THE STAMPEDE CUP, AND WHAT HAPPENED!?

MS: You got beat!

DS2: WHY YOU!

[The other Dragon Slayer jumps in to stop his partner from attacking the announcer, and they finally storm away, shouting "YOU AIN'T HEARD THE LAST OF US!"

Cutting back to the ring, Andy has pulled his brother off the mat, as Phil Watkins makes the formal announcement.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen, by way of pinfall, The Blue Brothers have eliminated The Dragon Slayers!

[Will looks at Andy, Andy looks at Will, and both men say "We won??" to the applause from the crowd, then hug in the ring.]

GM: Well, a one in a million occurrence there, but somehow, the Blue Brothers have advanced!

BW: See Gordo, THAT is why everybody wants to be in the Stampede Cup! No matter how big an underdog you are, EVERY team in that tournament is just one weekend away from becoming millionaires and international superstars!

GM: And now CHAMPIONS!

[Watson's voice booms out over the PA system.]

PW: The next entrants in this match... AFTERSHOCK!

[The quite large members of the team known as Aftershock come lumbering out of the entrance curtain to the jeers of the crowd as the oblivious Blue Brothers stand at the far side ropes, waving their arms at the fans cheering for them for the very first time. They do not notice their opponents entering the ring... they do not even notice when the bell is rung.]

GM: Uhh... guys?

BW: Oh, this ain't gonna be pretty.

[Suddenly, Will Blue's Spidey Sense tingles and he spins around. Wide-eyed, he tries to alert his brother who is too busy trying to properly execute a fist pump. Will rushes forward...]

GM: Oh no...

[Right into the waiting arms of the 315-pound Lee Tremors who hoists the much smaller man into the air, pivots, and DRIVES him down to the canvas with a thunderous spinebuster!]

GM: GOOD GOD!!

[The noise in the ring causes Andy to whip his head around, his jaw dropping in shock as Richter Lane rumbles across the ring, connecting with a shoulder tackle that sends Andy sailing through the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: Andy Blue gets flattened out on the floor and... oh no.

BW: You're about to discover the TRUE meaning of "flattened," Gordo!

[Lane turns, bouncing off the ropes to lumber slowly across the ring to where a prone Will Blue is lying...]

GM: NO!

[...and leaps up, dropping 475 pounds down in a seated senton on the sternum of Blue! Lane smirks, gesturing at the referee as he stays seated for an easy three count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: Now that's more like it.

GM: Well, that too was a surprise, but somewhat less surprising.

[Phil Watson makes it official.]

PW: The Blue Brothers have been ELIMINATED! Your winners of the fall - AFTERSHOCK!

[Lane gets off the downed Blue, rolling him under the bottom rope with his boot to the ramp where Andy Blue soon joins him, kneeling down to check on his brother. Tremors gestures for them to get out of the way as the humongous team in the ring waits for their next opponents.]

GM: The Blue Brothers are eliminated after shocking the world...

BW: Well, mostly the West Coast.

GM: Perhaps. But they knocked off the Dragon Slayers and were on top of the world...

BW: Until Aftershock ripped it out from under them.

[Andy helps Will to a seated position, a look of shock on their faces... but as Will starts to recover a little bit, he shakes his head. Andy gives him a goofy grin as he helps him up off the ramp, draping an arm over his neck to support him as the two start to leave. Will winces as he raises an arm one last time to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd as they walk to the back.]

GM: The crowd giving the Blue Brothers congratulations for finally winning something, perhaps for the first time at anything in their lives. But I believe that it's finally time to get down to business here...

[Phil Watson raises the mic again.]

PW: And now... the team who drew Number Four...

[The upbeat French rock music "Compter Les Corps" by Vulgaires Machins blares through the sound system.]

PW: From Montreal, Quebec, Canada, and Portland, Maine respectively, at a total combined weight of 448 pounds, Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet, THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet make their way to the ring in matching Northern Lights jackets, smiling and slapping hands along the way. During their entrance, a small inset interview appears in the upper right corner of the screen, the two men standing in their jackets in front of a plain background:]

RR: Tonight we get the opportunity zat ve have dreamed of! Ze chance to compete in ze Stampede Cup!

CC: There's a lot of tough teams to get through, but we've been training for MONTHS with nothing but this opportunity in our sights!

RR: Ve vill wrestle, ve will fly, and ve will FIGHT, whatever is necessary for ze victory!

CC: So fans, sit back, and get ready to enjoy

RR & CC: THE (ZE) NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[Both men linger for a second with a double fist pump to the camera before cutting back to the main action where the jogging fan favorites are stepping through the ropes...

...and getting ambushed before ever taking their jackets off!]

GM: The sneak attack by Tremors and Lane and they are all over the Northern Lights here from the outset!

[A bushel of heavy clubbing forearms have knocked Rousseau and Choynet down to their knees as Tremors shouts something to his partner.]

GM: Looks like Aftershock's looking for some double team action here...

[Pulling the two fan favorites off the canvas, Tremors and Lane execute a double whip...]

GM: Double Irish whip by Aftershock...

[Tremors and Lane cocks a fist back, ready to throw as Choynet and Rousseau drop into a baseball slide, avoiding the blow by going between the legs of their much-larger opponents...]

GM: The Northern Lights slide under!

[Both men pop back to their feet, waiting as the big men turn around...

...and catch them both solidly on the chin with a pair of dropkicks that send the Aftershock members wobbling backwards, their arms pinwheeling around and around to try and stay up...]

GM: They knocked 'em off balance but Aftershock's hanging on.

BW: At that size, it's going to take a whole lot of oomph to put them down on the mat, Gordo.

GM: It certainly will.

[The Northern Lights both get up to their feet, ignoring the protesting official who calls for one of them to get out of the ring. They dash to the ropes in tandem, bouncing off...]

GM: Leaping double tackle by the Lights!

BW: Nothing! No effect! These two are barely over two and a quarter - they ain't doin' nothing to Aftershock with something like that, Gordo.

GM: It wasn't the best of plans, no.

[With both men still wobbly, Choiset gestures to his partner to help him double whip Tremors into the closest set of ropes...

...and then they split apart, each reaching in to throw the rebounding Tremors at Richter Lane!]

GM: Ohh! Nice move by the Northern Lights!

[The impact of his three hundred pound plus partner hitting him sends Lane staggering further backwards and actually knocks Tremors down to the mat where he rolls out of the ring. The referee finally forces Rousseau out of the ring, leaving Chris Choiset inside the ring with Richter Lane.]

GM: The ref gets this down to a one on one inside the ring but I'm not sure that benefits Chris Choiset to be one on one with Richter Lane, Bucky.

BW: Five foot ten and 221 pounds taking on a six foot six, 475 pound monster? No chance, Gordo.

GM: Choiset, a graduate of the University of Maine, is still relatively new to this business, peppering Lane with a series of jabbing punches to the jaw.

[Choiset dashes to the ropes, trying to get some momentum behind him as he leaps up into a crossbody...

...and gets caught in the bulky arms of Richter Lane!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Lane takes two steps, pivots, and then DRIVES Choiset into the canvas with a thunderous powerslam!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: That might do it right there, Gordo.

GM: If Lane chooses to cover, it certainly might.

[But Lane pushes up to his knees, shaking his head at the official who implores him to make the cover.]

GM: No cover out of Lane.

BW: I think the Northern Lights might have ticked these two off.

GM: It seems an appropriate time to remind the fans that each of these falls has a ten minute time limit. If the time limit is reached, both teams are eliminated from the match and we go back to two new teams.

BW: You think Aftershock's gonna punish these two twerps for eight more minutes?

GM: Not intentionally but when you decide to forego a pin attempt to hurt a man, you never know what happens next.

[Richter Lane climbs to his feet, gives a slap to the large tiger tattoo on his left bicep as he backs into the ropes, slowly walking off the ropes...]

BW: GET THE SPATULA!

[Lane raises his left arm, ready to drop a heavy elbow on the downed Choynet...]

...who desperately rolls aside, causing Lane to CRASH down onto the canvas!]

GM: He missed! He missed the big elbow!

BW: That may have just saved his career, Gordo!

GM: I wouldn't go that far but it certainly saved the Northern Lights from being eliminated in this match... but Chris Choynet needs to make the tag after avoiding that big elbowdrop!

[Lane sits up on the mat, clutching his arm in pain as Choynet pushes up to his knees, looking towards his corner...]

...and then gets grabbed by the ankle from the floor where Lee Tremors pulls him from the ring...]

GM: Tremors pulls out Choynet from the floor and-

[...and SLAMS his spine into the ring apron by delivering a shoulder thrust to the midsection!]

GM: Good grief! His back just got SLAMMED into the edge of the ring apron - the hardest part of the ring. And that's going to do some damage to any man, Bucky.

BW: Especially a chump like this guy.

[An angry Rene Rousseau dashes down the apron, swinging around the post to give a shout at Tremors who backs off, his hands raised in defense as

Lane lumbers over to the ropes, reaching over to pull Choisnet up on the apron by the hair...]

GM: Lane scoops him up, bringing him in the hard way...

[...and SLAMS him down to the canvas with a scoop slam! He points a finger of warning at Rousseau who is headed back to the corner...]

GM: Rousseau back to the corner, hoping that a tag comes soon.

BW: If it don't, Aftershock's runnin' off a second win in a row and heading for the next opponent in this one.

GM: Coming in this early, do you think Aftershock has a shot of winning it?

BW: Maybe, maybe not. The stamina issue will be a problem for them if they have to go a long time. But remember, Gordo, not only are you trying to win a spot by being the last team standing in this one... but you're also trying to impress the fans enough to have them vote you in to that final slot in the tournament.

[Lane grabs the top rope, stepping up onto the back of a screaming Choisnet.]

GM: Oh, come on! Using a bullying move like that isn't likely to earn these two any points with the fans who'll be casting that People's Choice vote in the days ahead.

BW: Maybe they'll just be impressed by their talent, Gordo. Ever think of that?

GM: Talent will go a long way in earning the votes of the fans but not being jerks would help as well.

[Lane steps off Choisnet, smirking at a protesting Rousseau as he leans down, dragging the Maine native up to his feet by the hair. He grabs an arm, powering Choisnet into the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip by Lane...

[Choisnet ducks under a powerful clothesline attempt, hitting the far ropes to rebound back...]

GM: Clothesline ducked... and a backhand chop ducked as well!

[The University of Maine grappling star hits the ropes a second time before bouncing off...

...and leaving his feet, smashing a forearm into the skull of Lane!]

GM: Flying forearm by Choisnet! He caught him good there!

[Lane stumbles back again, arms wheeling around as Choynet forces himself up off the mat, burying a right hand into the midsection. A second one causes Lane to lower his arms, trying to defend himself as Choynet backs off, climbing to the second rope in a neutral corner...]

GM: He's trying to put something together here...

[Lane rushes towards him, looking to squash him into the corner but Choynet leaps off, leapfrogging over to land on his feet...

...and rushes towards his corner, diving to slap the hand of Rene Rousseau as Lane lumbers towards him...]

GM: TAG!

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES!"

[Rousseau comes in fast, throwing a trio of forearms into the skull of a surprised Richter Lane. The French Canadian spins, racing into the nearest ropes to rebound off...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[Rousseau ducks under a wild clothesline attempt from Lane, hitting the ropes behind him...

...and catching an off-balance Lane with a necktie clothesline, leaping up to drag the big man down to the mat to a HUGE CHEER!]

GM: ROUSSEAU TAKES HIM DOWN!!

[The Canadian hops up, pumping a fist before moving to grab the massive legs of Richter Lane...]

GM: He's going for the Quebec Crab!

[But before Rousseau can lock it in, Lee Tremors races in, hammering him across the back of the head with a forearm smash!]

GM: Ohh! Tremors breaks it up!

[Tremors grabs Rousseau, flinging him into the turnbuckles. He races in right behind him...

...and RUNS RIGHT into a pair of raised boots!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Rousseau grabs Tremors, swinging him into the corner where he lands a pair of big right hands...

...and then steps aside as Richter Lane comes barreling in from the blind side, causing Lane to SQUASH Tremors in the buckles!]

GM: OHH! NICE MOVE BY ROUSSEAU!!

[Rousseau grabs Tremors by the back of the head, chucking him through the ropes before quickly scaling the turnbuckles, pausing up top...]

GM: He's gonna fly!

[...and leaping off, breaking a double axehandle over the skull of a dazed and staggered Richter Lane, knocking the big man flat for the second time!]

GM: Rousseau gets him down...

[Grabbing the mammoth legs a second time, Rousseau flips Lane over into a Boston Crab!]

GM: He's got the Quebec Crab! Lane's trying to fight it! Trying to-

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

PW: Your winners by submission - THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[The cheers grow louder as Rousseau breaks the hold, moving to celebrate with his partner who is still trying to recover out on the ring apron.]

GM: Rene Rousseau gets a submission to the Quebec Crab but his partner is still pretty banged up. The next team out of the gate to face them might have an easy time of it if Chris Choynet can't recover pretty quickly.

[The fans buzz as The Rave, still dressed in the mad assemblage from earlier, head down the aisle. Shizz Dawg OG seems to be carrying some strange looking device, an oval contraption about eleven inches long (or a foot, if you're a Subway worker) and an inch thick, with circuitry and buttons visible. They are staring at the ring, watching the action. They seem... strangely concerned.]

BW: The Rave is out here to scout the competition for the Stampede Cup, daddy.

GM: That better be all they do.

BW: You can trust those guys. When have they ever lied about anything?

GM: Oh, brother. Look at them... the Northern Lights aren't even wrestling right now and they're sizing them up.

BW: Hey, I don't know about you but I think I'd like to see these two teams going at it.

GM: I think you're right. Fans, we're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with more of this Tag Team Gauntlet Main Event here on Saturday Night Wrestling!

[Fade to black...

...and then slowly fade to a graphic that reads and is accompanied by a voiceover.]

"THE FOLLOWING ADVERTISEMENT HAS BEEN PAID FOR BY THE AWA."

[Cut to the silhouette of a man sitting on a stool, bathed in shadows, talking to the camera.]

"They say too much of a good thing can ruin it for everyone..."

[The camera zooms in on the now illuminated face of the man sitting on the stool, all short blonde hair and blue eyes, dressed to the nines in a tailor made suit.]

Marcus Broussard: ...but they've never seen this DVD before.

["Super Bon Bon" by Soul Coughing plays in the background as Broussard speaks.]

MB: The AWA is proud to present the AWA Superstar Series. A collection of DVDs that focus on the greatest wrestlers the AWA has ever seen. And it's even prouder that the first volume is all about _me_.

[Broussard points to himself as clips from Broussard's AWA career fly by.]

MB: I'll take you to the first Memorial Day Mayhem with never before seen footage as I win the first ever AWA National title.

[A clip of Broussard celebrating in the ring with the title, and hugging his wife backstage.]

MB: I'll take you to the Broussard Estate, and we'll walk through the state of the art fitness center on the South Wing of the house, where I prepared to go one hour with the "Natural" Adam Rogers.

[A clip of Broussard walking through what looks like a gym in warmup pants, and then to the First Year Anniversary Show, where Broussard and Rogers still stood after a 60 minute draw.]

MB: We'll tour the Combat Corner, where men like Aaron Anderson, Eric Preston and Supreme Wright were trained by yours truly and Todd Michaelson, and we'll go behind the scenes as I returned to take on the Southern Syndicate.

[A clip of Broussard announcing his return to the AWA, with the crowd going crazy in the background.]

MB: We'll go to WarGames on the Bayou, we'll go to WrestleRock. We'll Steal the Spotlight at SuperClash and we'll go one on one with Stevie Scott in my last match ever. Over three hours of the very BEST the AWA has ever seen, blazing trails and setting the standard like only I can do. All handpicked by me, so you know you're getting that Broussard guarantee.

From the early days of feuding with Ron Houston, ruling the roost with the Super Ninja, to coming home to preserve the company I built, it's all here.

Marcus Broussard...

[The San Jose Shark hooks a thumb at himself.]

MB: ...you can't be me, but you can be just like me. Learn to love it, my friends.

[The camera fades out to the cover of the DVD collection, as the voice of Mark Stegglet speaks.]

MS: Marcus Broussard: Learn to Love It is available at Wal-Mart, Target and wherever AWA videos are sold!

[We fade from the shot of the DVD back to black...

...and then back up to live action where Rene Rousseau is trapped in the corner, his throat under the boot of Solomon Shock.]

GM: Welcome back, fans... and as you can see, the team of Solomon Shock and Alexander Awe - known as Shock And Awe are the fifth team into this Tag Team Gauntlet with stakes higher than you can possibly imagine.

BW: We knew the Stampede Cup was gonna be off the hook as it was but now with President O'Connor announcing that the winner would be the first AWA World Tag Team Champions to boot? Lawd have mercy.

[After choking to the count of four, Solomon Shock lets up on the boot choke, stalking away from the corner as a coughing Rousseau crawls towards the corner where Chris Choynet has his hand stretched out, looking for the exchange...]

GM: Rousseau's heading for his corner but Shock's gonna have no part of that, yanking him back up by the back of his trunks...

[Shock pulls him into a side waistlock, hoisting Rousseau up off the canvas. He holds him high for a moment, turning to face his own corner...

...and then HURLS Rousseau into the air, sending him sailing halfway across the ring before BOUNCING off the canvas!]

GM: Goodness.

BW: And I thought the Skullcrushers were gonna be the strongest men in this match. Shock And Awe might have 'em beat, Gordo.

GM: They certainly might.

[Outside the ring, Jerby Jezz and Shizz Dawg OG put on some strange looking glasses with wires, plug them into jacks which seem to be attached to small black boxes stuck to their temples (?), and start pushing buttons on the device. Some light shines out from the oval section, and they're pointing at it as if they see something in it while discussing something.]

BW: Woo! We get to see 2032 technology first hand!

GM: Looks like something they put together to me.

BW: Gyzzrus doubter! Whatever it is, they're scouting with it. I wonder if the scouter is telling them that either of these teams are over 9000.

GM: Over 9000? That can't be right.

BW: Ha! You got the reference?

GM: What reference? It can't be right that they have 2032 technology, and let's focus on the match!

[Shock grabs Rousseau by the arm, dragging him up to his feet...

...where he YANKS him into a shoulder tackle that knocks him flat again.]

BW: Short-arm shoulder block! Ya gotta love that!

GM: These two men are quite impressive, Bucky.

[Shock marches to his corner, slapping the hand of Alexander Awe.]

GM: The tag is made to Alexander Awe... and you'd look pretty good with that hairdo, Bucky.

[Awe's mohawk and shaved head certainly make him stand out in a crowd as does his beard being shaved into a chin spike. He moves aggressively into the ring, kicking a rising Rousseau soundly in the chest, sending him sprawling back down to the canvas.]

GM: Alexander Awe is six foot three and a solid 260 in there while his partner is even larger at six four and 270.

[Pulling Rousseau off the mat, Awe hooks a front facelock before powering him up into a vertical suplex...]

GM: He's got him up... way up...

BW: Look at the strength! He's holding him there, Gordo!

[The delayed vertical suplex has the crowd buzzing as the hold reaches ten seconds... then fifteen... then twenty before Awe brings him CRASHING down hard to the canvas!]

GM: A spine-rattling suplex out of Awe and that might be the end of this Cinderella story for the Northern Lights, fans.

[Awe rolls into a lateral press, earning a two count before Rousseau manages to slip a shoulder free. The big man grabs a handful of hair, hammering Rousseau with a series of big right hands to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Get him off the man, ref!

[The protesting official forces a break. Awe drags Rousseau up by the arm again, flinging him into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Here comes Awe!

[But Rousseau sidesteps, causing Awe to SLAM chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Rousseau shoves himself off the ropes, staggering across the ring as Awe charges him from behind...]

GM: TAG!

[Chris Chonisnet uses the top rope to slingshot himself into the ring, raining down blows on the skull of Alexander Awe. A well-landed European Uppercut sends Awe staggering backwards.]

GM: Chonisnet's got him stunned!

[Grabbing Awe by the mohawk, Chonisnet drags him to the corner, shoving him back into the buckles before mounting the second rope, raising a fist to the cheers of the crowd!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Choisnet pivots his body, hooking a side headlock from his spot on the second rope...]

...and LEAPS OFF, smashing Awe's face into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SECOND ROPE BULLDOG!!

[Choisnet rolls Awe to his back, lunging across for a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Solomon Shock senses trouble, rushing in to stomp the back of Choisnet's head to break up the pin!]

GM: Oh, come on, referee!

[Shock pulls Choisnet off the mat, grabbing an arm before flinging him into the ropes...]

GM: What's he-?!

[Shock does a full spin, throwing a discus clothesline that seems likely to remove the University of Maine from Choisnet's memory permanently...]

...but Choisnet ducks under. He spins back around, hooking Shock around the neck while lacing his leg between Shock's...]

GM: He's gonna... SIDE RUSSIAN LEGSWEEP!

[Choisnet rolls back to his feet, pumping a fist to the cheers of the crowd.]

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES!"

[Choisnet turns to find Alexander Awe climbing back to his feet, quickly burying a boot into the gut. He leans forward, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: He's gonna try and suplex the 260 pounder!

[Reaching down, Choisnet grabs a leg, hooking it in a cradle...]

GM: He's looking for that cradle suplex!

BW: Can he get the powerhouse up though?!

GM: I'm not-

[Choisnet ultimately decides not to even try, rapidly twisting to the side...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: CRADLE... NECKBREAKER?!

[The cradled neckbreaker lays out Awe, allowing for a quick cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Wow!

BW: You gotta be kidding me! Where the heck did Shawney get this stuff from?!

GM: The Northern Lights pick up another win and-

[Phil Watson interrupts.]

PW: The next team is accompanied to the ring by Jeremiah King...

BW: Oh yeah!

PW: Overlord and Devastation... THE SKULLCRUSHERS!

[Cut to a generic backdrop with the AWA logo on it. Devastation and the Overlord stand behind Jeremiah King. Both wrestlers are decked out in their spiked entrance attire while King sports a purple button-down shirt, purple and black tie, and black sports coat.]

JK: Did you miss us? Tonight, we simply make an impact and remind the AWA tag team division of what's been missing for the past year.

[King smiles.]

JK: Who's ready for the King's Army?

[Devastation and the Overlord laugh as we fade from the interview back to the ring where the Northern Lights are readying themselves for the war about to come as Overlord and Devastation come marching down the aisle, stepping through the ropes...]

GM: HERE WE GO!!

[Chris Choynet rushes Devastation...

...and EATS a huge big boot to the jaw!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Overlord rushes the corner, hammering a surprised Rene Rousseau with a series of haymakers before yanking him into the ring by the head and neck. The referee immediately protests, getting no reaction from Overlord who is stomping the heck out of Rousseau down on the canvas.]

GM: The referee's trying to get that monster known as Overlord under control but it doesn't seem to be working.

[Overlord pulls Rousseau off the mat, blatantly choking him against the turnbuckles as the referee continues to shout at him. Across the ring, Devastation has pulled Chris Choynet off the canvas, slinging him over a shoulder...]

GM: No, no, no!

[...and PLANTS him with a running powerslam!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Devastation gets up, stomping Choynet into the mat as his partner does the same thing to Rousseau across the ring...

...and suddenly, the referee goes flying down to the canvas thanks to Overlord!]

"OHOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

[From his knees, the referee signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: The Skullcrushers have been DISQUALIFIED!

[The crowd cheers but Jeremiah King is LIVID, shouting at the official from his spot at ringside as an even-angrier Overlord pulls Rousseau off the canvas, lifting him under his arm and dropping him into a side backbreaker as Devastation mounts the midbuckle...

...and launches himself into a flying headbutt on the prone Rousseau!]

BW: ANNIHILATION!

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Devastation gets back to his feet as Jeremiah King enters the ring, raising the arms of both Skullcrushers to big jeers from all over the Crockett Coliseum!]

GM: The Skullcrushers have been disqualified - can someone get them the heck out of there please?!

[Back in the aisle, The Rave seems to be very worried. They shut off their device and head to the back.]

GM: I'm glad they're not interfering... but that was very strange. Not that I expect them to be anything but strange.

[Soon after, the Skullcrushers exit as well, making their way back up the aisle to the loudest boos of the match so far...

...which quickly turn to cheers as the Rockstar Express is announced as the next team in the match!]

GM: The Rockstar Express, Scotty and Marty, are heading down the aisle and they're going to be the next team in this match...

BW: A match that looks like is going to be easy pickings for 'em after the Skullcrushers did all the work to lay out the Northern Lights.

GM: I don't know what the heck got into the Skullcrush-

[Gordon's words cut off abruptly as suddenly the Longhorn Riders come rushing into view, assaulting the Rockstar Express from behind!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[A clubbing blow to the back of the head knocks Scotty Storm down on the elevated ramp as both Riders turn their attention to Marty Morgan who is throwing haymakers as swiftly as he can...

...but gets cut off with a big knee driven up into the gut!]

GM: Oh, come on!

BW: The Rockstars may not have the easy night we thought, Gordo!

GM: The easy night YOU thought! I knew the Northern Lights would- no!

[Grabbing Morgan by the hair, Pete Colt flings him towards Jim who LEVELS Morgan with a Yakuza kick!]

BW: BOOT HILL! OUT ON THE RAMP!!

[The Riders continue to stomp and pummel both members of the Rockstar Express to the jeers of the crowd...]

GM: I don't get this at all!

BW: I do! The Riders told me earlier tonight that they were steamed that they even had to compete to try and earn a spot in the Stampede Cup and I think they're showing the entire world that right now.

GM: Why?! Why not just enter the Gauntlet and try to win a spot?!

BW: They shouldn't have to! Don't you listen?!

[Pete Colt pulls Scotty Storm up to his feet, ducking down to lift him up on his shoulders in an electric chair lift...]

GM: No, no, no! Don't do this! Don't-

[Colt falls back, SMASHING Storm's spine into the elevated wooden platform!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With both Rockstars completely laid out, the Riders dust their hands off...

...and head to the ring where the Northern Lights are still trying to recover!]

GM: The Longhorn Riders... are they entering this match now?!

BW: It certainly looks that way!

GM: But they didn't draw a number! They're not in this!

BW: It's Open Invitational! Anyone's invited, Gordo.

GM: Anyone's invited but they didn't even draw-

BW: How do you know? Maybe they're turn is right now.

GM: It's not! This is the Rockstar Express' turn!

BW: Yeaaaaah, I don't think they're gonna make it, Gordo.

[With AWA medical staff tending to both members of the Rockstar Express, the Longhorn Riders step into the ring, shouting at the referee who is standing his ground, refusing to start the match...

...until the distracted Riders get pulled down in a pair of backslides!]

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?!

[And THEN the official dives to the mat, quickly counting both men down for a three count and waving for the bell! The crowd EXPLODES in cheers!]

GM: THE NORTHERN LIGHTS WIN AGAIN!! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!

BW: This is a sham, Gordo! An absolute sham! These two just robbed the Riders of-

[But before Bucky can even get the words out, Jim Colt has laid out Rene Rousseau with another Boot Hill!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[An angry Pete Colt drills Choisnet with a running clothesline... and then shouts to his brother...]

GM: Oh no. The referee needs to stop this! SOMEONE needs to stop this!

[The crowd buzzes as Pete Colt hoists Choynet up onto his shoulders, waiting as Jim scales the ropes...

...and takes flight, blasting the University of Maine grad with a flying clothesline off the top that flips Choynet over, dumping him unceremoniously to the mat!]

GM: COLT REVOLVER! GOOD GRIEF!!

[The crowd is absolutely all over the Longhorn Riders as they stand amongst the laid out Northern Lights, sneering at the fans' reaction before making their way back up the ramp towards the locker room area.]

GM: The Longhorn Riders are leaving... but what in the world have they done, Bucky? What have they done?

BW: They just sent the whole world a message! You don't mess with the Riders, daddy!

GM: Well, barring any surprises, fans, we're down to five more teams to come so we're going to take another quick break but we'll be right back with more of this exciting Tag Team Gauntlet so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

[Fade to a graphic that has all the info on the AWA Combat Corner before we fade back up to see Sweet Daddy Williams hammering Rene Rousseau in the corner with right hands from the middle buckle.]

GM: Welcome back, fans! As you can see, Soup Bone Samson and Sweet Daddy Williams were the next team in... and honestly, they gave the Northern Lights as much time as possible to recover from what both the Skullcrushers AND the Longhorn Riders did to them but the match is finally back in progress...

[Williams hops down, looking disappointed as he hooks a side headlock on Rousseau...]

GM: Williams doesn't look too happy about this, Bucky.

BW: He's a sucker like the rest of 'em. He should plant this Frenchy and be happy he got a cushy first opponent.

[Not even bothering to signal for the move, Williams charges from the corner, leaping up to smash Rousseau's face into the canvas with a bulldog headlock.]

GM: The Riley Roundup connects... and I think this one is academic, Bucky.

[The referee makes a mercifully quick three count before waving for the bell.]

GM: Williams and Samson advance after a heck of a run by the Northern Lights.

[Williams immediately goes to help Rousseau back up as Samson steps in, keeping an eye on Chris Choynet who is out on the floor, trying to recover from the Colt Revolver.]

GM: Williams is shaking Rousseau's hand... oh yeah! How 'bout that?

[The crowd cheers as Sweet Daddy raises his fellow fan favorite's hand, gesturing at him...]

GM: It was a great night for the Northern Lights but they come up short thanks to some illegal activities by some of the teams in this match. What a performance though and you'd have to think that might help them in their chances in the People's Choice poll over the next few days.

[Static; burst.]

GM: Here we go!

[Serguei Prokofiev's callous and haunting "Dance of the Knights" trumpets over the arena speakers. Beginning with the delicate strings and then the bursting of the horns and woodwinds layer on top as the dynamic music begins to play.]

BW: The Ring Workers!

GM: Or as Terry Shane III would say if he was conscious at this time, "MY Ring Workers".

BW: Cute.

[Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson stride out in tandem, bare of any warm up track suits or sweatshirts. The trio march forward, making short work of their arrival to the ring.]

GM: Not the usual fan fare from the Shane Gang!

BW: They look as serious as I've ever seen them.

GM: Gaines and Martinez might have woken a pair of sleeping giants. These guys look downright angry.

BW: I wouldn't want to be any of the remaining teams at this point.

GM: Well, I wouldn't go that far. The Ring Workers are going to have to make their way through FOUR teams if they expect to advance to the Stampede Cup.

[Strong and Anderson come in fast, throwing stiff forearms at both Williams and Samson who are more than game for a fight, throwing haymakers back in response to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: We've got a fight on our hands!

[Anderson buries a knee into the gut of Samson, throwing the veteran through the ropes and out to the floor. He turns his focus back to Sweet Daddy Williams...]

...but the referee cuts off the doubleteam attempt, forcing Anderson out to the apron as Strong gets the edge on Williams, forcing him back into a neutral corner with a series of elbows to the jaw!]

GM: Lenny Strong's got the advantage...

[Strong spins, throwing a back elbow into the side of the skull and then spins the other away for a mirror image elbow.]

GM: Good grief!

[Grabbing Williams by the arm, Strong wings him across, rushing in behind, leaping into the air...

...and SMASHING the fan favorite with a leaping forearm smash!]

GM: Williams might be on Dream Street after that one!

[Strong backs off, measures his man...

...and throws himself into a koppou kick, smashing his heel into the sternum of Williams!]

BW: Whoo boy! When they say that he concusses with his kicks and KOs with his elbows, they ain't lyin', daddy! Lenny Strong is one of the hardest hitters - one of the most dangerous strikers - in all of the business right now, Gordo.

GM: He certainly is.

[Strong grabs Williams by the arm, dragging him across the ring where he slaps the hand of Aaron Anderson who steps in, grabbing the other arm...]

GM: We've seen this before...

[Both Ring Workers execute an armtwist before SMASHING Williams' head between a pair of hard forearm smashes!]

GM: Goodness.

[Anderson grabs Williams by the arm, twisting it again. He tucks the twisted arm under his left arm and then uses a right hand to the back of the neck to flip Williams over onto his back...

...where he drops a leg across the twisted arm!]

GM: Anderson takes him down with that leverage move before going right back after the arm.

[Rolling over, Anderson plants his knee into the bicep on Williams, pulling him up by the hair to lay in a trio of forearms before shoving him back down to the mat. He reaches up, slapping Strong's hand...]

GM: The tag is made to Lenny Strong...

[Strong grabs the top rope as Anderson does the same, catapulting his partner over the top rope into a slingshot senton...]

"OHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Nice doubleteam there!

[Strong rolls into a cover, earning a two count before Williams kicks out.]

GM: Out at two off the backplash... and Strong's stomping him over and over!

[The referee's count forces Strong to back away at four, wiping his feet on the mat to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Oh, that's real classy.

BW: Hey, Williams is a sweathog. No telling what he got on Lenny's boots.

[Strong reaches back, tagging Anderson before he leans down to grab the legs...]

GM: Catapult!

[The catapult sends Williams into a European Uppercut from Anderson, a blow that knocks the big man back onto Strong's raised knees.]

GM: What's he...?

[Anderson dashes to the ropes, leaping up onto the middle rope as he springs back, dropping an elbow across the chest of the propped-up Hotlanta native!]

GM: Good grief!

[Another pin attempt results in another two count as Williams edges himself out again. Anderson gets up, glaring over at Soup Bone Samson who is shouting to his partner. The former Combat Corner student squares up, striking a boxing pose as he throws a few shadowboxing punches to the laughter of the Shane Gang members and the ire of the crowd who jeers even louder.]

GM: These two are far from fan favorites here in the Crockett Coliseum.

BW: That'll mean a lot when they're a million dollars richer and wearing the World Tag Team Titles around their waists, Gordo.

[Anderson grabs Williams by the foot, dragging him back to the Ring Workers' corner where he slaps the hand of Lenny Strong again...]

GM: Quick tags, frequent tags by Strong and Anderson.

BW: They're developing into World Tag Team Championship material before your very eyes, Gordo.

[Strong grabs a leg and arm as Williams does the same...]

GM: What the-?!

[With a roar, the duo lifts Williams up into the air as high as they can and then step out, letting him crash back down to the canvas, chest heaving from the impactful doubleteam...]

GM: Goodness!

BW: You ever seen anything like that, Gordo?

GM: Can't say that I have.

[Strong backs off, slapping at his elbow...]

BW: He's gonna crack 'im one, Gordo!

GM: The referee should step in and check that elbowpad!

BW: What?! Why?!

GM: You know very well why! Lenny Strong loaded up that elbowpad two weeks ago when he KO'd Hannibal Carver with it and he could be doing the exact same thing right here!

[Williams staggers back to his feet as Strong goes into a full spin...]

GM: ELLLLLBO-

[But a veteran Williams sees it coming, ducking down to allow Strong to sail right on past him. Strong spins around, off-balance as he rushes a dazed Williams who catches him coming in, lifting and pivoting...

...and DRIVING him down with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! BIG COUNTER BY SWEET DADDY WILLIAMS!!

[And the fan favorite begins the long crawl across the ring towards his waiting partner who is slapping the top turnbuckle, calling for the tag to be made...]

GM: Soup Bone Samson's calling for the tag! He wants in there with these two punks!

[Williams draws closer and closer, crawling across the ring as Strong tries to get up off the canvas, clutching his lower back as he moves back towards his own corner...]

GM: Strong tags Anderson...

[Anderson moves in quickly, grabbing Williams by the ankle but the fan favorite quickly rolls to his back, lashing out with his free leg to kick Anderson right in the chest, sending him sailing backwards...]

GM: DOWN GOES ANDERSON!

[Williams flips back over, making a lunge...]

GM: TAG!

[Soup Bone Samson steps in, the crowd roaring in response as he runs right over a rising Aaron Anderson with a clothesline...]

...and then lands one on an incoming Lenny Strong as well!]

GM: Anderson's down! Strong's down!

[Anderson is the first to get back up as Samson ducks down, lifting him into a fireman's carry...]

...and spins him around in an airplane spin, sending Anderson's legs crashing into a rising Strong, a blow that sends Strong down to the mat...]

GM: He floors Strong again and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Samson flips Anderson off his shoulders for a fireman's carry slam, throwing him backfirst down on Strong's chest!]

GM: What a move by Samson!

[The crowd ROARS as Samson raises his left hand...]

GM: He's calling for the KO punch!

BW: Get the heck out of there, guys!

[Samson waits, crouching down as he watches Aaron Anderson, dazed and confused, trying to get back up to his feet...]

GM: Samson's got it ready!

[As Anderson rises, Samson throws the big left hook...]

...that Anderson ducks, dropping to pull Samson down in a schoolboy cradle!]

BW: CRADLE! CRADLE!

GM: HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS!

[The camera shot very clearly shows Aaron Anderson with a handful of tights but the referee is completely unaware as he makes the three count!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Ahh, come on! The Ring Workers just STOLE this victory!

BW: Stole it?! Looked like a clean pin to me!

GM: You need to get your eyes checked then, Bucky! There was nothing clean about that victory at all. He had a handful of tights and everyone saw it! EVERYONE saw it!

BW: The referee didn't see it!

GM: Unfortunately, you're right about that... and that means the Ring Workers are moving on where they'll face-

YYYYYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

[The crowd cheers loudly as the AWA's resident Odd Couple hits the scene. Something that sounds like 3rd Bass' "Pop Goes the Weasel" plays over the PA, which samples the famous Peter Gabriel hit "Sledgehammer", and out comes the colorful Round Mound of Hip Hop sound, B.C. Da Mastah MC! Flanking him is the smartest man in the AWA, the master of old school rhyme, "Mr. Mensa" Manny Imbrogno. Perhaps in a nod to his partner, in addition to his regular tweed Mensa blazer, Manny also wears a raspberry beret (the kind you find in a second hand store) embroidered with "BCIQ" across the front.]

BC: AMERICA, CALL UP YA CREW
TELL 'EM TO TUNE IN TO SEE TH' BCIQ

GOT OURSELVES IN THIS GAUNTLET, HEY, THAT'S COOL
GONNA MAKE ALL THESE SUCKAS PLAY TH' FOOL

[B.C. mouths something that seems like "No offense!"]

BC: WINNIN' THE GAUNTLET AN' THE CUP, THAT'LL GET US NOTORIETY
CHEW ON THAT FACT, FULL OF SOBRIETY

[Imbrogno seems amazed and proud that B.C. could rap such words. He mouths the words "I reached him!" in approval as B.C. continues his rap.]

BC: BEFORE WE GET IN THAT RING TO START SOME TROUBLE

HERE'S MY MAN WITH THE KNOWLEDGE TO MAKE Y'ALL SEE DOUBLE!

[B.C. passes the mic off to his partner in crime, "Mr. Mensa" himself! He has gradually become a little more comfortable speaking with the beat.]

MI: I'm the World's Smartest Man; he's the phattest wrestling rapper!
He's the guy in garish colors; I'm the one who's looking dapper!
Though we seem completely different, we're two sides of the same coin.
It doesn't matter where we've been; it only matters where we're going.

[B.C. bobs his head in time to the poetry.]

Watch out Ring Workers, because we're men on a mission.
And we confess that our success requires your demolition!
With so much on the line; a million dollars worth of dough,
If you think we'll take it easy, our crude response is

BC & MI: HELL NO!

[BC and Manny quickly shed their non-wrestling apparatus, Manny slinging his beret into the crowd with a forehand frisbee throw. BC Da Mastah MC is the first one in, dishing out a haymaker to an incoming Anderson and then a matching one to Strong, blows that send both men staggering backwards...]

GM: The Ring Workers continue to waste no time in going right after whatever opponent falls in their path. BC hits the ring swinging right back though and he's got 'em reeling.

[Grabbing a handful of each man's hair, BC SLAMS their heads together!]

GM: Double noggin knocker!

[BC grabs Aaron Anderson by the back of the trunks, hurling him through the ropes and out to the floor as he grabs Strong by the arm, chucking him into the Ring Workers' own corner, rushing in behind him...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

[...and turns his back, SLAMMING his full body weight into the torso of Strong to a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: BC squashes him in the corner...

[And as Strong staggers out, he gets dropped with a well-placed uppercut from the rappin' grappler.]

GM: He lays out Lenny Strong and...

[Suddenly, Manny Imbrogno races down the length of the ring apron, scaling the buckles...]

GM: What's he-?!

[...and HURLS himself off the top, dropping Aaron Anderson with a crossbody to the floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[BC flashes a big grin, giving a fist pump for his partner’s big dive as he turns back to a recovering Lenny Strong who has backed into the corner...

...and sticks a thumb in an incoming BC’s eye!]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot by Strong!

[Grabbing the back of the fan favorite’s head, Strong wheels around to SLAM it into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Strong takes him headfirst into the top turnbuckle!

[A second attempt to slam his head into the corner results in BC Da Mastah MC raising a boot to the second rope, blocking the slam. A well-placed back elbow to the sternum sends Strong staggering away as BC grabs him from behind...]

GM: Big lift...

[...and DROPS him tailbone-first on a bent knee, sending him hopping across the ring!]

GM: ...and an atomic drop by BC Da Mastah MC has Lenny Strong in some trouble, fans!

BW: This can’t be happening.

[With Strong stumbling across the ring, Manny Imbrogno, back up on the apron now, slaps the top turnbuckle, giving his partner an encouraging shout as he approaches Strong from the blind side.]

GM: These two have really meshed well together in the weeks leading up to the Stampede Cup, Bucky.

BW: Even the ugliest woman on Earth can find a soulmate, Gordo.

GM: Poetic to the core, Mr. Wilde. And you’ve gotta believe that even if BCIQ is unable to win this Gauntlet, they’ve gotta be a heavy favorite to be the People’s Choice heading into next weekend in Oklahoma City and winning that final spot in the tournament.

BW: Can you imagine this fat slob wearing the World Tag Team Titles? Disgusting.

GM: I thought you were a Mr. Mensa fan.

BW: I was... until the World's Smartest Man developed the worst taste in allies. First those stupid bees and now the Notorious P.I.G.? He must've taken a good whack to the noggin at some point.

[BC slaps the outstretched hand of Manny Imbrogno who slingshots over the ropes into the ring, helping back Strong up against the ropes...]

GM: Double whip by BCIQ...

[A nicely-executed double back elbow catches Strong on the chin, knocking him off his feet...

...which is quickly where Imbrogno finds himself when BC hoists him up, lifting him high...]

GM: What's he... ohh! He SLAMS his own partner down on Strong!

[Imbrogno flips over, turning the move into a pinning predicament...

...but only gets a two count when Lenny Strong lifts his shoulder up off the canvas!]

GM: Two count! Two count only by BCIQ!

[Imbrogno gets back to his feet, pulling Strong up with him. A pair of backhand chops sends Strong back into the nearest neutral corner where Mr. Mensa sends him across the ring with an Irish whip...]

GM: Corner-to-corner whip by Imbrogno...

[The World's Smartest Man dashes across the ring, leaping up to plant his feet on the upper thighs as he grabs Strong behind the head with both hands...]

GM: Monkey flip!

[But Aaron Anderson reaches in, grabbing the back of his partner's trunks to prevent the move, sending Imbrogno flying backwards, smashing down on the canvas on the back of his head!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Beautiful counter - great teamwork by the Ring Workers!

[Strong rushes forward as Imbrogno sits up, CREAMING him with a running knee to the mush!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Strong immediately drops into a lateral press, shouting "COUNT HIM!" as the official drops down...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Imbrogno FIRES a shoulder up off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt. Strong instantly takes the mount, grabbing a handful of hair to throw some heavy forearms to the jaw.]

GM: Get him off the man, ref!

[Strong breaks up at four, walking away from the downed Imbrogno. He shouts something in BC's direction who returns fire as Strong stalks around the ring, looking angrily back at Imbrogno who is struggling to get up off the mat, pushing over to all fours...]

GM: Imbrogno's trying to get up but- wait a second!

[Strong moves in but the referee forces him back, trying to give Imbrogno time to get off the mat which allows Aaron Anderson to reach in, yanking Mr. Mensa's upper body under the bottom rope where he lifts him up by the hair...

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

GM: OHHH! Illegal act by Aaron Anderson but it's very effective as he leaves Imbrogno gasping for air down on the mat!

[Anderson backs off, hands raised as the referee turns around and shouts an accusation at him. Strong moves in, dragging him out of the ropes by the foot, pulling him into a wheelbarrow position...]

GM: What's this gonna be?

[Strong lifts Imbrogno up off the mat in the wheelbarrow, swinging to drop him throatfirst over the top rope. Imbrogno raises his hands, trying to block with his arms...

...which leaves him draped over the top as Aaron Anderson quickly scales the buckles, leaping off with a full splash to the back, snapping Imbrogno's throat over the ropes and leaving him flailing in pain on the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! Come on, referee!

[The official steps in, warning Anderson as he pushes him back out of the ring. Strong smirks as he lifts Imbrogno up, piefacing him back into the neutral corner before spinning around and burying a back kick into the gut of his victim!]

BW: That'll knock the wind right outta ya!

GM: Imbrogno's having a hard time staying on his feet after taking some hard shots from the team of Anderson and Strong.

[Strong marches to the corner, slapping the hand of his partner.]

GM: The Ring Workers make the exchange again... both men inside the squared circle now...

[Each man grabs an arm, pulling Mr. Mensa out of the corner...

...and then THROWING him right back in, causing his head and neck to whip back from the impact!]

GM: They're not targeting a single area of the body - just attacking anywhere and everywhere that they want.

BW: It's almost like a showcase for their talents, Gordo.

GM: You could make that argument, yes.

[Anderson pulls Imbrogno out of the corner as Strong exits the ring, tugging him into a head and arm clutch...]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[...and THROWS Imbrogno overhead and halfway across the ring with a devastating suplex!]

GM: They're just ragdolling Mr. Mensa around the ring like he's nothing!

[Anderson takes a knee, smirking at the jeering crowd as he does a mocking bow.]

"FIVE MINUTES EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Boy, these two certainly are full of themselves, Bucky.

BW: And rightfully so! Look at 'em in there! They deserve to be the People's Choice, Gordo!

GM: Not much chance of that.

[Anderson retakes his feet, approaching Mr. Mensa as he crawls towards the outstretched hand of BC Da Mastah MC. A mocking Anderson puffs out his cheeks, waddling towards the corner himself as BC glares at him.]

GM: Oh, this guy's a real riot, Bucky.

BW: I'm glad we agree on something!

[Anderson reaches down, grabbing Imbrogno by the back of the trunks and pulling him into a side waistlock...]

GM: Belly to back...

[But Imbrogno uses his momentum to flip all the way over the top, landing on his feet behind Anderson who he promptly shoves towards the corner where BC CLAPS his arms together on Anderson's ears!]

GM: Ohh!

[Anderson staggers back towards Imbrogno who deadleaps into the air, scissoring the Combat Corner graduate's head between his legs...

...and takes him down in a rana, snapping him out to the middle of the ring as Mr. Mensa stays kneeling on the mat near his corner...]

GM: He's right there, Manny! Just reach out and-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAG!

[The big man comes in quickly, running over a rising Anderson with a shoulder tackle!]

GM: He knocks down Anderson... here comes Strong!

[But Strong gets ELEVATED in a backdrop, tossed down to the canvas with a loud thud!]

GM: BIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!!

[BC pumps a fist, turning back towards a rising Anderson who he lifts up in the air, turning around and slamming him down to the mat!]

GM: Bodyslam on Anderson... and Strong gets one of his own right next to his partner!

[With both men down on the mat, BC gives a signal, bouncing off the ropes...]

GM: Off the far side...

[BC stands in between the two men, doing a little jig, swinging his arms around in a cabbage patch...]

GM: CABBAGE PATCH ELBOW!

BW: WHAT?!

[...and DROPS a thunderous double elbow into the chests of the Ring Workers! BC stays seated, slinging an arm over each man as the referee drops down to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Both Ring Workers fire shoulders off the mat to the disappointment of the crowd. BC claps his hands together as he gets up, promptly tossing Lenny Strong through the ropes to the floor...]

GM: Strong's cleared out!

[BC turns back to a rising Anderson who throws a right hand at his ample midsection... and a second. Anderson gets to his feet, grabbing BC by the arm...]

GM: Anderson shoots him in...

[The Shane Gang member drops his head, setting for a backdrop...

...but ducks his head too soon, allowing BC to cartwheel to the side, ending up to the rear of Anderson as he straightens up...]

GM: DROPKICK!

[The crowd ROARS for the big man's athleticism as Anderson hits the canvas hard. BC rises up, pumping a fist around and round to the cheers of the crowd as he moves to the corner, tagging his partner...]

GM: Mr. Mensa's back in as BC fires Aaron Anderson in...

[BC drops down, forcing Anderson to hurdle him...

...and get WIPED OUT with a spinning leg lariat out of Imbrogno!]

GM: OH MY!!

[Imbrogno makes a diving cover...

...which gets cut off at two and a half by Strong making a diving save!]

GM: LENNY STRONG JUST SAVED HIS PARTNER THERE, I BELIEVE!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

[Imbrogno gets up, trading right hands with Lenny Strong as the referee jumps around, trying to get Strong to vacate the ring. The chaos allows BC to step back in, pulling Anderson up off the mat, lifting him up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: BC's got Anderson up!

[Strong stuns Imbrogno with a well-placed elbow shot, dashing to the ropes behind him...]

GM: BOOOOOOT!

[But Imbrogno drops down into a splits, avoiding the big boot that NAILS BC on the chin, sending him staggering back...

...where Anderson uses his momentum against him, SNAPPING him over into a crucifix where the back of BC's head and neck SLAM into the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What the...?!

BW: CRUCIFIX DRIVER!

[Anderson scrambles to his feet as Strong wheels around, getting lifted into a fireman's carry by Imbrogno who instantly starts spinning!]

GM: AIRPLANE SPIN ON STRONG!!

[But a well-placed European uppercut by Anderson cuts off the spin, allowing Strong to spin out to land on his feet. Each Ring Worker grabs Imbrogno under the armpit on either side of his torso...]

GM: Get one of `em out, ref!

[Anderson and Strong lift, hoisting Imbrogno straight up by the arms...

...and then DRIVING the back of his head and neck down in a crucifix powerbomb type move!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it. That's gotta be it.

[Anderson covers as the referee makes the three count official.]

GM: Wow! Impressive win there for the Ring Workers!

BW: That's two, daddy! We said they had to knock off four teams to win this thing and they're halfway there!

GM: They're halfway there but how much do they have left in the tank after those two? BCIQ gave `em all they could handle and then some. Anderson and Strong look pretty weary after that and-

[The horrific sound of a swarm of bees fills the air followed by a cartoonish sounding "There's nothing in here but BEES!" which is followed by the At Vance hard rock version of "Flight Of The Bumblebee" which whips the crowd (especially the kids) into a head-banging frenzy!]

The crowd's cheers only get louder as the two masked men come rushing from beyond the curtain accompanied by their buxom manager. Yellow Jacket takes the lead - he's in a full-length bodysuit that covers his entire body from head to toe with alternating yellow and black stripes. His mask is

a basic yellow mask with black "antennae" coming off the top. Bumble Bee is right behind him in a matching bodysuit that is primarily yellow but with a few black stripes to break it up. He sports a matching mask to his partner. Queen Bee brings up the rear, waving her arms to the cheers of the crowd. She wears a similar bodysuit with the chest area cut-out to reveal some cleavage... and yes, she also sports a matching mask.]

GM: Oh my!

BW: Uh oh...

GM: And if Anderson and Strong are running low on gas, they're gonna have some trouble with the speed and quickness of arguably the most agile team in the entire AWA - The Hive!

[Bumble Bee and Yellow Jacket huddle up with Queen Bee out on the ramp, gesturing towards the ring as Strong and Anderson struggle to get back up, trying to regroup...]

...and then the two masked wrestling bees come tearing down the ramp towards the ring...]

BW: Give 'em a breather period! There's gotta be a rest period or something coming up, right?!

GM: I don't think s- OHHHHHHHHH!

[The crowd ERUPTS at stereo springboard planchas from the ramp into the ring on the two Ring Workers, wiping both men out and sending them scrambling for the safety of the floor...]

...or so they think!]

GM: Anderson and Strong have bailed out of there but...

BW: Guys, that's not where you wanna be with these two!

[The Hive again breaks into a dual dash to the ropes, rebounding off...]

...and TAKING OUT both Anderson and Strong with a pair of somersault planchas over the top rope to the floor!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! CALL AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CAUSE THE SKY IS FULL OF FLYING BEES!

[Bumble Bee is the first one up, saluting the cheering crowd as he tosses Aaron Anderson back into the ring. The masked man pulls himself up on the apron, watching as Anderson stumbles back to his feet, facing away from the opposition...]

GM: What's Bumble Bee gonna do this time?!

[Leaping to the top rope and springing off, Bumble Bee flies through the air, and nearly separates Anderson's head from his shoulders with a devastating spinning leg lariat to the back of the neck!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That might do it! That might be it right there!

[Bumble Bee flips Anderson to his back, diving across in a cover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[A LUNGING save by Lenny Strong again manages to save his partner from elimination as the crowd deflates.]

GM: Strong makes the save... and in comes Yellow Jacket too!

[Yellow Jacket pulls Strong off the mat, peppering him with knife edge chops that sends Strong staggering back into the turnbuckles. A headbutt keeps him there as Anderson gets shoved back into the corner by Bumble Bee.]

GM: All four men are in and in opposite corners...

[On an unspoken cue, the members of The Hive break away from the corners, charging to the opposite corner where Yellow Jacket leaps into the air, smashing a high knee into the jaw of Anderson! Across the ring, Bumble Bee slams his hind quarters into the face of a stunned Strong!]

GM: OH MY!

[Yellow Jacket leans down, lifting Anderson up into a seated position on the top rope. He waves to his partner who charges across...]

GM: Bumble Bee charges in and-

[The crowd ROARS as Bumble Bee leaps into the air on a dead run, scissoring the head of Anderson and RIPPING him down off the top rope in a rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS!!

[Yellow Jacket nods to the cheering crowd as he scoops Lenny Strong up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry, turning his back to the corner. He starts marching out, lifting his knees nice and high until he hits the middle of the ring where he leaps up, slinging Strong over his shoulders...

...and BRINGS him gutfirst down onto the raised knees!]

GM: OH MY STARS!

[Yellow Jacket flips Strong over, applying a lateral press!]

GM: He's got him! He's gonna win it here!

[But the referee waves it off, gesturing at Aaron Anderson who has again managed to roll from the ring, this time out onto the entrance ramp where Queen Bee is standing, cheering on her men... err, ants.]

GM: Aaron Anderson is out on the ramp - he's the legal man!

[Bumble Bee slaps his hands together, stepping through the ropes to pursue Anderson who has managed to get about six feet away from the ropes when Bumble Bee catches up to him, pulling him up to his feet by the back of the trunks.]

GM: Bumble Bee's gotta put him back in... get him back in there and finish him off.

BW: I don't understand that. I would've let him crawl the heck out of here and taken the countout win.

GM: I don't think Anderson would've left the ringside area. He was just trying to buy some time to recover. The win here is too important to the Ring Workers to bail out like that.

[Bumble Bee drills Anderson with a pair of forearms before pulling him over near the ropes. He hooks a front facelock, slinging Anderson's limp arm over the back of his neck...]

GM: He's gonna suplex him in!

[But Anderson suddenly slips out, grabbing a front facelock and bringing knees up into the masked face of Bumble Bee. He pushes him back against the ropes, Bumble Bee's arms draping over the top. We cut outside the ring where Lenny Strong is down on the mat, frantically digging into his boot.]

GM: What's he... what's Strong doing!?

BW: He's adjusting his boot! Nothing wrong with that!

GM: That's not what he's doing and you know it! He's looking for that loaded elbowpad again!

[But Yellow Jacket cuts him off, landing a baseball slide that knocks Strong back down on the floor, sprawled out. Yellow Jacket stays on the floor for a bit, celebrating with the fans as Aaron Anderson backs away from the tangled-up Bumble Bee...

...and gestures at his groin in the direction of Queen Bee.]

BW: Hehehe.

GM: Oh, you WOULD enjoy that!

[Anderson spins around, rushing Bumble Bee who ducks down...]

GM: BACKDROP OVER THE-

[...but Anderson grabs hold of the top rope, managing to swing himself to safety inside the ring. He reaches over the top rope, grabbing Bumble Bee by the arms into a double chickenwing!]

GM: That's not legal, ref! That's not a legal submission hold! That man's in the ropes!

[Anderson grits his teeth, lifting the much-smaller Bumble Bee up into the air in an elevated chickenwing...]

...and then brings him over the top, SLAMMING him down on the back of his head and neck with a Tiger Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Anderson makes a cover! He's got one! He's got two! He's got th-

[A diving save from Yellow Jacket breaks the pin attempt!]

GM: Oh my! Yellow Jacket just saved his partner from elimination right there! Guaranteed!

BW: He absolutely did. That was a brutal released Tiger Suplex out of Aaron Anderson! It took incredible strength - even on a guy the size of Bumble Bee - to lift him over the top rope like that but Anderson DROPPED him like a bad habit, daddy!

GM: Anderson's back up...

[A series of right hands from Yellow Jacket backs him into the ropes though where the masked man attempts an Irish whip only to have it reversed...]

GM: Anderson reverses it...

[A rebounding Yellow Jacket attempts a Thesz Press, leaping into the air on the bounceback but Anderson snares him twisting around...]

...and PLANTS him with a 360 spinebuster!]

GM: ALL THE WAY AROUND AND DOWN!!

[Anderson pushes up on his knees, waving his arms across in a "it's over" gesture!]

BW: Double A hits the spinebuster and Yellow Jacket's DONE for, daddy!

[Anderson shoves Yellow Jacket under the ropes to the floor before getting back up, turning towards Bumble Bee as Lenny Strong manages to get back up on the apron.]

GM: Strong's back on the apron - he's being waved in from Anderson!

[Strong ignores the protesting referee, grabbing a rising Bumble Bee by the arm...]

GM: They're going for that double powerbomb again!

[Each Ring Worker lifts Bumble Bee up by the arm...

...where he uses the momentum to push back, lashing out with both feet in a split-legged dropkick that the crowd ERUPTS for!]

GM: COUNTER! WHAT A COUNTER!

[Bumble Bee backs off, measuring both Ring Workers as they start to climb up off the canvas...

...and rushes in, leaping up to hook both men in a double facelock...]

GM: DOUBLE DDT!

[But the Ring Workers hold up, powering him back up into the air into a double released Northern Lights suplex that sends Bumble Bee SAILING spinefirst into the turnbuckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it! It's over, fans!

[Anderson quickly retrieves Bumble Bee from the corner, dragging him towards the center of the ring in a rear waistlock. Strong dashes to the ropes that the masked man is facing, rebounding off in a full spin...

...and CRACKS him with a rolling elbow that sends him falling backwards right as Anderson lifts him into a bridging German Suplex!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: Ring the damn bell! It's over!

[The referee counts to three with no hope of a kickout, deflating the crowd once more!]

BW: That's three, daddy! Three teams down! The Ring Workers are showing the entire world what they're made of here tonight! All those months and years they sat in the Combat Corner or in the locker room

hoping to get on a pre-show match... all the anger at being passed up... the frustration at seeing lesser athletes giving all the opportunities. It's all spilling over tonight into that ring!

GM: Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong have defeated THREE teams here tonight and that leaves one team remaining. One final team to beat and the Ring Workers have earned the fifteenth spot in the Field of Sixteen!

BW: And if they do that, the fifteenth spot suddenly becomes one of the favorites to win the whole damn thing if you ask me, daddy!

GM: Only one team remaining and we all know who it is!

[The sounds of Merle Haggard kicks in to a tremendous reaction from the Dallas crowd. As "The Fighting Side Of Me" plays, Tin Can Rust and "The Pull" Jackson Bouron make their entrance into the Crockett Coliseum.]

GM: Tin Can Rust is formerly one-half of the National Tag Team Champions with his former partner, City Jack, so you know that he's got the experience to win this whole thing here tonight.

BW: Luckily for Old Man Dust, he's only gotta get past one team. But the unlucky side of that penny is that he's gotta get past the Ring Workers, daddy!

[Strong and Anderson huddle up, gesturing down the aisle, getting some last second strategy in place as Bouron goes from one side of the ramp to the other, shouting out something unheard by the mics that seems to be getting a decent reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Bouron's a very colorful individual and many of the fans here in the AWA seem to be taking a liking to him, Bucky.

[Bouron pats his partner on the back...

...and then breaks into a dash to the ring, stepping through the ropes as both Anderson and Strong assault him!]

GM: Here we go! The final showdown to determine who will earn the fifteenth spot in the Stampede Cup tournament and who will be left out in the cold!

BW: Here's a hint - it's gonna be the 42 year old Rust and his nutjob friend.

GM: Rust and Bouron are certainly bringing the age and experience to the dance while the Ring Workers will look to capitalize on their youth and athleticism.

[Bouron absorbs a bunch of heavy forearms, falling back into the ropes in his dark purple wrestling shorts and matching knee and elbowpads. The Ring Workers each grab an arm, flinging him into the ropes...]

GM: Double whip by Anderson and Strong... Bouron RUNS RIGHT THROUGH A DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE ATTEMPT!

[The powerhouse breaks through the clothesline attempt with ease, hitting the far ropes himself to rebound off and take both men down with a double clothesline of his own!]

GM: Oh my! Jackson Bouron just picked up the spare!

[Strong and Anderson promptly roll out to the floor, trying to regroup...

...but the arrival of Tin Can Rust earns Strong a haymaker that knocks him flat on the floor and Anderson a quick trip back into the ring where Bouron is waiting for him, stomping him repeatedly despite the referee's protests.]

GM: Bouron is all over Aaron Anderson who has gotta be feeling the effects of facing four teams so far. They've probably only been out there just over twenty minutes but with so many different teams going full force at them and holding nothing back due to the time limits, the Ring Workers have gotta be running a little bit weary at this point of the match.

[Bouron lifts Anderson up by the arm, ducking down to sling Anderson up over his shoulder. He walks around the ring with him, looking out at the cheering fans. He lets loose some odd sort of bark before leaping up and DRIVING Anderson back into the canvas!]

GM: A modified suplex of sorts by Bouron!

[Again, Aaron Anderson rolls out of the ring to the floor...

...and immediately, Tin Can Rust drops down, moving around the ringpost in pursuit!]

GM: Rust isn't going to let these two try to recover. He and Bouron entered this match at the absolute right time and you better believe he's going to try and take advantage of that lucky draw.

BW: You look at Rust and remember that back in 2008, he was one-half of the first AWA National Tag Team Champions. It'd be something else if five years later he was one-half of the first AWA WORLD Tag Team Champions, Gordo.

GM: It certainly would... and you gotta believe that his old friend and ours, City Jack, is sitting back somewhere enjoying what he's seeing right now, Bucky.

BW: Good one, Gordo.

GM: Huh?

BW: City Jack. Seeing. Good one.

GM: It wasn't a joke, Bucky, and you know that quite well.

[Rust rolls Anderson back in again, right into the waiting arms of Bouron who lifts Anderson to his feet...

...and then lifts him right off his feet, throwing him overhead and down to the canvas with a released belly-to-belly suplex!]

GM: Whoa my!

BW: Tell me what you know about this Jackson Bouron fella, Gordo.

GM: Well, he's got a long history wrestling in the Southern territories - places like Louisville Big Wrestling and Kentucky Top Wrestling but before that, he played in the CFL and the Arena Football league, Bucky.

BW: Another football jock. Great.

GM: Bouron measures the rising Anderson... and CONNECTS with a big clothesline, taking Anderson over the top rope and down to the floor below!

[Bouron grabs the top rope with both hands, again barking wildly as Tin Can Rust applauds from the corner. This time, Lenny Strong races to his partner's side, trying to give him some words of advice on how to get back on track.]

GM: Strong and Anderson are huddling up out there...

[A pumped-up Bouron drops down to his knees, reaching through the ropes to grab the Ring Workers for a double noggin knocker...

...but Anderson and Strong grab the arms, yanking Bouron through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Uh oh! They've got him out on the floor!

[Yanking Bouron up, the Ring Workers go for a whip...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[Tin Can Rust comes charging into view, throwing right hands at both members of the Shane Gang, chasing them out of sight as he leans in to check on his partner.]

GM: Rust prevented them from doing anything further but you have to believe that damage has been done right there to Jackson Bouron, Bucky.

BW: A 40 year old bouncing off the steel like that ain't easy on the body. Ask James Monosso.

[Rust helps his partner towards the ring, moving him under the ropes into the ring...

...where Lenny Strong has tagged in and immediately starts stomping the lower back of Bouron.]

GM: Rust is back up on the apron but Bouron is taking a pounding by Strong right now.

[Strong suddenly jumps up, dropping a double stomp down into the lower back of "The Pull."]

GM: Both feet squarely down in the back...

[Dragging Bouron towards the corner, Strong slaps his partner's hand, bringing Aaron Anderson back in. Strong and Anderson each grab an arm on Bouron...

...and FLING him backwards into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Into the corner again!

[Strong steps out as Anderson drags Bouron out of the corner by the head. He grabs an arm, throwing him across into the neutral corner where Bouron slips down to a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Anderson makes the tag again...

[Anderson and Strong both back off, measuring the seated Bouron...

...and rush in, throwing a pair of dropkicks to their opponent!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Nice doubleteam by the Ring Workers... and Strong's making a pin attempt!

[He barely gets to two though before Tin Can Rust moves in, stomping Strong in the lower back to break up the pin effort.]

GM: Rust breaks it up at two...

[An incoming Aaron Anderson rushes Tin Can Rust and gets cracked with a right hand on the jaw, knocking the former Combat Corner student flat on his back!]

GM: Rust clears out Anderson!

BW: Get Father Time out of there, ref!

[Rust stands at the ready, fists balled up as he's ready for a fight but the referee forces him to back out as Lenny Strong pulls Bouron off the mat, slamming his forearm into the jaw, forcing Bouron up against the ropes and then reaching out to tag his partner.]

GM: Another tag made by the Ring Workers...

[Strong lifts Bouron off the mat, holding a loose bearhug as Anderson hops up on the middle rope...

...and LEAPS off, smashing a European uppercut upside the chin!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Strong's out... and Anderson makes a cover!

[Again, only a two count occurs before Tin Can Rust breaks the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only again...

[An angry Aaron Anderson shouts at the official who again backs Tin Can Rust to the apron, leaving Anderson to pull Bouron off the canvas. He shoves Bouron back into the ropes, dropping down low...

...and EXPLODING upwards, connecting with a devastating European uppercut that sends Bouron falling backwards into the ropes!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot that was!

[Anderson moves in, looking for another one...

...but Bouron avoids it, somehow managing to pull Anderson down into a backslide!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Anderson just barely kicks out in time, breaking the pin to the jeers of the crowd...

...and Bouron gets to his knees, crawling towards his partner as Anderson tries to recover...]

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Bouron's heading for the corner! He's looking for the tag!

[Rust stretches out his arm, reaching out as far as he can...]

GM: Rust is waiting! Looking to make the tag! He's got that arm stretched out, trying to get there and-

[Anderson grabs Bouron from behind, hooking his arms behind him...]

BW: He's looking for that Tiger Suplex again!

[But Bouron holds his ground, gritting his teeth as he uses his tremendous power to just force his way out of the double chickenwing...

...and then lashes out backwards with his head, breaking the grip completely!]

GM: Bouron's trying to get to the corner but Anderson's hanging on, trying to prevent it!

[Grabbing Anderson by the sides of the head with both hands, Bouron winds up...

...and SMASHES his skull into Anderson's. He pauses a moment and then does it again... and again...]

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[The barrage of headbutts forces Anderson to stagger away, collapsing facefirst on the canvas as Bouron stumbles backwards, falling back into the corner where Tin Can Rust makes the tag to a HUGE reaction!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE!

[Rust steps in, pumping both fists as he jogs in place for a moment, whipping the crowd into a frenzy. He grabs the rising Anderson by the arm, flinging him into the ropes...

...and dropping him with a back elbow under the chin... and then catches an incoming Strong with the same back elbow!]

GM: Rust knocks 'em both flat!

"FOUR MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Just four minutes to go! There MUST be a winner in this one! One team will get the fifteenth slot in the Field of Sixteen and the other is out in the cold heading into Oklahoma City next weekend!

[Rust grabs a dazed Anderson by the hair, dragging him up to his feet. He ducks down, scooping him up, turning around and slamming him down in the middle of the ring...]

GM: The man from Central City, Kentucky is having his way with the Ring Workers right now but he's gotta figure out a way to put one of 'em down for a three count!

[The fan favorite looks out to the crowd with a nod, slowly swinging his right arm around... and around... and around. The spin gains speed with each rotation, getting faster and faster as Aaron Anderson rises back to his feet...

...and gets DRILLED with the haymaker!]

GM: TIN! JAW! ROCKER!!

[Rust drops to his knees, attempting a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[A lunging Lenny Strong breaks up the pin attempt!]

GM: Ohh! Strong makes the save!

[Rust angrily gets up, grabbing Strong by the hair and hammering him with a series of short right hands. He hooks a side headlock, battering Strong a little more.]

GM: Rust is hammering away on him! The ref's telling Rust to get Strong out of there and-

[Rust obliges, HURLING Lenny Strong over the top rope and down to the floor!]

GM: OH MY!! STRONG GOES OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!

BW: Rust needs to focus in on Anderson though, Gordo. He's only got a hair over three minutes left to finish 'im off.

[Grabbing an arm, Rust pulls the rising Anderson the rest of the way up, flinging him into the corner at top velocity. Anderson slams into the turnbuckles hard before staggering out...

...right into an underarm lift by Rust who swings him around...]

GM: CAN CRUSHER!

[...and DRIVES Anderson into the canvas!]

GM: THAT MIGHT DO IT!

"THREE MINUTES REMAIN! THREE MINUTES!"

[Rust applies a lateral press, reaching back for a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The crowd deflates as Aaron Anderson somehow, someway slips a shoulder off the canvas before the three count falls.]

GM: With just a short amount of time remaining, both of these teams need to turn it up a notch. The sense of urgency is in the air as Rust hits the Can Crusher but it still wasn't enough to finish off the Ring Workers for a three count.

BW: Where the heck is the rest of the Shane Gang when you need 'em?!

GM: Rust questioning the official but he doesn't have time to do much of that. He needs to get up and keep the fight going on Aaron Anderson.

[Rust pulls him up, shoving him back into the neutral corner. The veteran approaches, balling up his fists...]

GM: Right hand to the body... and a left... and another right!

[The crowd roars at Rust teeing off with haymakers all over the body and head of a stunned Aaron Anderson.]

GM: Rust is all over him, fans!

[Grabbing an arm, Rust fires Anderson across into the neutral corner. The former Combat Corner student staggers out...]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM BY RUST!!

[Rust lunges across again, hooking a leg!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd roars in shock as Lenny Strong reaches in from the floor, grabbing an ankle on Tin Can Rust and yanking him out of the pin and right out to the floor!]

GM: STRONG PULLS HIM OUT!

BW: BRILLIANT!

[Strong SLAMS a forearm into the jaw of Rust followed quickly by three more as the referee protests from inside the ring...]

...when suddenly Jackson Bouron comes charging in from off-camera, throwing big haymakers of his own!]

GM: We've got a fight on the floor!

[Rust climbs back up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring where Aaron Anderson is up to his knees.]

GM: Rust is back in, moving in on Anderson...

[A desperate Anderson surges forward, slamming his head into the midsection of Rust...]

"TWO MINUTES REMAIN!"

GM: Just two minutes to go!

[Anderson gets up, spinning Rust into a rear waistlock...]

GM: He's setting for another suplex!

[But Rust fires back, throwing a back elbow to the jaw... and another... and another. The fourth one breaks the hold, freeing up Rust to grab Anderson by the back of the head, tugging him into a front facelock...

...and drags him down into a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Anderson, free from the cradle, is crawling for his life towards the ring ropes as Tin Can Rust gets back up, glaring at the official again. The official waves for the match to continue as Rust stalks towards the fleeing Anderson...]

GM: Anderson's calling for Strong but Strong and Bouron are-

[A quick camera cut to the floor shows Strong digging his fingers into Bouron's eyes, blinding the bigger man...

...and then FIRING him headfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN GOES BOURON!!

[Rust grabs Anderson from behind, dragging him back into a side waistlock. He lifts him into the air, pausing...

...and then drops him in a belly to back suplex, bridging up off the mat!]

GM: Back suplex gets one! It gets two! It gets thr-

[Lenny Strong again makes a diving save, breaking up the pin attempt.]

GM: Another near fall for Rust and Bouron!

[Rust slams a fist into the canvas in frustration as he gets up, absorbing a series of double axehandles out of Strong.]

GM: Strong's hammering away but Rust keeps rising! Rust keeps- ohh, big right hand! And there's another!

[An Irish whip sends Strong into the turnbuckles chestfirst where he slumps down to his knees. Rust looks to pursue when Anderson smashes him across the back with a clubbing forearm!]

GM: Anderson's trying to finish him off - just over a minute to go.

"SIXTY SECONDS REMAINING!"

GM: My mistake, fans, only sixty seconds to go! One minute left!

[Anderson steps back, hooking the arms of Rust as Strong straightens up, adjusting a new elbowpad over his arm...]

GM: Wait a second! He's got the elbowpad on! He's got the loaded elbowpad on!

BW: Loaded?! How the heck do you know it's loaded?!

[With Rust's arms trapped, Strong gives his elbow a slap, going into a full spin...]

GM: ELBOW!

[The "loaded" elbow CRACKS Tin Can Rust upside the jaw, allowing Anderson to switch his grip into a rear waistlock, powering Rust over in a German Suplex!]

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEE!!!

GM: I can't believe it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... your winners of the Tag Team Gauntlet and the fifteenth team to enter the Stampede Cup...

THE RING WORKERS!

[Anderson rolls out of the ring, joining his partner out on the ramp. A celebration ensues as Strong embraces his partner.]

GM: The Ring Workers defeated FOUR teams to win this gauntlet, Bucky.

BW: I told you! I told you they could do it!

GM: I'm still shocked to be honest with you, fans. Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong have shocked the world... and they're heading to Oklahoma City next weekend with a chance to become the first AWA World Tag Team Champions! Incredible! Fans, we are WAY out of time! We've gotta go! But as we fade out here, take a look at the seedings and brackets JUST released by the Championship Committee and we'll see you next weekend in Oklahoma City for the Stampede Cup! So long everybody!

[As Anderson and Strong celebrate their triumph, we crossfade to a black screen that reads "STAMPEDE CUP SEEDINGS" After a moment, the list of seeds starts to scroll past:

- #1 - The Bishop Boys
- #2 - Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines
- #3 - The Aces
- #4 - The Blonde Bombers
- #5 - The Lynches
- #6 - Violence Unlimited
- #7 - The Samoan Hit Squad
- #8 - Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds

The seedings fade and are replaced by a shot showing the First Round matches:

- 1) The Bishop Boys vs 16) People's Choice Poll Winner
- 8) Jones/Hammonds vs 9) November/Tetsuo
- 4) The Blonde Bombers vs 13) Sharif/Supernova
- 5) The Lynches vs 12) The Beale Street Bullies
- 2) Martinez/Gaines vs 15) The Ring Workers
- 7) The Samoan Hit Squad vs 10) Prehistoric Powers
- 3) The Aces vs 14) Vasquez/Scott
- 6) Violence Unlimited vs 11) The Rave

The shot holds for several seconds, allowing the seedings and matchups to sink in...

...before fading to black.]