

The symbol of excellence in tag team wrestling



THE STAMPEDE CUP



March 2nd and 3rd, 2013
Oklahoma State Fair Arena
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

[We fade in from black to the sounds of Queen's "I Want It All" as a shot of the glittering polished gold and silver Stampede Cup trophy appears on a black background. The camera rotates around it, showing the prize from every side as a voiceover begins.]

"The Stampede Cup."

[The screen splits seven, showing all of the remaining teams with the trophy still super-imposed over them.]

"After one night - a showcase of the best that the wrestling world has to offer in tag team wrestling - seven teams remain with their eyes on the prize.

Seven teams dreaming of one million dollars.

Seven teams dreaming of being known as the best tag team in the world today.

Seven teams dreaming of becoming the very first AWA World Tag Team Champions.

Seven teams dreaming of winning...

The Stampede Cup.

[We crossfade directly to the interior of the Oklahoma State Fair Arena, affectionately known as The Big House to fans in the area, where thousands have fans have jammed into the interior of the building to see one of the biggest nights of the year for AWA fans.

The camera shot pans across the massive crowd, cheering at the top of their lungs as the music continues to play, blasting over the PA system. The voice of Gordon Myers shouts out over them.]

GM: Welcome everyone to Oklahoma City and welcome to Night Two of the biggest weekend of the year for tag team wrestling - The Stampede Cup!

[The panning shot flies over the nearly eight thousand fans in the building for the big event, even showing a few areas of the upper deck tarped off where no seating is available. We also notice a quite large stage set up at one end of the building - probably usually used for concerts and the like but tonight it has a pair of decent sized video screens on either side of the entranceway which has a pretty good sized replica of the Stampede Cup trophy set up alongside it. A long elevated platform, just like the one used "back home" in the Crockett Coliseum has been erected, leading from the stage all the way down to the ring.

In the center of the mass of humanity, the ring sits with its usual red, white, and blue ropes surrounding the white canvas. There's a batch of thin mats over the concrete floor and a metal ringside barricade surrounding the perimeter of it all. Two tables sit at ringside - one for the timekeeper and the ring announcer and the other that we see our announce team standing next to.

Gordon Myers is in a navy blue suit, white dress shirt, and red tie. His salt and pepper hair that is a lot more salt than pepper at this stage and is nicely slicked down to his head as he peers through a set of black-framed glasses at the camera, a wide grin on his face.

By his side is the self-professed "straw that stirs the drink," Bucky Wilde, in a somewhat subtle (by his standards) deep purple sportscoat, brightly bleached white dress shirt, and a neon green and hot pink striped tie. His teeth look as freshly bleached as his shirt as he grins at the camera.]

GM: Good evening, fans - my name is Gordon Myers and with me as always is my broadcast partner, Bucky Wilde. We began this weekend with sixteen teams striving to become the best thing going in the business when it comes to tag team wrestling... but now we are down to seven, Bucky.

BW: Seven teams... seven incredible teams battling it out to be the very best at what they do. They're all walkin' into this building night with golden dreams but when it's all said and done, one team's gonna have the gold and the glory... and six others are gonna be on the outside lookin' in, daddy.

GM: As always, our good friend, Mark Stegglet, is standing by in the backstage area in front of the big board. Mark, it's all yours!

[We crossfade back to the aforementioned "big board" where a grinning Mark Stegglet is standing in front of the bracket showing all of the tournament action.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon. Seven teams remaining. Fourteen men who could be a million dollars richer PLUS the very first AWA World Tag Team Champions before this night is over. Now, if you did not join us last night, you may be

slightly confused by only seven teams remaining. We'll explain that in just a bit but first, let's run down the teams still in the tournament!

[We crossfade on the board to show our first matchup of the night.]

MS: In the first match of the second round, we will see the current AWA National Tag Team Champions, the Bishop Boys, fresh off a victory over BCIQ last night taking on Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds who bested November and LION Tetsuo to get here.

[Stegglet gestures to the other side of the board as the camera pans.]

MS: How about the Prehistoric Powers - Mizusawa and Maximus - taking on Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines? The wild card in that one just might be the condition of Gaines' knee. It took a pounding last night against Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong so it will be interesting to see just how much punishment it can hold up against here tonight.

[One more gesture.]

MS: And in the final match of the second round, we will see The Aces meet Violence Unlimited in what should be an outstanding matchup as well. VU, of course, are former National Tag Team Champions as well as the winners of the 2009 edition of the Stampede Cup.

Now, you may have noticed... only three matches in the second round and that's all thanks to...

[Stegglet looks off-camera as the shot begins to zoom back, revealing "Hollywood" Larry Doyle. Doyle is again dressed to impress, in a powder blue tuxedo straight out of 1978, complete with cummerbund and flower in the lapel. Behind him stand the Blonde Bombers, light blue tights to match Doyle, their take on a skull and crossbones insignia on the back: the outline of a blonde haired woman's head over top of two World War II style bombs crossed behind it. Stanton's tights are full length, Jacobs' are bicycle style.]

MS: ...these gentlemen, the Blonde Bombers... or more specifically, your cohort in crime in Royalty - "The Professional" Dave Cooper. After you made your very best efforts to RUIN Night One, what can we expect from your charges on Night Two, Larry Doyle?

LD: You can expect the same damn thing you get every time out from the Blonde Bombers, Stegglet, you're gonna get sizzle and steak, strength and stamina, the moves like Jagger, the patience of Job and the power to move mountains. Not to mention the greatest wrestling mind this business has seen since my brother from another mother, Brian Lau. If you pay attention for a minute and stop running for your uncle's laundry, you can hear it in the arena tonight.

There's a buzz, Stegglet, there's tension. There's prizes to be captured and millions to be made, there's legends to be written and I just so happen to have brought the chisel. Tonight Royalty claims the Stampede Cup, and the

Blonde Bombers claim those AWA World Tag Teams titles. I just got off the phone with Vegas, they have at us at two to one odds Stegglet, can you imagine that? Nine months ago these men were over in Japan, dominating inferior competition for California rolls and free massages, taking out the Skullcrushers, the War Pigs, and Violence Unlimited, beating down anyone who crossed their path, just waiting for a chance, waiting for a phone to ring and it not be Chairman Mao.

But when Larry Doyle calls you collect, brother, you oprima numero dos. And now here we are, two matches away from making history, from setting this business on its ear. Dreams CAN come true, Stegglet, when your heart is pure and your mind is clear!

[Stegglet does a Bugs Bunny double take.]

MS: Heart is pure, are you KIDDING ME?!

You viciously attacked Supernova and the Sultan in a parking lot, and then made sure that the Beale Street Bullies and the Lynch Brothers eliminated each other! You and these Blonde Bombers and the rest of Royalty have used every dirty trick in the book to put yourselves in the catbird seat to win this thing.

[Doyle goes quiet for a moment.]

LD: Well of course we did, Stegglet, that's the point. When life gives you lemonades, most people make lemonade. We use 'em to throw at old ladies to knock 'em down and steal their purse. You know how I sleep at night, Stegglet?

Like a baby, because I KNOW, that if any of these other retreads had a brain in their head, they'd do the same thing. It's not enough to say you want something, it's not enough to tell mouth breathers and trouser weasels like you that you want something, if you're gonna talk the talk, you've gotta walk the walk. We want those titles, we want the Stampede Cup, we want the effin' money Lebowski, and we're here to get it! No, we didn't play fair, and we're not gonna start.

The Lynch Boys and the Allman Brothers couldn't count to ten and get their butts back in the ring? Too damn bad, learn to read a watch. Those idiots make Israel and Palestine look like a minor disagreement, they weren't winning this thing anyway.

MS: Do you have any preference for who you want to face later on tonight?

LD: It don't matter to us, Stegglet, you set 'em up and we'll knock 'em down. All we want is fo-

BJ: Wait.

[All eyes go to Brad Jacobs as he reaches over Doyle's shoulder and puts his hand over the mic. Jacobs slowly takes his hand off and raises Stegglet's

arm so he can speak into the microphone, with a deep bass voice that would make Debo from Friday proud.]

BJ: I got a request.

Bishop Boys. You been holdin' them titles for a long time, but you ain't defended them against us. You been hidin'. you been runnin'. And Big Man, Clevus Lee-

MS: Cletus.

BJ: DON'T INTERRUPT ME, LITTLE MAN!

[Stegglet goes sheet white.]

BJ: You got the whole worl' convinced that it take a diesel engine to knock you down. When we get in the ring, there gon' be two hits. Me hittin' you. And you hittin' the mat. See you soon, hillbillies.

[Jacobs backs away as now Stanton leans in.]

KS: That's all well and good, big fella, but I got my eye on the other side of the ring. Skywalker Jones, you ain't nothin' but a two bit side show, baby, with Don King runnin' your marketing campaign.

I want Jones and his boy to make it to the next round, because there's only one human highlight reel in the AWA, and he's smooth as silk and twice as nice. I got my money on you, boys.

[Stanton backs away, gum smacking obnoxiously and high fiving Jacobs in the background. Stegglet goes back to Doyle.]

MS: Larry?

LD: We want the world, baby. And we want it now. Let's go, boys.

[The Blonde Bombers stride out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: The Blonde Bombers have put themselves in an excellent position to win the whole thing here tonight but one thing they can NOT count on is the aid of Dave Cooper who has been BANNED from the building after his antics last night. We'll have more on that a little later tonight but right now, let's go to some pre-taped words with one of the teams in our opening match!

[Crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY" and to a quite gruesome sight. Duane Henry Bishop's jagged smile. Cousin Bo stands to the left, staring him down. Cletus Lee is on the right, mean expression as always.]

DHB: Well well well, lookee what we have here. The finest...

[Duane Henry is suddenly cut off by Bo.]

CB: No. Just... no. Stop right where you are.

[Duane Henry looks at his cousin in confusion.]

DHB: Whattya mean? Stop? I thought we agreed I'd talk.

CB: Yes, we agreed last time. And look what happened. You underestimated an ever-improving team, and you nearly LOST to them. In the first round. That is NOT acceptable for the National Tag Team Champions. Do you want to win the Stampede Cup and those shiny new World Tag Team Titles?

[Duane Henry looks taken aback by Bo's attitude, but quickly smiles again.]

DHB: Well, heck yeah!

[Bo points at him.]

CB: That's what I thought. Now just stand there and let me take care of this.

[Duane Henry holds his hands up and backs off. Now Bo takes center screen.]

CB: Well, here we are. The quarterfinals of the Stampede Cup. And it looks like we've drawn ourselves a tough test. I knew going in there was a chance we'd meet. I speak of course about Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds. Oh yeah, and that windbag with the golden mic, Buford P. Higgins.

[Bo rolls his eyes. Not a Higgins fan apparently.]

CB: You can consider me impressed with the way you disposed of November and Tetsuo. And I don't impress easily.

[Bo mock applauds.]

CB: Here's the problem. You're facing a team much more experienced than yourselves. A team that knows what each other's thinking. Brothers. And, boys, no matter how good you've gotten together, you just can't rely on that bond like we can.

[Bo shakes his head.]

CB: Skywalker? Everybody knows that nobody can fly in this promotion quite like you can. But here's the thing. This man...

[Bo points to Duane Henry.]

CB: ...is just as crazy as you.

[Bo looks at Duane Henry.]

CB: Heck, he's crazier.

[Duane Henry nods wildly.]

CB: Everybody's seen lately what Duane Henry can do, thanks to my endless archive of wrestling footage. He's studied it, absorbed it, and it's made him a better all-around wrestler. But most importantly? It's turned him into a daredevil. What you won't do? He will. If it means hurting himself in order to hurt you? He'll do it. Think about that for a second. All the flying you do? Largely serves to feed your oversized ego. But what this man does? It comes with a purpose. The purpose of proving that we are the greatest tag team in AWA history. And honestly, Skywalker? What you do isn't gonna hurt this man...

[Bo points at Cletus Lee, whose nostrils flare.]

CB: ...one single bit.

[Cletus Lee shakes his head slowly.]

CB: Okay, so I can hear you say that's what Hercules is for.

[Bo chuckles.]

CB: Do you HONESTLY believe that Hercules Hammonds is stronger than Cletus Lee Bishop? He's tough, I'll give him that. But Cletus Lee has proven at every turn that he is the strongest man in the entire AWA. He is the man that other wrestlers dream of taking off his feet. How many times has someone actually done it? You can count on one hand. They don't call him the Redneck Wrecking Machine because it looks nice in the press releases. He's earned the moniker through blood and sweat. And tonight? He proves his strength not once. Heck, not even twice. Tonight, he steamrolls through THREE of the best tag teams that the AWA and the world can provide.

[Duane Henry rubs his hands together.]

CB: Tonight, Duane Henry gets to unleash his arsenal three times.

[Bo holds up three fingers.]

CB: And tonight, we get to prove to three more teams that we are the cornerstone of the AWA's tag team division.

[Bo smiles.]

CB: And, finally, when all is said and done, we will win the Stampede Cup we so richly deserve. And turn these National Tag Team Titles? Into WORLD Tag Team Titles.

[Bo looks to the sky for a second.]

CB: Oh, yeah, and the money won't hurt either.

[Bo chuckles.]

CB: Let's go, gentlemen, the history books await us.

[And with that, the Bishop Boys walk off camera as we crossfade to footage where the words "RECORDED EARLIER TODAY" flash across the top of the screen as we open to a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with Skywalker Jones, dressed stylishly in a tailor-made silver pinstripe suit, designer sunglasses and a big ol' grin plastered on his face. Standing behind him, with his arms folded over his chest is the monstrous Hercules Hammonds, dressed in an all-black suit and black feathered fedora hat. Beside them, is Buford P. Higgins, dressed in his usual all-white suit.]

JD: Skywalker Jones, last night, you and Hercules Hammonds pulled off a dominating victory over your arch-rival November and the Japanese legend, LION Tetsuo. But victory was not achieved, before you two dealt what we are now told, are possible career-threatening injuries to LION Tetsuo. Quite frankly, it was a brutal and unnecessary display of violence. Tonight, you have an opportunity to win the Stampede Cup, but before we talk about that...I just have to ask...

...Why?

[Jones turns to Dane and snorts.]

SJ: Because we could, little man.

[He removes his sunglasses and places them into his suit pocket, giving Jason Dane a hard glare not often seen from the high-flyer.]

SJ: Because we could.

[He chuckles to himself.]

SJ: They said LION Tetsuo was a legend? Well, me and Herc, SHATTERED the myth of LION Tetsuo and we showed the world that he was anything BUT a legend!

[In the back, we hear Buford P. Higgins yelling, "A straight up fraud!"]

SJ: You think Skywalker Jones doesn't hear what people say about him?

They say, "Skywalker Jones and his crew needs to humble themselves!"

They say, "Skywalker Jones and his boys need to learn some humility!"

They say, "Skywalker Jones and his friends need to pay respect to those that came before them!"

[Jones nudges Hammonds with his elbow.]

SJ: Herc...

...what do you think about that?

[The big man smirks.]

HH: I don't think we gotta' do a damn thing, Jones.

[Jones smiles and nods.]

SJ: That's right, Herc...we ain't gotta' do a DAMN thing!

[The two laugh.]

SJ: We don't follow in nobody's footsteps, people! We don't stand around waitin' for a torch to be passed to us! And we'll pay respect...when you prove you're worthy of our respect!

JD: But doesn't that also work the other way around? You run around here demanding attention, begging for the love of the fans...yet you do nothing to earn that respect!

[In the back, we see Buford P. Higgins putting a hand to his chest and gasping in shock..."He did not just say that."]

SJ: We don't earn people's respect? Is Skywalker Jones hearing you right? You say we don't EARN it?

[Jones shakes his head in disbelief.]

SJ: We EARN that respect every time we step inside a wrestling ring and we amaze you by doing things other people can only dream of! We EARN that respect every time we make you stand up outta' your seat and APPLAUD our talent! We EARN your respect, by forcing you to ignore your hate and having NO CHOICE but to show your appreciation for us!

JD: But do you actually think what you did to LION Tetsuo was worthy of applause? Of respect? It was a sickening and disgusting beating!

[The easy going look on Jones' face turns into a look of abhorrence.]

SJ: Little man, listen up and listen good. If you're NOT gonna' respect us... then you're gonna' FEAR us. If we can't have your love, then we'll GLADLY take your hate...because as long as you react...it still means you care.

As long as we have your full attention, whatever it takes!

Because the only thing that matters is the fact that all eyes are on ME!

[Dane seems disgusted...almost a bit disturbed, by Jones' narcissism.]

JD: Well, all eyes WILL be on you, when you face perhaps, the greatest challenge of any team in the second round...the AWA National Tag Team

champions, The Bishop Boys.

SJ: And we wouldn't have it any other way!

JD: As impressive as your team may be, even you have to admit that this is easily the toughest test you've faced.

[Jones would laugh in Dane's face if he didn't think it wasn't worth the effort.]

SJ: Jason Dane, y'all can come here and tell Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds that The Bishop Boys are the most dominant tag team in AWA history. You can tell them that the best tag team in the world are The Bishop Boys! You can tell them that the odds-on favorites to WIN the Stampede Cup are The Bishop Boys!

[He leans in close and hisses at Dane.]

SJ: And I'll tell you right now...don't even try to sell me that bulljive, little man.

[Jones backs off from Dane.]

SJ: In your eyes, when you see The Bishops, you see the top tag team in the world...the AWA National Tag Team champions!

Well, you know what Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds see?

[Hammonds answers in a booming bass.]

HH: COWARDS.

[Dane is mystified by Hammonds' answer.]

JD: "Cowards?" You can question their methods and motives, but I would hardly call The Bishop Boys, "cowards." They've held the tag team titles for-

HH: Then why ain't they puttin' up the gold?

[Well, that shut up Dane, quick.]

SJ: Exactly.

[Jones grins.]

SJ: Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds know that the AWA Championship Committee is coddlin' and babyin' The Bishop Boys! They wanna' take the pressure off their precious champions and let'em hold on to the gold, give'em a chance at unification even IF they burnout in the Cup! But The Bishops could've DEMANDED, could've COMMANDED that their titles be put on the line in the Stampede Cup! They could've gone out there and

proved in title match after title match as they advanced their way to the WORLD TITLES that they truly are the best!

[A deeply disgusted sigh.]

SJ: But they took the cowards' way out! They ain't putting up the gold! They ain't putting up jack!

[A look of disgust forms on Jones' face.]

SJ: No risk and all reward! No need to lay it all on the line, 'cause no matter the outcome, they'll still get their shot at the title! You call that incentive? You call that motivation? You think that's anything more than a slap in the face to Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds' efforts?

[Jones rolls his eyes.]

SJ: Whatever.

[He turns directly towards the camera.]

SJ: Go ahead and hold onto your National Tag Team titles, Bishop Boys! Keep'em! I hope you keep'em and I hope you CHOKe on'em! 'Cause after Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds get through with you two jiggadolts, that's ALL you're gonna' have left!

[A shout from Buford, of "That's right, Jones! That's right!"]

SJ: 'Cause before the night is over, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds are gonna' be your Stampede Cup champions!

["STAMPEDE CUP CHAMPIONS!"]

SJ: We're gonna' be your first-ever AWA World Tag Team champions!

["WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!"]

SJ: And if all of y'all were too ignorant to realize it before, then you'll realize it when the night is over, that we ARE the GREATEST tag team in the world!

["GREATEST IN THE WORLD!"]

SJ: Bishop Boys, the Stampede Cup is not your destiny! The World Tag Team titles are not for your glory! That moment...

...that SPOTLIGHT...

[Jones pauses, his face twisting into an obsessive, disturbed look.]

SJ: ...will belong to us.

[And with that, Jones puts his sunglasses back on and exits stage right, with Hammonds and Buford P. Higgins following closely behind him.]

Cut back to ringside where Phil Watson is standing dead center in the middle.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a 45 minute time limit and is the opening matchup in the Quarterfinals of the Stampede Cup tournament!

[Watson pauses as we wait...

...and the crowd erupts in jeers as "Nothin' To Lose" by Rebel Meets Rebel kicks in over the PA system.]

PW: Introducing first... being accompanied to the ring by Cousin Bo Allan... from Kingsland, Arkansas... at a total combined weight of 568 pounds... they are the AWA National Tag Team Champions...

Duane Henry and Cletus Lee...

THE BIIIIIISSSSSHOP BOOOOOOOOYS!

[The boos grow louder as the curtain is nearly torn down off the aisleway and Duane Henry Bishop marches into view, one of the AWA National Tag Team Titles fastened like a necklace and dangling around his neck. He shouts something off-mic as he points to the Oklahoma City crowd clad in a pair of beat-up old black jeans and black boots. He runs a hand through his shoulder-length dirty blonde hair before delivering a slap to the tattoo of the Arkansas state flag on his right arm.

Cousin Bo is the next one through, applauding the fiery entrance of his cousin as he gestures over his shoulder with a jerk of his thumb which brings the big man into view.]

BW: Whew, brother... look at the size of that man... six foot nine, 328 pounds of Redneck Wreckin' Machine!

GM: One of the strongest and toughest men in the entire AWA.

BW: We may get to see who the strongest is in just a bit when Hercules Hammonds comes out here to tangle it up with Cletus Lee, Gordo.

GM: There are some other names to toss into that mix but Cletus Lee and Hercules Hammonds would certainly be in the running.

[Cletus Lee is in jeans and boots - just like his brother. His wild, stringy brown hair is hanging a little bit of everywhere until he whips his head back, snapping the hair all the way back to just below his shoulderblades as he gives a shout. Cousin Bo gets right up in his face, slapping him several times on the chest before pointing towards the ring.]

GM: It looks like Cousin Bo's trying to fire up his team - stoke the competitive flames a little bit if you will.

BW: With these two, any more stokin' might conjure up a raging inferno, Gordo.

GM: It certainly might. Cletus Lee and Duane Henry have been the AWA National Tag Team Champions for 278 days. Many have argued that the Bishops simply should've been awarded the World Tag Team Titles based on that record alone.

BW: It's a good point, Gordo. They're the best tag team in the world. The BEST... TAG TEAM... IN THE WORLD!

GM: Tonight, they get the chance to prove it, Bucky.

BW: Can't argue that. And they've got one heck of a tough challenge ahead of 'em right now.

[The Bishops reach the ring, Cousin Bo pulling them into a strategy huddle as the music fades...]

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

[A massive roar of boos greets Higgins, as the diminutive hypeman steps into the ring, looking like a million bucks in a tailored white suit and feathered fedora. He pulls his golden microphone from his backpocket and greets the crowd with the biggest, most obnoxious grin he can possibly muster.]

BPH: Be honest with me, people...how many of you thought November and that Japanese cartoon show was gonna' be here instead?

[A loud chorus of jeers indicate the crowd's displeasure.]

BPH: Oh mymy...MY. If we weren't in Oklahoma, I'd actually be astonished by how many people had such a terrible opinion!

[BOO! Higgins merely laughs at their anger.]

BPH: But that's alright, people... 'cause we ain't got nothin' but love for ya'!

[That admission does nothing but rile them up even more.]

BPH: So get up on your feet, playa's...and redeem yourselves in our eyes, by puttin' your hands together and showin' your appreciation for the greatest show on Earth!

I'm talkin' about the strongest man in ALLLLL the land! The weight of the world could be restin' on his shoulders and he ain't even breakin' a sweat! He is your lady's walkin' fantasy! The world's greatest physical anamoly! More electrifyin' than electrocution and the very next step in genetic

evolution! I can only be talkin' about the eighth, ninth, and TENTH wonder of the world...

HERCULES!

HERCULES!

HERCULLLEEEEEEESSS HAMMONDS!

And his partner...

[HUGE BOOS!]

BPH: ...the NEW hero to millions of children in Japan! He flies through the air with the greatest of ease and he doesn't even NEED a flyin' trapeze! I'm gonna' need you to contain your excitement, because once you start cheerin' for him, you just might never stop! He is GREATNESS! He is FLAWLESS! He is quite simply, the most amazing, astonishing, astounding, awe-inspiring, awesome, breathtaking, exciting, hair-raisin', heart-stoppin', magnificent, majestic, spine-tinglin', spotlight-stealin' SHOWSTOPPER of all-time!

Sky. Walker.

[Deep breath now!]

JOONNNN
NNNNNNNNNEEEESSS!!!!

[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-chisled, 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. While Hammonds is dressed in no-nonsense, standard black wrestling trunks and boots, Jones is wearing orange tights with slashes of yellow and white mixed in...reminiscent of the Japanese legend that fell at his hands the night before: LION Tetsuo.]

GM: This is...this is absolutely disrespectful! Jones is wearing the colors of LION Tetsuo!

BW: After the way he took Tetsuo down last night, he's got every right to! He skinned him and he scalped him! Now it's like Jones is wearing his pelt! HAHA! I love it!

[Stopping about halfway down the rampway, Jones removes his furcoat and hops off Hammonds shoulders. He then takes a step back and suddenly breaks out into a sprint, before leaping over the top rope in a somersault, landing on his back and rolling back up to his feet, drawing an even louder roar of boos from the crowd as he holds out both of his arms and strikes a pose.]

GM: And now he's mocking Tetsuo's entrance. Skywalker Jones' ego is out of control!

[Jones chuckles at the reaction of the crowd, trading a double high five with both Higgins and Hammonds as the latter two move to the corner, eyes across the ring on the huddled Bishops.]

GM: Two very unpopular teams here in the AWA - and you can only imagine that the dislike of Jones and Hammonds is going to rise after what we saw last night AND after what we just saw here. There was no call for that, Bucky... and there was absolutely no call for the brutal beating of LION Tetsuo last night.

BW: Hey, we sent Mizusawa over there and he got laid out by one of theirs! Now we're all even if you ask me.

GM: Somehow I don't think our friends in Tiger Paw Pro are going to feel the same way about it... and I know November doesn't. I spoke with November earlier today and he said that he was personally ashamed over what happened to his idol last night. He says Jones should be ashamed as well since he orchestrated it but since he's not, November claims he's going to BEAT some shame into him the next time they meet.

BW: Big words, Gordo. Talk is cheap in my book. Let's see if November can live up to those words.

GM: But that's for another night. Right now, it appears as though it's going to be Skywalker Jones starting it off with Duane Henry Bishop and this has the potential for some fireworks, Bucky.

BW: Two of the most wild high flying guys you've ever encountered. If Jones thought tangling with Tetsuo and November was gonna be the aerial battle of the weekend, he may be in for a big surprise here tonight.

[Jones leans into the corner, exchanging some words with Hercules Hammonds before the official signals the timekeeper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go! Referee Ricky Longfellow calls for the match to begin and Round Two of the Stampede Cup is underway!

[Duane Henry Bishop promptly comes barreling out of his corner, charging at Skywalker Jones who quickly drops down, causing Bishop to hurdle over him, pulling up short as Hercules Hammonds cocked a powerful right arm back...]

GM: Whoa! Duane Henry has to slam on the brakes there and-

[As he spins around, Jones catches Duane Henry with a pair of jabbing punches to the jaw before spinning all the way around, throwing a

clothesline that Duane Henry ducks, burying a back mule kick into the solar plexus...]

GM: Duane Henry avoids the clothesline then goes downstairs with the kick...

[Duane Henry reaches back, grabbing a side headlock to haul Skywalker Jones back to the middle of the ring. Jones grabs an arm, wriggling out into a rear hammerlock, cranking up on the wrist...]

GM: Jones sinks in a hammerlo- ohh! Big elbow back, right on the ear of Jones...

[A second elbow lands before Duane Henry dashes to the ropes in front of him again, ducking down as Jones leapfrogs over him. Duane Henry hits the far side, rebounding off...]

...and ducking down again as Jones blindly leapfrogs a second time!]

BW: He didn't even look for 'im, Gordo!

[Duane Henry hits the ropes a third time, rebounding off...]

...and again slams on the brakes as Jones leaps for a third leapfrog attempt, coming down on the bent knee of Duane Henry!]

GM: Ohh! Jones just delivered an inverted atomic drop to himself!

[A smirking Duane Henry backs off, turning to face his own corner as he grabs at his groin, mimicking Jones...]

...and then turns back around, getting drilled on the chin with a standing dropkick from Jones!]

GM: DOWN GOES DUANE HENRY!

BW: He got a little bit cocky there and Jones made him pay for it!

[He scrambles back to his feet, rushing towards Jones who grabs an arm, hurling Duane Henry up and over, bouncing him off the canvas with an overhead Japanese armdrag.]

GM: Nice armdrag by Jones, so quick... so fast.

[Duane Henry pops up again, rushing at Jones who switches his stance, taking Duane Henry down with a traditional armdrag this time.]

GM: Another armdrag!

[The smaller Bishop gets back to his feet, turning towards a waiting Jones who has his arm cocked...]

"SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SLAPS DUANE HENRY!

BW: Jones didn't like that mockery of him a few moments ago and-

[Duane Henry suddenly throws himself into a double leg takedown, yanking Jones' legs out from under him...]

GM: He takes Jones down... fists are flying here out of Duane Henry!

[The fired-up redneck is hammering away on a shocked Skywalker Jones who lifts his arms, trying to defend himself. An angry Hercules Hammonds steps into the ring, reaching down to grab Duane Henry in a waistlock...]

GM: What the-?!

[...and POWERS Duane Henry up into the air, swinging him through the sky before throwing him down to the mat!]

GM: Oh my! What a waistlock takedown out of Hammonds!

BW: He ain't the legal man, Gor... uh oh!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Cletus Lee Bishop steps into the ring, marching across to where Hammonds is standing, waving him forward.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds isn't backing down, Bucky! He's ready to stand toe to toe with the Redneck Wrecking Machine!

BW: Of course he is! Hammonds believes he's the strongest man in the entire AWA and he ain't gonna let Cletus Lee intimidate him here tonight in Oklahoma City!

[The referee steps between the two behemoths, drawing some boos from the fans as Hammonds jaws at Cletus Lee, gesturing angrily at him.]

GM: Hammonds is trying to bait Cletus Lee into a fight and-

[Suddenly, a rising Duane Henry throws himself at the back of Hammonds, smashing him in the back of the head with a forearm. The smaller Bishop continues to pummel, turning Hammonds around and smashing forearms down across the broad back...]

...but Hammonds lifts him up over his shoulder, standing tall and throwing Duane Henry off stomachfist to the mat!]

GM: Wow! Hammonds again showing off that power...

[On cue, Hammonds strikes a pose, showing off the muscles in his arms, neck, and chest as Duane Henry pushes back to the neutral corner, a little

shaken by the powerful throw. Jones steps in, taunting Duane Henry as he gestures at Hammonds to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: The fans aren't too fond of either of these teams, Bucky.

BW: I'm sure they'll be real broken up about it if they walk out of here with a million dollars and the World Tag Team Titles tonight.

[Duane Henry uses the ropes, dragging himself to his feet as Jones continues to shout at him...

...and now it's Duane Henry's turn to march out of the corner, keep his pimp hand strong, and backhand a giant wad of saliva out of Jones' mouth!]

GM: OHHH!

[Jones, having spun around from the backhand, reaches up to grab at his cheek as the fans actually cheer the blow on the arrogant trash-talker as Duane Henry grabs a rear waistlock...]

GM: He hooks him from behind... no, Jones throws a pair of elbows to break the hold...

[With Duane Henry staggered, Skywalker Jones takes two steps forward before rolling backwards, ending up with his legs around the head of Duane Henry while Jones faces the mat in a rough handstand...

...and then pops his hips, flipping Duane Henry over onto his back!]

GM: Jones takes Duane Henry down with the headscissors... Jones to the ropes...

[Duane Henry scrambles up, ducking a clothesline before it can connect. He reaches back blindly, hooking Jones' neck against his shoulder...

...and leaps up, snapping Jones down into a neckbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! Neckbreaker out of nowhere!

[Duane Henry flips over into a lateral press as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two!

[Jones lifts a shoulder off the mat to break the pin as Duane Henry gets up, grabbing Jones by the ankle, and drags him to the corner where he slaps the hand of Cletus Lee!]

GM: Uh oh! In comes the big man off the tag!

[Cletus Lee steps in...

...and promptly claps his hands together in frustration as a freed Jones crawls and scrambles across the ring, wanting no part of the big man as Duane Henry steps back out to the apron.]

GM: Jones got out of there in a hurry... and now he's made the tag as well.

[The buzz from the crowd grows in intensity and volume yet again as Hercules Hammonds happily steps into the ring. He straightens up, clasping his hands together and rubbing them intently as he nods at Cletus Lee from across the ring...]

BW: I got a feelin' this is gonna be somethin' else, Gordo.

GM: You may be right.

[Cletus Lee shouts something at Hammonds, stepping out of the corner towards the middle of the ring. Hammonds nods, clapping his hands onto his pectorals as he storms out to meet the big man...]

GM: They're going eye to eye, nose to nose in the middle of the ring!

BW: It's gonna explode in there, Gordo!

GM: You may be right about that!

[Hammonds is all sorts of vocal with Cletus Lee who is absolutely steaming as Herc reads him the riot act...

...and then reaches up with an open hand, piefacing Cletus Lee back a few feet to a big reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Uh oh. Cletus Lee didn't like that!

[Suddenly, Cletus Lee throws himself forward, blasting Hammonds on the chin with a right hand. A second haymaker sends Hammonds staggering back as the Redneck Wrecking Machine winds up deep, looking for a big blow...]

GM: Big right han-

[Hammonds easily swats the powerful blow away, shocking enough of a moment before Hammonds claps his muscular arms together on the ears of Cletus Lee. A pair of tight forearms to the jaw has the big man reeling, staggering back a couple of steps...]

GM: We've got a slugfest on our hands!

[With Cletus Lee staggered, Hammonds lunges in, reaching down for the scoop...]

GM: He's goin' for the slam!

[But Cletus Lee is ready for him, slamming both arms down into the exposed ribcage in a double axehandle. A second blow lands between the shoulderblades, knocking Hammonds down to his knees.]

BW: It was WAY too early to go for that slam, Gordo. Way too early and now Hammonds is payin' the price for it!

[Cletus Lee stands behind the kneeling Hammonds, slowly raising his arms for a third time...

...and lets loose a bellow before SLAMMING the double axehandle down into the base of the neck, knocking Hammonds down to the canvas!]

GM: Cletus Lee hammers him all the way down! Good grief!

BW: There's a lot of guys we talk about in the AWA being hard hitters and sometimes Cletus Lee Bishop gets overlooked in that respect. Hard hitting... powerful... hard to take off his feet. If this guy wasn't one of the best tag team wrestlers in the world, I'd say he just might be a future World Champion as well.

[Cletus Lee reaches down, dragging Hammonds off his feet by a muscular arm. He cranks him back, going for an Irish whip...]

GM: Big whip by a very big man...

[He greets the rebounding Hammonds with a back elbow under the chin, stunning Hammonds but not dropping him...]

GM: Oof! Hard shot out of Cletus Lee has no effect on Hammonds!

[The big man dashes to the ropes, looking to inflict more damage on the powerhouse...

...but Hammonds throws himself forward into a solid shoulder tackle!]

GM: Ohh! That was like two trains colliding head-on!

BW: Neither man budged an inch!

[Cletus Lee grins at a surprised Hammonds, gesturing for him to do it again. Hammonds nods, obliging as he dashes to the ropes, bouncing off...]

GM: Again off the ropes...

BW: BOOM!

[Hammonds throws himself into another big tackle but Cletus Lee backs off one step before lifting a finger, wagging it Dikembe Mutombo style in the face of Hammonds who takes a swipe at the hand before he gestures for Cletus Lee to take his turn.]

GM: Hammonds wants Cletus Lee to throw the tackle this time and one-half of the National Tag Team Champions is ready to oblige him...

[Cletus Lee races to the ropes...

...where a sneaky as all hell Skywalker Jones tugs them down, causing Cletus Lee to tumble over the top...]

GM: OHHHH!

[...where he lands on his feet, staring up at a shocked Skywalker Jones!]

GM: Oh my stars! He's on his feet! Cletus Lee Bishop went over the top rope and the man's on his feet!

[The big man reaches up, grabbing Jones by the front of the tights and gives a yank, pulling him off into a massive bearhug!]

GM: Cletus Lee is going after Skywalker Jones!

[The Redneck Wrecking Machine lunges forward, slamming the small of Jones' back into the ring apron before releasing the bearhug...

...and grabbing another handful of tights before HURLING Jones over the ringside barricade and into the front row of fans!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SENDS JONES INTO THE CROWD!!

BW: Without much of an effort at all! Cletus Lee is a beast!

[A fired up Hammonds drops down, rolling under the ropes to greet a turning Cletus Lee with a forearm smash to the jaw. He grabs a handful of the stringy hair, pulling him towards the ring and SLAMMING his head into the ring apron!]

GM: We've got a fight out here right next to us and with these two big bulls going at it, I can't say I'm too fond of our proximity to all of this right now, fans.

BW: If they get much closer, I'm callin' it a night.

GM: You stay right where you are.

[Hammonds shoves Cletus Lee under the bottom rope into the ring before dragging himself inside the squared circle as well. He gives a shout as he hauls the big man off the mat by the arm, using the same arm to whip him into a neutral corner...]

GM: Cletus Lee hits the corner hard as the second-generation star prepares to inflict more damage, charging in...

[A running clothesline connects, snapping Cletus Lee's head back against the buckles. But a well-placed pair of arms around the top rope prevent Cletus Lee from falling to the canvas.]

GM: Hammonds lays in the heavy artillery but Cletus Lee is still on his feet.

[Across the ring, we can hear Duane Henry shouting for a tag as Hammonds shoots him a dirty look.]

GM: Most teams that take on the Bishops decide they want to focus their efforts on Duane Henry but right now, Hercules Hammonds wants him a big ol' piece of Cletus Lee Bishop.

BW: Hammonds don't like people sayin' he ain't the strongest cat in the AWA, Gordo. That's why he called out Brody... and that's why he wants to test himself against Cletus Lee here tonight.

[Hammonds grabs another handful of hair, pulling Cletus Lee a few feet out of the corner where he hooks in a front facelock...]

GM: You gotta be kidding me.

BW: Oh yeah! Do it, Herc!

[Hammonds grins at the crowd as he flings one of Cletus Lee's arms over his neck, preparing for the suplex...]

GM: Can he do it? Can he get the 330 pounder into the air?!

BW: We're about to find out, Gordo! I think he can! I think he can!

[As Bucky does his best Little Engine That Could impression, Hammonds sets his feet, grabbing a handful of Cletus Lee's black jeans for leverage as he prepares for the big lift...]

...but Duane Henry's having none of it, climbing the neutral corner, leaping over his own partner, and attempting to pull down Hammonds in a sunset flip!]

GM: Duane Henry comes off the top... but he's not the legal man!

BW: This isn't a real attempt at a pin, it's-

[With Hammonds struggling against the sunset flip attempt, Cletus Lee cocks his right arm back and lets it fly, laying in a brutal lariat that nearly takes Hammonds' head off and certainly knocks him down to the canvas!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! WHAT A SHOT!!

[Duane Henry rolls to the floor, pleased with his work as Cletus Lee drops into a lateral press.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got-

[Hammonds lifts the shoulder at two, breaking the pin. An annoyed Cletus Lee gets up, looking to do more damage but the collective shouts of Cousin Bo and Duane Henry convince him to head to the corner.]

GM: Do you think Duane Henry thought Hammonds could pull off that suplex and he was trying to save his brother from that?

BW: I don't know, Gordo. I thought he could do it... so maybe Duane Henry Bishop did too.

[With an angry slap of the hand, Cletus Lee brings his smaller brother into the mix. Duane Henry steps in, rushing to the neutral corner where he hops up to the middle rope, leaping off with a dropkick to the chest of the rising Hammonds, knocking him back down to the mat.]

GM: Duane Henry cuts off Hammonds' attempt to get back to his feet. He was on his way back up when Duane Henry lowered the boom on him with that dropkick. Nicely done.

[Duane Henry kips up to his feet, applauding his own athletic move to the jeers of the crowd...

...which prompts him to walk over to Hammonds and start viciously stomping him. The referee backs him off at the count of four as Duane Henry looks out at the fans.]

"YA LIKE THAT BETTER?!"

[More boos pour down on Duane Henry as he waves off the fans, catching a rising Hammonds with a pair of clubbing forearms to the back of the head and neck.]

GM: This is a mistake if you ask me, Bucky. He should keep Hammonds down on the mat where he can't use that tremendous power advantage.

BW: A good call there, Gordo. Duane Henry got distracted in taunting the crowd and he made a mistake. Let's see if Herc can take advantage of it.

[As Hammonds gets back to his feet, we cut to the corner where Skywalker Jones has taken his spot on the apron, giving an encouraging shout to his partner.]

GM: Jones is back up at last on the apron and you gotta think that Hammonds should be looking for a tag at the first chance.

BW: Absolutely.

[Grabbing an arm, Duane Henry goes for a whip but gets reversed...]

GM: Duane Henry off the far side... leaves his feet...

[A flying forearm attempt sails towards Hammonds...

...who snatches Duane Henry out of the sky!]

GM: He caught him! He caught him!

[Hammonds turns a full 360, showing off his strength to the entire crowd.]

“BREAK ‘IM IN HALF, HERC!”

[Hammonds nods at the shout from his partner before bringing Duane Henry crashing down across a bent knee in a backbreaker!]

GM: Wow! What power!

[Still kneeling, Hammonds shakes his head at the official, pulling himself back to his feet and bringing Duane Henry with him. He does another full turn, looking out at the crowd...

...and snaps off a second backbreaker!]

GM: Good grief!

[Hammonds grins at a clapping Buford P. Higgins as he gets back to his feet, turning again...

...and SLAMS him down in a backbreaker!]

GM: Three devastating backbreakers out of Hercules Hammonds!

[But Hammonds isn't done as he pushes back to his feet, doing another full turn, ending up with his eyes locked on Cletus Lee Bishop.]

“You see this, big man?! You don't want none of this!”

[Hammonds leans back, HURLING Duane Henry across the ring, bouncing him off the canvas and sending him rolling out to the floor with a fallaway slam!]

GM: OVERHEAD SLAM BY HAMMONDS!

BW: ALL THE WAY TO THE FLOOR, DADDY!

[The near three hundred pounder from Tupelo, Mississippi gets to his feet, striking a big double bicep pose towards the Bishops' corner...

...which brings Cletus Lee through the ropes into the ring, ready to fight!]

GM: HERE WE GO AGAIN!

[But the official steps in, blocking Cletus Lee's path into the ring...

...which gives Skywalker Jones the chance to drop down to the floor, pulling Duane Henry off the ringside mats by the arm...]

BW: Jones is gonna take advantage of Cletus Lee's temper!

GM: Cousin Bo is shouting at the official...

[Jones whips Duane Henry towards the barricade...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL!

[A cackling Skywalker Jones taunts the ringside fans as Duane Henry rests against the railing, his arms draped over the metal barricade. Jones climbs back up on the apron as the referee puts an angry Cletus Lee Bishop back out of the ring.]

GM: Cletus Lee is forced out by Ricky Longfellow and his partner paid the price for it. Cousin Bo is shouting at Cletus Lee now... that was an untimely mistake by one-half of the National Tag Team Champions.

[Hammonds approaches his corner, slapping the hand of Skywalker Jones who tags back in. He nods to his partner, pointing up...]

GM: What do they have in mind here?

[The big man nods, lifting Skywalker Jones off the mat in a gorilla press!]

BW: Look at the power, daddy!

GM: Hammonds has got him WAAAAY up in the air...

[Hammonds rushes towards the ropes as Duane Henry staggers towards the ring...

...and HURLS Skywalker Jones over the ropes, sending him crashing down onto a shocked Duane Henry!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, WHAT A DEATH-DEFYING MOVE OUT OF SKYWALKER JONES!

BW: How high do you think he was, Gordo?!

GM: Hammonds is six foot five... I don't know... ten feet? Fifteen feet? Whatever it was, he absolutely wiped out Duane Henry Bishop with that doubleteam!

BW: The Bishop Boys were questioning how far Jones and Herc were willing to go to win this thing... and I think we just got an answer to that. Skywalker Jones just risked his entire career getting thrown to the floor like that. Any number of things could've gone wrong and-

GM: Jones is getting back to his feet!

[The man from Hot Coffee gets a pretty good response from the crowd for the big move as he comes up clutching his ribs, rolling under the ropes into the ring. He takes a knee, trying to raise an arm in triumph but immediately grabs at his ribs again...]

GM: That was a hard fall to take and Skywalker Jones is obviously feeling the effects of it.

[Hammonds stretches an arm in, looking for a tag but Jones waves him off, approaching the ropes again...]

GM: You gotta be kidding me! Skywalker Jones is... what's he doing here?!

[Jones breaks into a sprint, racing to the far ropes behind him...]

...and goes tumbling over the ropes to the floor as Cousin Bo strikes!]

BW: Haha! Turnabout is fair play! They did the same thing to Cletus Lee and now Skywalker Jones goes out the hard way!

[With Higgins and Hammonds shouting at the official, the referee questions Cousin Bo who pleads innocence.]

GM: The referee somehow missed that and that's lucky for Cousin Bo and the Bishops because if he'd seen it, they'd be heading home right now with a disqualification loss! A DQ is as good as a pinfall in this tournament, fans, and one wrong move will send you back to the locker room eliminated from the biggest night of the year if you're a tag team!

[Cousin Bo backs off from the downed Jones as the referee shouts at him...]

...but Cletus Lee has other ideas, dropping down to the floor to go after him.]

GM: Cletus Lee drops to the floor... look at Hammonds!

[Hammonds drops off the apron as well, racing around the ring to try and cut off Cletus Lee...]

...but quickly finds himself face to face with Ricky Longfellow who gets in his path, ordering him back into the ring...]

GM: The referee's trying to get Hammonds away from the ringside area... back up to the apron...

BW: Look at this, Gordo!

GM: No, no, no!

[The crowd roars as Cletus Lee lifts Jones off the mat, pressing him up over his head...

...and DROPS him gutfirst over the ringside railing!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Good grief! Cletus Lee going right after the ribs that Jones already hurt when he got thrown to the floor by his own partner... and remember, Jones just recently came back from some injuries to the torso that he suffered back at SuperClash IV in the Steal The Spotlight challenge.

BW: Those injuries may have just got kicked into a whole other level after that!

[Cletus Lee pulls Jones off the railing, throwing him back under the ropes into the ring. He pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes into the squared circle...

...and gives his right leg a big slap as he leans back in the neutral corner’s turnbuckles, waving for Jones to rise...]

GM: Cletus Lee’s calling for the Charging Big Boot! If he hits it, it might be lights out for Skywalker Jones!

BW: He ain’t the legal man though, Gordo! Duane Henry’s the legal man!

[Jones climbs to his feet, wincing with every movement as he holds his ribcage...

...and Cletus Lee charges, lashing out with a monstrous Charging Big Boot, smashing it into the chin of Jones, causing him to do a full backflip before crashing down on his chest!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Cletus Lee drops down, flipping Jones to his back.]

GM: Cletus Lee makes the cover!

[But the official waves it off, pointing outside the ring where Duane Henry Bishop is climbing up on the ring apron...]

BW: See! I told you he wasn’t legal!

GM: Good call by the referee but Skywalker Jones is out!

[Hercules Hammonds charges down the apron, trying to attack Duane Henry but Duane Henry grabs the top rope, swinging his legs up to throw a kick into the ear of Hammonds, stunning the big man!]

GM: Ohh! He caught Hammonds coming in!

[With Hammonds dazed, Duane Henry leaps up on the apron, snaring Hammonds' head between his legs and RIPPING him off the apron and down to the floor with a rana!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Duane Henry, who landed on the apron, scrambles back to his feet, looking halfway across the ring where Jones is still down on his back...]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

[With a nod to Cousin Bo, Duane Henry grabs the top rope with both hands, leaping into the air with both feet landing on the top. He springs off, sailing through the air, pumping his arms and legs...]

BW: FROG SPLAAAAA-

[But at the last possible moment, Skywalker Jones raises his knees, catching the plummeting Duane Henry squarely in the midsection!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE GOT THE KNEES UP! THE KNEES CAME UP AND DUANE HENRY BISHOP IS IN TROUBLE, FANS!!

BW: I think they're both in trouble! Duane Henry's hurt but Skywalker Jones looks just about unconscious in that ring! Both of these guys need to make a tag right now.

GM: They certainly do but Hammonds is still down on the floor. Jones has no one to tag! You heard the call a few moments ago - fifteen minutes gone in the time limit. Remember, Round Two has a 45 minute time limit and not the 30 minute time limit we had last night in the first round. Plenty of time left for these two teams.

[Duane Henry rolls across the ring, grabbing at his ribs as Cletus Lee insistently slams a hand on the top turnbuckle, shouting for a tag. Cousin Bo is right there in the corner, slapping the ring apron to try and guide Duane Henry home...]

GM: Cletus Lee and Cousin Bo are giving it their all to get him to the corner to make the tag... he's getting close!

[Duane Henry lunges in the direction of their voices, slapping the hand of Cletus Lee who steps in...

...and pulls his brother to his feet.]

GM: What the-?!

[Grabbing a handful of black jeans, Cletus Lee swings his brother around, whipping him towards the ropes...]

GM: I don't-

[Duane Henry comes off, a head of steam behind him as Cousin Bo gives him a shout...

...and HURLS himself through the ropes in a bullet tope, wiping out Hercules Hammonds who was about to get back on the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WHAT A BRILLIANT MOVE BY CLETUS LEE!! HE TAKES OUT HAMMONDS AND NOW HE'S GOT SKYWALKER JONES TO HIMSELF!!

[With Hammonds and Duane Henry laid out on the floor, Cletus Lee goes after Jones, pulling him off the mat...

...and tugging him into a standing headscissors, dragging him back into the neutral corner!]

GM: We've seen this before!

[Cletus Lee effortlessly hoists Jones up over his head into a crucifix powerbomb position. He pauses, nodding at the jeering crowd before he starts to dash from the corner...]

BW: He's going for that powerbomb throw!

[Cletus Lee yanks Skywalker Jones forward, looking for the tossing powerbomb...

...but Jones snares Cletus Lee's head between his legs, snapping him over into a tightly-cradled hurracanrana!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE!

[The official dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars - that was close!

BW: We were a half count away from what would have to be considered a major upset as the National Tag Team Champions were almost eliminated in the opening contest of the second night of this tournament!

[Cletus Lee scrambles up as Jones tries to get away, flailing backwards into a neutral corner. The larger man sets, charging in...

...and runs headlong into a pair of raised boots!]

GM: Ohh! Jones caught him coming in fast!

[Jones hops up to the middle rope...

...and then leaps up one more time, landing gracefully on the top rope where he pauses a split-second before leaping off, catching Cletus Lee squarely in the chest with a high impact front dropkick that sends the big man staggering all the way back into the opposite corner!]

GM: Goodness! That dropkick almost dropped Cletus Lee!

BW: Almost don't count for nothin'!

[Jones kips up to his feet, backing to the corner and slapping the buckle a couple of times...

...and then breaks into a sprint, charging hard...]

GM: HERE! COMES! JONES!

[And runs right up the chest of Cletus Lee, planting a foot on his face before he backflips out, landing on his feet...

...and running right back in, burying both knees in the chest of the big man!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: The Human Highlight Reel? You got that right, daddy!

[Jones backs off, cracking a grin as he waves for Cletus Lee to attack him out of the corner...]

GM: Jones is enjoying this!

BW: The man's puttin' on a show and if you know anything about Skywalker Jones, it's that he loves bein' the center of attention at all times!

[Cletus Lee stumbles out towards a waiting Jones, throwing a sloppy and slow right hand that Jones easily ducks, dipping down to throw a series of rapid-fire rights and lefts to the gut before straightening up and **BLASTING**

Cletus Lee with a stiff back elbow to the jaw that sends him staggering backwards again...]

GM: Look out!

[With his partner and brother in trouble, Duane Henry pulls himself up on the apron, rushing up the ropes where his brother is standing, and hurls himself off the top, easily clearing his brother to catch a surprised Skywalker Jones with a spinning leg lariat!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Duane Henry rolls over, attempting a cover but the referee again waves it off.]

GM: No! He's not the legal man!

[Cousin Bo immediately pulls himself up on the apron, shouting at the referee as Duane Henry does the same from his knees on the mat...

...until Buford P. Higgins comes rushing around the ringpost, reaching up, and YANKS Cousin Bo down to the floor to a big cheer!]

GM: What in the...?!]

[But Bo Allan ain't goin' out like that, rearing back and DROPPING Higgins with a right hand on the jaw...

...and then spinning around to find himself face to chest with a pissed-off Hercules Hammonds!]

GM: UH OH!

[Hammonds reaches out, grabbing Cousin Bo in a powerful bearhug to the roar of the crowd. He ragdolls him back and forth, shaking the hell out of the manager of the National Tag Team Champions!]

GM: Cousin Bo went too far and he's paying for it!

[Seeing his cousin in trouble, Duane Henry charges across the ring, leaving his feet with a baseball slide dropkick that catches Hammonds in the side of the head, forcing him to let go of Cousin Bo...]

GM: Duane Henry saves his cousin!

[The smaller Bishop climbs to his feet on the ring apron, taking a look back at Hammonds as the big man stirs...

...and leaps up to the middle rope, springing back...]

GM: HE FLIES!!

BW: MOONSAULT!!

[But the powerhouse SNATCHES Duane Henry out of the sky over his right shoulder to the shock of the crowd. He spins around with him once...

...and then DROPS him facefirst on the edge of the apron!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Hammonds slams his arms down on the apron as he climbs back into the ring, giving his partner a shout as Jones starts to get up off the mat...]

GM: Hammonds is moving in on Cletus Lee!

[Hammonds drags Cletus Lee out of the corner, muscling him around into a rear waistlock...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: No way, Gordo! No way!

[Using every muscle in his body, Hammonds powers Cletus Lee up off the mat...

...as Jones rushes forward, leaping up to grab Cletus Lee by the back of the head...]

GM: OHHHH!

[...and YANKS his head down into Jones' shins as he falls back to the mat!]

GM: Good gri- OH MY STARS!!

[The momentum bounces Cletus Lee back as Hammonds struggles and strains, powering the Redneck Wrecking Machine up into the air trapped in his powerful grip...

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: POWER!! PURE! POWWWWWER!

[Hammonds gets up, slamming a hand across his pectorals as he shouts for Jones to make the cover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But Cletus Lee is having none of that, kicking out with authority as he shoves Jones into the air and off of him!]

GM: WHOA!

BW: Cletus Lee ain't done yet, Gordo! He's got plenty of fight left in him!

[Jones and Hammonds work in tandem, slamming feet then fists on the rising and pissed-off Cletus Lee Bishop.]

GM: We're past the twenty minute mark but look at Cletus Lee Bishop, he's absorbing everything they've got!

[Reaching out, Bishop rakes the eyes of Hammonds and then grabs a handful of `fro.]

GM: He's got Jones!

[A skull-crushing headbutt sends Jones flying backwards, smashing down to the mat as Bishop turns to hook the muscular arms of Hammonds under his own armpits...]

GM: What's he... headbutts!

[The crowd (for some reason) counts along with the headbutts!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Cletus Lee pauses, looking around at the crowd that - for the moment - is behind he and his brother...

...and starts throwing headbutts at a dazed Hammonds again!]

"ELEVEN!"

"TWELVE!"

"THIRTEEN!"

"FOURTEEN!"

"FIFTEEN!"

"SIXTEEN!"

"SEVENTEEN!"

"EIGHTEEN!"

"NINETEEN!"

"TWENTY!"

[Cletus Lee finally lets go, falling back into the ropes as Hammonds stumbles, staggers...

...and faceplants down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my stars! Cletus Lee Bishop just unleashed twenty of those headbutts onto Hercules Hammonds and the powerhouse of Tupelo, Mississippi is out like a light!

[Just in time for Duane Henry to roll back into the ring, retrieving Skywalker Jones from down on the canvas as he does...

...and shoves him over to Cletus Lee who muscles him up into a bearhug.]

GM: Duane Henry off the far side...

[...and leaves his feet, throwing a spinning leg lariat that nearly separates Jones' head from his shoulder!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Cletus Lee drops down, applying a lateral press as Duane Henry stands guard.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But this time, it's Jones who slips a shoulder up off the canvas. Duane Henry angrily claps his hands together as he directs traffic inside the ring.]

GM: Duane Henry's trying to put together their next move here... the referee's trying to get him out of there but he's having none of it, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, but he'd better be careful ignoring the ref like that. Longfellow might throw this match out or DQ the champs and that'll be a disaster for the Bishops.

GM: If he were to throw the match out, the Blonde Bombers would be giftwrapped a trip to the Finals!

BW: Hey, that ain't such a bad thing! Royalty reigning atop the AWA? A man could get used to that.

GM: Not this man.

[Duane Henry pulls Jones up again, each Bishop hooking a side waistlock as they lift Jones off the mat in an atomic drop position...

...and then drop him tailbone-first on the mat!]

GM: Ohh! That'll send a jolt down your spine!

[Cletus Lee dashes to the ropes, rebounding off with a big running boot to the face of the seated Jones, snapping him back to the mat as Duane Henry breaks away, hitting the ropes himself...]

GM: Duane Henry off the ropes as well...

[And Cletus Lee, standing over Jones, lifts Duane Henry up in a gorilla press...

...DROPPING him straight down onto the prone Jones!]

GM: OHHH! RIGHT DOWN ON THE INJURED RIBS!!

BW: Both Jones and Duane Henry have come up hurting in the ribcage area in this one so I'm not sure that move did Duane Henry any favors, Gordo.

GM: Cletus Lee makes the cover... ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But Jones again lifts a shoulder off the mat to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: Incredible! Skywalker Jones - it's almost as if he REFUSES to lose this match, Bucky!

[Duane Henry pulls Skywalker Jones off the mat by the hair, gesturing to the ropes for Cletus Lee. The referee gets up in Duane Henry's face, threatening him with a disqualification if he doesn't get out of the ring...

...which is Cousin Bo's cue to drag himself back up on the apron as well, wincing with every breath as he shouts at the official, providing the distraction as Duane Henry pulls Jones into a standing headscissors, muscling him over his shoulder. He reaches up, hooking his arms around the neck of Jones...]

GM: What in the...?

[Walking towards the corner, Duane Henry pulls hard, flipping Jones back over his head and all the way over down onto his back as Duane Henry sits out in a powerbomb!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!

[Duane Henry gets up, pointing to Cletus Lee who is standing on the middle turnbuckle, grabbing the top rope to keep his balance...

...and then leaps off (more like falls off) to drop a leg across the throat of Jones!]

GM: LEGDROP OFF THE SECOND ROPE BY THE BIG MAN!!

[Cletus Lee flips over, applying a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

[Jones slowly lifts a leg, dropping it over the bottom rope!]

GM: Oh my stars! Skywalker Jones escapes it again!

[Duane Henry throws a tantrum, kicking at the ropes as the referee finally forces him back out onto the apron...

...where he promptly makes the tag, stepping back into the ring as Cletus Lee pulls a limp Skywalker Jones off the mat...]

GM: Cletus Lee flings him into the corner like a sack of garbage...

[Cletus Lee rushes across the ring, crushing Jones in the buckles with a running splash as Duane Henry follows him in, leaping up for a little extra impact...

...and Jones LUNGES out of the way, barely escaping as Duane Henry slams chestfirst into the buckles!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Cletus Lee is forced from the corner as Skywalker Jones uses the ropes to pull himself to his feet, leaning against the neutral turnbuckles to try and catch his breath...

...when suddenly Hercules Hammonds rushes in, back on his feet from the headbutts...]

GM: HAMMONDS!

[...and flings himself into a somersault, catching Duane Henry squarely in the back of the head with a rolling koppou kick!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT IN THE...?!

[Getting back up, Hammonds hooks Duane Henry under the armpit from behind...]

GM: What is he doing?!

BW: It looks like he's setting up for a biel throw but he's facing the wrong-

[Hammonds muscles Duane Henry up, flipping him over with the reverse hiptoss...

...and throws him about halfway across the ring before Duane Henry SLAMS facefirst into the canvas!]

GM: Oh my stars!

[Hammonds steps out to the apron as Skywalker Jones measures Duane Henry who pushes up to his knees...

...and gets his face caved in with a running low dropkick!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Jones flips over, rolling into a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[But this time, it's Duane Henry who just barely gets a shoulder up to break the pin attempt!]

GM: Back and forth, back and forth they go in this one! Both sides have come so close to finishing off the opposition...

BW: Close don't cut it. You gotta get the job done, daddy!

[Jones pushes up, wincing as he grabs at his injured ribs, dragging Duane Henry with him as he gets towards the corner, slapping Hercules Hammonds' hand...]

GM: The tag is made... and in comes the powerhouse...

[Jones pulls Duane Henry into a standing headscissors as Hammonds steps in. He reaches down, securing a double underhook...]

GM: Jones is going for the Billion Dollar Bomb!

BW: You ain't a student of Todd Michaelson unless you know this move, Gordo!

GM: That's a fact, jack!

[Jones muscles Duane Henry up, flipping him over for the Tiger Driver...

...but Hammonds steps in, grabbing two handfuls of hair, and SLAMMING the back of Duane Henry's skull into the mat as Jones drops to his knees, promptly rolling from the ring as Hammonds applies a cover!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Cletus Lee steps in, stomping the back of Hammonds' head to break up the pin!]

GM: Ohh! They had it, Bucky! I think Jones and Hammonds had it won with the double Billion Dollar Bomb and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Hammonds and Cletus Lee begin throwing bombs at one another...]

GM: The fight is on again! These two are tearing into each other!

[With the brawl going and the referee distracted, Skywalker Jones slides in, pulling Duane Henry up and trapping his arms behind his back as he walks him towards the ring apron where Buford P. Higgins climbs up, golden mic in hand...]

GM: No, no! Not like this!

[Higgins winds up with the mic...

...and gets YANKED down off the apron by Cousin Bo!]

GM: What the-?!

[A stunned Skywalker Jones is looking on when Duane Henry Bishop lashes out, throwing a back kick into the groin!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Jones got dropped! He went low and Jones got dropped!

[Duane Henry spins around, hooking a front facelock, slinging Jones’ arm over his neck...]

GM: He’s going for the gourdbuster! He’s going for-

[But as Duane Henry lifts, Hammonds breaks away from Cletus Lee who the referee is forcing out to the apron...

...and catches Jones on his shoulder, saving him from the gourdbuster! Jones rolls off, moving out to his spot on the apron...]

GM: Whoa! What a catch by Hammonds!

[With Duane Henry down on his knees from the attempted gourdbuster, Hammonds reaches down, deadlifting him off the mat up into a Canadian Backbreaker...]

GM: WHAT POWER!!

[...and HURLS him towards the corner as Skywalker Jones rushes in, leaping up with a kick aimed for the back of Duane Henry’s skull!]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: A POWERBOMB _AND_ A HEADKICK IN THE CORNER!!

[Duane Henry stumbles out into a big boot to the gut by Hercules Hammonds who reaches down, hooking the gutwrench...

...when Cletus Lee breaks away from the official, rushing across the ring, throwing his leg up...]

GM: BIG BOOT!!

[But Hammonds is ready, throwing Duane Henry aside as he shifts his position, ending up with Cletus Lee's right leg over his left shoulder...

...and LIFTS!]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[Hammonds doesn't get the big man up very high but he does get him up enough to DRIVE him down with impact on the short powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Hammonds pops back up, hammering himself in the chest with a clenched fist.]

"THAT'S HOW WE DO THIS! THAT'S HOW!"

[With the crowd buzzing off the big impact move, Hammonds spins back towards Duane Henry, muscling him up into the torture rack. The referee rushes in, checking for a submission...

...but Hammonds walks to the corner, slapping Jones' hand as he turns his back...]

GM: The torture rack is on but... but Hammonds isn't the legal man anymore!

BW: I'm not sure I get that. I think Duane Henry might've been easy prey to give up to that rack right now... and where the heck is Skywalker Jones going now?!

[A little wobbly from the wear and tear of the match, Jones perches himself up top, looking down at Hammonds and Duane Henry...]

GM: What's he...?

[Jones suddenly leaps into the air, slamming his feet down on the midsection of Duane Henry with a double stomp...

...which propels him back off, flipping through the air...]

GM: OH MY GOD!

[...and SLAMS backfirst across the chest of a downed Cletus Lee! The crowd ERUPTS from the breathtaking doubleteam!]

GM: WHAT WAS THAT?! WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT?!

BW: Jones hits the double stomp AND a swandive senton at the same time!
What an athlete!

[Jones flips over, applying the press on Cletus Lee...

...but the referee waves it off, pointing at Hammonds and Duane Henry.]

GM: Duane Henry's the legal man! He's the-

[Hammonds nods, taking a three-step run from the corner, swinging Duane Henry over his head as Hammonds leaps up, raising his legs...

...and BREAKS Duane Henry in half over the knees as he falls to his back!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Hammonds rolls aside, pointing to Jones who dashes towards him, scrambling to cover Duane Henry.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd ERUPTS at the upset victory as Jones rolls off, Hammonds yanking him to his feet as the party begins.]

GM: They did it! I can't believe it but Jones and Hammonds have just upset the National Tag Team Champions in the middle of the ring, Bucky!

BW: You called it right, Gordo - an upset indeed! Jones and Hammonds are a helluva team, we all knew that from the start... but I'm not sure ANYONE would've picked them to beat the champs clean as a whistle in the middle of it all.

GM: The Bishops are out! They're still the National Tag Team Champions so they will get a title shot at the eventual winners of this tournament but right now, they're on the outside looking in! Incredible!

[Hammonds lifts Jones onto his shoulders, the celebration raging out on the entrance ramp with Buford P. Higgins joining them.]

GM: With the way they're celebrating, you know how much this victory means to them as well, fans. But right now, let's go backstage to Mark Stegglet so he can talk about what this upset does to the night's brackets. Mark?

[Crossfade back to the "big board" where Mark Stegglet is standing with a big goofy grin on his face.]

MS: Thanks, Gordon! Wow! Right off the bat, the National Tag Team Champions have been ELIMINATED from the Stampede Cup tournament and I don't think any of us expected that already here tonight. But it has happened and we've got our first Semifinal locked with the victorious team of Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds advancing to meet the Blonde Bombers in the Semifinals in what should be an outstanding cont...

[Stegglet's voice trails off as he hears something off camera, turning his gaze in that direction.]

MS: What... what's going on?

[You can hear a little chatter off camera but it's not clear what's being said.]

MS: What?! What do you mean he's... [Shaking his head] Come on, follow me. I'm going to get to the bottom of this.

[The cameraman follows Mark and a couple of security guards toward a door marked "EXIT" and Mark pushes it open. He then hurries over toward a car that's pulled up a few feet away...

...and the car window comes down and "The Professional" Dave Cooper sticks his head out the window.]

MS: Hold on... Dave Cooper, you know very well you have been told not to set a foot inside the building tonight!

DC: Settle yourself down there, Stegglet... I'm not in the building, I'm just in the parking lot. Besides, you're the one who promises to get to the burning issue and I've got a burning issue for you right now!

MS: Look, we don't need you causing any trouble here...

DC: You think you got some position of authority around here just because you got these guys (motioning to the security guards) looking over your shoulder? All you are hear to do is talk to me and then I'm gonna be on my way... after all, I got a five-star suite waiting for me to relax at and watch as the Blonde Bombers win the Stampede Cup and the World Tag Team Titles!

[Stegglet shakes his head, persisting with his questions.]

MS: You know you are banned from the building, you have no business being here and I want to know what on earth has prompted you to even show up!

DC: First of all, Stegglet, the only reason I'm not going into that building is because I've got that five-star suite waiting for me, and second, this is just another example of how the AWA is putting the screws to Royalty! I only did what I did last night because I figured, if the AWA is gonna keep putting the screws to us, then we'll do the same to them and make sure their favored sons don't come within sniffing distance of the Stampede Cup! But I have faith that the Bombers are gonna make sure that they are the only tag team

left standing when all is said and done, so I'm gonna humor the AWA for one night... but I promise you this is the only night I'm gonna humor them.

[Cooper pauses, pointing at the camera.]

DC: And you can also relay a message to Bucky Wilde. I heard what he had to say about how Calisto Dufrense and that he was the uncrowned National Champion... when he knows very well that the only AWA National Champion is Mark Langseth.

But since Bucky was gracious enough to allow me on his Call of the Wilde about a year ago and let me air my grievances, I'm gonna let Bucky off easy. All he has to do is publicly apologize to Royalty for making such a mistake and I'll consider the matter closed... but it would be nice if he signed the petition to get Mark Langseth reinstated.

[A shocked Stegglet stands, jaw dropped.]

MS: I cannot believe what I am hearing... Bucky can be a pain, but making him apologize to Royalty? You have some nerve, Dave Cooper.

DC: I didn't ask for your analysis of what I just said, Stegglet... now, since you seem to be more interested in editorializing than doing your job of just standing there while I talk, I consider this to be the END of the discussion!

[And with that, Cooper starts up the car, then pulls away quickly, heading off toward the exit.]

MS: It seems being banned from the building just isn't enough to give us a night off from hearing that man... fans, we've gotta take a quick break but we'll be right back with more Stampede Cup action!

[Fade to black.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

...and we fade back up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... advancing to the Semifinals via a bye following the double disqualification in the first round...

[The shot zooms back to reveal a grinning Larry Doyle alongside his Blonde Bombers who are dressed for action.]

PW: THE BLONNNNNNNNDE BOMMMMBERRRRS!

[Watson starts to lower the mic when suddenly Larry Doyle snatches it away, shaking his head.]

LD: Wait, wait, wait, you can't just shoo us out of here like that, this ain't how you treat the future World Tag Team champions.

[Stanton talks a little trash to Phil Watson as Jacobs just stands there, arms crossed.]

LD: This is our match, we won a hard fought victory, and we got something to say.

[Doyle hands the mic to Stanton who holds it front of his manager's face as Doyle then reaches into his pocket and pulls out an iPhone, and presses a number on speed dial.]

LD: We got someone on the line who wants to say something...

[Doyle holds the phone up to the microphone as it rings...]

LD: Tell 'em, Mark.

[...just as Mark Langseth answers the phone. The sound of Langseth clearing his throat echoes out of the phone as the fans continue to jeer.]

ML: The following statement is NOT endorsed by the AWA... but rather is supported... by justice. Justice for inequity ALL across the AWA.

[Langseth pauses for dramatic effect.]

ML: Justice... for me.

[The crowd's booing intensifies.]

ML: And Justice for Royalty. For weeks you've heard Doyle, Stanton, Jacobs, and Cooper tell you all what was coming if our demands weren't met. The men of Royalty shouted through the twisted lies of the AWA to get the truth out there. To get our good name restored after the dictatorial and disastrous reign of...

[Dripping with hate, Langseth says the name of man who suspended him.]

ML: Jim Watkins.

[Langseth lets out a pained groan just at the thought of the former commissioner.]

ML: For all this place has done to try to destroy us, we've valiantly fought back. We've grown stronger. Courageous in every step, we go through those curtains, enter this arena, and absorb all your hate... all your bile and still... Still come out on top!

[The crowd obliges, using Langseth's pause to throw more "hate and bile" to Royalty.]

ML: AND DESPITE ALL THAT... This here - right now - is Royalty's night! This - right here - is the preview to the CORONATION of the TRUE Kings of tag team wrestling!

[Langseth pauses, letting that idea seep into the minds of the AWA fans. The Bombers perk up at the notion.]

ML: But isn't it a shame, AWA? Isn't it a shame that you still feel... threatened? Threatened by my presence? Threatened that I might "try something" to tarnish the old AWA good name? Isn't it a shame that because of your UNFOUNDED biases... I can't see - first hand - one of the proudest and brightest moments in AWA history?

[Tries his best to make his words sympathetic, but the crowd's not buying it.]

ML: But instead have to speak to you by phone... and watch on television... The crowning of YOUR new AWA World Tag Team champions... The Blonde Bombers! Two men I KNOW are worthy, that I KNOW can stand side-by-side with a fellow RIGHTFUL World Champion like myself!

[Langseth sounds out a laugh before continuing.]

ML: Isn't that shameful, AWA? I mean... what have I ever... ever really done to you?

[As Langseth hangs up the phone, Doyle turns it off and puts it back in his pocket.]

LD: The only thing that man has ever done to you all is show you what a real champion with real dignity is all about. Take a look at the wreckage you got calling yourself world champion, take a look at the pieces of human cholesterol you got taking up your airwaves, and think about what you DON'T have on your television screen and in the ring. Mark Langseth is a legend, tried and true, and your half cripple president doesn't have enough feeling in his legs to reinstate him!

And because of THAT, because of the cowardice and malice, because of the stupidity and ignorance that rule the AWA, we WILL win the Stampede Cup, we WILL win those AWA World Tag Team titles and we WILL shove it down! Your! THROATS!

[At that, the Bombers go to opposite turnbuckles, Stanton motioning for the belt around his waist, Jacobs roaring at the audience.]

LD: C'mon boys, we have a match to watch.

[As Doyle leads his tag team down the ramp, the fans jeer wildly.]

GM: Are they serious? How can they actually ask what has Mark Langseth done to the AWA? How can they ask that?

BW: Well, they've got a point, don't they? I mean, how long can you actually hold a grudge?

GM: A GRUDGE?! Give me a break! Fans, let's go backstage where the teams in our next match are standing by!

[Backstage. Mark Stegglet is standing next to a chain link fence enclosure.]

MS: Thank you, Gordon and Bucky. I'm here at this time with one of the two teams in the next matchup, and that's the team people have taken to calling RyGunn — the team of Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines, accompanied by Gunnar's son, Justin. Gentlemen, you had a difficult time in Round One, but you put away the Ring Workers and now you face the biggest tag team in the world, the Prehistoric Powers. Now that's gotta be tough.

[Gunnar Gaines is in his usual ring gear — flannel shirt over a thermal, cut off jeans, black boots — but this time is leaning on a crutch. Martinez, beside him, stands calmly, though burning with intensity. He wears a simple black "AWA" t-shirt, along with his ring trunks and boots. Justin Gaines stands behind them in his usual track suit.]

RM: First off, I want to say something. Last night? We had our first real test. And I think its safe to say, we passed with flying colors.

But Gunnar and I? We aren't content to get one big win. We want to win it all. Neither us of is going to be happy until we go home with the big Cup. And to do that?

Well, we're going to have to beat some big men.

Now, the Prehistoric Powers. They're big. Huge even. Yes, its going to be tough. But Gunnar and I? We like tough. We love challenges. We want to fight them, to show that big men just make a big noise when they topple. They say the Prehistoric Powers are the biggest tag team in the world?

I say they're about to take the biggest fall.

MS: You're not lacking for confidence. And any other time, that might be a good thing. But these are two big, powerful men. And they pose a, ahem, giant threat for you. What sorts of challenges, do you see for you and your partner, Gunnar?

GG: Man, but I hear what you were saying earlier, Mark. These guys may be a combined 840 pounds, but they're not exactly driving around in Rascals. They can move, too. And that makes them very, very dangerous. Not to mention any possible extracurricular assistance from Louis Matsui, and the fact that this ... [he reaches down and points at it] ... knee is screaming at me in 10 different dialects, and ain't none of them very polite. Short story long, it's not really looking like a slam dunk.

MS: You're sounding less confident than your partner.

[Gunnar attempts to answer, but he finds himself cut off by his young, perhaps over eager, partner]

RM: Before you say anything, let me remind you of something.

You're "the man who does not care." About pain. About your own welfare. About your opponent's welfare. About anything. You remember that?

[Gunnar cocks his head, then a smile slowly creeps across his face.]

GG: That's right. I did used to say that.

RM: Just remember it. Because I know I will.

JD: Is there a strategy that the two of you have in mind against these two mammoths?

GG: Maybe we do, but none that we wish to share. Now look. We knew going into this that it wasn't going to be easy, and it hasn't been. But I'm telling you right as I stand here that we're still in this thing. You would think that an older, injured man wouldn't stand a chance against those two huge monsters, no matter who the partner. But you'd be wrong, because I have backup from one of the brightest young stars in the game — and HE has

backup from me. There's lots of ways we're not alike, but what we share in common is that we never give up. Not ever.

RM: Lots of people say this, but I mean it. This is our time. Our night. There are a lot of big names, and a lot of great teams in this tournament. But I can feel in my bones. Tonight is the night for Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez.

We are going to win. We have to win. We are the best, you mark my words.

Both of us know what it takes to be the best. And both of us want it. And tonight? We're getting it.

GG: You see, Mark Stegglet, this kid here gets it. He realizes, like me, that Hammurabi's Code doesn't cut it. An eye for an eye? A knee for a knee? Put that garbage to bed and forget it. What I mean is, we don't just pay people back. We double it. Whatever you do to us, we do to you, but the thing is, we do it twice as hard. It's a little principle that I used to call Grizzly's Law. And I don't really care if it's visited on the guys who did it or the next two jerkwads who come along. It don't matter. I get satisfaction or I'll be damned. And in this case, satisfaction means we advance. And Ryan here feels the exact same way.

RM: There is something I want to address. Maybe its why you came at us questioning how we could do this. Maybe its why, Grizz, you were unsure for a minute. I'm talking about this..

[The camera follows Ryan, as he points to Gunnar's crutches.]

RM: Mark, you see this as a weakness. Matsui and his men? They're going to see it as a target. But let me tell you what I see.

I see the reason we're going to win.

See, I grew up in locker rooms. I grew around wrestlers. And I learned something. This is a tough sport, and its filled with tough men. But there's a difference between being a tough man, and being a great wrestler.

And its not skill. Its not technical wizardry. It's a matter of, can you do something that other people can't? Can you dig down deep, and pull yourself past the finish line, even when you're broken and bloody? Can you put your crutches down, and step out against the largest tag team on the planet?

Anyone can be tough for a minute. Anyone can throw a punch. But not every man can pull himself up and be a great wrestler. Not every man has what it takes to be a champion.

I've heard it from dozens of people.

"You want to know who's a real wrestler?" they'd say to me, "Gunnar Gaines, kid. That guy doesn't ever quit. You hurt him, he cripples you. That's a real wrestler, son."

Tonight, you're going to see that. You're going to see what a real wrestler is. That its not just about being big. And its not just about being able to hurt someone. Its about having the heart, determination and guts to play hurt.

To take on, and beat, the biggest tag team in the world.

Now, Mark, any more questions?

MS: Yes, I have a question for Gunnar. I do have to say, your son, Justin, handled himself well when he got pulled into the action unwillingly by the Ring Workers —

GG (interrupting): That's right. Now I realize he's a teen; teens get emotional. But he kept his head and responded only in ways that were appropriate. This is what happens when you are brought up in the Gaines family. It's no accident we've been in professional wrestling for three generations, going back to the carnival days, and it soon could be a fourth if Justin keeps making smart decisions like his dad Gunnar and his granddad Larry have taught him.

RM: Let me just say this. Tonight, Justin and I are both getting an education. We're both going to be there when Gunnar Gaines does what he always does – kick tail and win matches. I might be wrestling, but you can bet I'll be watching it. I'm going to learn what it means to be great. And then, both of us are going to have to figure out how we're going to share custody of that Cup.

JD: Gunnar, any words to add?

GG: Just three, Mark.

[He looks at Ryan with a glimmer in his eye, then back at the camera.]

GG: Count on it.

[We crossfade from a determined Gunnar Gaines to a shot of Jason Dane who is standing by with Louis Matsui and the Prehistoric Powers. The paunchy, bespectacled Asian, with light brown skin and short, wavy, black hair, is dressed in a navy suit, lavender shirt and red tie. He stands to Dane's left, smirking. The Japanese giant, dressed in a black singlet, stands to Matsui's left, glowering... Which leaves the masked MAMMOTH Maximus, who has on a black singlet with a silver M across the front, standing directly to Dane's right, breathing heavily down his neck, much to the broadcaster's discomfort.]

MM: Dane...

JD: Please...

MM: Daaane...

JD: Mister Matsui...

MM: DANE! Before Mister Matsui addresses our quarterfinal opponents, I want to congratulate Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez on their strong showing against a young, talented and HUNGRY team in the Ring Workers! Tonight, they step into the ring against another young, equally talented and a HUNGRIER team than the one they faced last night! Unfortunately for Gunnar and Ryan, this team's just that much bigger! And while we might not be the BADDEST! THANGS! RUNNING! We're pretty bad ourselves. We've got an answer to the Splashbuster! Ryan might have his brainbuster, but Mizusawa here has got his chokeslam. He's got the TUSK CRUSHA! Mizusawa's got his giant splash in answer to Gaines', and I can throw a Prehistoric Plunge on top of it for good measure! What I'm trying to say is...

GAINES!

MARTINEZ!

BRING THE WAAARRR!!!

JD: Um, Mister Matsui?

LM: Gunnar Gaines, Ryan Martinez, what you two have, that my clients lack, is pedigree. Which means they've had to fight harder for everything that they've achieved thus far! While you two represent the bridge between the past and the future of our sport, these two men ARE the future! And the future begins TONIGHT! Mister Bucky Wilde calls MAMMOTH Mizusawa a FUTURE World champion? Well, tonight, the future begins with the crowning of the Prehistoric Powers as your NEW AWA World Tag Team Champions! After we deal with Ryan and Gunnar, we get either Violence Unlimited or the Aces. With all due respect to Mister Percy Childes, my clients have got their work cut out for them with either one of those two teams, BUT! The semifinal is way too close to the end for us to be turned back! And after that? The finals... Who knows, maybe the Prehistoric Powers will FINALLY get their hands on the Blonde Bombers! Admit it, Jay-Dee, wouldn't THAT be a great match to cap the tournament?

[We fade away from Louis Matsui to a panning shot of the Oklahoma City crowd when suddenly a familiar throaty yell emanates from the arena speakers.]

IT'S MINE...

IT'S MINE...

THE WORLD IS MINE!

[The crowd erupts into jeers, as Black Sabbath's "Heaven and Hell" starts to play. Twenty-five seconds in, a masked mountain of a man, with lightly-tanned skin and brown eyes, emerges from the entranceway. He has on a black mask, with silver markings around the back forming two icy peaks; a black singlet, with a silver M across the front; black tights, black fingerless gloves, black knee pads, and a pair of black boots with silver trim.]

PW: This tag team contest is scheduled for one fall with a 45 minute time limit and is a Quarterfinal match in the Stampede Cup tournament!

[More jeering, as he is followed by the paunchy, smirking, bespectacled Asian, with light brown skin and short, wavy, black hair; dressed in a navy suit, lavender shirt, red tie and black Oxford shoes.]

PW: Introducing first, being accompanied to the ring by Mister Matsui...

[Matsui is followed by a scowling seven-foot Japanese giant. Thickly-built, with light brown skin, dark eyes and short, black hair, he has on a black singlet, black knee pads and a pair of black boots.]

PW: At a total combined weight of 840 pounds, they are MAMMOTH Maximus and MAMMOTH Mizusawa...

THE PREHISTORIC POWERSSS!!!

[With Maximus to his left and Mizusawa to his right, Matsui motions to his two clients. Mizusawa raises his right fist in the air, while Maximus balls his fists and extends his arms to either side of him. With a nod, Matsui leads the way towards the ring.]

As Louis Matsui makes his way down the elevated walkway, he is running his mouth, occasionally taunting the fans sitting on either side of the walkway with a smirk. MAMMOTH Maximus follows behind him, also jawing with the fans. MAMMOTH Mizusawa brings up the rear, still scowling. The booing continues as Matsui reaches the ring. He hangs back, letting Maximus pass and step through the ropes. Maximus balls up his fists and holds out his arms to either side of him. Behind him, Mizusawa steps over the top rope and simply walks over to the corner indicated by the official. He is soon joined by his tag team partner and his manager, who remains on the apron, giving his clients some pre-match instructions, as the song fades.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The indelible opening riff of "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers rings throughout the arena, and the fans cheer! As the famous open to the song reaches the point where the rest of the instruments kick in, it transitions right into "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead. At this point, Ryan Martinez and Gunnar "Grizzly" Gaines step through the curtain to the approval of the fans.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California and Fairbanks, Alaska respectively... at a total combined weight of 540 pounds...

...RYAN MARTINEZ and GUNNAR "GRIZZLY" GAINES!

[Gaines flashes his trademark Grizzly Grin, but replaces it quickly with a stonefaced, deadpan look as he looks down at the unfamiliar knee brace on his leg. His tall and muscular young partner matches his determined

expression. Both men stride side-by-side down the aisle. Gaines wears his usual black boots, cutoff jeans, thermal undershirt, open flannel shirt and black belt. His wild, long brown hair is tied back, but his beard is trimmed. Martinez wears long wrestling tights, black with a red inseam, and a pair black and red wrestling boots. He runs a hand through his slicked back brown hair as the two men approach ringside, climbing through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: This is such an intriguing match. Such an interesting mix of size and power, strength and speed, youth and experience.

BW: Gaines and Martinez don't stand a chance so cut the hype, Gordo.

GM: That's your opinion but I don't share it. I think as long as Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez keep their goals in sight, they stand a very good chance of making it deep into this tournament.

[With Phil Watson stepping out to the floor, an insistent Ryan Martinez gestures for Gunnar Gaines to get out on the apron. Gaines reluctantly nods, stepping through the ropes as Louis Matsui repeatedly gestures in Gaines' direction from his spot on the apron just before MAMMOTH Mizusawa steps out to the apron, leaving his partner behind.]

GM: It's gonna be MAMMOTH Maximus starting things off against Ryan Martinez... and it looked like Gunnar Gaines wasn't exactly thrilled about having to start this match on the apron but that had to be the right idea considering the knee injury he suffered last night against the Ring Workers.

BW: It's absolutely the right decision... but Gaines ain't ever been known for making good decisions. He's a hot head and if he ain't careful, that temper might cost him his career here tonight, Gordo.

GM: It certainly could. Just look at the opposition - a seven foot giant in MAMMOTH Mizusawa and a hulking behemoth like Maximus... those are two guys who can turn your lights out permanently in a hurry.

[Martinez stands a few feet from his corner, shaking out his arms as Maximus bounces from foot to foot, staring across the ring at his prey. Referee Davis Warren steps in the middle for a moment, check to make sure both men are ready for action, and signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! We already know two of the teams that will be in the Semifinals - the Final Four if you will - and we're about to find out the third. Will it be the Matsui Corporation's Prehistoric Powers or will one of the tournament's dark horses, Gunnar Gaines and Ryan Martinez, pull off the victory?

[Martinez suddenly rushes forward, feigning a collar and elbow attempt but instead going low to catch Maximus with a right hand to the ample midsection as he dashes by.]

GM: Martinez goes low... perhaps feeling the undeveloped abs of MAMMOTH Maximus is the soft spot.

BW: It's definitely the soft spot... weak spot may be another story... and did you just call Maximus fat?

GM: Not exactly, no.

[Maximus wheels around, giving a shout at Martinez who nods, dashing in again, throwing a second right hand to the gut!]

GM: Martinez goes downstairs again... showing some good strategy at the start of this one. You know he wants no part of trading blows with MAMMOTH Maximus, Bucky.

BW: If he's smart, he doesn't. If he's stupid like his old man, he'll do exactly that 'cause his old man would do it and call it brave or something while you would carry on about his heart and fighting spirit.

[Martinez rushes forward again...

...but this time, Maximus is ready for him, grabbing him by the shoulders and throwing him back into the Powers' corner!]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: They may make short work of him in there!

[Maximus squares up, throwing rights and lefts to the ribcage as Martinez tries to cover up to defend himself. A camera cut shows one of Mizusawa's gargantuan hands holding the back of Martinez' tights, keeping him trapped in the corner...

...when suddenly Martinez throws a back elbow to the chin of Mizusawa, cracking him on the chin!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Martinez throws three big haymakers to the side of Maximus' head before grabbing him by the arm, firing him into the corner where he collides with Mizusawa...

...which sends the giant falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Down goes the giant and- ROLLUP!

[The crowd roars as Martinez pulls Maximus down in a schoolboy rollup...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Maximus kicks out with power, sending Martinez sailing away.]

BW: No chance of that!

[Martinez is quickly back up though, catching a rising Maximus with a pair of big right hands to the skull. He grabs him by the back of the head, dragging him towards the neutral corner...]

GM: Martinez winds him up and- no! Maximus with a right hand downstairs of his own!

[The blow doubles up Martinez as Maximus grabs him by the arm, whipping him the short distance chestfirst into the buckles! The impact jolts Martinez who staggers back...]

...into a brutal clothesline to the back of the head that knocks him flat!]

GM: Good grief! What a clothesline by Maximus!

[An angry Maximus stands over the downed Martinez, glaring across at Gunnar Gaines who grits his teeth, standing still in the corner.]

“THE WORLD IS MINE! MINE!”

[Matsui cheers his man on from ringside as Maximus grabs Martinez by the arm, dragging him away from the ropes to the middle of the ring before slapping the giant’s hand...]

...and then stepping back as Mizusawa steps over the top rope to a buzz from the crowd.]

GM: The giant is in and Ryan Martinez is in some serious trouble, fans!

[The giant winds up his massive right arm...]

GM: ELBOW!

[But Martinez rolls aside, causing Mizusawa to smash into the canvas!]

GM: He missed!

[Mizusawa quickly gets back up, raising his right arm again as he steps towards the downed Martinez...]

...who rolls again, causing the giant to whiff on the elbowdrop!]

GM: He missed again!

[Martinez rolls to a knee, looking towards his corner where Gunnar Gaines has his arm outstretched...]

...and then shakes his head, turning back towards the rising giant.]

GM: You saw it right there... Martinez considered making the tag there but thought better of it.

[Martinez grabs Mizusawa's head with both hands, attempting to smash his skull into the mat...

...but the giant simply reaches up, shoving Martinez away!]

GM: The giant throws him away like he's nothing - just a paperweight!

[Mizusawa gets to his feet as Martinez moves in on him, rearing back a right hand...]

GM: UH OH!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as the giant hooks two big hands around the throat of Martinez... pauses...

...and then HURLS him towards the neutral corner where Martinez tumbles over the ropes, somehow landing safely on the apron where he reaches over the ropes, scoring with a right hand!]

GM: Big right hand from the apron!

[Stepping up to the middle rope, Martinez reaches out and cracks the giant with a second big haymaker...]

GM: Martinez is climbing the ropes - this is unusual for him!

[He places a foot on the top rope, looking more than a bit uncomfortable...]

BW: Sometimes you gotta dig deep when the stakes are this high! Martinez is writing a new page of his playbook before our very eyes and-

[He leaps off the top, connecting with a flying shoulderblock on Mizusawa, sending him stumbling back!]

GM: The flying tackle off the top stuns the giant but does not drop him!

[Martinez scrambles up, fists clenched and at the ready...]

GM: Big right hand... and another... a third connects as well!

[Martinez grabs a lengthy arm, looking for a whip but the giant reverses it with ease, sending the second generation star into the ropes...

...and knocks him flat with a standing shoulder tackle!]

GM: Martinez ran full force into the giant and still hit the canvas himself!

[The giant winds up again, this time connecting with an elbowdrop that connects right down on the sternum of Ryan Martinez!]

BW: Gaaah! He might've caved the kid's chest in with that!

[The Japanese giant rolls into a cover, putting all his weight across the torso.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- no! Martinez slips free!

[Glaring at the official, Mizusawa retakes his feet, looking out to Louis Matsui who is shouting in Japanese at his massive charge.]

GM: Mizusawa, Maximus, and Matsui have plenty of experience of wrestling in Japan but Ryan Martinez does as well, fans. Ryan Martinez threw aside any parental favors that his dad was willing to pull to get him a job in this business and went to Japan. Went to Japan and into the infamous dojos to learn the mastery of this sport.

BW: That ain't a fun life, Gordo. Those guys are mean, malicious, and cruel and take a special kind of joy in breaking these kids trying to make it into the business.

[Mizusawa reaches down, grabbing Martinez by the throat with his right hand and deadlifting Martinez' 255 pounds off the canvas.]

GM: If you can make it through training in Japan, many believe you can make it anywhere in this sport, fans... well, we may be about to find out just how much that experience gave Ryan Martinez. How much toughness... and mock it if you will, Bucky, but how much fighting spirit!

[Mizusawa hoists Martinez into the air, looking for a chokeslam...

...but Martinez slips out, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[...and DRIVES the giant's skull into the canvas with a DDT!]

GM: DDT! DDT! WHAT A COUNTER OUT OF MARTINEZ!!

[Martinez flips the giant onto his back, diving across the chest...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[The shoulder rolls up off the canvas as the crowd roars with disappointment!]

GM: He almost had him, Bucky! We're about five minutes into this matchup and Ryan Martinez almost shocked the world!

BW: A matchlike this with heavy hitters like these can end at any given moment, Gordo. Martinez hit the big DDT counter to the chokeslam, either of which could've ended this thing!

[Martinez pushes up to his knees, looking up at his corner again where Gunnar Gaines is shouting for a tag...

...but again Martinez shakes him off, raising his right hand and dropping to his knees, burying the fist between the eyes!]

GM: Big fistedrop by Martinez! That oughta keep the giant down for a bit and Martinez is back to his feet, looking around...

BW: I don't think he knows what to do, Gordo. Ryan Martinez is still just a young pup in this business. He hasn't had a ton of big match experience and with men the size of Mizusawa and Maximus in there with him, he may not be sure what moves he can use on these two.

GM: Martinez is heading to the neutral corner, hopping up to the middle rope...

[Martinez stands tall, looking down at Mizusawa before leaping off, dropping a big splash on the giant!]

GM: A splash off the second rope... ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The giant pushes up hard, flinging Martinez into the air and off of him but Martinez goes right back on him, grabbing his head with his left hand and hammering away with his right!]

GM: Martinez is fighting hard! Fighting fiercely! He's throwing those big haymakers from the mount position, trying to batter him down into the mat...

[Suddenly, MAMMOTH Maximus comes into the ring, raising his arms above his head...

...and Gunnar Gaines comes into view, throwing a haymaker to the jaw of Maximus!]

GM: Gaines is in!

BW: SWEEP THE LEG!

[The crowd is roaring as "Grizzly" is hammering away with right hands to the jaw of MAMMOTH Maximus!]

GM: Gaines is in and he's bringing the fight to Maximus!

[The blows sends Maximus back against the ropes as Gaines clenches his right hand, spits on it, and lets it fly, connecting with a huge uppercut that causes Maximus to sail through the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: GAINES SENDS MAXIMUS TO THE FLOOR!

[Turning around, Martinez shouts something at Gaines who ignores him, helping his younger partner get Mizusawa off the mat and up against the ropes, each grabbing an arm...]

GM: Double whip...

[Gaines grabs Martinez by the wrist, going for a double clothesline but the giant raises his own arms, bowling both men over and down to the mat with a clothesline of his own!]

GM: Ohhh my! The giant takes 'em down!

[Mizusawa lets loose a bellow as he grabs Gunnar Gaines by the foot, lifting the injured leg off the mat...

...and DROPS a heavy elbow down on the kneebrace!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Gaines cries out in pain, instantly grabbing at his leg and rolling away from the giant who sits up on the mat, a grin on his face as Gaines rolls right out under the ropes, crumpling in a heap. The camera cuts to ringside where a concerned Justin Gaines is looking on, a panicked expression on his face.]

BW: I love it, Gordo!

GM: What?!

BW: Martinez told Gaines to stay out of it! He had the match in hand and Gaines ran in there like an idiot to try and help when Maximus came in... now he's paying the price for it!

[A smirking Mizusawa approaches the ropes, looking down at the screaming Gaines and shouts something in Japanese at him.]

GM: What could he possibly be saying right now? What could he possibly have to say to the man he just tried to cripple with that massive elbowdrop to the knee?

[Louis Matsui stands over Gaines as well, shouting at the veteran as MAMMOTH Maximus gets back to his feet on the ring apron, slapping the hand of the giant.]

GM: Maximus is hot and he wants back in there.

[The former American Mastadon bodily pulls Martinez off the mat, shoving him back into a neutral corner.]

GM: Uh oh... Maximus is laying in the heavy shots...

[First, he goes downstairs, throwing punches to both sides of the ribcage. Slowly, he works his way up the ladder until he's throwing hooking blows to the sides of the head that are staggering the second generation star with every shot.]

GM: Get him out of the corner, ref!

[Davis Warren steps in, trying to do exactly that.]

GM: Maximus is paying him no attention! He continues to hammer away at a stunned and dazed Martinez!

[The referee steps in again, this time managing to get Maximus several feet back. The big man glares at the official before moving back in, grabbing an arm to fire Martinez from corner to corner...]

GM: Martinez hits the far corner hard... and here comes Maximus!

[The charging Maximus leaves his feet, leaping towards a stunned Martinez...

...and CRUSHES him in the corner with a flying body splash!]

GM: Big splash in the buckles - he squashed him!

[Martinez staggers out towards a waiting Maximus who tees off with another hooking blow to the temple, knocking the youngster off his feet.]

GM: Maximus has got Martinez just laid out in front of him and if Martinez can't turn this around quickly, this one's gonna be over, fans.

BW: Martinez just can't fight these two monsters all by himself!

GM: But when Gaines got involved, you called him an idiot!

BW: He IS an idiot! Just cause Martinez can't fight 'em himself doesn't mean Gaines should risk what's left of his career for the kid. Leave 'em hangin' and go home if you ask me.

GM: You're incredible.

[Maximus leans down, tugging Martinez into position as he heads towards the corner again...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: I just heard Louis Matsui call for the Prehistoric Plunge! He's gonna put Martinez in a hole somewhere where only his daddy can remember what he looked like to identify him!

[Maximus steps up onto the middle rope, reaching down with both hands to grab the top rope...]

GM: He's starting to bounce... starting to build some momentum...

[Maximus bounces over and over, building up speed...

...and finally leaps up, throwing his body parallel to the canvas...]

GM: PREHISTORIC PLUNGE!

[...and CRUSHES Ryan Martinez beneath him!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: That's it! Ring the bell!

GM: Maximus with a cover - ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Gunnar Gaines, back on his feet but hobbling, throwing a right hand through the ropes, catching Maximus squarely on the jaw and knocking him out of the pinning predicament!]

GM: Ohh! Gunnar Gaines just saved his partner's skin right there!

[Martinez rolls to his side, crawling across the ring as an angry Maximus gets to his feet, leaning over the ropes to shout at Gaines who engages him, returning the trash talk as good as he's getting it!]

GM: Gaines and Maximus are yelling at one another and in the meantime...

BW: In the meantime, Ryan Martinez is getting a chance to recover! Maximus, turn around, ya goof!

GM: Maximus is allowing himself to be distracted by Gunnar Gaines and you can bet the veteran Gaines knows EXACTLY what he's doing here. He's giving his young partner a chance to get a second wind... to recover from that Prehistoric Plunge..

[Louis Matsui sees what's going on and leaps into the fray, shouting at Maximus and gesturing him back towards Ryan Martinez who is crawling across the ring, heading towards his corner...]

GM: Is Martinez looking for a tag?!

BW: He's a damn fool if he is! Gaines ain't in any better shape than he is!

GM: I don't know about that. Gunnar Gaines' knee is a wreck but he didn't take a Prehistoric Plunge!

[Maximus turns around, sizing up Martinez as the second generation star pulls himself up in the corner...]

GM: Here comes Maximus!

[Another flying corner splash is attempted...

...but Martinez yanks himself clear, causing Maximus to slam chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Martinez turns, holding onto the top rope and using it to pull himself towards the corner, cracking Maximus in the temple with a brutal forearm shot!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez cracks him with that forearm!

[Hanging onto the top turnbuckle, Martinez throws forearm after forearm as quickly and with as much impact as he can before the referee steps in, laying in a four count that backs Martinez up...

...before he pushes his way back in, teeing off with a knife edge chop!]

GM: Martinez is trying to fight his way back into this thing... first the forearms in the corner and now some chops as well, lighting up the chest of Maximus!

[Red welts start to form on the chest of Maximus as chop after chop connects on the broad pectorals. He grabs the mask of the doubled-up Maximus, blasting him with a headbutt that knocks Maximus down to a knee...]

GM: Martinez has got him kneeling on the mat... ohh! Hard knee to the mush! Martinez is throwing anything and everything at him - knees, elbows, forearms, kicks, headbutts!

[With Maximus on a knee, Martinez hooks a front facelock, slinging one of the big man's arms over his neck...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: No way, Gordo!

GM: He's going for the Brainbuster!

[But Maximus throws a few short right hands to the ribs, easily escaping the hold...]

BW: Like I said, no way!

[Maximus pushes to his feet, pulling Martinez into a standing headscissors...]

GM: He's going for a powerbomb!

[Maximus sets his feet, reaching down to hook his arms around the torso...]

GM: HE LIF- NO!

[The powerbomb attempt is upended as Martinez straightens up, backdropping Maximus up and over to the canvas! The young man collapses to his knees, breathing heavily as Maximus lies flat on his back on the mat.]

GM: Ryan Martinez saved himself yet again... but you have to wonder just how long can he keep it going? How long can he keep saving himself from these two towers of humanity?!

[Martinez grabs the ropes, pulling himself to his feet, breathing hard as he faces his corner where Gunnar Gaines is again waiting with his hand stretched out as far as he can.]

GM: Gaines wants the tag but will Martinez give it to him? He's had several chances to do so so far in this one but each and every time, he's refused to do it to protect his partner!

[Shaking his head, Martinez clings to the ropes, breathing heavily as he turns his body. Gaines claps his hands together in frustration, shouting at Martinez again as the young lion waves a hand, calling for Maximus to get back to his feet...]

GM: Maximus is stirring, climbing back up...

[Shoving off the ropes, Martinez smashes him with a right hand... and another... and another. He grabs the dazed Maximus by the hand, swinging him into an Irish whip...]

GM: Maximus off the far side...

[Martinez hunches down, lifting Maximus up for a Samoan Drop but the big man floats over, throwing a hooking blow to the ribcage from behind Martinez to stun him. He hooks a waistlock from behind...]

GM: He's got him hooked!

[A desperate Martinez throws a flurry of back elbows to the side of the head, fighting out of the German Suplex attempt before breaking into another dash to the ropes...]

GM: Martinez comin' off hot...

[He swings his arm for a clothesline but Maximus blocks it, hooking him around the head and neck before lifting him up...

...and SLAMMING him down to the canvas with a uranage slam!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A dazed Maximus falls back to the corner, slapping the giant's hand.]

GM: Mizusawa's back in... and he's immediately into the ropes...

[The giant slowly walks out, looking to finish it...]

GM: SPLASH!

[The 420 pounds CRUSHES Martinez into the canvas as the referee dives down to count!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd collectively gasps as Gunnar Gaines makes a diving save, just narrowly breaking up the pin before the three count is official. Louis Matsui can be heard SCREAMING at the referee from ringside as Gaines gets up, raising his hands to back off as the official forces Gaines back out to the apron.]

BW: Gunnar Gaines just saved this match - and this tournament - for he and Martinez right there. The splash would've been enough. It would've been all over.

GM: You're absolutely right. We're just shy of fifteen minutes into this match - fifteen minutes that has seen Ryan Martinez compete for the entire time against two colossal titans! Something's gotta give here, Bucky. I know he doesn't want to do it but Ryan Martinez has GOT to make the tag.

[Mizusawa slowly gets to his feet, absolutely fuming as he stares in the direction of Gunnar Gaines. He raises an arm, pointing at Gaines in a threatening fashion before reaching down with the same arm to hook Martinez around the throat...

...and deadlifts him up to his feet, holding him at full extension. Martinez is barely able to stand but the giant keeps him there as he stares at Gaines.]

GM: Mizusawa's got Ryan Martinez at his mercy! Martinez needs to find a way out of this. He needs to get free from this!

[Martinez flails at the arm grabbing his throat, trying to swat his way free with weakened blows that don't have the same fire they had fifteen minutes earlier...

...and as the giant rests his eyes on him, he joins a second hand to the first, gripping the throat with both hands!]

GM: Oh no! He's got him hooked! He's looking for the Tusk Crusher!

BW: If he hits it-

GM: No doubt!

[Mizusawa powers Martinez up into the air, dangling him high for one and all to see. Instead of immediately driving him down, Mizusawa decides to take a victory lap, walking around the ring with Martinez held high in the air in the double choke...]

BW: This is a beautiful sight, Gordo! Martinez is gonna go down to an even BETTER version of his father's own move!

[Mizusawa gives a bellow...

...when suddenly Martinez swings his knee forward, catching Mizusawa FLUSH in the face! The blow staggers the giant as Martinez falls to the mat, turns to crawl...]

GM: HE'S GOING FOR THE CORNER!

[...and makes a diving tag to a waiting Gunnar Gaines!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Gaines comes through the ropes, fists clenched. He gives a whoop, rushing towards the dazed giant!]

"FIFTEEN MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

[Gaines comes in hot, throwing haymakers that batters Mizusawa back against the ropes. The Hall of Famer squares up, fists at the ready as he throws a left, a right, a left, a right, a left, a right... and then slams a forearm into the jaw before cracking him with an uppercut!]

GM: Ohh! What a right hand! What an uppercut!

[But the giant does not fall, still leaning against the ropes. Gaines shakes his head in a bit of disbelief before throwing a right jab... a second right jab... a left hook... and then another powerful uppercut that snaps the giant's head back, causing one foot to come off the mat...]

GM: Mizusawa's staggered!

[Gaines drops down, grabbing the other leg of Mizusawa, trying to upend him over the ropes...

...but the giant's having none of that, slamming the point of his elbow down between the shoulderblades, knocking Gaines down to a knee.]

GM: Oh! Mizusawa drops him with one shot. He took punch after punch from Gaines but comes back with just one shot to battle back and drop his opponent.

[Mizusawa leans down, grabbing Gaines by the hair...

...and flattening him with a big headbutt that connects between the eyes, knocking Gaines to the canvas.]

GM: The giant lays him out... and he's backing into the ropes...

[Mizusawa slowly steps off the ropes, taking one very slow move at a time...

...and DROPS a massive leg across the chest!]

GM: LEGDROP! LEGDROP!

[Staying seated with the leg across the chest, the giant waves for the official to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Gaines pushes up on the leg, toppling Mizusawa over and escaping the pin attempt.]

GM: Gaines is out at two! He pushed the leg off himself to get out of that.

BW: If Mizusawa had gone for a legitimate lateral press there, this match would be over, Gordo! He got lazy! He got sloppy! And Matsui's letting him hear it right now.

GM: Mizusawa's back on his feet though and Gaines is struggling to get off all fours...

[The giant stands over him, raising his arm high...

...and DROPS a four hundred pound elbow down into the kidneys!]

GM: Good grief!

[Mizusawa gets back up, dropping a second elbow across the back before rolling Gaines onto his back, this time going for a lateral press...

...but again only getting a two count as Gaines lifts a shoulder!]

GM: The giant is angry! He's shouting at the referee who is backing away - wisely, I might add.

[Mizusawa climbs to his feet, kicking the foot of Gaines to throw his leg out to the side.]

GM: Oh no. Mizusawa just pulled that leg out there, exposing it all alone...

[The four hundred pounder backs into the ropes, walking back towards Gaines...]

BW: HE'S GONNA SPLASH THE LEG!

[...and LEAPS!]

GM: BIG SPLAAAAAA-

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE SPLASH!! GAINES ROLLED ASIDE!

[Gaines crawls to the ropes, dragging himself back up to his feet as the giant starts to stir, getting to all fours. The giant climbs to his feet, pointing a finger at Gaines who rushes him, lowering his shoulder...]

GM: Ohh! Big tackle to the gut of the giant!

[Mizusawa again stumbles back but the tackle does not drop the colossal giant. Gaines straightens up, throwing a series of jabbing right hands...

...and then leans in, sinking his teeth into the forehead of the dazed giant!]

GM: HE'S BITING HIM! HE'S BITING THE GIANT!!

[The referee's count forces Gaines to back up at four. But he quickly shoves the official aside, moving back in...]

GM: Big right hand... and another... Gaines is just throwing those big ol' hambones to the skull of the giant over and over again!

BW: I don't know if he can do anything else. He's hobbling with every step! That knee is in ruins right now, daddy!

[Gaines buries a boot into the gut, dashing to the ropes...

...and POPPING Mizusawa in the skull with a running kneelift!]

GM: OHHHH! YOU COULD HEAR THAT BACK IN TEXAS!!

BW: It's the kneebrace! The kneebrace! That's a DQ, ref!

GM: That would be at the referee's discretion and he's waving for the match to continue!

[The brace-enhanced kneelift causes Mizusawa to fall back into the neutral corner, arms draped over the top rope as Gaines mounts the midbuckle, raising his right hand...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"
"EIGHT!"
"NINE!"
"TEN!"

[Gaines hops down, wincing as he does so. Suddenly, he pushes one leg off the mat, only putting weight on the other leg as he secures a side headlock. Gaines gives a big wave of the arm, charging out of the corner...

...and leaps up, SMASHING the face into the canvas!]

GM: BULLDOG!! BULLDOG!! THE GIANT'S BEEN DROPPED!!

[Gaines flips the giant to his back, trying to grab for a leg but failing as the referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Mizusawa is having none of it, shoving Gaines off of him.]

GM: Out at two! The giant's out at two!

[Gaines takes the mount on the mat, hammering away to the cheers of the crowd. He keeps throwing those clenched fists until the count of four at which point he gets up, backing off...]

GM: Gaines is back against the ropes, waving for the giant to get up.

BW: But he's shaking that leg as well. The knee's a mess, Gordo! Gunnar Gaines doesn't want to admit it but that leg is a wreck!

GM: He's trying to hit and move. Get the big shot in and then get away to recover... trying to shake out the pain in that leg. The doctors have told me that he shouldn't even be competing tonight on their recommendation. But he refused to listen! Refused to stay away! Refused to back down!

[Gaines is winding up his right arm, watching and waiting as the giant tries to get back to his feet...

...and then rushes back in, throwing the big clothesline, and BOUNCING it off the forehead of Mizusawa!]

GM: OHHHH! WHAT A SHOT!!

[The giant stands but his eyes go blank, glazed over as he tries to stay on his feet. Gaines stands in front of him with a shout of, "FALL, DAMN IT!"]

BW: Gaines threw the best clothesline he's got and he couldn't knock him down!

[Gaines rushes to the ropes again, wincing with every step which slows him down a heck of a lot...

...enough that as he runs back at the giant, he gets caught with a big boot under the chin!]

GM: OHHH! THE GIANT DROPS HIM!!

[After hitting the big boot, the giant staggers back, throwing a hand at his partner!]

GM: The tag is made... and in comes Maximus!

[Maximus rushes in, pulling Gaines off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: No, no, no!

[He reaches down, hooking his arms around the torso.]

GM: He's gonna powerbomb Gunnar Gaines! He's gonna- HE LIFTS!

[Maximus gets Gaines all the way up, lifting the near-three hundred pounder with ease...

...but the veteran takes himself all the way over the top, hooking a sunset flip...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP! SUNSET FLIP!!

BW: He can't bring Maximus down!

[Maximus teeters and totters...]

GM: NO!

[...and LEAPS up, looking to squash Gaines under him!]

BW: AHHH!

GM: HE MISSED!!

[Maximus sits on the mat, wincing in pain as Gaines gets back up, reaching down to adjust his kneebrace as the referee gets into a shouting match with Louis Matsui who is up on the apron...

...and then dashes to the ropes, rebounding off...]

BW: NO!

[...SLAMMING the metal kneebrace into the mush of Maximus!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: THAT MIGHT DO IT!! THAT MIGHT BE ENOUGH!!

[Gaines collapses into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!! FOUR!! FIVE!! COME ON, REFEREE!

[The crowd begins to jeer Davis Warren who is still tied up with Louis Matsui...

...which allows the giant to step in, walking towards Gaines who is still down in the lateral press...]

GM: SPLASH!

[But Gaines rolls aside, causing Mizusawa to drop four hundred plus pounds on his own tag team partner!]

GM: HE SPLASHED MAXIMUS!!

[The giant staggers back to his feet...

...when suddenly Ryan Martinez comes tearing across the ring, throwing himself into a high impact spear tackle that sends Mizusawa staggering back, falling into the ropes where his arms get trapped between the top and middle ropes!]

GM: HE'S TRAPPED! THE GIANT IS TRAPPED!!

[A dazed Martinez gets up as Louis Matsui is ordering the referee to help him free the giant!]

GM: Mizusawa is trapped in the ropes and... Gunnar Gaines is shouting at Martinez... he's telling him...

BW: What's he pointing at?

GM: Gaines is going up top!

BW: Oh my god. He's gonna blow his knees into a million pieces!

[Gaines slowly climbs, Martinez shaking his head in a mixture of defiance and disbelief as he watches his veteran partner scale the ropes.]

GM: Can Gaines even get enough power in that leg to jump off the top that far?! Can he even DO the Grizzly Splash with as bad as his knee is right now?!

BW: He shouldn't have done it last night! He should've left the thing in mothballs like the rest of his career!

[Gaines reaches the top... and frantically waves a defiant Martinez towards him...]

GM: What's he...? Oh my god.

[A reluctant Martinez is still shaking his head as he walks across the ring, striding to where Gaines is standing atop the rope...

...and reaches up to grab his partner!]

GM: Oh no, oh no, oh no!

[Martinez gives a shout, hurling his own partner through the air, sending him sailing towards the prone MAMMOTH Maximus...

...who gets CRUSHED underneath the Grizzly Splash!]

GM: ROCKET GRIZZLY SPLASH!!

BW: That guy's nuts! His knees just splintered into fragments!

[A pain-ravaged Gaines reaches back, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! GAINES AND MARTINEZ ADVANCE!

BW: I can't... I'm in shock, Gordo! Gaines just put himself in a hospital bed if you ask me... those knees have gotten be destroyed after that Rocket Launcher!

GM: He's having a very hard time getting back to his feet. That much is clear. Ryan Martinez is helping him up... and you've gotta wonder if even a trip to the Semifinals was worth that.

BW: Martinez knew what Gaines had in mind and Martinez wanted no part of it. He tried to refuse... he tried a couple of times but Gaines insisted on it. I get it, Gordo... I do. Gunnar Gaines knows he's on borrowed time in this sport. He doesn't have that many matches left in him - kinda like Monosso - so Gaines was willing to take that risk if it meant one more night of glory.

GM: You gotta be in it to win it and Gunnar Gaines wants those World Tag Team Titles SO badly, fans.

[With Martinez' assistance, Gaines exits the ring, very visibly limping as Martinez helps his elder partner down the aisle to the cheers of the fans.]

GM: We've got three teams in the Semifinals now... and only one match remaining in our Quarterfinals. Who will move on to face Gaines and Martinez? Will it be The Aces or will it be Violence Unlimited? We're going to find out after this break!

[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...]

Fade to the interview stage where Mark Stegglet is standing by with "Delicious" Daniel Tyler and "Sweet" Steven Childes. Both men are still in their wrestling attire, and are sporting a new set of Pharaoh masks. "The Collector of Oddities" Percy Childes, clad in a light grey suit with a dark reddish-violet undershirt and white tie, waddles into the picture standing behind his nephew. The bald, goateed, rotund manager pats Steven on the shoulder.]

MS: With me right now are the Aces. Last night, the two of you defeated the team of Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez.

[Steven interrupts.]

SC: And it couldn't have happened to two nicer guys, Mark.

[Round of boos for that.]

DT: We came in and did what we said we were going to do. We beat the Princes of the AWA; one, two, three. Right there in the middle of that ring.

MS: You two STOLE a victory from Scott and Vasquez.

SC: We didn't steal anything, Mark. We've TOLD you and everyone else exactly what we were going to do. Last night? We went out there and did just that. We beat not just one... but TWO former National Champions. Who else in this tournament could've done that!? NO ONE but the Aces, Mark. First round, two former National Champions are teaming up and WE have to face them. Round Two? We have to face former National Tag Team Champions. Do you HONESTLY think the brackets are COINCIDENCE?

DT: Where's Jason Dane to ask the "tough" questions about how the brackets were determined?

SC: Stevie Scott and Juan Vasquez have a moment of reprieve for now. That brings us to Violence Unlimited.

[BIG cheers.]

SC: The twenty ten Stampede Cup Winners. Took the Texas Royal family to the limit in twenty eleven. Morton and Haynes, you two have had a stellar career in the AWA tag ranks. Tonight, in the semi-finals, you're gonna come up short. This is twenty thirteen, the YEAR of the Aces!

DT: Two big bruisers against two high-flyers, it's the classic match up, Mark. Only, the Aces have more tricks up our sleeve since we turned the helm over to Uncle Percy.

[Percy smiles.]

MS: Like increasing the odds to your favor by using numbers?

DT: That's only one of a myriad of things we can do, Mark. Uncle Percy isn't a one trick pony, or haven't you been paying close attention the past few years?

[Danny grins at Stegglet who rolls his eyes.]

MS: We saw Rick Marley come out and assist you two in winning. Has he joined the Unholy Alliance?

SC: You'd have to ask him, Mark. He's quite capable of speaking for himself.

MS: What about the masked man who stole the pin on Stevie Scott?

DT: First things first, stop using the words "stole", "cheat", or any other words with a negative connotation. History doesn't remember HOW you won. History remembers WHO won. The Aces WON last night. And second? It's pretty obvious I crawled back under the ring to put my mask BACK on. I suffered a bruised recticular cheek bone thanks to Juan Vasquez' ILLEGAL right cross.

MS: So, if that was you, then WHAT was in the mask? You knocked Stevie Scott silly with ONE shot.

[Danny Tyler laughs.]

DT: Well... DUH! MY HEAD!

[More laughter from the three.]

SC: Morton and Haynes, the Aces are winning the Cup and those titles. By hook or by crook. Tonight is OUR night.

[Percy steps forward. He idly taps his crystal-tipped cane into the palm of his hand as he speaks.]

PC: Mark Stegglet, you have many questions. You will receive an answer at the same time the whole world receives an answer. When my Aces stand astride the wrestling world as the World Tag Team Champions, everything will be perfectly clear. My men will establish the new glass ceiling of professional wrestling: with us on top, and the rest of you all crammed in underneath it.

You take a look at what happened on Night One. You take a good look. Your heroes fell, one by one. All the favored souls, those who pander to the fans to achieve that marketability that the AWA suits love so much... when it came time to decide who was moving on and who had to move along, the results were evident. Supernova and Sharif? Gone. The Lynches? Gone. Gaines and Martinez advanced, but at such a price that they're as good as gone. The team that the fans got to vote into the field for free? Gone. November and Tetsuo? One of them's in traction and the other hasn't woken up yet. Vasquez and Scott? Well, let's just say that perhaps all those bold proclamations about their unbeatability were a bit premature and ill-conceived.

The only ones you cheer who are left standing and who are doing so on all four legs is Violence Unlimited. They will make many grandiose threats, many macho and anatomically-impossible claims. I will not bother to threaten them as they don't have the sense to understand why they should be afraid. I will merely state that they're the ones who profited from our many... misfortunes handed to us by the previous dictatorship. We have not

forgotten. We have not forgiven. And we will take our revenge. By any means necessary.

[An uncharacteristic smirk by Percy follows as he closes with one addendum.]

PC: Or any means we feel like using.

[Percy's nephew interjects one last statement.]

SC: Pay attention tonight, Stegglet. Any means we feel like using. Watch how you put out a potential fire.

[Percy heads off, and the Aces follow, working the crowd the whole way as Phil Watson begins to speak.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a 45 minute time limit and is the final match in the Quarterfinals of the Stampede Cup.

Introducing first... at a total combined weight of 415 pounds... they are accompanied to the ring by Percy Childes and Radiant Raven... "Delicious" Daniel Tyler... "Sweet" Steven Childes...

THE AAAAAAACES!

[The sounds of "Dancing Queen" by Redd Kross starts up to even louder jeers as the Aces, Raven, and Percy Childes make their way from the interview area over to the elevated walkway, slowly making their way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: There are many fans who believe 2013 will be the year of the Aces after coming up short on several occasions of even GETTING a shot at the National Tag Team Titles.

BW: No transportation problems, no fluky business. This is the night that the Aces - and the entire Unholy Alliance for that matter - get what they've got coming to them.

GM: I believe that what you feel they have coming to them and what the rest of us feel they have coming to them are very, very different.

[The rulebreaking faction reaches the ring, their music starting to fade as the Oklahoma City crowd begins to loudly buzz in anticipation of what's coming next. As the initial guitar riff to "Shout At The Devil" kicks in, the crowd ERUPTS!]

PW: And their opponents...

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[The crowd sings along with the intro, roaring to life as the multi-time international tag team champions comes storming into view.]

PW: From Moscow, Tennessee and Tulsa, Oklahoma respectively...they are former AWA National Tag Team Champions AND the 2010 Stampede Cup winners...

"The Hammer" Jackson Haynes... Danny Morton...

VIOOOOLENNNNCE UNNNNNLIMITED!

[By this point, the crowd is going hoarse as Danny Morton flips back his hooded robe, throwing his arms up and yanking them back down with a powerful shout. A smirking Jackson Haynes does a full spin before whipping his hat towards the entrance curtain, wheeling around and pointing right at the ring.]

GM: Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes form one of the most successful tag teams in professional wrestling history. Whether it's here in the AWA, in Japan, in Europe, or all over the globe, success has followed these two men wherever they've gone.

BW: Which makes it especially hard for them when they lose right now!

GM: We'll see about that, Bucky.

[As Morton and Haynes draw near the ring, "Sweet" Steven Childes decides to take to the sky, dashing across the ring, leaping up to the top rope, and springing off...]

GM: CHILDES FLIIIIIIIES!

[His flying crossbody gets him snatched out of the sky by the ever-powerful Danny Morton!]

GM: OHH! HE'S CAUGHT! HE GOT CAUGHT!!

[Morton gives a big shake of his head as the crowd roars...

...and he easily lifts Childes above his head in a gorilla press, turning to face the ringside crowd as Daniel Tyler and Percy Childes are losing their minds inside the ring!]

GM: No, no! Don't do that, Danny!

BW: He's gonna cripple the kid!

[Suddenly, Morton turns towards the ring, breaking into a charge...

...and HURLS Childes over the top rope, sending him crashing down onto a shocked Daniel Tyler who gets wiped out as well! Jackson Haynes gives a big war whoop, chucking his hat into the air as Morton grabs the top rope, sticking out his tongue and stepping up on the middle rope with a shout of his own.]

GM: DANNY MORTON WIPE OUT THE ACES!!

[A fired-up Morton steps over the ropes into the ring as Haynes steps in. Tyler and Childes roll out to the floor...

...which leaves Percy Childes all alone inside the squared circle with Violence Unlimited!]

GM: Oh my! Percy's trapped in there with Morton and Haynes!

BW: Get out of there, Percy! Get out now!

[A panicked Collector of Oddities first tries to beg off, pleading for his life as Morton and Haynes approach, the crowd absolutely roaring at this point, begging for the fan favorites to put a beating on one of the most hated men in all of professional wrestling.]

GM: Percy's got nowhere to run! Nowhere to hide!

[Childes suddenly spins, making a break for the ropes...

...but Morton easily catches him, grabbing him by the suit jacket and yanking him back to the middle of the ring where he grabs Childes' arms, holding them behind the portly manager as Jackson Haynes looks on with a gleeful grin on his face.]

GM: They got him, Bucky! They got him!

BW: I gotta get in there and help him!

GM: They'll be comin' for you next if you do!

BW: On second thought, Percy can take care of himself.

[With Childes wriggling and screaming, begging for mercy as Morton hangs on tight, "The Hammer" Jackson Haynes slowly lifts his hand, extending his thumb...]

GM: Oh my stars! He's calling for the Whiskey Lullaby!

BW: No, no! Don't do that to Percy! His throat is his livelihood! He can't take a shot like that to the side of the neck!

[Haynes backs into the ropes, grinning with his arm held high as the Oklahoma City crowd is on their feet screaming and shouting and letting it all out(ing?)]

GM: Haynes is set! Haynes is ready!

[Haynes moves quickly forward, swinging his arms back...

...when suddenly Daniel Tyler rushes back into the ring, attacking Danny Morton from the blind side and forcing him to release Percy Chiles who falls down to the canvas as Haynes pulls short of nailing his own partner. BIG CHEER!]

GM: HAYNES HAS GOT TYLER!!

[Holding "Delicious" Daniel by the hair, Haynes hurls him in the direction of the ropes where Tyler bounces back, ducking under a wild clothesline from Haynes...

...and running RIGHT into a rising Percy Chiles, colliding with his manager and taking both men down to the mat again to the raucous laughter of the crowd!]

GM: This crowd is lovin' this!

BW: Laugh it up, fuzzballs!

GM: Fuzzballs?!

BW: You seen the facial hair on some of these people out here.

GM: A pretty good assortment of beards and the like on the gentlemen for sure in Oklahom-

BW: It ain't the men I'm talkin' 'bout, Gordo!

GM: Would you stop?!

[The Aces and Percy roll to the safety of the floor, huddling up with Raven who is quickly to their side, trying to comfort them after the wild start to the match... which officially starts as referee Johnny Jagger signals for the bell to start the match and orders the Aces to get things together and get someone back into the ring.]

BW: Why's he ringin' the bell already?! Give them some time to recover after that!

GM: Hey, the Aces started that little pre-match encounter!

BW: Admit it, Gordo... you just hate Percy Chiles and would take any side that's against him.

GM: He's not my favorite person, no.

[Out on the floor, the quartet quickly makes a decision as the referee's ten count hits six. Inside the ring, we see Danny Morton step out to the apron as Jackson Haynes paces back and forth...

...and then rushes the ropes as Steven Childes slides under them, launching an attack of stomps and kicks to the ribs of "Sweet" Steven.]

GM: Violence Unlimited has not forgotten the part that the Aces played in ruining that steel cage showdown between VU and the Lynches back at the Anniversary Show nearly a year ago. The Bishops were there for sure but the Aces were involved as well in that cage where Danny Morton suffered a severe arm injury that put him out of action for a time.

[Haynes pulls Childes off the mat, pushing him back against the ropes where he hammers home a clubbing forearm across the chest.]

GM: Haynes lays in the big shot against the ropes... I'm not sure how Stevie Childes is even standing after that one...

[A second forearm connects before Haynes grabs an arm, whipping Childes across the ring...

...where Steven leaps into the air, landing on the middle rope, twisting as he springs back with a crossbody...]

GM: Childes leaps off and-

[Haynes simply steps out of the way, causing Childes to eat canvas to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: Taking to the sky has not been the best strategy for Steven Childes so far in this one. He may want to try a new page of the Aces' playbook for a while.

[An embarrassed Childes rolls out to the apron but can't escape Haynes who immediately reaches over the ropes, dragging him off the mat and right into a big scoop slam down on the canvas.]

GM: Big slam by Haynes... look out here!

[Haynes again winds up the arm, ready to deliver the Whiskey Lullaby when Percy Childes reaches under the ropes, dragging his nephew to safety to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Oh my... Percy bailed Stevie out of there but you saw it, Bucky. Jackson Haynes had that thumb strike to the throat cocked and ready. The Whiskey Lullaby has claimed many a victim all over the world and Steven Childes was almost another one.

BW: It shows me that VU knows they might have a long night ahead of 'em. They know that they may need to end this one as quickly as possible to conserve energy. They know that the Whiskey Lullaby is a one-hit knockout shot and you better believe that the Aces know it too.

GM: Violence Unlimited has so many dangerous weapons... and they've got the experience to win this whole thing. They've done it before. We all remember the Stampede Cup in 2010 when they went the distance to win the whole thing and then in 2011, they went to the Finals for a second time before falling to defeat at the hands of the Lynches.

BW: Plus, they've won countless tournaments in Japan and Europe and all over the world. If Percy and the Aces thought they were in for a walk in the park, they were sadly mistaken, Gordo.

[In the meantime, Haynes is shouting at the official for allowing Percy Childes to get his nephew out of the ring. The referee waves him back so he can start a count but every time he gets a few counts in, Haynes gets too close and the referee has to start over.]

BW: Jackson Haynes is lettin' that trademark temper get the better of 'im, Gordo. He should stand back in the corner and let that count get up to eight and nine where Steven would have to get back in the ring but instead, he keeps breakin' it up and the Aces have had a nice long rest outside the ring to confer with Percy or as I like to call 'im, the Man with the Plan.

GM: Is that right?

BW: Of course it's right. You want to talk about Tully Brawn getting involved in last night's match? You want to talk about that masked man who may or may not have gotten involved in the finish? You better know that Percy came up with that.

GM: I see.

[Finally, Steven Childes climbs up on the apron at the count of eight as Haynes again storms towards him, grabbing him by the hair and yanking him over the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Haynes brings him in the hard way but pulls him right back up...

[Haynes snapmares Childes over into a seated position on the mat a split second before he CREAMS him with a crossface forearm smash!]

GM: Goodness! What a crossface out of Haynes!

[He winds up with the left arm, repeating the strike from the other side and leaving Childes down on his stomach, his arms up to cover his face as Haynes gives a shout of "ON YER FEET, BOY!"]

GM: Haynes wants Childes to get back up but Stevie looks perfectly happy down on the mat if you ask me. Percy Childes is right there in his eyeline, shouting instructions as Daniel Tyler tries to encourage him from the corner.

[Reaching down, Haynes grabs a handful of hair, dragging Childes off the mat...

...where Childes promptly digs his fingers into the eyes, raking across them to temporarily blind Haynes!]

GM: Ohh! He goes to the eyes!

BW: The Number One weakness on any opponent - no matter how big he is, Gordo.

GM: Childes dips down low and then goes high with a big European uppercut!

[Haynes staggers back, clutching the underside of his jaw as he wanders a bit too close to the Aces' corner and eats a forearm to the chin from Daniel Tyler. The referee jumps in, warning Tyler as Haynes staggers backwards from the buckles, allowing Childes to rush past him, running up the ropes, twisting, flipping, and flying off the top rope with a somersault bodyblock that drops Haynes to the mat!]

GM: Oh my! Childes takes to the sky again and this time, he gets all of it!

[Childes promptly tags his partner into the match before dropping down on his knees, pinning the legs down to the canvas as Tyler grabs the top rope, measuring his target...

...and catapults himself over the top rope, dropping a leg across the chest of the Hammer!]

BW: A beautiful legdrop over the top with Childes providing the assist!

[As Childes rolls out, Tyler launches into a vicious assault, repeatedly stomping Haynes and forcing the man from Moscow, Tennessee to roll under the ropes out onto the wooden platform. With a grin, Tyler ignores the referee's protests to pursue the opposition.]

GM: Tyler's heading out on the ramp, going after Haynes who is trying to get back to his feet...

[Tyler grabs a handful of hair but gets caught with a right hand to the gut... and a second... and a third. Haynes gets back to his feet, grabbing Tyler by the arm...]

GM: Big whip on the outside...

[But Tyler leaps up to the middle rope, blindly throwing himself backwards at an incoming Haynes...

...and catches him under the chin with an elbowsmash, knocking the Hammer back down again!]

BW: A flying back elbow on the jaw connects... and I gotta ask, Gordo, when are you gonna start seeing these Aces for what they are? When are you gonna give them credit for being the athletes that they are?

GM: I give them all the credit in the world for being phenomenal athletes and top shelf professional wrestlers but as human beings, as sportsmen, they leave a lot to be desired if you ask my opinion.

BW: Nobody did! And I can't wait for you to eat those words later tonight when the Aces are strapping the World Tag Team Titles around their waists!

GM: Who are you picking? Who are you rooting for? I've heard you talk about Jones and Hammonds as winning it all... the Blonde Bombers... now the Aces as well. Make your pick, Bucky Wilde. Make your pick and stick with it.

BW: I'm still thinking about it but one thing I DO know, it ain't gonna be broken down Gunnar Gaines and silver spoon Ryan Martinez and it ain't gonna be Violence Unlimited either!

[While the debate was ongoing, Daniel Tyler pulled Haynes off the elevated ramp, throwing him back through the ropes into the squared circle, taking himself down the apron to the neutral corner where he began climbing the ropes as Haynes tried to get back up inside the ring...]

GM: Tyler's up top!

[With Haynes dazed and on his feet, Tyler leaps off the top, joining his hands to bring a double axehandle firmly down on top of the skull, knocking Haynes back down and allowing Tyler to attempt a lateral press.]

GM: Tyler drops him with that move off the top and he's going for the win right here and now!

[The referee drops down but only gets to two before Haynes kicks out with some authority, throwing Tyler a few feet away.]

GM: A powerful kickout out of Jackson Haynes and I think you're gonna need a lot more than that to put either Haynes or Morton down for a three count, Bucky.

BW: They're both big, tough, powerful men but it remains to be seen if they can overcome the sheer force of will that the Aces have this year to win this tournament, the one million dollars, and those brand new World Tag Team Titles.

GM: Sheer force of will, huh?

[Tyler scrambles back to his feet, dashing to bounce off the ropes as Haynes starts to get back to his feet...]

GM: Haynes is back to a vertical position- ohh! Flying knee right under the chin!

[The leaping blow knocks Haynes back down to the mat as Tyler dashes to the ropes a second time, leaping up to drop a knee across the sternum.]

GM: Leaping kneedrop as well! Two knee-based attacks and Jackson Haynes is down on the mat reeling from those...

BW: Tyler ain't done either.

GM: It certainly appears that way as Daniel Tyler hops up on the second rope, pointing out to the crowd...

[Tyler does the "belt gesture" at the fans, taking his sweet time before leaping off the middle rope...

...and connecting with another kneedrop across the chest!]

GM: A second rope kneedrop puts all that weight down on the sternum and that's gonna be a problem for Jackson Haynes!

[Tyler re-applies the lateral press from a few moments ago... but again only scores a two count before Haynes powers out.]

GM: Jackson Haynes kicks out again at two. The man is so big and strong. Six foot six and over three hundred pounds of fighting machine. He's been in this business since the age of fifteen.

["Delicious" Daniel gets back to his feet, grabbing a rising Haynes by the arm and twisting it around before dragging the Hammer back towards the Aces' corner where Tyler slaps the hand of his waiting partner...]

GM: Another tag between the Aces who are certainly showing a better ability to keep the fresh man inside the ring at this stage of the matchup.

[Childes and Tyler each grab an arm, firing Haynes across the ring. As he rebounds off, Tyler drops down to bury a back elbow into the midsection, doubling up Haynes as Childes sprints off the far ropes, leaping into the air to hook a handful of hair and SLAM Haynes' face into the canvas.]

GM: Good doubleteam maneuver out of the Aces and as Daniel Tyler steps out, Steven Childes takes over with a barrage of stomps to the back of the head.

[Childes stands over Haynes, leaning down to paintbrush him across the back of the head...]

"WHO'S SO BIG AND BAD?! WHO?!"

GM: The crowd's getting on the case of "Sweet" Steven now. There's no need for trash talk in a match this important.

[Childes leans down to grab two hands filled with hair, dragging Haynes back to his feet and into a front facelock...]

GM: What's this all about?

BW: Childes is gonna suplex Haynes out of his boots!

GM: He most certainly is not! Childes has lost it if he thinks he can suplex a three hundred pound man!

[Childes nods to a protesting Percy Childes, assuring him he can do it as he slings Haynes' arm over his neck...]

GM: He's gonna go for it but I can't see any way possible that he'll pull this off, fans! He just doesn't have the upper body strength for it.

[With another nod, Childes grabs a handful of trunks, looking for the leverage needed to snap Haynes over in the suplex...

...and quickly realizes that he ain't going anywhere!]

GM: Uh oh! Haynes blocks it!

[Childes gives it another effort but falls short, not even budging Haynes off the mat.]

GM: He can't do it, Bucky!

BW: Yes he can!

[But he really, truly can't as Haynes reverses the attempt, taking Childes into the air and dropping him down with a vertical suplex of his own, bringing a big cheer up from the crowd!]

GM: Haynes reverses into his own suplex! And now, he needs to make a tag and get Danny Morton a chance to take it to these two in front of his home state fans!

[Morton seems to agree, slapping the top turnbuckle with authority as he gives his partner an encouraging shout and sticks his right hand out as far as he can, eagerly waiting to get into the match...]

GM: Haynes rolls to his stomach, crawling on his hands and knees across the ring...

[But he gets there, slapping the hand of Danny Morton just as Steven Childes gets back to his feet. Childes attempts to rush the corner, hoping to catch Morton off-guard as he gets into the ring but Morton is ready, rocking

Childes with three quick left jabs and a big right haymaker that drops him to the thrill of the roaring Oklahoma City crowd!]

GM: Morton takes 'im down!

[Daniel Tyler steps in, charging across the ring...

...and Morton sidesteps, assisting Tyler in sailing OVER the top rope and down hard on the elevated ramp!]

GM: MORTON CLEARS OUT TYLER!! HE'S GOT CHILDES ALL ALONE!!

[Danny Morton turns back, grabbing a rising Childes around the torso in a loose bearhug...

...and pops his hips, HURLING Childes overhead and across the ring where "Sweet" Steven bounces off the mat!]

GM: OH MY!! DANNY MORTON SHOWING HERCULES HAMMONDS WHERE THE POWER LIES IN THE AWA!

BW: Six foot two - two eighty-five of barrel-chested bad to the bone!

[Morton climbs back to his feet, swinging his right arm around and around to the growing buzz of the crowd...

...and as a dazed Steven Childes pushes up off the mat, Morton charges across the ring and CREAMS him with a running clothesline!]

GM: OHHHH! A WHOLE LOTTA IMPACT ON THAT ONE!!

[Childes flipped back off the lariat, smashing the back of his head on the mat, rolling himself into a jackknife pin position if Morton wanted it...

...but the big man from Norman, Oklahoma does not, walking up to the downed Childes, leaning down to grab the upper thighs...]

GM: What's he-?!

[The crowd ROARS as Morton deadlifts Childes off the mat in that position, lifting him all the way up onto his shoulders in powerbomb position...

...and BOUNCES him off the canvas with a devastating release powerbomb!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[Morton stands over the downed Childes, running in place for a bit with a big roar to his cheering fans but again, he doesn't attempt a pin, leaning down to drag a barely-moving Childes off the mat, hoisting him up into the air and slinging him across his shoulder into powerslam position...]

GM: He's calling for the Stampede - fittingly perhaps here at the Stampede Cup!

[Morton backs into the corner, pointing across the ring to the opposite neutral corner. He sprints across the ring, smashing Childes' back into the buckles...]

GM: Into one corner!

[...before wheeling around to run to the opposite corner, smashing Childes into the buckles again!]

GM: Make that two! Now, here comes the slam!

BW: Somebody do something!

[A desperate Percy Childes throws himself under the bottom rope, grabbing the legs of Danny Morton to try and prevent the running powerslam that almost certainly would end the match - and the tournament - for his charges.]

GM: The Collector of Oddities is trying to save his team!

BW: Yes! Yes!

[The referee is shouting at Percy who showed just how desperate he was by interfering in full view of the referee.]

GM: The ref's telling Percy to let go! He's ordering him to let go!

[Morton shrugs Childes off his shoulder, dumping him to the canvas before leaning down and dragging Percy by the arm under the ropes into the ring...]

GM: Percy's in! Percy's been dragged into the ring!

BW: No, no! Not again! Leave him alone, you bully!

[The referee steps in, trying to get Morton to let go of the struggling manager...]

...when suddenly in the background of the shot, we can see a man in a hooded sweatshirt hurdle the barricade, leaping out of the front row. He leans down by the apron as the chaos unfolds inside the ring.]

GM: Who is... there's someone over here by us! Bucky, who is that?!

BW: I can't see him, Gordo. He's got that hood on, covering his face. If that's a fan, we need security over here 'cause I ain't getting shanked for ya, Myers!

[The referee suddenly wheels around, trying to prevent Jackson Haynes from getting back into the ring...

...which gives the hooded sweatshirt guy the opportunity to roll into the ring, crystal-topped cane in hand!]

GM: He's got the cane! Percy dropped the cane and-

[Taking a major league cut, the hooded guy CRACKS Morton across the small of the back with the cane, forcing him to release Percy. Childes rolls out, escaping the ring as the hooded guy swings Morton around, hooking a double underhook...

...and DRIVES him facefirst into the canvas with a facebuster!]

GM: OHHHH! That's the... that's the guy from last night! He did that same move last night to cost Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott their first round match against the Aces and-

[The hooded guy rolls out, leaving Steven Childes all alone inside the ring, dazed but on his feet as the referee puts Haynes out of the ring...

...where a recovering Daniel Tyler yanks Haynes down to the floor, getting into a war of haymakers with a man you don't want to trade right hands with!]

GM: We've got a fight out on the floor too but inside the ring... my stars, inside the ring, I believe Danny Morton is out COLD!

[Childes promptly turns around, deadleaping up to the top rope where he slowly turns around, making the "belt gesture" at the jeering fans...

...and snaps off a picture-perfect 450 splash, crashing down on a prone and motionless Morton!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[The referee dives to the canvas to make the count!]

GM: No, no! Not like this! Not like-

BW: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

GM: I can't believe it!

"DING! DING! DING!"

BW: They did it, Gordo! They knocked off the former National Tag Team Champions, the former Stampede Cup winners, the so-called best team in the world! The Aces have beaten 'em and they're heading to the Semifinals to meet Gaines and Martinez!

[A furious Jackson Haynes gets past Tyler, getting into the ring too late to do anything but give chase as Steven Childes rolls from the ring to the ramp, joining a celebrating Raven and Percy Childes as they start to make their way out of there. Haynes is pointing to the crowd where we can easily see the hooded sweatshirt guy running for his life through the fans.]

GM: The Aces have done it... by hook or by crook... and they're moving on to the Final Four. Absolutely despicable. I'm sick of even looking at these guys celebrating a win like that. Let's go back to Mark Stegglet at the big board.

[Crossfade to an equally-disgusted Mark Stegglet who is shaking his head as he comes live.]

MS: Never let it be said that the Stampede Cup wasn't a place for unexpected results and we've certainly seen that so far here tonight as the National Tag Team Champions have been eliminated along with the biggest team in the tournament and now a former Stampede Cup winner as well. So, let's take a look at our Final Four...

[Stegglet gestures to the upper left corner of the big board.]

MS: Making it out of the top bracket to hit the Semifinals is the team of Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones - a team that I think many may have overlooked going into this tournament. But they've knocked off the National Tag Team Champions in impressive fashion and you've gotta consider them a major threat to win this whole thing at this point.

[His hand moves down to point to the lower left corner.]

MS: The Blonde Bombers make it to the Semifinals thanks to a Royalty plot to get them a bye through the Quarterfinals. That will make them the freshest team in the tournament when they battle Jones and Hammonds with the winner making the Finals.

[Up to the upper right corner.]

MS: Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines continue to surprise experts as they somehow survive Gaines' injured knee to beat the Prehistoric Powers and make the Semifinals as well. It remains to be seen though - can Ryan Martinez battle the rest of the way through this tournament, virtually on his own at times, to capture the World Tag Team Titles for his squad?

[Finally, down to the lower right.]

MS: And last but not least, the Unholy Alliance squad of The Aces make the Semifinals through two controversial victories over two of the teams considered favorites to win the whole thing - Vasquez and Scott and just moments ago, Violence Unlimited. With Gaines' injury haunting him, you have to believe that the Aces and Percy Childes are looking at a potential trip to the Finals as almost a near certainty at this point.

[The camera zooms out to show the entirety of the board.]

MS: There you have it, fans - the Final Four of the 2013 edition of the Stampede Cup is set. Four teams, eight men but only two men can walk out with the Cup, the million dollars, and as the very first AWA World Tag Team Champions. Who's it gonna be? We'll find out later tonight but right now, it's time for our first singles match of the night as Glenn Hudson takes on Alphonse Green!

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

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

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

Tonight... I'm gonna have myself a real good time.

I feel Alllllllll---iiiiiii---iiiiiii-vvvveee

And the world, turning inside out.... yeaahh.

I'm floating around... in ecstasy.. so don't. Stop. Me. Now.

Don't. Stop. Me..

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

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

[Green starts to swagger down the aisle, taunting the fans who have taken to hating the arrogant young man. Green is dressed in Kentucky Wildcat blue shorts, with blue kneepads, and white boots. He's also wearing a blue studded leather jacket, with the letters A.G. ripped into the back, and for some strange reason, a hard leather black patch on the right shoulder. His formerly cherubic face is more chiseled, and he actually looks like the type of person girls would root for if he wasn't such a dislikable young man.]

GM: It's time for singles action here at the Cup as these two men have the honor of being only one of two singles matches on the card here in Oklahoma City this weekend. We saw James Monosso defend the World Title against Calisto Dufresne last night but tonight, the spotlight is all on Alphonse Green and Glenn Hudson!

BW: This one's been brewing for several weeks now, Gordo, ever since Alphonse Green came out to confront Hudson when Hudson was in the ring with Dave Bryant.

GM: Many have felt that Glenn Hudson has been taking Green a little too lightly going into this one. Green has the ability and the killer instinct to be a very dangerous competitor and if Hudson's not on his game here tonight, Green's going to prove it to him.

[Once Green reaches ringside, he does the "you peons wish you were half

as good as me!" point, then steps through the ropes, bouncing around with a large grin on his face. He makes sure to tell the fans "I'm not a bad guy!" as the crowd continues to boo him.]

PW: And his opponent...

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

PW: From Melbourne, Australia... weighing in at 229 pounds... he is GLENNNNN HUUDUDSONNN!

[Hudson is a compactly-built, Caucasian male in his mid thirties. He has light brown, brush cut hair and a perpetual three day growth. His wrestling gear comprises full length navy blue tights with white trim, black knee and elbow pads, and black boots. His hands and wrists are taped. Hudson slaps a few outreaching fans' hands along the way, but focuses on his destination. He breaks into a jog as he draws closer, stepping through the ropes into the ring and promptly giving a point in Green's direction, flashing a bit of a confident grin as he does so.]

GM: Glenn Hudson doesn't look too concerned going into this...

[Green gestures at himself, then at Hudson, then back at himself, all in a wild cartoonish fashion...

...and then yells at the referee to "RING THE BELL!" Referee Ricky Longfellow obliges, signaling the timekeeper as Green dashes across the ring...]

GM: Here we go!

[...right into a deep armdrag that takes Green off his feet and down to the canvas.]

GM: Nice armdrag out of Hudson... both men back up!

[Hudson rushes him again...

...and again takes down with an armdrag. Hudson keeps his grip on the arm this time, hooking it under his armpit in an armbar as Green battles to get a knee under him, pushing up to his feet...]

GM: Both men back up...

[Green suddenly points to the crowd, causing a confused Longfellow to look away as Green grabs a handful of hair, yanking Hudson down to the mat to

escape the armbar. The crowd jeers as a smirking Green struts away, pointing to his head. An annoyed Hudson gets up to a knee, shaking his head as the official turns back around.]

GM: Green showing that he's not afraid to bend or break the rules to get an advantage over the former Longhorn Heritage Champion.

BW: You can't be, Gordo. If you want to win in this business, you gotta do whatever it takes to do it... even if it means making the great Gordon Myers look down on you.

GM: I wasn't looking down on-

BW: Of course you were! You've never appreciated Alphonse Green! You mocked him for being the King of the Battle Royal! You mocked him for-

[The two men go into a collar and elbow in the middle of the ring, jockeying for position...

...when Green suddenly executes an armdrag of his own, taking Hudson down!]

BW: Look at that! Perfect execution on the armdrag!

GM: I think Hudson's was a little bit better.

BW: Of course you do!

[Green pops up to his feet, again doing a little bit of strutting as Hudson climbs to his feet, hands on his hips as he looks across the ring at the Florida native.]

GM: Hudson's looking a little irritated at this point of the match. Alphonse Green has been known to be quite the irritating individual - just ask some of our interview guys.

[Green turns to face Hudson again, lifting his arms into a big double bicep pose.]

GM: Green's going for a little bit of flexing here.

BW: He's the son of former powerhouse grappler Anthony "Dead Lift" Green - a big star up in Portland and Seattle and all those places in the 80s, Gordo.

GM: I'm aware of that... and while ol' Dead Lift certainly had muscles in all the right places, Alphonse Green most certainly does not. He's actually a bit undersized for professional wrestling - all of five foot nine and under two hundred pounds.

[With the crowd laughing at Green's posedown, he irately slaps the ropes, giving a shout of "I'M JACKED, JACK!" which gets even more laughs from the

crowd. Greenspins back towards Hudson who is also chuckling at the scene. He points at Hudson with a "YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME?!"...

...and then he strides out to the middle of the ring, lifting his right hand into the air.]

GM: What's he... is he calling for a test of strength?!

BW: You better believe it, Gordo! Alphonse Green is gonna show everyone where the power lies!

[Hudson looks disbelieving at Green who sticks his hand in the air with a little more insistence, demanding that Hudson come out to meet him. With a shrug, the Australian walks out to the middle of the ring, raising an eyebrow as Green again sticks his hand in the air, wiggling his fingers...]

GM: This guy is completely delusional, Bucky.

BW: We'll see about that!

[Hudson slowly lifts his hand to meet Green's, intertwining their fingers. He lifts the other hand, mirroring Green...

...and then promptly pushes him down to his knees!]

GM: Haha! If Green was going to show us where the power lies, I think it lies with Glenn Hudson!

[Hudson pushes Green's hands down on the mat...

...and then breaks the hold, leaping up to stomp both hands under his boots! Big cheer!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: That's illegal! Immortal! Unethical! Something!

[Green pops up to his feet, grabbing at his hands, wincing in pain as he staggers into Hudson who grabs a wrist, twisting it into an armtwist...

...and then SLAPS Green across the back of the wrist! Another big cheer as Green falls back to the corner, grabbing at his hand as Hudson waggles a finger at him, shaking his head disapprovingly.]

GM: Glenn Hudson's making a mockery out of Alphonse Green in the opening moments of this one...

[Green suddenly rushes Hudson, slipping a knee into his midsection before landing two clubbing forearms across the back of the head, knocking Hudson down to all fours.]

GM: Ohh! A brutal attack out of Alphonse Green and-

BW: So much for making a mockery out of Alphonse Green!

[Green pulls Hudson up by the hair only to snapmare him back down into a seated position on the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! A hard kick to the spine of Hudson...

"WANNA LAUGH AT ME?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WANNA TRY TO EMBARRASS ME?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"HUMILIATE ME?!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[Hudson collapses onto his side, wrenching an arm around to grab at his back as a fired-up Alphonse Green fumes, pacing around the ring to consider his next move.]

GM: Alphonse Green looks all sorts of upset.

[Hudson pulls himself up, staggering back to the corner where Green comes in to greet him, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...and lights up Hudson's chest with a series of knife-edge chops before grabbing an arm, whipping the former Longhorn Heritage Champion across the ring.]

GM: Hudson hits the far buckles...

[Green falls back to the opposite corner, pointing both hands across the ring as pistols and "firing" before he breaks into a sprint, leaping up to slam a dropkick into the face of his opponent!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Green took a page out of Glenn Hudson's playbook right there! We've seen Hudson use that running dropkick in the corner many times in the past and you know that's him trying to get under Hudson's skin.

[Green pulls Hudson out of the corner by the hair, spinning him around to smash his head into the top turnbuckle to jeers from the crowd.]

GM: A simple move but very effective in wobbling Hudson.

[A couple more knife-edge chops connect, knocking Hudson back into the turnbuckles. He grabs an arm, whipping Hudson across the ring again, charging in after him...]

...but Hudson using the ropes to kick his legs up into the air, twisting his body to pull Green down in a sunset flip...]

GM: Nice count-

[But Hudson rolls through it and DRILLS Hudson between the eyes with a running knee to the face, knocking him flat on his back!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That might do it right there!

[Green dives atop Hudson, grabbing for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Hudson lifts a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin. An angry Green pops up, stomping Hudson repeatedly into the former champion rolls under the ropes to the floor...]

GM: We’re seeing that mean streak that Alphonse Green has really become known for inside the ring as of late.

BW: He’s tired of being treated like a joke... like a nobody. 2013 just might be the year of Alphonse Green!

GM: The year of the Aces. The year of Alphonse Green. Who else?

BW: That’s a heckuva start.

[Green stands in the ring, taunting the fans who are jeering the heck out of him as Glenn Hudson struggles to get to his feet out on the floor. When Green spots him rising, he dashes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off at top speed...]

...and HURLS himself through the ropes into a tope on a surprised Hudson!]

GM: OHHHH! WHATTA DIVE TO THE FLOOR!!

[Green pops back to his feet. He grabs the nearest camera, pulling the lens towards him...]

“It’s the things... that make you go...”

[He shoves the camera away, turning to the ringside fans.]

“OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

[A cackling Green pulls Hudson off the mat, shoving him under the ropes into the ring before pulling himself up on the ring apron. He claps his hands together a few times, almost as if trying to rally the fans behind him before he grabs the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Green’s setting up for something out on the apron... what’s he looking for here?

[With Hudson starting to get up off the mat, Green starts stomping his feet as well...

...and then suddenly leaps up, springing off the top rope with his arm extended...]

GM: CLOTHESLIIIIIIII-

[But Green’s downward path is suddenly cut off as Hudson lashes out with his leg...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[...and DRILLS Green under the chin with a superkick!]

GM: WHAT A COUNTER!! GREEN MAY BE OUT COLD!!

[Green promptly shows some ring awareness though, rolling for his life as Glenn Hudson collapsed to his knees from the superkick attempt.]

BW: Look at Green! Absolutely brilliant to roll out to the floor to avoid any chance of being pinned off that superkick.

[Hudson rolls to his back as well, sliding out to the floor to join Green.]

GM: Both men are out on the floor... and I’m not sure who that benefits to be honest with you.

BW: Hudson spent his glory years in that hellhole in South Laredo - pretty sure he’s been in a nasty fight or two over the years. Plus, we saw him in a war with Dave Bryant back at SuperClash IV in that ladder match.

[Out on the floor, Hudson drags a dazed Alphonse Green up to his feet...

...and SMASHES his head into the ring apron!]

GM: Ohh!

[Turning Green around, Hudson grabs him by the arm...]

GM: Look out here!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He FIRES him into the steel! Good grief!

[Hudson keeps up the attack, pulling Green off the railing with a handful of hair, dragging him around the ringpost to the next side of the ring and smashes his head into the apron again!]

GM: Glenn Hudson is taking Green on a grand circle tour of the outside of the ring here in Oklahoma City!

[Hudson winds up a right hand...

...but Green sticks a thumb in the eye, frantically turning to roll back into the ring.]

GM: Green's trying to get away from Hudson... but Hudson's coming back in after him...

[Green dashes to the ropes, rebounding off towards the rising Hudson...

...who sidesteps, grabbing a handful of Green's hair and HURLS him over the ropes to the floor to a big cheer!]

BW: HEY!! YOU CAN'T TREAT THE KING OF THE BATTLE ROYALS LIKE THAT!

[A grinning Hudson steps out on the apron, leaping off with a forearm smash across the back of an on-all-fours Green, knocking him back down to the floor.]

GM: The fight continues out here on the floor... Hudson pulling Green up again... we're about at the halfway point of the time limit to this one so both of these men are gonna need to kick it up a notch right here tonight on WKIK.

BW: I thought those commercials were dead! No more kicking it up a notch!

GM: Hudson dragging Green off the floor by the arm...

[The former champion goes for another whip, slamming Green spinefirst into the steel barricade!]

GM: Hudson continues the tour - out here on the third side of the ring now...

[Pulling a pain-filled Green off the railing, Hudson hooks a side waistlock, lifting for an atomic drop...

...and then LUNGES forward, smashing Green's groin into the steel ringpost!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Green clings to the ringpost for a bit before sliding down to the floor, clutching his nether regions in pain as Hudson fires up the crowd at ringside who are cheering him on.]

GM: Hudson rolls him back in... coming in after him...

[Hudson pulls him up by the hair, Green barely able to stand at the moment as Hudson drags him towards the corner. He points at the buckles to the cheer of the crowd before SLAMMING Green's head into the top turnbuckle!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

[Hudson releases, allowing Green to stagger across the ring to the adjacent corner where Hudson pursues, grabbing the hair again...]

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

[Green slips away again, trying to push his attacker off as he uses the ropes to pull himself to a third corner... but Hudson's right behind him.]

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

[Green throws an elbow back to the chest. He fires off a pair of knife-edge chops, smashing an overhead elbow down between the eyes of a stunned Hudson. He grabs Hudson by the hair...]

GM: Green's fighting back and it looks like he's gonna put Hudson into the corner!

[But Hudson raises a boot, blocking it, throwing an elbow back to the gut. He grabs a handful of hair...]

GM: ONE MORE TIME!

[...and SMASHES the head into the corner!]

"TEN!"

[Green staggers out of the corner, throwing wild rights and lefts at the air...

...and then falls facefirst to the canvas to a big cheer!]

GM: Haha! Hudson's got Green in a whole lot of trouble!

[With Green down and stunned on the canvas, Hudson backs himself into the corner, leaping up onto the middle turnbuckle...]

GM: Hudson's up on the second rope...

[He swings an arm around, drawing a big cheer.]

GM: He's calling for the No Hard Feelings DDT!

[Hudson looks around at the cheering crowd, looking down at Green who is trying to get up off the canvas...]

GM: Green's starting to stir... starting to climb back to his feet...

[Hudson leaps off the midbuckle, hooking the front facelock, spinning around for the tornado DDT...]

...but Hudson spins all the way around, throwing all his weight forward to SLAM Hudson's back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Green counters the DDT!

[Green grabs an arm on Hudson, whipping him across the ring where Hudson runs up the buckles, turning around as Green runs across as well, deadleaping up to the top rope...]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

[...catching a turning Green around the torso, flipping him over his head as both men topple off the top rope, Hudson sailing halfway across the ring and BOUNCING off the canvas!]

GM: BELLY TO BELLY OFF THE TOP!! OH MY!!

BW: How 'bout that Alphonse Green, daddy?! How 'bout that man?!

[Green rolls to all fours, crawling across the ring towards the downed Hudson, and then makes a lunge, throwing an arm across the chest...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

BW: HE'S GOT HIM!

GM: No, no! Kickout! Hudson got the shoulder up just in time!

[An angry Green pushes up to a seated position, kicking and stomping his feet as he shouts at the official who holds up two fingers. He gets up to his feet, fuming as the official tells him it was only a two count.]

GM: Green's got Hudson in a lot of trouble but can he put him away? Can he find a way to finish off Glenn Hudson right here tonight?

[Green reaches back, hooking Hudson in a three-quarter nelson as he turns to face the turnbuckles...]

GM: He's calling for the Hunger Strike!

[Green charges the corner, running up the buckles while keeping the hold on Hudson, flipping over the top...

...but Hudson slips free, leaping up to the midbuckle, springing back, twisting his body just as Green hits the mat...]

GM: HUDSON!

[...and LASHES OUT with a springing kick to the face!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: THAT'S THE GROUND CHUCK!! HUDSON JUST _STOLE_ GREEN'S MOVE!

[Hudson dives across the downed Green, tightly hooking both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Hudson promptly rolls out of the ring, a big grin on his face as he takes a knee on the ramp. The referee raises his hand in victory as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Glenn Hudson with a big win here tonight-

BW: He STOLE his move!

GM: And perhaps did it a little bit better?

BW: He did NOT! It was thievery! Blatant thievery! You talk about people stealing victories, that's what we just saw, Gordo! On behalf of Alphonse Green, I DEMAND a rematch!

GM: Are you his manager now?

BW: No, I'm not but someone needs to take a stand!

[Hudson gets to his feet, smiling as he celebrates his win and heads towards the back while Alphonse Green starts to stir inside the ring, very clearly asking anyone who's listening "What happened?"]

GM: Green got knocked loopy by the Australian version of Ground Chuck! He may not even know where he is right now, fans. We're going to take a quick break but we'll be right back with the first of our two Semifinals matches right after this!

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.

And we fade back up to live action where we find Mark Stegglet standing backstage.]

MS: Folks, this team I'm about to present to you, came out victorious earlier tonight in one of the biggest upsets in Stampede Cup history, as they defeated the AWA Nationa-

"Hold up, playa'! Hold up!"

[We suddenly see Buford P. Higgins walk into view, with Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds following behind him. The loudmouth hypeman reaches into his coat as he addresses Stegglet.]

BPH: If you're gonna' stand here and interview us, you're gonna' need a pair of these!

[Higgins pulls out a pair of sunglasses and places them on a baffled Stegglet's face.]

MS: S-sunglasses? Why?

SJ: 'Cause we don't need you getting blinded by the spotlight that's shining down on us right now, little man!

[The trio laugh it up, as Stegglet shakes his head at their antics.]

MS: And the spotlight certainly is on you and Hercules Hammonds at the moment, as just about NO ONE could have predicted the way you two defeated The Bishop Boys.

[Hammonds shoots Stegglet the stink eye.]

HH: WE predicted it.

[Stegglet is thrown off slightly by Hammonds' harsh glare.]

JS: Well, yes...you two predicted your own victory, but the result still came as a shock to many.

SJ: Of course it came as a shock to those non-believers!

[Jones holds his arms out wide, gesturing wildly.]

SJ: 'Cause NO ONE has EVER done The Bishop Boys like that!

[From behind, Buford shakes Stegglet by the shoulders, brightly exclaiming, "Nobody!"]

SJ: They got serious, Marky Stegglet! They got focused! They prepared themselves for a challenge unlike any other! The men you people consider the best tag team in the world! The men that Mister Bucky Wilde calls bonafide killers! They stepped into that ring tonight, prepared to cement their legacy as the greatest tag team to ever set foot in the AWA! They wouldn't look past us, 'cause they COULDN'T look past us! They thought they knew what sort of beast they were goin' up against!

[A big grin.]

SJ: And they STILL weren't ready to deal with Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds!

[Jones turns to stare directly into the camera.]

SJ: We pinned YOUR so-called greatest tag team in professional wrestling.

And you know what that makes us?

[He turns to Hercules Hammonds and nudges his head towards the camera.]

SJ: Why don't you tell us what that makes us, Herc?

[The big man answers in his typical intimidating, commanding tone.]

HH: That makes US the greatest.

SJ: You are a damn GENIUS, Herc!

[Big Herc merely shrugs.]

HH: Just statin' the facts, Jones.

SJ: But you're still 100% correct! Right now, Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds wear the crown! WE are the greatest tag team in the world!

JS: Considering your performance thus far, you two are certainly making a very strong case that you are. However, it might all be for naught, if you can't make it past Larry Doyle and his Blonde Bombers. While The Bombers received a bye in the second round and are well rested, you two had to go through that grueling match with The Bishops earlier tonight.

[Jones turns to Higgins and gives him a "Can you believe this guy just said that?" sort of look, rolling his eyes and shaking his head.]

SJ: You think that's got us worried? Quite frankly, they probably NEEDED that bye! 'Cause Skywalker Jones KNOWS, Larry Doyle and his boys were already suckin' wind and breathin' heavy into a brown paper bag, tryin' to catch their breath just watchin' me and Herc in action!

[He turns to the camera.]

SJ: LARRY! Larry Doyle! Skywalker Jones apologizes for gettin' that heart beatin', that blood pumpin', and gettin' all of you so hot and bothered by the excitement I cause! I'm sorry your Bombers are all tuckered out...exhausted by all the cheering little Kenny and big Bradley did for our displays of greatness!

But it ain't like it would've mattered anyway, Larry! You could've reached deep into the archives...brought back Beautiful Bobby and Johann! Got yourself a little Crusher Glenn to help you along the way! Dragged old man Davey Cooper from his room at the local Motel 6 so they ALL could give an assist to little Kenny and big Bradley!

Still wouldn't change a thing!

[Buford gives a shout of "NOT A THING!" as Jones cackles.]

SJ: 'Cause Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds are gonna' show the world that Royalty's two princes ain't nothin' but paupers!

[Jones then leans in closer towards the camera, the grin all but disappearing from his face and the playful tone leaving from his voice. Time to get brass tacks.]

SJ: On any other night, maybe, just MAYBE you could've got the money! Maybe, just MAYBE, you could've got the Cup! And maybe, just MAYBE...little Kenny and big Bradley could've got those World Tag Team titles!

[He shakes his head slowly.]

SJ: But NOT tonight.

[Jones pauses to look at Hercules Hammonds standing behind him, glaring fiercely into the camera and then to Buford P. Higgins, grinning beside him, before directing his attention back to the camera.]

SJ: The spotlight FINALLY belongs to us.

[His voice, previously boastful and filled with bravado...has become a harsh whisper.]

SJ: And we ain't EVER gonna' let it go.

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

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is a Semifinal match in the Stampede Cup tournament. Introducing first...

[The distinctive opening to "F***in' In The Bushes" by Oasis lights up Oklahoma City, and the fans ROAR to their feet in boos as the curtain is pushed aside and the Treacherous Three make their way out, led of course by "Hollywood" Larry Doyle. Doyle wears the same powder blue tuxedo as before, and takes a long smell of the flower in his lapel before sweeping his hand back to the curtain.]

Kenny Stanton is first, toned and tanned, with long blonde hair and downhome charm. He wears the light blue tights with the hair-and-bombs insignia on the thighs and seat, with white boots and black knee pads.

Behind him comes Brad Jacobs, built to the hilt with tremendous traps, sculpted upper body and dark brown skin, with a big "305" tattooed on his left shoulder, short black hair freshly dyed into a blonde faux hawk. He wears traditional short trunks, same color blue as Stanton, with the insignia on the seat of the trunks, black kneepads and white boots. They high five each other, and then high five Doyle.]

PW: From the Da-

LD: Gimme, gimme, gimme!

[Doyle grabs the microphone from Phil and expounds:]

LD: I'll do the introducin' around here, and Buford P. Higgins, you can take some notes!

Introducing first! The woman's pet and the man's regret, the Doctor of Style, the Gangster of Love. The bacon in her eggs and the man for whom she begs!

"SMOOTH"! KENNY! STAAANTOOOOOOOON!

[Stanton jumps up in the air and makes the "perfect ten".]

LD: And his partner! The Tower of Power, the Master of Disaster, the Scourge of the Far East! The One Man Weapon of Mass Destruction!

"THE BIG DEAL" BRAAAAAAD! JACOOOOOBS!

AND THEY ARE THE BLOOOOOOONDE
BOOOOOMMBBAAAAAAAAAAHHSSSSS!

[Both men high five and chest bump, as Doyle exits the ring through their corner.]

PW: And their manager, "HOLLYWOOD" LARRY DOYLE!

[The crowd is all jeers as Doyle mugs for the closest camera.]

LD: "YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT! HOLLYWOOD, BAY-BAY! HO-LEE-WOOD!

[Doyle shoots his cuffs and fixes his tuxedo as the camera plods away from him and back to Phil Watson who shakes his head before proceeding.]

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

[As usual, a massive roar of boos greets Higgins as he makes his way to the ring. However, he's waving his hands and shaking his head motioning for Phil Watson to return to the center of the ring.]

BPH: I'm sorry people, but after havin' to physically involve myself in the last match, my vocal cords are gonna' need some recovery time! If I'm gonna' continue performin' up to my usual high standards, then I'm gonna' need to conserve my voice for the finals! So right now, I CANNOT do these introductions!

[Shockingly, the crowd jeers in disappointment!]

BW: Oh no, what a tragedy!

GM: Are you serious, Bucky? It's just a ring announcer!

BW: Is the Mona Lisa JUST a painting? The Constitution JUST a piece of paper? Buford P. Higgins is a national treasure!

[Buford whispers something in Phil Watson's ear, causing a panicked look to appear on the ring announcer's face, as he turns back to the crowd.]

BPH: No need to get salty, ladies and gentlemen! I already got a capable replacement right in front of me! Phil Watson!...I'm gonna' give you the opportunity of a lifetime! I'm gonna' let YOU play the role of Buford P. Higgins and allow YOU to do the introductions for the greatest tag team in the world!

[Watson can only stare at Higgins with a confused frown.]

BPH: Now, I know you might not be up to the task and you probably don't got the capability to fill my shoes, but trust me, it's REAL easy! Just let it come naturally to you and follow my direction! So if you please...

...take the microphone from my hand.

[There's some "Ooo's" from the crowd, as Buford holds out his gold microphone to Watson, who takes it from him with a skeptical look on his face. Buford motions for Watson to begin, as the AWA's regular ring announcer tentatively brings the microphone up to his lips, keeping one eye on Higgins in the meanwhile.]

PW: Coming down to the aisle now, at a combined weight of five hundred and fifteen pounds...they are the team of...

[Buford holds up three fingers..."Say it three times, Watson!"]

PW: Hercules...

[Buford counts off one, directing Phil to repeat it again.]

PW: Hercules...

[He counts off two, this time motioning for Watson to put some FEELING into it.]

PW: Hercu...leeeeeessssss...

[Hold it...hold it...]

PW: HAMMOOOOONNNNNNNNNNDDDDSSSS!!!

[A big cheer comes from the crowd for Phil's effort as Higgins nods in approval!]

PW: And his partner...Skyw-...

[Buford furiously motions for Phil to slow it waaaay down.]

PW: Sky...

[Catching on, Watson begins his ascent towards ring announcer immortality.]

PW: ...Walker....

["Take a deep breath, playa'!"]

[...]

[...]

[...]

[Buford gives him the go ahead!]

PW:

JOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNEE
EEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSS!!!!

["We already Won" by Flo Rida plays, as the crowd roars with applause at Phil Watson's greatest ever performance. Buford takes the golden microphone back from Watson and pats his fellow ring announcer on the back, as all eyes then turn towards up the rampway, where we see

Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds posing. The two make their way down the aisle with a whole lot of "Who's your daddy?" in their step and "Yes I am." in their demeanor. Oddly enough, the crowd's reaction isn't as hostile as before...a mixture of boos and begrudging respect.]

GM: This Semifinal match is going to pit two of the youngest and most athletic teams in the entire sport against one another, Bucky.

BW: You want to talk about a showdown where two teams are looking to break through into the upper echelon of this sport - you're looking at it right here. The Blonde Bombers are made up of two men who, quite frankly, the AWA didn't give a second glance to until Larry Doyle went and reclaimed them from Japan, rechristened them as his new Blonde Bombers, and reinvented them as the centerpiece of the rebuilt Royalty. And if the Bombers can win the titles here tonight, Royalty will have taken a major step towards controlling the gold in the AWA... and when you control the gold, you hold power in the palm of your hand.

GM: But what about the team of Hercules Hammonds and Skywalker Jones?

BW: This team is something else, Gordo. We all know the story of Skywalker Jones. He trained in the Combat Corner under Todd Michaelson but we've never seen anyone like him in the AWA before. Flashy, a showman to the core. Skywalker Jones was BUILT to steal the spotlight on any given night. And when you add Hercules Hammonds to the mix - a second generation star who just might be the strongest man in the entire AWA. When these two men stand together in there, they make up one of the most entertaining and innovative duos in the entire business.

GM: It's safe to say you're looking forward to this one.

BW: You better believe it.

[Inside the ring, Jones and Hammonds huddle up, gesturing across the ring where Larry Doyle has his men in the corner, going over last minute strategy.]

GM: This is gonna be a good one, I believe, fans... and it looks like, yes, Brad Jacobs is going to be starting off for the Blonde Bombers while... oh my... it's gonna be Hercules Hammonds in there for his team!

BW: You wanna talk about two big hosses in there tryin' to shove each other down, that's what we're about to see!

GM: Jacobs stands six foot three and weighs about 275 out of Miami, Florida while big Herc is six foot five and almost three hundred pounds out of Tupelo, Mississippi. Two big hosses indeed.

[Referee Marty Meekly steps between the two men, giving some final instructions before waving for the bell.]

GM: Here we go!

[Neither man wastes a moment striding out to the middle of the ring, staring dead in the eyes of the other man. There's a bit of trash talking going on with Hammonds jabbing a finger into the chest of Brad Jacobs when suddenly Jacobs pulls him into a collar and elbow tieup.]

GM: Right into the tieup, each man trying to outmuscle the other, pushing and shoving one another back...

[Hammonds gives a big shove, breaking the two men apart and sending Jacobs several feet back. Hammonds gives a grin, slapping each of his biceps and waving for Jacobs to give it another shot.]

GM: Here we go again... back to the tieup...

[Hammonds and Jacobs struggle against one another again, each trying to find an edge on the other. Jacobs gets his feet under him, pushing Hammonds back into the turnbuckles...]

GM: Jacobs backs him down into the corner...

[Jacobs suddenly straightens up, burying a knee up into the gut of Hammonds. He grabs an arm, going for an Irish whip...

...but Hammonds easily reverses it, sending Jacobs smashing into the corner...]

GM: Jacobs hits the corner... comin' out fast!

[Jacobs lowers his shoulder, crashing into Hammonds at full speed, knocking the big man down onto his back to a surprising cheer from the crowd.]

GM: The big tackle takes him down.

BW: Ain't nobody should be surprised by that, Gordo. Brad Jacobs is a former three-time All American from the University of Miami and we just saw one of those big shoulder tackles he used to use back on the gridiron take down a three hundred pound powerhouse.

[Hammonds pops back up, angrily moving to the ropes where he slams an arm down on the top rope, gesturing wildly at Jacobs as Skywalker Jones races down the apron, putting an arm around his neck and tries to calm the big man down as Jacobs stands at the ready, Larry Doyle shouting praise from the floor.]

GM: Hercules Hammonds has got a bit of a temper. That shoulder tackle seemed to get under his skin.

BW: He's a big man, a strong man, a proud man - and he don't like gettin' knocked on his rear!

[Hammonds turns back towards Jacobs, bouncing from one foot to the other, pumping himself up before he strides back to the middle, tying up again...]

GM: Another collar and elbow... ohh!

[Jacobs slips the tieup, smashing a forearm to the jaw. A second one lands again before the Miami native grabs an arm, whipping him to the ropes...]

GM: Jacobs shoots him in...

[He rushes towards Hammonds who lowers his shoulder, slamming into Jacobs with a tackle of his own...]

GM: Ohh! Neither man goes down off that one!

[Hammonds slaps himself across the chest with the open palm, pointing to the ropes again.]

GM: Jacobs to the ropes again, comin' back...

[Jacobs rushes towards Hammonds who scoops him up, pivots...

...and DRIVES him into the canvas with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!!

[Hammonds hooks a leg as the referee dives down.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Jacobs kicks out at two, avoiding the pin as Larry Doyle is screaming and shouting from ringside.]

GM: Hammonds hits that big powerslam... and he's right on top of Jacobs, dragging him back up and shoving him back to the corner...

[Hammonds fires Jacobs across again, sending him crashing into the turnbuckles...]

GM: He charges in!

[The second generation star raises his hands over his head, trying to connect with a running double axehandle...

...but Jacobs dives aside, causing Hammonds to slam chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh! He missed the charge in the buckles and-

[Jacobs hooks a rear waistlock, hoisting Hammonds into the air and DUMPING him down on the back of his head and neck with a German Suplex!]

GM: Waistlock suplex! He got all of that!

[Jacobs drops back to the corner, swinging his right arm around and round a few times, waiting for Hammonds to climb to his feet...

...and rushes forward, leaping forward with a power-packed clothesline that flattens Hammonds!]

GM: Ohh! He nearly took his head off with that - and there's a cover by Jacobs!

[The referee dives down to the mat, delivering a two count before Hammonds gets a shoulder up. Jacobs grabs a loose side headlock, hammering Hammond with clenched fists to the jeers of the crowd before getting up, looking around at the booing fans...]

GM: Brad Jacobs, one-half of the team formerly known as The Southern Stallions, just laid out Hercules Hammonds with that big leaping clothesline.

[Jacobs drags Hammonds up off the mat, firing him off into the turnbuckles. The Tupelo native staggers off the corner, getting launched up and over with a big back drop.]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[The former defensive tackle falls back to the corner again, slapping the turnbuckle a few times, waiting for Hammonds to regain his feet.]

GM: Jacobs is waiting, measuring his man...

[The big man from Miami comes barreling out of the corner as Hammonds struggles up to his feet, rushing at him with his arm stretched out...]

GM: CLOTHESLI- ducked by Hammonds!

[As Jacobs turns, Hammonds grabs him under the armpits, launching him up into the air, ducking under, catching him across the shoulders...

...and DRIVES him back into the canvas with a Samoan Drop!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Hammonds flips over, applying a lateral press.]

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

[Jacobs fires a shoulder off the canvas. Hammonds looks up at Skywalker Jones who is up on the middle rope on the outside of the ring, shouting, "BREAK 'IM, HERC!" Hammonds gives him a nod before climbing back to his feet, dragging Jacobs up by the arm...]

GM: Both of these men have so much power in between them... you gotta be impressed by both of them.

BW: There ain't no room on the bandwagon for ya, Myers!

[Hammonds pulls him towards him, scooping him off the canvas into a military press...]

GM: Whoa my! Look at that!

[He walks around the ring, holding Jacobs as high as he can extend his arms...]

...and then hurls him down to the canvas effortlessly!]

GM: Big press slam! That'll rattle your spine and... Hammonds makes the tag to Skywalker Jones!

[Jones rushes into the ring, hitting the ropes, rebounding back into a Hammonds gorilla press...]

GM: Hammonds has got him up! Holding his own partner high!

[...and DROPS him down on the chest of Jacobs!]

GM: Ohh! A devastating doubleteam by- Jones with the cover!

[The referee dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Jacobs again muscles out at two, breaking up the count. Jones grabs the head, hammering away with closed fists as the referee starts another count, getting to four before Jones lets go, backing up to his feet and backing away as Jacobs crawls towards the ropes...]

GM: Jacobs is using the ropes to get back up and you gotta think he needs to tag in Kenny Stanton as well. He needs to make the exchange and-

[Jones rushes across the ring towards a stunned Jacobs, throwing himself into a spinning back elbow, catching Jacobs on the chin and sending him stumbling through the ropes out to the floor.]

GM: Jacobs goes down hard on the floor...

[Skywalker Jones pops back to his feet, looking out at the crowd and pointing, doing a full 360 before dashing to the ropes behind him, bouncing off as he sprints back towards the ropes by Jacobs...]

GM: JONES COMIN' FAST!

[As he approaches the ropes, he turns his back, leaping up to the top rope, springing off with a breathtaking moonsault that wipes out a recovering Brad Jacobs!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: WHAT WAS THAT?! WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT?!

[Jones slowly climbs to his feet, waving an arm in the air to the cheers of the crowd.]

BW: No matter what you think of this man, no matter how much you dislike him or disrespect him - you gotta be impressed by his ability inside the squared circle! A springboard moonsault to the floor just wiped out Brad Jacobs completely!

[Jones gives a nearby Buford P. Higgins a high five before rolling him back under the ropes into the ring. The high flyer grabs the top rope, pulling himself up on the apron.]

GM: Jacobs is down and out after that dive and Jones is looking to finish him...

[With a slingshot over the ropes, Jones goes for a somersault senton, crashing down across Jacobs' chest!]

GM: Oh my! That might do-

[Suddenly, the crowd ROARS at the sight of Brad Jacobs climbing up to his feet, staring dead in the eye of a stunned Skywalker Jones.]

GM: Wait a second! Brad Jacobs is up! Jacobs is on his feet!

[Jones shakes his head in disbelief, backing off as Jacobs walks towards him...

...and pastes him with a right hand! And another! And a third!]

GM: Jacobs is lighting him up! I can't believe he got up after that big splash over the ropes!

[Jacobs grabs Jones by the arm, firing him across...]

GM: Off the far side...

[The Miami native buries a boot to the gut, stepping forward into a powerbomb position...]

GM: Uh oh!

[Jacobs lifts Jones up into the air for a powerbomb...

...but Jones flips out at the top of the lift, landing on his feet in front of Jacobs...]

GM: Ohh! He lands on his-

“SLAAAAAAAAAAP!”

GM: HE BACKHANDS HIM!

[Jones rolls back, slapping the hand of Hercules Hammonds as Jacobs rushes towards Jones, grabbing him by the hair as Hammonds steps in, hammering Jacobs across the back with a forearm smash.]

GM: Hammonds lowers the boom on him!

[With Jacobs stunned from the forearm, Hammonds sinks in a cobra clutch...]

GM: What’s he-?!

[Hammonds lifts Jacobs into the air, dropping him down across a bent knee with a backbreaker!]

GM: Ohh! He nearly broke him in half with that!

[Hammonds deadlifts Jacobs up off the bent knee, still holding the cobra clutch...

...and VIOLENTLY throws Jacobs aside like he’s flinging a frisbee!]

BW: HE CALLS THAT THE DELTA DESTROYER, DADDY!

[Hammonds gives a roar, watching as Jacobs drags himself towards the corner, slapping his partner’s hand.]

GM: In comes Kenny Stanton off the tag...

[Stanton is a blur of motion, rushing in to throw a dropkick that sends Hammonds staggering back.]

GM: Big dropkick by Stanton... and off the ropes again...

[With Hammonds staggered, Stanton leaves his feet, connecting with a spinning leg lariat to the back of the neck, knocking Hammonds flat with the blow!]

GM: Stanton with a cover!

[The referee dives down, delivering a two count before the powerhouse throws him off!]

GM: Whooa my! Stanton may have hit two big shots there but Hercules Hammonds isn't done quite yet!

[Stanton climbs to his feet, looking quite alarmed at Larry Doyle who gestures again, waving for him to keep up the assault. Stanton lunges into action, driving an elbow to the back of Hercules Hammonds' neck.]

GM: Stanton's hammering away, big right hands from the top!

[Hammonds raises his arms, trying to cover up as Kenny Stanton just clubs the heck out of him with big right hands. The referee steps in, counting quickly to force Stanton back to his feet...

...where he promptly drops a leaping legdrop across the throat!]

GM: Stanton scores with the legdrop and into another cover!

[Stanton earns another two count before Hammonds powers out. Again, Stanton looks a little bit nervous as he gets back to his feet, looking around as he backs to the corner, hopping up to the midbuckle...]

GM: Up on the middle rope, Stanton's looking to strike...

[Hammonds gets his legs underneath him, pushing up to his feet as Stanton leaps off the ropes...

...and gets CAUGHT in the powerful arms of Hammonds!]

GM: Uh oh!

[Hammonds surges forward, slamming Stanton into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Ohh!

[The big man backs off, striking a double bicep pose as Stanton staggers out towards him, throwing a pair of right hands...

...but Hammonds lifts him up with one arm, throwing him back into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Stanton hits the corner hard - a whiplash-type effect as his head and neck snap backwards on the impact. Hammonds should look at making a tag but that's not happening.

[Leaning over, Hammonds grabs the middle rope, yanking himself into a shoulder tackle on the gut... and another... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Hammonds is goin' to town on Kenny Stanton!

BW: Larry Doyle's losin' it! He's shouting at Stanton to get out of there.

[Hammonds straightens up, grabbing him under the arm and around the head...]

...and LAUNCHES Stanton out of the corner, sending him flipping through the air, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: DEAR LORD!! What a throw by the powerhouse!

[Hammonds gives a shout as he backs into the corner again, slapping himself repeatedly in the chest...]

GM: Stanton's trying to get back up... but look at Hammonds! Hammonds is ready! Hammonds is set!

[The 231 pound Stanton climbs up off the mat, slowly turning around as Hammonds rushes him, delivering a powerful thrust kick to the chest that sends Stanton sailing backwards, SLAMMING back into the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[With Stanton cornered, Skywalker Jones is shouting for the tag. Hammonds obliges, bringing his partner into the match. He grabs Jones by the arm, flinging him towards the corner with another biel throw, flipping Jones over into a cannonball splash in the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Good grief!

[Jones pops back to his feet, dragging Stanton out of the corner towards the middle of the ring. The high flyer lashes out with a jabbing punch... and another... and another...]

GM: Three big jabs...

BW: Look at the bob and weave - not since Muhammad Ali has anyone danced like this inside a ring!

[Jones drops his arms to his side, sticking out his chin...]

GM: He's inviting Stanton to let him have it!

[Stanton throws a weak right hand, allowing Jones to spin away from it, leaping up to throw a Superman punch that knocks Stanton through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Jones scores with that big leaping right hand and he sent Stanton to the floor... but he's going out after him! He's climbing up to the ropes!

[A frantic Larry Doyle comes racing around the ring, waving his arms like crazy as he steps in front of Kenny Stanton, shaking his head at Jones who is standing up on the top rope...]

GM: Doyle's trying to block his path! Larry Doyle has put himself squarely in the path of Skywalker Jones, trying to prevent him from- LOOK OUT!

[Brad Jacobs seizes the moment, taking advantage of the distraction to rush into the ring, shoving Jones off the top rope, sending him flipping through the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ON THE RAMP!! ON THE RAMP!! GOOD GOD!!!

[The crowd is ROARING for the impactful fall onto the elevated wooden platform when Hercules Hammonds comes tearing back into the ring, grabbing Brad Jacobs in a half nelson from behind...

...but Jacobs spins out, throwing two big forearms to the jaw before falling back into the ropes...]

GM: We've got a fight breakin' out and-

[Jacobs LEAPS into the air, connecting with a flying shoulder tackle that knocks Hammonds down to the mat. The big man quickly gets back up though...

...and gets RUN OVER with a clothesline that takes Hammonds over the ropes and down to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRAD JACOBS JUST SINGLE-HANDEDLY CLEARED OUT HAMMONDS AND JONES!!

[Out on the floor, Larry Doyle manages to get Kenny Stanton back to his feet, pointing wildly up on the ramp where Skywalker Jones is laid out. Stanton nods, climbing up on the apron...

...and then HE begins climbing the ropes facing the ramp!]

GM: What in the...?

BW: This is an unnecessary risk! He should be walking over, climbing up on that ramp, and putting some boots to Jones - not taking a chance like this!

[Jacobs steps out on the apron, looking up at Stanton as he reaches the top rope. Stanton nods as Jacobs reaches up, hooking him...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: HE'S GONNA FLY!

[Jacobs HURLS his partner into the air, sending him soaring high and far...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ROCKET LAUNCHER ON THE RAMP!!

[Stanton SMASHES down hard on the prone Jones, instantly rolling off of him and clutching his ribcage!]

GM: My stars! What a doubleteam by the Blonde Bombers but you have to wonder how much that took out of Kenny Stanton, fans! How much did that take out of him?!

BW: He's still down on the ramp... Jones is too but Stanton's clutching those ribs. He's in a whole lot of pain. It's amazing how far these guys are willing to go to win this tournament.

GM: We saw that earlier tonight with Gunnar Gaines and now it's Kenny Stanton who risks it all with that Rocket Launcher onto the ramp.

[Brad Jacobs stands on the apron, watching his partner try to get to all fours as Larry Doyle starts directing traffic once again.]

GM: Jacobs is going to get his partner back in the ring, I believe, fans. He doesn't want to take any chances of a possible countout or anything like that.

[Jacobs steps out on the ramp, moving to aid his partner...

...when Skywalker Jones sees him coming, throwing a pair of kicks at his leg from the prone position.]

GM: Jones thinks that Jacobs is coming for him and-

[Jacobs promptly leaps up, driving his skull down into the torso of Skywalker Jones!]

GM: Ohh! Leaping headbutt out of Brad Jacobs!

[Jacobs angrily pulls Jones off the mat, ignoring the protesting referee as he whips him into the ropes outside the ring...

...where Jones leaps over the ropes, tucking into a front somersault and landing inside the ring as the referee's count hits six!]

GM: Whoa! Jones throws himself in!

[A frantic Jacobs spins around, grabbing Stanton off the wooden platform. He pulls him towards the ring as the count hits seven... then eight... and shoves his partner through the ropes at nine.]

GM: That was a close one for the Blonde Bombers. They almost found themselves getting counted out in the biggest match of their lives to date.

[Jacobs re-takes his spot in the corner as Hercules Hammonds does the same across the ring, giving a shout to his partner to cheer him towards the corner to make a tag.]

GM: Jones rolls across the ring, reaching up to make a tag to the big man!

[Hammonds comes in quickly, pulling a dazed Stanton off the canvas. He slips to the side of him, lifting him up across his shoulders...]

GM: Torture rac- no! Stanton flips over the top!

[The Dallas youngster buries a boot in the gut of Hammonds, hooking a front facelock...

...and SPIKES him with a desperation DDT!]

GM: DDT! DDT BY STANTON!!

[Stanton rolls to his stomach, also trying to get across the ring to make a tag to Brad Jacobs who has his hand outstretched, watching and waiting...]

GM: Stanton's trying to get to the corner! Stanton's trying to make the tag to-

[Suddenly, Buford P. Higgins hops up on the apron, giving a whoop and drawing the referee's attention...

...which means the official misses it when Stanton makes a lunge, slapping the hand of Brad Jacobs!]

GM: The tag is made! In comes Jacobs!

[Jacobs grabs a dazed Hammonds, laying into him with heavy forearms to the side of the face...

...when suddenly, the official steps in, forcing Jacobs back!]

BW: The referee didn't see the tag! He was tied up with Buford P. Higgins and he missed that tag being made!

[With Jacobs protesting the decision, Hercules Hammonds grabs Stanton off the canvas, hooking a half nelson...]

GM: Oh my...

[...lifting him into the air and DRIVING him down across a bent knee!]

GM: ...STARRRRS!

[Hammonds slides into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The count is broken up when Brad Jacobs slips in, stomping Hammonds in the back of the head.]

GM: Jacobs may have just saved this one for his team, fans. The Blonde Bombers were awfully close to being eliminated right there by Hammonds and Jones.

[Hammonds climbs to his feet, grabbing at the back of his head as he glares at Brad Jacobs. He spins around, pulling Stanton off the mat by the arm...

...and YANKS him into a short-arm clothesline!]

GM: Goodness! He nearly took his head clean off with that!

[Hammonds turns towards Jacobs, trashtalking the Miami native while he allows Stanton time to recover on the mat.]

BW: Cover him, Herc! Come on!

[Hammonds spins, planting a boot in the chest of Stanton and shouting "COUNT 'IM, REF!"]

GM: Oh, come on.

[The ref's count hits two before Stanton wiggles loose, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only there for Hammonds off that arrogant cover.

[He leans down, grabbing a leg to drag Stanton towards the corner where he slaps the hand of a dazed Skywalker Jones who looks quite puzzled at his partner before being hoisted into the air in a gourdbuster-type lift...

...and THROWN down on a prone Stanton!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Stanton again lifts a shoulder up, just barely escaping the three count.]

GM: Two count only once again and... wait a second!

[The referee shouts at the incoming Hercules Hammonds, ordering him out of the ring...]

GM: Hammonds is in without a tag! He's illegally in the match!

[Hammonds angrily pulls Jones off the mat, tugging him into a gutwrench...]

GM: What in the...?

[The powerhouse hoists Jones up, holding him in a Canadian backbreaker position...]

...and SWINGS him down into a splash on Stanton!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

BW: Incredible! Hammonds could reverse chokeslam an antelope, daddy!

[Jones has no ability to hook a leg or anything as the referee dives to count again...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

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

[A furious Hammonds steps in again, shouting at Stanton as he pulls an exhausted Jones to his feet again...]

GM: He's got his own partner up again... what's this?

[The crowd buzzes as Hammonds applies the standing headscissors again, powering him up into powerbomb position...]

...which is Brad Jacobs' cue to rush across the ring, throwing himself into a spear tackle!]

GM: OHHH! HE SPEARED HIM!!

[The blow doubles over Hammonds, causing Jones' weight to pitch backwards and essentially rana his own partner over to the canvas!]

GM: JACOBS HAD SEEN ENOUGH OF THAT!!

[Jacobs backs off, dropping down into a three point stance...]

GM: Jacobs is setting up - just like he used to do at the University of Miami!

[With his rear in the air, Jacobs sits at the ready and as Hammonds starts to stir, Jacobs charges across the ring...]

...and leaves his feet, throwing a leaping clothesline that drops the big man!]

GM: BIG CLOTHESLINE CONNECTS!!

[Jacobs gives a big roar, throwing his arms apart to a big roar from a large part of the crowd as well.]

GM: When neither of the teams in the match are favorites of the fans, sometimes we see strange relationships occur!

[Jacobs wheels around, pulling Skywalker Jones off the mat to the protests of the official who keeps shouting that Jacobs is not the legal man inside the ring...]

GM: Jacobs isn't legal but he don't give a damn!

[The Miami native flings Jones into the ropes, catching him on the rebound as he hoists him up in front of him...]

...and DRIVES him back down to the mat with a standing spinebuster!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Jacobs gives a pump of his fist at the sight of Skywalker Jones laid out on the canvas...]

...and then points to the corner!]

GM: Kenny Stanton... somehow, someway... is on his feet and he's climbing the turnbuckles here in Oklahoma City!

[Jacobs nods as he pulls Jones up, lifting him up on his shoulder to walk him to an adjacent corner where he drops him up top...]

GM: They're setting up for the Blonde Bombshell!

[Outside the ring, Larry Doyle is ecstatic, jumping up and down with joy.]

BW: The Bombers are about to punch their ticket to the Finals, daddy!

[Jacobs climbs up on the midbuckle, slinging Jones' arm over his neck as he hooks a front facelock...]

GM: Jacobs is lookin' for that superplex! If he hits that, then Stanton comes off the top with his big splash and we may be looking at our first Finalists!

[Jacobs sets, grabbing a handful of trunks...]

GM: He's having trouble getting in position... he might be-

[Jones suddenly lashes out, clapping his arms together on the head of Jacobs, stunning the big man...]

...who suddenly finds himself hoisted up on the shoulders of Hercules Hammonds!]

GM: What the-?! What the-?!

BW: HAMMONDS IS UP!!

[And so is Skywalker Jones who steps up on the top rope, balancing himself...

...and leaps off, snaring Jacobs' head between his legs, yanking him off the shoulders of Hercules Hammonds with a rana, and SNAPPING him down to the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HEADSCISSORS OFF-

[Suddenly, Kenny Stanton leaps off the top, sailing through the air, and CRUSHING Jones underneath him with a splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Stanton rolls off, clutching his ribs as Jones rolls to his stomach nearby. Hercules Hammonds swings around, ready to strike...

...but the official forces him out of the ring as Brad Jacobs rolls out to the floor, leaving Stanton and Jones as the two legal men again.]

GM: Back and forth, back and forth these two fantastic young teams go. They know what's at stake. They know what's on the line. They want to make that trip to the Finals for the biggest match of their lives!

[Stanton is the first one up, dragging himself on his rear end to the neutral corner, leaning against the buckles as he grabs at his ribcage. He reaches up, wincing as he does, to grab the top rope, physically lifting himself using the ropes to get to his feet. He leans against the buckles again, waiting for Skywalker Jones to rise...]

GM: Stanton's up and in the corner... he's trying to regroup while he's waiting for Jones to get off the mat as well. Jones has taken a lot of punishment in this match...

[The brash and exciting former Combat Corner student pushes up off the mat, staying on all fours for several moments as his entire body shakes with the effort of drawing breath into his exhausted body...]

GM: Jones is on his feet! STANTON!

[Stanton rushes from the corner, throwing himself into the air with his right arm cocked back...]

GM: LARIAT!

[...but Jones falls back, bridging in an incredible show of flexibility as Stanton sails over him, bouncing off the canvas where he rolls to his back as Jones pushes back a standing position, spinning to rush towards the downed Stanton...

...and snaps off a running Shooting Star Press, crashing down across the chest of Stanton as he reaches back to tightly hook both legs!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE KICKED OUT! MY GOD, HE KICKED OUT OF THAT RUNNING ZERO G!!

[Jones rolls off to his back, chest heaving as he reaches up to cover his face with both hands, shaking his back and forth in disbelief.]

GM: He thought he had him! He thought he had him with that incredible flipping splash!

[Jones sits up on the mat, still looking up at the official in disbelief as the referee holds up two fingers. Outside the ring, Buford P. Higgins can be heard screaming at Jones to "keep his head in the game!" as Hercules Hammonds kicks the bottom rope, screaming for a tag.]

GM: Hammonds wants in there! So does Brad Jacobs! The two powerhouses are lookin' to get in there and finish this battle off! One of these two teams is heading to the Finals of the Stampede Cup here tonight but who's it gonna be?!

[Jones pushes back to his feet, looking to the corner where an insistent Hercules Hammonds has his hand outstretched, screaming for a tag...]

GM: He wants the tag! He needs the tag!

[Jones stares at the corner, staring at his powerful partner's hand...

...and then turns his back, leaning down to pull Kenny Stanton up off the canvas.]

GM: Jones won't make the tag! Skywalker Jones thinks he's got Stanton on the verge of defeat and he's REFUSING to make the tag in to Hercules Hammonds who is in a much better condition at this point than Jones is!

[Jones grabs an arm, flinging Stanton to the neutral corner. He rushes in after him, leaping up to smash a forearm to the jaw. He spins, walking out...]

GM: Big forearm in the corner by Jones and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: PELE KICK!! IN THE CORNER!!

[The crowd ERUPTS for Jones' breathtaking offense again as he does a somersault, smashing his foot down atop Stanton's head and knocking the young man flat, leaning against the turnbuckles...]

GM: Stanton's down... Jones is up... but can he do it, Bucky? Can he finish this kid from Dallas, Texas off?!

[Jones leans down, lifting Stanton up to his feet, and then muscling him a little higher, sitting him down straddling the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Uh oh. Whatever Skywalker Jones has in mind here, it can't be good news for Kenny Stanton, fans!

BW: Or good news for Kenny Stanton fans!

GM: That's for sure.

[Jones steps up to the middle rope, throwing a pair of right hands to the skull of Stanton before looping his arms around his torso in a loose bearhug, pulling Stanton up to his feet on the top turnbuckle...]

BW: It's the Witness To Greatness, Gordo! He's setting up for that top rope flipping belly-to-belly!

GM: We've seen this before and we know that if he hits this, it's all over! It's ALL over!

[Jones slips a foot up onto the top turnbuckle, trying to draw all his strength into what he's about to do. Realizing what's coming as Larry Doyle is screaming his head off, Stanton smashes a right hand into the ear of Jones!]

GM: Stanton's firing back!

[A second right hand connects before Stanton grabs a left hand full of hair, pulling his own head back...

...and SMASHES his skull into Jones' head, sending him sailing down off the ropes to the mat where he lands on a knee.]

GM: Stanton knocks him down... Jones is on his knees...

[But as Jones pushes up off the mat, Stanton leaps off the top, catching him in a sunset flip that drags Jones down to the mat...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: And this time, it's Skywalker Jones who barely gets the shoulder up in time! Incredible!

BW: We're closing in on the twenty minute mark of this match but Jones and Hammonds have been through two wars already this weekend. The Bombers got a bye - this is their first match tonight, don't forget that!

GM: You're absolutely right but Stanton and Jacobs have been through an incredibly tough match here against Jones and Hammonds as well.

[Stanton and Jones both scramble, both trying to get to their feet before the other man can manage to do it...]

GM: Both men trying to get up... both men trying to get there first...

[Stanton manages to get up, rushing towards Jones as he rises... but Jones sidesteps, throwing him towards the corner where Stanton leaps up to the midbuckle, twisting as he leaps off...]

GM: CROSSBODY!!

[The cross body block catches Jones squarely in the chest, knocking him down to the mat...

...where he uses the momentum to roll right over, popping up to his feet, and snapping off a picture perfect standing moonsault on a stunned Stanton!]

GM: WHOA! WHOA!

[The referee dives to the mat, slapping it once... twice... and AGAIN, Stanton slips a shoulder up before a three count!]

GM: Skywalker Jones was AGAIN a half a count away from winning this match and sending his team into the Finals of this tournament to battle for a million dollars, the Stampede Cup, and the World Tag Team Titles!

[Jones pushes up to his knees, burying his head in his hands, slamming his clenched fists into the canvas in frustration.]

GM: Jones is letting these near falls get to him, Bucky.

BW: He can't do that, Gordo. He needs to stay focused. He needs to keep his head in the game. And damn it, he NEEDS to tag in Hercules Hammonds!

[Hammonds is pacing back and forth on the apron now, desperate to get into the ring and attempt to finish off Kenny Stanton and the Blonde Bombers as Jones pushes up to his feet, looks to the corner with his hands on his hips as Buford P. Higgins can be heard PLEADING with Jones to make the tag.]

GM: Hammonds wants the tag! Higgins wants Jones to make the tag! But does Skywalker Jones WANT to make the tag?!

[Jones seems to be in a bit of a huff as he stomps across the ring, slapping the hand of Hercules Hammonds, bringing the near-three hundred pounder into the ring.]

GM: There's the tag and here we go! The Terror of Tupelo, Mississippi is in the ring and-

[Jones stops him, pointing at the corner, directing traffic.]

GM: What are they... Hammonds is heading to the corner now. This is unusual for Hammonds. He's not known for his high-flying techniques.

[Hammonds pops up to the midbuckle, sitting down on the top as Jones pulls Stanton off the mat. He walks him over to the corner before turning into a side waistlock, lifting Stanton up...]

GM: What are they doing, Bucky?

BW: You can't tell? You're dumber than you look, Myers, and that's sayin' something!

[Jones deposits Stanton into the waiting arms of the powerful Hercules Hammonds who lifts Stanton high, standing on the middle rope with Stanton up in powerbomb position as Jones backs off, dropping to a knee and pointing at the big man who is ready to deliver the match to his team...]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GONNA PUT STANTON _THROUGH_ THE MAT!!

[Hammonds pauses, holding Stanton high...

...which gives Stanton the slightest chance to start hammering away, desperately pummeling Hammonds with right hands to the skull!]

GM: STANTON'S FIGHTING IT! HE'S FIGHTING IT!!

[Digging his fingers into the eyes, Stanton gives a rake which causes a pain-filled Hammonds to release his grip a bit. Stanton twists his body, looping his right leg over the back of Hammonds' head as they fall forward...

...and DRIVE the face of Hammonds into the canvas!]

GM: OHHH! LEG BULLDOG! HE ROPED HIM IN AND DROVE 'IM DOWN!!

[Stanton falls back to his back from the impact, unable to take advantage of the situation. An enraged Skywalker Jones is throwing a tantrum, screaming and shouting and carrying on as the referee forces Jones out of the ring and back onto the apron!]

GM: Kenny Stanton was a heartbeat away from being driven into the mat by Hercules Hammonds but somehow, he found a way to counter that move with one of his own!

[Out on the apron, Brad Jacobs is SCREAMING for his partner to make the tag, trying to get his attention as Stanton lies on his back, breathing heavily.]

GM: Both of these teams have put so much into this match - so much of their bodies, so much effort to try and secure a spot in the Finals!

BW: The question is quickly becoming - if they make the Finals, how much are they gonna have left?

GM: Especially Jones and Hammonds who are on their third match of the weekend, having already been through wars with November and LION Tetsuo plus the National Tag Team Champions, the Bishop Boys, right here tonight!

[Stanton rolls to all fours, turning towards the corner where both Jacobs and Doyle are trying to draw him with the sound of their voices.]

GM: They're trying to get him there! Cheering him on, rooting him on, drawing them to their voices!

[Stanton gets closer and closer as Jones gets closer and closer to a big ol' fit out on the apron...]

GM: Hercules Hammonds is starting to stir, pushing up to his knees, trying to get up as Stanton gets to the corner...

[Stanton straightens up on his knees, looking up at Jacobs' hand...

...and falls forward, slapping it! BIG MIXED RESPONSE!]

GM: THE TAG IS MADE!!

[Brad Jacobs slips through the ropes, giving a war whoop as he charges across the ring at the rising Hercules Hammonds...

...and DROPS him with a running clothesline!]

GM: DOWN GOES HAMMONDS!!

[Hammonds rolls to his stomach, trying to push back up as Jacobs drops back against the ropes, running in place...

...and barrels forward, connecting with a second running clothesline on Hammonds!]

GM: HE GOES DOWN AGAIN!!

[Jacobs approaches Hammonds, pulling him up to his feet by the arm and firing him off into the ropes.]

GM: Herc off the far side...

[Jacobs catches him on the rebound, pivoting fast and strong with Hammonds in his arms...

...and DRIVING him down to the canvas with a thunderous spinning powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! ONE!!! TWO!!! TH-

[Skywalker Jones rushes in, making a dive to smash his forearm across the back of Jacobs' head to break up the pin!]

GM: Jones makes the save!

[Jones stomps Jacobs a few more times, dragging him off the mat by the arm as he barks for his partner to help him.]

GM: Jones is telling Hammonds to get up - easier said than done after you've just been powerslammed by "The Big Deal" Brad Jacobs!

BW: We've passed the twenty minute mark and these two teams continue to go to war! Awesome!

[Hammonds struggles to his feet as Jones whips Jacobs into the ropes. The Miami native bounces off, coming back towards Jones who leapfrogs, forcing Jacobs to duck down, running right into a standing headscissors as Hammonds grabs and lifts in one motion, powering Jacobs up into the air as Jones turns around, leaps up...

...and plants his knees into the back of Jacobs, holding his shoulders while falling back in a lungblower as Hammonds drives him down with a powerbomb!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERBOMB ONTO THE KNEES OF JONES!! THAT'S GOTTA BE IT!

[Jones rolls out of the ring, grabbing at his legs as Hammonds dives atop, applying a cover...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Kenny Stanton makes a diving save, throwing himself on Hammonds' back to break up the pin attempt!]

GM: STANTON MAKES THE SAAAAVE!

[Stanton falls to the side, breathing heavily as Hercules Hammonds rolls to his side, slowly climbing back to his feet, holding the back of his head where Stanton landed a forearm!]

GM: We're about twenty-five minutes into this battle and both of these teams are still giving it everything they've got!

[Hammonds gets up, pulling Kenny Stanton off the mat...

...and muscling him up into a gorilla press!]

GM: He's got Stanton up! He's got Stanton in the air!

[The big man turns towards the entrance ramp...]

GM: He's gonna throw him over the top!

[A freaked out Larry Doyle scrambles up the ringsteps, waving his arms, trying to get Hammonds' attention...

...which brings Buford P. Higgins up on the apron too, shouting at Doyle!]

GM: The managers - announcers, whatever - are getting involved now!

[Doyle walks out to the middle of the apron where the ramp meets the ring, blocking Hammonds' path...

...until Hammonds gets a running start, HURLING Stanton over the top rope... over Larry Doyle... and down HARD on the wooden ramp!]

GM: OUT GOES STANTON!!

[Doyle freaks out, screaming at the referee who waves it off, gesturing for Jacobs and Hammonds, the legal men, to continue the match. The Royalty manager leans down, wiggling out of his cowboy boot!]

GM: Doyle's taking the boot off! He's trying to take that cowboy boot - that loaded boot - off his stinkin' foot!

[Inside the ring, Hammonds pulls Brad Jacobs back to his feet, pulling him into gutwrench position...]

GM: He's going for the Hammonds Hammer!

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

[The Terror of Tupelo powers Jacobs up into the air, hoisting him over his shoulder...]

...but he lifts with too much force, causing Jacobs to slip out the back door, landing behind Hammonds. Jacobs quickly reaches back, hooking both of Hammonds' arms...]

GM: BACKSLIDE!

[...and drags Hammonds down to the mat, pinning his shoulders to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!! THRE-

[Hammonds powers out, kicking out strongly to break up the pin attempt!]

GM: I thought he had him there, Bucky!

BW: I'm exhausted just watching this match! I can't even imagine how tired these guys must be in there. Jacobs got the backslide but it wasn't enough... it wasn't enough for a three count.

[Hammonds catches the rising Jacobs with a boot to the gut, again grabbing the gutwrench...]

...when suddenly Skywalker Jones is back up on the apron, waving his arms back and forth.]

GM: Jones is waving it off! Hammonds was looking for the Hammer but Jones has got other ideas!

[Hammonds nods, scooping Jacobs up for a simple bodyslam and then makes the quick tag to Jones who leaps up to the top rope in a single bound...]

GM: Jones is the legal man! He's up top!

[Jones pauses, looking out at the buzzing crowd, and snaps off a full somersault...]

...spinning all the way through into a rib-cracking 450 splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[That lands RIGHT on the raised knees of Brad Jacobs!]

GM: KNEES UP! JACOBS GOT THE KNEES UP!!

[A disappointed Hercules Hammonds slams an arm down on the buckles, shouting at Jones as the referee steps in to make sure Hammonds doesn't come charging in.]

GM: Jacobs is back up...

[There's a big mixed reaction as Jacobs plants a fist on the canvas, leaning down in the three point stance...]

GM: He's ready for it! He's measuring Jones!

[A pain-filled Jones fights back up to his feet, clutching at his torso...

...and Jacobs comes charging across the ring, running hard and fast...]

GM: SPEAR!

[Jacobs THROWS himself into a full-on tackle, knocking Jones down to the canvas in a heap!]

GM: HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Jacobs applies a cover, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS in shock as Buford P. Higgins grabs Jacobs by the ankle, tugging him out of the pinning predicament!]

GM: OH! HIGGINS YANKS HIM OFF JONES!

BW: Whoa!

GM: Buford P. Higgins just saved the whole thing for his men!

[A furious Larry Doyle comes circling the ring, loaded cowboy boot in hand as Higgins produces the golden mic, ready for a fight if it comes!]

GM: We've got a standoff on the floor and-

[Jacobs glares at Higgins as he moves back in on Jones, lifting him off the canvas...

...where a desperate Jones throws a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Jones fires back with a right hand!

[But an explosive series of forearms from Jacobs sends Jones back into the turnbuckles, hanging onto the top rope to stay on his feet. Out on the ramp, we see Kenny Stanton crawling back towards the ring.]

GM: What do they have left, fans?! What could these four men possibly have left to get them to the Finals of this incredible tournament?!

[Leaning over, Jacobs grabs an arm, whipping Jones across the ring into the far buckles. Jacobs leans back, breathing heavily before breaking into a dash across...]

GM: CLOTHESLIIIIII-

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

GM: SUPERKICK! SUPERKICK!

BW: THE CALISTO KILLER!

[Jacobs staggers backwards from the impact of the superkick that bounced off his chest, narrowly missing the shot on the chin that likely would’ve knocked him out cold!]

GM: Jones has got him dazed! He’s got him rocked!

[Jones suddenly rushes at Jacobs from behind, leaping up onto the shoulders into a Victory Roll position...]

GM: VICTORY RO-

[But Jones tries to snap his weight backwards, looking for a reverse rana...]

GM: NO, NO!

[Jacobs holds firm, blocking Jones’ momentum...

...and muscles him back up into a seated position atop his shoulders.]

GM: WHOA! JACOBS BLOCKED IT! HE BLOCKED-

[Suddenly, Kenny Stanton leaps into the air, springboarding off the top...

...and CONNECTS with a flying clothesline that flips Jones completely over, dumping him down on his chest! HUUUUUGE CROWD REACTION!]

GM: OH MY STARS, WHAT DID WE JUST SEE?!

[Jacobs throws himself over the motionless Jones as Hercules Hammonds, sensing trouble, ducks through the ropes into the ring, rushing for the save as the referee dives down to count...]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!!!

[...and Kenny Stanton leaves his feet, connecting with the flying lariat that knocks Hammonds flat as well!]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

“DING! DING! DING!”

[The crowd ROARS with a mixed response for the bell as an ecstatic Larry Doyle jumps up and down, throwing his loaded boot into the air, rolling into the ring and immediately falling into an embrace with an exhausted Kenny Stanton and are quickly joined by Brad Jacobs as well.]

GM: My stars, the Blonde Bombers are moving to the Finals! Royalty is one victory away from achieving their goal here this weekend and winning the World Tag Team Titles!

BW: What a battle. Man, I need some Gatorade or something after that. Good lord.

GM: An incredible matchup... an amazing match. These two teams deserve a standing ovation after that - no matter if you like 'em or not - and that's what they're getting right now.

[The Oklahoma City crowd is indeed showin' the love for the efforts of both teams, on their feet cheering loudly as they can as the Bombers continue to celebrate their triumph.]

GM: The Blonde Bombers are victorious - heading towards the Finals where the World Tag Team Titles very well could await them. And you've gotta believe that at the end of the night, that bye benefited the Bombers in a big way.

BW: Absolutely, Gordo. Both teams went to hell and back in that one but with that little bit of extra rest, it had to give the Bombers a huge advantage in this match. All four of 'em look exhausted but you better believe that Jones and Hammonds are a little bit worse off. If they'd even made it to the Finals, I don't know if Jones and Hammonds could've gone through another war like that.

[The Bombers and Doyle exit the ring, starting to walk up the aisle towards the locker room...

...when suddenly November comes storming past them, shoving Doyle aside as he stomps down the ramp towards the ring...]

GM: Wait a second!

BW: What the HELL is he doing out here, Myers?!

GM: I have no idea but November is comin' down to the ring and he looks like he means business!

BW: He's got a steel chair in his hands, Gordo - of course he means business!

[A serious glare is on the face of November as he steps through the ropes into the ring, tapping the chair onto the canvas a few times as he stares at the barely-moving Skywalker Jones.]

GM: We all saw what happened to November last night here in at the Cup. We all know what Jones and Hammonds did to November and his hero LION Tetsuo last night and November obviously isn't in a forgiving mood!

[Buford P. Higgins is screaming his head off, trying to warn his men. Hercules Hammonds slowly gets to a knee, shaking his head at November who is watching...]

BW: Get up, Herc! You gotta protect Skywalker Jones! You gotta-

[Hammonds gets up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[November BLASTS Hammonds with the chair as Hercules raises his arms, somewhat blocking the shot but Hammonds gets dropped, rolling out to the floor as the crowd cheers loudly.]

GM: November takes out Hammonds with the chair!

[Still fuming, November throws the steel chair down on the mat, leaning down to pull Jones up by the hair, tugging him into a front facelock, slinging an arm over his neck...]

GM: Oh my god!

BW: Somebody's gotta stop this! Somebody-

[November lifts Jones into the air, holding him straight up for a moment...

...and SPIKES him skullfirst into the canvas with a brainbuster!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BRAINBUSTER! BRAINBUSTER!

[November kips up to his feet, glaring down at the motionless Jones. He points down at him, shouting at his rival.]

GM: November spiked him! He dropped him on his head and-

[The crowd "ohhhhhhs!" as November spits right down on the chest of Skywalker Jones...

...and then turns, pointing at the corner...]

GM: Uh oh!

BW: November's gonna fly!

[The moody cruiserweight exits the ring, climbing up the turnbuckle to the top rope...]

GM: HE'S UP TOP! HE'S ON THE TOP ROPE!!

[November stands, balanced perfectly on the top rope as he stares down at Jones...]

...and then hurls himself off the top, flipping backwards as he sails down to the mat...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOOTING STAR OFF THE TOP!!

[November CRASHES down on the chest of Jones!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF!!

[November pushes up to his feet, looking down at Jones who is clutching at his ribcage...]

GM: November drops the Shooting Star down on a motionless Skywalker Jones!

BW: That's enough! Get him out of there!

[Higgins is screaming at November, begging him to back off. The Seattle native throws a glare at Higgins who backs off, hands raised...]

...and November steps out to the apron again, heading up top for a second time...]

GM: He's going up top again! He's gonna fly again!

BW: He can't do this, Gordo! Jones is helpless! He's not even moving, Gordo! He ain't movin' at all!

GM: Jones may be regretting what happened last night at this point.

[November stands atop the ropes again, looking out at the buzzing crowd...]

...and throws a second Shooting Star, crashing down on the chest of Jones again!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOODNESS!

[November pushes up to his knees, looking out at the crowd where more than a few boos are starting to sprinkle in. Jones rolls to his side, clutching at his ribs and chest.]

GM: Jones is hurt, fans. I do believe that Skywalker Jones is seriously hurt at this point.

[The referee steps in, shouting at November, trying to back him away...

...but the moody cruiserweight grabs a handful of hair, HURLING the referee through the ropes and out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS!! WHAT IN THE WORLD HAS GOTTEN INTO NOVEMBER?!

[More boos start trickling in now as November looks out at the crowd, shaking his head...

...and exits the ring, climbing the ropes again...]

GM: He's going up top again?!

BW: This ain't right. This is bad news for Jones, Gordo.

GM: Can we get someone out here to stop this? Please... let's get someone to stop this!

[November steps up to the top rope, balancing himself as he looks down at Jones who now has a trickle of blood coming from the corner of his mouth...

...and November leaps into the air, tucking both legs up tight...]

GM: HE LEAPS!

[...and DRIVES a double stomp down on the skull of Skywalker Jones!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good... good lord. November just double stomped the skull of Skywalker Jones and... my stars, Jones isn't moving, fans. He's not moving at all. November has snapped! November has lost it here tonight in Oklahoma City.

[Suddenly, a swarm of security and AWA officials hit the ring, engulfing November and forcing him back towards the ropes, trying to get him out of the ring as AWA medical personnel slide in to check on the downed Jones.]

GM: I can't believe what we just saw! This is so unlike November... so unlike what we've seen from him in the past. I know he's upset... I know he's frustrated. I know he was looking for some payback but... I think he's gone too far here tonight, fans.

[The camera holds on Skywalker Jones being tended to by medical personnel as we fade to black.

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

Fade back up. Once again, we find Jason Dane standing by with Louis Matsui and the Prehistoric Powers. If previously the masked MAMMOTH Maximus was just breathing down Dane's neck, he is now just screaming in the broadcaster's face.]

MM: What the hell was that?! WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?! Outsmarted by Martinez's punk kid and an old man with a bum knee! [To Mizusawa.] And, you! Where the hell were you?!

[Mizusawa yells something back in Japanese, while Maximus shoves Jason Dane aside and advances on the seven-footer, still yelling, "WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU?! WHERE WERE YOU?" Matsui, rather unwisely, tries to get between the two behemoths, but Mizusawa holds the manager back with one arm, while holding out his other hand in front of him. The two MAMMOTHS begin jostling against one another, but the commotion is cut short when Maximus lands a sucker punch on Mizusawa's jaw. Instead of staggering the Japanese giant, Mizusawa instead grabs Maximus across the throat with both hands and, almost immediately, has him pushed up against the backdrop. It's Matsui's lone voice that stops everyone in their tracks.]

LM: THAT'S ENOUGH! It's my mistake for thinking you two could function as a tag team, so go ahead and blame ME if you want! The truth is, you were beaten by a better team, we're out of the Cup and if after tonight, you two don't want to be the Prehistoric Powers anymore, that's fine! But, as long as you two are still under contract to the Matsui Corporation, you're still going to have to find some way to get along, if not for your sakes, then for the sake of MY name!

[By this time, MAMMOTH Mizusawa has loosened his grip enough for MAMMOTH Maximus to push the giant's hands off him. He points a warning finger at Mizusawa, which Mizusawa tries to swat away, but Louis Matsui actually grabs both of them by the wrists and forces them down.]

LM: We're going to make this work and, like I said, if a tag team isn't going to work for you, there are still the Television and the World titles for the taking, but not if you two are too busy trying to destroy one another. Now, let's go! There's work to be done.

[Matsui hikes a thumb, motioning for Maximus to walk ahead of him. He makes a show of straightening up his suit, throws a smirk at Jason Dane, then exits, followed by the scowling Mizusawa as we crossfade to...

...Mark Stegglet standing, flanked by two men. Weary, exhausted, soaked in sweat, but also determined. Those two men? Young superstar in the making Ryan Martinez, and his partner the very definition of "grizzled veteran," Gunnar Gaines. Both men are in their ring gear, and both have the same battered but focused expression on their faces.]

MS: I stand here with two men, that, if I'm being honest, few people gave a chance to get this far. You two have defeated the Ring Workers. And then you've overcome, well, the biggest challenge of your partnership, the Prehistoric Powers. Now, just two more matches stand between you, one million dollars, the Stampede Cup, the World Tag Team Championship, and the right to be called the greatest tag team in the world. Mr. Gaines, the first thing I have to ask is, how is your knee?

GG: [Begins to open his mouth]

RM: I've got to interrupt. Because Stegglet ... that is not the right question.

[Gunnar looks at Ryan just a little bit askew.]

MS: It's not?

RM: No, don't think about his knee. Think about this...

[Martinez reaches across Dane, and slaps Gunnar on the chest, right over his heart.]

RM: Not that you need to ask whether Gunnar Gaines has heart. What you saw earlier tonight? There's never been a greater display of it. Never. And that heart? It's gonna take us all the way to all those things you mentioned. Isn't it, Gunnar?

[The words hang in the air as Gunnar hesitates to answer. He looks down. Then he slowly looks back up at the camera, with a slight smile on his face.]

GG: To answer your question, Stegglet, the knee is fine. And when my partner here talks about heart, he needs to share the credit a little bit. One team member with heart is not going to cut it against the Prehistoric Powers. It takes two. That's what we have, and that's why we won. But let me let you in on a little secret. We ain't done yet. I told you last time, Mark, three simple words. "I. Get. Satisfaction." And you know something? I don't have it yet. Not even after beating two giants. But I know where I can get it.

MS: But between you and the finals, you take on The Aces. Some people are saying they are the team to beat. They've defeated both two former National Champions in Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott, and former National Tag team champions and previous Cup winners Violence Unlimited. It's safe to say that the odds are against you.

[Gunnar looks at Stegglet with absolute disgust.]

GG: Safe? It's never safe to say ANYTHING when it comes to Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines, because we're gonna prove it wrong.

RM: On paper, the Aces are the better team. On paper. But wrestling doesn't happen on paper. It happens in the ring. And all the statistics? They go out the window. On paper, the Aces might have everything it takes to win this entire tournament.

But in the ring? We have what the Aces don't.

You think either of them is going to do what Gunnar already did? You think either of them is going to be half crippled and still manage to sacrifice everything for a chance to win? You think either of them is going to be able to get knocked around, be ten steps beyond the edge and find it in themselves to still pick themselves up and fight?

I _know_ they can't.

Aces? You're good. On paper. But in the ring? You can't beat us. I know, for certain, that when it comes down to it, you two will fold, just like a piece of paper. And I know, for a fact, that neither of us quits, and neither of us folds.

[As Ryan finishes speaking, his eyes drift off to the side off-camera. Mark Stegglet follows his gaze, his eyes going wide when he sees what Ryan sees. The camera zooms back a bit to reveal Ryan's father, the legendary Hall of Famer, Alex Martinez...

...oh, and he's dressed to compete.]

AM: I don't mean to interrupt but I... well, I've got something you need to hear, kid.

[Stegglet holds the mic in front of Alex.]

AM: I made you a promise when you signed that contract to compete in the World Title Tournament. I told you that I would NEVER interfere in your business as long as you promised to do the same thing to mine.

But I think I gotta bend the rules on that deal, Ryan.

[Alex gestures to Gunnar.]

AM: You did a helluva job out there, Gaines. I'm impressed. The whole world's impressed. You done my boy right and I can't thank you enough for it. But I think we all know that knee's more banged up than either of you are letting on.

[Ryan starts to interrupt but Alex shakes him off.]

AM: Just let me speak my peace and then you do whatever you want to do. Look... you know I've got some old friends in the front office here. After your last match, I had a couple of conversations and made a couple of phone calls. I got the office to agree to an exception to the rules for the tournament.

Because of his injury, they're willing to let you pick a replacement.

[Ryan looks shocked, throwing a glance at Gunnar who is fuming at this point.]

GG: Now, listen to me for a secon-

[Alex again interrupts, lifting his hands.]

AM: I'm not here to get on your bad side, Gaines. This isn't about us. We've had our moments. We've had our days in the sun.

This is about him.

[Alex points at Ryan.]

AM: This is about his chance... his moment... his day in the sun. He stands a shot of winning this whole thing and you know it, Gaines.

[Gaines nods.]

AM: But he ain't gonna do it with you as his partner... not tonight, not with your knee like that. And you and I both know that chances like these don't come along every night in professional wrestling. They're few and far between and some guys don't ever get the chance at all. Ryan's got a shot to be a World Tag Team Champion...

But not if you're in his corner.

[Gunnar shakes his head in disbelief at what he's hearing... and then steps back, looking at Ryan who is looking down at the floor now.]

AM: You deserve this chance, kid. You've fought hard for it.

And I'll do you one better. If you decide to replace the old timer here...

[Martinez sticks out a hand to his son.]

AM: I'll be your partner.

[Ryan lifts his head finally, looking at his father's outstretched hand.]

RM: You.. and me?

[Alex nods. Gaines stands in the background, watching the scene unfold.]

RM: Ever since I was knee high on you, I've dreamed of that... you know that.

[Ryan lifts his own hand, slowly raising it...

...and then jerks a thumb in the direction of Gunnar Gaines.]

RM: But that man's my partner. That man's been the one who has been to hell and back with me trying to get to the Finals... trying to get to those World Tag Team Titles. He's earned my loyalty and my respect.

I appreciate all you've got to say but...

[Ryan shrugs.]

RM: If we're going down, we're going down together... and not without one hell of a fight.

[Alex nods with a grin of respect.]

AM: Had a feeling you might say that. Good luck out there... to both of you.

[Gaines glares at Alex before giving the slightest of nods before the big man walks out of view, leaving the Semifinalist behind. Gaines claps Ryan on the shoulder.]

GG: Thanks Ryan. I appreciate your vote of confidence. "Old-timer" or no ... you know I'll give everything to try to come out on top. After all, this isn't just any match, or just any tournament. This is the Stampede Cup. I know what that means.

[Gaines leans down, slapping his injured leg.]

GG: The world may think we got no chance out there right now, and it's true. This knee has a brace on it. Beneath that, ace bandage. Beneath that, duct tape. Beneath that, athletic tape. Beneath that ... don't you wish you knew? There's a lot holding it together. I'll admit that. But the bottom line I've hit Splashbusters and Grizzly Splashes with this knee and we've won two matches on it. Most guys would go running for their orthopedist, but I'm not most guys. I'm the man that does. Not. Care. And we're the team that does. Not. Lose.

Aces ... I dare you to come after it. Or let me be more precise. You're gonna have to go THROUGH it to get where you want to go. Correction, you're going to have to go through US. And I don't think you can.

[Ryan Martinez grins at the camera, lifting a hand to point.]

RM: As always... Count on it.

[Crossfade back to the ring.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall with a sixty minute time limit and is a Semifinal match in the Stampede Cup tournament.

Introducing first... at a total combined weight of 415 pounds... they are accompanied to the ring by Percy Childes and Radiant Raven... "Delicious" Daniel Tyler... "Sweet" Steven Childes...

THE AAAAAAACES!

[The sounds of "Dancing Queen" by Redd Kross starts up to even louder jeers as the Aces, Raven, and Percy Childes make their way from the locker room area over to the elevated walkway, slowly walking down the aisle towards the ring.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The indelible opening riff of "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers rings throughout the arena, and the fans cheer! As the famous open to the song reaches the point where the rest of the instruments kick in, it transitions right into "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead.]

At this point, Ryan Martinez and Gunnar "Grizzly" Gaines step through the curtain to the approval of the fans.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California and Fairbanks, Alaska respectively... at a total combined weight of 540 pounds...

...RYAN MARTINEZ and GUNNAR "GRIZZLY" GAINES!

[Gaines flashes his trademark Grizzly Grin, but replaces it quickly with a stonefaced, deadpan look as he looks down at the unfamiliar knee brace on his leg. His tall and muscular young partner matches his determined expression. Both men stride side-by-side down the aisle. Gaines wears his usual black boots, cutoff jeans, thermal undershirt, open flannel shirt and black belt. His wild, long brown hair is tied back, but his beard is trimmed. Martinez wears long wrestling tights, black with a red inseam, and a pair black and red wrestling boots. He runs a hand through his slicked back brown hair as the two men approach ringside, climbing through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: When people talk about styles making fights, you look at a match like this pitting the speed and high flying of the Aces against the grit, size, and power of Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines.

[The two teams huddle up in their respective corners, going over some final pieces of strategy as the referee steps in the middle to signal for one man on each team to exit the ring.]

GM: It looks like Ryan Martinez, of course, will be starting out for his team while "Sweet" Steven is going to be the Ace in to start for their squad.

[As the bell rings, "Sweet" Steven Childes dashes out of the corner, feigning a single leg takedown attempt but Ryan Martinez scoots back, fists at the ready as Childes cracks a grin at him.]

GM: The Aces will, no doubt, attempt to use their speed, their quickness all aimed at wearing down Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines.

BW: Their goal should be to force Martinez to make the tag. Look at Gaines in the corner, Gordo - he can barely stand on that bad wheel. If he gets in there with Tyler and Childes, they're gonna tear that thing apart and leave him lying on the mat dreaming of the World Tag Team Titles, daddy.

GM: You could be right about that, Bucky. I think Ryan Martinez, just as he did earlier against the Prehistoric Powers, has found himself in a position where he's going to be at a two-on-one disadvantage for the majority of this contest.

[The two men come together in the middle of the ring, Ryan Martinez quickly moving into a rear waistlock, clinching his grip around the torso and trying to muscle Childes around.]

GM: Martinez isn't exactly known for his mat wrestling but he might be experiencing some fatigue issues from the match earlier tonight as well and looking for a way to slow down the Aces.

BW: That's a smart move too if you ask me. You can't allow Childes and Tyler to move at their full pace if you want to try and keep up with 'em. You just can't do it, Gordo.

[Childes wrenches an arm in, breaking the grip and spinning around into a waistlock of his own. Martinez promptly presses the point of his elbow on the wrist of "Sweet" Steven, grinding it back and forth to try and earn an escape.]

GM: Look at Martinez trying to grind his way out of that hold... the sign of a veteran coming from this relative youngster who is still pretty new to the business.

BW: Yeah, but he's got the genetics from his old man helping guide the way for him.

[Forcing the hands apart, Martinez grabs the left arm, executing a full armtwist before bending it back behind Childes in a rear hammerlock.]

GM: Martinez cranking up on the arm, maybe trying to take a limb away from the Aces and put things back on an even pace considering the knee injury to Gaines.

[Childes winces in the hold, walking around the ring, trying to find an escape as Martinez hangs on until Childes reaches back, hooking Martinez around the head and neck, taking him down with a snap mare that he immediately turns into a rear chinlock!]

GM: Childes with the reversal takes Martinez down and now it's "Sweet" Steven's turn to try and grind out Martinez. Both sides look to be taking it easy at the start of this one.

BW: You know they were sitting back there watching the Blonde Bombers beat Jones and Hammonds a few moments ago. You know they saw how exhausted both of those teams were at the end of that one. Knowing that the Bombers await the winner of this one, maybe they're thinking that if they can conserve some energy, they stand a better chance of walking out of here tonight with that Cup, the cash, AND the World Tag Team Titles.

[Childes' chinlock doesn't have much power behind it though, allowing Martinez to quickly regain his feet, throwing a few light forearms to the ribs, trying to cause some separation.]

GM: Martinez grabs the arm... ohh! And he powers Childes right back into the armtwist!

BW: Martinez is probably the strongest guy in the match... maybe Gaines but he's old and his muscles are like Jello at this point so I'm goin' with Martinez.

GM: He's not a powerhouse like Hercules Hammonds or Brad Jacobs in our other Semifinal but he's certainly a big, young, strong kid in there.

[Martinez twists the arm again, backing Childes up into the neutral corner where he whips him across the ring. Approaching the corner, Childes does a cartwheel, ending up landing out on the apron, facing the ring as Martinez comes at him...

...and then ducks down, slinging in to drive his shoulder into Martinez' gut!]

GM: Childes using some of that quickness here...

[Grabbing the top rope, Childes catapults over the top rope, somersaulting off the back of Martinez to land on his feet behind him. Martinez swings a left hand at Childes who blocks it with both hands, locking fingers with the larger man...]

GM: What the-?!

[Childes rushes up the turnbuckles, turning around on the top rope, leaping off with a twisting flip and drags Martinez down to the canvas with an armdrag!]

GM: Wow! Incredible aerial athleticism by Childes! But Martinez is right back up on his feet...

[But right back off his feet as Childes connects with a standing dropkick, knocking Martinez off his feet, sending him rolling out to the apron. Childes pushes up to his feet, striking a pose as Martinez glares at him from a seated spot outside the ring.]

GM: Martinez seems a little caught off-guard by the speed of Childes. It certainly is a big change from what they went through in the Quarterfinals against the Prehistoric Powers, Bucky.

BW: That it is. That's part of what makes tournaments so tough to compete in, Gordo. One round, you're facing nearly a half ton of burly giants and in the next, you've got speed demons.

[Childes smirks at Martinez as the second generation grappler steps back into the ring. "Sweet" Steven walks to the corner, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: The tag is made and in comes "Delicious" Daniel Tyler for the Aces.

[Martinez starts to move in...

...when suddenly Gunnar Gaines slaps him on the shoulder.]

GM: What the heck? Gaines just tagged himself in!

[Martinez shakes his head, pointing back to the apron but Gaines shakes out his leg, stepping through the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Gaines says he's ready to go! He wants to compete!

BW: This old man is nuts, Gordo. That knee can't be in any condition to compete.

[The referee steps in, ordering Martinez out of the ring as Gunnar Gaines delivers that Grizzly Grin, stepping out of Martinez' reach towards the neutral corner, wagging a finger at his young partner.]

GM: Gaines is telling him not to tag himself back in... there are worse ideas, I think.

[Gaines jerks a thumb at himself, shouting at Daniel Tyler who eyes the veteran up and down...]

GM: Tyler's looking for an opening you have to believe - a chance to attack that injured knee.

[The two men come together but Gaines quickly hooks the side headlock, cinching it in deep as he tries to pop Tyler's head off. Tyler struggles against it, throwing a pair of forearms at the ribcage of Gaines...]

GM: Tyler backs him to the ropes, fires him off...

[Tyler sets, standing his ground as Gaines rebounds and completely bowls him over with a high impact shoulder tackle!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: I'm not sure what Tyler was thinkin' right there, Gordo. Gaines outweighs him by about eighty pounds and just went right through him like a bulldozer.

[Gaines smirks at the downed Tyler, waving for him to get up before he bounces off the ropes a second time. Tyler quickly drops back down, forcing Gaines to hurdle over him on his bad knee.]

GM: Gaines off the far side...

[And Tyler leaves his feet, catching Gaines square on the chin with a standing dropkick, knocking the veteran down to the canvas where Gaines quickly rolls into a defensive posture as Tyler gets back to his feet, moving towards his opponent.]

GM: Steven Childes gets a lot of the spotlight on this team for his incredible high-flying moves but have no doubt that Daniel Tyler can up there in the air when he needs to as well.

BW: That was a textbook dropkick, Gordo. Gaines will be getting his dentures re-fitted after that.

[Gaines slowly gets up, Tyler still beyond arm's length as the veteran rises to his feet...

...and Tyler spits right in his face, drawing an "ohhhhh!" from the crowd.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! What's the reason for that?! What-

[An irate Gaines surges forward, fists flying. Big hambone fists that hit the skull, then the stomach, then the temple, then the jaw - just a blur of wildly swung haymakers. The blows batter Tyler back towards his own corner where Childes reaches in...

...and gets knocked off the apron with a big haymaker from Gaines, drawing a big cheer from the crowd!]

GM: Gaines floors Childes but Tyler escapes the corner, backpedaling across the ring away from Gaines and- ohh!

[The crowd jeers as Tyler suddenly spins, throwing a forearm to the jaw of Ryan Martinez, knocking him down to the canvas. He mocks the downed Martinez, turning around...

...and gets caught again - a left, a right, left, right, left, right...]

GM: Gaines is puttin' his fists to good work up against the skull of "Delicious" Daniel Tyler who-

BW: He's fightin' back, Gordo!

[Tyler snaps off a series of short forearms to the jaw, knocking Gaines back to the middle of the ring where the Grizzly One scores with a headbutt between the eyes, stunning Tyler before he moves to the ropes behind him...]

GM: Gaines is moving gingerly on that knee but he's still moving as he bounces off the ropes and-

[As Gaines approaches, Tyler snaps off a back kick to the midsection, doubling up the veteran.]

GM: Tyler catches him coming in - and now HE'S heading for the ropes...

[Tyler bounces off the far side, rebounding towards Gaines...

...when Ryan Martinez slides under the ropes, taking Tyler down with a drop toehold as Gaines bounces off the ropes, leaving his feet with a big leaping legdrop to the back of the head!]

GM: OHHH! Nice doubleteam out of Gaines and Martinez!

BW: RyGunn, Gordo! Just call 'em RyGunn and be done with it!

[Tyler rolls around on the mat, clutching at the back of his head as the referee forces Ryan Martinez back out to the ring apron. Gaines walks around the ring, shaking out his leg a bit.]

GM: The veteran's trying to keep that leg loose. He knows how important this is and he knows that if they intend to stand a chance of winning the World Tag Team Titles here tonight, they're going to need him in the matches. He can't stand out on the apron like he did against the Powers, Bucky.

BW: You're probably right. Gaines and Martinez managed to get past the Powers with that gameplan... barely... but Martinez can't keep fighting two men by himself in every round.

[As Tyler gets to his feet, Gaines hooks a front facelock, dragging him back to the corner where he slaps the hand of his youthful partner who looks incredibly grateful for the tag.]

GM: Martinez is in off the tag...

[Raising his hands overhead, Martinez SMASHES a double axehandle down across the back, knocking Tyler down to his knees as Gaines steps through the ropes to the apron.]

GM: The fan favorites are keeping it simple - a solid double axehandle across the back to take Tyler down to the mat.

[A big thrust boot to the chest of Tyler sends him falling back into the ropes where Martinez grabs an arm, flinging him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Martinez rushes forward, smashing his elbow back under the chin, taking him off his feet.]

GM: Tyler goes down off the elbow and Martinez with a cover to get one... then two... but that's all. I'm afraid it's gonna take a lot more than that to take the Aces down and put them out.

[Pulling Tyler up into a front facelock, Martinez hears a bark from his corner and backs up to it, allowing Gaines to tag himself back in. We cut out to the crowd shot where Justin Gaines is loudly cheering his father on. Cut back to the ring as Gaines hammers a forearm down across the back.]

GM: Gaines is such a heavy hitter with those punches and now the forearms.

[As Tyler gets back up, Gaines lashes out with a series of stiff jabs, following it up with a right hook that sends Tyler spiraling away, ending up with his back against the neutral corner.]

GM: The former World Champion stays on the attack... jab, jab, jab... big uppercut to snap that head back!

[Gaines grabs an arm, flinging Tyler across the ring where he slams into the turnbuckles, staggering out as Gaines doubles up, launching Tyler through the air and down to the canvas.]

GM: BIIIIIIIG BACK BODYDROP!

[The Hall of Famer pumps a fist in celebration, pointing to his partner who shakes his head, beaming at their team's success so far in the match.]

GM: Martinez was reluctant to tag Gaines into the match but so far so good for this popular tag team, Bucky.

BW: It's still early. Not even ten minutes in yet.

[Gaines settles down to a knee, hooking in a rear chinlock on the downed Tyler, putting all his weight on the back of the head and neck to try and wear down the Delicious One. Outside the ring, we can hear Percy Childes barking instructions to his men.]

GM: The Collector of Oddities is trying to get Tyler back to his feet, maybe over to the corner to make a tag himself...

BW: Percy should call in all the troops right now - get ready for the war. Get Tully Brawn out here. Get Nenshou out here. Ricky Marley is he's joined up with 'em. The masked guy... whoever else we got.

GM: We?

BW: Percy's a good friend. I like to see him succeed.

GM: I see.

[Tyler works up to his feet but Gaines promptly drags him to the corner, allowing Martinez to tag in. Gaines holds Tyler's arms behind him as Martinez winds up, throwing a big right hand to the midsection.]

GM: Again, the fan favorites are keeping it simple but effective.

[Martinez throws a big knife edge chop, snapping Tyler back against the ropes.]

GM: Ohh! A brutal reverse knife edge out of Martinez!

[The young lion winds up, throwing a second hard chop to the cheers of the crowd before he hooks the arm, flinging Tyler to the ropes.]

GM: Irish whip by Martinez. Tyler off the ropes, ducks the clothesline...

[Tyler slams on the brakes, hooking Martinez in an inverted facelock...

...and DRIVES the back of his head into the canvas with a diving DDT!]

GM: OHHH! What a counter out of Tyler!

BW: And that'll completely turn this around right there!

[Tyler pushes up to his knees, crawling a few feet, and then front rolls to the corner, slapping his partner's hand to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: The tag is made to Childes!

[Childes rushes in, leaping over an on-all-fours Martinez, rushing the corner where he leaps up to the middle rope, leaping again to catch a surprised Gaines with a dropkick that sends Gaines falling off the apron.]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot on Gaines!

[Childes wheels around, rushing back towards Martinez who catches him with a boot to the gut. He grabs an arm, going for an Irish whip but Childes cuts it off, putting on the brakes at full arm extension...]

GM: Childes stops short... ohh! Spinning back elbow to the jaw!

[The elbow spins Martinez away from Childes who reaches down, hooking his arms between the young lion's legs before hoisting him up, dropping him down to the canvas with a teardrop suplex!]

BW: Whoo baby! A whole lotta impact on that one!

[Martinez rolls to his side, grabbing at the back of his head as Childes shoves him to his back, applying a lateral press.]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! But that's all!

[Childes quickly gets to his feet, grabbing Martinez by the wrist and stepping over into a straddle, pulling up on the arm...]

GM: Childes hooks the armbar, trying to soften up that limb, maybe take a little bit of power out of Martinez' game.

[Martinez stretches out his six foot five frame, trying to get a foot on the ropes to force the break...]

GM: The referee's right in there, checking to make sure that Martinez doesn't want to submit but if he's anything like his father, I'd imagine that's almost impossible.

[With a loud shout of effort, Martinez slips a foot on the bottom rope, forcing the referee to step in and call for the break. Childs steps away at four, allowing Martinez to slump down to the mat.]

GM: Childs worked the arm a little bit there perhaps thinking of a time in this match when he might get to use the Childs Play double armbar.

[Childs gives his partner a shout, tagging him in before he pulls Martinez off the mat, executing an armtwist as Tyler steps to the top, measures his man...

...and leaps off, bringing a double axehandle down across the twisted arm!]

GM: Tyler keeps the attack on the arm... and you have to wonder if The Aces found a weak spot to go after.

[Tyler stomps the downed Martinez a few times, kicking at the shoulder before dragging him to his feet. He grabs the same arm, using it to whip Martinez across where he SMASHES hard into the corner, staggering out to fall down to the mat...

...where he attempts to make a tag before Tyler grabs an ankle, dragging him back to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Martinez was looking for a tag... but Tyler cuts it off!

[Dropping to his knees, Tyler PASTES Martinez with a right hand, knocking him back down to the mat as Gaines paces back and forth, shouting and clapping, trying to fire up the crowd. Outside the ring, we see Justin Gaines doing the same thing, standing on his chair to try and inspire the ringside fans to cheer on his father and his partner.]

GM: Justin Gaines is trying to rally the fans just like his father is. Ryan Martinez needs all the support he can get at this moment to get to the corner and make the exchange.

[Pulling Martinez back to his feet and dragging him back to the corner of The Aces, Tyler tags in Childs who steps back in. Both men double up, grabbing Martinez around the torso to drive him back into the buckles!]

GM: Into the corner they go... and Childs adds a couple more shoulders to the midsection for good measure.

[Martinez tries to battle back though, hammering down on the back of Childs, struggling to break free...]

GM: Childs SLAMS him back to the corner again... and that takes some of the fight out of Ryan Martinez as "Sweet" Steven makes the tag again.

[Tyler steps in, grabbing an arm as Childes does the same.]

GM: Double whip by the Aces... and they take him down with a double hiptoss!

[Tyler and Childes backflip in tandem, throwing a pair of dropkicks at the seated Martinez, knocking him flat to jeers from the crowd as Tyler applies a lateral press.]

GM: Tyler's got one! He's got two! But Martinez lifts the shoulder again, breaking the pin!

[Tyler gets up, reaching out to slap Childes' hand.]

GM: Another tag for the Aces... and they're looking for the double team once more...

[Each grab Martinez from the side, looking for a double back suplex but Martinez flips over the top...

...and CONNECTS with a big double clothesline, knocking both men flat as he keeps on going, collapsing into the corner where he slaps the hand of a waiting Gunnar Gaines!]

GM: TAG!

[Gaines comes in hot, throwing fisticuffs as both Tyler and Childes as they struggle back to their feet.]

GM: Right hand on Childes... and one on Tyler as well!

[Grabbing a handful of hair on both men, he SMASHES their skulls together to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh my!

[Gaines backs into the ropes, rushing towards them with both arms extended...]

GM: Double clothesli- ducked by The Aces!

[They allow Gaines to hit the far ropes, rebounding back towards a double hiptoss...

...but he slams on the brakes, not going over in the throw!]

GM: The Aces went for a double hiptoss but Gaines holds his ground!

BW: How did he-?!

[He grabs the heads again, clashing them together to a huge cheer as Percy Childes shouts at the official from out on the floor!]

GM: Gaines has got the Aces reeling and-

[He hits the ropes behind him again before steamrolling over both Aces with a double clothesline of his own!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN GOES THE ACES!!

[Gaines throws a foot on the middle rope, stepping up to salute the cheering crowd as Daniel Tyler crawls to the corner, slumping down in a seated position against the turnbuckles as Gaines steps back down, turning back towards the ring...]

GM: What's he doing?

[Gaines rushes towards Tyler, laying in a heavy running knee to the jaw of Tyler!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: The metal kneebrace CONNECTS with Tyler's skull!

BW: He ain't the legal man, Gordo.

GM: I wonder if the referee's aware of that.

[Gaines spins away, walking down the ropes as Steven Childes gets up, rushing towards the veteran who ducks down. Childes goes over the top, hanging onto the ropes to land on the ring apron...

...and slingshots forward, trying to throw a shoulder at the gut of Gaines who responds by slamming his knee up into the upper body with a kneelift!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by Gaines!

[The former World Champion pulls Childes up, scooping him up and across his chest as he steps away from the ropes...

...and falls flat into a front powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM!! POWERSLAM!!

[Gaines reaches back, hooking a leg...]

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

[From out on the floor, Daniel Tyler reaches under the ropes, grabbing Gaines by the ankle and pulling him out of the pin attempt!]

GM: Ohh! Daniel Tyler might have just saved his partner right there!

[Ryan Martinez comes tearing across the ring, leaping off the apron, and connecting with a flying clothesline onto a stunned Tyler!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MARTINEZ WIPES OUT TYLER!!

[Gaines gives a celebratory shout to his partner as he turns back to Childes, dragging him to his feet by the hair. He grabs an inverted facelock, giving a war whoop before he hoists Childes up into the air...

...and THROWS him down in a face-planting suplex!]

GM: OHHH! That might do it, fans!

[Gaines rolls over, making a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Childes lifts the shoulder, breaking the pin! Outside the ring, Percy Childes is frantically slamming his crystal-topped cane down on the apron, shouting orders at his nephew.]

“FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!”

GM: Fifteen minutes gone by in the sixty minute time limit for this one. Steven Childes is trying to crawl to the corner, looking for a way out of here but Gunnar Gaines isn't going to let that happen.

[With Tyler down, Childes has no one to tag when Gaines gets up, dragging Childes up by the back of the trunks. He pulls him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Gaines hooks him!

[He hoists Childes up, looking for a powerbomb...]

GM: POWERBOM- NO! CHILDES FLIPS FREE!

[Childes lashes out, throwing a savate kick to the gut... and a second that has Gaines stunned...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: SAVATE KICK ON THE CHIN!! DOWN GOES GAINES!!

[Childes collapses after throwing the kick, turning towards his corner, waiting for Daniel Tyler to get back to his feet. Across the ring, we see Ryan Martinez climb up on the apron, sticking his hand out, waiting for Gunnar Gaines.]

GM: Both men are on the apron... both men are looking for the tag inside AND outside the ring after that thrust kick on the jaw!

BW: Childes is rollin', Gordo... tryin' to get there and... oh, hey! Look at this, Gordo!

[The jeers from the crowd suddenly erupt as the camera cuts to the entranceway and we see Tully Brawn slowly walking down the ramp, eyes locked on the ring where the battle is unfolding. He has the slightest of smirks on his face at the crowd's reaction.]

GM: Well, you said that Percy should call in the troops - that may be what we're seeing right now, Bucky.

BW: The master plan is unfolding!

GM: You think so? I guess we're about to find out.

[Childes pushes up to his knees, reaching out to slap the hand of Daniel Tyler as Gaines crawls towards his corner. Tyler rushes in.]

GM: In comes Tyler, coming fast...

[And leaps into the air, throwing a forearm to the jaw of Martinez, knocking him off the apron to the jeers of the crowd. Tyler spins back around, shouting at the rising Steven Childes who comes back to aid his partner, executing a double whip into the neutral corner...]

GM: Childes rushes in first, leaping up for a monkey flip...

[But Gaines spins around, setting Childes up on the top rope as Tyler rushes in behind him, leaping up to drive a knee into the back of Gaines, knocking him into the corner...]

GM: Ohh! Tyler attacks from behind!

[Tyler pulls Gaines back by the ponytail...

...and drops into a spinning back legsweep as Childes leaps off the middle rope with a spinning leg lariat, flipping Gaines backwards and dumping him on the back of the head!]

BW: TOTAL INNOVATION!

GM: A modified version of it but they hit it nonetheless as Childes bails out to the floor, leaving Tyler to make a cover, hooking the leg for one... he's got two... he's got th- no, just a two!

[Tyler slaps the mat in frustration, showing three fingers to the official who holds up two. Tyler then switches to one. Yes. That one.]

GM: Oh, come on! There's no call for that! That's just being abusive to one of our esteemed officials!

[The referee shakes his head, walking away from a smirking Tyler as he drags Gaines off the mat, shoving him back to the ropes...]

GM: Irish whi- no, Gaines hangs on to the top rope!

BW: But look at him, Gordo. He's out on his feet. And he's just lucky that The Aces haven't decided to go after that leg yet for whatever reason.

GM: Yes, what on Earth would that reason be, Bucky? You have an opponent coming in to a match with a known weakness and the Aces haven't made a move towards the leg yet other than the legsweep we just saw.

BW: Well, working over a bodypart isn't exactly their strong suit. They have high impact, high risk, high speed offense. Grinding an opponent out isn't their style and doesn't fit with their gameplan from night to night.

GM: On this night, I believe they should have altered the gameplan.

[In the meantime, Tyler lands a trio of clubbing forearms to break Gaines' grip on the ropes before going for the whip again...]

GM: Another whi- no, reversed by Gaines!

[Gaines sets for another backdrop but sets too early, allowing Tyler to sneak in a boot to the face!]

GM: Ohh! Tyler caught him setting up for-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS for Gaines leaping off the bad leg, lashing out with a kick to the back of the skull that brings the Oklahoma City fans to their feet!]

BW: AN ENZUIGIRI OUT OF NOWHERE!

GM: What impact that had! You could hear that one back in Texas!

BW: Gaines caught him good with that but he needs to make a tag, Gordo. He's been in there for quite a while and he's obviously winded as he tries to compensate for that bum wheel.

GM: How much did it take out of Gunnar Gaines to leap off that bad leg and throw that kick, Bucky? The veteran went for it all to try and get enough time and space to make the tag to Ryan Martinez and now he needs to try and get there.

[Gaines rolls to his side, clutching at his knee as he reaches his free arm out towards Martinez' waiting hand which is half the ring away from him.]

GM: He's nowhere near the corner!

BW: I'm not sure he even knows that right now. He may be completely delirious.

GM: We're about to pass the twenty minute mark in this one - so much for these two teams trying to end it early and conserve their strength for the Finals, fans.

[Gaines rolls over a full revolution, ending up much closer to the corner but not quite there yet as Tyler starts to stir off the mat, pushing up to all fours and shaking his head back and forth to try to clear the cobwebs as Gaines rolls a half turn again, sitting up...]

GM: Gunnar Gaines is almost there! He's almooooost-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAG!

[Ryan Martinez steps into the ring, rushing across towards a rising Daniel Tyler who throws a weak right hand that Martinez ducks, scooping Tyler up on his shoulders...

...and DRIVING him back down to the canvas with a Samoan Drop!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SAMOAN DROP CONNECTS!!

[Martinez flips over, grabbing a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Tyler lifts the shoulder off the mat!]

GM: Only a two count there for Martinez but he's not done, fans!

[Martinez gets back up, pulling Tyler off the mat and immediately into a rear waistlock...]

GM: He sets for the waistlock suplex!

BW: It's called a German Suplex, you ninny!

[Whatever you prefer to call it, Daniel Tyler knows it's coming and backpedals in a hurry, smashing Martinez back against the corner but with Tyler's small size, it's more of a bump back into the corner than an actual smash...

...but it does allow him to duck down as Steven Childes rushes in, throwing a leaping enzuigiri to the skull!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CHILDES OUT OF NOWHERE WITH THE HEAD KICK!!

[Childes spins around, rushing across the ring to deliver a baseball slide dropkick on Gunnar Gaines, knocking him down to the floor. Percy Childes leaps up on the apron, distracting the official while Tully Brawn goes to work on Gaines on the floor, stomping the knee as Justin Gaines looks on, shouting at the villain.]

GM: Tully Brawn’s attacking Gaines on the floor! Come on, referee!

BW: And in the meantime, while Percy has the referee tied up, it frees up Steven Childes to help his partner out.

[With Tyler dazed, Childes drags Martinez out of the corner, hammering him with a pair of European uppercuts that knocks him back against the ropes. Childes dashes across the ring, rebounding back...

...but Martinez drops the shoulder, muscling Childes over the ropes where he lands on his feet on the apron...]

GM: Childes is on his fee- ohh! Forearm to the mush by Childes!

[Martinez staggers back, allowing Childes to deadleap to the top rope, springing off...

...and throwing his legs out in front of him, catching Martinez in the chest with a missile dropkick!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: SPRINGBOARD DROPKICK CONNECTS!

[Childes rolls out as the referee turns around, leaving him to see Daniel Tyler crawling towards a prone Martinez.]

GM: Tyler with another cover - he’s got one! He’s got two! But again, that’s all they can get. A ton of two counts in this one but you’ve gotta believe both of these teams are wearing down to the point where it can’t be much longer, can it?

BW: I don’t know. The Aces are two of the most well-conditioned athletes in the entire AWA. Bill Masterson, a great talent relations guy in this business, once told me that Steven Childes could go all night.

[Tyler pulls Martinez up, landing a big pair of chops to move Martinez back into the corner again...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Martinez!

[The reversal sends Tyler CRASHING into the corner where he staggers out towards Martinez who delivers a boot to the gut, doubling up Tyler. He steps forward, hooking a standing headscissors...]

GM: Uh oh!

[Martinez powers Tyler up into the air, holding him high above for the powerbomb...]

...and then chucks him towards the corner where Tyler's spine jolts on impact with the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BUCKLE BOMB!!

[Tyler staggers out of the turnbuckles towards Martinez who throws a big knife edge chop that sends him right back in.]

GM: Martinez whips him across again... charging in aft-

[At the last moment, Tyler leans back, lifting up both legs to cause Martinez to run into his feet!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Martinez got caught coming in too hot and-

[Turning away, Tyler leaps up to the midbuckle, springing off in one motion to catch Martinez under the chin with a back elbow, taking both men down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Nice move out of Tyler and Martinez is in some trouble now!

[Tyler rolls over, applying a cover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd ROARS as Gunnar Gaines makes a diving save, smashing a forearm down across the back of Tyler!]

GM: Gaines makes the save! Gaines just saved this match for his team and-

BW: Childes back in!

GM: Illegally, I might add! The referee is rapidly losing control of this one.

[Out on the floor, we see a glimpse of Tully Brawn and Percy Childes huddling up, gesturing towards the crowd as Steven Childes grabs Gaines by

the hair, throwing him through the ropes to the floor. Tyler gets up, stomping his foot on the mat, cheering on his partner as Steven runs in place, giving a shout before dashing to the ropes...]

GM: HERE! COMES! CHILDES!

[Childes sprints across the ring, diving headfirst through the ropes and snapping off a flip at the last moment, crashing atop the rising Gunnar Gaines and knocking him all the way back into the steel barricade!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: TOPE CON HILO BY CHILDES!! HE WIPES OUT GAINES!!

GM: They’re both down at ringside after that and we’re back to Martinez and Tyler in there, trying to duke it out with a trip to the Finals on the line in this one!

[Back on his feet, Martinez wobbles towards Tyler who is standing in the corner with his back to him...

...but spots him coming, throwing a back elbow to the jaw that stuns Martinez, knocking him back a few steps.]

GM: Tyler’s going for the elbow again!

[Leaping up to the middle rope, Tyler springs backwards...

...but gets snatched out of the sky in a Martinez rear waistlock!]

BW: WHAT THE HELL?!

GM: HE CAUGHT HIM! HE CAUGHT HIM AND-

[Martinez powers him up, DUMPING him on the back of the head and neck with a German Suplex!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MARTINEZ WITH THE BRIDGE!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[Reaching under the ropes from the blind side, Tully Brawn yanks Martinez’ ankle out from under him, breaking up the bridge and the pin attempt.]

GM: Tully Brawn just saved this night for The Aces! He blatantly just interfered in this match and-

[A dazed Steven Childes pulls himself up on the apron, waiting for Martinez to stir. As soon as he does, Childes deadleaps to the top rope, springing off to hook his heads around the neck of Martinez!]

GM: MARTINEZ IS FIGHTING IT!

[The Frankensteiner attempt comes up empty as Martinez grabs hold of the thighs, battling against the move...

...and then shoves Childes off, putting him down on his feet as Martinez hooks another waistlock...]

GM: He hooks Childes now!

[The crowd roars in anticipation of another German Suplex just before Tully Brawn leaps up on the apron, shouting at the official...

...which makes the referee miss Steven Childes swinging a kick back into the groin!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW BY CHILDES!

[Martinez crumples to his knees, clutching at his nether regions as Childes helps Tyler back to his feet, pointing at the downed young lion.]

GM: Martinez is down, the Aces are up... and can someone get Tully Brawn off the damn apron?! For crying out loud!

[Childes lashes out with a standing side head kick!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Tyler follows suit with a shuffling side kick to the jaw, causing Martinez to crumple down on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: That might do it, fans! Two up-close, high impact thrust kicks to the skull and Martinez might be out after that.

[Tyler steps out on the apron as Childes turns his back on Martinez. Childes rushes the ropes, springing back with a middle rope moonsault as Tyler somersaults over the top, dropping a leg across the throat!]

GM: OHH! Another impressive doubleteam by The Aces!

[Childes rolls out, leaving Tyler to make the cover.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez lifts a shoulder!]

GM: I can't believe it! Ryan Martinez is STILL in this thing, fans! He's still in it after some TREMENDOUS abuse from both members of The Aces!

[With Martinez down, Gunnar Gaines lumbers back into the ring, grabbing a rising Tyler with a handful of hair before slamming a headbutt in between the eyes, knocking him to a knee before he gets back up, catching a right hand to the jaw that puts him back down.]

GM: Gaines is all over Tyler... again, the referee seems to be having a whole lot of trouble here.

[Gaines shoves Tyler back into the neutral corner, moving to try and shake some life into his partner, getting Martinez to a knee before he goes back to Tyler, whipping him across...]

GM: Tyler hits the corner hard...

[Gaines rushes across, looking for a big splash in the buckles but Tyler sidesteps to avoid it, causing Gaines to eat the corner...

...a split second before a running Ryan Martinez forces Tyler to EAT BOOT with a running Yakuza in the corner!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MARTINEZ DRILLED TYLER! THAT MIGHT BE IT!!

[Gaines takes a three-step run out of the corner, leaping up to drop nearly three hundred pounds on the chest of Tyler before rolling out, leaving Martinez to make a cover.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[This time, it's Steven Childes lunging in to break up the pin!]

GM: Childes makes the save and that's happened several times on BOTH sides of the ring now! They keep saving one another's skin.

[Martinez rolls to the corner, reaching out to tag his Hall of Fame partner as Childes is forced to exit the ring by the official.]

GM: Gaines is in off the tag, pulling Tyler back up... Daniel Tyler's in a lot of trouble as well. He could use a tag too, Bucky.

BW: Sure could. Although I'm not sure Steven Childes has got a lot more left in him.

[With Tyler up, Gaines uncorks a right hand to put him back into the corner. He grabs an arm, dragging Tyler out to the middle. He tugs him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Gunner Stunner perhaps?!

[Gaines powers Tyler up into the air, bringing him up into a powerbomb position...

...where Tyler flips out, landing on his feet behind Gaines. The veteran spins, charging...]

GM: Gaines comin' in fas- ohh! Tyler sidesteps and into the corner goes Gaines!

[Tyler lashes out, throwing a superkick...

...but Gaines catches the foot as Steven Childes approaches from the side, throwing the foot into Childes' face!]

GM: OHH! TYLER JUST KICKED HIS OWN PARTNER!!

[With Childes reeling, Gaines grabs the arm of Tyler, whipping him across again. As Tyler rebounds, Gaines kicks him in the gut again, going for another lift...]

GM: Gaines has got 'im up!

[The crowd ROARS as Gaines plants him down!]

GM: POWERBOMB!!

[Still holding the legs, Gaines switches his grip, flipping Tyler over to his stomach!]

GM: BOSTON CRAB!!

BW: Nah, nah, nah... with Gaines, this is an Alaskan King Crab, daddy!

GM: Call it what you want but is it enough to force Daniel Tyler to submit?! Tyler's clawing at the canvas, looking for a way out and-

[Childes rushes back in, trying to intervene...

...but a running clothesline from Martinez takes both men over the top rope, sending them crashing down to the floor!]

GM: Out goes Childes! Out goes Martinez! But the Alaskan King Crab is still locked in! This could be it for Daniel Tyler and The Aces!

[With Gaines leaning back, stretching the spine of the guy in the ring, the referee leans in, looking for a submission...

...when suddenly, Percy Childes climbs up on the apron again!]

GM: Childes is on the apron!

[The referee splits away from the submission, turning to shout at the Collector of Oddities...

...which results in Tully Brawn climbing into the ring...]

GM: BRAWN'S IN!

[Gaines abruptly breaks the hold, hooking a hand around the throat of Brawn...]

GM: He hooks him!

[...and delivers a bone-rattling Grizzly Slam!]

GM: GRIZZLY SLAM ON BRAWN!!

[Brawn rolls to the floor as a wide-eyed Percy Childes stares at what just happened, slumping down to the floor as Gaines pumps a fist in triumph, lifting that same hand as he waits for Tyler to rise to his feet...]

GM: He's gonna do it again! Another Grizzly Slam is on the way!

[As Tyler gets up, he gets the massive hand wrapped around his throat, throttling him as Gaines pushes out to the center of the ring, looking to finish off his opponent...]

GM: He's going for it! He's looking to end this!

[Gaines lifts...

...but Tyler slips free, landing on his feet, throwing a back elbow to the chin. He grabs a front facelock, turning Gaines over with the back of the veteran's neck pressed against Tyler's shoulder...]

GM: RAZZLE DAZZLE!!

[But Gaines reaches back, hooking the arms...]

GM: BACKSLIDE!! ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars - that was close! As we approach the thirty minute mark of this match, you've gotta be amazed that either of these teams has this much gas left in the tank, fans!

[Gaines and Tyler both scramble, trying to reach their feet first where another shuffling sidekick from Tyler catches Gaines flush on the jaw, stunning the big man...

...and allowing Tyler to duck under, muscling Gaines up on his shoulders...]

GM: That's a near three hundred pound man that Daniel Tyler is carrying around! Unbelievable!

[He approaches the corner where a recovering Steven Childes is up and climbing the ropes. Tyler rushes forward, throwing his momentum towards the corner to pull off a sloppy rolling Samoan Drop on Gaines, rolling right back to his feet as Childes comes off the top...]

GM: FLIPPING SPLASH!

[The 450 splash connects, causing Childes to BOUNCE off the prone Gaines, rolling aside as Tyler leaps to the top rope, springing off with a graceful, high-arcing moonsault...]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF! THAT’S GOTTA DO IT!!

[The referee dives to the mat to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ERUPTS as the pinning Daniel Tyler suddenly gets jerked right off the downed Gaines...

...and HURLED bodily into the ringside barricade!]

GM: OHH! MARTINEZ SAVES HIS PARTNER!!

[Steven Childes approaches, grabbing the top rope with both hands...]

GM: Childes is gonna fly!

[Childes catapults himself over the top with a crossbody towards Martinez who snatches him out of the sky...

...and SWINGS him around into a devastating backbreaker!]

GM: OHHH! MARTINEZ BREAKS CHILDES IN HALF!!

[Turning back towards Tyler, Martinez shoves him under the ropes into the ring. He rolls in after him, giving a shout of “SPLASHBUSTER” as he gets to his feet to the roar of the crowd.]

GM: Martinez is calling for the Splashbuster!

[The Collector Of Oddities leaps up on the apron, throwing his arms together in an “X” shape towards the crowd...

...which apparently is a signal as the hooded sweatshirt man from earlier in the night comes rushing into view, hurdling the barricade, getting up on the ring apron...]

BW: NO!

[...where a spinning backfist CONNECTS, sending the hooded man down to the floor where Percy Childes is standing!]

GM: HE'S GONE AS WELL!

[Percy Childes leaps up on the apron, swinging his cane angrily, shouting at the referee while Ryan Martinez drags Daniel Tyler to the corner, hooking the front facelock...]

GM: Martinez has got him set...

BW: Who cares?! Gaines is out! Gaines is out after that amazing doubleteam!

[Martinez shouts, bellowing at his partner to get up for the finish.]

GM: Gaines may very well be out cold! He may very well be unable to help Ryan Martinez in this match!

[We cut to ringside where Justin Gaines is SCREAMING over the railing at his father, trying to rouse him. He looks back and forth at the roaring crowd, glancing up at the ring...]

...and hurdles himself over the barricade, rushing over to the apron where he quickly starts shaking his dad back and forth, trying to revive him.]

BW: GET HIM OUT OF THERE, REF! THAT PUNK KID IS OUT HERE AGAIN, INTERFERING IN A MATCH!

GM: He's trying to revive his father! Trying to get him up to-

BW: HEY! That's my water, you little runt!

[Justin Gaines, having snatched a glass of water off the announce table, rushes back to his father...]

...and pours the ice water over his head, causing Gaines to suddenly sit up, eyes wide!]

GM: Yes! Yes! It worked!

[Justin grabs his father, pointing at the ring, then pointing to the top rope!]

GM: The referee didn't see any of that because they were tied up with Percy Childes who is absolutely losing his mind over all this!

[Gunnar Gaines slowly pulls himself to his feet, looking in at Ryan Martinez who barks a "Are you okay?" at his veteran partner who nods, grabbing the ropes in both hands as he starts to climb...]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me! Gaines is climbing, fans! He's headed up top!

[Out on the floor, the masked man gets back up, ready to intervene...

...but the official spots him, sliding out to the floor to confront him.]

GM: The referee's trying to keep this from breaking down any further!

BW: Too late!

[Tully Brawn slides into the ring, rushing at Ryan Martinez who sidesteps, hurling Brawn over the top...

...RIGHT onto the referee!]

GM: OHHH! THE REF GOES DOWN!!

[The hooded man hops up on the apron, diving into the ring, rushing Martinez...

...who again sidesteps, hurling HIM over the top to the floor!]

GM: MARTINEZ CLEARS 'EM OUT!!

"THIRTY MINUTES GONE BY! THIRTY MINUTES REMAIN!"

[He grabs Tyler again, hooking the front facelock as Gaines steps onto the second rope. He lifts Tyler up, holding him high and straight for several seconds...

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

GM: BRAINBUSTER!! BRAINBUSTER BY MARTINEZ!!

[Martinez backs off, clearing the runway as Gaines steps one foot onto the top rope... then the other...]

GM: He's gonna do it! Gaines is gonna fly yet again!

["Grizzly" takes a deep breath, steadying himself before pushing the other foot to the top...

...and LEAPS, plummeting through the air into a sloppy body splash on a stunned Tyler!]

GM: HE GOT IT!! HE GOT IT!!!

[Gaines rolls aside, grabbing at his knee as Ryan Martinez drops down to cover...

...and out on the floor, Justin Gaines pulls the referee off the floor, shoving him back into the ring!]

BW: WHAT?! WHAT?! THAT LITTLE SON OF A-

[A banged-up referee raises his hand, slapping the canvas...]

GM: THAT'S ONE!!

BW: GORDO, YOU SAW IT AS WELL AS I DID! THAT KID HAS NO BUSINESS-

[The ref slowly raises his right hand, hitting the mat again...]

GM: TWO!

BW: DAMN IT, MYERS - DON'T IGNORE ME! THIS KID HAS GONE TOO FAR!

[The hand goes up one more time, holding in the air for what seems like forever...

...and comes down, slapping the mat!]

GM: THREEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT! THEY DID IT! RYGUNN'S IN THE FINALS!

BW: This is horrible, Myers! Justin Gaines, that punk kid, had no business getting involved with this match! He's a paying spectator and should've been thrown out of the building the first time he jumped the railing tonight!

GM: He did NOTHING wrong, Bucky. All he did was try to get his father to wake up enough to-

BW: That's enough right there! He physically got involved with that match and then to top it off, he put his hands on an AWA official. The AWA should have him arrested and charged with... with...

GM: With what?

BW: I ain't no lawyer, daddy! But I know he can be charged with somethin'!

GM: Nevertheless, Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines are advancing to the Finals to face the Blonde Bombers for the Stampede Cup, the one million dollars, and perhaps most importantly, the World Tag Team Titles! Incredible. Fans, we'll be right back with more Stampede Cup action so don't you dare go away!

[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 we find Mark Stegglet standing in the backstage area in front of the "big board" which has been whittled down to the Finals.]

MS: Welcome back, fans... and after two nights of incredible tag team action, we now find ourselves down to the final two teams. What once was sixteen of the best teams on the planet now is two teams - two teams with the opportunity of a lifetime. The Blonde Bombers or the team affectionately known as RyGunn are heading to the Finals and in just a short while, one of them will walk out of Oklahoma City with the biggest prize of 'em all - the World Tag Team Titles. Right now, both teams are back here in the locker room trying to get a brief rest period in before heading back out to the ring. Both teams have been through some grueling battles this weekend but it's important to note once again that the Blonde Bombers are walking in with a definite advantage as they've only competed twice and not the three times that RyGunn has. Let's break it down...

[Stegglet gestures to the "big board."]

MS: To get to their spot in the Finals, the Blonde Bombers defeated Sultan Azam Sharif and Supernova in the first round... received a bye through the Quarterfinals thanks to Dave Cooper... and just defeated Skywalker Jones and Hercules Hammonds in the Semifinals to punch their ticket to the Finals.

[Stegglet turns, pointing to the other side of the bracket.]

MS: While on the other side of things, Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines defeated The Ring Workers in the first round last night... they beat the biggest team in the tournament, the Prehistoric Powers in the Quarterfinals earlier tonight, and now have knocked off The Aces in the Semifinals to get to the Finals. A very tough path to the Finals and you've gotta believe the Bombers will go into the Finals with an endurance edge, especially considering the condition of Gunnar Gaines' knee which has taken a brutal beating this weekend with all those splashes off the top he's been delivering.

[Stegglet turns back to the camera, beaming.]

MS: It's the Stampede Cup - the best in tag team wrestling - but before we can get to the Finals, we've got some other business to take care of. First things first, we've just been informed that Eric Preston is NOT in the building tonight. You may recall that Preston was scheduled to appear on The Money Pit with Todd Michaelson to sign his AWA contract... but we've been told that Preston flat out refused to appear here tonight. Since he's not under contract, the AWA could not compel him to appear. However, we're told that a further announcement regarding this situation will be made later this week so stay tuned for that.

[Stegglet gives a short nod.]

MS: But right now, let's go out to Jason Dane who is standing by in the ring with a very special guest. Jason?

[We crossfade to the ring where Jason Dane is standing in the middle of the squared circle.]

JD: Ladies and gentlemen... my guests at this time by THEIR request... one of the hottest rising groups of stars that the AWA has ever seen...

THE SHANE GANG!

[Cue the burst of static that typically signifies that Terry Shane III is about to make an appearance. But there's a lengthy delay, even as his music starts to play...]

GM: The Shane Gang, we're told, demanded this appearance here on Night 2 of the Stampede Cup to address the fans and for that matter, the entire AWA.

BW: I talked to Miss Hayes a little bit earlier tonight and she said they wanted to send a message after the Ring Workers lost against Gaines and Martinez last night.

GM: Is this their message? Not showing up for their interview time? 'Cause if this is their message, this is a good way to get yourself suspended!

[A few more minutes pass before Miss Sandra Hayes slinks through the curtain to a mix of jeers and catcalls. She seems oblivious to it, turning back towards the curtain and shouting behind her.]

GM: There's Miss Hayes but where is-

[A few more moments pass before Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong emerge through the curtain, dressed in street clothes...

...and dragging a bloodied Hannibal Carver between them.]

GM: WHAT THE-?!

BW: Oh yeah! Now THAT'S a message, Gordo!

GM: Hannibal Carver is bleeding badly - it looks like he's been assaulted by... you have to assume he's been assaulted by The Shane Gang!

BW: Ya think?!

[Anderson and Strong pause, holding Carver's head back by the hair as Hayes grabs the nearest cameraman.]

"Trust me, honey, the world NEEDS to see this!"

[We cut to the camera, getting a glimpse of Carver, blood leaking from his forehead, his chin, the cheeks. Carver moans in pain as another voice rings out...]

"Hold him up!"

[The crowd's boos for this scene intensify as Terry Shane III walks into view, a crimson-covered steel chain wrapped around his right hand...

...that he promptly DRIVES into the gut of Carver's limp body!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Carver slumps down to his knees, a wad of blood being spit down onto the ramp as the Shane Gang stands over him, gloating. Shane gestures towards the ring...]

GM: He's telling them to drag Carver to the ring - this is terrible, fans!

BW: This is brilliant is what it is!

GM: Brilliant?!

BW: I heard someone say earlier that with Sharif and Supernova being eliminated, they were sent on to the next town in the AWA's tour loop, is that right?

GM: Why, I... I think it is! Sharif and Supernova, Hannibal Carver's only allies in this company are out of the building!

BW: Gaines and Martinez might be tempted to help but they're in the locker room getting ready for the Finals! They might not even know this is happening out here!

[Reaching the ring, Strong and Anderson fling Carver over the top rope, sending him crashing down to the canvas before holding the ropes open for Miss Sandra Hayes who is wielding "her" branding iron, gesturing at the downed Carver that they pull back up off the mat, holding his arms as Shane steps in, waving for a mic from a shocked Jason Dane.]

TS3: Hold the damn mic, Dane.

[Dane steps to the side, sticking the mic in between Carver and Shane as Lenny Strong and Aaron Anderson firmly tighten their grip on the Boston Madman as his body begs to fall to the mat. Shane pats the steel links wrapped around his fist, glaring in at Carver whose eyes are barely open.]

TS3: Have you had enough?!

[Shane presses his face against the crimson flesh of Carver's cheek.]

TS3: No? [pause] No.

[Shane rifles another fist into the mid-section of Carver...forcing his knees to spill to the ground. Again, Anderson and Strong drag him up.]

TS3: You WANTED this, Hannibal.

[Shane snarls, gritting his teeth.]

TS3: You BEGGED for it!

[Shane reaches his hand out to Carver's brow, gently brushing the mask of blood from his eyes with the back of his fist.]

TS3: Mercy?

[Carver's chest pounds out with each heavy inhale. His beady eyes glare up into those of Shane. His bottom lip begins to quiver as a drop of blood begins to leak down his chin. With every bit of strength he has left in him...every ounce of will...he tilts his head up straight, bringing him eye to eye with the Ring Leader.]

HC: To hell with...

[And he spits, blood leaping from his tongue and into the face of Terry Shane III who unsuspectingly backpedals away from him as the crowd roars!]

HC [muttering]: ..Yeh.

[Miss Sandra Hayes jumps to Shane's side, lifting her arm to his face and beginning to wipe the blood-filled saliva from his jaw. Anderson and Strong begin unloading with overhand rights and lefts that drop Carver back down to his knees.]

TS3: Stop it.

[He lifts his forearm against her. She continues to wipe his face as Anderson and Strong are relentless in their attack.]

TS3 [screaming]: I said stop it! ALL OF YOU!

[Now it is Shane who breathes in and heavily exhales, his chest pounding in each direction. Miss Sandra Hayes takes a big step away from her client as Aaron Anderson and Lenny Strong's assault comes to a sudden halt.]

TS3: Enough. Enough! Hold him. Higher.

[Anderson and Strong oblige, lifting Carver back up to his feet. Slowly Shane begins to uncoil the metal chain links from around his fist. Once. Twice. Three times. He unfastens the long chain and presses towards his nemesis.]

GM: He's unwrapping that chain from his hand - what is he...?

BW: Oh my god.

GM: Oh my... we're going to need some help out here! Anyone who can hear me in the back, we're going to need help! Security, you need to get out here right now...

[Carver lifts his head, barely able to open his eyes but he finds no sight of Shane who slips behind him, slipping the cold metal links around Carver's neck. Shane violently tugs each time he wraps the chain around Carver's neck, tightening his grip. Anderson and Strong stand still, holding Hannibal up...]

GM: He's choking him! He's choking the man with that metal chain!

[Shane steps out in front of Carver, looking him dead in the eyes.]

TS3: You asked for this.

[He looks to Anderson and Strong with a nod, still gripping the end of the chain in his hands...]

TS3: Do it.

[Lenny Strong looks at him, pausing momentarily as Shane jerks on the chain, nearly ripping Carver to the ground.]

TS3: I said...DO IT!

[There is no more hesitation as Lenny Strong looks at Carver...then at Shane...

...and then HURLS Carver over the top rope, his feet dangling as Shane and Anderson hang on to the other end of the chain!]

GM: AHH! THEY'RE HANGING HIM! THEY'RE HANGING HIM!

[Dane starts to race to help but Sandra Hayes pushes him back into the corner, holding the branding iron across his chest. Strong picks up the fallen mic, sticking it under Shane's mouth.]

TS3: You will never FORGET me, Hannibal Carver.

Dead...or alive...

[Strong takes Shane's place, helping Anderson hold the chain as a strangling Carver shakes and twists at the end of the chain, trying to escape. Shane rolls to the floor, mic in hand...]

TS3: Look at me!

[Shane slaps his palm across the face of Carver, snapping his head in a way that it bounces violently from side to side.]

TS3: Goodbye my dear nemesis.

[Shane stands on the floor, a sick smile on his face as the Ring Workers pull back hard on the chain, keeping his feet just inches off the ground as Carver twists, jerking his body from side to side. Carver reaches his fingertips up...

...digging between flesh, metal, and blood...

...searching for an inch of relief...of hope..of prayer.]

GM: WE NEED HELP! WE NEED-

[On cue, a herd of security guards comes pouring down the aisle towards the ring, rushing to ringside where the first effort is to grab Carver by the legs, lifting him up to relieve the pressure as another group of guards hit the ring, tackling Anderson and Strong to the mat, breaking their grip on the chain. As Carver's body hits the floor the long chain whips into the air...spilling over the ropes...crashing to the ground with the limp and bloodied body of Hannibal Carver buried underneath it.]

GM: My stars, this is bad! This is very bad! Hannibal Carver has been-

[Terry Shane is standing over Carver, screaming at him as the security surrounds him and we abruptly cut 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...

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

...and then back to the backstage area where Mark Stegglet is standing.]

MS: Welcome back, fans. A horrifying scene we just saw out there in the ring and I'm sure many will be relieved to know that AWA officials have kicked the Shane Gang out of the building! They're out of here... and Hannibal Carver is currently in the locker room receiving medical attention. Dr. Ponavitch is with him and we're being told that he has advised Mr. Carver to go to a nearby medical facility but so far, Hannibal Carver has refused. He is said to be quite irate and has refused to let go of the steel chain they used to attack him.

[Stegglet pauses.]

MS: Now, speaking of medical attention, before we went off the air last night, we saw the World Heavyweight Champion, James Monosso, being assisted by Dr. Ponavitch and his staff. Let's take a look at what happened AFTER our cameras went off the air...

[We crossfade to footage marked "NIGHT ONE MAIN EVENT" where Dufresne and Monosso are battling out on the elevated wooden ramp. Dufresne is attempting to pull Monosso into a standing headscissors.]

GM: What's he... oh no! Oh my god, no! He's gonna piledrive him, Bucky! He's gonna deliver the piledriver on that wooden ramp!

BW: He'll break his damn neck for sure with that! He's gonna make sure that Monosso has to retire after tonight!

GM: We talked about Dufresne being completely willing to cripple Monosso to win the World Title tonight... and I think that's what he's about to try and do!

[The crowd is buzzing with concern for the World Champion as Dufresne reaches down, hooking his arms around the torso of Monosso...]

GM: He's getting set up... I can't believe this! Somebody needs to stop this!

[The referee is SCREAMING at Dufresne from inside the ring, demanding that he not attempt the potentially career-ending move.]

GM: Dufresne's got him set... but can he get the big man off the ramp?!

[Monosso slumps down to his knees, trying to avoid the lift. An angry Dufresne steps back, slamming joined hands down on the back of the neck

in a double axehandle. Three heavy shots seems to sap the resistance out of Monosso as Dufresne pulls him back into the standing headscissors...]

GM: He's got him set! He's going again!

[But before he can do it, Monosso yanks the legs out from under him!]

GM: Monosso saves himself! He just saved- SLINGSHOT!

[The big catapult sends Dufresne sailing towards the ropes where he flies over the top, slamming down on the canvas hard onto his back...

...we cut to later in the match where Dufresne is standing on the ramp again, holding Monosso in a front facelock where he suddenly lifts Monosso up into the air...

...and DRIVES him skullfirst down onto the wooden ramp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: WHAM, BAM, THANK YOU MA'AM!

GM: HE HIT IT ON THE RAMP!! MONOSSO GOES HEADFIRST INTO THE RAMP!!

[But in a sight absolutely terrifying to fans of the World Champion, Monosso immediately grabs at his neck as Dufresne lays flat on his back on the ramp...]

GM: It took a lot out of both men but-

BW: But how MUCH did it take out of Monosso?! He's out there grabbing his neck and... did Calisto Dufresne just end the career of James Monosso, Gordo?! Did that stack of dimes he calls a neck finally get cashed in?!

GM: He's not moving, fans...

[The footage cuts ahead again, this time with a graphic that reads "AFTER THE MATCH." The camera holds on the ring, showing Calisto Dufresne in the foreground with the AWA World Title held high over his head. In the background, we can see Dr. Bob Ponavitch leaning down next to James Monosso, giving his medics instructions...

...and as we enter the unaired portion of the video, we see a stretcher being wheeled down from the locker room area.]

GM: They're calling for a stretcher... Ponavitch is telling his team to not move Monosso at all...

[As the stretcher arrives, the medical team leans down, working on stabilizing Monosso.

We cut ahead a few more minutes, showing the medics getting Monosso up on the stretcher, wheeling him back up the ramp towards the locker room...

...and then crossfade back to Mark Stegglet who is shaking his head.]

MS: You saw it yourself right there. The World Champion being taken from The Big House on a stretcher. We're told he was rushed to a nearby medical facility to check for further damage to his already-injured neck. As of right now, there are still tests being done on his neck but we're told that we should have an update on the condition of James Monosso in the days to come.

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: Alright, fans. We're going to take one final commercial break and when we come back, it's Main Event time here at the Stampede Cup with the Blonde Bombers meeting Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines with the Stampede Cup, one million dollars, and the World Tag Team Titles on the line! So don't you dare go away 'cause we'll be right back here LIVE on WKIK!

[We fade to black.

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

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"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

...and then back up on a shot of the glittering brand new World Tag Team Titles. Crossfade to Phil Watson standing in the center of the ring.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with NO TIME LIMIT... and it is the tournament final of the Stampede Cup!

[BIG CHEER!]

PW: The winner of the match will win the Cup itself, one million dollars, and become the NEW AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

[Another big cheer!]

PW: ...and we've just been informed that this match will also have NO COUNTOUTS and NO DISQUALIFICATIONS! There MUST be a winner!

[The crowd ERUPTS in cheers!]

GM: What?! No countouts? No DQs? No time limit?!

BW: This is gonna be a war, daddy! The AWA wants to make damn sure that whoever wins this thing is the UNDISPUTED World Tag Team Champions.

GM: Well, at least Dave Cooper is barred from the building... and we're being told right now that AWA President Karl O'Connor has ordered AWA security to surround the ringside area and block the aisleway once these two teams reach the ring. They want no chance of outside interference marring this tournament final, Bucky.

BW: This place is on serious lockdown, Gordo.

GM: You got that right.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: Introducing first...

[The distinctive opening to "F***in' In The Bushes" by Oasis lights up Oklahoma City, and the fans ROAR to their feet in boos as the curtain is pushed aside and the Treacherous Three make their way out, led of course by "Hollywood" Larry Doyle. Doyle wears the same powder blue tuxedo as before.

Kenny Stanton is first, toned and tanned, with long blonde hair and downhome charm. He wears the light blue tights with the hair-and-bombs insignia on the thighs and seat, with white boots and black knee pads.

Behind him comes Brad Jacobs, built to the hilt with tremendous traps, sculpted upper body and dark brown skin, with a big "305" tattooed on his left shoulder, short black hair freshly dyed into a blonde faux hawk. He wears traditional short trunks, same color blue as Stanton, with the insignia on the seat of the trunks, black kneepads and white boots. They high five each other, and then high five Doyle.]

PW: Representing Royalty and being accompanied to the ring by "Hollywood" Larry Doyle...

KENNY STANTON... BRAD JACOBS...

THE BLONNNNNNNNDE BOMMMMMBERRRRRS!

[Stanton and Jacobs quickly huddle up with Doyle, discussing strategy as the music changes. The indelible opening riff of "Bad to the Bone" by George Thorogood and the Destroyers rings throughout the arena, and the fans cheer! As the famous open to the song reaches the point where the rest of the instruments kick in, it transitions right into "Yell Fire" by Michael Franti and Spearhead. At this point, Ryan Martinez and Gunnar "Grizzly" Gaines step through the curtain to the approval of the fans.]

PW: And their opponents... from Los Angeles, California and Fairbanks, Alaska respectively... at a total combined weight of 540 pounds...

...RYAN MARTINEZ and GUNNAR "GRIZZLY" GAINES!

GM: Gaines and Martinez are on their way down the ramp... look out!

[Perhaps looking to get an early edge or maybe do a little more damage to Gaines' knee before he gets a chance to get on the apron while Martinez handles the in-ring action, Jacobs and Stanton exit the ring, racing down the elevated platform towards their opposition...]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[A charging Stanton runs headlong into Gaines who dips his shoulder, flipping Stanton through the air and down onto the wooden ramp with a backdrop!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Backdrop on the ramp! Remember, there are no DQs and no countouts in this one so anything goes!

[Gaines falls to a knee from the exertion as Martinez meets Jacobs, throwing bombs at one another to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: As tired, as exhausted, as beaten up as all four of these men are right now, they know the stakes in this one and they've never been higher for either team. The Blonde Bombers were plucked from obscurity and sent to Japan where they developed into a top level tag team. Larry Doyle brought them back home to the AWA and tonight, they have a chance to become the best tag team in the world! Ryan Martinez is fighting to stand on his own - to stand outside his father's shadow and be recognized as a true top notch professional wrestler in his own right. And then you have Gunnar Gaines, a former World Champion, a Hall of Famer, and a man who thinks he's got one shot left to show the world why he's been the best for so long.

[The crowd is on their feet cheering as Martinez hammers away with a series of rights and lefts to the midsection that backs Jacobs all the way back towards the ropes.]

GM: Jacobs stumbles down the steps... he's trying to backpedal away from Martinez but Martinez is going after him!

[Down on the floor, the fight continues with Martinez landing a pair of stiff forearms to the ear before grabbing Jacobs by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- REVERSED!

"CLAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES MARTINEZ!!

[The big whip actually took Martinez off his feet, flinging his body horizontally before slamming into the ringside barricade. Jacobs does a little trash talking of the ringside fans off the powerful lift, rubbing his chin before Larry Doyle's screams convince him to move in after Martinez.

The camera cuts back to the ramp where Kenny Stanton has retaken his feet and is trading right hands, hammering away at Gaines who returns fire with haymakers of his own.]

GM: I gotta say - this is NOT what I expected from the outset of this one!

BW: No one knew there'd be a last minute rule change. No one knew they'd add this no countout and no DQ stipulation at the last second!

[Gaines' big haymakers are landing again and again but Stanton's got some dirty boxing of his own, catching the Grizzly One on the chin with a series of uppercuts.

Cut back to ringside where Martinez is back on his feet, Jacobs stumbling away from him...]

GM: Martinez caught Jacobs with a headbutt...

[A dashing Martinez drops Jacobs with a running clothesline!]

GM: Ohh! The clothesline takes Jacobs down!

[Cut back to Gaines who is pursuing Stanton down the steps to the floor...

...and then lands a clothesline of his own, one that takes Stanton over the railing and into the front row of ringside!]

GM: OHHH! INTO THE CROWD GOES STANTON!!

BW: Gaines is goin' after him, Gordo! Gaines may be hurtin' for certain but it looks like he ain't gonna hold back and risk a chance at not giving everything he's got towards winning the World Tag Team Titles. He's going over the railing into the front row!

GM: We've got fans scattering - I can't believe this! This is a fight and it's a fight for all the marbles! The Cup, the cash, and most of all, the World Tag Team Titles! We've seen all sorts of things over the past two days - speed, power, aerial ability but we haven't seen a brawl like this!

[Gaines grabs a handful of Stanton's hair, hammering away with right hands that sends Stanton stumbling deeper into the seats with the Hall of Famer pursuing him. Gaines catches up, throwing a right hand to the gut before hauling off and smashing Stanton with a clubbing forearm across the back of the head, knocking Stanton down to a knee.]

GM: Alex Martinez called Gunnar Gaines an "old timer" earlier tonight but that old timer is showing that he's still got plenty of fight left in him, fans!

[The Hall of Famer walks a few feet away, picking up a metal sign that reads "SECTION A" on it with a long metal rod holding it up. He grabs the rod, lifting it over his head...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE SMASHES THAT SIGN ACROSS THE BACK OF KENNY STANTON!

[The blow takes Stanton all the way down, knocking him down to his chest on the floor as Gaines holds up the sign, getting a big cheer from the fans all around him. A fan reaches out, patting Gaines on the back as the former World Champion looks down at Stanton.]

GM: This fight is raging deep in the seats here in The Big House as Gaines and Stanton are brawling in the crowd.

[Cut back to the ringside area where Martinez has a steel chair in hand, standing over Jacobs who is down on all fours...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF! What a shot with that chair!

BW: Perfectly legal in this one... and a good way for RyGunn to eliminate the advantage that the Bombers might have by having wrestled one less match here this weekend. Martinez might be able to use that chair and hammer his way to an even playing field for him and his partner.

[Martinez holds up the now-dented chair with one hand, drawing a big cheer from the crowd before he flings it away.]

BW: What an idiot! He has Jacobs down and in a vulnerable position and he only uses the chair once?! He should waffle him with it a half dozen times, roll him in, and get the pin! His dad would do that!

GM: I think Ryan Martinez is showing here tonight that he is quite different from his legendary father, Bucky.

[We cut back to the crowd where Gunnar Gaines has been knocked back into an empty chair. Stanton has a leg up on the chair next to him, cradling Gaines' head in his arm as he hammers away with right hands to the skull to the jeers of the surrounding crowd!]

GM: You've gotta wonder how long Gunnar Gaines can survive in a brawl like that out on the floor. His knee is a wreck and could go out on him at any time.

[Ryan Martinez must be thinking likewise as he abandons Jacobs down on the floor. He turns, stepping over the railing to go help his tag team partner in the crowd to a tremendous cheer!]

GM: Martinez is comin' for Stanton! He's wading through the fans here at ringside, all swarming that area to try and get a glimpse of the battle that's raging in the seats!

[Grabbing Stanton by the hair, Martinez pulls him away from Gaines, ducking down to scoop him up...

...and SLAMS him down on the unprotected floor!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: Larry Doyle can't believe what he's seeing! He's down here by us, shouting at Brad Jacobs... trying to get the three-time All American back up to his feet so he can continue the fight. He needs to get out there and help Stanton!

[A fired-up Gaines starts folding up ringside chairs, hurling them over the crowd and into the ring where they bounce before settling on the canvas. The Oklahoma City crowd is ROARING for the action as Gaines gives his partner a big shove, pointing towards the ring.]

GM: Gaines is telling Martinez that they gotta get the fight in the ring. If they're gonna win this thing, that's where it's gotta happen! No countouts, no DQs - you can only win by pinfall or submission INSIDE the squared circle.

[Martinez pulls Stanton off the floor, dragging him towards the barricade where he tosses him back over into the ringside area. Gaines gives his partner an encouraging shout, climbing over the railing with him before shoving Stanton under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Gaines puts Stanton into the ring and it looks like we're about to see some resembling a wrestling match for the first time since the bell in this one.

[Gaines rolls back in as well as Martinez takes a spot on the ring apron. On the other side of the ring, Brad Jacobs does the same. The veteran drags Stanton back off the mat, shoving him back into a neutral corner as Gaines squares up...]

GM: Right hand to the ribs... and a left... a right, then another left... these big heavy hambones layin' into the body of Stanton...

[Gaines takes a step back, grabbing an arm on Stanton...]

GM: Cross-corner whip...

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: STANTON GOES ALL THE WAY OVER THE TOP TO THE FLOOR!!

[Gaines grins at the reaction of the crowd as he storms across the ring, stepping out onto the apron near the neutral corner. He backs up, leaning against the ringpost as he watches Stanton try to recover from the hard fall to the floor...]

GM: Gaines is on the apron!

BW: He used to do this all the time in his younger days, Gordo... but we ain't seen it in a while!

[With Stanton rolling over to his back, Gaines runs down the length of the apron, throwing himself off...

...and BURYING an elbow in the midsection of Stanton!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: He punished his pancreas with that one and Larry Doyle is beside himself, Gordo!

GM: And rightfully so! His championship dreams may be falling down all around him in a total brawl here in the early moments of this one.

[Gaines pushes up, visibly wincing as he leans against the ring apron, trying to keep some weight off his injured leg. Larry Doyle can be heard shouting at Stanton, begging him to get off the floor as Gaines rolls back into the ring, sitting down in the neutral corner as he pulls the leg closer to him, re-adjusting his kneebrace.]

GM: Gaines may have seriously hurt that knee there... he does not look to be in good shape at all at this point of the match.

[Out on the floor, Brad Jacobs drops down, kneeling next to his partner. He pulls Stanton to his feet, shaking him hard, pointing at the ring where Gaines is sitting. Across the ring, Ryan Martinez is shouting for a tag to be made before the Bombers can get back into the fight.]

GM: Jacobs shoves Stanton in... he's telling him to go right for Gaines... and that's exactly what Stanton does!

[Kenny Stanton dives towards the corner, wrapping his hands around the throat of the veteran, digging his thumbs into the windpipe area!]

GM: He's choking him!

BW: No DQs, daddy! He can choke him all night!

[Martinez shouts into the ring as Stanton breaks the choke off. He climbs to his feet, stomping Gaines several times before he backs off, slapping his partner's outstretched hand.]

GM: The tag is made... and in comes Brad Jacobs!

[The big former defensive tackle steps in, marching across the ring to physically yank the near three hundred pounder off the mat. He drags him to the middle of the ring, scooping the big man up...

...and SLAMS him down with a spine-rattling bodyslam in the center!]

GM: Big slam by Jacobs - showing off that power game!

[With Gaines down, Jacobs deadleaps, dropping a heavy elbow down into the chest of the Hall of Famer!]

GM: Ohh! Big leaping elbow... and we've got our first cover of the match!

[The referee counts one... two... but Gaines lifts the shoulder up.]

GM: Shoulder up! Gaines is out at two!

[Jacobs grabs Gaines by the ponytail, punishing him with heavy right hands from his knees as the referee shouts at him to break it off. Climbing back to his feet, Jacobs flexes in the direction of Ryan Martinez who shakes his head, shouting in response.]

GM: Jacobs and Martinez are trading words - angry words - but Jacobs is staying on his game, stomping Gaines a few more times.

[He grabs Gaines by the ankle, dragging his leg off the mat before leaping up, dropping an elbow on the injured knee!]

GM: Ohh! Jacobs drops a big ol' elbow on the knee joint and you can hear Gaines howling in pain from that.

BW: Look at Larry Doyle smiling now. You better believe this was his strategy. The Aces may have chosen not to go after the knee for whatever reason but the Bombers aren't going to make the same mistake - believe that!

[Jacobs hooks the leg under his armpit, flipping Gaines onto his stomach...]

GM: Jacobs applies a half Boston crab and this is serious trouble for the Hall of Famer!

[The Blonde Bomber leans back, shouting "ASK HIM!" at the ref who kneels down, checking for a submission. Gaines defiantly shakes his head, refusing to quit though.]

GM: Gaines says no... and Martinez is begging him to escape and make the tag!

[Martinez stands across the ring, hand outstretched, shouting at his partner to get there...]

GM: Gaines is clawing at the canvas, trying to find a way out of this hold.

[The referee asks again but again gets a refusal.]

GM: Gunnar Gaines refuses to give up.

BW: He's risking his career doing that.

GM: He may think it's worth it at this stage in his career. We heard Alex Martinez talk about opportunities. It's not every day that a man gets to fight for a title - any title - let alone the legacy of being the FIRST World Tag Team Champions. Gunnar Gaines may be thinking about how many chances like this he has left in his career.

[Jacobs abruptly flips Gaines back over, dragging him by the foot to the corner where he tags Kenny Stanton back in. Holding the foot, Jacobs

gestures for his partner who kicks Gaines in the knee... and again... and again... and again...]

GM: Oh, come on, referee!

BW: Not a thing the referee can do about it! It's no disqualification!

[Stanton turns around, pulling Gaines away from the corner by the foot. Hanging on, he does a front flip, yanking the hamstring hard!]

GM: Ohh!

BW: That's a good way to rip a hamstring in half, Gordo! And if Gaines was worried about just the knee, he better be worrying about the rest of his leg right about now because they're going to shred the thing.

[Stanton gets back up, lifting the leg off the mat. He does a spin around the leg, twisting it into a spinning toehold...

...when Gaines plants a foot on the rear, shoving Stanton across the ring and into the neutral corner!]

GM: HE KICKS HIM OFF! He needs to make the tag!

[Gaines rolls to all fours, crawling towards the side of the ring where Ryan Martinez is waiting with his arm outstretched...

...but an angry Stanton is right back on him, grabbing the leg again...]

GM: What's he...?

[Stanton lifts the leg up off the mat, actually lifting Gaines up in the process...

...and SLAMS the kneecap down into the canvas!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Gaines cries out in pain as Stanton grabs the foot, ready to do it again, lifting the leg up...

...and SLAMMING it down!]

GM: Two times he DRIVES that kneecap down into the mat and Gunnar Gaines is in a world of pain right now.

[Gaines is rolling now, trying to get out of the ring but Stanton dives on his legs, cutting him off. He balls up his fist, hammering the knee a few times with Gaines yelping on every blow.]

GM: Stanton's back on his feet, dragging Gaines back to the middle of the ring... and he's going for a figure four!

[Stanton wraps up the leg, leaning down for the other...

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The disappointed crowd groans as Stanton narrowly gets a shoulder up. Gaines scrambles off the pin attempt, crawling on all fours again, the crowd roaring as he gets close...

...but Stanton throws himself forward, grabbing an ankle to prevent the tag from being made!]

GM: Stanton's blocking it! He's got him by the leg!

[Stanton climbs to his feet, dragging Gaines up as well. He grabs the leg again, lifting it off the mat...

...and Gaines suddenly leaps off the good leg, lashing out with a kick to the back of the head that flips Stanton over in a somersault before dumping him on the canvas!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

BW: ENZUIGIRI! ENZUIGIRI!

[Gaines lands on his chest, breathing heavily as the crowd roars. Martinez steps up to the middle rope, slapping the top turnbuckle several times, shouting at the former World Champion to get across the ring and make the tag.]

GM: Gaines is crawling for it... looking to get there... looking to make that tag...

[Gaines pushes up to his knees, his chest heaving as he stretches out an arm...

...and slaps the hand of Ryan Martinez!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd roars as Martinez tears through the ropes into the ring, charging across and flattening a rising Kenny Stanton with a clothesline. He spins around, catching a dozing Brad Jacobs with a right hand that knocks him to the floor!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez is taking 'em both on!

[Martinez wheels back around, pulling Stanton off a knee to his feet. He pastes him with a pair of right hands, knocking Stanton back into the corner where he mounts the midbuckle, fist held high...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Martinez hops down off the midbuckle, giving a roar to the cheering crowd as he grabs a handful of hair, rushing across the ring...]

...and SLAMS Stanton's skull into the top turnbuckle, sending Stanton falling down to the canvas in the middle of the ring.]

GM: Stanton's down and...

[The crowd ROARS as Martinez gives a shout of "BRAINBUSTER!"]

GM: He's calling for the brainbuster! Martinez is looking to end this thing right here and now!

[The young lion pulls Stanton up, tugging him into a front facelock, slinging Stanton's arm over his neck...]

GM: HE LIFTS!

[...but Jacobs rushes in, laying in a double axehandle on the back of Martinez, forcing him to put Stanton back down.]

GM: Ohh! Jacobs cuts off the brainbuster attempt!

[Jacobs promptly lifts Martinez up in a back suplex as Stanton slips past them, leaping up to hook Martinez around the head and neck...]

GM: NECKBREAKER!

[...and SLAMS Martinez down to the mat to complete the doubleteam. Jacobs slips from the ring as the referee reprimands him, allowing Stanton to make a cover.]

GM: Stanton covers - he's got one! He's got two! He's got-

[Martinez slips the shoulder off the mat, breaking up the pin attempt. An angry Stanton grabs Martinez by the hair, hammering away with right hands]

to the skull before climbing back to his feet. He backs to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope...]

GM: Stanton's on the second rope...

[Stanton leaps off, burying an elbow in the chest of Martinez, floating over into another pin attempt...]

GM: He's got one! He's got two! He's got- no! Martinez lifts the shoulder again! He gets the shoulder off the canvas in time to beat the three count!

[Stanton pushes up, looking out at Larry Doyle who has a few words for him. The Texan nods, dragging Martinez off the mat and whipping him into the neutral corner. He rushes in after him, turning to his side...]

GM: ELBOW! NO!

[Martinez slips out of the way, allowing Stanton to smash backfirst into the turnbuckles...]

...and ducking down to hoist the stumbling Stanton up across his shoulders, falling back with a Samoan Drop!]

GM: SAMOAN DROP!! HE GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Martinez rolls to all fours, crawling across the ring towards the corner where Gunnar Gaines awaits him, still trying to keep weight off the knee.]

GM: Martinez looks like he's heading to the corner, he looks like he wants the tag but I'm not sure that's a wise move right now, fans. Gaines is keeping that leg off the mat, trying to keep weight off of it...

[Martinez pushes to his feet, wobbling a step at a time towards the waiting Gaines...]

...and makes a diving tag!]

GM: The tag is made...

[A rushing Stanton follows close behind, hammering Martinez with a double axehandle that sends him sprawling through the ropes to the floor! Stanton falls into the ropes, grabbing hold of the top rope to steady himself...]

...and Gaines gives a mighty yank, slingshotting Stanton over the top rope, and down to the floor below!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GAINES TAKES HIM DOWN HARD!!

BW: And if I didn't know any better, I'd think Gaines has decided he stands a better shot of winning this thing if he keeps the fight outside the ring!

Maybe having Jacobs and Stanton work over his leg gave him a new perspective, a new gameplan!

[Gaines drops down to the floor, wincing as he hits the barely-padded concrete. He stalks towards Stanton who is still down as he reaches him, leaning down to drag him off the floor...]

GM: He's got Stanton back on his feet...

[Leaning the Texan against the apron, Gaines connects with a series of hooking blows to the ribs...]

GM: Gaines is working him over against the apron...

[Switching his stance, he snaps off a right, right, left jab combo before cracking Stanton with an uppercut. With Stanton dazed, Gaines grabs him under the armpit...

...and LAUNCHES him over the railing, sending him sailing into the set-up chairs at ringside. The fans go scattering, roaring for the big move as Stanton is laid out in the middle of it all!]

GM: Gunnar Gaines is taking this fight to a whole other level! He's kicking this up a notch here on WKIK with the stakes so high - as high as they've been for Gaines for many years!

BW: I know this kind of attitude. You hang around enough locker rooms in this business and you see plenty of it. This is a guy who doesn't want to look in the mirror tomorrow as a loser and say, "What if I'd sacrificed just a little bit more?" Gunnar Gaines wants to put it all on the line here tonight and see what happens. He wants to know he gave it his all.

GM: Gaines steps over the railing into the crowd... wading through the fans, trying to get to Stanton...

[Pulling Stanton out of the wreck of chairs, Gaines chucks him back over the railing into the ringside area...

...and then starts folding up steel chairs, tossing them over the railing into the ringside area!]

GM: What in the world is he doing, Bucky?!

BW: Moving furniture. Maybe he's planning for life after wrestling and he thinks that's a good occupation for him. Good money, I'd guess.

"FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES! FIFTEEN MINUTES GONE BY!"

GM: A fired up Gaines crawling back over the railing, looking at all of these chairs he's thrown into the ringside area...

[Stanton is pushing up off the floor to all fours as Gaines approaches, picking up one of the chairs...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: BIG SHOT ACROSS THE BACK!!

[Stanton flips to his back, wincing in pain as Gaines throws the chair down on top of him... and another... and another. Soon enough, there's a giant pile of steel chairs on top of Stanton.]

GM: He's got all these chairs on top of Stanton... and look at this! Gaines is pulling himself back up on the apron.

[Gaines backs up against the steel ringpost. He looks up, breathing heavy...]

GM: What is he...?

[He looks out at the crowd, locking eyes with his son, giving him a nod before he takes a three-step run, leaping off the ring apron...]

GM: NOOOOOO!

[...and throws himself into a senton splash on top of the the pile of chairs!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! GAINES JUST CRUSHED STANTON UNDER THOSE CHAIRS!!

[Larry Doyle rushes around the ringpost, staring at the carnage in front of his eyes with his jaw dropped. He's shaking his head back and forth, shouting, “WHAT DID YOU DO?!”]

GM: GAINES LAID OUT STANTON BUT HE MAY HAVE DONE HIMSELF IN IN THE PROCESS!

[With both of those men laid out, suddenly Brad Jacobs rushes into the ring, tearing across to drill Ryan Martinez with a forearm to the back of the head, knocking him off the apron as well!]

GM: JACOBS SENDS MARTINEZ TO THE FLOOR!!

[Jacobs drops down to the floor, going after the second-generation star as he drags him up by the hair...

...and with a shout, he rushes the corner, SLAMMING Martinez' skull into the steel ringpost!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES MARTINEZ!!

[Martinez collapses to his knees, hugging the steel ringpost tightly with his powerful arms as Jacobs stands behind him, listening to instructions from "Hollywood" Larry.]

GM: Jacobs has got Martinez down on the floor... down and- oh my! Martinez has been busted open!

[Jacobs nods his head at the jeering crowd as he drags Martinez off the floor, leaning him against the ringpost as he picks up one of the fallen steel chairs...]

GM: Now it's Jacobs who has got one of those chairs and somewhere in Dallas, you gotta believe that President Karl O'Connor is starting to doubt this decision to turn this match into a no countout, no disqualification affair because both of these teams are taking advantage of that decision to try and wrest the World Tag Team Titles away from the other!

[The powerful Miami native winds up with his powerful arms...]

GM: NO!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED! MARTINEZ MOVED AND HE MISSED!

[Martinez reaches out, throwing a right hand... and another... and another... and another. A trickle of blood is streaming down his forehead, starting to cover his face as he hammers away at Royalty's powerhouse!]

GM: Gaines is back up... barely able to stand, leaning against the ring apron...

[The veteran pulls Stanton off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring before following him in.]

GM: Gaines crawls in... a cover!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

BW: Stanton gets the shoulder up! Just in time!

[Gaines grabs a handful of hair, a frustrated look on his face as he hammers away at Kendall Stanton's forehead, opening up a small cut on his eyebrow!]

GM: And now Stanton's been busted open as well! This is getting out of control, fans!

[Gaines climbs to his feet, again barely able to stand as he drags Stanton up to join him...]

...where Stanton retaliates with a right hand!]

GM: Big right from Stanton!

[The Hall of Famer staggers before connecting with a right hand of his own to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Back and forth they go - one right hand met with another right hand, each man trying to knock the other down!

[The blood starts to pour down into the eye of Stanton as he throws a haymaker from left field that bounces off the skull of the Alaskan native!]

GM: We've got a slugfest on our hands!

[Stanton rallies, connecting with a series of right hands that backs Gaines back...]

...but Gaines digs his fingers into the cut on the forehead, forcing Stanton to back off before he leans forward, sinking his teeth into the cut!]

GM: He's biting him! He's biting him!

[Stanton runs in place, screaming in pain as Gaines forces him down to a knee, measuring him before blasting him with a right hand to the cut... and another... and another...]

GM: Gaines is really trying to open up that cut - showing the kind of ferocity that made him one of the most feared competitors on the planet back in the 1990s!

[With Stanton still on a knee, Gaines grabs two handfuls of hair, smashing his skull into Stanton's with a headbutt... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: Big headbutts by Gaines!

[A dazed Stanton gets to his feet, barely able to keep his balance as Gaines bounces off the ropes behind him, rebounding off...]

...as Stanton takes flight, throwing a spinning leg lariat!]

GM: OHHH! HE NEARLY TOOK GAINES' HEAD OFF WITH THAT!!

[Stanton pops back up to his feet, ready to make a cover...]

...and gets CRACKED with a discus punch by Martinez that knocks him flat!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Martinez throws up both arms, jerking them down with a big war whoop to the crowd...

...and turns around right into a running leaping shoulder tackle that sends Martinez down to the mat, rolling back onto his stomach!]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! JACOBS FLATTENS HIM!!

[The crowd is ROARING for the massive brawl as Larry Doyle climbs up on the wooden entrance platform, screaming and shouting at his men, carrying on as he tries to get his men back up.]

GM: Three of the four men are down... but Brad Jacobs is standing and Brad Jacobs may be on the verge of winning this whole thing, fans! Jacobs pulls Gaines off the mat...

[A huge buzz erupts from the crowd as Jacobs pulls the near three hundred pounder into a standing headscissors...]

GM: You gotta be kidding me! There's no way! No way he can pull this off!

BW: I'm not so sure about that! Jacobs is a big dude... real big. And he's strong, Gordo!

[Jacobs leans down, hooking his arms around the torso of the former World Champion...]

GM: Can he do it?! Can he get him up?!

[Jacobs grits his teeth, nodding his head, working up his strength...

...and POWERS HIM UP!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP! HE'S GOT HIM UP!!

[The ring SHAKES under the impact of Gunnar Gaines being POWERBOMBED into the mat!]

GM: Jacobs CONNECTS with the powerbomb!

BW: I'm not sure if he's the legal man and I don't think anyone else is either! Jacobs should cover and see if the ref counts!

[Jacobs drops to a knee, planting an open palm in the chest of Gaines.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[A DIVING Ryan Martinez tackles Jacobs off of Gaines, sending a loud roar through the crowd!]

GM: MARTINEZ BREAKS IT UP! All four men are down! What a battle! What a war! And what a tournament this has been, Bucky!

BW: You're absolutely right about that. These guys have given it their all and there ain't no shame in losin' this one!

GM: We've got blood streaming down the heads of Kendall Stanton and Ryan Martinez and... what in the world is Larry Doyle doing?!

[The crowd begins to buzz as Doyle digs down under the ring apron...]

GM: Doyle's looking for something... he's-

[The crowd ERUPTS!]

GM: Oh my god! Doyle's got a table! He's got a table out from under the ring!

[Doyle somehow muscles the table up, shoving it under the ropes into the ring. He frantically shouts at Jacobs, ordering him to set up the table as he gets back to his feet. The three-time All-American stomps Martinez a few times before turning back towards Doyle, lifting the wooden table up and setting it down.]

GM: Jacobs has got the table set up! Larry Doyle's trying to take this match to the extreme, fans!

BW: Well, there's a guy named Martinez who knows a lot about extreme but it ain't THIS Martinez!

GM: Maybe some of that rubbed off on him.

[Jacobs gets back to his feet, dragging Martinez towards the corner. With a mighty lift, Jacobs slings Martinez up, putting him over his shoulder in powerslam position...]

GM: He's got Martinez up!

[Jacobs somehow manages to climb up on the second rope with Martinez over his shoulder. He gives a big thumbs down, drawing jeers from the fans...

...but Martinez wiggles out, standing on the second rope outside the ring as he hammers away at Jacobs from behind!]

GM: Martinez and Jacobs are fighting up top! Trying to get an advantage on one another...

[Jacobs throws a stiff back elbow, catching Martinez on the bridge of the nose, knocking him down to standing on the ring apron...]

GM: Jacobs is on the second rope, hammering down on Martinez...

[But the young lion reaches up, grabbing Jacobs from where he's standing on the apron...

...and HURLS him over the ropes and down onto the wooden ramp!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A tired Martinez falls to a knee on the apron, breathing heavily as Kenny Stanton drags Gaines to his feet...

...and SLAMS his face into the wooden table!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: This is wild, Gordo! The referee's just given up on this! He's just counting any pin he sees at this point!

[Stanton rears back, slamming Gaines' head into the table again, opening up a cut on the forehead on the former World Champion!]

GM: Stanton's working over Gaines... and he's busted open Gaines now as well!

[Pushing Gaines back on the table, Stanton hammers away at the cut on the forehead. Lifting his arms over his head, Stanton slams down a double axehandle on the chest...

...and points to the corner!]

GM: Oh my god...

BW: He's gonna do it! He's gonna put the old man through the table!

GM: We're over twenty minutes into this and Stanton is, indeed, headed for the top rope!

[Stanton steps out to the apron...

...and Ryan Martinez gets up on the other side, throwing a big right hand to the skull of Stanton!]

GM: Ohh! Martinez cuts off Stanton!

[A second big right hand lands, causing Stanton to nearly topple off the apron. A third one connects as well, Stanton clinging to the ropes to stay on his feet...]

GM: Stanton's getting rocked over and over with those big right hands!

[Martinez reaches out, grabbing Stanton by the hair and SLAMS his head into the top turnbuckle.]

GM: Stanton's got blood just pouring down his head... what in the world?!

[The second generation star steps up on the second rope, leaning down over the ropes to grab Stanton by the hair, dragging him up with him...]

GM: What's he doing, Bucky?!

BW: I have no idea! Martinez is on the second rope outside the ring... pulling Stanton up there as well...

[Suddenly, all becomes clear as Martinez hoists Stanton up onto his shoulders...]

GM: OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!!

[As Martinez steps up, putting one foot on the top rope, the crowd is buzzing with anticipation of the first broken table in AWA history...]

GM: HE'S GONNA PUT STANTON THROUGH THE TABLE! HE'S GONNA-

[A freaked out Larry Doyle slides into the ring, shoving the table out of the way as Martinez leaps off backward blindly...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SAMOAN DROP OFF THE TOP!!

BW: He wanted to put him through the table with it but Larry Doyle moved the table! Doyle saved his man's skin for sure right there. If they'd gone through the table, it would be over!

GM: It might be over anyways!

[Martinez flips over, applying a cover as Gunnar Gaines leans against the ropes, trying to recover...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Larry Doyle again takes it upon himself to save his team, diving down to throw himself on Martinez' back!]

GM: DOYLE SAVES STANTON!

[The crowd ROARS with disapproval as Doyle gets to his feet, throwing his arms in the air. The referee steps in, shouting at Doyle, backing him up as Gunnar Gaines stumbles off the ropes, pulling Stanton up to his feet...

...and hooking a hand around the throat!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM HOOKED! HE'S GOING FOR THE GRIZZLY SLAM!

[Stanton reaches out, digging his fingers into the eyes of Gaines!]

GM: Ohh! Cheap shot by Stanton!

[Stanton dashes to the ropes behind him, rebounding off...

...and gets SPEARED by Martinez!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: MARTINEZ NEARLY BROKE HIM IN HALF!!

[Martinez covers Stanton, grabbing a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Barely able to move, Brad Jacobs throws himself under the ropes, just breaking up the pinfall with a nudge!]

GM: JACOBS JUST BARELY SAVED HIM! JUST BARELY SAVED HIM!

[Jacobs struggles, getting to his feet...

...and rushes forward, sending Gaines down to the mat with a running tackle!]

GM: DOWN GOES GAINES!!

[The crowd buzzes with concern as they realize that Ryan Martinez is now trapped inside the ring alone with the Blonde Bombers. The referee steps in, trying to get one of them out of the ring but Brad Jacobs simply shoves the official back to the corner, pointing a threatening finger at him.]

GM: Oh, come on! I know there's no disqualification but-

BW: There's no "buts" in that one, Gordo. Jacobs could powerbomb the referee through the table right there and still not get disqualified.

GM: Please don't give him any ideas.

[Both Bombers swarm Martinez, battering him with fists and feet, pushing him back into the corner. Jacobs grabs a handful of hair, smashing Martinez' face into the wooden table before shoving him up on it...]

GM: Martinez is down on the table... and they're gonna finish it now, fans!

[Stanton steps out to the apron, scaling to the top as Jacobs does a little jig, moving to the corner, looking up at his partner...]

GM: They're going for the Rocket Launcher! They're gonna use the Rocket Launcher and put Martinez through that table! This is it! This is their chance to claim the World Tag Team Titles!

[Jacobs reaches up, grabbing Stanton, looking down to measure up Martinez.]

GM: Doyle's loving it! He can't wait! He's shouting for them to do it, to finish off Martinez with this Rocket Launcher!

[Stanton's eyes suddenly go wide as Gunnar Gaines gets to his feet, steel chair in hand...]

GM: GAINES HAS GOT A CHAIR!!

[The former World Champion HURLS the chair across the ring, catching Stanton on the arm and chest, causing him to lose his balance and go toppling off the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! DOWN GOES STANTON!!!

[Gaines staggers forward as Brad Jacobs comes out to the middle to meet him, throwing right hands.]

GM: Gaines is firing away... firing big haymakers...

[Getting off the table, Martinez throws the table over the ropes, causing it to break apart on the floor as he turns back towards Gaines and Jacobs trading shots. Gaines gets the edge with a headbutt...

...and then throws Jacobs to Martinez who buries a boot to the gut.]

GM: He's calling for the brainbuster!

[Martinez hooks him, slinging an arm over his neck...]

GM: He's getting ready! He's getting set!

[Gaines, in the meantime, heads for the corner...]

GM: Gunnar Gaines is heading up top! He's headed for the top rope! They're going for the Splashbuster!

[Gaines steps one foot up on the top rope, looking down at his partner. He waves an arm up and down, calling for the brainbuster part of the move...

...and fails to see Larry Doyle climb up on the apron, loaded cowboy boot in hand...]

GM: NO!

[Doyle winds up and CRACKS Gaines in the temple with the boot, sending him falling all the way off the top rope, crashing down to the floor in an unconscious heap!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GAINES IS OUT! GAINES IS OUT!!

[A furious Martinez shoves Jacobs aside, marching over to the corner where he grabs Larry Doyle by the throat!]

BW: No, no, no! Let go of him! Let go of him!

[Doyle frantically throws his boot, bouncing it into the ring where Jacobs picks it up, winding up...]

GM: NO!

[...and CRACKS Martinez in the back of the head with it!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LOADED BOOT TO THE SKULL!

[Jacobs leans down, lifting a barely-conscious Martinez up into the electric chair...]

GM: He's got him up!

BW: Look! Stanton's on the apron!

[Kenny Stanton deadleaps, springing off the top rope...]

GM: CLOTHESLINE!

[...and connects with the clothesline that flips Martinez backwards, dumping him chestfirst on the mat! Jacobs flips him over, diving across the chest!]

GM: COVER!!

[The referee dives to the canvas!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING DING!"

GM: AHFFF, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

[Larry Doyle SPRINTS to the timekeeper's table, snatching up the World Tag Team Title belts, rolling back into the ring with them. He springs to his feet, jumping up and down with the title belts!]

GM: The Blonde Bombers are the Stampede Cup winners... and that also means that the Blonde Bombers are the first AWA World Tag Team Champions!

BW: I love it! Royalty has struck GOLD!

[Jacobs pulls Stanton up, falling into an embrace with him as Doyle continues to jump up and down, celebrating their victory as the ring announcer makes it official.]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... here are your winners of the 2013 Stampede Cup... and the very first AWA WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...

THE BLONNNNNNNNNNNNDE BOMMMMMMBERRRRRS!

[The boos pour down on the ring as the celebration continues, jeers falling on the Royalty trio as they take the belts, hoisting them high above their heads, leaving their opponents lying...

...when suddenly, their eyes fall on the entrance ramp, no longer celebrating!]

GM: It's The Bishop Boys! The Bishop Boys are on the ramp!

BW: They're the Number One contenders! They're STILL the National Tag Team Champions and that means that at some point in the near future, the Bombers are gonna meet the Bishops to unify those championships!

[Cletus Lee Bishop is in the front, glaring down the ramp. Duane Henry is actually holding one of Cletus Lee's arms, trying to talk him down from going down the ramp and starting a war right there on the spot.]

GM: What a night it's been! What a weekend it's been! For Mark Stegglet, Jason Dane, and Bucky Wilde, I'm Gordon Myers wishing you good night from Oklahoma City where The Blonde Bombers have won the Stampede Cup and the World Tag Team Titles! So long everybody-

[The shot abruptly cuts in mid-sentence to a black screen. There's a voice that can be heard... no visuals, just a single voice that is heavily distorted to make sure it can't be identified. If you're an AWA fan, you quickly realize that we're about to hear another message from the person who addressed the world at the end of SuperClash IV.]

"When last we spoke, we issued a warning to Royalty - a warning that those gentlemen not only refused to hear but also refused to heed. Royalty still stands, still threatens the world in which they walk.

And yet you do nothing."

[A pause.]

"It once was said that 'You can't treat royalty like people with normal perverted desires.' And that's what you have done. Royalty is not the Unholy Alliance. They are not the Matsui Corporation. They are not even the Syndicate or Redemption of days gone by.

They do not simply desire titles. They do not simply desire power. They do not simply seek fortune or glory.

They seek to conquer and you choose to ignore.”

[A soft laugh.]

“That decision is not... wise.”

[Another pause.]

“We see heroes versus villains. We see unholy alliances brought together to bear arms against the world’s mightiest heroes. We see a dragon fallen and an emperor presiding over ashes. We see colossal titans brought together and left to waste. We see families torn apart and long-time blood feuds reborn.

We see a world desperate for our guidance.

But a world unable to receive it.”

[A small laugh.]

“The AWA is in need of salvation.

We are coming and we are coming to do what the rest of you can not.”

[A final pause.]

“We are coming to save the AWA.”

[And with those words still ringing in their distorted sound, we fade to black.]