



[We come in from black to a shot of the Stampede Cup trophy. Some quite dramatic in-house instrumental music is playing in the background as the trophy rotates around and a voiceover begins.]

"The weekend began with twenty-four teams walking into Atlanta with talent, skill, and pocketfuls of hope."

[Pictures of the twenty-four teams in the Stampede Cup appear on the black screen, surrounding the still-rotating Cup.]

"After one day, the hopes of 9 teams were crushed."

[The photos of the nine teams eliminated in Night One's action darken, leaving 15 others.]

"Fifteen teams remain... all with hope... all with dreams... all with the goal of being the best in the world.

Fifteen teams remain... all dreaming of walking out of Atlanta with one million dollars, the Stampede Cup, and the right to call themselves the best tag team in the world.

Fifteen teams remain...

...but there can be only one!"

[The photos of the fifteen teams remaining in the tournament sail towards the viewer, flying past until only the Cup remains.]

"Tonight, we get one step closer. Tonight... it's Round Two.

[Pause.]

"Fight!"

[And the photo of the Cup also sails towards the viewer before the screen "explodes" into a wide shot of the Forbes Arena, panning across the bleachers and floor stuffed with over seven thousand screaming AWA fans. 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 basketball 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 crimson sportscoat, brightly bleached white dress shirt, and a purple and yellow polka dot tie. His teeth look as freshly bleached as his shirt as he grins at the camera.]

GM: Good evening, everyone, and welcome to the Forbes Arena in Atlanta, Georgia where the AWA has come to town to present the best tag teams in the world battling it out to be called the best in the world. It's the Stampede Cup and Night Two starts right now!

BW: Night One has come and gone. We've got nine teams eliminated already - some that many thought might go deep into this thing. But they're heading home and only the fifteen teams left in the bracket remain!

GM: And you notice we've said FIFTEEN teams. In case you didn't see Night One up at AWA.com, you may be wondering what's going on. Well, the teams of Supernova with Stevie Scott and Calisto Dufresne with Marcus Broussard battled to a time limit draw which eliminated BOTH teams from the tournament.

BW: And what that means is that the Dynasty, the most opportunistic team in this tournament, just got a gift-wrapped golden ticket to the quarterfinals! They don't even have to wrestle here tonight, Gordo!

GM: It really does put a huge edge in the corner of Idol Austin and Eugene Robinson who were the longest reigning EMWC World Tag Team Champions of all time... but does it give them enough to outlast the other fifteen teams in this tournament to win the whole thing? Time will answer that question for us but one question we already know the answer to is - yes, we DO have a new Longhorn Heritage Champion in Robert Donovan!

BW: Ugh. I feel sick even thinking about it.

GM: It was a hard-fought, grueling matchup that could have gone either way but at the end of the day, Robert Donovan is walking out of Atlanta with the gold!

BW: Ah, ah, ah... not so fast, Gordo. Donovan may be the champion but he ain't got the gold, daddy!

GM: You are correct, Bucky. Percy Childes literally STOLE that title belt at the conclusion of the match. I understand that he fled the ringside area AND the building with the title before AWA officials could get to him. He WILL be here later tonight but from what I understand, he did not bring the title belt with him. AWA officials have ORDERED him to bring the title belt to AWA Homecoming in two weeks' time where he will be forced to present that belt to Robert Donovan... or... you'll love this, Bucky... he will be INDEFINITELY SUSPENDED!

BW: What?! How is that fair?! It's his title! It's his belt! Possession is nineteen-tenths of Martial Law!

GM: I think you better check your legal books again. But speaking of indefinite suspensions, fans... we do have a breaking story to report before we move on to tonight's action. Jason Dane is backstage with the interim Chairman of the Championship Committee, Jon Stegglet, who I'm told has a very important announcement to make... take it away, JD!

[We crossfade back to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing in a black suit over a red AWA polo in front of a big AWA backdrop that also has the brackets for the Stampede Cup tournament. By his side is the aforementioned Jon Stegglet, also in a black suit.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Mr. Stegglet, the rumors have been running wild for days now... what's the story?

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: The story is that Mark Langseth has proven himself to be a very, very difficult employee in recent weeks. Our main reason for concern though is that Mr. Langseth was scheduled for several personal appearances this week in Atlanta to promote this very show.

He has failed to appear for any of those and has refused to personally maintain contact with our offices. We have been told by his representation that he has elected to demonstrate his displeasure with the AWA front office in this fashion.

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: By failing to appear at events?

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: Mr. Langseth has a very special contract with the AWA, limiting the number of appearances he must make for the promotion. It was put together keeping in mind the various injuries that he has suffered over the years and his desire to keep a flexible schedule.

However, the contract also makes it very clear the penalty for failing to appear on his scheduled dates. At this moment, we consider Mark Langseth to be in breach of contract.

[A pause.]

JS: Therefore, Mr. Langseth's actions have given the American Wrestling Alliance no alternative but to INDEFINITELY SUSPEND him!

[Dane's jaw drops.]

JD: Mark Langseth has been suspended?!

JS: That's right, Jason. No man is above the law here in the AWA and it's time that Mark Langseth - and Royalty - learned that... apparently the hard way.

JD: Does Mr. Langseth know about his suspension?

[Stegglet looks at Dane, then gestures to the camera with a slight hint of a smirk.]

JS: I guess he does now. Enjoy the show.

[And with that, Stegglet walks out of view, leaving a shocked Jason Dane behind.]

JD: Well, fans, there you have it. What a shocking way to start our broadcast here tonight. Mark Langseth, a former World Champion and a Hall of Famer for our sport, has been indefinitely suspended from the AWA for breach of contract. Gordon, Bucky... back to you...

[We crossfade back to ringside, our announcers looking stunned.]

GM: I can't believe what we just heard. There had been rumors all week that the front office was going to act on this Mark Langseth situation here tonight but... I didn't expect this, Bucky.

BW: Well, I...

[Bucky pauses.]

BW: I don't agree with the decision but I suppose something had to be done. But what I'm more concerned about it is that it seems like Jon Stegglet just made that announcement public to EVERYONE - including Mark Langseth - at the same time. Does that mean that Rough N Ready just found out as well?

GM: I would imagine it does.

BW: Right and...

[Bucky looks at his gaudy gold watch.]

BW: ...by my time, they've got a match right about...

[The sounds of The Bangles' "Walk Like An Egyptian" fills the air to a mixed reaction.]

BW: ...now!

GM: You're certainly right about that! It's time for the opening match of the second round so let's go up to Phil Watson to make this thing official!

[Crossfade to the ring.]

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
ROUND TWO
THE PHARAOHS VS ROUGH N READY**

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and it is a second round matchup in the Stampede Cup tournament!

Introducing first... on their way down the aisle... they are accompanied to the ring by their personal translator and agent, Jeremiah King... they are the Egyptian Tag Team Champions... at a total combined weight of 415 pounds... Ramseys and Darius...

THE PHARAOOOOOOOHS!

[The 80s sounds of the Bangles continues to play as the masked duo trots into view. Completely clad in gold and black full-length tights and masks, the duo slaps the hands of the ringside fans as Jeremiah King applauds, walking a few feet behind them.]

GM: Here comes the Pharaohs, fans. They knocked off The Rave in the opening round yesterday to advance in the tournament here tonight and they'll be looking to do the same against the National Tag Team Champions here tonight.

BW: And who's the goof with them?

GM: That man is Jeremiah King, the official translator for the Egyptian Tag Team Champions while they're here in the States. We understand that Mr. King suffered some travel delays yesterday which prevented him from being here but he's obviously here tonight which should make things a lot easier for this team from Africa.

BW: They're facing Dave Cooper and Eric Matthew Somers. I'd say their night is about to get a whole lot harder, Gordo.

GM: We're about to find out so let's go back to Phil!

[The Egyptians slingshot over the ropes in unison, trading an embrace as they prepare for the arrival of their opponents.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of Deep Purple's "Knocking At Your Back Door" kicks in to a big shower of jeers which only grows louder as the curtain parts, revealing the AWA National Tag Team Champions.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: They don't look happy.

GM: They certainly don't.

[The ring entry cameraman gets shoved aside by an angry Eric Matthew Somers as Watson continues.]

PW: On their way to the ring at a total combined weight of 615 pounds... fighting out of Albuquerque, New Mexico... they are the current and reigning AWA National Tag Team Champions... representing Royalty...

"The Professional" DAVE COOPER...

ERIC MATTHEW SOMERS...

ROUGH! N! REAAAAAAAAAADYYYYYYY!

[The crowd jeers the introduction as the National Tag Team Champions come stomping down the aisle towards the ring, obviously not in the best of moods. The title belts are slung over their shoulders before being thrown down on the announce table as they reach the ringside area where Somers leans over.]

"YOU IN ON THIS, MYERS?! YOU KNOW IT WAS COMING?!"

GM: I most certainly did not!

[Dave Cooper steps in, nudging his partner back before Somers earns himself a suspension by going after the announce team.]

BW: Good answer, Gordo.

GM: It's the truth... not that I think these two beasts would care right now. They're in a real bad state of mind and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Ramseys tumbles across the ring in a cartwheel before backflipping over the ropes onto a surprised Cooper and Somers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: What in the world was that?!

[Ramseys climbs to his feet, pumping a fist to the roar of the crowd before he hauls Dave Cooper off the floor by the hair, shoving him under the ropes into the ring where Darius is waiting, the bell sounding as he pulls Cooper to his feet.]

GM: Here we go!

[Darius quickly hooks Cooper around the waist, hoisting him into the air, and snapping him down to the mat on the back of the head with a backdrop suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Darius takes him down the hard way!

[Climbing to his feet, Darius quickly backs to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope where he stands for a moment, measuring his downed opponent before leaping off, burying an elbow into the chest before applying a lateral press...]

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

[But Cooper throws his shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt. Darius quickly crawls across Cooper with a straddle, grabbing a handful of hair as he hammers away at the Professional with right hands to the skull!]

GM: Look at Darius! The Egyptian's showing some fire we didn't see from him yesterday, Bucky!

BW: You gotta take things to another level when you're in there with the champions!

GM: I agree but it almost looks like-

[Gordon gets cut off by Eric Matthew Somers - strike that, a pissed-off Eric Matthew Somers - climbing on the apron and stepping into the ring where the referee rushes to cut him off, preventing him from interfering...

...which gives Ramseys an opening to quickly scale the ropes, gesturing to Darius to clear him out...]

GM: What is he...?

[Echoing his partner's move from moments ago, Ramseys leaps from the top rope, elbow cocked...

...and DRIVES the elbow into the chest of Dave Cooper!]

GM: ELBOW!! OFF THE TOP!!!

[The masked Ramseys rolls out to the apron, the referee none the wiser as he turns around and finds Darius covering Cooper again.]

GM: ONE! TWO!! TH-

[Cooper again fires a shoulder off the mat to the disappointment of the crowd.]

GM: The Pharaohs are bringing the attack to the National Tag Team Champions in the early going of this one...

[Darius climbs back to his feet, slapping the hand of Ramseys to bring him LEGALLY into the match as the highflyer scales the ropes again...]

GM: He's going up to the top again! This guy's out of control!

[Seeing his partner in trouble, Eric Matthew Somers comes in again, charging across the ring...

...which gives Ramseys a whole new... very large... target to aim for, leaping from his perch to drive both feet squarely into the chest!]

GM: DROPKICK OFF THE TOP ON SOMERS!!

[The flying attack staggers the big man but does not drop him - a fact not lost by Ramseys as he climbs back to his feet, dashing to the ropes...]

GM: Ramseys is a blur of motion in there!

[The Egyptian rebounds off, taking to the air again, catching Somers with a forearm on the chin!]

GM: Flying forearm!

BW: He ain't takin' down the big man with slop like that, Gordo!

GM: Ramseys seems determined to floor Eric Matthew Somers!

[With a wave to his partner, Darius ignores the referee's shouts to join his partner in the ring. In unison, the two men rush back to the same set of ropes, rebounding back...

...and getting WIPED OUT with a gigantic double clothesline from Somers!]

GM: OHH!

BW: The big man picks up the split! And he was NOT over the line!

[Somers throws his arms apart, letting loose a mammoth roar to the crowd that jeers him. He shakes his head, ignoring the referee as he pulls Darius off the mat...

...and hoists him into the air, pressing him up over his head!]

GM: Wait a second! What the heck is Eric Matthew Somers doing out there?

[Somers slowly approaches the ropes, Darius still motionless in his grasp...

...and simply throws him over the top rope, sending him crashing down in a heap on the thinly-padded floor!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: My stars! And a move like that will REALLY change the complexion of a matchup, Bucky.

BW: Darius just got taken out of the game! He might not even get back up at all. Somers may have just taken him out of this match altogether.

[Somers finally relents at the referee's orders, exiting the ring and leaving his recovering partner to pull a dazed Ramseys back to his feet, shoving him back into the neutral corner.]

GM: Cooper's got him in the corner...

[Balling up his fists, the Professional opts to use Ramseys as a heavy bag, throwing rights and lefts into the ribcage of a stunned masked man. He backs off for a moment before leaning down and driving his shoulder into the torso...]

GM: Ohh, Cooper's trying to take the wind out of Ramseys' sails!

[Still leaning over, Cooper slams home the shoulder again... and again... and again before finally straightening back up, grabbing the eyehole of the masked man's hood, dragging him across the ring by it where he slaps the hand of the big man.]

GM: Cooper makes the tag and... oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Cooper hammers the skull of Ramseys before grabbing the eyehole with both hands, ripping and tearing at the mask as Somers steps through the ropes.]

GM: Get him off the man, referee!

[Marty Meekly steps in, waving off Cooper who reluctantly steps out of the ring. Somers grabs the masked man by the throat, dragging him out of the buckles...]

GM: He's gonna throw Ramseys over the top too!

[The powerhouse of the National Tag Team Champions hoists Ramseys up into a gorilla press just like he did to Darius moments ago, slowly marching across the ring with him towards the ropes. The referee steps in his path, screaming and shouting...]

GM: Marty Meekly's trying to stop him!

BW: That won't stop him! It'll just give him a longer distance to throw this Egyptian bug!

[But it gives Somers momentary pause which is all Ramseys seems to need as he wriggles free, dropping a long way down to land on his knees behind Somers.]

GM: Ramseys is down on the mat...

[Springing to his feet, he uncorks a savate kick to the midsection of the big man which rocks him a step back, hitting the ropes. Ramseys lashes out with a second one to the ribs, knocking Somers down to a knee...]

GM: He got him down to a knee! Two hard kicks to the gut and-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TO THE CHIN!! TO THE JAW!! SOMERS JUST GOT ROCKED!!

[The big man slumps backwards, falling through the ropes to the floor as Ramseys leaps to his feet, pumping a fist to celebrate as the crowd roars for him. A shocked Dave Cooper drops down off the apron, quickly making his way around the ring to check on his fallen partner...]

GM: I can't believe it, fans! How the heck did Ramseys pull that off?

BW: Loaded boot.

GM: BUCKY!

BW: It's the only thing that makes sense!

[Ramseys backs across the ring, jumping up and down as he holds the top rope. The crowd starts to roar for the energetic Egyptian as he turns, pointing with both fingers at the outside of the ring...

...and breaks into a full sprint, barreling at top speed (which at his small size is quite fast) across the ring, HURLING himself between the top and middle rope, and breaking into a somersault at the last moment, catching Dave Cooper squarely in the chest with the breathtaking dive!]

GM: HE WIPES OUT COOPER!! OH MY STARS!!! A DEATH-DEFYING DIVE TO THE FLOOR BY RAMSEYS!!

BW: And I think someone might have heard me call Nenshou the human highlight reel last night because Ramseys is bringin' the good tonight to Hotlanta, daddy!

[Out on the floor, a dazed Darius pulls himself back up on the apron, slapping the buckle to pay tribute to his partner who just did some king-sized damage to a shocked Dave Cooper.]

GM: Ramseys is a little slow to get up...that might have taken a lot out of him as well, Bucky.

BW: Of course it did. Did you even see what the heck he did, Gordo? He'll be lucky if he can even still walk after that!

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES!"

[Ramseys finally regains his feet on the floor, soaking up a huge cheer from the fans before rolling back into the ring. He falls to a knee in the middle of the squared circle, nodding to the cheering fans as both Cooper and Somers struggle to get back to their feet on the floor...]

GM: Five minutes into this match and both of these teams look like they've been through a war, Bucky!

BW: Both of these teams are bringing the fight hard, fast, and without hesitation. They know they can take some risks here tonight because they don't have to wrestle again until tomorrow if they win.

GM: And I have to admit, I'm a little surprised that this undersized team from Egypt is bringing the fight to the National Tag Team Champions to this degree, Bucky.

BW: I still think the champs are a little off their game because of the announcement we heard just before the match started. That HAS to mess with someone's mind.

GM: Eric Matthew Somers is climbing to his feet out there... remember, he's the legal man in this one...

[And Ramseys decides to stick with what's brought him to the dance, approaching the ropes and grabbing the top...]

GM: SLINGSHOT!!

[But this time, the big man is ready and waiting, snatching the highflyer out of the sky, holding him across his body...

...and then THROWING him down hard with a bodyslam on the floor!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[Somers stands over him for a moment, measuring him...

...and then leaping up, dropping a heavy elbow down in the ribcage of the masked man!]

GM: Good grief! We might need a spatula out here after that!

BW: Or a hose.

GM: Eric Matthew Somers just dropped that three hundred and fifty pound frame down in a big elbow on Ramseys... and that'll turn the tide in this one for sure.

[Somers pulls the masked man up by the torn eyehole in his mask, shoving him under the ropes into the ring. The big man climbs through the ropes after him, grabbing his ankle with a powerful hand to prevent the crawling tag to a waiting Darius...]

GM: Somers cuts off the tag and...

[The crowd groans as he drops a second big elbow, this one down on the back of the head and neck!]

GM: Good grief!

[Somers rolls the limp Ramseys to his back, applying a lateral press.]

GM: ONE! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd cheers as the hurting Ramseys manages to slip a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: A near fall there for Somers.

BW: I think anytime a three hundred and fifty pound man is lying on top of a two hundred pound man, you're gonna have a near fall.

[Somers pushes up to his knees, grabbing the torn eyehole to drag Ramseys head off the mat...

...and then SLAMS the back of his masked skull into the canvas!]

GM: Good grief!

[Somers applies the lateral press again, earning another near fall. He shakes his head as he gets to his feet, placing a foot on Ramseys' waist to prevent him from moving. The big man turns towards Darius, shouting something in his direction before leaning down to haul Ramseys back to his feet...]

GM: Irish whip...

[Somers extends the arm, looking for a clubbing clothesline, but Ramseys ducks under, leaping to the middle rope on the far side...

...and springing back, throwing himself into a crossbody!]

GM: Crossbod-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd explosion comes off a catch by Somers who pivots and DRIVES Ramseys to the canvas in one smooth motion!]

GM: What a powerslam! He took the wind right out of him there!

[Somers leans across, going for another press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The crowd roars as Darius flings himself at Somers, breaking up the pin attempt, and then quickly getting the heck out of the ring before the big man comes after him.]

GM: A nearfall there for the champions once again... and Somers is dragging Ramseys all the way across the ring to the Rough N Ready corner - there's the tag to the Professional...

[Dave Cooper slips into the ring, launching into a series of stomps to the chest and ribs of the hurting Ramseys. He quickly drops an elbow to the ribs, staying on the mat to hammer the body with right hands to the ribcage!]

GM: Cooper's all over him!

[Climbing back to his feet, Cooper measures the downed Ramseys, taking a two step jog before leaping up...

...and DRIVING his knee down into the midsection!]

GM: Ohh! What a brutal move by Dave Cooper!

[Cooper kneels on the ribs, raking his knee back and forth against the injured ribcage. He reaches down, hooking his fingers in the torn eyehole to pull Ramseys further up...

...and drills him with a right hand to the temple!]

GM: Come on!

BW: Well, I don't know if it was intentional or not but the front office really turned on the mean streak of the champions here tonight. Cooper and Somers are intense, angry, and vicious. The Pharaohs are getting physically pushed around by a much larger and tougher team.

[Cooper hauls the masked man up by the torn eyehole, grabbing an arm to fling him into the ropes...

...and flips him over and down to the mat with a well-placed running knee to the midsection!]

GM: Goodness.

[The shot catches a glimpse of Ramseys chest heaving quickly.]

GM: They're really taking the air out of this guy.

[Cooper yanks him back to his feet and promptly sinks in an abdominal stretch!]

GM: Oh my!

BW: And if Ramseys ribs weren't in a ton of pain before, they're about to be. Dave Cooper's got that hold sunk in deeper, ripping and tearing at all the muscles and ligaments holding those ribs together...

[Cooper wrenches back, sending a cry of pain up from Ramseys.]

BW: That didn't sound Egyptian to me.

GM: Cries of pain are universal, I guess.

[An angry Cooper slams the point of his elbow down into the exposed ribs to the jeers of the crowd. He tugs back again with a shout of, "Ask him, ref!" The official obliges.]

GM: Marty Meekly checks for a submission but doesn't get one.

[Cooper releases the punishing hold, allowing Ramseys to sink down to all fours on the floor...

...which leads to a rib-cracking punt kick to the torso!]

GM: Good grief. This is getting painful to watch, Bucky.

BW: Not for me. I could watch the champs torture these idiots all night!

[Pointing a warning finger at Darius, Cooper drags Ramseys up off the canvas again by the arm, flinging him towards the ropes...]

GM: Into the ropes he goes...

[And on the rebound, Cooper hooks him around the upper thighs, rotating, and DRIVING him down to the canvas!]

GM: Spinebuster! My stars, that'll do it!

BW: It sure will! This one's over, daddy!

[But an angry Dave Cooper shakes his head, refusing to make the cover at the referee's urging. Instead, he grabs Ramseys by the arm, dragging him near the corner...

...and slaps the hand of Eric Matthew Somers.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: GET HIM A BODY BAG, YEAAAAAH!

[Somers steps into the ring, sneering at a protesting Darius from across the ring as he backs to the buckles. He nods at the jeering crowd, easing himself up to stand on the middle rope...]

GM: That's three hundred and fifty pounds standing on the middle rope!

BW: Anybody got that hose ready?! We're gonna have an Egyptian stain on the ring in a minute!

GM: Get him down from there! They don't need to do this! They don't need to-

[Somers points over at Darius, miming breaking him in half...

...before he leaps!]

GM: LOOK OUUUUUUUUUU-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: RAMSEYS MOVED!! RAMSEYS MOVED!!

[The crowd roars as the Egyptian, having narrowly avoided certain doom starts crawling for his life towards the corner...]

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN!! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Ramseys is making a run for it! Darius is waiting for him!

BW: Somers, you big idjit, tag your partner!

[Somers rolls onto his back, his chest heaving as Dave Cooper echoes Bucky's cry, shouting at his partner to make the tag.]

GM: Cooper knows they need the tag as well! They need to keep Ramseys from making the tag!

[Somers slowly sits up, cradling his ribs with one hand...

...and slaps his partner's hand!]

GM: Tag to Cooper!

[The Professional swiftly slips through the ropes, charging across the ring as quickly as possible...]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd erupts as Darius slaps the hand of his masked partner, immediately slingshotting himself over the ropes to catch the incoming Cooper with a foot to the jaw, knocking him down to the canvas!]

GM: DARIUS IS IN AND HE'S READY TO GO!!

[Darius quickly pulls Cooper off the mat, flinging him into the ropes...]

GM: Right hand ducked by Cooper...

[And as the Professional comes off the ropes, Darius blindly leaps backwards, twisting around to crack the incoming Cooper with a flying forearm!]

GM: Ohh! What a move by Darius!

[Darius pops back to his feet, stomping a foot to the roar of the crowd as he backs off, measuring the Professional as he struggles to get back to his feet...]

GM: Cooper's to a knee... almost back up to-

[Darius shuffles his feet, uncorking a superkick to the jaw!]

GM: SUPERKICK!! SUPERKICK!!

[The blow staggers Cooper, knocking him into the ropes where he rebounds off, stumbling towards Darius who leaves his feet again, this time lashing out with a kick to the back of the head!]

GM: BACK BRAIN KICK BY THE EGYPTIAN!!

[Cooper collapses to the canvas as Darius pops back up, pumping both fists to a huge roar from the crowd. Darius lets loose a roar as he turns a full 360, looking for his next attack...]

GM: Darius drags Cooper back up... irish whi- reversed!

[The National Tag Team Champion sends Darius into the ropes where the Egyptian rebounds back, ducking under a wild clothesline attempt by the Professional...

...leaping up just behind him, hooking Cooper's head and neck with his right arm...]

GM: OHHHHH!

BW: Leaping neckbreaker! Big counter out of nowhere!

[Darius throws himself across Cooper, tightly hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd groans as Dave Cooper just BARELY gets a shoulder off the mat!]

GM: My stars! How in the heck did Dave Cooper kick out of that?! How in the world did he get a shoulder off the mat in time to break up that pin?!

BW: He's a champion, Gordo! It drives you to do things you shouldn't be able to do! You'd know that if you were ever the champion of anything!

[A frustrated Darius pulls Cooper up, slamming him down near the corner, and slapping the hand of an exhausted Ramseys... who DID ask for the tag.]

GM: What in the world? Why would Ramseys want back inside this ring? Why would he want back in this match already?

[Ramseys slaps the top turnbuckle before making the long climb up the buckles. Once he's standing on the top, he grabs at his own torn eyehole on his mask...

...and finishes the job, tearing it off, and flinging it down to a HUGE ROAR!]

GM: THAT'S STEVIE CHILDES!! STEVIE CHILDES WAS RAMSEYS?!

BW: He's not Egyptian!

[Childes cracks a big grin before he takes flight, leaping high into the air, tucking his arms and legs once...

...and CRASHES down across the chest of Dave Cooper!]

GM: LAP DANCE!! LAP DANCE!! HE HIT THE FROG SPLASH FROM THE CORNER!!

[Darius has ripped off his mask as well, revealing "Delicious" Danny Tyler as he shouts for the referee to count!]

GM: THE ACES HAVE PULLED A FAST ONE ON THE CHAMPS!!

[Marty Meekly dives to the canvas.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEE-

BW: WHOA!

[The crowd jeers as Eric Matthew Somers has reached in under the ropes, yanking the official out of the ring!]

GM: He pulled out the ref! Ring the bell, referee! That's an illegal move!

BW: That's at the discretion of the referee, Gordo! He doesn't have to disqualify them for it and it doesn't look like he's going to! Marty Meekly is shouting at Somers but he hasn't called for the bell!

GM: I don't agree with that decision at all! This match should be over and the Aces should be moving on to the quarterfinals!

[Childes get up off of the downed Cooper, looking out to the floor in shock. He shouts something at Tyler who nods, charging across the ring, and diving through the ropes with a forearm to the jaw of Somers, knocking him down as the referee crawls back in!]

GM: Yeah! Somers is out of play!

[An angry Stevie Childes shouts at the official as he leans down to pull a fleeing Dave Cooper up out of the corner...

...but Cooper grabs both of Childes' legs, upending the formerly masked man to put his shoulders down. Cooper jackknifes the legs, applying pressure to the shoulders...]

GM: Wait! No!

[...and slips his feet over the middle rope for leverage as the referee drops down to count!]

GM: NO!

[The referee's hand goes up and down once... twice... and finally for a third time before he turns to signal for the bell!]

GM: I can't believe it! I can not believe it!

BW: YES!

[The crowd is jeering wildly as Dave Cooper bails from the ring, grabbing his dazed partner and beating a quick retreat down the aisle as a shocked Stevie Childes looks on in disbelief from the canvas...]

PW: Your winners of the match, advancing to Round Two... ROUGH! N! REAAAAAADY!

[The crowd EXPLODES in boos as Childes and Tyler argue with Marty Meekly about the decision.]

GM: This is terrible, Bucky! A complete miscarriage of justice!

BW: But it goes down as a win in the record books for the champs and you can put 'em on the board! They're moving on to the Quarterfinals, daddy!

GM: A horrible, horrible miscarriage of justice in my opinion but you are right, Bucky. That's a win for Rough N Ready over the Pharaoh- well, over the Aces! It was the Aces under the masks!

BW: Right! And you want to talk about miscarriages of justice, who the HELL allowed these two masked guys to compete in this tournament? You trying to tell me the AWA didn't know it was Childs and Tyler under those masks! Baloney!

GM: The Aces had this match won... and in my opinion, THEY should be moving on to the Quarterfinals.

BW: But that ain't what happened. Get over it.

GM: I will not get over it but fans, it's a reality. Rough N Ready are moving on to the Quarterfinals and now, let's go back to Jason Dane for the updated brackets! Jas-

[The throw-back to the locker room area is abruptly cut off by Dave Cooper grabbing the mic.]

DC: Not so fast, Myers! We've got something to say and the front office may be able to keep us off the mic back there with Dane but out here with you, they can't do a God da-

[The shot abruptly cuts away from ringside and back to the interview area where Jason Dane is standing, looking a bit puzzled.]

JD: What in the... wait, are we on?

[Dane composes himself.]

JD: A controversial decision right there but the National Tag Team Champions - by hook or by crook - have advanced to the quarterfinals. So, let's take a look at the big board...

[Dane sidesteps to show the board, gesturing at the brackets.]

Rough N Ready			VU
	Rough N Ready		
The Pharaohs			Inoue & Hayashi
Fierro & Armstrong			The Rockstars
The Russians			The First Family
The Wild Cards		Dynasty	Dynasty
The Privateers			BYE
The Lynches			Blonde Bombers
Playboy Ent.			Mark II

JD: That puts Rough N Ready in the Quarterfinals where the winner of our next match between the teams of Tommy Fierro and Ricky Armstrong and the Russians will await them. And don't forget, there's a little extra pressure on the Russians as Kolya Sudakov is fighting for his very freedom every time he steps inside that ring this weekend! Two teams are in the quarterfinals - Dynasty and the National Tag Team Champions. Who will join them? We're about to find out!

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
ROUND TWO
FIERRO & ARMSTRONG VS THE RUSSIANS**

[We crossfade up to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is a second round matchup in the Stampede Cup tournament. Introducing first...

[The despised sounds of the Soviet National Anthem kick in to a huge explosion of boos.]

PW: From Russia... they are accompanied to the ring by their manager, Ivan Kostovich...

The team of Vladimir Velikov and the former AWA National Champion, Kolya Sudakov...

THE RUSSSSSSSSSIANS!

[The jeers intensify as the curtain parts and a well-dressed Ivan Kostovich walks out into view. He looks around at the jeering crowd, nodding his head, and then gestures towards the curtain. Vladimir Velikov is the first into view, dressed in his ring gear with the heavy Russian chain draped over his neck.]

GM: The elder member of the Russian squad, arguably the most successful professional wrestler to ever come out of that great nation, Vladimir Velikov leads the way for his team... and you have to wonder if Velikov is starting to wonder about just how much time he has left in this great sport. Could this be one of his final shots at glory?

BW: I'd love to hear you tell him that, Gordo. Tell Vlad that he's old and over the hill and how if he loses tonight, he's washed up and a memory! He'll slap you so hard, your dentures will end up on your night stand back home!

GM: That's not what I was saying at all.

[After a moment, the former National Champion emerges to join him, finally drawing some cheers from the crowd. Kolya Sudakov, the former Mixed Martial Arts star, looks around at the cheering crowd with a nod. He raises an arm to even more cheers, drawing a disdainful look from Ivan Kostovich as they start the long walk towards the ring.]

GM: The Russians defeated the team from Puerto Rico last night to get to this second round matchup against Fierro and Armstrong.

[The Russians step into the ring, Velikov swinging a flagpole with the Soviet flag on it back and forth to the jeers of the Atlanta crowd. The music begins to fade as Phil Watson speaks.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of George Thorogood's "Bad To The Bone" kicks in to a big cheer!]

PW: At a total combined weight of five hundred pounds... the team of Ricky Armstrong... and hailing from right here in Atlanta, Georgia...

TOMMMMMMMYYYYY FIIIIIIERROOOOOO!

[The crowd EXPLODES for the hometown hero's introduction as the curtain parts. Ricky Armstrong is the first one through, sporting blue tights, white boots, and a rockin' black nylon jacket. Tommy Fierro is in right behind him, in black tights, white boots, and a matching black jacket with "FIERRO" stitched across the back in gold. Fierro points out to the roaring crowd, a big grin on his face.]

GM: Tommy Fierro getting a huge hometown ovation! They love him here in Atlanta!

BW: It was right here in Atlanta in 1981 when Tommy Fierro became the World Champion by defeating Hamilton Graham in the center of the ring. Tonight, he gets a chance to get a step closer to the SECOND biggest night of his career.

GM: But to do that, Tommy Fierro's gotta end the dream of Kolya Sudakov to get out from under Ivan Kostovich's control. One way or another, one of these men are gonna have a bad night.

[Fierro ducks through the ropes as Armstrong slingshots over the top. They exchange a big high-five to the cheers of the crowd as they pull off their jackets, drawing a few squeals from the ladies as they toss them out to the floor.]

GM: Referee Mickey Meekly's the main in the middle for this one...

[The official gives some final words to both teams before calling for the bell.]

GM: And here we go!

[An insistent Tommy Fierro demands to stay in the ring, pointing out to the fans to another big cheer.]

GM: And it looks like the veteran, Tommy Fierro, wants to start it off for his team here tonight. He wants to start it off in front of his hometown fans.

[On the other side of the ring, a barked order from Ivan Kostovich brings in Vladimir Velikov.]

GM: Now, this should be very interesting...

BW: It ain't the first time that Fierro and Velikov have tangled, Gordo.

GM: It certainly isn't... and we were right here in Atlanta to see some of those battles firsthand back in Southern Championship Wrestling.

[The two men meet in the middle of the ring, tangling up in a collar and elbow.]

GM: We're off and running here in Round Two and...

[Fierro drops down, armdragging Velikov down to the mat to a big cheer!]

GM: Fierro takes him down and...

[As soon as Velikov comes to his feet, he gets armdragged down to the canvas a second time.]

GM: A second armdrag puts the big Russian down on the mat...

[Velikov scampers back to his feet...

...and quickly backpedals when he spots Fierro, fist drawn back and at the ready.]

GM: Whoa! Hold on there!

[Velikov backs to the corner, glaring at Fierro. Kostovich shouts a few words up from the floor to the big Russian who nods his head slowly, moving back out to the middle of the ring.]

GM: Back to the collar and elbow...

[Velikov promptly brings his knee up into the midsection, doubling up Fierro just before he clubs him across the neck with a heavy forearm smash, knocking the former World Champion down to the canvas.]

GM: Ohh! Velikov puts him down and...

[The Russian angrily slaps his partner's shoulder, pointing emphatically at Fierro. The former National Champion steps through the ropes, pulling Fierro up to his feet and shoving him back into the Russians' corner.]

GM: Sudakov's got Fierro trapped in the corner...

[Grabbing the top rope, Sudakov snaps off a kick to the ribcage of Fierro.]

GM: Oh! Big kick by the former MMA star!

[Still holding the rope, Sudakov connects with round kick after round kick into the ribcage of the former World Champion. The referee steps in, backing him off as Fierro slumps down to a knee, one hand grasping at his battered ribs.]

GM: Sudakov using those dangerous kicks to gain an early edge over Tommy Fierro, Bucky.

BW: Those are the same kind of kicks that made him a very rich man in the world of Mixed Martial Arts.

[Sudakov leans over, pulling Fierro off the mat...

...and getting caught with a right hand to the jaw! Big cheer!]

GM: Fierro's fighting back! Right hand! And another!

[Grabbing Sudakov by the back of the head, Fierro SLAMS his face into the turnbuckle!]

GM: Ohh! Facefirst to the buckle!

[Fierro backs off, shouting for Sudakov to "COME ON!" as the Russian stumbles from the corner...

...right into a big standing dropkick from the veteran, a blow that sends him rocketing back into the buckles, his spine slamming into the corner to a big cheer!]

GM: What a dropkick by Fierro!

[Fierro scampers back to his feet, fists at the ready as Vladimir Velikov angrily slaps his nephew on the shoulder again, tagging himself back into the match.]

GM: Well, that didn't take long.

BW: A wise decision by Velikov. Sudakov was proving to be pretty worthless in there.

GM: Worthless?! He's a former National Champion!

BW: Maybe there's a good reason he's a FORMER National Champion. Maybe he ain't got it anymore, Gordo. Maybe he can't cut it in the AWA with guys like Calisto Dufresne, Marcus Broussard, and James Monosso. Maybe he can't hack it in the AWA in 2011.

GM: Just like you told me earlier, I'd like to hear you tell HIM that!

[Velikov stomps out of the corner, still shouting at his nephew as he approaches Fierro, and buries a thumb in his eye.]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Velikov!

[Grabbing the veteran by the hair, Velikov pastes him with a big headbutt, a crushing blow that puts Fierro down to a knee. Taking a big step back, Velikov delivers a big boot to the face, knocking Fierro flat on his back on the canvas.]

GM: Velikov nearly turned his lights out with that one.

[The big Russian delivers a pair of stomps to the downed Fierro before leaping up, dropping a big leg across the chest. He rolls into a lateral press, ordering the official to count.]

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

[But Fierro slips a shoulder up, breaking the count.]

GM: Just a two count there.

[Velikov grabs a handful of hair, hauling Fierro back to his feet. He grabs the arm of the former World Champion, firing him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whip... SICKLE!

[But the running clothesline comes up empty as Fierro ducks underneath it, rebounding off the far side...]

...and wiping out Velikov with a running crossbody block!]

GM: Crossbody off the ropes! ONE!! TWO!!

[But Velikov powerfully kicks out of the pin attempt. He scampers back to his feet as Fierro does the same. Velikov surges forward into another armdrag down to the mat that Fierro hangs on to, securing an armbar.]

GM: Fierro's got the arm trapped, armbar applied...

[Velikov powers up to his feet as Fierro hangs on to the arm, executing a full armtwist before slapping the hand of his youthful partner...]

GM: The tag's made to Ricky Armstrong!

[Armstrong quickly scales the ropes, pausing for just a moment before leaping off the top, smashing his own forearm down across Velikov's twisted arm.]

GM: Ohh! Nice doubleteam there by Fierro and Armstrong. Remember, this team won a seed in this tournament by defeating the Blonde Bombers back at Wrestlerock after surviving that big tag team battle royal.

[The former Combat Corner student secures the armbar on the same arm he just came off the ropes onto. Velikov winces, trying to find a way out just before Armstrong gives him on, firing him off into the ropes, and then connecting with a running dropkick of his own, knocking Velikov flat on his back.]

GM: Fierro and Armstrong are looking good early on in this one.

[Armstrong climbs back to his feet, fists at the ready as Velikov rolls to the outside of the ring, huddling up with Ivan Kostovich. A fired up Armstrong approaches the ropes, reaching through...

...and SLAMMING Velikov and Kostovich's skulls together!]

GM: Double noggin knocker! Oh yeah!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Ivan Kostovich down on the floor, clutching his head in agony. A hurting Vladimir Velikov climbs back up on the apron, taking a wild swing at Armstrong who blocks it before throwing one of his own!]

GM: Armstrong fires back!

[Grabbing the back of Velikov's head, Armstrong rushes the corner, slamming his head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Into the buckles! Armstrong's gonna bring him in the hard way!

[The crowd buzzes as Armstrong slings Velikov's arm over his neck.]

GM: Velikov outweighs Armstrong by about sixty pounds! Can he get the big man up?

[The rookie powers Velikov up off the mat...

...and drops him down in a bone-rattling vertical suplex!]

GM: Ohh! He did it! He did it! He got him up and dropped him right back down! He-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Kolya Sudakov sprints down the apron, drilling a rising Armstrong with the Russian Sickle, knocking him flat!]

GM: HE'S DOWN! ARMSTRONG'S DOWN!!

[And Velikov rolls over, diving across Armstrong.]

GM: ONE! TWO!! THREEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here are your winners... THE RUSSIANS!

GM: Did that just happen?! I can't believe that just happened! Kolya Sudakov struck from OUTSIDE the ring and he just caused Ricky Armstrong to be pinned right there off the Sickle!

BW: Sudakov can't take any chances. When he sees an opportunity to put someone down in this tournament, he's GOT to take it. We all know what happens if he doesn't. We all know what happens if he doesn't win this tournament, Gordo.

GM: I suppose you're right but... wow, this crowd is stunned, Bucky. They're stunned into silence. Tommy Fierro and Ricky Armstrong were just eliminated from this tournament in shocking fashion! Many thought they were a dark horse to win this thing after they beat the Bombers back in July but...

BW: But obviously not.

GM: You've got that right. Fans, let's go back to Jason Dane and the big board! Jason?

[We crossfade back to the backstage area where Jason Dane is indeed standing in front of the big board.]

JD: A shocker right there. The Russians upset the seeded team of Fierro and Armstrong and now Velikov and Sudakov have a date with the National Tag Team Champions! Can you believe that, fans? What a showdown that'll be tomorrow night in Atlanta! But let's take a look at the bracket...

Rough N Ready			VU
The Pharaohs	Rough N Ready		Inoue & Hayashi
Fierro & Armstrong			The Rockstars
The Russians	The Russians		The First Family
The Wild Cards		Dynasty	Dynasty
The Privateers			BYE
The Lynches			Blonde Bombers
Playboy Ent.			Mark II

JD: Three teams are in the quarterfinals. Five more spots to fill. And we're about to fill one more of those spots right now! Let's go back down to the ring for the third match in our second round of action!

[Crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing with all four men already in the ring.]

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
ROUND TWO
THE WILD CARDS VS THE PRIVATEERS**

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a second round matchup in the Stampede Cup tournament! Introducing first, in the corner to my right... from London, England... weighing in at 445 pounds... they are Jacob and Edward Drake...

THE PRIIIIIIVATEEEEEERS!

[The two Brits mount adjacent midbuckles, looking out at the jeering crowd. Edward sports a shaved head, wearing black tights with "PRIVATEERS" down each leg in red lettering. He tugs off a black vest with the British flag splashed across the back of it, tossing it down to a ringside attendant. Jacob hops down from his buckle, his long black hair slicked back to nearly his shoulders. He's wearing black knee-length trunks with "PRIVATEERS" written across the back. Jacob sneers at the jeering crowd, waving them off as he huddles up with his brother.]

GM: The Privateers made it here tonight with a win over The Antons - a win that some considered an upset since the Privateers haven't competed as a tag team in some five years as I understand it.

BW: Maybe that'll be the jolt that the Antons need to shake out of whatever funk they're in.

[Phil Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents... at a total combined weight of 540 pounds... "Black" Jack Baldwin... "The Gambler" Judd Marley...

THE WIIIIIIILD CARRRRDS!

[The fans cheer the duo from Las Vegas and Atlantic City respectively. Marley is a well-built man with short, cropped blond hair. He wears a black long-legged singlet with purple tights over the top. His partner, Baldwin, is a heavily muscled, bald man with a goatee. His nearly seven foot frame is stuffed inside a matching singlet/purple tights combo.]

BW: Look at Baldwin in there. He's a big piece of work.

GM: Six foot ten inches tall, over three hundred pounds. He alone puts the size advantage in the corner of the Wild Cards, Bucky.

BW: And the Drakes look a little unsure what to think of Jack Baldwin. I know they've been studying tape but the man might look nine feet tall in person to them.

[Baldwin steps out to the apron, leaving Judd Marley in with Edward Drake.]

GM: Judd Marley, the Gambler, is gonna start it off with Edward Drake.

[As the bell rings, the two men tangle in the center of the ring, tying up in a collar and elbow, grappling for an advantage. Marley quickly goes behind Drake, hooking a rear waistlock.]

GM: Quick go-behind by Judd Marley, trying to take Drake off his feet...

[Hoisting Drake off the mat, Marley puts him chestfirst down on the canvas, floating over into a front facelock on Drake...]

...who promptly grabs the wrist, spinning out into a hammerlock. Seated on the small of Marley's back, Drake pulls up on the arm, putting severe torque on the left arm!]

GM: Judd Marley got the takedown but it's Edward Drake who has the advantage right now... working that arm...

[Drake promptly stands up and stomps the hammerlocked arm!]

GM: Ohh!

[Marley rolls out to the apron, shaking out his just-stomped arm. Edward Drake sneers at Marley, waving him back into the ring. Marley grabs the top rope, tugging himself up to his feet. He shakes the arm again, glaring at Drake who stands back, waving him in.]

GM: Marley's back in... and here we go again...

[They immediately go back into the collar and elbow tieup. Marley breaks out of the tieup, taking Drake down to the canvas with a drop toehold. The Gambler scrambles to the upper body of Drake, hooking in a side headlock.]

GM: Marley quickly to the side headlock, cranking on it now.

[With Drake facefirst on the mat, Marley adds a little extra pressure by pulling back on the hold, wrenching the neck.]

GM: Marley's got one-half of his opponents here tonight floored, isolated, and down on the canvas with him on top of him.

BW: And every moment that Marley makes Drake carry his weight is a moment where Drake is getting worn down bit by bit...

[Drake manages to scoot his knees underneath him, wrapping his arms around the waist of Marley...

...and quickly rolls Marley to his shoulders.]

GM: One! Two!

[But Marley kicks out, knocking his balance back the other way and back into the side headlock.]

GM: Right back into the side headlock...

[The crowd cheers as Marley breaks the hold for a moment, rubbing Drake's face back and forth across the canvas...

...and then hooks the side headlock back on!]

GM: Well, uhh... some unorthodox tactics there by Judd Marley.

BW: These Wild Cards are as dirty as they come, Gordo. Everyone's gonna give the Privateers a hard time for their style inside the ring but these Wild Cards will cheat their tails off if they need to.

[Drake again gets his knees underneath him, forcing his way up to his feet this time, still trapped in the headlock.]

GM: Drake backs down... sends him off...

[Marley rebounds off the far ropes, leapfrogging over a backdrop attempt...

...and hooking the side headlock back in, using it to take Drake over and down to the mat. Drake promptly grabs the waist, rolling Marley back onto his shoulders!]

GM: One! Two!

[But again, Marley kicks out and rolls back the other way, shaking his head.]

GM: Judd Marley's telling Drake he's going to need something smarter than that to take-

[Tired of watching, Jacob Drake steps into the ring, stomps Marley in the head twice to break the hold, and then walks back out of the ring to the jeers of the crowd. Jack Baldwin protests from across the ring, shouting at both Jacob Drake as well as the referee.]

GM: Edward Drake drags Marley off the mat by the hair... shoving him back into the Privateers' corner now...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The big chop in the corner causes the crowd to buzz from the impact.]

GM: Big shot by Edward Drake in the corn-

[A fired-up Marley grabs Drake by the arm, swinging him back around into the buckles...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The brutal barrage of chops leaves a trail of red welts on the chest of a shocked Edward Drake.]

GM: Good grief! Judd Marley is bringin' the pain!

[The Gambler grabs Edward Drake by the arm, flinging him across the ring to the opposite corner...]

GM: Drake hits the buckles hard! Here comes Marl-

[But Jacob Drake thinks otherwise, reaching into the ring to grab two hands full of Marley's hair, yanking him down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh, come on! That's a blatantly illegal interference!

[Jacob drops down to the floor, hauling Marley's upper body under the ropes by the hair. He uses the hair to lift Marley's upper body off the mat...

...and then violently swings him back down, smashing his upper body into the canvas!]

GM: Jacob Drake is all over him from outside the ring! Come on, referee!

[Drake steadies Marley's upper body and snaps down the point of his elbow into the back of Marley's neck before climbing back up on the apron as Edward Drake stumbles across the ring, slapping the hand of his brother.]

GM: In comes Jacob on the tag... double team coming up...

[The Privateers fire Marley across the ring, ducking down in unison...

...and LAUNCHING Marley into the air, sending him crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: Big time double backdrop by the Privateers!

[Jacob Drake makes a lunging pin attempt, driving his forearm bone into the cheek of Marley as he shouts at the official.]

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

[But the Gambler is out at two, breaking the pin attempt. Jacob Drake quickly gets to his feet, letting loose a barrage of stomps to the upper body of Judd Marley before dragging the Gambler off the mat by the back of the trunks.]

GM: Drake pulls him back up, hooks a side waistlock...

[Jacob Drake hoists Marley into the air, dropping him down on the back of his head and neck with a backdrop suplex. He floats over, applying another lateral press.]

GM: Another cover for one! For two! For-

[Marley again kicks out at two, Jacob Drake taking a moment to hammer the skull of Judd Marley with right hands to the skull despite the referee's protests... and Jack Baldwin's which are somewhat louder. Jacob Drake climbs back to his feet...

...and spits at Jack Baldwin!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Jack Baldwin, the near seven footer, climbs into the ring, going straight for Jacob Drake... but the referee steps in, blocking his path.]

GM: The ref just cut him off! He stopped Baldwin from getting there and-

[With the referee distracted, the Drakes work in unison, throwing Marley into the ropes again, joining hands and taking him down with a running double clothesline! Edward Drake quickly exits before the official turns back around.]

GM: The referee got Jack Baldwin out of the ring but the damage was done by the Drakes behind his back!

BW: And that was COMPLETELY Baldwin's fault! He's the reason that the referee was distracted and he's the reason that the Drakes got to pull off that doubleteam.

[Jacob Drake smirks at a still-fuming Jack Baldwin who shouts in his direction. Drake stands back, waving Baldwin in again but the referee steps in, shaking it off and ordering the fight to keep going.]

GM: Drake with a stomp to the head... and another... and another...

[And then steps back again, again inviting Jack Baldwin into the ring.]

GM: Don't fall for it, Jack. Hang tough over there.

[Baldwin is absolutely steaming mad, pacing down the apron to keep away from a sneering Jacob Drake who hauls Marley to his feet, connecting with a big knife-edge chop that sends Marley falling back into the neutral buckles.]

GM: Jacob Drake's got him in the corner and...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAP!"

GM: Another big chop in the corner! This guy, Jacob Drake, has a heck of a mean streak on him, Bucky.

[Drake hooks Marley in a double underhook, falling back and launching him up and over to the mat with a butterfly suplex!]

GM: Ohh! Nice execution on the butterfly!

[Jacob Drake pops back up to his feet, throwing his arms apart and soaking up the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Boy, he's really proud of himself, isn't he?

BW: Why shouldn't he be? He's just throwing Marley around like the punk that he is!

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Five minutes gone in this one. Still a lot of time remaining. And remember, the winner of this one moves on to the quarterfinals to face either the Lynch brothers or Playboy Enterprises.

BW: What a match that's gonna be, Gordo.

GM: It should be something else for sure.

[Jacob Drake delivers a few more stomps to the upper body of the downed Marley then grabs the ankle, dragging him towards the corner where he slaps the hand of Edward Drake.]

GM: The brothers make the exchange, Edward in on the tag...

BW: He's not in yet! He's heading up top!

[Flashbulbs begin to fire as Edward Drake begins to scale the turnbuckles, making his way up to the top rope...]

GM: Edward Drake's poised! He's gonna fly!

[The Privateer takes flight, sailing through the air with his legs outstretched...]

GM: LEGDROP!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

GM: HE MISSED!! HE MISSED!!

[The crowd roars for Judd Marley who starts crawling towards the opposite corner where his near seven foot partner is waiting for him, arm outstretched.]

GM: And Jack Baldwin really wants the tag! He wants in there badly!

[Marley inches closer to the corner as Drake lies on his side in the middle of the ring, clutching his injured tailbone...]

GM: Marley's gonna get there! Marley's going to-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAG!

[Jack Baldwin climbs into the ring, barreling across the squared circle...

...and leaps into the air, clearing the recovering Edward Drake and connecting with a shoulder tackle that knocks Jacob Drake off the apron down to the floor!]

GM: DOWN GOES JACOB!!

[Jack Baldwin pops back up, spinning around, and pointing a finger at a recovering Edward Drake...

...and hooks a hand around his throat!]

GM: He hooks him! He hooks him!

[The near seven footer hoists Edward Drake into the air...

...and THUNDERS him down to the canvas with a chokeslam!]

GM: Chokeslam! He put Drake THROUGH the canvas!

[Jack Baldwin stands tall, throwing his arms apart!]

GM: "Black" Jack Baldwin says the end is near for the Privateers!

[And with his arms still spread wide, Baldwin topples over, driving his rock-hard skull into the head of Drake!]

GM: Falling headbutt! Baldwin with the cover! ONE!! TWO!! THREE!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Whoa! Just like that, the Wild Cards are moving on to the quarterfinals!

BW: The Privateers were in total control for most of this match but big Jack Baldwin is the equalizer! He turned the tide the moment he stepped into the ring and it only took three big moves from him to put this match in the win column for the Wild Cards.

GM: The Privateers looked good - real good - but the Wild Cards are moving on to the quarterfinals! Let's go back to Jason and check out the bracket!

[We fade to the backstage area to a panning shot of the bracket up on the wall - now updated to show the result of the most recent matchup.]

Rough N Ready			VU
The Pharaohs	Rough N Ready		Inoue & Hayashi
Fierro & Armstrong			The Rockstars
The Russians	The Russians		The First Family
The Wild Cards	The Wild Cards	Dynasty	Dynasty
The Privateers			BYE
The Lynches			Blonde Bombers
Playboy Ent.			Mark II

[The shot pans over to a smiling Jason Dane.]

JD: And that takes us to the halfway point in the second round and in our night here in Atlanta, fans. Take a look... the Wild Cards defeat the Privateers to earn their spot in the Elite Eight. And we now know half of the teams who've made the Elite Eight - the National Tag Team Champions, Rough N Ready... the Wild Cards... the Russians... and the former World Tag Team Champions, Dynasty! Four matches remain plus our huge non-tournament match. Remember, fans, it's the Final Showdown... the big towel match between Eric Preston and James Monosso. But that's coming up later tonight. Right now, we're about to go back down to ringside for our next tournament battle. But before we do, our cameras caught up with James and Jack, the Lynch Brothers, earlier today to get their thoughts on tonight's action!

[We cut to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY."]

On the left stands James Lynch, who sports a AWA Stampede Cup t-shirt shilling the event. Joining him on the right is the older brother and captain of the Lynch clan, Jack. As always, the eldest Lynch is dressed head to toe in black. His black cowboy hat worn easily, slightly pulled down to put a shadow over his face. The two men seem to be enjoying themselves and are full of smiles. James' smile is bright, while Jack's is more of a sly grin.]

James: Eight down ... and eight more to go tonight. What a night it was as we saw sixteen teams battling out for a chance to continue towards their dream of winning the AWA Stampede Cup. For months now it's been the talk of the wrestling world. What is going to happen when legendary teams like the Wild Cards and Dynasty return to the wrestling ring? What happens if Violence Unlimited finally corners Rough N Ready and the tag team straps become a carrot dangled in front of them... With teams like we have already watched go down it's quite frankly _anybodies_ tournament to win!

[The fun going Lynch brother continues.]

James: There has been raging debates on who will raise the cup high in the air... Will it be the Bombers? Can Violence Unlimited repeat? The tag team champions? How about Dynasty, nobody else has a resume that even comes close to theirs?

[Jimmy shrugs.]

James: I have a Texan longhorn hat back in my locker that says you're looking at em' right here!

[Jack cuts in for a moment, speaking in his usual slow drawl.]

Jack: Jimmy, you know no one wants that nasty old thing.

[The two men laugh.]

James: Okay so maybe we shouldn't wish that on anybody after all. Point is we been talking about this moment for a long time. Jack and I we have talked over every possible outcome. In the end thats all it has been ...

Talk.

And we are here ready to go out there and put it all on the line. Careers are made on night's like this. It takes one second... one moment... one move to change a career. Our father was backed in the corner with all odd's against him on many of nights. We are fighters... It's in our blood... It's in our heart. So tonight we are going to go out there for all our fans back in Texas... and for all our fans here in the AWA. And the only way we are going to end this thing is taking one step closer to winning the 2011 Stampede Cup.

It's what us Lynches do.

[The camera shifts its focus to Jack, who pushes his cowboy hat back, revealing more of his face.]

Jack: Y'know, when a man is faced with somethin' like the Cup, he starts to ask himself one very important question. A man's gotta figure out what it is he wants. There's twenty four tag teams in this thing. That is, unless my math is wrong, forty eight men. Which means, forty six of 'em don't have a

last name that rhymes with "winch." Breakin' it down further, I figure, that means I gotta take down twenty three men, and Jimmy here has gotta take out the other twenty three.

Thinkin' about odds like that will make any man wonder what it is he wants to get outta this thing. And that is what I've been thinkin' about for weeks and weeks.

Do I really want a trophy? Sure, it'd look good at the ranch. But this ain't about a trophy. Do I want a million dollars? Well, Doris Lynch didn't raise her boys to be idiots. Of course, I want my cut of the prize money. You know how many black shirts five hundred grand will buy ya?

[Jack chuckles.]

Jack: But money ain't what's got me motivated. Never has been. So, I had to look deeper inside my mind, and try to figure out what I wanted. And then I looked at it in the terms I put out there before. Twenty three other tag teams in this tournament. Forty six other men. Three nights of hard hittin' mayhem. And I realized that what I wanted was to be right in the middle of it.

I want jump up in the air, and smash my knee right into Johann Avalon's face. I want to be standin' on the apron, and watch as my brother flies through the air, his body slammin' across the chest of Jackson Haynes.

I want to put the iron claw on Dave Cooper.

That's what gets me off the ranch and into the gym. That's what'll bring me to the ring. That's what'll have me stretchin' my hand out, hollerin' at Jimmy to make the tag. I want to fight. And not only fight, I want to _win_.

Because at the end of the day, whoever is the winner of this thing? They're the best tag team in the world.

[Jack moves to stand behind his brother, and claps his hands down on Jimmy's shoulders.]

Jack: You're lookin' at the men who will be the best tag team in the world.

You see, I've known Jimmy ever since the day he was born. And I'll know him until one of us leaves this earth. We ain't just partners, and we ain't just friends. We didn't join up because it was convenient or we didn't have another option.

Blood put us together. And ain't nothin' in this world that can change that or pull us apart.

What we got, others just can't touch. I've said it before, but I'll say it again. I know exactly what this man right here is thinkin' every second in the ring, and vice versa. A glance, a little bit of movement, and I know exactly what he's tryin' to communicate.

Good as the rest of the teams are... ain't no way they can touch that.

So what do we want? We want the world to know that "Lynch" means "wrestling royalty." And we want the world to understand that "The Lynch Brothers" is just another way of sayin' "the best tag team in the world."

And that is just what's gonna happen.

[Jack steps out from behind James, and motions to his brother.]

Jack: And now, the time for talkin' is over. Time to do it.

[The brothers walk off, as we cut back to ringside.]

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
ROUND TWO
THE LYNCH BROTHERS VS PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES**

PW: The following contest is a Round Two matchup in the Stampede Cup tournament and it is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... being accompanied to the ring by their manager, the lovely Big Mama...

[The crowd jeers Big Mama as she applauds for herself.]

PW: Representing Playboy Enterprises, they are the team of "DIRTY" DICK BASS... and the "PLAYBOY"... JOHNNY CAAAAAAAASAAANOOOOOVAAAA!

[The jeers intensify for the duo as Bass cracks Delilah in the air, Casanova visibly jumping at the sight of it. Casanova shrugs out of his expensive robe, handing it over to Big Mama as the dastardly duo awaits their opponents.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of "Hard Row" by the Black Keys kicks in to a big cheer from the Atlanta crowd!]

PW: From Dallas, Texas... weighing in at a combined weight of 485 pounds... from the world-famous Lynch family...

JAMES AND JACK...

THE LYNNNNNNNCH BROTHERS!

[The crowd ROARS as the Lynch brothers walk through the curtain, both men immediately throwing those clawhold hands into the air! Jack Lynch yanks off his black coat at the top of the aisle, throwing it and his black

cowboy hat down to the floor as he points down the aisle at a pacing Johnny Casanova. A grinning James Lynch claps his brother on the shoulder, standing in his yellow Speedo trunks as he's thrown his jacket down on the floor as well...

...and together, they break into a sprint!]

GM: HERE WE GO! HERE WE GO!

[The Lynches dive headfirst under the bottom rope as the referee signals for the bell, starting the match. Jack Lynch wastes no time in making a bee-line for Dick Bass, throwing right hands at the big Floridian. James Lynch goes after Casanova who buries a kick into the ribs of Lynch on the way in, shoving him back into the buckles!]

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

[Jack Lynch's heavy right hands has Dick Bass back on his heels...

...but the Dirty One slips a knee into Lynch's gut, grabbing him by the hair and flinging him through the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Jack Lynch gets fired out to the floor!

[Bass rushes the corner, Casanova sidestepping just in time for a big running clothesline to connect in the corner, smashing James Lynch under the chin!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Bass!

[Bass grabs a handful of hair, yanking Lynch out of the corner where he holds the arms behind him as Casanova mounts the middle rope, leaping off, and smashing an overhead elbow down across the skull!]

GM: Bass and Casanova are working very well together in there right now - remember, they knocked off Sweet Sensation to make it here tonight in a win that I consider a major upset, Bucky.

BW: Well, you HAVE to consider it a major upset, Gordo. They were the last team to hold the PCW World Tag Team Titles and they got knocked off by a team in their first match together!

GM: Thanks to Big Mama.

BW: I don't know what you're talking about.

GM: I'm talking about Johnny Casanova getting ahold of that loaded purse and using it to win last night!

BW: I must have missed that.

GM: I'm sure.

[Casanova balls up his fist, dropping down to his knees and smashing his fist between the eyes of James Lynch with a fistdrop! Dick Bass takes up a protective position, keeping his eyes on Jack Lynch who is climbing back to his feet...]

GM: Jack Lynch is comin' back in!

[The eldest Lynch climbs up on the apron, Dick Bass moving in to catch him...

...and getting a hard right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Oh yeah! Jack Lynch fires back!

[Grabbing a handful of Bass' skull, Lynch runs down the apron, and SLAMS Bass' head into the top turnbuckle!]

GM: Jack Lynch puts Bass into the buckles!

[The brawler from Florida stumbles back, falling down to the canvas as Lynch steps through the ropes, measuring Johnny Casanova who is taunting the fans...

...and then charging across, connecting with a big running clothesline that takes the Playboy over the ropes, crashing down in a heap on the thinly padded floor!]

GM: OHHH! JACK LYNCH TAKES CASANOVA TO THE FLOOR!!

[Lynch swings around, fists at the ready as Dick Bass gets back to his feet...

...but James Lynch takes care of the Dirty One, throwing a bare-footed dropkick into the chin that sends Bass sailing over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Both men are down and out! The Lynch Brothers have cleaned house here at the Stampede Cup and boy, are they fired up!

[Jack Lynch shouts, "GET YOUR BUTT BACK IN HERE, BOY!" in the general direction of Johnny Casanova as the referee steps in, trying to regain some control.]

GM: Referee Michael Meekly, the AWA's Senior Official, is trying to get law and order. Meekly's trying to get Jack Lynch out of the ring now... it looks like James Lynch is going to start it off...

[Jack Lynch reluctantly exits the ring, still hot under the collar as he settles in on the apron. Dick Bass slowly gets to his feet, circling the ring to huddle up with a rising Johnny Casanova and Big Mama.]

GM: We've got a little meeting of the minds going on out here on the floor.

[As the huddle splits apart, Johnny Casanova claps his hands together, pulling himself up on the apron, and pointing a finger at James Lynch.]

GM: The Playboy is warning James Lynch? What a screwball.

BW: Hey, Casanova's a dangerous competitor in there.

[Casanova steps through the ropes into the ring. He does a little strut, circling around as James Lynch stands at the ready, looking for a lockup.]

GM: Look at Casanova prancing around out there. What a piece of work this guy is.

[He leans in towards James Lynch, rubbing a hand through his thinning hair and shouting, "WOOOOO, AWRIGHT!"...

...and getting clocked with a right hand on the jaw from Lynch! Big cheer!]

GM: Down goes Casanova!

[Casanova scampers back to his feet, arm at the ready...]

GM: Big righ- ducked by Lynch!

[And Lynch drops him with another right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Down goes Casanova again!

[The Playboy again crawls up to his feet, a little slower this time...

...and as Lynch is about to throw another haymaker, Casanova throws up his hands, begging off and making a "T" with them.]

GM: Casanova wants a timeout!

BW: Give it to him, ref.

GM: There are no timeouts in the world of professional wrestling, Bucky.

[James Lynch looks on, shaking his head at Casanova who is asking for the timeout still. Lynch turns to his brother with a "Do you believe this guy?" and as he turns back, Casanova buries a thumb in the eye of James Lynch.]

GM: Oh! Cheapshot by Casanova!

[Grabbing a handful of hair, Casanova SLAMS Lynch facefirst into the buckles!]

GM: There's a tag to Dick Bass, the muscle of this team.

BW: The muscle, the bad attitude, the brawling, the tough guy... need I go on?

GM: Please don't.

[Bass immediately steps in, burying a boot in the midsection of James Lynch. Bass and Casanova each grab an arm on Lynch, HURLING him back into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! An effective doubleteam there from Playboy Enterprises!

[Grabbing the arm of Lynch, Bass drags him away from the ropes, hurling him across the ring...]

GM: Irish whi- Lynch ducks a right hand!

[And leaves his feet, flooring Bass with a cross bodyblock!]

GM: Lynch takes him down!

[Bass quickly gets back up only to be taken right back down with a dropkick to the jaw.]

GM: Lynch takes him down again! Dick Bass is-

[Casanova rushes in, trying to help his partner...

...and James Lynch spins around, cracking the Playboy on the jaw with a right hand! The crowd roars as he turns to the corner where his older brother is waiting, his hand outstretched.]

GM: James Lynch is on the way and- HE MAKES THE TAG!

[The crowd cheers as Jack Lynch steps into the ring, barreling across the ring and catching a rising Dick Bass with a right hand to the jaw. A second one lands as well before Lynch grabs the arm, firing Bass across the ring...

...and knocking him flat with a clothesline!]

GM: Down goes Bass!

[A rising Casanova gets caught with a big right hand to the jaw, knocking him back into the buckles. Jack Lynch quickly climbs up to the middle buckle, raising his right hand...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Lynch hops down off the midbuckle, catching a boot to the gut as soon as he turns around.]

GM: Ohh! Bass caught him with the boot!

[A second big kick to the face snaps Lynch's head back, sending him falling back into the ropes. Bass grabs him by the hair, pulling him into a side headlock...

...and "Dirty" Dick slams his fist into Lynch's face over and over and over to the jeers of the crowd!]

GM: Bass is hammering away on Jack Lynch...

[Grabbing Lynch by the arm, Bass fires him across...]

GM: Jack Lynch off the ropes...

[The brawler hoists Lynch off the mat by one leg...

...and then falls back, slamming Lynch facefirst to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! Bass puts him down with the flapjack!

[Big Mama shouts some encouragement from the floor as Bass rolls Lynch to his back, applying a lateral press.]

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

[But Lynch fires the shoulder off the mat before the three count comes down. "Dirty" Dick grabs Lynch by the hair, slamming his fist into the skull several times before climbing back up to his feet. He backs to the corner, pushing himself up to the middle rope...]

GM: Bass on the middle rope...

[The rulebreaker leaps off his perch, driving a big stomp down squarely in the middle of Lynch's chest!]

GM: Ohh! A 265 pound stomp off the middle rope! That'll knock the wind right out of ya!

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES!"

[Lynch rolls to his stomach, trying to avoid a pin attempt, which makes him vulnerable as Bass drops to a knee, grabbing a handful of hair...

...and SLAMS Lynch's face into the canvas!]

GM: Dick Bass is really doing a number on Jack Lynch in this one!

BW: I think being out here with Casanova and Big Mama has done wonders for Dick Bass. This isn't the same Dick Bass that we saw Rex Summers beat a few weeks ago. This Dick Bass is a man on a mission and that mission is to walk out of Atlanta this weekend with half a million dollars in his wallet!

GM: But to stand a chance of doing that, he's gotta get past the Lynch boys right here and now!

[Bass rolls Lynch over onto his back again, throwing a handful of punches to the skull before shoving him back down to the mat. The Florida native gets to his feet, looking over to Casanova who is practically begging for a tag.]

GM: Casanova wants in there apparently.

BW: Not sure that's the best idea.

GM: He seems pretty insistent.

[Dick Bass gets back to his feet, looking questioningly at Casanova for a moment before slapping the Playboy's hand. A grinning Casanova gets into the ring, winding up his arm...

...and drops a big elbow down on the chest, rolling into a press!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Jack Lynch kicks out at two, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Casanova almost got him thanks to Dick Bass.

BW: They're a tag team, Gordo!

GM: Yes, but you have to admit that Dick Bass did the bulk of the damage to Jack Lynch so far in this one.

BW: I deny everything!

[Casanova climbs back to his feet, standing with his hands on his hips as he looks down at the prone Jack Lynch. Suddenly, he snaps his fingers, pointing to his head. He bounces off the ropes, walking over to the downed Lynch...

...and pausing right over him, placing his hands on the back of his head as he swivels his hips around and round...]

GM: Seriously? Is this necessary?

[Casanova finishes his hip swivel, leaping up to slam an elbow down into the chest of the prone Lynch!]

BW: What a devastating elbowdrop!

GM: Are you serious?

BW: The hip swivel added some much needed impact to it!

GM: Give me a break, Bucky.

[Casanova throws himself into another lateral press, snapping his head forward with each count...]

GM: One! Two! Th-

[But Lynch kicks out again, Casanova immediately exclaiming "WHAT?!" as he gets to his feet. He jabs a finger in the face of Michael Meekly, berating the official.]

GM: Casanova's reading our Senior Official the riot act!

[Casanova stands in the middle of the ring, hands on his hips as he glares at the downed Jack Lynch who is crawling towards the corner where his younger brother is waiting for the tag. The Playboy lets him crawl halfway across the ring before stopping him by placing his boot on the elder Lynch brother's ankle.]

BW: That's kind of brilliant actually, Gordo. He lets Lynch expend a bunch of energy crawling across the ring when he could cut it off at any moment.

[Casanova cackles at the struggling Lynch, shouting fake encouragement to him.]

"Come on, Jack! Make the tag! Get him in here!"

[The Playboy chuckles as Lynch claws at the canvas, trying to get free. Suddenly, Lynch pulls his leg hard, causing Casanova to stumble, falling down to his rear to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: He made a mistake there! He's gonna-

[Casanova climbs to his feet quickly, rushing forward to drill James Lynch with a running haymaker, knocking Lynch down to the floor. The Playboy steps out to the apron, reaching out his hand...]

GM: What the heck is he doing?

[Casanova shouts, "COME ON, JACK!! COME ON!!" just before a dazed Jack Lynch lunges forward, slapping the hand that he assumes belongs to his brother.]

BW: TAG! Hehehe.

GM: Oh, this is hysterical.

[The Playboy surges through the ropes, shouting to the crowd as he leans down, pulling Jack Lynch off the mat...

...and flattening him with a huge standing clothesline!]

GM: OHHHHH!

[Casanova dives across the chest of the downed Lynch, reaching back to hook a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But the three count doesn't land as James Lynch reaches under the ropes, yanking Casanova out to the floor where he assaults him with a series of haymakers against the ring apron!]

GM: Lynch is all over him on the floor!

[Grabbing the meaty arm of Casanova, Lynch hurls him towards the railing.]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

GM: INTO THE STEEL GOES CASANOVA!

BW: The referee should step in here! James Lynch isn't the legal man!

GM: Casanova started it! Casanova attacked James Lynch when he was standing on the apron!

[James Lynch approaches the stunned Casanova, hooking a side headlock and hammering away at the skull of the Playboy as the crowd roars for every blow landed.]

GM: James Lynch is pummeling Casanova!

[The referee shouts at Lynch who drags Casanova by the hair over towards the ring, shoving him back under the ropes where a dazed Jack Lynch is struggling to get back to his feet.]

GM: Both men are back in the ring... both men trying to get back to their feet...

[The crowd roars as Jack Lynch reaches his feet, rearing back his right hand as Casanova reaches a knee.]

GM: Right hand by Lynch! And there's another!

[The lanky Lynch brother tries to get past Casanova to his brother who is waiting for a tag but the Playboy hooks him by the back of the trunks, tugging him back into a forearm shot to the kidneys!]

GM: Ohh! Casanova cuts him off!

[With Lynch dazed, the Playboy lunges forward, wrapping his flabby arms around the head and neck of the Texan!]

GM: SLEEPER!

[Hanging on tight, Casanova uses the beefy arms to constrict the flow of blood to the brain, trying to render Lynch unconscious.]

GM: He's got the sleeper in deep and he's looking to put this guy out!

BW: Jack Lynch is trapped near the center of the ring, that sleeper hooked on deep! I don't know if he's getting out of this, Gordo! Casanova may be about to put Lynch to sleep and walk his way into the Quarterfinals!

[Lynch's flailing arms start to fade, less energy pumping through them as the Texan struggles to find a way out...

...and reaches back with both arms, tucking his skull under the chin of the Playboy before dropping down to his rear!]

GM: OHH! JAWBREAKER!

[The big counter sends a jolt through the skull of Casanova, sending him staggering back towards his own corner as Jack Lynch throws himself forward...]

GM: TAG!

[James Lynch slingshots over the ropes into the ring, the crowd roaring as he grabs Casanova by the back of the trunks, preventing him from tagging out to Dick Bass. Hooking the rotund Playboy around the waist, Lynch powers him up before dumping him down on his back with a backdrop suplex!]

GM: Oh my! Lynch drops the Playboy...

[Springing to his feet, Lynch charges the Playboy Enterprises corner, hammering Bass with a right hand that knocks him from the apron to the floor.]

GM: He knocks Bass off the apron... Lynch spins around...

[And throws his right hand up into the air, fingers formed for the clawhold - a gesture that sends a roar through the Atlanta crowd!]

GM: He's calling for the clawhold! He wants the Iron Claw!

[Casanova slowly starts to stir, climbing up off the mat. The crowd is roaring as he staggers around to face Lynch...]

GM: CLAW!

[HUGE CHEER!]

GM: THE IRON CLAW IS ON JOHNNY CASANOVA!

BW: Get out of it, Playboy!

“TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!”

[Casanova struggles against the Claw, trying to battle his way free of the steel grip.]

GM: That Iron Claw is sunk in deep! Casanova’s running out of time! If he doesn’t get out of this soon, he’s not gonna get out of it at all!

[Suddenly, Dick Bass steps back through the ropes, ignoring the protesting official...

...and SMASHES a double axehandle down across the back of James Lynch, breaking the clawhold!]

GM: Bass breaks it up!

[He spins Lynch around, burying a boot into the gut and pulling Lynch into a double underhook!]

GM: He’s going for the Bass Breaker!

[But the referee cuts him off, grabbing Bass by the arm to prevent him from hitting his finishing move illegally. A protesting “Dirty” Dick argues with the referee before finally letting go, exiting the ring and leaving Lynch to Casanova who fires him into the ropes, catching him on the rebound in an abdominal stretch...]

“YEAAAAAAAH BABY!”

GM: Casanova’s pretty proud of himself for that abdominal stretch and-

[Almost instantly, James Lynch reverses the hold, hiptossing Casanova down to the canvas! Big cheer!]

GM: LYNCH REVERSES THE HOLD!! James Lynch just escaped the hold! This is his chance, Bucky! This is his chance!

[Lynch drags Casanova off the mat, scooping him up, and slamming him down to the canvas!]

GM: Lynch slams him down...

[And he points to the buckles, a big cheer going up from the crowd!]

GM: James Lynch is gonna fly! He's looking to finish off Casanova right here and now in the middle of the ring in Atlanta!

[Lynch heads out to the apron...

...and Bass charges him!]

GM: We've got a fight on the apron!

[Bass and James Lynch trade punches out on the apron, the crowd roaring for the exchange. Casanova climbs to his feet, rushing to help his partner...]

GM: Right han-

[Lynch blocks the punch from Casanova, returning fire with a shot of his own that sends him staggering away. He turns, landing another shot on Bass before the Dirty One can fire back. Lynch spins around, quickly scaling the ropes, waiting for Casanova to turn...]

GM: LYNCH IS UP TOP!! HE'S GONNA FLY!!

[And as the Playboy stumbles around, James Lynch leaps from his perch, aiming to deliver a cross body off the top...

...and coming up empty, crashing down to the canvas!]

GM: OHHHHH! CASANOVA MOVED!!

[The Playboy tiredly throws his arms apart in a "It's over!" gesture before leaning down to drag Lynch off the canvas. He grabs one arm, hooking it from underneath...]

GM: He's going for the double underhook!

[Casanova goes to grab the other arm when suddenly James Lynch rips his legs out from under him, flipping forward in a double leg cradle!]

GM: CRADLE! CRADLE! ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

[The crowd roars as Jack Lynch rushes in, ready to throw down if anyone comes after his brother but Dick Bass wisely pulls up, standing over the shocked Casanova!]

GM: The Lynches win! The Lynches win!

BW: They stole it, Gordo! Casanova had this thing won!

GM: But he took just a bit too long and James Lynch made him pay the price with that double leg cradle. He countered the Playboy Plunge with the cradle and got the three count! The Lynches are moving on to the Quarterfinals to face the Wild Cards! What a win for the heroes from Texas! Let's go back to Jason and take a look at the bracket...

[We crossfade back to the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon! The Lynch Brothers with a big win here tonight in Atlanta and they're gonna move on to the next round - they're gonna be in action tomorrow night against the Wild Cards in the Quarterfinals! Now, let's see how things are shaking out here at the Stampede Cup...

Rough N Ready	Rough N Ready		VU
The Pharaohs			Inoue & Hayashi
Fierro & Armstrong	The Russians		The Rockstars
The Russians			The First Family
The Wild Cards	The Wild Cards	Dynasty	Dynasty
The Privateers			BYE
The Lynches	The Lynches		Blonde Bombers
Playboy Ent.			Mark II

JD: So, the Lynches can now sit back, relax, and figure out how to put down that beast "Black" Jack Baldwin - one-half of the Wild Cards - who we saw asset his physical dominance against the Privateers earlier tonight. That means we've got two matches set for tomorrow - in addition to our non-tournament match, the rematch between Jeff Matthews and Alex Martinez. But we still have three slots to fill. Who will face Dynasty? Can the reigning Stampede Cup champions get to the Quarterfinals? We're about to find out the answers to all of those questions but before we do...

[The camera zooms out as we see Violence Unlimited stepping into view beside Jason Dane. Jackson Haynes is dressed in a black, leather duster over his wrestling gear, a tri-cornered beat-up looking cowboy hat and red Confederate flag-style wrestling tights. Danny Morton is dressed in a black boxing robe. On the ground, as we've seen in recent weeks, is the massive 2010 silver Stampede Cup trophy standing between Haynes and Morton.]

JD: Violence Unlimited! The moment you've both have been waiting for is finally here! Tonight, you begin your quest to make it back-to-back wins in the Stampede Cup!

[Danny Morton wags a finger at Dane.]

DM: You've got it wrong, Dane...tonight isn't what we've been waiting for...nuh uh! NOT YET! Because no matter how you look at it, we're only wrestling one team tonight. Tonight...it's just like any other night! But TOMORROW night...

[Morton rubs his hands together and laughs.]

DM: ...that's when the real fun begins!

[He cackles.]

DM: One night! Three matches! The equivalent of running three marathons back-to-back-to-back! And in each and every one of those matches, you'll be staring across the ring at the most desperate, hungry, WIN-STARVED tag teams in all of professional wrestling! They want the Stampede Cup! They want that million dollars! They want the right to be called number one! They want it all and they'll do anything to get it!

[Morton grabs Dane by the shoulders, shaking him excitedly.]

DM: I can't wait, Jason Dane! I CAN'T WAIT!!!

JD[Slightly rattled]: Be that as it may, guys...tonight, you still have to get past the team of Mad Hayashi and Asama Inoue, generally regarded as the top team in Japan today.

[As soon as "top team in Japan" is said, Morton's jaw drops.]

DM: Are you...are you serious, Jason Dane? Did I actually just hear those words come out of your mouth?

[He holds his head in disbelief.]

DM: DID YOU JUST CALL THEM THE BEST TEAM IN JAPAN!?!

[Morton clenches his fists, looking around frantically, almost as if he wants to hit something, but instead, opts to let out an exasperated roar.]

"GAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!"

[He turns his head away from Dane, pointing an accusing finger at him.]

DM: I can't even look him in the eye right now, Jack! You sort this out!

[Jackson Haynes steps up to the microphone as we see Morton pacing around behind him, shaking his head. Haynes slowly removes his hat and narrows his eyes at Dane as an annoyed expression forms on that unshaven, weather-beaten face.]

JH: Did they teach you start countin' with the number two where ya' came from, boy? 'Cause I swore you just said Hayashi and Inoue are the best tag team in Japan.

JD: Well...

JH: Jason Dane, I dunno how ya' got knocked so goofy that ya' think a distant number two somehow took over our spot, but you're lookin' right _at_ Japan's number one tag team! Before Violence Unlimited took the title

of best in world, we wrassled everyone worth a damn on that island and made it absolutely clear that we were the best in Japan!

[He then turns his eyes towards the camera.]

JH: And last time I checked, boys, I don't recall ever givin' up the rights to THAT title!

[Just then, a calmer, more focused-looking Danny Morton walks back into view. He's not acting like he's hopped up on twenty Red Bulls anymore; in fact...he seems to be somewhat subdued.]

DM: When you say that you're the best in Japan, you're saying you're better than Violence Unlimited. And when you say you're better than Violence Unlimited...you're saying you're the best in the world.

[He strokes his beard and lowers his head, letting out an amused chuckle.]

DM: That's real high praise you're giving yourselves, fellas. REAL HIGH PRAISE.

[Morton points a thumb to himself and Haynes.]

DM: But me and Jack? We think you might be overestimating yourselves just a *little* bit.

[Morton holds his thumb and index finger less than an inch apart...before smirking and slowly shaking his head...proceeding to hold his hands far out wide.]

DM: I know you think you're big and bad because you earned your way into the Stampede Cup by winning a tournament. Like that somehow makes you tougher and better than everyone else.

[A chuckle.]

DM: Well, I hate to break it to you, fellas, but you're not exactly a beautiful and unique snowflake...because we "earned" our way here by winning a tournament too! You might've even heard of it.

[Suddenly, Jackson Haynes puts his cowboy hat back on and picks up the silver trophy up from off the ground, turning to the camera with a dead serious, wide-eyed look on his face.]

JH: It was called...THE STAMPEDE CUP.

[Morton tries to look serious, but can barely contain his laughter. He shakes his head and pats Haynes on the back.]

DM: It's one thing to _claim_ to be the best, but now it's time for you to _prove_ it.

[Haynes meanwhile, remains completely serious, the expression on his face bordering on frighteningly psychotic.]

JH: See ya' in the ring, boys.

[And with that, we fade out to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
ROUND TWO
VIOLENCE UNLIMITED VS INOUE & HAYASHI**

PW: The following contest is a second round matchup in the Stampede Cup tournament that is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit. Introducing first... already in the ring and accompanied by their manager, William Payne... weighing in tonight at 645 pounds... they are the team of ASAMA INOUE and MAAAAAAD HAAAAAYAAAAASHI!

[William Payne is shouting at the jeering crowd as Asama Inoue glares at the fans. Inoue is a solid mass of muscle - sporting a thick neck, wide back, and tree trunk legs. His head is shaved clean. He's wearing standard black trunks, kneepads, and boots.

Leaning in the corner is his partner, the former deathmatch wrestler, Mad Hayashi. Hayashi is a huge mound of a man topped off by a heavily scarred skull. He wears a black and orange singlet with matching knee pads.]

GM: Look at the size of Hayashi.

BW: I heard he was on an episode of the Iron Chef.

GM: That's true. In fact, Hayashi owns several fast food chicken outlets in his native Japan as well.

BW: Well, I bet he'd like to deep fry Haynes or Morton here tonight.

[Watson continues.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The opening riff to Motley Crue's "Shout At The Devil" whips the Atlanta crowd into a frenzy!]

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT!"

"SHOUT AT THE DEVIL!"

[And as the main lyric kicks in, the crowd EXPLODES at the sight of "The Hammer" Jackson Haynes and Danny "Professor Pain" Morton tearing through the curtain. Both men are already down to their ring gear and some fired-up attitudes as they march down the aisle towards the ring.]

PW: They weigh in tonight at 595 pounds. They are the current, reigning, and defending Stampede Cup Champions as well as the Number One Contenders to the AWA National Tag Team Titles...

Jackson "The Hammer" Haynes...

"Professor Pain" Danny Morton...

VIIIIIOOOOOLENNNNNNNCE UNNNNNNNNLIMITED!

[Haynes reaches the ring first, using the ropes to pull himself up onto the apron. He hangs back from the top rope, leaning back over the padded floor at ringside. He points at the bulky Japanese team pacing back and forth, ready for a fight. Danny Morton jogs up the ringsteps, stepping through the ropes and taking to a midbuckle, saluting the roaring crowd.]

GM: This crowd is JACKED to see Violence Unlimited here tonight in Atlanta - and you can bet that they'd be even more excited to see them move on to tomorrow night and get a shot to repeat as the Stampede Cup champions!

BW: I think you're getting ahead of yourself, Gordo. This team from Tiger Paw Pro beat some top level tag teams to get here tonight and if you - or Violence Unlimited - is taking them lightly, you're making a huge mistake.

GM: They did beat some great teams but as VU said... so did they right here last year at the Cup.

[Referee Scott Von Braun steps between the two teams, giving some final instructions to all four men...

...and then signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go!

[Jackson Haynes lets loose a wild whoop before slapping the buckle, starting the match for his team. On the other side of the ring, Asama Inoue looks on stoically, watching The Hammer's every movement but not reacting to them.]

GM: Asama Inoue, six foot two and two hundred and fifty-five pounds, starts it out for the Tiger Paw Pro squad and Jackson Haynes, the Hammer, starting it out for the reigning Stampede Cup champions. Remember, Violence Unlimited is ALREADY the Number One contender to the National Tag Team Titles. They're ALREADY guaranteed a shot at the titles either this weekend or in two weeks at AWA Homecoming. But if they repeat as Stampede Cup champions this weekend, you have to wonder if ANYONE can stop them!

BW: I know who can stop them - the National Tag Team Champions can!
And they may not even get that far because Inoue and Hayashi looked REAL impressive in the first round against those buzzing bees.

[The crowd cheers as the two men come together in a collar and elbow, each man jockeying for position...

...and Inoue shockingly throwing Haynes off, shoving him back into his corner where Danny Morton stands, putting a hand on the Hammer's shoulder and giving him some words of advice.]

GM: Jackson Haynes has to be a little bit surprised by that. Inoue's a large man, very broad and solid, but he's not exactly what you'd consider a powerhouse by traditional means.

[Haynes nods his head, circling out of the corner. The two men eye each other warily, moving very slowly as they edge closer and closer towards one another...

...and a shout from William Payne has Inoue back off, shaking his head. He walks to his corner with the crowd jeering, huddling up with Hayashi who points a flabby arm in the direction of Danny Morton.]

GM: Bucky, do you know if these two teams have faced each other before... in Japan perhaps?

BW: I don't believe they have, Gordo. I believe the team of Inoue and Hayashi formed AFTER Violence Unlimited left Japan to come to the AWA. So, we're witnessing a worldwide first-time encounter, daddy.

GM: Inoue coming out of the corner now...

[They go back into the collar and elbow, Inoue instantly pulling Haynes into a side headlock.]

GM: Big powerful headlock applied by Inoue... Haynes backs him to the ropes, throws him off...

[Inoue hits the far side, Haynes coming to meet him...

...and the two men collide with a big shoulder tackle, Haynes dropping back a few steps from the impact. The crowd roars as Haynes slaps himself across the face, "DO IT AGAIN, PUNK!"]

GM: Haynes wants another one! This guy's not playing with a full deck.

[The crowd is roaring as Haynes continues to shout at Inoue, reaching out to shove him with both hands as he yells, "COME ON!" Inoue lunges at Haynes who buries a boot into the midsection before laying in a hammering forearm blow across the back of the neck.]

GM: The Hammer snuck that boot in and he's got Inoue stumbled...

[Grabbing the arm and backing him to the ropes, Haynes goes for a whip but Inoue reverses it...]

GM: Reversal of the whip - Haynes off the far side and-

[Inoue hooks the rebounding Haynes around the torso and HURLS him up and overhead with a released belly to belly throw!]

GM: OHHHH! He launched him! Threw him halfway across the ring!

BW: Asama Inoue is so deceptively strong in there. Only 255 pounds but built like a small tank. He just chucked a 300 pound Haynes across the ring like he was tossin' an egg at his teacher's living room window!

[Inoue climbs back to his feet, taking up a fighting stance as a shocked Haynes rolls to a knee, reaching around to grab at his lower back. Danny Morton starts to step into the ring but Inoue spins, ready for him and the referee jumps in to prevent the American Murder Machine from coming in.]

GM: We've got a stand-off here! Inoue just asserted himself physically and I think that may have shown VU that they better not look past these two men, Bucky. They better focus their efforts right here and now on the House of Payne or they're going to be heading home tonight on Night Two.

[William Payne shouts at Danny Morton from outside the ring, grabbing the powerhouse's attention...

...which leads to a cheapshot from Inoue, blasting Morton in the back of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Come on!

[Inoue arrogantly turns around...

...and gets knocked flat with a running lariat by Haynes! Big cheer!]

GM: Down goes Inoue!

BW: Uh oh.

[An angry Danny Morton comes into the ring illegally, ignoring the referee's protests as he flings a dazed Inoue into the ropes, catching him on the rebound and military pressing him straight up over his head!]

GM: BIG PRESS! HE'S GOT INOUE UP!!

[The crowd roars as Morton lowers Inoue down, the Japanese man's stomach touching the top of Morton's head before he presses him back up. He repeats the lift two more times before flinging Inoue down to the canvas in a heap. Haynes quickly dashes to the ropes, bouncing off...

...and gets scooped up by Morton into another military press!]

GM: MORTON'S GOT HIS OWN PARTNER PRESSED OVERHEAD!!

[And THROWS him down on top of a downed Inoue!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Morton steps out as the referee drops down to count.]

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

[But Inoue gets the shoulder up at two, Mad Hayashi almost ready to charge in to make a save. Haynes pushes back to his feet as the referee reprimands Danny Morton for the illegal doubleteam.]

GM: Morton needs to be careful in there. Scott Von Braun says he'll disqualify him if that kind of thing continues and he's certainly within his discretion to do so.

[Haynes moves to the corner, shouting at the referee as Inoue crawls to the corner, slapping the hand of the big man. The crowd buzzes as the former sumo star steps into the ring, glaring across at Jackson Haynes. Hayashi runs a hand over his badly-scarred forehead, slapping himself in the pectoral with his beefy paw and then pointing the same hand at the Hammer.]

GM: This just got very, very interesting, fans. Mad Hayashi, as you know, is a man who spent a lot of his career working in companies where broken glass, thumbtacks, and barbed wire were the norm. But now, in Tiger Paw Pro, he has struck out a new career for himself as a top-flight super heavyweight. In Japan, few men can deal with his size but if there were ever two men who could, it'd be Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes.

[Haynes squares up, lifting his fists as he readies for battle...

...but a big shout from behind turns the Hammer's focus to the corner. Danny Morton is pacing back and forth, shaking with intensity.]

GM: Morton wants in there with Hayashi! Arguably the strongest man in the sport wants a shot at the big man!

[Haynes smirks as he walks to the corner, slapping the hand of his partner who steps through the ropes to a huge roar from the crowd!]

GM: Morton's in! Danny Morton's in to take on Mad Hayashi!

[Morton marches across the ring, angrily piefacing Hayashi who replies with a right hand to the mush. Morton returns fire, throwing a series of right hands that backs Hayashi down...

...but an uppercut throat strike sends Morton stumbling away, choking and gasping for air.]

GM: Hayashi caught him in the throat! An illegal strike for sure and-

[A clubbing blow across the back sends Morton falling forward to his knees, his upper body draped over the middle rope. Hayashi approaches, putting his mammoth leg on the back of Morton's head, pushing his throat down on the middle rope.]

GM: He's choking him on the ropes, fans! Get in there, referee!

[Hayashi hangs on, pressing his near four hundred pounds down on the back of the neck. The referee's count hits four - almost five before Hayashi breaks it, backing away...]

GM: That was very close to a five count! That could have been a disqualification right there!

BW: I think we've gotta give Hayashi some leeway, Gordo. He doesn't speak English!

GM: Oh, give me a break.

[Hayashi drags the still-gasping Morton off the mat, muscling him into the neutral corner. He lands a couple of knife-edge chops across the chest before grabbing the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed!

[The powerful Morton sends Hayashi crashing into the buckles, the ring shaking from the impact before Morton charges in after him...]

...and eats a big back elbow to the mush from Hayashi!]

GM: Ohh! He caught Morton coming in!

[And a big running shoulderblock knocks Morton down to the canvas, sending him rolling towards the ropes to look for refuge.]

"FIVE MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: Morton's down...

BW: ...and looking for a way out of here! He's trying to run for it!

GM: But Hayashi's coming right after him. There's no rest for Danny Morton as Hayashi pulls him up by the hair... ohh! Big headbutt with that giant skull on Hayashi! That'll stun the American Murder Machine!

[Grabbing the arm, Hayashi hurls him to the neutral corner, charging in after him...]

BW: AAAAAVAAAALANCHE!

[But Morton sidesteps, allowing Hayashi to run chestfirst into the corner!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Morton lets out a big roar before he tries to wrap his arms around the massive waist of Hayashi...]

GM: He's trying to get Hayashi up!

BW: No chance!

GM: Morton's struggling, trying to lift- ohhh!

[The crowd groans as Hayashi slams his elbow down on the back of Morton's neck before landing another big headbutt, this one to the back of the skull, knocking Morton down to a knee.]

GM: Hayashi's got Morton down, he's got control of- ohh! Right hand by Morton!

[The ever-tough Professor Pain battles back to his feet, throwing right haymakers to the jaw all the while...]

...but a big knee to the gut cuts him off, Hayashi pushing him back to the corner. The big former sumo star winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BIG OVERHEAD CHOP TO THE CHEST!!

[Morton crumples down to a knee, a giant red palm print on his chest.]

GM: Hayashi pulls him back to his feet... look out!

[Morton grabs Hayashi by the arm, wheeling him back into the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Oh my! Three big knife-edge chops in the corner!

[Morton grabs Hayashi by the arm...]

GM: Irish whi- reversed again!

[And with the American Murder Machine rebounding off the ropes, Hayashi swings his right arm waaaaaaay back...]

BW: LAAAAARIAAAAAATOOOOO!

[The crowd ROARS at the impact of the big lariat, snapping Morton off his feet and dropping him to the canvas.]

GM: Even these fans - solidly behind Violence Unlimited - reacted to that! What a lariat by the big man from Japan - the former sumo star got all of that heavy blow!

BW: But it took a lot out of him, Gordo. Hayashi left his feet on the move, that's how much power he put behind it! And at nearly four hundred pounds, it's going to be incredibly tough for him to get back to his feet when he takes himself off his feet!

[Both men roll in opposite directions, looking for their respective corners... and making tags.]

GM: Both men tag out off that big lariat. Jackson Haynes comes in! Asama Inoue is back in as well!

[The two men rush towards one another, fists flying at a rapid pace to the roar of the crowd!]

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

[Inoue's fists land hard but Haynes' land much harder, peppering the side of Inoue's skull. Inoue drops his hands, dazed, as Haynes throws a stiff jab to the jaw... and a second... and a third... and a fourth...

...before winding way back with the right hand and PLANTING a haymaker between the eyes, knocking Inoue flat!]

GM: WHAT A RIGHT HAND BY HAYNES!!

[The Hammer dives into a lateral press as the referee drops down to count.]

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

[But Inoue slips the shoulder off the canvas, kicking out of the pin attempt.]

GM: Inoue's out at two... Haynes dragging him right back up, muscling him back into the ropes...

[The Hammer flings Inoue across the ring, the Japanese superstar ducking under a big clothesline attempt before he rebounds off the far side...

...and hits a lariat of his own, also knocking Haynes down to the mat!]

GM: Inoue with the big lariat! He's got a cover of his own!

[Von Braun dives to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[But Haynes fires his shoulder off the canvas just as Inoue did moments ago.]

GM: Dueling kickouts by Inoue and Haynes!

[Haynes promptly rolls out to the floor, shaking his head as he gets there. He slams both hands into the ring apron, shouting up at Inoue.]

GM: Err... I don't think we can repeat what Haynes just said.

BW: No, I wouldn't think so.

GM: Fans, we apologize for the language of Jackson Haynes right there but-

BW: He's calling Inoue out to the floor! He wants to take this fight to the floor!

[Inoue glares out at Haynes, shaking his head. He points to the ring, waving the Hammer back...]

GM: Inoue's not falling for that. That's not his game and he knows that Haynes wants this fight out there. Inoue wants to keep it inside the ring and-

[Haynes rolls back in, shouting at Inoue again before he slaps the hand of Danny Morton.]

GM: Jackson Haynes just colorfully questioned the manhood of Asama Inoue before making the tag back out to Professor Pain.

[Morton steps into the squared circle, pacing around Inoue who is ready for anything...

...except for Morton spinning around and DRILLING Hayashi with a right hand!]

GM: Ohh! He rocked Hayashi with a right hand!

BW: He wasn't even in the ring!

GM: You think Danny Morton cares one bit?!

[Protecting his partner, Inoue rushes Morton, throwing right hands that seem to catch the Oklahoma native off-guard, bull-rushing him back against the turnbuckles where he blasts Morton across the chest with a knife-edge chop!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot by Inoue! You could hear that one down the road!

[Morton swings Inoue around, blasting him with a chop of his own!]

GM: And Danny Morton returns fire!

[Inoue swings Morton back into the corner...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Good grief!

[A furious Morton turns it around again, winding up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Morton backs off, letting loose a big roar as Inoue stumbles out of the corner into the waiting arms of the American Murder Machine who hooks a loose bearhug and HURLS Inoue overhead and down to the canvas to a gigantic roar from the crowd!]

GM: MORTON THROWS INOUE ACROSS THE RING!! OH MY!!

[Morton springs back to his feet, throwing his arms apart to a big roar. He marches towards the corner where Inoue has pulled himself to a knee in the buckles.]

GM: Morton's not done here! He's going after Inoue!

[The powerhouse pulls Inoue back to his feet, grabbing him by the arm.]

GM: Corner-to-corner whip! Inoue hits the buckles hard!

[Morton grabs the arm again, gesturing to Jackson Haynes who raises his knee through the ropes. The Oklahoma native whips Inoue, jamming his back right into the raised knee!]

GM: Ohh! Nice doubleteam by the Stampede Cup champs - and there's the tag to bring in the Hammer...

[The crowd roars as Haynes and Morton take turns hammering down forearms on the back of Inoue, battering him all the way down to all fours. Haynes stays on the mat as Morton marches across the ring towards Hayashi, shooting some harsh words in his direction.]

GM: Violence Unlimited is all sorts of fired up here tonight, Bucky.

BW: They better be! It's the Stampede Cup! It's like Christmas Eve for any tag team in professional wrestling!

[Morton pulls back to his corner at the referee's orders, leaving Haynes to pull Inoue into the neutral corner, firing him across before charging in right behind him...

...and ROCKING Inoue with a big running clothesline in the corner!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Haynes got all of that, fans! Inoue crumbles down to the canvas and look out - another cover by the Hammer! He's got one! He's got two! He's got- just a two count right there. Jackson Haynes is bringing the pain to Asama Inoue but Inoue just keeps on kicking out of these pin attempts. This Japanese team is something else.

"TEN MINUTES HAVE EXPIRED! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: We're at the halfway point in the time limit here tonight, Bucky.

BW: And I'm not even sure if these guys have broken a sweat yet!

[Haynes pulls Inoue off the mat, tugging him into a standing headscissors...]

GM: Haynes wants the powerbomb! He's got him hooked for the powerbomb!

[The crowd buzzes in anticipation of the big slam...

...but Inoue blocks it, refusing to be lifted up into the air. The two men tussle, trying to get an edge. Haynes throws down clubbing forearms to the back as Inoue moves, turning his body...]

GM: Haynes is trying to beat him into the powerbomb and-

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: INOUE BACKDROPS HIM TO THE FLOOR!! GOOD GRIEF!!

[Asama Inoue straightens up, leaning against the ropes for a moment as he catches his breath...

...and on the other side of the ring, Mad Hayashi drops off the apron, circling around the ring!]

GM: Hayashi’s coming for Jackson Haynes!

[The former deathmatch wrestler grabs Haynes off the floor, grabbing him by the arm...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

GM: HAYASHI SENDS HIM INTO THE STEEL!!

[Wobbling towards the dazed Haynes, Hayashi throws a big standing clothesline, taking Haynes over the railing and into the front row at ringside!]

GM: Whoa! Hey, we had our Street Fight last night!

BW: Try telling Hayashi that!

[Seeing his partner in trouble, Danny Morton rushes down the apron to try and help. He hops down off the apron, bashing Hayashi across his wide back with a double axehandle! Grabbing Hayashi by the back of the head, Morton SLAMS his forehead into the steel barricade!]

GM: Ohh! Headfirst into the railing and-

[The crowd roars as Asama Inoue opts to go help his partner, sliding out to the floor. The Japanese heavyweight approaches Danny Morton from behind, grabbing him in a waistlock...]

GM: He’s gonna suplex Morton on the flo- no! Morton with a hard back elbow to the jaw!

[Morton leans over, scooping Inoue up into a military press...

...and HURLING him over the railing into the front row as well!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: DANNY MORTON THREW HIM INTO THE FRONT ROW!! MY STARS!!

[In the seats, Jackson Haynes struggles to get back up, shoving aside a nearby AWA official who has drifted too close...

...and grabs a steel chair out of the row in front of him!]

GM: Look out!

[Haynes flings the chair to the side, sending fans scurrying. The big man delivers a big kick to another set of seats, knocking several chairs over.]

GM: Haynes is on a rampage out in the front row here in Atlanta!

[The Hammer pulls Inoue off the basketball floor, scooping him up into his arms...

...and launching him over another row of seats, sending him crashing down backfirst onto a row of steel chairs!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Scott Von Braun is out there on the floor, the referee's taking a long look at this but he's letting it go! Scott Von Braun doesn't want to count anyone out. He doesn't want to disqualify anyone! He wants to let this thing go until there's a winner! He's gonna give these two teams as much rope as possible and hope they don't hang themselves, Bucky.

BW: I like that decision! Let 'em fight!

[The camera cuts to show Mad Hayashi, blood now streaming down his scarred forehead into his face as he holds Morton in a side headlock, jamming his thumb into the windpipe and leaving a gasping Professor Pain down on the floor. Hayashi steps over the railing, moving in on the exposed back of Jackson Haynes.]

GM: We've got a Pier Six brawl underway here in Atlanta! The Stampede Cup is living up to its namesake right here tonight in the Forbes Arena!

[Grabbing Haynes' long hair from behind, Hayashi crushes him with a headbutt to the base of the skull. A second one lands... and a third... and a fourth... and a fifth.]

GM: That mammoth skull being slammed into Jackson Haynes' head over and over!

[Swinging Haynes around, Hayashi slams a stiff-fingered thrust into the throat of the Hammer, sending him gasping as he stumbles away, grabbing a chair off the floor and flinging it over his head, bouncing it off the chest of Hayashi!]

GM: This is getting dangerous out there! Get the fans away from them!

[Hayashi scoops up the fallen chair, winding up...

...but a desperation big boot to the chin from Haynes makes him drop the chair!]

GM: The chair is down but this fight's not finished yet!

[Haynes spins around, kicking over a few more chairs...

...and getting floored by a flying Asama Inoue who leaped off a row of chairs to clothesline the Hammer!]

GM: Oh my stars! We've got bodies all over the place out here at ringside! Fans are fleeing, seats are being knocked over! The entire front row has been wiped out!

[Inoue pulls Haynes off the floor, dragging him by the hair towards the ringside barricade, flinging him back over it. Inoue hops over the railing...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[...right into a big chop from Danny Morton! Grabbing Inoue by the back of the head, Morton hammers away at him with right hands to the skull!]

GM: Morton's all over Inoue!

[The crowd roars at the sight of Mad Hayashi coming over the railing, getting halfway over it before Morton clubs him with a right forearm smash to the side of the head!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot by Morton!

[Grabbing Hayashi in a loose headlock, Morton slams clenched fists into the cut forehead over and over...

...and then sinks his teeth into the bloody wound!]

GM: Ahhh! This is getting ugly out here!

[Inoue smashes Morton from behind with a forearm to the back of the neck before hooking him around the waist, hoisting him into the air, and bringing him crashing down with a backdrop suplex on the thinly-padded floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!! GOOD GRIEF, FANS!! That might do it for Danny Morton! That might-

[Jackson Haynes comes up from behind the rising Inoue, burying a boot into his gut, tugging him into a standing headscissors...

...and hoisting Inoue into the air, DRIVING him down to the thinly-padded floor with a thunderous powerbomb!]

"OHH!"

[There's total silence from the announcers, saying nothing as Jackson Haynes climbs to his feet, spitting down on the prone Inoue as the crowd roars for the incredible move!]

Haynes slams his fist into his chest several times, roaring to the cheering crowd who start up a chant...]

"HAM-MER!" "HAM-MER!" "HAM-MER!"

GM: These fans have lost it! Jackson Haynes just POWERBOMBED Asama Inoue on the floor! Inoue's done for! They just took Asama Inoue out of this matchup!

[Haynes grabs the bloodied Mad Hayashi by the hair, dragging him towards the ring...]

...where Hayashi buries a right uppercut into the ribcage, stopping Haynes in his tracks. Hayashi shoves Haynes back against the ringpost, backing off...]

GM: No, no, no!

[The former sumo star rushing forward, sandwiching Jackson Haynes between his near four hundred pounds and the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHHHHHHHHHH! MY STARS IN HEAVEN!

[Hayashi peels the dazed Haynes off the floor, chucking him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Jackson Haynes gets put back in... Hayashi climbs the steps, moving through the ropes to join him...

[Winding up his big right arm, Hayashi takes a three-step run and DROPS his weight down in an elbowdrop on Jackson Haynes!]

BW: The Hammer just got the hammer dropped on HIM! Ahahaha!

GM: Is that gonna do it?

[Von Braun drops down to count...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[The crowd ROARS as Jackson Haynes somehow gets his shoulder off the canvas, breaking the pin attempt just in the nick of time. An angry Hayashi pushes up to a knee, holding up three fingers at the referee who holds up two in response.]

GM: Mad Hayashi almost had him there - you can hear William Payne shouting instructions to Hayashi here. The man from Tiger Paw Pro is climbing back to his feet now, backing to the ropes...

[Hayashi swings his right arm around and round, moving in again...]

GM: ELBOW!

[BOOM!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED THE ELBOW!!

[Hayashi lies flat on his back on the canvas as Jackson Haynes crawls across the ring, grabbing the ropes in the corner to pull himself back up to his feet. The Hammer leans against the buckles, clutching his ribs and chest before waving for the big man to get up.]

GM: He wants him up! He wants Hayashi back to his feet!

[The big man stumbles up, barely on his feet before Jackson Haynes charges across the ring at him...

...and throws himself into a big headbutt, the blow staggering Hayashi, knocking him back into the buckles!]

GM: Haynes dazed him but he can't bring him down! He can't get him off his feet!

[With Hayashi barely on his feet in the corner, Haynes lowers the boom with a big overhead elbowsmash across the bleeding skull!]

GM: Big elbow by the Hammer!

[Grabbing Hayashi by the back of the head, Haynes slams his stiffened fingers up into the throat of Hayashi, a blow that sends the former sumo star gasping for air as he stumbles across the ring to an adjacent corner. Haynes stays in the corner he was in, slapping his leg...

...and sprinting down the length of the ropes, DRIVING a big boot into the jaw of the big man!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

BW: How?! HOW IS HE STILL STANDING, GORDO?!

[Jackson Haynes seems to be wondering the same thing, grabbing his own hair and shaking his head as a dazed Mad Hayashi stays on his feet, off-balance but standing.]

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

GM: We've got five minutes remaining in the time limit! Five minutes for one of these two teams to score a win and move on the Quarterfinals to face either The First Family or the Rockstar Express!

[Haynes pulls Hayashi away from the buckles in a front facelock, throwing knee after knee into the face and upper body, each one with more impact than the one before it. But as Haynes releases and Hayashi straightens back up, we see it only served to stun Hayashi a little bit more...

...and then Danny Morton rolls back in, clutching his lower back. The referee backs off, shouting at both men as they each grab an arm, firing Hayashi into the corner!]

GM: Double whip to the buckles...

[Haynes sprints across the ring, landing a big running clothesline in the corner. Morton charges in right behind him, leaving his feet to smash his forearm into the jaw of Hayashi to the roars of the crowd!]

GM: VU'S GOT HIM DAZED!!

[Hayashi stumbles out of the corner to the middle of the ring, wobbled but still standing. Morton shouts something to Haynes who nods, the two men charging to opposite sets of ropes...

...and SMASHING a stunned Hayashi with a sandwich double lariat!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[The big double lariat causes Hayashi to drop to a knee, instantly coming back up as Violence Unlimited backs to the opposite side of the ring, dropping down into a double three-point stance...]

GM: No way! No way!

[The reigning Stampede Cup champions barrel across the ring towards the stunned Hayashi, connecting with a double running shoulderblock...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

GM: THEY DROPPED HIM! THEY DROPPED HAYASHI!! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?!

[Both members of Violence Unlimited let loose a huge roar to the crowd, the referee trying to get one of them out of the ring. Morton steps out, Haynes immediately slapping his hand with a "GET THAT BIG SUMBITCH UP!"

GM: Danny Morton's in! Danny Morton, arguably the strongest man in our industry, is in the ring!

[Morton paces around the ring, face growing redder with each step, body shaking with intensity as he looks at the downed Hayashi trying to get back up to his feet.]

GM: Danny Morton's watching Hayashi get back to his feet... what in the world is he going to do?

BW: I don't like the looks of this.

[The near four hundred pounder climbs to his feet. Morton takes a long look at him and unleashes a hellacious guttural roar...]

GM: What's he-?!

BW: NO WAY! NO FREAKIN' WAY, GORDO!

[The crowd rumbles as Morton ducks down, trying for a scoop...]

GM: HE'S TRYING TO GET HIM UP!! HE'S TRYING TO SCOOP HIM UP OFF THE MAT!!

[The crowd is roaring for Morton as he struggles, strains, and after what seems like an eternity...

...LIFTS THE FOUR HUNDRED POUNDER INTO THE AIR!!]

GM: HE'S GOT HIM UP!! HE'S GOT HIM UP!! MY GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!

[With Hayashi held up in his powerful arms, Morton stumbles a few feet forward...

...and LEAPS UP, DRIVING HAYASHI INTO THE CANVAS WITH A RING-SHAKING POWERSLAM!!! EARTHSHATTERING EXPLOSION OF CHEERS!]

GM: MY GOD! MY GOD IN HEAVEN!! HE POWERSLAMMED HAYASHI!

BW: I CAN'T EVEN HEAR YOU OVER THIS CROWD, GORDO!!

[Morton plants both palms in the chest of Hayashi, shoving his shoulders down to the mat as Scott Von Braun dives to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: THEY DID IT! VIOLENCE UNLIMITED PUTS DOWN THE TEAM FROM JAPAN!

[Morton pushes off the downed Hayashi, a short nod to the fallen former sumo star as he grabs at his lower back. Jackson Haynes steps into the ring, moving to his partner's side. The referee goes to raise their arms but they both jerk their hands away, shaking their head as Haynes approaches

the cameraman on the ring apron. He stares dead into the lens for a moment...]

“Three... more.”

[And with a gesture to Morton, the reigning Stampede Cup champions exit the ring, walking back down the aisle without the slightest hint of a celebration for their win.]

GM: Violence Unlimited just cemented their spot in the Quarterfinals! What a battle! What a war! This team from Tiger Paw Pro just proved themselves to be one of the toughest tag teams in the world today but Violence Unlimited proved themselves just a little bit tougher. They’re going to the Quarterfinals!

BW: But who are they gonna face?

GM: We’re about to find that out but let’s go backstage to Jason Dane for another look at the brackets! JD?

[We crossfade backstage to a panning shot of the updated brackets.]

Rough N Ready			VU
The Pharaohs	Rough N Ready	VU	Inoue & Hayashi
Fierro & Armstrong			The Rockstars
The Russians	The Russians		The First Family
The Wild Cards			Dynasty
The Privateers	The Wild Cards	Dynasty	BYE
The Lynches			Blonde Bombers
Playboy Ent.	The Lynches		Mark II

JD: Thanks, Gordon. Man oh man, what a battle that was - that’s gotta be a contender for the Match of the Tournament so far... but remember, we’ve still got two more matches to go here in Round Two here tonight. The Rockstar Express are going to take on The First Family in mere moments to see who will move on to face Violence Unlimited in the Quarterfinals and later tonight, the Blonde Bombers take on the young upset kids, Mark II, with the opportunity to move on to the Quarters to meet the Blonde Bombers at stake. This night is nowhere near done, fans, so don’t you dare go away. And don’t forget about our big Towel Match - the Final Showdown between Eric Preston and James Monosso. That’s going to be our Main Event here tonight in Atlanta.

[The shot cuts to a grinning Dane.]

JD: But that's still to come. Coming up next, fans, we've got yet another second round matchup featuring The First Family taking on these men - come on in, guys... Scotty Storm and Marty Morgan, the Rockstar Express!

[The aforementioned competitors fill the screen, taking up spots on either side of Jason Dane. Both men are dressed for battle in their black full-length tights with red and white bandanas tied off at the knee. Scotty Storm is wearing a Poison t-shirt while Marty Morgan has opted for a KISS concert t-shirt.]

JD: Gentlemen, you just saw Violence Unlimited win one heck of a matchup here tonight and if you're able to get past the First Family, you'd have to face them! Talk about your motivation to just walk away...

[Dane chuckles.]

SS: First thing's first, JD... we want to congratulate Violence Unlimited on winning one heck of a fight.

MM: One of the damndest things I've ever seen, JD.

SS: That's right. But believe us, if we get to face Danny Morton and Jackson Haynes tomorrow night, we've got no doubt in our minds that we can take the fight to them like they haven't had taken to them before.

[Dane looks surprised.]

JD: You're talking about men who've fought all over the world - who've done battle for the AWA National Tag Team Titles against Rough N Ready...

SS: Yeah, and you know what, JD? When you're talking like that, they're not the only ones that describes.

MM: That's right. Scotty and I - we've been around the world too. We've fought and shed blood on every piece of land in this here planet, baby. Now, we may not be all muscles and bad attitudes like those two hosses but what we are - we're tag team specialists. We eat, breathe, drink, and live tag team wrestling... just like they do. And we know how important walking out of Atlanta with the Stampede Cup is for our careers.

SS: Violence Unlimited, they've been to the dance. They took the prom queen out to the limo and... well, you know the rest. But at the end of the day, baby, they don't NEED this win in this tournament. They don't need to win that Cup again.

MM: They got a shot at the champs whether they win or not. Us? We need this one, JD. We've heard the whispers. We've heard the rumors. The Rockstars are washed up... they ain't able to cut it with the top line of teams in the business anymore.

SS: It's bull, JD. And it changes this weekend. When we walk out of Atlanta with that big ol' Cup held between us, you won't hear that talk anymore.

Instead, people will be sayin' "There goes the Rockstar Express... the best tag team in the business."

MM: I like the sound of that.

[Dane interrupts.]

JD: Guys, guys... what about the First Family?

SS: Hey, you asked us about Morton and Haynes. We ain't forgotten about the First Family. We haven't forgotten in the slightest what they did to us when they were trying to make a name for themselves when they first showed up here.

MM: But remember, JD...

[Morgan gestures to Storm and himself.]

MM: Tag team specialists. And while the Preacher Man and his flock are a fine tag team, they don't have the years of experience that Scotty and I do. They're not willing to do what we're willing to do. And at the end of it all, they don't want it as bad as we do.

SS: So, the First Family better bring their all - chapter and verse - 'cause the Rockstar Express don't stop for nothin' and we damn sure work on Sundays. Woo!

[A high-five between the two ends the interview as they walk out of sight.]

JD: The Rockstar Express has their eyes locked on the Stampede Cup. But can they get past the devious Adam and the physically impressive Brother Cain? We're about to find out!

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
ROUND TWO
THE ROCKSTAR EXPRESS VS THE FIRST FAMILY**

[We crossfade down to ringside to Phil Watson.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit with the winner moving on to face Violence Unlimited in the Quarterfinals of the Stampede Cup. Introducing first... already in the ring at this time... from the Garden of Eden... weighing in tonight at 511 pounds... they are accompanied to the ring by their manager, Eve... they are Adam and Brother Cain...

THE FIRRRRRRRST FAAAAAAMILY!

[The crowd jeers the rulebreaking duo.]

PW: And their opponents...

[The sounds of KISS' "Rock And Roll All Nite" kicks in to a HUGE CHEER!]

PW: From Rock And Roll City USA... weighing in tonight at four hundred and fifty four pounds... SCOTTY STORM... MARTY MORGAN...

THE ROOOOOOOCKSTAAAAAAR EXPRESS!

[The crowd roars as Storm and Morgan burst through the curtain in the same attire we saw them in moments ago. They immediately make their way to the aisle, leaning out to slap the hands of the ringside fans as they head down towards the ring where Brother Cain is pacing back and forth, ready to get his hands on the much-smaller competitors.]

GM: Scotty and Marty, one of the most popular tag teams in the world of professional wrestling...

[And as soon as they climb up on the apron, the First Family strikes. Brother Cain is the first to act, drilling Marty Morgan with a running tackle that knocks him off the apron and down to the barely-padded floor below. Adam and Scotty are trading right hands to the roar of the crowd when Scotty connects with a solid haymaker that sends Adam staggering away.]

GM: We're underway in this one! The First Family got this one off to a quick start and-

[Scotty Storm slingshots over the ropes into the ring...

...and gets taken down with a running clothesline from Brother Cain!]

GM: Ohhh! Brother Cain takes him down hard!

[Adam gestures wildly for Brother Cain to exit the ring as he applies a lateral press to Storm, earning a quick two count.]

GM: Adam wanted that win to himself but Scotty Storm wasn't about to let that happen.

[Grabbing a handful of Storm's brown hair, Adam pummels him with right hands to the skull. He flips Storm to his stomach, SMASHING his face into the canvas. He flips Storm over again, applying another press...]

GM: One! Two!

[But Storm kicks out again. Adam quickly climbs to his feet, instantly complaining about the count as he lays in a series of boots to the chest of the downed Rockstar. Referee Marty Meekly steps in, waving for Adam to back away and let Storm get back to his feet.]

GM: Adam, the First Man, is bringing the offense early and-

[At ringside, the cameraman picks up Eve screaming at the top of her lungs.]

GM: Can someone please quiet her down? She's giving me a headache.

BW: She's preaching the word of the Lord, Gordo! That gives you a headache.

GM: Not typically but at that volume and pitch, yes.

[Adam presses his way past the referee, moving back in to pull Scotty Storm off the mat...

...where Adam eats a right hand to the jaw! Big cheer!]

GM: Right hand by Storm!

[Storm fires back, landing a trio of right hands to the face of Adam before firing him into the ropes...

...and launching him through the air, crashing down to the canvas with a big backdrop!]

GM: Ohh! Adam hits the canvas hard!

[Brother Cain steps through the ropes, rushing in...

...and gets caught with a dropkick on the chin that stuns him! Storm quickly gets back up, throwing a second one on target that knocks Cain back to the ropes!]

GM: Brother Cain is stunned!

[Storm rushes him, leaping up into a rana position, twisting the masked man around...

...and using the headscissors to throw Brother Cain over the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: OHHH! SCOTTY CLEARS 'EM OUT!

[Marty Morgan quickly climbs the ring apron, taking his spot in the corner as Storm connects with a dropkick on a rising Adam, sending him sailing backwards...

...where Morgan pulls down the top rope, sending Adam sailing over the ropes and down to the floor below!]

GM: Ohhh!

BW: Give ME a break, Myers! That was blatantly illegal and yet you don't complain one bit! You're the most biased announcer I've ever seen in my life!

GM: No mirrors in your house?

BW: Very funny, Myers. The First Family is being cheated blind by the Rockstar Express and you know it!

[Eve seems to be making the same point to Marty Meekly right now as Adam and Brother Cain huddle up on the floor.]

BW: That's right, Eve! You tell him!

GM: She just said that they can't do this to the First Family because they're the next National Tag Team Champions.

BW: You gonna argue with her?

GM: Well, if I was going to make a list of the teams that I thought might be the next National Tag Team Champions, that list would start and end with Violence Unlimited.

BW: But what happens when the First Family BEATS Haynes and Morton in the Quarterfinals? What's your list look like then?

[Brother Cain climbs the steps, taking the corner as Adam rolls back in. He gets to his feet still in the corner, speaking to the masked man as Eve continues to shout at the official. Scotty Storm looks out at Eve and then kisses his hand, smacking his rear with it in her direction to the roar of the crowd.]

BW: Oh, that's real classy, Storm. These Rockstar punks make me sick, Gordo.

GM: I can tell.

[Storm slaps the hand of Marty Morgan, drawing a cheer from the crowd for the blonde as he slingshots into the ring, pointing a finger at Adam who slowly moves to the middle of the ring where he locks up with Morgan.]

GM: Collar and elbow tieup in the center of the ring... and Marty slaps on a front facelock!

[The crowd cheers as Morgan leans on the hold, twisting the head and neck to apply some pressure...

...but Adam wraps his arms around the torso, tossing Morgan up and over in a modified Northern Lights suplex, Adam's back to Morgan's chest as the official dives down to count.]

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

[But Marty Morgan bridges up to his feet, spinning it around into a gutwrench and throwing Adam down to the canvas to a big cheer! Morgan dives atop Adam as Marty Meekly hits the mat.]

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

[The crowd cheers as Brother Cain rushes in to help, delivering a stomp...

...but coming up empty as Morgan rolls to the side, causing Cain to stomp Adam's chest!]

GM: He missed! He missed!

[Morgan lands a big right hand on the masked skull of Cain, staggering him as Scotty Storm rushes in, landing a flying forearm that sends Cain falling back to the ropes. Morgan pulls Adam into the corner...]

GM: Oh yeah! Do it!

[Morgan fires Adam towards the corner where Storm drops him with a right hand as Cain stumbles into Morgan's grasp where he wheels him around, whipping him to the corner...

...where Brother Cain's massive backside slams into the face of Adam! Big cheer!]

GM: Ohh! Adam just got up close and personal with his tag team partner!

[Brother Cain staggers out of the corner, right into a right hand to the midsection from Marty Morgan...

...and a big running kneelift from Scotty Storm sends Brother Cain rolling out to the floor!]

GM: Cain's out... and now Adam rolls out to join him again. The First Family is having major problems getting on track here tonight, Bucky.

BW: They certainly are. And they need to do exactly what they're doing right now. They need to get out to the floor and regroup a little bit.

[Adam and Cain huddle up again, trying to figure out their next step. After a brief conversation, Adam rolls back in as Cain takes his spot on the apron. Cain slaps the hand of Adam, tagging into the match as Scotty Storm tags back in on the other side of the ring.]

GM: Fresh men in for both teams now...

BW: And Brother Cain needs to use that size, he needs to use that power, he needs to get this guy down on the mat and hurt him.

GM: He certainly does.

[The tieup in the middle of the ring is cut off when Brother Cain buries a knee into the gut of Storm. Grabbing him under the arms, Cain throws Storm back to the corner, moving in on him...]

GM: Right hand to the ribs! There's a left now! The big man is hammering away at Scotty Storm with the precision of a world-class boxer!

[Grabbing Storm by the arm, Cain whips him across, coming in after him...]

GM: Storm to the- he leaps to the middle rope...

[And as Cain approaches, Storm blindly leaps back, taking him off his feet with a crossbody press!]

GM: Crossbody for one! For two! For-

[Cain powers out at two as Storm springs to his feet, immediately rushing the ropes again...

...but this time getting a knee driven into his back by the devious Adam!]

GM: Ohh! Adam strikes from out on the apron... he caught Storm coming to the ropes and made him pay for it...

[Brother Cain wobbles back across the ring, burying a pair of stomps into the lower back of the kneeling Storm. He grabs a handful of hair, pulling Storm off the canvas and buries a pair of right hands into the kidneys, leaving Storm hurting on the canvas...

...where he drops a heavy elbow to the small of the back!]

GM: Ohh! Big elbow! Big elbow by big Brother Cain!

[A barrage of stomps to the lower back forces Storm to roll out to the floor, dropping to a knee as Brother Cain gets backed off by the official...

...which first allows Adam to drop down to the floor, jumping off the apron with a well-placed elbowsmash across the back!]

GM: Adam with an elbow off the apron! Right down on the back!!

[...and then allows Eve to delivers a bunch of kicks to the stomp, screaming in her high-pitched shrill voice with every blow! She walks away just before the official turns around, ignoring Marty Morgan to start a count on the downed Storm.]

GM: Brother Cain's breaking the count, going out after Scotty Storm...

[Pulling Storm off the floor by the hair, Cain slams his face into the ring apron before rolling him back into the squared circle. The big masked brute climbs up on the apron, stepping through the ropes in pursuit.]

"FIVE MINUTES GONE BY! FIVE MINUTES!"

GM: We're five minutes in and Brother Cain lays in another big stomp to the small of back of Scotty Storm! Absolutely vicious!

[Cain drags Storm off the mat by the hair, slamming his face into the raised boot of Adam, the First Man who tags himself back into the ring, throwing Storm back into the First Family corner. He lays into him, landing a series of right hands to the jaw to the jeers of the crowd.]

GM: Adam hooks him under the arm... ohhh! And he slings him out of the corner and down to the mat! Big hiptoss by Adam and-

[Storm, down on all fours, makes a lunge for the outstretched hand of Marty Morgan before Adam cuts him off with a running stomp to the lower back.]

GM: Ohh! Adam almost made a very big mistake there. He almost threw Scotty Storm RIGHT into a tag!

[Standing over a prone Storm, Adam leaps up, driving his knee down into the kidneys. He grabs a handful of Storm's hair, pulling his head back and grabbing him under the chin while grabbing Storm's leg with his left hand and rolling back into a surfboard!]

GM: A painful surfboard hold applied by Adam! Listen to the screams of pain coming out of Scotty Storm! The fans are begging Storm to make that tag to Marty Morgan but right now, he's trapped in this submission hold a few feet away!

[The referee dives to all fours, checking to see if Storm wants to submit.]

GM: Meekly's asking him... do you give up... do you want to quit... but Storm, of course, doesn't submit.

BW: "Of course"... what the heck does that mean?

GM: It means that Scotty Storm knows what's at stake in this tournament and he knows it'll take an awful lot to make him give all that up.

BW: He may not have a choice, Gordo. Adam's bending him so much he might just snap in half.

GM: I highly doubt that.

[After a few more moments in the hold, Adam releases, allowing Storm to slump back to his stomach.]

GM: Storm's out of the hold... uh oh, and Adam's dragging him away from the corner. Not letting him get too close to Marty Morgan who desperately wants to get in here to help his partner.

[Adam positions himself between Storm and Morgan, waiting and watching with an arrogant grin on his face as Storm gets to a knee...

...where Adam is waiting to hammer him with a right hand, knocking Storm back down to the mat. Storm crawls a few feet to the side, pushing up to a knee again...]

GM: Ohh! Another hard right hand by Adam! He's just toying with Scotty Storm right now!

BW: He's trying to win a match and the best way to do that is to cut the ring in half and isolate one of the members of the team. I'd say Scotty Storm is pretty well isolated right now, wouldn't you?

GM: For the moment.

[Backing Storm into a corner with the Rockstar on his knees, Adam hammers him with a right hand to the jaw, knocking him back to the buckles and then delivers a hard boot to the face as well, keeping him there!]

GM: Adam continues to hammer away at Scotty Storm... look out here...

[The crowd jeers as Adam snaps him out of the corner with a suplex, smashing his spine into the canvas before rolling into a lateral press.]

GM: Suplex gets him one! Gets him two! Gets him-

[The crowd cheers as Marty Morgan rushes in, stomping Adam on the back of the head to break up the pin attempt. The First Man regains his feet, glaring at Morgan as he pulls Storm up by the hair...

...and HURLS him over the top rope and down to the floor below!]

GM: OHHHHH! That might do it for Storm! His back was already hurting him and he just got thrown all the way over the top rope and down to the floor below!

[The throw brings in Morgan again, the referee stepping in to keep him at bay as Brother Cain drops off the apron, standing over Scotty Storm and HAMMERING down with a double axehandle across the back before shoving him back into the ring where Adam applies another cover, earning another two count before Storm fires a shoulder off the mat.]

GM: Another two count for the First Family...

[An angry Adam pulls Storm up, slapping him twice across the face before grabbing the arm, firing him into the ropes...]

GM: Irish whip... backdr-

[But Storm pulls up, driving a big kick into the face of Adam to the cheers of the crowd...

...and then diving to the side, slapping the outstretched hand of Marty Morgan!]

GM: TAG!

[Morgan rushes in, catching an incoming Brother Cain with a couple of right hands that keeps him back. He spins around, drilling Adam with a few as well that backs him all the way into the ropes...]

GM: Whip by Morgan... ohh, he goes downstairs on Adam!

[Having doubled up Adam with a right hand to the midsection, Morgan grabs him in a front facelock, snapping him over with a vertical suplex and going for a cover...]

GM: ONE! TWO!

BW: CAIN!

[But again, the big man misses the mark, dropping all his weight down in a big splash on the downed Adam!

A dazed Scotty Storm comes in, helping Morgan whip Cain into the ropes...

...and then taking him down with a joined-hands running double clothesline!]

GM: They take Cain off his feet! They've got him down!

[Morgan grabs Adam around the waist, hoisting him up into the air as Storm hops up on the middle rope, gives a big whoop, and then leaps off, driving both feet into the jaw with a dropkick that knocks Adam flat as Morgan does a double leg cradle!]

GM: ROCKSLIDE! THEY NAILED IT!!

[Meekly dives to the canvas to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

PW: Here are your winners... SCOTTY AND MARTY... THE ROCKSTAAAAAR EXPRESS!

[The crowd roars for the popular duo as Marty Morgan springs to his feet, checking on his partner who is leaning in the corner.]

GM: The Rockstar Express are victorious here in the second round which means they'll be moving on to the Quarterfinals to face Violence Unlimited!

What a matchup that'll be! The ultimate battle of speed versus power for sure, fans.

BW: What a crock! The First Family had this thing won but the referee allowed countless illegal doubleteams to give the Rockstars a fighting chance. The First Family just got robbed, Gordo.

GM: That's one way to look at it, I suppose, but as you said before, the record books will show a win for the Rockstar Express! Let's go back to Jason!

[We crossfade back to the interview area where Jason Dane is standing in front of the big board.]

JD: Thanks, Gordon. So, the Rockstar Express are victorious over the First Family which means that tomorrow night will see a battle between two of the most popular tag teams in the entire AWA - the Rockstars and Violence Unlimited! I can't wait for that one but let's look at the entire bracket now...

Rough N Ready			VU
The Pharaohs	Rough N Ready	VU	Inoue & Hayashi
Fierro & Armstrong			The Rockstars
The Russians	The Russians	The Rockstars	The First Family
The Wild Cards			Dynasty
The Privateers	The Wild Cards	Dynasty	BYE
The Lynches			Blonde Bombers
Playboy Ent.	The Lynches		Mark II

JD: And thanks to the bye created by the time limit draw yesterday, that means that Dynasty is moving straight on to the Quarterfinals - no match for them here tonight. But I got some words from them anyways so let's take a look...

[We crossfade to footage marked "EARLIER TODAY." Jason Dane is standing between Idol Austin and Eugene Robinson, the duo known as Dynasty.]

JD: Gentlemen, you walked into Atlanta last night thinking that you were going to have to battle your way through two nights of wrestling action to win this tournament only to find out that it will instead be only one night. Three matches is all that stands between you now and one million dollars. What's on your minds?

[Idol Austin smiles.]

IA: Tomorrow night, we're going to make lightning strike twice. Ten years ago, when Geno and I joined EMWC, we had two goals. To win the EMWC

World Tag Team Championship, and to stick it to those who told us we were out of our league in going there to compete. If you remember, nobody really took us that seriously. The prevailing thought was "These guys are outsiders. What do they know about succeeding in EMWC? They're in for a rude awakening." It turned out though, it was the EMWC itself that was in for a rude awakening.

JD: I remember that.

IA: Of course you do! But you remember it as a person who was watching it unfold, so you have no idea what kind of an adrenaline rush it was to actually be the ones who made it happen. At New Year's Revolution Two, we not only won the EMWC World Tag Team Championship in one of the greatest title matches of all time, but we silenced an entire arena in the process. Do you have any idea what that feels like? When an entire crowd is so in awe of what you have done that they just stand silent?

JD: I honestly can't say that I do.

IA: No, I don't suppose you would.

[Austin puts his arm around Dane's shoulder, and pulls him close.]

IA: It was like nothing else you'd ever experience in your life. In that instant, all the doubts were put to rest. In that moment, the Dynasty Legend was born and we got to face the world and say "We told you so!" And then we cemented our legacy by holding those titles longer than any team had before or since. And now here we are. In the year 2011, wrestling for the first time as a team in five years.

[Austin lets go of Dane and looks directly into the camera.]

IA: We've said that the layoff is not an issue and that anyone who stepped into the ring with us would find we were still every inch the pinnacle of all that is great about tag-team wrestling. Some promoters out there have been so excited at the prospect of a Dynasty reunion that they've been calling and offering us jobs ever since our entry into the tournament was announced. Of course, we've turned them down and made it clear this is one time only deal, but it's still satisfying to know that there are people out there who recognize us for what we are. The best there ever was.

But for every voice we've heard in the last few weeks in support of us and our chances, there are others who don't believe. The people who doubt what we've said. Who think we don't have a snowball's chance in Hell of walking out of the arena tomorrow night one million dollars richer and in possession of the Stampede Cup. "No guest team has ever walked away with the Cup," they say. SOME people obviously haven't learned from history, and will now have to watch it repeat itself.

JD: Come on, Idol. You have to admit that you're facing an uphill battle.

[Austin glares at Dane.]

IA: Do I? Have the rules somehow changed in the last five years? Look, this tournament is stacked with great tag teams. The AWA Championship Committee wouldn't have invited them into this tournament if they weren't. But I've said before, and I will again, that nobody can beat Dynasty when we're on our game. We've trained hard. We've studied video of all of the teams in the tournament. We've isolated weaknesses, and made a game plan. And I will put our game plan against any that these other teams have every day of the week, and twice on Sunday. I'll let Geno clue you in on the specifics.

[Austin cedes the floor to Eugene Robinson, who begins speaking.]

ER: The game plan, Jason Dane, is KISS. Keep it simple, stupid. You have some teams in this tournament who are going to try to power their way through their opponents. If you can do that, and if you're able to make your opponent fear you in the process, that's great. If you can't overpower them, and they don't fear you, you're in for a rough match. You have others, like the National Tag Team Champions Rough N' Ready, who will likely use a more smoke and mirrors approach, with trickery, and interference. Stuff like that is old hat to Idol and myself. We can get down and dirty when we have to. You can almost say we wrote the book on cheating to win.

[Robinson and Austin both smile, as they remember some of their past deeds.]

ER: The greatest general in history, Sun Tzu, said: "Victorious warriors win first and then go to war, while defeated warriors go to war first and then seek to win." We have a sound strategy, based on the very principles of good tag team wrestling. It's worked for us in the past. We are three time World Tag Team Champions, and we haven't often found ourselves in a position where we needed to do something exotic in order to win. I don't see any reason why that's going to change now. We're prepared, and we're going to win.

JD: You know, Sun Tzu also said "Pretend inferiority and encourage his arrogance." You don't seem to be pretending inferiority at all. No chance of overconfidence here this weekend?

[Robinson laughs, and nods approvingly at Dane.]

ER: I like an educated man, Dane. You'll go far if you do all you're capable of doing. And I'll tell you something, there's a chance we are. But that's okay. Because Sun Tzu also said "Know your enemy and know yourself and you can fight a hundred battles without disaster." We know what we're facing, what everyone in this tournament is capable of, and we know what we're capable of. If there's one thing that nobody can deny about Dynasty, it's that we always deliver on what we promise.

Idol's already touched on the greatest example of that, when we won the EMWC World Tag Team Title. What many may not remember is that before that match, I promised that on that night, we would make the EMWC stand

still. And I am making that promise again. This weekend, we're going to face the best, take them down, and make the AWA, and the wrestling world, stand still one ... more ... time. I dare anyone in this tournament to prove us wrong.

[Austin and Robinson walk away as Jason Dane looks into the camera.]

JD: Confident words from Dynasty. We'll see if they're able to back it up in the ring like they've promised. Back to you, Gordon and Bucky.

[We crossfade back down to ringside.]

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
ROUND TWO
THE BLONDE BOMBERS VS MARK II**

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is the FINAL Second Round matchup in the Stampede Cup tournament!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

["Rocket" by Def Leppard starts up to a cheer over the PA. The curtain parts and two young men are heading down the aisle to the ring. Mark Carney is a well-built young man with knee-length shiny sapphire-blue trunks with a marble pattern, and blue wrestling boots. He has short black hair in a Caesar haircut, is clean-shaven, and wears athletic tape around his wrists. Mark Workman sports full-length royal blue trunks, with dark blue kneepads, blue wrestling boots, taped wrists, and black short hair.]

PW: From Manchester, New Hampshire and Muscatine, Iowa respectively... at a total combined weight of 494 pounds...

Mark Workman... Mark Carney...

They are MAAAAAAAARK TWOOOOOOOOO!

[The youngsters are slapping hands with the fans all the way down the aisle. After doing a complete circuit of the ring, in opposite directions, the two young men slide under the bottom rope in tandem, and show off in the ring as their music dies down.]

PW: And their opponents...

#REACH OUT AND TOUCH FAITH#

PW: From the Edge of Night...

[Moving out of the entrance portal, two men with shockingly blond hair stand at the edge of the arena, hands on their hips, grinning. Each wears long tights with the word "Bombers" running down one leg, and a name down the other; "Baldwin" and "Avalon" respectively.]

PW: Weighing in tonight at a combined 479 pounds...

[Joined then by an obnoxious and loud chubby little man in a hot pink suit who berates the fans for no reason, they move up the aisle and towards the ring.]

PW: Accompanied to the ring by "Hollywood" Larry Doyle and the Masked Menace...

[Out from the back, moving more slowly than the others, the massive form of the Menace stalks the arena. Stopping short at the head of the pack, Doyle calls back to Menace, imploring him in to ringside.]

PW: "Ravishing" Robert Baldwin and the "Machine" Johann Avalon...

THE BLONNNNNNNNNNDE BOMMMMMMMBERRRRS!

[Depeche Mode's "Personal Jesus" continues to rock the PA as the Bombers hop up to the apron and duck inside. Doyle climbs the steps and directs traffic, yelling out at the fans to keep quiet. Menace, meanwhile, takes his position at ringside and just looks _menacingly_ around at anyone and anything that his eyes fall on. The music starts to fade as Mickey Meekly speaks to Doyle, trying to get he and the Menace out of the ring.]

GM: The entire entourage is out in full force for the Blonde Bombers, Bucky.

BW: As well they should be. You never know when you might need some managerial advice and the Bombers are a hot commodity. These women out here look pretty starved for affection... but not starved for food if you know what I mean... so they may need the Menace to beat some of them back if they try to storm the ring.

GM: You're too much, Bucky... you really are.

[With much protesting, Doyle and the Menace step out to the apron. The masked bodyguard drops down to the floor, leaving "Hollywood" Larry up on the apron to go in for a big embrace with both members of his team, drawing lot of jeers from the fans.]

BW: That's touching. It really is. It's a special kind of bond between a manager and his clients.

GM: I'm sure.

[Doyle shouts at the jeering fans as he walks down the ringsteps, leaving his men to do battle.]

GM: The Blonde Bombers have really struggled since enjoying early success after making their return earlier in the year. This would be a huge win for them if they're able to knock off the young upstarts and move on to tomorrow night's action.

[On the other side of the ring, Workman and Carney have some discussion before sharing a handshake. Workman opts to stay in the ring, squaring up to see who the Bombers are going to send in first.]

GM: Mark Workman is in for Mark II who made it here tonight with a win over Tin Can Rust and Sweet Daddy Williams in the opening round. And for the Bombers?

[The crowd jeers as "Ravishing" Robert Baldwin steps out of the corner, running his hands through his long blond hair. Baldwin edges out of the corner as the bell rings, immediately tying up with Workman...

...and immediately going to the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! Baldwin's not wasting a second in breaking the rules in this one.

[With Workman blinded, Baldwin pops him with a right hand on the jaw, sending Workman falling back into the corner. A few boots to the midsection take Workman down to a knee before Baldwin uncorks a big boot to the face, knocking Workman down to the mat.]

BW: Mark II is gonna need to really pick up their game to beat the Bombers here tonight.

GM: They looked pretty good last night against Rust and Sweet Daddy Williams.

BW: Two men who completely fell apart by the end of the match and weren't a regular tag team to begin with! The Blonde Bombers are a tag team, Gordo. Got that? They're a tag team! Yes, Robert Baldwin and Johann Avalon will occasionally compete in singles action but first and foremost, they are a tag team and have been so for quite some time. Mark II's got a couple years under their belts and that's it.

GM: A couple years could give you quite a bit of experience, Bucky.

BW: Bah. The Bombers have more shower time than Mark II's got ring time.

GM: Why are the Bombers spending so much time in the shower?

BW: You know what I'm saying!

[Baldwin hauls a dazed Workman off the canvas, pulling him into a front facelock. "Ravishing" Robert snaps Workman over in a suplex, sending him crashing down to the canvas.]

GM: Nice execution on the suplex there... hey, Bucky... is there any relation between Robert Baldwin and big "Black" Jack Baldwin from the Wild Cards?

BW: Not that I'm aware of.

GM: Can you imagine if there were and if those two teams were to meet in this tournament?

BW: That means that the Wild Cards would have to make the finals - that ain't happenin', daddy.

[Baldwin delivers a pair of stomps to the chest of Workman before dragging the young man up to his feet, reaching over to slap the hand of Johann Avalon.]

GM: Tag in to Avalon...

[Baldwin fires Workman into the ropes, catching him on the rebound with a boot to the gut...

...and Avalon charges, throwing a big kick to the side of Workman's head, knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: Nice doubleteam by the Bombers... and Larry Doyle sure likes what he's seeing so far...

[Avalon drops an elbow to the back of the skull, rolling Workman over to his back...]

GM: Lateral press for one! For two!

[Workman kicks out at two... which angers Avalon who grabs a handful of Workman's short dark hair, hammering away with right hands to the skull before shoving him back down to the mat.]

GM: Avalon climbs back to his feet... measuring his man... ohh, fistdrop between the eyes!

[From outside the ring, Doyle applauds his man's actions, shouting encouragement from the floor. "The Machine" climbs back to his feet, looking over to Baldwin who raises his boot as Avalon drags Workman off the mat...

...but Workman throws an elbow back into the gut of Avalon!]

GM: Workman fighting back!

[Grabbing a handful of Avalon's hair, Workman SLAMS his skull into Baldwin's boot before the Ravishing One gets a chance to lower his foot! Big cheer!]

GM: Workman used Avalon's own partner against him!

[Keeping the handful of hair, Workman turns back towards the center of the ring, leaping into the air...

...and SMASHING Avalon's face into the canvas with a one-handed bulldog!]

GM: What a move! What a counter by Workman!

[Workman, down on all fours, crawls across the ring to where his partner is waiting for him, slapping the hand of Mark Carney. Carney rushes through the ropes, catching the rising Avalon with a series of right hands to the skull. He grabs the arm, going for a whip...

...and swings him back around, throwing him into the corner where Robert Baldwin was about to charge in, a big crash that sends Baldwin sailing down to the floor! Big cheer!]

GM: CARNEY CLEARS OUT BALDWIN!!

[With Avalon staggering back towards him, Carney rushes past Avalon, leaping up to the middle buckle in the Bombers' corner, and leaps straight back, smashing his elbow into the stunned Avalon's jaw!]

GM: REBOUND ELBOW!!

[Carney crawls atop Avalon, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! NO!!!

[Carney quickly gets back to his feet, looking at the official who confirms it was a two count as he pulls Avalon back up, ducking down into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Carney's got him up in the fireman's carry! We saw this last night!

[The young man from Iowa holds Avalon across his shoulders, letting loose a whoop as he goes into an airplane spin!]

GM: He's spinning - swinging Avalon around and around and around!

[Larry Doyle leaps up on the apron, shouting at the official as Workman moves towards the loudmouth manager.]

GM: Get him down from there! Get him-

[The Masked Menace reaches under the ropes from outside the ring, grabbing Carney by the ankle, causing the young man to lose his balance, falling back into a crucifix rollup!]

GM: ROLLUP! ROLLUP!

BW: WHERE THE HELL IS THE REFEREE?!

[Doyle gestures wildly at the official, pointing out the pin attempt. Mickey Meekly swings around, diving to the canvas...]

GM: ONE! TWO! TH-

[But Carney slips a shoulder up, kicking out of the pin attempt to the cheers of the crowd. A dizzy Avalon crawls across the ring, looking for a tag...

...but crawls to the wrong corner, moving over to where Mark Workman has his hand outstretched to the laughter of the fans.]

GM: Avalon's going the wrong way!

BW: That stupid airplane spin has him all dizzy! He's got no idea where he's going!

[With Avalon kneeling in the corner, Workman steps up to the middle rope outside the ring, holding the top...

...and kicks his legs out, swinging back down, and DRIVING his feet into the face of Johann Avalon!]

GM: Ohh! Big time move by Mark Workman!

BW: Illegal! Illegal!

[A dazed Mark Carney crawls towards his own corner, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs as he slaps the hand of Workman who steps through the ropes, pulling Avalon off the mat...]

GM: Avalon is still dazed!

BW: He just got kicked in the face!

[Grabbing Avalon around the waist, Workman powers him into the air, bringing him crashing down tailbone-first onto a bent knee, sending Avalon crashing chestfirst into the buckles, staggering out...]

GM: Waistlock!

[Workman hoists Avalon into the air, bringing him down hard on the back of his head and neck with a German Suplex, holding the bridge!]

GM: Waistlock suplex! He's got the bridge!

[The referee dives to the mat to count.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But Avalon again fires a shoulder off the mat, breaking the pin attempt. Workman immediately pops up to his feet, leaning down to grab Avalon...

...but the Machine plucks him into a small package!]

GM: Small package out of nowhere! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The tight cradle almost keeps the youngster down for a three count but he manages to JUST kick out before the three.]

GM: He almost got him there, fans! He was THAT close to getting the three count!

BW: And that's an example of the experience edge. Johann Avalon is taking some punishment but he's not panicking. He's constantly looking for somehow, someway to notch a win on the Bombers' belt.

[Avalon crawls towards his corner where Robert Baldwin is standing in the corner, arm stretched over the ropes...]

GM: Johann Avalon wants out of here... he wants the tag to Baldwin...

"FIVE MINUTES EXPIRED! FIVE MINUTES!"

[Mark Workman, spotting the fleeing Avalon, comes quickly to try and cut him off. He grabs Avalon by the foot, keeping him just out of reach as the Machine struggles up to his feet...]

GM: Avalon, a second generation star, is struggling to get free of the grip of Mark Workman here, taking a swing at him but Workman's just out of reach...

[Workman swings Avalon using the leg, grabbing a waistlock to rush Avalon chestfirst into the corner, rolling back into a cradle.]

GM: Rolling reverse cradle! ONE! TWO! THR-

[But Avalon kicks Workman off with authority, sending the youngster quickly to the corner..]

...where Baldwin snaps off a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: OHHH! What a shot by Baldwin!

[Avalon climbs to his feet, slapping the hand of his partner as Avalon scoops Workman in a backdrop suplex as Baldwin steps in, grabbing Workman around the head and neck...]

...and they drop together in tandem, smashing Workman into the mat!]

GM: Ohh, what a doubleteam by the Bombers! A backdrop suplex and a neckbreaker all in one and Mark Workman may be finished right there, Bucky!

[Baldwin quickly applies a lateral press on the downed Workman.]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- just a two count there.

[Baldwin climbs to his feet, pulling Workman with him...

...and slings Workman through the ropes and out to the floor!]

GM: Ohh, out to the floor the kid goes!

[The referee backs off Baldwin who moves towards the ropes...

...which allows the Masked Menace to pull Workman off the mat, scooping him up, and slamming him down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: Oh, come on! Blatant interference by the Masked Menace, the bodyguard for Larry Doyle and the Blonde Bombers!

[A protesting Mark Carney points out the interference to the official who saw nothing. He asks Doyle about it who (obviously) denies it as the Menace shoves a hurting Workman back into the ring under the ropes.]

GM: The masked man puts Mark Workman back in there with Robert Baldwin...

[Measuring his man, Baldwin drops a knee across the skull, rolling through it back to his feet. The Ravishing One grins at the jeering crowd as he walks back over to Workman, delivering a trio of stomps to the chest as Doyle continues to shout his support.]

GM: Baldwin brings Workman up to his feet by the hair...

[Grabbing an arm, Baldwin fires him across...]

GM: Irish whi- ducks the clothesline...

[And the dashing Workman drops down into a baseball slide, DRIVING his feet into the masked face of the Menace, knocking the bodyguard backwards into the metal railing to a big cheer!]

GM: WORKMAN CAUGHT THE MENACE!! HE CAUGHT THE MENACE!!

BW: What an idiot! Why would you intentionally provoke the Masked Menace?!

GM: The Menace came after him first! It was the Masked Menace who slammed him on the floor mere moments ago!

BW: Eh, live and let live.

[With Workman's lower body under the ropes, keeping him down, Baldwin leaves his feet, dropping a big elbow across the back of Workman's neck!

He grabs two hands full of hair, pulling Workman back into the ring and applying a lateral press...]

GM: We've got one! We've got two! We've got- no! No! Again, Mark Workman kicks out of the pin attempt!

[Baldwin grabs a handful of hair, hammering away with right hands to the skull before walking to the corner, slapping the hand of Johann Avalon.]

GM: The tag is made to the Machine... doubleteam coming up here...

[Baldwin grabs the legs of Workman, dropping back into a catapult which propels Workman into a hard clothesline from Avalon, knocking him flat again!]

GM: Ohh! That'll take a lot out of you!

["Ravishing" Robert rolls to the floor as Avalon drags Workman to his feet, hooking a front facelock...]

GM: And he SNAPS him over! Right out of his boots!

[Avalon floats over into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: The suplex for one! TWO!! THR-

[But again, Workman fires the shoulder up off the mat. Avalon, up on his knees, hammers down with right hands to the ribcage. He slams the point of his elbow down a few times into the midsection before climbing back up to his feet...]

GM: Avalon's back up... wait a second here...

[The Machine hooks Workman around the torso in a gutwrench. He pauses for a moment, nodding his head to a cheering Doyle, and powers Workman up off the mat...

...and RIGHT BACK DOWN ON THE BENT KNEE!!]

GM: GUTBUSTER!! GUTBUSTER BY AVALON!!

BW: That'll do it!

GM: Avalon uses that move as an homage to his father, Hans Von Tripp! Hans used to use that very move to great effectiveness for years in this sport. He called it the Gotterdammarung.

BW: God bless you.

[Avalon climbs to his feet, looking down at the prone Mark Workman. He leans down, grabbing the legs to haul Workman closer to the Bombers' corner where Avalon reaches up, slapping the hand of Robert Baldwin.]

GM: We've got a tag!

[Avalon stays in the corner inside the ring as Baldwin quickly scales the buckles, waving his arms in a "It's over!" gesture. "Ravishing" Robert reaches the top as Johann Avalon reaches up to grab him...

...and HURLS his own partner off the top, sending him sailing through the air...]

GM: ROCKET LAUNCH-

[BOOM!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[The crowd roars as Mark Workman, having narrowly escaped the Rocket Launcher, is crawling across the ring as Johann Avalon mounts the midbuckle, taunting the fans for the move he thinks they just connected with.]

GM: Workman's gotta get out of there! Now's his chance! Now's the time! Crawl, young man! Crawl like your very life depends on it!

[Workman inches closer and closer to the corner as the crowd roars, cheering him closer. Larry Doyle is losing his mind at ringside, screaming and shouting at Johann Avalon who is still gloating. Finally, Avalon's attention turns to Doyle who nearly falls down pointing at the crawling Workman!]

GM: Avalon sees him! He's almost there though! Can he get there-

[BIG CHEER!]

GM: TAG! TAG! TAG!

[Mark Carney dashes through the ropes as Johann Avalon charges towards the corner...]

GM: Carney's in off the tag!

[The Iowa native takes two quick steps, leaving his feet, and DRILLING Avalon with both feet in the face!]

GM: RESTAURANT QUALITY DROPKICK!! RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!!

[Avalon collapses from the big dropkick as Carney springs back to his feet, looking for his next move...]

GM: Avalon's not the legal man, kid! Don't worry about him!

[Carney pulls Avalon up to his feet, showing some youthful inexperience as he focuses on the wrong man.]

GM: Irish whi- reversed by Avalon!

[Carney bounces off the far side, rebounding back towards an Avalon clothesline...]

...but leaps up, floating over the back of Avalon, and CREAMS him with a European uppercut on the chin!]

GM: OHHH! WHAT A SHOT!!

[Avalon goes sailing backwards, catching himself on the ropes...]

...and then going the rest of the way over the top to the floor thanks to a Carney running clothesline!]

GM: HE SENDS AVALON TO THE FLOOR!!

[Carney approaches the downed Baldwin who is on all fours, clutching his ribs...]

...but pulls up short as Larry Doyle leaps up on the apron.]

GM: No! Get him down, referee! Get Doyle down from there!

BW: Hey, Gordo... see anything wrong?

GM: What are you-

[The cameraman zooms in, revealing a boot-less foot of Larry Doyle.]

GM: The boot! Where the heck is the boot?!

[The crowd jeers as the Masked Menace throws the boot into the ring, having it bounce right in front of Robert Baldwin who scoops the boot up in his hands, shielding it from both the referee as well as Mark Carney.]

GM: Baldwin's got the boot! He's got the boot and no one knows it!

BW: We do!

GM: But we're not in the match!

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: We're at the halfway point but-

BW: But Robert Baldwin needs about ten more seconds not ten more minutes!

[With the official shouting at Larry Doyle, Mark Carney turns away from the manager, moving in on the downed Baldwin...]

GM: Look out, Mark! Don't do it, kid!

[Carney leans down, grabbing Baldwin by the hair...

...but the Ravishing One is ready for him, swinging the boot into the ribcage of Carney!]

GM: OHH! WHAT A SHOT!!

[The blow doubles up Carney, allowing Baldwin to get back up, boot still in hand as Larry Doyle continues to tangle up the official. Baldwin backs up, trying to get more impact behind his next shot...

...but he drifts too close to the ropes, Mark Workman reaching up and grabbing the boot!]

GM: HE'S GOT IT! HE'S GOT IT!

[Baldwin swings around angrily...

...and gets CRACKED upside the skull with the loaded boot, sending Baldwin staggering back, right into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ROLLUP! ROLLUP!!

[The referee dives to the canvas to count as Johann Avalon gets up on the apron, stepping through the ropes as Workman charges him, tackling him around the legs to keep him from making the save!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: MARK II SCORES THE UPSET!! CARNEY GOT THE PIN!!!

[The crowd ROARS as the referee lifts Mark Workman and Mark Carney's hands in victory - the duo bailing from the ring as the Masked Menace arrives, steel chair in hand.]

GM: The Menace is in... and Mark II is out! They're out of there! Mark II has scored what I have to think is a major upset here over the Blonde Bombers and Mark II is moving on to the Quarterfinal where they'll have to pull off an even BIGGER upset if they expect to move on from there! What a night! What a tournament! And we've still got more to come. Let's go back to Jason to take a look at the bracket and then we'll be right back with our Main Event - that huge Towel Match, the Final Showdown between James Monosso and Eric Preston after months and months of battles between those two men. Take it, JD!

[We crossfade back the interview area where Jason Dane is standing.]

JD: Alright, Gordon. The second round is over! Let's take a look at the last teams standing in this big twenty-four team tournament!

Rough N Ready	Rough N Ready	VU	VU
The Pharaohs			Inoue & Hayashi
Fierro & Armstrong			The Rockstars
The Russians	The Russians	The Rockstars	The First Family
The Wild Cards	The Wild Cards	Dynasty	Dynasty
The Privateers			BYE
The Lynches	The Lynches	Mark II	Blonde Bombers
Playboy Ent.			Mark II

JD: Eight teams remain! Four incredible Quarterfinal matches to look forward to and I can't tell you which one I'm looking forward to the most! The National Tag Team Champions against the team with EVERYTHING to lose, the Russians? One of the outside squads still in this thing, the Wild Cards - the former World Tag Team Champions - taking on the team considered wrestling royalty by many, the Lynch Brothers? Violence Unlimited, the reigning Stampede Cup champions, taking on one of the most popular tag teams in the sport, the Rockstar Express? And the longest reigning EMWC World Tag Team Champions of all time, Dynasty, taking on the upset kids, Mark II? Four tremendous matches and that's just the tip of the iceberg of what we're going to see tomorrow night in Atlanta, fans! Now, Todd Michaelson, come on in here...

[The camera zooms out to reveal Todd Michaelson in a pair of blue jeans and a white Combat Corner t-shirt. He has a white towel hanging over his shoulder.]

JD: Todd, we are just moments away from seeing the Final Showdown - this Towel Match between your friend and student, Eric Preston, and his hated rival, James Monosso. Both Preston and Monosso were kept isolated, locked in rooms all day long so there was no chance of them interacting. You've seen Mr. Preston, I presume.

TM: I have.

JD: What kind of mood is he in right now?

[Michaelson pauses, rubbing his chin.]

TM: He's in the kind of mood that you have to be in if you want to make an animal like James Monosso and a heartless thug like Percy Childes lose a Towel Match.

JD: What does that mean?

TM: I can't tell you much, Jason. He's been very quiet today - very introspective. He's not saying much to anyone. But he's ready. I can see that in his eyes.

JD: His eyes, I see. But perhaps the real question is - did YOU get him ready... or did Anton Layton?

[Michaelson chuckles.]

TM: Anton Layton may think he's got the answer to beat James Monosso. Heck, he may even believe it, Jason. But the fact is...

[Michaelson jerks a thumb at himself.]

TM: I have that answer. I know that secret. And I am the one who has Eric Preston ready to end this particular aspect of his career and move on to bigger, better, and a whole lot brighter things.

And you... Anton Layton... and everyone else are about to find that out.

[Michaelson turns, walking away from his brother-in-law.]

JD: After all these months of battles, all these brawls and wars... tonight, it comes to an end. Gordon, Bucky... this is going to be something else.

**THE STAMPEDE CUP
TOWEL MATCH
JAMES MONOSSO VS ERIC PRESTON**

[We crossfade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is a TOWEL MATCH!

[Big cheer!]

PW: This match has no pinfalls, no submissions, no countouts, no disqualifications, and no time limit. The only way to win this match is to force your opponent's officially mandated representative to throw in the towel!

[Another big cheer that immediately cuts off as the shrill piano of "The Theme From Halloween" by John Carpenter echoes across the arena, to a massive roar of boos from the crowd.]

BW: Oh, man... you hear that music, Gordo? That's from a horror movie.

GM: Halloween.

BW: But now it's real life horror movie music! When you hear that, you know someone's gonna suffer a fate too awful to talk about!

GM: True. But someday, Bucky Wilde, and hopefully tonight... the one who suffers will be this man.

["This man" clearly refers to James Monosso, who has just now emerged from behind the curtain. There's a length of steel chain coiled up in one hand as the madman slowly stalks down the aisle. As always, he is wearing his pale green cutoff "PROPERTY OF STATE MENTAL INSTITUTION" T-Shirt over a one-strap black singlet with shiny silver trim. Boots with a matching color scheme and taped up wrists and fists complete his attire. The stringy-black-haired psychopath has a small grin on his face, and the usual wild look in his eyes.]

GM: What is he doing with that chain?! This is not a dog collar match!

BW: Well, what exactly could he do with a chain that would get him disqualified in a Towel Match?

GM: ...nothing.

[Behind Monosso, the short, pudgy form of Percy Childes marches to the ring. Childes is wearing a thick black vest similar to armored vests worn by law enforcement over a black shirt. Black pants and dress shoes round out his attire, and he carries his crystal-tipped cane in his hand. The camera finally gets a clear shot of the bald, Van Dyke-sporting manager as he passes by the slow-walking Monosso in the aisle. Draped over one shoulder is the old, stained white towel Monosso had shown a few weeks ago.]

GM: Percy Childes looks like he's wearing a bulletproof vest, Bucky.

[Finally, Monosso reaches the ring, slowly ascending the steps as the boos rain down over him. Childes takes a seat in the corner as the music changes to Velvet Revolver's "Slither" that evokes a big cheer from the Atlanta crowd.]

GM: And here comes the opposition...

BW: Dead. Man. Walking.

GM: We'll see about that.

[Eric Preston walks through the curtain - not his usual trot but a very slow and steady walk. His eyes instantly lock on the ring where James Monosso is pacing back and forth, like a caged animal waiting for feeding time. Preston nods his head, standing at the top of the aisle in dark green tights

with a white and silver diamond pattern at the waistline. His right elbow is covered in a thick black elbow pad that he slaps hard twice before starting the long walk to the ring. A few feet behind comes Todd Michaelson, wearing what we just saw him interview in moments ago, the white towel draped over his shoulder still.]

GM: Eric Preston has let this war with James Monosso consume him for far too long, Bucky. For over a year now, the names Preston and Monosso have been linked with images of blood, violence, and carnage. Tonight, for one more night, they are linked again but after that, it's over. AWA officials have declared that this is the Final Showdown between these two men. They will not sanction nor will they permit any further contact between these two individuals.

BW: Months of violence. Months of words to stir the embers into a burning flame. James Monosso will not rest until Eric Preston understands that he is just a pawn in the game that is the wrestling industry. Eric Preston will not rest until he feels that he's proven himself to the entire world... including James Monosso.

GM: For the fans at home, this match is likely to be violent... it is likely to be brutal... and quite honestly, it is likely to be bloody. For those with weak stomachs or young children, believe me when I say that parental discretion is most certainly advised right now.

[Preston reaches the ring, pulling himself up on the apron. He glares at Monosso, ready for the former Happy Valley resident to rush him at a moment's notice. But Monosso doesn't oblige, continuing to pace back and forth. A flash of uncertainty covers Preston's face for a moment before he ducks through the ropes...

...and immediately comes up with his fists at the ready. Still no assault.]

GM: Eric Preston is not taking any chances in this one. He knows that James Monosso may strike without warning and when he does, he's unlikely to stop until this match is over. So, Preston is ready for that fight, Bucky, whenever it comes.

BW: But that just shows the world how deep into Preston's head both Monosso AND Percy Childes are. They've got him looking over his shoulder, they've got him afraid to blink his eyes. Eric Preston fears the Darkness, Gordo... and now he has been thrust into the middle of it.

[Todd Michaelson takes his spot in Preston's corner, shouting a word of encouragement to his former student who nods his head, swinging his neck around to loosen up as Phil Watson steps between them.]

PW: Introducing first... in the corner to my right... he weighs in tonight at 288 pounds... he hails from the State of Confusion but formerly held residence at the Happy Valley Psychiatric Hospital... he is accompanied to the ring by his manager and official cornerman for this match, the Collector of Oddities, Percy Childes...

[The fans boo as the camera cuts to a surly-looking Childes, obviously displeased by the results of the weekend so far.]

PW: He is...

JAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES MONOOOOOSSSSSOOOOOOOO!

[The boos intensify as Monosso's pacing comes to a stop. He quickly turns, standing right in the middle of the ring, glaring at Eric Preston who is bouncing from foot to foot, staying loose for the battle to come.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The crowd cheers without a single other word uttered!]

PW: In the corner to my left... from Greenville, South Carolina... weighing in tonight at 251 pounds... he is accompanied to the ring by his cornerman for this match, Todd Michaelson...

[Big cheer for the Combat Corner head trainer who looks a bit anxious at ringside.]

PW: He is...

ERRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIC PRESSSSSSSSSSTONNNNNNN!

[HUUUUUUGE CHEER! Phil Watson steps aside, leaving the AWA's Senior Official, Michael Meekly, to stand between the two men. Preston strides forward, his gaze locked on Monosso's eyes that are aimed right at him. The two men come together in the middle of the ring, the crowd buzzing all around them as Michael Meekly gives his final words to both men.]

BW: What the heck could Meekly possibly have to say here? There's essentially NO rules in this match!

GM: Maybe THAT'S what he's telling them.

BW: If they don't know that by now, they're about to have a really unpleasant surprise happen to them.

GM: You're not kidding.

[Michael Meekly finishes his instructions, stepping back and calling for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[And Preston doesn't waste a second in slamming his skull into the face of Monosso.]

GM: Ohh!

BW: Preston was ready! He was ready to attack at the bell!

GM: He's been ready since he walked through the curtain tonight! Remember, these two men were supposed to meet at Wrestlerock back in July in an Unsanctioned Match but an injury to Eric Preston had Todd Michaelson take on Monosso instead. Preston's been dying for this matchup for a while now.

BW: I wouldn't say "dying" when he's facing Monosso.

[The headbutt, not aimed anywhere in particular, caught Monosso in the eyesocket, sending him falling back to the ropes. Preston moves in quickly, grabbing Monosso by his stringy hair, drilling him with a right hand to the skull.]

GM: Preston's got the big man on the ropes...

[Grabbing an arm, Preston fires Monosso across the ring...

...and just flat out tackles him on the rebound, taking him down to the mat where he just hammers away at the head and face of Monosso, drawing a roar from the crowd!]

GM: PRESTON'S ALL OVER HIM!

[Monosso lifts both of his large arms, covering his face with them so all of Preston's blows land on the arms. Preston keeps on swinging though, his fists repeatedly bouncing off the large limbs of his arch-rival. From outside the ring, Todd Michaelson shouts a few words to Preston who climbs to his feet, switching to stomps to the body. Monosso lowers his arms, blocking the kicks to the ribs...

...which allows Preston to leap up, driving a stomp to the face of Monosso!]

GM: OHHH!

[The Greenville native grabs Monosso by the leg, dragging him over towards the corner. Preston backs to the corner, hopping up to the middle rope as he measures James Monosso...

...and leaps off, again stomping Monosso in the chest!]

GM: Eric Preston with a stomp... a leaping stomp off the ropes... that's a little bit out of the ordinary for Eric Preston.

BW: Yeah, the gloryhog is usually going for something a bit more flashy when he jumps off the ropes.

GM: That's not exactly what I had in mind.

[Preston delivers a series of stomps to the ribs of Monosso, stomping him right out of the ring to the floor. The former Combat Corner student steps out to the apron, measuring Monosso from the apron...

...but the downed Happy Valley native simply crawls the other way, going around the corner and depriving Preston of his dive to the floor. The crowd jeers as Monosso grabs the ropes, pulling himself up to his feet.]

GM: Monosso's back up... Preston's coming after him...

[The Greenville native slips around the ringpost, charging down the apron and delivering a stomp to the skull of Monosso, knocking him down to the floor to the cheers of the crowd.]

GM: There's a move out of Monosso's playbook, Bucky.

BW: Well, you can't feud with someone this long without picking something up from the other guy, you know? Who knows? Monosso might be jumping off the top rope with some crazy body splash or something in a little while.

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Preston drops down off the apron, grabbing Monosso by the arm...

...but the big man replies with a heavy forearm smash to the jaw, breaking Preston's grip on the arm!]

GM: Ohh! Hard shot to the side of the face by Monosso!

[Swinging Preston around, Monosso pushes him back against the edge of the ring apron, rearing back and clubbing Preston with a forearm smash across the sternum!]

GM: Good grief! Monosso's a heavy hitter inside... or outside in this case... of that ring, fans.

[Monosso shoves Preston's head back, raising his arm again, and clubbing down over the chest again!]

GM: Another big shot to the upper body!

[Shoving Preston under the ropes, Monosso grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. Preston is quick to his feet, throwing a right hand to the jaw!]

GM: Big shot by Preston! And another!

[Preston grabs Monosso by the hair, charging towards the buckles...

...but Monosso brings up his leg, blocking the slam. He throws an elbow back to the chest of Preston, grabbing his rival by the hair, and SLAMS Preston's face into the buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Preston got rocked there!

[Stepping through the ropes, Monosso lifts his hand, grabbing Preston by the throat!]

GM: He's got him by the throat! He's got a choke on-

[Monosso looks ready to chokeslam Preston down to the mat but Preston slaps the hand away, throws a series of right hands to the jaw, and then grabs the arm to fire the Happy Valley native across the ring...]

GM: Preston with the whip...

[As Monosso rebounds, Preston leaps into the air again - this time with a vertical bodypress - taking the big man down to the mat where Preston can hammer away with right hands to the skull!]

GM: Eric Preston's all over Monosso again! James Monosso seems strangely subdued here tonight, Bucky. Did he not expect Eric Preston to bring the fire like this? Preston's ready for a fight and Monosso doesn't look like he is!

BW: It's still early, Gordo. Monosso's ALWAYS ready for a fight - never forget that.

[Preston hammers and hammers and hammers the skull of Monosso, finally pulling away as he shakes his hand.]

GM: He might have broken his hand! Preston was hitting Monosso so hard and with such fury, he might have broken his hand here at the Stampede Cup, fans!

[Eric Preston backs away, shaking his hand as he approaches the corner. He winces as he leans against the turnbuckles, looking at his own rapidly-reddening hand. The camera cuts to Todd Michaelson, looking up with concern at his friend. We catch a "You okay, kid?" from the Combat Corner head trainer which gets a short nod from Preston in response.]

GM: Preston says he's okay.

BW: What else is he gonna say? "Throw the towel, coach!"

GM: I don't believe that Eric Preston would lie to Todd Michaelson.

BW: Are you kidding me? If he really has a broken hand, Michaelson might throw that towel right now. He knows the kind of damage - PERMANENT damage - that James Monosso might do to a broken hand. He might end this kid's career here tonight.

GM: That is the reality of the situation that both of these men have put themselves in tonight. We very easily could see someone's career ended right here tonight in Atlanta.

[Monosso grabs the ropes near his own corner, dragging himself to his feet where Percy Chiles looks up at his charge, nodding his head.]

GM: Percy Chiles doesn't look too concerned so far considering the pounding that his man has taken so far in this one, Bucky.

BW: Lemme tell you something about Percy Chiles, Gordo...

[Preston rushes across the ring, hurling himself into the air...

...and Monosso sidesteps, causing Preston to slam chestfirst into the corner, having missed his big leaping clothesline! Monosso allows Preston to stumble a few feet out of the corner and then DRILLS him with a clothesline to the back of the head, knocking him flat!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot by Monosso! And just like that, that changes everything in this matchup! Monosso caught him with that big clothesline to the back of the head and now it's Preston who is in trouble. What were you about to say, Bucky?

BW: I was about to say that Percy Chiles is a unique individual. I spoke earlier of the bond a manager has with his charges. Percy Chiles is not the man I was speaking of.

GM: What does that mean?

BW: Percy Chiles had NO bonds with his charges. He uses them. And he's proud of that! They're instruments of violence that he uses to settle scores, send messages, or put cash in his pocket. That's why HE asked for a Towel Match, Gordo.

GM: I don't understand.

BW: Obviously. A Towel Match assumes that the two men holding the towels have some sort of affection for the man they're cornering. We know that Todd Michaelson will throw in the towel if Eric Preston's health is in serious jeopardy. He CARES for Eric Preston. He is FRIENDS with Eric Preston. But Percy Chiles could not care less for James Monosso or what happens to him. If Monosso falls and is permanently injured tonight, Percy Chiles will weep crocodile tears as he finds the next man to stand beside him. He will be sad that he lost an awesome weapon in his battles... but as a person? As a friend? As someone he cares about? Not a chance.

GM: Are you saying that Percy Chiles doesn't care if James Monosso's career is ended here tonight?

BW: Not in the way that most people would. You hate James Monosso, Gordon. Admit it.

GM: Err.

BW: Fine, whatever. But even you... with your strong dislike for that man... you would feel the slightest bit of sympathy for him if he was wheeled out of here on a stretcher and we had to announce that he'd never walk again. Percy Childes would shrug his shoulders, book a trip to some far-off mysterious place, and return with his latest weapon of destruction.

GM: Bucky, I'm... I'm in shock to hear you say that.

BW: I'm not saying anything that Percy wouldn't admit himself.

[The camera catches a shot of Percy Childes, smirking as the Madman From Happy Valley kicks the ribcage of Preston, forcing him under the ropes and out to the floor.]

GM: Eric Preston just got kicked out to the floor and believe me, this is not where he wants to be with James Monosso in there with him.

[But shockingly, the big man does not pursue Preston, simply walking away from the ropes and leaning against the turnbuckles, waving at Michael Meekly who leans over, checking on Preston.]

GM: I don't get this, Bucky.

BW: I'm not sure I do either.

GM: James Monosso LOVES taking the fight to the floor but right now, his rival Eric Preston is out there on the floor and Monosso's standing in the ring waiting for him! What's going on?

BW: You want me to go inside the mind of James Monosso and tell you what he's thinking but that ain't a trip I'm willing to take, Gordo!

[Suddenly, the crowd erupts in a loud buzz.]

GM: Wait a second...

[The fans' buzzing turns into jeers as the camera lands on the man who just walked through the curtain.]

GM: It's Anton Layton! Referee, get him out of here!

BW: Why?

GM: He's got no business being out here!

BW: He's got plenty of reasons to be out here!

GM: Name one!

BW: Well, he's either Eric Preston's best buddy or James Monosso's partner-in-crime... take your pick.

GM: I don't like either of them... and neither does Todd Michaelson!

[The crowd cheers as Michaelson confronts Anton Layton, walking in his hooded black robe. Layton lifts his hands, backing two steps away as Michaelson glares at him.]

GM: Michaelson's got Layton in the aisle... he's making him stay there, Bucky.

[Layton nods his head, backing a few more steps away as Todd Michaelson turns his head slightly.]

GM: Michaelson's gonna stay there! He's gonna make sure that Layton stays out of this thing! How about that?

BW: I don't understand what business it is of Michaelson's.

[The camera cuts back to the ring where Eric Preston has pulled himself back up to the apron...

...where Monosso suddenly moves across the ring, reaching over the ropes to scoop Preston up, slamming him down to the mat with a bodyslam.]

GM: A bodyslam by Monosso... and without him slamming the guy on something, that's odd for me to call. A bodyslam on concrete, on wood, on a chair? That makes sense for Monosso. Just on the canvas, something's not right here.

[Monosso looks over at Michaelson, gesturing to the downed Preston. Michaelson grins, shaking his head at Monosso.]

GM: James Monosso just asked Michaelson if he wanted to throw in the towel and Michaelson said, "Heck no!"

[Monosso simply shrugs, leaping up, dropping a heavy leg across the chest of Preston!]

GM: Big legdrop by Monosso!

[The big man rolls off of Preston, taking a knee next to him...

...and looks out to Michaelson again.]

GM: Are you kidding me? Todd Michaelson is NOT going to throw in the towel over something like that.

BW: Monosso knows that... I think. Honestly, it's hard to say WHAT Monosso knows.

[Monosso shrugs again at Michaelson's refusal, climbing back to his feet and using his boot to roll Preston onto his stomach. The big man raises his right arm, dropping a big elbow to the lower back...]

GM: Ohh! Big elbowdrop to the kidneys!

[Monosso leans on the arm, pushing his elbow into the lower back as he looks out to Michaelson... "Now?"]

GM: You've gotta be kidding me.

[Again, Monosso shrugs, getting back to his feet...

...and dropping another big elbow down in the lower back!]

GM: Another big elbow to the back... and again, he looks to Todd Michaelson.

[An irate Michaelson shouts back this time.]

GM: Uhh, I take that as a "No."

BW: I'd say so. Another word or two in there too.

GM: We won't talk about those.

[Monosso glares at Michaelson as he climbs back to his feet. He nods his slowly, looking around at the crowd. He takes a moment, pointing at the fans... one by one, like he's calling them out individually...]

GM: What in the world is he doing?

"This? This is on your hands."

[The man from Happy Valley grabs Preston by the back of the trunks, hauling him back up to his feet. He flings Preston to the ropes, catching him under his arm on the rebound, and DRIVES him down to the canvas!]

GM: Ohh! A thunderous sidewalk slam by Monosso! Right down on the spine again... right down on the back that he's been attacking for a few minutes now...

BW: We're almost ten minutes into this thing now, Gordo.

GM: We absolutely are... but remember, unlike our tournament matches, there's no time limit here tonight in this one. This is a Towel Match - and like Phil Watson said, there are no countouts... no disqualifications... no pinfalls... no submissions... and no time limit. James Monosso and Eric Preston can beat the heck out of one another all night long if they want to.

BW: Well, if Monosso keeps up this methodical attack he's using, it might TAKE all night to get Michaelson to throw in the towel, Gordo.

[Reaching down, Monosso hauls Preston off the mat by the arm, flinging him into the nearest set of buckles, a shock firing up the spine of Eric Preston. The big man rushes in, connecting with a running clothesline in the corner!]

GM: Ohh! Big clothesline in the corner!

[Grabbing the arm again, Monosso fires him across the ring...

...where Preston leaps up to the middle rope, springing back as the Madman approaches, popping him under the chin with a leaping back elbow!]

GM: OHH! BIG COUNTER BY PRESTON!! He caught him with that elbow to the chin! That'll snap his head back, Bucky!

BW: It certainly will. And that turns the tide in this one again.

[Preston lies on his back on the canvas for a moment, chest heaving before he rolls to his stomach, one arm reaching around to grab the small of his back. He slips the other arm underneath himself, pushing up to his knees. The Greenville native winces as he climbs to his feet, delivering a trio of stomps to the chest of Monosso...

...and for the first time, spots Anton Layton at ringside.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Preston just saw Layton! He knows he's there - the devil on his shoulder!

[Preston quickly looks away, shaking his head as he leans down, dragging Monosso up with two hands full of hair, throwing him back into the corner. He follows it up with a big kick to the body and three big haymakers to the jaw before grabbing the arm, firing Monosso across the ring...

...with enough force to send Monosso sailing over the ropes and down to the floor!]

GM: OHHHHH! HE WHIPPED HIM ALL THE WAY TO THE FLOOR!!

[Wincing with every step, Preston steps out on the apron, waving for Monosso to get back to his feet on the floor, measuring the man...

...and then charging down the apron, leaping off into a somersault dive onto a stunned Monosso!]

GM: PRESTON TAKES DOWN MONOSSO ON THE FLOOR!!

[The crowd roars for the South Carolina native as he eases back up to his feet, grabbing the ropes to steady himself. He looks down at Monosso...

...and then leans down, pulling up the ring apron.]

GM: Uh oh! What's Preston looking for under there?

BW: Hopefully the ring crew cleaned up after the South Laredo Street Fight last night because Robert Donovan found some pretty dangerous stuff underneath that-

[The crowd roars as Preston pulls out a toolbox.]

GM: Oh my!

BW: They use that to put the ring together!

GM: Somehow, I don't think that's what Preston has in mind to do with it, Bucky.

[Preston lifts the metal toolbox over his head, approaching the downed Monosso who has pushed up to all fours. The Greenville native looks down at Monosso...

...and then looks over to Percy Childes!]

GM: Preston's gonna do it! He wants Percy to throw in the towel!

BW: Good luck with that.

[Childes rises from his seat, looking at the downed Monosso with Preston standing over him. Percy has the black towel gripped in his hand...

...and then turns his back.]

GM: Oh no.

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TOOLBOX DOWN ACROSS THE BACK!! MY STARS!!

[The metal toolbox bounced off the back of Monosso, falling open and spilling its contents all over the ringside area.]

GM: Eric Preston gave Childes a chance to throw in the towel but Percy Childes would have NO part of it! He let Preston throw that metal toolbox down on the back of Monosso and he didn't care one bit about it!

BW: I told you, Gordo! I warned you this is how this would go down.

[Preston grabs Monosso by the hair, hauling him up to his feet, shoving him back against the edge of the ring apron. The Greenville native leans over, wrapping his arms around the waist of Monosso...

...and DRIVES the lower back of the Madman from Happy Valley into the edge of the apron!]

GM: OHH! Spinefirst into the hardest part of the ring! There's absolutely no padding right there at all! Right on that metal frame of the ring and-

[Preston stands up, pointing a finger at Childes who simply laughs. Shaking his head, Preston leans over, grabbing Monosso again...

...and DRIVES his lower back into the edge of the ring again!]

GM: Twice! Twice, Eric Preston sends his spine into the edge of the ring.

[Grabbing Monosso by his stringy hair, Preston turns him around, and SLAMS his skull into the apron before shoving him under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Preston sends Monosso back into the ring...

[The crowd buzzes as Preston marches over to the timekeeper's table, grabbing a vacated steel chair and folding it up. He slides it into the ring before rolling back in himself, grabbing the chair as he gets to his feet...]

GM: Eric Preston's got a chair! Eric Preston is not messing around here tonight in Atlanta - he wants this win!

BW: But I just don't know what he can do to make Percy Childes throw in the towel, Gordo.

GM: We may be about to find out!

[Preston raises the chair high over his head, slowly approaching Monosso who is on all fours...]

"CHILDES!! DO IT!!"

[Percy looks long and hard up at Eric Preston whose steely gaze is locked on him. Childes rises from his seat, towel in hand...

...and then wipes his brow with it, sitting back down.]

GM: No, no!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE DRILLED HIM! HE DRILLED HIM ACROSS THE BACK!

[Monosso rolls over to his back, wincing in pain as Preston stands over him. An angry Preston shakes his head at Percy Childes, turning the chair over with the edge of the chairback facing down...

...and then DRIVES the edge into the ribs!]

GM: Hard shot to the ribs by Preston!

"NOW, CHILDES!"

[No response.]

GM: Ohh! Preston slams the chair into the ribs again!

"NOW!"

[Percy laughs... and Preston slams the chair down into the ribs again.]

GM: Eric Preston is just tearing James Monosso apart with that steel chair and-

[Preston shakes his head again, taking a big step forward so that he's standing with the chair facing down right over the head of Monosso.]

"CHIIIIILDES!"

[A slight grin forms on the face of Percy Childes.]

"Do your worst, Preston."

[With a chuckle, Childes sits back down as Preston raises the chair high overhead again...

...and SLAMS the edge of the chair down into the throat of James Monosso!]

GM: OHHHHHH!

[The crowd gasps at the violent blow delivered by Preston, Monosso rolling around, gasping and choking as his hands shoot up to his throat. The Madman rolls around in agony on the mat, clawing at the canvas as Preston stands over him, staring down coldly at his enemy.]

GM: My god! I can't believe he did that! I can't believe he hit Monosso in the throat like that!

BW: Donovan did it!

GM: Not like that! Donovan did it in defense and just kinda stuck him with it. Eric Preston DROVE that chair down with all of his weight behind it! That was a deliberate attempt to... to... I don't know what the hell Eric Preston was trying to do there!

[The camera cuts to the aisle where Anton Layton has pulled back the hood on his robe, a wide, evil smile plastered to his face. The shot pans over to Todd Michaelson who looks more than a bit shocked. His eyes turn to Layton who nods his head at the Combat Corner head trainer.]

GM: Is this the work of Anton Layton?! Is this what he's done to Eric Preston?! Is this-

[Preston steps aside, throwing the chair down angrily to the canvas. He glares down at the gasping Monosso, hands on his hips.]

GM: Eric Preston looks furious, Bucky. And if I have to wonder if he's not the slightest bit angry at himself for what he just did, Bucky!

BW: He might be... he very well might be. But he did what he has to do! James Monosso and Percy Childes will not go down quietly. They will not go away quietly into the night!

[Preston looks out to the aisle, his eyes going between Todd Michaelson and Anton Layton at ringside.]

GM: And look at that... Eric Preston looking out here at the proverbial angel and devil on his shoulders!

[Eric Preston leans against the ropes for a moment, looking down at the canvas...

...and then grabbing the discarded chair! The crowd erupts in a mixed response!]

GM: Preston's got the chair again! He's got the steel chair and-

[Monosso rolls over, pushing up to his knees...

...and looks up at Preston, a sick grin on his face.]

GM: What the hell?! Look at that smile! Look at the smile on the face of James Monosso!

BW: What does that mean?

[Preston shakes his head at Monosso, rearing back with the chair, and letting loose a "NO!" as he swings the chair down at the unprotected skull...

...that is suddenly protected when Monosso brings his hands up, catching the swung chair in his powerful hands!]

GM: HE BLOCKED IT! HE BLOCKED IT!

[Monosso powers up against Preston's efforts, climbing to his feet and burying a boot into the midsection of Preston.]

GM: Ohh! He went down low on Preston and-

[Now it's Monosso's turn to wind up with the chair and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS!! STEEL CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK BY MONOSSO!!

[The crowd jeers the heavy blow across the back as Monosso grins widely. He throws the chair down to the mat, whipping his arms wide apart and soaking up the jeers of the crowd.]

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!"

GM: What a sick monster of a man James Monosso is!

BW: You ain't seen nothin' yet, I have a feeling, Gordo.

[Monosso leans down, dragging Eric Preston to his feet by the back of the trunks...

...and HURLS Preston shoulderfirst into the steel ringpost!]

GM: OHHHH! Preston goes into the steel and... oh no.

[The crowd buzzes as Monosso's face lights up, spotting Preston's head resting vulnerably against the steel ringpost...]

GM: Oh no, oh no.

BW: That's like music to his... eyes!

GM: James Monosso is going out to the apron! Eric Preston's head is pressed up against the steel ringpost... just where James Monosso likes it!

[The Madman from Happy Valley backs down the apron until his back comes to rest against the steel ringpost. Monosso throws his head back, his eyes clenched tightly, very obviously saying something to himself...]

GM: What in the world...?

[Suddenly, Monosso breaks into a sprint, charging down the ring apron towards his victim...]

GM: LOOK OUUUUT!

[Monosso raises his leg at the last moment, DRIVING the big boot into the side of the head that SMASHES Preston's skull into the steel ringpost, knocking him back down to the canvas!]

GM: Oh my stars... oh my... remember, that move is called the Concussionizer... and don't forget that Eric Preston has a history of concussion issues. It was the history of concussions that actually took Preston out of the Wrestlerock matchup to begin with! This could be a very bad situation.

[Referee Michael Meekly dives to the canvas, immediately trying to check on Eric Preston as Monosso leans against the ropes on the apron, a big grin splashed across his face...]

GM: Michael Meekly, the AWA's Senior Official, is down there on the canvas, checking on Eric Preston...

BW: What does it matter what Meekly thinks? He's got no power in this match! He's got no power to stop this match, does he?

GM: I have no idea. I'm not sure what the rules are in that respect. We know that the match is only supposed to end when one of those towels are thrown in but in a situation like this, can we really blame Michael Meekly if he has to stop this thing?

[Meekly rolls Preston onto his back, looking at the eyes of the Greenville native.]

GM: We're fifteen minutes... over fifteen minutes into this match. Michael Meekly is still checking on Eric Preston...

[Monosso steps back into the ring, grabbing the discarded steel chair in his hands...

...and unfolds it, taking a seat next to the downed Preston.]

GM: What is he doing now?

BW: This guy is totally unhinged, Gordo. I have no idea what he's EVER doing.

[Monosso reaches down, pulling Preston off the mat by the hair. He pulls Preston up a little more, turning him towards the aisle where Todd Michaelson is standing...]

"HEY, TODD!"

[Michaelson glares at Monosso, shaking his head.]

"TODD, THIS IS YOUR FAULT! THIS IS ALL ON YOU!"

[Michaelson looks down at the towel in his hands, eyes closed.]

"Whaddya say, Todd? Wanna put the kid out of his misery?"

[Michaelson looks up at Monosso, towel gripped in his right hand...

...and then turns away, shaking his head to a mixed reaction from the crowd. Inside the ring, Monosso grins.]

"I was hoping you'd say that, Todd!"

[Monosso climbs to his feet, shoving Preston down so that his head is draped on the seat of the chair...]

GM: What in the heck is Monosso doing now?

[The Madman from Happy Valley backs into the corner, settling against the buckles...

...and then rushes forward, raising his big foot, and DRIVING it down on the back of Preston's skull, smashing his head into the seat of the chair!]

GM: Ohh! Come on!

[Michaelson winces in the aisle. He moves towards the ring, grabbing the bottom rope with his left hand while the towel hangs from his right.]

GM: He's gonna do it! I think Michaelson's gonna throw in the towel!

[Monosso walks over to the ropes where Michaelson is now standing. He squats down, gesturing towards Preston...]

"There he is, Todd. Your prize student. Your pride and joy."

[A grin crosses the Madman's face as Michaelson glares at him.]

"Not enough?"

[Monosso nods, pushing back up to his feet, stalking back over to Eric Preston who has rolled off the chair, staring up at the lights. A camera shot of Preston reveals what appears to be glassy eyes as Monosso approaches...

...and STOMPS down hard on the skull of Preston!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso just stomped his skull!

BW: James Monosso is the reason that Eric Preston has a history of concussions and he's looking to continue that history right here tonight, Gordo.

GM: He may have already done so.

[The Madman looks out at Michaelson expectantly...

...and getting no response, he stomps the skull again!]

GM: James Monosso is savagely going after the head of Eric Preston!

[Monosso leans down, hauling Preston off the canvas and throwing his limp form into the buckles. Smirking in Michaelson's direction, Monosso steps up onto the middle rope, lifting his right hand...

...and drills Preston in the temple with a closed fist, counting along as he does!]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEVEN!"

"EIGHT!"

"NINE!"

"TEN!"

[Monosso hops down off the ropes, looking at Preston who slumps down to his rear in the corner. Nodding his head, Monosso grabs the steel chair off the mat, folding it up...

...and placing it right in front of Eric Preston's head.]

GM: Oh no.

BW: Throw the towel in, Michaelson!

[Michaelson has the towel in hand, looking at Monosso as he walks towards the opposite corner...]

"It's your choice, Todd... it's all up to you how bad this gets..."

[Monosso backs all the way to the corner, looking back at Michaelson...

...and then breaks into a sprint, charging across the ring where he DRIVES his knee into the chair, smashing it into Preston's skull!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: My stars. I can't... that was horrific! A horrific thing to witness, Bucky.

[Monosso grabs the chair out of the corner, throwing it aside to reveal Eric Preston...

...a stream of blood pouring down his head.]

GM: And Eric Preston's been busted open!

[From the floor, we can hear Percy Childes cackling at the sight of blood streaming down the forehead of Eric Preston. Anton Layton has edged past Todd Michaelson now, looking on with great interest as the bloodied Preston rolls from the corner, trying to get away from Monosso who is stalking behind him...]

GM: It's like a damn horror movie, Bucky! The big, bad monster is chasing the hero and the hero's trying to get away from him!

BW: You know how most of those end, right?

GM: I don't know but I'd imagine it's not good for Eric Preston!

[Monosso catches up to Preston, throwing his bloodied foe from the corner to the middle of the ring where the Greenville native falls to his knees. The Madman grabs the chair again, stalking closer...]

"TOOOOOOOOODD!"

[The sing-songy shout of Michaelson's name causes the Combat Corner head trainer to wince.]

"Todd, I guarantee this next one puts him in the hospital. Only you can stop it."

[Monosso winds up with the chair, holding it high overhead, looking down at the exposed skull of Eric Preston as Preston did to him earlier in the match...]

GM: Don't do it! For the love of God, don't do it!

[Monosso cracks a grin at Michaelson who holds firm...

...but the momentary delay is all Eric Preston needs to spring off his knees, taking both of Monosso's legs out with a double leg takedown! The crowd erupts as the bloodied Preston takes the mount, hammering Monosso with right hands to the head again!]

GM: PRESTON UPENDS HIM!

BW: A stay of execution!

GM: That's not funny at all!

[Preston hammers away with the clenched fist at the skull as Monosso struggles to do something with the chair in his hands... but Preston gets up, placing his foot on the chair to keep Monosso from using it as he drops a fist down on the bridge of Monosso's nose!]

GM: Ohh! That'll do some damage!

BW: It might break a nose, Gordo.

[Preston retrieves the steel chair, throwing it down on the canvas before turning back to Monosso. He pulls the Madman up off the mat into a front facelock, looking out at Percy Childes...]

GM: He's got Monosso set up for something here!

[Childes smirks at Preston, waving his hand in a "get on with it" gesture. A frustrated Preston lets go, throwing Monosso facefirst down on the chair, and then leaps in the air, dropping his leg down across the back of the head which smashes Monosso's face into the steel chair!]

GM: Oh my stars!

[Monosso rolls onto his back and reveals the now healthy flow of crimson coming down his head...]

GM: And now James Monosso has been busted open!

[Preston grabs the hair of Monosso, hammering the cut forehead of the Madman, making the cut worse.]

GM: Preston's hammering the cut, he's got him split open!

[Grabbing the arm of Monosso, Preston drags him over to where Percy Childes is sitting, throwing Monosso's upper body over the middle rope where Preston rolls to the floor. Percy quickly gets up, backing away as Preston looks at him...]

GM: Preston's giving Percy Childes a front row seat to this!

[Winding up, Preston hammers the cut forehead before turning to point at Childes who shakes his head. Preston winds up again, drilling him between the eyes again...]

GM: Percy Childes refuses to throw in that towel!

[Preston delivers another big shot to the wound!]

GM: Percy still won't throw it!

[Grabbing the hair of Monosso, Preston throws punch after punch after punch to the cut forehead...

...and then sinks his teeth into the cut, the crowd buzzing with shock at the violent side of Eric Preston!]

GM: My stars, Eric Preston is... ugh.

[The crowd groans as Preston wipes his mouth, leaving a bloody streak on his cheek.]

GM: Eric Preston's got James Monosso's blood on his mouth...

[Preston grabs the middle rope, pulling himself up on the apron. He points at Monosso, then at Childes... then back to Monosso before he charges down the apron...

...and DRIVES his knee up into the jaw of James Monosso, snapping his head back!]

GM: DREAM MACHINE!! DREAM MACHINE!!

[The powerful leaping kneelift snapped Monosso's head back but then leaves him slung over the middle rope. Preston grabs him by the hair, pulling his head back, pointing at him...]

"Throw it, Childes... throw it or I'll break his damn jaw!"

[Percy Childes stands tall, shaking his head and glaring defiantly at Preston who lets go of the hair, backing down the apron...

...and then charging back down, delivering another Dream Machine, Monosso's head snapping back violently before slumping back down over the ropes!]

GM: That's two! Two of those devastating Dream Machine kneelifts!

[Still not making a dent in Percy Childes' resolve, Preston steps back through the ropes, pulling Monosso off the ropes by the bloodied hair, and flinging him down to the mat.]

GM: Monosso is down. Monosso is hurt. And Percy Childes doesn't give a damn!

BW: I told you, Gordo! I told you!

[Preston steps towards the ropes, gesturing at Monosso.]

"WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO, CHILDES?! WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO?!"

[Percy simply grins in response, shrugging his shoulders.]

GM: I don't think he'll EVER do it, Bucky! I don't think Percy Childes will EVER throw in that towel!

[Preston turns back to the downed Monosso, glaring down at him, almost as if trying to puzzle out in his head what he could possibly do to force Childes to throw in the towel...

...when an answer suddenly is presented.]

GM: What the- Anton Layton just tossed something into the ring!

[Eric Preston looks to the side where the object fell, the camera zooming in on it as Preston stares...]

GM: It's the Golden Spike! The same weapon Anton Layton used on Polemos one week ago!

BW: That's Anton Layton's weapon of choice! If Eric Preston uses the Golden Spike...

[The camera catches Todd Michaelson, staring at the Golden Spike as well. A quick cut to Percy Childes shows Percy with his jaw dropped, staring at Layton's weapon.]

GM: The Prince Of Darkness is trying to sink his claws into Eric Preston! He wants Preston to use the Spike on Monosso!

BW: What the heck does this mean for the Unholy Alliance?!

GM: I'm not sure Anton Layton even CARES right now!

[Preston stares at the Spike for several seconds...

...and then looks up at Percy Childes, spotting the horrified expression on the face of the Collector Of Oddities.]

GM: Preston's looking at Childes! He's looking at-

[And then Preston's gaze locks on Anton Layton - the Prince Of Darkness with a disturbing grin on his face, nodding his head slowly at the man standing before him in the ring...

...who reaches down and takes possession of the Golden Spike.]

GM: Oh my god! Preston's got the Spike! Eric Preston's got the Spike!

[A dazed and bloodied James Monosso rolls to his knees, looking up through crimson-covered eyes at his most hated rival...]

GM: Eric Preston's standing over Monosso and he's got the Spike in his hand... he's got that Golden Spike and...

[Todd Michaelson's voice cuts through.]

"Don't do it, Eric! Put that damn thing down!"

[At the sound of his friend's voice, Preston looks up at Todd Michaelson.]

"Put it down, Eric! This isn't you! You don't want to win like that!"

[Preston stares into the eyes of his friend...

...and then looks down at Monosso who slowly raises his arms, lowering his defenses...]

GM: Oh my god.. oh my god...

BW: Preston's gonna do it! He's gonna carve Monosso up with the Spike!

[Preston grips the Spike with white knuckles, looking down at his bloodied enemy...]

...and then looking around at the crowd, imploring him not to use the deadly weapon!]

GM: It's the moment of truth for Eric Preston! The devil and the angel are on his shoulders, whispering into his ears... but the moment is now. The moment for Eric Preston to show the world just what kind of man is he going to be! What's it gonna be, Eric?!

[Preston raises the Spike over his head, pausing...]

BW: He's gonna do it.

GM: No, no he's not!

[Monosso looks up angrily, gesturing to himself.]

"DO IT! DO IT NOW!"

[Preston holds, his arm shaking with intensity as he stares down at Monosso.]

"DOOOOOO IIIIIIIIT!"

[Preston shakes his head...]

...and throws the Spike aside to the roar of the crowd!]

"YOU COWARD! YOU PATHETIC PIECE OF-"

[The fan favorite throws himself forward, knocking Monosso flat with a lunging clothesline! The crowd roars for the bloodied Preston as he climbs to his feet, reaching down to haul Monosso up by the hair...]

...and the Madman from Happy Valley responds with a big knee to the gut!]

GM: Ohh! Monosso caught him with the knee!

[Percy Childes' prized henchman pulls Preston into a standing headscissors.]

GM: No! No, no, no!

[Monosso reaches down, wrapping his arms around the waist of Eric Preston. Through his blood-stung eyes, he looks out to Michaelson...]

"I'LL BREAK HIS NECK, MICHAELSON!! I'LL SNAP IT RIGHT NOW!!"

[Michaelson climbs up on the apron, towel in hand...]

"THROW THE DAMN THING NOW OR I'LL PUT HIM IN A WHEELCHAIR!"

[The former World Champion pauses, the crowd roaring with a mixed response...]

GM: The fans don't know what they want him to do! They don't want him to lose but...

BW: But they don't want Preston in a hospital bed tonight either!

[Monosso pauses, waiting for Michaelson to decide...

...when Eric Preston makes the decision for him, backdropping his way out of the piledriver setup!]

GM: OHHHH! PRESTON GETS OUT OF THE PILEDIVER!! HE ESCAPES THE PILEDIVER!!

[Down on the mat, the bloodied Monosso grabs the Golden Spike in his hand, climbing to his feet with a blood-curdling scream as he charges towards Preston...

...who sidesteps, threading his arm through Monosso's arms to hook it behind the neck of the Madman while the other arm reaches around to grab the one holding the Spike, taking him down to the canvas!]

GM: COBRA CLUTCH!! ON THE MAT!!

BW: We saw this before!

GM: We saw this two weeks ago against Polemos! We thought this was Anton Layton's creation but... but look at Michaelson!

[Michaelson springs into motion, screaming advice to Preston who nods, hooking the left wrist with his right hand and pulling Monosso's own arm up against his throat!]

GM: IT'S A COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE!!

BW: Preston's using Monosso's own arm to choke him with it!

[The crowd roars as Preston leans back, screaming loudly through blood-covered clenched teeth as Monosso flails against the hold, staring right into the eyes of Percy Childes who is just a few feet away from the action...]

GM: James Monosso is trapped in this hold! He can't breathe, Bucky!

BW: He's gasping for air but his own arm is strangling him! Preston's choking him out with his own arm!

GM: Monosso's having a hard time fighting it... look at his arms... he's running out of air...

[Childes leans in, staring wide-eyed at his man being strangled out with his own bodypart. For the first time, Childes rises, the black towel dangling from his hand. The crowd roars at the sight!]

GM: Monosso's in trouble! I don't think there's any way out of this! A Cobra Clutch Strangle locked on in the center of the ring and Monosso's arm is fading! He's starting to pass out from lack of air!

[The flailing left arm of Monosso is growing slower and slower, barely moving at this point...

...and then falling flat and motionless to the mat. The crowd roars!]

GM: HE'S OUT! MONOSSO IS OUT!

[Childes bites his lip, the towel gripping in his hands, looking more anxious than we've ever seen him before...

...and then throws the towel down to the floor at his feet!]

GM: WHAT?!

[Shaking his head, Childes turns away from the ring, marching back up the aisle towards the locker room, leaving an unconscious James Monosso trapped in the clutches of his most hated rival...

...and suddenly the bell rings!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: What the... who rang the bell?!

BW: Better question.. why?

GM: What in the world is going on out here?

[Eric Preston releases his grip, allowing the bloodied Monosso to slump down unconscious on the canvas. Todd Michaelson enters the ring, pulling his friend and student to his feet, and raises his hand to a huge cheer from the crowd as he points to him.]

GM: Todd Michaelson says Eric Preston has won!

BW: But what does the referee say?!

[Michael Meekly converses with the timekeeper and Phil Watson for several moments before Watson speaks up...]

PW: Ladies and gentlemen... the referee has ruled that James Monosso's cornerman, Percy Childes, abandoned his post during the match. As a result, he put the health and well-being of Mr. Monosso in PERMANENT JEOPARDY.

[The crowd cheers! Sickos.]

PW: Therefore, in accordance with Michael Meekly's duties as an AWA official, he has ruled that James Monosso is UNABLE TO CONTINUE! Your winner of the match...

ERRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIC PRESSSSSSSSSSSTONNNNNNNN!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the announcement as Preston falls into an embrace with his friend and teacher, Todd Michaelson. Michaelson raises Preston's hand again, pointing to the fan favorite as the crowd roars for him.]

GM: Finally! Finally! At long last, Eric Preston has vanquished his demons! He has defeated James Monosso and he has left the Madman lying unconscious in the center of the ring!

BW: Well, that towel may have never been thrown in - by the way, I told you Percy would never throw it - but even I believe Eric Preston won this match, Gordo.

GM: He did! He absolutely did! Eric Preston has gone through so much over the past year or so...

[Preston falls to his knees, suddenly stricken with the emotion of the situation as blood pours down his face. Michaelson stands nearby, a huge grin on his face...

...and then the camera cuts to Anton Layton who looks...?]

GM: Todd Michaelson is ecstatic for his student and who can blame him. And Anton Layton... your plan... and your Master's plan has failed, Mr. Layton!

BW: Has it? Eric Preston didn't use the Spike but...

GM: Let's not dwell on that now. That's a story for another time but for now, these people are roaring! These fans are on their feet! Eric Preston has defeated James Monosso and... my stars, Bucky... we've still got another day of this event left!

BW: Best. Weekend. Ever!

GM: Amen, my friend. Fans, we're out of time! For Jason Dane, Mark Stegglet, Bucky Wilde, and myself - we'll see you tomorrow night in Atlanta where we'll crown the Stampede Cup Champions!

BW: Oh yeah!

GM: So long everybody!

[Preston and Michaelson stand in the ring, celebrating the young man's triumph over his most hated enemy...

...and we fade to black.]