

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

NOVEMBER 9TH, 2013

CROCKETT COLISEUM
DALLAS, TEXAS

[We fade up from black on the sounds of Bachman Turner Overdrive's "You Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet" as we get shots from past AWA action:

Juan Vasquez smashing the Right Cross across the jaw of MAMMOTH Mizusawa.

Calisto Dufresne throwing a fireball in the face of City Jack. The Dragon revealing himself as William Craven.

The Bishop Boys landing Doc Allen's Miracle Headache Elixir on a helpless foe.

Grant Stone and Bobby Taylor trading haymakers from their war in the early days of the AWA.

Marcus Broussard hitting belly-to-belly suplexes on a range of opponents over and over again.

Stevie Scott smashing the metal briefcase over the skull of Kolya Sudakov.

Alex Martinez dropping a bloodied William Craven in a Firebomb chokeslam.

Ryan Martinez and Gunnar Gaines using the Splashbuster to great effectiveness at the Stampede Cup

Dave Cooper gets a montage of spinebusters executed to perfection over the years.

Nenshou spews mist into the eyes of Jason Dane.

And more footage flashes by - Violence Unlimited, the Lynches, Kevin Slater, Raphael Rhodes, Eric Preston, The Shane Gang, Ron Houston, Tumaffi, and more... and more... and more...

Until finally, the footage is all a blur of motion, shots flying by so fast, it's almost impossible to pick out who is who - Buddy Lambert, Ricky Royal, the Rockstar Express, Gary Bright, Glenn Hudson, Alphonse Green, The Rave, The Hive...

The footage freezes on a clip of Dave Bryant snapping Glenn Hudson's head back with a Call Me In The Morning to regain the World Television Title

before cutting to the Blonde Bombers winning the World Tag Team Titles at the Stampede Cup with the springboard flying clothesline.

And then finally to "The Ladykiller" Calisto Dufresne raising a steel chair over his head, rearing back as far as he physically can before SLAMMING the weapon down over the skull of James Monosso, capturing the World Heavyweight Title at Memorial Day Mayhem...

...and EXPLODES into the panning live shot of the exterior of the Crockett Coliseum, a converted warehouse on the outskirts of Dallas, Texas. Big steel letters with the name of the building stand tall over the entrance - a giant gleaming marquee that reads "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in large black print. There are still lines of fans streaming into the building as the voice of Gordon Myers is heard over the footage.]

GM: Ladies and gentlemen... WE! ARE! LIVE! from the Crockett Coliseum in Dallas, Texas, for yet another edition of AWA Saturday Night Wrestling! We are just over two weeks away from the biggest event of the year for the AWA - SuperClash V! Since Homecoming, the question on the minds of every single wrestling fan in the world has been - who will challenge Calisto Dufresne for the World Heavyweight Title in front of the biggest crowd in AWA history... in front of a worldwide Pay Per View audience for the very first time? Tonight, we get the answer to that question as the Chase For The Clash Tournament comes to a conclusion!

[As Gordon speaks, we crossfade into the building where first, we get a shot of the Wall Of Fame, the lengthy wall that the AWA uses to pay tribute to stars of professional wrestling past. We see the Hall of Fame plaques for men like John Wesley Hardin, Caleb Temple, and "Crimson" Joe Reed along with tons of old wrestling photographs, posters, and even a handful of memorabilia like the trunks Tommy Fierro was wearing when he beat Hamilton Graham for the World Heavyweight Title and what appears to be a piece of the iconic Bulldog Brown table.]

GM: It's three HUGE matches here tonight as we'll see the Semifinals of the tournament pitting the World Television Champion, Dave Bryant, against a two-time National Champion in Juan Vasquez. In the other Semifinal, last year's Cinderella story, Supreme Wright, attempts to get back to the SuperClash Main Event when he takes on a former World Champion in his own right, Johnny Detson! Plus, the Finals go down right here tonight as well!

BW: Four of the best in the world squaring off tonight here in Dallas to see who goes on to SuperClash to face the greatest professional athlete in the world today... who will be out here during the Finals to provide his expert commentary!

[A second fade gets us into the arena bowl where five thousand fans have jammed into the Hot Tin Box to get a glimpse of the best pro wrestling action on the planet. Steel chairs are set up all over the ringside area, surrounding the red, white, and blue roped ring that has black mats laid out at ringside and a steel barricade to keep the masses at bay. Towards the

back of the sections of chairs are wooden bleachers that seat the majority of the crowd.]

GM: In addition to that, the questions are swirling in the air about Thanksgiving night in the American Airlines Center just down the road in downtown Dallas! Who is going to make it on the show? Who isn't? Will Terry Shane get his challenge answered here tonight? Who in the world is going to be a part of Steal The Spotlight? What's the big surprise that Blackjack Lynch has in store for the Beale Street Bullies? And most of all, after a show where we saw Steve Spector and Devon Case return to the world of wrestling, what the heck else can happen here tonight on Saturday Night Wrestling?

BW: It's SuperClash season and you can feel the excitement in the air, Gordo. The AWA is coming home for the biggest show of the year and I bet that every single man, woman, and child who is in the building tonight is going to be in the American Airlines Center on Thanksgiving Night for SuperClash V!

GM: Tickets are still on sale as we speak but from what I understand, the quantity remaining is EXTREMELY low! If you've been waiting to buy your tickets, the time is now! If you want to join us here in Dallas to be a part of AWA history, you need to get online... go to [ticketmaster.com](https://www.ticketmaster.com) and make that purchase! And if you can't be with us on Thanksgiving night, be sure to call your local cable operator or satellite dish company right now and make that order! You want to see SuperClash V live alongside the rest of the world on PAY PER VIEW!

[One side of the building houses a small entrance stage with a long elevated wooden platform that leads the distance to the ring. We can also spot an elevated interview platform off to the side of the stage.]

A cut down to ringside shows the timekeeper's table before the cameraman rounds the corner to find Gordon Myers and Bucky Wilde standing in front of the announce table. Myers, the Dean of professional wrestling announcing, is standing in a plain salt and pepper sportscoat, black slacks, white dress shirt, and a stars and strips flag tie. Wilde, a former multiple time Southern Manager of the Year, is in a bright neon lime green sportscoat, sunburst yellow dress slacks, a insanely bright white dress shirt, and a tie that seems to have every color in the rainbow and then some. He's also holding a metal briefcase in his hand with "BIG BUCKS" bedazzled on the side that he gestures to as Gordon begins to speak again.]

GM: Welcome to AWA Saturday Night Wrestling and we've got so much to bring to you tonight, fans, we're going to hop right into it! One of our Semifinals is moments away but before we go to the ring, let's go backstage to hear from the combatants!

[We cut to the backstage area where Johnny Detson stands alone looking straight at the camera, a determined, angry look on his face. Detson is wearing his long gold tights with black boots with a gray zipped up hoodie. Calmly, methodically... he begins to speak.)

Detson: You have a problem Supreme. You seem to think I care about what you think of me or your opinion in general.

[Detson shakes his head, raising his eyebrows almost as if he were surprised.]

Detson: I don't.

[Detson turns, looking somewhere off camera as he continues.]

Detson: So believe what you want to believe about me... people around here don't seem to think of you as a foolish person so I know you won't be underestimating me. Because you know who I am and you know what I can do. And being someone who is not foolish you wouldn't want to squander another one of those opportunities again, would you?

Last month you came out... put on your little show... had those security folks out there to protect me...

[Detson pauses and turns to the camera.]

Detson: Thank you by the way, I've never felt so secure.

[With a wink and a grin, Detson continues.]

Detson: But you came out here talking maybe in this exact same spot about some pampered, pompous brat, and to be quite honest with you, it took me a moment to realize you weren't talking about yourself.

[Detson frowns.]

Detson: Opportunity. That's all it's about for you. You wouldn't even be here if they didn't give you an opportunity at what you think you deserve. You let the AWA train you and then you bolt for Vegas. Title in hand. You bolt Vegas for Phoenix and get touted a star. You come back to Dallas when the _opportunity_ for the World Title presents itself to you.

[Detson stops and points at himself quizzically.]

Detson: But I'm the one who's disrespecting professional wrestling?

[Detson shakes his head.]

Detson: You see Supreme, you don't get to make those decisions and quite frankly your cup of coffee World Champion of a trainer doesn't either. Rick Marley feels like he's earned the ONE opportunity that you now have had TWO opportunities to achieve in a short amount of time, and that's on him. Just like when you eliminated yourself from the Rumble last year... giving away yet another shot at your "I'd never disrespect the" AWA World Title and turning everything into a "damn farce".

[Detson says the last one in a severely mocking Supreme Wright's own words tone, tapping his forehead repeatedly.]

Detson: Those reasons are yours, but let's not forget what has happened before you cast dispersions on others. Especially from someone as delusional and spoiled as you seem to be. Me?

[Detson again points at himself this time with a much more serious tone and look.]

Detson: I fought to be here. For fifteen years I struggled and clawed my way to get to this spot; to get to this moment. Were there some shortcuts taken? You're damn straight. The road was long, and opportunity wasn't handed out nearly as often as it seems to be to you.

[The bitterness, the resentment drips through as Detson continues.]

Detson: You're good Supreme, but you're not entitled. You've come an eyelash from the AWA World Title but that doesn't mean I'm going to let some kid tell me what I do and don't deserve. You may have earned a lot in this business, but you will never have earned that!

[Detson almost sneers with disgust.]

Detson: So I've been sitting here for the past month listening to people pass judgment on me on what is and isn't acceptable in this business. Todd Michaelson comes out here and talks about his lineage and about how, in his mind, how anyone who was anyone in this sport came out of Los Angeles, and you know what?

[Detson takes a hard concentrated deep breath, slowly exhaling.]

Detson: That's fine by me. You know why? It's because history... it's written by the winners and I... I've been a part of quite a few losers in my time. That longing when he waxes poetic about those names. That kid, that's greatness. And I don't ever need Todd's approval, but I will take his acknowledgement. Greatness. That's what I want, that's what I have to be.

[Detson looks down.]

Detson: When I got here, I said I had nowhere else to go. Because to do what I want to do, this is where I need to be! This is my last run to prove to each and every one of you I belong with all those names.

[Detson looks back up.]

Detson: You? (laughs) Well, by the time it's all said and done, Supreme Wright is going to write a few chapters in the history book. But tonight? This night? This moment? This tournament? This chapter? That...

[Detson pauses and looks down at his hands as he balls them into fists. With a new determined look on his face, Detson looks at the camera.]

Detson: That chapter's getting written by me!

[And with that Detson storms off camera and we fade...

The words "Earlier Today" flash across the bottom of the screen as we fade into a shot of Jason Dane, standing by with Supreme Wright in the backstage area in front of an AWA banner. Supreme is dressed in a 3-piece, Scottish-style silver tartan tweed suit, solid red necktie, and a pair of black framed glasses. He has his head held high and his hands in his pockets, as Jason Dane begins to speak.]

JD: Tonight, we will declare a winner in "The Chase for the Clash" and determine who will face AWA World Heavyweight champion, Calisto Dufresne on Thanksgiving night at the biggest event of the year, SuperClash V! I have with me now, one of the four men who will be competing for that title shot tonight, Supreme Wright! Supreme, you've made no secret of your anger towards your opponent, Johnny Detson and the highly controversial way he secured his spot in tonight's semi-finals. What are your thoughts going into the match?

[Supreme drops his head and stares down towards the ground, almost as if he wants to sigh, before responding.]

SW: I'm supposed to be mad. I'm supposed to be angry. I'm supposed to be a caged beast ready to be unleashed on the world, grabbing hold and BREAKING the arm that dared sully the good name of professional wrestling.

[He shakes his head.]

SW: But it's not anger or rage that I'm feeling towards Mr. Detson anymore, Mr. Dane.

Whenever I think about what Mr. Detson did, it doesn't make my blood boil and it doesn't make me burn with rage. No, what I'm feeling towards Mr. Detson leaves me feeling cold and numb. It's the empty, dead feeling...

...of disappointment.

[Dane frowns with confusion.]

JD: Why would you feel disappointed?

SW: Because I can't possibly believe that a man I hold in such high esteem...

[Supreme raises his hand above his head...]

SW: ...could ever sink that low.

[...before dropping it to his side.]

JD: You hold Johnny Detson... in high regard?

SW: Absolutely.

[Dane stares at Supreme with skepticism. A look that doesn't go unnoticed by the Number One Contender.]

SW: Mr. Dane, you weren't there to see it in Phoenix, but **I** saw it. I was there to witness Johnny Detson's greatest triumph. I watched a man that was dismissed, disregarded and discounted for his entire career, rise to the occasion time and time again to TAKE what he knew was rightfully his. I watched that man scratch and claw and struggle every step of the way...

...to become a World Champion.

[The last two words are spoken slowly and with emphasis as Supreme stares eye-to-eye with Dane.]

SW: That was effort and determination I could respect. That was a man worthy of admiration.

[A beat.]

SW: That's the man I expect to face tonight.

[Supreme breaks his gaze and turns away, a look of slight annoyance forming on his face.]

SW: But to compare what I've seen and know about Mr. Detson, to what we ALL saw him do with Rick Marley in the first round?

[He sighs and shakes his head sadly.]

SW: My disappointment isn't because Johnny Detson disrespected professional wrestling, Mr. Dane.

It's because he disrespected himself.

[Staring straight into the camera now, Supreme speaks directly at one person... his opponent.]

SW: Before that disgraceful display, I knew Johnny Detson as a wrestler capable of standing toe-to-toe with anyone in the world. I thought of Johnny Detson as one of the most dangerous and ferocious competitors anyone could ever step into the ring against.

[He leans in slightly closer with a whisper.]

SW: I still do.

[He then backs away, the expression on his face now growing grim and cold.]

SW: Because that trash...that garbage...that crap that you and Mr. Marley were slinging around inside MY ring doesn't change a damn thing.

The want. The need. The DESPERATION to be a champion...you remember exactly what it feels like don't you, Mr. Detson? That's something that never leaves you. Before The Unholy Alliance and Percy Childes...before stupid, ignorant headlocks and Rick Marley...that was all you had. That was all you needed.

And I know damn well, it's still there.

[Supreme's eyes cast downward for a split-second as he gathers his thoughts, before he quickly looks back up at the camera.]

SW: In order to be a man worthy of holding the AWA World title, that's the man I need to face. That's the man I need to conquer. That's the man I NEED to defeat inside MY ring.

[He quickly shakes his head.]

SW: No...that's the man I WILL face and WILL conquer.

[The edge in his voice is tense. Tinged with nervous energy. Almost frantic.]

SW: Because there isn't a man in this world, that desperately wants to hold the World Title more than I do, Mr. Detson. And you understand perfectly well, just how far a desperate man is willing to go, in order to be the World Champion.

[Supreme clenches and unclenches his fists, looking uncomfortable. Tense.]

SW: But still...

[He speaks with a slight restraint in his voice...as if he's trying to control an outpouring of emotions.]

SW: Still, it doesn't change the fact you stepped into MY ring and spit on everything I stand for, Mr. Detson.

[Supreme squeezes his eyes shut.]

SW: You owe everyone an apology.

[He opens his eyes, visibly relaxing now.]

SW: Now, I know a man as prideful as you hates to admit when he's been wrong. I realize that you might just find it a little difficult to apologize.

But it's just two little words you need to say to make everything right, Mr. Detson.

And inside MY ring, I'll gonna' make damn sure, everyone will hear those words loud and clear.

[Jason Dane frowns.]

JD: Supreme, I really don't think you're ever going to hear Johnny Detson say, "I'm sorry."

[And for the first time during this promo, Supreme allows himself a smile.]

SW: You got it all wrong, Mr. Dane. I don't want and I don't expect Mr. Detson to say, "I'm sorry."

After all, his apology will be just as sincere, when I FORCE him to say...

[And just as quickly, the smile vanishes. Drowned in a ferocious mask of raw intensity.]

SW: ..."I quit."

[And with that, Supreme nods at Jason Dane and walks off as we crossfade down to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a Semifinal match in The Chase For The Clash tournament!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

[The classic sounds of Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir" hits the PA as the crowd instantly begins to jeer.]

PW: From Hollywood, California... weighing in at 248 pounds... he represents the Unholy Alliance...

JOHNNYYYYYYY DEEEEEETSONNNNN!

[Detson steps through the curtain, wearing a black zippered sweat jacket with long gold tights and black boots. He pauses beyond the entrance, looking over the crowd for a moment before he slowly starts to make the long walk down the elevated platform.]

GM: No sign of Percy Childes with Johnny Detson tonight and that's gotta be considered good news for Supreme Wright.

BW: I'm told that Percy's in some high level negotiations right now and Detson assured him that he can handle this on his own.

GM: We'll see about that. You better believe that Detson's in for a much rougher night than he was against Rick Marley in the first round of this tournament.

BW: Unless Johnny hooks that side headlock again. If he does, Wright may tap out just as quickly as Marley did.

GM: I highly doubt that.

[Detson steps through the ropes, glaring at the jeering crowd before he unzips and slides off his jacket in one motion, flinging it to the outside of the ring. He begins stretching using the ropes as the music fades.]

PW: And his opponent...

[The lights go out as the haunting vocals of Deborah Harry can be heard over the PA system.]

Step into a world #
Where there's no one left #
But the very best #
No MC can test

["Step into a World (Rapture's Delight)" by KRS-One begins to play as the crowd responds with a HUGE roar! As the song kicks into high gear, a spotlight hits the entrance, where we see Supreme Wright stepping through, in a long-sleeved, ankle-length black coat with red lining that is closed at his chest, flaring out with ragged ends. Wright hops around and throws shadow punches to loosen up before he starts down the aisle.]

PW: ...hailing from Baton Rouge, Louisiana... he weighs in tonight at two hundred and twenty-five pounds...

SUPREME WRRIIIIIIIIGHTTTTT!!!!

[The crowd cheers the introduction.]

GM: Supreme Wright walks into tonight with a once-in-a-lifetime chance. If he can win the tournament here tonight, he'll return to the SuperClash Main Event to challenge for the World Title for the second year in a row.

BW: Which is kinda ridiculous if you ask me. The guy had his shot last year against Monosso and couldn't get the job done. He shouldn't even be in this tournament, Gordo! Just because he's the new golden child out of the Combat Corner doesn't mean he shouldn't step aside and let someone else get their chance!

GM: That's ridiculous! If Wright is able to beat the best in the world to earn this title shot than that's exactly what he's done... he's EARNED it! And I, for one, would love to see Wright get a shot to put Calisto Dufresne down once and for all and wrap that World Title around his waist.

[Wright enters the ring and proceeds to remove his coat, revealing a lanky, but powerful build, with extremely well-defined musculature, cutting an impressive figure. He wears MMA-style shorts, half-black and half-gold.

Wright's hair is pulled back into cornrows snaking into an intricate "S"-shape design and his arms and chest are covered in various tattoos. He wears MMA fight gloves on his hands and amateur-style wrestling shoes. There's no doubt in his demeanor...he's ready for battle.]

GM: What a showdown this is going to be. Detson, for all his trickery to get here, is an excellent competitor and we all know the background of Supreme Wright.

[Referee Ricky Longfellow steps into the middle of the ring, signals to both competitors, and calls for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And here we go!

[Wright comes quickly out of the corner, moving swiftly towards Detson who looks a bit surprised as he rushes forward, leaping up to secure a side headlock.]

BW: Uh oh! He locked it in!

[But Wright quickly grabs the wrist of the trapping arm, twisting the arm around into a rapidfire armtwist.]

GM: Oh! Quick counter by Wright!

[Wright holds Detson's wrist with both hands...

...and turns it over again, twisting it a second time.]

GM: The human arm just isn't meant to be twisted around like that. Wright's really cranking on the arm and right about now, Detson may be regretting ever learning a side headlock at all.

[Wright looks out to the crowd who starts a small "ONE MORE TIME!" chant. The Combat Corner alumni gives a quick nod before cranking the arm again, this time causing Detson to do a front flip down to the mat.]

GM: He takes him down using the arm... and DRIVES his knee down onto it!

[Kneeling on the arm, Wright isolates the lower arm with his right arm and then uses the left to fold it back, pushing down on the wrist and causing the referee to kneel down, checking to see if Detson wants to quit.]

GM: Wright's going after the arm in the early moments of this one. Perhaps sending Detson a little lesson about that side headlock that has become so infamous as of late.

[Detson rolls slightly to the side, reaching out with his free arm and grabbing hold of the bottom rope. The referee calls for a break and Wright quickly

obliges, climbing back to his feet as Detson takes a knee on the mat, clutching his arm...

...and then drops to his back, rolling out to the floor. The crowd jeers as Detson walks around on the floor, shaking out his arm.]

GM: Johnny Detson decides he needs a little time to recover after Wright's early assault on the arm.

[The referee's count grows quickly, getting to six as the crowd continues to boo Detson who ignores them. At the count of eight, he climbs up on the apron, stepping back through the ropes. He shouts something off-mic at Wright, pointing angrily at him to which Wright responds by gesturing for him to come at him.]

GM: Detson's words are not going to intimidate Supreme Wright... I can assure you of that.

[Detson eases towards Wright, suddenly lunging into a collar and elbow. He grabs Wright's arm, cranking it around in an armtwist. The former World Champion gives a shout of, "THAT'S HOW YOU DO IT!" a split second before Wright reverses it, putting so much torque on the arm that Detson flips over into a seated position on the mat...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HARD KICK TO THE SPINE!!

[Detson winces in pain as Wright sets again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Again Detson goes rolling out of the ring, sliding out to the floor where this time he falls to a knee, clutching at his lower back as Wright paces around the ring and the fans boo.]

GM: Detson again decides to hit the floor after that barrage of kicks to the back by Wright. Supreme Wright is one of the hardest hitters in the entire AWA and Johnny Detson would likely agree with that right about now, fans.

BW: At this point, I have to question the wisdom of Detson being out here without Percy Childs. Detson's a world class competitor and can develop his own game plan for sure but when you've got a manager out here with you, sometimes they can see things developing that you can't. Percy might spot a weakness, an opening of some kind that Detson might miss.

GM: Did you just say that Percy Childe isn't wise?

BW: I most certainly did not! Don't you go spreadin' rumors, Gordo. I ain't looking forward to a face full of windshield.

GM: So you admit that Percy Childe was behind those attacks?

BW: I... uh... er... stop it! Just stop it!

[Again at the count of eight, Detson climbs back into the ring. Wright stands in the center of the ring as the rulebreaker approaches, diving into another collar and elbow tieup...

...and immediately digs his fingers into the eyes of Wright, raking across them!]

GM: Oh! Cheap shot by Detson!

[Balling up his fist, he slams a right hand down between the eyes of Wright and a second one sends Wright falling back into the ropes where Detson pursues. The former World Champion pushes Wright's head back with two hands under the chin...

...and then SLAMS his knee up into the ribcage!]

GM: Detson opened him up by pushing on his head and then went downstairs with a knee to the gut.

[Stepping back, Detson swings his right hand into the midsection over and over, finally moving away as the referee threatens him with disqualification.]

GM: Detson breaks off the attack before he can be DQd. Remember, these tournament matches can be lost by countout or disqualification as well as they can by pinfall or submission. Any illegal move in that ring risks your chance to headline SuperClash V.

[Detson steps back in, doubling up Wright with a boot to the abdomen. A well-placed elbow to the back of the head knocks Wright down to a knee. Grabbing a handful of hair, Detson measures his man before blasting him between the eyes with a right hand again, knocking Wright down to the mat.]

GM: Detson puts him down with the big right hand... and he's going right after him!

[The crowd jeers as Detson puts the boots to Wright, stomping the ribcage until Wright rolls to his side. At that point, Detson switches to soccer kicks, landing three rib-cracking blows before Wright rolls out of the ring to the floor.]

GM: Wright trying to escape the attack on his ribs... but unlike his opponent, Detson's not about to allow Wright time to recover as he slides out there after him...

[With Wright leaning against the ring apron, Detson takes advantage with big hooking blows to the ribs, causing Wright to fall down to a knee. Detson gives a shake of the head, dragging Wright up by the back of the shorts...

...and then SHOVING him gutfirst into the edge of the ring apron!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: Detson got his opening and he's taking advantage of it.

[Detson drags him away from the apron again by the back of the shorts...

...and then throws him back into the apron again!]

GM: Good grief!

[Wright leans over the apron, breathing heavily as Detson uses the ropes to pull himself up on the apron. He backs down the apron, resting his back against the steel ringpost...

...and then dashes back towards Wright...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING KICK TO THE RIBS!!

[Wright collapses on the floor, wincing in pain as he grabs at his midsection.]

BW: The ribs are the target and that's a brilliant move if you ask me. Remember, just two weeks ago, Wright was in there with a four hundred pound plus guy who punches with the power of a heavyweight class boxer. Those ribs were probably already hurting coming into this and now Detson's trying to take advantage of them.

[Detson stands on the apron, arms spread wide with a sneer on his face as the crowd jeers loudly.]

GM: Detson seems pretty proud of himself at this point in the contest but I believe we're a long way from this being over, Bucky.

BW: I'd have to agree with you there. Not sure why Detson's celebrating already.

[Detson hops down off the apron, waving for Wright to get back to his feet. The former World Champion drags Wright off the ringside mats by the arm...]

GM: He pulls him back up...

[Turning around, Detson looks to whip Wright into the ringside barricade...

...but Wright reverses it and Detson SLAMS into the steel railing backfirst!]

GM: OHHH! Big reversal by Wright and Detson meets the steel!

[Wright cringes at the effort it took to reverse the whip, falling back against the ring apron and grabbing at his midsection.]

GM: That took a lot out of Wright as it did to Detson.

[Wright falls onto the apron, rolling back inside the ring presumably to get a breather before his opponent rejoins him inside the squared circle.]

GM: Both men are hurting right now but Detson seems to be shaking off the whip into the railing a little easier than Wright's recovering from the abuse his ribs have taken so far.

[Detson rolls back into the ring as well, struggling a bit to get to his feet as he grabs at his lower back. He moves in on Wright who has pushed up to all fours...

...and DRILLS him in the ribs with another soccer kick!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot!

[The blow flips Wright over onto his back, allowing Detson to make a pin attempt but Wright lifts the shoulder at the count of two, breaking the pin. A kneeling Detson balls up his fist, hammering it repeatedly into the ribs of Wright who winces under every blow.]

GM: Detson's just pummeling the ribcage of Supreme Wright who needs to find a way to turn this thing around and do so in a hurry. We're not even at the five minute mark in this match but both of these men are going to want to end this thing early, Bucky.

BW: Whoever wins, they know they've got either Juan Vasquez or Dave Bryant waiting for them in the Finals of the tournament. It's to their advantage to win as quickly as they can in this one and save some energy for the Main Event.

GM: Remember, Calisto Dufresne, the World Heavyweight Champion himself, will be at ringside for tonight's Main Event so he can see the winner of the tournament crowned with his own two eyes.

[Pulling Wright off the mat by the arm, Detson FIRES him across the ring into the turnbuckles!]

GM: OHH! INTO THE BUCKLES!!

[Wright turned to absorb the impact on his back but it obviously shook him to the core as he grabs at his ribs again. Detson backs to the opposite corner, leaning down and grabbing the middle rope...]

GM: Detson's sizing him up...

[With a shout, Detson breaks into a cross-corner dashing, throwing himself into a spear-like tackle in the corner, smashing his shoulder into the ribs of Wright! He bounces back out of the corner, moving out to the center of the ring where he taunts the jeering fans to even louder jeers.]

GM: Detson's backing up... he's gonna do it again!

[Reaching the far corner, Detson leans back, looking up at the lights as he stomps his foot a few times before breaking into a dash...]

GM: HERE HE COMES AND-

[The crowd ROARS as Wright sidesteps, using the ropes to pull himself clear as Detson SLAMS shoulderfirst into the ringpost!]

GM: HE MISSED! HE MISSED!

[Wright stumbles back in as Detson hangs through the ropes up against the ringpost. He grabs Detson by the back of the tights, pulling him back...

...and SLAMMING his forearm into the lower back!]

GM: Ohh! What a shot!

[Wright repeats the motion, shoving him out and then pulling him into forearms into the lower back repeatedly, landing a half dozen shots before switching his grip to wrap his arms around the torso...]

GM: Look out here!

[But Wright's attempt at a belly-to-back throw comes up empty as Wright clutches his ribs, staggering back from the effort. Blindly, Detson lashes out with a back thrust kick to the ribs!]

GM: Oh! Detson caught him in the ribs again!

[Grabbing Wright around the head, Detson throws him back into the corner, throwing a knee into the ribs... and again... and again... and again, repeatedly landing the heavy knees until the referee forces him back.]

GM: Detson's all over the ribs! Just bringing everything he's got to hammer away at those ribs!

[Stepping back in, Detson drags Wright out of the corner, ducking in under his armpit...

...and propels Wright up and over, dropping him in a bridging Northern Lights Suplex!]

GM: OHH!

[The referee dives to the mat!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[The shoulder comes up, breaking the pin attempt.]

GM: Two count only as Detson gets back to his feet- ohh! He stomps the ribs! And again!

BW: This is great, Gordo. Even if Wright finds a way to advance, what kind of condition is he going to be in after the beating that Detson's put on those ribs so far?

[Detson drags Wright off the mat, glaring at the jeering fans...

...and secures a side headlock, screaming "ASK HIM!"]

GM: Unbelievable. Why would you even-

[But before the official can ask, an irate Wright muscles Detson up and over, dropping him on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: OHH! WRIGHT SUPLEXES HIS WAY OUT OF IT!

[But Wright immediately grabs at his ribs, wincing in pain and rolling to his side.]

BW: Hah! Wright got all worked up and forgot that his ribs were a wreck. He went for that suplex, hit it, but banged up his ribs again in the meantime!

[Again, Detson gets to his feet before Wright, grabbing at the back of his head before dropping a big knee down into the ribs!]

GM: Oh my... that'll knock the wind out of Wright!

[Detson settles into another cover, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: One! Two! Detson gets another two count!

[The former World Champion climbs to his feet, glaring at the official for a moment before turning back towards Wright. He grabs the rising Wright by the arm, looking for another whip...]

GM: Wright gets fired into the corner again!

[Wright falls back, arms slung over the ropes, completely exposing his torso as Detson backs out again, charging back in...

...and DRIVING his feet into Wright's midsection!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Running dropkick to the ribs!

[Detson climbs to his feet, hooking a loose variation of a Muay Thai clinch that he uses to hammer away with knees to the ribs.]

GM: We're seeing the advantage that Detson has in this match. He came into this match completely fresh as a daisy while Wright had to fight off MAMMOTH Maximus to get here.

BW: That means a lot more than some might think. Having a full gas tank is real important when you're fighting the best competitors in the world.

[Detson uses the clinch to throw Wright down on the mat, taunting both his opponent and the capacity crowd jammed into the Crockett Coliseum. He nods as he approaches the downed Wright...]

GM: Uh oh... I think he's looking for the Hoyle Driver!

[The former World Champion underhooks the right arm, pausing before grabbing the left...]

...which allows Wright to reach down with the left, using it to single leg Detson, yanking him off his feet and down to the mat. With the leg trapped under his arm, Wright flips him over into a half Crab!]

GM: Half Boston Crab! What a counter!

[Wright cranks back on the leg, causing Detson to cry out in pain, clawing at the canvas as the referee kneels down, checking for a submission. Hearing none, Wright switches his stance...]

...and STOMPS the back of Detson's head repeatedly!]

GM: Oh! Oh! OHHH!

[With Detson sprawled out facefirst on the mat, Wright breaks the hold, spinning back towards the center of the ring. He promptly slips his foot behind one of Detson's knees, using Detson's foot to lift the leg off the mat...]

...and then uses his own foot to DRIVE Detson's knee into the canvas!]

GM: Goodness!

[Detson cries out, rolling back and forth on the mat, clutching his kneecap in pain as Wright stands over him, grabbing the foot again...]

GM: Wright's going after the leg!

BW: Detson needs to stop him!

[Detson frantically kicks his off leg, trying to avoid whatever Wright has in mind. Wright counters by grabbing BOTH legs, folding Detson over into a Texas Cloverleaf!]

GM: Oh my! Another great counter out of Supreme Wright and this one will work the legs AND the back!

BW: Detson's in trouble, Gordo!

GM: The referee's right down there on the mat, checking to see if-

[The crowd begins jeering loudly!]

GM: Percy Childes is heading down the ramp!

[The Collector of Oddities comes down the ramp, crystal-topped cane in hand as he shouts at the ring.]

BW: And he ain't alone, daddy!

[The Black Tiger, Demetrius Lake, is accompanying Childes down the aisle, barking at the ring where Wright is glaring at the approaching duo. The referee wheels around, shouting at Lake and Childes as Wright leans back, trying to force a submission out of Detson...

...and then breaks the hold as Lake reaches the ring, leaning over and pointing one of his long arms in Wright's direction.]

GM: Lake's shouting at Wright and Wright broke the hold, getting ready to defend himself...

BW: What an idiot! There's no chance that Percy's sending Lake in there in front of the ref. He's not gift-wrapping him a trip to the Finals.

[Wright shouts back at Lake, pointing at him as Childes steps in front of Demetrius Lake, pushing the Black Tiger back with his cane as the referee tries to get Wright to focus on the match. The Combat Corner alumni swings away, shaking his head as he approaches Johnny Detson who has crawled out to the floor again...]

GM: Detson rolls out but Wright's right behind- oh! Detson pulls his leg out!

[Detson drags Wright under the ropes to the floor, smashing him with a forearm on the ear. He winds up for another right hand...]

GM: Big right ha-

[Wright ducks under, hooking the arm in a half nelson, lifting him off the floor...

...and wheels around, THROWING Detson spinefirst into the ring apron!]

GM: OHHHH!

[Detson stumbles forward as Wright sidesteps again, throwing a brutal forearm to the lower back... and another... and another... and another... and another...]

GM: He's hammering Detson's back!

[Wright shoves Detson back under the ropes into the ring, rolling in behind him as Percy Chiles approaches out on the floor.]

GM: Both men are back in as we near the ten minute mark in this matchup.

[Back inside the ring, Wright drags Detson off the mat by the back of the tights. He wheels him around, throwing a hard forearm shot to the jaw!]

GM: Ohh! Big shot!

[But Detson fires back, swinging his knee up into the banged-up ribs!]

GM: Detson returns fire!

[Grabbing the doubled-up Wright by the head, Detson SMASHES him with a European uppercut!]

GM: The former World Champion breaks out some offense out of Supreme Wright's playbook... and another big uppercut!

[Wright stumbles back, falling into the turnbuckles. Detson winds up again, looking to throw another one...

...but Wright returns fire, blasting Detson on the underside of the chin with an uppercut of his own!]

GM: European uppercut by Wright! AND ANOTHER! AND ANOTHER!

[The barrage of big uppercuts send Detson staggering backwards across the ring, battering him all the way back to the opposite turnbuckles where Wright grabs an arm...]

GM: He whips him from corner to corner...

[Wright dashes across the ring, DRILLING Detson with his patented running European uppercut!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A SHOT!!

[Detson stumbles out of the corner towards Wright who reaches under the armpits, lifting Detson into the air and shoving him as high as he can...]

GM: UP!

[...and NAILS another European uppercut as Detson falls back down towards the canvas!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! HE FLATTENED HIM!!

[Wright dives across the chest of the downed Detson!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He almost got him, fans! He was a half a count away from winning this thing and- listen to Demetrius Lake complaining about a fast count from Ricky Longfellow!

BW: He might be right, Gordo. Looked pretty fast to me.

GM: It was a perfectly fine count and it was a near fall for Supreme Wright who almost punched his ticket to the Finals of this Chase For The Clash tournament, fans!

[Wright pushes up to his knees, clapping his hands together in frustration as he glares at the official who holds up two fingers. Out on the floor, Percy Childes is shouting encouragement to Johnny Detson as Demetrius Lake paces back and forth, ready to strike at any moment if needed...]

GM: Supreme Wright can't allow anything to change his focus on winning this match. Not the official, not Percy Chidles, not Demetrius Lake. He's got Detson in trouble and if he keeps on him, he may be able to finish this off right here and now, fans.

[Wright hauls a fleeing Detson off the mat by the back of the tights, yanking him into a rear waistlock...]

GM: Wright's looking for a suplex!

[But instead, he gets a series of quick back elbows to the temple, breaking the hold. Detson wheels around, grabbing a front facelock. He lifts Wright off the mat, swinging him sideways...

...and HANGS HIM OUT TO DRY over the top rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DETSON TURNS IT AROUND IN A BIG WAY RIGHT THERE!

[Wright slumps back off the ropes, falling down onto the elevated entrance platform. Detson leans over the ropes, trying to catch a breather as Childes applauds, shouting praise to his charge. Demetrius Lake nods his head, pacing around the ringside area, drawing closer to the entrance ramp.]

GM: Keep your eye on Demetrius Lake out there, definitely looking to impact this match.

BW: That's a bold accusation, Gordo. Got any proof of that?

GM: I know the way that Percy Childes operates. That's all the proof I need.

[Childes smacks his crystal-topped cane into the ring apron, gesturing with it at Wright. Detson slowly nods, stepping through the ropes to the platform where Wright is down on the wooden ramp.]

GM: Johnny Detson's out there on the ramp with Supreme Wright. Wright's ribs have taken a pounding in this match and Detson may be looking to turn that pounding up another level.

BW: Wright's already fighting with what could be cracked or broken ribs.

[Detson pulls Wright off the ramp, smashing his knee repeatedly into the ribs again. He drags Wright towards the ropes, whipping him into them. Wright rebounds off, racing towards Detson who lifts Wright up by a leg...

...and FLAPJACKS him facefirst on the wooden ramp!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: That's it, Gordo! That's it! Right down on the ribs again and Wright's done for!

[Detson pushes up to his knees, thrusting his arms triumphantly up into the air.]

GM: Johnny Detson drags Wright off the mat, throwing him through the ropes into the ring. He's coming in after him...

[Detson steps back in, throwing his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture.]

GM: Detson pulls him up... going for the Hoyle Driver again!

[Detson steps into the standing headscissors, reaching down to hook one arm. He is about to grab the other when Wright suddenly straightens up, lifting a shocked Detson up onto his shoulders...]

GM: What the-?!

BW: FAT TUESDAY!

[The crowd ERUPTS as Wright throws Detson up and over, dropping him down on both knees as Wright falls to his back!]

GM: OH MY STARS!! WRIGHT GOT ALL OF THAT!!

[Wright stays on his back, breathing heavily from the exertion of the Fat Tuesday counter as Detson is just a few feet away, completely prone. Percy Childes is screaming loudly now as Demetrius Lake leans on the ring apron, shouting at Detson who isn't moving at all.]

GM: Both men are down! Both men not moving! The referee is right there, laying a count on both men.

BW: This could be huge, Gordo. A double countout would mean that the winner of the Juan Vasquez/Dave Bryant match later tonight would win the whole tournament!

GM: That's exactly what it would mean and as the count reaches three, these fans are starting to realize it as well. They're trying to cheer Supreme Wright on, get him back to his feet to continue the fight...

[At the count of five, Wright rolls to his stomach, one arm cradling his ribcage as the other tries to push him off the mat. He manages the one-armed pushup at the count of seven, getting to his knees.]

GM: Wright's trying to get off the mat...

[As the count hits nine, Wright battles to his feet just as Detson gets to a knee...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ROUNDHOUSE KICK TO THE HEAD!!

[Detson crumples under the impact of the head kick, allowing Wright to grab his legs, crossing them over, grapevining them with his arms...

...but a desperate Detson reaches up, digging into the eyes!]

GM: Ohh! He raked the eyes!

[Pushing to a knee, Detson CRACKS a stunned Wright with a right hand, sending him stumbling backwards into the ropes. The former World Champion gets back to his feet, looking out to Percy who signals to Lake.]

GM: What in the...? Lake's on the apron!

[Percy steps back, airmailing his cane over the top to a waiting Johnny Detson who winds up with it, taking a big overhead swing...

...and smacking the top rope with it as Wright sidesteps!]

GM: HE MISSED!

[Detson spins around, ready to strike again when Wright suddenly hooks him by the arm, dragging him down to the mat!]

GM: COBRA CLUTCH CROSSFACE!!

[A kick by Wright sends the dropped cane out to the floor as Detson claws at the mat, searching for an escape as Wright leans back, screaming for the referee to check him...]

GM: The referee's right down there, checking on Detson!

BW: Do something, Percy!

[Childes is screaming at Detson, begging him to find a counter as Demetrius Lake slams his hands into the ring apron, shouting at his stablemate.]

GM: Detson's trying to hang on! Trying to find a way to-

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE QUIT! HE QUIT!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the sound of the bell as Wright releases the hold, slumping back down to the mat.]

GM: He did it! Supreme Wright's heading to the Finals! He's heading to-

[The cheers turn to jeers as Demetrius Lake rolls into the ring, making a beeline towards the downed Supreme Wright, stomping him in the ribs as Wright tries to cover up.]

BW: The match is over but the fight's just started for Wright!

[The heavy kicks to the ribs gets the referee involved, stepping in and trying to force Demetrius Lake back as a furious Percy Childes slides into the ring, wielding the crystal-topped cane...

...and SLAMMING it down across the ribcage!]

GM: OH! COME ON!

[The beating seems certain to continue when suddenly a big cheer rings out!]

GM: Skywalker Jones! Hercules Hammonds!

[Jones and Hammonds quickly make their way down the aisle...

...and when we say quickly, we mean Jones since Herc is kinda lumbering. Jones however is in a full sprint which makes it easy for him to clear the ropes with a single leap, crashing down onto a stunned Demetrius Lake, taking him down to the mat!]

GM: JONES TAKES DOWN LAKE!!

[Hammonds gets in next...

...and strikes a big most muscular pose that sends a panicked Percy Childes barreling out of the ring to the floor!]

GM: Haha! Childes wants no part of that man!

BW: Can you blame him?! The guy's a physical beast!

[With Childes and Detson out on the floor, Lake rolls out from under Skywalker Jones to join them...

...and has to be held back from getting back inside the ring where Hammonds is screaming at Lake to get back in!]

GM: Jones and Hammonds have bailed out Supreme Wright, saving their former Combat Corner classmate from further punishment at the hands of the Unholy Alliance... and Wright's heading to the Finals, fans! Supreme Wright's gotta go back to the locker room, get those ribs taped up, and wait to see whether it's Dave Bryant or Supreme Wright that he'll be facing in the Finals of this tournament! We've got a standoff but we've got to take a quick break! When we come back, the Northern Lights will be in action!

[Fade to black.

Cut to a head and torso shot of a sharply dressed Stevie Scott, who stands alone in the ring in an empty WKIK studio, looking directly at YOU, the home viewer!]

HSS: Hey, you there!

[He taps the air, and inexplicably, a "plink plink" sound is heard, as if he is tapping the inside of your TV set...and your TV set were still one of those old-fashioned models from the 80's.]

HSS: This is the Hotshot talking to ya! Did you miss out on the Heat Wave tour, or do you just want to experience all the HOT action one more time? Well, you're in luck...

[From out of camera sight, Stevie Scott picks his arm up and reveals a DVD, with many small pictures of action surrounding one large picture of AWA World Champion Calisto Dufresne in a pose.]

HSS: ...because the new 2013 Heat Wave tour DVD is now available on AWAShop.com! Whoo, check it out!

[Stevie flicks the DVD towards the camera...which, through the wonders of post-production, starts spinning rapidly at the screen for a second, until it morphs into a shot of Miss Sandra Hayes leading her charge to the ring.]

HSS: Nine matches, over three hours of action from all over the southern states that was just too HOT for television!

[Cut to a shot of BC Da Mastah MC trying a diving splash into the corner...and MISSING, as Yuma Weaver gets out of the way, and comes back with a THUNDEROUS chop.]

HSS: You'll see BC Da Mastah MC and Yuma Weaver in a hellacious Indian Strap Match!

[Manny Imbragno has Dave Bryant up in his patented extended Airplane Spin.]

HSS: The World Television title is up for grabs as Dave Bryant defends against the enigmatic Manny Imbragno!

[In what looks to be shallow center field of a minor league baseball stadium, Juan Vasquez is slugging it out with...something slimy.]

HSS: The best of two eras collide, as Juan Vasquez engages in a no-holds barred brawl with The Mud Monster!

[Kenny Stanton and Brad Jacobs slump in opposite corners, as The Rave hits a running double dropkick on Stanton...then kip up and do the same to Jacobs, as Larry Doyle pounds the mat in frustration.]

HSS: The Rave try to fulfill their destiny twenty years early, as they take on The Blonde Bombers for the World Tag Team Championships!

[Cut to a shot of Calisto Dufresne and Supernova eyeing each other in the ring...followed a shot of Dufresne getting press-slammed off the top rope...followed by a bloody Dufresne trapped in Supernova's Solar Flare leglock.]

HSS: And that's right, it was a SuperClash III rematch as Supernova got his shot at Calisto Dufresne for the big one, the twenty pounds of gold, the World Heavyweight Championship! All this action, plus much, much more!

[Cut to a shot of a screen featuring a DVD player, a screen on the right showing other wrestling action, and a screen on the left back to showing a well-dressed Stevie in the ring, talking directly to the home viewer.]

HSS: Who won? Who lost? My lips are sealed! The only way to find out is to order the DVD from AWAShop.com, right now!

[The URL appears on the bottom of the screen for a second, before fading out...]

...and then back up to live action where we find Mark Stegglet standing backstage in front of a SuperClash V logo alongside the former owner of the EMWC, Chris Blue. Blue is in a black suit with a dark grey dress shirt and tie - he looks to be in mourning.]

MS: Welcome back, fans. Two weeks ago, Mr. Blue, you had-

[Blue interrupts, an angry tone to his voice.]

CB: One of the worst nights of my life? Is that what you wanted to say, Stegglet? Because that's a pretty accurate description... and considering some of the things that have happened to me in my career, that's a big statement.

I thought I could re-live the past. I thought I could dig deep into the EMWC history book and bring you people a taste of the glory that we knew once upon a time.

[Blue pauses.]

CB: I thought Devon Case was the solution. I thought that Mister Match Of The Year... the Golden God... go ahead, use any of the superlatives that I bestowed upon him... I thought he was the tipping point to put us over the top at SuperClash in Steal The Spotlight and guarantee that I WILL represent the World Heavyweight Champion in the very near future.

[Blue shakes his head.]

CB: For one of the few times in my life, I have to admit... I was wrong. Because Devon Case is NOT the man he used to be. He's NOT the Golden God. And with his banged up back, he's not even Mister Match of the Year anymore.

At the end of the day, he's a washed-up hasbeen who doesn't stand a chance in the ring against the elite of our sport.

[Blue glares at the camera.]

CB: Remember that, Devon. Remember that I warned you when you step in there alongside rejects like Eli Slater... alongside never-have-beens like Tony Sunn...

Remember it when you stand toe-to-toe with men like Eric Preston and the Bishop Boys... with monsters like William Craven.

[Stegglet interrupts.]

MS: But what about the new group trying to get into Steal The Spotlight? What about-

[Blue interrupts him back!]

CB: Who? Sawyer? The Armbar Guy? That fat slob Maximus? Is this who we're supposed to be frightened of? They don't even have a full team, Stegglet. They're not even in the match!

MS: Yet.

[Blue glares at Stegglet.]

CB: You know something, Stegglet? You got something to say?

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

MS: No, but I know that President O'Connor is going to address the situation later tonight and that there have been a lot of rumblings about what's going on with that match.

AND I know that you're standing here talking about them not having a full team... but neither do you!

[Blue finally smiles.]

CB: Is that right? You've got nothing on Dane... you know that? Because the fact is that I've been in negotiations with Percy Childes all week long and I'm happy to say that we've come to an accord. Percy Childes now owns the final spot on Team Blue at SuperClash V.

[Stegglet looks surprised.]

MS: Who? Who is he putting on your team?

[Blue shrugs.]

CB: How should I know? Marley? Lake? Nenshou? Maybe even Detson. Percy's got a big decision to make before Thanksgiving night but I know he'll make a good one... a wise one if you will.

[Blue winks at the camera with a smirk.]

CB: And I'LL reap the benefits of it. SuperClash V. Devon Case may have tried to spoil that night for me and mine but it will NOT happen, Stegglet. It will NOT happen. We WILL win Steal The Spotlight. We WILL own the show at SuperClash V. And we WILL tell the entire world who the Wise Men are.

Consider your spotlight... stolen.

[How ironic, that it is with that statement that Percy Childes enters the scene. "The Collector Of Oddities", a short squat bald man with a dark brown goatee and mustache, is wearing a dark red cardigan sweater (with a single wide embellished cream-colored stripe running diagonally from shoulder to hip), navy blue slacks, and carrying the crystal-tipped walking stick that he's known for.

Behind him looms the towering form of Demetrius Lake. The "Black Tiger" is not dressed for combat, but instead wears a dark brown sport jacket (an unusual style, with many pockets and buttons), matching pants, white dress shirt, and a black fedora. His wide afro is tucked into that hat, and his black beard is long enough to taper down to a point. Lake's face is the picture of calm confidence, while Percy is smiling very slightly.]

PC: Oh, I wouldn't think those people would want a spotlight shone upon them at all, Christopher Blue. It is ironic, in that way.

MS: Percy Childes? So it's true, then.

CB: Are you insinuating that I was lying?

PC: You know the 'journalist' type. To them, nothing is true unless they say it. Journalists... really a poor word, because if they wished to be journalists, they'd work for the Associated Press. Is that what you call yourself, Stegglet? A journalist?

[Stegglet gets a defensive look on his face.]

MS: When did this become about me?!

PC: From the very beginning. It has always been about you and your ilk.

MS: What? You're not making any sense. I feel like I'm talking to Craven again.

[Childes lifts his crystal-topped cane, tapping it against Stegglet's forehead.]

PC: And I feel as if you're not a very clever person. From the first day that I arrived in the AWA, I have warned everyone that the talking heads in this sport have an agenda. In the AWA, that is Gordon Myers, Jason Dane, and yourself. It's more Myers and Dane than anyone, of course, as they have the most time to devote to distributing misinformation and propaganda. The agenda comes from on high, and you do your best to educate the fans on the facts that you want them to believe. A wise man would look at the discrepancy between the company line and what goes on in the ring, and they would see this.

MS: A Wise Man?

PC: And perhaps wisdom would teach them that it is better to be a perpetrator than a victim. Tell me, Stegglet, is it better to be a perpetrator or a victim?

MS: That question is far too general and vague.

PC: Then you lack wisdom. Perhaps, when he attempted to fire me, Nenshou inadvertently imparted some wisdom to me as well. Perhaps I should be a perpetrator rather than a victim.

MS: So you're saying... that you're going to stand up to the Wise Men now? And that what Nenshou said was true?

PC: In part. He only knows part of the story. But at SuperClash, the world will know the entire story. I have known of the Wise Men all along. Aren't I the one who tried to warn you all, very subtly? But you were not wise enough to understand. And of late, I have been convinced to come forward with what I know. Christopher Blue has convinced me that now is the time for open revolt.

That was the offer I made, the offer he could not refuse. The truth. Demetrius Lake will represent the Unholy Alliance in the Steal The Spotlight match, and together, we will obtain the attention of the entire wrestling world. And many sins will be revealed on that day, Mark Stegglet. Perhaps... even some of yours.

[Stegglet's jaw drops.]

MS: I didn't do anything!

PC: Then wisdom dictates that you should listen carefully, so that you may be made aware of them. At least you may take comfort in knowing that you were far from alone.

MS: I... what?

DL: Mister TV Announcer, the only thing you need to concern yourself with is Steal The Spotlight. Percy Childes and Chris Blue will tell you what you need to know when you need to know it, so until then you just hold that microphone and listen real good.

We got a bunch of rookies come in here. Bunch of no-good bums by the look of them. Maybe some of them possess some kind of talent, I admit that. Some of them might even be respectable. We'll find out at SuperClash, but make no mistake that you are looking right at the winning team. Maybe some of them rookies will survive long enough to get a spot, and maybe they'll roll what's left of the rest on out of town in a travel bag. But the one thing I can assure you is that it will be a show of force like you have never seen before.

These four men teaming with me have the heart, mind, and soul of a killer. They would even break your neck, Mister TV Announcer, if you lipped off the wrong way. And I respect that.

MS: [rubbing his neck] I don't...

DL: Nobody cares what you think, or what these other bums think that tried to get in this match. I might just have to go down to that dirty bar and shut the place down. There is no place in this sport for drunks! And when I saw those two drunks, I call them Norm Peterson and Cliff Clavin...

MS: You mean Curt Sawyer and Callum Mahoney?

DL: I said Norm Peterson and Cliff Clavin, a couplea drunks who belong in that dump. They sucked down a gallon of liquid courage because they needed it to even get IN the ring, and they disgraced the sport by interrupting this man's business.

[Lake points at Blue, who nods in total agreement.]

DL: Then they called up that fat waste of flesh Homer Simpson, and all three of those non-athletes got in the ring and made a mockery of professional wrestling. As the king of professional wrestling, I cannot allow for drunks to run around my kingdom. I am a fine-tuned athlete, and if they do show their faces at SuperClash, I'm gonna get rid of those drunks. There won't be enough booze and grog in Mexas to drown the amount of sorrow that I will put on them. No doubt about it!

MS: Well, President O'Connor will...

[Suddenly, Stegglet jumps in shock as a black-robed man quickly steps into view right next to him. Nenshou is here, draped in his ornate robe. He has no head covering this time, though; his red-and-silver face paint cannot mask a furious glare in his eyes. Blue takes an unsure step back, Percy pulls his cane up in front of him, and Lake's face turns into a sour scowl.]

PC: Nenshou! Doushite kochira de nani o shimasu? Dochira ni imashita? Ima ha Toki to bashuo janaidesu yo!

[Percy's Japanese is... passable, though it's clearly not his first language. Nenshou ignores him and stares at Blue. When he speaks... he does so in English. It's clearly not his first language either, so he sticks to simple sentences.]

N: I will destroy the Wise Men. Put me on your team.

[At that, Blue, Percy, and Stegglet go eyes wide, and we can hear the crowd reaction from all the way back here.]

CB: Interesting...

PC: No. Nenshou, that spot is already taken by Demetrius Lake.

N: Then I will fight him for it.

DL: WHAT DID YOU SAY?!

[The crowd roar is definitely audible from here. Lake gets right in Nenshou's face, glaring down at him with that mean, intimidating look. Nenshou completely ignores him, as if he's not worth paying attention to; he's addressing Blue. Blue has a bit of a twisted grin on his face, enjoying this tension. Childes moves around to try to get Nenshou's attention.]

CB: Well, he IS still your client. And my purposes would be best served by someone who has a personal vendetta against the Wise Men.

PC: That is not going to happen.

CB: Of course, if they fight for it, then the winner would be the one best suited to the match, wouldn't you say?

PC: That is DEFINITELY not going to happen. Nenshou, if you had spoken to me as I requested, we could have worked this out already. We could have put you in this match, but the deal is done. I've already signed a match for you at SuperClash, dependent on the resu...

N: Anta ha kubi ni natta ne.

PC: You CAN'T fire me! And I can't fire you! We need to have this discussion.

N: Ore ha okorasetai?

DL: Why you scared to talk so I can understand you, huh?

PC: Demetrius, no! This is not... you! [Percy points at the camera.] Cut back to ringside. This segment is finished!

[For a moment, the camera keeps running. Blue chuckles as Stegglet stays out of the way, letting the story tell itself. Nenshou obstinately refuses to acknowledge anyone but the person he is speaking to, and Childes is now beside himself.]

CB: Percy, just let me know when the three of you have sorted it out.

DL: HE SAID TURN OFF THAT CAMERA!

[Lake makes a sudden move to the camera, engulfing the lens with a big beefy palm. And then we cut back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing. with two wrestlers. One is a pudgy, swarthy fellow with a shoulder length black mullet and a receding hairline. He sports an 80s-era bushy Tom Selleck-ish mustache, and wears a red and blue checkered singlet with four 'checkers', in much the same configuration as the flag of the Dominican Republic. Black boots finish his attire. Alongside him is a slender man with red trunks, white wristbands and elbowpads, and black boots. He has shoulder-length blonde hair, dripping wet, and an arrogant sneer on his face.]

[*DING*DING*DING*]

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

Introducing first, in the ring. From San Cristobal, in the Dominican Republic, and Jacksonville, Florida respectively... at a total combined weight of four

hundred eighty three pounds... here is the team of ANGELO CORDERO AND ALLEN ALLEN!

[Cordero makes a move to the ropes and raises a fist up high, while Allen flicks his shoulder-length hair, getting water droplets all over Watson. Phil turns to give him a withering glare, and then returns to resume introductions as "Compter Les Corps" by Vulgaires Machins begins to play over the PA. The fans cheer, and we can especially hear the ladies in the crowd approve loudly.]

PW: And their opponents! Coming down the aisle... from Montreal, Quebec, Canada and Portland, Maine respectively... at a total combined weight of four hundred forty eight pounds...

...RENE ROUSSEAU AND CHRIS CHOISNET... THE NORTHERN LIGHTS!

[As the cheers continue, Rene Rousseau and Chris Choynet burst out from behind the curtain, full of energy. They jog down the aisle, slapping hands and pumping their fists at the crowd. They stop to sign autographs whenever a fan holds out a pen and paper.

Rousseau has tanned skin, shoulder-length black hair, and a dimple on his picturesque chin. Choynet has short dark brown hair, and a youthful appearance. Both men are wearing white trunks and boots with the flags of Quebec and Maine crossed on the sides. They also sport blue kneepads and blue elbow pads. Choynet has a pair of blue forearm supports, and Rousseau has blue terrycloth wristbands. They both have white ring jackets with NORTHERN LIGHTS stitched on the back with blue thread. The crowd claps along with the chorus of "Compter Les Corps" (it's one of those remixes that goes right to the chorus).]

BW: Oh, man, look at this insufferable panderin'. I might get sick, Gordo.

GM: The Northern Lights are appreciative of the fans that pay their checks, Bucky.

BW: Yeah? I'm sure the wolves are appreciative of the sheep they eat, but I bet they don't kiss their babies and sign autographs. They just take what they need and get on with it.

GM: That analogy makes zero sense... just like Percy Childes' insistence that Demetrius Lake, a rookie to the AWA, be a part of Steal The Spotlight over the top level superstar, Nenshou!

BW: Hey, you stay out of Percy's business.

GM: It sounds as though Percy Childes and Chris Blue play to shed some light on the Wise Men's business at SuperClash... and I can't say I like the idea of those two men being allied, Bucky.

BW: An unholy alliance if there ever was one, Gordo.

[Rousseau and Choisnet hop into the ring over the top rope, and the fans give them a loud ovation.]

GM: Back to these young men and this match... you can bet that with their recent successes, the Northern Lights are not far from title contention.

BW: Okay. I'll take that bet. A hundred bucks.

GM: I was speaking figuratively.

BW: I'm not. Dichotomy is gonna shut these two punks down long before they get within range of the Blonde Bombers. Believe it.

[After instructions, the Northern Lights remove their jackets. Choisnet starts off with Cordero. The two men circle and lock up.]

GM: Collar and elbow tieup with Chris Choisnet and Angelo Cordero. Cordero at two seventy five is much heavier, but... perhaps a bit too much of that weight around the abdomen. Side headlock by Cordero.

BW: Are you callin' him fat, Gordo?

GM: I'm just saying that his weight seems to be disproportionately distributed.

BW: I'd like to see you say that to his face.

GM: He's got more to worry about than the words of an announcer. Chris Choisnet with a drop toe hold easily escapes, locks in a hammerlock on the mat. Picking Cordero up with the hammerlock... and a hammerlock side Russian leg sweep! Driving all two seventy-five down on the arm of Angelo Cordero!

BW: That hurt my arm just watchin' it.

GM: Choisnet picks up Cordero, armwringer. Transition into a hammerlock...

[The crowd cheers as Choisnet muscles him up, slamming him down on top of the arm!]

GM: Oh my! Nice show of strength out of Choisnet! He's wasting no time picking a body part, and that slam puts the big Dominican into the Northern Lights half of the ring.

BW: Shawney's usually a slow starter, which is fitting with his slow mind. Looks like he's workin' on changin' that.

GM: Tag made to Rousseau. Choisnet with the seated armwringer and armbar to Cordero, still on the mat... and ROUSSEAU! Off the top rope with a kneedrop, right to the shoulder!

BW: That was a nasty move, daddy. They're goin' for the arm and they ain't wastin' time in bustin' out some big damage moves.

GM: Rousseau the legal man, and he drags Cordero up. Armdrag back down. Lifting him again, armdragging him again. Lifting him again, armdragging him yet again! And with Cordero's spare tire, all this up and down will gas him very very quickly.

BW: Yeah, that's the point. Normally, these two like to get a guy down and use holds, but they don't want to give a _slightly_ overweight opponent any time to breathe. It's smart tactics. I guess Dichotomy rubbed off on them.

GM: Those two teams continue to have a serious issue, and despite several confrontations at live arena events, they have yet to settle it. Rene Rousseau sending Angelo Cordero off the ropes, and a picture perfect dropkick!

BW: Right to that left shoulder, Gordo. He wasn't just kickin' at random.

GM: Rousseau lifts Cordero, twists the arm, and tags Choisnet. The former University Of Maine Black Bear standout is up on the top rope, and down with an elbow to the arm and shoulder! The match is barely a minute old, and already the left arm and shoulder of Cordero has been savaged. Overhand wristlock by Choisnet.

[From the overhand wristlock, Choisnet puts his right leg in front of Cordero's left leg, hooks it, and drops forward to the canvas... spiking his opponent's funny bone straight into the canvas! The crowd oohhhs for the painful looking move!]

BW: OW! He coulda broke his elbow, Gordo! That was actually a good move. Who lit a fire under these guys?!

GM: My best guess would be your understudies.

BW: The only fire Dichotomy is gonna light under the Northern Lightweights is a literal one.

GM: Choisnet with another armwringer, pulling Cordero up again... rake to the eyes by Angelo Cordero! Desperation move by the burly Dominican, and he runs to his corner to tag Allen Allen while Choisnet is blinded!

BW: Ha. When all else fails, take advantage of the babykissin' fan favorite's stupid sense of fair play.

GM: Allen Allen is in, and he is peppering Chirs Choisnet with jabs. The Jacksonville native trying to use a brawling offense against the technician.

BW: You'd think he'd be from Allentown.

GM: You'd think his parents would have had better taste than to name him by his own last name. Regardless, Allen with an Irish-whip, back body drop... NO!

[Choisnet runs in as Allen puts his head down, and flips over him much like a sunset flip. However, he hooks his arms around the chest of his opponent, right under Allen's arms, and lands on his feet, pulling Allen up over his shoulder in a Canadian backbreaker position! The fans cheer the amazing counter.]

BW: How'd he do THAT?!

GM: That extra momentum from going off the ropes! And Choisnet rams Allen Allen chest first, upside-down into the turnbuckles! And the tag to Rousseau!

BW: Are the goody-two-shoes gonna take advantage of a guy hung upside down like that?

[The situation that poor Allen Allen is in is that he's basically seated on the top rope, but hanging forward with his upper body down in front of the turnbuckles. Rene Rousseau enters, Irish-whips Choisnet towards the far turnbuckles... Choisnet reverses the Irish-whip, sending Rousseau at Allen with tremendous velocity. A dropkick connects at high speed with the upper back of Allen, crushing him in the corner!]

GM: A brutal dropkick! Allen had nowhere to go, and that had to take all the air out of him!

BW: I can't believe these hypocrites. They say they're all about sportsmanship and they do a move like that?

GM: Compared to everything that the likes of Dichotomy, the Blonde Bombers, the Longhorn Riders, the Ring Warriors, and the Bishop Boys do?

BW: This ain't about comparin' actions to other people's actions. It's about comparin' actions to your own words.

GM: Allen has fallen off the turnbuckles, and Rousseau picks him up. Sends him off the ropes, and catches him in a tremendous scoop powerslam! Hook of the leg... one, two, and Cordero breaks up the pin!

BW: The A-Team hangin' in there.

GM: The A-Team?

BW: Allen and Angelo. I gave Dichotomy a name and look what happened to them. Maybe if I give these guys a name, they'll come back and beat these smarmy punks.

GM: Rousseau grabs the legs of Allen Allen... looking for the Quebec Crab, but Allen scoots to the ropes. Rousseau will have to break.

[He does, but as soon as he lets go of the legs, Allen jabs him right in the groin with a quick kick. It didn't have much behind it, but enough to stagger Rousseau back so that Allen can roll to his corner and tag.]

BW: Heh, now that's what happens when you don't do a clean break.

GM: Rousseau DID a clean break, and paid for it!

BW: That's what I mean! When you don't do a clean break, you get an advantage!

GM: Cordero with some meaty forearms to the chest of Rousseau, using the right arm only. Irish-whip by Angelo Cordero, and... high cross body by Rousseau! Cordero down for a one, two, but no three.

BW: Aw, but it killed his momentum. Frenchy wasn't tryin' to pin him, he was just takin' control back.

GM: Veteran move by the Quebec native. Rousseau up well before Cordero, and a kick to the head by the former three-time Quebec Champion. Sending Cordero to the ropes... off the opposite ropes... and what impact on the necktie clothesline!

[The fans cheer as Rousseau leaves his feet, kicking his legs out in front of him to get his weight behind Cordero and snap him back with the hooking clothesline. The wide-bodied Dominican lands with a loud THUD.]

BW: And he came from the left side. Cordero tried to hit him, but his left arm has no oomph at all now.

GM: Rousseau tags Choynet, and both Northern Lights are in. Sending Cordero off the ropes...

[As Angelo rebounds, Rousseau ducks down. He back body drops the beefy guy right at Choynet, who hooks his head as he flips over, hooks his leg in mid-air, and bridges back into a high-speed fisherman suplex! The fans cheer the agile move!]

GM: MID-AIR SUPLEX! That's the Aurora Borealis, and there is the three count!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

BW: Aw, man. Forget that nickname. These guys ain't no A-Team. I don't even pity these fools.

[Cheers continue as Rousseau (who popped Allen one as he tried to break up the pin) and Choynet celebrate the win. "Compter Les Corps" picks back up as the duo poses for the fans.]

GM: On the victory, the Northern Lights, and they've really developed into quite a formidable team. I might have to take you up on that bet, Bucky. They seem to be primed to make a run... possibly at the Stampede Cup.

BW: Ha! I bet you they don't even qualify.

GM: Accepted. Jason Dane is standing by to get some post-match comments from the Northern Lights.

[Up at the interview area, Jason Dane begins the segment. "Compter Les Corps" fades out as he starts, and the Northern Lights head up the elevated aisle to the interview area.]

JD: An impressive win for the Northern Lights. But gentlemen, if I may. You still have two individuals who are focused on you, and who you have yet to settle with. That being Matt Ginn, and Mark Hoefner, Dichotomy.

[As Dane finishes, Choynet and Rousseau arrive. It's Rousseau, with the slight French-Canadian accent, who speaks first.]

RR: Jason, you're right. It is time that we finished with those crybabies once and for all. It was back at Opportunity Knocks when they came out and started something they couldn't finish. Well, they couldn't finish it then, and they can't finish it now!

CC: As a matter of fact, those two couldn't finish a game of Hangman if the answer was L-O-S-blank-R-S! Finishing things they start has never been their strong suit. I went through the Combat Corner with them, as they will ramble on and on about. Let me tell you about Dichotomy. Mark Hoefner lied to Todd Michaelson to get a scholarship to the Combat Corner. He told Michaelson that he was a Marine, an all-American... but conveniently didn't tell him that he got himself discharged on a PLEA BARGAIN because he didn't want to get deployed to Afghanistan. Matt Ginn thinks pro wrestling is like a retail job; something he can do for money until he has enough to finish his precious degree. Turns out Ginn was kicked out of MIT for working on some professor's unauthorized human experimentation, and he'll never get back into a decent school unless he can buy his way in... and pay off some records keepers.

RR: That's the kind of men they are. Phonies. Frauds. Cowards. They cause themselves no end of trouble, and then go even lower to try and get themselves out. You know what they say about people who repeat the same actions and expect different results?

CC: They broke a spotlight over my back, they assaulted us with chairs, and they tried to cost us a match last month. But with all of that, we're still here! We're still here, and you've done everything you could think of to us. Everything but one thing. The only thing you CAN'T do.

You can't beat us in the ring. And nothing else you ever say, ever do, or ever dream of matters.

RR: And once we've gotten you out of our hair, we'll do something else you can't. We'll climb the mountain of the tag team division, and get our hands on the World Tag Team Titles. 2014 is the year for the Northern Lights to shine!

JD: Thank you, gentlemen. Gordon and Bucky, let's get back to you.

[Back to the broadcast booth.]

GM: Interesting facts about Dichotomy.

BW: FACTS?! Myers, that was flat-out slander! None of that was true!

GM: I'm sure that a cursory investigation could confirm those statements.

BW: Well, as a journalist, I'm tellin' you that Shwaney is a liar and he oughta be sued for slander and libel!

GM: As a journalist, you should know what libel is.

BW: Of course I know what libel is! It's somethin' Dichotomy should sue the Northern Lights for!

GM: I'd rather see them settle it in the ring, if it's all the same. Just like how we're all waiting here tonight to see it settled in the ring - who will be the man to challenge for the World Heavyweight Title at SuperClash V on Thanksgiving Night? So far, we know that Supreme Wright is one of the final two men remaining in the tournament. And coming up next, we're going to see Juan Vasquez take on the World Television Champion, Dave Bryant, for the other slot in that final matchup. Right now, let's go backstage for some comments from the TV Champ!

[One swift cut to the back later reveals the current AWA Television Champion, a man fresh off a stunning upset two weeks prior, "The Doctor of Love" himself, Dave Bryant. The words "EARLIER TONIGHT" appear under him as he prepares to speak. Bryant is already bedecked in his splendid robe and wrestling gear beneath, looking far more at ease than he did two weeks ago at around this same time, looking almost confident. Again, conspicuous by its absence is the AWA Television title belt itself, and again, the champion looks somewhat odd without it sitting in its usual resting place.]

DB: One down, two to go...that's what a lot of people standing in my shoes would be thinking, right?

[Bryant chuckles.]

DB: Yeah, one down, three to go...one former World Champion, a part of the foundation of the AWA. One man surrounded by some of the most devious, unsavory, ruthless men in the history of this organization or his opponent, a man with a chip on his shoulder the size of the iceberg that sank the Titanic. When those are the potential obstacles you have to fight

your way through to get merely a _chance_ to climb to the top of the mountain, to reach the pinnacle of your profession, to be the man who represents not only your company, but the industry as a whole...well, you better put a little more thought that, "One down, two to go," into it.

[Bryant's grin fades, and he paces around a little before continuing.]

DB: What can be said about Juan Vasquez that someone hasn't said before? He's a long-time veteran of the sport. He's worn championship gold at every level of competition nearly every place he's ever worked, he is ultimately respected by his peers and he is still a man who feels like he has things to do, goals to accomplish, a man with many miles to walk before he sleeps, so to speak. He is dangerous, vicious, capable of astonishing levels of violence. His travels through the wrestling world have seen the highest of peaks and the rockiest of valleys, yet here he stands, still hungry, still wanting more.

[Bryant smirks.]

DB: Now that I've told you all of that, you might be wondering why I'm even showing up tonight...or maybe, like Bucky, you're wondering who I upset to get this draw in the Chase.

[Bryant shrugs.]

DB: I entertained that thought myself for a few minutes, until I saw it for what it was -- a trap. A way for me to try to lay the blame on somebody else if I happened to lose to Nenshou two weeks ago, or if I get knocked out by the right cross tonight, or if the entire Unholy Alliance shows up to pummel me into an unrecognizable mass _right_ before I march out for the finals...and I don't want anything to do with that. There's no grand conspiracy, there's not even bad luck. The Chase was set up so that eight of the very best would fight it out to see which one deserved a shot at the title, nothing more, nothing less. No matter where you found yourself in that draw, you were going to have to fight your way through some of the greatest the AWA had to offer in order to win the prize. Unless, that is, your name happens to be Johnny Detson.

[Bryant grins.]

DB: That might be all the time I can afford to not speak on the subject at hand, but I can't just ignore what happened in the first round. I did something that even I thought was impossible, something that anybody who knew me a decade ago would've laughed off as fantasy. I held the easy way out, the simple answer, right here in my hands...

[Bryant brings his hands up, clenching them in a mockery of his grip on Percy Childes' cane.]

DB: ...and against every one of my most base instincts, I threw it aside. I threw it aside because Nenshou deserved better than that, because the _Chase_ deserved better. It deserves better than some scumbag winning

with a fake submission, deserves better than people like Percy Chiles and Dave Cooper causing a disqualification, deserves better than some seedy former casino manager taking the cheap way out with an international object.

[Bryant lowers his hands, glaring into the camera.]

DB: It deserves better, and tonight, you and me, Vasquez, we'll give it better. I'm not going to stand here and bray about how I'm going to beat you, I won't pretend I have every confidence about walking out of our matchup the victor. I won't denigrate you, what you've done, what you still want to do, I will simply say that tonight, Juan Vasquez, you and I are going to give the Chase for the Clash greatness, we will give it a match that will live on in the memories of those folks in the stands and the boys in the back, and most importantly of all, Juan Vasquez, you and I...

[Bryant takes a deep breath.]

DB: ...you and I...you OR I...will move on, will seize this Chase, will move on to SuperClash, and will finally excise the cancer we call "champion".

[Bryant stalks out as the picture fades...

...into a shot in the Coliseum parking lot, as the words "Earlier Today" flash across the screen. There, we see Juan Vasquez standing by with Jason Dane. Juan is holding a duffel bag and dressed in his street clothes: a black skeleton hoodie and an old school LWC Tex Violence t-shirt. Dane turns to the camera and begins to speak.]

JD: Juan, tonight you face the AWA World Television Champion, Dave Bryant, in one of the semifinal matches in the Chase for the Clash. With a shot at your old nemesis Calisto Dufresne hanging in the balance, what are your thoughts going into this match?

[The former National Champion strokes his chin for a moment, deep in thought.]

JV: You know, I've heard it everywhere I've ever been.

"Dave Bryant is a liar."

"Dave Bryant is a cheater."

"Dave Bryant is scum of the Earth."

[Juan makes a low whistle.]

JV: And when a man spends a decade hearing and seeing just exactly that, when he sees Dave Bryant go out there and prove that he IS a liar, a cheater and scum of the Earth...it's not a huge shock that he starts to believe that every terrible thing he's heard about the man is true.

Hell, up until a few months ago, every terrible thing WAS true.

But then August rolls around, Royalty sticks their nose where it doesn't belong and suddenly everything I've ever seen, heard and known about Dave Bryant's been turned upside down.

[He frowns.]

JV: Dave Bryant suddenly ain't just a liar, a cheater, and scum of the Earth. Now he's a man searching for redemption. Now he's a man fighting for respect. Now he's the enemy of MY enemy

So that would make him...

...my friend?

[There's a slight look of confusion on Juan's face, before he smiles and shakes his head.]

JV: Not even close.

[Dane gives him a questioning look. Juan shrugs.]

JV: Hey...just being honest.

[A sheepish grin.]

JV: Dave Bryant...you said you wanted something good and pure. You said you wanted to leave behind a legacy filled with something greater than betrayals and misdeeds. And I want to believe you. I want to be able to walk into our match tonight and believe in my heart of hearts, that Dave Bryant is trying to redeem himself. I want to believe Dave Bryant is trying to change his evil ways...

[His expression turns serious.]

JV: ...but I can't and I won't.

JD: Dave Bryant's shown tremendous resolve to redeem his past actions. Why would you be so quick to dismiss him?

JV: I'm not dismissing him. But you have to understand, it's just not that easy.

[Juan looks around and makes a small sigh.]

JV: A kid like Ryan Martinez might be naive enough to do it, but this ain't my first rodeo, amigo. A couple of months of playing nice doesn't buy you redemption and being pissed off at Royalty doesn't earn you forgiveness. It doesn't suddenly allow me to trust and respect you.

[He deadpans.]

JV: That's the sort of mistake that can get you a roll of silver dollars upside the head.

JD: I see your point.

JV: And with a shot at the World Title on the line...with a chance to get back at Calisto Dufresne once and for all...and with Royalty and The Unholy Alliance out for blood...it's a risk I can't take.

[He crosses his arms over his chest, glaring straight into the camera.]

JV: You want redemption, Bryant? You want respect?

[Juan's eyes narrow.]

JV: Then show me.

Show me that it's not just lip service. Show the WORLD that this ain't just another batch of lies and deceit courtesy of Dave Bryant. Prove to us that Dave Bryant is a man WORTHY of respect and forgiveness by stepping into the ring and GIVING us his all.

No shortcuts. No silver dollars. No Yuma Weaver.

Just _Dave Bryant._

[A beat.]

JV: Redemption isn't a given. Forgiveness isn't certain. Respect isn't guaranteed.

But it's all there for the taking.

No one ever said it was going to be easy, but if you truly want it...then you're going to have to EARN it.

[And with that, Juan walks off, leaving Jason Dane behind as we crossfade to the ring where Phil Watson is standing.]

PW: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a Semifinal match in the Chase For The Clash Tournament. The winner of this match will move on to the Finals later tonight to face Supreme Wright for the right to face the World Heavyweight Champion, Calisto Dufresne, at SuperClash V!

[Big cheer!]

PW: Introducing first...

["They Reminisce over You" by Pete Rock and CL Smooth starts up over the PA system to a big cheer from the AWA crowd.]

PW: From Los Angeles, California... weighing in at 238 pounds...

JUAAAAAAAAAAAAAN VAAAAASSSSQUEZ!

[The curtain parts to reveal the Latino superhero, Juan Vasquez, as he strides into view before the Dallas fans. He does the "belt gesture" right off the bat, making it clear what his intentions are on this night.]

GM: We mentioned it two weeks ago right before the much-anticipated rematch against "Hotshot" Stevie Scott but it's been over two years since Juan Vasquez has held a title here in the American Wrestling Alliance. However, he can now glimpse the World Heavyweight Title at the end of the rainbow, Bucky.

BW: He's got two big matches here tonight before he can even get a shot at it, Gordo... a shot to do what he COULDN'T do at Opportunity Knocks back in July.

GM: That's true. Juan Vasquez received a shot at the World Title on the Fourth of July and came up empty. However, he expects Thanksgiving Night will be very different if he ends up fortunate enough to be standing across the ring from Calisto Dufresne.

[Vasquez walks the ramp in his standard track suit leaning down to slap the occasional outstretched hand.]

BW: Supreme Wright's sitting in the locker room, waiting to see which of these two men can make it to the Finals to face him. He's just a victory away from yet ANOTHER shot at the World Title. How many does that make for him in a year? A half dozen?

GM: Two. Two shots, Bucky. You're as bad as Dichotomy and the rest of these folks claiming that Wright has failed time and again to win the World Title... and don't forget, one of those shots was in that unusual Triangle Match back at Unholy War that also featured MAMMOTH Maximus.

[Vasquez steps through the ropes, removing his track suit as the music fades and is replaced by the opening riff of Metallica's "Bad Seed" as it hits the PA system to big cheers from the AWA fans. This, of course, heralds the arrival of "The Doctor of Love" Dave Bryant, who steps through the curtain in his blue sequined robe, pausing in the entrance to stare down the aisle towards Vasquez who is standing on the far side of the ring, jumping up and down, swinging his arms back and forth to stay loose.]

PW: And his opponent... coming to the ring...he hails from Las Vegas, Nevada, weighing in at two hundred and twenty-eight pounds... he is the current AWA WORLD TELEVISION CHAMPION...

He is "The Doctor of Love"...

He is... DAAAAAAAAAAAAAVE... BRYYYYYYYYYYANT!

[With a nod, Bryant starts the walk down the elevated rampway towards the ring.]

GM: It's been an incredible year and a half for Dave Bryant, Bucky. If you would've asked me... you... the fans... heck, even Bryant himself... when he walked into the AWA in the summer of 2012 as part of the World Title Tournament, I don't think any of us would've expected him to be in this position. He's held that World Television Title for the better part of a year now... almost a year solid... and now he's looking to upgrade to the World Heavyweight Title and finds himself just three victories away from doing exactly that.

BW: It's the kind of comeback story that every professional athlete dreams of but very few actually get to live through. For every Dave Bryant, there's a Chris Quigley... a Steve Kowalski - guys from his era who couldn't cut in in the modern wrestling world. But here he stands, the second most prestigious champion in the wrestling world on the cusp of becoming the World Heavyweight Champion.

[Bryant stops about halfway down the ramp, untying his robe and shrugging out of it, letting it pool at his feet as he continues to stare at the waiting Vasquez.]

GM: The fans seem pretty split between these two so far. Of course, Juan Vasquez will always have a little more support, I believe, due to his status as the man who helped build this company. But in a very short period of time since Bryant risked his own health to attack Royalty and save Glenn Hudson from further injury, the fans have rallied behind the Doctor of Love.

[Bryant reaches the ropes, staring across at Vasquez. He gives the World Television Title a slight pat before removing it, setting it on the ramp at his feet. He gestures at it, shaking his head.]

GM: Bryant's telling Vasquez that this match - it's not about the World Television Title...

[Bryant does the "belt gesture" at Vasquez who nods in reply.]

GM: ...it's about the World Heavyweight Title!

[The TV Champion steps through the ropes to a big cheer, pausing as referee Davis Warren steps between the two, making sure there's no sudden start to the matchup. He gives both men some final words of instruction...

...and then signals for the bell!]

GM: Here we go! The second Semifinal in the Chase For The Clash is on!

[The two men come together in a collar and elbow tieup that Vasquez quickly turns into a rear waistlock, powering Bryant up into the air and

throwing him down to the mat. He rushes at him as Bryant pushes up to all fours, rolling Bryant's shoulders onto the mat with an Oklahoma roll!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[Bryant kicks out with authority, breaking out of the pin. Both men try to scramble back up but the younger Vasquez is also a bit faster, getting to his feet and quickly dragging Bryant back down in a small package!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Bryant again kicks out, pushing up off the mat as soon as he can, trying to beat Vasquez up for a second time. This time, both men are there about the same time and Bryant throws a wild right hand to try and turn the tide. Vasquez ducks under, spinning to go back to back as he throws his arms back, hooking the arms of the Television Champion!]

GM: BACKSLIDE!! ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[The champion again kicks out desperately, avoiding Vasquez' pin attempt...

...and this time, Bryant bails out to the floor, not looking to get caught in another cradle so early in the matchup. The fans cheer as Vasquez climbs to his feet, a slight grin on his face as he waves for Bryant to get back in.]

GM: Juan Vasquez throws Dave Bryant off his gameplan with a rapidfire series of pin attempts.

BW: It's a smart move by Vasquez. Not only does it rattle Bryant but it also means that Vasquez had a chance to end it early and conserve energy for the Finals when he takes on Supreme Wright.

GM: Either of these men are going to need all the energy they can manage to take on a workhorse like Wright who will just keep coming and coming until he's got nothing left in his body.

BW: Or he could just be trying to get out of there before Royalty or the Unholy Alliance make their presence known.

GM: Both of these men have bullseyes on their backs. Dave Bryant, as we mentioned, earned the ire of Royalty when he saved Glenn Hudson from their wrath back a few months ago. You never know when they might show up... and of course, Juan Vasquez' history with the Unholy Alliance is certainly well-known. It's things like that that made the AWA go out and get Steve Spector to serve as the outside-the-ring enforcer at SuperClash for the World Title match.

BW: If he even makes it that far. The Shane Gang may put him in a hospital bed way before that, Gordo.

[Bryant pulls himself up on the apron, stepping through the ropes. The Doctor of Love has a slight smile on his face as he strides to the middle of the ring where Vasquez is waiting for him...

...and extends his hand for a handshake! The fans cheer the show of sportsmanship.]

GM: Bryant wants to shake the man's hand... but Juan Vasquez doesn't look too sure about that, Bucky.

BW: He's made it pretty clear, Gordo. He doesn't trust Bryant. He doesn't believe that Bryant's changed at all.

GM: Vasquez is just glaring at Bryant's open hand...

[The crowd implores Vasquez to accept the handshake but the former two-time National Champion shakes his head, waving Bryant off. Bryant looks frustrated, putting his hands on his hips...

...and getting a spinning back kick to the gut from Vasquez which draws a sprinkling of boos from Bryant's supporters.]

GM: Oh! He caught him in the gut!

BW: More accurately, he caught him in the ribs that Nenshou punished two weeks ago. Don't think Vasquez didn't study that match and realize what his target needs to be in this one.

[Grabbing Bryant by the arm, he short-whips him into the nearest corner, jolting Bryant back into the buckles as he comes in quick, raising his knee up into the ribcage!]

GM: Ohh!

[Grabbing a loose Thai clinch, Vasquez repeatedly buries his right knee into the midsection of Bryant, leaving him on a knee, gasping for air as the referee backs Vasquez away.]

GM: Bryant's in some trouble in the early part of this one...

[Vasquez marches to the middle of the ring, wheeling around to charge back in for a running knee...

...but Bryant shifts position, causing Vasquez to slam his knee into the middle turnbuckle, staggering back off-balance where Bryant pulls him down into a schoolboy rollup!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! T-

[Vasquez kicks out hard, flinging Bryant a few feet away. Both men try to get up but Vasquez is moving slow, the knee still tingling from the missed

smash. Still down on a knee, he's easy prey as Bryant rushes in, leaping over the top in a modified sunset flip, pulling Vasquez down to the mat.]

GM: SUNSET FLIP GETS ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[Again, the former two-time National Champion kicks out of the pin attempt, clapping his legs together on Bryant's ears to free himself. Bryant rolls away, pushing up to a knee as Vasquez staggers up...

...and Bryant rushes the corner, leaping up to the midbuckle before blindly leaping back, twisting his body to catch Vasquez across the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[A hard kickout flings Bryant away as Vasquez takes his turn in rolling under the ropes, ending up out on the floor as Bryant pushes up to a knee, getting some cheers from the crowd for his flurry of pinning predicaments. Vasquez has a slight limp as he paces around the ring, rounding the steel ringpost as he looks up at the counting official.]

GM: Bryant saw that big running knee coming and avoided it.

BW: Good thing too. If Vasquez hit that, it might've knocked Bryant for a loop like it did to Stevie Scott two weeks ago.

GM: He banged his knee into the buckles though and seems to be favoring it now. That might've done more damage than it appeared to.

[At the count of six, Vasquez pulls himself up on the apron, ducking through the ropes into the ring. They quickly come back into another collar and elbow tieup, jostling for position...

...and Bryant suddenly changes levels, grabbing a double leg to take Vasquez off his feet. He grabs the leg that hit the buckles by the foot, quickly unleashing a series of kicks to the limb before leaping into a front flip, stretching the hamstring in a vicious fashion!]

GM: Ohh! And if we saw Vasquez favoring the knee, you better bet that Bryant saw it as well, and he's going right for it.

[Vasquez winces, trying to slide his leg behind him as he wheels up to a knee, ready for Bryant as he moves in, throwing a right hand into the ribs of Bryant which knocks him back.]

GM: Both men are aiming right for the weak part on their opponent.

[Vasquez pushes up off the mat, again visibly favoring the knee as he slams a double axehandle across the back of Bryant, knocking him down to his stomach on the mat. Vasquez falls down to straddle the waist of Bryant, swinging vicious right hands into the ribs from the rear mount!]

GM: He's hammering away on the ribcage!

[Climbing to his feet, Vasquez lands a trio of soccer kicks into the left side of the ribcage before the referee steps in, forcing him back.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is one of the hardest hitters in the AWA and he's showing Dave Bryant that right about now.

[Leaning down, Vasquez grabs a handful of trunks to pull Bryant off the mat, ducking in behind to apply a side waistlock...]

GM: Vasquez lifts!

[...and DROPS Bryant down on the back of his head with a back suplex!]

GM: Nice execution on the suplex and Vasquez with a cover!

[The Los Angeles native earns a two count before Bryant lifts the shoulder, kicking out in time. Vasquez pushes up to his knees before hammering a double axehandle down into the ribs once... twice... three times!]

GM: Those ribs are just being hammered by Vasquez. Both of these men are known for their stamina inside the squared circle but with an attack like this out of Vasquez, I'm not sure if Bryant's going to have enough to outlast Vasquez.

BW: That means that Bryant's going to need to look for the sudden impact win. He'll need to have the superkick ready. He'll need to have the DDT ready. I know he wants to target the leg but that may not be an option here tonight. He may not have the time to weaken the limb for the figure four leglock.

[With Bryant wincing with every breath, Vasquez drags him back up to his feet off the mat, scooping him up in his arms and slamming him down to the canvas with a spine-rattling bodyslam!]

GM: Big slam!

[Vasquez cocks the right arm, dropping it down into the ribs.]

GM: Elbowdrop! Right back up... and another!

[The process repeats, Vasquez dropping elbow after elbow into the ribcage until Bryant rolls to his side, gasping for air. Vasquez drops one final elbow into the exposed side before rolling Bryant back onto his shoulders, diving across in a lateral press.]

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

[Bryant lifts the shoulder up, breaking up the pin in time to cheers from the crowd.]

GM: We're just over five minutes into this match and Juan Vasquez is putting Dave Bryant through the proverbial wringer, fans!

[Vasquez climbs back to his feet, looking down at Bryant. He suddenly hits the ropes, rebounding back - this time showing no ill effects on the knee - leaping up...

...and DRIVING both feet down into the midsection of Bryant!]

GM: OHHHH!

BW: Shades of Anton Layton?!

[Vasquez bounces off, wheeling around to dive across Bryant's chest again... but again only gets a two count before Bryant kicks out.]

GM: Vasquez is bringing the pain to Dave Bryant who desperately needs to find a way to counter what we've seen so far. The knee seems to have gotten itself back together. Bryant didn't get enough time to work the leg and Vasquez has recovered from what Bryant DID manage to do.

BW: You can see it on Vasquez' face. He's frustrated that he hasn't put Bryant away yet. He wants to end this thing early - whether it's to be fresh for the Finals or to avoid outside interference - Vasquez is looking for the kill at every opportunity.

[Juan slowly climbs to his feet, looking around at the crowd that is buzzing at the physical dominance of the fan favorite so far in the matchup. He leans down, pulling Bryant up off the mat. Vasquez grabs an arm, whipping Bryant the short distance into the nearest set of buckles!]

GM: Ohh! Into the corner goes Bryant and Vasquez is moving right in after him...

[The LA native leans over, grabbing the middle rope with both hands, and slinging himself into the buckles, slamming his shoulder into the injured ribcage!]

GM: Bryant's in trouble, fans! Over and over again, Vasquez is driving his shoulder into the ribs!

[The referee again forces Juan back with a four count. Vasquez grabs the arm, whipping Bryant from corner to corner...]

GM: Bryant hits the buckles again - here comes Juan!

[Juan throws himself into a spear tackle but Bryant pushes up off the mat, causing Juan to slam facefirst into the midbuckle as Bryant hooks his legs under the arms, rolling Juan into a pin...

...but Juan rolls right through it to his feet and SLAMS his knee into Bryant's face!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd ROARS as Bryant kicks out in time!]

GM: That was incredibly close, fans! Bryant thought he was in the clear but Vasquez countered the rollup and DRILLED him with that knee to the skull!

[Bryant again rolls from the ring to the safety of the floor, taking a knee near the ring apron as Vasquez uses the ropes to climb to his feet. He looks around, spotting Bryant, and rushes to the ropes, rebounding off at top speed...]

GM: BASEBALL SLI-

[But the wily veteran yanks up on the ring apron, causing Vasquez' legs to get tangled inside the apron. Bryant lunges in, battering Vasquez with rights and lefts, catching him with several hard shots as Vasquez attempts to free himself from the trap.]

GM: What in the...?! Bryant caught him!

[Grabbing Vasquez by the hair, a desperate Bryant SLAMS his skull into the ring apron three times before wheeling him back around, shoving his torso back under the ropes, freeing the legs himself...

...and promptly SLAMMING the back of Vasquez' knee into the edge of the apron!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Bryant goes for it again, lifting the leg up, and SMASHING the back of the leg into the apron!]

GM: Bryant's trying to turn things around in a big fashion by going after the leg. Vasquez is trying to pull his legs back into the ring but Bryant's got the leg again...

[He DRIVES it down into the apron for a third time, causing Vasquez to howl in pain as he finally manages to drag himself back into the ring, immediately cradling his knee in pain as Bryant grabs the ropes, wincing as he pulls himself up on the apron.]

GM: And just like that, the World Television Champion just showed exactly why he's held that title for over a year.

[Bryant grabs the foot, lifting the leg off the mat as Vasquez tries to upkick him away. The Doctor of Love twists the leg around into a spinning toehold, cranking on the injured limb!]

GM: Bryant hooks the spinning toehold, the precursor to his figure four leglock!

[The Doctor of Love releases the hold... and then quickly reapplies it, adding extra torque on the knee as he leans down...

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

[Bryant JUST barely kicks out, freeing himself from the cradle!]

GM: That was incredibly close, fans! Bryant nearly lost everything right there as Vasquez caught him off-guard with that cradle attempt.

[Both men are slow to get up - Bryant grabbing his ribs as Vasquez favors the knee. The World Television Champion is down on a knee as Vasquez gets up, obviously stumbling...

...which allows Bryant to THROW himself at the back of the legs, driving his shoulder into the back of the knee!]

GM: OHHHHH! He clipped him, Bucky!

BW: Illegal in the NFL but totally legal here in the AWA, daddy! There'll be no flag on the play for that one - not in our ring where the toughest athletes in the world come to compete!

[Vasquez is back down on the mat as Bryant pins his ankle to the canvas, repeatedly stomping the knee with his free leg.]

GM: As we near the ten minute mark of the match, Dave Bryant's trying to catch up to Juan Vasquez on all the damage done to him in that period of time.

[Standing on the ankle, pinning the leg, Bryant drops down, smashing his own knee into the trapped knee!]

GM: Good grief!

[Vasquez cries out again with a "AHHH!" as Bryant straightens up, pulling the foot with him. He gives the leg a hard tug, dragging Vasquez towards the ropes.]

GM: He's pulling him into the ropes, placing the foot on the bottom rope...

[Bryant steps up to the middle rope, leaping off and dropping his weight down on Vasquez' straightened knee, causing another howl of pain from the two-time National Champion.]

GM: Dave Bryant comes crashing down on the leg again and suddenly, he's putting on a clinic on how to physically dissect an opponent's leg.

[The Doctor of Love drags Vasquez by the foot back out to the center of the ring but a well-placed upkick to the ribs knocks him back, giving Vasquez a window to escape.]

GM: Juan's trying to get away, trying to regroup...

[But as soon as he gets to his feet, Bryant lashes out with a hard kick to the back of the knee, sweeping Vasquez' leg out from under him and causing him to crumple to the mat!]

GM: Down goes Vasquez again... and Bryant's going for the figure four!

[He twists the leg around, reaching down for the other leg...]

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

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Bryant escapes the cradle as both men try to get off the mat. The World Television Champion manages to get to his knees...

...where Vasquez is waiting for him, lunging in to smash his skull into Bryant's!]

GM: Oh! Headbutt!

[Grabbing the suddenly-staggered Bryant by the hair, Vasquez pulls him in, unleashing a series of brutal headbutts to the forehead of the World Television Champion!]

GM: Headbutt after headbutt by Vasquez! One of the hardest heads in the business is doing a number on Bryant and-

[Still on their knees, Vasquez pivots and SLAMS Bryant's face into the canvas! Taking a few deep breaths, he flips Bryant onto his back, diving into a lateral press.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! But up comes the shoulder AGAIN for Dave Bryant!

[Vasquez pushes up off the mat, visibly trying to avoid putting weight on the injured knee as he leans down, dragging Bryant by the hair towards the corner, shoving him into a seated position in the corner...]

GM: Uh oh!

[The two-time National Champion grabs the top rope with both hands, shifting his body to protect his injured knee...

...and SLAMS the good knee into Bryant's face!]

GM: Ohh!

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez unloads with knee after knee to the face of Bryant, causing the Doctor of Love to slump backwards in the corner, barely moving as Vasquez breaks away, dashing out to the center of the ring past the official...

...and charging back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: RUNNING KNEE CONNECTS!

BW: He ain't done, Gordo!

[Vasquez again switches his stance, lifting his boot up to press against the face of Bryant, pushing it down to rake across the face of the Doctor of Love!]

BW: FACEWASH!

[The crowd groans as Vasquez repeatedly burns Bryant's face with his boot leather being pushed across the flesh of the World Television Champion...

...and breaks away at the count of four, hitting the far ropes, rushing back in...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The running bootscape connects, pushing Bryant's upper body through the ropes where he's hanging upside down, his head dangling a few feet above the ringside mats!]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!!

[Vasquez collapses to the mat, clutching his knee and gritting his teeth to suck down the pain.]

GM: I don't know how in the world he got that much speed behind him with that banged-up knee, Bucky.

BW: He just choked it down to do what he needed to do, Gordo.

GM: We've reached the ten minute mark in this match, fans. The usual time limit that Dave Bryant - as the World Television Champion - is used to dealing with.

[Bryant gets his legs untangled, dropping down on the barely-padded floor as Vasquez sits on the mat, still holding his knee.]

GM: Vasquez rolls under the ropes, moving out to the floor where Bryant's trying to recover from that brutal series of knees and boots to the face.

[The Los Angeles native uses the apron for support as he slowly moves along the ring apron, rounding the ringpost to pursue Dave Bryant who is crawling towards the elevated wooden platform.]

GM: Bryant's trying to get away... trying to get a breather but Vasquez is in hot pursuit, fans.

[Vasquez drags a fleeing Bryant off the ringside mats, tugging him into a front facelock, slinging his arm over his neck...]

GM: What in the...?

[Vasquez muscles Bryant up into the air...

...and then swings to the side, hanging him out to dry over the wooden platform!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT AN INNOVATIVE MOVE BY VASQUEZ!!

BW: Right back to work on the ribs!

GM: Bryant got hung out to dry... his ribs slamming down into that unforgiving wooden platform! That entrance ramp is not a fun thing to fall down onto, Bucky. I've tripped on the thing before and hit my knee... nothing like what just happened to Bryant but I know how hard a fall on that ramp is.

[Vasquez turns to his side, walking up the wooden steps to climb onto the elevated platform. He looks out at the crowd...

...and holds up one finger with a "ONE MORE?!" He gets a huge cheer in response!]

GM: Oh no. Juan's going for another one?!

[He turns to the other side of the building, finger still outstretched. "ONE MORE?!" Another big cheer as he nods, leaning down to drag Bryant off the wooden ramp...

...and tugs him into a standing front facelock!]

GM: Oh my stars!

[He pulls Bryant in, slinging Bryant's limp arm over his neck...]

GM: Can he do it?! Will the injured knee allow him to do it?!

[Vasquez grits his teeth, lifting Bryant off the mat in the suplex lift...

...and then drops him facefirst on the wooden entrance platform in a sloppy looking gourdbuster!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Inside the ring, Davis Warren is screaming for Vasquez to bring the match back inside the squared circle.]

GM: Bryant's been laid out on the ramp! He may be done for, fans! That might've been enough for Vasquez to earn a three count!

BW: It might've but- here comes trouble!

[The crowd begins to jeer at the sight of Dave Cooper walking down the top of the aisle, shouting at Vasquez and pointing menacingly.]

GM: What the heck is Cooper doing out here?!

BW: Vasquez just used his gourdbuster!

GM: HIS?! Does he own it?!

[Cooper seems to be asserting Bucky's point, mimicking the gourdbuster and shouting at Vasquez as he walks down the ramp. Vasquez pauses, hands on his hips as he stares back at the Professional.]

GM: This is what Juan Vasquez was worried about, fans. He wanted to end this thing before outside forces decided to get involved but he failed to do so... now he's got Dave Cooper out here barking at him like some kind of a rabid dog...

[Vasquez turns back to Bryant, pulling him up and throwing him through the ropes. He spins, shouting at Cooper who grins in response as Vasquez heads back towards the ring.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is trying to make sure this thing ends inside the ring but Dave Cooper may have other ideas.

BW: And where Cooper is, you've gotta figure that Larry Doyle, the Blonde Bombers, and Calisto Dufresne are not far behind, daddy!

GM: Unfortunately, that's likely true... and I wouldn't put it past Dufresne to try and manipulate this tournament to get the opponent of his choice into the Finals.

BW: Yeah, but who is his opponent of choice? Does he want Supreme Wright? Juan Vasquez? Dave Bryant?

GM: A hard decision for sure... and one we'll be sure to ask him later tonight when he's out here during the Main Event.

[Cooper stays standing on the ramp, a long distance away from the ring. He is simply watching, an odd sort of smile on his face as he watches Juan Vasquez pull Dave Bryant off the canvas, whipping him towards the corner...

...but Bryant reverses, sending the off-balance and staggering Vasquez the short distance to the buckles!]

GM: REVERSAL!

[Vasquez staggers out towards Bryant who tucks his arm underneath Vasquez' armpit, looking for the hiptoss...

...but Vasquez holds his ground, shaking his head before driving his healthy knee up into Bryant's ribcage a half dozen times!]

GM: OHH!

[He quickly switches stances with Bryant, upending the Doctor of Love with a hiptoss of his own!]

GM: HIPTOSS!

[Vasquez hits the ropes a few steps behind him, slowly coming off and leaving his feet, hitting Bryant with a low impact senton backsplash!]

GM: SHADES OF TOMMY STEPHENS!

BW: There wasn't much behind that, Gordo!

GM: There certainly wasn't. The leg injury seems to be getting to Vasquez!

[An irritated Vasquez rolls over, flipping Bryant to his back. He is about to attempt a cover when Bryant reaches up, snaring the head, and dragging Vasquez into a sloppy cradle!]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!

[Vasquez easily breaks out of the pin attempt as Bryant grabs the ropes, dragging himself to his feet as the two-time National Champion struggles to get up...]

GM: SUPERKI-

[But Vasquez catches the incoming kick, shocking Bryant who bounces up and down on one foot, trying to stay standing...]

GM: Vasquez caught it! He knew it was coming and he caught it!

[With the trapped leg, Vasquez swings Bryant around in a full circle, pushing off his good leg and lashing out with his bad one, catching Bryant on the ear with a leaping kick!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: OH MY STARS!!!

[Vasquez lands hard on his injured knee, wincing as he pushes Bryant onto his back, diving across...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[The crowd ROARS as Bryant's shoulder pops up again!]

GM: Wow! Another near fall and what a battle we're seeing between two of the very best in the world right here tonight in Dallas, Texas, Bucky!

BW: Incredible stuff... and we haven't even reached the Finals yet.

[Vasquez shakes his head, taking the mount by swinging a leg over Bryant. He rears back with his right hand, driving it down into a prone Bryant's skull!]

GM: He's hammering away! Just battering Bryant into the canvas... and the referee breaks up the attack!

[Davis Warren warns Vasquez for the closed fists. He gives a short nod before turning towards the corner...]

GM: He's heading up top! He's looking for that backflip off the top!

[Vasquez' path to the top rope however is a slow one. Every step is punctuated by grabbing the ropes for support, trying to keep his balance as he precariously scales the turnbuckles, looking for the homerun move to send him to the Finals and one win away from a shot at the World Heavyweight Title.]

GM: Vasquez places a foot on the top... he's having a hard time keeping his balance...

BW: He's having a hard time getting up there at all! He's taking FOREVER, Gordo! Look at Bryant!

[With the time needed for Vasquez to scale the turnbuckles, Bryant manages to get up off the mat to a knee, looking around dazed...]

...and spotting Vasquez up top!]

GM: Wait a second! This is how Bryant beat Nenshou!

[Bryant quickly rushes the corner, stepping up to the middle rope and grabbing Juan from behind, leaping up and tucking his knees into Vasquez' back...]

...and then CRASHES to the canvas!]

GM: JUAN COUNTERS!!

[A steel-trap grip on the top rope causes Bryant to crash and burn back down to the canvas, smashing into the mat as Juan stays perched on the second rope.]

GM: Bryant went for it all but Vasquez was ready for him!

[Juan steps up to the top, barely able to keep his balance. He nearly pitches off to the front, leaning down to grab the top of the ringpost to stay on his feet as the crowd buzzes with concern...]

GM: MOOOOOONSAUUUULLLLT!

[The crowd ROARS as Vasquez flings himself into the air, flipping backwards in a slow-motion but breathtaking dive as he arcs down towards the prone Bryant...]

...and CRASHES across his chest!]

GM: HE GOT IT! HE NAILED IT!!

[Vasquez stays on top, hooking a leg as Davis Warren drops to the mat.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT!! KICKOUT!! BY GOD, HE KICKED OUT!!!

[Vasquez pushes up to his knees, shaking his head in disbelief. He looks up at the official who holds up two fingers and shouts "TWO!" over a deafening crowd reaction for the kickout. The two-time National Champion leans over, head pushed down on the mat.]

GM: Juan Vasquez is stunned! He's in shock! He was so close right there to moving on to the Finals but somehow, somehow, Dave Bryant managed to find a way to kick out in time!

[Vasquez is slow to his feet, wincing as he puts weight on the injured leg. He looks out at the crowd which is now buzzing, wondering what Vasquez has up his sleeves next and pondering if Dave Bryant will be able to escape it.]

BW: Vasquez can't let his emotions get the better of him, Gordo. He needs to stay on track and find a way to put Bryant down for the three count. He's real close... REAL close... but he needs to find the killshot. The Right Cross, the Spike, the City of Angels... something!

[On his feet, Vasquez leans down and slaps the canvas with both hands, giving an anguished shout as he does. He straightens up...

...and raises a clenched right hand to the roar of the crowd!]

GM: He's calling for the Right Cross!

[Suddenly, the crowd begins jeering as Dave Cooper comes swiftly down the ramp towards the ring. The jeers go unnoticed by a focused Vasquez who is ready to knock Bryant into next week...]

GM: Bryant's starting to stir! He doesn't know what's waiting for him!

BW: Neither does Vasquez! Cooper's almost to the ring!

[Cooper reaches the ring, shouting in. The ref moves over to intercept, ordering him to get down as Bryant rises to a knee, pushing up to his feet as Vasquez gives another shout!]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!"

[The crowd ERUPTS as Bryant slips in a stinging left hook, snapping Vasquez' head back and spinning him around before he can get off the trademark haymaker. Bryant grabs Vasquez from behind, rushing towards the ropes...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The collective gasp of the crowd comes as Bryant rams Vasquez into the referee who was still shouting at Cooper and completely failed to notice the danger behind him.]

GM: Ohh! Down goes the ref!

[Bryant rolls Vasquez back, pulling him into a rolling reverse cradle...]

GM: He's got Vasquez rolled up but the referee is down! The referee is out!

[With Bryant leaning over, trying to get more leverage on the cradle, Dave Cooper slips into the ring, approaching quickly to hook Bryant in a front facelock...

...and SPIKES him skullfirst into the canvas with a DDT!]

GM: DDT!! DDT BY COOPER!!

BW: That's it! Bryant's done for!

[Cooper pops back up, all grins as the crowd explodes in jeers.]

GM: Oh, come on! Dave Cooper is trying to RUIN this fantastic matchup by getting involved and... look at this! He's telling Vasquez to cover Bryant!

[The crowd jeers as the Professional gestures at the downed Bryant, shouting for Vasquez to cover him for the pin.]

GM: Don't do it, Juan!

BW: Hey... Vasquez was a pretty good member of the Unholy Alliance. What kind of member of Royalty do you think he'd be?

GM: I don't want to find out!

[With Bryant motionless on the canvas, Vasquez climbs to his feet, glaring at Cooper.]

BW: Maybe Royalty has picked the man they want to face at SuperClash! Maybe Calisto Dufresne, the greatest professional athlete in the world today, wants to put his undefeated streak at SuperClash on the line against the hero of the AWA in a truly epic showdown!

GM: Why in the world would Dufresne want to face Vasquez?!

BW: Hey, he just beat him at Opportunity Knocks in July. Maybe he thinks he's got his number, Gordo.

GM: I suppose you could be right but-

[Vasquez is still glaring at Cooper who is imploring him to cover the downed and now-barely moving Bryant...

...and then lunges at him, tackling him down to the mat to an EXPLOSION of cheers!]

GM: VASQUEZ ON COOPER!! VASQUEZ ON COOPER!!

[The crowd is ROARING as Vasquez hammers the Professional with right hands to the skull. He pops up to his feet, bringing Cooper up with him where he shoves him back into the corner, battering him with forearms, elbows, chops, and headbutts!]

GM: Vasquez is taking the fight to Dave Cooper in the corner!

[Vasquez batters Cooper down to his knees in the corner, suddenly backing away. He tugs down his kneepad, shouting something off-mic at the Professional before charging in...

...where Cooper leaps up, lifting Vasquez by the upper thighs, spinning a full 360 around, and DRIVING Vasquez into the canvas with a spinning spinebuster slam!]

GM: OHHHHH! SPINEBUSTER!!

[A furious Cooper gets to his feet, shouting at the downed Vasquez. He grabs Vasquez by the arms, dragging him out of the corner to the middle of the ring...

...where he flips Dave Bryant on top of him!]

GM: Oh my stars! Cooper just put Bryant on top of Vasquez!

[He turns to look at Davis Warren, leaning in to give the official a shake or two. The referee starts to stir as Cooper steps out to the entrance ramp, waiting and watching...

...and not noticing the roaring crowd as Alphonse Green comes bolting out of the curtain, charging down the aisle, rushing PAST Cooper to leap up to the second rope...]

GM: ALPHONSE-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: -GREEN!

[And DELIVERS a Ground Chuck on a shocked Dave Cooper to another tremendous roar from the crowd!]

GM: GROUND CHUCK ON COOPER!! MY STARS!! GREEN TAKES OUT COOPER!!

[As Green rolls off the ramp, slamming his hands down on the canvas, shouting "COME ON, DAVE!" to a dazed Bryant, the crowd cheers!]

GM: And now Alphonse Green has put himself in the corner of the Television Champion! What in the world is going on here?!

[With Bryant still down in the cover, the referee crawls over to count.]

GM: Not like this... not even Bryant would want to win like this!

BW: Are you kidding me?! It's a trip to the Finals! Take whatever win you can get!

[The referee slaps the mat once... he slaps the mat twice...]

GM: That's two and...

[And the crowd ERUPTS in a mix of joy and shock as Dave Bryant suddenly shoves himself out of the pin!]

GM: Are you kidding...?

BW: What an idiot! He had the match won and he pushed out of the pin?!

GM: Dave Bryant is trying to change! Dave Bryant is trying to do the right thing, fans! The Doctor of Love has REFUSED to take the win giftwrapped for him by Dave Cooper!

[Bryant shakes his head at the situation, waving his arms apart in a "that's it!" gesture. Alphonse Green claps his hands at ringside, drawing a confused look from Bryant as he gets back to his feet. The World Television Champion throws a look at the motionless Cooper, giving Green a thumbs up before turning back towards Vasquez. He leans down, pulling Juan off the mat...]

GM: It looks like Bryant wants to check on Vasquez, see if he's okay to continue...

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

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: He almost got him! Vasquez almost snatched this one right there and-

[Vasquez comes up hot, swinging a right hand that Bryant blocks, throwing one of his own that Vasquez ducks, upending Bryant upon his shoulder...]

GM: CITY OF ANGELS!!

[Juan walks out to the center of the ring, trying not to put any unnecessary pressure on the injured leg...

...but he takes one bad step, throwing his balance off enough for Bryant to slide down the back, landing on a knee and shoving Vasquez in the back with both hands, sending him towards the corner where Juan hops up to the midbuckle, spinning around as Bryant charges in...]

GM: OOF! Juan kicks him in the mush!

[The boot to the face causes Bryant to stumble back, slumping to a knee as Juan straightens up, throwing himself off the middle rope...]

GM: SUNSET FLIP!

[But Bryant has had this happen before and is ready for it, kneeling down on the shoulders of Juan Vasquez. Vasquez raises his legs, trying to kick out but gives Bryant the chance to tightly hook both legs, pulling down with all his weight as the referee drops to the mat again...]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: HE DID IT!! BRYANT BEATS VASQUEZ!! BRYANT BEATS VASQUEZ!!

[Bryant releases the legs, falling facefirst to the mat in exhaustion.]

GM: After nearly twenty minutes of action, Dave Bryant has managed to defeat Juan Vasquez and will move on to the Finals later tonight to challenge

Supreme Wright with a SuperClash V shot at the World Heavyweight Title on the line! Incredible!

BW: It went back and forth all night, Gordo. I thought both men had it won several times... and if they'd listened to Dave Cooper, both men COULD have had it won.

GM: The integrity of the tournament... of the World Title meant too much for both of these men. They wanted to show the world that they're not Rick Marley... they're not Johnny Detson... they are Dave Bryant and Juan Vasquez and they are what the AWA is all about, fans!

[Bryant stays down on the mat, allowing the referee to help him to his knees as the crowd continues to cheer. A few feet away, Juan Vasquez is seated on the canvas, looking down in disappointment.]

GM: It was one heck of a match despite Dave Cooper's attempts to ruin it. In the end though, Dave Bryant managed to counter a sunset flip attempt and win it.

[Alphonse Green slides in, cheering and smiling as he helps Bryant up to his feet. He lifts Bryant's hand, pointing at the World Television Champion who gets another big cheer from the crowd. Slowly, Juan Vasquez climbs to his feet, wincing as he puts weight on his injured leg and makes his way towards Green and Bryant...]

BW: Uh oh! This may not be over, Gordo!

GM: Vasquez is staring at Bryant...

[Green steps in front of Vasquez, shaking his head at him...

...and gets shoved aside so that the former two-time National Champion can look directly in the eye of the man who just stole his dreams of a World Title victory at SuperClash away from him.]

GM: They're eye to eye and...

[The crowd ERUPTS as Vasquez stretches out his right hand...]

GM: Oh yeah! The handshake is offered...

[Bryant cracks the slightest of smiles as he clasps Vasquez' hand in his own.]

GM: ...and accepted!

[Vasquez lifts Bryant's hand, gesturing to the World Television Champion and nodding a few times before he exits the ring, leaving the moment to Bryant.]

GM: What a moment! What a win! But this night's just getting started, fans! Remember, Dave Bryant meets Supreme Wright in the Finals of this tournament later tonight but right now, we've got to take a break!

[Fade to black.]

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

"Have you ever dreamed of fame?"

[Cut a little closer.]

"Of glory?"

[A little closer.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Two young students are grappling on the canvas.]

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

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

The screen is completely black, and over the darkness, can be heard a voice familiar to all movie goers - Liam Neeson's.]

"We've been through this before. I don't know why you can't learn."

[On screen, as two women are grabbed, lifted by the waist, thrown into the back of a van, the van's tires screeching and throwing up sparks, as Neeson steps onto the street, watching it speed away.]

"But let me tell you one more time."

[Close up on Neeson's face, contorted in anger, as he speaks into a cell phone.]

"I'm a man with a very particular set of skills. Skills I have acquired over a very long career."

[There's a rapid succession of shots, all of them of Neeson killing various bad guys with his bare hands.]

"Skills that made me a nightmare for people like you."

[Neeson begins moving forward, following the tire tracks laid down by the van, moving past a long line of cars parked on the street. Then, there is a quick cut to a sinister looking Eastern European man, also holding a cell phone to his ear.]

"You're wrong, Mr. Mills. We know exactly who you are."

[There's a sudden explosion, as one of the cars erupts into flames. Neeson is thrown back, landing on his back.]

"You're a man with a problem."

[From the shadows emerges a man. A very tall man, dressed all in black. The camera doesn't show his face, only his broad back. He leans over Neeson, lifts him by his collar, and tosses him against another car, the window shattering from the impact.]

"A very, very big problem."

[The camera circles around, and we see the face of Neeson's big problem. Angry, with a scar running diagonally across his face. A face every AWA fan knows - the face of Alex Martinez. The Hall of Famer lifts his hand, curls his fingers into a fist, and drives that fist repeatedly into Neeson's face. With the final punch, Neeson slumps down, and the screen goes black again. Red text fills the screen.

MARTINEZ

NEESON

TAKEN 3

SUMMER 2014

...and fade back up into the backstage area where Jason Dane is standing in front of a SuperClash V backdrop, looking a bit off his game.]

JD: My guest at this time approached me during the break and... well, I'll say requested but it felt more like demanded... this time to address the fans of the AWA. He is Eli Slater.

[Arguably the most untrustworthy man in professional wrestling, Eli Slater drifts in from stage right, wearing a pair of loose and faded blue jeans, brown work boots and a red and blue flannel shirt. His curly blonde hair is loose and his mustache and perpetual five o'clock shadow are in their usual places. He approaches Jason smiling, slyly.]

ES: It's taken a while, Jason, but I'm finally here. And on the biggest show of the year... SuperClash V. Can you believe it?

[Dane pauses, considering how to answer that.]

JD: In all honesty, no... I can't say that I do believe it. The fans of the AWA are quite knowledgeable and I'm sure they're familiar with your history but you've been chased out of more promotions than almost anyone that I know. I know that you're saying things are different now... and I've even heard reports that things are different now... but even your last stint... the one in Germany... you left that company in quite the cloud of rumors as well.

ES: And what may I ask, what was different the last time you heard, Jason?

[Dane shrugs.]

JD: Some have said you've turned over a new leaf but...

[Dane looks doubtful as Eli smiles with a hint of malice in his eyes]

ES: Do you think I have changed, Jason?

[The AWA's investigative journalist attempt to look into the eyes of Slater... and abruptly shifts his gaze, shivering. He turns back.]

JD: I think a better question is for you, Mr. Slater. Have you changed?

[Eli is still smiling as he leans back away from Dane. He runs his fingers through his hair before leaning back in to speak again, as always in a calm steady voice. Never raising his volume.]

ES: Well, I'll be honest, and I'm always honest, I'd say my greatest gift... Against men like William Craven and Eric Preston...

Against men like The Hangman and the bartender...

And even in the end, against men like Tony Sunn and Devon Case...

...is that they have absolutely no idea where I'm coming from. In fact, it's kind of a big secret.

[Eli puts his hand on Jason's shoulder]

ES: The thing is Jason, I like secrets, so we'll have to find out November 28th. One thing I will let you know though, is that even at my nicest, on a sunny day with pretty birds singing their prettiest songs. I'll do some real nasty things in that ring to win.

For now though? Keep my history on your minds.

The mayhem, the blood, the violence, and remember that through it all...

[Here comes the smile again.]

ES: I was probably smiling.

[Slater turns to leave before seemingly remembering something.]

ES: Jason, I almost forgot...

What was it that they say about the devil and the greatest trick he ever played?

[Dane looks uneasy.]

JD: Mr. Slater, you're not comparing yourself to the devil are you?

[Slater's smile suddenly vanishes and he stares coldly into the camera]

ES: Of course not, Jason.

Unlike the Devil, Eli Slater is very real.

[His eyes bore into the camera for a long moment.]

ES: I promise.

[Slater's smile returns and he walks off camera as we fade back to the ring where Phil Watson is standing by with a shady-looking balding man with stringy black hair. He wears plain white trunks, orange kneepads, and blue boots, and is rubbing his big nose for good luck.]

PW: The following contest is set for one fall, with a ten minute time limit.

Introducing first, to my left. From Brooklyn, New York... weighing two-hundred thirty pounds... JACKIE WILPON!

[Wilpon raises his arms to some tepid jeering. Then, the opening beat of "White and Nerdy" by Weird Al Yankovic plays, causing some cheers.]

PW: His opponent! About to come down the aisle... from Silicon Valley, California... weighing two-hundred thirty-five pounds...

..."THE WRESTLING WIKI" WALTER WARREN!

[As he is introduced, "The Wrestling Wiki" Walter Warren makes his way to the ring. Walter is a lean fellow with slicked-back black hair. He wears red wrestling trunks, kneepads and wrestling boots, along with a black T-Shirt with four characters on it (http://www.redbubble.com/people/molmoran/works/11025739-dual-destinies-panels?body_color=black&p=t-shirt&print_location=front&ref=shop_grid&style=mens).

For whatever reason, he has a manila folder in his left hand. As he comes down the aisle, he stops at the end, where he turns to look at the fans and raises his right hand, separates his fingers and gives the "live long and prosper" Vulcan sign to the fans. The fans cheer him.]

GM: Walter Warren is in action this week, and here is a young man who has worked hard to get and keep a place here in the AWA. He has had a string of victories in non-televised events, and a chance to get in the win column here on TV.

BW: What's on that shirt?

GM: I recall him telling me earlier that those were characters from a video game that he likes.

BW: Oh, yeah, real focused. Real men don't play games. They beat up people, and then go out and party until it's time to beat someone else up. This geek has no business in this sport.

[Warren makes the rounds of the ringside area, slapping hands, and then ascends the ring steps and ducks between the ropes. He again makes the V-sign, then removes his T-shirt and glasses and hands them over to a ringside attendant.]

GM: Is that so? Well, I seem to recall that Mr. Warren has put up some great showings against the likes of Dave Cooper and holds victories over the likes of P.W. de Klerk.

BW: Accidents happen. And... what's this idiot doing now?

GM: Asking for the microphone. Interesting. Let's see what he has to say.

"WW"WW: HOLD IT! I, Walter Warren, webmaster of the AWA webpage and the most complete wiki of professional wrestling history on the Internet, have sensed a disturbance in the Force. During my extensive research on my opponent for tonight, I discovered something... fascinating.

[He turns to Wilpon, who is squinting at him in confusion. He presents the manila folder to Wilpon, who doesn't seem to know what to do.]

"WW"WW: OBJECTION! According to my network administrator records, this man, Jackie Wilpon, in his off time runs a pyramid scheme over company e-mail! That's right... he is a spammer! INCONCEIVABLE! You think you can use the Internet to steal people's money? Well, I reject your reality and substitute my own! No one gets away with Internet crimes when the "Wrestling Wiki" is on the job; I'm very clever! I fight for the users! And now it's clobberin' time! Engage!

[Warren tosses the mic away, and goes right at the still perplexed Wilpon.]

[*DING*DING*]

GM: Here we go; apparently, Walter Warren takes Internet crime very seriously.

BW: ...you mean that online investment deal Jackie told me about was a fake?!

GM: Oh, brother. Warren with a hiptoss, and a front elbow drop on Wilpon. Very aggressive from the Silicon Valley native. It makes me wonder, though. Is Walter Warren reading our company e-mail?

BW: He better not be!

GM: He is the AWA's network administrator, whatever that means. I think that means he's in charge of the company e-mail system... he helped me when I had problems a few months ago.

BW: Gordo, you need help turnin' your computer on.

GM: Only sometimes!

[In the meantime, the "Wrestling Wiki" advances on Wilpon as he gets up, and chops him. He sticks his head into the Brooklyn native's jaw, grasps the head, and drops into a jawbreaker which staggers Wilpon into the ropes. Following up with an Irish-whip, Warren runs at him, leapfrogs, and then catches him coming back with a great belly-to-belly suplex! The fans cheer these moves.]

BW: Anyway, it looks like the Internet nerd really is fired up about all this. It's gotta be a lie, though. Jackie Wilpon is a trustworthy man.

GM: I trust that belly-to-belly suplex took a great toll on him, and Warren already following up. Gathering his man up off the canvas, and driving him back down with a swinging neckbreaker! Walter Warren is wrestling with some anger tonight. I've never really seen this from him.

BW: He must really think Wilpon's been misusin' company e-mail. I didn't know we gave the curtain jerkers company e-mail accounts.

GM: Everyone under contract, which does include Wilpon... though if this is true, I can't imagine that lasting much longer. Warren lifting Wilpon up

high... big atomic drop! And bounces him right back off the knee into a back suplex! That was a devastating combination!

BW: It sure was. I... gotta go check my bank account, Gordo.

GM: You stay right there and do your job, Bucky. Warren sending Wilpon off the ropes...

[*WHACK*]

GM: ...AND BLASTED HIM! YOU COULD HAVE HEARD THAT FLYING FOREARM ACROSS THE STREET!

BW: Yeah. That's legitimate anger, daddy. This nerd has NEVER acted this way.

GM: Three count is academic, being as Wilpon's unconscious.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: The 4-W-Arm putting Wilpon's lights completely out. Let's get the official word.

PW: Here is your winner... "THE WRESTLING WIKI" WALTER WARREN!

[Warren gets up, and indeed, he has a sour look on his face. He glares down at Wilpon, and turns to walk away. The crowd is cheering him, and he gives them the Vulcan sign once before stepping out of the ring.]

BW: You know what, Gordo? I think this kid found something.

GM: Evidence that Jackie Wilpon is an Internet scammer, apparently.

BW: No, no, no. First off, don't even think that! Second, I'm talkin' about that attitude. He came in here not like his usual happy-to-be-here idiot self. He was mad, he came here to destroy a guy, and he actually did! This dumb kid has potential after all. Somebody get him a manager. A guy or a woman who'll take his video games away, slap the stupid catchphrases out of his head, and make him come after everybody like that.

GM: You can't manufacture righteous anger, Bucky. Whether Wilpon was really guilty or not, Warren certainly believed that he was out for justice. I don't think a manager can install an on/off switch for that.

BW: You ain't never been a manager, Gordo. I have. I could come back tomorrow and manage the champion of the world, only I get paid real good to be the best announcer in the world. But I know what a good manager can do. If you don't believe me, look at what Larry Doyle or Sandra Hayes did for their clients who used to be in Warren's shoes.

GM: Speaking of Sandra Hayes, the man she helped torment for almost a year, Hannibal Carver made his return to Saturday Night Wrestling two

weeks ago in surprising fashion when he attacked Rick Marley out in the parking lot.

BW: It was a setup, Gordo... a plot by Michaelson to get even with Marley for the Side Headlock Situation.

GM: The what?

BW: It's gotta have a name, right? The Side Headlock Situation seems to fit.

GM: Good grief. Carver got a small bit of Marley two weeks ago but we're being told that he wants more. Let's take a look...

[We fade to black.]

?: Respect.

[The scene comes to light, as smoke fills the view. All we can see is the vague silhouette of a man and the burning ember at the tip of a cigar in the locker room area. A few seconds pass, and as the smoke begins to clear we see the man himself, Hannibal Carver.]

HC: Some of the things I've done? Yeh, I can see that the word respect coming from me might seem odd.

[Carver lowers the cigar, grinding it into the sole of his black combat boot before continuing.]

HC: I've done a lot of terrible things. Last time yeh all saw me in action, I probably didn't do a whole lot to kill off the notion that I'm an evil man.

[Carver stuffs the now extinguished cigar in the right hip pocket of his black jeans, stopping to brush some remaining soot off his fingers on his faded white Budweiser - King Of Beers shirt.]

HC: But even then, there was a purpose. Even then, it was all about respect. Some young punk - I don't give a damn who his daddy is - comes into this sport thinking he's going to skyrocket to the top by crying and whining... by hiding behind his little girl's big mouth and his cronies' fists... and I can't sit still. I can't sit still so I stand up and tell him about respect, even for those that yeh do yer best to beat the hell out of.

[Carver scowls.]

HC: But he doesn't get it. They never do. They only see the point when I raise this arm...

[Carver raises his arm, in the very same fashion he does during his matches to signal that he's about to put someone away with the Mind Eraser roaring elbow.]

HC: ... and bash their skull in until their brains're oatmeal.

[Carver grins, perhaps reliving the end of his last encounter with Terry Shane III.]

HC: And that... that bring me to yeh, Rick.

[And just as quickly, the grin fades.]

HC: The newswire said it. I stepped away to rehab. I went through one hell of a war and I took the time I needed to get back to a hundred percent.

But I wasn't just rehabbing the injured knee. I wasn't just training.

[Carver grins again, but this time it's totally devoid of humor.]

HC: I was watching. I watched a man make a sham of the biggest prize in all the land. I watched a man turn a tournament for that ten pounds of gold everyone strives for into a joke. Yeh see not so long ago, a man I have a hell of a lot of respect for dropped me on my head TWICE just to take another step towards that strap. And it took nothing less than that to stop me from tearing him apart so that I could take that step down that path.

[A look of complete disgust washes over Carver's face.]

HC: So yeh can imagine why what I saw on television made me sick. Or maybe yeh can't, Rick. To be honest I can't wrap my head around WHAT makes a man like yeh tick. Shane? He's just some kid fresh out of diapers who doesn't know any better. So when he runs his mouth, I expect it. I caved his skull in with my elbow, but I expect it. But yeh? Not so much. Yeh a grown man, one who's been around long enough to know that nobody EVER got to the top rung of the ladder by crying how he's being looked over and whining about politics. A man doesn't do that. A man picks himself up off the ground and keeps clawing and fighting until he gets where he wants to be.

But last time out, when yeh ran like a scolded dog from me... I saw that whatever yeh were, it wasn't a man.

[Carver nods.]

HC: But I'm a fair man. I see how what I'm saying might not sit right with yeh. So here's yer chance to shut me up. Coming up real soon I see we've got a little party by the name of SuperClash. And I also see, that my dance card is completely empty. Yeh ran from me outside, so how about we take this dance inside? How about we take it between those ropes, right in the middle of that ring? Yeh know me, I'm just some punch-drunk bar brawling louse. While yer a bonafide pro wrestling tactician. Should be an easy night for yeh, am I right.

[Carver points at the camera.]

HC: Or do yeh know what I know... that given the chance, I'll stomp yeh into the dirt. Because it ain't for me, it's for this sport. It's for every man that ever broke himself in two for this sport.

Either way, the punk card's been thrown down.

[Carver opens a nearby locker, taking out a can with a "SCHLITZ" logo emblazoned on it.

HC: Don't make me ask twice.

[And we fade back up to the ring, where stands Phil Watson. He is alongside two men in matching black bodysuits and masks. Both bodysuits have trim down the legs, around the upper arms and neck, and on the mask facing. One of them has orange trim, and the other (who is a bit larger) a pale pink trim.]

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

Introducing first, already in the ring. From Parts Unknown. Weight Unknown. They are DOCTOR INSIDIOUS AND THE NEFARIOUS ONE!

[The fans give some boos to the evil-looking people in the masks, who shake their fists and make menacing threats. Cue the memorable guitar open to "Surfin' USA" by the Beach Boys. The crowd cheers.]

PW: And their opponents! About to head down the aisle... hailing from Southern California and weighing in at a total combined weight of four-hundred and eighty-five pounds...

...here are Vance Ricks and Trampus Kennedy... THE SURFER DUDES!

[Dashing from behind the curtain come Kennedy and Ricks, pumping their fists to the fans. Kennedy is your prototypical 80's southern California surfer guy. He's got shoulder-length blonde hair with bangs hanging in front of his blue eyes. His hobby as a body builder is evident in his well-tanned build; he's cut with washboard abs and definition in all the right places. Ricks has short, spiked blonde hair, with dark roots indicating a dye job. He's also a cut specimen, but not as cut as his partner. Ricks sports a tattoo on his right shoulder of a yin and yang with kanji script underneath translating into "Life & Death".

Both men wear ring attire consisting of tie-dyed bicycle shorts with tie-dyed kneepads. The underpadding covering the knee is black. They also sport black elbowpads, white wrist tape, and white finger tape. Completing the getup are tie-dyed color baseball caps, worn backwards, and yellow ring jacket with "Surfer Dudes" embroidered on the back in orange and red.

The duo makes their way down the entrance aisle towards the ring. Both men stop periodically to slap hands with any fans who have their hands out-stretched.]

BW: Oh, no. Really, Gordo?

GM: I'm not sure what your question is, Bucky. Trampus Kennedy and Vance Ricks wrestle all over the world, in practically every territory running today. We're glad to have them when they're here in Dallas.

BW: It's fifty degrees out! Winter is practically already here, and these two clowns are still on about surfing?

GM: It makes sense to me. The Surfer Dudes bring a sense of summer with them everywhere they go. Why wouldn't you want to have something to look forward to when it's cold outside? And for the record, our Northern fans would very much like to trade weather with us around this time of year.

BW: Who cares what Northerners want? These two idiots should hibernate for the winter. In an igloo.

[Kennedy and Ricks get to the ring and climb in. Ricks climbs up onto the second turnbuckle and gives the crowd the Shaka sign. Kennedy removes his jacket and strikes a bicep flex. Ricks hops off the second turnbuckle and sheds his jacket. Both men move to their corner as their music stops playing.]

GM: The Surfer Dudes here on Saturday Night Wrestling for the first time in a while. This year, they've toured Germany, Japan, Thailand, New Zealand, and even East Africa among other places.

BW: Can we send them back? East Africa sounds perfect for them.

[*DING*DING*DING*]

GM: Here we go. That's Vance Ricks starting with Doctor Insidious, who is wearing the orange trim.

BW: You sure about that?

GM: That is what they told me.

BW: Like a couple of guys named "Doctor Insidious and The Nefarious One" wouldn't lie? They sound like a typical Presidential ticket to me.

GM: Standing armbar by Doctor Insidious, reversed into a hammerlock by Ricks. Insidious throws the backfist, but a drop toehold by Ricks puts him flat on his back. That was almost a reverse drop toehold, sending him down the opposite direction from usual. Clamping on a kneelock now. Vance Ricks quickly breaks Insidious down into a painful leg submission, and the masked man rolls it over. Insidious in the ropes... good instincts there by the masked man after a great technical display by Ricks.

BW: He should have held that on for a count of four point nine.

GM: Both men up, and going into the collar-and-elbow again. Insidious is the bigger, stronger man and he forces Ricks into the ropes. Clubbing forearm blow to the chest by Doctor Insidious... no clean break at all!

BW: Again, you're expecting this from a guy named "Doctor Insidious".

GM: I expect everyone to follow the rules, Bucky. A second, third, and fourth blow in rapid succession by Insidious. Ricks is dazed... Irish-whip by Insidious, reversed by Ricks! Insidious off the ropes, leapfrog by Ricks. Coming back the other way... no-look leapfrog! Incredible athleticism by Vance Ricks, and a huge deep armdrag takedown of Doctor Insidious as he comes off the ropes a third time! The Nefarious One in, and he catches a deep armdrag by Ricks as well! Insidious up again, and down again with the armdrag, into an armbar! Great wrestling by the Surfer Dude from Huntington Beach, California!

BW: A lucky move if ya ask me. I'd like to see him do that to one of the Bishop Boys.

GM: Well, we're coming up on Stampede Cup season, Bucky. So that could very well happen.

BW: Oh ho. That's why Spicoli and Gidget showed back up all of a sudden! They want that million dollars!

GM: You could buy a great deal of surfboard wax with one million dollars, true. But the competition in the tag team division is deeper than it has ever been, and no doubt the Surfer Dudes want to be a part of that. Insidious up to his feet, and Ricks maneuvers him to his corner and tags in Trampus Kennedy. Kennedy in the ring, elbows the arm of Insidious as Ricks has it in the armbar still. Both Dudes hooking the waist, and a double back suplex on Doctor Insidious! The Doctor will be seeking Chiropractor Insidious after that.

BW: Kennedy's posin' for the fans. I can't stand that. Suckin' up to try and get cheers... a real man should get cheered for breakin' backs and takin' people out.

GM: Normally, deliberate attempts to injure someone do not get cheered.

BW: That's what's wrong with our country today. That, and dubstep.

GM: What.

[As Gordon is stunned into silence, Trampus Kennedy fires Insidious into the ropes, and catches him coming off with an overhead belly-to-belly suplex! The fans cheer the impressive move, but it may have been too impressive as the post-suplex momentum takes Insidious all the way to the ropes. The masked man rolls to his corner hurriedly and tags out before Kennedy can pull him back.]

GM: Tag made, and in comes the Nefarious One. The bigger member of the masked team looks to slow the pace down to give his partner some recovery time.

BW: Which is smart. These two masked guys haven't had a great won-loss record, but I've noticed that they're pretty smart guys. So I wouldn't take them lightly if I were a Surfer Dude. Then again, if I were a Surfer Dude, I'd probably be paralyzed with embarrassment.

GM: Nefarious wants a test of strength. Kennedy asking the fans what they think about it.

BW: Who in the world would want advice from the fans?! Those idiots don't have the collective IQ needed to screw in a light bulb.

GM: And yet, they ultimately pay your salary. Kennedy takes The Nefarious One up on it. Trampus Kennedy is an amateur bodybuilder, and though The Nefarious One has a couple inches on him, and possibly thirty or so pounds...

BW: Bodybuilders ain't powerlifters, Gordo. Because you got cut up muscles don't mean you're strong. Look at Hercules Hammonds, Pete Colt, or Cletus Lee Bishop.

GM: Kennedy forcing the Nefarious One down! The fans cheering as the bigger man is decidedly not the stronger. Oh! Headbutt to the ribcage by the Nefarious One.

BW: See? Kennedy's muscles are all show. The Nefarious One has him down on his knees!

GM: Because he headbutted him!

BW: Is that illegal?

GM: No, but...

BW: Then he's the stronger man.

GM: Kennedy forcing his way up. His compact physique is power-packed...
OH MY WORD!

[As he gets back to his feet, Trampus Kennedy makes a sudden move, pulling The Nefarious One in, hooking both arms, and suplexing him over in one swift move! He only releases one arm on the suplex, so that on impact, Trampus rolls over on top with an armbar. The crowd cheers the nifty move.]

GM: Tremendous suplex transition into an armbar!

BW: Cheating his way out of the test of strength.

GM: Fans, earlier on, we got some comments from the Surfer Dudes. Let's go to that footage.

[As the action continues in the ring with Nefarious trying to get to his feet, a smaller screen opens up in the top right corner of the screen. It shows Kennedy and Ricks in front of a blank blue backdrop. Ricks is facing the camera, while Kennedy is looking down and too his right... which makes it appear as if he's watching the match.]

VR: AWA, get ready. The beaches have shut it down for the winter, so the Surfer Dudes are going to bring the heat to the arenas instead! Come on and ride the wave with us, all the way to the top of the tag team division.

[Ricks seems to notice that Trampus is looking down and away.]

VR: Trampus? What are you doing?

TK: Watchin' the match, bro! We're kickin' it, Cali-style.

VR: You're watching the match? Our match? That we haven't wrestled yet? That. Makes. No. Sense.

TK: Vance! The fans don't want to listen to us talk about it! They wanna watch us BE about it! Look down there, dudes and dudettes! Ain't we awesome?

VR: Well. We are pretty awesome.

[The small screen fades out as The Nefarious One has gotten to his feet, and used several knees to the abdomen to break out of the armbar. But hitting Trampus Kennedy in his rock-hard abs doesn't seem to be overly effective, and the Surfer Dude fires back with a big chop that staggers his larger foe. A second one staggers him further, and this allows Kennedy to rush in, scoop him up by the waist, and face-plant him to the canvas by falling backwards.]

BW: Trampus Kennedy is about as bright as a tar pit and as sharp as a bowling ball.

GM: I believe he was trying to make a point, and that point was 'less talk, more action'. Kennedy picking up the Nefarious One and slamming him in the Surfer Dudes corner. Tag to Vance Ricks, who is headed upstairs! Ricks on the top rope as Kennedy pulls The Nefarious One up.

[Vance gives the fans the "shaka" hand sign before jumping at The Nefarious One with a flying chop... hand still in the shaka sign. This gets a big cheer.]

GM: SHAKA DROP!

BW: Shaka Zulu? Shaka Khan? What?

GM: The "shaka" is that hand sign. Apparently a surfer sign, meaning "hang loose", or so they told me once. Vance Ricks picking up The Nefarious One,

sending him off the ropes, and a spinning leg lariat floors the big man! Tag back out to Trampus Kennedy. The Surfer Dudes on the double team, sending the Nefarious One to the far ropes...

[As Nefarious bounces off, Ricks runs to the opposing corner and nails Doctor Insidious with a kneesmash to send him off the apron... and lands on the second turnbuckle with his other foot. He steps to the top turnbuckle, pivots, and leaps with a flying missile dropkick! As Trampus had The Nefarious One up in a high waistlock, and was backpedaling (towards Ricks) with the momentum from the Irish-Whip, this is especially effective. Ricks' right foot slams into The Nefarious One's face, and Kennedy sits out with a spinebuster bomb. He stays seated, clutching the legs in a sunset-flip like pin position.]

GM: THE _HANG TEN_!

BW: That was so illegal in so many ways, I can't begin to tell you.

GM: Kennedy keeping the legs hooked, and there's the three count!

[*DING*DING*DING*]

[The crowd cheers as "Surfin' USA" Begins again over the PA.]

BW: Well, it's one thing to get a win here against Doctor Insidious And The Nefarious One. But if these guys are here to make a run at the Stampede Cup, they're gonna need to step it up.

GM: I would at least concur. As deep as the tag team ranks are right now, qualifying for the Cup is going to be a nightmarishly difficult task. Let's get the official word!

PW: The winners of this contest... THE SURFER DUDES!

[Kennedy and Ricks slap hands, and do an extravagant pose... Ricks dropping to a knee and Kennedy standing above, both doing the shaka sign with both hands.]

BW: Well, they got their victory pose technique sorted. Take pictures, you might never see that again.

GM: The Surfer Dudes on the victory, and now headed outside to interact with the fans. That's the kind of thing I like to see.

BW: Unfocused pandering? I know you love that sort of thing, Gordo, but real men get the job done and go party until dawn. Without these dumb fans.

GM: I see. Fans, we're going to take a quick break so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black.]

After a three second pause, cut to the living room of a house, where two kids are playing an Atari 2600. Some pathetic bleeps and bloops are coming from the screen, as they have in every media portrayal of video games ever. The kids are half-heartedly going through the motions. One of them seems to be having trouble staying awake.]

Kid #1: This is boring.

Kid #2: I wish we had toys that could _really_ fight.

[Suddenly, a body is flung through the large front window with a loud crash. A hard-rock background track plays as the body gets to his feet... wait, is that Rick Marley?]

Kids: *gasp*

[And... is that Stevie Scott running through the broken window to attack him again?!]

Kids: Stevie Scott!

[And... did Dave Cooper just kick down the front door to attack Alex Martinez from behind while he was grappling with Calisto Dufrense in the dining room for no apparent reason?! And is that Supernova leaping down the staircase at Nenshou? And why are the Blonde Bombers beating up the mailman? Oh, there's the Bishop Boys turning them around and brawling with them on the lawn!]

Kids: WOAHH!

[Yes, these two kids are about to have a very badly-acted simultaneous cardiac arrest and orgasm. It happens. Especially when Skywalker Jones is jumping off your kitchen cabinet to hit Chris Staley with a flying clothesline, Juan Vasquez is hiptossing Johnny Detson across your family room, and the Lynches and the Beale Street Bullies are brawling across your driveway. Percy Childes takes a dish from the china cabinet and breaks it across the back of Danny Morton as he had Stevie Childes in a headlock while Jackson Haynes is ramming Daniel Tyler's head into the sink in the background, Buford P Higgins and Miss Sandra Hayes are in a shouting match, Glenn Hudson tries to dropkick Dave Bryant, who ducks... poor Glenn hits the boys' father who was coming in to check out the noise. Then Alphonse Green wanders by and stomps the poor guy. Because he can.]

Kids: THIS IS AWESOME!

[And cue the sales pitch!]

Announcer: And now you can bring the awesome home with Series Two AWA action figures from Hasbro!

[We cut to the product line, where action figures of all of our favorite AWA characters stand in dramatic action figure poses~!]

Announcer: Relive the greatest matches!

[RyGunn does a double throw to send The Rave over the living room divider into the kitchen! Then we see the kids playing with the RyGunn and Rave action figures.]

Announcer: Create new dream matches never before seen!

[Luke Kinsey tries to smash Terry Shane the Third with a kitchen chair, but Shane pulls open the ironing board from the wall to block it! Then we see the kids playing with the Nenshou and Dufrense action figures.]

Announcer: Form brand new alliances and teams that you'd never see live!

[Brian Von Braun and Tully Brawn double-clothesline Vladimir Velikov in the kitchen... then both grab for the paper towels to wipe off their hands with disgusted 'yuck' expressions. Then we see the kids playing with these three action figures.]

Announcer: Perform the great signature moves of the AWA wrestlers, or invent totally new ones!

[The magic of blue-screen editing makes it look like William Craven is doing a double-backflip powerbomb to Alex Martinez. Well, his body is doing flips in the air as if someone were just spinning the footage around (because that's exactly what it is). Then we see the kids do the same 'move' with the action figures.]

Announcer: The base set comes with the Crockett Colosseum ring and four of the top stars in the AWA!

[Cut to a posed shot of Staley, Green, Marley, and BVB. See, you have to buy the ring, and you get some reasonably-popular-but-not-first-choice guys (GLASS CEILING~!) and then you HAVE to spend money to get the popular guys! Clever!]

Announcer: AWA Action Figures... get them today! Because it's the only way to get this close to the action... AND SURVIVE.

[With that, we cut to the post-fight devastation of the house... it looks like a tornado went through here. And exploded.]

Announcer: Ages 8 and up!

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, the crowd is absolutely ROARING for the two men standing in the ring - the noise absolutely deafening. Has Jason Dane

suddenly become the most popular man in Texas? No, it is not Jason they cheer for.

It's the man beside him - Blackjack Lynch. The legend of Texas wrestling stands at Dane's side, wearing a simple beige polo shirt and a pair of khaki pants. Dane starts to say something, only to be interrupted by another round of cheers for the beloved patriarch. Finally, Dane manages to make himself heard above the crowd.]

JD: Mr. Lynch...

BJL: You can call me "Blackjack," Jason.

[Blackjack's voice is low and raspy, a harshness that sounds like coffee and gravel. It's a voice every fan in Texas knows.]

JD: Blackjack, in two weeks, at SuperClash V, you are going to join your sons, Travis and Jack, in the ring, where you take on three men that you and your sons are all too familiar with, in the Beale Street Bullies. Obviously, you have a whole host of complicated feelings on this subject...

BJL: Jason, there's nothing complicated about how I feel. All I feel is hate. All I feel is the need to break them damned Bullies. It's real simple. Nothin' complicated, I promise you that.

JD: That is, of course, perfectly understandable. Still, it has been a long time since you've been in the ring. You're now two weeks away from wrestling again...

BJL: I'd apologize for the way I keep interrupting you, Jason, but you keep getting it wrong. I'm not returning to "wrestle." I'm not leaving my ranch and going to the American Airlines Center so I can do headlocks and hiptosses. And this old man sure isn't going to be doing any dropkicks.

No, I'm coming for a fight, Jason Dane. Nothing fancy at all. Just a fight.

And trust me, these fans know, when it comes to a fight, can't no one beat ol' Blackjack!

[The roar from the crowd reinforces that knowledge.]

JD: Two weeks ago, you spoke of a pair of surprises you had for the Beale Street Bullies?

BJL: I did, and I'm gonna tell you what those surprises are right now, Jason.

Like I said, I'm not going to SuperClash to exchange holds. I'm going so that I can bust my knuckles up, and get Bully blood all over these hands. So our match at SuperClash? It's gonna be the sorta match that old Blackjack specializes in...

An old fashioned Texas Brawl.

[Big cheer!]

BJL: Let me explain to you how that works, Jason Dane. First off? The referee? He's got one job, and only one job. That's to wait until someone gets pinned. Then he counts to three. That's all he does. There's no tagging in and out. All six of us are going to be in the ring... the whole team, beating the hell out of each other.

Second, Bullies, there's no need for you to get all dressed up. You put on your best dirty shirt, and you come as you are. Boots, jeans, whatever you're in, you come to that ring wearing it.

And third, and this I want you to listen to very closely. The last time all three of you were together, you damn near crippled my Jimmy. So after SuperClash, there will be no more Bullies.

Or there'll be no more Lynches...

[Blackjack pauses a moment, fists clenched, eyes narrowed. The crowd buzzes at what was just said.]

BJL: For one year, the losing team must disband. You understand what that means? It means everything is on the line at SuperClash.

It means, finally, we're putting an end to the Beale Street Bullies.

[Again, the crowd cheers.]

JD: Wow! Two big announcements. An old fashioned Texas Brawl at SuperClash, and the losing team must disband for a year!

[Blackjack shakes his head.]

BJL: That was all one announcement, Jason.

JD: So the second surprise is?

BJL: Well, for that Jason...

[Lynch turns towards the locker room, pointing down the aisle.]

BJL: I know there's a Bully in the locker room... and I know he knows how to walk that ramp and come down to MY ring...

[Big cheer!]

BJL: And if he wants to see my other surprise, that's exactly what he's gonna do 'cause I got my surprise right here!

[Blackjack pats his right front pocket.]

BJL: Whichever one of you Bullies is in the locker room... come and get your surprise!

[Dane bails out of the ring as the elder of the Lynch clan stalks back and forth, waving towards the locker room. The crowd is on their feet, cheering with anticipation...

...when suddenly, "Dangerous" Dick Wyatt comes wandering through the curtain, Sunshine by his side. He smirks as he stares down the aisle at Blackjack Lynch, shouting something off-mic as he gestures to his groin with white-cast covered arm.]

GM: Dick Wyatt is apparently the Bully in the building - remember, the AWA ruled that whenever there's one Lynch in a building, there can only be one Bully as well. Wyatt's heading down here with Sunshine by his side... that looks like two Bullies to me.

BW: You sayin' old man Lynch is afraid of a hundred pound woman?

GM: I'm sure he's not but-

[Wyatt reaches the ring, leaning over the ropes to shout at Blackjack...

...who rushes forward, grabbing Wyatt by his "good" arm and yanking him into the ring!]

GM: Blackjack drags him in!

[As Wyatt gets to his feet, Blackjack pops him with a right hand to a DEAFENING ROAR from the Texas fans!]

GM: Here we go, fans! There are people in this building who've dreamed of seeing this for years! There are people in this building who grew up watching this happen! And on Thanksgiving Night, the building is going to be JAMMED with people reliving their childhoods by watching this man take the fight to the Beale Street Bullies, Bucky!

[A second right hand sends Wyatt sprawling down to the mat. Lynch spins around, blocking a slap attempt from Sunshine who jerks away, falling down to her rear on the wooden ramp.]

BW: He hit a woman!

GM: He did not! She fell on her own!

BW: No! No! No! Blackjack shoved her down!

[The Texas wrestling legend turns back towards the downed Wyatt who is rising fast, rearing back with his plaster-covered arm, taking a big swing...

...but Blackjack ducks under it, reaching into his pocket...]

GM: What's he...?

[And when his right hand comes up, it is covered in a black leather glove...

...which is quickly wrapped around the skull of Dick Wyatt!]

GM: CLAW!! THE MASTER OF THE IRON CLAW HAS LOCKED IT IN!!

BW: What the heck's up with the glove, Gordo?!

GM: Blackjack Lynch was known for using that glove in his career from time to time... and there have been rumors for decades that it's loaded!

BW: LOADED?! He's using a LOADED glove on Dick Wyatt?! But that's not fair!

GM: This isn't a match! It's totally legal here and at SuperClash, during the Texas Brawl, it'll be totally legal as well!

BW: NO! IT'S NOT FAIR!

[After several more moments with the Iron Claw locked in, Lynch shoves Wyatt away, watching with a glare as Wyatt rolls under the ropes to the ramp where Sunshine dives to his aid. A nodding Blackjack looks down at a prone Wyatt...

...and then slowly lifts the gloved hand into the air!]

GM: Oh yeah! These fans are going nuts and Blackjack Lynch has just sent a very clear message to the Beale Street Bullies! If they think they're going into SuperClash at an advantage and facing some decrepit has-been, they're sadly mistaken! The Lynches are comin' to fight at SuperClash because if they don't, they're splitting up for a whole year! The stakes are sky high for this Texas Brawl at SuperClash, fans!

[With Wyatt and Sunshine backpedaling down the aisle, we slowly fade to black...