

Saturday Night Wrestling – October 1, 2016 – Chesapeake Energy Arena



[We start on a black screen as most shows do. We fade up into a royal blue screen with a glittering silver Fox Sports logo in the center of it. A fanfare plays in the background as a voiceover begins.]

"Home to the World Series. The NFL. The GFC. The Daytona 500. The US Open Championship."

[A quick clip from each sport flashes by during the voiceover.]

"The world's biggest events are on Fox Sports."

[The logo and fanfare fade...

...as a giant robot appears, holding up a different version of the Fox Sports logo with the audio bug...]

"WE ARE... FOX SPORTS!"

[The shot fades from the graphic to another black screen with the AWA logo splashed across a starry field. A barrage of lasers flash in from all sides of the screen, etching along the borders of the letters, illuminating the plain white text into glowing and glittering gold. A deep voiceover begins. The words "American Wrestling Alliance" come up one by one at the bottom of the screen.]

"The recognized symbol of excellence in professional wrestling."

[The logo fades to black...

...and that black slowly fades to the star-filled sky that hung above Minute Maid Park at SuperClash VII. After a moment, the drums to Halestorm's "Scream" kick in along with its signature call at the outset.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Travis Lynch emerges from behind a curtain, throwing a hand up into the air.]

#Oh-ohohohoh-ohohohohoh!#

[The Gladiator stands at the top of the ramp at SuperClash, his fellow gladiators standing before him.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Jordan Ohara walking alongside a barricade, slapping all the hands in sight.]

#Oh-ohohohoh!#

[Supernova cups his hands to his mouth, throwing his head back in a howl.]

#The seeds in my head
Visions in red#

["The Professional" Dave Cooper puts the boots to a downed opponent.]

#All that I dream
And all that I've bled#

[Allen Allen uses a three-quarter nelson to roll up Mr. Sadisuto for a three count... right into Derrick Williams using a spinebuster on Callum Mahoney.]

#My mind is a gun
I won't be out done#

[Brian James throws a devastating Blackheart Punch while Brian Lau looks on with pride... right into Kerry Kendrick blindsiding Caspian Abaran, knocking him flat.]

#Say what you want
While I shoot for the sun#

["Flawless" Larry Wallace leaps into the air, landing the "Best Dropkick In The World"... right into Maxim Zharkov and Alex Martinez trading words over a crowd of security and officials.]

#All you doubters and haters#
Actors and fakers
I don't have time for you all#

[Shadoe Rage comes sailing off the top rope, landing a flying elbow on a prone form... right into Michael Aarons dropping a flying elbow of his own onto Danny Morton at SuperClash.]

#You're feeding the fire
That's taking me higher
Coming like a cannonball#

[The Dogs of War use a combination powerbomb/Lungblower on Marcus Broussard in the Combat Corner... right into Rex Summers dropping Cesar Hernandez with the Heat Check DDT.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Ryan Martinez connects with a running Yakuza kick on a stunned opponent.]

#It's kicking down your door
Kicking down your door#

[Supreme Wright locks the Sugar Hold on Jack Lynch, causing the cowboy to scream in pain.]

#Ohhh-oh-oh-oh-ohhh!#

[Howie Somers and Daniel Harper run down a helpless foe with a double shoulder tackle... right into Mike Sebastian being hurled by Andrew Tucker off the top rope, using a Rocket Launcher on a prone opponent.]

#So what ya waitin' for?
What ya waitin' for?#

[Wes Taylor and Tony Donovan hurl Isaiah Carpenter off the stage at SuperClash.]

#Scream#

#Scream#

[Juan Vasquez puts Hannibal Carver through a table with a piledriver.]

#Scream#

#Until they hear you#

[Juan Vasquez thrusts his newly-won World Title up into the air... and then fades to black as we hear the final lyric.]

#Scream#

[The black screen "shatters" into a live shot outside the Chesapeake Energy Arena - a ground-level shot of fans pouring into the building underneath a digital marquee with the name of the building and the words "AWA SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING" in black block text as "Scream" continues to play. The trademark voice of Gordon Myers interjects.]

GM: Wrestling fans around the world, we are LIVE right here on The X! We are LIVE right here in Oklahoma City! We are LIVE in the Chesapeake Energy Arena! And we are LIVE on the road to SuperClash but this night has one major speed bump.

[Another cut brings us inside the building. It's your standard arena setup with rows upon rows of permanent seating mixed with the steel folding chairs that immediately surround the ring of red, white, and blue ropes from top to bottom. The black mats are down covering the floor and the black metal barricade is up to keep the fans at bay. Two tables can be seen at ringside from this elevated view.

A quick cut takes to a floor level shot of the entranceway which is made up of a small entrance opening covered by black curtains and surrounded by LED lighting that is currently flashing a red and white pattern. There are lights to the left and right of the doorway along with lighting above it. Above the lighting is a decent-sized video screen that has the SNW On The X logo spiraling around it. As the camera pulls back a bit, we see an illuminated ten foot tall version of the AWA logo off to one side. On the other side is a small elevated platform that will serve as an interview "stage." The entranceway leads directly out to a black carpeted ten foot wide aisleway that will take the combatants to the ring.

Another cut gets us down to ringside where we find the ever-present Gordon Myers - the Dean of Professional Wrestling announcing - in a black sportscoat and black slacks. A big smile is on his face as he speaks.]

GM: Juan Vasquez crossed a line two weeks ago that never should've been crossed... and as a result, one of the owners of this company - Jon Stegglet - has

said he's coming to the ring tonight and he's coming to do two things - strip Juan Vasquez of the World Heavyweight Title and then fire him! Hello everyone, I'm Gordon Myers, and by my side as always is the one and only Bucky Wilde!

[The camera shot shows Bucky Wilde for the first time. The colorful color man is wearing a bright purple sportscoat with a shimmering silver sequined shirt underneath.]

BW: With just over a month until SuperClash, we may find ourselves without ANY World Champion at all! And Jon Stegglet isn't just coming to the ring tonight... he's already here! He's not wasting a single second, Gordo!

[Cut to the ring where the AWA co-owner and acting Director of Operations Jon Stegglet is standing.]

GM: He certainly isn't. Jon Stegglet's been waiting for days to settle this situation and now he seems prepared to do exactly that. Without further adieu, Mr. Stegglet, the floor is yours.

[Stegglet is all alone in the ring - however there is a very obvious security presence surrounding the squared circle. Stegglet stands in a black suit, white dress shirt, and royal blue tie as he raises the mic.]

JS: Ladies and gentlemen... two weeks ago, the AWA's World Champion, Juan Vasquez, perpetrated an act that is - quite frankly - completely unacceptable and equally unforgivable.

Over the years as one of the owners of this company, I have seen a lot of horrible things done by AWA superstars. Things that are sickening... things that would turn your stomach. Things that are dangerous. Things that are violent. Two weeks ago, I saw something so horrid... so reckless... that I knew actions - serious actions - had to be taken to show the world that things like that could not and would not be tolerated.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: Juan Vasquez is not the easiest man to work with. His financial demands. His ego. His volatile temper and behavior.

His unpredictability at times.

But Juan Vasquez is also a man that AWA fans once adored. He's a man who helped this company become what it is today. There is no denying that... and for that, we all owe him a debt of gratitude.

[Another pause.]

JS: However, what Mr. Vasquez did two weeks ago exposed the AWA to the kind of trouble that is almost unimaginable. The AWA World Champion on the front page of the newspaper... on CNN... on ESPN... all over social media... for assaulting a fan.

[Stegglet's mouth twists up in disgust.]

JS: The legal stuff. AWA legal has been working overtime. There's almost certainly going to be a lawsuit. And that's the kind of lawsuit that can put a company out of business... it can mean jobs for people... it can mean taking meals off the tables of families.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: Between the legal mess... the PR nightmare... this has been a terrible week for me, the rest of AWA management, the locker room... really anyone and everyone involved with the company. But through it all, one thing remained very clear.

Something needed to be done to show the world how serious we take what happened two weeks ago...

...and in that, AWA ownership and upper management were united.

[A deep breath, a slow exhale.]

JS: Therefore, it is with great disappointment and disgust that I hereby call the current AWA World Champion - Juan Vasquez - down that aisle to this ring so that I can do what I told the world I intended to do.

[A pause.]

JS: Mr. Vasquez, join me in the ring.

[There's a brief moment of silence and then a MASSIVE roar of boos fills The Chesapeake Energy Arena as we see Juan Vasquez, sans music, stepping through the curtains. The AWA World Heavyweight champion is sharply dressed in a custom made, tailored black suit, sans necktie. As he makes the long walk down to the ring, we notice that in his right arm, he cradles the World Title belt and in his left, he holds a microphone. He is not accompanied by any members of The Axis.]

GM: Well, here we go, Bucky. One of the most monumental moments in AWA history is about to go down, I believe.

BW: The World Champion being STRIPPED of the title is big enough news. But Juan Vasquez, one of the people this company is most associated with, being stripped and FIRED? It's just crazy to even think about.

GM: And when you add in the fact that SuperClash is just... what? Less than two months away at this point? Incredible.

[Vasquez walks up the steel steps and steps into the ring. As he does so, Stegglet moves towards him, but Vasquez is quick to stop him.]

JV: Not one step further, Jon Stegglet.

[Stegglet pauses, a hand quickly raised and ready to signal for security if needed. Vasquez shakes his head.]

JV: You're not taking this World Title away from me.

You're not firing me.

In fact, you're not going to do a damn thing to me!

[Stegglet looks incredulous as the crowd immediately drowns Vasquez out with deafening boos. Vasquez waits for the noise to die down a bit before continuing.]

JV: At least, not before I get to speak my piece. Because you might not realize it, but right now I'm doing something I've always done.

[He grins.]

JV: I'm saving the American Wrestling Alliance.

[A huge chorus of jeers immediately signal what the Oklahoma crowd thinks about that.]

JV: All week long, I've had to hear the idiots here and in the media tell the world what would be best for the AWA. I've had to listen to these morons and Johnny-come-latelys tell the world that stripping Juan Vasquez of the AWA World Heavyweight Title and firing his ass would be what's best for business.

[Vasquez snorts.]

JV: Bullsh-

[The crowd damn near loses their mind at the use of profanity... as does Stegglet even though the audio was briefly muted by the censors, preventing it from going worldwide.]

JV: Don't look at me like that, Stegglet. That's what the five-second delay is for.

[A chuckle. Stegglet looks on, red-faced and furious.]

JV: But as I was saying, you have all these people telling the world that firing and stripping me of this title would be what's best for the AWA and I'm telling you right now, taking this title away from me and letting me walk up that aisle and leave this building, would be the biggest damn mistake this company's ever made.

And that includes The Wise Men.

That includes not selling to Korugun.

And you sure hell better believe that includes Westwego!

[There's a few Oohs and Ahhs at the mentioning of the Westwego Incident. Stegglet grimaces, shaking his head.]

JV: Let me tell you what happens the moment you take this World Title away from me. I walk up that aisle. I get in my limo. I start making phone calls. And guess whose number will be the first one I call.

[Juan reaches into his pocket and pulls out a Samsung Galaxy S7. He presses a few times on the screen and then holds up the phone for Stegglet to see. What the co-owner sees immediately causes him to frown.]

JV: That's right, Stegglet. Fire me, and I guarantee you by tomorrow morning, Bill Masterson and World of Combat will be holding a press conference announcing their newest acquisition and why he'll be headlining the biggest Main Event in the history of their company with Jay Alana... the can't-miss prospect YOU couldn't sign.

[The crowd reacts with shock and disbelief that Vasquez even dared to mention any of those names. Stegglet says a few words off-mic but Vasquez doesn't stop, again pressing on his phone screen a few times before holding it up for Stegglet to see.]

JV: Or maybe like you guys, they just don't understand the concept of paying a man what he's worth. Well, I know a couple of men who certainly do. And before the news even hits Facebook or Twitter, I'll be on a flight to Japan. And before I leave that island, you better believe your boy Izumi or GOLIATH Takehara will have paid me what I want.

[A big grin forms on Juan's face as he puts the phone away.]

JV: I know what you're thinking: I'm toxic. I'm tainted. I'm box office poison and there's no way in hell anyone will want to touch me after what I did to that "poor", "innocent" fan.

Heh, do you think Chris Blue would have ever thought that way?

[A laugh and a shake of the head.]

JV: Newsflash, Stegglet. I'm still the biggest god[MUTED] star in professional wrestling!

[Massive boos! Stegglet again grimaces at the language, shaking his head.]

JV: I'm not just A star. I am THE star.

The top headline on ESPN and CNN...

On the front page of the Washington Post and the New York Times...

...you think any of that happens if one of your precious Lynches punched a fan in the face? You think you'd be popping the quarter hour rating that you are right now if you were standing across the ring from Ryan Martinez? You think the ladies of The View would be discussing Supreme Wright's...

[He makes air quotes.]

JV: ..."toxic masculinity"?

[A shake of the head.]

JV: No, amigo. Because I'll say what everyone is thinking and what everyone knows.

Juan Vasquez is the biggest god[MUTED] star in the history of professional wrestling!

[Stegglet raises the mic.]

JS: Now, you listen to me, you little-

[Vasquez interrupts, stepping closer to Stegglet.]

JV: No, YOU listen!

No one has drawn more money, bigger crowds, and done it better or for a longer time than I have.

I took you from half-filled high school gyms to sold out arenas! I made every single one of you stooges in the front office millionaires! I know exactly what I'm worth and the fact that this Popsicle stand you call a company was even hesitating to pay me what I'm demanding is the biggest slap in the face of all.

I BUILT this company. Make no mistake about it.

I MADE this company. Make no mistake about it.

I AM this company. Make no mistake about it.

[Vasquez steps back, a smile on his face. He shrugs.]

JV: And if you disagree? Go ahead and take this World Title away from me.

Then?

Watch this company DIE.

[There's a huge hush that falls over the audience, although there are scattered boos. The sheer vitriol of Vasquez' words has left everyone in shock.]

JV: And I just don't mean plummeting buyrates or ticket sales. Or all the eyes that'll be watching WKIK instead of The X from now on. Or all those hot, new exciting talents you'll sign with the money you'll save from firing me who'll never amount to even a fraction of what I've meant to this company. No, I mean something much more.

[Juan leans in close to stare Stegglet right in the eyes.]

JV: Because you won't just be losing me, Steggy. You're going to lose each and every single one of the boys in the back. Each and every single one of those men that have been gunning for me for damn near a year now, hoping to be the one that finally takes me down. You take this title away from me and the message you'll be sending to Brian James, Johnny Detson, Jack Lynch, Travis Lynch, Supernova, Supreme Wright, Ryan Martinez...all of them?

[A smirk.]

JV: You'll be telling them they're not good enough. That you couldn't trust a single damn one of them to take this title away from me. Take this title away from me now and you'll tear the heart out of every single last one of them. I guarantee it.

[Whatever grin that was on Vasquez' face is gone now. He stares right at Stegglet, a dead serious expression on his face that soon turns to unbridled rage and anger.]

JV: So go ahead, Stegglet. Take the coward's way out! FIRE ME!

[He shoves the AWA World Title right in the co-owner's face.]

JV: TAKE IT! TAKE THE TITLE RIGHT NOW! TAKE THIS TITLE AND TELL THE WORLD THAT THERE WASN'T A SINGLE PERSON WORTH A DAMN ON THE AWA'S ROSTER THAT COULD STOP JUAN VASQUEZ! FIRE ME! DO IT, YOU WORTHLESS COWARD!!!

TAKE IT!

TAKE IT!

TAKE IT!!!

JS: ENOUGH!!!

[Vasquez steps back, fury brimming under the surface as Stegglet paces back and forth.]

JS: This is... this is enough. This is all too much.

[Stegglet shakes his head. He pauses, looking at Vasquez in silence for a long moment before speaking.]

JS: You son of a bitch.

[The crowd ROARS at that. Vasquez even cracks a slight smile.]

JS: This was NOT supposed to go down like this. None of this. You brought this all on yourself.

You think I don't know who leaked your contract status?

[Vasquez mouths a "who? Me?" with an innocent expression on his face.]

JS: You wanted the world to know the situation. You wanted the world to know that we wouldn't bend... we wouldn't break... and we damn sure wouldn't give you that contract you wanted.

You... you did all this to back me into a corner.

[Stegglet shakes his head.]

JS: That's why you went after that fan! It wasn't some spur of the moment rage... it was calculated and pre-meditated. You knew that if you did that, the contract news would make the front page right along with it.

You know that the whole world would know that Juan Vasquez - win, lose, or draw at SuperClash - was about to become a free agent... and that's exactly how you wanted it, you selfish son of a bitch.

[Another big cheer!]

JS: You wanted Izumi to know. You wanted Masterson and Alana to know. You wanted Takehara to know and everyone else. You wanted the world watching tonight to see if you were free and clear tomorrow morning.

[Stegglet sighs.]

JS: And you know as well as anyone that the moment that nearly cost the AWA everything was when Mark Langseth walked out of the AWA with the National Title and never came back. Yes, in the long run, it all turned out fine but for a moment there, we all wondered if we'd just lost everything.

Just like I wondered two weeks ago when you put your hands on that fan.

Because for one split second, I could see the future. I could see the lawsuit. I could see the network bailing on us... our sponsors. I could see the empty arenas and begging for a TV time slot on some third rate network. I could see it all.

I've lived through being a part of the biggest wrestling company in the world and watching it all come crashing down... twice.

And I'll be damned if I go through it again.

[Stegglet pauses.]

JS: So, you came out here tonight and you poked right at the spots you knew would hit me. You mentioned World of Combat... like I was going to throw a tantrum because you brought up a competitor on our network.

[Stegglet turns towards the camera with a mocking wave.]

JS: Hey, Bill... how ya doing?

[The acting Director of Operations turns back to Vasquez.]

JS: You mentioned Alana. You mentioned Takehara. You mentioned Korugun. You came out here trying to embarrass me... to humiliate me... and to take advantage of my ego. You even mentioned Blue because you've seen the online garbage speculating that I'm on my way out and FOX wants Blue to take over.

[Vasquez smirks.]

JS: But none of it worked, Vasquez. None of it.

[The crowd cheers.]

JS: I'm still standing here. I'm still in one piece after all your shots fired. And I'm still standing here firm in my belief that I should rip that title out of your hands...

[Vasquez grabs the title a little tighter.]

JS: ...and that I should send your ass packing to Masterson, to Takehara, or to whoever else will take you.

[Another big cheer!]

JS: But that decision isn't just mine. There are other owners... other members of AWA management to consider. There's a network... and that network has spent two weeks asking me to reconsider because like it or not, you're right. You WERE headlines news on CNN... on ESPN... on the front page of the New York Times. For the past two weeks, you've been the most talked about professional wrestler that this industry has seen in over a decade.

And that means ratings. It means buyrates. It means an ass every eighteen inches out there...

[He points to the crowd.]

JS: But that's not the only one asking me to change my mind. It's the men you mentioned. The Lynches... Supernova... Jordan Ohara... Supreme Wright... and yes, Ryan Martinez.

[Big cheer for the fan favorites!]

JS: They all want their shot at you. They all want to get you in that ring and make you pay for all you've said and done over the past year. And most of all, they want to make you understand that with or without Juan Vasquez, the AWA will go on.

[Big cheer!]

JS: The AWA will stay strong! And the AWA will be BETTER than ever!

[Thunderous cheers for Stegglet as Vasquez looks confused as to what's coming.]

JS: So, Juan Vasquez... we have ourselves a stalemate.

You've got a contract - and one hell of a well-paid legal team - that says that your last day with this company is Thanksgiving Night... and you know damn well that - especially after all this - we will NOT be signing a new one.

And I've got a locker room begging me to give them one more shot at you... and a network begging me to let them air that shot for the entire world to see.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: I've never been a gambling man, Vasquez. But this is one hell of a poker hand. I'd have to put my chips on one of four men being able to walk into New Orleans and take that title from around your waist...

...because if they can't, you're going to walk out of the AWA the next day as the World Champion and who the hell knows what happens next.

[A pause, Stegglet considering his options.]

JS: You know what?

[Stegglet steps up into Vasquez' face.]

JS: I'm all in, you bastard!

[HUUUUUUUGE CHEER!]

JS: Tonight, Jordan Ohara... Johnny Detson... Brian James... and Ryan Martinez will climb into this very ring and they will compete in the Final Four match. And the winner will go forth to SuperClash where they will face you in this ring for the AWA World Title!

[Vasquez grins as the crowd cheers!]

JS: And when that match is all said and done on Thanksgiving Night, I guess we'll find out whether I busted out... or hit the Royal Flush.

[Stegglet nods.]

JS: Your deal... amigo.

[Stegglet drops the mic, turning to exit the ring, leaving a grinning World Champion holding the title belt in his hands. The crowd responds to Stegglet's exit with cheers, satisfied that their heroes will get another chance to extract retribution on the most hated man in wrestling...

...who simply smiles in response. The crowd jeers his appearance on the big screen. He holds the title up near his face, pointing at it as we cut to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Wow! Well, that certainly did NOT go down the way I think any of us thought it would!

BW: Pull back the curtain and let everyone see all our dirty laundry - I guess that's the theme of that one, Gordo.

GM: Juan Vasquez is still the World Champion. Jon Stegglet has taken the ultimate risk. On the day after Thanksgiving, Juan Vasquez will walk away from the AWA forever... but will he do it as the AWA World Champion? If he does, it just may be the blackest Black Friday ever. But Jon Stegglet is placing his trust in the hands of four men - Johnny Detson, Brian James, Ryan Martinez, and Jordan Ohara. Those four men will compete later tonight in the first-ever Final Four matchup with the winner moving on with all the pressure in the world on them - the task of taking the World Title off Juan Vasquez before he can walk out of the AWA still the champion. Whew.

BW: That match had high stakes before and they just got higher, Gordo!

GM: Absolutely. Chaos already breaking loose at the outset of this show, Bucky, but what we just saw isn't the only chaotic thing that's happened here tonight already.

BW: Hey, when you get on the road to SuperClash, anything goes, daddy.

GM: Moments before we came on the air tonight, there was an attack out in the parking lot and right now, we're going to go backstage to Theresa Lynch to see if we can get the scoop. Theresa?

[We cut backstage to Theresa Lynch in a red strappy dress and a frantic expression on her face.]

TL: Thanks, Gordon... and you're right. Just seconds before we went live, there was a frantic call for medical assistance to the parking lot. Many people responded and were absolutely stunned by the scene there. We were asked not to show video of that scene so our cameras stayed off but what I CAN tell you is that the victim of said attack was the red hot rookie known as Mason.

[She pauses, letting that sink in.]

TL: That's right - the man who has looked almost indestructible so far in his time here in the AWA was the victim of a brutal attack and... well, I'm no doctor, Gordon, but it looked to be very serious. Mason was unconscious when the medics arrived and I'm told he was urgently rushed to a nearby hospital for examination and treatment. As of right now, we do not know the severity of his condition however I will be working to get that information throughout the night and will come back to you to let everyone know as soon as we know.

[Theresa nods as we fade back to Gordon and Bucky at ringside.]

GM: Thanks for that, Theresa. An attack on Mason in the parking lot and... well, Mason hasn't really interacted with many people here in the AWA thusfar, Bucky... and I can only really think of a few people... two people to be exact that might benefit from such an attack.

BW: That's slander, Gordo. You've got no proof of that.

GM: Then who do you think did it?

BW: I have no idea but I know the parking lots of the AWA are dangerous places sometimes. Ask Jason Dane. Ask anyone who the Dogs of War put through a windshield over the years.

GM: You're saying the Dogs of War did this?

BW: I'm saying that you can't rule out anyone, Gordo. I'm saying that there's a presumption of innocence in this country that you simply can't put aside!

GM: This isn't a court of law, Bucky. It's a professional wrestling show... and I'm quite certain I know who committed this assault. Fans, let's go up to the ring for our opening matchup.

[We fade from ringside into the ring where the lovely Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first, to my left, from Topeka, Kansas, and weighing 272 pounds, LEE HARRIGAN!

[A muscular young man with short brown hair, wearing red trunks and black boots, red kneepads and spandex forearm bands, raises his arms to the crowd, a sneer on his face.]

"Wake Up" by Story of the Year kicks in over the PA system, drawing cheers.]

RO: His opponent, from El Paso, Texas, and weighing 230 pounds... he is one half of Next Gen... DANIEL HARPER!

[Emerging from the entranceway is Daniel Harper, a man with short, black hair and brown eyes, and dressed in a white singlet with the words "Next Gen" printed across the front in navy blue lettering. He also wears white kneepads and wrestling boots.]

GM: Daniel Harper set for singles competition -- two weeks ago, he made it clear he is far from finished with Slaughterhouse and Anton Layton.

BW: He's gotta be kidding if he thinks he can take on all three of those men, Gordo! On top of that, you didn't even mention The Hangman, and that's one guy you don't want to mess with!

GM: A valid point, Bucky... I don't blame Harper one bit for being upset, but the odds certainly don't favor him right now.

BW: Yeah, and they still won't favor him if his partner ever comes back... and the emphasis is on "if," Gordo!

[Harper strides toward the ring, ignoring the fans who lean over the barricade. He slides underneath the ropes and rises to his feet, his eyes locked on Harrigan.]

GM: One thing is certain... Harper is quite focused on his opponent tonight.

BW: He may be, but he's going to need a lot more than focus, Gordo. He's calling out four men, and I don't care who you are, those are NOT good odds!

GM: I can't argue with that, but we'll see tonight how Harper handles himself in singles competition.

[The bell rings and Harper immediately circles Harrigan, the two men locking up.]

GM: A reminder, fans, that we have only seen Harper in singles action one time in the AWA, but he did score the victory over Anton Layton.

BW: Only because Layton let his guard down for a split second, Gordo. Harper won't get so lucky the next time, especially if he wants to take on Layton and company by himself.

[The larger Harrigan backs Harper into the corner, where the referee calls for the break.]

GM: Will we get a clean break here?

[Harrigan pulls away as the referee puts the count on him. Harper raises his hand up and away...

...leaving him open for a kick to the midsection.]

GM: No! Harrigan working over Harper in the corner... a kick to the gut, and now several forearm smashes!

BW: That's called taking advantage of the opening, Gordo!

[Harrigan drags Harper out of the corner and delivers an elbow smash, staggering the Next Gen member. He then starts to pick Harper up.]

GM: Harrigan going for the bodyslam...

[But Harper is able to slide around behind Harrigan's back.]

GM: No! Harper escapes the attempt!

[Harrigan turns around, where Harper is waiting for him.]

GM: Oh my! European uppercut right to the jaw!

BW: That's a closed fist, Gordo!

GM: He kept the palm open, Bucky! And now Harper with another uppercut! Harrigan is rocked!

[Harper backs Harrigan up into the ropes, delivering a quick knee to the midsection, then an Irish whip.]

GM: Now Harper sends Harrigan for the ride... he comes off the ropes...

[Harper ducks forward, pushing Harrigan up against his shoulder.]

GM: And a back body drop by Harper! Harrigan goes down hard!

[Harrigan pushes himself to his feet, but Harper leaps toward him and extends his legs.]

GM: And a standing dropkick! Harper taking control of this one and looking very good!

BW: Okay, so he looks all right against Harrigan, but The Slaughterhouse and The Hangman present a bigger problem! How can Harper expect to overcome those odds?

[Before Harrigan can get up, Harper grabs his legs, then raises his foot and plants a boot right to the midsection.]

GM: Harper not wasting any time... usually he'd look to the crowd first before pulling that move out.

BW: I'll give him credit for staying on top of Harrigan, but Harper better stay on top of what's going on with his partner.

GM: What are you talking about, Bucky?

BW: You heard Anton Layton... he wants to bring Howie Somers into the fold. And after what he did to Somers, I'd almost bet on him joining his side, if at least to ensure he'll never get burned like that again!

GM: I don't believe for one minute that Somers will seriously consider joining Layton.

[Meanwhile, Harper has dragged Harrigan to his feet, then hooks him up for a vertical suplex.]

GM: Nice suplex by Daniel Harper... this young man learned a lot about wrestling from his family.

BW: Well, his family ties aren't gonna be enough against Layton and his men. And I keep telling you, Gordo, Layton will get Howie Somers into the fold. You know how persuasive Layton can be!

GM: I still don't buy it, but you do you, Bucky.

BW: What? Gordo, have you been lurking on Twitter again?!

[Harper pulls Harrigan off his feet again, only for Harrigan to fire off a desperation shot to the midsection.]

GM: Oh, Harrigan catches Harper in the gut again! And now a rake of the face!

BW: You do what you have to do to survive, Gordo... just like Howie Somers will do what he has to do to survive!

GM: Will you stop with that, Bucky?

[Harrigan backs Harper into the ropes, firing off a forearm to the side of the head, then whips Harper across the ring.]

GM: Now it's Harrigan with the Irish whip... clothesline attempt...

[Harper ducks the clothesline and bounces off the opposite strands.]

GM: Harrigan missed! Harper coming off the ropes...

[Harper extends his own arm and catches Harrigan hard across the chest.]

GM: And Harper with a clothesline of his own! Caught him hard around the chest!

[Harper rolls to his feet, then sizes up Harrigan, his arms forward, as Harrigan gets to his feet.]

GM: Now what could Harper be setting him up for?

[Harrigan gets to his feet, only for Harper to wrap his arms from behind Harrigan, grab Harrigan's arm and hook him into a cobra clutch.]

GM: Submission hold applied!

BW: No, wait... Harper's trying to lift him!

[Harper keeps the cobra clutch locked, then leans backwards, managing to take Harrigan off his feet, up and over]

GM: OH MY! He got Harrigan up for the cobra clutch suplex!

BW: And that's a big man, Gordo! I have to admit I'm impressed!

[Harper rolls on top of Harrigan and hooks the leg for good measure.]

GM: Harper hooks the leg and there's the three count! An impressive win for the son of a Hall of Famer!

[The bell rings and Harper gets to his feet, allowing the official to raise his arm.]

RO: The winner of the match... DANIEL HARPER!

[The fans cheer as Harper pulls away from the referee and ducks between the ropes. He heads up the aisle, high fiving a few of the fans.]

GM: Fans, we're going to take you to Colt Patterson, who looks like he's going to try to get a few words from the member of Next Gen!

[We cut to further down the aisle, just by the entranceway, where Colt Patterson is standing with a mic in his hand.]

CP: I ain't gonna try, Myers... I am GOING to get a few words with Daniel Harper, and unlike those who have an app and are constrained by company policy, I'm here to dig deeper for the truth, and in this case, the truth about what's going on with Howie Somers!

[Harper makes his way down the aisle, exchanging a couple of high fives with fans, before he approaches Patterson.]

CP: Daniel Harper, I will say that I don't impress easy, so take it as a major compliment when I say that I was impressed with you taking over the big Lee Harrigan with the cobra clutch suplex! But I have to ask you, Harper, what you are thinking by throwing the gauntlet out to Anton Layton, The Slaughterhouse and even The Hangman. Those are four of the most dangerous men in the AWA. As good as you are, what hope do you have by yourself against four dangerous men?

[Harper runs a hand over his face.]

DH: Colt, I don't deny the odds aren't in my favor. But that's never concerned anybody in my family before. My mother had to deal with the odds against her almost every time she faced somebody, and my aunt was used to the same. My uncle was a big man, so is my cousin, but they didn't always a favorable situation. But the one thing they all believed is that when you know you have to right a wrong, you've got to step up and do it, regardless of what the odds are or what other people think! And believe me, Colt, there is no way I will ever let what happened to my friend Howie Somers go unanswered!

CP: Well, that poses an interesting situation, Harper. You know by now that Anton Layton is calling out to Somers himself. He's wanting to bring him under his wing, just like he did the Slaughterhouse and The Hangman! Considering how little effort it took to influence those men, how do you know your tag team partner will be any different, especially after what happened to him?

[Harper shakes his head.]

DH: Colt, I don't buy for one minute that my friend Howie would ever work with Anton Layton! People like the Slaughterhouse and The Hangman might have done so, but my friend Howie has been through a lot with me, from the time we were youngsters hanging around in the back at wrestling shows, to the months we've been together in the AWA rising through the tag team ranks. I don't doubt for one minute that Howie will always be by my side and anybody who wants to insinuate that he'd ever join up with the likes of Layton, well...

[He takes a deep breath.]

DH: There's no way in hell that I'd ever buy it!

CP: Harper, you have to understand that my job is to ask the tough questions! And there's plenty of tough questions for you to answer... like why not wait until Howie

is cleared to come back and wrestle, instead of insisting that you'll take this task on by yourself?

DH: It's like I told you, Colt... there is no way I will let what happened to Howie go unanswered! If that means I have to take on all of Layton's men on my own, I'll do it! And if you think this means I'm abandoning my friend, or that I'm too impatient to wait for him to return, you couldn't be more wrong! The only way I know how to settle this is to make it clear to Layton and his men that I'm not going to run away from a fight... I'm going to keep on fighting and dare them to try to stop me!

CP: Well, let me ask you this question, Harper... considering that you are so intent that are taking up this fight yourself, I have to ask you this: When is Howie Somers going to be cleared to wrestle again? That is... if he's ever going to be cleared!

DH: You want to know when Howie will be back?

CP: That's exactly what I want to know!

[Harper takes another deep breath, then looks away from Colt for a moment.]

DH: Right now, Colt... I have no comment on that.

[He then brushes past Colt and heads to the back.]

CP: Well, it looks like we aren't going to get a straight answer from Harper about when his partner will be back... or maybe it turns out that he and his partner aren't that close, after all, and Harper just won't admit it! I imagine Anton Layton will be interested in this development! How's that for an exclusive scoop, Blackwell, you miserable rat? Ha!

[A smirking Patterson looks on as we fade to black.

We fade up on the logo for the television network known by its fans as "The X" - Fox Sports X. Standing next to it is Terrence Howard of "Empire" fame.]

"They tell me that Lucious Lyon ain't the toughest man on Fox anymore. Hah! I'll believe that when I see it!"

[Cut to a shot from SWLL's LUCHA LUCHA LUCHA where El Caliente snaps off a death-defying dive over the top rope, over the corner ringpost, and onto a prone figure. A voiceover not belonging to Terrence Howard provides the hype.]

"Enter the world of lucha libre!"

[Then to a shot of the GFC - a recent shot with Ivan Petrov knocking Rufus Harris out to win the GFC Heavyweight Title.]

"Or maybe you prefer a little bit of MMA!"

[On to Tiger Paw Pro's WrestleGalaxy as Yoshinari Taguchi exchanges stiff slaps with the man AWA fans would know as Nenshou.]

"Travel to the Land of the Rising Sun for some puroresu action!"

[A highlight reel level head kick from a European looking kickboxer drops a Japanese one.]

"The hottest new action on The X belongs to SKB - Super K Boxing!"

[And finally to a shot of Ryan Martinez lighting up Supreme Wright's chest with a series of machine gun chops.]

"Saturday nights bring you all the action of the American Wrestling Alliance!"

[We cut back to Terrence Howard, wincing and rubbing his own chest as if he could feel Martinez' chops.]

"Alright, alright... those boys are pretty bad too. But can they sing?"

[Howard laughs as we cut back to the logo for The X. Howard delivers the closing line.]

"Fox Sports X. Come get some."

[The "come get some" slogan fills the screen as we fade to black...

...and then fade back to footage marked "EARLIER TONIGHT" where Jordan Ohara is backstage at the Chimpanzee position, watching the end of the Juan Vasquez-Stegglet interaction. He is dressed in his T-shirt, tights and Carolina blue Air Jordan 13s. His hair is pulled into a short man bun. Ohara looks pissed off as he clenches his fists. It is then that Mark Stegglet appears.]

MS: Jordan, how do you feel about this explosive news that Juan Vasquez is still the reigning AWA World Champion.

JO: How do I feel? As much as I believe a champion should be beaten in the ring, he should be crowned in one too. Mr. Stegglet, you saw Vasquez's manipulation out there. How does it make you feel?

MS: I'm shocked that the title wasn't held up.

JO: You're shocked. The fans are shocked. I bet everybody backstage is shocked. But I'm not shocked. Nobody should be. All Vasquez has done since he's been in the AWA is manipulate everybody in authority to keep his power. I just can't believe they fell for it again.

MS: But now that means the Final Four match later tonight will STILL be for the Main Event at SuperClash. This must change your mindset heading into that match.

JO: it doesn't change my mindset at all. I have to win this match whether it is for the title or the Number One Contender. It doesn't matter. I am going to SuperClash.

[And now he looks back at the monitor.]

JO: And now I have more reason than ever to win this match. Such a thing would never be allowed in Japan. Can I let this happen in America?

[He stares down Stegglet.]

JO: No, I can't.

Now if you'll excuse me.

[Ohara pushes past Stegglet as he heads back to the locker room. He looks back towards the ring, shaking his head in disgust...

...and we fade from one piece of pre-taped footage to another where we see "EARLIER TODAY" as the graphic.]

SLB: Alright, fans... over the past couple of weeks, we've received a lot of fan mail... a lot of questions on social media. "Where is Dylan Harvey?" As you may recall, Dylan Harvey was very violently assaulted by the African Assassin, Ebola Zaire, recently. Zaire was acting under the orders of...

[Blackwell's words trail off as he looks the side and finds Draco Romero walking into view, a sick smile on his face. Romero's pencil-thin moustache is already dripping with sweat as he approaches.]

SLB: ...this man, Draco Romero.

DR: Tsk, tsk, Mr. Blackwell. By now, you should know that no one "controls" Ebola Zaire. He is simply a force of nature that you hope to aim in the direction of those who you feel should fall into his path.

SLB: Like Dylan Harvey?

DR: Like Dylan Harvey.

SLB: You know... no offense to Dylan Harvey but what in the world could that young man - whose number of wins I could count on one hand - have done to get on your radar, Mr. Romero?

[Romero's grin grows, a hand wandering up to smooth out his sweat-covered moustache.]

DR: Mr. Harvey became a giant in a munchkin's shoes.

SLB: A giant in... you're going to have to explain that one to me.

DR: It's simple, sir. Mr. Harvey was meant for a role in life... a role that must be played. He was to be the fodder that makes others look good. He was to be the "talented young superstar" who never got over the hump because he didn't have the size for it... or the killer instinct... or the right mindset... or whatever it was that he is lacking. He was to be a mere mortal walking in a world of Gods and monsters.

But he thought otherwise. He thought he could rise up. He thought he could overcome.

And for one night he did... and my Varag suffered the price for it.

[A shake of the head.]

DR: And those who have sent me were displeased, Mr. Blackwell... and they demanded that a price be paid... a price in blood.

SLB: And that's why you sent Ebola Zaire to savage young Mr. Harvey not that long ago.

DR: Indeed. And that, Mr. Blackwell... was just the first step.

SLB: What does THAT mean?

DR: I have watched Dylan Harvey. I have studied him. And I know his secrets.

SLB: Secrets?! What secrets?!

[Romero grins again.]

DR: If I told you...

SLB: ...they wouldn't be secrets. Okay, I get it. But does that have anything to do with where he's been lately? He was supposed to be on Saturday Night Wrestling two weeks ago and didn't show up. He was supposed to be on live events with his partner, Beef Bonham, this week... and again, didn't show up. Do you know something about that?

DR: I know everything about everything, Mr. Blackwell... and Mr. Harvey has been... how should I...

[He taps his long finger on his chin.]

DR: ...persuaded... to join our cause.

SLB: Cause?! What in the world are you going on about?!

DR: Mr. Harvey will no longer appear on behalf of the AWA... until the time is right and those... oh-so-special skills he possesses, way down deep inside... the shadows he tries to hide in... until those are brought to the light of day.

SLB: This is pointless. You're out here talking in riddles and-

[Suddenly, a loud shout comes from off-camera.]

"ROOOOMERRRROOOO!"

[Draco Romero steps back with a start, a bemused look on his face as the hulking form of Beef Bonham steps into view.]

BB: Enough with your doubletalk and Cryptkeeper act, I want to know where my friend is!

[Romero shrugs.]

DR: He has been... relocated... for further training.

BB: That's not gonna cut it with me, Romero! I want to see my friend!

DR: Perhaps... if you showed the same talents... that could be arranged.

[Bonham shakes his head.]

BB: Naw, naw... I want no part of you and your collection of freaks!

[Romero's eyebrow raises.]

DR: Such harsh, rude talk. I'm afraid, Mr. Bonham, if you must persist in this line of uncivil behavior, I'm going to have to invite you to go to the ring and meet one of my so-called "freaks."

BB: Hah! You think I'm afraid of what you've got in your back pocket?! Bring 'em on...

[Bonham reaches out, shoving Romero backwards against the wall.]

BB: ...CHUMP!

[The bulky Bonham turns, making his exit as Romero reels in disbelief.]

SLB: Well... there you have it, fans... it looks like we've got another match on our hands here tonight with Beef Bonham taking on... who? Who will he be facing, Romero?

[Romero slowly raises an extended long index finger, sliding it over his thin lips...

...and backs away, leaving a confused Blackwell as we fade to black...

...and then back out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first...

[The PA system comes to life with the sounds of "BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!" being chanted repeatedly before Beef Bonham emerges to a loud reaction and some instrumental music escorts him down the aisle.]

RO: From Seattle, Washington... weighing in at 302 pounds... BEEF! BONNNNHAM!

[Beef Bonham, a rotund man with his black hair shaved in a mohawk, and dressed in a black singlet with "BEEF" across the gut in white block lettering, hooks a thumb to himself and shouts "BEEEEEEEF!"]

GM: A rare spotlighted appearance for Beef Bonham as he steps into the ring tonight looking to avenge his friend and tag team partner Dylan Harvey who has apparently fallen into the web of Draco Romero, Bucky.

BW: Hey, Draco's a good guy. I'm sure he's got Harvey set up at a five star hotel enjoying the finer things in life... either that or a dark dungeon where his mind and spirit are being broken. One of those though definitely.

GM: Give me a break. Back to Rebecca.

[Bonham enters the ring, again jerking a thumb at himself as many in the crowd shout "BEEEEEEEF!" in response. His music fades.]

RO: Annnnnnd his opponent... from DEEPEST... DARKEST... AFRICA... he is the Botswana Beast... the African Nightmare... being accompanied to the ring by Draco Romero...

EEEEEEBOOOOOOLAAAAA ZAAAAAIRRRRE!

[With jungle drums and tribal chanting coming across the PA system, Ebola Zaire wobbles out from behind the entrance curtain. Looking like something out of a horror movie, the morbidly obese Zaire trudges towards the ring. He wears a red cloth hood over his head, long tails hanging off it over his back. His fingers are heavily taped - something we notice as he continually slaps at his own chest. His red boots with a curling point polish off the white pants ensemble. Draco Romero follows at a distance, his fingers steepled as he walks the aisle.]

GM: Look at the sight of that man.

BW: Draco? He's a nice guy, Gordo, I'm tellin' ya.

GM: Not Romero! Zaire. One of the most vicious... the most savage men in the history of this sport. You know, you think back to Memorial Day Mayhem in 2012 when Zaire and Juan Vasquez battled in a brutal No Disqualification match... and

you wonder if we wouldn't have all been better off if Zaire had finished the job on Vasquez that night.

[The fans boo as the savage beast somehow wedges himself under the ropes, crawling on all fours to the center of the ring with a fork clenched between his teeth. Bonham looks concerned as Zaire crawls towards him, reflexively backing into the corner, pointing a finger at him.]

GM: Beef Bonham may be rethinking this challenge right about now, Bucky.

BW: He might also be regretting that fourth Big Mac he had for lunch.

GM: Would you stop?!

[Bonham swings his arms back and forth in front of him, getting ready for battle as Draco Romero extends a hand towards Rebecca Ortiz, requesting the house mic. She obliges and Romero smiles as he taps the top of the mic, checking to make sure it's on.]

DR: A thousand pardons, Mr. Bonham... but I believe there's been some sort of mistake.

[Bonham shakes his head, shouting "WHAT MISTAKE?!" off-mic.]

DR: You see, anyone who has followed the sport of kings for even an instant know the reputation of Ebola Zaire, the African Nightmare. They know precisely what he's capable of and how many bloody chunks he's prepared to carve you into.

[Zaire, now on his feet, is reeling back and forth, fork still in his mouth as Romero tries to keep him under control.]

DR: That was not my goal here tonight, Mr. Bonham. My goal was to show you - and them...

[He gestures to the crowd.]

DR: ...that even when you wield a brutal battle axe like mine... sometimes you opt for a dangerously sharp sword instead.

[Romero grins again, staring at Bonham as new music begins.]

GM: Now what is this all about?

[A man with a Japanese accents shouts "GOLLLLLLDENNNNN TIIIIIGERRRRR!" over the PA system as an instrumental track with Asian influences plays over the PA system. A few moments later, a man in a full electric blue bodysuit emerges from the curtain. His face is covered with a golden mask designed to look like a tiger's head. A portion of the crowd reacts strongly at this.]

GM: Wait a second... isn't this guy retired?

BW: Apparently not. He's right here in front of us, Gordo.

GM: No, no... Golden Tiger is a competitor for Tiger Paw Pro... well, WAS. I'm almost certain he retired.

BW: Gordo, how could he have retired? He's right here in front of us!

[The masked man quickly walks to the ring, rolling under the bottom rope, coming to his feet...

...and rushing across the ring where he smashes a forearm into the jaw of Beef Bonham! Romero and Zaire vacate the ring as the bell sounds.]

GM: Well, the Golden Tiger - whoever he is - has started this one off quickly.

BW: Look at him, Gordo!

[The crowd reacts as the masked man gets Bonham in the corner, hammering him repeatedly with stiff forearms to the jaw, driving him down to a seated position in the corner.]

GM: Get him off the man, ref!

[The official tries to do exactly that but the masked man has other ideas as he steps up on the second turnbuckle, grabbing the top rope as he kicks his legs out, swinging back in to drive both knees into Bonham's chest!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Goodness! This one might be over before it even gets started!

[The Tiger pulls Bonham back to his feet, again ignoring the referee as he whips Bonham across the ring, sending the burly man slamming back into the far buckles. The masked man sprints across the ring, showing blinding speed as he front flips, driving his heel into Bonham's sternum!]

GM: OHHH!

BW: Koppo kick in the corner!

[The Golden Tiger pops up off the mat, grabbing the dazed Bonham by the back of the head, throwing him down to the canvas. He walks to the ropes, grabbing the top.]

GM: Slingshot over the top to the apron...

[He hangs on to the top rope, slingshotting right back in with a flipping legdrop across the chest of Bonham!]

GM: Ohh! Another impressive move by the Golden Tiger and... well, Draco Romero certainly looks pleased with himself.

BW: Can you blame him? Does this guy work for him too? What a coup!

GM: Romero certainly does seem to have a knack for finding quality - and violent - talent from all over the globe. One has to wonder about his background. Where is he finding all this talent? And where does he get the money to bring them in?

[The Golden Tiger stomps Bonham a few times as the big man works to get back to his feet. A knife edge chop sends him stumbling back into the corner.]

GM: The Tiger staying on the attack... very focused... very dangerous.

[Grabbing the arm, the masked man looks for another whip but this time, the big man from Seattle reverses.]

GM: Reversed! The Tiger hits the buckles!

[The masked man slams hard into the corner, stumbling back out towards the fan favorite who lowers his head, hoisting the Tiger high into the air, throwing him down with a sky high backdrop!]

GM: Wow! Did you see the elevation he got on that?!

[Bonham nods his head to the cheering crowd, pumping one arm and cocking the fist as the Tiger struggles to get up off the mat...

...and lashes out with a stiff left jab as the crowd shouts "BEEF!"]

GM: Here we go!

[And the action continues like that, Bonham throwing the left jab as the crowd chants along...]

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

"BEEF!"

[With the masked man reeling, Bonham does a full turn, playing to the crowd as he swings his arm around and around and around...

...but before he can throw the haymaker, the Tiger reaches out, jabbing a finger into his eye!]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Bonham blindly staggers towards the ropes which is when the Tiger runs towards the same ropes, leaping to the middle rope, springing back to snatch Bonham in a front facelock, twisting around with him in his grasp, and DRIVING him skullfirst into the canvas with a thunderous tornado DDT!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: That's it! This one's over!

BW: Oh, I don't think you get to make that decision, daddy!

[The Golden Tiger promptly gets up, ducking through the ropes. He grabs the top rope, looking down at the prone Bonham...

...and leaps into the air, springing high in the sky off the top, tucking his legs up...]

GM: DOUBLE STOMMMMMMP!

[...and DRIVES his feet down into the skull of the downed Bonham!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GOOD GRIEF!

[The Golden Tiger gets up, walking across the ring where he drops to a knee on Bonham's chest, pulling a leg up in a cradle.]

GM: One. Two. Three. It was academic from there, Bucky.

BW: That double stomp was devastating, Gordo!

GM: Absolutely... and I believe he calls that the Tiger's Bite... or at least the man we used to know as the Golden Tiger did. This one...

BW: You honestly think this is someone else?

GM: It looks like Sweet Lou's in there with Draco Romero. Maybe we'll get an answer to that question.

[The crowd is jeering the assemblage in the ring as Sweet Lou steps in, mic in hand.]

SLB: Draco Romero, I've gotta know - what kind of bait and switch did you just pull on us?

[Romero shakes his head.]

DR: No, no... no bait and switch. Simply a demonstration of the might of my... allies.

SLB: You keep referencing your mysterious allies... who are you talking about?

DR: Ahh, my dear Mr. Blackwell... always on the prowl for your elusive scoops.

[He holds a long finger up to his sweaty lips again.]

DR: Loose lips lead to broken hips.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Well, can you at least tell me something about this man who you introduced here... the Golden Tiger?

[Romero nods.]

DR: Once upon a time, a legend ruled the rings of Japan. A Golden Tiger with skill unmatched and glories unrivaled. But alas, as is the circle of all things, that Tiger fell.

[He turns, gesturing towards the masked man.]

DR: But in his place rose a new Golden Tiger - stronger, faster, more ferocious than his predecessor. Where one Tiger perished, another has risen... and that is good news for me... and bad news for everyone else, Mr. Blackwell.

SLB: Mr.... uhh, Mr. Tiger... can you tell us a little bit about your background?

[He sticks the mic in the masked man's face but gets no response but a stare from behind the golden mask.]

DR: Silence... is golden.

[With a light chuckle, Romero turns and gestures for his men to follow behind him, exiting the ring.]

SLB: Well... Draco Romero showing tonight that he just might be a force to be reckoned with after all, fans. We'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...

And fade back up on a rising sun coming up over a crystal blue lake. A voiceover begins.]

"The future."

[The sun continues to climb via time lapse footage.]

"It is said that the future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams."

[The sun reaches its peak, dazzling as it lights up the water below.]

"At the Korugun Corporation, our dreams are the same as yours."

[Cut to a shot of children playing in a very green meadow.]

"To live... to love..."

[To a shot of two elderly people smiling as they hold hands.]

"To make the most out of every moment we are blessed with."

[To the crack of a baseball bat and a cheering crowd.]

"To the joys of community... of family... of kinship..."

[To a young toddler walking out into the surf on a beach only to be scooped up by a nervous father who lifts him high in the air.]

"To all of life's promise... and potential."

[To a spaceship rocketing off its launchpad towards the sky.]

"To pushing the boundaries of what is expected..."

[To a space shot of Earth below.]

"To bringing our futures into the present."

[The Korugun Corporation logo slowly crawls over the curvature of the Earth.]

"Korugun. To life and all that it offers."

[And we slowly fade to black,...

...and then back up to the backstage area where "Sweet" Lou Blackwell is standing next to Jack Lynch. The Iron Cowboy is in his street clothes, and has a thoughtful, some might say dejected, look on his face.]

SLB: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling where the man standing next to me is a former National Tag Team Champion, a former World Tag Team Champion, a former Stampede Cup Winner, and of course, a former World Heavyweight Champion. But Mr. Lynch, I have to say that the expression on your face is one I usually only see on the likes of Allen Allen.

[Lynch exhales slowly.]

JL: Well Lou, I gotta admit that I ain't feelin' all that great these days.

It wasn't that long ago that I was World Champion, and feelin' on top of the world. I had everything and now, I look around, and I wonder what I got left.

Juan stole my title. And Brian James? Well, Brian James beat me right in the middle. I couldn't get it done.

That's not somethin' I'm used to sayin', Lou.

SLB: Your feelings are certainly understandable.

JL: Well, here's the thing, Lou. When you've got the father I do, when you've got the brothers I've got, well, ya find yourself thinkin' a lot about legacy.

Let's look at mine.

Two years ago, it was me and Demetrius Lake in a Texas Death Match, a match that took everything outta me, but one that I came out of as the winner. And a year ago, it was me and Supreme Wright in a Towel Match. Wright dragged me to hell, and I just barely came back out the other end.

Now, ya ask anyone to name the most memorable matches in the history of SuperClash, and if those two matches ain't on the list, then that's someone who doesn't know what they're talkin' about.

SLB: And three years ago, you teamed with your father and your brother in a Street Fight that people are still raving about.

[Lynch nods his head.]

JL: Them three matches? That's a hell of a legacy, Lou. And there's only one thing that could top them. That's finally makin' it to the Main Event.

And I know in my heart that I belong in the Main Event, Lou.

[Lynch removes his cowboy hat, fingers running through his hair before he puts it back on.]

JL: But now, I don't even know if I'm gonna be on the card at all.

Ya look around, and everyone is makin' that final push to get to New Orleans. But no one is even talkin' about me anymore. I had my shot, and I dropped the ball.

So yeah, I ain't feelin' that great. And yeah, at this point, I don't even know how I'm gettin' to SuperClash.

"I might have an idea about that."

[Both Lynch and Blackwell turn in the direction of the voice, and in steps none other than Lynch's long time tag team partner, "Bunkhouse" Bobby O'Connor.]

BOC: Jack... is it finally time to talk about TexMo?

[O'Connor chuckles, and flashes a grin.]

BOC: Listen Jack, I understand that you wanted to be in the Main Event. And I understand that you either wanted to be defending or fighting for the World Title. And I can't give you that.

But I can give you the chance to make history.

I can give you the chance to become the first man to win tag team gold with three different men. And more importantly, I can give you the chance to shut up Taylor and Donovan.

Now, they keep talking about how they've cleaned out the division. But they haven't cleaned me out.

You want to add to your legacy?

Shake my hand, and let's get it done.

[O'Connor sticks out his hand.]

JL: Ya know what, Bobby? TexMo takin' the gold sounds like a damn fine way to spend my SuperClash.

[Lynch takes O'Connor's hand, and the pair of them shake. When it ends, Lynch turns to Blackwell.]

JL: Lou, go find them two brats. And tell 'em that TexMo is comin' for them.

And hell is comin' with us!

[A big grin breaks out on the Iron Cowboy's face as he slaps his partner and friend on the back, the duo making their exit as we cut from the backstage area out to the interview platform to Mark Stegglet. He nods to the camera.]

MS: Ladies and gentlemen, my guest at this time is a man who is out for payback after what went down two weeks ago. Please welcome to the stage... the Iron Badger himself... MANZO KAWAJIRI!

[The crowd voice their approval as the camera pans to the entrance and Kawajiri walks out. He looks even more serious and determined than usual, with a bandage covering a part of his otherwise bald head.]

Without even missing a beat, Kawajiri strides out of the back and past a bewildered Stegglet.]

BW: Wow, look at Kawajiri! He forgot where the interview stage is!

GM: Knowing the Iron Badger, he has something else in mind tonight. Remember, two weeks ago in Houston, he was attacked backstage.

BW: Who would poke the Badger, Gordo? I even go out of his way in the catering line.

[Manzo has reached the ring and made a beeline for Rebecca Ortiz. She quickly hands him her microphone. Kawajiri proceeds to roll into the ring, get back to his feet, and cast a scowl at the camera that makes his anger almost palpable.]

MK: Two weeks ago, someone attacked Kawajiri!

[As the Iron Badger fumes, the crowd boos.]

MK: I came to the AWA to fight... but that was not fight. A fight is two men, eye to eye. Kawajiri respects any man that wants to fight.

But the person that did that was not a man. He was a...

[You know what's coming next... as do many in the crowd who chant along.]

MK: PUNK BITCH!!

[As always, as the crowd roars its approval.]

MK: Kawajiri says this. You come out now. You come out and face me! Or you stay hidden forever...

[Suddenly, a murmur from the crowd turns to a gasp.]

GM: Is that... what the-?!

[A man has crawled from under the ring and scaled the turnbuckle behind Kawajiri. Even the way he climbs is unsettling. The fans start to scream and shout warnings as Manzo glares at the camera.]

GM: IT'S CANIBAL!

BW: I thought we had left that psychopath in Europe!

[Canibal is perched on the turnbuckle, wearing his ring gear and grimacing wildly. The Iron Badger, alerted by the fans, turns around just as Canibal flies off the top rope with a spinning leg lariat that flattens the Japanese heavyweight wrestler.]

GM: Canibal with the assault from behind!

BW: And I'd bet every dime I've ever made in this business that this isn't the first time he's attacked Kawajiri!

[Canibal rolls to his feet, raises his thumbs and executes his double-cutthroat pose to the jeers of the audience.]

GM: Canibal with another attack on Kawajiri - and I'm sure you're right, Bucky. I'm sure Canibal was responsible for the attack in Houston as well.

[The tattooed luchador with the skull features painted on his face seems to enjoy his comeback to the spotlight, but he fails to notice that Kawajiri has already shaken off the effect of the top rope attack as he slowly rises.]

BW: Uh oh.

GM: Don't look now but you've got a problem, Canibal!

[Kawajiri does not even wait for Canibal to turn around as he plows into his back to send the attacker sprawling to the mat.]

GM: OHH! KAWAJIRI FROM BEHIND!

[Kawajiri stays on his feet, beckoning Canibal towards him. Canibal is quickly on his feet, equal to the challenger as he rushes forward, throwing a wild spinning back kick that Kawajiri easily avoids as Canibal spins past him, turning around...]

GM: HEADBUTT!

[The surging headbutt to the chest of Canibal knocks the luchador off his feet a second time...]

...and this time, he rolls from the ring, leaving a fired-up Kawajiri stomping around the ring, looking for a fight.]

GM: Kawajiri wants some more! He's coming after him!

[Manzo lunges at Canibal through the ropes but the Monster Assassin quickly makes his way out of range and away from ringside.]

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

"I-YURN BAD-GER!"

[As the familiar chant starts, Canibal continues to retreat, rubbing his chest and staring at Kawajiri who points an angry finger at his foe, the microphone not picking up on the curses he is spitting at the attacker.]

BW: That did not go well for our stalking lurker.

GM: Fans, Canibal just revealed himself as the attacker of Manzo Kawajiri and I wonder if the hunter did not just become the hunted. Sweet Lou, I understand you've got some... colorful personalities back there with you as well.

[We fade from the ring to Sweet Lou Blackwell standing in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: Alright, thanks, Gordon... and joining me now is quite the collection of monsters. Of course, you see "Pretty" Porter Crowley...

[Crowley sneers, making a move towards Blackwell but Anton Layton in his usual hooded robe extends a hand clutching the crystal known as the Eye of Tyr, blocking Crowley's path.]

AL: Take care with your words, Blackwell. Porter would love to add your tongue to his collection.

[Blackwell gulps visibly.]

SLB: Of course, we also have The Lost Boy...

[The Lost Boy leaps up, snarling and snapping as Layton extends the crystal in his direction too, causing him to whimper and drop down to his knees.]

SLB: Might want to put a leash on that one. And then there's The Hangman.

[The Hangman stares down menacingly at Blackwell but does not budge. Layton grins, nodding proudly at his control over the big monster.]

SLB: Huh. Okay. Well, Anton Layton, you heard young Daniel Harper earlier tonight. He says that Howie Somers will NEVER join your Slaughterhouse.

[Layton nods.]

AL: Daniel Harper has loyalty towards his friend. I admire that. I respect that. But he also speaks the words of a FOOOOOL, Blackwell... a language you also know quite well.

SLB: Hey!

AL: Because if young Harper was speaking with truth, he would face the reality that loyalty to mortals is nothing when you compare it to the loyalty one feels towards...

[He lifts the crystal, glimmering in the light.]

AL: ...the Eye of Tyr.

SLB: Again with the Eye of Tyr? Do you really expect us to believe that that... thing... has the ability to control minds?

[Layton pulls back his hood, revealing black circles painted around his eyes as he stares at Blackwell.]

AL: Mind control is a carny trick pulled off to make people bark like a dog and pretend they're getting hot when they hear a word. What the Eye of Tyr does is... bend... the will of others to it.

Look at my Hangman.

[The camera pans over to the towering sight, holding his noose aloft.]

AL: He came to the AWA with loyalty towards the man who discovered him. He worked for him. Fought for him. He protected him.

But the Eye knows all... and the Eye sees all... and the Eye told me that the Hangman would come.

And so the Hangman looked deep into the Eye and realized the error of his way... he realized the power of the Eye and those who follow it.

[Layton shrugs.]

AL: Where does he stand now, you simpering toad?

[Blackwell gets huffy at that one.]

SLB: By you, you overconfident-

[The Lost Boy growls, cutting Blackwell off in mid-insult.]

SLB: So, you're saying that Howie Somers is going to... follow the Eye?

AL: I'm saying that if young Somers looks into the Eye... he will see his failings... he will see his future... and he will see what would happen if he left his friend behind and stood beside true pow...

[Layton's words trail off as he stops short, his head snapped back.]

AL: AHHHH!

SLB: What in the world?

AL: AHHHHHHHHHHH!

SLB: Do we need a doctor in here or-?

[Layton lifts a hand, cutting off Blackwell. He brings his head back down, his eyes wide.]

AL: Can you feel it, Blackwell?

[He inhales sharply.]

AL: Can you smell it?

[A smile grows across his face.]

AL: There's power here tonight. Raw power. Untamed power.

[He chuckles.]

AL: She's here, Blackwell. And she's taken her first steps towards a new reality.

[He nods, seemingly excited about this development as he makes his exit, the Slaughterhouse following behind him.]

SLB: She... who?

[Blackwell shakes his head as we fade back out to the ring where the arena fills with the sound of an ominous synth as a sullen presence appears in the entry way. As "Another One" by Night Club kicks in, Erica Toughill makes her way down the aisle, a rolled up t-shirt in her hand. She pays very little attention to the fans and focuses on the ring, snapping a wad of pink bubble gum the whole time.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division. Introducing first... From Rochester, New York... weighing 170 pounds... ERICAAAA TOUGHILL!!!

BW: Gordo, this is not going to be to be pretty.

GM: It is very likely not, Bucky. Ricki Toughill has been on a rampage since we crowned a Women's World Champion earlier this year.

BW: And it's all Julie Somers' fault.

[Ricki Toughill rolls into the ring under the ropes. She wears a black neoprene crop top, long black tights accented with (tasteful) mesh cutouts around the hip and upper thigh, and shiny knee-length black boots. Her attire is also decorated with designs in bright turquoise and neon orange, the symbol for the clubs playing card suit on her chest. Most prominent among her half-dozen tattoos is the large octopus occupying her right shoulder and bicep.]

BW: Normally we see Ricki with some kind of sporting good, since she likes to show off what a jock she is, but what does she have there?

RO: And her opponent... from San Francisco, California... weighing in at 136 pounds... Sarah Jennings!

[Jennings waves to the crowd, throwing yellow streamers over the ring ropes. Jennings is dressed in a two piece gold outfit with gold glitter around the right side of her face. She is suddenly crowded into the corner by Toughill as "Another One" fades abruptly. Toughill waves the rolled-up shirt in Jennings' face.]

ET: "PUT THIS ON. PUT THIS ON."

GM: Now that ought to not be allowed! Why does Toughill want to do that?

BW: Maybe she thinks that gold bikini is indecent.

GM: Only if she was born before the Great Depression, Bucky.

[Jennings flinches and quickly begins fumbling with the t-shirt, pulling it over her head.]

GM: The referee ought not to be allowing this, but he, along with just about everyone else seems to be thoroughly intimidated by this banshee.

[The referee signals for the bell as Jennings finishes pulling on the t-shirt.]

BW: Uh-oh, Gordo. That t-shirt, that's...

[Jennings looks down at the shirt. She has all of a second-and-a-half to process that she is now wearing a piece of "Spitfire" Julie Somers merchandise - available at AWAShop.com - before...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Oh no! A malicious Pearl Harbor by Erica Toughill!

[Toughill sandwiches Jennings into the corner, raining hateful right hands down upon her.]

BW: Oh daddy, if no one will wave the red cape in front of the bull, the bull will put up a cape herself.

[Jennings is dragged out of the corner, dragged to the adjacent corner and thrown face-first into the buckles.]

GM: This woman is getting battered by this mental case! What has gotten into Toughill?

BW: She wants that fight with Julie Somers, Gordo. Not a match, a fight!

[Toughill whips her opponent to the opposite buckles and charges after her.]

ET: "hhy-AAAAAAAAAAH!"

[She leaps up and flings her posterior into Jennings. Toughill snapmares Jennings out of the corner and cinches her arm around her neck.]

GM: Oh my! Bucky, you know Toughill's reputation, and you know that AWA officials would never sanction a match like the one she wants, not when we have network standards.

BW: Who said anything about the network? She can get that match IF it's at SuperClash, and IF Julie Somers stops avoiding her challenge!

GM: Well, I would hope the Spitfire would have the good sense to know that women's wrestling has evolved out of the freakshow, and to not rise to people like Toughill trying to drag it back into the gutter.

[Toughill starts grinding a knuckle into Jennings' eye socket.]

GM: I mean, for goodness' sake this woman is a sadist! And thankfully the referee forces Toughill to break the hold.. but she is not done!

[With a handful of Jennings' gilded hair, Toughill drivers her knee over and over into the skull of her opponent.]

BW: But Gordo, don't you think she has a point? Years and years of spilling blood and who gets to cash after all that time? Not her, it's Julie Somers who's reaping the benefits.

[Toughill, her opponent's hair still in her fist, throws Jennings between the ropes to the floor.]

GM: I don't see any point to Toughill's mayhem; all I see is an insecure bully, and someone needs to stand up to her.

[Toughill rolls out to the floor after.]

BW: This is where things get scary for opponents of Ricki Toughill.

GM: And this is exactly the kind of match she wants.

[With a simple shove, Toughill sends Jennings into the ringside barricade, where she crumples, then drags her by the hair...]

ET: "ee-YAAAAH!"

[...and flings her into the nearest ringpost. There is a "just audible enough to be unnerving..."]

"PING."

BW: Ohhhhh.

GM: Ecchh. Please, for the sake of her poor young victim's career will someone get control of Erica Toughill?

[Toughill grabs the glassy eyed Jennings and props her upright beside her. She finds the nearest camera and points to the Julie Somers merchandise.]

ET: "Her blood's on your hands, Spitfire! Give me my fight!"

[She doubles Jennings over and cinches a waistlock.]

GM: Oh no, not a powerbomb! NOT ON THE FLOOR!

[Toughill hauls Jennings up. Gordon Myers gets his wish. Erica Toughill does not powerbomb her opponent on the floor.]

[She turns slightly to one side and powerbombs her across the ring apron.]

GM: Ack!

BW: Oh nó.

[Jennings crumples in a heap off the apron and onto the floor. The referee dashes through the ropes to the ground. After a cursory check of Sarah Jennings, the bell rings.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Toughill cracks her knuckles and blows a sinister pink bubble a few feet away.]

ET: "WRONG PLACE, WRONG TIME."

[A pair of EMTs make their way to the ringside area passing Erica Toughill on the way out.]

GM: Let's... We'll have another look at this despicable attack, fans.

[Cut to a slow motion replay of the powerbomb that ended the match.]

GM: This woman is so dangerous, Bucky. She threatened to decimate the AWA Women's Division...

[Myers pauses on Toughill throwing her opponent to the ring apron.]

GM: My stars... what does this prove to anyone?

[Back to live action, with the EMTs attending Sarah Jennings.]

GM: Well... if we hear anything about the status of this poor young woman who Erica Toughill senselessly brutalized, we'll be sure to pass it along.

[Cut back to the entranceway, where Toughill is being confronted by Kayla Cristol, Victoria June, and "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson.]

VJ: "Real tough girl, ain't ya, you piece of trash!"

KTPC: "Y'all proud of y'self?!"

[Toughill reels back a fist and The Pistol flinches. Toughill chuckles joylessly...

...But turns straight into Lady Lightning, who go eye-to-eye. The look of disgust on Wilson's face says more than any words.]

GM: Looks like Erica Toughill just found a few more people who are less than thrilled at what she just did and what she's trying to do to the Women's Division.

BW: Wilson's right up in her face, Gordo. We might get another match out of this.

[But Erica Toughill just defiantly inflates another pink bubble and brushes past the veteran, disappearing through the curtain.]

GM: Perhaps another time and another place, Bucky. Fans, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Fade to black...

...and then back up. We see two young kids - a boy and a girl - standing at the barricade at an AWA live event. They are on their feet, screaming and shouting for the action in the ring. We can hear a bell and soon, Travis Lynch is standing in front of them, giving them both a high five with the AWA National Title belt hanging over his shoulder. The young man turns towards the camera.]

"Wow! I wish I could be the champion!"

[There's a voiceover.]

VO: Now you can!

[And with a flash of light, the young man has a replica of the National Title hanging over his shoulder. The boy yelps with glee, slapping the title belt with a big grin on his face. The voiceover continues as we see the title belts one by one.]

VO: Okay, maybe you can't be the champion but you can own your own version of the same title belts you see on TV each and every week!

The National Title, the World Television Title, the Tag Team Titles, even the World Heavyweight Title can be yours!

Kids sizes and adult sizes available.

[A quick shot of a grown man holding the World Title in the air, smiling broadly.]

VO: Oh, and don't think we forgot about you...

[FLASH!

And now the little girl from the start of the ad is holding her own version of the Women's World Championship.]

"I can be a champion too!"

[Cut to a three shot of the adult and the two kids each holding up their title belts.]

VO: Available now at retail stores everywhere and AWAShop.com!

[Fade to black...

...and then back up on the backstage area where Theresa Lynch is standing in front of an office marked "JON STEGGLET."]

TL: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling, fans. I am just moments removed from speaking to acting Director of Operations, Jon Stegglet, who had an update for me on the medical condition of the man known as Mason.

[Lynch pauses.]

TL: As I mentioned earlier tonight, Mason was assaulted in the parking lot by an unknown assailant and suffered serious injuries as a result. We've been told that he's been taken to a local hospital for examination and treatment but that AWA doctors on site - including Dr. Bob Ponavitch, the AWA head doctor - believe that Mason has suffered multiple broken ribs as well as a fractured sternum.

[She lets that breathe for a moment.]

TL: Upon discussing this with Mr. Stegglet, he believes that if those initial diagnoses hold up, Mason will be out of action for quite some time...

[Dramatic pause.]

TL: ...and that Supreme Wright will be without a partner heading into SuperClash.

[Another pause.]

TL: From backstage here in Oklahoma City, I'm Theresa Lynch... and let's head back out to the ring!

[Fade out to the squared circle. Rebecca Ortiz is in the ring with referee Scott Ezra and an African-American woman, dressed in a red halter-neck crop top, black tights, red knee pads and black boots.]

RO: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit. Introducing first, already in the ring, from Oklahoma City ...

JACKIE COOPER!!!

[The African-American woman raises her right fist in the air, to cheers from the hometown crowd, then does a bit of shadow-boxing.]

RO: And her opponent...

[Garbage's "Shut Your Mouth" plays over the arena speakers. Xenia Sonova steps through the entranceway, dressed in a black sports bra, a pair of MMA-style fingerless black gloves, a pair of black shorts, black knee pads and black boots. She has her dark brown hair tied back in a ponytail. Her jaw set, unsmiling, Sonova holds up her right fist, her arm perpendicular to the ground, the back of her hand to the crowd, then thumps her fist once against her chest, before making her way towards the ring.]

RO: Hailing from Saint Petersburg, Russia, by way of London, England, she is...

XENIA SONOVAAA!!!

[Sonova pays little attention to the crowd as she makes her way down the aisle. Reaching the ring, she climbs the ring steps onto the apron, then steps through the top and middle ropes, heading straight to her corner, her face still all business. She steps onto the middle rope and again holds up her right fist, arm perpendicular to the ground, the back of her hand to the outside. As the music fades, Sonova steps off the ropes and does some final stretches while staring down Jackie Cooper.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go, as Sonova and Cooper circle each other, looking for the collar-and-elbow... They lock up... And Cooper immediately forces Sonova into the corner.

[Cooper pins Sonova against the turnbuckles, as the referee calls for a break and begins his count.]

GM: Referee trying to get them out of the corner.

[Cooper backs off at three, but comes charging back, looking to lay a kick across the midsection, which Sonova catches.]

GM: Cooper tries to swipe at Sonova, but Sonova's got her at leg's length as it were.

BW: The Russian femme fatale has a smile on her face, as she's got the Oklahoman in quite the predicament here.

GM: Sonova swings Cooper around. Cooper looking to catch Sonova with a slap to the...

BW: Shades of Callum Mahoney!

GM: Sonova caught the arm and took Cooper down into the cross armbreaker! Fortunately for Cooper, she fell close to the ropes.

[Sonova scrambles to her feet and looks down on Cooper, who appears shaken as she looks up at her opponent. Sonova moves in on Cooper, who holds her hands out and pulls Sonova down chest-first, possibly throat-first, into the ropes.]

GM: Ohh! Cooper caught her coming in!

[As Sonova kneels against the ropes, Cooper gets a running start, driving her knee into the upper back, smashing her against the ropes.]

GM: Innovative offense on the part of Cooper... throws her down to the mat and a cover... one... two... no! Sonova kicks out!

[Cooper shoves her back down, applying another lateral press, earning another two count.]

GM: Cooper trying to wear her down but Sonova kicking out a second time...

BW: Third time's a charm?

GM: One! Two! Nope, Sonova out again!

[Cooper quickly gets to her feet, snatching the rising Sonova in a front facelock...]

GM: Cooper hooks her... and SNAPS her over with a suplex!

[The athletic Cooper kips up to her feet, promptly leaping into the air, twisting her body in mid-leap to drop a leg down across the chest!]

GM: Wow! What a move out of Cooper!

[Cooper stays seated, shouting "COUNT HER!" to the official who dives to the mat to oblige.]

GM: Another two count there... Cooper really showing her stuff so far in this one... and she locks on an inverted facelock, sometimes called a dragon sleeper, as she looks for a submission...

[Sonova instantly stretches out her body, trying to extend her legs.]

BW: You see Sonova trying to reach out for the bottom rope with her legs there, but she's just out of range.

[Recognizing the situation, Sonova pulls her legs up under her, pushing up to a knee as Cooper tries to keep the hold applied.]

GM: I'm not sure if Cooper's trying to get a submission or just trying to wear Sonova down. There's not a lot of pressure on this hold and- oh! Sonova with the back elbow to the midsection... and another...

[Sonova pushes to her feet, breaking out of the hold with ease before flipping Cooper over into a seated position in a snapmare...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and BOOTS her right in the spine!]

GM: Goodness! A hard kick to the back of Sonova leaves Cooper in a bad way down on the canvas...

[Cooper is sitting on the mat, grimacing in pain as Sonova walks around her, looking down on her...]

...and quickly spins, slamming her heel into the side of Cooper's head, flattening her!]

GM: Spinning back kick to the temple! That might be it! She might be out cold after that!

[The referee seems to agree, imploring Sonova to cover her... but she shakes her head, shouting "UP!" at her prone opponent.]

GM: Sonova won't cover her... she's pulling her off the mat...

[With stars in her eyes, Cooper throws a wild clothesline attempt, nearly falling down as Sonova sidesteps with ease, snapping off a thrust kick to the back of Cooper's head, sending her falling down facefirst to the mat.]

GM: Good grief! The educated feet of Xenia Sonova are doing a number on Cooper here...

BW: And she's not done yet.

[Snatching Cooper by the hair, Sonova brings her to feet, swinging her knee up into the head once... twice... three times... and then flings her towards the ropes, spinning around into a full spinning back roundhouse to the chin, snapping Cooper's head back and depositing her on the canvas.]

GM: Oh, she's out! Come on, Sonova! Pin her!

BW: You think you can tell her what to do?

[Sonova sneers at the protesting official as she grabs Cooper by the hair, hauling her to her feet...

...and locks in the rear naked choke!]

GM: Oh, come on! Ring the bell! This one's over!

[The referee takes a quick courtesy look at Cooper and then quickly signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Good call by the official there. Cooper was in no shape to tap out, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely not. I think that kick turned out her lights and the choke was just adding insult to injury.

GM: Sonova picks up the win by referee's decision... and fans, when we come back, Theresa Lynch will try to get a word with the winner, Xenia Sonova! Stay tuned!

[Fade out on Sonova, getting her arm raised in the center of the ring, as she looks down with a smile at Jackie Cooper, who hasn't even begun to stir yet...

...and then back up on the exterior of a fast food restaurant that looks quite familiar to fans of delicious, mouth-watering, artery-clogging fried chicken. Yes, it is the Mecca Of Fried Chicken, KFC.

We cut inside where a friendly young man is working the counter, smiling at the customers he aids.]

FYM: Thank you and have a fantastic day!

[The next person steps up to the counter wearing a black trenchcoat, dark sunglasses, and a hat. We see him from the front.]

FYM: Good afternoon, sir, and welcome to KFC! What can I get for you today?

[The customer lifts his head slightly to look at the menu and responds.]

C: Three piece meal. Original recipe. Breasts and legs... heh... breasts and leg, oh yeah.

[The employee raises an eyebrow in recognition.]

FYM: I'm sorry. But aren't you former World Champion and Pro Wrestling Hall of Famer Eddie Van Gibson?!

[The sunglasses come down to reveal an angry EVG.]

EVG: How did you know?!

[We cut behind him to see the back of his trenchcoat is covered in a large maple leaf with the words MISTER MAPLE LEAF surrounding it. Cut back to the friendly young man who smiles.]

FYM: I had a hunch.

[We cut to a shot of the chicken, glimmering and golden in all its glory. A voiceover begins.]

"Come into your local KFC today and not only can you get our three piece combo meal for the low price for \$4 but you can also pick up these special souvenir cups featuring some of the greatest pro wrestling stars of all time!"

[Cut to a young boy showing his cup.]

"I got Ryan Martinez!"

[To an older lady.]

"Hamilton Graham? I remember him!"

[To a family of four, all showing different cups.]

"Collect them all!"

[We cut back to Eddie Van Gibson sitting at a table, groaning as he eats a piece of chicken. He looks up, his eyes locking on a pair of twins in their early twenties. The two blondes giggle as they look at the Hall of Famer.]

EVG: If I were to LET you suck on my...

[He looks down invitingly.]

EVG: ...Original Recipe chicken from KFC...

[And then into the camera.]

EVG: Would you be grateful?

[Cut to the end graphic advertising the promotion. Another voiceover.]

"Get your KFC today! As good as it's always been!"

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action backstage at the Chesapeake Energy Arena, where Theresa Lynch is standing by with Xenia Sonova, still smiling from her victory.]

TL: Congratulations, Xenia, on your victory here tonight. However, in terms of the Women's Division here in the AWA and in terms of contention for the Women's World Title, you seem to be, how should I put this, a little bit lost in the shuffle. How do you plan on addressing this situation?

XS: I know very well just where I stand in the AWA Women's Division, Theresa. When the people aren't talking about the Women's World Champion, they're talking about the Golden Girl, Melissa Cannon, or Ayako Fujiwara, the former Olympic gold medallist. Then they're talking about Julie Somers and Ricki Toughill. Maybe, just maybe, they'll ask just what is going on with Skylar Swift. You're right, I have been lost in the shuffle. Overlooked, if you will...

And I have no problems with that. You saw what I did to Jackie Cooper out there tonight. Overlooked shots are the hardest to avoid. And when I pull out any number of submission holds from out of nowhere, there can only be two outcomes... Tap out, or pass out. I know what I have to do and I'm fine being lost in the shuffle while I do what needs to be done. Just as long as the right people are paying attention.

And that's all I have to say about that, Theresa.

[Sonova walks away, as we cut to...

...the same shot on a television monitor back in the locker room area. Tony Donovan is watching the scene, a big smile on his face, dressed in street clothes as Wes Taylor approaches.]

WT: Hey.

[Donovan doesn't respond.]

WT: HEY!

[He turns with a start.]

TD: Oh. Hey, man.

[He nods at the camera.]

TD: Camera crew says we're scheduled for interview time.

[Taylor throws a look over his shoulder at the camera.]

WT: Not right now. Camera's down, pal.

[The cameraman lowers the camera's lens, pointing down at the ground...

...but sneakily does not turn it off as Taylor and Donovan continue to speak.]

WT: Have you seen Brian anywhere?

TD: James or...?

WT: Lau. I know better than to try to talk to Brian when he's got this big match tonight. But Lau... have you seen Lau?

TD: Earlier. When I first got here. Why? You haven't?

WT: No. I get the feeling he's trying to avoid me.

TD: Why would...?

[A momentary pause.]

TD: Oh. Shane.

WT: Right. Look, I know my uncle is a screw-up. Has been for his entire life. That's why my dad could never get him in a job anywhere... or at least anywhere that he could hang onto it without screwing everything up in a matter of a few weeks. But... you know... he's blood. Just like your old man.

TD: Can we not talk about-

WT: Tony, you can tell the world you hate your father all you want... but it's me, you know? And I know that your father is blood... and you're proud of everything he did in his career... and that deep down, your family legacy means the world to you. Right?

[Donovan is silent for a moment and then gives a slight sigh.]

WT: Okay. So... that's why I need to talk to Brian. I need to sort out this mess with my uncle.

TD: Makes sense. Hey, uh...

WT: What?

[Donovan raps his knuckles on something, presumably the TV monitor he was watching.]

TD: She's something, isn't she?

[Taylor sighs.]

WT: Come on. Help me find Brian.

[Taylor pauses, looking at the cameraman.]

WT: You're still here? We'll find you later for the interview, okay? Maybe out in the ring?

[The cameraman utters something off-mic in agreement as the World Tag Team Champions exit...]

...and we fade out to the ring where a monstrous assemblage of talent is standing.]

RO: The following contest is a six man tag team match set for one fall with a-

[Ortiz doesn't even finish before she has to bail out of the ring thanks to The Lost Boy tearing across the ring, jumping into the air, and smashing a forearm into the skull of a hapless opponent. The bell sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Well, so much for law and order in this one. The Slaughterhouse team of Crowley, the Lost Boy, and the Hangman out here with Anton Layton going right after... gosh, we didn't even get the names of these poor kids.

BW: I gotcha, Gordo.

GM: Really?

BW: Of course. I do my research. This one in here right now... his name is Helpless Victim #1.

GM: Oh, would you stop?!

[The crowd jeers as the Lost Boy stomps and stomps and stomps the young man into the mat. He pulls him to his feet by the arms, throwing him backwards into the corner where one of his partners reluctantly tags in...

...and gets bieleed over the top rope into the ring by the Lost Boy, spitting, snarling, and howling all the while.]

GM: The Lost Boy is a wild animal out of control in there.

[Dropping to his knees, the Lost Boy surges towards the young man as he gets to his knees.]

BW: Crawling headbutt on Sad Pathetic Goof #2.

GM: Headbutt after headbutt, driving him back across the ring...

[Reaching over the ropes, Porter Crowley grabs The Lost Boy by his greasy topknot, dragging him to his feet. He viciously slaps his own partner across the face.]

BW: I guess that's a tag.

GM: Looks like it.

[Crowley shoves the young man against the Slaughterhouse's corner, pinning his shoulders to the buckles, holding him up as he delivers a headbutt... and another... and another, his grasp keeping the victim on his feet.]

GM: Crowley's mauling this kid in the corner... oh, come on!

[The headbutts switch to biting, gnawing on the forehead of the opponent as the crowd jeers and the referee protests.]

GM: Crowley's all over him!

[Grabbing the young man by the arm, Crowley rockets him across the ring to the far corner, sending him slamming into the turnbuckles. He runs in after him, delivering a big clothesline!]

GM: Clothesline in the corner... Crowley's in the wrong part of town...

BW: You think he cares?

[Crowley winds up, blasting one of the men on the apron with a haymaker to the face, sending him off the apron. The other drops to the floor, shaking his head...

...which is Anton Layton's cue to run along the apron outside the ring, dropping him with a clothesline as Crowley distracts the referee!]

GM: Ohhh! Layton with an attack on the floor and-

[Layton smirks, stalking away as Crowley turns back to the wounded opponent in the corner, lifting him up into a fireman's carry...]

GM: Look out... this might be it right here...

[But Layton waves him off, pointing to the Hangman. Crowley sneers as he slings the man off his shoulders down to the mat with a fireman's carry slam. He stomps to the corner, angrily slapping the Hangman's hand.]

GM: The Hangman is in... tugging that glove into place...

[He reaches down, snatching the downed opponent by the throat, hauling him to his feet by the grip...

...and spins him around, allowing the Hangman to lift him up into torture rack position. He walks out to the middle of the ring, looking out on the crowd...]

GM: The Hangman's got him up! We've seen this before!

[...and he spins the young man into a sitout neckbreaker!]

GM: OHHHH! THE ROPE'S END!

[The Hangman rolls over, planting a hand on the chest of the downed opponent, kneeling as he looks at the far corner, intimidating the opponents into staying exactly where they are as the referee counts to an easy three.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And this one is over... very over.

[Layton joins his charges in the ring, raising the Hangman's arm, pointing to him as the fans jeer loudly.]

GM: The Slaughterhouse picks up an easy - and dominant - six man tag team victory here tonight in Oklahoma City... and Bucky, I would not want to be on the bad side of this collection of individuals.

BW: Tell that to Stephanie Harper's baby boy. He keeps running his mouth and these men are going to silence him once and for all.

GM: Maybe, maybe not. When Howie Somers come back from that burn he suffered at the hands of Layton, you better believe Next Gen is going to be looking for payback in a big way.

BW: Not according to Layton. He says the fires will cleanse Somers and deliver him to the dark side. You just saw the Slaughterhouse crush their opponents... can you imagine them with Somers on their side?

GM: I certainly can not. Fans, let's go backstage to Colt Patterson as he gets some comments from one of teams in our next match here on Saturday Night Wrestling LIVE on The X!

[We fade backstage where Colt Patterson is with the British Bashers, who are both dressed for competition in tights that are white for the most part, except for the

Union Jack design, which covers most of Rory Smythe's left thigh and most of Robbie Storm's right thigh. They also have on capes that are of the Union Jack design.]

CP: About time someone called the real star out of the locker room and out onto the field.

[Patterson throws a glance at the Bashers.]

CP: Although I'd wager my talents could've been better used elsewhere... but here we are nonetheless and you, British Bashers, have answered the challenge of those two grunts Joe Flint and Charlie Stephens. US Versus The World. Do you feel any pressure representing your home country in a match like this?

[Robbie Storm is the first to speak, ignoring Patterson's obvious disdain for them.]

ROBBIE: Oh, we feel the pressure alright, Mister Patterson. Not only do we hope to showcase the best of British wrestling against the experience of "Captain" Joe Flint, the grit of Charlie Stephens, and the combined talent of American Pride, but, as many have pointed out, the AWA tag team division is STACKED! Both Rory and myself and American Pride are looking to make our mark and advance up the ranks, for a shot at the tag team titles. So, you're right, pride is all to play for, and then some.

CP: Well, while I don't like the odds of either of these teams against the champions of the world, I'll admit that a win tonight would send one of your teams up the rankings. It's a big match and that brings me to my next question - where the heck is your mentor and manager, "Prince" Colin Hayden? Shouldn't he be ringside to watch your backs and guide you in such a big showdown?

[This time, it's Her Majesty's Might - Rory Smythe who speaks up.]

RORY: "Prince" Colin Hayden, as you know, is back in the UK, handling some Battle Knights Wrestling business. But, you see, "Prince" Colin has taught us all he can and he has full confidence that we'll do well tonight without needing him to tell us what to do. And we don't need an extra pair of eyes watching our backs, because we know American Pride are honorable men, so we expect to have a clean match and a great match that the AWA Galaxy will be talking about for weeks!

CP: A clean match, huh? Ordinarily, I'd agree with you that those star-spangled suckers you're facing tonight aren't likely to bend a rule... but I think we've all noticed the warnings heading their way lately. The Soldiers of Fortune are coming for American Pride! Aren't you concerned they may get involved in your match tonight?

[Storm shakes his head.]

ROBBIE: If those Soldiers of Fortune, or anyone else, think they want to stick their noses in American Pride or Bashers business, we know Charlie and Captain Flint have got our backs, and anyone looking to get involved where they don't belong will soon find themselves facing the allied powers of American Pride and the British Bashers! Show them, Ror!

[Rory Smythe flexes his arms, the Union Jack spreading out behind him, as we cut to another part of the backstage area where - standing in front of the AWA logo - is "Sweet" Lou Blackwell. Standing to his right is the leader of American Pride, "Captain" Joe Flint, while standing in the background is Flint's partner, Charlie Stephens. Both men are geared for battle, as their USA vs. the World Challenge is coming up soon. Flint looks eager to get the festivities started, while Stephens stands stone faced, holding a flag pole with the American Flag on it.]

SLB: Gentlemen! It's my pleasure to have you here, and boy, you two look ready for war.

[Flint grins a very wide grin.]

JF: That's right, soldier! I've been looking forward to USA vs. the World since we proposed it a few weeks ago, and I'm glad someone stepped up to the plate to take us on!

SLB: You're referring to the British Bashers, of course.

[Flint nods an eager nod.]

JF: Normally, there ain't no better honor than to have our staunchest allies on the other side of the Ocean havin' our backs. Brother, those two are two real men that we certainly would go to war with, that's for sure! Fightin' side by side, takin' out the maggots and pukes of the AWA like the Axis and the Kings.

SLB: I'm very happy you think highly of the Bashers, Joe, but since you two seem eager to get the festivities started, there's a lot at stake here for an exhibition match.

JF: Of course! There's plenty at stake here tonight, my man. The tag team division here in the AWA is fillin' up really quickly with a ton of tag teams, all of 'em lookin' to make their own marks and fly up the rankins' for a shot at the Tag Team gold.

Bashers, my friends, I know yer lookin' to get your hands on Donovan and Taylor just as much as we are! Only one of us can move up the rankins' with a victory tonight, unfortunately, and we're gonna have to put our mutual respect aside for awhile. Rest assured, no matter what happens in that ring tonight, we've got yer backs.

[Stephens simply nods his head in the background.]

SLB: One more thing, the Soldiers of Fortune have vowed to show up tonight. I have to ask, are you two ready for them?

JF: They can bring as many soldiers as they want, Sweet Lou. We'll mow 'em down in record time. At one time they were my allies and we were all proudly fightin' for our country, but somethin' changed inside of them. They go out on Power Hour and call us relics of an America that no longer exists?

[Flint shakes his head.]

JF: As God and my country as my witness, I will make sure their idea of America NEVER exists.

[Flint turns towards Stephens and slaps his back.]

JF: TEN HUT! Alright, soldier! It's time for war!

[Flint and Stephens march off screen, Stephens waving his flag the entire time, as Blackwell looks on.]

SLB: Alright, fans - the USA vs the World challenge is set to begin and begin it will, right after this commercial break so don't you dare go away!

[Fade to black...]

Open on a prairie highway in the dead of winter. Sheets of snow drift quickly across the blacktop in the high wind.]

"The Canadian Prairies: Desolate, cold, and forbidding."

[Cut to some pretty obviously 1980s era footage; a balding man with thick tinted glasses and bright orange sportcoat, a crest with the words "Chinook Wrestling" on the crest.]

AL PICKARD: "Hi-de-ho and fiddle-dee-dee wrestling fans, and welcome once again to the greatest show on canvas!"

["Let There Be Drums" by The Incredible Bongo Band kicks in, introducing a montage of wrestling from the various eras in a small brick space.]

"And the hottest wrestling in the West."

[A talking head interview with an older black man with greying hair, juxtaposed with his younger self: jheri-curled hair and a red sleeveless karate gi.]

"DEAD END" EVANS: "You wanna know how to wrestle, you go to the Colton Cave. One hour there learned you more about wrestling than a lifetime anywhere else."

[The next interview is with an Indian man with a large turban and thick black beard, juxtaposed with his turban-less wrestling days, the Commonwealth Heavyweight Championship belt over one shoulder, a silver mace over the other.]

RAJ BHULLAR: "You would see Americans, you would see Japanese, you'd see English... you'd see the world—we would bring the world to you."

"For the first time on video see the pain and passion, and the triumph and tragedy, featuring over four hours of rare and archival footage from Colton vaults spanning half a century."

[A man with long, wavy brown hair in a navy and black singlet, decorated with gold six-pointed sheriff's stars. Today, he has greying hair, a blue flannel shirt, and a more weathered face.]

JEREMIAH "THE SHERIFF" COLTON: "What we had in Alberta, and what we continue to have to this day, is a respect for tradition and respect for our fans. And not everyone was willing to respect that."

[Cut to an interview from a dozen years before, where Jeremiah Colton stands beside Al Pickard.]

JTSC: "We're talking about values that need to be respected, and I'm not going to stand off to one side and let punks like that walk all over us!"

[Cut to a rebuttal from Jackson Hunter.]

JACKSON HUNTER: "What we were presenting had never been done in North America... ever."

[Cut to footage from Hunter's days in wrestling: silver snakeskin tights and a head full of blue spiked hair. He moonsaults off the top rope onto a prone victim lying on top of ladder that has been bridged between the ring apron and barricade.]

JH: [in voice-over from the mid-2000s] "Hey Sheriff, you think I don't have the guts to start a revolution? Just watch me!"

"Chinook Wrestling: The Greatest Show on Canvas! Available now on DVD, Blu-ray, and digital download at AWAsShop.com."

[Fade to black...

...and as we fade back up, Rebecca Ortiz is already in the ring as are Charlie Stephens and Captain Joe Flint, the team known as American Pride.]

RO: The following tag team contest is set for one fall with a twenty minute time limit and is the USA VERSUS THE WORLD CHALLENGE!

[Cheers go up from the Oklahoma City crowd. Captain Joe Flint grins as the cheers turn into a "U-S-A!" chant. Charlie Stephens proudly waves the American flag back and forth as the chant rings out.]

GM: Some proud Americans here in Oklahoma City, Bucky, just like everywhere we go in the good ol' US of A.

BW: Hey, I'll give American Pride credit for that.

GM: What's that?

BW: They can whip a crowd into a jingoistic frenzy the likes of which I haven't seen since... oh, hey... I DID watch the news last night.

GM: Easy, tiger.

[As the chants finally die down, Rebecca Ortiz smiles and does her job.]

RO: First, already in the ring at this time... they are the team of Charlie Stephens and Captain Joe Flint... AMERRRRICAAAAAN PRIIIIIIDE!

[Another big cheer and "U-S-A!" chant goes up for Stephens and Flint. Stephens waves the flag as Flint salutes it.]

RO: Annnnnnd their opponents...

[The traditional military march "The British Grenadiers" starts to play over the arena speakers. Robbie Storm is first to step through the entranceway, followed by the more muscular Rory Smythe.]

RO: Coming down the aisle... they hail from the United Kingdom... they are the team of Rory Smythe and Robbie Storm...

THE BRIIIITIIIIISH BASHERRRRRS!

[As they make their way down the aisle, Smythe and Storm each take a side, trying to reach out and touch as many outstretched hands of fans as they can. Reaching the ring, Storm hops onto the apron and wipes the soles of his boots on the canvas before entering the ring. Smythe climbs the ring steps, onto the apron, and does as his tag team partner has done, before stepping through the ropes.

Smythe and Storm head to opposing corners and climb onto the second rope. They raise their arms in the air to mostly cheers from the fans but there are handfuls of fans caught up in the hyper patriotism that boo the Bashers. As the music fades, Smythe and Storm climb off the ropes and go to the team's corner to huddle and discuss strategy.]

GM: Well, the Bashers certainly have to be taken a little aback by the reaction they just got on that entrance. Mostly cheers but you could hear the boos from the crowd as well.

BW: I'm not surprised, Gordo.

GM: No?

BW: Nah. We're in Oklahoma City. They may not even know the War of 1812 is over.

[Gordon chuckles as the Bashers finish their strategy session, Smythe staying in as Storm ducks out. On the other side of the ring, Captain Joe earns a salute from Stephens before Flint steps out to the apron, handing off the American flag to a ringside attendant.]

GM: Alright, we're settling in here in OKC and this should be a very good tag team match as both of these teams are looking to make an impact in this crowded tag team division. Charlie Stephens starting things off for his team and big Rory Smythe in there for the Bashers.

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: There's the bell and we're off and running in this one. Stephens quickly out to mid-ring, extending that hand to Rory Smythe - both of these teams are great sportsmen, showing why the fans like them both.

[Smythe smiles as he shakes the former U.S. Army private's hand and then claps his hands together a few times, getting the crowd clapping in rhythm as the two men circle one another...]

GM: Stephens coming into this one at a size disadvantage to Smythe.

BW: Sure, he gives up four inches and about thirty or forty pounds but it's the muscles where he's really lacking.

[The two fan favorites collide in the middle in a collar and elbow, Stephens quickly moving to grab a side headlock.]

GM: Right into the side headlock goes Stephens - a New York native who never saw a wrestling mat until his Army days where he excelled in both hand-to-hand combat and amateur wrestling. Upon leaving the Army, he tried his hands at some local independent promotions in the Northeast before finally landing in the AWA a few years ago.

[Smythe backs Stephens to the ropes, easily shoving him off to the far side of the ring.]

GM: Smythe fires him off... drop down by Smythe...

[Stephens goes up and over, bouncing off the ropes back towards Smythe who EXPLODES into a shouldertackle, knocking Stephens off his feet and putting him down on the mat to mostly cheers from the AWA faithful.]

GM: Pure power on display by Her Majesty's Might, Rory Smythe. Just absolutely ripped, Bucky.

BW: Six foot five, 265 pounds of solid muscle. If he wasn't such a baby-kissin' goof, he might really make something out of himself in this business... oh, and if he dumped that Lynch lovin' Hayden.

GM: You and Hayden had your share of run-ins in your days in Texas, no?

BW: I'd rather not talk about that.

[Stephens is back on his feet in the meantime, circling once again as they end up back in a lockup.]

GM: Back to the tieup, jostling around, jockeying for position...

[And with a loud "HEEEE-AAAAAH!", Smythe shoves Stephens out of the lockup, tossing him halfway across the ring and down to the mat a second time. The crowd cheers (mostly) again and there's a definite high-pitched squeal as Smythe lifts his muscular arms into a double bicep pose.]

GM: Oho! And the ladies love them some Rory Smythe, Bucky.

BW: Gordo, we're in Oklahoma City. If they don't have their bifocals on, they may think he's Rex Summers in there.

GM: Highly unlikely.

[Stephens pulls himself off the mat, standing with his hands on his hips as he eyes Smythe from across the ring. Smythe though is smiling, jumping from foot to foot, staying loose as he beckons Stephens forward.]

GM: Stephens showing a little frustration, his Captain out there on the apron urging him on.

[Stephens nods at Flint as he edges out of the corner towards Smythe who strikes a defensive posture, ready for another lockup. But this time, Stephens feints high, goes low, and snatches a single leg, yanking Smythe's leg out from under him and sliding across his torso into a side headlock.]

GM: Back to the headlock goes Stephens, a grounded version of it this time, really grinding away, trying to wear down the bigger competitor.

[Smythe twists his torso, trying to avoid having his shoulders on the mat. Stephens plants his feet, leveraging the shoulders down for a one count before Smythe powers his way out.]

GM: Quick one count but that's all. Flint shouting some encouragement to Stephens from outside the ring as Smythe rolls to a knee, just powering his way to his feet. There's just no way for Stephens to keep him down with all that strength.

[Stephens keeps the headlock applied in the standing position as Smythe wraps his powerful arms around him...

...and lifts Stephens off the mat, holding him up in back suplex position as he walks across the ring with him...]

GM: He's got him up! What's he going to do with him?

[Smythe walks over to the American Pride corner...

...and sets Stephens down on his feet, smiling as he backs off with a bow.]

BW: That's Smythe just trying to embarrass Stephens, Gordo.

GM: Maybe. Rory Smythe a six year veteran of the mat game having started training at the age of 20 and then debuting for United Kingdom Grappling in December of 2010.

[Stephens glares at Smythe for a moment and then reaches out, slapping the offered hand of his partner. Flint steps through, patting his young partner on the shoulders to calm him down. He turns towards Smythe as Stephens exits, a smile on his face as well.]

GM: And I think Captain Joe Flint might be a little amused at what Rory Smythe put young Charlie Stephens through out here. But that's put aside as a real American hero steps in. A former Marine who served in both Afghanistan and Iraq... they called him the Duke in the Corps. Of course, he's known for two big things in his pro wrestling career - having trained under the legendary former World Champion Hamilton Graham and for the bloody feuds he had in Texas in the ol' PCW... another guy you had a run-in or two with, Bucky.

BW: There doesn't seem to be very many veterans of the ol' Southern territories that I didn't have a run-in or two with, daddy.

GM: A few territories elsewhere as well. Up in the Northeast. That brief run in Canada. Out in Hawaii.

BW: I think everyone gets the idea!

[Flint slaps his hands together, circling the ring as Smythe does the same. The two come together in a collar and elbow... but this time, Smythe doesn't get the easy power edge as Flint holds his ground against Her Majesty's Might...

...and then suddenly dips down, lifting Smythe off the mat and slamming him down.]

GM: Quick and effective body slam by Captain USA...

[Smythe scrambles off the mat, running right into Flint's lifting arms a second time as he gets slammed down.]

GM: A second body slam by Flint.

[The Brit scrambles up again, charging frustratedly at Flint who scoops him up, spins him around, and slams him down a third time! He pumps a fist as the crowd breaks into a "U-S-A!" chant. Flint nods along with it as Smythe grabs his lower back and scoots back to the corner, reaching up to tag his partner who slingshots over the top rope.]

GM: There's the tag and in comes young Robbie Storm out of Birmingham, England. 23 years of age...

BW: ...and all of 174 pounds. He's gonna get ragdolled in there by Flint.

GM: We'll see about that. Flint's going to have to watch out for this young man's speed and agility.

[Storm sizes up Flint for a moment, nodding his head as Flint stands mid-ring, ready to collide with the much-smaller competitor. Storm edges towards him and as Flint lunges for a tieup, Storm ducks down, rushing into the far ropes.]

GM: Storm a blur of motion in there, bouncing off the ropes...

[And as he rebounds back, Storm leaps up, spinning around with his legs around Flint's head, making a full trip around before taking Flint down with a head scissors!]

GM: Around the world and back with that headscissors!

[Flint scrambles up, catching a dropkick on his pronounced chin...

...and another as he gets up again!]

GM: A pair of dropkicks sends Flint out to the apron! The Captain is reeling at this point... and look out for Storm!

[With Flint rising on the apron, Storm rushes to the nearest turnbuckles, leaping into the air to the middle rope, springing back with a dropkick that catches Flint flush and sends him falling off the apron to the floor!]

GM: Wow! Springback dropkick by Storm puts Flint out to the floor...

BW: And that's not a safe place to be against this kid.

GM: Absolutely not.

[Storm walks around the ring, pumping up the crowd a bit as Flint rises to his feet outside. The highflyer grabs the top rope, ready to slingshot out onto Flint.]

GM: LOOK OUT BELOW!

[Storm slingshots over the top rope...

...and Flint goes ducking out of the way, desperate to avoid the dive. But as he comes back up, he looks puzzled because he can't find Storm...

...since "Thunder" slingshotted over and landed on the apron, feigning the big dive. Flint spins and spots him...]

GM: Ohh! Back kick to the mush!

[Flint staggers back, holding his mouth as Storm sets his feet on the apron...

...and leaps to the middle rope, springing back with a picture perfect moonsault that wipes out the Captain as Storm lands on his feet on the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Absolutely stunning high flying maneuver! That springboard moonsault finds the mark and Captain Joe Flint is down outside the ring yet again.

[Storm pulls Flint off the floor, rocketing him back under the ropes inside the ring as he pulls himself up on the apron. Stephens shouts a warning to his partner as Storm grabs the top rope with both hands.]

GM: Storm's gonna fly again!

[Leaping into the air, Storm springs off the top rope, going immediately into a somersault...

...but Flint, hearing Stephens' warning, dives forward towards the ropes, avoiding Storm's effort!]

GM: Storm misses!

BW: I think he was looking for that Fantastic Voyage somersault rana, Gordo!

[Flint's surge to the ropes gives him momentum as he bounces back towards an off-balance Storm who turns around...

...and gets FLATTENED with a high impact lunging lariat that sends Storm flipping through the air before hitting the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Flint flips Storm over to his back, rolling into a side press, hooking a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Storm just BARELY got the shoulder up! Captain Joe Flint - about six minutes into this twenty minute time limit - lowered the boom with that big lariat - the Howitzer - and almost picked up the victory.

[Flint gets up off the mat, a disgruntled look on his face as he buries a couple of boots into Storm's chest to the angry shouts of Rory Smythe.]

BW: Now this is getting interesting, Gordo. They're starting to get a little nasty in there.

[The Duke drags Storm off the mat, throwing him bodily back into the American Pride corner where his whole body jolts from the impact. Flint slaps the hand of his partner who steps in and grabs Storm around the head and neck, flipping him out of the corner with a snapmare.]

GM: Flint goes out, Stephens comes in...

[Stephens grabs Storm by the head, flipping over him and snapping his head and neck down towards the mat!]

GM: Ohhh! That'll stretch out every single bit of your neck!

[Storm grabs his neck, writhing in pain on the canvas as Stephens climbs to his feet. He slowly walks back towards Storm, watching as the smaller competitor struggles to get up to a knee...

...and a well-placed double axehandle smashes home on the back of the neck, putting Storm back down on the mat near the American Pride in the corner.]

GM: Oof. Hard shot to the back of the neck by Charlie Stephens...

[With Storm laid out on the mat, Stephens grabs the top rope, stepping up to the middle rope to shove himself into the air before dropping his shin down across the back of Storm's neck!]

GM: And it looks like Flint and Stephens will be targeting the neck of Storm after that devastating Howitzer, Bucky.

BW: An interesting strategy. Personally, I'd tell them to go for the legs... take the flying out of the picture for Storm. But they'd never listen to me so they'll remain the losers that they are.

GM: You looking to change gigs?

BW: Nah, I'm afraid you're stuck with me, Gordo.

[Storm rolls over, ending up with his head underneath the bottom rope. Stephens sees his position, taking advantage of it by stepping out to the apron, taking aim...

...and drops off, driving the point of his elbow down into the throat area! Storm's legs kick into the air, flopping about on the mat as Stephens stands outside the ring, nodding at a young man in the front row in a t-shirt made to look like the American flag.]

GM: Stephens crawling back in... Storm's in a bad way right now as American Pride really go to work on that neck.

[Stephens reaches out, slapping his partner's hand.]

GM: There's another tag for American Pride - doubleteam on the way...

[A double whip sends Storm across the ring and a double clothesline takes him back off his feet!]

GM: Again going after the neck!

[Rory Smythe steps up on the middle rope, shouting "COME ON, ROBBIE!" from the apron. Many in the crowd cheer in response as Flint looks around the Oklahoma City crowd with a slight disbelieving look.]

GM: Joe Flint doesn't like what he just heard from this crowd in OKC.

[Flint takes aim, dropping a big elbow down on the back of Storm's neck... and another... and another...]

GM: Heavy elbows, right down on the neck... and Robbie Storm is in serious trouble, fans.

BW: He sure is. Flint and Stephens are working that neck something fierce.

[Pulling Storm off the mat, Flint looks him dead in the eye...

...and gets a forearm to the jaw for his efforts!]

GM: Ohh! Storm popped him!

[Storm spins, turning towards the corner, stretching out his arms...

...and Flint rushes forward, clubbing him with a forearm to the back of the neck, knocking him back down to the canvas.]

GM: Ohh... nearly got to the corner. Storm created an opening and it was almost enough to get him out of the ring.

[Flint stands over Storm, staring at Smythe for a moment before he grabs Storm by the ankle, dragging him back across the ring to the American Pride corner where he slaps Charlie Stephens' hand.]

GM: Quick tag to Stephens... look out here!

[Flint lifts Stephens into the air like he's going for an atomic drop...

...and then DROPS Stephens down into a legdrop on Storm!]

GM: Ohh! What a doubleteam! And that might be enough!

[Stephens rolls into a lateral press, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! THRE-

[But again, Storm's shoulder pops off the mat before the three count!]

GM: No! No! Storm kicks out!

[Stephens angrily slams a fist down on the mat, glaring at the official for a moment before a shout from Flint snaps him out of it. Stephens nods to his veteran partner, dragging Storm off the mat, throwing him HARD into the buckles where Storm's head snaps back from the impact.]

GM: OHHH! He hit the corner hard right there!

[Stephens slaps Flint's hand, tagging him back in. The duo each grab an arm on Storm, pulling him out of the corner...

...and violently HURLING him back in, his head whiplashing backwards again!]

GM: Good grief! A brutal slam into the buckles and... Flint snapmares him out...

[Flint raises his leg high, stomping down on the back of Storm's neck.]

GM: And again he goes after the neck!

[Smythe shouts across the ring as Flint brings Storm back up, using a pair of right hands to send him into the neutral corner. He grabs Storm around the head and neck...]

GM: Flint looking to biel him out of the corner!

[...and he does, flinging Storm halfway across the ring before the high flyer slams down hard on the canvas!]

GM: Goodness! Storm is taking a tremendous amount of punishment but so far, he's been able to hang on and avoid staying down for a three count.

BW: He just called for the Heavy Artillery!

GM: That's what he calls his running clotheslines in the corner... pulling Storm up, whips him to the neutral corner..

[Flint charges in after him, landing a clothesline that lifts Storm's feet off the mat before allowing him to settle back down.]

GM: There's one!

[He grabs the arm, whipping Storm across again...

...but as Storm nears the corner, he leaps up to the second rope then springs to the top as Flint charges in...]

GM: MOOOOONSAULLLLLT!

[...and catches the incoming Flint with the flipping bodypress, knocking him off his feet!]

GM: STORM DROPS FLINT!

BW: And this is his chance, Gordo!

GM: It absolutely is! Storm down on the mat, turning towards his corner! Rory Smythe is waiting right there, shouting to his partner to make the tag! Can he get there though? Can he get there in time?

[Storm is crawling... and crawling, dragging himself along the canvas as a stunned Flint tries to shake off being hit with the moonsault.]

GM: Storm's trying to get there, trying with all the energy left in his body!

[Smythe jumps up and down, shouting, insistently sticking out his arm as Storm gets closer... and closer. Flint gets to a knee, shaking his head, trying to recover.]

GM: It's a footrace now! Flint on a knee! Storm nearing the corner! Who's gonna get there first?

[Storm pushes up to his feet as Flint rises, turning to make a grab...

...and Storm makes a desperate lunge as Flint tries to hook him from behind!]

GM: TAG!

[The crowd ERUPTS for the tag as Rory Smythe pumps both muscular arms, ducking through the ropes. He lands a quick one-two on Flint, throwing a backhand chop that knocks him to the ropes. A powerful whip sends him to the ropes...]

GM: Smythe shoots him in... biiiiiig back bodydrop by Her Majesty's Might!

[Charlie Stephens takes the moment to charge in towards Smythe who turns to greet him, lifting him off the canvas...

...and pressing him straight up over his head!]

GM: OH MY! GORILLA PRESS BY SMYTHE!

[Smythe holds him high, watching as Flint regains his feet...

...and HURLS Stephens onto Flint, wiping him out like Stephens threw a crossbody on his own partner!]

GM: HE PICKS UP THE SPARE!

[Smythe turns to the crowd, nodding as he pumps his powerful arm a few times...

...and with a loud "WHAAAAAAAAAAAAA-HUUUUUU!" he connects with a running clothesline that takes Stephens over the top rope, dumping him out on the floor.]

GM: Smythe takes out Stephens and that leaves him all alone with the legal man, Captain Joe Flint!

[Smythe greets the rising Flint with a forearm to the jaw... and a second. An overhead elbowsmash rounds out the combo, sending Flint staggering back into the corner where he bumps into the turnbuckles before wobbling back out into a

bodylock, lifting him off the mat, and dropping him with a Northern Lights Suplex, complete with a textbook bridge.]

GM: SUPLEX OUT OF THE CORNER! ONE!!! TWO!!! THR-

[But a diving Stephens comes flying in from out of nowhere, dropping down on top of Smythe to break up the pin!]

GM: OHHH! STEPHENS MAKES THE SAVE!

[Stephens gets up off the mat, pulling Smythe with him. The referee protests as Flint rises to join him.]

GM: Double team coming up... the referee's trying to get Stephens out of there...

[A double whip sends Smythe to the ropes as they set for another double clothesline...]

GM: Double clothesli- ducked by Smythe!

[And as he hits the far ropes, Robbie Storm slaps his partner's shoulder.]

GM: Blind tag by Storm, I think!

[The rebounding Smythe runs right over Stephens with a clothesline of his own as Flint ducks out of the way. Flint turns, shouting something at Smythe as Storm slides in behind him, running at the ropes. He leaps to the middle rope, springing back towards a shocked Flint who ducks down...

...which allows Storm to hook a sunset flip, rolling Flint up!]

GM: SUNSET FLIP OUT OF NOWHERE!

[The referee dives to the mat to count, the OKC crowd counting along...]

"ONNNNNE!"

"TWOOOOOO!"

"THREEEEEE!"

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The bell sounds, and Storm lets go of Flint and climbs to his feet, he raises his arms in the air as Smythe comes over and high fives his partner after the victory.]

GM: The Bashers have successfully answered the challenge and defeated American Pride in a hard fought match up!

BW: Man, if the USA had a better tag team, the Bashers wouldn't have stood a chance! I can't believe this is the best our country can do!

GM: Bucky! American Pride wrestled their hearts out here tonight, they may have come up short, but the crowd definitely appreciates their efforts.

[Stephens comes in to comfort his dejected partner. Flint climbs to his feet, looking a little bit upset at the loss. Stephens starts talking to Flint, and Flint quickly starts feeling better. The Bashers turn to leave the ring, when American Pride decide to interrupt them before they make their exit.]

BW: Maybe they're not done?

[The Bashers look a little wary, as American Pride beckon them towards the center of the ring.]

BW: Hey, maybe they want to continue the fight? A good ol' fashioned brawl, thats what American pride should be all about!

[After a brief staredown, Flint and Stephens extend their hands. To the cheers of the crowd, the Bashers do not hesitate to shake the hands of American Pride.]

GM: Looks like you're wrong, Bucky! Now this is what American pride is truly all about! Win or lose, after a hard fought back and forth match, they were able to swallow their prides and shake the hands of the Bashers!

[The Bashers' music begins to play, as Flint raises the arms of both Storm and Smythe. Stephens makes his way to the corner, and pulls the flag pole into the ring. He starts waving the American flag to the cheers of the crowd.]

BW: That pride of theirs is gonna put them at the end of the line again, Gordo.

GM: Not necessarily, they impressed tonight! Who knows, maybe there's another British Bashers/American Pride match coming down the road? I'm sure...

[Suddenly, the music has stopped to the confusion of everyone in the ring. Then, a crackling noise is heard, and a distorted voice is heard.]

Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

[The crackling, distorted voice fades perfectly into the opening guitar riff to the Damn Yankees' "Don't Tread On Me" as the crowd begins booing.]

BW: The Soldiers of Fortune have arrived!

GM: There's four men in the ring, looking for a fight! I don't know if the Soldiers have thought this through.

BW: You can't tell me that the Soldiers haven't come prepared for war, have you? Who knows how many of them there are these days?

[Flint, Smythe, and Storm are standing near the ropes, shouting out towards the back. Stephens is right behind the threesome, gripping the flag pole and ready for the Soldiers to rush the ring. However, it doesn't seem like anyone's coming.]

GM: Perhaps the Soldiers thought better of things and decided to stay away from the ring. They certainly talk a big game, and-

[Before Gordon can finish his thought, the sound of steel hitting flesh is heard, as Rory Smythe drops to his knees. Storm turns to see what happened, when suddenly the flag pole is rammed right into his stomach, courtesy of Charlie Stephens. The crowd stops reacting, in shock at what has just happened.]

GM: OH MY STARS! Charlie Stephens has just laid out the British Bashers!

BW: You think he was one of the Soldiers of Fortune all along?

GM: I think that could be the case. Joe Flint is in total shock!

[Flint is looking crestfallen, looking at Stephens and muttering something we can't pick up. Stephens stands stone faced, staring down Flint and gripping the flagpole tightly.]

GM: Stephens is looking at Flint with a murderous intent here, Flint's in a lot of danger here if it turns out that Stephens didn't come alone. The Soldiers could be anywhere, looking for their moment to rush the ring.

BW: If I was Flint, I'd turn tail and run. Live to fight another day, as the old expression goes!

[Flint doesn't look like he's going anywhere, in fact, he lunges towards Stephens, ripping the flag pole from his grasp to the cheers of the crowd! The Bashers are starting to get their bearings on the other side of the ring. Flint slowly steps towards Stephens, his face turning red as he shouts at Stephens, who is slowly backing away.]

GM: No way! Flint's a real American! He's never going to back down! He's going to give Stephens what for! He-

[Again, before Gordon can finish his thought, Flint winds up... and cracks the recovering Storm across the head with the flag pole. He does the same to Smythe who had gotten to his knees.]

GM: NO!!!!

[Flint stand over the downed Bashers, the look of disbelief slowly turning into a warped grin. He turns towards Stephens, who has a cat who ate the canary smile on his face. Flint starts nodding his head, pointing at the Bashers, then he lets out a loud bellow.]

JF: FORWARD!!! MARCH!

[Flint and Stephens rush the downed Bashers, stomping them repeatedly as the boos rain down on them.]

BW: Stephens and Flint must have been the Soldiers of Fortune all along!

GM: I can't believe this. Not Joe Flint of all people. Why?

[Stephens drags Smythe towards the center of the ring and pulls him to his feet. Flint is winding up his right arm and charges towards Smythe, knocking him off his feet with a devastating lariat!]

BW: Howitzer! That one felt like it must have had YEARS of frustration behind it!

GM: There's gotta be an explanation for this! This is totally wrong, we've all known Flint for a long time, this isn't something he would do!

BW: But he's doing it, Gordo! He's doing it! USA! USA!

[Stephens drags Storm out towards Flint, and pulls him to a seated position. He shouts something at Flint, and Flint balls up his right hand into a fist, and blows on it. He raises his fist to the crowd and starts to laugh.]

GM: Oh no...

BW: If he's going to do what he's about to do, then this has gotta be the ultimate humiliation!

[The crowd starts cheering as a bunch of AWA wrestlers run down to the ring to make the save. Flint and Stephens think better of it, and roll out of the ring. Stephens notices that one of the wrestlers that made the save is "Outback" Zack Kelly, and he points a finger at Kelly's direction and starts shouting. Kelly shouts back as Flint holds Stephens back. The duo then hop the railing and make their way through the booing crowd.]

GM: American Pride.. excuse me, the Soldiers of Fortune.. whatever you want to call them now, they've made their retreat. American Pride, you know, there's nothing to be proud of here. What those two did in the ring after their match was a total disgrace. They're just a bunch of cowards. They have a lot to answer for, that's for sure, especially Joe Flint.

BW: Who knew that big ol' softie had it in him?

GM: It's absolutely ridiculous. The British Bashers look like they're going need some medical attention, but the calvary arrived just in time before any significant damage could take place.

[In the ring, the Bashers are being attended to. Storm is sitting in the ring, blood trickling down his face, and a look of rage in his eyes as his partner is being attended to.]

GM: Fans, we'll be right back... oh brother...

[Fade to black...

...and then fade back up as the sounds of Jason Aldean's "Lights Go Out" starts to play over various shots of the New Orleans area. A steamboat docked on the shore. A statue in the middle of the city. A twilight overhead shot of cars zipping by on the freeway. An overhead shot of a church cuts to a time lapse shot of the SuperDome - the home of SuperClash VIII as the clouds move swiftly by and the lyrics begin.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's screaming#

[A night time drone shot of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome lights up the screen and then cuts to an interior shot of a crowd celebrating in the 'Dome.]

#Lighters in the sky, yeah, everybody's singing#

[A fan shot of a yellow sign that reads "HOME SWEET DOME" cuts to another crowd shot, this one of a fan gripping a sign that reads "THE DOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS."]

#Every word to every song to a girl to take it home tonight#

[A large crowd shot of a cheering crowd, showing off the immense audience who will be packed into the Dome soon enough.]

#When the lights come on, everybody's feeling#

[Older footage comes up, showing the huge audience that once packed into the Superdome to see Muhammad Ali fight Leon Spinks cuts to a shot of that actual fight.]

#A hallelujah high from the floor to the ceiling#

[A football falls just out of the reach of one of the San Francisco 49ers in a shot from a Super Bowl played in the Dome.]

#Yeah, the drink that we're drinking, the smoke that we're smoking#

[Cut to a shot of Mick Jagger center stage in the Dome at a Rolling Stones concert held there and then to Keith Richards from the same show strumming his guitar.]

#The party we throw, it's going all night long#

[A burst of pyro fills the screen before we see a time lapse of the crowd filing into the stadium for a New Orleans Saints game.]

#When the lights come on#

[Cut to another time lapse shot outside the Superdome as the sun goes down and the lights come on.]

#When the lights come on#

[And we cut to the SuperClash VIII logo with all the information on the show...

...and then to black.

We fade back up backstage where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands before an AWA backdrop. To his left stands Julie Somers, who is dressed in a white shirt with a glittery AWA logo over a pink ribbon -- it's the AWA Breast Cancer Awareness Month shirt, folks. She also wears blue jeans and her long, wavy brown hair falls over her shoulders.]

SLB: Fans, I am here with Julie Somers, who we haven't seen in action for a few weeks ever since she scored a disqualification victory over Erica Toughill. Two weeks ago, Julie, you saw Toughill not only pin young Maci Layne, but took it upon to herself to further beat her down after the match was over, then humiliate her. Toughill claims that it was the AWA and the wrestling industry that made her who she is -- that made her a monster. Now she wants you in that ring on her own terms. What is your response to that?

JS: Sweet Lou, I heard what Erica had to say a few weeks ago. I saw what went down when she faced Maci Layne. How she said that if the AWA was going to treat her as trash, then that's what she'll be.

Now, to say that she didn't have it rough in the wrestling business would be a lie. But the truth is, she's not the only one to have to go through what she did early in her career. Because I learned enough about what the business used to be like -- how too many promotions considered the women to be nothing but eye candy, or just there to put on a show to titillate, or to never be appreciated for their athletic talents, whatever they may be,

But the people who taught me about that were the ones who didn't succumb to what certain people in the business wanted from them. All they ever heard were the catcalls, the wolf whistles and the sexist remarks. But they never let that get the best of them. All it made them was more determined than ever to prove those people wrong.

I don't doubt that you survived all of that, Erica, but rather than know that it was about proving people wrong, you let it eat away at you. And now, that a promotion like the AWA has finally decided to give the women a chance to be more than just eye candy, all you want to do is take every woman who wants to take that chance and try to put them out of the business for good. All because you never wanted to

move on from the past and show those who did you wrong that you were better than that... that you could be better than that.

Now you say you want me on your terms, Erica? All because you're in shock that I escaped the Shrew's Fiddle? That I showed I had learned more than a few things from the people who have mentored me?

[She pushes a strand of hair away from her face.]

JS: Well, if that's the way you want to play, Erica, I'm more than happy to oblige, any time you want.

SLB: That sounds like you will accept Erica Toughill's challenge, Julie. Do you think you are prepared for that?

[Before Julie answers, there's another voice.]

"That's a good question."

[And that's when "Lady Lightning" Lori Wilson walks onto the set. Wilson is dressed in a white blouse and a pair of black pants. She wears her trademark headband as well.]

LW: Listen, Julie, I understand you want Erica Toughill in the ring again. But I want you to keep a few things in mind before you meet her on her terms.

JS: [holding up her hand] Wait, Lori, I get it... I need to have a plan for what's ahead. I have to spend as much time as I can preparing for what's to come and...

LW: [cutting her off] Julie, that's not what I'm talking about. If you are going to get into the type of match that Erica Toughill wants, where it's no count out, no DQ, you are going to have to do more than prepare. You need to understand what that means.

Because I've been there many times before. I've wrestled many matches in which there were no rules, where I got chairs drilled into my knee, where I flew off the top rope and put somebody through a table, or got put through a table myself. Or more than that, where I got drilled between the eyes with a closed fist or had my knee wrenched time and time again over the ring apron.

It's going to take more than scouting an opponent and knowing how to counter her every move. It requires you to understand that in a match with no rules, a person like Erica, who shows little reason to restrain herself, now has no reason to do it at all. You know how she likes to swing that bat around when there are rules in place -- ask yourself what will happen when there are no rules in place.

[Somers shakes her head.]

JS: So you're saying I need to hold off on facing Erica Toughill on her own terms? How can I stand by and do nothing, Lori?

LW: I'm not asking you to stand by and do nothing, Julie. I'm asking you to think carefully before you jump into this situation, to understand what it means to face Erica on her terms.

[There is silence for a moment. Somers takes a deep breath before speaking again.]

JS: I can't do it, Lori... not this time.

[Silence again.]

SLB: Well, it looks like the Spitfire has made up her mind and...

LW: Wait, Sweet Lou... Julie, before you run to Jon Stegglet about making the match, I ask one favor of you.

JS: [nodding] All right, what is it?

LW: You let me face Erica Toughill first.

[Somers' mouth hangs open for a moment.]

JS: Lori, you don't have to do that! I can handle this!

LW: Look, I get it. You want Erica Toughill in that ring more than anything else. But I'm asking you to grant me this one favor.

It's not because I don't trust you. It's not because I think you don't stand a chance. It's because I want you to watch how a veteran like myself handles herself against a woman like Erica. Like I told you, I've been through this a lot in my career, and if you get the chance to see what somebody who has been down that road before, handles the situation in that ring, then you'll be better prepared for what's to come.

You may have seen people like Lori Dane do that, but let's face it, that Lori prides herself on being the Queen of Extreme. Better you get to see a Lori who's been in a match like that before, but prides herself on being the wily veteran who has learned how to survive in any match.

[Wilson gets a slight smile.]

LW: Besides, you aren't the only one who would like to get Erica Toughill in that ring.

[Somers tilts her head back and rubs her chin.]

JS: All right, fair enough. But I will say this... my patience with Erica is running out and I don't know how much longer I'm willing to delay things.

LW: I understand. Just pay close attention when I face her.

[Wilson extends her hand. After a moment, Somers grasps it.]

SLB: Fans, it looks like Erica Toughill will get a match on her terms, but it may be Lady Lightning who answers the challenge first! I wonder what the Queen of Clubs will have to say about this? We'll be right back after this break.

[Fade to black...]

In stark, high contrast black and white, a large curtain with the words "SuperClash VII" written large across it cascades to the ground like a falling leaf. Behind it is a slow-motion montage of similarly stark monochrome clips, slowly fading in to each other. Leonard Cohen's rumbling, deep voice plays over top the minimalist orchestration of "You Want It Darker."]

[Brian Lau raises the hands of Wes Taylor and Tony Donavon...]

If you are the dealer
I'm out of the game #

[...Lau shakes the hand of "Dr." Harrison Fawcett...]

If you are the healer
It means I'm broken and lame #

[...Brian James looks over his shoulder as Lau raises the arm of Johnny Detson...]

If thine is the glory then
Mine must be the shame #

[...Summers, Mahoney and Kendrick all triple teaming the Gladiator...]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Shadoe Rage looking around the ring with maniacal eyes ...]

Magnified, sanctified, be thy holy name

[...The Hangman, shot from below, slowly tightens his noose around an invisible neck...]

Vilified, crucified, in the human frame

[...Flex Ferrigno with some poor victim's skull trapped in a powerful headlock...]

A million candles burning for the help that never came

[..."Flawless" Larry Wallace and his Best Damn Dropkick In The World in magnificent slow motion...]

You want it darker

[...Lauryn Rage makes her way down the aisle, Women's World Championship belt in one arm, phone extended at arm's length in the other...]

There's a lover in the story
But the story's still the same #

[...Erica Toughill cracks her knuckles, a slow-motion bubble emerging from between her lips...]

There's a lullaby for suffering
And a paradox to blame #

[...Another woman in a darkened space, the light forming a halo around her: the silhouette is in the general shape of Charisma Knight...]

But it's written in the scriptures
And it's not some idle claim #

[...Anton Layton fondles the Eye of Tyr, visibly giggling between Porter Crowley and The Lost Boy.]

You want it darker
We kill the flame #

[...Derrick Williams nailing Jordan Ohara with a Blackout, fading to Riley Hunter similarly betraying Ohara with an Instant Karma...]

They're lining up the prisoners
and the guards are taking aim #

[...Jackson Hunter trying to pull the Suited Savage MAWAGA off his prey...]

I struggled with some demons
They were middle class and tame #

[...Maxim Zharkov applying the Gorynych to a chained Kolya Sudakov...]

I didn't know I had permission
to murder and to maim #

[...Juan Vasquez piledriving Ryan Martinez, fading to a smile on Vasquez's face...]

You want it darker

[The stark monochrome montage is suddenly bathed in a golden light. A solitary figure is seen in the distance, standing tall.]

I'm ready, my lord...

[Before we get a good look at him or her, a metallic font splashes on screen.]

"SUPERCLASH VIII."

"The American Wrestling Alliance presents: SuperClash VIII: Thursday, November 24th, live from New Orleans."

[Fade to black...

...and then back up to live action where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands at the interview area with Shadoe Rage. Rage stands back to camera, hood drawn over his head.]

SLB: We are back here LIVE on Saturday Night Wrestling and my guest at this time has some explaining to do after the dastardly attack on "Cannonball" Lee Connors. Ladies and gentlemen, Shadoe Rage.

[The tall broad-shouldered wrestler keeps his back to the camera, hood up, staring impassively at the AWA logo on the set.]

SLB: Well, what about it? How do you explain your despicable actions?

[Blackwell seems tough until Rage's head snaps to face him. Rage turns to loom over Blackwell. He pulls back his monk cloth cowl, revealing his savagely handsome features, crown of dreadlocks and mad, hazel eyes as he speaks with that ragged rasp.]

SR: Despicable actions? I did what was necessary, Sweet Lou. I took him down a peg.

SLB: So you're saying that you were out to get him for what happened with your brother?

SR: Last I remember, my brother put him down. People seem to forget that. People around here always seem to conveniently forget Rage victories. People forget that I am the greatest World Champion this promotion has ever had.

SLB: What?

SR: Nobody had more successful televised defenses, Blackwell. Nobody. And that's a fact, but see, because it doesn't fit the AWA narrative nobody ever talks about it. No, they want to pretend a Lynch who was gifted a toy belt is the best in the business. Well, that's a lie.

[Rage draws off his hood.]

SR: And here's another lie... a lie about this wrestling family from Calgary, Alberta!

SLB: You're talking about the Coltons.

SR: I'm talking about the Faketons. Week after week, I see these commercials for their defunct wrestling promotion and people pretend they were something special and yet week after week Age of Rage wrestling talent competes as your Women's World Champion, the toughest tag team in the Women's Division, the Afro Punk and dozens of up and comers without commercials or fanfare. Why?

SLB: I suppose you're going to tell me.

[Rage's eyes gleam with fevered light.]

SR: Blackjack Lynch.

SLB: Of course.

SR: Blackjack Lynch cannot handle the truth. The Rages are the greatest wrestling family in this business. Bar none. But Blackjack Lynch won't let that be known. So he's trying to fool all these simpletons in the AWaverse...

[Rage sweeps a well-muscled arm across the screen.]

SR: ... into thinking that the Coltons are the premier family in Canada. They are not. The Rages are. We are the premier family in Rage Country and Rage Country is the whole world! Oh yeah!

SLB: Those are some mighty big words, but will you put your money where your mouth is?

SR: Excuse me?

SLB: You want to say you're better... prove it in the ring.

[Something about Shadoe Rage changes. He has become still and cold. Deadly. Even Sweet Lou acknowledges the change in demeanor with a step back and an involuntary gulp. Rage's mouth splits into a rictus grin.]

SR: I'll prove it in the ring. Blake Colton, you come on down next Saturday Night Wrestling and I dare you to try to steal my shine again! I dare you! I DARE YOU!

SLB: Now that's a challenge you might regret if it gets accepted.

SR: Sweet Lou, I'm no coward like Blackjack Lynch and his litter. I ain't scared of Blake Colton. Come step to me, man-to-man, face-to-face, not behind my back. Let me show you where Blake Colton stands in relation to me.

SLB: And where is that?

SR: HE DOESN'T! CAUSE HE'LL BE FLAT ON HIS BACK!

SLB: Oh, you're impossible!

SR: Yeah, impossible to beat. Blake Colton tried to steal my light. He's going to find out

HE. WILL. BURN!!

[Blackwell throws a dismissive gesture at the out-of-control former World Television Champion.]

SLB: All right, thank you very much. That'll be enough. Sensational Shadoo Rage everybody. Gordon, Bucky, back to you.

[Rage gets the last word, whispering towards the camera.

SR: He will burn.

[We fade from the backstage area out to ringside where Gordon and Bucky are standing.]

GM: Thanks for that, Sweet Lou... and as travel down the road to SuperClash, there are a whole lot of the AWA's finest competitors jockeying for position, trying to find their way onto the lineup for the biggest show of the year. We heard Jack Lynch a little earlier worrying about that and he's been in some of the biggest matches in SuperClash history, Bucky!

BW: It just goes to show you that nothing buys you a spot at the big dance. Not your name. Not your money. Not your legacy. Each and every year, you gotta earn it. I don't care if your name is Lynch, Rage, Wallace, or Allen Allen - you gotta bring it and bring it hard to be on the bill in New Orleans on Thanksgiving Night.

GM: And coming up next is a man who certainly hopes to be a part of that big show - the current reigning World Television Champion, Callum Mahoney, who is starting to pick up steam as of late with many of the AWA faithful.

BW: These goofy entrances of his are going viral, Gordo. Some of these idiot fans have completely forgotten that just a month or two ago, he was backjumping their goofy favorites and now they're cheering him because he's getting them to chant along during the entrance! It's insanity!

GM: It just goes to show that you never can predict how the AWA faithful will respond to something. Rebecca, take it away!

[Cut to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing by with referee Scott Ezra.]

RO: Oklahoma City, please welcome your host of Sports Sunday and the "Sports Animal" on WWLS's "Morning Animals," Gerard Garrett!

[Gerard Garrett, a babyfaced man, clean-shaven, with short, neat ash-blond hair, steps through the entranceway. He is dressed in a black suit over a white shirt and crimson tie, and carries a microphone in his hand.]

GG: Oklahoma City and the millions watching worldwide, brace yourselves, because you are about to be awed by the arrival of...

[The Chieftain's "Brian Boru's March" is met with jeering mixed in with some cheers from the fans in attendance.]

GG: THE GLOBAL FACE OF AWA TELEVISION!

[Callum Mahoney, sandy-haired with lightly-tanned skin and dressed in a black studded leather jacket, with metallic spikes covering the shoulders and lapels of the jacket, over his wrestling attire, which consists of a black singlet, with the image of a brown bear, standing on its hind legs, across the front, black knee pads and black boots, strides through the entranceway. Draped over his right shoulder is, of course, the World Television title.]

GG: For it is time, once again, to put the AWA World Television championship ON THE LINE!

[Mahoney grabs the belt by the strap and holds it up, to cheers from the crowd.]

GG: WHO will walk out of this match the AWA World Television champion?

[Some of the fans can be heard yelling "MA-HO-NEY!" As he makes his way down the aisle, Mahoney, who would normally regard the AWA faithful with disdain, actually has a smile on his face.]

GG: WHO, in ten minutes or less, will make his opponent submit to any number of holds, or lay him out with the Pogue Mahone?

[Again, the distinct shout of "MA-HO-NEY!" can be heard. Reaching the ring, Mahoney climbs the steps, wiping the soles of his boots on the canvas before stepping through the ropes.]

GG: He is the Armbar Assassin. He is the Top Rebel of the Rebel County, Ireland. He is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEY!!!

[Standing in the center of the ring, Mahoney holds the belt aloft once more. He then motions for the microphone from Rebecca Ortiz, who hands it over, as the music fades.]

CM: Once again, I have no idea who I am scheduled to face, but, as always, it does not matter, because, Oklahoma City, you know that whoever it is will have NO CHOICE, but. To. Tap. Out!

[Large parts of the crowd join in shouting "TO! TAP! OUT!"]

CM: So, to the poor soul waiting back there, let's not waste any more time. HURRY UP and...

[The crowd finishes the sentence for him.]

"GET! IN! HERE!"

[Mahoney hands the mic back to Ortiz, who can now make the actual ring announcement.]

RO: The following contest, scheduled for one fall, with a ten-minute time limit, is for the AWA World Television championship! Introducing first, the champion, hailing from County Cork, Ireland and weighing in at 240 pounds, he is...

CALLUM MAAAHONEEY!!!

[There's a decent reaction for Mahoney at this point.]

RO: And the challenger...

[There's a pregnant pause, building anticipation as Mahoney paces the ring, awaiting his opponent...

...and then "Snake Hunt Holler" by Blood Ol' Mule kicks in to a decent reaction from the Oklahoma City crowd.]

GM: This music sounds familiar, Bucky, but I just can't place it.

BW: Me neither but some of these fans seem to know what it is.

[Rebecca Ortiz, shed some light on this mystery.]

RO: From Zeb, Oklahoma... weighing in at 237 pounds...

KAAAAADENNNNN OOOOOATS!

[One-half of the old school AWA tag team known as the Oklahoma Brothers bursts into view through the curtain to a decent-sized cheer!]

GM: Oh yeah! Kaden Oats is in the building and no wonder these OKC fans know who he is!

[Oats grins at the reaction, obviously surprised at so many fans remembering him. He does a tip of the invisible cap to the fans before making his way down the aisle towards the ring, slapping as many Okie hands as he can.]

GM: Of course, Kaden Oats and his brother Cooper competed in the AWA several years ago as the Oklahoma Brothers. After their time here, they went on to wrestle all over the US... Canada... and even worked in Total Japan Pro Wrestling for an extended period of time. But tonight he's back in the AWA and he's set to challenge Callum Mahoney for the World Television Title.

[Oats reaches the ring, climbing up the ringsteps and ducking through the ropes to another cheer. He raises an arm in recognition, still all smiles at the reaction of the fans. He sheds a red and white ring jacket, revealing red trunks and white boots underneath.]

GM: And what a Cinderella story it would be, Bucky, for Kaden Oats to come back to the AWA - the place where he and his brother got their first big break in pro wrestling - and win this title on the night he returns.

BW: 33 years old. About six foot four... 237 pounds. Well-built, good definition on the upper body. He may be older than the last time we saw him, Gordo, but he looks to be in tremendous shape.

[Oats gives the top rope a tug as the referee signals for the bell.]

GM: And here we go! One fall, ten minute time limit for the World Television Title! Kaden Oats, of course, played football at Northeastern State here in Oklahoma, graduating with a degree in physical therapy.

[Mahoney comes out to the middle of the ring as Oats extends his arm, offering a handshake.]

GM: Show of good sportsmanship by Kaden Oats...

[But as Mahoney grabs the arm, he gives it a yank, pulling Oats into a shoulder tackle, knocking him down to the mat.]

GM: Ohh! Cheapshot by Mahoney!

[The Fighting Irishman dashes to the ropes, bouncing off. Oats pops up and then drops down, forcing Mahoney to jump up and over the top. Mahoney bounces off the far side towards Oats who sets his feet, using a hiptoss to flip Mahoney over, tossing him down to the canvas.]

GM: Hiplock takeover by Oats!

[Mahoney scrambles up towards Oats who shoves him back into the ropes, whipping him back across the ring.]

GM: Mahoney gets fired across... and a back elbow up under the chin takes him down!

[Oats winds up his right arm, dropping an elbow down on the chest... and again... and again... and again. He flips over into a lateral press, reaching back to hook a leg for a two count.]

GM: Two count only for Oats, trying to steal one in the early part of this matchup.

[As Mahoney gets back up, Oats lifts him high and slams him down to the canvas, shaking Mahoney from head to toe.]

BW: Can you imagine Oats winning the World Television Title? I'm getting word right now that he's not even actively wrestling anymore full-time. He's got a physical rehabilitation clinic here in Oklahoma that he works in on a regular basis and just wrestles the occasional weekend gig.

GM: His life would certainly change in an instant if he were able to capture gold tonight in front of his home state crowd.

[Oats follows up the bodyslam with a senton backsplash, dropping his 237 pounds across Mahoney's torso and then flipping over for another pin attempt.]

GM: Oats gets one! He gets two! He gets- no!

[The Oklahoma native is quickly on his feet, dragging the World Television Champion up with him...

...and Mahoney slaps the hand away, driving his skull into Oats' forehead!]

GM: Oh! Headbutt by the champion!

[Oats staggers back as Mahoney laces a boot into his midsection, doubling him up. Mahoney grabs a handful of hair, swinging his knee up into Oats' face, knocking him flat on his back as the crowd (mostly) jeers.]

GM: And whatever love the OKC crowd had for Callum Mahoney seems to have vanished when they realized his opponent was a hometown hero.

[Mahoney doesn't acknowledge the jeering crowd at all as he takes aim, dropping his knee down into Oats' chest.]

GM: Ohh! Crushing kneedrop by Mahoney... and look at this!

[The Television Champion plants his hands on the canvas, kicking his legs up into the air, and bringing BOTH knees down onto the torso.]

GM: That'll do a number on the ribcage for certain.

[Mahoney slides off of Oats, grabbing a wrist and pulling his arm away from his side, exposing the ribs as the Fighting Irishman winds up, smashing a forearm down into the ribcage!]

GM: Mahoney taking aim on those ribs, pounding away at them.

[Bringing Oats to his feet, Mahoney whips him the half-distance to the corner before moving in on him. He squares up, leaning over to swing his balled-up fists into the ribcage - first a trio of blows to the left side of the body and then two more to the right.]

GM: The champion battering Oats like a human punching bag in the corner.

[Leaning down, Mahoney muscles Oats up on his shoulders, walking out of the corner and out to the middle of the ring...

...where he shoves Oats over his head, dropping down to a knee as Oats lands ribs-first on the bent knee!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Gutbuster! And that leaves Oats in a very bad way down on the canvas, sucking wind into his lungs.

BW: And you know what I like about this, Gordo?

GM: What’s that?

BW: The first thing to go on a wrestler who isn’t in the ring every night is the gas tank... the stamina. And now Mahoney’s going right after that area, repeatedly hitting the ribs and forcing Oats to breathe very hard to get air into his lungs. A very well-thought out strategy.

GM: Sometimes you forget about Mahoney’s ring generalship because you know just how much he loves a good scrap.

[With Oats down on the mat, Mahoney pins him gutfirst to the canvas and then goes down on all fours, swinging his knee up into the exposed ribs once... twice... three times...

...and then spins over Oats’ downed body to the other side, switching to knees there with another trio of blows to the body.]

GM: Mahoney’s just pummeling those ribs!

BW: I’m not sure how much more Kaden Oats can take of this, Gordo.

[Climbing to his feet, Mahoney delivers a stiff boot to the ribcage, forcing Oats to roll to his back, cradling his midsection. The referee steps in, checking to see if Oats can continue and when he assures the official he can, Mahoney strikes again, stomping the midsection.]

GM: Callum Mahoney bringing Oats back to his feet... swings a knee up into the gut... backing him into the ropes.

[Grabbing the arm, Mahoney looks to fire Oats into the ropes but the Oklahoma native reverses it...]

GM: Reverses the whip... Mahoney off the far side...

[With a grimace, Oats muscles Mahoney up off the canvas, swinging around to drive him down with a powerslam!]

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM! WE COULD HAVE A NEW CHAMPION!

[The referee dives to the mat as Oats struggles to keep the leg hooked.]

GM: ONE!! TWO!! TH-

[But the Fighting Irishman kicks out in time, breaking up the pin attempt. Oats angrily slams a hand down on the canvas, questioning the official as he brings Mahoney up off the mat, using an overhead elbowsmash between the eyes to send the champion staggering back into the ropes.]

GM: Mahoney's on the ropes! Oats has him in some trouble here!

[After landing a barrage of forearm shots to the jaw, Oats leans down, muscling Mahoney up into a fireman's carry of his own. He wobbles out from the ropes, wincing with every step...]

GM: Oats has got him up! He's struggling to keep him there though and-

[With Oats battling to keep him on his shoulders, Mahoney manages to slip free, landing behind him where a hard shove sends Oats chestfirst into the ropes. He staggers back into a well-placed hooking blow to the ribs from behind which stuns him long enough for Mahoney to grab Oats' arm, looping it around his own neck as Mahoney drops down in a neckbreaker!]

GM: OHH! EMERALD CUTTER FROM BEHIND!

[The champion dives on top of Oats, reaching back for a leg.]

GM: ONE! TWO! AND THREE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: And there's another successful defense of the World Television Title by Callum Mahoney!

BW: He worked the ribs, going to them over and over in there, softening them up... and then took advantage of them when Kaden Oats was looking to end the match and the title reign. An Emerald Cutter later and Mahoney retains the title.

GM: He certainly does and as Mahoney knocks off challenger after challenger, you just have to wonder what SuperClash might have in store for him, fans. Speaking of which, Theresa Lynch is standing by with someone else who is hoping that his SuperClash plans are crystal clear after this night. Theresa?

[Cut to backstage, where Theresa Lynch stands with a microphone in hand. The blonde interviewer's face is a mixture of anger and fear, as she casts a wary eye at the very large man standing next to her.]

TL: My guest at this time is the AWA's Engine of Destruction, Brian James.

[The son of the Blackheart is already in his wrestling gear, a white towel covering his face. At the sound of his name, he reaches up to pull the towel off of his head and he glares at Lynch.]

TL: Mr. James...

BJ: How about we start with one of my questions, little girl.

[Lynch's eyes shoot to James, and she offers a slow nod.]

BJ: How does it feel, little girl, to be standing a foot away from a man who was scraping your brother's blood out from under his fingernails two weeks ago? How does it feel to be right next to the man that stomped your other brother's head into the mat and left him for dead?

TL: Listen, I know you don't like me. I know you don't like my family. But this is my job, and all I want to do is be a professional...

BJ: Of course you do. Because that's who you are. You're a professional interviewer. So go ahead, professional, interview me.

[Lynch draws in a breath to steady herself.]

TL: Tonight, you'll be stepping in the ring with three men, and all four of you will be vying for a chance at the World Heavyweight title.

BJ: You see, that's where you're wrong. This isn't four men fighting for a chance at the World Title. This is three lambs going to the slaughter, and one wolf coming to devour them.

Care to guess which one I am?

[Lynch gulps.]

TL: I think I know the answer to that.

BJ: Of course you do.

TL: Be that as it may, the men you're facing tonight are an impressive group.

[James scoffs.]

BJ: To you, perhaps. But since you're so impressed, why don't you go ahead and list them for me.

TL: First is your so-called brother, a former World Heavyweight Champion himself, Johnny Detson.

[The always scowling expression on James' face grows several degrees more intense.]

BJ: I'm not going to spend a lot of my time repeating the things I've said about Detson before. Everyone knows that the blood between me and my brother is bad. Everyone knows the things he's done to me.

But tonight, there's only one thing that matters between us, Detson.

It's that thing we all saw two weeks ago. Two weeks ago, you came down, and for the first time, you had to look me in the eyes. For the first time, my back wasn't turn. For the first time, you had to face me like a man. And what did you do?

You froze, Detson.

That feeling you had? That thing that made your guts clench and made your blood run cold? That's fear, Detson. And when you fear something? It doesn't go away easily. Fear is poison. Fear is deadly.

You fear me Detson, and tonight, you're going to learn why the smartest thing you could ever do is fear me.

As for me? The only thing I'm afraid of is that it'll be over too quick, that you'll fold too easily. The only thing that I'm afraid of is the possibility that I won't get to savor hurting you for as long as I want to.

TL: And what about Jordan Ohara?

BJ: The Phoenix?

TL: Yes.

[James scoffs again.]

BJ: Ohara, you call yourself The Phoenix? You claim that you're the sort of person that comes along once in a millennium?

I got news for you. Chumps like you are a dime a dozen.

Phoenix? You know what you are, Ohara? You're nothing but a pigeon. You swoop in, make a lot of noise, spew your garbage all over the place, and everyone thinks you're a nuisance. What have you accomplished in the AWA?

As far as I can tell, the only thing you've ever done is making Derrick Williams look good by comparison.

You want to talk once in a millennium? Let's talk being in the ring when the Dogs of War were defeated for the first time. Let's talk winning the first ever Mayhem match. Let's talk carrying a man to the finals of the Stampede Cup on your first night in the company. Let's talk about putting Otto Verhoeven out to pasture once and for all. Let's talk winning the Battle of Boston.

Except we're talking about me, not you.

You want to be the future, Ohara, then step on up. Come and try me, Ohara, so that the next time I list my accomplishments, I can add bringing your career to an abrupt end to the list.

JL: What about another former World Champion, Ryan Martinez?

[James chuckles, but there's no joy in it.]

BJ: Ryan Martinez. You know what your problem is?

You forgot who you are, and why you're here.

You think this is some kind of crusade. You think you're here to what? Save the AWA. You see yourself in the midst of some struggle. I'm here to tell you that none of it matters. The only thing you should have ever cared about was that gold you let slip through your fingers.

Your ideals mean less than nothing, Martinez. Your code of honor? That's just the name that you gave to your weakness. You don't have what it takes to win the fight, and you hide behind your morals to justify it.

Well my code is a lot simpler than yours Martinez – win at any cost, and hurt as many people as you can along the way. Everything else is just talk. And we all know that talk is cheap.

I'm not a crusader. I'm not a hero. I'm not a White Knight. I'm a fighter, Martinez. The son of the Blackheart. The Engine of Destruction.

You're here to change the world?

Well, I'm here to conquer it.

You can count on this, Martinez. I'm bringing your little crusade to an end tonight.

You keep your ideals. You keep your honor. Me? I'm coming for blood, and I'm going to take that gold from around the waist of Juan Vasquez.

[James turns to stare at Lynch.]

BJ: And that is what I've got to say to these "impressive" men. We're finished here.

[James places the towel over his head and stalks off, leaving a shaken Theresa Lynch in his wake...

...as we fade to black.]

<TO BE CONTINUED!>