

SATURDAY NIGHT WRESTLING

OCTOBER 7TH

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI



HOUR TWO

HOUR THREE

[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 a few moments pass before a burst of pyro racing towards the sky as we cut into the arena hosting the night's action. The crowd is roaring for the pyro and for the return of AWA action.]

GM: From one of the greatest wrestling cities on the planet - St. Louis, Missouri - the flagship show for the American Wrestling Alliance - Saturday Night Wrestling - is ON! THE! AIR!

[A big cheer goes up from the St. Louis crowd!]

GM: We are on the road to SuperClash IX which is now less than two months away as the AWA gets set for WARRRRRRR!

[Another burst of pyro rockets goes off as the crowd cheers even louder.]

GM: We are LIVE in the Scottrade Center in downtown St. Louis for what promises to be another night of jam-packed action!

[The shot pans a little, showing off the usual setup - a massive steel structure serving as the entrance stage standing almost ten feet off the concrete floor with a video wall hanging above it that is just about as wide as the stage and looks to be about twenty feet tall to boot.

From there, we see a royal blue roped ring with matching ring apron and steel ringposts. Protective blue mats encircle the ring, leading to the barricades beyond which the AWA faithful are seated. A pair of wooden tables are at ringside - one with our timekeeper and ring announcer's seats, the other near where our announcers are standing as we cut to them.]

GM: Hello everybody and welcome to another star-studded edition of Saturday Night Wrestling! I'm Gordon Myers and by my side, as always, is Bucky Wilde.

[Wilde does a half bow towards the camera while dressed in a suit that is Cardinal red through and through, earning some more cheers as Gordon stands in a plain black ensemble.]

GM: Bucky, the path to SuperClash is paved in incredible action and unpredictable moments as we learned two weeks ago when Juan Vasquez made his shocking AWA return as Javier Castillo's Number One Draft Pick. He's gonna be on Team Korugun for WarGames and he's here tonight to explain why!

BW: Spoiler alert - I'm guessing it had to do with a SIGNIFICANT amount of money, Gordo.

GM: I'm sure you're right about that. In addition to that, we've got two title matches here tonight with Jordan Ohara challenging Hannibal Carver for the National Title and Raphael Rhodes cashing in his long-awaited title shot against Johnny Detson for the World Championship!

BW: Ohara trying to get his title back and Rhodes looking to do what Carver accomplished two weeks ago - snatch his first piece of championship gold.

GM: Casey James has been ordered to be here as well... Max Magnum is back... Supernova is here... Brian James and so many others but right now, let's go backstage to footage captured just moments ago!

[We fade to a blast of the ACCESS 365 logo and end up in a generic "meeting room." At the front of the room stands a white board with many names written on it - many of which have been scratched out or have some notes taken next to them. We can very clearly see "RYAN MARTINEZ" listed as well as "SUPREME WRIGHT" -

the latter of which has a few question marks scratched next to it. AWA co-owner Jon Stegglet stands near the board, leaning against the wall, marker in hand...

...and a clearing of a throat seems to “wake up” Stegglet who turns to face the owner of it... and sighs.]

JS: You? Seriously? Not the way I wanted to start my night, man.

[The ACCESS camera shot cuts to reveal that AWA President Javier Castillo has arrived in the room dressed in an all black suit, flanked by his personal bodyguard, MAWAGA. Castillo is smirking as he looks up at the board.]

JC: Trouble with your team, Jon?

[Stegglet grimaces, looking up at the board.]

JC: Could that concussion put on Supreme Wright by my Career Killer have thrown some things into flux?

[Stegglet still doesn’t respond, staring at the board.]

JC: But there’s so many people lining up to take on Korugun. I’m sure putting this team together will be... a snap... for you.

[He smirks again as Stegglet’s finally heard enough, pushing away from the wall and taking a few steps towards Castillo before coming to an abrupt halt at the sight of MAWAGA shifting his position to stand a step in front of El Presidente.]

JS: What do you want, Castillo?

[Castillo chuckles.]

JC: I came here to do you a courtesy, Jon. You already know my Number One Draft Pick, Juan Vasquez, is on Team Korugun.

[Stegglet’s gaze shifts to the other side of the board where we can see Vasquez’ name is written.]

JC: And now I’ve come to let you know that I’ve decided to add two more to our team.

The seven foot monster himself... Derek Rage.

[Stegglet visibly winces.]

JC: And the most dangerous man in professional wrestling... “Maniac” Morgan Dane.

[Stegglet nods, looking down at the floor of the room.]

JC: And with Wright on medical hold, I’d say that makes our little situation a three on one - doesn’t it? But I have no worries, Mr. Stegglet... I’m sure you’ll be able to get a team together. After all, who would not be willing to be locked inside two rings surrounded by steel with the likes of Vasquez, Rage, and Dane? Hmm?

[Stegglet does not respond, still looking down at the floor.]

JC: Now, if you’ll excuse me... I have a company to run.

[The former EMWC Play By Play announcer looks up with a glare.]

JC: Enjoy the show.

[There is a twinkle in Castillo's eye as he turns and makes his exit, leaving Stegglet behind... who SLAMS a hand against the wall before he goes to add Rage and Dane's names to the other side of the whiteboard...

...and we fade to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: Tonight's opening contest is a tag team match in the Women's Division scheduled for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit. Introducing first... currently in the ring at this time... the team of Hailey Sweet and Marsha Tipton!

[The crowd modestly claps for the two young ladies, wearing matching green halter tops and long green tights. Sweet, with short blonde hair and Tipton, with long red hair. Both seem cheerful, but that goes right away soon as In This Moment's "Sick Like Me" starts up to a chorus of boos from the St. Louis crowd.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd their opponents... From The Brink of Sanity...

DOCTOR LEAH WHITE...

CHARISMA KNIGHT...

...THEEEEEEE AAAAASYLUMMMMMMM!

[The boos intensify as - at the announcement - both Knight and White come from the back. Their entrance this week is lacking in the theatrical department as both women seem to have nothing but focused purpose as they march in tandem down the aisle towards the ring where their opposition awaits them.]

GM: It appears to be all business here tonight for the Asylum as they had down the aisle... now much as Jon Stegglet has had his hands full with the likes of Javier Castillo lately, these two ladies have been nothing but trouble for Victoria June.

BW: How can you say that, Gordo? They've extended the olive branch of peace and friendship to June. She's just lacking enough brainpower under that afro to take it.

GM: Peace?! How can you say they've offered peace when they assaulted her friend and tag team partner - Kayla Cristol - and left her on the shelf, Bucky?

[Upon reaching the ring, Knight and White dive under the bottom rope and come up swinging, throwing bombs at both Sweet and Tipton as Rebecca Ortiz beats a hasty retreat, bailing from the ring as the bell sounds.]

GM: Well, the Asylum is wasting no time here, going right to work on Sweet and Tipton.

[As the two local talents absorb a thunderstorm of heavy blows to the head, the crowd jeers.]

GM: For a while now, we've said that the AWA Women's Division is THE hottest division in all of wrestling, Bucky, and with the ongoing rumors of Women's World Tag Team Titles being added to the mix, the temperature only seems to be climbing.

BW: So many impressive teams trying to work themselves into position for when and if those titles get formally announced. We've got the Asylum of course but you look down the line at Seductive and Destructive, Swift and Wallace, the Peach Pits, the Serpentine, Fujiwara and that damn cat... you name it and these women are ready for battle each and every week.

[In the ring, we see Knight driving Tipton down in the corner, kicking her out of the ring as White delivers some vicious thrusts to the throat on Hailey Sweet across the ring.]

GM: So much for a fair fight in this one. These two have yet to meet a rule they won't break.

[Knight lets loose a twisted shriek as White wraps her hands around the throat of Sweet, not bothering to hide it from the referee.]

GM: A blatant choke by Dr. Leah White... although one certainly has to question her medical qualifications at this point.

BW: Knight's been wilder than a bag of cats for a while now but she's been on a whole new level since Victoria June came into the picture.

[White breaks the choke at the referee's count as Knight rolls out to the floor, retrieving Tipton off the floor and...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...rockets her shoulderfirst into the ringside barricade, shifting the metal wall as the crowd jeers!]

GM: Charisma Knight doing more damage on the floor as her doctor... partner... ally... whatever you want to call her is putting the boots to Sweet inside the ring. Knight grabs the hair now, dragging Tipton up and...

[Using the hair for leverage, Knight whips Tipton towards the railing, getting her up off the mat, flying horizontally gutfirst into the post where she slams hard before sliding down to the safety mats with a thud.]

GM: Good grief! Stomach and ribsfirst into the railing... and Knight continues to punish Marsha Tipton on the outside.

[Back inside the ring, we see White whip Sweet from one corner to the other, charging in right behind her and delivering a running big boot to the jaw just as Sweet hits the buckles!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: A version of the running Yakuza in the corner now - taking a page out of former World Champion Ryan Martinez' playbook... and speaking of the White Knight, while the whole world waits to hear Juan Vasquez' reasons for joining Team Korugun two weeks ago - I'm just as interested to hear Ryan Martinez' reaction to his old enemy's reappearance.

BW: Martinez IS scheduled to be here tonight so I expect we'll hear that reaction at some point in the evening, Gordo.

[Knight retakes her position on the apron as White pulls Sweet off the mat, whipping her back into the corner. She again rushes in, throwing herself at high velocity into a back elbow that SNAPS Sweet's head back before Knight reaches over the ropes to tag herself in.]

GM: First legal exchange of the match here for the Asylum and Sweet looks to be in a whole lot of trouble now.

[Knight comes through the ropes, directing traffic as White swings a leg into the back of the knee, sweeping Sweet's leg out from under her and putting her down on her butt in the corner as Knight dances halfway across the ring, swinging around to charge back in as White moves out of the corner...]

GM: OHHH! DOUBLE KNEES IN THE CORNER!

BW: This isn't lookin' good for Sweet!

[Knight rolls clear as White charges in behind her, rocking Sweet with a low-level dropkick to the mush!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And a nice doubleteam by the Asylum leaves Sweet down in a pile... and Bucky, ever since we've seen Dr. Leah White's transition from medical professional to pro wrestler, we've seen her struggle a bit at times. So far in this one, she seems to be on her game... and if that doubleteam is any indication of what these two are bringing to the table here in SuperClash season, the other women in the AWA should be put on notice.

[White exits the ring as Knight comes back in, dragging Sweet from the corner by the boot.]

GM: Knight with the first cover of the match - she gets one... she's got two... she's got- oh, come on!

[The crowd jeers as Knight pulls Sweet up by the hair, a sadistic grin on her face.]

GM: She pulled her up. She had this one won, Bucky, and she pulled her up! She could end this right here.

BW: She could but she's chosen not to... and I gotta think this is Charisma Knight sending a message to someone.

GM: You could be- OH MY!

[Gordon's reaction -and the ensuing reaction from the fans - comes as Leah White grabs a recovering Tipton by the hair, pulling her to her feet, and using a biel throw to toss her spinefirst into the ringside railing, causing the entire front row to jump backwards!]

GM: Good grief! That's a good way to put someone in the hospital! Backfirst into the metal railing and Leah White's just as vicious as Charisma Knight is out here tonight.

[Knight looks to the floor with a pleased smirk, nodding her head as she pulls Sweet to her feet by the hair, quickly whipping her into the ropes...]

GM: Sweet off the far side... Knight sidesteps her...

[The momentum sends Sweet chestfirst into the ropes, bouncing back towards a waiting Knight who uses Sweet's own momentum...]

GM: Waistlock!

[...and DUMPS her on the back of her head and neck with a released German Suplex!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Gaaaaah! This is just a mauling at this point, Bucky!

[Knight drags Sweet towards the ropes a bit before reaching to slap the hand of Leah White who is back on the apron.]

GM: Another tag... not showing any sign that they're done with their obviously overmatched opponents here tonight.

[White slingshots over the top rope, landing on the middle rope in a nice show of athleticism. She deftly walks a few feet down the middle rope before leaping off, burying the point of her elbow in the heart of Hailey Sweet!]

GM: And another impressive move out of Leah White. This young woman has made great strides in 2017, Bucky, and we approach the end of the year, you'd have to imagine she might be on the radar of some of the Year End Awards voters.

[With Sweet unmoving on the canvas, White gets to her feet, slapping Knight's offered hand again.]

GM: And yet another tag... and the referee needs to take a look at stopping this one, Bucky.

BW: I've gotta agree with you there. Sweet does not seem capable of defending herself at this point.

GM: White's pulling her back up though - look at this! She can barely stand!

[A staggered Sweet is on her feet as White and Knight, running opposite directions so that Knight approaches from the rear and White is coming from the front...]

GM: Look out here!

[...and White goes high, striking with the flying knee called the Lobotomizer as Knight goes low with a clip to the knee from behind!]

GM: OHHH! And that's gotta do it!

[White rolls to the floor as Knight kneels on the canvas, a demented expression on her face. She lifts her arm, striking herself in the head with an open palm a few times shouting "OUT! OUT!"]

BW: Uh oh.

GM: Charisma Knight struggling with her inner demons it seems... now dragging Sweet off the mat again... and I'm shocked the official hasn't put a stop to this yet, Bucky.

BW: It looks like it may not be long now though...

[Knight puts on an almost nurturing expression as she cradles Sweet's head in her arms, stroking her cheek lovingly...

...and then swings her over, violently driving her facefirst into the canvas!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ONE BAD DAY! Completely unnecessary, Bucky! They had this match won long ago and they definitely didn't need that!

[Knight rolls to her knees, leaning across into a loose lateral press as the referee swiftly delivers the one-two-three.]

“DING! DING! DING!

GM: Thank the heavens that one’s over.

BW: One-sided... devastating... relentless... all are good ways to describe this one. And I’ve gotta say that had to have been a message, Gordo... and as Charisma Knight calls for the mic, we may be about to find out who the message was directed to.

GM: As if we needed a guess.

[White rolls a mic across the canvas to Knight who is still covering the unmoving Sweet. She snatches it up, grinning as she draws it to her mouth.]

CK: Vic-tooorrrrr-iaaaaaa. Vic-TORRRRRRRRRR-iaaaaaaa!

[Knight comes up to kneeling as the ref promptly removes Sweet from danger.]

CK: We’re going to ask again, Victoria. We’re going to invite you home.

[She spreads her arms wide in an embrace gesture. The fans jeer the idea of the Afro Punk aligned with the Asylum but if Knight picks up on that, she doesn’t acknowledge it before speaking again.]

CK: You know what you’re missing, Victoria. We saw it last week. That spark, that drive, that, joy. That feeling you got going deeper than you thought you could.

[Knight’s expression twists to one of humor.]

CK: That feeling of just how fun the dark is.

[A noise that might be a demented giggle escapes from Knight for a moment.]

CK: We just want you home, Victoria. Come with us, join us, join our family. We’ll make you better than you ever dreamed of being.

[Knight extends a hand, looking into the camera as she points and speaks directly to June.]

CK: You belong here... with us. You can finally feel like you really belong... not just, getting by with someone that’ll fail you again and again. You can be with us, and you’ll never, EVER, be alone again.

[Knight leans closer to the camera, speaking into it again.]

CK: Trust us.

[She slaps a hand firmly over her heart.]

CK: Trust ME.

[Knight smiles again.]

CK: It’ll be so much better for you if-

[Knight's words are cut off by the blasting sound of the punk rock classic "Blitzkrieg Bop" coming to life over the Scottrade Center's PA system.]

GM: Well, it appears as though the message has been received.

[Victoria June slowly walks out onto the entrance stage in street clothes - fishnet tights, unlaced Doc Martens, a red and blue flannel shirt wrapped around her waist, distressed leather jacket over a faded Sex Pistols t-shirt. June pauses at the top of the ramp, taking a long look down the aisle as Charisma Knight who is still kneeling in the ring as Leah White looks on from the floor.]

BW: Is she here to accept? Is the Afro Punk going goth?!

[June seems to set her mind to something as she starts striding down the ramp, walking with determination towards the ring where Charisma Knight awaits her. The crowd is cheering the Afro Punk as she pauses at ringside, grabbing a mic of her own before she rolls under the ropes to enter the ring. The music fades as she gets to her feet, mic in hand.]

VJ: Ah don't know why ah got your attention...

[June glares down at the kneeling Knight.]

VJ: ...but ah'm tellin' you right now ah don't want it or need it!

[The crowd cheers loudly!]

GM: Well, I guess that answers that-

[June cuts off Gordon, her voice gaining even more steel.]

VJ: Ah don't want NUTHIN' to do with you, Charisma! Ah want NO parts of this Asylum of yours!

[Knight's expression shifts... just slightly though. She looks almost amused at this reaction, tilting her head slightly as she looks up at June towering over her angrily.]

VJ: You took out mah best friend! You think ah'm gonna join you?!

[June throws a dismissive hand at the kneeling Knight.]

VJ: You been watchin' too much Star Wars or somethin'.

[There is laughter from the crowd at that line... and that seems to change Knight's demeanor. She's no longer amused. She's angry.]

VJ: Ah ain't EVER gonna join you!

[Another big cheer from the St. Louis crowd!]

VJ: Ah ain't gonna take your hand. Ah don't need you to feel like ah belong. In fact, it's enough talking.

Ah'm a keep this short and sweet so even you can understand, Charisma.

[June steps closer, leaning over to make sure she's right in the face of the kneeling - and upset - Charisma Knight.]

VJ: Keep mah name out of your mouth or ah'm gonna knock it out of your mouth!

[June's fist balls up, ready to strike if needed...

...when suddenly, Dr. Leah White slides into the ring, grabbing June by the shoulder, swinging her around...]

GM: MIST! MIST!

[...and a burst of red mist is spewed directly into the eyes of the Afro Punk, a gasp radiating throughout the crowd as June drops to the mat, screaming in pain as she rolls back and forth wiping her hands frantically across her burning eyes!]

GM: LEAH WHITE SPITS THAT HORRIBLE MIST IN THE EYES!

[June's howls of pain are spine-tingling as Charisma Knight retakes her feet, an eyebrow arched in the direction of Leah White who is in a bit of a crouch, one hand at her throat and the other pointing towards the downed June.]

BW: She can't see, Gordo! She can't see a thing!

GM: This isn't the first time that Victoria June has had mist spat in her eyes - we remember the time she spent on the shelf after the Serpentes did something similar last year.... and here comes Dr. Ponavitch.

BW: The properties of the mist is different based on color... and sometimes even based on the one who spits it. But one thing is the same - the quicker they can rinse the eyes, the better chance of avoiding serious damage.

[Knight walks alongside her partner, her cold eyes locked on her...

...and she grips White's wrist tightly, pulling her back from June, pointing towards the locker room.]

GM: And I've gotta say, Bucky... Charisma Knight doesn't exactly look happy about this attack by Leah White.

BW: Well, Knight's been trying to get June to join the Asylum. Trying to blind her probably isn't the best recruitment pitch.

[With his medics holding June still, Dr. Ponavitch goes to work with a bottle of water and a towel, trying to rinse June's eyes before the mist can do any lasting damage.]

GM: What a horrific scene unfolding in the ring right now... the doctors are doing all they can and... okay, we're going to take a quick break but when we come back, we'll update you on the condition of Victoria June. Okay? We'll be right back.

[With June still wailing in pain, 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."

[We fade to black...

...and we fade back to the backstage area where a concerned-looking Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling here in St. Louis... and just moments ago, we saw a shocking attack on Victoria June by Dr. Leah White... presumably at the instruction of Charisma Knight although she...

[Theresa trails off at the sound of an anguished scream from off-camera. Her head jerks towards the noise as the camera does the same, showing the aforementioned June - blinded by the mist in her eyes - screaming in pain as she's supported by two medics holding her up from either side. Dr. Ponavitch is backpedaling in front of her, frantically rubbing at her face with a wet towel.

More AWA officials approach the scene but a shout from Ponavitch chases them off, clearing a path as the AWA's head doctor bellows at his staff to get the injured June to the loading dock.

As they pass by Theresa, she steps back against an equipment crate, watching as the crowd moves by. Her gaze is still on them as she starts to speak again.]

TL: Victoria June... being taken to the loading dock where I... there's an ambulance out there, I'm sure. I'm assuming this means they're taking Victoria to the hospital and...

[Theresa bites at her bottom lip in concern.]

TL: Well... if we get more news, we'll definitely let you know but for right now, let's go out to the ring.

[Theresa looks off-camera again as we slowly fade out to the arena...

...where the ring is occupied by black denim-clad Jackson Hunter, former AWA National Champion; his face is grim, but he still carries himself with an air of volatile irascibility. Behind him looms the "Death Star" Blake Colton, a one man security detail for his mentor. Hunter holds up a microphone.]

JH: Fans of the AWA...

[The crowd jeers loudly, drawing a sneer from Hunter before he clears his throat loudly into the mic and speaks again.]

JH: I am merely out here to gain one person's attention... so I don't care if you attend carefully or not.

[As expected, more boos rain down on the former champion who lets them air their grievances for a few more moments before continuing.]

JH: This is going out on national television, and will be streamed endlessly, and it'll find its way back to the individual to whom I wish to address.

That's right, Jordan Ohara. To use the parlance, I am... 'at'-ing you!

Can you hear them, Phoenix?

[Hunter holds the mic aloft, encouraging the snarky jeers of the St. Louis fans.]

JH: Does that sound familiar to you? Do you remember hearing that when you stood up for yourself against Hannibal Carver?

[Hunter wheels around on his shoes and indicts the fans behind him with a wagging index finger.]

JH: That's right, you turned on him awfully quickly! Like you were just dying for an excuse to hate him.

[Hunter turns back around to address the nearest handheld camera at ringside.]

JH: These same people that screamed about the injustice I perpetrated upon you back on July 4th have already decided that they prefer someone else to hold their vaunted National Championship.

Hell, look at where you were almost a year ago: you stood against us in the Axis! You took out Zharkov! Ryan Martinez, and Supreme Wright, and Supernova, and Jack Lynch... They all stood beside you and said, "welcome to the club, Phoenix." And who do they roll with now? That's right: Hannibal Carver.

[Hunter pauses, letting his words sink in to his intended target.]

JH: Huh. Isn't that weird? Did you change your number? Is that why they haven't recruited you for WarGames?

[The former champion allows the smirk to return for a moment.]

JH: Well, don't feel too bad because I'm a man without a country too, Jordan. I'm the bad guy that the other bad guys have nightmares about. Castillo won't recruit me because if he lets me in, I'll be doing HIS job by the end of the month. And obviously, he has not accepted my petition for a rematch for the AWA National Title since you find yourself challenging for MY title tonight.

[Hunter shakes his head with disgust as Colton slaps his big hands on Hunter's shoulders, voicing his disapproval of that decision with a "it should be you, bahd! You!" Hunter nods before speaking again.]

JH: Ohara, I'm going to let you in on a little Axis secret: last summer, when that chicken-plucking chicken Derrick Williams stabbed you in the heart, Juan Vasquez didn't even let me know he was recruiting him. I didn't even want my piggy cousin Riley in the Axis; that was just a strategic move to make sure I kept my influence. Had I known the Axis was recruiting to shape the future of the AWA, I would have said this:

One of my first matches was one of Hamilton Graham's last matches; I dreamt of being just like him every time he would tour through the Canadian Prairies.

The best match of my life was in 2004 against the legendary junior heavyweight LION Tetsuo.

I have stood across the ring from one of the greatest ring technicians of all time, Jeremiah "The Sheriff" Colton, and I dissected him.

[Hunter holds up a lone finger... no, not that one.]

JH: There is one man on the AWA roster who has the gifts that those three men all share.

It is you, Jordan Ohara.

[The crowd grumbles at Hunter's words towards Ohara.]

JH: It is not hyperbole to say that you are a once-in-a-millennium talent! Why do you think I used my "Steal the Spotlight" the way I did? That's the only way I could beat someone like you!

And I was keeping the belt for you, Jordan. You were supposed to beat me. I didn't want your National Title reign to start by barely surviving some monobrowed, monosyllabic Siberian! I wanted the reign of Phoenix to start with everyone saying, "by god, that match was a classic." I wanted my match with you to be my masterpiece. I wanted you to be my Masterpiece, so I could finally ride into the sunset on my terms, with my legacy secured.

But nooo! Once again, that chicken-plucking chicken, that preening, self-indulgent, narcissist Saint Derrick, who has been anointed by his legion of neckbeard fanboys as "The Future," once again comes in and spoils everything. Because all the little Derrick stans go ballistic when I fail to acknowledge that Derrick Williams is the greatest wrestler to ever step foot in this ring.

[Hunter sneers at the crowd who has a mix of cheers and boos for the Future... although from the look on his face, you'd imagine Hunter only hears the cheers.]

JH: Well, I disagree with that assessment, and I disagree with it forcefully. The problem, Jordan, is that you've got no one in your corner, and the Sergeant... well she can only get you to the arena, she can't get you the gold.

Look at what I did for Zharkov; ask yourself where he'd be without me. Do you think the Axis would have been anywhere without me as Mastermind. Hell, look how Blake turned from a cornball goofus, to a bona fide, "Death Star!"

[Colton rubs his palms together, echoing a quiet, "Death Star, bahd," to himself.]

JH: Imagine what I could do for a once-in-a-millennium talent, Phoenix.

There'd be no more questions about you. No more sitting back and letting the winds of change drift over you.

[Hunter points to the camera, presumably speaking directly to the Phoenix now.]

JH: When you step into that ring with Hannibal Carver tonight, Jordan, and that referee shows that belt to you, I want you to think. I want you to really think about where you are, and where you're going.

Back in Chinook, I used to end these things by saying, "just watch me." But I think it would be more appropriate to say a simple...

"Be seeing you."

[Hunter places the microphone on the mat, and gestures to Colton that it's time to go.]

GM: What in the world was that all about, Bucky?

BW: Seems pretty clear to me, Gordo. Jackson Hunter started his AWA days as a manager... a manager of one of the most impressive competitors to ever step foot in an AWA ring... and now he's offering to guide yet another impressive competitor straight to the top of the wrestling world.

GM: As his manager?!

BW: His manager, his partner, his advisor... whatever you want to call it... Jackson Hunter just made the offer of a lifetime to Jordan Ohara and the kid would be a FOOL not to take it!

GM: Jordan Ohara would NEVER align himself with Jackson Hunter - that scumbag! Are you forgetting that it was Hunter who used Steal The Spotlight to ROB the Phoenix out of the National Title back on the 4th of July?

BW: He just explained why too! Man, I hope Ohara's not as closed-minded as you are, Gordo.

GM: Give me a break. Fans, let's go backstage and check out something that went down a little earlier tonight.

[With a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo, we see "Platinum Princess" Michelle Bailey exiting the office of Javier Castillo. She has a look of slight relief on her face as she strides down the hallway. As she passes a door marked "Veronica Westerly," she notices Polemos stationed outside the door. Her eyes remain fixed on Polemos as she walks past, a little smile on her face, and surprisingly, Polemos acknowledges her with a slight nod of the head.

Michelle turns the corner into the hair and make up area. She stops short as she comes face to face with Da Kid, Lauryn Rage. Michelle hesitates, as Rage is pacing back and forth, wearing a royal blue 'Free Erica' T-shirt. She wears torn jean shorts and her hair is wild as she snaps her head up to look aggressively at Bailey.]

LR: Looking for something? Because I'm right here.

[Michelle sighs, looking past Lauryn to a makeshift set of hooks. Spotting what she was looking for, she walks over and collects it.]

MB: I was. I left my purse here before I went to see Castillo.

[Michelle gives Lauryn a side look.]

MB: Ayako warned me that when you came back, you'd be on edge. Seems she was right.

[Rage sneers in response.]

LR: Is that right. Tell Ayako-

[Lauryn catches herself and turns away. She mutters something unintelligible to herself before she turns back to Michelle.]

LR: Dammit, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be like that but I got a lot on my mind. Damn Serpentes tried to take me out two weeks ago.

[Michelle nods.]

MB: That's fair, I suppose.

[Michelle goes to leave, but Lauryn reaches out to stop her.]

LR: Hold up a second. Let me ask you something. You ever had a major injury?

[Michelle thinks for a second.]

MB: Sure. Separated shoulder, torn meniscus, broken bones here or there. The worst one was when I tore my labrum in my shoulder.

[Bailey rubs her shoulder in remembrance as Rage nods.]

LR: How long it take you to feel like yourself?

[Michelle takes in a breath.]

MB: I think I see why you asked me.

[Michelle nods her head.]

MB: It took some time for each one. Depending on the physical therapy I needed to undergo, or how difficult the surgical procedure was. But sometimes it's not just about the physical process. Sometimes it's about the mental process as well. Are you finding that you're having trouble with that?

[As Lauryn is about to talk, Michelle takes a small notepad and pen out of her purse. Lauryn eyes Michelle warily.]

LR: What are you doing?

[Michelle looks at her notepad, then back at Lauryn with a sheepish grin.]

MB: Sorry. Force of habit for a therapist. I'll put it away if you're more comfortable with that.

[Lauryn nods, and Michelle puts the notepad away.]

LR: I'm not hearing voices in my head or anything. It's just... I don't know.

[Rage shakes her head.]

LR: I just don't feel like me. Like when I'm working out, when I'm rolling on the mat... whatever... I can feel it, you know? I can feel my knee threaten to give.

[She sighs.]

LR: The doctors says it's structurally sound... that the partial tear is repaired and I'm good to go. But what do they know? They're looking at pictures. And they're not world class athletes. They don't know what it's like to take a clothesline from Ayako or collide with Kurayami. They don't know what it's like to jump off an oily top rope. You know? It doesn't feel like I can do everything I could do before. And I've never had a major injury before.

But my sister, Lady D., she had a knee operation back in the day and she admitted she was never the same. I guess I'm just wondering if I'll ever...

[She trails off, an obvious look of concern on her face as Michelle takes in everything Lauryn has to say, and then, it's almost as if we can see a switch flip in Michelle's brain from Michelle Bailey, professional wrestler, to Michelle Bailey, licensed clinical social worker.]

MB: Well... you're not my client, so this isn't a formal diagnosis, but from what you're telling me, I'd be concerned about a potential psychosomatic reaction due to such a traumatic injury.

[Rage snorts.]

LR: Dumb it down, Bailey. College was a long time ago.

[Michelle blinks, and mutters under her breath "not for me, it wasn't", before proceeding to clarify her point.]

MB: Our brains are wired to send signals to protect ourselves when we experience emotional or physical traumas that we're not used to. And if you've never had such a traumatic injury like that torn ACL, your brain is essentially trying to stop you from going through that trauma again if you haven't addressed the circumstances surrounding that trauma.

[Michelle pauses for a moment to let Lauryn absorb that.]

MB: So if you're experiencing setbacks in your training, it may just be that you're not properly addressing how you were injured. Or maybe you have a fear that you could be injured again. The only way you're going to get through that is by working to overcome those. No amount of box jumps or split squats can overcome deep-seated emotional traumas. You can work on that...

[Michelle points to Lauryn's knee.]

MB: ...but until you address that?

[Michelle points to Lauryn's head.]

MB: You might be spinning your wheels. Does that make sense?

LR: So it's all in my head? If I believe I can do it, I can? That's what you did?

[Bailey smiles.]

MB: Everyone is different, but if you have confidence in your body, and you work out your fears or concerns over how your injury occurred, then yes, you can do it. Me personally? It took a lot of time and adjustment, but I mean...

[Michelle leans in closer.]

MB: For someone with the shoulder injuries I've had, I still throw a pretty mean spear, don't I?

[Michelle winks. Lauryn chuckles with a "Sure you right."]

MB: It wouldn't hurt to schedule some sessions with a sports psychologist as you work your recovery steps, either, since they are familiar with how to overcome what I mentioned. There's a lot of great tools in an athlete's kit these days, tools that weren't available even a couple of years ago, tools that could have helped your sister out. You should take advantage of them.

[Rage nods again, a grateful look on her face.]

LR: Hmmm... thank you. I'll let you get out of here.

[Bailey nods, turning to leave when Rage calls out.]

LR: Hey, listen, that business with Davis. I don't like it. You don't touch family. If you need anything let me know and I'll gladly help you beat the brakes off that one.

[Lauryn extends her hand towards Michelle. Michelle smiles.]

MB: I appreciate the offer. Maybe you'll get the opportunity soon enough.

[Michelle accepts the handshake and walks off, leaving Rage to think about their conversation as we get another flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before fading out to a shot backstage of interviewer Sweet Lou Blackwell standing.]

SLB: Saturday Night Wrestling right here in St. Louis is on the air and it looks like it's going to be yet another wild night of action right here on Fox Sports X. We are counting down the days to SuperClash IX coming up in just a couple of months' time and the wrestling world is buzzing already about what's going to go down in Toronto and Atlanta. Of course, we all know about WarGames - the battle for the heart and soul for this company... the battle for the very future of this company... pitting a team representing Korugun that is currently set to feature Juan Vasquez, Morgan Dane, and Derek Rage taking on the group we're calling Team AWA which - as of right now - consists of former World Champions Ryan Martinez and Supreme Wright. More men will be added to those teams in the weeks ahead and...

[Blackwell trails off, a look of annoyance on his face as he looks off-camera.]

SLB: Can I help you with something?

[The shot pulls back a little bit to reveal the self-anointed Self Made Man, Kerry Kendrick, and his "main squeeze" Miss Sandra Hayes.

Kendrick has a toned, muscular physique with stringy dirty blonde hair to just past his shoulders and a stubble beard. He wears black and midnight green trunks with a silver, mirrored "double K" logo in gothic font on the front and back, thick black kneepads, and white boots. A t-shirt with a similar logo rests snugly on his jacked torso. Beside him, Miss Sandra Hayes looks smugly at her man, hand on her hip.]

KK: Sure can, Blackwell. You can stand there with that stick in your hand and let me tell the people what they need to hear.

[Hayes grins.]

MSH: Might as well buy a mic stand, Kerry.

[Kendrick chuckles as Blackwell shakes his head with disgust at the duo.]

SLB: What they need to hear, huh? Well... from the looks of you, Kerry Kendrick, you appear to be dressed to compete here tonight...

MSH: Cutting insight, Blackwell.

SLB: ...but as far as I know, you're not scheduled to wrestle. We've got a stacked card tonight: Johnny Detson defends the AWA World Heavyweight belt against Raphael Rhodes, who has been waiting for seven years for this night. The new National Champion Hannibal Carver is here... Jordan Ohara is here... The Dogs of War take on AJ Martinez and Cain Jackson. Lots of great action from lots of great competitors...

[This time, it's Blackwell who allows a smirk to cross his face.]

SLB: ...and then there's you.

[Kendrick's eyes flash with anger as he steps closer to Blackwell.]

KK: Watch your mouth, Blackwell, or you'll be giving out your own teeth to Trick or Treaters in a few weeks.

[That gets rid of the smirk in a hurry as Kendrick grabs Blackwell's wrist, steering the mic towards him.]

KK: I thought I had made myself clear two weeks ago, Shane. Two weeks ago, Sandra and myself left Terry Shane with a ringing in his ears and a gutter's eye view of the stars.

But you're here again tonight, aren't you? Stubbornly hanging on as though you're wanted here.

So tonight, I'm going to have to beat down Terry Shane, in his hometown.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: No disrespect here, Mr. Kendrick... but the way I hear it, Terry Shane IS here... but he's also not been cleared to compete tonight. He ended up with a concussion after... someone...

[He knowingly looks at Sandra Hayes.]

SLB: ...hit him in the head... from behind... with a piece of metal.

[Hayes doesn't flinch under Blackwell's gaze but does look a little bit off her usual smirky self.]

SLB: And I know you've got some backstage pull with Javier Castillo... but even he can't overrule the medical team. So, I'm sorry, Mr. Kendrick... I think you'll need to find something else to do here tonight.

[Kendrick glares at Blackwell for an uncomfortable moment... or two... or three...

...and then slowly turns back to the camera to continue speaking.]

KK: Beat down Terry Shane in the ring in front of his hometown...

...and his family.

And then, maybe, people will learn not to interfere in the business of the Self Made Man.

[Kendrick lowers the microphone, clasps Miss Sandra Hayes' hand and pulls her in for a public display of affection that lasts ten-to-fifteen seconds too long as Blackwell cringes.]

SLB: Oh, brother... get me out of here.

[We abruptly cut to what appears to be pre-taped footage. We're in a darkened part of the arena - perhaps a basement area. We can see electrical boxes on the walls, pipes hanging from the ceiling...

...and the form of Isaiah Carpenter casually doing pullups from one of said pipes. There's a clanging sound as someone raps their knuckles on a metal table that he is sitting on - it's Pedro Perez with Wade Walker hulking next to him.]

PP: You hear that?

[He raps his knuckles again.]

PP: Hey Wade... knock knock...

[Walker arches an eyebrow at Perez who sighs.]

PP: Come on.

[It's Walker's turn to sigh.]

WW: Who's there?

[Perez chuckles.]

PP: That's in the eye of the beholder. See, for Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez, they hear that knocking and they think that if they swing the door open, they'll find opportunity waiting for them. They think that if they open it up, they'll find the chance of a lifetime.

Another chance to beat us. The Dogs of War. The greatest trio to ever lace 'em up in pro wrestling.

[Walker slams a fist into his open hand, his muscled torso rippling as he snarls towards the camera.]

PP: Here's the problem there, boys... we disagree. We think that when you go to open the door, you're going to see the big man here kick the damn thing down and toss one of you through the picture window while...

[Perez throws a glance up towards Carpenter who is still getting in an impromptu workout.]

PP: ...while Mr. Fly And Die up there dives off your couch to put one of you through the coffee table.

And me?

[The Puerto Rican grins.]

PP: I'll be busy in the kitchen cranking up the gas to burn the damn place down.

Because this isn't American Idol... we're not here to make you two famous. So, pack up your kimonos and hit the bricks... hit the friendly skies back to Japan where the people run from you two like Godzilla.

You've come at the wrong time, boys.

[Perez chuckles.]

PP: Another time, another place... the Dogs of War would've been more than happy to fight you from coast to coast, leaving buckets of blood and broken bodies in every gin joint in every one horse town. 'Cause there's nothing that we love more than a good fight...

[And with a loud "THUNK!" Carpenter drops down onto the metal table behind his allies.]

IC: Except a great payday... and that's what we're looking at when we join Team Korugun and we Main Event SuperClash IX. So, you two will need to run along home and let us get down to business. Because that business is war.

[Perez laughs - a harsh, biting burst.]

PP: And brother, business is good.

[Perez laughs again as Carpenter leans forward, his arms wrapped around the neck of the snarling Wade Walker as we fade through black to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit is a HANDICAP MATCH!

[The crowd buzzes with intrigue over the match they're about to witness.]

RO: Introducing first...

[We hear the PA system come to life as dialogue from "Conan the Barbarian" is heard...]

WHAT IS BEST IN LIFE?"

"TO CRUSH YOUR ENEMIES, TO SEE THEM DRIVEN BEFORE YOU, AND TO HEAR THE LAMENTATIONS OF THEIR WOMEN."

[A metal cover of "Anvil of Crom" then begins to play as we hear the loud revving of an engine. But there is no vehicle on this night as Cain Jackson and AJ Martinez stride into view, ready for battle as they stand at the top of the ramp to a mixed reaction from the AWA faithful...]

RO: CAIN JACKSON! AJ MARTINEZ!

THE KABUKICHO MANIAC ASSASSINATION SQUAAAAAAAAAAD!

[Martinez lifts his powerful arms to another reaction, more cheers than jeers this time...

...which is when disaster strikes for the duo known as KAMS!]

GM: FROM BEHIND!

[A charging Wade Walker throws himself into a full spear tackle from behind, his shoulder being driven into the lower back of the six foot ten inch Martinez - a move that bends him backwards in a grotesque fashion before he slams chestfirst down on the metal staging...]

GM: GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!

[Seeing his partner down, Cain Jackson rushes over, battering Walker with clubbing forearms to the head and neck before Walker can get off the stage...

...which exposes Jackson's back to Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter - the latter of which gets a running start before leaping high into the air and smashing a forearm into the back of Jackson's neck, sending him stumbling over Walker and Martinez down onto the ramp.]

GM: The Dogs of War attacking from behind!

[Perez hurdles over the pile, dropping to his knees where he starts flailing his arms down wildly in some clubbing action on Jackson, causing him to try to roll away from the assault. Isaiah Carpenter runs after him, kicking him in the ribs and driving him down the ramp towards the ring as Perez circles back towards Wade Walker and AJ Martinez.]

GM: Perez now going after Martinez... big right hands down on the skull!

[Grabbing Martinez by the hair, Perez gleefully rakes his face back and forth on the metal staging as the crowd groans with displeasure.]

BW: He's ripping the skin right off him!

[Climbing to his feet, Wade Walker angrily stomps the back of Martinez as Perez continues his efforts to maul Martinez's face.]

GM: What an absolutely vicious and savage assault by the Dogs of War who already had a three-on-two advantage going into this one!

[Perez flips Martinez onto his back, revealing the metal staging equivalent of road rash on the face of the big man. The Puerto Rican takes the mount, smashing his knuckles down repeatedly on the raw flesh of Martinez.]

GM: Perez is pounding him in the head...

BW: Looks like he's trying to bust him open, Gordo.

[Perez scrambles to his feet, holding the arms of Martinez as Walker takes his turn to deliver some heavy right hands to the head.]

GM: And now it's Walker dropping some bombs on him!

[We cut towards the ring where we find Isaiah Carpenter kicking at the body of Cain Jackson up against the ring apron. The dismayed official is shouting at Carpenter from inside the ring as he switches to dropping knees onto the ribcage.]

GM: This match hasn't even started... and by the looks of this sneak attack, I'm not even sure it will!

[Walker grabs Martinez around the head and neck in a front facelock, dragging him down the ramp towards the ring as Perez gleefully slams an occasional forearm across the back. Reaching ringside, Perez peels off to aid Carpenter in getting Cain

Jackson off the floor, shoving him under the ropes into the ring as Walker shifts his grip on Martinez' head, grabbing him by the hair...]

GM: LOOK OUT!

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Martinez' skull goes CRASHING at high velocity into the steel ringpost, slumping immediately to the floor as the referee looks on in horror.]

GM: GOOD GRIEF! SKULL TO THE POST!

[Martinez flops over onto his back, revealing a red gash on his forehead. Hovering over him, Walker drops to a knee, grabbing the back of the head and smashing his fist into the forehead over and over again.]

GM: Walker's trying to do even more damage on the outside... and look at Pedro Perez now!

[Perez walks over to the official, ordering him to ring the bell to start the match.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! AJ Martinez is a bloody mess on the outside and this lunatic is trying to start the match?!

BW: Is there a better time to start the match than when you turned a handicap match into a REALLY handicap match?!

[Perez backs the protesting official towards the corner, getting right up in his face as he continues to shout "RING THE BELL, ZEBRA! RING IT! RING IT!"]

GM: This guy's out of control!

BW: Is that news to you somehow?! Follow the product, Gordo!

[On the outside, Wade Walker lifts AJ Martinez' bloody head off the floor, dragging him to his feet, and SMASHES his face down onto the ring apron, leaving a bloody smear as Martinez stumbles a few feet before falling to his knees against the steel steps, sending the upper half of the steps falling to the side.]

GM: Down goes Martinez on the outside again...

[Holding a handful of hair, Walker delivers heavy measured blows to the wound on the forehead as the referee continues to argue with Pedro Perez and Isaiah Carpenter puts the boots to Cain Jackson as Jackson struggles to get up off the mat.]

GM: Cain Jackson's getting up! He's getting up, fans!

[The fans start to grow louder in support of the former Team Supreme and current Mifune-gun member as Carpenter blows become quicker and more frantic, trying to keep the larger competitor down.]

GM: All credit in the world to Pete "Blue Shoes" Miller who is holding his ground and refusing to start this match under these circumstances...

[Perez reaches out, shoving Miller back against the buckles lightly.]

GM: Oh, come on!

[Perez puts his forearm on the chest, holding the struggling official in place, shouting just inches away from him as Carpenter switches to double axehandles, smashing them over and over down between the shoulderblades.]

GM: Carpenter hammering away, trying to keep Jackson down...

[Jackson keeps on coming though, battling to a knee as Carpenter switches to short forearms to the jaw, the crowd still getting louder as Jackson struggles to rise...

...and then wraps his hands around the throat of Carpenter, lifting him up into the air to big cheers!]

GM: HE'S GOT CARPENTER UP!

[The shouts of distress from Carpenter swing Perez around, barreling across the ring towards Cain Jackson who tosses Carpenter towards his partner, sending them both down to the mat in a crash!]

GM: JACKSON PICKS UP THE SPARE!

[Jackson lets loose a roar as he stomps across the ring, shoving past the questioning official to look to the outside where he sees Walker battering his bloodied partner on the floor.]

GM: Cain Jackson getting his first look at what the Dogs of War have done to AJ Martinez now...

[The six foot eight Jackson grabs the top rope with both hands...

...and with a mighty slingshot, he propels himself over the top rope with a shocking crossbody dive onto a stunned Wade Walker!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: JACKSON WIPES OUT WADE WALKER ON THE FLOOOOOOR!

[The St. Louis crowd is ROARING as Jackson pushes up to all fours, breathing heavily on the outside as he tries to check on his bloodied partner who weakly shoves him from his back, gesturing to the ring...]

GM: Is AJ Martinez telling Cain Jackson to get in the ring?! Is he telling him to fight?!

[Jackson slowly rises off the floor...

...which is when Pedro Perez comes barreling through the ropes in a headfirst dive, shoving Jackson backwards...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A DIVE BY PEREZ!

BW: What the heck is it with these two teams, Gordo?! Both times we've seen them in action against each other, it's been a damn war with a body count through the roof!

[Perez pops up off the floor, giving a shout and a fistpump as he stands over the downed Jackson...]

GM: Pedro Perez with a celebration here - and these fans do NOT like that... they're really letting him have it here in St. Louis!

[Perez waves a rising Wade Walker over to help and the Dogs' powerhouse obliges, lifting Jackson off the floor and shoving him back under the ropes into the ring.]

GM: Jackson's back in... and this match STILL hasn't started and I don't think it ever will at this rate!

[Walker is about to climb into the ring after Jackson when Perez puts a halting hand on his shoulder, gesturing to the downed Martinez.]

GM: What's this now?! Haven't you done enough to the kid?!

[Apparently not as Perez and Walker pull the bloodied Martinez off the floor. He weakly throws a wild right hand but Perez slips out of the way before Walker drills him with a forearm shot under the chin, knocking Martinez back against the ring apron...]

GM: Martinez trying to fight back but he's taken a pounding already... plus he continues to lose blood at an alarming rate after being driven into the ringpost...

[Back inside the ring, Isaiah Carpenter is putting the boots to the rising Cain Jackson again.]

GM: Carpenter and Jackson one on one on the inside... the other two rabid Dogs going to work on Martinez on the outside...

[As Jackson gets to his feet against the ropes, Carpenter is teeing off with a pair of quick right hands, a spinning back elbow, and a spinning leaping enzuigiri all in combo, leaving Jackson clinging to the ropes, trying to stay on his feet...]

GM: Jackson's in trouble now as well... Carpenter grabbing the arm...

[A whip sends Jackson across the ring but the powerful Beast hangs on, reversing the direction and sending Carpenter across instead...]

...who bounces back as Jackson hoists him with ease, flips him with ease, and drives him down with thunderous impact in a tilt-a-whirl powerslam that shakes the ring and the Scottrade Center with the ensuing roar!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: POWERSLAM! POWERSLAM!

[Jackson stays slumped across Carpenter as "Blue Shoes" looks around in confusion. The roar of the crowd urges him to act though...]

...and he quickly signals for the bell before diving down to count.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: ONNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOO! TH-

[But Carpenter's shoulder comes flying off the canvas, breaking up the pin attempt as Jackson rolls off onto his back...]

GM: Near fall! Cain Jackson almost shocked the world right there and now that this match is official, you've gotta wonder-

BW: GORDO!

[Bucky's shout is to warn Gordon as Pedro Perez hops up onto the announce table, kicking over a water bottle and scattering papers as he does.]

GM: What in the...?! Get down from there!

[Perez has a little sign language for the Dean of Professional Wrestling broadcasting as he watches Wade Walker lift the 325 pound Martinez into his powerful arms...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and THROW him down in a makeshift spinebuster on the base of the steel steps!]

GM: Good grief! AJ Martinez' spine is taking a wrecking at the hands of the Dogs of War here tonight... and look at Perez now!

BW: We've got front row seats for the export of KAMS! The Dogs are sendin' 'em back to Japan in a friggin' box!

[Perez gets a few step run across the table before leaping into the air, tucking his legs up...]

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SENTON ON TOP OF THE STEEL STAIRRRRRRS!

[Perez rolls off onto the floor, wincing in pain as Wade Walker kneels to check on him. AJ Martinez is stretched across the steel, his back arched and his bloodied face ravished by pain...]

GM: The Dogs of War have - I believe - just taken AJ Martinez out of this match, fans!

BW: And just when Cain Jackson's burst of offense caused the referee to make the match official!

GM: Cain Jackson may find himself in a three on one situation in mere moments now.

[A weary Jackson may have realized exactly that as he drags himself up off the canvas, moving very slowly towards Carpenter who is trying to get back up off the mat.]

GM: Jackson on the move... he needs to take advantage of this situation now before the others get involved...

[Lowering his shoulder, Jackson lifts Carpenter over it, charging towards the corner where he smashes him back into the turnbuckles. The Beast throws a quick look over his shoulder before driving a right hand into the jaw... and another.. and a third...]

GM: The referee's trying to get Jackson out of the corner...

[Jackson grabs Carpenter by the wrist, whipping him across the ring...]

GM: Carpenter hits the corner...

[The near 300 pound Jackson stampedes across the ring, giving a shout as he does...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

GM: SUPERKICK BY CARPENTER!

[The thrust kick under the chin sends Jackson stumbling backwards as Carpenter shuffles his feet a second time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

BW: MAKE IT TWO!

[...but this time, Jackson absorbs the blow, going into a spin...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: DISCUS LARIAT! DISCUS LARIAT CONNECTS!

[The mighty blow wipes out Carpenter as Jackson again falls to his knees, throwing an arm across Carpenter's heaving chest...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: KICKOUT! CARPENTER KICKS OUT _JUST_ IN TIME!

[Jackson rolls to his knees, smashing his fists down into the canvas with a loud "DAMN IT!"]

GM: Signs of frustration on the part of Cain Jackson...

[Jackson rises up off the mat, his eyes scanning his surroundings...

...and he surges forward, catching Pedro Perez with a right hand that sends him flying off the apron!]

GM: Perez tried to slip inside the ring and Jackson caught him!

[Jackson lets loose a roar as he stomps back towards the still-downed Carpenter, dragging him to his feet with two hands full of hair..

...and on the outside, we spot a few of Dr. Ponavitch's medics struggling to get AJ Martinez' massive form up onto a stretcher.]

GM: Jackson's got Carpenter up and...

[Holding a handful of hair, Jackson takes aim and WRECKS Carpenter with a standing short-range lariat that flips Carpenter inside out before dumping him on the back of his head on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A LARIAT!

BW: That might be enough if he can hurry!

[Jackson falls to his knees, planting his fists on the chest of the prone Carpenter...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE-

[...but Pedro Perez comes diving through the ropes, flopping on top of the pile and breaking up the pin attempt!]

GM: PEREZ MAKES THE SAVE FOR THE DOGS OF WAR!

[Jackson angrily grabs Perez by the hair, smashing him with a right hand from his knees that sends Perez flopping backwards across the ring. A fuming Jackson gets to his feet, crouching over as Perez struggles to get up...

...and then Jackson surges forward, swinging his arm up for another clothesline attempt...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[...but Perez drops down, taking the top rope with him in a move that sends Jackson spilling over the ropes to the outside!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: Cain Jackson takes a hard fall to the floor... and Pedro Perez just saved his own skin in a big way right there, Bucky.

BW: The Dogs of War remain the best unit in all of wrestling, Gordo. If you isolate them like we saw last week, they're vulnerable. If they're together as a group, there are few that stand a chance against them.

GM: And that's why many believe they are the final piece of the puzzle when it comes to Korugun's WarGames team. Even with three men announced for that team, you've gotta believe Castillo wouldn't be above a bait and switch to bring these three into the mix for the biggest match of their lives.

[Out on the floor, we spy Cain Jackson struggling to get up off the floor...

...and then cut to AJ Martinez being loaded up onto the stretcher as the medics prepare to roll him from ringside...]

GM: The Kabukicho Assassination Maniac Squad is in a bad way right about now and-

BW: WALKER!

[The Dogs of War's muscle comes rampaging across the ringside area, sprinting past the timekeeper's table and making a beeline towards the rising Jackson who has staggered backwards as he gets to his feet...]

“CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANG!”

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

[The Scottrade Center crowd goes BALLISTIC as Walker connects with yet another spear tackle, this one driving Jackson back into the ringside barricade...

...and as nearly six hundred pounds slam into that steel fencing, physics take hold and snap it loose from its bindings, tipping the section of steel over and into the laps of the screaming front row fans who go falling back into their seats as well!]

GM: Oh no! Oh my stars! Get some help over there for those fans!

BW: The fans?! What about for Jackson?! For Walker?!

[We swiftly see AWA security and officials on the scene, trying to get the metal fencing away from the fans. With an unfortunate history of fan incidents, the AWA employees are primed and ready to deal with this situation, getting things under control as the rest of the crowd is still buzzing!]

GM: Wade Walker broke the damn railing with that spear! Jackson's still down on the floor...

BW: If he can break steel with that, imagine what that spear to the back did to AJ Martinez' spine a little earlier, Gordo.

GM: I'd rather not. Thankfully, it looks like all of the ringside fans are okay... that's the most important thing right now... but everyone looks alright and some even look pretty happy to have gotten such an up close view of the action.

[And with the fans... the announcers... the other wrestlers all looking at the ringside action, everyone fails to notice someone on their feet and climbing... rapidly.]

GM: This match continues and...

BW: CARPENTER'S UP TOP! HE'S UP TOP!

GM: WHAT?! WHY?!

[And the man Pedro Perez coined as "Mr. Fly And Die" hurls himself recklessly off the top rope, pumping his arms and legs as he soars through the air...

...and CRASHES down onto AJ Martinez' prone form on the metal stretcher, collapsing the stretcher in one devastating frog splash!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY GOD, WHY?! WHY CARPENTER WHY?!

[Carpenter rolls off of Martinez, clutching his ribs with a sadistic grin on his face as the panicked medics dive down to the floor, trying to check on the near seven foot Martinez again.]

GM: It's like a damn train wreck out here! We've got bodies everywhere!

BW: Carpenter threw himself off the top for one reason, Gordo - to END AJ Martinez! This is the Dogs of War sending a message to the entire company - the SWLL Trios Champions are the best unit in the world and if Javier Castillo is watching, Team Korugun may have just been locked in place, daddy!

[Extracting Cain Jackson from the mess with the broken railing, Pedro Perez tosses him back inside the ring...

...and then with a wicked grin, he leans over and says something to Wade Walker who nods before turning away...]

GM: Perez puts Jackson back in... what did he say to Walker?

[Wade Walker ducks down, leaning to reach under the ring apron.]

GM: Walker's got a chair!

BW: This isn't a no disqualification match, Gordo. The referee's let these two teams get away with a lot tonight but I don't think a chair's going to be considered legal.

[Walker unfolds the chair, setting it down on the floor just in front of steel steps base where he delivered a spinebuster earlier. A dazed Isaiah Carpenter gets up, grabbing a second chair and doing the same as Perez slides into the ring, standing over the downed Jackson as he reaches down to paintbrush him across the face.]

GM: Perez just slapping Jackson around inside the ring. Disgusting!

[Walker turns back towards the pile of AWA officials and security still at work...

...and stomps right into the middle of them, shoving a few aside...]

GM: What in the...?! What is he doing now?!

[With a grunt and a roar of exertion, Walker lifts the heavy metal section of ringside barricade over his head, walking slowly across the ringside area with it pressed overhead as the fans buzz with surprise...]

GM: Pedro Perez is over there by the timekeeper.... he's asking for a mic now.

[Perez taps the mic a few times, making sure it's live...]

PP: Yeah... that's it, big man... put it right down there...

[Walker grimaces as he lowers the section of railing down, bridging it across the two chairs at ringside. Perez chuckles as he does...]

PP: Alright... now you... get up...

[He leans down, slapping Jackson across the cheek with the mic, sending a loud "THUNK!" over the PA system. A shout of "UP!" off-mic is heard as well before Perez grabs Jackson by the hair, flipping him over onto his knees. Perez straddles the back, holding onto Jackson's head with one arm and holding the mic with the other...]

GM: What in the world is he-

PP: That's better. Wouldn't want you to miss anything.

[Perez nudges Jackson forward, leaning him against the ropes so that his torso is pressed against the middle rope.]

PP: And now for the guest of honor. Boys?

[Walker stomps away from the bridged railing...

...and starts pulling at the prone form of AJ Martinez after Carpenter has released the straps securing him to the stretcher. The ringside medics are shouting at Walker as he drags Martinez away by the arms. The crowd is buzzing... and now there are new voices as the ringside officials split their focus between the ringside barricade incident and this new situation.]

GM: Wait a second... I don't like the looks of this, Bucky.

BW: I'm not sure anyone does right now. We've got medical people freaking out... we've got AWA officials shouting at them... but Wade Walker - he don't give a damn, Gordo.

[Walker drags Martinez towards the makeshift "table" setup, stepping up onto the metal steps base which takes him even further up above the bridged railing...]

GM: No, no, no... somebody's gotta stop this. Ring the bell now. Disqualify them now!

BW: You think that's going to stop them?!

[Walker pulls the six foot eleven Martinez into a standing headscissors, looking over to make sure Cain Jackson is witnessing this. Jackson suddenly jerks his torso, trying to get out of Perez' grip.]

PP: Whoa... whooooo there, doggie. You're not going anywhere. You watchin' this?! You seeing what's gonna happen to your boy?!

[Jackson again tries to struggle his way free but Perez is managing to hold him against the ropes with some effort.]

PP: Still some fight left in this one. Let's take it out of him, boys.

[Walker nods, leaning down to wrap his arms around the waist of Martinez as Carpenter moves down to grab a leg to help with lifting the much larger competitor.]

GM: No! Don't do this!

[A shout from Jackson gives them pause.]

PP: What was that?

[Perez sticks the mic in front of Jackson's face who grunts out three stern words.]

CJ: I'll... kill... you.

[Perez chuckles as he pulls the mic back.]

PP: Like we've never heard that before.

[He bops Jackson on the forehead with the mic, more of an annoyance than trying to cause pain.]

PP: But you two are fighters... and we respect that. So, you've got one way out, Jackson. One way only. You hear me?

[Jackson tries to shake loose again so Perez jams his knee into the back, yanking back on Cain's nostrils and causing him to cry out.]

PP: Stop that! It won't help! Only you can save your boy now... right? Only you.

[Perez grins.]

PP: Just give it up. Give it up for you. Give it up for your boy. Give it up and walk away. Go back to the hotel. Pack up your crap. Get on an airplane and you can be in Roppongi tomorrow night at the club instead of in a hospital wishing you'd never tangled with the best team in the world.

[Perez taps the mic on Jackson's forehead again.]

PP: Knock knock...

[He smirks.]

PP: You're a little busy so I'll play both parts. "Who's there?"

[Perez turns to his side.]

PP: "I..."

[To the other side.]

PP: "I... what?"

[Perez jams the mic into the cheek of Jackson, sliding it across his mouth where we can hear hard breathing and grunts of pain and exertion. Jackson says nothing for several moments...]

"Now."

[The one word from Perez sees them go to lift Martinez into the air...]

CJ: I... QUIT!

[Jackson's exclamation causes a disappointed reaction from the crowd as the bell quickly sounds.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[Perez lets go of Jackson, letting him slump down against the ropes as Wade Walker lets go of Martinez, delivering a boot to the side that knocks him back down onto the floor at the feet of the medics. Carpenter springs up, giving his partner a high five as the boos start to grow once more.]

GM: The Dogs of War pick up the win by... well, the record book will show it as a submission, I suppose... but it was blackmail... it was coercion... it was Cain Jackson making the sacrifice for his team for the health of his partner.

[Jackson crawls through the ropes, flopping out to the floor as Perez chuckles, dropping to the outside to join Carpenter and Walker on the ramp.]

GM: Jackson on his hands and knees now, crawling to his partner's side to check on him...

BW: Think they can still catch the red eye tonight?

GM: If I know these two, Bucky... they're not going anywhere. And after the humiliation just dropped on them, I'm guessing the Dogs of War have not seen the last of this duo.

BW: This was a warning shot, Gordo. KAMS should take the warning and hit the bricks because the next time, the Dogs may put them on ice for good.

GM: Jackson kneeling next to his partner... the medics trying to get that stretcher working again... and the Dogs of War look so damn pleased with themselves.

BW: That might've just earned them the biggest payday of their careers - can you blame them?

GM: I can blame them, Bucky. I can blame them for a whole heck of a lot. Fans, while the medical team tends to AJ Martinez, we're going to take a quick break and... well, we'll be right back with more Saturday Night Wrestling.

[Fade to black.

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

“WELCOME...”

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

“...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!”

[The boisterous “Whooooooooo!” of “The Greatest Show” from the soundtrack to the upcoming “The Greatest Showman” is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you’ve waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

47 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

The “Access 365” logo flashes across the screen, and for the first time tonight, we see the interior of Javier Castillo’s office. He is joined by Miss Sandra Hayes; she scrolls the screen of her rose gold crystal-encrusted phone with a manicured nail, a look of befuddled concern on her face.]

JC: As you can see, the groundswell is not as minuscule as we anticipated.

MSH: Twitter only represents a fraction of the AWA’s fan base, Javier, you know that.

[Castillo furrows his brow.]

JC: I am very aware, Miss Hayes, and our online strategy has worked wonders in almost every aspect: we have people questioning the integrity of Supernova, Supreme Wright, Jack Lynch, Somers and Rage, even Ryan Martinez’s motive is in doubt... anyone who might be a threat to our goals.

Except in this case. Across every social media platform and across the AWA Galaxy, there is a single refrain:

We... want... Ricki.

[Hayes locks her phone, which emits a loud and defiant “click.”]

MSH: After everything those fans have put ME through? Why would we ever give them anything they would want?

[Castillo nods solemnly, spreading his arms.]

JC: I understand and empathize with your outlook, Sandra. However, we may have invoked a social phenomena called the "Streisand Effect."

[Hayes cocks her head.]

JC: Barbara Streisand?

[Hayes shakes her head, her high black ponytail bouncing.]

JC: I'll spare you the background, but it's the principle that by attempting to deny the public access to something, you often make them want it more.

[Hayes' eyes flash with annoyance.]

MSH: Then let them chant it. Chanting isn't going to do anything.

[Castillo sighs, turning slightly in his seat to put his feet up on the well-polished wooden desk.]

JC: Sandra, you are a well-educated woman. You have done your time in the AWA offices, no? You are business savvy as your mother was before you in her time in the spotlight.

[Hayes doesn't budge, glaring at Castillo.]

JC: You know very well that there are very high profile negotiations ongoing - negotiations that are key to this company's future. And because the fans are demanding Ricki Toughill, many of our... potential partners... are wondering why we are willing to deny our paying customers of something they want so badly.

[Sandra goes to reply but Castillo holds up a hand to stop her.]

JC: I know your reasons... but they are yours and not this company's any longer.

I can move a mountain but I would prefer to work around one.

[Castillo puts his feet down, his hands on the desk as he rises to speak with authority... but also seemingly to brace himself for what comes next.]

JC: I am sorry, Miss Hayes... but I have no choice but to invite Ricki Toughill back to the active roster.

[A loud ROAR goes up from within the arena at the pre-taped footage as Hayes leaps to her feet, hands on the desktop as well as she leans across towards Castillo.]

MSH: You can't! You can't cave in! That means she wins - Toughill! That idiot Lynch!

[Castillo shrugs as Sandra keeps muttering under her breath.]

JC: My options are exhausted... unless you have another idea.

[Hayes's eyes begin to twinkle, and she starts twirling her ponytail conspiratorially.]

MSH: Could you give me the number of that lawyer you mentioned last month?

[Castillo furrows his brow once more as we get a flash of the ACCESS logo and end up backstage for live action where Sweet Lou Blackwell stands in front of an AWA backdrop.]

SLB: We are back here LIVE in the Scottrade Center for Saturday Night Wrestling where it falls on me to deliver the scoop once more and boy, is this ever a scoop. Recent rumblings have said that the Show of Shows - SuperClash IX - would start to see more of its lineup filled out here tonight in St. Louis and I just got word of a match that will have MAJOR SuperClash implications!

[Blackwell grins.]

SLB: Later tonight, we are going to see a Tag Team Battle Royal - a match that I have learned will determine not just the new Number One Contenders to the World Tag Team Titles held by the Soldiers of Fortune...

...but it will also determine who will face the champions at SuperClash IX for those very same titles!

[The camera pans back a little to reveal Howie Somers, one half of Next Gen. Somers is dressed in his wrestling attire, consisting of a white singlet with the letters "NG" on the front in blue, navy blue tights, white knee pads and wrestling boots.]

SLB: Howie, I understand that you've been told by Generalissimo Castillo himself that if you want Next Gen to get that shot, you have to go in there alone and win that Battle Royal. Howie, with your partner on the shelf still, some might say the odds aren't in your favor tonight.

[Somers purses his lips for a moment.]

HS: Sweet Lou, you remember what happened more than a year ago -- back on AWA Homecoming, September 2016?

SLB: Well, if I recall correctly, you had your face burned at the hands of Anton Layton.

HS: [nodding] And I couldn't see out of my right eye for days. Missed about two months of time in the ring while I recovered from those burns. And what did I notice my partner -- my friend -- Daniel Harper doing?

He continued to get into that ring to fight the good fight, prove to Layton and his Slaughterhouse that he wasn't going to just walk away. I recall Daniel saying that if he had take on the entire Slaughterhouse at the same time, that's what he was going to do.

[He turns to the camera, his gaze narrowed.]

HS: If my friend is going to do that for me, I can do no less for him.

So Javier Castillo wants me to go through just about every tag team in the AWA to prove that Next Gen should get the shot -- then that's exactly what I'm going to do.

Like my friend, I will not just walk away. I will get into that ring, no matter the odds, and do whatever it takes to get the job done.

It's not just about the title shot, though. It's about me standing up for my partner and friend, just as my partner and friend stood up for me.

[He points to the camera.]

HS: Joe Flint, Charlie Stephens, you can smoke your cigars, drive your Humvee, and sing the praises of your flag bearer all you want, but you better know that I still have my sights set on you -- not just for those titles you took from Daniel and I, but for you two stacking the deck against us and putting my friend on the shelf.

Javier Castillo can make me jump through any hoop he wants, pass any challenge he throws at me, but none of that is going to stop me from ensuring that it's Daniel and I facing the Soldiers at SuperClash and teaching them lessons they should have learned in the military, but never did.

[Blackwell nods with a smile.]

SLB: While everyone understands, Howie, that you would like to have that shot at the tag team titles, I have to ask you... what if you don't get the shot? What comes then? Could you, perhaps, step forward to be part of the team Jon Stegglet is assembling for WarGames for control of the AWA?

[Somers turns back to Blackwell.]

HS: Sweet Lou, let me make one thing clear: I would be more than happy to be part of that team if that's what Stegglet wants. In fact, I know I speak for my partner when I say this: Next Gen is willing to be on Team AWA for WarGames, whether we get the title shot at SuperClash or not.

Because the AWA has been great to Daniel and I. They gave us a shot when they didn't have to -- they could have asked us to get some more experience before giving us a contract. After all, Daniel was just 19 and just starting out.

But that didn't happen... Stegglet and Todd Michaelson said to show them what we could do. It may have been a rough road at first -- some might say it still is -- but I like to think Daniel and I showed everyone in the AWA that Next Gen had what it took to get it done in the ring.

Tonight, I'm going to do the same thing -- show that Next Gen has what it takes, not just to get the shot at the belts, but to be worthy representatives on Team AWA -- and pull double duty if that's what is necessary.

[He walks off the set.]

SLB: All right, Howie Somers has a lot on his plate tonight, but the way he's talking, I guess you could say he'd happy for a second helping. But that match is about the tag titles - coming up in just a few moments now, we've got our National Title matchup pitting the former champion Jordan Ohara against the new champion Hannibal Carver and this should be a good one. Standing by with the challenger right now is our own Theresa Lynch!

[We fade to another part of the backstage area of the Scottrade Center where Theresa Lynch is standing.]

TL: Thanks, Lou... and...

[She gestures with a thumbs up at the cameraman, sheepishly grinning. The camera pans up to reveal the bare-chested challenger for the National Title standing on some crates, drawing in long, deep cleansing breaths as he practices his kata. Despite the discipline, the expression on Jordan's face seems conflicted. He winces and his focus isn't there.]

RL: ...joining me at this time is the man who is moments away from challenging Hannibal Carver for the title that many believe he never should've lost - the AWA National Championship - Jordan Ohara!

[Ohara pauses in graceful mid-movement at the introduction. He lets out another deep breath, exasperated as he drops down to the floor.]

JO: Theresa.

[Ohara nods slightly in greeting.]

TL: Jordan, I know you're just about to head out there for your title match but I was hoping to get your comments on what Jackson Hunter said out there about you earlier tonight.

[Ohara stares at her sharply.]

JO: You're asking me about Jackson Hunter?

[Lynch nods as Ohara continues.]

JO: Jackson Hunter. The wannabe Juan Vasquez. The man who wouldn't know the truth if it slapped him in the face. You want to know if I have any response to his comments conveniently made before I'm about to face Hannibal Carver to try to regain the National Championship?

[Lynch nods again.]

JO: Jackson Hunter has never met a microphone he didn't want to speak into and an opportunity that he didn't try to exploit. He's just trying to get in my head. And he got in your head, Theresa, because you're asking me about him instead of asking me about Hannibal Carver - a man who is maybe the toughest test I've ever had to face in the AWA.

[Theresa cocks her head slightly.]

TL: You've faced the likes of Juan Vasquez... of Maxim Zharkov... of Derrick Williams... it's a strong statement to say that Hannibal Carver is your toughest test to date.

[Ohara nods.]

JO: It's a strong statement for a strong opponent. Hannibal Carver is a force of nature. He's one of those guys that you can't predict because even HE doesn't know what he's going to do.

And at any time - if you take your eyes off him for one second - he can erase you with the Blackout.

[Lynch nods as Ohara continues.]

JO: So I've got to be on my toes at all times. I've got to have laser focus on Carver. And Hunter knows that. So he wants you to ask me questions about him so I don't have that focus... so that I might get taken out with that Blackout.

And if Carver beats me cleanly in the middle of the ring, don't you think Jackson Hunter gets the next title shot?

Don't you think it is to his advantage for me to wear out Carver and lose?

[Ohara shakes his head in disgust.]

JO: That's Jackson Hunter.

He knows he can't do it on his own so he's always trying to corrupt someone to his side. Colton. Derrick Williams. Juan Vasquez. Riley Hunter. He always needs somebody because he's one of those guys that's too smart for his own good. He outsmarts himself. Instead of focusing on discipline, instead of focusing on his prodigious talents, he keeps trying to take shortcuts. All because he wants that immediate gratification.

[Ohara shakes his head violently.]

JO: And see, he's got me falling for it. He's got you falling for it. Right now it's about getting back MY National Championship. It's about me and Hannibal Carver, one of the most dangerous brawlers in the AWA.

[Lynch interjects.]

TL: Speaking of Hannibal Carver, I gotta ask about the kick two weeks ago.

[Ohara sighs.]

JO: Theresa, I already explained myself. I did what I did. Do I regret it? Yes. Was I not thinking right? Yes.

That whole thing in the parking lot... maybe it was another of Hunter's stunts. I still don't know the answer to that one, Theresa... so yeah, at the time, I probably wasn't thinking straight and I wanted to make sure everybody knew that I was not the man to be trifled with.

But Jackson Hunter still won't listen. He still wants to play with me. He wants to try to tempt me. Theresa, he wants to make a mockery of the nickname my father gave me. "Once in a Millennium."

[Ohara closes his eyes for a moment, speaking softly.]

JO: It isn't an expression of arrogance. It isn't the way to get me to turn against the fans out there who pay their good money that they worked all week for to come see the show. Did they cheer when Carver won? Yes they did. Did it hurt me? No, it did not. Because cheering is their right. Appreciating a great wrestler winning is their right. My father taught me that, too. And he would tell me that with my "Once in a millennium" talent I had a responsibility to serve it. I had a responsibility to feed it. To nurture it. To make it grow or it would leave me. I think someone needed to have the same talk with Jackson Hunter. Because he did not take care of his talents and that's why he has to resort to cunning instead of ability.

[Jordan pounds his fist into his hand.]

JO: I'm sorry, Theresa. I can't talk about this right now. I've got to focus. It's got to be about Carver. If you'll excuse me. I've got to focus.

[Ohara turns to make his exit as Lynch watches.]

TL: There goes a challenger with a lot on his mind. Can he achieve the focus he's talking about and use it to dethrone Hannibal Carver? We're moments away from finding out but before we do, let's go over to Mark Stegglet who is standing by with the champion! Mark?

[We fade yet again to another part of the backstage area where we find Mark Stegglet standing alongside the AWA National Champion, Hannibal Carver. While Stegglet is wearing a black suit, Carver has opted for a pair of black canvas pants, a white tanktop with a black skull on the front of it and his newly-won title belt slung over his shoulder as he slaps it a few times.]

MS: Thanks, Theresa... and first off, Hannibal Carver, I gotta say that congratulations are certainly in order as you won your very first piece of AWA championship gold two weeks ago.

[Carver nods.]

HC: Thanks, kid. It took a long time... too long if yeh ask me... but there ain't a lot of people I'd rather have snatched my first piece of gold from than that runt Hunter.

[Stegglet grins.]

MS: We'll get to him in just a moment but first, let's talk about your challenger tonight - Jordan Ohara. It was Ohara who got involved in your match two weeks ago and some might say he helped you to that title by preventing Jackson Hunter from using his shovel. But it was also Ohara who dropped you with that spin kick right after.

[Carver rubs the side of his jaw, nodding his head.]

MS: Hannibal, you had to have been disappointed in that moment.

[Carver snorts a harsh laugh.]

HC: Disappointed? I was barely surprised.

See, Jordan Ohara and I haven't really crossed paths too much yet... but I've known that cocky little mama's boy's story since the day I came back.

Yeh remember that night, right?

[Stegglet nods.]

MS: No AWA fan could forget your surprising return on Memorial Day of this year to help your allies in the Tower of Doom against Team Korugun.

[Carver nods.]

HC: Yeh got it, Mark. Refresh my memory though 'cause I've taken a lot of shots to the head over the years. I know I wasn't supposed to be there for that match... but it seems to me that there was someone who was.

[Stegglet grimaces.]

MS: Jordan Ohara.

[Carver snaps his fingers.]

HC: That's right. Jordan Ohara who got himself kicked out of the building for being a hot-headed little punk. And hey, being hot-headed ain't a crime otherwise this guy right here would be serving a dime in the state pen on a Tuesday when the bar runs out of my favorite drink.

But Ohara let his temper get the best of him that night... and we still ain't seen Wes Taylor because of it. And I ain't the world's biggest fan of that little punk either,

Mark... but I also ain't about to forgive and forget Ohara's role in what went down that night. You understand me?

[Stegglet nods.]

HC: So, the kid kicked me in the head because he thinks I MIGHT have been the one to bust him up in that parking lot back a month or so ago. Well, look me in the damn eyes right now, Ohara... 'cause it's lie detector time.

[Carver clears his throat, staring into the camera with unblinking eyes.]

HC: I did not jump yeh in that parking lot.

[Carver stays silent for a moment and then shrugs.]

HC: Or maybe I did and I was just too drunk to remember. Or maybe I didn't but nowadays I'm thinking maybe I should have.

I don't have the answer yeh're looking for, kid... but I do have one other thing yeh're looking for.

[He holds up the title belt as Stegglet interjects.]

MS: The title that many believe Jordan Ohara never should've lost.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: Hey, I don't particularly love the way he lost it either, Stegglet. Jackson Hunter's a snake... a rat... and he screwed over a whole lot of people that night. But it happened.

And now Ohara's got the chance to show everyone that this belt belongs to him.

[Stegglet speaks up again.]

MS: And this match got a whole new wrinkle added to it earlier tonight when we heard Jackson Hunter make a plea to Jordan Ohara to join forces with him. You've gotta be concerned about that possibility.

[Carver shrugs again.]

HC: If I expected nothing less than Ohara kicking me in the mouth... then I damn sure expecting nothing more out of Jackson Hunter.

Hunter's a backjumping little weasel who will do anything, say anything, hurt anyone, use anyone, and... did I mention he'll do anything?

[Stegglet nods with a grin.]

HC: In another time and another place, I might've liked the little snake, Stegglet. But in this time... and in this place... I like busting my knuckles on his damn face.

So, Ohara... we're going to go out there... and we're going to fight... and at some point, I'm guessing Jackson Hunter will show his face and if he can keep me from punching it, yeh're going to have a decision to make.

I'm not exactly the best mentor yeh're gonna find, kid... so I don't have much advice to give yeh.

Maybe yeh can do it on yer own... go all the way to the top... make those people out there believe in yeh and what yeh can do.

[Carver shrugs.]

HC: Or maybe yeh're the kind of guy who can only get so far on yer own... and yeh need someone like Jackson Hunter to push yeh over the top.

I just don't know, kid.

[Carver smirks.]

HC: But whatever yeh decide to... just make sure to get yer mom's permission first.

[Carver chuckles to himself as he slaps the face of the title belt and walks out of view, leaving Mark Stegglet behind.]

MS: Some bad blood brewing in this one as Carver and Ohara are set to do battle right... NOW!

[Stegglet points to the camera as we fade out to the ring where Rebecca Ortiz is standing.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and it is for the AWA NATIONAL TITLE!

[Big cheer from the St. Louis crowd!]

RO: Introducing first... he is the challenger... weighing in at 230 pounds... from Charlotte, North Carolina...

THE PHOENIX... JORRRRRRRDAAAAAAN OOOOOOOHAAAARAAAAAA!

[It is not the familiar hip hop beat of Nas' "I Can" that comes across the arena's sound system though although the New York rapper is still there. The sounds of "Hero" come through instead, the chorus coming quickly.]

Chain gleaming, switching lanes, two-seating
Hate him or love him for the same reason
Can't leave it, the game needs him
Plus the people need someone to believe in
So in God's Son we trust
'Cause they know I'ma give 'em what they want
They looking for a hero
I guess that makes me a hero#

[With that chorus, Jordan Ohara steps through the curtains. He stands on the entranceway, looking out over the arena and his fans. His gaze shifts to the ring, locking in as he gives a determined nod, starting to make his way down the aisle towards the ring.]

GM: A former National Champion now looking to become a two-time National Champion right here tonight in St. Louis... and boy, does he look determined, Bucky.

BW: He does. He was talking just a few moments ago about focus - about his need to stay focused on the matter at hand which is beating Hannibal Carver for the National Title. Right now, he looks focused but we'll see what happens when that ol' bell rings.

[Ohara has grown his hair into a top knot and now sports a closely-cropped beard. He wears an elaborate caped bolero-style ring jacket designed to emulate the wings of a Phoenix and display his abdomen on top and below he wears calf-length shiny metallic Carolina blue tights with a white and gold trimmed Phoenix emblem divided between the legs and custom low top white and Carolina blue Air Jordan 11s with black soles.]

GM: This is the first time we've seen Ohara in action in several weeks after that parking lot attack that left him on the shelf. An attack we STILL don't know was behind, Bucky.

BW: Derrick Williams thinks it's Jackson Hunter... but Ohara's got suspicions aimed at Hannibal Carver too. As chaotic as it's been lately, it could be just about anyone, Gordo.

GM: Ohara greeting some of these young fans at ringside...

[Ohara climbs up the steps, pulling off his jacket to toss down to a ringside attendant as he scales to the top rope, again looking out at the cheering crowd before he hops down inside the ring.]

GM: The challenger is there, greeted by Davis Warren who is going over a few things with him as we get set for title match action here on Saturday Night Wrestling.

[The challenger settles back into the corner, allowing the referee to pat him down as his music fades and we await the arrival of the champion.]

RO: Annnnnnnnd his opponent...

[The siren preluding "Gonna Be A Blackout Tonight" rings out over the PA system, heralding the arrival of the Boston Brawler.]

RO: ...from Boston, Massachusetts... he is the AWA NATIONAL CHAMMMMPIONNNN... the Boston Brawler...

HANNIBAL CARRRRRRRRVERRRRRRRR!

[The Boston Brawler marches into view, his footsteps clanging off the steel ramp as he lifts the title belt into the air, holding it aloft to a huge reaction from the crowd.]

GM: Two weeks ago, Hannibal Carver accomplished a first for him here in the AWA - his first piece of championship gold!

BW: And after it took so long to get his hands on it, you gotta imagine Jordan Ohara's gotta walk through fire tonight to get it from him.

GM: It's a good thing Phoenixes are accustomed to fire, Bucky!

BW: Sheesh, I set you up for that one, didn't I?

[Carver gives a big war whoop at the top of the aisle before he marches down towards the ring, ripping off his white tanktop and flinging it into the fans before he reaches the squared circle, promptly rolling under the bottom rope.]

GM: And the champion's wasting no time in hitting the ring here tonight...

BW: After Ohara kicked him in the mouth two weeks ago, can you blame him?

GM: It remains to be seen just how much hostility remains between these two over that... or even the possible parking lot attack from several weeks ago... but tonight, that bad blood might sit on simmer as these two try to walk out of St. Louis as the AWA National Champion just under two months away from SuperClash IX.

BW: Hannibal Carver has walked into SuperClash a challenger before, Gordo - but never a champion... and you can bet he'd love to change that this year.

GM: The referee stopping Carver now... trying to get him back to check on him but the volatile Carver is shouting at Jordan Ohara already.

[Ohara doesn't respond, keeping his cool as he watches Carver rant and rave in his direction, struggling to get around the official who is trying to keep him at bay.]

GM: This is going to be a good one I have a feeling, fans... and as the referee manages to get Carver back... going over some final instructions... and there it is... what it's all about...

[The crowd cheers as Warren holds up the title belt for all to see before handing it out to the timekeeper.]

GM: One fall... thirty minute time limit... and we're just about set to go.

[Carver seems to have settled down a little as the referee leaves him in his corner, steps to mid-ring, and signals for the bell.]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: Here we go!

[Ohara dances from the corner, trying to circle Hannibal Carver as Carver's movements are harsh and jerky in response, trying to keep his eyes on Ohara.]

GM: Jordan Ohara perhaps looking for a little feeling out process here at the opening bell... but that's not really the style of a man like Hannibal Carver.

BW: Not at all... but if Ohara can work this match in his pace... in his style... his odds of winning that title will increase dramatically.

[Ohara suddenly lunges forward, looking for a tieup...

...but Carver matches the movement, clashing skulls with his young challenger!]

GM: Ohh! Headbutt right out of the gate!

[The challenger stumbles backwards, grabbing at his forehead as Carver advances quickly, rocking and firing with big heavy forearm shots to the jaw. A first one has Ohara stumbling back... a second nearly takes him off his feet... and a third drops him back against the buckles, the crowd roaring for the early surge of offense from the National Champion!]

GM: Carver's got Ohara on the run, right back into the corner...

[Carver lunges in again, this time driving the back of his elbow into the side of Ohara's cheekbone. A second and third follow, just as impactful as Ohara clings to the top rope to stay on his feet.]

BW: In the corner is not where Ohara wants to be against Carver, daddy.

GM: Absolutely not... and the referee has seen enough, ordering a break here...

[Carver shockingly obliges, grabbing Ohara by the wrist...]

GM: Irish whip by the champ shoots him across...

[But the high flying Ohara leaps to the middle rope, springing back, twisting around, and catching the incoming Carver across the chest with a crossbody!]

GM: OHHHH! OHARA TAKES TO THE SKY EARLY ON IN THIS ONE!

[Ohara doesn't attempt the pin though, rolling right off Carver and back to his feet. He gives a quick "get up!" to the champion who is already on his way up, swinging for the fences as he rises...]

GM: Big righ- no, armdrag by the challengers! One of his best weapons - that deep armdrag!

[Ohara lets go as they hit the mat, scrambling up as Carver does the same...]

GM: And right back the other way they go - another armdrag by Ohara!

[The challenger scrambles up again, leaping as Carver rises...]

GM: Dropkick - right on the button by Ohara!

[The blow staggers Carver but doesn't drop him as Ohara gets back up, leaping again...]

GM: Make it a pair by Ohara! But Carver's still standing! Carver absorbing those dropkicks and...

BW: Third time's a charm?

[The crowd groans as Ohara's third dropkick comes up empty when Carver swats it aside, sending his challenger crashing down on the canvas...

...and Carver quickly drops back into the ropes, taking aim on the rebound...]

GM: Ohhh! The point of the elbow DRIVEN down into the back of the head!

[Ohara grabs the back of his head before Carver flips him over onto his back, diving across his chest.]

GM: First cover of the match gets one... it gets two... no, Ohara kicks out at two!

[Ohara starts to sit back up but Carver grabs him by the shoulders, throwing him back down to the canvas before smashing his fist down between the eyes once... twice... three times...]

BW: The fists are flying in St. Louis, daddy!

[A half dozen more find the mark before the official calls for a break. Carver pushes up to his knees, holding up his hands as Ohara rolls under the ropes, dropping off the apron to the floor.]

GM: And the Phoenix is looking for an early breather, retreating to the outside...

BW: Also NOT where you want to be against the likes of Hannibal Carver.

GM: Jordan Ohara may be about to find that out the hard way as Carver's heading out after him!

[The Boston Brawler rolls under the ropes to the outside, ignoring the protests of the official as he moves in on a rising Jordan Ohara...]

GM: Carver pulling him to his feet and-

[Ohara slaps the grasping hand away before lashing out with a reverse knife edge blow across the chest.]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The big chop sends Carver falling back against the ring apron as Ohara winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And now it's the challenger fighting back on the floor, trying to get Carver off of him before he can do any serious damage on the outside.

[Ohara winds up a third time...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and scorches the pectorals of Carver, leaving him reeling and wincing as Ohara shoves him under the ropes back into the ring.]

GM: The challenger puts him back in, having turned this around for the moment and now it's Ohara looking to press the advantage...

BW: A quick start to this one. And this is more to Carver's advantage, I think. Ohara's got a bigger gas tank so he was probably hoping to take Carver into the deep waters but Carver got the jump on him and away they went.

[Ohara grabs the ropes from the floor, pulling himself up on the ring apron...]

GM: Ohara getting back in... here comes Carver!

[The champion rushes the ropes, looking to smash a forearm between the eyes of the challenger...]

...who ducks low, slingshotting himself between the ropes to catch Carver in the midsection with a tackle!]

GM: Oh! Ohara goes low... up and over!

[A second slingshot brings Ohara over the top rope, dragging Carver down into a sunset flip!]

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

[This time, it's Carver who kicks out at two, breaking up the pin as the crowd responds with a mix of cheers and boos for the offense of both men.]

GM: A very split reaction from this crowd in St. Louis. These fans love both of these competitors and seeing them go at it with this level of intensity can be difficult for the fans to watch at times.

[Climbing to his feet, Ohara grabs the wrist on the rising Carver, twisting it around in an armwringer..]

...and smashes an overhead chop down across the bicep!]

GM: And this might be Ohara attempting to slow things down a little. We said at the outset that it looked like he wanted to engage in a little bit of a feeling out process - perhaps trying to find that focus he talked about earlier... but Carver was having none of that.

[Ohara grips the wrist, slowly twisting the arm around a second time...

...and this time, Carver swings the off-arm to SMASH a forearm into the jaw of Ohara, breaking the grip and sending the Phoenix stumbling away.]

GM: Carver fights his way free of that armwringer and he's got Ohara on his heels here...

[Carver winds up again, throwing a second forearm smash to the jaw, knocking Ohara back into the ropes where he springs back off...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and snaps off a chop across the chest of Carver, sending the champion stumbling back!]

GM: Ohara answers another forearm shot with that chop again and Carver is reeling after that one...

[But the Boston Brawler steadies himself, winds up, and throws another brutal forearm strike to the jaw, causing Ohara to sink to a knee for a moment before he comes back up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And again Ohara lights him up with that chop! Jordan Ohara taking a page out of the White Knight's playbook here tonight with those chops.

BW: Ohara's been doing chops since he stepped in the door, Gordo - why's it always gotta be about Martinez and the like? Maybe if Jackson Hunter was in Ohara's corner, the Phoenix would rise higher than any of them.

[Carver winds up again, smashing a forearm into the jaw...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Chops and forearms, forearms and chops... OH!

[A stunned forearm sends Ohara stumbling backwards, falling into the ropes again. Carver sneers as he draws closer...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and walks right into another knife edge chop from the challenger... who promptly gets doubled up as Carver swings his knee into the midsection.]

GM: Carver's had enough of trading shots...

BW: Never thought I'd hear anyone say that... in OR out of the ring.

GM: ...and to the ropes he goes!

[Charging back, Ohara is sent flying backwards into the air, smashing violently into the turnbuckles with a whiplash movement as Carver lands a running kneelift!]

GM: A pair of knees by the National Champion turns this one completely around as these two continue to go back and forth, back and forth in their battle here tonight in St. Louis over the AWA National Title.

BW: Jordan Ohara looking to become only the third man to hold that title on two occasions and the first to do it in almost seven years.

GM: Joining the likes of Juan Vasquez and Stevie Scott. Not a bad list to be a part of, Bucky.

BW: Not at all.

[With the challenger reeling, the Boston Brawler steps up on the middle rope, balling up his right hand as many in the crowd cheer what's coming next...]

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

"SIX!"

"SEV-"

[But the count stops as Jordan Ohara ducks low, stepping out from under Carver before smashing a forearm into the lower back once... twice... three times...]

GM: Ohara battles out from under him, trying to get something going here...

[The Phoenix steps up to the second rope, standing alongside Carver as they both face out towards the sold out Scottrade Center crowd that immediately starts to buzz at the precarious positioning.]

GM: Ohara looking for something here... big right hand! There's another!

[But Carver grabs the top rope with his left hand, using his right to batter Ohara's skull with haymakers...]

GM: But now it's Carver fighting back!

[Ohara reaches out with his right hand, grabbing the top rope for support before throwing his left...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Left-handed chop by Ohara! Carver barely hanging on after that!

[Ohara winds up again but before he can throw, Carver snaps a straight right hand into the bridge of the nose...]

GM: Both champion and challenger duking it out on the middle rope, trying to get an advantage in this one...

BW: This one started off hot and it's kept up a wild pace! These two want to walk out of here with that National Title belt so badly!

[Carver winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...but Ohara slips another chop in, worsening the already-red welt on the chest of the National Champion!]

GM: What a struggle on the buckles... Ohara trying to chop him down!

[But as the Phoenix winds up again, Carver reaches out, grabbing a handful of hair, and SMASHES his skull into Ohara's again, stunning the challenger with a skull-crunching headbutt!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[And with Ohara dazed from it, Carver grabs him around the neck...

...and leaps backwards, sailing through the air before both men crash down HARD on the canvas with a second rope Russian legsweep!]

GM: WHAT A MOVE OUT OF CARVER! DOWN GOES OHARA!

[A shaken up Carver slowly rolls over, throwing himself into a sloppy pin attempt.]

GM: The champion's got one! He's got two! Will he retain?

[But Ohara's shoulder shoots up off the canvas before the three count can fall.]

GM: Out at two! Ohara's still in this one!

[The crowd cheers the action inside the ring as Carver rolls over onto his back, taking a brief breather as Ohara cradles the back of his neck with both hands.]

GM: Both men are down and hurting after that big time flying slam by Carver... and the battle to see who can get up first and keep the offense on is about to go down.

BW: This one's crazy, Gordo - we're not even ten minutes into this and they're beating the heck out of each other.

GM: Championship gold is a powerful motivator and with SuperClash IX just around the corner now, you know these two men would love nothing more than to walk into either the Georgia Dome or the Rogers Centre with the title around their waist.

[With the crowd still cheering, it's Hannibal Carver who manages to get to his feet first, grabbing at the back of his head as he winces. He slowly leans down to grab the rising Ohara by the hair, dragging him to his feet...

...and right into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Uh oh.

BW: Nothing good about this for Jordan Ohara, Gordo. Could be a powerbomb. With Carver, it might even be a piledriver.

GM: Hannibal Carver has flirted with using Steve "The Fury" Kowalski's dreaded Skullpump over the years as well...

[But before we can learn of Carver's intentions, the St. Louis crowd bursts into jeers.]

GM: Carver's setting up for... oh, come on!

[The camera cuts to the top of the aisle to reveal a beaming Jackson Hunter standing atop the stage, looking down at the action inside the ring.]

GM: Get him out of here!

BW: No sign of Blake Colton for the moment but Jackson Hunter is here and you better believe he's got a vested interest in seeing who walks out of this one with the National Title.

GM: Jackson Hunter's got no business out here!

BW: Oh, I beg to differ, Gordo. Jackson Hunter has made his intentions tonight very clear - he wants Jordan Ohara to see the light and join he and Colton in their quest to be THE power in the AWA.

GM: You call that seeing the light?!

BW: No, but that's what Jackson told me at lunch today.

GM: Of course he did!

BW: All you can eat ribs? Shoulda been there, Gordo. I'll see if I can get you an invite next time.

GM: I wouldn't eat with that man under any circumstances!

[An agitated Carver shoves Ohara aside, sending him down to his knees as Carver stomps towards the ropes, turning his attention towards Jackson Hunter with some well-placed verbal harpoons.]

GM: Carver's irate and I can't blame him one bit. Hannibal Carver is trying to defend his title in what's been an excellent matchup so far and here comes Jackson Hunter to get himself involved.

BW: Hey, he's a former champion now... maybe he's just getting in some scouting before a future rematch.

GM: Yeah, right. I'm sure that's all it is. I'm sure he's just-

[And as Carver continues to berate the approaching Hunter, Ohara rushes him from behind, snatching a waistlock before they crash into the ropes and Ohara rolls him back into a rolling reverse cradle!]

GM: Cradle! Cradle! ONE! TWO!

[But Carver kicks out hard, sending Ohara pitching forward, falling into the ropes.]

GM: Powerful kickout by the champion... quick to his feet now and-

[On his feet, Carver THROWS HIMSELF into a powerful clothesline that takes Ohara down hard, sending him flying through the ropes to the outside where he crashes down on the barely-padded floor!]

GM: OHH! What a clothesline! And that one sends Jordan Ohara back to the outside...

[Sure enough, the Phoenix finds himself on the floor... right at the feet of Jackson Hunter who looks on with interest.]

GM: Ohara out on the floor... and here comes Jackson Hunter. Look out here, ref!

[Hunter approaches the downed Ohara, taking a knee beside him as he rests a hand on Ohara's shoulder, speaking to him... a gesture that has the fans jeering loudly.]

GM: Hunter... what's he doing now?!

BW: He's helping him up, Gordo!

[Hunter draws an unaware Ohara off the mat, bringing him to his feet...

...where Ohara realizes who is helping him and delivers a hard two-handed shove to the chest, sending Hunter falling backwards to the cheers of the crowd!]

GM: Yeah! Get him out of here, Phoenix!

[Ohara shouts at Hunter, telling him to stay away as Hunter raises his hands, shaking his head as he tries to make peace with the young man.]

GM: Ohara's telling Jackson Hunter he wants no part of whatever Hunter has to offer and I, for one, am relieved to hear it.

BW: Dumb kids gotta dumb kid. Sure, turn down the guy who can take you straight to the top. Good decision!

[The Phoenix heads back towards the ring, an eye still on a lurking Jackson Hunter as Ohara climbs up on the apron...

...and Hannibal Carver drills him with a right hand before he even sees Carver coming!]

BW: Hah! Where's that focus now, kid?!

GM: He allowed Jackson Hunter's presence to distract him and... big scoop!

[Carver looks to lift Ohara over the ropes and slam him down inside the ring but Ohara has other ideas...]

GM: INSIDE CRADLE! INSIDE CRADLE! ONNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THR-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: -OHHH! AND CARVER _BARELY_ ESCAPES WITH HIS TITLE RIGHT THERE!

[Ohara rolls to his knees, holding up three fingers at the official who replies with two. The Phoenix angrily smashes his fists down into the canvas, grabbing at his head.]

BW: And the kid needs to keep his head in this one, Gordo. I know he's had a lot going on over the past few months with Hunter and Carver and Derrick Williams and... but he's gotta keep his head in the game if he wants to walk out of St. Louis as the AWA National Champion for the second time!

[Ohara climbs off the canvas, still shaking his head only to find Hannibal Carver waiting for him, smashing a right hand into his skull...]

GM: Oh! Big right hand by the Boston Brawler!

[But as Carver winds up for a second, Ohara strikes again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Ohara's got the speed advantage, able to counter-strike before Carver can throw that big wind-up bomb!

[Ohara winds up again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and again...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[The third chop sends Carver falling back into the ropes, his arms hooking the top as he bounces into them.]

GM: And Ohara again using those devastating chops to his advantage, putting Carver back on the ropes as the challenger looks to find a way to put him away and walk out of here with the gold as we've crossed the ten minute mark in this thirty minute time limit.

[With Carver on the ropes, Ohara takes a couple of deep breaths before letting loose a war cry, delivering a thunderous knife edge blow...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and Carver goes flipping over the top rope from the impact, crashing down on the outside!]

GM: OH MY STARS! WHAT A CHOP OUT OF THE PHOENIX!

[Ohara gives another war whoop, throwing his arms up to big cheers from the sold out crowd as he paces the ring.]

GM: And Jordan Ohara is FIRED UP, fans!

BW: Title shots are a rare commodity, Gordo - a shot at the gold should already have you fired up but when you factor in the last few months Ohara has gone through, he's even more ready for this one.

GM: The Phoenix wasting no time now - he wants to go out after Carver!

[Ohara starts towards the ropes but the referee interjects himself between the challenger and the ropes, shaking his head...]

GM: The referee's trying to keep the action inside the ring, trying to keep Ohara from following Carver to the outside...

[Ohara again tries to pass but the referee sidesteps, his hands on Ohara's chest, trying to keep him back...]

GM: The referee's doing his best to keep Ohara in the ring and- wait a second!

[With the referee tied up with Ohara, Jackson Hunter drags Carver off the floor by the head and SLAMS his face down on the ring apron to HUGE jeers from the St. Louis crowd!]

GM: OH, COME ON!

[Carver slumps to the floor where Hunter immediately puts the boots to him. Inside the ring, Ohara is fighting harder to get past the referee now, pointing towards Hunter but the official is keeping him back...]

GM: Turn around, referee!

BW: Ohara's got him distracted! Look at this! What a team he and Jackson Hunter make, Gordo!

GM: What?! Are you saying this is intentional?!

BW: I don't know if it is but it sure should be if you ask me!

[Ohara finally gets past the referee as Hunter calmly walks away. The Phoenix stands in the ring, glaring down at Hunter... and then at Carver... seemingly torn between telling the referee what happened and keeping his shot at the title going.]

GM: Ohara... is he going to tell the ref what Hunter was doing?!

BW: That would be the ULTIMATE dumb kid move. Lose your shot at the title over a few stomps? Please.

[The challenger stands, hands on his hips, for a few moments, apparently debating the issue with himself...]

...and with a visible sigh, he steps from the ring to the floor, throwing a glare at Jackson Hunter who is well out of reach at this point.]

BW: That's the first smart thing this kid's ever done, Gordo.

GM: I don't like it... but I suppose I understand it. Jordan Ohara seems very conflicted over this whole situation though, fans. I just hope he can find his way through it.

[Ohara leans down, pulling Carver off the floor by the wrist...]

...and Carver grabs him around the torso, lifting him up and DROPPING him facefirst on the apron to a shocked reaction from the crowd!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: What a counter out of Carver! Ohara thought he had this one well in hand but the unpredictable Carver lives up to that description with that drop down on the apron!

[And with Ohara down on the ringside mats, Carver slowly turns, locking his gaze on Jackson Hunter who seems startled by that, immediately lifting his hands and shaking his head as the crowd cheers the idea of Carver getting his hands on Jackson Hunter again.]

GM: Carver’s got his eyes on Hunter...

[The Boston Brawler stomps towards Hunter who quickly breaks into a backpedaling retreat...

...and as Carver’s pace gets quicker, Hunter breaks into a full out sprint with Carver jogging behind him!]

GM: Hunter’s making a run for it - he wants no part of the National Champion!

BW: Can you blame him?!

[Hunter rounds the ringpost, Carver in hot pursuit as the fans cheer loudly.]

GM: Carver trying to get his hands on Hunter! Hunter’s fleeing like a thief in the night!

BW: Run Jackson run!

[Hunter rounds another ringpost, fleeing madly from the aggressive Carver who is on his heels...]

GM: For the moment, Hannibal Carver has totally forgotten about his National Title and-

[Carver rounds one more corner, chasing after Hunter...

...when suddenly Jordan Ohara is in view, arm outstretched! Hunter ducks the clothesline attempt, scrambling past...

...and Carver runs right into it!]

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

GM: CARVER GETS CLOTHESLINED ON THE FLOOR - OH MY!

[Carver goes down hard, grabbing at his collarbone as Ohara stares down at him...

...and then throws another glance at Jackson Hunter who is scrambling away from both men, breathing heavily.]

BW: Who was he aiming for there, Gordo?!

GM: What?

BW: Was he trying to hit Hunter who ducked it or was he trying to hit Carver all along?! Maybe this whole thing is a setup and Ohara and Jackson are playing these idiots like a fiddle!

GM: I refuse to believe that!

[Ohara drags the downed Carver to his feet, shoving him under the ropes into the ring before he climbs up on the ring apron.]

GM: Carver's back in now... and Ohara's up on the apron, heading towards the corner... perhaps thinking about that Phoenix Flame that has claimed so many victims in the past!

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

GM: Halfway home now. We've got fifteen minutes to go in this struggle over the AWA National Title and with Carver down and Ohara climbing, we may not need more than a few more seconds to end this!

[Ohara steps to the second rope... then to the top...]

GM: The Phoenix has risen! Standing tall for all to see!

"WHAAAAAAP!"

[The sound of Jackson Hunter's hands slamming down on the apron, cheering on the Phoenix, actually draws Ohara's gaze in his direction...]

GM: Hunter distracted Ohara!

BW: I don't think he meant to but...

[Ohara tears his gaze away from Hunter, again trying to get his focus as he leaps into the air...]

GM: CHOOOOOOP!

[...but Carver comes up swinging a right hand into the midsection, causing Ohara to flip over in a somersault onto his back!]

GM: OHH! AND CARVER CAUGHT HIM ON THE WAY DOWN!

[Carver leans against the ropes, breathing heavily...]

BW: We talked about a long match being to the advantage of Jordan Ohara and as we cross the halfway point, we're starting to see that as Carver's sucking wind against the ropes there.

[With Ohara flat on his back spread-eagled, Carver leaps into the air, stomping down on the right arm... then again onto the left...]

GM: BOOT PARTY!

[A stomp on the left leg... then one on the right...]

GM: Carver working his way around the torso of his challenger, trying to put him straight through the mat with those stomps!

[...one to the sternum... and then one big leaping stomp to the side of the head to complete the circuit!]

GM: Carver stomps him down... a quick cov- no!

[Carver is about to go for a cover when Jackson Hunter scrambles up on the apron, shouting in his direction. The Boston Brawler peels away from Ohara, taking a big swing at Hunter...]

GM: OHH! He just BARELY missed that right hand!

[Carver glares at Hunter, firing off a few words that gets our audio silenced for a moment.]

BW: I don't think it's physically possible to do what Carver just told Hunter to do!

[Turning back towards a kneeling and recovering Ohara, Carver stomps towards him...

...which is when a desperate Ohara lifts him up for a back suplex, spinning him around...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DROPS him in a sitout powerbomb!]

GM: BOLT BUSTER! BOLT BUSTER OUT OF NOWHERE!

[Clinging to the legs, Ohara stays in position as the referee drops down to count.]

GM: WE COULD HAVE A NEW CHAMPION!

[The referee counts once... twice...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SHOULDER UP! CARVER GETS THE SHOULDER UP! MY STARS IN HEAVEN THAT WAS CLOSE!

BW: We just about had a new National Champion for the second SNW in a row, Gordo!

GM: Both men down after that! It took a lot out of Ohara to break that out after that Boot Party put him down on the mat... and look at Jackson Hunter.

[Hunter is angrily throwing a bit of a hissy on the floor, whipping his sportscoat down to the mat, pulling off his tie and flinging it aside as he shouts himself red at the official, berating him for what he's calling a "count slower than Travis Lynch doing long division!"]

GM: Hunter having a full blown meltdown on the floor... but what matters is inside the ring where both Ohara and Carver are struggling to recover and take the edge in this hard-fought National Title showdown!

BW: Looks like Ohara's going to be the first one up though, Gordo.

GM: It sure does. The challenger - the Phoenix - starting to stir off the canvas, trying to push his way up to his feet and find a way to finish off the champion who he came SO close to dethroning moments ago.

[Ohara pushes himself to his knees, breathing heavily as he struggles up off the mat.]

GM: Ohara's on his feet...

[Moving in on the champion, Ohara reaches down to draw him up off the mat as he winds up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another big chop! Ohara holding nothing back on those skin-blistering chops...

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Each blow knocks Carver backwards, the final one sending him into the ropes with a trickle of blood coming down his chest...]

GM: Ohara has ripped the skin on the chest of Carver using nothing but those chops! Incredible!

[Ohara winds up again as Carver loops one arm over the top to stay on his feet...

...and then throws the right as hard as he can!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: WHAT A FOREARM!

[Ohara falls back, his knees shaky from the impact as Carver wipes a hand across his bleeding chest, glaring down at the crimson as he winds up again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: Another one! Jaw-jacking blow by the champion!

[A third one sends Ohara stumbling to center ring where he sinks to a knee before popping right back up...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And Ohara fires back!

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[Carver lands another forearm strike on Ohara's temple, sending the Phoenix stumbling backwards, falling into the corner...]

GM: What a shot that was!

BW: Ohara might be seeing stars after that one...

GM: But Carver's staying on him... right back in the corner...

[Grabbing the top rope, Carver laces boots into the midsection of Ohara, over and over again into the ribcage, forcing Ohara to slump down in the corner until he's seated, leaning against the turnbuckles...]

GM: The referee's trying to get Carver to back off but Carver's not listening!

[...where Carver switches to stomps, boot leather meeting mouth over and over as Ohara's head bounces off the buckles!]

GM: Ohara might be out! Ohara's getting destroyed in the corner with those boots!

[The referee finally gets physically involved, dragging Carver out of the corner by the arm. The pissed off champion draws back a fist, ready to clock the official who just manages to save himself by pointing out the AWA logo stitched to his chest!]

GM: Whoa! Whoa! Hang on there, champ!

[A fuming Carver backs off as the referee leans in to check to see if Ohara can continue. A weak nod confirms it as we get a shot of Jackson Hunter looking on with concern.]

BW: Look, Gordo! Look how concerned Jackson is for his client!

GM: Jordan Ohara is NOT his client, Bucky!

[With Ohara having confirmed he can go, the referee waves for the match to continue and Carver wastes no time in dragging Ohara to his feet, a small smear of blood in the corner of the challenger's mouth...]

GM: Carver shoots him across... into the buckles...

[Ohara smashes hard into the corner, staggering out towards a waiting Carver who lifts him up around the upper thighs...]

GM: SPINNING SPINEBUSTER! HE PLANTS THE CHALLENGER!

[Carver swings his arms apart in a "it's over!" gesture as he rolls across Ohara, snatching a leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OHARA KICKS OUT! OHARA KICKS OUT AND THE MATCH CONTINUES!

BW: What a battle, Gordo. These two are throwing everything they've got at each other and neither man is willing to stay down!

GM: Carver thought he had him there... and now it's his turn to give a little bit of the badmouth to our official Davis Warren who I believe is doing a tremendous job so far in this one.

BW: Always sucking up to the stripes, eh?

GM: The most underappreciated employees in the company for sure.

BW: Next to me, of course.

[Gordon sighs as Jackson Hunter again balls up his fists, pounding them on the canvas. The rising Carver throws his eyes over to Hunter again, pointing him out to the official who shrugs, explaining that Hunter hasn't done anything wrong.]

GM: The referee has made the decision to let Jackson Hunter stay out here and I can't say I agree with that.

BW: Why?! What's he done wrong... that the referee's seen at least?!

GM: Nothing... but that's what I'm afraid of.

[Carver is right next to the ropes, shouting at Hunter who backs away from the apron, shaking his head at a frustrated Carver...]

GM: Even when he's doing nothing wrong, he's a distraction for two men who need to be able to focus on this grueling title match we're witnessing.

"TEN MINUTES REMAIN! TEN MINUTES!"

GM: Only ten minutes to go now in the time limit for this one. Ten minutes left to determine which man will walk out of St. Louis and continue down the road to SuperClash IX as the AWA National Champion.

[With Carver still shouting at Hunter, he catches a glimpse of a rising Jordan Ohara out of the corner of his eye and wheels around, charging in on him...]

GM: Carver on the run and- ohh!

[Ohara slides clear, causing Carver to smash chestfirst into the turnbuckles!]

GM: Carver hits the corner hard and...

BW: WAISTLOCK!

[The surprisingly powerful Ohara elevates Carver up, dumping him down on the back of his head and neck as Ohara bridges off the canvas...]

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX!

[...and the official dives to count.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEE-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[A slight shift of weight off the mat causes Carver's shoulder to pop up, breaking the pin as Ohara's bridge collapses and both men slump back down on the canvas, their chests heaving with exertion over the twenty minutes of battle they've been through so far.]

GM: Ohara nearly won the title back right there! What a battle! What a war we're seeing between these two!

BW: Incredible!

[A weary Ohara is the first to rise again, grabbing at his lower back with an anguished wince on his face as he leans over to retrieve Carver off the canvas again...]

GM: Ohara slowly dragging Carver back to his feet... looking to finish him off and reclaim that title!

[With the champion dazed and hurting, Ohara draws his arms behind him, pulling him into a double chickenwing position...]

GM: Are you kidding me?!

BW: He's not gonna try for a Tiger suplex, is he?!

[But it appears that's exactly what he's going to try for as he steers Carver out towards a potential landing site in the center of the ring...]

...but the delay is enough for Carver to aggressively swing his head backwards, smashing the back of his head into the middle of Ohara's face!]

GM: OHHH! SKULL MEETS FACE!

[Ohara immediately lets go of the arms, grabbing at his face with both hands as Carver slips free, nearly falling forward before he catches his balance...]

...and then blindly reaches backwards, snatching Ohara's head and neck in a three-quarter nelson!]

GM: BLACKOUT! BLACKO-

[The crowd groans as Ohara shoves Carver off, sending him into the ropes. The Boston Brawler bounces back as Ohara swings wildly with a backhand chop that Carver ducks under, slamming on the brakes...]

GM: Ohara missed the chop and-

[The crowd ERUPTS as Carver snatches a three-quarter nelson again, leaping into the air for extra impact...]

...but Ohara converts the leap into a lift, twisting him around in the sky again, and sits out in a ring-shaking powerbomb!]

GM: BOLT BUSTER AGAIN! HE DRIVES HIM DOWN!

[The referee dives to the canvas to count.]

GM: WE MIGHT HAVE A NEW CHAMPION HERE!

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

GM: HE'S GOT HI-

[...but the referee peels off JUST before the three count, showing Hannibal Carver's foot draped limply over the bottom rope!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MY STARS, HE SAVED THE TITLE! HE SAVED THE TITLE!

[Ohara buries his face in his hands, slumping backwards to lie on his back as Carver lies unmoving on the canvas. Jackson Hunter is angrily kicking at the ringside railing, shouting at the front row fans before he turns back towards the ring...]

"THIS IS WHY YOU NEED ME!"

[Hunter stabs his hand out towards Ohara who is struggling to get back up to a sitting position...]

"TAKE MY HAND, PHOENIX! TAKE IT!"

[A weary and bleeding Ohara shakes his head, tiredly grabbing the ropes to pull himself to his feet as Hunter continues to extend his hand towards him.]

"TAKE IT, PHOENIX!"

[Ohara rises to unsteady feet, trying to position himself as he watches Hannibal Carver flop over onto his chest, attempting to get his arms underneath him to get off the mat.]

GM: Ohara's standing but Carver's still fighting!

[A "GET UP!" from Ohara rings out as Hunter continues to watch the action with his hand stretched out towards them,]

"YOU NEED ME, PHOENIX!"

GM: Carver's fighting to his feet... but Ohara's waiting for him...

BW: He's got that leg ready... that Phoenix Kick we saw two weeks ago!

GM: It laid out Carver then - if he hits it now, we're going to have a new champ-

"PHOEEEEEEEEENIXXXXXX!"

GM: Oh, will someone shut him up please?!

[Ohara angrily turns to shout at Hunter, telling him to back off. Hunter does exactly that, bowing his head slightly...]

GM: Thank you, Jordan Oha- AAHHHH!

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

[The crowd EXPLODES as Ohara turns back towards Carver just as Carver uncoils, leaping up to snatch a three-quarter nelson and DRIVING Ohara skullfirst into the canvas!]

GM: BLACKOUT! BLACKOUT!

BW: THAT'S IT!

[Carver flops Ohara onto his back, diving on top.]

GM: ONNNNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEEEE!

[But instead of mirroring Gordon's three count, Davis Warren pops up, reacting to a shout from Jackson Hunter...

...who is pointing out Ohara's foot on the bottom rope!]

GM: Ohara got his foot on the rope?!

BW: Apparently!

[But the ringside fans are jeering loudly at this point, many of them pointing at Jackson Hunter who smirks at their reaction.]

GM: Wait a second, Bucky... did Jackson Hunter put Ohara's foot on the ropes?!

BW: I plead the fifth on that one, Gordo.

GM: And you know what they say about people who plead the fifth. But I believe that's exactly what happened! I think Jackson Hunter put Jordan Ohara's foot on the bottom rope and SAVED this title challenge for the Phoenix!

[Gordon's not the only one who believes that as the referee shouts an accusation on Hunter who shakes his head, turning away from the ring...

...and as Hannibal Carver, pissed off as can be, rolls from the ring behind an unaware Hunter...]

BW: JACKSON! BEHIND YOU!

[But Jackson Hunter does not hear Bucky Wilde's warning as Carver reaches out to grab Hunter's shoulder, swinging him around into a stiff elbowstrike to the jaw that knocks Hunter flat on the ringside mats!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH MY, WHAT A SHOT!

[Carver again gets us a few moments without audio as he throws some words down onto Hunter's prone form.]

GM: The champion's still in this but he thought he had it won after that Blackout!

[Carver rolls back under the ropes, climbing to his feet as he thunderous slaps his elbow into his open palm...]

GM: Uh oh! Carver's looking for that rolling elbow!

BW: He might be about to erase Hunter's mind... and what a tragedy it would be to erase sheer genius like that!

[Carver slaps the elbow into his palm again, the crowd clapping along with him...]

GM: Carver's got these fans behind him! He's... measuring him... sizing him up...

BW: With that noise, I'm gonna say he's tappin' the keg, Gordo!

GM: I'm not sure our sponsors will like that but...

[A dazed and hurting Ohara starts to push up off the mat, unaware of what's waiting for him when he gets to his feet...]

GM: Ohara's trying to get up - just over five minutes left in the time limit for this thrilling National Title match!

[Carver again slaps the elbow into his hand... and again... and again, the fans clapping and stomping in rhythm...]

GM: Ohara's struggling to- no, he's on his feet! He's on his feet and-

[But before Carver can go into a spin to clock Ohara with the rolling elbow, a dazed Jackson Hunter lunges under the bottom rope to grab the ankle!]

GM: WHAT?!

BW: Ummm... that wasn't hidden from the referee at all and-

[But as the referee starts to complain, Carver shakes Hunter off with little effort, turning to stomp through the ropes and boot Hunter in the face!]

GM: OH! And Carver puts him down!

[Carver shouts at Hunter, threatening his very life on the planet as Ohara steadies himself, measuring Carver from behind...]

GM: Wait! Wait! Carver's distracted by Jackson Hunter! OHARA'S UP AND-

BW: YES! DO IT, KID!

[A distracted Carver swings around...

...and Ohara goes into a spin, snapping off the Phoenix Kick aimed at the temple of the National Champion!]

GM: PHOENIX KI-

[But Ohara abruptly pulls up, yanking his leg back to deliver little more than a glancing blow that Carver absorbs by falling to his knees.]

GM: What the...?!

[Ohara lets loose an anguished shout, glaring at Jackson Hunter, pointing an accusing finger at him...]

GM: He couldn't do it! He couldn't-

[But Hannibal Carver can, springing up off the knee to catch the three-quarter nelson and DRIVE Ohara's head into the canvas again!]

GM: BLACKOUT!

[Carver rolls Ohara away from the ropes this time, diving across and hooking the leg...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOO! THREEEEEEEEEE!

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers as Carver rolls off of Ohara to a seated position, throwing an arm in the air as his music begins to play again.]

GM: Wow! What a battle... and at the end of nearly twenty-five minutes of action, Hannibal Carver is STILL your AWA National Champion!

[Rebecca Ortiz makes the same announcement as the referee hands the title belt back to Carver who clutches it to his chest as Ohara lies unmoving on the canvas and Jackson Hunter stewes on the outside.]

GM: We gotta talk about the closing moments of this one though, Bucky...

BW: Yeah, I think we need a replay of that.

[Carver continues to sit on the mat, holding the title belt to his bloody chest...

...and we fade to a replay of the end of the match where we see Hannibal Carver arguing with Jackson Hunter.]

BW: Alright, here we go... this comes after the Blackout... after Carver went to the floor and attacked Hunter... after he attacked him again!

GM: You mean after Hunter grabbed his ankle to distract him!

BW: Semantics. But Carver's got his attention on Hunter here... you can see Ohara up... setting for the Phoenix Kick - the match-ending and title-winning Phoenix Kick I should add...

[We can see Ohara behind the distracted Carver, ready to throw the kick...]

BW: Carver has no idea what's coming. He turns around... here comes Ohara...

[We see the slow motion movement of the whipping roundhouse kick...

...but in mid-kick, we see Ohara pull his blow...]

BW: And right there, he draws it back. It still connects... but just barely...

[Carver slips to a knee, avoiding the bulk of the roundhouse kick.]

BW: I don't know what happened. Ohara starts yelling at Jackson so some kind of identity crisis or something.

GM: A crisis of conscience perhaps.

BW: They say a sucker is born every minute, Gordo... maybe we just saw Ohara being born again.

GM: Give me a break.

[And with Carver on a knee and Ohara shouting at Hunter, Carver takes advantage of the situation by springing up...]

BW: Ohara might not be willing to take advantage of the moment but Carver sure was... BOOM! Blackout connects. One. Two. Three. Carver retains the title and Ohara retains the title of DUMB KID.

[We come back from the replay to find Carver standing on the second rope, saluting the cheering fans as he holds the title belt over his shoulder. At this point, Jordan Ohara is sitting up, leaning against the ropes, his face buried in his hands, tugging at his own hair as Jackson Hunter looks on with disappointment from the floor.]

GM: We've got so much still to come on this show but how in the world is anything going to top this? We'll find out right after this break so don't you dare go away, AWA fans!

[Carver continues to celebrate, the despondent Ohara in the background as we 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 fade back up where the “ACCESS 365” logo flashes on the screen and we open to a shot backstage, where we see Kelly Kowalski. The red headed Jersey devil is in a black leather jacket over a white tank top and a pair of ripped blue jeans. Kowalski’s posture is tense, and her eyes are constantly on the move.

Suddenly, we see Harley Hamilton, dressed in an oversized sky blue cloud-patterned cardigan sweater sneaking up behind Kowalski. She playfully pokes Kowalski in the back, startling the Jersey girl and causing her to spin around with her fist raised into the air.]

HH: Hey there, Red. Looking a little jittery these days.

[Seeing that it’s only Hamilton and not Kylie Kujawa ready to make another sneak attack, Kelly lowers her fist, her eyes narrowed.]

KK: Ain’t ya just a barrel of laughs. And you’re damn lucky that I didn’t take your head off just now.

[Kowalski blows out a breath, still looking critically at Hamilton.]

KK: Now, whatta ya want, Pinkie Pie?

HH: Oh, not much. Just that...

...I hate to say...

[She stops to bask in her correctness, smirking at Kowalski and looking her absolute smuggest.]

HH: ...I told you so!

[Kowalski rolls her eyes, grumbling.]

KK: Here we go again. Every damn time! Ya make a lucky guess and suddenly ya think you're Nostradamus.

Stop with the dumb conspiracy theories, already, Pinkie. Michelle Bailey is a stand-up gal, she ain't part of some secret Illuminati and she ain't behind what that psycho Kujawa is doin'! It's all just a coincidence.

[Hamilton rolls her eyes in an exaggerated fashion.]

HH: So that's the story you're going with? You're really going to stand there and tell me that Kylie Kujawa, a well-known close friend of Michelle Bailey's, just SUDDENLY decided out of the good of her heart, to come to the AWA to beat the living crud out of you to defend Michelle's honor after you broke her face?

[Kowalski nods.]

KK: Yeah, that's exactly what I'm sayin'!

There ain't no bad blood between me and Bailey and Michelle ain't the sort to come up with some elaborate plan to get revenge on me.

Kylie Kujawa is nuttier than a fruitcake and trust me, I'll take care of her. I'm gonna make sure she makes a stop in a hospital bed on her way back to the rubber room.

[Hamilton shakes her head.]

HH: Whatever helps you sleep at night, darling. But just ask yourself this: If this is all just one big misunderstanding between you and Kylie...

[Harley suddenly moves in close to Kowalski, whispering into her ear.]

HH: ...then why hasn't Michelle Bailey called her off?

[As Harley backs away, we see a conflicted look on Kowalski's face, as if she hadn't considered what Hamilton just said until now.]

HH: Just a little something to think about. I'll see you around, Red.

[And with a playful wink, Harley Hamilton is gone. And with another flash of the ACCESS logo, we fade from backstage out to the ring as the Lox's "Money, Power, Respect" fades out and Rebecca Ortiz stands center ring.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a fifteen minute time limit in the AWA Women's Division! Introducing first... weighing in at 200 pounds... from Rahway, New Jersey... she is accompanied by her tag team partner... she is MAMMMMMBAAAAAA!

[The crowd boos as Mamba aggressively brushes past Ortiz, bumping her solidly as she steps to mid-ring, raising a fist in the air. Outside the ring, her partner Copperhead is running her mouth at the ringside fans, riling them up even more.]

RO: Annnnnnnnnnd her opponent...

[Kendrick Lamar's "DNA" kicks in to a decent-sized reaction from the AWA faithful.]

RO: Weighing in at 160 pounds... from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada... she is a former AWA Women's World Champion...

LAURRRRYNNNNN RAAAAAAGE!

[The spotlight hits the entrance way as Lauryn Rage steps out on the stage. She wears a black leather biker's jacket. She pauses for a moment, head down, arms crossed over her groin before she throws her head back and her fists in the air. She lets out a yell as the crowd cheers.]

GM: Lauryn Rage, the former champion, on her way to the ring, Bucky. This match was made after an attack by the Serpentes back in the trainer's room two weeks ago. We saw footage of that attack on the Power Hour and frankly, I was a little surprised to see that go down.

BW: Look, Gordo... Lauryn Rage used to be close with the Serpentes but friends mean nothin' when money is involved. They say she owes them money... and to send her a message, they went after that surgically-repaired knee.

GM: A knee that it seems may not be quite one hundred percent yet.

BW: Gordo, I like Da Kid. She was a great Women's World Champion, but she isn't the same wrestler she was eight months ago. She's coming off an ACL tear and she clearly isn't ready to chase the title as we could see by her little therapy session with Michelle Bailey. I think she's isn't being smart about her return matches. Take on some tomato cans. Get your wind back. Get your timing right. Get your confidence back. Da Kid isn't ready yet for competition like Mamba here tonight just like she wasn't ready for Julie Somers recently.

[Rage rushes the ring, shedding the leather jacket to reveal her provocatively high-cut black spandex long-sleeved romper with gold and fuchsia patterned panels, black kickpads over gold boots, a bulky black brace on her right knee and the signature Rage black fingerless glove.]

GM: Rage is a bit of a hurry to get there... and here we go!

[The bell quickly sounds as Rage slides under the bottom rope, throwing herself into Mamba with a barrage of right hands!]

GM: This one's getting started in a hurry with Rage taking the fight right to her former ally!

BW: No feeling out process at all and I think this is a smart move by Rage. She's outsized in this one by quite a bit so starting off quick, keeping Mamba off balance, keeping her from using her power because she's on defense. These are all good ideas because if Mamba figures out how to get you in her grasp, you're in for a rough night at the office.

[The referee shouts a warning as Rage continues unloading on Mamba with a fast series of right hands. Mamba is reeling back towards the ropes...

...until she gives a shake of her head and starts returning fire!]

GM: Uh oh! We've got a slugfest on our hands now and I'm not sure that benefits Lauryn Rage - even with her recent boxing training she had while out with that knee injury.

[Rage is getting rocked back on her heels with each blow that lands from Mamba...
...but she throws a vicious left hook into the ribcage of her opponent!]

GM: Oh! Big left to the body and that may buy her an opening, Bucky.

BW: She can't let up now - gotta keep it going.

[Grabbing the arm, Rage attempts a whip on her larger opponent but Mamba reverses with ease, sending Rage crashing into the buckles.]

GM: Ohh! Reversal shakes the spine of Rage... stumbling out now...

[Rage is a little wobbly on her feet as she approaches Mamba...

...but steady enough to snap her hand back and bring it across the cheek of Mamba to a cheer from the crowd!]

GM: SHE SLAPPED HER! SHE SLAPPED THE TASTE RIGHT OUT OF HER MOUTH!

[Mamba rubs her jaw, stumbling back as Rage beckons her forward.]

GM: And all that time away did little to settle the temper of Lauryn Rage, Bucky.

BW: Mamba's a big, strong woman but Lauryn Rage ain't backing down from this fight, daddy.

[The Mohawked barbarian glares at Lauryn Rage with hatred in her eyes and rushes her wildly.]

GM: Here comes Mamba... Rage ducks the clothesline!

[Mamba hits the ropes from her own momentum, bouncing back towards Rage who leaps into the air, snaring a bulldog clothesline as she drags Mamba down to the mat!]

GM: And Rage hits a clothesline of her own! High impact and high effect as Mamba got knocked for a loop with that one.

[Grabbing at her collarbone, Mamba tries to roll over to her hands and knees as Rage scrambles up, calling for her to "GET YOUR ASS UP!"

GM: Lauryn Rage showing a ton of fire in her belly here tonight. Perhaps that conversation with Michelle Bailey a little earlier did her some good.

[Mamba crawls towards the ropes, trying to use them to get back to her feet...

...but puts herself into a prime position for the former Women's World Champion who dashes across the ring, leaping into the air...]

GM: INCOMING!

[Rage crashes down onto Mamba's back, sitting awkwardly for a moment before rolling back to the mat.]

GM: She got all of that!

BW: She did but again, we see some signs that Lauryn Rage isn't feeling up to her old self. That move - she usually completes that move by sliding out to the floor for maximum impact but this time, she stayed in the ring. There was hesitation... and to me, that means she's in her own head about a hard landing like that and whether or not the surgically-repaired knee can survive it.

[It's Mamba who rolls to the outside though as Rage grabs hold of Shari Miranda's shirt, using the official to pull herself to her feet.]

GM: We're about eight months removed from when Kurayami injured Rage's knee en route to winning the title from her, partially tearing her ACL in the process. And this is only her second match back on TV so she's still trying to shake some ring rust and get back her timing and conditioning like you talked about earlier, Bucky.

BW: Her second match back... and her first was against Julie Somers. She jumped right back into the mix like she never missed a minute of ring time and I just don't know if that was a good move on her part.

GM: It's hard for a former champion to settle for facing anyone less than the best in the world and that's what we've been seeing out of Lauryn Rage since her return.

[Lauryn leans through the ropes, snatching a handful of white Mohawk...

...but Mamba reaches under the ropes, grabbing the ankle and giving it a yank, pulling Rage's legs out from under her to a groan from the sold out St. Louis crowd!]

GM: Ohh! And Mamba takes her down with that trip - going right after the same knee she and Copperhead attacked two weeks ago.

[Copperhead voices her approval from the outside as Mamba hauls her former ally under the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Mamba pulling Rage to the floor alongside her... oh! Hard right hand! Another! And a third!

BW: Those shots to the head will have you seeing stars in a hurry.

[She switches to clubbing forearms across the back of the head and neck, driving Rage down to her knees as the referee shouts at Mamba to get the action back inside the ring.]

GM: Shari Miranda trying to restore some order here but Mamba's having none of it, relentlessly pummeling Lauryn Rage on the outside... wait a second... here comes Copperhead now! This isn't a handicap match - she can't put her hands on Lauryn Rage!

[Seeing Copperhead approaching, Rage tries to shove Mamba away but Mamba returns the favor, pushing Rage towards Copperhead...

...but Rage leaps into the air, smashing her ample behind into Copperhead, knocking the other half of the Serpentes down on the ringside mats to a big cheer!]

GM: Oh ho! And down goes Copperhead!

BW: Watch out, Gordo... Rage is right here by us now...

[Using the announce table to pull herself up and steady herself, Rage starts stomping Copperhead on the floor as the crowd cheers and Mamba steams.]

GM: Mamba on the move! Keep your head down, Bucky!

[A charging Mamba finds nothing but air as Rage ducks low. Luckily for Gordon and Bucky, Mamba braces herself, coming to a halt before plowing into the announce table...

...but two hands full of Mohawk yank her off her feet, right down on top of her partner!]

GM: AND RAGE IS TAKING BOTH WOMEN ON!

[Grabbing the ropes for support, Rage is viciously stomping BOTH members of the Serpentes now as the official calls for the action to re-enter the squared circle.]

GM: A close call there for us... and this one is breaking down in a hurry, fans.

[Rage leaps up, dropping onto the pile of Serpentes with a seated senton!]

GM: Ohhh! Down across the ribs of Mamba!

[Pulling Mamba off the pile, Rage chucks her back under the ropes. She grimaces, shaking out her right leg before rolling in...

...and rolling back out to break the count.]

BW: Rage breaking the count... she doesn't want this to end in a countout. But again, you saw her shaking out that leg. Is that real pain or is it in her head? We just don't have the answer to that, Gordo.

GM: Now pulling Mamba's torso over the apron, facing her towards the roof of the Scottrade Center...

[Rage crawls up on the apron, getting to her feet and backing down to put her back against the ringpost. She pauses, measuring Mamba as the crowd cheers with anticipation.]

GM: Lauryn Rage looking for something here...

[Rage takes a step... then pauses, biting her lower lip. She looks down at the floor and then with a quick shake of her head and muttered curse, she eases herself down on the apron before sliding to the floor again.]

GM: ...or not.

BW: Again, there's hesitation. Again, there's fear over re-injury.

[A visibly upset Rage grabs the chin, pushing back to expose the throat before driving the point of her elbow down into the windpipe, leaving Mamba coughing and gasping for air. Rage raises her arms, backing away at another admonition from Shari Miranda.]

GM: Lauryn Rage opting against the high risk and high impact move this time... and I suppose that's hard to blame her for. Not only is she still dealing with recovering from her injury but how many times have we seen her brother, Shadoc Rage, taken to a hospital for putting his body on the line?

BW: Too many to count.

GM: The former champion lost her title and eight months of her career the last time she got hurt... she doesn't want that to happen again.

[Rage finally rolls back inside the ring and up to her feet, grabbing one of Mamba's giant legs and stomping the hamstring, keeping Mamba on the mat.]

GM: And Rage shifts gears here, going after the leg of the six foot two inch Mamba now.

[Two more stomps follow, leaving Mamba grabbing at her leg.]

GM: Really going after that hamstring, trying to chop the base out from under the Serpentine...

[But Mamba has too much leg strength left, using an upkick to shove Rage off, sending her back into the buckles hard. Rage grimaces as she hits the corner, grabbing at her lower back as Mamba regains her feet with the slightest wince and wobble.]

GM: Mamba on the attack again, moving quickly from defense to offense...

[Mamba smashes a forearm across Rage's jaw, knocking her to a knee... and then delivers a well-placed kneestrike that puts the former champion down on her back in the corner to a groan from the St. Louis crowd!]

GM: Oh! What a pair of strikes out of Mamba... and she's going for the win here!

[A two count follows before Rage kicks out, causing the crowd to cheer and Mamba to slam a pair of balled-up fists into the canvas.]

GM: Mamba thought she had her there... and now she's rolling to the outside, Bucky.

BW: That can't be good news for the former champ.

[Out on the floor, Mamba reaches back inside, repositioning Rage so that her feet are facing the corner...

...and then methodically drags Rage towards her, her body getting closer to the steel ringpost.]

GM: Uh oh... no, no... don't do this!

[Swinging Rage's surgically-repaired leg wide, Mamba SLAMS it into the steel ringpost with ruthless aggression!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SURGICALLY-REPAIRED KNEE MEETS STEEL!

BW: Somebody call the hospital and see if they've got Rage's old room still available!

[Rage lies on her back, shrieking in pain as Mamba looks on sadistically.]

GM: No, no... don't... not again... not ag-

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: TWICE! TWICE INTO THE UNFORGIVING STEEL RINGPOST!

[Rage's screams of pain fill the air again as does a hard threat from Shari Miranda to disqualify Mamba if she does it again. The six foot two brute raises her arms, slowly walking towards her gleeful partner who she shares a double fist bump with before climbing up onto the apron.]

GM: Lauryn Rage is in a lot of pain... she's truly suffering right now as Mamba gets back inside the ring.

BW: This one might be over, Gordo. The referee might need to stop this match.

GM: Rage is curling up into a ball, just crying out in pain as Mamba methodically moves in on her...

[Shari Miranda stands up, forcing Mamba back a few steps as she turns to check to see if Rage can continue.]

GM: You said that Shari Miranda might need to stop the match and that's exactly what she's trying to determine right now.

BW: It's over. Ring the bell.

[Miranda is trying to get the screaming Rage to let her know if she can go on...

...when Mamba grabs Rage by the leg, quickly lifting it up before Miranda can protest, and DROPS an elbow down across the delicate joint!]

GM: OHH! COME ON!

[Mamba sits on the mat, grinning broadly as the fans jeer and the referee lets her have it.]

GM: Shari Miranda telling her that if she won't obey instructions, she'll have to end this match... and who can blame her for that?

BW: Pretty sure Mamba will.

[Copperhead is pounding her fists into the apron on the outside, shouting encouragement to her partner and berating her former ally as Mamba slowly gets up off the mat, looking down on Rage who is trying to scoot away from her as Miranda again tries to find out if she should stop the match.]

GM: Rage is trying to create some space... but it's not space she needs right now, it's time. Time to recover... and with no timeouts in the world of professional wrestling, I'm not sure that's going to happen as long as this match goes on.

[Miranda again asks Rage if she can go on to which Rage finally responds with a weak "yes... yes, keep going..." Miranda looks doubtful as she rises up and waves for the match to continue to a concerned buzz from the crowd.]

GM: Lauryn Rage wants to keep this match going.

BW: I think that's a big mistake, Gordo. I think we may be about to see Lauryn Rage put right back on the shelf because of her own damn ego.

GM: Well, we certainly know the former Women's Champion has one heck of an ego.

[Mamba grins as she's told to keep fighting, pulling Rage off the mat. The former champion takes a wild swing at Mamba who sidesteps, causing Rage to fall down to all fours.]

GM: She can't even keep her balance and-

[Grabbing the foot, Mamba lifts Rage's leg almost six feet in the air..

...and SLAMS her kneecap down on the canvas, causing Rage to moan in pain again, rolling back and forth on the mat clutching her injured knee to her torso.]

GM: Mamba again going after that knee. Rage's screams... well, it's a little hard to hear, Bucky. I've never been the biggest fan of Lauryn Rage - you know that - but no one deserves this.

[Mamba again drags Rage to her feet, this time holding her up by the hair, lightly slapping her across the face...]

GM: Mamba adding some insult to injury here...

BW: Rage is having trouble even standing right now, Gordo. She can't put any weight on that knee...

[With Rage hobbled, Mamba drops back to the ropes, rebounding back towards her former ally...]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[But as Mamba draws back her arm, full of momentum from her rebound off the ropes, Rage loads up her own right hand, burying a punch from way down south St. Louis into the gut!]

GM: Rage goes downstairs!

[She twists around, stumbling as she blindly snatches Mamba around the head and neck, tucking Mamba's chin against her shoulder...]

GM: SNAKEBITE! SNAKEBITE!

[As Rage drops to her butt, Mamba's jaw is jacked by the stunning maneuver, sending her snapping backwards and down to the mat. Rage scoots backwards, flinging an arm across as Shari Miranda dives into position to count...]

GM: ONNNNNNNNE! TWOOOOOOOO!

[With her partner in trouble, Copperhead scrambles through the ropes...]

GM: THREEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

[...but gets her feet tangled on the way in, tripping over the ropes and coming up just short of breaking up the pin!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[The crowd cheers as a grinning Rage sits up on the mat, looking to grab at her leg...

...but Copperhead throws herself on top of her, blasting her with a clothesline of her own!]

GM: OHHH!

[With the crowd jeering, Copperhead kneels on the mat, pounding her fist into the skull of Rage over and over and over...]

GM: COME ON! GET HER OUT OF THERE!

BW: The match is over but this fight sure isn't!

[Climbing to her feet, Copperhead turns her attention to Rage's injured knee, stomping it into the mat as the boos get louder.]

GM: This is totally uncalled for!

BW: Well, the mark of a great tag team is that you look out for each other. Copperhead is looking out for her partner and she's going to take a strip out of Lauryn Rage's hide.

[Copperhead keeps on stomping the knee, Rage reflexively twitching on the canvas with each blow landed down on the knee...]

GM: Copperhead continuing to go after the knee... Shari Miranda is screaming at her! Trying to get her out of there!

BW: Good luck with that.

GM: And with no allies to her name, Lauryn Rage finds herself all alone against two former allies!

[Copperhead yanks Rage off the mat, lifting her up onto her shoulder..

...and shoves her skyward, dropping her throatfirst across the top rope! The crowd groans in sympathy as Rage hits the mat, now coughing and gasping for air as she rolls back and forth on the canvas.]

GM: Good grief!

[Glaring down at Rage, Copperhead suddenly drops to her back, rolling out of the ring and marching towards the timekeeper's table where Rebecca Ortiz has quickly gotten to her feet.]

"MOVE BEFORE I KICK YOUR SCRAWNY CULO, CHICA!"

[Ortiz obliges as Copperhead reaches out, snatching up the now-vacated chair that Ortiz was sitting in.]

GM: Copperhead has a chair!

BW: Lauryn Rage's comeback is about to be cut drastically short, daddy!

[She slides the chair into the ring, rolling in after it as Shari Miranda starts waving towards the locker room...]

GM: Copperhead grabbing that chair..

"OKAY, CHICA, YOU GONNA PAY WHAT YOU OWE!"

[But before Copperhead can swing the chair down on Rage, a flood of AWA officials hit the ring, putting themselves between the Serpentine and the fallen former champion.]

GM: Thank the heavens for this! We've got officials in there - trying to get her to back down! Tommy Fierro in there... John Shock as well... come on, guys... get her out of here!

[Copperhead has word for all of those surrounding her... but eventually, she relents, tossing the chair over the ropes to the floor before helping her still-downed partner out of the ring.]

GM: Well, Lauryn Rage wins this one officially but-

BW: But she don't look like any winner I've ever seen. More damage to the knee. More damage to her mental state. The Serpentes still looking for payback. Lauryn Rage thinks she's ready to challenge for the Women's World Title? She thinks she's ready to face Kurayami? In the words of a pretty smart guy, I respectfully disagree, Gordo.

GM: It's a long road back to the top for Lauryn Rage... and it remains to be seen if tonight will be a step forward or a step backwards...

[With the Serpentes out of the ring, the officials are now tending to Rage who is sitting up on the canvas, a pain-filled grimace on her face...

...and we get a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo before we end up backstage in the office of Javier Castillo. Castillo is sitting behind his desk, his hands clasped around a very familiar crystal sitting upon a silk cloth. The AWA President is staring into the crystal, a very noticeable sheen of sweat on his forehead as what sounds like a grunt or two of exertion is heard. MAWAGA lingers behind him, staring at nothing through black-lensed sunglasses. A loud "THUNK!" is heard, breaking Castillo's concentration as he looks up in time to see the AWA Women's World Champion, Kurayami, walk into view. He smiles, swiftly wiping a red handkerchief across his damp brow before stuffing the cloth in a coat pocket.]

JC: Ah, my champion! Come in! Come in!

[Kurayami was not waiting for an invite, striding across the room to take a seat in the chair across from him, slapping the Women's World Title belt down on the desktop.]

JC: I hear congratulations are in order for another successful tour of Japan. You have brought home the belt so... all went well?

[Kurayami sneers.]

K: They tried to take MY belt. They failed.

[Castillo grins, nodding again.]

JC: Excellent! And now, I'm sensing you come here on business.

[Kurayami leans forward.]

K: I do. Even in Japan, they were talking about SuperClash. Who would be in WarGames? Who would be going for this title... or that title... and I want to know, General...

[She taps a finger down on the face of the title belt.]

K: ...who will be going for MY title?

[Castillo grimaces, nodding a little quicker as he leans back in his seat.]

JC: Well, yes... of course. You know, I have been giving it a lot of thought. That's something we should discuss. Maybe after the sh-

[The hulking champion interrupts.]

K: Now.

[Castillo pauses, staring at Kurayami silently.]

JC: Now. Right. Well, I know you hunger for competition... and you know how much having that title represented by Korugun means to me... and to the company.

[The champion does not respond, waiting for her answer.]

JC: So, I thought we could perhaps find a challenger suiting both those needs... eh?

[Still no answer.]

JC: Down in Mexico, you faced someone who seemed to put up a very tough challenge. Perhaps you'd like to face her again?

[Kurayami nods.]

K: I'd like nothing more, boss man.

[Castillo grins, clapping his hands together.]

JC: Excellent! Then at SuperClash IX, it will be the Women's World Champion - the most dominant champion in all of the AWA - Kurayami... taking on... BETTY CHANG!

[Kurayami sneers, her fists slamming down on top of the desk.]

K: NO!

[Castillo again flinches, obviously not used to being spoken to like this.]

JC: Did you say... no?

[Kurayami stands up, pointing down at Castillo as MAWAGA shifts his footing.]

K: I will defend this title at SuperClash against the best in the world... period.

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: But who then?

K: Somers and Rage BOTH embarrassed me in Mexico... and both deserve the beating of their lives because of it.

[She spreads her arms.]

K: Choose.

[Castillo winces.]

JC: That's not really what I had in...

[He trails off.]

JC: Fine. Fine. You win. You want Julie Somers? You want Lauryn Rage? I wouldn't mind seeing BOTH of them beaten to bits.

[He pauses, tapping a finger on his chin.]

JC: In fact... I wouldn't mind seeing them beat EACH OTHER to bits.

[Kurayami glares at him.]

JC: Two weeks from tonight, the AWA is heading to Miami for another Fight Night On Fox - a HUGE show on worldwide television! And the network has asked me to load it up with our top talent.

So, I propose this, my dear champion...

In Miami, it'll be Julie Somers versus Lauryn Rage...

[Castillo grins.]

JC: And to make sure we have a winner this time, let's do it in a steel cage!

[The crowd inside the arena ROARS for that idea.]

JC: And the winner will face you, my dear, at SuperClash for that title.

[He spreads his arms, having completed his proposal.]

JC: Agreed?

[Kurayami picks the title belt off the table, slinging it over her shoulder.]

K: Agreed.

[And with that, she turns to exit, leaving Castillo to puff his chest with pride...

...and as the door slams shut, he sits back down.]

JC: Now where were we?

[He reaches out to clasp the crystal in his hand as we fade from the ACCESS logo out to the interior of the Scottrade Center. The shot is a crowd shot of a young man wearing a "DOWN WITH KORUGUN!" homemade t-shirt. He holds it up proudly and bellows "YOU'RE GOING DOWN, CASTILLO! YOU'RE GOING DOWN! YEAAAAAAH!"]

GM: A rather enthusiastic fan there looking for the demise of the Korugun Corporation's influence here in the AWA... something that just might happen in just 47 days at SuperClash when the Korugun Army meets Team AWA in WarGames. So far, we know it'll be Derek Rage, Morgan Dane, and Juan Vasquez representing Javier Castillo's squad taking on Ryan Martinez... and we hope Supreme Wright can overcome his recent injuries to be a part of that group. But there's a lot of spots left in that match and we continue to wait and see who will...

[Gordon trails off as the heavy opening guitar and drumbeat of KISS's "God of Thunder" reverberates off the walls of the arena, and now everyone knows what that means.]

GM: Well, speaking of men that are synonymous with the AWA, it's time to see former National Champion "Hotshot" Stevie Scott leading his man, Max Magnum,

out here for action again for the first time in several weeks, Bucky, as he takes on local talent Devin Cruz.

BW: If he's smart, Cruz might want to cruise right on out of here. I hear Cancun is nice around this time of year.

GM: Of course, Max Magnum was recently doing promotional work for the AWA... or so the story goes. Rumor has it though, Bucky, that he was unofficially suspended for his actions down in Mexico.

BW: Yeah, if I was going to suspend him, I'd do it "unofficially" too. You just don't know what a monster of a man like Magnum will do if he gets angry.

GM: And I'd imagine he's quite angry this week after what happened to his manager, Stevie Scott, two weeks ago on this very show when young Brett Bryant dropped the Hotshot.

[First, it's the manager, the AWA legend, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott. Eschewing his former casual attire, Scott is much more business-like now with a perfectly-ironed pair of deep blue pants to match a khaki jacket over a light gray button-down. But what isn't gone is the good old STEVIEGRIN~! And why not, because he represents the man coming out just behind him.

As usual, Max Magnum emerges a few steps behind Stevie clad simply in black trunks and a black t-shirt with "SPLX BCHS" in a white block font on the front. The massive physical specimen is intense but emotionless as he takes his place beside his manager and pauses at the top of the ramp, Magnum hopping side-to-side. The edited song skips the first few lines and cuts directly into Gene Simmons' strikingly accurate description of Magnum 40 years prior.]

I WAS BORN ON OLYMPUS
TO MY FATHER, A SON
I WAS RAISED BY THE DEMONS
TRAINED TO REIGN AS THE ONE

RO: Hailing from Mountain Iron, Minnesota...weighing in at 295 pounds and accompanied by his advisor, "Hotshot" Stevie Scott...here is...

MAXXXX MAGNUUUUUUUUUUM!

[Moving at a faster pace than usual, the duo walks quickly down the aisle. As he reaches the ring, Magnum slides underneath the bottom rope and is back to his feet way faster than a man his size should be. So fast, in fact, his opponent isn't prepared for the explosion that is the clothesline that just turned him inside out.]

GM: OH MY STARS! Max Magnum is wasting no time tonight, Bucky!

BW: Like you said, he ain't a happy man, Gordo. Not after what that little punk Brett Bryant did to his advisor, cheap-shotting him like that.

GM: Stevie Scott was certainly not above a cheap shot back in his days in the ring, though, so perhaps turnabout is fair play.

BW: Maybe so, but now you've got to deal with a pissed-off Alpha Beast. Hope it was worth it, kid.

[As Gordon and Bucky go back-and-forth, Magnum yanks Cruz to his feet, spins him around into a rear waistlock, and hoists him over his head in a release German suplex, sending Cruz across the ring with little effort at all.]

BW: See what I mean? Magnum just threw Devin Cruz over his head like he was a 10-pound sack of potatoes!

GM: It doesn't appear that he's done, either. Magnum jerks him up again for another ride across the ring, courtesy of one of the most brutal suplexes you'll ever see.

BW: Did you see his head? Bounced right off the mat like a basketball, daddy!

[A dazed Cruz gets no respite, unfortunately. On the outside, the microphones clearly pick up the voice of Stevie Scott yelling, "ONE MORE TIME, BIG MAN!" Not even breaking stride or making eye contact to acknowledge the directive, Magnum again lifts Cruz into a rear waistlock.]

GM: Magnum's still not done! Yet another suplex and Bucky, I think he threw Cruz further on that last one than he did on the previous two.

BW: What gave it away, Gordo? Devin's head bouncing off the middle turnbuckle?

[Moving like a man possessed, Magnum does not pause for more instructions, and Stevie sees no need to give them. The Modern Day Man of Steel again pulls Cruz up, this time into a fireman's carry, moves to the middle of the ring and starts spinning rapidly in place before throwing Cruz into the air.]

GM: Here it comes...BOMBSHELL! Magnum covers with a boot on the chest and mercifully for young Devin Cruz, this one's over. Max Magnum remains unbeaten with another dominant victory tonight.

[Magnum, almost looking bored, stares down at his fallen opponent briefly, then grabs him by the trunks and unceremoniously dumps him out of the ring.]

BW: Haha, Max Magnum is throwing out the trash! Pay close attention, Brett Bryant!

[The Alpha Beast glares down at Cruz, for a moment ignoring the instructions of official Andy Dawson to leave the ring. However, Dawson finally gets his attention by shaking his massive shoulder. Magnum snaps his head toward the referee and Dawson, sensing his mistake, quickly moves backwards but still points up the entrance ramp.]

GM: Bucky, it looks like Max Magnum doesn't want to leave just yet. I'm not su-

[There's a sudden and audible "THUNK" cutting Myers off in mid-sentence. The camera cuts to the announce table, where Stevie Scott has taken a seat beside Bucky and managed to find the third headset.]

HSS: We're not done here tonight, Myers! We're tired of Castillo or whoever's in charge of the booking sheet sending us chump after chump! Send us a challenge! Come on! I know you can hear me back there! Make Max Magnum break a sweat tonight!

[In the ring, Magnum is alternating between threatening Dawson and waving for someone else to come down.]

HSS: Hey...I know you hear me! Send us two guys, I don't care. Just give this man a challenge!

GM: Fans...well, you can hear it from the voice of Stevie Scott and see it in the actions of Max Magnum...we have two unhappy customers in St. Louis tonight.

[Finally, two more local competitors emerge from the entrance portal, although neither looks too thrilled to be doing so.]

HSS: Oh, for God's sake. THIS? This is the best you can give us, Castillo? Do you see how seriously they're taking us, Bucky? Do you see it?

BW: I see it, Hotshot.

[With another loud "THUNK", Stevie throws the headset on the table and marches back to ringside with instructions for Magnum.]

GM: This may get out of hand quickly, Bucky. I'm told these two are Teddy Jordan and John Gates, a tag team out of Ohio known as The Uprising.

BW: If they get in the ring with Magnum, the only thing that's going to be rising is their hospital bills, daddy!

[Jordan and Gates have come partially down the aisle, but no further...which only serves to anger Magnum even more.]

GM: Magnum's not going to wait any longer! The Alpha Beast to the floor and racing up the aisle, taking the right to The Uprising!

[Jordan is the first in line, taking a stiff clothesline before he can turn tail and run. Gates freezes, watching his partner get flipped inside-out, the hesitation spelling his own fate as Magnum grabs him by the head and fires a trio of hard knee strikes into his face.]

GM: My word...Max Magnum is bent on destruction tonight!

BW: If I'm Brett Bryant and I'm watching this, I'm making a call to any other company to see if they've got some openings. Or better yet, I'm building a time machine to go back and make a different career choice.

[Still holding on to Gates's head, Magnum drags him to the ring and tosses him under the bottom rope, then goes back to grab Jordan. Jordan tries to fight back with a pair of weak punches, just enough to draw a laugh from Magnum before a vicious right hand knocks Jordan for a loop.]

BW: Hey Teddy, THAT is how you throw a punch, kid!

[Jordan falls backward into the guardrail but stays upright long enough for Magnum to put him in a fireman's carry.]

GM: Magnum's got him up in a...oh my stars, Bucky, he's not going to do what I think, is he? This young man, Jordan, from Ohio...Magnum could end his career right here!

BW: Someone needs to.

[Letting out a loud roar that somehow managed to rise above the crowd noise, Magnum starts turning in a circle, which means just one thing.]

"OHH!"

GM: I...I can't believe this! Max Magnum just delivered a Bombshell on the floor to Teddy Jordan! What did that poor young man do to deserve that?!

BW: Right now? He existed in Max Magnum's world, Gordo.

[Magnum briefly stares down at the carnage before remembering there's another opponent to finish off...but before he can get to Gates, a team of blue-shirted security staff races down the aisle and forms a wall of sorts between Magnum and Gates.]

GM: Thankfully we've got security staff out here to save John Gates from suffering the same fate as his partner, but wow, Bucky...Max Magnum was a man possessed here in St. Louis.

BW: Possessed? Nah, more like pissed.

[Behind the fracas, Stevie climbs into the ring and motions for Magnum to join him, though he is unable to thanks to the wall of security. In the ring, Stevie raises a microphone and leans over the nearside ropes to address said security.]

HSS: Hey, guys...you better make like Gordon Myers's hairline and recede before Max decides to play bowling with human pins, you understand?

[Magnum takes a broad step that puts him about a half an inch away from the faces of a few security guards. Heeding Stevie's advice, they clear a path for Magnum to join his advisor in the ring. Magnum plyo-jumps from standing position onto the ring apron, then steps through the ropes and takes his place beside Stevie.]

HSS: Wise move, gentlemen.

Hey, Brett...Dave...are you guys watching this? Because what you just saw was a message.

[Stevie pauses and looks toward Magnum with a grin.]

HSS: Max's favorite kind to send, in fact.

You see, young Brett, what you did two weeks ago, well...I bet it made you feel really good in the moment, didn't it? Cheap-shotting a retired, non-competing advisor like myself. But I have to ask you, kid..

How long did it take for reality to set in?

[Magnum cracks his neck while he stares intensely ahead.]

HSS: How long did it take for you to realize the gravity of the mistake you made? How long before you picked up your phone, called up dear old dad and said, "Dad! I screwed up again! Can you bail me out like you did that time I was busted for a DUI in Poughkeepsie?"

[Stevie laughs at his own tasteless joke.]

HSS: Daddy can't save you now, kid, but...there is one way to avoid the certain destruction that is coming your way when you come face to face with THIS man...

MAX! MAGGGNUUUUUUUUUUUUM!

[The St. Louis crowd gives a mixed reaction as Magnum, still expressionless, hops from side to side.]

HSS: Rumor has it that AWA management - for some inexplicable reason - wants to sign you to an AWA contract. Here's a word of advice, Brett, free of charge, from me to you.

[Stevie pauses, making sure he finds the hard camera to deliver said advice.]

HSS: Don't.

Don't do it, Brett. Walk away now and save your budding career. Because if you DO sign that contract?

You're signing your own death certificate.

Consider this the only warning you will receive. From this day on, your decisions will determine your future. And more specifically, whether you have one or not.

[A grin slowly creeps across Stevie's face.]

HSS: So choose wisely, kid.

[Scott sets the mic down on the canvas, grinning as he gestures for Magnum to follow him and the duo exits the ring to the raucous sounds of KISS once more. The Scottrade Center crowd is letting the duo have it as they stride up the aisle.]

GM: Message sent... and it remains to be seen if it was received by young Brett Bryant who I'm told AWA officials sent elsewhere to do promotional work tonight.

BW: Despite his namesake being a household name here in St. Louis for years? Smart move, front office. You'd hate to see a Bryant turned into a greasy spot in the ring here tonight.

GM: But Brett Bryant will be back at some point in the near future and I can't wait to hear his response to what we just saw - and heard - from the duo of Magnum and the Hotshot. Fans, now let's go backstage to our own Theresa Lynch who is standing by with someone who failed in his attempt to regain the National Title earlier tonight, Jordan Ohara. Theresa?

[We fade backstage where Theresa Lynch stands before the interview area. She looks a bit concerned. With her in the shot is Jordan Ohara after his loss to Hannibal Carver in the National Championship match. Ohara is dressed in casual street clothes and a man bun. He looks like he wishes he could be anywhere but.]

TL: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest... Jordan Ohara.

[She turns to Ohara.]

TL: Jordan, I'm sorry. I know you must be feeling terrible right now, but the fans want to know. What happened out there tonight? You seemed like you had the match in hand - that Phoenix Kick was loaded up and ready - and then you just... stopped. Can you explain?

[Ohara draws in a deep breath, looking every bit the young kid who has just suffered a big setback in his career.]

JO: Theresa, I...

[Ohara trails off as he looks off camera. Theresa follows his sight line before she falls back as a new figure walks into the shot - the AWA President himself, Javier Castillo. Castillo is all smiles as he approaches, eyeballing the interviewer, as a very familiar crystal dangles on a heavy chain around his neck.]

JC: Theresa, my dear... I know we pay you to ask the tough question but I think - for once - we can probably give the...

[He holds up his hands like reading from a marquee.]

JC: ...“Once In A Millennium” talent...

[He chuckles as he lowers his hands.]

JC: ...a chance to breathe before we interrogate him. Hmm?

[Theresa says nothing as Castillo turns his focus onto Ohara.]

JC: Mr. Ohara, I have to say... I was very impressed with you out there tonight.

[Ohara doesn’t respond, staring at Castillo with obvious suspicion.]

JC: And that ending?

[Castillo waves a dismissive hand.]

JC: Not fair at all... not to you or your fans. Theresa, don’t you agree that the Phoenix was robbed out there of regaining his title?

[Theresa shrugs.]

TL: Jackson Hunter played a major role in the end of the match but-

[Castillo cuts her off.]

JC: Good! So we all agree! Mr. Ohara... Jordan... son...

[Castillo smirks a used car salesman grin.]

JC: ...you are right not to trust Jackson Hunter. As someone who goes back many years with that...

[Castillo sighs.]

JC: ...well, anyways... believe me when I say that he has no interest in anyone’s future except his own... least of all yours.

[The Generalissimo of the Korugun Army jerks a thumb at himself.]

JC: But I on the other hand...

[Theresa’s eyes go wide.]

TL: Wait a second... are you saying-

[Castillo cuts her off again.]

JC: I’m not used to being interrupted, Ms. Lynch. Perhaps your usefulness is as limited as Miss Hayes seems to think it is.

[Theresa flushes at the namedrop.]

JC: Now... where was I? Jordan, surely you can’t be surprised in my interest in your future. After all, there will come a day when the AWA cannot rely on men like Johnny Detson or Ryan Martinez to Main Event every show. There will come a future when we need fresh blood to be the focus.

See, Jordan... when you say that you are a “Once In A Millennium” talent... oh, I believe you. And many do.

[Castillo shakes his head.]

JC: But the sharks are circling, Jordan. You hear the talk in the locker room, I know you do. Jealous whispers. Your so-called allies telling the dirt sheets that you're arrogant... that you're naive... that you're a... line jumper.

[Ohara grimaces as Castillo nods.]

JC: They mock you because they fear you, Jordan. They don't want you near the Main Event because the fear what you can do in the ring. They fear the superstar that you can become. Young. Good-looking. Well-spoken. And talented beyond belief. You can wrestle circles around anyone who gets in there with you. You should be a champion for years to come.

You belong on magazine covers and at Hollywood premieres.

You are a franchise player.

But instead, the suits in the corner office push you aside and give us more Lynches... more Supreme Wright... more Ryan Martinez.

[Castillo clicks his tongue disapprovingly.]

JC: I have come to express my condolences on your loss... as tainted as it was. Can any of your so-called friends say the same, Jordan? Hmm?

[Ohara can say nothing.]

JC: Right. And yet, here is Miss Lynch... connected to them all... ready to poke at your wounds... to throw even more spotlight on your failure to regain your title.

The AWA is rotten at the core...

...but at SuperClash, Korugun will cut away that core and the AWA will be reborn into a new world. A new era.

One where a man like you can be the centerpiece... the focal point...

The face of the company.

[Ohara is still silent... but he's listening.]

JC: Korugun is willing to commit to you, Jordan...

...but are you willing to commit to it?

[He holds up his hand, ticking off his fingers.]

JC: Derek Rage. Morgan Dane. The number one draft pick, Juan Vasquez...

[And points.]

JC: ...and you, Jordan Ohara. We will be unbeatable. We will be unstoppable! Your mother was in the military - you understand the strategy. You know what it takes to win! Imagine it, son... imagine you alongside those soldiers... you LEADING those soldiers into war!

Imagine the victory with the whole world watching. The biggest match in AWA history... and Jordan Ohara on the winning side.

[He grins.]

JC: Fortune and glory, kid. Fortune and glory.

[Castillo spreads his arms broadly as he stares up into the sky to sell the grand vision. He glances sideways at Ohara and then extends one hand as the other reaches up to grip the crystal around his neck.

Ohara stares at the offered hand. For a long, uncomfortable while. Theresa is looking on anxiously as Castillo doesn't budge.

Finally, Ohara glances up at Castillo who is very visibly sweating now... then over at Theresa...

...and without saying a word, he turns and walks away. Castillo stares at his hand that was left hanging and then uses that hand to stroke his chin as his gaze hardens into a tight squint, the other hand releasing the crystal to swing freely again.]

JC: Consider your options carefully. Millenia come to an end sooner than people think.

[Castillo turns to exit, leaving Theresa Lynch behind...

...and we fade out onto the entrance stage where Sweet Lou Blackwell is standing, joined by a drab-looking late middle aged man holding a large black metallic plaque.]

SLB: Alright fans, we have a sell out tonight here in the Scottrade Center in St. Louis, Missouri. I wouldn't expect any less on the road to SuperClash IX in one of the great wrestling cities. And on the topic of selling out arenas in Missouri, I am here with Lyle Thomason from the Missouri Sports Hall of Fame. Mr. Thomason, tonight is a very special night.

[The aforementioned middle aged man grins as he leans over the mic.]

LT: That's right, Lou. We are here to present an award for most sold out professional wrestling shows in the great state of Missouri. It took a while to research this. A lot of big names headlined a lot of great shows in our great state over the years. But when we got our answer, it came as no surprise to anyone in our office that that honor belongs to... just like this plaque... none other than the former IWA World Champion, Terry Shane Jr.!

[The St. Louis crowd cheers as Thomason grins, nodding his head and awkwardly pumping a fist.]

SLB: And without further ado, AWA fans around the world and right here in St. Louis, Missouri... please welcome your own, Terry Shane Jr.!

[Through the curtain steps Terry Shane Jr., radiating the same poise and class he carried himself with in the glory days of the St. Louis Wrestling Office and Central State Wrestling. A smile crosses his face as he hears the fans' ovation for him; his hometown has a long memory. He gives a slight bow of the head to the cheers and then turns to gesture to the curtain...]

SLB: And I see he's not alone!

[The ovation only grows as his progeny step through the curtain after him: current AWA superstar Terry Shane III is beaming with pride in the presence of his father. And...

...Jimmy Jack has even cleaned up for the occasion, looking almost (but not quite entirely) not-too-shabby in a polo and jeans.]

SLB: Shane Family, welcome back to St. Louis! And welcome to Saturday Night Wrestling... and now, Mr. Thomason... if you'll do the honors...

[The man nods emphatically, leaning too far over the mic this time, actually bumping his chin on it before straightening up.]

LT: Mr. Shane, in recognition of your contributions to sport in the state of Missouri and the city of St. Louis, we are pleased to present you with this plaque to honor you, Terry Shane Jr., as the man who SOLD OUT the most professional wrestling shows in the great state of Missouri!

[The senior Shane smiles, nodding as he extends a hand to shake, posing for some photos as he accepts the plaque in his arms.]

SLB: Terry Shane, what a moment for you... and with your family here to see it... and what do you have to say to these great fans in St. Louis?

[The fans cheer again as Shane steps in front of the mic, getting a slap on the back from Thomason as the Shane sons clap for their father.]

TSJ: Sweet Lou... wow.

[He grins as the fans cheer again. Shane Jr. looks at the plaque, smiling and shaking his head.]

TSJ: It's such a great honor to be here tonight... just being here in front of the fans that... well, that were my hometown fans for so long. These people here in St. Louis loved me... and supported me... and made me part of their own families for so long...

...and yes, of course it's great to have my kids here tonight... my wife out there in the crowd tonight...

[We cut to a shot of Carol Shane - alive and kicking - beaming proudly in the crowd as she applauds her husband...

...and then cut back to the stage where Shane the Elder speaks some more.]

TSJ: You know... while this is a heck of an honor, it's not an honor you get alone. You paid to see me... and most of the time, you paid to see who I was facing too. Whether that was Karl O'Connor... or Cameron O'Connor... whether it was ol' Battlin' Burt... my old friend, Oliver Strickland... and of course, you sure as heck paid to see me put that spinning toehold on Hamilton Graham!

[A huge roar goes up from the crowd as Shane chuckles.]

TSJ: He's somewhere back home spittin' nails that I got this plaque and not him.... well, Hammy, you should be used to putting me over by now!

[Laughter abounds on the stage as Shane waves a hand.]

TSJ: I'm just kidding... just kidding, Hammy. I couldn't have done it... any of it... without you. Being a part of this business has been the third greatest thing in my life... behind marrying my wife and seeing this boys being born...

[Terry III reaches out to slap his dad on the back as Jimmy Jack smiles.]

TSJ: ...and as much as you people think I gave to you... you gave so much more back to me. And so, I thank-

[To the buzzing of what sounds like household electronics being tortured, the lights in the arena dim, then cycle through blue, green, and red hues... "The Business of Emotion" by Queen blares to life over the PA system as Kerry Kendrick and Sandra Hayes storm through the curtain to confront the ceremony on the entrance stage. Terry Shane III's mood changes abruptly to frustration, balling up his fists and pointing at the intruders. Sweet Lou Blackwell rapidly shifts his position, getting himself in front of the former TV Champion.]

GM: Good grief, is this vile couple really going to continue to grind that axe with Terry Shane III and ruin this ceremony?

[Blackwell cries out.]

SLB: Whoa, whoa! Kendrick, nobody asked you out here! This is a special ceremony and-

[Kendrick produces his own microphone, cutting off Blackwell.]

KK: I believe I said I wanted you in the ring, Shane! What's the holdup?

[Shane III shouts something off mic as Blackwell extends an arm into his chest.]

SLB: Mr. Kendrick, as you have been told repeatedly, Terry Shane III is not cleared to compete tonight!

[Terry Shane III looks less like he wants to compete and more like he wants to fight, undoing his suit jacket and ripping off his necktie. Junior tries to talk him down, while Jimmy Jack cracks his knuckles and exhorts, "lay a whuppin' on that pretty-boy!"]

SLB: Gentlemen, please! Some composure if you will!

[Kendrick continues, ignoring Blackwell's cries as Sandra Hayes looks on... with a little uneasy expression on her face.]

KK: I said I was going to beat down Terry Shane and leave him laid out in front of his hometown and his family...

[Shane III shouts something off-mic at Kendrick again who sneers...]

KK: ...I didn't say which Terry Shane.

[The Shane family look aghast at the Self Made Man.]

SLB: What the...?! What the HELL is wrong with you?!

[Kendrick chuckles at Blackwell's ire.]

KK: I said what I said, "Junior." You gonna be satisfied being a big fish in a tiny little pond like St. Louis? You gonna be satisfied with filling a few wooden bleachers

in a smoky barn fighting Bobby “Blues” Moody and spilling blood for Clubber O’Riley? Look at your legacy now, Junior.

[Kendrick points at Jimmy Jack.]

KK: You got one kid who can’t get a job...

[Kendrick smirks at Terry Shane III.]

KK: ...and one who can’t get the job done.

[Terry Shane III spikes his jacket to the ground in helpless frustration, trying to get past Blackwell as Jimmy Jack holds his arm, keeping him back. Junior shouts, loud enough for the mic to pick it up.]

TSJ: No! NO! Your injuries, Terry... let it go... he can’t get to me.

[Kendrick smirks, still taunting.]

KK: So how about it, Junior? What say you add one more sold-out arena to your...

[Patronizing, snickering disdain in Kendrick’s voice.]

KK: ...Missouri Sports Hall of Fame entry.

[Terry Shane Junior averts Kendrick’s gaze, while Jimmy Jack and TS3 glare back at Hayes and Kendrick. Sweet Lou can be heard to apologize, “I am so sorry, sir. Do not rise to this.”]

KK: What’s the matter, Junior? Afraid that if you step foot in this ring again that I have these people turn on you like Dagger Oates did? Or maybe I’ll go ask “Aunt Carol” what she’s really—

[Before Kendrick can finish whatever reprehensible threat he was about to make, Terry Shane Junior snatches the microphone from Sweet Lou.]

TSJ: Listen here, you punk! If you think that because I was winning World Titles while you were filling diapers that you can get one over on me, you understand very little.

[The crowd cheers as Kendrick chuckles.]

TSJ: If you think that you won’t scream when I put you in a spinning toe hold like you screamed when my boy latched it on you, you understand nothing at all, son.

[Kendrick’s eyes flash at that one. Terry Shane III seems to see where this is leading, putting a hand on his dad’s shoulder with a “No, pop... don’t...” before his legendary father continues.]

TSJ: There’s three people in wrestling who have ever mastered the spinning toe hold, and you’re looking at two of them.

And after I’m done with you, me and the boys can drive you out to Bellefontaine Cemetery and you can ask the third man, my daddy himself, what he thinks of someone who disrespects the Shanes!

[A big cheer goes up for Shane Senior, another legend of the St. Louis rings.]

TSJ: And that goes double for that gold digging cheerleader bimbo of yours too!

[Hayes' jaw drops as the crowd EXPLODES in cheers. Kendrick's eyes flash with rage as he steps forward, ready to fight...

...but a flood of AWA officials come pouring into view, including Tommy Fierro - a longtime friend of Shane Junior - who gets right up into Kendrick's face.]

"YOU WANNA FIGHT SOMEONE, KENDRICK?! FIGHT ME! FIGHT ME, YOU SON OF A-"

[Kendrick seems ready to fight Fierro too when Adam Rogers grabs him in a waistlock, dragging him away from another former World Champion. Hayes angrily shouts some threats at the Shane family as Junior raises the mic one more time.]

TSJ: Get me some gear, boys!

[The crowd EXPLODES as we see a concerned-looking Terry Shane III trying to talk his dad down off-mic.]

GM: Are you kidding me?! Terry Shane JUNIOR is gonna fight Kerry Kendrick... TONIGHT?!

BW: He better enjoy that plaque while he can - I'm not sure they'll let him hang it up in the hospital tonight!

GM: This is... this is out of control! Fans, we're going to take a quick break and try to find out... can this really be happening?! Fans, we'll be right back!

[With the ruckus still unfolding on the stage, we fade to black.

We hold on a black screen for several moments before we hear the sound of footsteps. Loud footsteps breaking through a completely silent room.

They come to a halt.

A slight clearing of the throat.]

"WELCOME..."

[And with the blast of a spotlight, we see a circus ringmaster standing in the middle of it, a huge grin upon his face.]

"...TO THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!"

[The boisterous "Whooooooooo!" of "The Greatest Show" from the soundtrack to the upcoming "The Greatest Showman" is heard a few times before...]

#Ladies and gents... this is the moment you've waited for...#

[The ringmaster winks at the camera, an actual sparkle showing off his polished white teeth...

...and we cut to a graphic that reads:

SUPERCLASH IX
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

47 DAYS AND COUNTING

And then cut back to black...

...and then back up to a flash of the ACCESS 365 logo that reads "MOMENTS AGO." The scene is the Chimpanzee Position where we find Terry Shane III, Jimmy Jack Shane, Sweet Lou Blackwell, and Tommy Fierro all confronting a red-faced Terry Shane Junior who is tugging off his sportscoat.]

TS3: You can't do this, dad.

[Junior scoffs.]

TSJ: Watch me, son. This is St. Louis... this is OUR town... and I'm not about to let some punk kid disrespect OUR family. Your hurt... the doctors won't let you go... but someone's got to.

[Blackwell shakes his head.]

SLB: Mr. Shane, Kerry Kendrick is-

[Junior interrupts.]

TSJ: He's a no good, lowdown gutter rat.

SLB: -a few decades younger than you.

[Junior chuckles.]

TSJ: Yeah, he's younger... yeah, he's stronger at this point although in my day...

[Junior trails off as Fierro puts a hand on his friend's shoulder.]

TF: Terry, I know better than to try to talk you out of something when you've got it in your head...

[Junior nods.]

TF: ...but do you know how dangerous this is? This isn't me and you in The Yard for old time's sake playing Rocky and Apollo. This kid is mean, he's vicious, and he's got it out for your son... don't think for a second he won't try to get to Terry by hurting you.

[Junior pauses... and then nods.]

TSJ: I know all that... and I know what needs to be done.

[Terry III shakes his head, looking at his brother.]

TS3: You just gonna stand there?

[Jimmy Jack shakes his head... and then gives his dad a lop-sided grin.]

JJS: Kick his ass, pops!

[Sighs all around except for Junior who is taking off his tie as we get a flash of the ACCESS logo and end up back out at ringside with Gordon and Bucky.]

GM: Unbelievable... and now also apparently official! Javier Castillo has declared that later tonight, Kerry Kendrick will go one-on-one with Terry Shane... JUNIOR!

[The graphic goes up on the screen to a HUGE cheer from the St. Louis crowd!]

BW: Well, you just never know what in the heck will happen on an AWA show, do ya? Terry Shane Junior is a legend... a former World Champion... one of the greatest technical wrestlers to ever lace a pair of boots.

GM: And?

BW: And he's also sixty something years old! Kendrick's gonna beat the tar out of him with his family, his hometown, and the whole world watching.

GM: Well, it's going to be something no one will want to miss here tonight in the Scottrade Center which is sold out on the road to SuperClash IX... just 47 days away now... and as promised, we're learning more about that historic two venue megashow here tonight. Just a short while ago, we found out that Kurayami will put the Women's World Title on the line at SuperClash against either Julie Somers or Lauryn Rage who will meet in a STEEL CAGE two weeks from tonight in Miami on Fight Night On FOX! Of course, later tonight, we've also got our big tag team battle royal with the winners meeting the Soldiers of Fortune for the World Tag Team Titles at the big event as well. Plus, we've got...

[Gordon trails off as his hand drifts up to hold the side of his headset.]

GM: Okay, we're getting word now that... okay, something is happening in the underground parking area here at the arena... do we... can we get a camera down there?

[Gordon sits silent for a moment.]

GM: Do we know if we can get a camera down there?

[In response, we get an abrupt cut and see a cameraman hauling some serious buns as runs through a backstage hallway, pushing a door open.]

GM: We're told that someone is trying to get into the arena and...

[As the cameraman comes to a halt, we find ourselves just outside the arena door. A wall of security guard's backs are blocking our shot as the cameraman clambers up onto something to get a slightly elevated view of Shadoe Rage standing in front of a black rental car, dressed in tattered jeans, a frayed dull pink V-neck t-shirt. His hair is wrapped up in a high bun on his head and covered by a gold and grey scarf made of stiff material. He has his gear bag slung over one shoulder and is staring straight at the guards with an irritated look on his face.]

GM: Bucky, it looks like Shadoe Rage isn't being allowed into the building tonight.

BW: Javier Castillo has apparently decided that he wants a night free of Shadoe Rage's insanity apparently. I don't know if this security is enough to hold him off though. This is the man that stowed away on an airplane to get back here from Mexico! Who knows how he'll get into the arena if they don't let him through the doors.

[Rage speaks up, loud enough for the camera to hear.]

SR: What are we doing here, gentlemen? Step aside and let me through. You know who I am. You know I'm scheduled to be here tonight.

[The lead security guard - a fairly-muscular man himself - steps forward to block Rage's path.]

SG: I'm sorry, Mr. Rage. It's not my call. The word came down from Mr. Castillo that tonight you are not welcome in the building. I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

[Rage scoffs.]

SR: Ask me to leave? Ask me to leave? ASK ME TO LEAVE?!?! Why don't you get on your little walkie talkie and tell Mr. Castillo to come down here himself and ask me to leave?!

[The guard nervously fidgets with a walkie talkie as the other guards look on.]

GM: Shadoe Rage is barred from the building and that sounds like a SERIOUS abuse of power to me, Bucky. There's no reason to-

BW: No reason?! Shadoe Rage has been out of control... well, essentially his whole life... but ever since he crossed paths with Korugun, he's been nothing but trouble for El Presidente and the entire Korugun Army. With just weeks to go until SuperClash, do you really think the General wants to deal with this guy?!

[Not getting a response from the guard, Rage shrugs his bag to the ground. He turns in a circle, muttering to himself, trying to calm himself down.]

BW: Look at him! He's talking to himself now! THIS is who you think we should let in?!

[Rage speaks again.]

SR: I'm going to tell you again... step aside and let me through. I'm being nice about it.

[The guard nervously responds.]

SG: I'm sorry, sir. I can't let you through. Let's not make a scene though... just... just get back in your car-

[Rage shouts.]

SR: You don't want a scene, you let me through!

[With that, Shadoe Rage takes a step forward until the lead security guard stops his forward progress with a hand on Rage's chest.]

BW: Uh oh.

[Rage pauses, his eyes bulging as he slowly looks down at the offending arm. Even the security guard seems to know he's made a mistake. He blanches and takes a deep breath.]

SG: Sir, please. I don't want any trouble.

[A slow smile spreads across Rage's face.]

SR: Too bad. Because you found-

[From somewhere out of the camera shot, a huge fist comes flying into view, smashing into the back of Shadoe Rage's head, knocking him forward into the horrified security guard's arms.]

GM: What the-?!

[The camera shot pulls back to reveal the towering form of Derek Rage rubbing his fist.]

GM: DEREK RAGE! FROM BEHIND! He just suckerpunched his own brother in the back of the head!

BW: The rivalry between these two just won't end, Gordo. Both men are trying to reach the top and they keep getting in each other's way!

[The seven foot Rage grabs his brother by the hair, yanking him away from the guard and towards the car.]

DR: You heard the man. You know what the boss said. You're not welcome here.

NOW LEAVE!

[Derek Rage seems about ready to throw his brother towards the car when a dizzy Shadoe buries an elbow into his brother's chest, knocking him back a few steps. Shadoe lowers his head, surging forward, his t-shirt tearing as he tangles with his brother, throwing wild lefts and rights at the ribs, bowling him back into the side of the car...]

GM: Ohhh!

[Shadoe keeps pouring it on, throwing the blows harder and faster as he leans Derek back over the hood, smashing his fist down onto him as Derek tries to shield his head with his arms.]

GM: Shadoe's actually getting the edge on Derek! He's actually-

[But as Shadoe prepares to bury a fist between the eyes of his brother, a metal trash can comes flying into view, bouncing off the back of Rage's head, spilling garbage everywhere as the can clatters aside off the front windshield and Shadoe slumps over on the hood!]

GM: MORGAN DANE!

BW: Two of the five men that the Korugun Army are sending to war at SuperClash!

[One of the most dangerous men in wrestling, Morgan Dane flips Shadoe Rage over onto his back, tearing into him with fists of his own, smashing Rage repeatedly as the larger Rage brother straightens up, shaking his head to clear the cobwebs.]

GM: We've got a two on one out in the parking lot and-

[Dane drags Rage off the hood by the hair, turning him around...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

[...and SMASHES his face down into the hood of the car!]

GM: Shadoe Rage has had his hands full with BOTH of these men for quite some time now and... ohhh! Facefirst down on the hood of the car again!

[Derek Rage barks something at Dane who steps aside as the seven footer reaches down, grabbing his brother's face in a clawhold and dragging him off the hood.]

DR: You always have to learn the hard way, don't you?

[The seven footer steps up on the bumper, dragging Shadoe with him as he steps up onto the hood, the car noticeably sagging under the weight...]

GM: What's he gonna do?! What is he gonna do?!

[The Intelligent Thug looks down, getting his footing right...

...and then hoists his brother into the air...]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"CRUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNCH!"

GM: OHHHHHHH!

BW: HAMMER OF GOD! HAMMER OF GOD ON THE HOOD OF THE CAR!

GM: That might've knocked him out, Bucky!

BW: It might have! And once again, we see that whatever Javier Castillo wants... Javier Castillo gets! And right now, he wants one of the most dangerous men in the entire AWA out of the damn picture!

[Derek stares down at his brother who is writhing in pain on the car hood. He chews his lip and shakes his head.]

DR: That ain't enough to put you down, bro, is it? You just keep getting up no matter what.

[Shadoe rolls to his hip on the hood, grimacing as he tries to get vertical.]

DR: Maniac. Put him down for good.

[There's an audible buzz from back inside the Scottrade Center watching the action unfold on the big screen.]

GM: "Put him down for good." What the heck does THAT mean?!

[The always-maniacal Morgan Dane scrambles up on the hood of the car as Derek hops off, leaving his brother to deal with the sadistic Maniac.]

GM: Dane's on the hood of the damn car... dragging Shadoe... Shadoe Rage can't even stand, damn it! He can't get up... he can't fight! This is like beating up a defenseless man at this point!

BW: Shadoe Rage is never defenseless, Gordo.

[With a sadistic grin, Dane drags Rage up on his feet...

...and then steps up onto the roof of the car...]

GM: What in the...?

BW: Oh, this is gonna be bad... this is gonna be REAL bad!

[Dane methodically drags Rage into a standing headscissors.]

GM: Somebody stop this! Why is security just standing there?!

BW: These guys work for Castillo and like I said, whatever Castillo wants...

GM: NO! NO, DON'T DO THIS, DAMN IT! DON'T YOU DARE DO THIS, DANE!

[With a heave, Dane lifts Rage up into piledriver position...]

"CRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAASH!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and sits out, driving Rage's head down into the glass of the tilted-up moon roof, shattering the glass as Rage's head goes through the opening!]

GM: OH MY GOD! MY GOD IN HEAVEN, HE JUST... HE JUST DROPPED HIM ON HIS DAMN HEAD!

BW: A piledriver through the sunroof?! I've seen everything now!

GM: Get the damn doctors! Get an ambulance! Shadoe Rage is hurt and he's hurt BAD!

[Dane rolls to the side, allowing Rage to slump through the car's sunroof opening, blood pouring from a wound on the back of his head. The Maniac drops off the car onto the asphalt, accepting an offered high five from Derek Rage who knocks on the car window, looking in at his brother as he admires Dane's handiwork.]

DR: Next time... stay down.

[We can hear the shout of other AWA officials rushing to the scene as our cameraman pulls back on the wild scene...

...and we fade to black.

Cut to a college library where two students have a physics textbook open.]

STUDENT #1: So what's question 10?

STUDENT #2: "Matter that produces and/or emits ionizing energy can be described by what adjective?"

[Student #1 looks up from the book and slams it shut. Cutaway as he stands up, now suddenly wearing Derrick Williams' gold "Future" coat from SuperClash VIII through the miracle of editing. He takes out his phone and presses a "play" button.]

[A wide shot of the entire library as the student spreads his arms to the chorus of Imagine Dragons.]

"RADIOACTIVE... RADIOACTIVE..."

[Cut to a sushi chef with a white towel over his head and a kimono with a Claw Academy logo. To Volbeat's "A Warrior's Call," he bursts through curtains to serve a platter of sashimi to a table.

In a gym, a women does sit-ups in and out of frame to "You've Got Another Thing Coming" by Judas Priest. After her third sit-up, her face is spontaneously painted with a black and yellow 'S'. She cups her hands to her mouth and howls.

A man and two school-aged children step through the automatic glass door of a big box retailer to "Black Skinhead" by Kanye West. They are all in hooded fighter's robes, and they stoically nod at the camera in unison as they pause by the shopping carts.

A woman prances through a maze of cubicles to "I'm The Best" by Nicki Minaj, twirling a red braid and balancing a cup of coffee.

A civic worker in a visibility vest tries to move a dead tree branch into a truck to "Brian Boru's March" by The Chieftains. With part of the branch under his arm and his another hand, you'd swear he was giving the branch an armbar.

On a playground, a little girl with a distinct scowl stomps up to home plate to "Another One" by Night Club. She swings her bat wildly at the ball resting on a tee.]

STUDENT #2: [voice] Yeah, I think that's right.

[Cut back to library. Student #1 still has his arms open, but now to the sounds of library ambience. Someone in the background coughs. He sits back down.]

STUDENT #1: Okay... uh... Question 11?

"AWA: Be Your Entrance."

"The Official AWA Playlist, available now on Apple Music and Spotify."

Click The Link!

[Fade to black...

...and up on the parking lot area we saw moments ago. We can see Mark Stegglet standing in the foreground as a waiting ambulance is behind him.]

MS: Welcome back to Saturday Night Wrestling... I am backstage here at the Scottrade Center in the parking lot where moments ago, Shadoe Rage was viciously and violently assaulted by the "Maniac" Morgan Dane and Rage's own brother, Derek. The end result was a piledriver being delivered by Dane on the roof of the car... actually through the sun roof.

[Stegglet jerks a thumb over his shoulder.]

MS: As you can see, the ambulance is here... it is waiting... and Shadoe Rage is currently being loaded on board for transport to a local hospital for treatment. The preliminary word on the scene here is that Rage is incredibly lucky. The glass of the sun roof had been lifted into moon roof position - that slight tilt upwards. So, the piledriver - while it badly lacerated his head to go through the glass - did not have the level of impact on his neck as it would if the glass was closed or if it had been delivered on the metal itself. Dr. Ponavitch says Rage's neck is jammed and he'll need several stitches from the cuts on his scalp... but this situation could've been much, much worse. Back to you, Gordon...

[We fade away from backstage...

...and as we fade back up on a panning shot of the St. Louis crowd, a very familiar opening riff rings out over the Scottrade Center's PA system - a riff that sends thrilled screams into the air. Suddenly, the voice of Rush's Geddy Lee fills the arena and the AWA faithful goes absolutely wild!]

#A modern-day warrior
#Mean, mean stride
#Today's Tom Sawyer
#Mean, mean pride

[As "Tom Sawyer" by Rush continues to blast over the arena's sound system, the six foot three inch tall, Dallas' own, Travis Lynch emerges from the entrance way as the ovation from the fans nears the top of the decibel chart.]

GM: And listen to this crowd's reaction for Travis Lynch! Oh my!

BW: How quickly they forgive and forget how much of a scumbag this guy was last year!

[Travis pauses at the top of the entrance ramp and smiles broadly as the fans continue to scream their approval. As he nods in acknowledgement of their appreciation, he runs his hands through his shoulder length, wavy, dirty blond hair before tapping his chest with his right hand.]

BW: Well, these fans may be happy to see him... but they're not the only ones, Gordo.

GM: What? Are you saying that you're HAPPY to see Travis Lynch here tonight?!

BW: Absolutely... because I can't wait for this stinkin' Stench to have to beg to get his job back! Hah!

GM: I don't know how much begging there will be... but the way I see it, he should already have his job back! Jon Stegglet offered him a new contract after his surprise appearance at Homecoming.. you remember - when he showed up to save the AWA's bacon?

BW: Hey, that contract never shoulda been offered if you ask me. Javier Castillo is the AWA President - not Jon Stegglet.

GM: And Jon Stegglet is a co-owner of this company and not Javier Castillo!

[During all this bickering, the former National Champion has walked the aisle, slapping all the offered hands in sight. He has climbed up on the apron, saluting the fans in his super smedium t-shirt before ducking through the ropes, throwing up a "hook 'em horns" over his head to more cheers.]

GM: This may not be Texas, fans... but you'd never know it to hear the love being poured out by these fans here in St. Louis. These fans know what Travis Lynch has been through to get back to this point and they love him for it.

[Lynch leans back into the ropes for a moment, eyes closed with mic in hand as he soaks up the moment. He bounces off the ropes, rushing to mid-ring before coming to an abrupt halt. The words "that feels good" are picked up off-mic as Travis grins, still enjoying the cheers - and scattering of boos - from the AWA faithful as the music fades and he raises the mic.]

TL: It has been a long time...

[Travis' voice trails off and he looks towards the ceiling of the Scottrade Center for a moment.]

TL: A long time since I've been able to address the AWA faithful.

[The St. Louis fans cheer loudly.]

TL: It's been a long time since y'all watched my career here in the AWA spiral...

[Once again, Travis' voice trails off. As it does so, he lowers his head and slowly shakes his head in disappointment and disgust in himself.]

BW: Spiral? It crashed and burned faster than ol' Blackjack can bounce a check!

[Travis raises his head as he resumes speaking.]

TL: You know, I'm gonna steal a page out of Jack's book here and tell you all a little tale.

[The crowd cheers that idea... then quiets down to listen.]

TL: At the time, it was the apex of my AWA career. I was the AWA National Champion, a title I won by beating the best in this business, "Diamond" Rob Driscoll.

[Travis taps his chest twice with his right hand as he continues to speak.]

TL: Rob and I had a heated rivalry and brought notoriety back to the AWA National Title, a title that had been retired for a number of years. Night after night, we would battle over fifteen pounds of gold and Rob always seemed to be one step ahead of me. Till that faithful August night in Portland, Oregon when I finally, FINALLY captured the National Championship from the "Diamond" himself.

We may have ... I don't want to say we hated one another, but there was a strong dislike for one another... but honestly, I owe Rob. What we did allowed me to finally break out of Jack and James' shadows here in the AWA.

[The crowd "oooohhs," and Travis smirks and shakes his head no.]

TL: Don't go there. I love my brothers and have always been proud of their success here in the AWA...

...but I know how I was viewed by some of the boys in the back. A lot of people didn't think I belonged here. They thought I was coasting on my name... on my family's reputation... heck, some even thought Blackjack was the reason I had my job.

[Travis grimaces.]

TL: But when I won that National Title... that was supposed to change all that. I had proved I belonged. I had proved I was just as much of a part of the Lynch family legacy as Jack and James are. It was supposed to set things right for me.

And it did for a bit... as I went on to defeat the legendary Juan Vasquez twice.

[The crowd jeers Vasquez' name as Travis smirks.]

TL: Yeah, I'm not his biggest fan these days either... but I don't think any of us will deny that he deserves every bit of his reputation as one of the best to ever lace 'em up, right?

So, I won the title... I beat Juan...

[Travis shakes his head.]

TL: And then things went a little sideways for me. Plans would be made... and changed. Challenges would be issued... then dropped. The front office was giving me the runaround. I was getting frustrated and... well, the fans kept asking when they'd see me live up to the legacy of that title. The legacy put in place by guys like Marcus Broussard...

[Big cheers!]

TL: ...Stevie Scott...

[Boos!]

TL: ...and yeah, Juan Vasquez.

[More boos!]

TL: And I wanted that... I wanted it more than the fans even did. And since I couldn't get the office to find me any challengers... I decided to find my own.

I issued an open challenge for any of the boys back there in the locker room to step up and take that gold off my waist... and heck, some of them even obliged me.

But no matter what... I heard the whispers. I saw the Internet and the dirt sheets calling me a paper champion. I heard the boys in the back whispering when I walked into a room and then gettin' real quiet. People saying I was ducking the top challengers... that I was sittin' on the title...

[Travis shakes his head.]

TL: Now, everyone knows I'm the hothead of the Lynch boys. I'm the one who speaks before he thinks...

[Bucky interjects.]

BW: Thinks? Since when did the Lynches start thinking?

GM: Bucky, please...

[Travis is visibly upset now.]

TL: ...and every time I heard more of the whispers, I got madder. Every time someone sent me a Tweet of what that jackass Brian Potter said on the Internet, I got steamed. I was angry... and getting angrier all the time. Jack and the old man? They tried to warn me. They saw the mistakes I was making... the path that I was on...

[Travis chuckles.]

TL: And like the stubborn S.O.B. that I am, I didn't listen. My anger was getting the better of me. It was putting me in a dark place and... well, I just couldn't take it anymore.

[Travis slowly turns, locking his eyes on Bucky Wilde.]

TL: Now, some of those rumormongers out there will tell you that I went into a bar on the European tour... had a few too many... and ended up blacked out on the floor while someone took off with the National Title belt.

And if you believe that one, well... ol' Buckthorn down there's got a bridge he'd like to sell you too.

[The camera cuts to Bucky as the crowd laughs - the color man's cheeks turning red as he glares up at Lynch. We cut back to a chuckling Travis.]

TL: Because the fact is that while I was down in the hotel bar... someone was up in my room breaking and entering and stealing the National Title. Jackson Hunter, I'm looking at you...

[He points to the camera.]

TL: ...and don't think for a second I forgot what you pulled last year. Looks like you've got your hands full these days but you and I will get the chance to dance someday, Hunter... and I'll make you pay for every bit of dragging my name through the mud that's gone down since last November because of you. That's a promise.

[Lynch sighs.]

TL: But I can't blame Hunter for what happened at SuperClash... not completely. Like I said, I was in a dark place... and I made some mistakes both professionally and personally... and because of it, I lost my title and got shown the door by the office.

[The crowd starts to jeer as the former champ raises his hands.]

TL: Hey... none of that. They did what they felt was best for the company... and in the state of mind I was in, I can't blame them one bit. They did the right thing... and I did the wrong thing.

There hasn't been a day since last Thanksgiving that I haven't regretted my words leading up to that night... my actions leading up to that night... and some of the things I said right after it.

[Lynch shakes his head.]

TL: When times are tough, you find out who you can count on. And if I had listened to my friends... my family... and my fans... none of that garbage last year would've gone down. But I was too lost to find my way... and that's on me.

[Travis pauses, looking down at the mat with a chuckle.]

TL: Man, how does Jack do this all the time? This is exhausting.

[The crowd laughs as Travis looks up.]

TL: So, let's fast forward to Homecoming... and the reason why I'm ACTUALLY out here tonight.

[Bucky interjects.]

BW: It's about time. He was so wrapped up in Sob Story Theater, I thought he'd forgotten about his public apology!

[Lynch grins.]

TL: By order of the office of the AWA President, I'm out here to apologize tonight.

[The crowd jeers the idea of that but Travis again raises a hand, shaking his head.]

TL: No, no, no... a man's gotta admit when he was wrong... and brother, I was wrong.

[Travis looks out at the crowd.]

TL: I was wrong about a lot of things over the past year... and I made a lot of mistakes... and for that, I owe an apology...

...to all of you, the AWA faithful.

[The crowd buzzes as Travis nods.]

TL: That's right. I owe all of you - the fans - a heartfelt apology. And whether you love me or hate me, cheer me or boo me, you paid your hard earned money to see me out here... and I let each and every one of you down with my actions... with my words... and with the way I carried myself and sullied the reputation of the AWA and the National Title.

[Lynch nods again as the fans boo a little.]

TL: I can't turn back time and erase what happened... so all I can do is say I'm sorry to each and every one of you.

[Travis again taps his chest two times with his right hand, earning some cheers this time.]

TL: I wasn't the best Travis Lynch. I wasn't the Travis Lynch that I can be... and the one that y'all deserve... and for that, I'm truly sorry.

[Lynch pauses, looking out at the cheering crowd. He bows his head for a moment, bringing a hand up to his eyes.]

BW: That's not the apology we were supposed to get!

[Travis looks up with a smile.]

TL: Thank you. I... well, I wasn't entirely sure how this would go and I... yeah, I needed that.

[The crowd cheers again as Travis grins.]

TL: Which... at long last...

[Travis looks at a non-existent wristwatch with a smirk.]

TL: ...brings me to Rufus Harris.

[The crowd reacts loudly at the mention of the GFC Heavyweight Champion - a strong mix of cheers and boos.]

TL: I made a promise to Javier Castillo that if he invited Rufus Harris here tonight, I'd give him his apology so...

[Travis waves a hand towards the entrance stage.]

TL: I know you're back there, Rufus... so why don't you come on down so we can get this over with...

[Travis lowers the mic, looking expectantly towards the back.]

GM: Now, all eyes turn towards the entrance as we await the arrival of the GFC Heavyweight Champion, Rufus Harris... the Rottweiler himself, Bucky.

BW: And it's about time, Gordo! This man is a special invited VIP guest of the AWA... of the AWA President... and this lunkhead Lynch is out here taking up

GM: Rufus Harris describes himself as a "Sold Out Superstar" because of the crowds he draws everywhere he goes - whether it's live in the arena or on Pay Per View. In fact, he'll be appearing on Pay Per View coming up in a couple of weeks' time - Friday, October 20th - when he defends that piece of gold over his shoulder - the GFC Heavyweight Championship - against top contender Samson Storm in what experts believe will be one barnburner of a title fight.

BW: You know I'll be watching that one.

GM: I know you will. And one night before the AWA hits South Beach for Fight Night On FOX, I'm sure many of our AWA superstars will be watching the GFC Pay Per View with great interest as well.

BW: Now we wait to find out if Travis Stench there will be one of them.

[Reaching the ringside area, Harris waves off his security to encircle the ring as he stands by the ringsteps.]

BW: The Rottweiler taking no chances this time, Gordo. He's got his private security surrounding the ring, making sure Lynch doesn't try for another cheapshot.

GM: I don't really think that's necessary.

[Harris makes his way up the ring steps and pushes the top rope up as he shoves his thick frame inside.]

GM: And with both of these men back inside the ring for the first time since Homecoming, you can feel the tension in there between them. In fact, this tension has been in the air since Harris arrived at the building today. Travis Lynch may have been the only one to come out at Homecoming when Harris was talking about the AWA... but he was far from the only one upset by what he heard that night.

[Travis extends the mic towards Harris who eyeballs him warily from across the ring, a smirk on his face. With a nod, the GFC Heavyweight Champion walks across, eyes locked on the former National Champion...

...and snatches the mic away abruptly. Travis smiles, nodding as Harris backs off.]

RH: ST. LOUIS, WHERE YOU AT?!

[The crowd ROARS with a mixed response as Harris cups his hand to his ear.]

RH: NAH, NAH... that ain't gonna do it... I SAID... ST. LOUIS, WHERE?! YOU?! AT?!

[The fans react with a little more volume this time to Harris' approval.]

RH: Yeaaaaaaah, that's what I like.

[Harris turns back towards Travis Lynch who is looking on.]

RH: I was back there enjoyin' the show... and I got a couple of girls waitin' for me too so let's get this done and over with. Try not to drown out this chump here with your tears, St. Louis... but the Rottweiler ain't here to talk tonight... he's here to listen.

[Harris shoves the mic back in Lynch's hand, backing off to await his apology. Travis raises the mic to speak.]

TL: Rufus Harris. The Rottweiler.

[Harris barks off-mic into the air, getting an imitation from many in the crowd.]

TL: The GFC Heavyweight Champion...

[Harris slaps the title belt.]

TL: ...for now at least.

[An "ohhhhhhhh!" rings out.]

TL: I hear a Storm warning is coming for you, Rufus. Better bring your umbrella on the 20th.

[Harris has a few words directed at Lynch off-mic but Travis doesn't acknowledge them.]

TL: Let's get down to why we're here. See, when the call went out for Homecoming... that distress call to get anyone with AWA ties to Dallas that night to help put on the show... I took it as a sign. I felt like I was being given by the Good Lord above a second chance to come back and maybe correct my sins. To be the man these good people deserve...

[A big cheer goes up as Harris waits impatiently in the corner.]

TL: ...and maybe even become a champion again and this time build the legacy I want to be known for.

And when I got there, I was waiting for my moment... and then I heard you...

[Travis shakes his head, rubbing at his dirty blonde hair as Harris sneers.]

TL: And the words coming out of your mouth that night... they just rubbed every nerve in my body the wrong way. That's why I walked to the ring that night to look you in your eyes, Rottweiler... because I wanted to tell you face to face that what was coming out of your mouth was nothing but garbage!

[The crowd cheers as Harris glares menacingly at Travis, who doesn't drop Harris' gaze.]

BW: This doesn't sound like much of an apology. Leave it to the dumbest of the Stenches to not even be able to get that right.

GM: Bucky!

[Travis continues to speak.]

TL: Standing mere inches from you then and even now, there's no denying you're one of the baddest men on the planet. And I respect you for the fighter you are, how you go out and defend that GFC championship belt once a quarter.

[Harris is not pleased with where this is going.]

TL: I respect you for the fighter that you are... for the champion that you are... and at Homecoming, I should've shown you that respect.

[Travis takes a deep breath before continuing.]

TL: I apologize for my actions at Homecoming.

[There are a sprinkle of boos from the fans at the apology as Harris smirks, nodding his head with a loud "THAT'S RIGHT, SON!"]

TL: I hope everyone back there in the locker room that was waiting to hear that heard it loud and clear...

[He pauses, grinning.]

TL: ...just like I hope they - and you - hear this part loud and clear.

[Harris looks puzzled.]

TL: See, I apologize for taking you down at Homecoming... that's not what I should have done at all. What I should have done is exactly what I'm doing right now...

...and that's challenging YOU to a match in THIS ring!

[The crowd ERUPTS at the impromptu challenge as Harris' eyes go wide. Lynch is grinning from ear to ear as Harris shakes his head. Lynch strides across the ring, getting right up in Harris' face long enough for the ringside photographers to capture the moment...

...and then SHOVES the mic into the chest of the GFC Heavyweight Champion.]

RH: This... this isn't... this wasn't... where the hell is Castillo, man?! Where is he?! Is he on in this with you?! Did he set me up?!

[Lynch shakes his head as Harris stumbles for words.]

RH: Look, uhh... you apologized... we good on that. But a match?

[Some of the trademark Harris swagger starts to slip through the momentary crack in his facade.]

RH: That's a conversation between you and my agent, son. Because as you - and the world - know, Rufus Harris don't fight for free. Rufus Harris don't fight unless someone backs up the bank truck to my mansion in the Hollywood hills! Rufus Harris is fighting on Pay Per View though... Friday, October 20th... you don't want to miss it... none of you want to miss it, ya dig?!

[Harris is addressing the fans now, leaving Lynch's challenge unanswered.]

RH: Yeah, yeah... you can talk to my agent and see if you can put up the cash to get a champion like me in the ring... but I don't think it's likely, son... 'cause what's going down on the 20th... there ain't nothin' goin' down here in the AWA that's more important than that, ya hear me?

[Lynch grimaces, shaking his head.]

RH: Thanks for the apology, kid... the Rottweiler's got places to be...

[Harris turns to exit, causing Lynch to turn to look at the fans...]

GM: Well, that turned out to be eventfu-

[...which is when Harris wheels around, taking a few long strides towards Travis' turned back...]

GM: WAIT!

[...and DRILLS him with a big right hand from the blind side, knocking Travis Lynch flat on his face on the canvas!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: HE HIT HIM FROM BEHIND! YOU TALK ABOUT A SUCKER PUNCH, WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!

BW: Oh my god... can we see a replay of that... on loop... forever?

GM: Travis Lynch issued a challenge... Rufus Harris said no... and then with Lynch had his back turned, Rufus Harris laid him out with a right hand!

[Harris stands over Lynch, tugging the GFC title belt into place as he glares down on the Texas Heartthrob, the fans pouring boos down onto him.]

GM: And these fans in St. Louis are beside themselves! Rufus Harris has just violently assaulted - from behind no less - one of their favorite sons! What a disgusting... what a cowardly... what a ruthless attack by a man who is supposed to be a damn champion! Who is supposed to carry himself with honor... with sportsmanship...

BW: It's kill or be killed! And Rufus Harris just showed that he's got killer instinct for miles, daddy.

[Harris slides his thumbs into his waistband, striking a pose over the downed Lynch as he leans back, grinning at the jeering crowd.]

GM: Travis Lynch is out, fans... he's out cold! We're going to need to get some help down here and... oh brother, we'll be right back after this.

[With Harris posing over Lynch, we fade to black...

...and then back up on a shot of two boys sitting in front of a TV playing video games. The shot is over the TV so we can see the living room behind them. The boys are very into the action on the screen which we cannot see but we can hear the explosions and gunfire of the latest hot first person shooter type game. The girls sitting behind them look bored to tears as the boys trade jabs like "GOT YOU!" "YOU'RE TOAST!" and "GRENADES FOR DAYS, FRIENDO!" A voiceover begins.]

"Feeling left out of the action?"

[The girls look up, nodding.]

"Looking for your next video game to trade bullets for bodyslams?"

[The girls nod more emphatically.]

"Tired of just another boring shoot 'em up?"

[The girls get up from their seats on the couch now, looking eagerly at the screen.]

"Wish there was someone who looked like YOU that you could control?!"

[A white light shines down from the living room ceiling on the two girls...

...and with a burst of shattering glass, the room fills with light.

As the light dies down, we find the grinning form of "Spitfire" Julie Somers in wrestling gear standing in front of the now-smoking television set.]

JS: Step aside, boys... it's Ladies Night.

[And we cut to a series of shots of video game pro wrestling action: Michelle Bailey delivering a Britney Spear to Kelly Kowalski. Charisma Knight and Skylar Swift trading blows. Harley Hamilton and Cinder making their entrance. The voiceover continues.]

"It's AWA 2K17 coming your way just in time for the holiday season. Play as your favorite wrestlers..."

[Victoria June drops Xenia Sonova with a front powerslam.]

"...create your own shows in our new El Presidente mode..."

[A digital Castillo is on stage making a match.]

"...take your created superstar from rookie to SuperClash Main Event!"

[A face we don't know is trading blows center ring with Trish Wallace before hoisting her into a Jackhammer suplex.]

"All in one tremendous game!"

[Cut scene of the digital Julie Somers standing on the turnbuckles, flipping off onto a prone Kurayami...

...and then to a shot of the real Julie Somers.]

JS: Now that's what I like to see.

[Somers looks over at the boys now huddled in the corner of the room.]

JS: Aww, we didn't forget about you two.

[Somers snaps her fingers as we get a barrage of shots from other characters - Supreme Wright using Fat Tuesday on Jeff Matthews. Jack Lynch applying an Iron Claw on Muteesa. Hannibal Carver using a Blackout on Derrick Williams. And finally, Ryan Martinez causing Johnny Detson to pinwheel through the air with an Excalibur. The voiceover continues.]

"AWA 2K17 drops October 26th at game shops, retail stores, and online! Available for your favorite gaming system and on PC!"

[Back to a shot of all four kids playing excitedly now, a tag team match on screen pitting Julie Somers and Victoria June against Ayako Fujiwara and Molly Bell. The on-screen Somers takes a German Suplex from Fujiwara as real life Somers grimaces, grabbing at her neck.]

JS: That had to hurt.

[And with that, we cut to a graphic promoting the release of AWA 2K17 as we fade to black...

...and then come back on a panning shot of the Scottrade Center crowd, still buzzing over what they just saw...

...and then down to Rebecca Ortiz standing center ring.]

RO: The following contest is set for one fall with a ten minute time limit. Introducing first, from Los Angeles, California, and weighing 225 pounds, this is O.D. BROWN!

[A young, rough-looking man dressed in plain blue trunks and wrestling boots, with undercut short dreads, a patchy beard and tattooed sleeves, tugs at the ropes to keep loose.

The lights go out in the arena and the video wall lights up with the image of what looks like a sun and we hear a collection of horns playing -- horns that open the Van Halen song "Runnin' With the Devil."

Then you hear the strums of the guitar, with a red light at the entranceway blinking in time with them.

The image of the sun then grows larger, as you hear the tapping on the cymbal, the sound of fingers running over a keyboard, and when the guitar riff kicks in, the image burst into a sea of red and one word appears on the video wall in black lettering.

"SUPERNOVA"

The crowd goes wild as flaming pyro shoots up alongside the ramp leading from the entranceway.]

RO: And his opponent, from Venice Beach, California, and weighing 260 pounds... THIS... IS... SUPERNOOOOOOVAAAAA!

[The fan favorite known as Supernova walks out from the entranceway. He wears a black trenchcoat, with the image of a yellow and orange, exploding star on the back, over a black singlet with the same image on the front, plus black tights and black wrestling boots. His brown hair hangs just past his ears and he wears a pair of shades.]

GM: Supernova has his sights set on SuperClash and, I can imagine, the AWA World Title, Bucky.

BW: Yeah, ever since he entered a Rumble match he wasn't allowed to enter, he's been trying to find any way he can to get himself a shot!

GM: That Rumble win was certainly controversial, but as of late, Supernova has established himself as a top contender for that belt -- and possibly a top contender to be part of Team AWA at SuperClash.

BW: You think he trusts anybody on Team AWA, Gordo? He may love the company but is he a fan of the company he'd have to keep for that match?

GM: That is a good point, Bucky -- Supernova has undergone a transformation as of late, and one in which it's hard to say who he trusts.

[Supernova walks down the ramp, the lights slowly coming back on with each step he takes, then the pyro dying down after he walks by. He heads toward the ring at a deliberate pace, his eyes fixed ahead and nowhere else, though he does extend his hands out on occasion, allowing fans along the railing to slap hands with him.

When he reaches the ring, Supernova walks toward the stairs and climbs them, then walks alongside the ring apron. He ducks between the ropes, then walks at that same, deliberate pace toward the center of the ring, where he removes his shades, revealing yellow and orange paint that resembles flames around his brown eyes. He raises his arms to the sides for a moment, before lowering them, walking toward the corner and removing his trenchcoat.]

GM: Two weeks ago, the Dogs of War tried to take Supernova down and failed. Now, the man who has called himself the AWA's franchise is going to face a young man by the name of O.D. Brown who we've seen in action a couple times as of late. Do you know anything about him, Bucky?

BW: I understand he's only 20 years old, Gordo. He's going against one of the most experienced wrestlers in the AWA, but could you imagine how big it would be if he pulled off the upset?

GM: It certainly would be, Bucky, but while I take nothing away from Brown, ever since Supernova's transformation, he sure looks like a more focused individual than ever before.

[The bell rings and Supernova turns to face Brown, who approaches his opponent and offers his hand.]

GM: And Brown with a gesture of sportsmanship.

BW: I beg to differ, Gordo.

GM: Please do explain.

BW: See, this is the part where Brown suckers in Supernova, kicks him in the gut, then pulls him forward and drops him with a DDT. Good amateur move!

[Nova sizes up Brown for a moment, then extends his hand and they quickly shake.]

GM: You were saying, Bucky?

BW: Oh, I get it now... he's just building a false sense of security in Supernova, before he sticks a thumb in the eye.

GM: You're unreal.

[Nova and Brown now circle one another and lock up, with the larger Nova gaining the advantage.]

GM: Supernova backing Brown into the corner... the referee calling for a break.

[Nova pulls his hands up slowly and backs away, allowing Brown to come out of the corner.]

GM: A clean break... now the two men circle again.

[The two lock up once more, only this time, Brown is able to slip Nova into an armdrag and take the veteran to the mat.]

GM: An armdrag and a nice one!

BW: See, Gordo, he lulled Supernova into a false sense of security.

GM: Well, it did take Supernova by surprise.

[Nova gets to his knees, casting a quick glance, then a nod, at Brown.]

GM: Supernova back to his feet... both men sizing each other up.

[Nova goes for another lockup, but Brown ducks underneath, then turns around and leaps.]

GM: Dropkick by Brown! He caught Supernova off guard!

BW: Kid's certainly got a good strategy, just like I talked about.

GM: Except he's using legal moves, not a thumb to the eye.

BW: Oh, sure, get into a technicality, Gordo.

[Nova stumbles backwards into the ropes and Brown moves forward, grabbing Nova by the arm.]

GM: Irish whip into the ropes! Brown leaping again -- another dropkick! I don't think Supernova expected this!

[Nova crashes to the canvas and Brown turns to the crowd, pumping his fist.]

BW: Don't celebrate too soon, kid! Stay on him!

GM: Supernova getting to his feet, but Brown has him... another Irish whip... no, a reversal!

[Nova sends Brown into the ropes, then catches him coming off and presses him overhead.]

GM: Gorilla press by Supernova!

BW: Almost effortless, Gordo!

[After several seconds, Nova slams Brown down to the canvas.]

GM: And Brown comes down hard! Supernova staying right on top of him!

BW: See, Gordo, this is one thing I like about the new Supernova... he doesn't play up to these fans anymore!

GM: He may not, but he's certainly let it be known he hasn't abandoned them.

[Nova hooks Brown into vertical suplex position, then lifts him up.]

GM: Supernova with a nice suplex... gets to his feet and now runs off the ropes...

[Nova comes off the rebound, then leaps high into the air, driving his elbow into Brown's chest.]

GM: Elbowdrop finds the mark! After Brown hit some nice moves, Supernova has now taken control!

BW: And he's staying right on top of him, Gordo.

[Nova drags Brown to his feet, hooking him from behind.]

GM: Supernova now with a belly to back suplex... now off the ropes again... and another elbowdrop!

BW: Kid's gotta rethink his strategy. Hey, Brown, you sure you don't want to try the thumb to the eye?

GM: Will you stop it?

[Nova drags Brown up again, but this time, Brown manages to get a shot to the midsection.]

GM: Brown trying to fight back... give this young man some credit.

BW: I'd give him more credit if he'd adjust his strategy!

GM: Brown with another shot... but now Supernova is fighting back!

[The two exchange shots, but Nova starts to quicken his pace.]

GM: Supernova gaining the advantage -- look at how quickly he fires off those forearms!

[Brown is staggered toward the corner, where Nova changes his tactics and fires off a quick kick to the midsection.]

GM: Supernova has Brown pinned in the corner... takes him by the arm.

[An Irish whip to the opposite side follows, then Nova measures him up.]

BW: We may be about to see a Heat Wave, Gordo!

[Nova comes flying across the ring, but Brown sidesteps him.]

GM: Brown moved!

[But Nova manages to catch himself in time, turning toward Brown for a moment and shaking his head.]

BW: I can't believe it! Brown got out of the way, but Supernova stopped himself in time!

GM: Give credit to both men... particularly Brown, because other men would have been finished at that point!

[Brown turns around and he comes at Nova with a series of quick forearms, which appear to stun the veteran.]

GM: And Brown right on the attack! Look at this!

[Brown grabs Nova and drags him out of the corner, trying to set him up.]

GM: Brown wants a suplex... but Nova blocks it!

BW: Give the kid credit... he's trying to get him up.

[Brown manages to lift Nova off his feet for a moment, but can't follow through...

...and that's when Nova manages to drive his knee into Brown's midsection.]

GM: Knee to the gut by Supernova! Brown staggered!

[Brown is doubled over and turns around, at which point Nova quickly grabs him and pulls him into an inverted facelock.]

GM: Supernova has Brown from behind!

[Nova then drops down backwards, driving Brown into the canvas with an inverted DDT.]

GM: And Nova takes him to the canvas! I believe he calls that the Black Hole!

BW: Whatever you call, it's over now!

[Nova rolls on top of Brown and hooks the leg, with the referee delivering the three count.]

GM: It certainly is! Supernova gets the three count and the win! Let's get the official word.

[Nova gets to his knees first, then rises to his feet, allowing the referee to raise his hand.]

RO: Here is your winner... SUPERNOVA!

[Nova stares at Brown for a minute, as the younger wrestler rolls out of the ring, holding his head. Nova then gives a quick nod of acknowledgement to Brown.]

GM: A gesture of respect from Supernova to O.D. Brown, who handled himself quite well against one of the top wrestlers in the AWA and... hold on, it looks like Supernova wants the mic.

[Nova ducks between the ropes, motioning to Ortiz, who nods and passes the mic to him. Nova then walks toward the center of the ring, first glancing at the aisle.]

S: Let me first give that man credit -- he took the fight to me, when it could have been easy to just roll over and play dead. I can respect that fight.

[He gives a quick nod.]

S: See, I may have changed in a few ways -- I grew my hair out, I went with less colorful attire, and I figured less is more when it comes to the face paint. But at heart, I'm still the same man who hasn't forgotten where I've come from and hasn't forgotten how much this company means to me.

Now, if you're asking why I haven't put my name forward for Team AWA at SuperClash, let me clear the air. If they want me, all they have to do is ask. But no disrespect to Jon Stegglet... I still wonder how many of those putting their names forward, are willing to acknowledge the mistakes they made, and show me that they are worthy of my trust again.

[He takes a deep breath.]

S: I don't like to say it, but there's still a few guys in the back with whom I'm not exactly sure where I stand with them. So until things get clarified a bit, I'm going to take the fight to Javier Castillo in my own way.

[Another quick nod.]

S: Yeah, Generalissimo, I haven't forgotten about you. You sent your attack dogs after me and they couldn't get the job done. In fact, nothing you've sent after me, nothing you've tried, has gotten the job done against me. I'm still here, I'm still fighting and I'm still going to see to it that you and your cronies are out of the company I love, even if I'm not in WarGames.

[He leans against the ropes.]

S: Oh, and Johnny Detson, I haven't forgotten about you. You may not be a fan of Castillo, either, but you benefitted from what he had to offer, and that's all that matters to me. Your time is coming soon enough and that's a promise.

And as for Brian James, you know what I told you last week? Nothing has changed there.

And as far as SuperClash goes, I can promise you -- I will be there and I will promise you this... somebody is going to burn.

[He ducks between the ropes, handing the mic back to Ortiz, then heading up the aisle.]

GM: Supernova with some strong words directed all around the AWA there - Johnny Detson, Brian James, and of course, Javier Castillo. And you can bet those words aren't going to sit well with any of them. Right now, fans... let's go backstage and hear from some competitors we saw out here earlier tonight.

[We fade from ringside to the backstage area where Theresa Lynch is standing with the Serpentine. The orange mohawked Copperhead paces back and forth, clenching her fists and shrieking in the air as the Mamba sits on a crate, a bag of ice wrapped around her throat as she tries to massage her jaw. She winces at her own touch.]

TL: Mamba, I was wondering if I could get a word with you after your match with Lauryn Rage. As you know, she was on the shelf due to injury for a long time. And now in her second match back, she beats you with the Snakebite. Let's get your perspective. Is Da Kid back?

[The Mamba's head pops up as she glares at Theresa Lynch. She tries to speak but her voice comes out as a hollow rasp. Copperhead leaps in front of her partner, shielding her from the intrepid Lynch. Copperhead rubs her partner's shoulder.]

C: You rest your throat, Mami, I got this.

[She turns towards the camera, flashing her fangs and her crazy orange snake eyes.]

C: Hey, chica, you think you got the win out there tonight? No, you just got lucky, baby bird. You got lucky with Medusa's move, but I promise you you can't do it again. You see how we left you for dead in that ring. You not ready for the Serpentine. You not ready to come back. This isn't over. We want our money and we are going to keep kicking your culo til we get it.

[Copperhead pauses, looking up to the sky and clapping her hands.]

C: Hmmm, El Presidente thinks you're going to make it to Miami and Fight Night? El Jefe thinks you're going to fight in a cage for a shot at the title? He's very wrong. You're not getting there. Your road to greatness has to come through us. Next Saturday in Atlanta... on the Power Hour.. you bring a friend and face the Serpentine.

[Theresa interjects, shaking her head.]

TL: Wait a second! We just saw NO ONE come to her aid tonight! Who's going to be her partner? She's got no one on her side!

[Copperhead tilts her head down at Lynch and then looks back at her partner before she laughs maniacally.]

C: Awww, isn't that too bad?

[Copperhead returns her glare to the camera as she jabs her finger towards the screen.]

C: See you next Saturday, senora.

[And we fade out from backstage...

...and up to find the ring practically overflowing with AWA superstars.]

GM: Welcome back to ringside right here in a sold out Scottrade Center in St. Louis as we get set for a match with SuperClash IX implications. It's a tag team battle roy-

[A gruff, harsh voice cuts Gordon off cold.]

"That's enough talking, maggot."

[The camera cuts from the ring to ringside where we see "Captain" Joe Flint and "Corporal Punishment" Charlie Stephens sitting alongside Gordon and Bucky at the announce table.]

GM: I see. Well, I wanted to let the people know that all of these tremendous teams up inside the ring right now are all gunning for you.

CS: You don't think the people know that, Myers? We're the AWA World Tag Team Champions! We're the 2017 Stampede Cup winners! In the eyes of anyone who's not a damn fool in the wrestling world, that makes us the best tag team on the planet. If you're not gunning for us... and for these...

[He holds up his World Tag Team Title belt.]

CS: ...then you might as well see if the local Wal-Mart is hiring.

JF: Some of this scum up in the ring would be better off handing people shopping carts than getting in the ring with us.

CS: It won't pay as much but it's going to be a lot better on their health.

[The Soldiers chuckle at their comments as Gordon clears his throat.]

GM: Nevertheless, the men inside that ring - the tag teams inside that ring will be taking part in a tag team battle royal with the winner facing the two of you at SuperClash IX for the titles. Now, there are some top level tag teams in there, gentlemen... so I certainly understand you wanting to be out here to do some scouting.

CS: That's right, Myers. Scouting. That's exactly why we're here.

[Flint chuckles darkly as Myers continues.]

GM: Let's run down the teams in this thing for our fans at home - the American Idols are in there. The Gold Standard taking part despite what happened to their Mifune-gun allies a little earlier.

BW: One of my favorite teams - we haven't really seen 'em on TV yet but they've been on a roll at the live events - Masks For Money - the duo of the Golden Grappler and Ultra Commando 3. They could be a sleeper pick.

JF: Commando's a guy after my own heart. It'd be an honor to face him on the biggest stage in wrestling.

GM: Some international flair as well with both Ringkrieger and the team of Malcolm Sweeney and Rory Smythe, the Summit. Korugun sending some of their own reps to the table with the massive team of Polemos and Muteesa.

BW: Hey, one of my favorite teams comin' to the big, big show - The Band is LIVE and IN PERSON, daddy!

GM: The Band hopefully not looking ahead to next weekend's clash with The Summit on the Power Hour. And speaking of the Power Hour, Alexander Kingsley and Curt Sawyer have been impressing a lot of folks with their wins on our show from the ATL and are looking for that to spill over here tonight in St. Louis.

BW: Gordo, have you ever been experienced? The Idols are in it to win it too!

GM: And last but certainly not least, we've got Howie Somers representing he and Daniel Harper - the former tag champions, Next Gen. But Somers goes into this one at a huge disadvantage, Bucky.

BW: He sure does. The unique thing about a tag team battle royal is that if one man from a team is tossed, they're both eliminated. So, it's important to watch each other's backs in there... but with Somers by himself, he's got no one to watch his back.

CS: Oh, we're watching it for him.

GM: Are you saying you'd like to see Howie Somers beat the odds and pull this off?

JF: What we're saying is that the Soldiers of Fortune don't back down from ANY challenge, Myers... and while we don't see the need to face Next Gen again after the utter beating we gave them when we won these straps, we won't pass up the chance to put Somers in a hospital bed alongside his partner. Ain't that right, Marty?

GM: Marty...?

[A loud, shrieky voice is heard from off-mic.]

"THAT'S RIGHT, CORPORAL! YOU TELL HIM HOW IT'S GONNA BE! YOU TELL HIM HOW IT'S GONNA GO! U-S-A! U-S-A! U-S-A!"

GM: Goodness... can you keep it down a little?

[A cackling Marty Meekly wanders off, the camera showing him waving a large American flag at ringside.]

GM: The so-called flagbearer hard at work... and we're just about set to get this one underway here in St. Louis.

[The referee gives a signal...]

"DING! DING! DING!"

[...and the ring dissolves into a flurry of fists in every direction.]

GM: And this one's underway as seventeen men battle it out to see who will get the shot at championship gold in either Toronto or Atlanta on Thanksgiving Night!

[The camera cuts from the wide shot to a corner where we see Chaz and Chet Wallace throwing short right hands at the Golden Grappler. Ultra Commando 3 is looking to assist his partner but is being held up in an exchange of haymakers with Daniel Grayson.]

BW: The opening moments of a battle royal are about chaos... and more importantly, about surviving the chaos. With seventeen men in there, there is a little more room to maneuver than in typical battle royals but-

JF: But not much.

BW: No, not much. And this can be the dangerous part of a battle royal too. With so many bodies in there, it's so easy to step on a foot and roll an ankle or to catch a stray finger in the eye. This is survival. Stay in long enough to get more room to work and do more damage.

[We cut to a shot of Polemos with his hand around the throat of Jimi Jam Jester, shoving him back into the corner as Laredo Morrison trades blows with the mighty Muteesa.]

GM: No friends or allies in this one... other than your partner. And that means we're likely to see some strange confrontations and maybe even some equally strange partnerships as well as these teams struggle to get to the end of this one... where you two await, gentlemen.

JF: A lot of tough teams in there, Myers. But none of 'em as tough as us.

GM: We're likely to find out if that's true at SuperClash... assuming you two still have the titles on Thanksgiving Night in Toronto and Atlanta.

CS: Oh, we're gonna be in Atlanta, Myers. The Soldiers of Fortune are gonna be on American soil for Thanksgiving - guaranteed.

[We cut again, this time showing Curt Sawyer lifting the legs of a cornered Daniel Ross, trying to upend him over the ropes.]

GM: Sawyer's got Ringkrieger's Daniel Ross in some trouble here. And I'd love to see the likes of Ross and MISTER get their hands on the two of you. That would be one heck of a matchup.

CS: Of course it would. Those two are as tough as they come... but they're not the Soldiers of Fortune, Myers. They're not the Stampede Cup champions... and they're definitely not the World Tag Team Champions.

GM: And MISTER comes to the aid of his partner with a big hammer blow across the back. That's the key to success in this battle royal, Bucky.

BW: Gotta watch your partner's back and that's what MISTER did right there.

[With Sawyer in the corner now, MISTER winds up...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

[...and DRILLS the former barkeep across the chest with a knife edge chop that sends Sawyer off his feet in the corner.]

GM: Alexander Kingsley should probably be getting in there right now but he seems hesitant to tangle with MISTER.

BW: Can you blame him?

GM: Absolutely not.

[We cut across the ring to show Takeshi Mifune pushing Howie Somers into the turnbuckles, grinding his forearm back and forth on Somers' cheekbone.]

GM: And there's the man standing all alone in this one. Howie Somers taking up the challenge for both he and his injured partner...

CS: Harper got hurt? How'd that happen?

[Flint and Stephens laugh as Gordon responds.]

GM: You know very well how it happened, Charlie Stephens. You and that flag pole of yours. But if Somers can somehow pull this one out, it'll be he and Daniel Harper getting their tag title rematch against you two at SuperClash IX.

JF: You know, Myers... you say that like we're afraid of that going down. You say it like we don't want to face those two runts again.

GM: Well, you haven't exactly been eager to give them a rematch.

JF: We want to face the best in the world to prove that WE'RE the best in the world. So, if Somers can prove they deserve the shot, we're more than happy to give it to them.

GM: Look out here now... Rory Smythe in a little bit of trouble here...

[Ultra Commando 3 is shoving Smythe back over the ropes, his palm pressing the Brit's chin, leaning him backwards as Callum Mahoney shouts at the masked man from the outside.]

GM: We know that The Summit will be taking on The Band and "Golden" Grant Carter next weekend on the Power Hour... but right now, Callum Mahoney's trying to lead his allies to a SuperClash title shot.

[As The Golden Grappler comes to the aid of his partner, we cut across the ring again where we see Bret Grayson duck low, lifting Chaz Wallace into the air and dumping him over the ropes with a fireman's carry to cheers.]

GM: Whooooa! How about that? The American Idols had to be considered one of the odds on favorites to win this whole thing and just like that, they're outta here!

BW: Things have just not been going the Idols' way lately, Gordo.

GM: Chaz was the one eliminated but Chet needs to leave as well... and that leaves eight teams in the ring fighting it out for this title shot.

[Chet consoles his twin brother on the outside as Bret Grayson turns his attention towards a nearby Muteesa, burying a boot into his ample midsection.]

GM: The Gold Standard picks up the first elimination in this match... and if you two think you represent the Stars and Stripes, how about a real American hero like Bret Grayson, the Olympic gold medalist?

JF: He's a great wrestler... a great AMATEUR wrestler. But these are the pros, Myers... and what has Bret Grayson done as a professional to make me think he's worth noticing?

[In the ring, we find Ultra Commando and the Golden Grappler taking turns booting Howie Somers in the midsection.]

GM: Masks For Money doubleteaming former champion Howie Somers now... Somers hanging onto the ropes...

[Somers is clinging to the ropes as the Commando and the Grappler each grab a leg, trying to flip Somers over the top. Alexander Kingsley swoops in, looking to help as he pushes the upper body as the crowd buzzes with concern.]

GM: Somers trying to hang on! A three-on-one in the ropes and Howie Somers' dreams of regaining the title are in jeopardy!

BW: And you better believe that no one's coming to save Somers! No Daniel Harper who is still on the shelf - and not a single soul in that ring wants the former champ in there any longer than possible!

[The powerful young Somers wraps one arm around the top rope while swinging for the fences with the other, drilling the masked Grappler across the face... then one to Kingsley that sends him staggering back... then one to the Commando...]

GM: Somers fights his way free and-

[Grabbing the Grappler by the back of the head, Somers HURLS the masked man over the ropes to cheers!]

GM: The Grappler's gone! Masks For Money are eliminated!

[The Commando lunges at Somers looking for more but Somers ducks low, clotheslining him in the back of the head to knock him over as well!]

GM: Well, the Commando's gone too! He was already gone but Somers just made sure of it!

[Somers turns back towards Kingsley, grabbing him around the waist as he attempts to flee...]

GM: Somers is looking for the trifecta here - looking to toss Kingsley and-

[The crowd jeers as Curt Sawyer buries a knee in the kidneys of Howie Somers before he can do any damage on Kingsley.]

GM: Ohhh! Sawyer from the blind side... and now he pulls Somers back to the corner...

[The St. Louis fans are all over Sawyer and Kingsley as they trade off throwing bombs to the body of Howie Somers.]

GM: Somers all alone in there - the odds against him for sure as... wait a second!

[The crowd cheers in surprise as Polemos grabs Curt Sawyer by the shoulder, swinging him around into a gloved uppercut!]

GM: Oof! What a right hand by Polemos!

BW: We talked about strange partnerships and strange-

GM: Another right hand!

CS: What's this big masked flunkie doing?! They had Somers on the ropes and this seven foot MORON stuck his stupid nose in their business!

GM: To listen to you, Mr. Stephens, one would think you REALLY want Howie Somers eliminated from this thing.

CS: I don't... I have no preference.

[A high-pitched shout or two from Marty Meekly with some flag waving seems to distract Polemos for a moment as MISTER wheels him around...]

“WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!”

BW: Good lord, Gordo!

GM: It's like a damn thunderbolt smashing you in the chest!

[The seven footer staggers backwards into the ropes as Daniel Ross loops his arms around the neck, burying knees into the body of Polemos as Muteesa tries to battle away from Bret Grayson and Takeshi Mifune to intervene.]

GM: The Korugun duo trying to stay in this thing. You know Generalissimo Castillo would like a chance to add another title to his Army.

JF: Not gonna happen. See, these teams are all fighting it for the right to walk into SuperClash... face us... and LOSE.

CS: That's right, that's right.

GM: That remains to be seen. And I think even the likes of the tag team champions - that's you - would face a stiff challenge if Muteesa and Polemos were across the ring from you.

[With Ringkrieger working over Polemos near the ropes and Muteesa being assaulted by the Gold Standard across the ring, we see Laredo Morrison and Jimi Jam Jester take their shot at Rory Smythe and Malcolm Sweeney.]

GM: This one is breaking down into some individual rivalries now... as we said earlier, there will be a six man tag on the Power Hour this week and-

[The crowd cheers as Morrison and Smythe going tumbling over the ropes to the floor.]

GM: Oh! Double elimination! Double elimination! The Summit AND The Band are gone!

BW: Oh man... you can hear the crying of the Band's fans everywhere.

GM: And just like that, we're down to five teams, gentlemen. One of these five teams - the Gold Standard, Ringkrieger, Polemos and Muteesa, Kingsley and Sawyer, and Howie Somers representing Next Gen - will be your challengers at SuperClash!

BW: Look at Muteesa!

[The super heavyweight starts throwing big chops on Grayson and Mifune, landing a pair of knife edges that send them spinning away. An overhead chop to each follow, taking them to their knees...

...and with a bellow, Muteesa races across the ring, throwing himself into an avalanche!]

GM: AAAAAVAAAALANNNNNNCHE!

[But the running splash aimed as Ringkrieger comes up empty as they part the seas and Muteesa squashes his own partner against the ropes, sending Polemos through the ropes and to the floor!]

GM: OH! MUTEESA MISSES!

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: BUT MISTER DOESN'T!

[The powerful knife edge blow lands, flipping Muteesa over the ropes and sending him crashing down eliminated on the floor!]

GM: AND MUTEESA IS GONE! MUTEESA AND POLEMOS ARE OUT!

BW: And then there were four, daddy!

GM: Kingsley and Sawyer, the Gold Standard, Ringkrieger, and Howie Somers are the final four teams left in this one! And any of these four teams would deliver one heck of a title challenge to the champions - the Soldiers of Fortune sitting out here with us at ringside.

CS: Myers, it sounds like you don't have a lot of faith in us.

GM: You guys are a top notch tag team - that's for sure. But your overconfidence when faced with four very stiff challenges is surprising to me.

CS: We're the best tag team in the world - can you deny that?

GM: Well, you are the World Tag Team Champions.

CS: And we won the Stampede Cup which says we earn the right to call ourselves the best tag team in the world - true or false?

GM: True.

CS: Then why in the world would we be afraid to face any of these teams left?

GM: It's not fear I'm looking for. It's respect. Respect for a hot rising team like Kingsley and Sawyer. Respect for an Olympic gold medalist and one of the toughest men alive in the Gold Standard. Respect for one of the greatest international duos in the world, Ringkrieger. And yes, respect for the team you beat - in questionable fashion - for the World Tag Team Titles - Next Gen.

JF: See, that's where the world sees the difference between a citizen like you and soldiers like us. You call it "questionable fashion" - we call it "by any means necessary." This is a time of war and in times of war, you do whatever it takes to win.

[Daniel Ross throws himself at a momentarily-surprised Howie Somers, jamming a forearm under the jaw as Somers staggers back towards the ropes, trying to get his arms up as Ross lets loose a series of palm strikes to the upper body.]

GM: Down to four teams - and the tension in this arena ratchets upwards as the eight... I'm sorry, make that seven men still in the ring inch even closer to a SuperClash date with the World Tag Team Champions.

[Somers continues to cover up, causing Ross to go downstairs with kicks to the legs instead. He peels off, waving MISTER over to join him.]

GM: Thunderfoot himself directing traffic in there as Ringkrieger is going to look to do the Soldiers of Fortune a favor and eliminate Next Gen's chances at a tag title rematch from this Battle Royal.

CS: I'm just about sick of you, Myers. You keep this up and maybe I'll toss YOU over the top rope.

JF: Easy, soldier. Take a breather.

[Stephens sighs as Bucky chuckles.]

BW: You certainly have a way with people, Gordo.

GM: I'm just... as the young folks say... keepin' it real.

[Ross leans on the torso of Somers, holding him in place as MISTER leans down to grab a leg, lifting it up off the canvas...]

GM: MISTER's got a leg... looking to get Somers up and over... and in the meantime, look at Grayson trading shots with Curt Sawyer!

[The crowd is cheering that scene as the Olympian and the former barkeep trade haymakers.]

GM: The fans here in St. Louis are looking on... four teams remaining... who's it gonna be? Bucky, which of these four remaining teams would YOU like to see take on the Soldiers at SuperClash?

BW: Four tough teams for sure. Four tough challengers. Hey, I'm always up to see the Soldiers beat on Next Gen a little more.

JF: Ain't that right.

BW: But it's hard to count any of these teams out. MISTER and Ross are two of the hardest hitters in the business. Grayson and Mifune are as tough as they come and have just been waiting for their chance to shine. Kingsley and Sawyer are starting to make a name for themselves too. All of them would be great matchups.

[Alexander Kingsley is trapped in the corner, getting hammering by Takeshi Mifune with chops and elbows to the skull.]

GM: Look at Mifune going to town on Kingsley!

BW: Where the heck is Curt Sawyer when you need him?

[At the moment, he's trapped in a waistlock, Buck- whoops, check that. He just got German Suplexed by an Olympic gold medalist!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: GERMAN SUPLEX ON SAWYER!

[Climbing to his feet, Grayson gestures to the corner where Mifune grabs Kingsley by the back of the head, tossing him across the ring towards a waiting Grayson who wraps him up and tosses him overhead as well!]

GM: OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY THROW! BRET GRAYSON TAKING IT OUT ON KINGSLEY AND SAWYER!

[Grayson pops up, giving off a whoop as we spot Daniel Ross pushing Howie Somers' torso, trying to shove him over the top...]

GM: Howie Somers remains in trouble, trying to fight his way free but right now, the Gold Standard is the team looking to be on a hot streak.

[Grayson sweeps a hand at Mifune who glares at him...

...and then charges across the ring, smashing an elbow into the jaw of Howie Somers!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MIFUNE HITS SOMERS! We've got MISTER, Ross, and Mifune trying to toss Howie Somers out of this thing and send the former champs to the sidelines for SuperClash!

[Ross grabs an arm on Somers, leaning through the ropes and pulling the arm backwards over as Mifune smashes forearm after forearm into the chest.]

GM: Somers is hanging on with all he's got!

JF: Hit him harder, Mifune.

[Bret Grayson gives a shout to his partner who clears out as Grayson dashes across the ring, leaping high...

...and DRILLS Somers with a leaping forearm of his own!]

GM: Grayson taking his shot at Somers now as well!

[Grayson leans down, grabbing Somers' other leg...

...which is when Somers frantically rains down fists on top of his head, sending him spinning away...]

GM: Somers is trying to fight his way free!

[Mifune comes charging in again, leaping up for another elbow...

...which is just when Daniel Ross stands up, getting clocked in the back of the head!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MIFUNE HITS ROSS!

BW: I don't think he meant to!

GM: That may not matter as-

[Ross falls to a knee, grabbing the back of his head...

...and the ever-observant Mifune yanks him up, dragging him across the ring where he HURLS over the ropes and out to the floor!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

[The chop lifts the former tag champion off his feet, flipping backwards over the top rope...

....where he just NARROWLY manages to grab a rope, landing on the apron with a clunk!]

GM: OHHH! SOMERS SAVES HIMSELF! HE SAVES HIS TEAM'S SKIN RIGHT THERE!

[MISTER glares down at him, ready to send him sailing off the apron to the floor and to elimination...

...which is when Curt Sawyer and Alexander Kingsley join hands, rushing MISTER from behind!]

GM: CLOTHESLI-

[MISTER swings around, pulling his arms up in front of his chest, thrusting forward as they approach...]

GM: OH! HE BREAKS THE CLOTHESLINE!

[...and then swings back the other way, rushing forward with his arms extended!]

GM: DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE!

[Somers pulls down the top rope as he drops down to the apron again...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: MISTER ELIMINATES KINGSLEY AND SAWYER! OH MY!

BW: WHAT?! He's not even in the match still!

GM: You want to tell him that?! And just like that, we're down to two teams! The Gold Standard and Howie Somers are all that remains of the field trying to battle it out to win their World Tag Team Title shot at SuperClash against the Soliders of Fort-

[A loud "THUNK!" is heard, cutting off Gordon in mid-sentence.]

GM: Was it something I said?

JF: Charlie's had enough of your yappin' and I can't say I blame him.

[A second "THUNK!" is heard as we cut to ringside and see both Soldiers up out of their seats now, pacing the ringside area, watching the action inside. Stephens is moving quickly towards the ringpost, circling around to the side of the ring where Howie Somers is standing.]

GM: Look out now. The champs are on the move and-

[With his work finished, MISTER exits the ring, leaving Howie Somers to climb back in...

...until Charlie Stephens makes a lunge, grabbing his ankle.]

GM: Oh, come on! Those two sat here all match saying they weren't afraid of Next Gen and the first damn chance they get, they're trying to cost him a shot at the titles!

[Somers is shaking his leg frantically, trying to get loose as Stephens hangs on, waiting for Grayson and Mifune to arrive and take advantage...]

GM: Here comes Mifune now!

[The Japanese grappler buries a stiff knee into the ribs of Howie Somers, pulling him back through the ropes into the ring as Charlie Stephens looks on with glee.]

GM: Somers is in there all alone against Takeshi Mifune and Bret Grayson with a SuperClash championship match at stake... ohh! Another short knee to the ribs!

[Mifune shoves Somers back against the ropes, his arms wrapping around Somers' head and neck as he tries to push him over the top.]

GM: Mifune's got Somers in a bad spot here but Somers is hanging on again. This kid refuses to go out. He's fighting for his friend... his partner... their dreams... and for a little bit of payback against these damn Soldiers of Fortune!

[The Shadow Wolf slams a knee into the side of Somers' leg, trying to deaden it as he looks for any edge to possibly upend Howie Somers to the floor and win a title match.]

GM: Joe Flint on one side of the ring... Charlie Stephens on the other...

BW: And don't forget good ol' Marty Meekly... Double Em himself.

GM: Who could with that obnoxious flag waving going on?!

[Getting up off the mat, Bret Grayson moves over towards the tieup, looking to get involved...]

GM: Grayson's going for the legs now... trying to get some of that body weight up and off the mat where he's doing a great job in keeping Mifune from getting his momentum going against him.

[Somers jams his elbow into the side of Mifune's head, trying to break his grip.]

GM: Oh! Hard shot by Somers!

[A second elbow lands as well!]

GM: Somers trying to fight free!

[A third one causes Mifune to loosen his grip, staggering back as Grayson grabs both legs...]

...and Somers leans forward, wrapping his arms around Mifune's torso, lifting him without the use of his legs at all!]

GM: BACKDROP OV- OHH! MIFUNE LANDS ON THE APRON TOO!

[Mifune climbs to his feet, snapping off a kick to the kidneys...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

[And another...]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

[...and still more, leaving a red welt on the lower back of Somers.]

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

"WHAAAAAACK!"

[With a mighty yell, Grayson lifts both legs off the canvas, holding the struggling Somers aloft as Mifune grabs him around the head and neck, pulling him towards the outside...]

GM: SOMERS IS IN TROUBLE!

[The crowd is ROARING for Howie Somers as he flails his arms, trying to get loose from either Grayson or Mifune...

...and one of those arms gets a little too close to a grasping Charlie Stephens!]

GM: STEPHENS! STEPHENS HAS THE ARM! HE'S GOT-

[Stephens pulls the arm hard, causing Somers to topple backwards over the ropes. The sudden shift of weight causes a surprised Grayson to go over the top with him...

...and as Stephens falls to the floor, we find Bret Grayson spilled out on the ringside mats alongside him...

...and Howie Somers hanging from the ropes, his legs tucked up JUST enough to have his feet avoid the floor!]

"DING! DING! DING!"

GM: SOMERS WINS! NEXT GEN'S GOT THE SHOT!

[And Somers then drops to the floor, a grin on his face as he leans against the apron, looking at a shocked Charlie Stephens.]

GM: Stephens blew it! Charlie Stephens tried to make sure that Next Gen weren't their opponents at SuperClash and he blew it! Next Gen's going to challenge for the World Tag Team Titles at SuperClash and these fans are loving it!

[Stephens shouts angrily, getting to his feet and rushing towards Somers with a running kick to the chest. He grabs the ropes, ignoring the booing crowd as he rains down stomps on the outside!]

GM: Stephens is all over Somers on the floor!

[Pulling Somers up, Stephens fires him back into the ring, angrily shouting at some ringside fans before rolling himself back in.]

GM: Good grief! Stephens is like a man possessed in there! Get him off the man!

[The crowd jeers even louder as Stephens dives atop Somers, wrapping his hands around his throat.]

GM: He's choking him! He's strangling Somers down on the mat!

[An irate Joe Flint snatches the wooden flagpole away from Marty Meekly, climbing up the steps and ducking through the ropes with it.]

BW: Uh oh! We've seen this before, Gordo!

GM: We certainly have!

[Flint shouts orders at Stephens who nods, climbing to his feet and hauling Somers up with him. He grabs the arms of Somers, pulling them back behind him...]

BW: Daniel Harper's not here! Howie Somers is all alone in there and the champions are looking to put him on the shelf just like they did to Harper! Maybe they're not going to SuperClash after all, daddy!

GM: Come on, referee! Stop this right now!

[Flint grabs the flagpole with both hands, taking aim as he rears back with it over his head...]

GM: No, no! Don't let him-

[...but finds it caught in a steel grip that won't let the flagpole swing freely! The crowd cheers loudly!]

GM: GRAYSON! GRAYSON'S GOT THE FLAGPOLE!

[Flint turns around with alarm...

...and gets wrapped up in Grayson's arms before he gets tossed overhead, bouncing off the canvas, and falling through the ropes to the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OVERHEAD THROW!

[Grayson comes back up as Stephens shoves Somers aside, making a run for him...

...but Grayson ducks low as Stephens goes past...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: ROLLING ELBOW!

[The big elbowstrike from Mifune staggers Stephens who falls back towards Grayson. The Olympic gold medalist sweeps the legs out, tripping Stephens...

...and snatches the ankle in his hands!]

GM: LIBERTY LOCK! LIBERTY LOCK APPLIED!

[Stephens cries out, slamming his hands down into the canvas, screaming in pain as Grayson torques the ankle against the grain!]

BW: He's gonna break his damn ankle!

[From the outside, Marty Meekly grabs one arm and Joe Flint grabs the other as they pull and drag Stephens through the ropes to the floor to the disappointment of the crowd!]

GM: Ohhhh... and the Soldiers bail out to the floor!

[A pissed-off Grayson is shouting over the ropes at the fleeing World Tag Team Champions as Takeshi Mifune stands alongside him, glaring down the aisle at them. In the background, we see Howie Somers kneeling on the mat, gripping the Soldiers' flagpole in hand as Meekly, Stephens, and Flint retreat.]

GM: The Soldiers are on the run and... wow! They just got under the skin of the Gold Standard as well. Howie Somers wins the Battle Royal - he and Daniel Harper will get their rematch at SuperClash... but Somers definitely owes the Gold Standard for saving his skin right there, Bucky.

BW: Absolutely. The Soldiers were no doubt looking to do exactly what they did to his partner's stack of dimes he calls a neck.

GM: Somers getting to his feet now...

[Somers moves over towards Mifune and Grayson, adding his voice to theirs as they bellow challenges for the Soldiers to re-enter the ring.]

GM: Fans, we've got to take a break - we'll be right back with more AWA action so stick around, won't you?

[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."

[We fade to black...

...and then fade back up to live action inside the Scottrade Center as we catch a glimpse of a young couple at ringside - him in a pink "SWIFT SQUAD!" t-shirt and her in a black t-shirt with Supernova's logo on the front. They're both cheering and smiling as the camera finds them, the fans all around them struggling to get on camera as well.]

GM: It's incredible to be here in this historic wrestling city of St. Louis, Missouri that has already seen such wild action go down tonight... and we're nowhere near done, Bucky.

BW: We've still got Terry Shane Junior against Kerry Kendrick! We've got the explanation - WHY JUAN WHY? Not to mention Johnny Detson putting the World Title on the line against Raphael Rhodes in a title match that Rhodes has waited years for!

GM: All of that plus much, much more and right now-

[Gordon is interrupted by the classic sound of Pro-Pain's "Foul Taste of Freedom" ripping across the PA system to a big reaction from the crowd. Some cheers, some boos - all loud as the Blackheart, Casey James, appears at the head of the aisle.]

GM: And speaking of much, much more... the Blackheart is here! Former World Champion, former King of the Death Match, Hall of Famer to the core... Casey James has arrived in St. Louis-

BW: By order from the Korugun Corporation... and his ol' pal John Wesley Hardin.

GM: The legendary Outlaw, JW Hardin, made his return to the world of wrestling back in July at Eternally Extreme II in shocking fashion... and after James laid out his former Syndicate running buddy, Hardin dropped a million dollar bounty on the head of the Blackheart.

BW: Cash money to the man who can take Casey James out of the sport once and for all, daddy.

GM: Many have tried in the weeks since then... none have succeeded... but from what I hear, the strain is starting to get to Casey James.

BW: A wise man once said a death mark's not an easy thing to live with.

GM: Casey James is ready for a fight, Bucky.

BW: Well, let's be honest, the guy's always ready for a fight. He does have ring gear on, though. Is he looking... tired?

GM: He's had to keep an eye over his shoulder for weeks here, Bucky. It's no wonder he's starting to feel the effects.

[Casey is a bit less animated than usual, forgoing his traditional entrance of swinging things around and yelling insults at the fans. He even reaches out a black gloved hand to a fan here and there as he makes his way to the ring.]

GM: The bounty of one million dollars still on the head of Casey James. Nobody has collected yet, but you have to wonder if maybe it's just a matter of time...

[Casey grabs a mic from the timekeeper's table and heads into the ring...]

CJ: So, hey.

[The mix of cheers and boos for the Blackheart are there.]

CJ: So I've been ordered to appear here tonight... In fact... Hold on...

[Casey digs the fingers of one hand into the glove on the other and pulls out a crumpled piece of paper that he proceeds to flatten out.]

CJ: Straight from the desk of JW Hardin... I'm supposed to believe he wrote this when...

[Casey looks at the camera.]

CJ: ...he and I both know he ain't much of a writer.

I gotta admit, though, this does capture the essence of the guy...

[James pauses and reads the paper, smirking.]

CJ: I swear, I can almost hear his stupid yeeh-haw cowboy face saying this...

[The crowd ROARS at "stupid yee-haw cowboy face," with a small portion of the crowd trying and failing to make it a chant. Casey chuckles a bit. He reads the text out loud, putting on an exaggerated southern drawl.]

CJ: "If'n you don't mind, Casey, I'm gonna want you bein' at the show tonight, and it wouldn't hurt me none if you were to make yourself conspicuous, if you catch my meaning."

Well... here I am at the show tonight...

[Casey pointedly looks left and right.]

CJ: And I'm making myself conspicuous. There's my contractual obligation.

Here's my above and beyond: I woke up this morning itching for a fight, and I decided I ain't leaving until I get one.

[The crowd ROARS again as James nods his head, shaking out his right hand.]

CJ: There's gotta be SOMEONE backstage right now thinking they got what it takes to get rich. Here's your chance. Come down here and see if you got what it takes to take out The Blackheart... and take that chunk of change out of that hillbilly's hands.

[The fans laugh again as James starts to pace back and forth, definitely ready for the fight possibly coming.]

CJ: But I assure you, I will make you earn every single one of those million dollars. I will beat your ass from post to post and stop your frickin' heart. In FACT, I'll go you one further and-

[We never get more of the threat as James is abruptly cut off by the sound of snarling and snapping dogs.]

BW: Uh oh!

[James looks puzzled at first but when "War Machine" by KISS kicks in over the PA system and midnight blue spotlights start swirling around the Scottrade Center, he seems to know what's coming. Grimacing, James crouches down a bit, looking out over the crowd...

...and the crowd starts booing loudly at the sight of Pedro Perez, Isaiah Carpenter, and Wade Walker coming down an aisle of seating through the crowd.]

BW: The Dogs of War are here!

[A sharp-eyed viewer would notice that the trio looks a little worse for wear, a bit roughed up from the action earlier in the evening. Still, they eye Casey in the ring like hunters watching their prey...]

CJ: You guys again!? How is it every time there's a pain in my ass it's you chuckleheads?

[James watches the trio drawing closer and closer to the ring, ignoring the fans on either side of them calling for their heads. The Blackheart cracks his knuckles, waving them on.]

CJ: Alright, I'm game...

[The Dogs of War come over the railing to enter the ringside area, Perez quickly giving the orders as the trio fans out - Walker covering the side of the ring next to the aisle, Carpenter and Perez flanking out to the other sides. James quickly turns from side to side, trying to keep his head on a swivel.]

CJ: Which one of ya is it gonna be? Who wants to be a millionaire?! I got your lifeline right HERE!

[James tugs at his crotch on cue. Classy.]

GM: This isn't the first time that the Dogs of War have come hunting for that million dollar bounty... but James has found himself again on the wrong side of the numbers game here tonight. He is not used to this.

BW: He's usually the one backed up by larger numbers. Brother, this could be karma happening right here in front of us!

GM: No Syndicate behind Casey James. No allies of any sorts. He's all alone to face off with the most dangerous trio in all of profession-

[James' shout cuts off Gordon.]

CJ: Come on, ya jagoffs, one at a time or all at once, I don't care. Just hurry the hell up before I get bored!

[James angrily throws the mic aside, waving his hands to call out the Dogs again...

...and it's Pedro Perez who comes first, climbing up on the apron as James springs into action, twisting around to kick at the ropes in front of Carpenter who was about to follow up on Perez' feint and attack from behind!]

GM: Oho! How about that?

[James shouts off-mic.]

"I wrote that play, loser! You're gonna have to - OOF!"

[But as James berates Carpenter, Wade Walker slides in and throws himself into a short spear tackle, driving his shoulder into James' midsection and putting him down on the canvas. James grabs at his ribs...

...and the Dogs are quickly unleashed on top of him as Perez and Carpenter slide into the ring and immediately start raining stomps down on the prone Blackheart to jeers from the sold out crowd!]

GM: And here we go! We've seen it a hundred times, the Dogs of War taking advantage of their numbers to dismantle their opponents.

BW: They're the best at what they do. This used to be Casey's best subject, but the Dogs are teaching him a thing or two about strength in numbers!

[To his credit, Casey James starts to fight his way to his feet, trying to shake off the short-range spear that went for quickness and less on impact. He's shouldering the punches and kicks being thrown at him as he gets to a knee...]

GM: James is trying to get up, trying to fight his way to his-

[Perez breaks off from the group to bounce off the ropes...]

GM: Ohhh! Running boot - right to the mouth! And down goes James again!

[Carpenter and Walker are right there waiting for him, stomping and kicking the Blackheart on the canvas...]

BW: Casey James is wishing right now he had some backup, but there's no Syndicate here tonight. I think we might see that bounty collected tonight, Gordo, look at this.

[Casey is still trying to fight back, but he's having less success with it as time goes on. He's down on his hands and knees and looks to be covering up more than throwing any shots.]

GM: A million dollars at stake but to earn it, you gotta take James out... and I don't know WHAT takes Casey James out. Over the years, this is a guy who has been hit with chairs, thrown through tables... he's had a damned lighting rig dropped on his head for crying out loud!

BW: The Dogs of War are awfully good at taking people out - just ask those chumps Jackson and Martinez who they took out earlier tonight... if you can find them still in the building. They're probably already on their way back to Roppongi!

GM: Look at this now...

[With James down in a heap on the canvas and the St. Louis crowd letting them have it, the Dogs of War split up again. Isaiah Carpenter slides to the outside, snatching up a steel chair as Wade Walker leans down, hooking James' massive legs in a wheelbarrow position.]

GM: I don't like the looks of this, Bucky - not one bit.

BW: A million dollars hanging in the balance!

[Carpenter slides back in with the chair, unfolding it and setting it up as Pedro Perez hops up on the middle rope. Walker lifts James' off the mat, setting his face down on the chair as Carpenter holds his head in place by the hair.]

GM: No, no, no... don't do this, guys. Don't do this!

[Perez stands on the middle rope, a huge grin on his face as he raises both hands, twisted into "pistols" as he slowly brings them down to "take aim" at the helpless Blackheart...]

BW: We've seen this before, Gordo, but never with a million bucks at stake!

[Perez shouts loud for all to hear.]

"Hey Blackheart... TIME! TO! DI-"

[But the sound of the AWA faithful EXPLODING into cheers cuts him off. Perez' head snaps towards the aisle...

...and he does NOT like what he sees!]

GM: BRIAN JAMES! BRIAN JAMES! THE SON OF THE BLACKHEART IS HERE!

[The recently-returned James sprints the distance of the ramp in near record time, diving headfirst under the bottom rope to a huge roar. Perez leaps over the trapped Blackheart, trying to catch him coming in...

...but the agile Engine of Destruction leaps into the air, pumping his leg...]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: OH HO HO! BRIAN JAMES WITH A LITTLE INSTANT KARMA OF HIS OWN!

[Perez crumples away from the bicycle kneestrike as Brian James twists to face the next threat...

...and DROPS the incoming Isaiah Carpenter with a clothesline!]

GM: Brian James and the Dogs of War are no strangers to one another!

[Wade Walker, having tossed Casey James aside, comes rushing in on the Son of the Blackheart...

...who snaps his head forward, smashing into Walker's, sending him stumbling backwards!]

GM: He's fighting off all three Dogs of War! So much for their million dollar payday!

[Grabbing Walker around the neck, Brian James laces his knee up into the head once... twice... three times... and then tosses him backwards using the Muay Thai clinch into the corner...]

GM: James has got Walker reeling...

[Grabbing Walker's muscular arm, James folds it back over his head, holding up his right hand to a HUGE ROAR from the St. Louis crowd...]

GM: Here it comes! Here it comes!

[But as Brian James rears back for the Blackheart Punch...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...he gets BLASTED across the back with a steel chair by Isaiah Carpenter, a blow that takes James off his feet, putting him down on his knees in front of Walker!]

GM: STEEL CHAIR TO THE BACK! OH MY!

[Dragging James in a circle, Carpenter holds the chair in front of his face as Wade Walker races past him, hitting the far ropes, leaping high into the air...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and SMASHES a Superman punch into the chair, driving it into Brian James' face, putting him down on the mat!]

GM: OHH! Wade Walker takes a page out of Brian James' playbook and he punches steel! Right into James' face!

[Walker winces as he backs off, shaking his hand as Carpenter angrily throws the chair down on top of Brian James' chest, grabbing the ropes as he starts stomping the head and face of the Engine of Destruction once more. Pedro Perez, regaining his feet, joins in as the crowd jeers even louder.]

GM: And now it's BRIAN James who is at the non-existent mercy of the Dogs of War!

[Walker barks something at his allies from across the ring. Carpenter steps on the middle rope, springing off to drop a knee on the chair, crushing Brian James underneath it to jeers!]

GM: Good grief!

[Perez kicks the chair aside as he drags Brian James off his back, putting him on his knees as Carpenter grabs one arm and Perez grabs the other.]

GM: They're holding Brian James for Wade Walker!

[Walker starts towards the Son of the Blackheart, pointing menacingly at him...

...which is when Casey James manages to get back to his feet, intercepting Walker with a lunging lariat that has just about all of his weight behind it! The two men go stumbling backwards, tumbling over the ropes to the outside!]

GM: WALKER AND CASEY JAMES GO OUT TO THE FLOOR!

[A shocked Perez and Carpenter are looking on as they see the Dogs' powerhouse hit the floor. Perez lets go of James' arm, nudging Carpenter, pointing to the outside. Carpenter nods his head, clapping his hands together as he drops back against the ropes... waiting... waiting... waiting...]

GM: Carpenter's lying in wait and... HERE HE GOES!

[As Walker and James get to their feet, trading heavy blows near the ring apron, Carpenter breaks into a sprint across the ring...

...and HURLS himself over the top rope, somersaulting right down on top of a shocked Casey James, wiping him out on the outside!]

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

BW: And again, the numbers game is too much! Too much for Casey James as Carpenter takes him down on the outside!

GM: Walker went down as well... friendly fire I suppose. We've got bodies all over the place on the floor and-

[Pedro Perez nods approvingly, turning back towards Brian James, reaching out for him...

...and suddenly he starts screaming in pain!]

GM: Not sure what is... Oh, Brian James has a hold of Perez's middle finger! He's bending it back and... that's almost a Kimura he's got on him now.

BW: It's a double wristlock, Gordo, come on!

GM: Whatever you want to call it, Perez is feeling the agony of it right now.

[With no referee to look for a submission, James continues to bend the limb of Perez who is flailing helplessly at the back of the Engine of Destruction to try and get loose...]

GM: Perez is trying to fight his way free of this but-

BW: That's not happening, Brian James is on there good.

[The camera focuses on Brian's eyes. He's totally focused on bending Perez's arm in directions it wasn't meant to go...]

GM: He's gonna break his damn arm! He's gonna-

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: AND AGAIN, CARPENTER WITH THE CHAIR ACROSS THE BACK!

BW: That'll break the hold!

[Brian James slumps to his knees as Perez wobbles away, shaking out his arm, staring at his finger as Carpenter throws the chair down, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

[...and DRILLS James with a superkick in the mouth, knocking him flat!]

GM: Good grief! What a shot!

[With James down on the mat, Carpenter starts stomping again... and again... and again, raining down boot leather on the skull of Brian James. Perez sags down to his hands and knees in pain, grimacing as he grabs at his own hand...]

BW: UGH, he popped it back in! I swear I saw him pop that finger back in place!

GM: Wade Walker putting Casey James back in... Perez back in the mix now as well... the James' - father and son - are being outnumbered, outgunned, and outmanned right now!

[Walker snatches up the steel chair as Perez holds Casey James in a front facelock...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: And now the Blackheart gets one as well!

[The two James' are laid out on the canvas, side by side, as the Dogs of War stand over them, stomping and kicking the prone forms as the fans boo louder and louder with each and every blow...]

GM: And you may be right, Bucky - they may be about to cash in on that million dollar bounty!

[Walker shouts "HOLD HIM!" to his allies as Perez and Carpenter pull Casey James to his knees, each holding an arm as Walker paces the ring angrily, steel chair dangling from his hand...]

GM: He's gonna crown him with that chair! He's gonna bust it right over his skull!

BW: James can't even defend himself at all! The steel chair right across the head... that DEFINITELY could earn the Dogs a million bucks, daddy!

[Walker's pacing comes to a halt in front of a helpless Blackheart as Walker sneers down on him, slowly raising the chair backwards...]

...and suddenly, his eyes go wide as somehow in a hooded sweatshirt grabs his ankles from the floor, giving a yank, tripping up Walker and sending him flopping facefirst down on the canvas!]

GM: What the...?! Who is that?!

[The hooded individual gives a mighty yank, pulling Walker under the ropes to the floor...]

...and then hops up on the apron himself, taking aim...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: SUPERKICK! RIGHT ALONG THE APRON UNDER THE CHIN OF WADE WALKER!

[A stunned Isaiah Carpenter makes a dash towards the ropes, looking to attack their mystery attacker...]

...who drops down to avoid a Carpenter clothesline, slingshotting over the ropes, getting a two-step start and...]

"WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!"
"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: LEAPING SUPERKICK ON CARPENTER!

[Pedro Perez tosses Casey James aside, rushing at the mystery man with blind aggression...]

...and ends up with the hooded guy's fingers jammed into his mouth!]

GM: What in the...?!

[A quick snap back of the hood reveals the attacker, causing Perez' eyes to go wide...]

GM: IT'S TONY DONOVAN! TONY DONOVAN IS BACK!

BW: WHAAAAAT?!

GM: TONY DONOVAN IS BACK AND-

[...JUST before Donovan uses the mandible claw to lift Perez slightly into the air, sitting out in a big slam alongside him!]

"THUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUD!"

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

GM: VENGEANCE IS MINE SAYETH TONY DONOVAN!

[Perez flails about on the canvas for a moment before rolling to the outside, stumbling over to join Carpenter and Walker on the floor..]

...and a grinning Tony Donovan gets yanked into a big embrace by a rising Brian James as the AWA faithful ROARS with delight at this surprise return!]

GM: I'll be damned! Casey James needed allies tonight! He needed friends to save him from the Dogs of War... and instead, he got family! He got his son and one of his son's best friends and... wow!

[Brian James moves to help his father to his feet as a weary Blackheart slips an arm across his son's shoulders, patting him on the head with the other hand with a "thanks, kid" the cameras pick up. Brian nods, turning to support his dad with one arm and keeping his eyes on the recovering Dogs of War with the other. A jubilant and fired up Tony Donovan marches across the ring, stepping up on the middle rope to fire down some words towards the Dogs of War.]

GM: What a fight that was... and Casey James... Casey's grabbing that mic he tossed aside earlier...

[A tired Blackheart breathes heavily into the mic, causing an awkward heavy breathing moment for all...]

CJ: Hey...

[He grunts into the mic.]

CJ: HEY ASSHO-

[The audio gets silenced but we can see some fans jumping up and down cheering in the background as Brian Jame smirks at his father.]

CJ: Yeah... yeah, I'm talkin'... to you three.

[He points out to the Dogs.]

CJ: I know you had a match already tonight... and I just got the fight...

[He breathes hard, grabbing at his ribs.]

CJ: ...that... I... was looking for.

[Another grunt of pain as Brian James puts a hand on his dad's chest, asking if he's okay.]

CJ: I'm fine, kid. Your buddy there... his dad did worse to me in Mexico a few weeks ago than these three BITCHES OF WAR...

[Another big cheer! God bless nostalgia.]

CJ: ...could ever do to me.

[James spits on the canvas as the crowd cheers again.]

CJ: Come on, pups. You want a million?

[He nods at them.]

CJ: Come [BLEEPING] get it.

[He tosses the mic aside as the Dogs start towards the ring, only to be cut off by some AWA officials at ringside, trying to play peacemaker as words are thrown back and forth!]

GM: That's a challenge! That's a challenge from Casey James! He wants a match?!

BW: Son of a gun is crazier than I thought... and I didn't think that was possible.

GM: Casey James lays down a challenge! Will we get the match?!

[A "LET THEM FIGHT!" chant breaks out as Casey James nods, waving his arms for it to get louder as we fade to black...

...and then fade 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...

<TO BE CONCLUDED!>